

PROGRESS.

Board of Works 8may08

VOL. XI., NO. 536.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1898

PRICE FIVE CENTS

TALK OVER A SHIP SALE.

HOW THE DAMAGED SHIP CHARLES WAS SOLD.

An Affair That Had a Suspicious Appearance—Advertisement With Misleading Dates—The Auctioneer's Conditions—He Wanted Cash on the Spot.

When Charlie Murphy and Capt. Long of Yarmouth arrived in St. John on the Steamer Alpha last Thursday morning they were under the impression that they had a day to spare—a day to look around and inquire into matters—before the once good ship Charles, now upon the Hillyard blocks, should be put up at auction and sold. The Charles was a Yarmouth vessel once and naturally her managers advertised her in that town as well as here but the advertisements in the Yarmouth papers said the ship was to be sold on Wednesday while those in the St. John papers named Tuesday as the day. Only a difference of 24 hours it is true but Mr. Peterkin of Yarmouth who had an eye upon the Charles, when he arrived upon the Prince Rupert Tuesday afternoon was a greatly surprised man when he found he was too late for the sale.

Still Mr. Murphy and Capt. Long were on hand and soon found out that they were just in time. And the people who had matters out and dried to get a good cheap ship did not expect them, for, shortly after they appeared upon the scene Mr. Murphy, who owned an eighth of the ship was approached and asked what he would take for his shares. He named \$2,000 as his price but he was laughed at and nothing was done.

When noon came round there was quite a crowd of shipping men about Chubb's corner. All of them knew the Charles as a ship that had sailed from this port some weeks ago with a cargo of lumber and that she was in collision with a steamer when about out of the bay. She returned to this port in a damaged condition. The owners asked for a survey upon her and Mr. Arthur Adams was chosen as one of the portwardens. Mr. Adams had to have an associate and finally selected Capt. Wm. Thomas the chairman of the board. The survey was held and the portwardens after getting tenders for the repairs—from whom is not stated—recommended that the ship be discharged and sold.

Well, when Auctioneer Lockhart read the notice of sale he had an attentive audience listening to him. There were shipping men who were ready if the vessel went for a song to bid the Charles in and have her repaired. There were junk men who were looking for the copper and other valuable portions of her. But they soon found out that Mr. Lockhart's instructions were of a very peculiar character. To the astonishment of the crowd he stated that the man who bought the vessel must have the cash in his pocket and pay him before he left the corner. The parties were given to understand that checks would not answer. "Well," said Charlie Murphy "I guess if I buy this ship my check will go until you find out it won't go."

Then when Walter Lantulum asked the auctioneer if there was anything against the Charles, he was told he did not know, he was selling without any guarantee.

Then Edward Lantulum put in his little say and asked if the auctioneer would give them time to go to the bank and if the register went with the ship. Mr. Lockhart repeated his orders and stated that the ship was sold by order of the portwardens. He made a mistake there for the advertisement stated the sale was by the recommendation of the portwardens, not by their order.

Chairman William Thomas, one of the board of portwardens, was standing near and he was asked what he knew about the vessel and whether she was condemned or not. Although Capt. Thomas had made the survey he did not know anything about the Charles. Mr. Murphy then protested against the sale as an owner but the auctioneer went right along without taking notice of any of the talk. The ship was started at \$1,000 and went rapidly to between \$3,000 and \$4,000 and finally rested at \$4,090 at which figure Mr. J. K. Dunlop bid her in for the owners. Those of the crowd who waited around for Mr. Dunlop to flash up and pay Mr. Lockhart before he left the corner did not see such an unusual sight.

It was significant and suggestive to see one owner Mr. Charles Murphy, bidding against the representative of the other owner but such was the fact and but for

his timely arrival here the vessel would probably have sold for some \$1,500 less. The difference in the date of the advertisements, the conditions of the sale, the auctioneer's statements and the ignorance of the portwardens make one of the most regrettable affairs in the history of St. John shipping. The portwardens are appointed by the common council and for them to show any interest in one party as against another is altogether apart from their duty.

The sale of the Charles reminds one of the sale of the Annie E. Wright a short time ago when a ship of 1800 tons sold for about \$1,500. The copper alone upon her was worth \$800.

But there are ways and ways of selling ships.

A SUNDAY EVENING SMASH UP.

Fast Driving on Loch Lomond Road Sunday Evening.

Last Sunday was a fine day and a warm one. It was so warm that a party of young men out in a boat on Douglas Lake concluded to cool off in the water and some of them turned the boat upside down. The half dozen in her got a ducking as a result. Fortunately the water was shallow at this particular spot and none of the party got more than a wetting.

But that there must have been something more than water out the road was the opinion of a young man and lady—residents of Red Head—who were driving home Sunday evening. Just before they came to Kane's corner where they would have turned and been out of harms way, they met with a surprise in the shape of a horse flying along the road which ran into their wagon, threw them out and smashed things generally. A bicyclist who had been trying to keep ahead of the fast driven horse for some two miles and was but a short distance in advance saw the animal going by him on the "dead run" the next minute, and so far as he could see had neither of the occupants of the wagon in.

Meantime the young man and his lady friend who had been run into were trying to find out how much they were injured. The young lady was bruised and suffered much from the shock but none of the others were badly hurt. The team coming in the road belonged to the livery stable man, Walter B. Campbell, and was being driven by its owner at the time of the collision.

MR. THOMPSON'S COINCIDENCE.

He Had The Same Text And Sermon As His American Brother.

Sunday night congregation at Centenary Church had a little happening not on the regular order of service but which proved interesting nevertheless to those present. Rev. Mr. Thompson was to have preached the sermon but an American clergyman visiting the city occupied the pulpit and at Mr. Thompson's solicitation the latter consented to deliver the sermon. He did it in a very masterly manner, holding the congregation's close attention throughout. Indeed it is seldom that any congregation has an opportunity of listening to so eloquent a preacher, such graceful diction and well turned phrases. Not the least interested of listeners was Rev. Mr. Thompson. His face was a study and wave after wave of surprise swept over his usually mobile countenance as the sermon progressed. It was explained when the preacher had finished, for rising to his seat Rev. Mr. Thompson drew forth a weighty looking roll of manuscript and holding it up remarked: "If I had delivered my sermon it would have been about the same as the one to which you have listened. The reverend preacher of the evening drew his sermon from Micah 6th chapter and 8th verse and strange as it may seem I had selected the same text."

A Dainty Little Booklet.

Ripples on the St. John River in Loyalists Days is the title of a daintily printed little booklet that has reached PROGRESS office. The front cover bears rather a startling engraving and yet appropriate withal. The author only gives his or her initials "J. C. T." and dedicates the work to the Loyalist Society and notes that the proceeds of the sale will be devoted to the assistance of the Little Girls Home of this city. The "ripples" prove to be the diary of a Loyalist woman in the first Loyalist days and they are so interesting that when one starts to read them it is difficult to turn from the pages. The booklet we presume is for sale at the bookstores. It is worth reading and dainty enough to be an ornament.

DIED WHEN AT HER DUTY

A RED CROSS NURSE, MISS PHINNEY OF RICHIBUCTO

Falls a Victim to Malarial Fever While Nursing United States Soldiers—Some Particulars of Her Brief Illness and Her Life as a Nurse.

Sad indeed has been the fortunes of war to one family in one of the smallest of New Brunswick's towns, Richibucto, which has been visited with the loss of one of the bright and dear members of the family. Dorothy Phinney was only twenty-two years of age when the dread malarial fever attacked her in one of the United States

and of very brief suffering, she was engaged in her chosen profession all night previous to her illness, which was of less than twenty four hours duration and in a letter written by her thirty-six hours before her illness no word was mentioned of any sickness of her own, but of others she told pitiful tales. Her experiences were quite extensive for one so young in years, she being only twenty-two years of age. The remains arrived here on Monday afternoon for interment; the funeral service was held at her father's residence, conducted by the resident ministers; the funeral procession to the grave was an unusually large one.

Brunswick for burial. Stephen Barton has taken charge of the remains.

LANDED HIGH AND DRY.

A Party of Society Young Ladies Comes to Grief near Drury Cove.

When ladies go out of their sphere, they frequently come to grief. They can do some things very well indeed—a whole lot of things in fact, but evidently managing a yacht is not one of them. At least that is what a whole bevy of society girls think since their little experience early this week. They won't go yachting any more, or if they do they'll take a man along, or one who knows a little more about a craft than they do themselves.

The first of the week a very select party of ladies went aboard the Grayling in great delight over the prospect of having an outing independent of mankind. They got as far as Drury Cove. Next day they were back in the city sadder, very much fatigued, but not any wiser about the mysterious ways of the sea.

Near Drury Cove the Grayling was anchored, but it was low water and the anchor dragged. Next thing the fair crew knew the yacht was ashore.

The gallant Captain, the daughter of a local shipping man, did not desert her post at the first alarm but worked like a beaver to get things in shape, and when she found her efforts unavailing and the horrid yacht wouldn't put out to sea, she walked a long distance to find a telephone in order to summon assistance from the city. It could not be obtained till the next morning and the ladies spent the night alone on the Grayling. No doubt they enjoyed it, but just the same they are singularly reticent regarding the trip and their experience as sailors.

SUNDAY MORNING DOG FIGHTS.

How Some Young People in Rothesay Pass the Time Away.

Sabbath desecration assumes many forms. Many of them are mild and harmless, others are not so mild nor yet so harmless. Strange to say the worst story of this kind that has reached PROGRESS comes from that abode of the select, Rothesay. The people who reside in this charming resort are not supposed to be on the wrong side of anything, but once in a while something turns up just to show they are as human as those who are not privileged to reside in the country. There have been two or three instances of this heard from this pleasant resort this year, but the latest explains how a few of the young people manage to spend a part of their leisure time.

Among the possessions of the people who reside there are two bull dogs. One of them belongs to a bank clerk and is a beauty, the other is the property of a young lady who is spending a short time in Rothesay. The rivalry between the dogs has extended to the owners and the friends of the owners who meet as often as possible to try and discover which of the dogs has the most endurance. And at these meetings PROGRESS is informed there are regular dog fights such as please the brutish senses of the elegant young men who look on and encourage the cruel pastime. If it is true that the young ladies also have tolerated this dog fighting then it is time some of the older heads in Rothesay assumed control of the movements and actions of those who are to follow them.

Professor Hesse's Condition.

Professor Hesse is still in the Public Hospital where he has a private room and every possible comfort that can be obtained. He was not able to move around on crutches the first of the week but his friends hoped that he would in a few days. So far as PROGRESS can learn the legal representatives of the professor have not been able to come to any agreement with the street railway people in regard to the question of damages. The difference between what is asked and what the company is willing to give is too great. If the case goes to court no doubt the amount asked will reach \$100,000. In support of this claim proof of the distinguished ability of the organist will no doubt be furnished and the fact that he was in receipt of a sum exceeding \$5,000 a year as an organist in Providence. He is a young man yet being only 36 years of age on the second of August. When he was seven years of age he studied music and spent years under the greatest masters in the world. His ability to teach was such that people who could say they came from him readily commanded good salaries in any part of the States.



MISS DOROTHY PHINNEY, OF RICHIBUCTO.

The Devoted Nurse, Who Dying at Camp Thomas, Chickamauga, Was the First Woman to Yield Her Life in the War.

camp in the Southern States last week. She must have been a girl in her teens when she left the happy home of her father Mr. Robert Phinney in Richibucto to go to the States. Like many another New Brunswick girl she chose the nursing vocation and, like many of them again, she was so bright, willing and active, that she became a strong favorite with both the physicians and her associates.

When PROGRESS learned of her death the services of a friend in Richibucto were asked and almost by return mail came a small photograph of one of the gentlest and most loving faces that could be pictured. The outline drawing given with this article while a good picture does not do justice to the fine lines of the photographed face which would have been engraved with this issue had there been time. The following facts accompanied the photograph and are as interesting as they are sad.

RICHIBUCTO, Aug. 17.—The far reaching effects of war have been surely demonstrated amongst us within the past week by the death of Miss Dorothy Phinney, who died at Chickamauga, on the ninth inst., while ministering to the sick and wounded American soldiers in the capacity of a professional nurse under the Red Cross order. The late Miss Phinney was the eldest daughter and second child of Mr. Robert Phinney and was born in Richibucto in eighteen hundred and seventy-five, she graduated from the Lowell Mass., hospital with honors over a year ago. After spending a short vacation at home she took a post graduate course at the Sloane Maternity hospital in New York, later she entered the Kings county hospital at Brooklyn N. Y., and was in this institution when volunteers were asked for to go south under the Red Cross Society. That the deceased young lady was greatly devoted to her work is evidenced by the readiness with which she offered her services under the Red Cross Society and went south a month ago with courage and hope of being able for the work; letters from her told of the terrible sufferings and hardships of the wounded soldiers, giving some idea of a nurse's work under the existing conditions, no particulars of the death have been forwarded beyond the fact that her death was caused by acute malarial fever

The Boston Globe in noting the death of Miss Phinney gives the following additional particulars:

Tears were in the eyes of many Lowell friends of Miss Dorothy Phinney on the arrival to day of The Globe announcing her death at the Chickamauga Park hospital. She had no relatives here, but she had friends in and out of the hospital who loved her for her kind heart and many estimable qualities. She is the first woman to give up her life for this country in the war.

Mrs. E. D. Holden, who has been interested in the Lowell general hospital training school for nurses, where Miss Phinney graduated in June of last year, was grieved when informed of Miss Phinney's death.

Mrs. Holden spoke of her as eminently qualified for her vocation. Miss Phinney came from Richibucto, N. B. to study in the Lowell general hospital training school. Her father, brothers and sisters reside here.

The matron of the Lowell general hospital is away on her vacation at present, but it is understood Miss Phinney wrote to her from Tampa, Fla. She said it was the intention of the physicians to send her to Santiago, but later it was decided to transfer her to Chickamauga Park hospital.

Miss Phinney, after leaving Lowell, continued her studies in the Maternity hospital, New York city. When she volunteered as one of the first Red Cross nurses she had been head nurse for eight months in one of the wards of Kings County hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The staff at this institution will feel her loss severely. When she went south she left in care of Miss O'Neil, superintendent of the training school for nurses there, the diplomas she had received, in case she did not return. Miss Phinney had a lesion of the heart, and before she left the Brooklyn hospital on her journey she said: "I know I have not long to live anyway, and I want to do all the good I can." She had no idea of the difficulties she had to encounter.

Miss Phinney had corresponded with nurses who were in the training school in Lowell with her, but not since she went to Chickamauga Park hospital.

Her body will be sent by the national government to her former home in New

IBSEN'S PECULIARITIES.

THE GREAT MAN HAS SOME THAT ARE VERY STARTLING.

His Devotion to Certain Drinks Very Remarkable. He is much Bothered Now-a-days by British Tourists—His Strange Experiences.

Henrik Ibsen lived for several years in Munich, and during that time he was a familiar figure at one of the cafes on the principal street. He came there regularly every day, sat always at the same table, and read the foreign newspapers. He did not confine himself entirely to this literary diversion, and if the stories of the black-clad kohlerrins are to be believed, possessed an extensive and varied taste in the matter of drinks that seemed quite out of keeping with his character.

That was at least the motive that his conduct suggested. She said that for weeks at a time he would drink only cognac and then suddenly change his tippie to absinthe and continue that with equal persistence until some other liquor struck his fancy. He was at all times addicted to only one and he clung to that, drinking in great moderation, but with unflinching regularity. He attracted then a moderate amount of attention from visitors to the cafe. Apparently he never noticed them, and he took his place at the table without speaking to anybody, always sat alone, and left when he had finished his reading. Occasionally he was approached by strangers and his conduct was then polite and reserved.

Ibsen's fame has grown greatly, however, during the past few years, and many persons who had never heard of him several years ago now know at least that he is one of the most famous men in literature. That knowledge may account for a story that comes from Christiania concerning the worry and inconvenience which the English visitors to Norway now cause him.

They go to Norway in boats during the summer months, and it is said that they have come to look upon Ibsen as the great curiosity of the Norwegian capital. He continues his habits of going daily to a cafe and there is said to be a line of staring Britishers always awaiting his arrival. He is evidently as indifferent to the interest he awakens as he used to be in the Munich days, and never notices it. But the action of a party of English tourists a few weeks ago is said to finally called out a protest.

He was on his way to the Grand Cafe in Christiania when he encountered six travellers. Three were men and three were women. They stretched in a line across the sidewalk. In vain the dramatist tried to continue his way. The line of six effectively barricaded his way. But the flying wedge was too much for him. Suddenly he spied a seventh Englishman. This one carried a camera and was struggling to get Ibsen in an attitude that would make a good picture. That was too much. Remembering probably that George Bernard Shaw is an Irishman and Elizabeth Robbins an American he delivered himself of this outbreak:

"Those miserable English!" A still stronger protest against their conduct followed. He turned back, went home and missed his cafe for the first time since his return to Christiania.

Ibsen pictures were not always as much appreciated in England as they are to day. During the German exhibition held several years ago at Earl's Court, a portrait of the dramatist by a Munich painter hung in the main gallery. One might two typical English girls with their sailor hats mounted on a pile of puffs and frizzes entered the room.

"Oh, I say," said one to the other as she pointed to Ibsen's portrait, "that old gentleman had a bad fright, hasn't he?"

Therefore Unnecessary. Jose Maria, a Spanish brigand who had received pardon from the government on condition that he renounced his exciting and unlawful profession, used to tell most entertaining stories of his past. On one occasion he said he had robbed an English gentleman and his servant of three horses and everything they possessed, save their clothes. The Englishman was a pleasant attractive youth, and submitted to the robbery with great good humour. This appealed to Jose Maria, and as they were forty miles from Seville, whither the traveller was going, he determined that he should not walk that distance, and gave him back his servant's horse and a doubloon—a little over £1—out of the two hundred he had taken. The youth thanked the robber warmly, and added that he had till a great favour to ask. Will you not

return me my watch? he said. 'It was the parting gift of my father.' Is your father alive, asked Jose Maria, 'and does he love you very much?' 'Oh yes,' said the youth 'he lives and loves me.' 'Then,' said Jose Maria, 'I shall keep the watch, for if your father loves you so dearly he is sure to present you with another.'

SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

Hunting Them Was One of the Sports of Chiefs in Islands of the Pacific.

The rats of the South Sea Islands are of a species different from the domestic pests of civilized communities. They are rarely seen about the houses, possibly for the reason that Polynesian dwellings offer little to attract such marauders: put the fields are full of them, and it results that gardening suffers from their ravages. Water-melons suffer most conspicuously for the rats wait until the melon is just right for eating and then the morning shows a carefully excavated rind. The only way a white man in the South Seas can make sure of a melon is to box it up in an old biscuit tin just as soon as it has attained its full size.

Nor are the rats restricted to a vegetable diet. Eggs and young chickens vanish overnight unless protected by wire nets. In the absence of predatory birds and mammals which might keep down the numbers of the rats, they overrun the islands so completely that they leave regular paths through the woods as plainly marked as if trodden for years by human feet.

When the rainy season sets in the rats appear about the houses and may render some service in reducing the numbers of insects, which become particularly annoying at that season. But in the houses of white people the benefit is hardly great enough to compensate for the noise which the rats make all night long scampering over the roots and floors and squeaking.

That the Polynesian rat is indigenous needs scarcely the testimony of naturalists. It enters into the ancient stories of the islanders in countless fables. According to one tale, the rat was not the astute animal which he is held to be in other folk lore. Long ages ago the rat had wings and flew by day among birds, while the bat was confined to earth. By flattery the bat coaxed the rat into lending him his wings.

They were never returned, and since that time the rat has never been able to get back to his flying kind; yet the bat, in fear that the birds would punish him for his theft, never ventures to fly until night has fallen. Another tale credits the rat with the invention of the canoe. He was little content that the bird and the cuttlefish, his constant companions, could pass from island to island in the elements in which they were respectively at home while he was confined to solid ground. He set his wits at work and gnawed a rude canoe out of a tree trunk. In this he invited his companions to sail with him. They had not gone far before a wave tipped the canoe over and spilled the passengers. The bird was safe because a flap of his wings raised him into the air, the cuttlefish was at home in the water, but the rat would have drowned had it not been for the cuttlefish, which took him on his head and ferried him to shore.

The proof of this is that the head of the cuttlefish shows to this day the marks made by the rat as he clung to the slippery perch. After this initial failure at navigating the rat spent much thought on the problem, and at last hit upon the device of attaching an outrigger to the left-hand side of his canoe. This was found an immediate success, and thus was made the first island canoe, which has never changed its pattern in any particular since the rat first gnawed it out and made it stable.

At over the Pacific islands the native rat has been a favorite article of food. The rat being for the most part a vegetable feeder, the flesh is dainty and has no strong flavor. Large hunting parties were often sent out from the different native villages to hunt the rat with spear and bow and arrow. The whole Polynesian race never advanced to the use of the bow and arrow for the desperate purposes of war, but confined its archery entirely to the rat hunt.

