

# PROGRESS.

VOL. VIII., NO. 374.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1895.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## MISSING HERB MOORE.

ANOTHER EFFORT IS TO BE MADE TO FIND HIM.

Is He Living or Dead?—The Masons Could Ascertain Nothing—Some Facts of His Disappearance—His Last Letter to His Friends—The Insurance Money.

The story of the strange disappearance of Herbert W. Moore, barrister at law, formerly of the North end, has just been revived by the high court of the Independent Order of Foresters at Fredericton this week.

Herbert Moore was the son of the late Wm. A. Moore, formerly treasurer of the town of Portland, and was 32 years old at the time of his disappearance, in 1891. He was married to a Nova Scotia lady, and had one child. His domestic relations were happy, but he was somewhat in debt and pressed for money. A considerable sum was due him from one Kilpatrick, a resident of New York, but formerly of Portland. With the hope of getting a settlement of his claim, Moore left for New York on the 8th of January 1891, reached there safely and was there until the 17th of that month, when it was supposed he left for Norfolk, Virginia. Since that date, he has been seen by no one interested in him, and since the 28th of that month no word has been heard of him.

Moore had very little money with him when he left St. John, but he saw Kilpatrick and is believed to have received part of his claim. When in New York he was at the house of his uncle, and also saw his friend W. F. Roberts, then a student of medicine there and now in medical practice in the North End. He was last seen by Dr. Roberts on the 17th of January, and then appeared in every respect physically and mentally well. He said that he was going to Norfolk, Virginia, where he was to get a situation on a railway, through the favor of a friend whom he had met in New York, and whom he had formerly known when a resident in Minnesota. His idea was that, as times were dull in St. John, he would avail himself of this opportunity to temporarily better his fortunes, and return to St. John at a later date. So far his course was a very natural one, and such as any man in his circumstances might be likely to take.

About the first of February his wife got a letter from him, assuming to be written at Norfolk, in which he said he secured, through a letter from a friend in Minnesota a position on the Norfolk & Western railway, that he had been on duty one day, but had an attack of the grip for the past three or four days and would not be fit for work for a week or two.

This letter did not come in the ordinary way, but was enclosed in a New York newspaper. It was written on letter paper which he had taken from St. John, having his office letter head upon it, but the letter-head was scratched out. The did not reach here for seven or eight days after it was written.

This letter was a simple epistle such as a man away from home would ordinarily write to his wife. It was affectionate in its tone, and contained nothing extravagant or unusual in its style.

From that day until this, his wife and family have heard nothing from him. About the first of March, 1891, Mrs. Moore received a card from Kilpatrick, in New York, saying that he had promised to pay the balance due him on March 1st, and asking if Moore was in St. John, so that he might know where to send the money. Mrs. Moore replied that she heard from her husband, who was ill, and she asked that the money be sent to her. In due time Kilpatrick remitted her \$50, which, he said, was the balance due. It is understood that Moore had claimed that about \$350 was due him before he left St. John, so that if the balance due in March was only \$50, he must have had a considerable payment from Kilpatrick when in New York.

As time passed and no further word came from her husband, Mrs. Moore became much alarmed, as did also the mother of the missing man. The story of the mystery became current on the streets, and Moore's friends began to think it was time some closer enquiry was made. He had been a member of the Union Lodge of Portland, F. & A. M., and two prominent members of that body were deputed to seek for information regarding him. These were B. S. Black, the master, and John A. Watson, past-master. This was in May, nearly four months after Moore had been near from by anybody. In the mean time, however, Mrs. Moore had been getting all the information she could obtain from those who had seen her husband in New York.

Among the details of such information was the statement of Kilpatrick that Moore had written to him from Madison, Georgia, on the 28th of January, but that the letter had been posted at Birmingham, Alabama, on the 29th. In this letter Moore said he had got a nice job in the travel-

ling auditors departments of the railway, but had been sent on the south-western part of the road, a little east of Atlanta. He intended to stay there until the first of May. In this letter he also stated that as pay day was not until the 15th, he would draw on Kilpatrick for some money, through an Atlanta bank on the 1st of March. The letter had several innocuous allusions to the country and its people, and was in a very cheerful tone. He did not draw on Kilpatrick, however, and the sum the latter sent Mrs. Moore is supposed to represent what the draft would have been.

Inquiries by the Masonic bodies were made of the leading railway officials of the roads connecting with Norfolk, Madison, and Birmingham, with the masonic lodges in those and other places, and with many civic officials in the three states. The Masonic body circulated an advertisement of the missing man, hotels and lodging houses, in the various cities were visited and enquiry made at all the hospitals. All this energetic search, occupying months left the enquiry just where it was at the start. There was no evidence that Moore was ever in Norfolk. No one answering his description had been employed on a railway train, nor on any railway in Georgia or Alabama. The company with which he claimed to be had never heard of him. There the matter rested, and continues to rest to this day.

Moore was a member of Court Loyalist, Independent Order of Foresters. If he is dead, an insurance of \$3,000 is payable. The dues have been paid up to date by the beneficiaries, so that only proof of his death is required to enable them to get the money.

At the session of the high court of Foresters in Fredericton, this week, a resolution was passed by which enquiries are to be made in order to have a final settlement of the claim. There seems to be a very general impression that Moore is dead, but when or how he came to his death is a matter difficult to establish. One possible way out of the difficulty, in the opinion of some, is for the supreme body of Foresters to order the payment of the amount, on security being given for its repayment should Moore be found to be still living. Whether the members of Court Loyalist would be willing to furnish this security, or whether it would be given by others is a question to be settled. In either case the matter would be decided. It may be, however, that further enquiry will make the evidence of death so morally certain that the claim will be paid without any security being required.

Not a Big Question.

The few hundred dollars expended yearly by the reporters of the supreme and equity courts of the province in printing their reports, has incited representatives of the labor council to inquire of the leader of the government why one report is printed outside of the province and the other in an office which does not ask or care whether an employe belongs to the typographical union. According to their own report the committee found that Hon. Mr. Blair received them well and reminded them that he too was a union man since he belonged to the Barriesters society. Though this was no doubt said in a jocular way it did not seem to occur to the committee that it was. The facts of the matter appear to be that the reports are being printed by PROGRESS at a price that is somewhat less than that charged by the Telegraph. The men engaged upon it are as good printers as any in the city. For all PROGRESS knows they may be union men or they may not—that was not inquired into when they were engaged. If the typographical union really wishes more work for its members and for printers generally, in the city and province, they should inquire why the school books are imported instead of being printed here.

Declined the Object Lesson.

Chief Clark was before the council on Thursday, with a patent restraining apparatus which he had imported at a cost of \$60 or so, and which he wanted the city to adopt. The design of this apparatus is to secure the hands of people who see snakes as the result of a jag, or are otherwise so crazy as to be liable to take their own lives when in the cells. The board of safety will consider the matter. The chief had the straps with him in the council chamber, and wanted to put them on somebody to show how they would work. Since the citizens have edited out the turbulent element of the board, however, there are none of the aldermen who seem to need restraint, and no one wanted to volunteer to come forward in this instance. One of the board suggested that the chief put the straps on the high constable, who was standing conveniently near, whereupon that official sat down with great haste and an emphatic shake of the head. He was quite willing to serve his country, but not in the way of being made an object lesson in that particular line.

## WILL CHASE THE DOGS.

THE POLICEMAN'S LOT WILL NOT BE A HAPPY ONE.

Better Exercise than Baseball—Difficulties to be Overcome in Matters of Detail—Work for the Detective—Fun for the Public if Not the Force.

The suggestion of Ald. Millidge has been taken in earnest by the board of public safety, and the council has directed the chief of police to instruct his men to drive off the square all dogs which are not accompanied by their owners. This will give the police plenty of exercise without their having occasion to amuse themselves with games of base ball, and it may be the dogs will prove more of a match for them than did even the team from the Harkins dramatic company.

Just how the police are to set to work on the absorbing occupation will doubtless be a matter for Chief Clark's earnest consideration. The words of the council are plain enough. The dogs to be chased off the square are those unaccompanied by owners. This latter reservation is a wise one, and will save much trouble. Had the edict gone forth that all dogs should be chased, the police would have had more than enough to do, unless they chased the owner and his dog at one and the same time. They will, therefore, have a comparatively simple task in pursuing only the dogs without the owners.

This will be an easy matter to decide. A lady leading a pug by a ribbon, for instance, will be in direct evidence as an owner, and so will a man who is on the way to a dog fight with his animal secured by a chain. So too any man whose dog follows obediently close at his heels need have no fear that the police will descend in a armed squad on the faithful creature.

It is only when a dog is not led or does not stick to the heels of his master that the police will have presumptive evidence to enable them to act with vigor. The chief will have to decide how near a dog must be to a man, in order to know how to act with intelligent zeal. The chief may have to adopt a standard of measurement to make matters certain in this important point.

One way out of the difficulty is suggested by the fact that one of the policemen is down on the rolls as a detective, and that he goes about without a uniform, so that the public will not know who he is when he is working up a clue. In a pretty peaceful city like St. John, where crimes which require more intelligence than an ordinary policeman has are rare, a detective must find time hang heavily on his hands. He could advantageously employ his spare moments in acquainting himself with the personnel of the dogs around town, so that he could tell at a glance whether any particular dog was really following a bona fide owner, or sneaking along after a stranger under false pretences.

Dogs with owners, known to be such beyond doubt, appear to be all right. The police have no special authority over them. They may disregard and defy the ominous warning of "keep off the grass," and for all that appears to the contrary they may even do some amateur gardening around the flower beds. The police are not instructed to chase them, but there seems to be no reason why the vigilant guardians of public safety should not howl at them, or even at their owners, until the dogs return to the paths of rectitude and asphalt.

Just how the chief is to arrange the force to do the chasing effectually is a matter of detail for him to think out and execute. One man is certainly on the King square beat during the day, but as he usually stands around the corners of King and Charlotte street, it will be of comparatively little use unless he is furnished with field glasses. As to the Queen square, nobody sees a policeman in that vicinity on ordinary occasions. In any case, even were there a man placed specially on each square he would be of little avail at times, for two, three or a dozen dogs might come from different directions at once, and while he was chasing some off in one direction all the others would be dodging around his heels in other directions. He would have no end of a chase, and it would be funnier than blindman's buff.

At least four policemen for each square will be required in order to do really efficient work, and each square should be in charge of one of the sergeant-captains, with the detective to co-operate in identifying dogs with owners and dogs without them. Perhaps even a larger squad would be better, for the regulation may mean that the dogs must be chased so far that they will be too tired to come back. It would be manifestly absurd for policemen to merely chase the creatures to the edge of the grass plot and have them coming back a minute later. It would be like the game of tag a man in the woods has to play when the black flies are around his ears.

The whole problem appears to be as

## TRACED BY HIS HASTE.

BUCHANAN'S HURRY TO REMARRY CONVICTED HIM.

Because it led to Newspaper Comment which put the Authorities Upon His Track and Caused His Conviction and His Death—Incidents in His Life.

HALIFAX, July 4.—No execution ever so interested the Halifax people as the death in the electric chair at Sing Sing, of R. W. Buchanan, M. D. The condemned wife-murderer was a Halifax boy. Scores of people in this city remember him as a schoolmate, and hundreds knew him afterwards as a clerk in A. & W. Mackinlay's bookstore, and after that as a medical student and practitioner, though the law prevented him from long "keeping out his shingle" as a physician. The medical council objected to his degree or lack of degree rather.

Buchanan never had a very good reputation in this city, even when he professed conversion in a north end church, but there are plenty of people in Halifax today who will say that, after all, they believe he was innocent of the death of his second wife.

He has come to his untimely end through a Halifax newspaper, allied to his own rashness, apart from the question of his commission of the crime, of which the scripture says, "Be sure your sin will find you out." Only a few days after the death of his second wife Buchanan was back in this city—his object to marry his first wife. A minister in Halifax refused to perform the ceremony and Buchanan went to Windsor where he found another minister who consented to tie the knot.

If Buchanan was guilty, as supposed this marriage was a very reckless thing for him to undertake, among people who knew him and all about him. An evening paper here had a passing reference to the event, the fact of Buchanan's marriage was telegraphed to the New York World. That paper's suspicion was aroused, and next day the Halifax correspondent of the World in obedience to an order for the news, had a three column despatch in that paper. Buchanan's antecedents, his questionable history, and the story of the remarriage to his divorced wife, were graphically and fully told. The New York authorities were aroused to action by the enterprise of the World. When Buchanan returned to New York he was arrested. Everybody knows the details of his vigorous fight for life in the United States courts and of the tragic end in the electric chair.

Buchanan is the only Halifax man who has suffered the extreme penalty of the law. He was brought up a Presbyterian, and in the boyish theological discussions which took place between the pupils at the Albro street school eighteen years ago, "Bucky" as he was called, frequently claimed with flashing eye and upraised hand "thank God, I'm a Presbyterian." Happy would it have been for him and others had the religious and moral teachings of that body of christians been heeded by him as the rule and guide of his life.

IT MAY BE MURDER.

The Passionate Act of a Musquodoboit Man and Its Result.

HALIFAX, July 4.—Middle Musquodoboit is one of the most law-abiding districts in Nova Scotia, inhabited by an intelligent prosperous community of farmers. Yet the occurrences of the past twelve months would unwarrantably cause outsiders to think the settlement was peopled by the opposite of the staid, religious, model citizens they really are.

The recollection of the horse-beating case, where a man lacerated the flesh of his faithful animal with a chain, was followed by the business failure of the same man and his running away, leaving many sad and impoverished creditors behind.

Next comes the case of John Millen an overseer of roads, who felled to the earth young Higgins who was doing statute labor on the road under Millen's direction. Millen, though over 50 years of age, seems to have hated this Higgins, who was not more than 18 or 20. On this occasion Higgins came up with an ox-load of gravel. No others were near except the children and teacher in the Brookvale school house. Millen directed Higgins to dump the gravel at a certain point on the road, an order which was wilfully or accidentally disregarded. An altercation followed which ended in Millen striking Higgins on the head with a spade, almost cutting off the left ear and breaking the lower jaw in two places. First Millen's story was that Higgins ox team had thrown its driver and crushed his head under the cart wheels. Miss Reid, the school teacher nailed that lie by telling how she saw the blow struck. Higgins remained unconscious for days. The night of the tragedy everybody thought Higgins would die. Millen became alarmed, and he disappeared.

That was ten days ago, and he has not been seen since. Detective Power joined in the search at Musquodoboit and obtained no clue, but the detective thinks that, whether the man is in the woods or in the States, he will sooner or later be captured.

Did the Right Thing.

The common council did Thursday what it should have done long ago. It restored the salary of the mayor's clerk to \$600 where it was years ago. The cut to \$400 was made when there was a need of very strict economy, but of late years there has been a general feeling that a thoroughly efficient man like Mr. Ward was worth \$600 at least.

"PROGRESS" is for Sale in Boston at King's Chapel News Stand.

## TRACED BY HIS HASTE.

BUCHANAN'S HURRY TO REMARRY CONVICTED HIM.

Because it led to Newspaper Comment which put the Authorities Upon His Track and Caused His Conviction and His Death—Incidents in His Life.

HALIFAX, July 4.—No execution ever so interested the Halifax people as the death in the electric chair at Sing Sing, of R. W. Buchanan, M. D. The condemned wife-murderer was a Halifax boy. Scores of people in this city remember him as a schoolmate, and hundreds knew him afterwards as a clerk in A. & W. Mackinlay's bookstore, and after that as a medical student and practitioner, though the law prevented him from long "keeping out his shingle" as a physician. The medical council objected to his degree or lack of degree rather.

Buchanan never had a very good reputation in this city, even when he professed conversion in a north end church, but there are plenty of people in Halifax today who will say that, after all, they believe he was innocent of the death of his second wife.

He has come to his untimely end through a Halifax newspaper, allied to his own rashness, apart from the question of his commission of the crime, of which the scripture says, "Be sure your sin will find you out." Only a few days after the death of his second wife Buchanan was back in this city—his object to marry his first wife. A minister in Halifax refused to perform the ceremony and Buchanan went to Windsor where he found another minister who consented to tie the knot.

If Buchanan was guilty, as supposed this marriage was a very reckless thing for him to undertake, among people who knew him and all about him. An evening paper here had a passing reference to the event, the fact of Buchanan's marriage was telegraphed to the New York World. That paper's suspicion was aroused, and next day the Halifax correspondent of the World in obedience to an order for the news, had a three column despatch in that paper. Buchanan's antecedents, his questionable history, and the story of the remarriage to his divorced wife, were graphically and fully told. The New York authorities were aroused to action by the enterprise of the World. When Buchanan returned to New York he was arrested. Everybody knows the details of his vigorous fight for life in the United States courts and of the tragic end in the electric chair.

Buchanan is the only Halifax man who has suffered the extreme penalty of the law. He was brought up a Presbyterian, and in the boyish theological discussions which took place between the pupils at the Albro street school eighteen years ago, "Bucky" as he was called, frequently claimed with flashing eye and upraised hand "thank God, I'm a Presbyterian." Happy would it have been for him and others had the religious and moral teachings of that body of christians been heeded by him as the rule and guide of his life.

IT MAY BE MURDER.

The Passionate Act of a Musquodoboit Man and Its Result.

HALIFAX, July 4.—Middle Musquodoboit is one of the most law-abiding districts in Nova Scotia, inhabited by an intelligent prosperous community of farmers. Yet the occurrences of the past twelve months would unwarrantably cause outsiders to think the settlement was peopled by the opposite of the staid, religious, model citizens they really are.

The recollection of the horse-beating case, where a man lacerated the flesh of his faithful animal with a chain, was followed by the business failure of the same man and his running away, leaving many sad and impoverished creditors behind.

Next comes the case of John Millen an overseer of roads, who felled to the earth young Higgins who was doing statute labor on the road under Millen's direction. Millen, though over 50 years of age, seems to have hated this Higgins, who was not more than 18 or 20. On this occasion Higgins came up with an ox-load of gravel. No others were near except the children and teacher in the Brookvale school house. Millen directed Higgins to dump the gravel at a certain point on the road, an order which was wilfully or accidentally disregarded. An altercation followed which ended in Millen striking Higgins on the head with a spade, almost cutting off the left ear and breaking the lower jaw in two places. First Millen's story was that Higgins ox team had thrown its driver and crushed his head under the cart wheels. Miss Reid, the school teacher nailed that lie by telling how she saw the blow struck. Higgins remained unconscious for days. The night of the tragedy everybody thought Higgins would die. Millen became alarmed, and he disappeared.

That was ten days ago, and he has not been seen since. Detective Power joined in the search at Musquodoboit and obtained no clue, but the detective thinks that, whether the man is in the woods or in the States, he will sooner or later be captured.

Did the Right Thing.

The common council did Thursday what it should have done long ago. It restored the salary of the mayor's clerk to \$600 where it was years ago. The cut to \$400 was made when there was a need of very strict economy, but of late years there has been a general feeling that a thoroughly efficient man like Mr. Ward was worth \$600 at least.

"PROGRESS" is for Sale in Boston at King's Chapel News Stand.

## TRACED BY HIS HASTE.

BUCHANAN'S HURRY TO REMARRY CONVICTED HIM.

Because it led to Newspaper Comment which put the Authorities Upon His Track and Caused His Conviction and His Death—Incidents in His Life.

HALIFAX, July 4.—No execution ever so interested the Halifax people as the death in the electric chair at Sing Sing, of R. W. Buchanan, M. D. The condemned wife-murderer was a Halifax boy. Scores of people in this city remember him as a schoolmate, and hundreds knew him afterwards as a clerk in A. & W. Mackinlay's bookstore, and after that as a medical student and practitioner, though the law prevented him from long "keeping out his shingle" as a physician. The medical council objected to his degree or lack of degree rather.

Buchanan never had a very good reputation in this city, even when he professed conversion in a north end church, but there are plenty of people in Halifax today who will say that, after all, they believe he was innocent of the death of his second wife.

He has come to his untimely end through a Halifax newspaper, allied to his own rashness, apart from the question of his commission of the crime, of which the scripture says, "Be sure your sin will find you out." Only a few days after the death of his second wife Buchanan was back in this city—his object to marry his first wife. A minister in Halifax refused to perform the ceremony and Buchanan went to Windsor where he found another minister who consented to tie the knot.

If Buchanan was guilty, as supposed this marriage was a very reckless thing for him to undertake, among people who knew him and all about him. An evening paper here had a passing reference to the event, the fact of Buchanan's marriage was telegraphed to the New York World. That paper's suspicion was aroused, and next day the Halifax correspondent of the World in obedience to an order for the news, had a three column despatch in that paper. Buchanan's antecedents, his questionable history, and the story of the remarriage to his divorced wife, were graphically and fully told. The New York authorities were aroused to action by the enterprise of the World. When Buchanan returned to New York he was arrested. Everybody knows the details of his vigorous fight for life in the United States courts and of the tragic end in the electric chair.

Buchanan is the only Halifax man who has suffered the extreme penalty of the law. He was brought up a Presbyterian, and in the boyish theological discussions which took place between the pupils at the Albro street school eighteen years ago, "Bucky" as he was called, frequently claimed with flashing eye and upraised hand "thank God, I'm a Presbyterian." Happy would it have been for him and others had the religious and moral teachings of that body of christians been heeded by him as the rule and guide of his life.

IT MAY BE MURDER.

The Passionate Act of a Musquodoboit Man and Its Result.

HALIFAX, July 4.—Middle Musquodoboit is one of the most law-abiding districts in Nova Scotia, inhabited by an intelligent prosperous community of farmers. Yet the occurrences of the past twelve months would unwarrantably cause outsiders to think the settlement was peopled by the opposite of the staid, religious, model citizens they really are.

The recollection of the horse-beating case, where a man lacerated the flesh of his faithful animal with a chain, was followed by the business failure of the same man and his running away, leaving many sad and impoverished creditors behind.

Next comes the case of John Millen an overseer of roads, who felled to the earth young Higgins who was doing statute labor on the road under Millen's direction. Millen, though over 50 years of age, seems to have hated this Higgins, who was not more than 18 or 20. On this occasion Higgins came up with an ox-load of gravel. No others were near except the children and teacher in the Brookvale school house. Millen directed Higgins to dump the gravel at a certain point on the road, an order which was wilfully or accidentally disregarded. An altercation followed which ended in Millen striking Higgins on the head with a spade, almost cutting off the left ear and breaking the lower jaw in two places. First Millen's story was that Higgins ox team had thrown its driver and crushed his head under the cart wheels. Miss Reid, the school teacher nailed that lie by telling how she saw the blow struck. Higgins remained unconscious for days. The night of the tragedy everybody thought Higgins would die. Millen became alarmed, and he disappeared.

That was ten days ago, and he has not been seen since. Detective Power joined in the search at Musquodoboit and obtained no clue, but the detective thinks that, whether the man is in the woods or in the States, he will sooner or later be captured.

Did the Right Thing.

The common council did Thursday what it should have done long ago. It restored the salary of the mayor's clerk to \$600 where it was years ago. The cut to \$400 was made when there was a need of very strict economy, but of late years there has been a general feeling that a thoroughly efficient man like Mr. Ward was worth \$600 at least.

"PROGRESS" is for Sale in Boston at King's Chapel News Stand.

IN THE WORLD.

SUN POLISH

Each package contains one dozen of Paste Polish.

SOLE AGENTS

Robertson to Elizabeth E.

Rev. Samuel Howard, C. M.

Rev. T. C. Jack, H. E.

Rev. T. C. Jack, H. E.

Rev. T. C. Jack, H. E.

Rev. T. C. Jack, H. E.

Rev. T. C. Jack, H. E.

Rev. T. C. Jack, H. E.

Rev. T. C. Jack, H. E.

Rev. T. C. Jack, H. E.

Rev. T. C. Jack, H. E.

Rev. T. C. Jack, H. E.

Rev. T. C. Jack, H. E.

Rev. T. C. Jack, H. E.

Rev. T. C. Jack, H. E.

Rev. T. C. Jack, H. E.

Rev. T. C. Jack, H. E.

Rev. T. C. Jack, H. E.

Rev. T. C. Jack, H. E.

Rev. T. C. Jack, H. E.

Rev. T. C. Jack, H. E.

Rev. T. C. Jack, H. E.

Rev. T. C. Jack, H. E.

Rev. T. C. Jack, H. E.

Rev. T. C. Jack, H. E.

Rev. T. C. Jack, H. E.

Rev. T. C. Jack, H. E.

Rev. T. C. Jack, H. E.

Rev. T. C. Jack, H. E.

Rev. T. C. Jack, H. E.

Rev. T. C. Jack, H. E.

Rev. T. C. Jack, H. E.

Rev. T. C. Jack, H. E.

Rev. T. C. Jack, H. E.

Rev. T. C. Jack, H. E.

Rev. T. C. Jack, H. E.

Rev. T. C. Jack, H. E.

Rev. T. C. Jack, H. E.

Rev. T. C. Jack, H. E.

HE HAD ONE AMBITION.

IT WAS TO OWN A FINE HOUSE  
THAN A. T. STEWART.

The singular story of a New York Merchant—Spent a Million Dollars on a Mansion and Never Lived in It—A Palace Which Was Sold at Half Price.

Wilhelm Pickhardt died suddenly at Cologne, Germany, the other day, and the New York Sun tells the story of his singular ambition and its failure. Mr. Pickhardt had been a resident of New York for twenty-five years, but for several years past spent much of his time abroad. He was a wholesale dealer in dyes and chemicals, and a member of the firm of William Pickhardt & Kuttroff. For a number of years Mr. Pickhardt resided with his family at the Buckingham Hotel, Fifth avenue and Fiftieth street. He was prosperous and had decided to build a home that would surpass in magnificence the marble palace, as it was called, built on Fifth avenue by A. T. Stewart.

Twenty years ago Mr. Pickhardt brought six lots at the southeast corner of Seventy-fourth street and Fifth avenue, which together include half the block on Fifth avenue, with a frontage of 102 feet and a depth of 150 feet. On this plot he wished to erect a house planned on general ideas of his own and of a quality and design unsurpassed. He threw his scheme open to international competition, and architects of England and Germany as well as of America responded. The plans of an American were accepted and work begun forthwith. Excavations were made to a depth of forty feet below the curb, and among the extensive subterranean works a well was provided to run a \$50,000 organ in this country. The underground work cost \$100,000. When the foundations were completed Mr. Pickhardt decided to alter his plans, and interrupted the work of erecting the building for a year.

In the meantime the work of quarrying and cutting the brown stone for the superstructure went on in Germany under the supervision of an expert sent over for the purpose. All the stones were cross cut, so that they would not chip. The corner stone was taken from Mr. Pickhardt's native place, Berghausen, Germany. When the walls of the first story had been built, the massive outer walls being three and a half feet thick, work was suspended again while more changes in the plans were made, after which building went on until three stories were finished. Again Mr. Pickhardt altered the plans, and there was a third interruption. The architect told the owner that to make the alterations suggested it would be necessary to tear down the building. Mr. Pickhardt said they would be made even if he had to personally demolish the building. Then the architect threw up the contract.

Mr. Pickhardt employed a contractor to tear down two stories, and engaged a new architect and a new builder to continue the work under new plans. The builder thus employed was one Knaut, a German. Knaut started off on a vacation, going to Germany, and died while there. Mr. Pickhardt was again delayed in his favorite scheme, but insisted that he would have the house completed according to his own ideas. The latest architect had conformed to the whims of his patron as they manifested themselves from time to time, and finally, in 1889, the house was roofed.

Mr. Pickhardt then said the house was not as he intended it to be, and that he would never sleep a night in it, or live in it a day, although it had cost him over a million dollars. Storm clouds were placed before the entrance to the big four-story structure, and the fence and coping and carved balustrades were covered. Temporary windows were put in the great frames, which supplied light to the 18-foot stories and to the big rooms, one of which, that designed for the owner's bedroom, was 40x25 feet. The \$500,000 organ is still lying in a storage warehouse. A stable on a scale commensurate with that of the mansion was built on Seventy-fifth street, between Fourth and Lexington avenues, on a plot 125x102 feet. It has a frontage of eighty feet and includes a riding ring. The building is two stories high, and gorgeous quarters were planned for the coachmen and stablemen.

The big house and stable stood for six years untenanted, save by a watchman and his dog. Finally Mr. Pickhardt instructed his agent to sell both house and stable and went to Europe, not wishing, he said, to be in New York at the time of the sale.

On Feb. 6 of this year the house was put up at auction. The terms of the sale were ten per cent. down and the remainder in thirty days, and property was sold subject to a \$100,000 mortgage. The bidding advanced at \$300,000 and went by \$25,000 to \$450,000, then to \$460,000, and then by \$2,500 jumps to \$472,500, at which figure it was sold to A. H. Matthews who acted for a trio of wealthy speculators. The stable was sold a few days later at private sale.

Mr. Pickhardt came back from Europe when the sale was over, but he continued to talk of the house, and the failure of his hobby seemed to worry him greatly. Early in May, accompanied by his valet, Mr. Pickhardt sailed for Europe. He visited his native place, Berghausen, where he owned nearly the entire town, and then

went to Cologne. It was his intention to visit Carlsbad before returning to America.

On Monday last a cablegram announcing Mr. Pickhardt's death was received. The message simply announced that Mr. Pickhardt had died suddenly at Cologne that afternoon. The cause of death was not stated. Interment will take place at Berghausen in accordance with the wishes of the family.

Wilhelm Pickhardt's estate is estimated at from eight to ten million dollars, and includes large tracts of land in the Adirondacks, with considerable property at Schroon Lake. He also owned a great deal of real estate in New York.

He was 61 years old, and leaves a wife, four sons and a daughter.

CHINA AND ITS OPIUM.

The Use of the Drug in That Country Goes Back to Ancient Times.

