



SHADES OF CITY LIFE

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS OF ORDINARY HAPPENINGS.

Notes on the Visit of the Right Honourable Sir Wilfrid Laurier K. O. M. G.—The Premier's Wonderful Personality Conquers St. John as it Conquered Europe. The people would fain have said—Linger Longer Laurier.

Canada would be sorrier  
If she had not Laurier!  
With Laurier out  
Out laury her lot!

Is Union street, Carleton, going to slide into the harbor? That is the question. The authorities say it will not and it is to be hoped that their prediction will come true. The wharf went tobogganing into the harbour once before and we do not want one of the streets to follow suit.

People would like to have heard the great Tarte whose fame partakes more of the nature of notoriety perhaps than real distinction. But he opened not his lips. They say that he knows how to pick out the plums. But then where else should the plums go but to the tart.

And by the way, there is one thing noticeable about leading Salvation Army officers. They are almost without exception, that is the men, distinguished by strong square chins and full mobile features that respond readily to changes of emotion. It is a face that draws out the sympathy of audiences, the effect being enhanced by their full powerful, and well modulated voices.

The Booth family is one of the greatest teams in the world. We have had Papa Booth and various other Booths here and this week we had his daughter Eva. She has zeal and courage, has been through all sorts of experience in the progress of her work of carrying out the central thought of the Holy Book of helping her brothers. She holds her audiences spellbound and is one of the great women of the close of the nineteenth century.

There were no less than thirty or thirty-five legislators attending ceremonies in connection with the opening of the exhibition on Tuesday, about equally divided between members of the Dominion and provincial houses and among them there was a good sprinkling of honourables. If these men are interested enough to attend the exhibition they ought to be interested enough to help it along with substantial grants. They got nothing this year from the governments.

There is some talk of the Ancients coming here for their annual fall outing. There will be 'a hot time in the old town' if they come after their conquests in old England. These New England pioneers of bon vivants will expect much in the way of entertainment. Dinners at 50 cents a plate might, in the estimation of the aldermen, do for the premier and the cabinet ministers but it would not do for the Ancients. Oh, no! They are not Puritans even though they come from Ipsen-reading bean-eating Boston. Fifty dollars a plate would suit them better. If our city is going to invite them they had better negotiate a new loan and make a sacrifice of their handsome improvements.

It is good to be a premier. It seems to give unlimited osculatory privileges. Sir Wilfrid while here was presented with bouquets by Misses Maysie Willis, Faith Hayward, Emily McAvity and Daisy Sears and in all cases Sir Wilfrid was not satisfied with the bouquet but also claimed a kiss as well. Lady Laurier was not here which explains it. But the premier is a lover of children and makes himself agreeable to them. Little Miss Sears made the presentation at the depot and she and her mother accompanied the right honourable as far as Westfield in his private car. He made himself very pleasant to the little girl and it was evident that the social side of his nature is well developed.

A fact that well exemplifies the wonderful power of influence is the manner in which people who associate much together begin to resemble one another in a more or less degree. This is especially true in the case of man and wife, and instances are numerous when, after some years, if they are at all congenial, they begin to look like each other and in tastes and manner become very similar. In reality they carry out the marriage contract and become one. But there are other instances of this. A city merchant has an employee who is in many respects an enlarged edition of himself in manner of speaking, general carriage of his person and little eccentricities.

It is quite noticeable and is a very good illustration of the law of environment.

The beauty of our school system is shown in the fact that nowadays there is no one without education. Every child goes to school and every family has a newspaper. There are, so Chairman Truesman of the Board of school Trustees told the Premier over 6000 children in the city schools which shows up well in comparison with the city's population of about 40,000. There are five daily papers with a total city circulation of probably 1200. (These are not the figures of the circulation editor.) Among 800 or 900 families these divide up into more than one paper to a family.

At last Saturday's meeting of the Council the aldermen indulged in some pleasant banter in regard to the political proclivities of the side of St. John harbor. They were talking about the excursion to be given the Premier about the harbor and through the falls. One alderman asked if the tide would serve. "Of course it will, said the Mayor; it has got to serve for the premier." Will, it won't, said Ald. MacRae, we will command the sun and moon to stand still." Then Ald. Christie wanted to know if the tide wasn't tory. "No," said Ald. Parry, "it is liberal because it's free."

But it would seem to me that it is muggump, because it leans both ways and part of the time it is on the fence.

ANTONIO.

SCOTTISH SUPERSTITIONS.

Queer Follies That Survive in Galloway and Make Life Picturesque.

As might be expected in such a district as Galloway, which, till a late period, was so remote from external influences, and which had such a marked individuality, the list of its local customs and beliefs is a long one. Let us take, first of all, those relating to times and seasons. We find, at the outset, a statement about February weather; 'If Feberweer be fair an' clear, There'll be 'tw a winters in the year.' This further south is limited to Candlemas Day. The belief in the potency of dew collected on May Day morning, especially as a cosmetic, exists in Galloway as it did in London in the days of Pepps. On Sunday it was unlucky to 'hair or horn,' and, as everywhere, great care must be taken in the disposal of the 'clippings,' on Saturday a piece of work should never be begun.

On New Year's eve, which bears the wide spread name Hogmanay, the fire was banked up with special care, for ill luck came to the house when out and to those who gave a turf next morning to light it again. Lucifer matches, at any rate have been a safeguard to neighbours. In fact on New's Day you must neither sell, nor lend, nor give, outside the house, which obviously, is not the sentiment of our neighbours across the Channel; but inside its head formally presented some food and drink to all its inmates early in the morning, and even gave a little grain to his horses and cattle. There was a general rule that on New Year's morning something should be brought into the house before anything was taken out of it, and neither ashes nor 'slops' were to be carried. Much depends on the 'first foot,' that is, the first visitor. Some persons were harbingers of ill luck—women were always among these, particularly if they were walking barefoot. Even on meeting them outside, some people would turn back and give up an expedition. Candlemas was an important day in the schools. The boys and girls brought presents to the master, generally money; then he appointed one of each as King and Queen, and treated the children to cakes and weak 'toddy.' On Hallow'e'en they performed a mumming play.

The moon was the centre of a number of fancies. A hen should be set when it is waxing; the new moon, when seen for the first time, can help a girl to the name of her future husband; it will bring a wish to pass if you turn the money thrice in your pocket; but ill luck comes if you look at it through a window. All these beliefs are widespread. That a man should not build a house for himself was believed in Galloway, as elsewhere, and those who quitted a house showed their good will by not cleaning it up, for this 'took away the luck.' Newcomers protected themselves by throwing a cat or a hen or some other animal, inside before they entered themselves, for this became the victim if a curse had been left on the building. It was the rule in Galloway, as in most other places, that the beginner 'paid his footing,' and new works of most kinds was consecrated by a libation, poured on the ground, but down the throat. The clergy are held in honor, or at least

in fear, and evil must not be spoken against them, for as a proverb goes 'It is unlucky to middle w' craws and ministers.' 'Holed' stones were potent amulets for cattle, but the virtues of these are known to other parts of Britain. After a cow had calved its back was sprinkled with salt or oatmeal. The first milk it gave afterward went by the name of beensan (in the English Midlands beestings), and was used for various special purposes. Never, if it can be avoided, let a mare 'foal' under a roof, and mind that a dark-eyed person is the first to look at a young pig. A horseshoe brings luck—that is universal—and so does a live hedgehog; but a dead one, a black cat, and a hare are signs of bad fortune—may, some think even a wild rabbit ill to meet.

Crowing hens were deemed objectionable as whistling lasses, and even a cock might not utter his natural notes at untimely hours for ill would come of it—a belief often verified when fowls are kept in towns. But if a cock reaches the age of seven years he becomes a dangerous fowl, for then he lays an egg and from this is hatched a cockatrice. That, too, was a very widespread notion. A cock is said to have been solemnly tried and condemned at Bala in the middle ages for this heinous crime. Wild birds take their part in auguries. Ill fortune comes from injuring swallows, wrens, robins, rooks, or cuckoos, but the last may bring good or bad luck, according to circumstances. A single magpie is unlucky, and if three approach a house a funeral will soon leave it.

Snake stones can be found and bring good fortune, and a spell can be laid on the adder. If you try to kill one and it escapes the reptile is brief, for you can make a 'try' to meet it next day at a fixed hour and place, and it is bound to keep the appointment. In one place they believe that wasps do not sting in September. The saying, 'many haws, many snaws,' expresses what is generally believed further south, and other trees have their significance, especially the elder and the rowan, the last being a potent specific against witchcraft. In that, of course, everybody believed, and there are many stories about spells and counter-charms.

Birth, marriage, and death have each their own customs and superstitions. As regards the second, there are many don'ts—though not to the extent of the well-known advice—don't meet a funeral or have the bridesmaids chipped, or meet after the banns have been proclaimed, or hear your own banns read, or enter the house a'ter the wedding, till the minister has gone in, or let him shake hands with either till the knot is tied. The bride also, should not try on her wedding dress, when once it is finished nor should her mother witness the ceremony.

Portents of death are much the same in Galloway as in other places, and so also are many of the customs such as opening doors and windows, putting salt on the breast of the corpse, offering refreshments at the funeral, together with a host of superstitions about suicides, drowned folk, and the like.—N. Y. Sun.

A Meaning Distinction

Wickwire—That is a rocky-looking umbrella you are carrying, Mudge. Is it the best you can buy?  
Mudge—It is the best I could get.

Sav'd.

Sprockett—I was proposing to her when she told me that her father had failed.  
Wheeler—What did you do?  
Sprockett—I back-pedaled.

Accounted For.

Ethel—Maud has been trying to learn how to ride a bicycle for four weeks now.  
Penelope—Is her instructor stupid?  
Ethel—No—handsome.

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**WANTED** Young men and women to help in the Armenian cause. Good pay. Will send copy of my little book, "Your Place in Life," free, to any who write. Rev. T. S. Lincoln, Brantford, Ont.

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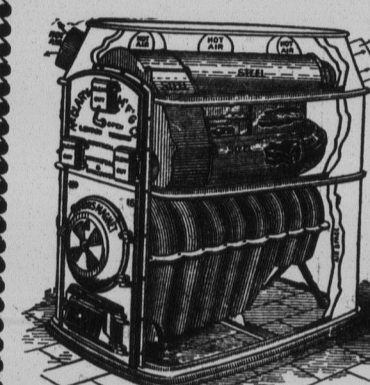
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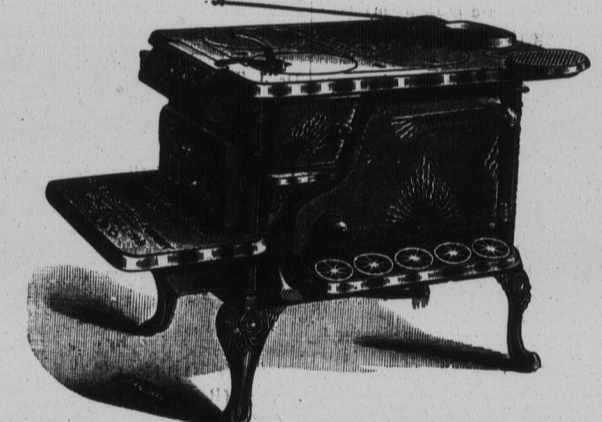
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Dear Sir—My wife had been afflicted with nervous prostration for several years, using every kind of medicine recommended, but obtaining no relief until I procured some of your PELEE WINE, which I am delighted to say has had the desired effect. It is the greatest tonic of this age. I think to much cannot be said in its praise, and no house should be without it. We have recommended it to several suffering from La Grippe and Debility with like good results.

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Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

During the present week the music has been truly of a public character and such as it was, contributed not a little to the delight of a large position of the visitors to the exhibition. The music was chiefly that supplied by our Local hands and it was public none the less that it was connected with the arrival in St. John of the most public man it may be said in Canada—Sir Wilfred Laurier—the present premier of our fair Dominion. Sir Wilfrid has recently returned from England, where as every one knows he participated in the Jubilee celebration playing no insignificant part on the occasion, and with all due regard for loyalty to local institutions, I venture the opinion that while in England Sir Wilfred, really heard better military bands than this city is able to supply. If the premier's soul is "attuned to sweet sounds" he could not help noting the presence of the military band in the depot on the day of his arrival. Other music he heard, and probably of more pleasing character, was the music of the cheers from the thousands who greeted him when he made his apparance.

A recent number of the "Church Times" gives a full description of the musical festival at Glastonbury Abbey, where attended the Archbishop of Canterbury and eighty other prelates, delegates from all parts of the world. An interesting circumstance in this connection is noted in the fact that the musical service was presided over by Dr. Percy C. Buxton the organist of Bath and Wells Cathedral and who is the youngest Doctor of music recorded in Great Britain being only 24 years of age. This talented young musician is a nephew of Mr. Edward Buxton now an instructor in music and chirmaster of St. Andrews Church in our city.

I have heard that Mme. Marie Harrison who since she was last heard in concert in this city has studied under the famous teacher Madame Marchesi in Paris, purposes a short concert tour in the Dominion in the near future. I learn that Mrs. Harrison intends going to London at the close of her concert tour.

Many local lovers of good singing will be interested in a note elsewhere in this department regarding Mr. Tom Daniel who goes to Europe next week to study music, and who proposes remaining there for two years. Bon voyage and abundant success is hoped for him.

Already the forthcoming concerts by Madame Mary Louise Clary are being eagerly anticipated and when mention is made of them, on all sides is heard the expressed determination to attend them. Only those who have heard Miss Clary sing when here before know what a treat was lost by musical people who from one cause or another were then deprived. The dates of the concerts are the 12th and 13th of October, and they are rapidly approaching. It is useless to say anything in praise of Miss Clary's splendid voice because every one who is at all an conrunt with the singing world of today knows that the claim made for her as being "the greatest alto in America" is absolutely well founded.

Tones and Undertones.

The great music festival of the State of Maine will be observed both at Bangor and Portland, in the former city on the 14th, 15th and 16th of October next, and in Portland, Me., on the 18th, 19th and 20th of October. There will be a chorus of one thousand voices, supplemented by Seidl's New York orchestra of seventy-five pieces. Among the soloists will be Mme. Nordica, Lillian Blauvelt, Antoine H. Sawyer, Ewan Williams, Lillian Carlsmith, Mr. Duft and other prominent ones.

Gorton's minstrels play a two nights engagement at the Opera house this week, beginning last night. Their last performance will be given this evening.

In London Eng. a successful rival to Padarewaki is announced. His name is Edward Zeldrust as he is a Hollander.

Van Dyck, the new Belgian tenor will as at present arranged, during the season of 1898-99 be heard in the United States in "Werther," "Manon" and "Der Evangelinann."

Mr. Tom Daniel, now of Boston, but formerly of this city, where he was well and favorably known in musical circles, sails for Europe on the 22nd. inst. for two years study of vocal music. A complimentary concert was given him in the Association Hall on Thursday evening last, at which Mrs. E. Humphrey Allen, Miss Marie Knute Stone, Mrs. Geo. J. Parker and others were heard.

It is said it is probable that Mrs. Mary Anderson Navarro may appear on the

concert stage in London, Eng. this season. The London Daily Mail is authority for the remark. Mrs. Navarro has been studying vocal music for the past two years and her voice is greatly admired by her friends.

Madame Nordica, it is now said, will sail from England for America on the 24th inst. It is quite clear therefore she will not sing at the Worcester Musical Festival this year.

The baritone part in "Israel" by Gaul, when this work is given at the Rhode Island Choir festival will be sung by Mr. Stephen Townsend. The date will be 14th October.

Valentine Abt, who is said to be America's greatest mandolin virtuoso, will make his first appearance in Boston at Association Hall on 1st Nov. He will be assisted by local vocal and instrumental talent.

Sileti the favorite pupil of Liszt and considered one of best pianists of the present day is coming to the United States next spring, and Leo Stern the young cellist is also coming.

Martinius Sievekink the Dutch pianist, will return to New York about 1st November.

Madam Malba, is now at Ostend and will sing at Bergamo this month at a concert for the Donizetti Memorial functions and take part in one operatic performance. She comes to New York in November to sing with the Damroch Opera Company.

Baron Bernhard's debut in London, with the Carl and Rosa Opera Company is said to have been highly successful.

Madame Eames and Mme Etalka Gester are sojourning in the Italian Lake district, while Madame Calve is on her farm at Averyton.

It is again said that Mascagni the composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana" attempted suicide by poison at Bologna, Italy. The attempt failed but it is asserted that his mind is unhinged and he must be placed under control.

Mme Christine Nilson, the once famous prima donna, is visiting her native land and is so fondly remembered that when seen in the exhibition at Stockholm she was almost quite mobbed. She travels as the Comtesse Miranda. She was serenaded one night by the students of Upsala University and in response threw open the window and, though unseen, sang for them one of the Swedish national melodies.

Jessie Bartlett Davis and W. H. McDonald of the Bostonians have the leading roles in the new opera "The Serenade" which opens their engagement at the Boston theatre next week.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The theatrical event of the week consists of the appearance in our midst of James O'Neill the tragedian known by repute to theatregoers everywhere on this continent, at all events. The celebrated play "Virginius" was the opening piece of the engagement followed by "Monte Cristo" still more celebrated even, through Mr. O'Neill's skilful impersonations. Then "The Dead Heart" and "The Courier of Lyons." These form a repertoire of unusual attraction, and the performances, so far at least as the star is concerned are of unusual merit. Virginius is a splendid play and the title role gives Mr. O'Neill abundant opportunity for good clever work and to manifest his power and his right to high rank among the foremost players of the times. The Virginia of this production was a young lady quite new to our people Miss Ashton, slight and attractive and with an excellent conception of her role. With "Monte Cristo" Mr. O'Neills name is intimately associated and his presentation of the play was a revelation to all who witnessed it. The play has been given here before quite frequently, but O'Neills presentation of it shows how meagre former productions were and the extent of the imitations of O'Neill made by those who essayed the role of "Dantes." The role of Mercedes in "Monte Cristo" was played by Miss Dodd, but while there is little in the part to permit advantageous work, the young lady who is of good stage presence, acquitted herself in a manner to win much favor.

In the company there are some few members who are above the average seen here for some time past and whose work was careful and consistent throughout, for instance the gentlemen to whom were entrusted the roles of Nortier, Villefort and Caderousse. The company is quite numerous but where the cast is large, as in some of these plays, doubtless are frequently necessary, and therefore the names do not always indicate the identity of the actor.

The Miles Ideal stock company will play an engagement at Eastport Me., next week opening there on Saturday evening. Since the close of their St. John engagement the company have been resting and enjoying themselves as well in the delightful climate of this city.

Mr. Frank Leo Miles who was seized

with a severe illness last week is rapidly convalescing and will shortly be able to resume work.

W. A. Whitecar and his wife, (whose stage name is Laura Almonino) are playing as members of Lillian Lewis's company this season.

The once famous play "The Galley Slave" of which the author was the late Bartley Campbell, has been revived and is being played at the Castle Square theatre, Miss May Nannery, who is a native of this city, and who since early childhood has been a resident of San Francisco, where as an actress she is a very particular favorite, has closed an engagement for a season of thirty two weeks, beginning at Butte, Montana.

"The Cherry Pickers" is being given at the Boston theatre, Boston, this week and is pronounced "one of the best melodramas which Boston has seen in many moons." It is full of startling features.

Fanny Davenport's new play which she will shortly produce, is still without a title and she says it will not be named until produced. The play is by an American author and there are many expressions of belief that she wrote it herself. Her ability to write a good play is conceded on all sides.

Lewis Morrison famous as Mephisto in Faust will shortly begin an engagement at the Bowdoin Square theatre, Boston, when he will appear in his play entitled "The Indian." Theatre goers in this city will remember that he produced this play in the opera house here a couple of seasons ago.

Miss Doris Huntington, a Boston society girl, is the latest aspirant for the stage and has gone to New York to interview managers. This young lady is under twenty years of age and is accompanied by her mother. Miss Huntington has played Rosalind, Parthenia and Leah already.

Nat C. Goodwin will revive "An American Citizen" for the opening of his approaching season at the Hollis street theatre, Boston. The beautiful Maxine Elliott will be his leading lady this season also.

Farce comedy continues to retain the greater part of its popularity of the past few years.

A recent Boston paper says, "Edith St. Clair as Minnie in "One Round of Pleasure" displays a pair of rounded shoulders that fairly glisten with whiteness. They are the plumpest and daintiest shoulders that Boston has seen in several seasons and they are held in place by an equally dazzling pair of white arms."

It is expected that E. S. Willard the English actor, will arrive with his company in New York today. He will have a new play which is called "The Physician" which was written by Henry Arthur Jones. He has been summering in Barnstead.

George H. Broadhurst is at work on another comedy, the scenes of which will be laid near San Diego, California. Mr. Broadhurst has written other successful plays one of them being called "What happened to Jones"

Mr. John E. Miles, the talented young actor of the Miles Ideal Stock Company has been offered by Elmer Grandin, the comedy role in his new play, if he chooses to accept it.

WOMAN AS MOONSHINE.

Experience of a Former Revenue Officer in Tennessee.

During a session of the United States District Court at Nashville, Tenn., a professional informer approached me cautiously in the corridor of the Custom House and asked me in a stage whisper what I would pay him if he would lead me to a moonshine still. I told him that the amount paid was from \$4 to \$12. I paid nothing for finding the still, but would employ him as 'guide' at the rate of \$4 per day, and as 'guard' at the same rate, provided the latter was necessary. He told me that when he located it he would write, and that I must be sure and meet him and follow his directions. About a month after this interview I received a letter from him telling me to come to Lawrenceburg on a certain day, and after dark to start out on the Waynesboro road. Six miles from town, at a double log house, the road forks, and I was to take a plain left-hand road follow this for four or five miles, and I would

Put Your Best Foot Forward.

But sometimes your best foot is in a bad way. It tires so easily, burns, aches, swells, sweats, blisters, that you can scarcely drag yourself along. Try Foot Elm. It's a specific for all foot ailments, makes your feet so you can walk without discomfort. Sold by all druggists and shoe dealers, or sent by mail post paid for 25 cts., silver or stamps. STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont.

arrived at a house with a well on the side of the road that had a long sweep over it. After passing this about 100 yards I was to take a path leading up a hollow to the right, follow this path about a mile until I came to a cross-hollow, turn up the right-hand hollow and blow my whistle and he would meet me. No one but a revenue officer would start out at night to destroy a citizen's property, endure the hardships and fatigue, and run the risk of being ambushed and killed upon such information, especially when it was known that the au'har was infinitely meaner than the party to be despoiled and arrested.

In company with a deputy marshal and local revenue officer, I arrived at Lawrenceburg on time, and from inquiries learned that the section I contemplated visiting was difficult of access, owing to its rugged character. We hired horses at the livery stable and after supper sallied forth. We had but little difficulty in riding the rendezvous and our guide, though the latter was so completely disguised with lamplblack and sheepskin whickers as to be unrecognizable to me at least. My first interrogatory was: "Who is running the still?" He declared he did not know; that he had come upon it unexpectedly while hunting, and did not dare to approach close enough to ascertain. He carried us through the woods, along what I took to be a bog trail, over an extended ridge, down into a ravine, where we found a small branch a couple of feet wide and as many inches in depth. Turning up this and following it for several hundred yards, we approached a deep cove, the adjacent hills arising probably 100 feet. Stopping us in front of a heavy undergrowth springing from the swamp formed by the branch spreading out over the bottom, he told us that it was about 100 yards beyond. We divided our forces, two of the party crossing over the swamp and going up on the opposite side, the guide and myself going up to the right. We moved as cautiously as the Indian surprising his victim, and when within twenty paces a low signal was given and we sprang forward.

