# PROGRESS.

VOL. XI., NO. 527.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 18. 1898.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

#### NOW, IS THIS ALL TRUE?

SOME THINGS SAID ABOUT A MAR-RIAGE EVENT.

"What's this, Sarah, what's this ?" was the startled exclamation of a gentleman high in official as well as social rank, to his wife as he sat at the breakfast table a few mornings ago and read a polite invitation, couched in the usual terms, to a marriage to take place in this city.

Now an invitation of any kind was not apt to upset the usual gravity of the gentleman in question; in tact he would rather be delighted to assist in any little festivity that became such a pleasant ceremony as a marriage or a wedding but this particular company he looked upon with some suspicion. request for the pleasure of his and his wife's

Cause why P He didn't know the people. Still, though there may a social observance which endeavors to prevent such little errors as a man inviting a stranger to one's house to see his daughter married there is an element of good will, and sociability and hospitality about such a cordial request that is very enticing. True, there are some sordid and narrow spirits in the world who always look upon an invitation to a marriage with suspicion. The first thing such a man, for example, would think about would be, do they want my company or a present, but fortunately these people are few. On the other hand when two or three hundred people, apart from friends, are asked to such a ceremony, it may be said that the suspicion of free house furnishings is apt to float around with considerable alacrity.
St. John is, fortunately, quite free from

this sort of thing. Of course there are swell affairs, at which young people agree to share each others lot for life and all their triends are invited to see them start upon the matrimonial journey. Sometimes the invitation is accompanied by a ticket, which PROGRESS always had the idea was suggested of a performance rather than a ceremony, but that is somewhat a matter of taste. The good old bishop of Fredericton would never prevent the people from going into the Cathredal to witness a marriage ceremony by issuing tickets to a favored few but in these later days opinions have changed and customs with them. Ladies with fine dresses and new bonnets can now wear them with as much satety in a church, even at a marriage, as they can in the drawing room. The theatrical features of these big social events now-a-days are not confined to the ceremony itself, for it is considered quite the proper thing to have at least one rehearsal before the original and only per-

This has been a week of weddings in St. John. Why June is selected more than any other months for the celebration of these happy affairs is something that few understand. Nature was not smiling when

There are many amusing features to some weddings. The loveliest girl and friends. Events of this kind are rare in many families and it is only natural that there should be some flurry and much excitement as the day approaches when the favorite of the family is to step outside the home circle. The ladies take the most inwhen the lady consents to name the day to the time she walks up the church aisle fon the arm of her father or brother; she is the one important topic among her friends. Of course that green eyed monster, jealously, is apt to misconterest in the affair and from the hour

special designed and constructed in—let us say, Timbuctoo. Why may not any one who wears corsets—, and it is asserted that some men do—have them trimmed and decorated as they please without being subjected to the pleasantry of their acquain-tances—which, after all, is not so very pleasant. These are but trifles. Prog-RESS once heard of a bride—and she is still in that class, who carried her ideas of a "fit out" to such a ridiculous extent that among her supply of bed linen were hand painted sheets! It would not be right to vouch for the truth of the story but it seemed to come from the highest authority and never was contradicted. But suppose it was true the design was no appropriate.

That is what might be called over doing

the thing but she was not any worse that the young lady's friends who were possibly afraid that the church would not be full of people to see the marriage and issued some two hundred and fifty more invitations than their friends called for. Perhaps some of the recipients used stronger language than the gentleman quoted at the opening of this article and sgreed with his later and more forcible expression. "God bless me! God bless me! who are these people, I don't know them.''
Three hundred invitations and thirty nine present! That does not seem to be a large proportion, in fact it is just thirteen per

That recalls an amusing feature co nected with the same affair which was also in the invitation line. Two young ladies, daughters of prominent citizens, were asked to officiate as maids of honor. This little service may be asked quite properly by a near and dear friend but it is a little out of order, or may be thought so when the young ladies are not even acqaintances of the bride. One of them escaped by a polite declination and the other went to the country for a week.

Most young people when they embark upon the perilous matrimonial voyage like to be surrounded by their relatives and near friends rather than strangers but there are exceptions. The fact that a brother or a sister is not in the same fortunate circumstances as formerly is not regarded as a bar to admission but Progress heard a funny story a few days ago which would seem to disprove this theory. "You know, Sam" said the prospective bride, speaking of her brother "is not in the same circle with us and besides his clothes are not such as would be fitting at such a ceremony as we propose to bave. More than that he has grown so coarse!" Sam must have been vastly pleased at this sisterly expression.

A rather good story is told in connection with the capture of the negro McMichael, in the house of Ira Stewart. He was a cool customer, and his act of shaving his mustache and putting on Stewart's best suit was in keeping with the reception he gave Capt. Hastings and Officer Greer when they reached the place. McMichael was lying on a lounge as cool as possible, and when the officers asked for him he was prompt in replying that he was McMichael the week opened and the most fashionable and asking their business. Then he prohe week opened and the most fashionable and asking their business. Then he provent of the week had for its sole disagree ceeded to give such explanations, and told ture at \$6.00. The woman was buried the province. In Nova Scotia the season out making an arrest. Capt. Jenkins and Detective Ring called shortly after, and they remained with the negro until Stewart Michael's feet. When these were removed the prisoner was brought to town. He is well and cheaply rid et. The law provides that when a prisoner admits that he has been imprisoned for a former offence, has been imprisoned for a former offence, and pleads guilty to the present charge, the

ing on in the ch nces can manufacture.

If she succeeds in engaging one of the Those who have anything to do

columns of matter in the newspapers, printed weeks before hand and kept going from day to day.

Judge Forbes in the Synod.

Judge Forbes was a delegate to the Presbyterian Synod in Montreal and the artist of the Montreal Star sketched him as he was making a speech. PROGRESS



The Hon. Judge Forbes, of St. John, N. B -"We have to admit with shame that there are in New Brunswick eleven hundred Presbyterians whom we are not able to find."

Anxious to be Rid of Him

The people of Douglas Avenue are proud of their street and its many new and handsome residences. Their one crumpled rose leaf, or perhaps it would be better to say very sharp thorn, is the proximity of Miser Oultons hut. This week the neighborhood was brought idto unenviable notoriety by the death of the miser's wife, and the attendant circumstances. The hut was in the filthiest condition where the death occurred, and the surroundings were so altogether revolting that it was with difficulty those who went in could manage to perform the necessary offices for the deceased. The hardened old husband prayed and entreated that he be put to no expense in the me day she died.

Says He is Going to Call a Halt, Mr. C. E. McPherson was in town this week. He is now of Toronto with which city he is quite as familiar as he is with St. John. The pleasant mission that brought him here was to assist another St. John boy and his friend, T. E. G. Armstrong, better known among his intimate friends as "Ned," in the all important ceremony that ushered him into the ranks of th This is the fitth that Mr. McPherson has officiated in the capacity of groomsman and to use his own expression he is going to call a many Whether that implied any intentions on his part to make it impossible for him to act in this capacity is difficult to discover, but if he always had as pleasant a time, and met as many friends on the former occa-sions as upon this he has not labored in

Sergeant Watson objects to that porng ten years to his life by the stroke of be pen and he is not at all anxious to

latterly, have been induced to do so by THE BICYCLE LICENSE.

HOW THEY ARRANGE THE MATTER

Some Suggestions From Good Roads Members—The Difficulty of Administering a gund—Carriages Should Pay a Tax.

There is a good deal of agreement with PROGRESS' suggestion that the cyclists should advocate a road fund to be administered by representatives from their own organization, the good roads association and the city council for the improvement of such roads as they wish the money expended on. A Boston wheelman talking to Progress a few days ago asked if the cyclist had any protection from the city and what the bye-laws were. When assured as to these facts he asked what the license fee was. "Nothing" was the reply. He was surprised at this Rose L. is to be reckoned with too this statement and said that every wheel paid two dollars in Boston. "Of course" we have, as a result of that, beautiful roads and cycle paths and so would the wheelman here in a short time if they paid the tax."

When a prominent member of the Good Roads association, and he is a cyclist too, was spoken to on the subject he agreed that the tax would not be a heavy one on the cyclist and if the money could be expended in the way Progress suggested it would result in great improve-ment to the roads, but he saw difficulties in the expending of such a fund. If done by a representative commission, legislation would be necessary in the first place. Then he thought that private carriages had as much it not more right to pay such a tax as the wheel-men. Calculating upon the numbers of bicycles in the city he thought there were more than a thousand, and they were increasing all the time. In connection with this the following paragraph is interesting.

On Sunday last it is estimated that 200,-000 bicycles were spinning along the highways of the metropolitan district, New York. Of this number 50,000 are believed to have made the trip to Coney Island, and an equal number or more to have ridden over the Riverside Drive in the Manhattan borough. Ten thousand wheel riders visited Camp Black to see the soldier boys. Seven hundred cyclists rode centuries, or covered 100 miles during the day, and 33 completed double centuries. One plucky little wheel-woman pedalled two hundred miles between balf-past seven o'clock Saturday evening and five o'clock Sunday atternoon, and 23 other wheel-women covered 100 miles between sunrise aud sunset on the same day.

WHEN THE SEASON OPENS.

The Great Trotting Events on the Borde

There are to be races at Moosepath on the 12th of July, the day that all the orangemen honor. Usually the first of July is selected but this year the stake races at St. Stephen come off on the Natal day of the Dominion, and all the available horses are booked for that event which will practically open the trotting season in this earlier because the Natal day at Halifax is June 21st and the people honor it having a good time generally. assist them in doing this there are horse races, sometimes trotting, sometimes running, but races at all events, and there is always a good attendance. Some St. John and if they go as well there as they have in their trials here may be expected to bring back part of the money that is going. But no exception to the rule. One of the speedy ones that will go over is Honest Farmer ones that will go over is Honest Farmer who started a good many times last year but did not succeed in doing much in the way of winning. He seems to have discovered where his burst was during the winter and this spring for PROGRESS hears that he can show all of them a fast clip. When it is known that he is still in the three minute class this will be appreciated.

There are many entries for the events in There are many untree of St. Stephen and as Calais is going to celebrate the fourth of July in the same way.

to be the same when he was here nearly all of his time and Moosepath today owes much of the improvem ceived to his efforts.

Secretary Johnson of the Agricultural Society thinks that by the twelfth of July the horses that go on the border will be in shape again for a race in St. John. The classes are all fast and the purses are large. Arclight will be among the starters and Charlie Ward will no doubt have Sharon to the front with perhaps another for the other classes. Mary Mac is almost certain to be on hand and my conclusions with the speedy ones. Now that George Carvill is reinstated there is bound to be great interest between his stallion Speculation, and Arclight, and, if Calcandra should also appear at the same time, the association will be in a happy frame of mind. Mr. McCormick's year, it is said. She is at present at the border, and will take part in the events

"It is not likely," said a well known horseman a few days ago, "that Special Blend will do much trotting early this season. He has not been worked to any extent and while it is stated that his throat has become all right again his training must be gradual and careful. Just now he may be seen in double harness with Cushings Pilot which Mr. Willis has here for a time and they make not only a speedy

A CONVENIENCE AND A NOVELTY. A Steam Launch on the Lake at Ben

Mine host Barker of the Ben Lomond House has a little steam yacht. That last word is probably a misnomer but at any rate he has a large boat which is propelled by steam. There is a degree of readiness about the vessel that is somewhat remarkable. No matter how busy the host and his help are it does not seem to be any trouble for any of them to get up steam in a few minutes. Soft wood is plenty and suitable for the purpose. The methods of preparing for a short cruise are as simple as possible. Only a few armloads of the wood are thrown in the bow and with one to watch the engine and another to steer, the boat is ready to go all around the big lake. Sail boats are not in it with the little steam launch. No time is lost on the way. Mr. Barker says that he can go from one end of the lake to the other in twenty minutes. He has used the launch as a tug a great deal this spring and summer and guides the small rafts of logs on the shores of the lake to where they were required. A favorable wind was of course necessary for this purpose but with that the rest was

Sometimes there is such a gale of wind that the launch is useless. That was the case one day this week when a special party of four went to the Lake to spend some hours. Two of them had taken marriage vows early that morning and the others went along for company's sake. They did not enjoy the much looked for sail because old Boreas objected. But that only happens once in a while. The steam launch is a good sea boat and is usually available.

Beside the convenience it affords to is quite a novelty on an inland lake.

Superintendent Fraser of the school for the blind in Halifax says that there practically so who are not in the institution over which he presides where they would receive a suitable education which would assist in providing for their future. In some of the country districts the people hardly know that there is an institution where blind children can be provided with an education. And this In many cases there is no disposition to send a child so afflicted away from home. While this feeling is natural in parents

Dube"... What the Lady Newspaper man Finds to Write of in Tampa... How the Press Ceuser Gets in his Work.

TAMPA FLA., June 11 -The last man down from New York calls everything he does not like a flab-dub. Then, following his line, and teeling as I do this morning I will call everyone in Tampa (barring one, of whom I may not write) a flab-dub I am quite sure the generals are all flub dube, otherwise they would not keep us poising here on the razor-edge of expecta-tion. The man who dropped the sand in Tampa and torgot to put up any shade trees—why, this latest New York word is not strong enough to describe him with. The bar-tenders at every corner must be of the worst kind or they would put less salt in their beer and fill up the cocktail glass. The man who charges fity cents tor a ginger-ale high-bal is the flub. dubbiest of all mortals.

Enough of this; when I sit down to write of war I must not spill ink on flubdubs. Tampa. Florida, is the gathering place of war-eagles and buzzards from east to west, north and south. Here ig the only place to see them in all their glory. The sand streets are filled to overflowing with them. The pine groves and orange groves around about groan under the weight of their tents. The air rings with the braying of their bugles and es. (Wait!is that noise a mule tries to make a bray or something else.)? I have it on good authority that these same mules have, like other military folk, developed the drinking habit. Every one of them gets away with 15 cents worth of water per day and then asks for more. From close observation I find that their dry diet consists of what I call "scrubpalms" They use their tails to keep away the flies.

I did not intend to write about the Arizona outfit of 96 men that put in here last week. but talking of mules reminds me of it. "Take your hand away from your gun, Pete, I didn't mean anything unking!" A good-natured, handsome Westerner called Johnson went about through the prairies and the deserts out there in the West and gathered together as many grayeyed, lean-teatured cow-punchers, mulepackers, and bunco-busters as he could lay his hands on. Then he got into the train with them and in the course of time slid them off at Tamps. "This drink will looking at the camps.

The Hon. Teddie Roosevelt thought so too, and a few days later poured in 1060 "rough riders," made up of halt-breeds, railroad clerks, cowboys and college undergrads. Mr. Johnson's gang, with be

age from twelve years to ninety. There is a lady newspaper man (please excuse the bull) who writes about the maecaws and monkeys which infest Tamps. There are parrots here (in cages) and she evidently mistook some little niggers tor monkeys. But I still think it an unpardonable mistake!

I had never seen any army in my life (barring one regiment of Canadian Infantry) until I came to this "seat of war," and I am glad to be able to say that this is the finest army that ever had the good fortune to come within my range of vision and hats. The officers wear shoulderstraps and smoke cigars.

You will think me very brave to write like this but there is another man here with the same name that I have, and my hopes are that he will receive the kicks intended for me.

I don't know very much about the Cubans and I have written all I know. I wrote it in a letter to a New York paper so I have no doubt that everyone has read it before now. As I write this the military press-censor, a young lieutenant with a dry humor (not a thirst) spreads himself all over two aspiring daily men. They be-gav making their "copy" when I did and now they go out with four words a piece to wire home, and their beautiful stories are in the scrap basket. Oh, the cussedness of war ! I wonder will he see what I am doing and want to read it. He won't if he knows how sad it makes me feel for men to read my stories before they are in print. Joy! he has run a blue pencil through'a whole page of someone elses stuff through's whole page of someone elses stuff and gone away with the impression that I am writing a love letter. See the advantage of looking sentimental.

Someone with a pair of Mexican spurs is marching up and down the verandah for his own amusement. The spurs jingle in his own amusement. The spurs jingle in looking sentimental.

WITH TROOPS AT TAMPA. a truly war-like manner and my courage rises "Cuba Libre!" I shout (under my rises "Cuba Libre!" I shout (under my breath) I would write it if I was sure of the spelling and shout it aloud if I was sure of the pronounciation. I would be tell you about the start for Cuba we are tell you about the start for Cuba we are censor won't let me and I don't know anything about it. People talk about long lines of troopships down at Port Tamps, but when I was down there last, people were giving their whole attention to long lines of something else. Considering the climate, this was very unwise of them.

Port Tampa is nine miles from Tampa and much worse. There is not even an orange tree or a live-oak down there to cast a shadow. The cavalry and artillery camps welter and swelter in the godless sun The heat comes in from the bay instead of cold breezes. It is a good thing that one of the cavalry regiments there is the ninth-colored. These fellows don't object to the eternal, dry, eye-crawling climate at all.

A few days ago we had the first rain seen in Tampa since December. The water was luke-warm and came down in drops the size and shape of foot-balls. It kept it up from the noon of one day till the morning of the following and the sand continued to look wet for nearly two hours atter it had stopped. The orange leaves recovered their healthy green color and the spiders came out and took the air. But now it is as dry as ever and we con sole ourselves with the thought of the rainy season in Cuba.

A war correspondent, a friend of mine, went out yesterday and bought himself a pair of india rubbers for the Cuban campaign. He says they will keep his feet dry and warm when it rains. I say that we will fire them overboard on our way

We have a mess here, formed of three men and the prospects of a cook. Eich member of one mess has a tent, 7x7 a tolding chair, a blanket, a canteen, and equal shares in one table, one frying-pan, one coffee pot and the prospects of the one cook.

We do not expect to do our own cooking but if we do it will be our own fault for not hustling around and connecting with one of the regimental messes. We hope that the soldiers, out of the kindness of their hearts will pitch our tents for us.

The army is going to transport and move about our baggage-take us over free of everything but meals, and sell us grub from its own stores. Seriously-it is the finest army, and officered by the finest slid them off at Tampa. "This drink will stand a dash more of ginger," said he, go out and drisk its health in ice-water from the hotel cooler.

THEODORE ROBERTS. Orange Grove Hotel, Tampa.

dergrads. Mr. Johnson's gang, with be coming modesty, says that Mr. Roosevelt's fellows are not in it, but as Mr. Roosevelt's "terrors" return the compliment I will not pass any judgment on either.

The war correspondents here range in age from twelve years to nigety. There

Won by the Old Songs.

Malcolm Stuart of Nashville, Tenn., fell in love with Lottie Neitleton the very moment that their eyes met. But the course of true love was not smoother in their case that it is with others, and the giri's poverty and humble birth where great and glaring faults in the eyes of the proud old Highlander, biding at home. He wrote to his son and commanded bim to abandon his love quest until he should meet a less of his kin and be ready to settle down in the home —(barring the one regiment of Canadian of his father. Malcolm read the letter and infantry). The men wear trousers, shirts then went to read the story in Lottie's eyes which was widely different in style and argument; and before another fortnight he cabled to his father:

'Lottie and I were married Tuesday and I am bringing her home to you, sir.'

The greeting to the bride in the stately home was courteous. but her young heart chilled and frinted. Then, after a day or so, she was asked to sing, and when onc she began to speak through her music he blood grew warm and courageous. It was was a daring thing for an alien to do, but the girl was playing for the leve of her loved one's kindred. So, while the old man nodded by his fire, she began to sing "Highland Mary."

There was a little stirring in the old armchair as she finished the song, and then, quite naturally, but, oh, so softly, she essayed "Annie Laurie," "The Banks O' Doon," and "Bonnie Charlie." Memo ries of other days stirred the Highland father's soul as the sweet young voice range on; and as she began the "Land O' the Lesl' his hand fell on her shoulder.

YEARS OF SUFFERING

Brought About by a Fall Which the Bach Was Severly injured—The Pain at Times Almost Unberrable.

Mr. Geo. F. Everett, a highly respe and well known farmer of Four Falls, Victoria Co., N. B., makes the following statement:-"Some years ago while working in a barn I lost my balance and fell from a beam, badly injuring my back, for years I suffered with the injury and at the ame time doing all I could to remove it. but in vain. I at last gave up hopes and stopped doctoring. My back had got so bad that when I would stoop over it was almost impossible to get straightened up again. When I would mow with a scythe for some little time without stopping it would pain me so that it seemed as if I could scarcely endure it, and I would lean on the handle of my scythe in order to get ease and straighten up. At other times I would be laid up entirely. After some years of suffering I was advised to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and decided to try one box. Betore I had finished it I saw the pills were helping me. I bought six boxes more and seven boxes completely cured me. It is three years since I took them and my back has not troubled me since. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an in valuable medicine and I highly recommend them to any person suffering likewise. I consider that if I paid \$10 a box for them, they would be a cheap medicine."

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"Arriere Pensee,"
(From the Galaxy, 1869.)
He wraps me round with his riches,
He covers me up with his circles,
He covers me up with his care,
And his love is the love of a manhood
Whose life is a siving prayer.
I have plighted my woman's affections,
I have given my all in all,
And the flowers of a daily contentment
Renew their sweet lives ere they fall.
And yet—like an instrument precious,
That playeth an olden tuoe—
My heast in the midst of its blessings
Goes back to a day in Jane—
It o a day when beneath the branches
I stood by a silent stream,
And saw in its betom an image,
As one sees a face in a dream.

I would not resum his devotion—No, not for a heart that lives;
Nor change one jot my condition
For the change that condition gives.
I should mourn not more for another,
Nor more for another rejoice
Than now, when I weep at his absence
Ot welcome his step and his voice.
And yet like an instrument precious

Than now, when I weep at his absence Or welcome his step and his voice. And yet like an instrument precious That player han ciden tune, My heart in the midst of its blessings Goes back to a day in June—To as day when beneath the branches I stood in the shadowy light, And heard the low words of a whisper, As one heareth a voice in the night.

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#### Music and The Drama IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

event of the week in musical circles—that is from an artistic standpoint. It is to be regretted that otherwise they seem to have been failures, the attendance on Wednesday evening being very small; evidently the society needs a change of management

"In Search of a Father" is the title of comic opera recently sung in England. It was adapted from the French. The action of the opera opens near the stage door of the theatre in the Winter Gardens, Brightpool, where Mr. Smith, the stage manager, appears perplexed with the preparations which are going on inside for the perform-ance about to take place. Adolphus Raveller, the manager of a private inquiry agency, puts in an appearance, and discovers acting at the theatre under the name of Senorita Stella, the daughter of William Burnett, an American millionaire, who before he made his "pile" left her in her childhood at Brighton, and has now come over to England to seek her out and claim her, Raveller, however, is greatly smitten by the charms of Diana De Vere, an actress in the same company as Stella, of whose success Diana is naturally jealous. Raveller now finds another object to pursue besides that of making love to Diana, who is secretly married to Charley Kelly. a young man about town.

M. Arthur Pougin gives in the current number of the Menestrel the following ex cellent "appreciation" of the Hungarian violinist. Remenyi, whose death was recently announced: "Remenyi was a strange artist, of the school of Paganini, with something of the wild animal or the savage in him, extravagant and eccentric in his style sometimes, but vet displaying a real grandeur and incontestable power, allied, curiously enough with a most penetrating charm . . . Wielding an unsurpassable mastery over his instrument, he dazzled the public by unheard of difficulties, and fascinated them by effects the fire and brilliancy of which one neede to hear in order to form any conception of them. Such a player, in short, could never form a school, but he was quite prodigious in his way, and furnished those who heard him with sensations which were altogether unique.

Jean De Reszke is now studying Parsifal in London with Motte, and will be heard next summer at Bayreuth in the role. The season will, according to the stories that are told by Jean's friends, mark his permanent retirement. He has already ished his study for "Gotterdammerung," and has learned Walther in "Die Meister singer," and will next year sing that role in German and not in Italian. He is also to be heard at Covent Garden as John of Leyden in "La Prophete," which will be revived there, and also at the Metropolitan New York, next winter. The two Americans that Mr. Grau will present to their own countrymen for the first time are Suzanne Adams and Fanchon Thompson. Miss Thompson had never been on th stage until she appeared as the page in "Romeo et Juliette." But she acquitted herself with the ease of a veteran, and has continued in her susequent appearances the favorable impression created by he Nordica and Ternina have shared the role of Isolde with equal honors and roles in the three cycles of the trilogy which have already begun.

In "The Beauty Stone," the new Savoy opera by Sir Arthur Sullivan, A. W Pinero and J. Comyns Carr, the devil is the grotesque figure. Declare the authors of the libretto: "If an apology be nec cessary for the aspect given to the evil one in the story of "The Beauty Stone," the reader is reminded that throughout the middle ages the devil was a constant figure in the popular imagination, familiarity en ndering a sentiment in which contemp fought strongly with awe for pre-emine Thus, in the old mysteries and miracle grotesque personage; and it is in this spirit, if with some modification, that the character is treated in the present in-There is a learn note to the story. John of Nevers, Duke of Burgundy, led the expedition dispatched by the King of France in aid of Sigis mund of Hungary against Bajazet, Sultar of the Turks, which enterprise culminated in the fateful battle of Necropolis. In this battle nearly the whole of the allied forces were put to the sword, but Bajazet spared the lives of John of Nevers and of certain

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

BABY'S SKIP! Stalp and Hair purified and Beau

lords of his retinue, holding them prisoners in Turkey till a fitting ransom been provided by the French King. The hero of "The Beauty Stone" is one of the said lords.

Reginald De Koven, who has been deavoring to place the new Smith De Koven opera, "The Three Dragoons," has not, says a London correspondent, yet found a theatre for it, but I understand h is about to consummate a deal which will insure the work a hearing in London. With "The Highwayman" he has been more successful, as the announcement comes from a semi-official source that it is to be given at her Majesty's during the

Eight hundred singers in Brooklyn N. Y., want to go to the war and fight the cohorts and choirs of Spain, regarding which The Musical Age says:—"These gentlemen conceived the idea of getting up a regiment, have secured eight hundred the State of the fact, so it looks like busi ness. Any singer can join provided he is not more than forty-five years of age. Most of the members of the musical cohort are of German extraction, and if they get to the front they will certainly cast terror into the ranks of the enemy by shouting out some choruses of Deutschland as they rush upon him. The Spaniards could probably stand the 'Wacht am Rhein,' or the native version of 'The Soldier's Farewell,' but they could not possibly hope to offer serious resistance to the more intricate male choruses in which this melodious regiment will doubtless indulge. Four hundred high tenors, and as many thunder ous bassos shouting forth a chorus in the mellifluous tongue of Germany might well shake Havana to her centre, and cause Morro Castle to fall a heap of crumbling

Eugene Cowles of the Bostonians. is going abroad next season to study for grand opera.

Albert Chevalier, is appearing at St. James hall, London, for the first time since

Masion Danola is to head the Wilbur Opera Company next season.

Georgie French of the Castle Square Opera company has resigned and went last week to Tampa to join a party of trained nurses for the army.

Alice Neilson has sailed for China and Japan to rest during the summer. The opera in which she makes her stellar debut next season is called "The Fortune Teller.

Miss Mae Lowry will make her first appearance here in "Around the Town" a a week from to-morrow. She made a hit a moving picture of the finish of the great

May Irwin sings but two songs in he new play, "Kate Kipp, Buyer," and this departure was objected to by the local critics when the play was recently produced in Kansas City

Hattie Belle Ladd is now the prima don na of the Knickerbocker Opera company which begins a summer season at Saratoga Springs on July 4.

TALK OF THE THEATRE

Private intelligence from Mr. W. S. Harkins brings the pleasing news that last weeks business in Moncton, Amherst and Iruro was splendid, and that the prospects for a good two weeks in Halifax were unusually promising. Mr. Harkins returns to St. John in June 27th for a weeks engagement.

The Miles Ideal Stock Company op a two weeks engagement at the Operahouse last Monday evening in Under The British Flag, and during the week they have presented, Dangers of a Great City Damon and Pythias and New York by Day. The play on the opening night was given in an excellent manner, and the generous applause bestowed upon the various performers was well merited.

Mr. John E. Miles' work was as usual

a hearty reception. The latter has admirers in this city and his work this week has been very flatteringly received. Miss Mildred Hyland is a pretty and talented leading lady who has succeeded in making a wonderfully good impression, and Miss Perle Essington (Mrs. Miles) has some good parts which she handles in a very conscientious, painstaking manner.
The specialty people are very good and are given many recalls nightly. D ily matinees are given, with the exception of Monday, and are being well attended. The company remains all next week, and the excellence of the performances should ensure them a good patronage.

Mrs. Fiske produced "Divorcons" in New York last week

The New York Casino review will

Lottie Collins is to astonish London in a new musical comedy.

One of the New York opera companies as given up the ghost.

Julis Marlow is visiting her husband, Robert Tabor, in London. William Gillette is now the lion of the

nost exclusive set in London It was 300 years ago, in France, that

the first grand opera was produced. At Chicago last week Dorothy Morton

played the title role in "Paul Jones." Eugene Blair will next season be a mem ber of the Park Theatre Stock Company

Last week "Incog" was reviewed at Chicago and "Captain Swift' was a New

"The Klondike Rush" is a new British elodrama. Another is called "The Klondike King."

Lawis Morrison is supported by the Alcazar Theatre stock company during his Frisco engagement. A new play produced this week at the

London Duke of York's is entitled "The Maternal Instinct." Wilson Barrett's season in Australia

will end on July 2, and he will begin a tour of England in August. "His Other I," by Leonard Outram and Heron Allen, has been given for copy

right purposes in England. Sympathetic references to America are ed in the London theatres and

music halls with hearty applause. Laura Joyce Bell made her vaudeville debut on Monday last in "The New Prims Donna: or Up Goes the Price of Milk."

"Le Papillon," a Japanese fantasie in one act, written by M. Larcher, with music by Francis Thome, is a London novelty. Next week, June 20, the Castle Square

Opera company, all the favorites, return for one week of opera in English. The date for the opening of the Mapleson opera season at the New Italian Opera House, London, has been fixed for October

Marie Tempest is to appear in a revial of "The Fencing Master" at Daly's Lon-don, after "The Greek Slave" has con-

cluded its run. A new melodrama for John Bull is "Our British Empire; or the Gordon Highlanders." It deals with the recent charge

at Dargai. "The New World," recently produced in London, was acted several years ago under the title of the "Devil's Mine.

last seson with Donnelly and Girard in Derby race at the Palace Theatre on the very night of the day this event occurred.

Kate Vaughan is doing "She Stoops to Conquer," at Terry's, London, F. J.
O'Hare's comedy, "The Bachelor's
Widow," will be produced there on Tuesday

Kathyrn Osterman married J. J. Rosen thal last week. Mr. Rosenthal was th minager of "What Happened to Jones," and Miss Osterman played one of its roles

The souvepir distributed at the 800 h performance of "The Little Minister" in New York was a small flag pin set with a diamond, a sapphire and a ruby. Maude Adams was the star of this piece.

Drury Lane Theatre has the largest fire proof curtain in the world. It is 42 feet by 301/2 feet, made of iron and asbestos, nd in case of fire can lower itself automa ically in fifteen seconds.

The "Ladder of Life," "The Interrup Honeymoon,' the "Other Man's Wife." the "Transit of Venus," "A Reprieve" and the "Prodigal Parson" are among recent London productions.

Mr. Hoyt will personally direct the pro duction of "A Strauger in New York" when it is given at the Duke of York's Theatre, London. Otis Harlan, Harry Gilfoil and Harry Conor will be in the cast.

Augustus Daly's productions next season will include "The Merchant of Vence,' "Mme. Sans Gene" and "The Greek Slaves." Ada Rehan will spend the summer at her bangalow in Cumberland, Eng-

Ellen Terry is now acting only in the evening performances of "The Medicine Man," her place in the afternoon being taken by Dorothea Baird, the original Trilby on the English stage and the wife of Irving's eldest son

Frau Seebach, of the Schauspeil Haus Company, who died last year. has left to the management of the Royal Theatres the sum of \$0.000 marks (\$20,000 for the founding of a dramatic school for talented

Dan Daly will sail for home on Saturday, after his stirring experience in London. It wouldn't astonish me, says Leander Richardson, in the least to find him at the head of "The Belle of New York" Company, which is to tour the United States next

Richard Mansfield concludes a "roast" of the New York newspapers as follows: "I have now only one thought-how to wind up my business and get out of a country where I made the fatal mistake of pursuing a career that can lead to nothing but

Rice's Summer Nights, which begin on June 18, at the New York Casino roof, will present Nellie Hawthorne, in what Manager E E. Rice is pleased to style "a batch of the latest London novelties, and three changes of costume." Gustave Kerker will conduct the orchestra, and "Evergreen" boxes will be a feature.

Speaking of the late "Grand Old Man's" fondnessfor the stage, the London Era says: "It may be said the stage in return treated him rather ungratefully; for Mr. Gladstone was not orly lampooned, but actually impersonated in "The Happy Land" by F. Tomline and Gilbert aBecket produced at the Court Theatre ; in the March of 1873. Mr. W. H. Fisher as Ethais was made up to repeesent Mr. Gladstone, the traditional collar being of course, greatly in evidence, E hais being nade to say that twice two and two made five 'according to circumstances,' and being consequently created Chancellor of the Exchequer. But Mr. Gladstone was iar superior to any irritation at this kind of personality. On one occasion, when an artist who had been making up as the Great Politican sent him a photograph of the imitation, Mr. Gladstone good-temperedly returned the likeness, complinenting the artist on the acuracy with which the features of the original were reproduced. Eventually the Lord Champerlain ordered the make-ups !!in "The Happy Land" to be abandoned; but we believe there is no evidence that Mr. Gladstone objected to Mr. Fisher embodiment.

Annie Yeamans will appear next season in "Why Smith Left Home," a new comedy by George H. Broadhurst. Her new role will be "Queen of the Housemaids" Society of Holland Dames."

Sarah Bernbardt is threating to play Hamlet and says that her performan Lorenzaccio and of the Duke of Reichstadt in her new Rostrand p'ay are in reality preparatory to this experiment.

Clara Lipman has declined a splendid offer to go into the vaudeville to do a bit suggested by the champagne scene in the econd act of "The Telephone Girl." Mu h of the best business in that episode is Miss Lipman's own suggestion.

James H. Stoddart is the last recruit from the legitimate to vaudeville ranks. porting company and they willimake their first appearance in Proctor's Pleasure Palace in New York on June 20 in "One Touch of Nature.

Elita Proctor Otis and Laura Joyce Bell are to enter vaudeville at Proctor's Pleasure palace New York.