In Hawaii and also in Tonga the rat hunt was a sport confined to chiefs, who frequently showed great rivalry in the making of high records. The chief followed up a well-marked rat path, while his beaters scouted the bush for long distances on each side and by shouting and thrashing the clumps of shrubby drove the game in the direction of the path. At the close of the sport the rival hunters dined on the catch and settled the bets, often amounting to a large number of choice mats. So extensive was the gambling on these rat hunts that the missionaries both in Hawaii and in Tonga found it necessary to suppress the sport.

A Sure Sign of Death. From time to time we are horrified by learning that some person has been buried alive, after assurances has been given of death. Under these circumstances the opinion of a rising young physician upon the subject becomes of world-wide interest; for since the tests which have been in use for years have been found unreliable, no means should be left untried to prove beyond a doubt that life is actually extinct before conveying our beloved ones to the

grave. Doctor Marinot asserts that an un-failing test may be made by producing a blister on the hand or foot of the body by holding the flame of a candle to the same for a few moments, or until the blister is formed, which will always occur. If the blister contains any fluid, it is evidence of life, and the blister only that produced by an ordinary burn; if, on the contrary, the blister contains only steam, it may be asserted that life is extinct. The explanation is as follows: A corpse is nothing more than inert matter, under the immediate control of physical laws which causes all liquids heated to a certain temperature to become steam; the epidermis is raised, the blister produced; it breaks with a little noise and the steam escapes. But it, in spite of appearances, there is any life, the organic mechanism continues to be governed by physiological laws, and the blister will contain serous matter, as in the case of ordinary burns. The test is as simple as the proof is conclusive. Dry blister: death. Liquid blister: life. Anyone may try it; there is no error possible.—Opinion Nacional de Caracas.

Bird Bicycleists.

At the Empire, London, last year a wonderfully clever cockatoo was exhibited, which not only rode a bicycle, but performed tricks on it and also rode on a tight wire suspended across the auditorium. This marvellous cockatoo-cyclist—the property of Monsieur and Madame Belloni—rides a silver-plated bicycle, which he mounts with the greatest ease and unaided. He drops his feet on the pedals, takes the handle-bar in his beak, and goes off with a regular flying start. A round table, measuring innumerable laps to the mile, in his track. He is hoisted on to a tight wire and sprints along, making a curve as gracefully as any human being. The other cycling cockatoo was trained by Mlle. Irma Orbasono, and rides a tricycle. Both these birds use their beaks for the purpose of steering their machines, and pedal with their claws. An American cyclist is utilizing triches for pacing; a study of these birds having been trained for the purpose.

Anxious to get rid of their pastor a congregation were considerably perplexed how to do it without hurting his feelings. After considerable discussion, they concluded to inform him that they were obliged to reduce his salary. A delegation was appointed to wait on him and notify him of the fact. "Brethren," was the reply, "I have been with you in prosperity, and I will never desert you in adversity."

Shorthand by Mail.

The mystery of shorthand is a stepladder to success in many fields. To the newspaper man in gathering news items, of speeches more or less full, interviews, to clergymen composing sermons and reading from their shorthand notes, legal gentlemen in taking testimony, to authors, teachers, students and those wishing to get a good start in the business world, I give a thorough and complete course of individual instructions by mail: shorthand \$10; practical book-keeping \$15; art penmanship \$10.

S. P. SNELL, Truro, N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

BICYCLE THIS YEARS "MASSEY-HARRIS" FOR SALE. A 1898 model, Massey-Harris bicycle, ridden very little, purchased in the middle of June. Nothing at all wrong with the machine, the owner having to discontinue it through ill health. Cost \$75. Cash will be sold at big reduction for cash. The wheel is 28 inch frame and handsomely enameled and nickel-plated. Address communication to "Bicycle" Progress Office.

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Music and The Drama IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Siegfried Wagner's new comic opera, "The Idler," is announced for production in Munich in November.

Marice Grau is enjoying a holiday in Paris. He will return to the United States early next month.

Emil Sauer, the pianist, has received from King Albert of Saxony the appointment of royal Saxon court pianist.

Ovide Musin, the violinist and chief of the Liege Royal Musical conservatory, arrived in New York Tuesday intending to open a virtuosic school of the violin immediately in that city.

Edward E. Rice last week secured by cable from Willie Edouin and Frank W. Sanger, now in London, the sole American rights to "To To To Ta," a comic opera in three acts by Paul Bibaud and Albert Barre; music by A. Bandes; originally produced at the Theatre des Menus-Plaisirs, Paris.

I have an indistinct recollection of publishing a week or two ago the names of the "Folies" for the Maine Musical festival in October but am not quite sure of having done so. I avail myself of the doubt however and give them again as follows: Johanna Gadski, Charlotte Maconda, soprano; Katherine M. Ricker, contralto; Evan Williams, John M. Fulton, tenors; Frangoon Davies, Gwilym Miles baritone; Harriet A. Shaw, solo harpist, and Hans Kronold, solo cellist.

Paderevski's next American tour will begin in San Francisco in '99.

Haydn, Beethoven and Mozart are to have a monument in common at Berlin.

The Imperial Opera company, headed by Clementine de Vere Sappio, will begin its season in an English version of "La Boheme" Sept. 5, in Philadelphia.

Stavenhagen has been appointed conductor of the Royal opera in Munich.

Miss Sybil Sanderson is back in Paris much improved in health.

It is rumored that a company for the building of a Wagner theatre eight or ten miles from London is on foot.

Lillian Russell is to receive \$15,000 for 30 evening concerts at Berlin.

Verdi's new sacred works are to receive their first production in Britain at the Gloucester Festival in September.

Francis Wilson began rehearsals of his new opera with his company Wednesday. The little Coppola will have its first hearing at the Broadway theatre, New York on Sept. 19.

The Bostonians are coming to the Boston theatre in the early fall. They open their season Aug. 22 at Manhattan beach.

The Manchester Courier says that Paderevski has lost the use of two of his fingers and will probably be unable to play again, but the report is probably an idle rumor as are most of the stories concerning this world famous pianist. In this case it is at least to be sincerely hoped so.

The Worcester Musical festival the last week in September will call all the musicians home and then take them to the centre of the state for a few days. Then the opening of the season in Boston with the symphony concerts will soon follow.

In Mme. Marchesi's opera class in Paris of ten members for this year, there are five American women. The Baroness de Reibnitz of Boston, daughter of Mr. Sebastian Schlesinger, the composer, is one of them.

A new Anglo-American alliance in the musical world is that of William H. Gardner, the Boston lyric author, and Sir Alexander C. Mackenzie, the eminent English composer, who is principal of the Royal Academy of Music, and the director of the Philharmonic society of London. These two gentlemen will collaborate on a

UNABLE TO SEE FROM ECZEMA

I suffered with Eczema of the worst kind, my face and neck down to my shoulders were one inflammation, was not able to see out of my eyes for quite a while, and was unable to sleep for weeks, on account of the severe pain, which nearly drove me insane. My face and neck were swollen and made me look hideous. Had three doctors at different times, and none of them could relieve me of my pain, swelling, and blotches. I used three bottles of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, four boxes CUTICURA (ointment), three cakes of CUTICURA SOAP, and my friends and one of the doctors are surprised, and asked, "Who cured you?" and I tell them quickly, "CUTICURA REMEDIES."

J. V. KAFKA, March 4, 1897. 33 Schole St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Sold throughout the world. CUTICURA AND C. SOAP, Sole Proprietors. How to Cure Skin Diseases, Free.

series of high class songs, for simultaneous publication this fall in Boston and London. Mr. Gardner is also completing a set of six songs, with Otto Cantor of London, the famous composer of "As The Dawn."

The two baritones who will do most of the leading work in connection with the oratorio and concert work in the United States this year are Gwilym Miles and Frangoon Davies, the great Welsh singers. These artists are booked for the Worcester festival and Maine State festival. Fall excursions will probably be run from St. John to Bangor this year so that local music lovers will have an opportunity of hearing this great treat.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Nancy Hanks company which played a three nights engagement here last week drew very good audiences to the Opera house, the performances generally, and performers being much better than any we have had lately.

Joseph Greene opens a weeks engagement on Monday evening in Held by the Enemy, a piece that has always proved attractive to a St. John audience. Mr. Greene has become quite a favorite here, and the manager, Mr. Harriman reports the supporting company as particularly strong this season. Matinees will begin Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. Miles will spend Tuesday evening in the city on their way to Woodstock where the company will play next week. They are booked here for Labor Day.

Kittie Mitchell is seriously ill.

"Elixir" is the title of Weber & Field's new burlesque.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Hoyt have returned from their European trip.

Dan Daly's starring tour in "The Belle of New York" opens in Brooklyn Sept. 12.

Cissy Loftus, the famous London music hall artist, is contemplating an American tour.

H. A. Du Souchet is writing a new play which satirizes the seeker after pirate gold.

It is stated that Olga Nethersole is having Kipling's "The Light that Failed" dramatized for her.

The Liliputians have a new, extravagant and for their American tour this season entitled "Bob and Rob"

Edward J. Morgan, last season with the New York Lyceum Stock company, will be Viola Allen's leading man.

The Richard Mansfield son and heir born at Rye N. Y. last week has been named George Gibbs Mansfield, after one Mr. Mansfield's very dear friends.

Robert Edeson will be Maude Adams' leading man next season.

"The Conquerors," Paul M. Potter's play which has caused so much discussion will be one of the fall attractions at the Hollis theatre, Boston.

Langdon Mitchell is dramatizing "Vanity Fair" for Mrs. Fiske, who will produce it in New York in January under the title of "Becky Sharp."

Saul Hammillburg, formerly treasurer of Globe theatre, Boston has been engaged as business manager for Belle Archer in "A Contented Woman."

Tim Murphy will open his regular season in Washington D. C., Sept. 26, in a new play, entitled "The Carpet Bagger," by Opie Read and Frank Pixley.

William Gillette opens his season August 29 at the New York Empire theatre in "Two Much Johnson." "Secret Service" will be put on the following week.

William H. Crane, Daniel Frohman and James K. Hackett were in the flock of professional people from European shores last week.

Charles Emerson Cook, librettist of the defunct "Walking Delegate," alias "The Koreans," and also of "The Chorus Girl," was in London at last reports.

Blanche Walsh will assume the Sardon characters made famous in recent years by Fanny Davenport in Melbourne MacDowell's starring tour this season.

Alice Neilson begins her starring tour in Herbert and Smith's new opera, "The Fortune Teller," in New York in September. Her Boston engagement is in February.

Chicago is, to say the least, right up to date in a theatrical way. "The Heroes of '98" is the title of a new play which received its initial performance in that city this week.

It is reported that Hall Caine is coming to America this fall to assist in the dramatization of his novel, "The Christian," in which Viola Allen makes her stellar debut.

Louis Evans Shipman, who arranged "Esmond" for E. H. Sothern, is now at work dramatizing Stevenson's "St. Ives" which Richard Mansfield will control when finished.

Stuart Robson opens his season the first week in September at Wallack's theatre, New York, in Augustin Thomas' newest comedy, entitled "The Meddler." John E. Kellard is one of his company.

Charles Dickson and Henrietta Crossman will play the leading parts in Grant Stewart's new comedy, "Mistakes Will happen," which opens at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, the middle of next month.

The leading people engaged for the cast of Henry Guy Carlton's latest play, "The Cuckoo," are May Vokes, Helen Reimer, Frederick Bond, Edward Abeles, John Ward and Nita Allen.

Olga Nethersole's coming tour of the States will be under Marcus R. Mayer's direction. The principal feature of her repertoire will be Louis N. Parker's new play, "The Termagant," but she will also appear in a new comedy by Max O'Rell, as Nora in Ibsen's "The Doll's House," and in a piece called "The Mutiny."

F. Ziegfeld, Jr. has returned from Europe and begun rehearsals for the French farcial comedy, "La Tortue," (The Turtle) which inaugurates the season at the Manhattan theatre New York, Sept. 3. Such skilled players as gadie Martinot, W. J. Ferguson, M. A. Kennedy, Henry Bergman and "Aunt Louisa" Eldridge are in the cast.

The long standing alliance of Mrs. James Brown Potter and Kyrle Bellow is about to be broken for a time at least. Mrs. Potter has been engaged as leading lady to play Miladi his version of "Three Musketeers" in the fall and Mr. Bellow will be Charles Wyrndham's leading man in a new play by Louis N. Parker and Murray Carson.

Augustin D. Lys has returned from Europe and is busy in New York preparing the two new musical plays he has secured for production this season. They are: "The Runaway Girl" and "The Greek Slave," and should they prove successful they will remain at Daly's theatre and Ada Rehan will play her winter engagement at the fifth Avenue theatre. Her chief new productions will be "Ma-fame Sans Gene" and "The Merchant of Venice."

Melbourne MacDowell, recognizing the impossibility of his wife, Fanny Davenport, appearing on the stage this year, owing to the severe illness she is just passing through, has arranged to star during the coming season, supported by a prominent actress, in one of Sardou's plays owned by Miss Davenport. The tour will open the last of September, under the management of Ben Stern.

Mary Tucker has been re-engaged with the Bennett & Moulton Co.

Ed. R. Salter and Lottie Williams were united in marriage Aug. 1, in Chicago, Ill., Judge Hall officiating. Mr. Salter will be on the executive staff of Broadhurst's "Why Smith Left Home" Co., and his wife will be a member of Davis & Keogh's "Heart of the Klondyke" Co.

Charles Coghlan has completed his new play and rumor has it that it is a dramatization of Dickens' "Tale of Two cities," and that he will appear as Sydney Carton. Mr. Coghlan will open his season with a revival of "The Royal Box," and the new play will follow that.

Hall Caine is making two versions of "The Christian." The one in which Viola Allen will star makes Gloria the central figure and the other version, which Wilson Barrett will have, makes John Stern the centre of interest.

Adolph Sonnenthal, the noted Viennese actor, who is the doyen of the famous Hofburg theatre company, of the Austrian capital will come for a brief season next spring.

Anna Held arrived in New York Tuesday on the Kaiser Wilhelm der Gross. She is under special contract to F. Ziegfeld, Jr., at a salary said to be 30,000 francs a month. In January she will appear in a new comedy at the Vaudeville theatre, Paris.

Reading Character.

"I distrust that man at first sight," said Tomkins, meaningly. Tomkins is one of the men who think they are born detectives. "Yes, sir, I would not trust that man with a saucupan-lid." "Hum," said Yabsley who happened to know the man in question and held a very different opinion. "And why not, may I ask?"

In the first place, do you notice the stooping insinuating way in which he carries his shoulders? "That's craft," "Oh!"

"In the second place you observe that he clutches his fists, as though he had a grip upon something that nothing would persuade him to loosen. That's cupidity."

"Ah!" "In the third place, do you see how furtively he glances from side to side?"

"That's guilt." "There was a pause." "I happen to know that man," said Yabsley. "And I am right?" demanded Tomkins, triumphantly. "No, you are wrong. He has just become proficient enough to go in the street with his bicycle. Nearly all bicycle riders have these signs."

"Ah!" "In Pleasant Company." One evening Sir Arthur Sullivan went to see Rubinstein at his house in London. The Russian composer asked his visitor to step out on to the balcony and smoke a cigarette. They sat down, twisted their cigarettes, and puffed the blue clouds into the air. After a long pause Sullivan observed:—"You are a great admirer of Beethoven, I presume?" "Yes," answered Rubinstein.

"And Wagner?" "No," was the reply. "That was all. Not another word was spoken. They rocked themselves in their chairs, and smoked away. After a long time Sullivan remarked:—"I think it is time for me to be going." "Don't say so," said Rubinstein. "Stay a bit longer; it is so nice to talk to you."

Sullivan remained, went on rocking himself and smoking into the small hours, when he at length got up and said:—"I must really be off now; I think we have chatted long enough." Rubinstein drew out his watch, and shook his head in blank astonishment. "Half-past two," he said. "Strange how quickly time flies in pleasant company!"

Barbers of Importance.

The barber of India is a man of much importance. He has no shop, and does not solicit customers by signs or symbols. If the tourist in India observes closely the stream of life in the streets, he will now and then notice a man of quiet demeanour strolling along near the bazaars, carrying a small bag or rolled up bundle under his arm, apparently not very solicitous of the attention of the passers-by.

This is the Hindu barber, who visits certain families early every morning. He performs bleeding, cupping, and undertakes surgical operations. It is he who bores the girls' ears and noses for putting in rings. No religious rite can be performed without the presence of the family barber. At the birth of a child the barber carries the good news to the relatives of the family. He plays an important part at a wedding, being his duty to dress the groom. On the occasion of a funeral the barber shaves the heads of the living and of the dead.

Amused.

There is a story told of a very talkative lady who met with a well-deserved rebuke at a social gathering not long ago. Her husband is a man of high standing in the world of science, but the lady regards him as a dreamer of impossible dreams.

"Do you know," she remarked, "that genius and imbecility are twin brothers? The world regards John as a genius. Now there are times when I believe him to be an idiot."

A painful silence followed, broken by a blunt old doctor who had overheard the remark. "Are we to understand, madam," he said "that Professor Y, though your husband, is so lightly esteemed by you?"

"I say what I think," she retorted. "At times John is unmistakably an idiot."

"Merely because he is your husband?" "Sir?"

"Oh very well, was the grim rejoinder. "We will put it another way. He is your husband because he is an idiot. Will that do?"

Why The Park Was Closed.

It is said of a certain Royal Duke that he is not in the habit of spending twopenny where a penny will do. On a wet afternoon he hailed a cab in Bond Street, and requested to be driven to Victoria Station. Arrived at that terminus, he handed the cabman a shilling. Then of course came the inevitable, "Ere, what's this? Can't you make it another tanner?"

"Certainly not," said the noble tar. "And what is more, you came the wrong way. What made you go right round Hyde Park Corner and Grosvenor Place?"

The cabby saw that he had no chance, and chaffingly replied: "Wot for? 'Cos St. James's Park is closed—that's wot for!" "Closed? St. James's Park closed?"

Why, haw's that?" "Oh, they say as how the Duke dropped a threepenny-bit a-comin' across the park last night, and the park's closed till they find it!"

Laughter Strictly Prohibited.

Some time ago, at a Saturday night entertainment associated with a place of worship in a poor district in the Midlands, one of the lay-workers, an energetic, but not otherwise particularly brilliant individual, was elected to the chair. It was his first experience of the dignity, and he determined to show that he was quite equal to it. His conduct was all that could be desired until, in the course of a humorous recitation, the audience began to laugh.

"Silence please," called the chairman, in a peremptory tone. The recitation proceeded, and, as in the case of Oliver Wendal Holmes's printer's

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boy, the laughter developed. This was to much far the chairman's dignity. "Ladies and gentleman, I will have no laughing," he pswled, "and if this unseemly conduct continues I shall stop the proceedings."

Had Used Him.

Six-year-old Tommie was sent by his eldest sister to the corner grocer's to buy a pound of sugar. After the proprietor of the shop had given the little lad his change he engaged Tommie in conversation.

"Tommie," said he, "I understand there is a new member of your family?" "Yes sir," replied the boy, "I've got a little brother."

"Well, how do you like that, hey?" inquired the grocer. "Don't like it at all," said Tommie; "rather have a little sister."

"Then why don't you change him, Tommie?" "Well, we would if we could, but I suppose we can't. You see, we've used him four days now!"

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Widnes is in the proud position of selling the cheapest gas in the world, and doing it at considerable profit to the rate-payers. Last year Widnes held the world's record for cheap gas, the prices being 1s. 9d. and 1s. 9d. per 1,000 cubic feet, and the make of gas increased from 181,900,000 cubic feet to 202,000,000 cubic feet; while the number of consumers increased from 4,322 to 4,884. After defraying the cost of the public lighting of the borough, £1,457 14s., the net profit on the gas undertaking was £2,073. From July 1st, the price of gas will be reduced to 1s. 4d. and 1s. 6d. per 1,000 cubic feet.

The Largest Locomotive.

The largest locomotive in the world is the Giant, of French type, on the Mallet compound articulated system, that was constructed by the Belgian State Railway Administration for the sharp gradients near Liege, having been shown at the Brussels Exhibition of last year. This engine, carried by six pairs of wheels, weighs in running order 108,000 kilos, equal to 106 tons, which weight is entirely utilized for adhesion; but the arrangement is such that each pair of wheels only loads the rails with 18,000 kilos equal to 17 3/4 tons.

Traffic At London Bridge.

It is computed that about 200,000 pedestrians and 20,000 vehicles cross London Bridge every day. Each leaves behind a little shoe leather or a little iron—just a trifle. But when litter and dust are added to these minute losses the whole fills between three and four carts. The most surprising fact of all, however, is that the incessant traffic across the bridge reduces to powder about twenty-five cubic yards of granite every year.

