

# PROGRESS.

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Board of Works 8am-1900

## The Canadian Pacific Railway's Agreement With the City.

### The Full Text of a Document That is Most Important to the Citizens of St. John.

AN INDENTURE, made the twenty-eighth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety three, between the city of Saint John, in the province of New Brunswick, hereinafter called the "city", of the one part, and the Canadian Pacific Railway company, hereinafter called the "company", of the other part.

WHEREAS by an Indenture, bearing date the twentieth day of December, A. D. 1890, and made between the city of the one part, and the company of the other part, after reciting as is therein recited it was witnessed among other things in effect that the city did covenant with the company that on demand at any time after Her Majesty should transfer to the city the railway known as "The Carleton City of Saint John branch railway", connecting with the railway known as the Saint John and Maine railway at Fairville, and continuing thence to the wharf and property at or near Sand Point, Carleton, on the west side of the harbor of Saint John, a distance of about three and sixty-three one hundredth miles, which said railway was built and heretofore owned by the Carleton City of Saint John branch railway company, which with the rights and powers therein described was duly incorporated by an act of the Legislature of the Province of New Brunswick, passed in the thirty-third year of the reign of Her Majesty, intitled "An Act to Incorporate 'The Carleton City of Saint John Branch Railway Company'" the city would demise and lease unto the company the said branch railway and appurtenances, for the term of 990 years, at an annual rent of one dollar, and the company did covenant with the city to enter into the said lease.

AND WHEREAS by the said Indenture it was agreed that such lease should contain certain covenants and provisions on the part of the city and on the part of the company respectively, as upon reference thereto will more fully and at large appear.

AND WHEREAS by an Indenture bearing date the third day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-two, and made between Her Majesty Queen Victoria, represented therein by the honorable John Graham Haggart, Minister of Railways and Canals of Canada, of the one part, and the city of

the other part, Her Majesty, for the consideration therein named, did grant, transfer and set over unto the city, its successors and assigns, the said branch railway, with the appurtenances thereof, which said transfer was confirmed by an act of the parliament of Canada, passed in the session thereof held in the fifty-six year of Her Majesty's reign, Cap 6, intitled "An act to confirm the sale of the Carleton city of Saint John branch railroad."

AND WHEREAS the company have applied to the city for a lease of the said branch railroad in accordance with the terms of the first herein recited agreement.

NOW THEREFORE THIS INDENTURE WITNESSETH that the city, for and in consideration of the rents, covenants, conditions and agreements hereinafter reserved and contained, by and on the part of the company, its successors and assigns, to be paid observed, performed and fulfilled, hath demised, leased and let, and by these presents doth demise, lease and let unto the company, its successors and assigns, the said railway, with the said rights and powers, and all tracks, ways, roadbeds, ties, sleepers and rails of the said railway, extending from Fairville to the harbor of Saint John, at or near Sand Point, and all sidings, tracks and branches thereof, together with the harbor frontage, town lots, and all other property, lots and parcels of land, and all rights and powers formerly belonging to and vested in "The Carleton City of Saint John Branch Railroad Company" with the appurtenances.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD the same unto the company and its successors for during and unto the full end and term of nine hundred and ninety years from the first day of July last past, and fully to be complete and ended.

YIELDING AND PAYING therefor yearly and every year during the said term unto the city, its successors and assigns, at or in the office of the Chamberlain of the said city for the time being, the yearly rent or sum of one dollar, lawful money of Canada, by yearly payments on the first day of July in each and every year, the first payment thereof to begin and be made on the first day of July next.

AND the city, for its successors and assigns, promises and agrees with the city, its successors and assigns, that the

company, its successors and assigns, shall and will yearly, and every year during the continuance of the term hereby demised, well and truly pay, or cause to be paid unto the city, its successors and assigns, the said yearly rent of one dollar, on the respective days and times, and at the place aforesaid, in the manner hereinbefore appointed and mentioned for the payment thereof, according to the reservation thereof, and the true intent and meaning of these presents.

And the company for itself, successors and assigns, doth further covenant, promise and agree with the city, its successors and assigns, that the company will, upon the execution of these presents, proceed to put the said branch railway, wharves and wharf buildings in good order and condition, and make, or cause to be made, to the wharf at Sand Point aforesaid, suitable repairs, so as to render suitable and convenient for immediate business, and to provide for the present trade, and also will from time to time make, construct and build upon the said property hereby demised, such extensions, buildings, erections and other improvements as the development of trade may require or make advisable, and will neglect nothing that will tend to create, encourage and promote trade, and shall and will after such repairs, extensions; buildings and other improvements have been made as aforesaid, well and truly keep up and maintain the same in good order and condition.

And the company for itself, its successors and assigns, doth further covenant, promise and agree with the city, its successors and assigns, that the company, its successors and assigns, will keep and maintain in good order and condition the said railway, the track, roadbed, rails, ties and sleepers thereof, and will not use or occupy the said lots of land in the said act mentioned, except for the purpose of said railway or incident thereto. And also shall and will from time to time and at all times during the continuance of this demise, well and truly indemnify and keep harmless and indemnified the city, its successors and assigns, from and against all damages to person and property claims, costs and expenses in any manner caused

by, arising from or connected with the leasing, holding, running or operating of the said railway hereby demised and leased to the company, and the powers and premises transferred to the company, or in any manner relating thereto.

And the company doth hereby for itself, its successors and assigns, further covenant promise and agree with the city, its successors and assigns, that the said company its successors and assigns, shall not will assign, set over or otherwise dispose of, or part with the said premises and property hereby demised, or any part thereof.

And the city for itself, its successors and assigns, doth covenant, promise and agree to and with the company, its successors and assigns, that upon the company, its successors and assigns, paying the said rent, and well and truly performing the covenants and agreements in this Indenture contained, on its or their part to be fulfilled and performed, the company and its successors shall have, hold and peaceably enjoy the said railway, lands and premises, and also the said railway, its sidings and branches. And that the said lands and premises, and all erections, buildings, wharves, dock or other improvements shall be exempt and free from all municipal or other rates, taxes or assessments, except water consumption rate, made, levied or assessed by the city for any purpose whatsoever, for a period of twenty years from the first day of March next.

PROVIDED NEVERTHELESS and it is here by fully agreed and understood by and between the parties hereto that if the company, its successors or assigns shall fail or neglect continuously and in good faith to operate, work or use the said railway, and to run trains thereon according to the true intent and meaning of these presents, for a period of twelve months at a time during the continuance of this demise, then and in such case this lease and demise shall become void, cease and have no effect and the city, its successors and assigns, may forthwith, without any demand or notice enter upon and take possession of the said railway, wharves, lots and parcels of land, and all the property hereby demised, with the buildings and improvements thereon being, and have, possess and enjoy as in and of their former estate, anything herein

to the contrary notwithstanding, and free and discharged from these presents.

And also if the company, its successors or assigns, shall fail or neglect to keep and perform the several covenants, conditions and agreements herein contained on its part and behalf to be kept, performed and fulfilled according to the true intent and meaning of the presents, then and in such case it shall also be lawful for the city, its successors and assigns, to determine this demise, and to re-enter upon and take possession of said railway, lands, and every part and parcel thereof, and to keep, possess and enjoy the same as if their former estate and as they held, used and enjoyed the same prior to the date of these presents.

And each of the said parties doth hereby covenant with the other that it will on demand do and execute such other and further acts and instruments, if any, as may be necessary in order to give effect to and carry out the intention and substance of the said agreement dated the twentieth day of December, A. D. 1890.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF the said city of Saint John has caused the corporate and common seal of the said city to be affixed to these presents, and countersigned by the mayor and common clerk of the said city, and the Canadian Pacific Railway Company has hereunto caused its corporate seal to be affixed by the president and secretary thereof, the day and year first above written.

(Sgd.) THOMAS W. PETERS, Mayor.  
(Sgd.) HERBERT E. WARDROPER, Common Clerk.  
THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.

(Sgd.) T. D. SHAUGHNESSY, President  
(Sgd.) C. DRINKWATER, Secretary.

Signed, sealed and delivered in presence of (Sgd.) CLARENCE WARD, Witness to signatures of Thos. W. Peters and Herbert E. Wardroper.

## Bright Liberal Prospects in New Brunswick

The political campaign goes on apace and is getting warmer every day. The first event of the week, in conservative circles, at least, was the mass meeting at the opera house at which Messrs. Foster and Stockton spoke. The place was crowded without a doubt, but those who have frequented political meetings feel that this one was not so enthusiastic nor so important in a campaign sense as the demonstration which was held there a week ago by the liberals. Neither Mr. Foster nor Mr. Stockton are noted for their ability to rouse the enthusiasm of an audience. They are eloquent but lack the personal popularity which is so necessary to the success of any campaign speaker.

The same evening the liberals held their ward meetings, and it was really astonishing to see how many people turned out and crowded into the Messrs. Foster and Sutherland's halls, but also the other different places throughout the city where the workers were asked to assemble. In the non-resident rooms at the corner of Church and Prince William streets, the work went merrily on and the number of people who had always before been with the conservative party but this time have changed their views and who took the trouble to make the fact known was certainly encouraging to those who were promoting the work. The central wards of the city turned out en masse and chairmen and secretaries were quickly appointed for each. This was also true as was suggested above in Victoria ward and the north and west ends. The very

best and most experienced workers are in the ranks of the liberals. It is quite true that many of them have been recruited from the forces of their opponents but this is the fortune of politics and while it must be discouraging to the present opposition it is a matter of congratulation to the party in power.

The reports from the province are of the most spirited nature. Col. Domville in Kings, is conducting a most energetic campaign and has been speaking all the week. He and his workers say that "the political sky was never so clear in this county and that there is no doubt whatever but that the liberal candidate will be returned by a much more substantial majority than he was before. So it is all along the line. The failure of the conservatives in York to bring out a man who had shown his popularity but who was defeated at the last local election, though he had a considerable element of strength in some portions of the county, had a dispiriting effect upon all of those who felt somewhat sure up to a recent date that Mr. Foster's majority of 1500 there was not to be out down very much. Mr. Black knew however that Mr. Gibson's nomination meant his election and in this case at least prudence was the better part of valor.

The Minister of Railways has been in Restigouche County, Moncton and other points in the province. Mr. Emmerson's candidature is meeting with even greater favor than the liberals ever imagined. They feel that his nomination gave them a

candidate who would be sure of victory, but had no idea that the revolution of feeling in his favor would be so complete. Mr. McAlpine is in Carleton and Mr. Pogueley will talk to the electors in Victoria and Madawaska in favor of Mr. Costigan. The Minister of Railways is booked for Charlotte and some day next week for the City hall in Carleton where it is more than probable he will have an audience that will at least fill the seats of that somewhat spacious building. This is more than the conservatives can say of Thursday night's meeting, which as the report, goes, was none too large.

Perhaps the greatest fiasco of the week, from a conservative standpoint, was the failure of the electors of Queens to nominate a candidate. Bad roads and other reasons were assigned as the cause of the failure of the delegates to attend, but it seems quite evident that the "other reasons" were a good deal worse than the roads. The fact is that the people of Queens are tired of such methods as Mr. Horton B. Hetherington pursues and they are not willing to see them continued. Mr. Harry Woods, who is the only real strong conservative in the county, declined to avail himself of the invitation to become a candidate and the choice seems to be narrowed down to a gentleman from Sunbury, Mr. Wilnot, or to Mr. Frank A. Baird the son of a former representative. Neither of these gentlemen seems to be as acceptable even to the strong party men as Mr. Woods and they know that their nom-

ination is equivalent to defeat.

In St. John county the chances of Col. Tucker were never so bright. Converts are reported from every parish and they all come from the conservative ranks. He will secure almost the entire support of the county independents and in one important centre at least has found that the former chairman of the tory organization is working with his own people.

The requisition that was published in last Saturday's papers asking the Minister of Railways to become candidate, was the greatest bombshell that has fallen into the conservative party. It could not have been pleasant reading for the managers of the machine to find so many of their old time supporters and workers asking the Minister of Railways to become their representative in the Federal parliament. Still the fact remains and it is growing more apparent every day that the example set by those important business concerns, and many private citizens of intelligence and worth, is rapidly spreading to those who up to this time have not had an opportunity to give the question serious consideration. The certainty of Mr. Blair's election is encouraging the efforts of his friends and the adherents of the party all over the province and there does not seem to be any reasonable doubt but that his prediction that he would go back to Ottawa with ten or more followers will be fulfilled to the letter.

The speakers who are doing yeoman service in the campaign are Messrs. Mc-

Keown, Carleton and McAlpine who with Messrs. Milligan and McIntyre of the central office and Mr. A. G. Blair, Jr. and Mr. W. H. Trueman are on the stump almost every night.

THOSE OFFICERS OF MR. KELLY.  
Or Rather Those Which He is Said to Have Looked After.

A few days ago Mr. Michael Kelly of St. Martins, found fault with the statement that he was, at one time, an applicant for the post-mastership in the thriving town of which he is an energetic citizen, and to emphasize his contradiction that there was no truth in the report, he wrote a letter to the Telegraph, which appeared upon its face quite conclusive strong, to say, not long afterwards, PROGRESS received a letter from a resident of St. Martins, who seemed quite amused at Mr. Kelly's letter, and he recalled the fact that Mr. Kelly was not only an applicant for the post-mastership of that place, but that when the objection was made by the supporters of the government that Mr. Kelly's infirmity of blindness rendered him unfit for office, the answer to it, on the part of the applicant, was that at one time the post master general of England, Mr. Fawcett was a blindman.

Of course in a small place everything one does seems to be known and there was considerable comment after this because Mr. Kelly was an applicant for the superintendency of the chicken fattening station. It is well known that the govern-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE FOUR.)

Sept 16, Justin Bridgman, to Harriet E. ...  
Sept 26 Elizabeth Sutherland to John R. G. ...  
Sept 28 F. K. Leman to John R. G. ...  
Sept 28 Albert A. Duff to Mary J. ...  
Sept 28 Joseph M. Mooney to Ann L. ...  
Sept 28 James A. McEachern to Ann ...  
Oct 1st, David D'Entremont to Sara ...  
Sept 30, Margaret Kelly, to ...

### DIED.

Oct 1, Annie Jost.  
Oct 2, Oscar Tower, 5.  
Oct 2, James Gorman.  
Oct 2, Nettie Gray.  
Oct 2, Percy Kay, 7.  
Oct 2, O. Le Coste, 1.  
Oct 2, Ralph Croft, 16.  
Oct 2, Sarah Blauvelt, 79.  
Oct 2, Mrs James Munro.  
Oct 3, Blanche LeBeau, 94.  
Oct 3, William Quetley, 1.  
Oct 21, James MacIntyre, 20.  
October 1, James B Sweet, 50.  
Sept 18, Neil McGrath, 64.  
Sept 23, John Harburt, 94.  
Sept 24, Isabella Morris, 72.  
Sept 29, John Hugh Cousins, 75.  
Sept 29, Mrs Israel Hester, 61.  
Sept 29, Gertrude Cook, 18.  
Sept 29, James E Johnson, 4 yrs.  
Sept 29, Elizabeth McKenzie, 40.  
Sept 29, James Chaffey, 65.  
Sept 29, John Harburt, 94.  
Sept 29, Wm Brown, 74.  
Sept 27, C. J. Shaw, 51.  
Oct 3, Mrs Annie Curtis, 35.  
Oct 3, Thos Johnson, 77.  
Sept 3, Mr D M MacLeod.  
Sept 23, Mrs George Allen, 85.  
Sept 24, Mrs David Hallfield, 88.  
Sept 25, Hugh Cousins, 75.  
Sept 29, Mrs James Dunne.  
Sept 30, Mr Richard Boyd, 57.  
Sept 29, Mrs Jeruba Turner, 67.  
Sept 23, Mrs Wm Canine, 66.  
Sept 23, Mrs Geo Robertson, 45.  
Sept 18, Mrs Jane Foster, 84.  
Sept 23, Mrs Elizabeth Cousins, 60.  
Sept 18, Clara C. Pike, 8 mos.  
Colchester, Sept 27, John Bladen, 44.  
Sept 3, Robert Henderson, 62.  
Sept 23, Mrs Mary Macdonald, 91.  
George infant son of Mr Irvine Lovk.  
Sept 12, Woodrow infant of Mr and ...  
Oct 1, Lyon, infant of Mr and ...  
Sept 27, James, infant of Wm and ...  
7 mos.

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My treatment will cure promptly and permanently all diseases peculiar to women such as, displacements, inflammations, vegetations & ulceration of womb, painful suppressed and irregular menstruation and leucorrhoea. Full particulars, testimonials from grateful women and endorsements of prominent physicians sent on application.  
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From 17th and 18th, good to return October 22nd, 1900.

Route to Montreal, Ottawa and ... via St. John, N. B., and ...

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First-Class Coaches, Pullman Sleeping Cars, Dining Cars.

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From 18th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sd) as follows:—

### WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Ampton.....6:30  
Bathurst, Fungwash, Pictou.....7:15  
Halifax, New Glasgow and ...  
for Moncton and Point du ...  
.....12:00  
.....17:45  
.....19:30  
.....22:45  
will be attached to the train leaving ...  
at 2:45 o'clock for Quebec and Moncton ...  
will be attached to the train at ...  
at 9:00 o'clock for Halifax, 4 ...  
and sleeping cars on the ...  
train.

### WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Halifax and ... 6:00  
Ampton.....7:15  
.....8:30  
.....11:50  
.....14:15  
.....17:00  
.....18:15  
.....21:50  
run by Eastern Standard time ...  
D. J. FOTLINGER,  
Gen. Manager  
June 18, 1900.  
OFFICE,  
King Street St. John, N. B.

### Cats and Dogs on Board Ships.

Dogs are not infrequently carried on deepwater ships, and so there are some dogs that, going on voyage after voyage, come to be great travellers, visiting all parts of the world and seeing life in many ports. Wherever a vessel having a dog is tied up, there the dog is likely to mount guard upon it as a watch dog; it might in fact be carried for that purpose. Thus a dog whose home was in Norway, brought here in some Norwegian vessel, might watch over the ship here today and three months later stand guard over her in Rio Janeiro; and, in whatever port the ship might be, warning off intruders not in Norwegian but in the universal dog language perfectly understood in all the ports of the world.

At the same time it might easily be that the dogs thus carried would make some acquaintance with the ports the vessel visited. They would be likely to move about more or less on the wharf at which the ship was tied up, and to explore the near territory. It might be that a dog belonging on a ship would go ashore with the captain or the mate, and so learn his way about. Or it might even be that a dog would make his way by himself into the heart of a maritime city and find his way back to his vessel. In fact, either because of his own intelligence or because somebody looks out for him, the dog that goes to sea does not get lost in foreign ports. The vessel is his home, where his friends are, and he sticks to the ship.

While it is not unusual for such ships to carry a dog it is a common thing for deep water vessels to carry cats. A big ship might have two cats aboard or even three. A cat or a kitten might be carried for a pet, but the common purpose of carrying cats on a deep water ship is to catch rats, and in this work they do good service. And cats are invariably treated kindly aboard ship as in fact all animals are. But no such tie binds the cat to the ship as that which exists in the case of the dog. The dog sticks to the vessel, the cat more often strays. The cat has not the dog's intelligence nor does he excite anything like the same degree of affection on the part of man. As far as the cat is concerned he does not appear to mind this much, if at all, and cats are most likely to wander. Cats may stick to the ship, indeed, in various cases for a longer or shorter period, a round voyage or two or longer, but they are likely to go finally. The cats likeliest to stick to a vessel are those brought aboard young or those born aboard.

Cats go ashore more than dogs do when a ship is in port and tied up at a wharf. They like to get off and prow around. Lacking the intelligence of the dog they are less likely to be able to find their way back to where the vessel is tied up in case they should stray away; being away from the ship more, they are more likely to be left behind when the ship sails.

The cats thus left are likely to hang around the waterfront. They may find food at the warehouses along shore, or on the wharves, or on the vessels tied up alongside. It is a common thing to see a cat on a vessel at a wharf here. He might be one belonging to the ship, or it might be that he jumped aboard from the wharf and made for the cook's galley for some thing to eat, which he would be pretty sure to get if there was anybody there to feed him. The cat that had been left here in this port by some vessel might sail on some ship, one going possibly back to the port whence she came or going as likely to some other. Thus a cat that had come to this port in a ship from Liverpool had strayed from the vessel here, while he might in fact stay here and live and die here, might, hanging around the waterfront, board a ship bound for Melbourne. Going ashore there the cat might stay there or might take ship again, perhaps for Liverpool whence he originally came or as might as easily be, for San Francisco or for Bombay. It would be the same with a New York cat that had set out up on his sea journeyings from here. This might be a cat from along shore that had found his own way aboard some deep sea vessel, or it might be a cat or a kitten that some member of the ship's company of a vessel about to sail had picked up and carried aboard. This cat would of course be just as likely as any other cat to go zig-zagging in great long stretches from one port to another, over many seas, to sojourn for a time, here and there in many a strange land. In some one of these faraway places the cat might, indeed remain, or might keep wandering over the face of the earth, but it is by no means impossible that chance would lead this cat

seems day in a port in some remote corner of the earth, aboard a ship that would bring him back to South street.

But while many cats are thus great wanderers and thus don't seem to care, there are not wanting instances of cats that do care, of cats that wait in ports where their ship left them, for the ship to come back. In one such case, that of a cat that belonged on an ocean steamer sailed, leaving her behind, but carrying off her kittens. The cat lived on and about the wharf till the steamers return, and was the first creature up the gang plank, when that was thrown ashore. A cat left in New York by an oyster boat from up the Sound stayed on the wharf or in its neighborhood till the boat got back on the next trip, and then jumped aboard, glad to get there again. The mate of a British ship lying at a wharf told about a cat that waited for her ship, a story with a somewhat unusual ending.

The cat came at Greenock, Scotland, aboard a vessel bound for St. John's, Newfoundland. There, catlike, she went ashore and was ashore when the ship, leaving her behind, sailed for Genoa. From Genoa the ship came back to St. John's and there was the cat, waiting for them, as she had been all the time, around about the wharves, since they went away. She jumped aboard glad to get back to the ship and its people. This trip the ship sailed for Carthage, Spain. There the mate of the vessel, ashore one day, bought two small dogs and a hedgehog, which he took aboard and carried into the cabin. While these animals were being looked at there, the Scotch cat that had waited on the other side of the Atlantic, at St. John's, over one trip of the vessel, and had come aboard glad to get back again, walked into the cabin. When the cat saw what it was those there were looking at, not fancying, apparently, the idea of being supplanted on the ship by these odd creatures picked up in Spain, she turned and walked out of the cabin again, and jumped ashore and never came back.

#### MOOSE FOR NEW ZEALAND.

Attempt to Acclimatize Canadian Big Game in the Antipodes.

Canadian moose and caribou are not only being extensively hunted this season by sportsmen from all parts of the world, but by special permission of the authorities live species of North American large game are being shipped to various foreign countries. A large consignment of moose has lately been sent to New Zealand. About a year ago the Government of New Zealand decided to attempt to acclimatize the North American moose there and entered into correspondence with the Canadian Government. The authorities at Ottawa promised to assist the project and with the help of C. C. Chipman, Chief Commissioner of the Hudson Bay Company, thirteen baby moose, none of them more than a few weeks old, were got together in the Lake Manitoba country. These were hand reared for six or eight months on chopped food, fresh fruit, vegetables &c. special care being taken to get them sufficiently tame for the long voyage that is before them.

Their railroad journey from Portage la Prairie to the Pacific Coast was about 1,600 miles, and now they have been embarked on board the steamship Aorangi for a sea voyage of a month to the antipodes.

Four very fine specimens of Newfoundland caribou have just been sent from St. John's to the National Zoological Park at Washington. They were shipped by United States Consul Carter at St. John's on board the steamship Sylvia, bound for New York. They were caught quite young by George Nicholls at Deer Pond and were so docile that they would follow Nicholls about like dogs.

Orders have been received here for live beavers for Bronx Park, New York, but as the capture of these animals is at present prohibited here it may be some time before they can be supplied.

#### Made Desolate by Winds.

Between Formosa and the coast of China lies a group of 21 islands, interspersed with innumerable reefs and ledges, which are called the Pescadore Islands. According to the investigations of a Japanese geologist, these islands have suffered in a remarkable manner from the northeast winds, which blow with savage violence there during nine months of the year. The original area of the islands has been greatly reduced by erosion, and their surfaces are barren and desolate, so



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Give our treatment two month's trial in your own home, and after you have used the Treatment a few days compare yourself with your former self; then if you have any reason to be dissatisfied, return the treatment to us any time within two months, and we will at once return the \$3.00 sent us.



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that the wind-whipped group forms 'a quasi-desert amidst the green island world of southeastern Asia.'

#### QUEER THINGS ON TRUCKS.

Scenery on the Way to the Ferry—Performers That had Just Struck the Burg.

'Odd vehicles and odd burdens are seen in the long theatrical scenery trucks and the loads they carry,' said the town traveller. 'The trucks are light and with broad, flat, horizontal, platform-like floors, placed above the vehicles, upon which the scenery may conveniently be loaded and safely carried. And these trucks, long as they are, are sometimes made much longer by joining on at the rear, by means of suitable reachers, another axle and pair of wheels, far behind; the theatrical truck thus shewing with some timber trucks the distinction of being practically the only six-wheeled vehicles.'

'Aside from the flat, painted scenery there may at one time and another be seen, besides, on such trucks a great variety of properties for stage service. On the top of a load of scenery met in the street the other day there were carried the running part of a buggy and the trunk of a tree; not a real trunk, which would have been too heavy to carry about, but an artificial tree trunk.'

'But the actors don't travel to and from the railroad stations and ferries with this scenery, as some other performers do with their traps. The other day there was seen coming from a ferry a baggage wagon with a dog circus aboard that had just struck this burg. This outfit consisted of half a dozen or more stout chests of the size of trunks, these chests containing paraphernalia of one sort or another used in the show, and these trunks marked each; So an So's Dog Circus, just as the trunks and baggage of theatrical company travelling would be marked with the name of the company. And these trunks or chests were piled up in front to give all the room possible in the body of the wagon to the dogs so as to give them a comfortable place to stand.'

'They were all large dogs and all obviously and delightfully intelligent. All were thin, every one of them—you could see the ribs of most of them—but not starved so by any means, they were dogs in training and with constant exercise. Some of them stood as the wagon went by with hind feet on the floor and fore feet up on the side of the wagon, looking abroad over the street as the wagon rolled along. It was strange to them—perhaps, but they were not at all demonstrative, though they certainly were interested in a sort of quiet, reserved, almost wistful manner, big as they were.'

'So this wagon rolled by with the chests stacked up in the front end of it and the dogs in the rear end, two men on the seat and another sitting back to look

out for the dogs. So and so's dog circus: and there was at least one man who saw them go by who was glad he met the dogs thus, seeing them not at a distance and in the stress of a performance, but, so to speak, behind the scenes or when they were at least off the stage and close at hand and their natural selves; for it certainly did seem to him that he had never had the pleasure of meeting before below the rank of men animals so earnest and so intelligent as these.'

#### Saved by a Cat.

Sir Edward Osborne, Lord Mayor of London in his time, bought an ancient house in Yorkshire, and sent his wife and children thither. There were two boys among them. The Pall Mall Gazette tells of a tragedy which occurred at the house after.

One of the boys, the older, dutifully obeyed when summoned to his lessons one morning in a turret, but the younger, loitering, happened to light upon a cat which he [delighted play with, and crept after her to catch her under a table in the room which was covered over with a carpet hanging down on the floor.'

Thus he disappeared, and the next instant a terrible rush of wind overthrew the turret, in which his brother and the tutor sat at work, crushing them to death.

Supposing that both her sons were there the mother fell into convulsions. One of the maids, running in a distracted manner from room to room, caught sight of the small boy peeping from under the table, with the cat in his arms, snatched him up and bore him in ecstasy to his mother, he only crying:

'I pray thee, I pray thee, do not whip me!'

#### It is Very Probable.

The Devoted Husband—'Well, I can comfort myself with one thing. In case of my death, I have saved a hundred dollars to my wife.'

The Friendly One—'I don't think I understand!'

The Devoted Husband—'A picture of me, such as my wife would like would cost about a hundred dollars. I have made her promise, in case I die, she won't get such a picture until I have been dead a full year.'

The Friendly One—'And then?'

The Devoted Husband—'Oh! then she will have gotten over all desire for anything of the sort.'

#### Easily Adjusted.

'Mr. Scrooge,' said the bookkeeper, 'this past week I did the junior clerk's work as well as my own. This being pay day, I thought it only right to remind you.'

'Very good,' said old Scrooge. 'Let me see, your salary is \$12 and the clerk's \$6.'

'Yes, sir,' replied the bookkeeper, beaming expectantly.

'Then, working half the week for yourself is \$6, and the other half for the clerk is \$3. Your salary this week will be \$9.'

#### The Land Richest in Minerals.

According to a report published by the Home office in London showing the mineral production of the world for the last year, the United States easily leads all its rivals in this form of wealth. Great Britain ranks second, but far behind the leader, the total product of the United States having been about \$720,000,000, while that of Great Britain was \$400,000,000. Germany stands third, with nearly \$250,000,000.

'When I have nothing to do I work,' said Professor Max-Muller recently. A finer expression of the same thought comes from a humble old Scotchman, whose death is described in Village Notes:

He was speaking his last lonely words of advice. 'Jock,' he said, 'when ye hae naething else to do ye may be aye stocking in a tree. It will be growing, Jock, when ye're sleeping.'

Beas—So you and Fred are really engaged?

Nell—Yes; and you ought to have seen the happy look on the dear fellow's face when I accepted him.

Beas—I'm sorry I didn't see it. What a contrast it must have been from the look of pain on his face when I refused him.



## PROGRESS.

Some time ago there was a notable automobile procession in the city of Buffalo, N. Y. It was notable for its size, and also for the fact that it was entirely composed of automobile wagons (like that in the cut above) built to distribute the advertising literature of the World's Dispensary Medical Association, proprietors and manufacturers of Dr. Pierce's medicines. In many a town and village Dr. Pierce's automobile has been the pioneer horseless vehicle. These wagons, sent to every important section of the country, are doing more than merely advertise Dr. Pierce's Remedies—they are pioneers of progress, heralds of the automobile age.

And this is in keeping with the record made by Dr. Pierce and his famous preparations, which have always kept in the front on their merits. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is still the leading medicine for disorders and diseases of the stomach and digestive and nutritive systems, for the purifying of the blood and healing of weak lungs.

Women place Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in the front of all put-up medicines specially designed for women's use. The wide benefits this medicine has brought to women have been well summed up in the words "It makes weak women strong and sick women well."

The reputation of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets as a safe and effective laxative for family use is international. It may be asserted without fear of contradiction that no other firm or company engaged in the vending of put-up medicines can rank with the World's Dispensary Medical Association, either in the opinion of the medical profession or of the intelligent public. The Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, which is connected with the "World's Dispensary," is alone sufficient to prove this supremacy. Here is a great modern hospital, always filled with patients, where every day successful operations are performed on men and women whose diseases demand the aid of surgery. No hospital in Buffalo is better equipped, with respect to its modern appliances, or the surgical ability of its staff. Dr. R. V. Pierce, the chief consulting physician of this great institution, has associated with himself nearly a score of physicians, each man being a picked man, chosen for his ability in the treatment and cure of some special form of disease.

The offer that Dr. Pierce makes to men and women suffering with chronic diseases of a free consultation by letter, is really without a parallel. It places without cost or charge the entire resources of a great medical institute at the service of the sick. Such an offer is not for one moment to be confounded with those offers of "free medical advice" which are made by people who are not physicians, cannot and do not practice medicine, and are only saved from prosecution by artfully wording their advertisements so that they give the impression that they are physicians without making the claim to be licensed.

Those who write to Dr. Pierce, chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., may do so with the assurance that they will receive not only the advice of a competent physician, but the advice of a physician whose wide experience in the treatment and cure of disease, and whose sympathy with human suffering leads him to take a deep, personal interest in all those who seek his help and that of his associate staff of specialists.

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser (in paper covers), 1008 pages, is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps, or 50 stamps for the cloth-bound volume, to be expressed of customs and mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Music and The Drama

TONES AND UNDERSTONDS.

The Robinson Opera Company's engagement here has been cancelled and the aggregation is now playing Newfoundland.

A gentleman recently returned from Sydney says the chorus girls were loth to leave the new city for during their stay they simply owned the place, and had masculine Sydney at their feet.

There are persistent rumors of a radical reduction in vaudeville prices in Boston.

The Bostonians will pay their annual visit to the Boston Theatre on Monday, Oct. 29, in Victor Herberts new opera The Viceroy.

Marguerite Sylvia has made a success of the leading role in The Princess Chic, which had its first production last season with Minnie Methot in the lead.

Mme. Patti holds the record for the highest sum that has been earned in a year by a woman, her total for one period of twelve months having been \$350,000.

It is estimated that the price paid for the first two seats at the Symphony auction, Boston, represented a rate of 24 cents per minute for the pleasure of hearing the concert.

Francis Wilson is nearing the end of his triumphant engagement in New York in "The Monks of Malabar," and at the close of his New York stay he will visit Boston.

Madame Marie Decca at one time prima donna of Colin Mapleson's opera company and later of Her Majesty's Italian opera company has decided to make Boston her future home.

E. H. Sotberr's "Hamlet" has called forth articles from the best critics in Boston. William Winter devoted much space to showing that Booth's conception of Hamlet was finer than the newer corner and among the lucid sentences in his review was the following: "The principal attributes of his embodiment of the man whom he supposes to be Hamlet are sincerity of purpose, earnestness of mind, continuity of strenuous effort and fitful spasmodic force."

Asks the New York Times: What is the cause of the strange fatality of the Torredor singer in Carmen? So many excellent baritone singers have done admirable work until they came to this, and then failed utterly, that there seems to be some mystery in the thing.

Place Dr. Pierce's Favorite in the front of all put-up medicine for women's ailments. It makes weak and sick women well.

Place Dr. Pierce's Favorite in the front of all put-up medicine for women's ailments. It makes weak and sick women well.

A production of Quo Vadis will be given at the Opera house on Monday and Tuesday of next week.

The Boston Stock company was the attraction at the theatre on the holiday, and was assisted by local musicians and others.

"The Adventures of Francis," Harry Dixey's new play opened in Philadelphia today.

A magnificent new theatre is to be built in Philadelphia by a wealthy chemical manufacturer.

"The Christain" is playing the New England circuit and, last evening (Friday) was played in Chelsea.

Modjeska has made a pronounced success in Lady Macbeth. Odette Tyler and R. D. McLean are in the support.

The new Jones play, "Mrs Dane's Defence" produced last week with success in London, has been secured for America by Charles Frohman.

Roland Reed has cancelled western engagements and returned to New York to place himself under a physicians care. Ha

has not entirely recovered from the serious surgical operation of last spring.

Terese Deagle, a daughter of George Deagle, the oldest theatrical manager in America will shortly make her debut in a New York production. She is said to be very clever and versatile.

Julia Marlowe opened the new theatre in Chicago last Monday with a production of Barbara Freitchie. The drop curtain is a woodland scene captioned by a quatrain from James Whitcombe Riley, suggested by Miss Marlowe.

Boston is to have a glimpse of the American production of Sardous 'Theodora' on Monday evening of next week. Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Brune and Melbourne MacDowell are starred in the cast which comprises 200 people.

Josephine Sabel who is said to be a handsome and clever young actress begins a starring tour in November appearing in an entirely new and original musical comedy called "The Soldiers Queen," Miss Sabel was born in Lawrence, Mass.

"Unleavened Bread" by Robert Grant, the latest novel to undergo dramatization at the hands of Leo Ditrichstein in collaboration with the author and its production will probably be one of the sensations of the season. A heroine, who although drawn true to life will probably be abhorrent is certainly a dramatic novelty and the question is at once raised as to who could create this peculiar character.

Olga Nethersole will immediately start on an American tour returning to Walllocks, N. Y., on Nov. 12, for a month. She will then revive "Sapho" and may act in Magda for the first time. T. H. Walberg, formerly her leading actor reproduced Oscar Wilde's "Lady Windermere's Fan" in London the other day, using the authors name on the playbills for the first time since the latter's imprisonment.

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In Chicago the other night in a speech before the curtain Mr. Joseph Jefferson who had been playing "Rip Van Winkle," said:

"It is thirty years since I first acted this character in Chicago, and it is sixty years since I first came as an actor to this city. It is quite likely I acted the character of Rip not only before the fathers and mothers of many of you who face me tonight, but before the grandfathers and grandmothers of some of you. It is, therefore, my privilege to be here in health, acting before the descendants of your ancestors, and I assure you I am grateful.

"It may not be interesting to you, but it is to me, to know that those sixty years have passed since a day I arrived by boat on the lake shore opposite the city. The year was 1839, and Chicago was a village of 2,000 inhabitants. To think of that time and of the changes which have taken place since is almost enough to make one think he is Rip Van Winkle indeed.

"In the time that followed, my father opened a theatre here. He was also an itinerant manager, and I recall that in touring about the State we went to Springfield, taking there the first theatrical company ever to enter its limits. In those days the theatre was considered an abomination (as it is considered now sometimes); and the fathers of Springfield placed our license so high it was prohibitive, and we were stranded there. In our trouble a young lawyer came to us and said he would go before the City Council and have the license lowered. He did, he succeeded, and he charged us nothing. That young lawyer lies today under a tombstone not far from Springfield, and its bears the name of Abraham Lincoln.

"So you see I have recollections which bind me to both city and State. Returning to Chicago after an absence of three years and to greeted by this generous audience and to have this applause bestowed upon me makes me think that Rip was mistaken after all when he said, 'We are so soon forgotten when we are gone.'"

Speaking of Yvette Guilbert the New York sun has the following which may be of interest to those in this part of the country who saw her during her American tour.

"Nobody who saw Yvette Guilbert while she was in this country, could have failed to observe how unhealthily she seemed. Her color was pasty in private life, and in spite of unflagging animal spirits she looked like a sick woman. After her return to

Paris there began the long illness which keeps her still in the invalid's chair.

She was interviewed the other day by a representative of a French newspaper and she told him that she had already undergone a number of operations. One of these was very serious, and it is hoped that she may after a while recover her strength. She is resting now at her villa near Vaux, and is said to be planning in her convalescence some new way of introducing herself once more to her old admirers. Her home is situated on a high terrace and is surrounded by a fruit garden. Grapes hang on the arbors and peaches cover the trees during the summer months.

Inside the house there is a regular museum devoted to her career. All the famous portraits of her made by Toulouse-Lautrec, Forain, Leandre, Cheret and Willette hang on the walls. She has received all her summer visitors lying on a lounge in the shade of the chestnut trees near her house. Convalescence from her disease demands absolute rest, and it is still impossible for her to walk.

Her once red hair is now brown, but that is probably to be attributed to her illness only indirectly, as it kept her away from the hair-dressers. She has grown very stout on account of her enforced abstinence from exercise, and is more disturbed at present over that feature of her illness than any other. Her physicians, on the other hand, are delighted that she is growing stouter, as they see in that change certain proof that she is improving in health. But Yvette declares that her first act after she is once more well again will be to begin a reduction cure and restore her once slender figure.

She will accept no more long engagements, as she did in the past, binding herself down by contract to various managers to sing so many months in Paris and then go to St. Petersburg and back to Monte Carlo. In her former days she was sometimes under contract for three years. In the future she will merely appeal for short engagements. She has sufficient means to live quietly without acting, and her husband, Dr. Schiller, is a successful impresario as well as a cultivated and delightful man.

Dramatists have offered to write roles especially suited to her, although she is thinking just now of nothing so much as her ability to get out of the loose gowns she has been compelled to wear since her operations were performed. She talked to the French reporter about the vanity of success on the stage, which, she said, satisfied only the vanity but never filled the heart. Happiness, she said, was to be found only in the home. She has recently built a house in Paris and will live there after her recovery.

29 BIG CALIFORNIANS.

Men, Women and Girls Call to try Ranoebing in Argentine.

For height, broad shoulders and herculean build, the party of twenty-two Californian cattle raisers who registered at the Stevens House on Thursday night, could hardly be surpassed. They were on their way from Los Angeles to the Argentine Republic, where they intend to raise cattle on a much more extensive scale than they could in California.

The party consisted of the three Pallett brothers and their families, with five cowboys who had thrown in their lot with the company in the hope of making a fortune in the fertile valley of the Platte River.

The three Pallett brothers are each fully 6 feet in height, have broad muscular shoulders, and tip the scales at 200 pound. Their wives are nearly as tall and muscular. Two of the brothers have each four daughters and the third brother has three. These eleven girls range in ages from 18 to 23 years and take after their parents in build.

"Never before," said the night clerk at the hotel, "have we had guests who attracted so much attention, and we frequently have some peculiar people stopping here. The other guests in the house seemed like dwarfs as compared with the Western party."

W. A. Pallett, the oldest brother, when asked for his reasons for leaving America, said: "We are all sorry to leave the United States, but all the grazing land is rapidly being settled and, with the increase of the population, the cattle raisers are being driven further West. My family, was interested in the business and first had extensive ranches in Ohio. From there we followed the frontier clear to the Pacific coast. We go now to Rosario and, thence up in the mountains about fifty miles to the broad valley of the Platte River. Great inducements exist there for profitable cattle

E. H. Brown This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day.

raising. We have the European markets to sell to, where prices are much higher than in this country; and the cost of raising cattle is not half as much as it is in Texas, Mexico or Lower California. We have a cash capital of \$45,000 and expect to be joined in Argentine by another shareholder to the extent of \$5,000. The ranch will be managed on a co-operative basis."

After looking at a few sights of the city the party sailed for the Argentine Republic Friday. The regular guests at the Stevens House have not yet stopped talking about the queer arrivals Thursday and they are now wondering what fate awaits the eleven young handsome daughters in the wilds of South America.

Some French Jokes.

In the clock and watch department of the Paris Exposition, an expert called the attention of the Shah of Persia to a queer little pendule which he wished his Majesty to buy. "This little clock," said he, "fires a pistol every hour!" "To kill time, I suppose," said the king of kings, as he walked away.

Mme. Z. to one of her woman friends: "I'm one year married today, and during all that time I could never induce my husband to get himself photographed. Just fancy—boo! hoo!—when we come to be divorced I won't even have his picture!"

Morning dialogue: "Marie, my dear, I suppose you are going to the funeral of M. Duval today."

"Charles, dear, you're crazy! I go to the funeral of that horrid old skinflint! Never on your life!"

"My dear, it affords a splendid opportunity to exercise the dog."

"Oh, Charles dear, I never thought of that! Of course I'll go!"

A fast young man reformed and married an elderly lady with plenty of money. Shortly after the wedding she expressed a desire to go to the opera ball. "Nonsense, my dear," said the husband, who was afraid of meeting some of his old companions there. "It is not a nice place. In fact all sorts of trash go there." But it was useless for him to suggest difficulties and offer objections. She insisted and he had to go to capitulate. In the evening she came out of her dressing room with a look of paint and powder. So off the pair went to the Bal de l'Opera. There in the happy throng the husband espied some former friends, blonds and brunettes all in a group, forming a living bouquet of laughing beauties. One of them noticing him sprang toward with uplifted hands.

"Petit O, Petit she exclaimed, 'where in thunder did you find all that paint and parchment?"

"Young lady," said the husband, with a look of indignation, "I wish you to understand that this is my wife!"

"Oh, b-b-b-beg pardon! B-b-b-bon soir, madame!"

Mrs. Pate never went there any more.

Needs't Have Kept on.

Dr. Thomas A. Hoyt, the pastor of the Chambers Wylie Memorial church of Philadelphia, was recently entertaining President Patton of Princeton, Gen. John B. Gordon and other eminent men at dinner. The guests were speaking in strong praise of a sermon the minister had just preached and those who were versed in theology were discussing the doctrinal points he had brought out.

Dr. Hoyt's young son was sitting at the table, and President Patton, turning to him said:

"My boy, what did you think of your father's sermon? I saw you listening intently to it; at which praise Mrs. Hoyt smiled cordially, and all listened to hear what sort of a reply the lad would make."

"I guess it was very good," said the boy; "but there were three mighty fine places where he could have stopped."

Miss Antique—I was reading today that some professor claims that life has existed for 10,000,000 years.

Miss Gaddy—He must have made that guess after seeing you.

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There will be sold at Public Auction on Saturday the Seventeenth day of November next, at twelve of the clock noon, at Chubb's Corner (so called) in Prince William Street in the City of Saint John in the County of Saint John, pursuant to the direction of a Decree of Order of the Supreme Court in Equity made on the thirty first day of August last past, in a cause therein pending wherein Margaret Ann Hansard is plaintiff and Eliza McKay, Thomas H. Somerville and Stephen P. Taylor are defendants, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee of the mortgage premises described in the Bill of Complaint in the said cause and in the said Decree of Order as follows, that is to say:—

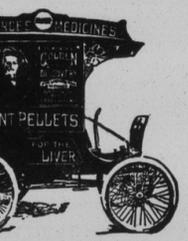
ALL that lot or half lot of land described in a certain Indenture of Lease dated the first day of May in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety, and made between "The Trustees of Saint Andrews Church in the City of Saint John of the one part and the said Eliza McKay of the other part, and in the said Indenture of Mortgage as:— ALL that half lot or parcel of land situate lying and being in Dukes Ward in the said City being the North half of lot twenty one (21) owned by the said Trustees of Saint Andrews Church, fronting on Sydney Street formerly included in a lease to one Edwin N. S. Stewart and by him assigned to the said Eliza McKay who is now in possession of the same and which Northern part or half of lot number Twenty one is bounded and described as follows:— Beginning at the Northwesterly corner or angle of said lot twenty one, thence running Southerly along the Eastern line of Sydney Street twenty one feet, thence Easterly parallel to the Northwesterly side line of said lot twenty one to the Easterly boundary of the said lot, thence Northerly along the Eastern boundary twenty one feet to the Northeastern corner of the same lot and thence Westerly along the Northern boundary of the same lot to the place of beginning; together with all buildings, erections and improvements, easements, privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging and the said Indenture of Lease and all benefit and advantage to be had or derived therefrom."

For terms of sale and further particulars apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitor, or the undersigned Referee. Dated the seventh day of September, A. D. 1900. E. H. McALPINE, REFERENCE IN EQUITY. G. C. COSTER, PLAINTIFF'S SOLICITOR.

Cool the Blood In all Cases of Itching Burning Humours with Cuticura Resolvent While Cleansing the Skin and Scalp with hot baths of CUTICURA SOAP and healing the Raw, Inflamed Surface with CUTICURA OINTMENT. Sold by all Colonial Chemists. Forves Dove & Co., Sole Proprietors, Boston, U.S.A.

AGENTS To sell our Treatment and teach our System WANTED.

you and Fred are really... and you ought to have seen... on the dear fellow's face... sorry I didn't see it. What... must have been from the look... face when I refused him.



PROGRESS.

ago there was a notable procession in the city of Buffalo. It was notable for its size, and the fact that it was entirely composed of automobiles (like that above), built to distribute literature of the World's Medical Association, proprietors of Dr. Pierce's... in many a town and village... automobile has been the... these wagons, very important section of... doing more than merely... Dr. Pierce's Remedies—the... of progress, heralds of the... is in keeping with the record... Dr. Pierce and his famous... which have always kept in... on their merits. Dr. Pierce's... discovery is still the... medicine for disorders and... stomach and digestive... systems, for the purifying... and healing of weak lungs... place Dr. Pierce's Favorite... in the front of all put-up... specially designed for women's... wide benefits this medicine... to women have been well... in the words "It makes weak... and sick women well."... of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant... as a safe and effective... use is international... asserted without fear of... that no other firm or company... the vending of put-up... with the World's Dispens... Association, either in... of the medical profession or... of general public. "The Invalids'... Surgical Institute, which is... with the "World's Dispens... alone sufficient to prove this... Here is a great modern... always filled with patients... try day successful operations... on men and women whose... mand the aid of surgery. No... Buffalo is better equipped... to its modern appliances, or... ability of its staff. Dr. R. V... chief consulting physician of... institution, has associated with... early a score of physicians,... being a picked man, chosen... in the treatment and cure... special form of disease... that Dr. Pierce makes to... women suffering with chronic... a free consultation by letter... without a parallel. It places... cost or charge the entire... a great medical institute at... of the sick. Such an offer is... moment to be confounded... offers of "free medical advice"... made by people who are not... cannot and do not practice... and are only saved from... profitfully wording their adver... so that they give the impres... they are physicians without... who claim to be licensed... who write to Dr. Pierce, chief... physician to the Invalids'... Surgical Institute, Buffalo... do so with the assurance that... those who seek his help and... a associate staff of specialists... Dr. Pierce's Associate Adviser (in paper... 100 pages, is sent free on... one-cent stamps, or 50 stamps... both-bound volumes, to pay... and mailing only. Ad... R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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CAMPAIGN ORATORY.

It is interesting to note the different methods of speakers in the present campaign. Some of them depend simply upon their eloquence and their power of holding the attention of an audience by their gift of language.

It has always been doubtful just what effect stump speaking has upon the electorate. Old campaigners are not disposed to consider it of first importance though admitting that it would be disastrous if their opponents did all the talking.

If a campaign orator is a man of national reputation, his speeches provide material for local speakers, and every point he makes is used again and again in those arguments that arise whenever two men meet in campaign time.

A speech, he says, should have a solid foundation of facts which cannot be successfully disputed. It should be put in plain English, so that every one may understand it.

Probably the reader has sometimes found himself enraged or wearied by campaign orators who disregarded one or all of the above instructions. If so, he does not need Senator Depew to tell him that such speakers do their cause no good.

GENEROUS TO GALVESTON.

The almost total destruction of the city of Galveston by flood was similar in many respects to that which overtook St. John in 1877. Fire was the cause here and flood in the Southern City and while the loss of life was small here, thousands perished in the more sudden disaster in Galveston.

yet passed out of mind, nor have contributions to the relief fund ceased.

The promptness, liberality and diverse character of these contributions make one of the most impressive incidents of modern times. Money, food, clothing, tents, medicine and disinfectants poured in upon the stricken city.

The money gift of New York City alone aggregated a quarter of a million dollars, and Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, San Francisco and many other cities gave with proportionate generosity.

Such a great outpouring of sympathy and substantial aid is remarkable in two ways. It shows how deep and strong is the current of practical Christianity and brotherly love in an age often called sordid and materialistic.

What would have been the fate of a community on which a disaster like the Galveston hurricane had fallen seventy-five or even fifty years ago? How long would it have taken even the news to reach the outside world, and how much longer for aid to reach the sufferers?

Great inventions and vast industrial enterprises of the age are drawing men closer together, and making charity more effectual and sympathy easier of expression.

"THE DEVELOPMENT OF SPORT"

The Bull Dog Contest and the Shock it gave to Many people.

Dog fights are a rare event in the city of St. John and there was some surprise and consternation when the following paragraph appeared in the evening Globe of Tuesday.

The sporting fraternity was talking last night and today of a great event which occurred "out the road" on Monday, an event which eclipsed in interest the great meeting in the Opera House in the minds of those given to that kind of amusement.

There is no doubt about the truth of the paragraph as a whole, but there were details that might have been given and would no doubt have proved interesting reading.

An Event at Loch Lomond.

The ladies of Loch Lomond had a pleasant evening Thursday when they gathered in the agricultural hall and had a pie social.

To a Correspondent.

The letter of W. P. B., referring to some police matters, will receive attention next week.

"My wife," said the tall, lantern-jawed man, is as womanly a woman as you could find, but she can hammer nails like lightning.

A quarrel recently occurred between two maiden ladies. Said the younger one—"I wonder if I shall lose my looks, too, when I get to your age."

Chairs Re-seated, Cans, Spins, Forfeited, Dues, 27 Waterloo.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

London A'Becket.

Eight hundred years and more ago, The cry went all abroad; "Come rescue from the Isdell! The birth land of the Lord."

Fast came the gathering of arms, Quick tread of martial feet; The coat of mail the flashing sword, Clattering on the steed.

By night she left the self same gate, And long beside the shore Cried "London!" till a boat came in, Home came she never more.

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THOSE OFFICES OF MR. KELLY.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

ment in its endeavor to further the interest of the farmer, had an idea that some instruction in the line of fattening fowl would be beneficial, and it seems that Mr. Kelly thought he would be a very capable man to look after such an institution.

Last year there were some senatorships vacant, or about to be vacant, and it seems that Mr. Kelly, not having lost courage because of his former applications presented his claims for a senatorship.

An old photographer, who for many years made triumphal tours of the country with his tintype studio on wheels, tells in Lipincott's Magazine of an amusing development due to chemicals more subtle than any in use in his dark room.

One Fourth of July a young farmer and his sweetheart came to him to have some tintypes taken together. He posed them on a flight of stairs, with a balustrade between them. When he came from his dark room after developing the plate, the young fellow stepped forward and said:

"Why, what's the matter?" the photographer asked in surprise. "We aint going to take that picture a bit" was the evasive answer.

He refused, however, to pay fifty cents for a new sitting, and at last took the tintypes as they were. The next day however, he came back to the gallery very wrathful.

"Sa-a-y," he shouted, when he saw the photographer, "take that girl off this picture! I'm mad with her!"

The British and foreign Bible society has published a unique and important edition of the Scriptures, said an attendant upon the recent world's missionary conference in New York.

It is a translation into the Uganda language. The volume is in shape very long, but it is only three inches wide and about three inches thick.

A peculiar reaction occasioned the adoption of this form. In Central Africa the white ants and other insects rapidly destroy a book unless it is well protected.

The representatives of the Church Missionary Society accordingly recommended to the Bible Society that they should issue this edition in a form that would fit into the tin biscuit boxes of a certain firm, which are very generally used in Uganda families.

Mr. Ames Boggs had his own ideas as to what constituted a good sermon. When he was asked his opinion of the learned discourse given by a clergyman from the city, who was spending a few days in Shawville, he stroked his beard and replied:

"If there was anybody there that cal'lated to find out the r'd to Heaven, they'd have been a mite disappointed, I reckon," he said, slowly; "but if they wanted to know how to get from Egypt to Jericho and back, they'd have found out. It jest depends."

Tragically Humorous.

The Chicago Record tells a story which reads like a queer negation of the good old injunction, "Honor to whom honor is due."

A peculiar telegraphic correspondence was carried on between the capitals of Saxony, Bohemia and Russia. Some one in Dresden had a maiden aunt who was taken sick and died in a hospital at Prague while on her way to Vienna.

The nephew was notified, and he telegraphed to the Prague hospital authorities to send the body to Dresden, for entombment in the family vault.

When the coffin arrived and was opened it was found to contain, not the body of the aunt, but that of a uniformed and be-

PROGRESS CONTENTS TODAY.

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Page 3.—Musical and dramatic notes of the week.

Page 4.—Editorial, poetry, and a budget of local matter.

Pages 5, 6, 7, and 8.—Social Items from all over the Maritime provinces.

Page 9.—Town Tales including: A tramp that proved a mystery. The mountain ran dry. An absent conductor. With the "gods" in the gallery.

Pages 10 and 15.—First instalment of a serial—Captain Despard's Dilemma.

Page 11.—Sunday reading—Mrs. Bottom's heart is heart; talks to King Daughters—other Sabbath reading.

Page 12.—Big Slim's Wanderings—A tramp who has seen much of this world.

Page 13.—Chat of the Boudoir and fills of fashion and items from the woman's realm.

Page 14.—Another interesting article on the Indian Famlee.

Page 16.—A "Medicine" hog—A tale of adventure. Births, marriages and deaths of the week.

Dismissed Russian general. Immediately the nephew telegraphed to Prague: "No dead aunt but Russian general. Where dead aunt?"

From Prague came the reply: "If dead aunt not arrived, then Petersburg." The next telegram went to the railway authorities at St. Petersburg, and read: "What do with Russian general? Where is dead aunt?"

And from St. Petersburg was received the reply: "Bury general in all silence. Aunt just buried with highest military honors."

His Prescription.

A physician who was slightly deaf but did not like to acknowledge it, was summoned one evening, just as he was on the point of retiring for the night, by a ring at his door bell.

He called through the speaking tube: "Well?"

"Doctor," said a voice in reply, "this is Harrison Yearick. I—"

"Harrison? Got the carache? Heat a brick, wrap it in dampened flannel, and keep it close to your ear till morning."

"But that isn't—"

"That is all I should prescribe for you if I should see you, Mr. Harrison. If it isn't better in the morning, let me know. Good night."

And disdaining further conversation, he crawled into bed, while Mr. Harrison Yearick, who was suffering from neuralgia, went away to find another doctor.

Catching Monkeys.

The fondness of monkeys for mischief makes them the ready dupes of a shrewd intelligence. The manner of entrapping them is explained by a South American writer, who is familiar with life in town and in forest throughout the equatorial belt.

One of the simplest methods consists in cutting a number of holes in a gourd, making them barely large enough to admit the monkey's hand. The gourd, thus prepared, is filled with corn and secured to the trunk of a tree. Then it is shaken violently, so as to attract the attention of the monkeys.

A few grains of corn are scattered in the neighborhood of the trap.

The gourd is the dinner bell of the monkeys. They no sooner hear the well-known sound than they descend from their aerial homes, and each in turn, seizing the gourd, grasps through one of the holes a handful of corn. Then they struggle in vain to withdraw their hands without relinquishing the prize. At this critical moment the concealed author of their mishap suddenly makes his appearance, and tying their hands, carries them off to his cabin in the woods.

Patrick (just recovering from the effects of ether, in the hospital)—"Oh where am I? where am I?" Dr. Sawbones (with a wink)—"In heaven." Patrick (looking around)—"Then I'd like to know what your doin' here?"

Citizen—"Mr. Greatman, I heard a curious debate the other evening. The subject was 'Can a politician be a Christian?' What is your opinion?" Mr. Greatman (local statesman)—"He can, but he'll get beaten."

Poetious—"The trouble is, I never had a show." Cynicus—"What's the matter with the exhibition you're always making of yourself?"

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The banquet to be given in St. Andrews rink on the evening following the return from South Africa of the St. John heroes, who, for the past year, have fought so bravely for Queen and country is engrossing the attention of our society ladies at present. Neither time, labor or expense is being spared in the endeavor to make their evening a memorable one.

The fact that Mrs. H. H. McLean, wife of Lieut. Col. McLean and president of the Soldiers' Wives' League and Lady Tilley, representing the Red Cross Society, have interested themselves in the undertaking seems to be assurance enough that the affair will be successful.

The refreshment committee consists of some forty ladies, who with the assistance of about one hundred young misses, will look after the material wants of those seated at the ten different tables.

Other efficient committees will attend to the issuing of the invitations and the reception of the guests. While the Neptune Bowling Club will lend their valuable assistance in decorating the rink.

As arrangements have not been fully completed, PROGRESS is unable to obtain a complete list of those who will assist, but we understand that the following well known ladies will be among the prominent workers.

Lady Tilley, president of Red Cross Society, Mrs. H. H. McLean, president of Soldiers' Wives' League, Miss Alice Walker, secretary of Red Cross Society, Mrs. J. W. Daniel, Mrs. J. Dever, Mrs. Geo. F. Smith, Mrs. George K. McLeod, Mrs. George West Jones, Mrs. Kellie Jones, Mrs. J. McMillan, Mrs. A. C. Smith, Mrs. D. J. McLaughlin, Mrs. G. McAuliffe, Mrs. Thomas Walker, Mrs. J. McAvity, Mrs. W. W. White and Mrs. Walter Truman.

The tea given by Mrs. Walter Truman on Tuesday afternoon was one of the most enjoyable little events of the week. About fifty guests were present and enjoyed the hospitality of the charming and gracious young hostess. The Misses Elsie Holden, Winifred Barnaby, Len McMillan and Gladys McLaughlin assisted Mrs. Truman in looking after the comfort of her guests.

Mrs. James Donville entertained a number of young people at her pretty Rosessy home on Saturday afternoon last. The form of amusement being a hare and hind party, which all proved an immense success. After the chase tea was served by Mrs. Donville, assisted by several waitresses. About twenty five young ladies and gentlemen went out from the city to attend, returning home by the 6 o'clock train.

An event in which much interest centres is the dance to be given by Judge and Mrs. Barker, at their residence on Mount Pleasant, on Wednesday October 25th, when they will introduce to the social world their daughter Miss Madeline Barker. Some two hundred invitations have been issued and indications are that the affair will be a brilliant success.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Foster have gone to New York where they will visit for the next couple of weeks.

Mrs. Marie Zalin Lyman, a popular vocalist well known to St. John people has been engaged to sing with St. John's Presbyterian church choir at Moncton.

Mrs. Desbours, Mrs. W. J. Davidson, Mrs. T. G. Allan and Mrs. Joseph Seymour were among the St. John ladies who attended the W. C. T. U. convention at Sackville this week.

Dr. and Mrs. Robert I. Thomson left this week on a short trip to Montreal.

Mayor Daniel intends going to Halifax to participate in the welcome to the returning soldiers.

Rev. T. W. Street of Bathurst, accompanied by Mrs. Street spent several days in the city this week.

Mrs. R. A. Payne and Miss Ella Payne left on Monday for a short visit to Fredericton.

Miss Josephine Bostwick daughter of Mrs. J. M. Bostwick of St. John, who is attending Acadia Seminary at Wolfville, received the guests at a reception given recently by the T. W. C. A. of that institution of which she is the popular president.

Mrs. (Dr.) Sheffield, received her lady friends last Friday and Saturday afternoons as the weather was so unpleasant the first of the week.

Mr. H. E. Reed of Middletown, N. S., passed through the city Wednesday on his way to P. E. I.

Mrs. John W. McKenna nee (Miss Rainnie) received Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday of this week at her charming little home, 108 Waterloo Street.

Mr. James Hunter the well known Princess St. electrician is slowly recovering from a severe attack of typhoid fever.

Mrs. A. L. Goodwin left last week for Boston where she intends spending the winter.

Mrs. Reynard, who has been visiting Mrs. Capt. Swatridge, returned to her home in New York on Tuesday.

Dr. and Mrs. E. J. Roberson, left on Wednesday for a short trip to Montreal.

Rev. J. W. and Mrs. Clarke, Miss Clarke and Master Wendall, returned to their home in Woodstock on Tuesday after a short stay here.

Mrs. Edna Dill of North End, leaves this week for Providence, R. I., to study nursing at the General Public Hospital there. Miss Dill, who is quite popular will be greatly missed by her many young friends in the North End.

Mrs. John T. Kelly and her son Mr. George Kelly, have returned from a pleasant trip to Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa.

Mr. Walter Amland, of the firm of Amland Bros. returned last Saturday with the belated C. P. R. passengers by the steamer David Weston, from a five weeks visit to Upper Canada.

Mrs. C. E. Cowan received her friends on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week at 188 Main street.

Miss Ella M. Shewan of Montreal, is visiting her brother John G. Shewan of the C. P. R. here.

Miss Maggie Quinlan of Mill street, has gone to Brookline, Mass., where she will pay an extended visit.

Miss Parks left by I. C. R. on Monday last on a vacation trip, which includes Montreal, New York and Vermont.

The many friends of Mrs. John Crowley were grieved to hear of her death which occurred early on Tuesday morning at her residence on Princess street. Although in failing health for some time, the news of her death came as a severe shock to a good many of her friends. The deceased, who was Miss Minnie Kirk, daughter of Mr. Wm. Kirk of Germantown, was a great favorite among her acquaintances. Much sympathy is expressed for Mr. Crowley and her infant child in their sad bereavement.

The supper given at Portland Street Methodist Church on Thanksgiving night was well attended. The interior of the building was prettily decorated and the three well laid tables were presided over by Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Young, Mrs. Steele, Mrs. F. S. Thomas, Miss J. Henderson, and Mrs. H. Reynolds assisted by some twenty young ladies. During the evening an excellent musical programme was furnished by local talent.

Dr. Wm. Christie of the North End who has been very ill for the past few weeks is reported as improving.

Miss Vernie Erb of King street east returned last week from a short visit to Kars.

Miss Maude Stillwell returned from Kentville Friday after a very pleasant four weeks' trip.

Mrs. Fannie Cairns left on Thursday for a short visit to Boston.

Mrs. (Capt.) A. G. Potter left by way of Yarmouth Thursday for a three weeks visit in Boston.

Mrs. Wm. Alwood and Miss Taylor of Leinster street have returned from a two weeks visit in Fredericton.

Mr. Walter Goddard left on Wednesday for Boston where he will take a position and reside permanently.

Mr. Harry L. Gaster and little daughter Irene returned last week from New York where they were visiting relatives.

Mrs. Sutherland, Dorchester street left last Saturday to attend the funeral of her brother in Chatham.

Mrs. Wilfrid Campbell, little son and daughter left on Monday for a short trip to Boston.

Miss Spiller of Union street left on Wednesday for Boston to spend the winter with her brother Mr. Fred Spiller.

Misses Frances and Alice Whelan of Sussex are spending a few days in the city, the guests of their friend Miss Della, Carleton street.

The ladies of St. Peter's church are busy making preparations for their annual high tea and fancy sale, which is to be held in St. Peter's hall on the evening of Nov. 25, 26, and 27. These ladies are zealous workers as the amount of money realized by their former fairs plainly shows, and this year's tea promises to be no exception from the general rule.

On Wednesday morning, at the cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Rev. F. McMurray read in marriage Mr. Edmund J. Wall, the Dock street tailor, and Miss Bertie Bardsley, daughter of Robert Bardsley. A large number of friends of the couple were present, and the ceremony was the most money. The bride was becomingly gowned in old rose cloth with black velvet picture hat, and was attended by her sister Miss Florrie Bardsley who wore french blue ladies' cloth with hat to match. The groom was supported by Mr. Ernest Clark. The young couple received many handsome and useful presents from their numerous friends in the city. They will reside on Exmouth street.

Quite a number of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. E. Walsh surprised them at their home on Rockland street on Monday evening; the occasion being the 10th anniversary of their marriage. About forty young people were present and thoroughly enjoyed the evening with dancing and games. About midnight a bountiful supper was served after which Mr. and Mrs. Walsh were presented with a handsome banquet lamp as a slight token of the esteem in which they are held by their friends.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Lawton have returned from a very pleasant trip to Boston and vicinity.

Mrs. Walter Truman was the hostess at a tea given upon the fifth anniversary of her marriage although quite informal it was never the less very pleasant. The following ladies were among the guests Mrs. Thos. Rankine, Mrs. Malcolm Mackay, Mrs. H. Fudding, Mrs. Carleton Clinch, Mrs. Fred Sayre, Mrs. D. F. Chisholm, Mrs. Will Furdy, Mrs. E. Flood, Mrs. E. A. Smith, Mrs. James Harding, Mrs. Seely, Miss Tuck, Miss Constance Smith, Miss Elsie Holden, Miss Lou McMillan, the Misses Travers, Miss Seely, Miss Stone, Miss McAntley, Miss Gladys McLaughlin, Miss Seely and others.

Sir Charles Tupper was the guest of Mr. W. H. Thorne on Wednesday evening. A number of gentlemen called and were entertained informally at Mr. Thorne's residence during the evening. Sir Charles left on the early train on Thursday morning for Montreal.

Miss Furlong returned from Montreal on Monday morning.

GREENWICH.

Oct. 18.—Much sympathy is felt for the Rev. D. W. Pickett and family in their sad loss of wife and mother whose death occurred on Thursday last after a long illness. The funeral took place on

Saturday at St. Paul's church. At the house prayers were offered and the hymn "The Radiant Morning" was sung after which the remains were taken to the church where the solemn service for the burial of the dead was read and the hymns, "A few more years shall roll" and "Now the Laborer's task is o'er," were sung, and at the grave, "Peace perfect peace," was sung by the choir. Mrs. Pickett who was a most amiable person, was much beloved by her family and others. Those of her family who survive her are, Miss Lucy Pickett of Newport hospital, Mr. J. W. Pickett of Rat Postage, Ont., Mrs. Douglas Matthew of Walkerville, Ont., Mrs. Dr. Fred Welling of Andover, N. B., Mr. Ambrose Pickett of New York, Mr. George and Fred and Miss Helen Pickett of this place.

Mr. George F. Matthew and Mr. H. E. Pickett of St. John, were here to attend the funeral.

Mr. and Mrs. Justice Pickett, Rev. Mr. Wetmore and others of Kingston, also attended the funeral.

Miss Ada Jones has returned from Woodstock, where she was visiting her sister Mrs. W. W. Hay.

Miss Margaret Belyas has gone to Fredericton to attend high school.

Mrs. H. B. Belyas has returned from a trip to Boston.

Mrs. Charlie Whelpley returned home to Fredericton last week after making a visit to her parents Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McLea.

FREDERICTON.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Fredericton by W. H. T. Fenety and J. H. Hawthorne.]

Oct. 18.—The dance at the City house last evening was a nice break in the dullness we have been having, the chaperons were Mrs. T. Carleton Allen, Mrs. W. H. Burns, Mrs. Jeremy Taylor and Mrs. Norton Taylor. Quite a number of strangers were present and the dance was very enjoyable.

Miss Crookshank and Miss Frankie Tibbit left on Monday afternoon on a two weeks' visit to Boston.

Miss Markham, St. John, is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Baker.

Mrs. Bailey has issued invitations for an at home for Friday afternoon in honor of her guests.

Hon. F. P. Thompson with Mrs. Thompson and Miss Margaret are doing Quebec.

Miss Ella Payne is in the city, the guest of Miss Prude Babbitt.

St. Dunstan's church was yesterday morning the scene of an interesting event when at five o'clock Miss Florence Shaw Fowls, daughter of the late Capt. Fowls, was united in marriage to Lieut. Arthur Pierce Nagle. His Lordship Bishop Casey reading the nuptial Mass. The happy couple took the steamer Aberdeen for Woodstock on the wedding journey which includes a visit to Halifax, the former home of the groom. Lieut. and Mrs. Nagle will return to Fredericton and occupy quarters now being prepared for them in the officers barracks.

Another happy event is being celebrated this evening at the residence of Mr. John McKean, his daughter Miss Mabel is being married to Mr. W. T. Marshe, Rev. William MacDonald performing the ceremony.

Mrs. Geo. F. Gregory and niece Miss Whitaker arrived home on Sunday morning from a pleasant visit to Portland.

Dr. Cliff and wife of Boston who have been visiting relatives here returned home on Saturday.

St. Dunstan's party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Gregory, Mrs. J. W. E. Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie left on Monday for a trip which will include Boston and New York and probably Chicago.

Miss Jennie MacFarlane and brother Mr. Walter left yesterday on an extended trip to New York.

Mr. Dean Hill returned from his pleasure trip to Boston on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cooper arrived home from Boston on Monday.

Miss Moore of St. Stephen is here visiting her sister, Mrs. Shute.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Blackmer have returned from a two week visit with friends in Boston.

Mr. Frank McInnis of Boston a former townsman and a graduate of the U. N. B. with Mrs. McInnis has been spending some days here, has been receiving many warm welcomes from [hosts] of old friends.

Dr. and Mrs. Inch are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Hunter at Sackville in the northern woods.

Mrs. Harrison is this afternoon entertaining the lady students of the university.

Dr. and Mrs. Harper of Quebec are among the visitors in the city. CAIROKT.

MONCTON.

Oct. 18.—Mrs. J. S. Ross is visiting her parents at Harvey, A. Co.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Haquill of Campbellton, are in town.

Miss Florence Wortman is home from Boston where she has been engaged in hospital work.

Mrs. M. Russell has returned from a pleasant trip to Boston and other points across the border.

Miss Steeves, Archibald street, has returned from an extended visit to friends in St. John. She was accompanied by her sister, Mrs. [Perley], who will spend a week or two here.

Rev. J. H. Parsley returned Saturday last from a hunting trip in the northern woods.

Mrs. Munn has gone to Charlottetown to spend the winter with her step-children.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gillard, of Waterville, Maine, are visiting Mrs. Gillard's sister, Mrs. George McWilliam.

Mr. A. Vard Knight, son of Mr. W. B. Knight of Moncton, has been appointed Manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia branch at Westville, N. S. Mr. Knight entered the service of the Bank in Moncton and has made his way up steadily and rapidly.

Messrs Geo. W. Madisson, of the Times staff, and E. Hall, of the Moncton & Beauceville railway, have returned from a trip to Boston, New York and other American cities.

Mr. B. Crandall, of High street, has returned from a trip to Boston.

Mrs. Baum of Florida, has been visiting old friends and rooming in Westmount, St. Catherine, land. Mrs. Baum is a daughter of the late Amos B. Chandler of Fugwash, where she is now staying. She returns to her home the last of the month.

Mrs. Eliza Steeves of Hillsboro, is in the guest of Mrs. A. J. Tingley, Steadman street. Mrs. Steeves is on her return home from a trip to Boston and other New England cities.

Prof. Hamill is in the city the guest of Rev. J. M. Robinson.

Miss Florence Wortman is home from Boston, where she has been engaged in hospital work.

JOHN NOBLE LTD. BROOK ST. MANCHESTER, ENGLAND. Largest Costumiers & Mantlemen in the World. From all parts of the Globe ladies do their "shopping by post" with this huge dress and drapery enterprise, it being found that after payment of any postage or duties, the goods supplied could not be nearly equalled elsewhere, both as regards price and quality, and now that the firm is so firmly rooted in the public favour and its patrons so numerous, it can afford to give, and does give, even better value than ever. -Canadian Magazine. ORDERS EXECUTED BY RETURN OF POST. SATISFACTION GIVEN OR MONEY RETURNED. Model 256. Made in John Noble Cheviot Serge or Costume Coat, consisting of Velvet revers, breast and Waist, Plain \$2.56. Model 1492. Made in Heavy Frieze Cloth Tailor-made, Double-breasted Coat, and full wide carefully finished Skirt, in Black or Navy Blue only; Price complete Costume \$4.10; Carriage 65c. JOHN NOBLE KNOCKABOUT FROCKS FOR GIRLS. Thoroughly well made, in Strong Serge, with saddle top, long full sleeves, and pockets. Lengths in front, and Prices: 24 27 inches 48c. 61 cents. 30 33 inches 73c. 85 cents. Postage 32 cents. 36 39 inches 97c. \$1.10 42 45 inches \$1.72 \$1.84 Postage 45 cents. Readers will oblige by kindly naming this paper when ordering from or writing to: JOHN NOBLE, LTD. BROOK ST. MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

WHITE'S For Sale by all First-Class Dealers in Confectionery. Caramel Snowflakes Don't take inferior goods; the best do not cost any more than inferior goods.

"Cocoon" or "Wool" Silk is the pure and unadulterated product of the silk worm. Corticelli Sewing Silk is made up of one hundred perfect strands of this pure silk. Each strand is tested and proven as to strength, uniformity of size and freedom from flaws or knots, by a machine that cannot make a mistake. Corticelli Sewing Silk is dependable silk. Sold Everywhere.

When You Want a Real Tonic 'ST. AGUSTINE' ask for (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine. GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899. E. G. SCOVIL, - "Having used both we think the St. Agustine preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic. JOHN C. CLOWES] E. G. SCOVIL, 62 Union Street.

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

Pulp Wood Wanted WANTED—Under-sized saw logs, such as Betting or Spilling. Parties having such for sale can correspond with the St. John Sulphite Company, Ltd., stating the quantity, price per thousand superficial feet, and the time of delivery. M. F. MOONEY.

"STRONGEST AND BEST."—Health. FRY'S Pure Concentrated COCOA Gold Medal, Paris, 1889. 200 Gold Medals and Diplomas. Purchasers should ask specially for Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the Firm.

The trouble is, I never had a diagnosis—What's the matter with this condition you're always making of

—Mr. Groatman, I heard a curate the other evening. The subject was a politician he a Christian? your opinion? Mr. Groatman (stomachman)—He can, but he'll get

—In heaven." Patrick (looking at the ground)—"Then I'd like to know what you're always making of

—Mr. Groatman, I heard a curate the other evening. The subject was a politician he a Christian? your opinion? Mr. Groatman (stomachman)—He can, but he'll get

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FOR ADDRESS SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.



BALIHAZ NOTES.

Progress for sale in Halifax by the newsboys and at the following news stands and centres.

Monroe & Co. Barrington street. GARDNER NEWS Co. Cor. George & Granville Sts. J. H. FIDELAY, Brunswick street. Queen Bookstore, 109 Hollis St. Mrs. De Freitas, 181 Brunswick St.

Oct. 18.—On Wednesday last Dartmouth was the scene of a very fashionable wedding. The contracting parties being Charles H. Harvey and Miss Daisy Dunstan.

At St. Patrick's cathedral on Monday morning Mr Vincent J. Sullivan of the I. C. R. freight department was united in marriage to Miss Florrie Doyle.

Miss Gladys and Mr Cyril R. Clark have gone to Boston on a visit to relatives. Dr. N. Darrell Harvey, son of John H. Harvey, Esq., of this city, is to marry Miss Ogden, daughter of Capt. H. Gouverneur Ogden, of Washington, D. C., on 24th October.

George M. Smith, Esq., wife and daughter arrived Saturday evening from a month's trip through the Upper Provinces and the United States. Miss Violette H. Fielder leaves next month for New York where she will undergo a course of training in the eye and ear infirmary.

Rev. Thomas Fowler of St. Matthews', left for England on Monday. Frank Stephen who has been ill several days is still confined to his room, but his numerous friends will be pleased to hear he is rapidly recovering.

E. F. Sullivan, J. H. Wier and Frank Mansley arrived from Sydney on Monday morning after a week's visit. Mrs Geo. E. Ross of Demersville will be at home to her friends at 46 Charles street on Monday afternoon during her stay in the city.

R. W. Dobson of Antigua arrived by the steamer on Monday and is at the Carleton. Mr Dobson is one of the large plantation owners and exporters in the West Indies. This is his initial visit to Nova Scotia and he will remain until after the return of the contingent from South Africa.

Mr and Mrs Albert H. New will be at home to their friends on Thursday and Friday, Oct. 18th and 19th at 70 Willow street. Frank Stephen has recovered from his recent illness.

Oct. 18.—The young lady members of the T. W. C. A. at Acadia Sunday entertained a number of their friends on Saturday evening. The affair was gotten up for the purpose of welcoming the new girls and renewing old acquaintances among the former students. The guests were received by the president of the society, Miss Josephine Bostwick of St. John, and a very enjoyable evening was spent.

The Y. M. C. A. of the college held its annual reception for the welcoming of the new male students in the college hall on last Tuesday evening. Mr B. S. Freeman of Walton, receiving the guests. Mrs T. E. Sheerwood and her daughter, Mrs Augusta Sheerwood, have gone to New York where they spend the winter.

Mr and Mrs C. M. Baird of Sackville arrived in Wolfville last week. Mrs C. C. Burgess accompanied by her daughter, Miss Blanche Burgess, left here last week for Virginia, where they will spend the winter. Mrs Henry King of Colman, N. B., is visiting at the home of her mother-in-law, Mrs King. Manser Thompson has gone to Digby to pay a short visit to his daughter, Mrs. (Dr.) Jenner.

Boston on the Prince Arthur Wednesday of last week.

Mr Ralph Redding and Miss Almira B. Goudey were married Wednesday afternoon at Wesley after the ceremony they took the boat for Boston on their wedding trip. Mr Frank Cox and bride returned home per steam-boat on Wednesday last.

Mr Charles T. Grantham has arrived from Hamilton, Ontario, and is to return to that city in a few days accompanied by his family. Mr and Mrs. Hiram Goudey went to Boston Saturday. Mr Goudey is taking his vacation. Miss Edna Wyman went to Boston on Saturday, where she will remain during the winter. The Misses Rankine returned to New York, Saturday.

Miss Lennie Wyman returned from a visit in Toronto on the Prince George Friday last. Mr and Mrs H. W. Freeman of Shelburne, returned from Boston per Prince Arthur and left for home on the Prince Edward. Mr and Mrs Lemuel Poole, of Charlottetown, who have been the guests of Mr and Mrs Allen McNair, Brunswick St., for a few days, left for Halifax. Before returning home they will visit their daughter, who is a pupil in Sackville Academy.

Mr Roy Cunniff returned from a visit to Ontario Wednesday. Mr Sarah Langtry who has been visiting relatives in town has returned to her home in Dorchester. Miss Ada Tilley left for Boston Friday per Prince George for a three weeks' vacation. Among the outward passengers per steamer Boston on Saturday evening were: Thomas Kellam, Frank H. Wilson, Hiram Goudey and wife, F. J. Lavige and wife, N. B. Carrier, Mrs J. Leslie Lovitt, Miss Emily T. Lovitt, A. D. Bonnell and family Digby; Miss Edna E. Wyman, Miss Polly Crosby, Mrs W. A. Chase, Mrs A. F. Stoneham, Miss Laura Crowley, Mrs J. H. Harris and many others. Misses E. Elizabeth Phillips, Mary Serritt, Effie Goodwin and Nora Elmes have gone to Truro to attend Normal school.

Mr and Mrs B. B. Hardwick of Annapolis returned from their European trip on Monday last week. Mrs Hardwick is much improved in health. ANNEBET. Oct. 18.—Mrs. Bayne of Pictou, was the guest of Mrs. G. W. Trueman, Station street, last week. Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Smith are at home after a delightful trip, taking in Toronto, Niagara, Buffalo, Detroit, and other points of interest. Mrs. D. Elms has returned to her home, Mount Whistley, after a stay of several weeks with her son, Dr. G. C. Bliss, Church street.

Miss Harding, who has been spending some months in Woodstock and Chatham, N. B., has been in town for two or three weeks visiting her step-mother, Mrs. Jesse Harding, the leaves next week for Halifax to spend some time with her friend Mrs. John Duffus, and expects to spend the winter in England. Miss Brown of Woodstock, will accompany her. Mr. J. Inglis Beal on Monday on his monthly trip to the western towns. Miss May Purdy is spending a little time with her brother and wife, Dr. Clinton F. and Mrs. Purdy, at Moncton.

Miss Alice Smith, who has been enjoying a long visit in Lunenburg and Halifax, returned home last week. Miss Helen Smith returns this week to her home in Fort Williams, Kings, after a visit with friends in town and Nappan. Her friend, Miss Mary Smith, will accompany her, to remain two months. Dr. Ernest Harding of Montreal, is visiting his mother, Mrs. Jesse Harding, Victoria street. Mrs. W. Fred Donkin, who has been visiting friends in Truro and Halifax, is at home. Rev. Charles M. Cummings and bride have returned to their home in Port Greenville. Mr and Mrs. C. R. Smith, returned last week from an extended trip, and report having a delightful time.

Mr. and Mrs. Barry D. Bent returned yesterday from a trip to Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa and St. John. Mr. McDonald has returned to Pictou after a visit with Mrs. John McKeen, "Crest Avenue." Miss Maggie Harding is visiting her relatives in town. Mr and Mrs. Frank Parker of Halifax were in town last week. Mrs. Harris intends going to Halifax this week. Mrs. Helen Smith will return to her home in Fort Williams, Kings Co., this week and Miss Mary Smith will accompany her and spend two months. Miss Alice Smith returned last week from a pleasant visit in Lunenburg and Halifax.

Mrs. R. T. H. Weir, Havelock street, gave an afternoon tea on Saturday to her lady friends. Dr. Ernest Harding of Montreal is visiting his mother, Mrs. Jesse Harding, Victoria St. Mr and Mrs. George Hewson of Oxford are spending a few days in town guests of Mr and Mrs. E. E. Hewson, Victoria St. Mrs. W. Fred Donkin has returned from her visit in Halifax and Truro. Mr J. F. Porter, who has been in Cape Breton for the past three months, in the interest of the Robb Eng Co. Ltd, is home for a few days. Mr Oakley Myers, of New York, is in town.

WOLFVILLE. Oct. 18.—The young lady members of the T. W. C. A. at Acadia Sunday entertained a number of their friends on Saturday evening. The affair was gotten up for the purpose of welcoming the new girls and renewing old acquaintances among the former students. The guests were received by the president of the society, Miss Josephine Bostwick of St. John, and a very enjoyable evening was spent. The Y. M. C. A. of the college held its annual reception for the welcoming of the new male students in the college hall on last Tuesday evening. Mr B. S. Freeman of Walton, receiving the guests. Mrs T. E. Sheerwood and her daughter, Mrs Augusta Sheerwood, have gone to New York where they spend the winter. Mr and Mrs C. M. Baird of Sackville arrived in Wolfville last week. Mrs C. C. Burgess accompanied by her daughter, Miss Blanche Burgess, left here last week for Virginia, where they will spend the winter. Mrs Henry King of Colman, N. B., is visiting at the home of her mother-in-law, Mrs King. Manser Thompson has gone to Digby to pay a short visit to his daughter, Mrs. (Dr.) Jenner.

YARBOUTH. Oct. 18.—Mr. Max W. Allen of the Yarmouth Post office staff and Miss Agnes M. Jolly were married here on Wednesday, Oct. 10th, at Holy Trinity Church by the Rev. R. D. Bambrick. The bride wore a travelling suit of brown broadcloth with white trimmings. She was attended by her cousin Miss Anne Barclay of Boston, and her sister Miss Kate Jolly. The groom was supported by Mr. Harvey Wyman. About 40 invited guests were present at the ceremony after which the party drove to the bride's home on Paradise Street, where a wedding breakfast was served. Mr and Mrs. Allen took the D. A. R. express for Digby, on their wedding trip, and will visit St. John and Halifax before returning. A fashionable wedding took place Wednesday morning at the residence of the bride's father, Granville Ferry, when May, only daughter of Mr. Albert Mills and Mr. Charles Shaffer, of the firm of Shaffer & Figgot, merchants of Bridgetown, were united in marriage. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Howard H. Roach, of the Baptist church. Miss Maud W. Stewart has accepted a position as bookkeeper and stenographer with the dry goods firm of Messrs. Cook & Stoneham. Miss Ellenwood is visiting Mrs. J. W. Manning at Bridgewater. Mrs. J. Hunter has returned from a pleasant trip to Bridgewater. Mrs. Clarence Rogers, who has been visiting her sister at Bridgetown, has returned home. General Manager Gilkins of the D. A. R. left for Boston on Tuesday per Prince George. Mrs. W. A. Chase, Miss Chase, Mrs. T. V. B. Bingley and Mrs. F. Creighton left for Boston Wednesday last. Mr and Mrs. H. W. Freeman were passengers from Shelburne per Prince Edward and left for

a week with her daughter, Mrs. Claude K. Evilla. Miss Garden, Halifax, who has been visiting Miss A. E. Robinson, returned home Monday evening. Miss Antoinette Forbes and her sister Miss Jean Forbes, visited their brother, Rev. W. Forbes, at Noel last week. Miss Bessie McLatchy, a former resident of Windsor, now of Canning, is spending a week with her cousin Mrs. E. H. Dimock. Mrs. Graham Mann returned on Monday evening from a short visit with friends in Kentville and Mr. Elliott Smith at Port Williams. Mrs. Montgomery, who recently went to New York we regret to learn is ill. Mrs. Faulkner left on Tuesday to visit her sick daughter. Mrs. G. P. Paysant of Falmouth, left on Monday of last week to join her husband in Baltimore, where he is attending the Dental College. Miss Janie Sloughwhite, who has been spending a few weeks at her former home in Woodville, has returned to Boston. She was accompanied by her sister Miss Addie Sloughwhite. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon McKeen and Miss Etta McDonald, Gay's river, left on the 8th Oct. on an excursion trip to the United States.

PARBROBO. Progress is for sale at Parrbrobo Bookstore. Oct. 10.—Notwithstanding a heavy downpour of rain all day and evening on Monday the rink was well filled with people many driving in from the country to hear Sir Charles Tupper. The building was most tastefully decorated with flags, notices and autumn leaves. At the rear of the platform was the date 1867 artistically done in autumn leaves. Parrbrobo band augmented by a part of the Springfield band occupied the band stand. At the close of a short speech from Mr. Caban, Mayor Day read an address to Sir Charles Tupper to which he responded occupying the remainder of the evening. Mr. Caban who was accompanied by Mrs. Caban while here, stayed at the Evangeline Hotel. Sir Charles Tupper was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Townsend.

The Ravel Humpty Dumpty Co. gave their very amusing entertainment in the Opera house on Saturday evening. The Boston Stock Company are billed for Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week. Mrs. Gale and two children are guests at the rectory. Mrs. F. Losby left on Thursday for a visit to her sister in Boston. Miss Bayne is a guest of Mrs. McLan at the manse. Mr. Charles Higgins who has been visiting her parents has returned home to Halifax. Mr. and Mrs. Starratt have become the proud parents of a little daughter. Mrs. C. E. Day and Mrs. James Day are on a visit to friends in St. John. Miss Bigney is visiting her sister Mrs. Jeffers. Mr. Harry Gillespie of the Commercial bank Sydney came home last week quite ill. His brother Mr. E. Gillespie went to Truro to meet him. Mr. J. A. Timmerman of Odesa, Ontario is spending a short time with his nephew E. E. Timmerman. Miss Jessie Roberts has gone to a hospital in Albany, N. Y., to become a trained nurse. Mr. and Mrs. Duhanty and child who spent the summer months at Capt. Blake's, have returned to Springfield. Mr. P. F. Lawson spent Sunday at his home in Cornwallis. Mr. R. I. Smith and Dr. Smith have returned from Newfoundland and Mr. A. W. Copp from New York. Mrs. W. B. Mahoney has been visiting friends at Amherst. Miss Blair, Truro, is the guest of Mrs. B. L. Tucker. Mr. and Mrs. S. Jenks have been across the Bay on a visit to relatives. Mr. H. C. Jenks has returned from P. E. Island. Mrs. Jenks will remain there awhile longer.

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL. Oct. 18.—A pretty wedding took place here on the 10th inst, when Miss Lillian Harris daughter of Mr. Augustus Harris of this place was married to Mr. Rupert Pratt of St. John N. B. The ceremony was performed at St. Luke's church by the Rev. Henry How, M. A. The bride was attired in a pretty costume of cream mousseline de sole and was attended by Miss Carrie Harris and Miss Rosina Pratt. The groom was supported by Mr. Henry Nass of St. John. After the ceremony a luncheon was served at the home of the bride's parents, after which the happy couple took the train for St. John, after travelling through New Brunswick they will take up their residence at Fredericton. Mrs. Phillips and daughter of Truro, are staying with Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Pickles. Mr. and Mrs. Brown of Digby are visiting Mrs. Halliburton. Mrs. Harry Ruggles of Bridgetown was in town on Tuesday last, the guest of Mrs. J. J. Ritchie. Miss Muriel Arnaud left last week for a visit to St. John, Boston and other places. She will be absent until Christmas. Mrs. James McKay has gone to Paradise on a short visit. While there she will attend the wedding of her niece. Miss Harris spent Wednesday at Paradise to be present at the wedding of her friend Miss Boehner. Hon. G. W. Ray of Boston, and Miss Bertha O'Connor youngest daughter of Mr. John O'Connor of Bay of Fundy House, Digby, will be married in the near future. Mr and Mrs. Joseph McMullen of Annapolis, were the guests of Dr and Mrs. Cole last week.

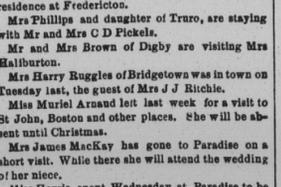
BRIDGETOWN. Oct. 18.—Miss Mary Edith Chute was united in marriage to Charles Wesley Seaman, Thursday evening Oct. 11th, by Rev. R. S. Greene, pastor of the M. E. church, the ceremony being performed at the parsonage. Following the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the aunt of the bride, Mrs. Martha V. Athwell, 865 Western avenue, Lynn, Mass. The parlors were handsomely decorated by Miller, the florist, with palms, ferns and cut flowers. The ushers were Guy Athwell Hall, William Wyman Farnsworth and Elvin Templeman Hall, cousins of the bride. The bride was prettily gowned in grey, with white sash and lace trimmings and carried bride roses. Mrs. Athwell was gowned in black silk lastowns with lace, and wore carnations. A dainty luncheon was served at nine o'clock. The presents were many and costly including silver, cut glass and linen. Guests were presents from Medford, Baldwinville, Danvers, Salem and Lynn. Mr and Mrs. Seaman will reside at 865 Western avenue for the present. The bride was the daughter of Fletcher and Rubina Chute formerly of Bridgetown. Mrs. Edwin Ruggles has returned from a visit to Boston. Miss Cameron of Yarmouth spent Sunday with her brother Principal Cameron. Mrs. R. D. Foster after spending the summer at Bridgetown, has returned to Boston. Mrs. Beckwith, Mrs. H. Ruggles and Miss James spent Sunday with Mrs. McCornick, Digby. Mrs. Gertrude Hearn who has been visiting her parents for several weeks has returned to Boston. Messrs. Ernest Morse, Vernon Morse and Robby Leonard of Paradise are attending Harvard this year. Mrs. Simon Wilson who has been making an extended visit with her daughter in Boston has returned home. Mr and Mrs. J. E. Saxon who have spent several weeks in Boston and vicinity, returned home on Saturday. Mrs. Mary Bailey of Hants county, who has been visiting her brother C. L. Marsh Esq., of Bridgetown returns today. Miss Eliza Boehner of Paradise, and Mr. John VanBuren of Lower Grandville, were married at the home of the bride's father Stephen Boehner of Paradise last Wednesday morning.

In October. The locust trees stand tall in the sun, You see like gold and old are they, Beyond them the lead lies low and dune, And the white river winds away. Their shadows shiver across my porch, Their leaves, wind driven, invade my room— Their gold flames flickered from Autumn's torch. That ours with a faint perfume.

THE FIRST STEP to baby's health must be taken before baby's birth. The child can have no more health than the mother gives it. A healthy mother, strong of body and cheerful of mind, will endow the child with her own physical health and cheerful disposition. Many a wife who had dreaded motherhood because of past experiences of prenatal misery of mind and body has found a new era open to her with the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It gives physical strength, soothes the nerves, and induces refreshing sleep. It gives vigor and elasticity to the organs of maternity, so that the birth hour is practically without pain or suffering. It enables the mother to provide a plentiful supply of healthful nourishment for the healthy child. It makes weak women strong and sick women well. There is no alcohol in "Favorite Prescription" and it is absolutely free from opium, cocaine, and all other narcotics. Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter free of charge. All correspondence strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

"I gladly recommend Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription," writes Mrs. J. W. G. Stephens, Mrs. Northumberland Co. Virginia. "My third little boy was born I took six bottles. He is the finest child I have had since in confinement. I unhesitatingly advise expectant mothers to use the 'Favorite Prescription.'"

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are a pleasant and effective laxative medicine. "Silver Plate that Wears" MADE AND GUARANTEED BY MERIDEN B. COMPANY.



A very complete line of this reliable brand in Tea-ware, Bake-dishes, Fruit Bowls, etc., and also latest patterns in "1847 Rogers Bros." Knives, Forks, Spoons, etc.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists. BRANDIES! Landing ex "Corean." Quarts or Pints. THOS. L. BOURKE 25 WATER STREET.

Mothers who have not yet used that English Home Dye of high quality, Maypole Soap, can save time, money and patience, by discarding the old-fashioned powder dyes and buying Maypole. Quick, sure, brilliant, fadeless. It washes and dyes at the same time. Maypole Soap Dyes. Sold everywhere. 10c. for Colors. 15c. for Black.

FOR ARTISTS. WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS, WATER COLORS, CANVAS, etc., etc., etc. Manufacturing Artists, Colormen to Her Majesty the Queen and Royal Family. FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES. A. RAMSAY & SON, - MONTREAL. Wholesale Agents for Canada.

Free Cure For Men. A new remedy which quickly cures sexual weakness, varicocele, night emissions, premature discharge, etc., and restores the system to strength and vigor. Dr. L. W. Knapp, 8000 Hill Building, Detroit, Mich., gladly sends free the receipt of this wonderful remedy in order that every weak man may cure himself at home.

TENDERS FOR ST. JOHN CITY DEBENTURES. SEALED TENDERS, marked "Tenders for Debentures" will be received at the Office of the Chamberlain of the City of Saint John up to the 12th day of October, 1900, for the purchase of Saint John City Debentures, for the whole or any part of the sum of SIXTY-SIX THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED (\$66,500) DOLLARS, to be issued in the sum of Five Hundred Dollars each, under the provisions of Act of Assembly 52 Victoria, Chapter 57, Section 29, payable in 40 years, with interest at the rate of Four per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly.

The said Debentures are issued by orders from Common Council of the City of Saint John, under authority of Act of Assembly, which provides for creating necessary Sinking Fund for redemption at maturity. The proceeds of said Debentures are to meet expenditures for Public Services, such as Extension of Water and Sewerage service in several places and districts, as adopted by Common Council, Purchase and establishing additional Steam Fire Engines for Civic Fire Department. First Coupon (2 months' interest) payable 1st November, 1900. Not bound to accept the highest or any tender. FRED. SANDALL, Chamberlain of Saint John, N. B., Chamberlain's Office, 10th Sept., 1900.



Scribner's FOR 1900 (INCLUDES) J. M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and Grizel" (serial). THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S "Oliver Cromwell" (serial). RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S fiction and special articles. HENRY NORMAN'S The Russia of To-day.

Articles by WALTER A. WYKOFF, author of "The Workers". SHORT STORIES BY Thomas Nelson Page, Henry James, Henry van Dyke, Ernest Seton-Thompson, Edith Wharton, Octave Thanet, William Allen White.

SPECIAL ARTICLES The Paris Exposition. FREDERI IRLAND'S articles on sport and exploration. "HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO," by Senator Hoar.

NOTABLE ART FEATURES THE CROMWELL ILLUSTRATIONS, by celebrated American and foreign artists. Puvis de Chavannes, by JOHN LAFARGE, illustrations in color. Special illustrative schemes (in color and in black and white) by WALTER APPLETON CLARK, E. C. PREXETTO, HENRY MOCARTER, DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF and others. Illustrated Prospectus sent free to any address. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, New York.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists. BRANDIES! Landing ex "Corean." Quarts or Pints. THOS. L. BOURKE 25 WATER STREET.

Mothers who have not yet used that English Home Dye of high quality, Maypole Soap, can save time, money and patience, by discarding the old-fashioned powder dyes and buying Maypole. Quick, sure, brilliant, fadeless. It washes and dyes at the same time. Maypole Soap Dyes. Sold everywhere. 10c. for Colors. 15c. for Black.

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ISTS.
SOR & NEWTON'S
OIL COLORS,
WATER COLORS,
CANVAS,
etc., etc., etc.

Cure For Men.

TENDERS FOR
N CITY DEBENTURES.

TENDERS, marked "Tenders for
will be received at the Office of
of the City of Saint John up to the
number, 1900, for the purchase of Saint
debentures, for the whole or any part

THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED
(\$6,500) DOLLARS.

THE sum of Five Hundred Dollars
provisions of Act of Assembly 23
of the City of Saint John up to the
number, 1900, for the purchase of Saint
debentures, for the whole or any part

ribner's
OR 1900
INCLUDES
BARRIE'S "Tommy and
(serial).

DOORE ROOSEVELT'S
Cromwell" (serial).

ARD HARDING DAVIS'S
and special articles.

Y NORMAN'S The Russia
y.

es by WALTER A. WY-
author of "The Workers".

T STORIES by
as Nelson Pago,
y James,
y van Dyke,
t Stetson-Thompson,
Wharton,
e Thanet,
m Allen White.

IAL ARTICLES
Paris Exposition.

ERI IRLAND'S article s
and exploration.

ARVARD FIFTY
S AGO," by Sena-
lar.

ABLE ART FEATURES
FROM WELLL ILLUSTRAT-
by celebrated American
sign artists.

de Chavannes,
JOHN LAFARGE, illus-
in color.

al illustrative schemes (in
ad in black and white) by
ER APPLETON CLARK,
ELIXETTO, HENRY MO-
R, DWIGHT L. HELMEN-
and others.

At the TOP of the TREE.
Fry's
PURE CONCENTRATED
Cocoa
"Strongest and Best."—HEALTH.
200 Gold Medals
and Diplomas.

DIGBY.

Oct. 18.—Mrs McCormick has returned from her
visit to Bridgetown.
Mrs J F Saunders has returned from a trip to
St John.
Mr and Mrs H L Denison who have been visit-
ing at Halifax, returned home Tuesday last.

TRURO.

[Parcasses is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Ful-
ton, J. M. O'Brien and at Crowe Bros.]
Oct 18.—Mr G A Hall is home from a visit to
Montreal and Boston.
Mr F C Cotton of the Merchant's bank, St John,
spent last Sunday with Truro friends.

CAMPBELLTON.

Oct., 18.—Miss Sadie Carter of Bathurst is visit-
ing in town the guest of Mrs R C Rogers.
Miss Maude O'Keefe is visiting friends in Bath-
urst.
Mrs A. K. Thompson is visiting in St John.

ST. JOHN.

Oct. 18.—Mrs D M Atherton has removed to
Houlton Me., where Mr Atherton has located.
Miss Dora Hibbard of Burton, is visiting Mrs W
W Hubbard, Church avenue.
Mrs R W Wilson of Oak Bay, who has been visit-
ing at H W Folkins has returned home.

ST. BERNARD AND CALAIS.

[Parcasses is for sale in St. Stephen at the book-
store of G. S. Wall and T. E. Atchison.]
Oct 18.—A pretty wedding took place early last
Wednesday morning at the church of the Holy
Rosary when the Rev Wm Dillard united in mar-
riage Mr Peter F McKenna, the well known grocer
and Miss Elizabeth Horan. The bride looked
charming in a pretty grey suit, with velvet and
chiffon hat to match. She was attended by Miss
Nellie McKeon, while Mr H McAlenan did the
honors for the groom. Mr and Mrs McKenna left
on a wedding trip to Portland, Montreal and other
cities. Many handsome gifts were received by the
bride among them being substantial checks from the
groom and from her father.

WAGANOE.

Oct. 11.—Mrs. George Davidson and Miss Ida
Davidson were in Sussex Wednesday taking in the
"three-races and the exhibition. Messrs. Ham-
phrey and Will Davidson were also down to wit-
ness the races.
Miss Muriel McLeod from Salisbury, is visiting
her grandmamma, Mrs. Duncan McNaughton, at
present.
Messrs. Theodore Girault and Jeff Smith of New
York and Boston respectively, have returned home
after a pleasant visit of a few weeks with friends
and relatives here.

TO CURB A GOLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All
druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. Dr.
E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

Mrs McAnespy reached Portage last week and ap-
peared out on Sunday evening at the Methodist
church here. Both looked exceedingly nice. Mrs
McAnespy was gowned in a handsome blue broad-
cloth with toque to match. She is receiving her
friends at her new home Sussex Portage this week.

Mr George H Davidson was in St. John on Sat-
urday, to witness the presentation of the "Chris-
tian."

The weather since Monday has been simply
abominable. The missionary meeting booked for
Tuesday evening with several leading Methodist
divines to speak has had to be indefinitely post-
poned as also the Christian Endeavour, Elgin Fair
and other minor matters.

Miss Myrtle Goddard has been spending some
few days with relatives in Petitediac.

Miss Webster and Mr Price of Petitediac spent
Sunday with friends on Apple hill.

The autumn season has known few events more
successful than the tea given by Mr and Mrs
George Davidson on Thursday evening in honor of
Mr and Mrs Will Davidson of Boston, Mr Theo-
dore Girault, of New York and Miss Ida Davidson
of St. John. The musical selections rendered con-
tributed largely to the evening's enjoyment. The
fooly drawback to the evening's amusement was
the thought of having to part with their young
friend Mr Girault, who was to leave for New
York Monday on the Boston express, but it is un-
derstood Mr Girault returns in mid summer 1901
to take part in an interesting matter when Portage
will be robbed of one of its fairest daughters who
is now forward in promoting good in all the societies
in connection with church work and who has ably
assisted in the F C B choir as organist for some
few years past.

Mrs Joseph Lamb of Sussex was visiting at Mr
and Mrs McNaughton's recently.

Mr S A Stockton came back from St John Tues-
day where he had been visiting his brother and
sister and Mrs Samuel Stockton also got home from
Sussex where she had been the guest of her daugh-
ter, Mrs A W Baird. Mosquituro.

Latest styles of Wedding invitations and
announcements printed in any quantities
and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any
address. Progress Job Print.

SUSSEX.

Oct. 18.—Mrs D M Atherton has removed to
Houlton Me., where Mr Atherton has located.
Miss Dora Hibbard of Burton, is visiting Mrs W
W Hubbard, Church avenue.
Mrs R W Wilson of Oak Bay, who has been visit-
ing at H W Folkins has returned home.

Mr John Rogers formerly superintendent of the
Normal school at Fredericton is visiting his old
home here.

Miss Edna Nobles of Hatfield's Point who was
visiting Miss Emma O'dell during exhibition re-
turned home last Saturday.

Miss Margaret Lynde of Hillboro, Albert county
has been engaged to take charge of the new depart-
ment of the Sussex schools opened in Masonic hall.

Harry McLeod who has been with W B McKay
& Co, for the past five years, left on Wednesday
last, for Missoula, Mon., where he has a situation
awaiting him in the Large Mercantile Co. of that
place, of which his uncle is president. Harry will
be greatly missed by many warm friends and by the
public with whom he was a general favorite.

Mr A M Pratt the English gentleman who with
his family has been boarding at the Knoll has moved
into the Fingate farm at Penobscot station.

Mrs Chas Titus of Titaville, has been visiting
her uncle, Chas W Upham at Upper Corner for the
past week.

ST. BERNARD AND CALAIS.

[Parcasses is for sale in St. Stephen at the book-
store of G. S. Wall and T. E. Atchison.]
Oct 18.—A pretty wedding took place early last
Wednesday morning at the church of the Holy
Rosary when the Rev Wm Dillard united in mar-
riage Mr Peter F McKenna, the well known grocer
and Miss Elizabeth Horan. The bride looked
charming in a pretty grey suit, with velvet and
chiffon hat to match. She was attended by Miss
Nellie McKeon, while Mr H McAlenan did the
honors for the groom. Mr and Mrs McKenna left
on a wedding trip to Portland, Montreal and other
cities. Many handsome gifts were received by the
bride among them being substantial checks from the
groom and from her father.

Miss Josephine Moore, the popular librarian of
the Calais public library is enjoying a vacation and
spending it in Hampton with relatives.

Mrs Lint is visiting friends in Nova Scotia.

Mr and Mrs H O Dinmore have returned from
their wedding tour.

Mrs Archibald MacNicol is visiting friends in
Machias for a few days.

Mr and Mrs George W Lord are in Waterville
visiting Mrs F W Johnson.

Miss Victoria Vroom has been spending a few
days at Oak Bay with Rev J W Millidge, Mrs. Mill-
idge and Miss Simpson.

Harry L Wall and G Arthur Musnie have re-
turned from a trip to Montreal and Quebec.

A new whist club organized by a number of
young society people on both sides of the river was
entertained for the first time last week by Miss
Jessie Wall at her home on Prince William street.

Mrs James G Stevens has returned from a short
visit in St. John.

Mrs B B Murray is spending a day or two in
Augusta.

Frank Sullivan has returned to Boston to resume
the study of dentistry.

Miss Blaklee of St John is the guest of Mrs D
F Maxwell.

Miss Grace Morrison of Toronto, granddaughter
of Hon Judge Stevens, has gone to Paris, France,
to complete her education in music and the lan-
guages.

Mrs. W D Forster and Miss Gladys Forster of
St. Andrews, were the guests of Mrs. John Blank
last week.

Miss Agnes Algar of St. Andrews, and Miss

Portia Daston have gone to Boston for a few weeks
visit.

Alexander Stevenson has gone to Boston where
W D Cochrane has secured a good position for him
with a leading drug firm.

Mr and Mrs. H A Lyle and family are occupy-
ing Mrs. Stoop's pleasant cottage on Union street.

Mrs. Frank Todd and some intimate lady friends
enjoyed a pleasant outing and picnic dinner at Mr-
Todd's shooting camp on the main river one day
last week.

Mrs. Mary Thompson, Mr. G W Ganong's guest
has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Powers of Houlton, were re-
cently in Calais enroute to Boston and New York.

Miss Mary Bixby, who resides with Miss Mand
Marks, is seriously ill at their home, Prince Wil-
liam street.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold De Wolfe of Boston, recent-
ly spent a few days in town the guest of Mrs. Maria
De Wolfe.

Miss Beale McLanchin of Woodstock, is a
guest of Mrs. C E Brassier in Calais.

Mrs. Joseph McVay has returned from a pleas-
ant visit in St. John with her friend Mrs. Chesley,
and also with her daughter Mrs. A O Smalley.

Mr. and Mrs. H H Wright, last week for Calais in-
tending for the future to take up missionary work.

Mrs. F M Murchie gave a whist party at her
home recently which was a most pleasant affair.

Latest styles of Wedding invitations and
announcements printed in any quantities
and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any
address. Progress Job Print.

THINGS OF VALUE.

He saw that the mood of the hour called for Con-
cord philosophy.

It is not difficult to find a shoulder which shoulder you
see the moon over, provided you put the shoulder
to the wheel.

Clinton told him at once that his literary
fame was now secure.

There never was, and never will be, a universal
panacea, in one remedy for all ills to which flesh is
subject. It is not difficult to find a shoulder which
shoulder you see the moon over, provided you put the
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The Mutual Life
Insurance Company

OF NEW YORK:
RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.

STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR ENDING AUGUST 11, 1900.

Table with 2 columns: Item, Amount.
Income, \$ 58,890,077 21
Disbursements, 38,697,480 68
Assets, 304,844,587 52
Policy Reserves, 261,711,988 61
Guarantee Fund or Surplus, 60,132,548 91
Insurance and Annuities in Force, 1,052,665,211 64
Loans on Policies During the Year, 4,374,636 86

J. A. JOHNSON, General Agent for the Maritime
Provinces and Newfoundland

ROBERT MARSHALL, Cashier and Agent, St. John, N. B.
M. McDADE, Agent, St. John, N. B.
C. E. SCAMMELL, Agent, St. John, N. B.
JOHN ADAMS DIXON, Agent, St. John, N. B.

Job...
Printing.
Are your Letter Heads, Bill Heads, State-
ments, or Envelopes running short? Do you
consider that you could effect a saving in this part
of your business? Why not secure quotations
your work before placing an order?
Consult
Us for
Prices.
And you will find that you can get Printing of all
kinds done in a manner and style that is bound
to please you. We have lately added new type
to our already well-equipped plant, and are pre-
pared to furnish estimates on all classes of work
at short notice.
Progress Department.
29 to 31 Canterbury Street.

Cafe Royal
BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING,
56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B.
WM. CLARK, Proprietor
Retail dealer in.....
CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.
OYSTERS always on hand. FISH and GAME in season
MEALS AT ALL HOURS.
DINNER A SPECIALTY.

THE DUFFERIN
This popular Hotel is now open for the
reception of guests. The situation of the
House, facing as it does on the beautiful
King Square, makes it a most desirable
place for Visitors and Business Men. It is
within a short distance of all parts of the
city. Has every accommodation. Electric
cars, from all parts of the town, pass the
house every three minutes.
E. LABOY WILLIS, Proprietor.
Victoria Hotel,
81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N.B.
Electric Passenger Elevator
and all Modern Improvements.
D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor.

HUSTLING YOUNG MAN can make \$60.00
per month and expense, learn
any business, experience unnecessary. Write
quick for particulars. Clark & Co., 4th & Locust
streets, Philadelphia, Pa.
FOR SALE U. S. Gold & Copper Mining
Company (Sultan Basin, Wash-
ington.) 100 shares. Slickens, need money.
Regular price 10c. Address "C" Box 466
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

SOCIAL and PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

to Sydney to visit her son, who had his leg accidentally broken at the new Bank of Montreal building a few days before.

Mrs Marie Zahn Lyman has been engaged to sing in the Presbyterian church, commencing on Sunday next.

Mr and Mrs J O Fish of Newcastle were in the city this week.

Mrs F R Rutherford of Sydney, C. E., is visiting friends in the city.

Mr J W Wallace and wife of Hillsboro are staying at the Brunswick.

Mr R F Gibson returned this week from a pleasant visit with friends in Boston.

Mrs W Scoblebury and Mrs Wickwire and three children of Charlottetown are registered in the city.

Mrs F B Ferguson left Monday night for Montreal and other points in the Upper provinces on a visit to friends.

Mr F A Stuchell a popular young I O R driver, running out of Sydney in the city and will be wedded this week to Miss Annie Hagerly, daughter of Mr Edwin Hagerly, Cameron street.

Mr Easy Taylor of the General Passengers Agents office, leaves Friday for Boston where he will spend a couple of weeks visiting friends. He will be accompanied as far as St John by Jack Gorbell and Andrew McGowan.

Mr and Mrs Samuel English, have returned from a four weeks' visit to the United States where they had a very pleasant time visiting their son, Wm English, in Peasock, N. H., and their daughter, Mrs A L Bowman at West Falmouth, Mass. Mr and Mrs English were accompanied by their daughter, Mrs H A Carson.

NEWCASTLE.

Oct. 18.—Mr. Herbert Tilley, St. John, son of late Sir Leonard Tilley, was in Newcastle on Wednesday last.

Rev. Wm. Harrison has returned from Tabu-intac.

Mr. Edward Holohan has returned from a trip to New York and other American cities.

Mrs. R. H. Armstrong leaves on Thursday for Boston and New York, where she will visit friends.

Miss Mina Reid has returned to Boston.

Mrs. James Murray is dangerously ill.

Mrs. James Robinson, Miss Robinson and Mr. Weldon Robertson, Millerton, were in Newcastle on Monday.

Mr. Loggie of Lyleton, is visiting Mrs. Edmund Clarke, Strathadam.

Mr. Edward Sinclair was in Moncton on Saturday.

Miss Ray Multhead left Chatham for Boston last week to take a course in elocution.

Mr. John Matheson was in St. John last week.

Mrs. Andrew Grey, Lower Derby, was visiting her daughter at Lower Nelson last week.

Miss Emma Cassidy has returned home from Fitchburg, Mass.

Mrs. Demers, Mrs. Quilly and Mrs. Morris will hold their fall openings on Friday and Saturday next.

CHATHAM.

Oct. 18.—On Tuesday afternoon last, Mr D F Saunty, station agent at Chatham Junction, and Mrs B K Patterson, teacher of Chatham, were united in marriage at the pro cathedral by the Rev S J Crumley of Blackville. The bride was attired in a travelling suit of grey Venetian cloth with heliotrope trimmings. The bridesmaid, Miss Etie Keogh, wore navy blue with white trimmings. The groom was attended by Mr William Ivory of Nelson.

WOODSTOCK.

[Eleganza is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. A Doane & Co.]

Oct. 18.—Miss Barnes of Newton, Mass., is the guest of Mrs Chas. Camben.

Mrs Frank W Field of Newburyport, Mass. is the guest of her sister, Mrs W S Martin.

Mr. McLean has returned to Philadelphia to resume his studies in the dentist.

Robert Tompson left last Friday for the Philadelphia dental college, for his closing term.

Enrique Mallory, son of George Mallory, Jacksonville, returned from Montana last week.

W W Loane and Woodside Loane, Ashland, Me., came home last week to attend the funeral of their grandmother, Mrs Mahoney.

W B Jones, wife and child of Boston who have been guests at the Carlisle for the past week returned home Tuesday on the afternoon express.

Tearing the Tide.

The writer of fiction may discover psychological causes of panics; but the old soldier knows that when seasoned men act like frightened school children the causes are largely physiological—hard marching and fighting, empty stomachs, or worse yet, indigestion resulting from ill-prepared food high nervous tension. Panics seldom occur in the face of the enemy; when they do they are sufficiently tragic to find their history. They most frequently occur after the battle is over, and then, after a sufficient lapse of time, their amusing features become apparent. So it was with the panic at Shiloh.

On the morning after the battle, a man in front of the federal forces found an exploded shell, and heedlessly hurled it against a tree. It exploded with terrific force, and killed six men.

The outcome was so unexpected and so horrifying that the soldiers ran blindly away. Others hearing the noise and getting no explanation of its cause, ran after the first squad. Seeing a great number of men running in the rear, the teamsters and artillery hurriedly hitched up horses and mules, to be ready for an emergency.

'So the panic grew,' says an old army officer in the Chicago Inter-Ocean, 'and it continued long after the originators of the stampede had turned back to their camp.'

'Whole regiments became involved, and a brigade, posted in the rear, saw a crowd of panic-stricken men charging down upon them. Capt. Orion Frisbie, in command

of one battalion, formed his men in line to stop the stampede.

'Confronted by a line of bayonets, the men who had been running halted, but insisted on going through the line. Not one could tell what had happened. Two men, supporting a third, asked that they might be permitted to go to the hospital in the rear. In answer to questions, they stated that the man they were carrying had been severely wounded in the leg just above the knee. Captain Frisbie, after a careful examination, said:

'Well, if he was wounded he must have changed his trousers since he was shot. There is no bullet hole in them.'

'This restored the nerve of the men. They laughed and turned back.'

CONSUMPTION AMONG INDIANS.

Great Mortality Among the Civilized Blackfeet and Waspetons.

A recent report made by Nathan P. Johnson, United States Indian Agent for the Sisseton and Wahpeton bands of Sioux Indians, which gives the vital statistics of those bands, shows an alarming state of health among them.

'There are 1900 individuals in the combined bands. Last year there were fifty six deaths and but forty five births among them. The significance of these figures will be better apprehended when it is known that the death rate for the State of South Dakota, at large it but 8.22 per 1000. The most alarming feature, however, rests in the fact that 90 percent of the Sisseton and Wahpeton deaths result from consumption. In consequence of this unusual mortality these people are greatly depressed and discouraged in the prosecution of their material affairs. The course of consumption among them is fearfully rapid, usually resulting fatally within a few weeks.

Mr. Edmund Cook of Wilmot, who has for many years traded with these people, gives many instances in point. A robust and apparently healthy man came to him in June last and ordered a suit of clothes.

'I have the sickness, he said, and I want the clothes as soon as convenient, for I am to be buried in them.'

'The clothes were tendered from a Chicago tailor and they arrived on the day they were wanted for the funeral. Mr. Cook showed a note, written in a feminine hand, which requested that he send the writer a blue shawl suitable to be buried in. The writer had but a few days previous been at the village in good health, but her death from tuberculosis followed within a few days. While I was at Wilmot a buxom-looking young woman came to Mr. Cook's store. 'I have the sickness,' she said, 'and I want to make my will.' She lived but three weeks.'

The attention of the South Dakota delegation in Congress has been called to the above facts and the Congressmen will endeavor to have the Indian Department send a commission of competent physicians and trained bacteriologists to this reservation. It is believed that the spread of the consumption is due almost wholly to contagion, and that, therefore it is very important that they receive training in such habits as will limit the probability of inoculation. It will undoubtedly be necessary to provide a retreat for the afflicted, where they will be removed from contact with the healthy, while it is not impossible that cures may be effected under proper scientific regimen.

The Sisseton and Wahpeton are civilized and live in the Indian, living upon allotted lands in severalty upon their former reservation on Lake Traverse in northeastern South Dakota. They were the first of the Sioux to come under the influence of the missionaries, having been resident in the neighborhood of Lac Qui Parle, Minnesota, when the Riggs-Williamson missionary firm's settled there in 1836.

During the great massacre of 1862 these Sioux were friendly to the whites and it was due to their efforts that the lives of the captives were preserved until Gen. Sibley's army arrived with relief.

A Clever Bear.

A Woodsman, who lived near the haunts of wild animals and saw many strange sights, tells us in the New York Tribune a good story about a clever bear.

Our folks once had a strumpy lot, with woods on three sides of it. The field had been seeded to clover, and fifteen or twenty woodchucks dug holes in the ground and lived high and in peace. 'All a bear got into habit, along in July, of stealing out of the woods just before sunset every day, crouching in the tall clover and pouncing on a woodchuck while it was at supper.

'A bear wouldn't shoot the bear, because it's far was good for nothing then, and he wanted it to thin out the woodchucks.

When the bear had killed a number of the woodchucks and carried them into the woods, a wise old woodchuck in the upper end of the field began to smell a rat, and whenever the bear stole out of the timber,

"Put Money In Thy Purse."

Nobody suffering from brain-fag, lack of energy, or "that tired feeling" ever puts money in his purse. Lassitude and listlessness come from impure, sluggish blood that simply cures through the veins. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the blood pure and gives it life, vigor and vim.

Pimples—"My face was covered with pimples and blackheads but after taking Hood's Sarsaparilla a short time, I was entirely cured, and my skin was smooth and clear." May Ryan, North St., Chatham, Ont.



The old woodchuck would sit by its hole and whistle to warn the other woodchucks of the bear's presence.

Then he and all the woodchucks in the lot would run into their holes, and the bear would slouch back to the woods, looking sheepish.

When the old woodchuck had played this trick a few times, the bear apparently set to thinking, for at noon one hot day we saw him shamble out of the woods and climb a tree just above the old woodchuck's burrow.

Not a woodchuck was in sight, and that made us wonder what the bear was up to. He stayed in the tree all the afternoon, and just before sundown we saw the old woodchuck crawl out of its hole and take a survey of the field.

He didn't see the bear, so pretty soon he scampered off some distance from his hole, and began to nibble clover. Then the bear let itself drop from the limb.

He landed near the hole, got on his feet in a second, and lay flat in the clover. The woodchuck heard the thud and scampered for his hole, and the bear nabbed him and squeezed him to death in a hurry.

With a wise woodchuck out of the way, the bear had smooth sledding, and before the end of August had killed every woodchuck in the lot.

Gustavus Adolphus:

Besides being the first soldier to make his battle field a chess board, on which only his hand controlled the moves, as the late Stephen Crane has it in Lippincott's Magazine, the every day tactics of Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden stamp him as an interesting man. He has splendid courage. On taking his leave to embark in the German war, he said:

I know the perils, the fatigues, the difficulties of the undertaking, yet I am not dismayed by the wealth of the House of Austria, nor by her veteran forces. I hold my retreat secure under the worst alternative. And if it is the will of the Supreme Being that Gustavus should die in the defence of the faith, he pays the tribute with thankful acquiescence; for it is a king's duty and his religion to obey the great Sovereign of Kings without a murmur.

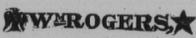
For the prosperity of all my subjects I offer my warmest prayers to heaven. I bid you all a sincere, it may be an eternal, farewell.

Gustavus was sincerely religious. He was the first man to land on the Island of Usedom, where he immediately seized a pickaxe and broke the soil for the first of his intrenchments. Then, retiring a little from his officers, he fell upon his knees and prayed. Observing a sneering expression on the faces of some of his officers, he said to them:

'A good Christian will never make a bad soldier. A man that has finished his

If your left hand does know

of your having made a gift, let us hope that the gift will be good of its kind. In the way of silver-plated knives, forks and spoons, the best bear this mark



They are the kind that lasts.

Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co.

Wallford, Conn., and Montreal, Canada.

prayers has at least completed one half of his daily work.'

The Scotch subjects of Charles I. of England felt great sympathy with Gustavus in his character as a protestant champion, and many of them entered his service. Various differences of opinion have been recorded as taking place between the Scotchmen and Gustavus, in all of which the king showed himself a man of moral courage, not afraid to apologize for and take back his hasty words.

One Colonel Seton was mortally offended at receiving a slap in the face from the king. He demanded and received instant dismissal from the Swedish service. He was riding off toward Dermark when the king overtook him.

'Seton,' he said, 'I see you are greatly offended with me, and I am sorry for what I did in haste. I have a high regard for you, and have followed you expressly to offer you all the satisfaction due to a brother officer. Here are two swords and two pistols; choose which weapon you please, and you shall avenge yourself against me.'

This was too great an appeal to Seton's magnanimity. He broke out with renewed expressions of the utmost devotion to the king and his cause, and the two men rode back to camp together.

At one time Hepburn declared with fury to Gustavus that he 'would never again unsheath his sword in the Swedish quarrel;' but he did so, and was made governor of Munich.

Douglas, a Scotchman who had enrolled himself in the Swedish army in 1628, behaved in so unpardonable a manner in Munich as to cause his arrest. Sir Henry Vane the British ambassador to Sweden, who was greatly disliked there for his insolence and obstinacy, approached Gustavus and demanded the release of Douglas.

'By heaven!' replied the king, 'if you speak another syllable on the subject of that man, I will order him to be hanged!' Presently, however, he said, 'I now release him on your parole; but I will not be affronted a second time. The fellow is a rascal, and I do not choose to be served by such animals.'

'May it please your majesty, I have always understood that the subjects of the king, my master, have rendered you most faithful services.'

'Yes, I acknowledge that the people of your nation have served me well, and far better than others,' replied the king; 'but this dog concerning whom we are talking has affronted me, and I am resolved to chastise him!'

Within a few moments he had grown calmer and said: 'Sir, I request you not to take offence at what has dropped from me. It was the effect of a warm and hasty temper. I am now cool again, and beseech you to pardon me.'

Ostrich and Soldier.

English soldiers have frequently mistaken troops of ostriches, for bands of Boers and bands of Boers ostriches says York Press. In some cases the ostriches have made friends with the soldiers. A correspondent who was with General Methuen at the Modder River writes:

While I ranged the valley or plain with my glasses, something slipped and fell heavily over the loose stones behind me. I turned, thinking to dodge or help a stumbling man, and found myself staring into the great brown eyes of an ostrich, six feet tall and with legs as thick as and longer than my own.

'He came came up here some days ago,' said the soldier, 'and he always stays here now. We feed him and fool with, and he seems very happy.'

The ostrich stalked past me and took a position between the mayor and the captain where, after appearing to observe that they were very busy scanning the landscape he, too, stared at the plain and remained erect and watchful, in appearance the highest type of a sentry. He marked this fine effect for just a moment by seizing and swallowing a box of safety matches. After that he continued his sentry duty with satisfaction in his eyes.

Riding for Insomniacs.

'Some persons believe that only "rounders" and persons who are compelled to stay downtown late use the all night cars,' said a conductor the other night, but you would be surprised to know that one night during the recent hot spell I carried twenty passengers with me during my four trips. They got on at different points along the line, principally in the south eastern section, and made the trips from Highland town to Roland Park.

'It was comical to see them perched in the corner of a seat snoozing away. One fellow told me it was the first real sleep he had had for a week. We get as nice, cool morning air as anybody, and this was the reason that twenty rode all night. That was the first time I ever noticed anybody ride for four hours, but we often



Ask the girl who has tested it.

Ask any one who has used Surprise Soap if it is not, a pure hard soap; the most satisfactory soap and most economical. Those who try Surprise always continue to use it. SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap.

Something Choice.

My Gum Picker has arrived with a lot of that lovely

SPRUCE GUM.

Come and see my window display with the real Gum Trees showing how it is procured. Don't fail to get some of this gum.

REMEMBER THE STORE: ALLAN'S WHITE PHARMACY.

87 Charlotte Street. Phone 239. Mail orders promptly filled.



It's All Right!

There's nothing wrong with any part our laundry work. Better than that—every part of it is the best that can be done anywhere. Colored shirts do not fade—woolens do not shrink—collars do not acquire saw edges—button holes are left intact when we do your work. Where shall we send the wagon, and when? Phone 214.

AMERICAN LAUNDRY,

98, 100, 102 Charlotte St. BODSOE BROS., Proprietors. Agents B. A. Dyeing Co., "Gold Medal Dyeing," Montreal.

FARM HELP.

ANYONE IN NEED OF FARM HELP should apply to Hon. A. T. Dunn at St. John, as a number of young men who have lately arrived from Great Britain are seeking employment. Applicants should give class of help wanted and any particulars with regard to kind of work, wages given, period of employment to right man, etc.

have a passenger who makes a round trip out to Roland Park and back. One man said he always could sleep better after a car ride.

Reputable physicians agree that late street car rides for insomniac sufferers are excellent.

'Let bygones be bygones' is no sort of a motto for a woman. She would turn her head round to look after a stylish bonnet, even if it broke her neck.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1900.

TOWN TALES.

An Absent Conductor

There is much ado over the continued absence of one of the most winsome of the street car conductors who left some two weeks ago, presumably for a days shooting about Hampton. The conductor who is a married man, equipped himself with gun, ammunition etc, and after getting leave from his employers started out on his little shooting trip promising his friends several braces of partridge on his return. After a week had gone by and the man did not report for duty, the Street Railway people sent to his home to see if he was ill, only to learn from his faithful young wife that she had had no tidings of him, and had not set eyes on him since he left on his shooting trip. The continued absence of the conductor has set the gossips talking and there are some who say the man went Deer hunting and took his game with him.

A Tramp That Proved a Mystery.

There is scarcely a person that passed the I. C. R. during the past two months but has noticed a mysterious looking individual in rags and tatters reclining against one of the telegraph poles immediately opposite the depot entrance. The tramp, for such he is, from his general appearance, and from his acknowledgements to those

who have tried to pump him, has been daily at his post for upwards of two months.

Nobody knows him, and he in turn knows nobody. There is an air of mystery surrounding the man, and some have advanced the theory that his rags and dirt are simply a disguise, to aid him in detecting a law breaker from across the line. The defective idea though is out of the question, as the unfortunate man has been found by the police to be sleeping in all sorts of exposed places, such as empty molasses casks, beneath wharves, etc., and detectives seldom go that far in their work.

The man is certainly a mystery however, as he is not known to ask for alms and he is said to carry a roll of bills about with him.

On or about the first of September officer Lee, who was on duty on Mill street, arrested his "trampship" as a suspicious character. He was taken to the police guard room where the police captain put him through a regular course of questions regarding himself.

The answers to the police captain were so evasive that the tramp was forcibly ejected from the guard room in a hurry.

The tramp said he did not know his own name, he never was born, had no birth place, could give no age, did not know how he came here and did not care where he would drift to.

This style of answer did not suit the police so the man was told to leave the city within an hour. That was over a month ago, yet he is still here.

In spite of the foregoing apparent ignorance of the man when confronted by the police, he is said to have written a most sensible and intelligent letter to the editor of one of the daily papers, calling attention to his condition, and complaining in general of the poor accommodation afforded strangers who could not find a public place for washing face or hands. The composition of the letter was good and proved the writer to have been a scholar.

What is more mysterious about the stranger is the fact that a complete change has overcome this man of mystery. He appeared on Monday in the same old place leaning against the pole in a new suit of clothes, clean shaven and to all appearance a new man, yet those who made any advances towards him were repulsed. A PROGRESS reporter who ventured to pick

up acquaintances found the man not too slow in the way of avoiding an interview.

Last week before we knew how much rain was in store for us, the fountain in King Square took a spasm and for three or four days refused to dispense any water. There is no knowing or deriving any reason for this phenomena, but it seems to be a great coincidence that just about that time the odor of a deceased dog was perceptible. In fact, so the legend runs, one did not need a telescope to discover the defunct canine.

Signs of "Keep off the Grass" were strewn around on all sides, but there was nary a sign of "Call off the dog," or "Turn on the Water", in sight. What a relief it would have been to pedestrians if the water had chanced to fizzle around the curbstone front.

While the fountain was dry the stench was very apparent. Those who use the Square as a "short cut" were forced to take a roundabout way to get home as they could not stand the offensive odor emitted.

Last Monday night with the "Gods" in the Gallery.

was a crusher at the opera house. If the ticket dispenser at the box office had any "S. R. O." sign for the gallery he should have hung it out.

The attraction was Yale's Evil Eye and caught the critical "gods" in great shape. Long before 6 o'clock they were in line waiting for the doors to open and get their tickets. When the box office opened up for business then came the grand rush of surging humanity. There was the small boy and his bigger brother; the young man and the old man; the white man and the colored man. All made one grand ensemble of fun-seekers.

When the extravaganza started then the fun commenced. A bright youngster exclaimed in hasty tones; 'Say, if dat constable, don't keep his "Evil Eye" off of me I'll lay for him wid a brick down de alley.'

The man that was selling the song sheets was told by a Fort Howite 'If ye don't keep off my toes, I'll be "By Yer Side Darlin'" pretty quick.' Thus the merry war went on. The "gods" enjoyed the antics of Nid and Nod and said the girls in the ballet were all right.

When the upper part of the house votes the show a good one, then the rest of the audience are sure to be satisfied. The "gods" are a little abrupt, perhaps, but visiting actors say the St. John brand are the greatest critics in the world.

GETTING A BIG MOOSE.

Exciting Gunner in the Darkness Before he Was Brought Down.

Dr. Heber Bishop of Boston has captured another monstrous moose to add to his already famous collection of game heads taken in the forests of Maine and the British provinces. His 'kill' of last year was sent to the Paris Exposition as a specimen of American game, and the antlers of the bull moose he has just slain in New Brunswick are not greatly inferior to those exhibited across the water. From a letter sent to a friend the following story of the hunt is taken:

The scene of the tragedy is laid on Canadian River and Lake stream in New Brunswick, where, accompanied by several skillful Indian guides and expert moose callers Dr. Bishop arrived on the 13th of September, pitching a camp on the first lake. The Millicite Indians began calling moose with their birch bark horns on the 17th, and lured between fifteen and twenty bulls up to within easy range before Dr. Bishop saw one that satisfied him. Twenty six bulls were seen during the trip, several of which as near as twenty five yards. Sometimes it was necessary to draw back in the canoe away from the moose, who approached so fearlessly that there was danger of a mix-up.

'Saturday evening, the 22d,' as Dr. Bishop tells the story, 'a bull was heard approaching in answer to the calls, whose deep toned challenge and hoarse grunts proved his large size and boldness. He was no less than two miles away when his answer to the horn was first heard, and became steadily down toward the canoe till about one hundred yards away.

'Our birch was lying near the outlet of the lake. A little wind was stirring and as luck decreed it, three cow moose were feeding within 500 yards of us, tearing up the lily pads with considerable noise and splashing in the shallow water. They soon attracted the attention of the big bull, and he stopped to pay his addresses to them, leaving us in the lurch to the great disgust of the Indians.

'Jim applied himself to the horn with renewed earnestness, and occasionally a low, whining coo from that instrument, a very plaintive o-o-wah, would bring an answer from his majesty, a gruff, deep-toned, w-o-o-f, and the bull would start toward us, but the nearness of the cows made him vacillate. Jim teased him with his tones from the horn till long after dark, employing every method known to his philosophy of moose calling, but without success.

'At last, about 11 o'clock, Jim suddenly announced, 'Bull no come to us. We go down to him.' He was about six hundred yards away from us, and it was so dark we could see none of the animals, but could easily hear the grunts of the bull. I had two rifles in the bow of the canoe beside me, one a 45-70 with five cartridges in the magazine, the other with only two shells in it.

Paddling in perfect silence, the guide brought the birch canoe up so near I could

see the dark outlines of the bull, who did not move until we were within thirty to forty feet of him. He had seen us coming but refused to show the white feather in the presence of the cows. After what seemed a long wait Jim told me to shoot, and I sent in my first bullet, which hit him in the neck, but did not bring him down or seem to jar him. As we expected, he promptly returned our compliment by viciously charging on the canoe. Jim retreated rapidly, backing the canoe into deeper water, while I put in another shot, breaking a hind leg, but the bull boldly continued his advance.

The cows now splashed out of the water and thrashed away through the woods. My next shot perforated one of the moose's ears. It was impossible, owing to the darkness, to see the sights on the rifle, and aim had to be taken by the direction, but another shot chanced to be so placed as to hit him hard, and he turned back for the shore. Jim then charged, in his turn, and as the bull began to rise from the water, getting his feet upon the bottom in the shallow water near the shore, I fired the remaining cartridges I had in the rifles, seven in all. The old fellow lacked strength to climb out of the water, and fell down where it was about three feet deep, heading toward us at the same time, his big eyes glaring like two balls of fire.

'His weight was too much for us to handle, so, going back to camp, we secured reinforcements among the other Indians, and soon after daylight dragged the shaggy carcass out upon the shore. Then I found that five of my seven shots had taken effect. He was a very large bull standing 7 feet 2 inches high at the shoulder. The spread between the tips of his antlers was fifty seven inches and they had eighteen points.

The Courts View of its own Lenity. Judge Hamilton Finney, who is visiting friends in Kansas City, was formerly police judge there, and he has by long odds the time record for holding a case under advisement. Twenty years is the time and the case is not decided yet.

It was when Judge Guinotte was a young law student in the office of Tichenor & Warner. He had a case in one of the Justices' courts one day, which had been postponed on two or three occasions. On this particular day he demanded a trial. The lawyer on the other side, a man very unpopular with all judges and attorneys grew abusive. Then he became so insulting that young Guinotte's French blood boiled over and he threw a heavy inkstand at the man striking him on the head. The result was that Guinotte was arrested for disturbing the peace. He went before Judge Finney the next morning in the police court.

'Are you guilty or not guilty?' asked the judge.

'Guilty,' answered Mr. Guinotte. Ordinary that would settle case. The judge is supposed to have no alternative except to punish. Judge Finney scowled.

'Young man,' he said, 'this a case of a most aggravated assault. You actually struck this man with an inkstand. It's so serious I'll take matter under advisement.' He still has it under advisement, and the reason can be understood from the conversation between the judge and Mr. Tichenor after court had adjourned on the same day of the trial.

'You took Guinotte's case under advisement?' asked Mr. Tichenor.

'Yes,' answered the judge, 'but I ought to have fined him for not breaking that fellow's neck!'

ILLINOIS'S VANISHED CAPITAL.

The Historic Town of Kaskaskia Entirely Swept Away by the Mississippi.

One hundred years before Illinois became a Territory and 111 years before it became a state there was a town at Kaskaskia. Fifty years before there was a white settlement at St. Louis or any military post at Pittsburg, and ninety-six years before the foundations were laid for Fort Dearborn at Chicago, Kaskaskia was a thriving village.

As early as 1710 there were in the town three mills for grinding corn. As early as 1765 the town contained sixty-five families of whites. In 1771, five years before the Revolutionary War, it contained eighty houses and had a population of 500 whites and 500 negroes. In 1809 it was made the capital of the State from 1818 until 1821 and was the seat of Randolph county jail until 1847.

The first brick house built west of Pittsburg was constructed in Kaskaskia. For over half a century Kaskaskia was the metropolis of the Upper Mississippi Valley and was the focus of commerce in the Northwest territory.

On Thursday the last vestige of this historic settlement was swept away by the Mississippi river. The work of destruction that began with the great flood of 1844 was completed, and the home of the early Illinois governors—the first State capital—ceased to exist. Its destruction was complete. Not a stone was left to mark the place.

Chicago, that was built in a swamp, is the second city in America. New Orleans located in what was believed an unsafe and unhealthy district, is the commercial metropolis of the Southwest. But Kaskaskia, which was set on a spot chosen from the boundless variety of the virgin West, is merely a memory.

Where It's a Success.

'Is marriage a failure?' 'I should say not,' remarked an Oregon farmer. 'Why, there's Lucindy, gits up in the mornin', milks six cows, gits breakfasts, starts four children to skool, looks after the other three, feeds the hens, likewise the hogs, likewise some motherless sheep, skins 20 pans of milk, washes the clothes, gits dinner, et cetera, et cetera. Think I could hire anybody to do it for what she gits? Not much! Marriage, sir, is a success—a great success!'

SURPRISED THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

A Skull and Crossbones Appeared to the Negative to the Terror of the Operator.

A professional photographer tells the tale of a practical joke.

One day a man came to sit for his likeness. To the ordinary eye he looked like any other young man. A couple of plates were exposed, and then the assistant who was operating went into the darkroom to develop the negatives.

He was gone much longer than usual, and was heard berating the junior assistant pretty soundly for playing pranks with the apparatus. When he returned to the studio he asked for another sitting, and apologized for having before used spoiled plates.

This time when he went away to develop he was heard to utter a slight scream, but he reappeared and said there was a peculiar effect in the negative which he couldn't account for, and would the sitters oblige him again.

Once more he went to develop; then the bell rang violently for the master, and the two held a long consultation in the dark-room together. This time the master tried his hand, and went away to develop. It was not long before he returned and said he was sorry not to be able to get a satisfactory likeness, but a skull and crossbones appeared defined on the young man's forehead.

'Rubbish!' said the sitters; 'my forehead's all right. Can you see anything the matter with my forehead?' and he peered into a mirror as he spoke.

'No, there's nothing that I can see,' answered the photographer. 'But I should be obliged if you will please go away and not come here again; this sort of thing is just a wee bit creepy.'

Upon this there was a dreadful scene; but the upshot was that the young man had to go, and up to the present has not returned.

The explanation of the matter is that the young man was a bit of a scientist, and had been playing a joke on the photographer. Bisulphate of quinine is a chemical which is white in the naked eye, but seems black by the camera. Anything that is painted on the skin, therefore, with the chemical will be ordinarily invisible, but will come out prominently in a photograph.

Sympathy Not What Was Wanted.

A native of the mountain district of Kentucky had occasion to go on a journey recently, and before starting, took out an accident policy. He chanced to be one of the victims of a railway collision, and the next morning his widow, armed with a newspaper report in which his name was mentioned among the killed, called on the agent of the insurance company and demanded the money.

'But, madam,' said the agent, 'we will have to have more definite proof before we can pay your claim.'

'More proof!' exclaimed the bereaved woman.

Why he's dead'n a door nail, I reckon.

Possibly, my dear madam,' answered the polite agent, 'and I'm very sorry.'

'Sorry! You are sorry, are you?'

I certainly am, madam. I sincerely sympathize with you in your sad affliction.'

'But hain't you goin' to give me the money what's comin' to me?'

'Not to-day. Your claim will have to be investigated first.'

That's just like a good-fer nothin' man,' angrily retorted the bereaved woman. 'You all are mighty perlitte 'bout things so long as they hain't costin you nothin', but the minnet a poor lone female does git a chance to git hold of a liddle spen'din' money, you got the gall to say you're sorry.'

And the indignant female slammed the door.

Asking Too Much.

'I will not attempt to evade your question Mr. Spoonmore,' the young woman said, with heightened color. 'While we may not be suited to each other in all respects, it is due to say that I would marry you as willingly as anybody I know.'

'You fill me with—'

'Wait a moment, please. You know, do you not, that I am the owner of several building lots away out near Linkson Park?'

'Yes, but surely you do not—'

'Certainly not, Mr. Spoonmore. I do not mean to intimate that you are actuated by mercenary motives. Far from it. You know I am not rich. You are aware, I presume, that all the property I can call my own consists of those lots.'

'I know, dear girl, but that doesn't make the slightest dif—'

'I am sure of it, but it was not of that I was about to speak. It has cost me all I have been able to save to pay taxes and special assessments on those lots. The city owes me rebates amounting to hundreds of dollars. Now, Mr. Spoonmore, I cannot become any man's wife without a bridal trousseau, and I cannot afford one now. I will be your wife when I receive the money due me from the city as rebates on those lots, and not before.'

With a howl of despair the baffled lover fled into the night. He was still young, but he couldn't wait forever.

A Test of Good Jam.

'No, Tommie dear, you don't get any more jam. Next time, when you have been a very good child, you yet some more.'

'Say, mother, do you think it will keep so long?'

Prof. W. M. Sloane of Princeton has written an article on "Napoleon, the Boy," to appear in THE YOUTH'S COMPANION of October 11th. He paints a vivid picture of the early hardships and struggles of a boy of humble origin who became the greatest soldier and statesman of his time, and Emperor of the French.

Advertisement for 'Surprise' soap, featuring an illustration of a woman's face and the text 'k the girl who has tested it. any one who has used Surprise Soap if it is not, a pure soap, the most satisfactory and most economical. Those who try Surprise Soap continue to use it. Surprise is a pure hard Soap.'

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Sunday Reading.

Mrs. Margaret Bottome's Heart to Heart Talks With the King's Daughters

The other day a friend gave me some verses she had had printed and in a moment after reading them I seemed to be in touch with all who read my page in this magazine and who have seen a beautiful form pass out of sight that inhaled the jewel that was their very life, and again I said, 'Oh I wish I could send them this little poem.' And you see this is the only way I can do it. I am thankful for this wonderful channel of communication between us. These are the verses:

'A Robin's Egg.' 'Only think of it—love and song, The passionate joy of the summer long, Mattos and vesper, ah! how sweet, A nest to be in the village street, A red breast flashing in happy flight, Life's full ecstasy and delight Thrilling God's minstrel through and through— All of them packed in this egg of bliss!

'World you believe it, holding dumb Lime and pigon at 'twixt finger and thumb? Would you believe there was love within Walls so brittle and cold and thin? Such a song as you heard last night, Thrilling the grove in the sunset light? 'Out of the casket in which we dwell What may issue?—can you foretell? Can you say, when you find outspread Bits of our eggshell, we are dead? Can you think, if this shell be crushed, All that was in it is cold and hushed? Look once more at this bit of blue— Has it no message of hope for you.

As I read the poem it took me back in memory to a sad hour in my life, not yet two years ago, when there came to me from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Babcock his touching little poem, entitled 'Emancipation.'

We are all Richer Than We Think we are.

Not only do we feel so often that we are unknown, but the influence of what we do is unknown to us. Many of us are undoubtedly far richer than we think we are. We sow the seed but we do not see the harvest, and we forget the old word, "He that sows the seed, shall doublets come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." There are words we have somehow delegated to certain occasions. We expect to hear them read at a funeral, but we do not take the comfort of them when we might; we do not see below the surface; our eyes get dim with weeping. It is not so with St. Paul. As he said of the seed, "It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body." We speak thus of the seed which we sow in the earth. Alas, we do not say it when we so need to say it. We seldom call our graves our gardens, and now that I so long to comfort all those who mourn, "with the comfort wherewith I was comforted of God," I feel that I must give you the little poem of which I spoke. It should certainly comfort all who need comforting, all who are sorrowing over the loss of a dear one. The poem which so comforted me was:

'Emancipation.' 'Why be afraid of death, As though your life were breath? Death but uncovers your eyes With clay, Oh, glad surprise! 'Why should you be forlorn? Death only buds the corn; Why should you fear to meet The threshold of the west? 'Why should it be a wretch To leave your wooden bench? Why not with laugh and shout Run home, when school is out? 'The dear ones left behind, Oh, foolish one and blind, A day—and you will meet, A night—and you will greet! 'This is the death of Death— To breathe away a breath, And know the end of strife, And taste the deathless life. 'And joy without a fear, And smile without a tear, And work, nor care to rest; And find the last the best.'

One Who Wandered Away From Home.

A few months ago there was a painfully interesting story in the papers about a young man of an exceedingly good family who wandered about without knowing to whom he belonged. He went here and there into business places and elsewhere with an anxious look on his face asking ever the same questions, Who am I? Who owns me? And on being questioned it was discovered that for some cause or other he had lost all knowledge of his name and his home, and could not tell whether he had any father or mother or relatives. Meantime he was missed from his home, his

mother and brothers and sisters, who loved him so much, were nearly distracted because they could not get any trace of him, but at last some one recognized him and said he would take him home, and did so. His mother threw her arms around him, crying, 'My son! my son!' But, alas, it was the same questions, 'Who am I? Who owns me?' His mother kept saying, 'Why, I am your mother,' and the brothers and sisters echoed the mother, 'Why, you are our brother, our dear lost brother.' But there was no look of recognition, and he tried to put them away from him, saying, 'I don't know you. Who are you?' The physician who was sent for immediately ordered him to be put to bed, and in the fever which came on it was ever the same old questions, 'Who am I? Who owns me?'

As I read the story I thought of the many, many who really do not know themselves, or why they are here, or who owns them. You know in the Oriental story of the Prodigal Son, told by Christ Himself, there came a moment when the Prodigal Son came to himself. He had been away from his true self, and he had gone lower and lower, farther and farther away, till at last, as it is written, he came to himself, he recognized his condition, and then he said, 'I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned.' Ah, he had indeed come to himself, and he knew where to go—to his father—and he said the right thing.

We One and All Belong to God.

We are owned, no matter how poorly off we may be for earthly relations—all may have gone. Occasionally I meet some one who says, "I am the last of my family" But the Heavenly Father remains. Some one owns us. We are always children of God. We may have lost ourselves, but we belong to God who is, "our Father." And Christ comes and says to us as the brothers and sisters said to the young man who wandered around New York City, saying "Who am I? Who owns me?" "I am your brother, you are my brother!" Christ says this to every soul, every lost soul, for we are lost, we are out of our right mind, and so it is written, "He restoreth my soul." Oh, the deep, unearthly joy that comes when we can say, "I know my Father; He owns me for His child." "I know Christ, my elder brother, and now I regard all men and women as my brothers and sisters."

What a deep meaning we see in "Ye are not your own." Ye belong to God. All the unutterable rest is there. All the solution of the mysteries or the willingness to wait till they are solved. If we have come to ourselves, if we are safe at home with the Father (and the soul has no other home), for never till the soul can exclaim, "My Father," have we found our real selves—till then we are lost, not even knowing who we are nor to whom we belong.

The longer I live the more I am compelled to think that this knowledge of "who we are" and "to whom we belong" is not common.

What Our Order Really Means.

Just after our Order of The King's Daughters was formed there was one word we were fond of, 'Whose I am and Whom I serve.' We saw that God was our Father; we had come home to Him and our pleasure was to serve Him. And we cannot afford to get away in the least from his truth; and there is always danger, there is so much calculated to take away our mind, our real mind, our spiritual mind. We often hear of this or that one 'losing his head,' as we say, and it is a very serious thing to lose one's spiritual head. And you may have a head for everything but the one thing that is of eternal value, and so, of course, the most valuable of all things.

Suppose I know my earthly relations; suppose I know where I live, the street and number—that is only the residence of my body. What is the home of my soul? To whom does my soul belong? Where am I to go when I leave my earthly residence? How they are leaving earth, so last, so many have gone. Am I anticipating going to the Father's house? I do not see where the joy is coming in, if I do not know my Father. So do you not see with increased interest that the first article of our constitution as an order meets the

deepest need in us? This order is for the developing of spiritual life.

Tell Your Needs to Your Heavenly Father.

We have eternal life; we inherit eternal life; but you may inherit that which you do not possess because you have not claimed your inheritance. 'This is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son.' Claim your inheritance! Declare yourselves to be the sons and daughters of God! Be confidential with your Heavenly Father; tell Him your needs, though it is written, 'Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask Him,' yet He loves to be asked; he loves to be confided in, loves to be trusted, and only in this way you can enter into a deeper, more satisfactory companionship with him. He is not like some fathers who do not seem to care to become intimate with their own children. I have known earthly fathers who did not suggest to my mind the Heavenly Father, and I have known those who did. It is a great blessing to have a memory of a perfect father. It seemed to me in the long ago when my father left us that nothing on earth could ever look the same again. And there was such comfort to me in the words 'The Father of the fatherless.' Now, shall we not from this time arise and go to our Father. We need to be continually saying, I will arise and go to my Father.

Live for Others, Not for Yourself.

The quakers have a way of saying they 'have a concern'; so at this time I want to tell you young girls that I have a concern about them. 'Now, I may be mistaken, and if I am, no one will be gladder than I shall be. There was in the early spring a wonderful gathering in the city of New York, and one night I sat where I faced an audience the like of which had not been seen in any city. Two thousand eight hundred delegates from all parts of the world were in that audience, and one Name had brought them together, one work in all the world was theirs: to make the meaning of that Name known, and what the One who bore that Name could do for them. That was the meaning of the wonderful Ecumenical Conference composed of missionaries from all over the world.

One night I saw all the young girls that I talk and write to in a flash of my imagination. A speaker was called to the platform, the Rev. Dr. Eaton, from the Hebrides. The vast audience applauded most enthusiastically as he ascended the steps to the platform, and when he said, 'I am an old man,' the applause was thundering. Why such applause for an old man! Do we generally applaud where we see a very old man or an old woman? Never, unless they did something before they were old. The world of society is conservative, I admit. It will give you your dues, but it will never pay you what you have not earned.

As that old man stood on that platform and I listened to the applause I saw you young people and your chance. And your chance is now. This is your only opportunity to secure applause in the future—and mark, you must live for others; you must live for the humanity that needs help if you want to have your name like ointment poured forth.—Ladies' Home Journal.

RECOGNIZED THE WILD MAN.

Paid Ten Cents to See Him and Found Him to Be His Long-Lost Brother.

The Macon Ga., street fair is drawing to a close. Some amusing incidents have occurred during the week. The wild man has been at his business so long that he learned it quite thoroughly, and now he thinks he ought to have better wages. To the public he never says a word, but he talked some good plain English to his employers yesterday. He intimated that he would form a wild man's union if necessary to get higher wages. His employers understood to tell him who he was and to remind him that he was in their power, but he swore in all the oaths peculiar to the wild man's vernacular, declaring that he would quit being wild and become civilized before he would continue to eat raw meat and wallow around at the end of steel chains in a hot pit for \$1.50 a day. It was finally agreed that he could have \$2 a day, and he went back down into the pit and is now wilder than ever.

This particular wild man has a brother who has for some time been wandering about in civilization; and a romantic meeting occurred between the two yesterday. They didn't fall on each other's necks and weep. The civilized brother paid his dime to see the wild man, not dreaming that he was to see his own long-lost brother. After gazing into the pit for a few minutes, his eyes resting on the raw meat and huge steel chains rather than on the creature so securely bound, he looked at the well-advertised wild man. He started as if, about to

scream. Then he caught the wild man's eyes, and they recognized each other. They both broke out in a big ha! ha! ha! the wild man laughing just like his civilized brother.

The management did not allow the two to get together, but hurriedly ejected the civilized brother. As the wild man had just received a raise of 50 cents a day, he was satisfied to let his brother continue to wander in the walks of civilization.

THE ONLY HOME PACKAGE DYES IN THE WORLD THAT GIVE PERFECT RESULTS.

The scientific preparation of dyestuffs and putting them up in proper shape for family dyeing has been brought to perfection by Wells & Richardson Co., who are proprietors of the celebrated Diamond Dyes. These popular dyes have banished from the homes of Canada madder, fustic, logwood, cochineal and all other antiquated dyestuffs. The work of home dyeing is now done quickly and successfully by Diamond Dyes; the process is one that would astonish our grandparents. To-day millions all over the world use the scientific Diamond Dyes in preference to all others. Diamond Dyes command themselves to all who use them, because they are the strongest, brightest and fastest and the easiest to work with. Diamond Dyes, like all other perfect and popular preparations, are largely imitated in style of package and the way they are put up. These imitations are worthless and adulterated dyes, ruinous to all kinds of goods and dangerous to handle. Great caution is advised when buying dyes for home use. Ask only for the "Diamond"; see that the name is on every packet.

The Cat Got Out.

There is a Detroit woman, recently back from a trip that extended to Europe, who is doing her honest best not to tell what is here recorded: "You know," she confided, "that Mr. Blank and I are life long friends. In fact, we grew up together in the same Vermont village, ate out of the same dinner baskets and attended the same functions from children's picnics to the stiff parties that come later. It happened that we both found homes in Detroit. Blank has a great reputation as an impromptu speaker, one who can gather inspiration from his surroundings and delight an audience on every occasion. I have always been proud of his gift, and never fail when I am present, to tell how he and I were boy and girl together.

A choice lot of Americans had a little dinner in Paris, and Blank gave us a delightful talk that made me prouder than he seemed to be. It was replete with patriotism and humor. Two weeks later I was unexpectedly present when he talked to another set of exposition visitors. They wondered how he could get up and evolve such pleasing sentiments on the spur of the moment. I was not so wildly enthusiastic, for it was the same speech I had heard from him a fortnight before. 'In Berlin and in Rome there were enough of us compatriots to hold a social session, and late had it that I was the only one in the respective audiences that had heard Blank before. He captivated them with the same old speech and looked at me just as though I were causing him a great deal of unnecessary trouble. It was a coincidence that we returned on the same ship and he captured all with the same old talk. Neither of us told the other of a purpose to visit the old Vermont town, but we met there and he electrified the people with that speech. I was so wrought up that I just took him aside and made him promise never to use that address again, the consideration being that I would never tell this story.

The Latest Version.

The nine hundred and ninety ninth version of Maud Muller, clipped from the Butler Herald, sizes her and the hay field up in the following metre: 'Maud Muller on a summer's day raked the meadow fresh with hay, and the bumblebee and garter snake she also raked with her little rake. And the wind that blew that summer day brought Maud freckles in a frightful way, and her neck was roasted and her face was baked, but still she raked, and raked and raked. It that seems that her pap was away that day 'o some political fol de ray, and her mother, too, was a delegate to a hen convention out of the state. And the hired man in his hand me down was attending a circus that day in town. So Maud was left alone that day to do the chores and rake the hay. And she pitched in her level best and only took an occasional rest, then she'd spit on her hands once more and take a better hold of her little rake. But as she wrestled the new mown grass

these words from her lips did sadly pass: 'Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these: 'They've gone again, they're away attending other folks' affairs, and left me here to manage theirs.'

Conscience Stricken.

The great playwright awoke with a start. He was one of these great playwrights who make forty plays a year, comic operas, tragedies, comedies, romances, 'adaptations,' anything.

Where they obtain the material—not pen ink and paper, but plots, and the like—the admiring public wonders. But, then, the admiring public has no memory, and no library.

Well, the great playwright awoke with a start. Something unusual, he knew intuitively, was about to happen.

He heard a noise from downstairs. Burglars! Creeping stealthily down the stairs, he discovered a masked robber at his jewel casket.

'Aha!' cried the great playwright, 'stealing!' 'No,' replied the burglar, calmly, for he had recognized the great playwright, 'I am merely 'adapting.'

The great playwright hung his head and retreated stung to the quick.

Solving the Problem.

Domestic—'I'm much obliged to ye, Mum, fer sendin' me to that cookin' school so long. Here's me diplomer wot I got terday.

Mistress (who thinks she has solved the servant girl problem)—'I am delighted. Now I presume you can cook.'

Domestic—'Please, Mum, th' teacher said we couldn't be expected to remember all we learned, an' we must buy her cookin' book, an' keep it by us all th' time.'

Mistress—'Certainly. I will get you a copy.'

Domestic—'Thankee, Mum. An' please Mum, wud ye mind sendin' me fer a few terms to boardin' school till I learn to read.'

An Exchange.

Mr. Johnson—'What's dat package on de end dar?'

Ah Wash—'Dat b'long to Mistiah Black up steet.'

Mr. Johnson—'Wall, dat'll do. Sam Black an' me washes de same collars. Ef mine aint ready you gimme dat an' gib him de jolly you was tryin' ter gib me.'

Tired Brain Weak Nerves.

Irritability, Despondency and Body Irregularities Are Corrected by Using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Millions of brain and nerve cells are daily consumed by the activities of the body and its various organs and as many more new cells must be created to take their place. Otherwise there is a wasting away of nerve tissue until nervous prostration, paralysis, epilepsy, or insanity are brought on. The same cell changes which hasten the progress of disease speed the work of repair when curative agencies are at work. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food stops the waste and restores vitality by the building-up process. Through the blood and nerves it rekindles the vital flame in the brain and nerves and restores health and strength to the pale, weak and nervous.

Mr. A. T. P. Lalame, railway agent at Clarencetown, Que., writes: For twelve years I have been run down with nervous debility. I suffered much, and consulted doctors and used medicines in vain. Some months ago I heard of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, used two boxes, and my health improved so rapidly that I ordered twelve more.

"I can say frankly that this treatment has no equal in the medical world. While using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I could feel my system being built up until now I am strong and healthy. I cannot recommend it too highly for weak nervous people." Mrs. Chas. H. Jones, Princeton, Que., writes: "For years I have been a great sufferer with my heart and nerves. I would take shaking spells and a dizzy swimming feeling would come over me. Night after night, I would never close my eyes, and my head would ache as though it would burst. At last I had to keep to my bed, and though my doctor attended me from fall until spring his medicine did not help me. "I have now taken five boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and it has done me more good than I ever believed a medicine could do. Words fail to express my gratitude for the wonderful cure brought about by this treatment."

For men, women and children Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is of incalculable worth as a blood builder, nerve revitalizer and general restorative. Through the medium of the blood and nerves it reaches every organ of the body and carries with it new vitality, new vigor and new confidence. Disease and weakness cannot exist when Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is used. In pill form, 50c. a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Advertisement for H. Packard & Co. featuring a shoe and the text 'All is Not Gold that Glitters.' 'Shining, Well-Preserved Shoe is a Sure Sign that...'

was a perfect god-send to the wall—and it mattered not one jot to him partners were, or what they look with one exception—Maud.

will attend to the Miss Brownes. Thrills! They know so few people, and no parents here to forage for Don't they look sweet? Quite the room. Now remember what you are at liberty to please yourself please me too. Do your best, lively, as she turned to go away.

Lucy was right, after all. one—only suppose—this good-looking man, with whom half the girls erville were smitten, really had her out for special attention.

could not have been a woman if a gratified vanity had not made her sweetest, and infuse some extra pleasure into her manner.

fraud I've only two left," she re-teringly; and eagerly he scribbled als against both, vowing to have tras put on immediately for his own benefit.

really done my duty," he mused as ed away, "for I asked them all, di-ny attentions, as Mrs. Montague d. The eldest and the youngest the second and third for one. Miss very nice. I like her exceedingly, ight she is really splendidly hand- and she is divine. I wonder if she anything of what lies in my heart, hat has kept me in Somerville so 'bess are my favourites, the eldest youngest; they are also the best- and their beauty is not only physi- e is also the reflex of a pure, true- ring from out their eyes. The other pretty in a commonplace way Now duty' dances. This ball reminds on I had to take a horrid powder child—first the bitter, then the 'll glad Maud's dances come last, 'll look forward to them the whole

when his first dance with Mary ar- was charmed in spite of himself. alized perfectly, she was one of the room, and an exceedingly good tionalist.

g is a word here, or a question he contrived to make him talk of and his aspirations in life. Natur-opic turned upon his mother, his childhood; and, with a quick etonishment, he realized, as they eturn to the ball room, that he had ore freely to this sweet, rather sad- rner than he had done to any oth- in the whel course of his life; that, but he had really enjoyed the e, and was quite sorry when it

ave another dance later on," he e passed on to his next partner, d I am quite looking forward to

imiled meaningly at her sister as ay on his arm, and a sudden ang into Mary's face as she caught 's eyes.

hat moment, she really had for- plain Despard's supposed fancy t. There had been no touch of of or sentiment in his manner, iendship.

exquisitely your sister dances," ob- riginal, as he strolled across the h Lucy. "I quite congratulate on securing her for a second

Continued on Fifteenth Page.)

Advertisement for Cancer medicine with text 'Tumors...'

For Canadian testimonials & 30-page book, write Dept. 11, Mason's Medicine, Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Ontario.

## BIG SLIM'S WANDERINGS.

A Tramp from Love of It; but on Occasion an Actor—Just Back Now from Mule Whacking in South Africa.

Serving as super captain in the "Arizona" company is a tall, broad-shouldered, thick-set individual weighing something more than 200 pounds, with a pair of eyes that seem to look everywhere at once, and with a peculiar gait not unlike that of a sailor. Those who see the show from in front of the stage catch an occasional glimpse of him when his gigantic figure in chaparral and sombrero is seen directing the excitable cowpunchers of the Cauley ranch, and the ease with which he plays the part has attracted the attention of those who have been privileged to see the genuine article and has aroused in them the belief that the part is not entirely assumed.

In this they are right. The big individual who on the stage directs cowpunchers with the ways of a professional and off the stage is the company's baggage master, is familiarly known as Big Slim, and cattle punching is only one of many occupations in which he has become expert in travelling from one end of this country to the other and all over the globe as well. Steamboating, soldiering, mining and acting have all been taken up and dropped as some new fancy caught his brain, and his life is like a romance with the scene shifting at a moment's warning from the Western plains to the capitals of Europe.

In the theatrical profession this nomad is known as well as he is among the cowpunchers of the West, for he can boast of having been an unofficial member of Sir Henry Irving's company, and of having assisted Mme Bernhardt and Mme Rejane in Paris.

To him the theatrical profession is as a last resort when opportunity for some exciting things has for the moment disappeared. No stage manager believes that Big Slim will stay with him long. It is perhaps as a knight of the road that this individual is most extraordinary, and he will tell you of his experiences as though they were the commonplace ones of life. As a tramp he has crossed the continent six times, riding on freight cars in the three ways known only in trampdom, and has wandered over Europe and the South African veldt in the same manner. The scars of six bullet wounds he carries on his body, some of them meaning weeks spent in hospitals. He has been for days without food or drink and then on the other hand he has dined at the Waldorf with the case of a man to whom a beef stew at a tramp's camp fire is as a bit of fiction.

The confidence of the gypsy, for such he practically is, is rather hard to get and even when obtained it is with hesitation that he will tell you of his life. It must not be gathered from this that it is a tale of hard luck. On the contrary it is a story of experiences openly invited and of a life that Big Slim would not change for the conventional one if you threw a fortune in with it. What he has learned from his study of tramp life he takes as much pleasure in as a bibliophile does over books that have taken him years to collect. What is more refreshing still, he has no desire to put his experience in a book or give lectures, although his ability to do this cannot be questioned.

This was shown when he got his present job with the "Arizona" Company. He met up with the show when the company was in Kansas City last year, but when the company reached Chicago he disappeared. One day last month, when rehearsals were going on at the Herald Square Theatre, Big Slim reported at the stage door and asked to see the manager.

"Where have you been, Slim?" asked Mr. Selwyn, when the big fellow walked into his office.

"Just back from Cape Town," quietly remarked Slim at the same time producing a greasy bit of paper which proved to be a discharge from the Quartermaster's Department of the British Army.

He had gone with a trainload of mules to New Orleans and from there to South Africa on a transport, but it was with the greatest reluctance that he told this, evidently believing that his discharge paper was of no interest except to show that he had left his last occupation in good standing.

"When I got Cape Town," he said, "they wanted me to join an irregular corps of rough riders. They looked more like rough walkers. I told the Britishers that I hoped the Boers would make grease spots out of all of them and they concluded then they didn't want me so bad. Do I get my old job back or do I go to the Philippines?"

Despite the uncertainty of his future movements, Big Slim got the job, for the

stage manager concluded it was better to have a genuine cow puncher than an imitation article when one could be procured with so little trouble.

The English army is not the only one in which this gypsy of the theatrical profession has served. When war with Spain broke out he was beating trains and enjoying the life of a tramp in the northwest. Five minutes after he heard about the Rough Riders he was on the bumpers of a freight car bound for Tampa and when he got there the first thing he did was to apply for a job at whacking mules, one of the many occupations he had taken up. His services were accepted and he went all through the Cuban campaign with the regiment. One of the many souvenirs which he has kept is the discharge he received signed by Col. Roosevelt.

The right name of this soldier of fortune this knight of the road, who walks the rialto one day and the ties the next, is E. W. Carr. Big Slim has no use for that name except when extreme formality requires it. Years ago he was called California Joe. From the Canada line down into Mexico, and from California to Chicago, California Joe was known to tramps as about the youngest in the business. When he grew up, slender at first, these very same companions dubbed him Big Slim and as that he is known today from one coast to the other among the country's floating population. This name is a misfit today because his build is that of a heavyweight pugilist. Despite this fact it is dollars to doughnuts that when the present super-captain joins once again, as he says he will his old companions waiting on the Jersey meadows for a freight to take them West he will be greeted as Big Slim and there won't be many in the party who won't know him either.

"You want to know what I've been doing all my life?" said Big Slim the other day to a reporter who had ventured to ask him if all he had heard about him was true. "Well the only thing to say is that I've been on the bum. That covers everything. I joined the great army of professional vagabonds when I was 13 years old not because I had to but because I wanted to and I'm one of 'em yet. I was born with a desire to roam, and the happiest moment of my life was when following the advice and instructions of one of the best known tramps in the country then, I swung on a freight car at Santiago, Cal., and started on the bum for New Mexico.

"That man taught me pretty near all I know about what a tramp has to know to get along, and today I've got every tramp in this country beaten forty ways from the deuce to beating trains. When I was 13 years old I could ride the bumpers or the deck of a freight car with the best of 'em and it's only when I get a job like this for a while that I'm not riding that way. That man who taught me how to be a bum took me across the Mojave desert riding on the rods underneath a freight car and their ain't many bums who ever thought about even trying such a thing. Every tramp can ride that way, but they ain't tryin' it across that desert, you can bet.

"Mojave, the town, is where I first felt a tramp's hunger and where the only way to get food known to those of the profession who occasionally hit that town was to beat a bear to the meat. This bear was kept near a hotel for visitors to look at. The game was to get his food when they fed him and that's how every tramp gets food while in Mojave.

"Before I was 21 I had been all through Mexico and the West prospecting, shearing sheep and picking fruit. Then I decided to become an actor and came here. That was in 1888. I joined Josephine Cameron's repertoire company, or replete company as it ought to be called, and went all over South America with her. Josephine had more nerve than you could put in a box car. We got stranded all over South America, but she managed always to pull us out by saying she was the wife of a big Mason and getting all the Masons where she was to put up the coin.

"When I got back I went out with another company which played standard dramas. We got stranded in Portsmouth, Ohio, and I had to pound the railroad ties for thirty miles to get to the next stopping place. Along in the early '90s I went down to South Africa and became a sundowner. That's what they call a tramp there because he's a bum that walks from farm to farm and always manages to get at a farm at sundown. In that way he gets a bed and food with the servants. That's the way I travelled all over the veldt,

When I got tired of that country I went to England. I was a bum there, too, but the English bums, I want to say are no good I found. Beside the American tramp they're a lot of workhouse stiffs.

"There's no beating trains there. You have got to keep the pike and its slow goin'. I was on the bum all through England, Ireland and Scotland. Then I hit London and joined the theatrical profession again just to get a chance to clean up for a while. I worked for Imre Kiraly for a time. Then I went over to Irving's theatre, the Lyceum, and got a job as head spear. I was a big, strong fellow and Irving was looking around just at the time for a man who could carry more iron than the rest of them. I happened to suit and I played with his company for nearly two seasons. There ain't a man on the stage can beat Henry Irving and it don't matter whether you carry a spear for him or what you do he'll always have a kind word to say to you.

"I came over here with him, but when I reached New York I decided that I'd been away from my old friends too long. I told Mr. Irving I thought I'd go on the bum again and he gave me a letter that I've got yet. That letter's got me food when I've been hungry and a job when I wanted work and I wouldn't exchange it for a whole bunch of coin.

"I was all over the country after that cattle punching, shearing sheep, picking fruit, doing everything. Sometimes I didn't have a cent and then again for a time I'd be on the velvet. I never stayed that way long, for the other bums don't have any use for you then. When I got tired of the bum in this country I tried the foreign kind again. After visiting most of the big cities I struck Paris and decided to join the theatrical profession again. This time it was with Bernhardt. I was a super for a long time at her show shop in Paris. Then I quit her for some of the other theatres there but I always got tired of it in the end. A man's not himself in a theatre. Everything is artificial. In Europe a good part of the applause is artificial, too, as it were to speak.

"When on the bum I've been shot at by infuriated brakemen and sometimes hit, bitten by dogs, drilled out of towns too numerous to mention, and yet, say what you may, it's a life that beats the theatre business all out because it's real, and a theatre is a continuous make-up in ideas and everything.

It mustn't be taken for granted that every one on the bum fights shy of work. There's very few tramps that don't take a turn once in awhile at something. It's generally at cutting wood. They speak of sawing and splitting as playing the American bass fiddle and swinging the great American tomahawk. Those who in the springtime get an itch for work do a little shorthand writing in a man's garden with his spade. In the fall the Eastern bums pick hops and the Western bums pick wheat. So you see for those who look for a little work occasionally to vary the monotony of a life of ease there is generally something to do. There's a lot of bums who never will work, and they are called yegs. A yeg has got no use for the other kind of bum. They call 'em shovel-stiffs, and you rarely on the road see the two classes together. Despite this class distinction every man is an equal when he's on the bum. There's a rule in trampdom that if you're good you ride. That means that if you look all right you can ride on a freight car with those who got on it just a little ahead of you.

"There are good men and also intellectual men who are travelling over this country as vagabonds of this sort, and I don't believe the number comes very far from reaching a million. There's more every year. I've met graduates of Yale, Princeton, Oxford and Cambridge around a camp fire cooking a bum stew, and I've heard them swap college experiences and get off recitations in Greek for the delectation of the gathering. Some are men who have eaten as I have at the Waldorf and at Beefsteak John's, and have been with the best and worst. All of them are intellectual men because the railroads try to beat them every year and can't do it. It's on the same theory that a safe cracker is better than a banker. There ain't a railroad in this country that can beat the real professional bum at any stage of the game. If he's in a hurry often he travels as fast as those who give up the coin.

"I've been back and forth between here and Chicago fully twenty times and I've made the trip in from two to four days and once in twenty four hours. That was when I took the Limited. I found it was pretty easy to take such a train if one was in a hurry, the only trouble being that it was necessary to be able to endure a twenty four hour fast. It was a case of riding on the roof during the day and the platform of the baggage car at night. I don't know whether any bum has ever tried it, but if they did I guess they'd find it as

easy as I did. It only goes to show that the bum is a resourceful man with the agility of a cat and the stomach of a camel.

"You've got to know how to fast because you never know when you're going to be locked up in a box car for an indefinite period. Once I with a pal, was in one for three days. Finally the brakeman heard me trying to cut my way but with a knife I'd been at the job twelve hours and it was therefore with considerable relief that I saw Mr. Brakeman open the door. When he saw us inside, though he promptly locked it again, and at the next town we were hauled out and locked up. That's how the railroads try to get even with the bum, and it's the only way they can.

"It won't be long I suppose, before I get the roaming fever on me again, and when that comes I won't lose any time getting over to the Jersey meadows. That's the Grand Central railroad station for the tramps, and at any time I go there I'm sure to meet a few friends whose vicissitudes I have shared and who are always glad to see me take the road again. Sometimes we take different trains and sometimes we ride together, but whether it be on the bumpers or on the roads, you will generally find your companions genial and entertaining. I've driven mules for the army and I've been a super on the stage. I've tried steamboating and cow punching, but I don't know that I have ever been satisfied with myself as I was when I rode on the roof of that limited from Chicago to New York. That's what it is to be a tramp, and I don't believe I'll be much else."

### What's In a Name?

Experienced workers in our social settlements are practically unanimous in declaring that in devoting themselves to the service of the poor they receive more than they give—in wider comprehension of life, in deepened sympathies, in the moving daily example of obscure heroic lives and of the marvellous generosity of the very poor to each other. Nevertheless, the life has its difficulties and drawbacks. Of some of her lesser troubles a settlement worker recently made humorous complaint.

One of them was the names. She had in her district many foreigners, chiefly Poles and Russians, and to keep track of them all was, she mourned, as troublesome as counting a hundred active chickens in a barn yard. It was not easy to learn the names by ear. The most of them were long, and filled with vowels, te's and zeh's in distractingly catarrhal combination.

Then, just as they were mastered, whole families would either translate their surnames, or, dropping them altogether, select any American name that took their fancy. Often while they were about it they changed their Christian names at the same time. Returning after an absence, she once wished to find her little friend, Eudoxia Slombodinsky. She was informed that the family had moved to Blank Street, near the avenue, but on going there and making inquiries of the neighbors, she was told that no such name was known to them. She mentioned that the people she sought were newcomers; but no, there were no newcomers there, except indeed the Joneses, next the corner.

She went away discouraged; but meeting the child shortly afterward by accident, she learned that the whole Slombodinsky family had suddenly transformed themselves into Joneses, and that her protegee, Eudoxia, was now plain Maggie Jones.

Their ears being not yet trained to the niceties of our language, such aspiring foreigners often make odd exchanges of names. Thus a stately Stanislava may reduce herself to Jane, and a melodious Natalia to Minnie; while one polysyllabic dame! proudly rechristened herself Betsy Budget.

Accident also contributes to change. Some families accept a mispronunciation or corruption in place of their true name. One little girl always known to the settlement as Annie Valenka was addressed in the presence of a worker as Annie Balenka. "Which is your real name, Annie?" she asked. "Oh," was the reply, "our real name was Balenka; but the man who made the door plate got it wrong, and he was going to make father pay fifty cents if it was changed, so he wouldn't change it, and we're Valenka now."

### Electric Power From the Alps.

On every side the Alps send down rivers leaping from the rocks, and in the lower lands, especially on the Italian side, spreading out into beautiful blue lakes. Recently the stored-up energy of these Alpine streams has been brought under control, in many instances, for the production of electric power. The river Adda at Paderno already furnishes 18,000 horse-power, and works are now under way on the river Ticino, below its point of issue from Lake Maggiore, which will, it is expected, furnish 12,000

effective horsepower to be distributed among a string of manufacturing towns reaching down into the plain of Lombardy. It was originally intended to send this power to Milan, but all of it has been eagerly seized by the intervening smaller towns. The Alps are yet rich in unused energy of this kind.

### MOSS-HAD FOLKS IN MAINE.

Nest Sum Made by a Yankee Skipper Out of a New Summer Fashion.

The latest vagary which the summer visitors have brought to the front in Maine is the erection of wooden cottages having the outside boarding densely coated with a heavy growth of green and gray moss. The abandoned farmhouses were searched for lichen-covered corners and straddleboards, and extravagant prices were paid for bits of mossy wood that held living specimens of mossy growth. Some anxious souls went so far as to peel the mossy bark from the north sides of beehives and maples and use it for vases to disguise the newness of the wood inside.

Early in September, when most of the summer visitors had gone moss mad, an old skipper came to the wharf with a load of new boards from the Bangor sawmills. He could not sell a stick, though his customers told him they would pay any price for boards that displayed a good crop of moss, the more moss the better.

"How many of these boards do you want?" asked the captain.

"All you can get for us—a whole cargo if it is possible."

"Don't buy any from other men who offer you mossed boards, and wait here two weeks, and if I don't give you all the moss you want I'll let you have this cargo for nothing."

He hurried his load upon the wharf and was out of sight before the sun had set. Ten days later his schooner came back loaded to the water line with aged boards so deeply clad in moss that no one but a barber could tell the kind of lumber that supported the crop. The boards were piled upon cross timbers so that the delicate lichens could not be rubbed away, and every piece from the top of the swelling deck load to the keelson, ten feet below water, was matted in rank masses of the plants, which everybody was trying to secure. He sold out his load for three times the price asked for clear pine, and made enough by the trade to buy a new schooner.

After the money had been paid over and the skipper was ready to go away he told his customers where he had found so many ancient boards. Near where he lived was an old and poverty-stricken line of railroad which had lately been leased to a new and wealthy corporation. Among the first improvements undertaken was to pull down a long stretch of fence that had been put up to keep the snow from drifting across the rails, and to replace the rotting barrier with something new and more substantial. The corporation offered to give the old fence to anybody who would pull it down and take it away. Believing that the boards were worthless the captain had laughed at the offer until he came to Capt. Rozier and learned of the local passion for moss clad homes. After this he lost no time in closing the trade with the new company, making more than \$2,000 out of a cargo of boards that were good for nothing except firewood and not worth the taking down for that purpose.

### With Frejudiced Eyes.

A correspondent of the Portland Transcript writes of a pretty incident which was witnessed at the Paris Exposition not long ago.

It was in the Grand Palais des Beaux Arts, says the writer, that I witnessed a bit of something more beautiful than statues, as any warm, palpitating living thing is more beautiful than sculptured representations.

A man and woman, plainly dressed, and evidently from a "far country," stopped before a Cupid, dainty as a lily, graceful as a sea gull, one knee bent beneath him, his bowstring distended, while he looked straight along the pointed arrow.

"O Sam," exclaimed the woman, "don't he look just like Jack when he is firing off arrows from that bow you made him? Although," reflectively, "he ain't so good-lookin' as Jack."

"Might look like Jack," drawled the prosaic father, "if he had red hair n' freckles, n' a jacket buttoned up wrong, n' stubbed-toes shoes. You woman are great on likenesses anyhow."

The woman said nothing, but she lingered near the statue for a moment, and I saw her surreptitiously pat his cheek, doubtless for "Jack's" sake.

### Adamsom's Botanic Balsam

has gained a reputation which places it in the front ranks of curative agents. It has been in the market about thirty years. It is recommended by the best physicians because it cures coughs and colds every time. 25c. All Druggists.

Chat of the Boudoir.

What is Good Society?

By Helen Leah Reed in Woman's Home Companion.

Man is naturally gregarious. Only in exceptional cases does he care to walk through life holding himself aloof from his fellows. Yet his companionship with others is often so far from helpful, either to him or them, that the question sometimes arises, To what extent should the social instinct be encouraged? For although the society of intelligent and refined people is worth attaining, we do not always see our way clear to the society that is 'best' in the higher sense.

Now, as a general thing in a small village the church always seems to be the natural meeting ground for rich and poor, for the cultivated and uncultivated. I say 'the church,' but I mean the churches. Herein lies much of the difficulty. It is almost impossible in some small communities to make the worshippers at the congregational shrine believe that there is equal virtue in their fellow citizens of the unitarian faith; nor are episcopalians ready to be weighed in the same scales with Methodists or Baptists. In improving society the church must be reckoned with first of all, and an attempt must be made to show that not all the intelligent people of the village are members of the unitarian church, nor all the truly pious in the congregational church, or vice versa, if you will have it.

The person who would bring about social reform is apt to be a stranger in the village which he would improve, so unless he puts himself in the background and uses great tact in indirectly bringing about the desired changes he will more than likely involve himself in trouble. Since there are few villages indeed that stand in no need of external improvement, I doubt in the beginning that anything better than a village improvement society could be devised to bring together the men and women of different views, political and religious; for it is along these lines that the society of most villages ranges itself. So after the call has been issued for the proposed society a good proportion of the one thousand inhabitants, more or less, will begin to wonder what there is to do in the nature of improving the village, and by the time the meeting is held twenty men and women will have very definite ideas on the subject. Before the meeting the reformer must have held informal consultations with some of the more prominent men and women in the village. Of course, he has been careful never for a moment to let them think that he intends to act as reformer. This, as I have said, will be a fatal mistake.

Secure however, of the sympathy of the best people in the community, our reformer may go ahead. As a committee to manage the meeting he makes sure of the presence of the clergymen, of one or more of the prominent women in each church, and of the richest man in the neighborhood, he be church member or not. The reformer and his special friends need not be discouraged if only a small proportion to whom invitations have been sent are present at the meeting. Those who attend will include a majority of the intelligent, and when it is once understood that the village improvement society is not a philanthropic scheme of patronizing intent its members will increase. The success of the experiment depends on the interest and enthusiasm of the few well-equipped persons who belong to it. I mean well-equipped in the way of knowledge and willingness to help others.

Now, it must be remembered that from our point of view a village improvement society is intended not only to add to the beauty of the village, but to increase the social graces of the people. In forming the committees, of which there will naturally be a number in our improvements society, care should be taken to have them large enough in each case to bring together persons of varying capacities and of diverse social position. Even if the improvement in the direction of good roads, or more artistic gardens, or an increased number of shade trees, may not be immediate, the time spent in the discussion of the ways to accomplish the objects of the society will have not been wasted, for gradually there will develop among the village people an interest in things esthetic which in time will fit them for a more constant association with the more refined and intelligent persons living in the village.

The London Kyrie Society and Stockbridge Village Improvement Society are good models to follow.

Out of the village improvement society will radiate various other interests for the village people. Under the leadership,

perhaps, of the village doctor may be started a little club to look into the question of sanitary science, and the attention of members may be gradually focused on some of the sanitary ills of the village, to which gradually remedies may be applied.

After the village improvement society the village library may be the next subject to consider for the association of intelligent and refined people. It is only begging the question to say that the village under consideration has no free library. It has books or at least some one in the place has books. Surely there are two or three liberal minded persons who will lend, if not give, some of their books to form the nucleus of a library, and there are others who will subscribe enough money to increase the collection. Now install these in some central building—a dwelling house if the town building is not available; but better the latter, so that all citizens may feel free to 'drop in' for books whenever they are so inclined.

If the library cannot be open every day, have it open two afternoons and evenings, with an intelligent librarian in charge. If there is not money for a salary, volunteers can surely be found to take a librarian's duties for a week at a time, if not longer. Now, the lending of books is not the only function of the library. In these fortunate places where there is a small hall near the library occasional lectures may be given on some subject of current interest. The lecturer need not be imported, but can easily be chosen from the better educated of the village people—one who has made some research along a special line. The lecture should be more in the nature of an informal talk, and if it leads those who listen to it to take part in a general discussion, so much the better.

A loan collection of pictures may from time to time be hung on the walls of the room where the books are kept. In these days of universal photography that would be an exceptional village without one or two persons who in the course of their travels have brought back collections of pictures purchased in other lands. Failing in these, there are in the country some circulating libraries of pictures to which, under certain conditions, small communities may have access. Skillful hands can make good picture collections by cutting from the better illustrated magazines and newspapers the best illustrations, which to be effective, should be mounted on stiff paste board and fastened to the wall by the harmless tacks sold for this purpose.

As to literary clubs in general, Chautauque or University extension will usually be more helpful to the people of a small village than a club of indefinite aim, unless there be in the village one or two persons willing to devote time and energy to organizing and directing them.

In our plans the lighter element of social life must be provided for. A dramatic society, even though the resulting performances are not unsurpassable, is well worth while in a small town or village. It seldom happens that there is not some one of good elocutionary powers who could have a general oversight of the work of the club. The singing society, too, has its part, and in these days of a widening knowledge of good music such a society may have a thoroughly broadening and refining influence. But in any village there are many persons, especially among the younger men and women, who long for a little more enlightenment in their social life. There are few communities now in which dancing is wholly tabooed, and therefore the general sentiment would not be opposed to a series of assemblies held at regular intervals. The ideal village assembly would draw no social lines, though there might be an age limit, and the size of the hall might tend to limit the numbers.

An occasional afternoon tea by one of the ladies of the village accustomed to the usage of larger places will also tend to develop the social characteristics of the quiet mothers of families whose interests have been restricted to their own households. But all these things are the mere indications of what may be done to bring about a kindly association among those who otherwise might be held apart from a certain habit of isolation.

Observe that I have said nothing of association in school or church work. I assume that none of the suggestions I have made can interfere in any way with the meetings, social and religious, of the different churches. In school matters in the small town or village there are not generally those opportunities for association work that are offered in the larger town.

TRILLS OF FASHION.

One of the latest varieties of the silk petticoat in taffeta in plain bright colors is surmounted above the ruffles at the hem with a flounce of Runchunda silk squares. These are cut out in the centre to form a

circular edge where it sews on to the skirt the corners falling in points all around, and the border with two or three fine tucks on the edge is the finish. White squares with a black design are lovely on a white silk petticoat, while the brilliant combination of colors is very striking on the pink, blue and red skirts. They are distinctly novel to say the least, and a specialty in one shop where there fitting accompaniment is a negligé jacket of the same Runchunda silk. Two box plaits set into a yoke form the fulness at the back, the front has the effect of a loose jacket, and the sleeves are flowing. The lining is of soft french flannel which makes them especially desirable for winter.

A rough material called frieze, subdued by a surface of white hair, seems to be one of the smart materials for winter. These rough fabrics are usually trimmed liberally with bands of silk or satin covered with rows of stitching, on with some of the fancy braids.

French knots are as commonly used for dress decoration as they were last spring.

Red velvet applique designs embroidered with gold, are the decoration on the boleros of a white taffeta silk waist.

Bands of lace insertion alternated with tucked bands of gray silk from effective waists.

Arab laces are very popular.

A pretty vest is made of cream spotted net, tucked at wide intervals, filled in with tiny bias bands of colored silk stitched on the edges.

Black fox showing a few white hairs is reported as one of the favorite furs for coats.

Grecian satin, a new wool material for evening wraps and tea gowns, has a tiny diagonal stripe on the surface.

Panne velvet spotted with gold is very attractive.

The Hygiene of Old Age.

We look upon the aged, with good reason, as having a slender hold upon life, one that may loosen by a slight shock of injury or disease which, in the young or middle-aged, would serve only as a stimulus to the reparative vital powers. This is a conservative belief, for it warns us to shield our loved ones, who have fought the fight, from all influences which might shorten their stay with us. But we must not go too far in our solicitude, for injury may be inflicted and life shortened by coddling the old, almost as surely as by coddling the young.

The vital processes in the aged are slow, but they are still existent, and they may be kept active by gentle opposition and stimulation, just as they may be increased in childhood and youth by rougher methods. Reaction is feeble, it is true—and well that it is, for the weakened arteries would with difficulty support the rapid blood stream and the bounding pulse that follow the cold plunge or the spin on the wheel of the twenty year old. But reaction is there and it must be exercised up to the limit of safety.

One of the dangerous places for the old man is the chimney-corner; its warmth and its restful quiet tempt him to inactivity, and we let him rust away there because we know no better. Fresh air and exercise—in moderation, of course—are as essential to the man or woman of eighty or ninety as to the child of eight or nine.

Cool sponging once a day is also a valuable means of maintaining the tone of the body and of overcoming the impulse to sit still and muse.

The old body needs to be warmly clad for it is sensitive to cold and is unable to manufacture its own heat in the same measure as the younger and more vigorous organism. But with proper clothing, warm but light, there are few days, even in winter, when the old man or woman ought not to walk a mile in open air and sit for two hours, at least, well wrapped up, in the sun by an open window, or preferably in a sheltered nook out of doors.

This is a rule we should persuade our old folks to adopt. If they will follow it, their days will be brightened and not shortened.

A Slow Race.

A race that in a peculiar sense is not to the swift is one that is run—if the word may be allowed in such a connection—every year in the provincial districts of Germany.

Early in May, during the celebration of a festival that to a certain extent corresponds to the English May day, an ox-race is held. The entrance fee is small, but the conditions are peculiar.

Each ox must be ridden by its owner, and ridden bareback. No whip, spur,

yoke, harness nor any means of guiding the animal is allowed. The rider must depend entirely upon his voice to accomplish the end he has in view, and as the oxen do not race on a track, but across a large open field, the training of the animals and the skill of the rider are severely tested.

Speed is a secondary consideration in this race, for the rider who can induce his steed to go in a straight line is sure to win.

The start is made at one side of a field a mile square, the finish being at the opposite side. When the competitors are lined up and the signal is given the fun begins.

Despite the efforts of the riders, the majority of the oxen refuse to head toward the opposite mark, and as spectators are allowed in the field, and are at liberty to do anything they wish to interfere with the rider except touch him or his mount, the difficulties of the race are not inconsiderable.

Oxen are not excitable beasts as a rule, but the shouts of the spectators and the efforts of the riders soon reduce them to a state of complete bewilderment. It often happens that an hour has passed before one of the oxen is ridden 'the wire.'

But when once the task is accomplished, the winning rider is fully repaid for his pains. His ox is decorated with garlands and flowers, and the lucky owner receives a small money prize.

But the honor which the victory brings is the great thing. Winning riders are remembered for years, and it frequently happens that when a peasant refers to some past event, he recalls it to the mind of his listener not by mentioning the date when it took place, but by saying it 'was' in the year when So-and-so won the ox-race.

INSURANCE AGAINST WAR.

Mr. Boyle's Scheme to Tie up the Nations of the World in a Money Agreement.

Homer L. Boyle of Grand Rapids, Mich., is the originator of a plan to bring an end to all wars by means of the application of the insurance principle to disputes between nations. Mr. Boyle's idea has taken definite form in the incorporation under the laws of Michigan of the International Peace Assurance Association. Mr. Boyle's scheme has the indorsement of many well-known men, including, it is said, several state senators and a score of reputable lawyers. Among others who think his scheme for universal peace is feasible is Montagu White, the American representative of the Transvaal.

The work of building up the International Peace Assurance Association will be begun at once. It is intended to obtain a large membership in the United States and when this is accomplished to secure some kind of recognition from congress. With the indorsement of congress its projectors believe it to be an easy matter to get European nations interested. The plan will become operative when eleven of the leading nations of the world have signed the agreement and agreed to enforce the association's ruling.

The scheme includes the formation of an international board of adjusters made up of two representatives of each nation signing the agreement. When differences arise between two nations which, in the ordinary course of events, would lead to war, this international board of adjusters is to settle the controversy. This board may award damages where the majority finds a just claim, fix boundary lines disputed, and require apologies in case of insult. The association adjusts and pays the financial loss of injured side.

The association will be organized on the plan of a stock company and the cost of membership to individuals will be \$1. Each nation on signing the agreement is to be charged an entrance fee equal to at least five cents per capita of its total population and will also be obliged to pay a proper assessment each year. A reserve fund for the payments of claims is provided for, and from this dividends may be paid if the fund passes a certain sum.

Mr. Boyle avers that among others who have praised his scheme are the American commissioners who attended the Hague conference. If congress can be induced to look with favor on it, Mr. Boyle will purpose that an international congress be called by the U. S. at which the project may be fully discussed; and definite action taken. If this scheme fails Mr. Boyle will have something more tangible to fall back on. He is the inventor of a projectile which automatically cleans the weapon from which it is fired. Gunmakers say the invention has merit.

Knew His Business.

In days gone by, in a country town, there lived and wrought a stonecutter who, besides being reckoned skilful in designing tombstones, was also credited with a critical taste in the epitaphs inscribed thereon. Being requested by the disconsolate, weeping relic of one of his fellow towns-



Rouse the torpid liver, and cure biliousness, sick headache, jaundice, nausea, indigestion, etc. They are invaluable to prevent a cold or break up a fever. Mild, gentle, certain, they are worthy your confidence. Purely vegetable, they can be taken by children or delicate women. Price, 25c. at all medicine dealers or by mail of C. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

men to place on the slab of her dear departed the words, "My sorrow is greater than I can bear," he took care to space them out so that an addendum was possible and was by no means surprised at her visiting him a few months after to ask him, as she was about to remarry, to efface the inscription and substitute a more fitting one.

"No need for that, marm," was his reply. "I always looks to the contingencies where there's widdies left. All that's wanted to the inscription on that tomb is jes' to add the word 'alone!'"

His Slanderer Was There.

On one occasion, while addressing a meeting, Mr. Gladstone was repeatedly interrupted by an individual who alternated loud guffaws with the imitation of a dog's howl. The speaker inquired the name of this fellow and was told that he was a certain John Lari.

"Mr. Lari," he said raising his voice, "our friend Goldsmith clearly had you in view when he said:

"The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind.

And the loud Lari that spoke the vacant mind.

"He said that, did he?" cried Lari, as he turned round and struck a little man who was in the crowd a severe blow over the head. And it was only after a violent rough and tumble and much vituperative language that Mr. Lari was convinced that the man he had assaulted—and whose name was Goldsmith was not the gentleman referred to by Mr. Gladstone.

They Speak for Themselves.

PICTON, Feb. 17.—This is to certify that I have used Polson's Nervine for rheumatism, and have found it a valuable remedy for all internal pain, and would greatly recommend it to the public.—N. T. KINGSLEY.

LEEDS COUNTY, Jan. 9.—We are not in the habit of puffing patent medicines, but we cannot withhold our testimony as to the great value of Nervine as a remedy for pain. We have pleasure in recommending it as a never-failing remedy.—REV. H. J. ALLEN, BENJ. DILLON, and many others. Sold by druggists.

Determination.

"Don't you admire determination in a man's character?" "It all depends on the result," answered Mr. Sirius Barker. "If it brings success I praise it as splendid perseverance. If it brings failure, I denounce it as conculcated obstinacy."

A Good System.

Mr. Medergrass—Slocum sent ten dollars to a fellow in New York to find out how to win at roulette.

Mr. Foddershack—What did the feller say?

Mr. Medergrass—Said to 'run the game yourself.'

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of deafness and noise in the head by Dr. Nichols' Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to the Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 750 Eighth Avenue, New York.

The Feminine Code.

Daisy—"Oh, yes, she wrote him that they must part forever, but she did not mean it."

Dolly—"How do you know?" Daisy—"Because she did not underscore it, you silly."



A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superseding Bitter Apple, Pil Cochis, etc. Evans & Sons, Ltd., Montreal and Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B. C. or Martin Pharmacological Chemist, Southampton, Eng.



USE THE GENUINE MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF TOILET & BATH REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

## India Still in Distress.

Rain Gives Some Relief, but the Situation Remains Serious—  
Famine Will Leave Many Problems.

The famine in India drags through its pitiful course as slowly and unrelentingly as though there were no Transvaal or China on the map of the world. The eyes of the British public are averted, but the tragic spectacle of an enormous dependent population broken and discouraged by successive visitations of drought and disease remains. Elsewhere there has been so much to alarm a nation concerned for its own position in the world that people would have shirked the problem of India's misfortune. They know that the truth of the dimensions of the famine has not been told to them, chiefly because they do not wish to hear it. The distress has now abated a little, and an account of the improved condition at the end of August gives ground for expecting that the distress is now entirely beyond some measure of relief treatment. But the abiding feature, even in this latest account, is the description of the state of things still to be faced.

In August there were copious and fairly general rains in the Indian provinces most afflicted previously with drought. Some districts have, indeed, been praying for temporary cessation of the deluge which had continued almost uninterruptedly for three weeks. The result of this heavy rainfall is a decrease in the numbers on famine relief to the extent of no less than a million during the last three weeks. For the week ending July 28 the total on relief was 6,249,000 persons. The succeeding weekly totals were 6,281,000, 6,082,000, 5,685,000 and 5,384,000, respectively, this last figure being for the week ending Aug. 25. Therefore, even the present rate of decrease—800,000 or so a week—continues to hold good the famine totals should soon decline to much more manageable dimensions than has been the case for many months past. The probability, moreover, is that during the next few weeks the rate of improvement will be even more rapid than at present. The bulk of the people now are being merely fed by government until the crops sown soon after the appearance of the first rain have ripened. These crops are for the most part quick-growing ones, some, indeed, ripening within forty days of sowing.

But it must not be supposed that the whole of the five millions now shown in the returns will be independent of government directly the harvest ripens. The traces of a great famine, such as that which for a year or more has devastated India, do not disappear quite so readily. Starvation, cholera, fevers, dysentery and exposure have among them carried off many thousands—exactly how many will perhaps never be known, but the total is very large. Thus as a famine legacy, the government will have to provide for a long time to come for thousands of widows, orphans and old people whose breadwinners have perished. Then there are the old and broken natives whose constitutions have been ruined by the hardships and exposure they have gone through, who must be cared for somehow.

Apart from these are the shirkers and loafers who, having once tested the fruits of gratuitous relief, will probably feel inclined to subsist in that manner for the remainder of their days. The authorities expect that this will prove a difficult question. In some parts of India—the southern Punjab and districts in the central provinces, for example—thousands of people have been almost entirely on gratuitous relief or light famine work for three years past. They have got so accustomed to their life and surroundings that it will be hard to get rid of them when the time comes. An officer on Lord Curzon's staff said, after returning from relief inspection in Gujarat, that there was marked apprehension that the people had become demoralized—that their pauperization was complete. Many showed no desire to leave the relief camps, even though good rains had fallen and seed for the sowing was offered to them free.

There are still more than one and a half millions of people on relief in Bombay, of whom some 600,000 are on gratuitous relief. In the Punjab the rainfall has been somewhat fitful, heavy in places and very light in others. Still, the outlook is on the whole promising. Young crops are doing well, and cattle are everywhere improving. In the central provinces there has been almost too much rain in many districts, and the people are crying out for a break in the monsoon. The famine figures for these provinces furnish some remarkable reading. There are some 2,226,000 on relief, of whom no fewer than 2,000,000 are in receipt of gratuitous relief, 780,000 of these

being adults and 961,000 children relieved in kitchens. The policy obtaining in the central provinces is to send the natives away to their homes immediately upon the outbreak of the rains, and there maintain them 'gratuitously until the crops ripen. There is this much to be said for the plan, that they obtain an amount of shelter in their homes which they certainly would not get in the relief camps, and so outbreaks of disease and the devastating fevers which follow on prolonged exposure are avoided. On the other hand, the gratuitous feeding for many weeks on end of 2,000,000 people, many of them strong and well-to-do, must have a disastrous effect on them.

The rainfall up to the time of writing presents some curious features. Most of the Bombay districts have received amounts considerably in excess of the normal, the Bombay Deccan showing more than 60 per cent; Kathiawar, 47 per cent; Khandesh 30 per cent; and other districts smaller amounts in excess. Scinde and the Baluchistan hills show defective rainfall; but in case of this part of India the total fall is so slight that a single good shower will convert the deficiency into a surplus. The whole of Panjab, except the western portion, shows either normal or excess rain, as do the central provinces in Rajputana, as a whole, there has been a slight deficiency, but this is being rapidly made good by the heavy falls of the last few days. Thus we have the whole of the famine area with either a large excess of rain, or at least, a fairly normal amount.

To be set off against these improvements is the very serious deficiency in rainfall in the districts least affected by the famine of last year—in Bengal and the northwest provinces. Every district of the northwest shows a considerable deficit, averaging 30 per cent. In every district, too, of Bengal and Assam, a lack of rain is reported. It is already contemplated that relief operations will have to be started in parts of these provinces. But the most deplorable plight of all is that of the Bhil country. Piteous accounts continue to come from there. The missionaries and officials are doing their best to save the people, but the mortality is, nevertheless, terrible. This mortality has been considerably increased by the arrival of the monsoon. The people possess only a few threadbare rags in the way of clothes—scarcely enough to make up a loin cloth. Of bedding they have none and the constant exposure to wet and damp, together with the ill effects resulting from sleeping night after night on the cold ground, brings on diseases from which the people, weakened by a year of severe famine, have not sufficient stamina to recover. The countryside is simply littered with corpses. It is the rule and not the exception for a dozen or more to be collected every morning round the mission stations, while a journey across country reveals the fact that thousands are dying every week from exposure and the after effects of famine.

The British Indian Government undertakes only the feeding and will not do anything in the way of providing clothes. These are supposed to come from the famine funds. But what are these among so many? All told, the amount still falls short of a million sterling, of which a little over a third has been subscribed by Great Britain. The population affected by the famine is more than 90,000,000. Enormous numbers of people have to be clothed and fed, cattle to be purchased, seed and a score of other things provided, all out of this sum of less than a million. People in many of the native semi-autonomous states in British India have died by thousands through the apathy or criminal neglect of their rulers. Lord Curzon, however, has plainly intimated to such native princes that he will stand no nonsense. Another evil in native states recently dealt with by Lord Curzon is that which has to do with the growing tendency of native princes to journey frequently to Europe. The government of India, it is said, hold very strongly to the opinion that the first and paramount duty of a native prince lies towards his own state and people. By the protection and authority of the supreme government he has a security of tenure in his exalted station superior to that enjoyed by rulers in any other country in the world and one which is only sacrificed or impaired by gross misconduct on his part or by some offence of exceptional gravity. In return for these advantages, the government is entitled to demand that the ruler shall devote his best energies not to the pursuit of pleasure, nor to the cultivation of absentee

interests or amusements, but to the welfare of his own subjects. It is most improbable that threatenings or even punishments will do much to make these absentee landlords more considerate for those dependent on them, especially as the government has never adopted that procedure in their administration of a country much nearer in England. The Anglo-Indian government will, in fact, have to deal with the famine and its sequels in its own way. The recent imperial war expenditure is discouraging to the chances of an Indian grant from the national exchequer.

### BEAUTY IN BUSINESS GIRLS, How Good Looks May Be a Handicap—One Case in Which It Wasn't.

'You ask whether good looks are a disadvantage to a girl in business,' said a comely young woman who now occupies an important position in a New Orleans mercantile establishment. 'That is a question that has been propounded before, and in a general way I would answer yes, decidedly. A few years ago however, when women began to enter business life in considerable numbers, the exact reverse was the case. I am still under thirty, but I remember distinctly when it was next to impossible for a homely girl to get a situation. Good looks were insisted upon in typewriters and stenographers, and merchants were then under the impression that pretty clerks brought trade. It took some time to explode that idea.

'The pretty clerks certainly attracted crowds to their counters, but they were crowds of duds and loafers, who would buy a five-cent paper of pins and then flirt away three or four dollars' worth of time, while the women, who constituted four-fifths of the patrons of all retail houses, had a strong aversion to being waited upon by a professed beauty. Moreover, no dependence was to be placed in the clerks themselves. The handsomest girls were pretty surely vain and 'touchy,' and when one proved really valuable she was morally certain to get married at the very time her services were most needed. So practical men began to see that pretty girls did not pay as a cold business proposition, and the same discovery was presently made at the offices. Typewriting belles made more trouble than they were worth. They demoralized their fellow employees and created no end of jealousy and bitterness and friction. In many cases, perhaps in most cases, the poor girl wasn't in the least to blame. She couldn't help being good to look at, and was probably trying her best to attend to her own affairs, but the idiotic men wouldn't let her. However, results are the only things that count in business nowadays, and a few years ago a big reaction against beauty set in.

'Since then,' the young woman went on smiling, 'I am sure that the feeling has been growing steadily stronger and stronger against the pretty girl in business. But please don't misunderstand me. I am referring altogether to the girl who 'travels on her prettiness,' as the saying goes. A pretty girl who doesn't make her good looks obtrusive and who shows by her bearing that she expects to hold her position by simple hard work has just as good a chance as anybody; but, unfortunately, such girls are rare. A very attractive young woman gets so much attention and flattery that she has to be exceptionally sensible and strong minded not to have her head turned. At present most stores prefer clerks who are plain and ladylike in their appearance and who make no pretensions to beauty. In the offices the feeling is still more pronounced, and many professional men will not engage an amanuensis unless she is downright ugly and the older the better. Let me give you a little illustration: I have a younger sister, who—if I do say it who shouldn't—is a real beauty. Some time ago she learned that the President of a big Alabama corporation wanted a private secretary, and, being highly competent, she wrote applying for the place. He answered, requesting her photograph, and we both got angry at once. My sister happened to have an old tinsy type, somehow or other, made her look like a perfect freak, and, as a proof to the gentleman's frivolity she sent that to him by return mail.

'You may imagine our surprise when he engaged her by telegraph. As it turned out, he didn't want a pretty girl, but an ugly one, and when she put in an appearance he came near backing out of his agreement. At last he told her, very gruffly, that she might try for a month, and, as she happens to have a lot of common sense, she has given great satisfaction. But that case will show you how men of affairs feel on the subject.

'There is a big store in Chicago that employs about two hundred and fifty girl clerks and used to boast openly that there wasn't one in the lot that wasn't an admitted beauty. I was in Chicago during my vacation and visited that establishment to make some purchases. Upon my word, I thought I was in an old ladies' home.

The woman who waited on me was 50 if she was a day, and she had a face like a pair of nut crackers. Of course that was going to the other extreme, but I noticed that business was something tremendous. Here in New Orleans I think they have struck the happy mean. Our large stores contain lots of pretty girls, but the fact isn't 'featured,' at they say at the theatres. You can see at once that no importance is attached to it, and that brings me back, by the way, to the starting point. If a girl is thoroughly capable and has plenty of tact and discretion, her good looks will be no especial handicap in earning a living. Otherwise she is nowadays at a decided disadvantage, compared to the girl who is homely and industrious.'

## Hope Had Departed.

THE STORY OF A WOMAN'S  
RESCUE FROM GREAT SUFFERING.

For Years Her Life Was One of Misery—Her Feet and Limbs Would Swell frightfully and She Became Unable to do Her Household Work.

From the Enterprise, Bridgewater, N. S.  
It is appalling to think of the number of women throughout the country who day after day live a life almost of martyrdom; suffering but too frequently in silent, almost hopeless despair. To such sufferers the story of Mrs. Joshua Wile, will come as a beacon of hope. Mrs. Wile lives about two miles from the town of Bridgewater, N. S., and is respected and esteemed by all who know her. While in one of the local drug stores not long ago, Mrs. Wile noticed a number of boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the show case, and remarked by the proprietor 'It ever there was a friend to woman, it is those pills.' She was asked why she spoke so strongly about the pills, and in reply told of the misery from which they had rescued her. The druggist suggested that she should make known her cure for the benefit of the thousands of similar sufferers. Mrs. Wile replied that while averse to publicity, yet she would gladly tell of her cure if it would benefit anyone else, and she gave the following statement with permission for its publication:—

'My life for some years was one of weakness, pain and misery, until I obtained relief through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. From some cause, I know not what exactly, I became so afflicted with uterine trouble that I was obliged to undergo two operations. A part only of the trouble was removed, and a terrible weakness and miserable, nervous constitution ensued, which the physician told me I would never get clear of. I tried other doctors, but all with the same result—no betterment of my condition. The pains finally attacked my back and kidneys. My legs and feet became frightfully swollen, and I cannot describe the tired, sinking, deathly feeling that at times came over my whole body. I became unable to do my household work, and lost all hope of recovery. Before this stage in my illness I had been advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but like thousands of other women, thought there could be no good in using them when the medical men were unable to cure me. At last in desperation I made up my mind to try them, but really without any faith in the result. To my great surprise I obtained some benefit from the first box. I then bought six boxes more, which I took according to directions, and am happy to say was raised up by them from a weak, sick, dependent, useless condition, to my present state of health and happiness. Every year now in the spring and fall I take a box or two, and find them an excellent thing at the change of the season. Other benefits I might mention, but suffice it to say I would strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all ailing women.'

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills surpass all other medicines as a cure for the troubles that afflict womankind. They quickly correct suppressions and all forms of weakness. They enrich the blood, strengthen the nerves and restore the glow of health to pallid cheeks. Sold by all dealers in medicine, or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Professor's Prophecy Fulfilled.  
While a student at Harvard university, Phillips Brooks, was walking in the yard one day with a professor, who asked him what he intended making of himself, 'I am thinking of the ministry,' answered the youth.

Then banish such thoughts,' said the professor earnestly. 'Your manner of speech would forever bar you from being successful in that calling.'

Many years later, when Phillips Brooks was one of the world's great pulpit orators, the most expert stenographer in England took down one of his sermons and said: 'Any stenographer who thinks he has conquered fast talkers should try Phillips Brooks.'

'Candidly Jane,' said a September bridegroom to his bride in a spirit of self-abasement, 'I can't perceive what you saw in me to make you willing to marry me.'

'Never mind, dear,' replied the bride; 'that's what all my relatives say.'

Bees barber—Call again, sir; and I'd be glad to have you recommend my shop. The victim—I would, but I haven't a single enemy in the world that I can think of just now.

## FLASHES OF FUN.

Some subjects of conversation should be shunned as religiously as pie at midnight.  
Askit—Is Loafers a lazy man?  
Tellit—Lazy? Why, he has killed so much time he is ashamed to look a clock in the face.

A gentleman bought a dog which turned out to be of very undesirable habits. 'The man who sold him to me,' said the purchaser, 'called him a pointer; I call him a disappointment.'

Rev. Longnecker—'I wish I could think of some way to make the congregation keep their eyes on me during the sermon.'  
Little Tommy—'Pa, you want to put the clock right behind the pulpit!'

'What,' asked the timid little woman—'what is a quiet tip?' 'It isn't the tip of a woman's tongue, anyway,' said the large, coarse husband, with a red neck, without ever raising his eyes from his newspaper.

She—'Did you bring me that complexion powder?' He—'Er—my dear, it slipped my memory entirely.' She—'And yet before we were married you said my face was one no man could forget.'

Traveller (to ferryman crossing the river)—'Has anyone ever been lost in this stream?' Boatman—'No, sir. Some professor was drowned here last spring, but they found him again after looking for two weeks.'

Tommy—Say, paw.  
Mr. Figg—Well?  
'What is mistaken identity?'  
'One of the commonest cases is where some one-horse individual mistakes himself for a statesman.'

Mrs. Wellford—'Can't you do anything but stand there and look hungry—can't you even talk?'

Famished Phil—'Pray bear with my seeming reticence, madam; I'm strongest on after dinner speaking.'

Doctor—'What! Your dyspepsia no better? Did you follow my advice and drink hot water an hour before breakfast?'

Patient—'I tried to, doctor, but I was unable to keep it up for more than five minutes at a stretch.'

'What is an anarchist?' 'An anarchist is one who howls, who has no regard for authority, and who incoherently gabbles night and day.' 'Yes; we have one at our house.' 'What's his name?' 'Isn't named yet. He's our baby.'

Further information wanted.—Danforth: 'An organist says that a cow moos in a perfect fifth octave, and that a horse neighs in a descent on the chromatic scale.' Williston: 'I wonder what his technical terms are for the yowling of a tom cat on a back fence?'

'I know something I won't tell,' sung the widow boarder's little girl, as little girls have done ever since language was invented.

'Never mind, child,' said the Savage Bachelor, 'you'll get over that habit when you get older.'

Teacher—'Jimmy, if you found 18 pennies and another boy should take two-thirds of them away, what would each of you have?'

Jimmy—'I'd have six pennies an' he'd have a good thumping, 'less he handed back the rest of 'em mighty quick.'

'It's always dangerous to jump at conclusions,' said the careful man. 'You're liable to make yourself ridiculous, to say the least.'

'That's right,' replied the Jersey commuter; 'I jumped at the conclusion of a ferryboat once, and missed it.'

Rev. Mr. Whangle—My boy, I'm sorry to see you flying your kite on the Sabbath day.

The Boy—It's all right, sir; this is a regular Sunday kite, this is. It's made out of the Christian Globe an' got a tail of tracts. I've got another for week days.

Tess—'I've a perfect right to flirt if I want to.'

Jess—I know, but there are some people who don't approve of that sort of thing.

Tess—Yes, and there are some other people who don't approve of the people who don't approve of that sort of thing.

'She used to say he was a man of very strong will power.'

'Yes, that was before they were married.'

'And how does she put it now?'

'Now she says he's as stubborn as an ox.'

'It is said that the Czar of Russia dislikes more than anything else to speak in public.'

'That's a nice tribute to his wife.'

'How so?'

'How's he get a chance to say all he wants to at home?'

## 20 YEARS OF VILE CATARRH.

Wonderful Testimony to the Curative Powers of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Chas. O. Brown, Journalist, of Duluth, Minn., writes: 'I have been a sufferer from throat and Nasal Catarrh for over 20 years during which time my head has been stopped up and my condition truly miserable. Within 15 minutes after using Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder I obtained relief. Three bottles have almost, if not entirely cured me.' 50 cents.

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Because I was so anxious to improve my acquaintance with him," he said, in a low tone. "I did so want to obtain an entrance into your house. I actually hinted for an invitation, but no one took it. Every other house in the place seemed open to me but but yours, and—and, as a natural consequence, that happened to be the only one I really cared to enter."

Maud cast down her eyes, and blushed prettily in her embarrassment. "I am sure no one would have under- stood," she faltered, for we— we should have been delighted; only, we are not at all rich, and do not 'entertain' in the ordinary meaning of the word. This is why, perhaps, knowing that you were asked everywhere, and that every sort of amusement and pleasure would be showered upon you, my father would hesitate before encroaching on your valuable time for such slight returns as our house affords."

"Is your company worth nothing, then?" he replied quickly. "Does it not seem plain to your inner sense that, to a man circumstanced as I am, it is the people themselves, their friendship, their society, that I enjoy, not what material comforts they can offer me? Now, to a poor man, possibly a dinner, a ball, or for free en-

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(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

waltz. Truth to tell, I was stupid enough to fear beforehand that country people could not dance, or that it would be quite another style or step to that which I knew.

"Oh, yes, she can waltz well," replied Lucy, eagerly. "But we have not always lived here; we used to live in London, and that accounts for it—rather scornfully. I myself am dreading the partners one meets with here. Somerville is so terribly behind the times, and far too conceited to dream it lacks anything."

"She has a wonderfully sweet expression," continued Reginald; "something about the eyes, a far-away pathetic look, which arrests the attention."

"Yes, she is rather a dreamer," admitted Lucy; "but it is not only in expression that she is sweet—it is in temper, disposition, everything. I do not think she could say or do an unkind thing to save her life."

The hand struck up for the Lancers, and they took their places as top couple. The last figure was enclosed so that it ran right into the next dance, and they had no more conversation or dances together that night; but what had passed between them on the subject left a fixed impression on Lucy's mind that her conjecture was right—Captain Despard was in love with her sister, and she determined to help his cause by every means in her power.

There was the shadow of a deep disappointment and sorrow in Mary's past life which had set its seal on her face and her soul, and which years of earnest effort had failed to entirely erase from her heart.

"Nothing like a new love to banish regret for the old," thought matter-of-fact Lucy, "and certainly Captain Despard is quite as worthy of adoration as Harry was. If only Mary would rouse herself up to take the smallest interest in him!—even the best and most devoted of men require a little encouragement. If it had only been me, now that he had fallen in love with, I would have met him with open arms. But he looks below the surface, and I freely admit that Mary is worth ten of me. She always was—with conviction. 'I'm a selfish heartless flirt. She is an angel only lacking wings. Well, it's a good thing that one of us is able to stand up for herself—if we were both angels the whole world would try to cheat us and tread us under foot."

But she kept a keen lookout for their second dance together, and nodded her head with satisfaction as she saw them retire afterwards to the conservatory and enter upon an animated conversation.

She was not near enough to overhear what it was about, or she might not have been quite so satisfied.

Captain Despard was describing the details of a foreign campaign he had taken part in, and Mary betrayed unwonted interest in the subject.

Years before, she had longed to join the Red Cross Brigade, and had only been prevented from doing so by her parents' determined opposition, and later by the knowledge that if she went abroad Lucy would be left alone and miserable in England.

Neither noticed very particularly how many dances Reginald had, or how long he had sat out with Maud Browne; but he himself was boyishly happy, as, after getting through half of his duty-dances, he at last found her name down for the next on his programme.

"My dance," he said, as he offered his arm, and Maud, blushing prettily and feeling a strange excitement steal over her quite unlike anything she had ever experienced before, rose up, and they floated round the room together in perfect rhythm of movement.

He drew a long sigh of contentment as the music came to an end, and then he led her to a quiet nook amongst great palms and sweet smelling flowers, where, for the first time, he could really have a word with her alone.

Every word she uttered, every look he took at her, increased his infatuation; he had not been mistaken, he told himself with conviction; this was the one love of a lifetime, and it was Fate which had sent him to Somerville.

"Your sister told me that you have had good news from Mentone," he said, presently.

"Oh, yes," she replied, with kindling eyes. "I'm glad to say that my dear father is much better. Even before he reached his journey's end, the change seemed to do him good, and another month will see him quite himself again, the doctor says."

"I think myself very unlucky that he should be taken ill just when he was," confessed Reginald, with a deep frown. "I'm afraid that half my regret for his indisposition was sheer selfishness."

"Selfishness? Unlucky? I do not understand," protested Maud, in tones of bewilderment. "How could his illness affect you, Captain Despard?"

"Because I was so anxious to improve my acquaintance with him," he said, in a low tone. "I did so want to obtain an entrance into your house. I actually hinted for an invitation, but no one took it. Every other house in the place seemed open to me but but yours, and—and, as a natural consequence, that happened to be the only one I really cared to enter."

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tertainments of any kind would prove a boom. To me they are rather a bore. "I am incessantly racking my brains how to return all this hospitality. How can I, a bachelor, living at an hotel, adequately repay social obligations to my own satisfaction? No, believe me, I infinitely prefer to visit at those houses where the people themselves are the attraction, not the good dinner or superior music they can give me. I like to dine at my hotel, and drop in at a friend's house for a quiet smoke or chat afterwards. When your father returns, may I do that?" anxiously.

Maud laughed, in her sweet, merry way and gave the requested permission only too gladly.

"This is such a curious place," he complained, giving vent to the grievance that had so sorely oppressed him during all the weeks he had frittered away in Somerville. "You never seem to meet the people you take a fancy to, whilst you tumble across everyone else every day. Has it ever struck you that way?"

"It certainly has," replied the girl with another blush and laugh, "and I think most people would say the same. But I am told it is always the way in these small provincial towns of ancient prestige.

They are entirely ruined by party feeling and cliquishness. My father says it is carried out in every department, even down to the appointments of town clerk or policeman. It's an old-fashioned borough, and all goes by favor.

"I don't quite understand it myself; but it's like this; if two compete for the same situation, one being thoroughly qualified for it and the other absolutely unqualified, it is given to the one whose political suit the people is in authority.

"Well, that is applied to all social affairs here. The people are broken up into two sets, each being really as good as the other, yet they regard each other with little less than horror and aversion.

"The Montagues are the only people who break the law with impunity—they know everyone; but Mrs. Montagues pretends it is because of her husband's position as member, in reality it is because they see how silly and small minded it is all, and are trying to break down the absurd barriers of pride."

"Ah! she's a jolly little woman," sighed Reginald in deepest admiration. "I am not likely to forget that, her I owe my introduction to you, and also our present tete-a-tete; but there is that idiotic hand striking up again, and I'm engaged to your sister for the next item; so with a half laugh—I must not be late in turning up for my dance. Only—bending his head until it almost touched hers—"I am going to have some extras put on. You will give them to me?"

She hesitated, and blushed deeply.

"Only two," he urged; "if you had known how I've been looking forward to this ball, only because I knew you were coming to it, and because, if I could, I could never meet you anywhere, you would not hesitate a moment, but consent out of sheer pity."

"Isn't it considered incorrect to dance more than two with the same partner?" she faltered, longing yet fearing to consent.

"Oh, yes, to take more than two out of the original programme, I suppose, is sometimes objected to," he agreed, artfully; "but it is quite different with the extras. Those come in quite like another affair—it's the programme the chaperones go for. No man must appear more than twice, except initials on the reverse side, as a special concession."

"Ah! now I understand perfectly," she replied, with an air of charming relief; "so of course, you may have them. I daresay you think I am shockingly ignorant, but this is the first ball I have ever been to; I shall understand all about it another time," as she met her next partner, and went off, smiling radiantly over her shoulder at Captain Despard.

"It's a dangerous rule, but can be made to work two ways," mused Reginald, as he gazed after her in rapt admiration. "Tomorrow I must tell her I found I was mistaken. It would never do for her to carry out my invention for the benefit of any other fellow."

Never had he enjoyed himself more than he did that evening, and it had felt just a trifle disappointed to find that Maud had not honored him by carrying his bouquet, yet Lucy, all unconscious of the real state of affairs, had, in casually alluding to it, given him a hint as to why it had been left at home.

"What exquisite flowers you sent to my sister, Captain Despard," she remarked during a pause in the Lancers. "She was so delighted with them."

"I hoped she would honor me by carrying them this evening," he replied rather confusedly.

"Oh! she is very shy, very reserved; and in a place like this people are so curious and fond of gossip. Shy people would have questioned her about them and I bothered her life out about it. You see it was not an ordinary bunch of flowers, and would have attracted no end of notice."

The subject was brought to an abrupt conclusion by the commencement of the last figure; but this was why, when Maud made no mention of his gift, he only attributed her silence to shyness, and did not himself again allude to it.

So the magic evening wore away, and it seemed to both of them like hours snatched from Paradise.

Maud both felt and returned his ardent admiration.

Reginald looked like an Apollo beside the other men present, and there was a strange fascination in his dark eyes that she could not withstand.

"Of course she could not fail to notice how he attached himself to her side, and his evident jealousy of all other men, who would fain have banished him from her presence."

Scarce as "eligibles" were in Somerville Maud was not without a string to her bow, and more than one old acquaintance dis-

puted possession of the belle of the ball, and did not resign her without a struggle. There was quite a little scene regarding the supper-dance, which, of course, Reginald had booked for himself, but which Harry Fenton (a very old admirer of hers) had quite reckoned upon having.

"You have treated me very shabbily to-night, Maud," whispered Harry in aggrieved accents; "only one dance, and I wanted half-a-dozen. You'll give me the supper-dance to make up, won't you?"

Maud hesitated and then faltered—"I'm very sorry, Harry, but—but I have already given it to Captain Despard."

"Oh, that's all rubbish, you know," interrupted Harry Fenton rather rudely; "we can't be put quite on one side by a stranger. I say, Despard, you must give her up; I have a prior claim you know."

DOG AND PUPPY CRATES.

Made for the Convenient Handling of These Animals in Transportation.

The dog that is shipped by express is likely to travel in these days not only in safety but also in comfort. There are various kinds of dog crates made especially for such use, some of them flat topped, and some of those of later design gable topped and some oval-topped, so that nothing can be placed on top of them. Dog crates are made in various sizes as well as styles, some with open slatted sides and ends, some closed all around, except for the open spaces left for ventilation. Crates for bulldogs and dogs that gnaw are made with slats that, whether separated or set close together, are iron-bound, so that the dogs can't set their teeth in the edges.

The dog crate is provided with a cup for water which is so constructed that the water can't spill out of it, and this cup is secured in the crate under the end of a pipe to which there is an opening in the top of the crate, through which the dog can be kept supplied without opening the crate at all. Attached to the front of the crate is the dog's buffet, like a long canvas wallet or envelopes in which the dog's food is carried. The dog crate has at the ends handles by which it can be picked up and carried as a trunk would be.

Besides these various sizes and style of dog crates there are also made in various sizes smaller, lighter crates for puppies, and crates of one sort and another of special sizes are made to order.

First and last there are sold a good many dog and puppy crates, and they are regular articles of stock where dog supplies are sold.

You Need the Kind That has Given New Life to Others.

Paine's Celery Compound

The Only Banisher of Disease. Other Celery Preparations are Worthless Imitations.

"PAINE'S" HAS A LIFE SAVING RECORD THAT NO OTHER MEDICINE CAN EVER EQUAL.

The medicine that has cured your friends and neighbors—the wonderful medical prescription that has the approval of the ablest medical practitioners—is surely the kind that you stand in need of at the moment.

Paine's Celery Compound is, today, the only agency under Heaven that can save you if you are suffering from rheumatism, neuralgia, liver complaint, kidney disease, dyspepsia, nervousness and the troubles that arise from poisoned and foul blood. It cures the sick as surely as night follows day.

The extended reputation that Paine's Celery Compound has won as a life saver has induced unscrupulous men to loist worthless imitations on the public. Many people are daily deceived by these miserable frauds.

If you have decided to use Paine's Celery Compound, see that the name "PAINE'S" is on every wrapper and bottle that you purchase. When you have secured the genuine "Paine's," you have the only medicine that can effectually banish your load of misery and suffering, and give you a new, vigorous and happy life.

So Was Fresh. "Have you nice fresh eggs to day?" asked the woman with business-like ways.

"Madam," answered the man, who had just started in the grocery business, "permit me to remind you that nice eggs are necessarily fresh and fresh eggs are always

Seal Brand Coffee (1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.) Because of its ABSOLUTE PURITY Dyspeptics drink it fearlessly. It tones and strengthens the stomach. Imported, Roasted and Packed by CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

nico. Moreover, if I have any, I have them today. My possession of eggs yesterday or tomorrow does not in the slightest degree affect the situation. Therefore, time being precious to a business man, I will simply content myself with replying that I have nice eggs."

ONE MILLION FOR A PAINTING.

The Fabulous Price Said to Have Been Offered for a Work of Titian.

The preposterous report that some one had offered £1,000,000, for Titian's celebrated painting of "Sacred and Profane Love," in the Borghese collection at Rome, is due, in all probability, to the universal hunger for astonishing people, although it may have some color of possibility to the imagination of kindergarden financiers.

Insensate prices have been paid for Raphaels, that in the National gallery especially, which came from the Marlborough collection; also for the works of other old masters, but never any such incredible price as this. Yet it would be a hard matter to set the exact limit of value in the case of Titian, more particularly such an example as the absurdly misnamed "Sacred and Profane Love."

If there exists in the world a picture worth \$1,000,000, who would be bold enough to deny the right of Titian, the potentate of painters, to be the author of that work? As to the picture known by the title of "Sacred and Profane Love"—a title which Titian did not give it, and which has needlessly puzzled many commentators—it is now generally considered simply as a fanciful or romantic composition.

But Franz Wickoff, a German critic, has evolved a theory, which has a good deal to recommend it, that this picture represents an incident in the seventh book of the 'Argonautica' of Valerius Flaccus, the Latin poet, where it is related that Medea, the enchantress, daughter of Aetes, the King of Colchis, unwilling to yield to her love for the Greek Jason, is visited by Venus, who pleads for the lover and endeavors to persuade Medea to follow her into the wood where Jason is waiting.

Titian has represented this scene as taking place in the open air, the dawn is just breaking and rosy streaks appear on the horizon. A young woman richly dressed is seated on one side of a fountain, on the edge of which she has placed a costly casket. Her right hand is in her lap and holds a bunch of magic herbs. Deeply moved, she gazes fixedly before her, lending ear to the while to the persuasive voice of another woman seated near. The form of this woman, around which flutters a red mantle, is of a marvellous beauty. She rests her right hand upon the fountain edge and with her left holds on high a vase from which issues a light smoke. Between the two women the god of love is splashing in the water with his chubby little hands.

Mr. Wickoff maintains that in the beautiful nude figure Venus is easily recognizable, even were her son not there to indicate her presence. The woman to whom she spoke, and who, though unwilling to yield blindly, she feels herself drawn by an irresistible power, is Medea, who betrayed the king, her father, and followed Jason, he stranger and enemy of her people.

Have You Read It? When Benjamin Franklin was ridiculed in Paris for the defence of the Bible, he determined to find out how many of the scoffers had read it. He informed one of the learned societies that he had come across a story of pastoral life in ancient times that seemed to him very beautiful but of which he would like the opinion of the society.

On the evening appointed, Franklin read to the assembly of scholars the Book of Ruth. They were in ecstasies over it, and one after another begged that the manuscript might be printed. "It is printed," replied Franklin, "and is a part of the Bible."

On another occasion he copied and read to a company of freethinking wits a remarkable 'ancient poem.' It was received

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of Brewster.

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and so easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

On the evening appointed, Franklin read to the assembly of scholars the Book of Ruth. They were in ecstasies over it, and one after another begged that the manuscript might be printed. "It is printed," replied Franklin, "and is a part of the Bible."

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CURE SICK HEADACHE.

The "Medicine" Hog.

In January, 1883, I followed the advice of Horace Greeley to go west, and I have since grown up with the country, but it was due to a hog that this growth was not ended terribly almost in its beginning.

I was a "tenderfoot," and knew nothing of mining, but Billy, my partner, during several years spent about the mines had learned much of ore and "leads" and "prospects" and such things, and he promised to teach me all that I needed to know.

Walking behind and driving the two little burros upon whose backs our effects were packed, a three day's march carried us to the range of mountains where Billy meant to prospect for silver.

There being no water elsewhere, we climbed to the summit and had begun making our camp when we heard a crashing of dry branches in a thicket not far away, and a loud "wool! wool! wool! wool!"

The hog ran to us, frisking, capering, grunting and "talking" to us incessantly, showing in every way possible that he was wildly delighted to see us.

We were glad to have him with us; he gave the camp a homelike air, and it occurred to us that our slender store of provisions might give out.

How a hog, and such a gentle one, came to be in that wild place, we could not imagine; his actions showed that there were no other hogs on the mountain, that he was lonesome, and that he had been used to regard men as friends.

We called him Dick. Seeming to understand that we were going to stay at the camp for sometime, he rooted a hole beside a log, and filling it with leaves made himself a comfortable bed.

He would follow at our heels, going with us to and from our work, never letting us out of his sight for an instant; and at night the slightest noise would bring him galloping into camp, grunting inquiringly to see if we were getting ready to leave.

It was at the time of the exhibition in 1867. A Japanese embassy went to Paris to treat for three free ports in France, in return for which France was to have three in Japan.

The Minister of Foreign Affairs selected Yokohama, Yeddo and Hang-Yang. The embassy made no objection; they simply smiled and went on their way.

Some time afterward Japan sent word that the three ports mentioned were agreed to, and in return Japan desired Havre, Marseilles and Southampton.

This last name gave the French officials a fit. They never laughed so much before, and certainly never since. Southampton a French port! No, it was too good.

'Why, Southampton is in England,' they replied. 'We know that,' came the cool response, 'but then Hang-Yang is in Corea.'

The carefully reared young man had left his native village and gone to the city to find a situation and a career. His acquaintance was small, and because of that he simply went about from place to place seeking whatever Fate might throw in his way.

They left when the sun rose, each shaking hands with us, and saying, 'Adios, amigo, (Good-by, my friend.)

As soon as they were out of sight, Billy said to me, 'Partner, we've got to get out of this; those backs are up to mischief of some kind. When I asked them who they were and where they lived, they

made out they couldn't understand, although they understood everything else. And did you notice how queerly they looked at Dick?—and at us when I asked them to come to the fire? I wonder if they are not some of the Chirikawa slipped back up here? We knew that the Chirikawa Apaches, were "hostiles" and off their reservation.

'Surely not,' I answered; "if they are Chirikawa, why didn't they kill us?" 'That's all right,' Billy said, 'but Indians aren't white folks, and at any minute they may change their minds and come back after us—you can't guess what an Indian will do. We'd better start right away, for we're goin' to take Dick with us, and we'll have to go slow, so he can keep up with us,' he concluded, going to where Dick was rooting for a breakfast.

'We're going to pull up stakes, old fellow,' he said to the hog, bending over and scratching his back, 'but we're not going to leave you behind; you haven't brought us any luck yet, but—'

He stopped abruptly and sank to his knees, looking intently at the ground. Presently he gave a wild hoop of delight, then cried excitedly, 'Come here, partner, quick! I told you the old hoggy would bring us luck—he's found a lead that will go four hundred to the ton, or I'm much mistaken!'

And in fact the rock held a vein of ore in which even my unpractised eyes distinguished faint threads of silver.

It just beats all! Billy exclaimed. 'Here we've been walking over the ledge every day for a month, never once dreaming that a rich vein was cropping out right at grass roots! We're rich, partner, and if all comes of our treating Dick on the square, Oh, but you're a mascot, aren't you, old hoggy?' he cried, affectionately slapping Dick's face first on one side, then on the other.

Running back to the fire, I brought a big batch of biscuit that we had just cooked, and gave them to Dick; and while he ate them, we gave him such a petting and back scratching as perhaps no other hog has ever had.

Next, we carefully examined the ledge, clearing off the dirt, exposing the vein for several feet, and found that the ore grew richer the deeper we dug. Satisfied that we had 'struck it rich,' we broke off several specimens to take with us. Then we covered up the vein, and hurriedly packing our burros, set out for Silver City.

Owing to Dick's inability to travel far without stopping to rest, it took us six days to reach our destination; and then we found the town in great excitement. A band of Chirikawa warriors had sneaked past the soldiers guarding the Mexican boundary, and had swept across Arizona and into New Mexico, murdering and burning as they went, and passing within a few miles of Silver City.

The Indians we had entertained at our camp were a part of this band, and it set us shivering to think how easily they could have killed us. Why they did not do so, we could not imagine. But a few days later, after we had sold our mine for a good price, I met one of these Indians on the San Carlos reservation, and first softening his heart by a gift of tobacco and money, I asked him to tell me why they spared us.

He answered readily that it was because of the 'medicine' hog. Apaches look upon all hogs as being 'medicine,' that is, magical or supernatural, and therefore will not eat their flesh; and Dick's standing guard over us like a dog, something they had never seen before, made them think that he was peculiarly powerful 'medicine.' So they had not dared to harm us. And as the Indian offered to trade me two ponies and one of his wives in exchange for the secret of this 'medicine,' I believe that he told me the truth.

It was at the time of the exhibition in 1867. A Japanese embassy went to Paris to treat for three free ports in France, in return for which France was to have three in Japan. The negotiations proved short and amiable.

'Make your choice,' said Japan, 'we will choose afterward.' The Minister of Foreign Affairs selected Yokohama, Yeddo and Hang-Yang.

The embassy made no objection; they simply smiled and went on their way. Some time afterward Japan sent word that the three ports mentioned were agreed to, and in return Japan desired Havre, Marseilles and Southampton.

This last name gave the French officials a fit. They never laughed so much before, and certainly never since. Southampton a French port! No, it was too good. Gently, but unmistakably, they explained the situation.

'Why, Southampton is in England,' they replied. 'We know that,' came the cool response, 'but then Hang-Yang is in Corea.'

Whereupon the French officials collapsed.

The carefully reared young man had left his native village and gone to the city to find a situation and a career. His acquaintance was small, and because of that he simply went about from place to place seeking whatever Fate might throw in his way.

They left when the sun rose, each shaking hands with us, and saying, 'Adios, amigo, (Good-by, my friend.)

As soon as they were out of sight, Billy said to me, 'Partner, we've got to get out of this; those backs are up to mischief of some kind. When I asked them who they were and where they lived, they

clearly," as he had read in a guide book to young men starting out in life, and the merchant looked him over.

'Um,' he said, thoughtfully, 'you have had no experience in this business?' 'No, sir,' responded the applicant, 'but I want to learn it.'

'Yes, I see. Do you chew tobacco?' 'No, sir.'

'Do you smoke?' 'No, sir.'

'Do you play poker?' 'No, sir.'

'Do you bet on the races?' 'No, sir.'

'Do you drink?' 'No, sir.'

'Do you run around at night?' 'No, sir.'

'Um—er,' hesitated the merchant, 'and you have had no experience in the business.'

'No, sir, but, as I said, I want very much to learn it.'

'I'm sorry,' said the merchant shaking his head, 'but I'm afraid you won't do. You see, your early education has been neglected, and you are handicapped now with so much to learn that the Lord only knows, when the business would have a chance. Stay in town a year, and then then come in and see me. Good morning.'

A story illustrating the good sense and humor of the late King Humbert is told at the expense of his physician, Dr. Sagoline.

Sometimes the King, from his hunting lodge of Castle Fusano went to the sea and amused himself by shovelling sand into a cart. 'Take care, your majesty,' said Sagoline one day, 'not to perspire too much.'

'Ah, my dear Signor Doctor,' answered the King, resting his chin on his two hands that grasped the handle of his spade, 'this muscular exercise does me much more good than your perscriptions.'

'Yes, but one must abuse nothing.' 'But I tell you that I feel very well, and you are afraid you see in this poor shovel a competitor.'

And, laughing heartily, the king finished filling his cart. However, by exposing himself in every way without exercising any care, the king contracted bronchitis, which took a chronic form and gave him a rather troublesome cough.

This cough was a source of anxiety to the faithful doctor, as he could not convince his patient of the necessity for taking medicine. Occasionally the doctor was even sent away abruptly by the king who would say, 'I have not called you. Why did you come? You may go. I thank you very much.'

One evening, however, the doctor thought he had gained his point, and he prepared for the king in his bedroom the powders he was to take during the night.

The next morning Dr. Sagoline rose very early, being very anxious to know the effect of his medicine. He was received in the bedroom and at once asked, 'Well, how does your majesty feel this morning?'

'Much better—I may say quite well,' was the response. 'Ah,' observed the doctor, rubbing his hands with satisfaction, 'you see the results of listening to reason.'

'What do you mean?' asked the king. 'The powders?'

'Bravo!' shouted Humbert. 'Go into the next room and see what you can find.' The powders were in the waste paper basket.

'Well, are you fellows going to strike?' asked the man who had his hands in his pockets. 'This is the time to do it, you know. Make it a political issue and get whatever you ask for.'

One of the men who was digging leaned upon his pick and sadly replied:—'No.'

'What! Are you satisfied with your wages?'

'No. They're very poor—lowest paid around here anywhere. But the man we're workin' for is a democrat. You know its never a political issue when you strike a democrat.'

PAIN-KILLER is the best, safest and surest remedy for cramps, colic and diarrhoea. As a liniment for wounds and sprains it is unequalled. Avoid substitutes, there's but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis', 25c. and 50c.

lord he had better just get a sandbag and work like any other footpad if he expected to make charges like that.'

The Great Detective. He solves a mystery with the ease peculiar to himself.—Hemlock Bones, the great detective, sat in his study, contemplating the one clue to the mystery.

It was a shirtwaist. Nervously smoking four cigars at once, Hemlock Bones amused himself by tossing a nitro-glycerine bomb from one hand to the other.

He continued to think. The other persons in the room did some thinking also. First, they would think of their past lives, then of the bomb, then of the hereafter.

Finally, Hemlock Bones threw the bomb into the wastebasket, lit six more cigars, and said: 'Easy enough! The victim of the accident was a married man, because the shirtwaist shows no signs of having been destroyed. He was a married man, because—'

'Because what?' shouted the other speaker, excitedly. 'Because there are no buttons on the shirtwaist!'

Part of her Trouble. Mrs. Millions—the clergyman spoke quite bitterly of the extravagant entertainments given by wealthy members of the congregation.

Million—'Did he mention any names?' Mrs. Millions (with a sigh)—'No; he didn't mention a single name!'

His View. 'First Filipino—I understand the United States intends to establish a stable government here.

Second Filipino—'That's good. Then we can have horses to ride, instead of being compelled to do all our retreating on foot.'

You'd be surprised if you used Magnetic Dyes to see what splendid results can be obtained, with slight effort and at a cost of ten cents.

BORN. Halifax, Oct. 3, to the wife of J. Griffin, a son.

Truro, Oct. 2, to the wife of George Yull, a son. California, Sept. 29, to the wife of D. Pelton, a son.

Acadia, Oct. 4, to the wife of G. Pitman, a daughter. Chelsea, Oct. 3, to the wife of W. Cahn, a daughter.

Pembroke, Oct. 2, to the wife of S. Wilcox, a daughter. Amherst, Oct. 7, to the wife of C. Estabrooks, a daughter.

Sydney, Oct. 2, to the wife of Allan McDonald, a son. Kent Co., Oct. 3, to the wife of Hugh Jardine, a son.

Annapolis, Sept. 19, to the wife of Clarence Grant, a son. Hawk Point, Sept. 30, to the wife of John Wheeler, a daughter.

Fairview, Oct. 4, to the wife of John MacAloney, a daughter. Annapolis, Sept. 30, to the wife of Fred Nogier, a daughter.

Shediac, Oct. 3, to the wife of M. LeBlanc, a daughter. Richibucto, Oct. 6, to the wife of R. O'Leary, a daughter.

Annapolis, Oct. 3, to the wife of R. Gesner, a daughter. Truro, Oct. 5, to the wife of Claude Eville, a daughter.

Souris, Oct. 8, to the wife of Dr. Maclellan, a daughter. Tatamagouche, Sept. 18, to the wife of E. Cassidy, a daughter.

Colchester, Sept. 24, to the wife of E. Bentley, a daughter. Folly Village, Sept. 30, to the wife of Capt. Urquhart, a son.

Clark's Harbor, Oct. 5, to the wife of Freeman Nickerson, a daughter. DeBert River, Sept. 19, to the wife of Mitchell Chisholm, a daughter.

MARRIED. Lunenburg, Sept. 23, Chas Hebb to Florence Cook.

Yarmouth, Oct. 1, Clarence Gray to Minnie Hamilton.

Summerville, Sept. 8, Fred Ogilvie to Susie Marsters.

Cambridge, Mass., Sept. 20, Margaret Kelly to Frank Florence.

Middleboro, Oct. 10, Manser D. Steeves to Sarah L. Lutes.

Upper Canada, Sept. 28, Dr. E. S. Jacques to Lizzie Burgess.

Cambridge, Mass., Oct. 1, Timothy V. Kehoe to Annie A. Noonan.

St. Peter's Bay, Oct. 9, James J. McCormack to Miss Lizette Gullis.

Coverdale, Oct. 11, Mr. Millidge B. Crossman to Miss Sarah Wright.

Everett, Mass., Sept. 26, William S. Keyser to Clara May Hartling.

Lower Clark's Harbor, Oct. 9, Mr. Elijah Ross to Miss Eugenia Smith.

Woodstock, Oct. 9, Mr. Robert E. Stephenson to Miss Margaret Stephenson.

DIED. Sydney, Oct. 1, Annie Jost.

Halifax, Mary J. Murray 1.

Hants, Oct. 3, Jacob Milne 64.

Windsor, Sept. 30, Ralph Cross 16.

Truro, Sept. 21, Bridget Kehee 45.

Boston, Oct. 1, James B. Sweet 60.

Ashton, Oct. 1, Garnet Russell 101.

Sussex, Oct. 10, Kate B. Dyrart 17.

Colchester, Sept. 23, Ezra Cuttle 60.

Salem, Oct. 6, Mrs Susan Lapee 24.

Halifax, Oct. 10, John Hurlbert 83.

Truro, Sept. 23, James E. Johnson 4.

Greenfield, Oct. 4, Joseph Fulton 63.

Colchester, Sept. 27, John Blais 55.

Bathurst, Marie E. Landry 4 months.

Wellington, Sept. 30, Hugh Gillis 101.

Hants, Sept. 29, Robert Henderson 62.

Yarmouth, Sept. 29, William N. Quilley 1.

Yarmouth, Oct. 2, Mrs Sarah Blaisvelt 79.

Truro, Oct. 10, Elizabeth McCurdy 58.

Scotch Village, Oct. 8, Melvin Smith 2.

Little Inlet, Oct. 4, Margaret Keach 12.

Yarmouth, Oct. 9, Marion Churchill 64.

Moncton, Oct. 10, Norman McMillan 75.

Liverpool, Sept. 25, Mrs Sarah Allen 85.

St. Piqua, Oct. 7, Jane D. Proutfoot 70.

Jacksonville, Sept. 12, Mrs A. Tracy 60.

Fredericton, Oct. 6, Ada I. Wetmore 83.

Moncton, Oct. 11, Mrs Ellen Hagerty 45.

Roxbury, Oct. 1, Lyons Crosby 6 months.

Lower Truro, Oct. 3, Thomas Johnson 77.

Montague, Oct. 6, Mrs John Campbell 88.

New York, Sept. 30, Beatrice S. Elmsly 37.

Yarmouth, Oct. 7, Capt James Atcheson 70.

Linton Settlement, Oct. 5, William Tran 71.

Flourville, Oct. 4, Mrs Lydia Danks 63.

Charlottetown, Oct. 19, Margaret Noonan 71.

Red House, Oct. 3, Marcella MacDonald 75.

Pictou, Sept. 25, Mrs Ellis both McKensie 46.

Sydney, Sept. 24, Mrs Isabella MacDonald 72.

New Bedford, Sept. 15, Clarence Pike 8 months.

Sackville, Oct. 9, Arnold E. Campbell 4 months.

Montague Cross, Sept. 20, Mrs Joseph Rooney 24.

Halifax, Oct. 3, Annie, wife of Arthur F. Curtis 35.

SUFFERING WOMEN. My treatment will cure promptly and permanently all diseases peculiar to women such as displacements, inflammations, ulcerations and ulceration of womb, painful suppressed and irregular menstruation and leucorrhoea. Full particulars, testimonials from grateful women and endorses. WRITE FOR FREE ATIONS OF PROMINENT PHYSICIANS SENT ON APPLICATION. Julia C. Richard, P.O. Box 996, Montreal.

RAILROADS. CANADIAN PACIFIC. Thanksgiving Day. Excursion Tickets ONE FARE for the Round Trip. Going October 17th and 18th, good to return October 22nd, 1900.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after June 18th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Sydney and Halifax, 6.00. Suburban from Hampton, 7.15.

D.J. POTTINGER, Gen. Manager. C.I.T. TICKET OFFICE. 7 King Street St. John, N. B.