Fanny Davenport and Melbourne Mc-Dowell are occupying their country estate 'Wilton Lackaye, the play is a winner and at Duxbury, Melbourne Hall.

Anthony Hope has completed with E. E. Rose plays founded on his novels, "Simon Dale" and "Rupert of Hentzau"

Judge Cohen, of the New York Supreme Court, has denied the application made by Fay Templeton to set aside the attachment which was issued against her property in a suit brought by Edward E. ell for the recovery of \$26,617 on a breach of contract. The claim was originally held by Charles E. and Edward E. Rice, who allege that the actress broke her contract with them, by which she was to go on the road with "Excelsior" for forty

don Court, destined to replace "Trel-awney of the Wells," for the balance of the season. It is by Captain Marshall, and is entitled "His Excellency the Governor."

### SUMMER



A magnificent display of all the latest nove Trimmed Hats. Trimmed Toques, Trimmed Turbans, Trimmed Tams,
Trimmed Bonnets.

A'so a nice display of Misses' and Childrens' frimmed and Untrimed HAT.. LEGHORN HATS in Black or White, trimmed

LEGIUM HAIS in Black or White, trimmed and untrimmed.

SALIOR and WALEING Hats, Trimmed and Untrimmed in great variety.

BABY BONNETS in silk and Cambric.

Hear quarters for Laddes, Misses' and childrens'

COSBIS AND WAI-TS.

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Pinero's play has evidently not proved as attractive as was anticipated. Captain Marshall, aide de camp to the Governor ot Natal, Paul Arthur, will play one of the leading parts; so will Earl Rosslyn and Dion Bonciault.

For the forthcoming representations—on June 20, 23, an 1 25 - of the "Antigone" of Sophocl's in the open-air Greek theatre at Bradfield College, England, the incidental music has been specially written in Greek scales by Mr. C. F. Abdy Williams, director of music at the college. The Greek flutes have been copied from models tound at Pompeii and now in the Museum at Naples, while the lyres have been strung on the ancient Greek system, and are accurate copies of the Greek citharae.

For 43 weeks during the theatrical year of 1897,98 Mrs. John A. Forepaugh has kept her theatre open, the conclusion being reached last evening. The management, by marked liberality, good judgement and keen discernment, has made Forepsugh's one of the most successful theatres of the country. For 38 weeks the stock company appeared in some of the best plays on the current stage. Forepaugh's Theatre will re-open for next seaon under the direction of Mrs. John A. Forepaugh about the middle of August.

"The White Heather", in which Rose Coghlan is to star next season, will shortly be played in Australia. "The White Squadron", which has lately been revived n several American cities, has been staged at Sydney. "The Silver King, "Romany Rye" and "Sign of the Cross" are also on the boards there. "The Star Spangled Banner," says our Australian correspondent. John Plummer, "forms a popular feature of the programme of most traveling companies throughout the colonies The colonies to a man are with their American brethren in the struggle, and I would raise a troop in a week it necessary."

John Pierce will be Julia Marlowe's eading man next season.

Tae Buston Museum opens its season Aug. 15 with "What happened to Jones." William F. Owen has been re-engaged for Augustin Daly's company next se

Charles Frobm in will open the season as the New York Empire theatre in September with "Too Much Johnson." tollowed by Jones's . The Liars.

Mande Adams is going to France as soon as "The Little Minister" closes its long run

According to newspaper notices of the first production of "Charles O'Malley," by fits Lackaye like a glove.

Mrs. Potter has bought from Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, the clever American wife of tte Irish member of parliament, a new play, founded on the story of the late Charles Stewart Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea. The last scene represents the night of the great division in the house of commons, when Paraell learns of his fall from power and dies on the stage. Mrs. Potter will play the part of Mrs. O'Shea and Kyrle Bellew will impersonate Parnell.

Bellew will impersonate Parnell.

In a locket which Clara Upman with the ball room costume in the sact of "The Telephone Girl," is a prilower which was sent to her from by a friend whose home is on the is "Waari tand it man bring was a sent to her from by a friend whose home is on the is "Waari tand it man bring was a sent to her from the same than the same that the same than the same than the same than the same than t

#### PROGRESS

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUB LISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

a Sixteen Page Paper, published rday, from its new quarters, 29 to rv street, St. John, N. B. by the PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COM-ted.) W. T. H. FENETY, Managing subscription price is Two Dollars

SIXTEEN PAGES.

**AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640** 

ST. JOHN N. B SATURDAY, JUNE 18th

Subscribers who do not receive their paper Saturday morning are requested to com municate with the office.—Tel. 95.

HOOLEY AND LEITER.

The two events in the world of finance that have excited far greater interest than anything in that circle for a long time were the dramatic failures of ERNEST HOOLEY the great London promoter and Joseph LEITER the Chicago wheat speculator. Both of these men made and lost millions in a short time. Their brief but brilliant careers have been the talk of two continents. They must have possessed exceptional ability and a daring amounting to reckless-

Hooley was what is known as a company promoter. A languishing business concern lacking capital to carry on large operations would be selected by him and by an arrangement with the owners he would agree to place it in the hands of a joint stock company paying so much cash and so much stock for the property. Of course the stock of the company must have been largely in excess of the value of the property else there would not have been an opportunity to make those exceptional profits that Mr. Hooley enjoyed. He was careful in selecting the industries which he promoted in this way The fads of the public were his favorites. When bicycles were all the rage Mr. HOOLEY made his reputation and his immense profits. He amaigamated rival industries and converted them into a huge syndicate. Millions were nothing to him. Fortune smiled upon his business daring and his companies paid a large percentage. That was enough; for the British public were glad to get three per cent for money. When six eight and ten per cent was being paid by Hooley's companies they rushed to get some of the stock. It seemed for a time that all this reckless financier had to do was to issue a prospectus and the amount of the stock he wanted would be subscribed over and over again.

There was considerable method about the conduct of his affairs. The good will of the newspapers especially the great ones and the financi critics was absolutely necessary for Mr. Hooley's success. He obtained it, and now says that he paid for it. That is a grave charge against the British press and if Mr. Hooley can prove it, it will shake the confidence of the people in the guides to public opinion. HOOLEY says that in one instance he paid as high as £10,000 for a page in one issue of a financial journal. That is of course an extortionate figure—rather a blackmail quotation-and, if true, will account for his statement that the newspapers got the most of his profits. They ust have left the promoter some margin however for during his successful career he purchased estates and even the yacht of the Prince of Wales. He lived like a prince and had the best that money could buy. Now he is a bankrupt his creditors say but he says he has a margin of £500,000. That should be enough for any man.

JOSEPH LEITER'S career has not been as long as that of Hooley but he has been talked about perhaps than his associate in misfortune. LEITER obtained some millions of his father's money and bought wheat. He began when the price was low and he bought so much wheat that he created a scarcity. The price went up and LEITER was making hundreds of thousands of dollars every day. But he continued to buy. He followed the price of wheat until he bought at such a figure that he had to sell at a loss. His losses The teams are about evenly matched, and exceeded his gains and the startling announcement flashed throughout the world that the young wheat king was em-

price of bread is bound to tellow. It has been claimed that Leiters deal has occas-oned a great deal of distress throughout the world. He increased the price of wheat, and misery followed in the homes of the poor. His fall will not be regretted

THE CRITIC OF THE NORTH.

Brother J. L. STEWART is after the buckwheat reporters" of St. John who eport yacht races. The gentlemanly editor of the Chatham World is not only an expert yachtsman, but has owned and sailed the champion boat on the Miramichi. He says that "the next best thing to seeing a yacht race is to read an ambition ount of one in the St. John papers. They are exciting to the uninform entertaining to the initiated, and we congratulate our city contemporaries on the ats of their buckwheat reporters."

This left-handed compliment will hardly be appreciated by the yachting staff of the city press, but this is not the first time that the yachting critic of the North Shore has scored them. On this occasion he takes the report of the race between the Thetis and Canada in which the former became disabled, and comments in this amusing way upon the account that appeared.

The buckwheat reporter says Thetis broke the jaws of one of her gaffs.' We are not told how many gaff the little sloop carried, but are lead to infer that she had a number of them aloft. Sloops carry only one, as seen by instructed eyes, but the buckwheat reporter probably sees a dozen or more on Thetis. Be tells us, also, that in the first part of the race, which was apparently a beat to wind-ward, the yachts 'took a long tack with the wind right on their beam.' This was wonderful, truly, and they must have climbed to windward very fast! It is not surprising, after this, to learn that one yacht 'reached off like a giant,' that 'like a whirlyacht 'reached off like a giant," that 'like a whirlwind the yacht tore her way down to the second
stake," and that 'the Gracie M. showed lots of "fire
works" in scudding before the breeze like a big
balloon.' It must have been a wonderful sight to
see that race between the 'giant,' the 'whirlwind,'
and the 'big balloon.' The giant must have had the
'even leagued boots on, because he won. The other
morning paper's buckwheat reporter makes a brave
attempt to keep up with his rival, but fails.
He tells us, indeed, that the yachts 'fairly flew
down to the second buoy,' and that 'Canada turned
it a couple of miles ahead of the next boat.' We
see by the time taken that Canada was then about
dwe minutes ahead. Therefore, according to the five minutes ahead. Therefore, according to the reporter, the next yacht sailed two miles in five tes, or at the rate of twenty four miles an hour minutes, or at the race of twenty-nour miles an nour. It is no wonder, therefore, that the reporter says they flew. But we find it hard to reconcile the flying with the fact that it required 2 hrs. 12 min. for the fastest bast to sail the twelve miles, less than one-third of it being winiward work.

There are something like 40,000 public chools in Japan. The buildings are well built and very comfortable, education being compulsory.

It has been stated that there are in the United States over fifty distinct secret orders, with over 70,000 lodges and 5,000, 000 members.

#### Miss Reed's Latest Venture

The triends of Miss Helen Leah Reed will be rl ased to know that Messr. R. G. Badger & Co., publishers of Boston, have announced a story of West End Life from her pen. Miss Theodora is the attractive title. The West End is that of Boston and in this picturesque locality Miss Reed has vividly depicted a phase of Boston life which is fast passing away. As a character study and as a story Miss Theodora will be found to have the power of holding the attention of all who prefer the natural and the unpretending in fiction to the sensational and the meretricious. The charm of the local color is greatly increased by the many pen and ink shetches characteristic West End streets and nooks Miss Reed, it will be remembered, is the young lady who had such unique success at Harvard, capturing the Sargent prize in its entirety from sixteen male competitors. Her book will probably abe on sale here

Nearly Repeated.

An old time tragedy was nearly repeated this week during an atternoon of play between several children. A game of hide and seek was being merrily carried on when a little four year old girl crept linto an empty box and told a young con to fasten down the cover. This she did and in addition piled old papers to lcover up a knot hole in the lid. happened along in a few moments, and hearing a peculiar noise inside the box investigated and found the little one in a state bordering on insensibility. The little one would probably have been dead in a very few minutes.

An Interesting Game

On Monday next the Shamrock grounds will be the scene of a base ball battle, beit is expected that the game which begins at two o'clock will be a hotly contested and interesting one. There is considerable arrassed.

Wheat went down with a rush and the will doubtless be well attended.

Bis Covenant Remainsth

Behind the blood red battle cloud,
Above earth's crimeen stain;
Above the agonizing field
He ruleth not in vain.
He watcheth o'er the deepest plans
Man makes in boastful power;
But over ruling all his cleeds,
Controls the final hour.

Earth has her banners terrible, The drum beat and the roar,— Of murderous artillery; Red fixmed on sea and shore. The piercing steel in serried lines
The grim death dealing tower;
The carnage and the victory,
And man cries, mine the power.

The countless slain the ready boast, The might is on our side; The bugie blares the banners wave
The glory far and wide.
The chain shot's wrath the screamin
May rain a burning shower,
His covenant r-maineth still
And His is all the power.

Man's strategy akin to crime Great slaughter gains anew;
God's mighty arm shall break the bow
And knap the spear in two.
And makes the humble cower;
But God is love and holds therein, His own Almighty power.

His covenant remaineth still, Perhaps earth's battle field May prove a place where men at last,
To His sweet mercy yield.
The living truth no war has slain,
Will chaut its mighty hymn;
Until the master giveth up
God's kingdom back to Him.

Lastie Loe'd a Laddie. There lived in Bonnie Scotland, On the banks of the River Dee, As sweet and fair a lassie As e'er yau'd care to see

This lessie loe'd a laddie

The moaning sea dashed on the shore The night was dark and dre

The lassie said a prayer that night That God above would bless her love, And bring him hame again.

When the rays of morning sunshine Softly kissed the river Dee, And the birds sang out their sweetes

Lassie thought she heard a whisper, Ye na mair will see your laddie, He is numbered w' the dead.

Soft the bell in yonder spire Tolls the kneel-o-parting day, and in heaven it is whispered,

Resting in the village kirk-yard— Where the thistle and the rose In their innocence are blooming— Till God's last great trumpet blocs,

Lies as fair and sweet a lassic

WILLIAM VAN BUREN THOMP

Golfing Song.

From The Sketch. O for the Links o' the Land of the Leal,
When the Golfers come together.
And the charmed Club, like a wizard's reel,
Spins out a shut led tether,
For the Ball that fires like a wingless bird, 'm
the tutts o' turf and heather.

Scots who love the Land o' the Leal Are leal unto the Links as weel, And love with all a zealot's zeal The guid and game o' Gouf!

Club the Ball from Tee to Hole,
Let every stroke be mended,
And give the globe its golfing goal,
From Tee to Hole attended,
Nor let a Holfer miss the globe, unil the gan

Waggle the Driver to snl fro, And strike the Ball, and make it go, Nor sclaff, nor slee, nor heel, nor toe, But club the globe or Goli!

Follow the Ball with heart and hope,
Make every stroke a wonder,
Ill the score is down, and the holes are up,
And the Ball beyond all blunder,
And the rounds shall ring, while the Caddles
with the small appiause of thunder.

A good grip when the play is poor,
A long s ing and a swift and sure,
On the Links is the Golfer's gilded in From Teeing-Ground to Putting-Green, Let not a flunkey flunker, But steady hand and watchful e'en Be style for every yonker, And a swift full swipe that will break th the bounds of every Bunker.

The game is lost or won, I ween,
In the play upon the Putting-Green,
When the player's skill and craft is seen,
In the guid auld game o' Goui!

The Dewey Craze.
From the Cleveland Leader I saw a sweet young mother with
Her first-born at her breast;
'And what's the baby's name?'' I asked
Of her so richly blessed.
She looked at me wi.h pity, as
She proudly poised her head;
'We call nim Dewey, sir of course.''
In tender tones she said.

I met a dainty little girl
Who led a kitten by a string,
And as I stroked her head, I asked:
"What do you call the pretty thing?"
She looked as me with wide blue eyes,
And as she went her way,
"I call my kitten Dewey, sir,"
I heard her sweetly say.

met a curly-headed boy
Who had a brindle pup,
'And what's your doggy's nam
As I held the creature up,
Ite gazed at me in wonder, and
He proudly cocked his head;
I call him Dewey, sir, of cours

"How the Times Change.
"How the world is progressing" said a
well known city man in rather a cynical
tone as he watched a group of cyclists
sweep past him on the street. "Times
are hard and yet according to the look of
that, money is plenty. How in the world
do all those youngsters get the money to
buy a bicycle. I suppose they cost all
the way from \$40 to \$100. Why it I had
said my father for twalve nound ten to asked my father for twelve pound ten to buy a bicycle with he would have thought me a fit subject for the lunatic asylum. I declare that he and my mother would have fretted about me if I made such a show of myzelf. And yet money was plenty in those days compared with its scarcity now." Then with a smile he passed on He had uttered his protest.

It was Bitter So.

A St. John man let this week for the far West leaving behind him many sorrowful creditors. Rumor has it that he will return shortly but there are some doubts on the subject, and one wag who was interested in the matter dropped into poetry, and the result of his labors were posted on the absentee's door. It was headed "To my creditors" and the rhyme was as fol-

"I've gone to the Klondike, See, Its Best for you and Best for me.'

Mr. A. W. Myers of Myers Bros. who nade many friends in this city during the few months he was here has opened a store in Charlottetown. Progress has received a nest pamplet from him, in which he advertises his goods and his methods of business. It appears from the introduction to this booklet that the press of Charlottetown refused his advertisements because his business was in opposition to some of their old time patrons, and consequently Mr Myers is addressing the people in another

The July Delineator.

The July number of the Delineator is nnounced and at hand. The contents are particularly seasonable and attractive in cluding articles on bathing and bicycle costumes with illustrations and descriptions. The usual departments of the magazine are well edited. The Delineator may be had from the local agent for Butterick's Patterns or from the Publishing company in Toronto.

Armor-Piercing Projectiles.

Much interst has been excited by the armor piercing power given to steel proiectiles by addition of a cap of soft metal, jectiles by addition of a cap of soft metal, steel, iron, or copper. The regular projectiles terminates in a point. A cylinder of soft steel one-half the diameter of the projectile, and about as high as it is thick, has an approximately conical hole made in its end, extending about two-thirds through it. A small cavity contains a little grease as a lubricant. This is fastened over the point of the projectile. It seems to support the point, preventing it from crushing, and enables it to pierce hardened face armor of the highest resisting power. The projectile goes through the armor plate almost without deformation.

Sir Francis Cook, who married Tennes see Claffin, is reported to have just divided \$10,000,000 between his two sons in order to cheat the chancellor of the exchequer out of the succession duty which would have to be paid if the money were left as an ordinary legacy. British millionaires have never forgotten Lorn Harcourt for increasing those duties to a point which made them an important source of public revenue. Several of them, and among the number the Duke of Westmins.er, have already divided the bulk of their personal estate among their sons and daughters. Sir Francis Cook is reputed to be worth \$20,000,000 even after endowing his sons.

Finger Prints in Plano-Teaching.

Finger-prints obtained by applying pignent to the finger tips and pressing them on a smooth surface have been tried as a means of identification. It is now proposed to use them to test piano-playing. The impressions made on the keys by the fingers of a performer will be indications of his methods, and serve to show whether he touches the keys in the same whether he touches the keys in the same way as a good performer, whose finger-priats may be used as a standard. The prints may be taken for different kinds of work on the instrument, so as te help ex-plain the secret of "touch."

Ladies have not got the art of makingup all to themselves. The silvery-hued mane, tail and forelock which contrast so beautifully with the coats of dark colore horses are produced by the use of peroxide of hydrogen. It is stated that a well-known fashionable New York job master gets in a five-gallon jar of peroxide of hydrogen every week.

Old clothes dyed to look like new, Hosiery mended free to you, Hosiery mended free to you, Curtains 25c per pair, And you quickly ask me, Where?

At Ungar's Laundry & Dye Works 28 0 34 Waterloo St. Telephone 58.



LRARNING TO SWYW

The Chief Characteristic of a Good Swimmer is a Slow Stroke. "Just as soon as the warm weather sets

in, many persons who, at the close of last summer, were able to swim a few strokes, will again somewhat timorously enter the water,' writes Frank H. Vizetelly in an article on 'The Simple Art of Swimming' in the Woman's Home Companion. 'The majority will find this self-imposed task far more difficult than is anticipated. It is necessary to remind those who indulge in short, burried strokes that one of the golden rules of swimming is move slowly and deliberately. Those who wish to become good swimmers must cultivate self reliance and they should always bear in mind that water itself has a sustaining power far greater than that of most liquids. The slow stroke is the very essence of good swimming. It enables the bather to inflate the lungs and thus unconsciously turn them temporarily into life-preservers. To move slowly is to get plenty of breathing time, and to get plenty of strength to repeat the movem which propel the body through the water. The second golden rule which the beginner should school herself to remember is that the living human body is specifically lighter than water, and that censequently, it does not necessarily sink therein. Confidence in the sustaining power of water is the only secret to swimming. The best way to convince the novice of the buoyancy of water is to let her wade out until the water comes up to her breast; but hefore doing this she should take care when in shallow water, to immerse her whole body, so as to avoid the rush of blood to the head, from which many bathers suffer through neglecting to do this. With the water once on a level with the breast the bather should lie on her back and extend her arms out beyond her head, but not raised out of the water. This position raised out of the water. This position makes breathing easy and counterbalances the weight of the legs. The bather should lie restfully and avoid stiffening the nether limbs. The hips should be rigid, the feet close together, but not out of the water, for if they were they would overbalance the weight of the head and carry it beneath the surface.

Franklin's Treaty With Prussia.

In 1785 the United States and Prussis entered into a treaty, some provisions of which show a remarkably advanced "spirit of civilization and humanity." On our part it was signed by Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson and John Adams. Hon S. J. Barrows, M. C. from Massachusetts, furnishes to the Christian Register one article of this treaty, copied by himself from the original manuscript now in the archives of the Department of State of Washington. From Doctor Franklin's well-known abhorrence of war and its cruelties, as well as from the style of the composition, we may guess that the paragraph which follows was drawn by his own

If war should arise between the two contracting parties, the merchants of either country then residing in the other shall be allowed to remain nine months to collect their debts and to settle their affairs, and may depart freely, carrying off all their effects without molestation or hindrance. And all women and children, lars of every faculty cultivators of the earth, artisans, manutac turers and fishermen, unarmed and inhabiting unfortified towns, villages or places, and in general, all others whose occupations are for the common subsistence and benefit of mankind, shall be allowed to continue their respective em ployments, and shall not be molested in their persons, nor shall their houses or goods be burnt or otherwise destroyed, nor their fields wasted by the armed forces of the enemy, into whose power by the of the enemy, into whose power by the wents of war they may happen to fall; but if anything is necessary to be taken from them for the use of such armed force, the same shall be paid for at a reasonable price, and all merchant and trading vessels employed in exchanging the products of different places, and thereby rendering the necessaries, conveniences and comforts of human life more easy to be obtained, and more general, shall be allowed to pass free and unmolested; and neither of the contracting powers shall grant or issue any commissien to any private armed vessels empowering them to take or destroy such trading vessels or interrupt such commerce.





The air this week is filled with the scent of Orange blossoms, and still many rumors come of weddings yet to be. The society reporter who has along been grumbling loudly over the dearth o, news are now in the seventh heaven so that after all the numerous couples who have embarked on the sea of matrimony have'nt a monopoly of that very destrable commodity—happiness. By the way I read a very interesting thing the other day regarding ancient weddings and though the pretty brides of 8t. John would resent any insinuation to the effect that their graceful wedding ceremonies. carefully planned with an eye to effect and beauty' were only a survival of the most primitive marriage customs, from antiquity down there is certainly a similarity in the ceremonies. For instance it appears that the presents given the bridesmaids, and in some circles the ushers, are simply a relic of the bribery used by the ancient bridegroom among his personal friends so that they would assist in the capture of his chosen bride when the day arrived on which he had determined to carry her off.

The best man too is but a survivor of the band of friends who accompanied the suitor in his wife wining and kept watch for him for days over the brides tribe, while the lover sought an opportunity to carry of his prize. Even the honeymoon is de-

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taken force, onable g ves-oducts dering mforts ained, o pass of the

brides tribe, while the lover sought an opportunity to carry off his prize. Even the honeymoon is de-clared to be nothing more than the hurried flight of the husband with his wife to escape the vengeance of his pursuing tribe, headed by the bereaved

Looking at the modern customs in the country and in fact everywhere, one can find a counterpart to them or at least an explanation, in the doings of sume tribes in Africa, or in the heart of the Pacific The customs vary as the woman is looked up to as a valuable member of the community. That there should be such widely prevalent similarities points to the antiquity of the human race and its conservation in adhering to matters of form.

These little matters will not however detract in the least from St. John's recent is abionable weddings nor interfere in any particular with the happiness of the contracting parties.

The wedding of the week in which

piness of the contracting parties.

The wedding of the week in which the smart set was particularly interested occurred at Rothesay on Tuesday aftermeon when Miss Elisabeth Emma Robertson, daughter of Mr. James F. Robertson was united in marriage with Mr. T. E. Grindon Armstrong of the staff of the 'Bank of British North America at Brantford, Oat., and son of Major Andrew Armstrong of this city. "Karsalle," the lovely summer home of the bride's father was elaborately decorated for the occasion and around the extensive grounds numerous flags floated all day long. The summer sojourners at Rothesay among whom the event created the most intense interest, honored this occasion in a similar manners so that the charming resort was quite en fete all Tnesday.

The rooms at "Karsalie" were beautifully decor-ated each one having a particular color scheme of The rooms at "Karsalle" were beautifully decorated each one having a particular color scheme of its own, and all were arranged with an artistic effect that was most pleasing. The drawing rooms were particularly elaborate in their decorations the profuse use of white lilacs, white roses, ferns and smilax trailed over doors pictures and ornaments transforming them into veritable towers of beauty. At each side of the bay window were very tall palms, graceful ferns and delicate flowers including roses, carnations and apple blossoms; in almost every case white and green were the only colors used, the library being an exception, and there rich crimson roses decorated the moss banked mantels and dropped gracefully from numerous flower holders in all parts of the room; white roses, carnations and smilax, together with generous bows and loops of white satin ribbon adorned the table in the dining room, and were elsewhere profusely used in this room. The spacious front corridor had also a large quantity of flowers scattered tastefully around. In the library and at one end of the long drawing room the wedding presents were displayed and formed one of the most costly and magnificent collections ever seen in this city. They included a large quantity of cut glass, beautiful chias, pictures, ornaments and a great deal of silver. a large quantity of cut glass, beautiful china, pic-

a large quantity of cut glass, beautiful china, pictures, ornaments and a great deal of silver.

In pretty little Si. Pauls canuch, where Mr. Robertson's other daughters were married, the decorations were on a very elaborate scale, green and white prevailing. The chancel, font and reading desk were a mass of floral beauty, and the work of the brides girl friends. During the ceremony which was performed by Rev. Mr. Daniel, the contracting parties stood under a large white floral bell, suspended and finished with streamers of broad white satin ribbons. In the porch many flowers were distributed around in various places, and the mattirgs all over the church were hidden

nowers were distributed around in various places, and the mattings all over the church were hidden by coverings of white linen.

The ushers, Mr. Robert Armstrong brother of the groom, Mr. Roy Thompson, Mr. L. P. D. Tilley and Mr. T. Blair who had driven out in

the groom, Mr. Roy Thompson, Mr. L. P. D. Tilley and Mr. T. Blair who had driven out in time for luncheon at the Belle View, were busy for some time before the arrival of the wedding party escorting the invited guests to their places. As the bride and her attendants entered the church, the horner accompanied by her father, the choir sang "The Voice that Breathed o'er Eden" in a very impressive way. Mrs. Henry Hall presided at the organ, and later when the party was leaving the church placed Mendellssohns Wedding March. Very stately and lovely looked the young briden her wedding gown of ivory white broche, with its sweeping train. The front of the skirt and the bodice had a valuable draping of some old English thread lace which was formerly owned by the bride's grandmother. It was caught up at intervals by diamonds and orange blossoms, which ornaments also gleamed among the folds of her lace veil. She carried a shower bouquet of white roses, lillies of the valley and maiden hair fern, tied with bread white satin and baby ribbon. Miss Helen Robertson made a very charming maid of honor gowned in pale blue silk over which was worn blue mousselline de soie. She wore a very becoming hat made of blue chiffon trimmed withblue plumes and turquoise buckles, and carried a handsome bouquet of yellow roses and mignonette.

The bridesmaids, Miss Mabel Thomson and Miss wents also gleamed among the folds of her lace veil. She carried a shower bouquet of white roses, lillies of the valley and maiden hair fern, tied with bread white satin and baby ribbon. Miss Helen Robertson made a very charming maid of honor gowned in pale blue silk over which was worn blue mousselline de sole. She wore a very becoming hat made of blue chiffon trimmed withiblue plumes and turquoise buckles, and carried a handsome bouquet of yellow roses and mignonette.

The bridesmaids, Miss Mabel Thomson and Miss Alice Armstrong sister of the groom, were dressed alike in white silk with yellow chiffon sashes. The bodices were also artistically arranged with yellow chiffon and their dainty hats were made of white and yellow chiffon with white plumes and rhine like with white plumes and rhine later than the same place of the groom, were dressed alike in white silk with yellow chiffon sashes. The bodices were also artistically arranged with yellow chiffon and their dainty hats were made of white and yellow chiffon with white plumes and rhine later places she was entertained by her friend Miss Dick.

stone buckles. Their bouquets were of yellow

stone buckles. Their bouquets were of yellow roses.

A presty little figure in the procession was Miss Elizabeth Allison Curry, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Curry of Halfax, the four year old niece of the bride. She looked a dream of childish basuty in her white silk frock and large white hat with its nodding plumes, the one yellow rose she carried adding to her dainty, fairy like appearance.

The groom was supported by Mr. Charles E McFherson formerly of this city but now of Toron to, and as he awaited the coming of his bride at the altar, looked supremely happy.

After the solemn service had been performed by the officiating clergyman, and the members of the immediate wedding party had congratulated the newly wedded couple, they and the guests drove back to "Karsalie" where good wishes for future happiness were extended to Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong left in a special car for St. John enroute to thely future home in Brantford, Out.

The bride's geing away-gown was cadet blue clotu, the skirt and cost being trimmed with many rows of stitching. The waist was of white silk, the yoke of which was trimmed with tucks and lace insertion. She were a most becoming hat of blue straw trimmed with ribbon and wings.

The grooms present to his bride was a bracelet set with diamonds and pearls alternately, and to the bridesmaids he gave rings set with opals and diamonds.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong have numerous

diamonds.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong have numerous friends all over the provinces who will wish them much happiness and prosperity in their we<sup>-2</sup>ded

The hotel Belle Vew at Rothesay one of the The hotel Beile Vew at Rothesay one of the most charming and attractively arranged places in New Branswick, is rapidly filling up with guests and some distinguished visitors are expected curing the season, among whom will be Lady Thomson and her three daughters, Judge and Mrs. Watters of Massachusetts and others. Among the summer visitors already there are Mr. Young and family of Montreal, and Mrs. Vaughan et the same city. The spacious tree shaded grounds afford every opportunity for amusement, tennis filling in a great deal of time this season.

Capt. E. A. Smith adjutant of the Bisley team, and Mrs. Smith left for England the middle of the week.

and Mrs. Smith left for England the middle of the week.

Judge Ritchie left the first of the week to attend the closing exercises of St. Francis Xavier college Antigonish at which institution his son Mr. Edmund Ritchie is a student.

A wedding of deep interest in this week of interesting events was the marriage of Miss Annie de Forest, daughter of the late George de Forest to Mr. Charles Patterson, accountant with the Daily Telegraph, which occurred at half past two o'clock on Tuesday afternoon at the residence of the brides brother Mr. H. W. de Forest, Coburg street. Rev. Mr. Bareham of St. John's stone church performed the ceremony, in the presence of a few friends; owing to a recent death in the brides family the event was a very quiet one. The bride and her attendant were both very appropriately and becomingly gowned, the former in a blue gray cloth dress. Both carried handsome bouquets. Mr. Frank de Forest rendered the groom support. The grooms gift to the bride was a handsome brooch set with pearls and a ring with diamonds and rubies. To the bridesmaid he presented a pin set with pearls.

Quantities of flowers were used in the decoration

rubies. To the bridesmaid he presented a pin set with pearls.

Quantities of flowers were used in the decoration of the room in which the ceremony was performed with very pretty effect. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Patterson left for a trip through the provinces, after which they will take up their residence on E liott Row. Hosts of friends of both parties will extend to them good wishes for unclouded happiness in their wedded life. Among the numerous elegant presents received wer the following:

A chair, silver pudding dish and a silver ladle, from the employees of the Daily Telegraph Pub. Co.

from the employees of the Dally Telegraph Pub. Co.
Mr. and Mrs. T. N. Vincent, s check.
Mr. and Mrs. S. S. De Forest, pocket book with

nd a handsome cut glass dish. Mr. and Mrs. Caie, a chair.

Mr. and Mrs. Cate, a chair.

Mrs. Paterson, chandelier.

Frank Deforest, set of carvers, and one dozen ilmer and desert knives.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. B. Paterson. brass kettle.

Mr. and Mrs. David Hall, berry spoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred McKiel, vase.

Atthur There, cut grass acless dish

Arthur Thorne, cut glass celery dish.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Barphill, cut glass dish.

Mr. and Mrs. Wetmore, cut glass dish.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rankine, cut glass lemonad

Misses and Master DeForest, banquet lamp.

Master George and Jack DeForest, Lemonade

pitcher. Samuel Likely, one dozen silver forks. Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Hall, spoon and bonbon

Mrs. Robinson, butter pick.
Miss Hattle Vincent, ladle.
Miss Addison, spoon.
Miss Small. dish.
Mrs. S. B. Paterson, silver salver.
Mr. and Mrs. Mills, Nova Scotia, bon-bon dish

and spoon.

Miss Hazel and Master Fred DeForest, tea

Misses and Master Walter Caie, silver salver.
Master Paterson, bon-bon, dish.
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Scovil, escallop dish.

Mr. and Mrs. Watter Scovil, escalled d Misses Lyons, silver Indie. Miss Kinnear, pictures. Mrs. Sydney Paterson, china berry set. Mrs. Walter R. Myles, brica-brac. Mrs. Clarence DeForest, lamp. Miss Annie Lingley, centre piece.

Mrs. Fen Fraser, china sugar and cream dish. T. E. G. Armstrong, ornament. Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Paterson, clock and fancy

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Paterson, clock , and fancy work.

Misses Langley, jardinier.
Clarence DeForest, check.
L. E. DeForest, cut glass dish.
Council and member of the girls association o
St. John (Stone) church, one dozen coffee spoons, sugar and cream ladle.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Timmerman and Mrs. J.
Gardiner Taylor and family returned the first of the week from a pleasant little outing.

Gardiuer Taylor and famuy average.
week from a pleasant little outing.

Miss Turnbull is the guest of friends at "Frogmore." Fredericton. Mrs. Ketchum's residence
"Elmorot" has been taken for the summer by Mrs.
W. W. Turntull.

The Misses Agnes and Lilla Tabor of Fredericton
wave here this week on their way to Truro where
they are visiting Miss Enock.

