

# PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY AUGUST 4 1900.

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## HISTORY BY THEMSELVES.

What the Biographical Review Says About Some St John People.

A somewhat remarkable publication has recently been delivered in this city though the gentlemen who received it do not appear to be in exuberant spirits.

Some eighteen months ago a most persistent and insinuating canvasser by the name of Dunbar began to circulate through New Brunswick and call upon people, more or less prominent in all walks of life. He had a plausible tale and many of those whom he talked with were flattered by it. In short he had been selected to write up the old families of the province—the F. F. V's as it were—and the favor of a sketch was solicited. To obtain one of the books after publication would cost \$16, but this of course was but an incident, for any descend out of an old family would not object to paying that amount and signing a contract to that effect.

The idea "caught on" and the leading men of the province were the first signers. The rest was easy and the contracts flowed in so fast to Mr. Dunbar that he was always in an amiable frame of mind. The fact that the name of Mr. I. Allen Jack was associated as the editor, made his work much easier for him. It would appear that Dr. Jack's duties were not onerous. If he had seen some of the sketches there is not much doubt but the temptation to use the blue pencil would have been irresistible. The publishers are careful people for the very first thing to meet the eye after the title page is the following "note," which is reproduced in part.

All the biographical sketches published in this volume were submitted to their respective subjects or to the subscribers from whom the facts were primarily obtained for approval or correction before going to press. We have indicated all uncorrected sketches by a small asterisk placed immediately after the name of the subject.

In his preface Dr. Jack says that "well regulated family pride is indeed a concomitant, if not an element of patriotism and an essential quality for the maintenance and advancement of society. But in order to render it truly efficacious, creed and practice must go hand in hand, the jewel transmitted to unworthy keeping soon loses lustre, the buried skeleton cannot maintain the standard without the aid of the living descendant. And further that such a pride should be felt but not expressed, at least in words; the booster is usually, and generally with propriety, classed as a snob when glorying in his own achievement nor can he claim exemption from the term when he relies upon what has been achieved by another."

In the light of the publishers note and the very concise paragraph of Editor Jack some of the biographical facts have an additional interest. The date of the Review is June 1900 so it is the very latest authority at hand. There are some 600 pages in the volume.

From that famous day on the hustings when some one in the audience asked George Robertson, then a candidate for the legislature, whether he was a grit or a tory, and he replied "I am, I am, I am what I am" there has always been a fearful doubt as to which side of the fence this gentleman was on. The question is now decided for the first time; Mr. Robertson is astride of the topmost rail. He has endorsed the following statement: "Politically, Mr. Robertson is an Independent. In 1893 he was elected mayor of the city, a position to which he was annually re-elected until 1898, when he was not a candidate. During his mayoralty he had the pleasure and satisfaction of seeing Canadian interests greatly developed by the opening of St. John and other important parts of the Dominion as ports for the winter trade, a measure which he strongly advocated while president of the Board of Trade."

There are interesting facts in connection with other biographies. For example, Col. Markham almost became an American citizen. He landed in the United States and was a passenger in the ill fated Bohemia which was wrecked and 49 people drowned. Then for two years he worked in the States and came to Kings county as the representative of an American concern. No one will dispute his Canadianism now, however, and nearly every one knows him from his connection with the Sun newspaper.

Dr. Gilchrist, according to the same excellent authority "Settled in Portland . . . and for many years has been regarded as one of the most able physicians in the city. . . . He is chairman of the conservative organization for Landsdowne ward and a member of the executive committee. In campaigning he is said to be a master of invective and sarcasm."

A few of the legal lights are represented in the Review, but perhaps the most complete biography is that of Mr. D. Mullin which as given here is somewhat abbreviated:

Daniel Mullin, Q. C. one of the leading members of his profession in St. John, N. B., his native city, is the son of Patrick Mullin and his wife, Catherine Rice, who, emigrating from Cork county, Ireland, first settled in St. John, subsequently removed to Westmorland County, residing there on a farm for many years, and finally returned to St. John. It will thus be seen that the future lawyer in his youth communed with nature, and doubtless, amid New Brunswick forests primeval, did "find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stone, and god in everything." His reputation for integrity and honorable conduct is the highest, while his success as a lawyer has been notable in all branches of his profession. It is in the criminal courts, however, that he has attained his greatest distinction. His achievements in the defence of prisoners have been indeed remarkable, and he is to day regarded as probably the most powerful advocate at the bar in such cases.

Essentially modest, as he is known to be, he could make the proud boast (were it not for his rigid regard for truth, which as a lawyer is not the least of his merits, and which compels him to acknowledge one solitary exception) that he never lost a criminal case before a jury, though he has been engaged in a great number of them. Triumph has followed triumph, and within the last few years, he has had an unbroken series of a dozen such victories to his credit. He possesses in an eminent degree the qualities which go to the make-up of the successful nisi prius advocate, his predominant characteristic being intense force coupled with consummate tact and an intuitive knowledge of human nature.

When thoroughly aroused, his forensic eloquence is of a high order, and has been greatly admired. His speech in the defence of Horace G. Burton, who was brought from Toronto on a warrant charging him with embezzlement of a large sum of money from his employers, Messrs. P. F. Collier & Co., (a New York publishing house with a branch in St. John, of which Burton had been manager), and tried in the St. John county court in May, 1897, was pronounced by many persons who heard it to be the finest address delivered in the St. John court-house since S. R. Thompson's famous speech in the Munroe murder trial thirty years ago. On this occasion Mr. Mullin's address, which was a merciless criticism of the methods pursued by the parties behind the prosecution and an impassioned appeal to the sympathies of the jury, occupied over two hours in delivery and evoked deep emotion, causing many of the jury and spectators, as well as the prisoner himself, to shed tears. On being acquitted, Burton with an excess of feeling, dramatically embraced his counsel. The case excited much interest; and the unexpected acquittal of the prisoner, who was a comparative stranger in the city and whose doom to incarceration for a long term in the penitentiary had been a foregone conclusion in public estimation, though a great surprise, produced a revelation of sentiment on the part of the public toward him.

Although Mr. Mullin, by force of merit alone, now practically monopolizes this branch of the profession in St. John, yet he has no special liking for it, and prefers his general practice, which is large and varied and constantly increasing. . . . Mr. Mullin is yet a young man on the sunny side of forty. He is a Catholic in religion, a Reteree in Equity, a bachelor, and a member of the Union Club, Residence, Carvell Hall, St. John, N. B.

## A TALKATIVE SCRAP.

Dibblee Vs. Murphy in the Police Court. This Week.

Edward S. Dibblee, a grocer doing business on the corner of Dorchester and Sewell streets, while he is a true British subject and thinks the world of Her Majesty and her flag, has his own opinion of British law as it affected a case in which he was interested in the police court during the week. He was the plaintiff in an obnoxious language tangle and Edward Murphy, the City road carriage builder, was the defendant.

Mr. Dibblee tells PROGRESS that last fall he took his delivery wagon and carriage to Mr. Murphy's establishment for storage and to be made ready for next spring and summer. Spring came, but neither vehicle was attended to. He had to have his express wagon, so he withdrew it from the repository unrepaid. The carriage was not ready until about June 1st. which he claims to have been a very late job indeed.

But the real grievance Mr. Dibblee had was in the manner Mr. Murphy is said to have treated him. When the grocery wagon was taken out of winter quarters it was minus its seat cushion, which Mr. Dibblee swears was in it when the wagon was given over for storage. The carpet belonging to the carriage was also missing upon the return of that vehicle, although "cushion and carpet" was chalked on the under part of the carriage cushion by somebody in the carriage factory. That these articles ever entered his premises Mr. Murphy flatly denied and when Mr. Dibblee inquired in a gentlemanly manner of other employees of the factory as to the whereabouts of his belongings Mr. Murphy flew into a rage.

He rang up the Dibblee grocery on the telephone and threatened to smash the proprietor's face, so the proprietor asserts, and a few minutes later appeared on the scene himself. He was in a passion and extended a hearty invitation to Mr. Dibblee to come out on the street and struggle, but as Mr. Dibblee was a little cooler than his would-be adversary he declined the kind offer with thanks. All efforts to talk calmly were in vain, so after a voluble outpour of wrathful talk during which Mr. Dibblee ordered him to depart. Mr. Murphy gave vent to his unfriendliness for the little groceryman.

Then Mr. Dibblee telephoned for a policeman, but the carriage builder, fitted himself with rubber tires, so to speak and slipped softly away "ere the brass buttons saluted around the corner. Then the case came into court. Mr. Dibblee told his story and Mr. Murphy, said the grocer called him a whole series of very naughty names. When this was sworn to, Mr. Dibblee says he nearly collapsed, for no such words ever left his mouth. Still this was the chief item of defence Mr. Murphy's lawyer put forth, and as Mr. Dibblee had nobody to plead his case, thinking it unnecessary, the matter was dismissed by the magistrate.

## PROGRESS CONTENTS TODAY.

- PAGE 1—Five columns of bright, readable matter, fearless and true. Its right before you.
- PAGE 2—An original description of Boston's "Chinatown."
- PAGE 3—Musical and Dramatic.
- PAGE 4—Editorial, Jests and Woes of Other Places, Poetry, and a bit of local matter.
- PAGES 5, 6, 7 and 8—Social items from all over the three provinces. Page 8 has also an overflow of local matter from the first and fourth pages.
- PAGE 9—Town Tales including: People Who "Block" Their Way. That Lovely Sweet Bruce Gunn. Dog Days are Here. Look Out! Is There a Jonah Aboard? Mashed in King Square. Why She Broke Down. What a Dressmaker Said. The Lily Harvest is Here.
- PAGES 10 and 11—The concluding instalment of that interesting serial, "Wild Darrell of Dare."
- PAGE 11—Sunday Reading—including a criticism of the "Unspeakeable Tank" and his antics.
- PAGE 12—Chat of the Bonnets—Fashion fancies from all the style centres.
- PAGE 14—India's Starving Millions—the personal observations of the editor of the Christmas Herald.
- PAGE 16—A bright fiction, "How Aunt Faith Found Out."

## IN BLACKEST ST. JOHN.

What One of the Best Authorities on the Crime, Poverty and Squalor of Our City has to Say.

"If I hadn't seen them with my own eyes I wouldn't have believed that St. John had so many vile spots, so many festering sores I might say."

These words from the most prominent philanthropic agent in the city carried a lot of weight.

"Heretofore we have all labored under the impression that the bad localities and moral cess pools of the town were situated in certain neighborhoods, but that's an old song now. Vice, filth and squalor can be found in every section of the city nowadays, east, west, north, south, and within these lines it is growing commoner. For a city its size St. John is in a disgraceful state."

The lady speaking was none other than Mrs. Hall, the untiring secretary of the Associated Charities, whose years of actual experience with the Kings Daughters and other charitable organizations has fitted her prominently for the great self imposed task of the Associated Charities. Mrs. Hall is a thoroughly practical woman with the courage of a man, and goes about her endless work with such vigor and tact that St. John's darkest side is fast being revealed to the wondering populace like the unrolling of a giant canvas.

In her slumming tours and poverty investigations Mrs. Hall has found enough want, misery and degradation right here in little St. John to make the very angels weep. She has an entirely unique view of the city in her mind, a mental map, which few, if any others possess. To her our once thought good and moral Loyalist town is spotted like a leopard with disreputable resorts, leased tenements, poverty-stricken households and workless families. She can put her hand on any one of them and tell pretty nearly all about them: She has learned of them either from personal investigation or from the reports of her half dozen aides. The Board of Health have frequently to confer with her, the Alms House Commissioners seek her knowledge quite often, in fact all the civic and provincial authorities of this sort have grown to greatly acknowledge and respect the wonderful forward movement of the Associated Charities yet but a year and a quarter old. The amount of work still ahead of this organization is enormous. New territory and unheard of cases are coming to light every month, but the A. C. is arming to the teeth for the fray, and when winter with its bane of want and woes sets in the small but specially selected corps of practical christianity exponents will be into the thickest of it, strong and unflinching.

All last winter the Associated Charities did a noble work. Over seventy families were provided for and made comfortable. Mrs. Hall and her half dozen investigators kept a vigilant watch for all classes of need and each one was thoroughly inquired into. Many applications for aid were made to headquarters and alike received fullest attention. As soon as the investigators, who went about their work more as friendly visitors than in a business-like way, made their reports to headquarters a friendly visitor than in a business-like way, made their reports to headquarters the case was handed over to the church to which the needy ones said they belonged, or attended. Then material aid was dispensed by the church.

In this manner a very great many frauds were stamped out, frauds that have been existing in St. John for years. Unworthy and lying people have season in and season out been plying from church to church, from neighborhood to neighborhood, seeking unnecessary aid, telling of their "ten children" perhaps, children they never had, and of bogus consumptive husbands. While in a large measure such lake beggars have been cast aside, a great many new and perfectly worthy cases have been unearthed, people who were loathe to make known their dire necessities.

"I estimate conservatively when I say that \$10,000 has for years been wasted in St. John by indiscriminate charity," said Mrs. Hall, "but through the agency of the Associated Charities we are making every cent find its value in real, needed aid."

"During the months of July and August,"

says Mrs. Hall, "there are comparatively few needy cases. Pretty nearly everybody can get work, but as soon as building matters become slack and general laboring drops off the monster of want starts on a rampage."

"All the employers in the city are telephoned daily in the "no-work" seasons and asked if there is some chores or small jobs to be done. Often there are and applicants are sent to do them."

Then speaking of the laxity of the law in certain cases an instance was cited in which an old man and his sister were for weeks locked in their home, both sick. They were in a frightful state when found, which was only after the house had been virtually broken into. The Board of Health was next communicated with, but the old man died. This was in one of St. John's most desirable neighborhoods.

Among the squalor districts in town, are the Acadia, Chapel street hovels in North End, the Duke street alleys and shanties, the field street dens, some Brusel street and Marsh Road houses, and a few Main street tenements.

The following extracts from the constitution of the Associated Charities are self explanatory:

"The objects of this Society shall be: To secure the concurrent and unanimous action of the different charities of Saint John in order to raise the needy above the need of relief, prevent begging and imposture, diminish pauperism; to aid in the diffusion of knowledge on subjects connected with the relief of the poor."

In order to promote these objects it is designed that the Association shall be a centre of communication between the various churches and charitable agencies in the city with a view to fostering co operation among them.

"It shall investigate thoroughly and without charge the cases of applicants for relief which are referred to the Association for enquiry, and keep a correct register of the same; and send to the persons having a legitimate interest in such cases full reports of the results of investigation."

"It shall keep a list of persons desiring to have work done and a list of applicants for work (domestic service excepted) and assist in bringing these persons into communication."

It shall provide friendly visitors who give counsel and advice in cases referred to the society."

## O'DONNELL REVISITS HIS NESTOR.

A Halifax Doctor who would not put up with his Nonsense.

HALIFAX Aug. 2.—Halifax has a sensation! The mighty has fallen and in falling bit the dust. The redoubtable "Neddy" has met his Waterloo and that at the hands of a well built and muscular sawbones who put up such a scientific battery, he nonplussed and out punched the erstwhile alderman from ward 4. The event happened some days ago, and is only now getting out, the affair being kept quiet for obvious reasons. Now how, ever, it ceases to be a nine days wonder, and the puppets eyes being opened, the sports about town are beginning to enjoy a laugh at the alderman's expense. The row or quarrel began from small beginnings. The Alderman with his usual pomp and importance used his mouth with too great effect calling the worthy sawbones a plain unvarnished liar, and following it up with a slap on the face. This roused the ire of the M. D., and without considering the non-importance of the representative from ward 4, sailed in with all sails flying, and soon laid the corpulent alderman hors de combat. The mill was soon over for friends of each combatant stopped the fracas and restored order not however, before the belligerent alderman had received a discolored optic, and a pretty good thumping. The M. D. is receiving congratulations all round, for the alderman is not loved but by a few and is more cordially hated than any man in a public position in this city.

## She Went Home in a Barrel.

Yarmouth Times). Persons who go in bathing at the Sand Beach should take care to conceal their garments before making the acquaintance of the bristly ones they may meet with the unpleasant experience undergone a few days ago by a young lady, who was forced to walk from the beach to the home in town, minus the rather garments demanded by conventionality.

## DIED.

- 6, Robert Sobey.
- 7, Lena Card 31.
- 9, Mrs. Richard 70.
- 10, Patrick Furlong 65.
- 20, Matthew Sullivan 65.
- 19, Israel S. Sanford 68.
- 17, Douglas Campbell 49.
- 7, Hugh D. Chambers 81.
- July 1, James Quinn 47.
- July 18, Wm. M. Denton 71.
- July 8, William Haywood 61.
- June 22, John Johnstone 71.
- 17, William W. Wilbur 29.
- July 9, James H. Messer 62.
- July 2, Daniel Mulligan 62.
- July 1, John A. MacLellan 69.
- July 6, Mrs. Rebecca Fleming.
- July 13, Andrew Cadmore 42.
- July 7, Louise Robinson 14.
- July 10, Caroline Veltout 80.
- July 10, Capt. James R. Chamberlain 68.
- June 2, Maggie, wife of William
- 16, Mary A., widow of the late Geo.
- July 4, Isabelle B., wife of John M.
- July 17, Mary M., wife of John E.
- July 16, Harriet, widow of the late Con-
- July 2, May S., wife of Charles
- July 13, Clarence A., son of
- July 13, Sarah S., son of

## RAILROADS.

## ADIAN PACIFIC

## Line to Quebec

MEGANTIC.

15 p. m. daily, except Sunday.

9 a. m. daily, except Monday.

LIMITED"

Ocean in 116 Hours.

Pythias Meeting,

Detroit, Mich.

One fare for the round trip.

Tours, 1900.

Should be glad to quote rates on application to

A. J. HEATH,

D. P. A. C. P. R.,

C. P. R.,

St. John, N. B.

## Atlantic R'y.

Wednesday, July 4th, 1900, the main service of this railway will

S. S. Prince Rupert.

JOHN AND DIGBY.

10.00 a. m., daily arrive at Digby

Digby daily at 2.00 p. m.

4.45 p. m.

ESS TRAINS

(Sunday excepted).

8 a. m., arr. in Digby 12.30 p. m.

8 a. m., arr. Yarmouth 3.25 p. m.

10 a. m., arr. Digby 11.25 a. m.

10 a. m., arr. Halifax 6.30 p. m.

10 a. m., arr. Digby 6.30 a. m.

10 a. m., arr. Annapolis 6.30 p. m.

G BLUENOSE.

8 a. m., arr. in Yarmouth 4.00 p. m.

8 a. m., arr. Halifax 3.15 p. m.

## ATHUR AND PRINCE GEORGE

AND BOSTON SERVICE.

and fastest steamer plying out

Yarmouth, N. S., daily

immediately on arrival of

from Halifax arriving in

morning. Returning leaves

on, daily except Saturday at

allied cuisine on Dominion Air-

liners and Palace Car Ex-

be obtained on application to

with trains at Digby

City Office, 114 Prince William

office, a 1 from the Purser on

time-tables and all informa-

GIFKINS, superintendent,

Kensville, N. S.

## nnial Railway

1900, trains will run daily

as follows—

LEAVE ST. JOHN

and Halifax.....6.00

and Moncton.....7.15

and New Glasgow and

and Moncton and Point.....11.30

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**BOSTON'S LITTLE CHINA.**

A Glimpse of the Curious Things That May be Seen in Boston's Chinatown.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF PROGRESS.

Boston is thoroughly cosmopolitan, as anyone knowing the city will admit, and one does not wonder very much at finding swartly sons of sunny Italy and hook-nosed exiles from Arabian sands jostling each other on the burning curbs. But not only are half of the inhabitants of the modern Athens unable to speak English decently, but the city itself is divided into three or four "towns", or as they are called, "quarters."

Not the least interesting among these is Chinatown, the abode of the mild-eyed celestial, who very often turns out to be not half as mild as his organs of vision proclaim him to be. This quarter is a tourist's Mecca, for to wander through its dark alleys and twisted passages is to enter the doors of the Orient in very truth.

It must be confessed that it was with considerable hesitation that I accompanied my friend the man who knows it all on an expedition to Chinatown, for I had in memory Bret Harte's old lines:

"For ways that are dark, and tricks that are vain,  
The Heathen Chinese is peculiar."  
and I was uncertain whether we would be feted or scalped.

Summoning up my courage I followed my friend into the portals of the store of S. Y. Tank & Co, bronze merchants, and the western world was left behind us. Mr. Tank himself, a fine type of the better class of Chinaman, met us with a courteous bow. Our pasteboards were tendered and received; our business stated; and the ice was broken.

Oriental luxury and western convenience harmonized agreeably in this remarkable store. From the ceiling depended delicately painted screens of lateen, and strings of hideous masks; which latter we were informed were used in both their theatres and religious ceremonies. In close conjunction were incandescent lamps and heating apparatus of the most modern style.

The floor was crowded with intricately worked bamboo settees, white porcelain vases of exquisite design stood ranged on yellow ivory. I rather expected to find some Chinese lettering on the sign board that surmounted the whole, but the staring gold letters were undoubtedly the work of some Boston artist.

The next store is kept by S. L. Lung & Co. and thither we proceeded. Mr. Lung received us with a bland smile, and together we inspected the endless variety of articles, ornamental and otherwise with which the place is filled. China and porcelain tea sets were displayed in profusion, of such an eggshell thinness that the shelves and counters. It was a veritable curiosity shop and the placid faced oriental in his loose fitting tunic quite completed the picture.

There was a slight incongruity about the whole that rather spoiled the effect, for on one show case were placed, side by side, a curiously colored porcelain urn which had come from Sain-Tow, and a cheap painted plaque from some Washington street novelty store. The windows were filled with huge jars of a peculiar patch work design (and delicately carved chessmen writer hesitated to pick up anything lest he might crush it, although he desired very much to closely inspect the handpainted design. Mr. Lung showed us a fish plate on which was depicted—so he said—a thrilling scene from one of their most ancient plays.

In a showcase were dozens of grotesque ivory images which represented a few of the gods in the Chinese Heaven. They were all very hideous and intended evidently to inspire fear rather than any tenderer feeling.

Even the almond-eyed Mongolians have imbibed some of our most "freaky" fads, for presently our guide showed us a most interesting collection of souvenir spoons from the cities of Shanghai and Canton. They are made of silver with golden bowl, and while undoubtedly of value to a collector, their beauty was an abstract quantity. While we were examining the spoons Mr. Lung handed us a brass tray embossed with a representation of a religious ceremony at the statue of Confucius. The god was crowned with a sort of halo and held in his hand the symbol of re-incarnation.

"Now, see," said our conductor, holding up a small vase. "Here is a real curiosity. It is a Krishnee vase made of blue clay. The flowers on it are outlined in fine gold wire, and the whole is dusted with gold dust. It is then baked, and comes out as you see it," and indeed it was a beautiful specimen of Eastern pottery.

A nickel plated water pipe or sort of sargileh caught my eye, and I asked Mr. Lung what its Chinese name was. "Sui-eyen Hong" he replied with a smile. Then seeing what an awful mess I was making of it he took the pencil and wrote it down as it should be, softly spelling it the while.

After thanking him we passed on to the next wonder, which was actually an image of the first man! Adam would not be flattered if he saw it, but fortunately the Chinese claim that this same Confucius was the first man, and that this is a very good likeness. As a matter of fact it looked more like a nightmare after a prolonged dose of Darwin; one arm being long and the other short, while the hands were claws and the legs but stumps. The features were of a most repulsive type, and the forehead was entirely absent. Plainly Confucius was no kind of a man to have for a neighbor.

Over the store of Messrs. Lung & Co. is the Oriental restaurant presided over by Ben Fong Low & Co. In this cafe you can be accommodated even if your appetite does run to such delicacies as Tien Moy and Yeung How, both of which figure on the menu. Although knives and forks are used, chop sticks can be obtained at the cashier's desk, and at all hours the click of the sticks can be heard as the patrons eat their Gham Ghet or their Mung Hi, for the Americans are quite fond of these outlandish dishes.

The different compartments of the restaurant are divided by curtains composed of bits of bamboo, glass beads, and

even rice, strung on strings. These screens are really beautiful and the figures formed by the different colored beads very artistic. The proprietor passed us a handful of "lichee" nuts which proved to be a dainty dish. These nuts are composed of a rough prickly hull, of a dark brown color, which encloses a soft meat, very like that of the date, and inside of which is a large pit. The size and shape of the lichee is about the same as that of a walnut.

The private dining rooms for the use of dinner parties are fitted up luxuriantly with marble tables and lichee wood settees. The marble slabs in the tables are set in narrow frames of that same wood which is also inlaid with designs in mother of pearl. The ceiling is divided by trellis work, and the walls are covered with Chinese inscriptions which welcome the visitor. The sideboards and other furniture wonderful creations of bamboo with gold leaf markings.

The good natured proprietor at last conducted us to his office and handed us each a cigar as a last favor, with a smile and the single word "Shanghai." A Chinese cigar was a fitting finale to the trip and so after shaking hands we took our departure, promising to come again. The Chinese may be bigots and inhospitable in China, but they are quite the reverse in Boston's "Little China."

Mrs. Gladstone.

It is a curious fact that the greatest of recent English premiers, Gladstone and his ambitious rival, Disraeli, should both have acquired their fortunes and estates through their wives.

Nevertheless, the festal joy of the double wedding sixty years ago, when Catharine Glyne was married to Ewart Gladstone and her sister to Lord Lyttleton, was marred by no cynical suspicions. The rising statesman and his handsome bride were

too unmistakably lovers.

Her husband's fame and her tireless devotion have naturally overshadowed Mrs. Gladstone's life in its other aspects. Yet she has been widely and wisely charitable. During the cholera epidemic in east London, besides procuring funds and helpers, she daily visited the hospitals, and made the little 'cholera orphans' her special charge. Many also received literally naked—since their clothing had been burned,—and carried, wrapped in her shawl, to her own house till homes could be found for them.

A temporary Convalescents' Home, which became a permanent one, grew from the needs of this time through her efforts. At Haverden an orphanage and a training-school for domestic service arose from her labors for destitute children and unemployed mill girls during the Lancashire cotton famine produced by our civil war.

Yet it is as the admirable wife she will be best remembered—for her wisely sympathy, her comprehension, the patient sagacity of her daily guardianship, and her high courage.

"She was as truly the grand old woman as he was the grand old man," declared an American, "when I saw them once, while an unpopular measure was pending, passing together through a hooting, hustling mob. Brickbats had begun to fly before they reached a place of safety, but neither flinched for an instant. Mrs. Gladstone's gray-gloved hand lay quietly on her husband's arm, and she regarded the howling crowd as tranquilly as if they had been merely playful children. It was fine!"

When the great prime minister was carried to his grave in the splendid shadows of Westminster Abbey, room was left for her to lie beside him, and assurance given the living that the couple so noble and so devoted should not be separated in death.

Facing a Shark.

Manifold are the adventures to be met

under water by one who has the courage to screw himself into a diving-dress and descend. Says H. Phelps Whitmarsh, speaking of his experiences as a pearl diver:

"Within ten feet of me, half hidden by a mass of oolite corallines, was the bulk of an immense shark. It appeared to be about twenty five feet long, and although I knew its size was greatly exaggerated by the face-glass, the sight was none the less alarming."

The creature had evidently not perceived me. Save for a slight trembling of the side fins, it lay motionless.

My first thought was to give the signal to ascend. As fish, however, usually want a thing as soon as they see it taken away, I promptly rejected the idea; and lest my bare hands should attract the animal's greed, I hid them under my chest weight.

A sweep of its tail, and the great fish and I were face to face. Not daring to move, I stood like an image, my heart beating wildly and my eyes riveted on its cavernous mouth. He was inspecting me curiously, as if I were some new kind of fish.