In a work by Dr. Edkins, a distinguished Chinese scholar, who was, for forty years a missionary in China, recently reprinted as an appendix to the report of the opium commission, the responsibility for the introduction of opium into China is traced on the basis of "information from the Chinese side." It is the prevalent opinion that British interference forced China to import opium, and that if British pressure were removed China would cease to use it. Premising that it was not till 1637 that the British East India Company established relations with China, and not till 1681 that the company took the opium trade into its own hands. Dr. Edkins proceeds to set forth the facts as stated in Chinese historical documents. The poppy was brought into China, he finds, by Arab traders, between the seventh and eighth centuries, A. D. Its cultivation in China began in the eighth century, and the Imperial Pharmacopoeia of 973 mentions it. The editor of the official Chinese Materia Medica of the eleventh century remarks: "The poppy is found everywhere." In the fourteenth century, says Barbosa, the Portuguese traded in opium at the Chinese ports. Its value is stated in the Chinese tariff of 1589 at "two mace of silver per ten cotties." The Arabs, Portuguese, and Dutch preceded the British East India Company in the opium trade with China. The Canton valuation book of 1687 shows that the board of revenue at Peking sanctioned the importation of the drug at a duty of 6 per cent ad valorem. A native work of the period refers to opium coming from Java and to the practice of opium-smoking in Formosa.

Opium-smoking, according to Chinese histories, had its origin from efforts of a Ming emperor (1628-1644) to suppress tobacco smoking. But the practice of tobacco smoking was established, and the only effect of the interdiction was to cause opium to be used along with tobacco, or instead of it, to eke out a diminished supply. Opium-smoking became most common in parts of the empire that had been most given to tobacco-smoking. In 1739 opium-smoking fell under the imperial edict, but the trade in opium continued as before, the annual importation being 300 chests. By 1767, the quantity had grown to 1,000 chests, under a tariff rate of 3 taels per chest. It was received at the custom-houses of Amoy and Canton, and the items in the books show that the duties on opium were 10 per cent. When the East India Company took the opium trade into its hands, in 1817, the drug had been a legal import for from two hundred to three hundred years. The people demanded opium, the people smoked it, and, although the import was forbidden by law at the capital, it was permitted by the constituted authorities on the coast.

The net result of Dr. Edkins' reading of Chinese documents is the conclusion that opium was widely grown and used in China before 1637, and opium-smoking was firmly established before 1761, when the East India Company first engaged in the trade. After 1781 the trade was conducted, first, with the concurrence, then, from 1800 to 1822, with the practical consent, of the Chinese port authorities. After 1822 it was conducted under a distinct arrangement. It follows, if the Chinese records are correctly read, that the Anglo-Chinese war of recent date was not the beginning of the opium evil in China, and did not force upon the Chinese and unwonted and undesired article of traffic.—Baltimore Sun.

According to Their Years.

At Montserrat, a mountain twenty-four miles south-west of Barcelona, in a monastery composed of thirteen hermitages, which are accessible only by steps down out of the steep rock.

The youngest monks occupy the highest, at an elevation of 3,000 to 4,000 feet. They are supplied with provisions by mules trained for the purpose. They hear the sound of the bells, the music of the organ, and the singing of the choir far below them, but assemble only on festival days for Divine service in the monastic chapel. Many of these hermits have only a small hut; others have also a small garden. Some of their dwellings appear to be suspended in the air, and can be approached only by means of ladders and bridges over terrible precipices. The inmates gradually descend to the lower hermitages as they inhabit a place in the monastery which contains the tombs.

Would Come Cheaper.

Some years ago a regiment of Volunteers was encamped on the outskirts of a country town. Among those whose curiosity led them to the encampment were three hardy yokels.

As the three were strolling round the camp they came across a large tent over which was written the following notice: "Dinner—as much as you like for a shilling." Being hungry, the three went in to dine.

They began their meal, and after five other parties had come in, dined and left again, they were still busy eating! Presently, a young man, evidently one of the attendants, came up and tapping one of them lightly on the shoulder, said in a low voice— "Here! you chaps, my governor sent me

to say that if you like to go now he won't charge you anything for what you have already eaten."

WITH FINE CHISELS.

Thirty Pounds of Stone Broken up by One Pound of Wood.

At Bangalore, in southern India, the quarrying of granite slabs by means of wood fire has been brought to such perfection that an account of the method is interesting. The rock forms solid masses untraversed by cracks for several hundreds of feet, and when quarried over an area is treated as follows: A narrow line of wood fire, perhaps seven feet long, is gradually elongated, and at the same time moved forward over the tolerably even surface of solid rock. The burning wood is then pushed forward a few inches and left until the hammer again indicates that the slit has extended.

Thus the fire is moved on, and at the same time the length of the line of fire is increased and made to be convex on the side of the fresh rock, the maximum length of the arc amounting to about 25 feet. It is only on this advancing line of fire that any heating takes place, the portion which has been traversed being left to itself. This latter portion is covered with the ashes left by the wood, and when thin splinters which have been burst off. These splinters are only about one-eighth of an inch in thickness and a few inches across. They are quite independent of the general splitting of the rock, which is all the time going on at a depth of about five inches from the surface. The burning lasts eight hours and the line of fire advances at the average rate of nearly six feet an hour. The area actually passed over by the line of fire is 460 square feet, but as the crack extends about three feet on either side beyond the fire area of the on-tire slab which is set free measures about 740 square feet. All this is done with maybe, about 1500-weight of wood. Taking the average thickness of the stone at five inches and its specific gravity at 2.62, the result is 30 pounds of stone quarried with one pound of wood.—Nature.

GOLD STORAGE FOR HUSBANDS.

Boston's Great Scheme to Secure to the Absent Housewife Peace of Mind.

The resources of modern civilization are capable of meeting nearly all the demands of the woman who wants to go into the country for the summer with a free mind, absolutely devoid of care for the home and leaves behind her. There are storage warehouses where she may safely bestow all her household furnishings, safe deposit vaults for her valuables, places where her dog, her cat, her parrot, or her canary can enjoy all the comforts of a home.

But in one most important and essential point modern civilization fails this woman. For if not the most valued, certainly the most important and frailest object in her urban entourage, the source of more anxiety and care than all the accidents of her environments combined, no place of safe bestowal is provided. To her question, "What shall I do with my husband's?" modern civilization returns no answer. She cannot take him along. In the first place, he doesn't want him. In the second place she doesn't want him. But here is no safe place to put him. She must leave him knocking about, entirely out of view of his lawful guardian angel, the sports of fate and bachelor acquaintances, subject to all the risks against which her presence by his side ordinarily insures him. The result is that many a woman who really needs and deserves a long summer rest abandons her cherished project, and the proprietor of some summer resort loses her patronage.

We please to learn that in Boston, whence all good things come, this want has been recognized, and an effort that promises to be successful has been made to supply it. A cold storage warehouse for husbands has been established by a "refined widow lady" who is about to contract with widow lady's wives about to depart for the seashore or the mountains, to store their husbands during their absence and return them in as good condition as when received, at the end of the season. Her establishment has some slight resemblance, it may be confessed, to the ordinary boarding-house of commerce, but the resemblance is only superficial. The great feature of her plan is constant supervision of her charges. Every care will be taken to interest and amuse them, but the strictest discipline will be maintained. No late-coming will be allowed, and efficient corps of stalwart assistants or keepers will be maintained, and, in the terse and significant language of the prospectus, "no funny business" will be allowed.

If the "refined widow lady" is of sufficient age and wisdom to invite feminine confidence, if she has the record she claims as a stern and uncompromising manager of husbands, the hotel keepers at the resorts frequented by Bostonians may anticipate an unusually profitable summer. There may be some little difficulty in turning a husband into this asylum, but once she has got him there, his wife may depart for her "villagetur" with a mind free from anxiety as to his safety. Rochester Paper.

His Share.

On one occasion when the poet Campbell and his older brother were sleeping together, the poet was even more than usually restless. His brother received a series of vigorous kicks and bore them with surprising good nature. But in the morning he demanded an explanation.

"I was not asleep," replied the gitted Thomas, wearily. "I was attempting to compose a poem upon gratitude, but I was unable to get into this subject, and I was for a long time. But I think that, with one or two alterations, it will do now."

"Indeed!" responded his long-suffering brother, dryly. Well, Tom, I don't know what share you will claim to this last effort.



Effect of the French Treaty.

Wines at Half Price.

The Bordeaux Claret Company, established at Montreal in view of the French treaty, are now offering the Canadian connoisseur beautiful wines, at \$3.00 and \$4.00 per case of 12 large quart bottles. These are equal to any \$6.00 and \$8.00 wines sold on their label. Every swell hotel and club are now handling them and they are recommended by the best physicians as being perfectly pure and highly adapted for invalids' use. Address:

Bordeaux Claret Company

30 Hospital Street, Montreal, Bordeaux Office: 17 Allee de Bontant.

ion, but I am quite sure that I had all the bold strokes of it!"

He Knows His Fate.

He staggered to the door. "Your return," he gasped, "will drive me insane."

She laughed mockingly. At the moment she treated his words lightly, but when, upon the following day, she saw him abroad wearing a pink shirt she was startled and bethought her of his fateful remark.

Suitable for the Season.

Write (to her husband, who is arranging his papers.) What have you got here in this parcel? Husband. They are the dear reminiscences of our honeymoon.

Wife. Oh, how delightful! Pray, what kind of reminiscences are they? Husband. They are hotel bills!

Was No Acrobat.

Mr. Skinner—Now, Patrick, I want you to roll down the lawn, and the children may stay in the yard and watch you. The New Man-of-all-work—I'd hav' ye understand, sir, that I'm no acrobat; an' if it's a circus yez want for the children, ye'll hev to hire a new mon.

Sparkling White Crystals.

Which dissolve readily and will not cake. That is what the Windsor Salt is. Ask your grocer for it. Purest and best.

Lait Virginal (Bath Liquid).

Orange flower water, eight ounces; and tincture of benzoin two drachms. The former is added very slowly to the latter during constant trituration, so as to produce an opalescent, milky fluid.

WANTED

Young Women and Men

or older ones, if still young in spirit, of undoubted character, good talkers, ambitious and industrious, can find employment in a good cause, with \$60.00 per month, and upwards, according to ability.

Rev. T. S. LINSCOTT, Brantford, Can.

WANTED

TO PURCHASE

Cancelled postage stamps of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, and Canada, such as were in use before Confederation; also New Foundland and others. Address giving full description, etc. A. F. HANSMANN, 15 Leader Lane, Toronto.

School Teacher

You can save time, labor, expense and be more proficient by coming here for a month (\$7) or more as you have time. You can readily see why expenses can be much less here.

Write to circular, free.

S. A. SNEEL, Truro N.S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISS HASTINGS, having moved to No. 27 Dorchester St., can accommodate a few more boarders permanent or transient. Also a few table boarders.

WANTED HELP—Reliable men in every locality (local or travelling) to inspect and keep our "flow cards" tacked up on trees, fences and bridges throughout town and country. Steady employment. Commission or salary, \$25 per month and expenses, and money deposited in any bank when started. For particulars write The World, Electric Co., P. O. Box 227, London, Ont., Canada. 6-8 3mo

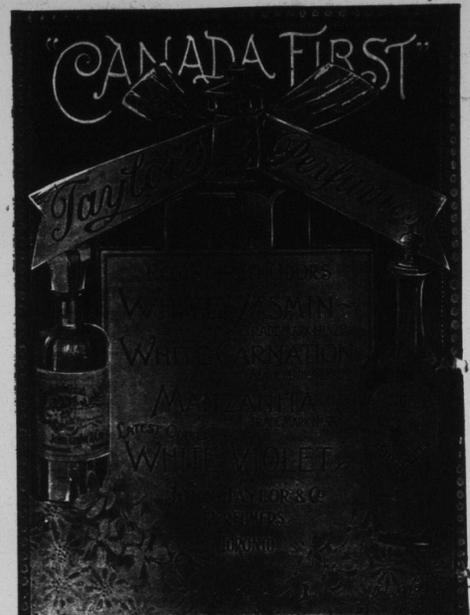
PHOTO Outfits and materials, Kodaks, Kodaks and Cameras from \$5 to \$100. Practical information ensuring success, free. Save time and money by consulting us. ROBINSON PHOTO SUPPLY CO., Main one Building, St. John, N. B.

TAMPS For Hand Printing, Blanks, Rallies, etc. Made in Montreal, Monograms, Stencils, Signs, etc., on order. ROBINSON PHOTO SUPPLY CO., Main one Building, St. John, N. B.

ONE MILLION CUSTOMERS wanted for beautiful doily parcels. We will send you post free for only 25 cents, 6 light light imported, stamped cloth dolls. Address: Gorbell's Art Store, 207 Union Street, St. John, N. B. 11-17-95

RESIDENCE at Roxbury for sale or to rent for the summer months. The beautiful doily parcels. The property situated house known as the Tins pros-erty about one and a half miles from Roxbury by road and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec Falls. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fenety, Barrister-at-Law, Fenety Building. 6-4-95

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS. Printing and general finishing for amateurs. Enlargers, Toning and fixing solutions for sale. LORAIN PHOTO STUDIO, 22 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. 6-11-95



WEDDINGS

Thousands of useful and inexpensive articles and very attractive for

WEDDING PRESENTS.

SOLID SILVER, SILVER PLATED, LAMPS, DESSERT SETS, KNIVES, CARVERS, WATER PITCHERS, CAKE BASKETS, CRUET STANDS, GRANITE WARE, ICE CREAM FREEZERS.

Bear in mind we keep the largest stock and variety to be found in the Lower Provinces.

W. H. THORNE & Co.,

ED. Market Square, St. John.

Special July Sale.

OUR MIDSUMMER SALE

has commenced and will continue this month during which time we will give a special discount on

- Refrigerators, Hammocks, Garden Vases, Garden Tools, Flower Pot Brackets, Lawn Mower, Hanging Wire Baskets.

Call early as the Goods are going fast.

EMERSON & FISHER.

THE GENUINE WHITE MOUNTAIN

Ice Cream Freezer,

The Leading Freezer of the World.

Improved for 1895, with which the finest quality of Cream can be produced in four minutes. Positively the only Freezer in the world having the celebrated "Duplex Dasher," with self-adjusting wood scraping "bar" by the use of which Cream can be frozen in less time, yet finer and smoother than can possibly be produced in any other Freezer now in use. By using the White Mountain you run no risk of being poisoned, as the cans are made of Best Charcoal Tin Plate, and the Beaters of Malleable Iron, Tinned.

FOR SALE BY

T. M'AVITY & SONS, 13 to 17 King St., ST. JOHN, N. B.

CELEBRATED

Monarch ECONOMIC BOILERS,

Robb-Armstrong Engines.

Full equipment for saw mills. Complete stock of

General Mill Supplies.

J. S. CURRIE,

Agent for Robb Engineering Co.

57 WATER STREET - SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Musical and Dramatic.

IF MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Professor Fisher late organist of St. Andrew church has gone to spend his vacation in England. He goes via Toronto where he will pass a week or ten days with a friend, finally taking passage on the Sardinian for the mother country.

Mrs Spencer's solo "Come unto Me" at Exmouth street church last Sunday evening was beautifully sung and was listened to with much delight by one of the largest congregations ever assembled in the church.

It was rumored during the week that Miss Farmer who has been organist of St. Luke's church, had been engaged to take charge of the organ in St. Andrew's in succession to Prof. Fisher. It was also rumored that Miss Nettie Pidgeon of the North End had been engaged as principal soprano and that Mr. A. H. Lindsay of St. John's (stone) church choir had been engaged as leading tenor.

Mr. Wilson, late organist of the Mission church, has joined the "noble army of Benedictines," and in his new relations I extend to him and his bride hearty wishes for a life of perpetual harmony.

Tones and Undertones

Some years ago a certain musician was engaged to "catch" a popular German soprano in Haydn's oratorio "The Creation."

M. Adolph Brodsky, the well-known Russian violinist, has accepted from September next, the post of conductor of the orchestra of the Royal Manchester College of Music, where he succeeds Mr. Willy Riese.

The German opera season of the Coburg company in London, opened with Zeller's comic opera "The Birdseller," followed two days later with Smetana's "Bartered Bride."

A new lyric drama in three acts has been given at the Opera Comique in Paris. It is the musical work of Paul Vidal, and the words were furnished by Pedro Gailhard, director of the Opera, and P. B. Ghensi.

The opera "Eros," which was recently given at the Theatre Pagineo, at Florence was an inspiration of the prima donna Gemma Bellincioni, though Enrico Gotta ciani made the verses, and Nicolo Massa composed the music.

Mr. Makover pays a tribute to the real kindheartedness which underlay a rather brusque manner, and he tells us that Von Bulow all his life long did many acts of unostentatious charity, such as the helping of old and poverty-stricken musicians.

At St. John Brownell, editor of the Boston Home Journal is the author of the drama of a new opera, the music of which is now being written by Mr. Louis Adolphe Coerne, a young American composer recently returned from Germany.

"I hope things are more peaceful in the choir than formerly," said the pastor. "Yes, sir," replied the organist, "it's perfectly calm now."

Most of the prominent violinists of the day possess instruments that are very highly valued.

The Emperor of Germany has a pleasant baritone and is especially a devotee of Wagner. The Empress is a fairly skilful violinist. The Crown Prince and Prince Albert have inherited musical taste and are admirable violinists.

The Queen of Italy is a composer of some merit. She is very fond of the piano and, it is said, will sit for hours improvising sweet little melodies.

The Princess of Monaco (Alice Heine) is a brilliant pianoforte player.

In Verdi's "Il Trovatore" there are 42 themes, 20 airs of a striking character, and at least 16 of these melodies were in everyone's mouth about 20 years ago.

Manager—But if I pay you \$1,000 a night, in addition to all other expenses, what will there be left for me to live on?

The musical season of 1895-96 will not be lacking in pianists. Among others, Martinus Sieveking is to be here.

Lillian Russell is wearing short skirts on her bicycling trips. A recent Boston paper noting this fact says: We hope she won't catch cold, for she once broke a contract because she was afraid, or claimed to be, of catching cold if she wore tight on the stage.

This is the last week of the "Pops" concert at Music Hall, Boston. The season closes tonight with a grand testimonial benefit to Sig. A. de Novellis, the efficient leader of the orchestra.

Polonaise Chopin Overture, "Rosaonda" Schubert Waltz, path of flowers Waldteufel Selection, "Lucia di Lammermoor" Donizetti Overture, "Martha" Flotow "La Villanelle" Violin Solo, Mr. Schittler. Prelude, "Rachiffie" Selection "The Brigands" Offenbach Overture, "Sphinx" Strauss Waltz, "Thousand and One Nights" Wadsworth March, "Excelsior, Jr." Tracy

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Since my last notes "Joseph," a comedy The Shaughran, another comedy or burlesque as one may view it as produced last week a couple of curtain raisers, and "Lend me Your Wife" with "Lost in New York" filled out the bills at the Opera house until Wednesday night of this week inclusive.

I did not see "Joseph" but I did witness the production of the next named play, "The Shaughran," and as produced by the Harkins company it proved the absolute correctness of what I said in my notes last week in substance that because the company individually gave a great performance of "Men and Women" it did not follow they would be equally good in every other play.

Of the ladies Miss May made a good Moya and Miss Madden as Conn's mother was excellent, as she always is; but the accent of the cultivated and refined Irish lady was noticeable by its absence in respect to the work of the young ladies who impersonated Arte O'Neale and Claire Fiollott.

"I hope things are more peaceful in the choir than formerly," said the pastor. "Yes, sir," replied the organist, "it's perfectly calm now."

Most of the prominent violinists of the day possess instruments that are very highly valued.

A very general request and it served as a medium for introducing to a St. John audience, Miss Ethel Knight Mollison as a regular member of the profession. In "Men and Women" Miss Mollison was cast for the part of Dora recently played by Miss Helen Cross.

There are about twelve thousand people regularly employed in the London theatres. The dramatic editor of The Spirit of The Times, in commenting upon Shakespeare's last birthday, tells of a book-peddler who endeavored to sell Shakespeare's plays on that day to the Germans on the east side of New York.

Joe Jefferson has been the recipient of the M. A. degree from Harvard college.

Henry E. Dixey has decided to reappear as a burlesque star next season. His engagement begins with the Stockwell Stock company in San Francisco on 12 August.

Thomas Q. Seabrooke will leave comic opera and next season will star in a new comedy which is now being written for him by Messrs Paul M. Potter and Leader Richardson.

Maurice Barrymore will be a member of the Stockwell, (San Francisco) theatre stock company next season.

Falstaff will be played by DeWolf Hopper in an open air performance at Saratoga shortly.

Very attractive lithograph portraits of the clever young artist Miss May Nannery, have been received by a number of that lady's admirers and friends in this city. The receipt of one at this office is acknowledged with thanks.

Miss Ulie Akerstrom, the winning little actress, and her manager Mr. Bernard, were visitors at the Opera House last Friday evening. Miss Akerstrom is enjoying at Loch Lomond, for some days, a portion of her well earned vacation.

Nat Goodwin sailed for Europe last week. Leading Lady (at the tragedy theatre). I don't like the new lover a bit; he is such an ugly brute; and his playing! So clumsy and awkward. Second Lady. Yes; and he is married into the bargain.

MUSIC HALL SONGS.

How They Came to the Front and What is Usually Paid for Them.

Many of the popular songs are the composition of men who have not the slightest knowledge of music says Tit-Bits. In the original form their songs and patter are ungrammatical and badly spelt, but when polished up a little are rendered suitable to sing. If they are intended for publication the songs undergo another polishing, in order to make them more presentable than it simply intended for music-hall use.

A song is never published until it has been proved to be a success on the stage. The singing right of a music-hall song is usually one guinea, though at times two, three, and even five guineas are paid; but this latter sum is a very exceptional one.

As a rule, music publishers pay from £5 to £15 for a song, the average being about £8, and when the author of a song which has been published is also the composer of the music, he shares the sum received from the publisher equally with the vocalist. The songs most readily taken up by publishers are those of a comic nature; but these are not always correct in their judgment, as was proved by the success of "Ask a Policeman," which was refused by five well known firms, and finally issued by the house to which it was first offered, £10 securing the entire publishing rights.

The Circus is Coming.

Sell's Brother's circus will exhibit in St. John on Monday and Tuesday, July 22 and 23. Their combination includes the Grand Roman Hippodrome Races, Three Ring Circus, Elevated Theatre Stages, Performing Animals of all descriptions, Tropical Aquarium, Australian Aviary, Fifty Cage Menagerie, Arabian Caravan and The Gala-day Street Parade.

CORNWALL'S BICYCLE AGENCY.

Controlling the largest line of wheels represented in Canada, including English, American and Canadian Wheels.

The following are prices of some of our leading lines of Wheels;—

Table with 2 columns: Wheel Model and Price. Models include Junior (\$35.00), Empire (Royal Mail) (50.00), Prince and Princess (50.00 each), Crescents (55.00 to \$80.00), Spartan (70.00), Duke and Duchess (75.00), Fleet, Ladies and Gentlemen's (90.00), Road King (90.00), Davies 'Uptodate' (100.00), Keating Ladies' and Gentlemen's (110.00), Hyslops (110.00), Whitworth's (110.00), Beeston Humber (120.00 to \$125.00).

We can meet all demands both in quality and price.

REPAIRS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

We have Second Hand Wheels for Sale.

Also full assortment of Cycle Accessories. See our samples and get our catalogue before purchasing and you will not make a mistake.

IRA CORNWALL, General Agent, Board of Trade Building ST. JOHN, N. B. I. E. CORNWALL, Special Agent. Send for Catalogue.

There are also charioteers, male and female jockeys, bare-back riders, and serial and other performers, and a program most exciting, select and refined in character.

HAWAIIAN CACTUS.

The Remarkable Curiosity Received From the Isles of the Pacific.

That ardent student of floriculture, Col. Alfred Isaacs, is not so passionately absorbed in the flora of foreign lands as he used to be.

Mr. Isaacs is a Government collector in the office at the door of Main street. Along the top of his desk sits a row of alligator pears and some sweet potatoes blooming in bottles of water.

Those fellows at the Oceanic dock are getting good in their old age," remarked Mr. Isaacs as he poured a cup of water on the cactus and placed it in the sunlight.

In size and shape the Hawaiian cactus resembled a penholder covered with a thin grayish-white foliage.

But the hot weather of the past two days aroused the latent energies of the Hawaiian specimen to a remarkable extent.

Mr. Isaacs was right. He pulled the cactus up by the roots and exposed a rat which should have been buried deep or thrown overboard two weeks ago, and now Mr. Isaacs is trying to find out who palmed off a rat's tail as a Hawaiian cactus.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Americans in Scott's Novels. "In rereading some of Scott's novels lately," said a bookish man, "I came across two expressions which are dubbed in England rank Americanisms."

The songs most readily taken up by publishers are those of a comic nature; but these are not always correct in their judgment, as was proved by the success of "Ask a Policeman," which was refused by five well known firms, and finally issued by the house to which it was first offered, £10 securing the entire publishing rights.

Graves Green With Garden Grass. Passengers on the trains to Grandford on the Reading Railroad have often noticed a little frame house at Arrott street station surrounded by a small vegetable garden.

Passengers on the trains to Grandford on the Reading Railroad have often noticed a little frame house at Arrott street station surrounded by a small vegetable garden.

Passengers on the trains to Grandford on the Reading Railroad have often noticed a little frame house at Arrott street station surrounded by a small vegetable garden.

Passengers on the trains to Grandford on the Reading Railroad have often noticed a little frame house at Arrott street station surrounded by a small vegetable garden.

Passengers on the trains to Grandford on the Reading Railroad have often noticed a little frame house at Arrott street station surrounded by a small vegetable garden.

Passengers on the trains to Grandford on the Reading Railroad have often noticed a little frame house at Arrott street station surrounded by a small vegetable garden.

An Englishman's Morning Dress. Sir Frederick Pollock, the Oxford law professor, when he lectured before the Harvard Law Association on Tuesday, was doubtless surprised by the occasion wearing evening clothes at high noon.

As Good as Some Modern Ones. The oldest prescription in existence has been found. It was given as a wash for promoting the growth of the hair of the mother of King Chata, second king of the first dynasty, who reigned about 4,000 B. C.

Where Sam May Got Left. Rev. Sam Jones says: "Wake up! it is church, preachers, if you have to lick an old deacon every Sunday morning."

Two Kinds of Statesmanship. "A statesman's motto," said the earnest patriot, "should always be, 'be sure you're right, and then go ahead.'"

"What is it?" "Go right ahead and square it afterward."

RECIPE—For Making a Delicious Health Drink at Small Cost. Adams' Root Beer Extract, One Bottle Fleischmann's Yeast, Half a Cake Sugar, Two Pounds Seltzer Water, Two Gallons.

Great Reduction in MILLINERY. "In rereading some of Scott's novels lately," said a bookish man, "I came across two expressions which are dubbed in England rank Americanisms."

Passengers on the trains to Grandford on the Reading Railroad have often noticed a little frame house at Arrott street station surrounded by a small vegetable garden.

Passengers on the trains to Grandford on the Reading Railroad have often noticed a little frame house at Arrott street station surrounded by a small vegetable garden.

Passengers on the trains to Grandford on the Reading Railroad have often noticed a little frame house at Arrott street station surrounded by a small vegetable garden.

Passengers on the trains to Grandford on the Reading Railroad have often noticed a little frame house at Arrott street station surrounded by a small vegetable garden.

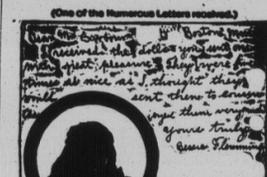
Passengers on the trains to Grandford on the Reading Railroad have often noticed a little frame house at Arrott street station surrounded by a small vegetable garden.

Passengers on the trains to Grandford on the Reading Railroad have often noticed a little frame house at Arrott street station surrounded by a small vegetable garden.

Passengers on the trains to Grandford on the Reading Railroad have often noticed a little frame house at Arrott street station surrounded by a small vegetable garden.

Passengers on the trains to Grandford on the Reading Railroad have often noticed a little frame house at Arrott street station surrounded by a small vegetable garden.

Passengers on the trains to Grandford on the Reading Railroad have often noticed a little frame house at Arrott street station surrounded by a small vegetable garden.



Barbour's Dolls.

The complete set of 12 Barbour's Dolls will be sent to any address on receipt of 3 two-cent stamps.

AMUSE THE CHILDREN.

They are Lithographed in beautiful colors on heavy, strong paper—each representing a different character—each 5 inches high.

Every Child Delighted. See that all your LINEN THREAD carries this Trade-Mark.

THOS. SAMUEL & SON, 8 St. Helen Street, Montreal.



THE YARMOUTH Steamship Co., (LIMITED).

The shortest and most direct route between Nova Scotia and the United States.

The Quickest Time!

Sea Voyage from 15 to 17 Hours.

FOUR TRIPS A WEEK

from Yarmouth to Boston. Steamers Yarmouth and Boston in company.

One of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth every Tuesday, Wednesday Friday and Saturday evening, after arrival of express from Halifax.

Returning will leave Lewis' Wharf, Boston, every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at noon.

Steamer "City of St. John's" will leave Yarmouth, every Friday at 7 a. m., for Halifax, calling at Barrington (where clear), Shelburne, Lockport, Lunenburg. Returning will leave Halifax every Monday at 6 p. m., for Yarmouth and intermediate ports, connecting with S. S. Yarmouth for Boston on Wednesday.

Steamer Alpha leaves St. John every Tuesday and Friday at 7 p. m. for Yarmouth.

L. E. BAKER, Managing Agent.

Progress Print

FOR QUICK, NEAT AND REASONABLE WORK

CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO. 77 King St

Vertical advertisement on the left edge of the page, partially cut off, containing text like 'FIRST', 'INGS', 'PRESENTS', 'SALE', 'FISHER', 'M FREEZER', 'ECONOMIC BOILERS', 'Engines', 'Supplies', 'BRIE', 'SAINT JOHN, N. B.'

PROGRESS. EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR. Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, for a year in advance, 20 to 3 Centenary street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

SIXTEEN PAGES. AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,643. ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY JULY 6.