Mrs. Robert Randolph of the capital is here on a
few days visit to friends.
Queen Square methodust church was the scene of
a very pretsy wedding at high noon on Wednesday
when Rev. J. Weddal assisted by Rev. J. Shenton
united in marriage Miss Margaret hebertson Gunn
and Mr. George Henry Brown of Lexington, Mass.
The church was beantifully decorated with palms,
ferns, illacs and other flowers and there was a very
large floral arch in the centre sisle. On the pews
reserved for the guests were bunches of white flowors tied with white ribbons. A selected choir lent
impressiveness and solemnity to the occasion by
singing the wedding chorus from "Lohengrin" as
the bridal party approached the altar. The bride
entered leaving on the arm of her brother-in-law
Mr B. T. Worden and was attended by Miss Alice
Lucchler. She was beautifully gowned in heavy
white corded silk, with lace and pear! trimming,
and wore a voluminous tulle vell fastened with
corange vlossoms. She carried a shower bouquet of
bride roses.

Miss Lacchler was dressed in pink silk with overdress of white mouselline de sole and wore a large
white picture hat trimmed with chiffon, plumes and
pink roses. Her bouquet was made of pink roses
The groom who is a very handsome man and reputed
wealthy, was supported by his brother Mr. Willard
D. Brown, and the ushers were Messrs. Thomas
Dunning, Fred C. Macnell, George Warwick and
J. G. Rainnie.

As the wedding party were leaving the church
after the caremony a wedding march was played by
Mr. J. S. Ford. A reception was held later at the
residence of Mr. R. T. Worden and Mr. and Mrs.
Brown received the congratulations of a number of
friends. The rooms were elegantly decorated, a
large floral arch between the drawing rooms being
esp

and Niagara Falls before going to their home at Lexington.

The groom's present to the bride was a ruby ring set in ciamonds. To the bridesmaid he gave a torquoise ring, and to each of the unhers he gave a gold scarf pin with amethysts set in pearls.

The present from the groom's father and mother Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin F. Brown, of Lexington, who were present at the wedding, was a furnished house in Lexington. Mr. Worden's present to the bride was a substantial cheque, and her sister Mrs. Worden, gave a sliver soup tureen and ladle, and sister Miss M. G. Gunn, a silver candelabra.

Among the guests were the groom's parents Mr.

Among the guests were the groom's parents Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Brown his brother and sister-in-law. Mrs. Brown sr. wore a very elegant helictore brocade with black lace overdress and diamonds.

Mrs. Fred Brown had on a handsome rose and with said the tendence of the badden below to the badden below to the badden below to the control of the badden below to the ba

Mrs. Fred Brown had on a handsome rose and white satin, the front of the bodice being elaborately trimmed with old rose silk, Mrs. Worden the sister of the bride was attired in a very delicate shade of gray bengaline, trimmed with folds, corded with heavy white silk. The waist was beautifully trimmed with white chiffon and the wide white moire sash was edged with fluted oh floa.

A marriage took place in East L. vector N. S. this

trimmed with white chifon and the wide white moire sash was edged with fluted ch flon.

A marriage took place in East L. neester N. S. this week in which St. John friends of the groom will be interested. It was that of Miss Lilla Terrices and Mr. Arthur F. Cassidy who for a long time was identified with the business of J. W. Montgomery of King street. Tae caremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Steele of Amherst and was witnessed by a large number of the friends of the contracting parties. The bride who was attended by Miss Lily Coleman of Amherest was beautifully gowned in white silk, pearl embroidered, and carried a large bouquet of white roses and lilles of the valley. The wedding gifts were numerous and costly, and included a cheque for a very substantial amount from the bride's father. Mr. and Mrs. Cassidy are enjoying a trip through the Annapolis Vailey and after their return they will take up housekeeping on Union St., this city.

The Cathedral was the scene of an early wedding on Tuesday morning when Rev. Fr. McMurray united in marriage Miss Alice Leahy and Mr. CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.

It is easy work to Dye at Home if you'll only "try"but you must get a safe Dye.

Powder Dyes streak and make a bad mess about the house.

Now try the English Home Dye of highest quality - Maypole Soap Dyes. Brilliant, fadeless, quick, clean. Silk, Satin, Cotton or wool, dye equally

All colors in the

Maypole Soap Dyes. Best grocers and drug-gists sell them.

Life is Sweet!



A life of unalloyed sweetness cannot be bad without cleanli ness-Nothing is more essential to happiness than the Bath and the Laundry, WELCOME SOAP—it is hardly necessary to add, is the cleansing agent

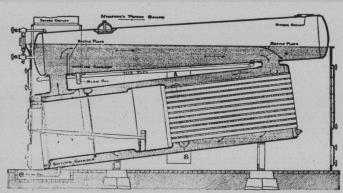
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Is internally fired and the hot gases pass through the tubes and return around the shell, making every foot of the boiler effective heating surface.

The water circulates rapidly from front to back of boiler, up the back connection to drum and down the front connection to drum and down the front sometime to drum and down the front send of drum or below the sediment in feed water will be deposited at front end of drum or below urnace and all parts of boiler are accessible for cleaning purposes.

Robb Engineering Co., Ltd

Amherst, N. S.

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This book is handsomely bound in different colors and prefusely illustrated, and one that should be in every home of the Maritime

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Queen Bookstore109 Hollis St.

The week has been a very quiet ore, if one excepts the epidemic of validar, which always set in with the arrival of the ships. The Renown has been out firing every day this week, so as yet very little has been seen of her officers.

The Garrison tennis ground was to have had its opening day on Thursday, 'ut the heavy raic caused it to be postpened till Monday next, when there will be the usual gathering for tea and tennis. Spectators are largely in the majority at the Garrison tennis.

will be the usual gathering for tea and tennis. Spectators are largely in the majority at the Garrison ground, as it is a delightful place to sit of a warm afternoon and listen ta the band.

This aftereoon the attractions are a cricket match at the Wanderers' grounds, and the usual yacht club day. The band will not begin at the public gardens

for a fortnight, when they will be in their full beauty. The first evening concert is fixed for the twenty-first of Jane.

Colonel Wikunson, R. E. who has taken Judge Graham's house for the summer, expects his sister very shortly from England, who will do the honors for him derive heaves.

Mrs. Tiffany has arrived from Washington on a

Mrs. Tiflasy has arrived from Washington on a long vasit to Captain and Mrs. Kent.

Major and Mrs. Hamilton Smythe and Mrs. Charles Archibal are en their way out from England, from whence other late arrivals are Dr. W. J. Lewis, and his daughter, Mrs. Howe, who will make a short visit to their relatives here.

make a short visit to their relatives here.

People heard last week with regret of the death of Mr. Cotton, the manager of the Band of Montreal and the greatest of sympathy has been felt for Mrs. Cotton, who has always been a great favorite in Halifax, where she and her two little girls will remain, at least for a time.

Lord and Lady William Seymour are expected by the Parisain, and will spend a few days at Admirality House until Believae is ready for them. Lady William's edest daughter is already out in society, and ner second daughter will be a debutante of the summer.

Another new engagement is rumored in society, which wilt take one of the most charming girls away from the place, if report speaks truly. But congratulations to tae happy man are not yet in order, as nothing is announced.

Mrs. and Miss Daly, Mrs. Morrow and Miss Henry returned from Kentville on Wednesday.

On Thursday there was a small dinner party at Government house, where the table was most beautifully decorated with roses.

On Wednesday evening Lady Fisher had a small dinner party at Admirality house. She will give a large garden party there during the month.

Capiain and Mrs. Riddell have taken Mrs. Anderson's house on Brunawick street for the summer.

mer.

Mr. W. Graveley, manager of the Bank of Mon-treal in Calgary, comes here very shortly as head of the Halifax branch. Mr. Gravely has many friends here, where he was for some y are stathed. d. Mrs Gravely is a daughter of Dr. W. J.A.— Gravely will reside at Rosebank with Dr. Almon. Mr. Arthur Nagle has returned from the military school at Federicton, and will spend some time here before leaving for England.

#### TRURO.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fulton, Messrs. D. H. Smith & Co., and at Crowe Bros.]

Division at Crowe Bros. 1. Smith & Co., and at Crowe Bros. 1.

JUNE 15.—Mrs F. S. Yorston entertained six tables of whist last night in honor of her guest Miss Jessie Wallace from Moncton. A.nong Mrs. Yorstoa's guests were: Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Wermore, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Feller, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Cochrane, Mrs. W. D. Bowers, Maitland, Mr. and Mrs. H. I. La vrence, Messra. & H. Williams, J. W Dickensen, J. Stanfi Id. Mrs. Taylor and Mr. Dickensen were the prize winners.

W. S. Harkins' visits are always pleasurably anticipated by lovers of the drama and at no time has be more fail: sustained his reputation for first class performances th in during his short engage

class performances than during his short engage ment here last week of two evening performances and a matinee. "What Happened to Jones," was listened to by a crowded and thoroughly appreci-ative house, who testified in every out burst of merriment and long and continued applause to the artistic work given them. The company's early re-

turn is eagerly anticipated here.

Mr. Arthur Campbell of the civil service department, O tawa, is visiting home friends at "Roselanda."

The Misses Tabor are here from Frede icton, N. B., guest of Miss Lilla Snook.

B., guest- of Miss Lills Snook.

Miss Mabel McKenze entertamed a small party at an per last Friday night, after the opera.

Mrs. F. A Division gave a large tea last Thursday atternoon, in honor of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Arthur Cox, and her friend Mrs. Kellagh.

Miss May Tremane, who has been visiting relatives and triends here, returned home to Causo this week.

week.
Our newest bride, Mrs. L. R. Rettie, is receiving her friends this week at Mrs. S. Rettie's Prince St. Her sister-in-law, Mrs. W. C. Sumner, and Miss Rettie are assisting her. The bride is becomingly dressed in a black satin skirts charming white satin bodice trimmed with white silk lace and parlpassementerie,

PEG.

#### PARRSBORO.

[PROGRESS is for sale at Parrsboro Book Store.] [PROGRESS IS for sale at Parrsboro Book Store.]

JUME 15.—The first of the June weddings of which there are several on dit, was celebrated last Wednesday morning in the baptist church, the pastor Rev. E. Howe officiating and Miss Grace Spencer and Mr. B. G. Starratt the contracting parties. The church was prettily decorated with apple blosm and potted plants. The bride wore her travelling gown of bluest cloth with white trimmings and a white hat, and the bidesmaid, Miss Bessie Spencer a pale green organdie with hat to match, Mr. Huggins of Haltiax supported the groom. The ushers were Mesers. Frank Cook, L. P. Gowe, H. Mc Murray and J. D. Nichols. Miss agrees Mc Jabe presided at the organ playing first Loh sugrin's Wedding chorus and at the end of the service a selection from Hayden. Among the bride's wedding gifts were a handsome sulver fee jug and salver from the choir and congregation in appreciation of her services as organist for a length of time. The happy couple took the train immediately after the ceremeny for a short wedding trip.

Miss Alkman arrived from New York on Saturday of the summer grouths.

Miss Margaret Graham left this morning for Berwick.

Miss margaret eranam left this morning for Berwick.
Mr. Blackadar, Wolfville, spint Studay in town. There is much regret at the Messrs Radderham returning to North Sydney. Mr. Wilson Rudderham left today and Mr. Freeman Rudderham goes the last of the week Both have been popular here and made many friends.
Dr. McDougal has been down from Truro spendings day or ten with his familia.

ing a day or two with his family

FREDERICTON.

(PROGRESS is for sale in Fredericton by Messrs w. T. H. Fenety and J. H. Hawthorne.) JUNE 15,—The many friends of Mrs. and Miss Maunsell are pleased to welcome them home again after th ir long visit to O:tawa. They are now at

their summer residence "Fern Hill" where they intend residing permantly.

Miss Turnbull of St. John is a guest at Frog-

Miss Turkbull of St. John is a guest at Frog-mo e."

Mrs. H. G. C. Ketchum has gone to Tidnish, Nova Sc. tila, where she will spend the summer. "E mcroft," her residence here has been taken for the summer by Mrs. W. W. Turnbull, who is now

occupying it with Mrs.

Prof. Downing of the University with Mrs.

Downing and child and Mr. Downing's mether.

Mrs. Downing r., left last week for Philadelphia where they will spend the summer vacation

Mr. and Mrs. Goo. Kimball of Westfield paid a

pleasant visit to the celestial this week.

Mr. and wrs. Arthur Porter have returned from
their wedding journey and Mrs. Porter is today
receiving her bridal calls.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Fenety have arrived home

and are now at their pleasant residence "Linden Hall" after a long visit over the border. Their many friends are glad to welcome them back once

many triends, are great to welcome them back once more.

Mr. H. Grimmer of St. Andrews is in the city

again. Senator and Mrs. Temple have arrived home from Ottawa and will go to St. Andrew's for the

Mr. A. R. Tibbitts went to St. John yesterday morning to be present at the marriage of Mr. Russell Sturdee where he ably filled the pleasant

Russell sturdes where he aby filled the pleasant position of groom-man.

Mrs. A. G. beckwith is in New York where she went to be present at the marriage of her son Mr F. Berton beckwith to Miss Nine May, daughter of Dr. Frank E. Martindale of Port Richmond, Staten Island, Mr. Beckwiths's many home friends warit congratulations.

oneratulations.

Mr. and Mrs. McLauchlin of St. John aré here visiting their daughter, Mrs. Lee Babbitt.

Mr. John Quinn Gilbert of Boston is spending a week among Fredericton friends.

Bev. J. W. Wadman of Japan with Mrs. Wadman

Rev. J. W. Wadman of Japan with Mrs. Wadman and fire caughters have arrived in the city and are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Harrison at the University. Mr. and Mrs. Wadman will be heartly welcomed by many old time Fredericton friends.

Mr. W. McKinna of Toronto is doing the Celestial

The Misses Agnes and Tilla Tabor are visiting

Miss Snook at Turo.

Mrs. J. W. Y. Smith of Moneton is visiting her sister Mrs. Percy Powys at Garden Creek.

Mr. Hutch inson of St. Stephen is in the city.

Senator Wark has arrived home from his par-

lamentary duties at Ottawa.

Miss Ida McLeod returned last week from her duties at Acadia College. She was accompanied by the Misses True and Crowell also of the teaching staff of Acadia. They are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. McLeod. Mrs. McLeod entertained about fity of her friends on Friday last at a charm-ing plenic in hower of her guests.

Mrs. Robt. Randolph is spending a few days in

S. John.

Mr. H. M. Hamilton of Montreal is among the

Mrs. Cambell of Halifax is spending a few days in the city visitors registered in the city.

Mrs. Campbell of Halifax is spending a few days in the city visiting friends.

Mrs. Wm. Logan of St. John is visiting her daughter, Mrs. A. W. Edgecombe.

Masters Gerald and Parvis Loggie, sons of Major

and Mrs. Loggie are spending their summer vaca



Every man watches his balance in the bank, and his balance in his cash account, pretty closely. There is another ledger account that the average man entirely forgets to his own undoing. It is his account, for its a "life and death" account. It is a man's duty to himself and family to look up this account once every day and see that the balance is on the right side.

It doesn't pay to let this account run on, and have it debited with indigestion, and then impure blood, and finally nervous exhaustion, or prostration, or deadly consumption. When these diseases come it means a debit balance with death brought down in the blood red ink of another life sacrificed on the altar of foolish overwork and neglect of health. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes the appetite keen, the digestion perfect, the liver active and the blood pure. It is the great blood-maker, flesh-builder and health-forger. It makes firm, healthy flesh, but does not produce corpulence or raise the weight above nature's normal. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption, bronchial, throat and catarrhal affections. Homest dealers don't urge substitutes.

"My wife had suffered for seven years with dyspepsia, sick headache and costiveness," writes Mr. Alog. D. Hambon, and Dunbartion, Merrimack Co., N. H. "Worth many doctors and many kinds of medicine, but alog the red of the Pleasant Pellets, has entirely restored my wife's health. We cannot say enough to you in thanks for these valuable medicines."

It may save a life. Send 31 one-cent stamps, to cover cost of customs and mail-

for these valuable medicines.

It may save a life. Send 31 one-cent stamps, to cover cost of customs and mailing only, to World's Dispensary Med. Association, Buffalo, N. Y., for a paper-coverd copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser; cloth binding 50 stamps. Contains 1008 pages, over 300 illustrations—a valuable medical library in one volume.

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necessary to enable you to buy a cake of

# BABYS OWN SOAP

Be sure and get the genuine wherever you can and you will have the best soap made.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs. Montreal.

ion with their grandmama Mrs. Mckinley at Pic

Rev. J. D. and Mrs. Freeman have returned from Nova Scotia, accompanied by Mrs. Freeman's mother who will spend part of tee summer here Harold L. Bordon, son of Hon. Dr. Bordon, Mir-

ister of Militia, who is a first year s student at Mc-Gill is spending a few days is the city, the guest of his friend, 4r. Bert Wiley. Mr. Thomas Blair, Bank of B. N. A., St. J hp, is in the city.

Auditor General Beek went to St. John yesterday

Auditor General Beck went to St. John yesterday and will be absent a week.

Mrs. Wm. McLean of Vancouver, form rly of this city, is spending a few days the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Cathels.

Mr. Stanley and Mr. Thornton of Toronto sp nt

Mr. Stanley and Mr. Thornton of Toronto sp nt Sunday among Fredericton friends.

Hon. A. G. Blair, Ministers of Railways and Canale, arrived from Otawa Monday. Oal Saturday Mr. Blair accompanied by Mrs. Blair and the Misses Marion and Amy clair leave for a trip to Eng and sailing from New York. During his stay here Mr. blair is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Rob. F. Randolp.

During the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Blair in England the youngerchildren will stay in Fredericton, two of whom will remain with Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Randolph and three with their aunts the Misses Thompson.

Misses Thompson.

Miss Kel-ie Ross returned from a long visit to her sister Mrs. O'Key at Port Williams, N.S.

Mrs. Frank Bird and daughter o' Keswick left yesterday for Boston their future home.

Mrs. Stephen Atherton is entertaioling her sister and noise, who are speak here from Eneland.

and neice, who are guests here from England,
Mrs. Alward, wife of Dr. Alward M. P. P of St
John is visiting Hon. A. F. and Mrs. Randolph at
"Frompore."

'Frogmore."
Mrs. W. T. H. Fenety is in St. John visiting he

to attend the Oratorio.

Mr. John Tarpin, Barritone singe of Toro to spent Sunday in the city and delighted a large congregation in the Methodist church with his fine endering of two solos.

#### ST. STEPHEN AND OALAIS.

accuracy is for sale in St. Stephen at the cook stores of G. S. Wall P. E. Atcheson and J. Vroom & Co. In Calais at O. P. Treat's.]

JUNE 15.—Mrs. Almon I. Teed gave a very ples Juns 15.—Mrs. Almon I. Teed gave a very pleasant atternoon at her pretty home on Saturday, from three till six o'clock. It was intended to be a piazza and lawn party, but the long shower spoiled all arrangements and the guests were obliged to remain indoors. Tais party was given for the pleasure of her daughter, Miss Bertie Teed, and in honor of Miss Winifred Brecken, Miss Constance Chipman's gu:st. Other invited guests were the Misses Edith and Grace Deinstadt, Bordie Todd, Fannie Todd, Helen Grant Gretchen Vroom, Vera Young, ard Julia Hill.

The society event of the week was the weedding

The society event of the week was the weeding of Miss Katherine Copeland, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Copeland, to Mr. William Harrison Dunbar, of Cambridge, Mass., which took place

and Mir. Henry Copeland, to Mr. William Harrison Dunbar, of Cambridge, Mass., which took place at high noon yesterday in the Union church, Calais. The church was beautifully adorned with flow rs for the occasior, white lilacs, ferns, palms and an endless variety of evergreen and foliage were most skillfully grouped together forming a bower in front of which the bridal party stood during the marriage ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Mr. Rice of the Union church.

When the bridal party entered the church the soft strains of the Swedish Wedding March sounded from the organ, under the artistic truch of Miss Martha Harris. Preceding the bride were the Misses Mollie and Alice Robbins, who were attired in lovely cowns of pink and white organdie, and wearing picture hats of black chiffon with black ostrich plumes, as they walked up the aisle, they removed the white saits ribbons that marked off the seats reserved for the family, and guests. The bride then entered, leaning on the arm of the best man, Mr. Cushman of Boston, and the maid of honor Miss Ogilby followed, leaning of the arm of the groom When the strains of the organ ceased the marriage service began. The bride looked very pretty in a beautiful gown of white mousseline de sole, over a rich white silk trimmed with duchesse lace and pearl embroidery, she wore a veil of wite tulle fastened to her hair with lilies of the valley, and carried a bouquet of the same sweet flowers. Miss Ogilby the maid of honor, was attired in a pretty dress of white organdie, she wore a large white hat with trimmings of black and white ostrich plumes. After the ceremony the bridal party, returned to the bride's home, where I unoheon was served. At fave o'clock the happy pair left for St. Stephen and took the evening train for St. John. They will also visit Montreal and Quetec before going to Cambridge Mass, where they make their future home, Mr Dunbar being a prominent citisen and lawyer in that city. The wedding gitte were very valuable and rare, many of them in silver, out glas

Mis. C. H. Newton has been the guest of Mrs. W. B. King and also of General and Mrs. B. B. Murray during the past week. Mr. and Mrs. William Hall left for their home in Montreal on Monday atternoon after a visit of a formight with Mrs. Frank Todd.

oringate with Mrs. Frank Todd.
Miss Mable Murchle has returned from Boston.
Miss Chase of Lyndon, Vermont, is visiting her
ousin Mrs. C. B. Rounds.
Mrs. George F. Finder's triends will be glad to
ear she is slowly but surely recovering from her
lases. Mr. John D. Chipman, M. P. P. has been confin-

ed to his home for the past two days with a severe cold.

Miss Roberts Murchie and Miss Maud Maxwell have returned from Sackville.

Mrs. Gilbert S. Wall and Miss Jessie Wall who have been visiting in Monocton are again at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Hazen Grimmer visited St. Andrews yesterdsy returning home today.

Mrs. Daval Whelpley who has been Mrs. W. B. Ganoog's guests, left for her home on Saturday after a very pleasant visit of two weeks.

A farewell reception is to be given Rev. W. C. Goucher by the members of his congregation on Tuesday evening, before his departure for England which will be on the twentieth second.

Miss Alice Bates young friends most gladly welcomed her among them again on her return from Acadia Seminary.

Miss Morrisy of Bangor is the guest of her cousin Mrs. S. T. Whitney.

Mrs. Aubrey Upham arrived home last evening, and are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith.

Miss Bradley who has been spending several days

Miss Bradley who has been spending several days with Mrs. Waiter Cummins, has returned to her home in St. John.

home in St. John.
Mr. snd Mrs. Water Hyman will spend the summer in Dennysville, Maine.
Mr. and Mrs. Bradly L. Eaton left yesterday evening for their home in New York City, making an exceedingly short visit in Calais, much to the regret of their friends.
Mrs. Frank Paine of Eastport, and her daughter are 'pending a few days no river.

Mrs. Frank Paine of Eastport, and her daughter are 'pending a few days up river.

Mr. Charles Shaughnessy of McGill college is at home for the summer vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward P. Boutelle of Bangor, are spending this week in Calais.

Miss Marion Curran is among the young ladies who this week arrived home to spend the summer vacation. Miss Curran is a pupil at Miss Wheeler's school for young ladies in Providence Rhode It-lund.

Miss Agnes Lowell who meantly a the search of the state of the summer water the state of the summer water than the

Island.
Miss Agnes Lowell, who recently returned from Og nty Pa, is in Cal is for a short visir.
Mr. James L. Thomson principal of the Dantfrith Harb School is at home for the summer vacation.
Mr. and Mrs. Percy Gilmore and Mrs. Kelly arrived from Washington D. C. last week and will spend the summer in Calais at their pretty home on Hinckly hill.
Mrs. W. Delbi McLaughlin, left on Wednesday last for Grand Manan where she will spend several

last for Grand Manan where she will spend several

weeks. Mrs. Eliza Murchie, accompanied by her daugh-trs Mrs. Taeodore Murchie and Mrs. Robert Dins-more have sone to Minneapolis to spend the sum-

mer with relatives.

Mrs. Baird of Wood tock, who has been the guest of her daughter Mrs. Thomas Marshall reurned t. Woodstock last week after a pleasant

wist here.

Mr. David Morrice of Montreal was the gu

Mr. David Morrice of Montreal was the guest of Mr. Lewis Dexter in Miltown recently.

Mrs. George Hegan has returned to St. John after a pleasant visit of two weeks with her friend Mrs. C. H. Clerke.

Mrs. George Gay went to St. John on Monday to spend several weeks with frierde.

Mr. E. Burton McAllister recently entertained most pleasantly at his summer cottage at De Monts Mrs. Wilfred Estor, Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Woods, Miss Charlotte Young, Miss Fannie Lowell and Dr. Holland.

Judge Stevens and Rev. Dr. McKenzie of the

Lowell and Dr. Holland.

Judge Stevens and Rev. Dr. McKenzie of the
Presbyterian Church have returned from Montreal
where they have been attending the meetings of the
Presbyterian General Assembly.

Judge and Mrs. Cockburne of St. Andrews ac-

ompanied by Mrs. Ne lie Evans were in Thursday and Friday.

Miss Alice Bates has returned from Wolfville

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

#### HOME

The Abel Gauband system of dress cutting is easily and thoroughly learned in a few lessons.

This system is the most simple and best adapted for home cutting of stylish up-to-date costumes, ordinary house dresses, mantles and garments of all kinds. It is practical, reliable and always applicable to the requirements of the time in changes in fashions etc. Charges very moderate. For tull particulars address

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cordes lameness, when applied by remaining on the part affected; the rest dries out. \$1.0 MARU IF NOF CUREND of Callon kinds, Colic, Curb, Splints, Contracted and Cords, and Shoe tools. Used and endought the contracted and cords.

prove one of these testimonials began.
Dr. S. A. Tuttle. St. John, N B. Oct. 8th, 1997,
Dear Str:—I have much pleasure in recommending your Horse Elixir to all interested in horse. I
have used it for several years and have found it to
be all it is represented. I have used it on my runhave and since on m trotting Stellion "Specialina have and since on m trotting Stellion "Special-

E. LE ROI WILLIS, Prop. Hotel Dufferin

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#### New - York

# Hats!

Personally selected and bought from the manufacturers for spot cash at lowest possible prices. Advantage has been taken of

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# Parisian.

may be a sign that your blood is poor in quality, and deficient in quantity.

#### **Puttner's Emulsion**

produces pure, rich blood and restores vigor and strength and bloom to the cheek.

Always get PUTTNER'S. Dress Cutting and Making. It is the original and best.

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ST. STEPHEN, N. B. The"Leschetisky" Method"; also "Synthet retem," for beginners.

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PISH and GAME MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

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sth, 1897, recommend-in horses. I found it to on my run-ion "Special idoubtedly a

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### Here's a Mattress

in process of manufacture that is not only pre-ninearly comfortable and durable but absolutely

THE PATENT FELT MATTRESS \$15.00 (FULL SIZE) \$15.00

It contains no animal fibre, but is composed en-received of light and bouyast layers of specially pre-sered theton Feli, turked in fine satine ticking, the contained of the names of the mailure dealers who handle it in your town.

Mrs. Maine a d Miss Grace Stevens have retur-ed from a weeks visit in St. John.

YARMOUTH.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Yarmouth by Thomson & Co., E. J. Vickery, and J. A. Craig.]

June 14.—Mrs E. K. Spinney gave a very pleasant driving party to Port Maitland on Natal day. The merry crowd consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Spinney, Mr. Will Spinney, Mr. Rice, (Boston,) Miss Susie Bason Mr. and Mrs. S. Murray, Miss Marion Murray, Dr. and Mrs. Farish, Midred Farish Miss Rits Ross, Dr. Webster, and Mrs. Webster. The plenic party at Sand Beach had many funny episodes, and they have not yet quit talking atout it. Yarmouth never looked gayer on a gloomy day than on this day. The entire population for miles around had seemingly come to town, and the streets toward nightfall were fairly alive with moving pedestrians: We have had quite a seige of At. Homss recently but one of the prettlest affairs of the kind was given by Mrs. L. S. Wyman on Friday af ernoon, from five to six. This function was given complimentary to Mrs. W. K. Mollson, Mrs. Wyman's sister, who is visiting here from St. John, and whe will be remembered as the moner of the clever JUNE 14.-Mrs E. K. Spinney gave a very pleas-

aister, who is visiting here from Sr. John, and whe will be remembered as the moner of the clever little lady, Miss Ethel Knight Mollison, recently here with a dramatic company. The large and handsome rooms were transfo med into veritable Flora's grotos, so beautiful and profuse were the roses, trailing vines and exquaite wood ferns. Genemire side of the reception hall was backed with green, while glimpses into the tea room showed roses and epergus of red roses and masses of pansies. The tasteful and unique decrrations called forth many words of praise on all sides, and this home, considered one of the handsomest in the

trimmings. Mrs. Rising received with the ladies and was looking extremely well.

Bright chit chat and gay repartee filled the time until Mrs. Chase who wore a gown of rosy dresden pattern, guided the different groups to the tea room which was picturesque with finwers,—nedecked tables and a bevy of young ladies in gowns of stinbor that hose.

decked tables and a bevy of young ladies in gowns of rainbow tinted hues.

Miss Grace Horton, dainty green silk.

(Miss Josie Caup, a beautiful gown of lavender over a pink underdress.

Miss Ethel Wymar, petite and fair in white silk with low bodice rich with pearl passamenterie.

Miss Laura Lawson, black silk with delicate

pink cersage.

Miss Lennie Wyman, and Miss Ethel Crosby
like twin flowers in white over pink.

Miss Alma Bain, as sweet as a violet in violet



The 5 lb Carton of Table Salt is the neatest package on the market For sale by all first class grocers.

olored organdy with low bodice, and Miss Edna Fyman who wore a very artistic dress of pink repon with chifon trimmings. The supper was sintily elaborare and all that the palete could de-and. Mrs. Wyman is to be congratulated on the larming success of her afternoons. The Guer. Mrs. Hiram Gondy.

Charming success of her afternoons.

Those invited were:

Mrs. Guesv,
Mrs. Augustus Cann,
Mrs. C. G. Richards,
Mrs. T. W. Stoneman,
Mrs. E. B. Cann,
Mrs. C. O. Tupp rr,
Mrs. H. A. Pair,
Mrs. C. S. Richbins,
Miss Blanche Hudson,
Miss Maisie Curry,
Mrs. W. L. Hording,
Mrs. J. D. Medcalie,
Mrs. M. P. Cook,
Mrs. T. R. Roffeld,
Mrs. C. B. Fower,
Mrs. T. R. Crosby,
Mrs. T. R. Batfield,
Mrs. T. R. Broffeld,
Mrs. T. R. Foshy,
Mrs. T. R. Joney
Mrs. T. R. Lawson,
Mrs. T. R. Joney
Mrs. T. R. Joney
Mrs. T. R. Joney
Mrs. T. R. Lawson,
Mrs. T. R. Lawson,
Mrs. T. R. Lawson,
Mrs. T. R. Joney
Mrs. T. R. Lawson,
Mrs. T. R. Lawson, Mrs. J. D. Miller,
Mrs. T. R. Hatfield,
Mrs. C. L. Brown,
Mrs. H. Durant,
Mrs. W. A. Godfrey,
H. K. Lewis,
Mrs. Chas Stoneman,

Mrs Thos. Corning, Mrs. T. R. Hatfield, The Contains a named nore, but is composed entirely of light and bouyant layers of spect lily prepared Cotton Felt, turned in fine satine ticking.
Write to the undersined for the names of the jurniture dealers who handle it in your town.

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29 J Gry St., Montreal.

Samples at W. A. COOKSON, St. John.

Where she has been attending Acadia seminary.
The Idyll of the Mill," the operetta given by seventy five young ladies and gentlemen in Calais in aid of the Park in provement society came of last Thursday and Friday evenings most successfully in every way and adds a goodly sum to Park fund.

Madame Chipman of "The Cedara" still com-Mrs. Case Stoneman,
Mrs. E. Z. Vickery,
Mrs. Wm. Wetmore,
Mrs. Geo Robbins,
Mrs. J. L. Webster,
Mrs. W. B. Hamilton,
Mrs. A. H. Porte, Mrs. A. H. Forte, Mrs. Geo Grant, Mrs. E. G. Matheson, Mrs. M. Perry, Mrs. J. E. Murphy, Mrs.J. R. Fritz, Mrs. J. W. Baker,
Mrs. J. W. Baker,
Mrs. S. A. Starratta,
Mrs. Chas Hunter,
Mrs. H. A. Kiliam,
Mrs. Lewis Chipman,
Mrs. W. T. Sterritt,
Miss Churchill,
Miss C. Clemete

Mrs. D. R. Sauders, Mrs. J. H. Goudey, Miss Ethel Crosby, Miss Sennie Wyman, Os Friday evening Hon. Mrs. Ford gave a very pleasant party to the sweet sixteens inhonor of Miss Smith who is a guest of Miss Ford's. About thirty five were present playing whist until the 'wee sms' hours' then dancing for an hour or more. Miss Ka's Jolly won the first priza which was a very pretty cut g'ass bon-bon dish. All the guests would it as one of the very nicest marty of the sec-

fully in every way and adds a goodly sum to Park fund.

Madame Chipman of "The Ceders" still continues quite ill much to the sorrow of her family and friends.

Mr. Lowell Copeland is in Calais having arrived from Philadelphia to attend his sisters, Miss Copeland's wedding.

Miss Helens Gillespie, has arrived from Boston where she has spent the past eight months, devoting her time to study of music. Miss Gillespie in now at her home at Moore Milk.

Invitations to the marriage of Miss Martha Gilletri Nichols, ediest deughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Nictols, to Mr. Robert Foster Renne, have been issued this week. The marriage is to take place on Wedne-day afternoon at the residence of the brides parents. North street, followed by a reception. The happy young pair then leave on the C. P. R. evening tasin for a wedding tour.

Mrs. Armstrong who was here from St. John exhibiting her pretty and artistic painting and embroidery at the Windsor hotel, returned to the city on Friday evening.

Dr. Stephen E. Webber has returned from attending the Maine medical as-ociation at Portland, Maine.

Miss Grace Wyman, Miss Alva Bain.

Oa Friday evening Hon. Mrs. Ford gave a place on the tributing her pretty and artistic painting and embroidery at the Windsor hotel, returned to the city on Friday evening.

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Miss Alva Bain.