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Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 29 to 31 Center Street, St. John, N. B., by the PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY (Limited), W. L. H. FINEY, Managing Director. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, AUG 20th.

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

THAT POLICE FUND.

The reference was made a few weeks ago to the fund raised by the policemen some time ago was not an idle one. The men upon the force—especially those who were active in matter wish to know where the money is, how much the principal and interest amount to and then some plan may be formulated for the disposition of it. If the money is deposited in the name of the chief that gentlemen should tell the men how much there is of it and in what bank it is. If it is held by trustees that they should make a report. Silence upon such a matter is liable to lead to suspicion and misconception and it is as much due to the chief as to his men that there should be an explanation. More than that the public are interested. Some subscribed to the fund direct, others helped to increase it by a generous purchase of tickets that were not required. It is due to the public that there should be some report.

ONE KIND OF INDEPENDENCE.

The independent man is not the pleasantest of God's creatures. You admire him perhaps because you are vain to admire what is strong, and he certainly is that; but you do not love him. He is a man who neither invites nor gives much sympathy; he will not enter into your heart, and he will not allow you to enter into his. His independence is shown in his solitariness. It is not that he is a Sybarite. On the contrary, he is very much of the world, but he uses the world merely for his own ends. His gospel is that Number One is the most important person in the world, and that all things are to be made to work together for his good. To do him justice, he quite expects you to hold the same views, for he neither counts on your support nor desires it. He will use you when he requires your help, but it will be compulsory, not voluntary, service that you give him. Sufficient unto himself, he, more than most men, rises superior to circumstances which he moulds and models to his own ends.

The difference between the independent and the dependent man is this—the dependent man recognises the existence of a corporate society, whether the small family or the large state, and he regulates his movements so that he shall not strike a jarring note in this society. If not his brother's keeper, he at least sees in himself his brother's colleague, and he will preface an act by the inquiry whether it is one that his duty to his brother will or will not allow. He recognises an obligation to his father and mother, and sees that there are times when he must sacrifice his own ends to the convenience of those with whom he associates. The independent man has a different code of existence. He wants a thing, and that is enough. A father cannot be allowed to be an obstacle to the attainment of an ambition, but must, if necessary, be sacrificed at once. Filial sentiments are pretty and, under certain conditions, natural, but they are only sentiments—intangible, unreal things, which cannot so much as be considered where personal advancement is at stake. The independent man will not, as he will put it, see his prospects ruined because his father is possessed of crochets. He will merely bid him "Good-bye" and go his way alone. In the same way friends are to be lightly brushed aside when they become obstacles. There is no heart-wrench in parting with them, because they have always been so lightly esteemed in comparison with the central idea of advancement. Friendship is a utilitarian thing, and if it fails in its usefulness it becomes at once valueless and to be disregarded.

The independent man desires your acquaintanceship because you are able to introduce him to some one it is necessary for him to know. So he uses you, and then thanks you, raises his hat, and passes on, taking care to repay your services so that he shall not be under an obligation. It is not to be supposed that the independent man is literally independent in the sense that he achieves all his ends single-handed. His art lies rather in organization, and in the adaptation of means to ends. He will not beg for any man's services; but he will just take them and use them with the same complacency and feeling of justification as he would the stepping-stones across a brook. In short, to employ a vulgar-

ism, the independent man is determined to "get there," and he quietly and naturally makes use of whatsoever person or thing will help him to "get there."

It seems, then, that the independent man is very dependent, after all. Well, so he is in a sense—in his instruments. He cannot wash without water, or cook without fire, or live without food. And he cannot attain certain ends without another pair of hands, another pair of eyes, or another head. His independence does not consist in his making bricks without straw, but in the fact that he will get the straw, be it flesh or money, without direct recognizable assistance from others. If you wait for him to say, "Help me," you will find that your waiting will be a long one; but, if you are sufficiently observant, you will find one day that you have helped him almost unconsciously. Moreover, his prevailing characteristic is not that of pressing other hands into his service, but that of disregarding the interests—and shall we say the rights?—of other people in his own advancement. To put it roughly, he eliminates sentiment from his programme of life. He of course recognises legal obligations, and those of well-defined etiquette. He would not willingly do an impolite act which would afford a reason for condemnation. But on more delicate ethical points he is an unblinking egotist, and it would not occur to him to make a sacrifice because it would be to your advantage. He is a packet of selfishness—selfishness regulated by certain insistent social rules. In brief, independence in the sense in which we are regarding it may be taken as being almost synonymous with egotism, dependences with altruism.

Many of the heroes and heroines who helped the United States fight against the Spaniards went from Canada. One of them came back the other day in her coffin—Miss PHINNEY of Richibucto—the first victim of the Red Cross Society while on duty. Her afflicted relatives have the consolation of knowing that she died at her post while ministering to the sufferings of her fellow creatures.

Recorder SKINNER says that the council ceased to be a council when Mayor SEARS left the chair. The decision is, no doubt, correct but it does not excuse the mayor however, for vacating his post. To allow himself to be driven out of the chair by the language of Ald. CHRISTIE is an evidence of weakness that he had better not have exhibited.

The law and order league does not seem to have been such a necessity after all. The date for the meeting has come and gone and citizens proceed as usual undisturbed and unarrested.

Too Attractive for Him. Why a well dressed and apparently well to do gentleman should cast himself from the rock at the falls into their swirling and fatal waters may always remain a mystery, for there is not one chance in a hundred that his body will be recovered. Nobody knew him he did not seem to know anybody. There is no resident of the city reported as missing so the inference is that some tourist has found that life was wearisome and the whirlpools of the falls too attractive to resist. If they possess such an element, visitors in the future will please be careful because, while the people here wish one of the chief scenic attractions of the city to be a sight for tourists they have no desire to see it used as a grave pool.

Since the above was written Mr. Thompson of the firm of Knox & Thompson Princess St., is reported missing.

Grateful for the Fog. Dr. A. C. Smith of Everett, Mass., Eugene McCarthy of Boston and George Lowry are seeking comfort and recreation in this cool and moist climate. They have had so much sunshine in Boston that they are so grateful for our fog as the grass is for its dew. No one will deny them all they can take of it for St. John people are getting tired of it and somewhat weary of exorcising it on the ground that it comes in to clean the tan off the cheeks of the tourists before they return home. Mr. Lowry and Mr. McCarthy are old St. John boys and they can give lots of welcome news of former associates who are now in the land of Uncle Sam. Dr. Smith has never been here before and he is compelled to return home tonight. During his brief stay he spent a day at Loch Lomond and saw a part of the river St. John beside making a host of friends.

Free—No Money Required. The Gem Novelty Co. of Toronto, Ont., are offering great inducements to readers of this paper who have a little spare time. They are a reliable firm and have earned the reputation of doing exactly as they agree. See their advertisement on the eighth page.

MR. FORSYTH IS WANTED.

A BANKRUPT WHO HAS LIVED IN THE GREATEST STYLE

Since He Failed to Pay His Creditors—Now the Latter are After Him and His Lawyers With a Sharp Stick—Features of a Curious Case in the City of Halifax.

HALIFAX, August 16.—Where is George E. Forsyth? That is the question that is agitating his many creditors in this city, as they are particularly anxious at the present time, especially if he is within the jurisdiction of the province to learn his whereabouts. Some say he has gone away while others are loath to believe this. It was stated that he had gone on a visit to Germany to see some of his relatives, but since the statement was given out, this much wanted individual was seen late one evening last week at one of the prominent hotels on Hollis street. Forsyth some years ago carried on a successful wholesale grocery establishment on a large scale, and he also dealt somewhat extensively in gold mines, and other money making adventures. Every one in this city thought that he was a prosperous business man, and worth considerable money. A surprise came one day however, and it was on the 25th of July in 1892 when the bubble burst. His many creditors were startled on this bright summer's morning by the assignment of Mr. Forsyth to W. J. DeBlois. It fell like a thunder-bolt upon the ears of some of his many creditors to whom large sums of money were due, and then they set about to ascertain the cause of all the trouble. For the past six years they have been trying to find out what caused this financial crash, but up to the present time they have been unable to ascertain anything definite about it. After the matter had quieted down somewhat, the books of the firm were sold at auction, and were purchased by the law firm of Lyons & Tobin for something like the sum of \$100, and they have since been in their possession.

There were many thousands of dollars on the books, and some say that the purchasers made a big thing out of the speculation, but more reliable informants claim that the firm has not collected one dollar. The books were bought for a secret purpose they claim and that is the reason that no steps have been taken to collect any of the many accounts. Mr. Forsyth has since the assignment resided in a fine residence on Hollis street which is elegantly furnished, and he has enjoyed all the comforts of life. Some of the creditors did not understand how this all could be done by a bankrupt, and as they were always suspicious of the assignment they thought that it would be well to have the matter ventilated through the courts, so with this end in view they set to work to fathom out the mystery. The creditors who started in on this undertaking were Messrs Boak and Bennett, and Charles Smith of Sambro. Their first move was to employ legal gentlemen to fight their cause, and though the city is filled with legal lights, it was a somewhat difficult matter for them to obtain counsel. It seemed strange that so many of the leading lawyers were mixed up in the case. Either Mr. Forsyth or some one representing him retained half a dozen of the leading lawyers in this city to watch his interests in the various moves, and it is said that something like \$2,000 was spent as retainers. When the other law firms that were consulted by the creditors learned of this array of legal talent they were somewhat dubious about taking a hand in the matter, as they knew it was going to be an up hill fight. The creditors mentioned however retained a firm of young barristers, and with a tutor of many years experience they had the pluck to face the odds, and from what has transpired recently, it looks as if they were going to come out on top. The creditors above mentioned have tried hard to effect a settlement with the assignee but they were unsuccessful. Their solicitors took the matter into court and some weeks ago the law firm that purchased the books were ordered by one of the judges of the Supreme court to produce the books for examination. The firm in question paid not the slightest heed to the judge's command, so last week a climax was reached when the same judge again issued an order to have the books produced, and also for the appearance of the members of the firm and the clerks in the office.

The papers were issued on Wednesday last, and the matter was set down for a hearing in court on Friday. The purchasers of the books began to realize then that justice was not to be tampered with and the commands of the judge ignored, so on Thursday they were kept very busy in looking up the creditors and their solicitors to try and make a settlement of the matter out of the court. This they positively declined to do, and the matter came up in court on Friday. The members of the law firm were there, and so were the books. After

making an explanation to the court, and submitting the books for examination, the judge gave them a very severe lecture. He said it was all right this time, but not to do it again, so they thus go out of being committed for contempt of court very easily. The costs of the motion were somewhere in the vicinity of \$200, and this was the reason that the firm were so anxious to have it settled before it got into court. It was a big knuckle down for them, but they had to do it, or put up with the consequences. The creditors have also applied to the court to have another person replace Mr. Dr. Blois. During the early part of this week the creditors obtained an order to bring Mr. Forsyth into court and Sheriff Archibald, armed with the authority, made a search of Mr. Forsyth's premises but he was nowhere to be found. The general impression is that things are badly mixed, and it will be some time before they are properly straightened out. Some of the creditors claim some person has made a lot of money out of the transaction, and those who are now pressing their claims are determined to ferret the matter to the bottom and are sparing no expense in doing so. Mr. Forsyth has not yet turned up, but when he does some interesting developments will surely follow.

An Exhibition Query. TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—Can you give me some idea of who the active directors of our Exhibition association are? I have understood that Messrs. Alex. Macaulay, D. W. McCormick, and A. O. Skinner—gentlemen who interested themselves very much in the success of the show last and previous years are not assisting the management this year. Can you tell me who has taken their place? Also if Mr. W. W. Hubbard is engaged again? AN OLD EXHIBITOR.

MONROE, Aug. 16, 1898. The term "active directors" would limit the last considerably. The president, Mr. Pitfield, is very active and Mr. James Reynolds always takes a considerable interest in the show, but the burden of the work of course falls on the secretary and manager Mr. Charles A. Everett who gets \$1,200 for his services in connection with the exhibition. His salary was raised \$200 this year. Mr. Hubbard is acting partly in the capacity of an exhibition representative.—[Ed. PROGRESS.]

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Economy The Royal Baking Powder is more economical than cream of tartar and soda for raising biscuit, bread and cake. First, because of its great leavening strength, which makes it go farther; second, because its work is evenly perfect, so that no good materials are wasted; third, because it makes food that is more nutritious and wholesome, economizing health. Government Analyst Valade of Ontario says that Royal Baking Powder should be used in every household.

have been visiting Mrs. Z. Lockhart of Bedford street, left yesterday for St. John where they take the boat for Brton. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Mitchell left town yesterday morning for Cape Breton, where they intend spending a few weeks' holidays. Mr. John Campbell is spending a few weeks at St. Andrews visiting friends. Mrs. and Miss Basten of Newarh, N. J. are spending a few days in town the guests of Mrs. Basten's sister Mrs. William Brown of Archibald Street. Mr. William Lyons brother of Mr. John Lyons of this city and a member of the well known law firm of Lyons and Tobin of Halifax paid a short visit to Moncton last week. Mrs. A. E. Rites, of Salisbury is visiting her sister Mrs. C. S. McCarthy of Weldon Street. Rev. N. B. Hinson, accompanied by Mrs. Hinson and her mother Mrs. Wadsworth of Montreal left town on Friday for P. E. Island to spend a week! Mrs. C. D. Thomson and children left on Thursday for P. E. Island to spend some weeks with relatives. Miss Nina McSweeney who has been spending the past few weeks with friends in Nova Scotia, returned home last week. Mrs. L. G. Phelan of Springhill, is the guest of her parents Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Marr of Bedford street. Mrs. J. J. Walker and family who have been spending part of the summer on the shores of Bay Chaleur, returned home last week. Mrs. P. J. Bellard left town on Thursday for Point Tupper, C. B., where she intends spending some weeks. Miss Christina White returned last week from Amherst where she has been visiting friends. Mrs. Lyman of Boston who has been visiting her sister Mrs. H. A. Peters of St. George street for the past few weeks delighted the congregation of St. George's church on Sunday evening with her delightful rendering of "There is a Green Hill Far Away" given as an offertory solo. Mrs. Lyman has a beautiful voice, and is most generous in using it for all good objects. IVAN.

WINDSOB. Mrs. Dydale gave a very pleasant tea on Tuesday for Mrs. Rutherford of Halifax; among the ladies present were Mrs. Lawson, Mrs. Clarence Dimock Mrs. Duncamp Halifax Mrs. and Miss Christie Miss Nagles Miss Dermody New York Mrs. Kinneear, Miss Hind, Mrs. Norman Dimock. Prof. Kierstead accompanied by Mrs. Kierstead spent Sunday with Misses Bennett. Prof. Kierstead preached at the morning and evening services in the Baptist Church to a large and appreciative congregation. There are to be two marriages in the near future; one will remove a very popular lady official. Mr. Dermody of New York who has been visiting through Nova Scotia spent a few days here with Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Dimock; his daughter Miss Mon. Dermody accompanies him. Mrs. Walsh of New York who has spent several summers at Clifton is again with us being one of the late arrivals at Fairfield. The Methodist Sunday school picnic was held at Princes Lodge; a large number outside the Sunday school availed themselves of the chance of the day's outing. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Blanchard have returned from a pleasant trip round the south shore. Mrs. Geo. Geldert is visiting with friends in Yarmouth. Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Fraser of Halifax were in town for a day or two this week. Miss Alice Lawson has returned from Bedford where she has been for the past few weeks. Mr. T. B. Smith was in Halifax last week. Mr. E. J. Torrey who has been in Windsor for some time, returned to her home in Freeport, Ill., on Wednesday. She was accompanied by her brother Mr. C. Bennett Shaw. Mrs. W. D. Sutherland and family are spending a week with Prof. and Mrs. Butler at Blomidon. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Dimock and daughter are summing at Kingsport. Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Black of Halifax are in town for a short visit. Miss Harding who has been here for a few days, returned to Digby yesterday.

We Only Want you to Try us. Since our new collar shaper has been put in, no possible chance for a collar to crack. Ungar's Laundry & Dye Works. Telephone 58.



There is a dearth of society news as is usual at this season, when so many hospitable hostesses are out of town; and social events are confined wholly to small picnics, drives, etc. Next week there is to be a dance—the first for a long time. It is to be given by the boys of the Davenport school and will be chartered by Mrs. George Jones and Mrs. E. T. Starde. Messrs. Rogers and Furlong are the energetic committee and are making every effort to have the affair a great success.

Miss Helen Furlong leaves Monday evening for Boston to resume her violin studies under Charles Lozier.

The bicycle run to Duck Cove which was postponed from the first of the week took place on Thursday evening; the old idea that postponed events of this kind lose in pleasure and interest fell very flat in this case at least, for the affair was most enjoyable. Mr. Jack's grounds were beautifully lighted for the occasion with torches and Chinese lanterns; the music found the new pavilion in excellent order, and the cool breeze from the sea made dancing a pleasure. Throughout the evening refreshment were served and the merry cyclists returned to the city about moonlight.

Miss Maude March is visiting Miss Fanille Biedermann at Chatsworth Farm, River Bank.

Miss Maud Stillwell who has been spending her vacation in Ketrville and Bear River, N. S., returned home on Monday.

Miss Emma Toddard has been spending a few days at Red Head as the guest of Mrs. Thos. Perkins.

Miss Ida Alexander spent a few hours in the city on Friday on her way from Boston to visit friends in Sprinhill and other parts of Nova Scotia.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. East and son came down last Saturday from Marvaville to their pretty summer residence at the Bay shore.

Rev. Mr. Lucas returned last week from his European trip and is being warmly greeted by his numerous friends.

Mr. Fred LaForest of Edmundston has been spending a little while in the city lately.

Mr. Stanley Emerson is home from Quebec after an attendance of five weeks at the Artillery school.

Miss Rachel Gordon of Newington, Mass., who has been visiting friends in Newcastle for the last week returned to her home on Tuesday. She spent a day in the city en route.

Miss E. H. Elder, organist in the Portland street Methodist church is back from her holidays which were pleasantly spent with friends and has resumed her duties.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hendershot and Mr. G. M. Jordan left last week for a visit to Margot Que.

Mr. and Mrs. George McAvily's guest, Mr. George Armstrong has returned to New York, having enjoyed his stay here very much.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Smith of this city are travelling on the continent, and letters to friends are full of an especially delightful trip.

Mr. James Girvan is visiting his former home here after an absence of fifteen years.

Mrs. Gordon has returned to Jardineville, Kent Co., after a pleasant visit to her sister Mrs. H. H. Pickett of King St., east.

Mr. G. B. Irvine returned to Boston Monday, after a visit of some weeks to friends here.

Miss McGarrigle of the West end has returned after a visit to Amherst, N. S., friends.

Miss Lantium and Miss Lunney who have been visiting Boston, returned home this week. Mr. Perley Lunney is also back from a two months trip through the New England states.

Miss Mabel Smith of Douglas avenue is this week being entertained by Mrs. (Senator) Temple at the latter's summer residence in St. Andrews.

Miss Cullinan of Stanley street is spending a short holiday in Carleton County.

Friends of Mr. Archie MacRae will be pleased to hear that he has secured the degree of doctor of Philosophy from the university of Jena, Germany.

Mr. B. B. Smith of the inland revenue department spent Monday here returning to the border city on Tuesday.

Mr. H. H. Pickett spent the first of the week in Woodstock.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Higgins and little daughter left the first of the week on a visit to New York and Boston.

Mr. A. B. MacLean and Miss MacLean spent a few days at Bar Harbor before proceeding to Boston.

Miss Jones daughter of Mr. E. C. Jones this city, and Miss Ada Parry are being entertained by Mayor and Mrs. J. A. Black of Halifax. Misses Jones and Parry made the trip from Digby to Halifax on their wheels.

Rev. Louis Guerin C. S. C. of St. Joseph's university Memramook who has been taking a course of science in Harvard was in the city, for a day or two lately.

Mr. Lawson Manager of the Bank of B. N. A. New York, Mrs. Lawson and family are guests of Mr. Simson Jones.

Dave Kennedy, Mr. Albert Shaw, Miss Smith, Mrs. Campbell, Mr. Roland Carter, Mr. J. M. Edmunds, Mr. Rodes, Miss Alice Laechler. The party returned to the city quite early in the evening, and at the residence of the hostesses the time until midnight was pleasantly spent in music and other pastimes.

Mrs. I. MacGregor Grant and Miss Grant left on Thursday morning for Digby and are staying at Capt. De-Balnhards.

Mr. William J. Small and Mr. John F. Neal, after a pleasant visit here and a week spent in Nova Scotia returned a few days ago to their homes in Malden, Mass.

Mr. F. H. Crysler, Mrs. Crysler, Miss Crysler and Miss Fitzpatrick, of Ottawa, spent a day or two lately in St. John.

