

Deceived.

Adopting various imitative schemes of our "Actual" imitations, however, bear any real resemblance to the original...

Business University, St. John, N. B.

ask are they worth cultivating, for I don't think cultivation has much to do with them. They come more from that quiet, sympathetic contemplation which puts you in touch with all nature...

TRUNK AND A TRUNK.

Look out for baggage if a woman tells you it isn't heavy.

I know a woman who travels around the country with a trunk as big as a house. Protests of husband and friends are of no avail, and it seems to me the case is a perfectly proper one for the Anticruelty society.

Perhaps they can twist their constitution to get the baggage man under the head of animals and prosecute you.

She did not appear at all discomfited. The last time she went away I groined for the expressman. The horse was in an awful turmoil, and the trunk was on the third floor.

It's not very heavy, I heard her say. At the remark the expressman immediately called his helper from the wagon. "I always know what that means," he said, with a knowing nod to the maid.

AN OLD MAIL PACKAGE

Strange articles occasionally find their way into the mail-boxes. One package mailed in New York was, to all appearance, very glad to get out from among its uncongenial surroundings.

A collector one day, on opening a mail-box found everything within it in motion. He began to take out the contents, and started by hearing a shrill yelp.

A moment later a tiny pup poked its nose through the parcels. It seemed delighted to see a human face again, after its sojourn among papers and parcels.

It was carefully tagged for a Western city, and on the tag was a two-cent stamp. The collector took it to the station to which he belonged, and as there is no provision for sending dogs by mail, it was kept at the office.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 30 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five insertions for every additional line.

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Music and The Drama

When Miss Lillian Blauvelt comes to America for her song recitals the coming season, she will bring with her a lot of precious value, for it was presented to her by Queen Victoria after her singing at Windsor Castle on July 17, at the queen's command, accompanied by the Royal Band.

The suit of Mrs. Ada P. Blakely, administratrix of David Blakely, deceased, against John Philip Sousa, the composer and band master, was terminated in Philadelphia last week by a decision of the common pleas court sustaining the report of the referee. The referee recommended that Mr. Sousa account to Mrs. Blakely for all moneys received by him for the sale of musical compositions, surrendered to her the musical library in his possession and account for use of it from May 23, 1897.

The referee also decided that the Blakely estate had the right, without regard for the duration of time, to one half of all royalties which would be earned from Sousa's musical compositions, provided that such compositions were made prior to Blakely's death. As to whether the Blakely estate had an exclusive right to the use of Sousa's name, the referee found in Mr. Sousa's favor, on the ground that it would be against public policy to permit any band not conducted by Sousa to be called Sousa's band, as such name might mislead the public. The case has been in litigation for more than two years.

The musical Courier informs an anxious feminine community that Madame Paderewski will not accompany her husband this season to America. In a certain charity concert in aid of church funds a woman singer was down to singing "Ora Pro Nobis" but at the last moment she changed her mind, and said she would sing "The Song That Reached My Heart" instead, says Presso. The dignified elder who was acting as chairman read the note containing the intimation, and spoke as follows: "Miss Blakely will now no longer sing "Ora Pro Nobis," which being translated, means "The Song That Reached My Heart."

That was a wonderful collection of old and valuable instruments which was represented in the great orchestra that celebrated the Joachim jubilee, says the music Trade Review. It appears that there were ten Strads worth \$7,500 each and six varying in value from \$2,500 to 4,000. There were also many Amatis, one of them Wieniawski's favourite, purchased of his widow for \$5,000 francs. There were also several splendid Guarnerius violins. Of the ninety violins in the orchestra all but two of them were valuable old Italian instruments, and their combined value was \$360,000. There were also many costly viola and cellos.

The Bayreuth festival ends this week. It has at last been decided to call Victor Herbert's new opera for Alice Neilson "The Singing Girl."

"The Bull's Baby," is the title of one of the new rag time songs in which May Irwin's new play, "Sister Mary" will abound.