Oa Friday evening Hon. Mrs. Ford gave a very returned from St. Ack litate, Miss Cann, Mrs. J. Cann, Mrs. J. Gann, Mrs. A. J. Cann, Mrs. A. J. Cann, Mrs. A. J. Cann, Miss Cann, Mrs. A. S. McGray, Mrs. E. A. Klilam, Mrs. A. E. McGray, Mrs. Frank Capon, Mrs. G. D. Miller, Mrs. C. D. Miller, Mrs. A. J. Cann, Mrs. C. D. Miller, Mrs. A. J. Cann, Mrs. C. D. Miller, Mrs. A. J. Cann, Mrs. J. Cann, Mrs. A. J. The entertainment given at the Trinity Sunday school room on Monday evening by Miss Maebelle reader and Miss Printup violinist was quite successful in every way. Miss Biggart's selection was the dramatized form of Adam Bede, Geo. Eilot's master-piece. The presentation which was without doubt a difficult one, was very closely effected by Miss Biggart, and the prison scene was by far her best effort and won enthusiastic applause. Miss Printup as a violinist is unusually pleasing and shows much style and rythem in her bowing. Her selections were of the highest order. Both of these lacies came to Yarmouth with the best of recommendations and are certainly artists in their chosen profession.

mendations and are certainly arists in all chosen profession. Mrs. Morton of Williams street gave a very pre ty ch ldrens party on Monday evening in honor of of all the miss visiting at this lady's home. On Tuesday afternoon of this week Mrs. Bown entertained very preasantly several ladies at five o'cleck tea.

entertained very preasantly several ladies at five o'cleck tea.

The many friends of Mr. Ross Parker are sorry to leara of his being confined to his room with a very

leara of his being confined to his room with a very severe case of the grip.

The Tennis Tea at the Iennis grounds on Wednesday at room was a very great success. The different members assembled and h dajolly meeting and contest with the racquet atter the winter's vacation. Every afternoon the court has been the general rendezvous for the young set and some exciting games played.

Hon L E Baker was in Boston a few days in the interest of his business.

DIXIE.

ANNAPOLIS BOYAL. handsome rooms were transfo med into veritable Flora's grottos, so beautiful and profuse were the roses, trailing vines and erquisite wood ferns. On entire side of the reception hall was backed with green, while glimpses into the tea room showed roses and epergns of red roses and masses of parsise. The tasteful and unique decorations called forth many words of praise on all sides, and this home, considered one of the handsomest in the province, poured forth its bautiful hospitality on this particular afteracon to dwer a hundred of the fair sex. The guests were mit at the entrance by two little maids, Miss Grace Wyman, in green and white, and Miss Marien Haifield in a charming frock of pink silk with sboulder bored. Mrs. Wyman was gowned in black brocaded satin with a bodice of lavender crepe de chine which proved particularly becoming to her fair beauty.

Mrs. Mollison wore a handsome gown of nile satin elaborate with velvet, lace and applique trimmings. Mrs. Rising received with the ladies and was looking extremely well.

Bright chit chat and agay repartee filled the time of the root of the mdoor arrangements. The gymnastic display was an entire novelty to the may be perfect on of the mdoor arrangements. The gymnastic display was an entire novelty to the may be perfect on of the mdoor arrangements. The gymnastic display was an entire novelty to the may be perfect on of the mdoor arrangements. The gymnastic display was an entire novelty to the may be perfect on of the mdoor arrangements. The gymnastic display was an entire novelty to the may be perfect on of the mdoor arrangements. The gymnastic display was an entire novelty to the may be perfect on of the mdoor arrangements. The gymnastic display was an entire novelty to the may be perfect on of the mdoor arrangements. The gymnastic display was an entire novelty to the may be perfect on of the mdoor arrangements. The gymnastic display was an entire novelty to the may be perfect on of the mdoor arrangements. The gymnastic display was an entire novelty to the gy JUNE 16 -No event for along time past has

SENIOR CLASS.

General Proficiency...given by J. H. Hugill E q.
Victor Warner.

2ad. prize..........given by Judge Owen
Mathematics given by Arnoud C.eeve, 6. A., R. N.
of H. S. Immortalitie.

of M. S. Immortalite.

French modal gives by W. M. deblois, E q., exMayor of Aunapolis.

English dubjects and Scripture distory given by
E. Norman Di nock, Eq.
W. Mur.

Justor Class General Proficiency....given by G. A. Drysdale,

Frank Leslie.
...given by the Rev. J. A. Simmonds
Walter Hugill.
....given by the Rev. H. How, M A
Roy Godfrey.

Prise for Gymnastics given by Rev. Father Summers.

Clifford West.

The head master, Mr. H. M. Bradford, then expressed his thanks to Mr. Own and to the many in Annapolis who had proved friends to the school and whose support and help had done so much travard its succest. The boys had been entertained in many ways and at many houses, which had gone far to relieve the monotony of the winter, without preventing them from doing a most satisfactory year's work. Mr. Bradford announced the formation of two new courses for the coming year,—one in carpentry under Mr. George Wells, and one in Horticulture (grafting' budd ng, etc.) under well known nurseryman, Mr. Clirk.

At the conclusion of Mr. Bradford's remarks tea and other refreshments were served, and a pleasant half hour or so spont in informat chat, when the guests departed, most of than to return at 8 o'clock for the dance.

The decorations be the in the house and gy anastum were particularly presty: for the dance, at which nearly 160 people were present, the two school rooms and disting room were cleared with the band in the hall between. Altogether it was a presty scene and a delightint evening, and the Bradford ball connected with St, Ancrews have the bearty congratutations of the Annapolis people on the successfully ending of a prosperous year.

Among the guests were the Rev. H. and Mrs. de Blois, Rev. H. and Mrs. How, Rev. E. B. and Mrs. Moore, Rev. D. I. Suomers, Rev. Mr. Douglas and R.v. I. C. and Mrs. White, Judge and Mrs. Savary, Judge and Mrs. Owan, Mrs. J. J. Bitchie, Mrs. and the Misses Robinson, Mrs. Charles Burrill Mr. Swainson, Mrs. J. W. Beckwith, Mr. J. W. Buggles, Missea D. and R. Victe, S. Marshall, Mrs and the Misses Wier, Mr. and Mrs. Hatheway, Mrs. Melville, Captain Boxart, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Dimock, Mrs. Norman Dimock, Miss Warner, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Whitman, Mrs. Lombard, Mrs. and Mrs. Shaffaer, Miss Stuart, and Miss Faleul, Mrs. Shaffaer, Miss Stuart, and Miss Dearness.

Miss Fileul, Mrs. Shafiner, Miss Stuart, and Miss Dearness.

Annapolis station presented a gay seene on Wednesday morning at the departure of the many visitors and the misority of the St. Andrew's boys. Cheere were given for the head master, for Mrs. Bradford, Mrs. Owen, Judge Owen, and fically for the people of Annapolis. Many of the boys came from a considerable distance: for instance, there are members from Boston, the Magdalen Islands Montreal, Springhill and Halifax.

The Kung's college matriculation begins today, and five of the boys have stayed over for it. Annapolis being a local centre this year, the exam. will be held at St. Andrews.

MONOTON.

[Paccause is for sale in Moncton at Hattie Tweedie's Bookstore, M. B. Jones Bookstore, S. Mel mon's, and at Ballway News Depot.

[Processes is for sale in Moncton at Hattie Tweedie's Bookstore, M. B. Jones Gookstore, S. Mel. non's. and at Railway News Depot.

Jurn 15 — Moncton's new hospital was formally opened on Saturday afternoon. Quite a large number of ladies and gentlemen were present. The hospital certainly refisct great credit up on those who have worked so teregetically in its behalf. It is located in the large three story building, just below the city formerly used as an Alms House. The site is a spleedid one; affording an excellent view up and down the river. The second and third stories of the building are utilized. On the second floor are three private wards and the marron's room; on the third floor the woman's is on one side of the hall and the men's ward en the other. There have been numerous contributions one of which is a surgeons steel operating table. The matron of the hospital is Miss Grant of Picton.

Dr. J. D. Ross, the father of the hospital mevement in Moncton is highly pleased with the progress of affairs thus far. The worthy doctor has been agaitating for a hospital for the past twenty years and believes from the interest evinced in to on Saturday the trustees will experience no difficulty financially.

Our Athetic association and believe to pad ed this spring and is now receiving the finishing touches. One hundred and eight dollars worth of priz s will be distributed. These include two twenty dollar silver cups one presented by the Hotel Brunswick the other by the American Hotel. We anticipate the best bicycle racing ever seen in the provinces.

On the 23rd inst. An efficial of the B. and N. S. Railway leads to the atter one of Moncton's brightest young ledies. The bride-elect is a favorite with her a-quaintances who will be delighted to know that soe is to remain among us.

Mr. A. J. Webster of Shediac spent last Friday in the city.

friends in Amherst,
Mr. Y. C. Campbell Superintendent of the Short
Line, New Glasgow, was in town for a few days last week.

Mrs. A. H. Jones and family have gone to Sus-

Mrs James Bootaman of Lawrence, Mass. is in the city the guest of Mrs. G. V. Forbes, Steadman

street.
Miss Chapmau of Amherst is the guest of Mrs.
E. A. Harris, Main street.
Mr. A. O. Hastings was in Truro on a business

Mr. D. L. Hannington of Dorchester spent a few days in the city last week, the guest of Mrs. R. A. Borden, Botsford street.
M. G. A. Sharp, Juperintendent of the P. E. Island railway, was in town for a few days last week.

Island railway, was in town for a new way.

week.

Miss Bessie Holstead is in Salisbury spending
a few days with her sister, Mrs. L. A. Wrigat.

Mr and Mrs. C. R. Palmer and Dr. and Mrs. C.
A. Murray went to Shediac Monday afternoon to
attend the marriage of Dr. Murray's brother Dr.

Harley Murray to Miss Johnson of Shediac.

Mr. J. R. Bruce and family move to their summer
residence a: Shediac Cape this week.

Mr. R. A. Ewing of Bu nouche spent Tuesday in
the city.

mr. R. A. Ewing of Bu nouche spent Tuesday in the city.

Mrs. E. A. Harris entertained a few of her friend, at white on Monday of the work, with the aid of machinery, which needed 16,000,000 persons to do a few years ago.

whist on Monday evening last. Mrs. Fred W. Summer and Miss Ma jory returned on S turday afternoon from a week's visit in

Baihurst.
Mr. and Mrs. Jack Miller who have been spending two weeks in Moncton returned to their home in Mullertown yesterday.

Mr. George B. Wallett of St. John is in the city

DORCHESTER.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Dorchester by G. M. Fairweather.]

June 13. - Miss Palmer has returned home from New York where she has been so inding the winter, her many iriends are very much pleased to have her at home a raus. She was accompanied by her county, Miss Clara Weish, who will spend the sum-

cou-in, Miss Clara Weish was a larger of the morals in Durchester.

Miss Ethel and Mester Henry Camero a have returned from Wolfville for their su am a vacation.

Miss Fiorence Palmer is spending a few days in Amherst, with her riten! Miss Helen Pipes.

Mrs. I. H. Hickman re uraed last week from Amherst, where she has been spending a few weeks

Amherst, where she has been spending a few with Mrs. Donalas.

with Mrs. Donalas.

The Rev. J. R. Campbell went to S'. John yesterday for a few cays.

Mrs. George W. Chaniler is spending this week with her daughter, Mrs. R. W. Howson in Moneton. Great preparations are going on for the Masonic Bassar which is to take place here on the 1st July. The bassar will be held in the ground of Mr. M. G. Teed. Very many persty materials have been given to the Masons, which are being made up by the different ladies of Dorchester. The funds are to be devoted to building a Masonic hall here.

Passoner.

BUCTOUCHE.

JUNE 14;—Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Abbott of Mone and Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Girvan of Kingston, sy Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Boss.

DON'T DRINK DIRTY TEAS!

is absolutely free from all dust, stalks and foreign matter of all kinds. We guarantee it. You would not EAT DIRT, why DRINK IT? Drop a post card for sample packet. THE MONSOON TEA CO., 7 Wellington St. W. Toronto.

HOOSHOM HOOSHOM HOOSHOM HOOSHOM

"The Ideal Tonic." CAMPBELL'S **QUININE WINE** 

Tones up the System, Restores the Appetite. No other Quinine Wine is just as good.

Mr. W. D Johnson left last week to spend the summer in Campbellton.

Mr. C. Gross of Moncton is in town today.

We are very much pleased to say that one of our young ladies, Miss Bertie Curren has graduated from the Newton Hospital, making high marks in all her papers.

from the Newton Hospital, making high marks in all her papers.

Mr. R. A. Irving spent Monday in Moncton.

Mr. H. H. James and Miss Edythe James, visited Moncton last week.

Rev. Mr. Meek of Richibacto occupied the pulpit in the Episcopal church Sunday morning.

Dr. W. G. King has returned here to practice his profession, his many friends were pleased to see him.

professors, his man, him.

Rev. Mr. Foot lectured in the Presbyterian church on Friday evening, Rev. Mr. Smith of Shediac was here also that day.

Mrs. Manaton and Master Ernest spent Friday

in Moneton.

Rev. Mr. Manaton leaves for Conference to day.

VERNE.

ST. GEORGE.

JUNE 15.—Miss Nellie Weldon of St. John who is visiting Pennfield relatives was the guest on Wed-nesday last of Miss Dick. Mr. and Mrs. Erank Humphrey of Hampton are

at the club house Lake U opia.

Rev. Mr. Lavers spent last week in St. John.

Mrs. White of Windsor, N. S. who has been visiting her grand-mother Mrs. McCallum has re

Vision See grand-motive Mr.s. Miconium has returned home.

Miss Nottie Eldridge of Beaver Harbor was a recent visitor at Mrs. Will McAdams.

One of our popular young men is soon to wed a Calais lady.

Mr. Bainnie Lawrence is in town for the summer.

Mr. R. Roach and Mr. Harding of St. John were in town on Tuesday.

MAX.

A story is in circulation to the effect that the city of Washington stands on leased ground, and that the lease must be renewed in 1899.

of Washington stands on leased ground, and that the lease must be renewed in 1899.

There never was and never will be, a universal panaces, in one remedy, for all the ills to which the flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germs of other and indifferently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient what would relieve one ill, in turn, would agarwate the other We have, however in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in asound unduring the state of the system of the state of many and grievous indifferently state of many and grievous left system of the state of many and grievous left system of the state of many and grievous left system of the state of many and grievous left system of the state of many and grievous left system of the state of morbid despondency and lack of interval state of morbid despondency and lack of interval supposed in the state of many and grievous left system, thereby making activity a necessary result, strengthening the healthy animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result, strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive orrans, which naturally demand increased substance—results, improved appetit. Northrop & Lymp: of Toronto, have given to the public their superior control of the state of the substance of the state of the supposed the supposed substance of the supposed supposed the supposed substance of the supposed supposed the substance of the supposed suppo

Taere have been over sixty lions in the London Zoo during the last fifty years, many being presents from the Queen or members of the royal family.

There are so many cough medicines in the market, that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy; but it we had a cough, a cold or any affliction of the throat or lungs, we would try Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syup. Those who have used it think it is far ahead of all other preparations recommended for such complaints. The little folks like it as it is as pleasant as syrup.

The Proprietors of Parmelee's Pills are constantly receiving letters similar to the following, which
explains itself. Mr. Jón A. Beam, Waverloo
Out, writes: "I never used any medicine that can
quai Parmelee's Pil s for Dyspepsia or Liver and
the properties of th

Japan was originally civil zed by way of China to may Japan sends scholars and men of science to ins ruct the Chinese.

No family living in a bilious country should be without Paim-lee's Vegetable Puls. A few doses take n now and then will keep the Liver active, cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter and prevent Ayne. Mr. J. L. Price, shoals Martin Co., Iod., wrice: "I have tried a box of Parm-lee's Puls and find them the best medicine for Fewer and Ague I nave ever used."

France pays in pensions every year 70,000 000 iranes, of which 25,000,000 are substracted from the salaries of officials.

Colic and Kidney Difficulty —Mr. J. W. Wilder, J. P., Le argevin!, N., Y., writes: "I am su ject to severe a trues of Cole and Kidney Difficulty, and find Farmete's Pill: aft rd me great rises, well a loner remedies have failed. They are the best medicin: I have ever used "I a tree so great is the power of the medicine to cleanse and purity, that diseases of aimset every name and nature are driven from the body.

Java is said to be the region of the globe where thunders oftenest, having thunder storms, on an werage, 97 days of the year.

For Nino Years—Mr. Samuel Bryan, Thedford, writes: "s'or nine years I suffered with ulcerated sores on my leg; I expended over \$100 to physicians, and tried every preparation I heard of or saw recommended to reach the translation of the same state. It is the was recommended to give Dn. Thomas, as' Electrate One a trial, which has resulted, after using aught boulted (neigh it internally) and externally) in a complete cure. It bleve it is the best medicate in the world, and I write this to let others know what it has done for me.

It takes thirty—seven specially constructed and equipped steament to keep the aubmaries telegraph called the world in repair.

Dantages it more common is cold a suntries these

#### IF YOU'RE BUILDING OR **RE-DECORATING**

Make up your mimd to use our

**METALLIC** CEILINGS.



We make designs to suit any room of any build-ing—they are handsome in appearance and remain beautiful—don't need renewing. You'll appreciate their superiority over any other style of interior fulsh, and their moderate price.

If you mail us an outline showing shape and measurements of the walls or ceilings to be covered, we'll sen ian estimate and full information about this popular fire proof finish.

Metallic Roofing Co., Limited.
1189 King St. West, Toronto.

#### DUFFERIN.

This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the Hotel states, facing as it does on the beautiful makes it does not be sufficiently the states of the complex for the states of the complex for the states of the city. Has every accommodation. Electric care, from all parts of the town, pass the house every three minutes town, pass the house every three minutes.

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BELMONT HOTEL

ST. JOHN, N. B. Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern the provements. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity. Baggage to ami from the station free of charge. Terms moderate.

J. SIME, Prop.

FREDERICTON, N.;B. - A. EDWARDS, Proprietor,

Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

# Delicious!

## Fruit Phosphates

OR CREAM SODA.

Have you tried it yet?

I have just received another lot of that LOVELY SPRUCE GUM.

# W.C. RUDMAN ALLAN,

Chemist and Druggist. 35 King Street. Telephone 239 I have a few Dahlia R tots left for each purchaser

Spring Lamb and Chickens,

Cukes, Spinach and Tomatoes THOMAS DEAN.

City Market. LAGER BEER.

Lager For Sale Low.

THOS. L. BOURKE

FRESH MACKEREL,

The First of the Spring Catch Received this day at 19 and 23

J. D. PURNER

Every package guaranteed.



(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

John J. Dwyer. The bride was daintily attired in hite embroidered tulle over white silk and wore a large white hat with white pinner, and carried a bouques of white carnations and maiden hair fern. Miss Lily Leahy the bride's sister who attended her to the altar looked exceedingly pretty and graceful in mauve organdic and large white hat trimme with viclets and white plumes. She carried a bouquet of pink carnations. Mr. William Caples supported the groom. The presents from friends of the young couple who are highly settemed were very numerous and beautiful, the grooms present to the bride being a gold chain with opal setting while to the bridesmaid he gave a ring also set with opals. Mr. and Mrs. Dwyer who will reside at 35 Sewell street have hosts of friends who will extend to them best wishes

or future happiness.
Misses Maggie Roberts, Ethel Kinkaide and Lillian Whelpley, all of the North End are erjoy-ing a few weeks visit to the Cedars and vicinity. Mrv. Harris Forbes of Fredericton is spending a few days with Mrs. Charles Huggard of Main

An early merning wedding as solemnized at St. An early mirring weudings association.
John Stone Chrich on Wednesday when Miss
Emna Silver Payre, and Mr. H. Russel Sturdes
were united in marriage by Rev. Alfred Barcham,
in the presence of a large number of friends, who had assembled despite the fact that the hour for the ceremeny was fixed for 6.45. The bride, who the cerem ny was fixed for 6.45. The bride, who was beccmingly gowned in a travelling dress of green cloth with hat to match, was attended by Miss Lena Dunn who looked charming in a becoming shade of brown. Mr. A. R. Tibbitts, of Fredericton, supported the groom. The presents were numerous and pretty. The groom's gift was a magnificent gold brooch studded with pearls, and to the bride maid a very pretty pearl ring. Mr. and Mrs. Sturdee left by the Prince Rupert for a honeymoon trip through Nova Scotia. On their return they will reside on Waterloo Street. tarn they will reside on Waterloo Street.

turn they will reside on Waterloo Street.

Rev. J. A. Gordon was the officiating clergyman in a ceremony that, this week united for life Miss Al'ce May Dickson, danghter of Mr. S. Z. Dickson, and Dr. W. H. Simon. The bride was stirred in a very stylish blue travelling suit and wore a most becoming white hat. After the ceremony Dr. and Mrs. Simon left on the early train for a trip through Nova Scotia and upon their return they will reside on Waterloo street. The bride was the recipient of many handsome presents, among them a bronze and many handsome presents, among them a bronze and silver statue, a silver fern holder and a handsome gold candlestick from the choir of the Main stree

at the residence of the brides father Mr. William Gray, North end, of his daughter Miss Ida Gray to Mr. Eldridge Haires of St. Mary's N. B.. Rev. W. Rainnie officiating. The rooms were elegantly made gown and a very becoming hat to match her costume. Mr. and Mrs. Haines are spending their honermoon in the upper provinces. They were the the recipients of many handsome gifts from their

friends.

Mrs. B. R. Macaulay and Miss Macaulay are

mrs. D. R. macausiy see and miss macausiy see spending a little while in Mottreal.

Mr. and Mrs. George R. Vincent returned this week from a few months visit to Colorado.

Mr. and Mrs. Janes Crompton of Lowell Mass., are visiting St. John for a few weeks.

stead, was pleasantly surprised last Thursday after-noon when a number of his yourg friends gathered to celebrate his fourteenth birthday. The afternoon and evening were pleasantly spent in games and served. The young guests left behird them me-mentos of the happy occasion in the way of books

A place for physicians to emigrate to is a City of Hamah, south of Aleppo. Though it contains 60,000 inhabitants, among whom diseases of the eye, in particular, are rampant, there is not a single physician in the city.

Like Their Forefathers

'I notice the exclusive people of New York amuse themselves by getting up family trees.'
'Yes, and their simian forefathers did

the same thing.'



Eyes Tested Free by M. & Thompson, a regul

Located.

Solid Gold Frames,..... \$2.85 Best Gold Filled Frames,. 1.50 Best Lenses per Pair,... 1.00
Aluminum Frames,.... 50
Steel or Nickle Frames,... .25

Add price of lenses to frames for complete cost.

Open till 9 o'clock Nights,

## Boston Optical Co.,

25 King St. St. John, N. B.

#### **Acute Rheumatism**

Pains in the Foot and Limb Complete Cure Accomplished by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"For a number of years I was afflicted with acute rheumatism in my left side and all the way down my limb into my foot. I live five blocks from my work and had to stop and rest several times in going and coming. I could get no relief from my trouble and was on the point of giving up my job when I happened to hear of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I purchased a bottle of this medicine and a vial of Hood's Pills and began taking them. Before I had half finished them I was relieved and it was not long before I was completely cured. I never lose an opportunity to praise Hood's Sarsaparilla, for my cure meant a great deal to me, as I have a family and must always be at my post."
WILLIAM HASKETT, yardman, Grand WILLIAM HASKETT, yardman, Grand Trunk Railroad depot, Brantford, Ontario

#### Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, care fully prepared. 25 cents.

MISTKARN PATRIOTISM.

Young Men Who Should Not Enlist in the U. S. Army.

A poor widow, who had been an invalid tor eleven years, was entirely dependent upon her only son for support. All the home they had was a plain boarding-house. but the son was kind and attentive, and every night he hurried from his work to the little room where she waited for him, and his sure return, with the little comforts he brought her, was the reward of her lonely days.

One evening he came late.

The front door opened and shut softly, His step lagged on the stairs. He lingered in the entry. The mother gave one glance at his face as he entered the room, and her own turned white.

"Jack, after what you said this morning, I think you have enlisted !" she said. He made no answer, but covered his

face with his hands. The sick woman turned and leaned

against the wall. She did not reply. She did not say, "Who will take care of me!" Her silence was enough.

"Ail the other fellows are going," urged the young man. "I thought I ought to "They are not situated as you are,"

plied the invalid, taintly. 'But they will call me a coward,' said

the boy passionately. That same night he was examined and passed by the regimental surgeon. The

next day the dependent mother was alone -the great wave of the war excitemen had caught her young bread winner, and made him recruit.

Whether the decision of this misguided boy placed his freedom beyond recall we do not know; but we do know that by this act he sacrificed more than he had right to sacrifice. Under the present call for troops no more than about five per cent of the able-bodied men of the country can be accepted, and of these there are at least four classes ineligible. Even the terrible conscription of 1863 exempted all who were the sole dependence of relative at home. No only sons of a dependent mother, no only son of infirm parents, no only brother of orphaned children, and no father of a motherless young family was required to show his patriotism in any other way than by fidelity to his domestic

duty. Posted fover the regimental bulletinboards at Camp Townsend, New York, is this notice:

'No person should volunteer whose ab-sence from home for two years would bring misery and distress on any one dependent

And the examining surgeons are expect-ed to question every would-be recruit in regard to this particular. Such considera-tion may not have force at all recruiting stations; but no foolish dread of being called a 'coward' should make it necessar for any young man to be so questioned

for any young man to be so questioned. It is patriotic to 'Strike for your alters and your fires,' but the son, or brother, or tather whose duty calls him to stay by them is doing this, and doing it as nobly as one who volunteers for the war because 'all the other fellows are going.'

It is conceivable that the sudden and switt demands ot public defence might oblige every man for his country's sake to leave his silk and helpless ones, and 'let the dead bury their dead.' But that time is not yet. Meanwhile let is be known that the millions nanneeded in the field who stay to discharge the sacred ministries of home, and ply the industries never so necessary as in time of war, are in every sense as truly patriots as the fighters in the ranks.

A man who had applied for admission into a secret society, which, for the pur poses of this narrative, may be called the Ancient Order of Queer Fish, and had been accepted, presented himself at the

room, marched in slow and solemn pr ed to various trying ordeals, including that of being tossed in a blanket held at the corners and sides by athletic members, and having come through the ceremonies alive and in fair preservation, was declared duly initiated, and entitled to the right hand of fellowship. The bandage was removed from his eyes, and the brethren crowded about him to extend their congratulations on the fortitude he had dis-

'How did it impress you?' asked one of

'How did it impress you'r asked one of them.

'It was the most impressive ceremony, take it all around,' he answered, 'that I ever knew or ever heard of.'

'You were aware, of course, that there was a fire across the street while we were putting you through?'

'Why,' rejoined the new member, 'I could hear the puffing of the engines, the tramping of the horses on the stone pavement, the yelling of the firemen and the swish of the streams from the hose, and I could smell the smoke, too, but good gracious, I thought it was a part of the initiation!

AMERICA, BURUPE AND ENGLAND Old England Still Keeps the Equibrium

Americans have been surprised by the evidence of the hostility of continental Europe to the stand this country has taken on the Cuban question. We have disclaimed a desire to annex Cuba to the United States; we have no race hostility to Spain or to Spaniards; we have left to ourselves no motive to war, and nothing to gain by success, save to deliver the sland from misrule and barbarity. Yet we are described throughout the continent as little better than brigands. It would be open to us to retort, if it were worth while, that France, which has dismembered Siam and seized Madagascar; that Russia. which has overrun Asia; that Germany, which has carved a slice off China, whi covets Samoa, which deprived Denmark of Schleswig-Holstein and France of Alsace Lorraine; that Austria-Hungary, which took from Turkey, its provinces of Bosnia and the Herzegovins-that not one of these countries is in a position to reproach us with territorial brigandage, if the charge were true. Of course it is not that they are shocked at the thought that we could contemplate taking possession of Cuba. The explanation is doubtless twofold. In the first place, they do not relish the idea of the United States having any part in European politics. However ready they may be to take territory from one another, or from sovereigns whom they regard as barbarians, they do not wish America to dispossess one of them of one of its colonie even if it is not to take that colony as its But there is something much deeper

than this. They are all excessively jealous of Great Britain, and of its power in all parts of the world. They see that this war has brought England and the United States upon terms, not of alliance, but of sympathy and friendship which are better than any paper alliance. Fortunately their outspoken ill will can do us no harm.

Not one of them dares, and even all of them combined would hardly dare, to put their hostility in practice, so long as England stands ready—as she seems to do—to be as active in our behalf as they are

against us. So the friendship of Great Britain a So the friendship of Great Britain at this time is of far more consequence to us than is the veiled hosility of all Europe. Let us hope that John Bull's fine attitude toward us may lead us all, on the coming Fourth of July to think, to complete the complete than t Fourth of July, to think of something beside our old grievances against him. It is almost time to expunge from our memorates, not the heroism of Bunker Hill, nor the manliness of the Declaration of Independence, but the spirit toward England in which, too often, we celebrate them.—American Paper.

Always the Way.

A woman, with a freshly blackened eye and traces of recent tears on her face, came hurriedly into a police magistrate's office one morning, and asked for the arrest of her husband on a charge of beating her. The brutal husband was arrest-ed and brought before the magistrate. He was a hard-looking citizen, large of frame, was a hard-looking citizen, large of frame, repulsive in appearance, and about three-fourths drunk. The wife, on the contrary, was slight and delicate, and her hands were wrinkled and knotted with hard work. The trial was short. "Bill", as she called him made no defence. He was apparently too lazy to take the trouble. The wite had cooled down considerably, and gave her testimony with extreme reluctance, as is the custom in such cases; but the guilt of the prisoner was clearly established, and the magistrate, after lecturing him sharply and indignantly on his brutality, was about to prescribe the necessary punishment, when the pale-faced victim spoke up. "Make the fine as light as you can, your honor," she said, anxiously. "I'll have to pay it."

When a man makes a dollar outside his regular income he feels that he can afford to spend two.

#### **FLASHES** OF FUN

George-You are all the world to me Frances—Then please let me have a

'Have I got the pleasing expression you want?' saked Mr. Billus. 'Yes, sir,'replied the photographer. 'I think that will do very well.' 'Then hurry up, please. It hurts my face.'

Prison Chaplain-'Do you believe crime s hereditary ?'
Confidence Man—'I can't help believing it—my mother was the most active church bazaar worker I ever knew.'

Mrs. Hopeley—James, you never tell me that you love me, as you used to before

we were married.

Mr. Hopeley—Well, gee Whittaker, am I to have no privilege in return for letting you carry my bocketbook?

Supplicant—Remember, sir, that it is as easy for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle as for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven.

Miserly Millionaire—I know it, but I

don't expect to have a cent with me I present myself at the gate.

He—I have just been reading a curious book. It shows that very few men of genius live happy with their wives. I wonder it that's the reason we don't seem sto get along any better?

She—It must be. You have a positive genius for mrking a fool of yourself.

Official of Fire Department-'Is this riend you want to get onto the force a bright sort of a fellow? O'Harrigan—'Sure, he ain't bright enough to set the worruld atoire, ez ye might say, but I'm thinkin' he'd do a good dale helpln' put it out wanst it got again'.'—Harper's Bazar.

'Goshdurn you and your old grocery!' shouted the man who had backed up against the fresh paint.
'Didn't you see the sign, 'fresh paint?'

asked the grocer.
Of course I did, but I've seen so many signs hung up here snnouncing somet fresh that I didn't believe it.'

Mrs. Petter-'Did you see that? Dixon

Mrs. Fetter—Bid you see that. Dixon seized that rocking chair and was into it before his wife had a chance to reach it. And on his wedding-trip, too! Mr. Petter—That's just it. There is where Dixon is smart. Nobody will suspect that he is on his wedding tour, don't you see? And besides he gets the chair.'

'The other day,' says the Denver News,
'a Denver girl kissed a soldier good-bye
at the depot with the remark: 'God bless
you, stand up for Colorado.' Between
his sobs he replied: 'I am from Nebraska,
but I'll try to stand up for both states
now.' Thereupon she kissed him again
for Nebraska.' Why didn't he tell her
that he would try to stand up for all the that he would try to stand up for all the States and territories?—New York Tri-

Bosom Friend-"That gentleman who

lodges at your house seems to be very attentive to you, my dear."

Sweet Girl---'He is and I--I love him; but oh! what a risk I am running! We are engaged."
"Risk?"

"Yes, it nearly breaks my heart when I think he may not love me for myself alone, but—boo-hoo!"

"Calm youself, my dear. Why should he marry you if he does not love you?" "He—owes my mother six months' board."

flectively; "you may be better posted on history than I am. Was Alexander the Great known as Fighting Aleck?"

"And Frederick the Great wasn't known as Fighting Fred, was he?"
"No".

"And the Romans didn't call Julius

"And George Washington has not come down to prosperity as Fighting George?" "No."

"And nobody ever called Napoleon Fighting Nap?"
"No." "And Hannibal was just plain Hannibal without any frills at all ?"
"Yes."

"How very peculiar!" murmured the

first man.

'What did you say those are ?' inquired the man with the old-fashioned derby hat who had paused to patronize the curbstone astronomer.

'These are the moons of Jupiter,' replied the proprietor of the telescope.

'Let me see. 'Jupiter—that's one of the planets.'

'Well, there's a good deal to complain of on this earth, but it might be worse. With all the drawbacks, I'm glad I live here instead of on Jupiter.'

'Of course; you have no assurance that the conditions there would be adapted to your kind of life.'

'It isn't that. I'm one of the sort of people who can bunk down anywhere and be comfortable with a piece of hard tack and a cup of coffee. Theres only one thing that gives me the blues, and that's seeing the new moon over my left shoulder. It's bad enough on this earth having to be on the lookout for one moon every four weeks, but if I lived on a planet where there were four of them I never would know where I stood. It all goes to show that no matter how bad things are they might be worse.'

### **ENLIGHTENING** THE WORLD.



I cheeriest patterns. Buy
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and know the superiority of

#### DOUGLAS MCARTHUR

90 King Street.

SHOW ROOMS UPSTAIRS.

It takes but an ordinary man to return an angry answer to an insult. The extra-

ordinary man is he who, under such cirsumstances, holds himself so well under control that he controls his adversary also. Persia once possessed such a man, and was clear-sighted enough to make him a judge. He was the chief judge of Bagdad in the reign of the Calif Hadee, and his name was Aboo Yusuph. He was a very wise man, for he knew his own deficienci and was actually sometimes in doubt as to whether he possessed sufficient wisdom to give a just decision in cases peculiarly shrouded in mystery. It is related of him that on one occasion, after a patient investigation of facts, he decided that he had not sufficient knowledge to prorounce on the case before him. There was in his

presence a pert courtier, one of those men who take long to learn that wisdom and impudence are not closely related.