Mrs. F. J. Gleason left Halifax the first of the week in the Beta for Jamaica to join her husband.

Lady Tilley left this week for St. Andrews where she will spend the balance of the summer.

Mr. F. S. Scammell of Boston is home on a visit to his parents Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Scammell, Lancaster.

Mrs. Robert F. Clancy is spending the summer in Sussex, and is enjoying a very pleasant time.

Mr. T. C. Allen of the capital spent a short time in the city the first of the week.

Judge Palmer is home from a fortnight's stay at Evandale.

Mr. William Brown of Indiantown is spending a little while in Gagetown for the benefit of his health which has not been in quite satisfactory condition of late.

Mr. C. B. Burns, private secretary of Hon. W. S. Fielding arrived in the city from Ottawa last week.

Mr. Ernest Turnbull is in Fredericton visiting his parents at Elmcroft.

Miss Holden, daughter of Dr. Holden, is this week the guest of her aunt Mrs. T. C. Allen at the Poplars, Fredericton.

Mrs. and the Misses Bridges have returned to the capital from a delightful outing to the Bay shore.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Morrison and children of Fredericton spent the past week in the city.

Mrs. James L. Fellow's guests have returned to Fredericton. The party included Mr. and Mrs. Otty Crookshank, and daughter Miss Emma Crookshank.

Mrs. Fellows did not go to Germany as was stated a few weeks ago. Just before the steamer sailed she received a cable message announcing an improvement in her daughter's condition and since then word has been received of her rapid recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Bolyea have been among the numerous city people who have visited the capital during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. John V. Ellis have returned from a brief stay in Fredericton and vicinity.

Mrs. R. C. McCready of the celestrial is entertaining Miss Thomson and Miss Livingston of St. John for a week or two.

Miss Hazel Edgecombe is staying with her aunt Mrs. Finley this week.

Mr. C. W. Hope Grant is visiting her sister, Mrs. Grantham at the latter's summer residence, Lake Annie, N. S.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Palmer are summering in Hampton, and are staying with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Langstroth.

Mrs. G. E. Pugsley and the Misses Pugsley have returned from a visit of several weeks at Linden Heights, Hampton.

Says the St. Andrews Beacon of Wednesday last: "Mrs. Evans, who has been a welcome guest at Mr. and Mrs. M. N. Cockburn's for several weeks will return to Vancouver on the 24th inst. Mrs. L. B. Knight of St. John will go west with her when she goes."

Mr. L. C. McNutt, editor of the Fredericton Herald, drove through to St. John from St. Andrews on Wednesday and took the river steamer for his home in the celestial city. His family took Wednesday's train. They had a delightful stay in St. Andrews, and Mrs. McNutt's health has been greatly improved thereby.

Miss Short of Boston, Miss Caird and Miss Patterson of this city went to St. Andrews on Friday to spend a week or two in that charming resort.

Miss Murdoch is visiting Richibucto as the guest of Miss Jessie McFarlane.

Miss Haggerty has returned to Moncton after a pleasant stay of two weeks with city friends.

Miss Violet Hastings of the North End left this week for a visit to friends in Digby.

Miss Elizabeth Hunter of Boston is here on a visit to her sister Mrs. D. G. Toole.

Mrs. Margaret Barnes has returned from Moncton where she had been spending a few weeks.

Messrs. Aubrey and Roy Burnham sons of Mr. S. L. T. Burnham formerly of this city but now of Manchester, N. H. spent a day or two here this week, going to Fredericton later in the week.

Miss Ada Miles visited Fredericton for a short time lately.

Mrs. George U. Hay of this city who has been visiting Miss Patterson of Truro, went this week to Digby for a short visit.

Miss Mary McCullough is visiting Mrs. P. A. Landry of Dorchester.

Miss Jean Crandall and Mr. Roy Dixon of this city are among quite a large party which Professor and Mrs. Wortman of Digby are entertaining at their Camps, at Long Island near Wolfville N. S.

Miss Estlin is the guest of Mrs. D. A. Huntly at the latter's pretty home in Parrboro, N. S.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Wakeling have been guests of Mrs. Hammond of St. John lately.

Miss Annie King went to Calais this week to visit her friend Mrs. A. E. Neill.

Miss Maud Cline and Miss Emma Wilson are in St. Stephen as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Mallory's a delightful picnic was given for their entertainment by border city friends at Porters Mills on Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Margaret Holstead arrived from Moncton this week for a few weeks stay with her friends in this city.

Mrs. Rankin Bedell is visiting Woodstock relatives for a few days.

Mr. James McRobbie spent Sunday with friends in Anagance.

Mr. and Mrs. Ezekiel Dunfield are this week entertaining Rev. G. A. Hartley of this city at their home in Anagance.

Among the St. John people summering in Hampton are Judge McLeod, Mr. and Mrs. G. Westmore Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Peters and family and Miss Fannie de Forrest. The party are staying at Mrs. Barnes, Linden Heights.

Mrs. James Thomas and Mrs. May are guests of Mrs. Arthur B. Smith of Hampton this week.

Miss Austin is spending a little while in Hampton and at present is the guest of Mrs. E. L. Whitaker.

Mr. George K. Frost has returned from a few weeks holiday spent with his parents in Hampton.

The Misses King who are guests of Miss Woodbridge of Fredericton were entertained at a delightful dance in their honor by their hostess this week.

Mrs. Forbes wife of Judge Forbes and Miss Homer were visitors to the capital this week.

Rev. W. Waterbury of New York spent part of this week in the city.

Miss Nora Beckwith of Portland Maine is visiting friends in the West end for a week or two before going to Fredericton for the rest of the summer.

One of the pleasantest at homes held at Rothesay

this season was that given by Mrs. L. J. Almon last Saturday afternoon and at which quite a number of city people as well as most of the summer residents were present. During the afternoon some interesting bicycle sports were held and entered into with a great deal of enjoyment by the guests. The sports were managed in a most interesting manner and as near as can be described were as follows: Rings were suspended from a line and the contestants were provided with long spears. The one who could gather the greatest number of rings on the end of his or her spear while passing underneath the ring; on a bicycle won. The second event was even more interesting. Dummies made of wire and resembling wounded soldiers were placed at the side of the track and iron hooks and prongs handed to the various riders. Moving quickly forward on their wheels the riders had to catch the dummies in their hooks as they passed and carry them back to the starting point. Miss Mabel Thomson proved herself an adept at the events and was accorded the ladies' prize. Mr. L. P. D. Tilley won the gentlemen's.

Quite a large number of city people went to Hampton last Saturday afternoon to attend a reception given by Mrs. H. D. McLeod, which proved most enjoyable. Many Rothesay residents also place occasion with their presence.

Mr. and Mrs. Theo Cushing entertained a party of friends last Tuesday evening at their summer home Union Point. The house and grounds were lighted by electric lights and the Fairville Band discoursed music on the lawn. Delicious refreshments, ices, etc. were served during the evening to the guests among whom were Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Cushing, of Pittsburg, Pa.; Miss Dye, of Indianapolis, Mr. Allison Scammell, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Wilson and Mr. and Mrs. R. Kellie Jones.

Mrs. George Murray, Mrs. McCormick and Mrs. James Hamilton were guests at Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Jones at Acacia Cove, Westfield for a few days.

The family of Rev. J. Parkinson arrived in Carleton Tuesday to take up their residence.

Mr. and Mrs. Irvin are in Yarmouth, where they are being entertained by Mr. and Mrs. B. McNeil lough.

Mr. Jack Vall arrived from Boston this week on a visit to friends in the city, and at various points on the river.

Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Bogart arrived in the city this week from Brooklyn N. Y. and will spend a little while here.

Mr. Alex. Grant, formerly a member of the Nova Scotia legislature, and Mrs. Grant of Stellarton N. S. are visiting their daughter Mrs. Ross of Carleton.

Mr. Eugene McCarthy a former cousin of this city is here on a visit to his old home. Mr. W. A. Nicholson is another old St. John boy who likes to look in upon his friends annually and is cheered by the warm greetings he is always sure of receiving from them.

The following account of the Robertson-Hooper wedding which took place at Kingston last week is much more extensive and thorough than any that has yet appeared and will be read with interest. It is from the Metropolitan, a bright journal published every Saturday in Montreal.

"On Wednesday morning August 10th, a pretty home wedding was celebrated at the residence of Mrs. Cavalier Hooper, Earl Street, Kingston, when her youngest daughter Miss Josephine A. Hooper, B. A. was united in matrimony to Mr. James F. Robertson, of St. John N. B.

The officiating clergyman was Rev. J. K. MacMerme, rector of St. James' Church, Kingston, assisted by Rev. O. W. Howard, principal of Rothesay College, Rothesay, N. B. The bride's gown was white silk organdie, and her veil was crowned with the regular wreath of orange blossoms, and caught together by a handsome diamond crescent, the gift of the groom. She carried an exquisite bouquet of white roses, and looked very sweet and graceful as she entered the drawing room escorted by her brother, Mr. Richard G. Hooper, to whom was assigned the duty of giving the bride away.

The groom was supported by Mr. Oliver Hooper, and the bridesmaids were Miss Cynthia A. Hooper and Miss Helen D. Yates, the former gowned in mauve and white, the latter in white with roched chiffon, and mauve satin sash, with shower bouquet of mauve sweet peas and maiden-hair ferns; and the latter in a pale yellow silk organdie, trimmed with rows of valencienne lace and insertion, and worn over a white tulle slip. A yellow rose in her hair, and a shower bouquet of the same in her hand completed the toilet of the second bridesmaid. The four little maids of honor in dainty white muslin frocks, were Misses Ruth Cathedral, of Dalhart; Helen Bethel, of Pembroke; Mary Vrooman, of Yarker, and Dorothy Hooper of Kingston, nieces of the bride.

The groom's gift to the bridesmaids were beautiful necklaces of gold and pearls, a fine gold chain forming the upper parts of each, and from this dangled exquisite pendants of pearls in the shape of crescents, stars and horse-shoes. Each necklace contained seventy-seven pearls, and the happy possessors may expect all sorts of good luck from the perfect number increased eleven fold.

(CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.)

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To Use it is Convincing**

We are sure that you agree with this if you have already used it. If not, try it at once. Do not delay longer and you will heartily endorse the above sentiment.

WELCOME SOAP

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Most Effective for All Household Purposes.
The Old Original and Reliable
Welcome Soap.

Going Camping?

What makes you take along those heavy cans of Soup—every ounce of extra weight counts before you get there. Then, too, Canned Soup is frequently not what its cracked up to be in quality.

Each one of those little light Soup Squares made by E. Lazenby & Son, of England, can be carried in the vest pocket but each one makes a pint and a half of rich, strong nutritious soup and quickly too. Grocers sell them.

Lazenby's Soup Squares.

Confidence

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

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

The "Robb" Hot Water Heater

will burn either Hard or Soft Coal without cleaning, as all heating surfaces are exposed directly to the flames and the soot is burned off. Vertical water circulation and clean heating surfaces make it a quick heater and highly economical.

ROBB ENGINEERING CO. Ltd., Amherst, N. S.

When You Order.....

PELLEE ISLAND WINES
.....BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND.

"Wine as a restorative, as a means of refreshment in Debility and Sickness is surpassed by no Product of nature or art."—PROFESSOR LIEBIG.

"Pure Wine is incomparably superior to every other stimulating beverage for diet or medicine."
—DR. DRUZZI.

Ask for Our Brand and See You Get It

E. G. SCOVIL Commission Merchant 62 Union Street.

The Home Dye That Saves.

A woman who wants to Dye at Home wishes at least to Save her time and money and temper—she can do all that with those brilliant, fast, quick, clean Home Dyes (made in England) Maypole Soap Dyes.

Unlike powder dyes they dye an absolute even color throughout. They wash and dye at one operation; ask your grocer or druggist for

Maypole Soap Dyes.

Or—Send 10 cents (15 cents for black) to the wholesale depot at place Royale, Montreal, for any color by mail.



A Protection... Baby's Own Soap is something more than a cleanser. It is a protection against the annoying and irritating skin troubles so often endured by infants.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS. [PROGRAMME is for sale in St. Stephen at the book stores of G. S. Wall & Co., Atchison and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at O. F. Treas.]

Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Vroom and family have gone to Deer Island for a visit of a week. Dr. and Mrs. Lanson, and their guest Mrs. Lindsay have returned from the Lodge where they have spent a few days enjoying the sea air.

Miss Noe Clarke has returned from an extended visit in Boston and vicinity, and is most gladly welcomed home by her numerous friends.

Miss Sara Pickett a graduate of Pittsfield Hospital is home on a vacation. Mrs. Frank Haycock and children of Nebraska are visiting at Mrs. Haycock's old home.

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Ask your grocer for Windsor Salt For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best

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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.

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MONOTON.

[PROGRAMME is for sale in Monoton at Hattie Tweedie's Bookstore, M. B. Jones Bookstore S. Melanson's, and at Railway News Depot.]

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HAMPTON.

Aug. 18.—Mrs. H. D. McLeod gave a large and very enjoyable, "at home" on Saturday afternoon from three to six o'clock at Ashbin, a large number of ladies were present from St. John, Rothesay and Hamilton.

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THINGS OF VALUE.

Procrastination is the thief of time, and industry is the only policeman that can catch up with him.

Parmelee's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all disease of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold.

Parmelee's Pills possess power of acting specifically upon the diseased organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease. In fact, so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that it cleanses of almost every name and nature are diseases of the body.

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Victoria Hotel,

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

QUEEN HOTEL,

FREDERICTON, N. B. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

CAFE ROYAL

BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. W. M. CLARK, Proprietor. Retail dealer in... CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.

Natural History Prizes

AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, St. John, N. B. 13 to 23 September, 1898. Over \$1500 is offered in prizes to Natural History Collectors.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Fall Exhibition Excursions. Tickets on sale from St. John, N. B. as follows: For Toronto to Exhibition.

LAGER BEER.

On Hand 100 Doz. 2 Doz to the case. Geo. Sleeman Celebrated Lager For Sale THOS. L. BOULANGER

BEFORE BUILDING

Every one should know the economical advantages offered by Using Our Metallic Cornices SHEET METAL FRONTS ETC.

WE ARE MAKING A SPECIALTY OF BADGES

for Picnics, Clubs, etc. Call and see Samples. Progress Office.



Acute Rheumatism

Pains in the Foot and Limb—A Complete Cure Accomplished by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"For a number of years I was afflicted with acute rheumatism in my left side and all the way down my limb into my foot. I live five blocks from my work and had to stop and rest several times in going and coming. I could get no relief from my trouble and was on the point of giving up my job when I happened to hear of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I purchased a bottle of this medicine and a trial of Hood's Pills and began taking them. Before I had half finished them I was relieved and it was not long before I was completely cured. I never lose an opportunity to praise Hood's Sarsaparilla, for my cure was a great deal to me, as I have a family and must always be at my post."

WILLIAM HASKETT, yardman, Grand Trunk Railroad depot, Brantford, Ontario.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, care fully prepared. 25 cents.

Wholesale dry goods firm in St. John, N. B., is a member of the Board of Trade, and takes a general interest in civic affairs. He is also a director of Kinghurst College, at Rothesay, N. B., of which college he is practically the founder, and upon whose teaching staff he found his newly-made bride. The handsome collection of wedding gifts on exhibition in Mrs. Hooper's drawing room evidenced the popularity of bride and groom. Solid silver, cut glass, rare china, pictures and dainty fancy work were among the choice articles which covered three large tables in the room.

After the wedding ceremonies were over, and the bridal couple and guests had departed, Mrs. Hooper entertained a large number of the bride's girl friends at afternoon teas, when further congratulations were offered, as the gifts were admired and tea and bride cake discussed.

EVANDELE.

Aug. 18.—The Sundays have all been so fine of late and week day weather so indifferent to the interest of the farmer and the pleasure of the tourists that we have come to the conclusion that Sunday excursions are especially favored by the clerk of the elements. "Star Line weather" is the rule for Sundays now. Last Sabbath was a beautiful day and out of the four or five hundred of people on the Victoria who sought health and pleasure en route to the fens forty found a congenial landing and a good dinner at Evandale. Eighty three people dined at Mr. Vanward's Sunday and nearly half of them were stopping at the house. Judge and Mrs. Palmer are still with us and Hon. Thomas R. Jones spent Sunday here arrival on the Olivette Saturday night.

Dr. and Mrs. Reynolds who have been here for nearly a fortnight went to St. John Monday where they proposed staying two or three days before returning to the United States. Mrs. Scott of New York who has been here five weeks leaves Friday for Digby where she will remain some time before returning home. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Godsoe and Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Godsoe have been here for some days. They were joined Sunday by Mr. and Mrs. Peters and W. C. Godsoe who spent the day with them. Mr. and Mrs. Ellis are also here.

FREDERICTON.

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

Aug. 17.—Picnic parties and garden parties are following each other in rapid succession now that the vacation days are nearly over. Roy and Guy Morrison gave very enjoyable garden party and dance to about seventy five of their young friends at "Riverside" on Wednesday evening the beautiful grounds surround the residence of Mr. Morrison presented an appearance almost like fairy land, lighted as they were with hundreds of chinese lanterns and colored lights. Hanson's orchestra supplied the music and dancing was kept up until the wee sma hours. I understand the party was given in honor of Mrs. Morrison's guest Miss Carrie Murchie of St. Stephen.

On Thursday evening Miss Woodbridge entertained about fifty friends at Old Government House when dancing and cards were the pleasure of the party. Miss Crookhill of Boston and the Misses King of St. John are visiting Miss Woodbridge and last week three young gentlemen were also of the large house party being entertained there.

Last evening Miss Elsie Hat, was at home, to a large number of her friends, when dancing was rendered very enjoyable by the coolness of the evening.

Today the Misses Babbitt and Miss Jean Neil are entertaining some of their friends to a picnic, the party going down river on Steamer Bismark, which was chartered for the occasion. Mrs. G. N. Babbitt is chaperoning the party.

The autumn winds are beginning to whisper of several weddings to take place in September, among the number is that of a popular young merchant, who is an enthusiastic wheelman, and who has his jewel hidden in one of the down river counties. The happy pair will reside on St. John street.

Another family will lose two of its daughters but more soon. The various camps in the vicinity of the celestial are full of camping parties. Camp Jubilee, the delightful summer residence of Postmaster and Mrs. Blythe has a large party, and a most delightful one and contains some very strong attractions for some of our young bachelors. Major Campbell, of Apohaqui, has been heartily welcomed to the city this week, by many old time friends.

Miss Harding niece of the late Lieut Governor Fraser, who has lately returned from a lengthy European tour, is in the city and is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. Byron Winslow; Miss Harding has many old time friends in the city who are pleased to welcome her once more.

Mr. Ernest Turnbull, of St. John is here visiting his parents at "Elmcroft."

Miss Holden, daughter of Dr. Holden, of St. John is visiting her aunt Mrs. T. Carleton Allen, at "The Poplars."

Dr. Seabury Bridges, who has been spending his

vacation at Sheffield came up on Monday and is visiting his mother Mrs. Henry Bridges.

Inspector and Mrs. Bridges, are at home again, after a pleasant visit to Halifax and a weeks cruising with a party of friends in Mr. J. Fraser Gregory's new house boat.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hat, of Marysville, are enjoying the invigorating breezes of the Bay Shore. Rev. A. A. Shaw of Windsor, N. B. is a guest this week at "Windsor Hall."

Mr. Willmot Lemont, has returned from a pleasant visit to P. E. Island. Miss Pimm, is here from England, and in company with Miss Metcalf of Post Hope, sister of Mrs. J. A. Bridges, is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Bridges, York Street.

Mr. and the Misses Bridges have returned from their outing at Bay Shore. Mrs. Forbes, wife of Judge Forbes and Miss Homer, of St. John, are visiting the city and are guests at "the Queen."

Senator Temple came up from St. Andrew, this week. Mr. and Mrs. F. I. Morrison and children are enjoying a few weeks visit to St. John.

Dr. Balloy and son Mr. S. W. Balloy of Boston, left on Monday on a canoeing trip on the Northwest. Mr. and Mrs. City Crookshank and daughter Miss Emma Crookshank have returned from St. John where they were the guests of Mrs. James I. White.

Miss Bessie Clowes is visiting relatives at Shediac and is the guest of Mrs. E. J. Smith at Bellevue cottage.

The Rev. Mr. Whiteside lately of Woodstock with Mrs. Whiteside are spending a couple of weeks here, Mr. Whiteside is at present filling the pulpit of St. Paul's church during the absence of the pastor Rev. William McDonald, who is spending his vacation touring in Nova Scotia.

Among the visitors who have lately arrived in the city, is a little lady who has taken up her abode with Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Murray. And another wee lady has made her appearance at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Allen. Both are being heartily welcomed.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Belyes of St. John, Miss Emma Cronin and Miss M. A. Curran of Boston are stopping at the Queen.