It seems that Jessie Bartlett Davis will really retire from the Bostonians now. She is wise in making her exit before her voice and popularity succumb to the ravages of old age, for it is now very close upon this very attractive woman.

De Wolf Hopper has made much a success of "El Capitan" in London that he is thinking of cancelling some of his American dates and remaining there a while longer.

Gilmore's band, containing the principal members of the organization made famous by P. S. Gilmore, and numbering 63 pieces will make a tour of 85 weeks next season under the management of Hobart C. Fash.

opening in New York about Oct. 1. E. A. Coster will be the leader.

Mr. Henry Wolcott has been making some announcements since his return from Europe last week which are delighting the music-loving public. Among the artists with whom he has made arrangements to appear here next season are Miss Morgan Olden, a dramatic soprano; Antoinetti, the young Italian violinist; Marie Bressi, for song recitals; Watkins Mills, the English basso; Clara Butt, the contralto; Adèle Aus de Obe; Henri Marteau, for a short tour in the spring, and Vladimir de Pachmann, who will most likely remain in this country the entire season, and will open at the coming Worcester festival.

A beautiful portrait of Caroline Gardner Clarke, the Boston soprano, forms the attractive cover page of the current number of the Musical Courier.

Leoncavallo, the composer, is ill at Rome, suffering from an affection of the eyelids.

New Italian operas to be produced the coming season are "Mater Dolorosa," by "Anna Michailoff," by Giuseppe Orsini; "La Sorellina," by Enrico de Lova; "Carle de Ramin," by Sebastiani; "Bella Imperia," by Paolo Dotti; "Vendetta Liagarosa," by Raimondo Mantilla; "P. Palligrini di Marostica," by Vittorio Pioletto, and "Carnavale," by Giuseppe Cabana.

New York is to have a theatre devoted to opera in Hebrew.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Darkest Russia Company which appeared at the opera house the latter part of last week proved a very superior attraction, and good audience were the order of the engagement. Next week the Morrison Comedy company will present a repertoire of Metropolitan successes, opening with Peggs Ferry on Monday evening. The company promises a bright entertainment. The stars of the combination are Miss Allie Gerald and Mr. Eugene Powers, nephew of the governor of Maine. Mr. Powers comes with an excellent reputation as a comedian and has been most successful in his profession.

Daly's Theatre, New York, was handed over to Mr. Daniel Frohman on Tuesday last, without any formal ceremonies, and Mr. Frohman at once appointed Mr. James C. Duff, the late Mr. Daly's brother-in-law, as business manager of the theatre. A great many people in the profession hoped that Mr. Richard Dorney, who was so long the business representative for Mr. Daly would fill the same position under the new manager, but Mr. Dorney was passed over. What reason there may be for this step is a matter of conjecture; for there can be no question of Mr. Dorney's capability. Daly's theatre will re-open Sept. 11 with Mr. and Mrs. Sothorn in the Drama of the King's Musketeers.

During Sir Henry Irving's coming tour in America this winter Miss Ellen Terry will act in a piece written especially for her by Alfred Calmure twelve years ago, but never performed before. The play is called the "Amber Heart" and shows Miss Terry to great advantage.

Aubrey Boucault, has the nerve to assert his claim to the authorship of an old French play by Alex. Dumas entitled "A Court Scandal," and in English translation, Mr. Boucault will enact Richelieu as a youth, before he became the Cardinal Duke.

The old play of the Duke's Motto, which was enacted at Lanegan's Lyceum, in this city, years ago, by Frank Riche, will be revived by Mr. Belasco for Kyrie Bellow and Mrs. Potter.

The old reliable dramas seem to have the call the coming season as Peg Woffington, A Tale of Two Cities, Paul Kaurer, and Monte Cristo are all to be presented. Managers are finding out, after all, that the public say with Hamlet, "the play's the thing," and that people would rather go to see what they know than take their chances on what they do not know.

Sadie Martinot is thinking about starring in "Sapho."

