

Chat of the Boudoir.

Fashion as it spread out for inspection at the early openings of imported novelties pretends at least one feature which, at a glance is unmistakably apparent. At once you are convinced that the tendency toward extravagance in dress is growing with the rapidity which characterizes the spirit of the age, and however mystified you may be as to other little details there are no hazy doubts about this one.

One tentative question about prices establishes this point at least it is easy to decide what you cannot have when two, three and four hundred dollars are the average amounts required for comparatively simple imported gowns. The encouraging side of the situation lies in the varying grades of elegance in dress, which make a stylish appearance possible to the woman with a limited dress allowance.

In spite of the extreme elegance, elaboration, and extravagance in all matters of fashion there never was a time when women could be more fashionably dressed on a given amount of money, nicely distributed. The separate waist is the secret of this plainly enough, and it is here this season with greater attractions than ever before, and variety beyond all precedent.

It runs the scale of material from cotton madras to finest lace without missing a note but the newest and daintiest of all are the imported models made of mousseline de soie in pale colors, lined with chiffon and daintily tucked and trimmed with lace insertion, fine Irish point being a favorite variety. The insertions are at least four inches wide and two are set in around the bodice, one a little above the belt, and the other around the shoulders.

The sleeves are of the coat variety quite plain from shoulder to waist, except in the matter of tucks and lace insertions which strips them in diagonal lines the entire length. This is the novelty in theatre waists just at present, and it is equally suitable for informal dinners, as well as for wear under the dressy coats when a thicker bodice would be burdensome. To see is to covet in this case, for it is perfectly irresistible to many women to love dainty things.

Pretty models in black, also made on the chiffon lining, are carried out in alternate bands of half inch Louisiana ribbon and mousseline de soie, the latter showing a half inch tuck and all the bands being joined by a fine briar stitch. They are arranged in perpendicular lines around the bodice and in cross or diagonal lines on the sleeves, but there is a yoke of lace all black, or one of lace combined with open black taffeta silk embroidery. Half-inch black velvet ribbon with the tucked mousseline de soie bands makes a pretty combination for this sort of bodice.

Louisine silk is also used for this fancy thin bodice, made up without any lining in all the pale colors. In white it is charming, set in crosswise tucks above a band of Irish crochet lace beginning at the belt and extending in points up into the bodice all around. A broad collar of lace and tiny bands of silk, joined with the cross stitch, turns back from the round chokerless neck and down to the belt on either side of the vest made entirely of the little bands of silk arranged in scallops fitting into each other.

It is evident beyond question that the briar stitch, French knots, tucks and velvet ribbon are features of trimming not to be ousted this season; but gold which glittered everywhere last winter is conspicuous by its absence. It is used very gingerly, if at all, and more particularly in small gold buttons, than in any other form, yet here and there you see a very dainty touch of gold braid. Persian trimmings are very much in evidence on pale neutral colors, as are a finish for black taffeta waists.

Another very noticeable point in fashion is the decline of the bolero. Not that it has disappeared altogether, for it is still in evidence in an elongated form which is more of an Eton than a bolero, however, but it is not by any means so general as it was in the spring. In its place we have the broad shoulder collar and the waistcoat, either of which will suffer any amount of decoration. On many of the new gowns, the dressy ones especially, the broad collar is a feature, and it often ends at either side of a narrow soft vest of lace.

A broad collar of real Irish lace is the special note of a gray crepe de chine, and it is so deep that it falls well over the shoulders like a cape. On another gown of pale biscuit-colored cloth this beautiful lace forms an Eton jacket with elbow sleeves. It falls loose and free in front, as if it were an outside garment, and the

bodice of cloth underneath is laid in narrow box plaits stitched down on each edge. A broad band of lace heads the circular flounce, and on this band are three narrow folds of gray green velvet, which also finishes the lace jacket, one fold set on a little way from the edge all around.

It is well to bear in mind the fact that Irish lace is in the height of fashion for any and every place it possibly can be used, not only on gowns, but hats and fur garments as well. Silk ecorial lace is another revival which appears as a dress trimming in the colors of the materials upon which it is used. It is very effective on the shades of tan and brown, which by the way, are very fashionable in every shading, from palest biscuit color to a dark brown. This was prophesied some time ago as a natural consequence of the great popularity of brown furs, the combination being especially attractive. However, there is a generous sprinkling of navy blue among the cloth gowns, and a soft, yet bright red with tints of yellow in it. Black and white, in both cases form the special combination in trimming.

The one noticeable novelty in this is a narrow striped black and white silk embroidered with white. It is very effective on a navy blue serge edging the hem of the skirt and the short Eton jacket. The strips run up and down, the band is straight on one edge and shaped in some design on the upper one where the white silk embroidery is the finish, and forms a little pattern which partially covers the silk, producing a very odd effect. It is only on close inspection that you discover the striped silk at all.

But to return to the subject of collars so conspicuously in evidence on the new gowns, we find them in all shapes and kinds variously suggested by the Marie Antoinette fashions. The fichu collar proper is a shoulder drapery more especially, while the other shape begins at the neck and is more of a cape. There is a hood shaped shoulder collar also which some women find becoming, but it is not at all a general style. The combinations of lace embroidery and batiste seen in these collars are work of art indeed, so beautifully are they worked in together.

Picturesque effects are the leading note in the autumn fashions, and there will have to be some fine discrimination in making selections, in other words, in suiting the mode to the woman, or they will become grotesque. Velvet and furs are to be used lavishly, together with elegant real lace, forming about the most expensive trinity which materials can produce.

Besides velvet gowns and coats we are to have velvet trimmings of all kinds and conditions, the latest phrase of which is a narrow ruche illustrated very effectively on a violet taffeta silk in which three narrow ruches of black velvet trim the bodice arranged in surplice folds.

Skirts, always an important point in fashion, are really very little changed. If you examine the new models carefully you find just a suggestion of more fullness around the hips, but this is after all the exception and not the rule, for there are

quite a many close. One pretty cloth model is in box plaits an inch and a half wide all round, and stitched down flat to the knee. Another most gracefully hanging skirt is in many narrow cores shaping out in a pretty flare around the feet and fitting the hips perfectly without an extra inch of material except directly at the back, where the inserted plaits are stitched down a few inches from the waist line. All the seams are lapped and stitched down in a way to give them the appearance of plaits.

The notable dressmaking firms in Paris that launched the winter skirts last spring are still producing them, but mostly in the thin materials, and many of these models are in tucks around the hips to make the effect as trim as possible. The shaped flounce is with us still in all the familiar forms. One imported model in cloth is covered from waist to hem with scant circular ruffles. Other skirt models have one, two or three circular flounces, beginning at either side of a front breadth.

Many of the skirts are trimmed down the front narrowly with tucks, bands, crosswise straps of velvet, very short, finished on the edge with perpendicular band or galloon. Pippings of silk finish the edges of some of the circular flounces.

Nevertheless the fuller skirts are in evitable if the loose coats find popular favor, and in general the new winter fashion will illustrate one phase of expansion, even though it is slight. The flare at the bottom is quite as pronounced as ever, but we have heard with a firm expression and dispensed with the superfluous inches of length directly in front, so that the correct skirt for dressy gowns just touches the floor, or a little more than that to make sure that it is not short.

The length in the back is the same, however, except for the tailor-made street gown which is short all around in comparison, provided it is made plainly for morning wear. A well-equipped outfit has two tailor gowns, one plain and short enough to clear the ground, and the other as dressy as the tailor can produce.

CRYING BABIES.

The Cry of An Infant Is Nature's Signal Of Distress.

Babies never cry unless there is some very good reason for it. The cry of a baby is nature's warning signal and there is something wrong. Every mother ought to get to work immediately to find out what that something wrong may be. If the fretfulness and irritation are not caused by exterior sources, it is conclusive evidence that the crying baby is ill. The only safe and judicious thing to do is to administer Baby's Own Tablets without the slightest delay.

For indigestion, sleeplessness, the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth, diarrhoea, constipation, colic, and simple fevers, these marvellous little tablets have given relief in thousands of cases and saved many precious baby lives. Do not give a child so called 'soothing' medicines; such only stupify and produce unnatural sleep. Baby's Own Tablets are guaran-

teed to contain no opiate or other harmless drugs; they promote sound, healthy sleep because they go directly to the root of baby troubles. Dissolved in water these tablets can be given to the youngest infant. Mrs. Walter Brown, Milby, Que., says:—'I have never used any medicine for baby that did so much good as Baby's Own Tablets. I would not be without them.'

Baby's Own Tablets are for sale at all drug stores, or will be sent direct on receipt of price 25 cents a box by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

(Scene—Deck of Highland Steamer. Passenger tenders a ticket only available by a rival vessel.) Mate—'You're on a wrang boat. You'll have two shillin's tae pay.' Steward (who is passing, to mate)—'No, no; its only one shilling he has to pay extra.' Mate (to passenger)—'Well, wan shillin. She walk it asmlis less as she coot.'

Excited Lady (at the telephone)—'I want my husband, please, at once.' Voice (from the exchange)—'Number, please?' Excited Lady (snappishly)—'Only the fourth, you impudent thing!'

'Do you like music?' he asked. 'Yes,' she replied. 'I am very fond of something soft and sweet.' And by some wonderful power of intuition he knew that she meant icecream, so they went in and had some.

Jeannette: Ma, are you going to give me another piece of cake?

Mother: What do you want to know for?

Jeannette, because, if not, I want to eat this piece slowly.

Two young men went fishing, and of returning were going past a farm house and felt hungry. They yelled to the farmer's daughters: 'Girls, have you any buttermilk?' The reply was gently went back to their ears; 'Yes, but we keep it for our own calves.'

It is announced that H. C. Frick of the Mellon interest composing the Union Steel Co., will build at once a \$300,000 plant at Donora, on the Monongahela river to make broom and mattress wire and other specialties. The Matthews Woven Wire Fence Co., controlled by the Union Co., will build a woven wire fence plant to cost \$100,000 with 75 tons daily capacity, and the company will double the capacity of the barbed wire department by installing 32 machines. Altogether the present outlay will reach \$500,000 and future improvements which the Union Steel Co. has in view will cost between \$16,000,000 and \$18,000,000.

George Gibbons, aged 20, student at Toronto university and a son of J. C. Gibbons of London, Ont., blew off his head with a rifle at Bridge House Saturday night. He had recently been instituted into a Greek secret society in connection with the college and a letter found on the floor commanded him to attend another meeting at 7 o'clock, under penalty of death. When he failed to appear the jokers went to his room and found him dead on the floor.

No Danger. There is no danger of heart burn or heart troubles from the use of Chewing Tobacco, if it has been properly manufactured. Great care is taken by the manufacture of 'Old Fox' and 'Bob's' Chewing Tobacco, to use only pure and wholesome ingredients, which will leave no bad after effects. If you are not already using these brands try them. Even the tags are valuable. Save them; and ask your dealer for our new illustrated premium catalogue.

Two daughters of the Emerald Isle were having a talk about their husbands one day, when one said:—'Luk here, Mrs. Murphy, I always knew when Pat's drunk by lukin' at his eyes.' 'Sure that's nothin, replied Mrs. Murphy, 'I always know when Moike's drunk by lukin' at my own eyes.'

Complete Treatment FOR EVERY Humour.

CUTICURA SOAP to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle, CUTICURA OINTMENT to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT to cool and cleanse the blood. A SINGLE SET of these great skin curatives is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, bleeding, crusted, scaly, and pimply skin, scalp, and blood humours, with loss of hair, when all else fails.

MILLIONS OF PEOPLE USE CUTICURA SOAP Assisted by Cuticura Ointment, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes, itching, and chaffings, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Millions of Women use CUTICURA SOAP in the form of baths for annoying irritations, inflammations, and excoriations, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and for many sanative antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, and especially mothers. No other medicated soap is to be compared with it for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands. No other foreign or domestic toilet soap, however expensive, is to be compared with it for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Thus it combines in ONE SOAP at ONE PRICE, the best skin and complexion soap, and the best toilet and baby soap in the world.



Mu

Louis Net Stanton, Phil... The new produce is... William... Gilbert's p... Lillie Thom impersonate Bartley Cam... It is said to... solely reject... play written Crawford.

Wilton La... roll in the... new play, November.

Under the... Broadhurst, M... a limited amount... and the Actor... Eilda Spon... this county, y... which will b... Fay Davis in... Charles Her... steam yacht E... day when the... ensue cutter G... Mr. and Mrs... left their sum... by the Sea, M... Brookline, Ma... Christie Mac... er F. Dailey's c... that the man... featuring stipu... Gurtave Him... Henry W. Sav... operates that... will sing durin...

As guests of... the Oxford and... visiting this... performance of... Friday evening... Katherine Gr... Wagonhals and... ing role with... and Bayonets, th... Chicago next M... The Caledonia... H. Stoddart to... contests to be... Golf clubs grou... first week in Oct...

William Gould... month's engage... Theatre, has been... comedy part wit... speciality during... Charles Allen, ... Le Moynes' com... Altoona, Pa., se... a non-profession... Allen is a brother...

A daughter was... J. Forbes Roberts... the residence of M... Maxine Elliot, at... Kent, England, la... Charles Hawtre... in New York last... at the Garrick next... from Mars. This... visit to this country...

The London Tim... Bernhardt has sign... at her theatre in Pa... Marion Crawford... Francesca da Rimini... Henry W. Sav... the principals and... Square Opera com... delightful repast... conclusion there wer...

The pecuniary suc... Don Caesar's Return... is such that it has... open the production... the end of the metro... Suzanne Santje ha... M. Wilkinson as... Howard Gould in... will play the part... Anglin in the prod... the Empire Theatre... Julian Edwards, ... remarkable music for... tion, in the Palace... work on the music... France in which Ky... an American tour.

Paul Kester spent... York attending to... ected with a new play... be produced. He ha... plantation in Virgin...

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, at 30 St. Catherine's street, St. John, N. B.

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All letters sent to the paper by the owners having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply.

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Agents in the city can have extra copies sent them if they telephone the office before six p. m.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY OCT. 12.

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

THE ROYAL VISIT.

Next week will be a historical one for St. John and New Brunswick. For the first time in nearly a quarter of a century, Royalty will pay us a visit.

It is pleasing to note that the gentlemen who have charge of the reception arrangements in this city, have proceeded with their great undertaking in a most successful manner.

It is estimated that next week thousands will visit St. John to join in extending a welcome to the distinguished Duke and Duchess. To provide for so many visitors is no small undertaking, but the way the management have gone to work to meet this difficulty, guarantees that accommodations will be supplied to all.

THE GENTLE ART OF GOSSIP.

Mr. W. D. HOWELLS recently declared that reading has become for many people a craze, even a vice, rather than an intellectual gain.

