

# PROGRESS.

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## REVIVING THE INTEREST

### BOAT RACING ONCE MORE TAKING HOLD OF THE PEOPLE.

The Enthusiasm Over a Small Victory—Old Time Memories of the Paris Crew Recalled and the Skill of the Oarsmen—Mr. Willis Wins With Special Blend.

There is no doubt that a very few boat races would revive the interest in that good old sport to the same pitch as it was when the Paris crew was in its prime. The regatta at Halifax this week in which St. John is so keenly interested have shown this, for they have been almost the sole topic of conversation among those who follow the fortunes of St. John wherever her sons go.

The fact that PROGRESS goes to press Friday morning prevents it from printing an account of the great event of the week—the professional four oared race—in which the best crews of the world are entered. When it is considered that the English champions were on hand and that the champion single sculler of the world, Gandar, had nominated a four to meet them from the region of the great Canadian lakes, and that added to this both of the cities by the sea, St. John and Halifax, which have earned world wide fame in the same sport, had crews entered, it can well be imagined that this was the great event of interest.

PROGRESS has printed portraits of the St. John and Halifax fours showing the men in their boats and giving a good idea of their form. The lightness of the St. John crew has told against them in the opinion of many sporting men but others again hold to the view that the lighter men are the less weight they will have to drive through the water, and that if the men are as strong as they are reported to be it is an advantage for them to be light. Then the old acquaintances and friends of the Paris crew recalled how strong and big their idols were and what reach they had and shook their heads over the reports they heard of the dimensions of the present representatives of St. John.

Perhaps there was nothing more interesting among the talk of the week than the old memories revived of the Paris crew, their trials and their victories. The stroke Fulton "whose equal as such St. John or no other city has produced"—his qualities were dwelt upon and all his good work brought up to emphasize the fact that the memory of it was still dear to the people. They told of how long his reach was and his power, compelling the bow oarsman who steered to counteract its power with the rudder. Then Price came in for his share of praise as the man who guided the boat so straight that no work was lost. Good steering of times wins a race and so the credit given to the favorite bow was unstinted. Hutton and Ross and the spare man all were talked of and the little incidents which Ross could hardly recall himself were canvassed and laughed over again.

Then the news of the race on Wednesday began to come in and when the crowd about the telegraph offices learned from the bulletins that St. John was ahead and likely to win, the enthusiasm was immense. The people lost sight of the fact that the crew they were rowing against was only a picked up Halifax crew with no pretensions, and only remembered that the boys from this city were in the lead. When the reports in the morning papers reached them they were not so confident, because the St. John crew had not shown to such an advantage as it might have. But "the race will do them good" was the verdict, and they will know how to steer on Friday. The betting was all one way in this city with the exception of a few who chose the English crew, and backed them liberally. Ten to six were the odds in Halifax on Halifax against St. John, and those of a sporting tendency sent what cash they could raise to Halifax to place upon the crew from this city. The result will be known and the bets decided when the patrons of PROGRESS read this and some idea of the uncertainty of betting and the fallibility of sporting opinion will be gained.

But whatever doubts the people may have had about their boat crew they have none concerning the ability of Special Blend to win the stallion race or of the bicycle boys to hold their end up. Between first and second prizes the St. John wheelmen made a great record for themselves. Mr. Willis again showed the maritime provinces that Special Blend can beat all comers, and Katrina came in for a share of the money in the 2.25 class, taking second place.

Mr. Cinch and his crew did not do as well as they might have, had more steady methods been pursued in their training. It does not do to shift men about in their boat a week or two before, a race simply to accommodate—a new man. Everybody agreed that Combs was doing fairly well and as results proved he could not have done much worse than his substitute. Still the boys deserve credit for their enterprise in going over to represent the city and if they know why

they did not make a better showing they can guard against such mistakes in the future.

## WANTS TO FIGHT SOMEBODY.

That is Blithely Ignorant of the Penalty attached to a Challenge.

A young man well known in insurance circles but better known in athletics, wants to fight. He is not a heavy weight as he only weighs about one hundred and twenty pounds, and therefore would not be in that class, but feels that his honor was a little "topsy turveyed" by another athlete, and is bent on satisfying his outraged feelings. The insurance man has the advantage of his opponent in years, as the latter is yet in his teens, but that makes no difference in the athletic arena to the former's way of thinking, so he is determined that the fight must go on and that nothing will satisfy him but the gore of the assailant of his honor, flowing in streams.

The youngster is not in the least disturbed over the affair, and although he is now confined to his bed, wishes his friends to know that it is not fight that knocked him out.

The insurance man made quite a name last winter as the lightning rubber of a hockey team, but nobody who saw his rushing propensities then thought he would use these powers but he is not only anxious to rush into the arena and print, but barely escapes rushing into the clutches of the law, as there is a heavy fine against the issuing of a challenge of combat. The fine is something like one hundred dollars for issuing such challenge and a trifle steeper for preparing for the fray.

How the young man got disturbed and just his head was done a very simple way; he applied for the St. John B and A grounds to play Cricket. The secretary of the Starlight B. B. Club also applied for the grounds to play ball. Both gentlemen wanted the grounds for the same day. The Starlight application meant twenty dollars to the B and A grounds but the other application meant nothing. The secretary wrote a local for one of the daily papers, which said "A Cricketer wanted the grounds for a little game of Cricket."

The foregoing line and a half is what ruffled Fairweather's feelings and honor, and caused all the trouble.

He sat down at once and wrote a challenge for the secretary to "meet him in mortal combat; that he would defend his honor to the last." No attention was paid to the letter so the challenger visited his opponent at the latter's place of business and invited him outside for a friendly "scrub." The secretary replied that he was too busy. The intruder was asked to arrange matters with his second to meet at Brown's Place, but he was too wrathful and had to be ejected.

His next attempt to expose the secretary was on Saturday afternoon last when the baseballist was counting the gate receipts at the grounds, and the ruster made a mad rush to end matters, but was held back by the strong arm of Captain Jenkins.

Both parties are still living but 'tis said the aggressor is in active training.

## HOW HE GOT PERMISSION.

It Took Many Telegrams But It Worked in The End.

There's a sporting man, who keeps a saloon, and who tried very hard to go to the Halifax carnival, but his better half, from a sense of economy, put her foot down and would not allow him to go.

This seemed very hard on the gentleman considering the fact that he never misses anything where there is a boat race, horse race or ball game going on, so the man with the sporting turn of mind set to work to think how he could influence his wife and get to Halifax.

On Thursday he begged and coaxed her to let him go as "the boys" were all going. His entreaties fell on deaf ears as the wife was determined that no money should be spent foolishly by her better half going on his little trip with the boys. That was Thursday morning. In the afternoon though, the husband took a friend into his confidence, and together the two put up a job by which he got fifty dollars and is now in Halifax.

The scheme which the two worthies worked was as follows: about two o'clock a telegram, which was made up on Mill street was sent to his house urging him to "come to Halifax and act as judge in the great boat race." This was signed by one Smith who was supposed to be on the committee. The husband arranged matters so that he was absent and his wife of course opened the telegram. A second message was sent about three o'clock further urging him to come on at once and act as judge. In all there was about seven or eight messages sent, and the wife opened all of them.

Finally a last message offered her husband his money to come on, and it was this one that misled the wife. She got the value, packed it and, handed over the required sum.

## ON THE WAY TO HALIFAX

### FAKERS GOING TO SEE THE BIG SHOW ARE HERE.

Some of the Evidences They Have Left in Their Wake—An I. C. R. Saloon Man Fleeced—Travelers Who Were Robbed of Money.

The Halifax carnival has had the effect of attracting to the sister city numbers of strangers of all sorts and conditions. The majority of them were well to do, and in many cases wealthy people, in search of a few days vacation and rest; but there were others—those who live by their wits alone and who saw in the carnival a golden opportunity to enrich their treasury at the expense of their less wide awake but more honest fellow creatures. A large number of these characters went by way of this city and they left in their wake the usual number of victims.

The first contingent, or what might be termed the advance guard, arrived here on Monday last and they at once commenced to make themselves perfectly at home. The first tale of woe comes from a well known gentleman who kept a saloon near the I. C. R. station and who suffered to the extent of \$4 in cash and a large amount of refreshments chiefly in the way of liquors. On Monday about noon two well dressed, distinguished looking gentlemen entered his place of business and called for something to quench an awful thirst. The liquor was produced, glasses were filled and drained only to be refilled, not once but several times. At last one of the customers asked the amount of damage and on being told it was 80 cents, suggested another drink each until the bill reached one dollar. A crisp \$5 note was produced and the refreshment paid for after which both customers left the shop. A few minutes later the liquor dealer received some small change and went into a neighboring establishment to have the \$5 bill changed. His surprise may be imagined when he was informed that the bill was absolutely worthless and he awoke to the fact that he had been fleeced. He spent the remainder of the day in his bar in the hope that he might again see his friends of the morning but "they never came back" and he was left to mourn his loss.

Another instance of the presence of crooks was seen in the I. C. R. station on the same day but in this case the fakir was caught. A gentleman and his wife purchased tickets for Gardiner, Me. from ticket agent Hanington and started for their train only to return in a few minutes with the starting intelligence that their tickets were lost or stolen.

Inquiries were made but the tickets could not be found and two others were purchased.

Just as the train was leaving the depot a railway newsboy remembered seeing a rough looking man get aboard with two tickets in his hand answering the description of the missing ones. The train was quietly searched but no trace could be found of the ticket thief. When the conductor made his first round the tickets were found. One of them was presented by a well dressed, good looking man while the other was tendered by his companion. The tickets were taken into another carriage where the original purchaser at once recognized them as his property and a stormy interview with the thief followed. The well dressed fakir however agreed to pay for them, when threatened with arrest and the matter was allowed to drop there.

Still another case where the expert thieves got in their work was brought to light later in the week. A lady purchased a return ticket to Halifax and put it in her purse together with \$15 in bills. She boarded the train and when the conductor asked for her ticket she found that her purse containing ticket and money had been stolen as well as two small earrings which were in the same pocket. The purse was afterwards found outside of the main entrance to the station. The ticket was in it as before, but the money was gone.

Two extra sleepers were on the same train and when they reached Moncton two gentlemen on board reported having lost \$30 and \$50 respectively. Inquiries were at once instituted but no clew was found. Smaller robberies have been reported but the police have not yet been informed.

It is very seldom that St. John is visited by crooks who do their work in such systematic style but their visits are sufficiently numerous and they are not at all guests of whom citizens are sorry to see the last.

## Mr. Gregory Explains His Act.

Mr. J. Fraser Gregory, the president of the Y. M. C. A. orchestra, complains that the article in PROGRESS respecting him and some members of the Y. M. C. A. organization who were playing at the Opera house under another leader, did him an injustice. In the light of the facts as presented by Mr. Gregory, PROGRESS holds the same view and is glad to give him

statement of the case. While it probably appeared a strange act for one in the audience after the performance to go to the orchestra and without any explanation gather up a part of the music that had been used, still when it is learned that the music was Mr. Gregory's own property, and was there without his knowledge or consent, his action is easily explained. Mr. Gregory says that both his and the Y. M. C. A. music was originally taken from its usual secure place in the Y. M. C. A. building by the door of the closet where it was being forced open, and he says that, as president of the orchestra, he had a perfect right to take the music wherever he found it.

## THEIR GAME DID NOT WORK.

Card Fakirs on the Train Tried to Find Some Green Partners.

A passenger on the early morning train from Halifax on Friday had quite a little fun at the expense of a gang of fakirs, who took him to be an unsophisticated youth. This gang numbering about six left Halifax Thursday night on through tickets for Boston, and had the appearance of first class tourists. After the train had passed Truro, one very stylish young man went the round of the car to find two gentlemen to accompany himself and friend in a friendly game of whist. They were not hard to find and were obliged by a gentleman from Sussex and one from St. John.

The stylish young man handed the pack of cards to his friend who quickly discovered that they were not complete and on close examination found them to be a euchre pack.

The young man's explanation was that they had been playing with two ladies in Halifax the night before and had forgotten that they played euchre.

"What's the odds?" exclaimed his partner. "let's play euchre," and all were agreed.

The game kept even for three hands when the stylish young man began his little game. He dealt his friend three queens and himself three aces; picked up his hand and remarked "By jove! I have an elegant poker hand." "So have I," exclaimed his friend. "Bet you five dollars, I beat you." "It's a go, what have you got?" "Three queens." "Ha! I have got you with three aces," "Ha, ha," and everybody laughed.

Needless to say the St. John and Sussex men did not attempt to take these fakirs up in their own track but let them go under a close watch.

Every once in a while the St. John and Sussex men would get two pair, three aces, and sometimes four aces, and then the fakir would ask if anyone wanted to bet on a poker hand but no one wanted to bet, and finally they gave up the game, and they thought it a little too dry and would rather play whist, if they had the proper cards.

Here the game ended and as the boys were a little anxious to know who they were trying to play on, they began talking to the St. John man all about his business etc. They were fairly well informed on St. John but got a story that opened their eyes, and had to acknowledge that they ran up against a snag once in a while.

## THE BAND DOESN'T PLAY.

Because of Trouble Which Existed Between Officers and Men.

HALIFAX, July 30.—Every militia corps in Halifax has had its troubles within the year. The 63rd has had intestine strife between the colonel and some of the officers for a larger period. Hostilities of a different kind have recently occurred which ends in the smash up of the band. The 65th is an old volunteer battalion and the band till recently was run by the men of the officers. Lately Colonel Egan issued orders that hereafter the band committee of the regiment would control it and that the authority must pass from the men. Military discipline was in fact, extended to the band. This grieved members who since they joined had been their own masters; and they kicked. They kicked so vigorously that a message was sent all the band, to the effect that any discontented ones would oblige by immediately handing in their clothing, etc., and taking out their discharge. Half the band responded to this invitation and now the regiment practically has no band. Not dismayed by this the colonel gave orders to the bandmaster to reorganize, giving the bandmaster twelve months to get together a new band.

The H. G. A. trouble regarding the alleged frauds at the annual inspection is not yet settled, and the company officer by Maxwell and Captain Flowers was demitted.

Since last year's sensation in the 66th, at Bedford Range all has been peace in the Fusiliers. Long may it continue so!

## They Will Send Delegates.

HALIFAX, June 30.—Halifax Irishmen are an enthusiastic people, who don't allow the grass to grow under their feet. Archbishop O'Brien met a large gathering of his people on Sunday afternoon and delegates were appointed to the convention of the Irish Home Rule Federation, which meets in Dublin in September. The object of the gathering will be to try and heal differences in the Irish party.

## BOTH WERE BRAVE MEN.

### AND BOTH SHOULD HAVE RECEIVED GENEROUS TREATMENT.

Put the Power of Money Prevailed and Passenger Monks Got the Privilege of Freedom While the Steward Was Kept Locked up Like a Criminal.

HALIFAX, July 30.—Halifax early Sunday morning at last got clear of that very undesirable class of citizens—the crew of the horror ship Hertford Fuller. Chief O'Sullivan became righteously indignant when he found how slow the Washington authorities were to remove them, and he joyfully told the American consul here, as an ultimatum to inform the secretary of state that if he did not have the prisoners taken to the United States at once he would turn them upon the streets of Halifax. We in Canada may be slow, but the authorities in Washington proved themselves in this case "a little slower than the slowest."

There is one feature of this mutiny and murder tragedy which the papers barely touched upon. It was the difference in the treatment accorded by the police to Spencer, the steward of the Herbert Fuller, and to Monks, then passenger on the vessel. Never was the power of money more strikingly shown than in this case. One was a poor colored cook on a merchant vessel, the other was the son of a Boston banker. When the crew were arrested the colored cook was kept locked in a cell till the order came to despatch the prisoners to the United States; the banker was taken to Chief O'Sullivan's office and though not allowed to leave for two days, he was treated as a privileged person; given the best that the City hall could provide, and after two days confinement he was allowed out on parole and permitted to take up his quarters at a hotel. Sunday morning Monks walked around and took his state room. Spencer was handcuffed and marched ahead as a prisoner.

Both the colored man and the banker—passenger appear to have acted as heroes after the awful crime, and to have worked together magnificently to bring the vessel into port. Yet apart from the position of the one, and the exalted worldly condition of the other, there was no reason why one should be locked up as a wretched criminal and the other granted all the privileges of freedom. There was no suspicion that the steward was the murderer nor was there the slightest hint that Monks had a hand in it. Still the steward was far enough away from the fatal cabin, while Monks had to explain how it was that he could sleep through two murders within ten feet of him, and only waken as the third victim was being despatched by the mate's reddened axe, yet it is the honest black steward who is kept in a cell for a week, and the deep-sleeping passenger who is released on parole. In spite of American Consuls, chiefs of police and public opinion, it was the passenger with the money who was released; and the steward without it who was kept in a cell. In all other respects they were equal.

That black cook and the refined passenger on the Hertford Fuller both acted like heroes during the week of terror in which three putrefying bodies towed in the death-boat at the vessel's stern.

This letter is not intended as a reflection in the simplest degree on the American Consul or the chief of police. Both did their duty, and they did it thoroughly and tactfully. It is written merely to show that the dollar is almighty yet even in enlightened Halifax. The influence of the rich man's wealth and his connections was sufficient to cause the discrimination. There was, though, one other reason why a difference should be made in favor of Monks—he was in delicate health, threatened with pulmonary troubles; whereas the cook was as strong and burly as salt seas and fresh air could make him.

## HAD TO GO BY TRAIN.

The Fusiliers Did Not Make the Trip by The Prince Rupert.

The Sixty Second Fusiliers band excursion did not go to Halifax by steamer "Prince Rupert" as advertised.

This was not the bandmaster's fault as they have been hustling for over a month making everybody wait for their mammoth trip to Halifax, and return for four dollars, but they were subjected to a number of disappointments and finally had to leave by the Intercolonial Railway last Thursday night.

The Prince Rupert it will be remembered met with an accident which laid her up. That was the first drawback to the band's trip; then the "Rupert" management arranged with the Monticello to make the trip; again there was some misunderstanding and again the Fusiliers trip had to be postponed.

The straw that broke the camels back, however, was when Bandmaster Jones, had his band all Thursday morning announcing that they were to go at one thirty that day, and by the steamer "Prince Rupert" too.

There was a large crowd ready to embark but the "Rupert" did not go.

Then the air became blue with threats that never again would they negotiate with the Rupert people, and nothing but good sized damages would be required to make it square.

However, the band boys and about two hundred friends embarked at ten thirty on the I. C. R. and reached Halifax on Friday morning.

## GOING TO HAVE AN ELECTION.

Liberals and Conservatives have Nominated Their Respective Candidates.

HALIFAX, July 30.—Adding to the carnival excitement this week comes the decision to have a local election contest in this county, the liberals have nominated W. B. Wallace, and the conservatives have placed in the field Thomas W. Walsh, M. D., Mr. Wallace is a young man of good points, and if he is not brilliant he is certainly bright. He was some time ago in the law partnership of Longley and Wallace, but has since sought another co-laborer. For many years he has been official reporter for the house of assembly, and he has been working up a law business with all the energy he could spare, after much political work and wire-pulling. As a canvasser for the liberal party he has become pretty well known throughout the county.

Dr. T. W. Walsh, M. D. is a young physician who has built up a fair practice in the north-end, where he is very well known, Ward 5 looks upon him as its peculiar property. He ran at the general election and was defeated, but so was his opponent Hon. M. J. Power, one of the best and most highly esteemed representatives who ever sat for Halifax in the local house.

The election will take place on August 15th, and the people will once more have an opportunity of showing that there is more politics to the square inch in Nova Scotia than anywhere else of which we have the records.

## BEHIND THE SCENES.

The Reason Why the Curtain Didn't go up on Schedule Time.

The New York Comedy company, which closed an engagement here last Saturday evening had a somewhat stormy week of it, though the public were of course blissfully ignorant of the many little difficulties which existed, and which reached a climax on Saturday evening. At eight o'clock there was a good-sized audience present to see the final performance, but the curtain didn't go up until nearly nine o'clock, and by that time it had been whispered around that the nonpayment of salaries by the management was the cause of trouble behind the scenes. The gods owned the house so to speak, and the scene at times was wild in the extreme; but from what has since been learned it was calm indeed compared with that which was being enacted in the various dressing rooms. There the wildest confusion reigned and costumes which had been donned at the usual time were thrown off again until some satisfactory arrangement had been arrived at.

The trouble originally began, in Eastport but an arrangement had been made before reaching St. John whereby the back salaries were to be paid by a pro rata division of the nightly receipts after the deduction of expenses. This was done according to agreement, but the company insisted upon having their hotel expenses paid up to Monday morning when the engagement ended. To this the management strongly objected, hence the trouble which followed.

The company refused to go on Saturday evening until salaries had been paid up to date and at one time the Opera House management had almost decided to refund the money to the audience but this was not done, and finally the matter was so far settled as to permit the play to proceed though the hotel expenses trouble still hung fire. This was a fruitful source of trouble and wordy wars all day Sunday, and it was quite expected that Monday would bring interesting developments. On Sunday evening, however mutual friends began negotiations between the management and the company in which the former was advised to pay the claim and avoid legal proceedings which otherwise would be instituted Monday. The management decided to pay up, and bright and early Monday morning the affair was settled to everybody's satisfaction.