Otis Skinner will play the leading part in "The Lina" next season.

Lewis Morrison is making arrangements to take a company to Japan and afterwards to Australia.

Bianche Bates is back again in New York from San Francisco, where she has been playing this summer, to begin rehearsals of her part of Hannah in Israel Zangwill's "Children of the Ghetto."

Mrs. Lealie Carter intends to present "Zaza" in London next season, and during the exposition will produce the play in Paris, when she will come in for comparison with Miss Rejane, who made a success there in the title role.

Robert Edson did not go to Porto Rico last week as he intended, where he is to engage in business pursuits. Owing to the

Trafalgar Institute.

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President: REV. J. H. FARRAR, D. D. Vice President: A. T. WILSON, D. D. Principal: MISS GRACE FAIRLEY, M. A., Edinbrough.

The Institute will re-open on Tuesday, 12th, September, 1899.

For propositions and other information apply to the Principal or to A. F. RIDDELL, Secy., 25 St. John St., Montreal.

poor condition of his health his physicians advised him to go abroad first for a rest, so he and Mrs. Edson (Helen Berg) have sailed for England.

The Henry Jewett Dramatic company has been organized and incorporated under the state laws of Virginia for the purpose of presenting Frances Hastings Jewett's dramatization of James Lane Allen's "The Choir Invisible."

Charles Frohman added two favorites of the old school to his force of players last week, Mrs. James Gilbert of the late Augustin Daly's company, and Mr. J. H. Stoddard with Henry Miller.

The negotiations for the gold status of Maude Adams to be exhibited at the Paris Exposition are said to have come to a temporary stop, owing to a disagreement between the status company and the Colorado commissioners over the terms of the contract.

Robert Barnett's "Three Little Lambs" will begin an engagement at the Boston Tremont theatre in October for a run.

Joseph Haworth is directing an altogether new performance of "As You Like It," to be given August 24 at Larchmont.

Lillian Lawrence will be out of the cast at the Castle Square theatre for the next month, taking a much needed vacation.

Viola Allen sailed for home last Saturday. Lorimer Stoddard, who dramatized "Teas," will collaborate with Marion Crawford for her new play.

Rumor has it that James K. Hackett and Mary Manning will star together at the close of the season of the season of the N. Y. Lyceum Theatre Stock company.

Israel Zangwill brought from England a large number of plates of Jewish characters that will be utilized in staging "Children of the Ghetto," which promises to be the quietest character play ever seen in America. While every personality in it will be strikingly Hebraic, but two characters will speak in Jewish dialect.

Seymour and Dupres, one of the best acrobatic, musical and dancing acts in the varieties, comes to Keith's a fortnight from Monday. Mr. Seymour is a wonderful high jumper, and an accomplished performer on the mandolin and guitar, while Miss Dupres is a neat character dancer, making three quick changes of costume.

It is announced that Annie Russell will begin her season at the N. Y. theatre on September 7, filling the time left vacant by the transfer of E. H. Southern to Jerome's. Miss Russell will be seen in Dalrymple's new comedy "Miss Hobbs," the scene of which is laid near New Rochelle, New York. Charles Richman will be her leading man.

Leiber and Co. will produce James A. Herne's new play "Sag Harbor" at the Park theatre in Boston Oct. 23, where it will run indefinitely. The production will be a magnificent one, employing a large cast. Mr. Herne will play the leading role of a scallion fisherman of Long Island. While the scenes will be laid in quaint little Sag Harbor, Long Island, and the characters will all be type of the shoreman of this place, as the characters of "Shore Acres" were typical of the people of Maine the story will be purely imaginary and will in no sense caricature the town or personalities about which it is written.

Peg Woffington is the next classic character which Charles Frohman will have Maude Adams create, and her admirers can readily fancy how charming it will be, if she fits her so much better than Juliet. Mr. Frohman is having a new version of "Masks and Faces" made for her and she will in all likelihood do it just as she did "Romeo and Juliet" last spring, after her regular season is over. Mr. Frohman has decided that before he presents Miss Adams in another Shakespearean play, he will let her

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appear again in "Romeo and Juliet" in an entirely new production, even more elaborate than the one she was seen in last spring.