'Good fiction,' Mr. Howells asserts, 'is only an exquisite distillation of human facts, which biography and history more and less attractively embody; and all three are gossip de-personalized by remoteness of time or place.'

Here is the opportunity for a new fine art! Since we do, naturally, talk about our neighbors, why not study how to do so fitly and finely, rather than intrusively and pettily?

Good and graceful acts, noble, charming or odd characters graphically portrayed, will be acclaimed among graduates in the Gentle Art; wise interpretation, generous, delicate appreciation will enrich their conversation.

The appointment of two eminent Buffalo lawyers to defend the president's assassin led to the recalling of a bit of English history in which it is recorded, that when an attempt was made 101 years ago on the life

of GEORGE III., two of the very foremost English lawyers, THOMAS ERSKINE and Sergeant BEST, were appointed by the court to defend the would-be assassin.

On turning to the page indicated, the record was found to be merely that on a certain occasion JUSTICE BEST declared, in anger, that he had a great mind to fine the witness for contempt.

Whether truth really is stranger than fiction, as has been asserted, is a question open to dispute. Certain it is that truth is constantly paralleling fiction. A striking instance was that incident in New York lately, where a marriage was interrupted by the appearance at the altar of the wife, and four children, of the intending bridegroom, at the very moment when the hands of the officiating priest were lifted to invoke the divine blessing upon the couple about to be pronounced husband and wife.

The defeat of the Shamrock by the Columbia was a great disappointment to the subjects of the British Empire. The disappointment was all the more severe from the fact that during the first part of the races sailed, the challenger lead and hopes ran high that she would eventually win.

The opposition in the Nova Scotia Provincial Legislature amounts to just two. This about beats the record.

If the Weather man will do his part next week, St. John will do hers.

Poor Halifax, if it isn't fog 'tits small-pox.

Flags will have their swing next week.

Welcome Duke and Duchess.

A lecturer was once descending on the superiority of nature over art, when an irreverent listener in the audience fired that old question at him: 'How would you look, sir, without your wig?'

The audience testified its appreciation of the point by loud applause, and the speaker was not interrupted again.

A more or less fair cyclist, known to Punch, met a farm laborer in an English lane. Said she:

'Can you direct me to Hightm Upled, please?'

'You've only got to follow yer nose, miss,' said he, 'but you'll find it up ill work!'

There seems to be more than one way of saying that a nose is 'tip tilted like the petal of a flower.'

The house was handy to the street car line and in good repair, there was a proper number of closets and the rental was reasonable, but before coming to terms the house hunting matron said to the agent.

'I is only fair for me to tell you that we have five boys.'

'That won't make any difference madam, he said, with a smile. You will find big families of boys on both sides of you.'

'Oh, then I do not want the house at all! she exclaimed. I want to find a neighbor hood where they wont be any boys but mine!'

At last accounts she was still hunting.

Umbrellas Made, Recovered, Repaired. Duval, 17 Waterloo.

VERSE OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Nurse. Such innocent companionship Is hers whether she wake or sleep.

All night long she hath by her The little breathing, pure and dear.

And all his world's garden where He walks at dawn with bird and child.

And all his world's garden where He walks at dawn with bird and child.

Her daylight thoughts are set on boys The games for precious girls and boys.

She is as pretty and as brown As the wood peep's far from town.

Tender she is to beast and bird As to her breast's dim memory stirred.

A child, not yet the man's law She rules by love and rules by awe.

Day after day she keeps her guard Let her be sure, lest they be marred.

They came together with a 'howdy do?' Old friend, who hadn't met for many a year.

'You need to think that Jennie was a gem,' said he, 'and you, you squired frecky Joe.'

'And Jennie has a godson—was it not?' said he, 'and you picked Joseph out instead.'

And then arose the dream of olden days While memory it took them for its own.

And then the happy bachelor said he, 'Sweetheart, I never knew I loved you so!'

There's a hospital down on Absurdity Square, Where the queerest of patients are tended with care.

When I made them a visit I saw in a crib A little Umbrella who had broken his rib.

And then I observed in the very next bed A bright little pin who had bumped his poor head.

They said a new cure they'd decided to try On an old needle, totally blind in one eye.

And a sad looking patient who seemed in the dumps With a clock, with a swell face because of the bumps.

Then I tried very hard, though I fear 'twas in vain To comfort a window who had a bad pane.

And I panned just a moment to 'heerily speak With a pale cup of tea who was really weak.

As I took my departure I met on the stair A new patient whom they were handling with care.

A victim perhaps of some terrible wreck— 'Twas a squash who had totally broken his neck.

The Grand Old Man. Love me, dear heart! Yet love me not so well As on the gift to lavish all your gold!

But by slow steps of gladness draw my feet Up ever mounting ways 'owar' I peaked bliss.

Bandages and Red Tape. During the South African War Rudyard Kipling discovered, at Cape Town a hospital without bandages, and in desperate need of them.

He told an acquaintance that he was going to meet that want, and the gentleman at once offered to pay for all the bandages that Mr. Kipling would buy and take to the hospital.

A cart was quickly loaded, and then the author was informed that, under army rules, the hospital authorities could not receive supplies from a private individual.

'Well,' said he, 'I will dump the packages on the pavement before the door, and then tell them to come out and clear up the litter. Perhaps they can get them into the building in that way without tearing any red tape.'

He drove off with the bandages, and the supplies were somehow smuggled into the hospital.

This is what Short Stories tells of a staunch young churchman who is most careful in his observance of the fasts of the year:

When the owl lunch waggons in Heralds Square were still a novelty, he visited New York and saw one for the first time.

What have we here? he said to his companions. What a question from you! was the reply.

What a good churchman like you not to know a movable feast when he sees it! O! I should call it a restaurant a la carte promptly replied the good churchman.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

News of the Passing Week.

Hon. N. Clarke Wallace M. P. died at Ottawa, Tuesday.

The Annual Fair at Lock Lomond St. John, was held Tuesday and was successful.

New Brunswick Provincial Sunday School Convention opened at Fredericton on Tuesday.

The Jessie MacLachlan concerts held in St. John this week were most successful.

The number of troops to be mobilized at St. John next week consists of 137 Officers 1,727 men and 73 horses.

The Jeffries Rublin fight has been fixed for Nov. 15 h at S-n Francisco.

The Grand Jury found a true bill against McLaughlin for murder at St. Andrews on Wednesday.

An I. C. R. freight train was derailed near Dorchester N. B. on Wednesday entailing a loss of some \$25,000.

It was ascertained Friday evening that King Edward's complaint is lumbago. But the attack is not at all serious. He drove out Friday afternoon.

The congressional party, on its arrival Jolo was refused an interview with the Sultan who claimed sickness as his excuse.

The natives say the Sultan is well and that he had other reasons for refusing to receive the visitors from Washington.

Harry Hamlin, owner of Lord Derby, has wired Secretary Horace Wilson of the Kentucky trotting horse breeders' association, that he positively would not accept Mr. Lawson's amended offer of \$10,000 for the match race between Derby and Bolalma.

The bark Nova Scotia, which cleared from port Tuesday, and which grounded on Gordon's Flats on her way out, is now afloat after discharging deckload. She will proceed to her destination, Newport, Eng.

The casualty list shows that the total British losses in the attack on Col Kerkewich's camp at Moedwill, were four officers killed and 23 wounded and 54 men killed and 115 wounded, numbers much greater than those heretofore reported.

Auditor Henry A. Castle, for the post office department Friday closed the books of the postal service for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1901. The year's business is shown to be as follows: Receipts \$111,681,193; expenditures \$115,542,921; net deficit, including losses by fire, etc, \$3,961,528. The deficit is about \$1,500,000 smaller than for the preceding year.

The grand circuit races at Terro Haute, Ind, closed Friday. Winners: 2 1/4 class, pacing, purse \$1500, unfinished from Thursday, Council Chimes, blk. h. won in three straight; Therese Wilkes, blk. m. second; Cousin Madge, blk. m. third. Best Charles F. Cooley, the alleged assailant of Mrs. Elizabeth Casey, who lies at the Lowell, Mass., hospital unconscious and with no hope of recovery, is still at large. The police do not pretend to have any knowledge of his whereabouts.

Fred Gebhard of New York city, who took up his residence in Sioux Falls last April, has filed in the state circuit court there a suit for an absolute divorce on the ground of desertion. The defendant before marriage was Miss Morris of Baki; more.

Sheriff John T. North, charged with the murder of John T. Blackenship, during the attempt of a mob to storm the Jail for the purpose of lynching a negro assaulter, was acquitted at Astville, Ala., Saturday night. The trial was held under the protection of state militia.

A fairly numerous meeting of anarchists was held Sunday in a hall in Tottenham court road, London to hear a lecture on the assassination of President McKinley, by H. Kelly New York. The audience largely composed of foreigners, applauded all references to 'Saint Czar' and his 'meritorious act.'

Fire in the Pittsburgh Clay Pot Works in Allegheny damaged the plant to the extent of about \$280,000, injured six men and enforced an idleness of several months upon a force of 165 workmen. The injured men were firemen. None of them will die.

The fire originated in the boiler room from an unknown cause. Secretary McMillan says there is \$136,000 insurance. Miss Helen Miller Gould has given to Vassar college two scholarships of ten thousand dollars each.

Philadelphia's cricket team terminated its final international contest with Bosanquet's English eleven at Philadelphia Monday by 229 runs.

The special train carrying the Duchess of Cornwall from Banff to Poplar Point Manitoba, where she is to rejoin the duke left the Rocky Mountains behind at midnight and when the day came was well down on the plains. All through the day there were crowds at all of the frontier towns anxious to again see and cheer the duchess.

A blacksmith named McWilliams, of Alba, barely escaped being lynched by a mob at Pilot Rock, Oregon, Sunday. McWilliams, it is alleged, maligned the late President McKinley. A mob of men and boys secured a rope and started for the blacksmith. McWilliams fled to Pendleton, having spent nearly the entire night in running and walking.

Two storm tossed ships, the British steamer Craigearn and the Austrian steamer Indefatigable from Hamburg with cargoes of Mineral salt, bound to Charleston, S. C. and Port Royal, S. C. respectively put in Halifax, N. S. Sunday, after noon, short of coal. For three weeks the steamers have been sailing against terrific gales and high seas, but sustained no damage. They had only enough coal to bring them to port.

The first Sunday of the triennial Episcopal conference was devoted entirely to missionary sermons in the various churches of the denomination in San Francisco and adjacent towns. Grace church was unable to accommodate the throng that presented itself for admission. At St. Luke's and Trinity the situation was the same but the overflow was provided for in other churches. The services at Grace church were conducted by the Lord Bishop of Columbia, the sermon being preached by Bishop Potter of New York. At St. John's church Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts preached in the morning and was also the celebrant.

President Roosevelt Monday pressed a button at the White House which formally opened the carnival at Richmond, Va. Gov. Tyler sent the following message to the President: 'The capital of the old Dominion sends grateful greeting to the President and appreciation of his kindness in opening its week of wonders. To this President Roosevelt replied as follows: 'Executive Mansion, Oct. 7. Hon. J. Hoge Tyler, Governor of Virginia: I appreciate your kindly greeting and send congratulations and best wishes. Theodore Roosevelt.'

From present indications it is highly probable there will be some very interesting racing among the 80 foot yachts next season. Sir Thomas Lipton has decided to keep the Shamrock II. in America this winter with a view of racing her next spring and summer against the Constitution and Columbia. The Shamrock is to be dismantled at once and she is to be towed to New London, Conn. there to be laid up for the winter with the Constitution.

Mrs. A. G. B. have left for St. John, N. B. shortly. Mrs. J. W. McLeod, who was in the West, is in town Wednesday. Mrs. S. L. E. in town Wednesday. Death of her mother, Col. Donnell, New York. Mr. and Mrs. secured the serial of the culinary work for Liverpool. Mr. Robert Tuomola, day. Lieut. Governor, side, Albert Co. Mr. and Mrs. Boston by the St. Capt. Robinson, Topwell Hall, Aid. Mar. 1901.

At St. John Tuesday morning Sarah May's marriage. To on a wedding many girls.

St. David street with tar barrels. Fred Baxter is from Halifax. The ceremony of Trinity happy couple David street, friends, where were enjoyed the celebrants early in the afternoon. Police officers met place in ceremony Miss maid and Fr.

Continued on page Eight.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound

Is successfully used monthly by over 10,000 Ladies. Safe, effective. Ladies ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Take no other, as all Mixtures, pills and imitations are dangerous. Price, No. 1, 50c per box; No. 2, 10c stronger, 80c per box. No. 3 or 4, mailed on receipt of price and two recent stamps. The Cook Company Windsor, Ont. E.P. Nos. 1 and 2 sold and recommended by all responsible Druggists in Canada.

No. 1—and No. 2 are sold in St. John by all responsible Druggists

Calvert's 20 per cent. Carbolic Soap

Cures and prevents insect and Mosquito bites.

The strongest Carbolic Toilet Soap.

F. C. CALVERT & Co., Manchester, Eng.

BAKING POWDER PURE Delicious and wholesome

The fire originated in the boiler room on an unknown cause. Secretary McMillan says there is \$136,000 insurance.

Philadelphia's cricket team terminated its final international contest with Bosanquet's English eleven at Philadelphia Monday by 229 runs.

The special train carrying the "Duchess Cornwall from Baffin to Poplar Point" arrived at the Rocky Mountains behind at midnight and when the day came was well on the plains.

A blacksmith named McWilliams, of Baffin, barely escaped being lynched by a mob at Pilot Rock, Oregon, Sunday. McWilliams, it is alleged, maligned the late resident McKinley.

Two storm tossed ships, the British steamer Craigearn and the Austrian steamer Indefatigable from Hamburg with cargo of Mineral salt, bound to Charleston, S. C. and Port Royal, S. C. respectively put in Halifax, N. S. Sunday after noon, short of coal.

The first Sunday of the triennial Episcopate conference was devoted entirely to missionary sermons in the various churches of the denomination in San Francisco and adjacent towns. Grace church was unable to accommodate the throng that presented itself for admission.

President Roosevelt Monday pressed a motion at the White House which formally named the carnival at Richmond, Va. Tyler sent the following message to the President: 'The capital of the old Dominion sends grateful greeting to the president and appreciation of his kindness in opening its week of wonders.'

From present indications it is highly probable there will be some very interesting racing among the 80 feet yachts next week. Sir Thomas Lipton has decided to keep the Shamrock II. in America this year with a view of racing her next summer and summer against the Constitution and Columbia.

Continued on page eight.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound is successfully used monthly by over 10,000 ladies. Safe, effective, ladies ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Take no other, as all mixtures, pills and ointments are dangerous.