Then I became aware, by the almost imperceptible motion of the flexible tail, that it was gradually approaching me, nearer and nearer came the leviathan, the shovel-shaped nose pointing directly to my face-glass, the gleaming under part now plainly visible.

Flesh and blood could bear it no longer. With a yell, I threw up my arms. Instantly there was a swirl of water, a cloud of mud, and my enemy had vanished.

"My boy," said the first proud papa, 'has a bad habit of interrupting me when I'm talking. Your kid isn't old enough for that yet.'

"No," replied the other, 'my boy contents himself with interrupting me when I'm sleeping.'



PLAYMATES.

Music and The Drama

JOHN AND UNDERSTANDERS.

Solaret is making a hit throughout Massachusetts. Lillian Blauvelt returned to America a week ago from a visit to Europe.

Bianche Le Claire the singing and acrobatic comedienne is a sister of Tod Sloan the jockey. Eva Westcott has been specially engaged for soubrette roles with the Castle Square Stock company, Boston.

The Robinson opera company are playing Halifax just now, having prematurely closed their Montreal engagement.

John Sebastian Hiller who recently returned to America has been engaged as musical director of Oscar Hammerstein's new Theatre Republic.

Since it was decided that James K. Hackett should not appear in the dramatization of Richard Carvel next season, many rumors have been set afloat as to who the originator of the role would be.

The latest report is that the play will be presented in the autumn by the Empire Theatre company, with William Faversham as Richard Carvel.

Jean de Roske has deferred signing a contract with Maurice Grau for next season owing to the trouble with his voice which he fears is breaking down.

Edith Bradford has been engaged by Francis Wilson to originate the leading contralto role in his new opera Boolee Boolee. It is only three years since Miss Bradford finished her musical education in that time she has filled engagements with the Aborn Opera Company and the Bostonians, rising from the most important roles.

She also attracted much attention not long ago as contralto soloist in the Maine Musical Festival.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Wooing of Mrs Van Cott played a successful engagement here the latter part of last week and seemed to please the majority, though the piece is most disappointing. As a play it has very little to recommend it and is thoroughly monotonous from first to last. However the company made the most of it, and the individual work was very good.

Mary Manning will open an engagement in Janice Meredith in New York, in December.

The title H. V. Esmond's new play is The Wilderness. The American rights have been secured by Charles Frohman.

Evelyn Millard leading woman at the Duke of York's theatre, London, was married on July 19, '00 a wealthy Londoner.

Edwin Arden is threatened with blindness, and is on his way to London to have an operation performed upon his eyes.

Next season May Irwin will appear in a new, but yet unnamed play by Glen McDonagh. Her tour will open on Sept. 17.

Minnie Seligman will star next season under F. C. Whitney's management in "Dad's Own Girl" by Marion Short and Frances Phelps.

Mark E. Swann latest farce "Whose Baby Are You" will open its regular season on Aug. 16. The tour will include the Pacific Coast.

Paul Gilmore will be featured next season in Under the Red Robe. He is now playing leading roles with May Robson and the Earl of Yarmouth at Newport, R. I.

Robert F. Haines has been selected by Liebler and company to be Viola Allen's leading man in "In the Palace of the King."

Mr. Haines was at first selected for the lead in Lost River, but in consequence of his transfer that part will be filled by Robert Hilliard who is specially engaged for the production of the play in New York, after which will open his starring tour under Liebler & Company management in Mr. Van Biele's.

It is said that Maclyn Arbuckle who will be starred, next season in Augustus Thomas new play "The gentlemen from Texas" was formerly a lawyer in that country. Within a week after his admission to the bar he and another young lawyer were assigned by the court to defend a negro charged with murder, and acquitted him without putting a witness for the defendant on the stand by tearing the state's case to pieces although the trial gave Arbuckle quite a reputation, it threw criminal practice in his way almost entirely, from which he could collect little money and he was finally forced to give up his offices and share his rooms with a book agent who was selling an edition of Shakespeare.

He spent much of his spare time committing Shakespeare to memory and spotted it from a pool table in billiard rooms for the entertainment of his friends who applauded him by shooting off their revolvers. Finally he ran for justice of the peace and was defeated by a grocer. This defeat affected his bar career and disgusted him with politics. Peter Baker the German comedian came along and bearing of Arbuckle's local fame as a Shakespearean reader offered him a position in his company to play a German dialect part.

Arbuckle was a failure in this but he acquired a taste for the stage and then secured an engagement with R. D. McLean and Marie Prescott in "The Legitimate." He remained with them three years. He subsequently appeared in several of Charles Frohman's productions. It was while playing the leading role in "Why Smith left Home," that Joseph Brooks saw him and recognized a star in him and next season he will be perfectly familiar.

The proposition of the theatre programme publishers of New York to combine for the purpose of cutting down the prices paid for privileges is only another form of the "trust" and is probably warranted from their point of view. But the publishers themselves are to blame for their too eager to secure the privileges of the Metropolitan theatres they have bid over each others heads till the amount paid was far beyond the real value of the privilege and only the sharpest kind of practice would avail to reap a profit.

An idea of the way in which things were watched may be gained from the knowledge that it was often customary to pay the cleaners of theatres small tips for saving clean programmes in order that they may be used for the following performance some times two hundred or more were thus secured in a day which amounted to quite a little sum in the course of the season.

The publishers know that there has not been the profit in recent years in the programme publishing business that there used to be, but it is chiefly because so large a sum was paid annually for the privileges.

On the continent the programmes are sold instead of being given away as in this country, which is another evidence of the contrast between Old World thrift and New world prodigality.

A great clamor went up a few years ago in the United States over the soiling of white gloves by badly printed programmes and many a letter went to the theatrical managers from women who claimed that their gloves were ruined because the cheap quality of ink used rubbed off. The real trouble lies in the fact that the programmes do not have sufficient time to dry and for this so one can be called to account too strictly. The accuracy demanded in the publication of a cast makes the lateness of sending in copy frequently unavoidable and it is often the case that the bundles of programmes do not reach the theatres from the printer till the house opens at 7.30.

To a person of a distinctively nervous or sensitive organization, the season of thunder storms is often a period of apprehension, if not of actual daily terrors. Perhaps no array of measuring facts or philosophical argument will furnish much comfort to those who live in constant fear of death by lightning; but a recent report upon the subject by Professor Henry of the United States Weather Bureau puts the matter in such a way as to show how unreasonable is their fear. It appears that the total number of deaths by lightning in this country last year was five hundred and sixty two. That was more than usual, yet it is less than one tenth the number of those who lost their lives in railroad accidents during the same period; and a glance at the number of deaths among those who

Tonight

If your liver is out of order, causing Biliousness, Sick Headache, Heartburn, or Constipation, take a dose of Hood's Pills

Hood's Pills

On retiring, and tomorrow your digestive organs will be regulated and you will be bright, active and ready for any kind of work. This has been the experience of others; it will be yours. HOOD'S PILLS are sold by all medicine dealers. 25 cts.

follow the sea, or those, even, who pursue any one of a number of other familiar occupations, will also be reassuring.

But because the chance of being struck by lightning is really so small is no reason for neglecting wise precautions. Professor Henry lays special stress upon the danger of wire clotheslines, which, he says, not only imperil the life of the laundress, but endanger the house to which they are attached. A dozen persons were killed last year while removing clothes from such lines or standing near them during a thunder storm, and a number of houses supplied with them were set on fire.

Accepted popular expressions always have a sound basis of truth. It may comfort the timid, therefore, to note that 'about as much chance as he has of being struck by lightning' is still regarded as one of the strongest expressions in the language.

THE REASON IS PLAIN.

Why Our St. John Girl is the Popular Girl. Because she has laughing eyes and an honest heart.

Because she is natural. Because she has common sense. Because she isn't full of 'nerve.'

Because she has tact. Because she has sympathy for others. Because she helps you when you confide in her.

Because she isn't rude. Because she doesn't ridicule you when you blunder.

Because she won't gossip, and considers gossiping quite out of fashion. Because she isn't jealous because the other girl has a nice young man.

Because she helps her mother and doesn't sit in the parlor and play and sing "Be Kind to Your Mother," while mother has all the work to do.

Because she doesn't scold her father because his clothes are not as fat. Because she doesn't have a rude stare.

Because she attends church regularly, and doesn't come late to disturb the worshippers. Because she does not make fun of the other choir members though they may not sing as well.

Because she doesn't keep late hours. Because when she talks her tone is that of a lady, not that of a circus announcer.

Because she dresses like a lady, and when dressed forgets her frock because it is not conspicuous. Because she calls on the poor and lonely.

Because she carries dainties to the sick, and is kind to the invalid, helping them forget their troubles.

Because she visits the fatherless and the widow, and altogether is a ministering angel.

Because she is not a flirt, and respects her womanly graces. Because she is a good entertainer, and knows the art of conversation.

Because she is ambitious, improves her opportunities, and helps store her mind. Because she is musical, and not only gives pleasure to herself but others.

Because she does not frequent the station platform on every occasion. Because she has a true smile, and no affectation when she meets her friends.

Because she is a womanly woman and knows how to respect the skirt, and does not imitate the men in dress.

Because she goes in for love, and does not think that money is the only source of happiness. Because she has other ambitions in life than to resemble the latest fashion plate.

Because she goes in for self abnegation and is considerate of the feelings of others. Because she is not impertinent, and does not ask you to reveal secrets.

Because she is pretty and has ready wit, not nonsense. Because she loves her parents and obeys them. Because she loves nature and appreciates the beautiful.

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Because she does not laugh at the deformities and idiosyncrasies of others. Because she is the personification of all that is good and true.

Because she is just a dear little girl and has a great big loving heart. Because she does not whisper or talk to disturb those around her at concerts, musicals, or other entertainments, and—well there are a lot of other Becauses.

A Good Fight.

When a farmer found out that his son John had been courting a certain farmer's daughter for a year or more without settling the question, he called him out behind the stack and said to him:—

John do you love Susan Tinker? I am sure I do, dad. And does she love you? That's what I dunno, and I'm afraid to ask her.

Well, you'd better throw out a few hints tonight and find out. It's no use wearing out boot leather unless you are going to marry her. That night at ten o'clock John came home a wreck. His face was all scratched his ear was bleeding, his hat gone, his coat ripped up the back, and he was covered with mud.

John! John! What on earth is the matter? exclaimed the old man, laying down his paper. Bin over to Tinkers, was the reply. And—and I threw out a few hints to Susan.

What kind of hints? Why I told her I'd been booting it two miles four nights a week for the last year, to set up with her while she sang through her nose, and now I reckoned it was time for her to brush her teeth and darn up her stockings, cure the pimple on her chin, and tell the old folks that we were engaged.

And her father kicked you out. No, dad, no; that's where I'm consoled. It took the whole blessed family, including Susan and three dogs, and then I wasn't more'n half licked. I guess it wasn't quite time to throw out hints.

A Group of Girls.

A Sad Girl—Ella G. A Nice Girl—Ella Gan't. A Rich Girl—Mary Gold. A Sweet Girl—Carrie Mell.

A Nervous Girl—Hester Ical. A Warlike Girl—Millie Tary. A Musical Girl—Sarah Nade. A Smooth Girl—Amelia Rate.

A Lively Girl—Annie Matton. A Clinging Girl—Jessie Mine. A Great Big Girl—Ella Phant. A Flower Girl—Roda Dendron.

An Uncertain Girl—Eva Nescent. A Prolonged Girl—Metta Physic. A Geometrical Girl—Hattie Rodox. A Clear Case of Girl—E Lucy Date.

About the Heat.

'The Gazette says—Camille Flammarion, of Paris, one of the most eminent astronomers of today, has cabled further details as to his discovery that an immense sun spot is belching forth flames which cause the excessive heat.

The diameter of the sun is 866,600 miles. All of this is a roasting furnace. This sun spot is simply a furnace door. But it is 44,000 miles wide, and out of it shoot great tongues of flame 450,000 miles long.

'Our little earth, with a diameter of only 7,916 miles, is in the path of these flames. 'That is why we swelter.'

Baseball is really of very ancient origin says the Omega (Kan) Herald. The bible tells us that Satan was a hot number on the coaching line. He coached Eve when she stole first and Adam when he stole second, Rebekah went to the well with a pitcher, Sampson struck out a good many times when he beat the Philistines and Moses made a run when he saw the Egyptians, Cain made a base hit when he slew Abel, Abraham made a sacrifice. The prodical son made a home run. David was a long distance thrower. Moses shut out the Egyptians at the Red sea. But nowhere in Holy Writ do we find mention made of the huge-mouthed leather-lunged idiot who brays and behaws all over the grand stand when his side is winning.

'That old man goin' by,' said the landlord of the tavern at Yaphank to the Summer Man, indicating with a jerk of his thumb a bent and timeworn figure that was doddering down the village street, 'is Uncle Zimri Tarry. He's lived here all his life—'moe eighty six years.'

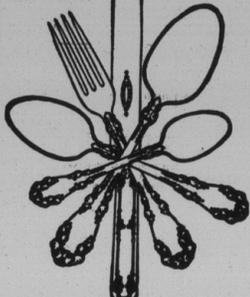
'H'm!' commented the city man with mild fastidiousness. 'He must like it here pretty well by this time?'

'Oh, yes; he says he guesses he'll make this village his permanent residence.'

'Does Kitty enjoy the art galleries abroad?'

'It seems not; she writes that all the famous Venuses she has seen are as ugly as a mud fence.'

"Silver Plate that Wears."



"1847 Rogers Bros." Spoons, Forks, Knives, etc., always combine the desirable features of silver plate—artistic designs, carefully finished with highest grade of plate. Remember "1847"—the mark of the genuine Rogers.

FLASHES OF FUN.

Closest—My wife has saved up some money for a nest egg. Easygo—Is that why you call her an old hen?

'Are the people of your town satisfied with the census?'

'Yes. It gives us a population of 37 more than we estimated.'

Mrs. Dwentioff—"Vy you admires det man so, Rachel?'

Daughter—"He pought does clothes mit our store and he becomes dem so beautifully.'

Ide—I hear there is going to be a play on the road called "A Free Lance." Wonder what the plot will be? May—Something about vaccination, I suppose.

'I had the pleasure of meeting your husband last evening. He told me all about California. He seemed to be full of reminiscences.'

'Oh, my! And George just promised me never to touch another drop of liquor.'

Casidy—"Who are yez going to name him after?'

Kelly—"Well, we are going to name him Patrick! Partly after St. Patrick, who drove all the snakes from Oireland; and partly after Pat Conolly, who drove all the Republicans out av th' Sixth Ward.'

Mrs. Brown—"Miss Horner, the principal, says that it should be the aim of young ladies to secure a firm foundation for a comprehensive education, not to think too much of bouquets and graduation gowns.'

Mrs. White—"How vulgar! No wonder she doesn't have more pupils at her school.'

'Well, sir,' remarked the observant passenger, after watching the conductor collect eight fares and ring up five, 'you need never be afraid of being struck by lightning.'

'Why not,' asked the trusted employee. 'Because,' replied the observant passenger, 'it is evident you are not a good conductor.'

In the office he had been wretchedly devious. But now the day of retribution was at hand.

'You have made your bed!' he exclaimed, severely. 'Lie in it!'

'Not at all,' he replied, cheerfully. 'On the contrary, I shall lie out of it!'

This, we presently learned, was the essence of practical politics, concerning which we had already heard much.

This is the story of a cable car conductor, with a tender heart—one day, such was the tenderness of his heart, he stopped his car, actually, and took on a passenger.

As a result, he was three-eighths of a second late.

'Why in—don't you make time?' roared the passenger.

This exhibition of crass ingratitude embittered the conductor, and he never took on another passenger in all the subsequent nineteen years of his service with the road.

See the man. He is riding along leisurely on his bicycle. A large dog is trotting still more leisurely ahead of him. The man rings his bell. 'When he hears that,' he soliloquizes, 'he will turn out.'

But the dog swears not a hair's breadth and the man runs into him and takes a hard fall.

This shows that things do not always turn out as we expect in this world.

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Nothing like CUTICURA SOAP. Millions of Women use Cuticura Soap Exclusively for beautifying the skin, for the stopping of falling hair, for softening and whitening red, rough hands, for soothing irritations, too free or offensive perspiration, washes for nervous weakness, for many sensitive anti-septic purposes, and for all the uses of the toilet, bath, and nursery.

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THE PREROGATIVES OF THE QUEEN.

How few people there are who really have an idea of the power of the rulers in Europe, what their rights and privileges are and how far they can oppose the wishes of the people with safety?

This seems to have occurred to Mr. R. P. DORMAN and in a volume entitled the mind of the nation he gives us an admirable idea at least of British government. The prerogatives of the Crown in England are not known to many people outside of that country. We in Canada have an idea that the wishes of Her Majesty are carried out. Mr. DORMAN sets us right on many doubtful points.

For example, the author sets forth as the two principles applying to the reigning monarch that the sovereign is pre-eminent and the "King can do no wrong." No saying bearing on the nature of royalty has caused more unfavorable comment than the second of these. But read the author's explanation of its true significance:

If the acts of the King are contrary to law, they are subject to reversal on that ground. The statute states "that the laws of England are the birthright of the people thereof, and all the Kings and Queens who shall ascend the throne of this realm ought to administer the government of the same according to the said laws: and all their officers and Ministers ought to serve them respectively according to the same, and therefore all the laws and statutes of the same now in force are ratified and confirmed accordingly." The coronation oath expresses that the duty of the monarch to the people is,

(1) to govern according to law; (2) to execute judgment in mercy; (3) to maintain the established Protestant religion. Prof. DICKEY maintains that the maxim, "The King can do no wrong," as now interpreted by the courts, means in the first place that by no proceeding known to the law can the king be made personally responsible for an act done by him; and secondly, that no one can plead the orders of the Crown, or of any superior officer, in defence of an act not otherwise justifiable by law. A subject may petition the King in the High Court of Justice. Both houses of parliament have frequently petitioned and remonstrated with the King, and during the reigns of Charles I and James II, absolutely neglected their authority. Since most of the power of the sovereign is now vested in the cabinet, the blame for doing wrong falls on the heads of its members, and is expressed in an adverse vote in one or both of the houses of parliament. If the Commons pass a vote of censure, Ministers at once resign and appeal to the opinion of the country by means of a general election.

It will be seen that most of the acts of the sovereign power now originate with the Ministers, but acquire their operative vitality from the assent of the monarch. The President of the United States for instance, appoints foreign Ambassadors by and with the consent of the Senate. The Queen of England appoints them on the advice of her Prime Minister and her Minister for Foreign Affairs. The sovereign in like manner makes war and peace with the advice to her ministers. The veto right is vested in the sovereign, who has the power to dismiss the cabinet if it insists on measures repugnant to the throne. If parliament will not support the new ministers the king can dissolve it and appeal to the country. It is accepted as a law that the sovereign must give effect to the acts

of a ministry when these are supported by the nation.

The British judiciary originates with the Crown, which is the fountain of justice. The Justices of the High Court, are appointed by the sovereign on the recommendation of the Lord Chancellor, (and the latter appoints the Justices of the Peace for the counties on the advice of the Lord Lieutenant. The conferment of honors in the shape of rank and title rests with the monarch. There is no limit to the number of English peers, but there is a limit in Scotland and Ireland.

A PROPHECY OF THIERS.

Men doubt sometimes the genius of M. THIERS for foreign affairs, but he certainly had a rare insight into the position of foreign states. In January, 1871, he told his friends that they were all at sea as to the resources of Great Britain, which he maintained had in India a separate reserve of strength, and ventured upon this most remarkable prophecy: "Whenever England in conflict with a foreign power Europe will see her colonies rally round and cooperate with her. Without the slightest expense to her they will equip their soldiers, their only ambition being to show their close union with her and to demonstrate that their strength and energy are at her disposal just as her enormous resources are at theirs. I predict this in spite of your smile of incredulity, and although perhaps none of us will live to witness it." At this moment a force of colonial troops, invaluable in quality and by no means inconsiderable in numbers, is fighting for the Queen in South Africa. There was probably at the same time no man in Europe, England included, who shared M. THIERS's acute prevision.

The events of the week include the sudden and tragic death of the King of Italy. The death of the Duke of Edinburgh, the second son of Queen Victoria and the sensational but more reassuring news from the Chinese capital, which seems to give hope for the safety of the Europeans there. King Humbert was one of nature's noblemen. Although a ruler of the people he was at all times one of them, entering with enthusiasm into all projects that influenced them for good. He was well loved by his subjects and his death has never only cast a gloom over Italy but every nation in Europe who see less safety than ever for crowned heads from fanatical anarchists.

The first of August the date fixed for the completion of the repairs to the fountain on King Square has passed and still there is no immediate prospect that the people can enjoy the sight and sound of the waters playing in this pleasant recreation spot.

The Ice-man Registers a Kick.

An ice-man, that is the real, genuine juggler of the glacial cakes, told PROGRESS on Thursday that the fellow who wrote that one popular song relating to his class of laborers should be caged as a maniac. "Yes, indeed, how would you like to be the ice-man?" he said contemptuously, as he selected a life-size cake of the cold stuff from the big yellow cart. "Here's an old woman in this house who would drop dead if I didn't lag her ice clear up to the back stoop, two stories in the air, and the lady next door besides having me risk my life in piloting the ice into the cellar and right into the refrigerator, always grumbles about the size of the cake. There's a crank customer on G—street weighs the ice every time for fear she's being cheated, and makes me stay till she weighs it, and there's not a day passes but what some father or big brother wants to punch my head, because kid of theirs has fallen off the back of the cart, after stalling the ice chips."

How would you like to be the ice-man? Oh, it's a snap all right, all right. Nil?"

Another Poor Husband.

Frederick street, Marsh Bridge, for a small thoroughfare is getting its name up as a scene of domestic upheavals. Only a short while an American wife living on that street fled from her "other" husband, who was in town, taking with her her second spouse and child. Now a case almost the same has arisen. A country maiden, who before she left the village was doubtless shy, has administered the mellow hocking laugh to her poor bewildered sterner hall, and is now included among Fredericton's fair citizenship. She had visited the capital prior to her running away, and saw so much to charm her there that her own house and husband were liberally discounted. So she simply waited away, that's all.

The Firebell is Musically Inclined.

When the 62nd band was starting off from the head of King street last Monday morning on their St. Stephen excursion, an amusing thing happened, which for a

time threatened to demoralize the whole music-making group. The command "quick march" was given and the musicians stepped off. Then two of the three warning beats on the bass drum, but the sound of the third and final beat was smothered by the 7 o'clock clang of the big fire alarm. It fitted in so perfectly from a bandman's standpoint that some of the recruits turned around to see if some new instrument was being introduced among them. Although the third drum beat was not heard the bandmen took their cue from the fire bell, and striking up a lively march, proceeded down the hill, although it was tully a block before some of the most amused ones could control their puckering lips.

Y an Appreciate

good laundry work of course. You like the proper stiffness and pliable button holes. You don't like the other kind and you won't blame you. We can suit you. UNGAR'S LAUNDRY DYEING AND CARPET CLEANING WORKS, Phone 68.

How Could They.

She—People do not often marry their first loves, as no doubt you have noticed. He—No, I suppose they don't often, at least not more than once.

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

Cows Can't Find Pasture There.

(Dagby Courier.) Two hundred pounds of milk are sent daily from Atkinson to Sydney and North Sydney, each town taking one hundred pounds. Twelve cans are also sent every day from Stevedocks to Sydney.

Ottawa Tensely Described.

(St. Andrew's Beacon.) Ottawa was described by a Toronto man the other day as being a saw mill town during six months in the year and a jaw-mill town for the balance. The fact that the saws and the jaws were working at the same time may account for some of the jangling at the last session of Parliament.

Wood Hawkers are Joyous.

(Sydney Advocate.) Freights on hard coal have gone up and an advance in price of hard coal in the United States has taken place. These two important features of the hard coal trade being both on the move up compel any hope of lower prices on this fuel later on in the season. Higher prices are bound to rule. Stocks of hard coal at present held in the city are small and prices must advance as soon as the higher rates on coal and freight are paid.

What Yankee Sympathy is Worth.

(Exchange.) The Bore Sympathizers of Washington collected for the benefit of Bore widows and orphans, while the 'delegates' were in that city, \$1,184.38. Of this sum \$550 was used in the payment of the 'delegates' hotel bill, \$333.38 for fire works, wine, hack fare, etc., leaving \$118 for the widows and orphans, which is such an insignificant sum that it will never be forwarded. What a blessed thing is charity—for the custodian of the fund.

Stars and Stripes Blatting.

(Annapolis Spectator.) The Union Jack ought to be good enough for Canadians to hoist. The people of this country ought to get over the habit of hoisting the Stars and Stripes just to show their good feeling for a coyote's nation upon whom good feeling is wasted, and they ought to let the Yankee flag rot in the basements of the stationary stores until our dear American Union Jack is at any rate to treat the Union Jack with respect. When they hear the lesson Canadians can trot out their favorite brands of toleration again and again and take to flying the Stars and Stripes alongside a better looking flag.

This Scheme Seems to Work.

(Wolville Acadian.) Some of our subscribers who have paid subscriptions for the past week have requested that their names may not appear in print. We hope that none of our friends have been deterred from settling on this account. If so we beg to state now that in any case where the subscriber has objections to his name appearing in our roll of honor it is not necessary to refrain from paying amount due, as we are always willing to make exceptions in this particular when desired. Seriously we do need money just now.

Another Way of Looking at it.

(Springfield Advertiser.) Women is often referred to by men as "doubting his joys and having his sorrows." That may be complimentary, but it would seem to be rather hard on the women. For in plain terms it means that where things are going well with the man his wife makes them go better. But when things are going ill with him, he expects his wife to share half his burden.

The "Devil" Got into This Office.

(Halifax Herald.) Litigation in which considerable local interest is being taken, is in progress between Thomas S. Farnham and Valentine A. Landry, of Weymouth, concerning the plant with which the Free Press and L'Evangeline were formerly printed, the property, as it is alleged of Farnham. A six years agreement between these parties expired a few days ago, and Farnham removed the printing machines from the building, which was held by Landry, and left part of them near by over night, but next morning some parts of the big press were not to be found. As one missing part weighed several hundred pounds it was clear no enterprising printer's apprentice had appropriated it for old junk. Farnham commenced an action of replevin in which Landry was defendant and he shortly after a weary search found the missing cross piece down the well with eight feet of water over it.

Has the Gazette Flipped Again?

(Restigouche Telephone.) The St. John Gazette, which supported the Conservative party at the last general elections, publishes a caustic criticism of some I. O. E. officials. After speaking of delays in hearing missing freight the Gazette says: "The positions are mostly filled by men appointed by the former government and it is little wonder that persons who use the road and are supporters of the present administration argue that some officials appear anxious to make the road as unpoplar as possible."

(Chatham Re-located Case, Spring's Forfeiture, 24, 25, 26, 27 Waterline.)

ROYAL BAKING POWDER. ABSOLUTELY PURE. Makes the food more delicious and wholesome. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

They Come! The Merry Summer Months. They come! the merry summer months of beauty, song and flowers; They come! the gladdest months that bring thick kindness to bowers. Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad; sing carol and care aside; Seek silent rest or rest thyself where peaceful waters glide— Or, underneath the shadow vast of patriarchal trees Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky in rapt tranquility.

The grass is soft, its velvet touch is grateful to the hand; And, like the kiss of maiden love, the breeze is sweet and bland; The daisy and the buttercup are nodding contentedly; It stirs their blood with kindest love, to bless and welcome thee; And mark how wisely these own this locks—they now are silvery gray— That blissful breeze is wanting, and whisper, "Be gay!"

There is no cloud that sails along the ocean of yon But hath its own wing'd mariners to give its melody; They seek their glittering fans outspread, all gleaming like red gold; And mark I with shrill pipe musical, their merry course they hold. Good bless them all, those little ones, who, far above this earth, Can make a scuff of its mean joys, and vent a nobler mirth!