'Pray do you expect that the calif is to pay you for your ignorance?' he asked, hoping to place the judge at a disadvantage.

age. 'I do not,' was the mild reply. 'The calif pays me—and pays me well—for what I do know. Were he to attempt to pay me for what I do not know, the treasures of his empire would not suffice.

At Osgoode Hall, Toronto, on May 28th on application of G. T. Fulford & Co., proprietors of the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., a perpetual injunction was granted by Chancellor Boyd restraining Theodore Sweet, druggist, of St. Catherines, from selling a pink colored pill in imitation of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It seems necessary to again impress upon the public the fact that Dr. Williams' Punk Pills can only be obtained in packages the wrapper around which bears the full, law-protected trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Pills offered in any Pills for Pale People." Pills offered in any other form, and notwithstanding anything the dealer may say, are fraudulent imitations and should always be refused. The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., will be glad to obtain (in confidence) the name of any dealer offering for sale any imitation of their pills, as the company is determined to protect the public against this species of fraud.

Friendly Attention

True friendship has a broadening influence, and takes small account of things which might serve to weaken the charms mere acquaintar

"Are you habitually lame, or is your limp caused by some temporary trouble?" inquired the lawyer in a case of assult and battery, addressing a witness for the detendant. The man bore every indication on his face and person of having been in some recent catastrophe which the lawyer hoped to prove was the particular

affray then before the court.

"Oh, Oi'll be all right in a day or two," said the witness, cheerfully. "It was jist a friend of mine kicked me the other evening, and Oi'm a bit stiff in the j'ints, that's all!"

When your feet are tired and aching, and you ask for the perfect remedy Foot Elm don't let them palm off anything else on you. It is a sure cure for sweaty feet. 25 cents. We pay the postage. P. Stott and Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., or at your druggist's.

When white people first went to live in Hawaii their native servants, it is said, persisted in calling them by their Christian names. An English woman of strong will determined on her arrival in Honolulu that her servants should never call her Mary, and instructed them carefully in the presence of her husband. One day when she had visitors her cook put his head in at the drawing room door and politely inquired: 'What vegetables for dinner; today, my love?' He had heard her called that, and seemed proud of remembering not to say Mary.

### ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1898.

#### THE CANS FULL OF GOLD.

THE KLOWDIKE'S REMARKABLE RECORD FOR HORSTY.

Tents and Cabins With Precious Hoards in Them Le't Unguarded Wit out loss—Real Estate Specula in at Dawson Ciy— Stories About Some Lucky Men.

Lyman A. Gregory, a native of Poughkeepsie, N Y , and for ten ; ears a resident of Trenton. N J . returned from Dawson City this week and has much to say of the richness of the K ondike gold fi lds.

'What do I base my opinion upon P' he said in reply to a question on the subject. When, in travelling from cabin to cabin one sees five gallon coal oil cans filled with gold dust and nuggets under the miners burks a d see lo ds of 500 and 600 pounds of the precious yellow stuff brought in by parties of miners from remote camps and deposited with one of the two rich commer cial and transportation companies that have headquarters at Dawson, one very naturally comes to believe that there is something in the stories of the richness of the Klondike diggings. "Out on El Dorado Creek—twenty

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miles south-east from Dawson—there is a settlement of miners who came from Seattle and Spokane. They have among them about fourteen claims and I have seen out there literally a galvanized washtub two-thirds full of gold dust and flakes. A number of the log cabins of miners out there in that natural storehouse of gold have in them dozens of tomato and fruit cans hidden under the bunks and buried in the dirt floors of the cabins and filled with gold. One Norwegian miner, who can't read or write and has a claim on Hunker Creek, showed me last fall a pair of heavy canvass overalls that were his treasury. He had sewed and overlapped the legs of the garment so as to make two great heavy bags. I think he must have had 100 pounds avoirdupois of the yellow metal on hand when I was at his cabin. That was worth about \$27,000. Miners on the Klondike creeks have utilized rubber boots kerosene oil cans, coffee cans, truit jars, salt sacks and buckskin and walrus hide bags for the keeping of their golden wealth. Edward Mason, Assistant Register of Mines for the Canadian Government in the Klondike region, told mo recently that he had seen a ton of gold in his travels among the claims along the richest creeks in one week. I have seen several times in one day in the cabins along such creeks as Bonanza, El Dorado and Gold Bottom, \$200,000 worth of gold, and I was not out trying to see the stuff, either. Mr. Mason told me that in one day last summer he saw George Miller (one of the first half dozen white men in the Klondike diggings) and five helpers sluice nearly 200 ounces of gold from Miller's claim (No. 5) on El Dorado Creek. That makes the yield worth about \$3,000. Bill Emory, who came down the coast from Dawson on the Portland last August and sold his gold at the San Francisco mint for \$87,000 and was a hero about California for a tew weeks had about \$40,000 more in gold saved up when I last saw him and he expected to run the amount up to \$80,000 by his annual

clean-up or sluicing this season. . "You probably wonder why such a land Three men have been put to death up in the Klonkike for attempted robbery among the mining cabins during the last seven months. Two were shot to death by the miners on the Dominion Creek, and another was hanged. One man had got ten miles away from the scene of his theft when the fearful cold caused him to stop for the night with a miner. The latter suspected that there was something wrong about the man, who did not look like a genuine Klondiker, and had so much gold in buckskin pouches, and was not able to talk intelligently about the spot where he had dug the metal. So the miner kept the stranger there in the cabin, while he secretly spread information concerning the suspected man. The thief was tried by fifteen men at a cabin. The trial lasted two hours, after which the man was stood up and shot because the weather was unfavorable for an execution by hanging, and there was no available tree or telegraph pole anywhere in the region of mow and ice.

"The biggest money lender in Dawson is a Brooklyn man named James P. McCauley. He made a lot of recommendation.

comes that way. You hear true stories in Dawson all the time of men who, travelling among the gold diggers, enter cabins and tents left open while the owners have gone miles away on business or a visit, and see jars and cans standing on the shelves of the place with pounds of pure gold in in them. A triend of mine was out pros-pecting on Bear Creek last summer when he stopped at the cabin of an acquaintance. The owner had gone fifteen miles to Dawson to grub up, after the weeks of sluicing, and had left notice to that effect pinned to the door. My friend went in and saw two wooden mackerel kits in one corner of the cabin well filled with gold dust. A grimy tattered old blanket had been carelessly thrown over the treasure, which was probably worth about \$16,000. Up in the Klondike a thief cannot get ont of the country without risk of his life, and it is impossible for him to stay there and not be apprehended for his crime.'

'Is Dawson City growing?'
'At the rate of 2,000 a week, n ow that the thousands of people who brave a journey over the mountain passes and 900 miles across the most desolate and sullen country man ever looked upon have begun to reach it. Dawson will have fully 50,-000 population before the summer is over. Two years ago it had a total population of five white men and eleven half-breed Innuits. The whole site of Dawson might have been had for \$200 or \$300. Today the same area is worth about \$2,000. 000. One cannot find a spot in all Daw. son where the moss and earth may not be cleared away to a depth of twelve or fifteen inches and a cake of frozen ground or ice to be found. The real estate market at Dawson is as fruitful of speculation as gold mining is. No town in the United States ever knew such marvellous leaps in values as these in Dawson during the last two years, especially in the last ten months. I have seen more people crazy about real estate than about gold mining even, and that is saying a good deal. Lots 50x100 feet sold a year ago for \$1,000; last fall for \$4,000, last December for \$8,000, and a month ago sold for \$12,000. I know two lots on Front street that together sold for \$3,000 last August. They were recently sold for \$18,000. Last year logs sold for \$1.40 s piece, and now they command \$3 and \$4. Most of the buildings are constructed of logs hewn on three sides and chinked with heavy moss. The roof are made of poles on which a layer of moss ten inches thick is laid, and then a layer of dirt about twelve inches deep serves to keep out the cold. If green logs are used they crack and make reports not unlike a pistol shot when the heavy frost come, and for the remainder of the winter frost will accumulate on the inside of the cabin and it is impossible to get enough heat out of the stoves to thaw the ice. About 130 log cabins and some 800 or 900 tents constitute the improvements of Dawson City. The buildings are on the streets, and a wide avenue separates the city from the river

Mechanics get an ounce of gold for nine hours' work, and many of them are earning from \$20 to \$25 a day. Aside from the two stores, three or four barber shops, To go to t ies, five or six restaurants, a second-hand store or two, two sawmills, three butcher shops, two jewelry stores, a dozen physicians and dentists and a couple of real estate offices, the principal business engaged in is whiskey and gambling. Compared with prices in the States, the prices at first glance seem exorbitant, but when the prevailing rate of wages of from \$10 to 15 a day is taken into consideration, the charges appear more reasonable. Meat brings 70 cents a pound; codfish, 40 cents; a shave costs 50 cents. and a hair cut \$1; five gallons of kerosene and a har out \$4.5 and gallons of Recesene sell for \$20; meals at the Chinese restaur-ants cost \$2 each, and on Sundays \$3; cigars that sell for 5 cents in the United States bring 50 cents in Dawson, and once last winter they were at \$1; bread is worth \$1 a loaf, and rubber boots absolutely

snow and ice.

'I never knew such honesty as there is among the Klondike miners in their cabins—mark you, I am not speaking now of affairs in Dawson. It is common for a miner to go on a visit of a day in winter a few miles from home and leave his cabin unbarred and unbolted to any one who

There he assured himself of the genuineness of the reports from Alaska, and when he had drawn his cash he started for Dawson on the first steamer north. He has made a great fortune in the nine months he has been doing bnainess. He get 5 per cent, on all leans, and he has city lots in Dawson and gold dust as security for his money. I never knew a money lender to have the clinch that Mr. McCauley has. Halsey W. Putnam is one of the richest miners in the Klondike. He is a native and was for years a resident of Brooklyn also. He came down to San Francisco in March, and is now on his way back to Dawson for two vears more of work. He is worth fully \$250,000. He is about 37. He got to Dawson a week after the first discovery of gold was made. He had about an ounce of gold between himself and starvation then. Of course, he had the cream of the new diggers in which to select his claim. He mined and sold about \$70,000 worth of gold in the first year, or from August, 1886, to August, 1897.

"New Jersey's most notable representa-"

but he brought the water to the command before he fell. McMasters's brought his, too, and he was untouched. He had but to resume his place in the ranks after handing over his canteens, without assuaging his own thrist. Sullivan's work was over. He had clung to his musket, unwilling, though he felt himself to be dying, to leave it to be captured by the victorious red-aking.

Sullivan was cared for by the surgeons, and possessed so large a fund of vitality that he survived to be sent home to Illinois. There he died, and the musket that he had held so valiantly was placed in the museum of the his torical society at Springfield, where it still remairs.

Methods and Mauners of the Eankrupt

HOLEY'S PUSHING WAYS.

Methods and Mauners of the Eankrupt

cream of the new diggers in which to select his claim. He mined and sold about \$70,000 worth of gold in the first year, or from August, 1886, to August, 1887.

"New Jersey's most notable representative in the Klondise, is George Wetmore, who deals fare and runs the golden Arctic saloon and gambling palace. He was born in Newark, and he lived there and in New York for thirty years, when he went to Helens. Mon. He has always been a professional gambler, and no doubt he is remembered by hundreds of men in Newark along in the seventies and in New York from 1880 to 1888. His gambling palace is not so gorgeous as one might inter from the 1 ame, but it is a wonderful money maker. It is a low, one-story affair of log walls half the way up and rough-sawed pine boards for the upper walls and roof. Its inlerior area is thirty by forty feet. Mud and moss a foot thick coat the roof for the sake of warmth within the structure. Earth is heaped five feet high above the log walls. The bar and tables are of unpainted pine. The glassware back of George's bar is the most dazzling in all Dawson. It consists of two cheap mirrors and about three dozen common bar glasses. The whole could be bought anywhere in the States for about \$5. The rent of the establishment is \$100 a week, or sixteen ounces of gold, and the landlord has been lamenting all winter that he had foolishly given a lease for such a beggarly sum. George has made money right along. Some people say he took \$2,000 to Dawson last year and has 1 2000 ounces of gold ready to ship to the Mint next summer. You can reckon that gold at about \$16.50 an ounce.

THE DEATH OF HEROES. How a Man who had Done Brave Deeds

William McMasters, an American solder who wore a medal of honor awarded him by vote of Congress, and who died lately at Glasgow, Montana, was born in a little village of Western New York. At the breaking out of the Civil War he en-listed in the Union army, and served all through it in the Army of the Potomac. In numberless engagements he fought bravely, winning an honorable reputation as a soldier; but the occasion in which he was to win his medal of honor was yet to come. At the close of the war he enlisted in the regular amy, and went to the West to fight

In 1876 he was in the detachment under Reno which was operating with Custer at the Little Big Horn. The fighting had been desperate, and the plains all about were swarming with Indians. The mounded under Reno suffered intensely for water which could only be obtained from a stream

The average city man of today is an easy which lay in the range of the Indian fire. going sort of chap. He doesn't make very

Four soldiers instantly stepped out of the ranks. One of them was William McMasters, the v. teran of the Civil War, and another was a young man named Dan Sullivan, who had enlisted from Illinois. The four men were laden with canteens, and gripping their muskets, they started

They had gone but a little way into the open when one of them tell, pierced by an Indian bullet, and lay dead on the ground. The other three ran on, with the bullets whistling about them, and succeeded in reaching the stream. They filled their

canteens and started back.

The bullets were whistling worse than before, for the Indians had concentrated their fire, and were determined that not one of the soldiers should get back. Another man fell and McMaster and Dan Sullivan kept on alone.

Very soon a bullet struck Sullivan, but he ran just the same. McMasters helped him as well as he could, but he knew that he was sent to bring back water, and not to save a comrade. All four men had practically effered up their lives when they

Methods and Manners of the Bankrupt Financier.

Eraest Terah Hooley,, who has just become bankrupt in London after a series of operations that involved millions of dollars and one characteristic that is considered typical of many men who have acquired such importance through their own efforts. He was always ready to talk of his own experiences as well as his personal habits and inclinations. He has always been ready to supply the London newspapers with all the details of this kind that they cared for. He rarely failed to tell any reporter who interviewed him on such matters that he went to bed at 10 o'clock every night and got to his office by 8 o'clock in the morning. He was tond of repeating this, even when what might be called the yacht and racehorse phase of his career began, and this made the habit a little bit more difficult to understand.

·I begin work with my three secretaries every morning, Mr. Hooley used to say, 'at 8 o'clock sharp. I find there is something in always being ahead of everybody else, even in such a matter. Ten o'clock is late enough for any man to go to bed if he wants to wake up in the morning feeling fresh and eager for business. I used to walk sixteen hours a day, smoking and drinking at the same time. That was impossible. It was too much for me. So I decided to get to bed by 10, and I have succeeded in doing it for years.'

Mr. Hooley told many harmless fictions

of this kind about his personal habits, as he was so frequently talking for the newspapers that it was somewhat difficult to have information at times without some exercise of the imagination. When he talked of what he had accomplished in business and his method of doing that, Mr. Hooley was always more interesting One man heard this secret of his success which Mr. Hooley told for the benefit of the Eoglishmen who were looking up to him as the most successful financier of their day:

'Agsin, I have always gone in for big things. It you go half way up the ladder, you will find it crowded with competitors. If you go to the top, you practically have the field to yourself. There are plenty of men ready to deal in thousands, but they get frightened when you talk of millions. Making money is more a matter of will and self-sacrifice than of luck or brains. It is, in a sense, a question of morale, though

One of Mr. Hooley's peculiarities which was not neglected in the interesting in-formation that was distributed about him was his tondness for threepenny pieces. He had left orders with the managers of several of the largest banks in London to secure for him all the mutilated threepenny pieces that came to them. He paid only the Isce value of the coin and that prevented accumulating too great a number. Although his passion for them was well known, nobody ever heard from him on what it was founded. It had been said that a lucky turn in his fortunes was connected.

known, nobody ever heard from him on what it was founded. It had been said that a lucky turn in his fortunes was cornected with one of them.

In spite of the tac: that Mr. Hooley always got to bed at 10 o'clock, according to his own accounts, he was known as a good liver who could appreciate a dinner quite as well as a man whose mind was not occupied by such abserving affairs. He was as ready, morever to tran act busines at dinner as he was n his own office, in a cab, at the theatre, or anywhere else that he sappened to met a person who was ready to do business with him. Quickness was one of the qualifications that had led to his great success. He would decide at once about a matter over which other men would deliberate for days. He] is married, and the catholicity of his tastes may be understood from the fact that buying fast yachts and fast horses did not prevent him from presenting a gold communion service to St. Paul's Cathedral nor did it interfere with the acceptance of it by the cathedral, although it has to be given up under the bankruptcy laws of England because it was bought within a limited time before the failure.

Swapping Telephones.

The following story comes from the Grand Rapids Press, and has to do with a man and a woman who are employed in different offices in one of the large buildings of that city. Each office has a telephone, but as it happens one is an instrument belonging to the Citizens' Company,

ment belonging to the Citizens' Company, the other a bell instrument.

One day the man had occasion to use the Citizens' line, and stepped across the hall to the lady's office.

"Have you a Citizens' phone?" he asked and she replied in the sfirmative.

"Well," he ventured, "I'm a citizen. May I use it?"

Why, of course he might use it; but inwardly she was inclined to envy his ability to stand up and assert his citizenship in this way, for some of her womanly propensities were of the "newish" sort. An hour later she balanced accounts with him.

"Have you a Bell telephone?" she asked, on stepping into his office. He did not try to deny it.

"Well, I'm a velle; may I use it?"

New York Gold.

At the little town of Hadles, in the edge of the Adirondack Mountains and near the upper waters of the Hudson River, a gold-extracting mill has recently been erected, and attempts are being made to obtain gold in paying quantities from to obtain gold in paying quantities from seil which is too poor in vegetation to be worth cultivating. The gold is tound in fine particles clinging to the grains of sand, and has to be separated by the quicksilver process. In places the layer of gold-bearing sand is twenty-five teet or more in depth. Those who have confidence in the enterprise think that about four dollars to the ton can be realized in working the sand. Two other mills are being constructed near the junction of the Sacondaga and Hudson Rivers, and within the last few months five thousand claims have been filed with the Secretary of State by To go to this stream was almost certain death. Nevertheless the wounded must have water, and the commander called for four volunteers to go and fetch it.

Four soldiers instantly, steeped out of the wonder why they do not get on. Herkimer.

## A FAMILY FAILING.

### The struggle with Heredity. The Right Side of the Color Line.

To heredity, to the transmission of traits from sire to son, we owe most of the possibilities of growth and development. If each newly born being started on anew, without the force of heredity the level of life might be expected to be that of the digger Indian or Bushman. Naturally bad traits descend like the good. Peculiarities of feature, excentricities of speech and down just as surely as manual phase of the property of the coloring matter which manner, birth marks, etc., it had down just as surely as manual exterity, and the mental and moral qualities in general. A curious example of this descent of family traits is furnished by Mrs. It is by supplying the lacking pigment that Dr. Ayer's Hair type restores gray or faded hair to its original general. A curious example of his descent of family traits is furnished by Mrs. It from falling, removes dandrif, and family gray hair was hereditary. She Mountairy, Ga, writes:

"Gray hair is a hereditary in our family."

"About three years are, my head became

writes:

"Gray hair is hereditary in our family. As long as I can recollect, my mother's hair has been gray. About twelve years ago, my head becaming his been gray. About twelve years ago, my hair began to show signs of turning. I resolved to try Ayer's Hair Vigor, and after using it only a few times my hair was restored to lits natural color. I still use this dressing occasionally, a bottle use this dressing occasionally, a bottle resulting me quite a while; and though over fortyng me a while; and though

#### **※ A TANGLED** WEB. 米器

(CONTINUED.)

"Well, then, after she pulls through—
and I tell you it was touch and go—she
thinking her brother was dead, you see,
why, she accepts the offer of this English
lord, and goes off with him and Mercy
Frirlax; and a right down good woman
she is, too. You ain't no call to be afraid
on the gel's account while Mercy Fairfax
is there to look after her. And this yere
lord's a real gent, too."

is there to look after her. And this yere lord's a real gent, too."

"Where have they gone?" asked Neville in a low voice, and after a short silence.

"Goodness knows," replied the Wildfall man. "They made for Ballarat, but where they're going to from there I can't say; perhaps Langley—that's our doc—might know. I did hear that this lord was on the woble—just travelling about; some of 'em gets that fit on 'em, you know. Anyhow, don't you make yourself uncomfortable, mate; the gel's in good hands, and—the truth's the truth, you know—in my opinion she's a darn sight better off than she was in Lorn Hope Camp. I've heard she's a lady, and, it so, why, this ain't the—what d'ye call it?—spear—for her. Make your mind easy, mate; get up your pecker and follow her, that's my advice, though I allow that, as a rule, it ain't worth much."

"It's good enough," said the Doc; "and now you fellows clear out. Come on" Neville was lett alone to think. That Sylvia was alive and safe filled him with a thankfulness unspeakable; but his heart ached all the same, for he had lost her.

He knew that the man was right, and that she was better off, and he tried to be thankful to the Providence which had rescued her from Lavarick and raised up such good friends for her; but human nature is human nature, and he did not succeed vary well.

for him than even Doc's attention and medicine. He got better, slowly at first, and then quickly, for he was young, and had, as the Doc put it, the constitution of

The men were kind to him in their rough The men were kind to bim in their rough way, and one of his first visitors after his recovery was Mr. Brown. Mary did not come, but she sent him some jelly and some flowers, and a kind message, and I regret to say that Neville was not over and above grateful, for in his sensitive condition, he could not help remembering that that young lady, though unwittingly, had been the cause of the only disagreement between himself and Svivis.

imself and Sylvia.

He got better, and presently He got better, and presently appear ed in the velley with his tools. His bag of gold was gone, but he scarcely thought of it. What was the use of money to him now that there was no Sylvia to share it? He worked fittully, apparently quite satisfied if he got enough to provide Meth and himself with food; and for days he would not go near his claim, but wandered about the woods and over the hills, his hands in his pockets, his head on his breast.

pockets, his head on his breast.

Absence, it has been remarked, makes the heart grow fonder, and every day of Salvii's absence of the second to grow property of the second to grow prope Sylvia's absence she seemed to grow more dear to hm. He often found himsel standing staring into vacancy, recalling her beautiful little lace, and repeating, with a melancholy smile, some half-witty phrase of hers. It a bird twittered, he was re-minded of Syl's laugh—the laugh that used to make him laugh, too, even sgainst his mill

or's and stood at the bar, listening absently to the men, and drinking—drinking steadily, with a grim and gloomy persist-

ence.

But his good angel stepped in and saved him from that danger. He sudden'y flung the glass to the floor, and amid an amezed ce walked out.

silence walked out.

"The Young 'Un's in a bad way," said Locket, looking round solembly. "Something wrong here; and he touched his forehead significantly. "I shouldn't wonder if the knock he got's cranked him a hit."

der if the knock he got's cranked him a bit."

The Doc shook his head and gravely tossed off his whiskey.

"Young 'Un's top story is all right, you bet!" he said. "He's fretting after the orphan, that's what's the marter. But don't take any notice, boys just let him alone and he'il come round."

"We ain't likely to interfere with him," said the Scuffler, dryly. "Leastways, only those of us as is bent on committing suicide. Why, it was only the day before yesterday that one of us happened to make a remark as the Young 'Un didn't like, and his hand was on his sbooting-iron in a moment, and those eyes of his just looked thunder and lightning. Oh, no, we sha'n't interfere with him."

They let him alone, but the Doc's pro-

They left him alone, but the Doc's pro-They left him alone, but the Doc's promise of an improvement in the solitary man's condition did not seem to be in the way of fulfillment. His work in the claim became still more fittul, and his wanderings more frequent and prolonged, and about a month later Locket burst into Macgregor's with the announcement that the Young 'Un hadn't been home for four days and that Meth had declared she had good ressons for asserting that he had gone for good.

ressons for asserting that he had gone for good.

"Gone, eh?' said the Doc, with a sigh.
"Well, it's just what I expected. Bov's fill up! Here's luck to the Young 'Un, wherever he is, for he warn't a bad sort, and"—his voice faltered for a moment—
"and I don't know as 1 couldn't have spared any of you better."

It was true. Neville had shaken the dust of Lorn Hope Camp from his shoes at last. But where had he—a penniless man—gone?

CHAPTER XXII.

The London season was at its height, and the Marlows' mansion in Grosvenor Square was filled with light and music, for Lady Marlow's ball was in full swing.

Lidy Marlow's ball was in full awing.

The great ball room and the anterooms were full; couples ast upon the stairs and lounged in the corridors and balconies, for this was one of the principal balls of the year, and everybody wanted to see her or his name in the list of guests which would appear in the morrow's "Morping Post.

There were a couple of dukes, rotund and smiling, a serene highness from across the Channel, embassadors, celebrites of all kinds—in short, to quote Percy Hale, if the roof had fallen in, half the peerage of the United Kingdom would have been in mourning.

the United Kingdom would have been in mourning.

And this brilliant throng her little ladyship moved, smiling and serene, her bright sharp eyes everywhere at once and overlooking nothing.

England expects every woman to do her duty, and Lady Marlow considered it her duty to collect this crowd of notabilities, give them music and dancing, and a supper which would have made the most epicurean of the Roman emperors envious, and she did her duty well. And doubtless, as she moved among the dazzling groups of distinguished men and beautiful women, she felt that she bad her reward, for was not every one saying that hers was the most brilliant and successful ball of the season?

In a heaven full of stars it is hard to distinguish the best and brightest; but of all the lovely daughters of Eve congregated in Lady Marlow's rooms that night there was none who excited more admiration and attention than Audrey.

She was, if it be possible, more lovely and bewitching than when we saw her last two years and five months ago, for the fair promise of then had ripened into a beauty which, if not absolutely perfect, was of a kind which charmed all sorts and conditions of men; and perhaps the charm lay in the rare fact that she seemed quite unconscious of it.

tions of men; and perhaps the charm lay in the rare fact that she seemed quite unconscious of it.

She was just as bright and frank and lovable a girl as when she had played with Neville Lynne in the Lynne orchards.

To night she had had a triumph which would have turned the heads of most girls, for, in addition to her usual admiring and devoted court, she had received the unmistakeable homage of the prince himself.

He had come in late, and had murmured to Lady Marlow, in that pleasant voice of his, his regret that he should not be able to stay more than ten minutes. For the poor prince had only just returned from laying a toundation stone in one end of the kingdom, and was off by an early train in the morning to open an institute in the other.

But an hour had passed, and he was still in the room, and although he bad danced one dance with Audrey, his august initials were down on her programme for another.

Two waltzes in one evening with the prince, whose bow conters distinction, and whose smile sheds happiness! Surely she should have been proud, elated, and happy. And yet at times her sweet face grew clouded, and the bright eyes became thoughtful and absent, and a faint, dreamy smile, half sad, half regretful, flickered across her lips. across her lips.

Half the women in the room were talk

Half the women in the room were talking of her, speaking of her as "that dear, sweet Audrey, that lovely creature. Don't you think she is really too lovely?" and trying to conceal their envy; and more than halt the men were thinking of her. "The lady with the marble heart." Percy Hale had one day called her, and the catch phrase was heard spoken in a whisper many times that right.

phrase was heard spoken in a whisper many times that night.

For surely a girl must have a heart of marble, or none at all, to be able to refuse one eligible proposal after another, to receive devoted adoration from some of the best men of the day, and be incapable of rewarding them all with nothing warmer than a kindly smile and a curt "No, thank

you."
The eldest son of one of the dukes then present had offered her his hand and ducal coronet, and to the amszement of all her friends, Audrey bad declined even this

great match
Lady Marlow had been almsot heart-broken at her ward's "obs inacy;" but all her entreaties and remonstrances had been

in vain.

"To decline the best, the very best offer of the season—of any season. My dear Audrey, forgive me, but you must be mad!"

And Audrey had thrown her arms round her friend's neck, and kissed her murmuring.

ing:
"I should be mad to accept him, dear."
"Why, the marquis is head over heels in
love with you. What more do you, can
you want?"
"What much collected he in love with

love with you. What more do you, can you wast?"

"Not much—only to be in love with him," Audrey had responded, meekly, and Lady Marlow could for once have lost patience and been angry with her; but it was simply impossible to be angry with Audrey Hope while her arms were round your neck and her lovely face lovingly pressed against yours; and so, with a sigh Lady Marlow had surrendered.

"I don't know what you want or what you are waiting for," she said, resignedly. "You have sent that poor Lorrimore away, and you refuse offer after offer—There, don't cry," for she had felt a warm tear fall on her cheek—"for Heaven's sake, don't cry, or Marlow will say that I've been cruel to you, and we shall have a scene. There!" and she soothed the spoiled girl instead of scolding her. "Marry whom you like, or don't marry at all, but for goodness' sake, don't be unhappy. I've done my duty, anyway—"

"And I am a wretched, ungrateful girl,"
Audrey had broken in, half sobbing, half laughing. "You are the best and dearest of mothers, and we should always be happy if it weren't for the tiresome men. Oh, dear! sometimes I wish there were nothing but women in the world. There would be some peace for a poor girl then."

"At any rate there would be peace for one woman," retorted Lady Marlow, smiling, but still vexed, "for all the men you make miserable come to me, poor wretches, and pour out their wails and lamentations in my ears, as if I could help them. Mark my words, Audrey, you will come to a bad end. You will marry the worst man of the lot—"

lot—"
"And be ss wretched as I deserve," said Audrey. lightly. "Very well; but I'll wait till the hour of my punishment arrives, and be happy while I can."
The young marquis was there tonight, only wanting a word of encouragement to renew his suit; but Audrey kept him at bay as successfully as she kept the others, and remained a mystery and cause of conjecture and wonderment to all around her. No one knew of that promise which she had given Lord Lorrimore. She had assured him that for two years she would remain Audrey Hope, and she had kept her vow.

ow. But the two years had passed five month

But the two years had passed five months ago, and she was free.

In all that time she had received no word from, no news of him. That he was not dead she knew, because news of his death would have reached the world at large; but beyond that she knew nothing. That he had not found Neville was certain, or he would have brought himback and claimed his reward; for she knew that when she had sent him on his quest she had as good as promised te be his wife if he were successful.

She thought of the two men constantly; she was thinking of them in

cessful.

She thought of the two men constantly; she was thinking of them in the middle of the present dance as she floated round in the arms of a young attache to the divine music of the Hungarian Band; and it was this thought which brought the soft, half-pensive smile to her lips and eyes.

The young attache came down from the seventh heaven of delight as the music ceased, and sighed.

"An awfully short waltz that, Miss Hope," he said.

"Was it? I thought it was longer than usual," she said, innocently, causing the young fellow to wince and groan inwardly at her hard-heartedness.

"I suppose I dare not ask for another?" he faltered.

Audrey shook her head laughingly.

ne taitered.

Audrey shook her head laughingly.

"I haven't one left, and indeed don't
mean to dance all I have down."

"Ab, well," he said, with a sigh, "I ought to consider myself very lucky to get one, seeing that the prince is down for

one, seeing that the prince is dawn two."

"Poor prince!' said Audrey. "How hard he works. I wonder if he would be very much offended if I suggest that he should go home and go to bed, instead of staying and dancing with me, just out of politeness. He must be so tired!"

"If he is like the rest of us, he'd rather areas on to had arain than lose his dance,"

"If he is like the rest of us, he'd rather never go to bed again than lose his dance," responded the young fellow, ruefully.
"Thank you very much; that is really a very pretty compliment. How clever and quick you diplomatists are! It must be very nice to be able to say just the right thing, however abourd. Sometimes I think I should like to be a great man—just for one day, say. Does it leel very nice?"
"I don't know," he said, smiling, but still rue ully, for he had a suspicion that the beauty he adored was making fun of him. "I'm not a great man, but there's one coming. You might ask him, Miss Hope."

In two years and a helf Jordan had not altered in appearance—at any rate, he looked no older. Indeed, some declared that he looked younger. Success is the best elixir that has yet been discovered. His face was still smooth and placid, his eyes as keen, his lips as supple and smiling. If he still looked about him as he walked or drove through the streets, he did so more guardedly than of old, and no one ever so much as guessed that there was a thorn in the great man's bed of roses.

was a thorn in the great man's bed of roses.

Now, though none of the men who had proposed to Audrey had been more attentive than Jordan, he had not spoken the open word of love to her.

During the two years and five months of Lord Lorrimore's absence, Jordan had been Audrey's constant companion. Wherever she went—at concert, ball, theatre—Jordan seemed always present.

He would snatch an hour from the House, as he had done tonight, to sit beside her in the Marlows' box at the opera, or break an important engagement to exchange a few words with her at some ball or reception.

or reception.

Have you ever seen a blood-hound, at work? He starts upon the trail with one single bay, no more; then he settles down to work, nose to the ground, following the trail with a silent, deadly persistence, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but

keeping steadily on, with his whole attention absorbed in the work in hand, regardless of anything, however exciting, that may be going on around him. He follows the trail step by step, yard by yard, till his prey is fairly run down; then with a bound and a howl of triumph he springs on his victim and— It is extremely disrespectful to compare the great Sir Jordan Lynne to a bloodhound, but it was exactly in this fashion that he hunted Audrey. He kept patiently to the trail, waiting for the supreme moment when, weary and exhausted, his quarry should come within his reach.

Tonight there was a significant flutter of his heart under his calm exterior. The blood-hound was about to spring.

Audrey looked at him with a pensive smile. She did not grow grave and almost shudder at his approach, as she used to do a year or two ago.

shudder at his approach, as she used to do a year or two ago.

Voltaire says that one would get accustomed to the devil if he always presented himself in the garb and with the manners of a gentleman, and Audrey had got accustomed to Jordan Lynne. You see, he was always so kind and attentive and thoughtful; it would have been base ingratitude to cooly receive so constant a friend.

She held out her hand with a smile and

She held out her hand with a smile, and Jordan bent over it with a self-possessed grace that would not have shamed Lord Chesterfield himself.

Chesterfield himself.

"I thought there was a great debate on tonight," she said, "and that you could not possibly leave?"

"So they were all polite enough to say," he responded; "but I managed to steal away for helt an hour. You see, I naturally wished to witness a friend's triumph."

"Which friend?" she asked innocently. He smiled, and taking her from the attache, whom he seemed to dismiss with a smile, he drew her arm through his.