CALVERT'S 20 per cent. CARBOLIC SOAP Cures and prevents insect and Mosquito bites. The strongest Carbolic Toilet Soap. C. CALVERT & Co., Manchester, Eng.



The marriage of Miss Edith Johnston, daughter of Mr. John Johnston, Para Hills Row, to Mr. Thomas Wray, of Campbellton, formerly of this city, in St. Stephen's Presbyterian church, Wednesday, was a pretty function. The sacred edifice was beautifully adorned with flowers.

The bride approached the front of the church on her father's arm and attended by her sister, Miss Bessie Johnston. She wore an exceedingly becoming travelling suit of copper-color camel-hair cloth with velvet trimmings, and dainty headwear of shades to correspond.

Flags were flying on the Star Line steamer Victoria Wednesday morning in honor of the obliging steward, Mr. Arthur Ganson, who was married that day to Miss Jennie Fox, daughter of Mr. George Fox of Fox's Landing on the river.

Tuesday morning, in Carleton, Mr. Ernest Brown of Brown's Falls, was united in marriage to Miss Eva Lamereaux, at the bride's father's home.

Another wedding took place at the Baptist parsonage at noon Tuesday, when Andrew Wilson and Miss Hattie F. Maguire, daughter of Nathaniel Maguire, both of Pisanoque, were united in marriage.

At St. John the Baptist church at an early hour Tuesday morning, Thomas Alfred Dever and Miss Sarah May Secord, both of this city, were united in marriage. They left by the St. Croix that evening on a wedding trip to Boston. The bride received many gifts.

St. David street was illuminated Tuesday night with tar barrel bonfires to celebrate the wedding of Fred Baxter to Miss Annie Maidment. The bride is from Halifax, where the groom got her while he was connected with the provisional regiment there.

Mrs. A. G. Bohan and her sister Miss Annie Troncy have left for Ottawa.

Miss H. T. Troncy will leave for Battle City, Montana, shortly.

Miss Josephine McLeod, daughter of Mr. W. T. McLeod, who has been attending the Waltham Mass. hospital, is home on vacation.

Rev. Dr. Black, editor of the Messenger and Visitor and Mrs. Black are enjoying their holiday trip in the West. They were to visit the Pan American art week.

Miss Laura McDonald, Clarence street, and her niece, Miss Ellen Moriarty, left for Boston by the International steamer on Monday evening.

The Misses Thomson and Miss Grace Skinner of this city will be competitors in the big golf tournament in Montreal next week.

Mrs. C. F. Woodman left by Wednesday morning train for Boston and New York.

Mr. v. H. Haslam, curate of St. John's church has returned home.

Miss M. E. Bell left on St. Croix on Saturday for Boston.

J. L. Thorne arrived home from Boston Saturday. Mrs. W. G. J. Watson returned home by the St. Croix Friday.

Gilbert Perry left Saturday for Boston and New York.

Dr. Draper left Saturday for Boston by the St. Croix.

Charles Weddall of Fredericton was in the city. Dr. Sidney Bridges of Philadelphia is visiting friends in the city.

F. C. Jones spent Sunday in St. Stephen. Mr. and Mrs. J. Morris Robinson left last Monday for Boston.

Mrs. E. G. Russell of Montreal is visiting in the city.

Franklin Stetson left Monday evening for Ashland, Me.

Mrs. James Manchester left Monday evening for Montreal.

Mrs. H. F. Adams, who has been visiting Moncton, returned home Monday.

J. Arthur Frazee of Sussex was in the city Monday evening.

W. C. Whitaker and E. L. Whitaker left Monday evening for Boston.

Miss Mabel Moore has gone to visit friends in Sussex.

Mr. John B. Wilmo, who was to New York to see the cup races has returned.

Miss Jessie T. Olive, of St. John, West, left by the St. Croix Saturday afternoon for a few weeks' visit with friends in Boston.

Dr. James Christie and Miss Christie returned from their trip to the Pacific Coast the first of this week. Most of their time was spent visiting the doctor's eldest daughter, Mrs. G. B. Gerrard, Kalsob, B. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Miller and child, of Douglas avenue, returned from their trip to the States Monday.

Mr. Frel A. Jones has got home from Boston. Mr. and Mrs. John Flood, of Duke street, left for the Pan-American Exhibition Monday morning.

Rev. David Long, pastor of Victoria street Free Baptist church, who came down from the conference at Marysville Saturday to preach to his flock Sunday returned to the York County town Monday morning accompanied by Mrs. Long.

Mrs. Warren Vincent has been quite seriously ill at her home, Main street, North End.

Mrs. G. H. Waring, chief engineer of steamer Prince Rupert, left Monday morning by way of Yarmouth, N. S. for Toronto, New York and Philadelphia.

Miss McLeod of Truro has been visiting in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Blair McLachlin of St. John, who have been spending a few days with friends in Truro, have returned to Amherst.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Cowan left Saturday for Boston by the St. Croix.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas L. Dyer, of this city, are visiting relatives in Fredericton.

Clarence Henderson and bride left Saturday for Halifax en route for Dominica.

Miss Mary Connell arrived from Chatham Saturday, and is the guest of the Misses Colter Charlotte street. She will remain about a fortnight.

Miss Daisy Clarke, who has been visiting Mrs. Geo. W. Fowler, Sussex, returned to the city Saturday.

The Misses Thomson left Monday evening by the Pacific express.

J. Fraser Gregory left for Boston Monday. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George's, was in the city this week.

Mrs. G. P. Nelson and daughter, of Truro, are visiting friends in the city.

J. C. Bone, general superintendent C. P. R. left for McAdam Monday evening.

John Thompson and wife returned from their honeymoon Monday.

Mrs. Alfred Morrissey, of this city, is visiting friends in Weymouth.

Edwin Foster, who has been visiting relatives in the city, returned to the United States Monday evening.

Mrs. Simonds left Monday evening for Boston.

Oct. 9.—Rev. Ralph Strathairn and Mrs. Strathairn attended the Synod at St. John. During his absence the pulpit was supplied by Rev. A. L. Fraser, of Newport, N. S.

Miss Winifred Cotton, who has been visiting Mrs. Robert Simpson, returned on Monday to her home in Charlottetown.

Mrs. G. F. Nelson and Miss Blanche Nelson left on Thursday for St. John, where they will spend a week or two with friends.

Mrs. Hedley Lippincott, of Sydney, is visiting friends in Truro.

On Thursday, Sept. 26, Judge and Mrs. D. McLellan, Victoria Square, celebrated the 23rd anniversary of their marriage. A large number of friends called to offer congratulations.

Mr. W. S. Calkin and Mrs. Calkin, of Spring Forge Pa., are visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Calkin, Willow street.

Miss Cassie Reid has returned from a delightful visit with friends in Boston.

Mr. Crawford Pace, of Osh, is visiting friends in Truro. He received a warm welcome from his many friends.

The Misses Bowman have returned to their home in Windsor, after a week's visit with friends in Truro.

Mrs. W. E. Bligh left on Tuesday for Boston, where she will remain a month with friends.

Mr. Robert Chisholm returned from Boston on Monday, and will make a short stay with his sister in this town.

Mrs. Haley, of Yarmouth, is the guest of Mrs. Robbins, Elm street.

Mrs. Mary Spence has returned from Newport, R. I., for a month's vacation, after a year of hard work at the Newport Hospital, where she is training.

Mr. L. Leslie Fuller has left for Philadelphia, where he will resume his studies at the central college. He was accompanied by his sister, Mrs. Ethel Fuller, who has entered the Presbyterian Hospital in New York, where she will take up the professional work.

Miss Sadie Kent is visiting her sister, Mrs. Dane, in Lowell, Mass. She intends remaining through the winter.

Miss Jean Layton is visiting friends in Stewiacke.

Each sympathy is expressed for Mr. and Mrs. J. Taylor, Park street, in the loss of their infant son, which occurred lately.

Oct. 9.—Fred Smith of Brookline, Mass., who has been the guest of his friend, Miss Nellie Dunne for the past week returned on Saturday.

Miss Bessie Dunne of Boston who has been spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Dunne, returned on Saturday.

Geo. Cain arrived from Manitoba on Thursday, and is delighted with the west.

Mrs. Jennie Cain accompanied by her friend, Miss Nellie Dunne, made a flying trip to Digby on Thursday.

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

WHERE THE WEAR IS. The edge of a skirt is the focal point of most skirt worry. What is your experience with "bindings," "edgings," etc.? You can remember many a skirt that got frayed at the edge and shabby before the drapery showed even a sign of wear. "Corticelli Protector Braid," sewed on flat, not turned over, will wear as long as any skirt, always be clean, always save the skirt, will not chafe the shoes. Sold everywhere in all shades. Genuine only with this brand.

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

Two Notable Exceptions. The Irish are scarcely less noted for their gallantry than for their wit, and an example of this virtue is found in the case of an Irish judge who presided at a trial in which the plaintiffs were a lady and her daughter. In summing up the case, the judge thus gallantly began: 'Gentlemen of the jury: Everything in this case seems plain—except Mrs. O' Toole and her charming daughter.'

An American capitalist, who has made a fortune running far into the millions, likes to tell a story of his first business venture, and how he saddened the local grocer. At this time he was fond of frequenting a public saleroom near his home, where all sorts of bargains were offered. One day I noticed several boxes of soap of a certain brand which I had often been sent to buy at the corner grocery. I thought to myself, 'That will go cheap,' so I ran to the grocery and received a promise from the man in charge to buy as much of the soap at a certain figure as I could furnish. Of course he never suspected that I could furnish any of it.

I returned to the saleroom, and when the soap was put up I bid it in, and it was knocked down to me. My name was demanded, and when I gave it, in a shrill voice, everybody laughed for I was then only eleven years of age. Amused as they were at the sale, the bystanders were amazed when I bid in the whole lot of twenty-two boxes, I had them carried over to the grocery, and received the price agreed upon. The grocer wore a weary look when he heard how I had obtained the soap. He said: 'Well I guess I could have done that myself.'

I replied that I guessed he could, too, but he hadn't. A pretty story. I don't know how anybody knows, only a pretty story comes from Canadian sources that during the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall's long trip each box of dispatches sent to them from home has contained snap shots of their children, taken by their grandmothers and told relations. It was certainly an affectionate means of showing the absent parents precisely how their little ones looked and had gained in size, and also what they were doing at the time. If the Duchess is like other mothers, these prints were better than any letters that accompanied them.

Chairs Re-seated Cane, Splint, Perforated, Duval, 17 Waterloo.

Fry's Gocao is Absolutely Pure Cocoa. Nothing added and nothing taken away from the intrinsic good and rich nourishing qualities of the purest Cocoa beans—Fry's Cocoa is absolutely pure cocoa. It has taken awards and medals without number for its superiority. It is the Cocoa that has made the name where for honesty of purpose. Sold by best dealers everywhere.

Rapid Transit.

Folks had got to rise up in the middle of the night to get ahead of my Pomp, announced Mrs. Johnson to an interested friend, as the two women hung out their clothes on neighboring lines one Monday morning.

Laws, no, I ain't heard nuffin! said the other woman, eagerly. My ole man and me we nebber got home from spending the day wid Susannah till most midnight.

'Is dat so?' said Mrs. Johnson, who had been alive to this state of affairs, but wished to appear ignorant.

'My Pomp,' said Mrs. Johnson, proudly, 'has got de contrabance ob Mr. Edison or any ob dese inventing passons, and he just turnd de seat facin round backward, and put dat trifling mule in backward, and set a basket ob osts just behind de dashboard right in plain sight ob dat mule, and he done de pushing us slorg to de sanctuary faster dan Pomp and me ebber 'spected to ride in all our days!'

Grandmother's Remedy.

'Girls don't have to do ayt'ing! declared Bobby, as he sat down with a thump on the shoe box in grandmother's room. Girls don't have to feed hens or fill the wood box. I wish I was a girl, so I do!

Girls don't have to do ayt'ing! exclaimed Grandma Stone, in surprise. Well, well, well! You come with me a minute, Bobby, and we'll see if you are right.

Bobby followed grandmother into the sitting room. But when they got there both were surprised, for, sitting in the big rocker, was Beth, her eyes full of tears.

'I wish I was a boy, same as Bobby!' she said sorrowfully. 'I'm as tired as anything of dusting rooms. Boys don't have to dust or mend stockings or do ayt'ing! Oh, dear, dear, dear!' and Beth hid her curly head in the duster and sobbed.

'Well, I never did!' exclaimed grandmother. 'Suppose you do Bobby's work today, and he will do yours. I know that he will be delighted to change work with you.'

But would you believe it? Grandmother was mistaken, for Bobby shook his head.

'I'm going to feed the hens myself,' he said.

Beth wiped her eyes in a hurry. 'Girls never fill wood-boxes,' she murmured.

Then they both laughed, and stopped grumbling for that day. So, you see, grandmother's remedy was a wise one, after all.

Incorrect Diagnosis.

He posed as a fortune-teller and mind-reader, and when he was arrested and taken into a New York court for posting handbills on the street, he explained his vocation to the presiding judge.

'And so you are a mind reader,' said the interpreter of the law. 'I wonder if you can read my mind.'

'Oh, yes,' replied the prisoner, apparently believing that a 'bluff' would serve his cause as well as anything. 'You are of a bright and cheerful disposition. And I can see by the merry twinkle in your mind that you are about to tell me to go home.'

'Your diagnosis is not correct,' said the judge. 'I was merely meditating whether I should make the five five dollars or ten dollars. I think we will call it five dollars this time.'

The Prophet At Home.

'What in the world is all that quarreling about?' asked one of the patrons of a 'select boarding-house.' 'It's been going on in the room above mine for nearly an hour.'

'That?' said one of the elder boarders. 'Why, that occurs very often—at least once a week. It is only the professor of hypnotism trying to persuade his wife to go to the band concert.'

'Just got my new photographs. Fine aren't they?'

'Splendid. Glad you told me who it was.'

'Yes,' they said, 'Mr. Diggem is above his occupation.'

'What,' we asked, 'does he do?'

'He,' they replied, 'is a well driller.'

'Did you try the loop-the-loop at Coney Island?'

'That's the thing that turns you upside down, isn't it?'

'Yes.'

'I was just going to try it when I remembered I had a hole in my stocking.'

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Continued from Fourth Page.

Sir Thomas Lipton is confined to his yacht the Erin. His right leg which was hurt while he was boarding the tender Port Roco a few weeks ago, is giving him considerable pain.