A novel method of illustrating fiction has been invented by a New York photographer. Late in June he posed James K. Hackett and Mary Manning, of Prisoner of Zenda fame, for the illustrations of a novel by a popular writer. They will be the hero and heroine of the story, and the studio was set with stage properties to supply the needs of the novelist. Other well-known actors will pose for the other characters. One drawback to this method is the expense. It is understood that Mr. Hackett and Miss Manning receive \$50 each for each sitting.

Of the Evil Eye which has dated at the Opera House during the coming Autumn the Philadelphia Record of last Sunday says:

"The Evil Eye" fittingly reopened the season of 1899-1900 at Gilmore's Auditorium last evening, and the old admirers of Manager Yale's latest triumphant trick spectacle on former visits found in last night's presentation much that is new. The melodramatic legend of Evil Eye has been rewritten, and is now more compactly told, while the action is so brisk that one must be on the alert to follow the rapid kaleidoscopic progress of this hilarious carnival of song, dance, gymnastics and pantomimic mirth. The mechanical effects of the Human Windmill, the Disappearing Rooms and the Catapultic Drawbridge proved as effective as hitherto while the eccentric bicycle was more interesting than ever. Al. H. Wilson the German dialect comedian, got an undiscovered fund of humor out of the leading comedy role, and his unique dancing and yodling pleased the audience greatly. (Incidentally it may be mentioned that manager Pitou starred Mr. Wilson in "Struck Oil," a couple of seasons ago.) Fannie Bloodgood Lillian Wynn and George W. Kerr were notable new performers in the cast. A feature of the performance was the Phases Troupe, consisting of eight-shapely young ladies, whose dancing, singing and playing of musical instruments won marked applause. Rosaire and Elliott, the English acrobatic pantomimists, scored as heavily as ever as those "Heavenly Twins," Nid and Nod.

"Zerk" is to be produced in Chicago.

London is to have a German theatre, the same as Philadelphia.

It is said that Finero has written a play for Olga Netherole.

Henry Miller produced "Brother Officers" in "Frisco" last week.

Sarah Bernhardt has, besides M. Rostand's "Eglet," a new play by Sardou, entitled "The Witch."

"The Queen of Chmstown" is the name of a new play by Joseph Jarow, which will be played in New York for the first time on Aug. 29.

Jennie Joyce, Young Daly's wife, is to return to the stage and will probably play the principle boy part in a London pantomime.

Joseph Haworth will play the part of Raphael in "The Ghetto," the role in which Kyrie Bellow will be seen in London. Raphael is the young Jew who marries a Christian girl.

Franklyn Flyer says: Irene Vanbrugh is younger than Ada Rehan, but she had to accept the part in the new Drury Lane melodrama as it was written for the older actress. She is to appear as a mother.

While in Europe Heinrich Couried saw all the leading German playwrights, and is promised new pieces by Hauptmann, Suderman and Fuida. He has one, a sort of continuation of "The White Horse Inn," by Blumenthal and Kadelburg.

Joseph Litt's American cast of "The Ghetto" will include Sidney Herbert, Mrs. Mohee Rankin, Grace Filkins and Robert McWade. In Holland the play has already run for 300 nights, most of the time in Amsterdam.

Charles Coghlan will produce a new adaptation of his own late in the season. He is at present at his home in Nova Scotia, where he is engaged in adapting a new play from Dumas for his sister Rose. He will play "The Royal Box" in London next spring.

At the Gymnase Theatre, in Paris, during the exhibition of 1900, Frau Sorma's repertoire will include, among other plays, Ibsen's " Nora," Schnitzler's "Liebeler," Hauptmann's "The Sunken Bell," Suderman's "Johannes," Grillparzer's "Hero" and "Leander," Goethe's "Faust," Schiller's "Kabale und Liebe" and "The Taming of the Shrew."