"Why, yours, of course. The prince—I have just been speaking to him—declares that Miss Hope—"

Audrey put her fan to the ear nearest him with a gesture of incredulity, and he stopped and laughed.

him with a gesture of incredulity, and he stopped and laughed. "I know. You don't care for all that. "I know. Yon don't care for all that. That is where you are so wise, Audrey." He called her Audrey now. "The rest of the women would be half delirious with the success you have won tonight. But you..." He paused, and the pause was more eloquent than anything he could have said. Audrey smiled and sighed slightly. "How small—how pitifully small one's life seems!" she said, half to herself. "And yet life is big enough," he said in a low voice; "given work to do, and the ambition to do it. How crowded the rooms are!" Surely everybody must be here. May I take you on to one of the balcories?"

balcories?

CHAPTER XXIII.

CHAPTER XXIII.

She said neither yes nor no, and taking her silence for consent, he took up a shawl and put it over her shoulders, and they went out.

Audrey leaned over the balcony and looked dreamily at the square beneath. A delicious summer air stirred the leaves of the trees; the lights of the lamps twinkled yellow and garish in the light of the half moon; a line of carriages was drawn up waiting for the departure of the guests, and a small crowd of curious persons stood as near the door as the policeman would allow them, waiting to catch a glimpse of the celebrities as they came out to their carriages.

Jordan stood beside Audrey, but he looked at her instead of the trees—looked at her with a keen, watchful expression in his eyes and an admiring one. He knew that her loveliness had increased during the last two years, and it made her seem more desirable in his sight.

Should he venue to propose to her

so small and selfish."

"And you are the least selfish of women," he murmured.
"I?" She smiled and shook her head.
"I know that I am not. At any rate, if I am not the most selfish, I am the most neless. Why, look at the coachman and footman down there; they are of more use in the world than Audrey Hope;" and she sighed.

This let Jordan in. He drew a little nearer to her and leaned one arm on the balcony rail, so that he was bending over her.

balcony rail, so that he her.

"Do you remember what I said to you in the ball-room, Audrey?"

"You said all kinds of nonsense, which I have torgotten," she responded, indifferently.

"You thought I was flattering you. Audrey, a man does not flatter the womar Audrey, a man does not flatter the womar and the same of t

'You thought I was flattering you.
Audrey, a man does not flatter the woman
he low—he respects, and I respect you
above all other women. You complain of
the uselessness, the monotony of your life.
If I dared, I could tell you how it might be

made useful and more precious even than it is."
She laughed incredulously.
"You are very clever, Sir Jordan, but

there are things which even you can no

do."

"I wish that you would give me leave to speak my mind," he murmured. "Audrey you must promise not to be offended with me, to remember that he who speaks is a friend who esteems you more, he thinks and believes that he understands you more clearly than anyone else in the world. Audrey, I spoke just now of what one might do with one's life, if one had but the ambition and the will to follow it. Let me speak of myself; I am ambitious—"

"And you have succeeded in gratifying your ambition," she said in a low voice. She was a girl, and, being a girl, could but be fistered by the confidence of so great a man as Sir Jordan Lynne; but she was not very deeply interested as yet.

great a man as Sir Jordan Lynne; but she was not very deeply interested as yet.

"No," he said in his soft murmur—'no, not yet; I have only reached the foot of the hill which I mean to climb."

"The foot f" and she laughed. "Everybody says you are a long way up."

"Everybody does not know me, or to what I aspire," he said; "but you shall know, if you care to. Listen, Audrey: It is true that I have met with some success, but I count it only as the stepping-stene to higher and greater things. I have become—what shall I say?—of such consequence in the world, and some would say that I am already famous."

some would say that I am already tamous."

She made a gesture of consent.

"But I am not satisfied with what I have achieved; I have a greater prize in view. What will you say, Audrey, if I tell you that I have dared to let my ambition soar as high as—the premiership P Hush!" he glanced round. "Yes, nothing less will satisfy me; I must be the first—the first. You understand?"

She smiled gravely.

"And you will be," she said.

"Such a word of assurance and encoursgement from you, Audrey, almost inspires me with the conviction of success. And think of it! To be the master of England—for that is what it means. Think of of it! To hold the destines of this great England in the hollow of one's hand!"—he extended his great white palm uppermost. "Is not that worth living for? Consider what one in such a position could be—"

Consider what one in such a position could be—"

"And what good one could do," said Audrey, thoughtfully.

Jordan changed his tone to one in harmony with hers.

"Yes." he murmured; "and there is so much to be done, is there not? with the poverty and the ignorance all around us. To feel that one had made the world better and happier—is not that a worthy ambition, Audrey? Ah, I see you think so! And I—I venture humbly to think that I may aspire to effect some good. But I can not do it alone. A man wants some one to help him in his good work—a soul attuned to his own, and full of sympathy with his. Working by one's self is like working with one arm crippled. One must have a helpmate, Audrey—"
She had been listening, interested, but quite cool and unconcerned, until he reached this point; then she started slightly and glanced at, and then quickly away from him.

Jordan went on, carefully and watchfully.

Jordan went on, carefully and watch

Jordan went on, carefully and watchfully.

"Such a helpmate, companion, can not
only share one's toil, but lighten and elevate it. Such a helpmate can encourage
and cheer one on to lottier heights, to
loftier aspirations. With such a one by
his side a man could teel that he had not
only a wifett leve hat a soul thrillion with his side a man could teel that he had not only a wife to love. but a soul thrilling with the same a spirations, the same high aims. Are you listening, Audrey? May I go on? It is of you I am thinking; it is your aid I would win—your love! She started and faced him, her cheeks suddenly pale, her eyes wide open with something very like fear in them. She shrunk away.

Jordan bent lower, and his voice sunk to a whisper.

tim. "I'm not a great man, but there's one coming. You might ask him, Miss Hope."

Addrey turned and glanced in the direction in which he was looking, and saw Sir Jordan Lynne. The young fellow had spoken in sober earnest. Sir Jordan Lynne was now a very great man indeed. It wo years, when one is rising, one may rise very high. Sir Jordan Lynne was in the Cabinet now, and his fiends—your successful man has any number of hiends, though most of them hate him—declared that, it he played his cards properly, he must assuredly in time be Prime Minister. Prime Minister! the first commoner in the to whole would! No wonder Sir Jordan Lynne Burrows, and that she are remarked to shake the large white hand, or en exchange a word with the great man who might presently have so many good things are to love do not she word and a smile for all, but under his lowered lids his keen eyes were water in the looked to not left. In two years and a helf Jordan had not all better in a ppearance—at any rate, he looked no older. Indeed, some declared that he looked vounger. Success is the looked no older. Indeed, some declared that he looked vounger. Success is the looked no older. Indeed, some declared that he looked vounger. Success is the looked no older. Indeed, some declared that the looked vounger. Success is the looked no older. Indeed, some declared that the looked vounger. Success is the looked no older. Indeed, some declared that the looked vounger. Success is the looked no older. Indeed, some declared that the looked vounger. Success is the looked no older. Indeed, some declared that the looked about him as he looked obout him as he looked on older. Indeed, some declared that the looked about him as he looked on older. Indeed, some declared that the looked about him as he looked he had a many than the looked on older. Indeed, some declared that the looked about him as he looked to older. Indeed, some declared that the looked about him as he looked to older. Indeed, some declared that the looked about him as he looked to older. made in showing his hand too soon. "Heaven forbid that I should anger you, Audrey, or cause you a momont's uneasiness! If I have said too much, if my love"—was it a shudder that shook her as his soft voice spoke the sacred word again?—"prompted me to open my heart to you all too soon and suddenly, forgive me. I would rather give up the dearest hope of my lite than lose that which is almost as sweet to me as your love would be—your friendship." She drew a long breath and leaned her head on her hand, and he came a step nearer. "I know I am not worthy of you, that there are others—better, greater men—" She put out her hand to stop him. "But it is so; and yet none of them can love, admire, worship you more than I do, and shall ever do. Tonight I have revealed to you the proudest dream of my life; I have distressed, alarmed you. Forget it, Audrey; do not let my avowal come like a shadow between us. I implore you to forget it, or, if you cannot forget, to forgive, and show your forgiveness by letting me remain the humble, devoted—friend."

If there are any woman who could resist this kind ef appeal, Audrey, with her tender heart, was not one of them. She put out her hand in token of her assent, and he took it and reverently pressed it to his lips.

It was well for him and his hopes of winning her that she could not see the gleam of disappointment and 'age which shot from his eyes as he bent his head.

"And now let us talk of something else," he said, cheerfully, as is he meant to show her that he felt no resentment at her repulse. "Let me see; there was something (CONTINUED ON FIFTERFER PAGE.)

(CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.)

### Sunday Reading.

MARY'S AFTERNOON.

'Oh, dear! I do wish I could some-times do what I like best after school?' said Mary with a frown.

world.

tifying ice.

could of so

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Every-

view-ell you n soar !" he s will e first.

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world worthy think

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'Why, what would you like best to do Pussy. Surely, you are happy playing with the brothers and little sister P'said mamma

the others and attended to the other girls have their afternoons all to thems: lves and I do wish I could play with them. The other day they were all over at the Wrights,' and Mabel darkened the drawing room, and they sat there and told ghost stories and ate candy and peanuts till after supper time. They do have such

'Do they ?' said mamma, with a' smile Well, we must see what we can do, little girl. You see the afternoon is the only time mamma has for all the errands. But I think I can arrange to stay with the little ones today all right. So put on your things Pussy, and trot along."

It was a bright clear afternoon. There were four or five of her sohoolmates at Mabel Wright's, and Mary thought what fun they would have playing in the snow. Mabel took them all upstairs to see her new dancing-school dress, however, and they were soon in raptures over it.

Mary thought regretfully of the bright sunshine outside. She had left the snow fort at home half done; and now they were all working at it—Harold and Katrine and

'How adorable your room is, Mabel? said Kity Bangs. And, sure enough, it was filled to overflowing with muslin and pink satin bows and silver knick-knacks. Mary had always despised her own big. plain, airy room, where she and Katrine slept in the little cots; but she wished that Mabel's was not so hot and did not smell so of perfumery. 'Do let us tell the ghost stories in here!

Mary settled herself among the down ns with an agreeable shiver. But they did not tell the ghost story. They ate cocoanut-cakes and caramels; and then, with much giggling, they began to 'water-wave' their hair with Mabel's curling-tongs. Mary ate two cocoanut-cakes; but she did not like them much, and she began to long for the lovely out-door air. How hot the room was ! And at last, when a long hour had passed, and the girls instead of telling stories, were putting different kinds of perfume on their handkerchiefs, she could stand it no longer, but put on her things and

When mamma came out with Phil's dry mittens there were four little figures tumbling and scrambling about the snow fort instead of three.

'Why, Pussy,' she said, as she kissed the rosy face held up to her, 'I thought this was the afternoon you were going to do 'just what you liked best!'

'Yes, mammy,' whispered Mary. 'That's why I came home.'

THEIR PUNISHMENT.

How Deacon Webb Chastised Three Youth-

'Hurry-up boys !' said Frank Anderson,

as he jumped over the fence. 'We can'c have fun if you don't hurry.' It was nearly dark, and the boys were

groaned Fred Davis, one of the prisoners. Paterson, a little red-headed fellow.

But instead of inflicting either of these terrible punishments, Deacon Webb gave each boy a large, ripe melon, and asked

If your children are well but not robust, they need Scott's Emulsion of Codliver Oil

We are constantly in receipt of reports from parents who give their children the emulsion every fall for a month or two. It keeps them well and strong all winter. It prevents their taking cold.

Your doctor will confirm The oil combined with

the hypophosphites is a splen-

did food tonic. 50c. and \$1.00, all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto

them kindly if they would not like to go

Sabboth School. 'This is lots better than stealing 'em ain't it !' asked Frank, after they had got

'Yes' said Sandy, with his mouth full,

'I'll never steal any more.'
'Nor I won't, either,' said Fred, with mphasis. 'I think he is about the goodest man I ever saw.

'I tell you what, boys, he has been asking us to go to Sabbath School this long time. I am going next Sabboth, just as sure as my name is Frank Anderson. 'Well, we'll go too, if you do,' exclaim-

ed the other two boys, in chorus. So you see, by doing a kind act, the old deacon got three mischief makers to go to Sabbath school.—Texas Baptist and

It is Always Best to be Content With Station in Life.

Long, long ago a robin and a butterfly talked over their troubles one day. 'How much nicer it would be to live in a

house, as men do !' said the robin. 'There's a black cloud in the sky, and

I'm sure its going to rain. I'll have to cuddle up under the leaves, and my feathers will be damp. I fear I'll take cold and lose my voice.

'I'll have to hide away, too, when it rains,' said the butterfly. 'Twould be a great pity if the water washed off my lovely powder, and a big shower might drown

Miss Butterfly was quick-witted, 'Why not go to live in that house now? The window's open.' And she flew in at once. The robin was more cautious. He lighted on the window sil', and peeked around. 'I don't see any place for a nest.'

'Pshaw! You don't need a nest in a house,' said his gay little friend. So Master Robin flew in, and perched on the first thing he found, which was a book; but he looked homesick. Miss Butterfly fluttered to a quill pen, and made believe it was a flower.

Pretty soon there were sounds, and robin listened as hard as he could.

'O papa!' a child's voice said. 'Look there! Sh-sh! Keep still. You'll scare them! What a beautiful butterfly for your collection! And, papa, mayn't I have the bird in the cage? I'd like a robin with my canary.

A man's voice answered low, 'Run around outside, then, deary, and close the window softly, so they can't get out.

Out they flew, just as the little maid's hand touched the sash. They heard her cry of disappointment, as they dashed by

'O papa! they just went out like a flash; and they're both gone!'

warm spring un was shining on the garden beds of crocus and hyacinth. How beauti-ful it was out of doors! Living in a house

was not to be compared to it.

'Better be content where our Maker meant us to live,' said Miss Butterfly. A wise afterthought of the nighty, tighty little creature!—Sunbeam.

A Bey's Company.

In one of her pleasant chats with mothers nd older sisters on ways of making home happier, Mrs. Sangster has this to say about the company a boy keeps—both kinds of company, the flesh and blood sort and the ink and paper sort: 'Do look after your boy's companions. Have an acquaintance with the little fellows he likes to play with, especially with the slightly older boy who
is his hero! There is generally a big boy
to whom the small boy looks up, a big boy
whom the small boy imitates. Look well to your boy's companions. Look, also, to the books and papers he reads. It is not sate to leave a boy's reading to be haphazard, or to his own choice. There are rattlesnakes coiled up in some innocent looking books. There are young men to day in prison for life, whose first initiative in crime, whose first impulse to dishonor, came from the printed page. Look to your boy's reading! His love of adventure, his love for the marvellous, his interest in deeds of valor and military exploits, are perfectly legitimate, but they can be gratified by authors who will help him to develope along manly lines, and there is every reason to guard against those authors who are simply sensational, with no motive beyond that of excitement and temporary pleasure. Be-yond any other agent for good may be the bad book, a comrade whispering ill thoughts and low fancies in the boy's ear. Beyond any other agent for good may be the books of high moral tone, of pure and elevated thoughts, of fine style, lifting the boy to the high levels where the light of heaven dwells. Look out for your boy's reading.'

#### Let There be Light Thrown on the Subject of Home Dyeing.

Home Dyeing.

There are dyes—the world-famed Diamond Dyes—that crown our labors and home Dyeing work with perfect success, and there are imitations and worthless dyes that bring ruin and disaster wherever they are used.

There are dyes—the chemically pure and scientifically prepared Diamond Dyes—that have brought blessings to millions of homes for long years, and there are the vile preparations and mixtures of imitators who, as far as style of package is concerned, get as near the 'Diamond' as they dare go. But what shall be said of the contents—the ingredients—that the women of Canada are asked to dye with P Little more can be added to what has so often appeared in the press of the country. These imitation dyes are simply deceptions; they are adulterated and dangerous preparations, hurtful to the hands of the user, and destroyers of valuable garments and materials.

The manufacture of Diamond Dyes is reduced to a science, and to-day they are the only dyes that dare guarantee their work—that dare proclaim certain victory for every user who will follow the plain directions. Diamond Dyes have a wide-spread popularity; other brands of dyes are hardly known outside of the greedy, long-profit dealers who sell them to the unsuspecting public. Avoid all imitation package dyes as you would avoid spurious coins.

An English juror once asked the judge, after the verdict was returned, whether the fact that he differed from his 11 brethren justified their knocking him down with a chair.

Coffee which is suspected of containing chicory may be sprinked on the surface of a glass of water. Coffee floats, while chicory But Master Robin and Miss Butterfly laughed happily to be out again in the free air. The black cloud was gone, and the

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Cattle need Spring medicine, just as people do. If you want your cattle to be well—to do the work you want—to look sleek and healthy, and fetch a good price it you want to sell them, give them a few doses of

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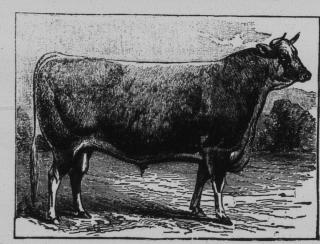
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One of the most curious branches of a certain London theatrical wig-maker's business is the painting and erasing of black eyes. Just as many hundreds of discolored eyes have been hidden by his art as those made for stage purposes. 'A short time ago,' said the wig-maker to an interviewer, 'a man rushed into my office and said he wanted me to paint him a fine black eye-one that would not be distinguishable from a genuine one. I was surprised and amused. 'Whatever do you want that and amused. 'Whatever do you want that for?' I asked. 'Well,' he said hesitatingly 'it's like this. you see. Before I let this morning I had a tifl with my wife, and she actually went so far as to strike me in the face. I know she repented it immediately afterwards; but I want to teach her a lesson. So just make me up as good a black eye as possible, please, and when I get home, I will show her what her temper was responsible for.'

In the year 1630 occurred the first dnel nown to have taken place on American soil. The principals, Edward Doty and Edward Lester, were servants of a Mr. Hopkins. one of the New England colonists. The men had quarreled over some trifling matter and had resorted to the field for its settlement. The affair was stopped by the tlement. The affair was stopped by the authorities, but not before one had been wounded in the thigh and the other in the hand. There was no law covering such matters, but the governor of the province decided that men should be punished nevertheless. At his orders they were sent to have their heads and feet tied together and lie in that condition twenty four hours without food or drink. They suffered so much, however that they were released at the end of an hour.

Outward Effects the Same

Two reporters, slightly acquainted with each other, met one day at a lunch-counter. 'You're not eating anything, Larkins,' remarked one of the two, after they had exchanged a few commonplaces.
'No,' replied Larkins. 'I am so worked up over the scoop I got this morning on

the Daily Cyclone fellow, about the bank-ruptoy of that big firm on Silver Street, that I haven't any appetite. But you are not eating anything, either, Hawkins. 'No,' gloomily responded Hawkins. 'I'm the fellow you scooped.'

# Backache

THE BANE OF MANY A WOMAN'S LIFE.

A Berlin Lady Tells
How to Get Rid of It.

Doan's Kidney Pills

The Remedy.

Mrs. Eliza Reitz, 33 Wellington St.,
Berlin, Ont., says, "For ten years I have
been afflicted with kidney and back trouble, suffering greatly from dizziness, nervousness, weak eyesight, loss of sleep,
and appetite, and an almost constant
tired, weak feeling. In February last I
got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and
received so much benefit from them that
I continued their use until I had taken
three boxes in all, and was completely
cured. They removed every vestige of
pain, dizziness and nervousness, and enabled me to geagrestful sleep; so that
from being a sick woman I am now
strong and well again."

Doan's Kidney Pills are the best remedy in
the world for Bright's Disease, Diabetes,
Dropsy, Backache, Gravel, Sediment in the
Urine, and all Kidney and Bladder Diseases.
Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt
of price, so cents a box or 3 boxes for \$1.25.
The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.



dear wite?" the put tething opt her te were out mischief making.—They lived in the southern part of Missouri near the Missouri river, and to-night they thought just as a joke, they would steal a couple of melons from good old Deacon Webb, and give a few of his turkeys a little bath.

'Hush!' said one of the boys: 'we must not make any noise,' and slowly and out make any noise,' and slowly and not make any noise. out mischief making .- They lived in the soon. if my her as again? to you to me! thope which would a long hand, now I others but her not yet torship or do. proudessed, to not to tween if you your umble, not make any noise,' and slowly and ence. But the old deacon had been, fwaiting for them for a long time as they were noted for being the mischief makers for miles around, and Deacon Webb thought he would try and catch them. He had a fine large dog, which he had tied to a stake in the middle of the melon patch, and as it was by this time quite dark, the boys did not see him till it was to late. A short, sharp bark soon proclaimed his presence, and the boys ir hurry to get away, stumbled over a barrel, and fell to the groung. Before they could escape the deacon had them

caught.
'Hey day! so I have got you at last, have I? Now; how do you think I'm going to punish you? he asked.

'Send us to State's prison for life.' 'No he won't either; he will tell father, and that'll be worse,' exclaimed Sandy

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on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufactures.
Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs le-; than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. i Checolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to this let is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a gre t facotie with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the granter Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchetter, Mass., U. & A. CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreel.

#### Notches on The Stick

"Um! Relation of your'n." This was the startling comment of a negro mammy, who, having entered our home and sur-veyed interrogatively the rather familiar and common place lithograph entitled, "Uncle Tom, and Little Evs," had been informed as to its identity. "That's Uncle Tom," remarked the good wife pleasantly; and the negress nonplused her at once by that unthinking kind of a remark which nevertheless contains the substance of profound truth,-"Um! Relation of your'n."

And why not? I have seen many a white face, and many a set of Anglo-Saxon fea-tures, I should be much less pleased to own in that common kinship which binds us all. I would be willing to incur the taint,-if you think it such-of Atrican blood, for the sake of relationship with noble souls, and a union with sublime affections. I am no scorner of the race to which I belong, and I hold the humanities dear to me.

I say of a negro, as I say of any m the superior mind is his standard. I ask concerning the African, as Shakespeare of the Jew,-"Hath not an African eyes? Hath not an African hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a white man is? If you prick us do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us do we not die ? and if you the psalm were going to pieces among the wrong us, shall we not—forgive ? Nay, we breakers, and the delighted astonishment will extend the argument, and catalogue with which I found that each particular other points of likeness: Hath not a negro aspiration and ambitions? hath he not soul and intellect ? can he not be a brother ? is he not equal to the offices of friendship Can he not sorrow? Can he not serve his God and do good to his fellow? Why then my neighbor shall you contemn and abuse him? He is that good man, your brother, -"A relation of your'n."

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," early enlisted our tears and wakened some of the most generous, yet painful emotions of our heart. From it we learned to love humanity and human freedom, and to hate tyrants and We shall not cease to prize its author for her contribution to the wold's welfare. Mrs. Stowe's book is one of the dear tomes of our boyhood, and now we re-read it with our children, and mark their sympathies quickening and kindling with our own. And "Dred" comes not far behind it, with its pictures of slave-life in the sunny south; but with the disadvantage that it was the second, and not the first.

And now that the worthy author has passed away, it is fitting that her life should be written; and it has been written by her dear triend of many years Mrs. Annie Fields. It is a book which should be read, and, we doubt not, will be. The writer declares, in her preface: "The cause to which she surrendered herself is not forgotten; one by one the figures of those who bore a part in the great sacrifice begin to shine like bronze after the smelting, and stand, cut in imperishable forms, upon the tablets of memory. Therefore it is fitting that one who led the vanguard—one who was born, nevertheless, to carry no bayonet or gun, but to bear upon her heart the weight of a great love for suffering menshould now herself be known."

And well is the history of her life un. tolded. We have delightful glimpses of the parsonage home of the Beechers, at Litchfield, among the Berkshire hills. A he exclaimed in a tone of dissatisfactwonderful personage headed that family, and he was sire to a "rare brood of children." A priest, a prophet, a sturdy piece of Pilerim manhood was he and in his day.



Examine a shoe repertedly dressed with any ordinary dressing and what have you? A parched up, spongy substance, one mass of assorted cracks.

Chemicals have been at work there,

Special Combination Leather Dressing

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PACKARD AT PACKARD MAKES STORES OF MONTREAL.

L. H. PACKARD & CO. \*

asy to Take lasy to Operate

# have taken a pill till it is all over." 25c. C. I. Hood & Co.,

the church was the moral and intellectual centre of the community. "To my childish eyes," wrote Harriet, "our old meeting house was an awe inspiring thing. To me it seemed fashioned very nearly on the on the model of Noah's ark and Solomon's temple, as set forth in the pictures in my Scripture Catechism. . . . . Its double row of windows, its doors, with great wooden quirls over them; its belfry, projecting out at the east end; its steeple and bell-all inspiring as much sense of the sublime in me as Strasbourg Cathedral itself. . But the glory in the execution of these good old billowy compositions called fuguing tunes, where the four parts that compose the choir take up] the [song and go racing round one after another, each singing a different set of words, till at length, by some inexplicable magic, they all come together again, and sail smoothly out into a rolling sea of harmony ! I remember the wonder with which, I used to look from side to side when treble, tenor, counter and base were thus roaring land foaming, and it verily seemed to me as if verse did emerge whole and uninjured from the storm."

Cowper, in his pathetic verse, recalls the anguish of a sensitive child, early bereaved of his mother, and the kindly sophistry with which the questionings of the "poor dupe of tomorrow, even from a child," were put aside. So the mother in this Litchfield home was early taken—"the gentle, contented, smiling, healthful mother-" much to the perplexity of the younger children, who could not under\_ stand whither she had vanished. That she had gone to Heaven, or that she had been laid under ground, were vague and mysterious ideas to them. Little Henry, con-joining the two statements, hit on a bright idea, and resolved to dig through the ground and reach Heaven; so one morning he was discovered by Sister Catherine digging most in fustriously. To her inquiry as to his intent he lifted his curly head, and said, with a child's simplicity, Why, I'm going to Heaven to find ma. Of her excellent mother Mrs. Stowe declared: "It will be the testimony of all her sons that her image stood between them and the temptations of youth as a sacred shield; that the hope of meeting her in Heaven has sometimes been the last strand which did not part in hours of temptation; and that the remembrance of her holy life and death was a solemn witness of the truth of religion, which repelled every assault of scepticism, and drew back the soul from every wandering to the faith in which she lived and died.'

Glimpses we have of the restrained feel. ings which lie so deep in the bosom of Lyman Beecher. "I am sick." Mrs. Stowe remembers her father to have exclaimed, when in age, "because I cannot reveal the feelings of my heart." Then. on another day, when he had taken up his rusty old fiddle, and thrummed its string, masters when their pe had declined.

We have recalled the manner in which the sudden message of Byron's death affected the youth, Tennyson; and the effect on a certain person who came upon that wild poet's funeral procession headed toward Hucknall. Here we learn that one day, when the news had come, Lyman Beecher said to his wife,-"My dear, Byron is dead;" then, added meditatively. after a moment of silence,-"O, I'm sorry Byron is dead. I did hope he would live to do something for Christ. What a harp he might have swept ?" Could Mrs. Stowe then have dreamed of her own future un happy relation to the memory of Byron We are told that on the next Sabbath the elder Beecher took Byron tor his subject. and for his text the words,-"The name of the just 18 as a brightness, but the name of the wicked shall rot;" setting forth the mmortality of goodness, and the oblivion into which the vicious are doomed eventually to pass, however they have been garnished with the brilliancy of genius.

A beautiful picture of paternal love and pastoral benediction is given us. The father's faithfulness and his pulpit minis-

ear she returned to her room, from a ser-tion on Jesus as the friend of the soul, to dedicate her dawning life to Him. Going nto her father's study, she threw herself nto hie lap, and said,—"Father, I have given myself to Jesus." What more quick-ly could reach such a heart as his? Looking down sweetly and tenderly into his child's face, the man of God said, while he ressed her to his heart, and his hot tears fell on her head,—'Is it so? Then has a new flower blossomed in the Kingdom this day." It seems that some doubts arose in the mind of Sister Catharine, as to the genuineness and durability of her religious genumeness and durability of her religious impression; for in that day great stress was laid upon what is called "being under conviction," and this slipping too easily in-to the Christian fold was much to be guarded against. She was therefore put to catechism, and her heart was appalled by such questioning from the pastor at Hart-ord as this: "Harriet, do you teel that if the universe should be destroyed [awful pause] you could be happy with God alone ?" No wonder if the abyss seemed to open, and the skies to darken over her

Who ever has beheld the person, or even a good portrait, of Isaac McLellan,—now enjoying the distinction of being the oldest living poet in America,—has recognized a man of noble and impressive appearance, yet in an excellent condition of preservation He was in his earlier day a school-fellow of Longfellow and of Whittier, and is interesting from being a coeval of that school to which they belonged and which has well nigh passed away. It is recorded of him that "he is the oldest surviving member of the Independent Cadets, of Boston, which he joined in 1830. He is still a regular member of the organization. He is a descendant of Isaac Hull, the commander of the constitution in her memorable battle with the English warship, Guerriere. off Boston harbor in the year 1812. The poet is well known to many summer tourists from New York and Brooklyn." Mr. McLellan is to be reckoned among the "poets of Maine," having been born in Portland on the 2nd of April, 1806, and graduated at Bowdoin college in 1826, after having been fitted at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass. For a few years he was a legal practitioner in Boston, subsequently withdrawing into the country, and engaging in agriculture and field sports while at the same time, writing poems usu ally inspired by his favorite pursuits. He contributed, at an early day, to several American magazines,—among them "Kpapp's Boston Magazine," and also to the New York "Literary Gazette," of which William Cullen Bryant was editor. Later he undertook editorial work on the Boston "Daily Patriot," which he conducted with ability. In 1836 appeared a volume of his poems. The writer remem-bers the school recitation of his familiar lines on "The Death of Napoleon," com-

mencing,—
"Wild was the night; yet a wilder night
Hung round the soldier's pill ow;
In his bosom there waged a flercer fight
Than the fight on the wrathful billow."

He is also the author of a familiar lyric entitled, "Maine," of which we give a ouple of stanzas:

Far in the sunset's me low glory. Far in the sunset's me.low glory,
Far in the daybreak's pearly bloom,
Fringed by ocean's foamy surges,
Belted in by woods of gloom,
Stretch thy soft luxuriant borders,
Hmile thy shores, in hill and plain,
Flower-enamelled, ocean-girdled,
Green bright shores of Maine.

"Rivers of surpassing beauty
From thy hemlock woodlands flow,"

androscoggin and Penobscot, Saco, chilled by northern snow;

To the surges of thy shore." Mr. McLellan has, in his time, been a raveller, having made a tour, extending over two years, of Europe. He is known as "the sportsmanpoet", and his residence is at Greenport, Long Island. He has recently celebrated his ninety-second birth-





rary achievement, of Doctor Theodore H. Rand, the occasion of pleasant comment, and of fitting commemoration. A portrait, painted by J. W. L. Foster, has recently been unveiled at McMaster University,-a portrait it is said, which well expresses not only his lineaments, but his prominent characteristics. "The arttist has given that air of intensity, of concealed force of executive ability, we naturally expect to find in such a character when represented in his public capacity. So says the Toronto "Saturday Night; and further: "From Chancellor Rand's past history, his connection with, particularly the eastern provinces, and his influence in educational matters, we naturally look for a telling and decided personality in his portrait. He has designed and inaugurated the educational system of the Maritime Provinces. The school system of Manitoba has been largely modelled after his plans, and the corelation of the three colleges, Woodstock, McMaster and Moulton,' has been largely the "fruit of his thought." Dr. Randwill soon be recruiting at his favorite stamping ground Partridge Island, Parrsboro, Nova Scotia

The Bryant estate at Cummington Mass., has recently been purchased by Minna Godwin Goddard, for the sum of \$30,000. The favorite summer home of the great poet, sacred to the memories of his boyhood, will hereafter be kept, with all its belongings,—land, buildings, furniture, bric-a-brac, etc., -in a branch of the poet's own family. For several years past the property has been occupied by the Goddard's. The deed was executed by Parke Godwin, acting in his individual capacity by power of the will of Fanny Bryant Godwin.

We congratulate the editor and publisher. Mr. James J. Anslow, and also the people of Windsor, N. S., upon the reap-pearance of the familiar Hants Journal. We hail it as an assurance and a prophecy of the speedy rehabitation of our home town recently destroyed by [fire. We welcome gladly this excellently, edited and printed newspaper, which]we] have missed from our study.

Windsor.

Out of thine ashes phoenix-like arise,
My fair Acadian town! Tis good to know
That, like the wind-swept fame that laid thee low,
Aspires thy courage. Thou shall realize
The blessing of misfortune; and emprize
Of hardy spirits toiling over fate
Shall yet be thine;—yea, goodly thine estate
In years to be 'neath these auspicious skies.
Rise, then, triumphant! Hopeful, bid thy spires
Again point whither thy true hearts ascend;
Rise, purnied and garnished from thy fires.
And guardian powers thy new-made walls defind.
Stand, till the years bring thy deserved renown,
Sheltering thy loyal sons,—my fair Acadian town!
Pastor Felix.

An Acknowledged Fact.

Three years ago there was not a remedy on the market that could prevent corns or cure sweaty, tender, awollen feat. Now thousands of boxes of Foot Elm are being sold, and everyone admits that it is worth its weight in gold. 25c a box; 5 for \$1.

P. Stott and Jury, Bowmanville, Oat., or at days stores. at drug stores.

An Irishman is too nimble to be caught when he doesn't wish to be apprehended. Cardinal Manning delighted to tell the following story as an illustration of the national elusiveness:

An Irishman, the son of one who had been hanged, having been asked how his father died, thus eluded the admission of the fact:

father died, thus eluded the admission of the fact:

'Sure, thin, my father, who was a very reckless man, was jist standin' on a platform haranguing a mob, when a part of the platform suddenly gave way, and he tell through, and thin it was found his neck was broken.'

sir Henry Bessemer.

The recent death of the inventor of the Bessemer steel process has brought out some interesting anecdotes. He was devoted to flowers, and his conservatory was fitted with mirrors so as to produce the effect of endless perspective. To keep the surface of the mirrors clear from moisture he had hot-water pipes arranged behind them, which kept the glass so warm that it never was obscured by dew. He was color-blind, and avoided the introduc-tion of plants bearing red berries into his conservatory because he confused green and red.

APPARENTLY A HOPELESS CASE.

A Kincardine Banker Who suffered Dis-tressingly from Indigestion-Apparently A Hopeless Case of Stomach Trouble Until South American Norvine was Used—His Words are: It Cured me Absolutely.