About noon Monday an unknown man, gained entrance to Freedman's block at 188 Valley street, Lawrence, Mass., and made his way to the roof. He sat down on the edge of the coping and for some time threw stones down into the street. He was warned of his danger. After some time spent on the roof he began jumping from one building to another, a distance of about five feet and a drop of some 35 feet. He succeeded in doing this several times and at last being on the lower roof he tried to get back to the higher one. He slipped and caught his hand in the gutter of the roof. It was not strong enough to bear his weight and he fell four stories to the tar side-walk below. He struck on the right side of his head and instantaneous death was caused by the breaking of his neck.

Only His Friends.

On his last birthday a boy whom the New York Tribune calls Johnny Snow had a party. Johnny's sister had had birthday parties, where all the boys and girls conducted themselves strictly according to the rules of decorum. But Johnny wanted only boys.

I do not want any thing stiff and make-believe, he said to his mother. I just want the crowd I play with every day.

And a crowd it was that that awkwardly surrounded the table in the basement dining-room when supper-time came, and looked with gloating eyes on the bountiful supply of good things.

Noticing their restraint, and bearing in mind Johnny's wish that there should be nothing "stiff," the boy's mother tactfully withdrew, after noting that there was plenty for every one to eat. She had scarcely reached the floor above before there was a terrible commotion—a sound of breaking china and glass, and the jingle of spoons and forks and knives. Then there were exciting exclamations and a scurrying of feet outside the basement door, after which all was silent.

Wonderingly, Johnny's mother returned to the dining room, where a few minutes before there had been twelve hungry boys. The table cloth and dishes were in a heap on the floor. Johnny sat beside them, his head buried in his arms.

Why, Johnny, dear, where are your friends? Johnny raised his head. Tears were trickling down his nose. They—they swiped all all—the-y was on—the table and skunk! said he, in a fresh burst of tears.

Realizing that moralities would be cruel in the face of such a crushing defeat, Johnny's mother led the way to the pantry, with out a word. After the reserve goodies had been brought out the occasion seemed ripe

Your Nose

That is what you should breathe through—not your mouth.

But there may be times when your catarrh is so bad you can't breathe through it. Breathing through the mouth is always bad for the lungs, and it is especially so when their delicate tissues have been weakened by the scrofulous condition of the blood on which catarrh depends.

Alfred E. Yings, Hoermerstown, Pa., suffered from catarrh for years. His head felt bad, there was a ringing in his ears, and he could not breathe through one of his nostrils nor clear his head.

After trying several catarrh specifics from which he derived no benefit, he was completely cured, according to his own statement, by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

This great medicine radically and permanently cures catarrh by cleansing the blood and building up the whole system.

Hood's Pills are the favorite cathartic. See a

word on the value of virtuous associations. Then the maid cleared up the battle field.

Clearly Understood.

They seldom gave dinner parties, and what they gave were small. But they liked things done decently and in order, and generally they had the best. On the afternoon of one of the little parties the host summoned the boy in buttons and said to him; Now, John, you must be very careful how you hand round that wine.

Yes, sir.

These bottles with black seals are the best and these with the red seals the inferior sherry. The best sherry is for after dinner; the inferior sherry you will hand around with the hock after soup. You understand—both and inferior sherry aiter soup?

Yes, sir; perfectly, responded the boy in buttons.

The evening came and with it the guests Everything went on swimmingly till the boy went around the table asking each of the guests, 'Hock or inferior sherry.'

"77"

BREAKS UP STUBBORN

COLDS

As the Cold numbs your fingers and toes, so taking Cold numbs your vital organs, causing weak heart action, difficult respiration and torpid liver. A few doses of "77" restores the checked circulation, sends the blood coursing through the veins, restoring every organ to its normal condition, and the Cold is "broken up" and passes off of necessity.

"77" is a small vial of pleasant pellets that just fits the vest pocket.

At all Druggists 25 cents, or mailed on receipt of price. Doct. H's COKE MAILED FREE. Humphrey's Homeopathic Medicine Co. Cor. William and John streets, New York.

Intercolonial Railway.

\$10 MONTREAL AND RETURN \$10

Round Trip Tickets issued at St. John, Campbellton and intermediate stations on October 10, 11 and 12, good for return until October 27, and on October 21, 22 and 23, good for return until November 7. Proportionate rates from points east of Moncton.

JOHN M. LYONS, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Moncton, N. B., October 3, 1901.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

Sale of Unclaimed Goods.

There will be a sale of Unclaimed Goods at the Freight Shed at St. John Station on FRIDAY, the 1st November, 1901, commencing at 10 o'clock. Catalogues can be seen at the Railway Stations.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager, Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 11th Sept., 1901.

Names of Presidents.

Intercolonial Railway.

ROYAL VISIT, ST. JOHN, N. B.

RETURN TICKETS will be issued at the following rates:

Sillsbury \$1.55
Fairbrooks 1.35
St. John80
Hampden45
K. St. John20
And proportionately low rates from all other stations in New Brunswick. Good going on all dates in October 1901, and trains due to arrive in St. John on morning of the 17th, returning said October 19th.

JNO. M. LYONS, Gen. Pass & Ticket Agent, E. TIFFIN, Traffic Manager, Moncton, N. B., Oct. 10, 1901.



HOME LIFE.

The happiness of home life depends largely on the health of the wife and mother. When her strength is unequal to the daily cares and duties of home, the evening hour finds her utterly worn out, too tired to talk, too weary to read. At first even she is glad to have her husband go out for the evening. She wants rest and quiet at any price. And so the foundation for marital misery is often laid in ill-health.

But when the housewife is healthy and strong she finds in her day's duties only a sufficient outlet for her energy. She looks forward all day to the evening hour spent with her husband over a book, or passed in quiet conversation. And every evening so spent draws the wife nearer to the husband and knits together the twain who are "one flesh" in the higher unity of one mind.

Every woman should know that the general health depends on the local womanly health. Irregularity, weakening drains, inflammation, ulceration and female weakness are disorders which sap the woman's strength and destroy her happiness with her health.

In ninety-eight cases in every hundred the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will effect a complete cure of womanly diseases. It is a reliable regulator. It dries the drains which enfeeble women. It heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

Sick and ailing women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free. All correspondence is held as sacredly confidential and womanly confidences are guarded by strict professional privacy. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

In a little over thirty years, assisted by his medical staff of nearly a score of physicians, Dr. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y., has treated and cured more than half a million women.

There is no similar offer of free consultation by letter which has behind it a physician of Dr. Pierce's eminence and success, or an institution of world-wide fame such as the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y.

Write to Dr. Pierce and obtain a specialist's opinion absolutely without charge or fee.

WAS NEARLY CRAZY.

'I was pleased that Dr. Pierce answered my letter,' writes Mrs. C. W. Young, of South Regent Street (Lee Park), Wilkesbarre, Penna. 'I am perfectly willing for you to use my name and address, as I think it my duty to let the people know what a wonderful medicine you have. When I had those mishaps I began to think I would never have children, and my stomach and have such headaches I did not know what to do; they used to set me nearly crazy, and I used to dread to get up. I felt so bad when I began taking your medicine. When baby was expected I took it all the time I was that way. I felt fine all the time and never got those dizzy spells now. I hardly ever have a nervous headache any more. I have a perfect romp of a boy; he is the light of our home. I am now twenty years old and my baby is almost eight months old. I now feel well and weigh 130 pounds, and the baby 23 1/2 pounds. We feel very grateful for the good your medicine did for us. We are both healthy, thanks to Dr. Pierce's medicine.'

ALMOST A SKELETON.

'Your Favorite Prescription' has done so much for me," says Mrs. Susan West, of Lawndale, Cleveland Co., N. C., "that I feel it my duty to write to you and tell you I think it saved my life. I had been under the treatment of two doctors—had two mishaps. I was almost a skeleton, weighed only seventy pounds. A friend of mine recommended Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and when I commenced to take it my health began to improve greatly. In ten months I was a happy mother. I had only taken six bottles and have never taken any medicine since, of any kind, and now weigh 120 pounds. I am now awaiting the coming of another child in the best of health. I cannot say too much in praise of your Favorite Prescription.'

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are at once the most agreeable and most effective laxative for women's use.

Mrs. C. W. Young—We hear of the bicycle and automobile races, why not the pianists race?

Mr. Crimmonbeak—Oh, it's the people who listen to the playing who make the race.

'Yes, he's going to play Hamlet in private theatricals, and he's very much worried about it.'

'Why, I should think he was too conceited to get stage fright.'

'It isn't ordinary stage fright. He's afraid everybody will say he imitates Booth so closely.'

Askit—Do you think there was glory enough to go around at Santiago?

Tellit—Yes, and there was loss of memory enough to go all the way around Cuba and back again.

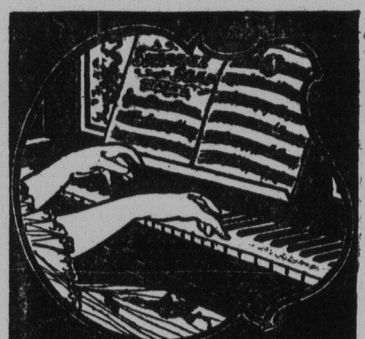
'What good does your college education do you if you can't carry a bowl of soup to a guest without putting your thumb in it?'

'I said the summer hotel proprietor to the student waiter. STE'

'Oh, well, was the reply, you must remember that I have two years more in college.'

People seem to enjoy talking about a girl who is growing fat.

WANTED—A Large Wholesale House intends to establish a branch office in New Brunswick and desires Manager for same. Salary \$150 per month and extra profits. Applicant must furnish good references and have \$1500 to \$2000 cash. Address Superintendent, P. O. Box 1161, Philadelphia Pa.



Keep your Hands White

SURPRISE won't hurt them. It has remarkable qualities for easy and quick washing of clothes, but is harmless to the hands, and to the most delicate fabrics.

SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap.

ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO. St. Stephen, N.B.

SILVERWARE OF THE HIGHEST GRADE. THE QUESTION 'WILL IT WEAR?' NEED NEVER BE ASKED IF YOUR GOODS BEAR THE TRADE MARK 1847 ROGERS BROS. MARK. AS THIS IN ITSELF GUARANTEES THE QUALITY. BESURE THE PREFIX 1847. THESE GOODS HAVE STOOD THE TEST FOR NEARLY HALF A CENTURY. SOLD BY FIRST CLASS DEALERS.

Wood's Phosphodine. The Great English Remedy. Sold and recommended by all druggists in Canada. Only reliable medicine discovered. Size packages guaranteed to cure all forms of Sexual Weakness, all effects of abuse or excess, Mental Worry, Excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants. Mailed on receipt of price, one package \$1. six, \$5. One will please, six will cure. Pamphlets free to any address. The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont.

Woods Phosphodine is sold in St. John's by all responsible Druggists.

CANADIAN PACIFIC FALL EXCURSION TO MONTREAL. GOING: Oct. 10, 11, 12. RETURN: Oct. 21, 22, 23. ROUND TRIP FROM ST. JOHN: \$10.00. Ask for tickets via CANADIAN PACIFIC SHORT LINE. General change of time Oct. 13, 1901. See nearest Ticket Agent for particulars or write A. J. HEALD, D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John, N.B.

Withdrawal of suburban Train Service. The 6:00 A. M. express from Fairville to Lisley and the 6:40 A. M. express Lisley to St. John will be withdrawn from service after Saturday September 21.

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

MOOSE MEAT -AND- VENISON.

THOS DEAN, CITY MARKET;

The

Details of the bond and are being conducted now by one Sarah loyal Briton takes his things about the royal honey. No more in sacred subject. 'I wrong' is a rule which to have exception to Queen Alexandra play a unanimity of lovely to behold.

According to Mrs. andra does not believe keep up with the l. She doesn't go in for eternally remodeling furnishing, re-every Poland's advice to ings and sticks to travels there is a objects which travel most of them have in her memory.

She has quantified palms in her room Mrs Tooley, and it the queen loves life around her.

For many years, famous parrot, had ing room, until his nosy that he had to white dove with rub his mistress' should have passed lives cushions in her Ma the reigning pet of Japanese spaniel and dog. They travel w she goes

The real home life passed chiefly at which is a new but when 1860. As Poin more than half of model estate, with the work people, a all the modern imp The principal entrance Norwich gates, a city of Norwich.

The park contain ing lake overlooked sunny terrace. The half miles distant railway company h with special waiting ringham folks.

There is an ivy for girls in the villa Alexandra founded girls on the estate saw. Evidently the force of example, spinning wheel and occasionally uses.

There is a scho they are taught we making and fitted. There are the elec cording to the else favorite backs and luxurious existence lined with white til are near by, spots Mrs. Tooley neg this point. Also a dens and forcing h acres.

As for the dairy one think of poor thatched laiterie wasn't much like it was a model in gaily perhaps the dame and daniel Tooley?

'Opposit is th with a dainty tea r ly little garden. started the Queen in its manage Danish method of time of the old d the Princess and amused themsel appointments are the blue ties, bro India, and the sil

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1901.

The Queen at Home.

Details of the home life of Queen Alexandra are being confided to the world just now by one Sarah Tooley.

According to Mrs Tooley Queen Alexandra does not believe in a mad rush to keep up with the latest fads of fashion.

She has quantities of flowers, ferns and palms in her rooms. So at least, says Mrs Tooley, and it is quite believable.

For many years, she says, Cockie, a famous parrot, had his cage in her dressing room, until his conversation became so noisy that he had to be banished.

The real home life of the Queen has been passed chiefly at Sandringham House, which is a new house, built no longer ago than 1860.

The park contains 300 acres, with a winding lake overlooked from the house by a sunny terrace.

There is an ivy covered technical school for girls in the village hard by. Queen Alexandra founded it for teaching the girls on the estate how to spin, weave and sew.

There is a school for boys too, where they are taught wood carving and cabinet making and fitted for situations in towns.

As for the dairy, the description makes one think of poor Marie Antoinette. Her thatched larder at the Petit Train wasn't much like Queen Alexandra's, but it was a model in its day and great ladies dabbled about in it then, though more gayly perhaps than the sober English damsel and damsels of to-day.

Opposite is the Queen's model dairy with a dainty tea room entered from a lovely little garden. When the dairy was first started the Queen took an active interest in its management and introduced the Danish method of butter making.

Another story was about Tennyson, who had written an ode at the time of the Princess's arrival in England. The ode left nothing to be desired in the way of praise and glorification.

Around the walls are models in marble, terra cotta, silver and alabaster of the prize animals bred on the estate.

There is a clubhouse erected by the King for use of the men working on the estate. Mrs. Tooley says that there are stringent rules in the club against drinking and gambling.

The old church at the next village was unfit for worship, so the King had an iron one built for the people.

Sandringham is not a show house like some of the famous old country houses. According to Mrs. Tooley's description it seems to be a purely personal habitation filled with family portraits, souvenirs of loved ones and models of pet animals.

Formerly there used to be three halls at Sandringham every winter for the tenantry and servants, but these functions came to an end with the death of the Duke of Clarence.