It is only fair to both parties to say that misunderstandings aggravated matters considerably and only the good offices and intervention of friends succeeded in bringing something like order out of the chaos which prevailed.

## Races on Labor Day.

The Agricultural society have decided to have races on Labor day, September 7. If the purses are attractive a great field of horses should be secured, and the races make the most interesting of the season.

SOME CLAY MODELLING.

SPRINGS OF THE WORK OF AMERICAN INDIANS.

Ancient Egyptian Pottery.—Discovery of Unearthed Jugs in Utah.—Caricatures Made by Negro Slave Pottery.—Portrait Vases of Mexico.

During the civil war there was a little pottery in the woods near Bath, South Carolina, where fire bricks were made, that was operated by Col. Thomas J. Davis, a prominent Southern cotton planter. The primitive kilns of this establishment were utilized for the burning of coarse pottery ware for the Southern hospitals, as traffic with the North had been cut off, and the Confederate States were forced to depend upon themselves for the ordinary manufactures which they require. The ware produced by Col. Davis was coarse earthenware glazed, in the crudest manner with a preparation of wood ashes and melted sand, which gave it a black or purplish brown appearance. Clumsy water jugs, jars, and heavy cups and saucers were manufactured in large quantities by the negro slaves who were employed to do the work. Nothing of an ornamental nature was attempted, but the homely ware was sufficient for the requirements of the times, and many a sick and wounded soldier was refreshed by a draught of cooling water or a drink of coffee from the brown pitcher or earthen cup. It is strange that these relics of local manufacture, so abundant during the war, should have so entirely disappeared from sight. I do not know of a single specimen which has been preserved, save a black jug now in the Pennsylvania Museum, Philadelphia, though it is reasonable to suppose that some of them still exist as heirlooms in the families of soldiers who once used them. It is said that the demand for these products became so great toward the close of the war that the pottery could not begin to fill the orders. With the closing of the war the need for such ware disappeared and the manufacture was discontinued.

But before this great influx of business came to the pottery the negro workmen had considerable spare time on their hands, which they were accustomed to employ in modelling homely designs in pottery which they could make on the old-fashioned "kick wheel" which they operated. Among these were some weird-looking water jugs, roughly modelled on one side in the form of a grotesque human face, evidently intended to portray the African features. These were generally known as "monkey jugs," not on account of their resemblance to the head of an ape, but because the porous vessels which were made for holding water and cooling it by evaporation were called by that name. I have seen but three of these sculptured jugs, all of which are now in collections. Col. Davis informed me a few years ago that numbers of them were made during the year 1862, but he did not know of a single example. One of them, however, is now on exhibition at the Pennsylvania Museum, the property of Mr. W. W. Watson, Jr., of Philadelphia.

This possesses considerable interest as representing a native art of the Southern negroes, uninfluenced by civilization, and we can readily believe that the modelling reveals a trace of aboriginal art as formerly practised by the ancestors of the makers in Africa. The example referred to, is of smaller size than the other specimens mentioned, being only about six inches in height, but the modelling is almost identical in the three, and was evidently done by the same hand. By the ingenious insertion of a different clay, more porous and whiter than the rest of the jug, the eyeballs and teeth attain a hideous prominence. The purplish glaze has been roughly flung over the surface and presents the appearance of a composition of sand and ashes, as described to me by Col. Davis himself. Taking it all in all, the history of the little pottery at Bath is more closely interwoven with the history of the Confederacy than that of any other industrial enterprise of the time. Many of the powder mills and ordnance furnaces of the South were supplied with fire brick from the Bath kilns and subsequently, most of the Confederate hospitals drew their supplies of earthenware from the same source.

How different from the crude art of the negro slaves, which are at best but the last fading trace of a savage inheritance, was the modelling of some of the early American peoples. The ancient Peruvians, for instance, were far in advance of other contemporary semi-civilized races of the world in this art, and their ceramic remains, which are still being brought to light, continue to astonish the archaeologist. Among the endless variety of forms which their pottery assumed the drinking vessel, in the shape of a human head, with carved handle ending in a spout, was, perhaps, the most characteristic, and to this design the "monkey jugs" of the Bath pottery bore the closest resemblance, in appearance and the purposes for which they were designed.

The same idea has been carried out by modern Mexican potters, as illustrated by an earthenware vase from the Mexican section at the Chicago Fair. It is made of a light, porous clay, modelled in the form of a "Greaser's" head, possibly an ex-

ample of actual portraiture, and is colored after life.

It is interesting to note the effect on aboriginal art in this country caused by contact with Europeans. Among the pottery designs of the Peruvians have been found vessels with modelled figures of men riding on the backs of horses and men with high hats. Such pieces while characteristically Peruvian in conception and workmanship, were doubtless made after the conquest, as shown by the employment of objects of European introduction as decorative details.

In New York State many clay tobacco pipes have been discovered on Indian sites. The Rev. W. M. Beauchamp of Baldwinville came across a curious example of native modelling, which is supposed to represent a saint in a niche or shrine. The Jesuits had penetrated into this section as early as the latter part of the sixteenth century, as shown by the numerous metallic objects of ecclesiastical import, such as crosses and pendants, which have been discovered associated with Indian remains, and the natives became familiar with some of the teachings of these early missionaries. Their influence on the arts of the natives is also revealed in many of the stone carvings from the same sites, such as gorgets and beads.

MONSTERS OF THE DEEP.

Creatures in the Sea that Do Not Hesitate to Attack a Vessel.

In the year 1638 the mouth of one of the fjords on the coast of Norway, near the Loffoden Island, was blocked up for a month by the body of some huge marine animal that had drifted in from the sea. The stench was tremendous, and the superstitious fishermen of the neighborhood were afraid to make an examination until a great storm had cleared the channel, and then all vestige of the marine monster had disappeared. Not a bone nor a scrap of flesh or hide was left.

Bishop Pontoppidan, a learned Swede, came to the place a month after and made a careful investigation. Questioning all the fishermen who had witnessed this singular occurrence, all agreed that at long intervals there appeared in the northern seas a huge marine animal or fish that most of them had seen, but none could tell anything of its habits. Its presence was always known by the sudden coming of great shoals of fish, especially cod, that could be seen a quarter of a mile away. It was white in color, but showed very little above the surface of the water. It seemed to be from a quarter to a half a mile in circumference, and propelled itself by thrusting out innumerable arms that caught the water like a man swimming. When it sank there was plainly heard a sucking sound, and the water was much agitated, a proof that the body must be very large. So Pontoppidan called this the "kraken," and concluded that it was one of the creatures that had been stranded in the fjord. He also wrote a long Latin treatise on the new monster—and no doubt wished he hadn't, for a furious controversy started up—the Bishop was called a liar in half a dozen languages, and for a century Pontoppidan's "kraken" was made much fun of. Then Linnaeus took it up, and made it clear that the alleged monster was a huge "cuttlefish," as there was abundant evidence that these had formerly visited the north coast, and, while many were small, some were of great size and capable of doing much mischief. The smaller ones confined their malignant strength to uprooting the anchors of the fishing boats—and this they do today along the west coast of Florida.

In the light of modern knowledge the old Bishop is vindicated, but for obvious reasons cuttlefish as big as the kraken never come to market lately; in fact, the capture of a very small one is a serious matter, not likely to be undertaken even by the mesagerie people.

In 1859 Mr. John Bowman, now in the Treasury Department, was one of the crew of the sperm whaler Islander, Capt. Folger commanding. In May they were off Point de Galle, Island of Ceylon. There were a number of the natives on catamarans fishing. Suddenly the sailors heard a loud cry and saw to the leeward, not over 200 yards away, a catamaran being turned end over end and a great flock of sea gulls swooping down on something white in the water; then a wild confusion of what looked like strands of manilla hawsers: the sea-

breaking white water over the mass, which looked at least 100 yards square. All at once the first mate of the Islander cried out:

"Holy Moses, Capt. Folger, the great white squid. I've been twenty years at sea and never saw it before. They say it's had luck for a spouter to meet it."

It had caught the catamaran, but the crew may have escaped, and now it was in full vigor, a nest of living serpents, the arms twining and wriggling one over the other, receding and then shooting up, tant as a spar, and long enough to have caught in the top of a big ship.

Capt. Folger sent the steward for a rife, and he fired into the mass. There was a hum, and the great body surged and seemed to drift away. The breeze was freshening, and the Islander sent up stern sails and was soon miles away.

It is a curious belief that bitter, bad luck attends a ship that meets this great sea spectre, and before the Islander saw New England she had her share, losing both mate and captain by disease and being dismantled off Japan.

In 1833 His Majesty's ship-of-war Amaranthe was coming through the Mozambique channel, bound for Pondicherry in the top hailed the deck. "White water on the starboard bow—looks like a sunken wreck." It was watched from the quarter deck, and various opinions given—no wreck for it was almost a quarter of a mile long, and seemed in motion. They were now 100 yards away.

"Gentlemen," said the Captain, "we live to learn—in all my forty years service I never saw the 'great squid' before. Clear away second battery; load with grape—ready fire."

Twelve loads of grape cut into the middle of the mass. It was alive in an instant. Hundreds of arms forty feet long were thrust out, and it was evident that the mass was moving toward the frigate. She was put about, and in a few minutes was out of danger. There is one authentic narrative of a vessel being attacked by this creature. In 1758 the Roi Jean, a French brig 600 tons, bound for Pondicherry, found her way suddenly checked on Madagascar. A sailor looked over the side and saw a peculiar white mass clinging to the bowsprit. Long tentacles were waving in the air, and one was wrapped around the davit. He gave the alarm, and by the time all hands were on deck a hideous head rose above the rail. It had a beak like a parrot and two eyes, opaque, like jelly. They thought it an enormous crab.

Hall trawler with terror the crew went to work with cutlass, boat hook, and arms, while the cook, a giant negro, threw buckets of scalding water from the galley. The beak snapped, the eyes grew red and malignant, arms were thrown around the swifter and shrouds, and it was coming aboard. Cut off, the tough tentacles renewed themselves. Quickly the cook with a broadaxe cut into the head between the eyes. The arm severed and a plunge told the crew that their enemy was vanquished, and they saw it floating astern. Pieces of the arms were preserved in liquor, and these were three inches long.

At Dunkirk today in the church, is a model of a ship with something which clinging to the side, and this is the "ex voto" offered 139 years ago by the crew of the Roi Jean "for their deliverance from a sea monster."

Perhaps some day we may know the secret of the lower ocean. Until then there is a fine field for conjecture.—Philadelphia Times.

NOW IS ALWAYS THE BEST TIME.

UMMER STUDY with us is just as agreeable as at any other time. Perfect ventilation is secured in our rooms, 50 feet high, by ventilation in walls and ceilings. We are situated on one of the highest points in St. John, and are favored with sea breeze from the north. Besides we have the best summer climate in America. No better time than now for learning Isaac Pitman's Shorthand, or for training in the most thorough and practical business course obtainable in Canada. Send name and address for catalogue. No vacation. Students can enter at any time. S. KEENE & SON, St. John, N. B.

The backwoods boy also finds something one might think in the fact that he is violating the game laws; that there is a possibility of the game warden lurking about the snare waiting to catch him red-handed with the blood of a rabbit on his fingers out of season and unlawfully taken in a contrivance. The boy anticipates a wild dash through the woods with the tender-foot constable racing after, unable positively to identify him.

But there are men who have grown up from such boys who have continued the practice of snaring game, but who no longer do so for fun or because of the excitement of it, but because of the dollars and cents they get for the rabbit carcases or birds. It is these men that trouble the club owners and their destructive poaching, and so the game warden are instructed to nip them if they can.

Blackie, the Kestrel.

John Stuart Blackie's superabundance of energy is evidenced by the eagerness with which he entered into whatever interested those with whom he came in contact. In his biography we find an extract from a characteristic letter which he wrote while in Rome to a sister who had remonstrated with him for being so much addicted to verse writing.

"You see I am verse mad," he wrote. "But you know I am subject to various kinds of madness, and of frequent recurrence. In Aberdeen I got religious mad. Then I got Latin mad. Now I am verse mad and drawing mad, and am fast getting antiquity mad."

American Soapstone.

In the ragged mountains in Albermarle county, Va., the scene of one of Poe's weird tales, exists a great deposit of soapstone which is said to be the finest in the world. It was discovered only about 12 years ago, but now a small colony exists at the spot and three quarries have been opened. The stone, which is very hard and fine grained, is cut out in blocks averaging nine tons in weight and afterwards sawed into slabs. It is employed among other things for tanks in chemical laboratories, tubs and sinks in laundries, linings for fireplaces, griddles— which need no greasing when made of soapstone—tables and fittings in hospitals and dissecting rooms. Acid is said to have no effect upon the stone.—Youth's Companion.

Civil Service

Many government offices are to be filled soon—why not try? We give thorough preparation by mail or personally—shorthand and any other branches. Send for lesson free. SNELL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, Box 1, Turco, N. B.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Netherwood ROTHESAY N. B. A home school for girls on Church of England lines. For details, etc., apply to Mrs. J. EMMON ARMSTRONG, Principals.

BOARDING

MISS HASTING, 27 Dorchester Street, is prepared to accommodate a few Boarders, permanent or transient. Also a few Table Boarders.

WANTED

Old established wholesale House wanted one or two honest and energetic representatives for this section. Can pay a bonus about \$12.00 a week to start with. DRAWER 29, Brantford, Ont.

WANTED

THREE General Agents for a book of Counties; also five canvassers for each. A big thing and those who get territorial rights will be in luck. Can also employ several bright ladies at their own homes. J. H. BRADLEY-GARRETT CO., LTD., 49 Richmond St. West, Toronto, Ont.

TO BE SOLD

AT A BARGAIN, VERY cheap, a Square Rosewood Piano (lately made), in good order. A splendid chance for the country. Apply at the office of this paper.

\$18 a Week Easy

You work right here make clean signs for office and store windows; for beauty and durability they are unsurpassed. We are sole importers and agents of the original Letter since 1881. ROBERTSON STAMP AND LETTER WORKS, St. John, N. B.

WANTED

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

WANTED

1000 halftones or photos to enlarge to life size. We give you, a splendid, true, 16 x 20 Portrait at a very low price and send picture by mail or personal delivery. 49 Francis Xavier, Montreal.

PHOTO

Outfits and materials, Kodaks and Cameras, from \$5 to \$100. Practical information ensuring success, free. Save time and money by consulting us. ROBERTSON STAMP AND LETTER WORKS, St. John, N. B.

WANTED

MEN everywhere to paint signs with our patterns. No experience required. Thirty dollars weekly. Send stamp for patterns and particulars. BARBER BROS. Toronto, Ont.

WANTED

RELIABLE MECHANIC'S in need of Cold Water Paint. Five million pounds sold in United States last year. VICTOR KOPF, 49 Francis Xavier, Montreal.

RESIDENCE

at Rethmas for sale or to rent for the summer months. The pleasantly situated house known as the Times property is about one and a half miles from Rethmas Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec Falls. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. FOSTER, Barrington-Law, Piquette Building, St. John, N. B.

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DURABILITY, COMFORT, and PRICE.



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EMERSON & FISHER.

P. S.—Custom Work of all kinds attended to promptly by a competent staff of workmen.

DO YOU WANT A Second-Hand Bicycle?

We have them in good running order, and of almost all makes, from \$85 to \$65.

LOOK AT THE LIST.

Singers, Raleighs, Betlsieze, Quadrants, Hartfords, Crescents. ALL IN THOROUGH ORDER.

QUICK REPAIR SHOP

THERE WILL BE NO DELAY, for we realize how much a rider dislikes to part with his wheel, even for a day. We hope to make friends by being prompt.

MARCH BROS.,

BICYCLE ACADEMY, SINGER RINK.

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# Musical and Dramatic

**IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.**  
There is absolutely nothing of direct public importance to mention this week. What with the Halifax Carnival taking so many of our people away from home and other specious reasons, the city has in a measure been left barren of musical entertainment.

The happy incident in the life of Prof. Chas. R. Fisher alluded to in this department last week materialized on Wednesday last. The many friends of Prof. Fisher wish him and his bride full measure of domestic delight and happiness on their journey through life. As stated last week Prof. Fisher shortly leaves for Roanoke Va.

One item of musical interest is found in the fact that Calvin church has become the possessor of a fine two manual pipe organ which is now being placed in position. The instrument was built by Messrs. Waring of Toronto.

**Tones and Under-ones.**  
A new comic opera by Gaston Meyer and Andre Leneka, entitled "Juliet's Horoscopes" has been contracted for on behalf of Francis Wilson. The work will be given in Paris during the early fall months.

Della Fox will appear next season in a new opera which she is said to have purchased in France.

R. A. Barnet, who is responsible for "1492" is said to be working on a new piece which will be called "Simple Simon."

Yvette Guilbert, the French chanteuse, is coming to America again next season. She will be at Koster and Bial's on the 14th of December.

Oscar Hammerstein is busily at work on a new comic opera which he calls "Santa Maria." It is to be produced in the fall with Camille D'Arville in the leading role. The plot is said to be very ingeniously constructed.

A new comic opera entitled "The Little Genius" has recently been produced at the Shaftesbury theatre, London, Eng. The critics do not evince any pronounced enthusiasm over it and say "it is by no means one of the best of its class."

Col. Mapleson, the impresario, has arranged to give a season of Italian opera in New York, beginning October 20th, at the Academy of Music. "Aida" will be the first opera presented. Lucia, Traviata, II Trovatore, Tell etc., will also be given. The New York season will last for four weeks.

Mlle Huguet, a young French singer, who has been under engagement at Lisbon and Mlle Darcee, a Roumanian by birth, at present singing in Buenos Ayres, will be the principal soprani of the Mapleson Italian opera company of next season.

London, Eng., says a paper issued in that city, has pronounced that Melba is the operatic star. The De Rezkes are no longer the great cards. When Melba sings the s'alls are full and her notes are cashed in gold.

Madame Emma Nevada is at present filling a successful engagement in Italy.

Sibyl Sanderson, prima donna, is visiting in Switzerland. She has been engaged by Sonzogno for a season of six appearances in Milan. "Phryne" and "Manon" are to be given. The engagement will begin in 16 Sept.

A great musical festival has been arranged for August, 12, 13, and 14 at Ocean Grove, New Jersey. Walter Damrosch will be the conductor. "The Creation" will be sung the first night and

company. It is the merest act of justice to say that Miss Tucker is one of the cleverest emotional actresses that has ever visited this city and although in the plays produced at th's writing, this lady's impersonations have been quite varied, yet the same strength, the same intensity and power is apparent in each. She has one attribute that is noticeable and that is a very distinct articulation, that is manifested whether she is speaking rapidly or slowly, whether forcibly or in subdued tones. Every word is heard distinctly and without any strain of listening on the part of her audiences.

In the opening play "La Belle Marie" Miss Tucker in the dual role of Jean Carleton and Marie Dubois, merits distinct commendation for her work in the latter character. She was, as she is called in the play; a veritable tigress; her sinuous movements strongly suggested the litheness of the striped and savage beauty. She was most forcible in every feature of this impersonation. Among the ladies in support of Miss Tucker, are Miss Muir, a provincialist who plays the ingenue; p. rts, and Miss Harmon, a young lady from the eastern part of Maine. They acquit themselves of their respective duties in a manner that gives

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## GREAT REDUCTION IN MILLINERY!



Hats, Toques and Bonnets, TRIMMED and UNTRIMMED, at greatly reduced prices.

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GRANDPA'S BIRTHDAY.

"The Messiah" the third night. The solo singers will be Clementine de Vere-Sapio, Lillian Blauvelt, Gertrude May Stein, Emil Fischer, Evan Williams and J. Armour Galloway. The New York Symphony orchestra and a large part of the chorus of the oratorio society, will be supplemented by a local chorus made up largely of summer visitors, will participate. In the miscellaneous concert for the second day a chorus of 1,000 children's voices will be heard.

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"The Right to Happiness" is the title of the play in which Minnie Maddern Fiske will appear next season. It is taken from the German and A. M. Palmer has the American rights to the work. Her season will begin towards the end of November next.

The Hollis street theatre, Boston, will be reopened on the 5th. September. The "Lady Slavey" will be the opening attraction.

Miss Annie Russell will play the role of the heroine in Bret Hart's new play to be produced at the Broad street theatre, Philadelphia on 14th Sept. next.

Miss Effie Shannon at the Fifth avenue theatre, New York will have the title roll in "Flower Moyné."

Isabelle Evenson returns to the stage next season. She will appear in an adaptation of Pierre Ducourelle's "Les Deux Gosses," at the Academy of Music, New York.

John Drew's engagement for next season will begin at the Empire theatre, N. Y. in "Rosemary." The play is by Louis Parker and Murray Carson. Several new plays will probably be produced and among them will be one by Edward E. Rose.

The Boston Museum will be reopened on the 14th August. Roland Reed will furnish the attraction.

### BICYCLING IN FRANCE.

Statistics from the Tax Books—The Valley of the Seine the Paradise of Cyclers.