Dr. J. V. Ellis and Mrs. Ellis have returned home. Mr. E. Bennett of Boston, Mr. A. Street of Providence R. I. and Mr. A. Cummings of New York are among the visitors to the city.

Mrs. Loggie and children who have been spending several weeks here visiting Mrs. Loggie's parents Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Campbell returned to their home at Chatham on Monday.

Miss A. Wood and Miss Foley of Boston are visiting friends here. Miss Ella Whitaker has returned from her visit to Richmond, Carleton Co., where she was the guest of Miss Campbell.

Miss Thompson and Miss Livingston of St. John are visiting Mrs. R. C. McCready King Street. Miss Lillian Esty has returned from Digby Nova Scotia, where she has been the guest of Mrs. L. Inay.

Mr. Baker and Mr. Sanderson of Toronto are leaving the city. Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Davenport and Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Davenport of South Framingham Mass., have been spending a few days in the city guests at Windsor Hall.

Miss Belle Albright is visiting friends at Truro Nova Scotia. Mr. Walter Fisher is at home again from his trip to Montreal and Toronto.

Miss Woods of Bangor is visiting her sister Mrs. Olen. Miss Stella McCatherine is visiting Dr. and Mrs. Coy at Prince William.

Ald. A. W. Macrae spent Sunday pleasantly with friends here. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dunlop of California are visiting relatives in the city and at Kingsclear.

Mr. and Mrs. Spiller of Lynn, Mass., and her friend Miss Austin of Cambridge are visiting in the city and are the guests of Ald. and Mrs. Rossborough.

Mr. Barry Atherton of Lewiston, Maine is spending his vacation with friends here. Miss Martha Block left for Montreal on Saturday where she will spend her vacation with her sister Miss Alice Block.

Miss Myra Long is home from Harvard dental college for a vacation. Rev. Mr. Turner and Mrs. Turner of Gibson have returned from a pleasant visit spent at Mrs. Turner's old home in Dubec.

Mrs. F. Shute is visiting friends in St. Stephen. Miss Hazel Edgcombe is visiting her aunt Mrs. Finlay at St. John.

Mr. Barry Atherton of Boston, is spending a two week's vacation in the city. Dr. J. Z. Currie of Cambridge, Mass., is in the city to visit friends and join Mrs. Currie and son, Byard, who have been spending several weeks with Mrs. Currie's sister, Mrs. John Spurdin.

After four weeks of pleasant outing with friends in Carleton Co., Mrs. F. H. Clark and family have returned home.

Mrs. Elba Hallett of Moncton, is the guest of Mrs. J. D. McKay, Queen street. Mrs. Henry Jewett, wife of Dr. Jewett of New Haven, Conn., and daughter are visiting Mrs. Jewett's parents Mr. and Mrs. John Wiley.

ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD.



We want to enlighten our little world about us in regard to wall paper buying. We want you to know that right here you will find the choicest and cheapest and cheapest patterns. Buy nowhere else. We don't want you to buy from only examining our stock for we want you to see our stocks and know the superiority of ours.

DOUGLAS McARTHUR
90 King Street.
SHOW ROOMS UPSTAIRS.

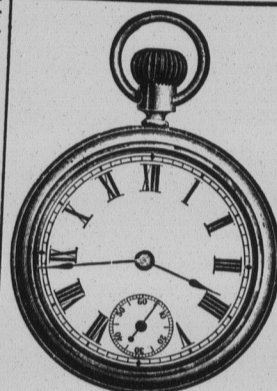
A DOCTOR'S DIRECTIONS.

They save a daughter from blindness.

When a father writes that yours "is the best medicine in the world," you can allow something for seeming extravagance in the statement if you know that the medicine so praised cured a lover's daughter of disease and restored to her the eyesight nearly lost. The best medicine in the world for you is the medicine that cures you. There can't be anything better. No medicine can do more than cure. That is why John S. Goode, of Orrick, Mo., writes in these strong terms:

"Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine in the world. My daughter had a relapse after the measles, due to taking cold. She was nearly blind, and was obliged to remain in a dark room all the time. The doctors could give her no relief; one of them directed me to give her Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Two bottles cured her completely."

A common experience to have Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla prescribed by a physician. It is a common experience to see a "complete cure" follow the use of a few bottles of this great blood purifying medicine. Because, it is a specific for all forms of blood disease. If a disease has its origin in bad or impure blood, Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, acting directly on the blood, removing its impurities and giving to it revitalizing energy, will promptly eradicate the disease. The great feature of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the radical cures that result from its use. Many medicines only suppress disease—they push the pimples down under the skin, they paint the complexion with subtle arsenical compounds, but Ayer's Sarsaparilla goes to the root. It makes the fountain clean and the waters are clean. It makes the root good and the elements in one form or another down constitution—not to brace it up with stimulants or patch it up on the surface. Send for Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and let it cure the disease effected by this remedy. It's sent free, on request, by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.



FREE—NO MONEY REQUIRED.

GEM NOVELTY CO.—Gentlemen—I received the Watch yesterday in good condition, and please with it. I will try and sell some more goods.

GEM NOVELTY CO.—Dear Sirs—Received your Violin safe, and I must say I am well pleased with it. We have hundreds of testimonials from those who have received premiums from us.

GEM NOVELTY CO., Toronto, Ont.

Mr. Allen Cowperthwaite of Worcester, Mass., is in the city having been summoned by the death of his mother. Mrs. Carpenter of Boston, sister of Mrs. Samuel Owen, in company with Mrs. Matherson of Waltham, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. S. Owen. Mrs. John Post and son Douglas are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Fred Williams at Marysville. Mr. Geo Blair, has been spending a few days in town, the guest of his sister Mrs. Robt. F. Randall. Mrs. Fred Burpee and son of Jacksonville, Carleton Co. are visiting the city. Miss May Kyles of Gibson, has gone to Bathurst. Mr. T. W. Smith, arrived here from San Francisco, California, on Saturday, after an absence of eight years and is the guest of his brother-in-law Dr. Atherton.

Mr. Chas. Walsh of Salem and a party of friends including Mr. Walsh's mother, Mrs. Thos. A. Ryan and sister, Mrs. Ella B. Spencer, and Mr. J. F. Owens of Denver City are visiting this their native city, after an absence of seventeen years. Walsh has lately returned from the Klondike, where he met with almost unbounded success. Old time friends are congratulating and welcoming Mr. Walsh among them even for so short a time. The Misses Lockart have come from Boston to spend the summer at their home here.

(Received too late for last week's issue) Aug. 10. The steam yacht Dream brought a party of St. John tourists to the city on Saturday morning among whom were Dr. White and wife, Dr. T. D. Walker, Chas. McLaughlin Troop, Jas. T. Thomas, Fred Jones, Walter Purdie, Miss Josephine Troop, and Miss McMillan.

The yacht "Dido" brought Messrs Seely Schofield and Kerr of St. John, who are camping on the bank of the river a little below town. The Rev. Wm. Ross of Prince William and Dr. H. Gregory with their families and some friends are summering on "Blink Bonnie," Lake Magaguadavic.

Mr. H. McLaughlin, of St. John is visiting Mrs. Lee Babbitt. The Misses Sadie and Estella Sterling are the guests of Mrs. W. T. Whitehead at Bay Shore. Mrs. Lee Street of Malden, is visiting her old home here, on College road.

Mrs. Partelow of Oromocto, who has been visiting the Misses Smith, Brunswick St. for the past two weeks returned home on Monday accompanied by her niece Miss Bessie Clowes.

The Misses Stuart, daughters of Mayor Stuart of Truro are the guests of Mrs. James McNally Brunswick St.

Mrs. Vidal, wife of Col. Vidal D. O. C. and young son, have arrived from Montreal, and are guests at the Queen where Col. Vidal has taken apartments. The Misses King of St. John, Miss Crookhill of Boston and three young gentlemen are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Woodbridge at "Old Government House."

Mrs. and the Misses Bridges have returned from a pleasant outing at Bay Shore. Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Murray are receiving congratulations on the arrival at their home of a wee baby daughter.

Miss Carrie Murchie, of Calais, is visiting Mrs. John A. Morrison at "River View." Mrs. Wallace Gunter and son of Somerville, Mass., are visiting Mrs. Alfred Whitehead. Miss Peters, of Moncton, who has been the guest of the Misses Carrie and Daisy Winslow, for several weeks past, has returned home.

Mrs. J. B. Fairbanks and Joseph Fairbanks of St. Johnburg Vt., are at the "Queen." Mrs. C. H. B. Fisher accompanied her sister Mrs. Tabor to New York.

Mrs. Harold Gilbert of New York, is visiting Mrs. James Gibson at Marysville. The Misses Maggie and Carrie Babbitt, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Babbitt, are visiting Mrs. J. B. Babbitt at "River View."

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SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO.
Wallingford, Conn., U. S. A.
and Montreal, Canada.

Closing Out.

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

Here are the Prices as long as the Goods Last!

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

We have taken the sole Agency for the celebrated Mexican Medicine Co.'s Remedies and are closing our optical goods to make room for the same. Come at once. Display. Respectfully yours,

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1898.

IN THE CITY OF SILENCE.

WHERE OUR FRIENDS FIND REST AFTER LIFE'S FITFUL FEVER.

Their Last Resting Place one of the Most Beautiful Spots in the Province—Where the Sailors Sleep—The Place Graphically Described—Pretty Illustrations.

In the City of Sleep on the hill,
 Fall the sunbeams, the shadows and showers,
 Comes never a vision of ill,
 And the years glide away like the hours;
 For the sleepers seek not of the strife,
 The sorrows and heart-aches that fill
 To o'er flowing the goblet of life,
 In the City of Sleep on the hill.

There the day-time and night-time are one,
 The seasons of blossom and snow,
 The light of the moon and the sun,
 The gladness of earth and its woe;
 We may garland their pillows with flowers,
 And water with tears if we will,
 But they heed not such sorrows as ours,
 In the City of Sleep on the hill.

O the City of Sleep on the hill!
 'Tis a City of Refuge for all;
 Who, weary with struggle and ill,
 By the way-side are ready to fall;
 For Rest is the cry of the world—
 A cry that has never been still,
 And Rest has her banner unfurled
 O'er the City of Sleep on the hill.

—H. L. Spencer.

Shut in by tall dark trees, whose murmuring branches chant a ceaseless requiem, the quiet dwellers of Fernhill have an ideal resting place. Though their home looks out over a broad expanse of country—valley, hill and plain—and a never ending stream of humanity flows past its gates, the city on the hillside retains an unbroken calm. In its broad avenues the step of the visitor falls more softly, the voice takes a hushed and tender tone as though fearful of breaking the dreamless rest of the sleepers on every side. Truly this home of the dead is "unprofaned by sordid thoughts or hurrying feet," and here "each and all have found the boon of slumber soft and sweet." There is only one sound that is never stilled. In storm and sunshine the sentinel trees talk ceaselessly on. What is it the fluttering leaves whisper to the spreading branches, and why do the trees and the wind sigh when they hear the secrets imparted to them. What are those messages from the unseen world? To the fanciful, imaginative mind there is plenty of scope for play suggested here.

To the outward eye there is all that is pleasing and beautiful in Fernhill; the care bestowed upon the grounds by Superintendent Clayton and his assistants making it a beautiful spot, in fact one of the city's show places, and this summer an unusually large number of strangers have visited it. The first interment in the cemetery took place in 1848,—not a very long time as the age of such places go, but still long enough to effect some wonderful changes. The visitor notes the broad tree-lined avenues, well kept and orderly, the smooth velvety sward, the uniform terraces, neatly cared for, and general air of thought and care which is apparent in every section of the cemetery. The only portion of it which calls forth a feeling of regret is that allotted to the sailors. It is one of the most dismal and weird places imaginable, but is full of sad interest to the thoughtful visitor. The sunlight never forces its way through the thick overhanging trees, and the weather-beaten wooden slabs that mark the last resting place of those who have died far from home and kindred are half hidden by the tall rank grass and weeds. The boards are nearly all of a size and shape, and the black lettering on each tells simply the name of the man beneath and the date of his death. A brief record surely—he lived, he died. This lot is in an isolated part of the cemetery and because of its wild, uncanny air and the gloom which prevades it, it has very little interest for the outside world. The birds hold undisputed sway, and when during an afternoon visit to the cemetery this week PROGRESS wandered for a while among the sailors graves, a little feathered denizen of the woods was dislodged at almost every step. On every board there is painted a black anchor, and on one, on which the somewhat lengthy inscription is in a foreign language two flags are painted; these and the lettering on the slab are in red.

The perpetual care section near the fountain is one of the prettiest spots in the cemetery, lots only being sold there to those who will place them under perpetual care. The price for a lot in this portion is from \$137.50 to \$140.50 which ensures everlasting care without any extra fee.

Between Elm and Spruce avenues there is a single grave section, perpetual care also being given by the cemetery company.

A new—or annual care section—has recently been opened between Cedar and Central avenue for which the prices are \$300 for a full lot and \$200 for a half lot. The Freemasons ground is under annual care, and presents a remarkably well kept appearance.

Hill Avenue has lately been widened and terraced and a new shelter house erected. An interesting feature of the latter is the fact that it is built on a solid rock. It has broad

AS SEEN BY ENGLISHMEN

IMPRESSIONS OF THE CUBANS AND THE SANTIAGO FIGHTING.

Unfavorable Opinions of the Cubans Held by English Newspaper Correspondents—Picture of the Struggle of El Caney—Flock of the Wounded.

Here are some of the impressions made by the war upon the correspondents of various London papers. They are of in-

clothes in flames. A comrade hastily tore the clothes off the wounded youth, and, lashing him to a spar, threw him overboard in the hope of saving his life. The Cubans saw this and came to the conclusion that the wounded man must be an officer of some importance. Instantly a score or more of them began shooting at the poor burned and wounded figure as it drifted about among the breakers. This horrible brutality was too much for the chivalrous

soldiers, not laborers. I forbear giving the comments of Gen. Shafter.

'Such,' the letter concludes, 'are some of the characteristics of the people for whom the United States has sacrificed the lives of hundreds of her sons and expended millions of treasure. A more worthless race or one less fitted for freedom does not exist, and it will be an evil day for Cuba and her civilization if the insurgents ever obtain unrestricted domination in that unhappy island.'

Here are some pen pictures by C. E. Hands, the correspondent of the Daily Mail. He saw the fighting before Santiago—from what he describes as 'a front row seat,' on El Poso. Here, while watching a battery demohah a Spanish blockhouse and drive the Spandiards from their trenches, Mr. Hands had his first experience of sharpnel:

'Bang! went our gun. I clapped my glasses to my eyes and watched the distant trench to see the Spandiards bustle away. Boom! went some other gun at a distance. Before there was time to wonder what or where it was there came a sound in the air like the hiss of some awful firework serpent. It filled the entire atmosphere. As it approached the hiss became a shrill whistle, and the whistle a terrifying scream.

'Sharpnel!' cried an officer, as he threw himself flat on his face.

'Crack!' went something overhead, and cries of consternation came from the Cuban rendezvous in the ruined mill at the foot of the hill. Boom! again, a scream, whistle, crack; down we all went on our faces as close to the ground as we could.

'Field hospital, quick!' yelled some one from the battery.

'Screach! again; this was too awful.

'The little cluster of spectators had separated at the first shot. I made my way back to a spot which, while not exactly a front-row seat, was not quite the centre of the Spanish sharpnel field.'

He was also fortunate enough to see the splendid storming of El Caney, the Balclava of Cuba.

'When afternoon came—I lost exact count of time—there was still a jumble of volleying over by Caney. But in front our men were away out of sight behind a ridge far ahead. Beyond there arose a long, steepish ascent crowned by the blockhouse upon which the artillery had opened fire in the mornng.

'Suddenly, as we looked through our glasses, we saw a little black ant go scrambling quickly up this hill, and an inch or two behind him a ragged line of other little ants, and then another line of ants at another part of the hill, and then another, until it seemed as if somebody had dug a stick into a great ants' nest down in the valley, and all the ants were scrambling away up hill. Then the volley firing began ten times more furiously than before; from the right beyond the top of the ridge burst upon the ants a terrific fire of shells; from the blockhouse in front of them machine guns sounded their continuous rattle. But the ants swept up the hill. They seemed to us to thin out as they went forward. It was incredible but it was grand. The boys were storming the hill. The military authorities were most surprised. They were not surprised at those splendid athletic daredevils of ours doing it. But that a military commander should have allowed a fortified and entrenched position to be assailed by an infantry charge up the side of a long exposed hill, swept by a terrible artillery fire frightened them, not so much by its audacity as by its terrible cost in human life.

'As they neared the top the different lines came nearer together. One moment they went a little more slowly; then they faster than ever, and then all of us sitting there on the top of the battery cried with excitement. For the ants were scrambling all round the blockhouse on the ridge, and in a moment or two we saw them inside it. But then our hearts swelled up into our throats, for a fearful fire came in from somewhere beyond the blockhouse, and from somewhere to the right of it, and somewhere to the left of it. Then we saw the ants come scrambling down the hill again. They had taken a position which they had not the force to hold. But a moment or two and up they scrambled again, more of them, and more quickly than before, and up the other face of the hill to the left went other lines, and the ridge was taken, and the blockhouse was ours, and the trenches were full of dead Spandiards.

'It was a grand achievement—for the soldiers who shared it—this storming of the hill leading up from the St. Juan River to the ridge before the main fort. We could tell so much at 2,560 yards. But we also knew that it had cost them dear.

'Later on we knew only too well how heavy the cost was. As I was trying to make myself comfortable for the night in some meadow grass as wet with dew as if there had been a thunderstorm, I saw a man I knew in the Sixteenth, who had come back from the front on some errand.

'How's the Sixteenth?' I asked him.

'Good, what's left of it,' he said; 'there's fifteen men left out of my company—fifteen out of a hundred.'



THE RUEL MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN IN FERNHILL CEMETERY.

granite steps leading to the front and sides and is painted in dull shades of red and yellow. It is fitted with comfortable seats, and beside it is the open space where the Knights of Pythias hold an annual service in commemoration of their departed brethren. Not far from this new shelter house is the fountain erected by Mr. J. R. Ruel in honor of his late wife and his son Ernest; every one who has ever visited Fernhill knows how it beautifies the Cemetery. The fountain is nearly 15 feet high and around it is a walk eight feet wide, and adjacent are tastefully laid out flower beds, the spot being one of the prettiest imaginable.

The memorials of respect or love that mark the last resting place of those who have gone before, are varied in their style and the different designs show a wide range of taste and thought. The simple graceful shaft, or more elaborately designed monument of to-day rears itself high above the flat, substantial stone that speaks of a by gone age. The inscriptions too, vary as do the thoughts and ideas of the people by whom they were conceived.

Many of the graves over which are erected costly monuments bearing recent date, have a cold bare look; there are no tender little touches to show that those beneath are still held in loving memory—nothing indeed but sad signs of forgetfulness on the part of the living.

A query on the part of PROGRESS elicited the information that widows are less prone to forgetfulness than others. When asked as to those who came longest and most frequently to visit the graves of departed relatives the reply came promptly from three different sources: "Widows. A husband as a rule usually pays several visits just after his wife dies; then he only comes at very long intervals or ceases altogether; a parent, son or daughter comes for a time but gradually their visits grow few and far between. It is not that they forget or grow indifferent, but other interests spring up which interfere with their coming. But a widow, oh well somehow its different; she always continues to come regularly to her husband's grave until she dies—or marries and even after a second marriage, she usually comes frequently." A strong tribute thus to the strength of woman's affection.

If you are taking a fattening diet in order to cure thinness, take care to have plenty of sleep. It will greatly aid the process.

terest not only in themselves, but also as showing how men and matters have struck the English observer. On the whole scant sympathy has been expressed in this country with the Cuban forces. Their conduct in dealing with their deliverers has frequently, indeed, been painted in the blackest colors. The correspondent of the Daily Telegraph describes the Cubans as incapable of realizing what true liberty means.

'Here and there,' he says 'a man like Gomez or Maceo has some power of realizing it, but the overwhelming majority desire not liberty but domination. They desire to possess themselves of the offices and power now held by their Spanish rulers, and if they are permitted by the United States government to become unrestrainedly possessed of them they will repeat, on an exaggerated scale, all the cruelties and oppressions of which the Spanish have been guilty.'

He goes on: 'The plain truth of the matter is that sooner or later the United States will be obliged to lick the Cubans into something resembling a civilized community, and the sooner the work is undertaken the better. During the last few weeks of the war I saw a good deal of the Cuban soldiers, and it they are to be taken as a fair sample of the race to which they belong they are as unfit for freedom or constitutional government as the savages we routed out of Coomassie a couple of years ago. These armed insurgents are little better than a horde of undisciplined thieves and murderers. Like most mongrel races, they possess all the evil qualities of both the races from which they have sprung with little or none of their good qualities. They have all the cruelty of the Spaniard, without his chivalry and bravery, and like him, only in a more inordinate degree, they are filled with an insane vanity, which they mistake for pride. With their negro blood they have inherited an unbounded capacity for lying, and they are expert thieves, while they possess none of the negro's jollity and good nature.'