Good Lord, it is a gracious boon for thought-crazed weight like me To smell such fragrant summer flowers beneath this summer tree! To suck once more in every breath their little souls' dew. And feed my fancy with fond dreams of youth's bright summer day. When rustling forth like untamed colts, the reckless trustful boy Wander'd through greenwoods all day long, a mighty heart of joy!

I'm sadder now, I have had cause; but, oh, I'm proud to think That each pure joy font, loved of yore I yet delight to drink; Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream the calm, unclouded sky. Still mingle music with my dreams, as in the days gone by. When summer's loveliness and light fall round me stark and cold, I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse—a heart that wax'd old!

The Old Home.

It seems to listen there pathetically hoarse, For olden voices in the foliage-cave; About its gallery clings the morning-glory— Ery in blossom for the dreams that were Old home! I thought pathetically hoarse, Like some white thought yet in a soul of sin; And a red rose beside the wrecked gate bitches, But where are those who brushed its fragrance in? In youth the catbird woke us from our slumbers With calls from haunts of blooming orchard trees; Day was a lyric of melodious numbers; No ght held but hints of paradisaic peace. But where we romped, now runs the wayward lizard, Where love spoke low, the wild hawk builds his nest. What hope thro' bed buoyant, Memory the wisard, Wanders alone, white-faced, with heaving breast. What visions came and garlanded all the cellars, For olden voices in the foliage-cave; While unwise songs came o'er us as gently stealing, As soft as sounds of dreamland waterfalls Old home! I thought pathetically hoarse, Whatever joy we've seen or yet may see,— You tell the sweetest part of lifetime's story, The dearest days are those that used to be.

A Woman's Postscript.

In epistolary matters—I have heard it o'er and o'er— Critics say a woman's postscript is a humbug and a bore! And just between ourselves, to this admission I give place, I've always thought them quite a shallow waste of time and space. I'd have you know, too, I'm an expert in matters such as this, For I've played postal battledore with many and And read each certain postscript lined upon each letter's hem, But never before did see excuse for any one or them. Today, however a letter came from her I hold supreme. And now I think a postscript is epistolary cream For this is how she did her latest specimen express "P. S.—I failed to mention I've conceded to say 'yes.'"

What is Life?

"What is life?" I ask the child, who romps through all the happy day, Without a care, without a cloud to mar the sunshine of his life. No thought has he of days to come, of sorrows and bitter strife. He looks at me bewildered first then answers, "Life is play." "What is life?" I ask the youth, who looks up at And sees therein the promise fair of all that earth holds dear to him. Naught reck he now of blasted hopes, of withered heart and eyes made dim. By tears that come when hope is dead. He answers gayly, "Life is Love." "What is life?" I ask the man whose brave face no shadows lurk; Whose days are filled with healthful toil; whose plans reach out and compass all That man holds dear—"his duty's call That he is ever listening for. He answers promptly "Life is work." "What is life?" I ask the sage, whose days are gliding like a stream To join the ocean near at hand. His life has all behind him now; The world has lost its charm for him. He puts a hand to his brow, And seems to muse a while, and then he answers sadly, "Life's a dream."

G. L. Lyman.

Another Fountain Gone Wrong. The Haymarket Square fountain has once more become an eyesight to the community and of little or no earthly use. The upper part of it from which cool, refreshing water for pedestrians is supposed to flow, is clogged up again, and the under part, where beasts are wont to slake their thirst, is in an elegant state of wreck. Heavy teams bumping up against it have moved the stonework about a foot out of place, and there it lies unrepaired and causing an incessant dribbling all over the

street. People who live in the vicinity and the Haymarket Square Polymorphian Club, who have tried to beautify the square, are desirous of having the fountain attended to, as it certainly is in a disgraceful state. Somehow or another our city council don't seem to be very ardent "cold water army" men, if we are to take the King Square, Haymarket Square and Carleton fountains as examples of their enthusiasm.

ONE OF PRICE WEBBER'S BATES.

He Gives Progress an Account of His Loss of Identity in Nova Scotia.

I have never had much trouble in being recognized, but I once had an experience with a man which made me, for a time, at least almost doubt my own identity.

I was playing in one of the Nova Scotia towns a while ago, and was waiting in the office of the hotel for the landlord to lay out the rooms for the company, when a man, dressed in a rather seedy manner, came in and said to me.

"Are you with Price Webber's show?" I said I was.

"You are one of the company, eh?" I again answered in the affirmative.

He looked at me sharply and said: "You are one of Price Webber's troupe—well, how is Price?"

I answered: "I guess he is pretty well." "He is, eh? glad to hear it."

He said: "Do you know him?" I grew very indignant and said: "Do I know him? Well, you wait till he sees me. He thinks more of me than any man alive. I used to go to school with him."

Seeing that my school days were passed in England, I could not help but wonder who this man could be, and although I have a pretty good memory, I could not place him.

Pretty soon he said: "Have you been long with Price?" I answered: "A little while, but I know him pretty well."

He said: "You don't know him as well as I do. We are like brothers."

I could not understand what the man was after, and said to him.

"You must be pretty well acquainted with Price. Would you know him if you saw him?"

"Would I what? Would I know him? You wait till he sees me, and he will say Gilkenon, my boy, I am delighted to meet you. Come and take anything you want; the best in the house is none too good for you."

I said: "You must know him thoroughly, although I never heard Price say he had any schoolmates in this town."

The man banged the table with his fist, and said:

"See here, if you want to keep your situation you want to be solid with me. You want to ask me to take a little something and then when Price comes he will take me to the show, and I will tell him after I see you on the stage that you are a good actor, and you will be all right for the rest of your days. You will be a fixed star, and I am the only man that can settle the business for you, for I have more influence with Price than any man on the face of the earth. He always sends me for advice, and my word is law. If you shout now, you are onto your job for all time."

I said:—"You must indeed know Price well. Of course, you would recognize him if you saw him?"

The man faintly gasped for breath, and his eyes blazed as he said:

"See here, don't be funny! don't be funny! Would I know Price Webber? I would know his skin on a bush! Do I know him, eh? You just wait till he sees me! I tell you we are as close friends as two peas in a pod! Stand in with me and you are solid with Price."

Just then the landlord came in and said:

"Now then, Price, I will show you the rooms if you are at liberty."

The man who knew me so well opened his eyes to their widest extent, and said to me:

"Are you Price Webber?"

"Well," said I, "I thought I was, but you have made me almost doubt my own identity."

The man made a bolt for the office door, and as he made a very hasty exit, he remarked:

"I struck the wrong man. That settles it."

I told the story to the landlord and said:

"Never tell what you don't know; and what you do know, keep to yourself!"

BAKING POWDER

and wholesome

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It's not very often we have the opportunity of seeing St. John's society class all together that is in one large party. Last Saturday evening when the special train arrived at the depot from Mr. and Mrs. Jas. F. Robertson's garden party at Rosedale the scene was a very brilliant one indeed. Glaziey dames and slender maidens, fathers and brothers in frock coats and silk hats, a profusion of flowers, a galaxy of colors, the swish of silk, pretty lawns, maillots, organdies; rich satins and here and there sparkling gems. Then that conventional chatter as the big party edged its way to the coaches and carriages in waiting. It was a very pretty sight and an unusual one.

How weary the world is growing of rebellions! murder, slaughter, assassinations and all this horrible outbreak among peoples credited with the possession of souls, if not with intelligence! What does it all mean? Why in the name of humanity must this epidemic of ungovernable passions continue?

An engagement ring that lately left the jeweller's for the hand of beauty is declared to be quite too dinky for words, whatever that may mean. At any rate, it consists of two large pearls, one white and one pink, framed in a double heart shaped setting of diamonds, surmounted by a true lover's knot. What an improvement on the old-time diamond solitaires! Speaking of rings, a society girl named Ada has lately been wearing a ring set with an emerald, a diamond and another emerald, so all who run may read her pretty name in precious stones.

St. John has its quota of unfortunate children who never smell the sweet air of the country as well as over-crowded New York and stuffy, murky London. You don't have to go far to find them either. Just take a tour of some of the less desirable neighborhoods some day and you will soon find them. There they are playing about on "cornsteps, barefooted and bareheaded. The only alternative they have in the way of a playground is the hot and stifling feated interior of their humble homes. What a bright spot it would be in the lives of these shut-in poor children, if it were made possible for them to have a day in the green fields every summer!

Christmas, which to many of them is quite an ordinary winter day, would sink into oblivion in comparison with the sunshiny few hours amid the wild flowers and chirping birds. The following true incident may help to emphasize the above: A six-year old who lives down on one of the Marsh Road back streets took her doll out for an airing in Rockwood a few afternoons ago. Unwittingly she picked a sprig of blossom for the doll, to make her think she was in the country perhaps. A park hand saw her break off the flower and told her all about the laws of the Horticultural Association and of Mr. Hannington, but the six-year old only stared at him blankly and frightened. Then she cried, and it took several purchases at the closed-on-Sunday refreshment booth to smooth out the pinched little face.

Providence is willing to co-operate with anybody in giving the poor children of St. John a day in the country.

The discussion about the propriety or impropriety of a man's casting aside his coat in warm weather and appearing without it on the street continues in many quarters. The consensus of opinion is that the custom is justifiable within certain limits. Meanwhile the practices spread. One woman writer says this about the fast popularizing habit: "What is the shirtwaist? It is nothing more or less than the bodice of a woman's dress, fashioned somewhat differently from the 'sacques' and 'basques' of our mothers and grandmothers severally, and answering the same purpose, and has for a number of years been the recognized article of a woman's street dress. In adopting the shirt-waist let me ask you my male friends, has any article of a woman's attire been discarded, or is she any less respectably clad because she appears in a garment cut differently than what was worn in years past? It seems almost incredible that it should be suggested that men of this caliber should appear upon our streets attired in a manner that if, on his daily routine, he should meet with his mother or sisters, he would not be sufficiently or



This choice Cocoa makes a most delightful beverage for Breakfast or Supper. Being exceedingly nutritious, easily digested and assimilated, it forms a valuable food for invalids and children.

decently enough clad to accompany or associate with them, for surely no lady would walk upon the streets with a man without coat or vest. This, in itself, goes to prove that for a man to appear upon the streets in negligee costume, as a regular street costume, is certainly to trespass upon the laws of good breeding.

Mrs. Ernest Hamilton and daughter are here, from Victoria, B. C., and are visiting Mrs. Hamilton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Peters, 60 Waterloo street.

Mr. Donaldson Hunt, of Messrs. T. McAvity & Sons' King street office, has gone into the tailoring business. His fellow clerks presented him with a case of desert knives and forks, pearl handled and silver mounted.

Mr. J. Harry Corcoran, of Roxbury, Mass., who spent the past weeks or so, with friends fishing the Ben Lomond lakes and vicinity, returned home on Saturday with a well-loaded basket of the speckled beauties.

Mr. Cartwright, a Toronto lawyer, son of Sir Richard Cartwright and his bride, are visiting Mr. James F. Robertson at Rosedale.

Miss Annie Lawton returned Saturday last from Fredericton. Miss Lawton bravely saved Mr. J. Stewart Campbell from drowning at Camp Comfort.

Mr. John Macrae has returned to Ottawa. Prof. Ganong and Dr. G. U. Hay have returned from a very successful exploration trip on the Tobique river and lakes. They made some important discoveries.

Rev. Dr. Macrae has gone to St. Johns, N.B., where he will supply the pulpit of a church for three weeks.

C. H. Barnes, who has been home on a short visit, left on Saturday for New York.

Mrs. James Hannay of St. John and Miss Kerr of Montreal are visiting at Mrs. C. H. Gilmore's, Halifax.

Mrs. J. W. Dunlop has returned to Boston and is now visiting relatives. Both are sons of the late James Ishbister of this city many years ago a leading ship painter.

Miss Alice Smith of Boston is in town visiting her aunt Mrs. D. N. Vanwart, Charlottetown.

Miss Ida Marsh, a professional nurse across the border, is visiting her home on Elliott Row.

Frank Dunbrack has returned to Sydney after a short stay at home. His "Fretoria day" hand is getting along nicely, although minus two digits.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Kerrigan of Portland, Maine, visited Mrs. Kerrigan's sister Miss M. A. Robbins last week. Mr. Kerrigan is a prominent dispenser and chemist in the big Maine city.

Invitations have been issued for the marriage of Mr. R. W. Hannington, son of Judge Hannington of Dorchester and Miss Skinner at 12 o'clock on Thursday week in Trinity church, Mr. Hannington will be on some time practicing law in this city but now resides in Nelson, B. C.

Miss Nellie Dennis of Halifax arrived from Boston on Tuesday, and is staying with Mrs. Alfred Markham, 173 German street, for a few days before returning home.

William Patterson left Wednesday afternoon for Toronto.

James Inch, of Oak Point, was a passenger on the C. P. R. express yesterday afternoon for Montreal. He is on the way to the Paris exposition and will make a tour of the British Isles before returning. His trip will extend over several weeks.

Miss Stella Connors of Halifax is visiting her grandmother in St. John.

Mrs. Thos. Larsen of Roxbury, Mass., arrived here Monday, and is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Thomas B. Foley, Mecklenburg street.

Mrs. R. G. Larsen and children of Roxbury, Mass., is on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Belyea, Paradise Row.

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

Progress Job Print.

FREDERICTON.

[Progress is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenby and J. E. Hawthorne.]

Aug. 1.—Mr. and Mrs. Geo. F. Gregory gave a very pleasant party last night in honor of Lieut. Col. F. B. Gregory who is home from Victoria on a visit. The veranda and grounds were prettily illuminated with Japanese lanterns and colored lights. Hannell's orchestra was present and played some fine selections. About midnight a dainty supper was served. Mr. and Mrs. Gregory entertained a small party of friends on Monday evening.

Miss Rainsford has returned to Boston after a pleasant visit at her home here.

Miss Flood of St. John, is the guest of Mrs. F. S. Hillyard.

Mrs. Foster and children are enjoying the sea air of Duck Cove for a few weeks.

Mrs. L. C. MacNutt and Mrs. Fletcher returned on Saturday from their visit to St. John.

Rev. Willard Macdonald, Miss Macdonald and Mr. F. E. Blackmer left on Monday for a vacation. Miss Macdonald will visit friends in Windsor, while Mr. Macdonald and Mr. Blackmer will enjoy life at Campobello.

Mrs. E. S. Gummer of Toronto, is one of the house party now being entertained at Grape Cottage.

Mrs. F. S. Hillyard is to day entertaining a large party of friends at Camp Jubilee.

The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Bridges was baptized in St. Paul's church on Sunday morning by Rev. Willard Macdonald, her little ladyship taking the name of Alice Eloise. The baptismal font was prettily decorated with pale pink and white flowers.

Mr. Martin Lemont left yesterday for a three weeks visit to Stanhope Beach, P. E. I. It is said that Prince Edward Island holds very strong attractions for Mr. Lemont.

Mr. Leighton and Mrs. Titton who are among the visitors staying at Grape Cottage spent Sunday in St. John returning to the Celestial on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. L. Tibbitts and family have returned from a two weeks stay at Pine Bluff Camp where they hospitably entertained several guests.

Miss Smith of St. John is visiting Mrs. Ritchie on church street.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Branscombe of St. John are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Orens of St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Fensty are spending a few weeks at Hampton.

Mrs. A. B. Tibbitts has invitations out for a dance for Friday evening in honor of her guest Miss Fuller of New York.

His Hon. Governor McClellan and members of the government are all in the city this week.

week ending July 18th. Mrs. Clark and Miss Clark of Woodstock are visiting Mr. Geo. Clark, Church St.

Miss Lily Hogg is rusticating at "Brown's Flats," Miss Bonnie Everett of St. John is visiting at her old home here.

Mrs. Chas. W. Hall entertained a party of friends at whilst on Friday evening.

Miss Carter of Truro, N. S., returned home yesterday after a pleasant visit with the Misses Blackmer.

Mrs. McN Shaw has this week been chaperoning a party of young folk at Beech Knoll.

Mrs. Duff has gone to Boston to join her husband after a visit of several weeks with her mother Mrs. McLeod at Chanceluar.

Miss Carman is spending a few days with Mrs. Bristowe at Springhill.

Mrs. John Harrison of Philadelphia is visiting her sister Miss Sampson.

Miss Agnes Nell, daughter of Mr. Jas. S. Nell is at present visiting her brother Mr. Chas. S. Nell in Vancouver, B. C.

Miss Ethel Lottimer is spending a few days at Brown's Flats.

Messrs. A. J. Gregory, R. P. Foster, Jeremy Taylor, W. H. Burns, A. F. Street, and Surg. Lieut. McLean were among the party at Camp Comfort, last week.

Rev. F. C. and Mrs. Hartley have returned from their visit to Belleisle.

Mr. Horace Brown went to Boston on Monday. The Misses McGoldrick are visiting their sister Mrs. on Thursday on route to Boston who has been visiting here and Miss Winslow of St. John, accompanied them.

Miss Smith, superintendent of the Young Women's Christian association, Boston, who has been the guest of Mrs. Z. R. Everett, left for home on Monday.

Miss Beattie Clowes is visiting friends at Oromocoo.

Rev. Chas. McNally and Mrs. McNally who have been enjoying a visit of several weeks here, left for their home in Lowell, Mass., yesterday accompanied by Miss Beattie McNally.

Mr. Wm. Dunlop who has been enjoying a two months' visit with his sisters the Misses Dunlop here, left for his California home on Monday.

NEWCASTLE.

Aug. 2.—Miss Wardlaw, Brooklyn, N. Y., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. Lee Street.

Miss Mary McEae, Campbellton, N. S., was here on Thursday on route to Stellarton, N. S.

Mr. Hoyt, Bridgetown, N. S., arrived here last week to assume the duties of teller in the Bank of Nova Scotia.

Mrs. Pickles and Miss Pickles have arrived in Newcastle and with Rev. Mr. Pickles have moved into the parsonage.

Mr. and Mrs. George Boston, Boston, who have been spending the past two weeks in Newcastle and vicinly left Monday for Cape Breton. They were accompanied by Miss Mary Anslow, who intends visiting at Halifax and Windsor before returning home.

Miss Ellis Sadler formerly of Chatham, but now a nurse in a Massachusetts hospital visited her native town last week and was accorded a hearty welcome by her old friends.

The many friends of Mrs. James Troy will be pleased to hear that she is recovering from her severe illness.

Mrs. Osborne Nicholson entertained a few friends Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Miller entertained a number of their friends to a trip down river on Friday on their steam yacht Florence.

Mr. East Waring, St. John, is visiting his aunt, Mrs. O. Nicholson.

Mrs. J. W. Randle and family are summering at Youghal.

Mr. George Windsor, Shappegan, was in town Saturday.

Mr. Hedley Parker of the editorial staff of the New York Herald, is on his annual visit to Newcastle. He is accompanied by Mrs. Parker.

Dr. Cates was in town this week.

Mrs. James Dilleneau arrived here from Boston last week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Armstrong and family and Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Lawlor and family leave on Saturday next for Camp Adams, where they will rusticate for a couple of weeks.

Miss Beattie Robertson who has been visiting at her home here returned to Boston on Monday. She went via Fredericton.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. McCurdy spent a few days very pleasantly last week in salmon fishing on the Restigouche, near Metapedia.

Rev. T. G. Johnston is spending a few days in Doaktown and vicinity.

UPPER GAGTOWN.

July 30.—Mr. H. Dale McMullin, who has been in the States for a few years, has returned. He is very sorry to see him in ill health, hope that the change of climate may do him good.

Mr. John McMullin of North East, St. John, spent the Sunday with relatives here.

A. B. Carrier who has been on Grand Manan Island for a few weeks, has arrived home again.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Carrier and daughter are on from Boston, visiting at Mr. Carrier's old home.

Miss Mary A. Carrier is also on from Boston where she has been for a number of years.

Miss Alma Merrithew is visiting Miss Idella Chase.

A number of our young people spent a very enjoyable evening at Mr. H. A. Chase's a few evenings ago, at a candy pull on the beach by a bonfire, and later to ice cream on the lawn.

FERRISBORO.

[Progress is for sale in Ferrisboro Book Store.]

Mrs. A. W. Copp entertained her friends at a five o'clock tea at Bonnie Bryce on Tuesday in honor of her sister, Mrs. Quigley who is visiting her.

Miss Rowan of St. John is the guest of Mrs. Elzebeth for a few weeks.

Miss Grant of New Jersey accompanied by Miss Warner has been paying a visit to her aunt, Mrs. J. Dickinson.

Miss Minnie Cove, Amherst, is staying with Mrs. Hayes. Mr. C. Pippy of Springhill spent Sunday with Dr. and Mrs. Hayes.

Mrs. E. B. Newcomb, Kentville, is in town at present.

Mrs. Clarence Fullerton and Miss Alice Smith are away for a trip to F. E. Island and Cape Breton.

Miss Adelaide Wry of St. Stephen, and Miss Rogers of the Emmeron School of Expression, are guests of Mrs. Cooke. Miss Rogers' readings at the parlor concert at Rev. Dr. McQuarry's on Friday evening gave much pleasure.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart-Jenks of Amherst, accompanied by their guests from Ontario were at the Grand Central last week. On Tuesday the party continued on Passagerey.

Umbrinella White, Re-covered, Repeated Dressed 27 Waterloo.

CORTICELLI SEWING SILK is a perfect silk on account of the perfectness of its parts. Each thread is made up of one hundred strands of "neat" or "cacoon" silk. Each strand is tested by an infallible machine which stops automatically for the slightest flaw, knot or irregularity—a mistake the eye can't see this machine detects. Every yard of Corticelli Sewing Silk must be perfectly smooth, strong, full letter A before it can get on a spool with our label. That label is your guarantee of perfection in Sewing Silk. For Sale Everywhere. Ask for it and see you get it.

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

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

CANADIAN PACIFIC Maine Old Home Week Excursions, PORTLAND DAY, AUG. 7th. One Unlimited First-Class Fare for the round trip. Tickets on sale August 6th, good to return August 11. A. J. HEATH, D. F. A., St. John, N. B.

Canada's International Exhibition, ST. JOHN, N. B. OPENS SEPT. 10th. CLOSSES SEPT. 19th. Applications for space in the Industrial Building should be sent in early as the best locations are being rapidly taken up. Tenders for special privileges are being received. Special inducements are offered to exhibitors of working machinery. Very low excursion rates to St. John on all railways and steamers. Exhibits will be carried practically free on several lines. For price lists, entry forms and other information, address CHAS. A. EVERETT, Manager and Secretary, D. J. McLAUGHLIN, St. John, N. B. President.

Prescriptions Allan's White Pharmacy 87 Charlotte Street. Telephone 239. Telephone 439 when the doctor calls, and I will send for your prescriptions and have them carefully dispensed and delivered at your residence with all possible despatch. Mail orders promptly filled. News and Opinions OF National Importance. The Sun ALONE CONTAINS BOTH: Daily, by mail, \$6 a year Daily and Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year The Sunday Sun is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world. Price 5c. a copy. By mail, \$2 a year. Address THE SUN, New York.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Proceedings for sale in Halifax by the newboys and at the following news stands and centres.
MORNING NEWS Co., Barrington street
CANADIAN NEWS Co., Cor. George & Brantford streets
J. H. FREDAY, Brunswick street
W. A. KILBY, Dartmouth street
Mrs. DeFreytas, 181 Brunswick St.

Aug. 2.—Mr. Harry L. Carling, (son and business manager for Sir John Carling, brewers, London, Ontario) was in this city Saturday evening, coming from Sydney, and leaving by steamer at midnight for Boston, en route home. Mr. Carling was much pleased with the glimpse of Halifax he had on the sea Saturday night.

Rev. Father Aylward, of Chicago, who has been the guest of his sister, Mrs. J. D. Currie for a fortnight, has left to return via Montreal. The Rev. gentleman had a very pleasant visit—everybody is glad to see him again.

Rev. E. H. Pitman has resigned the rectory of St. George's parish, this city; Rev. Mr. Bowman officiated Sunday morning, and Rev. W. J. Asquith last evening, in the "Round Church."

Walter Sherry who has been living in Worcester, Mass. is on a visit to his native city. Misses McQuarrie and Belyea of St. John, N. B., are in the city visiting friends.

Among the passengers by the Grande Duchesse on Monday was Sister Mary Sylvina, of the order of Mercy, daughter of Mr. James Thomas, 76 Pleasant street. Sister Sylvina is accompanied by Sister Ethelburg, May and the friends who will welcome her to her native home once more.

A private letter received today from Rev. C. McKinnon, pastor of Park street church, announces that he would leave Liverpool by the steamer Lake Champlain due at Quebec on Thursday or Friday, so that he may be expected to occupy his pulpit on Sunday next.

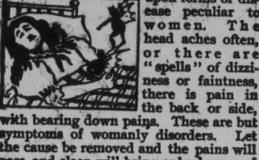
The funeral of Mrs. Mary McKerron took place Monday afternoon in Mount Olivet cemetery. One of the floral tributes was a handsome wreath in which Scotch heather was prominent. As stated in the announcement of her death, Mrs. McKerron was possessed of a strong constitution. Two years ago in her 85 year she crossed the continent from San Francisco to Halifax with unabated vigor at the end of the journey.

The marriage took place yesterday morning at St. Patrick's church of John T. Sheridan and Lena Salterio. Rev. Gerald Murphy performed the ceremony. Miss Orlinda daughter of A. D. Creighton and cousin of the bride was bridesmaid, and E. Creed was groomsmen. The groom lately returned to Halifax from Peru, where he was in the employ of the cable company; he is a son of the late Diver Sheridan. Numerous gifts marked the expression of friendly interest. Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan will spend their honeymoon in Annapolis Valley.

Col. and Mrs. Bingham, Washington, are in the city, en route to the Halifax hotel. Col. Bingham is military A. D. C. to President McKinley, and is on his way to Chester, where he has a fine residence near completion on Little Fish Island. The colonel called on Capt. J. M. Allen, (of Jas. Scott & Co's) this morning and informed him that Admiral Dewey was to make (from next year) his summer residence at Chester, and that the building of his house on Big Fish Island would commence at once. Col. and Mrs. Bingham has been residing for the past month, coming to Halifax to meet her husband.

Miss Mattie Murray of Everett, Mass., is spending her vacation in Boston. Mr. Justice Mesinger and Mrs. Mesinger are in Charlottetown. The Messrs Blake have returned to Charlottetown, Mr. A. F. Miller of the Provincial Treasurer's Department has returned from a visit to P. E. Island. The Messrs Gladys and Ada Barrowman and Mary Lalclaw are spending their vacation at Mason's Point, St. Margaret's Bay. Miss May McMahon, of Halifax, has just returned home after three weeks vacation to Kentville. Lewis J. Kaye and D. R. Turnbull left yesterday afternoon to visit the Paris Exposition. They will be absent two months. Monday's Montreal Star says: "The marriage is announced in London, Eng., of Miss Marie Frances Campbell Doull, youngest daughter of Mr. W. M. Doull, of Halifax, N. S., and Montreal to Guyon Fontaine Greenwood elder son of the late W. M. Greenwood, of Middletown, N. J. The ceremony, which took place on July 12th at St. Stephen's, Westminster, London, was performed by the Rev. W. E. O. Taylor, M.A. Miss McDonald of Halifax is visiting Sydney friends, and is the guest of Mrs. Fraser, Ritchie St. Rev. W. T. and Mrs. Barnes, Montreal, are visiting friends in Halifax. Mrs. Thos Cook is spending a few weeks in Lockport, the guest of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Day. Mr. George Fraschlyns and Dr. Howard Blayser leave for England in the "Tulcanian" from Quebec on Saturday.