It is four years now since the French Government has levied a direct tax on bicycles. This has made it possible to procure trustworthy statistics as to the number and distribution of bicycles throughout the country. In 1892 the number of velocipedes that paid the Government tax was 119,000. This had increased in 1893 to 132,276, an increase of 13,000; in 1894 to 149,080, an increase of 17,000, and in 1895 to just under 160,000, an increase of 11,000. It seems clear that so long as the fashion lasts the number of bicyclists will increase from 10,000 to 150,000 a year in France. At present, it is calculated that there are 400 bicycles in the country to every 100,000 inhabitants but that is a general mean; bicycles are not spread evenly over the whole territory. It might be supposed that the place where bicycles are densest is Paris, where there are 25,000 velocipedes, a number exactly equal to that of the wine shops. But there are other departments which surpass the Seine in the proportion of machines to population.

The proportion to 100,000 inhabitants is, for the Marne, 925; for the Aube, 873; for Seine-et-Marne, 860; for Seine-et-Oise, 845. The Seine has 728, the Eure 711, the Oise 685, the Eure-et-Loire 654, the Loiret 640. In these departments the proportions of machines to inhabitants is

the highest; they form a compact body around Paris, and may be described, roughly, as forming the basin of the Seine, the district in which the roads are the easiest, the landscape most pleasant and best known, and the hotels the most comfortable. Marne and Aube together form the old province of Champagne, the other departments the suburban district of Paris.

next in importance are the departments toward the east, the neighborhoods of Besancon and Dijon. It is in the east of France that the great bicycle factories are situated. The mountainous departments are those, naturally, where the fewest bicycles are to be found. There are only twenty-five in the whole of Corsica; seven, that is, to 100,000 inhabitants. One curious statistical coincidence is that the geographical distribution of the bicycle in France is identical with the distribution of divorcees. Aside from these official statistics, the Touring Club has published some interesting figures. There are 8,000 women cyclists in France, one in twenty of the whole number, and the number of women is increasing. The professions that take to bicycling are, first, clerks, then merchants and persons living on their income, followed by doctors, civil servants, lawyers, engineers, etc., Deputies and Senators winding up the list.

A Story of the Heart.  
Alberta—He must be in earnest and those places where his letter sticks together must be torn.

Altogether—They're not tears, but they prove positively that he loves me—they are where he dipped his pen in the ink-ladle.

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# Making powder PURE

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of dogs. The little speck  
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a trick from the dogs are  
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from one to another, but  
did not mislead the dogs,  
ack back and forth three  
well tired out, the dogs

### TION OF FOXES

to One Kind of Sport but Ber-  
Cripple Another.  
especially those in the  
and other regions where  
packs of dogs is a sport  
highest favor, will com-  
tion of T. S. Winston in  
field. Winston advocates  
feature in England, the  
as when they are bring-  
are otherwise useless, or  
the fox hunter's standard  
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Young Men  
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mere show and sham  
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you do, grow out of  
a strong soil of real-  
is work. We live in  
the idle and lazy man  
a plan of campaign.  
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## Social and Personal.

Mr. Geo. A. Blecker of this city, and Miss Minnie Downey of Fredericton, left last Friday on the Prince Rupert for a three weeks trip through Nova Scotia.

Miss Julia Wilbur of Alma Albert Co. who has been visiting friends in this city went home on Saturday last.

Miss Bessie Irvin who has been spending a week or two in the country came home on Monday last, she intends to start for British Columbia next week where she will make it her permanent home.

Mr. Stanley Downey of Fredericton was in the city for a few days last week, the guest of Mr. Geo. A. Blecker.

Mr. Ned Owens intends shortly to take a trip to the coast and Toronto on his vacation.

Mrs. Davis of Portland, Oregon, who has been visiting her sister Mrs. L. N. of Indianston left home the first of the week.

Mr. Charles McMann of Boston, formerly of this city is visiting friends here and being warmly welcomed.

Judge C. M. Bruce of Boston is visiting St. John. Premier and Mrs. Mitchell were in the city this week.

Mr. A. E. Peters of Moncton was here for a day or two lately.

Mr. Nelson Innes and Mrs. Innes of Boston were the first of the week on their way to Halifax.

Mr. C. M. Hollins of Halifax spent the first of the week in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Jones of Apohaqui were here for a day or two lately.

Dr. J. A. Caswell of Georgetown spent a day in the city this week.

Mrs. B. S. Miller of Annapolis who has been visiting here has returned home.

Mrs. F. Foley and little son are in Annapolis visiting Mrs. Hugh Goldsmith.

Miss Eliza Henderson is visiting Annapolis as a guest of Mrs. W. J. Shannon.

Mrs. Thomas White is also among the St. John visitors to Annapolis this week.

Mrs. William Leary of Sandy Cove N. S., is visiting city friends.

Mrs. Woodbury of Calais is paying a brief visit to St. John friends.

Mrs. Albert Eldridge and Miss Edna Mitchell who have been visiting here returned last Saturday to their home in Sandy Cove N. S.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Morris Jr. of Montreal are visiting St. John.

Miss Lily Glasser and Miss Ada Mitchell of Lincoln are guests of Mrs. Fred Thomson this week. Mrs. W. B. Ganong of the Codars is here on a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. B. Fritz of Oakdale, Mass., are here on a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Mulholland and niece of Boston formerly of the North Road, are paying a visit to Mrs. Henry Spear.

The Misses Bourque of Moncton are on a visit to the city as guests of Miss Gertrude McDermott, Duke street.

The following from a late South Boston paper will no doubt be of interest to the friends of the persons mentioned:

"A large number of friends on July 28th, gathered at the residence of Mrs. Daniel Allen, No. 601 Sixth street, the occasion being the observance of her husband's forty-seventh birthday.

Mr. Allen took supper on that evening with his employer, Mr. John B. McNutt, and about half-past nine they started for Mr. Allen's home, where they found the guests assembled.

It was a total surprise to the beneficiary, who was the recipient of a handsome crayon picture of his father, the gift of his beloved wife.

Mr. John B. McNutt also made Mr. Allen a present of a beautiful water-color painting of a fishing scene.

During the evening the present requested Mr. Allen to wear his uniform of the Knights of Malta, of which he has been elected Grand Commande, which he did, as there were several of that organization present.

The evening was much enjoyed by all present and musical talent was not wanting. Excellent piano solos were rendered by Miss Minnie Knapp, Miss Florence Cully and Miss Grace McNutt. The several readings by Miss Ethel Allen were exceedingly well executed and much appreciated. Rev. W. A. Wood, Miss Minnie Knapp and Miss Ethel McNutt were the vocalists of the evening. Chorus singing was also indulged in, thus giving everyone a chance to thoroughly enjoy themselves. Refreshments of ice cream, cake and other delicacies were served.

The following were present:—Miss Minnie Knapp, Miss Ethel Allen, Miss Ethel McNutt, Miss Bessie McNutt, Miss Florence Cully, Miss Bessie Pearce, Miss M. M. Dunlevy, Miss Martha Porter, Miss Helen Worth, Miss F. Wood, Miss Alice Woodbine, Mrs. Ryder, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Knapp, Mr. and Mrs. John Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Robuck, Mr. and Mrs. Addison Damon, Mr. and Mrs. Cully, Mr. and Mrs. Arty, Mr. and Mrs. Friers, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Park, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wall, Mr. and Mrs. Jared Green, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. McNutt, Mr. and Mrs. Bookleman, Mr. Arthur Hea, Mr. Edgar, Dunn, Mr. Walter Howe, Mr. John Allen, Mr. John Leighton, Mr. Arthur Stanton, Mr. Robert Boyd, Mr. Preston Perham, Mr. F. Clark, Rev. W. A. Wood, Rev. T. C. Rodaslovoff, Rev. George Dean."

Mrs. Bright of New York and her two bright little twin sons are visiting Mrs. Bright's father, Mr. James Hamann of Moncton and Mr. Harry Domville of Woodstock are visiting their father Col. James Domville.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Clench and Mrs. Murchie are attending the Halifax carnival.

Rev. G. A. Hartley is enjoying a brief holiday in the country.

Mr. George Collison left the first of the week on a trip to Halifax.

Mr. Craven Langstroth Betts of New York is visiting his brother-in-law Mr. Edward Manning of Carleton.

Mr. R. E. Armstrong of St. Andrews spent Sunday in the city.

Mr. A. McKay, Mrs. McKay and family of Providence, R. I., are spending a few weeks here.

Messrs. J. H. Humphrey of Portland, and H. McHugh of New Bedford, are in the city for a day or two.

Mr. Harris G. Foster who has been enjoying a brief outing lately, returned to St. John on Wednesday.

Miss A. M. Tasmir of Boston is visiting city friends.

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Johnson of Boston are also paying a few days visit to St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. John Aurbach of Washington and Miss Rosenthal of New York are here on a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Haskell and Miss Haskell are among the city visitors this week.

A party of Bostonians who are visiting the city this week includes Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Parker, Mrs. W. L. McDonald, and Mrs. Conant.

Mr. James Hamann has returned from a visit to Parrsboro, N. S.

Miss Louise Skinner and Miss Maud Robertson are in Halifax guests of Mrs. W. S. Fielding.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Taylor have returned from a trip to Cape Breton.

Mr. W. G. Robertson has returned from a trip up the river.

Mr. J. T. Whitlock of St. Stephen spent a day or two in the city lately.

Miss E. Williams, matron of the Cottage hospital at Springhill visited her home here, recently on her way home from Washington D. C. where she had been attending the C. E. Convention.

Miss Laura Nell has returned to Calais after a very pleasant visit to Kingsville where she was the guest of Mrs. Charles King.

Dr. F. A. and Mrs. Nevers of Hamilton were here for a short time lately.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Burns of Worcester, Mass., are on a visit to St. John.

Miss Lulu Fisher has returned from a visit to Fredericton, where she was the guest of Miss Grace Estey.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Martin of Camden, Me., are visiting St. John.

Dr. Henry Taylor of St. George is visiting his parents, who reside in Carleton.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Olive of Cambridge Mass., formerly of Carleton, are visiting New Brunswick.

Mr. J. D. Wilkinson of London, Ont., is staying in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Tompkins of Hillsboro, are here on a short visit.

Mrs. E. E. Bacheller and Mrs. M. E. Sargent of Worcester, Mass., are enjoying a brief holiday in St. John.

Mrs. and Mrs. W. H. Lord and family are also staying here for a short time.

Mrs. Tom F. Robertson of Los Angeles, Cal. who is at present visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Albert Smith Pillsbury, at West Somerville Mass., will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John M. Robertson of this city some time in August.

Mrs. Katie Jones is in Halifax visiting Mrs. Robert Taylor. Miss Clench is also visiting that city as a guest of Rev. T. Stewart.

Miss Morgan of New York is visiting St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Haverstock left this week for Halifax.

Mr. and Mrs. Larocque of New York have been visiting St. John lately.

Mrs. Zella Greene, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Philip Krohn of Calais has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Beekley who have been visiting St. John and Fredericton returned to Halifax this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wiley of Carleton are in Halifax visiting Mrs. W. B. Mahoney.

Mr. Frank Munroe who has been ill for some time is able to be out again.

Mr. and Mrs. George R. Blaisdell and family of Boston are here to spend some time.

Mr. J. M. Johnson of Calais paid a short visit to the city this week.

Mr. W. A. Smith who has been spending a few weeks in Portage with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Davidson returned to the city on Saturday.

Mrs. Barbor in Berwick visiting Mr. J. N. Barstaux.

Master Harvey Smith is spending a month in Calais.

Mr. Balfour Wetmore has been paying a brief visit to St. Stephen.

Miss Ready is in St. Stephen a guest of Miss Mary Rogan.

Mrs. E. Broad of Calais arrived recently for a visit to city friends.

Miss Bolford who has been in Amherst visiting Mrs. Handford has returned home.

Mr. P. Gallagher and little son of Dorchester visited St. John this week.

Miss Stackhouse is in St. George visiting her father Mr. Stackhouse.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Snyder visited Truro this week.

Dr. Edwin D. Barton and his daughter Miss Kathleen of London, E. C., are here visiting Dr. Barton's brother Mr. George K. Barton.

Rev. J. M. Davernport leaves the first of the week on a visit to England.

Mr. Edward Alexander of Campbell's is visiting St. John.

Mr. W. W. Colpitts of Moncton is spending a few days here.

Miss Fisher is in Digby visiting Mr. Brown.

Mr. George Dickson is spending his vacation in Digby.

Miss Crulthank is also in Digby staying at Mrs. Robinson's.

Mr. Frank Day is spending a short time in Digby.

Miss Vroom is a guest of Mrs. George Lynch of Digby this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Soboy and child, Miss Williams and Miss Maguire were a party of Trenton, N. J., people who visited the city this week.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Meadows of Camden, N. J., are visiting St. John.

Mrs. H. A. West and Clifford West of Annapolis are among the Nova Scotians in town this week.

Mr. Garret Frost is expected to arrive from England in a few days.

Miss Beatrice Hathaway returned from England this week.

Mr. F. A. Fitzgerald of London, Ont., is in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Travis of New York are visiting St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. H. V. B. Bridges who was married in Fredericton Wednesday were here Thursday on their way to Cape Breton.

Mr. M. A. Akroy of Fredericton and Mrs. E. Eonin have been visiting Mr. D. J. McLaughlin at "Chatsworth" River Bank.

A very interesting event took place Wednesday afternoon at the residence of Hon. J. D. Levin Lancaster heights, when his grand-daughter Miss Estelle E. Lewis and Mr. Charles R. Fisher were united in marriage by Rev. Mr. Fisher. The groom is very well known in musical circles here and was formerly organist in St. Andrew's church. Hon. Mr. Lewis's residence was beautifully decorated for the occasion with cut flowers, ferns and evergreens; the ceremony was performed under a massive bell of sweet peas and clover. The bride, who was beautifully attired in a pale blue Dresden silk, with lace trimmings, was attended by Miss Bessie Lewis who looked charming in a yellow muslin. Mr. Fred Macnell supported the groom. After the ceremony the guests, who were limited to the immediate friends of the family, were entertained at a luncheon. Mr. and Mrs. Fisher left by afternoon train for Fredericton and after a short visit to that city they will go to Nova Scotia, where the honeymoon will be spent. Later on Mr. and Mrs. Fisher will take up their residence at Hollis in Virginia. The young couple were the recipients of many elegant presents. They have a large circle of friends who will wish them every happiness in their new home.

Mrs. George Fowler of Greenwich, visited city friends last week.

Miss Laura Bayles who has been visiting St. John returned to Greenwich last week.

Mrs. E. Chapman who has been in Grand Manan visiting Miss Grace Newton has returned home.

Miss Minnie Branscombe is in Fredericton visiting Miss Toad.

Miss Minnie Weston is also visiting Fredericton friends this week.

Mrs. Simpson Armstrong of Rothesay is visiting her sister, Mrs. F. P. Robinson, Nashwaak.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Whitaker went to Fredericton Wednesday to attend the Gregory-Bridges wedding.

The Misses Everett of Fredericton are visiting St. John for a few weeks.

Mr. J. D. Hasen and son, Mr. Twining Hart and Mr. Tibbitts of Fredericton returned last week from a fishing excursion on the Tabusintac.

Mr. John Robertson is in Chatham visiting Mrs. Gillespie.

Mr. Gordon M. Blais of the Bank of Montreal in this city visited Chatham lately.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Gardiner of St. Andrews visited St. John last week.

Mrs. George Armstrong and son of Lancaster Heights are visiting Bridgetown, N. S., relatives.

[Continued on Sunday's Progress.]

Why you should have it.

Because it is the most effective, pure and economical, therefore THE BEST Soap for laundry and domestic uses in the market.

BECAUSE A Soap that has increased its sales from year to year, and has been the leader in a big market for 20 years,

**WELCOME SOAP**

SMOOTH ON THE HANDS  
ROUGH ON THE DIRT

TRADE MARK

**SOAPS**

MUST BE THE BEST.

WELCOME SOAP CO., ST. JOHN, N. B.

For Appearance's Sake.....

You must have all your skirts bound with the world-renowned "English Wakefield Leather Skirt Binding."

This famous skirt binding is used by the most fashionable "modistes," because it gives the skirts a pleasing appearance and neat finish. You never see ragged or worn edges on a skirt which is bound with "Wakefield Leather Skirt Binding."

Every yard is marked in gold letters, Wakefield Spec. ally Prepared Leather, Patented.

IN ALL SHADES—AT ALL STORES.

"NEW CORDED WAKEFIELD, for flaring out the skirts." Patent 22830.

Ready for Use...

**STOWER'S**

Lime Juice Cordial

Is Sweetened to Suit Most Palates.

NO HUNTING FOR SUGAR.

Add water, and you have the Best and Most WOLNORSON of Summer Drinks.

"STOWER'S" HAS NO MUSTY FLAVOR

A Pure White Soap.

Made from vegetable oils it possesses all the qualities of the finest white Castile Soap.

The Best Soap for Toilet & Bath Purposes, it leaves the skin soft, smooth, and healthy.

**Sea Foam**

It Floats.

5 CTS. (TOILET SIZE) 10 CTS. (BATH SIZE)

ST. JOHN SOAP CO., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Maritime Agent for THE O'KEEFE BREWERY CO. of Toronto, Limited.

**GEORGE P. McLAUGHLIN,**

WHOLESALE DEALER IN.....

**Wines, Liquors, and Cigars,**

11 and 13 WATER STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Agent for LOCHLEANA SCOTCH WHISKEY, our special brand. Try it

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USE ONLY

**Pelee Island Wine Co's Wines.**

OUR BRANDS: DRY CATAWBA, SWEET CATAWBA, ISABELLA, CHAMPAGNE (Registered), CHARDONNAY.

THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE.

E. G. SCOVILL, ASHBY PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

DEAR SIR—My family have received great benefits from the use of the PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE during the past four years. It is the best tonic and sedative for debility, nervousness and weak lungs you have ever tried. It is much cheaper and pleasanter than medicine. I would not be without it in the house.

Yours, JAMES H. DAY, Day's Landing, Kings Co.

E. G. SCOVILL, Tea and Wine Merchant, 62 Union Street, St. John Telephone 662, Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces

Something New....

for us; that is, the manufacture of

**FLANNELETTES**

These Goods are now being delivered to the leading Wholesale Houses of the Dominion.

We guarantee them SUPERIOR to any shown at the same price, either of Home or Foreign manufacture.

A TRIAL ORDER to your wholesale house will convince you of the value of these goods, both as to Quality and Color.

If you have not yet seen our complete range of samples, write your nearest Wholesale House for them at once.

**WM. PARKS & SON, Ltd.,**  
Saint John, N. B.

Baby's Own.

Babies like it—it's good for them. BABY'S OWN SOAP is certain in cleansing, so safe, and sweet in using. Keeps skin soft and healthy. Good for babies or old folks. Sold by all druggists.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL.

Sleep, Sound and Refreshing

visits the nursing mother and her child if she takes

**INDIAN WOMAN'S BALM**

PICTURES FOR SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPERS.

A Pretty Colored Picture for every 12 "SUNLIGHT" or every 6 "LIFEBUOY" Soap wrappers. These Pictures are well worth getting. Address

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N. D. HOOPER, St. John, N. B., Agent for New Brunswick.



SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.

HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Halifax by the newboys and at the following news stands and offices.

C. S. DE FREITAS, Brunswick street. Messrs. G. & C. McKeown, 111 Hollis street.

Miss Jennie Fielding has returned from a visit to Kingston, Ont.

Mr. Robt. Taylor, of Newport, has been visiting his brother, Mr. W. B. Taylor, in Truro.

Miss Kate Thomas is visiting friends in Truro. She will be away two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Wiley, of Carleton, N. B., are visiting Mrs. W. B. Mahoney.

Miss Maggie, of New York, daughter of Hugh D. McKenna, is summing in Pictou.

Frank Craig, of Craig Bros., has arrived home after a two weeks' sojourn in the States.

The Misses Letson, of Cambridge Mass., are visiting Mrs. T. Gentes, Dartmouth.

Thos. Ross, of Newport, has been visiting his brother, Rev. Geo. Ross, North West Arm.

Miss Notting is a guest of her brother Thomas Notting, barrister, Mount Amelia, Dartmouth.

Mrs. B. Macdonald, of Montreal, is visiting Little Rivers, her old home, with her two sons.

Miss Louise Skinner and Miss Maud Robertson, of St. John, are visiting Mrs. W. B. Fielding.

Mrs. Childs, wife of Edward Childs, barrister, of New York, and daughter, are visiting Halifax.

J. J. Richey, Q. C., of Annapolis, sails from Halifax for England to be absent for two months.

Thos. Cavan, architect, returned from England. Mrs. and Miss Craven will arrive next month.

George McCreeken and wife, Chicago, and E. A. Dill and wife, Windsor, are visiting J. B. Coleman, Dartmouth.

Miss Haubas and Master Haubas, children of Edward Haubas, the carman, were the guests of William Scrives.

A. H. Buckley and Mrs. Buckley, who have been in St. John and Fredericton for a couple of weeks on a holiday trip returned to the city.

Lieut. Davis of the American navy, Mrs. Davis and daughter are in the city. They visited the Public Gardens and City Hall yesterday.

Lieut. Davis was anxious to get a glimpse of Mate Bram. Fred B. Patterson of Annsford, who completed his highest grade at Whitson & Frazee's college, taking the highest grade certificate and diploma, has been engaged to teach at Acadia Villa, Horton, for the next school year.