He then describes a number of acts of cruelty he witnessed. One of them happened on the memorable day when Cervera's fleet was destroyed, and the correspondent thus describes the incident, which he saw himself:

'A young Spanish officer on the Maria Teresa, who had been wounded by a shell, was lying on the burning deck, with his

American officers and sailors engaged in the work of rescue, and the guns of the Gloucester and the Iowa opened fire on the murderous wretches of Cubans and drove them off the beach into the woods. I have since heard that bitter complaints were made by the insurgents that the work of slaughter was not permitted to continue.'

But it was in the fighting round Santiago that the Cubans are described as appearing at their worst. A correspondent says: 'About 4,000 of them were present under Garcia and Castillo, but for effective fighting purposes they were not worth forty American soldiers. They are all right for a treacherous ambushade or fighting behind cover, but they seem incapable with their present training, at any rate—of standing in a regular line of battle.'

'There was a fine lot of things lying around loose, and the brave Cubans made an excellent use of their time. While American soldiers were fighting the Spaniards on the hill of San Juan or among fields and hedges at El Caney, their Cuban allies were sneaking about the rear, picking up the overcoats and valises that the soldiers had lain down so that they might be less hampered in the charge up the steep slopes for Cuban liberty. During the battle I saw Cubans coming back in fiftens and twenties with full cartridge belts—not a shot expended—and full sacks of soldiers' belongings on their backs, which they were hurrying with to their own encampment. These ruffians were so busy looting that they refused point blank even to help the wounded, and I know from the evidence of my own eyes that they did not hesitate to rob the bodies of the American dead. A colored United States cavalryman came upon one of them robbing the body of a dead American officer, and to the everlasting honor of the negro he brained the Cutan scoundrel with the butt of his rifle and killed him on the spot.

'Neither would the Cubans work. After the battle, when the United States troops were laboring night and day, repairing the roads, digging trenches and building earthworks, Gen. Shafter asked that some Cubans should be sent to assist in the work in order that Santiago might be more speedily reduced and that food and ammunition might be more easily and rapidly conveyed to the front. Senor Garcia sent back a reply stating that he would be glad if the American commander would remember that the Cubans were

Sunday Reading

"NAN'S WAY."

'Nan,' said Mrs. Hodges, as a tall slender girl came hurriedly into the sitting-room, 'wait a minute, dear. I have a letter here from your Aunt Fannie, and she says—'

'Oh, well, mamma,' interrupted Nan. 'I haven't time to hear what she says now. I'm in a dreadful hurry. I've got my room all torn up and I want to put it in order before school time. You can read it to me to-night just as well.'

'I think, dear, you'd better wait and hear it now,' her mother insisted, gently; 'for she says she is coming to spend some weeks with us, and I'm sorry, Nannie, but that means—'

'Oh, horrors, mamma! I know what that means. It means I've got to give up my pretty room to her and go in with Katie. I do wish we could have a house with a spare room in it and not make me shove all over the house whenever anybody comes! It's perfectly dreadful!'

'I know it, dear; and I'm sorry it is necessary. But you must remember that you took the spare room on condition that you would willingly vacate it whenever it was needed for guests. Surely you can get along nicely with Katie for a few weeks.'

'Oh, but, mamma, you don't know how I hate to! She takes a half-dozen dolls to bed and tumbles around nights and pulls the covers every way! It's just horrid! And with a shrug and a frown Nan flounced angrily out of the room.'

'Mamma,' said little Katie, who had been a silent listener to the conversation, 'will Aunt Fannie stay long?'

'I don't know. Why, dear?' asked her mother, smiling at the sober little face lifted to her.

'Because—why, mamma, it isn't nice at all when Nannie comes with me. She throws my dollies out of bed and scolds me so.'

'Yes, dear, I understand; but you mustn't mind it, Katie. Nannie does not mean to scold you; it is only her way.'

That noon Nannie came to the table with a clouded brow, ate her dinner in silence, and, after the meal was ended, went up to her room, where they could hear her closet door angrily opened and closed and bureau drawers drawn noisily out and pushed in again with a bang. Her mother sighed, but, knowing that her fit of ill humor would be over all the sooner if no one interfered, let her work it off alone.

The next day Aunt Fannie came, and from the moment of her arrival Nan was the devoted admirer of this sweet faced woman with her gentle voice and quiet manner. It was certainly lovely to be sweet and gentle, and for several days Nan's abrupt movements were held decidedly in check, while the quick words and fretful tone, usually so ready in response to annoyance, were seldom heard.

But one day all went wrong. It was rainy and cold for one thing, which always made Nan cross. Then she was late to breakfast; and, finding the coffee and cakes cold, she first scolded the girl, then spoke angrily to Katie, was impatient to her mother, and ended by rushing off to school in the worst possible humor. After that nothing seemed to go smoothly and matters fell back into the old way, until certainly Jennie Clark was right and nobody in her senses would have thought of calling her 'sweet.' Yet under all the fretfulness was a loving heart, which expressed itself often in many hidden ways. She was so truly kind and thoughtful that they had come to

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overlook the crossness and excuse it as 'Nan's way.'

But Aunt Fannie saw, with much surprise and anxiety, how the habit of ill-temper had grown upon the young girl, until it bade fair to make herself and every one about her uncomfortable. One noon Mrs. Hodges came into the sitting-room, saying in a troubled voice:—

'Nannie, I wish you would go down and speak with Nora, for she is feeling very much hurt. She took such pains to do up your cambric dress just as you wanted it, and when you passed through the kitchen yesterday and saw it on the bars you said never could wear it in the world: it was entirely too stiff.'

'Oh, nonsense, mamma! She ought not to mind a little thing like that. I know she's dreadfully touchy, but she ought to know me well enough by this time. It is just my quick way of speaking; and the dress was all right after all. The old goose! I didn't mean to hurt her feelings: but I'll go down and make it all right with her.'

Mrs. Hodges sighed as Nannie left the room, saying to her sister:—

'I do wish, Fannie that Nannie was not so impulsive. She makes a great deal of trouble for herself and others. Still, she does not mean anything by it, for she has really a very warm heart: it is only her way.'

That evening Nan came in the early twilight to her aunt's room, saying:—

'Aunt Fannie, it is too dark to study and just right for a chat.'

'I was just wishing for you, dear,' was the reply. 'Your mother and I were out driving this afternoon, down by the Long Pond, and I brought home some plants for you to analyze.'

'O Aunt Fannie! How kind! Where are they?' Nan exclaimed, eagerly; for just now she was very much interested in botany.

'Over there on the table, dear; and I think that they should be put at once into water, as they must be somewhat wilted.'

Nan went quickly to the table, where in the dim light she could discern the heap of leaves and branches. Grasping them impulsively with both hands, to carry them from the room, she suddenly threw them from her, and, rubbing her hands together exclaimed, angrily:—

'For mercy's sake! Why, what are they? My hands burn like fire!'

'Oh, I'm sorry, dear,' said Aunt Fannie, gently; 'but never mind. They are nettles, and that is just 'a way they have.'

They are a very useful plant in many ways and you must not mind it if they do sting you a little. They don't mean to hurt you, Nannie; it is 'only their way.'

Nan's cheeks flushed hotly, but she bit her lip, and silently slipping the nettles on a paper, carried them to her room. After putting them in water, she stood a few by the window, half-veiled with the pain in her hands, but feeling a still sharper pain in her heart. Suddenly she felt herself folded closely in two loving arms, while a tender voice said:—

'Was the lesson too severe, dear?'

With quick-filling eyes, Nannie turned to her saying:—

'O Aunt Fannie! Do you think I am like the nettle? Do you mean that?'

In the gathering twilight they sat down together for a long and earnest talk, in the course of which 'Nan's' way looked more hateful to herself than it could have ever seemed to anyone else. Just before they separated, Nan said, earnestly:—

'Somebody once said of somebody that 'her ways were ways of pleasantness and all her paths were peace,' I think that was lovely.'

'Yes, dear,' replied her aunt, stroking the fair head as it lay on her shoulder. 'Solomon said it of Wisdom, and many have found it true.'

'I know,' said Nan, catching the caressing hand and playfully kissing it; 'but since then somebody said it of you, Aunt Fannie, and 'many have found it true.' If I

thought that, by trying ever so hard, years from now people would say that of me Aunt Fannie, you must help me, for it will be ever so hard; but I will try, for I mean to begin a new way from this very night.'

ALWAYS DISAPPOINTED.

Our Brightest Hopes are Those Which are Never Realized.

Did you ever see, far, far away from you, the beautiful purple mountains, and set forth to seek them, with a vague feeling that upon them the world must seem more beautiful, more romantic than it does upon the plain?

But as you go on, though the roads are hilly and there is some climbing to be done, you discover that you never seem to reach those mountains—those wonderfully beautiful mysteries that smile upon you from afar.

You tread common earth, and clamber over common rocks.

The trees and bushes grow even less beautiful; they are stunted and rough; there is much that is troublesome in the path, and you cannot realize that you are higher above the earth than you were.

Far away still lies the beauty and the mystery—far away, far away; and about you only mire and dust, and stones, and common herbage.

Even should you mount to some highest peak and look back, you would find the beauty in the valley you had left, not on the rugged mountain where you stood.

And so in life. Climb where you may, to whatever pinnacle, you never reach your beautiful mountain.

Where you stand, another's eyes may be fixed now.

To him it has the beauty, the mystery, the charm it once had to you.

You have only proven to yourself that the beautiful mountains are yet farther away. And, alas! living feet never reach them, but must forever press common earth.

Oh, the golden mountain of wealth! Oh, the glorious mountain of fame, purple as an emperor's robe.

What say those who stand upon them? Only this—

'They are hard to climb.'

And the most beautiful and roseate mountain which two ascend, hand in hand, after the wedding ring is on.

Ah! well there is rest and peace, there often, when both hearts are true, but it is not what seems to the boy and girl who yearn for it as they stand together in the sweet valley of the first love.

We never reach our beautiful mountains. We never may.

Yet they make the valley beautiful—and we would be worse than we are if we did not see them as we do; unhappier, if they did not arise in all their splendor above these stony, common paths of ours, to tell us what might be, if not what it is.

SOME GUIDES FOR LIFE.

Things That We Should Daily Strive to Practice.

BELIEVE—

Believe that it is all going to come out right, even when it seems to be coming out all wrong.

Believe that the will is only strong when on the right side.

Believe that the strongest will is the will that first knows how to give in and obey.

Believe that you can make your life all over again and that it is worth your while to try it.

Believe that the grandest thing in the universe is doing what you do not want to do just because it is right.

Believe that the next grandest thing in the universe is not doing what you want to do, because what you want to do would be wrong.

Believe that the strongest man in the

NONE BETTER.

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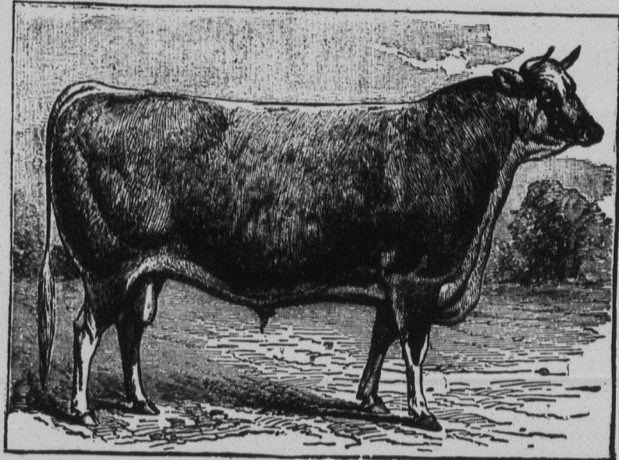
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world is the man who can keep his good resolutions.

Believe that it is worth while working for a Cause, the success of which will not be realized while you are alive.

Believe in war—not war against men, but against a bad thing.

Believe that other people have troubles as well as you—and that usually their troubles are a good deal heavier than yours.

Believe that when things are going against you is the time to apply in your conduct and feelings the principles you may have been preaching to others.

Believe in yourself—that there is something sacred in your being, a higher self, and that you can live up to the level of that higher self if you make the effort.

Believe in justice—that it must conquer, and that its triumph is of more importance than that just you should be prosperous and happy.

Believe in law—that there is something sacred about it, whether it be the law of Conscience or the law of the State.

Believe in your fellow man—that there is a man within the man which you are to respect the outer man.

Believe in mankind—in the value of those universal experiences recorded in the institution of law and government.

Believe that the law and government can always be improved, and that the Book of Human Experience has not yet been closed.

Believe in your beliefs—believe in them with all your might—but believe in the honesty of other men who may not agree with your beliefs.

Believe that your beliefs will conquer, whatever happens; because truth somehow must conquer.

Believe that your beliefs will never conquer, no matter what happens, unless you stand up for them.

Even in These Days.

The chaining of the body in a crooked position is, physically, probably the most inhuman of modern Austria's punishment.

Immediately after being sentenced to this punishment the prisoner is taken to a large square cell. The cell is barren of everything except four or five big rings, which are placed in rows along the floor, with an equal number of rings placed in the walls of the cell. To these rings the unfortunate creature is chained in such a manner as to make it impossible to move.

The positions in which the victim is

chained are varied. Frequently he is forced to sit on the floor of the cell with his chin resting upon his knees. His hands are then thrust through rings and drawn tightly about his heels. Four hours is the time usually given to this punishment. Then there are the spread-eagle and tip-top positions. In the spread-eagle punishment the prisoner is placed, face downward on the floor, and his arms and legs held by rings at right angles to his body. The tip-top position is even more painful, and consists in hanging the victim up by the wrists in such a manner that the toes just touch the floor.

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A Distressing Malady Cured by the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

From the Hartland N. B., Advertiser.

Right in our own village is reported another of the remarkable cures that make Dr. Williams' Pink Pills so popular throughout the land. The case is that of Mrs. E. W. Millar. The advertiser interviewed her husband, who was glad to relate the circumstances for publication, that others might read and have a remedy put into their hands, as it were. "For five years," said Mr. Millar, my wife was unable to walk without aid. One physician diagnosed her case as coming from a spinal affection. Other doctors called the malady nervous prostration. Whatever the trouble was, she was weak and nervous. Her limbs had no strength and could not support her body. There also was a terrible weakness in her back. Three months ago she could not walk, but as a last resort, after trying many medicines, she began to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Improvement was noted in a few days, and a few weeks had done wonders in restoring her health. Today she can walk without assistance. You can imagine her delight as well as my own. We owe her recovery to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I recommend them for any case of nervous weakness or general debility."

Mr. Millar is part owner and manager of one of our lumber mills and is well known throughout the country.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Ethel: 'Did you enjoy yourself at Aunt Jane's supper party?'

Bobby: 'Rather; been ill ever since.'

JUDGE AND JURY.

The Man Who Uses Shoe Polish

is his own Judge, and the Jury can't disagree.

PUT

PACKARD'S Special Shoe Dressings

ON TRIAL.

Watch the Verdict.



L. H. PACKARD & CO., MONTREAL.

Notches on The Stick

Mr. John Reade, under his caption, "Old and New," in the Montreal Gazette, writes agreeably of the work of a brother minstrel, John Hunter Duvar :

"In literature we owe much to the lyric genius of Provence—that meeting ground of all the Latin peoples."

"Ah! dear Provence! Ah! Happy troubadours, And that sweet mellow antique song of thine!"

sings a poet of our day, enraptured to find in Petrarch's haunts much more than an echo of the old music, than a reflection of the old grace and glow. The troubadour was gone with the society that he represented, but the troubadour's art was still cultivated, and for sweet poesie's sake the new world poet was cordially welcomed. Ten years later, he sent an Embassy to Provence—an act that recalled Troubadour days and ways—and as the pilgrim entered the land of his desire, it was hardly strange that he should have thought of another pilgrim, Geoffrey Rudel, and his voyage to Tripoli. For, it might be recalled, the fame of the Countess of Tripoli had reached the land where every night was a poet and every lady had a lover ready to die for her, Geoffrey had not long to live, but his passion for the princess of his worship made him forget his weakness and he hoped that if he made haste he might see that adorable lady before he died. So he took ship and sailed to the Levant and though little strength was left him when the sailors told him that the great sea walls of the Syrian city were in sight, his love yearning sustained him and he saw the lady of his love before he closed his eyes in that strange land. Lieut. Col. John Hunter Duvar, of Prince Edward Island, author of "Roberval: a Drama," "The Enamorado," also dramatic, "Annals of the Court of Oberon," "The Stone, Bronze and Iron Ages," and other works has told the story of Geoffrey Rudel in an unpublished poem of much grace and delicacy, which was read some time ago before a literary society in this city.

John a Var who accompanied Geoffrey on his voyage relates what happened to a Princess of Provence:

Land be to Love I though love doth doleful be; Like worm in scorn of the moscy cup It gnaweth in the core and eateth up. And leaves a void though outside fair to see. For love is worship. Even I Have lightly worshipped in my time And lightly passed my idol by And sung our loves in pleasant rhyme.

Yet that was love but in the name, True love is terrible and strong An all-consuming piercing flame That mortal life can bear not long. You seek whence I the knowledge had; That I the force of love can tell, I loved a tick and gentle lad— I loved my poor Geoffrey Rudel.

He was a sweet and gentle knave, The fire of genius in him burned, And in his eyes so deep and grave You saw a spirit there burned, That struggled to be free alway, And masterfully strove and spurned, The tenure of his delicate clay. We thoughtless minstrels shook the head And said, "Our Geoffrey is not strong; His overture will soon be played— Doubts if his days be overlong. Kind women with their loving care Would fain have soothed his fevered pair, But aye he cried, "No maiden fair— God's blessing on their gentle hands!— Can call my young life back again; Nor stay the swiftly running sands; No love have I."

Yet felt he need of one to love As all must feel."

John a Var then tells, not without hesitations, for he felt the delicacy of mentioning to such an audience his friend's preference for a foreign beauty—how in the shrine of Geoffrey's heart he had enthroned

"The fairest maid in all the world."

At these words there are signs of protest and John a Var skillfully depreciates the wrath of Queen Jeanne and her ladies:

"But how can competition be "Tween Christendom and Payzmirie? "Twould puzzle be—I give it up— But I would say the Red Rose she And thou the shapely tulip cup."

He then described the growth of Geoffrey's desire to see "the Moslem Maiden Sweet" till it became resistless, and the couple of friends set sail. On the way, as he questions John as to the nearness of the Cape of Tripoli, John suggests the

solace of song, and they sang in turn:— "I give the closing stanza of each song. John a Var sings:

"Hope on, hope ever on, on Christ relying; While life remains, give up no hope for lost; Life's voyage is not o'er though Boreas blows, And many a ship returns, though tempest-tost." Rudel sings:

"My life I love; my life oppresseth me With anguish'd joy and therefore it is sweet I lay it down all grateful at her feet, For though she love not, yet my love is she."

At last they reach Tripoli, and Rudel, his desire accomplished, has gone to his rest.

"With rights of Christian sepulchre." The poem closes with these lines: "The Moslem all with bearded heads Kept silent as the course went past, And women veiled up on the leads Buds of white roses on him cast; The soldan's lancers grounded spears And drooped their pennons to the boy, And thus it was with many tears We buried there my poor Geoffrey. My friend lay dead beyond the sea: Then took I ship to whence I came, And brought this home—trah home with me All are not dogs who bear the name."

The few extracts given above will enable the reader to appreciate the quaintness, delicacy and southern feeling of Mr. Duvar's poem. It is only by an effort of the cultivated imagination that one can approach the scenes depicted with a realizing sympathy. It is hardly fair to Mr. Duvar to offer his fine poem piecemeal, but I have no authority to print it all. I hope, however, to see it published in worthy form before long.

We have been asked the purport, in our use of them, of the words, "Notches on the stick." The reader of DeFoe's Robinson Crusoe will remember that here's method of chronicling time. Our use of the above phrase was suggested by the following birth-day lines, addressed to us by Dr. Benjamin F. Leggett:

When dear old Crusoe, prince of boyhood's prime, Kept his lone outlook from his island shore, He scored the weary years of passing time Upon a rude post by his cabin door. And so, O friend, lest you forget this day, And miss its glory in your northern clime, Nor know the coming of the smile of May, I notch your door-post with this friendly rhyme!"

So, in these columns, I notch or score a record of such productions and events as during the current week reach and impress me.