Some women don't know what it is to sleep well. In dreams they are haunted by the pains they bore through the day. There is no rest and no refreshment for them even in sleep. This condition is only one feature of many consequent upon forms of disease peculiar to women.



The most effective remedy for diseases of women is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It drives up the debilitated drains, heals inflammation and necrotic and entirely cures female weakness. There is no alcohol, whiskey or other intoxicant contained in "Favorite Prescription," neither does it contain opium, cocaine, nor any other narcotic. It is a strictly temperance medicine. Accept no substitute.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., free of all charge. Each letter is treated as a sacred confidence. Every answer is sent in a plain envelope without any printing upon it. Write without fear and without fee.

"I want to praise your medicine," I have taken eight bottles of "Favorite Prescription," and four of "Golden Medical Discovery," and one of "Pellets." I praise your medicine to all. I had the headache but it is gone. My throat is well and cough gone and all my other ailments are cured. I tried many other kinds of medicine and four doctors.

Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets help Nature to help you. Miss E. B. Harris, L. S. Eaton, Mrs. M. D. Fraser and party of twenty five, Dr. E. G. Haron and wife, Mr. A. Cook J. W. Harrington and E. W. Cole & friend left by the D. A. R. Monday morning for Boston.

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

ANNAPOLIS. Aug. 1.—Mrs. W. D. Gilliat, of Revere Mass., and Miss Maud Gater, of Chelsea, Mass., are visiting Mrs. E. W. Bacon. Mrs. McMuray, son and daughter, George and Margaret of New York, are visiting friends in Annapolis and vicinity.

The Messrs Elms and Alice Henderson, of St. John, are visiting at W. J. Hammond's. Rev. Mr. Haslam, of Lunenburg was a guest at the Rectory for a couple of days this week. Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Robertson are the guests of Mrs. J. J. Ritchie.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown, of Brookline, Mass., are visiting Mrs. (Capt) Hoop. Mrs. Brown was formerly Miss Dolly Boshner of Annapolis. Miss Grace Moody, of Halifax, is spending a few weeks with her brother, W. H. Moody. The Messrs Fannie and Nellie Corbett of Halifax, are visiting friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Spinyay, of Buffalo, are again in Annapolis, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lombard. Miss Parmelee, of Springfield, Mass., and her niece, Miss Eggleston, of New Haven, spent this week in Annapolis. Miss Rose is staying with Miss Jean Hervey, who is camping with a party at Caledonia. Mrs. George Finnegan, of Freeport, is visiting Mrs. W. F. Parker, Round Hill. Master John Bunker is visiting his aunt, Mrs. E. W. Burdell, Round Hill. Mrs. Milledge Bunker and daughter, spent a few days at Smith's Cove last week. Mrs. Henry D. de Siois has returned from her visit to Lunenburg.

E. B. Hardwick, accompanied by his wife, left here yesterday for New York, to take the steamer Majestic, of the White Star line, for England, where they expect to remain some two months. As Mrs. Hardwick is in delicate health. During their stay across the water they propose taking in the Paris Exposition, and will probably go to Karlsbad, the great German Spa.

AMHERST. Proceeds for sale in Amherst by W. P. Smith & Co. Aug. 1.—Mrs. Barry D. Rept and children returned Wednesday from a week's visit in Halifax. Mrs. George and children are at River Herbert spending a few weeks with her mother Mrs. Geo. Hibbard. They expect to take possession of their new residence the first of September. Mrs. J. Ingalls Bent and son Lionel, returned home on Tuesday after a pleasant trip. Mr. Bent is in Lunenburg and expects to return the last of the week. Miss Alice Smith and her sister Mrs. Clarence Fullerton of Parrboro, and daughter, are spending two weeks in Baddeck, C. B. Mrs. Higginson of Boston, is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Christie, Albion St. Mrs. W. J. Moran, and children returned on Saturday from a two week's visit with her parents Mr. and Mrs. John Darling, Robeson, N. B. Mrs. Chapman, wife of Rev. W. T. Chapman, of Franklin, Pennsylvania, U. S., in company with her son, are visiting her mother, Mrs. (Mrs) Greenfield, Spring St. Mr. Chapman is enjoying a trip to the Pacific Coast.

Miss Sadie McKinnon entertained her young friends very pleasantly on Thursday evening last at her parents' residence, Havelock street. Miss Grace Steele is spending a few weeks at Amherst shore. Miss Young of Montreal, has been a guest of Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Chapman for the past two days. Mrs. Milner, Miss Milner and Mr. Robert Milner, will leave here on Aug. 2nd for Montreal, en route for their home in England. Dr. and Mrs. Dobson are here from Pouchkeep, N. Y., guests of Mrs. Dobson's mother Mrs. A. Wilson, Rupert street. Mrs. Dobson intends spending the summer in town. Mrs. Clarence Trueman and children are spending a few weeks at Northport. Mrs. Nell Campbell is enjoying a trip to Halifax.

and Charlottetown, P. E. I. The Corps has returned from Boston but intends leaving again shortly to engage in the electrical works of which Donald Shaw is manager. Stanley Lowe of the Canadian Express Co., spent Sunday in Wallace with his parents. Mrs. Mark Curry spent Sunday in Wallace with her brother Mr. Clarence Lowe. Mrs. B. T. Coates and Miss Mary E. Smith went to Halifax on Monday to attend the marriage of Dr. Smith. Mrs. Claude deL. Black left last week for Lunenburg New Hampshire, where she will spend several months. Miss Laura Calder returned from Wolfville last week, where she was the guest of Miss Beatrice Franklin.

DIGBY. Aug. 1st.—Mr. A. L. Stark of Boston, is visiting relatives at Digby. Mr. Chas. Baxter of Lynn, Mass., is a guest at Mr. Addele Burton's. Miss Nettie Dakin is visiting at the home of Dr. Rice, Sandy Cove. Mr. Edmund Dakin is in Halifax county this week on a fishing trip. Rev. E. Boswick of Quebec, is in town, a guest at the Baptist Parsonage. Dr. Watson is now at Barton where he will assume the large practice formerly carried on by Dr. Kinsman. Mrs. Holt and family, accompanied by Mrs. Chas. Gordon, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Gordon Birch St. Miss Lucy Cousins, of Massachusetts, is the guest of her grandparents, Capt. and Mrs. Jas W. Cousins, Waterford. Miss Jane E. Wright who has been visiting at Arlington, Mass., has returned to Digby where she will spend the summer. Miss Ethel Moody of Windsor, who is at present visiting friends in Digby will also visit Yarmouth before returning home.

Mr. W. Y. Woodman arrived Monday from Boston on Monday and is spending his vacation with his mother Mrs. J. B. Woodman at Hillside Cottage. Rev. Richmond Shreve, D. D., and family, of Hooperstown, N. Y., are the guests of the Rev. gentleman's brother, Mr. T. C. Shreve, Warwick St. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. R. Woodman were passengers from Boston on Monday and are visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Woodman. Mr. J. L. Peters of Digby, and friend Mr. Bachs, lord of Warren, R. I. have returned from their trip to Sydney and other town in the province. Mrs. Joseph Seavey and Mr. Fred F. Seavey of Everett, Mass., who have been the guests of Mrs. Abner Miles, Queen street, left on Saturday for Wolfville.

Mr. C. A. Evans of Halifax, general agent for Nova Scotia, for Queen Insurance Co., spent a day or two in town last week in the interests of his company. Mr. Alpheus Handspiker, of Yiverton, was in town this week, returning home from Truro where he was attending the High Court of the Independent Order of Foresters.

A Much Maligned Beverage. "Death in the teapot." Well cheap teas stewed instead of steeped, caused the saying. Good teas properly drawn, are a wholesome, as well as a palatable drink, but they must be good, as for instance, Toleys' Elephant Brand Infusion Tea.

WOLFVILLE. Aug. 1.—Miss Blanch Bishop, of Greenwick is spending her vacation at home. She is on the teaching staff of the Harding Hall Seminary, at London, Ont. Miss Fannie Killam, of Salem, Mass., is the guest of Mrs. Murray, Linden Avenue. Mrs. Sinclair, of Belleville, Ont., has been the guest of Mrs. J. B. Thayer during the past week. Mr. C. E. Seaman, formerly principal of the Wolfville public schools, was in town this week. He has just returned from a trip to China, and had a narrow escape from being in Fuhien, when the steamer being late in reaching a Chinese port, Mr. Seaman and party decided not to go up to the capital.

Miss Stephens and Creed, of the teaching staff of the Wolfville public schools, returned to Wolfville on Tuesday. Since the close of the school they have been making quite an extensive tour of Upper Canada, going as far west as Wyanburg, where they remained some days. They were delighted with the trip. Mrs. Treacy, of Parrboro, is visiting her parents, Capt. and Mrs. Gillmore. Mr. Burpee Witter, of Halifax, is in town visiting her sister Miss A. E. McLeod. Mrs. John W. DeWitt is visiting Mrs. Edwin DeWitt.

Miss Jennie Dixon, of Hantsport, is visiting friends in Wolfville for a few days. Miss Mills, of Annapolis, is visiting in town at the residence of Captain Gillmore. Mrs. Saunders and Miss Saunders of this town are visiting friends at Hantsport. Miss Lila Seaman has been in town during the past week, visiting old friends. Dr. and Mrs. DeWitt and family were at Chester their former home, last week.

YARBOUR. Aug. 2.—Mr. F. D. Steerit and family arrived from Boston on the Prince Arthur Saturday. Mrs. W. F. Parker and son Roy returned Saturday from Boston. Miss Blanche McNeill was a passenger from Boston per steamer Yarmouth Saturday. Mrs. G. Murray Dase has returned from Boston. Captain Harris of the Battle line, who has been spending a month or two in Yarmouth is to go to St. John on Friday morning to take the position of first officer on the Teaguar. Mrs. Benjamin Rogers, south end, Mrs. Joseph Barrall, Milford, and Miss Jennie Hitchens, Second street, are reported very ill. Rev. W. F. Parker, pastor of the Temple Baptist church, returned from Wainisep on Thursday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Law have returned from a week's visit to Grand Pre.

TRURO. Proceeds for sale in Truro by D. H. Smith, Co., and at Grove Bros. Aug. 1.—Mrs. Knowles and her young son Master Allan are guests of Mrs. Knowles' sister Mrs. S. E. Gosney at Brookfield house. There were two large losses last Saturday afternoon.

Maypole Soap Dyes give absolutely sure results—brilliant colors—no streaking, no crocking—fast. 100. FOR COLORS. 150. FOR BLACK. FREE BOOK on Home Dyeing on application. A. P. TIPPEY & Co., Montreal.

and both very largely attended, a great many people showing at both functions. Mrs. Watson and Mrs. Harry Weeks were the hostesses and are being congratulated on all sides on the success of their afternoon. Mrs. Weeks was assisted in dispensing hospitalities to over a hundred guests by her sisters, Mrs. Chisholm and Mrs. Davidson, her small sisters Misses Marjorie and Beth Davidson and Miss Lida Blair and Miss Mollie Smith. Mr. F. J. Chisholm left for Boston via Yarmouth on Monday last. Mrs. Chisholm remains for a few weeks longer and is still a guest of Dr. and Mrs. McKay. Miss Olive who delighted everyone who heard her with her charming voice, has returned to Boston where she is leading soprano in one of the most fashionable churches. Mr. J. J. Snook entertained a few tables of what last Friday night in honor of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Chisholm.

WINDSOR. Aug. 2.—Miss Myrtle Youild has returned home to Kentville. Miss Janie Curry returned last week from St. John. Miss Hoke spent Saturday with the Misses Bigsby at Mt. Denison. Miss Orr, Port Williams, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Cox. Miss Edith Pearce, Dartmouth, is visiting her friend, Miss Edna Davis. Miss Lucy Scott leaves on Wednesday for Clamport, where she will visit Mrs. Alfred Soott. Mrs. E. C. Creed of Dorchester, Mass., formerly of Upper Newport is at present visiting her relatives in this county. Miss Nettie Leighton, Wentworth, left on Saturday last for Lunenburg, Mass., on a visit to her sister, Mrs. John Chambers. Miss Millicent Smith is visiting at the home of Inspector Craig Amherst, and will also visit Londonderry before she returns home. Mrs. Robert Greenough returned to Windsor on Friday, having been spending a month with Mrs. Capt. T. A. Card at Summerville. Mr. and Mrs. Davison, Halifax, are guests at Fairfield. They arrived on Monday evening of last week and return on Wednesday evening. Miss Alice Davis, Miss Edna Davis, and Miss Pearce of Dartmouth were visiting their friend, Miss Blanche Miller, Miller's Creek. Mrs. E. Herbert Sharpe and children, who have been spending a month with Mrs. Sharpe's parents at Kempf, returned home on Friday last. Mrs. M. E. Youngjohn and daughter Marion of Summerville, Mass., and Miss Lucy Walker of Boston are visiting relatives at Lower Rawdon. Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Creed of Fredericton, with their daughter Vega and youngest son, are visiting relatives in Newport and Rawdon. Miss Nan Wil-on, Halifax, who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. George Wilson, returned home on Friday last. Mrs. Wilson and little son accompanied Miss Emily King of Brookline, Mass., passed through Windsor last week, on her way to Truro to visit friends. She will return to Windsor in a month to visit friends.

Husband—I don't know how much of an allowance to give you next year. Wife—You know how much you can afford, don't you? Husband—Why, yes. Wife—Then give me as much more as you can spare.

SPECIALTIES FOR Ladies' and Gentleman. We can supply any specialties and novelties in Ribbon & Metal Goods at lowest cash prices. If you require any article whatever which is not to be found in the regular stores, write us and we will quote you prices, all correspondence confidential. Send 2 stamps for circular. THE UNIVERSAL SPECIALTY CO., P. O. Box 1142, Montreal.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT. It is unequalled as a remedy for Chafed Skin, Fleas Bites, Cuts, Sore eyes, Chapped Hands, Chittblains, Scalds, Neuralgia and Rheumatic Pains, Throat Colds, Ringworm, and Skin Affections generally. Large Pots, 1 1/2d. each, at Chemists, etc., with Instructions. Illustrated Pamphlet of Calvert's Carbolic Preparations sent post free on application. F. C. CALVERT & CO. Manchester

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

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists.



A Delicious Tubbing

and then refreshing sleep—there is nothing better for any baby. Always use the "Albert"

BABY'S OWN SOAP

and your child will have a fine complexion and never be troubled with skin diseases. The National Council of Women of Canada have recommended it as very suitable for nursery use. The Albert Toilet Soap Co., MONTREAL. Makers of the celebrated Albert Toilet Soap.

Free Cure For Men.

A new remedy which quickly cures sexual weakness, varicocele, night emissions, premature discharge, etc., and restores the organs to strength and vigor. Dr. L. W. Knapp, 200 Hill Building, Detroit, Mich., gladly sends free the receipt of this wonderful remedy in order that every weak man may cure himself at home. BOUTOUCHE BAR OYSTERS. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Boutouche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square. J. D. TURNER

Scribner's FOR 1900

(INCLUDES) J. M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and Grizel" (serial). THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S "Oliver Cromwell" (serial). RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S fiction and special articles. HENRY NORMAN'S The Russia of To-day. Articles by WALTER A. WYKOFF, author of "The Workers".

SHORT STORIES by Thomas Nelson Page, Henry James, Henry van Dyke, Ernest Seton-Thompson, Edith Wharton, Octave Thanet, William Allen White. SPECIAL ARTICLES The Paris Exposition. FREDERICK IRLAND'S article on sport and exploration. "HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO," by Senator Hoar.

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



A Delicious Tubbing... men refreshing sleep—there is nothing better for any baby. Use the "Albert."

Bar Oysters. Served this day, 10 Barrels Butochoche Bar Oysters, rest of the Spring catch, and 25 King Square.

Turner's Ribner's... FOR 1900... INCLUDES... BARRIE'S "Tommy and Corial).

More Roosevelt's... Harding Davis's... Norman's The Russia... by Walter A. Wy...

Stories by Nelson Page, James, Van Dyke, Weston-Thompson, Harton, Chanet, Allen White.

Articles... Ireland's article... Forward Fifty... "AGO," by Sena...

Chayannes, Lafarge, illustrative schemes (in black and white) by Appleton Clark, Hutto, Henry Mo...

Illustrated Prospectus any address. Scribner's Sons, New York.

SUFFERING WOMEN... My treatment will cure promptly and permanently all diseases peculiar to women such as, the catarrhs, inflammation, leucorrhoea, and menorrhoea, etc.

Boston. Aug. 2.—Miss Gammon of the Main street office of the W. U. Tel. Co., left Monday for her home at Apple River, N. S., to spend a few days.

Woodstock. Aug. 1.—Harry Noble is home from his vacation trip. Marvin Walker is home to spend his vacation.

When Vitality Is Lacking. The Complicated Machinery of the Body is Deranged and All Sorts of Pains, Aches and Weaknesses Are Experienced—Get New Vitality by Using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

The human body may be compared to one great and complicated machine, all parts of which work in unison, and the failure of one part to perform its duties denotes the weakness of the whole mechanism.

Vitality is the key to all health. Just as soon as vitality runs low there are pains and aches, weaknesses and irregularities in all parts.

The amount of vitality in the body is dependent on the richness of the blood and the supply of nerve and force. When these essentials of health are lacking they can best be supplied by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is a blood builder and nerve vitalizer of most unusual merit, which overcomes disease by strengthening and invigorating the whole system.

working in Fryburg, Mass., for some months, in this city on his way home. Miss Eva McMichael of St. John, who has been visiting her cousin, Miss Minnie McMichael, Frost street, returned home yesterday afternoon.

Among Monctonians who spent Sunday in Sheldrake were Mr. Harvey East, Miss Alice East, Miss Gertrude Grant and Miss Maud Clark. In the afternoon a number of Moncton friends on the invitation of Mr. East enjoyed a lovely sail in Captain Cooper's "Lack Arran."

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

What was the mean temperature yesterday? asked the Observant Boarder at the breakfast table. "I don't know," replied the Cross-eyed Boarder, "but it was not so mean as it has been."

How to Cleanse the System—Farnes's Vegetable Pills are the result of scientific study of the effects of extracts of certain roots and herbs upon the digestive organs. Their use has demonstrated in many instances that they regulate the action of the liver and kidney, purify the blood, and carry off all the morbid accumulations from the system.

Points and Moot-Points. Sociability without love or love without sociability are equally suspicious. We pardon excessive self-love; it re-venge itself sufficiently.

The biggest fool on earth is the man who works himself to death—the next biggest is the man who never undertakes anything from fear of hurting himself. To inspire energy where it is naturally lacking requires deadly spurs; one might almost as well die of inaction as of the wounds they make.

The ideal is practical, even on the spot. The great demand for a pie is not, safe and reliable antidote for all affections of the throat and lungs is fully met with in Ricketts's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It is purely Vegetable Compound, and acts promptly and magically in subduing all cough, cold, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, etc.

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

Mr. Frank Perry, of Boston, is in the city on a visit. Mr. T. Jones, of Mackay's drug store, spent Sunday in Sheldrake. Mrs. T. Landry of Boston, is in the city visiting Mrs. Jas. Long.

Mr. W. C. Whiteaker assistant post office inspector went north Tuesday night to Red Bank, North Co., on postal business. Mr. F. E. Helme returned Tuesday night from New York where he was attending the big meeting of the Loyal Orange association.

Mr. Stephen G. Ritchie, who has been studying dentistry in Boston, is home for a holiday. Prof. Eustace of St. John, was the guest of Prof. W. M. Tweedie on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fairweather of Brooklyn, N. Y., after a short visit to Mr. Fairweather's parents Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Fairweather, left for home last week. Miss Frances F. Fritchard returned home today from a visit to relatives in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. M. Ryan, who spent the month of July at "Linden Heights," returned to their home in St. John today. Mr. C. E. MacMichael was in town on Saturday to visit Mrs. MacMichael, who is spending a few weeks at "Ravenwood."

Mr. John Hastings of Boston, was in town on Monday en route to St. Martin. Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Whittaker spent Sunday with St. John friends at the Keswick Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fairweather of Brooklyn, N. Y., after a short visit to Mr. Fairweather's parents Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Fairweather, left for home last week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Jones are off on a driving tour through the upper St. John river districts. Clifford Dalling operator in the C. P. R. telegraph office, is off to Toronto to spend his vacation. F. B. Carvell, M. P. F., and Mrs. Carvell took a pleasant drive through the upper end of the county last week.

Mr. He' on Parley, Andover, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Julia Garden. Miss Mamie Hammond, Houlton, has for a few days been the guest of Mrs. Holyoke; she goes to Marysville this afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Jones are making a drive trip through Carleton and Victoria counties. Ven Archdeacon Neales intends starting on Wednesday for a three months trip to England and Paris. Mrs. Neales and their daughter Miss Bessie Neales will leave on the same day for Newport where they will remain with the other daughter, Mrs. Baker during the absence of the Archdeacon.

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

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

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

Victoria Hotel, 81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B. Electric Passenger Elevator and all Modern Improvements. D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor. QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. A EDWARDS, Proprietor.

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

BOURBON. ON HAND. 75 Bbls. Aged Bull. of Anderson Co., Kentucky. THOS. L. BOURKE

SOCIAL and PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

with Mr. Outhill and Mr. Hoke went for a trip to Kingsport returning the same day.

Mrs. Beverly Robinson and daughter of Boston, are here on a visit to Mrs. Robinson's mother.

Mr. and Mrs. James Brown drove from Amherst on Saturday and remained until Thursday, guests of Mrs. Jas. Gillespie.

Mr. E. J. Logan M. F., Mr. T. J. Locke, C. E., and Mr. Barasconi C. E., arrived in town on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chobnet spent part of last week in Toronto.

Mr. R. B. Richmond, Springfield, lately paid a visit to her parents.

Miss Armstrong of Cornwallis is a guest of Mrs. D. S. Howard.

Mr. Harvey Graham has accepted a position at Springfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Coates and Miss Eva Coates have lately been visiting friends. Mr. and Mrs. Coates were on a driving trip.

Mrs. A. C. Berryman was summoned to Cornwallis last week by the death of her mother.

HAD A KICK UPWARD.

And he Gave Vent to it With a Good Deal of Vigor.

A man with a week's growth of beard on his chin and a fierce gleam in his eye stepped up to one of the windows in the postoffice and asked the clerk:

"Is this the registry department?"

"Yes," replied the clerk.

"Say, don't get!"

"I've got a 10 cent stamp that's never been used, and it's as good as new. I wanted to trade it for five 2 cent stamps at that window back there, and the fellow won't take it. A 10 cent stamp ain't no use to me. The government won't be out nothin' I says. 'You can sell it again, and—"

"You needn't waste any of your time talking to me about it. He's got his orders, and you can't!"

"I ain't wastin' any of my time. I've got lots of it. I say it's a darned shame if the United States won't redeem its own!"

"Will you stand aside and let those other?"

"No, I won't stand aside. I'm going to get in my kick. When a government can't afford to make an even trade on a 10 cent stamp, I say it's gettin mighty thunderin—"

"I told you once."

"I offered to take 9 cents and call it even if he'd let it go that way. I won't stand and chaffer over a cent. He wouldn't do that either. He knows I can't use a 10 cent stamp, but he thinks I have got to use 2 cents stamps and I'll have to buy 'em. I'll fool him on that. You see if I don't. If a good citizen is going to be treated this way by the government of these United States and the men it puts in office, I'll be darned if I ever buy another postage stamp as long as I live so help me Captain Streeter! It's the darnedest, littlest piece of business I ever!"

And he was still registering his kick in impassioned language when the uniformed floorwalker led him away.

A Smart Boy.

"Now, Willie, dear," asked his mother, "why did you not come when I called you the first time?"

"Because I did not hear you till you called the third time," said little Willie.

The heart of the mother was pained at this evidence of depravity. For how she reasoned, could he have distinguished the third call without hearing the second?

"I know it was the third time, mamma,"



A Glow of Satisfaction.

Some men don't like the high polish on their linen, but they all appreciate the glow of satisfaction they feel when the work comes home from our laundry. It's rightly and cleanly done; that's all; but that's a whole lot.

AMERICAN LAUNDRY, 98, 100, 102 Charlotte St. MODOE BROS., Proprietors. Agents B. A. Dyeing Co., "Gold Medal Dyers," Montreal.

"Give Him an Inch, He'll Take an Ell."

Let the smallest microbe gain lodgment in your body and your whole system will be diseased. The microbe is microscopic. But the germs become inches and then ell of pain. Hood's Sarsaparilla destroys the microbe, prevents the pain, purifies the blood and effects a permanent cure.

Run Down—"I had severe headaches and my constitution was generally run down. Had read about Hood's Sarsaparilla, tried it, and after using two bottles was entirely cured." Miss Mary Flannigan, Manning Ave., Toronto, Ont.



little Willie hastened to explain "cause you sounded so mad."

She clasped him to her bosom. A boy who could boister up a poor story with a better one was not doomed to remain in obscurity.

ANOTHER NEW CLUB

Which Has to be Organized Yet Sad to Say.

They had assembled in the library of Mrs. L. to organize their new club. It was to be a philanthropic club to look after the welfare of a few of the waifs of the lower east side. Just how to proceed not one of them knew, so no one presided, and they just sat around and talked.

"Shall we be incorporated?" asked Mattie.

"What for?" replied the others.

"Oh, I don't know really," said the first speaker, "only all the important clubs get incorporated."

"Yes, I know they do," came from Emily in the rocker, "but how do you go to work to do it?"

"Why, that's easy," chimed in Mattie, with an air of knowledge. "You only have to make out a list of the officers, with the name of the club, and present it to the mayor. Then he gives you a certificate, which he framed and hung up in the club-room."

"How many officers shall we have?" asked Louie.

"Oh, four will be enough. But we must have a treasurer. Who'll be a treasurer. Who'll be the treasurer?" said Mattie, with an eager look from one to the other. "Now, if Emily wasn't so indolent she'd make a good treasurer."

"No, I wouldn't broke in the one referred to excitedly.

"And why not, pray?"

"Well, simply because stripes going crosswise are not becoming to me. I'm too fat. Let Mattie be treasurer."

"Indeed I couldn't," promptly objected that young woman. "I never could add a column of dollars and cents."

"Well," remarked Louie, "you're all right as long as you don't subtract."

"Don't you think we ought to have a fiscal year?" asked Grace.

"Why, is a fiscal year?" came from each one in turn, but no one could tell.

"I'm sure I haven't the faintest idea what a fiscal year really means," added Frances rather hopelessly, "but every club has one, and I think we ought to."

And then they adjourned.

In a Klondike Jail.

Charles Stecker, the lawyer and politician, has just returned from a two months' trip through Alaska, in the course of which he made some interesting observations, saw some queer people and had some unique experiences, the most remarkable of which was undoubtedly his feat of beating a Klondike roulette wheel twice.

Here is one of his anecdotes.

There is a very interesting jail in Sitka into which all great offenders against law and order in Alaska are thrown. I found it full of murderers. There was one interesting fellow there, an Indian, known as Jim Hudson, who is now under sentence of death. Hudson murdered a harmless consumptive and his wife, who had gone out in the woods to live, and his detection was the result of a remarkable series of circumstances. Hudson's tribe were camped a short distance from the hut which the consumptive and his wife had built and were living in.

"A young buck and his squaw bride belonging to the tribe went away in a canoe for a trip for a few days and never came back. The Indians made a search for them and all they ever found was one of the paddles of the canoe which they had left in. They decided that the couple had been murdered by white folks, and according to the laws of the tribe resolved that two white people should die to expiate the crime. Hudson and some others ran across this poor miserable consumptive and his wife lying alone in the woods and shot them down in cold blood.