Annie Russell will open the season of the New York Lyceum Theatre on September 7, presenting Jerome K. Jerome's new comedy, "Miss Hobbs." During the



The "Albert" Toilet Soap Co's Baby's Own Soap makes young-sters, clean, sweet, and fresh.

It keeps their delicate skins in good order. Made entirely from vegetable fats, it is an emollient as well as a cleanser, and is as useful on a lady's toilet as in the nursery. Purity but exquisitely aromatic.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers.

engagement a new play by Sydney Grundy and the dramatization of Max Pemberton's "Kronstadt," also, may be produced. Charles Richman will be Miss Russell's leading man. Mrs. Gilbert, so long with Daly's Company, will be seen in "Miss Hobbs." She is 79 years old.

The new play written by Gen MacDonough for May Irwin is entitled "Sister Mary." Herbert Greenham, who was with Augustin Daly's for many years, has been engaged as Miss Irwin's leading man. The others in the cast are Louis Rial, Queenie Vassar, Marcia Treadwell, Amy Muller, Aileen May, Marie Shirley, Joseph M. Sparks, George Beane, Roland Carter, Charles Price, Sallie Lomas, Madeline Anderson, Marie Millward and Lillie Lawton.

The entire company organized in London to present Mark Ambient and Wilton Heriot's comedy, "A Little Ray of Sunshine," sailed from London last week and will arrive in simple time for the opening at Wallace's Theatre, August 28. Prominent among the players are William Elton Wallace Erskine, Charles Cherry, Robert Bottonville, Herbert Sparling, George Sumner, George Riddle, Cecil Elgar, Phil Doody, Adeline Stuart, Janet Alexander, Grace Dudley, Lorna Lawrence and Lucy Evelyn.

Narrow Escapes.

Mr. Neumann, in his narrative of "Elephant Hunting in East Africa," thus tells of a narrow escape from death:

I was on the point of sitting down in the grass, when something that looked like a toad caught my eye beside my book. Thinking I had inadvertently trodden on a harmless reptile, I was about to move my foot in compassion, when I noticed a black forked tongue darting viciously close to my right foot; and looking more carefully, I saw that what I had taken for a toad was the villainous, triangular head of a large puff adder, on whose head I had set my foot. Its body was swollen as big as my thigh.

By a providential chance I held it so far in this way that it could not move its head to strike. Having my rifle by me, I pulled the muzzle to its head and sent a bullet through its brain. It measured four feet eight inches in length.

Bingo: "I woke up the other night and found a burglar in the house. I have often wondered how I should feel under these circumstances, and I give you my word I wasn't frightened one bit."

Kingley: "But this wasn't a fair test, old man!"

Bingo: "Why not?"

Kingley: "Your wife was with you, wasn't she?"

Poland Water.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUG. 19

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

FRANCE'S DARK HOUR.