Virginia Vaughan writes, in The Home Journal, N. Y.; for July 27, a fine appreciative article on N. P. Willis, entitled, "The Master of Idlewild." She gives a graphic picture of that romantic country-seat, with its deep glen and forest shaded brook, and the gifted and genial man whose memory makes the scene doubly interesting. She comments on his taste and his exquisite fancy in rehabing local nomenclature. "Thus Murderer's Creek he rechristened Moodna Creek. Moodna! There could be no more perfect name for a rivulet. It seems to tell of all the ever-changing aspects of the little stream, now frolicking in the sunshine, and again emerging from some gloomy copse,—in the words of the poet, "like a veiled nun out of the dark porch of a cathedral." He also changed the name of Batter Hill—an absurd cognomen—to "Storm King,"—the appropriate name by which this gatherer of mists and clouds is still known.

No Gripe Hood's Pills

When you take Hood's Pills. The big, old-fashioned, sugar-coated pills, which tear you all to pieces, are not in it with Hood's. Easy to take

and easy to operate, is true of Hood's Pills, which are up to date in every respect. Safe, certain and sure. All druggists. 230. C. V. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarasaparilla.

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These strong, expressive lines, quite characteristic and noble, are the finest we have seen on Gladstone. They are quoted from a poem by Stephen Phillips, published in the London Daily Chronicle:

The saint and poet dwell apart; but thou West holy in the furions press of men, And choral in the central rush of life. Yet didst thou love old branches and a book, And Roman verses on an English lawn.

Thy voice had all the roaring of the wave, And hoarse magnificence of rushing stones; It had the murmur of Ionian bees, And the persuading sweetness of a shower. Chorus of God! thy ringing peal is o'er!"

Thou gav'st to party strife the epic note, And to debate the thunder of the Lord; To meaneast issues fire of the Most High. Hence eyes that ne'er beheld thee now are dim, And alien men on alien shores lament.

The Bookman quotes these lines, with approbation. They deserve it.

The full correspondence of Robert Burns with Mrs. Dunlop is now published by

Dodd Mead & Co., and to it elucidations are given by William Wallace, editor of Robert Chambers' "Life and Works of Robert Burns." This is something the lovers of the poet, and all interested in his singularly romantic history, will hasten to read,—or would, but for that unfortunate deterrent with many, the price. There are two volumes, which retail at \$5.00. This correspondence of Burns with Mrs. Dunlop is more voluminous than that which he held with any other, and extends over a wider period of his life. He poured out his slectest thought to this good lady and her responses—alas! that we have them not!—elicited his purest conceptions and his worthiest expressions in prose. It is said these letters, many of which appear in these volumes for the first time, make clearer some dubious guesses of his later years. They "indicate among other things that a serious effort was made to secure for him a position as a professor in the university of Edinburgh, [though this appears to us as absurd.] They likewise state Burns' view upon religion with a precision which is not to be found in his letters that have hitherto been published. They also put in a new and unexpected light the 'dejection' of Burns by his correspondent."

We find the following lines in The Bookman for August:

At the Equinox. While light and darkness hold the scales in starchy equipoise, And south winds wake in greenening vales the Spring-tides budding j's, The wood-thrush answers tenderly the blue-birds head trill, The marsh-frog pipe a note of glee in hollows of the hills, Above the growing twilight blish the cry of wild geese rings Far sailing o'er the valley's hush with sunlight in their wings. BENJAMIN F. LEGGETT.

In "Appleton's Canadian Guide Book," Charles G. D. Roberts presents what is described as a "convenient and "delightful guide to Eastern Canada, and also supplementary chapters which guide the tourist through Western Canada, across the plains to Manitoba, through the beautiful scenery of the Canadian Rockies and British Columbia to Vancouver and Victoria. The complete volume furnishes a useful and comprehensive study of the great empire of Canada as a whole, which will be indispensable for any one interested in the subject."

Prof. Roberts lends to the details of history and topography the charms of his poetic spirit and of his picturesque style.

Of all the vers writers in the Methodist Episcopal church in the United States, we know no one who expresses more effectively the very genius and spirit of old time Methodism than Rev. Alfred J. Hough of the Vermont Conference. A volume of his ringing lyrics should preserve his memory to other years. In a memorial piece, entitled, "Mantle and Spirit," read recently at the Epworth League Convention in Vermont, and since issued in a pamphlet, he hearkens back to the felicities of an earlier day:

"Bring us back the Amen Corner that has long been frozen out, For nothing scares the devil like a grand old Methodist shout, Bring back the faith of the fathers, its spinal column and grip. In place of the limp, loose wriggler of a Higher-Critic-ship, Bring back the hot experience, that an angel might rehearse, For that sigh in the swaddling bands of a little threadbare verse. Bring back the cross as a refuge from Sinai, lighting scarred, Conversion through deep conviction, and not through signing a card. Bring back a full salvation, the flower of perfect love, Till the church is filled with the fragrance of Paradise above. Bring back for us, Epworth Leaguers, whatever we have lost, The might, the joy, the abandon, of fiery Pentecost."

"I had Salt Rheum of the worst kind, as our family doctor called it, and could not get anything to cure me. I read of Burdock Blood Bitters, and determined to try it. I got one bottle and before I used half of it I could tell it was doing me good, and after taking six bottles I was perfectly cured, and to-day am a happy woman at being cured of that terrible disease." Mrs. MAGDALENA VOIGT, Rhineland, Ont.

B. B. B. is the best remedy in the world for Eczema, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Scald Head, Shingles, Boils, Pimples, Sores, Ulcers and all Blood and Skin Diseases.

The full correspondence of Robert Burns with Mrs. Dunlop is now published by

Best for Wash Day SURPRISE SOAP



WELL BEGUN IS HALF DONE

Start wash day with good soap, pure soap, that's half the battle won.

SURPRISE SOAP is made especially for washing clothes, makes them clean and fresh and sweet, with little rubbing. It's best for this and every use.

Don't forget the name SURPRISE.

But it is easier to sing or paint the past, than in fact to restore it.

Capt. Deloncie, of the ill-fated steamer, La Bourgoigne, is said to have been a poet. Perhaps this was the reason why the sisters with the shears were after him, and his prudence and skill does not appear distinctly in his office as commander. A volume of his verse may soon be published. It seems he was a contributor to La Figaro and a sonnet recently published there, entitled, "La Nuit en Mer" lies before us.

The Bookman gives some specimens from the pen of Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch, the Cornish novelist, essayist and poet, which are somewhat amusing to the literary student. These are parodies of Poe, Cowper, Bret Harte, Browning, Whitman, Swinburne and Tennyson, in which he has in each case caught the trick of style in each author, and reiterated in an absurd manner some of his favorite phrases—particularly happy he is in setting off Whitman and Tennyson. The author's name according to his own authority, should be pronounced "Cooch," though it is said he can prevail on only a few friends (out side of Cornwall) to believe in it.

A volume compiled and edited by Andrew Lang, is to be published by Longmans Green & Co. It is entitled "Selections from Coleridge." It will be brought out in an addition uniform with its authors "Selections From Wordsworth" issued last year.

Maarten Maartens has a new novel in progress entitled, "Her Memory." It is now appearing serially in Temple Bar, and may appear in book form later in the year.

Some bitter rhymers has vented himself on the eminently shrewd converters of seawater to gold, who suddenly remembered it was time for vacation. It is a pity to depreciate such talent.

"Electrolytic."

O sigh novermore for the lost Mr. Jernigan, Since he has departed and will not return again, Nor yet be a vain, inconsiderate wisher For manes of the late evanescent fraud—Fisher; With a great gulp, no doubt that dark cavern mephitic Hath swallowed them up and their scheme "electrolytic!" But cherish the wrath that yet smoulders! Since your rogues' omnipresent, ye anxious stockholders!

On your sad, lonely pathway I now fain would drop a light By which you may detect the next shrewd cosmopolitan, Who changes his point with adroit transmigration,— Safe under the shield of this or that nation, Till he gets to the shore where a swift extradition is on.

Shall pass him along to his well-earned perdition, Then search not for them, nor grow faint when you hear of 'em, Fate's detective's abroad, and he soon will take care of 'em; But nail fast the rogue who just now is approaching.

Who will soon on your faith and your purse be encroaching; Let not your wits be wanting, while his head is level Who 'neath the cloak of the Lord does the work of the devil. Let him who would make some profit at the expense of his neighbor consider the force of the word—Compensation! A man who cheats his neighbor cheats himself most bitterly. A man must give something or suffer poverty in himself; for there is no one so unhappy as he who gets all, and gives none. I dare say you will smile;—there are many who smile sagely in face of the truth, and there is many a folly exalted to wisdom's post of authority by a majority's consent. I have, however, a maxim which may be taken at its value: The business of trade, and all trade, comes to be an accused thing, however complacently men may regard and follow it as their ideal. There may be no question about integrity, but we certainly need generosity in trade, as well as in war, and a generosity that does not wholly consist in soft and polite phrases. PASTOR FELIX.

Allspice sprinkled amongst clothing that is not often used will keep away moths.

Review of the Medical Record.

Few of us can refrain from turning the pages of a medical journal when it comes to our hand. There is something attractive even in the mystifying array of technical phrases that pursue each other so trippingly. There is something exhilarating in following the mental gymnastics whereby, for instance a cramp in the foot is described as 'a painful affection of the fourth metatarsal-phalangeal articulation, anterior metatarsalgia.' We are given something to think about when we are told in a breath that 'cases of Graves disease may be cured by operative measures' but that 'sudden death may occur in the course of, or soon after operation, 'and has not yet received a satisfactory explanation.' When we read of a baby that at birth weighed only two and a half pounds we wonder whether it will live to become a great man; there is no irrelevance in the smile that follows the statement that the diet of Prince Bismarck when very seriously ill consisted of ham, caviare, eggs, beer and champagne, but that he had foregone his favorite pickled pigs feet; and we are moved to pity at the tale of a poor Massachusetts volunteer who actually died of homesickness at Santiago. In short we know that the pages of a medical journal cannot fail to contain something of interest for us because in writing them the doctors have been writing about ourselves, and, surely, it is no idle curiosity, that prompts us to learn if we can, what they have to say about us.

In the current number of the Medical Record are five original communications of special interest to physicians. Dr. J. Arthur Booth contributes an illustrated article on the results obtained by the operation of partial removal of the thyroid gland in eight cases of Graves' disease. Dr. Wolferd Nelson concludes his paper, begun last week, on the Yellow fever of the Tropics, and Dr. Carl Beck indicates another use for the X-ray in diagnosis.

Dr. Shady has an editorial dealing sharply with unpleasant and unnecessary incidents of the Cuban campaign. He says, "The dreadful fact stares every one in the face that the poor soldiers, who had a right to expect everything from a country for which they were willing to sacrifice their lives, really did not receive as good treatment as would have been given to ordinary cattle," and urges a rigid investigation to bring home the responsibility and punishment to the negligent and incompetent officers. The editorials, four in number are timely and of general interest.

Two pages are given up to the medical news of the week and are followed by a description of the hospital ship "Relief" illustrated by photographs. The usual society reports, London correspondence and contagious diseases and health reports make a most excellent number.

Weekly, published by William Wood and Company, New York.

Your children will like Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine. It's the most pleasant and the best of cough remedies. —25 cents per bottle.

Skirts should always be brushed when they have been taken off and then put away. Leaving them tumbled about on chairs waiting to be disposed of ruins quantities of clothes.

KNIVES, FORKS AND SPOONS STAMPED BY 1847 ROGERS BROS. ARE GENUINE AND GUARANTEED BY THE Meriden Britannia Co. THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.

BUY Coleman's Salt THE BEST

Every package guaranteed. The 5 lb Carton of Table Salt is the neatest package on the market. For sale by all first class grocers.

Woman and Her Work

There is a man out in Missouri who is not exactly known to fame in the usual sense of the word, and yet who is doing a work in his own quiet way which is in no degree behind the efforts of the most famous philanthropists in real practical value to the human race, especially to the younger generation. His name is W. H. H. Musick, and like many other good and clever men he is an editor. The paper which he owns, publishes and edits, is called the "Wright County Progress" and it comes out once a week: it is a very excellent journal in many respects and in no wise behind other weekly papers of its day and generation, but its chief claim to distinction lies in the object which its editor seems to have set before himself as a sort of mission and of which he never loses sight. This mission is to draw the attention of its readers to the daily sacrifice of life by the careless and ignorant use of "inflammables, explosives, and combustibles." No calamity of the kind which he makes his specialty, is allowed to pass without comment, and Mr. Musick draws many valuable lessons from the frequency of their occurrence.

As the subject is one that is of vital interest to us all, a few specimens of the extracts which the Missouri editor places before his patrons each week, and his trenchant remarks on them, cannot fail to interest the readers of PROGRESS. Mr. Musick is so thoroughly in earnest and so convinced of the importance of the matter that he is now endeavouring to give practical effect to his views by persuading the school authorities of his native state to make instruction in the care of combustibles and explosives, and the uses of fires, part of the regular school course. The extracts I publish are from the latest edition of the "Wright County Progress," and tell a sad tale of our own.

JUNCTION CITY, Kan., July 16.—At 7 o'clock this morning, twenty miles east, E. J. Allen's farmhouse was destroyed by fire. Three small children, the oldest 6 years old, were burned to death. Two older ones escaped, but were too badly burned to recover. The husband had gone to his work, and the mother had gone out for a short time, leaving the children asleep. She is prostrated with grief.

We want to teach the children, who will be the parents of the future, that there is no duty, religious or otherwise, which can excuse parents who leave small children alone; that the act itself is criminal and disgraceful.

LAWRENCE, Kan., July 16.—A gasoline explosion caused the death of Emma Madden here yesterday afternoon. She was cleaning a carpet when the gasoline which she was using became ignited. The girl made a desperate effort to extinguish the flames, but only succeeded after being terribly burned. She died in a few hours.

A little special training might have saved this girl. Within the next twelve months a hundred more of our children will go out in this joyous life in a tempest of unutterable agony—by fire. Instruction would save some of them—who can say how many?

CHARLESTON, Ill., July 12.—This morning, while a group of girls were sitting around a table, the 5-year-old son of Nelson Reynolds came in, and, pointing a target rifle at them, pulled the trigger. The bullet hit Clara, the 14-year-old daughter of Michael Murphy, in the forehead, killing her instantly.

The unprecedented accidental death list this month is directly traceable to the war excitement. Men talk war and forget the explosives with which they are working. Women talk war and forget the children, who are naturally explosive and play at war continually with anything they can lay their hands on. Watch the little fellows, if you want them to live a minute! How much suffering and heartbreak would be saved if every paper in the Union would repeat this caution!

A little girl, 4 years old, was burned to death, in the temporary absence of her mother, at Chapin, Mo., the other day.

Four years is a baby girl's sweetest age, and it is the age at which our children are most frequently destroyed by fire. Many of them, perhaps most of them, could be saved in future if influential people would public sentiment, shape legislation, and control education would but try. Will they try? When will they try? How many more precious little lives must be quenched in the unspeakable horrors of death by fire before they make up their minds to try?

"Long life to Mr. Musick!" May he prosper exceedingly and may the truly good work he has undertaken flourish while he does, and live after him.

After various dieto-maniacs—if one may coin a word; and writers on hygiene have been making the lives of coffee drinkers a burden to them for years by describing the awful effects that the coffee bean has upon the human constitution and worse still on the female complexion; some benefactor of coffee lovers has discovered that it is all a mistake and none of us need fear the influence of our favorite beverage on either our nerves, or our complexions.

This latest authority takes such a different view of the subject that he relates the case of a woman—a brain worker—whose

friends were so convinced that the coffee habit as they called it, was injuring her that she gave it up, just for the sake of peace, only to find that instead of improving, her health had rather declined, and worse still she found herself unable to continue her work with any success, as without her coffee, her mind was inactive and sluggish. When she consulted her physician he told her that the amount of coffee she consumed daily was far from being stimulating enough to do her any harm and when taken with plenty of sugar and rich cream it was most nutritious. So that woman goes on with her work, and drinks her coffee with a quiet mind.

The "Medical Times" quotes an authority on the subject of prescribing coffee as a medicine in certain states of great debility, and adds that while tea and coffee seem to be alike in many respects the latter is greatly to be preferred on account of its sustaining power, and that it would be well for the working classes, and a great help towards the development of social sobriety if coffee were to come into greater use, and if the ability to make it really well could be acquired. The writer quotes as an example of the difference in the effects of tea and coffee upon the nerves, the experience of sportsmen who find it far better to drink the latter when shooting as tea, it taken strong, or in any quantity, will produce a sort of nervousness very prejudicial to steady aim. Under its influence the marksman is apt to shoot too quickly, whereas coffee steadies the hand and quiets the nerves. I must confess that fond as I am of the fragrant drink, I have always found that even a small cup of coffee taken at night makes me very wakeful, but the same writer in the "Medical Times" is authority for the statement that coffee is one of the most effective sleeping poisons known, a small teaspoonful as strong as it can be made, repeated every fifteen minutes until the patient falls asleep, being the regulation dose. I can only say I should be sorry for the nurse who undertook to feed me with coffee by the spoonful until I fell asleep.

The rapidly shortening days, and that slight but still perceptible chill in the air after the sun has set, which gives us our first warning in these northern climes that summer is dying, turns ones thoughts towards autumn fashions; and though the pages of the fashion journals still show little else than cuts of elaborate summer gowns, yet the authorities announce that the latest importations of these fluffy wonders contain hints of what we may expect in the early Autumn gowns. One thing seems to be decided, and that is the continuance of overskirt effects with the old as well as the more modern variation of form. All the indications tend in that direction, and not only the overskirt effect, but the overskirt proper has already appeared in with rounded peplum and pointed shape, as well as the short round apron all laid in upturned plaits which has a feature of the dresses of our early youth.

They will seem strange to those who remember them years ago, but they will not be the only old fashion which is to be revived during the coming season if rumor speaks truly. For fortunately these old styles which seem so grotesque now are seldom

restored without modification, which make them seem like new, so it is likely the modern overskirt will be a more artistic garment than its predecessor ever was. So far the most attractive overskirt models are in close fitting apron shape, longer in front than at the back where they fasten with hooks concealed by tiny bows of velvet ribbon with a little buckle in the centre. Next comes the long apron reaching almost to the hem of the skirt in front and back, and drawn up slightly at the sides. The peplum overdress which is the least to be admired of all the models falls in two points at each side, and like all the others fits closely over the hips.

There seems to be a possibility that the beloved blouse bodice is to be superseded at last by the tight fitting coat waist. If so the change is one to be regretted, and blouse waists are so popular with all women that it is unlikely they will be abandoned without a struggle, or allowed to go out of fashion altogether. The coat bodice tight fitting and stiff, is with us already and there is little doubt that it will really be a feature of the winter gowns. Just now it is made of lace, silk and satin in light colors and without sleeves, and it is worn with thin lace trimmed gowns cut decollete. It is trimmed around the edge with ruches of ribbon or chiffon, or pretty applications of lace, and opens in front enough to display a square open neck, thus making an evening dress suitable for summer afternoon wear. It is cut to form little epaulets over the sleeves, and lace sleeves which fit the arm closely are sometimes added with excellent effect, these sleeves however, are a part not of the jacket but of the skirt, and must be made of the same lace as the flounces on the skirt. Narrow jewelled bands belt the coat in at the wrists, or satin ribbon with a jewelled clasp is used. Some of the prettiest of these dainty coats are made of velvet, and in either turquoise blue or deep yellow. With a white gown the effect is most striking and pretty. Already the black satin and taffeta coats have become one of the settled features of fashion, but the newer light silk and velvet ones are as yet seen only at the most fashionable watering places where they are worn by ultra-fashionable women.

There are some slight differences in the skirts which may indicate a setting of the tide which has already turned towards more scant effects. The new model is sufficiently clinging around the hips but the deep circular flounce is wider than ever at the bottom where it is scalloped. The effect which seems to be desired is a fan-like flare, and to accomplish this a knee-deep flounce of accordion plaited silk is sometimes added underneath the foundation skirt so that the bottom has the appearance of three, instead of the usual two skirts. Princess effects are seen in many of the new cloth and cashmere gowns; but in these as in other models, the lower part of the skirt is a very flaring circular flounce, set on with a piping of the same, or of plaid silks, which in the same form stripes around the sleeves at intervals over their entire length. The appearances of a polonaise is given to other gowns by trimming just on the bodice and upper part of the skirt in the required form. The only apparent change in the form of the sleeves in the tendency to make

EDUCATIONAL.

MOUNT ALLISON LADIES' COLLEGE, OWENS' ART INSTITUTION AND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

The Fall term of the 45th Year Begins Sept. 1st, 1898.

Courses of study are provided, extending from the primary branches through the whole University curriculum to the degree of B. A. The staff consists of 18 teachers in addition to the University Professoriate. Physical Culture, Shorthand, Typewriting, Bookkeeping and Commercial courses are all taught after the latest and most improved methods. The Owens' Art Institution with its magnificent gallery is in charge of Prof. Hammond, R. C. A. The Conservatory of music employs an able staff of instructors all of whom have received their musical education in Europe. For Calendar apply to

REV. B. C. BORDEN, D. D.

