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A DAWSON SOCIAL LION.

COLONEL DOMVILLE AND HIS TRIUMPHS IN KLONDIKE.

He Tells "Progress" all About His Interesting Experience Among The Social Set in Dawson City—What He Thinks of the Place—An Interesting Picture.

Colonel James Domville is a man of affairs these days. The fact of the matter is the gallant colonel has been on the wing so much during the past eighteen months that he finds it difficult to settle long in any particular spot. In that time he has vibrated constantly between England and America, Ottawa and the Pacific coast, the Pacific coast and the golden north, or the Yukon country.

He has been dined and wined by the most exclusive members of the British nobility. One day the now famous New Brunswicker was in London formulating a grand scheme for the exploration of the north, the next he was the guest of some belted earl at the latter's ancestral home, calmly dignified and sublimely indifferent to all ordinary every day interests.

By and by the colonel began to get bored with the attentions of the nobility and he turned his thoughts to home sweet home and the duties which awaited him in this part of the world. He came home and his voice was heard in the house of commons. He confined himself chiefly to matters pertaining to the militia, and to Hon. George E. Foster, the latter getting most of the colonel's attention, in his off moments—when he wasn't talking Klondike. Then Colonel Domville would turn up serenely in St. John for a day or two; just long enough to make his friends wish for more of his genial society.

Its a far cry from baronial castles and parliamentary halls to Dawson city and its social gaieties but the ubiquitous colonel has the happy faculty of annihilating time, space and other such trifling little things. They might bother some people but not James Domville. The colonel came back from the Klondike some weeks ago leaving that region about the first of September.

He landed in St. John eight or ten days ago and got the warmest of welcomes all around.

He had an hour or two to spare on Tuesday afternoon and he spent it in PROGRESS office. He greeted the members of the staff with an uncomfortably hearty handshake. It was a different brand from the one he brought back from England. That one told of intimate association with the highest authorities on social usages and customs. It was given with a certain air of ennu, but one overlooked that because they were sure they were getting the correct thing in an English handshake. The returned Klondikers grasp was slightly different.

The colonel seated himself comfortably, pushed his tall silk hat back from his brown and classic brow, and between the puffs of an odorous cigar, he told about the Yukon and his social triumphs in that much talked-of region.

"What" said the man from Dawson "haven't you read the American papers, the ones that told all about the ball in the new theatre." PROGRESS regretfully admitted that those particular papers had been overlooked somehow, and then the social lion went on to describe the functions in which he had taken part.

"Yes that ball in the new theatre was a swell affair I can tell you. The first of the evening was devoted to a theatrical performance in which the Drummond sisters were the stars. Oh, say, they were all right, and so was the entertainment. There weren't many bouquets, but there was plenty of applause. After the show there was a ball which I opened with one of the Drummond girls. The dresses were superb; in fact I never saw anything to equal them down this way, and the supper was excellent. Talk about Harrison's orchestra, or any other musical combination here. They simply wouldn't come anywhere near the music we had that night" and the colonel gazed through the rings of blue smoke with a dreamy look on his frank open countenance.

"Then there was Mrs. Mulrooney's ball" he resumed "that was something to talk about. Mrs. Mulrooney keeps a hotel—the Fairview hotel—and the ball was a sort of housewarming. The program alone cost \$500—a dollar a piece and there were five hundred guests. Yes, I opened that ball too. It is a splendid hotel with every accommodation.

"Don't believe any of the stor-

ies you hear about Dawson city being loose and immoral. They are absolutely untrue. It is one of the best behaved and quietest places I ever visited, and the women are treated with every respect. There are lots of them there and they get every attention from the men. It wouldn't fare very well with the man who spoke slightly of any of them either. The ladies every day dress looks odd just at first but it is well suited to the work and consists of a short skirt reaching hardly to the knee, knickerbockers and high laced boots. After you get accustomed to it it looks a precious sight better than skirts that trail all over the earth. One thing I have learned since I went to the north and that is that women can stand more hardships than men. I mean the average woman. She'll work all day, climb



Representing Col. Domville, Opening the Ball at the New Theatre, Dawson City.

or fall over rocks and boulders, tramp any number of miles and be as bright and chipper as can be after it all; the chances are too she will have to turn round after all this and look after some man who has succumbed.

"The women have an elegant time in Dawson city and they all seem to be as happy as can be. Many of them are women of wealth on the look out for adventure who have left homes of refinement; and nobody there seems to think it an unusual proceeding. There are two ladies there from New York, one the niece of an ex-president, and their large tent is elegantly furnished. I noticed half a dozen canary birds hanging outside of it one day, and on the inside is every imaginable luxury. Both women had lots of money before they came to the Klondike.

Dress comes high up there but somehow the ladies manage to get it. I was passing a store one day and I stopped to look at the things in the window, the price marked on one hat, bonnet or whatever you call those things was one hundred and twenty-five dollars. To my mind it was a pretty good looking thing. Another wrapper or shawl or something of that sort was marked one hundred and thirty five dollars. I am sure the price here would have been about eight dollars—perhaps not that much. Of course every day apparel is made with a view to comfort and convenience. Silk underwear is worn a great deal and is superior in every way to cotton or wool; and with an ingenious air the brave ex-colonel of Hussars talked learnedly of silk as a non-conductor—he wasn't quite certain whether it was of heat or cold but it was perfectly sure of the fact that it was the favorite material for these garments among the belles of the frozen North.

Colonel Domville has a wonderfully good opinion of Dawson city and says that just now it is one of the most interesting places on the globe. There is not much drinking or gambling. The population now numbers 30,000 whereas a year ago it was only 3,000. The people seem to be constantly on the move, ever restless and ever pushing forward to the frontier in their feverish search for the yellow metal in which the north seems to be so rich.

The Colonel is now on his way to England and doubtless will sustain the brilliant record he made for himself last year among the social lions.

Didn't see St. John Men.

A very interesting account of a party of St. John sportsmen being "treed by a moose," in the woods, in the neighbourhood of Fredericton, appears in last Saturday's Gleaner of that city. Everything is correct except the trifling fact that it happened to be a party of Celestial city sports who were "treed" instead of the St. John quartette. The two parties met in the

woods and exchanged experiences. Evidently this was regretted, for as soon as the sports from the celestial arrived home, which was three or four days before the other party came out of the woods, they put their heads together and improvised the article referred to above, and which occasioned a good laugh on the St. John grocers.

How to Send Money.

Attention is called to our rule regarding remittances which is found elsewhere on this page. Losses have occurred frequently of late through carelessness in mailing money and we would therefore request our agents and others to adhere to this rule in the future.

Why Moncton Streets are Free From Canines Lately.

MONCTON, Oct. 12.—The stranger who visited our city last Monday could scarcely fail to be struck by the extraordinary absence of canine life from the streets. Moncton has always enjoyed the distinction of having more dogs—and children to the square yard than most cities twice its size, and while the absence of the former merely caused a feeling of homesick loneliness to struggle with deeper feelings in the breast of the Moncton citizen, the visitor was conscious of but one feeling—that of amazement. He had always read and heard of the dogs of Moncton and even as Oriental travellers look forward to seeing the famous dogs of Damascus, so he had always promised himself that if business or pleasure ever took him Monctonwards he would first see the celebrated "bore" and then take in the dogs. And now, as fate would have it, he was returning from viewing the bore, ready for the minor attraction, and behold there was not a dog in sight. A reference to the Daily Times of last week would have shed a flood of light on the subject provided he looked in the right place, for the public were there informed in terms which left no room for misapprehension, that on and after Saturday the eighth day of October all dogs not provided with a collar, and a badge bearing their number, would be arrested, and summarily dealt with—otherwise "destroyed." Hence it was that on Monday morning one might have stood at the gate of the General Offices, and if his eyesight was sufficiently powerful to follow the devious and serpentine windings of Main street down to the post office, he would not have seen two dogs. Evidently the owners of illicit dogs had taken the hint so delicately conveyed and either kept their canine belongings closely mured in the seclusion of their own apartments or else the city marshal and his attendant sprites had been most zealous in the performance of their self appointed duty. I understand that the rosy morn had scarce tipped the domes and minarets of the city with her golden beams, before the marshal and one of the night policemen were joining merrily in the chase, and had secured a number of four-footed outlaws, some of whom were conferred as free gifts upon residents of the country districts who wanted a dog without paying for him, and were willing to transport their property out of town at once; while others were "detained during Her Majesty's pleasure."

THEY SCOOPED IN THE DOGS.

It is a lucky thing for dog owners that it did not occur to the police authorities to insist upon each dog having his own, and his master's name legibly engraved on his collar, as well as his badge, and number; because engraving is rather an expensive process and dogs are very apt to lose their collars, or have them stolen. It is also fortunate that the marshal seems to have forgotten to specify what kind of a collar a dog should wear, in order to be in good standing with the police—whether it should be the easy and comfortable kind known as negligence, the three inch favorite-of-the-bankers variety or the simple and easily laundered collar of spotless linen favored by every day business men. Evidently the shape is not a matter of vital importance, so long as the badge bearing the wearers number, serves as a sort of a receipt for his taxes, is attached to the collar like some of the orders of merit worn by distinguished foreigners. Luckily for the prisoners themselves, the police marshal does not seem quite certain how far his jurisdiction extends over them and he is still hesitating as to whether he will be within the strict interpretation of the law, if he shoots them. Meanwhile the streets are empty of dogs, and the residents of the ward in which the police station is situated are seriously considering a suit for damages against the city for loss of sleep to themselves and their families.

She Wants a Divorce.

MRS. ADAM BELL SEEKING RE-LEASE FROM HER VOWS.

She Alleges Infidelity and Cruelty as Her Reasons for Making the Application—A Witness on the Stand this Week in Fredericton—Her Portrait.

The differences between Mr. and Mrs. Adam Bell are not new to the city readers of PROGRESS. They haven't been talked about in the newspapers except in an indirect way but they have been chatted over a good deal by the friends of both parties.

Mrs. Bell belongs to this city. She is the daughter of Mr. William Bruckoff a gentleman held in high esteem by those who know him. When she was going to school some few years ago she met Mr. Bell who at that time was manufacturing cigars in this city. Her fresh beauty attracted the man of business and the romantic girl of sixteen or seventeen dis-

regarded the advice and injunctions of her relatives and married him. The course of true love ran smooth for a time but soon the ripples, presaging the storm, appeared upon the surface and the home life of the couple was disturbed by the differences that arose. What those were are not stated in the case before the court and it is not necessary to refer to them here, but when Mr. Bell removed from St. John to the border his wife did not accompany him. She remained here for a time and it was stated at the time by her friends that she had ample reason for her action.

A separation was talked of then but nothing came of it. Most people said that it was to Mrs. Bell's credit that she went to St. Stephen and made the attempt at least to live with him. But she found, or thought she found, sufficient evidence to convince her that she was not honored as a wife should be and that she was better away from her husband. She alleges that she was treated cruelly and beaten also that Mr. Bell had improper relations with one of the young women in his employ.

The young woman seemed to follow the manufacturing. She started in at 14 years of age and worked both in the factory and at Mr. Bell's house for a time. Then when he moved to St. Stephen she went along as a domestic. Mrs. Bell had not arrived at that time and she and Mr. Bell were alone in the home. She swore on Thursday before the judge at Fredericton that Mr. Bell persuaded her to go to his room and stay all night with him. That is one of the principal grounds upon which a divorce is asked.

Since Mrs. Bell discovered proofs of her husband's infidelity she has been living very quietly in St. John with her father who is assisting her in every possible way to obtain the freedom that she wishes.

NO REASON FOR REFUSING.

Chief Clarke Won't Tell Yet About the Police Fund.

There was a good deal of merriment over the police fund cartoon that appeared in PROGRESS last Saturday. The friends of those who appeared in the scene had lots of fun with them and, it was all, or nearly all, taken in good part.

The portrait of the chief was admirable from a facial point of view but some of those who bow down before him think it was a shame to represent him as parrot-toed. But who ever saw a Mother Hubbard that was not that way.

Still there is no news of the police fund. The friends of the chief and of the men are beginning to regard the matter in a serious light and wonder why it is, if everything is

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MRS. ADAM H. BELL, Who Wants a Divorce From Her Husband.

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all right, he does not come forward and make a statement of the fund. It does not belong to him, he merely has it in his charge for the men. The men on the force raised the money nearly five years ago and they gave it to the chief to deposit for them. He is said to be one of three trustees, the other two being Captain Jenkins and Detective Ring and it is also said that the money was deposited in the three names as trustees. It has been stated again that this is an error and that the money is not in the name of three but in that of one, Chief Clarke.

Now it does not make any difference to any one whether one or three deposited the money, provided it is there with the accumulated interest but there is no reason in the world why the policemen—those who are interested—should not have all the information possible.

Chief Clarke is not foolish enough to think that he can keep eight or nine hundred dollars of money belonging to the force without giving some account of it. He knows that he must give the information some day, and if he is waiting for PROGRESS to cease asking him questions about the fund he will wait until the interest exceeds the principal. If that is the position he takes it is nonsensical.

Has it occurred to the trustees that there are some men not on the force now who also have a right to know where the money is and then demand their share of it. The fact that a man left the force since he became a partner and sharer in the fund does not prevent him from coming forward now and demanding the information he requires and then if the chief and his co-trustees refuse to comply with his request there are ways to compel them to do so.

The chief has had a chance to think over the situation this week for he had been free from the duties of his office for a couple of days. Where he was and what he was doing is an interesting story of itself—good enough for another issue.

FOR PASTURES NEW.

Halifax Loses Two Women Who Made Life Their Merry.

HALIFAX, Oct. 12. Two females known as the Crier sisters have left the city rather suddenly for parts unknown. Those two young women for more than a year have had what may be termed the freedom of the city. They dressed in the height of fashion, and were on the street from morn till night. They were always in quest of company and members of the sterner sex seemed to be their prey. Every evening they would ride down on the cars from the north end of the city, and alight at one of the prominent thoroughfares. Their presence soon became known by their dashing and flippancy manner, and persons stood to one side while they passed along. They made it a particular point to pass along in front of the prominent hotels several times every night and frequently they captivated many strangers. The city young man was frequently seen in their company late at night, and many of them paid very dearly for the little enjoyment they had. They became so notoriously well known however that after a while the city youth gave them wide berth. They were known by many as the "Black Crooks," and to others as the "Tribby Sisters." They dressed very much like, and their style was particularly fetching. Strangers formed their acquaintance very quickly, and they always took them in. Their conduct on the street at times was not of the best, but for some unknown reason or other they were never molested. The police very frequently saw them and had been in close proximity to them while they were accosting men on the street, but no attempt was ever made to prevent them from carrying on in the way they did. The girls must have liked the bluecoats very much, as more than once they have been seen conversing with them on the street at night time. Some of those who knew them well say they used to tip the 'bobbies' for allowing them to run at large. The city has not lost anything by this sudden disappearance whatever it may gain.

Y. M. C. A. Work.

The Y. M. C. A. is just commencing its busy time of year and what with gymnasium work and other classes the place assumes a very industrious appearance at times. A good work is being done in the various educational classes which have just started and gives an opportunity to those who would not otherwise have it to improve themselves in many ways.

LADY BULL-FIGHTERS.

ABOUNDANT ENTHUSIASM OF THE MEXICANS BY THEIR SKILL.

Fittest Exemplification of the Latest Phase of the New Woman—Horns Sawed Off the Most Ferocious Animals—Striking Scenes in the Arena.

In spite of the many attempts made by certain religious organizations and philanthropists, bullfighting continues to be the sport par excellence in the City of Mexico, writes a correspondent to the Philadelphia Press. An ordinance excludes the sport from the city proper, but in the environs there is no law against it although the license is prohibitive except in the great Bucareli ring, where weekly fights are held. The sport is patronized by all classes of people from the president of the republic down to the humblest car-gador who can secure the price of admission.

During the past year a female quadrilla of bullfighters has caused a greatly augmented interest in the sport by the skill in which they handle the sword and banderillas in the great rings of Spain, and so great was the fame they achieved that the Mexicans were fain to gaze upon their charms and witness their skill and bravery. An immense sum of money was guaranteed the senioritas toreras before they left the mother country, and they are giving performances before immense crowds in all the large cities of the republic.

So novel a sight as six women flirting with a mad bull could not be missed, and our party of ten unanimously voted to witness the performance. Securing a box the day before, we went early to watch the arrival of the president and his staff, as well as the other strata of society which dearly loves a bullfight, a taste never exterminated from the Spanish strain, yet paramount in the blood of the native born Mexican.

There is an undercurrent of excitement as you enter the immense ring, with rows of boxes and tiers of seats, about equally divided into the 'sunny side,' the former occupied by the lower or peon classes in the centre of the shady side of the ring is the Governor's box and to the left the musician's stand, whence lively airs are played at intervals.

Precisely at 3:30 o'clock a door opposite the Governor's box is opened and the procession enters the ring. First come the senioritas toreras, or 'lady bullfighters,' dressed in the regulation costume, which consists of knee breeches and jacket, elaborately embroidered in gold and silver bullion, and pink silk stockings.

They march around. Then the bull enters. This animal always closes his eyes when he charges, and there is far less danger in this part of the performance than one would imagine.

A seniorita advances, goes through the play; then another and another until the bull is somewhat tired, the female performers being assisted at critical points by the two male protectors who follow closely in their wake.

Two of the women then take the banderillas, which were long darts with prongs like fishhooks, and, by skillful manipulation of the red capes, invite the bull to charge toward them. As he makes the lunge the darts are planted in his side, where they hang and further enrage him. Eight or ten banderillas are planted in the animal's side, when a cornet sounds from the Governor's box, which is the death signal.

The woman who has been assigned to do the killing takes a sword and red cape and advances to the Governor's box, where she makes a speech, eulogizes his Excellency then engages the attention of the bull. Sometimes the animal refuses to fight and is sent out of the ring and another one is brought in. Often the horns of a too ferocious creature are sawed off, the spectators sometimes insisting that this be done if the animal looks particularly dangerous.

Now comes the critical moment, and the crowd manifests interest in diverse ways. Those in the front rows stand up, and are speedily called down by the spectators in the rear.

Fair faced women, who look incapable of hurting a fly, lean forward, and anxiously watch every movement of the matador, and as he passes her with a rush the sword is deftly planted in the animal clear to the hilt, and the enthusiasm of the spectators knows no bounds. As the animal staggers, falls, regains his feet and falls again, following with pain, the scene is indescribable.

A delicate-faced woman just in front of me stands up and cheers with the howling mob, clasps her white hands in ecstasy of delight, and throws her corsage bunch of violets at the feet of the woman in the ring.

A pretty girl, scarcely fourteen, tosses a bunch of roses, peons throw their sombreros aloft in joy, and the leading society young men send downward a rain of silver dollars at the torera's little Spanish feet. Several facetiously inclined men in the

front row toss into the ring, spools of cotton, paper of pins, and pair of scissors, the gentle irony of which is greeted by the crowd with shouts of approval.

A male matador then cuts off the right ear of the dead bull, and presents it to the Seniorita Angelita, (little angel,) and she retires for a brief rest, followed by thundering applause. The footmen with the mules enter and the bull is dragged from the ring.

This scene is repeated until six bulls have been dispatched, some of which are killed in the most bungling manner, and the senioritas toreras, pitiful exemplification of the newest phase of the new woman, retire from the ring, followed by a rain of silver dollars and mad applause.

LANCERS' HEROIC CHARGE.

The Bravery of 320 British Cavalrymen, Who Rode Through 3000 Dervishes.

Official reports of the engagement which marked the downfall of Mahdism say that the charge of the twenty-first Lancers, which was made through a line of three thousand dervish horse and foot was not a part of Sir Herbert Kitchener's plan of battle, nor did he give orders for it. In regard to this charge, the correspondent of the London Daily News says:

'It may be questioned whether British cavalry ever did a more heroic deed. It came about this wise: Colonel Martin was trotting at the head of his regiment westward, with intent to cut off the retreat of the enemy in that direction, when, across a watercourse three feet deep there arose before the Lancers some three thousand dervishes.

'Without an instant's hesitation Colonel Martin ordered the charge to be sounded, and in a minute or two the troopers were slashing and thrusting a way through the dense mass of the enemy. They made their way, but at no small cost, for out of a total of only 320 men with which the regiment went into the fray, they lost no fewer than forty killed and wounded. Several horses were quickly hamstringed, and their riders were cut to pieces by the ferocious foe.

'With one exception no man who was once actually unhorsed was again seen alive. The exception was Surgeon Major Ginchies. His horse was brought down to the ground and the officer fell among the furious dervishes. Sergeant Major Brennan, who was riding ahead, saw the Major's peril, and gallantly returned to his assistance. After a tough fight, in the course of which Brennan killed several dervishes, he succeeded in getting the officer on to his own horse and back to the regiment.

'Lieutenant Grenfell was killed early in the charge. Knowing that the dervishes would mutilate the body, Lieutenant de Montmorency and Lieutenant Pike rode back to the enemy, shot three or four of them and brought the lieutenant's body out of the melee. The non-commissioned officers were conspicuous throughout this thrilling business. Several Lancers who were wounded concealed the fact, and did not go to the doctor until long after the fighting was over. The Lancers' charge was quite reminiscent of olden times. Each trooper picked out his man as he rode and went for him. Before they could get at the dervishes they had to jump the watercourse, and they did it in splendid style.'

PETS OF THE NAVY.

Sometimes Cats are Regarded as Mascots by Naval Officers.

There are enough pets of various kinds serving as 'mascots' in American war-ships to stock a good sized menagerie. According to the sailors' superstition, the crew of a man-of-war would not be complete without such a mascot, and since pets are allowed on board only with the formal consent of the captain, they may be said to be regularly in commission. Even at the time of the disaster of the Maine, says the New York World, her pets were not forgotten. The Maine carried a dog and three cats, one of them the senior cat in the United States navy. Two of the cats, which had been bought in Cuba, perished with the ship, but old Tom utilized his nine lives and survived as did the captain's dog.

Tom was born thirteen years ago in the Brooklyn navy-yard, and has been in active service ever since. At the time of the disaster he was sleeping peacefully three decks down, or a distance of nearly thirty feet below the upper deck. The force of the explosion was so great that Tom was literally fired through these three decks, and came down unharmed. In the confusion of that awful night Tom was lost sight of, but the next morning he was discovered crying pitifully, crouched on the part of the wreck which remained above water. He was first discovered by Commander Wainwright, who hastened to take him off in a

\$7 to \$10 a Week in leisure hours; any one can do the work. We want reliable families in every locality to help us manufacture Children's Toques, Gaiters and Bicycle Leggings for the trade, by a new process. No canvassing or experience required. Steady work, good pay, whole or spare time. Write to-day. Address, THE CO-OPERATIVE ENTERPRISE CO., 15 Leader Lane, Toronto.

boat and remove him to the Fern, where the sailors received him as an old friend.

The other survivor of the Maine was Captain Sigbee's little pug dog, Peggy. Peggy was asleep in the captain's stateroom when the explosion occurred, and was forgotten by her owner in the confusion which followed. The ship was in complete darkness, but Peggy managed to find her way to the deck, and when the captain's boat was finally lowered in the midst of the shrieks of the dying, the roaring of the fire and all the confusion, Peggy was found standing at the place she had been taught to take when that particular boat was to be lowered.

In some ways the most remarkable of all these mascots is the goat, Billy, now on the cruiser New York. Billy has served for more than fifteen years, and takes an active part in the life of the ship. The custom of decorating the uniforms of old sailors with enlistment stripes has been extended to Billy, and he now wears five stripes, each stripe representing three years of honorable service. He wears these when on dress parade attached to a belt of navy-blue cloth which buttons over his back. In summer, when on dress parade, he wears a white duck belt decorated with gold stripes. Billy always marches in parade, with the same company and is always at his post throughout the most complicated naval manoeuvres. He never makes a mistake in finding his own coat, and no one on board is more prompt in responding to the various orders.

Another celebrated goat is 'Billy the Terror,' which makes his home on the monitor Terror. This goat seems to be happy on the limited deck space of the monitor, where he frequently lives for weeks without going ashore.

These little mascots have curious ways of making themselves at home. One of the cats which sails with the Minnesota often crawls into the yawning mouth of one of the cannon. She has found from experience that this is a very quiet place for an uninterrupted nap, and when the gun is not wearing its canvas cover, she is usually to be found there.

An Engineer's Story.

SUFFERED THE PANGS OF RHEUMATISM FOR YEARS.

Was Reduced in Weight From 180 to 120 Pounds—His Friends Feared That Recovery Was Impossible—Now Actively Attending to His Duties.

Alexander McKenzie is one of the well known residents of Brookholm, Ont., where he has lived for many years. A few years ago it was thought that an early grave would be his; on the contrary, however, he is now stout and strong, and the story of his recovery is on the lips of almost all the citizens of that burgh. The writer, while visiting in the village, could not fail to hear of his recovery, and with the reporter's proverbial nose for news decided to put to the proof the gossip of the village. The reporter visited Mr. McKenzie's home and was introduced to Mrs. McKenzie. Enquiry elicited the information that Mr. McKenzie was not at home, but when informed as to his mission the lady freely consented to tell the reporter of her husband's case. Her story runs like this: 'Mr. McKenzie is 40 years of age, an engineer by profession, and is now on a boat on the lakes. About five years ago he began to feel twinges of rheumatism in different parts of his body and limbs. For a time he did not think much of it, but it gradually got worse until the pain was such that he was unable to work, and could not get rest at nights. I would have to get up two and three times of a night,' said Mrs. McKenzie 'to try and relieve this intense suffering. Of course he consulted a physician who pronounced his trouble sciatic rheumatism. The doctor did what he could for him, but without giving any permanent relief. This went on for several years; sometimes he would be some better and try to work, then the trouble would come on again and be as bad as ever.

He was pulled down from being a stout man of 180 pounds to 120, and was so thin and miserable that all who knew him thought it would be only a matter of a short time until he would be in his grave. For four years did he thus drag along a miserable existence, until in the beginning of 1897 someone recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Tired of medicine, with some reluctance he procured a box and gave them a trial. Almost at once a change was perceptible and as he kept on taking them, the improvement continued, and he was soon able to be about. By the time he had taken about a dozen boxes he was free from the slightest twinge of rheumatism and as stout and strong as he had been before his affliction. So great is his faith in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that when he left home recently to go up the lake for the summer, he took three boxes with him as a preventative against a possible recurrence of the trouble. Mrs. McKenzie was quite willing that this story should be made

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public, and believes that she owes her husband's life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

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ONE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE.
General Scarlett's Trumpeter the Innmate of a Workhouse.

John Loudon, who with the gallant Gen. Scarlett was one of the first men to draw Russian blood in the memorable charge of the Heavy Brigade at Balaclava, is an inmate of St. Pancras workhouse! It was he who sounded the charge of the 'Heavies' on that glorious morning, when a mere handful of Gen. Scarlett's men mowed down 'the o'erlapping Russian lines' after the manner of a reaping machine. In an interview with a representative of the London Daily Chronicle, London spoke as follows of the awful collision between Gen. Scarlett's three hundred and the Russian line of thousands: 'Well, I sounded the charge and we then went for the Russians like tigers. I was stirrup to stirrup with the gallant Gen. Scarlett when we plunged into the enemy's line. It was a neck and neck race between four of us to see which would have the honor of the first onslaught. But goodness only knows who unhorsed the first of the enemy. I know that Gen. Scarlett was on a very speedy charger, and I believe he won an exciting race by decapitating the first Russian. A moment before we crashed through the line I dropped my bugle to my side, and then I had to use the sword in earnest. I was wounded over the temple and in the right leg, which now troubles me periodically. But I did not know I was wounded at the time. For a few minutes we were scattered like a flock of sheep; still we moved away, now to the right, again to the left, twisting and turning, thrusting and slashing. We made several avenue's in the enemy's lines, through which we rode to the rally. Soon after the rally we heard that the 'Lights' were going to have a 'go.' 'Oh, yes, until the 'Lights' disappeared into a gulf of smoke from the Russian cannon, I was alongside Gen. Scarlett when he gave the order: 'The Heavy Brigade will support the lights!' These were, I believe, his exact words. The lights had then broken into a gallop and were close to 'the valley of death.' I sounded, and soon myself and Gen. Scarlett were some thirty yards in front of the advancing squadrons. Suddenly he turned round in the saddle, and exclaimed, 'Why, the Heavies are retiring! Have you sounded retire?' He was very much excited. I replied: 'No, gen-

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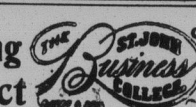
THIS YEAR "MARRY" BICYCLE HARRIS' FOR SALE. A 1898 model Massey-Harris bicycle, ridden very little, purchased in the middle of June. Nothing at all wrong with the machine, the owner having discontinued its use through ill health. Cost \$75. Cash will be sold at big reduction for cash. The wheel is 22 inch frame and handsomely enamelled and nickle-plated—Address communication to "cyclo" Progress Office.

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THE Following Extract 

Is from a letter written on Sept. 23rd by the Cope-land-Charterton Co., Toronto, who have supplied our leading houses with their Loose Leaf Ledger and other office Labor Saving Facilities:—
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This was unsolicited, but comes opportunely to settle a question that has been debated.
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Music and The Drama IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The Miles' concert, under the management of Fred G. Spencer occurred too late in the week for any criticism in this department. No doubt all anticipations regarding Mr. Miles were fully verified. The programme as published gave promise of much enjoyment.

A feature of the musical part of the services at the cathedral on Sunday morning will be the rendition of an Ave Maria composed by Mr. F. V. Doherty, a son of Mrs. J. Doherty who was leading soprano in the cathedral for many years.

Tones and Undertones.

The Emperor of Austria has bestowed the Order of the Iron Crown on Herr Mottl.