It was unoccupied. We found a furnace with a nice fifteen gallon copper on it and the dry wood piled up around ready for starting a long crane-neck connecting the copper boiler with the "worm-stand," in which was a copper worm, something unusual, as they are generally made of lead, mash tubs and barrels full of beer ready for distillation. The apparatus was under a brush arbor made by driving four posts in the ground, with forks at the top, and the whole inclosed by nailing poles to the posts. This was done to prevent stock from trespassing upon the premises. The floor was dirt. I was struck with the neatness of the place. The floor had been swept with a bundle of switches that was setting against a beer barrel. We could destroy the still at any time, and considered it of higher importance to capture those who operated it. We therefore concealed ourselves, determined to await the arrival of the operator. It was now about 3 o'clock a. m. We could hear chickens crowing on the hill above us, and, after daylight, voices, indicating that there was a settlement near us. About 7 o'clock we heard person talking and evidently approaching from above. Presently a woman about 35 years of age with an ordinary garden hoe in her hand, followed by a boy of 14 with an ax in his hand and small single-barrel shotgun, was seen approaching from the direction we judged the settlement was. We permitted them to pass unmolested. They climbed the low fence. The woman laid her bonnet on an empty box after she had set her hoe down, while the boy threw his axe over before him and set his gun down within the inclosure.

At this moment the local deputy and marshal appeared and I followed from the opposite direction. The woman never uttered a word, but regarded us for a moment with as much contempt as I felt at being placed in such a position. Finally she spied our guide standing off about twenty paces. She scanned him closely from head to foot and said: "You are the poor miserable skunk that piloted these men here." Turning to me, her eyes by this time flashing with indignation, she said: "I do not blame you's. You are only doing your duty, but that miserable whelp yonder [he had gone] ought to be shot. He got my whiskey as long as I would let him have it, and when I refused him he runs off and brings you's here." "Do you know him?" "Know him! I would recognise him if his miserable old head was off, let alone blacked and trimmed with the skin of some sheep that he stole! I asked her name, "You know my name. That white-livered scoundrel gave it to you." I assured her that he had not, but, on the contrary, told us that he was ignorant of it. "The sneaking liar! He has been here a dozen times, and owes me now \$12 for whiskey." She then gave me her name. I told her it was my duty to place her and her son under arrest and destroy

the property. At this she broke down and commenced crying. Her son walked up to where she was and tried to comfort her by assuring her that they could make a living some other way; that he would go and hire out.

I told her that I would take her personal recognizance to appear before the commissioner at some future time, when it would suit my convenience and hers, and that I would pay her if she would return to the house and prepare us breakfast and let her son feed our stock. My unexpected kindness surprised her and she commenced crying again, and started to the house on the hill. I sent one of the party with the lad to get the horses, and when they were all gone out up the copper and worm and emptied out the beer, leaving the barrels for her use about the house when we were gone. While waiting for our breakfast, I noticed a small account book on the mantel board, and curiosity prompted me to examine its contents. I found the entries made in a masculine hand and accounted for the sale of whiskey, receipts of meal &c.

When breakfast was finished and we repaired to the room where I had found the book, the only room they had except a kitchen and a dining room. I took the book from the mantel board and asked her to explain its contents. Her statement was as follows: "My husband bought the still that you've destroyed from a neighbor whose name I cannot give. He paid about half on it, when he died, leaving me with six children that you see here around me. I had helped him about the business before we moved here, and as I understood it, the gentleman as owned it and sold it to my husband 'lowed that I could continue the business and that the officers would not be likely to disturb me. I told him I had no education. He said he would help me, and he fetched that book and sets down for me what whiskey he gets and what other git, and who is entitled to whiskey when a 'run' is made, on account of turning meal. I fatten my hogs and get enough meal to make my bread out of it, but it was not for the meals and feed beats that git it on a credit and never pay I could do pretty well." I asked how much the guide owed her, and she said she thought it was \$12; that it was 'set' down in the book. She was especially incensed at him because he got the whiskey, not to drink but to sell. I paid her for our breakfast and feed and left. From the account book I got all the facts necessary to discipline the neighborhood. I had the former owner, the guide, everybody who carried meal there to be made into whiskey on shares, arrested at my leisure. I used her and her son as witnesses against them. They were allowed 'mileage' and 'attendance' before the Commissioner, eighteen miles away, in each case; 'mileage' and 'attendance' before the United States Court at Nashville, amounting to over \$100. As to the case against her, she was indicted for manufacturing or working at a still house. The proof disclosed the fact that she was arrested before she had committed an avart act, and Judge Key ordered the jury to find 'not guilty as to her and her son.'

She is now living in Lonoke, Ark, having married a well-to-do citizen, and is doubtless making a dutiful wife.

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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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The circulation of this paper is over 25,000 copies; it is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPT. 10.

WHERE GOLD LIES.

The real stability of Alaska gold mining is in the quartz region, in the vicinity of Stewart City which is about sixty miles north of Juneau. It is at this point that are located the great Treadwell mines, the mines of the Noewell family of Boston, of D. O. Mills and his associates, of New York city and of the Rothschilds of London, England. These mines, which are among the largest in the world, have up to date, been the real gold producers of Alaska and the Northwest Territory, and will send down this Fall about \$5,000,000 of fine gold to civilization.

The climate at the coast is much milder than in the interior, and there is no such suffering as is known in the Yukon district. In fact, the coast climate, for most of the year, is not materially different from that of New York city, except that there are longer winters.

Insurance against non-employment is an experiment, begun in America in the current year. It is a private enterprise. Its dues are heavier than those of similar European societies, but its benefits are also much larger. As in the case of the European societies, voluntary non-employment, or non-employment for any cause within the control of the beneficiary, makes all benefits voidable. This excludes the strikers. A significant feature of this movement is the effect which it will have upon employment agencies.

The military and naval weakness of Great Britain in this jubilee year has found a Jeremiah in Sir CHARLES DILKE. He has not been silenced by the spectacular greatness of the British fleet—by the miles of floating fortresses, the leagues of dashing squadrons, which pointed a moral and adorned a tale of Spithead. Indeed, he reveals in a fine pessimism of present doubt and future anxiety and invites disquieting examinations into the real defence of the

Empire. He had discovered on a Parliamentary return, furnished at his request, that the claim of equality of England with France and Russia in sea power exists on paper alone, and that by next year even this mythical satisfaction must go whistling down the wind. The pregnant reasons of England's existing weakness are to be found, he writes, in the want of battle ships and cruisers, or the absence of that "preparation," as he styles it, which would enable her in the first few weeks of war to blockade the home ports of her enemies, protect her trade routes, strengthen and garrison the coaling and supplying stations and send to the fleet reserves of men which do not now exist. He believes that the Empire is fatuously denying dangers that threaten—and if immediate steps are not taken the friendliness of the country may invite attack that will be disastrous, so says SIR CHARLES.

There have been three British wars with Afghanistan during the Victorian sixty years, and the news from the Khyber Pass seems ominous of another. One of the earliest military tragedies of the Queen's reign was the appalling massacre of McNAUGHTEN's command in one of the passes leading southward from Kabul into India. Over 16,000 men women and children retreating from the Afghan capital under pledges of a peaceful journey to India were overtaken in the pass by the ferocious tribesmen and massacred within a few hours. One man only survived the slaughter and he badly wounded crawled slowly on to Jelalabad to tell the horrid story.

There is a nervous anxiety among some people to discover a new name for the Anglo-Saxon subjects of the Queen. One genius has hit upon "Anglicander" as suitable to inhabitants of the British Isles and colonies alike. It is not probable that any Englishman or Australian will yearn to call himself an Africander.

A deaf and dumb congress is about to be held in London. Some of the newspapers are complaining that no list of speakers has as yet been announced. It is probable however that "All Lands" will carry on conversation even if no formal addresses are to be made.

England Cinque Ports, now nearly all high and dry may become harbors again. The sea, which for centuries has been receding from Rye and Winchelsea, is retreating and is fast eating into the land.

According to the Indianapolis News the board of public works of that place recently made a proposition to the council that we put our heads together and build a wooden pavement this fall.

Some \$400,000 of Worlds Fair money still remains to be distributed among the stockholders at Chicago. It has been tied up by litigation.

DR. JORDAN of Stanford University says that the only way to save the seal herd is to prohibit pelagic sealing.

An Interesting Insurance Pamphlet.

W. J. Murray the Maritime manager of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association has issued a pamphlet dealing with the features of life insurance. Much that is puzzling to the ordinary policy holder is made clear and no one holding a policy can fail to benefit by reading it. The old line companies come in for sharp attack and criticism. Their methods and their practices are dealt with in a scathing manner while such terms as "Legal Reserve" and "Profits" come in for a large share of the author's attention. At any rate whether a policy holder agrees with Mr. Murray or not his pamphlet is remarkably interesting and worth sending for. Captain Manley provincial manager for New Brunswick St. John or W. J. Murray, Metropole building Halifax can supply it on application.

Messrs. Elgecombe to the Front again.

The Messrs. Elgecombe of Fredericton have a very interesting exhibit of carriages at this exhibition and when it is considered that they also have exhibits on the road to the big shows at Halifax and Charlottetown some idea can be formed of the extent of their manufacturing. Some of their carriages were greatly admired by Premier Laurier and all of the people have to stop and give them their strict attention. Exhibition carriages are built for the keenest inspection both in regard to workmanship and finish and intending purchasers cannot make any mistake in selecting from such a variety as this firm displays.

What? The McLean stamps. Ha! ha! As usual we are up to date. No laundry can give them but us. Curtains 25 cents per pair. Uggars' Laundry and Dye Works. 'Phone 58.

Chairs Re-seated, Cane, Splint, Repaired Duvet, 27 Waterloo.

VERSE OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

The Love Angel. Soon comes the day of weeping, Soon comes the night of weeping, Soon will the red leaves fall, Now comes the angel bearing The stichs our sweet homes bearing Lovingly doing all.

The harvest in glory glides, Gathered for graces golden; In blossoms and bending grain, Both in our sorrow taken, In paradise soon awaken, Never to part again.

The sickle the clusters faling, Ever of death reminding; Must be put to the vine, So the love angel stajing, Cometh this message bringing; The dearest ones all mine.

The Love Angel cometh loving; For what seems to us belonging; The sweetest and best we own, To hearts that are well nigh broken, Love is the silent token, By which their worth is known.

The face of the angel looking, Delay scarce a moment brooking; In lovely in holy light; A heavenly smile still showing, How softly the river flowing, Takes them beyond the night.

The wheat and the lilies together, Are taken without asking whether; We think we the trial can bear; But even the love angel bidding; The sheaves we are carefully minding; Remember a sorrowful tear.

The flowers so fondly we cherish, May often the earliest perish; And leave but a silent grave; But the master so very tender, Is often only the leader; Of all that we thought He gave.

Rosemary Bed, Sept. 1897. CYRUS GOLDEN.

His Mission.

They came through the meadows of childhood together, hand in hand, And often they talked of the future that waited in Manhood's land, And one gave eye the glory that crowns the peaks of fame, In that strange and mystical country that no man giveth a name; "Up to the heights, whose beauty lures me by night and day, I will sometime find my comrades, with kindred souls the way; And because his eyes turned over to the heights, he could not see The beauty that was about him—blinded to it all was he.

But the other saw all the flowers that grew by the paths they trod, He read on the hills and meadows the wordless poems of God; He saw the sin and the sorrow that were round him everywhere, He spoke kind words to a comrade and lightened his load of care; "Here is work for my hands, my brother, I found It may not be grand like a hero's, but I shall be satisfied, If in the lives of others I bring some hope and cheer, And feel that the world is better because of my little here."

The ways that feet had followed parted in Manhood's land, And he whose eyes saw only the peaks far off and grand, Strove steadily on towards them and passed not once by the way To help and comfort a comrade, as sometimes the weakest may; He climbed up the hills, and over their summits passed from sight, And to day he dwells in the glory that crowns the mystic height, But no man's heart thrills warmly when another speaks his name.

But the other saw all about him work for his will, Has done it faithfully, nobly, as by a King's commands; He has helped the weak and the weary, he has comforted those who mourn, And no man knoweth the number of burdens he hath borne, He sang when his heart was heavy, songs full of hope and cheer, And his songs brought comfort and courage, and all And men, and women, and children, speak lovingly his name, And happy is he who findeth that Love is better than Fame.

In Autumn. Let us sing of the sheaves, when the summer is done, And the grains are stored with the gifts of the sun, Shouting home from the fields, like the voices of the sea, Let us join with the reapers in glad jubilee—Harvest Home!

For the smile of the sunshine, again and again, For the dew on the garden, the showers on the plain, For the year, with its hopes and its promises that crowd with plenty and peace, let thanksgiving ascend, Harvest Home!

We shall gather a harvest of glory we know, From the furrows of life where in patience we sow, Buried here in the field of our heart never die, And its seed scattered here will be sheaves in the skies, Harvest home! —REV. THEODORE BROWN.

At The Pasture Bars.

The sun is in his tent, The sky is thick with sunset, With kindling stars; While the hour is growing late, The cows impatient wait, At the pasture bars.

Why linger in the lane The milkmaid and the swain With his milk pail? The one to listen wait To hear the other tell The old old tale.

The pear tree by the wall Conceals the two from all The white stars; But the cattle know his late, Impudently they wait, At the pasture bars.

—LASC BASSER CHAMBERLAIN, in N. Y. Home Journal.

Musical Journalism.

A school of musical journalism will be opened in Boston this fall in charge of Mr. L. C. Elson. It will include a general knowledge of all the chief works of the classical repertoire, a knowledge of the classical form and its analysis, a practical knowledge of the instruments of the orchestra and their usage in modern works, a comprehension of the different schools of composition and of technical performance, practical exercise in writing criticisms and reviews, and all the routine of actual journalistic work.

TO ABOLISH THE CRICKET.

A League Forming in Boston With an Odd Aspect.

Boston, dear virtuous cultured and most exclusive Boston, has actually taken the initiative in a rather questionable undertaking and permitted a branch of the anti-marriage league—or to be more correct, the English Legitimation League to be established within her sacred precincts. I think the dear prim old dame must really have been either asleep or suffering from an attack of temporary mental aberration brought on by over-indulgence in culture when she consented to the innovation, but it is there all the same, and making brave, though not very successful struggles to establish a foothold. The object of this League is practically to abolish the marriage ceremony, and substitute for it a contract dissoluble at will, by which the man and woman shall agree to live together as husband and wife and to recognize as legitimate any children born of the union. As yet the society has not made much headway, the members numbering about twenty-five, and including two Boston bluestockings, two middle aged women with socialistic leanings, a young English girl an elderly anarchist, and a young Russian gentleman of good family whose aristocratic lineage is indicated in a name as famous in history, as unpronounceable in practice. Probably the most enthusiastic of the group, and the most thoroughly imbued with the principles she advocates, is the young English girl who is fresh from the teachings of the founders of the league in London, Omald, and Gladys Dawson, with whom she has been associated for some time past; and it has only been by energetic, and untiring work that the society has obtained even its present foothold in Boston.

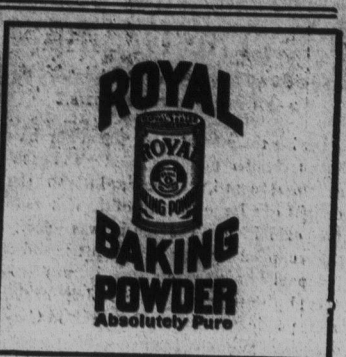
Curiously enough, though the fact is not known to many, this movement is not new in Boston having really originated in that city four years ago, when the founder, Omald Dawson, a gentleman of decidedly anarchistic tendencies, was a resident of that city. The first prospectus of this interesting society was given to the public in 1888, and its distinguished author has then anxious to establish a branch in Boston but receiving no encouragement, he was obliged to abandon the scheme, and turn his attention towards other countries. This same Omald Dawson, who seems to be thoroughly sincere, and honestly convinced of the benefits to result from his extraordinary scheme, is the son of Thomas Dawson, a former well known resident of Leeds England and a prominent member of the Society of Friends. The son, early discarded the belief of his fathers, and has been a free thinker for years. His wife Gladys, is a firm believer in the same principles.

The primary purpose of the league is not by any means the doing away with a legal form of marriage, though the members themselves admit that it is a means to the end. They declare that their true object is to "create a machinery for acknowledging children born out of wedlock, and to secure them equal rights with legitimate children."

In the words of the patent of the league himself: "I disbelieve in the promise for life. I do not believe that the state has any concern in the relation of the sexes, in the first place, and in the second place, I don't consider even if it were right for the state to interfere, that it should make the contract binding for life. If the state made divorce as easy as marriage and as inexpensive, then I don't think I should say that I objected to the institution of marriage. I do not expect to be popular in this generation nor do I expect that Legislatures will recognize us in this generation. I am not so much attempting to alter the law at present, as to ripen public opinion in the matter until it is time to act. From the earlier times we find two modes of legitimating children—the process of adoption and the process of marriage. Of these two the older, is the process of adoption. In the days of the Roman Empire, Nero, Trajan, Hadrian and Marcus Aurelius, all succeeded to the purple not by birth but by adoption. This process is absolutely unknown to the English and Scotch law. It is well known to the American and French law, but unfortunately in France it is so hedged about by conditions, limitations and restrictions, that it is to all intents and purposes useless unless for the purpose of legitimating natural children and the consequence is that the French have to fall back on what is known as the public acknowledgement of natural children. Such are Mr. Dawson's ostensible reasons for the establishment of his new society and as examples of unions between men and women without the formality of marriage which have turned out satisfactorily, he cites the well known cases of George Elliot, and George Henry Lewes, George Sand, and Chopin, and Mary Wollstonecraft and the poet Shelley. It is

needless to say that the Dawsons have put their peculiar theories into practice in their own case no marriage vows having been exchanged between them, the simple published announcement of their intention to live together having been considered quite sufficient to satisfy the conventionalities. As I said before, these people and their disciples seem thoroughly in earnest, and quite sure that they are in the right, but the wrong they are likely to do with their mistaken ideas is simply incalculable. They do not seem capable of seeing through the fallacy of their own theories, the very most prominent of which is the premium they are putting upon vice. In their laudable desire to protect unacknowledged children, they are actually creating a fresh evil, encouraging the increase of that unfortunate class, by the facilities they provide for their care. However, I do not imagine that the citizens of Boston have much need for alarm, over the new league, 'as the laws of the state will probably do more to discourage that young organization, than any amount of opposition in other quarters. I understand that one attempt has already been made in the United States, to carry out the ideas of the league, a couple in Kansas city having agreed to live together as man and wife after the manner of the great originators of the "cult," only to discover that the theories of Mr. Oswald Dawson of London were no protection from the laws of the State of Missouri, the two being in direct opposition to each other, and in spite of indignant protests and appeals from members of the society both in the United States and England, the enthusiasts who had violated a state law were compelled to spend a considerable portion of time in one of the state institutions, where they were taken excellent care of without any charge.

A few such examples will doubtless have the desired effect, and the Anti-Marriage League will soon be a thing of the past in this country.



Princess Ranjitsinhji's Jubilee Book of Cricket's has just been published, and it shows that Ranjitsinhji takes cricket seriously. However, he does not disdain to brighten his pages with an occasional epigram, as when he observes: 'The placing of a field is like the losing of a seat in a division.' It has been said that 'Ranji,' at the wicket, is like a cat batting, so extraordinary an impression of supple agility does he make. Another felicitous comparison is not inappropriate, for Ranjitsinhji playing cricket must be like a cat watching a mouse, for his eyes doesn't seem to have missed the smallest point of the game.

Some pictures in the book are vivid. There is one in particular of a batsman, the last hope of his team, just at the moment when the bowler at the other end is about to discharge the ball. The rest of the story is in the Prince's words. There is a little worn and dusty hollow in the turf a couple of yards in front of the crease, and if the ball lights on that, goodness knows what it will do. It may break either way or it may bump up fiercely, and then one has to take care of one's head as well as one's wicket. Onward rushes the ball and fair and true it hits the dusty spot. The batsman has followed it every inch of its flight, and his muscles and his nerves turn to steel as it approaches. For the tiniest fraction of a second he loses sight of it in the rising dust, and in that time he endures what seems like a lifetime of painful doubt. But, here it comes. It has taken an ugly twist towards the off stump. In the twinkling of an eye it will be crashing into the wicket. Short time remains to make the decision on which the honor of a county and the fame of a batsman depend. But 'mid-off' has got just a little closer to the bowler than he ought to be; there is a tempting gap in the field. Forward goes the left leg of the batsman, down comes the bat with a straight strong sweep, and away speeds the ball, a yard or so out of the reach of 'cover point,' who, accompanied by the peacock 'mid-off' race vainly after it to the boundary, because of course, the man in the deep field, who ought to have been there, has been sent behind the wicket. As it is, four runs are scored, and the match is won.

The assertion that some day man will be a hairless animal is scorned by scientists. Already Hall's Hair Renewer is accomplishing wonders in averting baldness.

A PRINCE'S CRICKET BOOK. Ranjitsinhji Puts Forth a Stirring Work in the Great English Game. Prince Ranjitsinhji's Jubilee Book of Cricket's has just been published, and it shows that Ranjitsinhji takes cricket seriously. However, he does not disdain to brighten his pages with an occasional epigram, as when he observes: 'The placing of a field is like the losing of a seat in a division.' It has been said that 'Ranji,' at the wicket, is like a cat batting, so extraordinary an impression of supple agility does he make. Another felicitous comparison is not inappropriate, for Ranjitsinhji playing cricket must be like a cat watching a mouse, for his eyes doesn't seem to have missed the smallest point of the game.



that the Dawsons have put theories into practice in their marriage vows having been them, the simple pub-



The residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Watson, "Fiddlers' street," presented a pretty scene on evening last, the occasion being the birthday of their little daughter Florie. About forty children gathered to celebrate the event, and from 4 to 10 p. m. enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Music and other games were indulged in till supper was announced, and the little ones repaired to the dining room to do justice to the good things provided. The scene after supper was fairy-like, the lawn in front of the house being lit up with Chinese lanterns and the children romped and played from house to house till it was nearly time to disperse. Before leaving for their homes ice cream was served. Among those present were, Misses Marion Peters, Pauline King, Royce Carter, Florie Eastington, Grace Humphrey, Fannie Fotheringham, Helen Fotheringham, Alice Hatch, Maggie Beaton, Daisy Clarke, Ethel Andrews, May Andrews, Ethel Smith, Lisie Clarke, Clara Hay, Susie Andrews, Jean Lovitt, Blinda McIntyre, Nellie McIntyre, Edith Doherty, Carrie McGary, Ethel Bealy, Maggie Bealy, Rita Davis, Gladys Stammers, Annie Stammers, Kitty Higgins, Jessie Likely, Florie Watson and Nan Watson, Misses Robin Andrews, Colin Lovitt, Ralph Bealy, Douglas Lovitt, Frank Hamu, Matthias Hamu, Harold Bealy, Walter Bealy, Vernon Hatch, Harry Doherty, Arthur Carter, Harold Dennis, Albert Hoar.