A SON OF SCIENCE.

St. John has been favored with a visit from a world famous student and illustrator of science, as the term is understood by a large portion of the people of this and other lands.

The distinguished student was not Edison, the wizard of the world, but a young man of another age.

The distinguished student was not Edison, the wizard of the world, but a young man of another age.

Mr. Sullivan was here once before when he was an even greater hero than he is to-day, for that was prior to the time when Mr. Corbett proved himself the better man.

So, too, was his forbearance manifest when, at the earnest entreat of friends, he refrained from "knocking out forever" the imprudent Jimmy Elliott, as well as when, at the urgent request of the police he consented not to kill Mr. Charles Mitchell.

Mr. Sullivan is an author, as well as actor and slugger, and has given many enlightening reminiscences in a treatise dedicated to the "patrons and exponents of the science and art of boxing."

Besides this, it will be recognized that the great man must be weary of the gladiators of the multitude. Last week, a crowd of seven thousand people were brought to wild excitement when he had a benefit in New York, and appeared in a

friendly three rounds with his conqueror Corbett. It is gratifying to learn, also, that by his prudence in selling the show in advance, a rapacious lithograph company which sought to get \$2,400 out of the box receipts, on a claim against him, was compelled to retire in baffled confusion.

Mr. Sullivan is not only fatter than he used to be, but his hair is gray, and the moustache that used to lend such a charm to his features is no longer seen.

Mr. Sullivan is not only fatter than he used to be, but his hair is gray, and the moustache that used to lend such a charm to his features is no longer seen.

Ever since that time a quiet investigation has been carried on, and the result is the arrest of Flechter as the thief. A violin in his possession has been sworn to by Mrs. Bott as the lost Strad.

There is little doubt, if the violin is proved to be the missing Strad, that Patti will be more than ever anxious to secure it. Good Strads are rare enough, at the best, but a fiddle which has broken the heart of a man, and may bring about the downfall of another, is one which can claim to have made more than even the usual amount of noise in the world.

RATS, INDEED.

The following extraordinary statement is made in an editorial in the Boston Standard: The majority of Bostonians remember June 20, eighteen years ago, when St. John, N. B., was laid in ashes and a call came here for assistance.

THE STORY OF A FIDDLE.

There are romances in everyday life in these times, which come to the front in the police courts as often as any place else, and one of these pertains to a fiddle which is now the subject of a claim in New York.

One of the pupils of that famous German composer, Ludwig Spohr, was a certain Jean Joseph Bott, a violinist of some ordinary note.

Everybody interested in music knew of Prof. Bott and his rare Stradivarius. Many envied him the possession but nobody believed he could be induced to part with it at any price, nor did he believe so himself.

Years passed by, but age, which only adds to the value of old violins, began to tell adversely on the health and fortunes of the owner.

In the Toronto police court, the other day, a man was charged with vagrancy, but was allowed to go on the assertion that he was able to make a living.

and the parting with it was to take something out of his life which could never be replaced.

Reaching the hotel, a singular difficulty arose. The world-famous Patti wrote her cheque for \$1,500, but Bott would not accept it, even with the best of endorsement.

A few days later, Bott and his wife went out for a walk, leaving the house in charge of a girl. During their absence a well dressed man called, and on learning that nobody was at home asked permission to write a note.

Two weeks ago, on the occasion of the anniversary of the death of Charles Dickens the London Church Times marked the occasion by the discovery that this novelist's powers of construction were very faulty.

Since Dr. Buchanan was charged with murder, three years ago, many a less guilty slayer than he has gone to his death, while he fought the law with all the power that money could bring.

Professor Huxley is dead, but his labor for science will cause his name to be remembered long after the world has discarded his so-called philosophy of negation.

The quest of the summer tourist by wide awake places in the provinces appears to have reached Windsor junction, and a new station house is to be built there.

Contentment sometimes comes a little late, but its efficacy is just as apparent.

"The end of the matter" is what printers like best when "setting them up" queer, ain't it?

When "man wants but little here below" and get less, the poetical beauty of the sentiment is lost in practical adaption of the same.

When a man's down, sometimes it's all "up" with him. The same way with a dinner on board a sea-rotted vessel, with a sensitive passenger list, and an appealing shoal of hungry fish.

When two hearts are parted, the love birds tell, That stretches a silver line, That binds them together in mystic spell, With a magic that's all divine.

When two hearts are parted, the love birds tell, That stretches a silver line, That binds them together in mystic spell, With a magic that's all divine.

When two hearts are parted, the love birds tell, That stretches a silver line, That binds them together in mystic spell, With a magic that's all divine.

fish that he ceased to attract the public. Thus it is that prosperity never does agree with some people and this man is a living illustration of the fact that it is actually possible to eat oneself out of house and home.

In these days when, according to one of the supreme court judges, clergymen are rushing into print to call each other liars, Boston furnishes an example of devoted missionary work by a cultured Oxford graduate.

Two weeks ago, on the occasion of the anniversary of the death of Charles Dickens the London Church Times marked the occasion by the discovery that this novelist's powers of construction were very faulty.

Since Dr. Buchanan was charged with murder, three years ago, many a less guilty slayer than he has gone to his death, while he fought the law with all the power that money could bring.

Professor Huxley is dead, but his labor for science will cause his name to be remembered long after the world has discarded his so-called philosophy of negation.

The quest of the summer tourist by wide awake places in the provinces appears to have reached Windsor junction, and a new station house is to be built there.

Contentment sometimes comes a little late, but its efficacy is just as apparent.

"The end of the matter" is what printers like best when "setting them up" queer, ain't it?

When "man wants but little here below" and get less, the poetical beauty of the sentiment is lost in practical adaption of the same.

When a man's down, sometimes it's all "up" with him. The same way with a dinner on board a sea-rotted vessel, with a sensitive passenger list, and an appealing shoal of hungry fish.

When two hearts are parted, the love birds tell, That stretches a silver line, That binds them together in mystic spell, With a magic that's all divine.

When two hearts are parted, the love birds tell, That stretches a silver line, That binds them together in mystic spell, With a magic that's all divine.

When two hearts are parted, the love birds tell, That stretches a silver line, That binds them together in mystic spell, With a magic that's all divine.

When two hearts are parted, the love birds tell, That stretches a silver line, That binds them together in mystic spell, With a magic that's all divine.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

He knoweth. What sweet comfort there is in this thought to me, He knoweth all, That nothing in all my earthly life Can me betray, But the loving Father who lives above Knows all about it.

FAIRVILLE FIRE LADDIES.

They Get an Old Engine and Have a High Old Time for a While. A year or two ago, Fairville became aroused to the pressing necessity of having a fire department, after the town had been half wiped out two or three times for the want of even such simple appliances as hydrants.

The fire department was organized, and there was no lack of volunteers. The boys wanted a club house and they got it. The engine house suited admirably for the engine was not the least in the way and gave no trouble.

The steady going men, who had joined to work, got so disgusted with the condition of affairs that they kept away from the place altogether, whereupon their most convivial brethren expelled them for non-attendance.

For the first time in the history of the council, ferry matters were discussed at the board last Thursday without a fight, or even a suggestion of sectional feeling.

Sell's big circus with its attractions of all kinds, including a fine menagerie is billed to be shown in St. John on the 22nd and 23rd of this month.

Bones are the framework of the human body. If I had no bones in me I should not have so much motion as I have now.

Do you know that my smiles are sadder far Than a rain of heart broken tears? Do you know that my gay, bright greeting bears The pent up sorrow of years?

When two hearts are parted, the love birds tell, That stretches a silver line, That binds them together in mystic spell, With a magic that's all divine.

When two hearts are parted, the love birds tell, That stretches a silver line, That binds them together in mystic spell, With a magic that's all divine.

When two hearts are parted, the love birds tell, That stretches a silver line, That binds them together in mystic spell, With a magic that's all divine.

Social and Personal.

ST. JOHN—South, End.

Dr. George Hetherington who has been quite ill since the first of the week, is now under treatment at the hospital. Although his condition is not considered serious, his friends will be glad to hear of his speedy recovery.

Mrs. (Dr.) Travers gave a small, but enjoyable picnic at Lattimer's lake, on Monday last. The party went out on the boat and spent the day in boating and other amusements until about half past ten, when they returned to the city. Among those who received invitations were, Conna, and Misses Bury, Mr. Ed. Parks and the Misses Parks, Dr. Addy, Mrs. Chisholm, Miss de Bury, Mr. Charles de Bury, Mr. Carroll, Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie and the Misses Travers.

Mr. F. H. J. Ruel will hold two afternoon receptions this month, on the 9th and 10th. They will be held from 4 until 7 o'clock.

Misses Caverhill-Jones went to Sussex, on Monday.

Mrs. Fred Jones and Gillie Keator gave quite a large picnic to a number of their friends, at Robesay on Monday. The afternoon was spent in that delightfully informal way which characterizes events of this kind, though no doubt the majority enjoyed the dance in the evening much better than they did the rest of the entertainment. The music of two violins put new life and spirit into even the tired ones of the party, and the supper which was served late in the evening was of the most tempting kind. It was after midnight when the party dispersed; in addition to the Robesay people present, quite a number went out from the city; among them were, Misses Blair, Misses Furlong, Miss McShane, Mrs. Warren, Miss Gerlie Dever, Misses Byard, Miss Jarrin, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Duns, Misses Mabel Romas, Mr. F. Jones, Mr. Keator, Mr. Warren, Mr. Robert Ritchie, Mr. Hart, Mr. McPherson, and several others.

Mrs. J. D. Hazen and children are in Fredericton, visiting Mrs. Hazen's father Mr. James Tibbitts.

Miss Jeanette Beverly of Fredericton is in the city visiting her brother Mr. Fulton Beverly.

Mrs. Jeffrey and children, of St. Mary's, are visiting relatives in the city.

Mrs. Warner has invitations out for a social event at her charming home on Tuesday evening of next week. On the following evening she will also give quite a large dance, at which her daughter, Miss Mary, will make her debut.

Mrs. Percy Donville left yesterday for her home in Ontario.

The Misses Tapley, of St. John, are visiting Mayor and Mrs. Gibson, at Margville.

Mrs. W. T. H. Fenley is in the city, the guest of her sister, Mrs. Paddock.

Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, who have been living in Fredericton for past years, have returned to St. John, where they will reside in future.

Dr. and Mrs. Travers entertained a few friends one evening recently. The guests were charmed with the singing and playing of Miss Frances Travers who a musical talents have received through cultivation in the last year. The young lady has a magnificent voice and is to be regretted that she intends spending next winter in New York as St. John will thus be deprived of one of its finest voices. Among those who had the pleasure of listening to her upon the occasion referred to were, Miss May Blair, Miss McShane, and Misses de Bury, Mr. George Blair, Dr. Addy and a few others.

Mrs. George Coster will return to St. John in the middle of this month, after an absence of two years in Germany with her children, who are being educated there.

Mrs. T. Carleton Allen came from Fredericton last week to attend the closing exercises of the Davenport school. Here she has been attending the institution returned home with her.

Mrs. Lawrence, of Fredericton, always successful in her visits to St. John, is here, with her little daughter are visiting relatives here. Miss Sophia Tupper of the same place, is also staying with relatives in the city.

Mr. Warren Winslow and her children, intend going to the Bay shore in a week or two, to spend the rest of the summer.

Hon. A. G. Blair and family go to Carleton on Friday and will remain there all summer; the family and their guests, Miss McShane, enjoyed a little outing on the river the middle of the week.

Miss Helen Gill of Fredericton, came to St. John this week to pay a visit to relatives.

W. H. Thorne and family spent last Saturday, Sunday and Monday on the river in Mr. Thorne's yacht the "Dream." Mrs. Robertson accompanied them.

Miss Edna Saults is in Fredericton the guest of Mrs. Grace Porter.

Mrs. Richard Rodgers is visiting friends in Bridgetown, N.S.

Mrs. Jarvis gave a tea last Saturday for the entertainment of her sister, Mrs. Donville; while a social event in the city, it was a most successful one. I believe was rendered doubly enjoyable, by a small sprinkling of gentlemen, something quite unusual at afternoon teas, as their presence is not considered absolutely necessary to make a function of this kind, where the ladies are the guests. It was a success however, the novelty of the situation, no doubt going a long way towards making it so. The young ladies who graciously assisted the hostess were, Miss Tuck, Miss Blair and Miss Keator; and among the other ladies present, Mrs. Keator, Mrs. Percy Donville, Miss J. Morris Robinson, Mrs. Warner, Mrs. Frank Allison, Misses Byard, Mr. Morris Hazen, Miss Dora Armstrong, Miss Hazen and several others.

Miss Homer will sail today from New York for Germany, by the Hamburg line. She goes direct to Dresden, where she intends taking a six months course in music, and will return to St. John about the first of the year. She is accompanied by her pupil, Miss Nana Stone, who will also pursue her musical studies in Germany.

Miss L. Estey, of St. James' street, left Tuesday morning for a two months' visit to Upper Gagetown, for the benefit of her health. She was accompanied by her mother, Mrs. C. A. Estey.

Mr. Henry Phair and Miss Fannie Phair left for their home in Fredericton Tuesday morning. They were accompanied by Miss L. Estey of Housfield street, who will make them a visit.

Miss McLaughlin is in Fredericton, visiting her sister, Mrs. Le Babble.

Mrs. Ida Stone, of Bermuda, who came here about three months ago to stay with her sister, Mrs. J. A. Milligan, and who has been very dangerously ill with lung trouble for the past twelve weeks, is now somewhat improved and her friends have every hope of her recovery.

Rev. L. G. and Mrs. MacCall, will go home shortly, having taken the home lately occupied by Dr. C. Dawson on Union street.

Dr. Travers spent a few days in Amherst lately. Rev. Dr. MacRae was in Petrolia last week visiting his sister, Mrs. Smith at "Woodlands." He will also visit Nova Scotia before he returns.

Misses Ella Dick and Josephine McVicar of St. George who have been visiting relatives here returned home last Monday.

Judge Wedderburn will have shortly for a trip to Europe. He will be absent about six months and will visit the principal cities before returning.

Mr. C. E. L. Jarvis and his family spent the first of July at the Bay Shore.

The first marriage ceremony performed in the new Tabernacle church in Yarmouth was that of Miss Blanche Barclay Horton, eldest daughter of Mr. James D. Horton, and Mr. William Ray Wilson of this city, with Rev. W. B. Forbush as officiating clergyman. The bride was attended by Miss Florence Raymond of Beverly Mass., and Mr. Robert W. Williams supported the groom; as the bridegroom entered the church the wedding march was played by Mr. Ray Williams the organist and cousin of the bride. The same day Mr. and Mrs. Wilson came to Carleton where they will make their future home. Both parties have hosts of friends who will wish them every happiness.

Mr. and Mrs. S. S. McAvity and their two children went to Fredericton, last week. They drove there and had a very pleasant trip.

Mr. Robert Hazen, of the Bank of Montreal, at New York, is spending his holidays with friends here.

Mr. R. R. Rankine spent Dominion day in Woodstock.

Miss Evelyn Peters, is home again after a visit to Poland Springs, Maine; her sister, Miss Peters and the Misses Arthur, of Detroit, who had been visiting Poland Springs, accompanied her home.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Belyea spent last week in Woodstock, visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Belyea.

Mr. Kenneth Macrae, Mr. Cass. Clark and Mr. W. B. Wallace, returned Wednesday evening from a fishing trip to Musquash.

Capt. Richards accompanied by Mrs. Richards and family, are spending a short time in the city, and are staying at the Abbeville.

Miss May Hamilton, of Amherst, who spent the last week in the city as guests of Dr. F. Lawrence.

Miss Edith Darling, of Rethers, is visiting Amherst as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Moran.

Mrs. Charles Willis, of Sackville, is in the city with her friends.

Miss Vaughan, who has been visiting in Parrboro, N. S. for some time has returned to St. John. Miss Rainnie of this city is paying a visit to Sackville where she is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James Rainnie.

Mr. J. M. Johnson of Fredericton has returned to that city after a short stay here.

Mr. George Peters spent the first of the week with friends in Sackville.

Mrs. Frank P. Bernard of St. Andrews is a guest of St. John friends this week.

Mr. City of St. John is in Windsor, N. S. where he is the guest of Mrs. Savary.

Mr. Harry Cole of St. Andrews was in the city over Sunday staying with friends.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Haughton will spend the next few weeks in the city as guests of Dr. F. Stevens.

Judge Cockburn, of St. Andrews, was in the city part of last week.

Mrs. William Rainnie, Miss Rainnie, and Misses Florrie and Bertha Rainnie have gone to Campbellton, where they will spend the rest of the summer.

Mr. George C. Lawrence has returned from a very pleasant visit to friends in Yarmouth.

Mr. and Mrs. Dawson McKendrick are in Campbellton, spending a few days with Mrs. McKen, drick's parents.

Misses Mary Fowler, Alice Stevens, and Lizette Harper of Chipman are visiting friends in the city.

A party of over thirty picnickers spent Wednesday afternoon at an evening at the bay shore, at the invitation of Mrs. T. E. Perkins. The day was a delightful one and a very pleasant time was spent. Among those who were there were, Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Perkins, Mr. and Mrs. Hazen Dick, Mr. and Mrs. Don Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Baxter, Misses Estabrook, Misses Colwell, Misses Goss, Mabel Robinson, Oulton, Everett, Van Zile, Misses Day, Messrs. G. Dole, E. Everett, F. Hufsch, McCready, W. Davis, Vaughan, A. Cook, W. MacFarlane, and others.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Kirkpatrick and Miss Dora Kirkpatrick, of Fredericton, are here to spend the summer.

Miss Nellie McGivern is visiting friends in Bridgetown N.S.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Gardner entertained a number of friends at their summer residence at Logside on Dominion day.

Miss Waddell, of St. Andrews, came to the city this week to spend a month; she is accompanied by her mother Mrs. John Wade.

Mrs. Owen Campbell and her little son are in Moncton, guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Campbell.

Mr. Jas. Keator, of Montreal, spent Sunday and Monday with his mother, Mrs. Fred Anderson.

Mrs. Foster, of Sackville, has been visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Lawton, for a short time lately.

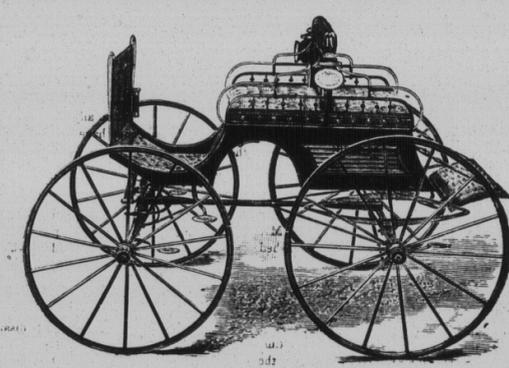
Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Peck are home from their wedding trip and Mrs. Peck received her friends at the Duffin hotel on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of this week.

Mr. Robert Cruikshank returned the first of the week from a pleasant trip to the Upper Provinces.

This is tiresome. Rubbed off in the wash you see. But the wonder is that any buttons at all are left on, when you grind them up so against a washboard. It isn't necessary, if you wash with Pearline. No washboard; no rubbing; no buttons worn off; no holes worn in. Think of the different kinds of work that you save, with Pearline! And the money! Remember, too, that if you keep to things proved to be absolutely harmless, there's nothing you can use that is equal to Pearline, the original washing compound. Send Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—send it back. Send it Back. JAMES H. DAVY, New York.

"Cravenette" THE POPULAR WATERPROOF CLOTH FOR LADIES' GARMENTS. The ladies, true daughters of Eve as they are, must have style with the most comfortable and that is one great reason why they insist upon Cravenette, which, while perfectly waterproof and dust proof, makes up in the most tasteful costumes, wraps and cloaks. And it is something to have a porous waterproof, for most of the so called waterproofs are damp and clammy. Cravenette can be obtained in six shades—Navy, Myrtle, Brown, Grey, Castor and Black. Cravenette is the costume par excellence for street or country.

A NOBBY TURN OUT. One of the many styles made in the Edgcombe Carriage Factory.



A CUT UNDER English Dog Cart. Will hold Four Persons, back to back. Is easy to ride in. Nobby and stylish. Turns very easily and in small space. Handsomely built by JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, Fredericton, N. B.

All-a-Samee Cherouts 4 FOR 10c. All Imported Tobacco. Better than most 5 Cent Cigars. As good as the ordinary 10 Cent Cigar. It is the manufacturer's profit that has to be cut down when times come. Every smoker should try these Cherouts. Assorted colors. For sale by tobacco dealers everywhere. Creme de la Creme Cigar Co., Montreal.

TAYLOR, DOCKRILL & CO., Sole Agents for New Brunswick. Use Only Pelee Island Wine Co's. Wine HEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE. E. G. SCOVIL. The and Wine Merchant, 42 Union Street St. John Telephone 125. Sole Agent for New Brunswick.

ALL SEEKING RECREATION by LAKE, RIVER or MOUNTAIN Should supply themselves with JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF. Which will materially assist in restoring exhausted vitality. Convenient for Camping-out parties. In small compass supplying good Meat diet.

THE CELEBRATED WELCOME SOAP. THE ORIGINAL TRY IT. FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

THE SCIENTIFIC HOME GARDEN CO., Wolfville, N. S. ATTENTION, under careful survey, SUBURBAN ORCHARD PARKS, with best attention to landscape effects and setting, with Fruit and Nut Bearing Trees, on the intensive system, with drives throughout arranged on pleasure park principles. Areas of unsurpassed natural beauty on the Cornwallis River has been secured, as well as the finest tracts in the town, on the Valley Plain, to contain 20,000 trees. Supt. Power of the P. Gardens is locating the streets. We offer 2,000 acres on the D. A. R., now being divided into 20 farms of a 100 acres each; also, 4 orchards from 2 to 4 acres each, planted and bearing, on the above system. The management of Emerald Hill Gardens at present the most improved orchard of the kind in the province, is associated with the above co'y.

AMERICAN OIL STOVES. 1 Burner, Only \$35. 2 Burners, Only \$135. 3 Burners, Only \$195. How does the above price strike you for a First-Class American Oil Stove? Ovens, Extension Tops. Tea Kettles, Saucepans and numerous other articles convenient to use with these Stoves during the warm weather. All size Refrigerators and Ice Cream Freezers. Usual low prices.

SHERATON & WHITTAKER, 38 KING STREET.

NO Musty Flavor. Absolutely Pure, Non-Alcoholic. A Delicious Beverage, Purifying to the Blood. Excellent for the Complexion. As Supplied to Her Most Gracious Majesty THE QUEEN. For sale by all reliable dealers.

STOWER'S LIME JUICE CORDIAL. DELICIOUS, HEALTHY & REFRESHING.

THE FIRE LADDIES.

Two ago, Fairville became pressing necessity of having a fire engine, after the town had been two or three times for the such simple appliances as they got one of the old engines, organized a company.

They were supposed to have the company, and there of volunteers. The boys and they got it. The ited admirably for the en least in the way and gave was not even kept in order, chance to make a record.

It was immensely greater it could force through the d packing in some of the is terribly in want of clean-outside.

had two classes of mem- them wanted to be fire- ke of the work, and some e thing. The latter were and when they undertook re other members and the re nowhere. The engine a place of recreation and of the dirtiest apartments of in the province.

ing men, who had joined to gusted with the condition they kept away from the r, whereupon their moti- on expelled them for non- is led to an inquiry by the as a result the company isband and a new one

owd has plenty of work e first thing in order is to ine and engine houses, and ay will be in some sort e. It hasn't been so far.

by The Experiment. me in the history of the matters were discussed at Thursday without a fight, tion of sectional feeling, the correct thing for the ermen to treat the West as Algerines who were arch of something they get. The proposition this time was to make ferry tickets good until the first of one month any other month. The face is as to whether this o much of a falling off in council has decided just man does a new boat, to ill hurt.

g in Fall Force. us with its attractions of ing a fine menagerie is n in St. John on the 22nd outh. It will come on and when it arrives al and a good many of the old pily till they see it.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(For Additional Society News See Fifth and Sixth Pages.)

HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Halifax at the following places:

- KNOWLES' BOOK STORES, 24 George street; MORROW & CO., 111 Barrington street; HAYES & MYLON, Morris street; CHESTNUT'S BOOK STORES, George street; BUCKLEY'S DRUG STORES, Spring Garden Road; FURNACE'S DRUG STORES, Opp. I. C. R. Depot; F. J. GRANT, 117 Jacob street; CANADA IRON CO., Railway depot; H. J. HARRIS, Spring Garden Road; W. E. HERR, 189 Hollis street; H. S. RAY, George Street; H. SILVER, Dartmouth, N.S.; J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth, N.S.

There have been a number of small tea lately and one was given almost every afternoon of last week.

Mrs. Farrell gave a large afternoon tea this week which I have heard was very enjoyable. Her house is admirably adapted to affairs of this kind, and as everybody knows what a capital hostess Mrs. Farrell is it goes without saying that it was very successful.

Mrs. Leach is giving an evening party on Friday the 31st from 9.30 to 11 p. m. and if the night is a fine one no doubt the beauties of the grounds will be fully appreciated.

The engagement is announced of a well known society man to a well known young lady in the sister city. The wedding will not take place till the autumn.

The wedding of Princess Helene D'Orleans and the Duke of Aosta took place Friday at Twickenham House, the residence of Mr. William Cunard once of Halifax, which he lent for the occasion. Twickenham House, formerly known as Orleans House, was at one time the residence of the Count and Countess de Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Daly returned last week from Margaree where Mr. D. ly has been on his annual fishing trip.

I hear there is to be a ball very soon at Admiralty house, another by a well known and popular hostess and also a large naval ball, but this last may be a trifle premature. However, I believe there are to be several balls in the very near future.

The yacht club has been a very pleasant and popular resort on Saturday afternoons. Indeed the attractions it offers are many and varied, plenty of people, good tea, beautiful costumes and a magnificent river to charm the eye; the yacht races are not the least of the attractions.

Mrs. T. E. Kenny, Miss L. Kenny, Master P. Kenny, will arrive home this week, after an absence of some months on the continent.

Mrs. Wm. Hill and her daughter are leaving for the old country this week on an extended visit. Mrs. Hill's parents Mr. and Mrs. Woodgate.

Miss Asterom's company did not stay long here but quite long enough to disgust every one. Halifax audiences do not tolerate anything approaching the vulgar, so the stay was short. I understand that manager Clarke was justly angry and is no wiser for whatever.

Last Friday night Mrs. Wickwire gave a dance in honor of her silver wedding. They have good wishes and congratulations of a vast host of friends. There was the usual gaiter party on Saturday morning. On Tuesday Miss Keay gave a dance at Thersvale which was greatly enjoyed as the house is particularly well suited to dancing and the grounds are simply magnificent.

The concert in the Gardens last Friday night was particularly fine. The evening was delightfully cool and made wandering around very pleasant. The music by the Kings band was exceptionally fine and the absence of fire works was a great improvement. The music is attraction enough to most people.

Mrs. Charles Cory is visiting her friends in the upper provinces.

Mr. George Cory passed a very successful examination at Kingston this year and is entitled to a commission in her majesty's army. His friends will be glad to hear of his success.

Major Banning of the King's regiment has returned to Halifax after a four months leave of absence. Major Mellor will shortly join his wife in Ireland. A concert will be given in S. Lukes school room next week in aid of St. Lukes organ fund; thirty well-known ladies and gentlemen will take part.

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.

JULY 26.—Mrs. Tibbitts and her daughter Miss Blanche returned on Wednesday from an extended visit in the United States.

Mrs. J. M. Owen returned from Halifax on Wednesday.

Mrs. McVicar accompanied by her son Jack returned from Halifax on Wednesday.

Miss Cunningham gave a very pleasant progressive whist party on Tuesday evening. Whist was played in until eleven, when the rooms were cleared for dancing, those present were: Mr. and Mrs. O'Leary, Mr. and Mrs. J. Herbert Runciman, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Harris, Miss Grace Robinson, Miss Goodwin, of Bangor, Miss Armstrong, St. John, Miss Helen Robinson, Miss Maggie Leavitt, The Misses Whitman, Miss Ford, St. John, Miss Lillian Harris, Miss Maud Hall, Miss Nettie Arnolds, Miss Edith Corbett, The Misses Brittain, Miss Nellie Runciman, Messrs J. M. Owen, T. W. Walcott, Yarmouth, D. H. Bugles, G. A. Hughes, A. D. Irvine, R. Creighton, H. W. Hall, C. Bochner, C. McDormand, Dr. Robinson, Louis Whitman, Victor Whitman. The ladies set prize part was won by Miss Nettie Runciman, the 2nd prize by Miss Armstrong, St. John. The gentleman's 1st prize was won by G. A. Hughes, the 2nd by Mr. Bochner.

Mrs. Miller and daughter, of Everett, Mass., are the guests of Mrs. J. H. Runciman.

The Rev. R. McArthur, of Mahone Bay on his return from conference at Bear River spent Thursday in town the guests of Mrs. Stothard.

Mrs. Arthur Whitman, of Halifax, is the guest of her brother, Mr. Edwin Gates.

Miss Bessie Barr returned from Halifax on Wednesday accompanied by the Misses Crisp and have taken rooms on George street for the summer months.

Miss Ford who has been the guest of Miss Lillian Harris left on Wednesday.

Miss May Hills who has been visiting Miss Pickles returned to Grandville on Friday.

Miss Grace Robertson spent Thursday in Clementsport with friends.

Miss Maggie Leavitt entertained a few of her young friends in a very pleasant manner on Thursday evening; what occupied the first part of the evening, and dancing the latter. Those present were Mrs. F. W. Harris, Mrs. J. H. Runciman, Miss Carrie Harris, Miss Maud Hall, Miss Gladys Robinson, the Misses Brittain, Miss Susie Cunningham, Miss Louise Harris, Miss Edith Corbett, Miss Nellie Runciman, Messrs. F. W. Harris, J. H. Runciman, A. D. Jost, H. W. Hall, R. Creighton, G. A. Hughes, C. Cunningham, C. McDormand, A. D. Irvine, Dwight Bugles.