The production of Felix Weingartner's "Genesis," at Weimar, will soon take place.

The leader of the Weimar Hofkapelle, Herr A. Roedel, has just completed an opera, bearing the title of "Theatre Variete."

"Giovanni Huss" is the title of a new opera by Signor Tessaro, of Padua. It is expected to be performed next autumn, in the Teatro Sociale, of Treviso. Even martyrdom at the stake does not save a man from being the hero of an Italian opera.

Robert Burns will figure as the leading character in an opera called "Il Pocto."

Mme. Patti is about to emulate the example of her comic opera rival, the golden diva, by taking a third husband. The prima donna's first venture was Marquis de Caux, the second Signor Nicolin, the third will be Jocelyn Perse. Thus she has gone from a Frenchman to an Italian and now to an Irishman, thereby competing in cosmopolitanism of taste with Lillian Russell, who had an Englishman, an American and a New Jerseyman. Lillian, however, is on the highway to her fourth, and she is fourteen years younger than Adeline. Miss Russell may be at her sixth or seventh before Mme. Patti can recover from her Irishman, that being a long-lived race, thriving on whisky and including many centenarians.—New York Press.

Mascagni's new opera, "Iris," is to be sung in Rome on Tuesday next.

Bismarck preferred the music of Beethoven to that of any other composer.

Sardou's "Fedora" has been made into an opera, and will be performed in Milan.

Annie Meyers has joined the Frisco Tivoli Opera Company.

The Grand Opera in Paris has accepted Chabrier's one-act piece "Bresela" in spite of the fact that it is to have its first performance in Berlin. The story that the score was merely an uncompleted first act has been demed, though it seems to be undisputed that the opera is merely the initial act of a longer work which the composer was prevented by death from finishing. It is said to tell a dramatic story that is brought to an end in satisfactory fashion. Contrary to expectation, it bears no resemblance to Carl Goldmark's opera which formerly had the same title.

The Czar is to have a new imperial opera house in St. Petersburg, which will cost \$4,000,000. It is expected that the new building will be ready next spring. The old opera house facing the Marie Theatre has for many years been used as a conservatory of music.

Rosa Sucher, the prima donna of the Royal Opera House in Berlin and the great Iside of her day, has added her opinions to the discussion of the advantages of make-up which is being carried on in Europe since Eleonora Duse's appearance in Paris roused interest in the subject. George Moore, in "Evelyn Innes," says that Frau Sucher always poses like a statue in a German beer garden, because Wagner taught her to do that in the hope of realizing his idea of a union of the arts in the performance of his operas. Maybe her ideas on the subject of make-up have some equally authoritative foundation. At all events, she wholly approves of the make-up.

Meyerbeer's operas seem likely to enjoy a fresh vogue during the coming winter. The opera in Paris is to revive "Robert le Diable." Several German opera houses are to give the same work, and even New York will have "Le Prophete," with Jean de Roszke and Mme. Schumann-Heinck. Somebody has unearthed an opinion of the composer expressed by Von Weber when Meyerbeer was first struggling to secure acceptance for his operas. "It is a pity that Beer," wrote Von Weber, who had studied with him, "dedicated himself so thoroughly to the well travelled paths of

FATHER & SONS CURED OF ITCHING RASH

I had an itching rash under my chin, which kept spreading until it was all over my body. I could not sleep but was compelled to lie awake and scratch all the time. My father and two brothers were afflicted with the same thing, at the same time. We all suffered terribly for a year and a half, trying in the meantime all the remedies we could find, but received no benefit. I bought three cakes of CUTICURA SOAP and three boxes of CUTICURA (ointment) and they cured the four of us completely. RICH'D ANDERSON, Geneva, Utah.

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art. He has a great, deep, German talent before which, when we studied together, I often trembled, and I struggled with all my strength to equal him. In his opera "Jephtha" are extraordinarily beautiful things thoroughly worked out. And now he writes all this stuff to honor the miserable fashion that prevails, and to win the favor of the masses for which he should have a contempt. Yet, Paris critics, it is recalled, said that "Robert le Diable" was his most brilliant work, and one critic proclaimed it the great work since "Don Juan."

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

A Trip to Coontown has been a good attraction at the Opera house this week. It is full of clean wholesome fun from start to finish, and though, when one comes to dissect it there is nothing particularly clever about Coontown, it is irresistibly funny. The numerous specialties introduced through the two acts are excellent, and receive the recognition they deserve. A matinee and a performance this evening closes an engagement which has given much real enjoyment. Manager Dockrill is to be congratulated upon having brought to the city so superior an aggregation.

Next week theatre goers will have an opportunity of witnessing The Devil's Auction with all its clever vaudeville and pantomimic features. The company has met with success in Halifax and will no doubt be accorded good patronage during its four nights engagement here. There will be a matinee on Wednesday.

Sabaret is dancing in Paris.

Jadic is to return to America.

In Chicago 25 theatres are open.

Tim Murphy presented the "Carpet Bagger" in Toledo last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Russ Whytal will revive "As You Like It" this year.

Ristori recently recited the fifth canto of Dante's "Inferno" at the Carignano Theatre.

Jean Rochepin, the famous French playwright, was only a few years ago a porter in a Parisian hotel.

On October 8, Julia Arthur played Parthenia in "Ingomar" at Detroit. Nance O'Neil has been playing this role in "Frisco."

It is said that Sarah Bernhardt who was getting \$40 a month at the Odeon in 1872 has in the last 25 years since then received \$2,500,000.

Lola Small, daughter of the Rev. Sam Small, evangelist, appeared last week as Virginia Prye in Hoyt's comedy, "A Stranger in New York." Miss Small made her debut in tights.

Five years ago Fanny Davenport wrote a letter to a friend, in which was this almost prophetic sentence: "My ambition is to retire in 1900—not remaining long enough to wear my welcome out."

It now seems almost a certainty that Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry will visit America during the coming season. It is Irving's intention to do Sardou's new play, "Robespierre," and a version of "Cyrano." The Kendals, too, are contemplating another American tour.

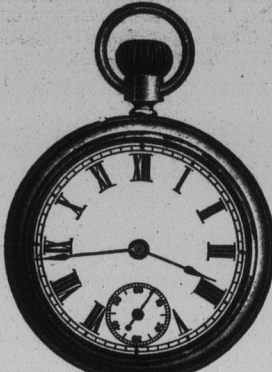
"Nicandra" was acted in London. "Nicandra" is an Egyptian princess over three thousand years old, and has lived all that time in the form of a snake. Some old professor brings the snake from the tombs of Egypt to his house in London, where by some chance it becomes metamorphosed to its original form, and proceeds to make trouble generally.

Lois Fuller is endeavoring to revive her vogue as an illuminated dancer in Paris with a new spectacle in which she appears as the centre of a huge and radiant star.

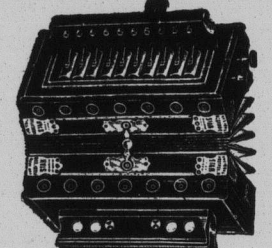
Elsie de Wolfe played bacarat at Aix-les-Bains and stood trembling in a corner while a man played \$100 she invested. At the close of the game she divided her winnings with him, and came away with \$75,000 to the good.

Charles Wyndham will produce a tragic

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FORTROBINSON, JULY 25th, 1898. GEM NOVELTY Co., Toronto. Dear Sirs:—I received the accordeon and am well pleased with it. Yours truly, FRANCIS HILL.

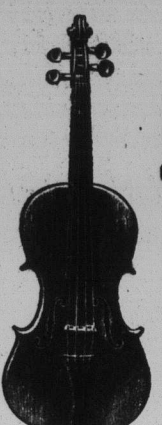
HALIFAX, SEPT. 24th 1898. GEM NOVELTY Co., Toronto. Gentlemen:—Your favor of the 22nd. came to hand and am very much pleased with it and it exceeds my expectations. I think it a perfect time keeper as far as thanking you for your fair dealing and kindness and for the watch. Yours truly THOMAS KELZOUGH Victoria General Hospital.

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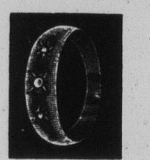
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play the next time he changes his bill. The new work is being written by Louis Parker and Murray Carson. The story is laid in Italy and the whole play is presented in one scene. In the last act the character played by Mr. Wyndham dies.

Cissie Loftus is now appearing in Edinburgh, but before she left her mother tried to adjust matters between her and Justin H. McCarthy. The young lady, however, is fixed in her purpose, and says she will never live with him again, but she does not intend to apply for a divorce. One of her causes for complaint has been McCarthy's very pronounced attentions to one of the young ladies of the Gaiety chorus, on whom she alleges her hard earned money has been expended.—N. Y. Telegraph.

I assure you will be interested in the account Mr. Stern gave me of Miss Davenport's last moments. She was seated in a large chair before the window in her boudoir at her home in South Duxbury, Mass. The night was extraordinarily sultry and calm. Miss Davenport was breathing with some little difficulty, but had not the faintest notion that she was about to pass away. Shortly after 10 o'clock she moved a bit and spoke a few words to her husband, who arrived only three hours before. At 10.15, of a sudden, a terrific thunderstorm broke forth. The rain fell in torrents and the trees on the lawn shook. It was scarcely five minutes after the beginning of the storm that Miss Davenport breathed her last. It is recalled by Mr. Stern as remarkable in this connection that her favorite historical personage was Napoleon who died at St. Helena while a storm was devastating it, and the greatest scene Miss Davenport had devised for the stage—that of the hurricane in "Cleopatra, which was not in the stage directions of Sardou's manuscript, as might be supposed—had such a graphic counterpart at the climax of the star's life.—New York Mail and Express.

Actor Willard will spend the winter in the south of Europe.

Gerhard Hauptmann has just finished a new drama, the scene of which is laid, like

that of his realistic play, "Die Weber" (The Weavers), in his native country, Silesia.

The name of Eugene Presbrey's new comedy is "Worth a Million." Comedian Crane will be seen in it.

Daniel Frohman has secured the new version of Dumas' "Three Guardsmen," made by Mr. Henry Hamilton, of London and E. H. Sothorn will produce it at Philadelphia on November 28, under the title of "The King's Musketeers." The play was successfully produced recently in England, with Mr. Lewis Waller as D'Artagnan, the role Mr. Sothorn will assume here.

Eleven dramatic stars, collectively a brilliant constellation, shine on the New York stage this week. A new one among them is Viola Allen, conspicuous for years as the leading actress at the Empire, who now divulges herself at the head of her own company at the Knickerbocker. She uses for that purpose Hall Caine's novel, "The Christian," in a theatrical version by the author. Those who have read the book may recall the heroine as a Manx girl, a buoyant, hopeful creature, who goes to London to seek her fortune, becomes successively a nurse in a hospital, a programme seller in a theatre, a dresser for vaudeville performers, a singer at clubs and private houses, a mimic and balladist at a music hall, an actress at a legitimate theatre, and finally a sacrificer of a brilliant career in consequence of influences exerted upon her by a very zealous religionist. Professional critics in several cities say that Miss Allen realizes all that there is in the character, and that she has fortunately hit upon material with which to prosper. She is known as an able and painstaking artist who has resorted to no ignoble devices of self-exploitation and whose present enterprise is marked by personal and professional dignity. In making the play Mr. Caine has departed from the book in both story and characterization, but the central figure of Glory Quayle remains intact.

French dramatists do not disdain to borrow from the English occasionally. Messrs. Barbier, De Choudens and Hirschman have gone to Richardson's "Clarissa Harlowe" for the plot of their new opera just produced in Paris. It is called "Lovelace." Hirschman is the composer of the music.

M. Barral is to be the Voltaire in M. Meurice's forthcoming play, "Struensee" at Paris Francais.

What Happened to Jones has passed its 100th performance in London.

Hoyt's first wife, Flora Walsh, died in Boston in 1893.

David Henderson has evidently abandoned the field of extravaganzas, for the time being at least. He is at present conducting a dramatic company's tour of the Pacific coast.

Marie Jansen and Janushech are to appear in vaudeville.

It is estimated by those who ought to know that J. M. Barrie's royalties from "The Little Minister" will ultimately amount to \$250,000. The piece, in ad-

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HUMPHREYS

dition to playing to between \$10,000 and \$12,000 a week in America, has begun its second season in London at the Haymarket theatre, where the audiences are enormous, and it is also going in Australia to very large houses. "Barrie's "The Professor's Love Story" drew an average of something like \$8000 a week, and Willard only paid \$175 weekly for its use.

"I have watched little boys building men of snow," said Lawrence Barrett once. "They finished their work fairly and well—and then the sun came out and melted all that their pains had cost them. Then I turned away and said to myself, 'You—you are doing the same thing. You are forever building men of snow.' Perhaps this may be the end of the art of the actor, but one thing is certain—if there is given to the actor the power to make an impression on the hearts of men and women then the work he sculptures is not of snow, but is as enduring as snow.—Detroit "Free Press."

A second player to start out a star is James K. Hackett, several years the masculine leader in Lyceum company. He begins at the Columbia in Brooklyn with "The Tree of Knowledge." Thus there is no real experiment. He enacted the hero of that drama last winter with special credit. He is a favorite with New York audiences.

Ellen Terry is to be the Queen in Lyceum revival of "Richard the second." She will have a splendid role it is said, in Sardou's "Robespierre." "Richard" will be produced in January next.

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ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, OCT. 15th

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DREDGING THE HARBOR.

It seems to be accepted without much question that it is necessary to dredge the channel to the depth of thirty feet at low water. Some go so far as to find fault because the work has not been done. Up to the present, however, very little has been heard on the subject from those whose business it is to acquire and apply practical information in regard to the harbour generally, who come into daily contact with the problems it presents to the engineer, the pilot, the tugboatman and the shipmaster and who know its disadvantages and appreciate its possibilities.

There is a very general expression on the part of our people that the harbour shall be put in such condition that steamships of any size may enter and depart at all times of tides, and the conclusion is hastily reached that if the channel were to be deep enough this would be accomplished. Unfortunately this is not so. We have forgotten about the current, and there still remains in the minds of the pilot and shipmaster the very serious question "Will my ship steer in the current? Shall I be able to keep her in the channel if I enter it?"

At low tide the harbor of St. John is a stream of nearly fresh water—the channel a crooked river with a strong current. A vessel entering the east channel at this time must bear to the west to clear the foul ground. This brings the current against her starboard bow, forces her head still further to the west and she is in danger of running into the mud between Fort Dufferin and the Beacon.

Several steamers have done this during the past year. The Algoma and Lake Winnipeg may be cited as cases in point. These vessels came in at low water. They came over the bar without touching but after they got into the channel and had from twenty-four to thirty feet of water under them they refused to be steered, their engines had to be stopped and the west channel current swept them into the mud between the breakwater and the Beacon. It is this happens to ships of this class it will happen more frequently to the longer and larger steamships we expect to come here. Those who witnessed the peculiar performance of the Gallia the last time she left our port will hardly ask for further proof when the statement is made that a steamship cannot quickly change her course in a tideway.

No amount of dredging in the present channel will be of the slightest benefit so far as this is concerned. Steamships of any considerable size will still have to wait outside for slack water. Of course if the channel were straight the difficulty would not be so great, for the current is not strong enough, except perhaps in freshet time, to be much of an obstacle, unless it comes to bear against one side or other of the ship's bow.

There are two ways in which the difficulty may be overcome. One is to remove the Beacon and at least eight hundred feet of the bar upon which it stands. This will straighten the channel to such an extent as greatly to lessen the difficulty. Then if the

east channel at the island was to be dredged and kept dredged, steamers could come in when they pleased.

The other way is to close the west channel. This will stop the strong run of tide westward from below the red buoy, (I am speaking of low water) form an eddy or backwater to the west of a line drawn from the end of the sand-sit on Partridge Island to the Beacon, and, by forcing all the water to come and go by the east channel, naturally and permanently straighten and deepen it. Then an entering vessel rounding the red buoy at low water would be supported on her port side by the backwater would readily straighten up on her course.

There are many other reasons why the west channel should be closed. There can be no extension of wharf accommodation southwards without it. Even the government pier cannot be used during the winter because of the southwest seas that sometimes beat up against it, and the government steamers have to besent up the harbor to other berths.

There can be no suitable shelter harbor for coasting vessels and small crafts without it. At present they block the channel and during the winter huddle so closely together in front of the Sand Point wharves that pilots are afraid to bring steamships in at night. The west channel closed and they would all lie snugly between Partridge Island and Fort Dufferin sheltered from every storm.

There can be no permanent dredging of the channel without it, for one southwest-ern wind would undo the work of months. Even the tides flowing as they do at present east and west across the channel would probably make work enough to keep the dredge busy.

There can be no iron shipbuilding at St. John without it, for the natural site for this work is below Sand Point and unavailable until the west channel is closed.

Then there are the minor benefits which would come from it. Those who are fond of boating would have a quiet harbor where they could enjoy themselves without danger, and those who wished to bathe could do so without fear of being carried off by the tide.

The one great objection urged against extending the breakwater to the island is the expense, but this argument is greatly minimized, if it does not altogether disappear, when we come to consider it.

The closing of the channel would render the construction of the proposed special dredge unnecessary; the proposed dredging unnecessary; the maintenance of the dredged channel unnecessary; the annual outlay for concrete work at the end of the breakwater probably unnecessary; the extension of it and repairs to the revetment around Fort Dufferin, including annual repairs, unnecessary; the light on break-water unnecessary. It would increase the shipping facilities of the port by making the government pier available for steamships throughout the year, prevent further land-slides at Fort Dufferin, quadruple the present possible west side wharfrage front, enhance the value of Carleton real estate, probably improve the harbour fishing and provide the city fathers with something else in the way of sites to bestow on worthy applicants.

The space to be filled in will require, roughly, about 160,000 cubic yards of stone which could be provided almost on the spot by taking a slice about ten feet thick off the top of Partridge Island. All these things should, and probably will, be taken into the account by those whose business it is to determine as to the most economical, permanent and otherwise desirable method of dredging the east channel.

The local government and those members of the House who have given it such an unwavering support for years, must feel somewhat uneasy at the vigorous campaign begun by their opponents. The policy of inaction may have its advantages, but eloquent speakers presenting facts and figures, night after night, in the important centres of the province cannot fail to exert a great influence, and the people who read their speeches—for they are carefully reported and diligently circulated—must begin to wonder after a time why the arguments presented in them are not answered. It is not the intention of PROGRESS to inquire into the corruption of one party or the purity of another; but when reputable men institute inquiries into the management of the public works department, and make startling assertions in connection with certain operations, then a reply is certainly looked for from the party assailed.

It seems strange that the exposure of official methods in the Yukon should be left to that great newspaper the London Times. But there is one point to be noted, and that is, that though the same stories have been published from time to time in some newspaper opposing the government they

were not paid that attention that has since been given to the "Thunderer." However, it is gratifying to note that the greatest newspaper in England should take such a keen interest in Canadian affairs that it went to the great expense of sending a special writer in the person of the talented Miss SHAW to investigate them.

Where is the Law and Order League? Has it discontinued its labors on behalf of the St. John Sabbath, or has it come to the conclusion that St. John after all is a pretty quiet, orderly and well conducted city on the Lord's day? This must be a proper conclusion, and we trust that the good common sense of some members of the league has discouraged the tendency of their colleagues during the summer months to prevent the consumption of soda water and the smoking of cigars on the Sabbath day.

The report of Superintendent BRIDGES to the effect that there are two or three hundred more children enrolled on the school registers of this city, this year than last, must be considered as encouraging in every respect. It either means that the people are appreciating more and more our school system and the advantages to be obtained from a fair or good education, or that there are more people to send children to school.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Our Lad. We didn't know how we'd miss him Till after he'd went away; Now the place is still an lonesome 'Fears like I can't hardly say. He was just chuck in l of his mischief! An' I use to be hard on his nose, But I might of knowed it was natur', Like all other growin' boys.

He was allus "a-fightin' Injuns," I've scolded him lots fer that; But today when I climbed to the hay-loft, An' he chanced on his old straw hat With a tall feather stuck kinder sideways, An' his bowler knife sayin, by, (He whittled them all with his jack-knife) It's he down in a cry.

But I wouldn't tell mother for nothin', She's grieved till she's almost sick, An' sometimes it looks like she's inkin' An' he's only his same old trick. Of hidin' whenever she called him, An' makin' her holler a sight, An' then jumpin' "a-right behind her An' laughin' and braggin' her right.

I miss him a-water'n the horses, He was allus wild to ride; I wonder if his eyes is sad; Sounds lonesomer seem he died. An' the very rocks an' the flowers We're used to see in Duffin drink, Seems to me they look like they're grievin', They're missin' him, too, I think.

His dog just blinks on the doorstep, I wonder if his eyes is sad; To me, it seems like the "makin' " "Why, what's become of our lad?" An' he's when stretched out a-sleepin', An' he'll jump up as peevish as a cat, An' he'll look all around, an' he'll say, "An' I know he's a dreamin' of him.

There's a grave over there on the hillside, Just above the old miller's gap; But it looks too long to be his; He was only a little chap. There's all sorts of flowers a-growin', For mother takes lots of care; But it seems so quiet an' still-like, I can't think our boy is there.

But whatever he's at, I am certain That God will take care of our lad, An' perhaps He won't think he is noisy An' full of his mischief an' bad. An' maybe He'll keep him till mother An' me gets our life work done, An' then give him back as he once was, With all his nose and sun!

Little White Finamore. Did you meet a little maid down the street, Busy and smiling, trim and neat, Her fingers twinkling with baby charms, A basket of lunch on her small right arm, Tripping along in the sun-shade cool? It was little White Finamore going to school.

Till dawned this wonderful day of spring She's been "tied to her mother's apron string"— The family beauty and pride and joy; Just a bewitching human toy; Her life without law or lessons or rule— Little White Finamore's zone to school.

"My darling," I murmured, "my precious sweet," As I buttoned the shoes on her restless feet, In the untired pathway eager to go, "Poor mother will miss her baby so!" "Don't cry," she said, with a birdlike coo, "I will hurry home and take care of 'oo."

I put the doll and the toys away When the wise little woman left her play; And I go about with a touch of pain, Till my prett scholar shall come again. O, what shall we do on that dismal day When little White Finamore goes to stay?

You Never Can Tell. You never can tell when you send a word— Like an arrow shot from a bow— By an archer blind—he is cruel or kind, Just where it will chance to go. It may pierce the heart of your dearest friend, Tipped with its poison of balm; Or a stranger's heart in life's great mart It may carry its pain or its calm.

You never can tell when you do an act Just what the result will be; But with every deed you are sowing a seed, Though its harvest you may not see. Each kindly act is an acorn dropped In God's productive soil; Though you may not know, yet the tree shall grow And shelter the brows that toil.

You can never tell what your thoughts will do In bringing you hate or love; For their thoughts are things, and their airy wings Are swifter than carrier doves. They follow the law of the universe— Each thing must create its kind; And they speed o'er the track to bring you back Whatever went out from your mind.

Something Lacklog. His boss went dead an' his mule went lame, He lost six cows in a poker game; A hurricane came on a summer's day, And carried the house way he lived away; Then a earthquake come when that wuz gone, An' swallowed the landlady he house stood on; An' the tax collector, he come in vlow An' charged him up fer the hole in the ground! An' the city marshall—he come in vlow An' said he wanted his street tax too!

Did he moan an' sigh? Did he set an' cry An' cuss the hurricane sweepin' by? He'd be glad that his old friends falled to'cal! When the earthquake come an' swallowed all? Never a word of blame he said, Not him! He climbed to the top o' the hill, What standin' room was left him still, An' he said his boss' what he said: I reckon it's time to get up an' go! But, Lord, I hain't had the measles yet!

ROYAL Baking Powder leaves neither acid nor alkali in the food. In raising food in the old-fashioned way, with cream of tartar and soda, there is either an acid or an alkali remaining. The cream of tartar and soda bought from the shops vary greatly in strength, so that no one but a chemist after analysis can use them in the proper proportions to obtain a neutral result. A little too much cream of tartar, and there is an acid residuum. A little too much soda, and there is an alkaline or soapy taste left. Royal is compounded by expert chemists who determine by analysis the quality of all ingredients and admit none but the most highly refined. The result of its work is accordingly pure, sweet, wholesome food which can be eaten without discomfort by those of most delicate digestion. The Royal saves labor to the housewife amounting to more than its cost. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Indignant Over the Awards. TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—Has it not occurred to you that it is something extraordinary this thing of damages re the Spruce Lake water extension? The laying of the new larger pipe to take the place of the one, almost worn out, will cause no more damage to property than the laying of the first one. In the first place experts say the larger pipe will not lower the water in, lake one inch more. When the first pipe was laid Messrs Jewett & Sutton were running their mill at South Bay by water power from the lake and always had enough water. Their mill is not now in existence. They did not complain in the first place when they had cause, more than now if they ever had any. I think it, Mr. Editor, one of the strangest pieces of business I ever heard of to ask the city of St. John—the overburdened taxpayers—to now give them, (Jewett & Sutton) a small fortune for nothing. I wonder at Recorder Skinner listening to such a thing. Where were the watch dogs of the council, Alde. Christie and Millidge; were they asleep to allow such a thing a hearing? Why don't some large taxpayer of the city now put an injunction on the payment of the award and take the case into the equity or some proper court of law. Why not PROGRESS state the case to the people in its own clear way and call on the citizen taxpayers to contribute towards a fund to try and stop the payment of this scandalous thing.

A CITIZEN. St. John, N. B., Oct. 12. HE SAW THE PICTURES. A Halifax Clergyman Thinks the Devil's Auction is Naughty. HALIFAX, Oct. 12.—Rev. J. F. Duxan, pastor of the Grove Presbyterian church, Richmond, this city has got himself into some trouble which he will find a very difficult matter to get out of. He no doubt got in it much more easily than he will ever get out of it. His trouble all arose out of the production at the Academy last week of the Devil's Auction company. The posters which were displayed about the city advertising the show were of a somewhat flashy character, and the reverend gentleman took objection. The female form divine was outlined on them very clearly, and the clergyman must have scanned them very closely to obtain the information which he led the public to believe was facts. In an open criticism over his own signature in one of the city papers, he spoke very irreverently of the show, and those who were taking part in it. He had no personal knowledge of what the production was like, that is as far as known up to the present time. His letter to some extent injured the business of the company while here. Many thought it was a good advertisement for the show, so it was in one way but not in another. It filled the galleries to the doors and emptied the balance of the house. Many right thinking people after reading the letter, refrained from going to see the show. There was nothing hurtful in it, in fact it was not a bit worse than some of the operatic productions which have been witnessed on the Academy stage. The lessee of the Academy H. B. Clarke, and a representative of

IT LOOKED BAD. Appearances were Against Her But She was not Guilty. A certain young lady, whom appearances certainly looked bad, once had an amusing experience of unjust judgement. She went out on a stormy day, and was unfortunate enough to have her umbrella turned inside out. Her two sisters were equally unlucky, and on the following day the young lady volunteered to take the three umbrellas to be repaired. Promising to call for them before she returned home in the afternoon, she went about her business, part of which was to do some shopping in a large city establishment. On rising to leave the shop, she mechanically put her hand to take possession of an umbrella that was close by. It looked like her own, and for the moment she had forgotten the accident. She was soon brought to her senses. "That is my umbrella," said a sharp voice at her side, and a hand was laid on her arm to detain her.

Apologizing for her thoughtlessness, she left the shop, did the rest of her business, and called for her umbrellas. In the street-car she met an indignant pair of eyes. Where had she seen them before? They scanned first her face, and then the burden she carried. "Three of them!" muttered the owner of the eyes, and it was evident that she referred to the umbrellas. "Three; she did no bad to day." As she spoke she grasped her own umbrella tightly, and moved farther away from the dangerous young lady. The color came into the cheeks of the latter. The speaker was her friend of the morning, and she evidently believed that the umbrellas had been stolen from different establishments in the city. And the worst of it was, it looked as if it might be so.

Foreign Missions. The total income of the British Foreign Missionary and kindred societies is \$8,054,196. Thirty-three foreign missionary societies of the evangelical churches of the United States have a total income of \$4,333,611. Canadian foreign societies receive \$316,045. The foreign mission work of the world costs annually \$12,988,687.

The Idea. "Oh, Clarence," exclaimed Mrs. McBride as her brother entered the house, "baby's out a tooth!" "Why do you let him play with knives?" asked the bachelor brother.—Boston Traveller.

An Unknown Quantity. Pedal: "How much did that bicycle cost you, old man?" Sprocket: "I don't know; my doctor hasn't sent in his bill yet."

When you are in Need. Of anything done in our line you can rest assured you will be satisfied. UNGAR'S LAUNDRY & DYE WORKS, Telephone 68.



The Miles concert on Thursday evening came fully up to all expectations regarding it and was largely attended. Miles was of course the great attraction of the evening. Though it is, as a rule, somewhat difficult for the great majority to become wildly enthusiastic over a harmonic voice, the audience which listened to Miles on Thursday evening was an exception. He came, he sang, he conquered, can be truly applied to his visit to St. John. He has a wonderful voice, power of expression and enunciation. His last song "The Two Grenadiers" was perhaps his finest effort and at the close he was twice recalled. Miss Wetmore made a splendid impression upon the audience, aside from the fact that she is not very dignified in her manner, and those who heard her on Thursday evening prophesy a future for her. Miss Wetmore wore a pale yellow silk over which was a chiffon overdress and looked exceedingly pretty. She was presented with a very handsome bouquet. Miss Clara Brennan was also remembered in this way, the flowers presented to her being beautifully arranged as a shower bouquet. She looked so very charming and lovely too in her pretty white gown, so free from affectation that even before she sang a note she won all hearts. Her voice is a mezzo-soprano, rich full and wonderfully appealing. Miss Brennan has every reason to be proud of the triumph she achieved on Thursday evening. Miss Adelaide Jump easily surpasses any elocutionist who has been heard here and the applause bestowed upon her must have been most gratifying. Her every number was encored. The young lady presented a very charming appearance too, and her manner and gestures are easy and graceful. Messrs. Kelly, Athoe and Bowden contributed in no small degree to the success of the concert. The programs for Thursday evening was as follows:

Duo—"Prelude to Cavaleria Rusticana," (Macagn) Violin and Piano, Mr. Bowden and Mr. Athoe.

Song—"Prologue to Pagliacci," Gwilym Miles.

Reading—"A Shaker Romance," Miss Jump.

Song—"Chanson Provencale," (Dell'Acqua), Miss Wetmore.

Songs—(a) "This World I Do," (Chapman) (b) "You" (Robyn), Gwilym Miles.

Violin—(a) "Serenade Bandino," (Mario) (b) "Romance sans paroles," (Thome) Mr. Bowden.

Duo—"Dews of a Summer Night," (Dudley Buck) Miss Brennan and Mr. Kelly.

Song—"Palm Branches," (Faure) Gwilym Miles.

Reading—"Haunted by a Song," (Green) Miss Jump.

Song—"Love Song," (Beech) Miss Wetmore.

Song—"The Two Grenadiers," (Schumann) Gwilym Miles.

Mrs. James Stratton who has been spending the past two months with friends here, returned to Ottawa last week.

Mrs. Black-Barnes left on Monday for Halifax, where she will be the guest of Mrs. Seaton.

A rumor has reached society this week of the engagement of a young lady, who although a resident of Quebec is well known here having spent the past two summers with friends in this city and Robesay, and a well known gentleman living in Roseland.

Mrs. Jas. Dever left on Friday last for a short visit to Boston.

On Friday last a number of young people went to Robesay in the afternoon train and were driven from there to the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Lindsay Parker at Gondola Point. Although it was rather cold driving everyone had a most enjoyable time. Supper was served about 10 o'clock after which the party returned to Robesay, coming in by the midnight train. Among those present were the Misses Walker, Misses Mathew, Miss Jarvis, Misses Fowler, New York, Miss Fuddington, Misses Hamilton, Miss DeLaur, New York, Mr. Beverly Armstrong, Mr. Ralph Fowler, Dr. T. D. Walker, Messrs. Fairweather, Mr. Bert Harrison, Mr. George Shannon, Mr. Harold Robinson, Mr. Harold Allison, Mr. Percy Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Prince returned Monday from their wedding trip through the Annapolis Valley, and Mrs. Prince will be at home to her friends on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week at 57 Dorchester street.

Mr. W. A. Lockett Jr. returned this week from a ten days trip in New York.

Mr. Judson McRay who has been visiting city friends has returned to Boston.

Miss Frances E. Murray who has been in Boston for a little while left the city for Ottawa the first of the week to represent the St. John Council of women at the final meeting of the National Council before the departure of Lady Aberdeen. Lady Tilley is also in Ottawa for the same purpose.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Roderick and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Heans have returned from a trip to New York and other parts of the United States.

Miss Nellie Dean left this week for a visit to the Annapolis Valley.

Mr. G. M. Jarvis chief train dispatcher of the I. C. R. looked in upon old city friends for a few hours early in the week.

Archbishop Begin of Quebec who has been making a visit to the lower provinces came across from Nova Scotia on Monday after a short visit to Archbishop O'Brien. His Grace was the guest of Bishop Sweeney during his stay here, leaving later for Chatham for a day or two's stay with Bishop Rogers.

Mr. F. W. Emerson of Dorchester was in the city for a little while the first of the week.

Miss M. A. Hann of this city was registered at the High Commissioners office London on Sept. 27th.

Mr. Ira B. Myers U. S. Consul left this week for a visit to his home in Indiana.

Mr. and Mrs. P. S. MacNutt are enjoying a trip through New York state.

Mr. T. L. Hay and Mrs. Hay returned from a visit to Boston last Saturday evening.

Miss Mary Hayes of Mill at row who spent the past four or five weeks very pleasantly in Boston and neighboring cities returned to St. John on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. McCaffery left the beginning of the week on a trip to New York, Philadelphia and other American cities.

Mr. W. G. Robertson and family returned this week from their summer residence on the Manawagonish road.

Mr. George McAvity has gone on a trip to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. McLaughlin and Mr. Douglas McLaughlin are spending this week in Boston.

Mrs. Joseph Sammel left this week for Boston where she will pay a visit to her two sons.

Lieut. Cr. and Mrs. G. W. Jones left a few days ago on a trip which will include the Upper Canadian cities, points in Colorado; and they may possibly visit the Pacific coast before they return.

Mr. and Mrs. John McIntosh of Glasville spent a few days in the city this week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Walls of New York were among recent visitors to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Doyle of Quebec and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bradley of Montreal spent the week here very pleasantly.

A party of Maine people who spent the greater part of the week here included T. E. Guernsey Mrs. Guernsey and Mrs. C. O. Palmer.

Miss Nellie Gorton of Sunderland, England, arrived this week via New York on a visit to her mother's relatives in Castleton.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Atridge were here from Houlton, Maine for a few days this week.

Messrs. James Robertson and Arthur Harrison of the I. C. R. depot are enjoying a little shooting expedition on the north shore.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Vassie left the first of the week for New York en route Scotland, upon receipt of a cablegram announcing the death of Mr. Vassie's father.

News of the death of Miss Isabel Crookshank was received in this city by the many friends of the deceased young lady. The sad event occurred at the residence of Mr. Wm. Oxy Hampton on the 11th inst. after a brief illness. The funeral which took place on Thursday of this week was very largely attended.

Mr. John H. Thomson left for Linton Springs on Thursday of this week.

Mr. H. A. Doherty left on Wednesday afternoon for Boston.

Friends in this city of Mrs. Anglin, widow of Hon. T. W. Anglin will regret to hear of the serious illness of her young son Edward. The lad, who is only fifteen is in St. Michael's hospital, Toronto.

At the early hour of six o'clock on Wednesday morning the Cathedral was the scene of an interesting double wedding, when Mr. John McCann of this city and Miss Nellie Doran of Fredericton and Miss Maggie McCann and Mr. Edward McDonald were united in marriage. Rev. Francis McMurray performing the ceremony in both instances. The marriage of Miss Doran and Mr. McCann was solemnized first. Both brides wore dark blue travelling suits, that of the lady first mentioned being trimmed with white crepon. Miss Doran was attended by Miss McDonald of Fredericton while Mr. John Walsh supported the groom. Immediately after Mr. and Mrs. McCann had been pronounced man and wife, Miss McCann and Mr. McDonald were joined in wedlock. The bride was attended by her sister Miss Nellie McCann and Mr. James McDonald assumed the duties of groomsmen. Both couples left by the early train for the United States, a large party of friends assembling at the depot to extend congratulations and good wishes and give them a hearty send off.

Last Wednesday seems to have been a day of wedding, though the happy couples who chose it for that was the one wet disagreeable day of the week. Among the many who took upon themselves the bonds of Hymen were Miss Annie E. Longley, daughter of Mr. Israel Longley, and Mr. Arthur W. McMackin, St. John manager of the N. B. Telephone Company. The ceremony, which took place in Centenary church at 8 30 a. m. was performed by Rev. John Read; the bridal party were unattended and only very near relatives were present. The bride looked very charming in a fawn cloth travelling dress with hat to match. At seven o'clock Mr. and Mrs. McMackin took their departure for Boston where they will spend their honeymoon and up on their return they will take up their residence on Brittain street. Many beautiful presents were received by both the bride and groom. The latter was the recipient of a handsome upholstered chair from the female employees in the telephone office and of a morocco travelling bag and valise from the male employees in the same office. S. Hoyt, outside foreman, presented the groom with a very fine lamp.

A very pretty wedding took place on the 11th inst. at the residence of Mr. Rankine, Hasen street when his niece Miss Margaret Brady of Moncton, and daughter of the late Dr. Brady of Fredericton was united in marriage with W. Hils Logan chief clerk of the railway works department, I. C. R., Moncton, and brother of H. J. Logan, M. P. for Cumberland, by Rev. L. G. Macdonell. The bride was the recipient of many valuable presents. Mr. and Mrs. Logan left on the evening train for Montreal, where they will spend their honeymoon. On their return they will take up their residence in Moncton, where they are both held in the highest esteem. The bride for the past three years has been a teacher in the advanced department of the Moncton schools and her retirement from the teachers' staff last June was much regretted.

Miss Blanche Fowles who has been visiting here for a little while has returned to Havelock.

Mrs. A. B. Connel and child of Woodstock paid a short visit to the city during the week.

Rev. J. U. Barnes of Stanley spent Sunday with city friends.

Miss Nora Blackwell of Sharp's Harbour Me. is the guest of Miss Maud Smith, Fairville, for October.

Miss Netta Rogers and Master Roy Rogers of Halifax are spending a week with their aunts the Misses Northrup.

A marriage in which one of the principles is a native of this city took place on Wednesday at the residence of Mrs. A. Bridges, Sheffield Sunbury Co. when Miss Margaret Bridges and Mr. Harry Tuck Cowan of Manchester, Robertson and Allison were made man and wife by Rev. Mr. Brown. The bride who was very prettily gowned was attended by her sister, and the groom was supported by W. H. McClary. After a wedding breakfast the newly wedded pair left by the steamer Victoria for Fredericton, whence they departed by Flying Yankee next morning for a week's tour in Boston and vicinity. On their return Mr. and Mrs. Cowan will take up their residence at 235 Main Street. The groom was presented with a handsome oak chair and a foot-rest by his fellow clerks, accompanied by their heartiest wishes for a long and prosperous married life. A large number of relatives and friends were up from St. John to be present at the wedding. The bride is a most estimable and popular young lady, and highly esteemed in Sheffield and vicinity.

Miss Ella Morrison of this city is spending a few weeks with friends in Boston and New York.

Mrs. H. C. Barbour is spending a little while in Fredericton with friends.

Mrs. A. C. Edgecombe of the capital spent a day or two here this week.

Mr. Samuel Johnston, Mrs. Johnston, and Miss Johnston, of St. George, spent part of last week here.

Miss Nevin has returned from a pleasant visit to her sister Mrs. J. W. Wortman of Moncton.

Misses Beesley and Beer of this city left by boat on Friday to resume their duties in Wallham hospital.

Mrs. Alex. Holly returned Thursday from a trip to Boston.

FREDERICTON.

[Programme for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Punsy and J. E. Ewerdorne.]

Oct. 12.—The lethargic condition of society lately has been truly alarming, owing no doubt to the large number of absences; but the past week a number have aroused themselves sufficiently to organize a couple of whist clubs.

"The Celestial" whist club is an altogether new star on the social firmament and met last Tuesday for the first time at the residence of Mrs. J. D. Slaters. A most pleasant evening was spent. The ladies prizes were won by the Misses McGoldrick. The gentlemen's were captured by Messrs. Doherty and Ryan. The next meet of the club will be on Tuesday of the coming week and at the residence of Miss Sweeney St. John street.

Mr. Geo. Harris of Moncton is in the city for a few days.

Miss Fannie Burnside has returned to her duties at Wallham after a pleasant visit spent at her home here.

Mrs. and Miss Hanson are enjoying a trip to the Heb.

Mrs. Jas. McMurray and son have returned from a few weeks visit in Nova Scotia.

Mrs. H. C. Barbour of St. John is visiting friends in the city.

Mr. Jones of Woodstock is in the city and is a guest of his sister Mrs. Walter Fisher.

Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Wainlow drove to Woodstock last week.

Mrs. W. Forrester of Toronto is in the city visiting her sister Mrs. F. S. Hilyard.

Mr. Charles F. Randolph has returned home from a very enjoyable hunting expedition.

Mrs. and Mrs. Whiteledge of Windsor, Ont., are paying a short visit to the city.

Mrs. James Tibbitts arrived home this evening from St. John.

Mrs. Robert Glasgow of Montreal, has been spending the past week the guest of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Edgecombe at "Ashburton Place."

Messrs. Walter Phillips, Percy Clinton and James Sloane are staying a short time in the celestial.

Mrs. C. H. B. Fisher is expected home from Philadelphia.

Miss May Nixon, has returned home after a pleasant visit of five weeks spent here as the guest of Mrs. Vanhook.

Mr. Geo. Hall, of Montreal is among the visitors in town.

Miss Jessie Griest of Kansas City who has spent the past four months here, visiting her sister Mrs. Frank Cooper left for home on Friday.

His Lordship Bishop Kingdon, accompanied by Mrs. Kingdon were among the visitors to St. John the past week.

Mr. T. Foster of Toronto is spending a few days in the city.

Miss A. Clawson of St. John is visiting Mrs. Thomas Knowles.

Mr. Ralph March of Hampton is among the strangers in the city.

Miss Simmons of Gibson has gone to Baltimore where she will spend the winter.

Mrs. A. C. Edgecomb spent a few days in St. John this week.

Many friends of Mrs. F. S. Hilyard will regret to learn that she is quite seriously ill of typhoid fever.

Miss Rainsford has so far recovered from her late serious illness as to be able to take a short drive.

WINDSOR.

Oct. 12.—Mrs. Rutherford of Stellarton, N. S., is the guest of her sister Mrs. Kinneer.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawson removed on Monday to their handsome new residence which has been rebuilt on the site of their former house destroyed by the fire.

Miss Alice Wiggins, daughter of Mrs. G. C. Wiggins, and Mr. Badley Tremaine of Fort Hood, C. B., were quietly married at Christ church on Monday. The bride wore a very stylish tailor-made gown of grey with brown hat and was given away by her mother. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Canon Maynard, immediately after which Mr. and Mrs. Tremaine took the train for their future home at Cambridge, Mass. Both Miss Wiggins and Mr. Tremaine were exceedingly popular among their many friends here and will be greatly missed in society circles. A large number of their young friends were at the station to offer their congratulations and wish them "Bon Voyage."

Mrs. Owen of Annapolis is spending the week with Mrs. Norman Dimock "Arvonton."

Mrs. Crichton of Dartmouth is the guest of Mrs. W. D. Sutherland.

Prof. and Mrs. Bobers many friends are sympathizing with them on the loss of their infant daughter Anastasia.

Dr. Moody spent Sunday in Digby returning on Monday.

(CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.)

A Comparison!



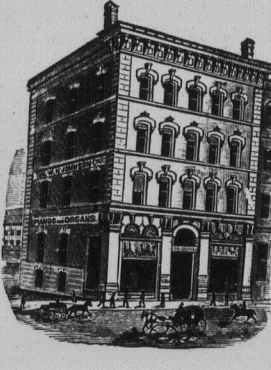
Common Soap is like horse-power, slow and irregular—Welcome Soap is suggestive of electricity, modern, clear and swift. How can you hesitate to choose between the old and the new—the plodding mule and the rapid motor-car?

The Greatest Dirt Killer on Earth is WELCOME SOAP. INSIST ON HAVING IT.

"As Pure as Fry's"

You can draw your own conclusions as to why the expression "as pure as Fry's Cocoa" is used in comparing quality among grocers who sell other brands of Cocoa. But Fry's Cocoa is concentrated and dissolves easily—it is not only absolutely pure and rich and delicate of flavor but it is very economical to use in the household. A little of Cocoa. it goes a great ways.

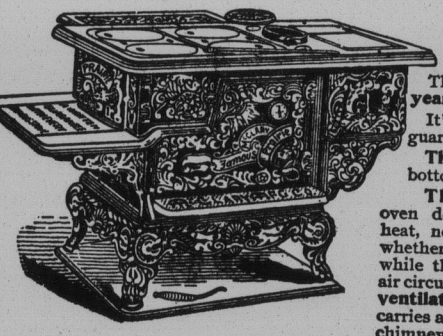
Confidence



Every business man who expects to make a permanent success of his vocation in life, must have the confidence of the people who trade with him. This is sound natural law that is applicable to every legitimate trade that we know of, and no matter what the disposition of the individual may be, if he has ordinary common sense he must realize that IT PAYS TO BE HONEST with his customers. We have built up a very large business in various kinds of musical instruments throughout the Maritime Provinces during the past twenty-five years, and we owe it, not to the fact that we are more energetic than our competitors, nor that we have a monopoly of the best PIANOS and ORGANS made in the world, but simply by doing the very best we could for our clients under all circumstances. This is an absolute fact and one that we can furnish you ample proof of, if you ask us.

The W. H. JOHNSON CO. Ltd., Halifax.

The Famous Model WOOD COOK STOVE.



Our Latest and Best.

The result of 50 years experience. It's good working is guaranteed. The Oven has a steel bottom.

Thermometer in oven door shows exact heat, no guessing as to whether it is hot enough, while the system of hot air circulation thoroughly ventilates the oven and carries all fumes into the chimney. Top of Stove is made so as to prevent cracking.

This Stove baked 212 loaves in 64 hours with 24 cubic feet of wood. The McClary M'fg. Co. LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER. If your local dealer cannot supply, write our nearest house.

When You Order..... PELEE ISLAND WINESBE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND.

"Wine as a restorative, as a means of retreatment in Debility and Sickness is surpassed by no Product of nature or art."—PROFESSOR LUXEM. "Pure Wine is incomparably superior to every other stimulating beverage for diet or medicine."—DR. DEWITT.

Ask for Our Brand and See You Get It E. G. SCOVIL, 62 Union Street.

Save The Pennies

and the dollars will take care of themselves. You can save many pennies by using that new English Home Dye of highest quality that washes and dyes at one operation — Maypole Soap. All colors—it dyes to any shade. It won't crock or streak. It is brilliant and absolutely fast.

Use Maypole Soap Dyes.

10 cents (15 for Black) of druggists and grocers.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES



RADIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Halifax by the newboys and at the following news stands and centres. C. S. DEPRETTAS, Brunswick street...

There were several small dinners last week in honor of Major and Mrs. Commeline, who are going away this week. Mrs. Commeline has been most kind in assisting with church entertainments and charities during her stay here, as has Major Commeline.

Major and Mrs. Commeline leave this week for Bermuda, Major Commeline taking the place of Major Buck. Mr. Danby R. E. is also off to Bermuda, and will be much missed in Halifax where he has been stationed for a long time.

Other well known people whose places will shortly know them no more in Halifax are Mayor and Mrs. Hodgson, who are leaving for England this week.

On Thursday evening Mrs. John Duffin, who has been making a visit to her family after a sojourn of some years in Texas. The season for such parties is beginning and that of Thursday evening was a most successful example.

On Saturday afternoon Mrs. Cameron had a small tea which went off capitally and was much enjoyed. It was given for Miss Argyle, who is the guest of Mrs. Wickwire and will be one of Miss Wickwire's bridesmaids in the near future.

PARRSBOBO.

[Progress is for sale at Parrsboro Book Store.] Oct. 12.—Parrsboro company 93rd battalion went to Camp Alibon on Tuesday last, for 12 days drill.

Mr. N. G. Atkinson and Mr. Cecil Parsons went to Truro on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Smith and family who have spent the summer in their cottage returned home to Amherst on Thursday.

Mrs. Joseph Henderson, Maclean, has been a guest of Mrs. Sutton Henderson. The latter gave a small and pleasant whist party on Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson spent on Amherst, spent a day or two with friends lately.

Mrs. J. Medley Towhead returned to Amherst on Wednesday.

Mr. W. H. Hill, Halifax, is in town on official business.

Mrs. Jost, Guysboro, and Mrs. Whitman, Halifax are visiting Mrs. MacKenzie.

Dr. McKenzie has gone to New York to spend a few weeks at the Eye and Ear Infirmary.

Mrs. Coates and Mrs. McKay, Amherst, are visiting Mrs. Stanley Smith.

Mr. J. T. Smith is the guest of his sister Mrs. D. S. Howard.

Mrs. Alloway, Springhill, is spending a few days with Mrs. Akman.

Mr. George McDougall was here for a day or two on his way to Truro from Boston.

Mrs. E. Knowlton has returned from a visit to New York.

Mr. D. A. Huntley has gone to Quebec to spend the winter.

Mrs. J. Corbett entertained a few young people Monday evening for the pleasure of her guest Miss Warren.

Dr. Burgess, Cheverie, has been paying a visit to Dr. and Mrs. Johnson.

Mr. J. A. Johnson, Halifax, is in town a guest of the Misses Leitch.



The way people eat and drink has perilous consequences. Very few people know how to treat their stomachs.

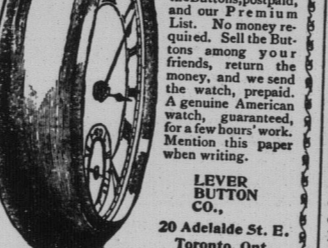
When the appetite fails and the liver becomes sluggish, the whole system is dragged down and deadened by imperfect nutrition.

It acts directly upon the nutritive organism; it gives the stomach power to extract a high percentage of nourishment from the food.

Whenever constipation is one of the complicating causes of disease, the most perfect remedy is Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, which are always effective, yet absolutely mild and harmless.

"In August, 1895, I was taken down with what my physician pronounced consumption," writes Dr. D. Herring, of Needmore, Levy Co., Florida.

"I was cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I cry cured me."



FREE We give this fine watch, chain and fob to you...

Sunday and Monday here collecting money for Armenian churches.

Mrs. Smith, Weston Aylesford and Mr. Edward Taylor of Boston have been visiting their father Mr. D. J. Layton.

Mr. F. E. Rudderham left for North Sydney on Wednesday.

Mrs. Bulmer, Salisbury, is ill at Mrs. A. W. Copp's. Mr. Bulmer spent Sunday here.

[Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. J. O. Fulton, Messrs D. H. Smith & Co.]

Oct. 12.—Mr. Blair McLaughlin left yesterday for Amherst, where to-day he figures as a principal in an interesting ceremony.

Mr. McLaughlin and his bride returned to Truro to-night and will be guests at the Stanley for a short time ere taking possession of their new home.

Mrs. J. J. Taylor chaperoned a small party that drove to Liberty Hall one afternoon last week for tea.

Mr. Arthur Cox returned yesterday via Yarmouth to Boston after a short visit with home friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Yull's large circle of friends sympathize with them deeply in the loss of their youngest daughter "Kitty" who has been a patient little sufferer for many months past, and whose death came very suddenly at an early hour last Saturday morning.

The funeral which occurred on Monday afternoon was a large one, Rev. Messrs Warren and Sigbee officiating. Masters Guy McCallum, Harry and Ned Archibald, G. Comer, Willie Tremaine, and Charlie McLerman, young friends of the deceased acted as pall bearers.

Mrs. Harry Weeks, who has been visiting home friends here last week for her home in Hartford Conn. Mrs. Weeks was accompanied to Boston by Miss May Stuart who will spend the winter in that city with her sister Mrs. Arthur Cox.

Mrs. Geo. Donkin, has returned from a long visit with relatives at Glouce Bay C. B., Mrs. Donkin leaves very soon for the west, Minnesota, where she will remain for the winter, with her son Mr. Vernon Donkin. Mrs. Donkin will be accompanied by Miss Gerlie and Master George.

Mrs. Smith, Arlington Place, accompanies her son Douglas to Halifax to-morrow from whence he sails for Kingston, Jamaica, to spend the winter with his grandparents. Mrs. Smith's many friends join her in sincere wishes for happy results for the young invalid in the change of climate.

[Progress is for sale at Amherst by W. P. Smith & Co.]

Oct. 12.—This has not been an ideal wedding day for the rain came down in torrents yet notwithstanding the dismal state of nature, all were bright and cheerful inside of the pretty residence of Mr. and Mrs. George Christie, Albion st. when at 3 o'clock and in the presence of upwards of thirty guests their second daughter Margaret Ozley was united to Mr. Blair McLaughlin, Manager of the Oak Hall, Truro.

Rev. J. H. McDonald, performing the ceremony. The bride who is a very charming young lady and a popular and active member of the Baptist church looked sweet and pretty in her wedding gown of white organza and was given away by her father. After an elaborate and sumptuous repast Mr. and

Mrs. McLaughlin took their departure by the C. E. R. for their home in Truro, followed by many good wishes.

Michaelmas term of Supreme Court opened on Tuesday with a small docket, Judge Towhead presiding.

Dr. Dobson, after a two weeks stay in town has left on his return to Ploughsheeps N. Y. leaving Mrs. Dobson to make a more extended visit with her mother Mrs. A. Wilson, Rupert St.

Miss Nellie Palmer and her cousin Miss Flo Palmer drove over from Dorchester on Saturday and spent a day or two with Miss Pipes, "White thorne" Cottage.

After a two or three weeks visit in town with her sister Miss Pipes, Mrs. David Chapman returned to her home in Dorchester on Saturday.

Mrs. J. Ingle Bent and little son Lionel are spending this week in Dorchester with her mother Mrs. B. Moran.

Mr. J. A. Dickey C. E. left on Saturday for Toronto.

Mrs. J. B. Hemmons, of Wolfville, who was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Barry D. Bent for a few days left on Saturday for home.

I have not a social event of interest to record for never in the history of the town has there been such a dearth of events socially, just now we are all agog about a projected line of railways which if it can only be achieved will open up the country to the eastward and bring us in touch with splendid shipping facilities to the north, east and west, and develop new industries, which at present are nearly dormant.

Fraser died on Friday last from hemorrhage of the lungs. The remains were taken to Truro on Saturday for burial.

[Progress is for sale in Sackville by W. J. Goodwin.]

Oct. 12.—The season may be said to have fairly commenced. As in most university towns, the uprisings and down stagings of society in this place are chiefly regulated by "the institutions."

"Closing" there is a general shut down of social activity; many take this opportunity of enjoying their annual outing and an oppressive quiet prevails.

When Mr. Allison opens up again her classic halls a resuscitation of parties, picnics, concerts, meetings etc. takes place. Just as the farmers have pitched in their last forlorn effort and put the sickle in the grain, the students commence to harvest knowledge; when the birds have trilled their last round-de-lay and sought fairer skies and greener fields than the wind swept marshes of Tranramar, the musicians of Mr. Allison make their bow to an expectant public. "When the half gods go, the gods arrive."

The faculty concert, which is always anticipated with considerable pleasure, excited unusual interest this year from the fact of there being three new members on the musical staff.

This entertainment was given last Friday evening to a large audience in Beethoven hall.

Never before, within the recollection of the writer, was there such a marked and appreciative assembly in this hall. During the performance the most perfect hush prevailed, broken only by the spontaneous bursts of applause.

There was but one interruption, when an unhappily belated pair, walked with deprecating noise feet through an exquisite piano number. The programme which was not long was up to a high standard. The opening number was by Prof. Oettinger, violin, and Prof. Vincent, piano; the selection a sonata by Grieg. The interpretation of this piece was not so impassioned as the nature of the music seemed to demand but Mr. Oettinger's execution was extremely fine. Both in this and his second number which was of a lighter character, the technique was markedly good, the tone full and pure. Mr. Oettinger's wrist movement and double stopping were noticeable for their unusual excellence. This violinist possessed full and great artistic merit was amply testified in the rendering of his own composition, a beautiful mazurka.

Mr. Oettinger who is a native of Hamburg and has received his musical education abroad, is late of Buffalo N. Y.

Mr. Allison, who is violin master, instructor in harmony and conductor of a large choral class and has brought to his work, experience, tact and undoubted ability. The director, Mr. Vincent not only played the accompaniments for the violin with extreme taste but his interesting comments in his piano solos. To quote from the Canadian Tribune in which city Mr. Vincent has lately been teaching and playing, "He is a credit to the famous Leipzig school of which he is a graduate."

His style is unostentatious and finished, the kind you like to hear and hear again, his pellucid tones in the Schumann number were very beautiful and brought a prolonged sound of very appreciative applause, which honors might be said to be easy as far as encores were concerned, perhaps Miss Golder received the most attention which was befitting, as she was the only lady soloist. As the young lady made her initial bow, daintily gowned in white, with just a bodice of her white throat above the lace of the bodice, she captured the house and when she struck the last, clear note of her first concert, she was long and loud. Miss Golder was recalled repeatedly and kindly responded to several of her encores. She has a very sweet, full soprano and an admirable method of vocalization. Miss Golder is a great favorite with her class and at the close of her first song they presented her with a very handsome bouquet of pink ribbons. It was given by the smallest girl in the school, little Miss Gretchen Allison, who carried through her part very prettily. Miss Golder is a native of Maine, but like the other teachers of the conservatory, has studied abroad. So charming was her stage performance and so pleasing her voice that the Sackville audience will have no difficulty in remembering the Maine. Miss Chase's accompaniment to the songs were sympathetic and extremely artistic.

The pretty pink programmes were got up a little differently than usual, the names of the performers appearing on the front and after the selections were five stars. It was decided, "after the opera was over" that this must be the front in their concert and were always to the front in their concert and that four of the stars represented the four performers while the fifth star was surely the star of success.

It one may judge by rapt attention and warm applause the audience were more than satisfied with those stars, excepting two babies who cried for the moon. The infant in arms was carried on but the elder baby, who also seemed to be up in arms, remained and had his howl out in the columns of a daily newspaper. LADY OF SIALOTT.

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Mrs. A. H. Robinson is visiting friends in Sussex.

Mrs. J. D. Seely visited the Sussex fair last week.

Mr. Ross H. Keith left last week for Philadelphia Pa., where he will attend the Dental College.

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Rev. Mr. Pascoe of Petitoctic occupied the pulpit in the Methodist church Sunday afternoon.

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Rev. J. B. Campbell went to St. John yesterday for a few days.

Professor Tait has started a class for French conversation which quite a number of people have joined.

In attendance, salaries, and wages to their numerous officers, clerks, and staff, the Corporation of London spent yearly upwards of £100,000.

The Delineator

Is pre-eminently the Magazine of Fashion, Culture, Woman's Work and Recreation, the Canadian edition being identical with that published by the Butterick Publishing Co. (Limited), New York and London. It contains upwards of 125 PAGES A MONTH, including a number of Colored and Lithographic Plates. Of all Family Magazines it is the Great Caterer to Domestic Needs, and can be recommended for its cheapness, usefulness, beauty, freshness and utility.

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The November Number is CALLED THE Early Winter Number

and comprises a variety of matter of unsurpassed freshness and charm. The present and prospective fashions are exhaustively described, and the Literary and Household features are of the usual high degree of merit. Made on Earth, a story by Coraella Atwood Pratt, typifies the love that women cherish for a home they can call their own. The College Stories, by Nancy Vincent McClelland, the scenes of which are laid at Yassar, reveal much of the significance of college spirit and student ties. In the series on The Common His of Life, by Dr. Grace Peckham, an article in the popular series on Beauty that will prove of general as well as particular interest. With Toning, Eleanor Geogon contributes another scholarly chapter of practical exercises for the Cultivation of the Voice. A Floral Hunting Party, by Katherine E. Maxwell, outlines a delightful indoor entertainment. The Woman's Press Associations of the country furnish material for the Occupations, by Lafayette McLawa, will be found a number of attractive suggestions. An excellent group of Household Subjects is embodied in Rollis and Fancy Bread, A Thanksgiving Menu, by Mrs. Caldwell Jones, The Tea-Table by Mrs. Witherspoon, Fancy Stitches and Embroidery by Emma Haywood, The Dressmaker, Millinery, Lace-Making, Crocheting, Knitting, Tatting, The Latest Books, etc., are as complete and varied as the most fastidious could desire.

Save 10 Cents Some of the Patterns which retail regularly for 20c each, can be had for 10c cents apply by customers presenting an order for the sale of Butterick Patterns in Canada a Pattern Check from the September, October or November DELINEATOR

THE DELINEATOR may be ordered through the Newdealer or the local Butterick Pattern Agency, or may be obtained direct by addressing THE DELINEATOR PUBLISHING CO. OF TORONTO (Limited), 33 Richmond St. West, TORONTO, ONT.

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THE HORSE CAN'T tell his desires or he would request the application of Tuttle's Elixir

to his poor lame joints and cords. This Elixir restores lameness, when applied, by remaining moist on the part affected; the rest dries out. \$1.00 BOTTLE. Tuttle's Elixir, Contracted and Knotted Cords, and Shoe Bolts. Used and endorsed by Adams Express Co.

\$5.00 Reward to the person who can prove one of these testimonials bogus. Dr. S. A. Tuttle. St. John, N. B. Oct. 8th, 1897. Dear Sir—I have much pleasure in recommending your Horse Elixir to all interested in horses. I have used it for several years and have found it to be all it is represented. I have used it on my running horses and also on my trotting Steeple "Special Blend," with the desired effect. It is undoubtedly a first-class article.

Remain yours respectfully, E. LE ROI WILLIS, Prop. Hotel Dufferin.

PUDDINGTON & MERRITT, 55 Charlotte Street Agents for Canada.

DRESS CUTTING ACADEMY. Metric System Taught By MRS. E. L. ETHIER, 88 ST. DENIS ST., - - MONTREAL.

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TREMENDOUS ASSORTMENT OF WHOLESALE PRICES.

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Puttner's Emulsion Is the best of all the preparations of Cod Liver Oil. It is pure, palatable and effectual. Readily taken by children.

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

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock, TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE, ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

The "Frochinsky" Method; also "Bythae System," for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Stomach-Quinine Tablets. All Druggists to refund the money if it fails to cure.



Baby's Own Soap

makes the little ones happy by keeping their tiny bodies in a healthy, clean condition.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO. MONTREAL. MARKERS OF THE CELEBRATED ALBERT TOILET SOAPS.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book stores of G. S. Wall & Co., Atchison and J. Brown & Co., in Calais at O. P. Treat's.

Oct. 12.—The extreme coolness of the weather during the past few days has prohibited even morning picnics and Orchard Cliff the new and popular resort at Oak Bay has been quite deserted this week.

The marriage of Mrs. Ella A. Tice and Mr. Stephen Williams, is announced to take place in Boston at the Arlington street church on Saturday October twenty second. After the ceremony a breakfast will be served at "the Arlington", and a reception will be held. Mrs. Tice will be remembered as a sister of Mrs. John Clark Taylor and has spent several summers in Calais as the guest of Mrs. Taylor.

A very pleasant affair was a surprise party given to Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Young at their home "Dover Hill" on Saturday evening it being Mrs. Young's birthday. The invited guests were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Todd, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Todd, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin B. Todd, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Todd, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Boardman, Mr. and Mrs. James G. Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. Fredric Mac-Nichol, Mr. and Mrs. George J. Clarke, Dr. and Mrs. S. T. Whitney, Mrs. Ella Haycock, and Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Murchie.

The ladies of the Benevolent society in Calais held a very successful and interesting meeting at the residence of Mrs. Willard B. King on Thursday afternoon. The officers were elected for the coming year. Mrs. Henry Pike, and Mrs. Henry S. Murchie were received into the society as members. Before returning to their homes, supper was served and plans discussed for the good works and charitable deeds their ladies hope to do during the coming winter.

The ladies of Trinity church give one of their famous harvest suppers next Tuesday evening in Trinity school room. All the dainties the season affords will be served at supper and ice cream and home made candies can be purchased throughout the evening.

Mr. Will L. Algar has gone to Boston to spend fortnight with his relatives, Dr. and Mrs. McPherson.

Mrs. V. A. Waterbury will occupy the residence of Mrs. W. B. King some time in November. Mrs. King expects to spend the winter in the south visiting several different states.

Mr. Henry B. Eaton has been hunting for several days in the vicinity of Tobique.

The Harvest Thanksgiving services in Christ church on Sunday were well attended. The church was beautifully adorned with grain fruits and flowers. The rector Rev. O. S. Newham, preached two appropriate sermons, and the singing was excellent and well suited to the occasion.

Mr. C. C. Grant is visiting Boston this week on a business trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Beverly Stevens have returned after a pleasant visit of several weeks in Ottawa.

Mr. C. N. Cornell of Brooklyn, New York has been spending a few days here, to enjoy the good hunting in the vicinity.

A musical recital is to be given by Miss Maloney in the Methodist church vestry on Friday evening several talented musical ladies and gentlemen are to assist Miss Maloney, and it is expected the concert will be of a high order.

Mr. Basil Magor C. E. of the Washington court

Simply Delicious. You'll imagine a more tempting dessert, than fruit, flavoured, fruit colored Juncet, served in pretty forms, or artistic cups, right off the ice.

Not only is it most inviting most palatable and most nutritious, but look at its cost. An outlay of about six cents for a whole family.

A quart of milk, one Juncet Tab'et, a little fruit juice or fruit and just enough heat to warm the, all a five minutes job.



Hansen's Juncet Tablets are sold by grocers and Drugists in packets of 10 tablets for 15 cents. A Booklet of 38 recipes accompanies.

AGENTS IN CANADA.

EVANS & SONS, Limited Montreal and Toronto.

railway, will soon leave for China where with other railway men will begin a survey on a railway to be built in that country.

Mr. Daniel Seymour has gone to Chicago. Mrs. Seymour will remain a few weeks longer in Calais. Miss Mabel Murchie is spending a few weeks with friends in Montreal.

Mrs. C. H. Newton has gone to Eureka to visit friends for a week or ten days. Miss Greta Smith and Miss Alice Graham are now visiting in Windsor their friend Miss Jean Smith.

Miss Alice Briggs of Eubankton has been the guest for several days of Mrs. A. L. Clapp. General B. B. Murray went to Machias on Monday to attend the fall term of the Supreme Judicial Court of Washington county, Maine.

Mrs. Charles S. Neill has recovered from a severe attack of grippe.

Mr. E. H. McAllister has been visiting Machias. Mr. and Mrs. William Robert of Pembroke, accompanied by Mrs. Mary A. Hatch, drove from Pembroke to Calais on Sunday, and are guests this week with their friends General and Mrs. B. B. Murray.

Mrs. Waterbury and Miss Ethel Waterbury leave on Saturday for Boston where they will spend a week.

Mrs. John Hodgins has returned to her home in Ottawa after spending the summer months in Calais.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Forbes Conant left this week for their home in Boston.

Rev. A. J. Padeford has gone to the White Mountains to spend some time with his son, Rev. Frank W. Padeford, who is spending this month there for his health.

Miss Cora Maxwell and Miss Miss McKeulick, have been visiting Portland, Maine, to attend the Musical Festival in that city.

Mrs. James L. Thompson leaves next week for Portland to visit relatives.

MONTON.

Progress is for sale in Monton at Hattie Tweedie's Bookstore, R. B. Jones Bookstore, S. Melonon's, and at Railway News Depot.

Oct. 12.—On looking over my notes for last week I see that I omitted to mention the names of several ladies who took part in the bazaar in Victoria Park.

Mrs. George C. Allen, and Miss Nettie Toombs should have been added to those in charge of the oyster booth, and Miss Zeph Flanagan to the ladies who took charge of the fruit table, while Mrs. O. A. Bradley was assisted at the fancy table by two of her charming daughters. In spite of the trouble taken by the ladies, and the time and pains devoted to the decoration of the rink, I regret to say that the bazaar can scarcely be described as an unequalled success. Probably the lateness of the season and the fact that there is no way of heating the rink accounted for the slim attendance, for even the most public spirited citizens object to having the shreds charmed out of their pockets by even the most respectable damsel, in an atmosphere so frigid that a fur coat is an absolute necessity, and even hot oysters fail to keep the temperature of the body up to normal heat. Fortunately the opening night was fine and warm, so the attendance was good but the second evening was cold and rainy, and on the third the management made the fatal mistake of admitting all children under fourteen free, and the consequence was that there were very few children in the city, that night, who had attained the specified age, and the rink was entirely given over to the young folks while the adults, who would have been likely to spend money remained at home. The advantage of "pay night" was thus lost, and the contents of most of the booths were sacrificed "at less than cost price." Altogether the outside attractions on which so much stress was laid in the advance notices of the bazaar, scarcely realized the hopes which the management evidently built upon them, as they had the unforeseen result of paralyzing the regular business of the bazaar by distracting the attention of probable buyers, and when the band capped the climax by playing "God Save the Queen" at the close of the minstrel show, the audience accepted the hint, although it was little more than half past nine, and nearly all departed without bestowing much attention on the expectant booth holders. Some of the features of the minstrel show were really very enjoyable notably the songs by Messrs. Tingley, Barker, McAllister and Twigger, Mr. Tingley's solo, "The Chimes of Trinity" was enthusiastically encored, and Mr. Barker's comic song also received an imperative demand for its repetition.

In spite of the many disadvantages under which the management labored the gross receipts were in the vicinity of three hundred and thirty dollars, the net results have not yet been published.

Mrs. J. M. Lyons returned on Thursday from a visit to her former home in Sussex.

Mr. Frank L. Thompson left town on Monday for Philadelphia where he will take a six weeks course in optical study. It is whispered that Mr. Thompson intends visiting Boston on his return, and that when he makes his appearance in Monton again it will be in the character of a happy bridegroom. The ceremony will take place in Boston, the bride elect being one of Monton's fair daughters a lady well known in literary circles who has been a resident of Boston for the past six months.

Miss Verina of St. John who has been visiting her sister Mrs. J. W. Wood of Queen street for the past few weeks returned home last week.

The beautiful cup won at Digby last month by the yacht "Surprise," which is owned by Mr. A. J. Lutz of this city on exhibition in Jones' bookstore. It is a very beautiful and valuable trophy.

Mrs. W. E. Price returned last week from a short visit to her former home in Richmond, Quebec.

The many friends of Dr. G. T. Smith who has been laid up for nearly two months from an injury to his knee will be glad to hear that the popular M. D. is improving rapidly, and hopes to be able to resume his practice at an early day.

Lady Smith of Dorchester spent a few days in town last week the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Y. Smith of Blebyfield street.

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Jones returned last week from a holiday trip to Boston.

Miss Dora Wood daughter of Senator Wood of Sackville spent a few days in town last week visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Harris of Steadman street.

Miss Cora Gammon left last week for her home in Fenton N. B. to spend a two weeks' holiday.

The numerous friends that Mrs. Marie Zehn Lyman has made during her frequent visits to our city will be glad to hear that she has returned and intends residing in Monton for some months. Mrs. Lyman has complied with the request of her friends and decided to open a class in vocal culture. The people of Monton are to be congratulated upon the opportunity thus afforded them of benefitting by the instruction of so gifted a lady. The congregation of St. John's presbyterian church has secured the services of Mrs. Lyman as leading soprano and she delighted the congregation with her sweet singing at both services on Sunday.

Senator Wood of Sackville paid a short visit to Monton last week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Fryer, are being warmly

congratulated upon an addition to their family child in the shape of twin daughters.

Mr. James M. Woods of Boston, who has been spending a few weeks in town visiting his sister Mrs. H. A. Peters of Church Street, returned home on Thursday.

The many monton friends of Mr. and Mrs. Blisa Ward, are giving them a cordial welcome on their return to the city. It will be remembered that Mr. Ward transferred to New Glasgow some three months ago, but owing to some recent changes on the line, he has again been transferred to his former position here. Mrs. Ward accompanied by Miss Mabel Ward, returned on Thursday.

Miss Margaret Holstead left town last week for Chicago where she intends spending the winter with friends.

The class in literature which was recently started by Miss Elmer Robinson, of St. John seems to be one of the most flourishing, and popular institutions ever organized in this city.

The membership is already very large, and the deepest interest is shown in the lectures and studies. Miss Robinson is to be congratulated upon her success.

Miss Alice Wetmore, Monton's talented young vocalist, who has been spending the summer at her home, leaves town tomorrow for St. John, en route for Boston where she will continue her studies during the winter. While in St. John Miss Wetmore will sing at the concert to be given in that city this week by the celebrated Welsh baritone Gwilym Miles. Miss Wetmore will doubtless win golden opinions in her native city. Truly—can it be possible that the gifted baritone's name is just "plain William" spelt after the manner which is in vogue in his native land?

Mr. Samuel Winter returned on Thursday from a three month's trip to British Columbia, having spent a most enjoyable summer.

The Monton friends of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Dunn will be sorry to hear of their removal from the city just as they were fairly settled in their new home. The recent changes in train despatching circles have made it necessary to transfer Mr. Dunn to Campbell office though it is but three months since he has moved here from Truro. Mr. Dunn left last week for his new position and will be followed in the course of a few weeks by Mrs. Dunn and family.

Mrs. J. W. Heckman, and his daughter, of Halifax, who have been spending the few few weeks in the city the guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Higgins of Queen Street, returned home on Monday afternoon.

The family of the late Captain W. E. Cooke whose sad death in East Africa was noted a short time ago, continue to receive letters and messages of sympathy from all quarters. The local officers passed a resolution of condolence last week, which was presented to Mr. and Mrs. Cooke by Captain Wats, expressing their deep sympathy with the bereaved family, and their appreciation of the young soldier who was at one time their comrade in arms. No particulars of the sad event have yet been received although several letters written to them before his death, have been received from Captain Cooke, by his parents.

Mr. Owen Cameron, of the L. C. B. freight department left town on Monday for his former home in Halifax having been called thither by the death of his mother.

Mrs. W. H. Fillmore returned on Monday from Charlottetown, P. E. Island, where she has been spending some weeks with relatives.

Miss Hattie Tweedie left town on Monday for a short trip to New York.

Miss Davies of Halifax is spending a few weeks in Monton, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Higgins of Queen Street.

The numerous friends that Mr. L. Robertson, accountant of the Bank of Nova Scotia, has made during his residence in this city, heard with mixed feelings last week, of his promotion to the Montreal branch of the bank. They were of course glad to hear of his promotion but their pleasure was largely tempered with regret at his departure. Mr. Robertson has been in Monton only about a year and a half but during that time he has won many friends both in business and society circles, who will wish him every success in his new sphere of action. A number of friends assembled at the station on Monday evening to wish him bon voyage.

Miss Holland, of P. E. Island is spending a few days in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Thomson of Blebyfield street.

Miss Lottie Corbett of Newton Hospital, who has been spending a month's vacation with her parents in this city left last evening for New York where she intends taking a post graduate course in one of the leading hospitals of that city.

Last Sunday was observed as Harvest Sunday in St. George's church, the altar, chancel and font being beautifully and elaborately decorated for the occasion with flowers and fruit. Both services were fully choral, the music being on quite an elaborate scale. Owing to the illness of the organist, Mr. Brooks Peters, Miss Harriett Hanington presided at the organ, having kindly consented at very short notice to help the rector and choir out of a very unpleasant dilemma. Many expressions of pleasure and admiration were heard from music-lovers in the congregation at the manner in which Miss Hanington performed her difficult task, the long and elaborate services going without a flaw. When one considers the amount of work involved in a special choral service even to the regular organist of a church, the courage and skill displayed by this young lady in undertaking so heavy a task at such short notice, is really wonderful. Miss Hanington is to be warmly congratulated upon her ability.

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They give a most handsome effect and are durable, fire-proof and economical. These popular lines may be quickly and easily applied—we make the Cornices any size, pattern, or shape desired.

Read the full and interesting information in our Catalogue before building. METALLIC ROOFING CO., Limited 1189 King St. W. Toronto.

COOL BEVERAGES. Boston & Hueston Claret, Nathl. Johnston Three Grades, Chamption Pommeroy & Mumm's Champagnes, quarts and pils. For sale low.

THOS. L. BOURVE Prince Edward Island OYSTERS. RECEIVED THIS DAY 25 bbs . . . P. E. Island Oysters. Large and fat.

At 19 and 23 King Square, J. D. TURNER Colgate's Goods

I have just opened a full line of COLGATE'S Celebrated - Perfumes, Toilet Water, Violet Powder, Toilet Soaps, Shaving Soap and Shampoo. SEE MY DISPLAY.

W. G. RUDMAN ALLAN, Chemist and Druggist. 35 King Street. Telephone 239 Mail and Telephone orders promptly filled.

Plated—but no sham—Plated silverware, when good, is no sham—but it must be good—or the baser metal will soon peep through the plate.

W. ROGERS The above trademark on knives, forks and spoons, assures the purchaser that his plate will last.

The sole owners of the above trade mark are SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO. Wallingford, Conn., U. S. A. and Montreal, Canada.

The pedigree of Monsoon Tea is unexceptional. It's a pure strain of the celestial plant once grown exclusively for the luxurious tastes of India's royal epicures—but now cultivated by its British growers for the delectation of tea-lovers everywhere. Monsoon tea is picked in the old-fashioned way, fresh, while the leaf is richest with ripe sap—and cured to preserve its incomparable relish and strength.



THINGS OF VALUE. If there is one time more than another when a woman should be entirely alone, it is when she goes to church with a new bonnet and discovers when the combs come that the bargain ticket has not been taken off.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is prepared from drugs known to the profession as thoroughly reliable for the cure of cholera, dysentery, diarrhoea, griping pains and summer complaints. It has been used successfully by medical practitioners for a number of years with gratifying results. It suffers with any summer complaint it is just the medicine that will cure you. Try a bottle. It sells for 25 cents.

Memory is like a dictionary: good reference but sorry reading. The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Expeller is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial.

A modern battle-ship seems to be essentially a device for making history by machinery. Corns cause intolerable pain. Holloway's Corn Cure removes the trouble. Try it, and see what an amount of pain is saved.

Some varieties of play are merely work done under no compulsion. Try It—It would be a gross injustice to confound taro oil with the ordinary unguents, lotions and salves. They are oftentimes inflammatory and astringent. This Oil is, on the contrary, emollient, cooling and soothing when applied externally to relieve pain, and powerfully remedial when swallowed.

After a man's friends really know him they very often cease to recognise him. THEY ARE CAREFULLY PREPARED.—Pills which dissipate themselves in the stomach cannot be expected to have much effect upon the intestines, and to overcome constiveness the medicine administered must influence the action of these canals. Parrelle's Vegetable Pills are so made, under the supervision of experts, that the substance in them intended to operate on the intestines are retained in action until they pass through the stomach to the bowels.

After a girl has been cut of town to take singing lessons, it is no longer said that she sings a song, but "renders" it. A SMALL PILL BUT POWERFUL.—They that judge of the powers of a pill by its size, would consider Parrelle's Vegetable Pills to be lacking. It is a little wonder among pills. What it lacks in size it makes up in potency. The remedies which it contains are put up in these small doses, because they are so powerful that only small doses are required. The full strength of the extracts is secured in this form and do their work thoroughly.

When you buy a big lot of experience you generally find that it is not of the same quality as the sample you selected it by.

For Printing is indispensable in advertising, and we do but one kind, the good kind, which in itself is good advertising. Let us do your office stationery and we guarantee to give you good stock, good count, good workmanship, and attend to all orders with promptness—could we do more. We send work to all parts of the province. Write what you want, we will send samples.

CAFÉ ROYAL BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor. CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.

There is no business, trade or profession that cannot be advertised in some form successfully and profitably.

For New Buildings Or Improving Old Ones USE OUR METALLIC CORNICES, SHEET METAL FRONTS, ETC.

They give a most handsome effect and are durable, fire-proof and economical. These popular lines may be quickly and easily applied—we make the Cornices any size, pattern, or shape desired.

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THE DUFFERIN.

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

Victoria Hotel,

81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B. Electric Passenger Elevator. and all Modern Improvements. D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor.

QUEEN HOTEL,

FREDERICTON, N.B. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livestock Stable. Coaches at trains and boats. OYSTERS FISH and GAME always on hand. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

CAFÉ ROYAL

BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor. CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.

Printing

is indispensable in advertising, and we do but one kind, the good kind, which in itself is good advertising. Let us do your office stationery and we guarantee to give you good stock, good count, good workmanship, and attend to all orders with promptness—could we do more. We send work to all parts of the province. Write what you want, we will send samples.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership subsisting between us, the undersigned, as

E. LAWTON & CO. has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. All debts owing to said partnership are to be paid to Edmund Lawton at St. John's, and all claims against the said partnership are to be presented to the said Edmund Lawton, by whom the same will be settled.

Dated at St. John this 10th day of September, 1898. EDMUND LAWTON, A. M. PHILLIPS.

CARD. E LAWTON

Wishes to inform his friends and the general public that he will be found at the old stand 114 PRINCE WILIAM STREET, Horn Building, and by keeping the very choicest stock of Wines and Liquors to merit a fair share of the business. Choice Havana cigars a specialty.

Prize Beef. FIRST PRIZE Deers and Helfers.

THOMAS DEAN, City Market.



Perfectly Cured

Weak and Low Spirited - Nervous Prostration - Appetite Poor and Could Not Rest.

"I take great pleasure in recommending Hood's Sarsaparilla to others. It has been the means of restoring my wife to good health. She was stricken down with an attack of nervous prostration. She suffered with headaches and her nerves were under severe strain. She became very low spirited and so weak she could only do a little work without resting. Her appetite was poor, and being so weak she could not get the proper rest at night. She decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and we had heard it highly praised, and I am glad to state that Hood's Sarsaparilla has perfectly cured all her ailments." G. BELLAMY, 821 Hannah St., West, Hamilton, Ontario.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Best - In fact the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1, six for \$5. Get Hood's.

Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild, effective. All druggists. 25c.

DISEASES CURED BY MIRTH.

Physician Tells of Cases When Laughter Has Dispelled Sickness.

Some French scientists men have been discussing and endeavoring to dispose of the question of mirth as an agent for the cure of disease or of states of mind which favour the progress of certain diseases. At the convention of the French scientific press, as reproduced in the Journal d'Hygiene, it appears that some very novel views were advanced on the subject of mirth as a therapeutic, and the case was recalled of Lord Lanesborough, a victim of gout, who, on the approach of an attack began dancing, not as if from the spasms of pain, but with the lightness of joy, executing, so to speak, a passee that might be applauded in the academy. Lord Lanesborough, according to the statement of the Frenchmen who spoke in praise of his action, was so steadfast a believer in the merit of mirth as a cure for ill that at the death of the Prince of Denmark, the husband of Queen Anne, he requested a special audience of her majesty in order that he might explain to her the advantage of "ordering the fiddlers to tune up," that her grief at the loss of her consort might be by this method assuaged and that she might soo her gracious forgetfulness at a time of sore personal trial by dancing so the French also describe it, the reel of Virginia.

Dr. Denis Prudent-Roy, author Parisian, commended mirth as a cure for bronchial catarrh. He arrived that laughter was a beneficial alveolar stimulus, giving useful shocks to the chest and it was a wise, cheap and satisfactory substitute for creosote and other drugs. Unfortunately there are in every community some persons unable to avail themselves of the advantages of medication for illness, but as Dr. Denis Prudent-Roy pointed out, there are no persons in any community so poor in means, if not in temper and fortitude, that they cannot laugh, if by laughing they can promote a cure of their ailments.

Another learned man told of an historical incident in which laughter had figured as a cure. When the duke of Angouleme was in service in the army of Henry IV, he was stricken with illness in the camp and his life was despaired of. The surgeon of the army corps, to whom appeal was made, recommended (the medicine chest was probably empty) laughter. He secured the co-operation of the duke's bailiff, his secretary and the captain of the royal guards. These came to the bedside of the duke dressed in white and wearing, each of them, red hats with cock's feathers. All three were men of demure aspect; all three were between 60 and 70 years of age. Each one endeavored, in the duke's presence, to knock off the hat of one of the others, and the duke of Angouleme was so convulsed with laughter at the antics of his visitors that the fever which had beset him for more than three weeks diminished. He recovered his health; he was restored, and he resumed command of a portion of the king's army.

In cases of intermittent fever, too, according to some of the French experts, unrestrainable mirth produced by the perusal of an almanac or joke book in a language which the patient understands will restore where medicine has failed to. An instance is had of a patient who was cured by attending a performance of "Le Maitre de Figaro," presented with much animation. In fact, the instances of recovery caused by the magical influence of mirth poured in. The non-doctors in the congress were eager to add to their number, whereas the medical men seemed loath to admit that laughter—either unbridled mirth or the guarded laugh, as it is now sometimes called—could be accepted as a primary hygienic agent rather than as a secondary convalescence.

"Laugh and grow fat," has long been a

homely adage, the merit of which has not been disputed seriously even by scientific minds or by the uninitiated in the mystery of hygiene. But "laugh and grow well" is a less serious, probably, much more than the assurance of any French lights of science, however accomplished professionally, and however desirous of promoting hilarity and good cheer, to establish the principle that any serious bodily ailment might be cured radically by a simple prescription of laughter. For such a simple matter as toothache the policy of "laughing it off" has frequently been tried without success; it is believed in by everyone but the man with the toothache. But there is novelty on the side of the Paris scientists—novelty, and originality too. Good cheer is a medicine. Might it replace and abolish it?—New York Sun.

ONE WOMAN WHO FAILED.

Some Disappointed Hopes and a Strange Happening.

After the death last summer of a young actress at a seashore resort in Maine a report was circulated that she had committed suicide. The report was denied, and then the general public forgot all about her, for she was known only through her appearances in an unimportant part in one of the previous season's successes.

While the general public knew nothing more of her than this, to a small circle she was known as a musician of unusual powers and an artist of no mean ability. She could play the piano well enough to achieve everything but greatness. Her attainments in painting were measured in the same way. In both of these arts she might have reached a place beyond the powers of the average student; but the quality that would have raised her to the real heights and made her labors worth the while was denied to her. It was when she realized finally that an exceptional career in music was denied to her that she turned to the stage. That had always been one of her ambitions. She hoped that her talents as an actress might win for her the career that seemed impossible in music. That she had real aptitude for the stage her work in one small character showed. But that she possessed the genius which would have satisfied her longings was never demonstrated. She needed genius, for, with her talents, she did not have beauty. So it seemed probable that she would meet on the stage the same failure to attain the highest success which had followed her efforts in music as well as in painting. The first indication of this came promptly. At the close of her first season she found herself without an engagement for the next.

She had done her little part well, but it was not difficult to do. She was not beautiful, moreover, and looked ten years older than she really was. So she left the city for a few weeks in the country, with the knowledge that she would have to return and face the difficulties of beginning her career again.

One hope remained to her, and she cherished that in the face of the difficulties which had made her life a disappointment. She was in love. It was known to a few of her friends that she was devoted to a young man with whom she was frequently seen. That they were engaged to be married had never even been reported. There was nothing in their demeanor when together to indicate that they were more than friends. Certainly his manner toward her indicated nothing more than friendly regard. But some of her intimates knew that her feelings for him were of a deeply affectionate nature. She had even told one or two of them that nothing would be left for her in life if he should marry.

He came to the seashore town, where, with two friends, she had gone for a few weeks of the summer. After he had been there for a while her manner became melancholy. The two friends with her ob-



Every Housekeeper

wants pure hard soap that lasts well—lathers freely—is high in quality and low in price.

Surprise is the name of that kind of Soap.

5 Cents a Cake.

THE ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO. ST. CROIX, N. D.

served that she seemed sadder than she had ever been over the loss of her theatrical engagement and spoke with greater dependency than ever of her prospects. Once she spoke of suicide, but not in a way that led her friends to suspect that she had any real idea of such a step.

At last, though, a suspicion of her intentions did occur to them one day. She had been absent since the early morning. The man referred to had gone out to sail and she had started for a walk in the woods. When night came and she was still absent their suspicions were strong. At ten o'clock they confided their fears to others, and six searching parties set out to scout the country. They returned without having found her. Shortly after they came home word reached them that her body had been found, and it was brought to the hotel by the man to whom she had been so devoted in life.

The curious chance which led him to where she lay dead in the forest would have seemed strained and far-fetched in fiction. He had been sailing most of the day and at night endeavored to get back into the bay. But time and tide were against him and the boat drifted several miles from the entrance to the bay. He realized that he would have either to stay on the water all night or make his way into another bay some short distance down the coast. He was able to get into that bay and succeeded in sailing up the little arm of the ocean to its end. Upon landing he found himself several miles away from his hotel. It was dark and he soon lost his way in the woods. As he was about to turn back to the water he spied a figure on the ground. When he approached he recognized his friend. A shawl was wrapped about her head and over her mouth and nose was a handkerchief that smelled still of chloroform. She was dead. The only way he could carry the body back to the hotel was by the boat. So lifting it in his arms he started for the beach.

The tide had come in and the walk over the sand to the boat carried him through water that was nearly up to his shoulders. But there was another aspect to the change that favored his journey. The tide had changed and he made the voyage home readily, entering the bay without difficulty. It was nearly daybreak when he reached the pier, just after the searching party from the woods had returned. None of them had gone as far as she had wandered, and so it was left by a curious chance of fate to the man she loved to find her in death.

AS TO STRIKING MATCHES. Streaks That Show Where Lights Were Produced to be Found Everywhere.

"I may be wrong," said the little woman in the cross seat of the car, but I fully believe that a man would strike a match on the tombstone of his mother, and her eyes snapped and her cheeks flushed at the idea of such a sacrilege.

Go where one will, into the most out-of-the-way place or corner to ignite a match, telltale streaks will be found as positive proof that a match striker has been there before. Raise the drapery about a mantel and peer underneath and there again will

come in view the cabalistic brown tracks, the 'blazed' way, as it were, of the match-striking guild.

On every side of lampposts, fire plugs and bulk window frames are to be found the trail of the successor of the tinder box and steel. Letter boxes, street corners, every pillar in the elevated structures, door jambs, bottoms of chairs and edges of bureaus, washstands and dressing cases possess the hiero—or pyro—glyphics.

Even church edifices are not averse when the hurry call is issued for a light. Even altar rails have been visited by the same touch. In fact, there is no place too sacred or too much out of the way not to have, at one time or the other, received the necessary friction required to secure a light. When Cleopatra's Needle was placed in Central Park the apex bore traces, among the most obliterated hieroglyphics, of the passing of the match. It is said that the same modern signs can be found upon the topknop of the Sphinx and upon the top of the Pyramids.

Armed with a match and a slight bias being a necessity, the holder will make for the nearest spot to obtain the necessary friction. Upon the variety stage, even, the production of flame from the sulphur-tipped silver of wood is utilized by queery 'made up' mummies to win the laugh of the man who has paid to see. A made-up bald head is an attractive spot, and furnishes the desired place for coaxing the flame and bringing a laugh from the theatre patrons. It always succeeds, and would have been a star performance coeval with Joe Miller's joke book had matches been in existence at that time.

Pleasant for the Patient. Here is the story of an interview between two old college chums who met by chance in a street tramcar. Their experience suggests anew the importance of discretion while talking in public places. The bigger one was accompanied by a pale delicate man who bore a scared expression, while the other ex-collegian, one of those fellows with a stentorian voice, was alone. The two friends shook hands effusively, and then began an exchange of reminiscences, in which such fragments as 'Don't you remember G— of King's?' and 'What's become of Jack So-and-so?' were distinguishable. Then the one with the voice became more personal in his remarks. 'Do you remember, old man, how you always intended to be a doctor? Ha! ha! you don't look much as though you took your own medicine, I can tell you. 'Faithful unto death,' no doubt, is your motto. Ha! ha! I'll bet you thoroughly enjoy cutting off legs and arms. I say, haven't you killed off more than you've saved?' The pale, scared man was sinking rapidly into a faint. The big man braced him up, and turning to the one with the fog-horn voice, said: 'For heaven's sake be quiet! I'm a surgeon at the — Hospital, and this is a patient I'm taking there for an operation.' The owner of the fog-horn voice nearly got killed getting off before the tramcar arrived at the corner.

MARRIED. MACLEAN—MACLEAN—At St. Andrew's Manso, Chatham, on the 12th inst. by Rev. D. Henderson, D. A. MacLean to A. G. MacLean of Hardwick.

WANTED. The Provident Saving Assurance Society of New York wish to engage representatives in the following New Brunswick Towns, Moncton, Sackville, Campbellton, Chatham, New Castle, Dalhousie, Shediac, Woodstock, and Saint Andrews.

To the right men, liberal contracts will be given, address C. T. GILLESPIE, Manager for New Brunswick, P. O. BOX 128 - St. John, N. B.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Mr. Percy Blanchard of Baddeck who has been visiting his parents here, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Blanchard left for his home on Tuesday.

On Monday Mrs. Clarence H. Dimock entertained a number of her lady friends at afternoon tea to meet Mrs. Owen and Mrs. Rutherford.

Mrs. Des Barres of Halifax spent a few days of this week with Mrs. Chas. Henscy.

The Misses Smith and Graham of St. Stephen who have been with Mrs. Eville, Parrsboro are now the guests of Mrs. John M. Smith "Island Home."

Dr. and Mrs. Held are to be congratulated on the addition of a young daughter in their household. Captain Starratt of the Bark Landakrona and Miss Campbell were quietly married at the residence of the bride's parents on Monday. They left immediately after the ceremony for New York where they join the ship which is leading for Rio.

Mr. Harry King of Halifax was in town on Monday to be present at the marriage of Miss Wiggins.

CAMBRIDGE, QUEBENS CO.

Oct. 13.—A very pleasant gathering took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Robinson, Jr., at the Narrows, on Saturday evening last in celebration of the 15th anniversary of their marriage. The rooms which had been beautifully decorated with flowers, autumn leaves and evergreen for the occasion, presented a very pleasing appearance.

A bountiful repast was served at eight o'clock, after which a very enjoyable evening was spent in games and other like amusements, until about midnight when the party broke up with the singing of God Save the Queen, and Auld Aage Syne, wishing the bride and groom many happy and prosperous years together. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson were in receipt of many handsome and valuable presents.

Among the guests who were present were:—Mr. and Mrs. G. Gordon Boyce, Mrs. Johnson and Mr. E. J. Miles, St. John; Mrs. M. N. Powers, the mother of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. George Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. John Belyea, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. White, Dr. and Mrs. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. James S. Robinson, and Miss Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. John Ellsworth, Mrs. Anderson, Mr. Arch McLean and Miss McLean, Mrs. Rebecca Robinson.

S. GEORGE.

Oct. 13.—It may indeed be said that the friends and relatives of the late Mr. and Mrs. Alex Parks are passing through deep waters of affliction one week from the day of Mrs. Parks burial the death of Mr. Parks occurred of Typhoid pneumonia. The deepest sympathy is expressed on all sides for the five little children now orphans and the bereaved families. The funeral took place on Friday afternoon the beautiful burial service of the church of England was read at the grave by the rector of St. Mark's church Rev. R. E. Smith. The pall bearers were Mr. H. Chafey, Mr. F. Meating, Mr. T. Meating, Mr. B. Macgowan, Mr. John McCormick and Mr. Murray.

Mr. Edward Milliken has been appointed American Consul for St. George.

Mrs. McLean is visiting her sister Mrs. Wm. Kennedy.

Miss Winifred Dick returned on Tuesday from a visit in Dartmouth.

What the Ballet Sang. O, joy of creation To be I O, rap are to fly And be free! Be the battle lost or won, Enough its smoke shall hide the sun, I shall find my love—the one Born for me! I shall know him where he stands, All alone, With the power in his hands Not overthrow: I shall know him by his face, By his godlike front and grace, I shall hold him for a space All my own! It is he—O, my love! So bold! It is I—all thy love Foretold! It is I, O, love, what bliss! Dost thou answer to my kiss? Ah, sweetheart, what is this? Lish there So cold!

Closing Out.

Every pair of Spectacles and Eye Glasses must go at once.

Here are the Prices as low as the Goods Last!

- Solid Gold Frames, Warranted - \$10
Gold Filled Frames, Warranted - 2.15
Years - .90
Gold Filled Frames, Warranted 5 Years - .65
Best Lenses, Per Pair, Warranted - .85
Aluminum Frames, Gold Filled Nose-Piece - .20
Alloy Frames, Note - .20
Steel or Nickel Frames, - .05

We have taken the sole Agency for the celebrated Mexican Medicine Co.'s Remedies and are closing our optical goods to make room for the same. Come at once. Don't delay. Respectfully yours,

Boston Optical Co., 25 King St. St. John, N. B. Next to Manchester, Robertson & Allison's.

Hair Hints

Is your hair dry, harsh, and brittle? Is it fading or turning gray? Is it falling out? Does dandruff trouble you? For any or all of these conditions there is an infallible remedy in Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor.

"For years, I was troubled with dandruff, large flakes scaling and falling off, causing great annoyance. Sometimes the itching of the scalp was almost unendurable. Prescriptions from eminent physicians, put up in my own drug store were tried, but failed to afford relief. At length I used Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor, and in one week I found it helped me. At the end of only two weeks, my head was entirely free from dandruff, and as clean as a child's. I heartily recommend Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor to all who are suffering from diseases of the scalp."—EDWIN NORDSTROM, Drugs, etc., Sacred Heart, Minn.

Use Ayer's Hair Vigor

WANTED.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1898.

NOTED CUBAN BRIGAND.

MANUEL GARCIA, HIS CRIMES AND HIS POPULAR FAME.

His Specialty the Abduction of Rich Men and Murder—Said to have Left a Buried Treasure—Outlook for Brigandage in Cuba not Good now.

Among the institutions of Spanish rule in Cuba which are expected to go along with the bullfight and the lottery is brigandage. A Cuban once declared that brigandage was not really an institution, but rather an old and deeply rooted custom. Some of the American Army officers have expressed fear that the American troops who are to garrison the island will have plenty to do in keeping down bandits in the rural regions. They argue that the disbanding of the insurgents on one hand and of the local guerrillas, who were part of the Spanish Army, on the other hand, will turn loose a considerable number of lawless men, who will return to what was once a profession. The Cuban leaders do not share this fear. The suggestion was once made to Gen. Gomez that after peace came trouble might arise from this lawless element, but the grim old warrior replied that dead men never gave trouble. What he meant was that he would suppress any attempt at brigandage at the very beginning.

In the constant struggle of Spain to maintain her supremacy, and in the continual oppression to which the people of the island were subjected, there were bandits who were not exactly heroes of the rural population, but whose existence was tolerated. It was one of the schemes of the Spanish authorities at the beginning of the insurrection to make out that the ranks of the insurgents were chiefly recruited from the lawless and the criminal classes. As a matter of fact, the bulk of the criminal classes joined the Spanish guerrillas. Nevertheless, the insurgent's had their share of the lawless element. Gomez's iron discipline soon reformed recruits of this class or drove them from the ranks of the insurgents to the Spanish guerrillas.

Several petty chiefs, who were in reality bandits, were executed by his order. One of the incidents last winter was the killing of two former brigands by their own followers. They were known as Cayito Alvarez and Major Nunez, and were brothers-in-law. They entered the ranks of the insurrection, became tractable and received a small command from Gomez. An arrangement was made by them to accept autonomy, as they called it. This simply meant they had taken a bribe offered them by the Spanish authorities. With some forty insurgents they were encamped near a hamlet in Santa Clara province. When they got ready to ride into the Spanish lines they made known their purpose to their followers and were immediately shot. Both were daring and desperate men. They must have known the risk they were taking yet they evidently relied on the fear in which they were held by their own followers.

The most picturesque of the Cuban bandits of recent years was Manuel Garcia. He was ambushed and killed by the civil guard a little more than three years ago. It was just at the beginning of the revolution, and his death caused a great sensation in the island. Books were written about his exploits, a romantic glamour was thrown over his crimes, and the discussion of his fate filled more space than did the beginning of the insurrection which was to end the power of Spain. The Havana theatres of the dime-museum variety gave exhibitions with Garcia as the central figure. So attractive and popular were these exhibitions that they were not displaced until the death of Maceo. Then the Spanish element in Havana had the incidents of Maceo's life produced for its benefit, and Garcia, the bandit, disappeared from the stage.

Garcia's history was eventful. It was said that his first crime was committed in avenging an insult offered to his mother, and that, as a boy, becoming a fugitive from justice, he went a step further and became a brigand. For many years he was able to escape the civil guard because the country people to whom he was known did not betray him. He was a sort of Robin Hood, levying tribute only on the rich. Fear, however, had as much to do with his security as his failure to rob the poor, for he did not hesitate to murder country people who were suspected of attempting to betray him. Garcia gather-

ed about him a small band of men as reckless and daring as himself. He had an unusual facility for disguising himself, and the popular story represented him as meeting the civil guard sometimes as a peddler and sometimes as a simple countryman. He had some fierce encounters with the officers of the law and was several times wounded. At one period, when pursuit grew very warm, he crossed over to Florida and remained in seclusion for a year or more. He carried a large sum of money with him. It was said that he had reformed, but the authorities put no trust in these statements.

In time Garcia was back at his old haunts and was bolder than ever. Several daring robberies were committed by him. His favorite practice was to abduct some rich sugar planter or merchant and him for ransom. These abductions were committed with skill and boldness. The relatives of the prisoner who knew Garcia's character never failed to provide the ransom. A breach of faith or an attempt to evade the conditions meant murder. One of the most celebrated abductions committed by Garcia was that of Fernando de Castro, then, as now, a wealthy citizen of Havana. It was done right under the eyes of the authorities. Garcia took delight in defying them and in showing his prowess. He was a man of fair education, and one of his humors was to visit Havana. He made many boasts of his exploits while in Havana.

In time most of the members of his band were hunted down and killed, but he continued as reckless and daring as ever. When he was finally shot by the civil guard in passing along a country road, it was said that only two or three faithful followers remained to him. The number of murders which could be traced to him was said to be not less than a dozen. The civil guard looked upon his death as the greatest triumph it had achieved in years. Garcia was said to have left a buried treasure somewhere, but this was mere legend.

It Saved His Life.

The following story speaks vividly of the uncertainties of government in Central America, where one revolution is no sooner over than another is likely to begin. A man, with two comrades, had been captured by the latest revolutionists in—while they were hastening to rejoin their friends of the Government party. His companions in misery thought it mattered little, so long as they had die, in what fashion they were buried. So they scooped out a few feet of earth with the tools their captors gave them, stood up in these hollows, and were shot back into them dead. The third man declared he was not going to let

his body lie so near the surface, and he accordingly dug carefully to the depth of six feet, smoothing the sides of the grave and sharpening the corners. While thus engaged at the bottom of the hole he heard yells and shots above him, and of the work, it was to see his own troops running down the mountain side and his enemies disappearing before them. He is still alive, and frequently rides past the hole in the roadside on his way to the capital.

ON THE CATTLE RANGES.

The Bonanza Kings Have Disappeared—The Business of the Present.

On the boundless cattle ranges in the western part of North Dakota and eastern Montana the specular beef round-ups are and have been in progress since early summer, and will continue until late in the fall. All is done with the regularity of clockwork. System and order are pre-eminant. Regular circuits are drawn. A foreman superintends the whole. Central places are designated, and here the cowboys drive the herds, where all marketable cattle are separated and driven to the nearest railway station and shipped, while the defective and unmarketed are turned back to the hills.

How many cattle are in a large range herd? Between 1,500 and 2,000. How many cattle on the Western ranges? About 75,000 head. Within these figures are history and romance. Here is life in its primeval state. The drawing-room man is not conspicuous by his absence. Here the uncouth cowboy revels in his element, and the crack of the rifle makes sweet music to his ear. But the glamour is rapidly passing. The bellow and roar of trampling herds will soon cease. Now all is concentrated life and activity. No longer the sun rises and sets on a hundred scattered herds browsing contentedly upon the plains. The desert splendor changes anew and the Virgilian cowboys ride on in the panoramic round-ups. Bronzed faces glow and voices rise in cadence from morn, to morn, from noon to night. The vales are dark and the hills are light. Around the appointed mess wagons the exhausted sons of the saddle eat the supper, smoke the pipe, tell the story and drop off to sleep.

The bonanza cattle business is dying. De Mores, who was recently murdered in Africa, tried it to his finite pleasure and infinite sorrow. His ranch is the fixed star in the bonanza geography. There is neither glory nor profit nor the natural inducements

to make it a success any longer. Eoergetic ranchers have been emigrating and settling for the last ten years in the fertile creek valleys and watering places, pre-empting the richest places, fencing on the best spring ranging grounds for hay, and otherwise restricting and debarring extensive operations. But the harvest has been golden and bounteous. For twenty years the bonanza kings have been unmolested; they have had their princely coffers filled to overflowing, but their knell has been sounded and their dream is vanishing.

Four kings wield the sceptre now, but before another year passes there may possibly be only one left, Pierre Wibaux, a Frenchman, who has about 20,000 head of cattle. The other combinations are known as the 'Three Stevens,' the 'Ox' and the 'Seven-Bar-Seven.' Their combined property is valued at \$2,000,000. The last three are closing out their herds, preparing to quitting the range. The influx of the small rancher and sheep farmer has given them their commercial death sentence.

When no heavy life loss occurs an average profit of about \$20 a head on steers is realized. When railroads are extended in this region it will be a paradise for individual efforts. Montana and North Dakota are noted for their boreal mildness, and the natural shelter afforded by the configuration of the Bad Lands makes the wintering of cattle inexpensive and safe. What will be the result of the departure of these immense herds? Business depression, higher, tax and progress temporarily checked. But the future will profit by it. A hundred small ranches owning a hundred head each, and cultivating a certain defined territorial sphere, will change a desolate Sahara to a blooming garden.

NO CALL.

It Was not a Telephone Call but the Alarm Clock.

At a meeting of doctors recently, a well-known Brooklyn physician, so prosperous that he can afford to tell a joke against himself, related the story of his first call by telephone.

'The telephone was a new invention when I started to work up a practice,' said the speaker, 'and in the back parlor of my father's house, where I established my office, a phone was the first bit of furniture I put in. It got to be a standing joke with the family at the breakfast-table to ask how many telephone calls I had had in the night.'

Late one night in January I was awakened by a furious ringing. As the ball kept right on, I made up my mind that it had been ringing for a long time, and that the telephone girl had become impatient.

Visions of a call to a house where there had been a murder, or a tenement-house fire with great loss of life, flitted across my brain, and without adorning myself with clothing enough to keep me from getting chilled I hustled downstairs, grabbed the telephone-bell, rang a reply and asked what was wanted. To my surprise it was some time before I received a reply, and when it came it was to the effect there had been no call.

Meanwhile the air was becoming colder every minute, and I was growing more impatient. The girl at the other end of the phone and I had an animated conversation. It was before telephone managers had laid orders against strong language, and I said a few things about incompetent girls employed by the telephone company. The wire was cut off with alacrity at the other end, and I went back to bed half-frozen.

At breakfast I told the family of my experience with the telephone girl, and laid stress on her incompetency and stupidity. Instead of giving me the sympathy I had expected, the old folks looked at each other and laughed.

I told them that I did not see anything to laugh at, and that they wouldn't either, if they had got up at 2 o'clock in the morning and not half dressed. Ann, the cook, who was also the waitress, just then entered the dining-room and heard the last words.

'An' what toime was it, docther, when you got up?' she asked.

'Two o'clock,' I said.

'Sure, docther,' she said, 'that was the toime my allarum clock went off onixpicted.'

Ants as Servants.

It is generally known that any small dead mammal or bird, when left near an ant-hill, will ultimately be found picked clean of flesh. The ants are clever and do their work quickly. It has been lately demonstrated that they can be made useful in the direction of skeletonizing specimens. Professor Bernard, so says Popular Science News, has been employing ants as his servants. While in Florida, he had a fox-squirrel thus skeletonized in a single day. The only agents employed were ants. His method of procedure is to kill his specimens, bind it with wire in the position in which he wishes the skeleton to remain, and then place it near a group of ant-hills. The voracious ants do the rest. The operation requires careful watching, lest the entomological dissectors should not be content with simply devouring the flesh, but should attack the cartilage that holds the bones together. At precisely the right moment the professor removes the specimen from the neighborhood of the ant-hills, and applies a preservative and hardening chemical to the cartilage.

The Dominion Official Analyst's Statement with Regard to the Value of Abbey's Effervescent Salt.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt has received the highest endorsements from the Medical Journals and from the Physicians of Canada since its introduction here. It has sustained its European reputation.

It is a highly palatable and efficacious tonic. As a refreshing and invigorating beverage it is unequalled. Its use has prevented and cured innumerable cases of Sick Headache, Indigestion, Bilioousness, Constipation, Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, Loss of Appetite, Flatulency, Gout, Rheumatism, Fever, and all Febrile states of the system. In Spleen Affections and as a regulator of the Liver and Kidneys, its value is unquestioned. Its use purifies the blood in a natural manner, leading to good health and a clear, bright complexion.

A Teaspoonful of Abbey's Effervescent Salt, taken every morning before Breakfast, will keep you in good health.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AT 60 CENTS A LARGE BOTTLE. TRIAL SIZE, 25 CENTS.

LABORATORY OF INLAND REVENUE,
Office of Official Analyst,
Montreal, July 28, 1898.

I, JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, do hereby certify that I have duly analyzed and tested several samples of "Abbey's Effervescent Salt," some being furnished by the manufacturers in Montreal and others purchased from retail druggists in this city. I find these to be of very uniform character and composition, and sold in packages well adapted to the preservation of the Salt. This compound contains saline bases which form "Fruit Salts" when water is added—and is then a very delightful aperient beverage, highly palatable and effective.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt contains no ingredient of an injurious or unwholesome character, and may be taken freely as a beverage.

(Signed,) JOHN BAKER EDWARDS,
Ph.D., D.C.L., F.C.S.,
Emeritus Professor Chemistry, University Bishop's College, and Dominion Official Analyst, Montreal.

Jaw-awn and His Folks.

Miss Lucy Mills waited with three early arrivals in the sitting room. The rest of the people would not gather for half an hour. Her wide bosom, venerable for the region in which it stood, aged by vines, and mossy rooted, was in perfect order; and sheaves of May lilies exhaled fragrance around an object placed in the centre of her parlor. Neighbors no longer trod about on tiptoes, for everything was ready, and the minister might arrive at any moment.

Miss Lucy sat a dignified spinster, whose sympathies ramified through the entire human race. She was so homely that strangers turned to look at her as at a beauty. Mr. Sammy Blade was in his thirties, but she considered him a youth, having helped his mother to nurse him through measles and whooping cough. Mr. Sammy had a protruding pointed beard and rolled his silly bald head on his shoulders when he talked. He had studied medicine but, failing of practice, was turning his attention to the peddling of fruit trees in season. Coming home and hearing the news, he hastened to appear at Miss Lucy's house.

Mr. and Mrs. Plankson had returned to the neighborhood to visit, from a region which they called Indiana. The husband was a frisky grey little man, and his wife was a limp woman in stiff black silk, with thick lips and shifty eyes.

All three of Miss Lucy's callers coughed and made the unconscious grimaces of plain people who have not learned the art of expression. They sat with their hands piled on their stomachs. Local contemporary history interested them more keenly than anything which could happen in the world abroad. Yet, while they longed to get at facts which only Miss Lucy knew, they approached these facts roundabout, bringing newsy bits of their own.

"Have you heard that Emeline Smith's oldest girl has experienced religion?" inquired Mr. Sammy solemnly, breaking the silence of the down sitting after greetings.

"No, I hadn't heard it," responded Miss Lucy, in the soft slow drawl which her candid speech made its vehicle.

"Law me!" exclaimed Mrs. Plankson, "Emeline Smith was always a great hand for revivals. If she had went less to meetings and had saw more to do in her own house, her children would be better brung up."

"Seems like there is some spite work against Emeline Smith amongst the women," observed Mr. Plankson. "I was a beau of Emeline's once, I went to see her the other day, and she laughed and waved the broom and acted so glad Jane can't get over it."

"You orto married her," said Mrs. Plankson, crisply. "You'd be richer than you are. Her mother was the savin' at per-son I ever heard of. She gave a tea-party one time, and the milk floated in lumps on top the cups. She said she didn't see how it could be sour, when she had put sal ratus in it and boiled it twice! Them Smiths got their money from a rich old aunt, that used to cut up squares of tissue paper to make handkerchiefs. I seen her one time myself, when she was a-visitin' the Smiths, come to meeting with a wreath of live geranium leaves around her bonnet, in Winter, and them leaves all bit black with the cold! We've heard she would set before the parlor fire in them city hotels where she boarded, with her dress turned up on her knees, showing her little sticks of legs in narrow pantalettes and white stockings, just to save fire in her room—and young ladies obliged to receive young men, with her a-setting there!"

Mr. Sammy coughed gently, for Mrs. Plankson had overlooked his presence in her wrath against Emeline Smith's relations.

To cover the situation her husband directly inquired: "What's become of them Ellison girls, seven sisters, that all dressed alike and carried umbrellas the same color? They used to walk into church in Indian file. I never in my life seen them go two or three abreast."

"They all live where they used to and look like they always did. For they was born old-like. Carline," said Miss Lucy, "took to herb doctorin'. Along about the time that President Garfield was shot, Carline got very dissatisfied. 'I know just what would fetch that bullet out,' she used to say, 'and the only thing that would fetch it out.'"

"And what was that?" inquired Mr. Sammy, rounding his lips and stretching his short neck forward.

"Spear-mint tea!"

Mrs. Plankson beat her right palm softly on her left forearm and leaned over, shaking. It would not have been decorous to cackle out loud. The American flag and its Cuban little sister, draped together around the wide doorway of the parlor, swayed in the May air. She glanced through the open portal, her oblique eyes slanting up to Miss Lucy's hanging lamp decorated with feathery asparagus.

"Carline told my niece," Mrs. Plankson added to the Ellison subject, "why she never got married."

"Did she have a disappointment," inquired Mr. Sammy, as one of the younger generation, who fully sensed a woman's loss in not obtaining a companion like himself.

"No. 'Do you know,' says she to my niece, 'why I never got married?' 'No,' says my niece, 'I don't.'—'Tew skittish!' says Carline."

"I never seen such a neighborhood as this is for old maids!" exclaimed Mr. Plankson.

Miss Lucy regarded him with a virgin's pitying tolerance. Homely as she was, she thought it would have been impossible for her to have taken up with the like of William Plankson in his best days.

"There h's been too much marryin' and givin' in marriage in this neighborhood," she declared with a soft drawl.

"Seem-em-like you a't no good judge of that," Lucy bantered Mr. Plankson.

"It's Emeline Smith that's the judge," thrust his wife.

"If you don't stop talkin' so much about Emeline Smith I won't bring you along no more."

"I didn't want to come, nohow, but you made me."

Instead of resenting Mrs. Plankson's brutality, Miss Lucy contemplated it silently as a matrimonial product, making allowances also for the woman's well-known disposition.

"I was thinkin' of Jaw-awn and Sue Emma," she said; and the other three concentrated themselves in their ears, for they were now to hear the facts concerning Jaw-awn and his folks. With a rustle like that of a congregation settling to the sermon after preliminaries, they moved their feet and hands and waited on Miss Lucy.

"I was against the match, for Sue Emma had been married, and was though with it. Her man died and left her with a farm and two children; and a widow well fixed is a sight better off than a married woman."

Mrs. Plankson gave involuntary assent and then glanced with oblique apprehension at her husband, whose will was made in her favor.

"But Sue Emma wasn't of Yankee stock like the Ellison girls. She felt pestered to get along by herself."

"Seem-me like a man always is needed on a farm," put in Mr. Plankson.

"Sue Emma thought that-a-way. But I talked real plain to her when she took up with Jaw-awn. I hadn't nothing against Jaw-awn, except he was a man. He was without property, but he was mighty good to Sue Emma and the children. Seem-like he thought as much of the children as he did of her. And when they had been married a couple of years and the new baby come, Jaw-awn would have been tickled to death if it hadn't been for losin' it and Sue Emma. Now that woman might have been livin' to day if she had let men alone. But Jaw-awn was a great hand for world and I thought he would go crazy. Seem-like he could neither lay nor set when he come home from buryin' Sue Emma and the baby; but just wandered around, Lolly Loo, and the little boy holdin' one onto each of his hands."

"Lolly Loo?" challenged Mrs. Plankson.

"What-ior name is that?"

"Laura Louise; but they called her Lolly Loo. Jaw-awn nacherly had to have folks to do for. I believe he would get along real well with the children, if he had been left alone; for he was a good manager."

"But Sue Emma's father and mother moved right onto the place after the funeral, and the first thing they done was to turn Jaw-awn out. I suppose he had rights in law, but he didn't make no stand for rights; what he seemed to want was folks. He'd been an orphan-like, without father or mother, and knocked around the world and I thought he would go crazy. Seem-like he could neither lay nor set when he come home from buryin' Sue Emma and the baby; but just wandered around, Lolly Loo, and the little boy holdin' one onto each of his hands."

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Delicate yet Firm

and rich, fadeless, exquisite in design—soft
Priestley's plain and figured Black Grenadines
are ideal.

In Silk and Wool, all Silk and Silk Mohair
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original in the special designs of open work
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matter \$220,000; for local news, \$290,000; illustrations, \$180,000; correspondence, \$125,000; telegraph, \$65,000; cable, \$27,000; mechanical department, \$410,000; paper, \$617,000; business office, ink, rant, light, etc., \$210,000; and 337,550 miles of paper are used during a year.

ATTAINED SOLDIER.

General Kitchener Knows all There is to Know of War.

When Sir Herbert Kitchener—who has just been raised to the peerage as a reward for his splendid Sudan campaign—paid his last visit to England he was asked when his army would enter Khartoum. He promptly named two dates a week apart, and explained that the battle would be fought on one day or the other. The margin of a single week was required by uncertainty in regard to the depth of water in the Upper Nile, which varies from year to year. When the battle was fought it was on one of the dates named by him.

The incident illustrates the painstaking care and precision of this British general in his Sudan campaign. He had studied the campaign in advance as closely as a problem in geometry. He knew how many miles of desert marching could be covered by his army day by day, and where the enemy would make a stand. He had mastered all the details of supplies of food for the soldiers, and the service of gunboats and transports on the river.

He could forecast everything except the depth of the water, and consequently named two dates in place of one.

A tall handsome soldier with a fine forehead, flashing eyes, a cheery smile and a commanding air, Sir Herbert Kitchener is one of the hardest workers in the British army. No detail escapes his notice. His staff officers sometimes laughingly complain because he leaves so little for them to do. He thinks of everything, requires precise information from every officer, and is businesslike and methodical.

Trained as an engineer he is familiar with all the details of the artillery service, and can make roads build bridges and conduct exhaustive surveys. In earlier campaigns in the Nile countries he has been second in command of a cavalry regiment, and has been in charge of the arrangements for provisioning an army and moving the military stores. As chief of the intelligence staff he learned the Nile language and all the traits of native character. As the organizer of the Egyptian force, he knew exactly what it could do in a campaign.

In one word, he was master of the art of war with the tribes of the Sudan. He understood every detail of the service as thoroughly as any subordinate under him.

That is the type of general to be placed in command of an American army, if unhappily there should be another war. An army should be a machine with a man in charge who knows every wheel and cog.

TWO AMERICAN GIRLS.

They Present a Great Contrast to the Foreign Sign Music Teacher.

Miss Maude Valerie White, the noted English composer and teacher of music, has recently given the public the benefit of some of her experiences in a magazine article on the "Humors of Musical Life."

Among the anecdotes which she relates of her pupils, two refer to American Women: "I once had an American pupil," says Miss White, "who refused point-blank to do a single thing I told her. She knew everything far better than I did, and talked in the most scientific way about the structure of her hands, which, as far as I could see, differed in no way from those of any one else."

"I humbly suggested that it wasn't necessary to be a professor of anatomy in order

to teach Chopin's nocturnes; but my remark made no impression whatsoever. I have never been so thoroughly snubbed in all my life! I was, however, to have my revenge.

"One day she arrived at my house rather earlier than usual, and began looking over my books. Among those lying on the table was a volume of poems by Mathew Arnold, which he had given me himself, and in which he had written a few very charming words of dedication. As I came into the room, she addressed me in a voice in which I thought I detected a tone of respect hitherto conspicuous by its absence.

"Well, I never!" she said. "So you know Mr. Mathew Arnold! Well, I declare! I guess he thought a good deal of you, or he wouldn't have paid you such a stunning compliment. I presume you know several distinguished people. Well, I didn't think you did, that's all. I presume you're proud of that book?"

"I told her she presumed perfectly correctly, and I am bound to say that during the rest of the lessons she behaved most politely to me. I shone with a borrowed light, but what did that matter?"

Miss White did not, fortunately, have to base her ideas of the behavior of American women solely upon that of this very "presuming" young person.

She met others, and with one, at least, she was thoroughly delighted. This was her next door neighbor, "Madame de Navarro, Mary Anderson that was."

"After a few lessons," so her teacher goes on to relate, she sang my song, 'The Throstle,' as well as I ever wish to hear it. There is one phrase in the song which I shall always connect with her, firstly because she sang it really beautifully, and secondly because once when I suggested that she wasn't singing it lightly enough for the English Throstle, she said 'I was quite right; it certainly was a good deal more like the American eagle!'"

That was both neatly and amiably said. Nevertheless, although she may have sung too loud, there can never have been in Madame de Navarro's tones any of the harshness characteristic of the voice of the

national bird—and alas! which is too often heard in the voices of our American women.

If all Americans spoke as melodiously as she, 'Punch' would lose one of its standing themes of jest; 'Punch,' which has always gallantly admitted the beauty of our American girls, but has never ceased to marvel that they should misuse their pretty noses to talk through.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Coughs of an Eagle.

The cough, or puff, of a railway engine is due to the abrupt emission of waste steam up the chimney. When moving slowly the cough can of course be heard following each other quite distinctly, but when speed is put on the puff; come one after the other much more rapidly, and when eighteen coughs a second are produced they cannot be separately distinguished by the ear. A locomotive running at the rate of nearly seventy miles an hour gives out twenty puffs of steam every second that is, ten of each of its two cylinders.

KIDNEY POISONS.

Save the Life Spring and Make Friend the Health Fountain—South American Kidney Cure and Cleanse and Frisies.

If the Kidneys fail to do their work other organs become involved; poisons generate—circulate through, and vitiate; the whole system. Disease and disaster are as sure as sunrise if neglected. South American Kidney Cure acts like magic. It's a liquid and attacks the ailing parts, quickly stops the spreading of disease, drives out the foreign substances, and brings this important organ back to a healthy normal state. It's a kidney specific.

The Battle of Minden.

The custom of wearing roses in their headgear by the Lancashire Regiment on the anniversary of the Battle of Minden originated in a curious manner. On the day of the battle, August 1st, 1759, the men passed through a field of roses, each man plucking a rose and placing it in his bonnet, wearing the flower during the fight. This commenced the custom which obtains at the present day of wearing roses on the anniversary of the battle.

Food Ferment.

And Indigestion follows as sure as night follows the day. Nature has supplied in the pineapple a wonderful supply of vegetable peepsin. Dr. Von Steen's Pineapple Tablets contain all the elements in a pure, harmless vegetable compound that heal all forms of stomach disorders in quick time. Make you sell and keep you well. Pleasant and positive. 35 cents.

First Stranger (on railway train): "So you are selling Professor Blank's new book are you? Strange coincidence. I am Professor Blank."

Second Stranger: "That so? Then you wrote the very book I am agent for?"

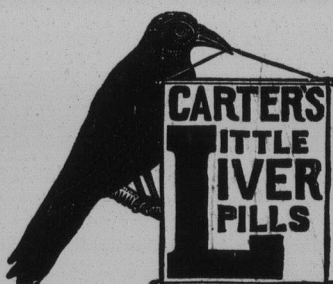
"Yes, the hardest work I ever did was writing that book."

"Well, well! That's another strange coincidence. The hardest work I ever did was trying to sell it."

Aakine: "What do you think of Puffington?"

Grimshaw: "O, he is the kind of a man who thinks that when he steps on one end of the country the other end flops up in the air."

Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine taken in time may save from serious colds. It is very efficacious for bronchial troubles.



SICK HEADACHE
Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's, Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

CANCER And Tumors cured or stay home; no knife, please or pain. For Canadian testimonials & 32-page book—free, write Dept. 11, MASON MEDICINE Co., 377 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Sunday Reading

Gather us in, then Love that fill all; Gather our rival faiths within Thy fold;...

Gather us in! We worship only Thee; I a varied names we stretch a common hand;...

Each sees one color of Thy rainbow-light. Each looks upon one tint and calls it heaven;...

This is the mystic life great Indian craves, This is the Parsee's sin-destroying balm;...

This is the Roman's strength without his pride, This is the Greek's glad world without its graves;...

This is Judaea's law with love beside, The truth that censures and the grace that saves;...

Some seek a Father in the heavens above, Some ask a human image to adore;...

They Wait Upon The Lord.

'Carrie, please read to me!' These words greeted Carrie Monroe, as she came quietly out of the nursery on a bright Sabbath afternoon. For two hours she had been trying to amuse her baby brother, and at last had succeeded in lulling him to sleep. Baby's nurse had gone to spend the day with a sick sister, and Mrs. Monroe was suffering with a severe nervous headache, and Carrie had taken the baby to the nursery to relieve her mother and give her an opportunity to sleep.

Baby and mother were sleeping quietly, and Carrie was turning her steps toward the library, where she hoped to spend an hour or two with her favorite books, when she was accosted by her seven year old brother Harold with the above request.

It must be confessed that the prospect was not pleasing, but with as good grace as she could muster, she replied: 'Very well, Harold, bring your book to the library, and I will read to you.'

And for another hour self was put in the background, and the little brother was entertained with short stories of boys who became great men.

After tea Carrie went into the library again, with the hope of reading something of her own selection, when suddenly she was roused by the ringing of the church-bell for the evening service.

'I really am too tired to go to the meeting this evening,' thought Carrie, with a longing glance at the book she held in her hand.

Just at that moment she remembered that it was the first Sabbath of the month—consecration evening.

'I promise . . . to be present at . . . every Christian Endeavor prayer meeting, unless hindered by some reason which I can conscientiously give to my Lord and Master!' seemed to float through her mind, and her better self said:

'No, I have no reason for not going. I was only tempted to frame an excuse.'

So hastily putting down her book, she went to the flower garden and cut a few bunches of her favorite roses—Queen, Sappho and Bride. Some of them she put in a small vase and carried them to her mother's room, and set them where they would greet her waking glance; the rest she carried with her to the evening service.

After the Christian Endeavor service Carrie went with others to the upper room to the preaching service. A holy calm seemed to pervade the sanctuary on that beautiful evening, and as the minister read the beautiful words of the Scripture lesson, Cassie wished that she could bring each individual within the town limits to a full consciousness of what they might enjoy if they chose so to do.

The text for the evening was, 'They that wait upon the Lord shall renew his strength,' and the sermon was a rich spiritual feast.

At the beginning of the sermon Carrie produced pencil and paper, and wrote the text and a number of the choice thoughts. She did not attempt to make a verbatim report of the sermon, but enough to give the thought.

The young friend who sat in the pew with Carrie kept watching her, and after the service said:

'Carrie what were you writing?' 'You see, Mary,' replied Carrie, 'there are always some people who are unable to attend divine services, and I heard father say that the breakfast table this morning

The germs of consumption are everywhere. There is no way but to fight them.

If there is a history of weak lungs in the family, this fight must be constant and vigorous.

You must strike the disease, or it will strike you.

At the very first sign of failing health take Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites.

It gives the body power to resist the germs of consumption.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

that he had been called during the night to see a lady who was stopping at the hotel who was taken sick suddenly, although not seriously. She is a stranger, and rather elderly, and seemed depressed and lonely. I am going to stop at the hotel on my way home and send these few gems from the sermon to the invalid.'

Then hastily writing the name of the lady on the paper, she added: 'With the best wishes of an Endeavorer.'

Stopping at the hotel, Mary noticed that not only the note, but the bunch of roses, which she had gracefully arranged, were given to the porter, with the request that they be given to the strange lady who is ill.'

As they went away, Mary said: 'Carrie, do you know anything about this person; you seem to be so much interested in her?'

'I know she is a stranger and ill. I would feel very grateful for any kindness shown my mother were she in the same situation.'

'I think, Carrie, I have learned something this evening. We can easily give pleasure to some one by doing as you did this evening, and it would be of great value to us in stamping the facts upon our own minds.'

'How would you like to be one of a committee for that kind of work? I believe it would be appreciated by some at least.'

'I am sure I am perfectly willing to undertake the work.'

'Very well it is agreed that we take points from the sermon next Sabbath; and now good-night Mary.'

'Good-night, Carrie!' The next morning Dr. Monroe looked up as his daughter entered the library and said:

'Good morning, my dear. Come here; I want to tell you that I am glad that I have a daughter with an unselfish disposition. Last evening, after service I went to see the patient at the hotel and found her very much depressed; in a few minutes the porter came to the door with a bunch of roses and a slip of paper. I at once recognized the roses you carried to church this evening, but, of course, said nothing. The lady read the note once and yet again, and then with considerable emotion said:

'I am glad to be reminded that although I may be in a strange place, yet wherever we may be, we meet members of our one great family. How I would like to thank the donor of these beautiful roses, but she will have her reward, at least, in knowing that she has done a kindness to one who was sick, although she knew her not. It will be accounted as done in His name.'

'Well, father,' replied Carrie, 'our pastor seemed so intensely in earnest I thought it would be a pity not to have it passed along.'

'I hope you will continue to be as thoughtful of other people in the future as you have been in this instance; it is by helping others that we receive help ourselves.'

'They that wait upon the Lord shall re-

new their strength' reverently quoted Carrie.—Presbyterian.

HER GIFT.

It was a Sublime Reunion and had a Magnificent Reward.

The minister's eyes swept with intense searching the pathetic faces of his stylish, worldly congregation. He had made an impassioned appeal for help in the support of a little Mission church up among the mountains—a section where rough men and women knew scarcely anything of God and the religion of Christ. He had hoped to inspire the people with the spirit of giving, to make them feel that it was a sweet, blessed privilege, and he had failed. A sense of deep desolation crept over him.

'God help me,' his lips murmured mutely. He could not see the bent figure of little crippled Maggie in the rear of the church—a figure that was trembling under the fire of his appeal.

'Lord Jesus,' the little one was saying brokenly, 'I ain't got nothin' ter give. I want the people in the mountains to hear about my Savior, O Lord, I ain't got nothin' ter—'

What was that made the child catch her breath as though a cold hand had taken hold of her heart? 'Yes, you have, Maggie,' whispered a voice from somewhere, 'you've got your crutch, your beautiful crutch that was given ter you, and it is worth a lot of shinin' dollars. You can give up your best friend, what helps you to get into the park where the birds sing, and takes you to preaching' and makes your life happy.'

'No, no, Lord,' sobbed the child, choking and shivering. 'Yes, yes, I will. He gave more'n that for me.'

Blindly she extended the polished crutch, and placed it in the hands of the deacon, who was taking up the scanty collection. For a moment the man was puzzled, then comprehended her meaning, he carried her crutch to the front of the church, and laid it on the table in front of the old pulpit. The minister stepped down from the platform, and held up the crutch with trembling hands. The sublimity of the renunciation unweaved him so that he could not speak for a moment.

'Do you see it, my people,' he faltered at last, 'little crippled Maggie's crutch—all that she had to make life comfortable? She has given it to the Lord, and you—'

There was a moment of silence. The people flushed and moved restlessly in their cushioned pews.

'Does anyone want to contribute to the Mission cause the amount of money this crutch would bring, and give it back to the child who is so helpless without it?' the minister asked gravely.

'Fifty dollars,' came in husky tones from the banker.

'Twenty-five.'

'One hundred.'

And so the subscribing went on, until papers equivalent to six hundred dollars were lightly piled over the crutch on the table.

'Ah! you have found your hearts. Thank God! Let us receive the benediction,' almost whispered the minister as he suddenly extended his hands, which were trembling with emotion. Little Maggie, absorbed in the magnitude of her offering and of the love that had prompted it, comprehended nothing that had taken place. She had no thought for the future of how she would reach her humble home, or of the days in which she would sit helpless in her chair as she had once done. Christ had demanded her all, and she had given it with the blind faith of an Abraham. She understood no better when a woman's arm drew her into close embrace, and soft lips whispered in her ear, 'Maggie, dear, your crutch has made six hundred dollars for the Mission Church among the mountains, and has come back to stay with you again. Take it, little one.'

Like a flash of light there came a consciousness that in some mysterious way her gift had been accepted of God and returned to her, and with a cry of joy she caught the beloved crutch to her lonely heart, then smiling through her tears at the kind faces and reverential eyes, she hobbled out of the sanctuary.—Exchange.

THOSE TERRIBLE NERVOUS HEADACHES.

Rob Thousands of the Pleasures of Life.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets Cure Nervous Headache, and Make Life Worth Living—They Remove the Cause of the Trouble, Quickly and Completely.

What's the use of suffering from those terrible Nervous Headaches when you need not do so? Who would be poor, if he could get rich for fifty cents? Who would endure the agony of Nervous Headache, when he can get certain relief for fifty cents? Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets cost only fifty cents a box, and will cure absolutely, thoroughly, positively, permanently, the worst Nervous Headache that ever tortured poor humanity. This is no idle, baseless, boast.

It is truth—plain, simple, homely, honest truth.

If you suffer from Nervous Headache, buy a box of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, and you will realize the happiness of relief. How do Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets cure Nervous Headache? Simply by removing the cause of the trouble.

In nine hundred and ninety nine cases out of every thousand, Nervous Headache is caused by bad digestion.

Make the digestion perfect, and the nervous headache will vanish just as surely as a scaffold falls when its supports are removed.

Now Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets make digestion perfect. They themselves digest the food.

That's how they cure Nervous Headache. Try a box, and be convinced. To try them is to be cured; to be cured is, surely, to be convinced.

NIAGARA HUSBAND.

The Voice of the Mighty Cataract was Stilled Once.

To awake from sleep to the consciousness of a great or unexplained noise is often appalling, but it may be no less fearful to awake to the consciousness of a sudden stillness where the ear has always been used to sound. One who from birth had been accustomed to the thunder of Niagara, has lately told in a daily paper the story of the morning, now fifty years ago, when the roar of the cataract ceased, and a great stillness settled over the district. He says:

I was born twenty-five years before, with the roar of Niagara in my ears, and had lived ever since within a mile of the cataract. I awoke that morning oppressed by a strange feeling, which I found was caused by the astounding fact that the roar of Niagara was gone. My first thought was that I had become deaf in the night, but the sound of the ticking of a clock in the next room assured me that my hearing was not affected. The tumult of Niagara was stilled, and the unwonted silence was appalling.

I hastily dressed and ran from the house. Scores of people were hastening toward the falls to learn the cause of the alarming quietness. The sight was a strange one. Where the river had been was now a naked bed of jagged black and slimy rock, and the precipice over which it had hurled its waters was bare from shore to shore. Niagara was dry, or so nearly so that the sound of the water that fell over the rock was as the trickle of a brook. People from the Canada side walked along the edge of the precipice, and made their way nearly to Goat Island on the American side without wetting their feet. A number of ancient gun barrels were found among the rocks of the river bed above the rapids. People swarmed to see the strange sight.

This extraordinary condition of affairs continued all day. When the people went to bed late that night Niagara was still silent, but when they awoke the next morning the thunder of the falls was shaking the earth as usual, and the cataract had returned to its old habit.

The power which had silenced Niagara was soon discovered. It was in March that the noise of the cataract ceased. The winter had been one of the coldest on record. Thick ice formed in Lake Erie. The break up came suddenly. Toward the end of March a stiff nor'westerly wind came up and broke the ice fields, separating them from the shore and driving the ice floes up the lake, piling them in great banks as they moved.

Toward night, on March 30th, the wind changed suddenly to the opposite quarter and became a fierce gale. The surface of the lake was packed with miniature icebergs and the storm hurled them back with such force that a great dam was formed at the head of Niagara River. This dam held back the water, and before long the river above the falls was drained, and by the morning of the 31st Niagara was silenced. For twenty-four hours its voice of thunder was hushed, but by the morning of April 1st the ice-pack was under the pressure of water, and the cataract reasserted itself.

The Brave Jester.

Lord Malmesbury used to relate a good story told him by one of Napoleon's officers—an incident of the peninsular campaign. The French officer was reconnoitering with three or four troopers when they came suddenly upon a young English officer similarly occupied, mounted on a superb thoroughbred horse. Summoned by the French colonel to surrender, he quietly entered away with a mocking smile on his face. The Frenchman who rode a heavy horse, pursued at full gallop. The Englishman allowed him to get quite close. Then raising his hand, and leaving him behind, he shouted, pointing to his horse, 'A Norman horse, sir.' Again the Frenchman pursued, threatening to shoot his enemy if he did not surrender. He went so far as to point a pistol at him, but the weapon missed fire. With a roar of laughter, the young Englishman shouted again, 'Made at Versailles, sir,' and giving the thoroughbred his head, was soon out of

sight. It was most amusing to hear the colonel tell this story and describe his rage, adding, however, that he had always felt glad that he had not shot 'the brave joker.'

A Pretty School Dress.

New Creations From Discarded Materials.

In every young girl there is a natural and inherent desire to look pretty and attractive, and nothing gives greater delight to the ordinary school miss than an occasional new dress.

Before the advent of Diamond Dyes the large majority of our school girls had to content themselves with two dresses a year, one each for summer and winter. Now with the magical virtues of Diamond Dyes, mothers in even very moderate circumstances are enabled to send their girls to school as neatly and stylishly dressed as the daughters of well-to-do families.

A little feminine tact and skill that all women possess, with the aid of a ten cent package of Diamond Dyes, will do wonders for our school girls.

Every mother has put aside one or more dresses too old and faded for herself or daughters. It is a mistake to imagine that these dresses are worthless. With a little simple work in coloring and remaking you can have really artistic effects and results.

Take one of the old dresses and try your skill. First remove all grease spots and stains, then prepare your bath of Diamond Dye—the color most becoming to the miss who is to wear it—and dye according to the simple directions on the envelope, and you have a creation in new material, which, when made up, your daughter can wear with pride and satisfaction.

A new and pretty dress at cost of from ten to twenty cents is always your reward when you make use of the Diamond Dyes.

Things Were Different.

A workman with a dinner-pail in his hand came out of a little shop, and was met by a fellow-workman.

'Why, Jim,' exclaimed the newcomer, 'you're working overtime now, ain't you?'

'No,' was the reply, 'I'm not.'

'Ain't you putting in over eight hours a day?'

'Yes.'

'I thought eight hours was the union schedule? remarked the outsider.'

'Yes, but you see I have bought the shop, and I want to work more than I did.'

TOBACCO HEART.



HAVE you been smoking a good deal lately and feel an occasional twinge of pain round your heart? Are you short of breath, nerves unbinged, sensation of pins and needles going through your arm and fingers? Better take a box or two of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and get cured before things become too serious. Here's what Mr. John James, of Caledonia, Ont.,

has to say about them: 'I have had serious heart trouble for four years, caused by excessive use of tobacco. At times my heart would beat very rapidly and then seemed to stop beating only to commence again with unnatural rapidity. This unhealthy action of my heart caused shortness of breath, weakness and debility. I tried many medicines and spent a great deal of money but could not get any help.

Last November, however, I read of a man, afflicted like myself, being cured by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I went to Roper's drug store and bought a box. When I had finished taking it I was so much better I bought another box and this completed the cure. My heart has not bothered me since, and I strongly recommend all sufferers from heart and nerve trouble, caused by excessive use of tobacco, to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a fair and faithful trial.'

Price 50c. a box or 8 boxes for \$1.25, all druggists. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont. LAXA-LIVER PILLS cure Constipation, Biliousness and Dyspepsia. Price 25c.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited.

Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.

The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of

PURE, HIGH GRADE

Cocoas and Chocolates



on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufactures. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

Notches on The Stick

By the favor of a friend we have a handsomely printed volume, richly bound, entitled "Dreams After Sunset," embracing the latter and briefer poems, of that young and versatile genius,—little known till after his death,—Francis S. Saltus. These lyrics and sonnets disclose a luxurious, somewhat arabesque fancifulness, with an occasional penchant for the ghastly and gloomy, reminiscent of Poe, though not imitative of that singer's manner. Considerable imaginative power and rhythmical skill are evinced also, and the titles show a wide range of knowledge and experience very unusual in so young a man. He was an admirable Crichton in the versatility of his genius, and during his brief life he is said to have written "in many languages over five thousand poems." We cite as a convenient example the last poem in this volume, and the latest that was written by him.

Too Late.

Joy stood upon my threshold, mild and fair,
With lilies in her hair;
I bade her enter as she turned to go,
And she said, "No."
Fortune once halted at my ruined porch,
And lit it with her torch;
I asked her fondly, "Have you come to stay?"
She answered, "Nay."
Fame, robed in spotless white, before me came;
I longed her kiss to claim;
I told her how her presence I revered.
She disappeared.
Love came to me at last—how pure, how sweet!
With roses at her feet!
I begged her all her bounty to bestow,—
She answered, "No."
Since then, Joy, Fortune, Love and Fame
Have come my soul to claim;
I see them smiling on me everywhere,
But do not care.

This of his manner in the sonnet is a fair example:

Austerlitz.

Unto the goal the impatient legions come!
Ulm haloes with success an army's night;
Far 'mid the mists and gloom of Austrian night,
Hear the advancing steed, the ominous drum!
Europe covers shuddering, and strong kings are dumb!
A Caesar leads a nation to the fight,
And o'er the allied camps the flaming light
Of his great star strikes the rude masses numb!
Five hundred thundering cannon boom and glow,
A sun of victory on the keen steel slants,
There on the gore-strewn plains of pine and snow
Eases clutches Gaul in labyrinth of lance,
While o'er the hurrying bill of war and woe
Floats the Imperial blood-stained flag of France.

'Grand Pre: A sketch of the Acadian Occupation of the Shores of the Basin of Minas, The Home of Longfellow's 'Evangeline'; A Guide for Tourists; By the Only Descendant of the Exiled People Now living in the Land of His Forefathers, John Frederic Herbin, B. A., author of 'The Marshlands,' Wolville, N. S.; is the title in full of a neat brochure of 127 pages, in paper covers, with portrait and illustrations; from the publishing house of William Briggs, Toronto, 1898.

The aim and purpose of the work, as indicated in the title and introduction, are well fulfilled in the subsequent chapters, written succinctly in direct, lucid prose. The tourist may profitably add this carefully prepared, handbook to his equipment, for the topographical, historical and literary details relative to the district of Minas are laid down in a convenient and agreeable manner. Mr. Herbin is favorably known as a writer in verse, and one of his most characteristic sonnets, from 'The Marshlands,' prefaces this volume:

The Returned Acadian.

Along my father's dykes I roam again,
Among the willows by the river-side,
These miles of green I know from hill to tide,
And every creek and river's muddy stain,
Neglected long and shunned our dead have lain,
Here where a people's dearest hope had died,
Alone of all their children scattered wide,
I scan the sad memorials that remain.
The dykes wave with the grass, but not for me;
The oxen stir not while this stranger calls.
From these new homes upon the green hill-side,
Where speech is strange and a new people free,
No voice cries out in welcome; for these halls
Give food and shelter where I may not bide.

The work is comprised in twelve chapters, of which the first is devoted to the topography and scenery about Minas Basin. The second treats of the discovery of the country and its early settlement by the French, and also of the name, Acadie, and the Micmac Indians. Subsequent chapters treat of the geological formation of the country; the building of dykes; the settlement of Minas; the raid of the church; the cession of Port Royal to the English; the Treaty of Utrecht; the French Neutrals; the attack of Conlon on Noble at Grand Pre, the capitulation, and its subsequent recovery; the founding of Halifax; the deportation of the Acadians, their exile the English settlers at Minas, etc. The last chapter gives an account of the origin of 'Evangeline,' the poem, and gives hints

Liver Ills

Like biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, constipation, sour stomach, indigestion are promptly cured by Hood's Pills. They do their work

Hood's Pills

easily and thoroughly. Best after dinner pills. 25 cents. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pill to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

to visiting tourists as to what is best worth seeing. The author contemplates a new and improved edition.

So! the Chinese queen will lop the necks of her illustrious subjects, freely as if they were thistle-tops; and a' because they happen to differ from herself as to what is best for the public welfare. Verily, it is perilous to love one's country, or to meddle in the politics of China! Chang, Eng, and notables generally, may beware. Yes, we have doubted about some things, but, touching the question of death as the mode of capital punishment, we are abolitionist.

We have, in our time, suffered English history—ay, and French, too. We have endured feverish revolts and indignations; have wished to strangle at least two Jameses, counting it better than that they should reign to set all the Turpins free. We have slept uneasily with Raleigh at the Gate-house, and with him grown, "ayoke and weak," and dishevelled of hair, under the grisly shadow. With him, as with my Lord Russell, and the younger Sydney, we have laid our unworthy head upon the block and felt it roll into dust and ashes. We have with Roland and Antoinette undergone the guillotine, and have speculated morbidly upon the continuance of intelligence and sensibility after decapitation, till of all modes of inflicting death that has seemed one of the least merciful. We have a throb of pity for the first Charles, though he be of the viper brood, and a wielder of the axe; but an indignant shrug toward the Cromwell we believe in. It is only at Robespierre we can set our teeth; and we conquer our prejudice while he is despatched as a fit recompense to the corypheus of abominable butcheries. We cannot endure the bloody instinct of those Latin and Oriental races, who seem to have no appreciation of the value and sacredness of life. Who shall take life? Who can restore it when it has been unjustly taken? Why is Jack Ketch odious to the society that demands his service? Nay, when I think of all the brave and wise, the good and gifted, the beautiful and noble, who have been judicially murdered, the law under which they suffered seems a ghastly mockery; and there is no brutal wretch, who in the inflamed degradation of his spirit has murdered his fellow, at whose judicial death we do not so shrink as to make us fear that in us lies the possibilities of a Nero. We are convinced that something wiser may be than to doom him to axe or halter. We cannot in our calmer mood approve Judge Lynch; but the hot impulsive justice of the mob is not more disagreeable to our blood than the cool and tardy proceeding of the sheriff. We would render all judicial enormities obsolete by declining under any condition to force a human being to death. Do not draw us on your jury, gentlemen. When it comes to the extreme statute, we will say with the kindest heart that ever suffered,—"Neither do I condemn thee."