This anniversary comes on Nov. 9 and there is always a shooting party, with luncheon served in a tent where all the guests of the house come together.

For years it was a family custom to walk around the estate on Sunday afternoons. The Queen petted her horse and fed them carrots and other equine dainties.

Alter the dog episode the family party goes to the pheasantry, the bantam rearing ground, the dove house and so on winding up at the dairy tea room for the indispensable 5 o'clock.

July 6—Visit to St. Saviour Church for Deaf and Dumb.

July 7—Opening of new wing of French Hospital, also Fete Francaise on behalf of French benevolent institutions.

July 8—Laying of foundation stone of new building for Royal Hospital for Incurables.

July 9—Visit to Royal Normal College for the Blind.

This doesn't sound gay nor calculated to make one pine to be a royal personage. In fact it sounds very much as if the Queen is a working woman, and a hard-working one, too.

Countless stories are told of the kindness and thoughtfulness of Queen Alexandra. Charity begins at home and it is worth noting that the Sandringham people adore their mistress who is also their Queen.

'Yes, I've been unable to get about all winter and as soon as the Queen heard I was too ill to attend to myself she sent a nurse to stay with me.

The only child of the keeper of the kennels was lying at the point of death, but the man seemed to be cheered by a telegram from the Queen at Windsor telling of her sympathy.

'The Queen thought a lot of our little girl,' he said, and somehow the Queen seems to have that rare gift of making everybody feel that she thinks a lot of them.

'It was most specially to see me, ma'am, that the Queen came,' remarked an old lady who had burred her face by accidentally setting fire to her cap.

Now sit down and tell me how you're all going on.

And she'd bring the dear children with her. Poor Prince Eddy! He was never far from her side; and Prince George would be running all round my place asking about everything.

There is another hospital nearby; one which was erected in 1877 in thanksgiving for the recovery of the Prince of Wales.

To Americans it is almost a surprise that the Prince and Princess of Wales had any home life at all. According to the papers they seemed generally to be engaged in a mad round of laying cornerstones, opening hospitals, visiting asylums and similar doings.

Drill Sergeant (to awkward squad): 'The bullet of our new rifle will go right through eighteen inches of solid wood. Remember that, you block-heads!'

'A splendid stroke! Did you follow the ball, caddy?'

Ethel—'That detestable Mrs. Brown said that I looked thirty!'

'So you lent Harbinger the money, did you?'

'What did he say?'

'He promised to pay with alacrity.'

'He did, eh? Well, let me tell you this: if there's one thing that's scarcer with him than money, it's alacrity.'

President Loubet's Wardrobe. A correspondent of the Cri de Paris has ascertained certain facts in regard to President Loubet's wardrobe which are being copied with extraordinary avidity by the Parisian and provincial press.

An elderly, blighted village maiden was heard to exclaim the other day—'I can bear adversity, I can encounter hardships and withstand the temptations of ardent spirits, fickle fortune, and the weather; but, oh, to live, and droop, and wither and die like a single pink. I can't endure it, and, what's more, I won't!'

'The prisoner offered this court a bribe of 50 cents to turn him loose,' said the indignant crossroads justice.

'No your honor,' replied the lawyer, 'it was \$2.'

'Now, that's something like it, and I stand corrected,' replied the justice. 'Let him go!'

'That,' we said, pointing to the yacht which we were describing to the fair young girl, 'that is the waist of the vessel.'

Father (calling from head of stairs at 11:30 p.m.): 'Fanny, don't you think it is about time to go to bed?'

'If I get ill, my dear, send me to the hospital.'

'What? Among all those pretty nurses? I think not!'

'Knd Friend: Poor fellow, have you got no friends?'

I painted a winter scene the other day that was so true to Nature that the thermometer in my studio fell twenty degrees.

A commercial traveller connected with a certain cycle company went from home to a distant place. To set his mind at rest he left orders with the nurse to wire: 'Gentleman's safety arrived, if the expected stranger turned out to be a boy; and if a girl, to wire the words: 'Lady's safety arrived.'

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

Running Sores, the outcome of neglect or bad blood, have a never-failing balm in Dr. Agnew's Ointment. Will heal the most stubborn cases. Soothes irritation almost instantly after first application. It relieves all itching and burning skin diseases in a day. It cures piles in 3 to 5 nights. 35 cents.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

Stop the Pain but destroy the Stomach.—This is sadly to often the case. So many nauseous nostrums purporting to cure, in the end do the patient immensely more harm than good. Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets are a purely vegetable pepsin preparation, as harmless as milk. One after eating prevents any disorder of the digestive organs. 60 in a box, 35 cents.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith.

Poor Maria, her marriage was a disappointment. Was it? Oh yes; she didn't get half the rice presents she counted on.

Sciatica Put Him On Crutches.—J. S. Smith, dairyman, of Grimsby, Ont., writes: 'My limbs were almost useless from sciatica and rheumatism, and, notwithstanding my esteem for physicians, I must give the credit where it belongs. I am a cured man to day, and South American Rheumatic Cure must have all the credit. Its a marvel.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.'

Clara, What in the world induced you to buy more postage stamps? Queenie, why I went to the chemist's to get some face powder, and who should be there but Charlie!

Jealous Rivals cannot turn back the tide. The demand for Dr. Agnew's little Pills is a marvel. Cheap to buy, but diamonds in quality—banish nausea, coated tongue, water brash, pain after eating, sick headache, never give, operate pleasantly. 10 cents.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

'Her fiancé? He looks old enough to know better.'

'Appearances are deceptive. He is, in fact, only old enough to be her father.'

'One Foot in the Grave.'—If the thousands of people who rush to so worthy a remedy at South American Nervine as a last resort would get it as a first resort, how much misery and suffering would be spared. If you have any nerve disorder you needn't suffer a minute longer. A thousand testimonies to prove it.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

Colonel (to friends little four-year old daughter home with her parents on leave)—'And so, my little girl, you have been to India?'

Little Girl (airily)—'Oh, I just went there to be born and then come here.'

Strong Words by a New York Specialist.—'After years of testing and comparison I have no hesitation in saying that Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is the quickest, safest, and surest known to medical science. I use it in my own practice. It relieves the most acute forms of heart ailment inside of thirty minutes and never fails.'—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

'Prisoner,' said the magistrate, 'you have already been sentenced eleven times for vagrancy, violent assault, embezzlement, theft etc.'

'Would you mind not speaking so loud, your Worship?' was the reply. 'My untened father-in-law is in the court, and you might damage my prospects.'

Catarrh and Colds Relieved in 10 to 60 Minutes.—One short puff of the breath through the blower supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use. It relieves instantly, and permanently cures catarrh, hay fever, colds, headache, sore throat, tonsillitis and deafness. 50 cents.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

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

J. D. TURNER.

Pulp Wood Wanted

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

Remember Me No More.

IN TWO INSTALMENT—PART I.

CHAPTER I

'Well, it's very hard on us, that's all I can say.' 'Yes, I do think, Violet you might remember you've had your chances. When you were our age you enjoyed yourself like everybody else; but now that you're thirty, and we're years younger, were to be as dull and sober as any greyhead in the parish. People who are young and full of life oughtn't to be expected to pen themselves up like those who have had their day. It's rank selfishness.'

'Mother wouldn't object—it is you who rule here. I know people must wonder—and it's no good being pretty and—' 'Oh, do stop!' cried the eldest sister almost entreatingly. 'In our circumstances—'

'But her circumstances! It's all ways that! We are no poorer than heaps of people. Besides, we don't want show or fuss—we don't ask for it, Violet. How can it possibly run away with money to just ask a person in to tea occasionally? I'm sure ever since we came home from school it has been horrible. We are like nuns; while as for you, you are worse! And besides, if we married, or if only one of us did so, it would be so much the better for our circumstances. I wonder you don't think of that. A little gaiety, a little society, and we should be all your hands and spending other people's money instead of our own. You are penny wise and pound foolish, and for my part I'm sick of it.'

'It is not a case of money, Kitty. I've tried to make you understand it isn't. Violet said: 'Miss Traill's rather pale, thin, but sweet looking face was growing terribly harassed; but Christie and Kitty, in their buoyant, youthful selfishness, thought or cared nothing for that.'

'They left very angry. It was the same old battle, being fought over the same old ground, and they were all tired to death of it. 'Well, what is it a case of then, you never explain or tell us anything. You can't explain; I can't tell you anything. You ought not to bother and worry about the matter as you do. There are hundreds—thousands—of girls who are obliged to live quiet, and neither go out much nor entertain at home. You have health and strength, and—'

'And what good are they to us, I should like to know, if we're to vegetate like this? I call it disgusting, the way you try to keep us down and out of sight. You used to go out. Someone was telling me the other day you were considered quite a beauty, and as jolly a girl as they wished to see. You never let us be jolly, and I expect we're every bit a good looking as you were. Oh, it's perfectly abominable! Both the younger girls gave vent to a long, angry breath, but the elder one's was charged with a terrible sorrow as it escaped her as an echo of theirs.'

'Dear girls, she said; indeed, I wish I could make you understand that I sympathize with you. You always make me understand and unfeeling, while all the time I'm far more unhappy than you are. I did, as you say, go out when I was young, but I never brought me any happiness; and when I was twenty-five, I became so tired of it, so weary—that I gave it all up, and—' 'But why do you object to our trying it? We might not grow tired of it; we're not all built alike, you know.'

'I don't want you to have to endure a grief I had to endure. Believe me, you are far happier, living quietly, than if you went out a great deal, and had to fill the house with company in return. There was something so impressive in Violet's look and tone that the two younger girls were silenced, though they were not convinced, and probably never would be. They were bright, good looking girls, both rosy cheeked and plump, with fair, nut brown hair and English looking figures but not very remarkable either for the features or for the depth of the expression upon their faces, whereas Violet was a being of quite a different order. The two younger girls did not like to acknowledge the inferiority of which they were vaguely conscious, and they bitterly resented the occasional remarks that fell upon their ears that Violet was the beauty of the family, the 'flower of the flock,' utterly above and beyond themselves. Though this might not be put before them in plain words, it was not difficult to read the general opinion. There was evidently something wanting in their plump, commonplace good-looks—something, grace, culture, whatever it might be

called—and it was discovered by everybody, except, perhaps, woody youth whose opinion went for nothing. It was evident that Violet, in her young days—which, they seemed always very anxious to make out, were over and done with—had created much more of a stir and won a great deal more admiration than themselves. Now she was very quiet; stayed a great deal at home and devoted herself to Mrs. Traill, who, though no invalid, but a fine and handsome woman of middle age, also seemed to prefer her own fireside to the gaieties of sojourn. Christie and Kitty felt that it was very hard. They would have liked to keep a sort of 'open house'; they would have liked shoals of friends, both to visit and to receive as visitors. They thought the only duty that ought to fall to them in life was to thoroughly enjoy themselves. They were never tired of reminding their elder sister that, in the old days, before they came, five years ago, to Maplethorpe, she had been a very popular young person, fitting here, there, and everywhere in Ledsbury. They hated her reserve upon the subject, and her quiet determination that she would not be dragged into the circle of their acquaintances. For acquaintances and friends they had, and persisted in having, but Violet would not on-ourage them at Woodbine Cottage, and the two younger girls asserted that she ruled their mother, who would not be averse from a different order of things had she been the housekeeper. But it was Violet who held this position, and somehow she and her mother kept themselves to themselves, and rarely accepted the invitations that Christie and Kitty snatched up with the greatest eagerness. 'It's all very well, V., wanting to turn into an old maid, and mother being able to let her, they used to grumble between themselves. 'But we're not ambitious of any such fate. We're not so hard driven by poverty that we couldn't have little afternoon tea or supper parties—nothing ceremonious, or grand, or expensive—no dinners, or anything like that, but the festivity that other girls have. 'V. always sets her face against entertaining in any form, and she has grim, stupid notions that, unless one makes a return, one should not accept hospitality at all. We seem different from everybody else. There's some mystery somewhere. 'Oh, course we know we're not rich—we shouldn't pretend to be; but she always admits it isn't exactly a question of poverty. People must think it remarkable.'

It had been particularly vexatious, they felt, of late, this retirement, for a new star had appeared in the Maplethorpe sky; and as it was not a large place, the arrival had caused a sensation. A Mr. Derrick was visiting about in the big houses in the neighborhood—young, handsome, well born and wealthy. The two younger Misses Traill had met him once or twice, and their hearts fluttered and their hearts dithered. Each secretly believed she might have made a conquest, or certainly would make it were she allowed a fair chance, and this belief had infused a little venom into their attack upon Violet—a much harder and sicker assault than usual. The whole place was ringing with Roger Derrick's praises. Every girl over the age of eighteen was going in for him, and Christie's and Kitty's empty, foolish heads were half turning with excitement also. It was all very well for Violet, almost on the shelf, and quite out of everything—a pious sort of girl, who liked sitting at home and preaching—to remain cool and unacquainted. They chattered upon the topic of Mr. Derrick, and the times when they had seen him and spoken to him, all day long, and they thought their sister's reserve was very unsympathetic, and abused her in no measured terms for trying to make herself out so different from everybody else. And then, Violet put on such a sweet, appealing manner sometimes, which was so mysterious, that it irritated them more than ever. It seemed to put them so completely in the wrong. She assured them so earnestly, and with such distress, that she was sorry for them; but she never altered her ways, this was utterly ridiculous, of course. Altogether, the two younger Misses Traill considered their sister to be treating them very badly.

CHAPTER II

Christie Traill's heart was beating excitedly. She was at a dance that had been given by one of the big people of the neighborhood and she had suddenly been singled out by Mr. Roger Derrick for special attention; or what seemed to her special attention; for, being what he was, the man of the room, and considering the crowd of pretty and well born girls surrounding them, it did seem very strange that she should be able to bestow two dances upon a girl he had hardly exchanged half-a-dozen words with. She had met him before, certainly, but nearly always in a throng, and, in spite of her talk, she had hardly believed he knew her name. Now she had seen him deliberately speaking about her, as he stood with a few other men near the door of the ball room. They had seemed to mention her, and Mr. Derrick had wheeled round, regarding her very searchingly and with great interest, and a minute or two afterwards had come across and asked her for not only one dance, as might have been expected, but two. She was in a state of wild excitement. How Kitty would envy her! How she would love the other girls would be! She sat beating her white alighted feet upon the waxed floor delightfully. Roger Derrick was such a handsome, distinguished-looking man. He was, perhaps, one or two and-a-half, with broad shoulders, intent yet lazy-looking eyes of a nondescript hue, and brown hair that had a dash of gold in it. He had a charm of manner and an engagingly pleasant voice, and slyly Christie was in love with him, and simply exulted at being chosen out or such notice. She felt that she looked rather than any other girl present, in spite of the fact that she was not so expensively attired as many of them were. V. had suggested white, softly-falling crepe for her dress and Kitty's, and their mother had insisted that the whole effect must be that of simplicity. In vain Christie and Kitty had urged that satin, or even silk, would look much nicer. Mrs. Traill was firm, and pooh-poohed such an idea as impossible. Violet obtained no thanks for her suggestion; but, had the girls only known it, they looked in a more and more suitably attired as they were, than they would have done had they figured in richer robes. Their plump, florid faces and forms, though youthful and good-looking enough, were softened by the dresses Violet had suggested. She had exquisite taste, and used it in their behalf upon every occasion, though very often they declined to follow her advice, but pleased themselves. 'Poor old V. I shouldn't wonder if she were a bit jealous of us! They were not above confiding to each other. She never tried to see us in anything expensive or stylish. The fact being that Violet could perceive in a moment that anything they termed 'stylish' brought out a slight tendency to vulgarity in their appearance; but that, if they dressed with care, this might be kept out of sight. Christie was so pleased, however, at the present moment, by the way things were turning, that she was willing to admit her elder sister had been right, perhaps, after all. 'Kitty, what do you think?' she whispered in wild jubilation, edging up to her just cautiously, as that young lady sat among the possible partners, who were talking languidly round. 'Mr. Derrick has asked me for two. He can't do that to many, for there are only twenty dances on the programme. 'Kitty looked up, amazed, excited, but as jealous as Christie had hoped her to be, then, in a minute, she returned, in a wailing-careless tone. 'Perhaps so, murmured Christie. Her expression of contentment, however betrayed that she doubted this, for though she acknowledged that Kitty was pretty, she considered that she herself was prettier. Mr. Derrick had chosen one of the first dances, and he made a rather surprising suggestion to his partner as he offered her his arm. 'Would you care to sit it out, Miss Traill?' he murmured. 'The room is getting rather hot, and it seems very pleasant in the conservatory. 'I should prefer it,' answered Christie eagerly. She had heard it was a kind of compliment for a man to wish to spend a quiet half hour with a partner—that it betokened an interest in her, a desire to get to know her as he could not were they merely spinning round the room. She felt that in the conservatory she could chatter brightly, and show to better advantage, perhaps, than she were dancing. For she did not particularly excel in the rhapsodic art, but she was always accounted a jolly girl. So they wended their way to the cool retreat, where Roger selected seats amongst the dark greenery of the plants and palms, and he bestowed several what Christie took for admiring glances upon her, as they talked on conventional subjects, but she was more pleased when he began to show a strong personal interest in her. 'I have met you once before, have I not?' he asked. Christie could have answered 'three times,' and given him the place and hour of each encounter, but she had coquetry enough to reply— 'I believe you have, with a fairly cool indifference. Therefore you belong to this neighbourhood? he went on and his companion was nothing loath to afford him all information upon the point. 'Oh, yes! she answered. 'Do you know a white house standing in Summer Lane called Woodbine Cottage?' Mr. Derrick was afraid he did not. 'It is not a large house,' explained Christie, mortified at having to make the admission. 'Well, that is where I live.' 'And you have lived in Maplethorpe all your life?' he inquired. 'I certainly seemed to feel an interest in her, and his handsome eyes were fixed upon her quite eagerly. 'No, not all my life. We once lived at a place called Ledsbury,' she volunteered. 'I was a much jollier one than Maplethorpe, but then I was a child and was

away at school. I—' 'Ledsbury! repeated Mr. Derrick reflectively. 'Yes, do you know it?' 'I have been there,' he replied in a careless tone. 'It was ever so much nicer than this old place, wasn't it?' exclaimed Christie eagerly. 'I thought so,' said Mr. Derrick in a peculiar tone. Christie would have thought it was a sad one, only that sort of smile sat upon his lips, dreamy and strange. 'Then I suppose you were a little girl when your father lived there?' he said, suddenly walking up and turning to her. 'I have no father; he died a long time ago. He was killed in battle,' said Christie. 'I can't remember so very much about it.' 'But you have a mother, I suppose?' 'Yes.' 'What a lot of questions he was asking! He could not be taking for merely talking, I suppose, Christie felt with secret exultation. 'And sisters?' 'Yes, two. The one that is here to-night—' 'Oh! one is here to-night?' interrupted Mr. Derrick, with quite a start. 'Yes, have you seen her? She is supposed to be like her—at least, some people think so,' said Christie, dubiously, for she considered it a little bit of a compliment to Kitty, and it would not do for Mr. Derrick to think too much of her sister. 'Older than you, though?' he said. 'Well, she may look so, perhaps. I disagree people think she does,' answered Christie, not ill pleased; 'but she is a year younger, as a matter of fact.' 'And you have another sister?' 'Yes; but she is much older than we are.' 'And she is not here to-night?' 'There was a sort of constraint in his voice. Christie thought that he might find it awkward to be extracting information in this pointed way, so she resolved to be as communicative as she could. 'Oh, dear, no!' she smiled. 'Poor old V. she is such a stay at home creature that nobody can get her out at all. I believe they wanted her; I know they sent an invitation, but she preferred to stay with mother. You see, she's quite old—more than ten years older than I am, and I believe she thinks it time to give up every sort of fun and frivolity. 'But that's a very foolish, old-fashioned sort of idea, isn't it?' exclaimed Mr. Derrick, languidly scornful. 'Christie a little blankly. 'She had not expected her handsome companion to take this view of the subject. 'Oh, utterly nonsensical! She is just at about her best time if she is the age you say,' observed Mr. Derrick coolly. 'Christie felt vexed in a vague sort of way, and thought that she herself might look small. 'Well, seems old to us,' she asserted, half defiantly. 'She's very good, and all that, but she hasn't a bit of fun in her, and she's quite thirty to. I don't suppose she'll ever be married.' 'Perhaps she is not anxious to marry,' suggested Roger. 'Christie felt he was, somehow, not so agreeable as he had been, although he was smiling. His eyes seemed to be reading her through and through. 'I don't say she was,' she retorted. 'I told you she like staying at home. Only, I don't see why she should think Kitty—that's the one who is here to-night—and I should stay with her. She ought to remember that people have different tastes. We like to enjoy ourselves. We like music and dancing, and all that—don't you?' 'Yes,' said Mr. Derrick; 'and doesn't your sister ever give any reason why she doesn't?' 'No,' pouted Christie. 'She is as staid and sober as mother—or a good deal more so. It's rather hard on us, I must say, for he used to lead such a hermit's life when she was our age and we were away at school. 'No; I expect she was quite different from you,' asserted Mr. Derrick. 'I should think so, indeed,' said Christie heartily. 'We are not a bit alike. I don't think I shall ever grow stiff and old-maidish.' 'Do you go out a great deal?' asked Mr. Derrick. 'No; not so much as I should like,' she admitted. 'And when I do, it is generally to some quiet afternoon affair. Of course, plenty goes on in Maplethorpe, no doubt, but one can never make friends if one's people are against the system.' 'But you can see your friends or acquaintances in your own home?' said Mr. Derrick, leaning towards her. 'There was an expression in his eyes that suddenly caused Christie's foolish heart to beat excitedly. Was he going to propose to call upon them? It so, oh, what a triumph! He must be really attracted by the confidential way in which he was talking to her—trying to find out all about her relatives and friends and pursuits—her ordinary, everyday life. She resolved definitely that, come what might, she would not discourage him. 'Oh, yes, if they care to call,' she murmured. She was expiring Mr. Derrick to burst forth into some effort to do so, when someone came into the conservatory. It was Kitty, who did not intend to let Christie make all the running if she could help it, and had determined that Mr. Roger Derrick should be made to ask her for a dance, willy nilly. 'Nay had Christie felt so annoyed. For one thing, she wanted the prize to herself; and for another, Kitty had just

interrupted at a critical moment, and she knew that she had a purpose in it, too! She was thoroughly vexed, and would have remained blind and deaf to Kitty's palpable desire, had not Mr. Derrick himself risen quite readily to the occasion and thrust himself forward. 'Is not this the other Miss Traill I have met?' he said, while Kitty gabbled volubly on some unimportant matter—purposely exaggerated—to her angry sister, who yet dared not openly show her displeasure. 'I should be very glad if you could spare me a dance,' Mr. Derrick continued. 'I did not see that you were here.' 'And he actually inscribed his name for two dances upon the younger girl's programme also. Kitty now exulted as triumphantly as Christie had done, though the latter reminded her afterwards, when they were alone, that she had simply forced the young man to behave as he did. 'He really wanted mine; but he was made to ask for yours,' she said. 'How ever, Kitty informed her sister, after her two dances with Mr. Derrick, that he had been most agreeable to her than any of her other partners had been—had seemed perfectly smitten, in fact, and had tried by every means in his power to find out all about her tastes and private occupations. 'He must be an outrageous flirt, then, that's all, my dear,' remarked Christie scornfully; 'for he went upon that identical tack with me.' At the conclusion of her second dance with Mr. Derrick, which came on late in the evening, she rushed across to Kitty with a face of radiance. 'There; I told you so!' she cried. 'He has just asked me if he may call. It was on my account that he questioned you so closely.' 'Or on mine that he asked you if he might call,' retorted Kitty. 'At any rate, if he does, we shall soon discover the attraction, I suppose, so we needn't begin to fight just yet.' 'And they returned to Woodbine Cottage in the highest spirits.

CHAPTER III

'Oh, my dear, for those bygone days when I was a gay and young, when I was gay and young, when I had my girls among me, the little girls among.' Sang Kitty blithely on the following morning as she burst in late to breakfast. 'A lovely dance, mother! I never enjoyed myself so much before.' 'Nor I,' chimed in Christie, who was already at the table. 'I had the most delightful time. Mr. Derrick had only been in the room a minute or two when he came straight up to me, engaged me for two dances—one of which was the supper-dance so you see it was the best of the lot—and was most awfully attentive and impressive all the evening. I'm sure every other girl in the room was jealous about it.' 'Then they would have had to be jealous of me, too,' exclaimed Kitty. 'Oh! but you asked for the dances he had with you,' observed Christie, coquettishly. 'My dear!' cried Mrs. Traill, from her easy chair. 'What do you mean?' 'Violet was seated in the window, having finished her morning meal long before, her slender figure and pretty head bent over some sewing. She looked rather pale and a trifle harassed, though this was nothing fresh; but her lips were set in a rather tight line, which was not usual. 'Oh, I only spoke to Christie while she was with him, and she was nasty about it,' explained Kitty carelessly. 'Just a made up excuse, perfectly as patent to him as to me!' ejaculated her sister. Neither of the girls was pleased with the other. They were almost equally empty headed and jealous, but Kitty was a shrewd pleasanter and better-hearted than Christie. They both intended to make a brave fight for Mr. Derrick, each considering him her admirer. The only point on which they had thoroughly agreed was that the two at home should not be informed of his intention of calling at Woodbine Cottage. 'If we go home and tell them that he is coming, there will probably be a row, or, anyhow, some disagreeable talk,' Christie had said. 'Perhaps they would stop him before he got to the door, for you know they do not like visitors; but if he descends upon them without the least warning, there will be no time to do anything.' 'You are quite right,' Kitty had answered. 'But we had better not go out for a day or two, or we might miss him.' 'So they took care never to go far from home that week. They dressed in their most 'letching' attire, and sat in the small drawing room every afternoon for a couple of hours, pretending to practice duets, but in reality they were keeping a strict watch upon the path that led up from the lane to the house. Their patience, and almost their hopes, however were exhausted when, the first week having passed, Mr. Derrick had not appeared. 'This is nonsense, you know!' exclaimed Kitty, as she dragged off her very best frock for the seventh time running, again donned her humble serge. 'You may say what you like, Chris, but the man never intends to come! I shall bother to wait for him any longer. If he had intended to call he would have done it immediately after the dance.' 'He may have been prevented,' urged Christie, though she was vexed and mortified. 'Still! He wouldn't have been prevented if he had wanted to seriously,' exclaimed Kitty, with a grain of common-sense, which was induced in her by her sister. 'I shall stay away from the Brooks' big attraction, as you say, and—'

homes' to morrow, should miss everybody for the shadow-jointment. 'That has been of Christie. 'O course, so he will, perhaps, and if we stayed at home, suppose, who should choose that to himself here. It would anything, wouldn't it? 'Oh, he won't,' patiently. 'So after much high multitude of pros and cons, decided at last that the home' that was being Mr. Derrick's calling in the meantime. In spite of Christie's attention to regard her admiration, she was his unaccountable add to her peace of boasted so openly to quest. Violet Traill was back of Woodbine fine October sunshine coming of asters when her sisters set. She saw them just they did not catch tired corner behind. Indeed, to have had to search for them towards her—towards the secret that youth was perhaps but though she knew judged her, she them. There was nothing secret earnest effort. Had she not been trouble, she could not resent the assumption that her the joys and griefs of their own in the speech, as though she wounded, or spirit to Yes; if she had not living anxiety, her flushed at being pointed a thing to her sincerely did her sisters, in spite of she was treating the and endeavoring to it. She entered the blossoms she had scanty borders, and room. As she crossed the who was standing wide round, and as he did caught sight of his staggered backwards, what looked like dis- He was a tall, thin, the same age as hers, ders and brown hair than Mr. Derrick. The servant had a or two previously, a of Miss Traill for her. He had not mentioned name, such as 'Miss Kitty,' who, as 'Miss a quarter-of-an-hour still searching for Violet was she who was a ing color, the victor out his hand. He also was pale. It is several years, Traill,' he said. 'Yes,' she answered faintly, but she made her self-possession, a 'Won't you sit down, sorry to say my sister. She supposed he had them, though he might guess his intention; had, they had not inf- She was sorry they could, she would have rick more than any o- 'I am sorry for mechanically.' 'I had in. As a matter of fact talking's sake. Violet, however, d her agitation; but the point in his cold- 'Yes; it is unfortu- 'They have gone to Brock, who is giving to-day.' Mr. Derrick did not this information, who he might know the w girls, and follow them. Instead, he seated 'It is nearly six ye Ledsbury together,' did not inform me of leaving the town. 'Did I not?' murem. She was still conl remembered well the R g Derrick of her from Ledsbury, and not doing so. How 'I'm off those to her! Yet now, all in a mo-

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(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

home to-morrow, I can tell you. We should miss everybody else—the substance for the shadow—just for another disappointment.

That has been on my mind,' admitted Christie. 'Of course it was at the Brock's that we met Mr. Derrick almost at first so he will, perhaps, be there to-morrow, and if we stayed at home we should miss him most provokingly. Yet, on the other hand, suppose while we were there he should choose that very time to present himself here. It would be too annoying for anything, wouldn't it?'

'Oh, he won't,' answered Kitty impatiently. 'So after much haggling, and weighing a multitude of pros and cons, the two girls decided at last that they would attend the "at home" that was being given by the lady who had taken them to the dance, and risk Mr. Derrick's calling at Woodbine Cottage in the meantime.

In spite of Christie's obstinate determination to regard herself as the object of his admiration, she was secretly chagrined by his unaccountable conduct, and it did not add to her peace of mind that she had boasted so openly to her family of her conquest.

Violet Trull was in the garden at the back of Woodbine Cottage, enjoying the fine October sunshine, and watching the coming of asters and chrysanthemums, when her sisters set out for Mrs. Brock's.

She saw them issue from the gate, but they did not catch sight of her in her retired corner behind the laurentinus bushes. Indeed, to have done so they would have had to search for her, though she could see them quite easily.

She thought what fine-looking, comely girls they were as they departed side by side.

It seemed hard, as they said, that they should be "couped up" and obtain pleasure at such rare intervals, and only after argument and entreaty.

She sighed heavily as she left her nook and turned towards the house.

The secret that had blighted her own youth was perhaps blighting theirs also; but though she knew that they often misjudged her, she could not betray it to them.

There was nothing for it but silence, and a secret earnest effort.

Had she not been chagrined by this trouble, she could often have found it in her to resent the attitude of her sisters towards her—their foolish, thoughtless assumption that her day for joy or grief—the joys and griefs of youth—was over.

Their blindness to the charms that put their own in the shade—their careless speech, as though she had no feelings to be wounded, or spirit to be aroused.

Yes; if she had not been weighted by a living anxiety, her eyes might often have flashed at being pushed so utterly aside; but life seemed to her too sad and disappointing a thing to fret over trifles, and she sincerely did her best for her younger sisters, in spite of their obstinate belief that she was treating them unkindly in leading and endeavoring to make them lead a quiet life.

She entered the house, carrying a few blossoms she had gathered from the rather scanty borders, and went into the drawing room.

As she crossed the threshold, someone who was standing within the room turned round, and as he did so, and Miss Trull caught sight of his features, she almost staggered backward in her surprise and what looked like dismay.

He was a tall, handsome man, of about the same age as herself, with broad shoulders and brown hair—no other, indeed, than Mr. Derrick.

The servant had admitted him a minute or two previously, and then gone in search of Miss Trull for whom he had asked.

He had not mentioned any distinctive name, such as "Miss Christie, or "Miss Kitty," who, as she knew, had gone out a quarter of an hour before, and she was still searching for Violet, in the belief that it was she who was wanted.

As the girl started back, her face changing color, the visitor advanced and held out his hand.

It was several years since they met, Miss Trull, he said.

'Yes,' she answered. Her voice sounded faint, but she made an attempt to recover her self-possession, and pointed to a chair. 'Won't you sit down?' she said. 'I am sorry to say my sisters are out.'

She supposed he had come to call upon them, though he might not have left them guess his intention; or at any rate, if he had, they had not informed her of it.

She was sorry they had not, for, if she could, she would have avoided Mr. Derrick more than any other man on earth.

'I am sorry for that,' he answered mechanically. 'I had hoped to find them in.'

As a matter of fact, he was talking for Violet's sake.

Violet, however, did not perceive this in her agitation; but though she read disappointment in his cold and quiet tones.

'Yes; it is unfortunate,' she returned. 'They have gone to call upon a Mrs. Brock, who is giving a rather large affair to-day.'

Mr. Derrick did not take any notice of this information, which was tendered; but he might know the whereabouts of the two girls, and follow them if he chose.

Instead, he seated himself.

'It is nearly six years since we were in Ledbury together,' he remarked. 'You did not inform me that you were thinking of leaving the town.'

'Did I not?' murmured Violet.

She was still confused and pale, but she remembered well that she had not told Mr. Derrick of her intended departure from Ledbury, and her reason also for not doing so.

How off those days had grown to be to her! From the Brock's big "at-home" on page eleven.

ting there, seeing him almost unchanged, she could have believed that but a week had passed since they had been accustomed to meet.

HE LOOKED TWO WAYS AT ONCE.

Second Baseman of the Lightfoot Lillies a Wonder Until Put in Plunkers.

'No, I haven't played baseball this summer,' the fat ex-matcot of the Lightfoot Lillies told some friends the other day.

'My interest in the national game is as great as ever; my arm has lost none of its old-time cunning; my feet are as nimble as of yore, but my eyesight is rapidly going back on me. Not but what I've known ball players with eye trouble—good players with bad troubles—but they've labored under difficulties which I should never care to attempt. For example, Well, let me see. There was big Will Seymore, our old second baseman. Taking everything into consideration I should say that he was about the best player with bum blinkers that I ever knew. He wasn't near-sighted or far-sighted nor was he cross-eyed. But his peepers were both so get darned ugly-looking that each instinctively turned away from the other as far as possible. Squint-eyed, wall-eyed, or something like that. Just the opposite from cross-eyed, y'know.'

'Why, it was so bad that whenever Will Seymore crossed a crowded street he was able to watch for the trolley in both directions without so much as turning his head. And once, while marching in a political parade with his head straight to the front he dumfounded the captain with the information that the men on each end of the line were cut of step. I really do believe that if that man had ever tried to take a philosophical view of the present, he'd have got views of both the dim past and the distant future instead.'

'The first time Sluggo Barrows, the captain of the Lightfoot Lillies, ever saw Seymore was in New York the year of the Brotherhood League. If you remember the Brotherhood grounds were on the block above those of the National League. Seymore was standing on the roof of a baysman in the street between them watching both games at the same time. I don't know how the slugger ever got next to his ability as a ball tosser, but he did all right, for ten days later Seymore was out in Jones county holding down second base for the big championship match with the Ringtail Roarers.'

'And say, maybe His Eyelets wasn't the real thing, though! He would stand there on second facing the plate, with one looker fastened on third and the other staring at the first base square in the face. It would have taken better than a second story man to have stolen a base on that guy. But it was his sick work that attracted most attention in the game with the Ringtail Roarers. Three singles, one homer, and three bases on balls out of seven times at bat. He seemed to know just when the ball was coming over, and tricky curves and shoots that would have fooled even the Sluggo himself had no terrors for big Will Seymore. Still that wasn't so remarkable when all the circumstances of the case are taken into consideration. You see when he was at the bat while one eye was gazing intently at the pitcher, the other looker was carefully scanning the catcher. In that way he was able to read the latter's signals and in consequence knew just what kind of a ball to expect from the former.'

'What were his troubles then?' I'm coming to that. Throughout the first eight innings of the big game his fielding was above reproach, and the Ringtail Roarers were looking like new business for the under-taker. Then the unforeseen happened. Cy Priest, the first man up for the Roarers drew his base on balls. Will had him covered with his left optic and that, of course, focused his other looker over on to third. On the next ball pitched Cy made a dash for second. Our catcher shot the ball down to nip him off, and—thus! Four teeth and a broken nose; that's all. Don't see it? Why since Will had one eye levelled on first and the other on third, the ball, thrown from home, came right in between his two lines of vision, just where he couldn't see it.'

'Now Seymore was too good a player to release for a little misfortune like that. When he recovered from his injuries sufficiently to show up for practice again we tried having the catcher throw to either first or third, where the basemen would pass the ball along to second. But this method was too slow. Every man, woman and child who had the best interests of the Lightfoot Lillies at heart then set to thinking to discover some way in which it would be possible to keep Seymore at second—it was old Doc Quackenbush, the town physician and oculist, who finally solved the problem. He rigged up a pair of horse blinkers lined with looking-glasses. These mirrors were arranged at such angles as to enable Seymore to see all

objects directly in front of him.

'Well, His Eyelets was tickled all over when the scheme was first mentioned to him, even when he was told that he would probably have to wear the new paraphernalia night and day in order to get used to seeing like other people. He said no sacrifice could be too great to make for the national game.'

'After he'd been in his new harness for a couple of days, however, he began to look at matters in a different light, figuratively as well as literally. He began to demur; then to fret and fume. Finally, eleven days after the introduction of the experiment, he balked completely. He rushed into Doc Quackenbush's office tore the blinkers from his face and slung them against the wall, shattering the mirrors in to a thousand bits.'

'Take your darned harness!' he yelled angrily. 'As for me, baseball be bust! Do you think I'm going to be bothered turning my head every time I want to look in a window?'

'Seymore took the first train out of town. The last I heard of him he was spotting shoplifters for a big Chicago department store.'

Quackenbush's.

A case of put up and shut up—the folding bed.

The man who gives into his wife must also shell out.

Our credit is always good when we want to borrow trouble.

The autumn leaves are falling. Not so however, with the price of coal.

Sum: people are so greedy they want to take both sides of the argument.

Whatever you may say of yacht racing, it is at being run into the ground.

The chestnut vander and the pokesmith are getting ready for the fall season.

'Conscience,' says the Manayunk Pail-opher, 'is merely indignation of the morals.'

Some girls merely regard marriage as an opportunity for wearing their husbands' nookies.

When a man is operated on for appendicitis he naturally feels quite cut up about it.

The Manayunk Philosopher rises to remark that spoiled children are, usually very fresh.

Many a fellow who talks learnedly about yacht races has never been on anything more pretentious than a ferry boat.

Hoax—There goes a great money maker. Jaxx—He doesn't look it. A Close fitted old millionaire, I suppose. Hoax—Not at all. He works in the mint.

Wagg—I have you and Gatzler was shooting together. In surprised that you should go gaming with a drunken man. Wagg—I didn't know he was loaded.

Hoax—Is it true, 'dear, that when you proposed to me you didn't know whether it was worth a penny?

Hoax—Absolutely. But I was willing to take chances.

Cocelebrating King Solomon's.

Several statements, a newspaper's correspondent or two, and a deacon in one of Washington City's churches were discussing various subjects of more or less bearing on a game of poker which had been played earlier in the evening. It was merely a game for fun, out of difference to the deacon, or part of the evening would have been wasted in conversation, and the deacon surprised the assembly.

'Were any of you gentlemen aware,' he said, 'that King Solomon was a poker-player?'

'He couldn't have been the wisest man if he was,' ventured a correspondent who is known for his bad luck.

'There is evidence that he was, just the same, insisted the deacon. 'Evidence or testimony, queried a statesman, who is also a lawyer.

'What's the difference?' asked a correspondent.

'Testimony is a mere statement, and may be false or true; evidence is that by means of which a fact is established. See?'

'U—er, hesitated the deacon, 'I guess all of you will admit Solomon's testimony as evidence.'

'State it,' said the lawyer.

'Well, exclaimed the deacon, if you will consult the fourth verse of the tenth chapter of Proverbs, written by King Solomon, as announced in the first verse, you will find this statement: "He becometh poor that doleth with a slack hand; but the hand of the diligent maketh rich. Now, what have you got to offer in rebuttal?'

'And every man there admitted that Solomon evidently knew what he was talking about.—William J. Lympson.

Mis'tress to servant—'Be careful not to spill any soup on the ladies' laps. Biddy, now in service.—Yes, mum; where shall I spill it?'

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W. W. KNAPP, M. D.

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'Dear Sir:—Please accept my sincere thanks for your recent date. I have given your treatment through out and I feel a new lease of life.'

'Narrow Quarter. Mr. Spudkins had discovered the flat while out house hunting, and he took his wife to see it, confident that she would reward his discovery with words of commendation, because he had saved her so much trouble in the search for a home.

He was mistaken, as usual. Mrs. Spudkins went through the diminutive rooms with critical eyes.

Then he expected her to discourse on the lack of closet room.

Here again he was mistaken. 'Rooms are too small,' she said. 'Easier to best, my dear,' Spudkins ventured, 'and they won't take so much carpet.'

Mrs. Spudkins went on, ignoring these considerations.

'Why, there isn't room here to swing a cat.'

Hereupon Mr. Spudkins drew himself up with dignity and said severely:—

'Then, my dear, we shall be compelled to seek some other, and let us hope, a more refined form of exercise than cat swinging.'

But even this did not move her, and she proceeded on the wazy search for more flats to criticize.

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any. It has completely freed me up. I am just as vigorous as when a boy and you cannot read as well as I can.

'Dear Sir:—Your method worked beautifully. Results were exactly what I needed. Strains and aches were completely returned and enlargement is entirely gone away.'

'Dear Sir:—Your medicine was received and I had no trouble in making use of the receipt as directed and within thirty days I was strong and well. I am greatly indebted to you for your kind and generous offer. All correspondence is strictly confidential, mail-order in sealed envelopes. The receipt is free for asking and he wants every man to have it.'

Little Tommy—Papa, what is a biped? Papa—An animal with two legs. For instance, man is a biped, my boy.

L. T. Well, what's Uncle James? He's only got one leg.

Grace—Why do you persist in repeating that awful scandal about Lucy? May—Trying to find out if there is any truth in it.

'I am quite willing to admit that I should like to marry,' Go ahead. Can't you find a site? 'Wives enough, but no suitable ones in law.'

Late H. band—I wish I could tell where things are kept in this house.

Wife (seetly)—How about your late hours? Where are they kept?

Hoax—Poor Sundry Man: Pearson died of grief.

Jaxx—Why, I thought he took carbolic acid.

Hoax—So he did, but he thought it was Scotch whiskey.

First Chinese—Let's see. The christians have a text about turning the other cheek when struck on one cheek.

Second Chinese—don't doubt it. Anything to increase the indignity.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

W. T. Carter

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

AN EXCITING GAME.

I can't say I ever had any experience that made me swear off playing poker...

I was travelling for a large concern in New York at the time, and, as the custom was in those days...

There was a Judge among the five and a hotel keeper named Collins, a doctor named Stetson and a hardware merchant whose name, I think, was Cook.

The game was usually a pretty stiff one, for they played table stakes and usually started in with a hundred apiece, so if there happened to be any unusual good or bad luck...

I had been travelling for a week among the smaller towns, and had taken in something over \$1,000, which I had not had an opportunity to remit.

The game began as usual, and proved to be a swift one, almost from the start. Nobody seemed to have any monopoly of the luck for more than a few minutes at a time...

For my own part, I did fairly well several times, but got hit hard almost as frequently, so that although I doubled my stake inside of twenty minutes and ran it up to nearly three hundred in twenty minutes more, I found myself down to a few red chips by the time the hour was up.

With the game going up and down as it did, I had no particular misgivings about declaring another hundred in, and I did so without realizing at the moment that I was practically putting my entire capital into the game.

The next pot put me on Easy Street. It was a jackpot for \$2, and on the first deal I caught three jacks, so I opened it, though I sat under the guns for the amount in the pot, which was of course, \$12.

Collins raised me fifteen and Stetson saw the raise. Adams studied his hand for a full minute before he put up his money, but finally he threw it in, and I raised it twenty-five.

It turned out all right, for though Cook threw down his hand, not being strong enough to see a double raise, Collins and Stetson both made good.

The tension on my nerves was something frightful when I picked up my next hand, but my faculties were very much alive and I could have shrieked with joy when I saw that I had four treys out. It was my edge too, and I had thrown in the unusual ante of a dollar, calling two.

As it happened they all came in so there was \$14 in the pot when it was up to me to make good. Of course I wanted to raise it all I could, but I knew that would be ruinous.

Anyhow I threw in a white chip before looking at my draw. Collins wasn't likely

to raise unless he had bettered, but he looked carefully before playing and to my dismay raised me \$50. It was up to Stetson then, and he, having, as I had suspected, and as afterwards proved to be the case, a nine high straight, felt compelled to call.

My pile was only \$54, but I pushed that forward knowing that the others would have to see the \$4 additional, and I occupied in the pot, Collins having a seven full against me.

That gave me pretty nearly \$100 to go on with and I played along with varying luck for more than an hour before I struck a bad streak that ran me away down again. Then, strange as it may seem, I forgot entirely that I had bought twice and I put another hundred in.

Well, it didn't come to that. In the next four or five hands I lost about \$10 and then I caught a flush against three kings and pulled in thirty odd dollars, and a few minutes later I filled a straight against three other good hands and won nearly two hundred.

I said nothing, but for the next two minutes I did a powerful lot of thinking. I know I looked at the hand that was dealt to me just then without being able to tell whether I had deuces or a straight flush.

The question was a very nice one. I didn't know to a dollar exactly how much was mine and how much wasn't out of that big roll that was so carelessly convenient to my hand, but I did know that I had used more than belonged to me, and that if I cashed in the chips I had in front of me I would still be an embezzler.

Then came another thought. There was nearly \$30 in my pocket which I had already paid for. Of course, as I feel now, I had no more right to play on with those chips than I had to play in the \$1,000 or thereabouts that was still in my pocket, but the thought I had then was that I had already misused so much of the money and it would be no additional wrong to do the best I could on that small capital to pull out as much as I had taken wrongfully.

I knew poker well enough, even then, to realize that if I played timidly on such a capital it wouldn't last long, and if, on the other hand, I should risk it wildly I would probably lose it all in no time.

The tension on my nerves was something frightful when I picked up my next hand, but my faculties were very much alive and I could have shrieked with joy when I saw that I had four treys out. It was my edge too, and I had thrown in the unusual ante of a dollar, calling two.

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Anyhow I threw in a white chip before looking at my draw. Collins wasn't likely

Then I figured that if I raised again before the draw I would certainly drive some of them out, so I simply made good thinking that everybody who should see this second raise would be hooked for fair and would put his money up before I would be called on to bet at all.

Of course, I drew one card. The Judge stood pat, Collins drew two, Stetson took three and Adams took one. The Judge then bet \$10. Collins saw this, Stetson laid down and Adams raised it twenty-five more.

All I could do, of course, was to call for a show, which I did, and to my delight the Judge and Collins both called. The Judge had a 22 all flush, Collins had three aces and Adams had a nine full.

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Easier Work. Pleasanter, quicker, healthier with PEARLINE. What worse for throat and lungs than long working over tainted steam from a wash-tub? Here is the simple, sensible, womanly PEARLINE way!

to enjoy life as I did before being seized with the malady. I have no hesitation in saying that I think that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best known cure for dyspepsia and I would strongly advise all sufferers to give them a trial.

A Story of Charles Frederic Goss. Recently a Chicago newspaper man passed before a bookstore window which was heaped high with copies of The Redemption of David Corson, and he said to his companion:

There is one instance, at least, in which lightning struck in the right place. I felt the size of an author's heart determined the measure of his success every book written by Charles Frederic Goss would sell a million copies.

When I struck Chicago I had neither job nor prospect of one. There was not a man in the whole big city who knew me, and it didn't take many days of knocking about from one newspaper office to another to convince me that not a human being here cared to know me.

Week after week passed, and finally a month and a half, before I secured my first position. In the latter part of that probationary period I was in constant terror of the day of reckoning that was to come with my landlord, to whom I had not paid a dollar. Strangely enough however, she never mentioned the matter or suggested that I find some other place.

Finally, when I was able to pay her I spoke of the unaccountable forbearance she had shown me as a stranger. 'Oh I knew you were all right,' she replied. Mr. Goss came here to the house and talked with me about you.

All this time the author of David Corson had been keeping my courage up by assuring me there was a place for every honest man who had a desire to work; but he had never so much as hinted that he had personally established my credit at the boarding house where I was in arrears.

He always gave away a large share of his salary, and was never so happy as when helping some person in desperate circumstances. In his college course he had a great battle to retain his grasp on the faith which had been taught him in boyhood.

Sister—Maisy received a box of lovely silk stockings from London yesterday. Brother—I guess you'll see her on the street every rainy day after this.

All the More Reason. She—Let's sit out the next one. He—Why, I thought you were fond of dancing? She—I am.

Kirsty.—Noe stop it, Jock. Hoe often hiv I tell'ty' maun dicht yer mouth afore ye kiss me.

BORN. Yarmouth, Sept 30, to the wife of John R. Rose, a son. Overton, Sept 29, to the wife of N E Plim, a son. Parrboro, Sept 21, to the wife of A W Jackson, a son. Centerville, Sept 15, to the wife of Beverly Smith, a son. Coal Branch, Sept 27, to the wife of Frank L Tower, a son. For: Hill, Sept 30, to the wife of W J Montgomery, a son. Halifax, Sept 28, to the wife of S Hartley, a daughter. St. Mark's to the wife of Samuel E Macrae, a daughter. Halifax, Oct 1, to the wife of William Meyer, a daughter. St. J. n, Oct 2, to the wife of James Fright, a daughter. Windsor, Sept 19, to the wife of John Armstrong, a daughter. Belmont, Sept 27, to the wife of George Bredet, a daughter. Amherst Point, Oct 2, to the wife of F E Layton, a daughter. Windsor, Sept 28, to the wife of Arthur Fox, a daughter. Nixon, Albert County, Oct 4, to the wife of Lewis A Wilson, a son. Smith's Cove, Oct 3, to the wife of J mes S D'Arcy, a daughter. West's Pablico, Sept 26, to the wife of Arthur D'Ambrat, a son. Centerville, Sept 28, to the wife of George H. Branch, a daughter.

MARRIED. Halifax, Oct 2, S Caldwell Hall, to F May Vance. Lunenburg Oct 3, ex-Mayor Ocker to Mary Adams. Round Hill, Fred R Hicks to Mary Edith Hicks. Bridgewater, Oct 2 Archie F. Davison to Lena I. Bejumen. Kentville, Oct 3, Walter Harold Covert to Mary McCollough. Yarmouth, Oct 3, by Rev Ben Hillis, Arthur Pickley to Anne Lovitt. Alberton, Oct 1, by the Rev A E Burke, Maurice Butler to Ann K Griffin. Antapain, by Rev Howard H Roush, Arthur Pelety to Mrs. Myrtle Cross. North River, Sept 26, by Rev Abram Perry, Lovell Taylor to E z beta Smith. Coverdale, Sept 25, by Rev W W Corey, Horace Wilson to Florence Taylor. Shag Harbour, Sept 21, by Rev W Smith, Daris Brannen to Euan Macdon. Mathias, Oct 1, by Rev George R Martel, Gilmore Ginnery to Alice Murphy. Yarmouth, Oct 1, by Rev C P Wilson Howard W Cozier to Nellie G. Churchill. Summerside, Oct 2, by Rev W H Smith, John C. Macdonald to Miss Edith Cross. Rosbury, Mass, Sept 4, by Rev C L Page, Milton A Patterson to Ethel M Rocco. Charlottetown, Oct 2, by Rev John Scollin, Henry Eastwood to Catherine N. C. L. H. Cambridge, Mass, Sept 16, by Rev E. F. Peasley, John J. Floyd to Anne Macdonald. Clark's Harbor, Sept 25, by Rev Wm Haiday, W. Ronald Jackson to Alice Kenney. Middleton, N. C., Sept 25, by Rev C H. Mantion, Alvin P Freeman to Grace E Collins. West Victoria, Mass, Sept 12, by Rev Mr. French, Clara E. Joubert to Louise J. Clements. East Fortncove, Sept 25, by Rev H. H. Hayward, Lorette A. Emmonson to Helen M. Thompson. Union Corner, Sept 18, by Rev A. H. Hayward, Fredrick Evans to Lena F. McNeilan. Aitabrook, Mass, Sept 25, by Rev H. S. Tyrie, William A. Campbell to Minnie B. Kesterson.

DEED. Fussy, Oct 2, P. Ryan. Sturgeon, Oct 1, John Murphy. Kingston, Oct 4, J. E. Arey, 57. Halifax, Oct 2, Annie Mallis, 25. Halifax, Oct 2, Freeman Parks, 25. Kentville, Sept 23, Mary Lutz, 18. P. Island, Oct 1, Susan Currie. Fairville, Oct 1, William Barnhill, 74. Yarmouth, Oct 13, Thomas E. Cato, 84. Brookville, Oct 3, William Lawlor, 89. N. x. n, Albert Co. Oct 4, Cecil Brown. Alberton, Sept 30, John G. Fielding, 91. Washington, D. C. Sept, John Manouge. P. E. Island, Oct 1, James H. Davis, 26. Delap's Cove, Sept 18, Ernest Milbury, 8. Charlottetown, Oct 2, Margaret Doherty, 70. Summerside, Sept 30, Margaret Walsh, 80. Parrboro, Oct 2, Nelie Allen, 1 yr, 8 mos. Charlottetown, Oct 3, Lionel Gartham, 1 G. Charlottetown, Sept 20, Marion W. Toombs. Dalhousie East, Oct 2, Patrick J. Franez, 88. Charlottetown, Mass, Oct 2, Stephen J. Kelly, 51. Dartmouth, Oct 3, George Gordon Duxan, 74. Charlottetown, Sept 29, Nancy MacKinnon, 85.

'Now, look here I said the policeman to the saloon-keeper, 'if you ain't careful, the first thing you know we'll make you obey the law an' close up on time.'

RAILROADS.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after MONDAY June 10th, 1901, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Suburban Express for Hampton..... 8.20 Express for Halifax and Campbellton..... 7.00 Suburban Express for Robbsey..... 11.05 Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou..... 11.50 Express for Sussex..... 12.5 Suburban Express for Hampton..... 11.4 Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 10.3 Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney..... 22.4 Accommodation for Moncton and Point du Chene..... 18

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Halifax and Sydney..... 6.0 Suburban Express for Hampton..... 7.15 Express from Sussex..... 8.25 Express from Montreal and Quebec..... 11.05 Express from Robbsey..... 12.30 Express from Halifax and Pictou..... 12.50 Express from Hampton..... 12.55 Suburban Express from Hampton..... 12.55 Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton..... 14.15 Daily, except Monday.

All trains are run by Eastern, St. J. and M. 1 penny-four hours notation.

D. J. POLENGER, Gen. Manager. Moncton, N. B., June 6, 1901. GEO. C. K. VILLI, C. T. A.

The Lesson of Health.

IS ONE TAUGHT US BY THE EXPERIENCE OF OTHERS.

Learn This Lesson Well and the Ravages of Disease Will no Longer be so Prevalent. —The Story of one who has Recovered from the Disease who Others Her Experience told Others.

From L. Sorelsio, Sorel, Que. Among the multitude of ailments that afflict humanity there are few that cause more acute misery than indigestion or dyspepsia, as it is variously called.

Both young and old are susceptible to its attacks, and its victims throughout the country are numbered by tens of thousands. Among the disagreeable symptoms which make it accompany dyspepsia and make it easily recognizable, are weight, uneasiness and a heavy feeling in the stomach after eating a hearty of weariness, sick headache and dizziness, pains in the stomach, offensive breath, irritability, etc. Ordinary medicines will not cure dyspepsia. They may relieve its symptoms temporarily, but the trouble always returns each time in an intensified form. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only medicine which will thoroughly and effectively cure dyspepsia. These pills act not merely upon the symptoms, but on the disease itself through the blood hence through the stomach, which is strengthened and restored to its normal functions.

Mrs. Alp. Lussier, a lady well known in Sorel, Que., is one of the many who have been released from the clutches of dyspepsia through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and in the hope that her experience will be of benefit to some other sufferer she gives the following story for publication: 'For over two years I was a sufferer from dyspepsia or bad digestion. The disease became chronic and I was an almost continual sufferer from headaches, heartburn and heart palpitation. All sense of taste left me and at times my stomach was so weak that I was unable to keep any food on it, and this caused me more distress than one could imagine. Although I tried several remedies, none of them gave me any relief, and I began to regard my life as a burden, rather than a joy as it should be. One day while reading I came across a case similar to my own, cured through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, so in the hope that I would receive similar benefit I decided to give the pills a trial. I had not taken the pills long before I could see that my hopes for recovery were being realized. By the time I had taken half a dozen boxes all symptoms of the trouble had disappeared and I was able

Who will say that did not do justice to the sovereign and his successors duchess and all on the Thursday and I. Not one can be found men, women and children that was expected of it. From early morning night there was an eye of sight seers. They section, every part of man who had an hour to spend. To speak of the glorious holiday permitted but the entire was unbounded.

The City of Saint. The city of Saint inezno, more than a the Duke of Kent, a Royal Highness, which urgo greeted his King; and which has oions been honored by of the royal family, to and loyal welcome to and Your Distinguis.

We would remind you that our city was for devoted people, who ships that they might and loyalty to British penating them upon therefore with peculiar Your Royal Highness their appanent to representative of that guarantees throughout hand of oppression sh impunity upon a Briti

We rejoice at the ever been evoked by your His Majesty's Domin have been so closely exigences of war. E seen evidences of th which distinguishes where you have receive To this we gladly ac hope that the journey Royal Highness and may be as pleasant progress among the p

The Duchess and I. The Duchess and I people of New Brun the addresses which h rented, offer us a les province.

I am gratified to rement of those loyal sen and person of my de which have characteris recptions accorded to journey through his m shall not neglect to tr assurances as also you of sorrow for the loss queen, for whom the aid for the further b sustained by our fami

Your forefathers, th city, gave proof of the and attachment to Bri heavy privations and borne. The same their descendants at th have emulated the ex tors by devotion to services gladly rende sacrificed to uphold th and justice.

I am glad to find fr the address from the residents of Boston th transferred their hom their hearts still bet aspirations and ideal rth.

We regret that tim extending our journe preital and to other p and to acknowledge and sympathetic gr