South American Nervine was Used—His Words are: It Cured me Absolutely.

I What this wonderful remedy for all forms of stomach trouble can do is best told in the words of John Boyer, banker, Kincardine, Ont. "About a year ago. as a result of heavy work no doubt, I became very much troubled with indigestion; associated with it were those terribly distressing feelings that can hardly be described in any language. I had tried various methods of ridding myself of the trouble, but without success, until I was influenced to use South American Nervine. The result, and I gladly say it for the benefit of others—This remedy cured me, and I never hesitate to recommend it to any person affected with any form of stomach trouble."

If you lend a man grass seed, he'll come round later to borrow a lawn mower.

#### WEAK, NERVOUS WOMEN

Suffering from palpitation of the heart, dizzy or faint spells, watery blood, etc., can be readily cured.

A Manitoba Lady Tells About Her Case

There is no need whatever for so many women to be the subject of faint spells, heart and nerve weakness, anaemia, or any of those health destroying ailments peculiar to her sex. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills regulate the heart beat and make it strong and full, tone the nerves, enrich the blood, and relieve the pain and weakness from which so many women suffer.

Mrs. Alex-

MILBURNS
HEART & ander Setter, of Pigeon Bluff, Man., writes an account of her case as follows:

"I have great pleasure in giving my experience of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Fills. For about the mode of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Fills and bought two boxes. Before I started using them I could not do my house work and gave myself up to die, as I thought I would never be cured. Now I feel really splendid since taking the pills, do my work, enjoy my meals and feel as if there was something in life worth living for."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, sold by all druggists at 50c. a box or 3 boxes for \$1.25. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont.

Laxa-Liver Pills cure Billousness, Sick

Laxa-Liver Pilis cure Billousness, Sick

A "ROCKY" A horse out of condition should be treated with Dr. HORSE HARVEY'S CONDITION POWDERS. Nothing like it for purifying the blood, toning up the system, killing worms, glossing the coat, in a word tuning a horse to perfect condition.

Cost only 25c. per package at all dealers. Full size package sent post-paid as sample on receipt of price.

#### TO DYE BLACK

There's the test of both dye and dyer, and it's that test that has built up the reputation of

### MAGNETIC DYES

All their colors are uniformly excellent, no dye surpassing in perms nency and beauty Magnetic Dyes nor leaving the fabric so soft and nev

HARVEY MEDICINE CO., 424 St. Paul, Montre

#### Woman and Her Work

ar house, from the servant girl to the baby, and have not a soul to help you but the washerwoman. Good gracious! and to think I did not know about it! What must you have thought of me? The ins to nurse, the meals to cook. the house to look after, and even the marketing to do, why I don't see how you get it all done. Up half the night, too! Well, I don't wonder I'm sure, and to think of my never hearing about it, how heartless you must have thought me. I'll be up to you must have thought me. I'll be up to see you the very first thing tomorrow afterneon. No! no, I assure you it won't be the least trouble in the world, but a pleasure, and I'm coming whether you want me or not. I'm going to cheer you up So prattles the woman who intends to be good hearted, and only succeeds in being utterly tactless, and a hopeless bore, as she

meets an anxious eyed and flurried friend dashing wildly into a drug shop to have a prescription made up, and who fills up the unavoidable interval of waiting by explaining the many and sufficient reasons why she has not been in to see the first speaker lately. And the woman of no tact is as good as her word. She arrives some morning right after breakfast, when the weary housewife who has lost half her night's rest with her sick children is trying to attend the invalids, pacify the baby, comfort the sick servant, and between these light duties, make the beds, wash the breakfast dishes, keep up the kitchen fire, sweep out the hall and dining room, attend the door, listen to the doctor's instructions and prepare dianer. "Now I have just come to spend the morning with you and stay to unch" says this unselfish friend taking out her work deliberately, and settling herself ostentatiously in the most comfortable chair in the room, "so you may as well make up your mind to put up with me, I said to
Jack at breakfast this morning that what
you wanted was a cheerful friend to brighten you up, and take you out of yourself, you looked so wretched when I met you the other day, and if you could not come to see me I would just go to see you, so here I am, and you are not to make a stranger of me at all."

In vain the persecuted object of so much disinterested kindness goes out of the room and sheds bitter almost hysteri l tears over her hard tate. In vain she tries to redouble her efforts and do the work of three women; she cannot put common sense into the head of a well meaning idiot, and a mistaken conventionality prevents her from requesting her unwelcome guest to put on her things and go home. So the bore not only remains, but actually feels quite injured because her hostess pays her so little attention, and the second course at luncheon consists of hastily opened preserves, and cake which has evidently been baked for some time. "I really thought Maude showed very little gratitude" she informs "Jack" when they meet at tea, "And after giving up the entire morning, and neglecting my own house just for the purpose of cheering her up, too. One gets so little thanks for trying to help their friends, that it is really enough to make one cynical !"

"So you are really getting ready to move" says another well intentioned nuisance—"Well I really am sorry to hear it we can't spare you from the neighborhood, and I must come and see you before you go."

"It is very kind of you I am sure"

receive you. We have dis drawing room and are using it as a packing room because it is so large. Come and see "Indeed I shall make a point of coming before you go." reponds the friendly soul and come she does arrayed in her bust and accompanied by two friends arrayed with equal gorgeousness who are out with her on a regular calling expedition. That they surprise their hostess in her oldest clothes and a very dilapidated dust cap engaged in washing the parlor windows, and are obliged to steer their way through divers scrubbing pails and articles of household furniture, and finally retire without having tound a place to sit down, or on which to deposit their calling cards is merely an incident with them, and perhaps now forgotten, but to their unfortunate it is a very unpleasant episode which she will not soon forget. Why, oh why will not we women exercise a little more judgment and common sense in our dealings with each other, and learn to do as we would be done by, to put ourselves in the

places of our neighbours on small matters,

and treat them as we would like to be

treated ourselves.

A French surgeon has discovered a novel and what is better still, an infallible cure for baldness. It is a thoroughly French method, and has only two drawbacks. One is that it is extremely painful, and the other that it is so expensive as [to be practically out of the reach fof any but the wealthy classes. The initial step in the process is a good deal like, Dr. Kitchener's celebrated recipe for jugged hare—"First catch your hare." The bald headed one opens the proceedings by looking around for some man who combines the necessary adjuncts of a good head of the desired color, and sufficient poverty to make him willing to part with it for a sufficient consideration. As soon as this part of the operation is satisfactorily con. cluded, the surgeon steps in and performs his part, which is to scalp both patients neatly and delicately and exchange the scalps. If the surgeon has good luck the graft takes, and the operation is a grand success, but if he has'nt, it has all to be done over again, at the same large expense. With patience, perseverance, and cash it is bound to succeed in time, bu sometimes the process is rather [tedious. What a blessed thing it is that women are not very subject to baldness !

If you want to be up to date girls, and bear the hall mark of the smart set never forget yourselves so far as to speak of your "dress." You no longer possess uch a garment, it is your "gown" or better still, your "frock." It is now ar ued—and with a good deal of reason that "dress" was always a misnomer, applying as it did equally well to the garments of both men and women, and ireally indicating not any one article of attire, but the tout ensemble. Therefore, when you speak of a woman's dress you mean her whole outfit, and to use the term in any other sense is to be guilty of bad English, so we must remember, and govern ourselves accordingly.

There really does seem to be something new to record this week in the shape of fashions, and though it is only a small item, it is quite an important one. It consists of a satin coat either matching the costume in color, or made of black, which of course is much more serviceable as it can be worn with any skirt. This coat is quite a small garment, and as close fitting as a bodice, with big lace covered revers. Colored silk either shirred or finely corded is also used for the revers, or they may be of black with responds the intending mover, "but really cords tucks or shirring of black chiffon. bayadere effect, and parase I am afraid we scarcely have a place to 'This coat in black satin is especially pretty



Priestley's "Eudora" Cloth

is softer, richer, Ideal in the richness of its surface glow and draping qualities. It is the perfection of a

#### Black Dress Fabric

It will not grow rusty—its dust-shedding qualities are absolute. Matchless in delicacy of texture—unsurpassed in its wearing service. Silk warp. Wrapped on the varnished board, "Priestley" stamped on every fifth yard.

The Improved Henrietta

Sold by Dry Goods Dealers Everywhere.

with a checked skirt, and a variation of the fashion which will be very acceptable n warm weather is the coat of black taffsta made without any lining. It is to be worn with any kind of skirt, and will take the place of shirt waists with women who are inclined to be stout, and to whom the more severe shirt waist is not becoming. It is a convenient little garment but it has one disadvantage; it must be carefully made and fitted by a first class ressmaker, in order to be a success, so it is not by any means economical.

If you want to be at the very topmost rung of the ladder as far as style is conrned, you must have at least one hat which is worn tied under the chin with broad strings, just as our grandmothers wore theirs. The strings must not be alike either one should be of wide satin ribbon, and the other of chiffon, or one be a long scarf of cream lace and the other of black velvet ribbon. These hats seem to be a sort of survival of the Victorian bonnets of last year, and are really almost the same, only the name is different. They are usually made of big leghorn flats turned up at the back and twisted into a sort of poke shape. Strings are also seen on smaller hats of colored straw and both old and young women wear the large coquettish pokes, which look charming when framing a young face, and with the strings carelessly knotted at the lett side. A hat with strings always gives an added charm to a round girlish tare, and it is supposed to make the wrinkles in an older face less

The parasol of this year is a thing of beauty, it not a joy forever, and as far as variety goes, it is simply beyond description. If you want to keep up with the times and be in fashion you should have three or four at least, but as they are decidedly high priced luxuries this is impossible for a woman of moderate income. The society dame to whom money is no object, except for the pleasure of spending it, has a parasol for each costume, and several odd ones in case of accidents; but the ordinary woman who usually has to be content with a sombre colored sunshade which does duty for all occasions is content to admire these glories from a distance, knowing that one of them] would probably swallow up more than the price of her best summer gown, and be very useless to her after she got it.

There are plain parasols of striped silk arranged to form joints at the ribs, or in bayadere effect, and parasols of checked silks and plain colors for morning Juse. Red and black bayaders stripes; are supposed to be the correct thing for |boating parasols, and for visiting and carriage use there is nothing too fine. Plain silks trimmed with applique lace and lined with chiffon are very popular, while other very ornamental sunshades are of colored silk covered with very transparent grenadine elaborately frilled with pinked Fruffles of the silk which are in turn covered with ruffles of black lace. One fancy which seems to have come back from old times is a parasol of light creps de chine with silk fringe on the edge. Some of the prettiest parasols are actually tucked just like a fancy waist, and trimmed with lace iusertion set on between the groups of tucks. A white silk one trimmed with ruches of white chiffon edged with pink satin baby ribbon, and lined with pink chiffon is a perfect dream, and another of white silk has encircling lines of black velvet ribbon holding puffs of white chiffon in place is not far behind it. Another novelty in the sunshade line is only decorated on the inside. It is made of white moire] silk and quite plain, but the lining is a perfect cascade of daintily embroidered lisse frills.

A bayadere striped parasol in black an

white is lined with turquoise blue chiffon, still another is literally filled with ruffles of black lace alternating with ruches of white chiffon.

Gauze parasols with an all-over applique of lace are the daintiest, the most perish able, and the most utterly useless of all these lovely toys. A green silk parasol, with gold ribs and a green handle, is considered the perfection of style, and some of the most expensive handles are enamelled to match the color of the silk.

The most expensive parasol of all is a symphony in chiffon, ribbon and lace, inside and out, and the least expensive which is just as good style if it matches your gingham gowan, or shirt waist, is made of gingham.

Of course there is no limit to the besuty and oddity of the handles, heads of birds being a very favorite design, while some of the more elaborate show a tiny watch set in the handle, or a crystal, gold tipped smelling bottle filled with sal's, at the end. silver, and pearl handles, gold handles set with jewels, and china handles studded with turquoise on a gold ground, all find a place in this bewildering collection.

All sorts of original entertainments were hild by the King's Daughters during their recent canvass for Cuban relief funds. At a poverty party at Lancaster, Pa., the cost of admittance was one or more cast-off garments. A fine of 5 cents was levied on guests in too fashionable costume. The house was decorated with faded wild flowers and lighted with candles stuck in old bottles and tin candelsticks. The men were set at work sewing on quilted holders for kettle handles and flatirons, and the women were put making knife boxes and the like. The refreshments were bread and milk, mush and milk, gingerbread and other samples. Fully 117 garments, ranging from the details of a baby's outfit to in overcoat for a six-footer and a woman's tailor.made suit, were taken in at the door in lieu of tickets. ASTRA.

Child or Adult will find instantaneous relief and prompt cure

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

For Coughs or Colds in the Celebrated .

DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN

Nothing like it to check and cure a cough

Price: enly 25 cents per Bottle. . Does not upset the stomach

Locomotive Search Lights.

The arc light is being tried in locomotive headlights. This constitutes a true searchlight. On one road in the West the current is derived from a dynamo which is actuated by a steam turbine. It is thought that the powerful light may be utilized as a means of signalling from the engine to stations far in advance.

Best Remedy for Corns-Free.

In another column will be found an advt. for Foot Elm, the great remedy for sweaty tender, or tired feet. Hunt it up, and send to us for the remedy. Everyone sending for it this week gets a box of Carple's Corn Cream, free. Stott and Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

Famous Three R's.

The originator of the famous "r" alliteration "reading, "riting and 'rithmetic was Sir William Curtis, a lord mayor of London. In 1795 he proposed it as a toast before the board of education.





She was not poor, neither was she wealthy; she had just a living income, but she was wise and economizing. Last summer she wore a handsome sky blue and white Organdy muslin skirt and blouse. This summer she found skirt and blouse too faded and dingy to wear, but she did what she had often done before: she called to

#### WONDERFUL DIAMOND DYES

and with a packet of Violet she dyed skirt, blouse and hat feathers a rich heliotrope shade. Cost for new costume and fresh hat feathers only 10

One packet of any color of the Diamond Dyes will color as many goods as three packets of any of the common and imitation dyes. Get the Diamond Dyes from your dealer and success is



SIMPLE MINDED BLEPHANTS. One was Terrified by the fight of a Very Harmless L't'le Pony.

An English writer of Indian experien that the vaunting of the intellince of the elephant creates a false imon. Like that of the horse, the in ligence of the elephant has curious limi-

A few months ago the populace of a small town near Madras were frightened out of their wits by a runaway elephant, which broke from its mahout's control and ran through the town, smashing every-thing that lay in its path. It had been frightened into a state of insane alarm by the pattering of rain-drops on its rider's

A triend of the same writer once had singular experience of a somewhat similar sort. When "out in the district" in Burma, he grew tired of riding on his elephant which also carried his servants and baggage, and bought a pony in one of the villages. He was careful to make sure that the pony was not afraid of elephants, but it never occurred to him that the elephant might be afraid of ponies.

Early the next morning he sent his baggage and servants off on the elephant, with orders to halt for lunch at a village ten orders to halt for lunch at a village ten miles away; and when he had finished some work, he followed on the pony. When a mile or so from the halting-place he saw the elephant hunching along in advance, and trotted on to hurry up the mahout. As he approached, the mahout, a Burman, began to gesticulate. The Englishman and his Bengali servants knew no Burmese and the Burman knew no tongue but his own. He was much excited.

The Englishman guessed that something was amiss, and breaking into a gallop to see what it might be, was astonished to see the elephant start off at a run Three times the excited and angry mahout succeeded in stopping the beast after a run of a mile or so, and three times did the

of a mile or so, and three times did the Englishman ride up to see what was the matter, only to observe with astonishment that the elephant rushed off each time.

Finally the despairing mahout steered the animal off the road into swampy ground and thus shaking off pursuir, plowed his way back on foot to the halting place, where he found an interpreter to explain that the elephant had been terrified by the approach of the pony. approach of the pony.

Miss Willard's Sweetheart

In their youth Bishop C. H. Fowler and Miss Willard were students in the same Methodist college, both being members of the Methodist church. Between them there was a strong affinity, a friendship that eventually ripened into a deep, abiding love. The ring she speaks of in her memoirs as wearing as "an allegiance based on supposition," was the gift of Bishop Fowler. Both had great strength of character and were born leaders of men and women. The similarity of their temperaments was frequently considered by the young people as a bar to matrimony, and it was finally agreed that it would be and it was finally agreed that it would be best for both to choose separate paths in life. The engagement was accordingly broken. In after years they were often brought together in their life work, that of lifting up fallen humanity and leading them to a better way, but the story of the early romance was never told until the death of Miss Willard.

In a sheet published during the Penang Centenary celebration (1886,) an old inhabitant states that Captain Light fixed upon the inland boundary of Province Wellesley (opposite Penang) by the range of a cannon, and then it was further put back another shot from the previous boundary. As far as can be made out never acquired any land on the mainland, but Sir George Leith, Bart., the Lieutenant Governor, did in 1800. It is worthy of note in this connection that a possession of note in this connection that a possession common to all civilized countries which have a seaboard was originally determined as to its extent by the range of a cannon. This the so-called "Three mile Limit" from low water mark out to sea. "Territorial waters" were considered to be those over which the country in question could exercise efficient control, and at the end of the seventeenth century, when the rule was saventeenth century, when the rule was the utmost range of the heaviest cannon in use.

Charles Dickens.

Sir Arthur Sullivan is quoted as saying of Charles Dickens that he was a most de lightful companion. 'Apart from his high spirits and engaging manner,' the musician adds, 'one might give two special reasons for this. On the one hand, he was so unassuming he never obtruded his own work upon you. I have never yielded to any one in my admiration of Dicken'ss work; but speaking of him as a companion, I can safely say that one would never have known that Dickens was an author from his work. his conversation. I mean that he never discussed himself with you; while, on the other hand, I have often since wondered at the wonderful interest he would appar-ently take in the conversation of us young-



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are to be found in the common laundry soaps on the market. Get

### **ECLIPSE** SOAP

and you will have a perfect article.

Send us 25 "Eclipse" wrappers or 6c. in stamps with coupon and we will mail you a popular novel. A coupon in every bar of "Eclipse."

JOHN TAYLOR & CO.,

#### 

er men. He woul i treat our feeblest ban-alities as if they were the choicest witticisms or the ripe meditations of a matured judg-

Result of Kidney and Female Complaints.

Paine's Celety Compound gives Mrs. Stone a New Life.

She Strongly Recommends the Medicine that Banished Her Troubles.

Paine's Celery Compound the Only True Cure for Kidney Disease.

Wells & Richardson Co.,
Gentlemen:—For more than twelve years I was afflicted with kidney, female and stomach troubles, and had been attended by five doctors, and tried medicine after medicine, without any good results. My sufferings a year ago from the kidneys and stomach were dreadful. I was in such a state that I could not live, and concluded there was no use trying other medicines. However, I was advised to try Paine's Celery Compound. Before I had finished the first bottle I had improved very much, and after the use of a few more bottles I had not been so well for many years, and am now altogether a different person. The use of Paine's Celery Compound also banished my nervousness. I can therefore recommend Paine's Celery Compound to any one suffering from kidney, remal; and stomach troubles.

You's truly.

MRS. GEORGE STONE,
Eganville, Oat.

A Devoted Indian.

Baron de Malorite, a German who had served in Mexico with Maximilian, told to Sir M. Grant Duff, who records it in his "Diary," the following story of an Indian's devotion to his leader: — General Mejia was a full-blood Indian in the service of Maximilian, and was taken prisoner along with him. Two hours before their execu-tion was to take place General Alatorre came to him and said, "General Mejia. I came to him and said, "General Mejia. I have been three times your prisoner, and three times you have spared my lite. My aide-de-camp is at the door with a horse, and you are free to go where you please." "And the emperor?" asked Mejia.
"Will be shot in two hours," answered Alatogra

Alatorre.

"And you dare to come to me with such a proposition! Leave the room!" rejoined the prisoner. Alatorre did so, and Mejia and the emperor fell together.

One day last week a clerk of one of the One day last week a clerk of one of the leading firms complained of his feet burning and aching terribly; a friend recommended him to use Foot Elm, and in two hours' time the clerk stated that his feet felt as if he had them out of the window in the breeze. Foot Elm acts like magic. 24 cents by mail. Stott and Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., or at your druggist's.

Queer Kinds of Fuel.

In Southern California in the peach districts, peach stones are not un used as tuel. They are sold at the canneries by the wagon load. Peach stones burn freely and make a very good fire. On the homeward voyage of vessels in the cocoanut trade cocoanuts are used for fuel, as they are also while the vessel is lying at her wharf discharging, not sound nuts, but such as are decayed and not salable. The nuts are broken before they are put into the stove. Cocoanuts burn freely and make a good hot fire.

### YOU CAN IF YOU WISH.

RESTORE THE SNAP. VIM. ENERGY AND STRENGTH YOU HAVE LOST.

Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills have been a great boon to my daughter Maggie. Prior to taking them she had been suffering from excessive nervousness for a long time, and her nerves were in a terribly shattered condition. The action of her heart was so weak that it did not have strength to perform its functions, causing violent palpitation and smothering after retiring. Frequently, on account of this suffocating sensation she was afraid to go to bed. Slight exertion exhausted her and caused shortness of breath. Her blood was impoverished and lost vitality, and she had no appetite. She was wasting away and was very hypochondriacal, feeling dejected all the time. Last December she began taking Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills, and she improved at once. Her blood became healthy and strong, and in six weeks her impaired nervous system was restored to its normal healthy condition. Her heart responded to the healthy condition of her blood and nerves and resumed its strong and healthy functions. She now sleeps without any of the dangerous, distressing, smothering and choking spells; her appetite is good, and she has gained in flesh. Healthy color has replaced pallor, and she is now well and strong, thanks to Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills. I thank you, gentlemen, for the remedy that has restored my daughter to health. A. GUNN, Baggagemaster, Grand Trunk Railway, Oshawa, Ont. Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are sold at 50c. per box, 5 boxes for \$2.00, at druggists, or mailed on receipt of price by THE DR. WARD CO., 71 Victoria St., Toronto. Book of Information free. Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills

**ERBINE BITTERS** Cures Sick Headache ERBINE BITTERS

**ERBINE BITTERS** Cures Indigestion **ERBINE BITTERS** The Ladies' Friend

#### ERBINE BITTERS Cures Dyspepsia **ERP!NE BITTERS**

For Biliousness

Large Bottles, Small Doses, Price
only 25c, For sale all over Canada,
Address all orders to

"Three years ago I was troubled with boils, and tried several remedies recommended by friends, but they were of no avail. I had FIFTY-TWO BOILS in all, and found nothing to give me relief until I tried Burdock Blood Bitters. The first bottle I took made a complete cure and proved so very satisfactory that I have recommended B.B.B. to many of my friends who have used it with good results." A. J. MUSTARD, Hyder, Man.

Any one troubled with Boils, Pimples, Rashes, Ulcers, Sores, or any Chronic or Malignant Skin Disease, who wants a perfect cure, should use only

JRDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

AO WRITERS AND THE WAR.

Lines of Goods Brought out to fit to Prevailing Topic of the Time. The war has been quite as prominent eature of the advertising columns of newspapers all over the country as of the newspaper. It isn't strange, for advertisement writers keep in touch with the predominant news topics of the day, which furnish the best material for the exercise of their ingenuity. When the Klondike was discovered, 'gold,' 'nuggets,' 'rich strikes,' and similiar words and phrases headed the advertising columns as well as the news stories, but these are all dropped now for the up-to-date war express

The most common phrases are 'War on prices,' 'Victory over our competitors,' and 'Wanted, ten thousand volunteers to buy our goods,' the last four words being in small type, of course. 'Manila has fallen, and so have our prices,' is another. About in the same class are these: 'War is not a new experience for us; for forty years we have been fighting the makers and deal irs in cheap and worthless goods,' and 'The latest bulletin from the seat of war is absorbing the attention of the people just now, and while you are waiting for the next cast your eye over these prices.' 'We are not going to war at present,' frankly admits one firm, 'but will emain at the old stand.' 'Bombaring Havana will be an easy matter,' says another, 'but we are putting up batteries in the way of large stock and low prices that make our position impregnable.'

In an up State paper this bid is made by bank for New York business: 'If the Spanish fleet should bombard New York, valuables in the safe deposit vaults there would be unsafe. Take a box in our vaults now.' 'Remember the Maine!' has been a favorite headline, an i 'The Maine question is where to buy the best goods for the least money, has been much used.

Dewey's victory brought out a new series. This is one: 'Dewey cleaned 'em out. It was such a glorious victory that we would like to name one of our stoves The Dewey, but we have so many good ones, it is hard to choose the most approp riste.' And this is another: 'The Maine

riate.' And this is another: 'The Maine has been remembered at Manila, and your Unole Sam is in a little better mood. Merit always wins. Therefore, the unbounded success of our goods.'

One of the simplest but best achievements in this line is this, from an optician: 'Spain will be driven from Cuba without a doubt. From now on you will read every line of war news. Will your eyes stand it? A pair of glasses fitted by us will prevent permanent injury.'—New York Sun.

ACCORDING TO HIS FOLLY.

He Took the Advice and Made a Friend o

No class of scientific workers have to truggl : harder with the ignorance of those about them than civil engineers. Every elderly man who has ever worked at amateur road-building thinks he knows more of science than trained engineers, and snorts with scorn at the grading, the underdraining, and all the other scientific arrangements. An engineer said recently that he had found it more profitable, as well as a saving of time, not to combat the interesting 'practical' theories which he ometimes encounted from volunteer superintendents of his work, but to dispose of them on grounds more readily omprehensible than the scientific ones.

'Not long ago,' the engineer said, 'in ouilding a road I had to put a stream inderground for some little distance, and in doing so I naturally used the least amount of material by straightening the course of the stream. I had a gang foreman who was much troubled by this.

"Now look here,' he said, 'taint in the natur' o' water to run straight. Did you ever see a stream o' water in natur,' big or little, that went straight? Don't water always go crooked it you leave it to

"Then', said I, 'do you think we ought to lay down these drain-pipes a little zigzag, like a crooked rail tence?"

"Jest a leetle that way, to humor the natur' o' the water,' said he,
"Perhaps so.' said I. 'But now see here—there's a difficulty right off about that.'

"What is it ?"

"What is it?"

"Suppose I crook this length of drainpipe this way; how do I know that the
water to run that way right here? Perhaps
this is just the spot where the water wants
to run the other way. That would be
likely to make trouble, wouldn't it?

"The foreman scratched his head. 'Wal',
said he, 'I do know but 'twould. I hadn't
thought o' that!?

"And he concluded that, inasmuch as
we could not always tell which way the
water wanted to meander, it might after all
be best to make our watercourses straight
and let the water make the best of them
that it could. If I had contradicted the
man and laughed at him, I should have
made an enemy and an opponent of him."

Cause much sickness. You can have

SEAL BRAND Chase & Sanborn's SEAL BRAND JAVA MOCHA





Sold by most dry goods dealers



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(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)
I had to tell you. My own selfish egotism has driven it out of my head;" and he laughed softly. "Oh, yes, I remember; I have some news of our absent friend, Lorrimore."
He saw her start and the blood rush to her face, though he pretended to be looking straight into the square.
""OI Lord Lorrimore?" she said, rather faintly; and with the atterance of his name came back the scene at Lvnne Burrows the day she had sent him from her in quest of the lost Neville.

Her eyes shone eagerly, and her breath came fast; but Jordan, lounging over the balcony, and apparently interested in the people be low, affected not to notice her change of manner.
"Yes," he said. "It is singular that we

ange of manner. "It is singular that we

"tes," he said. "It is singular that we have not hear! from him, or at least of him, before, is it not?"
"Yes," she said, trying to speak indifferently, but cooscious that her voice was unsteady. "What is it? Is he—I hope he

Jordan laughed softly.
"Ob. yes; I should say so—well and

124

16

15

"Oh, yes; I should say so—well and happy."

It was her turn now to draw near to him. "What is it you have heard?" she asked. "Well, it's very strange news,' he said, inwardly raging at the interest she displayed—she who had listened to his eloquence unmoved, and at list repellant. "It seems that Lord Lorrimore has fallen in love." "Fallen in love?" she repeated, slowly, the color flying to her face. Her eyes hid themselves under their long lashes, and she turned slightly away from him. "So that touches you, my cold, proud beauty, does it?" thought Jordan. "Yes," he said, "and in a most romantic fashion. One can escreely imagine so proud a man as Lord Lorrimore—the Lorrimore peerage goes a tremendous way back, you know—falling in love and marrying an opera-singer."

"And—he is married?"

"And—he is married?"
The words dropped from her lips with a strange, cold dullness. Then she laughed.
"Lord Lurrimore married! It is news indeed! Where did you hear it? Perhaps it isn't true," she added in the same breath.

"Oh, I think it is true enough. Though by the way. I don't know that he is actually married, but he may be by this time."

'And an opera-singer, you say?' said Audrey, leaning on the balcony so that her face was partly hidden from Jordan. 'Yea.'' he replied, slowly and lightly, as one tells an interesting piece of news; as I said, it is a most romanic story. It appears that during his travels Lorrimore fell in with a young lady who was in training pears that during his travels Lorrmore reu
in with a young lady who was in training
for the operatic stage. There is some hint
of a romantic rescue, but I take that to be
so much literary garnish to make the story
more piquant. The young lady whose
name is consealed under the nom de theatre
of the Silver Star, is said to be very young,
ware hautiful and possessed of a voice which is likely to take the musical world by storm. Lord Lorrimore, it would seem, had fallen in love with the—er—young person, and they are regularly betrothed, and by this time probably married. Fancy an opera singer the Countess of Lorrimore!

Audrey was trying to realize it, and the effort to do so was made at a cost tha made her angry with and ashamed of her

What could it matter to her whom Lord Lorrimore married? And yet it seemed as she stood there listening to Jordan's soft, as an stood there listening to Jordan's soft, suawe voice, as it it were only yesterday, instead of more than two years ago. that Lord Lorrimore had told her that she was the one woman in the world for him. She felt the tears rising to her eyes, and knew that she was trembling; but she struggled against her emotion and forced a langh.

laugh.
"I hope he will be happy," she said. "I dare say she is very beautiful, and feel sure that Lord Lorrimore would not choose anyone who was not good as well. But it may be all false!' she broke off.

Jordan took a newspaper from the pock-

et of his dress-coat.
"Ob. no; I think we may take it that the good news—for it is good news, don't

you think ?—young, heautiful, gifted—we may take it as true. Here is the paragraph—quite a long paragraph—in the Paris

—quite a long paragraph—in the Faris
'Figaro.'"
He held out the paper to her with a smile
and Audrey, after a moment's hesitation

He held out the paper to her with a smile and Audrey, after a moment's hesitation took it.

"I—I cannot see it," she said. "There is not enough light here."

"Let me read it to you," he said; and holding the paper toward the window, he read the paragraph.

While concealing the lady's name under the pseudonym of "Silver Star," the jourtalist had given Lord Lorrimore's name openly and correctly, had reterred to his rank in the peerage, and set forth a short sketch of his lite, so there could be no doubt as to his identity.

According to the "Figaro," the Silver Star was destined to blaze upon the world with all the splendor of a new and glorious planet, and the paragraph wound up with respectful and profound congratulations to lordship, who had been so fortunate as to win so lovely and charming a lady.

Audrew listened with averted head and downeast eyes, then she put out her hand. "Will you let me have the paper?" she said. "I should like to show it to Lady Marlow."
"Certainly," assented Jordan, cheerfully.

"Will you let me have the paper?" she said. "I should like to show it to Lady Marlow."
"Certainly," assented Jordan, cheerfully. "I brought it that you might do so. Stay; let me cut out the paragraph."
He cut it out with sis pen-knife and handed it to her, and Audrey slipped it into her pocket. So much for modern chivalry, she thought, bitterly. He had vowed that he would go to the end of the world at her behest. She had asked him to find a missing friend, and he had promised to do so, with ardent vows of laye for herself. He had not found the friend, had doubltless soon grown weary of searching

herself. He had not found the friend, had doubtless soon grown weary of searching for him, and, instead, had found a wite.

If Jordan had renewed his suit at that moment he might have won her, for her heart felt sore and her pride wounded, but even if he had thought of doing so, the opportunity fled, the curtains were swept aside. and Lady Marlow appeared.

"My dear Audrey," she exclaimed, "where have you been? The prince has been looking tor you everywhere. This is his dance."

been looking for you everywhere. Into is his dance."
"Everywhere but here," said Audrey with forced levity. "Very well, I am ready;" and with a nod to Jordan, she went off with Lady Marlow.
Jordan leaned over the ballony, a malicious smile on his thin lips.
"Curse her!" he murmured. "She started and shrunk when I offered myselt, as if I had been a leper or a street beg-

started and shrunk when I offered myself, as if I had been a leper or a street beggar—I, Jordan Lynne, the future Premier. But I had my revenge, I think, Miss Audrey; and I fancy that now your old lover, the haughty Lorrimore, has transferred his affection to an opera-singer, you may set a fairer value on my devotion. And she was touched by my lotty along.

you may set a fairer value on my devotion.
And she was touched by my lotty eloquence; I saw that." He laughed, with a
sneer. "Bah! what fools women are—
even the best of then."
He smoothed the sneer from his face,
resumed his usual mask-like smile, and returned to the ball room. Audrey was
dancing with the prince; her cheeks were
flushed, and her eyes were glowing
hyightly.

brightly.

Jordan beard her name on many lips as he passed through the crowd. She was the belle the most distinguised woman in the room, and he thought as he went down the

room, and he thought as he went down the stairs:

"Yes, she shall be my wife!"
Now it chanced as he st.od upon the top stone step, and the footman bawled for Sir Jordan Lynne's carriage, a young man came slowly along the side of the square He was a stalwart, hancsome young iellow but he looked dreadfully shabby and down in his luck. His face was rather haggard, and his eyes, though they were brave and good-looking enough, were somewhat sad and gloomy. Notwithstanding the mildness of the night, he had turned up the collar of his well-worn coat, and he walked along with his hands in his pockets, and with an absent, preoccupied air.

He was passing along on the square side of the road, apparently fully engrossed with his own thoughts, when "Sir Jordan Lynne's carriage!" fell upon his ears.

He started, pulled up short, and then crossed the road and got into the midst of the crowd that was waiting to stare at the departing guests.

and bowed with a bland benevolent smile—his Exeter smile—and the young fellow, flashing deeply, pushed toward as if unconsciously.