Our Northumbrian friend, having received a copy of Martin Butlers' poems, writes from Peggwood in terms of appreciation: "I have a special liking for such volumes. Mr. Butler may not be the most 'cultured' poet in the world, or overflowing with that sweetness and light which so delighted the refined mind of the late Mathew Arnold, but he is a genuine one for all that. He speaks from the heart to the heart; and there is a sincerity, an earnestness, a pathos in all that he writes that make his book, despite all its drawbacks, one to be treasured and loved. And, do you know, that to a great extent my political sentiments are the same as his! Long may he

"For Freedom, Union, Peace, send up a cheer." Our brother was rejoicing in his newly found acquaintance, our Squire of Herne-wood, and over the prospect of "De Roberval" to be added to the Canadian neuk of his library. "I am now looking toward every Canadian mail that comes in. . . . I had also a copy of Morang's Midsummer Annual, 'Our Lady of the Sunshine' . . . It contains some charming items, particularly 'The Habitant's Summer,' by Dr. W. H. Drummond, and 'A Northern River,' by W. W. Campbell. And it is beautifully illustrated. But even Homer nods at times. If Mr. Grant Allen saw what is called a portrait

of him, on P. Co., I really believe he—would never smile again! . . . By the way, why are Canadians so angry with Ruydard for having denominated their Dominion 'Our Lady of the Snows'? Canada is a snowy country, isn't it, during nearly half the year? At all events, I had a lady-assistant once who had lived with her brother better than two years on a farm of their own in Manitoba, and another year of so in British Columbia, and she used to speak often about the severity of the winter where she was. The reason she returned home to England was that her brother got married, and two mistresses of the house was one too many. No, no, we English folk are not so foolish as to imagine that it is always winter in Canada; nor, on the other hand, will any amount of writing and preaching ever make us fancy it is always summer. But it is a land we love, for a' an' a' that." So let us not be too sensitive over the well-meant rhymes of Mr. Kipling.

Before we knew John Hay as ambassador, or historian, or Secretary of State, or even as the private Secretary of Lincoln, we knew and enjoyed him as the author of "Little Breeces," and "Jim Bludso," or later, such verses as "The Monks of Basle," and "The Prairie." We are interested now to learn of his daughter, Miss Helen Hay, as following in her father's earlier footsteps, by the publication of a little volume modestly entitled, "Some Verses," which she had previously contributed to the magazines.

Israel Zangwill, the Jewish novelist is now in this country, and is announced to deliver the first lecture of his American tour at the Lyceum Theatre, on Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 11, at half past three o'clock. His subject is to be, "The Drama as a Fine Art." A Briton rarely sees his real audience till he has stood before his American admirers. We might write, and per contra.

The lyric pen of Anna Boynton Averill sheds tears with ink, and not only pleases a refined taste, but touches the commonheart. Witness the following from The Portland Transcript:

At Last.

The wind blows where it listeth,
And borne on its wings we roam
The restless seas of the changing world,
But to-night it bears us home.
We were wrecked in the waste of waters,
We were whirled in the storms like foam,
We were beaten and tossed from the shores of rest,
But to-night we are nearing home.
The wind blows where it listeth,
But at last in the amaran glow,
The dark west glows with the evening star
And the harbor lights of home.

Among the recent publications of Houghton, Mifflin and Co. are a new novel, by Arlo Bates, entitled "The Puritans," in which it is asserted, the author "reaches a higher level than in any he has before written; "A Great Love, by Clara Louise Burnham; "Prisoners of Hope," by Mary Johnson; and the "Cambridge Tennyson," the most compact and useful one volume edition of the poet ever yet issued. It has a biographical sketch with notes, by William J. Rolfe.

That Americans attend to old-world affairs seems evidenced by the fact that upwards of two thousand copies of the two large and expensive volumes of Busch's "Memoir of Bismark," were sold in the United States before the day of issue.

"Rose a Charlotte," by Miss Marshall Saunders, is meeting with a flattering reception from the public. She is now engaged on a religious novel, and has already had applications from several houses for her next book. She is a writer of unusual industry, and of high moral and religious aim.

We observe among the notices of Lawson, Wolfe & Co., some books for the fall trade that promise to be unusually attractive. Among them is "A Sister to Evangeline," by Charles G. D. Roberts. This is the second in the promised trilogy, of which "The Forge in the Forest" was the first.—Other books advertised are: "Yale Studies in English;" "Rama, The Mystic," by Rubie Carpenter; "The Santiago Campaign," by Gen. Wheeler; "Songs of Good Fighting," by E. R. White; "Christmas Carols;" "The Iron Star," a book, by Henry Claws; and "Cartagena or the Lost Brigade," by Charles W. Hall, a story of the British and Spanish war of 1740. The same firm announces, "A Treasury of Canadian Verse," by Theodore Harding Rand; though this, as we understand, is not to appear till March, 1899.

"A New Yule Nocturne," by Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts, is spoken of as "one of the best contributions" to Scribner's for October. PASTOR FELIX.

FREE **WATCH** **One Day's Work**

We give this fine Watch, Chain & Chain for selling two doz. packages of Burdock's Blood Bitters at five cents each. Send address and we forward the package postpaid, and our Premium List. No money required. Call the parties among your friends, return money, and we send the watch, postpaid. This is the genuine American Watch guaranteed a perfect time-keeper. Manufactured by the Home Specialty Co. 50 Victoria St. Toronto.

WEDDING GOWNS FOR BERT.
Curious Shop Supplies the East Side With Nuptial Finery.

This is the alluring sign on the outside of a little shop in New York which attracts the attention of young women of the east side whose blissful anticipations of marriage are somewhat alloyed by their inability to provide themselves with the bridal finery which is the desire of every feminine heart, irrespective of outward rank or condition, says the New York Press. Doubtless there may be just as much sentiment and sacredness in a marriage ceremony wherein the bride wears a dull-colored gown that has seen service under other circumstances as if she wore shimmering folds of satin, but the satin gown will be a coveted object none the less, even when known to be unobtainable. The proprietor of the shop 'in Market street does not pose as a philanthropist, but she supplies a demand not otherwise provided for. Shrewdly guessing that satin only would be far enough beyond the reach of the average east side bride to tempt her to hire a dress for a wedding, she keeps no other kind on hand. The satin, however, is of various grades and prices and the gowns vary in elegance of style. 'You want a wedding dress?' she observes as an embarrassed young woman makes known her business. 'Yes, I have 'em. What kind do you want? You want a new one, never worn before—and nice? That will cost you \$12. Too much? Why, the dress is elegant, full and long, and beautiful lace on it. Yes, I supply a veil with that and these beautiful flowers,' taking a cluster of artificial orange blossoms from the case. 'Of course, if you want something not so elegant, I give you a nice dress for \$10 or maybe \$8.' 'New?' 'Yes, clean and nice.' 'How much for one that's been worn?' 'Oh, \$5 or \$6. Not dirty, either; just a little about the bottom. I got one only worn three times, by nice young society ladies, too.' If the bride-to-be is anxious to make an impression on her acquaintances with the splendour of her bridal finery she has the dress sent home several days before the wedding and displays it as the chef-d'oeuvre of her limited trousseau. There are those who may guess that it is only a temporary possession of the bride, but any suggestion to that effect is indignantly spurned. The owner of the wedding dress never loses sight of it unless she has ample guarantee of the responsibility of the parties hiring it, and when the ceremony is over she is on hand to take care of it, and the bride has no further worry about it. Once in a while the gayety at a wedding where there is a hired gown becomes somewhat boisterous, and in the confusion there may be spots or even rents that mar the pristine freshness of the garment, for every one of which madame demands extra compensation; and if she doesn't get it there is a bridal couple in the police court the next day, but she usually does.

GOWNS FOR KLONDIKE BELLES.
Sell Silks, Flimsy Laces and Lingerie at Fabulous Prices.

A solid little fortune with shimmering silks, filmy laces and dainty lingerie for its basis, the result of thirty days spent in Dawson last summer, is the modest boast of Mrs. Nellie Humphrey, a pretty, black-eyed young woman who has been in Seattle preparing for another trip into the metropolis of the far north.

It was the quick wit, business sagacity, and, last but not least, the pluck of Mrs. Humphrey that enabled the fair sex of Dawson to revel again after months of deprivation in the frills and fancies of dress so dear to the feminine heart. That masculine pocket-books were quick to open in response to such demands was evidenced by the way in which Mrs. Humphrey's stock in trade disappeared. It melted away as did the snows in the arctic sunshine. Mrs. Humphrey says she is really ashamed to tell what her goods brought her—that it would be ridiculous. But it is a fact that her entire capital risked on the one lucky venture did not exceed \$2,000. She sailed from Seattle last Wednesday with a far larger stock of the finest goods of the kind mentioned. Her faith in the gold fields is evidenced by the fact that she says she will stay at Dawson but four months, and intends to bring back to Seattle just \$65,000. Dawson's belles simply went crazy over Mrs. Humphrey's stock, and asked the price of nothing. Here is the way the latter talks about it: The prices I got for some of my goods,

were simply shameful; so exorbitant that I can't bear to tell of them. But what else could you expect when fatigues were selling for \$65 a pair, brooms for \$16 a pair, and moose steak out as thin as a bridal veil for \$2 an invisible pound? I was almost forced to sell the very clothes off my back. One old habit I had almost worn out sold for \$200. Several hats brought as high as \$125 each. Ladies shoes I sold for \$50 a pair.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

ONE WAY TO COLLECT BILLS.
How a Good Looking Young Woman May be Utilized to Advantage.

'Speaking of collecting bills,' said the man from the West, 'we have a most effective method in Chicago. There, instead of young men, they employ young women. I tried it myself, and it worked like magic. A fellow by the name of Green owed me a small bill, a matter, I think, of \$17 or so. It seemed impossible to make him pay it, so I engaged the services of a pretty and stylish girl. I sent her around to his office. He was out. She called again. He was still out, but, nothing daunted, she made the third and the fourth call. The fourth time he was in, but he firmly refused to pay the bill.

'Look here, Mr. Green,' said the girl, 'I will make a proposition to you. If you will pay five cents a day on this bill I will call each day and collect that amount until you have paid it in full.'

'But Green was a hard party. He again refused, and the girl left the office apparently crestfallen. The next day she did call at his house. The door was opened by the servant.

'Is Mr. Green in?' asked the young woman.

'No, ma'am.'

'The girl left, but it seems that the servant duly reported the call of the pretty and stylish young woman who was so anxious to see Mr. Green to his wife. The next day when the young woman again called the wife hung over the banisters, taking a peep at the caller on her own account. The young woman asked if Mr. Green was in.

'No, ma'am,' answered the servant, 'but his wife is.' The wife has told her to say this of course.

'His wife?' stammered the girl. 'Why, has Mr. Green a wife?'

'The wife, hanging over the banisters, heard this. She turned pale and gasped for air, while the girl, seemingly very much confused and distressed at her discovery, went on down the steps into the street. It is impossible to say just what happened at that house that night, whether pokers and curling tongs were hurled, or the furniture torn from its foundations and flung madly about, or the roof raised skyward; but one thing I do know—the next day Green promptly paid the \$17. And the girl didn't call at his office for it either. He came around and handed me the money himself, and he seemed to think he was getting off pretty easy at that.'

SCROFULA.

"My little boy, aged 7 years and 15 months, was a victim of Scrofula on the face, which all the doctors said was incurable. To tell the truth he was so bad that I could not bear to look at him. At last I tried a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, and before it was half used he was gaining, and by the time he had three bottles used he was completely cured. I cannot say too much in recommendation of B.B.B. to all who suffer as he did." JOSEPH P. LABELLE, Maniawake P.O., Que.

There can be no question about it. Burdock Blood Bitters has the equal for the cure of Sores and Ulcers of the most chronic and malignant nature. Through its powerful blood purifying properties, it gets at the source of disease and completely eradicates it from the system.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

Pneumonia

This dreaded disease is often the result of a simple cold, which being neglected, rapidly develops into Pneumonia. It is especially prevalent at this time of the year and should be guarded against by immediately applying BENSON'S Plasters to the chest.

In all Throat, Lung and Chest affections, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, etc. BENSON'S Plasters afford immediate relief and sure cure. Accuse no substitutes; such are worthless and allow serious results to occur. Get the Genuine. All Druggists. Price 25 cents. Leeming, Miles & Co., Montreal, Canadian Agents.

Chat to . . . Boys and Girls.

This week I have a story, for my boys and one that is in the main, true or founded upon fact, and, though it is rather a sad little tale, yet I hope you will like to read it and find in it perhaps a lesson of life and its purposes.

The King's Treasure.

One glorious day, at the close of September, our school-boys started for Barlow's Wood with bags and baskets in quest of nuts.

A merry troop they were indeed, as they stopped half-way at 'Frosty Spring' to eat their luncheon and refresh themselves with the sparkling water that bubbled up icy-cold under shady trees and amid fragrant ferns and mosses.

You may fancy the noise and chatter, as, sitting on the grass, on the fence on the roadside, in the trees, everywhere till the place fairly swarmed with boys they ate their gingerbread and currant buns.

And what a wood that was together nuts in! How the boys made the old forest ring with shout and song! And how pleasant it was, when tired, to rest in little groups together, guessing who had gathered most!

Farther off, lay the thicker woods, looking dim, solemn and mysterious. At the edge of a great clump of tall pines and peering cautiously into the unexplored forest beyond, stood Norman Whitley in a 'brown study.'

'I say boys,' he cried at last, 'don't you suppose it was in such a wood as this that Robin Hood and his merry-men used to meet? I wish we knew some good old legend connected with this spot—nothing ever happens now-a-days.'

'They do say that long ago, in time of war, some English barons buried large sums of money in these very woods, and even hid away much of the king's treasure,' said Walter Best.

'Hurrah boys! that sounds promising,' cried another; 'let us invade the dark old woods, and finish up the day with a hunt for gold.'

'Yes, yes! Let us see who shall be the lucky one to discover the king's treasure,' they shouted.

No sooner said than done. The nuts were safely stowed away in a hollow oak from whose topmost branches waved two or three handkerchiefs; and with a wild halloo our party plunged into the thicket scattering in twos and threes, they, half in fun, half in earnest, began to look for the hidden treasure supposed to be marked by a pile of stones in a rude form of a cross.

So, digging away at every suspicious-looking hillock, poking into hollow trees and climbing to the top of the tallest, for a good outlook, the afternoon passed, till they had gone so far into the wood that the elder boys thought it wiser to push on to the opening which led into a small, back village, than to retrace their steps.

The sun was sinking fast, and they could not now be far from the edge of the forest. Sure enough; a little more plodding on—they were too tired to shout and chase much now, and perhaps a little disappointed if the truth were told, in finding no traces of antiquity in their search till they suddenly found themselves approaching a rude burying-ground.

Norman and Walter, being in advance, stopped in surprise at sound of a voice in prayer, and through an opening saw a little lad kneeling at a new-made grave, his pale, wan face upturned to the sky, his frail little figure trembling with weakness and emotion.

'Oh dear Lord Jesus,' he was saying, 'take me, do take me up to heaven, where I may be with thee, and my dear, dear mother! I want to go, oh, so much, dear Father, but please to make me patient, for Jesus' sake.' His delicate face grew even whiter, he swayed, and fell fainting to the ground before the boys could reach him. Walter ran some distance for water, with which he tenderly bathed the poor little face and hands as the child lay in Norman's arms. Being restored to consciousness, he looked about him, bewildered at the group of boys who now crowded

around, awed into perfect silence at sight of the emaciated child and the newly-erected grave, with its rude wooden cross to mark the resting place of a dear mother. Seeing that the boy was quite too weak to talk much, Norman merely asked if he had any home. He shook his head wearily, and glanced from the grave to the sky, as though his heart and treasure were centered in the two places.

'Will you go with me for the night little fellow?' he then asked.

'Oh yes, if you are so good,' was the grateful reply. 'Auntie will think it all right' said Norman, nodding to Walter; and then began the homeward march. The elder boys took turns at carrying poor little Willie Ford—for such was the orphan's name—carefully choosing the smoothest way, till Miss Whitley's cottage was reached; a few words made that good lady acquainted with all the boys knew and Willie was put comfortably into such a bed as he had never dreamed of.

'Lord Jesus, I thank thee,' he murmured, and sank into a heavy stupor.

The boys quietly dispersed from Miss Whitley's gate, where they had waited patiently to hear how Willie bore his journey and after arranging who should go for the nuts next day, Norman and Walter re-entered the cottage to keep watch by their little foundling all through the night. It was weary work after their tiresome day in the woods, but it was a labor of love, for one of Christ's little ones.

With careful nursing Willie rallied sufficiently to tell his sad story of poverty, sickness, and finally the death of his only friend, the dearly loved mother. Having no home the timid child spent his days beside that mother's grave, and his nights in the shelter of the woods near by but want of food and exposure had almost done their deadly work when the boys found him.

Poor Willie! His short sad life was not lived in vain. Many were the lessons of patience, faith and love, Norman and Walter learned at his bedside, for in spite of loving care, the little child whom everybody had learned to love went home to God, after sowing much good seed amongst the boys of the school, his daily visitors, who crept in and out so quietly, as to be quiet unlike the merry nut pickers. For them Willie had always loving words and grateful thanks, or at least a tender smile. To his friends Norman and Walter, the little fellow was deeply attached and his earnest loving prayers for them, moved the boys to seek more diligently for that which is better than gold or hid treasure.

'Auntie,' said Norman, one day after Willie's funeral, at which the school boys walked as mourners, 'I think we did find one of the King's treasures in Barlow's Wood that day we went nutting—and beside it was a cross too.'

'Yes Norman,' said his Auntie with tears in her eyes, 'I think you did my dear.' And she murmured softly 'They shall be mine saith the Lord, 'in that day when I make up my jewels.' AUNT BELL

SILK PETTICOATS.

They Are an Absolute Necessity to Women and are Elaborate and Costly.

The rustle of silk petticoats is very soothing to feminine ears. Indeed, there is a fascination about their swish, swish and frou-frou that charms even the most case-hardened hater of the petticoated sisterhood. Their very sound imparts an element of completeness to woman's toilet. The time was when the silk petticoat was considered a luxury; now it is an absolute necessity, and a very expensive one, too. A plain skirt decorated with one or perhaps two flounces with corded or pinked edges is a thing of the past, for the modern model is elaborate and perfect as to cut and fit.

Prevailing styles in dress skirts always influence the fashion in petticoats directly, and now that skirts are made to flare out most extravagantly from there down, petticoats are cut on the same plan. The latest fit with absolute smoothness at the top and are devoid of gathers and pleats in the back. This necessitates having the opening on one side or well toward the front. All the gores are shaped, and that in front is marvellously narrow. An extra graduated flounce higher in the back and devoid of fulness, is attached to give the desired flare, and also to add fluffiness about the feet, for the hem of this flounce is generally trimmed on top and underneath with a tiny full ruffle or rose ruching.

Plain glace in all the beautiful new shades has about ousted changeable taffeta for full dress wear. In fact, the latter is considered quite out of date, except in some new and very delicate shades that can only be obtained by blending two tones. Even in these white is usually the foundation. Plaid and striped silks and those in broken checks are made into handsome skirts to be worn with plain tailor-made gowns, but are considered bad form with elaborate cloth or silk dresses.



"PUBLIC OCCURRENCES" THAT ARE MAKING HISTORY

An important department in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, a weekly magazine founded by Benjamin Franklin in 1728.

It will give the story of important current events the world over in a condensed form. It will explain and interpret; it will throw light on many puzzling questions, on the meaning and relations of events that come to the general reader. The newspapers do not usually tell the beginnings of national and international troubles—there are usually "missing links" in their story. These lapses the Post will fill out.

"SPIRITED REMARKS" A strong editorial page. There are not many of them in the country—clever, vigorous, striking editorials from an individual point of view. The best writers have been secured to write regularly for the Post editorial page, which will be made one of its strongest features.

SHORT STORIES AND SKETCHES Nearly one-half of each issue of the Post will be given to fiction. The stories will be selected wholly for their interest, variety and literary value, and not because of the name or fame of the author. Every story will be fully illustrated by the Post's artists.

The Saturday Evening Post as it is To-day

A good magazine is a good newspaper in a dress suit. It should have all the brightness, interest, enterprise and variety of the newspaper, with the dignity, refinement and poise of the magazine. The Saturday Evening Post, the oldest periodical in America, is a high-grade illustrated weekly magazine, equal in tone and character to the best of the monthlies.

IT WILL BE MAILED TO ANY ADDRESS ON TRIAL, FROM NOW TO JANUARY 1, 1899, ON RECEIPT OF ONLY TEN CENTS (THE REGULAR SUBSCRIPTION PRICE IS \$2.50 PER YEAR)

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

These fancy skirts are brilliant in coloring, vivid green and purple, magenta and violet and scarlet and yellow being some of the combinations noted.

In the plain glaze silks many beautiful shades of coral, rich lavender, purple and bright green are taking the lead. An exquisite petticoat of coral silk has a circular-shaped flounce running up in the back. This is covered with three full ruffles of silk, embellished with vertical tucking in groups of seven, and edged with gray and black lace applique.

Smocking in Vandyke points is introduced on many of the deep accordion-pleated ruffles so much in fashion. Hardly a full dress petticoat model is to be found that does not call for lace motifs, put on separately or garland fashion, or for lace insertions which are often set in on the foundation, bayadere style, down to the point of attaching the flounce. A very elaborate design calls for three-pointed pleated flounces which fall a little over one another. Each flounce is edged with a tiny pinked rose ruching, and this also outlines the attached flounce. Gathered flounces are frequently made more fanciful by means of cross tucks.

Glaze petticoats for evening wear are generally trimmed with folds and festoons of chiffon or else with a great deal of lace. White and delicate pinks, blues and yellows are best for full-dress wear, though by all means one must be guided by the color of the gown worn. Elaborateness and extravagance are the chief characteristics of all silk skirts.

WINTER HATS IN FULL FEATHER.

Strange Combinations of Plumage a Feature of the New Millinery.

The animated millinery openings of the past month are pretty good evidence that this particular branch of winter modes did not languish because of the mantle of summer heat which fell on the ardor of early shoppers. Winter hats are literally out in full feather, since feathers of every known, and of many a heretofore unknown variety have come out at the top of the list in hat trimmings. There are the usual extremes and exaggerations of fashion, with many modifications, altogether charming and becoming.

Toques are larger, and nearly all of them turn up in front with a glittering buckle or a bright rosette, with osprey feathers. The crowns are often in bee-feather shape, of soft velvet or silk, embroidered all over with scrolls of narrow ribbon or worked with steel or jet on net and horsehair. Large hats with a brim, both medium and extreme in size, figure largely in variety, with some French bonnets very odd in shape, which will hardly find favor. One is sort of scoop or poke shape, very short in the back, and suited only to the Madonna race. It is fully decorated with feathers, as is the case with all hats this season.

There are many novelties in feathers, all sorts and kinds of made varieties, and what are called trimmed feathers. Ostrich plumes tipped with spots of chenille are one specimen, and spotted effects of all kinds are very much used. The plumage of the guinea fowl is a special feature of trimming, both dyed and in its natural color, being used sometimes as an edging for brightly colored wings. Quills of every kind and color, pheasants' plumage and Mercury wings in all the light and dark shades are employed. Large birds with four wings, real butterflies on busard quills, and osprey breast feathers with butterflies are among the novelties. Feathers are not the whole millinery show, however, varied as they are, for there are lovely velvet plumes in soft, rich purple, red, pretty combinations of lace and fur and tulle and fur, which is decidedly new.

Conflicting suggestions as to the kind of hat to buy and the special variety which will be most popular are as usual very freely given, but it is impossible to settle on any one shape among so many. The hat that turns back from the face (is both becoming and striking in effect, but there are quite as many hats that tilt down over the eyes. The most becoming hat is the one to choose whatever the shape may be. You are told that all-black hats are not; the thing, that bright colors are to be very much worn; but if you put a bright rosette or a showy rhinestone buckle on your black hat it will pass muster all the same. The color used must be bright and decided to be effective, and not one of the neutral tints or soft dull reds which are

used for the entire hat of velvet. Tulle is combined very prettily with velvet, being used in tiny gathered ruches on the edge of the brim and forming some scroll design all over the crown. It matches the velvet in color, or may be in a lighter or darker shade. One stylish hat in black velvet has a twist of white silk fastened with a handsome rhinestone buckle around the crown, which is embroidered with white braid ribbon, and two white ostrich feathers for a finish.

White silk, with narrow black and white ribbon on the edge, is used for bows, and narrow ribbon trims the edges of some of the brims.

A novelty in combination of colors is a heliotrope felt hat trimmed with scarlet velvet geraniums and black feathers. A pretty toque shown in the illustration is made of brown velvet with white braid on the edges or the folds which form the crown. A band of sable encircles the front, black ostrich feathers trim the sides, and purple-red flowers the back.

Colored felt hats, with feathers and trimming to match, are very stylish. Felt hats are considered especially smart this season for wear with tailor-made gowns, and it is said that white felt hats are coming into favor. A shape in felt which is very odd has a low, soft crown and a bowl-shaped brim turning down to meet the hair directly in the back, where velvet rosettes fill in either side. High puffs of velvet and shot taffeta trim the front, with one feather in the middle turning toward the back.

Sharp (of the firm of Sharp and Jenkins): 'Why did you countermand your order for those fountain pens?' Jenkins: 'The agent took down my order with a lead pencil.'



Every package guaranteed. The 5 lb Carton of Table Salt is the neatest package on the market. For sale by all first class grocers.

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

SOMEWHAT MIXED.

A Little Question of Relationship for Mathematicians to Solve.

'Mister, do you write the Answers to Correspondents for this paper?' asked the visitor with the despondent countenance of the Correspondence Editor, as he leaned across the desk and heaved a sigh through the atmosphere.

'Yes, sir; what can I do for you?'

'Can you answer a little question of relationship?'

'Give me the facts, and I'll try.'

'Here you are; When I was a baby, my mother, a widow, married the brother of my father's first wife. He was my uncle, of course, but that made him my father, didn't it?'

'Your stepfather, you mean?'

'Yes. Well, mother got a divorce from my uncle-father, and then she married the oldest son of my father's first wife. He was my half-brother, wasn't he, and also my stepfather, wasn't he?'

'It looks as if it were.'

'That made mother my half-sister, didn't it?'

'I—I—I—'I s'pose it did.'

'That's what I thought. Well, you see, my uncle-father had a daughter before he married mother. She was my half-sister, too, wasn't she?'

'I—I—I—'I s'pose she was.'

'That's the way I put it up. Next thing was my mother got a divorce from my brother-father, and he—my half-brother, you know—married my half-sister. That made her a kind of stepmother of mine, didn't it?'

'I—I—I—'

'Well, never mind answering yet. My half-brother-stepfather died, and now my half-sister-stepmother and I want to get married, but we can't work out if we can without being arrested for some kind of thingamy. We don't want to have our tyre punctured just as we get to scorching on the matrimonial tandem. What I want you to tell me is, what is my relationship to my brother, my uncle, my stepfathers, my half-sisters, my mother, my half-brother, my stepmother, and myself, and if I can marry her without—why, what's the matter?'

The Correspondence Editor had become unconscious.

PUTNAM'S EXPLOIT MATCHED. The Lion was Smoked out and Then Shot by Another Man.

A brave deed, in order to be handed down to posterity, must be fortunate in the place, time and circumstances of its occurrence, and also in its historian. An Idaho paper records in a few words an exploit which seems to reveal an intrepidity quite equal to that shown in the reputed entrance of the wolf's cave at Pomfret by Israel Putnam; but the incident appears so ordinary to the Idaho paper that it does not even put on record the name of the young man who was the hero of the adventure.

However, it records the name of Charles Lockerman, who shot the mountain-lion after the other man had smoked it out of its cage—which seems to be much the less important part of the achievement.

It seems that near Pearl in Boise county Idaho, a mountain-lion, shown to be of great size by its trail, was tracked to a cave by Charles Lockerman, who had two or three men with him.

Then the question rose, How was the cougar to be got out of the cave? 'One of the men with Lockerman,—so the hero is designated—volunteered to enter the cave, light a fire, creep out, and leave the animal to be smoked out, so that Lockerman could shoot him.

Now a mountain-lion of full size is quite as formidable as a wolf, and to enter the cave with him must be as great an achievement as that which is legendary concerning Israel Putnam. But this anonymous person did not hesitate: At the risk of encountering the wild beast, he took some brush and some matches, crept into the cave, and made a fire and crept out again. Soon the smoke filled the cave; soon also the mountain-lion snarling, came bounding out. Lockerman was ready and a ball from his rifle laid the creature low. It was measured, and found to be seven feet in length.

She Had Ample Revenge. No one but a woman could have conceived so cruel a vengeance. Yet she tells of it with positive glee. They all lived in one of those very exclusive little squares—hotbeds of gossip—where the houses are every one built on the same plan, and where each man, woman, and child knows the finest details of the next-door neighbour's existence.

'However she dared do such a thing I cannot imagine,' said the modern Borgia. 'It was when I was ill that she called upon me, and in my weakness I was foolish enough to have my maid get out my new gown to show it to her. Would you believe it? She had the audacity to go directly and have the gown duplicated down to the very buttons, and was wearing it on the street before I had ever been well enough even to try mine on. But I am not the kind of woman to tolerate such

treachery. I saw that she was speedily and hideously punished.

'What did I do?' continued the exasperated speaker. 'Why, I made a present of my gown to Lucinda, my cook, and the first time that I saw 'that woman' go out I hired Lucinda to put on the gown and walk up and down the square in full sight of the entire neighbourhood. Then, when 'that woman' returned home, our mutual friend met her in front of her house and said to her:—

'Why, my dear Mrs. Dalliver, what a charming gown you have on! But let me think now—where have I seen a gown similar to yours? Oh, yes; I remember! Mrs. Hills's cook has just gone around the corner with one exactly like it. How strange! Here she comes now. Up sauntered Lucinda, twirling a red umbrella. Mrs. Dalliver is having to use our restoratives on her hair. They say it turned white in a minute. You see, I have a drop of Italian blood in my veins. I believe in the vendetta!'

Proof for Sick Men.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND MAKES THEM WELL AND STRONG.

The One Reliable Medicine for Young and Old.

Mr. Brown says:—'I give your medicine all the credit for my restoration.'