Sackville, N. B., July 30th.

Mount Allison Academy Commercial College, Sackville, N. B.

The first term of the 56th year of this well known educational institution will begin Sept 1st, 1898. Parents desiring to give their sons a good English education, or to prepare them for Business Life or Matriculation into Colleges of Arts, Medicine or Dentistry should avail themselves of this Home School for Boys. For Calendar apply to

Jas. M. Palmer, M. A., Principal.

them smaller lowering the shoulder seam at the same time to a point of discomfort which is really alarming after so many years of loose comfortable sleeves, and short shoulder seams, but if they once become the fashion, I suppose we shall learn to live, or at least tolerate them in time.

AN INDISPENSABLE REQUISITE. Something That Will Lighten Troubles and Make Hearts Rejoice.

There is something in this world that will lighten half your troubles and make you feel that life is worth living after all. There is something in this world that will bring variety into your dull, monotonous life, and make your heart rejoice. There is something in this world that you will soon find that you cannot do without for very long. This something is Maypole Soap. It will dye almost anything—from a gentleman's stocking to a feather, from a child's frock to a gentleman's shirt. No need for one to sigh for her faded blue blouse; no need for another to bewail that she will never look like an angel unless she goes to the expense of buying a new yellow blouse; no need for a third to cry over her washed-out pink blouse, and so wash out a little more of its color. Rise up and dye! Rise up and dye those blouses, girls. Prove yourselves independent of that wicked, heartless laundress; do not let her have the power to distress you; give her a little surprise instead. When she sends you home a washed-out, miserable-looking blouse that once was a pretty blue, just dye that blouse with Maypole Soap, wear it until it is soiled, and then return it to the laundress, blue once more. She will either think that her eyes are deceiving her, or else that the blouse is a new one. And all you pretty Cinderellas, weeping your eyes out because you have nothing pretty to wear at the dance next week, just use your brains a little and your Maypole Soap a little (or a lot as the case may be), and you will find that you are the belle of the ball. If you want blue stockings and shoes, have them; if you want a pale heliotrope gown instead of the eternal white one, have it; if you want yellow ribbons instead of white, have them. For a small sum you can have a cake of Maypole Soap, ready to work any miracle for you with regard to colour. With this wonderful soap at your service you can nearly empty your rag-bag, and can make your rooms look so dainty and pretty, that when your husband comes home at night he will think at first that he has come into the wrong house. All these, and many more wonders can you work with Maypole Soap, and that with very little trouble and expense. The soap is sold everywhere where soap is sold at all. Do not let another day pass without trying it.

Advertisement for Maypole Soap, describing its uses for dyeing and cleaning, and its availability in various forms.

EDGEHILL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, WINDSOR - - - NOVA SCOTIA, Incorporated 1891.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Courtney, D. D., Chairman Board of Trustees. Miss Lester, of Cheltenham Ladies' College, England, Principal. Eight Resident Experienced Governesses from England, Housekeeper, Matron, and Nurse. Board and Tuition Fees, including French, Latin or German or Greek, Daily Chaperone, Class Singing and Needlework, \$225 per annum, or \$75 per term. Music, Singing, Painting, Drawing, etc., are extras. Preparations for the Universities. Michaelmas Term begins Sept. 14th, 1898. For Catalogue apply to DR. HIND.

Trafalgar Institute, (Affiliated to McGill University), SIMPSON STREET, MONTREAL.

FOR THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF YOUNG WOMEN, with Preparatory Department for Girls under 13 years. President.....Rev. Jas. Barclay, D. D. Vice-President.....Ven. Archdeacon Evans, D. C. L. Principal.....Miss Grace Fairley, M. A., Edinburgh. The Institute will Re-open on TUESDAY, 13th SEPTEMBER. For prospectus and other information apply to the Principal, or to A. F. RIDDELL, Secretary, 21 St John street, Montreal.

ST. CATHARINE'S HALL, Augusta, Maine.

A FIRST CLASS SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, Will Re-open Sept. 21st, 1898. For circulars address REV. GEO. F. DEGEN, Augusta, Maine.

Kidney Trouble FOR YEARS.

Nothing did Mr. R. E. Pitt any good until he got Doan's Kidney Pills. Throughout the County of Leeds and the Town of Brockville there is no medicine spoken so highly of for all kinds of Kidney Diseases as Doan's Kidney Pills. As Canada's pioneer kidney pill, introduced by Mr. James Doan, of Kingsville, Ont., in 1885, they stand to-day far superior to all the imitations and substitutes that have been offered the public in their stead. Mr. R. E. Pitt, the well-known contractor and builder, voices the sentiments when he says, "I have had kidney trouble for years. I had tried numerous remedies without much relief, and had given up my back as gone for good, but since using Doan's Kidney Pills the result has been marvellous! The pain is all gone. I feel like a new man, and can highly testify to the virtues of Doan's Kidney Pills." Doan's Kidney Pills are sold by all dealers or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or 3 boxes for \$1.25. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Advertisement for John Noble Tailor-Made Costumes, featuring illustrations of women in various styles of dresses and suits, with detailed pricing and descriptions of the garments.

WILL POWER, THE SECRET OF LIFE.

By It Allments Can be Abolished and Man Live to a Good Old Age.

If we are to believe certain medical alarmists, in five hundred years time the creature man will be a totally different being from what he is now.

Not to mince matters, the present man is to be abolished. Already one distinguished wisacre—an anti-cyclist presumably—has discovered that in 2400 the earth will be populated by bald-headed, bicycle-humped apparitions without legs.

A third—more daring than his fellows—has given out that instead of children being born into the world the future 'infant' will be a grey-bearded fossil with shattered nerves, a head like a golf-ball, and a lease of life extending to only twenty years before him.

Whether these pessimistic predictions are to be realized depends not a little on that very self sacrificing class of men—the inventors. There are some half-dozen individuals who are under the impression that they have discovered the secret of longevity.

No doubt most of these would-be Methuselahs are sad cranks, but all the same there is no question that the exciting times in which we live prejudice our chances of living to a ripe old age.

Hearing that there was a gentleman in London who makes a speciality of the ailments of city men and longevity as well, the writer took upon himself the liberty of calling upon him.

"Let me tell you first of all," observed the doctor, "that it is possible to so fortify the human system as to make it absolutely impregnable to the assault of disease."

"That means that we can live for ever?" "Not necessarily, but the majority of mankind die very much sooner than they ought to do. My opinion is that man should be able to live until he is 120.

"How long are you going to live yourself, may I inquire?" "I think I shall live to be 130. There is no cause for death if the balance of forces can be maintained."

"You treat business men, I believe?" "Yes; I have made a special study of all the ailments that city men are heir to, and most peculiar they are. Scores of rich men come in here thoroughly shattered in health by the anxieties and competition of business.

"And you put them on their legs again?" "What I do is to inoculate the secret of self-control. Half the business men who go out of their minds do so because they are unable to control themselves. They haven't the will. They are the slaves of their emotions.

"One of the principal complaints of city men is loss of memory. Some of my patients have so overtaxed their brains that they can't trust themselves. I had a peculiar case the other day. A patient came to consult me and half an hour after I had wished him good-bye I was surprised to see him back again.

THE IDENTICAL NOTE TO THE FORTS



If any soap could cleanse the record of Turkey

ECLIPSE

would do it, for it is death on dirt of all kinds. Have you tried a bar?

Send us 25 "Eclipse" wrappers, or 6c. in stamps with coupon and we will mail you a popular novel. A coupon in every bar of Eclipse.

John Taylor & Co., Manufacturers, Toronto, Ont.

the name of the place in which he lived. He asked me to write it down for him!

"The basis of my treatment," the doctor continued, "is to make the patient equally sound in mind and limb—so sound that he has absolute control of himself. The secret of life is will-power. If you have will you can do almost anything. There is a case on record of an Italian nobleman who, at forty years of age, was at death's door. He suddenly exerted himself and declared that he would live. He succeeded, and died at 103."

"I should like an ounce or two of your methods."

"It would take too long to go into details, but I may say that I attach enormous importance to music, color and baths. I order these things to my patients, like other doctors order drugs. For example, if a person is suffering from melancholia, I give him stirring music. As regards color, it has an immense effect on the health and I frequently advise my patients to have their windows made of colored glass. Color has the same effect on the constitution as music. My advice to a person who requires stimulating is to put red, orange, and yellow panes into the window of his sitting room. To those who need soothing I recommend green violet, or indigo."

"By the way, reverting to loss of memory," my informant added, "I know a lady who, fifteen years ago, suddenly lost all recollection of her youth. Extraordinary to relate her memory is now returning gradually."

"Freaks of memory, it may be added, puzzle the doctors more than any other mental peculiarity. Some time ago an author contracted a fever and when he recovered he was unable to remember his alphabet, and it was impossible to persuade him that he had ever written a line in his life."

The Choice of Paints.

Two-thirds of the cost of painting consists of the item of labor, so that economy in painting consists in using a paint that will last and look well for a long time. Then there is the point of preserving property. Poor paint that cracks and peels off allows moisture to penetrate, and the thing painted rots or rusts as quickly, if indeed not more quickly, than if it were unpainted. When the question arises what kind of paint to buy for painting a house, or a barn, or a plow, or a floor, many people are content to leave the selection to the paint dealer or the painter. This sometimes results in loss because painters make mistakes in mixing or are deceived in the materials they buy, and dealers sometimes sell inferior goods for the sake of a little temporary profit. The safest plan for the purchaser is to go by the label. If the label bears the name of The Sherwin Williams Company the paint in the can may be depended upon. The Sherwin Williams ready-mixed paints have behind them a successful record of twenty-nine years which is a very satisfactory thing for the paint-user to think of when he invests his money in painting. These paints are not limited to either zinc or lead in their making but use the best of both, in the right proportions, together with the best oil and the best drier, so that the user gets all the paint value there is in each of these ingredients. The Sherwin Williams' paints are prepared for every purpose, a special paint for each, and by getting the proper paint for his purpose the paint-user practices the best economy and gets the best effect. Different qualities are needed in a paint for painting a house and one for painting a farm wagon, and the paints for interior decoration in the home are very different from those prepared for use on buggies and carriages. A paint that would wear best and look best for one purpose might be entirely unsuited for another. A postal card sent to The Sherwin Williams Company, 21 St. Antoine St. Montreal, will secure a book containing valuable hints on paint and painting.

Her Toy a Rattle. Mrs. Franklin Wood, of Sherman, Penn., found her child, two years old, and a child of a neighbor, three years old, playing in the grass. She noticed that the little one was occasionally striking something in front of her with a short stick, and after each stroke they would laugh heartily

She watched them for several minutes, when she walked toward them to see what they were doing. When within a few feet of them she was struck speechless and motionless to see that their plaything was a large rattlesnake. Mrs. Wood grasped a club and bravely went to the rescue, and with few blows killed the snake, after which she remembered nothing until revived by the neighbors. The snake was five feet long and had nine rattles.

Plenty to Come.

In Spain the people take no note of time, not even from its loss. Everything is to be done manana (to-morrow).

A wealthy Englishman, who had long lived in Spain, had a lawsuit. He pleaded his case in person, and managed to win his case. The victory cost him three days of trouble and expense, so that when the judge congratulated him on his success, he replied—

"Yes, that's all right; but it has cost me three days, and time is money. I am a busy man, and these three days are lost to me forever."

"Oh, you English!" answered the judge; "you are always saying that time is money. How are you to get your three days back? Well, I will tell you. Take them out of next week; surely there are plenty more to come?"

CAN'T EAT.



FOOD is the fuel that feeds the fires of life. Digestion is the process that turns the fuel into energy. Few possess perfect digestion. If your digestion is imperfect, if you cannot eat what you like without discomfort, if you cannot eat when you ought to eat, the time has come when you should take Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills. Hunger is the best Sauce. Take these Pills and get hungry. You may eat what you want if you take Dr. Ward's Pills.

WHAT THEIR MERITS ARE:

My system was entirely rejuvenated by the use of Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills, and I consider them a marvelous strength and nerve builder for dyspepsia. I was so sick and miserable that I seemed to have no life or energy left in me. I suffered so at times that I thought death would be better for me. I had tried Doctors and different kinds of medicines, but all failed to do me any good. I am in every way now a well woman and feel better in every way. They have built me up also. I now weigh several pounds more than I ever did before. In conclusion, I would advise every woman afflicted with poor digestion to give Dr. Ward's Pills a trial.

MRS. L. E. WATSON, Fort Colborne, Ont.

Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are sold at 25 cents per box, 3 boxes for \$2.00, at druggists, or mailed on receipt of price by The Dr. Ward Co., 71 Victoria St., Toronto. Book of information free.

THE SUN BURNED OUT.

Even the Sun will burn himself out, and one day be as dark and cold as the Moon.

Everything has its day. Sometimes the rich dress of a lady has a very short day. You get it smeared or stained or the color is absorbed by the Sun. That is the end of Turkish Dyes have not been heard of. But use these incomparable dyes and the garment is new again with a lovely color (and surely 72 shades leave room for the free play of taste!) which you cannot wash out! which will resist rain; and which will remain lustrous and beautiful while a thread of the dress remains. When a lady has a rich dress to dye she does not ask for the common dyes whose shades 'run in' miserably little murky rivulets. Oh no! She will have nothing but TURKISH DYES, which have the latest improvements, slavishly copied by the inferior dyes. They are bright and beautiful. They are the best quality. They are prepared with the greatest care, and they will dye any color or kind of garment. Don't take common dyes. They promise to the eye, and break it to the experience.

Send postal for 'How to Dye well' and Sample Card to 481 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

FLASHES OF FUN.

At the Races.—"Hurrab! They are off!" Tramp (with luncheon): "So am I!"

Woman thinks of a dozen things at once. Man has a dozen thoughts on one thing.

I've cured my husband's insomnia. How did you do it? Pretended I was sick and the doctor left medicine which Henry was to give me every half-hour all night long.

"Isabel Ouida Upton" is the fanciful name of a little girl. Her initials being I. O. U., it is presumed that she is "a child of promise."

She: "I thought you told me your salary was £5 a week?"

He: "Oh, no; I said I earned £5, but I only get £2."

Do you ride a wheel? she asked, well I don't know that I would be exactly justified in claiming that, he replied but now and then I have a wrestling match with one of them.

Mr. Bunker (to applicant for his daughter's hand): "Is your position sound?" Applicant: "Decidedly so, sir. I'm a trombone player."

Tyes: "Have you named your boy yet?" Spokes: "No; my wife and I can't agree. She wants to name him after her bicycle, and I want to name him after mine."

"Oh, May, what do you think? Charles has proposed to me!"

May: "Well, I'm not surprised. When I refused him he said he would do something silly."

Hostess: "What are you going already, professor, and must you take your dear wife away with you?"

Professor: "Indeed, madam, I am sorry to say I must."

Farmer (to young thief): "What are you doing under the tree with that apple?"

Bright Boy: "I was just going to climb up the tree to put back this apple, which I see, has fallen down."

She: "I was a fool when I married you."

He: "Aren't you a fool still?"

She: "No, I am not."

He: "Then you should be thankful to me for reforming you."

Is there any danger of the boa constrictor biting me? asked a lady visitor at the Zoological Gardens. Not the least, marm, cried the showman. He never bites he swallows his vittles whole.

Giggs: "Riggs put up a peculiar plea in court when he was accused of having two wives."

"Diggs: "What excuse could he have?"

Giggs: "He said he was born a twin."

Tell me about your graduating class photograph, Miss Lily. Well, all those homely girls standing up at the back are the smart ones; all those pretty girls sitting down in front are the silly ones.

To what do you attribute the curative properties of your springs? asked a visitor at a health resort. Well answered the proprietor, thoughtfully, I guess the advertising I've done had something to do with it.

Office boy (to his employer): "Mr. Betts outside, sir, wants to see the junior partner."

Junior Partner: "Not in; I owe him £5."

Senior Partner: "Show him in; he owes me £10."

Friend (leaving the office with the merchant): "I say, old man, you didn't lock your safe."

Merchant: "No I never do. That safe cost me £70, and I don't want burglars to spoil it for the little I've got in it."

Misses: "Bridget, this is altogether too much; you have a new follower in the kitchen every week."

Bridget (complainingly): "Well, ma'am, you see the food in this house is so bad that no one will come here for longer than a week."

I see that they have put a sounding-board at the back of the ministers' pulpit, said Baron. What do you suppose that's for? Egbert—Why to throw out the sound. Gracious said Baron, if you threw out the sound there wouldn't be anything left to the sermon."

David Slopway: "I shall bring you back these dark trousers to be reseatd, Mr. Snip. You know I sit a good deal."

Mr. Snip (tailor): "All right, and if you'll bring the bill I sent you six months ago I will be pleased to reseat that also. You know I've stood a good deal."

It is recorded of a young fop who visited one of the Rothschilds that he was so proud of his malachite sleeve-buttons that he insisted upon exhibiting them to his host. The latter looked at them and said:—

"Yes—it is a pretty stone. I have a mantlepiece made of it in the next room."

"Do you remember," said Miss Ancient to Colonel Crabtree, "how when you were a young man you proposed to me and I rejected you?"

"It is, one of the happiest recollections of my life," said the Colonel, with an air of gallantry. And Miss Ancient is still wondering.

"I took out a living picture show once," said the theatrical manager, "and I had several queer experiences."

"We always had trouble getting suitable music, for one thing. I remember that we struck a certain town where the music was furnished by a seedy, freckle-faced young man, who officiated at one of those bangy-bang pianos. I asked him if he could think of music suitable to each picture as it was displayed."

"Oh, yes," certainly he could, "and do it promptly."

"The performance opened. He was seated at the piano, and he turned to look at the first picture. It was 'Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden.'"

"He didn't hesitate an instant. Like a flash he turned and began pounding out. 'There's Only One Girl in This World for Me.'—Chicago Journal."

Every Berry Selected as

carefully as the master builder chooses the most perfect stones for the completion of a famous piece of work.

So it is not to be wondered that the beverage made from

Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee

is par excellent.

And it is not strange that thousands of homes delight in the joys of a drink made from such material.

Every grocer who prides himself on handling the best class of goods sells Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee, in one and two pound cans, sealed with a seal and guarantee of perfection.

Advertisement for Dr. Fowler's Ext-of-Wild Strawberry Cures Diarrhoea, Dysentery and Summer Complaint. Price 30c. at all druggists. Refuse substitutes, they are dangerous.

Advertisement for D & A Crest Corsets. Indestructible at the side. The D & A "CREST" Corset is just what thousands of women are looking for. The disposition of the lower steels and the hip lacing are what make this corset positively unbreakable. It is also perfect as to fit and made in all styles. Ask your dealer to show you the D & A "Crest."

Advertisement for Calvert's Carbolic Soaps. Are Supplied in various Qualities for all purposes. Antiseptic, Emollient. Ask your dealer to obtain full particulars for you. F. G. CALVERT & CO., Manchester.

An Incriminating Pin

'Anubry, it's getting late; put away your book, dear, and talk.' My wife came across the room to where I sat, and laid her hand lovingly on my shoulder. Then she glanced at the ponderous volume before me and said, with a laugh: 'Oh those awful Latin names! Whatever does "curare" mean, Anubry?'

'Are all arrangements made for the wedding?' 'I think so. They don't want us there, though. It's fixed for 8 o'clock in the morning, and they're going to drive straight to the railway station from the church.'

something about the latter which caused me to look again, and with trembling hands to open the case. Ah! I could hardly repress a cry—the comb belonged to it; and on the comb, tightly fastened, to one of the teeth by a piece of thin wire, was a pin with a discolored point. I had discovered the explanation of the scratch!



Send Us a Photograph

of your house, with a description of the surroundings, and we will send you a plan, giving suggestions for best color effect. These selections are carefully made by an artist, who is an expert at this work.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT That is part of our business. We will send you illustrations of houses in different colors. Also sample cards and full information about any, or all of our different paints.

MARRIED. Andover, Aug. 8, by Rev. J. F. Esty, Robert E. Coffin to Berdeta Bink.

DIED. St. John, Aug. 9, James McElroy. St. John, Aug. 9, James Wilson, 80.



Brooklyn, Aug. 6 to wife of F. C. Feder a son. Halifax, Aug. 9 to wife of H. E. Gibbs, a son.

Star Line Steamers - Fredericton. Mail Steamers Victoria and David Weston.

Steamer Clifton. On and after July 7th. Leave Hampton for Indiantown.

Dominion Atlantic R'y. On and after Monday, Aug. 1st, 1898, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

S. S. Prince Edward, BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and latest steamer plying out of Boston.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after Monday, the 20th June, 1898, the trains of this Railway will be as follows: