

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

AT THE YACHT RACES

THEY WERE WELL ATTENDED AND FULL OF INTEREST.

The Beatrice Owned by Mr. J. N. Sutherland Makes Her Debut Under Favorable Circumstances—How a Collision Between Two Speeders Was Averted.

Last Monday's yachting events at Millidgeville were largely attended and full of the liveliest interest. Of course the star attraction of the day was in the debut of Mr. J. N. Sutherland's new yacht "Beatrice," the fact of its being a schooner-rigged craft adding even more to the curiosity of those interested, as two-masted speeders are quite scarce in these parts. The day was all that could be desired and fast sailing was the consequence. Each contesting yacht tried its utmost to defeat or keep in company with the newcomer and all around the six mile course expert sailing was displayed.

A city paper a few evenings ago contained an article setting forth the opinions of a yachtsman spectator with regard to the little fiasco between the Sutherland boat and Albert McArthur's Kathleen soon after the boats had started. It was stated that although the Kathleen had the right of way on a certain tack to windward yet it would have been more sportsman-like in her skipper to have come round on a new leg and in so doing relieve the schooner craft from the very awkward and perhaps dangerous position into which she was forced. Mr. Sutherland had sailed his boat away in near the shore to the windward of Indian Island, and when forced to veer around for fear of running a ground, was intercepted by the smaller boat which was coming right down on her bow. A collision looked imminent but the Kathleen kept right on, forcing the "Beatrice" into a back seat and greatly discomfiting her crew who handled the boat in such a manner that she became uncontrollable, and lost ground. For over five minutes the crew worked hard endeavouring to get her out of the wind eye until at last her sails steadied and she slowly got under way again about five hundred yards behind the McArthur boat. The "Beatrice" people say they lost the race through the fluke.

While the spectator referred to may think it was unfair in the Kathleen to take advantage of the "Beatrice's" predicament, yet the general opinion among skippers and others is that it was through superior handling that the Kathleen was so situated. Hers was the right of way and considering the size and qualities of her big rival she took the full benefit of her advantage and outwitted those aboard the schooner.

Next week the St. John yacht club will hold its annual cruise along the river as far as Fredericton. There will be fifteen yachts in line and some steam crafts. Commodore Skinner and Rear Commodore Holder will command the fleet which is now being made ready for the start. Each crew will be uniformed in white duck suits, caps shoes and woolen sweaters and at the capital and intermediate points social functions will be held as they arrive.

STOLE HIS OWN BOOTS.

But Kicked Left an Old Pair of His Own Behind.

About the only acquaintance the city folk have with the conventional tramp is through the medium of the comic press. Nevertheless one of these individuals wended his way to this city a few days ago and visited several houses in search of something to eat and whatever else he could find.

Residents of the city are frequently loosed in many ways, by these visitors, who are imperative in their demands. Many of these gentlemen are somewhat of epicures and the best in the house is oft times none too good for them.

One day last week a prominent foundry man had placed his boots just outside the back door of his residence to have them polished. The boots were accordingly done up in style. Meanwhile a tramp put in an appearance at the back door of the foundryman's house and asked for a meal; in fact nothing short of a meal would please him.

As there were none of the male persuasion about the premises, the tramp's wish was hastily complied with and in a few moments he was served with a bountiful supper. While the servant had been preparing the repeat, the tramp became quite attached to the foundryman's boots which had been left outside the door. He tried them on, and found them to be just the

fit. He threw his own boots into the street and sat down as unconcerned as possible and awaited his lunch, which was eventually brought forth and eaten with much gusto. After the evening meal was over the foundryman looked for his boots, but they were not available. A search was made but still the boots were missing. In course of time it dawned upon one of the members of the household that the tramp had taken them. This was confirmed by the finding of the tramp's boots, which were afterwards found near the house, and there is no doubt in the mind of the foundryman now as to who stole them.

UNGENTLEMANLY OBSCURE.

A Halifax Team Treats a Negro Player Very Shabbily.

HALIFAX, August 5.—Sport, but especially cricket, is supposed to level all social distinctions with Englishmen. We have had many examples of this in Halifax, year after year in the garrison team; officer and man play together against the common foe, the Wanderers, or other athletic enemy. The most pronounced case of this kind of thing was seen the other day, when the officers of the navy included in their cricket team that played the army, a negro. His name is Ashley, and he is assistant cook on the Pallas. Ashley is one of the best bats ever seen in this city. The Navy thought fit to play Ashley against the Military, but there seems to have been some friction about it, or about the selection of the team generally speaking, and Ashley was somewhat shabbily treated, at least all the cricket critics said so. In playing a ball from the Army bowler it struck Ashley a severe blow on the hand. The poor fellow hopped around in a lively manner and in the course of his gyrations stepped beyond the mark safety for a batter. Hill, who was keeping crickets seized the opportunity to stump Ashley, and the Navy umpire gave it out. To stump a player under such circumstances is considered low cricket and not a practice for gentlemen, and the fact that the umpire gave it out is construed as a desire to get back at one of his own team, especially at the colored man, in a way no gentleman cricketer should have done. This occurrence gives rise to rumors of trouble in the Navy team, and the fact that neither Bailly nor Vivian played in the match has added to the talk.

AT A CHURCH PICNIC.

Why Some People Enter All Prize Giving Contests.

What might be regarded as a good sized, well developed row took place at a church picnic last week the combatants being a lady who has quite a reputation for her skill in archery and a member of the picnic's managing committee.

The lady has been in the habit of entering all the archery contests held at such events and always with the result of carrying off the prizes offered. At the picnic mentioned she put in an appearance and was about to enter as a contestant when one of the young men on the committee called her aside and explained to her that it was not fair to enter—and besides he added, her frequent capture of so many prizes had excited so much talk that he thought it better that she should not have anything to do with the archery games.

The lady was angry; she came to conquer and carry home a prize and she wasn't willing to give up the idea at a moment's notice. She argued with the young man, who, however, was very firm, and when it last dawned upon the lady that she was not going to take part in that particular contest she veered round and challenged the young man to one of a different sort. By-standers had an excellent opportunity of hearing just how rapidly a real angry woman can invent terms of abuse. Before she was finally hustled off the scene the young man learned many things concerning his own reputation and standing that was as great a surprise to his friends as it was to himself.

The game of archery went on and another lady captured the prize.

He Wanted a Job.

HALIFAX, Aug. 5.—People have been talking during the past week about the scandalous conduct of a lawyer in trying to obtain a retainer from the relatives of the late W. H. Ross. C. E., to prove that the poor man met his death neither by accident or suicide but by murder. Ross' body was found floating in Bedford Basin a month ago. Now the lawyer is found cabling to a sister who is supposed to be wealthy

asking her to retain him to show that there was foul play, evidence of which the lawyer professed to have in abundance. Detective Power, Chief O'Sullivan and the public generally laugh at the very idea of murder and scoff at the pretended evidence. But as for the lawyer, people are now somewhat down on him in this little matter.

JUST LIKE MONOTON.

Halifax Police Officials Fully Respectable Citizens.

HALIFAX, August 5.—What is Halifax coming to when a leading police official can knock down a citizen in the city hall because the citizen happens to use what the official calls impudent language towards him. It appears that such an occurrence was what was seen when a reputable master painter of Halifax was violently struck at the police station. The trouble began the day before, Friday, for the sensational occurrence happened on Saturday. On Friday afternoon the painter was at the police station on business which had to be attended to. He asked for the use of the telephone, placed there for the convenience of citizens and of the police, so he held. The officer refused to allow this, in spite of remonstrances that the telephone was his property as much as that of any one else because of the fact that his taxes contributed to pay for it. The prominent police officer, however, would not permit this use of the telephone on any consideration. A little later on the painter in another way obtained delivery of the message he wished to convey and the object in view was accomplished. Such was the first act in a little drama.

Next day the painter was again forced to be present at the police station, when the same official was on hand. Again the telephone question came up for discussion between the two. The painter must have been very pronounced in the expression of his views, for the official became white with anger. One word led to another till at last the official, shouting that he had been subjected to more abuse than for 25 years past, assailed his opponent, and laid him low. "Thus," some one remarks "was the citizen trampled under the iron heel of the official."

THE CHANCES ARE THAT THIS AFFAIR WILL MAKE AN INTERESTING SUBJECT OF DELIBERATION AT A MEETING OF THE POLICE COMMISSION.

APOLOGIZED TO THE MAGISTRATE.

A Shipping Man's Unpleasant Little Experience.

When the crew of a ship in the harbor this week refused to go to sea, alleging that the ship was unseaworthy, they were brought before the magistrate and were given a chance to explain their rebellious conduct as best they could. The magistrate refused them a lawyer, which course so incensed a young shipping man present, that he, later on, expressed himself freely concerning the magistrate's ability to fill his position, to friends in the guard room. His words were repeated to the magistrate. Next morning when the case came up the young man was present, seated next to the captain's lawyer; the latter leaned towards the young man and enquired what he had said to so arouse the magistrate's anger. When the lawyer intimated that an apology to the official would avert trouble the young man quickly left the room with a somewhat frightened look.

He waited around outside till the lawyer put in an appearance when he promptly button-holed him and asked kindly after the magistrate's state of mind. Upon being told that his condition was unchanged the shipping man decided that discretion was certainly the better part of valor in this case, and he apologized to the magistrate. He will however be careful as to how he expresses himself in future in regard to that official.

A Pleasant Club House.

The improvement placed upon the pleasant club house building and grounds of the Log Cabin Fishing club this season are of such a character as to make the spot more comfortable and attractive than ever. Perhaps the most important improvement was the construction of a veranda about the front and end of the club house. Here, no matter whether the weather is fine or otherwise the members and their friends can enjoy the pleasant view and the cool breezes from Loch Monond Lake. The painter and carpenter have had much to do within as well as without and the evidences of their work are very plain. The interior of the barn has been modernized and a score of horses can find accommodation there. The boats and boat house are in excellent shape and with such advantages and opportunities for pleasure and the gentle sport of angling it is no wonder that the their wives and friends find it a great resort unexcelled near the city.

WITH THE LAW MAKERS

THE PEOPLE OF MONCTON GET MIXED ON CIVIC LAWS.

The Cuisack-Hanington Case Still Continues to Interest the People of the Railway Town to a Large Extent—Why Mr. Cuisack Still Wears his Uniform.

MONCTON, Aug. 5.—Whether a majority of the city aldermen are inclined to shield officer Cuisack, and present further investigation into the charges against him, it is impossible to say at this stage of the proceedings, but it certainly looks that way now. The case came up again on Monday before sitting Magistrate Atkinson, who decided that as there was now a stipendiary Magistrate—Mr. Kaye having been appointed to that position—he would not proceed any further, but report the evidence already taken, to the city council. It was understood that Officer Cuisack had witnesses whom he wished to call in defence, but as no new evidence was taken he was unable to do so.

The matter came up before the city council at their meeting last evening when Alderman Bradley asked the chairman of the police committee whether he had any report to make with regard to the Cuisack police investigation. Alderman Wallace replied that as nothing had been reported to him, he had nothing to report, and Alderman Givan rose to inquire why the accused policeman was not suspended pending the investigation. This question was one which had suggested itself to a good many other citizens besides Alderman Givan, but had as yet remained unanswered, and is still in that position. Alderman Wallace having responded that he did not know of any authority for the suspension of an officer by the police committee, and upon Alderman Bradley inquiring very pertinently in what position the matter stood at present, the chairman of the police committee communicated the satisfying intelligence, that he could not explain. Sitting Magistrate Atkinson took the floor at this stage of the proceedings and stated that he had been asked to hold an investigation in accordance with the act of 1893, and began taking evidence, but during a necessary adjournment Stipendiary Magistrate Wortman died, and the city solicitor had advised him that all jurisdiction of the sitting magistrate ceased. Mr. Atkinson was unable to make a return because the evidence was incomplete, and the charges still remained in his hands.

Alderman Givan, seconded by Alderman Dunlap, then moved that Officer Cuisack be suspended pending an investigation into the charges against him, and in response to this motion Mayor Robinson remarked that the difficulty was no investigation was pending.

The complainant in the case, Mr. H. C. Hanington was here given an opportunity of expressing an opinion, which was most decidedly the same as he had given before that the police committee had full power to suspend an officer pending the investigation of charges against him. Mr. Hanington said he attended the adjourned investigation on Monday, and the magistrate had informed him then that the evidence would be submitted to the city council, and he expressed some surprise that this had not been done. Mr. Hanington then proceeded to point out that case was not one at law, but merely held before a magistrate in order to obtain the evidence of witnesses under oath, and he therefore held that the magistrate was perfectly competent to proceed with it. He had been authorized by Mr. Arthur Merritt to proceed against Cuisack in another matter and he had every intention of pressing all the cases, but thought that in the meantime Cuisack should be suspended. This drew a reply from the chairman of the police committee—Alderman Wallace—who said that the act under which the investigation had been made—that of 1893—set forth that when a charge was made against a police officer an investigation should be held before the city magistrate, who should submit the evidence to the city council. Mr. Wallace admitted that the city council had authority to dismiss or suspend as they choose, but thought the police committee had no jurisdiction in a case of the kind, their power being limited to the suspension of an officer for but one cause, that of refusing to wear his uniform. It was not his duty he said either to investigate the charges, or defend the ac-

cused. Mr. Wallace added his opinion that the law in this city with regard to police matters was exceedingly lame and weak, and concluded by contrasting the state of affairs here with the law in St. John, where the Chief of Police had authority to deal with all such matters as the present case. Whether the chairman of the police committee was applauded or not his hearers were certainly with him in this sentiment.

Alderman Givan then changed his motion to the effect that the investigation be proceeded with, Officer Cuisack to be suspended meanwhile, but Alderman Martin objected that the motion was out of order, though he admitted that Officer Cuisack had exceeded his duty and would be prepared to do what was right when the time came.

What Alderman Martin thought would be right and when the time for action, in his opinion, would arrive, does not appear; and Alderman Givan very properly remarked that action should be taken at once. The mayor was in favor of having the investigation brought to a conclusion as quickly as possible, and the matter then dealt with, and he proceeded to put the motion Alderman Givan and Dunlap voting yes, and Alderman Martin nay while the other members of the board refused to vote at all. A lively discussion then ensued as to the obligation of every member of the ward to vote, and upon the mayor reading the law upon that point, the aldermen all voted except Alderman Martin and Alderman Wallace who declared that the motion was an absurdity. The motion was then declared carried. What possible object there can be in delaying the settlement of this case any further is a question that the outside public would find rather difficult to answer, but it would seem that the city council are better informed on the subject, otherwise they would be willing to aid in every way in their power the speedy investigation of the grave charges against Officer Cuisack, and either have him restored to public laws, or dismissed from the force, if it is proved that he is not a fit man for the position. What the next move in the matter will be is not yet apparent but it is to be hoped, for the satisfaction of the citizens that the case will be disposed of in the near future.

SOME RIDICULOUS CONTESTS.

HALIFAX, August 5.—When will the management of the Royal Nova Scotia yacht squadron gain sense enough to prohibit competitions between 1/2 raters like Colonel Isaacson's yacht Tires and 2 1/2 and 3 raters like Alba, Yaula, Wynn, and Hebe. On two occasions recently Tires came in for in the rear of the procession of racing yachts and yet on the measurements and time allowance she was given the first prize. Holding now the \$1000 Wenonah cup and the Crescent cup. It is said that in no other yacht club do the rules and regulations allow of such ridiculous contests, yet it seems impossible here to avoid this kind of "racing". There is one way to put an end to it and PROGRESS takes the liberty to suggest it. The way is simply this: Let the heavy yachtsmen refuse to race in such an unequal class as that of Tires. One lesson like that would cure the trouble and the spectacle of a yacht coming in miles astern and yet with regularly taking first prize would not be seen again for a long time to come. Try it next time, please, and see.

In Search of an Organist.

NEW GLASGOW, August 5.—This town is one citizen less in the departure for parts unknown of Mr. Lough, organist of the United Presbyterian Church. It is the old story of spending two or dollars when only one was coming in. The late organist was something of a swell and possessed considerable power it appeared over feminine hearts. This incident recalls a bit of history centred in Halifax when a chaplain of the British forces at that garrison ended his career as a minister. Mr. Lough is a son of that Rev. Gentleman. When the young man came out from England only a few short months ago he is said to have made a decided impression at the capital city on some of the fair ones there. Mr. Lough has gone from New Glasgow now who shall we have next?

Sixty Years a Physician.

Dr. Bayard is being feted just now by his friends in the city, and from every part of the Dominion is receiving the warmest congratulations upon attaining sixty years as a medical practitioner. It is a long record, and no man more thoroughly deserves the many good things that are being said about him than does the worthy doctor. His friends everywhere will wish him many more years of health and prosperity.

SHADES OF CITY LIFE.

SPARKLING PARAGRAPHS OF ORDINARY HAPPENINGS.

What is Taking Place in the City From Day to Day—The Ubiquitous Summer Girl and Her Triumphs—Laughable Incidents Told by Valdimar.

It is amusing to hear some of the remarks made by some men with regard to the tariff changes on tobacco duties. The inauguration of the smaller figs is causing much indignation among them and some of the expressions given vent to would make weighty reading—I don't think. "Old rather pay the extra cent and get back the old fig" said one old fellow on a South end wharf the other day. "Begorra," chimed in another, "Oim in favor uv the new bill, sure of kin get a drink an me fig uv chewing fer sin cmts now." Others of course take different views and it matters little what shoemaker shop or other places of congenial congregation you may happen into of an evening, there before many half hours are spent this new question of minimized tobacco figs will be dragged up and tortured in a manner most excruciating.

A man lately returned from Boston called at a city newspaper office only a few days since, and desired that his recent divorce from his wife be given prominence through the medium of the press. He was about to pay for the notice, but when told there would be no charge walked away agreeably surprised. This is how it is done in the States; down here in St. John husbands and wives put up with a great deal from their sworn life-partners before the legal step is taken, but what revelations there would be if only a little more Americanism were shown in this particular line in our city. St. John is a small place compared with Boston and New York, but do away with her easy-going system of living, and Pompeian unearthings wouldn't be in it. Divorce cases are still rare in our courts, but the scarcity is not at all occasioned by lack of material for a foundation.

The comic papers have worn the street car joke pretty nearly threadbare, but just here in little St. John we often come across funny incidents, full of originality, and guaranteed to cause smiles of considerable latitude, it penned and penciled into print.

A few afternoons ago a young lady who to all appearances had only a short time before left her rural home, was riding in company with a few others on an open-air car en route to the American boat. While passing down Main street, the young woman jumped up in her seat and pointing her parasol at a passer-by called out to her friends beside her, "There's Aunt Sophy now!" The conductor pulled the bell and the electric stopped. "Aunt Sophy" and her niece met in loving embrace on the sidewalk, but just as the man on the end of the car pulled "two bells" to start, the "niece" tripped lightly from the curbing to the car steps again waving farewells to her relative far in the rear.

Here's another. It was one of those "few" rainy days we had early this summer an elderly gentleman had just boarded a closed car leaving a big Newfoundland dog shivering in the downpour. The electric started but had not gone far when the big canine made one grand jump from the street landing aboard the moving car like a roaring lion and causing the utmost consternation, among the lady passengers especially, by shaking his water soaked shaggy coat among them. The car was stopped and under the circumstances both master and Newfoundland thought it best to depart. The shower-bathed crowd heaved a sigh of relief.

A really "green" conductor has become somewhat of a scarcity on the St. John Railway service nowadays, but to show that the once plenteous article is not yet wholly extinct the following incident might be quoted.

The novice had taken his position at the end of the car at the foot of Indiantown hill and after the motorman informed him that it was time to be moving the pupil says "all right, let her go."

"Well then ring your bell," says the motorman sharply and the conductor pulled the string. On the way up the hill however the uninitiated knight of the trolley-ropes and rare box, wishing to become at once acquainted with the mysterious workings of the signal cord, pulled it. The car was brought to a sharp standstill on the steep up-grade. Half conscious that he had done something wrong the new man ran forward in the car and throwing open the front doors said "go ahead, I was only a tryin her." An unmentionable remark from the motorman coupled with the angered command to give the formal start-signal, brought the other to his senses and

with the air of a veteran box-passer he slammed the doors and pulled the fare register cord twice. Of course the car didn't start and the would-be was just out one dime.

The short but illustrious reign of the summer girl is fast drawing to a close for another year at least. I really don't know whether or not the girls of St. John become "engaged" oftener than their sisters in the run of a summer, but I know this much, if they don't its not their fault. A stranger (of the male persuasion of course) in coming to the city is at once struck with the singular beauty of our marriageable young ladies and loses no time in saying so. They are ever present in fine weather nor does an occasional fog-furly disconcert them, although they are quite frequently heard to complain of the havoc it plays with their bangs. "Just look at my hair!" they exclaim when they meet in a fog bank. Its at the matinee you see them all in their glory; they're in love with the hero, bathed in tears when the pathetic parts are rung in, but when the curtain drops between the acts, they are themselves again. A battery of opera glasses, hundreds in number, is turned unmercifully upon the few catchy young men there may be in the audience; strangers invariably preferred.

It is at these majinees that St. John's beautiful set is well represented. You find them there in cool organdie muslins, dainty chiffon hats, bright summer silks, pretty lawns, looking as chic as fashion of the country allows with just enough of the coquette about them to baffle the admirer who wishes at once to learn his insomrita's all-the-year-round disposition. After the show the parade commences, along Union to Charlotte, along King and then the order is reversed. Group by group the girls disappear and by six o'clock the streets are once more robbed of their flood of dainty dresses and bright millinery.

While the times in almost every particular are on the constant advance and new customs are supplanting those of former decades, there yet remains one thing characteristic of the old English blooded people of Canada and that is their hospitality. Where is there a farmhouse in this or the sister provinces that a belated wayfarer is not given shelter and lodging nor is the city with its more modern ways at all behind in extending friendliness.

This season in particular hospitality has been served up in large blocks, so to speak, and yet are the doors of many of our homes to remain open for two months longer at least. Before the first of October or thereabout a number of church conventions, other religious gatherings and exhibition celebrations are booked, which will bring thousands of visitors to our city all of whom expect of course, free accommodation. At the Baptist convention soon to assemble it is estimated some five hundred delegates will be in the city the Christian Endeavour reunion to be held shortly, three hundred more and at the interdenominational Sunday school gathering, later on, seven hundred and fifty representatives are expected. These with provincial and maritime assemblings among individual denominations, societies etc., will test the proof of Canadian open-heartedness to the utmost.

A city clergyman in writing of entertaining delegates at conventions says—

"Brethren of the churches, when you are appointing delegates to represent your church bear in mind that no less than half a million dollars are involved in the business transacted at our Convention. In view of this fact send such men and women only, as you would be willing to entrust with the joint management of this amount were your own bread and butter involved in their deliberations and decisions.

"Our Convention is not a picnic excursion with a dash of religion thrown in. It is a body of earnest men and women meeting to devise ways and means by which our denomination can more efficiently aid in extending the Kingdom of Jesus Christ upon earth."

At the time of writing, the man Smith arrested for brutal assault upon another citizen on Saturday night last, had not been dealt with by the authorities, but it is to be hoped when he does come up for trial a wholesome example will be made of him, and punishment fit and proper for such a character meted out. The man at present awaiting judgement represents, I

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am sorry to say, a class of citizens who take peculiar delight in the more brutal amusement, such as maintaining an unfortunate being or doing bodily harm, as in the case of the colored man Hector who was only a short time ago able to get around after a year and a half of suffering inflicted by kerocene burning and other tortures, inflicted by this certain crowd of sports in a King square rendezvous. Smith was among the number, and as this is his second offence it may go hard with him.

Have you entertained your grandparents to a ride on the automatic bicycle at the Victoria yet? If you haven't you "auto."

What has become of Mahogany Island and its summer sublimity. It looks as if the banner resort of the last couple of seasons has died the death so often inflicted by fickle St. John.

OLDEST BANK IN THE WORLD.

Naples Boasts a Financial Institution Founded in 1539.

Mr. Neville Rolfe, British consul at Naples, gives an interesting account of the vast history and present position of the Bank of Naples, which is, he says, the oldest bank in existence, for the Monte Vecchio of Venice and the Banco San Giorgio at Genoa, both founded in the twelfth century, have ceased to exist, as has also the Bank of Barcelona, founded in the fourteenth century. The Bank of Naples was founded in 1539, and is a State bank, with a considerable capital, to which no one lays any claim; in other words, it is a joint stock bank, but with no shareholders. When Charles V. went to take possession of the kingdom his new subjects desired to receive him with becoming magnificence, and therefore contracted vast loans with the Jews against valuable pledges. These loans they are unable to repay, and to get rid of the difficulty his Majesty banished the Jews from the kingdom. The Jews managed before their departure to sell the pledges to two Neapolitans at very easy prices. The new holders offered them to the original owners at a small profit, and they also offered further loans without interest at the old security. Lome philanthropists stepped in and gave considerable gifts to the new enterprise, provided loans without interest were made. In 1573 the bank was established on these lines, and was, in fact a charitable pawnbroker. But by degrees its scope enlarged into that of a bank doing an ordinary commercial business. In 1634 it had an income from Government securities of £7,800, besides the capital necessary for carrying on its business.

In 1685, in a commercial crisis, the Government forced it to lend £11,000 to two or three years certain, without interest. The result was a loss to the bank and in a few years it was declared to be £50,000 in debt. In 1691 it had recovered its position, but a series of frauds and losses amounting to nearly £100,000 crippled it again. In December 1871 Mr. Luzzati proposed to the Chamber that the bank should recently lost £3,600,000, for a great part of which the branches at Genoa, Bologna and Milan are responsible. Nothing short of state interference can now save the bank, and Mr. Luzzati was anxious to incorporate it into a national bank of Italy on the lines of the Banks of France and England. This, however, met with very strong opposition in the Neapolitan provinces. It is proposed to issue Government paper to the amount of 45,000,000 francs, which represents the bullion in the hands of the bank, and from the interest accruing to form a sinking fund to place the institution on a sound financial basis. The interest is fixed at 3 1/2 per cent. net, instead of the normal rate of 4 1/2; the holder of the paper will thus lose 1/2 per cent. in exchange for his Government security and the Government will lose the same amount. But both parties will lose a great deal more were the Bank of Naples to stop payment.—London Times.

THE SUMMER VACATION.

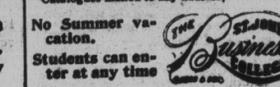
A Change Even in Minor Things Will be a Benefit.

In the Ladies' Home Journal Edward W. Bok gives some sensible advice upon "Going Away in Summer." He points to the mistake that instead of a rest and change so many women and girls physically tired and in need of recuperation, make of their vacation a round of continuous gaiety, every moment crowded with some excitement of pleasure. In consequence the woman who goes away for a rest comes back tired and worn out. Mr.

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Oil Stoves. Gas Stoves. A comfort in any season. A necessity in summer. All sizes and qualities of these goods now in stock. The PRICES are now SO LOW that no one need be without one. WE HAVE OVENS, EXTENSION TOPS, KETTLES, ETC., TO SUIT ALL SIZES. EMERSON & FISHER. 75 Prince William Street.

P. S.—We are quoting a big discount on Refrigerators. If you are interested it will pay you to see our whole line.

Bok very truly says: "We all speak of 'going away' when we start on a vacation. But most of us do not 'go away.' 'Going away' means cutting ourselves entirely free from everything that has entered into our lives during the year—away from things which have occupied us, away from depressing surroundings, away from one's daily self to seek for one's best self, away from familiar places and people. Such a change means a change in ourselves, in our thoughts, in our ideas, in our motives, in our outlook on everything. The idea that we must ever keep ourselves busy, even in vacation, so that the mind may not become rusted, is all nonsense."

For those who cannot go away Mr. Bok advises a change in their mode of living, or in their daily work. "We need a change in our lives," he contends, "even if it is only a change of rooms; of merely not sleeping in the same rooms in summer as we do in winter, or even a rearrangement of the furniture, of the curtains, carpets or pictures in our room any change. No matter how small a change, it means a change in the man who makes it. A rest at home, with the mind refreshed by compassing minor changes from day to day, it oftentimes as much needed and as beneficial as a long journey to other places or in other lands. One's limitations are often of immeasurable good as they show us how to get personal benefit in spite of them. 'Going away,' in the summer need not always mean leaving the city or leaving one's home. It is, of course, stay at home and yet 'go away'—go away from things as we have had them for a twelve month, and make them different."

A Young Man

with a thorough knowledge of business has a much better chance than without it. 3 to 4 months of earnest work is enough to complete a course here. Shorthand saves HALF the usual time. Learn by mail; lesson free; ask. Snell's Business College, Truro, N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 30 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. 2 five cents extra for every additional line.

AGENTS FOR OUR NEW MARVELOUS! Transcribing system, nothing like it; big money, saleable to all merchants. Address SPECIALTY CO., 24 Adelaide street, East Toronto.

WANTED Old established wholesale House wants one or two honest and industrious representatives for this section. Can pay a basket about \$12.00 a week to start with. DRAVER, Brantford, Ont.

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

WANTED RELIABLE MERCHANTS in each town to handle our water-proof Cold Water Paint. Five million pounds sold in United States last year. VICTOR KOPOLD, 49 Francis Xavier, Montreal.

RESIDENCE at Roxbury for sale or to rent for the summer months. The pleasantly situated house known as the "Tyrus" property about one and a half miles from Roxbury Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec station. Rent reasonable. Apply to E. G. Fessy, Barrister-at-Law, Pugsley Building. M 64

Sheriff's Sale.

THERE will be sold at Public Auction, at Clubb's Corner (so called), in the city of St. John, in the Province of New Brunswick, on Monday, the 13th day of September next, at the hour of fifteen minutes after twelve o'clock in the afternoon. ALL the estate, right, title and interest of THE CENTRAL RAILWAY COMPANY in and to that part of the Southern Division of the Central Railway, commencing at the late section of the said Central Railway with the dividing line of the Counties of Kings and the City and County of Saint John, at near or about Moore Station (so called), on said Southern Division, and thence running in a southerly direction through the parish of Saint Martin, in said City and County of Saint John, to the terminus of the said Southern Division, of the said Central Railway, at the village of Saint Martin, in the parish aforesaid, the Road and High-way of said Railway having a uniform width of one hundred feet, an being about twelve miles in length, together with the Road, Road-bed, Right-of-way, Rails, Ties, Sidings, Turntables, Telephone lines and appurtenances, Building Privileges, Covenants, Property taxes and appurtenances, in any belonging or appertaining to the said Southern Division of the said Central Railway. The same having been levied on and seized by me the undersigned Sheriff on and under an execution out of the Supreme Court against the said Central Railway Company at the suit of Edward W. Clark, Sabin W. Colton, Junior, Walter Clark, Junior, G. Edward Clark, Junior, and Milton Colton. Dated this first day of June, A. D. 1897. H. LAWRENCE STURDEE, Sheriff of the City and County of Saint John. R. L. B. TWEEDIE, Plaintiff's Attorney.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction at Clubb's Corner (so called) in the City of St. John in the Province of New Brunswick, on SATURDAY the fourteenth day of August next, at the hour of fifteen minutes after twelve o'clock P. M. of the said day: All the right title and interest of Thomas Youngclaus in and to the leasehold premises described as: All the certain lot of land situate lying and being in Dufferin Ward in the City of Saint John on the Southwestern corner of Mill and Main Streets bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the said Southwestern corner of Mill and Main Streets thence running westerly along the Southern line of Main Street forty two feet nine inches, thence southerly parallel to Mill Street aforesaid twenty six feet, thence at right angles Easterly sixty feet to the Western line of Mill Street, thence along the said Western line of Mill Street thirty four feet more or less to the place of beginning being the northern portion of lot E number two as shown on plan number five of the sub-division of the Estate of Robert F. Hazen. Together with the buildings and erections thereon standing and being. The same having been levied on and seized by me the undersigned Sheriff on and under an execution issued out of the Supreme Court against the said Thomas Youngclaus at the suit of Catherine McIntyre. Dated the eighth day of May A. D. 1897. H. LAWRENCE STURDEE, Sheriff of the City and County of Saint John, N. B. H. A. McEOWN, Plaintiff's Attorney.

T. O'LEARY,

Choice Wines and Liquors and Sales and Cigars. 16 DUKE STREET Blair, Ruel & Blair, BARRISTERS, ETC., 49 Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The picnic party is still the prevailing idea and there is little cause for surprise in the fact during these delightful days of summer.

Beyond this there is nothing in the local musical world this week that calls for remark.

There is one item of superior musical interest, however, which has reached me this week and which will please all music lovers who read PROGRESS.

Tones and Undertones.

Lottie Mae Mackay, the young Boston singer, has sailed for Italy, where she will finish her musical studies.

Mrs. Richard Blackmore, jr., with her husband will pass the current month in New York and thence start on a bicycle trip to Niagara falls.

The Worcester Annual Musical festival (the fourth) will be held in Mechanic's hall, Worcester, Mass., beginning September 30th.

A new Boston contralto who, comparatively unknown, has made quite a success by her beautiful voice and artistic singing is Madame Benzing.

Henri Marteau's reappearance in the United States will be on January 7th, next at the third concert of the New York Philharmonic Society.

Victor Maurel it is now said, may probably return to the United States next fall and give a series of recitals.

The principal tenor roles of the forthcoming Worcester festival will be sung by Evan Williams.

"Venus on Earth" is the title of a new burlesque operetta recently produced in Berlin at the Apollo theatre. It was well received.

A new opera in three acts entitled "Perdita" which has been given at Prague, is, in its story, taken from Shakespeare's "A Winter Tale." The music is by Joseph Nervera.

Felix Godetroid, a composer of ecclesiastical music, died recently in France. In his youth he was called the "Paganini of the harp."

Madame Elsie Pech, who furnished the libretto for Smetona's opera, "Le Baiser," has been decorated by the emperor of Austria.

The New York Times, in a recent issue briefly observes that "it is not every national anthem that knows its own composer."

The fad of the wealthy Americans of engaging artists to appear at favorite musicales has reached London. Madame Melba has sung at thirteen such affairs and received \$1500 on each occasion.

Paderewski played at but four musicales in England and received \$20,000. He would not appear at more than these four occasions.

Camille Saint-Saens has given his various art collections from his home in Paris to the town of Dieppe where he intends to reside in future.

Rosenthal is in Gastein making preparations for his coming tour in America.

Comic opera has fallen upon evil days in Vienna as recent productions have failed to please the public, and the theatre An des Wein is to be devoted to works of a higher lyric order.

The opera Comique in Paris has closed its doors for the season. The closing performance was an admirable performance of "Werther."

Wagner asked twenty-five louis d'or for his opera "Rienzi," payable on delivery. A writer on this note says "It was not with that that he was able to supply himself

with the sumptuous dressing gowns that he effected and the stuffs of silk, of velvet and of brocade with which he wished to cover himself and his surroundings.

Verdi has been demonstrating that he is in excellent health and spirits. On his way to the baths of Montecatini he stopped over in Milan and went to an evening party given by Ricordi, his publisher, where he sang the love duet from "Otello" with Mme. Stolz, the original Aida, imitating the poses and mannerisms of the tenor Tamagno.

"I see where the Queen of England has sixty pianos, and doesn't play any of them." "That's a good girl. I know a woman who has only one piano, but she plays like sixty."—Cincinnati Tribune.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The company known as "Rice's Comedians" which has been playing to a very satisfactory business during the past fortnight at the Opera house, close their present engagement this evening.

The Miles Ideal Stock Company are now playing an engagement in Halifax, N. S. at the Academy of Music.

E. hel Barrymore, daughter of Maurice Barrymore, is said to have been engaged for Sir Henry Irving's company. She is en route to the United States now.

Miss Julia Arthur who is to star next season in "A Lady of Quality" has been interviewed as to her work in Sir Henry Irving's Company. Speaking of the hard work there Miss Arthur says. It has done me a world of good.

I regret I am not now able to make other note of the dramatic performance given by Miss Anglin and the talented people who supported her in Mechanics Institute last evening than to say the performance was given to one of the largest, most elegant and refined audiences that ever assembled in that historic hall.

The receipts from the performance of Piner's play, "The Princess and the Butterfly," for the season, were \$80,000. It was an artistic rather than a financial success.

Tina di Lorenzo, the young Italian actress is again said to be coming to America. Four years ago she was advised by the late Alexander Salvini to study English, and he assured her that fortune would meet her on the west of the Atlantic.

Georgia Cayvan is in New York and her plans for next season are delayed until she gets a good play.

"Tess of the D'Urberville" with Minnie Maddern Fiske in the title role, will begin a season at the Fifth Avenue theatre, New York in March next and afterwards go to California for a spring tour.

Albert Tavernier who was recently in this city with the Miles Ideal Stock Company goes in support of Robert Mantell next season.

The Floy Crowell company appears in the Opera house here next week.

Edgar Davenport the actor, is much improved in health and is still resting in his home at Duxbury with his family.

Coleman's SALT DAIRY, HOUSEHOLD AND FARM PROMPT SHIPMENT GUARANTEED CANADA SALT ASSOCIATION CLINTON, ONT.

Laura Biggar and Bert Haverley who last season introduced "A Trip to China Town" to St. John's theatre, Boston, appearing in a piece called "She Would be an Actress."

Nat Goodwin and the beautiful leading lady of his company Maxine Elliott are frequently seen in London. Goodwin purposes playing a London engagement next summer and he will have a comedy of exclusively American players.

Charles Wyndham will produce a new play by Harry Arthur Jones at the Criterion theatre in September next. The piece is called "The Trifler."

Robert Downing will be seen the coming season in a new play called "David Laroque." It is based on a popular novel by George Ohnet. Its first production on any stage will be at the Academy of Music Washington on the 30th inst.

Sadie Martinot has been engaged by Messrs Hoyt and Magee to play the role of Hatty in "A Stranger in New York" next season. There are seventeen people in the company.

"The play called 'The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown' will be sent on the road again next season.

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receiving and sending messages by this means—was first experimented with on the roof of the post office, and then for three-quarters of a mile on Salisbury Plain. Mr. Marconi was present that night, and this was the first occasion on which the apparatus had been shown, except to government officials. The great difference between the system which had already been tried and Mr. Marconi's system was that in the former a wire on each side was necessary, and in the latter no wire was required.

Vibrations were simply set up by one apparatus and received by the other, the secret being that the receiver must respond to the number of vibrations of the sender.

The apparatus was then exhibited. What appeared to be just two ordinary boxes were stationed at each end of the room, the current was set in motion at one, and a bell was immediately rung in the other.

"To show that there was no deception," Mr. Marconi held the receiver and carried it about, the bell ringing whenever the vibrations at the other box were set up. Continuing Mr. Preece said he had had the greatest possible pleasure in telling Mr. Marconi that day that the post-office had decided to spare no expense in experimenting with his apparatus, and one of the first trials would be from Penarth to an island in the channel. He might add that he had the greatest faith in the apparatus. The curious thing about it was that there was no new principle introduced.

The first man who taught us how to generate these waves was Hertz, the German physicist and they had been developed by others. But in making practical use of these waves Mr. Marconi had invented devices which were highly novel and very beautiful, and when they were patented he could be made public by everybody. Lord Kelvin it was who dubbed the apparatus first used for setting up these vibrations 'the electric eye,' and in this connection he might say that there had been a great deal of nonsense written about Prof. Bose, who, beyond experimenting on these waves, had done nothing. He ventured to say that the subject was not only interesting in itself, but if the experiments were successful—as he believed they would be—it would be of incalculable value to our ships, for it would provide another easy way of communicating with lightships and lighthouses. To take an instance: Since last year they had had a cable with the Fastnet light, the first light seen by Atlantic voyagers, but in the early part of this year it broke down, and they had never been able yet to land on the rock in order to repair it. But there was a possibility beyond this of enabling ships as they came near dangerous rocks and shallows to receive an intimation of the fact by means of these electric waves. Neither day nor night made any difference, fog nor rain nor snow would not interfere with them, and if the invention was what he believed it to be, our mariners would have been given a new sense and a new friend, which would make navigation infinitely easier and safer than it now was.

Kentucky's First Duel. An International Encounter in Which an Englishman Came to Grief.

An old letter, which has just come to light and was written by Joan Ross of Paris, Ky., under date of Feb. 18, 1812, gives an account of probably the first duel ever fought in Kentucky. It is not the first it is at least the most remarkable encounter that has taken place on Kentucky soil. Mr. Ross says:

"On the first day of November, 1811, James Allen of Kentucky and the subscriber met with Thomas Fuller, an Englishman, and his company, at a small branch between the United States Saline Salt Works and Fort Massack. Making a stop at that place, Messrs Allen and Fuller entered into a conversation which led to a very serious rencontre. After learning the name, nation, and residence of each other, Fuller asked Allen if the Kentuckians were anxious for a war with England. Allen replied they were warm for war. Fuller said they need not be, for one Englishman could drive five Kentuckians. Allen thought one Englishman could not drive one Kentuckian, and was willing, as one of each was present, to have the thing tested. Fuller was willing also, but it must be done in an honorable way; he would fight with pistols, standing about one pace apart, to which Allen was agreed. Fuller finding Allen in earnest, said he thought it too savage-like to stand so near each other and proposed that they should choose seconds and take distance ten steps apart. This proposition was agreed to, and the preliminaries settled; but Fuller said he had a wife near Pittsburg, and before they fought he would go aside and write a few lines to her, so that if any accident should happen to him she might know it. He went and returned in a short time ready for action.

"The combatants then took the places assigned them, and at the word they both fired, and Fuller fell, having received the ball of his antagonist in his left breast; but not appearing to be much hurt he proposed another round. They then proceeded to fire again, upon which Fuller fell a second time and declined fighting any more and was found to have received the second ball in his breast within an inch of the first. Allen was surprised to find that the balls had not taken effect, and suspecting

some stratagem he protested he would kill Fuller on the spot unless he would fight again or acknowledge himself a coward. Fuller, rather than small powder again, would submit to anything. His jacket was then unbuttoned, and to the astonishment of the beholders a Dutch blanket was discovered in eight folds, and one quire of paper opened and spread under the blanket both between his waistcoat and shirt and upon lifting up the blanket the two balls were found, having penetrated through the eight folds of the blanket and were lodged on the paper. His breast, notwithstanding the fortification, was very much bruised and black, and he appeared considerably injured.

Allen received no material injury. The first ball struck between his feet and the second grazed the skin on the side of his head. And thus ended a contest which proved the superiority of the Kentuckian, and exposed the boasting, imperious Englishman to eternal contempt and disgrace.

And it is highly probable from his own story and conduct that this same Fuller is employed to do business for the British in the Western country and among the Indians. The subscriber was the second of Mr. Allen and is willing to attest the truth of the facts above stated. He is now on his way home, which is on Brush Creek, in the State of Ohio.

DOOM OF THE LOCOMOTIVE.

It has Done Its Work and Must Soon Give Way to Motors.

About 100 years ago Oliver Evans, the inventor, was rash enough to say that the time would come when his high pressure locomotive would take people after breakfast in Washington and get them to New York for supper. The idea of covering 200 miles in this time was of course preposterous, and he was the butt of many a joke. But when the rails were finally laid, which was not so many years ago, the passengers soon began to want more speed, and thus it has gone on. Americans accept inventions as marvels for a whole day sometimes, and then demand more. Some people have been known to complain of the telephone.

But the locomotive has been a faithful old friend. Locomotive engineering goes so far as to say it 'was always kept equal to any speed required put upon it,' and that the only obstacle to fast trains a half a century ago where the tracks and the lack of signals, and the absence of efficient means of stopping the trains. How human this sounds. If we only had the right sort of tracks, the proper warnings, and the power to stop, how many of us would arrive at our destination in time to sup on success and prosperity instead of getting sidetracked or wrecked?

It is the fact, however, that the locomotive has kept strictly up with the times and few of us care to travel faster than on the limited trains that allow us fast to break in Washington and take luncheon in New York—a beggarly five hours of smooth motion that could easily be reduced to four if the railroads wanted to do it. But the faithful old puller, varying in size from the shifting, if not shiftless, busy-body that puffs around stations, to the marvelous machine of a hundred tons, is reading the handwriting along its tracks. The electrical motor, dumpy and ugly, is preparing to retire its handsomer rival. It is like a man little torpedoes boat sending the beautiful full rigged man-of-war into retirement; but it represents force, and force rules. Millions upon millions of dollars are represented in these locomotives, but even millions cannot prevent the advance of invention. And so, after awhile, the old locomotive may be as rare as the old street car horse; but let us be grateful for what it has done and admit that the man was almost right when he called it 'the plowshare of civilization,' for wherever its whistle has been heard progress has found a way and the furrow has been plowed—Leslie's Weekly.

Watchspring Corsets

A complete stock of all the latest styles in Ladies', Misses and Children's Corsets and Waists, including the CELEBRATED "WATCHSPRING" CORSET.

For sale only by CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO., 77 King Street.

YOUR SPARE TIME. Men, women, to conduct business at home. Work is simple writing and copying lists of addresses received from local advertising, to be forwarded to us daily. No canvassing; no previous experience required, but plain writing essential. Permanent work; no shoes content to earn \$5 or more weekly is open time. Apply to WARREN F. CO., London, Ont.

Dr. Humphrey's Homeopathic Manual of Diseases at your Druggists or Mailed Free. Sold by druggists, or sent on receipt of five cents to Dr. Humphrey's Med. Co., Cor. William and John Sts., New York.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

PROGRESS is for sale... Halifax by the newban and at the following news stands and centres.

C. S. DeFRETAY, Brunswick street... Mrs. Coates of Kingston N. B., for the past year teacher of languages in Windroy College, South Carolina, is the guest of Mrs. Smith, Cogswell St.

Miss Lena, daughter of Captain G. A. Hall, is a guest of Mrs. Sutherland, South street. Miss Hall will take a course at the Halifax Ladies' College next year.

Miss Maggie Bligh is visiting friends in Lunenburg. Mrs. Ruggles, wife of Mr. Ruggles, barrister, Bridgetown, has been the guest of her brother, Geo. Taylor, Eward street, and has left for home.

John A. B. Bligh is visiting friends in Kentville. Mrs. G. Foster, who succeeds Consul General Ingraham, who entertained at the Halifax Club recently.

Another young lady has met with a bad bicycle accident. Miss Minnie Taylor was wheeling over the Lawrence town road on Wednesday afternoon of last week, and rode off a bridge into a ditch.

Lady Bromley, who is here from England, was entertained last week by General and Mrs. Montgomery Moore.

Mrs. David Cook and Miss T. J. are the guests of John Conrod, West Chezz-Stock. Master William and Julius Sievert are visiting the same place.

Miss F. Inor, daughter of W. H. Inor, rides a very handsome wheel (Old Hickory), it having been imported specially for the bicycle show.

Mr. and Mrs. James Gordon and family have taken a cottage at Prince's Lodge for the summer. They went up last week.

Miss Rena Keith is to be married in London this month to an English gentleman, Mr. Huddleston, and Dr. and Mrs. Wickwire have left for England to be present at the ceremony. Miss Keith met Mr. Huddleston on her last visit, resulting in an engagement.

Some time ago a Halifax paper stated that Sir John Fisher, the new admiral for this station, was a bachelor. This would have been news to Sir John if he had seen it. The fact of the matter is Sir John has been married quite a while, and has two grown up daughters—Miss Beatrice Fisher and Miss Pamela Fisher. When the Talbot—which is now on this station—was launched, Miss Beatrice Fisher performed the christening ceremony, and Lady Fisher performed a like service when the battleship Centurion was launched. The Centurion is a first class battleship, and is now flagship on the China station.

A letter has been received recently from Admiral Fisher, in command of the Renown, in which he speaks of his great pleasure in coming back to Halifax, where he used to have many friends in bygone days. He expects to arrive on this station the first week in September.

Mr. and Mrs. Harley are enjoying a holiday in Halifax, staying with Mrs. Bauld, Mrs. Harley's mother. Their many friends have been giving them a warm welcome. They returned to New York on Monday.

It was Mr. Charles Carmichael, of Port Morten Cape Breton, who made the beautiful gavel presented to Lady Aberdeen, at the late meeting of the National Council of Women. He certainly designed an interesting and clever device, using wood taken from an old French frigate.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen are to pay us another visit in September. Mrs. William H. Burns, of Montreal, is staying with Mrs. A. G. Troop. Her husband who has a wide circle of friends here, is now accountant in the Bank of Nova Scotia at Montreal.

A gentleman recently returned from London and the Jubilee says the review of the navy was the most magnificent spectacle he ever witnessed. Nothing had ever so forcibly impressed him with the tremendous power of the Empire. Another thing which struck him as extraordinary, was the perfect order maintained by the vast crowds, and the deference to authority. He was delighted with the splendid appearance of the Canadian contingent. Everything Canadian is on top over there now!

Hon. Mrs. Montgomery-Moore had another picnic party across the Arm, on Thursday of last week. A large number of ladies and gentlemen were present and a most enjoyable afternoon was spent.

DIGBY.

[Progress is for sale in Digby by Mrs. Morse.] Aug. 4.—Miss Sadie Oliver and Miss Blanche Reynolds of Grandville Ferry, has been visiting Miss Oliver. Miss Agatha Robinson is visiting in St. John. Mrs. Allison and Miss Ethel Allison of St. John are spending a few weeks here. Mayor DeBlais is spending a few days here. Messrs. Johnson and Irvine of Annapolis were in town a few days of last week. Miss Ethel Corbett has returned to Annapolis. The Annapolis B. B. team played a game with the Digby nine here Wednesday, Digby won. Miss Seely of St. John is the guest of Miss Nichols. Miss Susie Raddock is visiting her mother. Miss Chipman of Annapolis, is the guest of Miss Oaki. Mr. L. Whitman of Annapolis is passing a few days in Digby. Miss Ketchup and Miss Dakin of St. John have been visiting Mrs. J. Walsh. Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Sharp and Miss Sharp of Fredericton, are guests at Miss Short's.

USE Baby's Own Soap

and you'll know why we recommend it BE SURE AND GET THE GENUINE. The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs. Montreal.

"He who greases his wheels helps his oxen," is an old saying, but true.

We help those who help us, and those who help us help themselves. We do business for what business will bring. The bigger the business the better the values that can be given to customers. An importer overstocked offered us

50 Dozen Of the Finest Quality this Summer's

STRAW AND CHIP HATS

Comprising Turbans, Toques, Walking Hats, Sailors and Dress Hats, worth from \$1.00 to \$1.50 each, at a cash price that enables us to offer the lot—

Your Choice for 50c. All Hats and materials purchased during this sale will be trimmed free.

The Parisian



BY FAR THE MOST Destructive Fly Killer made. Each 10 cent package will actually kill more flies than \$15 worth of Sticky Paper

For Flies...

I have just received a large stock of... SMITH'S FLY PADS, WILSON'S FLY PADS, TANGLEFOOT FLY PAPER, DALMATION INSECT POWDER.

Special prices in dozen lots. W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST, 35 King Street.

For sale at 50 cents and \$1.00 by all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

Mr. C. E. Turnbull and Miss Turnbull are here visiting on their home. Mr. Frank Jones of the customs department is spending a few days here with his family. Mr. and Mrs. Hewison of Amherst is spending a few days in town.

C. W. Hope Grant and wife of St. John were guests at the Waverley a few days last week. Mrs. W. C. McKinnon and Miss McKinnon have been in town.

Mr. Dufrenoy of Ottawa was in town this week. Hon. A. G. Blair, Mrs. Blair, and the Misses Blair spent a few days here recently. They were accompanied by Miss Scott. Mr. Harry Vices is home for his vacation. Hon. Dr. Borden was in town Saturday.

Mrs. A. Digby Bonnell gave a large dance at her beautiful summer home on Wednesday of last week. Some eighty invitations were accepted and the gathering was a brilliant one, some of the costumes of the ladies being very beautiful. Our summer guests were there in quite a number. Mrs. Bonnell is such a graceful and charming entertainer that too much cannot be said of the thorough enjoyment of an evening at her home. The large spacious parlors are adapted perfectly to dancing. Among the invitations were: Misses Jamieson, Mrs. Lynch, Mrs. Crookhill, Mr. and Mrs. E. Turnbull, Mayor and Mrs. Shreve, Miss Dakin, Misses Stuart, Miss Corbett, Miss Seely, Miss Nichols, Miss McKinlay, Mrs. Townsend, Mrs. Jones, Miss Jones, Mrs. Bower, Mrs. Short, Mrs. Gilpin, Mrs. Handford, Miss Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Green, Miss Bingham, Mrs. Merkle, Mrs. Knudock, and others. Among the gentlemen were Messrs. W. G. P. E. D. V. G. Dr. DuVerney, Dr. Moore, H. D. Johnson, T. G. G. H. Green, H. B. Short, Mr. Coffin, S. H. H. T. Lynch, F. Morse, Davies, De'ay, Dakin, Nichols, Jamieson and many others.

Rev. Ralph Hunt of Boston is sojourning at Mr. Fenwick's.

NEW GLASGOW.

Aug. 4.—Mrs. Frank Smith, Master Everett Smith and Miss Sadie Murry of Fall River Mass., are spending the summer months in "Scotia", while in town they are guests of Mrs. Robert Murray. Mrs. Barrows of Attleboro, Mass., returned to her home on Tuesday after a two weeks visit with her sister Mrs. C. B. Des Jardine, Temperance St. Messrs. Robert McGregor, Harry McNeil, Clifford McLean, and Douglas Mcintosh are at Fifteen Mile Stream this week testing their ability as anglers.

Rev. and Mrs. Nicolson have as their guests at the parsonage. Mrs. Frank Nicolson, Miss Macjory, Master Claude and Miss Helen Nicolson of New York. Mrs. Black and Miss Florence Black of Amherst are spending a few weeks with Dr. and Mrs. F. W. Wright at "Victoria Terrace".

Mr. Murray McNeil of Halifax is visiting in town the guest of Mr. Robert McGregor. A great many of our townfolks have taken refuge from the extreme heat at King's Head and other popular resorts in which our country abounds. The cottages now open at King's Head are those of Messrs. George Douglas, Raymond Rand, J. S. Fraser, Mr. G. McDougall, Hector Sutherland, Fisher Grant and Dr. Wright. The families of Rev. A. Rogers, Mr. Charles McKinnon, Mr. Robert Olding, Mr. Gray and Mr. A. McCall are rusticating at Pictou landing.

Miss J. Wyness Fraser is spending a few weeks in Yarmouth the guest of Miss Gardner. Mrs. Brigham of Boston Mass., is visiting with Mrs. Underwood this week. Mrs. L. Christie of North Sydney is spending a few weeks with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Jeff McCall.

Miss Laura McNeil has for the past few weeks been the guest of Miss Louise Kirk at Antigonish. Miss Annie Ives of Pictou is spending her vacation in town. Mr. Russell Fraser returned to Boston last week. Miss May McKenzie of Halifax is the guest of Miss Ella Gray. Mrs. J. H. McKay of Boston was the guest of Dr. Kate McKay last week. Miss McCallloch of Truro is visiting with Mr. and Mrs. A. F. McCallloch. Rev. and Mrs. James Carruthers are visiting friends in Charlottetown.

MONCTON.

Progress is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Bookstore, W. G. Stanfield and at M. B. Jones Bookstore. Aug. 4.—Society news in these days resolves itself into a dreary record of the people who have gone away for the summer. The weather is too hot for poor humanity to think of even amusing itself, and hunting for a shady spot on the veranda where there is some breeze, or watching for fish turn at the hammock is a much more absorbing occupation than planning social distractions.

A few of the more energetic spirits have devoted a portion of their leisure time to theatricals, and joined Miss Ethel Tucker and Mr. Meldon of the Ethel Tucker Company who are spending a few weeks in the city, in giving a benefit performance for the Knights of Pythias. The play "Captain Letter Blair" comes off this evening in the Opera house and is being looked forward to eagerly. Miss Tucker and Mr. Meldon take the leading parts and are assisted by such well known amateurs as Mrs. George C. Allen, Miss Nellie Crossdale, Mr. W. C. Paver, Mr. John Corcoran and Mr. Hugh Hamilton, besides other promising amateur actors who will make their first appearance before a Moncton audience this evening.

In looking over last week's notes, I see that I neglected to mention the performance, at the last Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites brings back the ruddy glow of life to pale cheeks, the lips become red, the ears lose their transparency, the step is quick and elastic, work is no longer a burden, exercise is not followed by exhaustion; and it does this because it furnishes the body with a needed food and changes diseased action to healthy. With a better circulation and improved nutrition, the rest follow.

For sale at 50 cents and \$1.00 by all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

Thirsty?

It's not so much what you want as what you really need in hot weather. Nature rebels against the ordinary thirst-quenching drinks. They only add fuel to the flame and induce greater thirst. Absolutely pure Lime Juice assists Nature, because it cools the blood. Thus it allays thirst naturally. Stowers' Lime Juice is double refined to make the assurance of absolute purity doubly sure. Best grocers sell

Stowers' Lime Juice.

promenade concert given by the Citizens' band, of a very spirited and brilliant march dedicated to the Knights of Pythias, and called the Pythian March, which was composed by Mr. Brooks Peters youngest son of Mr. George C. Peters of this city, and arranged by Mr. W. S. Bowers of the band. This clever young musician has every reason to feel proud of this first specimen of his skill in composition, which has been given to the public, and it is safe to predict that should he adopt music as a profession he will make his mark at the future.

Mr. A. J. Gorham left town on Sunday morning for Rimouski where he will take steamer for England to spend some weeks. Mrs. R. B. Jack and children of Fredericton are spending some weeks in town, the guests of Mrs. Jack's mother Mrs. Edward Milliken.

Miss Florence Brown of St. John who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Metzler of Queen street returned home on Monday accompanied by Miss Ethel Metzler who will be her guest for some weeks. Mr. J. McD. Cooke, returned on Monday from a fortnight's holiday trip to Nova Scotia and P. E. Island.

Miss Minnie Seaman who has been spending some weeks with friends in Malden Mass., returned home on Saturday. Mrs. J. S. Benedict and Miss Benedict returned on Monday from a holiday trip to P. E. Island. Prof and Mrs. Morris and children of Tennessee who have been spending a week or two in town the guests of Mrs. T. T. Ryan of St. George street, left on Thursday for their distant home.

Mrs. New on Benedict of Washington is being warmly welcomed back to Moncton by her numerous friends here. Mrs. Benedict is spending the summer with her daughter, Mrs. J. S. Benedict of Harris avenue. Mr. Daniel Prentley of Malden, Mass., is the guest of Mr. George Seaman, of Botsford street. Miss Cooke of Mount Allison's Ladies college, spent a few days in town last week, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Borden of Botsford street. Miss McCaughy head milliner for H. G. Marr left town on Saturday night to spend a month's holiday at her home in Toronto.

Miss Puffin is spending the hot weather at Cape Brule, the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Cruise at their summer cottage in that charming summer resort. Mrs. J. W. Clark and family left town Thursday to spend a month with friends in Amherst. Mr. Claude Peters of the bank of Montreal returned last week from a two weeks vacation spent in P. E. Island.

Mrs. David Watson of Montreal, formerly Mrs. Norfolk of this city is spending a few days in town the guest of her aunt, Mrs. H. W. Deriner of Botsford street. Miss Jessie Dowe left town last week to enter the training school for nurses at the children's hospital in connection with St. Margaret's home, in Boston. Miss Dowe's numerous friends amongst the young people of Moncton heard of her intention to leave our city, with very deep regret as she was a universal favorite and could ill be spared from the circle in which she was so popular. Our girls are very dear to us, and their number is not so large that we can lose even one without a serious blank being left, which we find it hard to fill. Miss Dowe was an active member of St. George's Guild, and will be greatly missed in the church, but her friends will join in wishing her every success and happiness in the field she has chosen for her life work.

Mr. and Mrs. P. N. Crandall left town on Thursday to spend some weeks at Buctouche. Miss Schaeffer of Truro, spent a few days in town last week, the guest of Miss Gammon of Queen street. Miss Holstead, and her friend Miss Charlton, of Waltham Mass., left town last week for Halifax, to visit friends.

Richibucto. [Progress is for sale in Richibucto by Theodore P. Graham.] Aug. 4.—Miss Blackwood of Halifax is visiting in town the guest of her friend Miss Emily Bayre. Miss Dot Phinney left on Saturday last for New York, where she has gone to take a post-graduate course in a hospital in that city. Mr. W. B. Robinson was in town on Saturday on his way to Kouchibouguac, having returned by train that day from Halifax. Mrs. McFarlane and children returned to their home in Moncton on Saturday after spending some weeks in town visiting Mr. and Mrs. D. Percy. Miss Jane Haines of Boston is visiting at her home here.

The S. of T. Lodge intend holding their annual picnic on Friday of this week, a pleasant and a most enjoyable time is in prospect provided the day is favorable. Mr. James Bell, son of Mr. John P. Bell, died on Sunday morning after some few months illness of consumption, he was a young man well known in town and it was with deep regret among his companions that they heard of his death. The funeral takes place this afternoon, the interment being in the Episcopal cemetery. Mr. R. C. Weeks, accompanied by his son Anstee are visiting friends in Amherst vicinity. Mr. Smith Scott of Moncton spent Sunday in town.

Miss Chamberlain of Campbellton who was the guest of Mrs. McKinlay has returned home. Miss Belle Cate who for the past seven years taught the advanced department in the school here has resigned her position to take up school work in Charlotte county, whither she will go the first of next week. Miss Mrs. James P. Cate and their daughter Miss May Cate spent some days in town the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John T. Cate, returning to their home in St. John on Monday. A large number of our town folk attended the horse racing in Kingston on Tuesday. AUBORA.

CANADA'S INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION St. John, N. B.

14th to 21st Sept, 1897 OVER \$12,000 IN PRIZES For Live Stock and Farm and Dairy Products Competition open to the World.

Very Cheap Excursion Rates on all Railways and Steamers. Rates and Dates announced later. Special Arrangements are made for the cheap transport of Exhibits.

The C. P. Railway will carry Exhibits from New Brunswick points at regular rates and refund all freight charges when goods or stock are returned unsold, thus carrying Exhibits practically free.

A splendid new Poultry Building is in course of erection, and Amusement Hall will be enlarged and improved.

In addition to Industrial, Agricultural and Live Stock Exhibits, five or more nights of HAND & CO.'S Magnificent Fire Works, and an hourly programme of Special High Class Dramatic Exhibits will be given in Amusement Hall, making together the best and cheapest special attraction ever brought before the people of the Maritime Provinces.

A trip to the Sea Shore, a visit to Canada's Winter Port, and a stay in the cleanest and healthiest city in Canada, can be combined with a visit to the International Exhibition, at the very Low Rates to be later advised.

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

CROCKETT'S... CATARRH CURE!

A positive cure for Catarrh, Colds in Head, etc., Prepared by THOMAS A. CROCKETT, 162 Princess St. Cor. Sydney

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

Angostora Bitters.

10 Cases Genuine Dr. Siger's. FOR SALE LOW. THOS. L. BOURKE WATER STREET.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Progress is for sale in St. Stephen by Master...

Aug. 5.—Not for many moons have the young...

Miss Carrie Barker, pink and black silk trimmed...

Miss Marie Clarke, white mull, trimmed with...

Miss Kate Nelson, violet silk trimmed with white...

Miss Berna Mala, white silk crepon gown, trimmed...

Miss May Hopper, pale green silk with green...

The order of the dances was as follows:

1 March—Waltz 8 Two-step 9 Fain Quadrille

2 Two-step 10 Polka 11 Waltz

3 Lancers 12 Waltz 13 Lancers

4 Schottische 14 Two step 15 Schottische

5 Waltz 16 Schottische 17 Mr. Roger DeCoverly

Mr. and Mrs. William Blair, of Ottawa, and...

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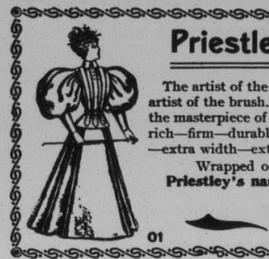
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Priestley's Masterpiece. The artist of the loom may have an ideal as well as the...

When You Order Pelee Island Wines

BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND. GASTOWN, July 26, 1897.

E. G. SCOVIL, Maritime Agent Tea and Wines 62 Union Street.

A party of young people chaperoned by Mrs. J. D. Baird spent last week at Nickerson's lake.

Aug. 3.—Mrs. George Davidson has returned from Moncton where she was visiting her sister...

Mr. and Mrs. George Davidson of St. John spent two or three days last week with relatives here...

Mr. and Mrs. James P. Gale and Miss May Gale of St. John spent Monday afternoon in Harcourt.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Swetman who has been the guest of Mrs. G. R. Bailey for the past week returned home...

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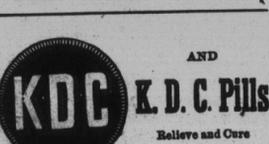
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THE GREAT TWINS



Believe and Cure The Great Twin Pills INDIGESTION AND CONSTIPATION.

Write for samples, testimonials and guarantee. K. D. C. COMPANY, Limited.

New Glasgow, Nova Scotia. 117 St. John St. Boston Mass.

Vertical text on the left margin: 'at you', 'greater', 'Juice', 'purity', 'ce.', 'ATIONAL', 'TION', 'N. B.', 'ept, 1897', 'N PRIZES', 'd Dairy Products', 'he World.', 's on all Railways', 'announced later', 'Exhibits from New', 'York and refined all', 'stock are returned', 'practically free', 'ing is in course', 'of will be enlarged', 'to St. John.', 'to every one who', 'ETT,', 'and Secretary,', 'ST. JOHN, N. B.', 'RY For', 'The', 'LAR', 'EPARATION', 'S-A-BOX-', 'G-TORONTO', 'S...', 'CURE!', 'e for', 'in', 'epar-', 'TT,', 'y. Sydney', 'oods', 'OOL.', 'ers.', 'Sigert's.', 'URKE', 'T.'

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(Continued from Fifth Page.)

Mr. and Mrs. Hedley Bridges are rejoicing on the advent of a son and heir that came to them a week ago. Mrs. Henry Bridges, Miss Bridges and Miss Burpee came back on last Saturday from their vacation trip to Cape Breton. Mrs. Robt. Reid of Edmundston is visiting friends here. Mr. and Mrs. Rainford Balloch and their two children have returned from their camp in Temiskwata lake, where they stayed during most of the past month. Mrs. Frank Tilley of Woodstock is in town staying with friends. Miss Helen McNally has begun a long vacation by going first to St. John on Monday last. Mr. Fred Hale M. P. for Carleton came to town on Monday and left for St. John on Wednesday. Mr. John Stewart president of the Tobique valley railway was in the city this week. Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Hale of Carleton came to town on Monday to visit friends. Nobody looking Mr. Hale over would think he could tip the scale at 212 pounds but he can and good down weight at that. Miss Beale Briggs has gone to Lakeville corner to stay with old friends there for a few weeks. Miss Bertie Smith has taken a vacation which will be spent down the river. Mr. Lewis Elias was in Woodstock three days since our last issue. Miss Lillie McKenzie has gone to Hampstead to visit some of her relatives. Mrs. McConnell and children have returned to Marysville from the Bay Shore. Miss Ella Thorne and Miss Isabel Balbits have arrived home after some weeks spent at Duck Cove. Mrs. E. Byron Winslow and her party have returned from the Bay Shore and so has Mrs. Byron Coulthard. Miss Beale Everett the efficient organist of St. Andrew's church, St. John is spending her holidays with her own people here. Mr. and Mrs. W. T. H. Fenety and friends who have been enjoying a three weeks camping above the city returned home on Saturday. The spot chosen proved one of the prettiest and most convenient on the St. John river and the party applied named it "Camp Idylwild." A large number of the parties' friends visited them during their outing and enjoyed a taste of camp life. Several Frederictonians have gone to Duck Cove to replace those who have lately returned; among them are Mrs. Hunter, and her daughters and her granddaughter Miss Coulthard. Mr. Mabel Edcombe has gone to St. John with her two children to remain during the month. Mr. and Mrs. Havelock Coy are in Upper Gagetown and expect to remain there for two weeks. Mr. William Balmis came down from Woodstock on his wheel on Wednesday and on Thursday went on to Grand Lake by the same vehicle. Mr. Geo. E. Fenety and Mrs. Fenety and Mr. W. T. H. Fenety are in St. John. Mr. John J. Weddell, Mr. Harvey Mitchell and Mr. John Stewart were among the transient visitors to St. John during this week. Mr. Geo. A. Betsieid who used to live here but now halls from Boston, has been visiting provincial friends lately. Miss Lillie Whelpley is here from Cambridgeport, Mass. visiting her cousin Miss May Whelpley. Mrs. Wm. L. Anderson with her children has gone to visit friends in Chatham; her sister from Woodstock accompanied the party. Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Randolph expected home from Liverpool in a few days; they sailed on July 29th. Miss Sarah H. McKee has reached home after a long vacation spent in Lowell, Mass. Mr. George Hazen, who used to be with Mc-Murray & Co. but is now employed in Montreal is home with his folks during a short vacation. Capt. Taylor and Lieut. Betty of the Royal Berks have gone north on a fishing excursion. Miss Emma Crookshank who has been several months in London visiting Mrs. Fellows, arrived home on Tuesday last looking remarkably well. Mrs. H. L. Johnson of Yarmouth, B. C. is visiting her sister, Mrs. Wm. Wilson, Waterloo Row. Mr. Daniel Jordan was in town over Sunday. He expects to take Mrs. Jordan to St. John soon, where he has rented a dwelling. Capt. Kaye of the Royal Berks regiment came on from Halifax to visit his brother officers who are stationed here. CHICKET.

WESTFIELD BRACH. Aug. 5.—Society for the past week has been dull in comparison to former weeks, still I have had pleasure in attending small events that have given enjoyment to a number of our summer residents. The weather has brought the sweet peas out in abundance; never has Westfield had finer peas than it has had this summer. On Tuesday morning Miss Nan McDonald took to the city a magnificent bunch grown at Lindaville, Mr. McDonald's summer residence, Woodman Point. We were entertained on Tuesday afternoon by a number of picnickers from Fairville; on Thursday the congregational and presbyterian picnics kept us in good humor and rendered a great deal of enjoyment, especially the congregational which was held on the beautiful grounds of Mr. Samuel Crothers, Cedar Knoll. On Thursday evening the concert given under

AMHERST. [Progress is for sale at Amherst, by H. V. Farley.] Aug. 5.—Mrs. A. P. McKinnon gave a charming dance on Thursday last for her visitors Miss Grace Fullerton and Miss Jennie Fen of Halifax; there were many very pretty summer gowns worn by the young ladies and the dance was greatly enjoyed, a claim which the hostess always substantiates; I regret that my notes are unavoidably too late to give the list of guests. Miss Florence Hewson entertained a number of guests on Monday evening at her home on Victoria street, dancing was the order of the evening and the young ladies looked particularly well and the party was very pleasant in every way. A number of smart teas are on for this week, Mrs. R. C. Fuller entertains on Friday, Mrs. O. T. Hillson serves tea this afternoon and Miss Alice Page gave an afternoon tea on Tuesday at her pretty home on Eddy street, for her cousin Miss Church of San Jose, Cal. and her aunt Miss E. Page of Port Greville. A number of very smart novelties were worn and the weather was most favorable for the young hostess. Miss Beattie Chipman who has been visiting friends in Amherst for the past month left her home in Boston Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Lay have returned from a trip to Halifax. Rev. V. E. Harris is in Amherst where he was summoned by the illness of his sister Miss Harris. Mrs. Munro chaperoned a number of young ladies for a picnic to Black Grove on Wednesday; the day was much enjoyed. Mrs. James McEldon and party have returned from an outing to Tidnish; Miss Grace Kerr is her guest at present.

PARRISBORO. [Progress is for sale at Parrisboro Book Store. Aug. 6.—The tourist season is at its height; every train and boat bringing more or less. The hotels are crowded, Miss Laura Jean Libby the novelist, and her party are at the Grand Central. The new Methodist church was dedicated on Sunday Rev. J. A. Rogers, W. H. Evans, James Biscardale, J. Johnson, and other ministers took part in the three services during the day which were very largely attended. The music was under the direction of Mr. Brandon. Mr. W. D. Mayne has been spending a few days here.

GRAND MANAN. Aug. 2.—Mrs. Gaskill and daughter Miss Julia, have gone to St. Stephen for a few weeks before returning to Boston. Miss Annie Felten has gone to Woodstock for a few weeks. Miss Palmer of Sackville who has been a guest of Mrs. A. Wooster, returns to her home today. Mr. Roy Carson has returned to Shediac. Miss Lena Watt is a guest of her parents Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Watt. The Misses Ethel and Carrie Wooster have returned home after a pleasant visit in Oak Bay. Mrs. Chapin has returned to Fall River after a visit of several weeks to her home. Miss Lawrence also has returned to Boston. Mrs. Frances Godfrey of St. John who has been a guest of her aunt Mrs. Covert at the Rectory for the last month, returns to her home today. E. A. WEAVER.

THE SECRET OF THE BELLS. The Old Problem Solved at Last—Prof. Gill's Proof Conclusive. 'For hundreds of years naturalists have been seeking to find out how eels are propagated. The eel problem worried hundreds of generations, and now at last the secret is out. It has been discovered by two Italian zoologists, Profr. Grassi and his pupil, Signor Calandruccio. In order to reach the source of his discovery we must go back to 1763. At that time the naturalist Pennant called attention to a singular little fish that was then utterly unknown. And which is still found at several points in the Atlantic Ocean and especially in the Mediterranean Sea. It is a little creature as transparent as glass, with a flat body and very small fins. It is almost entirely tormented of a gelatinous tissue. It has no eyes and its blood is colorless. For a long time it was thought that it was a species in itself, but nobody knew where to place it in the family of creatures. In 1864 an American scientist, Mr. Gill stated that these singular little fishes were the larvae of conger eels, and in 1866 Professor of the Sorbonne, M. Yves Delage, confirmed the statement of Mr. Gill and proved by experiments that the little creature was a larva. He put one of them into an aquarium, where he witnessed its transformation into a young conger eel. 'Now the larvae in question are plentiful in Sicily, and particularly in the Straits of Messina. Prof. Grassi procured a number of them and kept them for a long time in an aquarium. With Signor Calandruccio he witnessed the metamorphosis of these larvae. They all became eels, some of them congeners and others of a different species. But there was one particularly small species which attracted their attention. They watched it closely, and one day they found it transformed into a common eel. The greater portion of the larvae collected by Signors Grassi and Calandruccio came from great depths 500 metres at least. These larvae come to the

the surface by accident when torn from their retreats by the currents and the commotions so frequent in the Straits of Messina. The conclusion, therefore, is that the production of the eels is brought about very far from the surface of the sea. The larva of the eel is about seven or eight centimetres long, and the young eel, the result of the transformation, is always shorter.

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HAIR HUMORS

Itching, irritated, scaly, crusted Scalps, dry, thin, and falling Hair, cleansed, purified, and beautified by warm shampoos with CUTICURA SOAP, and occasional dressings of CUTICURA, purest of emollients, the greatest skin cures.

Cuticura

Treatment will produce a clean, healthy scalp with luxuriant, lustrous hair, when all else fails. Sold throughout the world. POTTS, DANCE AND COMPANY, Sole Props., Boston. How to produce Luxuriant Hair, mailed free.

SKINS ON FIRE with Eczema instantly relieved by CUTICURA MEDICINE.

Rev. Fr. Brennan who has been in ill health for a long time and not able to tend to his duties left for Halifax on Friday. Rev. Fr. Berthiaum from Memramcook conducted the services on Sunday. Miss Stairs of Halifax is staying at Mr. Corbett's. Mrs. M. G. Atkinson and her two little sons came down from Truro on Monday to spend a couple of weeks. Mrs. Daniel of Fagwash and Mrs. Quigley of Amherst are guests of Mr. A. W. Copp. Miss Avora McLeod returned today from Wolfville.

Mrs. Charles McCabe gave a pleasant party on Thursday evening, progressive games being the principal diversion, Mrs. F. A. Rand and Dr. Johnson scoring the highest points. Miss Jean and Evelyn Smith of Windsor are visiting their sister, Mrs. Eville. Miss Robb and Mr. Robb rode in from Oxford on their wheels on Saturday. Mrs. Clarke and Miss Clarke of Philadelphia are at Partridge Island also Mr. Fraser of Boston. Mrs. Cecil Parson and her children returned to Springhill on Wednesday. Mrs. Maitland of Bait Verte and Mr. James Sutherland of Anlat are guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Copp.

Misses Barry of Melrose N. B., are guests of Mrs. Gillespie. Mrs. James Brown of Amherst also lately spent a few days at Mrs. Gillespie's. Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Johnstone and their children who have been visiting Mrs. Leitch, have gone back to Halifax. Dr. Magee and Miss L. Wolton have returned from Yarmouth where they have been attending the summer school of Science. Rev. Mr. Gough of P. E. Island is in town. Mr. Merritt of St. John was recently here for several days in the interest of the St. John Zeis group.

Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Young their children and Miss Ganter arrived to-day from Woodstock. GRAND MANAN. Aug. 2.—Mrs. Gaskill and daughter Miss Julia, have gone to St. Stephen for a few weeks before returning to Boston. Miss Annie Felten has gone to Woodstock for a few weeks. Miss Palmer of Sackville who has been a guest of Mrs. A. Wooster, returns to her home today. Mr. Roy Carson has returned to Shediac. Miss Lena Watt is a guest of her parents Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Watt. The Misses Ethel and Carrie Wooster have returned home after a pleasant visit in Oak Bay. Mrs. Chapin has returned to Fall River after a visit of several weeks to her home. Miss Lawrence also has returned to Boston. Mrs. Frances Godfrey of St. John who has been a guest of her aunt Mrs. Covert at the Rectory for the last month, returns to her home today. E. A. WEAVER.

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ABOUT ALASKA WEATHER.

The Japan Current Protects it From Extremes.

In the Century there is an article on 'The Alaska Trip,' by John Muir, the California-writer and naturalist. Mr. Muir says: 'The climate of that portion of the coast that is bathed by the Japan current, extending from the southern boundary of the territory northward and westward to the island of Atoe, a distance of nearly twenty-five hundred miles, is remarkably bland, and free from extremes of heat and cold throughout the year. It is rainy, however; but the rain is of good quality, gentle in its fall, filling the fountains of the streams, and keeping the whole land fresh and fruitful, while anything more delightful than the shining weather after the rain—the great, round sun-days of June, July and August—can hardly be found elsewhere. An Alaska midsummer day is a day without night. In the extreme northern portion of the territory the sun does not set for weeks, and even as far south as Sitka and Fort Wrangel it sinks only a few degrees below the horizon, so that the rosy colors of the evening blend with those of the morning, leaving no gap of darkness between. Nevertheless, the full day opens slowly. At midnight, from the middle point between the gloaming and the dawn, a low arc of light is seen stealing along the horizon, with gradual increase of height and span and intensity of tone, accompanied usually by red clouds, which make a striking advertisement of the sun's progress long before he appears above the mountain tops.

For several hours after sunrise everything in the landscape seems dull and uncommunicative. The clouds fade, the islands and the mountains, with ruffs of mist about them, cast illdefined shadows, and the whole firmament changes to pale pearl-gray with just a trace of purple in it. But toward noon there is a glorious awakening. The cool haziness of the air vanishes, and the richer sunbeams, pouring from on high, make all the bays and channels shiver. Brightly now play the round-topped ripples about the edges of the islands, and over many a plume-shaped streak between them, where the water is stirred by some passing breeze.

On the mountains or the mainland, and in the high-walled fields that fringe the coast, still finer is the work of the sunshine. The broad white bosoms of the glaciers glow like silver, and their crystal fronts, and the multitude of icebergs that linger about them, drifting, swirling, turning their myriad angles to the sun, are kindled into a perfect blaze of irised light. The warm air throbs and wavers, and makes itself felt as a life-giving, energizing ozone embracing all the earth. Fild with ozone, our pulses bound, and we are warmed and quickened into sympathy with everything, taken back into the heat of nature, whence we came. We feel the life and motion about us, and the universal beauty; the tides marching back and forth with weariless industry, laving the beautiful shores, and swaying the purple dulse of the broad meadows of the sea, where the fishes are fed; the wild streams in rows white with waterfalls, ever in bloom and ever in song, spreading their branches over a thousand mountains; the vast forest feeding on the drizzling sunbeams, every cell in a whirl of enjoyment; misty flocks of insects stirring all the air; the wild sheep and the goats on the grassy ridges above the woods, bears in the berry-tangles, mink and beaver and other far back on many a river and lake; Indians and adventurers pursuing their lonely ways, birds tending their young—everywhere, everywhere, beauty and life, and glad, rejoicing action.

Through the afternoon all the way down to the west the air seemed to thicken and become soft, without losing its fineness. The breeze dies away, and everything settles into a deep, conscious repose. Then comes the sunset with its purple and—not a narrow arch of color, but oftentimes filling more than half the sky. The horizontal clouds that usually bar the horizon are fired on the edges, and the spaces of clear sky between them are filled in with greenish yellow and amber; while the flocks of thin, overlapping cloudlets are mostly touched with crimson, like the out-leaning sprays of a maple-grove in the beginning of Indian summer; and a little later a smooth, mellow purple flushes the sky to the zenith, and fills the air, fairly steeping and transfiguring the islands and mountains, and changing all the water to wine.

In An Ideal Fairy World.

Shank—'Shinn seems very enthusiastic on the subject of the beauty of our modern women, and yet, he treats every woman in town with complete indifference. Quite an anomaly.'

O Shawe—'Yes; he's got several hundred bicycle catalogs filled with pictures of girl riders.'—Pack.

Housekeeper (to employment agent)—'I don't want another young girl. Can't you get me a settled woman?' Agent—'Yes, madam. I know one who has had three husbands, and doesn't want any more.'—N. Y. Weekly.

Ladies wear your shirt waist, so it send it to us to be done up, it will look prettier if done up at Ungar's Laundry & Dye Works. Telephone 58.

Insist Upon Hood's Sarsaparilla. Upon having just what you call for when you go to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla. There is no substitute for Hood's. It is an insult to your intelligence to try to sell you something else. Remember that all efforts to induce you to buy an article you do not want, are based simply upon the desire to secure more profit. The dealer or clerk who does this cares nothing for your welfare. He simply wants your money. Do not permit yourself to be deceived. Insist upon having Hood's Sarsaparilla. And only Hood's. It is the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills easy to buy, easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY AUGUST 7, 1897.

JUST OVER THE DIVIDE.

IS WHERE THE MINER HOPES TO FIND RICHES.

His Outfit as a Prospector and His Plant as a Mine Operator—An old Story That will be Repeated so Long as Man Loves Riches—The Difficulties of Quartz Mining.

The story of the hunt for gold is a tragedy. It is an ancient yarn and not yet told to the end, for while it commenced with the dawn of man's intelligence, it will only end with civilization. It is a tragedy, for countless lives have been destroyed in the openings of each chapter, but no tale of horror has deterred its progress. It is ever new. Its promises of life, wealth and happiness, 'just over the new divide,' are as alluring to-day as yesterday or the day before. No sooner is one bubble exploded, one reef robbed of its glittering particles, than another bubble is blown, another reef is discovered, the mad rush starts, and the story is told again.

The world's production of gold has increased amazingly each year, and yet from day to day it buys more of what man needs to make him comfortable in this vale of tears. In 1847 the United States produced only \$989,085 in gold. This increased a million or so a year until 1890, when over \$100,000,000 in American gold was turned into the marts of the world. Then came the decline in silver. The silver miners abandoned their claims and joined the army of the gold hunters, and in 1896 the product of the gold mines of the United States was \$120,000,000. Nearly all of this gold came from Alaska, Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, California, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, South Dakota, New Mexico, and Arizona.

Going down into Mexico it will be found that the gold mines of that country are only a continuation of the great mineral reef which ribs this continent from the Bahring Strait to the Isthmus of Panama. In places where the army of gold hunters has been concentrated the most gold has been produced, but as the pioneers have left the beaten trails prospected the gulches the gold may have spread its confines until no man shall say that where the internal fires of the earth have heaved the great granite ledges to the surface no gold shall be found sprinkled through the quartz veins which are coincident or the beds of streams which have crumbled the quartz ledges into rolling pebbles.

For many years past the advance couriers of this army of gold hunters have been pushing toward the North Pole. The mines are always richer 'in the next gulch' to these restless spirits. British Columbia first felt their influence and profited thereby. Gold mines have been discovered there, and fortunes are taken from the ground every year. The true miner, the forty-niner, or his descendant, wants no rocky ledge which requires capital to work. He wants free play, where he can build his own primitive plant and put his gains in an empty syrup can or a buskin sack at the close of each day. To do this he must have placer diggings. So on they pushed to the furthest point of northern land over which floats the American flag. Here the great valley of the Yukon winds from the sea around behind the tremendous ranges of mountains which stand as guardians over a land already well protected by its interminable winter and everlasting snows. Following its winding course for thousands of miles these hardy pioneers found reward for their labors, and when in 1894 Alaska added a million dollars in gold to the world's supply, she obtained rank as a mineral State, and the mining world assumed an expectant attitude as to what might come from beyond those snow-capped hills. In 1895 more fortune seekers entered the Yukon valley. The story of their homecoming is the story of the day, for the first ship has brought more gold than came from Alaska in all the years preceding. Another gold reserve has been discovered which will stagger the strongest combine to 'corner.'

The history of the discovery of all the great gold districts of the world is alike. The climate, environment, and character of the people may cause enough variation to give each discovery a character, but as a rule the process is the same. The great desire of all prospectors is to discover a placer mine. This is called the poor man's mine, for with a few dollars in equipment and plenty of hard work he can secure the gold that lies therein. The vast bulk of all the gold in the world is carried in veins of quartz which lie in various kinds

of 'country rock,' as the surrounding material is called. This is generally granite. As the ground upheaved, the quartz veins were sometimes exposed to a disintegrating influence of some kind, generally water. The quartz is oftentimes 'rotten,' or soft, and readily yields. Crumbling away, it was washed down the mountain streams, carrying the small particles of gold with it. These, being heavy, settled to the bottom, and if the bottom was loose gravel or sand, they gradually washed down to 'bed rock,' or some impenetrable strata, which may be rock, or possibly a tough clay. These particles may finally come to rest many miles from the ledge from which they were broken, and the ledge may be entirely destroyed or may partially remain to be discovered later on and become a mine.

The seekers after placer gold generally travel in pairs, though many an old-time prospector has spent months or even years with only his pack animal for company in his lonely search for wealth, and has avoided his fellow man as he would a pursuing vengeance. His outfit is simple. It complete he rides a horse or mule—where he can. Upon another animal is packed his outfit. The old saw buck pack saddle is still the best and upon it is put a roll of blankets, a "war bag," a seamless sack, containing a change of shirts, a frying pan, a coffee pot, a few tin dishes, and such provisions as he has, which are usually flour, bacon, coffee, baking powder, and salt. All these are covered with a canvas tent or sheet. On top are strapped his pick, shovel and "pan," which looks like a large-sized copper wash basin.

Arriving at a ravine which looks promising, the miner gathers in his pan some of the finer sand along a solid bottom, and by repeated washings, which are performed with a rotary motion, the coarser particles are sluiced over the sides. He then has in the bottom a little gray-black sand, and if he has "struck it rich" he can see with the naked eye the particles of gold mixed with it. They may be so fine that it takes a glass to determine the presence of a "color," or very fine grain. If then he feels encouraged he stakes off a claim, digs down to bed rock, and investigates more thoroughly. If he has struck pay dirt he hurries away to the Recorder's office, files his claim, obtains help to work it, either with money, if he has it, or by taking in a partner. He sinks a shaft to bed rock and "drifts" up along the real bottom of the gulch. If his tales of gold to be had are encouraging, others follow him back to his location, stake out mine claims, and, if the gold is there, a "stampede" is on, a new Eldorado heralded, and men are made rich or poor as they may play the cards.

As soon as the existence of pay dirt has been established more permanent works are built. Long, narrow wooden boxes, called sluices, are built, with narrow cleats across the bottom. Water is turned into this and the gold-bearing gravel shoveled in at the head. The heavy particles of gold drop to the bottom, the dirt is washed in and out at the lower end. At night the water is turned off, and a clean-up of the boxes is made, and upon the results depend the day's earnings. The plant is mostly labor, hence placer mining is called the poor man's mining.

These later comers pay for their claims, and where water is scarce is must be bought. In California as much as \$400,000 has been paid for water enough to run the sluices. When the placer ground is all taken up search is commenced for the quartz lode from which the gold came. Shafts are sunk, stamp mills for crushing the rock are built, and the pulp is washed for gold, much on the same principle followed by the miner with his pan. This has been the history of the discovery and progress of every mining camp in the United States.

Who shall tell, however, of the years of weary days spent in fruitless panning—horses getting weak, grub getting low, and man's hopes about exhausted, and still no gold in sight? It is here the strange fascination of the hunt for gold comes in play. From early sun up the miner toils for the pan full of gravel which will tell the story. Hardly stopping for a breath, he delves on. The sun sinks below the tops of the pines far up on the mountain top above him. The long shadows creep across the gulch. An owl hoots somewhere from the black shadows. Eagerly scanning the bottom of the pan for that he seeks, he fails to find it. His labor is for naught—but there is another gulch just over the hill, and there is still another day. With aching limbs he lies down on his hard bed, rolls the blankets tight around him, and with his war bag for a pillow sleeps undisturbed and

Patent Hair Fastener.

Instantly Adjusted or Removed

After a few months' use the hair will grow sufficiently long to be taken up by the fastener, with this result.



Made in Shades to Match the Hair

The result of "tying strings" and elastic, which breaks the hair.

This simple and most effective Fastener is designed to replace tying up Ladies' Hair with cord, etc. (which is the usual custom), previously to proceeding with the coiffure.

SAVES TIME. NO KNOTS. NO FRICTION.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

dreams of pans of gold too heavy for him to lift, nuggets greater than those ever found before, and to the accompaniment of the wind in the pines, the derisive hoot of the owl, and the distant scream of a mountain lion which scents an intruder in his domain. That is the story of the gold mines of the West, but what of Alaska? There a thousand new features are encountered. No patient horses to carry the miner's pack, but a handeled upon unfathomable snows. A fortune in a bag of flour, nine months of winter and three months of cold, wet summer. Five thousand miles to get there, and 5,000 miles to get back. The cream of the fortune skinned ere this, and only the leavings for those yet to come. Multiply the difficulties by a thousand, the disappointments by ten thousand, and you will have the story of the Klondike mines. —Kansas City Star.

SALUTING THE DEAD.

It is a Pretty French Custom That is Very General.

Off the northwest coast of France there is a region of wild waters, dotted here and there with islands of grim aspect and tragic history, about which cling more legends and superstitions than are found, perhaps, in any similar spot in the world. From the earliest times it has been a place of shipwreck and death. One of its bays is believed by many of the people who live on the mainland of Brittany and upon the islands to mark the site of the sunken city of Is, whose ghostly church bells the mariner, if he but listen intently enough, may still hear ringing from the depths far beneath his keel as he passes above the spot at the hour of the angels.

Standing upon the summit of the headland of Cornouaille, which juts far out into the Atlantic, one is, though two hundred and sixty-two feet above the water, not beyond the reach of its spray, and the ground is felt to shake as the mighty waves dash against the promontory. Into the Enfer, a great hollow at the foot of the cliff, the waves dash with a sound like thunder, and at the bay of Trepasses, not far away, the people fancy that they perpetually hear the cries of the drowned rising above the tumult of the waters.

This sound was familiar to the pagan inhabitants of Brittany. They believed it to be the voice of a god, and sent nine Druid maidens to propitiate the divinity by a life of devotion on the stormy island of Sein, near by.

To the neighboring island of Ushant, treeless and shrubless, and scarcely less desolate than Sein, there recently came an English naval party on a romantic and picturesque errand.

In June, 1896, the British packet, Drummond Castle, returning from the cape of Good Hope with a large number of passengers, struck a rock off the Island of Molene, and in a few minutes went to the bottom. Two hundred and fifty lives were lost, and but a single passenger was saved.

The calamity was so sudden that the hardy people of Molene and Ushant could do nothing to save life; but they turned out en masse to rescue the bodies of the dead from the "eater of man," as they call the sea, and performed acts of great bravery in this work.

In recognition of the service, the English queen ordered that medals should be struck and given to the people of Ushant and Molene who had a part in it; and lately the British man of war Australia carried these medals to Brest, the nearest large port. From there the officers and men charged with the duty of distributing

the medals were taken taken to Ushant by the French gunboat, Epervier.

On the way, not far from the lowering shores of Molene, the Epervier's pace was slackened, while the officers of the gunboat regarded with interest a space of sea. The French admiral, Barrera, who was in command, advanced on the bridge and gave the order: "All hands on deck!" Instantly every man was at his post, the guard of mariners under arms the gunners at their pieces. The English officers, grouped together, could be seen to look with moistened eyes at the preparations for what they knew was coming; and their breasts heaved visibly.

The admiral took off his hat and all the rest of the officers followed his example. "My friends," he said, addressing the men of the Epervier, "last year, in the month of June, a great British ship, returning from a long voyage, almost at home, was lost at this spot. The sailors of all nations are brothers. To honor those who died here, we shall salute them and say a prayer."

The officer of the watch commanded: "To prayer!" Every sailer uncovered and bowed his head. A simple helmsman repeated impressively the Lord's prayer and the Ave Maria.

Then three times the cannons of the Epervier boomed out in salute of the dead, and the gunboat moved on.

At Ushant all the population of the island had come to meet the expedition. The simple ceremony of the presentation of the medals was soon over. The village priest and his two assistants, all of whom were among those who received medals, chanted the De Profundis at the church, and the graves of the victims of the wreck in the churchyard, were strewn with flowers.

CURIOSITIES OF LIGHTNING.

Dangers from a Stroke Greater in Country Than City.

When Benjamin Franklin determined the character of lightning and invented the lightning rod he made a great discovery, but since then other investigators have added much to the store of knowledge on the subject.

The matter of lightning rod has received a great deal of attention from scientists in recent years and a number of popular fallacies have been exploded. Various mystifying characteristics of lightning have been explained and other freaks of the electric current are more or less understood. Some years ago there was an international conference on the question of lightning rods in England, and the report of that gathering, based on the observation and experience of the members, is the most valuable contribution to the literature of the subject ever made.

While it is generally conceded that lightning rods offer protection to buildings, it is admitted that under certain conditions the most carefully erected rods will prove unavailing. There are many instances in which buildings have been struck by lightning rods. In most of these cases the rods were not properly constructed and connected, though in other cases the rods were as nearly perfect as human ingenuity can make them. The lightning that missed them and struck the building can be likened to an avalanche that is so powerful as sweep away all obstacles and go on its way regardless of man and his constructions.

From a report issued by direction of the Secretary of Agriculture, it seems that the average death rate from lightning in the United States is a trifle more than 200. Practically all of the fatalities occur in the months of April, May, June, July, August and September. The maximum death rate occurs in June and July. There have been a few people killed in November and December, but the Weather Bureau has no record of a death from lightning in January or February.

The financial loss from fires caused by lightning for eight years averaged a trifle a trifle more than one and one-half million dollars per year.

Lightning has a preference for some soils. Thus, where the soil is of a chalky formation, lightning will strike but one-seventh as often as where the soil is sand. Clay soil will be struck twenty-two times to once in the chalk formation.

The bolts also have a preference for certain trees. Oaks are struck more frequently than any other tree, and the birch is rarely a victim. It does not seem possible that oak trees are struck more than fifty times to one beech tree, but the Weather Bureau reports show such to be the case. Pines are struck about one third as often as oaks.

The danger from lightning is much less in the city than in the country, the ratio being about one to five. In a record of 18 deaths due from lightning, one was killed inside a building, eleven were outdoors and six were under trees.

As a rule, lightning that strikes a tree does no further damage. In only three cases out of one hundred did the bolt jump from one tree to another.

One of Its Forms.

Doubtless there are many who can sympathize with the victim of a certain peculiar malady, one of whose ways of manifesting itself is here set forth.

"Did you ever suffer from writer's cramp?" asked a bookkeeper who was conversing with a friend of some literary pretensions. "Writer's cramp?" echoed the other. "I've suffered from it for years and years! The papers I write for are nearly always 'too cramped for space' to use any of my stuff."

Advertisement for Ayer's Hair Vigor. Includes text: 'How Old are You? It makes no difference whether you answer or not. It is always true that a woman is as old as she looks.' and 'A little more than a year ago, my hair began turning gray, and falling out, and although I tried ever so many things to prevent a continuance of these conditions, I obtained no satisfaction until I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor. After using one bottle, my hair was restored to its natural color and growth.' Ayer's Hair Vigor. This testimonial will be found in full in Ayer's "Curebook" with a hundred others. Free. Address J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Advertisement for Short's Dyspepticure. Includes text: 'SHORT'S Dyspepticure ACTS LIKE MAGIC SMALL STOMACH TROUBLES. Cures Dyspepsia, Headache, Biliousness, etc. 25c and \$1. From C. K. Short, St. John, N. B., and druggists generally.'

LOYAL TO COUNTRY.

One warm morning in the spring of 1780 Mrs. Slocumb was sitting on the broad piazza about her home on a large plantation in South Carolina. Her husband and many of his neighbors were with Sumter, fighting for the struggling colonies, but on this beautiful morning there were almost no signs of war to be seen. As yet this plantation had not been molested, and as Mrs. Slocumb glanced at her little child playing near her, or spoke to her sister, who was her companion, or addressed a word to the servants, there was no alarm manifest. But in a moment the entire scene was changed.

"There come some soldiers," said her sister, pointing toward an officer and twenty troopers, who turned out of the highway and entered the yard.

Mrs. Slocumb made no reply, although her face became pale, and there was a tightening of the lips as she watched the men. Her fears were not allayed when she became satisfied that the leader was none other than the hated Col. Tarleton. That short, thick set body, dressed in a gorgeous scarlet uniform, the florid face and cruel expression proclaimed the officer only too well. But the mistress gave no sign of fear as she arose to listen to the words of the leader, who soon drew his horse to a halt before her.

Raising his cap and bowing to his horse's neck, he said: "Have I the pleasure of addressing the mistress of this plantation?"

"It is my husband's,"

"And is he here?"

"He is not."

"He is no rebel, is he?"

"No, sir. He is a soldier in the army of his country and fighting her invaders."

"He must be a rebel and no friend of his country if he fights against his king."

"Only slaves have masters here," replied the undaunted woman.

Tarleton's face flushed, but he made no reply, and turning to one of his companions, gave orders for a camp to be made in the orchard near by. Soon the 1,100 men in his command had pitched their tents, and the peaceful plantation took on the garb of war.

Returning to the piazza and again bowing low the British colonel said: "Necessity compels his majesty's troops to occupy your place for a time, and I will have to make my quarters in your house; that is, if it will not be too great an inconvenience to you."

"My family consists at present of only myself, my child and sister, besides the servants, and we must obey your orders."

"In less than an hour the entire place was transformed. The white tents covered the lawn, horses were tied to the high rail fences, soldiers in bright uniforms were moving here and there. Before entering the house the British colonel called some of his officers and gave sharp orders for scouring the country within the neighborhood of ten or fifteen miles.

This sharp command was not lost upon Mrs. Slocumb, nor was she slow to act upon it herself, as we soon shall see. But for the present, trying to stifle her fears she determined to make the best of the situation and avert all the danger possible by providing for the comfort of Tarleton and his men, and accordingly she had a dinner soon ready fit for a king, and surely far too good for such a cruel and blood-thirsty man as Tarleton soon was known to be.

When the colonel and his staff were summoned to dining-room they sat down to a table which fairly groaned beneath the good things heaped upon it. It was such a dinner as only the South Carolina matrons knew how to prepare, and the men soon became jovial under the influences.

"We shall have few sober men by morning," said a captain, "if this is the way we are to be treated. I suppose when this little war is over all this country will be divided among the soldiers. Eh, colonel?"

"Undoubtedly the officers will occupy large portions of the country," replied Tarleton.

"Yes, I know just how much they will each occupy," said Mrs. Slocumb, unable to maintain silence any longer.

"And how much will that be, madam?" inquired Tarleton, bowing low.

"Six feet two."

The colonel's face again flushed with anger, as he replied: "Excuse me, but I shall endeavor to have this very plantation made over to me as a dual seat."

"I have a husband, whom you seem to forget, and I can assure you he is not the man to allow even the king himself to have a quiet seat on his ground."

But the conversation suddenly was interrupted by the sounds of firing.

"Some straggling scout running away," said one of the men, not quite willing to leave the table.

"No, sir. There are rifles there, and a good many of them, too," said Tarleton, rising quickly and running to the piazza, an example which all, including Mrs. Slocumb, at once followed. She was trembling now, for she felt assured that she could explain the cause of the commotion.

"May I ask, madam," said Tarleton, turning to her as soon as he had given his orders for the action of his troops, "whether any of Washington's forces are in this neighborhood or not?"

"You must know that Gen. Green and the marquis are in South Carolina, and I have no doubt you would be pleased to see Lee once more. He shook your hand very warmly the last time he met you, I am told."

An oath escaped the angry colonel's lips, and he glanced for a moment at the scar which the wound Lee had made had left on his hand, but he turned abruptly and ordered the troops to form on the right and he dashed down the lawn.

A shout and the sound of firearms drew the attention of Mrs. Slocumb to the long avenue that led to the house. A cry escaped her at the sight for there was her husband, followed by two of her neighbors, pursuing on horseback a band of five tor-

ies whom Tarleton had sent to scour the country.

On and on they came, and it was evident that the prisoners were too busy to have noticed the army of Tarleton.

Broad swords and various kinds of weapons were flashing in the air, and it was plain that the enraged Slocumb saw nothing but the tories he was pursuing. Could nothing be done? Would they run into the very heart of the camp? Mrs. Slocumb tried to scream and warn her husband, but not a sound could she make.

One of the Tories had just fallen, when she saw her husband's horse suddenly stop and swerve to one side. What was the cause?

Sambo the slave whom Mrs. Slocumb had dispatched as soon as Tarleton had had come, to warn her husband, had started promptly on his errand, but the bright coats of the British had so charmed him that he had lingered about the place, and when the sound of the guns was heard Sambo had gone only as far as the hedge-row that lined the avenue. Discretion became the better part of valor then, and the negro in his fear had crawled beneath it for shelter; but when his frightened face beheld his master approaching he had mastered enough courage to crawl forth from his hiding place and startle the horses as they passed.

"Hol' on, massa! Hol' on!" he shouted. Recognizing the voice, Slocumb and his followers for the first time stopped and glanced about them. Off to their left were a thousand men within pistol shot. As they wheeled their horses they saw a body of horsemen leaping the hedge and already in their rear. Quickly wheeling again, they started directly for the house near which the guard had been stationed. On they swept, and, on leaping the fence of lath about the garden patch, amid a shower of bullets, they started through the open lots. Another shower of bullets fell upon them as their horses leaped the broad brook, or canal, as it was called, and then almost before the guard had cleared the fences they had gained the shelter of the woods beyond and were safe.

The chagrin of the British Tarleton was as great as the relief of Mrs. Slocumb, and when on the following day the troops moved on, the cordial adieu of the hostess led the colonel to say: "The British are not robbers, madam. We shall pay you for all we have taken."

"I am so rejoiced at what you have not taken that I shall not complain if I do not hear from you again."

And she neither heard nor complained.—Everett T. Tomlinson, in Chicago Record

Knights of Maccabees Delighted.

SIR KNIGHT JAMES OSBORNE, OF BARTON TENT, No. 2, CURED OF BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

"Kootenay" was the Remedy.

Word was received by Barton Tent, No. 2, of Hamilton, Ont., that Sir Knight James Osborne was very ill, and the "sick committee" was instructed to wait upon him.

It was found that he was suffering from Bright's Disease, a disease heretofore pronounced incurable by the medical profession, and it was accepted as a matter of course that death was inevitable, and his lodge insurance would have to shortly be paid. What was their surprise to have him enter the lodge some time afterwards in good health.

His cure he ascribed simply to Kootenay Cure, as he took no other medicine. Before starting its use he had all the characteristics of much-to-be-dreaded Bright's Disease. His skin was pale and puffy. He had indigestion, Heart Palpitation, Shortness of Breath and great weakness. There was puffiness of the face and swelling of the legs. His urine was scanty, painful to pass and loaded with albumen.

He felt that life was slipping from his grasp with great rapidity. Kootenay Cure came to his rescue. It restored his kidneys to healthy action. It cleared out all the poisons that were pent up in the blood. It made him well.

Chart book free on application to the S. S. Ryckman Medicine Co., (Limited), Hamilton, Ont.

Surprise.

The Boston Record prints a paragraph about a surprise which a Boston shopkeeper lately experienced at the hands of a lady customer.

Her husband is a bank president in Newburyport. The national banks receive their bills in sheets of twelve, which are cut after being signed. The generous president gave one of these sheets to his wife, and she naturally started at once for Boston.

After making some purchases in one of the large stores she drew the bills out of her pocket book and calmly said to the clerk: "Lend me your scissors and I will pay you," thereupon cutting off a bill.

The astonished clerk at first refused to receive such money from so open a manufacturer of currency, but finally the matter was explained.

Men And Women Agree

That corns are painful, not easily cured and quite useless. Men and women who have used Putman's Corn Extractor testify that it is the best, acts without pain, and cures. Use Putman's Painless Corn Extractor.

"Did you see the account of the new submarine boat?" "Yes; but I didn't read it. It doesn't interest me, you know." "It is simple and patriarchal. The respect shown to their elders by the young, their tender care of the abuela (grandmother) is touching. Surely these homely virtues are not to be despised; it is in the family circle

CUBANS AT HOME.

Pictures of Their Life Before the Present Trouble Began.

We read of the relentless war which is devastating the island of Cuba—one of the fairest spots on earth; we are appalled at the tales of cruelties related of the Spaniards and the desperate heroism of the Cubans says a writer in the N. Y. Sun. We see but the fierceness of the death struggle; men of all conditions, ignorant of the art of war—students, lawyers, doctors, the long-trodden gaujros—banded together to assail the trained troops of Spain; the wealthy planter dashing alongside of the colored man, his slave a few years back; father and son laying down their lives for Cuba libre; fair women fighting by the side of their husbands and brothers—is not death preferable to the fate which awaits them at the hands of a brutal soldiery? We hear of savage acts of retaliation by the 'rebels,' of houses burned, of fields devastated, of all the horrors of a civil war conducted on principles which are a shame to modern civilization. We look at the Cuban people through a prism of lurid red. What do we know of them?

The Cuban inherited the amiable characteristics of his Indian ancestors or predecessors; he is by nature pleasure-loving, kind, hospitable, and generous. Ages of oppression have made him distrustful and secretive. He has learned to dissemble, to nurse his hatred—the natural effects of slavery—and politically he is little better than a slave; it is a wonder all mankind was not crushed out of him. Owing to long habits of submission and to the perfected system of spies and informers established by the Spanish Government, his aspirations to freedom crystallized in inadequate, abortive efforts, beginning with this last half century; but repeated defeat has developed in him inherent qualities worthy of a freeman. In this supreme effort the Cuban is the fiercer, for having been too long gentle, a physiological fact which is not without precedent.

But to return to the Cuban at home, as I knew him in the olden times. It is not among the residents of a cosmopolitan city like Havana she shall seek him, nor among the wealthy planters of that province; a large percentage of them are foreigners. It is in the rural districts, among what might be called the middle class, the veguceros, the small farmers, the humbler gaujros, we must seek the national characteristics of that interesting people.

Their welcome is frank and sincere; if you are not of the race of their rulers, if especially you come from the 'land of the free,' the mask of caution is soon dropped, hermano is substituted for the formal 'senor'; you feel that you are indeed treated as a brother; and the gayety and gravity, the lightheartedness and pathos curiously interblended in your host make of him a most interesting study.

The Cuban is much given to poetry and song. Many among the most illiterate are born poets and musicians. The Italian improvisatore, of whom much has been written, would find his match in the tobacco fields of the Vuelta de Abajo or the coffee plantations of the east. The sonorous Castilian tongue is rich in rhythm and rhyme; it is eminently adapted to verse and music. A musical dialogue is often improvised by two countrymen—peasants they would be called in Europe—the theme being sometimes humorous, but more frequently sentimental. Those unwritten airs are generally sad, pathetic monotonies. They remind one of the melancholy complaints of Brittany. In the better educated classes the senioritas and their beaux will recite poetry by the hour, pieces from their favorite poets, adapted to the occasion and supplemented with more pointedly personal improvisations. The arch glances of the flirters and a seductive charm to the harmonious lines—innocent flirtations these, which go no further than an exchange of incendiary glances and exaggerated rhymed compliments. The stranger is apt to misconstrue manners and customs that are at variance with those of his country. For instance, a susceptible young Cuban sees a lady pass by; he is struck with her beauty and expresses his admiration by kissing his hand to her. He had never seen her before and will probably never see her again; he has not fallen in love at first sight; he merely pays homage to her charms; she receives it as such and is flattered rather than offended.

The cubans marry for love and, so far as I have had the opportunity to observe, their married life is happy; family ties are strong and binding, the mother-in-law is not considered an inconvenience, and the question whether marriage is a failure is never up for discussion. The home life is simple and patriarchal. The respect shown to their elders by the young, their tender care of the abuela (grandmother) is touching. Surely these homely virtues are not to be despised; it is in the family circle



SEE THAT LINE

It's the wash, out early, done quickly, cleanly, white.

Pure Soap did it SURPRISE SOAP

with power to clean without too hard rubbing, without injury to fabrics.

SURPRISE is the name, don't forget it.

that the character of the citizen is formed. Admitted into that circle, the stranger is struck with the native good breeding of even the inferior classes. There is a genuine cordiality which makes him feel at ease, and, if there be no danger of surveillance by the ubiquitous spy, an abandonment which soon lets him into the secret of his host's opinions. They are always the same—more or less pronounced: Cuba must be free. With some (I speak of half a century ago) it is but a dream impossible of realization; with others it is a hope, ardent and inspiring, inciting to the noblest sacrifices. The women are intensely patriotic; their influence has been felt in all the revolutionary attempts.

Cuba is a land of plenty. Her natural products afford a never-failing supply of food. The small farmer, with his plantations of bananas, plantains, and yams, which require little labor, the many varieties of fruit which require no labor at all, spends a moderate amount of energy on his tobacco field; his crop will bring him enough money to buy groceries and the little clothing needed by his family. His habits are temperate and frugal; why should he work himself to death? If the crop is unusually good, well, a few gold onzas will be added to the family hoard. He does not believe much in Spanish banks; besides, he lives far from the city.

This fertility of the soil, the enervating tropical climate, and the discouraging effect of the oppressive rule under which he lives combine to make the average Cuban indolent and unambitious—an Anglo-Saxon would say lazy; but let the occasion arise and he will display the greatest activity and energy and will astonish us by his powers of endurance. The war actually going on gives abundant proof of this. The transformation is remarkable above all in the Cuban women of today—the most naturally indolent in the world—whom we see sharing heroically with their husbands and brothers the hardships and dangers of war.

But, for all his simplicity of life, the Cuban of the rural districts has two passions, one noble, the other degrading in its tendencies; very poor must be the farmer who has not a fine saddle horse in his stable; not a thoroughbred with a long pedigree, but one of your creole horses, graceful of form, mettlesome of temper, and endowed with powers of endurance even greater than his master's. His horse is the Cuban's pet and friend, the object of his pride and care. An ornamented saddle and bridle, clinking silver spurs, whose cruelly large rowels are misleading for the intelligent animal is seldom made to feel their sharpness, form the sum of his ambition. But, alas! the horse has a rival, the pugnacious game-cock. Cock fighting is as much a passion as card playing; it is as ruinous and far more exciting. The crowd at the cockpit act like madmen; they grow wild over the incidents of a fight, hoot the coward bird that shows the white feather, applaud and encourage the brave champion as they would a human being. The betting grows fast and furious when the birds are well matched. I have known a victorious cock to be carried through the streets, all bleeding and almost dead, under a red umbrella preceded by a band of shouting admirers. No hero from the battlefield could have received a more enthusiastic ovation. I must say however, that the crowd was not composed exclusively of Cubans, but comprised a large proportion of Spaniards and negroes.

There are queer, and sometimes touching, superstitious practices in the island. One that I witnessed in Santiago de Cuba—I do not know if it obtains in other parts of the country—is poetic in its weird sentimentality. The dead are carried in an uncovered coffin to the graveyard, where the lid is fastened on at the last moment; but at the funeral of a child their is no sign of mourning. The little corpse is clad in some gauzy white fabric and crowned with flowers; young children the companions of the deceased, walk on either side of the coffin. They are dressed in white, with bows of bright colored ribbons; each carries a small basket filled with shredded petals of flowers, which they, from time to time, throw by the handful in the air, the fragrant leaves falling like raindrops around the little corpse. Musicians playing lively airs precede the coffin, which is invariably car-

ried by hand. The people say the sinless child is an angel returning to heaven, which should give cause for rejoicing, not for grieving. A rather too realistic illustration of this belief was given once, when the dead child's eyes were kept open by some contrivance, its cheeks and lips rouged, and a pair of gauze wings attached to its shoulders.

Illiteracy is not so widespread as might be supposed, even among the poorer class. The well-to-do are adverse to having their sons brought up under the influence of Spanish methods, and, particularly since the middle of this century, when the revolutionary movement was inaugurated by the ill-fated Gen. Narciso Lopez many young Cubans are sent to the United States to be educated in habits of freedom. American ideas are thus represented in the island today by quite a large class of well-informed, patriotic men in the prime of life. This fact, probably, is not without its influence on the successes of the present struggle.

Cuba has produced many poets and musicians of note, and writers of no small merit in the various fields of literature. I do not know that she has given a painter to the world of art. Lawyers and physicians, in great number, and of real talent, she counts among her sons.

The Cuban gentleman possesses an affable dignity of manner, very different from the pompous conceit of the Hidalgo of the old country, while in the most ignorant countryman we find a native courtesy seldom met elsewhere. The Cubans are a handsome race. The ladies show a charming vivacity allied with a gentle loving disposition, many are beautiful, all are attractive. Luxuriant black tresses sparkling eyes and small hands and feet are traits common to the high-born senorita and her humble sister of the vegas. They are intelligent, capable of great devotion, though from their light-hearted ways one might think them frivolous. Past middle age they have the tendency to obesity, remarkable in women of the Spanish race, and due probably to their inactive life.

I have tried to describe the Cubans at home, as I have known them in the days gone by. If I have dealt lightly with their faults, born principally of the system of oppression under which they live. Their redeeming qualities show them worthy of the sympathy of a great people to whom they look, not only for assistance, but also as the embodiment of those principles of liberty in which their hopes of the future rest.

DEATH FROM SUFFOCATION.

Almost a Fatality But For Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart—Strange Story of a Northwest Lady.

A death to be dreaded is that from suffocation, and yet this is one of the usual phases of heart disease. Mrs. J. L. Hillier of Whitewood, N. W. T., came as near this dangerous point as need be. She says: "I was much afflicted with heart failure, in fact I could not sleep or lie down for fear of suffocation. I tried all the doctors in this section of the country, but they failed to give me relief. A local druggist recommended Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. I tried it, and with the result that I immediately secured ease that I did not know before, and after taking further doses of the medicine the trouble altogether left me. It is not too much to say that it saved my life."

Bobbett—"So you think Mr. Grumpkins is stingy? I'm surprised at that. We had had for breakfast this morning, and Grumpkins left more than half the fish for me." "Why?" "You don't mean it?" "Bobbett—Sure! He left me the bones."—Boston Transcript.



LAXA-LIVER PILLS CURE BILIOUSNESS CONSTIPATION SICK HEADACHE AND ALL LIVER TROUBLES

As a laxative, one pill acts perfectly, and if a stronger action is desired a cathartic effect is produced by two pills. In obstinate cases, where a purgative is necessary, three pills will be found sufficient. These pills leave no unpleasant after effect. One pill taken each night during thirty days will cure constipation.

PRICE 25c. OR 5 FOR \$1.00

Sunday Reading.

The Songs My Mother Sung. As one who stands at evening by the ocean's lonely shore...

Why He Became a Testotaller. Bishop Potter Understood the Force of a Good Example.

A Consecrated Shut-In. What one woman, feeble in health, can do to save souls is exemplified in the career of Sarah Robinson...

was long or short. I promised him that, by his grace, I would not repine at pain or ugliness...

GOD'S THREE AGENCIES. He Employs Three for Bringing Conviction to Our Souls.

God employs three agencies in bringing conviction to a human soul: conscience, the Holy Spirit and the Scriptures.

A TURNING POINT. He Was Young but Understood About the Fledge.

Dr. Hannay's secretarial colleague, the Rev. D. Burford Hooke, says a commercial traveller from Liverpool...

A Personal Sacrifice. The joy of dying that others might live, the glory of living without self-concern...

War on Cigarettes. It is now thought that steps have been taken which will lessen the use of cigarettes by the boys in the Chicago public schools.

they may be sold, and rendered the continuance of the business so difficult as to practically abolish it altogether.

MUSIC STANDS. Made in Great Variety for the Use of Professional and Amateurs.

The pocket music stand is a very simple and at the same time very ingenious contrivance, formed of thin strips of wood joined together...

THE REMEDIES. Various Remedies That are Used in Rural Districts.

Doctors in the 'backwoods' districts often find that their patients will refuse all medicine, as long as they fancy that there is any possibility of effecting a cure without its aid.

ANSWERING A SNOB. How the Great English Tailor Got Even With One.

When Poole, the famous English tailor, was an old man he was at Brighton on a vacation, and one afternoon went out to walk upon the pier.

See you get Carter's, Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Where the Shoe Pinches.

Often it nips just over your favorite corn, or squeezes the ingrown toe nail. Wearing shoes, perhaps, to you is not fraught with much pleasure.



Elm. It gives you comfort with your feet. Makes walking easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Toe Nails.

Price 50c. a box by all druggists and shoe dealers, or sent by mail on receipt of price by addressing Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

A CITY MAN'S WAIL.

There Are Thousands Like Him in Canada.

"To be candid and truthful, I am miserable, used up, nervous, and can't sleep these days; I feel as if life was not worth living."

Are you, dear reader, among the afflicted ones? Are you pining in misery and suffering and full of dread and fear?

An old ducky who runs the little ferry across a New England river affords much entertainment to passengers by his quaint remarks.

For a moment the old ducky looked perplexed. Then he rallied, and smiled broadly on his persistent fare.

IF YOU HAVE WEAK BACK, LAME BACK, BACKACHE, LUMBAGO OR RHEUMATISM, DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS WILL CURE YOU.

SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING. HEADACHES, DIZZINESS, PAINFUL DREAMS, DISTURBED SLEEP, DROWSINESS, FORGETFULNESS, COLD CHILLS, NERVOUSNESS, ETC., ARE OFTEN CAUSED BY DISORDERED KIDNEYS.

SOLD AT ALL DRUG STORES.

Notches on The Stick

Mine is no call to camps and arms;
Yet have I will not stay,
Bent on war's vicissitudes and alarms
To fling myself away.

And now occurred one of the most singular episodes in the life of this man, or any other man of similar character and qualification. He made his way to London, the mate where misery may lose itself to all but itself, and where if it wishes to succeed, Blackfriars' bridge and the Thames will lend an opportunity. There, as in the sea, this strange vast intellect, this heart hungry too dependent man, was adrift. Night came down on him—a double night, a darkness not of that cloudy sky only, but of the soul; he found himself at the end of an aimless street-wondering, as the shadows gathered in Chancery Lane, where he sat down on a doorstep, in deep dejection and speculated on the future. "In this situation, overwhelmed with his own painful thoughts, and in misery of others,—for he was accosted by various kinds of beggars importuning him for money, and forcing on him their real or pretended sorrows." Not in vain could any such appeal be made; each applicant had his share, till the last coin in his pocket was gone. Then he moved on through Chancery-Lane till pausing before a bill posted on the wall, he read: "Wanted, a few smart lads for the 15th Elliott's Light Dragoons." Here was a temptation like that to suicide. Thus he reflected: "Well, I have had all my life a violent antipathy to soldiers and horses; the sooner I cure myself of these absurd prejudices the better; and so I will enlist in this regiment." Arrived at the place of enlistment, the old sergeant "with a remarkably benevolent countenance" accosted him kindly,—doubtless discerning in his face the marks of weariness and sorrow,—and asked him if he had been in bed that night. It was by that time early morning. This friendly scrutiny discovered a homeless wanderer, at his very wit's end. He was had to breakfast and to bed, before further inquest into his purpose should be made, or there should be any negotiation. When he awoke, "this feeling sergeant, finding him refreshed in his body, but still suffering apparently from melancholy, in kind words begged him to be of good cheer, and consider well the step he was about to take: gave him half a guinea, which he was to repay at his convenience, desiring him at the same time to go to the play and shake of his melancholy, and not to return to him. The first part of the advice Coleridge attended to, but returned after the play to the quarters he had left. At sight of him, this kind-hearted man burst into tears. "Then it must be so," said he. This sudden and unexpected sympathy from an entire stranger deeply affected Coleridge, and nearly shook his resolution; but still considering that he could not in honor even to the sergeant retreat, he kept his secret, and, after a short chat, they retired to rest.

The next morning the raw recruits are mustered by the sergeant, Coleridge among them, and are at an early hour marched on the road to Reading. There the regiment they were to join was quartered, under a general of the district, who it seemed was more a soldier in bearing, and less a humanitarian in his spirit, than the old sergeant. Inspecting the recruits, with a military air, he demanded of Coleridge after looking hardly at him,—"What's your name, Sir?" Just now the poet is dauntless and ready, for he has appropriated a name from a door on London street, (Cumberbatch), improving it archaically, till it has quite a Cromwellian flavor,—Silas Jonken Comberbacke:—for so it appears on record at the war-office. "What do you come here for?" demands the officer, quite as sternly, to one who must be made feel himself an intruder. "Sir" Coleridge replies, "for what most other persons come, to be made a soldier." "Do you think," queries the general, "you can run a Frenchman through the body?" "I don't know," rejoins the poet, "as I never tried; but I'll let a Frenchman run me through before I'll run away." This is witty and prompt enough to justify all doubtful appearances. "That will do," concludes the general, and Coleridge is mustered in forthwith.

To what end this foregone prodigious drill of brain? It is bodily exercise that profited here. Coleridge tried to dignify the homely drudging business which he was now in, (classed with the unlettered boor, and directed in all his movements by men whose constant domineering practice makes them eminent, in that line at least), with classic reflections upon the hardships undergone by Cæsar, Epaminondas and Leonidas. He is sage in his reflections, but awkward in his evolutions; his mind is preternaturally nimble, his body, (quite

Much in Little

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Hood's Pills

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

untrained and undeveloped, hopelessly sluggish, and ludicrously awkward in all its movements. He is the butt, or the annoyance, of the drill-sergeant, who declares he will never be able to make a proper soldier of him, and who warns the members of the squad with most uncompromising vociferation,—"Take care of that Comberback! take care of him, for he will ride over you!" Coleridge can easily climb to a Lord Rectorship of the University, but will never get beyond the awkward squad of a well-drilled army.

Could Punch and Judy be more entertaining than his horsemanship, in the accounts we have of it. "Poor Coleridge or Comberback, or Comterbacke, could never manage to rub down his own horse. The creature, he said, was a vicious one, and would return kick or bite for all such attempts; but then, in justice to the poor animal, the awkwardness of the attempts should be taken into the account. Comberback at this time complained of a pain at the pit of his stomach, accompanied with sickness, which totally prevented his stooping, and in consequence he could never rub the heels of his horse at all. He would very quietly have left his horse un-rubbed, but then he got a good rubbing down himself from the drill-sergeant. Between sergeant and steed he was in a poor case, for when he mounted his horse, it, like Gilpin's nag,

"What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more."

But the same amiable and benevolent conduct which was so interwoven in his nature, soon made him friends, and his new comrades vied with each other in their endeavors to be useful to him. They assisted to clean his horse, and he amply repaid the obligation by writing all their letters to their sweethearts and wives, such an amanuensis we may well affirm no lucky set of soldiers ever had before. Their lasses and good wives must have wondered at the new burst of affectionate eloquence in the regiment. "Poor Comberback's skill in horsemanship did not progress. He was always encountering accidents and troubles. So little did he often calculate for a due equilibrium, that in mounting on one side—perhaps the wrong stirrup—the probability was especially if his horse moved, that he lost his balance, and, if he did not roll back on this side, came down ponderously on the other! The men, spite of their liking for him, [who could help it?] would burst into a laugh, and say to one another, 'Silas is off again!' Silas had often heard of campaign, but he never before had so correct an idea of hard service. "From his inability to learn his exercise, the men considered him a sort of natural, though of a peculiar kind—a talking natural. This fancy he stoutly resists; but no matter—what was it that he could do cleverly?—therefore a natural he must be."

His very hopeless awkwardness, however worked really for his advantage. Something else may be found for him, and something else is found out about him,—this "talking natural" is an accomplished linguist—a scholar! What means this—"Eheu! quam infortunat miserum est fuisse felicem," inscribed on the stable-wall under his saddle? Here is lore and regret enough for a caged Conqueror! Incidentally he is revealing himself. Having been stationed at the door of some place of public resort, through which the select and acceptable were passing the sentinel overheard such learned discourse as inevitably drew his interested attention. Two of his officers paused for a moment near him, talking about, and quoting Euripides. At the sound of the Greek lines, mistakenly attributed to that poet, Coleridge touched his cap and said,—"I hope your honor will excuse me, but the lines you have repeated are not quite accurately cited. These are the lines;" where upon he gave them correctly. "Besides," Comberback continued, instead of being in Euripides they will be found in the second antistrophe of the *æteus* of Sophocles." The astonished officer exclaimed,—"Why, who the d—l are you? old Faustres grown young again?"—"I am only your honor's humble sentinel," said Coleridge, and touched his cap again.

No wonder if the officer disappeared within, to inquire who the "odd fish" at the door may be. The surgeon has had his eye on him suspiciously, but is ignorant whence he came, and the whole Comberbacke

family is a profound mystery. But he shrewdly conjectures him to be no "odd fish" out of anybody's aquarium, but rather "a stray bird from the Oxford or Cambridge array." His awkwardness at drill, his falls from his horse are canvassed and laughed over; but he had earned their respect and in the end, "the officer kindly took pity on the poor scholar, and had him removed to the medical department, where he was appointed 'assistant' in the regimental hospital. This change was a vast improvement in Mr. Coleridge's condition, and happy was the day also on which it took place, for the sake of the sick patients; for Silas Tamken Comberbacke's amusing stories, they said, did them more good than all the doctor's physic. If he began talking to one or two of his comrades—for they were all on a perfect equality, except that those who were clever in their exercise lifted their heads a little above the awkward squad, of which Comberback was by acclamation, the preeminent member, if he began to talk, however, to one or two, others drew near, increasing merrily, till by and by the sick beds were deserted, and Comberback formed the centre of a large circle. Many ludicrous dialogues occurred between Coleridge and his new disciples, with the 'geographer.'

"On one occasion he told them of the Peloponnesian war, which lasted twenty-seven years. 'There must have been famous promotions there,' said one poor fellow, haggard as a death's head. Another, tottering with disease, ejaculated,—"Can you tell, Silas, how my rose from the ranks?' He now still more excited their wonderment by recapitulating the feats of Archimedes. As the narrative proceeded, one restrained his scepticism till he was almost ready to burst, and then vociferated,—"Silas, that's a lie!" 'D'ye think so?' said Coleridge, smiling, and went on with his story. The idea, however, got amongst them that Silas' fancy was on the stretch, when Coleridge, finding that this would not do, changed his subject, and told them of a famous general called Alexander the Great. As by a magic spell, the flagging attention was revived, and several, at the same moment, to testify their eagerness, called out, 'The general! the general!' 'I'll tell you all about him,' said Coleridge, and impatience marked every countenance. He then told them who was the father of this Alexander the Great,—no other than Philip of Macedon. 'I never heard of him,' said one. 'I think I have,' said another, ashamed of being thought ignorant. 'Silas, wasn't he a Cornish man? I knew one of the Alexanders at Truro.'

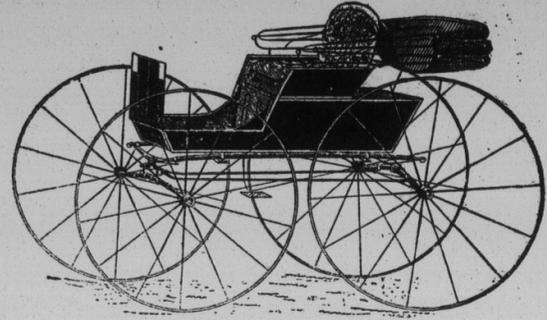
"Coleridge now went on, describing to them, in glowing colors the valor, the wars, and the conquests of this famous general. 'Ah,' said one man, whose open mouth had complimented the speaker for the preceding half hour 'Ah,' said he, 'Silas, this Alexander must have been as great a man as our colonel!' Coleridge now told them of the Retreat of the Ten Thousand. 'I don't like to hear of retreat,' said one. 'Nor I,' said a second; 'I'm for marching on.' Coleridge now told of the incessant conflicts of those brave warriors, and of the virtues of 'the square.' 'They were a parcel of crack men,' said one. 'Yes,' said another, 'their bayonets fixed, and sleeping on their arms day and night.' 'I should like to know,' said a fourth, 'what rations were given with all that hard fighting?' on which an Irishman replied, 'To be sure, every time the sun rose, two pounds of good ox beef and plenty of whiskey.' Coleridge now told them of the heroes of Thermopylae; when the geographer interrupted him by saying,—'Silas, I know, too, where that there Moppy is, it's somewhere up in the north.' 'You are quite right, Jack,' said Coleridge, 'it is to the north of the line.' A conscious elevation marked his countenance; and he rose at once five degrees in the estimation of his friends."

What a picture this, of the greatest intellect then in Britain, amusing the rustic minds of these sick soldiers with the romance of history; and of the delicate tact by which he continues to win them, and remain void of offence. He is not there as Professor of History; and so if a young recruit thinks he knows the 'Hellsport' is at 'the mouth of the Thames' he will not flatly contradict him. But these days are happily drawing to a end. He is recognized one day, and his friends are on his track. A former college mate encounters him on the street, one day, when the young dragoon in full dress, who would have passed is called to a sudden halt: 'No Coleridge, this will not do; we have been seeking you this six months. I must and will converse with you, and have no hesitation in declaring that I shall immediately inform your friends that I have found you.' Not many days after the door of the hospital is suddenly opened and several gentlemen enter; who, singling out Comberback where he sits at the foot of a bed, take him by the arm and lead him

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silent and unresisting away. As they go out, one of the astonished auditors, looking after the supposed deserter, is heard to exclaim sorrowfully,—"Poor Silas! I wish they may let him off with a cool five hundred!"

WHICH WAS CRAZY.

It is Not Always Safe to Jump to Hasty Conclusions.

Jumping to conclusions, so called, is a hazardous proceeding. Even the shrewdest of men will sometimes land in a bog before they know it. Here, for example, is a case in which the victim was no less a person than the famous Baron Van Humboldt. We borrow the anecdote from the Golden Penny.

During one of his visits to Paris, Humboldt expressed to his friend Doctor Blanche, the distinguished authority in matters concerning insanity, a desire to meet one of his patients.

"Nothing easier," said the doctor. "Come and take dinner with me to-morrow."

The next day Humboldt found himself seated at the dinner-table of the famous doctor in company with two guests to whom he had not been introduced. One of them was dressed in black, with a white cravat and gold rimmed spectacles. He had a smooth face, a very bald head, and sat with great gravity through the entire dinner. He bowed, ate, and said not a word.

The other guest, on the contrary, wore a great shock of hair, brushed wildly, his shabby blue coat was buttoned askew, his collar was rumpled, and the ends of his cravat floated over his shoulders. He helped himself, ate, and talked at the same time. Story after story did this incoherent person tell. He mixed the past with the present, flew from Swedenborg to Fourier, from Cleopatra to Jenny Lind, from Archimedes to Lamartine, and talked politics and literature in the same breath.

At the dessert Humboldt managed to say quietly to the host, glancing at the fantas-

tic personage, who was still talking, "I am very much obliged to you. Your mania amuses me immensely." The doctor looked startled.

"You made a great mistake about the maniac," he said, at the earliest moment when they were alone together. "The brilliant talker wasn't the lunatic; the silent one is my patient; the talker is the famous Balzac, the novelist."

The Ruling Spirit.

The story is told of a Yankee housewife who was extremely neat, that she woke one night at the sound of her husband creeping softly out of bed and toward the light-stand.

"What's the matter, William she whispered; there's a burglar coming up the front stairs, and I'm getting my revolver!"

All was silence again, in the midst of which William crept noiselessly to the head of the stairs. Presently there was a loud report, followed by a mad scurrying of feet; then the husband came back lighted a lamp, returned to the stairway.

"Oh William, William, did he—"

"Yes he got away," said the husband.

"Oh I don't care so much 'bout that," the woman said, "but William, did he—"

"Did he what?"

"Did he wipe his feet before he started up the stairs?"

An Ideal Candidate.

"There will be a clerkship vacant in the third division of the department of which I have the honor to be the chief," said the Appointing Power.

"I have the man who is ideally fitted for the place," said the Senatorial Influence.

"Are you certain?"

"Quite certain. He must be the man, because he wants the job, and he isn't fit for a position in business," Cincinnati inquirer.

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Woman and Her Work

A few years ago there was a very interesting controversy in some of the newspapers concerning the proper disposal of the presents which a devoted lover is supposed to lavish upon the idol of his heart; after the engagement has been broken and the quondam lovers have gone their separate ways. Some authorities said the sacred tokens should be immediately returned to the donors, while others held the more modern view that where the engagement was dissolved by mutual consent, as so often happened, or where the two parted without acrimony, and with the possibility of future friendship between them, it was perfectly correct for each to retain the presents given by the other, when a mutual wish to that effect had been expressed.

The presents given by a man to a woman it was argued, were generally of such a nature that they were utterly useless to him when returned, and the sight of them could only cause him pain, while their possession would be a continual source of embarrassment to him. Besides that as it was manifestly impossible for his late fiancée to return the flowers he had given her, the chocolates and theatre tickets he had lavished upon her, or the worn out gloves and fans she had had no hesitation in accepting from her intended husband, the returning of more tangible though often less valuable gifts was really an inconsistency, a sort of straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel.

On the other hand it would be most trying for the discarded swain to be expected to return his former lady love a choice collection of the half worn slippers, braces neckties, and smoking caps she had worked, and presented to him from time to time; not to mention the elaborate vests, and dressing gowns which it has been the fashion lately to shower upon one's lover, as Christmas and New Year's gifts. Fancy returning to the dear girl one had adored last year, but grown cold to of late, the well smoked, and rather odoriferous pipe which had been her last birthday gift to one!

Lately it has been considered quite the thing to offer one's lady love a pair of dainty evening slippers to match one of her ball gowns, but picture the return of those same love tokens very much soiled and perhaps with a whole in the side of one! The idea is far from pleasant.

The suggestion that the presents which two people who once loved each other dearly, but whom time and circumstances have separated, exchanged during their love dream, should be tenderly laid away out of sight in some private drawer, and preserved as sacred relics of the past, seems a practical and sensible one and a very happy way out of the difficulty. The idea of continuing to wear commonly the bracelet once fondly clasped by a devoted lover, who is a lover no longer, is not to be entertained for a moment, but there is nothing repulsive in the thought of putting it tenderly out of sight. The ring itself, which is the actual pledge of the engagement should always be returned, the sight of it could cause nothing but pain, I should imagine, and though I have heard of girls who continued to wear their engagement rings with all the calmness in life, long after the engagement itself was broken off, I have never yet encountered a well authenticated instance of such bad taste, so I am naturally rather disinclined to believe that one exists. Of course where where engaged people part after a sudden quarrel, or where one has treated the other very badly, been guilty of the meanness of jilting, perhaps, there is a certain amount of satisfaction, a grim comfort in returning every gift however trifling that the perfidious one has bestowed; and I believe there have been instances where the jilted party has been most exacting of the return of the love tokens when the jilting has shown a disposition to retain them. In fact I came across a very amusing instance of this, the other day, a jilted swain out in Nebraska having made things most unpleasant for his late innamorata by demanding the immediate return of the many costly presents he had lavished upon her during an ardent court ship extending over a period of two years. What adds to the awkwardness of the situation is the fact that amongst the most valuable of these presents are a number of jewelled garters, which the young lady positively refuses to surrender. The lover, who has certainly been treated very badly indeed, has no idea of allowing himself to be imposed upon, and threatens an action for replevin followed by a visit from a police officer armed with a search warrant to search for the garters, and other presents which it would be very difficult to recover

without the young lady's consent. Both the young people move in the best society circles in the town of Lincoln, Nebraska, and it can readily be imagined that the affair has created a sensation amongst their friends, and that animated discussions as to how far the jurisdiction of the law extends in such matters, and just what the rights of an officer would be in carrying on a search for such an article as a garter considering the position in which it is usually to be found.

The first indication that the injured lover had of his lady's change of heart, was conveyed through the oral medium of a printed announcement of her engagement to another man, and not receiving any official notification from the lady herself he made a demand through his father for the return of all his letters and presents are valued by him at two thousand dollars, and his ire being aroused by the cupidty of his former love he followed up the demand by engaging an attorney to look after his interests and succeeded in recovering a valuable souvenir clasp, and an expensive mandolin but nothing more. The attorney threatens the replevin suit, and search warrant, and there the matter rests for the present, but I confess I am anxious to hear the result of the search.

Yes girls! there are cases in which it is decidedly better to return all the presents.

I am afraid we are in for the perfectly close tight sleeve, and that it will be upon us in all its hideousness almost before we have time to realize the fate which has befallen us. Already the sleeve that is tight nearly to the shoulder, and finished with a moderate puff, begins to have an old-fashioned appearance—at least so the dressmakers say—and they assert that the one certain thing about the fashions for the coming season, is the absolutely plain sleeve. It is a horrible prospect, and I cannot understand why women seem to be compelled to bow to fashions they detest. The close sleeve may be economical as far as the quality of material required to cut it goes, but that is its one recommendation, and is counterbalanced by a dozen disadvantages. It is uncomfortable to begin with, one cannot raise her hands to her head to replace a hairpin, or secure her veil without the risk of either bursting the elbows, or tearing the arm-holes of her sleeves, and in warm weather the clinging sleeve is a perfect misery. It is extravagant because it wears out in half the time that the large sleeve does; and worst of all, it is most ungraceful, showing up every defect of a poor figure, and detracting from the charms of a good one unless it happens to be cast in nature's most perfect mould, and not more than about fifty per cent of us are blessed with that kind of figure.

Picture the woman whose arms are thin, with skin tight sleeves to her dress! I don't mean the arms which are small, or politely termed "slender" I mean the arm which is nearly the same size from shoulder to wrist, except where the elbow joint stands out in high relief like a door knob! Why such a woman would almost be justified in suing her dressmaker for libel, if that autocrat dressed her in tight sleeves, and that is just what she will do. You cannot persuade a first class modiste to do violence to her fetish—the prevailing mode—if you ask her to do it she will have none of you, so you have no choice but to bow the knee and look hideous. Tight sleeves are the fashion and no dressmaker will injure her reputation for style, by making garments cut after last year's modes; if your arms are not right for the fashion its a pity, but as the arms are in fault they must suffer, that's all.

What a pity we cannot all be like the lovely Princess of Wales who never follows the fashion unless it suits her, and having found a becoming style adheres to it in spite of every change in the mode.

The sleeve of the present is so trimmed that its elaborate puffs, tucks and shirtings distract attention from the fact that but for a frill or two, or a little sleeve cap, they are quite tight and plain at the shoulder. Some of these sleeves are really very pretty, and not sufficiently tight as yet to be ungraceful. They have little frills of lace the entire length, or rows of insertion set on either in points, or around the sleeve; or they are trimmed lengthwise from shoulder to wrist with rows of braid or ribbon. Other new sleeves have a small puff at the top beneath which is set a band of insertion; below this the material is tucked in lengthwise tucks, down to the elbow where they cease, and the fullness below them is formed into another small puff. Clusters of three small frills at the shoulder and elbow trim other sleeves. The plain large leg o' mutton sleeves so popular last year, can be easily remodelled by taking in several inches at the seam from the elbow up, and cutting off nearly enough for another sleeve at the top. If the sleeve was made early this spring and has the moderately full puff in fashion then

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It can be much improved by trimming just below the puff with bands of satin velvet ribbon, or insertion of lace finished at the top with small buckles, or little bows of ribbon. So much for the sleeve.

The old fashioned Spanish flounce with rows of insertion set in above the hem, is the latest whim of fashion in organdie and thin muslin gowns, but the new model differs from the old, in being knife plaited, and is therefore very much prettier. Rows and rows of lace insertion set in around the plain portion above the flounce, add greatly to the appearance of the gown, and give it that yoke like appearance, so popular just now.

The puff seems to divide honors with the frill this summer, and for the information of the home dressmaker, I may say that the tiny puffs which are really shirtings are sometimes not more than half an inch apart, and are made in strips, the gathering underneath, or else with very narrow bands of insertion between, and are then used for yokes, as a trimming around yokes of lace or tucks or as a decoration for sleeves. Yokes set in around the hips of some of the latest skirts, are made of puffs; for instance, a silk gown has a skirt yoke which points down sharply in front, made of mousseline de soie of the same shade. The puffs run around, and are banded between with a narrow trimming of jet. Puffs require skillful hand sewing, the sewing machine being powerless to deal with them, so they are a troublesome decoration in spite of their beauty. Tucks, set in closely together to resemble accordion plaiting, are greatly used for yokes, epaulettes collars and vests, and they are very pretty.

Ruches of all widths are greatly worn. Wide ruches cut bias and gathered twice in the middle are used as a heading for the graduated flounce, wider in the back than the front, which is a feature of so many of the summer dresses; and narrow ruches cut straight and firmly hemmed trim organdie dresses from the waist to the hem being set on at wide intervals.

A PUZZLING SUBSCRIPTION.

His Name was Blackbird but it Puzzled the Postmaster. The French word for black is noir, and the French word for bird is oiseau. If the reader knows these two things, and the further one that Pierre is French for Peter, he will be ready to appreciate a post-office scene in upper Michigan, of which the Chicago Times-Herald prints a description. The actors were an 'amateur postmaster' and a half-breed Indian. The half-breed had called for a letter, and the postmaster was looking for it.

'There never was such a name in the world,' said the postmaster, in a grumpy

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His Limited Information.

A countryman who had lost his wife asked an editor to write her obituary. 'Gentle and lovable, was she?' asked the editor. 'Well, to'able—'ceptin' when she wuz riled.' 'What was her age?' 'She never did tell it. All I know is, she wuz purty lively for her age!'—Atlanta Constitution.

'And so my darling got the prize at the baby show. I knew he would. It couldn't have been otherwise,' said Mrs. Youngman to one of the old bachelor judges. 'Yes, madam; we all agreed that your baby was the least objectionable one of the lot,' replied the brute.

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EMPATHY THROUGH LOVE.
Striking Experiences of Sympathetic Knowledge Recorded by Ian MacLaren.

During the course of my ministry, and especially of recent years, I have been moved to certain actions for which there seemed no reason, and which I only performed under the influence of a sudden impulse, says Ian MacLaren in the New York Independent. As often as I yielded to this inward guidance, and before the issue was determined, my mind had a sense of relief and satisfaction; and in all distinct and important cases my course was in the end most fully justified.

It was my privilege, before I came to Sefton Park Church, to serve as colleague with a venerable minister to whom I was sincerely attached, and who showed me much kindness. We both felt the separation keenly, and kept up a constant correspondence, while this good and affectionate man followed my work with spiritual interest and constant prayer. When news came one day that he was dangerously ill, it was natural that his friend should be gravely concerned, and as the days of anxiety grew, that the matter should take firm hold of the mind. It was a great relief to learn, toward the end of a week that the sickness had abated; and when, on Sunday morning, a letter came with strong and final assurance of recovery, the strain was quite relaxed, and I did my duty at morning service with a light heart. During the afternoon my satisfaction began to fall, and I grew uneasy till, by evening service, the letter of the morning counted for nothing. After returning home my mind was torn with anxiety and became most miserable, fearing that this good man was still in danger and, it might be, near unto death. Gradually the conviction deepened and took hold of me that he was dying, and that I would never see him again; till at last it was laid on me that if I hoped to receive his blessing I must make haste, and by and by that I had better go at once. It did not seem as if I had now any choice, and I certainly had no longer any doubt; so having written to break two engagements for Monday, I left at midnight for Glasgow. On arrival I drove rapidly to the well-known house and was in no way astonished that the servant who opened the door should be weeping bitterly, for the fact that word had come from that very house that all was going well did not weigh one grain against my own inward knowledge.

'He had a relapse yesterday afternoon, and he is—dying now.' No one in the room seemed surprised that I should have come, although they had not sent for me, and I held my reverend father's hand till he fell asleep, in about twenty minutes. He was beyond speech when I came, but as we believed recognized me and was content. My night's journey was a pious act, for which I thanked God, and my absolute conviction is that I was guided to its performance by spiritual influence.

Some years ago I was at work one forenoon in my study, and was very busy, when my mind became distracted, and I could not think out my sermon. Some short time before a brother minister, whom I knew well and greatly respected, had suffered from disension in his congregation and had received our sincere sympathy. He had not, however, been in my mind that day, but now I found myself unable to think of anything else. My imagination began to work in the care till I seemed in the midst of the circumstances as I were the sufferer. Very soon a suggestion arose and grew into a commandment, that I should offer to take a day's duty for my brother. Nothing remained but to submit to this mysterious dictation and compose a letter as best one could, till the question arose. There I paused and waited, when an exact day came up before my mind, and so I concluded the letter. It was, however, too absurd to send; and so, having rid myself of this irrelevancy, I threw the letter into the fire and set to work again; but all day I was hunted by the idea that my brother needed my help. In the evening a letter came from him, written that very forenoon, explaining that it would be a great service to him and his people if I could preach some Sunday soon in his church, and that, owing to certain circumstances, the service would be doubled if I could come on such and such a day; and it was my date. My course was perfectly plain, and I at once accepted his invitation under a distinct sense of a special call, and my only regret was that I had not posted my first letter.

One afternoon to take my third instance, I made up my list of sick visits and started to overtake them. After completing the first and while going along a main road, I felt a strong impulse to turn down a side street and call on a family living in it. The impulse grew so urgent that it could not be resisted, and I rang the bell, considering the doorstep what reason I should give for an unexpected call. When the door opened it turned out that strangers now occupied the house, and that my family had gone to another address, which was in the same street but could not be given. This was enough, it might appear, to turn one from aimless visiting, but still the pressure continued, as if a hand were drawing me, and I set out to discover their



BABY WAS CURED.
DEAR SIRS,—I can highly recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It cured my baby of diarrhoea after all other means failed, so I give it great praise. It is excellent for all bowel complaints.
MRS. CHAS. BOTT, Harlow, Ont.

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

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new house, till I had disturbed four families with vain inquiries. Then the remembrance of my unmade and imperative calls came upon me, and I abandoned my fruitless quest with some sense of shame. Had a busy clergyman not enough to do without such a wild goose chase? and one grudged the time he had lost.

Next morning the head of that household I had yesterday sought in vain came into my study with such evident sorrow on his face that I hastened to meet him with anxious inquiries. 'Yes, we are in great trouble. Yesterday our little one (a young baby) took very ill and died in the afternoon. My wife was utterly overcome by the shock, and we would have sent for you at the time, but had no messenger. I wish you had been there—if you had only known 'And the time?' 'About half past 3.'

So I had known, but had been too impatient. Many other cases have occurred when it has been laid on me to call at a certain house where there seemed so little reason that I used to invent excuses, and where I found some one especially needing advice or comfort, or I called and had no courage to lead up to the matter, so that the call was of no avail, and afterward some one asked whether I knew, for she had waited for a word. Nor do I remember any case where, being inwardly moved to go after this fashion, it appeared in the end that I had been deceived.

People may live in an atmosphere of sympathy which will be a communicating medium. When some one appears to read another's thoughts, as we have all seen done at public exhibitions, this was evidently by physical signs, and it served no good purpose. It was a mechanical gift, and was used for an amusement. This is knowledge of another kind, whose conditions are spiritual and whose ends are ethical. Between you and the person there must be some common feeling; it rises to a height in the hour of trouble, and its call is for help. The correspondence here is between heart and heart, and the medium through which the message passes is love.

GEORGE'S NARROW ESCAPE.

Through no Fault of His he Almost Bought Ardent Spirits at a Bar. It was probably the first time he had ever been inside of a saloon, and from the reception he received it is more than probable it was also the last time. It never would have happened but for an evil-disposed straw hat that took advantage of the chance gust of wind to roam into a State street saloon and hide behind the bar.

The young man who owned the hat was ambling quickly past the saloon, accompanied by a young woman. They appeared to be strangers in the city, as they spent much of their time gazing up at the buildings. More than this, there was an air about the young man that plainly told he had never partaken of anything more exhilarating than cherry phosphate, while the young woman looked as if it distressed her even to walk in the same street where there were people who retailed gin. Just as the two passed in front of the willow screen doors of the saloon a gust of wind grabbed the young man's straw hat and whisked it over the doors and out of sight into the saloon. The young man gasped, the young woman turned pale.

'I don't see how I can get it unless—' said the young man. 'But I am sure it is a place where they sell intoxicating liquors,' said the young woman. 'It cost 75 cents and it's new,' said the young man. 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul,' softly quoted the young woman.

Finally the young man timidly opened the willow screens and looked in. The bartender had picked up the hat and seemed to think it was a gift from providence, for he had put it on his tattered head and was admiring himself in the glass. 'That's my hat, you know,' said the young man, who had edged up to the bar, while the young woman peeped through the swinging screens. The bartender looked around. 'I think nit,' he said. 'But it is, and I want it,' said the young man.

The bartender looked sad. 'Ah, yer a-stringin' me.' He deliberated for a moment, then said: 'Put der dicer on yer nut, an' if it fits den I'll tink it's yours all right.' The young man put on his hat and started swiftly out. 'Here,' yelled the barkeeper. 'Ain't yer forgot something?' 'Why, no,' said the young man. 'Really, I believe not.'

'Yes, yer have,' said the barkeep. 'Come back here and buy.' The young woman at the door screamed, the young man grabbed his hat rushed from the saloon, and as he and the young woman walked hurriedly away she said: 'Think of it, George. You almost bought alcohol in a saloon.' And George was observed to hold his hat with both hands every time after that when passing swinging willow screens.

Money No Object. The amount of money sufferers from catarrh will spend in attempting to cure that foul and disagreeable disease is most incredible. J. W. Jennings of Guilford says: 'I spent between \$200 and \$300 consulting doctors; I tried all the 'treatments' without benefit. One box of Chase's Catarrh Cure did me more good than all the remedies. A 25c. box cured me.' Don't waste money. Chase's Cure, with improved blower, 25c. It cures.



CONSUMPTION CURED

In many cases this disease is arrested and in ALL the healing, soothing properties of Puttner's Emulsion give great relief and comfort to the sufferers. Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best.

The National... Dress Cutting Academy. MADAME ETHIER, General Manager, 88 St. Denis St., Montreal. Will be kept open during the holidays this summer for instruction of pupils in person or by mail. Out of town parties visiting the city will be cordially received, and every facility afforded for obtaining any information regarding system, methods, rates of tuition, etc.

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Buctouche Oysters. RECEIVED THIS WEEK: 20 Bb's. Buctouche Bar Oysters At 19 and 23 King Square. J. D. TURNER.

THE LONGEST OF CAT JOURNEYS.

How a Cat Made Wonderful Journey Over the Prairies. There are so many cases on record in which cats and dogs have made long home returning journeys that no one can doubt the precession by these animals of a wonderful instinct that guides them toward their goal over country that they have never traversed. But how far can an animal travel thus, and find its way? A case which is now on record shows that a cat can make such a journey for at least six hundred miles—and that in the winter and early spring, when prey upon which to subsist must be relatively scarce.

In January, 1897, a family named Nading removed from Topeka, Kansas, to Shelbyville, Indiana. The distance between these two places is about five hundred and fifty miles, as the crow flies; but to any creature without wings it would probably be nothing less than six hundred.

The Nading family brought with them to Indiana a fine Maltese cat to which they were much attached. They were evidently more attached to the cat than he was to them, for he had no sooner reached Shelbyville than he began to mope. He passed three homeick weeks there, and then disappeared. The family supposed that one of the million of fatal accidents to which cats are subjects, had happened to him, and in their minds bade him a regretful farewell.

On the 4th of May they received a letter from relatives in Topeka, which said in effect: 'Your old Thomas has arrived here! He seems to be very tired and hungry, but otherwise is extremely cheerful, and is eager to be petted. He is now taking a long nap.'

How the cat travelled, the great distance—crossing the Wabash River, traversing the wide prairies and circuiting the many towns of Illinois, certainly crossing the broad Mississippi and probably also crossing the Missouri, ascending that great stream through the whole width of the state of Missouri and finally winding through the score of thriving towns in eastern Kansas before the capital was reached—will never be known, unless some one can master the language of the cat sufficiently to 'interview' this one successfully on its memorable journey.

HISTORIC BOARD.

Abraham Used it as a Footstool and it was Treasured. Surrounding the court-house in a count-seat within a hundred miles of Springfield, Illinois, stood for many years a plain board fence. Before it finally disappeared to make way for 'park' improvements it had been rebuilt at least twice. At each rebuilding, however, particular care was taken to leave a certain 'top board' in exactly the position it had occupied before, not even a new nail-hole being made in it. A stranger noticing one day this peculiarity in the fence, asked an old citizen who was leaning against a locust-tree and whittling a stick if there was any explanation.

'Did the county run out of money,' he inquired, 'when it had got this fence all finished except one board?' 'No, sir,' replied the old citizen, putting his Jack-knife in his pocket, walking to the fence, and laying his hand on it in a most impressive manner. 'This top board is wuth more'n all the rest of the fence put together, old and rotted as it is.'

'Old Abe Lincoln made a speech in this court-house yard in 1856, and when he was through talkin' he saw an old farmer in the crowd that he used to know when he was a boy, an' he came down from the stand an' took that old feller out to the fence an' talked over old times with him for ten minutes or more, without payin' any attention to the big-bugs that was waitin' to take him off to dinner. And while he talked to him, sir, he rested his right foot on this yere top board. I see him do it, an' so did five hundred other men—an' that board haint never been disturbed since, an' haint never goin' to be!'

Saying which, the old man walked back to his position against the locust-tree, took his knife from his pocket again and resumed his whittling.

SAD FOREBODINGS OF AUTUMN WEATHER.

Thousands Who Dread an Attack of Catarrh as Winter's Cold Approaches—Yet Catarrh Can Be Banished Under the Magic Touch of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. This is not a dogmatic statement, strong as it may seem. Leading members of Parliament, the most prominent clergymen of the Episcopal, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist and Roman Catholic churches, have borne testimony to the effectiveness of this medicine. Mr. John MacEdwards, the popular purser of the Canadian Pacific steamer "Arhabasca," is one who was cured of intense suffering from catarrhal troubles by the use of this medicine. Good Samaritan-like, he has ever since recommended it to any who suffer. Head off an attack of catarrh by having this medicine at your hand.

Straining Neighborly Feeling. 'There is such a thing as neighbors getting too intimate.' 'What's the instance?' 'Why, my neighbor next door borrows my papers from the doorstep before I am up and his wife cuts out all the poetry for her scrapbook.'—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

TAMED BY A WOMAN.

Arizona's most noted buckner was reared on Jack Mitchell's ranch in Lonesome valley, not many miles from Prescott.

In the main he was a handsome beast, stood sixteen hands high, and weighed 1,400 pounds. But his head was bowed like a barrel stave, and set with small, misshapen eyes, that gazed with a devilish light.

The colt took a great fancy to Mitchell's daughter Nell. It soon learned to follow her about as a dog, and would come on a run for a lump of sugar or a bit of bread.

But on her going away to school Mitchell thought it about time to reap the profits of his money and care. There were any number of standing officers ranging up as high as \$300.

So next morning Mitchell told one of his stock hands to "throw a saddle upon Black Wolf and finish him up." Not dreaming of any trouble with a pet colt, the young fellow went about his task with whistle and song.

Then the regular "broncho buster" mounted, but after a short struggle he was thrown and nearly killed. No one else on the place dared make the trial.

Jack Mitchell was as mad as a hornet and sent around for the best riders in the country, and promised to give \$50 to any man that would conquer the horse.

Finally Bill Zint, a Jerome teamster, came along and bought Black Wolf for a "wheelbarrow." He said he guessed the locoed fool could not do much damage in a twenty-mile team.

And to the surprise of everybody, Black Wolf took willingly to harness. In six months he was the stoutest puller in Yavapai County. But no one beside Bill could do a thing with him.

Some time during the following summer "Broncho Charley" came over from California. He had conceived the idea of going on the road with a wild west show.

About over the ranges he skirmished, picking up riders, ropers and rifle shots, besides a dozen or so of spoiled horses that the owners were glad to get rid of at any price.

Moreover, he placed \$100 in the bank, and advertised far and wide that it was to be paid to anyone bringing in a horse which could not be ridden by either himself or his men.

But hardly had the mountain breeze begun to flutter the handbills along Montezuma street before a friend came and whispered something in the showman's ear.

Without stopping for anything else Charley mounted a horse and in a few minutes was out on the range.

At last, in all the glory of buckskin, long hair and six-shooters, Broncho Charley rode into the enclosure and announced that the first contest would be for the \$100 prize.

They were led in one at a time. Coyote Dan, Buckskin Hellion and Black Canyon Paint, that showed five feet of daylight under his feet every time he left the ground, and a dozen others—all big, ugly brutes.

gave up after flinging two of the best men in the outfit.

And now, after an intermission, the humble shown in rode out and pronounced the second contest:

"Anybody that can ride the horse I'm about to bring into the ring will be given a check for \$250, which is on deposit in the Cactus bank. Mind you, he must be ridden with a free saddle—rolls and bucking straps are barred. Now, come on, you crack riders, and try your skill; here comes the horse."

At this everybody looked toward the entrance to see Bill Zint leading Black Wolf into the ring. Up went a wild shout.

For a while it seemed as if no contestants were going to appear. Finally three came forward—a Californian, a Mexican and Doc Bright, the self-styled king of Southern Arizona cow boys.

At the drawing of straws for turns the Mexican drew first mount, the Californian second and Doc Bright last.

Black Wolf suspected something when the cinches were tightened, but he merely smelled of his master's hand and went to nibbling grass.

Just a moment the horse glanced about him—just a moment quivered from head to foot; then, dropping his head between his forefeet, he shot upward like a rocket and with marvelous agility, wheeled end for end in midair.

Hardly had he landed before he was off again, this time wheeling in the opposite direction and shaking himself like a wet dog to loosen the hold of the raking spurs.

Catching the horse again, Bill called to the Californian to take his medicine. Then the young fellow hesitated. Then remembering that the honor of his State must be upheld he drew up his belt a hole, tossed his hat to a friend and bounded into the saddle like a cat.

But, alas! Two of those fearful side sweeps pitched California's honor headlong into a heap of sand. And California's honor narrowly escaped a broken neck.

Wildly the Arizona faction cheered over this defeat. Their man only was left, and he might possibly win the day. He was fresh, while the horse must certainly be the worse after bucking two rounds.

And now as the territory's pride walked into the ring, the assembled hundreds went beside themselves with joy. But Doc was not overconfident. The easy defeat of the other contestants unnerved him, for he knew them to be no ordinary riders.

But it was too late to back out now. So taking a swallow of water, he flung away his hat and went to the middle of the ring, where Black Wolf, though blindfolded, was pawing the earth and snorting fiercely.

With a loud yell, Black Wolf jumped once forward to get a good start, then left the ground a full six feet and whirled before he came down. Now he plunged to the right, now to the left; then forward, then backward, up and down, around and around, until Doc's nose and ears were running blood. Another jump and the grip of his spurs was shaken loose. Desperately he clung to the horn, but in vain. He lost both stirrups.

At last Doc could stand it no longer. Calling to mind an old trick, he caught the horn with both hands and jumped clear of everything. He struck on his feet, but fell from exhaustion.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Broncho Charley, when the uproar had somewhat abated, "the money is yet my own. Is there any other person that would like to make a trial for it?"

LANOLINE Toilet Soap advertisement with logo and text: 'LANOLINE Toilet Soap', 'For Health, Beauty and Soft Skin', 'Largest Sale in the World', 'Wholesale Depot: 67, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.'

It was at least a quarter of an hour before Bill could pacify him sufficiently to get Nell's saddle cinched in place. And now, as the horse was led, snorting and plunging, to the center of the ring Nell and her father came forward.

Scarcely a person in the audience moved a muscle as Nell began talking in soothing tones to the horse; everyone feared to draw a long breath when she took a lump of sugar from her pocket and called, "Come, now, Wolly, poor boy; come and get your sugar."

The horse stood a moment watching her intently. His ears moved uneasily. He recognized that voice—knew his young mistress. With a glad neigh, he walked up and whinnied his thanks as he took the lump from her hand.

"Poor old horse," she said, patting his muzzle, while he rubbed his head against her; "did they treat you mean? Now, come! let's take a walk."

So saying, Nell threw the reins over his neck and went over to the fence, while the great brute came trotting along, first on one side and then on the other, as though he were a little dog. Mounting to the top rail, Nell called: "Come, Wolly; come up here like a good horse and let me take a ride."

Up pranced Black Wolf, but with the wrong side to the fence. "Ah, now," she said, slapping him, "have you forgotten? Instantly the obedient animal wheeled about and Nell quickly seated herself in the saddle.

Then with a "Go on, old fellow," the horse bowed his neck and cantered gayly in front of the grand stand amid the wildest enthusiasm and the cries of "Arizona is ahead yet! Hurrah for Lonesome Valley!" and everybody took up the cry: "Three cheers for Lonesome Valley!"

Promptly Broncho Charley rode to the front. His head was uncovered and he had a white envelope in his hand.

The confusion ceased. Then, turning to Nell, he said, simply: "Miss Mitchell, let me congratulate you on doing what the best horsemen in the West have failed to do. Please accept this check; you have won it fairly and you richly deserve it."

"And now, Miss Nellie," he had a word I want to say just here. I ain't much on making pretty speeches or anything of that sort, but I want to tell you that when Jack Mitchell sold this horse to me he made a big mistake. And I'm just naturally going to undo the mistake right here. Miss Nellie I make you a present of the horse—Black Wolf is yours."

And as Nell rode out through the gate the Mexican waved his hand feebly from the blanket where he lay. "Bravo, Senorita! Bravo!"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

DESPERADO LUKE SHORE. A Bad Man With a Gun, He Had Some Redeeming Qualities.

In a recently published list of noted bad men with guns who have passed in their chips in the last five years I saw the name of Luke Shore," said A. G. Arkwright, formerly of Kansas and Texas. "By a singular train of events I became, you may say, intimately acquainted with him ten or twelve years ago. It was during a vacation I was taking at the Arkansas Hot Springs, and Luke short came there, to the hotel where I was staying, with his wife, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of an Emporia banker, whom he had married under romantic circumstances. He was a short, well-built young man with a round, smooth face, very black eyes, and muscles like steel springs, and catgut. He dressed well and plainly, habitually wearing a suit of dark blue clothes and a black sombrero. His man-

ner toward those persons whom he liked was pleasing.

"At Fort Worth, Tex., his home, he was identified with various inconspicuous private and public undertakings. He owned the largest saloon and variety hall in the city, was director in a bank, a board member of the gas and of the water company, and a founder and trustee of a young ladies' seminary at one and the same time. He was at the Hot Springs for his health. As he walked out of his saloon at Fort Worth one day, a short time previous, the City Marshal, standing on the other side of the street, let drive at him with both barrels of a shotgun, missing him. Short returned the attention by killing the Marshal with his revolver and wounding two of his deputies. The Marshal had friends likely to attempt to avenge his death, and, although legally exonerated for his act, Short had thought it advisable to leave Fort Worth for a while, and so had come to the Springs. He was always on his guard and equipped for trouble, but except to pin to the table with an oyster fork the finger of a man whom he caught trying to palm a card in a poker game, and to 'call down' one or two persons for being too inquisitive about him, his life at the Springs was a peaceful one. He was a devoted husband and passed much of his time with his wife. When I said good-by to him there it was with the pleasantest impressions of our acquaintance.

"It was four years before I saw Luke Shore again. I was in the Texas Panhandle buying cattle on commission, and had stopped over night at a so-called hotel at a little cross-trail settlement known at that time as Perrot's. The hotel office was also the bar, and as I sat at a table reading a week-old St. Louis paper by the light of a kerosene lamp three tough looking fellows in country garb, with spurs on came in and ordered drinks. They gave me no notice except a stare, until after they had turned down two or three rounds of drinks. Then, as the whiskey began to work in them, they picked me out as a subject to have fun with. As they ordered the fourth round one of them, a big ugly looking brute, whom the others called Mike, sung out to me roughly: "Come up and have a drink with us!"

"I was unarmed, in a strange crowd, and I thought it best to accept his invitation. I drank with them—such whiskey it was; ugly—and then, to make matters pleasant, ordered another round. I tried to get off with that and go back to my paper, but they wouldn't have it so. I had to drink with each of Mike's two companions, and then Mike ordered the glasses set out again.

"O, drink more! That ain't half a drink!" he roared as I turned out a small portion into my glass; then seizing the bottle he filled the tumbler to the brim. "That's something like a drink. Down it, and don't make faces over it!"

"Things had gone as far as I cared to endure, whatever might happen. I took a sip from the glass as the others drank, and set it down nearly full.

"Ain't you goin' to drink it?" said Mike. "You shall, and out of a tin cup, too!"

"He stepped round the end of the bar, took a tin pint cup from a shelf, and setting it on the counter, turned the whiskey from my tumbler into it. Then he poured whiskey from the bottle until the cup was half full. He had been working up to this point from the time he called me to the bar to drink, and he had his ugliest look on as he said:

"Turn that into you, and don't make two swallows of it! You won't? You'll take the bottle then!"

"He raised the bottle as if to bring it down on my head, and then—the report of a heavy pistol set the glass dancing on the shelves and the bottle flew into a thousand pieces while the whiskey it had contained was distributed pretty evenly over Mike. The shot had come from a revolver in the hands of a small man who, unobserved by me, had come into the barroom and taken his seat in a corner.

"Mike turned, still holding in his hand the neck of the shattered bottle, and saw who had fired the shot. His jaw fell, all the bullying look left his face, and he stood perfectly still. His companions likewise seemed afraid to move. The small man let them stand for a full minute and then spoke.

"Drink up that cup of whiskey," he said to Mike, and without a word the rufian drank it, though he coughed and strangled at the end.

"Landlord, fill him up another," came the command from the corner. No, not a tumbler—the tin cup! And fill it full!"

"The landlord obeyed, and Mike turning

white about the gills, began to beg off. "I'll fill me," he pleaded. "I didn't mean no harm to the tenderfoot. I wouldn't hit him. I was only tryin' to do him a kindness."

"Drink the whiskey, and no more talk! I shan't ask you twice," and there came from the corner the little click from a self-cocking hammer to emphasize the words.

"It was revenge enough for me to see the trouble Mike had to get outside that whiskey. A dozen times during the operation he stopped, as if it was impossible to swallow another drop; but at the stern order, 'Drink! from the man with the revolver he lifted it again to his lips. By the time the cup was empty he was scarcely able to stand. But there came the order:

"Now git, all three of you. I won't be well for you if I see any of you round here again."

"Mike's two companions helped him out of the hotel, got him upon his horse and they rode away, one on each side of the drunken man. A cowboy can sit his horse when he is to drunk to stand, and I presume they got him safe to their camp, unless he fell dead on the way from the effects of the whiskey he had drunk. I never saw him again or heard what became of him.

"The small man watched them out of sight from the door, and then turned to shake my hand.

"I know you, Luke, with the first words you spoke," I said to him. "You got me out of a fix, and I'm very grateful. But what on earth brought you up here just in time to come to my rescue?"

"Luke Shore laughed and changed the subject without answering my question. "I'm glad I happened along as I did," was the only response he ever made to the barroom episode. We traveled together on horseback as far as Fort Dodge. There he took the train for the West, while I went East. I never saw him again."

Ten Millions Died. Within recorded history there has occurred no calamity like the famine in Bengal in 1770. From starvation and the disease to which it gave rise ten millions (10,000,000) of people perished in six months. And from the political and social conditions that followed the famine the province was disorganized and depressed for forty years afterwards. In the middle of that memorable summer the famishing living actually ate the bodies of the dead! Ghastly! horrible! Indeed, yes. Such a famine happening (which God forbid) in England, would, in eighteen months' continuance, leave this fair island untenanted by a single human being.

Why allude to it? I'll tell you. Because it illustrates on a scale great enough for all to see it, the wonderful and vital relations between man and a mouthful of rice, of bread, of meat. To-day the food may fail, to-morrow the man may fail. It is no matter which fails; the result (continued) is the same—death by starvation. If the food fails through blight or drought, heaven only can help us to a new crop. If the man fails, what can we do? Let one man tell what he did.

"In May, 1884," he says, "I fell into a low weak state. I felt heavy, tired, and languid and couldn't imagine what had come over me. My appetite left me, my mouth tasted badly, and after eating the simplest thing I had a frightful pun at the pit of the stomach. Cold clammy sweats used to break out all over me until I thought I was in a consumption."

"Many who are attacked in the manner described draw the same conclusion; they think they have consumption, and naturally enough, they seek treatment for consumption. They are misled by the sweats and the cough and other signs that seem to be those of that dread malady. Yet, after a course of treatment on that theory has done no good whatever, but has left them worse off than before, they draw another conclusion; not only that they really have consumption, but are fast dying of it. And all the while their tongues are sound as new bellows. How is this?"

"I was frequently sick," continues Mr. Shore, "sometimes as often as four or five times a day. I lost a deal of sleep and got weaker and weaker until I could hardly walk. After a while I got so bad I that I had to give up my situation as foreman at the Chemical Works, Weston.

"Off and on I was like this for years. I saw doctor after doctor and spent pounds in physic, but was none the better for it. My strength was gone, and I despaired of ever getting it back again; and how can a man earn his living without strength?"

"Ah, friend Shore, nobody knows what a fearful, heart-shaking question that is unless he is at once a poor man and without power to do a turn for himself and for those who look to him for support. Then he knows, and trembles at what he knows, God help him.

"In March, 1890," he adds, "I first read about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I got a bottle, and after taking it a few days, it felt better than I had in half a dozen years. You will believe me when I say I kept on taking it. The result was surprising; I was soon well and strong as ever. No illness has come near me since then. The Syrup also cured my daughter of an obstinate dyspepsia. (Signed) William Edward Shore, Frodsbam Bridge, near Warrington, May 3rd, 1895."

Father and daughter both suffered from the same thing—indigestion and dyspepsia. It all the people of England had it at once, and profoundly, the result might not perhaps be so terrible as followed the crop failure in Bengal, but it would be bad enough. As it is, millions do have this crushing malady, and what evils come of this single case illustrates. But Mother Seigel's Syrup is curing them as fast as they hear of it and use it.

As to the symptoms that make people fear they have consumption, nine times in ten they are signs of the digestive trouble only—sweats from weakness and a "stomach cough." But consumption might set in later. The safe course is to expel the poison by resorting to the Syrup at the very start.

DR CHASE'S OINTMENT advertisement: 'DR CHASE'S OINTMENT CURES ITCHING PILES, ECZEMA, SALT RHEUM'

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ST OF CAT JOURNERS.

Wonderful Journey Over a Prairie. Many cases on record in logs have made long home journeys that no one can doubt these animals of a wondrous guides them toward their far that they have never traveled as an animal travel way? A case which is now at six hundred miles—and at early spring, when a subsist must be relativ-

97, a family named Nadm Topoka, Kansas, to Ma. The distance between is about five hundred and c row flies; but to any wings it would probably an six hundred.

family brought with them Maltese cat to which they d. They were evidently the cat than he was to sooner reached Shelby- to mope. He passed eeks there, and then dis- mly supposed that one fatal accidents to which had happened to him, made him a regretful

they received a letter Topoka, which said in

has arrived here! He d and hungry, but eled cheerful, and is He is now taking a

led the great distance ash River, traversing d circling the many ertainly crossing the d probably also cross- ascending that great whole width of the and finally winding d thriving town in ore the capital was e known, unless some language of the cat view" this one suc- rable journey.

BOARD. Footnote and it was d.

house in a count- miles of Springfield, years a plain board ally disappeared to improvements it had e. At each re- particular care was at "top board" in ex- d occupied before, e being made in it. one day this peccu- ed an old citizen at a locust-tree and was any explanat-

out of money," he got this fence all d.

old citizen, put- his pocket, walking his hand on it in a "This top board et of the fence put as it is.

e a speech in this 56, and when he saw an old farmer to know when he down from the feller out to the times with him without payin' any that was waitin' t. And while he ed his right foot I seen him do it, other men—an' he been disturbed t' to be!"

man walked back locust-tree, took again and re-

UM WEATHER. Attack of Oatarrh roaches—Yet hed Under

statement, strong g members of eminent clergy- Presbyterian, oman Catholic testimony to the ne. Mr. John purser of the "Arthabasca,"

ense suffering the use of this -like, he has t to any who of oatarrh by hand.

Feeling. neighbors get-

door borrows e before I am e poetry for Plain Dealer.

REMARKABLE ESCAPE.

How an Officer Escaped in the Grasp of a Fisherman.

One of the most adroit escapes ever effected was that of Monsieur De Boiseraut, a French Royalist officer, who outwitted the soldiers detailed to shoot him at the place of execution.

At nine o'clock in the evening, says General Terrier, the prisoners confined in the prison of Quiberton were aroused by the entrance of an officer.

This singular order was obeyed in silence. No one knew what it meant, and all feared the worst.

The order to march was given, and we slowly filed out from the gloomy jail. We were marched to the borders of the sea, where a halt was made.

General Le Moine then had the unfortunate men taken out, one by one, and shot. The horrible work continued for an hour, and we, whose hour was not yet come, were forced to stand by and watch our comrades perish, as we ourselves must soon do.

At last it was the turn of De Boiseraut. The four soldiers who were to shoot him said to him: 'we are very sorry, but it is the law; and now, if you have any money, give it to us.'

Monsieur De Boiseraut looked at the speaker, and a thought flashed through his brain.

'I have twenty-five guineas about me,' he replied calmly; 'but I do not wish to make any of you jealous. I will throw the coins down, and each one of you shall get what he can.'

As he spoke he showed the gold, and then with a dexterous whirl of his hand sent the coins flying in all directions.

De Boiseraut, who was quick of foot, seized the moment to escape, and fled with the speed of desperation.

All night he could hear the tread of the patrolmen who were in pursuit of him. The noises gradually ceased, however, and at daybreak all was still.

'How lucky it is that my husband is not yet awake!' she replied. 'He is a Republican. But quick! Climb into the garret!'

For three months De Boiseraut was concealed by the generous peasant. The village cure's sister brought his food, books, pen and ink, and as soon as the garison was diminished and the vigilance of the search for him relaxed, he escaped from the province disguised as a fisherman.

000 blows in a year without stop or rest, or \$,163,600,000 in a short space of twenty years.

'These figures are beyond the grasp of our feeble intellects; but the marvel does not stop here. It has been estimated that the power that moves the watch is equivalent to only four times the force used in a flea's jump; consequently it might be called a four-flap power.'

'Now the balance-wheel of a watch is moved by this four-flap power one and forty-three one-hundredths inch with each vibration—three thousand five hundred and fifty-eight and three-quarters miles continuously in one year.'

'It doesn't take a large can of oil to lubricate the machine on its thirty-five hundred mile 'run.' It requires one tenth of a drop to oil the entire watch for a year's service.

THE CHILD AND THE BEARS. Instances Where Wild Animals have been Kind to Children.

Since the legendary days of Romulus and Remus many instances have been recorded where beasts of prey, having opportunity, have refrained from harming a small child.

Little Helma Urtler wandered away from her home near Snowshoe, Penn., one day in the fall, and was swallowed up in the wilds of the Alleghany Mountains.

The greatest alarm was felt, and for two days every man, woman and child of the neighborhood turned out to beat the woods.

On the third day four lumbermen found the little girl a mile and a half from her home in the dense wood, playing with two bear cubs.

The men had their axes, and after a hard struggle, they despatched the bear, and took the cubs for pets—a fine reward for the bear's care of the child!

Home dyeing is now one of the true home arts, a work that is artistic, an occupation that has become pleasant and fashionable.

People in easy circumstances who give their attention to the work of home dyeing also find it a most profitable recreation.

This increased interest in dyeing work, and the great success that attends it, comes from the use of the celebrated Diamond Dyes that are so easy to use, so true to color, so pure and brilliant, so fast and undying.

A costly wool or silk dress that has become soiled or faded can in a very short space of time be made equal to a new one.

If you have not yet begun the easy work of home dyeing, let us assure you that you will miss a pleasure and lose money as well.

Look up your faded and discolored garments at once, and use the Diamond Dyes; you will be surprised with your success.

Not Much Danger. A dash of cold, worldly knowledge falls occasionally like a wet blanket on a gush of warm sentiment, and leaves nothing more to be said.

A young man who had gone to the great city to make his fortune had written home to tell of his unexpected success in finding a job.

on some new paper at our own expense. 'And take all the trouble to scrape off the old!'

Certainly not. We'll put it on right over the other. 'John! And make the rooms smaller still!'

Agricultural Geography. First Western Farmer (at railroad station)—'You're a farmer too, eh?'

Second Western Farmer—'Yes; been farming a good many years.' First Farmer—'That so? Glad to meet ye. Where is your farm located—in the flood district, the drought section, the grasshopper region, or the cyclone belt?'

BORN. Gloucester, July 26, to the wife of Neil Gillis, a son.

Fredericton, July 30, to the wife of H. V. Bridges, a son.

Weymouth, July 26, to the wife of Rev. F. W. Stewart, a son.

St. John, July 28, by Rev. F. W. Stewart, William Truro, July 28, by Rev. J. W. Falconer, Rev. W. H. Smith to Susan B. Smith.

Truro, July 28, by Rev. J. W. Falconer, Rev. W. H. Smith to Susan B. Smith.

Truro, July 28, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, Alex. McWilliams to Susan Crankshaw.

Woolawa, July 21, Anna Clem 26. Bayfield, July 11, James Randall 64.

Halifax, July 28, Mrs. Alice Walsh. Yarmouth, July 24, Charles Berry 72.

St. John, July 27, Christina Chisholm 22. Hants, July 24, Anne Mabel Grant 22.

St. John, Aug. 1, George F. Brown, 65. Windsor, July 23, Katherine Kender 31.

Halifax, July 25, Henrietta, widow of Andrew Mac 60.

St. John, July 31, Charles S. Brainard of Chicago, Illinois.

Yarmouth, July 22, Albina F. wife of George Jeffrey 44.

STEAMBOATS.

1897. The Yarmouth Steamship Co. (LIMITED).

For Boston and Halifax, Via Yarmouth.

The Shortest and Best Route between Nova Scotia and the United States. The Quick-est Time, 15 to 12 Hours between Yarmouth and Boston.

4—Trips a Week—4 THE STEEL STEAMERS BOSTON and YARMOUTH UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

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

Stmr. City of St. John, Will leave Yarmouth every FRIDAY morning for Halifax, calling at Barrington, Shelburne, Lockport, Liverpool and Lunenburg.

Steamer Alpha, Leaves St. John for Yarmouth every TUESDAY and FRIDAY Afternoon, returning, leaves Yarmouth every MONDAY and THURSDAY, at 8 o'clock p. m. for St. John.

International S. S. Co. 18 1/2 HOURS TO BOSTON

The Steamship 'St. Croix' will sail from St. John to Boston every TUESDAY and SATURDAY at 4:30 p. m. Standard Time.

STAR LINE STEAMERS For Fredericton (Eastern Standard Time.)

Mail steamers David Weston and Olivette leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m. for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 7:30 a. m. for St. John.

On and after Thursday, July 8th, The Steamer Clifton will leave Hampton for Indiantown.....

MONDAY at 5:30 a. m. TUESDAY at 3:30 p. m. WEDNESDAY at 2 p. m. THURSDAY at 3:30 p. m. SATURDAY at 5:30 a. m.

HOTELS. THE DUFFERIN. This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests.

BELMONT HOTEL ST. JOHN, N. B. Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern improvements. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern improvements. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity.

RAILROADS.

Intercolonial Railway.

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

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN: Express for Campbellton, Fagnham, Fitch and Halifax.....12.00

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Accommodation from Sydney, Halifax and Moncton (Monday excepted).....6.00

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. SHORT LINE TO ALL Points West.

Fast express will leave St. John N. B. at 4:10 P. M. real Ottawa, Toronto, and all points West, North West and on the Pacific Coast.

Dominion Atlantic Ry. On and after 3rd July, 1897, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert, Daily Service (Sunday excepted.)

EXPRESS TRAINS Daily (Sunday excepted.)

Buy Dominion Express Co.'s Money Orders

FOR SMALL REMITTANCES. Cheaper than Post Office Money Orders, and much more convenient, as they will be.....

Cashed on Presentation

CANADIAN EXPRESS CO. General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers.

Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe.

Special Messengers daily, Sunday excepted, over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and St. John, and Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Northern and Western Railway, Cuney Lines to Digby and Annapolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 600 agents.

Express weekly to and from Europe via Canadian Line of Mail Steamers.