Mrs. Samuel Hill and her daughter Viola are spending a few weeks in Halifax.

Mrs. Stothard was at home to a number of her friends Friday afternoon at half past four. A very dainty tea was served at five o'clock. Among those present were: Miss Murphy, Mrs. White, Mrs. Goodfellow, Mrs. Henry de Blois, Mrs. Frank Pickles, Mrs. Lombard, Mrs. Boggs, Mrs. Owen, Mrs. Leavitt, Mrs. J. Herbert Runciman, Mrs. John Harris, Miss Rudolf, Mrs. Tibbitts, Miss Blanche Tibbitts, Mrs. West, Mrs. Malcolm, Mrs. F. O. Lee, Mrs. Armand.

The Misses Hague of New York, who are spending

No MORE BLOWING but hard stern fact--proved by thousands of housekeepers all over Canada--that



Eclipse

Soap will do more work for less money than any other soap ever offered. Put up now in large and small bars--order one from your grocer and you will prove its superiority over all other soaps.

JOHN TAYLOR & CO., MANUFACTURERS.

ing the summer in Clementsport were in town on Friday.

The Whist club was entertained on Friday evening, by Mr. G. A. Hughes, at his mother's house. The ladies' prize, a cut glass vase in silver stand, was won by Mrs. West. The gentlemen's prize, a silver ink well, was won by Mr. Dwight Bugles. This was the last meeting of the season. The members are looking eagerly forward to the next meeting in September.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Harris, spent Thursday in Windsor.

Capt. Samuel Potter and Wm. Vroom, of Clementsport, were in town last week.

The Misses Myrshall, Mr. Myrshall and sons, of Portland, Maine, are the guests of Mrs. Tibbitts.

Miss Lillian Harris, went to Wolfville on Saturday, for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Turnbull of Digby, were in town on Saturday.

Mrs. J. M. O'Brien gave a birthday party on Saturday afternoon for her little son Parish.

Mrs. Charles D. Corey, of St. John, was in town this week.

Miss Mary Backs who has been making a visit of several weeks in Boston returned on Saturday.

Mrs. John Craig, of Yarmouth, is visiting her sister Mrs. Cunningham.

Mr. Ott, of St. John, is the guest of Mrs. Savary. Miss Josie Hall, of Grandville, is the guest of Miss Maud Hall.

Mr. Harry Huestis, of Halifax, was in town last week.

Miss Moody, of Yarmouth, and Miss Dakin of Digby, are the guests of Mrs. Geo. Conbit.

Mrs. Reginald Shaw, of Clementsport, spent Tuesday in town.

SYDNEY, C. B.

[Progress is for sale in Sydney by John McKen and G. J. McKinnon.]

JULY 27.—Mr. H. H. McDougall and bride arrived by Saturday night's express. Mrs. McDougall is receiving this week and is looking extremely well in her wedding dress.

Dr. J. K. McLeod arrived from Bay Roberts Nfld. yesterday via. Glace Bay.

Mrs. D. J. McDonald is also receiving this week and looks very pretty in pale green trimmed with white. She is assisted by her sisters Mrs. R. A. H. McKean and Miss Cameron.

The Misses Jean of Glace Bay, were in town on Saturday.

Miss Driscoll, spent a couple of days in town, last week.

Mrs. V. Brown, Miss Partridge, Misses Plant, Mrs. and Miss Farris, were visiting friends in town, Wednesday last.

Mr. John M. Stirling left for Boston, on Friday, and is expected to return with his bride next week.

Rev. F. O. Weeks, of Kentville, is staying with his sister, Mrs. Hebb, but thinks his native climate will be of great benefit to him.

HANTSFORD.

JULY 1.—Miss Brown had a very pleasant company at her home last Thursday evening.

Mr. Wesley Davison left for Vancouver, B. C., last Tuesday evening.

Mr. Edwards and Mrs. Edwards, of Annapolis, are the guests of Mrs. Sarah Newcombe.

Capt. and Mrs. O'Brien, of Yarmouth, were the guests of Mrs. Wallie, last week.

There was a wedding here on Wednesday last in the Baptist church at 9 a. m. The contracting parties were Miss Blanche Davidson, of this place and Mr. William McLelland, of Grandville's Island, the church was elegantly decorated.

Mr. D. B. Woodworth and Dr. P. C. Woodworth, of Kentville, were the guests of Miss Laura Church, last Saturday.

J. W. Churchill and Miss Violet Churchill left last Saturday to visit Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Short, of Digby.

LOCKPORT.

[Progress is for sale in Lockport at the "Nimble Sixpence Grocery"]

JULY 1.—Dr. and Mrs. Lockwood and Miss Marianna, with Mrs. Wynne and Master Jack Johnson left for Kentville and Canning Friday.

Mrs. Enos Churchill is back from attending Halifax Ladies college closing, she is accompanied by her daughter Miss Maud Churchill and by Miss Calkin, of Kentville.

Mrs. D. J. Thomas, gave a delightful dance and card party on Monday evening last for her daughter Ella. Those who enjoyed this pleasant party were the Misses Standish, Jean Crowe, Alice Crowe, Annie Crowe, Blanche, Holman, Mabel McLeod, Mabel Bishop, Nellie Blanchard, Gertrude Lewis, Annie Snow, Nellie McMillan, Corbett, Murray, J. C. Ford, F. McDougall, Vernon V. Murray, H. W. Yull and Mrs. C. A. McLennan.

Mrs. G. O. Donkin gave a five o'clock tea to a small number of ladies and gentlemen friends. Miss Moustique presided at the tea-table. It was a pleasant formal tea. Those present were: Dr. and Mrs. Hart, Miss Hester, Mrs. Theo. McKay, Mrs. S. R. Tupper, Mrs. J. A. Hanson, Miss McKay, Miss Blane and Miss Graham.

The local tennis tournament deferred because of Monday's down pour comes off this afternoon. Mrs. W. S. Murray and Miss Wetmore, will provide the tea and edibles.

Miss Gordon, from Bridgewater, is visiting her friend, Miss Nelson, Pleasant street. Fro.

PARROBORO.

[Progress is for sale at Parroboro Book Store.]

JULY 4.—Quite two thousand people including fourteen hundred Sunday school children were down on Spinnell on Saturday. The day was spent by most at the drill ground while the refreshment tables and the merry-go-round in O'Mullins field were extensively patronized. This merry-go-round arrived in town a week ago and attracts crowds day and night. The refreshments were provided by the R. Catholic congregation the sale containing yesterday (Domination day) and today. A downpour of rain yesterday morning was rather discouraging but the weather cleared by noon and was all that could be desired.

The officers of the 10th Battalion are to be entertained by the mayor and citizens at an "At Home," for which a large number of invitations are out at the Queen hotel on Thursday evening. Drs. Rand, MacKenzie, and Wilkinson and Messrs. Robt. Aikman, Evitts and Rutherford are the committee of arrangements.

Mrs. Heath and Miss Cowan of New York, are guests of Mr. Cowan at the Island. Mr. Robt. Cowan left this morning for Montreal but receiving the intelligence of the death of Mr. Cowan at Liverpool, England, he returned to the island to-night.

Colonel Irving and Miss Irving, of Halifax, are at the Island Hotel. The wife and children of Surgeon Hayes are tenting near the drill ground.

Mrs. F. S. Herby, of Wolfville, has been spending a few days at her summer home.

Mr. C. R. Smith, Q. C. of Amherst, and his family are at their summer home.

Mr. F. S. Herby, of Wolfville, has been spending a few days at her summer home.

On Sunday morning the millmen headed by the band marched into town to attend church. The number attending the five churches was about the same. Mr. Cox a lay reader from Kings college is assisting in the Gibsons during vacation.

Miss Cooper and Miss Hall, of Springhill, have been for a few days at Mr. George Corbett's.

Miss Vaughan has returned home to St. John.

AMHERST.

[Progress is for sale at Amherst by Master A. D. Campbell.]

JUNE 2.—The commencement exercises of the academy were conducted on a larger scale than usual this year. The graduating exercises were held in the afternoon and in the evening a concert was given by the pupils from the different grades. The different numbers on the programme were well rendered and Mr. H. Murray received a hearty vote of thanks for conducting the affair so cheerfully. The summer school of science holds its opening meeting this evening in the assembly hall among the distinguished visitors who will take part are Ex-Governor Haveland of P. E. I., Hon. Montgomery Moore of Halifax, Prof. Andrews of Kensington, Prof. Caldwell of Wolfville and A. H. McKay superintendent, of Education, Halifax.

Miss Ford has gone to her home in Lunenburg to spend the summer vacation.

Mr. Lewis is the guest of her aunt Mrs. D. W. Robb, Church street.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Ross are receiving the congratulations of their many friends on the arrival of a heir.

Miss May Alken-on of Moncton is visiting her cousin Miss Rachel Love.

Mrs. Coates of Buctouche is paying a visit to her daughter Mrs. Fraser.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McQueen of Dorchester were in town on Thursday.

On Wednesday evening Mayor and Mrs. N. A. Curry gave a large dance at their home, Seville, Havelock street, which as usual was replete with all the pretty details that embellish such events.

Mrs. Curry in a very pretty gown of cream silk, trimmed with cream lace, looked particularly nice and entertained charmingly not overlooking the general Mayor, who always looks well and is a capital host. The guest of honor, Miss Edith Curry, of Windsor, wore a very pretty gown of hallorette silk.

Mrs. R. C. Fuller wore a very handsome gown of cream silk with cream net and pink silk trimmings, Mrs. W. E. Patterson wore grey net draped over the same shade of silk.

Mrs. Harvey Vipe a gown of mauve silk trimmed with cream lace and mauve velvet.

Revival of Trade.

Reports from the United States show the view that trade interests have vastly improved recently and that the business outlook for the future is encouraging. This view is welcome news to the people of Canada, since our own trade interests will be stimulated and improved. In nothing has this improvement been shown in a more marked way than in the increased sales of Putnam's Palmless Corn Cakes. These being dull travelling not absolutely needed because a luxury, and its sale being a stationary. Now it is different. Sales have increased and its usefulness as it has proven the only safe, sure, and painless remedy for corns, and size people will use no other.

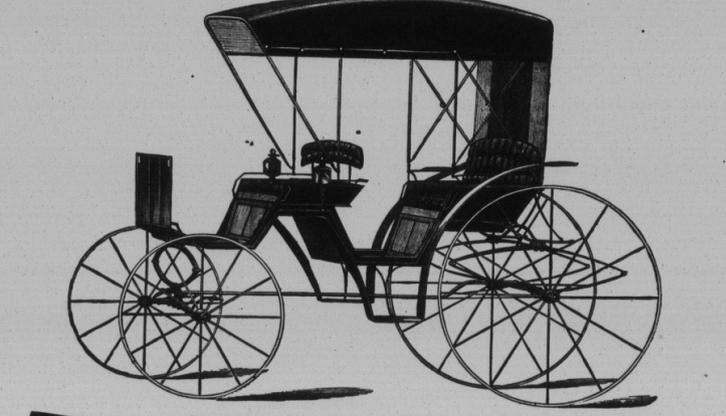
CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. THE ONLY TRANSCONTINENTAL LINE. Fast Express train leaves from Union Station, St. John, N. B., at 4.00 p. m. Daily, SUNDAY EXCEPTED. For MONTREAL and intermediate points, making close connections with Fast Express Trains for OTTAWA, TORONTO, DETROIT, CHICAGO, the West, North-West and the Pacific Coast. For tickets, sleeping car accommodations, etc., enquire at City Ticket office, Chubb's Corner.

SMITH & TILTON, St. John, Agents for New Brunswick. Flowers love the Sunlight and always turn to it. The modern housewife learns to love Sunlight Soap. 6 Cents Twin Bar. and always turns to it to help her out on "wash day" or any other day when she needs a pure, honest soap which cleanses everything it touches and doesn't injure anything, either fabric or hands. Less labor Greater comfort. For every 13 wrappers sent to Smith & Tilton, Ltd., 28 South St., Toronto a useful paper-bound book will be sent.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION. WILL RESTORE Pale, Weak and Emaciated CHILDREN. To a normal condition of HEALTH and STRENGTH, and bring back the BLOOM of YOUTH more quickly than any other medicine. As a Flesh Restorer, Puttner's Emulsion has no equal giving substance and tone to the wasted muscles. All Druggists keep it. Price 50 cents per bottle. An Open Letter. St. MARTIN'S, QUEBEC, MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & Co. Gentlemen: Last November my child unfortunately stuck a nail into his knee, and for some time we thought he would lose the limb. I was advised to take him to Montreal and have the limb amputated to save his life. But I got a bottle of your MINARD'S LINIMENT, and within three days my child was all right and I feel so grateful that I wish you to use this testimonial, so that others may learn the merits of your wonderful liniment. Yours gratefully, LOUIS GAYNIER.

CANADIAN EXPRESS CO. General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers. Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages of every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe. Special Messengers daily, Sunday excepted, over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, the Atlantic, Montreal and Sorel, Napawan, Tamworth and Quebec, Central Ontario and Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Northern and Western Railway, Cumberland Railway, Champlain Branch Railway, Steamship Lines to Digby and Annapolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 600 agencies. Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territory and Alaska. Express weekly to and from Europe via Canadian Line (Royal Mail Steamers). Agents in Liverpool in connection with the forwarding system of Great Britain and the continent. Shipping Agents for Liverpool, Montreal, Quebec and Portland, Maine. Goods in bond promptly attended to and forwarded with dispatch. Invoices required for goods from Canada, United States, and vice versa. J. R. SIOE, H. C. CREIGHTON, Asst. Supt.

WOLFE'S CHOCOLATES & COCOAS. COMFORTING TO OLD OR YOUNG ROBUST OR FEIBLE. STEAMER CLIFTON. Excursions. Commencing July 1st, the above steamer will make cruises every Tuesday and Thursday leaving Indiantown at 9 a. m.; returning about 6.30 p. m. The regular trips will be as follows: Leave Hampton Monday morning at 8 a. m.; not returning until Tuesday morning at 9 a. m. Wednesday morning leave Indiantown at 8 a. m.; returning same day, leaving Hampton at 3 p. m. Saturday leave Hampton at 8 a. m.; returning leave Indiantown at 4 p. m.



Extension Top Cut Under! Easy riding springs. Deep spring back and cushion. Fenders over wheels keep dresses clean. Front wheels go under, making it turn short and easy. Silver Mountings. Call and see them. Catalog mailed free.

PRICE & SHAW. 223 to 228 Main St., St. John, N. B.





Success of Burdock's... its specific curative organ of the body...

MISS GRIER, Lady Principal, Wykeham Hall, Toronto, Tuesday, 4th Sept. 1895.

MISS GRIER, Lady Principal, Wykeham Hall, Toronto, Tuesday, 4th Sept. 1895.

MISS GRIER, Lady Principal, Wykeham Hall, Toronto, Tuesday, 4th Sept. 1895.

MISS GRIER, Lady Principal, Wykeham Hall, Toronto, Tuesday, 4th Sept. 1895.

MISS GRIER, Lady Principal, Wykeham Hall, Toronto, Tuesday, 4th Sept. 1895.

MISS GRIER, Lady Principal, Wykeham Hall, Toronto, Tuesday, 4th Sept. 1895.

MISS GRIER, Lady Principal, Wykeham Hall, Toronto, Tuesday, 4th Sept. 1895.

MISS GRIER, Lady Principal, Wykeham Hall, Toronto, Tuesday, 4th Sept. 1895.

MISS GRIER, Lady Principal, Wykeham Hall, Toronto, Tuesday, 4th Sept. 1895.

MISS GRIER, Lady Principal, Wykeham Hall, Toronto, Tuesday, 4th Sept. 1895.

MISS GRIER, Lady Principal, Wykeham Hall, Toronto, Tuesday, 4th Sept. 1895.

MISS GRIER, Lady Principal, Wykeham Hall, Toronto, Tuesday, 4th Sept. 1895.

MISS GRIER, Lady Principal, Wykeham Hall, Toronto, Tuesday, 4th Sept. 1895.

MISS GRIER, Lady Principal, Wykeham Hall, Toronto, Tuesday, 4th Sept. 1895.

MISS GRIER, Lady Principal, Wykeham Hall, Toronto, Tuesday, 4th Sept. 1895.

MISS GRIER, Lady Principal, Wykeham Hall, Toronto, Tuesday, 4th Sept. 1895.

MISS GRIER, Lady Principal, Wykeham Hall, Toronto, Tuesday, 4th Sept. 1895.

MISS GRIER, Lady Principal, Wykeham Hall, Toronto, Tuesday, 4th Sept. 1895.

MISS GRIER, Lady Principal, Wykeham Hall, Toronto, Tuesday, 4th Sept. 1895.

MISS GRIER, Lady Principal, Wykeham Hall, Toronto, Tuesday, 4th Sept. 1895.

MISS GRIER, Lady Principal, Wykeham Hall, Toronto, Tuesday, 4th Sept. 1895.

MISS GRIER, Lady Principal, Wykeham Hall, Toronto, Tuesday, 4th Sept. 1895.

MISS GRIER, Lady Principal, Wykeham Hall, Toronto, Tuesday, 4th Sept. 1895.

MISS GRIER, Lady Principal, Wykeham Hall, Toronto, Tuesday, 4th Sept. 1895.

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1895.

DOCTOR AND SICK MAN.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN HAS HAD TO HUSTLE FOR HIS PAY.

By His Attendance the Life of a Stranger in a Strange Land was Saved—What the Stranger's Father had to Remark When the Physician Sought His Pay.

HALIFAX, July 4.—How is this for an instance of magnanimity and generosity? The people referred to are one of the most prominent merchants of this city, his son now a resident of New York and a Halifax man practicing medicine in the same great metropolis. The son is not much more than twenty-one years of age. A couple of years ago he went to the United States without any great pressure to keep him home, putting it mildly. After a year's absence the young man was taken ill with a dangerous malady. The doctor in question, being a Halifax man, and acquainted with the sick man's antecedents was called in. He did what he could, and with success, for though the young man's condition became critical he would probably have died without the medical aid administered. The father and mother came to New York, saw their son and consulted with the physician. He explained the case and was authorized to do everything possible to bring about speedy recovery, and the expense would be defrayed by them. The doctor accordingly devoted himself with great patience to the effort to pull the young man through, sitting up with him night after night. The lung hung by a thread, but it was saved at last. The chances are that without the special work of this doctor there would have been no recovery.

The physician then waited with as much patience for the fee promised him as he had before done to see the crisis pass and the young man out of danger. He waited in vain. Then he wrote the father asking the payment of the bill he enclosed. No reply was forthcoming. He wrote again and the father repudiated all knowledge of the promised pay. The doctor next wrote to the mother, reminding her of the conversation in New York. She had a better memory a vivid recollection of the circumstance, but she sorrowfully went on to say that her private purse was depleted so that payment on her part was impossible. She pathetically said, however, that she would try and get the money together and forward it, independent of her wealthy husband as soon as possible. The doctor wrote thanking her for her kind and honest intention. Instead of reaching the wife this letter fell into the merchant's hands. He replied to it. The tenor of his letter was that Mrs. — had not seen the letter, and would not. He repudiated the promise to foot the bill for his son's medical attendance, adding that, anyhow, he refused to recognize himself as responsible for the debts of any of his children who had attained their majority.

The son's life was saved, but the bill has not yet been paid, nor will it be unless the wife manages to do it out of her scant allowance. It is no wonder the New York Halifax doctor thinks that in this merchant of his native city he has struck a man not a good sample of the kind of people ordinarily found here or anywhere else.

KELLY TO THE FRONT AGAIN.

The Sequel to the Celebrated Drum Case in the Sixty Sixth Fusiliers.

HALIFAX, July 4.—PROGRESS readers will remember the celebrated Kelly drum case, which some time ago agitated the 66th Princess Louise Fusiliers. It appears from recent developments in militia circles that Bandman Kelly is again much alive and will not rest satisfied until he has become square with the officers of the 66th. Judging by what has happened within the past two or three weeks Kelly is on the road to getting even with them. General Herbert decided last year that Colonel Humphrey was justified in calling for bandman Kelly's instrument, clothing, and equipment, and approved of his action in putting him out of the band. Now comes the next part of the story on which Colonel Humphrey and some of his officers are particularly interested and which may be the cause of some of the 66th officers stepping out of the militia force for an indefinite period.

After the investigation which resulted in the finding by the general, the band-clothing and militia equipment were left in Kelly's possession and remained there a year, after the original investigation. Kelly not finding a call made upon him for the clothing, went to Colonel Humphrey to learn if he could rejoin the band. It was then Kelly got a new piece of information. The colonel told him that, so far as he was concerned, he had no objection to his going back to the band; "but," added the colonel, "some of the men in the band object to you, and I don't want to put a man back that they say was always creating a disturbance." Kelly asked for the names of the men who objected to him but was refused. He subsequently learned, he says that it was sergeant Hatfield and

TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR.

CURIOUS CALCULATIONS ABOUT HEAVENLY BODIES.

Some of the Stars are so Distant that Space Cannot be Measured—Many are out of Sight—The Time Required to send Telegrams to Some of Them.

Sir Robert Ball, Lwodean Professor of Astronomy and Geometry at Cambridge, Eng., has been making some interesting calculations about the stars, and here is what he tells: It is utterly hopeless to attempt to determine how far away are the great majority of the stars. In fact, only comparatively few stars happen to lie sufficiently close to the earth to permit of our making any accurate determination of their positions. Nor is it by any means an easy task to choose out those particular objects which do lie within range. It is not unfrequently happens that after much labor has been expended on observations of some particular star, it has been found that the star is so remote that there is no possibility of learning what its distance actually amounts to.

Generally speaking, we may fairly argue that if a star appears to be moving rapidly it is a presumption that that body in one of the sun's nearer neighbors. The relative brightness of stars is no measure of their nearness to the earth.

So far as astronomers have yet learned the star which lies closest to the earth is one which we do not know in the northern hemisphere, though it is very familiar in southern latitudes. This star is the brightest gem in the constellation of the Centaur, and, according to the usual mode of designation it is spoken of as Alpha Centauri.

The telescope shows the object to consist of a pair of magnificent suns slowly revolving each around the other, and animated by movements in the same direction through the sky. Many attempts have been made to determine the distance from us of this celebrated pair of objects. Its distance has been measured by Dr. Gill, Her Majesty's astronomer at the Cape of Good Hope, and by Dr. Elkin, of Yale observatory, New Haven, with all the accuracy which modern science permits.

I do not here propose to state the distance of the stars in miles. No doubt strings of figures for this purpose might be written down, and they have of course a value in their proper place. Instead of repeating such figures I shall endeavor to translate them into ideas more suitable for conveying a due appreciation of the magnitudes involved. The electric telegraph will supply an illustration for the purpose.

The actual velocity attained in telegraphic practice varies according to circumstances. The electrician, however, knows that, even when all the circumstances are most favorable, the speed of a current along the wire could never exceed one hundred and eighty thousand miles a second. We shall employ this maximum speed as the velocity of electricity in our present illustration.

Just consider all that this implies. Suppose that a row of telegraph posts twenty-five thousand miles long were erected round the earth at the equator. Suppose that a wire were stretched upon these posts for this circuit of twenty-five thousand miles, and that then another complete circuit was taken with the same wire around the same posts, and even another, and yet another. In fact, let the wire be wound no fewer than seven times completely about this great globe. We should then find that an electric signal sent into the wire at one end would accomplish the seven circuits in one second of time.

Let us suppose that the telegraph lines, instead of being merely confined to the earth, were extended throughout the length and depth of space. Let one wire stretch from the earth to the moon, another from the earth to the nearest bright star, another from the earth to a faint telescopic star, and finally, let a wire be stretched all the way from the earth to one of the more distant stars.

Let us now see what the very shortest time would be in which a message might be transmitted to each of these several destinations. First, with respect to the moon. Our satellite is, comparatively speaking, so near to us but that little more than a second would be required for a signal to travel thither from the earth. The sun is so far that when the key had been pressed down and the electric wave had shot forth along the solar wire to pursue its route at that stupendous speed which would permit it to place a girdle seven times round the earth in a second, yet eight minutes would have to elapse ere the electric wave had passed from the earth to the sun. An answer sent back from the sun would require another eight minutes for the return journey, so that, if there were no undue delay in the solar postoffice, we might expect a reply within half an hour or so after the original message had been dispatched.

Telegraphing to the stars would, however, be a much more tedious matter. Take

Summer Sundries for Ladies' Wear.

Gauze Corsets. Light Weight and Cool. Two Prices, 75c. and \$1.40.

French Woven Corsets. White and Grey. Medium Length Waist at \$1.25. Long Waist " \$1.60.

Ribbed Lisle Thread Vests. Ribbed Maco Cotton Vests. Ribbed Silk Vests. Children's Ribbed Cotton, Silk and Lisle Vests.

LADIES' WHITE WEAR. Skirts, Drawers, Chemise, Corset Covers and Nightgowns.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT FOR LADIES' CORSETS, ETC.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

Summer Sundries for Ladies' Wear.

Gauze Corsets. Light Weight and Cool. Two Prices, 75c. and \$1.40.

French Woven Corsets. White and Grey. Medium Length Waist at \$1.25. Long Waist " \$1.60.

Ribbed Lisle Thread Vests. Ribbed Maco Cotton Vests. Ribbed Silk Vests. Children's Ribbed Cotton, Silk and Lisle Vests.

LADIES' WHITE WEAR. Skirts, Drawers, Chemise, Corset Covers and Nightgowns.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT FOR LADIES' CORSETS, ETC.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

Summer Sundries for Ladies' Wear.

Gauze Corsets. Light Weight and Cool. Two Prices, 75c. and \$1.40.

French Woven Corsets. White and Grey. Medium Length Waist at \$1.25. Long Waist " \$1.60.

Ribbed Lisle Thread Vests. Ribbed Maco Cotton Vests. Ribbed Silk Vests. Children's Ribbed Cotton, Silk and Lisle Vests.

LADIES' WHITE WEAR. Skirts, Drawers, Chemise, Corset Covers and Nightgowns.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT FOR LADIES' CORSETS, ETC.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

Summer Sundries for Ladies' Wear.

Gauze Corsets. Light Weight and Cool. Two Prices, 75c. and \$1.40.

French Woven Corsets. White and Grey. Medium Length Waist at \$1.25. Long Waist " \$1.60.

Ribbed Lisle Thread Vests. Ribbed Maco Cotton Vests. Ribbed Silk Vests. Children's Ribbed Cotton, Silk and Lisle Vests.

LADIES' WHITE WEAR. Skirts, Drawers, Chemise, Corset Covers and Nightgowns.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT FOR LADIES' CORSETS, ETC.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

First the case of the very nearest of these twinkling points of light, namely, Alpha Centauri. The time required for the journey is not a question of seconds, or of minutes, nor of hours, not of days, not of weeks, nor even of months, for no less than four years would have to pass by before the electricity trembling along the wire with its unapproachable speed had accomplished this stupendous journey.

There is many a star so far off that if, after the battle of Waterloo had been won in 1815, the Duke of Wellington had telegraphed the news to these stellar depths, the message would not yet have been received there notwithstanding the fact that for eighty years it has been flashing along with that lightning velocity which would carry it seven times round the earth in the interval between the two ticks of a clock.

There are stars further still. Forty your eyes with a telescope and direct it toward the sky. Myriads of stars will then be revealed which could not be discerned without its aid. Over our heads there are thousands of stars so remote that, if the news of the discovery of America by Columbus had been circulated far and wide through the universe by the instrumentality of the telegraph those thousands of stars so remote that I now refer are elevated into boundless space to altitudes so stupendous that the announcement would not yet have reached them.

We have still one more step to take. Let us think of the telegraph wire that is supposed to run from the earth to one of those stars which are only known to us by the impressions they make on a photographic plate. It seems certain that many of these stars are so remote that if the glad tidings of the first Christmas at Bethlehem 1,894 years ago had been disseminated through the universe by the swiftest electric current ever known, yet those stars are so inconceivably remote that all the seconds which have elapsed in the 1,894 years of our present era would not have sufficed for the journey.

There must, it would seem, be depths of space thousands of times, or, indeed millions of times, greater than those of which I have spoken. We have good reason to be thankful that so many of the stars have come so near to us as to allow of their being seen by our eyes, or caught on our photographic plates. There is ample room to permit of their retreat so far into space that the heavens would have appeared an absolute void.

MONKTON AND ITS MUSIC.

A Band Gave a Fifteen Cent Concert to an Audience of Seventy-five.

The 74th Battalion band gave a concert in the Victoria rink Monkton a short time ago. They intended going into camp at Sussex and the object of the concert was to raise sufficient funds to defray expenses. They succeeded in joining the rest of Canada's brave defenders, but it was not with funds realized by their concert which was an unqualified success, and well worth twice the small admission fee, but it lacked one feature which is essential to the financial success of any entertainment—an audience. Seventy-five people do not form an imposing crowd in the opera house, no matter how carefully you spread them around, but when you take that number and dot them about the immense auditorium of Victoria rink, the spectacle is very depressing when viewed from the stage. The 75 who attended were rewarded by hearing a most excellent concert, though they seemed too depressed, and frightened by the vastness and loneliness of the great building to give the performers their just need of applause.

One would have imagined that on a fine evening such as they had and with the admission placed at fifteen cents the rink would have been crowded, especially as the object for which the concert was given had been well advertised, but the frugal citizen was probably saving up his spare pence for some more deserving object, such

as the merry-go-round which has been gathering in shakels hand over hand, for the past week or so, or the circus which is expected during this month.

There has been a certain amount of friction between the band and the citizens for a long time. The citizens say they would never know they had a band if they did not hear of them occasionally as going away on some excursion, or giving some entertainment to raise money for their own use, and they never hear them except when they pay for the privilege, so they do not feel bound to give them much encouragement. The bandmen say that the citizens are always ready to listen to them when they give a free street concert but that they have never yet paid bare expenses when they have given an entertainment at which the smallest fee was charged—and this is undoubtedly true.