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO. Gentlemen:—I am truly thankful for the good results I have obtained from the use of your Paine's Celery Compound. For a long time I have been a sufferer from general debility and indigestion and have made use of many medicines, but none have given me the grand results as far as improved health is concerned, as has your wonderful Paine's Celery Compound. It has done wonders for me, and though I am 65 years old, I have been able to do light work for the past six months, and have not lost a day. I give your medicine all the credit for my restoration. JOHN H. BROWN, Turro, N. S.

The Tug-of-War Championship. In the inquiry column of Tit-Bits the question is asked which regiment holds the tug-of-war Championship. The answer is that 'for several years this was held by the Scots Greys, who last year, however, owing to the unavoidable absence of several of the best members of their team, forfeited it to their countrymen of the 2nd Scots Guards. The longest tug-of-war on record lasted 2hr. 41 min. It was a tug between Company H of the Second Derby Regiment (the winners) and Company G of the same, at Jabulpore, India, 10th August 1898. Standing start, no holds till after 'go' was given, any part of the body of either team to be pulled over line marked on ground. On Jubilee Day, at Deseronto, Canada, a tug-of-war between two teams, styled Pictou and Deseronto, seven men a side, lasted 2hr. 10 min. Stimulants had to be administered to every man frequently, and applications of cold water and rubbings were frequent.

The youngest son of the family had enlisted for the war. The hour of his departure had come; He kissed his weeping mother and sisters, had them good-bye cheerily, and was gone. Twenty-four hours afterward he burst into the house, excited and trembling. 'What is the matter, Charley?' screamed his mother. 'Have you deserted?'

'No. I got a leave of absence,' was his hurried reply. 'Something terrible has happened, I know! What is it, my dear boy?'

'Mother,' he replied, with a smothered sob, 'I forgot my camera!'

LONGEVITY IN SHOES. SHOES DRESSED WITH Packard's Special Combination Leather Dressing For BOY-CALF AND ALL BLACK SHOES

live to a ripe old age, at least live their natural lives. Cases of rapid decline and premature death are incident to the use of ordinary shoe-dressings.

PACKARD'S is not ordinary—far from it. PACKARD makes it. SO CENT. PACKARD, of Montreal. ALL SHOE STORES. L. H. PACKARD & CO.

CAN'T EAT.



FOOD is the fuel that feeds the fires of life. Digestion is the process that turns the fuel into energy. Few possess perfect digestion. If your digestion is imperfect, if you cannot eat what you like, without discomfort, if you cannot eat when you ought to eat, the time has come when you should take Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills. Hunger is the best Sauce. Take these Pills and get hungry. You may eat what you want if you take Dr. Ward's Pills.

WHAT THEIR MERITS ARE: My system was entirely rejuvenated by the use of Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills, and I consider them a marvellous strength and nerve builder for dyspepsia, sick and miserable that I seemed to have no life or energy left in me. I suffered so at times that I thought death would be better for me. I had tried Doctors and different kinds of medicines, but all failed to do me any good. I am in every way now a well woman. I have been for months. Before using these Pills I was so sick that I could not keep anything in my stomach. I was under the opinion that dyspepsia could not be cured, but now I am satisfied it can be cured, for I am able to eat like any healthy woman and feel better in every way. They have built me up also.—I now weigh several pounds more than I ever did before. In conclusion, I would advise every woman afflicted with poor digestion to give Dr. Ward's Pills a trial. MRS. L. E. WATSON, Fort Colborne, Ont.

Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are sold at 25 cents per box, boxes for \$2.00 at druggists, or mailed on receipt of price by The Dr. Ward Co., 71 Victoria St., Toronto. Book of information free.

GALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT

Is unequalled as a remedy for Chafed Skin, Piles, Scalds, Cuts, Sore eyes, Chapped Hands, Chillsblain, Earache, Neuralgic and Rheumatic Pains, Throat Colds, Ringworm, and Skin Affections Generally. Large Pots, 1s 1/2 each, at Chemists, etc, with Instructions. Illustrated Pamphlet of Galvert's Carbolic Preparations sent post free on application. F. C. GALVERT & CO. Manchester.

GALLERY GODS.

Not all of them eat Peanuts and Utter Oat-cake. 'Not all of the gallery gods eat peanuts and whistle and stamp and utter catcalls,' said a man who has been saving up his money instead of spending it. 'I have heretofore been accustomed to the orchestra; now I have tried the gallery, and here is my first experience:—

'It was tremendously hot and the business was light and I suppose I did better buying a ticket in advance; but anyhow I had a good seat in the front row. I had to climb a good many stairs, and when I got up there the gallery looked pretty steep, so that as I skirted around the back of it to get to my aisle I hugged the bank, so to speak, and I went carefully down the stairs, but when I got to my place I found an orchestra chair with a folding seat—they were all like that—with a wire hat holder on the under side, and the hat holder in order, and that indeed seemed to be a characteristic of the place. It was by no means elaborate in adornment, but everything appeared to be looked after and kept in trim.

'Well, I sat down in my seat and looked down into the orchestra, where I had sat the last time I had been in theatre, and it seemed a good way down. Then I looked around where I was. I saw there people just as good as I was; may be they think themselves better, and a variety of people. There was one sailor there that night, and he conducted himself as precisely everybody else there did, with perfect decorum. There was attention to the play and interest in it; rather more manifestation of interest than in other parts of the house; but aside from that the bearing of the people there was substantially like that of the people below; strangely like it indeed in some respects: as, for instance in the case of the man sitting next to me a well-dressed well-appearing man, who for the greater part of the evening sat with his arm over the arm of my seat. It made everything seem just as natural as could be, and gave me a homelike feeling right from the start.

'As a matter of cold fact, I'd rather sit in the orchestra than the family circle, but it was a very satisfactory experience, nevertheless, in which I discovered that I could see the best plays going for a very little money if I would be content to look at them from a little different angle.

A CHASELESS TORMENT. Eccentric Gnanwig and Irritation Have a Short Stay Aliter one Application of Dr. Agnew's Ointment.—It Relieves Immediately and Cures Quickly.

C. W. Howard, Peak's Island Me., writes: 'Enclosed find 35 cents, for which kindly send me a box of Dr. Agnew's Ointment. I have been afflicted for a long time with eczema, and it has done me so much good I want to try another box. The first application gave more relief than anything I have ever tried. It's going to cure me outright.'

FLASHES OF FUN.

Haverly.—'Doesn't Espee believe in a central form of government?' Austin:—'No; he married a telephone girl.'

'I wish I was twins,' said Willie. 'Why?'

'I'd send the other half of me to school, and this half would go fishing.'

He: 'If people said just what they thought it would do a lot of harm, wouldn't it?'

She: 'Well, it would in my opinion reduce conversation about nine-tenths!'

A quack doctor on his death-bed willed his property to a lunatic asylum, giving as a reason for doing so that he wished his fortune to go to the liberal class who patronized him.

'Prisoner, you are sentenced to pay a fine of £6 or serve six days in gaol.'

'Ah, you fitter me, your honour! You consider one day of my time worth a sovereign!'

Algy: 'You say she only partially returned your affection?'

Clarence: 'Yes; and that's what I'm kicking about. She returned all the love letters, but retained all the jewellery.'

In a ball-room a soft young man said to a sweet girl: 'May I sit on your right hand?'

Her reply was: 'Why, of course not; you'd better take a chair.'

'I've been trying to sell that gown for £24 for a month.'

'And how did you finally succeed?'

'I marked it down to £23 19s. 11 1/2d., and the first woman who came along thought she had a bargain.'

Visitor (to sexton digging grave in churchyard): 'Who's dead?'

Sexton: 'Old Squire Thornback.'

Visitor: 'What complaint?'

Sexton (without looking up): 'No complaint everybody satisfied.'

A Lawyer noted for his laconic style of expression sent the following terse and witty note to a refractory client who paid no attention to reiterated demands for the payment of his bill: 'Sir,—If you pay the enclosed bill you will oblige me. If you don't I shall oblige you.'

At a L. 11th Sunday school picnic sports were being engaged in. After a race for boys had been run, one of the teachers asked the winner if he would prefer a book or a threepenny-piece as a prize. 'I'll take the book,' promptly replied the winner, 'for I don't want to be a professional.'

A professional cricketer was nearly 'run out,' and he was so pleased at the umpire's decision that he jumped in the air as a sign of his joy. The wicket-keeper, who still had the ball pulled up a stump (because the balls were off) while the man was in the air and appealed to the umpire, and the professional was given 'out.'

'Papa,' said little four-year-old Margie, 'I think you are just the nicest man in the whole world.'

'And I think you are the nicest little girl in the world,' replied her father.

'Course I am,' said Margie. 'Ain't it queer how such nice people happen to get into the same family?'

Mistress (a widow): 'Well, Johnson I'm sorry you are going to leave us, but you're very fortunate in having this money left you.' (Pleasantly) 'I suppose your looking for a wife now?'

Johnson (the butler): 'Well, really ma'am, I feel very much honoured by what you propose, but I'm engaged to a young woman already.'

Teacher (to the new girl): 'Now Dolly, I'll give you a sum. Supposing that your father owed the butcher fifteen pounds, eleven shillings, and twopence halfpenny; seven pounds, three shillings to the boot-maker; fourteen pounds and ninepence to the milkman; and thirty-one pounds, nineteen shillings, and threepence three-farthings to the coal merchant—

Dolly (confidently): 'We should move!'

Wife: 'Who was that who called?'

Husband: 'One of my tenants called to pay me his rent.'

'Did he pay it?'

Yes.

Then why do you look so gloomy?'

He didn't say a word about wanting fifteen or twenty pounds' worth of repairs.'

'What of it?'

'That shows he's going to leave.'

A youth who much desired to wear the matrimonial yoke had not sufficient courage to 'pop the question.' On informing his father of the difficulty he laboured under, the old gentleman passionately replied, 'Why, you great booby, how do you suppose I managed when I got married?'

'Oh, yes,' said the bashful lover, 'you married mother, but I've got to marry a strange girl.'

Two men, a German and a Frenchman, who met in New York, had a heated argument over the question whether the wife of a State governor had an official title or not. One contended that she should be addressed as 'Mrs. Governor So-and-so.' The other stoutly insisted that she was simply 'Mrs. Blank, wife of Governor Blank.' They finally agreed to leave the matter to the first man they met. He proved to be an Irishman. They stated the case to him, and asked for his decision. 'Neither of yez is right,' he said, after a moment of severe cogitation: 'the wife of a governor is a governess.'

'Nobody can learn all there is worth knowing in this lifetime,' said Mr. Mackton, wisely, 'and a man ought never to assume that his education is finished. I'm going to keep right ahead with mine; I'm going to study astronomy.'

His wife looked at him sharply, and

then in a cold, hard tone exclaimed: 'Leonidas, you'll have to think up some better excuse than that for staying out at night!'

Pater: 'Confound it all! These writers in the home papers should be driven out of the country. Here's some female quill-pusher telling parents 'How to keep boys at home at night.''

Mater: 'That's all right, isn't it?'

Pater (angrily): 'All right, is it! You may think so, but I don't. What chance have those five girls of ours to be courted and married if the boys are kept at home in the evenings? Tell me that!'

In a case of slander that was heard not long ago a lady had gone into the witness-box on behalf of the plaintiff, whose counsel was examining her.

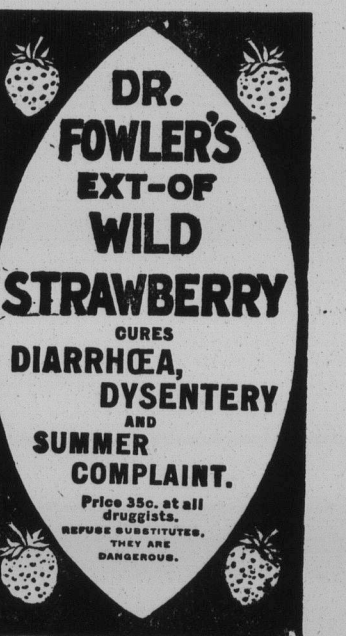
'Now, madam,' the lawyer began, 'please repeat the slanderous statements made by the defendant on this occasion, just as you heard them.'

'Oh, they are unfit for any respectable person to hear!' was the emphatic answer.

'Then,' said the examiner, coaxingly, 'suppose you just whisper them to the judge.'



is the kind that housekeepers who want only the best always buy. Packed in pound and two-pound tin cans, it comes into the home with all its natural aroma and strength. Protected by our Seal, the consumer knows that its purity and strength have been untampered with. Your grocer sells this kind, but be sure our seal and name is on the can you buy.



THE SUN BURNED OUT.

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By the Author of "Sir Lionel's Wife," "The Great Moreland Tragedy," Etc.

CONTINUED.
CHAPTER XXIX.
THE SUCCESS OF IT.

An hour later Mr. Tiptaft had taken his departure, Sir Patrick arrived at The Towers.

He found all the ladies of the family in the drawing-room. Marie a shade paler than usual, and very busy with her embroidery-frame.

He took a seat opposite to her, and watching her as she worked, came to a conclusion on a knotty point, which had been agitating his mind during the last few days.

The point was, whether or not he ought to ask her to be his wife; and he now came to the conclusion that he certainly would do so.

He could not own that he was deeply attached to her.

He had never seen a girl whom he could so gladly have made his wife.

It seemed to him, as he sat watching her at her frame, that a figure inclining to embonpoint, large blue eyes, and reddish-brown hair, constituted exactly those charms he most admired in woman.

Marie's smile was very frank and pleasant, and she had smiled so often on Sir Patrick, that it was small wonder the honest gentleman loved her.

The only possible bar to marriage lay, to his mind, in his poverty and her wealth.

Had he been richer, or she poorer, he would have not hesitated a single moment; and even as it was, he came at last to the sensible opinion that if they truly loved each other, and were fitted to make each other happy, it did not perhaps greatly matter on which side the money lay.

Sir Gerald had declared, often and often, that Marie did care for him; and this afternoon Sir Patrick, relying more on his friend's judgment than on his own observation, decided to put the question to the test.

He would ask Miss Marie, in plain words, whether she would be Lady Donovan.

The opportunity was soon given him, for Miss Muggleton and her two younger daughters presently disappeared from the drawing-room.

They went quietly away, one by one, in the most natural manner in the world, all murmuring the most plausible pretext; and Sir Patrick was left alone with the lady of his heart.

He drew his chair nearer to her, and leaned, with interest, over her embroidery-frame, charmed to observe how the lilies and roses were formed under her fair hand.

"I came up to say good-bye, Miss Marie," he began; "but it's a word I don't like."

"I don't think many people do," said Sir Patrick. However, the best of friends must part.

"Yes; but they may hope to meet again. It isn't very likely that we shall," said the young lady, carelessly. "Mamma hates the sea, and never goes to Ireland."

"I wasn't thinking of it in that way," said Sir Patrick, simply. "I thought I might, perhaps, see you again in England. I'm not going back to Ireland for good, you know—only on business."

"So I understand. Very important and private business, isn't it, Sir Patrick?"

Miss Muggleton could not refrain from letting fly this little shaft.

And, as she discharged it, she raised her face from her embroidery, and looked full at Sir Patrick.

Now, as the malignant Fates would have it, the business on which the baronet was being summoned to Ireland was of a particularly private and delicate nature—a something connected with the mortgages on his estate.

Accordingly, when Marie made that remark, with that intent and searching look, he changed colour just a little, and his honest blue eyes fell.

This was only natural, for he thought she had heard of his embarrassments, and wished him to know she had.

She, noticing that sudden change of countenance, of course felt still further convinced that Mr. Tiptaft's information was only too true.

A moment they sat in silence, then Sir Patrick leaned forward, and laid his hand on Marie's blump white one as it rested on the embroidery-frame.

"Miss Marie, I wonder if I should get a welcome from you if I were to come back to England?"

She drew her hand away, saying, in a coldly careless tone—

"I am sure you would. All your friends here would be glad to see you, I imagine. Perhaps her tone was even colder than she had meant to make it.

At any rate, it sounded quite icy in the ears of Sir Patrick, and he thought—

"That's quite enough! There's no need for me to make a fool of myself. Sir Gerald was wrong. She doesn't care for me excepting as a friend. She sees what I'm after, and wants to nip it in the bud."

Acting under this impression, he adroitly turned the conversation into other channels; and in less than ten minutes had said farewell to the entire Muggleton family, with the firm conviction that he should never see any of them again.

It cost his honest, affectionate heart a pang to think this, for he did sincerely love Marie Muggleton; but he never for a moment wavered in his purpose.

then he would be off to Africa, or Australia—it did not matter which.

Poor Marie watched him depart, with outward calmness, but with a terrible sinking at her heart.

She had so liked him; she had felt so sure he meant to ask her to be his wife; and now her sweet dreams were all over, and the reality—dull, and grey, and almost unbearable—stretched drearily before her.

When he had placed his hand on hers, and asked her whether she would give him a welcome back, her pulses had thrilled wildly; and she had all but answered as he desired.

But Marie was a girl of spirit; and her pride had been thoroughly aroused by that announcement of Mr. Tiptaft's.

She thought it showed clearly that Sir Patrick had either been simply amusing himself with her, or was tempted to break with the other young lady, and propose to her—for the sake of her large fortune.

Either of these suppositions was dreadful to her, and hence that coldly uttered reply, and that immediate withdrawal of her hand.

"My dear," said Mrs. Muggleton, looking anxiously at her, "was there nothing settled? Did he say nothing?"

"Nothing, mamma," said the poor girl with a half-sob.

Then with a sudden burst of self-reproach, she added, vehemently—

"I was a fool to think he would!" Her two sisters looked at her in pitying silence.

Their own love affairs were progressing satisfactorily.

It seemed a thousand pities that she was not to be happy too.

"Don't talk about it, please!" she said hurriedly. "I—I would rather you didn't. I must tell you one thing, though. Before he came this afternoon, I knew he wouldn't speak. I had found out something about him. But, oh! please don't talk about it, because it was told me in confidence. He is engaged to a lady in Ireland."

And then, unable to say any more, or to endure any questioning, the poor girl ran from the room, and went up to her own, where she burst into an agony of tears.

"Then I must say he has behaved abominably!" exclaimed Mrs. Muggleton, as she had recovered from her surprise sufficiently to find breath to speak.

"Abominably! I couldn't have believed it of him. I'm sure his attentions have been most marked. I don't know whatever your father will say when he hears of this!"

CHAPTER XXX. MISS MUGGLETON PROMISES TO AGAIN BE AN ANGEL OF MERCY.

Soon after breakfast the next morning, Mr. Tiptaft dressed himself with unusual care, and prepared to go out.

He wore his best and blackest suit; his hat was wide brimmed; his linen of an immaculate gloss and whiteness.

He looked the very personification of a comfortable, self-satisfied churchman.

He longed to go to The Towers, and discover for himself how Sir Patrick had sped with his wooing; but he hadn't quite courage enough for this.

He deemed it might be advisable to first discover whether Sir Patrick had gone away.

Fortune favoured him; for, scarcely had he emerged from the rectory-gates before he met one of Sir Gerald's groomes.

The man was his own parishoner, and touched his hat with all due respect.

Mr. Tiptaft gave him a gracious nod, and a "Good morning, Wilson," and passed on; then, with a pretence of suddenly remembering something, called the man back.

"Any news of Sir Gerald, Wilson?"

"No, sir, none as I knows on."

"Lady Ruth, is quite well, I hope?"

"Yes, sir. Any message to her ladyship?"

Mr. Tiptaft mused.

"No; I think not. Oh! by-the-by, Sir Patrick Donovan is still at the Court, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir. He's at the Court, I suppose?"

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"Yes, sir. He's at the Court, I suppose?"

"No, sir, he isn't. He left last night. I drove him down to the station to catch the last train."

"Oh, indeed! I wasn't aware he was likely to go away so soon. But he is coming back, perhaps?"

"No, sir, he isn't, for I made free to say to him, at the station, that I hoped we might soon see him again, and he said, 'You're not likely to do that, Wilson, for I leave Ireland next week for Africa and the saints alone know when I shall come back.' Those were his very words, sir; and sorry I was to hear him say 'em, for a nicer gentleman never trod in shot-leather. So free and genial like; I'm sure I thought nothing a trouble I had to do for him."

"A very right and proper feeling on your part, Wilson," said Mr. Tiptaft, with gentle condescension. "I trust you never will think much of trouble in the pursuance of your duty. I'm afraid you are not quite as regular in your attendance at church as you might be, or—"

"Well, you see them 'esses require a deal of attention, sir!" said the man apologetically.

For the reverend gentleman, personally, he has a great contempt; but, nevertheless he had all the bucolic reverence for 'the cloth,' and, therefore, listened, with outward respect, to Mr. Tiptaft's admonitions.

"I was about to observe," proceeded the rector, with a look of dignified rebuke at being interrupted, "that, if you came regularly to church, you would learn not to be a respecter of persons. It is an excellent lesson, and one you would do well to lay to heart. I hope you will think about it, Wilson. Good morning!"

"I don't know as anything would make me a respecter of the likes of him," said the groom to himself, as he looked after the rector's retreating figure. "Sir Patrick's worth a dozen on him."

Mr. Tiptaft, meanwhile, was walking on with a very pleasurable feeling of complacency and self-satisfaction.

It was clear that his little scheme had succeeded admirably.

Sir Patrick had departed, leaving the field open to him; and now, all he had to do was to catch the fair Marie's affections in the rebound.

Again the Fates favoured him, for, as he passed through a shady lane near The Towers, he caught sight of the young lady herself, leaning against a stile, in a very pensive attitude.

Her face was pale, and her eye not quite so bright as usual.

Mr. Tiptaft's handily uttered "Good morning, Miss Marie!" made her look round with a little start.

She put out her hand, faintly smiling. "Good morning Mr. Tiptaft. I didn't hear you come up. I was thinking 'Are you quite well this morning?'"

She flushed slightly.

"Not very well. I have a wretched headache."

This was true enough, for the poor girl had spent the greater part of the night in weeping over the detection of her Irish lover, whose gay blue eyes and mellow voice had wrought such havoc with her heart.

"I am grieved—truly grieved," said Mr. Tiptaft, with a look of gentle sympathy. "The moment I saw you, I thought you must be indisposed. Your face is usually as bright as a ray of sunshine; but today you are quite pale."

"Yes; headaches always do make me look pale," said Marie, hastily.

She couldn't bear that her altered looks should be attributed to the departure of Sir Patrick.

By this time they were walking on together.

"I visited poor Sarah Bland yesterday," began Mr. Tiptaft, sofly. "She was grieved because you had not been to see her lately."

"Was she? Oh, I'm sure I'm very sorry! I've been busy of late; but I'll certainly go to see poor Sarah as soon as I can."

The reverend gentleman sighed, and his sigh was so very heavy that Miss Muggleton could not but ask what was amiss.

"I was regretting, Miss Marie—selfishly I am afraid—the duties of your high position keep you, in a measure, from ministering to the sick and poor. You were an angel of light to my people when you came among them."

It is pleasant to be called an angel, especially when one has been scorned and slighted.

Poor Marie coloured a little as she told Mr. Tiptaft she should certainly endeavor to devote more time to visiting among his parishoners than she had done lately.

"If you only knew how they love you! A visit from you is, to those poor souls, like a draught of cold water to those who are parched with thirst," said Mr. Tiptaft, with a burst of something like his pulpit eloquence. "And for myself—may I confess it, Miss Marie?—the very sight of you is a stimulus to exertion. When I enter a cottage, and see you sitting there, with your bright smile, I feel as though I am brought face to face with the sunshine. I am refreshed by it; I am better able to go on with my humble duties."

"Oh, Mr. Tiptaft, I am sure you are too good to require any encouragement of that kind from me."

"Too good? Ah, Miss Marie, it only you know how unworthy I am of such praise! Poor human nature is so prone to fall! How humiliated should I be, if you were to know all my faults and failings!"

This was perfectly true; but the reverend gentleman said it with a look of such seraphic humility, that Marie Muggleton simply thought what a devout man he was—so unconscious of his own goodness, so humble minded.

"And you will continue to be an angel of mercy to my poor?" he questioned, sofly, with a very tender look.

"Oh, yes; certainly I will! I am ashamed to think how much I have neglected them."

"My dear Miss Marie, you must not re-



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proach yourself. I have never, in all my life, known a young lady who had so true a sense of her responsibilities, or who rose so nobly to them. Ah! if there were more like you, a clergyman's duties would be light indeed, and his life would be a happy one."

All this was very soothing to poor Marie's wounded spirit.

If Sir Patrick did not appreciate her, there was someone who did.

She resolved within herself, that she would visit among Mr. Tiptaft's poor with redoubled zeal.

Many a young lady has made similar resolutions under a severe heart-disappointment especially if she numbers among her friends a good-looking, unmarried parson.

CHAPTER XXXI. LOVE IS STILL THE LORD OF ALL.

The September afternoon was very warm—so warm that Kate Lisle and Vi Muggleton were glad to find a shady place and there sit with their fancy-work in their white fingers.

It was a very charming spot they had found on a pleasant bank, by the side of a shining river, three or four old willow trees lending them the needful shade.

The two girls made a pretty enough picture, sitting there, in their dainty cambric dresses, with their white fingers glancing in and out of their work, and the sunbeams on their hair.

"Vi, do you know how long I have been here?" asked Kate.

"Oh, not long!—not half long enough, at any rate. I do so enjoy having you, Kate. You know that, don't you?"

"Yes; and I enjoy being with you; but Vi, I must go home soon now—next week at the latest. Think of aunt. She will be wanting me."

"Well, I've one consolation," said Vi, darting a mischievous glance at her friend. "If you go, you'll soon come back—and for good, too."

"Vi!"

"Oh! it's all well to say 'Vi!' in that innocent fashion; but you know what I mean. Of course we all know you're going to Beech Royal!"

"Oh, Vi, what nonsense!"

But Kate flushed rosy red, and a wonderful light stole into her lovely eyes.

"Now, Kate, don't be a hypocrite. I always thought you were so frank and true. You know he cares for you."

"Vi, I give you my word of honor he has never spoken to me a single word of love!"

"There's no need for words when he looks as he does. Now, Kate, be honest. Tell me whether you wouldn't be fearfully disappointed if he were to let you go away without speaking?"

"I shall tell you no such thing!" said Kate, laughing through her blushes, and throwing a handful of grass at her saucy friend. "You're perfectly abominable, Vi. I shall begin to tease you about Harry Rolleston."

"You're perfectly welcome," returned Vi, coolly.

"What does that mean, I wonder? Now, Vi, tell me, seriously—is there anything between you and him?"

"There's a great deal of love, if that's what you mean," said Vi, with the utmost possible composure. "I don't mind telling you Kate, that I worship the very ground he treads on. Yes, I do; and I'm not ashamed owning it. He's worthy of my love—of any girl's—yes, he is, my dear, good, no! is darling!"

And Vi's pretty face flushed a delicious rose color, while her eyes sparkled with tender enthusiasm.

"Dear Vi! I love to hear you speak like that!" Whispered Kate, moving nearer to her, and stealing her arm round her waist.

"Kate, I don't think any girl ought to be ashamed of owning her love when the man is worthy of it, and when it is returned. But you know dear, it won't be all smooth sailing for Harry and me."

"What do you mean?"

"Why mamma is so dreadfully opposed to him. Sometimes I think she never will give way. And then, you see, Harry is so proud; he can't bear the thought of marrying me against her wish. It's being so poor that troubles him. Mamma is always dropping hints about young men that come after girls for the sake of their money; and, of course, Harry knows what that means."

"If he were rich, or if he were poor, he wouldn't mind any amount of opposition. He says he knows he could win his way at last; but, as it is, it's very hard on him, poor fellow! If he didn't love me dearly, I don't think he could bear it."

"Mamma is really very cruel sometimes. I wonder whether she ever remembers the days when she was young, and in love herself? I suppose she wouldn't have liked anybody to speak unkindly of papa. Kate, with difficulty, repressed a smile. The thought of the stout, red faced millionaire as a wooer tickled her sense of humour.

She wondered whether he had met with difficulties—whether hard-acted parents had frowned upon him—and how he had borne the pangs of disappointed love.

"But your father isn't opposed to Harry, Vi!" she said, consolingly.

"No; papa is a darling. Harry knows he has his goodwill. It's only mamma we have to mind. Oh, Kate, do you know, I've often wished, lately, that papa wasn't rich; I've wished he might lose all his money, and be quite a poor man again! Then they would know Harry loves me for myself alone."

If Vi had only known it, that wish of hers might have been regarded as prophetic.

The time was coming when she would have occasion to recall it something like dismay.

After this there was silence between the two girls.

Their fingers were busy with their work, and their thoughts were with their lovers—for John Morewood was Kate Lisle's lover, although, as she had honestly said, he had never spoken to her a single word of love.

Presently the silence was broken by the barking of a dog, and, in a moment or two a great boarhound came through the trees, gave a short, glad bark at sight of the two girls, and then looked back, as though eagerly waiting for someone to come on.

A rosy flush rose to Kate's cheek, for the dog belonged to Morewood.

The next moment he himself came in sight; and then it was Vi's turn to blush prettily, for with him was Harry Rolleston.

The two men threw themselves on the grass, each at the feet of the girl he loved.

And very happy those four were by the side of the murmuring water, the willow trees casting pleasant shadows across the sunshine, the great dog keeping guard, ready to warn them of the approach of any intruder.

To be continued.

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Martha: "Po'ly, miss; po'ly; he's got that exclamatory rheumatism."

Miss Mobile: "You mean inflammatory rheumatism, Martha; 'exclamatory' is to cry out."

Martha (with solemn conviction): "That's it, mum! that's it! He don't do nothin' but holler!"

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"My dear Miss Marie, you must not re-