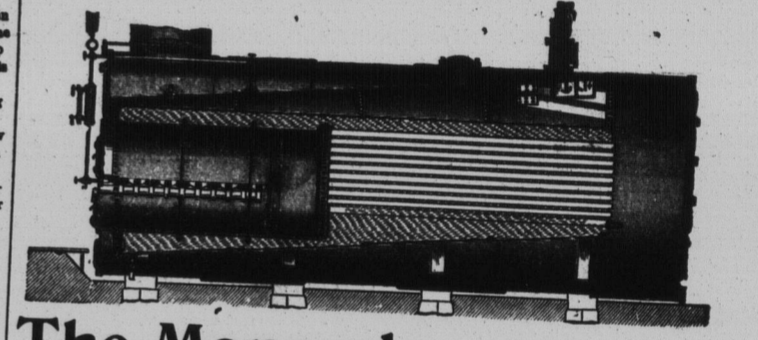
Miss Jane Hainsford arrived from the capital this week for a short stay in the city. Mr. and Mrs. John J. Weddell are among the numerous visitors who are being warmly welcomed by old friends and acquaintances. Mrs. Susan Grimmer is here from St. Stephen on a visit to city friends. Miss Susan Foster is here on a visit to her sister Mrs. A. W. Reed of Prince William Street. Lady Tilley is in St. Stephen on a visit to her mother Madame Chipman of the "Cedars." Mrs. A. E. Nell and Mrs. J. C. Taylor are being entertained this week by Mrs. Charles W. King of Kingsville. Miss Lily Miller left Wednesday morning on a trip to Boston and New York. Miss Constance Vall left Wednesday for Waltham Mass. to enter the Waltham Hospital to take a course in training for future work. Mrs. Fred L. Temple and child left this week to Mrs. Temple's parents at New York. Mr. and Mrs. John D. Dugby are guests of Mr. C. A. Rutherford of Duke street. Mr. E. B. Clarke and Mrs. Charles of Halifax were in the city for a part of this week. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hagarty arrived from Halifax this week to attend the exposition. Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Griffin of Boston paid a short visit to the city this week. Mrs. D. Newcomb went last week to join her husband at their future home in Woodstock. Misses Elida and Kathleen Beaton are here from Woodstock to attend the exhibition. Mr. and Mrs. John Fisher and Miss Fisher are also here for a few days. Rev. J. J. Tensdale and Mrs. Tensdale were here for the opening of the exhibition. They returned to Fredericton on Wednesday evening. About one hundred and fifty people went from the city on Wednesday afternoon to be present at the marriage of Miss Lydia Short, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Short of this city to Mr. Samuel McColgan of Sherbrooke, Kings county. The services were held in the neat and commodious church at Sherbrooke, the edifice being gaily decorated with ferns and flowers. Rev. Mr. Fenna performed the ceremony. Miss Lydia Short, the bride, was dressed in brown velvet with lace trimmings and hat to match and carried a beautiful bouquet. The bridesmaid was Miss Annie Bain, who wore a mixed grey and brown velvet suit, with trimmings and hat to match, and by her side were three little maids of honor, Miss Nellie Short, infant sister of the bride, and her two cousins, Misses Maggie and Annie Boulton—dressed in pale blue muslin, trimmed with white lace and blue ribbons, wearing wreaths and carrying beautiful bouquets. Mr. Thomas Short, brother of the bride, supported the groom. The hymn "The voice that breathed o'er Eden" was prettily rendered, and after the happy couple received the congratulations of the entire congregation, the party repaired to Shortland Villa, where a sumptuous repast was partaken of. The bride's present from the groom was a handsome gold chain, a cheque from her father of a goodly sum, and an organ from her mother. The gift of the groom to the bride was a handsome pin set with brilliants. The presents were rare and costly and very beautiful. Mr. Short's grounds were gaily decorated with flags and streamers. Mrs. McColgan will receive on Thursday and Friday of next week at No. 20 Peters street.

From Westfield comes the following budget of bright news; the summer residents of that charming resort are loth to turn their backs upon it and are endeavoring to make the most of the beautiful weather which has prevailed during the month. "Westfield has been rather quiet this week on account of the exhibition in St. John. On Monday and Tuesday our little village seemed deserted, for every one who could get away took the opportunity. Though of course it was more the desire of the people to pay their respects to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, G. C. M. of our Prime Minister than to see the fair. Mr. Thos. Rankine, Mrs. Wm. B. Fielding, wife of the Finance Minister, Miss Zella and Miss Flossie Fielding, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Beaton and family, and Misses E. Alish, L. Robertson and G. Fisher, were guests of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Canada's premier, from St. John to Westfield in his private car. Four Cabinet Ministers were among the party. Miss K. Robertson is the guest of Mrs. W. Watson Allan of "Kenwood." Mrs. A. W. Bale of Halifax and Mrs. E. J. Roberts of Brooklyn N. Y., are visiting their sister Mrs. Warren Fairweather. Mr. Harold Sears was the guest of Mr. Douglas McLaughlin, Tuesday. The St. James church social which was held on Mrs. Murray Nats's grounds last week could not be called a success as it was held too late in the season. Miss Murray Inches of "Sivanooan" left Tuesday to resume her studies at Windsor. Mrs. Wm. A. Simonds and family have returned to the city after spending a very pleasant summer at "Hill Side cottage." We trust to see our popular friend again next season. Little Daisy Sears was very cordially received by Sir Wilfrid Laurier and received a kiss from that statesman when she presented him a bouquet of roses on his way from St. John. Mr. and Mrs. Most McDonald and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McLaughlin of "Linden Villa," Woodmans Pt. have returned from a trip to Toronto. Mrs. Will Starr's new house is completed but he will not occupy it till fall. It is a regular summer house just the right kind for a family to have a good time in during the summer months. Mrs. Thos. Rankine had a miraculous escape from death recently, she was coming to the city on the C. P. R. and was being helped on the train, while in motion by a gentleman, when in some way they both slipped and Mrs. Rankine fell between the train and platform, she escaped unhurt but was badly shaken up. Mr. A. H. Warwick and family returned to the city Tuesday after spending a very pleasant summer at their country home. Mr. Geo. Wattis spent Sunday with his son Mr. Guy W. Wattis in St. John. Mrs. Broad who has been visiting her brother Mr. Thomas Rankin at Iverloch, has returned home. Mr. John Wilmet and family who have been spending the summer at their residence Woodman's Point returned to Charlottetown on Monday. Mr. Edward Sears of the White house spent Sunday with his brother Mr. Edward Sears of Kingsville, Ont., at Loch Lomond. Mr. E. S. Sears left on Wednesday via the C. P. R. for home. Mr. Percy Sutherland and Mr. Wm. Rankin and Westfield a delightful place to spend the Sundays. Master Kenneth Patterson son of E. B. Patterson of Kingswood left recently to attend the Rotheray school. Miss Ella Ballantine is visiting friends in St. John. Mrs. George Waters spent Wednesday with friends at Walsford. Mrs. E. B. Patterson's mother Mrs. Philip Nace of Indianstown and her sister Mrs. C. F. Woodman spent Wednesday with her at Kingswood.

WELCOME SOAP. All Housekeepers SHOULD USE Welcome SOAP. Have you had a FREE GUESS at the MISSING WORD yet? Don't fail to visit the Welcome Soap Booth AT THE EXHIBITION and try for the missing word. \$25 Cash Prizes. Welcome Soap Co. Missing Word Contest

If Horses could talk... what a hum there would be on the streets about the wonderful way in which Quickheal cures Scratches, Galls and Sores. Every man who owns a horse should try it. SOLD EVERYWHERE

The Monarch... Economic Boiler IS PORTABLE SAVES FUEL. Has an outer casing and requires no brickwork. Leaves our shop mounted on skids ready for use. Some tests show a saving of 30 per cent. over a common brick-set boiler. We guarantee at least 10 per cent. ROBB ENGINEERING CO., LIMITED, AMHERST, N. S.



Mr. James Stevenson is visiting his uncle Mr. Thos. Stevenson. Mrs. Chas. Dapline is visiting her daughter Mrs. B. H. Stevens at Williams Cove, she will be away two months. Mr. F. F. Reid and family of Moncton have returned home after spending a pleasant summer with us. Miss May Waters of Indianstown returned home Monday after a pleasant visit to Mr. Thos. Crawford and friends in Boston. Mr. Ludlow Nace has given invitations for a dance which is to take place at Mr. Geo. Crawford's local musician. It was too late this week to give any particulars.

Illustration of a woman in a long dress and hat standing next to a table with a typewriter. Text: "The Monarch... Economic Boiler... SAVES FUEL... ROBB ENGINEERING CO., LIMITED, AMHERST, N. S."

CRICKET BOOK. North is stirring work in English Game. The book is vivid. The outline of a batsman, the ball, just at the moment the other end is about to bowl. The rest of the book is full of the most interesting details. The book is full of the most interesting details. The book is full of the most interesting details.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale... Halifax by the newshod and at the following news stands and centres.

C. S. DeFAYAT, Brunswick street...  
 L. H. & CO., Barrington street...  
 J. S. KELLY, George street...  
 J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth street...

Last week was a week of dinners given partly for the members of the Behring Sea Commission partly as fare well to the flag-ship.

On Thursday evening Mr. Justice and Mrs. Graham had a very pleasant dinner for the Behring Sea Commission.

On Friday evening Mr. Charles and Mrs. Tupper had a dinner at Armada also for the commission.

On Wednesday Lady Tupper was also the hostess of the day, her garden party being one of the largest of the season.

On Thursday evening Mrs. Charles Archibald gave a small dance, for young ladies and men only, no married people being asked.

On Friday afternoon Mr. Bullock had a picnic at MacNab's Island which took off a good many people, while Mrs. Bruce and Mrs. Clarke had each a party of the same kind.

Major Bor, who was reported to be about to succeed Colonel Leach on this station, goes to Bermuda, which is a disappointment to the many friends he has in this garrison, and to those of Mrs. Bor, who was Miss Morrow.

Sept. 15.—The dinner tendered Mr. W. A. Spencer, the popular accountant of the Merchants' Bank at the "Leamers" last Friday night, previous to his departure for Rosland, B. C. was a pronounced success.

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"WHAT WE HAVE WE'LL HOLD."

Baby when he has once been treated to a bath with "BABY'S OWN SOAP" —wants no other—because he knows no other makes him feel so nice.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs. Montreal.

CANADA'S INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

St. John, N. B. 14th to 24th Sept, 1897 OVER \$12,000 IN PRIZES

For Live Stock and Farm and Dairy Products Competition open to the World.

Very Cheap Excursion Rates on all Railways and Steamers. Rates and Dates announced later.

The C. P. Railway will carry Exhibitors from New Brunswick points at regular rates and refund all freight charges when goods or stock are returned.

Arrive now to come to St. John. Entry Forms will be forwarded to every one who applies personally or by letter to CHAS. A. EVERETT, Manager and Secretary, ST. JOHN, N. B.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN HAS JUST RECEIVED—

Pears' Violet Powder, Lubin's Violet Powder, Kobanin Gum, Extract Wild Strawberry, Beechman's Peppin Gum, Beechman's Pills, Euthymol Tooth Paste, and Oloroma.

Allan's Pharmacy, 35 King Street. THE WHITE AND GOLD FRONT. Telephone 238.

Fall Suitings.. New Fall Suitings, Overcoatings and Trouserings, just arrived. By ordering early customers have the best selection and avoid the rush that is later in the season. Prices all quality as usual.

A. R. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor, 64 Germain St.

All Genuine..... Oxford Mill Goods Are Guaranteed...PURE WOOL.

Helps Miller, Amherst, are guests of Mrs. D. A. Bishop this week.

Mrs. Florence MacKay is here from Wallace visiting her sister, Mrs. L. S. Walker.

The Diamond Jubilee and Natal Day celebrations were successfully carried out yesterday.

Mrs. Joseph Yull, Great Village, is visiting at her son's, Mr. H. W. Yell, Queen street.

Mrs. H. F. Donkin, Esq., manager of the Dominion Coal Co., Glace Bay, was a guest of Mrs. George Miss Annie Fraser, New Glasgow, in visiting friends in town.

Mrs. V. A. Laundry of Weymouth is also the guest of Mrs. Forsythe.

Mrs. F. J. F. Burns of New York is visiting Mrs. Reddock.

Mrs. V. A. Laundry of Weymouth is also the guest of Mrs. Forsythe.

Mrs. Samuel Smith and child of St. John, are guests of Mrs. Dunham.

Mrs. Ralph Humphrey of St. John has been spending a few days here.

Mrs. J. G. Alderman of North Sydney is paying a visit to his brother.

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Mrs. Marion Leckie is the guest of Mrs. Towns here.

Mrs. Barnaby and Miss Cooks of Liverpool are guests of Mrs. A. E. McLeod.

Mrs. C. E. Smith went to Amherst to be present at Miss Hillson's wedding.

Mrs. Dayton and Miss Mattie McAlen have returned to Boston this week accompanied by Miss Annie McAlen.

Mrs. O. L. Price has been taking a trip in the Annapolis Valley.

Mrs. J. F. F. Burns of New York is visiting Mrs. Reddock.

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It has the strength and the delicate flavor of absolute purity.

Fry's Cocoa. It is gratefully stimulating peculiarly nourishing. An ideal drink for infants and invalids. 200 medals and awards taken by the Messrs. Fry. Your grocer sells it.

HAIRCOURT.

[Progress is for sale in Harcourt by Mrs. B. Livingston.]

Mrs. H. J. H. Warman of Moncton spent part of this week in this neighborhood.

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Walking Hats

There are indications that the Walking Hats will soon be as prominent here as in England. There every lady has her Walking Hat. She would as quickly think of supposing her wardrobe complete with a single pair of gloves as to think that she could do without a walking hat. So a walking hat is always added. We have them in

All Styles... and Colors

Trimmed with ribbon and quills, from 75c. upward. Our assortment of Toque Feathers is very large. Paris Pattern Hats and Bonnets still on exhibition.

The Parisian

Spring Lamb, Lettuce and Radish.

THOMAS DEAN, City Market.



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**WOODSTOCK.**  
[Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. Lobb & Co.]  
Sept. 14.—Miss Hume entertained a number of friends very pleasantly at a tea party on Tuesday evening last in honor of Dr. MacLeod of Boston and Dr. Pinkham of New York.  
Miss Mabel Jordan of St. John is the guest of Mrs. S. S. Kirkpatrick.  
Miss Jennie Hall of St. John is the guest of Mrs. A. D. McIvor.  
Mr. and Mrs. E. Harry Smith are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter.  
Mrs. George F. Smith gave a very pleasant drive whilst party on Thursday evening, seven tables were filled and a very interesting competition made. The ladies first prize was won by Miss Raymond, Mr. Rankin Brown and Mr. Jack Dibble winning equal points for the gentlemen's which fell to Mr. Dibble. The consolation prizes were awarded to Miss Brown and Mr. Donald Peabody. Supper was served at twelve o'clock. Those present were Miss Smith, Mrs. George Clark, Frederick, Miss May Clark, Miss L. Bull, Miss A. Bull, Miss Helen Jordan, Miss Elida Bourne, Miss M. Chapman, Miss Kathleen Bourne, Miss Blanche Dibble, Miss Beattie Neale, Miss F. Smith, Miss Brown, Messrs. B. F. McKay, J. E. Christie, C. A. Peabody, C. A. Smith, S. T. W. Moore, G. W. Howard, B. Redell, C. L. S. Raymond, R. Brown, C. Carman, G. F. Smith, Donald Peabody, and Alex. Brown.

The same evening Mr. and Mrs. John Fisher entertained a number of friends very pleasantly at a croquet party. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Holyoke, Dr. E. S. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Miss Mabel Jordan, St. John, Mrs. J. Beveridge, Miss M. Munro, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Young, Miss W. Williams, Miss Williams, Miss Allan, Miss Wollhamper, Miss Dunca, Dr. Pinkham, New York, Dr. MacLeod, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. George Taylor and others.  
Mr. and Mrs. George Taylor gave a very pleasant little informal dance on Friday evening. The weather was delightfully warm with full moon making the verandah and lawn most attractive places between the dances, dainty refreshments were served about eleven o'clock. Those present were: Mrs. George Clark, Frederick, Miss Cora Smith, Miss Yarrow, Miss Helen Jordan, Miss Elida Bourne, Miss Dunca, Miss May Clark, Miss Blanche Dibble, Miss Kathleen Bourne, Dr. MacLeod, Boston, Mr. B. F. McKay, F. Hay, J. E. Christie, C. A. Peabody, Dr. Pinkham, New York, G. H. Harrison.

On Wednesday evening a party of young people chaperoned by Mrs. Augherson and Mrs. John Loane drove down to Ball's Creek and enjoyed a "corn roast". This novel form of moon-light picnic proved a most enjoyable affair. Those participating were Miss Tompkins, Miss Wolverson, Misses Lila and George Augherson, Miss Burtt, Miss Collins, Miss Arnold, Miss Hendry, Messrs. J. C. Frapp, J. Gibson, H. Manser, Norman Lee, C. Gibson and S. A. Appley.  
Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Manser, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Beysa, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Anderson, and Dr. and Mrs. G. B. Manser, drove out to Jackson's Falls on Wednesday returning by moonlight from a pleasant outing.  
Miss Mabel Phillips returned on Saturday to Boston to resume her studies at a hospital there after a brief holiday.  
Miss Clara Leighton is spending a few weeks in Boston.  
Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Sarpe left Saturday for Boston and New York on a holiday trip.  
Mrs. D. Newcomb of St. John arrived in Woodstock last week to join her husband who is superintendent of Atlantic Division of C. P. R., has his headquarters at Woodstock. They will reside on Chapel street.

Mr. Stephen Smith is spending a few weeks in Fredericton the guest of Mrs. Fraser.  
Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. White, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Baird are attending the exhibition at St. John this week.  
Miss Elida Bourne and Miss Kathleen Bourne left for St. John on Tuesday to attend the exhibition.  
Mr. John Fivelling is spending his holidays in St. John.  
Mrs. Small returned to Boston on Tuesday morning.  
Dr. Pinkham of New York and Dr. MacLeod of Boston who were the guests of Mr. L. F. Fisher last week, returned to their homes on Saturday.  
Mr. Hugh Hay returned from a trip to Europe last week.  
Mr. and Mrs. John Fisher and Miss Fisher are attending the exhibition in St. John this week.  
Miss Jennie Guion of Fredericton is the guest of Mrs. O. L. Tilley.  
Miss Chapman returned last week from a very pleasant trip to Montreal, Quebec and various other cities.  
Mrs. J. Norman Winslow entertained a large party of children on Friday afternoon the occasion being the birthday of her little son Douglas.  
A very pretty wedding took place at the residence of Mr. O. L. Tilley, Co. street on Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock, when his youngest daughter, Miss Annie Gertrude was united in the bonds of matrimony to Mr. Charles Kenneth Palmer of Fredericton, by Rev. Douglas Chapman. The house was beautifully decorated with flowers. The drawing room in which the ceremony took place being most charmingly arranged. In the alcove formed by the bay window the bridal party stood; the space behind them being completely filled with a profusion of asters in white, pink and purple with vines, green ferns and palms. Overhead was suspended a large bell composed of white and pink sweet peas and asters, and from this bell vines and ribbons were festooned to the sides of the window making a very artistic decoration. The blinds were closed and the brilliant lights gave a crimson glow to the formal ornaments and lovely dresses of the bridal party, presenting a very radiant scene.  
Promptly at the hour named the bride entered the room leaving on the arm of her father, preceded by her bridesmaid and maid of honor. The bride was charmingly attired in a very pretty dress of cream silk entourage trimmings of lace and ribbon.

Mr. and Mrs. Palmer arrived here this evening. Mr. and Mrs. John Palmer and Miss Fannie Palmer were in Woodstock attending the wedding of Mr. Charles Palmer.  
The marriage of Miss Helen Cliff of Lower Queensbury, to Mr. Harry Lyman Davenport of South Framingham, Mass., which took place yesterday at the home of the bride was of much interest to many friends here. A large party from the city drove up to attend the wedding. After the ceremony a sumptuous luncheon was served on the lawn adjoining the house. Mr. Davenport the groom, is manager of a banking agency at South Framingham. To Mr. and Mrs. Davenport were extended many hearty wishes for a long and happy life.  
Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Hennessy of Batte, Monans, are here on their bridal tour and are guests at the Queen Hotel, Mrs. Hannay of St. John, sister of Mr. Hennessy is with them. They intend remaining ten days. Mr. Hennessy is receiving many warm congratulations from old time friends here.  
Invitations are out for the marriage of Miss Ida M. Simmons, daughter of the late Isaac W. Simmons to Mr. Geo. Livston Starr, on Wednesday 22nd, last at 12 o'clock noon in the Methodist church.  
And still another wedding is in prospect for Wednesday 20th inst., when St. Paul's church choir will loose one of their sweet singers: She going to grace the home of a gentleman in Nova Scotia.  
"The Bachelor" of this city intend giving a ball in the Masonic hall, tomorrow evening. The band of the First Band, will furnish music for dancing.  
Mrs. W. G. Blair of Ottawa is here visiting her daughter Mrs. Robt. F. Randolph.  
Mrs. W. J. Gregory is visiting her home at St. John.  
Rev. Jas. Manning occupied the pulpit of St. Paul's church on Sunday evening.  
The many friends of Mr. E. Allen will learn with deep regret of his very serious illness. On Friday last she was stricken with neuralgia of the head, and at present there is very little hope of her recovery.

**GO BACK**  
to the United States after your vacation, taking with you that which makes life worth living and fits you for the duties of business and home life—it is found in K. D. C.—The Little Doctor—which drives out every form of indigestion.  
K. D. C. is recommended by the prominent men and women.  
K. D. C. Pills are as splendid for the Liver and Bowels.  
Samples, testimonials and guarantee mailed to any address.  
**K. D. C. COMPANY, Limited,**  
New Glasgow, 127 State St., Boston, Mass.

**FRIDEBERTON.**  
[Progress is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. E. Fenaty and J. H. Hawthorne.]  
Sept. 15.—This has been a month of weddings and unlike our June marriages, this year which took nearly all our brides out of the city, this month is bringing all the brides here. Among the brides who were receiving last week were Mrs. Chas. Hall of St. John, who was visiting at Red Top, she was assisted in receiving by her mother and sister Mrs. L. W. Johnston and Miss Winifred Johnston while Miss Bons served refreshments to the guests. After her summer's outing Mrs. Hall was looking remarkably bright and happy.  
Mrs. A. S. Murray was also receiving her bridal visits on the same day. She was assisted in her pleasant duties by her sister Miss Lacombe and Miss McKee. Miss Lacombe serving refreshments to the guests.  
Mrs. Tweedle was the third bride of the week and is receiving each Tuesday of this month, Miss Tweedle is assisting at a dispensing coffee and cake to the visitors.  
Mr. and Mrs. M. Tennant have returned from their wedding journey and Mrs. Tennant is receiving her bridal calls this week and is assisted by Miss Beattie Tennant.  
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cooper arrived from Kansas on Thursday of last week and were serenaded by the band of the 71st Batt. Mrs. Cooper is receiving on Wednesday and Thursday of this week.  
Mr. Chas. Palmer was married this morning at Woodstock to Miss Annie Gertrude, daughter of Mr. L. T. Lillie, and was given in a beautiful gown of white silk. She was attended by her little niece Dottie Brewer, as maid of honor and Miss Girvin of this city acted as bridesmaid and was attired in canary silk.  
Mr. and Mrs. Palmer arrived here this evening. Mr. and Mrs. John Palmer and Miss Fannie Palmer were in Woodstock attending the wedding of Mr. Chas. Palmer.  
The marriage of Miss Helen Cliff of Lower Queensbury, to Mr. Harry Lyman Davenport of South Framingham, Mass., which took place yesterday at the home of the bride was of much interest to many friends here. A large party from the city drove up to attend the wedding. After the ceremony a sumptuous luncheon was served on the lawn adjoining the house. Mr. Davenport the groom, is manager of a banking agency at South Framingham. To Mr. and Mrs. Davenport were extended many hearty wishes for a long and happy life.  
Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Hennessy of Batte, Monans, are here on their bridal tour and are guests at the Queen Hotel, Mrs. Hannay of St. John, sister of Mr. Hennessy is with them. They intend remaining ten days. Mr. Hennessy is receiving many warm congratulations from old time friends here.  
Invitations are out for the marriage of Miss Ida M. Simmons, daughter of the late Isaac W. Simmons to Mr. Geo. Livston Starr, on Wednesday 22nd, last at 12 o'clock noon in the Methodist church.  
And still another wedding is in prospect for Wednesday 20th inst., when St. Paul's church choir will loose one of their sweet singers: She going to grace the home of a gentleman in Nova Scotia.  
"The Bachelor" of this city intend giving a ball in the Masonic hall, tomorrow evening. The band of the First Band, will furnish music for dancing.  
Mrs. W. G. Blair of Ottawa is here visiting her daughter Mrs. Robt. F. Randolph.  
Mrs. W. J. Gregory is visiting her home at St. John.  
Rev. Jas. Manning occupied the pulpit of St. Paul's church on Sunday evening.  
The many friends of Mr. E. Allen will learn with deep regret of his very serious illness. On Friday last she was stricken with neuralgia of the head, and at present there is very little hope of her recovery.