"Then they cut off the woman's head

and took it back to their camp to prove that the murder of their own people had been avenged. All efforts to find the murderers were futile and months passed without any headway being made. In the meantime a lot of Salvation Army folks had opened up at S'agway, and one day Hudson drifted into one of the meetings. He was an intelligent Indian, and became very much interested in the services. He heard men and women confessing their sins and saying they were saved, and so he finally got up and told how he murdered the consumptive and his wife.

"He was arrested at once. He confessed the crime, named his associates in it and they were all arrested. Hudson was sentenced to be hanged and the others got terms of from twenty to fifty years each in prison. Hudson awaits his punishment patiently. He is not frightened and it is a matter of indifference with him when the hanging comes off."

On St Paul's Spire Again.

Robert Merrill, better known as 'Steeple Bob' who is repairing the spire of St. Paul's, laughed today at the idea of his work being dangerous.

"I never had much of a fall," said he. "The worse I ever had was in Chicago eight years ago, where, though the carelessness of one of my men in allowing the ropes to slip, I went down six stories. When the smoke cleared away both my arms and both legs were broken, and my shoulder was dislocated. I put in nine months at the hospital after that."

Work was resumed on St. Paul's spire today by Merrill and his assistants. Mrs. Merrill watched her husband's operations with the interest she always shows in his dangerous work. When it began to rain the work was suspended, as the water makes the ropes shrink.

The weather vane on St. Paul's does not appear large from the street, but, in reality, it is nine feet long and weighs over 200 lbs.

Merrill said today that the work on the spire would keep him busy for about six weeks. Besides improvements on the weather vane, the steple will have to be scraped and a new seven-strand copper rope lightning rod put up.

Talmage and the Case.

The following cable despatch from the Rev. DeWitt Talmage, is given out by Christian Herald for publication:

Moscow, July 30.

Since arriving in Russia I have had the honor of three interviews with royalty; i. e., with the emperor, empress and the dowager empress. I found the emperor in the enjoyment of splendid health physically.

"How many things have happened since we last met," he observed, with a reminiscent smile.

The empress is slightly taller than her husband, and radiantly beautiful. She expresses her opinions without reserve. I talked with the royal wife and daughters as freely as though I were conversing with my own sisters.

The dowager empress does not look a day older than when I saw her last. She smilingly reminded me of the flowers which she sent my family when I was in Russia eight years ago, and indicated the spot where she then stood with her children.

Her beautiful eyes filled with tears and her voice trembled as she referred to the loss of her husband, her son, and her mother.

That was all.

I can't imagine why Miss Rockingham treats me so coldly. The other evening when I called she said she had been eating green onions and hoped I would excuse

Shabby Silver.

makes a bad impression. When you can buy silver-plated knives, forks and spoons bearing the stamp of

W. ROGERS

at the present low prices, you should make an effort to renew your family silver.

It's the kind that lasts.

Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co.

Wallingford, Conn., and Montreal, Canada.

ber. Since then she has hardly spoken to me.

"That's curious. What did you say when she excused herself?"

"Let me see! Why, I merely told her not to mind; that it would be an easy matter for me to keep far enough away not to be disturbed."

"Oh!"

Heroes Yet Unrewarded.

The friends of Miss Annie Lawton have applied to the Royal Humane Society for a medal for her, on account of her saving Mr. J. Stewart Campbell from drowning at Camp Comfort - a few days ago. Miss Lawton deserves it, but it must not be forgotten that Johnny Day the 11 year old hero of Fairville, and Johnny McKinnon of the same locality are still unrewarded for their bravery and life saving. The former all alone saved old Mr. Delaney from burning to death by tearing the flaming clothes from his back two months ago, and McKinnon was lowered head first into a blazing refuse furnace to save Malcolm Campbell from an awful death. Both were badly burned. It there are any medals to be given let prior claims be first attended to.

Wants the Ordeal Over.

The application of F. S. Whittaker through his counsel for a speedy trial does not surprise those who are in a position to know what the prisoners feelings are. He wants the ordeal over as soon as possible and now that the preliminary examination is over wishes to know what the result will be. It is said that Mr. Whittaker has made some statements that are interesting and it may be damaging but it would not be fair to use them at this stage. No other banks except the Bank of New Brunswick have made any charges and it is said that there are other notes this bank has not produced.

Who The Woman Was.

The people around Spruce Lake are laughing a good deal over the efforts of the authorities in the city to find out the history of the babe left on the doorstep on Cliff's' rest. They seem to know all about it, how long the mother boarded near the lake, who visited her and how old the infant was when the parties moved to the city. They do not hesitate to say that the name of the young woman was Powers and that she belonged to the North End of city Mrs. Vincent is wanted by the police but up to this writing has been ill. No doubt her examination will bring forth a lot of facts.

A Real Young Woman.

A young woman discovered a little bird completely worn out lying on one of the central walks in King Square on Wednesday and she stooped and picked it up. Then without a moment's hesitancy she walked deliberately across the "lawn" and placed the tired little creature in a tree. A hundred pairs of eyes gazed awe-struck at her, and some really expected to see her arrested. But she wasn't, and when a Square hand came shuffling along to know the reason for her trespass she just gave him "one look," as the girls say, and passed on.

A Medium Rap.

The medium stood behind the black curtain. Suddenly there sounded a loud rapping.

"Is that dear Charles rapping?" inquired the lady who was there to interview her deceased husband.

"No'm," spoke up the medium's son.

"That's the iceman at the front door."

Local Pride.

"You told me that Pittsburg was a very comfortable summer resort in June," said the visiting brother to the resident, "but I see by the weather reports that Pittsburg was the hottest place in the United States on Sunday."

"That's all right," replied the resident joyously. "Pittsburg always leads. Hurrah."

A Matter of Form.

Mrs. Greate-Headde-I believe in a rational dress for my sex. Nature never intended a woman to drag along heavy skirts.

Mr. Twinklerly-On the other hand, madam, I am sure there are many women nature never intended to wear short skirts.

Very Fitting Name.

They were in the back parlor, and the light was dim.

"Tell me darling," he implored, "why you call your little brother Time?"

"Because time will tell," she replied as she struggled from his embrace and peeped under the sofa.

I might as well tell ye before we go any further," said the witness, who had been getting rather the better of the lawyer, "that ye needn't expect to rattle me by asking fool questions."

"No?" retorted the lawyer.

"Naw. I've raised three boys, an got two



A Lady of Quality

Knows real value and genuine merit; and will use SURPRISE Soap for this reason.

QUALITY is the essential element in the make up of SURPRISE Soap.

QUALITY is the secret of the great success of SURPRISE Soap.

QUALITY means pure hard soap with remarkable and peculiar qualities for washing clothes.

ARE SUPPLIED IN VARIOUS QUALITIES FOR ALL PURPOSES.

Pure, Antiseptic, Emollient.

Ask your dealer to obtain full particulars for you.

F. C. CALVERT & CO. Manchester.

BRANDIES!

Landing ex "Corean."

Quarts or Pints

THOS. L. BOURKE,

25 WATER STREET.

grandsons that's keepin me trained all the time.

Unsatisfactory Investment.

Proud mother discussing her daughter, who is singing in the next room—Such enormous sums as we have spent on Clara's voice!

Sympathetic neighbor—And can't you really do anything for it?

Acme of Enjoyment.

Jagway—Did you have a good time at that stag dinner the other night?

Topery—The greatest time I ever had. Why, I can't remember a thing that happened.—Life.

Under the Trees.

The Dude—Are you fond of pubbies, Miss Golf?

Miss Golf—What a singular way you have of proposing, Mr. Junebug!

The Usual Way.

"I notice that a Pennsylvania woman has left \$10000 for the care of her dog and horse."

"It's a wonder she didn't leave a cat, to contest the will."

"Have you faith in your theory about Mars being inhabited?" inquired the skeptic.

"I should say I have faith in it!" answered the man with the telescope. "Why that theory is good for \$50 a thousand words every time. I choose to write an article on it."

Farmer Hornback—What's your city nephew's business?

Farmer Gapp—Why, he plays golf most of the time.

Farmer Hornback—Hub! That ain't a business—it's a disease!

"She hasn't a great deal of money has she?"

"No; but she's after a big reputation."

"In what way?"

"She's going to spread the story that she refused the Duke of Manchester."

"Rebecca wants to go to be a Chinese missionary."

"Nonsense; don't you fool yourself; I know Rebecca: she wants to get out there and organize a 'Daughters of the Charter Boxers,' or something like that."

Larry—Finnegan is raisin' goats.

Donny—Is ther in money in goats?

Larry—Ther is some in Finnegan's.

He hung his vist on a stake awn th' goats ate it up. His month's wages was in th' pocket.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1900.

TOWN TALES.

People Who "Block" Their Way

"Blocking" admissions into the Opera House, the baseball games and other sources of amusement in St. John has for years been practiced, and pretty nearly all the devices and schemes known to the don't-pay-to-get-in class have been worked here.

As soon as the crowd commences to wander towards the B & A. or Shamrock Grounds the "beat" starts too. He is not abashed but boldly steps up to the man at the gate, as if he were the manager of one of the teams about to play.

Yes, sir, the plans of the man who hates to pay are not a few and it would take a person with a cast-iron conscience, a giant form and devoid of all the finer natures to be able to keep them all in the oblivion of the outside until they pay their way.

The parachute hang at either side of the balloon, and are not great umbrellas, as many people suppose, but resemble more closely the upper part of a balloon, with a lot of ropes terminating in a trapeze bar.

Coming down to earth is a great sensation. The descent lasts from five to eight minutes, and is, always, no matter how often one has made the trip, at least interesting. If one has the good luck to come down near the place he went up, one of the first sounds that he hears is the

That Lovely Sweet Spruce Gum. Just at present there is not as much spruce gum in town as there will be toward the latter part of September or early in October.

Dog Days sultry, sticky and sultry focusing are here; Dog-days, sweltering, sultry, sticky and sultry focusing are here; Look Out!

Farmer's almanac, the authority on such matters, on Wednesday, July 25, and if the calendar is correct will continue until Sept. 5; there is no more unsatisfactory season in the whole year than this period, owing to the unsettled condition of the weather and the general disregard by the atmospheric deities of the rules which at other times are always strictly followed.

ing of the band, and the tune is usually the same; so that, going up and coming down, the last and the first sounds are, 'Up in a balloon, boys.'

As to compensation, an aeronaut gets two hundred and fifty dollars for an ascension, and one hundred dollars a day when he gives a week's performance. When he has a month's stand the price is much lower, but the pay is always good.

The report of United States Commissioner of Labor Carroll D. Wright for 1898 on "Hand and Machine Labor" sets forth some very interesting facts. Aided by machinery, 4,500,000 men turn out a product which would require the labor of nearly 40,000,000 men if produced by

while at tea-time it may be cold enough for a coat. Though occasionally a touch of coolness is enjoyed, the ordinary dog-day is one of great oppressiveness with a climate that wilts collars and persons with equal success.

It's singular but true that the only baseball games played with outside teams on the Shamrock grounds this season have been hindered by wet weather. Last Friday's with the Tartars was the fourth instance.

The other morning a kitten wandered into the King Square and quite a while escaped the eagle eye of several of Dr. Christie's minions, who were trying at last to tidy up that breathing spot.

hand. In America the advantage derived from machinery is about twice as great as in Europe, so that the actual population of the United States is equal in productive power to 150,000,000 Europeans.

The kite had attracted the electric fluid, which followed the cord, as in Franklin's famous experiment, and descended into the earth through the boy's body. Wonderful to relate, the lad was not killed.

The black sands containing gold which are spread along the shores of Norton Sound, near Cape Nome, Alaska, are said to differ from similar sands found on the coast of California and elsewhere, because they show no indication of having been transported by streams of water.

The congregation was surprised when a certain young lady vocalist broke completely down in her solo last Sunday evening. It was an unusual thing for her to do, but her explanation is a good one.

What a Dressmaker Said. "What a glorious thing it would be," said a worn-out dressmaker to Progress not a great while since.

My Muddled King Square. The other morning a kitten wandered into the King Square and quite a while escaped the eagle eye of several of Dr. Christie's minions, who were trying at last to tidy up that breathing spot.

REMARKABLE KNIVES. Boys are becoming Luxurious in Their Choice of a Pocket Knife. It was once the ambition of the small American boy to possess a "two-bladed knife."

Nowadays the humblest small boy's jack-knife has at least two blades, and many boys have three bladed ones—a big blade at one end, with a small one for fine whittling, and a nail blade at the other end.

Now most excellent knives are made in the United States, and at the present rate of advancement, both in quality and reputation, the large importation of English and German knives is likely to come to an end.

their fine clothes, stay up late nights rushing their work for this tea or that reception, and after the job is delivered that's all we hear of it until month's after when we start dunning. Sometimes we get our money, sometimes we don't."

The Lily Harvest is Being Reaped. Admirers of the graceful, refreshing and fragrant pond lilies are having their harvest time about now and at all the nearby lakes where the beautiful blossoms grow in any sort of abundance, people may be seen daily gathering the blooms from the midst of pads in shallow places; but all the flower-lovers don't go to the trouble of getting the lilies themselves, but instead receive frequent supplies from small boys who make a regular business of furnishing customers each season.

Everyone who has ever been a lilying knows that the blossoms are little better than worthless unless picked with long stems. This necessitates a good deal of ducking on the part of the picker and therefore it is advantageous to have a companion to handle the oars and incidentally ballast the boat while you reach far down amidst the stems with bared arms.

Loaded in Daylight. A small camera exhibited in a King street shop window and beside it a sample of the picture the wee kodak is capable of taking. The picture reveals the rotund person of a well known editor in town. Nearby is a card with this inscription, "Loaded in Daylight." Onlookers wonder which is meant, the editor or the camera.

Photographed Stars Vanish. Dr. Isaac Roberts, whose beautiful photographs of nebulae and star clusters are well known, gives a somewhat startling account of the manner in which the images of faint stars and nebulae disappear from photograph plates. On one of his plates, in 1886, he counted 403 stars; the same plate in 1895 showed only 272 stars, the images of 131 having entirely disappeared.

Finding a Very Ancient Ancestor. The blue coral is known as one of the most isolated of living animals. It has been described as the only species of its genus and the only member of its family, "with no close living relations and no known ancestors." Recently, however, Prof. J. W. Gregory has discovered in the British Museum what he believes to be an ancestor of the lonely blue coral in a fossil coral of the Cretaceous period, called Polytremacis.

Best Form of Instantaneous Shutter. According to Monsieur Sigriste of the French Academy of Sciences, the only thoroughly scientific shutter for instantaneous photography consists of a slit moving rapidly across the sensitive plate. But to obtain good results the space between the plate and the shutter should not exceed one tenth of a millimeter, and the edges of the slit must be sharp and carefully beveled to exclude reflection.



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Under the Trees. Are you fond of puppies, all?

Golf—What a singular way you proposing, Mr. Junebug!

er Hornback—What's your city's business? er Gapp—Why, he plays golf most time.

er Hornback—Huh! That ain't a disease! er hasn't a great deal of money has; but she's after a big reputation."

# Wild Darrell of Dare.

IN TWO INSTALMENTS.

She knew nothing or next to nothing, of the Scotch marriage laws, as Gerard Vaughan had been careful to ascertain; and even if it had been otherwise, she would never have dreamed of suspecting that the grave, reserved Darrell wanted to marry her.

So she repeated the words with a bright little smile, and a faint fitting blush, which made her look lovelier than ever.

Her only fear was lest the Master of Dare might consider she was taking a liberty with him.

"Now, Darrell," said Vaughan, flashing a triumphant look across at him. "Now, old fellow."

Darrell rose from his chair, and turned his face full on Nora.

I, Hubert Darrell, take thee, Nora Berekford, to be my wedded wife, and in token thereof I plight thee my troth.

As he spoke, he slipped a ring off his little finger, and placed it on the fourth finger of her left hand.

There was something in his tone, which which was strangely solemn, and in this action, that awakened in Nora's mind a faint—a very faint feeling of misgiving.

But before she could speak, before she could ask Gerard Vaughan what game it was they were supposed to be playing, a sudden interruption came.

A knock at the cabin door was followed by the appearance of one of the sailors, who said something hurriedly to Darrell, and he and his cousin both rose at once.

The man had spoken in Gaelic, so that Nora could not understand what he said.

She fancied, however, that something was wrong with the yacht.

She felt sure it had come to a standstill. Involuntarily, she rose also; but Darrell by a gesture, begged her to resume her seat.

"Please, do not go on deck just at this moment," he said, with grave gentleness.

"Is there anything wrong with the yacht? Are we in any danger?"

"I give you my word we are not. Remain here for five minutes, please, and I will return to you."

She did not notice that he said "I" instead of "we."

She, of course, thought he meant that his cousin would return with him.

Three minutes passed, and she could feel that the yacht was again in motion.

Two more minutes, and then Darrell re-entered the little room, looking she thought strangely serious and very pale.

He came straight towards her, bent low over her, and took her hand.

"Nora, I wonder if you will ever forgive me!"

That was what he said in a voice of sad, grave gentleness.

No wonder the girl thought some terrible thing had happened, or that he was going out of his mind.

She started up from her chair, and looked at him in wondering alarm.

"Mr. Darrell, what is the matter? What has happened?"

"Dearest, forgive me if you can! What I have done has been for love of you. You are my wife!"

A sudden light flashed across her mind. She remembered that mock ceremony in which she had taken a part.

A terrible fear seized her. Her cheeks grew pale and her eyes were dilated with terror.

"Your wife!" she panted. "Oh! you don't mean it!—you don't mean it! You couldn't be so wicked—so cruel!"

"It is true," he answered gloomily, for the horror in her face had struck to his heart with an agonising pang. "You are my wife as surely as though a priest had joined our hands."

"It isn't true. It can't be true. I never meant it—you know I never meant it. A girl can't be married like that against her will!"

She spoke breathlessly. Her bosom heaved; her whole frame trembled.

Darrell feared she was about to swoon. She would have done so had not mingled terror and indignation held her up.

"Where is your cousin?" she panted wildly, and she started towards the door. He set his back against it folding his arms looked down upon her with a look she thought hard and stern; but which was, in truth, made up of grief and despair.

He began to see that he had taken this desperate step in vain.

He would not be able to win the girl's forgiveness—far less her love.

"My cousin has gone," he said. "He left the yacht in a boat. He has gone back to Glenuiskie to tell your aunt you are married to me."

Nora stood like one struck dumb. The horror of her position rushed upon her with stupefying force.

Married! To Wild Darrell of Dare. To a man who had committed murder! Oh, it was too horrible! She could not—could not bear it. Then she remembered Keith Talbot. If she were, in truth, married to Hubert Darrell, she must see Keith no more. And what would he think of her? What would he say when he heard she was married to another man?

This thought rendered her almost frantic.

She faced Darrell with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes, and from her lips there flowed a torrent of wild reproaches.

She called him traitor, coward, villain,

she told him she hated and loathed him, and, finally, she demanded of him that he should immediately turn the yacht, and take her back to Glenuiskie.

Darrell spoke no word in answer to her reproaches, or to her assurances of hate; but when she made that last imperious demand he set his teeth hard, and said, with what she took to be reckless defiance—

"It is madness for you to talk of going back. You are my wife."

"I am not your wife. No girl can be married against her will. Nothing shall induce me to remain with you; I would rather die. I will appeal to the sailors, and, if they will not hear me, I will throw myself overboard."

"You will find it useless to appeal to them," he answered gloomily. "For one thing, they do not understand a word of English, and, even if they did, they know you are my wife, and would refuse to interfere. By this time Gerard is almost at Glenuiskie. In less than half an hour everyone will have been told you have gone away to be married to me. How can you go back after that?"

She turned pale again as she saw by what difficulties she was surrounded.

That sudden paleness and the anguish in her eyes smote Darrell to the heart.

His seeming hardness melted in a moment.

He caught her hands in his, all but flung himself at her feet, and poured out his love in a passionate torrent.

He told her how he had loved her from the first hour of their meeting; how his love had grown and deepened until it was the master-passion of his life.

"Dearest!" he pleaded, "you are my wife by law—be my wife in love. Love me a little. Try to love me. Surely my great love must win some return in time."

"Never!" she protested passionately. "Never! Never! You have ruined my happiness; you have altogether spoiled my life. There was someone else I loved: I had promised to be his wife. You have prevented that if what you say is true. But, at any rate, I tell you to your face that I shall never cease to love him!"

Darrell started as though he had been struck.

He had never dreamed of this.

There darted through him a conviction that he had sinned in vain.

It had been a sin to decoy this girl from her home, to make her go through a form of marriage by a fraudulent device, and to keep her captive against her will.

He had told himself it was a sin against her from the very first; but he had been willing to allow himself to be persuaded that it was such a sin as a woman most readily forgives.

His cousin had assured him that Nora would find no hardship in being compelled to become the wife of the master of Dare Castle, that she would secretly glory in being wooed in such impetuous fashion, and would most certainly bring herself to love him when once she knew that in the eyes of the law, she was his bride.

When Gerard presented the case to him in glowing colours thus, Darrell had eagerly believed him.

He had allowed all his own objections to be overcome, and had entered into the scheme with an ardent hope that ere long all his wishes would be fulfilled.

Nora would learn to love him, and would forgive him for carrying her away against her will.

But now, now that she told him she loved another man, despair fell on his heart.

He judged her by himself.

He knew his heart was given to her and could never be recalled.

She would be the same—her heart once given could never be recalled either.

It was not true for him to win.

That other man possessed it and controlled it.

He had sinned in vain.

Whether the two sailors had been saved or not they could not tell; but, at any rate, nothing of them could be seen.

It afterwards transpired that they had laid hold of a piece of wreckage, which had served them as a raft, and on which they had managed to get to the mainland, without greatly troubling themselves as to the fate of their companion.

Indeed, they believed them to be drowned.

It is very cold in Scotland in late October, and Nora, drenched to the skin as she was, might well shiver as she sat exposed to the biting wind which blew upon her from the sea.

Darrell began to consider what he could do for her comfort.

A fire was the first consideration.

He moved away and began to pick up chips and twigs, and these he piled together in a screened spot, and set alight.

Fortunately his silver match-box had protected his smoking fuses from the damp, so that he was at no loss for a light.

His fire once set a burning, he piled up log after log until it was a veritable bonfire.

There was no lack of wood on the island, jetsam thrown up by the waves.

Then he went back to Nora, who had

Such thoughts as these surged through his mind with bewildering force, leaving him pale, despairing, dumb with misery. A minute or two there was silence between them, after that passionate protestation of Nora's.

It was broken by a hurried knocking at the door, and the appearance of one of the sailors with a look of concern on his sunburnt face.

He said something which Nora could not understand, as he spoke in Gaelic; but she gathered that the weather had become suddenly threatening and that they were in some danger.

The sky, which half-an-hour ago had looked so clear, was now a mass of jagged black clouds.

The wind had risen with sudden fury, and was lashing the waters till they almost threatened to engulf the yacht.

Neither Darrell nor Nora had noticed this sudden change.

They had been too deeply moved, too violently agitated.

But now Darrell hastened on deck, and she followed him, scarcely knowing what she did.

### CHAPTER V.

The storm fulfilled its worst threatenings.

The wind blew itself into a gale, the skies grew leaden. The sea was white with foam.

The little vessel was the mere sport and toy of the waves.

Nora, pale and breathless, but quite calm outwardly, remained on the deck, supporting herself as best she could, and watching, with wide-open, dilated eyes, the efforts of Darrell and the two sailors.

Darrell worked with almost superhuman energy and strength, but nothing he could do availed against the fury of the storm, and it soon became evident that their peril was very great.

The vessel was being driven by the fury of the gale right on to some sunken rocks. She would inevitably go to pieces there.

Darrell, pale as death, and with a look of unexpressed anguish in his dark eyes, approached Nora.

"I will save you, or die with you," he said in a low voice, which thrilled with poignant remorse. "I dare not ask you to forgive me. It is I who have brought you to this."

She did not speak, but turned her accusing eyes full upon him.

Scarcely had she done so, before the doomed vessel ran upon a rock, and in another moment Nora found herself in the cold, cruel waves.

She strove desperately to keep afloat, but she knew the struggle could not last long.

The waves buffeted her sorely; unless help came soon she felt she must perish.

She gave a little gasping cry—a cry that was in truth a prayer, and resigned herself to death.

But even while that cry was still on her lips, she felt herself grasped by a strong arm, and heard the voice of Darrell in her ear.

"Don't be afraid!" he said quietly. "There is an island quite near, and I am a strong swimmer. I shall save you."

She did not answer; in truth she could not, she was too exhausted.

He swam with her to the island he had mentioned.

It was far enough away to make the task of reaching it an almost superhuman one; if he had not possessed immense strength—above all, if he had not been inspired by love—he could not have accomplished it.

But at length he reached the island with his burden.

Both he and Nora were quite exhausted but they were uninjured, and safe.

Nora struggled desperately against the deadly faintness that threatened to overcome her, by-and-by a faint tinge of color stole back to her face.

She had seated herself on a great boulder, just out of reach of the incoming tide; Darrell stood opposite her.

There was perfect silence between them. Neither spoke.

He was looking around, and calculating how long they were likely to remain upon the island.

It was uninhabited; a dreary spot, not more than a few hundred yards in circumference.

There were a few stunted bushes upon it but no trees; and among these bushes here was a sort of shed, or hut, probably the work of some fisherman who had sheltered there.

It was now late in the afternoon. The skies were darkening, the sun was beginning to sink behind the horizon.

It was tolerably certain that they two would have to spend the night there—and alone.

Whether the two sailors had been saved or not they could not tell; but, at any rate, nothing of them could be seen.

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been watching his movements, wishing to help, and yet not daring to offer, and said to her—

"Haven't you better go and dry your clothes? You will take cold if you don't."

She looked up with a timid "Thank you," and did as he bade her.

He, meanwhile, walked away to the shed and began to prepare it for her reception.

Fortunately, the weather had been very dry; there was no dampness anywhere, so he cut great pieces of turf, and made them into a not uncomfortable couch.

As he had only a pocket-knife, it was slow work, and by the time he had finished it was quite dark.

Meanwhile Nora had dried her clothes as best she could.

Darrell was almost concealed from sight among the bushes, but she guessed his occupation.

She knew he was preparing some sort of a shelter for the night.

The question which agitated her mind, making her heart beat fast, and her cheeks pale and crimson by turns, was whether that shelter was intended for herself alone.

If she were in truth Wild Darrell's wife, it might very well be that he would expect as a matter of course to share the shed with her.

In that case, Nora resolved, with a flushing cheek, she would not avail herself of it at all.

He might do as he chose about regarding himself as her husband, but she would never acknowledge herself his wife.

At last he came back to her, bringing with him more fuel for the fire.

"I shall keep it alight all the night through," he remarked quietly. "Perhaps it will attract attention, and bring us help, I shall watch beside it; you had better try to get some sleep. I have made things as comfortable for you as I can."

She could not but be touched by his generosity.

When she remembered that he had saved her life at the risk of his own when she saw that his clothes had been suffered to dry upon him while he had left the fire and gone away to work for her, she could not but feel that he was entitled to her respect—that he had done much to atone for his sin.

"I will take my share of watching," she said timidly. "It is not fair that should do all the night alone."

"It was I who brought you into danger," he answered almost sternly. "I will get you out of it, if I can."

"You have saved my life at the risk of your own. Don't think me ungrateful. I want to thank you."

"No thanks are due to me. I led you into danger. If I had not saved your life, I should have regarded myself as your murderer."

His tone was still so brusque as to be almost stern.

His eyes were fixed on the skies.

Nora felt it was indeed difficult to talk to him while he looked and spoke like that.

She rose and began to move towards the hut and scarce knowing what she did.

"Stop one moment," he said hoarsely. "Was it true what you told me on the yacht—that you are engaged to marry someone else?"

"Yes, it was quite true."