Chas. Hefner, son of Edward Hefner, of this city, and "Hem" Reid, son of Col. Reid, of the United States, returned recently from a bicycle tour. They visited a number of places in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Their cyclometers registered 500 miles.

The "pop" concert at the Church of England Institute lately was a great success and the committee having charge of the concert would do well to have another at some early date.

The parlors were set apart for these gentlemen who wished to indulge in a cigarette, and if their lady friends did not object to smoking they could sit in the parlour also. It was distinctly a freer and pleasanter concert than has been held in the institute for a long time.

Tables were placed in the lecture room and there ice cream and cake and other dainties were served to order, and during all this the stage at intervals was occupied by the Hispanic club chorists. They sang some of the old choruses that the public never tire of.

Lieut. Everett also sang, and Mrs. White sang "Love's Sorrow." An instrumental quartette made up of Messrs. Unstake, Mott, Preston and Grant rendered several selections.

WINDSOR. [Progress is for sale in Windsor at Knowles, book store and by F. W. Dakin.]

JULY 25.—Windsor has had a musical treat the last week or two in the organ playing of Mr. Gaylor of Brockton and the singing of Miss Dymond of Boston who has a highly cultivated and very pleasing soprano voice.

No Gripe Hood's Pills

When you take Hood's Pills. The big, old-fashioned, sugar-coated pills, which tear you all to pieces, are not in it with Hood's. Easy to take and easy to operate, is true of Hood's Pills, which are up to date in every respect.

Safe, certain and sure. All druggists, 20c. C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THE Elegancies, Luxuries, and Perfection

of refined workmanship, with the finest materials to be had, are embodied in our latest

Carriages

PRICE & SHAW, CARRIAGE BUILDERS, 222 to 228 Main Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

What It Will Do.



Picture Taking IS EASY With a Pocket Kodak

No Dark Room is required, as it uses roll-film cartridges, and can be loaded in daylight.

Lightest. Price \$5.00. Simplest. Booklet free. A. E. CLARKE, 32 King Street.

Your Grocer Keeps It

"PAN-DRIED" Rolled Oats or Oatmeal. "Pan-drying" sounds old-fashioned—it is a homely name but an honest one.

"Pan-drying" assures you of getting all the nourishment there is from the oat; no other process can or will.

The Tillson Company, Ltd., Tillsonburg, Ont. High Grade Cereal Foods.



Her Expression Alone Tells That. It isn't HIRE'S Rootbeer

A GOOD CUSTOMER IS LOST. Imitations and cheap artificial preparations are not "just as good" as the famous HIRE'S.

Ask your Grocer or Druggist for it.

SHADED GLASS Memorials, Interior Decorations. CASTLE & SON, 30 University St., Montreal. Write for catalogue E.

Mrs. Clarence Dimock was Halifax on Monday. Mrs. W. Curry and Masters (Stewart) and Allan Curry, Miss O'Brien, Miss Lawson, Miss Besse Locke, the Misses Shand, the Misses Doran, Miss Nora Blackhead, Mrs. and Miss Sutherland and a number of others went to Halifax yesterday afternoon to attend the summer carnival.

The many Windsor friends of Miss Mollie Gassie will be interested in her wedding which takes place today at her mother's (Mrs. Walker) residence, 45 New Glasgow. The groom is Mr. K. M. Fulton of Truro.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Dakin have returned from Digby where they have been spending a few weeks. Miss Lily Dakin who has been in New York for several months returned with them.

Mr. Charles is in Halifax this week. Mr. Clarence Dimock returned on Monday from Hillsboro, N. B.

Mr. W. Jamieson is in Halifax on his way to Lockport where he will spend the summer holidays.

Miss Harvey returned on Tuesday from a visit to friends at Hazel Hill. Mrs. Walsh and Miss Jackson went to Halifax on Monday.

Mrs. Eville who has been living on O'Brien St. has moved into the pleasant cottage lately built by Mr. Franchon on O'Brien St.

Miss Jennie Burgess is visiting friends in Colchester county. Mr. and Mrs. Milledge Shaw of Yarmouth are in town the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Shaw, King street.

AMHERST. [Progress is for sale at Amherst by H. V. Purdy.]

JULY 26.—One needs to keep a vigilant lookout to follow the meetings of our citizens just now. In former seasons to attend one watering place was an event worthy of note but this summer it is considered passé if one fails to take in less than a half dozen.

At present Halifax is the point of attraction for the majority, with Parrsboro, Pugwash, Wallace and Tintinoli well patronized.

The St. James' church Sunday school picnic was held at Parrsboro on Wednesday a large number went and all had a good time.

General Buggles of Washington D.C. is expected here shortly to join his wife and daughter who are spending the summer at the "Chestnuts."

Mrs. Pratt had many visitors at late hours on Monday and Tuesday evenings when her wonderful night blooming cereus was in full bloom. Five magnificent blooms were displayed.

Mrs. Charles Smith and Miss Kathleen left last week for a trip to Annapolis and Yarmouth. On their return they will spend a week at Weymouth.

Rev. A. W. E. Eaton of New York arrived on Wednesday to spend a few weeks in Kentville.

Miss G. Starr left on Wednesday for her old home in Bridgewater to spend a few weeks.

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"Strongest and Best."—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F. R. S. E., Editor of "Herald." PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA.

100 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM. Purchasers should ask specially for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the firm.

There are rumors of several approaching weddings one very shortly which I hope to have the pleasure of chronicling.

Mrs. D. Mahoney and her four children arrived home last week from Cardiff. They were on board the steamer Tarnore which was wrecked on the coast of Newfoundland and were fortunately with all the rest saved.

KENTVILLE. Progress is for sale in Kentville by R. W. Eaton. July 25.—Mr. F. Dimock is spending a few days in Kentville.

Mrs. George Dodge is at Margareville. Mr. N. B. Raven of Bedford is visiting friends in Kentville.

Mr. and Mrs. Street of Halifax who have been boarding at Mrs. Joseph Eaton's have rented Mrs. Roscoe's house for the rest of the summer.

Miss Lovitt and Miss Munro of Yarmouth are guests of Mrs. Wickwire.

Miss Lou Brown is now in Kentville with her sister Mrs. J. W. Jordan.

Mrs. G. Starr left on Wednesday for her old home in Bridgewater to spend a few weeks.

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Miss G. Starr left on Wednesday for her old home in Bridgewater to spend a few weeks.

The St. James' church Sunday school picnic was held at Parrsboro on Wednesday a large number went and all had a good time.

General Buggles of Washington D.C. is expected here shortly to join his wife and daughter who are spending the summer at the "Chestnuts."

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Mrs. Mianis Strull of Weymouth spent Friday and Saturday here. Mrs. Cruikshank of St. John is at Mrs. Geo. Robinson's for some weeks. Mrs. H. B. Vies of Boston is the guest of her sister Mrs. Woodman. Mrs. Munroe of Boston is visiting her sister Mrs. John Walsh. Mrs. Fellows is the guest of her sister Mrs. Munroe. Mr. Leander Dakin of Boston is making Digby a visit. Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Anderson of Boston are visiting Mrs. Anderson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Botsford Dakin. Mrs. James returned to Bridgetown Monday. Mr. Frank Day of St. John has been here for a few days. Mr. C. A. Dakin and Mrs. Dakin are attending the carnival at Halifax. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Lynch returned to New York Saturday. NEW GLASGOW. [Progress is for sale in New Glasgow by A. O. Prichard and H. H. Henderson.] The residence of Mr. Andrew Walker New Glasgow was the scene of a very pretty though quiet wedding last Tuesday morning, it being the occasion of the marriage of Mrs. Walker's daughter, Miss Mollie Garvie to Mr. E. M. Fulton, barrister of Truro. The ceremony took place at noon the Rev. Anderson Rodgers officiating; the rooms were beautifully decorated with palms ferns and flowers. The bride looked lovely in an elegant gown of ivory silk, with train, veil and orange blossoms and carried a magnificent bouquet of white roses. She was attended by her sister Miss Rae Garvie who looked charming in a handsome pale blue gown and carried pink carnations. The groom was supported by Mr. Fred Schurman and the bride party entered the room to the strains of "The Voice that Breathed our Eden." The wedding march was played by Miss Annie McKay and after the ceremony the guests retired to partake of a cold collation, after which Mr. and Mrs. Fulton took the express for Sydney C. B. In Mrs. Fulton, Truro gains one of the most popular and charming young ladies of New Glasgow, all good wishes follow her in her new life. The invited guests were, Mr. and Mrs. Forrest McKay; Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Carmichael; Mrs. Fulton; Truro; Mr. and Mrs. Blair Fulton; Truro; Mr. and Mrs. H. Fulton; Truro; Mr. and Mrs. Will Hamill; Mr. John Sinclair; Mr. and Mrs. Patterson; Truro; Miss Carmichael; Miss Jaffery, Toronto; Miss Smith, Toronto; The Misses Carmichael, Pictou; Miss Lena Fulton; Truro; Miss McKay; Miss Isabel McKay; Miss McCreary; Miss Sara McCreary; Miss McCole; Miss Silas Fulton; Truro; Mr. Fred Schurman; Truro; Mr. Geo. Patterson; Mr. George McKay; Mr. R. McCreary; Dr. John McKay; Mr. Struan Robertson, Westville; Mr. W. Selgwick, Tatamagouche; Mr. H. McKenzie, Truro. AN ONLOOKER.

Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.

Richard A. McCurdy, PRESIDENT.

STATEMENT. For the year ending December 31, 1895. Assets: Total income, \$2,500,000.00; Total paid policyholders in 1895, \$2,500,000.00. This is about \$10,000,000 more than the annual revenue of the Dominion of Canada.

For Your Health DRINK REAL FRUIT SYRUPS. Strawberry, Raspberry, Gingerette, Lemon, Lime Fruit. MADE ONLY BY BROWN & WEBB HALIFAX, N. S.

CLEANSING HARMLESS USE TEABERRY FOR THE TEETH. ZOPESCA CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO.

Shoulder Braces, Carriage Sponges, Toilet Sponges, Hair Sponges, Bath Towels. JUST RECEIVED AT W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN'S. TELEPHONE 230. 35 KING STREET.

Remember this! It is the weather that makes the beautiful FRUIT WHEATFLOUR and URBAN BODAS that everyone says are delightful.

PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT FOR SALE.

THE Royal Gazette Plant, (under the former Queen's Printer), all complete, is offered for sale at a very low price. It is the only one of the kind in the Dominion. It is situated in the heart of the city, and is a perfect & home power. As this plant now stands, it is producing the Royal Gazette, and the printing is of the highest quality. It is a most excellent opportunity for anyone who is interested in the printing business. The price is \$10,000.00. Write for catalogue E.



SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(Continued from Fifth Page.)

Miss Laura K... who has been spending several weeks with relatives here and in Portland, Me., returned to her home in Bridgetown on Wednesday of last week.

Mr. Edward D. N. Sears left Tuesday evening for a visit to Halifax.

Miss McManis of Somerville, Mass., is the guest of her friend Miss Nellie McGroarty North end.

Among the St. John people registered at Kennedy's, St. Andrews lately were Messrs G. Brantcomb, D. M. Doherty, W. L. Waring, Richard Beach, F. E. Holman, Edward Chittick.

Miss Alice Nichols of Calais is spending a short time with friends in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. James Russel are visiting St. Stephen.

Mrs. A. E. Nell has returned to St. Stephen after a pleasant visit here to her friend Mrs. Charles King.

Misses Sands and Miss Lulu Dineen of New York spent a few hours with city friends Wednesday before going to Annotwood, Maine.

Mrs. John Bell, Sewell street, gave a very pleasant picnic at McLaren's Beach, on Wednesday, in honor of her brother, Mr. Alfred Purchase, of New Jersey, who is the guest of his parents Mr. and Mrs. William Purchase, Exmouth street.

A party of friends from St. John, including Mr. and Mrs. MacLean, Mrs. Lasky, Miss Godfrey, Mrs. Beyer, Woodstock, Miss Bockler, Miss Hazel Bell, and Miss Norton, Messrs. Purchase, MacLean, Schwarz, Master Willie Purchase, and others. A delightful time was spent, the party returning to the city about 10 o'clock.

Mr. Jack Ellis of the Telegraph staff is visiting Halifax this week.

Mr. George Bradford of Boston is visiting city relatives.

Miss Adie Heustis and Miss Addie Allen left on Monday morning by the Prince Rupert for Halifax to attend the carnival.

Miss May Donahoe has returned to her home in Fredericton accompanied by the Misses Winslow with whom she has been spending the summer.

Miss Beattie Goulet of Westport is spending a few weeks with friends at Gagetown.

Miss May Murphy is at Cummings Cove visiting Miss Lillian Calder.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles King were summoned to St. Stephen on Monday owing to the serious illness of the latter brother Mr. Reed Kimball.

Miss Mabel Hamilton who has been spending a few weeks in Kentville, N. S. with her cousin Miss Millicent Chase, went to Halifax this week on a visit to friends.

The Ethel Tacker company is attracting very large audiences to the Opera house this week, who are delighted with the work of the really excellent company.

Miss Tucker in the various roles seen so far has easily won the reputation of being the best actress ever in this city. Her costumes are also a revelation and in a long time since such elegant dresses have been seen on the opera house stage. The general approval is excellent, Mr. Melton doing splendid work nightly. On Wednesday evening the performance was materially strengthened by the appearance of Mr. Biles in the cast. His interpretation of the part assigned to him in "The Last Paradise" was excellent. Mr. Melton was as particularly good as Mr. Warner, the superintendent of the Iron works, and he had the sympathy of the audience all through the evening. He and several of the others received frequent and enthusiastic applause. The stage setting and effects were excellent and taken all in all the company may be said to be the best that has ever visited the city.

ST. GEORGE.

(Programs for sale in St. George at the store of T. O'Brien.)

Mrs. J. M. and Mrs. Wm Young of Williamsport are visiting St. George.

Mrs. Halliday and grand daughter of St. Stephen are the guests of Capt and Mrs. Johnson.

Miss Beattie O'Brien has returned from Calais to spend her vacation.

Mr. John MacLeod, St. Stephen, was the guest of Mr. Andrew Brown of Bonaville.

The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. McMillan was christened on Sunday at the residence of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. James Bogue, Miss Mary O'Neill and Mr. George Frawley were sponsors.

Miss Bowden, Upper Falls, spent last week in town the guest Miss Jessie MacGowan.

Miss Winifred Dick left on Friday for St. John en route for Halifax.

Miss Jessie Whitlock, St. Stephen, is visiting Miss Lizzie Miles.

Rev. O. E. Steves arrived on Tuesday to join his family who are with Mr. and Mrs. Dykeman.

Mrs. George Hibbard and two children are guests of Mrs. Samuel Johnson.

Miss Stuckhouse, St. John, is visiting her father Mr. Stuckhouse, Westport.

Miss Beattie Frawley is visiting Calais friends. On Tuesday evening, postmaster and Mrs. O'Brien entertained a party of friends at their pleasant home in honor of their visitors, Mr. I. O'Brien and young daughter of Boston. Those taking part in the evening's entertainment were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Goss, Mr. and Mrs. E. Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. C. Craig, Mr. and Mrs. Sutton Clark, Mrs. Frank Hibbard, Miss Russell, Miss King, Miss Kope, Miss Marsh, Miss Lavers, Miss MacVicar, Miss Craig, Miss S. O'Brien, Miss O'Brien, Miss Baldwin, Miss Kelman, Miss Murray, Messrs. Johnson, Craig, and Murray.

Mrs. Fred Bogue left on Monday to visit St. Stephen friends, she was accompanied by Miss Laura Hibbard who will visit Milltown relative.

GRAND MANAN.

July 27.—Mrs. Richardson who has been a guest of her sister Mrs. Russel for the last few weeks, returned to her home in Leonardville, on Saturday.

Mr. R. M. Jack of St. Andrews is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Jack.

Miss Shipley who has been visiting Miss Jessie Covert at the rectory, has returned to her home in Kingston, Ont.

Miss Gleen Jack has returned to her home in St. Andrews.

Dr. J. M. Jonah of Basport, Me. visited the island this week.

BOSTON.

Programs for sale in Boston at the Montreal Bookstore, by W. G. Stoddard, S. T. Hall and M. R. Jones Bookstore.

July 28.—Our city will be quite well represented at the Halifax summer carnival as a great many are making it the objective point of a short holiday trip. Amongst those who left town last week to be present during the whole of carnival were Mrs. Burns of Montreal, who is spending the summer in Boston with her mother Mr. McKean. Miss Cooke who is visiting friends in Halifax. Mr. and Mrs. Irvine Torrie who are taking in the carnival on their bridal journey. Mr. F. J. Hunter manager of the Bank of Montreal, with his niece Miss Urquhart, Mrs. John Bartlett, Mrs. R. S. Crisp, Miss Crisp, and Miss Maud Crisp, and Mr. H. G. Mart.

Mr. Job. Sears of St. John who was so severely injured last March in an accident to his sojourn in Maine, has been spending some days in town the guest of his nephew Mr. Elias Ward of Fleet street. Mr. Sears was accompanied by his daughter Miss Sears.

Mr. Claude Peters of the bank of Montreal returned on Tuesday from Fredericton where he has been spending a few weeks vacation.

Dr. Clarence Webster of Edinburgh University arrived in Montreal on Saturday morning having crossed to Rimouski in the English mail steamer. Dr. Webster who has resigned his position at Edinburgh, and intends settling down in Toronto for the practice of his profession, was the guest of his sister and brother-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. F. J. White, during his stay in town.

Mr. C. E. Willis of Halifax, who has been residing at the Bank of Montreal here for two weeks, left town on Monday for the Chatham branch of the bank. Mr. Willis made numerous friends during his brief stay in Montreal and he will always be sure of a cordial welcome whenever he returns to our city.

Miss Maud Taylor left town on Saturday to spend two weeks visiting friends at Hampton.

The many friends of Miss Lizzie Hallett of Sussex formerly of this city, and daughter of Mr. Robert Hallett of Montreal, will be interested in learning of her marriage, which took place from the residence of Mr. George H. White, last week at Sussex. The bridegroom was Mr. William Jones a prosperous merchant of Apohaqui. Mr. and Mrs. Jones left shortly after the ceremony for a brief trip in the United States. Miss Hallett was a most popular young lady during her residence here greatly admired for her attractive manner, and many admirable social qualities, and her Montreal friends will join heartily in wishing her all possible happiness.

Mr. John McKean of Waterston, New York who has been visiting his mother, Mrs. Samuel McKean of this city, returned to Waterston on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Winchester of Boston are spending a few days in town, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. Hillcox.

Mr. J. H. Abbott and children, are spending the warm weather in Buctoche enjoying the cool breezes, and delightful bathing which that charming summer resort affords.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Lent of Sioux city, Minn. are visiting Montreal, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George M. Jarvis.

Miss Mary Cooke is spending a few weeks at Dorchester, the guest of her aunt, Mrs. J. B. Foster.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Watts and children left town on Monday for Bedford, New Scotia, where Mrs. Watts will spend the remainder of the summer.

Watts intends returning in about two weeks, his musical engagements preventing him from indulging in a longer holiday.

Mrs. Hewson and children returned last week from Dorchester, where they have been visiting Mrs. Hewson's mother, Mrs. George Chandler.

Miss Ashley of Charlottetown is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Fred Chapman of St. George street.

Mr. A. E. Wilkinson of the I. C. R. general freight agent's office, returned on Monday from a two week's vacation spent partly in the northern part of New Brunswick and partly in Cape Breton.

Another Montreal man has found single life flat, stale and unprofitable, and joined the ranks of the doubly blessed. This time it is Mr. Irvine Torrie of the I. C. R. who was married on Monday afternoon to Miss Ina Brag, daughter of Mr. James Brag of Queen street. The ceremony took place shortly after fourteen o'clock in the first baptist church, and was performed by Rev. W. B. Hinson in the presence of a very large number of friends and some presents evidencing the high esteem in which the bride and groom.

The bride wore a handsome travelling dress of blue with hat to match, and was unattended. Mr. and Mrs. Torrie left by the C. P. R. express for Halifax, to attend the summer carnival. The bride received a number of hand some presents evidencing the high esteem in which she is held by her numerous friends. Mr. Torrie is one of the most active and prominent members of the M. A. A. and his many friends will unite in wishing his bride and himself health and happiness and prosperity in their journey through life.

Mr. J. Parson of Montreal arrived in town last week to take the place of Mr. C. E. Willis of the Bank of Montreal, who has been transported to Chatham.

Miss Constance Chandler of Dorchester is visiting her sister Mrs. E. W. Hewson of Ottawa street.

Mr. Frank Williams of New York is spending a few days in town.

Mr. Mahon of Havelock was in the village on Monday.

Mr. Geo. Harris of Moncton passed through here on Friday on his way to Havelock.

Miss Ethel Emmerson of Dorchester is visiting her aunt, Mrs. F. W. Emmerson.

Miss Ella Binshay returned on Monday from Sussex.

Miss Julia Smith, who has been attending training school for nurses in Newton, Mass., is spending her holidays with her mother at the Woodlands. Also her brother, Mr. Geo. Smith of New York, is spending his holidays here.

Mr. G. M. Bleakney spent Sunday in Sussex.

Mr. B. A. Triles paid us a short visit on Saturday.