CURIOUS ANTI-PATHIES.

Prominent People who Have a Great Fear or Aversion in Certain Cases.

Nobody can say that the German Emperor lacks brains, but for all that he has a most intense antipathy to being stared at by his own or anybody else's subjects. It is quite an ordeal for him to ride through the streets of his capital, and he does so as little as he may. Some time back he even went so far as to issue a Cabinet order in words to the following effect:—"From the moment I enter church to the time when I leave, hundreds of eyes are to my great annoyance, fixed on me. I desire at least to be able to isolate myself for a few moments of Divine service on Sundays. All those who wish to look at me can surely find plenty of opportunity when I am out driving or riding."

Another great German—Prince Bismarck—has a curious antipathy. He cannot stand fancy drapery of any kind in his apartments. So far, indeed, does he carry this peculiarity that he cannot even, it is said, bear the sight of a lamp-shade. In accordance with this curious whim of his, his bedroom is furnished with Spartan-like simplicity. The furniture that it contains is a famous wash-hand stand, a small iron bedstead and a bootjack. There used to be a couple of hair brushes, but they are no longer there.

"Take them away," said the bald statesman a few years ago; "a towel will do to put my hair with nowadays."

The Duke of Cambridge has an antipathy, and it is to getting wet. He cannot stand that at any price, and consequently is sometimes to be seen on a rainy parade day holding over his head an umbrella, from which fact he obtained his nickname of the "Umbrella Duke."

Many women in high positions have unaccountable dislikes. Thus, the young Queen of Holland cannot bear travelling in a train, and whenever it is practicable travels in a carriage. She also has an utter loathing for cream, and cannot touch coffee or tea or any food which contains it. The Queen-Regent of Spain, again, cannot stand garlic—it makes her really ill; and so when a Cabinet meeting is called, she smokes cigarettes, and requests her Ministers to do likewise should they have been indulging in olla podrida, the national dish, which is principally composed of her pet aversion.

Max O'Rell cannot bear snakes, and sent this antipathy he tells an amusing story of himself. Whilst travelling in Australia, he came across an inland town whose hotel was situated close to a swamp. Snakes were plentiful in the district, and he was told that the best instrument where-with to kill them was a heavy stick. Acting on this information, therefore, he took to bed with him a heavy orange-wood stick, and tried to sleep. But mosquitoes were likewise plentiful in the district, whilst mosquito curtains were scarce, so that he had to bury his head under the clothes. Again, however, the heat was stifling, and at last, being unable to stand it any longer, he decided to sacrifice himself to the mosquitoes, and put his hands out of bed. The first thing that they encountered was a long, cold body lying right across him. Naturally, he immediately thought of snakes.

"My fright was awful," he said. "The cold perspiration ran down my forehead, and I dared not move. At last I managed by wriggling gently to get at and strike a match. Then, instead of the venomous tiger-snake I expected, I found my orange-wood stick!"

The late R. L. Stevenson had a horror

of writing letters: it was quite an antipathy with him; whilst Oliver Wendell Holmes could not stand anyone smoking a cigarette in his presence, and would leave any room in which one of these post-prandial delicacies was being consumed. Another antipathy of his was the cockroach, and he would almost faint if he happened to see one of these harmless insects. Insects are the subjects of a good many antipathies—most people have an objection to one or other of them; but that a man like Darwin, the great naturalist, should be unable to touch, or even look at, a centipede is curious, for he had an antipathy to that insect, and to no other.

A BOGUS AGENT.

A Man Who Has Falsely Represented Himself as Agent for Messrs. T. Milburn & Co. of This City.

The firm of T. Milburn & Co., manufacturers of proprietary medicines, have for some time past been in receipt of letters from correspondents in and about Orangeville and Meadowdale, stating that a man has been operating in those districts, representing himself as their agent, and has been peddling medicines from house to house offering them as [medicines—Burdock Blood Bitters,—put up by this well-known and reliable firm.—A Globe reporter, having been placed in possession of these statements, called at the office of T. Milburn & Co., on Colborne street, and was shown a number of communications from merchants in the localities indicated, all of which confirmed the information at first received, and as given above.

Not only had his firm been in receipt of communications, Mr. Milburn said, but some of his customers from Peel County had called at the office in Toronto and had informed him that this bogus agent had sold stuff at several houses which had necessitated the calling in of the doctor to treat the members of the families who had used the compounds.

In closing the interview, Mr. Milburn, the head of the firm, said: "We have no such agent, nor do we sell our medicines through peddlers or agents other than druggists and general merchants, and on this account are desirous that farmers and others buying our remedies should understand that any cannot peddling from house to house cannot represent us. They should therefore, be on their guard against bogus medicine being touted on their part of our manufacture. I may say that we are willing to detect and convict of this man, or of anyone falsely representing himself as our agent."

Flannel and Duck Suits, dresses and jackets receive the attention that enables us to make this claim. Ladies will find our starch work unequalled for finish and general excellence.

EQUAL TO NEW!

Flannel and Duck Suits, dresses and jackets receive the attention that enables us to make this claim. Ladies will find our starch work unequalled for finish and general excellence.

UNION'S LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS

29-34 Waterloo St., St. John, N. B. 66-70 Harrington St., Halifax, N. S.

Consumption.

DEAFNESS. . . . .

DEAFNESS.

DEAFNESS. . . . .

DEAFNESS.

DEAFNESS. . . . .

DEAFNESS.

DEAFNESS. . . . .

DEAFNESS.

DEAFNESS. . . . .

AT FORESTERS' ARMS.

I had ridden on my bicycle through the picturesque, hill-encircled old city of Bath at 7 o'clock on a beautiful summer's evening, and by the time I had arrived at the little village of Box, lying some five miles beyond, upon the London Road, the flash of the sunset was dying out of the northern sky, and the long shadows of the coming darkness were creeping space over the country around.

Therefore I determined upon spending the night in the quaint village, familiar to most travelers. I hired a rustic looking policeman, who was leaning upon his walking stick at the corner of the short, irregular street, and asked whether he could recommend me to a good comfortable hostelry.

"Why, yes, sir," he answered in the broad dialect of the West Country; "we couldn't do better than go to the Foresters' Arms, just opposite the old church, away down yonder."

Dismounting, I leaned my bicycle against the whitewashed wall of the house. It was a typical, old-fashioned, rural inn, long and straggling. Behind the counter stood a good looking buxom young woman, and in the background was a man in his shirt sleeves.

"Good evening," said I. "Good evening, sir," answered the buxom young woman. "Can I have a room here for the night?" I inquired.

Upon this she looked at me dubiously for a moment. "Well," said she, "tomorrow is the horse show day in Bath, and that makes us rather full. There's one room, however—"

"One is all that I require," said I. "Ay, but you mightn't care to occupy this one," she exclaimed.

"And why not?" said I. "It is haunted?" "That's just what it is!" cried she with a look of surprise. "You've heard about it?"

"Not I. This is the first time I was ever in the village of Box in my life. Has anybody ever seen the ghost?"

"No," she answered, "but plenty have heard it, but if you are prepared to sleep in the haunted room we can put you up."

I asked to have some supper. When I had finished my meal I went again into the bar and there sat awhile, smoking my pipe and listening to the views of the villagers upon several questions of great national moment. Then, intending to be up and away by sunrise on the morrow, I rose and asked to be shown to the ghost-inhabited apartment where I was to sleep.

The barman procured a candle and led me up a narrow winding staircase, which creaked beneath our tread, I asked him what the age of this house was, and he replied he believed it to be above a couple of centuries old, and that it was slightly famous as having long since been the resort of a notorious highwayman known as Fleecy Joe.

I leisurely undressed myself and got into the bed. I heard the chiming of the clock in the adjoining church tower strike the hour of 11, after which I sank into a deep slumber.

I was awakened by a subdued roaring noise, and I opened my eyes upon an atmosphere of intense darkness. As soon as I had in some measure collected my wits, I realized that a gale of wind was blowing outside. I lay for awhile listening to the bursting in great gusts against the house and moaning like thunder, heard afar in the chimney of the wide old-fashioned fireplace. On a sudden I heard a sound as of a faint rapping inside the wall somewhere at the back of the bed; a feeble metallic kind of clinking, such as might be made by chipping the masonry with a small hammer. The recollection that I was in a room reputed to be haunted instantly rushed in upon me, and I hastily sat up to listen, not a little startled.

The noise ceased at that moment, but in a very short time it recommenced, and by harkening attentively I speedily determined that it proceeded from the direction of the gate. I am free to admit that my first impulse was to spring out of bed and run from the room, for although I had given no credence to the ghost story connected with the apartment, yet here unmistakably was that mysterious sound of which the buxom young woman had spoken, and who was to say that the next thing might not be the apparition of some dim, pale specter shaping itself in an impalpable essence upon the blackness? Crouching for the candle which I had placed on a chair by my side, I struck a match and got a light. The sweep of the wind out of doors created a strong draught, and the flame wavered fully, filling the room with wildly fluctuating shadows. The longer I listened the more certain I was that the noise came from the fireplace. I got quietly out of bed, and holding the candle in my hand, crept over to the grate, and better to barken. The wind droned and sighed high up in the wide orifice of the chimney uttering many strange, weird cries, as though, forsooth, the spirits of the dead lying in the cemetery opposite were assembled there to give vent to their lamentations and wailings. But the slow, rhythmic click, click, click reached my ears in a perfectly audible note now, and I was satisfied that, let the occasion of it prove what it would, the sound came down the chimney.

This discovery, trifling as it was, created in me a resolution to make further exploration, and try to arrive at a resolution of the mystery. Stepping upon the bars of the fireplace, I was enabled to bring my head on to a level with openings in the walls. I held the candle as far back as the length of my arm would admit to ascertain the extent of the orifice, and by so doing carried the light clear of the draught coming down the chimney, so that it burnt up steadily. The ghostly noise seemed to me to proceed from a ledge on my right. Planting my shoulders against the back of the chimney to steady myself, for my footing upon the bars was by no means secure, I held the candle against that part of the brick work to try and ascertain the cause of this mystery. The wavering flame fell with a faint glint upon some dully bright object, swaying to and fro against the part of the rayless surface of stone. I brought the light close and then to my unspeakable astonishment I perceived a stout gold watch chain hanging over the edge of the shelf, with a large bunch of coins and seals attached to the end of it; which, as the thing swayed in the strong gusts of air coming down from the top, clinked against the bricks and created the faint hollow sound of tapping,

like an imprisoned skeleton trying to claw his way out with his bony fingers. This, to be sure, was a strange discovery, and one of a very different nature to what I had expected, I took hold of the chain. A small object of considerable weight was attached to that end of it which was buried in the soot; it proved to be a massive gold watch of very antique pattern, all blackened and tarnished, but in perfect condition, so far as I could make out by the uncertain candle light.

So now, thought I, is the secret of the haunted room in the Foresters' Arms; some part of the booty maybe of the long departed worthy Fleecy Joe. And then it occurred to me that there might be other things hidden in that dark mysterious chimney, so I got hold of a poker and began faking about among the soot which covered the ledge. In that receptacle from which I had taken the watch, I found nothing, though scraped and poked into every nook and corner of it; but on the other side, after raking about for awhile, I felt something lying against the wall at the back. I looked it along toward me, and then discovered that it was a small leather bag bulging with its contents, and dyed to the hue of the soot between which it had lain. My heart beat fast, for I guessed what it held. Satisfied that there was nothing further for me to find, I dismounted from the grate and got upon the floor again, blacker than the most ebony-like of cannibals. My fingers trembled with agitation as I untied the string which bound the neck of the little bag and opened it. An exclamation escaped my lips. The bag was full of gold coins. I emptied them on the hearthrug to count them. They proved to be all spade guineas and half guineas, and there were thirty-nine of them in all.

I slept no more that night. Having cleaned myself of the soot in the best fashion I could contrive, I dressed fully and set down to wait for daylight. They were early risers at the little country inn; and whilst the windy sky was growing flushed in the east to the soaring of the sun, and the clock in the old church opposite was striking the hour of 5, I heard the footstep of people up and about. I left my room and went downstairs, carrying the bag of guineas in one pocket and the watch and chain in the other. In the bar I met the buxom young woman, very fresh and smiling.

"I have discovered the ghost," said I. "No!" she cried. "Have you really seen it?"

"I have done more," said I; "I have brought it to show you."

She listened with eyes rounded by astonishment, and when I had done, bounded off to fetch her mother, a decrepit old woman, the landlady of the house, who presently appeared. It was finally agreed that I should keep the watch and chain, together with five of the guineas and five of the half guineas, the remainder to go to the landlady. The buxom young woman appeared to be prodigiously delighted at my discovery, and when an hour later I asked for the reckoning, she refused to receive any money from me, coming to the door to watch me mount my bicycle, and calling after me I rode off, that she hoped I would come again and put up at the Foresters' Arms.

But Henry was too dumfounded to reply. He could only gaze in bewilderment before him.

I propose, however, to revise the proofs as I have said. My name must stand, but—yours must be added as my collaborator."

In a frenzy of delight, Henry sprang forward, seized his patron's hand, and endeavored to thank him.

"No, do not thank me," said he; "you have merit—if not genius—and you will succeed."

CALIFORNIA FRUIT.

Over Thirteen Million Dollars' Worth Shipped East Last Year.

Last year there were shipped from this State 696,994,600 pounds of fruit and vegetables. These shipments filled nearly 36,000 cars, and were sold principally in Chicago and New York. If the total shipments had been made up into one train, the engine would have passed from San Francisco, by way of Port Costa, down to Lathrop and Stackton, through Sacramento and up the Sierra Nevada Mountains across the State line into Nevada, and would leave Truckee three miles behind before the last car would leave the Oakland mole.

It would extend to one continuous line of fruit laden cars from San Francisco down to Monterey and back again as far as Santa Clara. In the Eastern States, when the engine was steaming into New York, the middle of the train would not have reached Philadelphia, while the end of the train would extend a third of the way across the State toward Pittsburg. If the train was run from New York to Boston, the last car would be just crossing the Haverhill River bridge when the engine steamed into Boston; and in running from New York to Washington, there would be but eight miles of track uncovered at either end of the run.

These figures will give some idea of the growth of the business during the last few years. In 1890 there was little more than one-half as much fruit shipped as in 1894. And when the value of the fruit is considered, the extent to which the business has grown becomes apparent. The value of the gold output of California last year was \$13,570,000; the value of the fruit shipped from this State and sold in the Eastern States amounted to very nearly the same sum. It is, of course, difficult to get exact figures as to the value of these shipments, for they are invoiced at one price at this end of the line, and are sold at another upon reaching their destination. A careful estimate, however, places the amount in excess of \$13,000,000. In addition to this the wine and brandy shipped last year was valued at \$7,000,000 and the wheat at \$18,000,000 more.—Argonaut.

What did the Duke say?

According to the well-known story, the Duke of Wellington is said to have cheered his men to their last charge at Waterloo by the cheering cry, "Up, guards (or boys), and at 'em!" When the first statue was put up at Hyde Park corner, it was proposed that the sculptor should take those words as his text, so to speak, and represent the duke in the attitude which might befit them. But when the matter came before Wellington, he denied he had ever

used the words. "I remember very well," he remarked, "that I caused the men to lie down for shelter behind a rising ground, and by that means saved many of their lives; but, 'Up boys, and at 'em!' is all nonsense." The probability is the duke said nothing beyond giving the signal for the charge.

HUNTING FOR FREAKS.

Where the Dime Museum and Circus Get Some of Their Attractions.

Amongst the many strange and out-of-the-way occupations noticed from time to time in the columns of the press, few are more odd and seldom heard of than is the calling of the "freak-hunter"; and yet so great has become the demand for exhibitions of a strange and fantastic character that the professional seeker after novelties in the entertainment line is now quite a recognized member of the huge band of caterers for the amusement of the public.

The "freak-hunter" is usually a gentleman connected closely with the music-halls and other places of entertainment, who from his long experience knows exactly what it will pay him to import and what will "catch on" with the public; and, possessed of this valuable faculty, he takes long journeys into foreign parts, ever on the look-out for likely subjects.

Usually, when the "freak" is discovered—says a two-headed negro, a glass eating Indian, or an india-rubber-fleshed Brahmin—there is difficulty in persuading him to forsake his own land and engage himself for a tour in foreign parts.

In addition to this, it would, of course, be of little use to attempt to introduce to the managers of the "circus states," and often quite a long period elapses between the discovery of the eccentric gem and its presentation, artistically cut and polished, to those with whom an engagement is desired.

Sometimes these human oddities are unearthed quite by chance. For instance, perhaps, during a visit to some Continental town, the "freak-hunter" gets to hear of a man who for a wager has lifted a heavy table with his teeth, and, thinking that this may prove to be some strong-jawed wonder, he seeks him out and discovers a strange and hard-headed individual with such marvellous power.

The capture effected, then comes a task even more difficult. Accustomed only to the display of his acquisitions in the village beer or wine-shop, the freak is naturally clumsy, and probably wastes his strength by the employment of unscientific methods. These defects his tutor has to remedy, and in addition to impart to his pupil the art of neat and graceful performance. When that is acquired, to the managers he is taken, a trial arranged, and if an engagement follows, the freak and his finder are in clover.

Such is the real history of many of the human marvels, who—known as "Bill," or "Ted," or "Jules," or "Jaquez" in their obscure country haunts—disappear suddenly from the scene of their former exploits, to blossom out on the boards of some great entertainment house as "Monsieur Hard-nuzzo, the man with the Steel Skull," or "Signor Nospino, the Human S. I. Knot."

ELLEPHAS AND ORANGES.

An Incident Which Shows the Former Have a Keen Taste for the Latter.

If there is anything in the world an elephant loves better than a peanut it is an orange, and if any boy who reads this wishes, when he goes to the circus, to give the massive creature an especial treat, instead of paying five cents for a bag of peanuts to put in the elephant's trunk, let him purchase for the same money one good-sized orange and present that to the small-eyed, fat-eared monster.

A number of years ago, in a book called "Leaves from the life of a Special Correspondent," Mr. O'Shea, the author, gave the following description of an adventure he had with a herd of elephants: "A young friend asked me once to show him some elephants, and I took him along with me, having first borrowed an apron filled with oranges. This he was to carry while accompanying me in the stable, but the moment he reached the door he had set up such a trumpeting—they had scented the fruit—that he dropped the apron and its contents and scuttled off like a scared rabbit. There were eight elephants, and when I picked up the oranges I found I had twenty-five. I walked deliberately along the line, giving one to each. When I got to the extremity of the line, a narrow stable I turned and was about to begin the distribution again, when I suddenly reflected that if elephant No. 7 in the row saw me give two oranges in succession to No. 8 he might imagine he was being cheated and give me a smack with his trunk—that is where the elephant falls short of the human being—so I went to the door and began at the beginning as before. Thrice I went along the line and then I was in a fix. I had one orange left, and I had to go back to the door. Every elephant in the herd had his greedy gasp touched on that orange. It was as much as my life was worth to give it to any of them. What was I to do? I held it up conspicuously, coolly peeled it, and ate it myself. It was most amusing to notice the way those elephants nudged each other and shook their ponderous heads. They thoroughly enjoyed into the humor of the thing."—Recorder.

Prevalence of Nervous Diseases.

Nervous disease is more common than in any former age. It is a natural result of the rapid pace of modern life. Men hurry from morning till night from week's end to week's end, and most men, in consequence, are from year to year. How many there are who find no leisure till exhausted nature enforces rest. Science has sought to keep pace with man's ambition and provide him with the means of restoring wasted energy. It is well for the race that such remedies as Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic have been discovered, else the pressure on human lives would prove infinitely more disastrous than it is. Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic restores vigor to the whole physical system, by improving digestion, enriching the blood, invigorating and

strengthening the nerves. It is a wonderful remedy and has a wonderful record of success. It is sold by all druggists and dealers at 50 cts a bottle or six bottles for \$2.50, and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co. (Ltd) St. John. N. B. and New York City.

DETECTING BLOOD STAINS.

Where the Work of the Medical Expert is of Very Great Importance.

Whether the blood-stains on the hands and garments of suspected murderers are those of the victim or some animal has for many years been a most difficult question to decide. The presence of the sanguinary fluid forms a very strong bit of circumstantial evidence, but no expert has until recently ever been able to swear positively that the stains were made by the blood of a human being.

Dr. Cyrus Edson, one of America's best-known physicians, has often been called as an expert in murder cases, but, with a deep sense of the importance of his decision, has many times refused to testify that it was the blood of a human being that he was required to examine. Recently, however, he has made an important discovery, and one which definitely fixes the action of experts in the future. By magnifying blood corpuscles and throwing them upon a screen with a gas-lamp, the form, consistency and other peculiarities of blood occurred in which the identification of human blood was necessary in order to establish the guilt of the suspected party.

SIZE AND STRENGTH NO DEFENCE.

Here's a point for you to think over: Size and development have nothing to do with health. A man may stand six feet two inches in his stockings and have the muscles of a prize fighter, and yet be an essentially unhealthy man. His frail-looking wife may be really the better of the couple; she may easily do more work, endure more exposure, bear more grief and worry, and outlive her big husband. There is a mystery in this that nobody can see into. It is a matter of vitality and organization—not of dimensions.

Take, for example, the case of Mr. T. B. Staples, of Oakwood, Ont. He is a blacksmith; and I well remember how, when a boy, I used to regard his strength. It was fearsome to see him swing those mighty hammers and pick up a heavy cart-wheel as though it were a child's hoop. Yet I saw only in part and understood in part. "Some twelve years ago," writes Mr. Staples, "I became aware that the dreaded disease, dyspepsia, had chosen me for one of its many victims. It is hardly necessary for me to try to describe all the different feelings that came over me. I have talked with many people suffering with dyspepsia, and they have all had the same experience. Among the symptoms on which we agreed are the following: Bad taste in the mouth; fullness and heaviness in the stomach after eating; getting no good from one's food; headache and palpitation of the heart; gas and some fluids from the stomach; dizziness, especially when one rises up suddenly, or bends over his work; loss of appetite; pains in the chest and back, and the weakness that comes from not eating and digesting enough food to keep the body going. All these things I had; and you can imagine how bad they are for any one; particularly for a man who has got to earn his living by daily hard work, as in my case.

"After I found out what was the matter with me I consulted a doctor at once, and began to take the medicine he gave me. I am sorry to say it did me little or no good. Although there is a common opinion that stomach troubles are not very serious, and never dangerous I must say that is not my opinion. No man who suffers from dyspepsia as long as I did (about six years) will ever talk idly or lightly about it. Even the doctors admit it is the hardest of all diseases to keep track of, and to cure. It does not kill a man right out of hand; it spreads the shadow of death over him all the time he has it, and takes all the laughter out of his days.

"Well after the doctor's medicine failed, I kept on taking anything and everything that was recommended to me in hope of relief. Yet none of them went to the root of the trouble. Sometimes I would feel a little better and sometimes worse, and that's the way things went on with me; year after year, a dreary and miserable time. There's no money could hire me to live it over again.

"I was still in this condition when a friend, that I had been talking to about myself, advised me to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I didn't know the merits of the Syrup then, but being anxious to try anything that might help me, I bought a bottle from Messrs. Hoag Brothers, and commenced taking it. All I can say is, that I found relief immediately, and by continuing with it a short time, all my bad symptoms abated one by one, and I found myself completely rid of the dyspepsia. Since then I have never had a touch of the old complaint. If there is any other medicine in the world that is able to cure in digestion and dyspepsia as Mother Seigel's Syrup does it, why I have never heard of it. I have recommended the Syrup to other sufferers, and they have been more than pleased with it; and I write these hasty lines in hope the publication of them may come in the nick of time to be useful to others still. Yours very truly (Signed) THOS. B. STAPLES, Oakwood, Ontario, February 25th, 1895."

We need add but a few words to Mr. Staples' intelligent and manly letter. The disease which afflicted him attacks both sexes, all ages, and all classes and conditions of humanity. Neither youth nor strength is proof against it. It imitates other complaints, and so leads to fatal mistakes in treatment. If you are wise you will acquaint yourself with its character, as described in Mother Seigel's almanack, and know what to do in time of need.

Fully Explained.

A lady who had been taken ill sent a card to her friend with this written upon it: "Mrs. C., being unable to leave her bed, will not be at home next Wednesday, as usual."

JUST TAKE THE CAKE

of SURPRISE SOAP and use it, or have it used on wash day without boiling or scalding the clothes. Mark how white and clean it makes them. How little hard work there is about the wash. How white and smooth it leaves the hands.

YOU'LL ALWAYS HAVE A CAKE.

Rigby Waterproof Bicycle Suits. Every Wheelman wants one. Perfectly Porous. Delightfully Cool. Entirely Waterproof. Indispensable for a long country ride. In use by thousands of wheelmen throughout Canada and the United States. The Rigby process, which is the invention of Sir John S. Rigby, F. C. S., does not change the appearance or texture of the cloth, and is distinguished from an ordinary tweed, except by its waterproof properties.

ALWAYS ASK FOR "D.C.L." SCOTCH & RISH WHISKIES AND LONDON GIN. PROPRIETORS: THE DISTILLERS CO. LTD. EDINBURGH, LONDON & DUBLIN.

For Sale by Street & Co. Give me Progress please. Progress New York has Boston has sold Harpers, Seiglers, Century, Gaults Combs, Cosmopolitan.

# Sunday Reading.

## LAKE OF GENESARETH.

Particularities of the Waters of that Lake Whereon Christ Walked.

Lieutenant Lynch of the United States navy has established the fact, that the depression of the Dead Sea is over 1,300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, while that of Lake Genesareth is 800 feet lower than the ocean. Lake Genesareth is connected with the Dead Sea by the Jordan flowing through from north to south, and engineers and scientists are satisfied that the bed of the Jordan is gradually sinking.

My observations on the shores of Lake Genesareth and those of the inhabitants of the neighboring towns and villages indicate that the lake is falling towards the bottom, while the water is becoming denser from year to year writes a correspondent of the Chicago Inter-Ocean. The salt strata in its neighborhood are growing constantly, and sulphur springs are becoming frequent on the plains surrounding it. In the north-east of the lake the tops of palm trees, some alive, more of them dead and barren, rise above the water at a distance of from twenty to forty feet from the shore. That they should have taken root in the water is impossible, and the supposition is that originally they stood on little islands that were submerged with the sinking of the lake's bottom.

The catastrophe which resulted in the destruction of the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah and in the formation of the Dead Sea, is computed to have occurred about 1,500 years before Christ. The Dead Sea has puzzled scientists ever since, and many of its remarkable features have never been explained. Its depression below the level of the Mediterranean is the deepest known on earth. The bottom of Lake Genesareth is on a much higher level at present, but it continues to sink as it has done in the last twenty years a repetition of the events of 4,000 years ago is not improbable.

Josephus, who was born in the year 37 B. C., reports that the water of Lake Genesareth was "clear as crystal, sweet and wholesome." I tried to drink of it, but found it putrid and nauseating. It left a salty taste in the mouth. I asked the fishermen plying their trade on the lake, as in biblical days, whether the water was always unfit for drinking purposes and received answer that it grew more and more foul every year.

This seems to indicate that the surmises as to the change of condition in the lake are correct. The water of the Dead Sea, as is well known, is entirely unfit for use by man. The stench arising from it creates a pestilential atmosphere for miles round. I have never been able to approach the lake in summer, but the natives have informed me that about this time of the year the water, even a foot below the surface, acquires a temperature of 90 degrees. It has been observed that past midnight the temperature of the water on the surface measured in the neighborhood of 100 degrees.

The Dead Sea is not dead as to animal life. Hawks, partridges, frogs, and pigeons are numerous upon its shores and all sorts of crawling insects abound there; the sluggish waters are, too, covered with ducks; in fact the fauna is the same as that inhabiting the shores of Lake Genesareth with this difference, however, all specimens of the animal world about the Dead Sea are slate colored, while those enlivening the shores and the surface of Lake Genesareth wear their ordinary plumage and scaly dress respectively.

The Lake Genesareth, also called the Sea of Tiberias or Galilee, is situated sixty-five miles north of the Dead Sea. Its extreme length is fifteen miles, its greatest width six and three-quarter miles. The water is very deep even at the shores. In some spots its depth measures 160 feet, in others 750 and more. In the northeast and northwest the shores are flat and swampy; the mountains of Safed approach the lake in the north, in the west we have the hills of El Hama and Hattin. The volcanic plateau of Julian commences in the east; it is distinguished for many dead craters.

Palms that bring forth no fruiting, naprus plants and oleanders flourish in the neighborhood of the shore. The stones at the edge of the water are literally covered with turtles, some of which grow over a foot and a half long. Ducks are plentiful in some parts; in others the pelican holds forth in large numbers. This water fowl, remarkable for the enormous pouch formed by the extensible skin between the lower jaws of its bill, is a most interesting bird. It requires for its sustenance a vast supply of fishes, which it pursues under water. Having obtained a prize, the pelican rises to the surface just long enough to swallow the prisoner or prisoners in its pouch.

Big lobsters are in evidence everywhere. The inhabitants of the many ruined cities, towns, and villages on the western shore— notably Tiberias, Capernaum, and Magdala—subsist almost entirely upon the lake product. I have been here nearly two months, and have not met a man who, with Simon, would say, "We have toiled all night and have caught nothing" (Luke v., 5). On the contrary, the lake seems to be overflowing with fish, and many that came filled their ships with them, at the expense of little labor, so that they began to sink" (Luke, 7).

It was shown the place where the Lord "stood by the Lake of Genesareth and saw two ships standing by the lake; but the fishermen were gone out of them and were washing their nets."

The sort of nets employed by Simon Peter, James, and John previous to the time when "they forsook all and followed him to catch men henceforth" is still in use at Lake Genesareth. There are nets "spread upon the waters" (Isaiah XLIX.,

8), but I have seen fishermen "that cast angles into the water."

"The net works" mentioned by Isaiah are simple woven affairs, seemingly very strong without a bit of metal.

Josephus says: "The Lake Genesareth contains peculiar specimens of fish, which differ in taste and form from those of other waters." One of the species by him referred to is the chromis, popularly known as the "apostle fish." The legend has it that Simon's barks became loaded with them when the Lord commanded him to throw out his nets. In a single draught I landed many species of the genus chromis. An Englishman recognized one as Chromis Simonis, another as Chromis Andree, the third as Chromis Magdalene, a fourth as Chromis Tiberiada, etc. according to the classification of the British Museum. Chromis Simonis is very like our carp with its sides stove in. He is about eight inches long, with a greenish-brown back, the belly glittering in bluish silver. The fins are very sharp, and the belly fins are situated immediately behind the breast fins. Raising a second draught, I took several hundred of the Chromis Tiberiada, which is twice as big as the other and has a coat of silver green; its tail is reddish, with green spots.

The Tiberiada prefers still water and swampy ground; that probably explains its presence in such large numbers in Lake Genesareth. I have eaten this fish from Lake Genesareth in Jerusalem and in Safed in winter time. The natives send it as far as Nisareth in cold weather.

If the Tiberiada is caught in the Jordan stream it is as bad as it is when caught in a net. The water will carry him to the Dead Sea, and, arriving there, the fish at once turn on their backs and die.

A month ago I found in my net a number of Chromis Simonis without eyes. Others of the species, when I lifted them up, dropped a number of little fishes out of their mouths, which swam away lustily. The natives explain the phenomenon. The blind chromis are the victims of sea hawks. When these birds have eaten their fill they begin to look out for tit-bits. After catching a fish they hit its forehead with their sharp beak, knocking out the middle part, in which the eyes are set. The bony structure is dropped into the water, but the eyes are eaten by the birds with great relish. The natives tell me that the fish generally survive this rough treatment. The wound heals up quickly in the water, and they continue to ply the lake for food as if nothing had happened.

The Chromis Simonis is more careful of its young than fish generally are. The fish takes the eggs in his mouth and keeps them in his natural side pockets where they are regularly hatched, and remain until able to shift for themselves. By this ingenious arrangement the brood is comparatively guarded against its natural enemies; it is easily fed, too, but it is a puzzle how the little ones escape being eaten alive by their papa.

There is another apostle fish in Lake Genesareth. Josephus describes it in his book. The species is frequently in the waters of Western and Central Africa, but its presence in the lake is quite extraordinary, as it is found nowhere else in Eastern Africa. This fish is about a foot long, has a brown back, a silvery belly, and yellowish green fins.

A very pretty fish, too, is the capocia, which grows to be one and a half feet long. Its head is dark green, its back silvery green, and its belly yellow. Along the sides run deep pink lines. The back, tail, and breast fins are green, the others yellow.

This fish is a native of Asia, and it is a mystery how it became an inhabitant of Lake Genesareth. A very remarkable fish from many points of view is the clarias macracanthus, of which I have caught several specimens in Lake Genesareth. It is from two to three and a half feet long, the head being one-third the length of the body. The mouth is very capacious. When caught the clarias acts in the net like a serpent, winding itself and jumping about. A fisherman in my presence took one of the captives and threw it hard upon the shore, whereupon it began to mew like an aragat cat. The tones were quite loud, and continued for some time. Josephus also names this fish as an inhabitant of Lake Genesareth at the time of Christ.

### Procrastinated Too Long.

An old man, relating his experience to Dr. Cuyler, said: "When I was about seventeen I often felt deeply, but I determined to put off a decision until I was settled in life. After I was married I remembered that the time had come when I promised to attend to religion; but I had bought this farm and was anxious to avoid all expense, such as church-going would involve, and I put it off for ten years more.

When the ten years came round I thought no more about it. I often try to think now, but I cannot keep my mind on any subject one moment. It is too late now. I fear that my doom is sealed, and it is just that it should be so, for the Spirit strove long with me, but I refused him. Now it is too late. The poor man died as he had lived, one of the many millions who had extinguished the offered light and groped through a midnight of darkness into a hopeless eternity!

### The Longest sermons.

The two longest sermons on record were those preached by the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge (the Rev. Isaac Barrow, D. D.), and the Rev. Thomas Doollittle, respectively; the former, which was preached at Westminster Abbey, occupied three hours and a half in delivery; and the latter, which in print filled 214 pages of the volume, occupied much about the same length of time. John Howe, a celebrated Puritan (born 1630, died 1705), usually held a religious service on public fast-days which lasted from 9 a. m. till 4 p. m., an unbroken round of prayers, reading exposition of the Scriptures, singing, and sermons; such of the two sermons occupying an hour in its delivery. The audience, however, used to retire for refreshment and return. Sir James Stephen says that Richard Baxter could not with the most rapid voice have delivered his sermon before Charles II. in less than two hours. It is in small quarto and contains seventy pages. The Japanese Christians are said to listen to seven sermons in succession,

each an hour long, with only an interval for tea after the third. The late Mr. Spurgeon, speaking of long sermons, said that if a man studied for a week he might be able to preach for half an hour, but if he studied only for half an hour he could preach for a week.

### HAMLIN THE BAKER.

The Success that Attended His Firm Stood for a Right Principle.

Rev. Cyrus Hamlin the first president of Robert College, Constantinople, was the first man to establish a steam flour-mill and bakery in Turkey, says a writer in the Youth's Companion. In spite of the opposition of the whole guild of bakers, the enterprise was highly successful, for the reason that Mr. Hamlin sold good bread always above weight.

During the Crimean war, Lord Raglan established his military hospital in the Selimieh barracks at Scutari, which had been built by the great Moltke. One day Mr. Hamlin was asked by an ordy-ry to call upon Dr. Mapleton at the hospital. After some demur he did so. As he entered, the doctor asked brusquely, without salutation: "Are you Hamlin the baker?"

"No, sir, I am the Rev. Mr. Hamlin, an American missionary."

"That is just about as correct as anything I get in this country. I send for a baker and I get a missionary."

There happened to be two loaves of bread on the table, and Mr. Hamlin said: "I presume it is the bread you want, and you don't care whether it comes from a heathen or a missionary."

"Exactly so," answered the doctor.

After some sparring between the American missionary and the English officer, Mr. Hamlin agreed to furnish bread for hospital use, and taking up the printed contract to do this, in order to sign it, noticed that it said: "To deliver bread every morning between the hours of eight and ten, or at such other hours as might be agreed upon." Dr. Hamlin paused a moment.

"It will be necessary to insert in this contract the words 'except Sunday' after the word 'morning.' The bread can be delivered Saturday evening, say at sunset."

"The laws of war do not regard Sunday," replied the agent of the British Government, curtly. "I cannot change a syllable in that form of contract."

"Very well, sir; then I will not furnish the bread. I have not sought the business."

To the hospital this refusal meant the loss of fresh food; to the missionary hundreds of dollars for the cause for which the good missionary had given his life. Nevertheless, he did not flinch, so the other had to give way.

"The chief purveyor," said the doctor after a pause, "is a good Scotch Christian, and he will arrange with you for that."

So Mr. Hamlin furnished the bread on his own conditions.

Later, a large camp of the English army was formed at Hyder Pasha, and again Mr. Hamlin was engaged to supply the bread at the rate of twelve thousand pounds a day.

The first delivery at the camp was dramatic. The soldiers were waiting impatiently to receive it. They seized the loaves ravenously, and tasted them. Then the bread was hurled high in the air, and the joyful cry rang through the ranks: "Hooray, for good English bread!"

The provost of the camp was anticipated over the double Saturday delivery. On the first Saturday, sunset, Mr. Hamlin, proceeding the long line of carts, saluted the provost.

"As it is Saturday, I deliver the supply of bread for Sunday: as at the hospital, so at the camp."

This was met with a volley of oaths, and the order to take the bread back and deliver it in the morning. Mr. Hamlin, unheeding the anger of the provost, and departed quietly. To the missionary's astonishment the next Saturday morning the provost wrote on his receipt, "Remember the double Saturday delivery."

### God's Power in Life.

It would help us greatly if we should teach ourselves to remember that all high duties—all life, indeed—touches the supernatural world, or what we call such. There lie the power and efficiency, the quickening energy, of all that we do. We should never forget that all our work lies within this world and touches it at every moment. The servants did not know the power that was present as they gathered the water-jars and brought the water; but Mary knew in part, Jesus knew perfectly that God's power stands ready to break into the present order at any time. It is always at hand, ready to work its transforming miracles upon the elements of earth. It can change toil into heavenly rest, and turn the stones of earth into bread. Sorrow, weakness, trouble, our very faults and defects—these it remolds and transforms into spiritual qualities and powers. The whole trend of things in creation is from lower to higher, from coarser to finer; and Christ is but changing water into wine, the poor and the evil into the rich and the good.

### We Should Live for Others.

The periods of our lives which give us the most joy at the moment, and which are most exquisite in memory, are those when we have gone most wholly out of ourselves, and lived for others. She who seeks excellence and not reputation alone, rises highest in her pursuits; and she who forgoes her own pleasures—ignoring, it may be, her own rights—and forgets herself, in her genuine interest for others, attains to the surest and most satisfactory enjoyment. The secret of many low and miserable lives is the complete absorption of the man and the woman in their own pleasures and wants, care, character and prospect—Mary A. Livermore.

### A Shrewd Malay Merchant.

The recognized trustworthiness of Christians is well illustrated by the story of a Malay merchant related by the 'American Messenger':

A ship commanded by a New England sea captain visiting India was boarded by a Malay merchant, a man of property, who asked him if he had any tracts he could part with.

from a heathen, as he considered him, asked: "What do you want of English tracts? You cannot read them."

"True, but I have a use for these nevertheless," said the Malay, "through his interpreter. Whenever one of your countrymen or an Englishman calls on me to trade I put a tract in his way and watch him. If he reads it soberly and with interest, I infer that he will not cheat me; if he throws it to one side with contempt, or with an oath of profanity, I have no more to do with him—I cannot trust him."

### God's Voice in Silence.

As the flowers follow the sun and silently hold up their petals to be tinted and enlarged by its shining, so must we, if we would know the joy of God, hold our souls, wills, hearts and minds still before him, whose voice commands, whose love warms, whose truth makes fair our whole being. God speaks for most part in silence only. If the souls be full of tumult and jangling voices, his voice is little likely to be heard.—Alexander MacLaren.

### The Spirit of Love.

A spontaneous, glad, willing spirit of love and reverence, of trust and devotion—this is the life of all religion, as it is everywhere the life of all noble sentiments, of all worthy action, as it constitutes the sacredness of the child's obedience, the glory of the patriot's sacrifice, the inspiration of heroism and labor like that of Paul—not counting the cost.—Dr. Chapin.

### What Work Does for Us.

Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done whether you like it or not. Being forced to work and forced to do your best will breed in you temperance, self-control, diligence, strength of will, content and a hundred virtues which the idle will never know.—Charles Kingsley.

## A SEASON Of Dread and Fear for Thousands of People.

### If you Would Banish the Blues and all Your Other Distresses Use Paine's Celery Compound.

Yes, this is just the season when we hear men and women lamenting about their ill dead condition. They find that physical and mental energy has deserted them, and they are sinking deeply into the pit of despondency. The hot weather invariably produces thousands of miserable feeling mortals. They lack nerve force, strength and vitality. They are usually tormented by dyspepsia, flatulence, biliousness, heart trouble, constipation, nervousness and sleeplessness; they cannot rest day or night, and life becomes a burden heavy and intolerable.

The great recuperator, strength and health-giver for such weary, worn-out and suffering people is Paine's Celery Compound, now so universally approved of by medical men. Paine's Celery Compound in its peculiar composition, combines the best producers of healthy and pure blood, the first essential to perfect health, strength and activity. When the great medium is used in summer, languor, irritability, nervousness and sleeplessness are permanently banished, and men and women go about their duties with a vim, will and energy that indicates health and robustness. Use Paine's Celery Compound at once, if you would enjoy life in the hot weather.

### The Charm is Scotch.

I wonder if persons who can write Scotch are sufficiently aware of the great literary advantage they have over writers who are not born to that ability. It is no credit to them that they can do it. It is a gift to nature dropped in their lap. I never heard of any one who learned by artificial means to write Scotch. Scotch writers do it, and no one else. It has long been obvious that the proportion of good writers to the whole Scotch population was exceedingly large, but I do not remember that it has ever been pointed out how much easier it is for a Scotchman to be a good writer than another because of his innate command of the Scotch tongue.

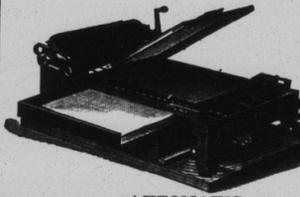
There are such delightful words in that language; words that sing on the printed page wherever their employer happens to drop them in; words that rustle; words that skirt, and words that clash and thump.—Scribner's

### Increase as They Fall.

Raindrops always increase in size as they fall. This is occasioned by the accumulation of moisture from the air through which they fall. And this being so, it is evident that their size will depend upon the height of the clouds from which they descend, as well as the rapidity of condensation. Hence we find that tropical rains and summer showers fall in large, heavy drops, while the fine, drizzling rains, mists and fogs are characteristic of cold latitudes.

## If You Wish to be HAPPY ...KEEP YOUR EYE... On This Space.

### Blessed is the Man who will make two blades of grass grow where but one grew before.



The EDISON MIMEOGRAPH is not a grass-grower but it will make one letter grow to 2,000. It is no joking matter, but a time-tried fact, and it makes no difference whether the letter is typewritten or autographic. It is all the same to the

## EDISON MIMEOGRAPH

It is one of Thomas A. Edison's inventions, and will reproduce letters, postal cards, menus, drawings, designs, tabulated statements or anything that can run through a typewriter or made with a pen. Don't you believe it? Ask the 150,000 users. Send for catalogue and samples of work.



HAND

Ira Cornwall, Gen'l Agent, Board of Trade Building, Canterbury St., St. John, N.B.

## Sea Foam It Floats.

A Pure White Soap. Made from vegetable oils. It possesses all the qualities of the finest white Castile Soap. The Best Soap for Toilet & Bath Purposes. It leaves the skin soft smooth and healthy.

5 CTS. (TOILET SIZE) A CAKE.

ST. JOHN SOAP WORKS, ST. JOHN, N.B.

## ADAMS' LIQUID ROOT BEER!

10c. THIS BOTTLE MAKES TWO GALLONS.

The Canadian Specialty Co., 30 Front St., East, Dominion Agents, Toronto, Ont., W. S. CLAWSON & CO., 87, JOHN ST., N. B., Agents for St. John, N. B.

## Advertisement in— 'PROGRESS,'

It Reaches the Homes. It Gives Results.

COULD NOT HANG THEM.

INSTANCES WHERE THE GALLOWES REFUSED TO WORK.

Queer Cases where Condemned Criminals Have Been Face to Face with Death and Escaped It—Some Remarkable Incidents of Escapes From the Gallows.

In the year 1767, as Major Arthur Griffiths tells us, a man who had been hanged outside Newgate for the space of twenty-eight minutes was operated upon by a surgeon, who made an incision in his wind-pipe. The result was says the author of those magnificent "Chronicles of Newgate," that in less than six hours the hanged man revived. This fellow unfortunately, left to us no account of his sensations when actually turned off from the scaffold, but of the fact of his recovery there seems to have been no doubt.

The records of the eighteenth century are full of similar cases, proving that even the rough methods of public execution were often unavailing to rob men of life.

In 1765, a man with the distinguishing name of Smith was condemned to death and duly brought to the rope. He protested his innocence to the last, but no one listened to him, and Jack Ketch duly pushed him off the ladder in the praiseworthy endeavour to launch him into eternity. What should happen, though, but directly the man was thus hanging a messenger came flying up to Newgate with a reprieve. The man's innocence had at length been established, but only when the rope was round his neck, and he was within a hand-breadth of death.

It is needless to state that, notwithstanding the vigorous protests of a crowd listening for entertainment, Master Smith was cut down directly the messenger had made himself heard. And, what is more astonishing, he lived to describe accurately, and with a fine sense of realism, those sensations he had suffered.

"The weight of my body caused me great pain," said he. "My spirits forced their way up to my head and seemed to go out at the eyes with a great blaze of light, and then all pain left me." He confessed, at the same time, that the coming to was a dreadful process. The returning "spirits" were not to be treated that way with impunity. They gave him such pain when they flew back to their proper channels, that he could have wished those hanged who cut him down.

The clumsy method of execution and executioners prevailing in the last century, and in the first fifty years of this, naturally led to many bungled executions. Of the victims hanging wholesale outside Newgate, at least three per cent. were resuscitated subsequently. Anne Green, who came to when in the hands of the dissectors; Mrs. Cope, hanged at Oxford and revived when the rope let her drop; William Daeil, executed in the year 1740 and brought round by Surgeon Hall, are well-attested instances of victims resuscitated by the scaffold.

In Ireland the administration of the last penalties of the law was often the veriest farce. While the sheriff considerably kept his eyes upon the heavens, as though overpowered by the discovery of some new planet, the friends of the condemned man deliberately held him up by the waistband lest the rope should hurt his poor throat. And when he had been hanging for a few minutes, they cut him down and carried him to a neighbouring shanty, literally to "wake" him. This process involved the pouring of some half a pint of whiskey down his throat, and it was rarely ineffectual.

These cases, however, are history. They do not appeal to us with the strength of modern records, which are full of incidents of men snatched from the jaws of death by that which many people consider the "hand of Providence." The most extraordinary case in our time has been that of John Lee, the Babcock murderer, who was sent out for execution on the morning of February 23rd, in the year 1885. Lee, as most people remember, was employed as a footman in the house of a Miss Keyes, of the Glen Babcock. As the jury found it, he murdered this lady in a peculiarly inhuman and dastardly manner, and the judge held out to him no hope whatever of a reprieve. So the morning came for his execution, but when the scaffold was reached and the hangman pulled the lever, the drop refused to act, and Lee continued to stand grinning upon the trap.

It is not good to dilate upon the horror of a scene like this. Suffice it to say that the hangman immediately went below the scaffold to remedy, if possible, the defect of it. Twice again he pulled the lever, adding his own weight to that of the condemned man, but without avail. The wood-work refused to budge. A hundred men could not have forced the trap, swollen as it was with damp and rain. And the sheriff intimated at last, ordering the miserable man back to prison and appealing to Sir William Harcourt, who at once commuted the sentence to penal servitude for life.

Lee's own account of the tragedy has come out to us in spite of prison regulations. "I am an innocent man," said he: "The Lord would not permit them to execute me." There were hundreds in the country who read in this mishap the judgment of the Almighty overriding the judgment of man. Ridiculous statements, wild rumors have been made and heard throughout the country ever since the scaffold would not hang John Lee. Two years ago, as the talk went, another man confessed to the crime, and Lee was released secretly and sent abroad. But statement has never been warranted. Indeed, it is a farrago of sense from beginning to end, since the man who murdered Miss Keyes is still breaking stones in a convict prison. In England they rarely bungle an execution. There are but two authentic cases

of mishaps since public penalties were abolished. One was the case of a rope breaking in Warwickshire; another, a case of a Manchester murderer sent to penal servitude after the executioner had made two efforts to hang him, the rope breaking twice in the endeavour.

We must look abroad, however, for the most remarkable instances of rejection by the scaffold. Not three months ago, in Cuba, a Spaniard was sentenced to the guillotine for the murder of a girl of fifteen. He protested his innocence loudly; but, although he bore a high character, the evidence was too strong for him. It was proved that he had always betrayed much affection for the girl, that he had given her presents repeatedly, and, more damning still, that he had been seen walking with her, half an hour before the supposed time of the murder, in the wood wherein her body was found. He admitted that he was fond of the victim and did not deny that he had met her as the prosecution stated. But, he urged, they exchanged only a word, and went their respective ways without any pause whatsoever. This the judges disbelieved—and the man was condemned.

Then came the tragedy of the condemnation. When the man was carried to the scaffold, the garrote refused to work. A great crowd had gathered to enjoy the spectacle; and it says much for the brutality when we learn that the living man's agony, while he sat waiting for the turn of the deadly screw which should break his neck, was a positive delight to it. Long was the agony protracted. The humanity, which in England sends a man back to his cell, is unknown in Cuba. The executioner there tried again and again to strangle his victim. He released him from the chair, oiled the screw, hammered it, tied the man up again, and repeated the process in all its hideousness. But the machine refused to act. Before a new one could be brought, a negro, who confessed to the crime, was in the hands of the police.

This amazing spectacle seems altogether to have been to the taste of the Spaniards. Nevertheless, the case is not without precedent. Once at Cadix, twice at Madrid within the last twenty years, the executioner had been unable to garrote his victim until he has pulled the machine to pieces and oiled it. Mishaps of this sort are almost unknown with the guillotine. Only once has "Monsieur de Paris" offered a spectacle of impotence. It was in the effort to execute a woman condemned for the murder of her father in a little town at the foot of the Pyrenees. Then the knife stuck and nothing could bring it down. They say that the wretched woman, when she found that the expected blow did not come, began to scream, and continued thus to rave during horrible minutes. She was reprieved ultimately; but there is no record to show she was innocent of the crime imputed to her.—Casell's Journal.

BECHAMEL'S CASE OF LIFE.

He Found It in an Old Bottle of Wine That He Couldn't Bear to Leave.

Appropos of Louis XIV., one of the greatest gourmands the world has ever known, was the Count De Bechamel, who, in addition to having a handle to his name, enjoyed the distinction of presiding over that monarch's kitchen and table just as certain big-salaried individuals do now over the household of the Queen of England. But, having invented a delicious sauce, the Frenchman's name will be in everybody's mouth when that of others is forgotten. I think, however, that if you will go to Voison's the next time you are in Paris and ask for a dish which you will find mentioned on the menu as orolana la Bechamel, you will conclude that rather for it and not for his sauce the name of the Count should go down to history. But to fully appreciate the dish you should know something of its origin, so here is the story:

Bechamel in his youth made the acquaintance of a charming female named Valentine de Valmont. Struck with her exceptional appetite and rare qualifications as a cook, he courted and married her. For half a century they lived joyously together, eating the best of viands and drinking the finest of wine. The husband had an exceptionally well-stocked cellar, which he patronized freely. There was one superb bottle of Medoc sleeping on its side in the damp vault, however, that the old man resolved not to open until his golden wedding, an event which was rapidly approaching. It was a quart of Chateau Laroze of a rare vintage and a fabulous value. At length the fiftieth anniversary of marriage came round and a select few were invited to celebrate it at the festive board. But secretly had the fish been served than Valentine, who weighed 250 pounds, was struck with paralysis and had to be carried to her room. There she died a few moments later. The guests departed in silence, and the bottle of Chateau Laroze, which was to have been the gem of the sumptuous repast, and for which a place of honor had been reserved on the table, was returned untouched to its former resting place.

After the death of his wife Bechamel lost his accustomed gaiety, but not his appetite. He became inconsolable over his loss, and the only way to smother his regret was by eating. He ate enough for three, for he possessed of the idea that his spouse was looking down upon him from heaven and smiling her encouragement and devotion. One day, at the age of 75, he fell ill, and a physician was hastily summoned. With a shake of the head the latter immediately despatched one of the attendants for a priest, convinced that nothing could be done for the sufferer but to soothe his last moments and prepare his soul for the hereafter.

"Then it is all over, doctor?" asked Bechamel.

"My dear old friend," replied the latter, "science has its limits, and—"

"Enough, interrupted the count, "I am quite ready to go. But before I die I want to empty the bottle of Chateau Laroze which I had reserved for my golden wedding. When I enter the portal of heaven and have once again the pleasure of embracing my darling Valentine, I want to have her say: 'What perfume is that my dear, that exhales with your breath?' 'That my loved one, is the Chateau Laroze which

I so piously kept for the fiftieth anniversary of our marriage, and which death prevented me from enjoying. As it was impossible to bring wine with me, I resolved that I should at least bring my delightful aroma.' But," added the invalid, turning to a servant, "be quick, for I feel that I—I am—"

The bottle was brought and uncorked with religious care and attention. A large goblet was filled with its purple contents and given to the Count. He took it in his trembling hand, first admiring its color, inhaled for a moment its delicate bouquet, and then emptied it, with an expression of gratification on his wrinkled face he heaved one great sigh, and his head fell heavily on the pillow.

He slept.

An hour later he awoke, and turning to his nephew said: "In an upper drawer of my writing desk you will find a key. Take it and unlock the closet close to my bed. On the third shelf you will find something. Bring it here."

The nephew like all good nephews, did as he was bid, assured that his affectionate uncle was about to leave him a valuable legacy. "But," he exclaimed, after having inspected every nook and corner of the closet. "I find nothing here but a game pie."

"That is precisely what I want," said the other. "My! how the truffles perfume the apartment! Bring it here!" and he took the pie, cut off a tremendous slice, placed it upon a deep plate, and then bathed it in what remained of the Chateau Laroze. This he ate with relish, and a week afterward was as well and strong as ever. Thenceforth he resolved that the greater part of his cuisine should be composed of sauces made of wine, and so faithfully did he carry out his plan that it was some fifteen years later, at the age of 90, that he at last rejoined his spouse.

BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.

THE NARROW ESCAPE OF A WELL KNOWN NEWBURGH MAN.

By the Loss of a Finger Mr. Chas. Moore of that Village Nears Death's Door, but is Rescued by a Doctor Who Failed. (From the Napanee Review.)

In the pleasant little village of Newburgh, on the Halloway, several families from Napanee, lives Mr. C. H. Moore and family. They are favorably known throughout the entire section, having been residents of Newburgh for years. Recently Mr. Moore has undergone a terrible sickness, and his restoration to health was the talk of the village, and many even in Napanee and vicinity heard of it, and the result was that The Beaver reporter was detailed to make an investigation into the matter. Mr. Moore is a carriage maker and while working in Finkle's factory last winter met with an accident that cost him the loss of the forefinger of his right hand. It was following this accident that his sickness began. He lost flesh, was pale, suffered from dizziness to the extent that sometimes he could scarcely avoid falling. He consulted physicians and tried numerous medicines, but without any benefit. He was constantly growing worse and the physician seemed puzzled, and none of his friends thought he would recover. One day a neighbor urged Mrs. Moore to persuade her husband to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, and after much persuasion he consented. After a few days he began to feel better, and it no longer needed persuasion to induce him to continue the treatment. A marvelous change soon came over him. Each day he seemed to gather new strength, and new life, and after eight weeks had been taken he found himself again a well man. Mr. Moore is now about sixty-five years of age, he has been healthy and has worked hard all his life until the sickness alluded to, and now, thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, he is once more able to work in his old accustomed way, and does not hesitate to give the credit to the medicine that restored him to health, at a cost no greater than a couple of visits to the doctor.

Time and again it has been proven that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when physicians and other medicines fail. No other medicine has such a wonderful record and no other medicine gives such undoubted proofs of the genuineness of every cure published, and this accounts for the fact that go where you will you hear nothing but words of praise for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This great reputation also accounts for the fact that unscrupulous dealers here and there try to impose a bulk pill upon their customers with the claim that it "is just as good," while a host of imitators are putting up pills in packages somewhat similar in style in the hope that they will reap the reward earned by the merit of the genuine Pink Pills. No matter what any dealer says no pill is genuine unless it bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around every box. Always return substitutes which are worthless and may be dangerous.

What is Style.

What we call style is almost precisely synonymous with what the French call chic. Either word means much of little, anything and everything: is definite to the mind and indefinable to the tongue. No one expects to find what is chic outside of Paris. No New Yorker, at least, expects to find style much beyond the fifty-mile radius with Central Park as a centre. What the Parisienne is to the Old World the Manhattaness is to the New. The latter is rarely born where she makes her home. She comes from every part of the republic, from North, South, East and West, from city, village, and hamlet, to the great

THE NUMBER

4

YOST

THE REASON WHY FOREVER DISCARDED, THROWN AWAY.

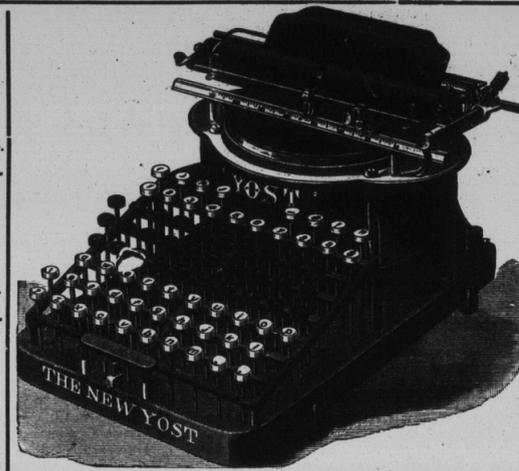
Perfect

In Every Particular.

CORRECT IN

Design, Workmanship, Principles, Results.

Complete.



Complete.

In Every Detail.

UNEQUALLED IN

Construction, Beauty of Work, Alignment, Speed, Clearness of Letter Press Copies.

Perfect.

YOST WRITING MACHINE CO.

ALL KINDS OF TYPEWRITERS REPAIRED.

W. A. CORNWALL, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces, BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, St. John, or the following Agents

- Agents: Messrs. B. Ward Thorne, St. John; A. S. Murray, Fredericton, N. B.; J. T. Whitlock, St. Stephen; W. B. Morris, St. Andrews; J. Fred Benson, Chatham; Van Meter & Boucher, Moncton; H. A. White, Sussex; L. J. Melville, 50 Bedford Row, St. John; J. M. Dillman, Lunenburg, N. S.; Dr. W. F. Bishop, Bathurst, N. B.; G. J. Colquhoun, "Advocate" office of justice, C. B.; W. F. Kempton, Yarmouth, N. S.; Chas. Burrell & Co., Weymouth, N. S.; T. Carleton Ketchum, Woodville, N. S.; Clarence E. Gaer, Amherst, N. S.; E. M. Fulton, Truro, N. S.; T. W. Butler, Newville, N. B.; P. J. Gogan, Filer, N. B.; H. F. McLatchee, Campbellton, N. B.; R. H. Morris, Spratford, N. S.

municipal school of art, fashion, manners, receives there the coveted degree of M. S., Mistress of Style. So, it she reflects lustre upon herself she reflects lustre in a way on the whole country, showing what any American may become under properly plastic agencies and in aiming at her own. The mistress of style must be, in regard to the multitude, as one in a hundred; but she is a familiar figure in every cultured household, and a creature to be esteemed, to be admired, to be patterned after. She is not only the woman of the present, she is the woman of the future as well, for the future cannot eclipse her.—Harper's Bazaar.

DISINFECTING PERFUME.

Atmosphere Cleansed Without the Need of Offensive Odors.

M. Nilou, of Paris, has devised a method for disinfecting the sick room by perfumes. He prepares special sachets capable of diffusing the perfume with which they are charged in any kind of a receptacle; all that is needed is to place two of these sachets in a receptacle containing a little water.

The perfume (essence of violet, rose, jessamine, etc.) is mixed with oxalo-saccharic acid and enclosed in a sachet that is colored white; a second, colored blue, contains dry carbonate of soda. These substances when the sachets are soaked in water, liberating carbonic acid gas, which diffuses the perfume around the room. Sachets with oxygen as a basis can be prepared by placing powdered permanganate of potash in one and binovide of barium in the other.

The process can be applied either in therapeutics or hygiene. The sachet has merely to be treated with medical essences or any volatile substance to set free a constant supply to saturate the atmosphere in which the patient lives.

ANOTHER DISCOVERY.

Of Interest to Bicycle Riders.

A well known bicycle rider has made a discovery that will be good news too all who locomote on the wheels. He says: "Since I first began to ride a wheel, which is several years ago, I have been subject to more or less chafing and irritation. Sometimes when heated the itching inside my legs would be so severe that I would be compelled to forego riding for a time. Nothing that I tried did any material good until my attention was drawn to an advertisement of Dr. Chase's Ointment for all itching of the skin. I tried it and almost from the moment it touched the skin the itching stopped. I also find its occasional use prevents chafing. Further evidence of the efficacy of this preparation is given by Chas. Roe, foreman Central Press Agency, Toronto, who was troubled with Itching Skin of the most aggravated kind. When the skin became heated during the sleep from too much clothing, he would wake up with absolute pain from digging into the flesh with his nails. Chase's Ointment gave relief from the first application and permanently cured. Price 60c."

The Jauntiest

Yachting Dress

Will retain its flare and style to the end of the season if lined with

FIBRE CHAMOIS

Damp air or an occasional wetting cannot affect the stiffness of this popular interlining.

This Fibre Chammois has brought forth imitations only proves its success. Failures are never copied. Look for the red label on every yard.



ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IMPERIAL SHADES.

Cheapest, Strongest, Best.

Sold by all reliable dealers.

Are Your Feet Mates?

Are they mates for your shoes, or does it cost you some painful moments in the morning to convince them that they are? Why not?

Buy the Slater Shoes

which fit the feet the first time they are worn? Fashioned after the human foot on new lasts. Made in six shades, all sizes, all widths, in three grades, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00. Made with the Goodyear Welt, of best imported calfskin in black or tan.

Price Stamped on the Soles of Every Pair.



SINCE WE CAME TO LIGHT

from the tips of our fingers to the tips of our toes every bit of us has been washed with

BABY'S OWN SOAP

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO.

Beware of Imitations. Makers and Sellers of the Only Genuine

Advertisement for Progress Engraving Bureau, featuring decorative borders and text: PROGRESS ENGRAVING BUREAU, PORTRAIT BUILDINGS, ADVERTISEMENTS, AND CATALOGUE WORKS, DRAWN, DESIGNED & ENGRAVED, St. John, N.B.



OBITUARIES OF THE LIVING.

Instances Where People Who Are Expected to Die Live a Long Time.

There are many obituaries pigeon-holed in newspaper offices the writers of which will never see them in print, for they themselves have died before the subjects of their biographical essays. A curious instance of this is afforded by the case of the Times obituary of Earl Russell (better known as "Lord John Russell"), who died in 1878 at the ripe old age of eighty-six years sixty-five of which were spent in public life. The obituary was written twenty years before the Earl's death. It was added to as time went on; but—strange fatality! every one of its contributors died before the subject himself. In the end, notwithstanding the general freedom from superstition of journalists, no one could be got to touch the biography until the time came for its publication.

To take another instance. There is not a daily newspaper in the kingdom that had not in readiness for years an obituary of Mr. Gladstone. Twenty years ago, in 1875, the aged statesman wrote to Lord Granville resigning the leadership of the Liberal party, as, he said, he was too old for public affairs, and it was time for him to turn his thoughts to the other world. But, as every one knows, he came back to public life after a few years of retirement, and since then has made more history than in the previous forty years of his public career. When he goes, what excitement and confusion the event will create in the newspaper offices of the kingdom!

Such an event occurring late at night would completely upset the internal economy of every newspaper office in the country. At midnight, the next morning's paper is practically all in type and from five to ten columns of the matter in type would have to be discarded from the account of Mr. Gladstone's long and eminent career.

The dangerous illness of the Prince of Wales in December, 1871, was the cause of events curious and amusing—which will ever find a place in the history of British journalism. The death of the Prince seemed inevitable; for the doctors began to despair. One day the announcement went forth that His Royal Highness could not survive many hours, and accordingly every daily newspaper in the Kingdom had its obituary of the Prince "set" or put into type. But the expected telegram announcing the death never came, and so at midnight, when the hour for going to press was close at hand, many a newspaper editor who had relied on his biographical sketch of the prince filling six or eight columns of his paper, was compelled to fill up the blank columns with "standing" matter of all kinds, such as old advertisements and older news. The principal newspaper editors subsequently sent the Prince, at his own request, "proofs" of the obituaries; and pasted in a bulky scrap-book, they now form one of the strangest and most curious objects to be seen at Marlborough House.

But probably the most extraordinary circumstances in connection with this subject were two recent libel actions against London evening papers for statements contained in obituaries. In one case a man fell from a train in motion on a Welsh railway and was killed. There was nothing on his person to lead to his identification, but as some sketch books belonging to an artist connected with a London weekly illustrated paper were found in an empty carriage of the train, it was presumed the dead man was the artist, and a telegram to that effect was sent, in the ordinary course, to the London newspapers.

One of the evening journals published a sketch of the artist's life, in which it was said that if he deceased, had only had more application and steadiness he would have a far higher position in illustrated journalism. But the artist was not dead at all; he had simply forgotten his paraphernalia in the railway carriage, and on returning to London, brought an action against the evening paper for libel which was contained in the comments in the obituary notice. The action was settled out of court by the payment of substantial damages.

In the other and more recent case, the person who claimed to be slandered in an obituary was a music hall artist. The notice of his death was complimentary to him as a singer, but it insinuated that he was agent of the Irish-American dynamiters, and as such, frequently travelled between London, New York, Paris. The newspaper in question got the news from an outside contributor. It was sent, probably, as a stupid or malicious practical joke; but the music-hall artist was handsomely compensated for its publication.

Not Unlucky that Time.

Passenger. Conductor, we seem to be going at fearful speed.

Conductor. Trying to make up time. Rolling off 'bout sixty miles an hour now.

Passenger. Gracious? I notice that some of the passengers appear to enjoy it and others look scared.

Conductor. Yes, some have accident insurance tickets and some haven't.

His Explanation.

During the war old Rastus was asked by a Federal soldier why he was not out fighting for his rights. After pondering for a moment he replied:

"Did 'yer eber see two dogs a-fighting over a bone, sah?"

"Yes, oh yes!"

"Did 'yer eber see de bone fight?"

Quite Correct.

Teacher. "Why are the days so short in the winter?"

Chase & Sanborn's



Seal Brand Coffee

Universally accepted as the Leading Fine Coffee of the World. The only Coffee served at the WORLD'S FAIR. CHASE & SANBORN, BOSTON, MONTREAL, CHICAGO

KNIVES, FORKS & SPOONS STAMPED 1847. ROGERS BROS. ARE GUARANTEED by the MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO. THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD

DRUNKENNESS Or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Dr. Hamilton's Golden Specific. It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure. IT NEVER FAILS. MOTHER AND WIFE, YOU CAN SAVE THE VICTIM. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO. TORONTO, Ont.

Worth A Trial

Hundreds of business men in his city read Progress who do not advertise in any paper. They do a certain amount of business and doubt the power of printer's ink to increase it.

Isn't it worth a trial? Think about it, and if you conclude to try advertising, come to Progress. We will give you a handsome, well written advt., a splendid circulation, and if the people want your goods then there should be no doubt about the result.

Try it.

A. & J. HAY, Dealers in—Diamonds, Fine Jewelry, American Watches, Fancy Clocks, Optical Goods Etc. JEWELRY MADE TO ORDER AND REPAIRED. 76 KING STREET.

Spring Lamb, Turkeys, Fowl and Chickens. THOS. DEAN, 13 and 14 City Market.

JAMES S. MY & SON, Tailors, Domville Building, 68 PRINCE WM. ST. Telephone No. 748.

SPECTACLES, EYE GLASSES, OPERA GLASSES, CLOCKS AND BRONZES, SILVER GOODS, JEWELLRY, WATCHES AND DIAMONDS, AT 43 KING ST., FERGUSON & PAGE.

DAVID CONNELL, LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLES, 45-47 WATERLOO STREET. Horses Boarded on reasonable terms. Horses and Carriages on hire. Fine Fit Outfit at short notice.

CAFE ROYAL, Domville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets. MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. WILLIAM CLARK

GLASSES AT ALL PRICES.

They Come High in Some Cases and in Others are Cheap and Good.

It costs from 75 cents to nearly as many dollars to be fitted with a first pair of eyeglasses in New York, says the Sun. Those that go to the oculist for a prescription as preliminary to putting on glasses must pay him from \$10 to \$25, or if the eyes need treatment from \$25 to \$100, according to the nature and length of the treatment and the accustomed charges of the oculist. When the patient is ready to buy his glasses he takes the prescription of the oculist to an optician and orders them. Being made to order especially for the patient, they may cost anywhere from \$25 to \$150. Persons with complicated disorders of the eye really wear from two to five pairs of glasses in one. Some prescriptions call for two separate pairs, and no prudent man is content to have only one pair of glasses by him, since the loss of his single pair may mean the loss of a day's work or considerable injury to the eyes.

The most expensive way to purchase glasses is through the oculist and the optician. Some very careful persons always visit an oculist before making a change in the power of their glasses. Others simply go on increasing the strength as need seems to direct. It is a good deal cheaper to buy of the oculist-optician, and some persons believe it to be quite as safe as the most expensive method. It is entirely probable that the ordinary conditions of the eye the oculist-optician serves well enough. Most persons that do not guess either go to an oculist-optician and have him fit them out at from \$25.50 to \$15, or consult a friend. This last is the cheapest method, and it is a favorite one with thousands. The friend, who wears glasses, learns that the other is having some difficulty of sight, and offers his own glasses on trial. If they seem to serve the need the borrower goes to an optician or some other dealer in eyeglasses and gets a like pair. He thus saves the fee of the oculist or that of the oculist-optician.

Many persons buy eyeglasses of the dry goods shops. They sell them at from 50 cents to \$1, and they look just like those that the opticians sell for \$25.50. They are, perhaps, as safe for those whose affections of the eyes are not complicated, but they do not last as long as those of the opticians. They break at the delicate joints. The frames, if they have any are brittle, and the tiny screws are weak, or are put in so badly that they crack the lenses. The dry goods shops, however, cannot compete with the corner stands for the trade of a great many persons. There are plenty of old fellows that have been buying their glasses for almost nothing at corner stands any time these forty years. They never spent a penny on an oculist, and they despise the opticians. The fact is that science of the eye has, grown up since they began to use glasses, and, having started without its aid, they keep on in like fashion. It is only because they are not troubled with complicated affections of the eyes that they are able to preserve their sight in defiance of the modern specialist.

The eyeglass or spectacle case is furnished free by the opticians, but the dry goods shops charge for them odd penny prices. Those furnished by the opticians are made by young girls in large factories, and cost at wholesale only a few cents each. Those of special forms cost more, and are not furnished free by the opticians unless the patient purchase an expensive pair of glasses. There are gold mounted and silver mounted and tortoise shell eyeglasses and spectacle cases at prices as high as \$50 each.

Why He Wanted the Tiger.

At a sale of animals from Barnum's hippodrome in the American town of Bridgeport, a tiger was being offered. The highest bid was made by a man who was a stranger, and to him it was knocked down. Barnum, who had been eyeing the stranger uneasily during the bidding, then went up to him and said:

"Pardon me for asking the question, but will you tell me where you are from?"

"Down South," responded the man.

"Are you connected with any show?"

"And are you buying this animal for yourself?"

"Yes."

Barnum shitted about for a few moments, looking alternately at the man and the tiger, evidently trying his best to reconcile the two together.

"Now, young man," he finally said, "you need not take this animal unless you want to, for there are those here who will take it off your hands."

"I don't want to sell," was the quiet reply.

Then Barnum said in his desperation—

"What on earth are you going to do with such an ugly beast if you have no show of your own, and are not buying for someone who is a showman?"

"My wife died about three weeks ago. We had lived together for ten years, and—and I miss her."

He paused to wipe his eyes and steady his voice, and then added—

"So I've bought this tiger."

"I understand you," said the great showman in a husky voice, as he turned to hide his emotion.

In Sporting Circles.

Lacrosse, baseball, cricket and tennis players are rapidly being weaned from alcoholic drinks "Montserrat" Lime Fruit Juice is the principal substitute. Clear, fragrant and delicious, it seems to cut the phlegm and cleanse the throat in a way that no other drink can. One glass of "Montserrat" will have more effect than three of iced claret or ten of lager beer. Of course, it needs to be diluted with aerated or even plain water, and sweetened to the taste.

At Her Very Best.

"I would rather look at Miss Place when she is paying for a ride in the street car than at any other time." McWilliam "Why?" Equidge. "Then she is passing fare."

DR. FOWLER'S



EXT. OF WILD STRAWBERRY. CURES COLIC, CRAMPS, CHOLERA, DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, CHOLERA MORBUS, CHOLERA INFANTUM and all Summer Complaints and Phases of the Bowels. It is safe and reliable for Children or Adults. For Sale by all Dealers.

TURKISH DYES

EASY TO USE. They are Fast. They are Beautiful. They are Brilliant. SOAP WILL NOT REMOVE THEM. Have YOU used them; if not, try and be convinced.

One Package equal to two of any other make.

For sale in St. John by R. McDIARMID and E. J. MAHONEY, Indianapolis.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE

IS HAPPY, FRUITFUL MARRIAGE!



Every Man Who Would Know the Grand Truths, the Plain Facts, the New Discoveries of Medical Science as Applied to Married Life Who Would Atone for Past Errors and Avoid Future Pitfalls. Should Secure the Wonderful Little Book called the "COMPLETE MARRIAGE and How to Attain It."

"Here at last is information from a high medical source that must revolutionize with this generation of men."

To the nervousness, lack of self-control, despondency, etc.

To exchange a jaded and worn nature for one of brightness, buoyancy and power.

To cure for ever effects of excesses, overwork, worry, etc.

To give full strength, development and tone to every portion and organ of the body.

No barrier. Failure impossible. 2,000,000 copies sold.

The book is purely medical and scientific, useless to curiosity seekers, invaluable to men only who need it.

A despairing man, who had applied to me, soon after wrote:

"Well, I tell you that the first day is one I'll never forget. I just bubbled with joy. I wanted to hug everybody and tell them my old self had died yesterday and my new self born to-day. Why didn't you tell me when I wrote that I would find it this way?"

And another thus:

"If you dumped a cartload of gold at my feet it would bring such gladness into my life as your method has done."

Write to the ERIC MEDICAL COMPANY, Buffalo, N. Y., and ask for the little book called "COMPLETE MARRIAGE." Refer to this paper, and the company promises to send the book, in sealed envelope, without any mark, and entirely free, until it is well introduced.

The Sun

The first of American Newspapers, CHARLES A. DANA Editor

The American Constitution the American Idea, the American Spirit. These first, last, and all the time, forever

The Sunday Sun

is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world

Price 5c. a copy; by mail \$2 a year.

Daily, by mail - - \$6 a year.

Daily and Sunday, by mail, - - - - \$8 a year.

The Weekly, - - - - \$1 a year.

Address THE SUN New York.

IT WAS A PLUCKY OYSTER.

Its Remarkable and Successful Contest With an Active Starfish.

"One of the most exciting contests I ever saw was between an oyster and one of the most deadly enemies of the oyster family, and I am glad to say that the oyster won the fight. The enemy was a starfish, and if all of its kind were as fresh and indomitable as this one was they wouldn't be a source of so much dread to the oyster farmer."

"Every person who has anything to do with raising oysters has seen many a battle between them and starfish. These destructive enemies of the oyster grow fast, but seldom attempt to attack the bivalves before they are six months old, and then their inexperience and overconfidence are apt to get them in a heap of trouble. A starfish that has cut its eye teeth, so to speak, will get the best of an oyster every time, for it will mount the shell, drill a hole through it, inject its stupefying liquid into the oyster, and envelop the whole thing with its capacious and elastic mouth-stomach before the poor shellfish knows what has happened to it.

"A school of starfish can go through an oyster farm almost as quickly as a tornado can wipe out a wheat farm in Dakota. Starfish are virtually walking stomachs, and I have found them stretched over clams, shell and all, that were a great deal bigger than the natural dimensions of the starfish. When one of these rapacious marauders envelopes a clam or an oyster it simply turns itself wrong side out and pulls itself over its victim, as you would pull on a pair of new socks.

"This fight I was speaking about occurred in shallow water, and I had a good sight of it. I saw the starfish work warily along over the oyster, and then settle down upon it. The bivalve was on the lookout though, and when the starfish was near enough the oyster's shell closed like a steel trap on one of the starfish's five rays and cut it off as slick as if it had been done with a knife. A starfish doesn't mind the loss of a ray or two; in fact, it can make the loss of four of its rays, and stand its way off, in a short time spreading and growing the lost members again. But if the starfish loses all five of its rays its doom is sealed. It will die almost immediately.

"The oyster had no sooner clipped off one of its five legs than it set its trap again and waited for a renewal of the attack. This was not long in coming. The starfish crooped itself slowly, with so much confidence that I could almost see it, and was soon astride the oyster again. Again the trap flew shut, and the starfish rose with but three of its five rays left. But it was plucky, and, with confidence unimpaired, returned for the third round with the prompt and watchful oyster. The round was a repetition of the other two, and the starfish was bereft of another leg. The persistent enemy of the oyster had apparently set its mind on having that particular one, and without a moment's hesitation turned its crippled body to the fourth assault.

"The oyster was now mad all the way through, and shifted its position, turning its open shell upward as the starfish dropped toward it. This was the last round of the fight, for the oyster caught both remaining rays of the starfish in the trap and snapped them off at one bite. The rayless starfish turned over and sank to the bottom dead."—New York Sun.

To Prepare Frozen Bananas.

Frozen bananas are very nice served as a sweet course at a luncheon in the place of ices or cream. Get the best bananas you can find with the skins as perfect as possible. Peel one section, that is, turn it back carefully without separating from the rest of the skin, and take out the fruit. Mash the pulp, and to each cupful of it add a pint of whipped cream and sugar to taste. Fill the banana skins with the mixture, shaping it as much like the fruit as possible. Cover so that the skins will not appear to be broken, and pack in an ice cream can. Make a freezing mixture of salt and ice as for ice cream, and let them stand from two to three hours. If you choose the pulp may be colored with strawberry juice, but it must not be thinned too much or there will be trouble in packing the fruit.

Daudet on Englishwomen.

Alphonse Daudet was not exactly complimentary in his references to Englishwomen of whom he met many in his recent trip to prefidious Albion. "Not only is the Englishwoman not handsome in features," he says, "but there is nothing seductive in her physical form, and, moreover, she is an utter stranger to elegance and good taste. The Englishwoman whom you encounter in Paris, with flattened-down hair and huge feet, differs in no single particular from the English lady of rank whom you meet in salons, on the turf, and at play. It gave me a real thrill of pleasure on reaching Paris to behold our pretty Parisiennes, with their fascinating toilets." The only English word M. Daudet learned in England was "yes."

The Utility of a Hairpin.

Instead of a hook, it buttons boots, gloves, and such like. Instead of a needle and thread, it will fasten together a ripped seam. Instead of muckilage, it fastens together a woman reporter's sheets of copy paper. Instead of a corkcreek, it will open a bottle; instead of a paper knife, it will cut open magazine leaves. Instead of a candlestick, it does good service straightened out, with one end jabbed into a candle, the other into the mantel. It is so useful, the wonder is how men get along without 'em. And they don't, very well.

His Felicitous.

The most sensible speech ever made was that of the man who, during one of the Belfast riots, was asked by a mob what his politics were. He did not know which way his interrogators were inclined, but he looked at their weapons, their bludgeons, their frowning pieces, surveyed all carefully, and answered—"Gentlemen, I am of the same opinion as that gentleman with the big axe."



James E. Nicholson.

CANCER ON THE LIP

CURED BY

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

"I consulted doctors who prescribed for me but to no purpose. I suffered in agony seven long years. Finally, I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In a week or two I had a decided improvement. Encouraged by this result, I persevered, until in a month or so the sore began to heal, and, after using the Sarsaparilla for six months, the last trace of the cancer disappeared." JAMES E. NICHOLSON, Florenceville, N. B.

Ayer's The Only Sarsaparilla

Admitted a "World's Fair."

AYER'S PILLS Regulate the Bowels.

CLEAN TEETH

and a pure breath obtained by using ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI.

Take no imitations.

CURE FITS!

Valuable treatise and bottle of medicine sent Free to any sufferer. Give name and Post Office address monthly. R. C. ROOT, M. C., 100 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

EPILEPSY

Fits, Nervous Debility.

Causes, Symptoms, Results and How to Cure. Treatise free on application to M. G. HOSKIN, 35 de Salaberry St., Montreal.

TEABERRY

FOR THE TEETH & BREATH.

PRICE 50c.

ZOECCA CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO.

SHARPS BALSAM

OF HOREHOUND AND ANISEED.

FOR GROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, COUGHS AND COLDS.

OVER 40 YEARS IN USE.

25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

ARMSTRONG & CO., PROPRIETORS, 64 GERMAIN STREET, (Let door south of King.)

THE SAME MAN, Well Dressed.

Fill a much higher place in the estimation of your friends, than when thoughtlessly and indifferently clothed.

Newest Designs Latest Patterns.

A. R. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor, 64 Germain Street, (Let door south of King.)

PROFESSIONAL.

REMOVAL.

DR. J. H. MORRISON, (New York, London and Paris.)

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat

103 Germain Street, St. John.

GORDON LIVINGSTON,

GENERAL AGENT, CONVEYANCER, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.

Collections Made. Remittances Prompt. Harcourt, Kent County, N. B.

HOTELS.

BALMORAL HOTEL,

100 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B., A. L. SPENCER Prop.

The Leading \$1.50 per day house of the City, facing the beautiful King Square. Large rooms. Good Table. Efficient service.

CONNORS HOTEL,

CORNER STATION, MADAWASKA, N. B.

JOHN R. MOIRNEY, Proprietor.

Opened in January. Handsomest, most spacious and complete house in Northern New Brunswick.

BELMONT HOTEL,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern improvements. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity. Baggage to and from the station free of charge. Terms moderate. J. SIMS, Prop.

QUEEN HOTEL,

FREDRICKTON, N. B.

J. A. YWARDS, Proprietor.

Fine sample rooms in connection. Fine class Liv'ry stable. Coaches at trailer and boats

ABORIGINAL HEROINES.

STORIES OF FAWNES TOLD BY THE INDIAN WOMEN.

The Malles Whales Lora was Unrequited—Tales of Ducky Horlase From Spirit Land—An Indian Svengali and Trilby in South America.

The story of Kiliia, as told by the Guarani Indians, who live on the banks of the Parana River, in South America, is a typical Indian tale of the unrequited love was unrequited, says the New York Sun. "Kiliia was the most beautiful maiden that can be imagined," as the story says, and "she lived in the old times in which the people took upon themselves with pride the game of sacred birds, each one according to his valor in battle." Among the young men in Kiliia's days was Amaira, a youth who possessed "the art of making love by singing and playing the flute," but "may say that Amaira did not belong to the land of the living, but rather to the world of spirits, for were a man how did it happen that he did not return the love of Kiliia?"

Now it appears that at a certain season the maidens of the tribe united to give a daylight festival at which there was much singing and dancing, and at the end of the dancing they crowded with wreaths of flowers the youths who had found greatest favor in their hearts. So when this festival was held on the banks of the river, Kiliia crowned Amaira, because in grace and strength and in the sweetness of his voice as a singer he had exceeded all others. This event happened near the end of the day, and as the sun went down Amaira, instead of seeking the society of his sweet heart, according to the custom of his tribe, stretched himself upon the grassward and "made his flute to sound in a strange manner, imitating the song of the Cabure, king of all the birds, when it calls together all its feathered subjects."

Then there appeared "among the clouds of fog" that surrounded the camp, "a great animal, white, and of the form of a tapir, but having the feet of the jaguar and the tail of the fox." Running to Amaira it knelt at his feet, the youth mounted on its back, and breathing forth flames and smoke from its mouth and nostrils, it fled away, and with the youth singing on its back, vanished from the sight of the wondering people. Even when both had utterly disappeared the sound of the song of Amaira was still heard coming from among the vapors.

At for Kiliia, "after having seen Amaira it was impossible to love another man." The route which the strange animal had followed led to the depths of the forest, but Kiliia determined to follow and find him or else end her life. Accordingly she armed herself with a poisoned arrow, which she secreted in the folds of her garment, and started on the trail of the white monster. The trails of hunters and the runways of deer permitted her to penetrate the forest until at last a dense thicket of thorny shrubs and vines bordering a low ground grove up to cattails detained her until midnight, when the moonbeams first began to penetrate the branches of a hazel tree that overshadowed the thicket.

At that moment Kiliia heard a voice, weird and far away, accompanied by the wild trills of many birds singing together. Hastening toward the place from which the music came, she soon discovered on the borders of a tiny lake a swan-like creature with the feathers of the odorous manjaray vine. In the center of this, on a couch of skins of the jaguar, reclined a most beautiful woman of the race of the spirits of evil, and on her white breast rested the head of Amaira.

"The jaguar, deprived of her young, feels no such anger and desire for vengeance as that which overcame the weak maiden daughter of the forest when she gazed upon that scene," says the story. Drawing the poisoned arrow from his hiding place in her garment, Kiliia rushed into the arbor and with two quick strokes ended the life of Amaira and her own as well. Having been denied the love of Amaira in life, she determined that no other woman should enjoy it in her place.

But the moment the deed was done a tremendous hurricane, whose black clouds were torn and scattered by vivid lightning, broke over the forest, and in this beautiful woman of the spirits of evil and the songs of the myriad birds that accompanied her, and the arbor with its roof of odorous flowers, disappeared forever, and with them went the souls of Kiliia and Amaira. "But traces of the soul of Kiliia, forever beautiful and full of grace, may still be seen flying over the earth in the fragmentary clouds that hurry on in advance of the Tornado, scattering tear drops on the flowers that open to greet her as she comes, and are then cut down by the blast that follows."

Among the Indians of the United States two curious stories are found, in each of which the heroine is a ghost from the beginning of the story. The Fawnes tell of a youth who, on returning from a hunting excursion, found his affianced sitting alone on top of her hut, every other person in the village having gone away after buffalo. He asked her why she was there all alone, and she replied that it was because she had had trouble with her relatives, and they had gone off and left her there. At this the youth wanted her to become his wife at once, but she bade him wait, and then told him that that night a grand dance would be held in the village. Sure enough, there was one of the old Fawnes kind, where everybody turns out and all go from lodge to lodge singing, whooping, and dancing about each until everybody is exhausted. But this was a dance of the ghosts of the Fawnes who had died in the village and they danced all about the youth so that "he came pretty near being scared." Next day the girl willingly went with the youth, following the trail until they over-

took the camp of the tribe. Then she stopped and said:

"Now we have arrived, but you must go first to the village and prepare a place for me. Where I sleep let it be behind a curtain. For four days and four nights I must remain behind this curtain. Do not speak to me. Do not mention my name to any one."

As the story runs, the young man went to the camp where, instead of preparing a bed behind a curtain, as she had said, he did what any Fawnes Indian would be likely to do. He told one of the women of his family to go and conduct the girl to his lodge. And when this relative asked who the girl was he remembered the injunction not to speak her name, but forgot the injunction not to speak of her. He replied by telling who the girl's parents were. Thereat the relative said it could not be so, because that girl was dead. Nevertheless she went to look for the girl as hidden, but, of course, did not find her. Having failed to do as he was told, the girl could not come back to him. However, she was kind in a way, for "that night he died—she took him to her."

Of a similar character in general is the Iroquois ghost heroine story; but in this case the heroine was the spirit of a hunter's dead wife. And this story is of a particular interest to those who suppose that the Indian wife is an overworked, ill-used slave. As the story runs, the hunter and his wife lived in the forest far from any village. "They used to go hunting together very often," but eventually the household work kept the wife at home usually, but "when he was alone he never had good luck." One day the wife took sick and in two days she was dead. "The man felt very bad and buried her in the cabin." He was so lonesome then that "he made a wooden doll about her size and dressed it in the clothes she used to wear." This he placed before the fire when he went away to hunt, and with that only for a companion he continued to live alone in the forest for a whole year, doing the house work, as well as the hunting, as best he could. Then, one day on his return from the hunt he found a good fire in his hut and wood beside the door. The next day there was not only a fire, with wood to replenish it, but a piece of meat was cooking over the fire for his supper. "So," he looked all over to see who had done this, but could find no one. The next time he went hunting he did not go so far, but returned early instead, and, on opening the door quickly, found his wife sitting where he had left his doll.