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Miss May Simmonds, who has been visiting her aunt Mrs. Edwards at the Queen, has returned to her home in Boston accompanied by Miss Kitty Edwards.  
Mr. Jasper A. Winslow has returned to his duties at Montreal after a pleasant vacation at his home here.  
Mr. and Mrs. D. F. George are still at their summer cottages at the Bay Shore.  
Miss Carrie Winslow left this morning for "Edgehill" to resume her studies there.  
Mr. and Mrs. John Palmer and Mrs. J. F. Van-Besker arrived home on Saturday from their trip to Toronto and other Canadian cities.  
Mr. W. Gance and daughter of Seattle who have been visiting friends in the city for the past three months, left last week for home accompanied by Miss Jennie Perkins, who proposes making a prolonged stay on the Pacific coast.  
Hon. Senator Poirer of Quebec, is in the city the guest of his niece, Mrs. W. H. McGowan.  
Miss Martha Black has returned from spending her vacation in Boston.  
Mrs. McKinley of Pictou, Nova Scotia is here visiting her daughter Mrs. T. G. Loggie.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Harry Smith are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter.  
Mrs. George F. Smith gave a very pleasant drive whilst party on Thursday evening, seven tables were filled and a very interesting competition made. The ladies first prize was won by Miss Raymond, Mr. Rankin Brown and Mr. Jack Dibble winning equal points for the gentlemen's which fell to Mr. Dibble. The consolation prizes were awarded to Miss Brown and Mr. Donald Peabody. Supper was served at twelve o'clock. Those present were Miss Smith, Mrs. George Clark, Frederick, Miss May Clark, Miss L. Bull, Miss A. Bull, Miss Helen Jordan, Miss Elida Bourne, Miss M. Chapman, Miss Kathleen Bourne, Miss Blanche Dibble, Miss Beattie Neale, Miss F. Smith, Miss Brown, Messrs. B. F. McKay, J. E. Christie, C. A. Peabody, C. A. Smith, S. T. W. Moore, G. W. Howard, B. Redell, C. L. S. Raymond, R. Brown, C. Carman, G. F. Smith, Donald Peabody, and Alex. Brown.  
The same evening Mr. and Mrs. John Fisher entertained a number of friends very pleasantly at a croquet party. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Holyoke, Dr. E. S. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Miss Mabel Jordan, St. John, Mrs. J. Beveridge, Miss M. Munro, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Young, Miss W. Williams, Miss Williams, Miss Allan, Miss Wollhamper, Miss Dunca, Dr. Pinkham, New York, Dr. MacLeod, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. George Taylor and others.  
Mr. and Mrs. George Taylor gave a very pleasant little informal dance on Friday evening. The weather was delightfully warm with full moon making the verandah and lawn most attractive places between the dances, dainty refreshments were served about eleven o'clock. Those present were: Mrs. George Clark, Frederick, Miss Cora Smith, Miss Yarrow, Miss Helen Jordan, Miss Elida Bourne, Miss Dunca, Miss May Clark

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(Continued from Fifth Page.)

The head office at Montreal, will regret to hear of his recent illness. Mr. Stead has been in the Montreal hospital for some weeks seriously ill with typhoid fever but I am glad to say is now completely cured.

Miss I. L. Miller left town on Monday to visit St. John and Fredericton. Judge and Mrs. Steadman of Fredericton are spending a few days in town the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chantall of Pleasant street.

Miss Tweedie left town on Saturday to spend a few days at Marysville, with Rev. W. W. and Mrs. Bowen.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Persons in for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph Tinsman, and at the bookstores of G. S. Wall, E. H. Ambrose and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at G. F. French.

Sept. 15 - A very happy wedding party gathered at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Fredrick Hill on Wednesday morning to witness the marriage of their eldest daughter Miss Louise Hill to Mr. William Henry. The house was beautifully adorned with flowers for the occasion, an arch was erected in the parlor, from which hung a marriage bell, made of white silver, under this the bride and groom stood during the marriage ceremony which was performed by Rev. E. G. Davis of the universalist church.

A treat in store for the music loving public is a grand concert to be given on Friday of next week by Miss Louie Taylor, in which Madame Marie Harrison, lately returned from Paris where she has been a pupil of the famous Marchesi, will sing. Mrs. Harrison has several times on stage before St. Croix audience and is always a favorite, and there are many who are her admirers, are most desirous of hearing her again. Miss Taylor who has also recently returned after several months study on the violin, will give several selections and a feature of the concert is a duet sung by Madame Harrison and Mr. G. S. Mayes of St. John. Miss Ida Brown of St. John will recite and Miss Beria Taylor will appear as accompanist. The concert is to be given in the Carling rink.

Misses Margaret and Esther Black daughters of Mr. John Black of the bank of Nova Scotia, left last evening for Windsor Nova Scotia, to resume their studies at the Edgell school in Windsor.

Miss Emily Miliken has returned from Augusta Maine.

Mr. Wilmet Brown of Richibucto has been spending a few days in town.

Mr. G. W. Ganong, M. P. has sufficiently recovered from his illness to be able to attend to business.

Miss Carrie Washburn has been the guest of Mrs. W. B. King, during this week.

Mr. Wendal Spooner, has returned to his home in Plymouth, Mass., after a visit of several weeks with his friends, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Coe.

Mrs. Almon I. Teed and her guests Mr. and Mrs. George Murray and Mrs. Deacon of Boston, are spending this week at Deer Island.

Miss Bessie McLutch has gone to Woodstock for an extended visit of several months.

The Misses Whitlock who are still occupying their cottage on the river bank at the Ledge are spending today in town.

Mrs. Hazen Grimmer is visiting friends in St. John during the week.

Miss Mabel Clerke has arrived home and it will be pleasing news to know she is rapidly recovering from her illness.

Miss Mamie Nicholson of Somerville, Mass. is the guest of Mrs. Charles Beard.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Gillmer are in Pembroke attending the Washington county annual fair and exhibition.

Mr. W. F. Vroom instructor at the Teachers college, New York city, is today for this city after an extended vacation with friends here.

Mr. Jim Bates, has returned to St. Johnsbury Vermont, after a pleasant visit of several weeks in Calais.

Inspector Carter is in town today arranging and perfecting plans in the Teacher's Institute which is held here in the Carling rink on Thursday and Friday of next week.

Mrs. Charles Whidden and her daughter Christine have returned from a delightful visit in Rockland, Maine, and vicinity.

Miss Winifred Todd went to Andover Mass on Tuesday to resume her studies at the Ladies Seminary in that place. Miss Todd's young friends greatly regret her departure from among them.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Orchard most cordially welcome them to St. Stephen. Mr. and Mrs. Orchard arrived from Chicago this week and are guests of Judge Stevens at Hawthorne Hall, after an absence of eight years.

Miss Bessie Porter in St. John the guest of her

WATTSIDE JOYINGS.

What I have seen and heard in my Varied Wanderings.

There are a great many things that are incongruous in this world, and how often do you see and hear of places named, which by the sound you would think most delightful.

I know a man who insisted on calling his house 'Rose Cottage' when there was not a rose or anything approaching it within five miles.

Another man called his place 'Laurel Lodge' when such a thing as a laurel was totally unknown there.

Another case came under my notice of a lady calling her residence 'Laburnum Villa' where the tree was utterly unknown.

On being asked why she called her home of the name she did she replied: "I saw the name in a story book I was reading, and never thought about its being appropriate or not. All I know is, it suits me, and that is enough!"

RICHIBUCTO.

[Prose is for sale in Richibucto by Theodore P. Graham.]

Sept. 15 - Rev. John A. Clarke of Newcastle occupied the pulpit of the Methodist church on Sunday evening last, while in town Mr. Clark who was accompanied by his two daughters were the guests of Mrs. Wm. Lawson at the parsonage.

Rev. Mr. Lucas and Miss Lucas were in town last week attending the S. S. Convention and were guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Forbes.

Mr. A. N. MacRae of St. John spent Sunday in town.

Mr. Frank Richman returned to Montreal on Tuesday after spending his vacation at home.

Miss Gertrude Evans of Shediac who has been in town for the past week guest of Miss Nessie Ferguson returned home today.

Miss Allen of Murray Harbor, P. E. I. is in town guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. D. Carter.

Mrs. Allan Haines returned home on Wednesday last from a visit to Moncton and Chatham.

Mrs. George Haines of Moncton is visiting friends in town.

Messrs. C. and A. Black of Boston spent Sunday in town guests of their brother Mr. J. F. Black.

Mrs. Hiram Thompson returned last Wednesday from an extended visit to Tracadie.

ORIGINATES HIS OWN SPECIALTIES.

A Comedy Artist Whose Clever Work is all Original.

Conservative St. John, critical almost to a fault, has added two more to her not very lengthy list of theatrical favorites, in the persons of Jack Tucker and Eva Williams, the refined comedy couple and sketch pair of the Miles Ideal stock Co. who have only recently played their second engagement in this city to delighted audiences.

It may be quite different in other cities but in St. John the fullest success of a theatrical company's engagement cannot be guaranteed with impunity unless that organization has among its members a bright, intelligent interpreter, or interpreters of the humorous. Comedy is essential in the play of the day but unless it is enacted in a truly artistic manner it ceases to be comedy and assumes a very different form. With regard to the Miles company it can be truthfully said the comedy roles of Miss Williams and Mr. Tucker were highly appreciated and carried out without a suspicion of crudeness or contrary to human, natural ways. Their conception of funny parts was just as we see them in everyday life, and rarely, if ever, overdone.

O. Mr. Tucker, who by the way is one of a family of brilliant theatrical people, and brother of Ether Tucker well-known in the city, it may be said he is a remarkably judicious as well as original young man, creating all his own little side sketches in which he and Miss Williams take part, thinking out designs for costumes and then illustrating them in pen and ink and water colors, for his own satisfaction and guidance. A number of these drawings which PROGRESS had the pleasure of examining were pronounced works of art, full of originality and highly creditable, as a matter of draughtsmanship. Mr. Tucker spends a good deal of his spare moments in this his favorite pastime, and, has from the beginning of that fine de seicr crazy, been a devotee to the pointer girl. Some of his drawings contain new and decidedly unique designs in this style of art. Such original sketch successes as "Mist Light Brigade," "De Belle of Hogan's Alley," "Rosie, Posie, Pansie," "Cake Walk" etc., were all illustrated before the parts were given out. Several new comedies have been inked and painted into existence by the popular "Jack of lite. They are being rehearsed.

"My Coal Black Lady" is one of Mr. Tucker's songs that has caught on immensely; and "Im Willie off the Yacht" now in course of preparation with a novel introduction, will be equally popular, it is safe to say.

While before the footlights Tucker and Williams put on pure, unalloyed fun, original to a nicety, free from even a suggestion of broadness, sparkling and catchy. Their engagements take them all over the American continent, and in the first playhouses of the land. One tribute to their work is exemplified in the fact that several stagelanders have pirated upon their original sketches. There is one thing about it they're solid with the St. John public.

WHAT I HAVE SEEN AND HEARD IN MY VARIED WANDERINGS.

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On being asked why she called her home of the name she did she replied: "I saw the name in a story book I was reading, and never thought about its being appropriate or not. All I know is, it suits me, and that is enough!"

I once had a man in my company who was very self-sufficient, and, in fact, "know it all." It was hard to get him to understand the world could get along without him, and there is nothing on earth so hard as to unlearn.

We were going to play in a certain town that was off the railroad about eight miles, and we had to drive. I made enquiries about the road, and was told the hotel we had to reach was a very long, story and a hill building, which we would see on a hill after we had passed through a piece of woods.

The young man I have referred to said: "I know the way, Price, let me drive and I will get you there sure."

I said for him to go ahead, and we started. After driving for about four or five miles through a deep wood, we suddenly came upon a large building, and our friend said:

"Here it is. This is the hotel, for I know it well, having passed quite a number of weeks here during a vacation."

I remarked that we were told the hotel was on a hill; but the man who knew it all replied:

"Those folks did not know what they were talking about. I know the place; this is the hotel and I will soon let you see I know all about it."

He jumped out of the wagon, and went to the door of the house, knocking very loudly. Presently an aged woman came out, and our friend said:

"Come, madam, come. We want our rooms, and let the company know when dinner will be ready."

The woman looked at him and replied, "Company! Rooms! Dinner! Why, what do you mean?"

"Oh, here, my good woman, send the landlord here. It is only a waste of time talking to you. We are the theatrical party who play at the town hall tonight, and we want our rooms."

The woman was evidently astonished for she said:

"Theatre! Town Hall! Why where do you suppose you are?"

"Isn't this the hotel?" our friend asked, impatiently.

The aged female opened her eyes with wonder, and replied:

"Hotel! Why, deary me, this is the Poor House!"

There was dead silence, and as our friend slowly got back to his seat in the wagon, one of the company remarked:

"A good place to spend a vacation, cheap board, and not many different suits of clothes needed?"

More anon. H. PRICK WEBBER.

TEXAS SETS THE STYLES.

Lone Star Newsprint says it, and mentions one conspicuous instance.

The denizens of the older States of the East love to rejoice in their own self-constituted superiority and conceit. These soft shell creatures lay back in their satisfaction, and it affords them supreme gratification to hear Texas pictured as the wild and woolly outskirts of civilization; a land dominated by the roaming cowboy with the six-shooter and rattlesnake hatband, and who prowls over the expansive prairies seeking some helpless human victim to slaughter. It does not occur to them that the great Lone Star State is a land of limitless possibilities and that a large percentage of the brains and energy of the nation and of the world has camped within her borders seeking fame and fortune, and that we have an up-to-date civilization here that knocks out the Europeanized and congested article they glorify.

Such is the case, however, and the Lav-

CONCERNING CORKSCREWS.

Now Almost all used in This Country Made Here.

A man who had wondered how the twist got into the corkscrew found, of course, that it was put there by machinery, and he learned also that such improvements have been made in this country in recent years in the manufacture of corkscrews that, whereas formerly the greater part of the corkscrews used here were imported from Europe, now nearly all the corkscrews used in this country are made here, and the production amounts to millions annually, for there are few articles of more common use.

There is now made a corkscrew with the screw part of steel wire and the handle of wood, a very respectable sort of corkscrew, that is produced so cheaply that it can be sold at retail for 5 cents with a very fair margin of profit. Corkscrews run from that up in price. There are now sold great numbers of corkscrews that are made, handle and all, of a single piece of steel wire. There is a tiny little corkscrew that is put up with patent medicines, a corkscrew with every bottle. This sort of wire corkscrew has for a handle a little loop or hoop just big enough to put a finger through. It is a little bit of a corkscrew, but perfectly effective for the use for which it is intended. If one bought a dozen bottles of a preparation with which such corkscrews are packed he would get a dozen corkscrews, but he need not fear that he is getting more than his share, or that he ought to return some of them, for they are produced at a cost that seems marvellously small, even when the wonderful results obtained by the aid of machinery are taken into account.

There is a corkscrew that is attached to a spoon. With such a spoon there is never any trouble about getting the cork out of the medicine bottle. There are various kinds of pocket corkscrews including the folding corkscrew, in which the screw part, turning on a pivot, turns back into a triangular-shaped handle. There is also a folding corkscrew whose handle, made in two parts, folds down on either side over the screw. There are corkscrews whose screw part, when not in use, is screwed into a tube, which passes through an eye at the upper end of the screw, serves as a handle when the corkscrew is used.

There is a familiar corkscrew that has around the screw part an attachment that retas upon the neck of the bottle, in which the screw turns. By the continued turning of the corkscrew the cork is raised from the neck of the bottle without direct pulling. A time-honored corkscrew is the one with a brush in one end of the handle with which to brush off the cobwebs, and the fragments and dust of wax on the top of the cork when the seal is broken. Such corkscrews are still sold, but not nearly so many of them as formerly, their disuse being due to the widespread modern use of metal capsules on various kinds of bottled goods.

Formerly every bartender pulled corks just as everybody else did. Not very few pull corks in that manner. Almost every bar, at many other places where many bottles are opened, has a cork puller, of which there are various kinds and styles. The cork puller is secured to the bar. It has an attachment that cuts the wire off the bottle, and one by which the metal cap is removed. The neck of the bottle is then thrust into a holder, and by a single throw of a lever, or a half turn on a crank, the cork is drawn.

FOR THE WRITING TABLE.

Delightful Furnishings of Burnt Leather the New Fashion of the Season.

The newest furnishings for writing tables for women are of leather. And by the way, writing tables will be more fashionable next season than desks. They are spindle-legged, of course, and are enamelled or made of wood that matches or harmonizes with the other furniture.

The pads to be used on these tables are small hardly larger than the square of letter paper used on them. The backs and corners are of curved or burnt leather instead of the long popular silver or decorated china mountings. The burnt leather is of several shades of male with barate designs burnt in dark brown. The effect is dainty and somewhat more feminine than the carved leather. The latter is said to be all imported, and, therefore, too expensive for a modern purse. The inkstands, mangle bottles, sealing wax holders, candlesticks, pen and pencil trays, paper weights, and the other articles are leather-covered and carved or burnt with the same design. The blotting paper to be used with such sets should be made colored or brown to match the leather, and sometimes it has a similar design traced around the edges.

For men the fashionable furnishings for desks are cut glass, stag horn, and silver. The inkstands and other large pieces are cut glass on massive silver mountings, with stag horn top pieces or pen racks.

CAPITALISTO WHISKERS.

Something Wrong, Apparently With the Ideal of the Capitalist.

"I wonder why it is," said a man who is always putting troublesome questions to himself, "that the average cartoonist or caricaturist looks upon side whiskers of one particular brand as a necessary adjunct of the capitalist?"

Of course the man who never troubles himself about anything didn't know, but he was willing to learn if it wasn't too much bother.

"I am inclined to think that the late William H. Vanderbilt must be responsible for it," explained the man who was in the habit of devising fool questions just to worry himself, "but I am not at all sure. If you will look at the cartoons in the illustrated humorous papers you will find that the brand of whiskers is the one that is favored whenever the artist finds it necessary to bring capital and labor together, and in fact whenever he introduced capital into his work at all. Sometimes he puts a George M. Pullman goatee on his plutocrat, but the Vanderbilt whisker is the insignia of plain everyday capital."

"Now, what's troubling me is, why is it so?" Vanderbilt is about the only well-known capitalist in the list who ever wore what I may call the capitalist side whiskers, with the possible exception of ex-Gov. Oliver Ames of Massachusetts. P. D. Armour of Chicago leads a little in that direction in the cultivation of his whiskers, but he trims them closer than the cartoonist seems to him proper. Chauncey Depew, R. P. Flower, and Cornelius Vanderbilt, of course, favor hair on the sides of their faces; but they keep it clipped so short that they cannot be held even remotely responsible for the existence of the cash whiskers in modern art. The late George W. Childs of Philadelphia is another who might be added to this list. This makes four who favor, or have favored a field with the crop cut rather short to two whose inclinations were to let it grow long, with Armour left on the fence. Now why didn't these facts impress themselves upon the artists who were looking for something to convey the idea of wealth?"

"When we put side whiskers out of our investigations entirely," continued the man who was trying to worry himself into an early grave, "we are more surprised than ever at the tendency of art to mislead us. There is John Wainmaker with a smooth face, and J. V. Farwell of Chicago also with a smooth face. And there have been others. The late Matthew Vassar for instance. Why shouldn't they have got into the picture papers as the capitalistic type? And what excuse can the artists give for overlooking beards and chin whiskers? Think of the men who have money and also hair on the chin? The late Jay Gould was one, and he should have been enough to offset the Vanderbilt favorites. The late Cyrus W. Field was another. I can also think of Calvin S. Brice, Senator Stewart, C. P. Huntington, Russel A. Alger, ex-Senator Farwell, Austin Corbin, Oakes Ames and Seward Webb. There are certainly enough with money and hair in some form on the chin to have attracted the attention of the man who gives us pictorial lessons in the management of our affairs. Why have they been ignored?"

"Even mustaches make a better showing in the field of capital than do side whiskers. There are the late A. J. Drexel and Russel Sage, M. H. DeYoung of San Francisco, Marshall Field of Chicago, Cingular T. Yerkes, H. H. Porter and John D. Rockefeller that I can think of without having to refer to a photograph album, all of whom have cash and hair on the upper lip. Why shouldn't they get the go-by from the thoughtless artist?"

The man who had been lying awake nights to worry over the future of the illustrated weeklies paused as if expecting an answer.

"Give it up," answered the man who didn't give a continental anyway.

"As a matter of fact," persisted the troubled one, "the man with full side whiskers is usually the man of small means. While he isn't the laborer, he isn't usually the capitalist, either."

"Very likely," admitted the easy going one.

"Then why not be accurate? If we are out after a type, why not get one?"

The easy going man shrugged his shoulders and the troubled one went off into a corner to worry some over the contrariness of things in general and the slipshod way in which this world of ours is handled.

**Sales Talk**

With Hood's Sarsaparilla, "Sales Talk," and show that this medicine has enjoyed public confidence and patronage to a greater extent than accorded any other proprietary medicine. This is simply because it possesses greater merit and produces greater cures than any other. It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story. All advertisements of Hood's Sarsaparilla, like Hood's Sarsaparilla itself, are honest. We have never deceived the public, and this with its superlative medicinal merit, is why the people have abiding confidence in it, and buy

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

Almost to the exclusion of all others. Try it. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

**Coleman's SALT**

CELEBRATED DAIRY, HOUSEHOLD AND FARM

QUALITY GUARANTEED

CANADA SALT ASSOCIATION

CLINTON, ONT.



ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 16, 1897.

GHOSTS UNDER GROUND.

SUPERSTITIONS OF BITUMINOUS COAL MINERS.


Legends of Abandoned Subterranean Chambers Where Dark Lakes and Dangerous Fire Yawns for Lost Miners—The Tragedy of the Haunted Test-Hole.

'Ghosts in coal mines?' said a western Pennsylvania mine operator. 'Well I never saw any myself, but if I should go among my miners, especially the old-timers I say I didn't believe there were such things in mines, and make light of the subject, they would be reluctant to continue working for me, fearing that some diabolic disembodied spirit of underground chambers might waylay and punish them for laboring for one who regarded it with such irreverent skepticism. Conclusive demonstration of the deep-grounded superstition of old bituminous coal miners in this respect is furnished by the regard in which they hold what they call the Haunted Test Hole Mine, on my property. I haven't had any other than newly hired miners from other fields working in that mine for years—men who have never heard what the prevailing belief is among home miners as to the character of the mine.