The Luxuries of an Esquimaux.

In our school books we used to see pictures of the Esquimaux in their grotesque and picturesque garb, and our childish minds pictured them as rolling in luxury since they could "afford" a complete outfit of fur. Fur coats are indeed a luxury outfit of fur. At the same time an unsatisfactory gratification, for their weight and bulkiness is enough to wear a man out if he attempts to move about much in one, and it seems exceptionally delightful that now one can have all the luxuries of warmth and comfort of a fur coat without any of the weight and bulk, and all at a trifling cost, by the use of the celebrated Fibre Chamolis gives these gratifying results, affording complete protection from wind, frost or rain.

Higher Education is always to be desired, but people sometimes have strange reasons for taking it. For instance, the Saunterer hailed a nephew the other day, and said— "I hear Tom, you are going to Tek next year."

"Yes," was the prompt reply, and this boy's face fairly beamed.

"And why are you going there?" was the not unnatural question?

"Oh, to I can have four more long summer vacations," was the unexpected answer.—Butch Budget.

The Action...

Live Close to Nature, Seek Repose, and Cultivate Serenity of Manner.

In an editorial in the July Ladies Home Journal Edward W. Bok discusses 'When we are in the Country,' a text he employs to show how far we are departing from the purpose residents of cities used to have in going to the country during summer time.

Formerly going into the country meant an escape from city conventionalities; a living close to Nature, in the pure air and bright sunlight; a change of scene, of interests, and of pastimes; absolute freedom from the tyranny of fashion. Mr. Bok contends that this has been entirely changed, and the benefits of the summer outings have been largely lost. Conventionalities have robbed the country of its greatest charm; and the diversions, pastimes, the nervous rush and hurry of the city have been transplanted to the country and Mr. Bok well says: "We cannot afford to conventionalize the country. There is no truer saying than that 'God made the country and man made the town,' and we ought to carry out the spirit of those words. When we go to the country let us get out of it what we go for; rest, outdoor life and early hours—early, mean, at night, as well as in the morning. Let us live truly in the country, and do as the country people do. Let us dismiss, during the only restful time of the year—the summer—the so many of us—thoughts of dress, of indoor amusements, or matters of any kind that are apt to keep the mind at work and the body indoors. Let us seek repose—something which so many of us need. Our life during the winter makes us carry about with us an air of distraction and nervous worry. In summer let us cultivate serenity of manner. There is a restfulness about the restlessness that is peculiarly soothing and wondrously helpful to city people. There is a quietness in a leafy bower not to be had anywhere else on God's footstool. Nature speaks to us unerringly amid such surroundings. It is the absolute calm and quiet of leisurely enjoyment which so many of us crave, and which should be given them. And it is possible to attain this in the country if we will only seek for it and make up our minds to have it. Let us then use the time being that there are such things as dresses, as cards, as dances, as parties, as doilies, throwing our whole nature into the spirit of our surroundings. Then will we extract from Nature what she is always willing to give us, what God intended us all to have the calm and quiet of peaceful repose."

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1896.

CUNNING SMUGGLERS

INGENUOUS DEVICES FOR HIDDING UNCLE SAM.

Of All Smugglers John Chinaman is the Most Adept—His Ways are Very Dark—Opium is His Specialty—Smuggling is a Lively Occupation.

In all countries where customs duties are high the occupation of smuggling is a lively and dangerous one. Professional smugglers are generally men of a high order of intellect, and when engaged in stealing from the Government display a great deal of cunning, activity, refinement, and quick wit.

The customs inspectors, who have charge of the examination of baggage and the searching of vessels at the various docks, are nearly all of them experienced men and perfectly familiar with all the tricks to which smugglers resort. They know when to look for diamonds or other valuable articles; have an eye which carefully measures the capacity of trunks, so as to detect false bottoms; are sometimes somewhat affectionate in embracing passengers whose clothing seems too bulky; are careful students of human nature, and can discern in the appearance of satisfaction with which a passenger observes the examination whether anything has been omitted in the search.

Not infrequently diamonds are found concealed in false calves, in false shoe soles and heels, and in a thousand other places about the person, particularly in the hair of women, where, wrapped in tissue paper just the color of the hair, they are securely fastened with silk thread.

It used to be a common thing for smugglers to bring over diamonds in Edam cheese, silks, lacas, and shawls packed in bales of hops. Iron tubing used to be a good way of hiding goods. Precious stones have been smuggled into the country in cakes of soap, in cavities of large corks used for perfume and toilet articles, and in hollow canes and umbrella sticks. One old-fashioned silver-mounted cane made twelve successful trips. The supposed unlucky thirteenth was started as a new number, one, with a new cane, which at last accounts was still on its travels.

Diamonds, etc., of value \$25 to \$50,000, have been carried in that old cane on each trip. It is now taping the pavements of Chicago as an ordinary walking stick. One of the most remarkable devices used by a smuggler to conceal contraband articles was a Bible hollowed out inside, so that a number of valuable watches or other precious articles could be concealed among the leaves. This was carried under the arm by a solemn-visaged and reverend-looking gentleman with white whiskers. He was noted among his fellow passengers on the steamer for the care and attachment he displayed toward the holy book. The man turned out to be a notorious smuggler, who, in a small way, had for years been defrauding the revenue by bringing in articles supposed to pay duty.

Several leaves of bread hollowed out inside so as to contain cigars have also lately been seized, and from the same gang of smugglers was taken a concertina filled with choice Havana cigars, upon which a high duty would have had to be paid if brought in in the ordinary way. Another ingenious device was a can made to tow overboard from the stern of a steamer. It was water tight, and contained a large quantity of cigars when captured. An oil can with a chamber to contain brandy was also taken from one of the engineers of an incoming steamer. Perhaps one of the boldest of these devices was a bogged log of wood, or rather a log which had been hollowed out, which was found kicking almost harmlessly on the deck of the steamer. It was closely packed with cigars. Another ingenious ruse was carried on for some years before it was discovered. Small-sized cedar logs were procured, which were sawed into boards, leaving an end of the log uncut, so that the thin planks would open like the leaves of a book. Parts of the interior of the planks were carefully removed, leaving a hollow space, which was filled with fine Havana cigars, packed in boxes, and the logs were then carefully tied together, giving them the appearance usual to cigar-box lumber stacked into planks. Imitation planks of coal have also been made for this purpose, and these, painted black, have been almost impossible of detection. It is a good joke on the smugglers, however, when one of these got lost in a load of coal and the fine cigars which it contained ultimately went up in smoke through the furnace of the steamer.

Not long ago a successful diamond smuggler who had grown gray in the service, and who was so smart that he never was caught, brought over from Europe diamonds valued at over \$100,000. He concealed them in the floor of his stateroom by artistically sawing out a piece of it and permitting them to remain there until the sailing of the steamer on her return trip. He landed from the steamer and when his wife went with him to his stateroom to bid

him good-bye on his return voyage he gave her the diamonds, and she not only got safely on shore with them, but disposed of them for their full value in a few days after Diamonds have also been smuggled in the hollow legs of dolls, and in toys of various descriptions. A gentleman's silver or gold pencil case may contain stones of value securely put away inside, and a knife handles have been known to contain them.

Opium smuggling is a great business on the Pacific coast, and, notwithstanding the fireless efforts of the Treasury Department officers, this business is still carried on to an extent that is astonishing. Opium is of two kinds, prepared and crude. The prepared can be used for nothing but smoking. On this there was a duty of \$12 a pound under the McKinley tariff, but it has been reduced to \$6 by the Wilson bill. The treasury officers admit that practically all the drug brought into the United States while the McKinley tariff was in force was smuggled. At present, with the duty at one-half of the McKinley tariff, smuggling still continues, as prepared opium can be purchased in Chinatown for a little more, than the cost price in Hong Kong or Victoria, B. C., where it is manufactured. Most of the opium smuggled into this country is manufactured at Victoria, and it naturally gets across the line by the nearest and most available routes.

Puget Sound, with its many harbors, inlets, and streams, affords landing places, for all kinds of smuggling vessels, and its numerous islands, with rocks and crags, and dense woods offer the smuggler safety from pursuit. Not only do these heavily timbered localities afford concealment to the smuggler himself, but they also enable him to safely store away his contraband goods when hotly pursued. One of the most common receptacles for getting opium across the line is the ordinary traveller's trunk which is checked as baggage and generally goes through unsearched. Satchels and small parcels of every description are also made use of by the smuggler, and in one instance an old piano was stripped of its inner parts and filled up with cans of opium valued at \$5,000. Even innocent-looking flower pots have been made to serve the smugglers.

To a man the Chinese crews on the steamers plying between San Francisco and Mexico, South America, and China, are smugglers. They hide their contraband goods in the oddest places imaginable, and get them ashore past the eyes of the Customs Officers in ways that almost baffle detection. They have brought opium skillfully stuffed in bananas still hanging to the stock and in oranges. A Chinese cook walked ashore with several loaves of bread filled with opium. Chinese have been detected with boxes of the drug deftly bound in their queues or tied under their arms. Every bit of baggage and every article they take ashore is a hiding place.

In one invoice of "chow" or chopped vegetables over \$40,000 worth of chopped opium was confiscated, and in one lot of "hardware samples" a seizure of the drug valued at \$7,000 was made. At that time Secretary of the treasury Folger was of the opinion that one ring of smugglers during its existence had cheated the government out of more than \$4,000,000. In one venture a syndicate with \$100,000 capital made \$800,000 in smuggling opium from Vancouver, and during the trial of a smuggling case in San Francisco, a United States Treasury officer testified that during the previous ten years over \$6,000,000 worth of opium had been smuggled into San Francisco.

The Chinese resort to all manner of devices down to false heels and soles to their shoes. Some time ago \$300 worth was seized in the "hump" of an alleged hump-back. A customs boat is nearly always stationed under the wharf during the stay of a China steamer, and from time to time the officers see planks, pieces of scantling, and tins with floats attached thrown overboard for some waiting boatman to pick up. When seized they nearly always prove devices for smuggling in the costly opium. The planks and scantling have long slender holes bored in them; these are filled with the drug and carefully plugged up. Innocent-looking boards are taken from a steamer and laid carefully to one side on the wharf. They are there long, for presently some watchful eye has discovered them and they are quickly "sneaked off." These are otherwise full of opium.

One of these dummy planks four inches thick by fourteen wide arranged to contain several hundred dollars' worth of the drug is preserved in the Surveyor's office at San Francisco.

Opium has been discovered in the hollow iron strings of steamers, in false bottoms to the chain lockers and the hollow of the iron masts. Opium has been covered with oilcloth and stowed away in the ship's bilge. It has been found in the tubes of the boilers, inside the vessel's skin, and it has been brought ashore in pockets on the person and in hats upon the head. It has been discovered, behind panels in the staterooms

in partitions, strung up in sausage skins, in table legs, in false bottoms in cuddy holes and pantry drawers, in coal bunkers and under engines and boilers, in the folds of extra sails, in the stowage stateroom, in barrels of pickled salmon, in mats of rice, and in every nook and corner of the vessel.

Recently, when one of the large steamers was on the dock for repairs, numbers of mattresses were thrown on the wharf with the apparent intent of letting them air. They were discovered to be stuffed with some of the finest silks that had come into that port. The Government was defrauded out of more than \$250,000 by a firm who had been importing silks shipped as "crash towelling."

Smuggling is not confined to the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, but extends all along the Canadian border. The smuggling of clothing, silk, jewelry, whiskey, tobacco, butter, India goods, opium, etc., is conducted on a very extensive scale across the Canadian border from Maine to the State of Washington. Buffalo has become known as the head centre of a complete and profitable system of swindling. Where a dollar's worth of dutiable property is brought from Canada by rail, a thousand dollars' worth is shipped across Niagara River in skiffs between midnight and day-break. There are ratoon keepers in that city who buy in Canada every gallon of the spirituous liquor which they sell, and they always know just where to find parties to smuggle a cask or two across the river. It is only about a mile from shore to shore.

The smuggling at Detroit, which is the second best point along the border, is merely a bagatelle in comparison with Buffalo. During the winter, when the lake is frozen, teams are driven a distance of twelve miles upon the ice, and not one load in fifty is overhauled. Most of them contain smuggled goods. Suspension Bridge, Ogdensburg, Richford, and St. Albans, Vt., and El Paso, Tex., are also famous points for smuggling, especially for Chinese laborers.

Recently a car load of hay was sealed and passed across the border "in transit" to the United States. After arriving at one of the large towns on the border in the United States a hidden trap door was opened in the bottom of the car and twenty-three smuggled Chinese laborers slid out and departed for parts unknown.

Professional smugglers find their business so profitable at times that they devote their lives to the study of how they may defraud the revenue, and when it is considered that this class of persons are among the shrewdest of men and women it is something surprising that the revenue officers catch them at all. Frequently they are detected. In this case the articles seized are sent to the seizure room at the Barré Office and the facts are reported to the Collector for his action.

ARMIES OF BABOONS.

Evidence of Thorough Organization—Story of a Contest With Wild Dog.

Evidence of the astonishing sagacity and military organizations of the Africans baboons increases with the recent exploration of their favorite haunts, due to the troubles in Central Africa and Abyssinia. The English, German and Italian travelers and emissaries, who have been employed in various missions on the fringes of the Abyssinian plateau, have corroborated many stories which have hitherto been suspected to be exaggerations of fact. It now appears that their methods and discipline are far in advance of any other vertebrate animals, and not inferior to those of some of the negro tribes themselves.

The conditions of the life of these monkeys in Africa are sufficiently curious without reference to their acquired habits, though these are undoubtedly due to the dangers to which the nature of the country in which they live exposes them. The different species of baboons, which are found commonly over the whole African continent, are all by nature dwellers in the open country. They find their food on the ground; and whether this be insects or vegetables, it is usually in places which afford little shelter or protection. Though strong and well armed with teeth, they are slow animals, with little of usual monkey agility when on the ground, and not particularly active even when climbing among the rocks. In the rocky 'kopjes' of the South, or the cliffs and river sides of Abyssinia and the Nile tributaries, they are safe enough. But they often abandon these entirely to evade the low country. During the Abyssian expedition conducted by Lord Napier of Magdala, they regularly camped near our cantonments on the coast and stole the grain on which the cavalry horses and transport animals were fed. When on expeditions of this kind they often leave their stronghold for days together, and the means of joint defence from enemies in the open country are then carefully organized. Their natural enemies when thus exposed are the leopard, the lion, and in Southern Africa, the wild dogs. To the attack of the leopard they oppose numbers and discipline.

No encounter between the baboons and the wild dogs has been witnessed and described, but their defensive operations against domesticated dogs were seen and recorded by the German naturalist Brehm. The following account appears in the translation of his travels by Mrs. Thompson, just published: "The baboons were on flat ground, crossing a valley, when the traveller's dogs, Arab grey-hounds, accus-

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tomed to fight successfully with hyenas and other beasts of prey, rushed towards the baboons. Only the female took flight; the males, on the contrary, turned to face the dogs, growled, beat the ground with their hands, opened their mouths wide and showed their glittering teeth, and looked at their adversaries so furiously and maliciously that the hounds, usually bold and battle-hardened, shrank back. By the time the dogs were encouraged to renew their attack the whole herd had made their way, covered by the rear guard, to the rocks, except a six-month-old monkey, which was left behind. The little monkey sat on a rock, surrounded by the dogs, but was rescued by an old baboon, which stepped down from the cliff near, advanced towards the dogs, kept them in check by gestures and menacing sounds, picked up the baby monkey and carried it to the cliff, where the dense crowd of monkeys, shouting their battle-cry, were watching his heroism. The march of the baboons is not a mere expedition of predatory members of the community. The whole nation "trell" together, and make war on the cultivated grounds in common. Their communities are numerous enough to produce in miniature the movements of troops. The tribe often numbers from 250 to 300 individuals. Of these the females and young are placed in the center when on the march, while the old males march in front and also close the rear. Other males scout upon the flanks. It has been noticed that these remain on guard and do not feed during the whole time that the rest are gathering provender.

It disturbed by men the old males form a rear guard and retire without any haste, allowing the females and young to go on a head carrying the plunder. Their retreat is, as a rule, deliberate and orderly, the baboons being quite ready to do battle with any animal except man on the plains, and instantly becoming the assailant of man himself if they get the advantage of position. Brehm was stoned out of a pass in a very few minutes by the dog-faced baboons. "These self-reliant animals," he writes, "are a match even for man. While the screaming females, with young ones, fled with all haste over the crest of the rock beyond the range of our guns, the adult males, casting furious glances, beat upon stones and ledges, looked down on the valley for a few moments, continually growling, snarling and screaming, and then began to roll down stones on us with so much vigor and adroitness that we immediately saw that our lives were in danger and took to flight. The clever animals not only conducted their defence on a definite plan, but they acted in co-operation, striving for a common end, and exerting all their united strength to obtain it. One of our number saw one monkey drag his stone up a tree that he might hurl it down with more effect; I myself saw two combining to set a heavy stone rolling."

The wars of the Constantinople street dogs are eminently satisfactory from the point of view of the inquirer into animal politics. Theoretically they are complete examples of what the rational warfare of the animals ought to be, but usually it is not. It has for object either defence or conquest of territory, not the mere plundering instinct, or that primitive desire for making a meat dinner off an enemy which occasionally suggests an attack on weaker neighbors to the cannibals of the Congo. This civilized and rational warfare of the Constantinople dogs is due to their territorial instinct. Certain streets and quarters belong to particular dog communities, which again subdivide their territory among individuals. In some streets each heap of refuse on to which the common rubbish of a group of houses is thrown belongs to one dog, who lies on it, brings up his puppies on it, and on it has his home. "There were these sycet families in one street," according to the account of a lady who recently visited Constantinople and thought its dogs the most interesting native inhabitants.

If food becomes scarce in the next dog "parish" an invasion is planned into a richer neighborhood, where the rubbish heaps—the Turkish equivalent for dust bins—of a wealthy class of inhabitants promise

to yield better results. All the dogs of the invaded territory at once muster for resistance, and the fight, which is not organized, but of the rough and tumble order, goes on until victory declares itself for one side or the other, or until the inhabitants step out and stone the packs till they separate. Not infrequently a street or two are annexed by the invaders; more often the defence is successful. This is always conducted by a levy en masse, even the puppies joining in the fray. It is observed that it is only serious invasion that causes the dogs to fight. A single dog may pass through a strange quarter, provided he gives himself no airs, but lies down on his back and sticks up his feet with proper deference and humility whenever the owners of the street come up to expel him. According to Turkish traditions, these street dogs were once most successful in warfare, for their ancestors fought and beat the devil. Their story is that when man first appeared on earth, the Satan drew near to kill him, the dogs attacked and drove away the arch-enemy and preserved the first man. Hence, when a Turk has broken some minor ordinance of the Koran, he often buys a few loaves of bread, and, stepping out into the road, throws them in a dignified manner—not as an Englishman would throw them—to the dogs of the street.

No vertebrate animals show the same organization for wars of plunder and defence as the baboons, or the territorial instinct of the street dogs; but there are several species which exhibit these instincts in a minor degree, and in some cases act under the order of officers. The troops of wild horses of America are led by the master stallion; when attacked by plumes, or expecting to be "stampeded" by another troop, they are said to form a ring, with the mares and foals inside.

The pack of "red dogs" in the Indian hills follow the lead of the hounds, probably because their skill in scenting is more accurate. The Indian wolves have been observed to divide forces, part keeping the dog in check, while the others attack the sheep. Bison, when chased, leaves the largest bulls as a rear guard, but this may be due to their greater weight and inferior speed. Indian wild boars often defend the sugar cane quarters against the natives who desire to cut them, retreating into the last patch and rushing out if the men come near. In this case it is the males who do the fighting, and there is no combination to protect the territory which they desire to hold. But no wild animals have developed their powers of combined attack and defense in so creditable a manner as the baboons. Their motives—"defence, not defence"—are irreproachable, and their method deliberate, courageous and self-reliant and effective. The advantage of size and sex carry corresponding duties; and Brehm justly remarks that there is probably no other male animal which runs into danger voluntarily to rescue a young one of its own species.

YSAÏE AT HOME.

The Violinist's Home in Brussels, His Orchestra and His Appetite.

Ysaÿe, the violinist, who enjoyed a year ago such unusual success in this country, has built in Brussels a fine house, which probably represents the substantial results of his American concert season. He will not return to the United States for a year or two. He has given evidence lately of his devotion to the musical interests of his own country by the organization of an orchestra, composed mostly of young men not identified with the older musical associations of Brussels. This orchestra, he has declared, will be devoted in the main to the interpretation of modern music, particularly to the work of the newer French and Belgian composers. When Ysaÿe was in New York he told a Sun reporter that he had failed entirely to understand the domination of German ideas in music which prevailed in this city and throughout the country. "Wherever I went," he said, "there were conservatories and colleges of music, from New York to San Francisco, and always the name of the director was German. I have any criticism to make of musical taste in this country, and particularly in New York, it is that the German influence is incomprehensibly strong."

Whatever the value of this opinion may be, Ysaÿe evidently adheres to it still, for he lately told an interviewer: "For originality and individuality I think we must turn to the rising school in France. I see but little in Germany or Russia." Ysaÿe's orchestra, which had none of the

support secured by guarantees of subscriptions, was received with so much cordiality by the people of Brussels that its first season of concerts paid its way. The violinist's success as a conductor was great, and, in view of his temperament and personality, this is not hard to understand. Ysaÿe has taken to the bicycle, and his friends here wonder whether or not it has increased his appetite. When he came first to New York he stopped first at a hotel where the cooking was German, and his managers were particular to explain that this house was selected because Wien awaki, the violinist, had lodged there when he was in the United States. But this association was not strong enough to keep Ysaÿe in a hotel which did not supply food that suited his taste. After a day or two he made a break for a French hotel down town, and the chef still rolls his eyes in wonder when Ysaÿe's name is mentioned. Such quantities of food had never been served in the history of the establishment, to any man, nor had any other made such strenuous demands on the bar. Ysaÿe learned to like American drinks while he was here, and combined with the thirst he had acquired in his own land, this new knowledge produced a dreadful result. Ysaÿe had a room on the first floor of this hotel, and the patrons in the cafe could hear him practicing every day. The music was delightful, but frequently interrupted by imperative ringing of the violinist's bell or his sudden appearance in the cafe, as he demanded from the entire staff of waiters some immediate relief from his thirst which apparently was hard to quench. But his appetite was nearly as invincible, and the sessions he passed in the dining room of the hotel were prolonged and active. Some of his acquaintances here are wondering if the bicycle has been found the only relief from a career of so much eating and drinking. But in appearance while he was here too natural to be the result of any one climate.

The Weight Man of Madrid.

Jose Coll of Madrid, who is called the weight man, can at a moment's notice tell the exact weight of whatever object is handed him simply by lifting it in his hand. For instance, a walking stick is given him. He lifts it, and after a few seconds can tell its exact weight, which is verified by a weighing machine in his exhibition hall. There is no fraud possible, for any spectator is at liberty to present anything to Coll. From his childhood he began to practice his art, if art it is, by first ascertaining the exact weight of copper coins, until finally he reached his present marvellous power of guessing.

Bounteous Earth.

The waters deluge man with rain, oppress him with hail and storm him with inundations; the air rushes in drows, prepares the tempest and lights up the volcano, but the earth, gentle and indulgent, ever subservient to the wants of man, spreads his walk with flowers and his table with plenty; returns with interest, every good committed to her care, and although she produces the poison she still supplies the antidote; though constantly teased more to furnish the luxuries of man than his necessities, yet, even to the last, she contemplates her kind indulgence, and when life is over he piously covers his remains in her bosom.—Finy.

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SOME POETS OF NATURE.

PASTOR FELIX TELLS OF THOMAS HUTCHINSON, THE POET.

He was a friend of Eugene Field and his Character Resembles that of—Mr. Fenety's book Criticized—Edme. Laurier as the First Lady in the Land.

Sir Donald Smith, the distinguished philanthropist and millionaire of Canada, who has succeeded Sir Charles Tupper as Canadian High Commissioner to London, wisely administers his own benefactions, and does not adjourn that duty to the time of his executors. In addition to his previous liberal gifts to the cause of higher education, he has now appropriated the princely sum of \$2,000,000 to the foundation of a college for women in the city of Montreal. The entire sum of \$5,000,000 for the good of "this Canada of ours," is a noble showing of which an inspiration will be felt by other money-makers in the Dominion. This man of large thoughts and aims, as rich in inward gifts and varied experience as in material wealth, will be a representative at the Court of St. James fitted to honor both countries. He is a Scotchman, his name implies, sound in mind and frame, and at eighty years is still capable of being—

"The pillar of a people's hope." The esteem in which he is held in Britain may be witnessed by his prominence among the five hundred guests at the recent banquet of "The Ancients." He is not less esteemed in the United States, where sterling manhood never fails to secure estimation; for he knows how to be a true Canadian, without flinging abroad any red rag of prejudice or hostility. An editor of a leading New York journal thus writes to him:

"He has had countless adventures, and in early life lived at Hudson Bay, where he was familiar with all the wild scenes, beasts, and fur bringing aborigines by which that great inland sea is surrounded. Crossing the Atlantic in the summer of 1854, he sat at the head of a table at which were Dr. Robert Newton Young and the Rev. S. J. Whitehead, the returning fraternal delegates from the British Wesleyan Conference, Judge Hendrickson, and the writer. Sir Donald was so interesting a talker that it was not uncommon for those near him to sit at table till the waiters requested them to disperse that they might make ready for the next meal. He was one of the chief projectors of the great Canadian Pacific Railway. He is a staunch Presbyterian."

In the beautiful valley of the Wanebeck Northumberland, England lives a scholarly book-loving man to whom Nature and the Muse are dear. Mr. Thomas Hutchinson to whom allusion has been made in these columns, as the author of a biographical essay on Burns,—is master of a school at Peaswood, Morpeth, and is an apt pupil in another—a summer-school, held among the dells and by the winding streams of his 'oric Northumberland, where woods and flowers, and children, are his beloved teachers. He was the friend of Eugene Field the lover and poet of children, whom in his spiritual traits he resembles not a little, and derived much profit and delight from the books and letters of that genial lamented man. Mr. Hutchinson is keenly interested in life and letters on this side of the Atlantic, and has a constantly accumulating library of American books. He says "I am rather fain in some of my bookish ways" For example I don't care for English editions of American authors. I must have the genuine Trans-Atlantic production. And I may egotistically say that I have a goodly number of such volumes. I have not yet made a speciality (as you suggest I should do), of Canadian poets' but it may perhaps interest you to know that in my collection are; Mr. Lighthill's Anthology; 'Orion' and 'In Divers Tones' by Prof. C. G. D. Roberts; 'Low Tide on Grandpre,' 'Behind The Arras' and 'Songs of Vagabond' by Bliss Carman; 'Seaward' and 'Lancelot and Gurnivere' by Richard Hovey; (Does he not err in classifying him with the Canadian?) 'This Canada of Ours' by J. D. Edgar; and 'The Water Lily,' by Frank Waters. His wealth may in this sort be substantially and intrinsically increased, and indeed he does aspire to the possession of the volumes of Duncan Campbell Scott, Archibald Lampman, and William Wilfred Campbell; For he says, 'they are three poets who have been strongly recommended to me, and just such as I should delight in judging from the poems of theirs that I have come across occasionally. Miss Wetherald's muse has also become an attraction to him for he requires: 'Is The House of the Trees, Miss Wetherald's first volume? The pieces you quote—particularly Pine Needles—are just splendid! Mr. Hutchinson's author of a volume of poems of Child life, and various publications beside. The following, so far as we know, has never been published elsewhere:

THE GROWTH OF LOVE. We wandered thro' the wood, my wife and I, And thro' the trees the sun shone on her hair, Making a clearer, brighter sunshine there; The birds were singing their glad songs on high, The rivulet, aglow, leapt blithely by, And wind and leaves made music in the air; Upon the path anis hastened everywhere; And cloudless gleamed above us the blue sky. We did not speak,—thoughts were to deep for words, But soul to soul in silence clearer drew, 'Till 'gainst our hearts, we felt the heart of peace; And sweeter than the singing of the words Our speechlessness was to us, and we knew The blessedness of love and love's increase.

The bicycle, to a generation madly bent on pleasure, is an admirably adapted instrument. It may be said that the Sabbath has by it been not so much broken as shattered, and in fine completely pulverized. Yet though we have never learned to ride, we can see that it is not altogether unbecoming, and we do not look upon the most accomplished rider as only gracefully diabolical. There are always saddle-climbers who make both horse and rider to rue, and there are children of folly to whom the bicycle is a terrible temptation; but to the prudent and moderate the wheel doubtless furnishes a most wholesome and exhilarating method of locomotion. The St. Louis Christian Advocate indeed declares that the amount of energy expended in 'century runs' if forced into the business of sawing wood, would be considered a sufficient cause for rebellion, and put anarchism to the rout with an alarming increase. However, the foolish abuse a good thing, we can but think of its recuperative value to the nerve-exhausted minister and teacher, on whom the gift of legs, which belonged to Wordsworth and Abasnerus, was never bestowed. The argument against the wheel drawn from the number of casualties does not seem to us a valid one; albeit, one writer seems of opinion that all the accidents were as carefully chronicled as are those of trolley-cars, the sum would be surprisingly instructive. He says: "A minister, still unable to account for the cause of his accident, backed over a cliff and fractured his skull. Two citizens of Athens, Penn., started on Sunday from that place to Great Bend, where the wife of one of them was spending the summer. They were riding on a tandem bicycle. One received a compound fracture of the skull and died shortly afterward; the scalp of the other was torn from his head, and he was badly bruised that there is no hope of his recovery. These men weighed about two hundred and ten pounds each. Their machine had no brake. They rode very fast to the top of a hill, and began to descend before they had time to get the machine under control; one leaped, the other was dashed against the stones." In this case the accident was confessedly the result of carelessness. When two people, weighing two hundred and ten pounds each, ride up hill and down dale, with no brake on their wheel, an escape may be pronounced a miracle. It is as much the rider's part to know that his instrument is properly equipped, as it is to know that the horse he is to ride can be driven with safety. No doubt some are so constituted that they cannot ride rapidly down hill without, as the phrase puts it, "losing their heads," when the impulse to jump from the wheel overpowers them. Nevertheless, we are persuaded that if the real causes of most of the bicycle accidents, were known, carelessness or want of self-control on the part of the rider would account for most of them; and that the aggregate of serious disasters, as compared with those attributable to the trolley or the railway, would be found small indeed.

Mr. G. E. Fenety has given us a thoroughly readable book in his "Life and Times of Hon. Joseph Howe,"—and we own ourself partial to the subject. It has much the interest of agreeable after dinner talk "over the walnuts and the wine," when the good old times and the people we knew who distinguished them are under discussion. The author has an undoubted title to the thanks as well as patronage, of Maritime readers, for having embalmed so delightfully that lore which must, in some degree otherwise have passed away with himself. It is not a deliberately biographical, though the subject is treated compendiously,—but a series of pictures drawn by the hand of one who knew and admired before he attempted to portray. The works and words of genial, nobly-spirited and variously gifted subject are given, with all the front and side-lights needful to a complete view, so well suited to commend the book to a wide circle of readers. The portraits and illustrations add much to the interest and value of a work to which all readers of this journal at least should be favorably predisposed.

We count ourself among the loiterers in the Muse's field, and would scarcely in these days have the heart to gleim even a few stanzas, but that a brother or sister with arms full, will hail us now and then. So for shame, or in emulation, we wander over the sunset field, that our hands may not be altogether empty. There is one cry that always thrills when the hail of song comes here on the verge of evening, it is that of Home, and of the days 'departed never to return.' So it was we were started into "raploch" rhyme, by the coming near of a Scotch brither, who sounded his Highland pipe in our ear and to the following effect:

ACADIE. Like mist that round a mountain gray Hing for an hour, then melt away, So I and nearly all my race Have vanished from my native place. Each haunt of boyhood's loves and dreams More beautiful in fancy seems; Yet 'tis I to those scenes repair I find I am a stranger there. O Acadie! O Acadie! Where is thy charmed world for me? Dull are the skies 'neath which I range And all the summer hills are strange.

Yet sometimes I discern thy gleam In sparkles of the chiming stream; And sometimes speak thy haunting lore The sur-wreathed sly of the shore. Yet fondly will mine eyes incline To hill and stream that seem like thine;

And when the robin pipeth clear It is thy vocal note I hear. And oh my blood will break in foam To think I hear thee speak my name, And see thy face with gladness shine To find the joy that once was mine.

Madame Laurier, who, by the elevation of her husband to the highest seat in the gift of the Canadian people, (God grant it prove not too thorny and perilous!) has had honor and notoriety, if not greatness, thrust upon her and has already won the expression of much esteem, not to say affection and admiration. There are the two types of womanhood; the one who, in her own judgment at least, is fitted to shine, and living in the possession of wealth and social prestige the means of display, earnestly covets and overtly labors for a supreme position; and the other, of simple tastes and private loves and virtues, who is led shrinkingly forth to a position she never sought but will not fail to adorn. Of the two we know for which to give our preference. The villa in the little French town of Arhabakaville will always be the home of her heart to this childless yet child-loving chateleine, with the "delicate features, clear blue eyes, silvery hair and fresh girlish complexion," and to it she will return in wish and fancy from the cares and gaieties of Ottawa. But the "quack French smile," the "flashing expression of white teeth, and sudden dimples," will be the outward expression of a nature that cannot fail to exert itself charmingly, whether in lofty circles or lowly, and to set a goodly fashion in any home in which its possessor may be placed as mistress.

In Outremont, a suburban village near Montreal, is the home of a poet whose childhood was nourished among Scottish glens and muirs. All day he sits clerking in a mercantile office in the city, as did Charles Lamb before him, in that immortal den of Lunnnon, The India House; then at evening he goes home to wife, children, and the muse—if he be not too weary—or at least to pensive memories in the garden. This is Robert Reid, or "Rob Wanlock," of the "Moorland Rhymes," the author of "Kirkbride," a ballad of the covenant that might have satisfied Motherwell himself, and which would have endeared our poet could he have known him. For nineteen years he has lived in the Dominion, and is probably anchored here for life; and though his voice is not absent from the choir that lifts the anthem of Canada's praise, there are no sweeter notes uttered by any Scottish American than those which celebrate the charms of his own Caledonia and the scenes of his youth. Then he is eloquent, and there are tears in his voice, when he sings of

"Wanlock, winsome Wanlock! The pride o' a' the kintra is the Auld Gray Glen." No wonder if it is pleasant in his eyes: The glory of the world is on the hills that first we trod.

"Fair dawns the spring on Scotland, bonnie Scotland! While hill and loch, and muir and glen, avow its witching spell; And blithely simmer opens its e'e on winsome muir-land Wanlock, When bees begin to hum about the heather's burditt's bell; And oh! the fragrant autumn hills its rare joy wan der o'er, With some sweet lass beside, when the gloamin' lays the glen; Or nature's winter mantle sparkles w' its brightest hoar, And a' the pease the couthie folk—trig queans and cannie mees, O Wanlock, winsome Wanlock, Lik season wears its richest on the Auld Gray Glen." "Kirkbride" is perhaps the piece by which he is best known, and for us its charm is prevailing. The poet puts its sentiment into the lips of an old dying Covenanter, who is supposed to have survived the persecution. William Wye Smith writes of it as being "one of the finest things of its kind ever penned," and says: "One of Reid's ancestors, John Reid, was ousted from his farm and in danger, during the days of the Scottish Covenant, and the Covenanter blood asserts itself in the poem."

"Bury me in Kirkbride, Where the Lord's redeemed ones lie: The auld Kirkyard on the gray hillside, Under the open sky; Under the open sky On the breast of the lassie as sleep, And side by side w' the banner that lie Stretk there in their himmist sleep; This peir duns body manna sune be dust But it thrills w' a stoun' o' pride To ken it may mix w' the great and just That's number in thee, Kirkbride!" "Little o' peace or rest Had we, that lass afore stude W' our faces to the foe on the mountain's crest, Sheddin oor dear heart's blagde; Sheddin oor dear heart's blagde For the riches that the Covenanter claimed, And ready w' his to speak language gude, Gin he King or his Kirk we blamed; And aften I thought in the dismal day We'd never see cloumsh' side, But melt like the cranewich rime that lay 'Till the davin' abuse Kirkbride."

"Hark! frae the far hill-tops, And laith frae the lassie's glen, Some sweet pealms tune like a fate dew drops Its wild notes down the win; It wad notes down the win; W' a Kent song' own my min; For we sang' to the muir, a' when hamit men, W' our lives in oor hams' lang syne; But never a voice can disturb this sang, Were it Claver's in all his pride, For it's raised by the Lord's ails ransom'd thrang Forgather's auld Kirkbride."

I hear My Morri's tongue, That I wistna to hear again, And there—'twas too black Michael's rang Clear in the cloot's strain; Clear in the cloot's strain, Frae his big heart, hand and true; It's my soul as in days bygone,

When his gude bradsword he drew; I needs mair be off to the muir an' moor For he'll mair me by his side; 'T the tarang' o' the battle I see there And so mair be in Kirkbride."

In this volume of his collected poems [Alexander Gardner, Paisley and London, 1894] there are several groups of sonnets, mostly on Scottish subjects, but one alone is in the 'Doric, and should be selected, not only as most curiously consisting of dialect, but as strikingly descriptive and poetical:

GLOAMING. The hummelt whang has gushin' o'er its shir, The flicker's' gurock the his cover flows; Din' d'ween about the muir the whin' an' loon Can scripply get the way past-reck play scri Above the herd's auld bleid, or halitins droom The laith seep sabbitt' o' the burn door by, That daves the coorle w' its wilyart croon. I wadna aither see a glisk—not I— Here, w' my sye on ane o' Scotland's hills, Heather a'roun, and the muir lift o'er a' For foreign ferle or for unco sicht Elter braggid in sang; mair couthie joy distills Frae this than glow'rin' on the tropic dave."

This will be a Scotch nut for our English readers, but the meat is sweet when they get it. Readers of the letters of Burns will remember his reference to the curlew (or whaup) and the peculiar effect of its cry upon his mind. "Rob Wanlock," brought up among the moors, has heard the same voice, and he has felt its power. "Frae the rize o' the clud at morn; The merle pipes wail in his mid-day biel; In the heart o' the bendin' thorn; The blythe, beuld sang' o' the mavis Rings clear in the gloaming shaw; The whaup's wile cry on the wyle cam by Like a wild thing that in the air. "For what's in the lift o' the leverock To teach ocht mair than the ear; The merle's lown creak in the tangled brake Can start nae memories clear; And even the sang' o' the mavis But waken a low-dream tane The whaup's wile cry on the breeze blown by, Like a wasterd' wile frae the lane. "What thocht's o' the lang gray moorlans' Start up when I hear the cry! The times we lay on the heathery brae At the well lang syne gane dry; And aye as we speak o' the ferlies That happened aforthe there, The whaup's wile cry on the wyle cam by Like a wild thing that in the air. "As though I hae seen mair ferlies Toan grew in the fancy then, And the gowden gleam o' the boyish dream Has all ped frae my sober brain, Yet—even yet—I'll wander Alike by the moorlans' hill; The quier wile cry frae the gurly sky Can tri my hearts still."

But time and space will fail us to cite such enticing examples of his verse as, "Entarkin," "Neconomy," "In The Garden, Outremont," "The Himmist Crichton," "Katie's Well," "To My Mother," "Kilmenny's Warning," "Stormsted," "Wanlock," "Cameron's Grave in Atramos," and various of the poems we had marked and which gave us pleasure in the reading. Robert Reid was born June 8th, 1850, in the little lead-mining village of Wanlock-head, in the northern portion of Dumfriesshire, and not far from Leadhills, Ramsay's natal place. He spent his boyhood amid the "lovely girdle of green hills," the subject of his sweetest songs; but when he was fifteen years old he left the moors and glens for Glasgow. In 1874 appear d his "Moorland Rhymes," "Never," says William Wye Smith, "was book more aptly named. Burns was the poet of the strams and hills, and never opened his eyes but he saw a lark above him or a flower at his feet; but Reid is the poet of the moors, and the whaup's wild cry in the gurly sky is music in his ears."

But beautiful and to be regretted as Scotland now seems to him, he turned his face to the Western world, coming to Montreal in 1877, where he has since remained, engaging in mercantile pursuits. "He married," writes Mr. Smith "an Edinburgh lass, and they have a family of three children. . . Some years ago The People's Friend said: 'After Haw Ainalie and Thomas C. Latto, Wanlock is beyond question the most gifted, spontaneous, and intensely Scottish singer that the gold of America has yet tempted to leave his native shores.'" We may hope to hear many good things of "Rob Wanlock," for, in point of years, he is yet among the younger bards. PATERFEX.

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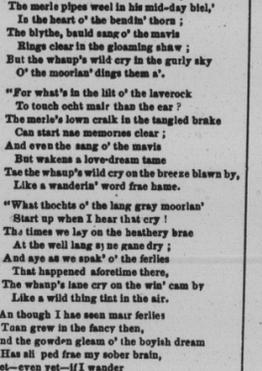
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IT IS THE FACT, Think as You Please. It is not generally known, but it is a fact readily proven by the investigations of science, that the real danger from every known ailment of mankind is caused by inflammation; cure the inflammation and you have conquered the disease in each case. Inflammation is manifested outwardly by redness, swelling and heat; inwardly by congestion of the blood vessels and growth of un-sound tissue, causing pain and disease. External accompaniments of inflammation are, scalds, chaps, cracks, strains, sprains, fractures, etc., and is the chief danger therefrom. Internal inflammation frequently causes outward swellings; as instances familiar to all we mention pleurisy, rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, etc. Internal inflammations make no outside show, for which reason they are often more dangerous than the external forms.

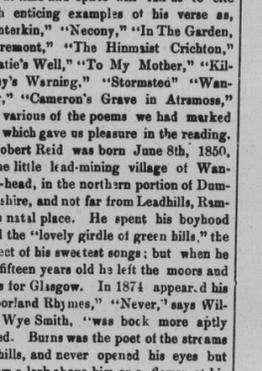
INFLAMMATION Causes Every Known Disease! Inflammation of the nervous system embraces the brain, spine, bones and muscles. The breathing organs have many forms of inflammation; such as colds, coughs, pleurisy, bronchitis, etc. The organs of digestion have a multitude of inflammatory troubles. The vital more or less everywhere, and impairs the health. The late Dr. A. Johnson, an old fashioned Family Physician, originated JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT, in 1830, to relieve pain and cure every form of inflammation. It is today the Universal Household Remedy. Send us at once your name and address, and we will send you free our New Illustrated Book, "TREATMENT FOR DISEASES," caused by inflammation. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

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PATTI'S OLD AGENT. Giovanni Franchi's Shrewdness in Her Service and His Death in Poverty.

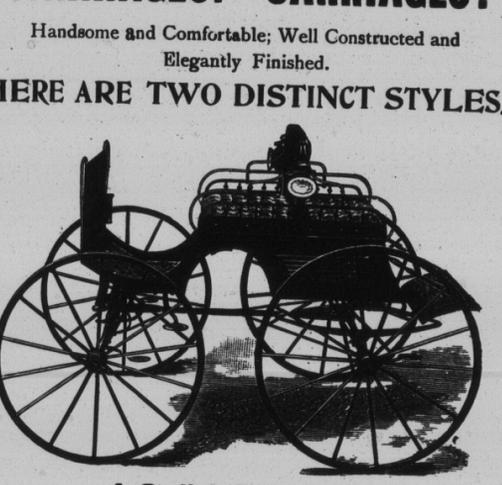
Giovanni Franchi, who was for many years Patti's manager and confidential secretary, died several weeks ago at his home in Milan. He was well known in this country, having accompanied Patti on many of her tours here. He was a shrewd old Italian, who knew how to look out for the prima donna's interest, and he did this so adroitly that he left behind him a number of anecdotes. Franchi was in Philadelphia with Patti during a tour in this country with Col. J. H. Mapleson, who is now about to return here with an opera company. She always insisted on that clause in her contract which required that she receive in advance the \$5,000 she got for every appearance in opera. It was sometimes difficult for the managers to have this sum available, but when it was not Patti refused to sing. On this particular night, some ten years ago, she was announced to sing in "La Traviata" in Philadelphia. Only \$4,000 could be raised, and she had got that amount. Either the large proportion of the amount due her or the Colonel's evident desire to do the best he could warmed her into such a complacent mood that she consented to come to the theatre without the final \$1,000 and dress for her role. She put on everything but her slippers. She refused, moreover, to put on those necessary articles until the rest of her money was forthcoming. By dint of scurrying around and taking the box office receipts around to her as fast as they came in, \$900 more were secured. When she got it, Patti put on one slipper. More stren-

IT IS THE FACT, Think as You Please

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Another Week's Sudden Deaths. If the situation were not so serious one might say in the matter of sudden deaths from heart failure that each week is a record breaker over that which has preceded it. There never was a time when greater need existed for hoisting the red flag of danger, and appealing to men and women in all conditions of life to keep within convenient reach a bottle of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. With the slightest symptoms of heart trouble relief is secured within a half an hour of using this medicine. The case of Mr. L. W. Lay, of Toronto Junction, who suffered from smothering spells for eighteen months, being permanently cured by this great medicine, is only one of thousands of instances that could be cited.

"No," said Mr. Gobang, "I never made but one real bargain in my life. My wife is 42, but I found her marked down to 25."

WOMAN and HER WORK.

A correspondent asked me recently whether it was proper to take your dog out calling with you. 'Not of course,' she adds, 'when you are making formal calls on perfect strangers, but just when paying social visits to people you know quite well.'

Much as I would like to oblige you with an answer, Gladys, you have not given me very much data to go upon. You do not state whether the dog referred to is a Yorkshire terrier weighing five pounds or a mastiff who tips the beam at a hundred and of course that would make a difference especially if any of your friends lived in small city flats.

It might be well to give your friends a chance of expressing an opinion, by putting the matter to vote, but as they might feel diffident about expressing their true sentiments perhaps it would be best to leave the dog at home, when you go out calling, unless you are very certain that he will be as 'welcome as you are yourself.'

'Love me love my dog' is all very well in theory, but it does not work as well in practice, and it would take a large amount of love for the owner, to enable one to condone the offences of some dogs. I am lover of dogs myself, but I confess that when some friend arrives to make an afternoon call, accompanied by a huge leggy St. Bernard, who does not know what the word obedience means, who fills up our little parlor with his all pervading presence, and the more than pervading odor which seems part of himself—who sweeps a small table clear of its ornaments at each whick of his tail, and overturns a chair or two every time he turns around—all I can say is that I don't love that friend half as well as I should have done, had she left her dog at home.

A dog at home, is one thing, and a dog out visiting is another; like children, animals seldom show to advantage away from their customary surroundings, they both have a certain degree of curiosity, and a taste for exploration; therefore the dog who is perfectly familiar with his surroundings, and lies quietly under the drawing room table at home, is apt to make voyages of discovery in a strange house, and try to find out anything he does not understand. He knows he must not go near the little low table containing the five o'clock tea service at home, but when he notices a tall square table of very unfamiliar aspect, in a strange house he naturally stands up to investigate it, and when he rests his fore paws on the edge to raise himself, the table goes over and there is a fall in China.

Then again, you should remember that other people besides yourself possess dogs, and are quite as much attached to them as you are to yours. Also that the household pet may object to a visit from another dog, and resent it strenuously. Worse still, your dog may object to the other's presence and show his disapprobation by thrashing him under the very shadow of his own vine and fig tree, and a dog fight in a drawing room may be exciting, but it is far from pleasant. Worse still, the friend you are calling upon may be the proud possessor of a cat whose price is far above rubies in her eyes, and then, to say the very least the result is likely to be disastrous. I knew a lady once who had two dogs of whom she was so fond that she took them with her everywhere, one was a fox terrier, and to him a cat, and a rat meant only the one thing—something to be exterminated as quickly and with as little fuss as possible. Their mistress never dreamed that anyone could object to a visit from her pets, and I have many memories far more vivid than pleasant, of the hairbreadth escapes my furry darlings had from them. Very often the first intimation I would have of the mistress's presence would be a wild flash of black, white, and gray fur, as three terrified cats dashed into my bedroom for shelter, a scramble of dogs' feet on the stairs, and the next moment the fox terrier and his chum would be engaged in trying to tear up the carpet around my bureau, in their wild efforts to get under it and capture the terrified cats who had taken sanctuary beneath. It wasn't pleasant I admit, but there was nothing I could do under the circumstances except turn the dogs out and fasten the door.

There are just two houses in this city to which I take our dog, though he is a canine who never makes his owners blush for him, and his drawing room manners are an example to many children, and to those two houses he has a standing invitation, and is almost as welcome as I am myself, but even to them his visits are like those of the angels, very few and far between, lest he should wear his welcome out.

Now, Gladys, I have given you my opinion on the subject, and if you will take my advice you will always see that the dog is securely fastened in the coal cellar, before starting out to make social calls on your friends.

as they are fashionable they will be worn. These tuckers and kerchiefs are not separated from the dress itself though they have an appearance of being caught up at the last moment and carelessly tied on, they are part of the bodice and the careless effect is the result of careful arrangement. The usual custom is to have the bodice made with the kerchief draped neatly and trimly over the shoulders, brought down in front and then drawn in a fasten across the bust, and fastened there under a bow or buckle. One rather pretty example of this style had a short bodice of the kind known as the Spencer waist made quite tight and plain, and cut away in front to show a sharply pointed vest which narrowed down to the waist line, and there widened again slightly, below it. At the top a draped kerchief outlined a wide V, meeting just below the bust under a bow of silk mull. The bodice itself was of printed taffetas in colors of lilac and green; the vest was of bottle green velvet and the kerchief and stock collar were of cream silk mull. The skirt was of accordion plaited tulle in a delicate shade of lilac. It looks as if the short waisted effect so much sought after in the days of the empire gown, would be coming in again very soon, as the short, rippled basques with their fancy little fluted skirts give one such a dumpy short waisted look, especially at the back, while the half fitting fronts rather add to the effect. Of course the slender long waisted woman can stand it but the short fat one will find all her defects magnified many degrees, and naturally she won't like it.

In the suits of linen crash, which I have already mentioned the blazer coat is most frequently seen, but the eton jacket with full blouse vest and belt of white leather is also a favorite. The skirts of these dresses are sometimes laid in flat box plaits and some others are gathered, while still another variety displays circular, or seven gored skirts trimmed very prettily with white pique vests and belt. A few of the jackets are in Norfolk shape with heavy white lace insertion sewed down the straps.

A novel way of applying lace is seen on some of the newest dresses; it consists of a plaiting of straight edged insertion set on around the foot of the dress beneath the ruffles, which are also finished with the same plaiting. It is very effective but I fancy it is also very expensive. Many of the newest dresses have flounces on the skirt, and a very handsome gown of black and white stripes has four narrow ruffles of black chiffon placed about their own width apart.

The sleeves are quite plain and tight to above the elbow where clusters of ruffles begin, and extend to the shoulder; the wrist is finished with a similar ruffle, and a scarf-like trimming complete the bodice. Another model for the ever popular black and white silk has a perfectly plain skirt, a vest of white mousseline de soie, and a bolero jacket of white Irish point. Green silk covered with lace is very effective as a trimming for black and white striped gowns. The newest bodice is called the pinatore, and the only reason I can see for its name is the fact that its fastening is invisible from the front, and as it is cut guimpé fashion and worn over an under bodice, it has the effect of being slipped over the wearer's head. It is slightly gathered in at the waist being cut much less full than the usual blouse waist. A very pretty example of this style is of blue linen with an under bodice of white plaited mousseline de soie edged in front with lace, and a belt of black satin draped high on the sides. The skirt is gathered at the sides in the new way—that is to say it is drawn into shape around the waist by a cluster of shirrs on each hip extending about five inches below the belt. A lace ruffle gathered very full trims the bottom of the skirt.

Another dainty gown is of ecru batiste embroidered in white openwork flowers, and made up over yellow silk, with a bolero jacket embroidered in white and yellow. The blouse waist is of liberly silk finely plaited and drawn down into a wide belt of black satin, while the sleeves are plain nearly to the shoulders, where they are finished with festooned drapery in the style which is so popular now.

A charming coat bodice to be worn with a skirt of either black, or black and white silk, is of black satin slightly cut away in front with revers of white satin embroidered in colors and a lace jabot down the front. Another bodice to be worn with a gown of silk canvas is simply an eton coat such as worn two years ago except that the sleeves are wrinkled, and a vest of embroidered silk.

One of the most marked features of this season's fashions is the almost unlimited use of transparent materials, which are worn by women of all ages. White sunshades, gauzes and batistes are worn by young girls, and for those who feel such dainty fabrics a little too youthful there are lovely black grandines flowered all over in soft blurred colors. These have been so much reduced in price since their first introduction that they are now within the reach of even limited purses.

PARIS A DOG'S PARADISE.

There, Even The Curs Find Friends and Fare Well.

It is a good thing to be an elephant in India, a cow in Egypt, or a dog in France. Outside the precincts that make him sacred the elephant is only an expensive ornament, interesting as a zoological specimen and relegated to limited quarters in that part of the town dearest to children. The cow holds her own, of course, everywhere as a good domestic old soul, but only in certain countries does she enjoy the luxury and fulness of worship. As for the dog, he is indifferently treated in general by the Saxons; he is a pariah, in the East but in France, above all in Paris, his position is royal. There women bear the disgrace of bruises and black eyes; birds, that have been blinded to make them tame, are sold in the street; horses are treated brutally, but dogs never. Through the charming French 'throng, regarding on passant the incidental cruelties practised on his fellow animals, the dog trots serenely, and all eyes turned upon him are kind ones.

'You beast,' I muttered, as my cocher ruthlessly whaled his galled and jaded horse. After you have made sundry complaints to the harshest society for the prevention of Cruelty to animals, and hopelessly entangled yourself in yards of red tape—and there is nothing red or more tangled than French red tape—you don't attack your brutal coachman with the freedom you used. Besides, you see his point of view and realize that if a man is obliged to pay 20 francs per day for his cab, and is so unlucky as to get hold of a lazy, slow, or otherwise impeded horse, the chances are first rate against his getting out at the end of the day with his 20 francs clear. So you philosophize and see the human brute's side too. In this instance I vituperated my special man inaudibly and sprang out at the bank when he drew up at the curb, and forgot him.

When, at the end of a quarter of an hour, I found him again, he had dismounted, and standing close by his box seat was bending over something he held almost daintily in his hands. A ragged mongrel cur of mean import, he fed it with crusts that he broke into bits, talking meanwhile in cajoling gentleness:

'Vea cocot, tu manges done bien, attends un peu; veux tume pincer comme cela? T'es drole, t'es un drole de chien! (Go along with you, you rascal; you eat well, I see; wait a jiffy. So you bite me like that, do you? Well, you are a caution you're a great dog!)

His coarse face was absolutely tender. I didn't moralize with him on his relative consideration of animals. He pushed the little object under his weather-stained blankets, clattered up onto the box in his rattling sabots, gathered up the reins, and took a good grip of his whip that he might lash his steed anew.

'Voyons,' I said firmly. 'don't whip that horse again.'

'Bien, monsieur,' he answered curtly, that means an extra pourboire. Similar attachment is no rarity. It is quite usual to see the gay little head of a quick-eyed terrier poked out from under the box seat of a fiacre, and the drivers, whose brutishness is common with that of Italians and Orientals, are singularly gentle to their canine pets.

Almost every little shop has its attendant dog. As a rule he does not notice the customer at all. He is absorbed by his owners; he clings near them, reposes luxuriously in the lap of Madame la Patronne, or if he is too big for his privilege, he lies around outside the little boutique in the complete enjoyment of that side of life that is all kind words and plenty. This is the bon bourgeois, the dog of the people. He never seems to possess any special breed. He is nondescript, a mastiff-terrier mixture, strictly adapted by birth and education to the mode of existence that is his portion. The characteristic dog of Paris is the poodle or caniche, and he is an elegant and gay monsieur who promenades on boulevard avenue with airs and graces quite as chic and distingue as those of his owners. A bright full-moon morning, 12 o'clock, the fashionable hour for the promenade, breakfast being for all the world at half past; on the drive we file past the splendidly appointed carriages of messieurs, the wives of the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker, with a generous sprinkle here and there of coronets and the liveries of more than one princess and archduchess. His delicate nose pointed at the window pane of a be-witching little brougham, a grayhound looks out at the gay world; around his slender neck is his mistress's silk-sleeved arm, and her prettily gloved hand toys with his collar. They are delightful specimens of their several races, the woman fine, mince, with dark, long-lashed eyes, and the dog, blue-blooded, nervous, sensitive, they flash by.

Cushioned in the silken lap of a beautifully dressed woman is a snow-white spaniel; so small is he that he would be white to sight were it not that he is snow-white and the dress of his mistress a flame scarlet.

Tan Shoes at Reduced Prices.

We have many lines of Men's and Women's TAN SHOES, broken in sizes, which we will sell from 25 to 33 1-2 per cent. less than regular prices. These are all first-class Shoes in every way, but as some of the sizes are gone, in order to quickly clear out the balance, we offer these reductions.

WATERBURY & RISING, 61 King Street, 212 Union Street.

RIPANS ONE GIVES RELIEF.

to obtain. The black caniches are so common as to attract little attention. They are all out this fine morning stepping elegantly and shaking clear little tails from the bells at their collars. They are easily the dogs of the beau-monde, intelligent, graceful, and if they lack the conversational ability that the hant ton demands, they are at least delightful companions who listen and seem to understand. Their curly black wool is allowed to grow in abundance as far as the middle of the back, their flanks and legs are closely shaven and little ring-shaped tufts are left around the ankles.

This elaborate decoration is by no means the only one the swell dog of Paris boasts. On the Rue St. Honore and elsewhere are shops where dogs' furnishings are sold exclusively, and for these pampered playthings are displayed gold bands studded with jewels, collars of fabulous price and beautiful design, and jewelled muzzles. But the height of the fad is reached by the ulsters and capes of the newest mode, hats of all descriptions, miniature travelling coats, and from its pocket dangled out a white handkerchief. She was lost amid the amused throng who were quite as absurdly dressed, many of them, and with less excuse, for she couldn't help it, and they could.

One muddy day a fashionable madame descended from her brougham on the Avenue du Bois, and put from her arms her treasured poodle, who shook himself and straggled off in a flapping mackintosh. His four delicate feet, encased in tiny rubbers, pattered in and out the mud puddles that the slight rain had left on the wet walk.

A TRIPLE ALLIANCE. That Has Won in Every Conflict—The Three Great South American Remedies Never Fail in the Cure of Rheumatism, Kidney Disease and the Worst Forms of Indigestion.

The three great South American Remedies have been called into conflict many a desperate enemy, but the case is yet to be recorded where they have not come out the victor. If we take South American Rheumatic Cure, the story of the patients who have been cured by it reads like a fairy tale. Mr. D. Desmats, of Peterboro', suffered terribly from rheumatism, that he was blistered by doctors ten different times, in as many different places with the hopes of driving the disease from his system. His hands were drawn out of shape and the fingers almost destroyed. His left leg had to be encased in a plaster of Paris cast for months. One week after using South American Rheumatic Cure this patient was like a new man, and in a short time was completely cured.

Advertisement for a shotgun, mentioning 'Victoria Crochet' and 'Mother Sex'.

Advertisement for 'Health' and 'Mother Sex' medicine, featuring a portrait of a man.

Advertisement for 'Beef, LAMB, MUTTON, VEAL' and other meats, including 'Mrs. J. J. McDonald's'.

Advertisement for 'Ferguson & Page' stationery and printing services.

Advertisement for 'MANY DAINTY DISHES' and 'Benson's Prepared Corn'.

BEASTS, BIRDS, AND FISHES.

The Peculiar Influence of Music on Many Animals.

There is an old story told and retold about the fiddler on his way home from a dance who was beset by a wolf or wolver, hungry to the famishing point but kept off by the strains of some soul-stirring music from the violin, which was played then as it had never been played before.

Up in Oaxaca county, between Holland Patent and Trenton, a New Yorker once had a curious experience with a little pug dog. The New Yorker usually sings or whistles, but this time he was practicing on a mouth organ and could play about half of three or four different tunes. One of these was of the home-made variety. There was a jump up and down and a whirl around mixture to it that was wonderful to hear.

This same New Yorker had a dog, cur dog, whose opinion of mouth organ music was at once emphatic and mournful. It would howl with its nose pointed up and jaws wide open for hours, now and then yelping. What the violin was to the wolver the harmonica was to Jack, the cur dog.

Wild birds have an ear for music as well as tame ones. They will listen to a harmonica devoutly and for a long time. They even dance and stand on their heads and roll over, but cats so far as known never pay any attention to musical strains, though they have been known to tread the keys of a piano for fun.

Where music's domain is in nature, is, of course, with the birds. Their voices are in musical strains and in the study of these strains the naturalist finds an extremely broad field. The instrument which the musical naturalist uses is a violin which, with its broad octave range, is made to imitate a great variety of notes of birds.

The hawk's scream, the bucker bird's love note, the derisive yell of a blue jay, the wren's song, the voices of the sparrows, woodpeckers talk, and the hungry cry of the young crows are but a few of the sounds which to a gentle naturalist could call birds to him and of creatures by nature's children. Of these, Thoreau was a most conspicuous example. Foxes chased by dogs fled to him for protection and got it. The birds at Walden pond commended him, lighting on his shoulders and fingers and on his hat, knowing that he would not harm them. Wood mammals came to his feet fearlessly, and even the fish drew near to his hands.

A boy of 14 one time received a little music box that played "Peek-a-boo" when the crank was turned. One day he was lying back on the hay in a barn now grinding out his muffled tones when suddenly a little mouse ran over his body and off across the hay. Another came a moment later and then four appeared. They all ran about in a state of great excitement, frequently passing close to the music box. The boy captured three mice in his hands, but there were always a number that were to be attracted to the music box.

This same boy has a good many times sat down in the woods on the end of a log, leaning against a stump, and had red squirrels come within ten feet of him. The animals would chicker, then the boy would talk, if it is a dog or cat. Such talks were evidently enjoyed by the squirrels, and they chickered often for half an hour at a time, stopping now and then to listen to the lad's voice. After a time the squirrel would start away and the boy would go, too. The squirrel from near by would chicker while the boy was walking away.

It is not probable that human ears hear the genuine bird talk, it being merely the songs or yells that are heard. But in the cries there is much to be learned by the musical naturalist.

An Easy Question. She—"I have been invited to contribute to the discussion of the question 'why some women desire titles.'"

He—"Well, the answer is because some women are fools; but you will have to use your own judgment as to the best way of putting it."—Fack.

—Rev. Mr. Coldwater (vehemently)—"No, sir; this country will never be fit to live in until it has more churches than drum-hops!" Alderman O'Donoghue—"Well, who's hinderin' yez from buildin' more churches?"

If a child is troubled with a cough at night, Hawker's Balsam will soothe it instantly and enable the little one to go to sleep. A short course of the balsam will completely cure the cough.

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

Lithographed Signs For Advertising Made in Eight Colors. Designs and Styles to order. Prices upon application. You may see samples of our work in this line at any hardware store in our own signs advertising "CRESCENT" Enamelled Ware or send your name and address and receive Sample free by mail.