"The Great Spirit felt sorry for you," she said, "so He let me come back to see you, but you must not touch me: until we have seen all of our people; if you do you will kill me."

Thereafter they lived together and yet separately, until the second anniversary of the wife's death. Then they started for the tribe's village to see "all of our people," and "so you will be well," as the hunter said. They got on comfortably until within a day's journey of the village, and then the husband's love for his overworked wife's prudence. He clasped her in his arms in spite of her warning, and in an instant she disappeared, and he found he was embracing his wooden doll only.

The Iroquois have a story of a girl who became a medicine woman in a supernatural manner. Her parents having decided to marry her to an old man who was very repulsive to her, she leaped into the Niagara River, and was carried over the great falls. At least that is the story she told afterwards. But just as she was to be dashed to death on the rocks the spirit of the falls caught her, took her into a cave beneath the falls, and there kept her safely until he had taught her the origin of the fevers that killed her people and how to avoid them. Then, the old suitor having died, he returned her safely to the village. This fever, she said, were due to a snake who lay coiled in the earth under the village and poisoned the springs, in order that he might feast on the bodies of those who died. As a remedy she proposed to remove the village to a site where the springs were not so contaminated. This was done, and "for a while sickness ceased."

A more interesting story than that is told by the Hudson Bay Eskimo to account for the origin of whales and seals of various kinds. This is a beautiful maiden named Sedna and the sealull. Sedna was so very attractive that all the youths for many miles about came to see for her hand, but she was so proud of her beauty that none could win her. Finally one spring as the ice was breaking up a sea-gull flew from over the ice and wood Sedna, with a sudden song.

"Come to me," it said, "come into the land of the birds, where there is never hunger, where my tent is made of most beautiful skins. You shall rest on soft bearskins. My fellows, the gulls, shall bring you all your heart may desire; their feathers shall clothe you; your lamp shall always be filled with oil, your pot with meat."

"Sedna could not long resist such wooing as that," says the story, which shows how much alike are red and white maidens, and away she went with the gull over the sea. But when she reached the gull's home she found, as some other girls who have gone over the sea with foreign husbands have found, that she had made a mistake. Instead of a tent of well-dressed hides she had one of fish skins full of holes. Instead of a couch of soft furs she had one of walrus hides. Instead of all the food the heart could desire she had to live on leathery fish. Then she cried to her father to come to take her back to her old home, and after a year he came to do so. Having killed the gull who was her husband the two got into the father's boat to return home. After they had left the land the gulls found their dead comrade where Sedna's father had left him and with loud and mournful cries (cries which they are ever repeating even to this day) they set out to take vengeance. They saw the Eskimo and Sedna in the boat and "stirred up a heavy storm" in the sea arose in immense waves that threatened the pair with destruction. In this mortal peril the father determined to offer Sedna as a sacrifice and threw her overboard, but she clung to the side of the boat, begging to be taken on board once more. To release himself the father took a knife and cut off the first joint of all her fingers, and these falling into the sea, swam away as whales, the finger nails becoming whale-bones. Then as the girl still clung to the boat, he cut off the next joints, and these became one kind of seals, while the third joints, which were not off, became another kind.

PROGRESS' Great Offer.



PROGRESS will give to every yearly subscriber a beautiful CRAYON PORTRAIT, enclosed in a 26 x 30 Gilt and oak frame. The engraving given above is a fac-simile of our SAPLE PORTRAITS that will be shown you by our Agents. We would draw special attention to the fact that every Portrait will be enclosed in a FRAME that sells in this city for Five a Seven Dollars. There have been several offers, in the way of enlarging Pictures, but we stand prepared to give you the best yet offered, and guarantee First Class Work and prompt attention. The artists in charge of our work have been selected from the foremost in their line in Boston.

Want your name on our subscription list and will make you the following offer: "Progress," for one year, with LIFE-SIZED PORTRAIT AND FRAME. Will Only COST \$4.00, and these are the terms we will give you, Pay the Agent \$1.00 when he takes your order and when the Picture is delivered, \$3.00. We will have "Progress" delivered to you by our carriers, or by mail free of charge.

Mr. D. L. ASPINWALL has no longer charge of this department, and all orders, and any communication should be addressed to PROGRESS. Send in your Photographs at once, accompanied by \$1.00, sent either by Post Office or Express Money Order.

ed, still possess the power to give a new form to whatever it touches, reduces the its powerful wings and caressing her as it flies, goes away to a place in the mysterious lake of Ibers, where no human being can enter."

The wicked Guarani Svengali has not been satisfied with one victim of his magic powers, for Indians say that when they find themselves at the fall of the night near the margin of the mysterious lake they often see the dwarf in his favorite form of a flamingo "furrowing the quiet waters of the lake, moving indolently his coral feet, and carrying over the curled plumes of his long, crimson as the illusion of pleasure, numbers of his enchanted elfs, who languidly stretch themselves on the broad back of their lord and sing songs of love full of sweet melancholy until the midnight hour resumes his natural form, and with his victims vanishes in the mists of the night."

Reading is to the mind what exercise is to the body; but there is such a thing as literary dissipation. Reading that entails its full benefit presupposes thoughtful reflection; to make the most of our reading it should be done deliberately, that it may nourish the mind as well-digested food does the physical life. Coleridge remarks: "The dwarf, which, although, transform-

There is one art of which every man should be master—the art of reflection. If you are not a thinking man, to what purpose are you a man at all? In like manner there is one knowledge which it is every man's interest and duty to acquire, namely, self-knowledge; or to what end was man alone of all animals endued by the Creator with the faculty of self-consciousness?"—Chicago Record.

A STRANGE CASE.

Mr. H. Carron of Detroit Completely Cured of Blood Poison. DETROIT, Mich., July 1.—A very curious incident has occurred here, and one which will be of continental interest. Mr. Hugh McCarron, a well known notary public, has been a sufferer for many years from a peculiar form of blood poisoning inducing the most frightful pains in the breast and back. The best doctors were consulted without being able to give any relief and Mr. McCarron decided that his case was hopeless. He was finally recommended to make a trial of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and did so with the faint hope that they might have some effect in his case, the peculiar nature of which did not lead him to associate it with kidney disease. To his surprise the effects of the remedy were noticeable from the very first, and he is now thoroughly restored to health by this means.

One Hundred Million Dollars. A writer, evidently with more time on his hands than he knows what to do with, has been making some curious calculations. This is what he says, assuming the amount required to be 100,000,000 dollars. First of all, that amount in gold weighs no less than 200 tons. Next, supposing the sum were all in twenty-dollar gold pieces which were piled up one on top of another, the total height of the pile would be more than six miles—far exceeding that of the loftiest mountain in the world, Mount Everest in the Himalayas, which is only about five and a half miles above the sea level. It, however, one-dollar gold pieces were employed, and were stalked up in exactly the same manner, the heap of gold would reach a height of 26 1/2 miles. Furthermore, if a person could take this immense pile of coins and begin spending them at the rate of one dollar a minute, night and day, Sundays and weekdays, it would take him nearly 200 years to get to the end of them. Lastly, to store 100,000,000 dollars in bags each containing 5,000 dollars in gold, would require about 1,700 cubic feet of space.

BEHIND A NAME.

Henry Dornton, sat in his chair, gazing at a look of abject melancholy upon his face, and over and anon his fingers played nervously on the arm of his chair. It was long past midnight. His table in the middle of the room was strewn with sheets of manuscript, and occasionally his eyes wandered thitherwards, as if something connected with them formed the keynote of his thoughts. It was even so. That table held the fruit of many months' labor. Those sheets had cost him many a sleepless night, and on them he had centered his fondest hopes. His body, his brain, his very soul had contributed to the subject of the hieroglyphics upon them.

Some years ago he had begun work, believing himself possessed of every qualification for a successful maker of books. He had set to work with an earnestness and enthusiasm worthy of his adopted profession. But, alas! in spite of his effort, in spite of everything, he had now to confront the stern fact of his absolute impotence. Worse, he was in a state bordering upon destitution. Worse still, he had a young, delicate wife and child dependent upon him. And both were ill. From the table his eyes crossed to the room beyond. It sheltered mother and child. Their minds reverted to the time when Gertrude had left all and followed him. Inportuned by a stern, worshipping father to renounce the man she loved, she had clung the more closely to him. Against her parent's wishes, she had linked her lot with Henry Dornton's, and, trusting to a future recognition of his worth, she had married him. And for five years they had striven nobly together. Henry had worked unceasingly, and she had encouraged him. No matter how cruel and repeated the rebuffs of fortune, her hopes and cares never grew less warm. She was one of those trusting little women who are so full of faith that it actually bubbles over, refusing to be dammed up within the narrow confines of a human body. And again and again, when he was ready to sink in despair, she had thrown down his pen and scolded his well-filled sheets on the floor in disgust and anger, he had become inebriated with her hope, and had reseeded himself with a determination to achieve victory for her sake. "No one but he knew what she had been to him."

Then a sort of maniacal jubilation took possession of him. He never paused to consider what discovery meant. "Money, money," was the theme which absorbed him. It was all-powerful, and he laughed in a hoarse, unearthly manner, as in anticipation his hands clutched the gold which would speedily be poured into his lap, and his ears listened to the chime of coins as he paroled on his manuscript, and inquired his letter with it. Then, hurrying into the street, he called a commissionaire, and instructed him to take it to the publishers.

As he sat at breakfast one morning and unrolled the daily journal his gaze fell upon a paragraph, and he became as a pointer that in society better written from the resort at which his wife was resting in the fullest sense of the word, and ran as follows: "One of the most popular ladies here this season is the charming Mrs. Jones Belcher, who, both by her coquetish manner and pretty face, has won hosts of admirers."

Mr. Belcher's state of mind was something awful. "Hosts of admirers!" he fairly howled. "Coquetish manner!" he roared. "How dare they write such stuff? How dare they print it? Oh, that dog of a reporter! Let me get at him once! There won't be, sir, glancing around the room and addressing an invisible fellow may. I tell you, sir, there won't be a first step was come home immediately; his next to seek the office of the morning paper and make a date for the settling of a terrible score. He was ushered into the sanctum of the editor, with whom he had a slight acquaintance, and was cordially greeted by the thin, wiry man with quizzical, laughing eyes. But Mr. Belcher was in no mood for the amenities of life.

"When can I see the whippersnapper that had the audacity to write this about my wife?" he demanded, giving the paper a theatrical thump. The editor ran his eye over the paragraph. "My dear sir, I don't see anything objectionable in that. Merely a compliment paid to a well-known and respected lady."

"Sir," interrupted Mr. Belcher, frowning darkly, "the press has too much liberty with such flippant publicity of the wife of a private citizen, and this young man must account for it to me."

The editor looked at him for a minute with a curious expression. "You are with a curious expression," he said, calmly. "Our society reporter comes in from Lakeview to-night, and will be here early to-morrow morning, and will not doubt, be happy to see you."

"I don't think he will," returned Belcher, firmly. The next morning Belcher set out on his errand of vengeance. He strode down the street with the air of a conqueror, turned into a saddler's shop, selected a strong, well-made horse, with a wicked gleam in his eyes pointing to the office of the "Morning Trumpet."

gratitude, "God only knows what I have gained through. To see her, my darling, lying there, perhaps dying for the want of assistance, rendered me insane. I have tried, honestly tried, to overcome the prejudice of publishers, but in vain. Knowing the power of a great name, I—"

"You were assailed by temptation, and succumbed—yes, yes. Don't distress yourself by recounting your actions further. But it is probable that you attach too much importance to the value of a name. Anyway, you will soon see. Go home now; calm yourself, reassure your poor wife. Leave me your address, and I will call upon you to-morrow."

And Henry returned home in a dream. Could he, this great man who had been so grievously wronged, actually speak in kindness and sympathy to the wrong-doer? Not a word of condemnation had passed his lips. Instead, he had promised to call upon him and assist him in readjusting matters with the publishers. Nether Gertrude nor he sought to minimize the fault, but their hearts welled over with joy how that atonement had been begun. And the next day, true to his promise, the great man came. He was her redoubtable Gertrude, spoke contemptuously to her, and before he left, manifested great sympathy with her. He was much moved when he passed out of the room accompanied by her husband.

"I do not know that I have much to forgive. If I mistake not, the matter can be put right very simply and very quietly."

"Do not interrupt me. I admit it does not disgrace my name in fact. I am far from being ashamed of it. I intend that it shall go through the press, after a little necessary revision. But if it does, how do you think it will benefit you? My name is attached to it, and hence it cannot help yours."

A JEALOUS HUSBAND.

Mr. Belcher was inordinately jealous. He thought the best way to catch his wife in some indiscretion was to send her to the country. This he did, and then appeared frequently on various occasions but without finding any one especially devoted to Mrs. Belcher.

As he sat at breakfast one morning and unrolled the daily journal his gaze fell upon a paragraph, and he became as a pointer that in society better written from the resort at which his wife was resting in the fullest sense of the word, and ran as follows: "One of the most popular ladies here this season is the charming Mrs. Jones Belcher, who, both by her coquetish manner and pretty face, has won hosts of admirers."

Mr. Belcher's state of mind was something awful. "Hosts of admirers!" he fairly howled. "Coquetish manner!" he roared. "How dare they write such stuff? How dare they print it? Oh, that dog of a reporter! Let me get at him once! There won't be, sir, glancing around the room and addressing an invisible fellow may. I tell you, sir, there won't be a first step was come home immediately; his next to seek the office of the morning paper and make a date for the settling of a terrible score. He was ushered into the sanctum of the editor, with whom he had a slight acquaintance, and was cordially greeted by the thin, wiry man with quizzical, laughing eyes. But Mr. Belcher was in no mood for the amenities of life.

"When can I see the whippersnapper that had the audacity to write this about my wife?" he demanded, giving the paper a theatrical thump. The editor ran his eye over the paragraph. "My dear sir, I don't see anything objectionable in that. Merely a compliment paid to a well-known and respected lady."

"Sir," interrupted Mr. Belcher, frowning darkly, "the press has too much liberty with such flippant publicity of the wife of a private citizen, and this young man must account for it to me."

The editor looked at him for a minute with a curious expression. "You are with a curious expression," he said, calmly. "Our society reporter comes in from Lakeview to-night, and will be here early to-morrow morning, and will not doubt, be happy to see you."

"I don't think he will," returned Belcher, firmly. The next morning Belcher set out on his errand of vengeance. He strode down the street with the air of a conqueror, turned into a saddler's shop, selected a strong, well-made horse, with a wicked gleam in his eyes pointing to the office of the "Morning Trumpet."

A horseman naturally creates something of a sensation in a newspaper office, and this occasion was no exception, though the interest was manifested in an unusual way. Mr. Belcher was prepared to encounter opposition, but found a singular lack of it. Demanding the whereabouts of the society reporter, there was readiness of response on the part of everybody to smooth his path to revenge. As he mounted the stairs a telephone message went from the editor's sanctum to an upper room: "He's coming with a horse; are you afraid?"

The answer was lightly laughed back, "Not the least in the world."

Mr. Belcher rushed upstairs like an infuriated bull, and, having opened the door and found himself in the presence of a tall young woman, with handsome clear-cut features and a mocking smile. "Good morning," she said sweetly. "Good—good morning," he gasped. "I want to see the society reporter."

"What can I do for you?" "I think I've made a mistake," stammered poor Belcher—"that is—er—my name is Belcher, and I called—"

A GREAT BLOW HOLE.

Boars Like a Locomotive When the Sea is Troubled. In New South Wales, about 70 miles from Sydney, is the picturesque and thriving town of Kiam, surrounded by rich agricultural country. Kiam, unlike other tourist resorts, can be thoroughly enjoyed in either fair or stormy weather, and those who visit the town when a good gale is blowing have an opportunity of witnessing a sight the like of which does not exist elsewhere on our globe. The famous "Blow Hole" here situated in the middle of a rocky headland running out into the sea forms a truly wonderful sight. With each successive breaker the ocean spray is sent shooting up into the air so many as high as from 300 to 400 feet, descending in a descending shower and accompanied by a rumbling noise as of distant thunder, which can be heard for many miles around.

This Blow Hole is a singular and natural phenomenon, and consists of a perpendicular hole, nearly circular, with a diameter of about 10 yards across, and has the appearance of being the crater of an extinct volcano. This is connected with the ocean by a cave about one hundred yards in length, the seaward opening of which is in all respects similar to St. Fingal's cave on the west coast of Scotland, the same perpendicular basaltic columns forming the side walls of each. Into this cave towering walls rush during stormy weather, and as the cave extends some distance further in the entrance of each wave this cavity becomes full of compressed air, and has the appearance of being a great, boiling water with stupendous force up the perpendicular opening.—Australian Photographic Journal.

The Old Fashioned Woman. A boy in New York fell through the opening in a fire-escape landing at the fifth floor; an old-fashioned woman was sitting on the steps below. The child caromed on the coping over the doorway and landed in the woman's lap. That saved his life, and beyond a bruise as the result of striking the coping he was unharmed.

Of course the question immediately arises: Of what use would a man have been under such circumstances? Clearly none. He has no lap. And of what use would a new woman in bloomers have been? Just as little, and for the same reason.—Chicago Evening Post.

It Will Set Fire. An investigation into the cause of a fire in a Winter street dry-goods store, in Boston, recently resulted in demonstrating that an incandescent electric lamp generates sufficient heat to set inflammable material into a blaze. The fire in question, for which a still alarm was given was caused by allowing an incandescent lamp to remain for a few moments on a pile of cotton cloth in the packing-room. The person in charge left the room for a few moments, not dreaming but that it was safe to leave the lamp on the cloth. When he returned the cloth was blazing.—Philadelphia Press.

Insomnia is Contagious. "Now, sir," said the professor of medicine, "you may tell me to what class of malady insomnia belongs." "Why—er," replied the indolent youth, "it's a contagious disease." "I never heard it so described. Where did you learn of this?" "From experience. Whenever my neighbor's dog can't sleep I'm just as wakeful as he is."

The Sheep Wore out. The owner of a large managerie, which included a "happy family," consisting of a lion, a tiger, a wolf, and a sheep, was asked the other day in confidence how long these animals had lived together. "About nine months," he replied, "except the sheep, which has to be renewed occasionally."

BORN.

Halifax, July 1, to the wife of Wm. B. Robb, a son. St. John, June 26, to the wife of John Ward, a son. Truro, June 12, to the wife of H. Weston, a daughter. Truro, June 12, to the wife of Fred Brown, a daughter. W. Volville, June 29, to the wife of Prof. Kierstead, a son. St. John, June 29, to the wife of William Clarke, a son. Eastville, June 25, to the wife of George Graham, a son. Lochaber, June 15, to the wife of Parker Maler, a son. Sheet Harbor, June 24, to the wife of Eos Hamill, a son. North River, June 27, to the wife of Joseph McNam, a son. Baw River, June 27, to the wife of Frank Palmer, a son. Halifax, June 29, to the wife of A. D. Bruce, a daughter. Halifax, June 27, to the wife of John L. Lavin, a daughter. Halifax, June 28, to the wife of John B. Studley, a daughter. Onslow, June 25, to the wife of Charles Hill, a daughter. Clifton, June 16, to the wife of Alfred Crowe, a daughter. Truro, June 17, to the wife of David Youlds, a daughter. Charlottetown, June 19, to the wife of J. P. Hood, a daughter. Wind-or, June 21, to the wife of James Dunkerton, a daughter. Amherst, June 21, to the wife of William Howard, a daughter. French Village, June 21, to the wife of Aid. Hubley, a daughter. Eastville, June 17, to the wife of William Crockett, a daughter. Riverdale, June 17, to the wife of George McKay, a daughter. Sheet Harbor, June 23, to the wife of Andrew McNeil, a son. Annapolis, June 21, to the wife of Chas. McCormack, a son. Upper Sackville, June 21, to the wife of Alexander Field, a son. Sheet Harbor, June 24, to the wife of Daniel McDonald, a son. South Bar, C. B., June 15th, to the wife of Vincent Malloy, a son. Mosherville, June 23, to the wife of Benjamin Anthony, a daughter. Truro, N. B., June 23, to the wife of David McArthur, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Moncton, June 26, R. McNab to Clara Marr. Boston, June 25, James H. Dale to Sarah J. Moore. Eastern Passage, June 29, George Eby Fraser to Matilda Horne. Freeport, June 29, by Rev. Mr. Allaby, A. Thurston to Annie Nickerson. Annapolis, June 18, by Rev. William Ryan, G. B. Banks to Jessie Bent. St. John, July 2, by Rev. F. A. Wightman, J. D. Fonge to Anne Perin. Halifax, June 26, by Rev. A. Hockin, William T. Short to Minnie Rowe. Halifax, July 1, by Rev. W. E. Hall, E. H. Smith to Helena May Lynch. Yarmouth, June 19, by Rev. E. D. Miller, Harry K. Lewis to Julia Cain. Truro, June 29, by Rev. A. E. Goggin, Alexander Smith to Anne Burns. Halifax, June 25, by Rev. Thos. Fowler, Roderick Link to Flora Johnston. Parravon, June 15, by Rev. E. Gibbons, Florence Marks to Mary Gushane. Windsor, June 22, by Rev. Henry Dickie, Howard Wiles to Nellie Faldie. Grand, June 26, by Rev. Thos. McCall, J. W. G. Elliot to Laura Morton. Shelburne, June 26, by Rev. Mr. Collier, M. Douglass to Annie Baldwin. St. John, June 26, by Rev. G. O. Gates, James H. Day to Mary E. Duff. Peggysash, June 18, by Rev. J. A. McKenlan, Jacob Taylor to Jane McCallum. Caledonia, June 21, by Rev. E. C. Baker, James A. Easton to Rosa D. Taylor. Cookville, June 26, by Rev. D. A. Steele, James Stokes to Elsie Goodwin. Halifax, July 1, by Rev. Father Moriarty, Michael J. Murphy to Cecilia Lake. Parravon, June 15, by Rev. E. Gibbons, Clifford Fulton to Susan Alma Moore. Lismore, June 17, by Rev. A. McQuillan, Michael Bigley to Annie McDonald. Dartmouth, June 24, by Rev. Thos. Stewart, Frank W. Ross to Elva Billman. Seal Cove, June 22, by Rev. W. H. Ferry, Grosvener Cook to Odette Kuehn. Wallace, June 27, by Rev. H. B. McKay, G. S. Hodge to Alice A. Forshner. Digby, June 15, by Rev. J. W. Prestwood, Fred Holland to Addie Morehouse. Wind-or, June 23, by Rev. H. D. Worlen, Alexander Owens to Elsie D. Clark. Economy Point, June 18, by Rev. J. W. Cox, Amos Fulton to Susan Alma Moore. Bass River, June 26, by Rev. F. W. Murray, Walter Turbott to Robina Ward. St. Marys, N. B., June 26, by Rev. F. W. R. Knight, Rev. E. C. Baker to Elsie Boone. Miramichi, June 19, by Rev. A. C. Dickie, Lewis J. Whitrow to Jessie McDonald. Big Cove, June 26, by Rev. A. M. McKenlan, Duncan McKay to Betsey McLeod. Boston, June 17, by Rev. F. M. McDonald, J. Fred Rays to Beatrice Greenough. Halifax, June 27, by Rev. W. E. Hall, George E. Hodges to Minnie M. Weston. Allentown, June 22, by Rev. N. B. Dunn, George C. Holden to Augusta E. Bowser. Dublin Shore, June 14, by Rev. Henry Crawford, Lambert Hardy to Ella Oxeer. Cansboro, June 12, by Rev. D. E. Brooks, Moses B. Hillman to Annie G. Grant. Halifax, July 1, by Rev. A. C. Borden, George L. Gould to Mrs. Catherine Britton. New Glasgow, June 15, by Rev. A. Rogers, John H. Fraser to Minnie J. Fraser. Wallace River, June 19, by Rev. H. B. McKay, Henry Manning to Mary Davis. Amherst, June 24, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Walter M. Ripley to Addie D. Wegmore. Guys River, June 26, by Rev. E. B. Dickie, Arthur McKelvey to Georgina Benjamin. Denmark, N. S., June 27, by Rev. C. B. Freeman, Elizabeth Keston to Mary Wrayton. Digby, June 15, by Rev. J. W. Prestwood, William D. Morton to Nellie M. Barnard. Barton, N. S., June 25, by Rev. Mr. Withycombe, Eliza Curdell to Ulla Kasserper. McLeiland Brook, June 19, by Rev. D. Henderson, W. F. Jones to Elsie M. McKay. Westville, June 21, by Rev. S. C. Moore, Warren H. Whitland to Lucy J. Bannister. Bear River, June 18, by Rev. J. M. Withycombe, Fred G. Bishop to Mary A. Harris. St. John, June 30, by Rev. A. B. MacDonald, William H. White to Jeannie McLean. New Germany, June 25, by Rev. Maynard Brown, Gilbert Conrod to Zepalina Venzel. Little River, June 30, by Rev. J. F. Polly, Christopher Dillman to Amanda Hendry. Lunenburg, June 11, by Rev. G. L. Rankin, Daniel Lewis Zink to Sarah A. Walker. Bridgewater, June 16, by Rev. Mr. Shaw, J. T. Richardson, Jr. to Josephine M. Ryan. Everett, Mass., June 29, by Rev. Chas. Allan, William Henderson to Margaret Ads Law. Bathurst, June 24, by Rev. A. F. Thompson, Herbert B. Ramsay to Rebecca Armstrong. River Herbert, June 26, by Rev. T. F. Wootton, Charles H. Kelly to Laura E. Lockwood. Middle Musquodoboit, June 26, by Rev. Edwin Smith, Lathier Dickie, to Lobbie Berwin. Yarmouth, N. S., June 26, by Rev. W. B. Forshaw, W. E. S. Wilson to Blanche B. Horton. Fredericton, June 25, by Rev. William McDonald, Walter C. Murray to Christina Cameron. West New Annapolis, June 27, by Rev. Mr. McDonald, Angus MacEachern to Minnie B. Smith. Ellersburgh, June 26, by Canon Baynard, Rev. Willie Hanton Bours to Sophie Derodina Buchanan. Bristol, Mass., June 11, by Rev. E. L. Wilson, George A. Kirkpatrick to Lillian A. Weston. Middle Musquodoboit, June 26, by Rev. Edwin Smith, William W. Hillier to Isabel Hilditch. Great Shegog, June 19, by Rev. C. W. Hamilton, Sherman Burgess, M. D. to Josephine Ayer. Kingsclear, June 25, by Rev. H. Macquodoboit, Zebulon B. Bony to Margaret Jean Murray.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH. DO NOT BE DECEIVED. With Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn the Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces, when inclosed will make several boxes of Paste Polish. HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS. DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS. DIED.

Halifax, June 7, Jan. Elliott, 33. Bristol, June 29, James Slater, 50. St. John, July 1, George Fagly, 34. S. Elizabeth, June 14, David Smith, 61. Pictou, June 22, Mrs. Peter Brown, 60. St. John, July 2, Joseph J. Davis, 22. Halifax, July 2, Bevie Man I. Fawcett. St. John, June 29, John F. Lawson, 50. Antigonish, June 17, Simon Fraser, 65. Halifax, June 22, Samuel Blackburn, 62. Green Point, June 24, Mrs. J. A. Faust, 22. Milltown, June 15, Henry B. Campbell, 27. Kingsport, June 23, Lillian M. Loomer, 17. Windsor, June 24, Laura M. Armstrong, 21. Fredericton, June 21, Mrs. Moses Pond, 62. Milton, June 25, Ludovica H. Barnaby, 57. Yarmouth, N. S., June 29, Daniel F. King, 33. Danport, N. S., June 26, Richard Simonds, 18. Wallace, June 15, E. A., wife of Charles E. Kerr, 49. Shelburne, June 22, Rev. James William Thompson 32. Glen Corralde, F. E. I., June 13, Angus McDon-ald, 100. Dartmouth, June 28, Ellen E., wife of John F. Stevens, 31. Halifax, June 20, Annie C., wife of Walter N. Crowell, 26. Whitman, Mass., June 26, Collie Christie, formerly of Truro, N. S. St. John, June 28, Mary Ann, widow of the late James Coray, 98. Gagetown, June 9, Mary, infant daughter of Fred and Mirabel Coray. St. John, June 29, Susanna L., widow of the late Daniel Robertson, 84. St. John, June 29, Catherine, widow of the late Henry Hender, 76. Halifax, June 26, (Mrs. Russel), son of Edwin N. Wallace, June 18, E. A., wife of Charles E. Kerr, 49. Dartmouth, June 25, Francis Chas., infant son of Thomas and Bella Prepper, 3 months.

Full of Sparkle and vim. Full of good health. Full of everything good. LIFES' Rootbeer. Every bottle of this great effervescent temperance beverage is a sparkling, bubbling fountain of health—a source of pleasure, the means of making you feel better and do better. You make it yourself right at home. Get the genuine. THE CHAS. E. HINES CO., Philadelphia.

Smoke TOBACCO CHEW CASCENT T&B MAHOGANY. Manufactured by The Sun G. Tuckett & Son Co. Hamilton.

NOTICE. To any person sending me one dollar, I will send them directions how to preserve fruit, or vegetables of any kind fresh the year round, as when taken from the stalk, without cooking, heating, or salting. Also to keep cider from souring and milk too. For two dollars, will send instructions and enough material to preserve twelve gallons of fruit, or a barrel of cider. This is no sham nor rags; it is a bona fide transaction. Carleton, St. John, N. B.

DEAFNESS. An ear, described as really genuine cure of deafness, ringing in ears, etc., no matter how severe or long standing will do sent post free. Ask for it. Send stamps and similar appliances entirely supplied. Address: THOMAS KEMPE, Victoria Chambers, 19 Southampton Buildings, Holborn, London.

CONSUMPTION. Valuable medicine and the best of all for curing Consumption, Cough, Spitting of Blood, etc. Send for it. Address: THOMAS KEMPE, Victoria Chambers, 19 Southampton Buildings, Holborn, London.