'The bituminous coal mines, as you may know, are entirely different in their working from the anthracite mines, the coal from which is reached by means of deep shafts, and mined in tunnels that diverge from the shafts on all sides and at various depths. The bituminous mines in which the coal lies near the surface, are worked by digging into the sides of the hills in slopes or drifts—often called pits or banks. These excavations frequently extend miles under ground, running in irregular galleries and passages here and there, until the earth, after years of working a mine, has become a vast honeycomb or network of subterranean channels. When any of these are worked out they are simply abandoned and left unmarked—regions where perpetual darkness reigns, except where some straggling miner, his supposed knowledge of the intricacies of the abandoned chambers having been at fault, wanders among them with his feeble lamp, seeking deliverance from them.

'One great danger that lies in the unknown way of a miner lost in such a mine is the test hole of a chamber. A test-hole is a shaft sunk in the mine to test the depth or thickness of a coal vein, and these shafts are always deep and frequently filled with water. There are vast lakes also in the furthest depths of these deserted passages, which yawn for the benighted wanderer. These lakes are where a vein has been followed in its dip, that is, its oblique descent from its horizontal position again, or goes so far into the depths that further working of the vein becomes either impossible or unprofitable. In this latter case it is, of course, abandoned. Water gradually enters the chamber until it reaches its level and the working becomes a lake. Some of these underground bodies of water are of unknown depth, and it requires a stout heart in a man for him to stand on the gloomy borders of one of these and peer out upon its dark water, lying in the eerie glimmer of the light a miner's lamp can shed upon it. Then think of the staring ghastly face of a drowned miner floating there, and coming slowly within the faint line of that vision. I have seen it more than once, and if there is anything that might bring the most skeptical and stolid of men to the belief that ghosts haunted these awesome depths, I think such a sight with such surroundings might do it. I don't think it strange, therefore, that ignorant, impressionable men, passing more than half their lives amid such surroundings should be grounded in a like belief beyond the power of reasoning to change it.

'Years ago, among the men working in one of my mines were two likely young fellows, one an Englishman, the other an Irishman. They had been good friends enough until they both fell in love with the same girl, the daughter of a miner who was now to the working. The girl, it seems, had shown more favor to the young Irishman, who was in consequence much elated, the Englishman becoming dejected in like degree. There had never been any open quarrel between the two, but the Englishman showed in many ways his jealous hatred of the other. They were at work one day in a remote part of the mine, and early in the day the Englishman came out to where a group of other miners were working and shouted to them



## Our First Bow to The Canadian Public

**ABBEY'S EFFERVESCENT SALT** is a well-known and much appreciated preparation in England and all over Europe. Wherever it has been introduced its success as a preventative and cure for disease has been instantaneous. We are now introducing it into Canada with a thorough belief that it only wants to be known to be appreciated. Its simplicity makes it a most perfect home remedy. Eminent physicians, the world over, testify to the efficacy of

### Abbey's Effervescent Salt

—IN CASES OF—

Sleeplessness,	Spleen Affections,	Loss of Appetite,	Nervous Depression,
Biliousness,	Indigestion,	Sick Headache,	Sea Sickness,
Constipation,	Flatulency,	Rheumatism,	Gout,
	Fever,	Skin and Kidney Complaints,	Neuralgia,

As a warm weather beverage Abbey's Effervescent Salt is unequalled, taking the place of Soda, Seltzer, and Potash waters, besides being much more healthful and palatable.

Its frequent use purifies the blood, clears the complexion, and keeps the system in a condition to resist infectious diseases. Its low price, 60c a bottle, makes it the friend of the poor as well as the rich.

The following are extracts from thousands of testimonials received from prominent personages—they speak for themselves.

**FROM MR. SIES REKVES:**  
"This preparation is a great boon, simple, refreshing and efficacious."

**FROM MADAME MARIE ROZE:**  
"I have used your Abbey's Effervescent Salt with remarkable results. It is really wonderful."

**FROM WILL HERTZ, Esq., Secretary to Madame Patti Nicolini.**  
"Madame Patti Nicolini (Adelina Patti) begs me to convey her best thanks for the benefit she has derived from the use of Abbey's Effervescent Salt."

**FROM MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON:**  
"I have much pleasure in stating that I find your Abbey's Effervescent Salt a very refreshing and agreeable beverage."

All Druggists sell this Health-Giving Preparation. PRICE, 60c A BOTTLE.

**THE ABBEY EFFERVESCENT SALT CO., Ltd., Montreal, Canada.**

to hurry back with him as his companion had been buried beneath a fall of earth and rock. They found the fallen mass and soon removed it. The young Irishman was crushed beneath it. They bore the dead body outside. There was a sharp, deep wound in the centre of the poor fellow's forehead, besides the mutilations on his body made by the cave-in. The marvel of it all was that the Englishman, who had been working at the same bank, should have escaped without having even been touched by any of the falling mass.

'The Englishman continued working in the mine, but many of his fellow laborers quit, declaring there was something wrong; that there was a mystery about poor Barney's death of which something terrible would come. They believed that the miner had been killed by the wound in his forehead, and that the wound had been made before the fall of earth covered and crushed him. A plainer charge of foul play could not have been made than that, but we paid no attention to it, and the Englishman remained at his work, but it was noticed by those who worked with him that he never would go into that part of the mine where the Irishman was found dead beneath the cave-in.

One day a month or more after the tragedy in the mine, while this miner and a number of others were at work in a new drift not far from the main gallery, using one light which was a torch such as is used in political night parades, a sudden draft of wind, so the miners said, extinguished it. It was not only a strong draught but a chilly one, such as one of them had never felt before, although they thought nothing of it at the time, only to wonder what had caused the sudden blast. The darkness became impenetrable, and one of the miners who knew the workings well, started to another part of the mine to get a new light. He had been gone but a few minutes when one of the workmen exclaimed: 'Yonder's a light down by the gallery opening.'

'The voice was the Englishman's. The others looked in the direction he had indicated, but saw no light.

After hearing the tales the frightened miners had to tell, that miner exclaimed: 'Bob has fallen into the test hole.'

'Nothing in the world,' the Colonel replied, and as he noticed the expression of astonishment on her face he went on: 'I told you that I came from a sewing-machine company—one of the largest in the world. All that I demand of you in return for the \$10,000 is that as Marguerite in the spinning wheel scene from 'Faust' you will use one of our sewing machines instead of the wheel, and just keep it in motion for a few seconds. Then we would let handbills drop from the gallery, saying that the machine used by Marie Seebach was made by our firm.'

When the temperature is very high and the air saturated with moisture, there is always danger in being exposed to the direct rays of the sun, especially for those not accustomed to outdoor life. A degree of exposure which would be perfectly safe for one who was in the habit of being exposed to all kinds of weather, would be dangerous, or even fatal to one whose business seldom permitted them to endure the direct rays of the sun.

The symptoms of heat prostration are usually dizziness, severe headache, and a checkage of perspiration. These symptoms are followed by a rapid rise of temperature, which sometimes reaches as high as 110 degrees, although it is usually from 99 degrees to 105 degrees. The pulse is also very rapid and weak, and the breathing shallow and accompanied by distressing moans.

When heat prostration occurs, the patient should be removed to bed, a bag of cracked ice placed on the head, and the head and the body sponged with cool water, followed by a brisk rubbing. The sponging will cool the body, while the ice bag will relieve the congestion of the brain, and tend to avoid delirium, which is a frequent and rather grave result of the increased flow of blood to the brain.

In a mild case, the temperature will fall in a few hours, and rest and a light diet will complete the cure. No liquor in any form should be given the patient at any stage, unless upon the advice of the physician, as it would tend to increase the symptoms. The habitual users of liquors are more frequently affected by the heat than any other class of people, as the constant use of intoxicants weakens the heart, causes degeneration of the brain, and so lessens the power of resistance.

In hot weather it is always wise to wear light, loose clothing, and a sponge kept moist in the hat will, by the evaporation of the water, give a measure of protection to those who are compelled to be exposed to the sun.—Boston Budget.

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'A man went by the opening with one, at any rate, and I'll go fetch him back,' insisted the Englishman.

With that he hurried along the drift as fast as he could in the darkness toward the main gallery, which was only a few yards away. Some of the miners followed him. It seemed but a few seconds, according to the story of the miners, when a cry of anguish filled the depths, and an agonized voice cried: 'Merdy! Barney! Merdy!'

This cry was followed by another shriek, and the terrified miners heard a loud splash, as if of some heavy object falling from a height into water. While they were standing thus the miner who had gone to fetch a light returned with one.

'It went right to the sore spot,'

is what a young man lately said of his first dose of SHORT'S DYSPEPTICURE. Better still, a few more doses cured his indigestion.

## Sweetness and Light.

Put a pill in the pulpit if you want practical preaching for the physical man; then put the pill in the pillory if it does not practise what it preaches. There's a whole gospel in Ayer's Sugar Coated Pills; a "gospel of sweetness and light." People used to value their physics, as they did their religion,—by its bitterness. The more bitter the dose the better the doctor. We've got over that. We take "sugar in ours"—gospel or physic—now-a-days. It's possible to please and to purge at the same time. There may be power in a pleasant pill. That is the gospel of

### Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

More pill particulars in Ayer's Curebook, 700 pages. Sent free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

MEETING STEP-PAPA.

'Well,' exclaimed Millie, 'this is quite the most horrid thing mamma could have done!'
Franklin Hausmann of Hanover had a large garden behind her finished seminary for young ladies, and it was up and down this garden that Millie Warwick was strolling, arm-in-arm fashion, with her sworn chum, Ethel Bidwell, another English pupil.

she prattled to him while he enjoyed his cigar, she leant on his proffered arm, and, indeed, made a conscientious effort to impress him with the fact that she was a nice girl, and, though a step daughter, would not be an incubation of a bother to him.
And when they got back to the hotel, after a little hesitation, as they were separating for the night, she stood on tiptoe and administered to his brow a pure, daughterly kiss.

extract of corn flowed from James Crow's still with regularity.
'Jim Crow' whiskey was soon being shipped to Washington, New York, Boston, and to England, Scotland, and other foreign countries. It became the favorite beverage of not a few of America's most eminent statesmen. For many years there was treasured in Versailles as a relic an old letter from Henry Clay to his friend Crow ordering a barrel of his wonderful elixir to take to Washington with him to lubricate the wheels of Government.



MUSIC LOVING TOADS. How the Little Creatures Enjoyed a Lady's Sweet Singing.

The following true story shows that toads not only have an ear for music, but possess powers of discrimination heretofore undreamed of:
At a well-known summer resort we were staying at the same hotel with a party of musical people, among whom was Madame —, famous for her rich contralto voice.

SEE THAT LINE It's the wash, outearly, done quickly, cleanly white. Pure Soap did it SURPRISE SOAP with power to clean without too hard rubbing, without injury to fabrics. SURPRISE is the name, don't forget it.

ceeded far when a herd of cattle was discovered on the track a short distance ahead. The whistle was blown wildly for a few moments, but the train being some time in reaching them, they fled without giving any serious trouble.
This little diversion from the monotonous routine of stops and starts gave the fretful passengers topic for their pungent utterances and sarcastic flings for a few minutes, but the novelty soon died out and they all, one by one, lapsed into a state of meditative silence.

A FAMOUS MAN.

What His Researches Have Done for the World.



All successful men distinguish themselves by their attainments, and Dr. Chase, the well-known author of Chase's Kidney Pills, proved no exception to the rule. Dr. Chase's discoveries have many pretended rivals, but no equals.

Dr. Chase. Long scientific researches produced Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and Chase's ointment, the first certain cure for all kidney, liver, stomach, bladder and rheumatic troubles; the latter an absolute specific for chronic and offensive skin diseases. Among his other discoveries were Chase's Catarrh Cure and Chase's Linseed and Turpentine for colds and bronchitis.
During 1895 the Canadian manufacturers, Edmanston, Bates & Co., 45 Lombard street, Toronto, gave away free, 500,000 samples of Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and 100,000 samples of Chase's Ointment. The return they brought proved how much they were appreciated. The same free distribution of samples was continued during 1896. Those at a distance should enclose a 5-cent stamp and also receive a sheet of the latest music in return.

He Still Needed Her. A pathetic little tribute to a wife's tact and self-forgetfulness was given by an old New Hampshire farmer.
The couple had lived happily together for nearly fifty years, and when the wife died, her husband seemed utterly unable at first to act, or even think, for himself. The funeral was taken in charge by an energetic niece, and according to those who were present, everything was conducted with propriety. One of the neighbors stopped to speak to the poor old widower when the last offices at the grave had been performed.

'William,' she said, laying a kindly hand on her old friend's shoulder, 'I think everything was beautiful; it was just such a funeral as Mary wished, I am sure.'

'You mean well, Miss Snowden, I know,' said the old man, looking up at her with dim eyes, 'but you don't take it as I do. Niece Ellen couldn't see everybody's comfort as Mary would have. Why, I've thought a dozen times to-day, if Mary was only here to tend to this funeral, seems to me I could almost bear to have lost her.'

FOURTEEN YEARS IN TERROR.

But Dr. Agnew's Cure For the Heart Gave Relief in 30 Minutes and Three Bottles Effected a Cure Which Baffled the Best of Physicians.

This is what Mrs. J. Cockburn of Warkworth, Ont., says: 'For fourteen years I have been a great sufferer from heart disease; troubled very much with sharp shooting pains constantly passing through my heart. Very often the spasms were so severe that I would become unconscious. My limbs would swell and become quite cold. For these fourteen years I consulted with best physicians without relief. Having seen Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart advertised, I determined to try it; and before I had taken half a bottle I found great relief. I felt the beneficial effects inside of thirty minutes. I have taken three bottles and it has done me more good than any medicine or any physician ever did. I can conscientiously recommend it to all sufferers from heart trouble.'

JAMES CROW, WHISKEY MAKER.

The man who Introduced Distilling to Science in Kentucky.

Beneath the blue grass sod of a country burying ground near the little hamlet of Millville, in Woodford county, Kentucky, sleeps James Crow, who nearly three-fourths of a century ago originated the process of distilling whiskey in a scientific manner. To him, more than to any other man, is due the international reputation that Kentucky whiskey enjoys, and the vast distilling interests of the country are largely the result of his discoveries.
Back in the thirties James Crow was a celebrated character in the West, whose opinions on medicine, law, theology, and science generally were final in his balliwick. He was educated for a physician, being a graduate of the College of Medicine and Surgery, in Edinburgh, Scotland, and was a philosopher, wit and man of letters. In religion he was a Presbyterian of the John Knox type.

Crow was a native of Scotland, a man of herculean build, broad intellectual forehead, smooth-shaven face, with the deep blue eyes and sandy complexion characteristic of his race. He emigrated to America about 1822 and engaged in merchandising in Philadelphia. He became bankrupt in a year and then came West, locating on Grier's Creek, in Woodford county, Ky., where several small and very rude whiskey distilleries were in operation.

At that time distilling was not accomplished by any regularly defined rule, but rather after the manner of the old negro mammy's formula for bread making, by taking 'a passel' of meal, 'a passel' of malt, and about 'so much' water, 'biled down' until it was done. By this process there were frequently days when good whiskey was made, but just as often the rum, like the old woman's bread, failed to produce the hoped for result, the failure being invariably attributed to a change in the moon.

James Crow possessed (and it constituted his entire worldly estate) what was said to be the most extensive library in Kentucky at that period, and also some costly chemical apparatus. Chemical science was his hobby, and it gave to him the secret of correct distilling. For many weeks in a log cabin, he experimented and studied, until he at last reached the nice proportions that were destined to revolutionize whiskey making, and establish the fame of Crow whiskey throughout the world. From that time there were no off days, and the pure

Coal Dust a Dangerous Element.

An instance of the ignition of coal dust by the sun's rays is reported in the Gluckauf, a German authority. It appears that the surface works of the Maybach colliery, near Friedriehsthal, in the Saar district, are chiefly of iron; and on certain girders the floating dust, due to the tipping of coal on to the jiggling screens, becomes, in course of time, deposited in a layer more than an inch thick. On a workman burning his hand, while repairing a pipe running through the corrugated iron forming one of the south walls, the official inquiry showed that the layer of coal dust had formed along the whole length of the wall, and although the dust contained a proportion of pulverized rock, the metal plates heated by the sun had ignited it, the layer of white ash on the top proved that it had burned for a considerable period. The circumstances afford fresh proof of the ease with which coal dust may be brought to ignition, also a possible explanation of fires at similar surface works.—Boston Transcript.

Daring Operation.

The correspondent sent to his paper a news despatch in which was this statement: 'George Ousley, colored, mounted on a pack mule. The telegraph operator took it this way: 'Gorgeously colored mountain peaks mile after mile.'—Boston Globe.

LAXA-LIVER PILLS. CURE BILIOUSNESS CONSTIPATION SICK HEADACHE AND ALL LIVER TROUBLES. As a laxative, one pill acts perfectly, and if a stronger action is desired a cathartic effect is produced by two pills. In obstinate cases, where a purgative is necessary, three pills will be found sufficient. These pills leave no unpleasant after effect. One pill taken each night during thirty days will cure constipation.

PRICE 25c. ON 5 FOR \$1.00

**Sunday Reading.**

*The Old Pilgrim.*  
 I am so weary, Master dear,  
 So very weary of the road,  
 That I have travelled past by,  
 Bearing along life's heavy load.  
 It is so long, it is so deep,  
 This highway leading to the skies,  
 And shadows now begin to creep,  
 And sleep has heavy on mine eyes.  
 I am so weary, Master dear,  
 So very weary of the road,  
 Ah, is it far or is it near,  
 That snow-white city built by God?  
 Where angels in knowledges and rest,  
 Where Thy dear hands have ready made  
 A place for 'em the humblest guest?  
 But come Thou closer, Master dear,  
 My weakness makes me sore dismayed,  
 O, let me whisper in Thine ear!  
 For I am troubled and afraid.  
 What if my soul its way should miss,  
 Between here and the world above,  
 What, if I never share the bliss  
 Provided by Thy tender love?  
 Tired one, the journey is not long,  
 Thy heart need never falter nor shrink.  
 An opening door, an angel's song—  
 Ah, heaven is nearer than you think!

**A MYSTERIOUS THEFT.**

Harold Ames was proud and happy when Mr. Jones, the great newspaper agent, took him as one of his boys. Not a moment later was he with any of the papers, and the wages were a quarter more than in his last place. Every one of those quarters should be put aside to buy mother the new dress she needed.  
 Harold's mother was a widow and he was her only child.  
 Five weeks had Harry kept his place and five quarters rattled in his money-box—the rest of the money he always handed over to his mother to buy his food and clothes—when a terrible trial befell the boy. Subscribers complained that their papers were not left regularly, and one man even sent word that, though paid for, his paper had not come for a whole week past. Of course Harry was sent for and reprimanded, but he could only say earnestly:  
 "Please, Sir, I always did leave the papers at every house."  
 And the answer was, "don't make matters worse by telling a lie."  
 He was not dismissed, but was to have a week's grace.  
 Poor Harry! Tears of indignation wellled into his eyes. As to the missing papers, he knew nothing about them. It was a mystery, and it was a mystery that continued. He left the papers regularly in Mortimer street, yet again people called at the office and said that they never got them. At the end of the week the boy was called up and dismissed.  
 In vain Harry's mother pleaded for her child, a good boy with a good character for honesty wherever he had been in a place; it was of no use.  
 Poor Harry was sobbing bitterly at home when Mr. S., the photographer round the corner, knocked at the door to ask Mrs. Ames to send his wash home a little earlier. He was surprised to see Harry in tears, and asked the reason. Mrs. Ames explained.  
 "Look here," the young man said, "I'm fond of mysteries; I'll take the boy," and the photographer laughed. "Cheer up," he said to Harry. "Come and work for me, and we'll find out this riddle."  
 He knew Harry; knew him for a good boy.  
 A few days later Mr. S. called at the newspaper office.  
 "Papers gone regularly since you dismissed young Ames?" he asked.  
 "Not a bit of it. Worse complaints than ever," was the reply.  
 "Ah, a mystery," said Mr. S. and went away.  
 Next day he got up very early and walked up and down Mortimer street. Harry's successor was dropping the papers on every doorstep. Mr. S. leaned against the portico of No. 1, and waited, keeping an eye on the whole street. Then he went home chuckling and staring hard at No. 8, where the door stood open to air the house.  
 You could do that in this quiet street.  
 He asked Harry if No. 8 had ever complained of his papers coming irregularly, but Harry shook his head.  
 "No. 8 was too ill," he said. "They thought he was dying all last week. The girl told me so."  
 "Do they keep a cat?" he asked.  
 Harry stared. "They keep a dog," he said, "a jolly one; it can do heaps of tricks."  
 "Is it too clever, by half?" said Mr. S.  
 "Come with me, my boy, you and I will go and ask how No. 8 is."  
 Harry wondered, but got his cap and followed.  
 To this question the girl answered jocularly that her employer was a great deal better; out of danger.

"Can he read the papers yet?" asked Mr. S.  
 "Well, now, how odd!" said the girl. "I was just going to get it for him when you rang. Rover takes it always off the doorstep and lays it in the little smoking-room; but this two weeks past we've none of us thought of the paper, or even gone into the room, we've been so dreadfully anxious about poor Mr. Orr."  
 "May I see this smoking-room?" asked the photographer.  
 "Certainly, sir," said the girl, surprised. But when Harry, Mr. S. and Sarah entered the room there was still a greater surprise, for the floor was littered with papers, yet folded, carried in from various doorsteps by the busy Rover. During his master's illness no one had taken the paper from him and praised him for doing it, so he must have tried to earn praise by bringing in more papers, searching every doorstep up and down the street.  
 "And we all too upset to notice it!" said Sarah. "Well I never! Rover you're a thief! This will be news for your master."  
 "The mystery is discovered," said the photographer. "Could I ask as a favor that this room be left as it is for Mr. Jones of the newspaper office to see? I think your employers will not object when he hears that a boy has been accused of taking the papers."  
 "Certainly, sir," said Sarah.  
 The agent was taken to No. 8. He found there all the missing papers, and Rover was kind enough to make things clear by bringing in another stolen paper during his visit.  
 "You are certainly cleared, my lad," he said. "We must have you back. This is a queer affair," and he patted Rover on the head.  
 "Thank you; but I can't spare my boy; he suits me," said the photographer.  
 "Well, then, we must give Ames a present, for he has suffered unjustly."  
 "I don't want anything, sir; I'm only too glad to be cleared."  
 "The boys said you were saving up money for some purpose; perhaps I could help you to that."  
 "Oh, nothing, sir, for me, but I did want to get mother a dress."  
 "Ah, yes! I won't keep you now. Good bye, Mr. S. You have done us a valuable service by clearing up this little affair."  
 That evening a knock came to the Ames' door, and a parcel was left directed to Harry's mother. It contained a beautiful dark dress from Rover.—The Waiting Boy.

*The Soul's Inquiry.*  
 Wounds of the soul, though healed will ache;  
 The reddening scars remain, and make confession;  
 Lost innocence returns no more;  
 We are not what we were before transgression.  
 But noble souls, through dust and heat,  
 Rise from disaster and defeat.  
 The stronger.  
 And, conscious still of the divine  
 Within them, lie on the earth supine  
 No longer.  
 —Longfellow.

Now, every text applies to the preacher as well as to the hearers. It applies to the saint and sinner alike. There is no one exempt from this truth. It makes no difference who the man is—it makes no difference what his position in society. He may be a pauper or a millionaire, he has got to reap. The most astounding thing to me is that we haven't waked up to this truth during the past six thousand years. It is no new law. God made Adam reap before he left Eden. God made Cain reap outside of Eden, and right along down for six thousand years—as far back as you can trace man you can find this law has been in force, and there is no getting around it or under it or through it. It meets every man square in the face. Be not deceived. God is not mocked; whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. He may be a king on the throne, like Ahab, a wicked king; he may be a good king, like David, or he may be a priest behind the altar. It makes no difference who he is or what he is, he has got to reap. He may escape the law of man, but there is another law that will reach him. No man is exempt from this law. You can blot the sun from the heavens easier than you can defeat this law. Now, what man has failed to do for six thousand years you and I had better

give up trying to do, escape this law for you cannot escape it. It is God's eternal decree that whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. I remember giving out this text once and a man got right up in the meeting and said: "I don't believe it." "Well," I said, "my friend, that does not change facts." You know there is a class of people that labor under this delusion, that if they don't believe a thing the thing is not true. It doesn't make any difference whether you believe it or not. If it is true it is true. If it is a lie it is a lie, and your opinion about it don't change the fact, does it? The trouble with that man was that he didn't want to believe, so he thought aloud, and before he knew it was out, and he said, "I don't believe it," and when the meeting broke up there was an officer stood at the door with a warrant with him, and he was taken into court and tried for stealing.—D. L. Moody.

**UNDER A GREAT TEACHER.**

It is not always pleasant to be a pupil of a Great Master.  
 It is undeniably an enviable position to be a pupil of a great musician, and yet it is doubtful if every one thus favored of fortune finds the honor wholly sweet. The London Leader prints some recollections of Leschetitzky which were calculated to console the ordinary learner for being obliged to take lessons of a less gifted master.  
 It is said that when the writer knew him it was not an unheard of thing for this musician to tell a trembling aspirant to go home and brush his boots or sweep floors. He did not always mean quite all he said, for when his mood changed he would possibly be quite amiable to the same luckless pupil. To one unhappy youth he said one day, in a fury:  
 "If I ever teach you anything, build a temple in some grove to me."  
 It must be supposed that the young man thus addressed was especially devoid of musical ability, for he is now giving concerts as a Leschetitzky pupil. The master's objection to his playing lay in the want of delicacy of touch. That the fault was not apparent to the sensitive ear of Leschetitzky alone is shown by a remark made of the man's strong playing by another.  
 "He has made a hit in Paris and other cities," said his rather witty critic, "and doubtless he will make some pounds in London."  
 Some of Leschetitzky's pupils were quite willing to forego the benefit of the lesson if they might escape from the presence of the angry teacher. One little maid of ten, who was sent running from his presence, her music rolled up in a ball following swiftly at her heels, dashed through the door with an expression on her face of most joyous relief at such an unannounced short lesson. An hour and forty minutes is not an unheard of time for one of Leschetitzky's lessons to an interesting pupil.  
 The writer of these reminiscences was at one time waiting while his daughter was finishing her lesson, and a very brilliant pupil of the master shared the waiting. They heard Leschetitzky shouting, almost screaming:  
 "She is having her first bad lesson!" said the pupil. "He is nervous and tired. What shall I do, for I come still later?"  
 When his daughter appeared, however, she was radiant.  
 "They have not had a bad lesson?" the father asked.  
 "No indeed," was the reply. "He was telling me how much greater Paderewski might have been than he is, if he had carried out faithfully all his master's instructions."  
 A Child Cured of Eczema by Chase's Ointment.  
 "My six-year-old daughter, Bella, was afflicted with eczema for 24 months, the principal seat of eruption being behind her ears. I tried almost every remedy I saw advertised, bought innumerable medicines and soaps, and took the child to medical specialists in skin diseases, but without result. The doctor advised the use of Chase's Ointment, and since using the eruption has all disappeared, and I can confidently say my child is cured."  
 (Signed) MAXWELL JOHNSTON,  
 112 Ave St., Toronto.

Injustice to her Wheel.  
 "I had my photograph taken with my wheel, but had to reject it."  
 "Wasn't it a good one?"  
 "Yes mine was all right, but it didn't do my wheel justice."

**LANOLINE**  
 For Health, Beauty and Soft Skin.  
 Toilet Soap  
 The Delicate and Smoothing Cream  
 Wholesale Depot—57, HEBBORN VILLAGE, LONDON.

**A DOG'S FRIENDSHIP.**

How he Acquired the Ability to Travel on Three Legs.  
 Dick Dead-eyes was a rat-terrier, small, mangy, blind of one eye, and compelled by a scandalously acquired infirmity to go upon three legs like an animated milk-stool. He belonged, in a kind of Hawaiian annexation fashion, to a general utility boy in a grocery store, and his subsistence was upon spoiled canned meats and the refuse of cracker barrels.  
 Sultan was a magnificent, smooth-coated St. Bernard, sound and healthy in every member, well fed and aristocratic, with a pedigree as long as a magazine story.  
 Yet Sultan conceived a most absorbing and romantic affection for the disreputable Dick Dead-eyes, and no chain was strong enough to prevent his escaping from his master's proud country seat and joyfully hiding himself into the city, to spend his freedom with his one-eyed friend.  
 And Dick Dead-eyes, in his cringing, obsequious way, returned the affection of his big friend; for it meant much to him, persecuted and set upon by all the ill-favored, and ill-dispositioned dogs of the alley, to hear the boisterous, half-warning, half-welcoming "Woo!" of the big fellow, as he came bounding into the street, with Dead-eyes' formers scattering and scurrying before him like dead leaves before a gust of wind.  
 And so the ill-matched friendship grew; and Sultan, big, open-faced, open-hearted, ingenuous fellow, was as happy as dog's-love could make him; and his happiness seemed to overflow to all the children and horses and cats in the neighborhood. But the dogs he could not endure, for they annoyed Dick Dead-eyes.  
 But at last there came a change. Dick's master was promoted to one of the delivery teams of the store, and the one-eyed dog rode with him on the seat, alert, bustling, yawning, the very personification of spiteful triumph, and arrogant littleness of body and spirit.  
 Thus he sat one day when his great friend, Sultan, bounded into the street, exuberant and expectant, with five links of a steel chain dangling from his collar. The grocery team was just rattling forth and Dick Dead-eyes got upon his three contemptible, mangy legs and barked screamingly and hatefully and tauntingly at the big St. Bernard, as the wagon and the dog approached each other. Sultan stopped in his tracks and gave an amazed, pitifully questioning upward look at the little traitor above the spinning wheels. Then the great head sank, and, with tail between his legs, the big fellow slunk out of the street and loped miserably away, never to return.—Fack.

**QUICKLY FILLED.**  
 A Man who Lost no Time in Looking After an Office.  
 Great is the agility of office-seekers, a story which was told some years ago seems apocryphal. It was originally told by Mr. John C. Rives of Washington, a man well known in both social and business life in that city. The story concerned Major Hobbie, once member of Congress from New York State, who, on the accession of General Jackson to the presidency, was made Assistant Postmaster-General, which position he held until 1850.  
 Major Hobbie, like many of our present high officials, was ever ready with the fatal answer, "No vacancy," to all applicants for office. Mr. Rives said the major had promised to appoint a friend of his to the first vacancy, and he had called on him repeatedly to fulfil that promise; but the invariable answer, "No vacancy," was the excuse, until he had about concluded to relinquish the matter as a bad job.  
 At length one day his friend called on him, out of breath from running, and told him that Mr. Faine, a post-office clerk, had just been drowned in the canal, at the same time begging that he would go with him to secure his place from Major Hobbie.  
 Thinking he had a sure thing this time, Mr. Rives said they both hastened to the major's office and confidently renewed their application.  
 "No vacancy," said the major.  
 "Yes, there is," said the applicant. "Faine is dead, drowned in the canal, and I have just seen his body on the bank awaiting the coroner's inquest."  
 Whereupon Major Hobbie sent immediately for his miscellaneous clerk, Mr. Marr, and to the astonishment of all present, Marr confirmed the stereotyped reply of "No vacancy."  
 "But yes there is," the applicant insisted. "Faine is drowned."  
 "How is this?" said the major. "Is poor Faine really gone?"  
 "Certainly," said Marr; "drowned in the canal, and his place was filled an hour ago by the man who saw him fall in."

**About Facing Things.**

"You must pluck up heart and face things." That's what our friends tell us when we are in trouble and they are not. Oh, yes. Talk is cheap, and there's a deal too much of it—from some people. It ever one of them finds himself clinging to a plank in mid-ocean—which, heaven forbid—he won't deliver himself so cheerfully about "facing things."  
 "What the end would be I did not dare to think," says a lady in her letter. No wonder. In her place you wouldn't have dared to do it either. Here's her story:—  
 "When I was quite a young girl," she says, "I was subject to frequent attacks of sick headache, and under the shoulder blades and the pain and weight at the back of my neck was so intense that I could not hold my head up. Then my breathing became so short and difficult that at night I was not able to lie down in my bed. It seemed to me as if I must suffocate.  
 "Night after night I paced the floor all night long, anxious for daylight. I wanted to be moving about the house, as though to escape from myself. I had no rest day or night, only getting an occasional dose in the armchair by the fire. Yet I was so weak I could barely stir, and what the end would be I did not dare to think."  
 "I took all kinds of medicine, and consulted two doctors, but was little or none the better for anything they did for me. The second doctor said my trouble all arose from indigestion and the liver, and now I think he was right; yet even a correct opinion does not cure a disease.  
 "For over two years I suffered agonies, and feared I should never be well again. In December, 1886, my husband heard what wonderful cures had been brought about throughout the country by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. Then he got me a bottle from Mr. Wand, chemist, at Leicester, and I began taking it, although (I must confess to you) without a particle of faith in it. Yet, behold! in less than a fortnight I was quite a new woman, being free from pain, and able to eat and digest nourishing food. This was so surprising that I kept on taking the Curative Syrup, and after I had used three bottles I was in better health than I had been for years. Since then I have grown stronger, and am now in the best of health. You are welcome to publish these facts, and I will gladly answer inquiries. (Signed) Eliza Farmer. The common, Barwell, near Hockley, Leicestershire, November 6th, 1894."  
 This case is widely known in the district, and has caused much comment. Mr. J. Green, draper and grocer, Chapel street, Barwell, has known Mrs. Farmer for years and vouches for the truth and accuracy of her statement as here printed. The doctor was right as to her complaint—chronic dyspepsia, with resulting torpid liver—but unhappily he did not resort to the only remedy which actually cures this common and deplorable disease—Mother Seigel's Syrup. Most fortunately, however, the lady's husband heard of it in time, and, like a wise man, procured it at once.  
 As to that time when Mrs. Farmer dared not think what the end would be. Well, we won't talk of it now. She didn't reach it, thanks to Providence and the medicines she names.

**Sufficient Evidence.**  
 Host.—"Why did you give that man the most expensive rooms in the house? Do you know if he has the means to pay?"  
 Porter.—"Of course I do. Would that pretty young woman have married such an ugly old fellow if he wasn't rich as Croesus?"  
 —Fliegende Blätter.

**An Advantage.**  
 Bag carrier (to Keeper).—"What does the maister say ask that body tea shoot wif him for? He canna hit a thing!"  
 Keeper.—"Dod, man, I daur say he wishes they was all like him. The same birds does him through the season!"  
 —Lunch.

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 CURE  
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 DIZZINESS AND ALL  
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**CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.**

For the Heart Cure and Three Bottles Baffled the Best of Cookburn of Wark-  
 for fourteen years. I suffer from heart disease with sharp shooting pains through my spasms were so become unconscious, and become quite on years I discovered about relief. Heart Cure for the Heart did to try it, and be-bottle I found great effects inside have taken three more good than physician ever did. I commend it to all able."

**Notches on  
The Stick**

The moon this evening seems to have borrowed half the glory and favor of the sun, as we see her shining at the full between the arching eaves of our street. The mass of leaves, here and there slightly colored, make a luxurious foil for her magnificence, where she sits in sultry state in the eastern dome of the firmament, while in the opposite play the hot and restless flashes of some distant cloud. Summer, that lingered apart from us through her proper cycle of July and August, sits in our midst with hazy garments widely spread. So stifling an atmosphere as that of parlor or study cannot be breathed with ease and satisfaction; and at eight o'clock we sit outside the open door, gasping at the very memory of the day, while the children gambol on the lawn but we have bordered with sunburned asters, and send their cheery voices abroad.

What a noble scheme is this in the midst of which we sit! The whole creation seems to have taken an extra burnish. "Mamma, what makes it light, and what makes it dark?" asks hopeful with up-raised eyes, as he plucks his mother's gown.

"Why, it is God," she answers, with solemn assurance.

"Yes, I know it," he responds, "Cause God has the shemery to do it with."

"Look yonder to the horizon and see the gorges in the north-west wink his eye,— and lo thankful he is not at hand to look at you."

"It is the family poet who volunteers this classic allusion to the distant cloud, more hominific and ashy in its habitude than the fellow who frowned and blazoned over us yesterday at sunset, while the grass turned greener and glistened with a strange magnetic lustre.

"Quite a wink he wunk, that time," exclaims bold sixteen approvingly, as the distant cloud pulsates through its gray bosom with lambent fire, and an angry fist reems lifted out of it filled with arrows.

"Would that cloud might drift round to us," says pater-familias, arriving after midnight. I think we may risk any stray bolts for the sake of what our good sister P—, terms 'mercy-drops' from 'mercy-clouds,' while you, good-wife, would sleep all the sweeter for the thunder. Dust may be a beautiful thing when the sunset chooses it for its medium, as I saw it yesterday while coming up street, (Lo well properly describes it.) and I am not involved in it:

"Dear native town whose choking elm each year With eddying dust before their time turn gray, Flaring for rain,—to me thy dust is dear; It gorges the eye of summer day, And when the westering sun half sunken burns, The mote thick air to deepest orange turns, The westward horseman rides through clouds of gold away."

Very well! But the horseman himself may have different reflections, as we ascertained while riding home in that dry stifling cloud that evening.

Our friend, Thomas Hutchinson, after his outing on the Northumbrian coast has recovered his pen, and we are surprised to make no mention of the ghosts of Scott and Bishop Percy. Perhaps he did not get in sight of Warkworth or Lindisfarne. "What a grand thing," he affirms, "it is being a teacher—at holiday times! Wife and bairns and I have been at the seaside for a month,—at a place called Calleroasts close to Tynemouth. It is a capital place to stay at, but (or perhaps, because), the natives are about a century behind present day civilization. Nearly all the men are fisher-folk, and the men earn their bread, in a great part by the sweat of their wives' brows. And buxom ladies the wives are, and as strong as horses. But, after all, there's no place like home. . . I am glad you like 'Harry.' It is not a newly published book, but I thought it would interest you, so I got my bookseller to send you a copy. . . while I was off a-holidaying. But I am sorry I cannot enlighten you as to the authorship of it. Naboby kens. I have seen it attributed to the late Mrs. Clive, the lady who once told us 'Why Paul Ferrol killed his wife.' (it is to be suspected he had no justifying reason); but I am confident in my own mind that she did not write it. 'Mrs. Jerningham's Journal' is a poem of a similar nature, and is exceedingly difficult to obtain. My own quest for a copy lasted nearly five years. Nor, I am sorry to say, can I give you any particulars about Menella Smedley, at present, but I shall try to do so later on. By the same post as this letter I send you a Newcastle leader: the leading article tickles me immensely, and so I think will tickle you; but what will your friend, R—, think of it? Is Dr. Ransd an entirely new star in the poetic firmament of Canada? He is certainly a bright one."

**Much in Little**

As especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medicine ever contained so great curative power in so small space. They are a whole medicine.

**Hood's  
Pills**

chest, always ready, always efficient, always satisfactory; prevent a cold or fever, cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, constipation, etc. &c. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The story of Harry is at least told in easy and pleasant verse, with a lilt quite exhilarating. A sorrowful, but faithful wife is the supposed story-teller; she recites her monologues in a bewitching strain of sweet girlish prattle that goes musically on to the close. A woman of sense and sensibility, who has committed herself and her fortunes to a husband by her esteemed as entirely noble, she commends herself as the possessor of that charity which thinketh no evil, which suffereth long, and is kind. Meanwhile her idolized hero discovers himself as made of baser clay, lapses into vicious pleasure, and eventually into crime, becoming a fugitive from justice. The search for him at his home is described in these stanzas:

"It's no use trying to 'ide 'em, my dear," said one, in a really fatherly way; "In course we knows that the gentleman's are; An' 'ill be turned up we shall 'ave to stay."

"The gentleman's here? but no one has come; And no one can come—it is much too late; Mr. Vane is out—he will soon be home, But I really must ask you not to wait."

The man laid a finger against his nose; With a horrible alms look on his face; "We understands all that ere, I suppose; But you'd better come to terms," said he.

I stared at the man with vacant eyes, That dreamily questioned him how he dared? And suddenly saw, with extreme surprise, It was a policeman at whom I stared.

The five of us stood in the pleasant hall; And four were policeman, and one was I; And Harry had never come home at all; And the clock struck one with a gasping sigh.

The policeman, all but their chief, proceeded to search the house. He continued in the hall. Suddenly the young wife realized the situation:

I rushed to the door and flung it wide— A frightened creature can anything dare— And I saw the darkness that lay outside, And I heard the silence—and nothing was there.

"Harry! Harry!" was all my cry, As I stood alone at the open door; And the night heard me—and so did the sky, And the wind and the earth—and nothing more.

I turned from the door with a sad surprise: I could call for my love and call in vain; And I met that horrid policeman's eyes, Keenly and quietly watching my pain.

He suddenly called for his men to come; So they made their appearance one by one; And he said, "The gentleman's not been 'ome, And she 'asn't a notion what he's done."

Hitherto she has not been ignorant of his declension into evil habits, nor has she failed of gentle expostulation; but she has been fertile in the excuses with which love covers the defects of its object:

"You are my angel," he cried with a kiss; "I fear lest your wings are spreading to fly; My angel I ought to be, in this, For 'tis he who is tempted, and not I, O, women have no temptations at all; They have only to keep their white lives white; But men are so tempted, that men must fall— O wonderful Harry who stands upright!"

And again;

Harry conquers whenever he plays, Billiards require grace, agility, skill; No one without them can hope to excel; But Harry never did anything ill That it is mainly and right to do well.

Poor child! she had yet to learn the weakness and littleness of her hero. He came to her secretly, possessed himself of money and made his escape. In a frenzy of passionate devotion she rejoins him on the ships at Liverpool, and they set sail together for the South Seas. After a life of some years in the bush, Jack Devize, who was supposed to have been slain by Harry in his passion that evening in Bellhaven, had fallen backward over the cliff into the water—this same Jack turns up at the cabin.

The ghost caught his hands with a cheer almost And shook them right manfully where it stood, Shouting, "I'm neither a phantom, nor a ghost; I am Jack Devize, and am flesh and blood."

The prodigal, who has long since come to his right mind has no barrier to keep him from his father's house; so they all return to their native country and are happy:

From the midst of the sea the white cliffs rise— The snowy white cliffs of the ocean gem! And they smile their welcome into our eyes As Harry and I smile back on them.

Standing together alone on the deck, With a hope that almost becomes a fear, We can watch that wonderful little speck Crowd into places unspcakably dear.

Is it years or days since we sailed away? And are we returning the self-same track? Did we cross the ocean yesterday And is it today we are coming back.

And oh! to stand on the well-known road In the bright uncertain English weather; And oh! the hearts that are free from a load, And oh! the hands that are knit together!

And oh! to see Rover leap to his side With a yell as if he doubted his right! I thought the old dog would have really died In his vehement song of delight.

And I know the present is not a dream, For I feel a touch and a well-known kiss; And they are not phantoms that shine and gleam From days that are past with a solemn bliss.

From days that are lit by a heaven-ray, To kindle our hearts and strengthen our faith; For Harry and I are changed in a way, Like people whose eyes have looked on death.

Covey Patmore gave us a beautiful ideal of courtship and connubial felicity as it subsists between two equal spirits, who are in their integrity as uniform as in their devotion. We do not pretend to compare that rare poem with this, as a work of art; but, while we commend this, as having an excellence and value of its own; to show how a noble love may vindicate its devotion to an unworthy and unequal partner, by becoming his defence and stealer in the hour of peril, and an ultimate means of his restoration to virtue and happiness. The dear woman, who pictures her own rare nature so unconsciously in these naive artless accents seems worthy to take her place among the worthy heroines of song and of romance.

Menella Butz Smedley, to whom this little book is dedicated, "as a tiny token of boundless love and admiration," is an English poetess concerning whom we "are desirous of further information" when we wrote to Mr. Hutchinson. Stedman's "Victorian Anthology," which gives one example of her style in the "The Little Fair Soul" gives us the following telling facts; That she was born in 1820 and died in 1877; that delicate health made necessary her residence at the sea-side town of Tenley, where she lived for many years; that she published three volumes of verse, many of the poems in the collection entitled "Child-World," and that entitled "Poems Written for Children;" also that she was the author of several successful prose tales.

The unknown poet has some quotable lines concerning Harry's dog.

Keeping by Harry, a friend who is fond Follows as closely as follow he can: Is there an earthly affection beyond The love a good dog feels for a good man?

It twenty people fling down twenty gloves Our Rover has never been known to fall; He picks out the glove of the man he loves And brings it triumphantly, wagging his tail.

Rover and I, under shadowy yew, List'ning for Harry's dear step on the path— He always hears it the first of the two, Which gives me a feeling half joy half wrath.

By divers states can our spirits be moved, Our hearts will answer to many a touch, We love one creature for being much loved, And we love another for loving much.

By delicate touches are souls stirred, Fraught with a pleasing life never reveals: I wonder the Bible says not a word Of the faithful love that a good dog feels.

The East was cursed by an ignoble species of the canine family. I think inspiration would not withhold the palm of merit from a genuine specimen of the shaggy rover of Newfoundland, or the "faithful hound" of St. Bernard. Neither "old dog Tray," nor "honest Laath," I believe would have been scorned by the gentle St. John, or the loving Nazarine, with the invidious epithet,—"Without are dogs." PASTOR FELIX.

**TOO MUCH CRIME.**

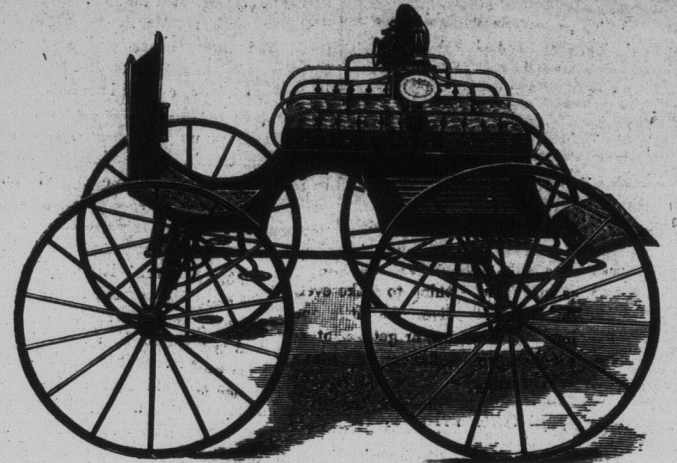
Thieves in America are not improving in their manners. Thieves in this country are not improving in their manners any more than in their morals. They never were desirable persons and never were useful to the community; but they were not always or invariably the imbruted creatures that some of them show themselves in our time, says the Brooklyn Eagle.

The murder of a sexton in his church is one of their characteristic performances, and we hear from various parts of the country of deeds of violence as adjuncts to speculative industries. In Haverstraw a number of men went the rounds of the town robbing tills and shooting at those who objected. In several Western states thefts have been accomplished by means of firearms and bludgeons. On the roads of New Jersey many people have been stopped and beaten as an incident to having their pockets emptied of money and watches. One of the particularly atrocious performances of the ruffians is that of torturing their victims to make them confess where their money has been hidden. Generally they have no hidden money. The hiding of cash is not a practice of our time. When a man has a few dollars ahead he puts them into the bank, or invests them in stock, in either case putting them not only out of the reach of thieves, but temporarily out of his own. The folly of hoarding is best illustrated by one or two successes of the robbers notably in Chicago, were three desperadoes broke into the house of a man who foolishly kept his money in his house. He had \$1000, the savings of his life. This money the burglars got after they had burned his feet to make him tell where it was hidden. There are no arrests. The moral of the incident is that it is wiser to follow the common practice of placing one's savings in a bank, or at least in a safe deposit vault, where no other can get at them. One thing, however, is daily forced on the attention of the public,

**CARRIAGES! CARRIAGES!**

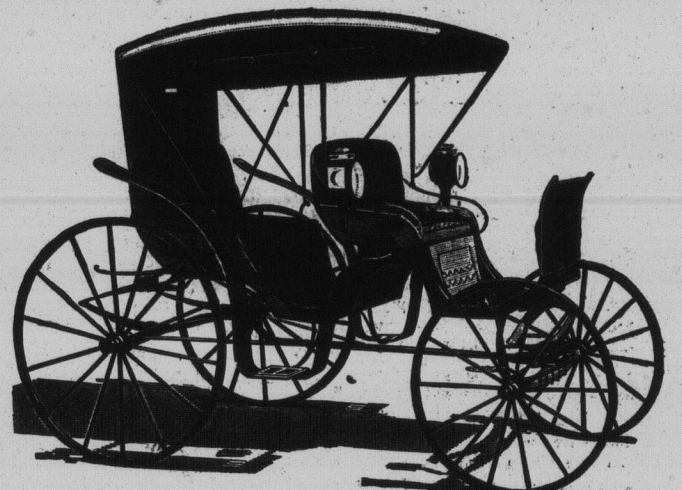
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and that is that there is too much lawlessness, too much law, and too little work by the police. Our cities are the abiding-places of a class that needs a stricter supervision, and there is strong need of a more exemplary speed in our courts. If we had a colony for the scourging of society like that to which the European nations propose to send their anarchists, the community would gradually be purged of its undesirable classes—their drunkards, tramps, beggars, loafers, wife-beaters—in fact, of that class that if not actively criminal, becomes criminal on slight encouragement; begets criminals and is criminal in its affiliations.

**PRINCE LUIGI'S FEAT.**

He Scaled Mt. Elias Without Loss of Life or Difficulty.

Whatever else may be said of the scaling of Mount St. Elias, accomplished successfully and without any loss of life by a party led by the intrepid Prince Luigi of Savoy, it deserves to be ranked among the great feats of human daring and endurance. It took pluck, patience and intelligence to achieve an undertaking so hazardous, says the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The mountain forms one of a group of four. A glance at the map shows this. Another group of four is set down plainly at a point much farther south. But the truth is that the innumerable islands skirting along the South Alaskan coast are little else than mountain peaks. The irresistible impression made by them is that they are simply the high points of a vast mountain range, the ordinary levels being below the surface of the sea. The view of Mount Blanc from Chamouni has always been regarded as in its way the grandest of spectacles, but Mount Blanc is 15,781 and Chamouni is 9000 feet above the sea level, taking the Mediterranean as the base of observation, while these Alaskan mountains are to be seen from the ocean level. One, at least, of the island peaks is higher than Mount Blanc. We refer to Mount Crillon, which is fully 100 feet higher. Mount St. Elias, which is on

the mainland, but so near the coast as to be of the same family as Crillon, is now known to be 18,190 feet in height. One Alaskan peak is now furnishing gold-bearing ore for the largest stamp mill plant in the world, and others may still be richer.

Science owes much more to mountain climbers than it seems disposed to admit. The Prince of Savoy has set at rest one conjecture as to the peak which he scaled; it is not volcanic. At least no signs of volcanic action were discovered. This may prove a base line of calculation for geologists of very great scientific importance. One of the greatest of men, the most learned man, probably, the human race ever produced—Alexander Humboldt—acquired much of the material for his great work, "Cosmos," by mountain-climbing. He had the intrepidity of Luigi and an incomparable ability to derive knowledge from exploration. The best part of Humboldt's life was devoted to exploration and his literary results. He it was who scaled Chimborazo to the altitude of 19,266 feet, and, as the result of much similar original research, acquired intelligence of the very highest importance. No other man can ever hope to rival Humboldt but Prince Luigi may, by seconding the work of the Mazamas, encourage the continuance of explorations which shall be to the far north Pacific coast range what Humboldt's were to the tropical and semitropical portions of that same range.

**Quite Different.**

There are fine distinctions, though usually with a difference. In the days when Scotland was even stricter in its observances than it is now, a visitor to Edinburgh was whistling in the street on Sunday.

"Mon," said another, reprovingly, "ye maunna whistle."

"I am whistling to my dog," was the conciliatory answer.

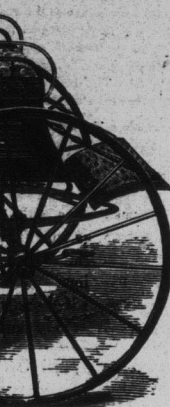
"Oh," was the concession, "ye may whistle to the doogie, but ye maunna whistle."

itching, Burning Skin Diseases Cured For 35 Cents.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves in one day and cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Eczema, Barbers Itch, Ulcers, blotches and all eruptions of the skin. It is soothing and quieting and acts like magic in the cure of all baby humors; 35 cents.

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**Woman and Her Work**

"That babies ought to cry occasionally is a fact well known to doctors, but one which seems to be very much against the creed of mothers and nurses," says Florence Hull Winterburn in Woman's Home Companion. "The model babies who never cry are unnatural specimens.

"Crying is the only exercise a young baby gets; it expands the lungs, causes a better circulation of the blood, and helps on muscular growth. Of course, fretting when there is discomfort is to be promptly attended to, and screaming, which might cause rupture, must not be allowed; but a really healthy little cry, when nothing particular is the matter, says that baby needs that mode of expression for his pent-up feelings, this is not a thing to make everybody and try to divert the little one's attention or to keep him or get out of the way as if they were a fire or a runaway locomotive engine.

"The noise is not pleasant, but if we were once assured that it was a harmless pastime for baby most of us could reconcile ourselves to it once in a while. Not at night. If there is one lesson more important than another it is that darkness and stillness go together.

"But although the idea may be a novel one, there is something to be said in favor of little babies being allowed a small crying spell—that is, an exercise spell—during the day, purely upon the grounds of health."

This is in decided opposition to both the theory and practice of the nurse whose opinions I quoted some months ago, and who advocated the teaching of self control in infants, by stopping their breath whenever they began to cry. I am not an authority on the subject myself, but it seems very reasonable to suppose that very little babies who have such small opportunity for exercise should be benefitted by a good healthy crying spell, provided it did not last too long, and was not caused by any real distress. A "good cry" does every one good, just as a shower of rain clears the atmosphere, so why should a baby be any exception to the rule? They are kept so tightly swathed in voluminous garments that it is almost impossible for them to move, their limbs at all and their circulation must consequently be very slow, therefore the fit of crying must be a great blessing to the poor little souls, and should on no account be discouraged.

Speaking of babies reminds me of a very novel and amusing, though perhaps slightly dangerous form of entertainment which has lately won much favor amongst society people in New York. It is called a baby show, but as several of the most objectionable features of that doubtful institution are eliminated, no bachelors or spinsters need stay away for fear of feeling out of place. Neither the babies themselves nor the parents are present which many will consider advantage number one, and as it is the judges instead of the babies who compete for prizes, advantage number two is very clear, and the prospect of participating in such an entertainment is shorn half its terrors.

It is really a baby show party, and while it originated amongst those people of delightful leisure who are always seeking to amuse themselves and their friends by devising new entertainments, it might very well be applied to the purpose of church entertainments, and give poor humanity a well earned rest from the church tea, the church social, the amateur concert, and worst of all the church bazaar. The way to set about the baby show party is to ask the prospective guests to send you in advance the very earliest pictures of themselves extant. You will thus be able to enjoy a good deal of quiet fun on your own account before the party begins, because the antiquated and faded photos, not to mention the possible daguerreotypes of the older guests, will be amusing in the extreme. These pictures must be carefully classified and numbered and provision made for identification in case the originals should be unable to recognize their own picture. When the evening of the entertainment arrives the pictures must be arranged around the walls of one room, and each guest being provided with pencil and paper is requested to make a list of the pictures as he interprets them. For instance number one, Jennie Smith; number two, Jack Jones; number three, Nellie Robinson and her brother Tom, number four groups of the Johnson family etc. The person who identifies correctly the greatest number of portraits receives the prize, and it rather adds to the fun if a bobby prize be added for the greatest number of blunders. Of course, as I in-

stated above, this form of innocent amusement is not without its perils, as some of made results in strained relations between the blunders, and the original of the portrait. This was the case at a recent baby show in New York, where the photo of an especially robust infant was almost unanimously identified as an early likeness of strapping young athlete present; and when it turned out to be the first picture taken, of a dainty little maiden of eighteen summers who looked as if a good sized pull of mind would blow her away, there was a coolness in the atmosphere which had quite an appreciable effect on the thermometer the strapping athlete being almost as indignant as the small maiden. Another slight unpleasantness arose when the loveliest little cherub of the collection was unhesitatingly labelled as the earliest portrait of a very beautiful young woman amongst the guests, and when it was claimed by the plainest girl in the room, the luckless owner could scarcely repress her tears at the look of blank incredulity on the faces of the guests.

A tall athletic looking young business man whose earliest portrait had been obtained from his parents without his knowledge, indignantly refused to accept a photo of a meek little three year old in short stockings and pantalettes, as an authentic portrait of himself, and an eminent jurist was covered with confusion on being confronted with a degenerate type of a fat little lad of two years old with long curls, and wearing a little low necked velvet frock.

There were several little episodes of a similar nature, but on the whole the entertainment was voted an immense success, and it has been repeated frequently since. If votes were taken at so much a vote, and the person identifying the greatest number of babies correctly should receive a prize, as an amusing method of raising money for church or charitable purposes, and it has at least the charm of novelty.

Such a little while ago and muslin gowns lace flounces, tucks, chiffons, and insertions were the theme of the fashion writer: but one day we tore off a certain leaf of the calendar, and behold it was September and time that such frivolities came to an end for this season, and we turned our minds to more serious subjects—such as tailor made suits, and autumn fabrics. Already the costumers are displaying cloth forms in tailor styles for early autumn developed in light materials was not to be oppressive in warm September days, but still giving advance hints of the manner of garments we shall be wearing next winter. It seems to be decided that only the plain form will be tailor made, all the richer costumes will be most elaborately trimmed on the skirts, and there are even indications that the double skirts and overskirts foreshadowed in the summer fashions will appear this autumn. In spite of all predictions to the contrary, the sleeves will not reach absolute tightness this season, and there will continue to be something at the top in the shape of a cap or filling. The Norfolk or Russian blouse will be very popular, and will be braided in all styles some of the patterns showing three different widths of braid or velvet. Buttons will also be very popular, while narrow fringes and laces will be lavishly used on handsome silks and wools for house dresses.

Some of the gowns show on both sides a breadth entirely braided from hem to waist with a finished design; and others have each gone piped with satin in a color which contrasts with the material, but harmonizes with the trimming of the dress. Checks will be much used, and shepherd's plaids in pretty wool goods will be favorites.

One pretty gown of brown and white check is made up with a panel of guipure lace over brown satin with triple rows of brown velvet on each edge, and the same three rows of velvet about the pouch bodice the belt being a bias band of brown velvet.

Another very stylish dress is of light tan cloth with fine strappings of black velvet encircling the hips, and finishing the bolero bodice which opens over a white front.

One of the newest of the tailor made suits shows the three quarter length coat with slightly flaring skirt set in first below the waist line, and quite close fitting, which is to be a feature of winter costumes. This coat appears in several varieties and is destined to be very popular especially with women who have tall slender figures to show them off properly.

Of course the women who have not, will wear them also, but they won't look nice in them as it takes an almost perfect figure to stand the long straight clinging lines which show every defect so plainly.

There are some pretty little loose fronted jackets shown, which look well on any figure, and are most comfortable and convenient for autumn wear. They are fastened with a fly and are double breasted with neat little turn-down velvet collar, and

If the **SIZES** of **SLIPPERS** suit, you can have them for

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**LADIES' FINE KID (GORE FRONT HOUSE) SLIPPERS**; Sizes 2 1/2, 3 and 3 1/2. Regular Price \$1.75, now 88c.

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**Beware of Worthless Counterfeits.** Wafers by mail 50c. and \$1 per box; six large boxes, \$5. Soap, 60c. Address all mail orders to

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revers which display a bit of white collar, and bright tie. A pretty gray gown is of light quality cloth and touches of dark red brighten it. The skirt is quite plain and lined throughout with dark red silk, the pouch bodice fastens on the left side in a series of scallops elaborately braided in gray, and finished with barrel, or frog buttons also of gray. The bodice opens over a red cloth under bodice striped with alternate rows of broad and narrow gray braid, and the tiny basque which extends but an inch or two below the waist carries out the same effect, being cut into deep scallops over a deeper basque of the red cloth. A narrow belt of grey leather fastens the bodice at the waist.

ASTRA.

**WOMEN PASTORS.**

Many of Them in Charge of Churches in Addition to Those who are Evangelists.

The Church Economist has discovered that there are more than twenty women in this country who are pastors, not preachers merely, but settled pastors over unitarian societies, and that they are uniformly successful.

The Rev. Miss Safford, who is President of the Iowa Unitarian Association, is one of the most conspicuous of the women pastors. She is about 40 years old and a good speaker. Two other women pastors are the Rev. Marion Murdoch and the Rev. Florence Buck. They are both stationed as co-pastors at the First Unitarian church in Cleveland. They took their theological course at Meadville and a special course at Manchester College, Oxford.

Still another Unitarian pastor is the Rev. Mary T. Whitney of the Unity Church, South Boston. She is not only an able pastor, but a woman of force in church councils, and the same may be said of the Revs. Mrs. E. T. Wilkes of Oakland, Cal., Rev. Florence L. Pierce of Romona, Cal., and Rev. Harriet D. Boynton, the last being with her husband, the Rev. Richard W. Boynton, pastor at Roslindale, Mass. Other women who are doing good pastoral work, and are settled over Unitarian societies, are the Rev. Ida C. Hultin of the First Church, Moline, Ill., the Rev. C. J. Bartlett of the First Church, Kalamazoo, Mich., the Rev. E. E. Gordon of the First Church, Iowa City, and the Rev. L. W. Sprague, co-pastor with her husband of the New South Church, Boston.

The Universalist Church has from the first welcomed women to its councils, and has accorded to her the fullest liberty in the exercise of her powers in its service. John Murray the founder of Universalism in America, gave to his wife the heartiest encouragement in her literary pursuits as far back as 1792, and it may be said of this lady that in her espousal of the cause of equal rights for the sexes she appears to have been quite abreast of the position taken by the advocates of that principle today.

Maris Cook and Lydia A. Jenkins, both of this state, were the first women who are known to have preached Universalism. They preached for a short time in the early part of this century, though neither of them sought ordination. Olympia Brown was the first woman upon whom ordination

**THE LIQUOR HABIT—ALCOHOLISM.**

I guarantee to every victim of the liquor habit, no matter how bad the case, that when my new vegetable medicine is taken as directed, all desire for liquor is removed within three days, and a permanent cure effected in three weeks, failing which I will make no charge. The medicine is taken privately, and without interfering with business duties. Immediate results—normal appetite, sleep and clear brain, and health improved in every way. Indisputable testimony sent sealed: I invite strict investigation.

A. Hutton Dixon,  
No 40 Park Avenue, Montreal, Que.

was conferred. This occurred directly after her graduation from the Canton Theological School in 1863. There are now sixty-five women in the ministry of the Universalist church. Most of these are ordained, while those who are licentiate are, in nearly every instance, pursuing their theological studies preparatory to ordination. Of these sixty-five, more than one-half are married and have raised or are rearing families. Three hold pastorates jointly with their husbands, and not a few are the wives of clergymen—husband and wife ministering to different parishes on the same circuit.

Among the names most widely known may be mentioned the Rev. Augusta J. Chapin, D. D. now of Mount Vernon, N. Y., the first woman in the world to receive from an institution of learning the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Miss Chapin has studied and travelled abroad, and her attainments have made her much sought after as a college lecturer on literature. The Rev. Florence Kollock Crooker has met with exceptional success as a pastor. During a thirteen years pastorate at Englewood, now Chicago, Ill., a strong parish was banded together and a fine church edifice erected. The Rev. Henrietta G. Moore of Springfield, O., is a woman of rare ability as a speaker. She was for several years national organizer for the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and is known to temperance workers from ocean to ocean. Many others, though less widely known, have met with marked success in their respective fields. In fact, the women ministers of the church compare very favorably as to abilities with the men, and the quality of the work is fully up to the standard of that of their brothers.

The Congregational church of today draws no line of eligibility to pastoral ordination between men and women. According to the latest pastoral lists, however, there are only seventeen ordained women preachers in the Congregational church. Half a dozen of them are in the New England States, and the majority of them are stationed in the far West.

The Methodist Church, save in one instance of concession, has refused to ordain women as preachers. That one instance occurred in the Rock River Conference some years since, when Mrs. Jennie Fowler Willing received a local preacher's license. A few more licenses were granted later. Finally they were revoked in every case, the conferences fearing a too general desire on the part of women to become licentiate without marked qualifications which would fit them for their position.

While the women preachers of the Methodist Church are more properly evangelists, yet many women have gained for themselves the name of able preachers in the full sense of the term. Mrs. Maggie Van Cott, or, as she is more often called, "Mother" Van Cott, has for many years been engaged in active evangelistic work in almost every State in the Union. Possessed of a rich powerful, low-toned and well-modulated voice, and a commanding appearance, she has never failed to gain at first the respect, then the love and perfect sympathy of her hearers. She is at present directing the work of a Home for Friendless Girls at Catskill, N. Y. Mrs. Jennie Fowler Willing, sister of Bishop Fowler preaches with much force and eloquence. Other well-known women preachers of the Methodist denomination are Mary Sparkes Wheeler of Philadelphia, Grace Weiser Davis of Jersey City, and Mrs. E. O. Robinson of Indianapolis—N. Y. Sun.

Mere Ballast.  
Skipper—Did ye get the peevishness, Angus?  
Angus—Aye, Aye! A half loaf an' four bottles o' whiskey.  
Skipper—An' what in the world will ye be doin' wi' a' that bread?

**A KING'S PHYSICIAN.**

He Rose From an Humble Position to one of Great Power.

The visit of King Chulalongkorn to the Western world will call general attention to his country and his royal court in the far East, on the banks of the Menam.

Mrs. Anna Leonowens, whose articles on Siam once so interested the readers of the Companion, is but one of many who have carried from the West to that still pagan land the ideas and the life of Christianity.

At the time she was living, as English governess, in the household of the Siamese king, a young clerk named T. Edward Hayes, in a drug store in Baltimore, was beginning the study of medicine and surgery. His active mind developed religious as well as scientific enterprise, and both in church circles and among the poor he became known as a working Christian and "a born doctor."

After about five years of practice in the United States Marine Hospital, his fearless missionary zeal outgrew his place, and he begged the presbyterian board of missions to send him to the most difficult station in their field. They sent him to Bangkok, Siam.

When he set out he had spent every dollar of his own money for medicines, surgical instruments and other supplies and several wholesale druggists had generously helped him to stock his "chest." With this outfit and the small pay of a foreign missionary to depend upon for his living, he reached Bangkok, and opened a dispensary.

His skill soon gave him reputation, and in less than a year he had successfully treated over three thousand cases. The fame of his work reached the king, who sent to offer him the position of government doctor—or surgeon-general. After long hesitation, with the approval of the Presbyterian board he finally accepted the office. The salary was seven thousand dollars a year, but he retained only his usual missionary stipend, turning all the rest over to the board.

The new position gave him power that no man could use better than he. He began at once to organize medical schools and establish hospitals; and his plans were so well carried out that within five years the Siamese ceased to send their young men to foreign countries to be educated as doctors. His wonderful success has won him the warmest favor of the king, and he is now the court physician.

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

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GRAVES IN CHINA.

The Tombs of the Mandarins Take up half a Mile of Earth.

Mr. Julina Ralph, who has been traveling in China, contributes to Harper's Magazine an account of the astonishing number of graves to be seen in that country, and of the peculiar places selected for them. He says:

The face of all nature is pimpled with graves. No farm is so small that it cannot afford at least one; no hill is so high—I speak of the garden provinces of China—that it is not dotted with them on the top. No city lacks them within and without its walls. Only the compactest parts of the compact cities are without them.

They vary in shape and form, as everything varies in China. The saying is that "in ten miles everything is different, and it certainly is so with the graves. Near Shanghai this eruption on the face of nature took the form of shapeless mounds of earth, perhaps six feet long by three feet wide, and three or four feet high. There the coffins had been put on the ground and covered over with dirt.

Farther along, toward Soochow and the Grand Canal, the graves were brick affairs, round-topped, and square at the ends. In the other direction, at and near Chapu, on the coast, they were often vaults of earth faced with stone and surrounded by a horseshoe or broken circle of earth-work.

Some of them had three doorways, and looked like triple cake-ovens; but down Chapu way many of the graves were perfect little houses of brick, with tile roofs, and even with roofs whose corners were bent in grand style.

There are graveyards in China—family or village graveyards—that look like mere disturbances of the earth, where scores have been turned up into mounds or covered with brick ovens, and there are graveyards that are solemnly planted with rows of trees; but as a rule, the farmers bury their dead in their rice or cotton fields, and the poor buy or lease a resting-place for their departed upon the acres of some wealthier man.

I don't know whether it be true or not, but I was told that the graves are kept, or left alone, until a change of dynasty occurs, when they are razed, and China begins over again to preempt a great fraction of her surface for her dead. If so, it is time for a change of dynasty, because a vast portion of the soil is lost to the farmers, who otherwise cultivate every foot of it; and the graves are in all stages of rack and ruin and disorder.

At one time you see scores of tombs whose ends have been worn down by the elements, or have fallen out so as to show the coffin ends or an outbreak of skulls and bones. There is nothing that is possible that you do not see, even to disclosures of great open jars full of bones, where the original graves and coffins have worn away. You see bare coffins set out in the rice fields because the mourners were too poor to brick them over, and you see tens of thousands of coffins merely covered over with thatched straw.

You see the grand tombs of mandarins taking up half a mile of the earth. First there are the granite steps leading to splendid triple arches all beautifully carved. Then follows the stately approach to the tomb—a wide avenue bordered by trees, and set with lions and warriors, horses and eagles, all hewn out of stone.