The Thos Davidson Mfg. Co., Ltd. Manufacturers, Montreal.

"SANITAS" NATURE'S GREAT DISINFECTANT. Non-Poisonous. Does not Stain Linen. FLUID, OIL, POWDER, &c. HOW TO DISINFECT. A valuable Copyright Book giving simple directions "How to Disinfect" various Infectious Diseases, also the most effective use of the "Sanitas" Co., Limited, ENGLAND.

AGENTS WANTED for the only complete CARPET STRETCHER and TACKLER. Draws your weight with the Carpet. No stooping, no pounding fingers, or getting down on the knees. Operator stands upright to stretch and tack Carpet. Will drive tacks in corner. Sample sent prepaid on receipt of \$1.50.

HERBINE BITTERS Cures Sick Headache Purifies the Blood Cures Indigestion HERBINE BITTERS The Ladies' Friend Cures Dyspepsia HERBINE BITTERS For Biliousness

Large Bottles, Small Doses. Price only 25c. For sale all over Canada. Address all orders to 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.

DRUNKENNESS OR the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by the Golden Specific. It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure. IT NEVER FAILS. Mothers and Wives, you can save the victims.

Pigs' Feet and Lamb's Tongues. RECEIVED THIS DAY. 10 Kegs Pigs Feet, 5 " Lamb's Tongues. At 19 and 22 King Square.

J. D. TURNER. Cafe Royal, DOMVILLE BUILDING, Cor. King and Prince Wm. Streets. Meals Served at all Hours Dinner a Specialty.

WILLIAM CLARK, Proprietor. If a child is troubled with a cough at night, Hawker's Balsam will soothe it instantly and enable the little one to go to sleep.

TO PRESERVE CUT FLOWERS.

The woman who wishes to enjoy the whole of the short life of her cut flowers, instead of only a small portion of it, will not settle down upon any undeviating method for preserving them, but will rather vary it according to the different causes which lead to their decay.

Take, for instance, the flowers of a succulent nature, like the iris. The stems, when put into water, slough away, and soon give forth an unpleasant odor. There are two remedies which may be applied in this case; either one should put a mild disinfectant in the water and frequently change it, or cut off the ends of the stalks at short intervals.

A good point to remember in gathering flowers of the iris family, and indeed all succulent plants like the primrose, the snowdrop, the lily and the poppy, is to pick them while still in the bud, as they will often suck up enough water to quite carry out their natural life.

Another flower whose stem most rapidly decays and corrupts the water is the mignonette, and it is often best, therefore, to sacrifice it while its head is still fresh green. Heliotrope, like mignonette, should always be put in water by itself for it not only fades and turns brown rapidly, but it will kill almost any flower put with it.

The cause of any decay in hard-wooded plants like the azalea and camelia is that they do not take up enough water, not they have any tendency to pollute it, so that to cut their stalks frequently would be of little avail. The hard, brittle wood has no power of absorption, but if when putting such flowers in a vase or bowl you make sure that the lowest leaves attached to the blossoms are under water, the effect is magical. The tender green of the fresh leaf absorbs the water and acts as a conductor, in its turn nourishing the blossom. Ferns, and especially maiden hair, are very short lived when they have to look to the stem alone for nourishment, and the most effectual way to preserve them is to see that the lower part of every found is well under water. Cut flowers require as a rule a far larger quantity of water than is given them.

through the capacious bowls and vases now in vogue come much nearer meeting their wants than the slender, elegant forms that continue to adorn our cabinets and mantels. We must be guided in our expectations of the longevity of a flower, however, by its normal life, and not expect the frail blossom of a day to rival the splendid orchid in its three week duration.

Flowers should always be placed in water as soon as possible after being picked; when received by post in a somewhat wilted condition, an immediate plunge into hot water with a little sal volatile will accomplish wonders in the way of reviving them.

Lilac, laburnum, and azaleas require to have a peels of the bark stripped up and left hanging, and this, with the addition of a few leaves in the water, will often keep them in quite a fresh condition for weeks. The bouquet which you have carried during an evening will be sure to revive again if you will spray it well with water, and put it under a bell glass; and if you wish to wear flowers in your hair or on your corsage, they may be made to retain their freshness for an entire evening by putting a bit of sealing wax over the ends.

Makes Twenty-Four Dollars a Week Dyeing with Diamond Dyes. A constant user of the world-famed Diamond Dyes writes as follows his success with them: "I have been using your Diamond Dyes for seven years. I can only say they are the best on the market. I have made as high as twenty-four dollars a week in dyeing, and could not give satisfaction unless I used the Diamond Dyes. I would not be without them, for when I am, I consider I am without money."

Wholesome and Poisonous Mushrooms. Every few days for the rest of the summer we may expect to hear of persons poisoned by eating toadstools in mistake for mushrooms. Toadstools are mushrooms but the name seems to have been given in popular speech to the poisonous varieties of these fungi. It is strange that so little effort has ever been made to teach the people of this country how to distinguish between them and select the harmless varieties for food. Many a man walks hungry over mushrooms which would tempt the palate of an epicure. There is a great number of varieties that are both wholesome and delicious while the poisonous mushrooms are few in number and, usually, repulsive in appearance. With a little study of them, people living in the country could often procure very acceptable additions to their stock of food from the humble growths in their fields.—Philadelphia Ledger.

And the Club Howled. A Fargo paper says that a good-looking and well-to-do bachelor of Casselton was being teased by the young ladies of a club for not being married. He said: "I'll marry the girl of your club who on a secret vote you elect to be my wife." There were nine members of the club. Each girl went into the corner and used great caution in preparing her ballot and disguised the handwriting. The result of the voting was that there were nine votes cast, each girl receiving one. The young man remains a bachelor, the club is broken up, and the girls are all mortal enemies—united in the determination that they will never speak to the nasty man again.—Lithon (N. D.) Free Press.

trust him

You want Scott's Emulsion. If you ask your druggist for it and get it—you can trust that man. But if he offers you "something just as good," he will do the same when your doctor writes a prescription for which he wants to get a special effect—play the game of life and death for the sake of a penny or two more profit. You can't trust that man. Get what you ask for, and pay for, whether it is Scott's Emulsion or anything else.

ADAMS' Ginger Beer FOR MAKING A DELICIOUS HEALTH DRINK AT SMALL COST. RECIPES. Adams' Ginger Beer Extract. - one bottle Fleischman's yeast. - one-half to one cake Sugar - - - - - two pounds Cream of tartar. - - - - - one half ounce Lukewarm water - - - - - two gallons

TRAFALGAR INSTITUTE (Affiliated to McGill University). Simpson Street, Montreal, FOR THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF YOUNG WOMEN.

HOTEL ABERDEEN, ST. JOHN, N. B. New Office, Prince William Street. Near Post Office. Passenger Elevator and all modern improvements, including ordinary and therapeutic baths. Rooms all large and airy.

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.

GERARD G. RUEL, BARRISTER, &c. Walker's Building, Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B. GORDON LIVINGSTON, GENERAL AGENT, CONVEYANCER, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.

Choicest Liquors. The very best brands on the market can always be obtained from the undersigned. The finest wines and good imported Cigars.

STAR LINE STEAMERS FOR Fredericton AND Woodstock. EASTERN STANDARD TIME. MAIL Steamers "DAVID WESTON" at 10 o'clock (Sunday excepted) at 9 a. m., for Fredericton and all intermediate landings.

STEAMER CLIFTON. On and after MONDAY, July 28th, the steamer CLIFTON will leave her wharf at Hampton at 1:30 p. m., for St. John, returning at 9 a. m. On Tuesday she will leave Hampton at 9 a. m. and returning will leave St. John at 5 p. m. On Thursday she will leave Hampton at 1:30 p. m. and returning will leave St. John at 5 p. m. On Saturday she will leave Hampton at 1:30 p. m. and returning will leave St. John at 5 p. m.

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DAINTIES IN JOB ORNAM.

Delicious Frozen Desserts and the Way to Make and Serve Them. Frozen desserts and iced drinks may not be the best thing for digestion, but on a hot summer's day what can be more refreshing than a frozen pudding? And we feel thankful to the man who wished to have his custards cold, and conceived the idea of packing them in ice, and by so doing learned that custards were nicer when frozen.

This was the beginning of that American delicacy, ice cream. Here are a few new recipes for frozen dainties: For macaroon ice cream put one pint of milk over the fire in a double boiler to heat. Beat three eggs with one cup of granulated sugar, and stir into the milk when at the boiling point. Cook the first a moment, and remove from the fire. Continue stirring, and add one pint of cream to the hot mixture. When cool, flavor with two spoonfuls of sherry wine, and add one dozen macaroons that have been dried in the oven and then rolled fine. Turn the custard into a freezer and freeze.

To make caramel ice cream use the same rule as for macaroon ice cream, omitting the sugar and wine, and flavor the custard with a caramel made by putting a cup of granulated sugar in a spider. Place the dish over the fire and stir the sugar until it becomes melted and is smoking. Then stir it immediately into the warm custard. This is a simple but a favorite cream. A few finely chopped nuts added to caramel ice cream makes another change, the nuts being stirred in when the cream is partly frozen, just before the beater is removed and the freezer repacked.

"Baked" ice cream, or glace meringue, as it is called properly, is a surprise, and a handsome dish to serve at a luncheon or dinner. To prepare it soak one heaping tablespoonful of gelatine in four tablespoonfuls of cold water an hour. Put one cup of milk in a saucepan over the fire, and when it reaches the boiling point add the soaked gelatine and stir until it is dissolved. Strain the milk into one quart of cream to which has been added one large cup of granulated sugar and flavor with vanilla. Turn the mixture into a freezer and freeze until the dasher will just turn; remove it, and with a large spoon pack the frozen mixture down, making the top level and smooth. Cover the freezer and repack, letting the cream stand at least one hour.

When ready to serve beat the whites of half a dozen eggs to a stiff froth, and stir into them six tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Turn the frozen cream out on a chop plate or some pretty earthen dish, and cover every part of the cream with thick meringue; place the dish upon an inch-thick board, and put in a hot oven and brown quickly. Serve at once. This ice cream may be varied by adding a few chopped raisins and candied fruits to the custard before removing the dasher.

This lemon ice will be found excellent; put three pints of water in a saucepan with one quart of loaf sugar, and let it simmer over a slow fire until it is reduced to a generous quart of syrup. When the syrup becomes cold add to it the strained juice of five lemons and the whites of four eggs beaten to a stiff froth. If the syrup seems very thick when cold a little water may be added. Stir the ingredients well together, and pour the mixture into a freezer and freeze like ice cream.

Ices are prettier served in glasses. To make orange punch or ice put over the fire in a saucepan one pound of granulated sugar, one pint of water, and the peel from one orange; allow them to boil seven minutes. Take from the fire, remove the peel, and let the syrup cool. When cold put in two dozen pitted cherries or grapes, a very little banana, and the pulp and juice of one dozen oranges. Turn into a freezer and freeze.

An exceedingly nice desert is called ginger biscuit. To make it soak half a pound of stale gingerbread crumbs in one quart of cream for two hours. Then press the mixture through a sieve. Add to this two quarts of cream and sugar enough to sweeten the mixture. Pour into a freezer and freeze. When the mixture is nearly frozen, and before removing the beater, add one pint of fine gingerbread crumbs, half a pint of chopped English walnuts, one quarter of a pint of thinly sliced preserved ginger, and one gill of sherry wine. Finish freezing, remove the beater, cover the freezer closely, repack, and let it stand from one to two hours. This will be found to be a delicious cream.

A frozen pudding which is very satisfactory is made in this way: Pack one ice cream freezer with ice and salt, using more salt than for plain ice cream. Sweeten cream, whip it, and let it drain. Scatter a few pieces of candied cherries in the bottom of the packed freezer, or preserved fruits from which the syrup has been drained. Put a layer of whipped cream three inches in depth in the freezer. Dip split lady fingers in sherry and lay them over the cream. Scatter bits of fruit over the cake, making sure that many of them are around the edge, so that they will show when the pudding is turned out to serve. Put in more whipped cream, then again cake and fruit, and finish with the cream. Cover the freezer closely, drain the water off, repack, and stand away for several hours. Turn out on a pretty dish to serve.

I WAS CURED of a severe cold by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Oxford, N. S. I WAS CURED of a terrible sprain by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Yarmouth, N. B. I WAS CURED of Black Rye-pain by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Lunenburg, N. S.

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MILLINERS

FOR... Hand or Machine SEWING USE It does not SNARL or KINK. Clapperton's Thread.

THE SAME MAN, Well-Dressed. fills a much higher place in the estimation of even his friends, than when thoughtlessly and indifferently clothed. Newest Designs Latest Patterns.

A. R. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor, 64 Germain Street. (1st door south of King.) STEAMBOATS.

1896 1896 The Yarmouth Steamship Co. (LIMITED), For Boston and Halifax via Yarmouth.

The Shortest and Best Route between Nova Scotia and the United States. The quickest time, 15 to 17 hours between Yarmouth and Boston. 4 Trips A Week, 4 THE STEEL STEAMERS Boston and Yarmouth UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

COMMENCING June 30th one of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evening, after arrival of the Express train from Halifax. Returning, leave Lewis wharf, Boston, every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at 12 noon, making 6 trips per week.

STMR. CITY OF ST. JOHN, Will leave Yarmouth every Friday morning for Halifax, calling at Barrington, Shelburne, Lockport, Liverpool and Lunenburg. Returning, leave Pickford and Black's wharf, Halifax, every Monday Evening, for Yarmouth and intermediate ports, connecting with steamer for Boston on Wednesday evening.

STEAMER "ALPHA" Leaves St. John, for Yarmouth every Tuesday and Friday afternoon. Returning, leave Yarmouth every Monday and Thursday at 10 o'clock p. m. for St. John. Tickets and all information can be obtained from President and Managing Director.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. Co. DAILY LINE (EXCEPT SUNDAY) TO BOSTON. COMMENCING June 29th to Sept. 21st, Steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Boston every day (Sunday excepted) at 9 a. m., for Fredericton and all intermediate landings.

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PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT.

Her Promise True.

BY DORA RUSSELL.

Author of "Footprints in the Snow," "A Country Sweetheart," "A Man's Privilege," etc.

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They sat alone on the veranda of a small bungalow...

"Do you know, Belle," Hugh Gilbert said, presently...

"Dearest," she answered, "we must have no shadows."

"You can banish this at once and forever," she said, eagerly...

"By answering a question, Belle; and I know you will speak the truth: I know you will be candid with me."

"You frighten me, dearest. What is it you would know?"

"Tell me if you ever regretted coming away with me; if you ever grieve for what you have left behind?"

"Never," she answered, with an air of solemn conviction...

"The value of things lies not in them, but in what they are to us; and for me, all I have left behind is worthless in comparison with the happiness I have gained."

"Why did you ask me?" she said presently.

"Because I sometimes fear I have been selfish; that I have been cruel in taking you away from wealth, position, and all things the world regards as valuable."

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pipe, but for once tobacco failed to have any relief for him.

"What is it, doctor?" she asked, her voice trembling with apprehension.

"A slight attack, just a touch of his old fever," he answered, striving to speak lightly of his patient's illness.

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The doctor, a low sized, stout bodied, good hearted little Irishman was touched by her distress, and took her into his arms.

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our chaplain about the ceremony. He is a man of the world, a good fellow, and he's ready to get through the business as soon as the law will allow him.

"Let me beg of you, dear, not to think anything more about it for the present," she implored.

"I cannot help my thoughts, and I shared with you, Belle, they don't harass me half so much; so you had better let me talk, unless you want to play the tyrant too."

"Very well, dear; but there's no need to be anxious about it, the ceremony will be gone through in good time," she said, striving to soothe him.

"I will have it performed the first hour, the first minute, that the chaplain is free to say the words."

"I fear if you excite yourself you will not be allowed up the day after to-morrow," she remonstrated.

"Whether I am up or in bed, it shall be gone through the instant the law allows us to become man and wife. Therefore you must tell Richards to have the chaplain here in good time. Richards is to be one of the witnesses you know."

"Now rest, dear," she said; "strive to put the subject out of your mind for the present."

"Don't you see, Belle, what importance it is to you and your unborn child that this marriage should take place," he said, his colour heightening, his voice becoming irritable.

"Of course, dear of course; but for my sake say nothing more of it now, and increase and she playfully covered his mouth with her trembling hand. He remained silent for that, but she knew what the tenor of his thoughts were, and she strove to distract them by references to every day events and items of household gossip.

Some hours later he dozed only to wake up with a startled impression on his face. He inquired how long he had slept, and she told him.

"Do you know," he said, "I thought the time had come for our marriage. Surely God would not punish us so severely by letting me die before I could make you my wife?"

"Why speak of dying? You are better, are you not?"

"Yes, much better. How strange it should have thought the time had come for our marriage, I must have dreamt it whilst I slept."

"With a despairing heart she saw the fever had partially returned, and with all her strength she summoned courage and sought to calm him, and again he fell asleep, though now his slumber was continually broken. She sent for the doctor, who came at once, but before his arrival the patient woke up and talked incessantly and incoherently of his marriage. Two days later a little group had gathered around the bed of Hugh Gilbert, consisting of a heart broken woman, the doctor, Captain Richards, and the Chaplain, the Rev. Meredith Jones.

The fever had apparently gone, but not before it had done its fatal work, wasting all his strength. As long as he remained perfectly calm and active. He then invariably sank into deep lethargic sleep, from which those who watched him feared he would never wake.

Three hours before, on recovering from a long and profound slumber he had asked if the time had not come when his marriage might take place, and on being told it had he inquired why the parson was not present.

That was just in the first flush of dawn, when the stars had begun to fade, and the gold to glow, the sun to rise on the horizon. They told him the chaplain had arranged to be with him by eight o'clock, but Hugh insisted on having him sent for at once, he would now brook no delay. Long before Mr. Meredith Jones arrived the patient had been overtaken by one of these deep sleeps which the doctor well knew were the forerunners of that deeper sleep from which there was no awakening. The chaplain however, remained, as did the doctor and Captain Richards, all patiently waiting the moment when Hugh Gilbert's frail life might kindle to a flame or go out forever.

Belle stood bending over him, watching his every breath, a pitiful tragic figure already crushed by the desolation which she knew was about to befall her. Dr. Malone with a deeply grieved face stood at the other side of the bed, his fingers on his patient's pulse, his eyes watching his ears strained. Suddenly he made a motion, and then called on Gilbert loudly, when the dying man opened his eyes that at first were dim and vacant. As they rested on Belle's face they brightened with intelligence, then became anxious and looked around. Bending down the doctor told him the chaplain was here, when the patient drew a long breath and smiled faintly. But when he would move he was unable to stir, and his eyes turned imploringly to the doctor, who passed his arm under Hugh's shoulders, gently and carefully raised him.

"For God's sake be quick," the doctor said to the chaplain. In a moment the latter had opened his book and began the first words of the marriage service. Belle standing mute and terror-stricken by his side. The dying man whose unshakable love, undying tenderness and proud satisfaction. She took his hand which was already cold and clammy, when, as if overcome by the happiness of seeing his hopes realized, he closed his eyes and sighed profoundly.

"Will you, Hugh, take this woman for your wife?" the chaplain asked, but the words remained unanswered.

"Will you, Hugh, take this woman for your wife?" he repeated in a louder tone, and bending forward as he spoke.

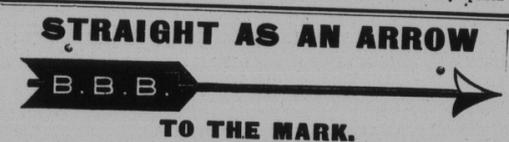
"He is dead," said the doctor, laying Hugh Gilbert's body back upon the pillow of the bed.

A deep silence fell upon the room, the men reverently dropped on their knees, for they now stood in the presence of the Great Creator, but Belle remained standing, her speechless lips parted, her eyes staring, her body quivering. Suddenly the parson began a prayer which was broken by a pit-sound cry, that came straight from a woman's broken heart.

"Hugh, Hugh, wait for me, wait for me, I will come with you," she said, and then before those nearest could catch her, she had fallen senseless to the ground.

(To be Continued.)

10 CUBS CURE CONSTIPATION AND LIVER ILLS.—Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are the most perfect made, and cure like magic. Sick Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, and all Liver Ills. 10 cents a trial—40 doses.



STRAIGHT AS AN ARROW TO THE MARK. In all diseases that affect humanity there is some weak link in the chain of health, some spot that is the seat of the trouble. It may be the liver, it may be the stomach; perhaps it is the bowels or the kidneys; most likely it is the blood. Burdock Blood Bitters goes straight to that spot, strengthens the weak link in the chain, removes the cause of the disease, and restores health, because it acts with cleansing force and curative power upon the stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels and blood. With good red blood health is assured, without it disease is certain to come and Burdock BLOOD BITTERS is the only remedy that will positively remove all blood poisons. In ulcers, abscesses, scrofula, scrofulous swellings, skin diseases, blotches, old sores, etc., B.B.B. should be applied externally, as well as taken internally according to directions.

Vertical text on the left margin containing various advertisements and notices, including 'Steamship Co.', 'Merchant Tailor', and 'Burdock Blood Bitters'.