"Then I have done you a terrible wrong. I don't ask you to forgive me—that would be too much to expect; but I promise to make atonement if I can. At least, I promise never to claim you as my wife."

"Do you mean that I really am your wife?" asked Nora tremblingly.

"Most certainly you are. The marriage can be set aside, I dare say; as you were not a consenting party; but the fact that we uttered those words in the presence of a witness are enough to constitute a marriage law. The worst of it," he added gloomily, "is that Gerard will have gone to Glenuiskie and told everybody we are married. Still, the evil may be undone. You can get the marriage set aside. I shall frankly admit that I took advantage of your ignorance of our marriage law to entrap you into the ceremony."

"You are very good," faltered Nora, scarce knowing what to say.

"Good!" he exclaimed, with a bitter laugh. "I don't know about that; I rather think I am very bad. At any rate, I am not quite a brute, and I was once accounted a gentleman. Now, good night. I shall watch by this fire, but I hope you will be able to sleep."

"Good night," she said and somehow—she could not have helped it to save her life—her voice almost broke into a sob.

She did not love this man—any, she loved another; but, nevertheless, it smote her with a keen pang to know that she loved her, that she was, in law, his wife, and that he yet had nobility of soul enough to give her up.

"If it were not for Keith, I believe I might have learned to love him in time," she thought as she walked slowly away.

### CHAPTER VI.

It was long indeed before Nora found sleep that night.

Hour after hour she lay awake, thinking of the wonderful events of the past day.

Her marriage day it had been, if what Wild Darrell said was true, and, somehow she did not doubt him.

She was a wife—the wife of a man whose hand was dyed with murder.

She could not help dwelling on the thought that Darrell loved her; it seemed so strange, so undreamed of.

"I am sorry for him," she murmured to herself, as she lay awake in the darkness. "I am sure he is not a bad man, and he is to be pitied. Yes; I am very sorry for him."

At length, about midnight, worn out with excitement and fatigue, she fell asleep.

When she awoke it was daylight. The storm had quite subsided; the sea was smooth as glass, and the sun brightly shining.

She sprang up from her rude, yet not uncomfortable, couch, and all but uttered an exclamation of surprise as she saw that, while she slept, Darrell's coat, carefully dried, had been laid across her.

She could not but feel touched by his unselfish thoughtfulness.

Evidently he was prepared to divest himself of every comfort to add to hers.

She walked towards the spot where he had lighted the fire, carrying the coat with her.

She felt a curious bashfulness at the thought of meeting him, and yet she felt that the meeting ought not to be delayed.

It was high time he took some rest now; she would watch beside the fire while he went to the couch she had quit.

But when she reached the spot, she found that sleep—the sleep of utter exhaustion—had already overtaken him.

The fire was burning brightly; evidently he had tended it within the last hour; and a few yards away from it, on a mossy bank, he was lying fast asleep.

Nora stepped softly to his side and looked down upon him, examining his form and features with an interest which was surely natural enough, seeing that she was, in law, his wife.

He was handsome she decided—nay, even beautiful, with a dark, strong, manly beauty such as women most admire.

She remembered how he swam through the fierce breakers with her yesterday.

Not one man in ten thousand could have accomplished such a feat as that.

And yet, with all his strength, he could be tender and gentle.

He loved her with a soul absorbing love. Even Keith himself did not love her better than did this Wild Darrell of Dare.

He was generous—too generous—and noble.

It had proved that.

"Oh! it is a pity!" she sighed softly. "It is a great pity he does not love someone who could have returned his love."

Even as she was thinking this, Darrell woke.

His dark face flushed a little at being caught by her in such dishabille, and taking the coat from her hand, he hurriedly donned it with a muttered apology.

"I don't know how I came to fall asleep," he said.

"You were tired out, and no wonder," returned Nora very gently. "Think of all you did yesterday."

"I would rather think of the first place you ought to do to day. In the first place you ought to have something to eat. I quite expect a boat of some kind will pass by you to day, and we shall get taken off; but that may not be for hours, and you will get quite faint if you don't take something. I have a little brandy in my flask. If you will drink some, it will help you keep up, and there are plenty of berries on those bushes. I will gather you some. They will be better than nothing."

Nora did not speak for a moment or two.

She was standing with her hand shading her eyes, looking out across the water.

"I don't think you need trouble to gather any berries," she said at length, speaking very quietly. "I can see a boat. I feel sure it is coming here."

"Thank Heaven!" said Wild Darrell fervently, as though a great weight were lifted from his mind.

Nora knew his dread had been lest she should have to suffer privation.

It was that that had weighed so heavily on his heart.

They went down to the shore together. By this time the boat could be plainly discerned—nay, even the figures of the men who rowed it.

As it came nearer, and still nearer, Darrell could see there were three men in it



A New Kind  
of Minstrel.

When the 5.15 train pulled out of the Atlantic City station on Sunday afternoon last, the chair cars were pretty well filled with Elks who had remained over at the huge New Jersey resort after attending their annual national convention there. Many of them were in a pretty cheerful frame of mind: perhaps they were glad because they were getting away from a land breeze that wafted the mercury in the thermometers on the Atlantic City porches up to 100 mark and carried myriads of utterly fearless mosquitoes right down to the board walk, and perhaps, again, some of the joyous Elks had loitered quite a lot on their way to the station. At any rate, the majority of them were obviously feeling pretty good, and the exchange of witticisms and gentle 'knocks' among the chairs was pretty rapid.

In the smoking compartment of the forward chair car, a foreign looking young chap with a big mop of very straight and very black hair brushed back from his forehead sat gloomily with a black leather violin case across his lap. Five of the joyous Elks were jolly one another over cigars in that smoking compartment, but the foreign looking young chap with the violin case paid no attention to them. He looked out of the window at the green meadows that hedge Atlantic city around, and the boisterous laughter of the Elks never induced him to turn his head once. He looked blue. He looked like a man who had lost his job.

About five minutes after the train had pulled out, a young fellow in a blue serge suit and apparently in possession of a jag of such proportions that it must have been left over from the night before appeared at the door of the smoking compartment in which the foreign looking young chap with the violin case and the

five happy Elks sat. For all of his apparent jag, there was a certain shrewd expression in his gray eyes. The lightning glance when he exchanged with the foreign looking young man with the violin case, who turned his gaze from the window for the first time when the young man with the jag appeared at the door, might have told a close observer that his jag wasn't of such proportions as he was endeavoring to make it appear but the five Elks weren't observing things closely just then; they were just having fun among themselves.

The young man with the shrewd gray eyes and the somewhat unsteady gait took a seat in the compartment, dug a frazzled cigar out of his waistcoat pocket, lit it, and leaned back contently with his leg on his suit case. In something less than five minutes he was full swing with the five Elks. He had butted in at a favorable opportunity with a witticism so opportune that he caught the five, and the Elks grinned and were rather inclined to be indulgent with him on account of his obvious jag. Inside of ten minutes he was saying most of the funny things in a thick, yet clever sort of way. He was a good talker, and pretty soon the Elks found themselves inclining their ears to catch his quaint, humorous remarks. The young man with the shrewd gray eyes and the palpable jag reached into his suit case produced a fine bottle of cocktails after the train had been under way for about a quarter of an hour and handed it around. Each of the five Elks good-naturedly took a swig out of the bottle, which was then passed over to the gloomy-looking foreigner with the violin case and the mob of black, straight hair. The latter shook his head, smiling dreamily.

"I'm drunk," said he. "I like, but if I drink I no can play," tugging his violin case.

"Who said you could play, anyhow. Ginney?" inquired the young man with the jag, good-naturedly. "You can't prove it by us. We ain't heard you."

"I been play in orchestra here," said the foreign-looking chap, waving his hand back in the direction of Atlantic City, "but I no play z: ragtime, and zay no want ze good museek. I been dis-charge," and he turned his face to the window and sighed somewhat heavily.

"Got fired because you couldn't or wouldn't play ragtime, hey?" inquired the young man with the jag, sympathetically.

"How's that for a bum hard luck story, fellows?" and he looked around at the five Elks with a grin.

The Elks admitted that it did look kind of hard-luckish.

"Say, get out your old whargdoodle and scrape us one or two, will you, Guinea?" said the young man with the jag to the foreign-looking chap. "We'll make good if you hit us right."

The foreign-looking chap looked around at the faces of his six compartment mates with a bland, inquiring gaze.

"Go ahead," said one of the Elks. "Give us some of your good music."

The musician unstrapped his violin case and took out the instrument, which was of rich tone and of contralto quality, it appeared as if he might prove to be a pretty fair performer. He put the violin under his chin, drew the bow across the strings and then rested the instrument on his knees.

"Vat I play?" he asked, looking around the circle with inquiring gaze.

What's the matter with Schubert's 'Serenade' asked one of the Elks, a stout broad-faced man.

"I'm feeling kind o' woczzy, myself, after this whirl, and the 'Serenade' 'ud about nail me."

"Good thing," said the other Elks, and the young man with the jag. "Saw us the 'Serenade'."

The foreign looking chap put the instrument under his chin, raised his bow, and began. Right from the first note it was obvious that he was a performer of no mean ability. There was expression in his

method and sentiment. His cords were beautiful. He hadn't played ten bars before the Elks and the young man with the jag began to look a bit serious.

"Say, he doesn't do a thing but yank the moons and sobs out o' that piece, does he?" said the young man with a jag, looking around at the others, but they frowned a bit. They wanted to listen. The musician with the mop of black hair swayed with the inspiration of the 'Serenade,' and there is no doubt that he performed the piece remarkably well. When he finished he sighed and rested his violin on his knees, and the Elks and the young man with the jag seemed slowly to awaken from a spell. Eight or ten other Elks were listening at the door of the compartment.

"Say, that fellow's all right," said the Elks in the compartment to one another. "He'll do. It's a treat to get a little of that kind of good stuff after hearing those darned 'Ah Hates Tub See Mah Baby Lose' and 'Ah Ain't Seen No Messengub Boy' things twisted out of the merry-go-rounds for a week or so."

"Ain't he a baby with that thing though?" said the young man with the jag, handing around his bottle of cocktails again. "Sort o' gets a duck around the neck, eh? Chop us another, Guinea, will you?"

"Vat I play?" inquired the musician again, mopping his forehead with a Persian figured handkerchief.

"What's the matter with the 'Intermezzo'?" inquired the stout Elk with the broad face.

"That's one that'll make you forget for a few minutes that there's such a thing as working for a living."

The foreign looking chap smiled and nodded his head, and began to play the gem that Verdi Mascagni. The fellow was really a violinist of genuine talent. He got the organ tones out of the 'Intermezzo,' and before he was half through the Elks were blowing smoke rings and looking up at the top of the car. The doorway was jammed with listening Elks. The young man with the jag seemed to be drinking in the music with half-closed eyes. The listeners almost gasped when the foreign looking chap made the finish with the high G on the E string.

"S'y, look here," said one of the Elks

standing in the doorway, "you fellows in there are not going to have all this to yourselves. Bring the man out into the car so's we can all have a back at that music. It's the best fiddling I've heard in a coon's age."

He was backed up in his demand by others of the Elks standing in the doorway.

"Hey, come on out and take one of the chairs, Tchankowsky, or What d'ye call 'em," said the young man with the jag to the musician.

"Give the whole bunch a chance."

The musician smiled in his childlike way, picked up his case and violin, and headed the procession to the main body of the car, followed by the young man with the jag and all of the Elks. He sat down in one of the chairs, tuned up the instrument again, and by the time he was ready to play the word had been passed back through all of the cars that there was a fiddler of a whole lot of skill playing in the forward car, and the car became crowded with Elks in a cheerful frame of mind.

"Vat I play?" once more inquired the foreign looking chap, looking around at his vastly widened circle.

"Any old thing," chorused the Elks who had been listening to him in the smoking compartment. "You've got it down all right. You can't put 'em over too swift for us."

"What's the matter with some of that d. t. Hungarian stuff?" put in the young man with the shrewd gray eyes and the jag. "That's wild and devilish enough to make a man feel like walking nine miles through snow knee deep to bite his little sister."

"Ah!" said the musician, and he began to play czardas. He seemed to be particularly at home at that sort of music and he had every man in the car swaying in no time. He was vociferously applauded by the crowded car at the end of each composition, and he was still playing away with remarkable effect when the young man with the jag looked out of the window.

"We're butting into Camden," he announced, looking at his gun metal watch, and this Guinea's made the ride seem like a ten minute trip on the trolley, hey?"

(Continued on Page Sixteen.)



THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

Chat of the Boudoir.

Fashion has held her convention; has formally approved of her present delectable policy, so agreeable to her constituents, and has moved on to the various summer resorts for the grand round-up of all that is latest and most elegant in summer dress.

Every last lingering remnant of novelty has been brought out and experimental models are the rare exception, the surprises of fashion being reserved for a later date. The most interesting side of the subject, now that fashion has settled herself for a summer vacation, is the possibility of radical changes which are looming up in the not far distant future. The latest gowns show a strong tendency toward the Empire modes, which are not only announced, but are here in material form.

The necessity for variety in dress increases tenfold at the seashore, where you may settle yourself with your cast iron convictions as to the enduring qualities of your wardrobe and find it a delusion and a snare after a very brief period in the briny dew atmosphere. Your very prettiest gown is soon transformed into a weird counterpart of its original self, and likewise your faith in the permanency of material things. Coming back to town for new gowns in July is a pleasure excursion which makes serious inroads on your disposition as well as your bank account; but unless extra gowns have been ordered earlier in the season for this emergency the up-to-date woman finds it a necessity.

She will find some charming things this season in the way of dressy gowns made of a sort of silk mousseline or tissue in pale tints and embroidered in very open eyelet holes, either in black or white. Taffeta silk in a paler shade forms the foundation dress, with platings around the hem, while over this is a chiffon skirt, also trimmed with ruffia to soften the effect. The mousseline skirt with platings has three long points of creamy lace, one in front and one on either side, beginning at the waistline and widening to the top of the ruffia. These same points, or rather shorter ones, trim the bodice, the wider portion at the top giving a slender appearance to the figure. When the embroidery is done in black the trimming is usually narrow black velvet ribbon with a little cream lace on the bodice.

The narrow tablier effect is very conspicuous among the newest skirts, and very effective trimmed with vertical lines of black velvet ribbon ending a little above the hem, with numerous loops of the ribbon. Mousseline gowns in pale blue, embroidered with black polka dots, are especially pretty trimmed with black chantilly lace. One dainty model in this material is made with a tunic elaborately inset with a rose design in lace, falling over on full platings of black gauze; at the foot. The bodice is cut decollete and finished like the elbow sleeves with platings on the black gauze, and the wide belt is of the blue, outlined with narrow black velvet ribbon tied in a bow and falling in tiny ends at the back. This special use of narrow black velvet ribbon is a noticeable feature among the summer gowns, the inch width being used for a belt tied in a bow with the long ends like a sash. The gold ornament tips are a pretty addition, as they keep the ends in place. This sort of belt is worn with linen skirts and white shirt waists.

Velvet ribbon in black is one of the special points in gown trimming, and is used in every conceivable manner. It appears in vertical lines all around the skirt, extending to the knee in front and back, shortening on the side, and ending in loops or a silk tassel, with a small gold buckle above. Black velvet neck bands



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made with the narrow bands held together by gold ornaments are worn with decollete gowns, and over the transparent collar bands of lace as well. White velvet ribbon appears on some of the new gowns, and while it is a dainty finish, it cannot rival the black, which is so effective in every color. All sorts of little buckles in silver, gold, pearl and jewelled designs are charming additions wherever there can be any excuse for their use.

A unique and quite attractive use of black velvet ribbon is exemplified in one of the late models carried out in pink mousseline, the skirt being trimmed around wide bands of white lace insertion, beginning at either side of a narrow tablier front, finely tucked in vertical lines, and outlined from each side with insertion threaded in and out with the encircling bands. The novel feature of the gown is in the inch wide black velvet ribbon which stripes the back and sides of the bodice and skirt, ending in loops, or in one loop, a little way above the hem.

A novelty among the new modes of trimming is made of straw plaited in checks, and so soft and pliable that it can be made to assume almost any form. A bertha collar is one example of its use, and this is edged with lace.

Sashes and belts are a telling feature of the newest gowns, and something very suggestive of old-time modes comes in the exquisite brocade ribbon used for belts, fastened with diamond buckles or buttons, and sometimes falling in long sash ends. These are especially pretty for muslin gowns in white or plain tints, without any flowered design.

The picturesque in dress is rapidly coming to the front, and the large hats trimmed with many roses promote this scheme, with very effective results. One thing which we are promised in the near future is that our gowns shall be made of two materials, or possible one kind of fabric differently treated. For example, the front of the bodice, or a small portion of it, rather, and the front of the skirt and undersleeves will be made of the plain, and the remaining portions of the gown of striped or figured design. We see this made already among the long tailed bolero costumes with lace of gauze skirts, front or bodice, and undersleeves.

The gathered skirt in all its variations is in full feather among the thin summer gowns, and it is gathered all around, leaving a scant narrow space in front, or made with hip gathers only, gauged several rows deep, a plain narrow tablier front and a flat back. The latter style is considered especially modish just at the moment. A slight gathering, with clusters of vertical tucks at intervals, makes a pretty hip finish. A pretty pink organdie gown is made in this way, trimmed with rows of lace insertion, striping it up and down, and crossed just below the knees with two encircling bands. The bodice shows the ever-present bolero, finely tucked and edged with lace while the novel feature is the vest of white linen lawn, tucked crosswise in half inch tucks, which terminates in the centre in small tab ends, caught down with a tiny gold button. Coral buttons are very pretty for this purpose, but they must be very small.

The details of dress, although they may seem very trifling in themselves, are a great element in the finish and fashionable success of the dainty summer gowns, and a few buttons, bows and bands of velvet, properly adjusted, are really of great importance. Very effective in pompadour taffeta made into small bows, with a tiny rhinestone buckle in the centre. These fasten the tucked bolero of an ecru mousseline down, and the same silk forms the wide-draped belt. Pompadour ribbon is used for sashes, than which nothing can be much prettier for the exquisite costumes of ecru net trimmed with lace inset in various designs. One of the daintiest things in summer fashions is the lingerie gown made of finest lawn tucked and trimmed with valenciennes insertion, in vertical and horizontal lines, making a charming background for the sash of flowered silk.

Sashes are really a serious consideration in summer dress, as nearly all the latest gowns have this little accessory in some form, either short at the left side of the front or long at the back. The baby sash

of six or eight inch satin ribbon is one style, and is tied in a bow at the back, while another shows three rows of narrow black velvet ribbon threaded through a buckle for the belt, and tied at one side of the front. All kinds and conditions of sashes are in evidence, the extreme end is sometimes trimmed with applique lace embroidery or fringe.

Something effective in a gown of white linen is a wide draped belt of pale blue taffeta silk tied in a knot at the side with short ends edged with gold fringe. Red foulard without the fringe is used in this same manner in a white serge yachting gown with a blouse of lingerie tucks and insertion over which is worn a short jacket with a turndown collar of the tucked lawn and lace, tied in front with red foulard knot. An effective detail of trimming on a white pique is a trellis design of narrow black velvet ribbon, spotted with tiny gold nail heads at every crossing and set on the edge of the bolero, showing the dainty pink lawn blouse through the openings. This trimming finishes the sleeve a little below the elbow and trims the edge of the tunic which falls over a plating of pink lawn.

Classed among the piques are the linen gowns which take the lead this season, and one stylish costume of pastel green intensified to the pretty tint of chardreuse is trimmed with white embroidered batiste insertion with a little group of batiste tucks between the rows. This forms a panel down the front breadth and heads the plaited flounce around the skirt, beginning at either side of the tablier front. The linen bolero is tucked in small clusters to within an inch of the edge, where the tucks are finished with a tiny white pearl button. A turndown collar of the tucks and embroidered batiste is the finish around the neck, and the jacket is worn over a tucked white batiste jacket.

One charm of the linen gown as a substitute for pique is that the material adapts itself so nicely to the tailor cut and finish. Strappings and stitchings are brought out in their happiest guise, and the dainty little lingerie skirts which are worn with these tailor made costumes make a charming contrast. A linen gown with old brocade silk revers is one of the capricious whims of fashion, and suggests a prophecy that old brocade and eastern embroidery will be a feature of the tailor gown in the coming autumn.

Irish linens trimmed with Irish lace, are delightful summer gowns, and one pretty model of lettuce green linen has a white China silk blouse finely tucked below a transparent yoke of Irish lace. Biscuit colored linen makes one of the most desirable travelling dresses for summer.

A fashion article without some reference to the new sleeves would be very much like a kite without a tail, now that the unlimited possibilities of that necessary appendage are continually assuming some new form. One of the latest developments is a three-quarter-length sleeve open in the inside seam nearly to the shoulder to display a bishop sleeve of gauze for lace underneath. The edges of the inside opening may be cut in square tabs with spaces between and joined to hold the sleeves in place, or out in inverted scallops, the points joining very prettily over the gauze. Of course these are trimmed on the edges in some way, with narrow velvet ribbon, possibly, or stitched bands which extend around the bottom of the sleeve. Another pretty sleeve is a series of vertical tucks from the shoulder to a little above the elbow, where it swells out into a soft little puff over the elbow and a close-fitting undersleeve to the wrist, where there is a becoming but little extension over the hand. Still another model seen in a pink mousseline gown is tucked from a little below the shoulders, where the fulness forms a puff, to the elbow puff, and bands of black velvet are set in between the tucks ending in a full loop bow. The undersleeve is also close fitting.

Details for Exquisites. A veil will last twice as long if it is rolled up each time it is taken off, and put in veil case; a veil that has lost its stiffness can be made like new by dipping it in weak gum water and pulling it out well before it dries.

To clean a gold chain or other gold or silver jewelry, half fill a wide mouthed bottle with strong soap suds, a little ammonia and a little whitening; put the jewelry into the bottle and shake it for a few minutes. When the jewelry is clean rinse it in clear water and dry and polish it with a chamis or a flannel cloth, says the American Queen.

When washing satens or other cottons

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with a satin finish, rinse in borax water to give a gloss.

To ease tight shoes, lay a cloth moistened in hot water over the place where the shoes pinch. The moist heat will cause the leather to give to the shape of the foot.

Obeying a Bride.

An ancient custom of the Russian Christmas, which occurs twelve days after ours, associates the festivities with one of the most important events of life—the choice of a wife. The curious method is thus described by the New York Herald:

Some person of importance in the district announces that the annual fete will be held at his house. Thither hasten the young men of the countryside; thither come, with decorous tardiness, the maidens of the place. There are dances and songs, games and feasting, but all else is but the prelude to the great event.

At the proper hour the hostess gives a signal and withdraws into an apartment, accompanied by all the girls. The lasses are ranged upon long benches.

The hostess, with long strips of broad cloth straight twill muffles each and every maiden. She twists it dextrously over and about the head until hair and features are veiled; she winds it about the neck, the shoulders, the waist and on until the figure of the girl is merged in the outlines of a papoose.

This is the preparation. The action follows, when one by one, in an order determined by lot, the young men of the party enter the room. Each in turn approaches the veiled row and examines it. The puzzled suitor seeks to penetrate the baffling folds and locate the personality of his idol.

When at last he has made his choice, he is privileged to remove the swathing clothes and behold the identity of his prize.

It is the law of custom that this twain shall become man and wife. If the custom is broken a heavy forfeit must be paid by the unwilling person. But, the result seldom fails to be happy.

In their whispers before the hour of trial conspiracies for the cheating of ill fortune are made, and the lover may depend upon his ingenious inamorata to convey to him the concerted signal whereby her identity will be determined.

The Tragedy of a Pocket.

The man's wife had asked him to go up stairs and look in the pocket of her dress for a key she thought was there, and being an accommodating man, says the Pittsburg Bulletin, he went at once.

Finally he returned, with empty hands but with a peculiar look in his eyes and a nervous trembling of every muscle.

'I can't find any key in the dress of your pocket,' he said, with a painful effort.

'Why,' she retorted, sharply, 'I left it there!'

'I say I can't find any dress in the pocket of your key,' he said, doggedly.

His tone seemed to disturb her.

'You didn't half look for it,' she insisted.

'I tell you I can't find any pocket in the key of your dress,' he replied, in a dazed kind of way.

She looked at him.

'What's the matter with you?' she asked, nervously.

'I say, speaking with much effort, 'that I can't find any dress in the key of your pocket.'

She got up and went over to him.

'O William,' she groaned, 'have you been drinking?'

He looked at her.

'I tell you I can't find any pocket in the dress of your key,' he whispered.

She began to shake him.

'What's the matter? What's the matter?' she asked in alarm.

The shaking seemed to do him good, and he rubbed his eyes as if he were regaining consciousness.

'Wait a minute,' he said, very slowly.

'Wait a minute. I can't find any dress in—no; I can't find any key in the dress of—no, that's not it; any—any—any pocket. There, that's it! and a flood of light came into his face. 'Confound it! I couldn't find any pocket.'

Then he sat down and laughed hysterically, and his wife, wondering why in the name of goodness men made such a fuss over finding the pocket in a woman's dress, went up stairs and came back with the key in something under two minutes.

Why Injured.

The elevator boy in the hotel was a great friend of Jack's and often gave him a ride; but a time came when they ceased to love each other.

'What's the matter with you and the elevator boy, Jack?' asked his father. 'Don't you speak any more?'

'No,' said Jack. 'He put me out of the elevator last night.'

'What for?'

'Because I punched him.'

'Well, wasn't he right to do it?'

'Certainly he was,' said Jack. 'But he needn't have put me out on the tenth floor, and made me walk down!'

His Only Fear.

The dangers of battle have seldom been more pitifully expressed than by one Corporal Caitness, a veteran of Waterloo.

When he went home to tell his friends the victory, they crowded about and asked him if he had not feared the English would lose the day.

'No, no,' said he, 'I knew we couldn't do that. But what I did fear was that we should all be killed before we had time to win it.'

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# India's Starving Millions.

The story of the awful tragedy of famine in India, as here related by Dr. Louis Klopech, editor of The Christian Herald, who returned this month from a tour of the stricken district, are stories that will stagger humanity and sustain public interest and increase the desire of the American people to help the millions in distress, despite the news of terrible atrocities that continue to come from farther East, in China.

Because rain is now falling in the breadless, barren areas, the end of the suffering is by no means yet in sight. The government is doing all it can, taking care of millions of sufferers; but there are still millions who would starve, even now, but for the help sent by The Christian Herald and other private sources, in the form of money, generously contributed by sympathetic American people.

Dr. Klopech is writing the story of his tour of the land of famine, relating in detail the numerous and heartrending scenes he witnessed with his own eyes. That so much misery, such utter destitution involving so many people can exist in this Christian era, is startling, if not shocking.

Any gift of cash or corn or clothing, can be sent to the Christian Herald, Bible House, New York, with the assurance that it will be immediately forwarded to the Interdenominational committee of missionaries, in Bombay, who at once distribute all monies thus received among the sufferers whose needs are most urgent. The following is from advance sheets of his remarkable story:

Desolation and death were written all over the famine district. A more discouraging condition could not well be imagined. For miles and miles not a blade of grass! The sun relentlessly sent its destructive rays on man and beast. The hot soil, hard baked, refracted the heat and rendered life a burden. Crowds of human beings, emaciated and debilitated, moved from place to place in vain search for food, mutely appealing for help that never came. Cattle, reduced to very skeletons, feebly crept about in quest of fodder, and in lieu of it licked the hot soil as though to propitiate its anger.

Trees, stripped of all their bark to the very tips, stood out like white skeletons against the cruel, fiery sky. Vultures perched on leafless branches, listlessly waited for victims. Not a breath was stirring. The silence of death had settled upon the country. I feel it now as I write so much so that the scratching of the pen seems harsh and intrusive. There is something uncanny about this silence. It kills ambition. The desire for life passes away and an absolute indifference to fate takes its place. We were in the great graveyard of India. It covered 350,000 square miles, equal to any eight states west of the Mississippi.

Death and decay were round about us on every hand. Possibly we might never again get beyond its confines. Who could tell? Awful as it was, we did not realize it then, for that required thought, and this ominous, deathlike silence paralyzed thought.

But we had a mission to perform, and strength had to be mustered for the effort. We were bound for Godha. Terrible things had been reported of its condition. Cholera had stampeded its great camp of 14,000 famine workers. Unburied dead were reported as lying around on every hand, and contagion spread in every direction.

After a mournful experience in the poor house at Baroda, concerning which I shall write in a future letter, we started out, on the Great Western railroad, arriving there at seven o'clock in the evening. Rev. Robert Ward, a Methodist missionary, met us and took us to his home, located about half an hour's drive in the interior.

After supper, while seated on the porch, on the lookout for a stray whiff of fresh air Mr. Ward showed me the photograph of a dead child, and told me a story which saddens me whenever I recall it. While he and his wife were working day and night caring for thousands of cholera patients, God called this, their only child to Himself, away from the scenes of misery and death that surrounded it. A friend made a little coffin and they buried their darling a few yards from the house. Then without waiting to mourn they continued their work, and not until the siege was over did they realize the extent of their terrible bereavement. Then nature gave way and reaction set in. I had

noticed that Mrs. Ward was exceptionally quiet during the meal. Indeed, it was painfully noticeable. I could not explain it. Now I understood it all. Mr. Ward told me how dreadfully they missed their little one, and what a great comfort she had been to her mother in the wilderness of woe.

At six in the morning I awoke, and after a hurried breakfast, we started out across fields to the poor-house. On the way we saw numerous skeletons and skulls of cholera victims. Three thousand had died in four days and many bodies had not yet been discovered, for the sick had fled in all directions, dying on the fields, by the roadside, in the gulches and under the trees. We passed the place of burning, and here skulls and bones in large numbers, charred but not consumed, were plentiful among the ashes of the dead. Two men, who had been bribed to help remove the bodies where they could be burned, themselves had fallen victims to the dread scourge and had died near the very spot where the burning was proceeding, and then and there their own bodies were consigned to the flames.

Passing on, we looked over into the dry bed of a stream, and there we saw a sight sickening beyond description. A body, partly clad, lay doubled up as though the victim had died in intense agony. A large hole in the left side showed where vultures had torn out the heart. The skull was almost entirely denuded of flesh. It was ghastly, indeed.

At last we arrived at the hospital. How different from what we had seen in the morning at Baroda! A Christian missionary had lent a hand and out of chaos came order. Ten native Christian converts acted as nurses. Everything was clean and bright, and the patients seemed as well cared for as if in America. It was an oasis in a desert.

A few weeks before, this hospital had been as horrible as that of Dohad, described further on. The government gave Mr. Ward an opportunity to do missionary work, and a transformation ensued that made the Godhra hospital the best I saw in India. The beds were clean. The patients were cheerful. The attendants were kind and sympathetic. No offensive odor greeted us at the gate. The death rate was normal.

Afterwards we returned to Mr. Ward's bungalow and were delighted with a glimpse of the great work he is doing in other directions. Foremost among the many humanitarian enterprises which engage his active brain and tireless energy, is the erection of a model orphanage in which he expects to care for at least a thousand famine orphans.

This phase of Christian work is now pressing itself upon the attention of thoughtful Christians, not only in India, but also in our country, and the many cheering letters and encouraging promises of help which I already received from readers of The Christian Herald have made me inexpressibly happy.

Leaving Godhra we started for Dohad, in Gujerat, the Garden of India. Dr. McNeill, the Irish Presbyterian Missionary located there, was at the station. Within five minutes I was seated in his cart and on the way to what until recently was one of the largest relief camps. As far as the eye could see there was not a blade of vegetation. The heat was intense, the thermometer indicated 108 degrees.

A hot, blinding sandstorm filled our eyes and nostrils with microbe laden dust, and the all pervading stench from putrifying bodies impregnated clothes, hair and skin. Cholera had broken out a short time before and 2,400 famine sufferers had died within a few days and had been buried in shallow ground. Decomposition speedily set in and saturated the ground with death dealing malarial. Then the bodies were disinterred and burned. There were no disinfectants, hence the awful, sickening, disease spreading suffocating stench.

At the outbreak of the cholera the camp stampeded and 6,000 infected, half starved people spread contagion for miles around. At the hospital I was appalled at the shocking condition of affairs with which at that moment I came face to face, and that I ever got out alive is one of the greatest of the many incontrovertible evidences of God's kind protecting care which my life has experienced.

We found 650 miserable beings in the worst stages of emaciation. In sixteen days 374 had been admitted, and of these all but twenty had died. Others had been

received since then, and now men, women and children, some of them absolutely nude and all of them miserably clad, were lying around suffering from relapsing fever, cholera and dysentery, wallowing in the mire. Millions of flies were permitted undisturbed to pester the unhappy victims.

One young woman who had lost every one dear to her, and had turned stark mad, sat at the door vacantly staring at the awful scenes around her. In the entire hospital I did not see a single decent garment. Rags, nothing but rags and dirt. A native hospital attendant was standing at the cot of a dying man. The death rattle had already set in, but the vitality of the patient held out a little beyond the expected time, and the attendant seemed provoked at the delay, and gave us impatiently to understand that the man should have been dead long ago.

While we stood there, almost crushed with inexpressible sadness, cooked rice was being served. A servant told me that it was the only meal for the day. There were no pots or dishes in which to serve the portions, and the patients held out filthy rags to receive what was given them. One sufferer lying on a cot, overcome with feebleness, had fallen asleep, and the attendant threw his portion on the bed. A moment after the sleeper, changing his position, laid himself into the porridge. We indignantly protested, but without avail.

Although scarcely enough to constitute half an ordinary meal was served, most if not all ate sparingly and then wrapped up the remnant carefully, either because their debilitated condition made food dangerous except in minute quantities, or perhaps experience had taught them that unless some provision was made to satisfy the cravings of hunger in the meantime they might be famished before the next meal was served.

Hard as it may seem, I am not doing violence to the truth when I say that the people I met at Dohad were reduced to the level of cowed and starved dogs, who were happy to get the crumbs that fell from the table of Christendom, daring not to grumble or complain at their scantiness. So incredible to the Western eye was the stage of emaciation to which these unfortunates were reduced that I had half a dozen or so of those strong enough to stand on their feet rise, in order that I might carry away with me a photograph illustrating their condition.

### Poultices.

The application of heat is often extremely useful in the relief of pain and of inflammation, or in hastening the maturing of a boil or felon. The most usual way of making such an application is by means of poultices. These retain the heat much longer than hot cloths, and have an advantage over a hot water bag when moist heat is required.

The making of poultices is an art which can be learned only by practice, and unfortunately for many poor sufferers few persons ever master the art.

A good poultice should be perfectly smooth, moist, but not dripping, as light as possible, and as hot as it can be made without burning the patient.

A poultice of flaxseed is perhaps the most common, but poultices of ground slippery elm, cornmeal, bread, starch or any other material that will make a smooth paste with hot water, and will not dry too rapidly and become caked and hard.

In making a flaxseed poultice, the flaxseed meal, the bowl and the spoon for stirring should be previously warmed, and everything should be ready to the hand before a start is made. Boiling water is poured into the bowl, and then the meal is added gradually with constant stirring. This is better than adding the water to the meal, for then it is very difficult to prevent lumping.

As soon as the paste is of the proper consistency—two parts of meal to five of water being about the right proportion—it should be spread an inch or so thick upon a piece of muslin, leaving an uncovered margin of two inches. Then on the face of the poultice is placed a piece of flannel of the same size as the muslin. The edges are now quickly turned over and fastened with safety-pins or beated, and the poultice is ready.

The flannel side goes against the skin, a layer of cotton is placed over the poultice, and the whole is covered with rubber or oil silk.

The advantage of having the flannel next the skin is that the poultice may be applied very hot without burning.

If it is necessary to repeat the poultices often, it is well to make bags of the right size, sewn on three sides and with two inch flaps on the end, which can be rapidly pinned after the bag is filled.

A poultice, to be of any use, should be changed as soon as it grows cool, which is usually at the end of two hours.

If applied to a commencing boil, it

should be only a little larger than the inflamed part.

Generally it makes little difference what material is used, the virtue being in the heat and moisture; but sometimes flaxseed irritates a very tender skin, and then starch or bread should be substituted.

## GLOOM AND DESPAIR

GIVE WAY TO VIGOR, HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

An Attack of La Grippe Left the Sufferer Weak, Nervous and Exhausted—A Victim of Insomnia and Heart Trouble.

Naturally every sick person to whom help is promised will ask, "has the remedy been successful? Whom has it helped?" We cannot better answer these questions than by publishing testimonials received from grateful people who are anxious that other sufferers may profit by their experience. One of these grateful ones is Mrs. Douglas Kilts, of Perry Station, Ont. Mrs. Kilts says:—"Three years ago I had a very severe attack of la grippe, and the disease left me in an extremely worn out, nervous, and enfeebled condition. The nervousness was so severe as to have almost resulted in St. Vitus dance. Sleep trouble, and the headaches I endured were something terrible. I had no appetite, and was literally fading away; I was not able to work about the house and was so weak that I could scarcely lift a cup of tea. I was treated by a good doctor, but with no benefit. Almost in despair, I resorted to patent medicines, and tried several one after another, only to be disappointed by each. I lingered in this condition until the winter of 1899, when a friend prevailed upon me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I began taking them. From the first the pills helped me and I could feel my strength gradually returning. I continued the use of the pills according to directions until I had taken eight boxes when I was again enjoying perfect health. My strength had entirely returned, my appetite was splendid, the heart trouble and nervousness had ceased, while the blessing of sleep, once denied, had again returned. I had gained over thirty pounds in weight, and was able to do all my household work with ease. In fact I had received a new lease of life. I believe my cure is permanent, as more than a year has since passed and I feel so strong and well that I venture to say there is not a healthier woman in this section; indeed I am enjoying better health than I have for twenty years, and this has been brought about by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I feel that I cannot say enough in their praise for I believe they saved my life. My son has also received the greatest benefit from the use of these pills in a case of spring fever."

### Lieutenant Gillmore's Spanish Friend.

There was a time, not so very long ago, when talk of 'Spanish chivalry' tended to provoke derision; but the phrase seems to mean something when one reads this charming incident, related by the Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune:

While imprisoned by the Filipinos, Lieutenant Gillmore and his men were at one time thrown into an old barracks with a party of Spanish prisoners, including a major general. This officer in some way obtained money, which he divided among his men, and with great generosity sent fifty Mexican dollars to Lieutenant Gillmore, asking him to accept them with his compliments.

Lieutenant Gillmore made the condition that it should be considered as a loan. To this the Spanish general graciously assented, and Gillmore used the money to buy shoes and clothing for his men, things which they sadly needed, for they were almost naked.

After his rescue Gillmore learned that the Spanish general, who had also escaped from the Filipinos, was in the city of Manila and he offered to repay him the loan. The general was indignant and refused to accept the money. When Gillmore reminded him of the agreement, he smiled and said that he had consented to it only because he feared the Americans would not accept the money otherwise.

Gillmore told the story among the other naval officers at Manila, who passed around a paper and collected a handsome sum, which was expended in the purchase of the most appropriate and expensive piece of silver that could be found in the city. This was engraved with a brief statement of the facts in the case, and presented to the Spanish general with appropriate ceremonies, as a token of gratitude and admiration from the navy of the United States.

Then he was invited to a reception upon the flagship, where every officer in the fleet who could be spared welcomed him and thanked him in person for his kindness to Gillmore and his men.

### What It Teaches.

The New York agent of the North German Lloyd Steamship company has disclosed that the recent burning of that company's pier and steamships at Hoboken was "the act of God." He is unquestionably correct. When the prehistoric man first discovered fire and burned himself trying to pick it up with his hands, that also was the act of God. There have oc-

curred enough similar acts of God since then to acquaint us in a general way with the proprietors and potencies of this form of energy. If one such act does not suffice others speedily follow. We should say that this particular act of God was meant to convey the hint that a city having on its water-front miles of wooden piers, baked by the sun, soaked with oil and piled high with such inflammable stuff as whiskey, benzine and cotton, is not adequately protecting itself from the ravages of fire. It might further be construed to mean specifically that all piers should be of stone; the superstructures of stone or metal, and the installation of some good modern system of fighting fire when it attacks the goods stored therein. With this interpretation we are willing to call the Hoboken disaster the act of God. God is evidently teaching us that fire cannot be fooled with.

### LAWYER, BARBER AND PARROT.

All Talked at Once to the Police Sergeant, who Took the Parrot's Word.

The parrot was too frightened to talk and the sergeant who was behind the desk in the East Fifth street station, New York, at 9 o'clock one night last week did not know how to decide the dispute between the crowd brought in by Policeman Goss.

"Squawk," said the parrot.

"Shut up," said the sergeant.

"It's my parrot," chimed in Lawyer John Palmieri, who lives at 159 Second avenue. "I charge this man standing here, William Kenley, with stealing the bird."

"I didn't steal it," said Kenley, who works in a barber shop at 155 Second avenue. "The parrot flew into our shop just now and I put him in the towel closet to find out who owned him. He landed on the head of a man who was getting shaved."

"He didn't," said Palmieri. "He landed on a tree after he flew out of my mother's arms and the barber got him there."

"He landed in my boss's shop," said the barber, "and when I wouldn't give him up Mr. Palmieri landed on my eye. It is black and blue."

"Obblebble," gobbled the parrot.

"How did it happen?" asked the sergeant, turning to Policeman Goss.

"I'll tell you, began the lawyer, 'I was

'It was this way,' interrupted the barber.

"Squawk" shrieked the parrot and the sergeant shouted: "Keep quiet or I'll lock you all up!"

"Well," said the officer, "when I got there I found a big crowd in the mix-up in the barber shop, and the parrot was getting the worst of it. Then I interfered and brought them all here."

"Core! Core!" sighed the parrot with a long sigh on the "R." "Core!"

"He says court," remarked the sergeant.

"I guess the parrot's right about it. Gentlemen, clear out and settle the matter in court in the morning."

Fate Evidence for Everybody.

No one can doubt the great merit of Polson's Nerviline, for it has been placed in the market in 10 cent bottles, just to give you the opportunity of testing its wonderful power over all kinds of pain. This is the best evidence of its efficiency, for every person can try for themselves. Polson's Nerviline is a positive (it cannot fail) cure for cramps, headache, colds, neuralgia, and the host of pains that flesh is heir to. Good to take, good to rub on. Go to any drug store and buy a 10 cent sample bottle. Large bottles 25 cents.

Unpacking the Wedding Presents.

(Bride and her sisters discovered hard at work.)—First Sister—"Here's another carriage clock."

Second Sister—(entering it.)—"That makes nine."

First Sister—"And another dinner gong."

Second Sister—"That makes five."

First Sister—"And a couple more silver card cases."

Second Sister—"Two more—that's seven of them."

First Sister—"And here's something that I think is intended for something or other."

Second Sister—"Oh, I know what it is—I have seen it at the stores. It's an egg-boiler. (Enters it.)"

First Sister—"Another silver-backed hair brush."

Second sister—"That's the ninth. Quite a stock of them."

First sister—"Oh, here's a silver-mounted riding whip."

Second sister—"The fourth, and the dear girl never rides anything but a bicycle."

First sister—"More carriage clocks, card cases, and dinner gongs!"

Second sister—"I have entered them. And now, dear (turning to the heroine of the hour), I will write your letters of thanks for you. What shall I say?"

Bride—"The usual thing, I suppose, dear—that I am delighted with them all, because they are just what I wanted!" (Scene closes in upon fresh arrivals of clocks, gongs, whips, brushes, and card cases.)

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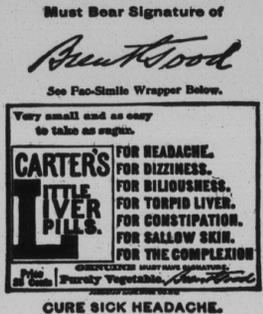
been washed ashore on their raft at the same place. They had believed Darrell and Nora to be drowned; but in the early hours of the morning someone had reported a fire on one of the islands, and they had set off in the hope that they might be there. Presently Darrell took his cousin aside. 'Gerard, have you spoken to anyone of what happened yesterday—the marriage?' he asked anxiously. 'No.' 'Then you have not been to Glenuakie?' 'No. I couldn't face the old lady; and that's the truth, knowing how we had taken the girl away. I sent a message to her, explaining that we hoped to find you safe on one of the islands.' 'Then, Gerard, give me your word of honour that you never will mention the marriage.' Gerard stared. 'You don't mean to say you're going to give it up?' he cried. 'Yes, I do.' 'Why I should have thought this would have been your grand opportunity. Surely you might easily have got the girl or give you when you'd saved her life.' 'It's no use, Gerard. She is engaged to someone else. There's no hope for me.' 'When?' whistled Gerard; 'we never dreamed of that, did we? Well, and what shall you do?' 'Set the marriage aside publicly if she wishes it. In any case, it is better not to speak of it. I may trust you, mayn't I, Gerard?' 'Of course you may; but, Hubert, old chap, if I were you I wouldn't give her up.' 'I have given her up,' said Darrell steadily. 'You don't quite understand me. I don't want the woman if I can't have her heart.' Five minutes later they set off, and in less than an hour were safely landed at Glenuakie.

The next morning two letters came for Nora by the post. One was in the bold, firm writing of Darrell. She opened it first, and found it to run thus— 'I have been thinking much of my sin against you, and my one thought is how I can best atone for it. 'No one knows what passed except my self and my cousin, and we shall both preserve an inviolable silence. I, however, you feel any scruples, and would desire the ceremony to be publicly annulled, I am willing to avow my own baseness and make a public explanation. 'I am entirely in your hands in the matter; do with me as you will. 'HUBERT DARRELL.' A wave of pity surged through Nora's heart as she read this letter. A moment or two she sat quite still, thinking; then she opened her other letter, ran her eye down it, and turned very pale. It was from a friend, and told her that Keith Talbot was laid to rest. He had married the daughter of a wealthy diamond merchant at Johannesburg.

CHAPTER VII.

October had passed into November. Nora was still in her place at the village school, but people noticed she had lost much of her lovely bloom. The knowledge that Keith Talbot had betrayed her had been full of bitterness; and through pride, in part, sustained her, there were moments when she felt so wretchedly unhappy, that she told herself that she almost regretted she had gone down with the yacht. To Darrell she had sent a brief note in reply to his. 'Let things be as they are,' she had written. 'I shrink from publicity; and after all, it seems to me impossible that such a ceremony should be binding.' He did not write to her again, neither did he attempt to bring about any meeting. Once or twice he called on her aunt at the cottage, but it was only when she was absent at the school. One evening, a month after that eventful day on the yacht, she met him. It was early in the evening, the sun was setting, and a mellow light was in the sky. She had been walking by the side of the lake where she had first met him, and as if the truth must be told, she was thinking of him, when, suddenly he turned a bend on the path and stood quite still before her. There was light enough for them to see each other's countenances distinctly. She saw that he looked stern and haggard; he saw that she was very pale. He uttered an exclamation of surprise. She said nothing; but she did not attempt to pass on and leave him. 'May I speak to you?' he said humbly, as though he knew he had forfeited the right to do so. 'Of course you may.' 'I have wanted to see you, and yet I have not known how to ask you for an interview. What I wanted to say to you is this—I am going away.' 'Going away?' she repeated, as though she scarce knew what she said. 'Yes; to Australia. I am going away for good; I shall never return.' She turned paler. Her heart gave a great leap and then seemed to stand still. His news came as a shock to her, a greater shock than she would have cared to own. 'There is nothing to keep me in Scotland,' he continued steadily; 'and, on the other hand, there are strong reasons why I should go away. I notice you rarely go out now; perhaps it is for fear of meeting me. If that is so, it is my duty to relieve you of my presence. 'I don't think I have been afraid of meeting you,' said Nora, struggling hard to seem quite calm and quiet. 'If I have stayed indoors lately, it has simply been because I am not very well.' 'Nevertheless, I have decided that I ought to go. Of course the sight of me is hateful to you.'

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.



He paused, perhaps waiting for her to contradict him, but she did not. 'If I refer,' he went on, after a pause, and in a lower voice, 'to a subject which must seem almost like an insult to you, it is only because I want to make what little atonement there is in my power. Before I leave Scotland, I want to tell you once more that, if you have in your mind any fear lest you should be fettered by what took place that day, I am still ready to do you justice publicly, at no matter what cost to myself.' 'Thank you. You are very good; but—but, of course, I don't feel fettered, and—please don't go away because of me. She was flushing now through her paleness. Moreover, she was trembling very much. 'I cannot stay,' he answered almost sternly. 'I cannot stay. It is torture to be near you, and yet to know I can never so much as take your hand. 'Nay; you may do that now—if you like,' she said, faintly smiling, and holding out her hand to him. 'You are better to me than I deserve,' he muttered hoarsely. 'Good-bye. Try to forgive me.' 'I have forgiven you; and—am you quite sure it need be good-bye?' It cost Nora a great effort to say this; but she saw all her chances of happiness slipping away, and, still worse to her generous mind, his chance of happiness too—and this made her brave. Just before she met him, she had been meditating drearily on her own future prospects. Drearly enough they seemed. Gently nurtured and tenderly cherished as she had been from infancy, it was hard for her to earn her bread as mistress of a village school. While she had looked forward to becoming Keith Talbot's wife she had faced her lot bravely, cheered by hope; but now she told herself, there was nothing left to hope for, and something like despair settled on her soul. It was not that she was mourning over her faithless lover. She had torn him from her heart once and for all, and with an ease which surprised even herself, as soon as assured of his faithlessness. But, nevertheless, the future looked dull and dreary, and in her heart there was a curious yearning which was akin to pain. Little by little he dawned upon her that she could have loved the man who loved her with so great a love—nay, that she did love him—that it would have been well for her if she had accepted that strange betrothal as a legal thing, and permitted him to claim her as his wife. This conviction had grown and deepened. She remembered how nobly brave he had been in rescuing her from the waves how truly generous afterwards upon the island. His image was constantly in her mind, and she realized that she admired his dark, manly face and splendid form far more than she had ever admired the Saxon fairness of Keith Talbot. Often lately she had thought it would be pleasant to belong to such a man; so strong as well as tender, so well able to protect as well as to cherish. The thought that, as his wife, she would be mistress of great wealth weighed little with her; still, it could not be without its weight in the scale. No wonder, then, that she told herself very often she had done unwisely to reject this Wild Darrell of Dare. And now he was beside her with his dark face eloquent with the love of which he dared not speak, and—she was going away. If she did not speak, they would part, never, perhaps, to meet again. This ran her thoughts, and she served herself to a great grief, and murmured timidly— 'Are you quite sure it need be good-bye?' The sudden shock of joy almost unmanned him. She saw his hand tremble. His face flushed deeply, then grew very pale. 'What do you mean?' he asked almost fiercely, for he thought she mocked him. But the next moment, he read the blis-

ful truth in her flushing cheeks and lovely down-dropped eyes. 'Dearest! Is it possible? Do you mean it? Could you really care for me? he questioned breathlessly. 'Oh, my love, my darling, if you could—if you only could!' 'I do!' she whispered, in the lowest, most tremulous of voices; and as she said it, she leaped forward and snatched him to take her in his arms—nay, nestled there like a wearied bird that has found safe shelter, and is well content. 'And that other?' he whispered. 'Oh, my darling, tell me all—don't keep me in suspense!' 'He has left me,' she answered briefly. 'His love was not true like yours.' 'And you?' he persisted, gazing eagerly into her face. 'I am not a jealous man, dearest, but I do—oh, I do want my wife's heart!' 'And you shall have it,' she answered firmly and steadily. 'He—that other—is dead to me—nay, I think now I never really loved him. He was the friend of my childhood, and I mistook affection for love. Trust me, Hubert. If you care to take me, you shall have a loving wife. I will atone to you for all you have suffered.' 'God bless you! God bless and reward you,' he whispered in a tone of tender reverence, as he softly kissed her cheek. 'My generous, generous love!' After a moment or two he said slowly— 'You know what they say of me, Nora? You know they accuse me of having killed a man?' She pressed closer to him; she raised his strong brown hand with a touching gesture and held it against her lips. 'Don't speak of it, dear; I am content to believe it was not your fault. It was an accident perhaps; you did not mean it. You have been too good to me—too truly generous and gentle for me to doubt you.' 'My love, my darling, when you are mine, I will repay you for this. But dearest, I have something to tell you. You are right in thinking I never meant to kill even the base wretch who tempted me as I think man was never tempted yet. He insulted me, struck me, and in self defence merely, I struck back a blow which sent him reeling over a precipice. If he had died I should have acquitted myself of blame; but my darling, he did not die. His miserable life was saved by a miracle, as I have known for the last two years. Nora gave a little cry of joy and wonder. 'You have known it? Then why didn't you—' He interrupted her gently. 'Why didn't I publish the whole truth? you would say. Simply because I was too proud to seek the favour of those who had shamefully wronged me. But I am not proud where you are concerned, my darling. For your dear sake, I will make known the truth. Those self-righteous Pharisees shall know how they have wronged an innocent man!' Darrell kept his word. He made known the true facts of the case which his stubborn pride had led him to conceal. Proofs were not wanting; and in an incredibly short time he found himself lauded on all hands, and indeed regarded as a mingling of here and martyr. He bore the laudation of his neighbours almost as disdainfully as he had borne their scorn. There was only one person's opinion for which he cared; and he knew that she had learned to love and trust him—ven while that dark cloud rested upon his name. All Glenuakie was in a fever when the Master of Dare put the finishing touch to his romantic past by leading to the altar the beautiful but penniless young school-mistress. Old cronies of fourscore years declared she was the bonniest bride their eyes had ever seen; and assuredly it would have been hard to find a fairer. The marriage took place early in the spring; and the honeymoon was spent in Darrell's new yacht, the Nora, built to replace the ill-fated Gaddy. As the vessel glided away from Glenuakie, and the bride and bridegroom stood leaning over the taffrail to watch Dare Castle in the distance, Darrell murmured— 'I don't know how you feel about it, dearest, but, to my mind, today's ceremony has just a mere matter of form, and nothing more. I feel as though you did really become my wife that day on the Gaddy.' 'And I feel the same,' she whispered. 'And so, Hubert, in our secret hearts, we will always regard that as our real wedding day!'

When this Paragraph Catches your eye you will see at once that it is an advertisement. But how else can we let you know what a capital thing Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam is? Write and tell us. 25c. all Druggists. His One Command. The old captain of the little steamer Maid of the Mist, which used to carry passengers right up into the spray of the falling waters beneath Niagara, says the Mail and Express, had just one command, and like a college professor, he used it on every new 'class.' The pilot always led up to it in the same way. He would move his hand along the woodwork of the pilot-house, as if examining it, and remark: 'Stranger, do you know what this little boat is made of?' An odd question, the stranger would say to himself, but he would reply, 'Why, of pine and oak, isn't it?' 'No, sir.' Then would come a round of guesses, generally winding up with the acknowledgment of ignorance. And the old pilot's eyes would twinkle as he replied— 'Why, she's Maid of the Mist, stranger!

Seal Brand Coffee (1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.) Every bean effuses fragrant Coffee of absolute purity. It is largely imitated. Examine your purchase closely. CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

KNAPSACKS OF MANY NATIONS. English Soldiers' the Lightest Because They Rely more Upon Transports. When the Germans heard of the recent enormous casualty list on the fatal Aldershot field day, about which official inquiry has been held, there was much self-complacent head-wagging and many unkind things were said regarding the stamina and marching capacity of Thomas Atkins. As a matter of fact, any body of troops under identical conditions, because in their manoeuvres they, and indeed all the track continental armies, (without doubt, do these things better.' But the Germans can march and so can the Frenchmen and Russians, and, moreover, the two former in 'marching order' carry a bigger load on their backs than the British soldier. Marching with them is an important accomplishment, and one not to be taken for granted. The German recruit, after he has had his parade-drill ground thoroughly into him, is taken out to stretch his legs. First, he marches in uniform only, then he is given a rifle to carry, next his knapsack, and so on until his marching order is at full weight. During all this the distances are being gradually lengthened, and finally the pace is increased. When trained he is going his twenty miles regularly twice a week, and he may be called upon to do a thirty-mile march occasionally, and fit as he is, he accomplishes it 'on his head.' That Tommy Atkins can march, too, nobody will deny, but when comparing his comparatively spasmodic pedestrian efforts with those of the foreigner, general conditions must be taken into account, and here he does not, as a rule, compare too favorably except after a fortnight or less in the field. Then, again, though some of our authorities differ, on the point, he must have a breakfast to march upon, and a small amount of food every five hours or so, and an occasional mouthful of water to wash the dust out of his throat. They get all these things on the continental manoeuvres, as a matter of course. In ours it is not always so—in fact, an officer writing from the front has said that so far as hardships and lack of food are concerned, the Transvaal is a paradise compared to Salisbury Plain as it formerly was. The continental soldier carries a heavier kit on his back than the British soldier because he relies less upon his transport, and to matter where the baggage train is he can always pitch his tent at night and roll himself up in his blanket. When in heavy marching order Tommy Atkins carries a coat and cape, mess tin (comprising plate, frying pan and kettle), a valise holding spare uniform, shirts, socks, boots, brushes, &c., a canvas haversack for small articles and a water bottle. This weighs complete, with rifle, pouches, bayonet and 100 rounds of ammunition, sixty-six pounds. The German is provided with a great coat, one blanket and ground sheet, a quarter of a tent and pole, a mess tin (which for the present is also his water bottle) and an axe. His valise contains a spare pair of boots, three pairs of socks (or foot rags if he is a Bavarian), spare uniform and fatigue dress brushes, &c. The whole equipment, with bayonet, rifle and 150 rounds of ball cartridge, weighs seventy-two pounds. The Frenchman carries much the same, including tent section and blanket, but no waterproof sheet or haversack. The company cooking pots are divided up among the men. A drinking cup and spade completes his rig-out, which weighs, with rifle, bayonet and 110 rounds of ammunition, seventy-two pounds. The Russian carries only sixty-eight pounds of kit, but then he has no blanket or waterproof sheet. He is only burdened with seventy-five rounds of ammunition, which is fastened above him in somewhat clumsy fashion. So far as food is concerned the redcoat,

for all the millions that are spent on him, really fares worse than his conscript comrades. With them biscuit and coffee or chocolate at 5 A. M. is the rule. Dinner is at 12, and consists—and this is on manoeuvres, too—of soup, meat, salad and beer for the Germans, and one pint of wine per man for the French. At 6.30 is a supper of cold meat, salad, bread and cheese and more wine and beer. The Russian menu is varied with salt fish, but he fares well on the whole.—London Express. A Good Little Girl. Childish sympathy for the unfortunate and childish trust in man were charmingly illustrated in a recent incident which happened in New York. A little four-year-old, with a sadly maimed cat in her arms, approached the policeman guarding the entrance to Bellevue Hospital, and asked to see a doctor. The amused but sympathizing officer led her to the receiving ward. The surgeon was at first disposed to reprove the policeman, when the nature of his 'case' was revealed to him, that the imploring tears in the little one's eyes softening him, he did his professional best in relieving the sufferings of the mangled animal. 'Now,' he said when he had finished, 'you can take your kitty home.' 'It ain't mine,' replied the child; and then, with engaging frankness, 'I des found it all hurted! Tate care of it. Dood-by!' And smilingly grateful, she departed. Policeman and surgeon looked at each other. 'It strikes me,' said the surgeon, 'that I am the victim of an innocent confidence game. Have the cat sent to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It will 'tate care offit.' And this was done. Simple but Trying. A man who is growing gray in business and has forgotten all about the lessons of his school days, is often troubled when a grown up daughter asks him some simple question she has heard at school or college. He is the more likely to be puzzled because he starts with the belief that he 'does not know.' A Detroit girl who is attending the normal school, says the Free Press, told her father, the other night, that she had some exercises in punctuation for him to correct. Then she wrote this sentence: 'It is not and I said but or.' The man gave it up, but laughed at his own stupidity when she showed him. 'It is not and, I said, but or.' 'All O' was another terser. 'Oh, it's 'nothing after all,' the girl said when her father confessed that it puzzled him. A CARD. We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Wills' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipations and Headaches. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Wills' English Pills are used. A. Chipman Smith & Co., Druggist, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. W. Hawker & Son, Druggist, 104 Prince William St., St. John, N. B. Chas. McGregor, Druggist, 137 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. W. C. R. Allan, Druggist, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. E. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B. G. W. Hoben, Chemist, 357 Main St., St. John, N. B. E. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B. S. Watters, Druggist, St. John, West, N. B. Wm. C. Wilson, Druggist, Cor. Union & Rodney Sts., St. John, N. B. C. P. Clarke, Druggist, 100 King St., St. John, N. B. S. H. Hawker, Druggist, Mill St., St. John, N. B. N. B. Smith, Druggist, 24 Dock St., St. John, N. B. G. A. Moore, Chemist, 109 Brussels St., St. John, N. B. C. Fairweather, Druggist, 109 Union St., St. John, N. B. Hastings & Pinto, Druggists, 68 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

How Aunt Faith Found Out.

"It's only a cold," Aunt Faith said, cheerily, bustling into the sitting room with a bowl of something that steamed and was good to smell.

"I've made her some tea, with plenty of lemon in it. She'll come out all right. I've put her to bed. But, Richard—"

Aunt Faith paused, and waved her spoon toward her brother. Her pleasant face was as stern as it could be.

"I think it was time for me to come, the way you've been letting that child go round without rubbers all night long, and eat chocolates on rainy days!"

In moments of mild excitement Aunt Faith's modifying clauses were apt to be annexed to the wrong words.

"I found one under her pillow this morning added, severely.

"Oh! Oh, chocolates—is it worse to eat 'em rainy days?" Richard Pyle asked, with meek humor.

"You see, Faith, the child is fond of chocolates, and she isn't of rubbers. What are you going to do?"

"I know what I'm going to do," Aunt Faith said, briskly. She crossed the room and prodded the big man in the rocker affectionately with her teaspoon.

"You're a man—that's your only fault, Richard. A man can't bring up a girl—it was a time for me to come!"

Aunt Faith had sighed a little unobtrusively whenever she thought of her trim garden-girdled home, which she had left for this big city house, set in the midst of noises and dust confusion.

But now, with something to do, she hurried away to Faith II's room.

"Yes, dear, here I come!" she called. "And I'm going to steep you and toast you and cure you in the blink of a cat's eyes! Drink this nice hot tea—don't tell me it isn't delicious!"

"Why, it is!" murmured little Faith in surprise—Faith II., they called her when Aunt Faith was about. The girl was flushed and feverish, and her voice croaked hoarsely.

It was good to be tucked up and mothered, and she submitted readily. In a little while she was asleep.

"Richard," Aunt Faith said, abruptly, when she was in the sitting room again, with her work. "What do you know about Barry Lincoln?"

"Oh! Barry Lincoln?" "Yes, Barry, not Abraham. As far as I can make out, he's a boy. But I want to know something more than that."

The big rocker stopped creaking. "What in the world!" the man cried, gazing across the table at Aunt Faith's placid face.

"I want to know all about him, that's what. Faith is a good deal exercised because she won't be able to go to the next lecture with him. I'm exercised, too. She says he's certain to invite her. She's been to all the rest with him, Richard."

"Has she? Yes, I guess it was Barry—I'd forgotten. The little which has so many strings to her bow! She squeens it over the whole school down there at Number Eleven."

"But you didn't introduce me to Barry Lincoln?" Aunt Faith persisted. "Tell me all about him. Who's his father? Who's he? Is he a gentleman, Richard?"

"Barry? Why, I suppose so—of course! He's Ned Lincoln's boy—ought to be a gentleman. Ned's up to the mark. I never spoke half a dozen words to the youngster himself."

"You mean you never really knew whether or not he was the right boy to take Faith to lectures? And yet you let him do it? Well, it was time for me to come!" Aunt Faith said.

The fourth lecture in the art course downtown was to be delivered on Wednesday evening. On Tuesday Aunt Faith answered the postman's whistle on her way to Faith II's room with her gruel. There was one letter among the papers.

"Miss Faith Margaret Pyle, Aunt Faith read aloud. It was her own name, and although she did not recognize the handwriting, she opened the letter in all honesty.

"Why, bless me!" "Bless me!" she cried, softly. Then she set down her gruel bowl and put on her thinking cap.

Twice, three times Aunt Faith nodded over her thoughts, and queer little pair of twin wrinkles crept into her eyes.

"I think I'll—do it!" she announced to herself presently. "I think I will. I'm Miss Faith Margaret Pyle; why should not I?"

She started back to the kitchen to heat the cooled gruel. Half way down the basement stairway she spoke again, as if in self justification.

"It won't make a mite of difference to Faithie—not a mite. She's too sick, anyway. And it's time somebody found out things."

Wednesday evening Aunt Faith went in to Faith II's room to bid her good by. She was shawled and bonneted, and she held out one hand to have its black kid glove buttoned.

"You feel better to night, don't you, dear? Some people are good doctors!" she smiled.

Faith II. twisted her face into a plaintive smile: "I might just as well be sick in bed for all the good it does to night. If I was as well as the Queen of Sheba, I couldn't go to the lecture."

Aunt Faith's conscience pricked her, but she rose above the pain splendidly.

"I'll come in when I get home and re-lecture it—you wait," she laughed, cheerfully. "You've never heard your Aunt Faith Margaret lecture! Now, good night—give me one more kiss. Be a good girl."

"Good night, amine. I'm glad you're going anyway. It's next best—why, it's going myself!" Faith cried, more brightly.

"We're both Faith Margaret, you know! Is father going to take you?"

"Your father? N-no, but I shall have good company. I'll tell you all about it

when I get home."

"I hope it will be good company," she amended, out in the hall. She went on down the stairs, trembling a little.—Aunt Faith was a shy woman—but strong in her determination to find out things."

Barry was waiting in the big, dim parlor. He came forward eagerly at the sound of steps. The vision of old-fashioned Aunt Faith in the doorway occasioned a hasty retreat to his chair again.

"—I thought it was Miss Faith," he stammered, apologetically.

"Well, it is!" smiled Aunt Faith. "I'm Miss Faith. Have I kept you waiting long? I didn't mean to, but it takes old people a good while to move, you know—or you don't know, but you will when it's your turn."

She had followed up his retreat and was holding out her hand to him. There was no possible chance for him to ignore it.

"How kind it was in you to come for me!" she cried. "If you hadn't I should have missed the lecture, for my brother Richard is no good at all as an escort. Dear me, I should say not! When he gets buried in his three dailies, that's the end of him! Ought we to be starting? Then I'll have to ask you to button my glove. Faith II. should ask you if you'd be willing for her to go with us."

"Nangly Aunt Faith! If her oscarines pricked, it did not keep her gray eyes from twinkling. She watched the boy as he covertly she fumbled with her glove.

"Poor boy!" she thought. "I'm sorry for you!"

Barry Lincoln was sorry for himself. Little by little, as Aunt Faith's bright voice ran on, the puzzle of things had untangled itself. Now he understood. He remembered Faith's speaking of her namesake aunt. There were two Miss Faith Margaret Pyles, and this was the wrong one, standing here having her black kid glove buttoned.

"She got the letter and thought it was for her. She expects to go to the lecture with me—she'll be disappointed!" his thoughts went along swiftly. "She's little and sort of old—Faith said she lived in the country. There aren't any lectures to go to in the country. And besides, it would embarrass her dreadfully to find out her mistake. Well, Barry Lincoln, you're in up to your chin, my boy! What are you going to do about it?"

He answered his own question promptly. To his mind, there was only the one thing to do. He took out his watch.

"Yes, we ought to be starting," he said. "It's quite a long way to the hall!"

They were going out of the house and through the vestibule. The steps outside were a little slippery, and Barry offered his arm, politely. That was Aunt Faith's first entry in the book of her remembrances and she entered it on the credit side.

"Offered his arm instead of taking mine—good!" she thought.

"There's a red car coming. Shall we take it, Miss Faith?"

"Oh, no. Why not walk, if there's time? Did you think aunts were rather decrepit? Well, that's another thing you'll find out when—"

"When it's my turn to be an aunt," laughed Barry, in spite of himself; and Aunt Faith laughed, too.

Aunt Faith was little and Barry Lincoln wasn't. He was short stop on the high school nine, and measured—in his stockings—five feet eleven. He tried to diminish his long strides to the measure of Aunt Faith's steps, but it was only occasionally he could bring it about. Aunt Faith's black silk bonnet bobbed up and down beside him cheerily.

Barry remembered his own mother all the way down the lighted street without intermission.

"It's a little up-hilly, isn't it?" gasped Aunt Faith, gently. "Tiny spots of color blossomed out in her thin brown cheeks."

"Do you know—but you don't know—it's a great treat for country people to be going out like this with the night lighted up as if it was day? There's just one lamp-post at home, and the last time that was lit was when Grant was elected the first time. I know, for I got up on Abernethy's step-ladder and lighted it myself—and fell off."

Aunt Faith smiled up into the boy's sober face.

"I never forgave Mr. Grant that," she said, "not until he died."

"The streets were alive with people, a good many of whom seemed to be going the way of Aunt Faith and Barry, and then a boy among them lifted his cap as he nodded to Barry. Aunt Faith suffered from an attack of conscience.

"Faith Margaret Pyle, I guess you're a sinner!" she chided with herself, sternly. "You feel dreadfully guilty for a saint!"

"Here we are!" Barry said, suddenly, as they rounded a corner and into the glare of entrance lights. He pulled himself together sturdily, and accosted one of the boys who were at the door.

"A good seat, Tad, well up," he whispered. "They say the lecturer talks low, and we want to hear."

"Sure. There's two seats with Judge Pullen's family—wait! There's room for two in with your people, Barry. Come along."

The brown, square face of Barry Lincoln reddened in spite of itself. It was so far up the aisle, and Aunt Faith, bobbing along beside him, took things in such a leisurely way! The trip seemed interminable and its terminus was not reassuring.

"I'm in for it now!" thought poor Barry. "There's father and the girls, big as life, and Tad's steering for 'em. And there's Aunt Jess in the seat behind."

"There!" beamed the boy naber. "You'd have lost that seat in another minute!"

He leaned over Barry an instant, and he settled himself down beside little Aunt Faith. "Got a new girl, eh?" he breathed in his ear.

The Lincoln girls were stately and perfectly appraised. Aunt Faith's figure retired into genteel insignificance beside them and the other aunt behind regarded her

speculatively.

"Who's Barry picked up now? Somebody with a sweet face," she thought. "Likely as not he went after little Faithie Pyle, and rang the wrong door-bell—it takes a Lincoln to be absent-minded!"

But Barry's mind was not 'absent'; it was present with him all through the long lecture. He was painfully conscious of a good many things—that his terrible great shoulders loomed above Aunt Faith's pale face; that numberless pairs of eyes regarded him curiously, and that in a good many of them lurked smiles. He was conscious that Aunt Faith's neat black silk bonnet had creased a little on her soft gray hair, and that Aunt Faith's face—but that was afterward, when he had recovered his mental equilibrium somewhat—was keenly alive with interest and pleasure.

It was when Barry discovered this that he quietly resigned himself to circumstances.

"She's enjoying it," he thought. "It's a regular treat to her. In the country probably they don't have lectures. I'm glad now I didn't explain about the letter. A fellow couldn't do a thing like that, anyhow. He's bound to stick it out."

After the lecture Barry introduced the girls and Aunt Jess to Aunt Faith, and then they fell into the current of outgoing humanity, being shawled and bonneted.

"It was ten o'clock when Aunt Faith got home. She stood in the doorway and held out her hand to the boy.

"You have given an old woman a very pleasant evening," she said, smiling. "I hope somebody will do 'even so' unto you when you're—an old woman! Good night and thank you."

"Good night," Barry said; but down the steps Aunt Faith's voice hailed him again. "There's a whole Pyle of Faith Margaret, you know, and I hope the right one will go to the next lecture and have just the kind of an evening I've had!" she said, softly.

Indoors, Faith II, was asleep. In the sitting room Richard Pyle was just rounding off his last newspaper. He looked up in surprise when Aunt Faith came in.

"Where in the world?" he exclaimed, noting her shawl and bonnet.

"It's been to the lecture, sir," she said, laughing Aunt Faith.

"Alone?"

"Well, you didn't go with me—what could I do? If your brother buries himself in newspapers, there you are! You've either got to go lectureless to bed or—do as I did."

She was rolling her bonnet strings, and stopped to glance over at him, humorously.

"No, I don't go alone, Richard. I went with a gentleman," she said, with quite emphasis.

At Faith II's bedside, she stooped to kiss the sweet girl face among the pillows. It stirred in sleep.

"You'll have to forgive me—you and the boy. I had to find out," she murmured. "But I'll never do it again—I won't have to!"

A NEW KIND OF MINSTREL.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWELVE.

looking up at the Elks who sat and stood around the musician, many of them with far away expressions in their eyes. "I guess it's up to us to make a dig for him, eh?" and he took off his Alpine straw hat, pulled a solitary two dollar bill out of his waistcoat pocket, and threw it into the hat.

Just then the musician ceased playing, after executing some brilliant pyrotechnics on the E and A strings up around the bridge. The Elks came to and began to reach for their rolls. Few of them stripped off bills smaller than two to throw into the hat that the young man with the jig was passing around. They all smiled at the spectacle of the young man with the jig passing the hat around for the benefit of a fiddler, but they all threw their paper contributions into the straw Alpine. Many of them, in fact, crowded through and jostled one another in order to put their money into the hat of the young man with the jig. There could scarcely have been less than \$75 or \$100 in the bottom of the hat when the young man with the jig walked back to where the musician was stripping his violin case, and turned his hat upside down in the foreign-looking chap's lap. The musician looked stupefied at the sight of so much money, and then his eyes seemed to fill, and he passed his Persian figured handkerchief across them.

"That'll keep you in coffee and sinkers for a day or so, anyhow," said the young man with the jig to the musician, and then he went unsteadily forward to the smoking compartment to get his suit case. The Elks all dispersed to get their traps together, for the train was pulling into the Camden station.

This same performance, identical in almost every detail, was gone through with in a chair car of a train that left Philadelphia for New York on the following afternoon. The young man with the jig worked up interest in the musician after getting into talk with the well-to-do travellers in the smoking compartment, the musician played for about an hour, the young man with the jig took up the cool lecture in his Alpine straw hat, and the careful of well to do travellers chipped in liberally. The eyes of the musician seemed to fill again when the young man with the jig dumped the contents of the hat into his lap.

A man who had witnessed the whole per-

formance on the Atlantic City train on the previous afternoon, and who had seen it duplicated as a passenger on the train from Philadelphia to New York, strolled upon the ferry behind the young man who had been jugged apparently, but who seemed to have unaccountably lost his jug and said:

"A new one pal?"

The young man who had been simulating a jug looked up at his questioner with a half smile on his face, and an inquiring look in his shrewd gray eyes.

"Were you on that Atlantic city yesterday afternoon?" he inquired.

"Yes," replied the man, who had seen the two performances.

"Well, ain't it a baby of a graft, hey?" inquired the man with the shrewd gray eyes, grinning. The musician who was leaning on the rail at his side also grinned broadly.

"She—Oh, Fred dear, you are so noble, so generous, so handsome, so chivalrous, so much the superior of every man I meet, I just can't help loving you. Now what do you see in plain little me to admire?"

"He—Oh, I don't know, dear; but you have very good judgment."

BORN.

- Hallix, July 22, to the wife of Jos. Martin, a son. Windsor, July 22, to the wife of Charles Foley, a son. Amherst, July 22, to the wife of Fred Nell, a son. Windsor, July 18, to the wife of Dr. Bret Black, a son. North Sydney, July 17, to the wife of B. E. Rice, a son. Pleasantville, N. S., to the wife of Joseph Barry, a son. Newelton, July 7, to the wife of Chas. Smith, a son. Newelton, July 17, to the wife of L. J. Penney, a son. Newelton, July 20, to the wife of Timothy Smith, a son. Chatham, July 10, to the wife of Archie Brusket, a son. Hallix, July 6, to the wife of D. A. Baird, a daughter. Wolfville, July 22, to the wife of William Regan, a son. Falmouth, July 23, to the wife of Hedley Aker, a daughter. Chatham, July 10, to the wife of Wm. Brown, a daughter. Richmond, July 24, to the wife of Wm. Ross, a daughter. Summerside, July 24, to the wife of E. A. Bryan, a daughter. Hastings, July 22, to the wife of Allen Rockwell, a daughter. Amherst, July 24, to the wife of Joseph L'eggett, a daughter. Bridgewater, to the wife of James Wenzel, a daughter. Dayville, N. S., July 17, to the wife of James Macdonald, a son. Woodville, N. S., July 18, to the wife of John E. Brown, a son. Bridgetown, July 18, to the wife of Rev. E. S. Davidson, a son. Barrington, July 14, to the wife of Thomas Hopkins, a daughter. Upper Falmouth, July 20, to the wife of Etias Leary, a daughter. East Boston, Mass., July 9, to the wife of Edwin Snow, a daughter. Brooklynside, July 10, to the wife of Milledge Davidson, a daughter. Brooklynside, July 24, to the wife of Edward Whitehead, a daughter. Dublin Shore, N. S., June 30, to the wife of Freeman Zwicker, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Hallix, July 14, by Rev. Jas. L. Batty, John Mackenzie to Dorcas Clark. Houlton, July 22, by Rev. H. D. Marr, Frank Lane to Anna Langan. Calais, July 7, by Rev. S. A. Bender, Henry W. Gaspereau to Mrs. Eliza Jollimore. Kilmorie, N. S., July 28, by Rev. J. A. Cairns, Adam J. Campbell to Annie Thomson. Cumberland Bay, July 19, by Rev. W. E. McIntyre, Torick Brown to Edith A. McQuigley. Seven Mile Bay, July 28, by Rev. J. J. Macdonald, Allen McInnis to Miss E. J. Maclellan. Shelburne, July 8, by Rev. E. A. Osterbridge, William M. Hipson to Mary McMillan. Dorchester, Mass., July 18, by Rev. Mr. Mallory, Frank N. Lovewell to Florence Weldon. St. Stephen, July 18, by Rev. Thomas Marshall, Eliran E. Treal to Yvonne N. Bartlett. Boston, Mass., July 18, by Rev. C. E. Davis, Joseph W. Wright to Catherine Webster. Tabusiac, July 19, by Rev. T. G. Johnstone, Mr. Robt. T. Forrest to Catherine Johnson. Chipman, July 9, by Rev. D. McD. Clarke, Woodie Flaveling to Rebecca J. Cullion. Melvers Square, July 9, by Rev. Wm. Brown, Harry D. Macintosh to Miss E. VanBoskirk. Montmorency, Kent Co., July 11, by Rev. W. M. Townsend, James W. Campbell to Eliza Ward.

DIED.

- Hallix, July 26, John Geldert. Boylston, July 17, Margaret, 78. Hallix, July 21, Alex Smith, 49. Hallix, July 19, Israel Santord, 68. Counting, July 19, Daniel Fines, 78. Springfield, July 14, David Ross, 45. Truro, July 20, Lemuel Fisher, 65. Westport, July 15, Wm. Denton, 71. Yarmouth, July 16, Jno Scoville, 88. Hallix, July 27, Robert Woodill, 82. Paradise, July 16, Charles Durling, 85. Fort Hill, July 24, Martha Burton, 70. Grand Tron, June 16, Leonard Fuller, 80. Green Bay, June 30, John McGonal, 73. Middleton, July 28, Eunice Morris, 62. Brookville, July 29, Harrison Pierce, 62.

Welsford, July 18, Robert McDonald, 81. Chipman, Q. C. July 19, Hiram Briggs, 64. Charlottetown, July 24 Philip Curran, 64. Rocky Point, July 27, Horatio Webster, 60. St. John, July 30, Mrs. Martha Cowan, 60. Oak Bay, July 10, Thos. B. D'orof, 56 years. Chatham, July 12, Catherine Conors, 70. Fortland, July 10, Robert, son of John Burke. Chancove, July 16 Mrs. John Dismore, 60. Chancove, N. B., July 17, Aaron Perkins, 58. Lancaster Heights, July 22, Samuel Fowler, 60. Black Point, July 21, Lily, wife of James Taylor. Kouchibouguac, Kent Co., July 12, John Dale, 38. Brookside, Colchester, July 19, James Goulet, 40. Victoria Beach, July 27, Mrs. Dorcas Brewster, 32. Upper Port La Tour, July 6, Mrs Rebecca Fleming. Hallix, July 22 Jennie, wife of Howard Jayens, 50. Fall River, Mass., July 18, Mrs. P. T. O'Mara, 22. Hallix, July 22, Minnie, daughter of Rev. W. E. Hall. Andover, July 14, Charlotte, wife of Claude Cameron, 21. Upper Leitch's Creek, C. B., July 17, Norman McAnally, 15. Rockingham, July 8, Charles, son of Abner and Estelle Forbes. Black Point, Queens Co. July 21, Lydia, wife of John Leslie, 58. Dorchester, Mass. George, son of Magnus and Isabella Munn, 4. Central Chatham, July 7, Louisa, daughter of the late Capt. Robinson, 14. St. Stephen, July 18, Maud, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Anderson, 26. Irvington, California, July 8, Caroline Shuman, 16. W. of Heman Crowell, 67. Eastport, July 15, Margaret, infant child of Edgar and Lena C. 7 1/2 months.

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Returning leaves Digby daily at 2:00 p. m. arr. at St. John, 4:45 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted). Lv. Hallix 6:55 a. m., arr. in Digby 12:35 p. m. Lv. Digby 12:50 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3:25 p. m. Lv. Yarmouth 3:45 a. m., arr. Digby 11:25 a. m. Lv. Digby 11:45 a. m., arr. Hallix 8:30 a. m. Lv. Annapolis 7:15 a. m., arr. Digby 8:50 a. m. Lv. Digby 8:30 p. m., arr. Annapolis 4:55 p. m.

FLYING BLUEHOSE.

Lv. Hallix 9:00 a. m. arr. in Yarmouth 4:00 p. m. Lv. Yarmouth 8:15 a. m. arr. in Hallix 3:15 p. m.

S. S. PRINCE ARTHUR AND PRINCE GEORGE.

YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE.

By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., daily except Sunday immediately on arrival of the Express Train from Hallix arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, daily except Saturday at 4:00 p. m. Unequaled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains.

Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.

Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, at the Fraser and steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.

F. GIFFKINS, superintendent, Kentville, N. S.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after June 18th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Time. Includes Suburban from Hampton, Express from Campbellton, Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou, Accommodation for Moncton and Point du Chene, Express for Sussex, Express for Hampton, Express for Quebec, Montreal, Express for Halifax and Sydney.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Time. Includes Express from Sydney and Halifax, Suburban from Hampton, Express from Sussex, Express from Quebec and Montreal, Accommodation from Moncton, Express from Halifax, Express from Halifax, Express from Hampton, All trains also run by Eastern Standard time.

DJ. FOTTEMBER, Gen. Manager. Moncton, N. B., June 18, 1900. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 1 King Street St. John, N. B.