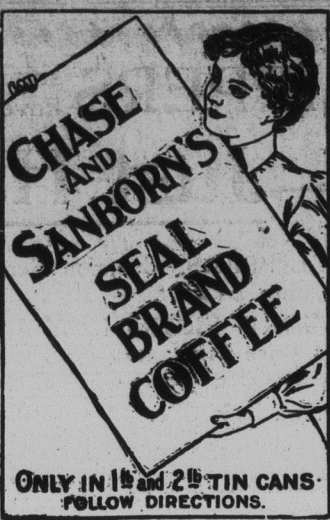
Finally the tomb itself, on a hillside if possible, stares down the avenue at all these costly ornaments; but it must be that most of these monuments are to men long dead—perhaps to men of distant ages. Therefore most of them are falling to pieces. Some are merely beginning to crumble, some are waste places with broken suggestions of what they were, and some have been invaded by farmers and by the populace, with the result that you see portions of the once grand arch set in a near-by bridge or used as steps to a waterside tea-house.

Significance of Earache.

Earache is such a common symptom, especially in children, that domestic remedies are often used until the disease demands the advice of a specialist. By that time, often great harm has been done, and perhaps serious consequences have resulted. Dr. F. W. Hinkel calls attention to the grave significance of earache, and the importance of early treatment. Earache in children may be the first indication of an approaching meningitis. An earache should not be passed over with a superficial examination, but the child should be given hot foot baths and put to bed. The bowels should be freely acted on. Hot, dry applications are better than moist ones. It is better not to instill solutions of laudanum, morphia, or cocaine into the ear. Opium, too, often mask the pain and conceal the real trouble. Delays are dangerous, and in case of approaching rupture, the tympanum should be freely incised. No physician should ever hesitate to call in an aurist when in doubt.—New York Ledger.

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MISSED HER OPPORTUNITY.

She was sorry a fortnight ago she didn't accept his proposal.

For nearly an hour Horatio Dexter had been upon his knees in front of Flavia Johnson, pouring out his love. His was no ordinary passion. He had worshipped the girl from the moment that his eyes had first looked into hers.

'Flavia,' he implored, 'have mercy! Can't you see that if you will not become my wife there will be no hope for me?'

'No, don't say that,' she returned in low sweet accents; 'you will get over it. Three years ago Titus Henderson told me the same thing. Now he is married to another, and the father of twins. I know that he is happy. You will forget me as he has forgotten me. You will meet someone else and love her and be happy with your family.'

'Ah,' he bitterly replied, 'others may be happy with their twins. I do not care for them. You—you, Flavia, are what I want. You are the pole star of my existence. Say that you can learn to love me. Say that I may at least hope. Do not compel me to go away and destroy myself! Save me, Flavia save me.'

'Poor boy,' she said, stroking his curls, 'I am sorry for you. I wish I were not so lovely. It is terrible, this thing of driving people mad for love of me. I will give a little lock of my hair, which you can wear next to your heart. Perhaps that will help you to get over it.'

'No! No!' he sobbed, 'I don't think a lock of hair on my heart would do a bit of good. Keep your hair. You may need it some day. Now I'm going to give you just one more chance. Will you or will you not be mine?'

She bent and pressed her rich, ripe lips against his forehead, and then replied: 'Alas! I cannot; I am promised to another, who makes more money in a day than you can earn in a week. It nearly breaks my heart to tell you this, but you have forced me to do so. Were things arranged differently, I could be happy with you for love is knocking at the door of my heart.'

Horatio Dexter got up and looked to see if his trousers were badly bagged at the knees or no, and then in cold harsh tones said:

'Well, inasmuch as it seems to be a money transaction with you, I suppose I ought to pay you something for the time you have wasted in hearing my story. How much do I owe you?'

Drawing herself up like an angry princess, she said: 'You insult me sir. Go before I call my father, who stands 6 feet 2 inches in his socks and weighs 197 pounds.'

So he departed, saying: 'The day will come when you will be sorry that you permitted the desire for money to kill your love.'

That was five years ago. Today she is a grass widow, living upon a miserable alimony of \$14 per week, while he has a political job with a salary and fees of \$12,000 a year, and clerks hired at the expense of the public to do the work.

Often does the now miserably woman say to herself: 'What a fool I was. I might have known from the businesslike proposition that he made that night that he couldn't lose.'—Cleveland Leader.

HER "TOPPING HAT."

When a Veil Was Regarded as an Invention of the Evil One.

The Puritan sumptuary laws read severely enough in their denunciations of "superstitious ribbons" short sleeves and "topping" hats—a word still current in remote Engad districts, where it suggests a desire to dress in stile above one's station; but the inner history of some of the proceedings of court and church in the attempted suppression of the veil leads the student to infer that the Puritan bark was sometimes worse than the Puritan bite and even grave judges and elders were not always proof against the graces of a Puritan maid.

A commotion that seemed likely to rend the infant church sunder was caused by one bedizened Puritan, who calmly defied all the edicts against gay attire, stood her ground when called "squirrel brained" by the incensed minister, and continued to wear a veil—kept in place by a little silver bead held in either corner of the mouth,—though forbidden to do so by act of court. Although the awful charge was formulated that admiring lads had called her "a bouncing girl," it is difficult to find her blame-worthy for this. She seems to have tripped up the aisle of the meeting house on the following Sunday, in no wise discomposured by the indignant gaze of the minister. Possibly she was upborne by the consciousness that she had the sympathy or the jealousy of every woman present.

Other pretty rebels sheltered themselves behind a clause that allowed such as were already possessed of proscribed articles to wear them out. Never before even in those thrifty days, had women been so careful in repairing! Nicholas Perry, in his diary, written in 1683, betrays an amiable weakness: "There came into the town about a month



BABY WAS CURED.

DEAR SIR,—I can highly recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It cured my baby of diarrhoea after all other means failed, so I give it great praise. It is excellent for all bowel complaints.

MRS. CHAS. BOTT, Harlow, Ont.

THE HEAD MASTER

GENTLEMEN—I have found great satisfaction in the use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and consider it invaluable in all cases of diarrhoea and summer complaint. It is a pleasure to me to recommend it to the public.

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ago, brought by the good ship Seabridge, a young maiden from London, Mistress Alice Merriden. She is a fair maid to look upon, but the garb that she hath that she hath brought with her from London is of a gay and worldly fashion, and as the maid taketh her daily walks abroad, the elders do regard her with scant favor, but she is so late come into the town that they are loth to reprove her.

A still prettier story is told of Christine Seaton, who was admonished by the magistrates for her gay attire in meeting. The following Sunday she again appeared in the proscribed garb, swinging her dainty little hat—possibly another of the 'topping' kind—by the ribbons.

She was again summoned before the tribunal and sentenced to appear on the following Sunday in a dust colored garb, sprinkled with ashes, and wearing 'on her breast the big black letters, "C. M.," for to her original offence was now added that of being a "contemner of magistrates."

The fatal day came, and poor Christine, overwhelmed with her prospective shame, was surrounded by a group of commiserating friends, who declared their intention of accompanying her up the aisle like a bevy of bridesmaids. A little Indian girl, whom Christine had befriended, begged to be allowed to try on the penitential garb to let the company see how it looked, and once thus arrayed, she refused to disrobe herself.

The governor and Mr. Eliot, the Indian apostle, now appeared, and in response to Mr. Eliot's remonstrance, his countenance stoutly maintained that she was acting in accordance with his own teaching of virtuous abstinence.

Touched by the girl's affection, the governor decided that the matter should go no further. So, instead of appearing before the expectant throng in disgrace, Christine entered the meeting-house in honor in the company of the governor; but perhaps his grave but kindly words upon the threshold were as effectual as the punishment would have been:

"God give thee strength, my wayward daughter, to avoid offence against proper decorum in the place where His honor dwelleth!"

THE OLD SYSTEM GONE.

Better and Easier Work Done by Diamond Dyes.

The dying of cotton rags for the making of carpets, mats and rugs was for a long time a tedious, difficult and unsatisfactory operation owing to the crude and old fashioned dyestuffs that home dyers were obliged to use.

Of late years all this has been changed for the advantage and benefit of every home. Science has given the world the Diamond Dyes that have brought joy and comfort to millions of housewives.

The makers of the celebrated Diamond Dyes prepare special cotton colors such as Fast Pink, Fast Orange, Fast Purple, Fast Garnet, Fast Navy Blue, Fast Crimson, Fast Seal Brown, Fast Yellow, Fast Scarlet, Fast Cardinal, Fast Black and other colors that are un fading in washing, and fast in rain or sun. No other dyes in the world can give such wonderful results on cotton goods, and no other but the Diamond Dyes are fully guaranteed.

One Man's Courage. All Paris was stirred one day in August, 1869, by a deed of courage, which recalled the old legend of Horatius and his two comrades holding Lars Porsena's army at bay, until the bridge across the Tiber had been cut down.

At a performance in the Hippodrome, Lucas, the lion-tamer, entered the cage where were two lions and two lionesses. Scarcely had he closed the door, when one of the lions sprang upon him, and seized him by the back of the neck. The sight of blood maddened the other beasts, and they, too, fell on their trainer.

Women screamed and fainted, men grew pale or shouted out impossible orders. The employees of the Hippodrome lost their heads, all save Lucas' attendant, Jose Mendez, a Spaniard. Arming himself with an iron weapon, he entered the cage, smote the lions hip and thigh, and nearly killed them all. Then he dragged out his mangled master, who was immediately bandaged by a doctor.

Its Antiquity. A large earthenware vase in a downtown window in one of the large cities is surmounted by a conspicuous sign bearing this inscription: Made of Egyptian Clay. Three Thousand Years Old.

One day an expert, who happened to be passing the window, stopped and looked at the vase.

'Yes,' he said, 'after a brief inspection, it is considerably older than three thousand years. I refer, of course, to the clay. The vase probably was made in 1898.'

Resembled Both. Mr. Cross—"That baby over across the way seems to inherit its voice from both its parents."

Mrs. Cross—"How so?"

Mr. Cross—"It makes a great noise like its father and keeps it up like its mother."

Alaska Extraneous. "They say wives are needed badly in the Klondyke region."

"To help save the gold?"

"No; to help spend it."—Detroit Free Press.

UNTO HIM FOURFOLD.

There was a sharp tinge of frost in the air; early in the afternoon snow had fallen...

As he sailed on the macrow, John Forsythe was giving a parting dinner to a few old cronies...

Adventure he craved for; the thought of rustling for his living stirred his blood pleasantly...

With the gold firmly clutched in her paw she made her way to the nearest coffee palace...

Having been singularly lucky in all his ventures, he was now a very rich man, and on the death of his brother in the hunting field...

In spite of the encouragement given to a wealthy man, and an earl to boot, John had, up to the present, remained placidly heart-whole...

As he strolled down to his own club where he was to meet the same man with whom he had spent his last evening ten years ago...

At the dinner they adjourned to the theatre. The play was a modern "problem" one, a new fashion since John went away...

Nathalie asked him to call, and soon it came about, that few days passed when he did not visit the tiny flat...

with Nathalie's name was uttered in his presence, that he determined to speak. His action was simplicity itself...

She seized his hands with her warm impulsive ones, and would have raised them to her lips, had he not prevented her.

"What is it?" he queried, laughing, drawing her to him; "that I should love you?"

"Yes she said, gravely; listen to what I have to tell, you and she—Ten years ago on a cold winter's night, do you remember giving a gold piece to a little ragged, half-starved girl?"

"Yes I do but what has that to do with you?" he asked. "In this way; I was that little girl; I and no other. I was a friendless little waif and your money was the first kind action I had ever received in my short life..."

"A small pantomime engagement led to others, and slowly but slowly I worked my sell up. Oh, it has been hard, and I have been sorely tempted many a time, for I am beautiful I know, but you were before me like a guiding star, and I kept myself like I knew you would have me; I have waited for you; I am yours, do with me what you will."

"His arms closed round her, and as their lips met, she heard him whisper, My wife."

"In doubling, the fox prepares for the manoeuvre by making a great spurt and getting a long distance in the lead of the pack. He knows that it is impossible for the dogs to come up with him for a certain time..."

"It may take a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes to accomplish this, and all the time the fox sits where he can enjoy a full view of the worried dogs as they run howling and yelping in search of his trail..."

"The wily fox knows this well, and when he starts on a race in which his mate is to aid him, he keeps but a short distance ahead of the dogs, but sets the killing pace. He keeps this up for perhaps eight miles, gradually circling back to the starting point..."

Some Cunning Ways They Have and Their Effect Upon the Pack. "If ever there was a four-footed humorist, the fox is one," said Samuel Barton of Lancaster county Pa., where riding to the hounds is a time-honored sport.

"Bread upon the waters, Forsythe," said one, "look out for its return after many days," he added jestingly.

"The next day he said, and it was many years before London saw him again. Once more he walked upon the asphalt of London, no longer plain John Forsythe, but, by a series of events, Earl of Carrington."

"The fox is one," said Samuel Barton of Lancaster county Pa., where riding to the hounds is a time-honored sport. "Particularly does he show this when pursued by hounds, he doubles on his trail. Whenever a fox wants to rest, and at the same time enjoy the discomfiture of the dogs, he doubles, and takes his pleasure from it."

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PEARL FISHERIES OF ARKANSAS.

Some Rich Finds That Have Been Made in That Country. Since the discovery of pearls was made, two months ago, in Murdry and Walker lakes in Arkansas, the people of the state have the pearl-hunting fever...

It takes a man of strong constitution, and one predisposed to work, to stand this work, for it is very hard and trying. The lakes are filled with malarial poison. A few days' continuous wading brings on its effects...

There are other lakes in that vicinity to which no one lays claim, and pearls have also been found in these. A Mr. Smith of West Point, is a farmer, and started a crop. He was to poor to get supplies, and the merchants would not credit him. He went fishing and in getting mussel for bait, found a pearl, which he sold for \$30.

The Sims brothers, three in number have sold \$500 worth of pearls. John Sims made \$85 the second day he worked.

A Clinching Statement.

A Cure That Was Permanent.

The Medicine Used Was Paine's Celery Compound.

Day after day home and foreign cures are heralded as the result of using this or that medicine. It is safe to assert that many of the published letters are bogus and others will hardly bear the light of investigation.

"I have been troubled with catarrh for a great many years. Have suffered greatly from it. I had tried all the so-called cures, but never received any relief from them. Seeing Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder largely advertised, I determined to try it, although very skeptical about any relief, but I was greatly and agreeably disappointed, for from the first dose I received very great relief, and today I can honestly say that it has cured. I keep it constantly in the house, as we find it a quick cure for cold in the head. It gives almost instant relief. I have no hesitation in proclaiming it the best cure for catarrh, and I heartily recommend it to all sufferers from this malady."

"I certainly owe my present health and strength to your medicine, and I am fully convinced it saved me from a condition bordering on insanity. I can now sleep and eat well, and I thank God for Paine's Celery Compound and the great change."

"I have received and answered 250 letters since my testimonial was published. These letters came from all parts of Canada and the United States. It has been a pleasure answering these letters from sufferers, and I trust my recommendation of Paine's Celery Compound will help suffering humanity."

THE AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN. The Present Uprising Though Small Will Change the Country. The present uprising in northwestern India, though today it appears as a cloud no bigger than the traditional hand, may ultimately change the maps of Europe and Asia. It is feared that the uprising is not the work of scattered tribesmen alone, but that back of it is a religious feeling and that the war may develop into one between the crescent and the cross for the possession of India. The situation is a perilous one for English government in India and if the war lever spreads and is fed upon Mohammedan fanaticism it may tax England to her utmost to retain hold of her Oriental empire.

country, Abdur Rahmon, is believed to be instigating the tribes along the frontier to revolt against Great Britain. True, he has made demands of this; but nevertheless the English government regards him with distrust and a distrust that seems the better founded owing to the influence which Russia exercises in Afghanistan. It may come to this, on the principle that 'those who are not with me are against me,' that the Ameer will be forced to declare either for or against England in the present difficulty. The forcing of the Ameer's hand would show the real extent of his anti-British feeling in India.

TIGER AND ANTS.

How a Traveller Suffered Through the Little Insects.

A writer in Oating tells of a peccary hunt that brought him into a very dangerous position. A drove of peccaries killed his dog and then made for the sportsman himself, who sought refuge in a tree, where at sundown, the peccaries left him. Before he could get away from the place a huge tiger appeared. The writer thus narrates the story of his escape, not from the tiger, but from an equally dangerous foe.

What a chance this was! Taking aim at the tiger's breast, I fired. With a roar that almost defenestrated me, the brute leaped into the air, and falling to the ground, rolled over and over. Once more I fired, and this time ended, as I thought, his struggles.

I jumped to the ground, overjoyed at my easy victory, and walking up to the animal, rashly stirred his head with my foot. I paid dearly for my temerity, for as I touched him he raised his head, and quick as a flash seized my knee in his massive jaws; one crunch and he fell back, dead for a certainty this time.

At last day broke. But a little while longer, I thought, and the natives will find me. Was I growing delirious, or was that great patch of small green leaves really moving down the trail upon me? Yes, it did move, and toward me. It was the advance guard of the warrior ants, and each leaf was carried by an ant.

I fully understood the significance of this sight, for I had heard of these terrible little insects, and of their marching in large armies through the forests, killing everything that came in their path. I knew my chances were small indeed, in my helpless condition. Suddenly I felt a nip, then another, and in an instant every pore of my body seemed to be pierced with minute red-hot needles. The torture was awful. In vain I struggled; hundreds I killed, but thousands remained to take their places.

The agony found for me my voice, and I shrieked aloud. Thank heaven! an answering cry was heard, and half a dozen Walkas came running up the trail. Gently they carried me to the village, where my smarting body was soothed by a healing salve. A schooner put in the next day for fresh water, and the Yankee skipper soon had my wounded limb in shape.

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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 Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price. Substitution the fraud of the day. See you get Carter's, Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.

GEORGIA'S CONVICT SYSTEM.

A Black Chapter in the History of this Southern State. When the history of our convict lease system is written it will prove to be the blackest chapter in the history of Georgia.

The announcement that the lease of misdemeanor convicts to private parties is illegal and has no warrant in law, shows to what depths of demoralization the lease system tends.

When the plain letter of the law is thus violated by the very men who have been selected to uphold it—the county solicitors and other officials—it is small cause for wonder that the criminal classes have a growing contempt for the courts and their processes.

The official who thus traffic in human misery are themselves guilty of a more serious crime than any of the convicts who are serving out misdemeanors. These officials are guilty of striking a most disastrous blow against the good name of the state.

Here it will be seen that the lease system has not only led to a flagrant violation of the law, but to active co-operation; and it may be safely said that the good people of the state, will never have an opportunity of discovering all the facts in regard to this wholesale violation of the law.

It is idle to boast of our civilization and progress when officers of the law connive at a direct and flagrant violation of the law for the purpose of trafficking in human misery. And it is hinted from the State House that not only the county officers, but some of the members of the Legislature, are engaged in taking the foul profits of cruelty and brutality.

NEW YORK'S WOMAN COBBLER.

Mrs. Elizabeth Gill is the woman cobbler of New York City. Her little shop is in the basement of 23 North Moore street. It was there, surrounded by tools and hammering away on a pair of men's shoes, that she spoke of her work.

I was born and raised in Northampton England, and began to make shoes when I was 6 years old. Everybody made shoes in Northampton, and children began at an early age to sew on straps. I began just as other children, but as I had a taste for the work I learned sooner.

About the time I was grown a friend of mine who had come over to this country to work returned home on a visit and begged me to come back with her. I didn't mind, so I asked her if I could make a living if I came.

me to come back with her. I didn't mind, so I asked her if I could make a living if I came. She laughed and said I could make twice as good a living here as there.

When I first came over I made uppers, first by hand and later by machine. I earned from \$10 to 20 a week in that way; then when I came home at night I often mended a pair of shoes.

These, too, the shoes you wear now are not half so good as they used to be. They have such ugly shapes. Those ones with pointed toes are horrible.

BETTER THAN GOLD

IS THE RARE TREASURE OF PERFECT HEALTH. A Nova Scotia Lady Says "I Consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a Priceless Balm to Suffering Humanity."

The rugged and the strong do not appreciate to its full extent the blessing of perfect health. It is only those who have passed through a trying illness, who feel that health is a treasure to be prized more than silver or gold.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific for the troubles which makes the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks.

'Yes,' said the editor of the picture paper, 'he is a very good artist. I have only one fault to find with him.' 'What is that?' 'His style is getting monotonous.'

BORN.

Springhill, Sept. 4, to the wife of J. W. Highton, a son. Windsor, Sept. 4, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dill, a son.

MARRIED.

Newport, Hestonoch, Moses David to Mary C. Hillier, Aug. 21, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, Arthur Miller and J. W. White.

DIED.

Halifax, John Sheridan. Halifax, Mrs. Ann Toomey, 78. Halifax, Aug. 9, Thomas Oram 53. Halifax, Capt. James David Horn, 60.

STRAIGHTS.

The Yarmouth Steamship Co.

For Boston and Halifax, Via Yarmouth. The Shortest and Best Route between Nova Scotia and the United States.

4-Trips a Week-4

BOSTON and YARMOUTH

COMMENCING June 30th, one of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth for Boston every TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY evening, after arrival of the Express train from Halifax.

Stmr. City of St. John,

Will leave Yarmouth every FRIDAY morning for Halifax, calling at Barrington, Shelburne, Lockeport, Liverpool and Lunenburg.

International S. S. Co.

18 1/2 HOURS TO BOSTON. The Steamship "St. Croix" will sail from St. John direct to Boston every TUESDAY and SATURDAY at 4:30 p.m.

STAR LINE STEAMERS

For Fredericton (Eastern Standard Time.) Mail steamers David Weston and Oliveette leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8 a.m.

The Steamer Clifton

will leave Hampton for Indiantown..... MONDAY at 8:30 a.m. TUESDAY at 3:30 p.m. WEDNESDAY at 2 p.m.

HOTELS.

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.

BELMONT HOTEL

Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern improvements. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity. Garage to and from the station free of charge. Telephone 55.

QUEEN HOTEL

FREDERICTON, N. B. J. A. Szwarc, Proprietor. Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Concludes in terms and conditions.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 21st June, 1897, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Campbellton, Peggwash, Ficton and Halifax.....1:00 Express for Moncton, Point de Chene and Stornoway Junction.....1:30

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Accommodation from Sydney, Halifax and Moncton (Monday excepted).....6:00 Express from Moncton and Quebec (Monday excepted).....6:30

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Fall Excursion

PORTLAND and BOSTON COMMENCING MONDAY, 19th inst. RETURN TICKETS will be sold to Portland or Boston, good for return within 90 days from date sold, at the

DOMINION ATLANTIC RY.

On and after 3rd July, 1897, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows: Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert. DAILY SERVICE (Sunday excepted).

EXPRESS TRAINS

Lve. Halifax 5:50 a.m., ar. in Digby 11:55 a.m. Lve. Digby 12:05 p.m., ar. in Yarmouth 2:40 p.m. Lve. Halifax 3:05 p.m., ar. Digby 12:46 p.m.

S. S. Prince Edward

By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. B., every MONDAY and FRIDAY immediately on arrival of the Express Train, and "Flying Bussness" Express, arriving in Boston early in the morning.

Buy

Dominion Express Co's Money Orders

FOR MALL REMITTANCES.

Cheaper than Post Office Money Orders, and much more convenient, as they will be..... Cashed on Presentation

Jewelry.

In BRACELETS, BROOCHES, EARRINGS, PENDENTS, LOCKETS, NECK CHAINS, GUARDS, LINKS, STUDB, RINGS, STICK PINS, HAT PINS, Etc.

FERGUSON & PAGE. 41 KING STREET.