But one of the policemen put a hand on his shoulder and bid him "stand back," and the young fellow, after a gesture which looked very much as if he intended to resent the policeman's peremptory interference with the liberty of the subject drew back obediently. But as he did so he laughed slowly and bitterly and looked from Sir Jordan's irreproachable evening dress and bland, "successful" countenance to his own worn and seedy clothes; and the laugh should be a familiar one in our ears, for it was that of Neville Lynne, Sir Jordan's half-brother, the Young 'Un of Lorn Hope Camp.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHAPTER XXIV.

He was the second son of a wealthy baronet, and at one time the favorite of his father, who had always given him to understand that he would be handsomely provided for. His half-brother had stirred up bad feelings between him and his tather and had doubtless secured the whole of the patrimony. Then Neville had left England in search of fortune—had found it and lost it, with the exception of twenty-seven shillings and sixpence.

But the cruelest blow fate had dealt him had been the loss of Sylvia. It's easy to snap one's fingers in the face of misfortune while those we love remain to us. Were Sylvia by his side, Nevills cou'd have endured the bullets of unfriendly fate with equanimity; but Sylvia had gone he knew not whither. And it he had known, it during the terrible journey performed a great part on foot, with "hunger stalking by his side"—he had seen hend gathered that she was in the care of wealthy and powerful friends, and he was the last man to thrust himself, penniless and friendless, upon her prosperity.

He smoked his pipe with his hands deep in his pockets, his head sunk upon his chest, almost unconscious of all that was going on around him. Every now and then he heard some great name bawled from the steps, and saw the carriages move forward. He saw the prince drive away, but he heard and saw as if in a dream.

Presently two gentlemen came down the steps arm in arm, and crossing the road to where he stood, waited for their carriage. One was Lord Chesterton, wrapped in his sable overcoat; the other was Percy Hale; and regardless of Neville, whom no doubt they took for a tramp, they went on talking close beside him; and he started to consciousness of their proximity as he heard a name he knew.

"Our sweet Audrey looked more bewitching than ever to-night," said Percy Hale, with a little sigh.

The old beau nodded two or three times.

"Yes, yes; I don't think I ever saw her look lovlier."

"There may have been more beautiful women in the room, but for me and others it would seem"—and he smiled at the

look lovlier."

"There may have been more beautiful women in the room, but for me and others it would seem"—and he smiled at the poet's plaintive face—"Audrey Hope bore away the palm!"

Neville almost dropped his pipe as this familiar name fell upon his ears.

"She is a queen among women!" sighed Percy Hale.

Percy Hale

familiar name fell upon his ears.

"She is a queen among women!" sighed Percy Hale.

"A maiden queen," remarked Lord Chesterton; "and I am not surprised that she declines to become a wedded one. Who is worthy of our peerless Audrey?"

"I know one who considers himself quite worthy," said Percy.

"You mean Jordan Lynne?"

The young man nodded gloomily. Lord Chesterton took a pinch of snuffs pensively, and shook his head.

"Oh, you don't know what Jordan Lynne is capable of," said Percy, irritably. "That man woul! move heaven and earth to gain anything he had set his heart—"

"His what?" interpolated Lord Chesterton, with delicate irony.

"He had set what he calls his 'heart' upon." continued Percy. "I hate that man!"

"No doubt," said Lord Chesterton, dryly. "I don't think any of you too dearly love the aimable Sir Jordan, and that's only natural. But, after all, my dear, desponding lover, beyond the fact that Jordan Lynne happens to be your rival, you don't know anything against him?"

"Anything against him?" responded the young man, slowly and reluctantly. 'N-o, but everybody distrusts him. You never hear his name mentioned without a shrug of the shoulders and a queer look on men's faces. Depend upon it, there's some reason in it. No smoke without fire."

The old bear smiled.

"My dear Percy, it is human nature, to hate and envy the successful man. You see, he is a standing reproach to those of us who are not successful, for we have to admit that he is a great deal cleverer than us, and therefore our superior. Human nature! And you think our divine Audrey will us, and therefore our superior. Human nature. my dear Percy, human nature! And you think our divine Audrey will marry him ?"
I think so—we all think so," replied

the crowd that was waiting to stare at the departing guests.

Down came Sir Jordan, and at sight of the popular and rising statesman the crowd cheered lustily. Sir Jordan raised his hat see the prize carried off by a fellow who— who—"

"Whose only crime, as far as you know, is that he has overtopped you all," finished Lord Chester cynically. But I sympathize

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with you my dear young friend, and rather than she should marry Jordan Lynne, I'd —yes, I'd marry her myself." "I would to Heaven you had the alter-

"I would to Heaven you had the alternative!" replied Percy.
"Hem! thank you. I am duly grateful but I'm airaid you'd discover that I'd committed numberless crimes, and was even a more hideous monater than the amiable Jordan. Here's my broughsm at last. You'd better come down with me to the club."

As the Brougham drove up, the old gen-tleman turned and saw Neville, who stood near, pale and agitated, and mechanically Lord Chesterton pulled cut a shilling and offered it to him.

Neville started declined the coin with a

Neville started declined the coin with a wave of his hand, and strode off.

"Dear me!" said Lord Chesterton;
"a tramp refuse a shilling! We live in wondrous times Percy! Poor devil! he looked as if he wanted it badly enough too! But there, I'm afraid if I were a tramp, and a man clothed in purple and fine linen offered me a shilling, I should feel more inclined to knock him down and tear some of his testive raiment from his back than accept his miserable charity. Human nature even in a tramp, you see, my dear Percy."

Neville stalked on through the silent streets. Every word he had heard seemed eating into his brain.

Audrey, dear little Audrey, his old playmate, marry Jordan! The thought made him feel bad—very bad indeed.

And yet—he pulled up and asked himself the question Lord Chesterton had put to Percy Hale—what did he know against Jordan?

Excepting that he had come between

Jordan?

Excepting that he had come between him, Neville, and their tather, nothing—absolutely nothing; and yet he felt that Jordan was a bad lot.

You may be convinced that a man is a villian, although you have not seen him rob a church or commit a murder, and that is just how Neville felt as regards Jordan.

And to think that sweet, loyable Audrey

a church or commit a murder, and that is just how Neville felt as regards Jordan.

And to think that sweet, lovable Audrey should be going to marry him!

Neville had been wretched enough before, but he was ten times more wretched, dissatisfied, and upset now.

Some men, in his plight, would have summoned up courage and gone straight to Audrey Hope, but the idea did not even present itself to Neville; and, if it had, he would have scouted it at once. What! go and claim triendship with Miss Audrey Hope? Present himself in his seedy clothes, looking like a tramp—he had been taken for one that night—to be pitied and humiliated by offers of assistance? He would have starved to death by choice.

He wandered on till he reached the depressing garret which he had taken for a few shillings a week on arriving in London, two nights ago, and climbing the steep stair, he flung himself on the apology for a bed and buried his face in his hands.

He had been hungry an hour ago, but

apology for a bed and buried his face in his hands.

He had been hungry an hour ago, but though he took some bread and cheese from his pocket, he could not eat. The vision of Audrey as Jordan's wife had effectually destroyed his appetite. In another pocket was a newspaper. Your returned wanderer always buys a newspaper, though it cost him a dinner, for he has an uncontrollable hankering to learn what is going on in the old country; and Neville, hoping to get away from his own thoughts, at any rate for a few minutes, opened the paper and tried to read.

And the first thing that caught his eyes was the report of a speech which the Right Honorable Sir Jordan Lynne had made at a meeting of a well-known charity. It was a beautiful speech, full of the highest morality, with choice quotations from the most sentimental of the poets, and with he art-stirring appeals to the sympathies—and the pockets—of the charitable.

table.

It ought to have softened Neville's heart toward his half-brother and made him proud of being related to so great and good a man; but, strange to say, it produced exactly the opposite effect. You see, he knew Jordan, and as he read the glowing periods and the glowing sentiments, he remembered a thousand little meannesses of which in the old time he had known Jordan to be guilty, and his anger rose at the hypocrisy of the whole business.

He crushed the paper in his hand and flung it from him with an expression of disgust. The face he had seen that night, as the Right Honorable Sir Jordan Lynne gust. The face he had seen that night, as the Right Honorable Sir Jordan Lynne had come down the steps to his carriage, had been the same face—mean, treacherous, crafty, for all its smile of amiability and benevolence—that he remembered years ago, and he knew that Jordan had not changed. He was the same Jordan who had by all kinds of lying and meanness come between his younger brother and his father.

Neville paced up and down the barren room until he was exhausted; then he went to bed and dreamed of Jordan, of Audrey, of Sylvia—no dream of his was ever complete without Sylvia's form dancing through it—and lastly, he dreamed of the old home.

And when he awoke from his uneasy, phantom-haunted sleep there sprung into his heart the irresistible longing to go down to Lynne.

His father was dead; he had learned that within a few hours of his return; but he should see the old place once morevisit the spots where he and Audrey had played in the old happy time. He got out his money and counted it, although it wasm't at all necessary to do so, for he knew too well how much, cr, rather, how little, he had and decided that he would make the journey on foot and incog.

He eat the bread and cheese for breakfast—cheese is particularly unsuitable to that early meal, but he had lived in Lorn Hope Camp, and had fared on far less sumptuous food—and paying his rent, started on his tramp for Lynne.

As he went through the streets in the early morn he passed some bill-stickers who were pasting a large placard on a

boarding; but Neville bestowed only a casual glance on the bill, and if he had stopped and studied it attentively it would not have conveyed any special significance to him. It was headed: "Royal Italian Opera," and in huge letters announced the all-important fact that Signora Siella would presently appear as Marguerite.

It was glorious weather, and under more favorable circumstances, Neville would have enjoyed his tramp. The country was smiling in all its summer bravery, and to Neville the green hedge-rows, the bright turf, the twitter and trilling of the birds seemed like old friends binding him welcome back to the old country. He walked during most of the day, living on the simplest tood—a loaf of bread and a cup of milk bought at some farm—and sleeping beside a hayrick in the stable of some friendly farmer, for whom he would do half a day's work in acknowledgement of the hospitality.

a day's work in acknowledgement of the hospitality.

He was as strong as a horse, and the regular exercise and the frugal fare acted as a tonic to his spirits. But he missed Sylvia just as keenly as he had ever done, and twenty times a day thought wistfully how delightful it would have been to have had her with him to share his delight in the fresh air, the green fields, the singing birds. Then he would accuse himself or selfishness, and remind himself, with a sigh, that no doubt Sylvia was happier with her grand friends than she would be tramping through the country with him.

But the thought of her kept his heart soft, and no child or dog souttled out of the way of this handsome young tramp with his kindly blue eyes and pleasant but rather sad smile.

He reached the village of Lynne at last, and only they who have paid a visit after

He reached the village of Lynne at last, and only they who have paid a visit after long wandering to the beloved spot which spells "Home" can imagine how he felt. Every cottage, every tree was familiar to him—even the village pump, which take it altogether is not a very romantic object, made his heart thrill, and he worked the handle and took a drink for auld lang syne. He had rather feared that he might be known, but though the simple people stared at him, they did it with the heavy curiosity of country folk, and no one recognized in the stalwart, sunburned man the slip of a youth who had left Lynne years ago.

recognized in the stalwart, sunburned man the slip of a youth who had left Lynne years ago.

In this matter his rough, seedy clothes helped him, for the villagers were not likely to identify a passing tramp as Neville Lynne, the favorite son of Sir Greville, the well dressed lad who used to scamper through the lanes on his thorough-bred pony, with a groom in attendance.

Neville kept away from the house until dark, for he knew that he ran greater risk of being recognized there than elsewhere, and he filled up the time by visiting the places where he and Audfrey used to play together. He went to the Burrows and eat his dinner on the very spot where Audfrey had bidden Lord Lorrimore go in search of the lost Neville; he sauntered down to the stream in which he had persuaded her to join him in wading, and every one of the familiar places roused old memories and played upon the heartstrings as the soft summer breeze plays upon an Æolian harp.

But the strange puase in these emotions of his was this: that, somehow or other, he got Sylvis mixed up with Audrey, and at times it absolutely appeared to him as if it had been with Sylvia he had played, and not Audrey. The two girls seemed to share his heart between them, and to reign there like two queens in friendly rivalry.

Toward dusk he climbed the railing of

rivalry.

Toward dusk he climbed the railing of Toward dusk he climbed the railing of Lynne Park and cautiously approached the house. The old place was as quiet as the grave in the tading light, and, notwithstanding the excellent order in which the grounds were kept, seemed to Neville to have a neglected air. He walked round it, keeping under the shadow of the trees, and presently came to the door high up in the wall from which Jordan had removed the staircase. He was gazing at this with a dull pain in his heart—for by that door how often had he seen his father enter and emerge—when suddenly he tound himself seized from behind.

He swung round and grappled with his

hind.

He swung round and grappled with his assailant, and the two men wrestled together for a minute or so, at the end of which time, Neville, putting into practice the well known "leg trick," threw his opponent on the grass. Not a word had been spoken, and Neville, taking the man for a gamekeeper, was hesitating between offering an explanation of his presence and making off, when the man uttered an exclamation of astonishment, and rising, said:

said:

"Good Lord! it's Master Neville!"

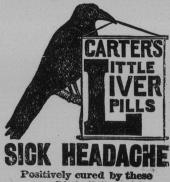
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Substitution

CHAPTER XXIV.

Neville stood for some minutes in the midst of the small crowd, gazing absently at the famous people coming out of the brilliantly lighted house, thinking of his halt-brother.

What a contrast their respective conditions presented! Here was Jordan basking in prosperity—evidently one of the great ones of the earth—while he, Neville, was an oucast and a wanderer, with exactly twenty-seven shillings and sixpence half-penny in his pocket.

At last he pushed his way out of the throng, and crossing the road, leaned against the railing of the square, lighted his pipe, and looked on moodily at the procession of carriages; and it may be stated with confidence, that there was scarcely a more unhappy young man in all London. Carter's Little Liver Pills.

#### TWO FOOLS.

"Why. I'd rather marry her myself, said I. Nothing, in truth, was further from my thoughts.

Amanda's mother regarded me curiously "Ot course," said she, "if that were the

Amanda's mother regarded me curiously.

"Ot course," said she, "if that were the
case, it would make a difference."

"But I don't really mean it," I cried
hastily. Why, the idea was absurd! Just
when I was in the middle of the book on
the "Cerebral Convolutions" too!

"Then," said her mother, closing her
hard thin mouth with a snap, "Amanda
will marry Mr. Plutus. There is no one
but you who has any right to a voice in the
matter."

matter."

"Th're is Amanda," I suggested.

"Amanda! Shs is far too young to decide. I am the judge for her. Amanda shall do as I bid her and marry Mr. Plutus."

"I shall do my best to stop her."

"She shall not see you." I knew she would try to be as good as her word, and my heart went out in a great pity for poor little Amanda, who was so like her father and had been a pet of mine ever since she was a child. was a child.
"It I weren't too old"—I said, half to

myself.
"Nonsence! Why, you're no older than

" She is 43.
"I could nev r make the child happy," I sighed.
"Nonsence! She's devoted to you"

"Nonsence: She's devoted to you"
"Very well, I will speak to Amanda
about it, I said slowly, "tut there must be
no dawing bak on your part."
I had sudden insuration, being a man
of quick thought. "I should like to have
your consent in writing. To be candid, I
do not trust you."

Very well' She sat down to her escritoire. What shall I write?

'I consent to the marriage of my daughter to Mr. Frank Austin,' I dictated.

ter to Mr. Frank Austin,' I dictated. She wrote it accordingly and signed it with a flourish.

My name is the same as my nephew's I'll have him up to town, and it he doesn't fall in love with Amanda he's a fool. That was my idea.

'Well, now I'll talk to Amand,' I said, and I'did

well, now 11 talk to Amand, 1 said, feeling rather uncomfortable. And I did.
Amanda is 18 and stands 5 feet 2.
Amanda has golden brown hair that will get loose and tumble about her cheeks and forehead.

Oh, Cousin Frank, she cried—cousin is my brevet rank.—you won't let her make me—marry thit horribe man!'
'No,' said I, 'Maudy, my dear, I won't.' Then I kissed her. If only I were sure that she wouldn't disarrange

my study !
'You kind old Frank!' She took hold

'You kind old Frank: She took but of my arm and squeezed it.
'But your mother insists upon your getting engaged to some one, my dear,' I said ruefully; 'somebody who is fairly well off. Are you in love with anybody, Mandy? Tell me, there's a good little

Mandy? Tell me, there's a good little girl.'

She opened her eyes wide and looked at me honestly. 'Oh, no,' Cousin Frank! Only—only—I think perhaps I should like to be—some day.

'We'll, look here, Mandy,' I said sheepishly, 'your mother insists that you shall be engaged to some one, and I can only find one person.'

find one person.'

'Not Mr. Plutus! I won't!' she cried

"No, no! Not any one who will annoy you. dear, or whom you dislike."
"Whoever'— She looked up at me quickly and half let go my arm.

'Just till you find some one you like,' apologized, turning as red as a poppy.

apologized, turning as red as a poppy.

She held on to my arm again and looked down on the ground. Then she laughed.

'How very tunny!'

'Would you mind, Mandy?'

'No o,' she laughed again. 'I think it would be rather—tun. You would have to take me out a lot, wouldn't you?'

To pre-

'Ye-es. Oh, yes, of course!' What-ever would become of the 'Cerebral Con-volution, ?'

But wouldn't it be rather a bother to

Not more than to you.' "Oh, it wouldn't be any bother to me!" she caied excitedly. "We'd go to the Tower, and the stores, and the Crystal palace, and the zoo, and the exhibition and have tes in the gardens, and the opera, and"—

She saw my face fall. 'I only meant to some of them,' she explained. 'You always do take me to the academy and one

or two places, don't you !'
'I shall like to take you to some, my
dear,' I assured. 'I always enjoy myselt
when I do.'

when I do.'
'Ye—es,' said she thoughtfully, 'but—oh
Cousin Frank, suppose I didn't find any one else?'
'Then I shall have to marry you myself.
It would be better than old Plutus, wouldn't it ?'

"Oh, yes, but I shouldn't like—I couldn't bear to think that you had sacrificed your-self to me! I should be such a bother, shouldn't I P'

self to me! I should be such a bother, shouldn't I P'
I looked down affectionately on the rumpled hair and inquiring eyes. 'I think.—I think, Mandy,' I said gently, I could put up with you very well, but we have been so used to look upon one another in a different light that its ratner late to change. You see, dear, I have grown into a fidgety old bachelor.'
'You're not really old, and you're never fidgety with me, and I owe you so much.'
I'd merely paid for her schooling and pocket money and so on. I promised old Tom—poor old Tom!—that I'd take care of the girl.
'That's nothing to do with it, Mandy,' I said slowly. You see I've a lot of interests which you could never share.' She shook her head doubtfully. And I like to rush off when I'm not working to men's recreations—to play cricket, to watch footbal or'—
'I like watching football,' she observed 'I like watching football,' she observed

eagerly.
'I'm used to having meals when I please

and going out wheh I like and coming in when I like. Of course I couldn't do that if I had a wife. It wouldn't be fair.'

'So,' I continued resolutely, resisting an absurb impulse to kise her again, 'though I think you the nicest little woman in the world, dear'—she smiled just like the sun coming out—'it would be better for you to find some one younger and less crotchety.' She tapped the ground rapidly with one little foot. Meanwhile we're engaged, you know. and we must live up to it. Where shall I take you to morow?'

'Oh, no! You must de a lot of your book tomorrow and give me some copying to do—about brains and spines and things.

'Nonsense, child! Don't I slawys take you out when I come to town? Shall we go to the academy?' She laughed her old chil lisb lungb.

'And lunch at a restaurant?' she inquired of ligh edly. 'And go to the Crystal pelace atterward, and have tea in the gardens, and see the variety show, and dine on the terrace like we did last year?' She sque zed my arm in her old way. 'Won ti be jolly?'

It was jolly. The next day I took her to the z to and smiled to see her laugh at the mokeys. The day after I took her to the exhibition and up the big wheel and put my rm round her because she was frightened, or pretended to be. I sque zed twice fer good night. Then I begaa to see that it would be bad for the 'Cerebral Convolu ions' it this sort of thing went on. So I eat for Nephew Frank to come up to town at once. That light hearted young gen'l man held his sades with laughter when I explained the situation.

'So I'm to court your fiancee—she used to be a preaty little girl—and take her off your hands for an allowance of £500 a year?' he said, wiping his eyes; £500 and £300 make £800—£400 apiece.'

'Exactly!' I said approvingly. 'You always were smart at figures, Frank.'

'But, my dear uncly, suppose she won't have me? Besides, I'm not sure but I think I'm just a little gone on Nellie Marchant. Suppose I don't care for your Amanda?

'She's awfully nice, Frank. You couldn't help it.' I was surpris

Amanda?

'She's awfully nice, Frank. You couldn't help it.' I was surprised at my dolaful

help it.' I was surprised at my doleful tone.

'Then,' said he, 'why don't you marry her yourself ?'

'I lit a cigar and drummed on the fender with my slipper. 'I'm too old—too settled in my bachelor ways, Frank,' I said regrettully. 'I don't know—I'm not sure—if it would do.'

'I beiieve it would be the best thing in the world for you. old man.' Frank leaned over the table earnestly. He's an honest, unselfish lad. That's why I m 20 fond of him. And I know he'd be good to her.

'Well,' I said slowly, 'I'll be honest with you, Frank. I'm fond of the child—very fond indeed. If I thought that she could like me—in that way—I'm hanged if I wouldn't chance it. But she only looks upon me as an tlder brother. Some day she'—I paused to blow my handkerchiel—'she would find out. It wouldn't do; I'm sure it wouldn't do.

So it was arranged that I should be busy finishing my book and see less of Amands, and Frank was to see her every day to find out if she would like him better than me, or if he could like her better than Nellie Marchant.

This arrangement lasted for a fortnight,

This arrangement lasted for a fortnight, This arrangement lasted for a fortnight, but none of us seemed quite ourselves. Mandy grew staid and eilent. I couldn't do anything right with the book, and something seemed wrong with my liver. Even cheerful Frank grew a bit bad tempered. At the end of the fortnight he burst in upon me in the evening when I was busy with the "Cerebral Convolutions."

'Look here, uncle,' said he coolly, flinging himself into an armchair and taking one of my cigars, 'vou're an ass!'

one of my cigars, 'you're an ass!'
'That,' I observed mildly, 'is very strong language, Frank.'
'Well,' said he, 'I like Nellie ever so much better than your Amanda—that's on

much better than your Amanda—that's on flat."

'Then, said I, bringing my hand down on the table with a thump, "you're a fool!"

'Amanda,' said he firmly, "is as dull as dishwater."

dishwater.'
I took off my reading glasses and glared at him. "She's the brightest little creature in the world," I asserted resolutely.
He took a long draw at the cigar and blew smoke rings, a thing I never could manage. "Amanda," he continued in a matter of fact tone, "is dull because she's in love."

in love."
I let my pipe drop on the floor with a crash. "With whom?" My voice sound-

Tet my pipe drop on the noor with a crash. "With whom?" My voice sounded strange to me.

"Why, with you, of course. Man alive, You must be blind! You're pretending that you don't care for her and breaking her poor little heart."

I looked at him in silence for a few seconds. Thea I got up and fetched my "Pm going out," I told him, and I went-When I arrived at their drawing room. Amanda was sitting on the rug, with her back against the sofa. She had dropped her book on the floor and was looking into the fire with her cheek on her hand, and I could see tears in her eyes.

She jumped up to meet me, with an eager little laugh. "What, deserted the "Convolutions?"

"Hang the "Convolutions!" I said.
"The fact is, they're awfully uninteresting compared with you, Mandy."

"Are they? Then they must be stupid." I put my arm round her waist and drew her close to me, "Mandy," I said pessionately, "my dear little girl, we've been playing at sweethearts long enough. Shall we begin in earnest?"

Amanda said nothing, only laid her head





down on my shoulder, with a happy little sob.—J. A. Flynn in Madame.

WHERE RHEUMATISM IS UNKNOWN

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Coursge, like cowardice, is undoubtedly contagious, but some persons are not liable to catch it.—George D. Prentice.



#### BORN.

St. John, June 12, Theresa C. Slinev.
Dartmouth, June 9, John Horner 76.
Greenville, June 1. Wilmot Green 42.
Antigonish, June 1 Ann McIsaac, 69.
Shelburne, May 28, Elizs Wesley, 57.
Rothesay, June 12, Mary Ann Maynes.
Moncton, June 8, William G. Speer 61.
Stony Island, June 4, Zerulah Ross, 77.
Petitcodiac, May 8, John B. Webster 79.
Isaac's Harbor, May 28, John Keith, 62.
Bridgetown, June 2, Mary K. Brooks, 62.
Port LaTour, May 29, Edmund Snow, 23.
St. John, June 11, Mrs. Catherine Gogan.
Richitucto, June 3, Maggie C. Peters 18. Brookside, June 2, to the wife of B. C. Blair, a sor

St. Jon., June 3, Margie C. Peters 18, Richibucto, June 3, Margie C. Peters 18, Tangier, June 4, Jennie Morris Currie, 42, Liverpooi, June 8, Augustus B. Mullins 50, Boston, June 8, Saise Stoddard Messervey, Claremont, Cumberland, Mrs. James Cove. Truro, June 8, Florence Lillian Ettieger, 5, Truro, June 8, Barbare D. Wilco Neet 50 Springhill, June 3, to the wife of Geo. Burton, a son.

son. Newcastle, June 1, to the wife Joseph Jardine, a son. Amberst, June 2, to the wife of Lan Allen a daugh-tor. Truro, June 8, Barbara D. Wilson Keat, 59. Bridgetown, May 25, Mrs. Sophia Cress, 74. Riverside, June 18, Maria Helena Caritie, 6. Bear Point, May 28, Jemima H. Crowell, 37. Clark's Harbor, June 1. Prince D. Hopkins, 7. Clark's Harbor, June 3, Reuben Nickerson, 29. Dartmouth, June 9, Eduara's Albert Stevens, 22. Midgis, Ambest, June 1, Myrte Sears, 16 mos. Cambridgeport, Mass., June 6, Elizabeth Smith. 71. Lower Granville, May 36, Miss Hattle Parker, 25 Cookville, June 8, Chester Harold Kinnear, 11 mos. Halifax, June 8, to the wife of Mr. D. Conners a

Liverpool, June 6, to the wife of Wm. Brocks, a Truro, May 24, to the wife of Robert Ruther ord, a daughter. Springbill, June 5, to the wife of Daniel A. Price, a

Sussex, June 5, to the wife of Gco. W. Fowler, ssex, June 7, to the wife of J. T. Prescott, daughter. inghill, June 6, to the wife of Wm. Gabriel, a daughter. Halitax, May 4, to the wife of J. A. Calder, a daughter.

Liverpool, June 4, Catherine E. wife of F. L. Seldon Middleton, June 1, to the wife of C. A. Young, a daughter. Glengarry, June 8, Margaret M. wife of John Gord-on 34. Milton, June 2, to the wife of Mark LeBlanc, a Westville, Pictou Co., June 10, Frederick H. Cair v Glasgow, June 3, to the wife of John P. Gran a daughter. Westville, Pictou, June, 10, Frederick H. L. Calnek, 42.

lnghill, June 5, to the wife of Daniel Matheson a daughter. mouth, May 28, to the wife of Henry Manning. rchester, June 8 to the wife of Chas. S. Hick-man, a son.

Golden Grove, N. B. June 4, to the wife of B. H. Irwin, a son. O'Brien, a son

Halifax, May 27, to the borough, a son. Middle Stewiacke, June 5, to the wife of Rev. C. McKinnon, a son. Yarmouth June 1, to the wife of Capt. Norman McKinnon, a son.

Monticello Me., June 4, to the wife of Norman Mc-Leod, a daughter. New Glasgow, May 31, to the wife of John Mc Millan, a daughter.

#### MARRIED.

Halifax, June 8, by Rev. N. Lemoine, John Wilson St. John. June 8, by Rev. W. Raymond, Frederick Lobb to Jennie Lawton. artmouth, June 8, by Rev. S. B. Kempt, Byros Blahop to Florence Young. Halifax, by Rev. H. H. McPherson Algeron H. Prowse to Susie Marshall.

ckville, June 1, by Rev. G. A. Belyes, Frank Etter to Carrie Estabrooks. New Glasgow, June 6, by Rev. A. Rog F. Fraser to Johanna Fraser. F. Fraser to Johanna Fraser. Illaboro, N. B. June 8, by Rev. W. Camp, Clifford W. Steeyes to Miss E. Slater. Dekeport, June 1, by Rev. Mr. Shatford, Rev. George I. Foster to Anna Day.

Isaac's Harbor, June 7, by T. F. Irving, Christina Macdonald to Wee. A. Hewitt. Digby, May 25 by Rev Jumes A. Porter, Leonard McNeit to Annie M. Frank yn. alone, C B., June 7, by Rev. J. A. Forbes, John McDonald to Mary B. McIssac. erbrooke, June 1, by Rev. J. W. Fowler, Frank L. Milner to Hannah S. Decham.

L. Milney to Hamnan S. Decham.
Parraboro, May 28, by Rev. E. R. Howe, William
Alfred Vickery to Bertha McLeod.
Truro, June 8, by Rev. Wm. Motthews, Llewellyn
R. Rettle to Lizzle G. Macdonald.

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therbrooke, May 31, by Rev J. W. Fowler, Gor-don McQuarrie to Elzina Morrison.

Baddeck, May 26, by Rev. D. McDougall Murdock K. McGregor to Katle B. McDonald.

Charleston, Mass., May 31, by Rev. Father Gorme ley, Wm. E. Blakie to Laura Fults. Kempt, Queens Co., June 1, by Rev. G. C. Crabbe Abner O. Parker to Carrie F. Minard.

okline, Mass., by Rev. Alexander D. McKinno Frederick Matches to Mary McKinnon.

t. Andrews, June 1 by Rev. A. W. Mahon Wright MacLaren to Mary K. Denley.

Folly Village, June 1, bv Rev. Wm. Dawson, Alexander Fleming to Florence Morrison.
Taunton, Mass., June 1, by Rev. O. J. White,
Angus A. Baker to Winnifred G. Huoley.

Ialifax, June 2, by Rev. A. C. Chute, John Lang ley Alexander to Annie Elizabeth Street.

North Sydney, June 7, by Rev. T. C. Jack, Georg Campbell to William Margaret McPherson.

Campbell to William Margaret McPherson.
Fairville, N. B., June 6, by Rev. Arthur S. Morton, James McCracken to Jessie Campbell.
New Glasgow, May 23, by Rev. Francis A. Ross,
Alexander Uquhart to Catherine McMullin.
East Leicester, N. S., by Rev. D. A. Steele, Arthur
F. Cassidy to Lida M. dauguter of Humphrey
Trevice.

DIED.

Truro, June 8, Barbara D. Wilson Keat, 59

Cookville, June 8, Chester Harold Kinnear, 11 mos. Cambridgeport, Mass., June 8, Mary McDonald, 8, Rear Pomquet, Antigoniab, Angus McDonald, 8, Cherrybrook, June 9, Sarah, wife of Henry Sparks

Marydale, Antigonish, Sune 5, William Chishale

Springhill, N. S. June 10, Richard Beaumon Boggs, 80.

Gien Margaret, June 8, Margaret, wife of John Maher 44.

Georgefield, Maitland, June 3, William James Ettinger, 2.

Petitcodiac, June 8, Isabella, widow of Rev. Noah Disbrow 91.

Halifax, Jnne 10. Sarah F. child of Mr. and Mrs. J. O'Malley 2.

elburne, June 8, Louis A. child of Mr. and Mrs. George Cox 11.

Chebucto Road, June 6, Leana G. daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Peters 4. Orangedale, C. B., May 30, Angus F. son of Mr. and Mrs. Nell J. Gillies.

atesville, Kent Co., June 8, Frank J. son of Thomas Johnson 14 months.

ANADIAN

**EXCURSIONS** 

TO THE

CANADIAN NORTH WEST.

Second class return tickets for sale, from points on lines of I. C. 2; D. A. 8; and C. P. R. in New Brunswick on June 28th, July 18th, and 19th, only good for return within two months at following low rates, viz, To Deleraine, Reston, Estevan, Binscarth, Moosomin or Winnipegonis \$28.00; Regina Moosejaw, or Norkton \$20.00; Prince Albert or Caigary \$35.00; Red Deer or Edmonton \$40.00; Extension of time can be arranged at destination not to exceed two months, on payment of \$50 additional for each mort to part hereof.

Further particulars of ticket Agenus or on ap

A. H. NOTMAN
Asst. General Passr. Agent,
St. John, N. B,

2 CHEAP

PACIFIC KY.

Halifax, James O'Brien 46. Truro, June 5, Brian Clarke, 2.
Roxbury, June 8, Daniel Smith 83.
Halifax, June 10, Amelia Monamy.
St. John, June 12, Theresa C. Slinev

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Stur. Olivette will leave Indiantown for Gage-town and intermediate landlers every Afternoor at 4 o'clock (local time.) Returning will leave Gagefown every Morning at 5 o'clock. Saturday's Steamer will leave at 6 o'clock.

GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager.

On and after Monday, the 16th inst., until further notice, Steamer Ciffon will leave her wharf at Hampton on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 5.30 a. m. (local) for Indiantown and ntermediate points.

Returning to Hampton she will leave Indiantown

ame days at 4 p. m. (local)

CAPT. R. G. EARLE,

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On and after Wednesday, 1st. June, 1898, the Steamship and Train service of this Mailway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert, DAILY SERVICE.

Lve. St. J:hn at 7.15 a. m., arv Digby 10 15 a. m Lve. Digby at 1.00 p. m., arv St. John, 8.45 p. m

#### **EXPRESS TRAINS**

Daily (Sunday excepted). Lve, Halifax 6.30 a.m., arv in Digby 12.60 p.m. Lve. Digby 1.02 p.m., arv in Digby 1.03 p.m. Lve. Yarmouth 3.55 a.m., arv Digby 11.03 a.m. Lve. Digby 11.25 a.m., arv Halifax 6.46 p.m. Lve. Annapolis 7.30 a.m., arv Digby 5.60 a.m. Lve. Digby 3.20 p.m., arv Annapolis 4.40 p.m.

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ort and Parrs 437 Close connections with trains at Digby. Rickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the whart (effice, and from the Purser) steamer, from whom time-tables and all informa-tion can be obtained.

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and after Monday, the 4th Oct., 1897 the rains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows. TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN 

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Express from Sussex. 8.30
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted).

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General Manager,