

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 15 1899.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

NO POOHBAHS FOUND.

An investigation without a charge! Not an ordinary investigation but one under oath is what a special committee of the Common Council has been indulging in this week.

It was all about the purchase of 2,000 feet of hose almost immediately after the Indian town fire, at which a lot of hose was destroyed. The council met in special session a day or two afterwards and the chairman of the different boards and Director Wisely and Chief Kerr were directed to purchase hose and many other articles necessary to complete the equipment of the department. The hose was purchased without tender through two merchants, Messrs McAvity and Barry at the same price as the city has been paying of late and nothing would have been thought wrong or no fuss made but for a letter written by Mr. W. H. Thorne who thought he should not have been overlooked when the purchase was made. Mr. Thorne's complaint was brought to the attention by the chairman of the safety board Alderman McGoldrick, to whom his letter was addressed, and when a second communication was sent in to the council stating that his representative had been used discourteously and also stating that an excessive price had been paid for hose the safety board recommended the appointment of a committee to inquire into the matter.

This is in brief the history of the hose inquiry. It is the first of its sort that has been held in St. John for some time and there was much interest in the result. The rumor spread quickly that there was some "job" in the business and that someone was making a nice little sum in consideration of the order. It may be that Mr. Thorne's letter contained no such implication but his criticism of the price paid led up to such an inference.

It is no wonder then that the gentlemen on the committee wanted an investigation and when the mayor called his committee consisting of Aldermen Allen, Waring, [Seaton, Maxwell and Milledge to order the latter only was absent.

The recorder was present too and it was thought that he would conduct the investigation but in a large measure the mayor took that work from his hands. As chairman he asked the questions and if they were not quite as direct and pertinent as they might have been at times the fact might well be excused on account of his inexperience and his slight acquaintance with the hose subject.

After the committee had decided that a stenographer was not necessary the first witness, Mr. W. H. Thorne, was called. It may have been somewhat of a surprise to those present to find that Mr. Thorne had said all that he intended to say in the two letters he had written the aldermen and sent to the newspapers.

He had no personal knowledge of the matter himself and had not seen or talked to a member of the committee respecting the order for hose. He had not even seen the hose that had been purchased but had relied entirely upon what he had been told. His representative, a Mr. Patterson, had called upon the chairman, and here he was about to tell what he had been told when the recorder suggested that it would be just as well to get Mr. Patterson's direct evidence. So Mr. Patterson was sent for and Mr. Thorne continued. He had quoted some prices to the city to show what hose could be purchased for in the States but he did not deal with any of the manufacturers whose prices he had given. When asked if there had been any undue influence used to get the order he replied that he could not say. He had stated the case in his letters fairly and squarely and his complaint was that as a citizen and a taxpayer he should have been asked to give prices and submit samples. As it was he considered that he had been treated unfairly, while he knew nothing of any inducement to any member of the committee he answered a question of Ald. Maxwell's that in his opinion \$1.05 per foot was an excessive price. The same price by the way was paid to his firm for the last hose purchased by the city.

According to the alderman from Prince it was simply a question of price. Had too much been paid for the hose? Mr. Thorne then went on to show that 40 per cent

would have to be added to the price of the hose in Boston to pay duty, freight and insurance charges but even then hose that cost 60 and 55 cents a foot in Boston could be sold much cheaper than \$1.05 per foot. From 10 to 15 per cent should be added for the dealer's profit and that would make the price between 80 and 90 cents. The No 1 hose of that American Fire Hose company of Chelsea cost 55 cents and when he stated that they made no better quality there was a smile on the face of Mr. Barry, the agent of the company here. Though Mr. Thorne had said that he knew nothing about hose he ventured the opinion that his Canadian hose was on a par with the best American jacks.

Just at this moment the chairman of the Board of Works, Alderman Christie, who was one of the committee asked Mr. Thorne how his representative approached the committee.

Mr. Thorne replied that Mr. Patterson saw Ald. McGoldrick and Chief Kerr.

Chief Kerr: Excuse me, Mr. Thorne, excuse me he did not see me.

The mayor—Wait, Chief Kerr you will have a chance to tell what you know.

Mr. Thorne: Well that was what I was informed.

The Recorder: I don't think we should go into this hearsay evidence.

Ald. Christie: I want to clear myself of any wrong doing or suspicion of it. I do not think there has been any one but I want to state that I do not think it part of an alderman's duty to go around to the merchants seeking prices &c. I have been here twelve years and have never done it yet and what is more I never will.

About this time two joints of hose made their appearance in the room. One of them looked fresh and new the other dingy from age and use. In answer to questions about the Canadian hose he had supplied the city Mr. Thorne said that it was Eureka hose the rubber lining of which was made in Canada but the covering came from the States and was free of duty at that. When asked to look at the joints of hose he again protested that he knew nothing about hose and Chief Kerr took the trouble to tell him which was Eureka and which American Jacket.

Mr. W. A. Patterson was Mr. Thorne's representative who was sent out on the hose business. His evidence did not show him to be a gentleman who stuck to a probable customer like a leech. Perhaps he thought it was only necessary to find out that the committee was to meet. His evidence showed that was about all he did except presenting a list of prices to the chairman of the treasury, Ald. Robinson, who simply glanced at them and told him the proper way to send them in to the common clerk or to the committee. This Mr. Patterson did not do but returned them to the office of the firm. In brief his evidence showed that he had called upon Ald. McGoldrick and had been treated courteously by that gentleman. The alderman brought this out distinctly because he said Mr. Thorne had charged him with treating his representative discourteously.

When he asked him about the committee the alderman told him that it would probably meet at the city hall about 11 o'clock Monday morning. He did not show the alderman any prices or samples or ask for the order. When he saw Chief Kerr Saturday morning it was not in his office but the chief was driving up the south wharf and in reply to his question told him that the chairman had not called the committee together as yet. These facts he reported to the firm and on Monday he tried to find the committee but could not do so. When Mr. Ogilvie arrived, the train at noon he turned the matter over to him as the representative of the rubber company at Toronto.

To Ald. Christie, Mr. Patterson said he was not told what hose was to be bought and he was not treated discourteously by any one. All rubber goods had advanced about 10 per cent since last year. He told Ald. Allan that his price list was in the office of the firm and that Ald. Robinson was the only one to whom he had shown prices. Here Mr. Thorne interrupted and made quite a speech reciting his own evidence and telling the committee what Mr. Patterson intended to say. He contended that he did not have a chance to submit

prices and that the committee might have asked him to do so. The Mayor started out with a very strict idea of the nature of a court but he did not stop Mr. Thorne's speech which was in fact a full presentation of his case against the committee.

Mr. Barry was the first witness called by the committee and he told a brief plain story. The committee asked him if he could supply the best American Jacket Hose made by the American Fire Hose company of Chelsea at \$1.05 per foot. He agreed to do so and the hose sent to St. John he was in a position to swear positively was specially made. The couplings used in this city are of a different pattern from those used in the States and consequently had to be made from a coupling sent from here. The hose was special and much better than the kind known as No. 1. Ald. Maxwell tried to point out that specifications were necessary to manufacture a special hose but Mr. Barry had never heard that they were necessary in the hose business. It was entirely wrong that such hose could be supplied for 48 cents. He read a letter from the Boston Woven hose company to the effect that they were getting 80 cents this year for hose that they sold last season at 70 cents owing to the advance in rubber goods. The 50 cent grade was cheap.

It was 9.30 on Saturday when the committee waited upon him and he got the order on Tuesday. The Mayor asked him if he had offered any inducement to any of the committee to secure the order and in spite of the laugh raised by the question Mr. Barry managed to answer it with a positive denial.

Recorder Skinner in a joking way suggested to his worship that the converse of his question might be asked. "Did any of the three gentlemen ask you for anything?"

The mayor put this question also and Mr. Barry replied "No, I would not have taken the order if they had."

The question was asked if the hose shown in the room could be purchased in Boston for 55 cents a foot and Mr. Barry said it could not.

Ald. Robinson—We are here to find that out.

According to Mr. John McAvity's evidence two members of the committee, Chief Kerr and Director Wisely, approached him to find out what he could do in American Jacket hose. They fixed the price at \$1.05 and placed an order for 1000 feet of the best Jacket hose made by the American Fire hose Company of Chelsea. In his opinion the city got the best value in hose they had for years. Speaking of Eureka hose he said he had offered to supply the city with hose as good as Eureka for 69½ cents per foot but his offer was not accepted. There was a guarantee of six years with the offer.

Mr. James Estey gave some evidence but it was much of a general character, respecting the value of hose. His ideas of the best hose were generous. He showed that he had given the subject considerable attention but he knew nothing of the present inquiry.

Ald. Christie pointed out in a terse speech the impossibility of Mr. Estey or an expert telling the value of hose from samples because the price depended entirely upon the amount of adulteration in the rubber.

When Ald. McGoldrick was called to the stand and sworn he asked the common clerk to read the resolution of the council under which the committee was appointed and acted. This was a happy thought because the nature of the power given the committee had almost been overlooked in the confusion of the evidence. The alderman said that directly after the council adjourned he saw the director of the department and Chief Kerr and said he would meet them the next morning and talk the matter over. He did so and they saw Mr. Barry and discussed the question of the purchase of hose. The Chief wanted American Fire Jacket. The committee named the price the city would give, \$1.05 per foot, the same as had been paid to Mr. Thorne and he did not think that Mr. Barry would be able to sell the hose at that figure but he agreed to do so. They did not order from him then and when he returned to Prince William street he tried to see Ald. Robinson and Dr. Christie, but failed to find them. However he saw the latter on Sunday and talked the matter over with him suggesting that as Mr.

Who Wrote that Order.

That basket of tea hasn't been returned to the police station yet and probably never will be.

It is supposed to have belonged originally to Mr. Leonard Nase and was taken the day of the fire from his store in a chest but all tea looks alike and Mr. Nase found it impossible to swear that it was his. The presumption is that it was because a small can of paint, about the size of a mustard can, bearing the name of Nase was found among the tea. But the tea with other articles, came from the Estey place and eventually went into the police court. It was entirely in the hands of the police magistrate. When the police found it the tea was in a pillow slip which belonged to the party who had it. Some of it was in a jar. The whole of it was however dumped into a basket which was filled to overflowing. The tea however did not leave the jurisdiction of the police court: the other articles did because they were identified and they went into the Supreme court where Judge McLeod disposed of them in the usual manner by giving a verbal order to Detective Ring.

But the tea in the police station belonged to Estey since it was not proven that he came by it illegally and when the police magistrate began to think about the disposition of the goods in his charge he asked about it.

The chief was away at Spruce Lake on a fishing trip at the time and Capt. Hastings replied that the tea was there but there was a big hole in it. Somebody mentioned the shortage of it about fifteen pounds. The tea was found in the chief's private office and the Ring took charge of it and acting

STILL VERY MUCH ALIVE.
An Actor's Death Notice and How It Came to be Published.

I have seen a good many strange things in my life, and have been accused of doing and saying what I had never the least intention; but I was surprised at being informed I had written an obituary of a gentleman who was "just as well and hearty as ever he was."

Mr. William H. Danvers, who is one of the Kennedy players now performing in the opera house, accosted me on Waterloo street, last Tuesday morning and in a "Jacob McCloskey" (Ostoroo) tone of voice, said:

"Mr. Price Webber, I believe?"

I replied, "yes."

"Well sir, you published an obituary of me, in a St. John paper some years ago, and I now demand satisfaction."

There was blood in William's eyes and I sought to soothe his agitation by telling him that there was a mistake, and I hoped it would be a long time before there would be any necessity of publishing his demise, for he was an honored and creditable member of the dramatic profession.

William's stern gaze gave way, and seeing this I took heart and said:

"Some years ago when the St. John Progress started, I was asked by Mr. Carter, the Editor to kindly contribute a few reminiscences of Mr. J. W. Lanergan and his popular Lyceum. When the great fire of 1877 destroyed a large portion of St. John, it took a' the newspaper offices, and there was not even a copy of a bill for me to refer to. All I could do was to trust to my memory. I furnished Progress with notices of several plays and their casts of characters, and Mr. Danvers, being then an efficient and well-liked member of Mr. Lanergan's company, necessarily came in for prominent notice."

When I had got thus far William's face lit up with a serene smile, as he recognized I was telling the truth.

I then went on to relate that I had written in a friendly spirit, and brought myself to Mr. Danvers, remembrance by references to his having played—Geordie McGregor, in the play of Jessie Brown; Hardens Cregan in the Colleen Bawn; Diensyus, in Damon and Pythias; Jacob McCloskey in the Ostoroo; Rashleigh Obedalston, in Rob Roy; and also his great effort as Councillor Corydon Foxglove, in our Irish Cousin.

As I mentioned the last character, Mr. Danvers burst out in a hearty laugh, and said:

"No more; no more! The comic of realistic acting was reached that night. Do you remember what happened?"

"Do you refer to the fact of somebody

under the instructions of the magistrate locked it up elsewhere. When the chief returned he heard the news and he was present in the court room where the magistrate made his order. He hastened to Judge McLeod and asked for an order to distribute the tea. The judge was under the impression that he had given an order to Ring and so he had for all the goods in his court and he did not think for an instant that any other goods than those sought distribution. The chief said he wanted it in writing and the judge directed him to go to the clerk of the court to get it made out in proper form.

Progress is in a position to state that the chief did not go to Clerk Willett of the Supreme court and also to state that the clerk did not issue such an order for the Judge to sign.

But the fact remains that the order was presented to Judge McLeod and that he signed it without reading it. He has said since that it learned him a lesson and it is understood that there were mutual explanations between him and Magistrate Ritchie who no doubt is convinced that had Judge McLeod been aware of all the facts that he would not have thought of issuing such an order.

Armed with this authority however the chief went to Detective Ring and demanded the basket of tea. It was given him, and it has disappeared sent to the North End it is said.

Perhaps it may not be heard of again but it is likely to be a very costly article for somebody.

being asleep on the paint bridge and falling down on the stage just at the end of the second act?" I asked.

"That is what I referred to," said Mr. Danvers, "and it was one of the greatest realistic, unlooked for effects ever seen on the stage."

There are a great many of our theatre goers who will remember Mr. Danvers with pleasure, as he was always acceptable in every character he played and he is just the same now, and no matter what he is called upon to enact, never slight his business.

After I had made my peace with William, and convinced him that he had been misinformed, he proceeded to speak of many who were old favorites in Mr. Lanergan's company, including Frank Roche, J. B. Fuller, N. T. Davenport, L. P. Roys, George Clair, Shirley Franco, William Scallan, Thomas H. Burns, Harry Bascombe, W. H. Collings, Mose Fiske, W. F. Owen, Mrs. Lanergan, Mary Davenport, Lizzie Fiske, Lucille Western, Rachel Johnson, Lucy Rashton, Madeline Hardy, Rachel Noah, and many others.

I trust Mr. Danvers will live to see many more years and hope his "shadow may never grow less."

H. PRICE WEBBER.

Trinity's New Rector.

Trinity has a rector at last in Rev. Mr. Richardson who was elected by a majority of the votes despite the report of the committee to look after the affair and who strongly favored R. V. Mr. Farthing. Both men were broad churchmen but Rev. Mr. Farthing was more strongly inclined to ritualism than was the other gentleman. However the storm has subsided and at least an outward semblance of peace prevails once more. One of the incidents of the much talked of election was related at the Union Club breakfast table the other morning by a prominent city official. He had presented his son with a pew with the distinct understanding that his vote was to be given Rev. Mr. Farthing. "but" said the gentleman with a grim smile "the young scoundrel went deliberately and voted for the other man."

It is to be hoped however that all the differences and bitter feeling which the affair has caused will be forgotten and that a warm welcome will be extended to the new rector.

This is a Great Offer.

Any person sending a new subscription to this office with \$4.00 inclosed can obtain Progress for one year, and the Commonwealth, McClure and Munsey magazines for the same period with only one condition—all of them must be sent to the same address.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after Monday, the 19th, June 1899, trains will run daily, (Sundays excepted), as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN	
Express for Halifax, Pictou, and Sydney	7:15
Express for Moncton	8:15
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WEALTH FOR THIS MAN.

ROMANCE OF THE FOUNDING OF GALENA, KAN.

The Mysterious Man Who Discovered the West Zinc Deposits There and Held His Secret for 25—Present Mine Owners Willing to Share Their Fortunes With Him.

Wanted, at Galena, Kan., an old man, a college professor, same unknown, home unknown, missing twenty-two years, discoverer of the richest zinc and lead mines in the world, heir to a vast fortune. This is the strange 'want ad' of certain wealthy pioneer mine owners of the Missouri-Kansas lead and zinc mining district; it is, in brief, the story of a man, a stranger, who twenty-two years ago came into southeastern Kansas, and through a profound knowledge of geology and mineralogy divined nature's hieroglyphics in rock and soil, 'staked off' the most fertile lead and zinc fields yet discovered, designated the exact spots where lay hidden vast vaults of mineral wealth, revealed his secrets to one man—and then departed.

During the years that have passed since that 'stranger' stood where the little city of Galena, Kan., has since been built, over \$30,000,000 worth of lead and zinc ore has been added to the world's mineral wealth as a result of his visit to Kansas. He paved the way whereby many men have become rich. He caused an uninhabited country to become the home of thousands of prosperous people, but their prosperity he never shared—he 'disappeared and left no sign.'

The story of this stranger is both alluring and pathetic, and yet it is so faithful to facts that the Historical Society of Kansas has tied it among the important records of the State.

Col. W. H. Stone, the oldest pioneer of Galena, and one of the widest known and most successful lead and zinc mine operators in the United States, is the man to whom the 'discoverer of Galena' told his geological secrets.

Col. Stone relates the following strange story of the discovery of Kansas lead and zinc fields—fields that during the last six months have become the Mecca of zinc miners in every part of the world:

In April 1877, I, in company with several marshalls and deputy marshalls came from St. Louis to southeastern Kansas in pursuit of cattle thieves who had for some time been stealing cattle belonging to a man for whom I worked at Kansas City. During this trip our little party camped for several days on the very ground where Galena has since been built. There was not a single house for more than a mile in any direction from our camp. Joplin, Mo. seven miles to the east was the nearest town. It was then a thriving little lead camp but as yet no zinc had been mined there.

One day two outlaws were discovered at Joplin, and the citizens of that place immediately gave them an urgent invitation to 'quit camp.' This invitation was accepted without ceremony, the outlaws turning their faces toward the west. They passed directly over the present site of Galena, and beyond it a short distance they made a discovery of surface lead ore. Reports of this discovery soon became noised about Joplin, and people flocked to the new find in hundreds. Our camp was within sight of the main congregating place of the men as they, daily, came over from the Missouri camp to prospect.

The excitement constantly increased, until a thousand men, more rather than less assembled each day on the slope below our camp. I myself became imbued with the spirit of things, and while the marshalls were away in pursuit of the cattle thieves I would often join the throng of fortune hunters. It was during my second trip down the slope that I first saw the man who has figured so much in my destiny, as well as in the destinies of hundreds and thousands of others interested in the Kansas lead and zinc fields.

Our meeting happened in this way; I was sauntering along among the miners, giving little heed to anything in particular, and noting things only in general. Having just come from a city, my clothes were very different from those of the men about me. In fact, I was the best-dressed man in all the crowd. Then, too, I was not tanned and raddled by outdoor exposure and my appearance was quite different from that of the miners. As a result of this difference, I was noticed, perhaps, more than any other man in the crowd.

Well, among the men I saw one strange and face, browned by the sun, and yet intellectual in every lineament—a face full of kindness and wonderfully sad. It was the most attractive face that I had ever seen, and I dare say that even the most unintellectual man in all that throng of people must instinctively have said, at first sight of it: 'Here is a wonderful character.'

I could scarcely look away from the man—that face. He, too, seemed to look much at me, although doubtless from widely different reasons from those attracting

me toward him. His hands were hardened, and his clothes were such as the miners wore. His hair was dark, and yet streaked with grey. I believed him to have been a man who had seen at least fifty years of life and just as much of sorrow.

'We did not speak—we simply looked at each other.'

'On the day following I was again mingling with the men—not now as a general observer with little interest in anything—I was looking for a face. After weaving in and out among the men for more than an hour I suddenly came face to face with the 'stranger' again. I don't know why I looked for him; I don't know why he spoke to me when we met, but I do know that our meeting brought about the discovery of the richest zinc mines in the world. It caused to be written one of the most interesting and important chapters in the history of the great West.

'We sat down together, as it by common consent, although neither of us had said as yet more than 'good morning.' For a moment neither spoke. Then he inquired if I was a detective. I replied that I was not, that I was simply passing through the country on my way to the Indian Territory. I asked him his name, but he pretended not to hear me. I asked him where he lived, and he looked away and began talking of the prospects of finding ore where the men were working. I was more than ever interested to know something of the stranger with whom I had met, and I made repeated attempts to ascertain his name or residence—all with the same unfruitful result.

'When he spoke of the geological formation of the palaeo, where the greater part of the work was being done, I realized in a moment that he was a man of high culture. His language was pure and beautiful. He seemed, moreover, to be a profound scholar, especially along the line of geology. He did not try to bewilder me with long geological terms, but talked so simply about everything, and yet so learnedly, that I almost fancied that he was looking into the very ground as he spoke. As we sat there talking a great crowd gathered about us, and we became the 'observed of all observers.' The stranger for such I have always called him, although he proved to be a most beneficial friend to me, said that the people took us for rich mining promoters. He expressed the opinion that they were digging in the wrong place to find mineral. He seemed very positive in his views. Do you know,' said he, 'that this country has a regular geological formation, and that rocks and minerals are in place here just as much as they are in the great camps of the Rocky Mountains? Even though mineral has been found here only in pockets, there is one law governing all deposits, and things have not occurred here by chance as some people suppose.'

'We separated, after talking for perhaps two hours. On the following day I met him again in the crowd, and we sat down together as before. I noticed that his eyes were red as if from weeping, and his face seemed very sad. He did not talk much, but looked away, as if to avoid my gaze. It was evident that he had sustained a great grief, and I determined to know more of his history. At this time I said but little, and he soon arose and walked away from the crowd. After a while he returned, and this time it was quite evident that he had been weeping.

'He sat down beside me and I asked him if he had received bad news from home. At this he looked away, and made no reply. I could not get him to reveal even so much as a suggestion as to his past, excepting only as his scholarly conversation proved him to be a man of great learning.'

'This is not the place to dig,' he said rather impulsively. 'I know the place to dig, and it is quite a distance from here. Can you prove to me that this district has a regular geological information? I'm a formation by which veins may be traced and the location of minerals be accurately determined?'

'I can,' was the laconic reply. 'At this time a belief came to me that the man was trying to enthrall me with his mining talk for the sole purpose of obtaining money from me. I therefore resolved to be cautious. I asked him if he would show me where rock was in place in the district, and where I might myself trace an absolute geological formation at the surface. After studying a moment, he replied that he would.

'How much will you charge me?' I asked. 'Again he studied, turning his face away. Suddenly he arose and started to leave. His actions were very strange. He had not gone further than three or four yards, when he turned shortly about and came back to me.

'Would \$5 be too much?' he inquired hesitatingly.

'I was thunderstruck, I had expected him to say at least \$100, and perhaps much more. I told him that I would gladly give him \$5 to show me where the formation was plain at the surface.

'Shall we go now?' I asked. 'No,' he replied. 'This whole crowd would follow us. These people are watching our movements. They consider them to be of importance. Let us meet tomorrow at some place in the woods and then, keeping out of sight of these men, we can see the rock in place. I am going to Joplin to-night, and shall return at any time that you may specify.'

'I am going over to Baxter Springs,' I said, 'and expect to return on tomorrow morning's stage.'

'In the woods off yonder,' he said, 'you will find a little deserted log cabin near the stage road. When you get to that cabin have the driver let you out. I shall conceal myself among the trees beyond and wait for you. You will find a little path leading down a ravine from the cabin. Take that path. If you are alone I shall whistle to you—if not, I shall remain quiet.'

'We agreed upon this plan, and soon after separated for the night, he going to Joplin, Mo., and I to Baxter Springs, Kan.

'On the following day, as agreed, I left the stage at the lonely cabin in the woods, just to the east of where Galena has since been built. I was alone. I found the little path that the stranger had asked me to take. The woods about it were then, as now, quite dense, and I moved with some care that I might not lose the path, which seemed to be travelled but little. At last I heard a whistle, and answered it. Below me in the path stood the stranger.

'Are you afraid to go through this wood with me?' he asked, looking me directly in the eye. The idea of fear on this occasion had not before come to me, but his words seem so queer that I rather took them as ominous of evil. I put on a bold front and replied emphatically: 'Afraid! No, why should I be afraid? I'm armed!'

'We walked on, saying nothing. I simply followed where he led. After winding about for perhaps thirty minutes, I came to the conclusion that the stranger was a fraud—that while he was very wise he was at the same time very dishonest.

'At last he paused at a large flint boulder. 'Observe this rock closely,' he said. 'Here begins our formation. Let us go straight on to that other rock yonder.'

'When we reached the second rock the stranger pointed out a third one still further on, and in direct line with the two we had just examined. We went to the third

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When a Boy Enters

This school he is not given a text-book with a lot of definitions to learn, as in the old way, but he is put at once to doing business as it is done in the outside world. Send for Catalogue.

The Currie Business University

Cor. Charlotte and Princess Streets, St. John, N. B. Telephone 991. P. O. Box 90.

rock, and there was still a forth, fifth and sixth beyond—all in a direct line. They were close together, almost forming a natural stone fence. The croppings were as plainly discernible as the rows of corn in a field. It was a vein in place and we traced it for half a mile.

'As we went along the stranger became greatly animated and here and there pointed out places where he was sure deposits of rich ore could be found. I designated along the big flint vein or dike, and on the second day I again met the stranger in regard to buying the land, and he said: 'It will make you rich. It will bring fortunes to many.' I told him I had decided to give him an interest with me in the property. At this he turned away his head, and when he looked at me there were tears in his eyes.

'Sir,' he said, 'I do not care for money. I do not even care for life itself. Once I had a home—a splendid home. I had a family—a wife and two beautiful daughters. I held the chair of geology in one of the greatest universities in America. I was a man of financial means, a man of honorable reputation, a happy man. In twenty-four hours I became deprived of family, home, position and honor. I became a wanderer. I have spent years in the great mines of the mountains, but my sorrow is no lighter. The land that I have pointed out to you will make you rich. Around it will be opened one of the greatest mining districts in the world. Homes will here be made for thousands of prosperous people, but I shall never share the fruits of my accumulated knowledge of geology. You have paid me these places by throwing up little piles of rock; and thus we went on, he telling all the while of the possibilities of the country. He did not speak as one guessing, but as one knowing. His words carried conviction.'

'We were several hours in marking the places where he was positive that mineral lay in rich deposits. When we came to the edge of the woods and looked off toward the west we saw the men at work. 'Let us not be seen together here,' he said. 'You go around that way (pointing toward the north) and I'll go down this little draw.'

'In less than an hour we were again together in the crowd. With his help I drew a map of the land we had just visited and designated the places where he had told me to dig for ore. I paid him the \$5 and he thanked me as if he were satisfied, although he acted with indifference when I spoke to him of money matters.

'On the following day I made arrangements to purchase eighty acres of land for that which will some day have produced many times that many millions. 'He ceased speaking, and a long silence followed. He arose and left me without another word.

'Now for twenty-two years has that strange, sad face haunted me day and night. I have done everything within my power to obtain the slightest clue to the whereabouts of that man to whom the people of the Kansas lead and zinc fields owe so much. Others helped me in my effort to find him. Those of us who have prospered most from his knowledge are willing now, as we have been through all these years, to share with him as it is his due. My conscience tells me that the man is the rightful heir to at least a million dollars from the profits of the property which he himself discovered and caused to be opened up. Should he return to Galena the town would be forever his.'

UNMUSICAL MEN.

Men Who Have had no ear for Divine Harmony.

Many distinguished men have been totally deficient in the sense of music. In the world of literature, where it might have been expected that an appreciation of music would co-exist with a sense of rhythm in language, this deficiency is especially noticeable. Many literary men have been unmusical.

Swift cared nothing for music. Dr. Johnson was altogether insensible to it. At an evening party, on hearing it said in praise of a musical performance that it was in any case difficult, the great man blurted out, 'Sir, I wish it had been impossible.'

Sir Walter Scott, while he had a marvellous ear for verse and rhythm, but had no ear for music. In his autobiography he tells us that it was only after long practice that he acquired the power of even distinguishing melodies. In the 'Life of John Sterling,' Carlyle says that 'all music was mere impertinent noise to him,' and the same might probably be said of the Sage of Chelsea himself.

Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, the greatest schoolmaster of the nineteenth century, is another instance of a man of rare ability in whom the musical faculty did not exist. 'I simply cannot conceive,' he wrote, with

references to music, 'what to others is a keen source of pleasure; there is no link by which my mind can attach it to itself; I can no more remedy it than some other men could enter into the deep delight with which I look at wood anemones or wood coral.' 'Wild flowers,' he used often to say, 'are my music.'

The writings of Dean Stanley are Stanley remarkable for the sustained rhythm of the sentences, yet, in the same sense of music, he was as deficient as in the sense of smell. Archbishop Tait the greatest Archibishop of Canterbury since the latitudinarian Tillotson, was, like his friend Stanley, totally deficient in any knowledge or appreciation of music, whether vocal or instrumental. It was, therefore, a matter of much amusement to himself and his friends when he was invited by the Prince of Wales to be a speaker at the great meeting in St. James's Palace to inaugurate the Royal College of Music. The speech, however, in which he classed himself with 'certain unfortunate people who are deaf to music,' is said to have been a marked success; notwithstanding that on entering the hall he whispered to a friend that he never in his life felt so entirely at a loss.

Among other unmusical ecclesiastics may be mentioned Frederick Robinson, the greatest English preacher of this century, Dr. Pusey, and the late Dean Hook. The later dignitary was entirely unable to distinguish one tune from another. When Dean of Chichester, the cathedral choir boys were on one occasion singing some hymn in the venerable close. When they began 'All People That on Earth Do Dwell' to the tune of the 'Old Hundredth,' it was observed that the dean, who was standing at his study window, immediately removed his skull-cap. He had mistaken the tune for 'God Save the Queen.'

A Texas Hotel-keeper. 'Please, sir,' said the bell-boy to a Texas hotel-keeper, 'No. 40 says there ain't no towel in his room.'

'Tell him to use one of the window curtains.'

'He says, too, there ain't no pillows.'

'Tell him to put his coat and vest under his head.'

'And he wants a pitcher of water. 'Grumble! He's the worst I ever saw in my life. Carry him up the horse-pail.'

'He wants to know if he can have a light.'

'Here, confound him! give him this lantern, and ask him if he wants the earth, and if he'll have it tried on only one side or turned over.'

Specially Endowed. The Tailor Made Girl—She is wonderfully informed. The Shirt Waist Maid—Yes; has all the latest slang and the newest gossip at her finger ends.

Just Like Stars. 'Why do you speak of her as a star? She is the coronet, most angular woman I ever saw.'

'That's it exactly. She is pointed, you know.'

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RESIDENCE at Roxbury for sale or to rent for the summer months. That property situated in Roxbury known as the Titus property and within two minutes walk of the Massachusetts. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fenby, Barrister-at-Law, Fagley Building. 2-11

No Summer Vacation. St. John's delicious summer weather, and our superior ventilating facilities, make summer study just as pleasant as at any other time. In fact, there is no better time for entering than just now. THE ISAAC PITMAN GIBBON and the New Business Practices for use of which we hold exclusive rights are great attendance promoters. Catalogues to any address. S. KEEB & SON. Lamb, Cauliflower and Carrots. THOS. DEAN, City Market

BLOODLESSNESS,

Or as Doctors Say "Anæmia" is Cured By Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

An anæmic person is usually weak, listless and pale. He gets out of breath on slight exertion, the pulse is rapid and weak and the sleep frequently disturbed. The feet and hands are cold, ankles swollen at night and there is puffiness under the eyes in the morning.

Since the cause of anæmia is lack of a sufficient quantity of red blood corpuscles in the blood, a cure can only be effected by a treatment which will increase the number of red corpuscles and so improve the quality of the blood.

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

Contains the very elements which are found lacking in the blood of an anæmic person. It creates new red corpuscles and on this account has proved wonderfully successful as a positive cure for pale, weak, men and women suffering from the ill effects of poor blood and exhausted nerves, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

WATER SPRING

W.C.I.

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This school he is not given a text-book with a lot of definitions to learn, as in the old way, but he is put at once to doing business as it is done in the outside world.

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RESIDENCE at Roxbury for sale or to rent. Superior ventilating facilities, make summer study just as pleasant as at any other time. In fact, there is no better time for entering than last year. THE IRVING FURNITURE STORE, 100 N. B. ST. (at the corner of the Empress Hotel). Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fenney, Barrister-at-Law, Pagsley Building. 24-25

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Lamb, Cauliflower and Carrots. HOS. DEAN, City Market

Music and The Drama

THESE AND UNDERNEATH.

The annual concert of the Misses Furlong will take place on July 26th. This will be pleasing news to all lovers of good music, and there is not the slightest doubt but what these deserving ladies will receive generous patronage. Progress understands that a very choice programme of vocal and instrumental music is in course of preparation, and that it will be rendered in a first-class manner is certain. Miss Kathleen Furlong has just returned from New York, where she has been continuing her studies in that city, being a pupil of Signor Torciani, and those who have had the privilege of hearing her since her return, say that her voice has 'wonderfully improved.' The Misses Furlong will be assisted by Messrs. Kelly and Sealey, and other well known local talent. A rich treat is in store for those who will attend the concert.

Lilli Lehmann will not come to America next season as a member of the Grau company.

The French composer Massenet was the youngest of 21 children.

'The Amerer' is the title of the new opera in which Frank Daniels will be seen next season. Kirko La Shelle and F. M. Ranken are writing the book, while Victor Herbert will compose the music.

Jean de Reszke owns four chateaux in Poland. The extent of M. Jean's wealth may be known from the fact that the smallest of his four estates is considered larger than Central Park. In his farm, for the supply of his household needs and workmen, there is a single potato field of 10,000 acres.

Mme. Melba has decided not visit the United States next season. She has had such urgent and tempting offers from many cities in Germany, where she has never sung, that she feels it would be unwise to refuse any longer. Besides that, she has decided to go to South America next spring.

DeWolf Hopper's London engagement opened at the Lyric theatre last Monday evening. He took sixty people over with him.

Richie Ling, late of the Castle Square Opera company has been engaged as leading tenor of the Alice Neilson Opera company.

Sievking, the Dutch pianist, who was imprisoned for awhile in Anstra last summer, for disrespect to a religious procession, has eloped with the daughter of a Vienna hotel keeper.

The new musical comedy, 'Wild Oats,' adapted by Harry B. Smith from the French with music by Ludwig Englander, was given a production at the New York Casino last Monday evening. The cast includes Dan Haley, Harry Davenport, Joseph Cawthorn, Max Freeman, Thomas Q. Seabrooke, Mabel Gilman, Marie George, Carrie Perkins, Jeanette Bageard, Phyllis Rankine, and May Young, an agreeable regation tempting to make one willing to brave the hot weather to see it.

Louis C. Elson is said to be engaged on a new musical work to be entitled 'National Music in America.'

Mme. Gadski appeared at Windsor Castle, July 4, as Senta in 'The Flying Dutchman.' She leaves London shortly for Breunth, where she will sing in five performances of 'Die Meistersinger.'

The first of the foreign pianists whom we are to hear next season has arrived in New York. According to the Musical Courier, Valdimir de Pachmann, the pianist, arrived Tuesday and will retire to the country and rest and work until his season begins in October. He comes



Pure and Fragrant The "Albert" Baby's Own Soap. Is specially recommended by many family physicians, for nursery use. Beware of imitations, some of which are dangerous and may cause skin troubles. ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs. MONTREAL.

thus early because he dislikes the rush of home coming tourists in September.

Owing to the preparations for the production of his new opera Paderewski will not leave Liverpool for America until Nov. 29. He will give his first recital in New York at Carnegie hall on Dec. 11.

According to a London paper Maurice Grau's opera company will leave for America on or about Sept. 15, a month earlier than usual, as the tour opens in California in October. M. Jean de Reszke did not join the troupe this year.

Labouchere's Truth says: 'M. Paderewski, in the role of Benedick, will hugely interest the American girl; though whether she will continue to worship the 'aureole' locks or to embroider her stockings with a phase of his minut is altogether another matter. The American girl though impulsive, is very proper. M. Paderewski was a widower. He should have appeared on the 1st inst, at the Philharmonic. In stead, he rushed off to Poland, and on the 1st, married Fraulein Rosen. The statement that there was anything secret about the affair is, of course, rubbish, for the pianist went to his native land, and among his own kindred and people took his bride to the altar at the Cathedral of the Holy Spirit, Warsaw, the ceremony being performed by Dean (to give the English equivalent of the Polish title) Chelmicki. The happy couple are now at Merges, near Geneva.'

Maurus Jokai was the subject of an amusing incident lately at Buda Pesth. So great was the enthusiasm, after a performance of his early play, 'Dalma,' that students unhitched the horses from his carriage, and, getting between the shafts began to draw the author home, despite his protestations drowned in the shouting. Resigning himself, he subsided until the carriage halted, when, descending, he signalled for silence, and spoke: 'My dear friends, I thank you infinitely, but I have not lived here for three months. I have been trying to tell you but wouldn't listen.' 'So much the better!' shouted the students 'the pleasure will last longer.' And again seizing the shaft, they hauled Jokai to his new house at the end of the city.

One of the interesting ones of the newer composers in England is S. Coleridge-Taylor, the young negro, who from all accounts has done some most promising work. At the last Norwich (Eng.) festival one of his works, a cantata, called 'Hiawatha's Wedding Feast,' was performed with great success. He has now set to music the 'Famine' canto of Longfellow's poem, which he calls 'The Death of Minnehaha.' He purposes to write still another, to be called 'Hiawatha's Farewell,' and he has already finished a musical preface to the work, which he calls the 'Hiawatha' overture. His 'Death of Minnehaha' will be produced at the North Staffordshire festival, and his new overture at the next Norwich festival.

The projectors of the great festival to be given in Chicago from Oct. 8-12 are giving great attention to the musical features which promise to be, not only elaborate in themselves, but presented in a manner equal to the other important features of the affair, says the Press. There will be a great deal of band music, in connection with the official parades and the like, and a serious of promenade concerts to be given in the Stadium is planned as well. Singing societies will also take part in the festival in the celebration of national festivals. The most prominent feature in which music

will have a large part will be the presentation in the Stadium of a great dramatic spectacle that will enlist the services of nearly 2,000 musicians. Work on this production has been going on for six months or more, and the directors promise to make public all the details in a short time. It is already announced that the spectacle will require an active chorus of 15,000 voices, while the instrumentalists will number at least 300.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Kennedy's players have been giving a serious of very satisfactory performances in the Opera House this week. The company are capable, and the leading lady Miss Nellie Kennedy is clever and winsome. Mr. John Kennedy is a very good actor indeed, and has pleased our theatre goers by his wit and originality. The company make their last appearance at the matinee this afternoon and this evening. They open in Calais, Maine, on Monday.

The Passion Play which will be exhibited in a series of moving pictures in the opera house, next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, will be well worthy the patronage of the public. The interest aroused by the portrayal in such a life like manner of the scenes and incidents attending the Saviour's mission on earth is intense and absorbing.

Eddie Foye will be featured in 'Hotel Topsy Turvy' next season.

John E. Kellard will be Mme. Modjeska's leading man next season.

Billy Emerson, the old time minstrel, is said to be dying in poverty at Chicago.

Mamie Gilroy has been engaged by Brady and Ziegfeld to play the title role in 'Mlle Fifi' next season.

Richard Karl has been engaged by Leibler & Co. to play Shoshei Schomendrick in 'Children of the Ghetto.'

Minnie Dupree and Ida Conquest have been visiting Mrs. E. G. Sutherland of Commonwealth avenue.

Mary Young, formerly a member of Augustin Daly's company, has been engaged by George W. Lederer for next season. She will appear in the first production at the Casino following 'Wild Oats.'

Lillian Russell says she will vigorously fight George W. Lederer's suit against her \$15,000 for breach of contract. 'Miss Russell claims many things; so does Mr. Lederer; so some unpleasant things will creep into the newspapers—Dramatist News.'

Rose Coghlan has written a one-act play that is said to be one of the best things of the kind ever presented in the vaudeville houses. It presents simply an episode in the life of a famous actress, and combines light comedy, pathos and the emotional drama to such an extent that it may be said to run the gamut of the human emotions. Miss Coghlan is playing the piece, 'Between Matinee and Night,' on the Keith circuit, and will make her Boston appearance in it Monday, July 24.

Charles Frohman is expected back from Europe the last week in July and has announced his plans for next season as follows: 'My productions in America will start off as follows: 'La Dame de Chez Maxime,' at the Criterion; Henry Miller in 'The Only Way' (a tale of two cities), at the Herald Square, opening on the 18th of September, and Julia Marlowe in Clyde Fitch's 'Barbara Frietche,' at the Knickerbocker. My autumnal productions in London will be: First, 'Ma Bru' (My Daughter-in-Law), at the Criterion, with Miss Miss Ellaline Terriss and Mr. Seymour Hicks in the leading roles, and then my stock company at the Duke of York's theatre in 'The Christian,' with Miss Evelyn Millard as Glory Quayle, and Mr. Herbert Waring as John Storm. In view of the fact that Mr. E. S. Willard is not going to America next season, owing to the continued delicacy of his health, and therefore has no particular need at present for plays, the comedy-drama called 'The Swashbuckler,' written by Louis N. Parker, one of the authors of 'Rosemary,' which Mr. Willard had secured, has been turned over to Mr. Wyndham, who has the sole right to it, not only for this country but for the United States. I may say in this connection that Wyndham has not the slightest notion of crossing the Atlantic himself. His mind is completely occupied with thoughts regarding his new theatre, a hundred yards away from Criterion, which is to be opened in the autumn with probably a revival of 'David Garrick.' Concerning Sir Henry Irving's American tour under my management the coming season, I have arranged everything to the crossing of the final 't.' Sir Henry sails toward the end of October, and you may dwell with all the force you please upon the fact, frequently contradicted, that Miss Ellen Terry will accompany him throughout the trip. Irving may give only seven performances a week—

that is to say, he may not appear at Saturday afternoon performances—and in case he does not, Miss Terry will appear in some piece especially suited to the showing off of her peculiar charms and abilities. The pieces de resistance will be, of course Sardon's 'Robespierre,' still playing to enormous business here, and the other plays to put forward are some two or three of the best known from his repertory already used to the United States.'

It is persistently rumored in theatrical circles in London that John Cavendish, the youngest brother of Victor Cavendish, nephew and heir presumptive of the Duke of Devonshire, wants to marry Miss Edna May when she gets her divorce in the American Courts.

One of the objects of Coquelin's forthcoming visit to London, where he will play 'Cyrano de Bergerac' under the direction of Maurice Grau is said to be to see Sir Henry Irving in 'Robespierre' and see whether or not he deems it advisable to present that play in France before rejoining the Comedie Francaise.

The recent death of Mlle. Rhea, in Southern France, brings to mind the original advertising campaign conducted by one of her managers, the deceased Arthur B Chase of Holyoke, Mass., says a dramatic writer. Chase was a Holyoke druggist and manager of the opera house there. He had the friendship of many newspaper men and \$20,000 of Congressman Whiting's money. After a conference with Charles Frynne of the Springfield Republican, E. A. Newell of the Union, H. I. Merrill of the Homestead and the critic of the Daily News, Chase concluded to work the 'society racket' and Rhea was launched upon a long and prosperous career. The newspaper mentioned prepared the advance notices. The lady was advertised as a woman's woman. The purity of her life was dilated upon. The friendship of Congressman Whiting's family was valuable, as it secured the actress the entree to the political society. The gift photograph racket paid. Many an American family has enshrined 'the only photo which Mlle. Rhea ever had taken.' The actress' rooms were always bowers of roses. In them she held high court with governors, military men and politicians as courtiers, with their wives as high ladies in waiting. During a Washington engagement, President Arthur was enrolled among the lady's many advertising agents. Newspaper men were constantly in her train and right well did they do their duty. Rhea's printing was of the same immaculate character as her other advertising. Ivorette three sheets were prominent in the window display. They cost 90 cents each and were so good that merchants were usually averse to giving up some 34 square feet of plate glass to 'shows' fell over themselves to get a Rhea litho, and seldom thought of demanding the usual 'comp.' Nearly every prominent theatre in the United States has one of these lithographs framed in gold as a permanent decoration' of its lobby. They may also be found in many hotels and private business houses. Rhea received from her manager \$50 a week and 25 per cent of the net receipts. Under his methods she received \$90,000 for her services during the first season. She retired from his management at the end of five years with over \$300,000 to her credit. Rhea was not a great actress, but she was a hard worker, conscientious and excellent material for an advertising agent to handle. Theatrical people will always have pleasant memories of the tact and taste with which her advertising campaign was conducted.

Monotony? No one but an actress knows what it is to speak the same lines day in and day out, with the same expression, the same feeling as when they first found utterance. There are hundreds of sweet, womanly, pure, good women—gentlemen—on our stage to-day. It can be made less so. The girl on the stage and the girl in the box are both women. Both good refined women, but what a gulf! A gulf formed by iron rule of the powers that be, for often in intellectuality, beauty and grace the actress has the advantage. Not because it is a maelstrom of depravity, as some believe, but because it is a dog's life for a woman, a life of struggle, bitter tears and disappointments. The glitter, the glory, is the shell. The kernel is work, hard work. Those women who have endured it privations, vexations and disappointments, its struggles and toils, though necessarily, though love for dependent ones though determination to earn their own livelihood, who have laughed and made merry before you when perhaps the chill

of death awaited them at home; who have suffered fictitious woes when agonies of stern reality may be theirs—merit the admiration of all manly men, and usually modern chivalry calls it forth from the opposite sex. But, more than that, the life of an actress should demand the sympathy of all womanly women, and the day will come when the actresses will receive that sympathy.—Dramatic Mirror.

Mrs. Langtry, after a long period of retirement, is making arrangements to begin another starring tour. She opens with a new version of 'The Queen's Necklace' at the Haymarket in September. If that speculation is fortunate the Jersey Lily, will, it is said, come to America under Frohman's management next season.

'As to the actual average cost of a big production,' said Beiasco, 'there is no recognized standard of figures. You may spend \$5,000 or \$50,000. I estimate that 'The White Heather' cost Mr. Frohman something like \$20,000. Assuredly the 'Sporting Duchess' involved a much larger expenditure. Many society plays, with their elaborate settings and furnishings, cost more than the average melodrama. I suppose it would be possible to put a handsome, presentable New York production on a New York stage for something approaching \$7,000.'

Besides 'Robespierre,' the repertory of Sir Henry Irving, Miss Terry and her company in their American tour next autumn and winter, will include 'The Merchant of Venice,' 'The Bells' and 'A Story of Waterloo,' in addition to 'Nance Oldfield' and A. C. Calmour's play in verse, 'The Amber Heart,' in which Miss Terry will be the principal performer. The last named play has never been acted in this country.

Dorothy Morton, the actress, who has been charged recently with defying the Courts by refusing to appear in answer to a suit brought against her for about \$40, has carried out her threat to go into bankruptcy. Her petition was filed last Wednesday. The published list of petitions in the Thursday morning papers contained the name Elizabeth MacCarthy Jr. and few persons knew it was she. She placed her liabilities at \$3079.

Pinerio's new play, 'The Gay Lord Quex,' is to be translated into French and acted in Paris with Mme. Rejane as Sophie Fulgarney, the meddlesome maniere. Mrs. Langtry's daughter Jeanne, who wants to go on the stage if mamma will only let her, was described in a letter from abroad recently, and according to the correspondent, she is an even more fascinating woman than her fascinating parent. 'She is thoroughly up to date,' the letter says, 'very beautiful in face and form, and with a brightness that is more American than English. She is an omnivorous reader, and has most decided opinions in literature and art, which she expresses originally and naively. She knows all about horses, and can talk about every modern sport with a familiarity that stuns one, although she is only twenty years old. When Jeanne was in America she was a long-limbed little thing that didn't promise to be anything in particular. Beautiful women's daughters are very apt to be like great men's sons—disappointments. Lillian Russell, jr. is a tomboyish young person, without a hint of her mother's rare and radiant charm, but no doubt, like Miss Langtry, she will blossom out as a corking beauty one of these days and have a few photographs taken of herself.'

Coquelin is to act Robespierre. The plans of Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bel- lew include a London season in 'The Ghetto.' After that management is ended it is more than probable that they will return to America.

It has been announced that Effie Ellaler will play Glory Quayle in the second 'Christian' company, which will go out next season. J. M. Colville is to play John Storm in the same company.

Corinne is singing at Buffalo this week. The Boston Museum reopens Aug. 28 with Roland Reed.

Joe Ott will be a member of one of Lederer's companies next season. Fay Templeton and Mrs. Adelaide Herrman are to enter the vaudeville ranks.

Of 844 actors whose names are registered in the fifth monthly bulletin of the Actors' Society, no fewer than 488 are 'at liberty.'

The death of Henry Lorraine in London a veteran actor, who toured in the United States many years ago, is announced. The personal property and effects of the late Hortense Rhea are being sold in Paris. Chattran's portrait of Mlle Rhea is among the paintings offered. Edward P. Sullivan, who is well known in Bangor and who has been spending his summer at Peaks Island for the past eight years, has been engaged to play the part of Terry Deans in 'The Heart of Oak.' This was James A. Harnes' old part.

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PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 15

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

WHAT HAVE THEY GAINED.

In discussing the fact that the Standard Oil Company has been hounded from the state of Ohio, and its probable future had effects upon that state the Chicago Itinerant says:—The withdrawal of the Standard Oil Company from Ohio is announced. The cause of the move is the series of onslaughts made on the corporation by the Attorney-General of the State. The company has become tired of being treated as a public enemy. It will reorganize under the laws of New Jersey.

This withdrawal means a great deal more than the transfer of the corporate domicile. To be sure such a transfer means that Cleveland, where the company has always had its headquarters, will lose a large office force and immense deposits of money; but these are small items compared with the great manufacturing plants which are to be abandoned. The refinery at Cleveland, the parent establishment, and the second largest of its kind in the world, is to be left idle. Its cooperative factory—the largest one ever operated—is already closed.

It is hardly too much to say that the Standard Oil Company is to Cleveland what the Union Stock Yards are to Chicago. Each concern is the head centre of one of the greatest industries of the times. There is a great deal of refining in other cities than Cleveland, as there is a great deal of packing outside of Chicago, but Cleveland is largely indebted to the manufacture of kerosene from petroleum for its extraordinary prosperity. It owes more to John Rockefeller than to any other dozen citizens.

When the oil fields of Northern Pennsylvania were filling American homes with a brilliant and cheap but disagreeable and dangerous artificial light Mr. Rockefeller then a poor man on a small salary, conceived the idea of a great central company to handle the product and improve the methods of manufacture. No doubt the oil producers have no little cause of complaint against the Standard but the general public has no reason to complain and never has had. Quality has been improved to the point as near absolute perfection as is it possible to attain, and prices have been reduced and kept so low as to occasion no complaint.

The Attorney-General of Ohio may think he is making himself popular with the people by compelling a great corporation to leave the State, but the people—especially the people of Cleveland—cannot fail to see that indulgence in spite-work has brought relief from no burden, and in thousands of families is bound to substitute gaudy idleness for comfortable industry.

Ohio has not only had its fair share of these benefits, but the lion's share of which the business has given rise. Thousands of workmen in Cleveland alone have for years been employed at good wages in the plants of the Standard Oil Company. All of them will now suffer. No industry, no class of people, can be benefited by the withdrawal of the company from the State. Even the producers, however bitter their feeling may be in the case, must see that they can derive no advantage from this change of base. It is impossible to conceive any public advantage from the pursuit of a policy which is depriving Cleveland of a great industry and thousands of laboring men of employment except as

they follow the company in its migration eastward.

SLAUGHTER OF SEALS.

In referring to that source of friction, pelagic sealing, the New York Sun of a recent date has the following to say: "Agent CLARKE, who has charge of the Government's interests in the Pribilof Islands, does little more than reiterate a familiar truth when he says that the provisions of the Paris tribunal in restriction of pelagic sealing are 'totally inadequate.'" His visit to Seattle is too early for him to throw much light on the present sealing season, but he is "confident that seal life is not one-tenth as great as in former years."

The main point just now, it seems to us, is that nothing whatever has been done to repair the inadequacy of the Paris provisions, and that nothing will be done that can take effect during the present season. The utility of the Paris rules to protect the seal herd as it should be protected was urged by our Government upon England years ago, as soon as experience had demonstrated the need. So strongly did Congress feel upon the matter that the House passed a measure empowering the Government to kill all the seals at once, unless it could obtain some modification of a system which was making them the victims of the pelagic hunters. The Senate did not concur in that policy, but it agreed that something must be done. At last Great Britain consented to send commissioners to Behring Sea, and their report, like that of our own representatives, led to the hope of a remedy for the existing evils.

Then, however, came the deadlock in the Joint High Commission, which considered the seals among other subjects so that now another season of slaughter is sure. Article IX. of the Paris rules declares that "said concurrent regulation shall be submitted every five years to a new examination, in order to enable both Governments to consider whether, in the light of past experience there is occasion to make any modification thereof." This provision is mandatory; yet the first period of five years has already passed, and the work of revision is not done.

The legacy of territories in the Atlantic and Pacific and the principals involved in accepting them make the Spanish War quarrels and slanders in which many army and naval officers and officials are involved makes unsatisfactory recollection. The official head of the army was and is at sword's points with the senior general and showed the jealousy of him throughout the war, the hatred being returned with a fervor that shunned seclusion. More than one subordinate was drawn into the quarrel and received or lost opportunities for promotion in consequence. The SAMPSON-SCHLEY controversy still rages and by its personalities belittles the splendid achievements of the navy. Lesser quarrels and discourtesies abound.

Word comes from Washington that President MCKINLEY is half broken down by work thrust on him by the situation in the Philippines, added to the other cares of his high office. He is compelled to give his personal attention to details because of the poor assistance he has from Secretary ALGER and the unseemingly dispute between that politician and General MILES. This is suggestive of an opera bouffe plot, but it is a serious matter for President MCKINLEY, though he can relieve himself at any time by parting company with Mr. ALGER, who is in alliance with anti-administration elements of his party. At its best the President's office is no sinecure.

American opinion of the situation in the Transvaal may be briefly expressed. Americans think the government of the Transvaal unduly severe on foreigners, and believe that England does well to ask for changes, while they think that England's motive is not altogether unselfish and regret that there is evidence that a considerable body of English want the Transvaal more than they want justice to the foreigners there. In still plainer terms, England seems to be helping the Uitlanders a little that she may grasp the entire country. In spite of all the preparation and threats, we do not believe that there will be fighting. The Queen wants no more wars.

The drought in Maine was broken again last Saturday by copious showers which did great good to the growing crops. There has had some of the rain that New England has suffered for, and the damage there has been considerable and attended by loss of life. Texan rivers are peculiarly liable to freshets and the deluge of last week was of exceptional severity. Maine might also have had some of ours.

Umbrellas Made, Recovered, Repaired, Duroc, 27 Waterloo.

NO POOHBAHS FOUND.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

Thorne had sold the city nearly all the hose it had used for years that Messrs Barry and McAvity should be given a chance. Dr. Christie assented to this view of the matter. On Monday morning when he and the chief and director met in the city hall Dr. Christie was not present so he telephoned him but was unable to get him at first. He did so a short time afterward and was told that he would not be able to be present. Then he in company with the director and chief went out to Ald. Robinson's office and talked over. The facts were all discussed and it was decided to purchase the hose from Messrs Barry and McAvity and the director was instructed to give the order. Mr. Robinson did not mention Thorne and the order was given to Messrs Barry and McAvity because the committee thought it was time they were given a chance and for no other reason whatever. There was no monetary consideration. The chief had recommended American Jacket Hose a hundred times but none had been purchased for many years. He also spoke highly of Eureka hose. The price of the Jacket hose was based on that purchased from Thorne. When Mr. Patterson called on him he treated him with every consideration but he did not submit any prices to him.

Director Wisely's evidence was the same as that of Ald. McGoldrick. His instructions were to order the best make of American Fire Jacket hose and nothing had been offered him by Messrs Barry or McAvity and nothing asked from them.

Ald. Robinson's evidence here out the statements of those who had been on the stand except that he assented to the views of the committee regarding the division of the order between Barry and McAvity. He had an idea that the hose was to be Eureka. He thought it was only fair that the patronage should be divided.

Then Chief Kerr told his story and he too agreed with all that had been said. He spoke highly of both American Jacket and Eureka and thought the city's last purchase was a splendid value.

Mr. George Blake gave the strongest evidence of all. He is a district engineer (thought the American Fire Jacket the best in the department and he told of the good service that which was purchased years ago had given. But most important of all was his statement of the price of the hose purchased by Mr. Barry and Messrs McAvity. He challenged the statement of Mr. Thorne that it could be purchased in Boston for 55 cents and said he was in a position to know just what this hose had cost and the price was nearer 70 cents than 55 per foot.

This was an important statement and one PROGRESS knows Mr. Blake was in a position to make since the entry was made by Mr. Gordon Byrnie who is in his employ. Ald. Seaton asked why the hose was consigned to Mr. Boyne in the early part of the inquiry and Mr. Blake answered that (though not a witness then) by stating that since Mr. Marsters' death Mr. Boyne had done work for many concerns who formerly looked to him. Assuming from Mr. Blake's figures as 68 cent a foot as the price of the hose in Boston and adding 40 per cent for duty and charges the cost laid down in St. John is a little over 95 cents a profit of ten cents as for it cannot be considered large and that is about what Mr. Barry got.

The inquiry was a tedious one lasting four hours. Many things were gone into that had no relation to the case, but perhaps it is just as well that the investigation was unrestricted. The evidence showed that the only intention of the committee was to divide the patronage. There was no hole and corner business about it. Their action was prompt as the occasion demanded. They did not wait for representatives of hose companies to arrive upon the scene but acted upon the urgent instructions of the council.

Whatever the report of the committee may be the fact, cannot be gotten over.

Where Those Bells go Ting a Ling a Ling All join the chorus that they sing Ungar's Laundry is the very best of all, work done best and prices very small. Send your bundle to UNGAR'S TONIGHT, 28 to 34 Waterloo street. Phone 58.

J. K. Emmet has under consideration a new play which he is now reading with a view to producing it next season. John R. Rogers says the deal to star Eddie Girard and Dan Collyer has fallen through.

Speed Versus Grace. 'Pa, oh, pa, what is a cake walk?' 'Cake walk? Why, it's the way I have to chase out the back gate to the bakery when your mother has unexpected company to dinner.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER. ABSOLUTELY PURE. Makes the food more delicious and wholesome. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

THE LETTER WAS DELAYED.

Carelessness on the part of the Post Office Causes Some Trouble.

Postmaster Hanington and a local tea merchant had a little chat the other day. It wasn't of the most friendly nature and the tea merchant's visit to the post office can hardly be said to have been in the nature of a friendly call. It was all about a letter which the merchant mailed to St. Pierre, Miquelon. In addressing the letter he omitted the name "Miquelon" and that led to the little interchange of compliments between him and the postmaster. The letter it is said was a very important one, and about the time it should have reached its destination it was returned to the sender to be properly addressed. The letter hastened to the post office to find out the cause of the delay in returning to him, as it should have been sent back at once. The postmaster got on his dignity at once and refused an explanation—and this of course led to wordy war which was listened to by many. The tea man expressed publicly his private opinion of the postmaster, and threatened to report the matter to the authorities, which it is understood he has since done.

The Reason of the Change.

There are many questions being asked as to why the church parade of the city militia was not intended to be held; it is stated that Col. Jones commanding the Artillery and Major Sturdee the head of the 62nd arranged a church parade of the full length, and gave orders accordingly for the turn out Sunday afternoon, and each asked their chaplain to conduct services together, and Rev. Mr. Davenport invited the chaplain of the Artillery to preach, but when the latter heard of the arrangement he refused the invitation from the chaplain of the 62nd, and refused to attend a service in the afternoon at Trinity as had been arranged for, and so Col. Jones surrendered command of his battalion to the chaplain and the turn out was ordered for the morning.

They Weren't Around.

The police couldn't be everywhere on Wednesday of course, and it happened that in some cases they were not where they were wanted most. For instance on Charlotte street about half past three two drunken toughs wandered through the crowd at their own will bobbing into every one they met, using vile language and having things their own way generally. Half block away two of the biggest men on the force captured a little man who didn't appear to be much the worse of liquor, and was certainly behaving himself. Those who saw the incident smiled as they watched the two officers, each firmly grasping an arm of the man, march through the square to the station, while two noisy men, and an awfully sick colored man made the square a very disgusting and undesirable resting place.

PEN AND PRESS.

"The Story of Acadia" by James Hanington, is being sent out by the Dominion Atlantic Railway and should prove a most valuable advertising medium for the far famed region. The book is highly interesting from start to finish and is written in a charmingly clear and detailed manner. The D. A. R. is rapidly forging ahead as the most delightful route between Boston and the maritime provinces and has achieved a first and invincible place in the affections of the tourist public. The fleet now comprises four magnificent steamers, the product of the highest science in the shipbuilding world. This summer will be operated between Boston and the Maritime Provinces a service unexcelled in the whole of North America. If you have a care for your pocket, health and time; if you want scenery, variety and comfort; if you want to see the land that poets, romancers and artists have made their own, travel by the Dominion Atlantic Railway. Evangeline Land is the wonderland of Artists, the sportsman's paradise the healthiest spot on the continent.

In addition to the favourite 'Prince Rupert' and 'Prince Edward,' the entirely new steamers 'Prince George' and 'Prince Arthur' (built to the order of the Dominion Atlantic Railway by the famous Earle's Shipbuilding and Engineering Company of Hull, England) will be in commission, and are in every detail exactly reproductive of the finest trans-Atlantic ocean liners. On their scientific trials these ships attained a speed capacity of twenty-two knots per

hour, and stand thus in the first rank of the fastest passenger steamers in the world. Their tin screws supply the maximum of safety. Luxury has been brought to such a pitch of development in their internal fittings and decorations that they are easily on a par with the costliest yachts built to the order of American millionaires. They are the finest of their size and kind, and have cost not less than one million dollars. They are the only ships afloat fitted with electric heating. The electric gear is throughout in duplicate so that safety is further guaranteed.

Bad Effect of Sulks.

A noted physician says that sulks are injurious to health and bases his statement on his own practice. His experience has led him to believe that many sufferers from indigestion owe their misfortune to a bad disposition. Good humor makes good digestion, and a lively, even tempered person escapes many ailments. The explanation of this is simple enough. A morose person sits still and sulks, meditates upon woes rather than blessings, while the cheerful man or woman moves about from place to place, lifts and pushes things about and keeps the organs in a healthy state of exercise. Mind has more influence over stomachs than we are willing to believe and a pleasant meal will do more to keep away the doctor than you are aware of. Discomforts of mind at mealtime affect the nerves, which in turn act upon the stomach, and that important organization sicks and only half does its work. This is the strong plea I have to offer.

Odd Ways to Earn a Living.

When a woman is by necessity forced to make a living, her ingenuity usually comes to the surface in a short order, and before her friends are scarcely aware of the fact the odd penny has been turned.

One woman does "dusting and artistic arranging by the hour." Her own house it is so beautifully arranged that when the time came for her to make her living her friends were only too glad to employ her in the artistic management of their homes.

Another young woman of refinement does mending, reading, writing and shopping for an invalid.

A girl who is thoroughly instructed in the art of china painting makes a business of replacing broken pieces in a fine dinner and tea sets. She does this so cleverly that no one can tell the difference between the imported china and the hand painted copy unless attention is especially called to it.

Business Women.

A few decades ago a woman was ostracized and ridiculed for making any effort toward self support. Now she is encouraged to earn her own living and is respected for the endeavor. Her energy, executive ability and talents are recognized everywhere, and society no longer looks scornfully at a breadwinner of its own class.

All honor to the business women of old, who, by breaking down the barriers of conventionality, made possible this golden age! It is to them we owe a debt of gratitude for giving us the opportunity to make a business career as honorable a vocation that as of our fathers and brothers.

Courage, you women who dread the first step toward self-support. Enter the business world with confidence, and have no fear of adverse criticism. Your example will help other clever and capable women who are eager to work, but too timid to make the effort.—Housewife.

What to Expect in a Child's Love.

I do not think we should expect of children the sort of love of which we ourselves are capable. The child's love for the parent and the parent's love for the child are essentially different, and we may only arouse a sort of antagonism in the young by insisting upon our right to a self sacrificing affection. Let us be content with the sweet dependence, the demonstrative fondness that is nature's response to our nature prompted bestowal of ourselves upon our children. A degree of sturdy selfishness, however, is the prerogative of healthy childhood and cannot be regarded as altogether blameworthy.—Elsie Goodale Eastman in Woman's Home Companion.

Business Education.

Broadly speaking, a business education is one that educates for business. Few people realize the amount of special training that is requisite to equip a young man or woman for entrance into business life. The Currier business University of this city will send free to any address a beautiful catalogue giving valuable information relative to the above subject.

AL BAKING POWDER PURELY PURE more delicious and wholesome

hour, and stand thus in the first rank of the fastest passenger steamers in the world.

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Mrs. Wm. Price and children are in Greenwich visiting Mrs. Price's parents.

Mrs. Record spent Sunday in Greenwich the guest of Mrs. John Smith.

Mr. A. A. Simont is in the city for a day or two this week on his way to Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Emerson and Mrs. J. J. Callaghan are in the city for a day or two.

Mr. O. A. Barberie, Miss Barberie and Miss Gertrude Leasby are in the city for a day or two.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Williams of Woodstock were in the city for a short time during this week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Fouts came down from Amherst for a few days this week.

Miss E. H. Belyea and Miss Elizabeth Donville are in the city for a day or two.

Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick is spending the summer at Sussex.

Mr. James Carr of Woodstock spent part of the week in the city.

Mr. W. H. Morris and H. A. McKewen M. P. P. go to St. Martins today to attend a baptismal service.

Mrs. F. L. Fuller of Truro spent a few days in the city this week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Mills of Chester, N. S., spent a day or two here this week.

Miss Myrtle Osburn of Gagetown, is this week being pleasantly entertained by Miss Sadie Kenney.

Mr. and Mrs. A. McInerney of New York, is visiting his brother Dr. McInerney of Douglas Avenue.

Miss Nina Robertson is in St. George visiting her brother Mr. W. A. Robertson.

Miss Nell Clarke and Miss Florence Mitchell are spending a little while with Mrs. W. B. Garong.

Mrs. J. W. Simpson of St. Andrews is visiting city friends.

Among the St. John arrivals at Kenned's hotel St. Andrews this week were: H. D. McLoughlin, A. E. Massey, G. M. White, F. Skinner, H. P. Timmerman, M. Harney, W. F. Clarke, H. H. Harvey, Geo. Dixon, H. Scott, G. E. Farrand.

Mr. Geo. M. Jarvis of Truro N. S. spent part of this week in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Skinner left last Saturday for a trip to British Columbia.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Ardrife of Honiton were among the week's visitors to the city.

Dr. A. B. O'Neill of St. Joseph's College who was a guest of his brother for a day or two this week has gone west to spend the summer.

Mr. J. de Wolf Spurr, Miss Helen Robertson and her guest Miss Wain of Ontario are enjoying a week's fishing on the Nepisiquit.

Mrs. J. B. LeBlanc of Moncton is the guest of city friends this week.

Lieut. Col. and Mrs. J. F. Wilson of Quebec are spending a few days in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. E. Ellis who have spent their honeymoon in St. John with Mr. and Mrs. Toos.

Ellis, Princess street have returned to New York. Miss Harriet S. Olive and Miss Emily McAvity who have been studying at Harvard university returned home this week for the summer holidays.

Mrs. William F. Jenkin was at home to her friends on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Williams.

Mr. A. S. Murray of Fredericton is visiting her former home in this city.

Mrs. A. E. Chapman of Moncton is spending a few days with relatives here.

Miss Langdon of this city is being very pleasantly entertained by the Misses Sterling of Fredericton.

Mr. Andrew Jack left the beginning of the week for Halifax from whence he will sail on a three month visit to England.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Morrison came down from the capital for a day or two this week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Peterson of Exmouth street are entertaining Mr. Homolka of New York for a week or two.

Rev. L. G. Macmillan's friends will be pleased to hear of his health is steadily improving and that he is much benefited by his stay in F. E. Island.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Haas returned the first of the week from a visit to Fredericton.

Mrs. Usher, Miss Jones and Mr. Fred Jones recently spent a fortnight fishing on the Nepisiquit. The party were in Bathurst this week.

Mrs. G. F. Elisset and children are visiting Parabro.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Smith were guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Jenks of Parrabro, lately.

Mr. and Mrs. Helen of Cahels is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wood of Du. Chester street this week.

Mrs. James McGregor of Sydney C. B. is spending a month with friends at the Bay Shore.

Mrs. W. H. Steeves of Fredericton and her two children are visiting Mrs. Steeves parents the Chief of Police and Mrs. Clark.

Miss Reddin of Charlottetown P. E. I. arrived this week to spend a little while with Mrs. T. Burke of Douglas Avenue.

Mr. Frank J. Sime of San Francisco who has been visiting his mother for a few weeks left this week on his return to the coast.

Capt. J. J. Cremer formerly of this city but now of Roxbury Mass is here on a visit to friends.

Mr. R. F. J. Parkin left this week on a pleasure trip to Sydney C. B.

Mr. Walter P. Dunham who has been for some time connected with the passenger department of the C. P. R. has resigned his position and will study for the Episcopal ministry.

Mrs. Thomas Kennedy of Hamilton, Ont. is the guest of city friends.

Mrs. J. A. S. Mott and Miss Claire C. Weeks formerly of this city are spending the summer in the White Mountains, New Hampshire.

Misses Annie Wilson and Maggie Sergeant of St. John returned this week from Woodstock where they had been visiting friends.

Miss Laura Bradley returned this week from a two week visit to Boston.

Mrs. J. M. Sinclair and Miss Sinclair are spending the summer at the Public Landing.

Mr. J. S. Ransell and family of Chicago are visiting this city.

Mrs. Oswald Mowat of Montreal is here on a visit to her father Mr. John Eaton, Queen street.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Gollmer of Lower Lake Umbagog are spending a little while in the city.

Mrs. LeRoy and Miss Dany of Windsor, N. S., have been visiting friends here this week.

Mr. J. A. Gillies M. P. for Richmond C. B. was here for a short time this week on his way home to Ottawa.

Miss Edwards of the west end is visiting Mr. and Mrs. King Greenleaf of St. Andrews.

Mrs. Isabel McLeod and Miss Eva MacKenzie of Milltown arrived Wednesday on a visit to friends here.

Mr. Walter Allison son of Joseph Allison arrived from Denver this week on a visit to his parents. He returns to the west in two or three weeks.

From St. Stephen comes the following account of the marriage of Miss M. and E. McKewen of St. John: "A very quiet wedding took place at 2 o'clock Thursday afternoon at the residence of ex-Mayor George J. Clarke, which was beautifully and tastefully decorated with ferns and palms and other exotics.

The bride was his sister-in-law, Miss Maud E. McKewen, and the groom Dr. S. Bonnell, of Ferris, B. C., late of Bridgewater, N. S. The ceremony was performed by Rev. George M. Campbell another brother-in-law of the bride.

Miss McKewen wore a wedding gown of white satin, beautifully embroidered with pearls, with bridal veil and orange blossoms. Her bridesmaid, Miss Bessie Knight of Carleton, wore pink silk with a pineapple lawn overdress. The two little nieces of the bride, Misses Pauline Clarke and Jean Campbell were maids of honor. The groom was supported by Mr. Harry Huestis, of Cape Breton. The bride was given away by her brother Mr. H. A. McKewen, M. P. After the ceremony, luncheon was served, and the happy couple left on the C. P. R. on their long journey to their future home in British Columbia. Many friends were at the station to offer congratulations and good wishes.

The Y. P. A. of St. Mary's church held a very pleasant and successful social last Tuesday evening in the church school room which was prettily decorated in bright colors while the seven tables were artistically arranged in dainty lists. Among the young ladies who had charge of the affair were:

- Misses Ida Barton, Edna Gofroy, F. Gofroy, A. Barton, Mand Stockton, Lizze Sprunt, Annie Debow, Elsie Coleman, Bessie Davis, Gerlie Davis, Florrie Colman, Annie White, Ethel Doe.

Mrs. John J. McBratney of Baltimore who has been visiting friends and relatives of her husband here will return home Saturday afternoon making the journey by the steamer. She has made many friends during her visit who regret that she is unable to prolong it. Mr. and Mrs. James Stanton have been entertaining her this week. A two days trip on the river was much enjoyed and Thursday evening a number of the many good friends of Mr. McBratney were invited to meet his charming wife.

The Old Hunting Coat. A thing of old and rare, dirt and dust and torn; Red-cord collar; blue pockets that told the game; and its fabric is crumpled and worn; Yet memories cling to the old hunting coat.

In color of tan with the ground's smoothly blends; And trials not the time and sharp-pointed game; By delicate thread its lone little suspends; Untouched by the hand of the unweaving same.

On the sleeve a light leather seems destined to stay; The scent of burnt powder around it dots cling; And its pockets conceal the old hunting gear; Of pipe and tobacco, steel, matches and string.

And many a night it has pilloved the head That rested in peace 'neath a sheltering tent That on some stream's bank, tree-protected, was spread; Where few but Dan: Nature's wild creatures e'er went.

Oh, if it could speak! It would eagerly tell Of its adventures through the thicket and thorn; In pursuit of the elk that fought nobly and well; And its pockets conceal the old hunting gear.

Or perchance it would whisper of morning's sharp chill; And rush-hidden boat in some lake at day's light; That it felt when the old hunting coat now adorns; Or yet it could speak of the favorite camp; Where the brook makes sweet music and soft breeze blow; And the odor of fire and wild flowers, dew-damp; And the leaping of trout where the slender weeds grow.

The broadcloth may scorch it, the woolen may sear; And their they're the things that a trapper may wear; Yet none of them offer the comfort and cheer And happiness found in the old hunting coat.

The old Frost Gate. When dahl's chillun in de house, They kin keep on gittin' tall; But de folks d' see to de gate, Dat dey's gro sin' up at all; De' de' de' out some f' de day; De' de' de' has sagged to grow; Wen dey notice ez dey pass; Dat de front gate's saggin' low.

Wen de hinges creak an' cry, An' de de' de' go an' lettin' down; You kin reckon dat his' down; 'Fu' to cas' yo' eye aroun'; 'Cause dahl ain't 'n' 'spittin' dis; 'Hill's de trues' sign to show; Dat dahl's con'tin' to be on; 'Wen de' of front gate saggs low.

Oh, you grumble an' complain, An' you creep dat gate up right; But you notice right nex' day; Dat his' in de same ol' plight; So you fat' de his' a traya sign; 'An' dahl ain' no use to blow; 'Wen de gate is growin' up; Dat de front gate will sag low.

Den yo' talk o' yo' young days, An' you so' o' feel a hamed; 'Fu' to grumble an' complain; 'Cause yo' f' de front gate; 'An' you know his' words is so; Dat his' PAPPY had a time; Wid his front gate saggin' low.

So you jes' looks on an' smiles; An' you leanin' on de gate; Try'n' to tink what he kin say; 'Fu' to keep him in so late; But you lets dat gate eride; 'An' yo' spurance goes to show; Two i de gate is mact'ed off; It gwine keep on saggin' low.

Ring a Ring o' Roses. When Phyllis dances on the green, Her air so winningly sweet; Beside the thorn bush I'd lean For half a day to watch unseen In pretty tripping feet.

When Chloe binds her Auburn hair With graceful curves and ring; I'd linger—if I might but dare!— Long hours beside her silken chair; To view those mirrored charms.

When Lohita lifts her lovely eyes From some divine romance; I'd kneel beside her where she lies; I'd kiss her forehead where the blue; To catch one melting glance.

But, oh! when glorious happy days, So heavenly in her tone; Such passion in her looks she flings; That forest all earthly charms;—Am I not Love's alone!

Chloe's Re-coated Case, Spittin' Forfeiture, Duvall, 17 Waterloo.

Oh, What a Snap!

\$1.85 Cash 35 Welcome Soap Wrappers FOR AN A1

CAMERA... GUARANTEED.

Covered with black pebbled leather—handsome in appearance and taking pictures 3 1/2 x 3 1/2 inches. Time exposure or snap shot. Apply promptly.

Buy the Always Reliable Welcome Soap And save the Wrappers



THE BEST READING - AT A BARGAIN -

The Offer of Progress To Send New Subscribers to it - THE - Cosmopolitan, Munsey and McClure's Magazines, All for Four Dollars. It is being taken advantage of by hundreds.

McCALL'S MAGAZINE (The Queen of Fashion) For 1899.

Will contain over 20 FULL-PAGE BEAUTIFUL COLORED PLATES—more than 800 exquisite, artistic and strictly up-to-date fashion designs—a large number of short stories and handsome illustrations—fancy work, hints on dressmaking and suggestions for the home.

ONLY 50c. A YEAR. And each subscriber receives a Free Pattern of her own selection—a pattern sold by most houses at 25c. or 30c.

No magazine in the world gives such big value for so little money.

When You Order... Pelee Island Wines BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND.

Four Crown Scotch Whiskey will soon be the Leading Brand on the market. As it is 15 Years Old one trial will convince you. E. G. SOOVIK, 62 Union Street.

Advertisement for Fry's pure concentrated COCOA, 200 GOLD MEDALS DIPLOMAS STRONGEST AND BEST.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.



BALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Halifax by the newboys and at the following news stands and centres. Monro & Co., Barrington street...

The season of Tennis at the Artillery Park has begun again. On Monday afternoon a large number of fair ladies...

On Tuesday evening there was a large dinner party at Government House. Among the distinguished guests present were Lord William Seymour, the Admiral, the American Consul, and a large number of the navy and military.

Mrs. and Miss Cowie leave on Wednesday next for New Brunswick, where they intended spending the summer months.

We are glad to welcome back again to Halifax Captain and Mrs. Craske. Mrs. Craske is looking exceptionally well, and Society is delighted to make the most gracious bow to one of its greatest favorites.

Miss Berry, a niece of Mrs. Foster, is visiting her aunt at the American Consulate.

Mrs. and the Misses Far, all have gone to Chester where they intend passing several weeks.

Among several pretty cottages lately erected at Chester, is a charming little villa which has been built by the Misses Murphy of Baltimore.

Mrs. Sedgwick arrived here last week from Ottawa, her many friends will be glad to learn that she will spend the summer in Halifax.



"YES OR NO."

When a young woman answers "yes" to the impetuous wooing of an honorable and ambitious young man, it depends largely upon her health whether she will be a happy or an unhappy wife.

A young wife who suffers from weakness and disease of the delicate and important organs that are distinctly feminine is sure to fail of happy wifehood.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription imparts health, strength, virility and vitality. It banishes the nausea and complaints of the expectant period and makes the little one's arrival easy and almost painless.

It insures baby's health and a bountiful supply of nourishment. Thousands of homes that for years had only needed the added tie of a baby to make them happy now resound with the laughter of happy, healthy children, as a result of the use of this remedy.

Over 90,000 women have testified to its marvelous results in writing. This wonderful medicine is the discovery of an eminent and skillful specialist, Dr. R. V. Pierce, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the great Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y.

By writing to Dr. Pierce, ailing women can secure the free advice of a specialist who has treated more women than any other physician in the world, and avoid the disgusting examinations and local treatment insisted upon by obscure doctors.

The 'Favorite Prescription' is sold by all good medicine dealers. Send thirty-one one-cent stamps to cover cost of custom and mailing, and for a paper-covered copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser.

Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Mr. Arthur E. King and Mr. R. B. Edmonds of St. John are among the passengers in the city.

Miss Maud McKeen leaves next week to visit her friend Miss Helen Young, Lunenburg, P. S.

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1899. GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S "THE ROUGH RIDERS" (Illustrated serial), and all his other war writings. ROBERT LEWIS STEPHENSON'S "LETTERS" (not yet before published).

NERVOUS INVALIDS. Find great benefit from using Puttner's Emulsion which contains the most effective Nerve Tonics and nutritives combined in the most palatable form.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists.

Dunn's Ham, Dunn's Bacon. Just received—Dunn's Ham, Bacon, Canned Ham, Canned Bacon, Devilled Ham, Pickled Pigs Feet and Spare Ribs.

R. F. J. PARKIN, 107 Union Street, BOURBON. ON HAND 75 Bbls. Aged Belle of Anderson Co., Kentucky.

THOS. L. BOURKE. Butouche Bar Oysters. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Butouche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch.

Cheap Rates to Montreal. Just one cent invested in a Post Card directed to G. A. Holland & Son, Montreal, will bring you a neat sample book of their magnificent line of Wallpapers.

Maypole Soap. The great home dye. Made in England. WASHES AND DYES ANY MATERIAL ANY COLOUR. NEVER "Streaks" or "Cocks." DOES NOT wash out or Fade.

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ROHEBUOTO. JULY 12.—Mr. W. H. McLeod visited St. John last week. Miss Bell Cole arrived home from Milltown N. B. last week and will spend her vacation with her parents Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Cole.

J. D. TURNER. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Butouche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1899

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S "THE ROUGH RIDERS" (Illustrated serial), and all his other war writings.

ROBERT LEWIS STEPHENSON'S "LETTERS" (not before published), edited by STANLEY COLWELL.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS: Stories and special articles.

RUDYARD KIPLING—HENRY VAN DYKE—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE and many others: Short stories.

GEORGE W. CARLE'S NEW SERIAL story of New Orleans, "The Estomologist"—Illustrated by Herter.

SENATOR HOAR'S Reminiscences—Illustrated.

MRS. JOHN DREW'S Stage Reminiscences—Illustrated.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS'S new collection of stories, "The Chronicles of Aunt Minerva Ann."

Q'S SHORT SERIAL, "A Ship of Stars"

ROBERT GRANT'S Search-Light Letters—Common-sense essays.

SIDNEY LANIER'S Musical Impressions.

C. D. GIBSON'S The Seven Ages of American Women—and other notable Art Features by other artists.

THE FULL, ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS, INCLUDING DESCRIPTIONS OF THE ABOVE, SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.

THE MAGAZINE IS \$3.00 A YEAR; 25c. A NUMBER. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 153 - 157 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

NERVOUS INVALIDS

Find great benefit from using Puttner's Emulsion which contains the most effective Nerve Tonics and nutritives combined in the most palatable form.

Always GET PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists.

Dunn's Ham. Dunn's Bacon. Just received—Dunn's Ham, Bacon, Canned Ham, Canned Bacon, Devilled Ham, Pickled Pigs Feet and Spare Ribs, Fresh every day, Sausage, Bologna and Henney Eggs, Lard in cakes and Tins.

R. F. J. PARKIN, 107 Union Street.

BOURBON. ON HAND 75 Bbls. Aged Belle of Anderson Co., Kentucky.

THOS. L. BOURKE

Bucouche Bar Oysters. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Bucouche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square.

J. D. TURNER.

ACME SWINGING HAMMOCK CHAIR. Adjusts automatically to any position by simple movement of the body without leaving the chair. The swing construction gives a perfect balance in any position—best of all firm, braced, canvas-clothed back, strong, fancy striped canvas. \$4.00 Will hold a person weighing 250 lbs.—1 fold.

The Scott Medicine Co., KINGSTON ONT.

Agents Wanted to COIN TEN DOLLARS A DAY OR given away with new life and vigor. 50 cents a box. ADDRESS:

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Promises in for sale in St. Stephen at the book-street G. S. Wall, T. E. Atchison and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at G. F. Truitt's.]

JULY 13.—J. W. Scovell left yesterday to rejoin his wife and child at Shedd's for a brief vacation.

The marriage of Miss Maud McKeown and Dr. S. Bonnell of Ferris, C. C., occurs at the residence of Mayor Clarke at three o'clock Wednesday afternoon.

Miss Ella E. DeWolfe is spending her vacation with friends in St. John.

James Murray, A. Cameron, and F. G. McFarlane went down river on Monday where they will spend a week or ten days camping out.

Miss Jean Sprague sang a solo most acceptably in the Methodist church last Sunday evening.

Rev. Thos. Marshall, who has been granted a month's vacation by the quarterly board of the Methodist church left, by Shore Line Tuesday afternoon for St. John. He will attend the high court of Foresters at Sarnia and from there will go to Shediac. Mr. Marshall will be absent about two weeks.

Miss Addie Starr has arrived from Boston to spend a vacation with her parents.

S. B. McClintock returned from Quebec city on Saturday, and left by Tuesday's train for Bathurst, N. B. where he is engaged by the local government on a lone survey in the vicinity of Nepesiguit river.

Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Dwyer's young son, Louis, has been quite seriously ill during the week, but is now improving.

Mrs. Chas. Vanstone and Mrs. H. M. Webber, with their children, spent Tuesday with Mrs. J. R. Dotson at Oak Bay.

Miss Nellie McDermott of Dumbarton, who has been a student at the St. Stephen business college during the past winter and spring, has very successfully graduated and is now fully prepared for entrance to the business world.

Miss Jean Sprague, who has been spending several months in town, left for home by C. P. R. on Monday evening. She will be greatly missed, especially in musical circles.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Harvey Gamson are enjoying a vacation with relatives at Long Point, Kings county.

Miss Alice Hogan of Calais is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Ward in St. John.

T. S. Laughlin, manager of the Thomas Laughlin company of Portland Maine is visiting relatives in town.

Mrs. C. E. Bresser and family are making an extended visit with relatives at Keewick, York Co. J. E. Sedgwick was in St. John last week.

Miss Carrie Marchie is visiting friends in Fredrickton.

Miss Gertrude Eaton went to Portland last week. Joseph McCormack of St. George is visiting Jas. McCormack.

Professor W. and Mrs. Gamson are in Westmorland county where they will spend plant life for four weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Welling and Miss Beatrice Welling of Andover are visiting Mrs. Welling's parents.

Mr. Fred Pickett is also visiting his parents having recently returned from New York.

Mrs. Wm. Prince and children St. John, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McCleod.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Harrison, St. John, visited friends here lately.

Miss Flossie Marley returned from a visit to St. John last week.

Mrs. Secord, St. John, spent Sunday the guest of Mrs. John Smith.

Miss Maggie Smith is home for the holidays.

Miss Georgia Balyea returned home on Saturday from St. John where she was attending the matriculation examinations.

Rev. H. A. Cody attended the synod at Chatham last week and returned home the last of the week.

Mr. J. Roy Campbell and family will spend the summer here they have engaged rooms at the "Acacias" the residence of Capt. Pastan.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Harrison were the guests of Mrs. J. A. Whippley last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Duval Whippley drove to Fredericton Junction last week, and enjoyed their outing very much.

Dr. J. B. Gilchrist returned from St. John on Monday.

Capt. Pastan spent a short time at home this week.

Mr. Tilly Belyea of Rat Portage is visiting relatives here.

WIVES OF THE RECRUIT. People who live by trying to swindle the Queen.

From time to time the public learns through the medium of police-court reports that some men are so anxious to fight for their country and their Queen that they enter the army again and again. None the less will it surprise most people to hear of the existence of the professional recruit—a man who gains a livelihood by joining dozens of regiments, regular and otherwise. Yet he is not particularly scarce. If the War office knows him not, you can find him in every large alarm in England.

"I've enlisted about thirty times," said a member of the fraternity whom the writer persuaded to unburden his conscience, "though a fellow I'm lodging with beats me. Four times I've passed for the line; the rest for the Militia. Passed, mind; I'm not counting rejections. I've been done pretty often once in a funny way.

"It was after I had deserted from the Army, and I was trying to get in again as a Johnny. Well, the doctor suspected me, and kept asking me questions. He looked hard at my tattoo marks for one thing, and wanted to know where I'd got them. I told him I'd been a sailor. At last he gave the order, 'C on thumbs.' In the Army that's done in this way—and, raising his hands over his head, with fingers outstretched, the man put his left thumb between the thumb and fore-finger of his right hand. 'Well, not thinking, I did it in the Service. He was off his seat in a crack. 'Out of that door, quick!' he said. It flashed on me what a mess I'd made of it, and I skipped pretty lively.

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"It's a good deal easier to get into the Militia than into the line. He was down on me at last, though. 'Didn't I pass you last year?' he asked. 'No, sir, impossible. Last year I was in New York city.' 'Ah! Now, what part of New York were you living in this time last year?' I was ready for this. 'I got off the name of one street, and I meant to stick to that. I gave him the name of this street. That was all right. When he had passed me as I was going on, of the doctor, he called me back. 'What was the name of the street in New York where you lived?' He thought he'd have me there. But I stuck to the name I gave before—the only one I knew.

"How is it possible to keep on joining the Militia?" asked the writer.

"You go to different regiments," was the reply. "Say the winter's coming on, well, you join. Directly you've passed the doctor you get a day's pay—eighteen pence—and eighteen pence for every succeeding day until you reach the depot, when you begin on sixpence. You are kept at the recruiting station till a draft is made up, and that sometimes takes six or eight days. At the depot you remain for five or six days for your training as a recruit, and when you come down there is 90s. for you. Well, fifty six days makes a hole in the wallet. Pop off to another town, join another regiment, and there you are—summer's coming round."

"But what about the annual training? Suppose a man belongs to two regiments that go up simultaneously."

"Well, I've done seven trainings in a year. If two Militias that you're in go up together, you can go to a sixpenny depot, get a certificate, and send it to explain your absence from one, and go with the other. The same thing won't happen next year. I was once due at A— a week before I had finished my training at B— so I had to fall back on the old year. I got a letter from home saying that my father had died suddenly. Would I come at once? That got me off. The next day I was sitting in the canteen at A—. Of course, you have a different name in every regiment, or the thing wouldn't work at all.

"There's another thing. If you're not careful, you may be sent as a recruit to a regiment you belong to. When you join in a big town, the sergeant looks down his list to see where there are vacancies. 'They want some men at C—,' he says. You'd better go there; so you pass that over. The next one you give a miss for the same reason. Then he comes to a regiment that you haven't yet tackled. 'Yes, I'll take that one,' you say.

"I wonder that the professional recruit is not often recognised."

"Between you and me, he is. The instructors often spot him, but they won't give him away. One time a lot of us, the morning after getting to a depot, were drawn up on parade. Presently, who at once came out to see us but the very man who'd been my own sergeant-in-chief in India? If I'd known he was there, I wouldn't have gone within a mile of the place. He looked us over, and then he sent off the Johnny Raws to the tailor's shop. 'As for you,' he said, turning on me, 'you'd better get to the guard-room. You're about the hardest-faced scamp I ever came across. You haven't

done drawing you receive pay yet, and you have the cheek to come here as a recruit. That's all right, I said, but I must be on ration. The wint' r's coming on.' At the Irish he laughed. Then I told him if he wanted to send me anywhere I should prefer the canteen to be the place. But he packed me off to look after some Johnnies. He knew very well I could help him lick the recruits into shape. No; the instructors won't do you. They like to get hold of a soldier, because he can make their work lighter. If anybody gives you away, it is one of your own lot."

"Are there many professional recruits?"

"More than you'd think, I'll be bound. Can you wonder at it? It's one of the best games going for a fellow that hasn't got a trade in his fingers. He's a set well—four meals a day now—gets sixpence a day while he's up, and 90s. when he comes down, besides a pair of boots, two pairs of socks, a shirt, and a blue jumper. The boots, which you've only worn a month, will pawn for 3s. 6d. and sell for 4s. The day after a man has 'flashed' his bounty he can always part with them for 4s. 6d. Now, that's from one training. When a man puts in five or six years he's doing well. And don't forget that he can keep that up for years, till he's done pretty nearly all the Militia. I know men who've enlisted in so many that they've had to go to India for fresh 'marks'; but they haven't played out a game even yet. In fact, a good many drop it only when they get too old or the doctor won't pass them."—The Bits.

FORTUNES SPENT ON FLOWERS.

The Large Amount Expended by People of Large Means.

But few people outside our immediate circle of customers have any idea of the enormous sums which society annually pays the flower growers, recently said a flourishing West-end florist to the writer.

At the beginning of the present season, not a little excitement was caused by the sensational price of £4,000 being paid by an American gentleman for a single carnation, which, in honour of his wife, he forthwith christened 'Mrs. Thomas W. Lawson.'

"But, high though this price undoubtedly was it is only exceptional in so far as it was paid for a single flower. Indeed, there are fully half-a-dozen West-end families that annually devote a sum ranging well into five figures for table and parlour decoration alone. And this, too, apart altogether from the large sums they pay from time to time for particular blooms—such as newly discovered orchids or flowers which, in order to excite the admiration of their guests, they insist upon procuring regardless altogether of expense, a month or so before the earliest bloom of the class are due at Covent Garden.

With regard to the orchids, much, of course, depends upon luck; for new species are seldom stumbled across, and once discovered, are quickly snapped up. The flowers are found in every conceivable place between Siberia and the equator, and from Borneo to Peru, and quite a small army of trained collectors are constantly employed in applying the London market. When they arrive at the London salerooms they are dried up, and almost unrecognisable to all but the most experienced eyes.

As much as 165 guineas and 215 guineas have been paid for two varieties of the orchids triana, whilst not less than 1,000 guineas was paid for that rare plant the cattleya reinckiana.

Perhaps one of the largest flower auctions in the world is that which is annually celebrated, upon the 16th of Corpus Christi, in the Villa Ortova at Teneriff. Tons upon tons of flower petals are used for this celebration, every street traversed by the procession being carpeted with them. The whole work is, however, labour of love. The supplies of petals are drawn from the villagers' gardens and surrounding fields; whilst the exquisite design and patterns with which the fragrant carpet abounds are worked into shap by scores of practised artists. The value of the blooms alone is estimated to run into many thousands of pounds.

In England it is calculated that upwards of 550 tons of primroses are used every Primrose Day for button-holes alone. Allowing an ounce weight of every other individual in the kingdom, and charging him at the usual rate of one penny per bunch, it will be seen that for button-holes alone upwards of £35,000 is annually spent upon these momentous 'flowers.' When to this sum is added the amount expended on the decoration of Primrose Lodges and private houses, the most moderate estimate will show that considerably over £100,000 is spent on this pale yellow blossom every year on Primrose Day.

Another huge floral fortune is that realised from the prime industry of the Riviera. This business which is at its height in May and June of each year, when the greatest number of blossoms are in season, is of truly Brobdingnagian proportions. In Grasse alone, one factory employs some three or four hundred workers for sorting, pressing, and bottling the produce of 215,000 acres; a flower bed by the way, which is upwards of 170 times the size of the City of London. The average weight of blossoms annually dealt with is 1,800 tons of orange blossom, 300 tons of rose, 247 tons of violets, and 127 tons of jasmine, not to mention innumerable loads of less used blossoms, of which no particular record is kept.

The famous rose essence, or 'attar,' of Constantinople is probably the dearest of all floral products. Popularly supposed to be worth a 'guinea a drop,' it changes hands at about £30 per pound.

It is plain English in this man that to: every three sovereigns you put into the weight pan of a pair of scales, you can take out four sovereigns' weight of attar. The roses themselves are grown upon the slopes of the Balkans, and five tons of roses are required to produce 1 lb. of attar.—The Bits.

Poor old Meekton.

Mr. Meekton was gazing at his wife with that inane and amiable fixity which comes into a man's face when he has been napping and is jaded of that fact.

"Leonidas," she said sternly.

"What is it, my dear?" he inquired, as he straightened himself up in his sleep-hollow chair.

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing is the matter," he said growing red in the face. "I haven't intimated that there was anything wrong, have I?"

"No. But you have been behaving rather queerly. Just now you gave a little start and exclaimed, 'Yes, Henrietta, I agree with you perfectly.'"

"Well," answered he, apprehensively, there isn't anything in that to take exception to, is there?"

"Are you sure you mean it?"

"Every word of it."

"You had given the matter due consideration before you spoke?"

Certainly. Do you doubt me, Henrietta?

"Oh, no. But I can't help attaching some significance to the fact that I hadn't uttered a word during the ten minutes previous to your enthusiastic indorsement of my sentiments."

"Well, to tell the truth, Henrietta, I had been asleep, and something awoke me, and I naturally supposed—that is to say, I took it for granted—'And then he gave it up."

How Animals Bear Pain.

One of the most pathetic things in the manner in which the animal kingdom endures suffering. Take horses, for instance, in battle. After the first shock of a wound they make no sound. They bear the pain with a mute, wondering endurance, and if at night you hear a wild groan from the battlefield it comes from their loneliness, their loss of that human companionship which seems absolutely indispensable to the comfort of domesticated animals.

The dog will carry a broken leg for days wistfully but uncomplainingly.

The cat, stricken with sick or stone, or caught in some trap from which it gnaws its way to freedom, crawls to some secret place and bears in silence pain which we could not endure. Sheep and cattle often meet the thrust of the butcher's knife without a sound, and even common poultry endure intense agony without complaint.

The dove shot unto death flies to some far-off bough, and as it dies the silence is broken save by the patter on the leaves of its own life-blood. The wounded deer speeds to some thick brake, and in pitiful submission waits for death.

The eagle, shot in mid-air, fights to the last against the fatal summons. There is no moan or sound of pain, and the defiant look never fades from its eyes until the lids close over them never to uncover again.

THINGS OF VALUE.

"This is a hard world," murmured the young man. "Yes," replied the "one doesn't realize how hard it is till one falls off a bicycle once or twice a week."

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for the ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of man's curatives being such that what is the germ of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the most unadulterated grade of malaria, the most insidious and fatal of all convalescence and strength, by its influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restorative, it relieves the nervous debility, restores vitality and interest in life is a disease, and by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result, thereby making activity a necessary result, thereby making activity a necessary result.

Doctor—"Now, my man, what is your father's condition?" "Stagnant—Dead," "No, no. What was his disease?" "No; before that, I mean. 'Alive, sir.'"

Nearly all intussus are more or less subject to diarrhea and such complaints, while teething, and as this period of their lives it is the most critical. Mothers should not be with out a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. This medicine is a specific for such complaints and is highly spoken of by those who have used it. The proprietors claim it will cure any case of cholera or summer complaint.

"Do you believe in the transmigration of souls?" "Not I. And you?" "I am convinced of it." "Indeed. Then who were the first?" "An ass." "When?" "When I left you that sovereign."

Totally Deaf.—Mr. S. E. Crandall, Port Perry, writes: "I contracted a severe cold last winter, which resulted in my becoming totally deaf in one ear and partially so in the other. After trying various remedies, and consulting several doctors, without obtaining any relief, I was advised by Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. I warmed the oil and poured a little of it into my ear, and before one half the bottle was used my hearing was completely restored."

"I noticed that the proprietor of the restaurant next door displays the choicest cuts and the most delicious-looking viands in front of the mirrors in his window." "Yes; he evidently likes to give the people food for reflection."

FURNITURE DISORDER.—At the first symptoms of internal disorder, Parson's Vegetable Pills should be resorted to immediately. Two or three of these a laity pills, taken before going to bed, followed by doses of one or two pills for two or three nights in succession, will serve as a preventive of all the train of that fall disease. The means are simple when the way is known.

"How's your son, the lawyer, setting on?" "Badly. Poor fellow; he's in prison." "Indeed. Yes. He was attacked by a burglar to steal his, and he made so good a plea in the burglar's behalf that the judge held him as an accessory."

Do NOT DELAY.—When, through debilitated digestive organs, poison finds its way into the blood, the prime consid ration is to get the poison out as rapidly and as thoroughly as possible. Delay may mean disaster. Farm Lee's Vegetable Pills will be found a most valuable and effective medicine to neutralize the intruder with. They never fail. They get at once to the seat of the trouble and work a permanent cure.

To Toughen Them.

Monsieur Calmo took his son to see the animals at the Zoo. The young man asked:

"Is it true, papa, that orang-utans cannot endure our climate?"

"They endure it perfectly, my son," was the reply, "but they have to be stuffed first."

Fitted.

"I think that I am peculiarly fitted to be a moralist," he remarked as he half closed his eyes and put the tips of his fingers together.

"Indeed?"

"Yes. I can see evil at a glance where most people would scarcely suspect its existence."

She'd Solve It.

"The gradual accumulation of wealth in a few hands," said the rich young man, "is a serious problem."

"True," replied the girl, "but there are, you know, some fields of human endeavor in which woman is pre eminent."

—Chicago Post.

PREMEDITATE

and don't buy silver-plated knives, forks and spoons marked with unknown names.

You get the best for your money when they are stamped.

W. W. ROGERS

"The kind that lasts."

SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO. Wellington, Canada.

Dr. Harvey's Southern RED PINE Cures Colds

25c. a Bottle. THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO., Montreal.

Printing!

Do you need any, or are you satisfied with what you already have?

Our printing is always satisfactory—what we do, we do well—we give good paper, good ink, good presswork and strive to have it suitable to your particular business and we give good measure too, no matter what printing you need. See us first.

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We will send you estimates and samples.

HOTELS.

Victoria Hotel,

51 to 57 King Street, St. John, N. B.

Electric Passenger Elevator and all Modern Improvements.

D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor.

THE DUFFERIN

This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the House, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men. It is within a short distance of all parts of the city. Has every accommodation. Electric cars, from all parts of the town, pass the house every three minutes.

E. LABOUE WILKES, Proprietor.

CAFE ROYAL

BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B.

WM. CLARE, Proprietor.

Retail dealer in..... CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS. OYSTERS PISH and GAME always on hand. (in season)

MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

QUEEN HOTEL,

FREDERICTON, N.S.

A. Edwards, Proprietor.

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

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock,

TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE.

ST. STEPHEN, N.B.

The "Loomis" Method; also "Synthetic System" for beginners. Apply at the residence of M. T. WHITLOCK.

MEXICO'S WASH PROBLEM.

Wife That Lead Tourists to Revile the Guidebook.

Of course guidebooks are prone to exaggerate, but their compilers deserve sympathy. For instance, how can one describe anything in this beautiful land and do it moderately? And after one has steeped oneself in old Aztec history, the Spanish conquerors, the viceregal days, the revolutions, the French intervention, it is harassing to the nerves to have some person from afar off declare that he does not believe a word of all that stuff; that the people are dirty, lazy, trifling liars, and all that outburst merely because a lavender has kept the week's wash too long.

How difficult it is for strangers to realize the needs of lavanderas. How are they to be made to understand that San Juan de Dios Moreno or Felipe de Jesus Montenegro, husbands of the derelict lavanderas, wore their pajamas to the fiesta at San Pedro de las Pinos, in honor of St. Peter himself, and, although they had promised not to do so, had remained out too late for the garments to be possibly laundered in time to be delivered on the day promised. Then it is not easy always to redeem articles cheerfully pawned at one of the many shops over Sunday. Unreasoning and unreasonable foreigners often subject these poor women to much discomfort by insisting and insisting over again that two weeks is a long enough time to have one's laundry out; that three weeks is an infliction and four unbearable. Some cases are even worse, according to the foreigner's view, as for example when the wash has been gone six weeks and the owner does not know the woman's name nor the number of her house, much less the name of the street. The poor lavandera! They would have a harder time still were they not thus protected by the names of their streets.

A man may storm and demand of innocent and uninformed people where in thunder is La Segunda Calle de San Sabastian el Seco, while his wife may timidly wonder whether it is near la Plaza de la Bala, Calle de la Concepcion or Calle de Tercoer Orden de San Agustin. The streets are a mile apart, but short and concise names are easily remembered and happen to come to her.

If the pajamas show the wear and tear of fiestas why worry these poor women? Cases where clothes never come back are comparatively rare and should cause no wonder, being readily accounted for by the extra number of saints' days falling in that age of the moon and making it necessary to wear some of the garments' oftener than was good for them to the scarcity of money consequent to so many non-working days. Then why in the name of charity, annoy poor people? By citing one instance it can be proved they are often so embarrassed.

A senorita from the United States of the North gave several dainty garments into the hands of Maria de la Luz Garcia, vinda de Villanuevo, servidora de Usted, which description goes to show that she was the widow of Villanuevo, at your service. She was recommended by all the servants of the house as well known to them honest and prompt. Lists were duly made for the two persons interested, and all promised to go merrily as the 4:30 A. M. church bells which save one from oversleep. Days, however, lengthened into weeks, and the clothes did not come. The criadas and mozos who had recommended her ransacked their brains and beat their chests as with uplifted eyes they tried to remember the name of the woman whom they had assured their senorita was Segura and a very dear friend to the loved commander of one of their number. Four weeks passed. One morning at 5 o'clock there was a knock at her door, and the senorita spring out of bed and rushed to open it, fearing fire or an earthquake at that hour. There stood Maria de la Luz Garcia vinda de Villanuevo, servidora de Usted. She was in haste as it was dia de su Santa, and she needed her money to spend appropriately on that day of days. Her hurry was so great that the formality of counting and comparing the lists was, in her opinion, a superfluous performance.

It is not being honoritis' saint's day, she did not feel such haste as the other party to the transaction. Several garments were missing, according to the senorita's list. Maria de la Luz had lost here, but, possessing a memory most wonderful, she felt sure every article entrusted to her was present. Could the senorita Americana refuse to a poor but honest woman he dues? one so prompt and just in her dealings with others that she could not rest until she had at this early hour delivered me ropellimpia, even before the miss in Santa Teresa's Church, which she was bound to attend at 6 o'clock? Would the senorita have the bound and kindness to pay her at once in order not to lose time, which to her was far

"Every Well Man Hath His Ill Day."

A doctor's examination might show that kidneys, liver and stomach are normal, but the doctor cannot analyze the blood upon which these organs depend.

Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies, vitalizes and enriches the blood. It cures you when "a bit off" or when seriously afflicted. It never disappoints.

Rheumatism - "I believe Hood's Sarsaparilla has no equal for rheumatism. It has done me more good than any other medicine I have taken." MRS. PATRICK KENNEY, Brampton, Ont.

Bad Cough - "After my long illness, I was very weak and had a bad cough. I could not eat or sleep. Different remedies did not help me but Hood's Sarsaparilla built me up and I am now able to attend to my work." MISS JACQUE, Oshano, Ont.



Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

more valuable than gold, yea, than anything save her character and reputation for dealing fairly with, especially the many and beautiful Americans of the North who are so rich and noted for their generosity and marvellous. The serorita was dazed for a moment by this torrent of words. Her studies had not carried her in Spanish beyond "Have you the clean clothes that I should have or have you those which I fear the niece of my mother's brother's sister will never see again?"

"No clothes, no pay," was the idea she intended to convey, and she succeeded, for the lavandera, who had felt it her duty to charge double for the remaining garments—how could she do otherwise and have money equal to the amount she had planned to spend when the wash was given her?—became indignant and declared the young lady must pay or she would have to be taken to the comisaria by a gendarme, and the chances were, be from there conveyed to the prison of Belem. Yes, how very sad that the simpatica Americana had so shattered her fond memories of former doings with those of that race and forced her to violent efforts in her own behalf!

Men are sometimes a long time arriving at a conclusion that a woman reaches with one bound, as said that American who reasoned thus: "The woman is robbing me; I am not robbing her; she needs a policeman to take her to the station, and I shall tell her so." With words well chosen from her vocabulary she informed the washerwoman that she must return the garments or go at once to the comisaria with a policeman whom she was going to summon from the corner below by way of the window. The echo of steps going rapidly down the stairs, through the patio

and out the big Zeguan was music to the ears of the listener, who had made a big bluff and won. She was afraid of the woman's threats, but knew she was in the right herself.

The question now in her mind was whether the money due for the clothes returned at double the contract price, will pay for those missing. As they were bought in a gold country and lost in a free silver land Col. Bryan is appealed to decide.

Thus it is that the poor lavanderas are frequently pestered as the old Southern mamies would say, by inconsiderate travelers. What wot they that people with tickets and time limited to thirty or ninety days and wishing to see many parts of the republic ere there return do not feel that so much time can be devoted to the sending out and getting in of their laundry? Far better for the nerves to do as did one man from somewhere, who sent out each week's wash by a different lavandera—all warranted secure as the planets. Being a busy man, not in the habit of attending to his laundry bill even, he forgot all but how well he was keeping up with his laundry business. When his friends complained that they had no end of trouble over their bills he smiled complacently and answered to himself: "How strange; there must be something wrong with those other fellows. I never have any of the trouble they speak of." Then the wife came from somewhere and began inquiring into his wardrobe. The supply of fine underwear was reduced to those he wore. Where were the rest? It dawned upon the careful man with the smile that he could remember sending things out. As to receiving them again, that was where his memory failed him. Did he lose his wardrobe? Not one stitch. One by one those good faithful women appeared after an average delay of three weeks each.

Should inquire the name of the child's parents, whereupon Mr. Bernard Osborne jumped up and said, "It's a wise child that knows its own father; why it's Lord John Russell's baby." The House shrieked with delight, while Lord John blushed and protested in vain.

After a time the disturbed debate was continued, and soon the watching members saw the tiny fingers relax their hold on the grille, and the infant was taken away protesting loudly against the indignity.

In the 1886 Parliament, when the battle of Home Rule was so bitterly fought another baby found its way into the House in the middle of a heated debate, in which party spirit was running higher even than usual. More than once the child's voice was heard above the thirring of tongues, with the inevitable result that the Serjeant-at-Arms was sent to remove the stranger.

The stranger, however, had different views, and refused to be coaxed or coerced. At last stronger measures were resorted to, and he was carried off by his mother, shrieking and kicking with a vigor that put to shame all Parliamentary methods.

The House was highly amused at the struggle; but the climax of delight came when a witty Irish member jumped up and cried out, "Shure, sir, it's only another of the childish objections to home rule." Not many months the wife of a well known Liberal peer paid a visit to the House of Lords accompanied by her three year old son. The budding legislator had no great regard for Parliamentary etiquette and soon his comments reached the ears of the Lord Chancellor.

The mother anticipated late, and tried to take the boy away, a proceeding to which he strenuously objected, filling the Senate House with cries of "I sha'n't go, mamma! Leave me alone." This was too much even for the gravity of the Lords; and when the Marquis of Lansdowne tried to extenuate matters by saying that it was "natural for the minority to be opposition," the House to a man, broke into undistinguished merriment.

The Serjeant asked the Speaker if he

Advertisement for Surprise Soap: A pure hard Soap. SURPRISE SOAP. MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY.

Why is it? A saleswoman sees phases of human nature that are seldom revealed under other conditions, and there is enough of truth in this sketch to make it interesting to both sexes.

The saleswoman whose duty it is to wait upon men was not thus engaged. She had gone to serve a woman, who proved to be an extremely hard customer to suit, calling for one style after another. The serjeant was becoming discouraged and beginning to feel as if she didn't care whether a sale was made.

At this point another saleswoman said to her, "Maud, there's a man," and came to relieve her of the uncomfortable customer. "Thank goodness!" exclaimed Maud, as she started towards the counter where her men's gloves were sold.

"What would you like to see, sir?" she asked of the man who was waiting. "I want a medium shade of brown, with wide stitching on the back, and fastened with a button instead of a clasp."

The saleswoman placed a varied assortment before him. Quickly selecting a pair, he exclaimed, "Just what I want" and had one glove fitted. It suited him exactly and having paid for his purchase he left the shop.

Now what sort of gloves does the reader think this man purchased? They were a dark shade of brown, not medium; they had a narrow stitch on the back, not wide; they were fastened with a clasp, not with buttons.

Perhaps some man can answer this question: "Why do women like to wait on men better than on their own sex—because men are so easily pleased, or because they do not really know what they want?"

Does Tea Induce Sleeplessness? No; good pure tea, properly steeped will prevent a healthy person from sleeping—on the contrary, a tea like that sold in Tully's Elephant Brand packets, is a nerve tonic, and distinctly beneficial.

A Mild Suggestion. "Is this the ladies' cabin?" "Yes."

"Then why don't you write to Postmaster General Smith?" "What for?"

"To have it excluded from the males."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Here comes that treacherous sister of mine!" exclaimed an actor once, as the door opened, and the person representing the hero's sister should have appeared on the scene. Instead of that lady, however, a big black cat sprang upon the stage, whereupon the sister coolly went on, "No, it's but her ghost."

Some of the Stranger Visitors in the House of Commons.

The English House of Commons has many strange visitors and many diverting moments; but even an Eastern King or a dusky African chief does not excite a tinge of the interest, and certainly none of the delight, that a casual infant visitor arouses. Babies are naturally very rare and privileged guests of the Houses of Parliament; but when they do gain the entrance they never fail to make their presence felt, and usually at an unpropitious moment.

Many years ago, when Lord John Russell was Prime minister and leader of the Commons, a very grave debate was broken into by a child's voice piping out from the ladies' gallery, "Oh, mamma, dear, there's papa!" For a moment the House was horrified at such an irreverent interruption. The Speaker, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, looked very grave, and summoning the Serjeant-at-Arms directed him in a voice which was heard all over the House, to "go to the and request the lady in charge of the the squalling baron to leave the house forthwith."

The Serjeant asked the Speaker if he

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of mortgage bearing date the twenty-third day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety four, and registered in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the City and County of St. John as number 65387, in Book 50 of Records pages 20, 21, 22 and 23, on the seventh day of February A. D. 1894, and made between William Thompson of the City of Saint John in the City and County of St. John and Province of New Brunswick and Mary Knox of the same place, widow of the late James Knox of the one part, and George E. Fenety of the City of Fredericton in the County of York and Province aforesaid, Queen's Printer of the other part, there will for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured and made payable in and by the said Indenture of mortgage default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at public auction at Chubb's Corner, so called, in the said City of St. John, on SATURDAY, THE TWENTY-SECOND DAY OF JULY NEXT, at the hour of twelve of the clock noon of that day, the lands and premises in the said Indenture of mortgage described as follows: That is to say:—

"A LL THAT CERTAIN LOT, PIECE OR parcel of land situate lying and being in the city of Saint John aforesaid and bounded as described as follows:—Beginning at the South West Corner of Duke and Westworth Streets thence running along the Southern side of Duke Street forty feet in a Westerly direction thence Southerly and parallel to Westworth Street one hundred and five feet thence Easterly parallel to Duke Street forty feet to Westworth Street thence Northerly along Westworth Street to the place of beginning."

ALSO, "All that certain other piece or parcel of land situated fronting on said Westworth Street as described as follows beginning at a point on the Westerly side of Westworth Street and extending one hundred and five feet from Duke Street thence Southerly twenty one feet on Westworth Street thence Westerly at right angle to Westworth Street eighty feet thence Northerly parallel to Westworth Street twenty one feet thence Easterly eighty feet to the place of beginning."

Together with all buildings erections and improvements thereon Dated the eighteenth day of May A. D. 1899. GEORGE E. FENETY, Solicitor to Mortgagee.

Advertisement for Four 4 Dollars: FOUR 4 DOLLARS - YOU CAN HAVE - Progress, and those popular magazines - Munsey McClureAND..... Cosmopolitan sent to your address for one year. DON'T MISS IT! You can't AFFORD to miss it, if you have time to read, and want CHEAP and GOOD reading matter. P. S. - Old subscribers can secure the magazines upon renewing for 50c. extra or \$4.50 in all.

PRIZE SOAP
PLAY DAY

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At this point another saleswoman said to her, "Maud, there's a man," and came to relieve her of the uncomfortable customer.

"Thank goodness!" exclaimed Maud, as she started toward the counter where men's gloves were sold.

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ALSO, "All that certain piece or parcel of land situated fronting on said Wentworth Street described as follows beginning at a point on the Westerly side of Wentworth Street one hundred and five feet from Duke Street thence Southerly twenty one feet on Wentworth Street thence Westerly at right angle to Wentworth Street eighty feet thence Northerly parallel to Wentworth Street twenty one feet thence Easterly eighty feet to the place of beginning."

Together with all buildings erections and improvements thereon.

Dated the thirteenth day of May A. D. 1894.

GEORGE B. FENETY,
ACRAE & SINCLAIR,
Solicitors to Mortgagees.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1899.

BLUEBEARD'S COUNTRY.

BRITISH CRIMINALS STILL COMING TO BRITAIN.

Murders Like Those Described in Celtic Ministry Charged Against the Late Descendants of an Ancient Celtic Family—Celtic Customs.

A reader of French newspapers may observe that the crimes of the peasant classes in France are generally conceived with incredible crudity and executed with callousness. The stupidity of the farm murderers who destroy his master's family for the sake of the few gold pieces whose possession must inevitably betray him; the awkward hanging of the country poisoner with the herbs which he gathers in broad daylight; the heedlessness of the assassin of priests whose knife is uncleaned of blood as he hurries from one lonely presbytery to another, are characteristics repeated over and over again in the criminal records of French provinces. Apparently the stagnant life of the furrow and the ditch with its hopeless lack of future, renders the peasant as incapable of looking beyond the moment's satisfaction as the cattle in his fields. But common as is this brutal thoughtlessness of the rural criminal through out France, it is especially noticeable in Brittany, in whose remote hamlets an indifference to human suffering seems a survival from the medieval period.

The Druid-haunted country of the Celt, where fervent catholicism is strangely tinged with gross paganism, and the old heathen gods offer fifteen centuries still shoulder the christian saints at every cross-road, has given birth in all periods to unusual phases of character. Into Brittany's honorable array of patriots and martyrs monstrous criminals intrude, and one of these, the infamous Gilles de Retz, is exorcised in every nursery to-day as Bluebeard, although his castle of Champtoux has long since crumbled upon the green slope of the Loire. But there are others whose accursed memory ancient ballad and black letter chronicle keep alive—from the mythically villainous stepmother of Tristan of Lyonesse with her poisoned cup, and Dahut.

the daughter of King Grallon, whom the accusing sea overwhelmed in her city of Is, the Breton Sodom, and many another fierce creature of legend, down to Guy de Feronnelle, who, in his Chateau de Beaumanoir, near Dinan, used the blood of maidens to warm his age-chilled limbs, and that horrible sire de Giac, who, at his execution by order of the Duke of Richmond, begged that his right hand might be cut off before he was killed, because he had given it to the devil, and through it the devil might carry him off bodily—it is such stories as these that the Breton ballads repeat—stories of weird torture and strange sin, and, as the folk songs of a people portray its history, there is a deep significance in the almost unbroken gloom of Celtic minstrelsy.

If, as Deben asserts in 'Ghosts,' all sorts of dead ideas and lifeless old beliefs walk in us, then perhaps the primitive nature of the Armorican, keenly imaginative and impressionable, is haunted by the exhalations of that ancient debauched land in which he dwells. The armies of the Roman, the Frank and the Gael, of England and of the League and of the Revolution have laid waste its fields. Back of history loom the creators of those most mysterious of all monuments, the great dolmens and menhirs which are scattered all through Brittany. Their mere aspect evokes a sense of awe, and it is easy to believe the stories of strange rites still practiced beside their heavy shoulders in many a lonely parish. In every Breton district the sinister names of river and heath and cliff perpetuate old horrors and fancies of fear—Lanleff, the 'Land of Fear,' Koutaoren, the 'Wood of Bones,' Daualas, the 'Place of Two Murders.' But the newspapers of to-day record tragedies of solitary hamlets as primitively passionate as those of the times of Tristan and Lancelot, and no more vivid commentary upon the elementary constitution of the Breton peasant can be found than in the reports on Lower Brittany.

The town of St. Brievé whose dull streets retain an air of monasticism which one senses imparted by its founder, the early monk, stands in the border La Breizhige province, as a Frenchman calls it, where only Breton is spoken. Beyond lies a wild moorland country where the peasant at wedding puts on the embroidered waistcoat worn for generations by ancestral folk, grows with its naturally ac-

comes all the hereditary beliefs and customs. Life changes little with the centuries in those dusky farmsteads, sunken in mire and reached only by deep-rutted lanes just wide enough for the passage of a ox. It is in this district that a chapel dedicated to Our Lady of Hate exists from Celtic times, and the singular statue of Venus at Quimiply not far off is still worshipped on foggy nights when the priest is away.

In the commune Ploufragan, about three miles from St. Brievé, there stands, half hidden by its shrouding trees, an ancient manoir, once belonging to the Seigneurs de Queralang des Esarts. Of the true Breton type, with round turrets at its four corners and a surrounding wall whose loopholes were once supplemented by a moat long since dry, the old seigneurial, half manor, half grange, is sunken to-day into desecration. The slime of a filthy barnyard oozes about its deserted gateway over which the carved escutcheons of the Queralangs is still piteously visible, and the stones of the winding stair have fallen asunder so that the house's occupants are limited to a single living room, entered through the cow stable. Most of the ancient keeps which stud this country are haunted in the green melancholy of their decay by the crimes of long dead chateaux, but the gloom of the manor house of Queralang has deepened in recent days.

It was the last descendant of this old Breton family, the latest occupants of the manoir, who were tried for murder at St. Brievé. Through the printed pages of the report one sees the isolated village of St. Herve, the dismal old house among its trees, the dim peasant rooms and their beds, with carved doors, and huge oaken wardrobes; one perceives the bestial dirt and misery of the crowded farms and the coarse goring and drunkenness of holidays, and hears the screaming and laughter which at nightfall gave the house of Queralang a bad name in the countryside. To be sure the crime of the lover of Aimee Queralang, aged 20 years, was merely that of an incontinent husband. The widow of the murdered man sat beside her lover in the dock a pretty woman with a plump rosy face beneath her farding cap, tempting enough to a ruined gentilhomme with nothing to do but lounge in the hedgerows with a gun. Each frantically accused the other. Peasant witnesses repeated the terrified predictions of the victim, a hard-drinking farmer of St. Herve: 'My wife is sure to get the best of me! I shall not last till St. John's Day! I shall not see the peas in blossom again!' Others testified that when the farmer was found with his skull crushed in a field near his house, a brandy bottle still clutched in his hand, his wife showed very little concern: his dog, who was jealously guarding the body, said a neighbor, 'wept many more tears than she!' But the vehement denials of the pretty widow seemed to have convinced the jury of her innocence, and Aimee de Queralang was sentenced to imprisonment for life.

But the crudeness which marked this elemental drama did not characterize the case of the convict's sister, Aimee de Queralang stood accused of the murder of her first husband, who, like the man to whom she was now married, was a small farmer of St. Herve, inferior to her in birth and education. In the ancient hall of the palais de Justice this tall, handsome young woman, dressed in the scrupulous black of the North Breton peasant, and the stiff white cap with wide upturned wings, sat directly unmoved while one after another of her neighbors testified to the peculiarities of her widowhood. They stood stolidly before the judge, clumsy women in flapping caps and thickly gathered skirts, men who sheepishly dangled their wide-brimmed hats, the village constable in his laced uniform, the county doctor and the school-mistress, repeating a curious story.

At dawn, one winter morning, the accused had run screaming and bloodstained from her house in St. Herve. Her husband of whose evil eccentricities she had lately complained, had gone mad in the night, she said, and after trying to strangle her had blown his brains out with a gun. Later in the day, when the constable roused the house, he found Aimee's mother, la Mere Queralang, whom people called a witch, laughing and joking beside the bed where lay with candles burning at his head. At sight of the uniform the old woman cried out, 'We are all lost!' and then, perceiv-

ing that nothing was amiss, began to dance before the bed with laughter. But just then the midday Angelus rang from the church tower, and the dancing beldame, fell upon her knees and prayed for the soul of the departed.

The farmer was buried as a suicide, but his family suspected his young widow of his murder. They believed that her accomplice was a young man of the village who died suddenly a month later. When the suicide's little daughter who had babbled to schoolmates of a range sounds heard in the house on the night of the tragedy died also at the end of a year, the whispered gossip grew louder. But Aimee, now remarried, stoutly maintained her innocence, and she preserved her firm bearing in court even when her child's religion was repeated, 'Mamma doesn't sleep any more since the night when she killed papa!'

Some of the witnesses testified reluctantly, confessing to a dread of the witch spells of the old sorceress mother, and one of them frankly admitted that his memory of the matter was hazy, because 'we were all drunks as we always are at funerals.' A strikingly dramatic scene took place when the prosecution demanded that the jury should visit the place of the supposed crime with the accused. On the heavy table in the ancient smoke blackened kitchen of the house at St. Herve stood a single white object, pale in the greenish obscurity—the skull of the dead man, which had been disinterred. Against the wall the great closed bed, in which the death had taken place, stood with its carved doors slid open and its piled-up pillows and scarlet counterpane revealed. When the woman was bidden to show in what position she lay while her husband drew the trigger of the gun, she consented very coolly. Her head was, as usual, covered by a very elaborate cap, and, lest she should disturb its starched perfection, she removed it before lying down, and set it upon the skull of her late husband!

In spite of surgical testimony affirming her guilt Aimee de Queralang was acquitted. She returned to St. Herve and to the second husband, who had taken no part in the trial, and no doubt resumed the old squalid life again, but one fancy that other ghosts than those of ancient crimes must haunt those gloomy stony lanes for her.

Only a year after the rehearsal of this singular medley of vice and witchcraft the dismembered body of a farmer of Plerin, a village in the same district was bound in the little river Gouet, which empties into the channel at St. Brievé. The bag of coarse sack which contained the head had been caught in a mill wheel, else it must have been swept out to sea and the crime probably remained undiscovered. Thereupon the other portions of the body were recovered—perhaps by the method still practiced in that neighborhood of searching for a drowned person, according to which a candle is fastened lighted upon a loaf of black bread and set adrift upon the water; it will float until it reaches the spot where the body lies and then come to a standstill! That the sacking bags had been sewed up, not tied, gave a clue to the sex of the criminal, and the police soon discovered that Pierre Henry had been murdered by his own wife.

The murderess was brought to St. Brievé for trial, and sat in court a pale and tragic figure, resolutely mute, with her eyes steadily fixed upon the great crucifix above the bench. It was the old Breton conflict between drunkenness and avarice told over again. The husband had come home drunk in the winter night to his lonely farmhouse, and the wife, enraged at his squandering of her little hoard, and still further excited by his mandrin laughter, had struck him dead with a spade. That night she slept placidly close to his corpse, and in the morning cut up the body and sewed it into bags, imitating, no doubt, unconsciously, the great Du Guesclin's sister, Julienne, who threw her treacherous waiting maids fastened in sacks into another Breton river. After dark, in the midst of a furious storm, she made two trips to the Gouet—whose name singularly enough, signifies the River of Murder—and sank the bags with stones in the water. Some peasants who saw her heavily laden figure struggling down the descent had supposed her to be a smuggler and charitably looked away. To the policeman who first confronted her with the mangled fragments of her husband she said simply: 'He was drunk—I killed him. If every

woman did as I did there would be fewer drunkards! She was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment with hard labor.

Here is one last glimpse of the darker side of rural life in Brittany. The wild line of jagged rocks and cliffs which fringes the coast of St. Brievé terminates at Brest, the great seaport of Brittany. Among the headlands of this dangerous shore rises a promontory called Le Roudi, a few miles east of the entrance to the roads of Brest. In the first country—desolate, treeless and cropland—which spreads inland from this fierce crag, a peasant named Fanch or Francois Poi has lived miserably all his years. The sterile fields were beyond the influence of such a culture as he could afford; but recent years his thatched roof had fallen in and, worst of all, the baker to whom he owed fifty francs had refused him further credit. Without that hard black bread life became definitely impossible.

So one September morning Poi and his wife spent their last francs in the buying of sabots for their barefoot children, bade their friends in the little muddy hamlet a solemn farewell, and with their children started out across the fields to find the sea. From the height of Le Roudi they descended to the beach and sat down together to wait until a fishing boat lying in the shoal water should hoist her tawny sail and put out to sea. Then when the fishermen had sailed beyond their sight the father took his 3-year old son in his arms, the mother carried the baby and the third child walked between them. So hand in hand, a living chain, they waded into the water very shallow for a long distance, but the poor desperate creatures walked steadily on. Presently the mother stumbled in the long kelp and fell dragging with her two little girls. They disappeared immediately, weighed down by her heavy wollen skirts, and a moment later the father tore the clinging arms of his little son from his neck and threw him into the deep water to sink at once. Then he himself struggled back to the shore and some fishermen found him lying on the turf of the cliff's edge and weeping aloud.

'I am waiting till the tide turns and brings them back to me,' he said. 'I must live till I can bury their bodies in consecrated ground.'

They led him to the parish church, whose gaunt granite nave had heard no stranger confession than his, and he was arrested and tried for murder. But he made no defence on his trial. 'I am more unhappy than any my dead wife and children,' was his constant cry: 'throw me bound into the sea—I want to die!'

And the merciless jury imprisoned him for life. Probably the prison seems luxurious to him in contrast with his home.

CHASING THE BOOKMAKERS.

A New Form of Swindle That is in Vogue Now at the Racetracks.

A race-track bookmaker has troubles of his own. The outside public that attends the races casually and provides the money that keeps the racing ball rolling is apt, in the philosophic mood which generally characterizes the journey home, to conclude that the men who lay the odds have a 'snap.' But it is not so. Many are the contrivances by which the really knowing ones among the followers of the races manage to secure for themselves a very large slice of the money gathered in by the bookmakers. Innumerable are the conspiracies concocted by horse owners, jockies and professional 'punters' to outwit the 'ring,' and not a few of them are successful. Moreover, such is the nature of their business at the mercy of their own employees. New means of fraud are springing up every day that keep them thinking to circumvent and which seriously deplete their treasury. One of the latest swindles seems not to have received from its victims the attention it deserves.

When a bet is made with a bookmaker the fact is recorded on his sheet with the number of the bettor's admission badge. After the race has been run the maker of a winning wager has only to show his badge in order to receive his winnings. In the hurry and excitement that precede a race it is almost impossible for the man who takes the bets to keep the accurate mental record of them all; he managers to retain a rough idea of the amount of money he risks on each horse, but of the individual bets, especially the smaller ones he cannot possibly keep track, and it is just here the opportunity arises for this new swindle.

For weeks persons wearing admission badges have been frequently approached toward the end of the day by men who ask for the badges, managing to give the impression that they are enthusiasts of the kind that collect postage stamps or theatre programmes. They are generally successful in their quest; for there are many who go to the tracks who have no use for the badge after they enter the gates, or, at most, after they have taken their luck in the ring on one or two races. The numbered badge secured, the swindler

for such he is, makes for the betting ring and while the race is being run sidles up to the particular sheet writer with whom he is in collusion. He keeps his eye on the finish, and the moment the winner has passed under the wire he whispers the horse's name to his confederate and the sheet writer records a bet of as large an amount as he thinks safe on that horse, at the same time taking down the number of the admission badge the other has just managed to beg from an unwitting outsider. A moment later, when the makers of winning bets line up in front of the bookmaker's stand to secure their cash the chep with the outsider's badge is sure to be found occupying a prominent place in the line.

By this ruse, which is being worked with great industry just at present, just at present, a single bookmaker might be cheated out of anything from \$5 to \$50 a day if his employees are dilatory to their trust.

THE UNLOCKED TURTLE.

The Queer Freaks of This Delicate Creature.

'While preparing an evening meal,' says Prince Maximilian of seaweed in his 'Tour in Brazil,' and collecting dry wood on the beach, we found a colossal turtle on the point of laying its eggs. Nothing could have been more grateful to the hungry company.

'Our presence did not disturb the turtle. Four men lifted it from the ground, but it evinced no other sign of restlessness than than puffing and blowing; and the moment it was put down again it began throwing up earth with its fin-like hind feet. One of our soldiers laid himself on the ground beside the turtle, put his hand in the hole, which it had excavated, and threw out the eggs as fast as the animal laid them. About a hundred were collected in this way in ten minutes. This turtle usually lays from ten to twelve dozen of eggs.

'Turtles often crawl up to the sea and traverse a distance of from five hundred to a thousand feet on the shore to deposit their eggs. Jungbluth found hundreds of turtle skeletons on the coast of Java, many of them five feet long and three feet broad. Some of them were bleached, but others were still fresh and bleeding. In the air-multitudes of birds of prey were circling. This is the spot where the poor turtles are attacked by wild dogs. These savage animals, in packs of twenty or more, attack every available spot of their luckless victims; they bite its head, paws and tail, and manage to turn it over. They then tear up the stomach shell and feast on the flesh and eggs.

'Sometimes the turtle escapes and reaches the sea, dragging the tugging dogs after it. Sometimes, too, the tiger regains himself on the turtle. Jungbluth's Javanese drove off a tiger which was worrying a turtle, and seized the still living prey, which six men could scarcely carry.'

COFFEE MAKING IN PUERTO RICO.

The Primitive Manner in Which an Industry is Conducted.

Coffee-raising, although the leading industry of Puerto Rico, is still carried on in most primitive fashion. When the bean is planted, slips of some quick growing plant are set out to furnish shade the first year, and small trees are planted to afford a more permanent shelter for the future. The coffee plants come into bearing the second year, but are not in their prime until the fifth. The pickers come in October—whole families, from father and mother to youngest children,—and work from early dawn until dusk. The earnings even of the head of the family, are seldom more than fifty cents a day.

The outer pulp is removed from the coffee berry by a roller studded with hob-nails, revolving in a case just large enough to allow the kernel to pass while the pulp is strapped off.

The process of drying is still extensively performed by the heat of the sun, large cement floors being laid, on which the coffee is spread in shallow heaps. In one town the entire public square is leased every week-day to a single dryer. A hundred men file out every morning to spread the coffee, and the approach of a shower precipitates a scramble that could be duplicated only on a New England farm in hay-time.

The skin or hull, which envelops the kernel, is removed by machinery as simple as the 'pulping-mill.' The coffee is then washed in great cylinders with a little bluish water, which imparts the color and peculiar bouquet by the French market, where most of the Puerto Rican product is handled.

Picking over by hand, and sorting according to grade, make the coffee ready for the shipper, to whom it is brought on pack-mules, over almost impassable roads. The advent of American enterprise will doubtless stimulate the coffee industry in Puerto Rico, and will certainly increase the present low consumption in the United States. In quality it is said to be equal to the best mixture of Java and Mocha, and its price is much lower.

HIS "COMRADE."

(Continued.)

"Come and have some tea," she said, "and leave Art for more commonplace matters. And Rex is going to sing."

"He doesn't want me—do you Rex?" as Dare came forward, and he laughed.

He was a thorough musician, and Gertrude played the accompaniments in the prevalent young lady slipshod fashion.

Notes and times counted for nothing in her hands, and Rex kept the lover and the musician distinct.

"Sydney is so good as to accompany me," he said. "You like listening better, Gertrude."

Sydney felt that Gertrude, though she laughed and acquiesced graciously, did not like this preference; albeit, it was only a musical one.

The girl listened, and drank her tea, whilst her thoughts were busy with the problem which she must solve in the next few days.

She saw, with foreboding, Tyrell go up to Rex and talk to him on the conclusion of the latter's song, and she set her teeth.

She wondered what Rex would think of this man.

The other callers began taking leave, and Tyrell also made his adieux to the hostess, leaving only Rex and Gertrude, who remained for that more familiar chat dear to friends when an "At Home" is needed off the crowd.

"Where did you pick up that dreadful person, Sydney?" Rex said, laughing, when these three were alone. "I saw him at the View the other day; but he only spoke with me to-day. Not your sort."

"I didn't pick him up," rejoined the artist. "Merton brought him, and I was rather surprised when he came in to-day. I couldn't very well turn him out, could I?"

"Wasn't the matter with him?" said Gertrude.

"He's a cad!" returned Dare, uncompromisingly. "I don't mean that he does anything exactly 'off,' but he's 'off' altogether."

"Of course; he isn't our sort," Gertrude said. "I think he's horrid. He got hold of me over those photographs, and bored me to death. Heigho!"—stiffing a yawn—"is he trying to get into society?"

"I suppose so. I shall snub him," said Sydney.

"De—oh de!" cried Gertrude, with such unnecessary warmth as made Rex laugh. Sydney laughed, too—yet was conscious of an uneasy feeling also. Why should she have it? Was she letting her artistic imagination run away with her, or was she, after all, allowing a paltry jealousy to warp her sober judgment? She was conscious of no such feeling, but she knew it was not the first time she had had the question recurring to her. After all, what did she know of Gertrude Brereton?

And when Rex and Gertrude went away the girl sat long, perfectly still, by the fire, thinking, and trying to make something definite out of chaos.

Why did Tyrell change countenance so strangely when he saw Gertrude's portrait? Why was Gertrude so unaccountably startled and upset when she saw him in the ante-studio?

It was strange! Gertrude was not what one calls a nervous person, not easily startled, yet she had nearly fainted because an unexpected form rose from the lounge; then, again to-day, Sydney could have sworn that those two were not talking about the photographs, and to her keen senses, Gertrude's remark, as she—Sydney—approached, did not sound natural, but as though intended for her to hear.

"It's a tangle!" the artist said to herself. "And I can say nothing! I would he heed me if I did? Oh! My my poor Rex. If—it—but why should I anticipate? It would break his heart."

"Yet would he?" was echoed somewhere in her soul; was it the best—the highest—that a man can give, that Rex Dare was giving to this beautiful little butterfly? If happily even there lay nothing deeper, more sinister, than the irresponsible frivolity of a butterfly beneath the ethereal loveliness which had stolen Rex's heart, if not his soul.

Sydney rose to her feet, after a long time, with a sigh, and fetched a book, and tried to read, but somehow, the charm of what she read failed of its object.

She threw the book away and went to the piano, and began playing in the twilight.

How lonely and still it was, and how very dreary everything.

She started up with an impatient sweep of her hand over her eyes.

The hand was a little wet, and Sydney closed the lid of the piano with an angry self-contempt, and scolded herself for a fit of 'artist depression.' Lighted the lamps, shut out the fading daylight, went to her room, put on her hat, and left the house, without any particular aim but to walk off her restlessness.

In the Brompton Road an omnibus going to Tottenham Court Road passed her and that, trivial circumstance turned the current of three lives.

Sydney hailed the bus, and got in.

"I'll go and have a chat with Rose," she said to herself. "She's sure to be in."

Rose was a young musical artist, a friend of Sydney's, living in Gower Street, and Sydney, alighting at Tottenham Court Road, walked up that thoroughfare, and made her way into the one which was her destination.

CHAPTER V.

It was quite dark by the time Sydney got into Gower Street; the sky was dull and overcast.

The street lamps did not throw much light, except in their immediate vicinity, so that, when a cab stopped a little distance ahead of Sydney, and a female figure got out and paid the driver, the artist scarcely noticed her.

The cab drove away, and the fare, who wore cloak, walked on, at a not very quick pace, some twenty or thirty yards in advance of Sydney.

Something in the form—in the walk—struck the girl with a vague reminiscence. She seemed to know the one ahead, and yet could not identify her in her own mind.

Then the figure passed under a lamp; and recognition suddenly struck Sydney with a shock that, for a second, rooted her to the spot.

What in Heaven's name was Gertrude Brereton doing in this neighborhood, alone and at this time?—for Gertrude did not belong to the ranks of professional life.

She was a young lady living in society, more or less, and totally unaccustomed—so it appeared—to going about at night unattended.

And she had no friends about this part of the world—at least, Sydney had never heard her mentioned any living there.

Could she be mistaken?

It was someone like Gertrude, perhaps. Yet Sydney knew she was not mistaken—knew in her heart that this was Gertrude and that this was made in secret.

Sydney's resolution was taken, though her soul revolted at playing the spy.

But the issues were too momentous to allow her to shrink from doing so now.

All manner of terrible surmises came to her mind—conjectures, questionings; and through all, inevitably, she conjured Hargrave Tyrell with Gertrude's visit to these parts.

Sydney did not know whether he lived about here or not; but thought it likely, since Merton, his friend, lived in Bloomsbury Square.

She followed the cloaked little figure, herself keeping as much as possible in shadow; but Gertrude never turned round, and kept straight on, never faltering, or looking to see whether she were right or no.

Evidently, Sydney thought, with an inward gasp, she knew her way.

She turned down Torrington Street, crossed Gordon Square, and turned north, pursuing her way as far as a street leading to the Euston Road.

In this she stopped at a house about halfway up.

Looking for the name of this thoroughfare, Sydney found it was Malpas Street.

Scarcely breathing, the artist paused a little way off and watched.

The door was opened by a middle-aged woman, who looked like a lodging-house landlady.

Gertrude asked a question evidently, and was admitted.

The door closed, and Sydney asked herself what it all meant.

It seemed like a dream, and yet it was all so real, so painfully real.

What should she do? Wait and see when Gertrude came out, and accost her, or let her go apparently unrecognized?

Was it any business of hers?

But supposing this young girl was involved in any sort of mischief—was in some difficult, even compromising position, from which she could not extricate herself—she was very young, and might even have done some wrong through ignorance. If Sydney could save her, help her, had she the right to stand aside because it "was no business of hers?"

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As swiftly, but still at a little distance, Sydney followed; and in Gordon Square Gertrude stopped a passing hansom, got in, and was driven off.

Sydney drew a breath of relief. Gertrude was, in all probability, safe on her way home. So far, so good. But the matter could not rest here. She must speak either to Rex or to the girl herself, for Gertrude's own sake.

Yet, Sydney shrank from interfering, from seeming to make mischief. It was possible that even Rex might misjudge her, and think that some feeling of jealousy and prompted her to see wrong or frivolity where there was no cause.

On the other hand, the highest and purest motives would equally accuse anyone to save a girl from possible consequences of folly, if no worse.

At any rate, her duty was clear; and Sydney, having once made this out, was not going to shrink from doing it.

The next morning, Rex himself gave her the opportunity, by coming into her studio.

The flushed a little, but gave him her hand with her usual bright smile of welcome.

He sat down in the low chair by her easel, just as he always used to; but there had been an interval when the habit had become somewhat broken.

Perhaps it was this which made Sydney paint in silence for a minute or two, and Rex also silent.

She was the first to speak.

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And Sydney told Rex of the circumstances of the evening before, explaining how she herself came to be in the neighborhood. "Though," she added, "I never went to see Rose after, all; I feel toneasy."

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A Port Hope Lady Undergoes a trying experience, from which she is at last freed by the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Mr. F. J. ARMSTRONG, one of Port Hope's best known citizens, has followed:

"My wife has had a terrible time with her heart for the last fifteen months.

"The pains were intense, and she had a smothering feeling together with shortness of breath, weakness and general debility. Medicine seemed to do her no good, and we had about given up trying when she started to take Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. They have toned her up wonderfully.

"She is stronger to-day than she has been for months, thanks to Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I am sure, there can be no better remedy from their remarkable effects in Mrs. Armstrong's case."

Liver Pills cure Constipation, Sick Headache and Dyspepsia.

of yours in the hospital, go in the daytime, and take someone with you. I won't have you running about alone. Now, go and get ready, and I'll take you to the gallery."

"Thanks, you are also I cried Gertrude, clapping her hands. She thought she had got very well out of the wood. "I feel ever so much better now you know all about it."

And away she skipped, light hearted as any child, thought Rex, who looked after her with a curious ache at his heart nevertheless.

He half-sighed, and wondered if Sydney would be as relieved as he was at the perfectly natural explanation which Gertrude had given of her proceedings last night.

Strange how much heart and goodness lay under that child's sometimes rather frivolous exterior.

He himself even had—well, lately—hardly been able to fancy Gertrude by a sick bed, craving intention in order to comfort a poor old nurse; but, of course, she was so young and undeveloped.

No one can tell what lies in the character before life has well begun for it—not even those who love the undeveloped one most deeply and tenderly.

CHAPTER VI.

Gertrude has explained everything to me, Sydney, said Rex, the next day, to his 'comrade.'

He came into the studio, where the girl was busy at work, and plunged at once into the subject, in an off-hand manner.

"She went to see an old servant, and was afraid to let anybody know lest she should be prevented. She promised me not to go again, alone. Besides, the old lady has been removed to a hospital, so that's all right."

"I am very glad," answered Sydney, brightly.

In her heart she was doubtful if it was all right, or that Rex was, in truth, as satisfied as he persuaded himself; but she was not going to let him see this, if she could help it.

Yet, the very absence of comment must have struck him as strange.

He did not, however, make any remark on this, which showed that both were skating on thin ice.

Having made his explanation, Rex chatted a few moments in a desultory sort of way, and then departed.

When he was gone, Sydney covered her face with her hands.

Her heart was wrung for him.

"Is he beginning to find out?" she half-whispered. "He is not the same as he used to be; he is changed, somehow. Has Gertrude spoken the truth? I can't think so, and yet—I hate to think otherwise. I wish—"

What she wished in her heart did not come over her lips; perhaps it was to indefinite to be put into words; yet, a knock at the door, followed by the entrance of the art critic, Mr. Merton, gave it instant shape.

Sydney welcomed him with her usual bright cordiality; she was always glad to see him, and for a time they chatted about art matters, Sydney seeking an opportunity of bringing in the subject which was uppermost in her mind.

"By the way," she said, laughing, "your friend, Mr. Tyrell—she had hesitated, then went on—"is he a great friend of yours?"

"Why, do you want to abuse him, you naughty girl?" answered Merton, smiling.

"No; he's not a great friend of mine, and between you and me and the gate-post he's no very great connoisseur in art matters."

So I judged. Truth to say, I don't know very much about him; nor do I think he's nearly so well off as he gives himself out to be. Rich Americans don't camp down between Oxford Street and the Euston Road."

Sydney drew a silent breath, but only answered, laughingly.

"I don't know. What of Russell Square boarding-house?"

"But he doesn't live in one, my dear child; he's got rooms somewhere farther north. What the deuce is the name of the thoroughfare? Oh, Malpas Street—that's it."

"Malpas Street! I know it—a very decent place. What is his number? I know a girl living that way," said Sydney.

Her heart was throbbing quickly, but she spoke quite naturally.

"Thirty something. Stay—I've got it here. I've such a bad memory for addresses that I always put 'em down. Here it is—tumbling in his pocket for his address-book—"thirty-four."

"My friend is at thirty-eight," answered Sydney. "Shall I ask Mr. Tyrell to my next 'at home'?"

"There'd be no harm; he might buy a picture or two," returned Merton, with a twinkle in his eye. "I fancy he does that kind of thing on commission for some New York rich nobody, who doesn't know a picture from a dump, and pass someone to know for him!"

"And who doesn't?" said Sydney, gravely, "whereas the art critic shrugged his shoulders and laughed."

"So," thought Sydney, when he was gone "that is his address, and Gertrude went to see him! Great Heavens! what a tangle it seems! Yet, she may have been to see an old servant lodging at the same house. It would be a coincidence—a strange one."

She could easily ascertain, but the duty was not to her taste.

Was it her duty—was it her business to, (CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE)

Are You Bilious

THEN TRY

Parsons' Pills

and get relief, and you will never use any other medicine to cure Sick Headache and Bile's Complaint. They contain no injurious or harmful ingredients.

Best Liver Pill Made

to cure Biliousness, it what physicians say of PARSONS' PILLS. Sold by Druggists or sent by mail, enclosed for 25 cents. Full particulars sent free. J. B. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass.

Sunday Reading

The Uses of Affliction.

Take up thy burden without murmur or complaint, 'Tis from his hand whose only thought for thee is good...

Count thou all wrongs as among thy richest gain, Thy greatest trial is his best and choicest gift...

They are the messengers that check and thus restrain, And to the higher things they wandering thoughts uplift.

They are the medicine for healing thy soul, Watch thus in love the Great Physician doth apply...

When we shall come from out these shadows dark and grim, And see the light in his light, and know as he doth know...

They were our life; proofs of his constant love and care; They turned us back from doubtful ways to him aware...

Who of his will and presence made us thus aware And in whose light the path of duty stood out plain...

Through tribulations and through trials great, O Lord, Through crucifixion, self-renunciation, pain, Have all souls passed before they reached their great reward...

Who would reach the crown must stand upon the cross, Who would win heaven's smile must not regard earth's frown...

What earth esteems as greatest gain must count as loss, All that it has but baubles me an beside his crown...

Count, then, the trials and the ills he sends as proof Of his great love, his watchfulness and tender care; He plans thy life in all its threads and weaves...

And every burden laid on thee he helps to bear, Take up the cross, remembering what he bore for thee...

Reproach and shame, despised, forsaken by his own, Gethsemane's deep agony, and Calvary, That he might prove his love and for thy sins atone...

The Daughter of Jairus.

The resurrection of the daughter of Jairus is a twin miracle to the raising of the widow's son at Nain...

And with the miracle of Jairus' daughter, that of the woman with the issue of blood is inextricably intertwined...

The subjects of both were women, one being older and the other younger; and both exhibited the sympathy and tenderness of the Saviour toward their sex...

The first word in this double miracle was, 'Who touched me?' And this brings out two things. First, it reveals the sensitiveness of Jesus to Faith...

The multitude thronged him, many of them, no doubt, pressing on his person; but such touches sent no thrill to his heart...

When, however, the woman of faith touched the hem of his garment, at once he was aware of it. The law still holds, and has innumerable exemplifications...

Human beings may be near Christ; they may be in the throng of professors naming his name; they may be in the crowd of hearers listening to his Word...

And yet between him and them there may be no contact—they may be receiving no good from him, and he may be unmoved by them...

But, let the humblest child of Adam, in humility and misery, breathe to him one prayer, or cast to heaven a single look, or in any other way make a genuine movement of the heart toward him...

And instantly a circuit of sympathy is formed, which makes his heart in Heaven throb with divine joy, while it brings down blessings to 'the suppliant on earth...

Often at a communion, as I have stood looking over the crowded pews, had this scene occurred to me, and I have wondered how many were merely thronging Christ, and how many were touching him...

Secondly, the question, 'who touched me?' was a challenge to confession. The woman had got what she wanted; for she instantly felt in her body that she had been made whole...

And she intended to slip away without anybody being the wiser; but Jesus turned round and easily marked her, as a thief—after his deed is done—is detected trying to escape from a crowd...

She turned round at his word, and, seeing his inevitable eye fixed upon her, and recognizing that it was of no use to attempt denial, she came back, and in the presence of all confessed all the truth...

and was not yet callous to suffering. At last, with tears flooding his grimy face, he cried out:

'I can't stand it no longer, boys; I'm going to take that poor fellow my canteen.'

'For answer to this foolishly speech one of us stuck a cap on a ramrod and hoisted it above the pit...

'Water! water! Just one drop, for God's sake, somebody! Only one drop!'

'The tender-hearted boy could stand the appeal no longer. Once, twice, three times, in spite of our utmost remonstrance, he had tried unsuccessfully to clear the pit...

'You never heard such gratitude in your life. Perhaps there was never any like it before. The officer was for tying his gold watch on the stick and sending it back as a slight return for the disinterested act...

'He took our congratulations calmly. We said it was the bravest deed we have seen during the war. He did not answer. His eyes had a soft musing look...

'It was something I thought of, he said simply. 'Something my mother used to say to me. 'I was thirsty and ye gave me drink,' she said. She read it to me out of the Bible, and she taught it to me until I could never forget it...

'About the beautiful word spoken to the dead girl, 'Talitha, cumi,' I might repeat all that I have said before about the similar phrase spoken to the widow's son at Nain; but I prefer to do it in the words of a sweet singer, not long ago gone to his rest—the late Dr. Robertson, of Irvine, whose poem on this theme is worthy of wide diffusion:

'Maiden, to my twelfth year come, I have read in Scripture story Of a damsel cold and dumb.

The Bravest Deed. A group of old soldiers, both Confederate and Federal, were recently swapping stories of the Civil War. At last they fell to comparing the greatest acts of bravery that each had known...

'It was a hot July day in 1864, and General Grant was after us. Our men had hurriedly dug rifle pits to protect themselves from the Federal sharpshooters, and dead and dying Feds were lying up to the very edge of those pits...

'In one of the pits was an ungainly, raw redheaded boy. He was a retiring lad, green as grass, but a reliable fighter. We never paid much attention to him, one way or another...

'The wounded had been lying for hours unattended before the pits, and the sun was getting hotter and hotter. They were suffering horribly from pain and thirst. Not fifteen feet away, outside the rifle pit, lay a mortally wounded officer who was our enemy...

'As the heat grew more intolerable this officer's cries for water increased. He was evidently dying hard, and his appeals were of the most piteous nature. The red headed boy found it hard to bear them. He had just joined the regiment,

and was not yet callous to suffering. At last, with tears flooding his grimy face, he cried out:

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Seal Brand Coffee is pure coffee of the very choicest quality. Beware of Spurious Imitations. CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

AN AMERICAN IN SEVILLE.

He Proved That the Boldest Course was the Safest.

'One of the Americans who was in Spain last year when things began to grow hot' relates in the Baltimore Herald an experience which seems to show that, under such circumstances, the boldest course is the safest...

'I was advised,' he says, 'to call myself an Englishman, but whenever I had occasion to write my name I put 'Baltimore, U. S. A.' after it.

'I reached Seville two weeks before the declaration of war, and the landlord of the hotel looked upon me as a madman to register as I did. I rather expected trouble, and I was not disappointed.

'An hour after my arrival I went down to dinner, and there were four Spanish officers seated at my table. As I sat down they all rose and left, loudly declaring that they would not eat in my company. I simply laughed and went on with my meal.

'As I left the dining-room a Spaniard rubbed against me on purpose. In the office another jostled me, and as I paid no attention, a third stepped up and blew out the match I had struck to light a cigar. As he did so I struck out and knocked him half-way across the room.

'They were fishing for a duel, and in the course of half an hour the fellow's seconds were at my door. As the challenged party I had the choice of weapons. I was sure that with revolvers I could drop any man at ten paces, but even after a fair duel they would have torn me to pieces.

'I therefore determined to 'make a bluff' of it. To the amazement and disgust of the seconds I insisted on shooting over a handkerchief. They realized that this meant sure death to both principals. Indeed, I illustrated the position to their satisfaction.

'They went away to report, and came back to stick to ten pieces.

'Then I demanded bowie-knives and a dark room. Their principal refused this, and I made a concession. I suggested that we be turned loose in a grove in the suburbs, each armed with a club, but this didn't suit at all.

'I kept the seconds running back and forth for two days, and my last proposition was that we be lashed together and flung into the river and allowed us our teeth only. They gave it up after that, and I was treated with more respect than I could have gained by killing a man at ten paces.

The Cost of a President. The people of the United States pay \$21,400 per year for a President. A village of 614 people pays about 4s. The salary of the President is £10,000, but in addition to this the nation pays £8,800 for his private secretary, clerks, messengers, and other assistance; £3,200 for furniture and repairs; £800 for fuel, and for the greenhouse £800. Thus the incidentals come to considerably more than the President's salary.

This seems a large sum, but no other nation of consequence gets along so cheaply. The President of the French Republic gets a salary of £24,000, and an allowance of £8,500. As a set-off against these sums, it is a notable fact that the President of the Swiss Republic has an annual income of £600, while the little Andorra Republic—the smallest in the world—is governed for about £3 per annum.

Some Amusement After All. An English nobleman, whose entertainments are noticeably dull, is nevertheless himself a man of much dry humour. One evening he was leaning against a wall for a few moments' refreshment, and surveying the throng of guests gathered at his wife's bidding with a speculative gaze, when a voluble young man stepped up to him.

'Pretty slow, isn't it?' volunteered the lively young stranger. 'I wonder if the parties Lord and Lady—give any never any fresher than this.'

'Never,' returned the unrecognized host, promptly.

'Then I shall make my bow and take myself off at once,' said the young man.

'Lack fellow,' said Lord—, with a whimsical smile; 'I'm obliged to stay.'

Something in his tone enlightened the young man, who turned crimson and began to stammer apologies. But his host waived all such attempts, and held out his hand to his unwise guest. 'You can go with a clear conscience,' said he, pleasantly, 'for you've given me the only amusement I've had this evening.'

A WELL KNOWN FARMER

Of New Glasgow, P. Q. Says:

"Paine's Celery Compound Saved My Life."

Mr. Dunbar Had Been a Sufferer For Fifteen years.

Hospital Treatment And Patent Medicines Failed to Cure Him.

Six Bottles of Paine's Celery Compound Made Him a New Man.

WELLS & RICHARDSON Co., Montreal.

GENTLEMEN—After fifteen years of terrible sufferings from that most miserable of all troubles, dyspepsia, I have been completely cured by Paine's Celery Compound, and I am delighted to make my experience known for the good of sufferers who have not yet found the great dyspepsia banisher.

During my long years of agony, doctors in St. Jerome and St. Lin prescribed for me and attended me, and for a time I was in the Montreal Hospital, but all the best medical aid failed to meet my case. I had also used a great many patent medicines, but they failed to give the results they promised.

A friend who had successfully used your Paine's Celery Compound advised me to give it a trial, and I now thank Heaven for my deliverance from a slow death. After using six bottles of your wonderful medicine I am perfectly cured, feel younger, stronger and more active; I can sleep, eat and do all my work now with pleasure. Paine's Celery Compound certainly saved my life.

Yours sincerely, JOHN DUNBAR, New Glasgow, P. Q.

The Trolley in Germany.

Mr. William Dean Howells in his latest novel 'Their Silver Wedding Journey,' which is a charming story of travel, and in a way a continuation of 'Their Wedding Journey,' delicately satirizes the American trolley by a description of the German:

'The conductor of the trolley car, which they hailed at the street corner, stopped it and got off the platform, and stood in the street until they were safely aboard, without talking them to step lively, or pulling them up the steps or knocking them in the back to make them move forward. He let them get fairly seated before he started the car, and so lost the fun of seeing them lurch and stagger violently, and wildly clutch each other for support. The Germans have so little sense of humor that probably no one in the car would have been amused to see the strangers flung upon the floor. No one apparently found it droll that the conductor should touch his cap to them when he asked for their fare; no one smiled at their efforts to make him understand where they wished to go, and he did not wink at the other passengers in trying to find out. Whenever the car stopped he descended first, and did not return till the dismounting passengers had taken time to get well away from it. When the Howells got into the wrong car in coming home, and were carried beyond the street, the conductor would not take their fare.'

And Tumors cured to stay. Paine's Celery Compound is a powerful blood purifier, and cures all skin diseases, such as eczema, psoriasis, and other eruptions. It is sold by all druggists and chemists.

Best Liver Pill Made. Cure biliousness in what physicians say is the best. Paine's Celery Compound is sold by all druggists and chemists.

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of yours in the hospital, go in the daytime, and take someone with you. I won't have you running about alone. Now, go and get ready, and I'll take you to the gallery.

'Thank you, you are nice,' cried Gertrude, clapping her hands. 'She thought she had got very well out of the wood. "I feel ever so much better now you know all about it."

And away she skipped, light hearted as any child, though Rex, who looked after her with a curious ache at his heart never-theless.

He half-sighed, and wondered if Sydney would be as relieved as he was at the perfectly natural explanation which Gertrude had given of her proceedings last night.

Strange how much heart and goodness lay under that child's sometimes rather frivolous exterior.

He himself even had—well, lately—hardly been able to fancy Gertrude in a sick bed, craving intonation in order to comfort a poor old nurse; but, of course, she was so young and undeveloped.

No one can tell what lies in the character before life has well begun for it—not even those who love the undeveloped one most deeply and tenderly.

CHAPTER VI. 'Gertrude has explained everything to me, Sydney,' said Rex, the next day, to his 'comrade.'

He came into the studio, where the girl was busy at work, and plunged at once into the subject, in an off-hand manner.

'She went to see an old servant, and was afraid to let anybody know lest she should be prevented. She promised me not to go again, alone. Besides, the old lady has been removed to a hospital, so that's all right.'

'I am very glad,' answered Sydney, brightly.

In her heart she was doubtful if it was all right, or that Rex was, in truth, as satisfied as he pretended himself; but she was not going to let him see this, if she could help it.

Yet, the very absence of comment must have struck him as strange.

He did not, however, make any remark on this, which showed that both were skating on thin ice.

Having made his explanation, Rex chatted a few moments in a desultory sort of way, and then departed.

When he was gone, Sydney covered her face with her hands.

Her heart was wrung for him. 'Is he beginning to find out?' she half-whispered. 'He is not the same as he used to be; he is changed, somehow. Has Gertrude spoken the truth? I can't think so, and yet—I hate to think otherwise. I wish—'

What she wished in her heart did not come over her lips; perhaps it was to indefinite to be put into words; yet, a knock at the door, followed by the entrance of the art critic, Mr. Merton, gave it instant shape.

Sydney welcomed him with her usual bright cordiality; she was always glad to see him, and for a time they chatted about art matters, Sydney seeking an opportunity of bringing in the subject which was uppermost in her mind.

'By the way,' she said, laughing 'your friend, Mr. Tyrrell—she half hesitated, then went on—'is he a great friend of yours?'

'Why do you want to abuse him, you naughty girl!' answered Merton, smiling.

'No; he's not a great friend of mine, and between you and me and the gate-post he's no very great connoisseur in art matters.'

So I judged. Truth to say, I don't know very much about him; nor do I think he's nearly so well off as he gives himself out to be. Rich Americans don't camp down between Oxford Street and the Easton Road.'

Sydney drew a silent breath, but only answered, laughingly.

'I don't know. What of Russell Square boarding-house?'

'But he doesn't live in one, my dear child; he's got rooms somewhere farther north. What the deuce is the name of the thoroughfare? Oh, Malpas Street—that's it. Malpas Street! I know it—a very decent place. What is his number? I know a girl living that way,' said Sydney.

Her heart was throbbing quickly, but she spoke quite naturally.

'Thirty something. Stay—I've got it here. I've such a bad memory for addresses that I always put 'em' down. Here it is—tumbling in his pocket for his address-book—"thirty-four."

'My friend is at thirty-eight,' answered Sydney. 'Shall I ask Mr. Tyrrell to my next at home?'

'There'd be no harm; he might buy a picture or two,' returned Merton, with a wink in his eye. 'I fancy he does that kind of thing on commission for some New York rich nobody, who doesn't know a picture from a dump, and pass someone to now for him.'

'And who doesn't?' said Sydney, gravely, whereat the art critic shrugged his shoulders and laughed.

'So,' thought Sydney, when he was gone but in his address, and Gertrude went to see him! Great Heavens! what a tangle seems! Yet, she may have been to see an old servant lodging at the same house would be a coincidence—a strange one. She could easily ascertain, but the duty was not to her taste.

Was it her duty—was it her business to, (CONTINUED ON SEVENTH PAGE)

Are You Bilious THEN TRY Parsons' Pills Best Liver Pill Made

Didn't Dare Eat Meat.

What dyspeptics need is not artificial digestants but something that will put their stomach right so it will manufacture its own digestive ferments.

For twenty years now Burdock Blood Bitters has been permanently curing severe cases of dyspepsia and indigestion that other remedies were powerless to reach.

Mr. James G. Keirstead, Collins, Kings Co., N. B., says:

'I suffered with dyspepsia for years and tried everything I heard of, but got no relief until I took Burdock Blood Bitters.

'I only used three bottles and now I am well, and can eat meat, which I dared not touch before without being in great distress. I always recommend B. B. B. as being the best remedy for all stomach disorders and as a family medicine.'

The Newest Books.

Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts has the following review of the books of the week in the last issue of the Washington Saturday Evening Post: In the latest book of his, The Awkward Age, Mr. James carries both his manner and his method to their utmost extreme. He turns his back on the curious experiments which have lately occupied him, and displays more richly than ever before those qualities of style and of construction which his readers expect of him. Moreover, as it seems to me, he makes such happy escape as he has never achieved before from the defects of those qualities; which is but another way of saying that I suspect this book of being a strong candidate for the position of his masterpiece. I cannot speak of Mr. James' work as a quite impartial critic, because I am in the category of oft-disappointed admirers. After giving us books which one could only praise with thanksgiving, he became, it seems to me, so enamored of his method, so intoxicated with his subtle analyses and his inimitable spinning of psychical cobwebs, that he neglected to provide raw material for his marvelous craftsmanship to work upon. The substance of his art became too tenuous. Moreover, in seeking a precision beyond preciseness his transparent phrases grew too long and let the attention slip. It became possible, even, to let a new book by Mr. James go unread in the faith that the one to follow it do just as well. But now the master has aroused himself. Here, in these exquisite pages, every character reveals itself before us gradually, inevitably, as in ordinary life. The workmanship is astonishingly solid and sincere. There is no cheap artifice; there are no startling situations to force the leading actors to show their hands, as it were, and so suffer themselves to be conveniently labeled. On the contrary, each man, woman, child uncovers his heart unconsciously, under this wizard's sleepless eye. The consistency of the drawing, the delicacy of the shading, are beyond praise; and under this Meissonier delineation of a brilliantly complex life we perceive little by little the essential simplicity of human motive.

How it Feels to be Young. So admirable a book as the one just spoken of puts the reviewer in a good humor, and as a consequence I find myself unwilling to write of any of those new stories which mouth brings forward except such few as I can praise. Mr. Le Gallienne's venture to prophesy that it will be more plentifully misunderstood, and will be more knocks than nuts. It is so absolutely unpretentious, so absolutely simple, that the critics are more than likely to demand of it what it never gets out to give. As a story it is quite the slightest thing imaginable. The acts and feelings—more particularly the feelings—of a very modest English household constitute the whole material. The Young Lives which focus the reader's interest upon themselves are those of the eldest son and daughter of the household and of their respective loves. The fortunes of these four are traced only through those few but ostentatious years when childhood is hastening to quench its hopes in experience. The scene is laid in two adjoining commercial cities called Tyre and Sidon, which would seem, on fairly adequate evidence, to be Liverpool and Birkenhead. Not a great deal happens, at least from the point of view of a dull 'grown-up.' In fact, as one thinks the story over one wonders why it did not seem dull in the reading. Yet it held the interest from start to finish in a way that no mere delicacy of craftsmanship, no mere niceties of style and fancy could do for any length of time.

The story has very much the air of one of those Prose Fancies in which Mr. Le Gallienne has given us hitherto, perhaps, his most distinctive and permanent work. It has delicacy and adequacy, and a sort of radiant suggestiveness throughout, as have so many of the Prose Fancies. But it has much more. Sincerity, earnest and simple human feeling, and vivid presentation of character are not perhaps the most usual excellences of Mr. Le Gallienne's work; but they are markedly in evidence

here, and they make this slender book a very noteworthy success. There are some pungently transparent portraits of contemporaries, and there are grounds for suspicion that the work is nothing less than autobiography in disguise. But this, though heightening its interest, does not effect its importance as a piece of literature. Its most marked defect, I think, is one which too often shows itself in Mr. Gallienne's work—that of sentimentality. His sentiment is good; his sentimentality, when he falls into it, is not less unpleasant than that of less distinguished persons. Many of the pages which deal with the hero and his Angel are rather cloying to a robust taste. A New Writer Worth Watching. In the volume of short stories called Men's Tragedies I find qualities which seem to me very like those we associate with the word genius; but I find them mixed with great immaturity. Such a task as that of The Man Who Fell could only be written out of a plentiful inexperience of life. The hero of it would be desperate funny if there were not a certain por' lurking about every page and enforcing respect. There is a unity of motion and manner running through all the stories, and bringing them together in such a way that the book produces a definite effect and gains an air of bigness seldom achieved by a collection of short stories. The interest is sustained, in the main, by the intensity with which the author feels his situations. Though I have spoken of immaturity, there is little of this fault to be found in the style, which is almost always admirable. It continually shows the kind of excellence which comes not by taking thought, but by favor of the muse. It seems to me worth while to watch what Mr. Ristey may do next.

A Title That Tempts Critics. Mr. Henry Seton Merriman shows courage in all his books; but surely it was sheer audacity in him to give his latest work such a title as Dress. It is tempting Providence, and the critics—which is, of course, much the same thing in the end. In fact, the story is rather light and cheap, for Mr. Merriman. It falls far below such a book as The Sowers in epigrammatic sparkle, in incisiveness, and in conscientious differentiation of character. Compared with this writer's very best it savors of pot boiling, as must be the despair of many a serious writer. This story races through an ingenious plot to a surprise that does not miss fire, and plenty of bright things are said and done by the way. It is a book to read with pleasure, if time hangs heavy, and then to give away to some other unoccupied person. CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

General Wallace is running out his long career as a soldier, statesman, diplomat and author peacefully and happily at Crawfordville, Indiana. The author of Ben Hur is not the first member of his line to be distinguished. His mother, who died recently, was revered among women club members the world over, and his father, who had served the Hoosier State as Governor and Congressman, was one of the foremost men of his time. The elder Wallace was a broad and liberal statesman with illimitable faith in the progress of the nation. It was owing to this faith that he lost his seat in Congress. The Governor represented an Indiana district in the Congress to which Professor Morse's telegraph scheme first unsuccessfully appealed for aid. Among the chief advocates of the invention was Governor Wallace. He spoke and voted for the appropriation to carry out the work. After the session he found that the rural portions of his district were solidly arrayed against him. Even in the towns the business men were opposed to the expenditure of the public funds for such a chimerical scheme as the much-ridiculed plan of sending messages by electricity on simple wires, and the campaign was one of the most bitter in Hoosier politics. "Don't vote for a man who wanted to give the Government's money away to an electric telegraph" was the opposition cry, and it won. A few years later the telegraph had become a success. It did not send the

Headache Hood's Pills While they rouse the liver, restore full, regular action of the bowels, they do not gripe or pain, do not irritate or inflame the internal organs, but have a positive tonic effect. 25c. at all druggists or by mail of C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Governor back to Washington, but the telegraph company, in recognition of his services, sent to him and his family a frank during his lifetime. It was one of the first, and was certainly one of the most deserved privileges of the sort granted.

Mr. Cable's Hard-Earned Success. For the past fifteen years George W. Cable has been a Northern man. In the year 1884 he gave up his home in New Orleans and took up his residence in Northampton, Massachusetts, where he is a prominent member of the scholastic colony founded by Dwight L. Moody, the evangelist. Few authors have struggled against greater odds than the brilliant novelist of the Louisiana Creole. His father died when he was fourteen years old, and he was forced to earn his living as a clerk. In 1863, he enlisted as a private in the Confederate Army, and at the close of the war he returned to mercantile life. He was employed in a cotton broker's office when his Old Creole Days brought him fame and opened the magazines of the North to his stories. Since that time he has confined himself to literature and the reading of his stories in public. His latest volume, Strong Hearts, contains three short stories which carry the reader back to the author's happiest vein as shown in his early efforts. They also exhibit the influence of his associations in Northampton. They have a distinct flavor of the pulpit. There are sermons—graceful and entertaining and charming—but sermons nevertheless.

When Nerve Saved Voorhees' Life. Governor Foster Voorhees of New Jersey, has been described as a man devoid of nerve, and an incident of his recent campaign for election bears out this definition. The Governor was making a tour of the State, speaking to different audiences half a dozen times a day. On this occasion he was due at Morristown in the evening, and was obliged to meet a train bound for that city at a water station. In order to reach the cars he was forced to cross a labyrinth of tracks. He was piloted through the darkness by a brakeman carrying a lantern. They had crossed most of the tracks when the brakeman stopped and shouted, "Governor! At first the Governor did not hear him. The noise was too great and he was too intent on keeping his appointment. Thereupon the brakeman waved his lantern frantically, after the fashion of trainmen, which is the universal signal for 'down brakes,' and it means 'down brakes hard.' The tracks were filled with freight cars being pushed and hauled to and fro by puffing, snorting engines. Lights were flashing up and down the yard, but above the noise the Governor heard the rumble of an approaching train coming nearer and nearer every moment. With an instant's hesitation he stopped as if turned into stone, his body bent forward. There was a whirl and an express train rushed by over the rails directly in front of the Governor. Another step and he would have been killed. As it was, the rim of his hat was caught by the cars and sent flying into space. As soon as the train had passed the Governor straightened up and said: "Bring your lantern over here, brakeman; I've lost my hat." Twenty minutes later he was in Morristown making the most effective speech of his brilliant and successful campaign.

The Great-Grandniece of George Washington. Miss Mary Washington-Bond is not only the descendant of George Washington, but she is as well one of the most beautiful girls in New York society. At the Charity Ball last winter she was considered the most beautiful woman present. Miss Washington-Bond is the great-grandniece of George Washington, and the great-grand daughter of General Samuel Washington the brother of President Washington. Miss Bond has some rare relics which once belonged to her illustrious great-grand uncle, and has also many old portraits of the Washington family. The fair descendant of the 'greatest American' is tall and slender and blonde, and in every way is worthy of her ancestors. Her miniature is in the famous collection of 'Beautiful American Women of 80 cities' belonging to Peter Marie of New York.

Colonel Donnan Outrivalled. Colonel Pat Donnan, the reputed author of Proctor Knott's famous Du'oth speech, in which that city is called "the Zenith City of the unshated sea," is now in the State of Washington, where he is employed in writing 'literature' for the coast railway lines. Donnan possesses one of the richest vocabularies of any writer in the country. His ready choice of adjectives and his powers of exaggeration and in-

vestire have made him famous all over the country. There have been many imitations of the Colonel, but only one ever equaled him. He is ex-Congressman Fales, who several years ago wrote a poem on Donnan might have written it. It was composed on a wager at a social gathering in Washington. Here is one verse of it: "For show, nor frost are known within this land, The summer days are ever mild and bland; Chalkdown sea storms, unknown these forms of life Which swags fear or are with danger rife. The stinky lamb, the kid and spotted calf Play on the green, or brown within the holt. The skies are clear, the fields are gay and bright With a golden sickle sward of rest. It is the Springtime, The Oxbow Springs, The unapproachable Oxbow Springs, War of the debris to Ocean deep. The word-weaving, term-tossing Donnan sings— Sing as his spirit to prosody sings, Unempowered by polysyllabic straggles, Sing, a hexameter proudly he sings, To the Springtime."

Even Colonel Donnan was forced to admit that for once he was out-Donnanned. Mr. Chase and His Youthful of ears. William M. Chase N. A. is quite as celebrated as a painter of children's portraits as he is in other lines of art work, and he tells of his youthful sitters. Here are two: "One of my sitters," he said the other day, "once brought her little brother to keep her company. Now this was a very superior little boy. He didn't play with dolls, and he sat on the floor looking over some art magazines and listening to a fairy story I was telling, half pityingly. "Oh Mr. Chase," interrupted my sifter "what would have happened if you had never been born? Who would have painted me?" "Oh pshaw!" answered her brother. "Don't ask such foolish questions. Mr. Chase's little boy would have painted you to be sure."

On another occasion a small boy who is now one of the young millionaires of New York was brought to my studio for a sitting. He was also a superior child, old beyond his years and disdainful dolls. Animals were more in his line, and he brought with him a china pig that he wanted me to include in the portrait. When the sitting was over he said, "Mr. Chase, I like the picture of myself very much. I think it is the best picture I have ever seen. But I don't like the picture of the pig at all. I think it is just horrid!" "I meekly painted it out and let the rest of the picture stand. Putting Presidents on the Gridiron. Dr. Edward Bedloe, of Philadelphia, United States Consul of Canton, is on his way home for a visit. He will probably pass through Paris in time to pay his respects to General Harrison, who sent him as Consul to Amoy, China, in 1889. If the two statements meet, probably the Doctor will recall the General's clever rebuke to him during his vacation when he was in office. The Doctor was spending a month or two in Washington, and was largely in evidence in social and political circles. About this time the Gridiron Club gave a dinner, and both the gentlemen were guests. The Doctor told a few stories early in the evening, and later on the President made a speech. "I was charmed," he said in his soft graceful way, "to hear the clever anecdotes from our distinguished Consul to—I mean from Amoy." Then he passed on to other topics, but the Doctor took the hint, and the next steamer carried him back to his post.

It was not the first time that Doctor Bedloe had experienced with Presidents at club dinners. Once President Cleveland was a guest at the celebrated Clover Club in Philadelphia, of which the Doctor is a famous wit. The Cloverites always interrupt their guests when they rise to speak. Knowing this, Mr. Cleveland began: "Go on, gentlemen; I am prepared for the worst." There came an instant's pause, and the Doctor cackled shrill: "So are we." Senator Calherton's Wit. A witty speaker will enliven the proceedings of the Senate when ex-Governor

Calherton, of Texas, takes his seat. Not long ago, at a convention in the Lone Star State, ex-Senator Roger Q. Mills was the senator of the occasion. Mr. Mills is what is known as a strong speaker. Eloquence is not altogether in his line. Senator Calherton was in the audience. Mr. Mills had spoken for nearly two hours in his accustomed vein when Mr. Calherton and his nearest neighbor caught each other yawning. Hiding his face with his hand, the Senator whispered into the other tired man's ear: "I now know the meaning of Longfellow's immortal lines, 'Through the mills of the gods grind slowly; they grind exceeding small.'"

Let a letter has just been received, by a friend in New York, from Hall Caine, saying that the novelist intends to return to this country next season to look after his plays, and to lecture. This recalls a bit of pleasure between the author and the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst. The Doctor, it is said, took exception to one of the things which Mr. Caine had wittily said about the Scotch. The author smiled when he heard it and said: "Of course all that one hears about the Scotch is not true, and the same may apply to my people, the Manx. Why, only the other day, in a Western State where I was traveling, a little boy asked me whether it was really true that the Manxman had three legs, and whether the cats had no tails. I replied that such had been the common report for generations, but I believed it was not so."

Mr. Dooley's Ambition. The latest story concerning Finley Peter Dunne comes from London, where the Author of Mr. Dooley is spending a well-earned vacation. The subject of the new book, Mr. Dooley: In the Hearts of His Countrymen, was being discussed one evening by the author and some friends. "By-the-way," queried one of the latter, "I expect your new book will hit the people hard. It will probably be the real thing won't it? You ought to be satisfied." "Oh, I don't know," was the answer; "maybe if Dooley works hard and lets from alone he may be able some day to get from the hearts to the heads of his countrymen."

Mr. Sherman Needed no Help. Congressman Sherman, of New York State, one of the leading contestants for the Speakership left vacant by Mr. Reed's retirement, has a ready wit. At a recent State Convention one of the ushers was vainly trying to open a pathway, through the crowd which blocked the aisle leading to Mr. Sherman's seat. Finally he called out, "Make way for Mr. Sherman." "Never mind," shouted the Congressman, "Mr. Sherman can make his own way." In the general laugh which followed he found his seat. Smart, Very Smart. A French journalist recently wrote a rather unfavorable criticism of the performance of an actress. The latter felt deeply wounded, and longed for a chance to average herself. One evening at the Varieties, where she was in company with a fast young aristocrat, she spied the journalist in question. She had a package for him, which she requested her friend to deliver in person. The dandy arose, and taking the package from the lady's hand, walked over to the journalist and presented it to him, saying:—"Mademoiselle, who admires your talent, has requested me to present you with this as a souvenir from her." The critic took the package and opened it before the curious eyes of about twenty persons who had heard the dandy's little speech. It contained about a dozen goose-quills. Smiles and suppressed laughter followed, but the scribe was equal to the occasion. "Ah, my dear sir," said he to the dandy, "please give my best thanks to the lady for those pretty feathers! I was aware of the fact that she plucked her admirers, but I really didn't think that she did so on my account."

Not Specially Honored. "I notice," said the low comedian on the hotel porch, "that somebody's been stealing the eggs from under the incubating swans in Central park." "I don't know," said the leading man thoughtfully, "whether I'd feel especially honored by being hit with a swan's egg or not." "He Didn't Laugh. Stranger—"You are the only gentleman in the room." Guest—"In what way, sir?" Stranger—"When I tripped in the dance and went sprawling on the floor, tearing my partner's dress, you were the only one in the room who did not laugh." Guest—"The lady is my wife, and I paid for the dress."

KNIVES, FORKS & SPOONS STAMPED 1847. ROGERS BROS. GENUINE AND GUARANTEED BY THE MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO. THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD

APIOL & STEEL For Ladies' PILLS A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES, Superseding Bitter Apple, Fil Coclea, Purgatives, etc. Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from RYAN & SON, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B. C., or Martin, Pharmaceutical Chemist, New York, Eng.

Frills of Fashion.

A really good fashion never dies. Now and then an admirable little mode will be seemingly done to death by its admirers and will drop suddenly out of popularity...

Go where you will in clothe-land, these three facts are too impressive to escape observation, and they serve to prove two things—that there is no time of the year so active in the affairs of dress as the so-called dull summer season...

Now that women have declared again short sleeves, the invariable accompaniment of evening dress is a long scarf of the palest, thinnest Liberty silk procurable.

On these last-mentioned fair features jewels are so little worn as to be well-nigh out of use this summer, and a line of handsome, well-coiffured heads is showing a hitherto stately pompadour.

A WISE WOMAN. Should learn all about those ailments peculiar to her sex in order that she may be able to prevent and successfully cure them. PLAIN COMMON SENSE BOOK.

from the hem of the skirt to the topmost point of the décolleté bodice. The widest of these is the countless rows measured not more than three and a half inches and in its frills all the decoration in the costume lay.

Another pretty dress just out of the studio of a designer has not only rows of inch wide flutes set at intervals on the elegant pink silk skirt but the overdress of cream India mullin, cut up to the knees in a series of square-bottomed tabs, is edged and edged again with groups of such frills as might have adorned an infant robe, so small and petal-like were they.

Next after ruffles women seem to have yielded to the influence of the small bordering double puff. Here we have revealed an effort to evade the too ubiquitous tuck of whose presence we are getting a bit weary. The motif of the puff, so to speak, is in pure white on a colored background, or the combination reversed.

Its duty is to guard and beautify the edges of overskirts and sleeves and flounces and it is lavishly extended on those modish short sleeves, the colored goods made up with white. Then there is nothing new. A crisp verben-pink muslin skirt for instance, will be finished at the foot by deep circular flounce of white lawn, and the waist of this suit will be white lawn, with sleeves, collar and bolero of verben-pink muslin.

Now that women have declared again short sleeves, the invariable accompaniment of evening dress is a long scarf of the palest, thinnest Liberty silk procurable. The authority for its use seems to be the absence of long gloves and the very graceful adjunct a well manipulated scarf in deft hands can prove.

A ten cent package of Magnetic Dyes and very little work will make a new blouse of your faded silk one—try it. He Won. A comedian who had been engaged to entertain a family party proposed, at the conclusion of the performance, a little game of his own.

Death like silence for the space of one minute, then a burst of laughter both hearty and in some cases forced. 'I have three,' continued the comedian; 'who has got more?'

FLOWER FUGARS.

Some of the things with which Florists have to contend. A writer in a magazine devoted to the interests of florists has the following timely article. We have never noticed in former years such an immense amount of begging.

'I have three,' continued the comedian; 'who has got more?' The comedian took the pool. FLOWER FUGARS. Some of the things with which Florists have to contend.

A writer in a magazine devoted to the interests of florists has the following timely article. We have never noticed in former years such an immense amount of begging. It is not once a day, but at least a day escapes with less than three or four committees of young women who call in for a contribution of flowers.

Another part of our business that must be eliminated before we are on a presensible basis is the continual donation of a few plans for every frivolous occasion. Now and again there are occasions and circumstances where to lend a little of your services and good to charity is a real pleasure, but many and oft times you are asked to loan a few plans in a great expense.

THEY WILL AND THEY WON'T. Woman as seen by a Seller of Rings and Clocks on Installments. 'I'll tell you what a woman will and will not do in my line of business,' said the man who was selling clocks and rugs on the weekly installment plan.

GENERAL HENRY SCARS. A Man who Carries Many Proof of his Great Courage. The face of Gen. Guy V. Henry, the military governor of Puerto Rico, is disfigured by many scars. Through each cheek there is a bullet-hole, the bridge of his nose is broken, and the left eye is dull and colorless.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER BELFAST, IRELAND. IRISH LINEN & DAMASK MANUFACTURERS. AND PURVISERS TO H. M. THE QUEEN, EMPRESS FREDERICK, Members of the Royal Family, and the Courts of Europe.

starting announcement that the Sioux were coming in force. There was barely time to sound 'Boots and Saddles' before the heights about the valley swarmed with the savages.

At the height of the combat one part of the American line, under Captain Vroom, was pushed out beyond its support and was being punished severely, the Indians getting between it and the main body.

The force of the wild rush carried him on, but he was seen to waver in the saddle. A trooper near him called out, hoarsely, 'Are you struck, sir?' Gripping the pommel tightly with one hand, Colonel Henry tried to wave his sword.

It was long before he recovered, but when he finally returned to active service, he carried with him indelible proofs of gallantry and daring.

Nice for the Noctile Wearer. A rather loudly-dressed gentleman stepped into the noctile department of a big shop the other afternoon, and in a supercilious tone that would have nettled a graven image into anger, uttered the single mandatory word:—'Noctiles?'

Had a patty had cyclone over in your country last week, didn't you? 'Should say we had! Would I ever see! It left things mixed up almost as bad as the stuff in a steam-drawer after a woman's tried to find something there.'

'I'm right in the end.' So it was. After seven months had passed we got a letter from North Dakota, containing a money order for the balance due, and the woman explained that she had sent it sooner, but that her husband had died and her oldest boy been sent to jail. I sold a rug last year to a family that moved next year and a dozen creditors tried in vain to trace them.

It is said that an American pugilist possesses the most valuable teeth in the world, the set boasting seven magnificent diamonds which had been presented to him by admirers, and with all due deference, we think they can hardly eclipse in value the set supplied by a Madras dentist for the use of the Nizam of Hyderabad, which equalled in value a ribbon of sovereigns 51 ft. 0 in. in length (£700).

In the United States, where 4,000,000 false teeth are manufactured annually and one ton of gold and three tons of silver and platinum worth £200,000 are used in stopping teeth, records in molars are frequently met with. The man who held the record for teeth pulling, a native of Georgia, Vermont, but practicing in New York died recently, but not before he claimed to have removed 1,000,000 jaching teeth.

Great Britain possesses in Mr. Moseley's Schipperke the only dog that carries a complete set of false molars. The dog which was exhibited some time ago, is of considerable age and to help to masticate his food, his master, who is a skillful dental surgeon, provided him with a set of artificial molars that has put him on a point of equality with more youthful members of the canine race.

'I beg your pardon, sir,' weakly interposed the assistant, 'the stampy counter at the other end of the shop.'

Out in Kansas. 'Had a patty had cyclone over in your country last week, didn't you?' 'Should say we had! Would I ever see! It left things mixed up almost as bad as the stuff in a steam-drawer after a woman's tried to find something there.'

THE SOLDIERS AND THE LADY.

The American Soldiers and the Englishwoman's Meeting.

Major Younghusband, an officer in the British army, in his book, 'The Philippines and Round About,' gives a pleasant picture of the ways of the American volunteer in Manila. Like all Englishmen, the major was of course, astonished and rather shocked at the campaign costume of the American soldier—a costume which seems to the Englishman to be a matter of carelessness and slovenliness, instead of being, as it really is, a matter of design and of adaptation to a particular use. He was also surprised at the 'easy ways' of the American volunteer.

'In physique,' Major Younghusband says, 'the American soldier, as seen in Manila, yields the palm to no one. Fully seventy-five per cent of the men are fine, strapping fellows, who could do credit to the Grenadier Guards.' An Englishman could not say more.

'Whilst I was away at Malolos, interviewing Aguinaldo,' the author relates, 'my wife sallied forth into the streets of Manila to look for photographs wherewith to illustrate this book. Now in a captured town simply flooded with soldiery, on every side-path hundreds of them, one might expect it to be unpleasant for a lady to walk about shopping alone, but to the great and honorable credit of the American soldier, such is not the case in a town held by American troops. On the contrary, a lady walking alone receives from all the most unvaried courtesy.

'Arrived at the first photograph shop, my wife looked through the Spaniard's stock, and not seeing what she wanted, asked the proprietor if he had not photographs more nearly connected with recent events. No, he said, no such photographs had been taken. In the shop was an American soldier, who, overhearing the shopkeeper's reply, came up, and taking off his hat, said:

'Excuse me, ma'am, I know of a shop close by where you can get what you want, and I'll show you the way.'

'So off went Idaho Joe, clothed in an old shirt, unclean duck trousers and a Jim Crow hat, and my lady in her best clothes and most superior hatting, add made their way up the fashionable street of the town together with perfect naturalness. Arrived at the second photographer's shop, a few purchases were made, in the making of which two more soldiers, who described themselves as Nebraska boys, took a passing interest. But they said:

'We know of some photographs up town that just knock the socks off these!' 'So Idaho Joe took off his hat and departed, and the two Nebraska boys became an escort to madam.

'You're an American lady, maybe, ma'am?' said one. 'No? English, are ye and you're husband an officer in the British army? What regiment's he in? Guides' Cavalry, is he? And what kind of men does he command?'

'Whereupon all necessary details were given, which brought forth the encomium, 'My, they must be stingers!'

'Arrived at the entrance to a narrow street, the Nebraska boys said that this was no place for a lady to be knocking about in looking for houses, and as they were not quite certain of their bearings, they would reconnoitre and come back and fetch her, if my lady would be good enough to stay 'right thar' in the main thoroughfare.

'After a preliminary skirmish around, followed by a general reconnaissance, the Nebraska boys returned to say it was all right, and they had located the house, and could make a straight march on it.

'So the quaint little party again moved off, found the required photographs and parted with with the greatest politeness on both sides.

Fretty Regular.

The reliability of the law of averages is strikingly shown in the carrying of the mails between London and New York. This service has been in the hands of an American line of steamers. The returns to Parliament for the year 1894 indicate a remarkable degree of regularity.

The distance from St. Martin's-le Grand—the site of the London post-office,—by way of St. Paul's Churchyard and Blackfriars Bridge, to Waterloo Station, and thence by rail to the ship's side at Southampton, is eighty and one-half miles; from the dock at Southampton to the pier at New York, the distance is three thousand and sixty-nine nautical miles, and it is assumed that the New York post-office is half a land mile farther—total distance, three thousand six hundred and thirteen and one-half statute miles.

The mails carried by the City of Paris and by the City of New York, respectively, covered this great distance, on an average, outward from London, in seven days, six hours and fifty-five minutes, while the inward journey to London was made, on an average, in seven days, six hours

and fifty-five minutes. This regularity was secured against all detentions in the crowded streets of the two cities, the difference in sailing routes across the ocean, and the chances of fogs, storms and icebergs on the Atlantic.

BISMARCK OF ELOQUENCE.

Bismarck Though a Great Statesman was not an Orator.

Bismarck was not only destitute of the oratorical faculty, but he thought lightly of those who made eloquent speeches.

'These eloquent gentlemen,' said he to Doctor Busch, who reports the words in his 'Bismarck: A Diary,' 'are really like ladies with small feet. They force them into shoes that are too tight for them, and push them under our noses on all occasions in order that we may admire them. It is just the same with a man who has the misfortune to be eloquent. He speaks too often and too long.'

'A citizen of Potsdam,' Bismarck further said, on another occasion, 'told me he had been deeply impressed by a speech of Radowitz's. I asked him to show me the passage that had particularly stirred his feelings. He could not mention one. I then took the speech and read it through to him, but it turned out that there was nothing in it pathetic or sublime.

'As a matter of fact, it was merely the air and attitude of Radowitz, who looked as if he were speaking of something most profound and significant and thrillingly impressive—the thoughtful mien, the contemplative eye, and the sonorous and weighty voice. The gift of eloquence has greatly spoiled parliamentary life.

'We have one body that is not in the least eloquent, and has nevertheless done more for the German cause than any other; that is the Federal Council. I remember that at first some attempts were made to that direction, I cut them short. I was president and I addressed them thus:

'Gentlemen, eloquence and speeches intended to affect people's conviction are of no use here, as everyone brings his own convictions with him in his pocket—that is to say, his instructions. It is merely a waste of time. I think we had better restrict ourselves to statements of facts.' And so we did. No one made a big speech after that, business was speedily transacted and the Federal Council has really done a great deal of good.'

MAN AND SNAKE.

The Hare Preferred the Reptile's Ether Than Man's Mercies.

H. Rider Haggard tells, in Longman's, a little story which he evidently considers merely dramatic, but which is so full of horror for any lover of animals that it can only cause condemnation of the brutal instinct of 'sport.'

Once, many years ago, I was riding in search of small game upon the yeldt in the Transvaal, when a hare jumped up before me. Halting the horse, I shot at it from the saddle, and with the second barrel broke one of its hind legs and injured the other.

Springing from my horse, without reloading the gun, I ran to catch it; but I saw with chagrin that it would reach the hole for which it was heading before I could overtake it.

Presently it came to the hole, but without bolting down, sat quite still upon the hither side. Thinking that it was dying, I crept up cautiously and stretched out my hand to seize it.

The next instant I received one of the sharpest shocks I ever experienced; for on the other side of the hole, within four feet of my face, like some child of evil magic, there rose up suddenly the largest cobra that I have ever seen.

The reptile, which appeared to me to be about six feet long, stood upon his coiled tail, puffed out his horrible and deadly hood flickered his tongue and spat upon me.

There was no reason why he should not have struck me also, since for the moment

I was too paralyzed to move. Recovering myself, I sprang backward and began searching in my pocket for a cartridge, when the great snake, with a single swift movement, vanished into the hole.

Now as the cobra had gone, I thought I might as well secure the hare, which all this time, petrified with terror, had been crouching by the hole. So once again I bent forward. It heard me, and tried to run away, but was evidently too weak.

Then it looked first back at me and next at the burrow down which the snake had vanished; and seeming finally to decide that the mercies of a cobra are greater than the mercies of man, it uttered a scream and followed the reptile into the hole.

I stood by and listened. Presently from under the earth came the sound of a rush and scuffle, followed by another pitiful scream. Then all was still.

THE INFLAMMABLE SKIRT.

An Easy way to Prevent Burning Accidents Now Common.

Some weeks ago The Boston Times, keeping the danger of fire from inflammable cotton or linen curtains, dress skirts, etc., of sufficient importance for editorial discussion, called attention to a very cheap and simple process for rendering such fabrics entirely non-inflammable.

Since that time there has been hardly a day that we have not seen in the papers the excruciating agony and death by fire of some poor woman victim, whose skirts had accidentally come in contact with the flame of a lamp or match, or glowing cigar stub. Independence day furnished a terrible harvest of deaths from this cause. But the most striking warning of this kind that we have seen was the case of a young and beautiful woman, living an ideal life of happiness with her fond and wealthy husband at one of the Jersey beaches, who visited a Plainfield department store last Saturday week with a woman friend to do some shopping.

Her remarkable elegance of dress, form and feature attracted every one when the pair entered the store. After completing some purchases the friend left her side and went to another department, and had been absent only a few minutes when the persons in the place were startled to hearing piercing screams. Looking up they saw this lovely woman enveloped in flames, which she was frantically fighting as they leaped upward toward her neck and face. None of those who first saw her had sufficient presence of mind to help her. She ran madly from one end of the store to the other, screaming and continuing her desperate efforts to beat out the flames. Her light organdie dress was burning like paper.

She had either stepped on and ignited a stray match upon the floor, which had set the train of her dress on fire, or a previous contract with a smoldering cigar stub in the street had accomplished the same result. Before she could be stopped and rescued, all her clothing save corsets and stockings was burned from her poor roasted body, and she died some six hours later after suffering tortures too awful for realization.

A remarkable coincidence in this young victim's case was the fact that she and her husband were driven from their 47th street home by the Windsor hotel fire, which badly wrecked the front of their house. To flee the peril of fire in one locality only to perish from it in the most unlikely of places was her strangely sad fate.

It even the lining and facings of the train of that organdie dress had been 'done up' with the ordinary starch mixture, including two cents worth of sulphate of ammonia or half a cent's worth of silicate of soda, before being used, that terrible thing would never have happened. Yet in all probability, 99 women out of every hundred who read this warning story will not give second thought to this cheap and easy method for insuring themselves against such an awful fate. But it is that hundredth woman for whom this article is written.

A German Girl's Education.

'An important part of a girl's education in Germany is her instruction in domestic science,' writes Charlotte Bird in the Ladies' Home Journal. 'She is taught how to knit and darn stockings, and how to repair towels and bed and table linen skillfully. She crochets lace and other things, and makes all kinds of cross-stitch work. Most German girls of the upper classes have some musical education. As a rule, they play better on the piano than they sing. After the girl has finished her school course she goes to a boarding-house of the better class to learn how to cook and keep house, and to acquire the ways of refined society outside of her own home. Here she remains for several months and watches the process of the cooking and other work, often lending a hand herself. It will be seen that her education presupposes that she will marry some time in her life, and it is in a measure a preparation for that event. Consequently, when she has been confirmed, she begins to prepare her trousseau. She crochets lace, makes table-covers, works long tidies in cross-stitch, and by

degrees collects a supply of towel and bed and table linen. Everything that is available is put away in the chest holding her treasures.'

THE BOY EVERHARD HAYES.

Some Things Which Show the Character of the Man.

'What I Wanted to Become' is the Subject of a recent symposium in a popular magazine, in which famous Englishmen have told of their childish aspirations. The unpublished diary of President Hayes records some resolutions along this line which do honor to American boyhood, and which, although written sixty years ago, have lost none of their timeliness.

'I have my share of ambition to excel and have others think well of me,' he writes 'I do not believe, however, that I would do anything dishonorable to make others believe me superior, for common sense tells me that if a person acquires a reputation for abilities he does not possess, it is much more likely to be an injury than a benefit.

Whatever may be my talents or station, he continues, 'I design to be at least distinguished for virtue, honesty and benevolence. If I am ever a public man, I shall make it a point never to do anything inconsistent with the character of a kind friend, good neighbor and true patriot. To become such a person, it will be necessary to act in accordance with the precepts of the Bible, in which I firmly believe.'

Soon after, being sixteen, young Hayes made this New Year's resolution: 'Never to seek an opportunity of speaking ill of any individual, and when my opinion is asked, if it is my duty to blame, I will do it in as mild terms as possible.

'This resolution,' he adds, 'is not formed because it is my disposition to question the motives of others or to censure without sufficient reason; but because I know that by frequently indulging in remarks which are more severe than the occasion warrants there is great danger of acquiring a habit which will grow into a second nature. Having a quick perception of the ridiculous and being very fond of fun, I laugh at everything which has the least spice of wit, and am too much in the habit of saying things which I think will add to the common mirth.'

Although this brave self-judgment was written by a boy, the last sentence is one which every girl and woman should write upon their heart. She, more than her brother, falls under the temptation to be witty, entertaining, 'smart,' at the expense of another, and by her very smiles too often puts a premium upon what is ungenious and wrong.

Ruakin assures us that the buckling on of the knight's armour by his lady's hand was not a mere caprice of romantic fashion. The act was the symbol of an eternal truth—that the soul's armour is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it.

Verified Recusant.

'Bill Blue of Number Two,' the engineer who made a rhymed report of an accident, as told in a recent Companion,—reminds a correspondent of a freight conductor who dropped into poetry when his own train was in trouble.

'Number Eight' is the fastest east-bound train on one of the great trunk lines. Nothing is more annoying to the authorities of the road than to have this train delayed, even for five minutes, by inferior trains. But it happened that it was once detained for fifteen minutes at Friendship, New York,—a little town on the Allegheny division,—by a west-bound freight.

The delay was of course reported by the conductor of Number Eight to the superintendent at Hornellsville, and the superintendent immediately telegraphed the guilty freight conductor, asking why the 'flyer' had been detained. The freight conductor a wag with a turn for rhyme, sent back the following reply:

The wind was high; the steam was low;
The train was heavy and hard to tow;
The coal was poor, 'twas mostly silt—
Hence the detention of 'Number Eight.'

But the conductor's 'poem' did not save him from doing penance—ten days off duty without p-y.

Shell the Enemy of Health and Happiness.

Is the Stomach Sour? Is there Distress after Eating? Is your Appetite Waning? Do you get Dizzy? Have you Nausea? Frequent Sick Headaches?—forerunners of a general break-up. Dr. Von Sian's Peppermint Tablets dispel all these distressing symptoms. They aid the digestive organs, cure the incipient or the chronic cases. 35 cents.

Not Sole Possessor.

There is a certain something of which stage-folk and artistic persons of various kinds talk a great deal, says a writer in the Washington Post. 'Temperament' they call it, and I'm not quite sure that I know what it means. You can't act nor scribble, nor paint nor write unless you have temperament,' I am told; but very often if you do have it, you are delightfully careless about paying your bills, and keeping your engagements, and avoiding divorce courts and all that sort of thing. It's a thing you can't define, this 'temperament,' but in

staged you hear of it until the word becomes a wariness to your ears. All this is merely by way of a preface to a little story about the young daughter of an actor who is in Washington just now. The child is only 4 years old, but she is wise in the heart-breaking way of stage children. One day not long ago, she was in the depths of despair because of a paint box and a bicycle she couldn't have. Gladly she sat herself down and sadly she spoke:

'Well,' she signed, 'I haven't got any paint-box, and I haven't got any bicycle, and I haven't got any brothers and sisters. I haven't got anything in the world but temperament.'

SPRAINED BACK!

Sprains, Strains and Injuries of the Back often cause Kidney Trouble.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS THE CURE.

Here is the proof—

Mrs. S. Horning, Glasgow Street, Guilford, Ont., says: 'Doan's Kidney Pills are grand. I have not been ill since taking them, which was over a year ago last winter, and can give them my warmest praise; for they restored me to health after 25 years of suffering. Twenty-five years ago I sprained my back severely, and ever since my kidneys have been in a very bad state. The doctors told me that my left kidney especially was in a very bad condition. A terrible burning pain was always present, and I suffered terribly from lumbago and pain in the small of my back, together with other painful and distressing symptoms, common in kidney complaints. I could not sleep, and suffered much from salt rheum.

'When I first commenced taking Doan's Kidney Pills I had little or no faith in them, but I thought I would try them; and it proved the best experiment I ever made. I had only taken two boxes when the pain left my back entirely. Three boxes more, or five in all, made a complete cure. 'After 25 years of suffering from kidney disease I am now healthy and strong again, and will be pleased to substantiate what I have said, should anyone wish to enquire.'

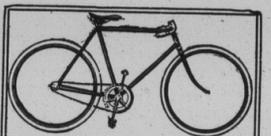
Laxa-Liver Pills are the most perfect remedy known for the cure of Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness and Sick Headache. They work without a gripe or pain, do not sicken or weaken or leave any bad after effects.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT

A unequalled as a remedy for Chafed Skin, Piles, Scalds, Cuts, Sore eyes, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Eczema, Neuralgia and Rheumatic Pains, Throat Colds, Ringworm, and Skin Affections generally.

Large Pots, 1s 1/4d. each, at Chemists, etc, with Instructions. Illustrated Pamphlet of Calvert's Carbolic Preparations sent post free on application.

F. C. CALVERT & CO. Manchester



TO INTRODUCE \$1.00

our new 30 models early, we will, for the next 30 days, ship a sample Bicycle C. O. D. to 25,000 persons upon receipt of \$1.00. We offer splendid chance to a good agent in each town. You have your choice of Cash, or outright gift of one or more wheels, according to nature of work done for us.

INTRODUCTION PRICES

FLYER—1 1/2 in. Tubing, Flush Joints, 1 piece Cranks, fitted with Dunlop Tires, \$35.00; fitted with M. & W. Tires, \$30.00. Men and Ladies, Green and Maroon, 22 and 24 in. Frame, any gear. Wheels slightly used, modern types, \$3.00 to \$25.00. Price List Free. Secure Agency at once. T. W. BOYD & SON, Montreal.

THAT COMFORTABLE FEELING

Which secures a lady that her artificial hair cannot be distinguished from her own natural hair—is possessed by all who wear Palmer's marvelous hair covering. The standard of fashion and workmanship. Write or call for prices and full particulars. J. PALMER & SON, 1145 Notre Dame St., MONTREAL.

PATENTS

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Packard's Leather Dressings advertisement featuring a bottle of leather dressing and text: 'NEVER PUT A DRESSING ON THE MARKET UNTIL WE HAVE TESTED IT AND FOUND IT TO BE BETTER THAN ANY OTHER. THIS MAKES IT SAFE FOR YOU TO BUY PACKARD'S SPECIAL Leather Dressings. MANUFACTURED BY L. H. PACKARD & CO. MONTREAL. 25 CENTS AT SHOE STORES.'

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Advertisement for a medicine: 'SICK. Positive. They also relieve indigestion and act remedy for flatness, Bad Taste, Pain in the Side, Regulate the Bowels, Small Pills. Substitute the frame. See you get. Ask for Carter's L.'

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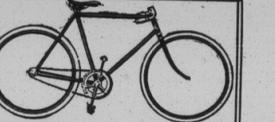
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our swell '99 models early. We will, for the next 30 days, ship a sample Bicycle C.O.D. to address upon receipt of \$1.00. We offer splendid chance to a good agent in each town. You have your choice of Cash, outright gift of one or more wheels, according to nature of work done for us. Price List Free. Secure Agency at once. T. W. BOYD & SON, Montreal.

Advertisement for Carter's Little Liver Pills, featuring an illustration of a person and the text: "CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS SICK HEADACHE Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Bile, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Costed Tongue Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price."

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(Continued From Town Talk.)

In some sort, set the spy on Rex's betrothal? Surely it was, if thereby Rex was to be saved from misery. Sydney determined to call at the house in Malpas Street.

If Tyrell should be in, and and chanced to see her, it would not signify. She could say that she had mistaken the number of a friend's house, or any other similar excuse, the truth of which he could not disprove, and, even if he suspected it, what matter?

In answer to Sydney's knock, the same woman who had opened the door to Gertrude appeared, and the girl asked if she had any rooms to let.

"No, miss," rejoined the landlady, civilly; "my 'ouse is full."

"It was told that you had your drawing-rooms, and also, I think, a back room to let," said Sydney.

The woman shook her head.

"No, miss," she answered smilingly "my drawing-rooms is let to a gentleman—American gent 'is, and I ain't 'ad no back rooms to let."

"Have I made a mistake in the number?" said Sydney, doubtfully. "You had, I was told, an old person who was ill, and was removed recently to the hospital. She had been an old servant, and, I think, a former mistress took an interest in her, and came to her."

"During my speech the landlady kept shaking her head and looking incredulous and, when Sydney paused, she shook her head more vigorously than ever.

"It ain't era, miss; might be you've mistook the number or the street. I ain't never had no old lady in my rooms what was sent to the 'ospital—dear no! I'll tell you, miss, 'ow my rooms is let. There's the parlour—a young gentleman in the city and his wife; then there's Mr. Tyrell in the drawing-rooms, and above there's a theatrical gent and his friend, and the top floor there's myself, an' my husband, an' the children."

"Well, I've certainly made some mistake," answered Sydney with a smile. "I ain't apologise for troubling you."

"She moved away as she spoke. "Oh, 'tain't no trouble, miss!" said the woman, "none at all."

And Sydney thanked her and departed. She had expected nothing else than to find this proof of Gertrude's duplicity, but she was heavy at heart.

A very painful and disagreeable duty lay before her, one she must fulfil, however she might shrink from it.

She well knew that Gertrude would put her interference down to jealousy but she must not let this fear deter her from at least giving Rex the chance of finding out the truth, and demanding an explanation as to why he had been deceived.

On Sunday afternoon Rex, as was his habit, lingered after the other people had gone.

Gertrude had not been with him; he told Sydney she was engaged elsewhere and the girl—or she is a victim of blackmail. By drew a silent breath—to her keen senses Rex was not himself.

No one else would have noticed this, but Sydney knew him so well.

She wondered whether Gertrude's 'engagement' were such as Rex would approve. She was casting about in her mind how to broach the difficult subject that absorbed her thoughts, when Rex, who had been leaning back in his chair, sat up, and said, abruptly—

"There is something, on your mind, Sydney—something that troubles you."

The girl was startled—her color came and went for a moment, but she regained her self command, and answered—

"There is something, Rex—and I am afraid you will be vexed with me for speaking about it."

"Vexed with you, comrade?" Rex said, softly, and the tears started to the girl's eyes.

She put her hand, with a kind of mute gratitude, on his, and he took it and held it in his own for a moment, then released it with a deep and silent breath.

"Is it—is it about—her?" he said, huskily.

"Yes, Rex. And, if I wound you, you will know that, at least, I had only the truest motives. You may think me censorious

when I say that I was not satisfied with the explanation you told me Gertrude gave you her visit to Malpas Street. So I thought it could do no harm to verify, one way or the other."

She then told Rex what she had done, and what the landlady of the house in Malpas Street, had said to her, also her reasons for thinking that Gertrude and Tyrell had met before.

Rex sat quite still while she spoke, shading his face with one hand, but she could see the control he was putting on himself.

When he had finished, he started up, with an exclamation.

"Impossible! There must be some mistake! Heaven! I will write the truth from that blackguard!"

"He would not say anything, Rex. Would it not be better to see Gertrude first? You might get the truth from her, or—"

She paused, unwilling to add 'the approximate truth,' but she must have known what was in her mind, for he said, bitterly—

"How shall I know it is the truth? If she can lie once, why shall she not again? But I will go to her, Sydney, this very moment."

He paused, and pressed his hand to his forehead with a gesture of despair, then pulled himself together, and turned to Sydney.

"Good-bye, comrade; you, at least, are my friend. Good-bye!" he wrote.

He held her hand closely a moment, then went from the room.

CHAPTER VII.

"Miss Brereton is not at home, sir," said the servant, who answered the door to Rex.

"Not at home? I will wait then," he returned. "she cannot be long. No, don't announce me to Mrs. Hayward, I will wait in Miss Brereton's sitting-room. Let her know I am there, directly she returns, as my business is important."

There was nothing specially strange in the fact that Gertrude was not to be seen. She had gone—or said she had—to an 'At Home,' and these functions are of uncertain duration.

It was quite half-an-hour before he heard her return.

Her own sitting-room opened out from the first landing, and she must pass the door to get to her bed-room, which was a flight higher.

Rex, being in no mood to wait longer, until Gertrude should have removed her outdoor attire, opened the door, and he heard her coming up the stairs, and stepped out on to the landing.

The girl recoiled at the sight of him—he had time to catch the look of startled fear on her face before she was able to command herself; evidently she had not expected to see her lover, nor had wished to—just then.

For, his eye took in simply the fact that Gertrude was not dressed for an 'At Home,' and this almost confirmed his worst suspicion of her good faith.

She spoke quickly, trying to pass him.

"Rex," she said, attempting to laugh "how you startled me! Let me get off my hat. I'll come in a moment."

"Nay," Rex answered, with his hand on her arm—he spoke gently, but her senses caught something in his tone that made her heart sink—"I have waited already some time. Come in here."

She dared not disobey. To say she was 'not fit to be seen' were palpably to call attention to her very simple—even shabby—attire.

Rex drew her into the room, and shut the door.

He had not kissed her, nor given her any lover-like greeting; nor did he now; he only said, quietly—

"You have not been to Mrs. Gray's 'At Home,' Gertrude."

She started, and flushed to the roots of her hair.

Something was wrong. She searched wildly in her thoughts as to what could have happened.

"Nay," Rex answered, with his hand on her arm—he spoke gently, but her senses caught something in his tone that made her heart sink—"I have waited already some time. Come in here."

There may be, God knows! some episode in the past. He broke off abruptly, setting his teeth, and put his hand on her shoulder. "Tell me all the truth," he said. "That man Tyrell, he is no stranger to you!"

Gertrude threw herself suddenly at her lover's feet, kissing her face in her hands, sobbing so wildly, that, for a moment, Rex was perplexed.

"You won't leave me?" she cried out, with such piercing anguish that it almost unerved him. "I was so young! No, no!—I—perhaps I am foolish, and—wrote him letters. He has them, I tried to get them. He gets money from me, and drives me distracted. Oh, Rex—Rex, have mercy! Don't cast me off! I shall kill myself if you do!"

In all this incoherent confusion, poured out between sobs, there might, indeed, be some truth.

But who could say she was telling all the truth even now?

If she had deceived him in the beginning; why not still, when she was in agony lest she lose the man she loved, or—the lingering thought would come—the rich husband?

Rex bent over her.

"Gertrude!" he said—and she quailed at the tone of his voice—"you must be calmer, let me understand distinctly what all this means. Tell me coherently."

"But you'll believe me!" she cried, hysterically. "You won't—you can't—be so cruel as to throw me off."

"I make no promise, Gertrude. Why did you keep silence as to the past? You had no right to accept my love or my name while you hid from me something that could come between us."

"That was it," she said, eagerly. "Oh, Rex! I loved you so. I have had so little love in my lonely life! I dreaded so to lose you!"

She caught his hand as she spoke, and he did not withdraw it.

"Well, well," he said, turning aside, "it may be so."

But in his soul, he felt the ring of insincerity in her words, and—

"How shall I know you speak truth now, Gertrude?" he said, half-sadly, half bitterly.

She swore she spoke truth. She had been indiscreet, she admitted, but there had been no wrong.

She believed Tyrell had loved her, and she—so lonely, so unknown—had listened to readily. And so on, and so on.

Alas! when Rex asked for proof—for details—when this happened—how many years ago—she broke down into helpless sobs, and cried out that he was cruel heartless. He wanted to break his engagement.

"We could never be happy together now, Gertrude," he said sadly. "You have destroyed my faith in you. Even if all this be true, and there is no worse that you tell me, could I ever trust you again? And when I ask for some corroboration of your story, you shrink the explanation. No one forgets the scene of their first love; yet first you speak of the seaside, then of some place abroad. You say you were alone but you have often told me that you always with the De Lacys from the time you were fourteen."

Against her prayers and entreaties he was inexorable.

His faith in her was shattered. He told her plainly, though very gently at last, that he could not in his heart believe her.

"And I can make no woman my wife," he said, "on whose name rests the shadow of a doubt. God knows I would not be hard on a girl—little more than a child—who was led into folly. But I doubt you. We only prolong pain in prolonging this interview. Good bye."

His heart was wrung, for he had loved this creature of exquisite beauty, and no man can part unmoved from the woman he has once loved.

The wrench was terrible. And so Rex Dare left Gertrude.

She made no answer to his good-bye she knew the game was up, that there was nothing for her to do but to submit to the fact.

She dared not invent corroboration of her story, because she knew that inquiry must disprove it, and it were doubtful, even then if Rex would have married her.

He could forgive almost anything but systematic deception.

Fiercely thoughts of bringing an action against him rushed through her mind; but she dismissed them as impracticable.

He had only too good a defence, and no jury would have awarded damages to even so beautiful a woman.

She cursed Tyrell in her heart and with her lips for spoiling her life, and vowed to be revenged some day.

But would all that bring back the rich husband she had lost?

CHAPTER VIII.

The rupture of the engagement between Rex Dare and Gertrude was more than a nine days' wonder.

People speculated as to why it was broken off, and were by no means convinced when it was said to be by mutual consent. Many blamed Rex others Gertrude, but Gertrude remained in town in order to pose as the deserted one, and reap the possible advantage of a rebound from some other rich admirer.

Rex went abroad. He saw Sydney for a brief half-hour before he departed, and told her what had passed between him and Gertrude; and she felt, too, how little faith could be placed in the girl's story.

"It is as well," she said, quietly; "you would never have been happy—you were too far asunder, you two."

And Rex did not deny it.

"You'll write to me Sydney?" he said wistfully, at parting, "and I'll write to you."

And Sydney promised. Those letters were her happiness, both to write and receive and she did not know it.

Nor did Rex, for long, get to know how he depended on her letters—how he looked for them, and was unhappy and restless if by chance one was delayed. And then he missed Sydney so very much! These chats in the studio—those meetings here, there, everywhere. How dull and dreary it all was; he was sick of wandering; he hated Paris, Vienna, Florence.

Rome was deadly dull! He should go back to England; his presence there could be no pain to Gertrude, because he had heard that she was now in New York, and about to be married.

The same paragraph said that she had obtained a divorce from her husband, Mr. Hargrave Tyrell, and that at one time she had been engaged to a young Englishman who presumably had discovered that she was married already, as he had broken off the engagement."

So her story had not been true! Rex thought sternly.

But it did not hurt him now; his love for Gertrude was dead.

Sydney had been working hard all day at her painting, though indeed she had often flagged, and wondered why she felt so little enthusiasm over her picture.

But now the light was fading, and she might with a good conscience lay aside brush and palette and take off her picturesque painting apron.

She lingered, however, putting away this thing and that, perhaps thinking of the events which happened more than a year ago, and had driven Rex away.

There was a soft tap at the door, and the person, whoever it was, did not wait for an answer, but entered and Sydney turned.

"Rex!" Only one word, but her face was a glow of light, and the next instant he had both her hands in his, and was pressing his lips to them.

"I couldn't keep away!" he said. "I missed you every minute, Sydney."

And she knew the truth then, and trembled as he drew her closer, without rebuke, without shrinking.

It was more than a 'comrade's' love his asked, and she gave.

And both knew that this love was his best—that it was for all time and eternity.

THE END.

A NEW GOSPEL DRAMA.

Rev. S. J. Barrows Writes Interesting News About 'La Samaritaine.'

The new gospel drama, by Edmond Rostand, author of Cyrano de Bergerac, has been seen by Rev. Samuel J. Barrows, who wonders what a delegation of country deacons, investigating with some curiosity the sights of Paris and wandering after dark into Sarah Bernhardt's theatre, would have thought of the performance. I certainly believe they would have stayed until it was through, he says in the Christian Register, and would have felt a strong temptation to sing the doxology at the end.

New Testament story. The applause that broke forth naturally and spontaneously not started by the eloquence, was when Photina aroused the audience, as she seemed to rouse the crowd at Sechem, by the noblest passages of this gospel of love and righteousness. The final scene, when she knelt with her disciples, was as sacramental as when the little bell rings in the Catholic church and the audience fall upon their knees before the host.

Would this play succeed in our own country? I doubt it. A very large number of our people who go to church, and who would be best prepared by religious association to appreciate such a play, do not go to the theatre; and, though they might be willing to see something of the kind in a weak imitation at a Sunday-school concert, they would not look with sympathy upon such a presentation upon the stage, with great artists as its interpreters,—the absolute condition of success. One cannot help asking himself, however, when the moral power of a New Testament story is brought out in a dramatic setting, whether the stage may not become again, in the future as in the past, the ally of the pulpit, and give not only a vividness to the exegesis of the New Testament, but present fresh parables from the book of human life, as it has done in the dramas of Shakespeare, with new and unspeakable authority.

Promotion of General Happiness.

Is secured by Nerviline—the great nerve-pain cure. The highly penetrating properties of Nerviline make it never failing in all cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, cramps, pains in the back and side, lumbago, &c. We heartily commend it.

THE DEFENDANT AND THE DOG.

The Decision was Reserved but it Came as a Surprise.

To dispense justice, as between man and man, it is not always needful to refer to law books, and the Pittsburgh News tells us of a Baltzshover, Pennsylvania, 'quire,' of German ancestry, who successfully holds court without much help from lawyers. One of the first cases heard before him, says the News, was a complaint against one of his personal friends, who was accused of cruelty to animals.

The man had been bothered by a vicious dog and had shot at it. The bullet cut a piece off its tail, but did no other harm. The trial attracted a large crowd. There was conflicting evidence as to the dog. Some of the witnesses said it was a gentle animal, while others declared that it ought to be killed.

"I will reserve my decision until next weeg," said the 'quire, after he had heard the testimony.

He was not satisfied as to the dog, and while he had the case under consideration he made some inquiries in the neighborhood. He learned that the dog was a bad one. But the maiming of it by depriving it of its tail was undoubtedly a cruel act, and he did not see how he could get over that even to favor his friend.

When the day came for him to give his decision, it was evident to the crowd that gathered in his office that he had made up his mind. He called the defendant.

"You admid shootin' this dog?" he asked.

"Yes, I do, 'quire, but that dog—"

"Dot will do. Sid down," and he called the owner of the dog forward.

"You dog is a bad dog," he said to him. "No he isn't, 'quire," said the man; he's as gently as—"

"Dot will do. Sit down. I haf my mind made up. I fine the defendant one dollars and costs for shootin' dot dog."

There was an applause from the side of the room on which the friends of the dog were gathered.

"Order, order," commanded the 'quire. "I haf not finished. I will fine the defendant one dollar and costs for shooting dot dog, but I will git him von more shot at the dog."

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Willis' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Willis' English Pills are used.

- A. Chipman Smith & Co., Druggists, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.
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Chas. McGregor, Druggist, 137 Charlotte St. John, N. B.
W. C. R. Allan, Druggist, King St., St. John, N. B.
E. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B.
G. W. Hobbs, Chemist, 357 Main St., St. John, N. B.
R. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B.
S. Watters, Druggist, St. John, West, N. B.
Wm. C. Wilson, Druggist, Cor. Union & Rodney Sts., St. John, N. B.
C. P. Clarke, Druggist, 100 King St., St. John, N. B.
S. H. Hawker, Druggist, Mill St., St. John, N. B.
N. B. Smith, Druggist, 24 Dock St., St. John, N. B.
G. A. Moore, Chemist, 109 Broad St., St. John, N. B.
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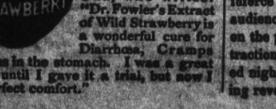
Cramps and Colic

Always relieved promptly by Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry.

When you are seized with an attack of Cramps or doubled up with Colic, you want a remedy you are sure will give you relief and give it quickly, too.

You don't want an untried something that may hurt you. You want Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry, which every one knows will positively cure Cramps and Colic quickly. Just a dose or two and you have ease.

But now a word of proof to back up these assertions, and we have it from Mr. John Hawke, Coldwater, Ont., who writes: "Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry is a wonderful cure for Diarrhoea, Cramps and pains in the stomach. I was a great sufferer until I gave it a trial, but now I have perfect comfort."



The Outlaw Kangaroo.

Years ago I was a rover in Australia, and I dabbled for a while with the dramatic muse, and somewhat successfully. Then, metaphorically speaking, I piped on oaten straw, like the Arcadian shepherd, and dropped money in wool. Then I delved in the mines for the dross of gold, and didn't find any. At last I made a fortunate strike in tallow, and for a time revelled in the charms of nature and learned to hunt the kangaroo. I learned a good many things about kangaroos that are not in the books—for instance, that the bushmen trained kangaroos to be horse and cattle thieves, kidnapers, highway robbers and the like. I say I learned that, but perhaps I had better say that the good people I met during my career as a gentleman sportsman in Australia told me such was the case. I never had any ocular proof that there were kangaroo cattle thieves or kangaroo highway robbers, but I believe in kangaroo horse thieves and kidnapers until my dying day. I'll tell you why.

While I was living this life of a gentleman sportsman I was quartered at a little settlement at Boort Run, right in the kangaroo country. To hunt kangaroos seems always like going out to run down and maul the hide out of a few of you decent relatives, but the kangaroo hunt was the chief recreation of the gentleman sportsman in Australia the time I was there, and as I had become a member of that order of citizens, after making my pile in tallow, I, of course had to hunt kangaroos. You hunt kangaroos on horseback, and you have to sit on your horse like a star circus rider, or you will never hunt kangaroos more than once. You are apt to be lassoed out of your saddle and left hanging by the neck at the end of some drooping vine as you pass through the country, and if you keep your seat as your horse dashes over a stretch of ground made picturesque by irregular by a million big ant hills, you stand a chance of being tipped out into an adjoining tract of down timber and treated to a run across country with your foot in stirrup and your head playing shinny with logs and boulders. Then, when you get into a mob of kangaroos—a half a dozen or so 'kangs' together make a mob—you may have the luck to tackle what they call a regular up-and-down boomer, and if you do—well, say! If you do, you will begin to have your doubts about your caring to be a gentleman sportsman in Australia. An up-and-down boomer, or a bloomin' old man, as some call him, is a leader in a mob of kang, and there's more fight in him than there is in a barrel of Sixth ward rum. If the bloomin' old man gets the squeaks on you and is inclined to stop the fight right there and then he'll put on the pressure and crack your bones as you would crack a soft shell almond.

It isn't sportsmanlike to bag your kangaroo with a gun. Your weapon is a short but heavy club, and, as you charge your game, the object is to deliver a blow with the club that will neatly break the kangaroo's neck. Dogs trained for the purpose harass the game and get it in position so that you can get the better and sure deliver the death blow. It requires a good deal of skill and dexterity to strike the right spot and at the same time guard yourself against the assaults of the kangaroo, for he has his eye on the chance of getting in a blow on you that may send you sprawling from your horse.

I got so that I could handle the club and the horse pretty well on a kangaroo hunt, and rather liked the exciting sport until one day I ran foul of a kang that was following a life of outlawry, and that spoiled me for kangarooing. A party of us had gone up the run five or six miles kangarooing. We had five dogs and ran suddenly into a mob of seven kangaroos. The leader of the mob was the up-and-down boomer, the bloomin' old man I had ever seen except a tame kangaroo that belonged at the settlement, and that tame kangaroo beat anything that said, that had ever been seen in Australia. It was taken when only a few days old and grew to enormous size, and had the run of the settlement, and the whole country, for that matter. Everybody knew Danny Dee, as the big tame kang was called, and Danny seemed to know everybody and everything. When I saw the big leader of this mob rise before me, I couldn't help but think that he might be Danny Dee's brother. He rose to receive the attack of three of our dogs, and he stood not less than eight feet high. He gathered in each one of those three dogs as they sprang at him and laid them down in one, two, three order, without a whole bone among them. This bloomin' old man seemed not only willing but anxious to join in a general fight with us. One of our party killed his kangaroo, but all the rest of the mob except the boomer fled to the bush. There were three of us hunters, and we all charged upon the boomer, the two remaining dogs having followed the fleeing mob. I can't tell you how it was done, but that big kangaroo yanked my two companions out of their saddles as quick as a flash, and away their frightened horses went over the plain. Their unseated riders followed them, and I was left alone to have it out with the bloomin' old man.

Say, he didn't wait to take breath, but leaped on me and grabbed me round the waist before I could play my club, but he hadn't got his squeaks on me when I brought my club down on his head. That staggered him and forced him to loosen his hold on me and tumble from the horse, but he took with him half of one trouser leg and a big chunk of skin from my thigh. He no sooner struck the ground than he sprang and caught the horse around the neck, and was effectively shutting off the poor beast's wind when I pounded the kang

loose with my club. I seemed to me that old boomer was just more than enjoying the fight and it struck me that he had the object in all he was doing beyond the simple feat of wanting to win the fight. Failing in his attempt to choke the horse to death, he drew off a few paces, looked me and the horse over, and as once made up his mind. He came toward me with a tremendous bound, and as I raised my club to meet him with a blow he flinched and landed on the horse behind me. Before I could move a muscle he had my arms pinned to my sides as if they were in a vise. I suppose, from the way the horse sprang forward, that the kang struck his away over the plain we went like the wind, headed for the bush. At first I struggled to free myself, but I found that the more I struggled the tighter grew the clasp of the kangaroo on my ribs, until I was afraid he would squeeze the life out of me if I didn't quit so I quit.

On we went, deeper and deeper into the dense bush, and further away from succor at every bound. The kang struck me all at once that I was in the clutch of a kidnapper kangaroo, the trained agent of some savage tribe of bushmen, although up to that moment I had rather doubted what he had been told me as to the way bushmen induced kangaroos to become outlaws in various lines. With this prospect before me I made up my mind I might as well be killed trying to free myself from the kangaroo as to wait until the bushmen fell foul to me, and I began to struggle more desperately than ever, and about loudly for help, although I hadn't the least idea there was any such thing as help within ten miles.

When I began to struggle the boomer began to squeak, and as I kept on struggling, he had pretty nearly squeezed the breath out of me, and there isn't any doubt but that the next hitch he would have tightened on me would have cracked me in two. But that hitch never came. All I can remember about it is that I saw a giant rise ahead of us, a little to one side of the horse, grab the bridle and fetch us all up a-standing. I felt the boomer release his hold on me and heard him drop from the horse. The giant at the horse's head dropped the bridle, and when I turned my head to see what all the commotion was I saw two gigantic kangaroos in combat. The combat was short. One kang lay stretched lifeless on the ground. The other turned and came toward me. I almost fell out of my saddle for who it be but Danny Dee, the giant tame kangaroo of Boort Run settlement. Happily for me he had been on one of his strolls that day, and kidnapping boomer was rushing me to his destination. Danny recognized the horse and me, knew what the trouble was, and that was enough. He stepped into the rescue, and dealt out vengeance with a merciful hand. Danny led the way back to the settlement, and when I told how he had saved me from being kidnapped he was a bigger lion than ever. But that it was a fact that kangaroos were thus corrupted and turned into ways of crime saddened me, and I never went kangarooing after that.

FEATHERED ACROBATS. Ravens of a Pacific Island. Their Cork, Drawing and Chicken-stealing. 'If you want to see the feathered acrobat of the world look at this,' said an old islander who lived up a deep wooded canon. The visitor took the proffered glass and levelled it in the direction indicated. There was a stiff breeze blowing from the north, which formed a strong current up the canon, and on it were coursing a number of ravens; now rising, now plunging downward to rush up against the wind, presenting a fine exhibition of fight and its possibilities. The birds seemed to have gathered for the purpose of exhibiting their powers, but the most remarkable evolution would have been missed had not the opera glass been at hand. With it the birds could be seen starting from the sidehill, sweeping around the curve into the canon. The moment the met the full current they turned as complete a somersault as does a tumbler pigeon, with this difference, the latter cannot help himself, while the raven performs the trick for the mere pleasure of it. Sometimes two birds would roll over and over in the air together without apparently a break or movement of their feathers—a most remarkable and interesting spectacle.

Visitors to Santa Catalina Islands often remark upon the number of crows seen here; but the birds are not crows, but ravens—fine large, glossy fellows, that sit around on the fence and hills and pull corks innumerable, just as did trip for Barnaby Rudge and Dickens. These ravens have been known in history for several hundred years, being described first by Father Torquemada, the confessor of the adventures of Viscaino. This historian mentions the birds as being great thieves, and having such supreme contempt for the native women that they alight by their sides when they brought in fish and snatched them from their hands; and as the birds were considered sacred the women did not dare to touch them.

To day the island ravens are thieves, and the manner in which they prey upon young chickens and turkeys commands the admiration of the observer if not of the owner. Two birds generally address themselves to the prospective victim, which, in one instance observed, was a hen with a large brood. One raven flew

down on one side of the hen and began a grotesque dance, hopping on one leg then on the other, acting in such a manner that the old hen immediately dropped her wings and charged on the intruder. This left the field clear for the other raven, a party to the scheme which swooped down and carried off a chicken. When this had been devoured the two birds returned and probably changing places, played the same game so successfully that during the afternoon several chickens were stolen, the mother hen presumably never seeing through the trick.

These birds are remarkably imitative. A young raven kept by a shopkeeper set by his owner one day watching him take some screws from a box, arranging them in certain order according to size, after which they were replaced. The man soon after left the office, but on hearing a noise returned quietly to find that the raven had taken the screws from the box and was arranging them as nearly as possible as he had done, showing a remarkable imitative faculty as well as thieving propensity.

Bound to be married. Gallant Man (aside): 'At last I have her all to myself. Now I can tell her how much I love her and ask her to be mine. How shall I do it, I wonder?' Gentle Maid: 'It is surely coming. I am so nervous and frightened! I know he is going to be terribly dramatic. I do hope I shan't have to help him up off his knees. Goodness! why doesn't he say something? I must break this horrible silence.' (Aloud, recklessly): 'Have you ever been abroad?'

Gallant Man (smilingly): 'No, I'm saving it for a wedding trip.' Gentle Maid (pensively): 'Why, how funny! So am I.' Gallant Man (meaningly): 'Then why shouldn't we take it together?' Gentle Maid (innocently): 'Possibly your wife and my husband might object to going in such a crowd.' Gallant Man (brilliantly): 'The crowd wouldn't be objectionally large if your husband and my wife were husband and wife.'

(Further conversation disjointed and indistinct.)

BORN.

- Truro, June 30, to the wife D. J. Gould, a son. Centerville, June 26, to the wife of Simon Henshaw, a son. Hantsport, July 2, to the wife of E. Chackill, a son. Hillsdale, June 30, to the wife of Harry Mackay, a son. La Have, July 2, to the wife of Daniel Lohnes, a son. Upper Stewiacke, June 23, to the wife of C. C. Cox, a son. Elphinstone, June 11, to the wife Harry Terry, a son. Harvey, July 8, to the wife of I. T. Fairweather, a daughter. Bridgewater, July 1, to the wife of Alex Oickle, a daughter. Wolford, June 26, to the wife of R. L. Palmer, a daughter. Ardsore, July 1, to the wife of Colin McLeod, a daughter. St. John, July 9, to the wife of T. L. Dowling, a daughter. Fredericton, July 6, to the wife of Prof. Dixon, a daughter. Annapolis, June 27, to the wife of Joseph Young, a daughter. Belmont, Colechester, to the wife of Ezra Cuttle, a daughter. Cumberland, June 27, to the wife of J. Robblee, a daughter. St. John, July 5, to the wife of A. O. Hastings, a daughter. Springhill, June 29, to the wife of David McCavane, a daughter. Big Baddeck, June 24, to the wife of D. A. McKay, a daughter. East Mines Station, June 23, to the wife of Geo Gray, a son. Middle Stewiacke, June 16, to the wife of T. C. Whidden, a daughter. Upper Stewiacke, June 22, to the wife of Chas. W. Grant, a son. Lunenburg, June 22, to the wife of Richard Himmelman, a daughter. Commercial Bank, June 23, to the wife of James Spencer, a daughter. West Cornwallis, June 29, to the wife of Berj. Bolivar, a son. New Horton, June 29, to the wife of Sanford Gray, a son. Yarmouth, July 1, to the wife of the late Frank VanHorn, a son. Parrsboro, June 29, to the wife of Thomas Gallagher, a son. Dunbrin Mines, June 22, to the wife of William Embree, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Dorchester, June 21, S. C. Wells to Miss E. A. Tuttle. Bridgewater, June 23, Arthur March to May McMillan. Ballard Wash, June 11, David S. Harvey to Almira C. Gould. Truro, June 27, by Rev. A. L. Geggie Wm Bandergriff to Kate Ferguson. Elgin, N. B., by Rev. J. B. Young Robert W. Church to Lizzie Parker. Parrsboro, July 3, by Rev. D. H. McQuarrie, Capt. E. Spencer to Miss Wilson. Truro, June 29, by Rev. A. L. Geggie, Mauder Nell to Martha West. Scotchboro, June 23, by Rev. T. Cunningham, Wm Derby June 28, by Rev. E. S. Murdoch, Peter O'Brien to Lydia E. Kelly. St. John, July 5, by Rev. David Long, Capt. F. L. Robinson to Adella M. Erb. Marysville, June 23, by Rev. W. W. Brewer, A. P. Gockett to Alma M. Gibson. St. John, June 21, by Rev. Ira Smith, Albert A. Mabee to Mary L. West. Steeves Mountain, by Rev. A. Perry, Zenas E. Turner to Mrs. Annie Steeves. Truro, June 27, by Rev. A. L. Geggie, Andrew S. Stitchebur to Annie Ferguson. Lakeway, June 28, by Rev. M. P. Freeman Mr. B. LeRoy to Miss Josephine Smith. Gays, N. B., June 29, by Rev. E. D. P. Parry, Anthon Barron to Ella McFabe. Steeves Mountain, June 29, by Rev. A. Perry, Oram W. Lykes to Nettie Mitton. Moncton, June 27, by Rev. E. W. Kelly, Henry J. Christopher to Naomi A. Dryden. Truro, June 30, by Rev. A. L. Geggie, John E. Blinson to Annie L. Sutherland. Annapolis, June 30, by Rev. G. J. O. White, Joseph A. Bancroft to Margaret A. Lynch.

DEAD. Springhill, June 31, by Rev. J. W. Bancroft, Charles E. Towse to Ida B. Berry. Dorchester, June 21, by Rev. A. D. McMillan, Alex. C. MacNeil to Catherine M. Blair. Newton, June 28, by Rev. G. H. Spencer, Stanley B. Knowles to Florence M. Guiting. Boston, June 21, by Rev. J. A. McMillan, Harry W. Thompson to Florence A. Crosby. Sheburne, June 30, by Rev. W. B. H. Morris, Charles MacNeil to Elizabeth M. Smith. Waterford, June 27, by Rev. A. A. Simpson, Rev. Allen W. Saunders to Miss Lina A. McAfee. Hantsport, June 28, by Rev. Johnson, Rev. Robertson, Clement I. Dickson to Laura A. Fowle.

DIED. Halifax, June 8, Alex. Gunn, 78. Boston, June 29, Ellen Mann, 49. Colechester, June 29, James Orris. Lulu River, June 21, George Cole. Halifax, July 4, Mary A. Bayne, 50. Halifax, July 4, Patrick O'Brien, 67. Forney, June 30, C. B. Cleveland, 67. Brookfield, June 29, Alex. Cochran, 77. St. John, July 4, James Eschscholtz, 61. Amherst, July 2, James S. Hixson, 74. Bittersburg, July 6, Samuel McArthur, 52. Lunenburg, July 4, John H. Downey, 43. Truro, June 27, Robert T. Treeman, 64. Lynn, Mass., June 24, James W. Eldridge, 61. Sheburne, June 29, Campbell McDaniel, 34. Dorchester, Mass., July 4, Stephen Taylor, 37. Fort Lawrence, July 4, George E. McCabe, 37. Belmont, Mass., July 4, George E. McCabe, 37. Halifax, July 3, E. S. A. wife of Albert House, 35. Barrington, N. S., June 30, Rev. C. I. McLane, 28. St. John, July 9, Fannie, wife of David Bradley, 67. Barrington, N. S., June 9, Roy, son of Alex. Lunn, 4. Barrington, N. S., June 29, Capt. M. L. Forbes, 56. Ayerford, June 29, Lila Bell, wife of Wm. Lee. Nova Scotia, June 26, Mrs. James McPhee, 89. Saxe, July 6, Ralph, infant son of John Cotter, 7 weeks. Windsor, June 19, Mary, widow of George Millard, 81. Colorado Springs, June 1, Sadie, wife of D. J. D. Barrington, July 3, Mary, daughter of Ben Hopkinson, 27. West Branch, June 15, Ada J., wife of D. Langille, 15. St. John, July 6, Amy Florence, wife of Albert E. Bailey, 33. Munroe's Point, June 28, Annie, wife of Angus McLeod, 29. Dampier Corner, July 1, Blanche L., daughter of Wm. Lee, 19. Somerville, Mass., July 4, Alara, wife of Edward J. O'Brien, 68. Barrington, F. S., June 13, Charles A., infant son of Rev. C. I. McLane. West Chertook, June 29, Mary, widow of the late Joseph Lapierre, 78. Pictou, June 27, Catharine McLeod, widow of the late George Sutherland, 63. New Glasgow, June 29, Harold Keith, infant child of John A. Bowman, 5 months.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC Homeseekers Excursions. -10- British Columbia, etc. Second class return tickets will be on sale, June 6th and 20th, July 4th and 18th, at the following rates: ST. JOHN N. B. TO Nelson, Robson, Rossland, Kaslo and Sandon, \$103.05 ST. JOHN N. B. TO Vancouver, Victoria, New Westminister, Seattle Tacoma and Portland, Ore., \$103.05 Tickets are good to go via C. P. R. all rail line, and for 15 days commencing on date of sale for journey, and for return must be executed at destination not more than 21 days from date of sale, to starting point. For other particulars on application to Ticket Agents, C. P. R., or to A. H. NORMAN, Asst. Genl. Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic Ry.

On and after Monday, July 18, 1899, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows: Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert. ST. JOHN AND DIGBY DAILY SERVICE (Sunday excepted). Lve. St. John at 7:00 a. m., arr Digby 9:30 a. m. Lve. Digby at 2:00 p. m., arr St. John, 4:30 p. m. Steamship "Prince Edward." St. John and Boston Direct Service. Lve. Mon. 5:30 p. m. Lve. Sat. 4 p. m. St. John Thurs 5:30 p. m. Boston Wed 11 a. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted). Lve. Halifax 6:30 a. m., arr in Digby 12:36 p. m. Lve. Digby 12:50 p. m., arr Yarmouth 3:23 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 3:45 a. m., arr Digby 11:28 a. m. Lve. Digby 11:43 a. m., arr Halifax 3:30 p. m. Lve. Annapolis 7:15 a. m., arr Digby 8:30 a. m. Lve. Digby 8:50 p. m., arr Annapolis 4:50 p. m. FLYING BLUEHOSE Lve. Halifax 8:00 a. m., arr at Yarmouth 4:00 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 8:00 a. m., arr at Halifax 3:07 p. m.

S.S. Prince George.

S. S. Prince Arthur.

By far the finest and fastest steamers plying out of Boston. Leave Yarmouth, N. B., Daily (Sunday excepted) immediately on arrival of the Express and Flying Bluehoose trains from Halifax arriving in Boston early next morning. Return leaves at 4:00 p. m. Unqualified notice on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains. Steamers can be obtained on application to City Agent. Close connections with trains at Digby, Moncton on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, 4 from the Farmer on Steamers, from whom times and all information can be obtained. F. GIFFING, superintendent, Kentville, N. S.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after Monday, the 19th, June 1899 trains will run daily, (Sunday excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou..... 7:35 Express for Moncton..... 11:20 Express for Quebec, Montreal and St. John..... 11:40 Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney..... 11:50 A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 10:10 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11:30 o'clock for Truro, Yarmouth, Pictou and sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal routes.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Suburban Express from Hampton..... 7:15 Express from Moncton..... 11:25 Accommodation from Moncton..... 11:45 Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal..... 11:45 Suburban Express from Hampton..... 11:45 Accommodation from Ft. du Chene and Moncton..... 11:55 All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. Twenty-four hours notice.

STEAMERS.

1899. 1899. THE YARMOUTH S. S. CO., LIMITED, For Boston and Halifax VIA, Yarmouth. Shortest and Most Direct Route. Only 15 to 17 hours from Yarmouth to Boston. Four Trips a Week from Yarmouth to Boston.

STEAMERS "BO-TON" and "YARMOUETH" One of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday after arrival of Dominion Atlantic Ry. trains from Halifax. Returning leaves Lewis wharf, Boston every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at 2 p. m. connecting with Dom. Atlantic Coast Ry. and all coach lines. Regular mail carried on steamers. The Fast Side-Wheel Steamer "CITY OF MONTICELLO," leaves Canada's wharf, Halifax, every Monday (9 p. m.) for intermediate ports, Yarmouth and St. John, N. B., connecting at Yarmouth, Wednesday, with steamer for Boston. Returning leaves St. John every Friday 7 a. m.

For tickets, staterooms and other information apply to Dominion Atlantic Railway, 126 Hollis Street; North Street Depot, Halifax; St. J. or to any agent on the Dominion Atlantic, Intercolonial Central and Coast railways. For tickets, staterooms, etc. Apply to Halifax Transfer Company, 115 Hollis Street, or L. B. BAKER, President and Director. Yarmouth N. S., July 6th, 1899.

SAILINGS

-OF THE- STEMR. CLIFTON. On and after Saturday 9th inst., and until further notice, the Steamer Clifton will leave her wharf at Hampton Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 6:30 (local). Returning will leave Indiantown same days at 4 p. m. local. CAPT. R. G. EARLE, Manager.

Star Line Steamers

For Fredericton and Woodstock. Steamers Victoria and David Weston will leave St. John every day at 8 o'clock standard, for Fredericton and intermediate ports. Returning will leave Fredericton at 7:30 a. m. standard. On and after June 24th, the Steamer Aberdeen will leave St. John, every Saturday at 6:30 p. m. for Wickham and intermediate ports. Returning will leave Wickham Monday a. m. due at St. John at 8 o'clock a. m. Tickets good to return by Steamer David Weston, due at St. John at 1:30 p. m.

JAMES MANCHESTER, Manager, PROTEM.

MANHATTAN STEAMSHIP CO'Y

New York, Eastport, and St. John, N. B., Line. Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN (New York Wharf, Reed's Point), November 14th, 24th and December 3rd, and weekly thereafter. Returning Steamers leave NEW YORK, PIER 1, NORTH RIVER (Battery Place), November 13th and 23rd, for EASTPORT, ME., and ST. JOHN direct. After the above dates, sailings will be WEEKLY, as our own steamers will then be on the line. With our superior facilities for handling freight to NEW YORK CITY and at our EASTERN TERMINALS, together with through traffic arrangements (both by rail and water) we have with our connections to the WEST AND SOUTH WE are in a position to handle the business entrusted to us to the ENTIRE SATISFACTION OF OUR PATRONS BOTH AS REGARDS SERVICE AND CHARGES. For all particulars, address: R. H. FLEHING, Agent. New York Wharf, St. John, N. B. M. L. NEWCOMB, General Manager, 6-11 Broadway, New York City.