Seldom in modern history have we heard of the trial of an under officer of the army in which the President of the republic, his ministers, the war officials of another power, and indirectly, the Emperor of that country appeared on the witness stand, yet that is true of the trial which is concluding France today. The retrial of Dreyfus brings the most prominent men of France before the court, involves the statements of the German government, and arrays the people of France into two great parties. It is a strange destiny which the fates awarded Dreyfus. So far as the trial has gone, nothing incriminating the prisoner has been shown. The case against him appears flimsy and inconsequential. This is not saying that there will be no difficulty about securing his acquittal, for to the army authorities he is guilty until proved innocent. In considering this case which has thrown France into turmoil and has interested the whole civilized world it is necessary to remember that to Frenchmen the innocence or guilt of Dreyfus is only a part of the question at stake. The whole question of national policy and rule is involved, as is anti-Semitism, the maintenance of the army, and the defence of the republic against the socialists on one side and the royalists on the other. Many a French citizen who wishes to see fairness in the courts and a just decision for or against Dreyfus honestly believes that the body of Dreyfus supporters would ruin France in a twelve-month if they had full sway. The whole policy and politics of France are involved in the situation which centres around Dreyfus and it is this and the corrupt cabal of the army staff that work hardest against the young officer. Thousands of Frenchmen go so far as to say that they prefer Dreyfus, innocent to suffer, rather than to see the army and what it represents balked in its objects. A new element entered the situation Sunday, when M. LABORI, chief counsel of the accused and best of all of his defenders, was shot, on his way to court. This is a severe blow to the defence, for LABORI was brilliant, fearless, and had the situation gauged to a nicety, but it may also prove a boomerang to the prosecution by arousing fresh public sentiment in favor of the accused, thus depriving of his chief defender. No one doubts that the agencies that arrested Dreyfus and arrested and maltreated Colonel PIQUART also planned this dastardly stroke. The French general staff seems rotten to the core. Another development of the week is the arrest of PAUL DEROULDE and some of his followers. The country has seen so many revolutions that it feels menaces where none of consequence exist. Form of government means little in France, and the wretched condition which confronts the country would be equally disgraceful under republic, constitutional monarchy or despotic empire.

A DEAD UNBELIEVER.

Our judgement of one another steps at the Great Frontier. However widely they have differed from us, our thought of our fellow-mortals is softened by fraternal kindness when their faces appear to us in the silence of death. Especially in the case of an eminent man like the late Col. IRVING, whose public and polemical brilliancy dazzled and shut from ordinary view the gentler and more engaging elements of his character, we are glad to remember his private virtues, and to feel that we can leave the rest to the wise arbiter of all lives.

Religiously COLONEL IRVING was a positivist, in whose mind the believing faculty never developed; and the force of his nature made it impossible for him to be a silent pupil of his philosophy. It is a regret and a cause of wonder to some minds that he could antagonize the christian faith and be sincere. He simply did not believe existing dogmas. His mind was only susceptible to the consciousness of material things. How far he was morally responsible only Omniscience can know. His part in the controversy is ended, and it is not for us to anticipate the verdict of eternity.

It is pleasant, and we are sure that it is wiser now, to think with regret and not with bitterness of his relentless antagonism to what seems to us divine revelation declares, and man needs; remembering also his generosity to the poor, his integrity in business life, his political and social purity, and the gentle personal traits that endeared him so strongly to his family. No man was ever more sorely missed or more tenderly mourned as a husband and father, and as a friend. Colonel IRVING'S law of life was the one formulated by the prophet Micah, "Do justly, love, mercy, and walk humbly with the God"—in all but the last. His religion, recited at his funeral in his own words included everything in Christianity but a personal Christ and the revealed continuation of a future life. But his declared unfaith could not stifle the human yearning within him of an eternal hope. Over the dead body of his brother he confessed "in the night of death hope sees a star, and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing."

Says the Portland Transcript: A hurricane in the West Indies is of more domestic concern now than it was two years ago, and the devastation of Porto Rico has aroused much sympathy in the American land which has found practical expression in gifts of money and necessities. General Davis estimates that 100,000 persons were made homeless by the storm. While being homeless in the tropics and in a northern climate are very different things, the case of our new territory is hard enough, and relief should be generous and speedy. Other islands than Porto Rico suffered. The West Indies furnish a home and playground for storms of unusual magnitude, but this latest one was remarkable among its fellows.

The Boston and Maine railroad is experimenting with two improvements that will, if fully adopted, make railroad travel much more comfortable. First of these is the use of coke as fuel. On the suburban trains of the road coke fuel has proved very satisfactory. Its use relieves passengers from smoke and cinders, and there are no sparks from the engine to burn barns and dry woods. The other improvement is a railroad sprinkled heavily with oil to form a weed-proof and dustless crust over the surface of the ground. With dust, smoke and cinders eliminated railroad travel would be a thing of luxury.

According to the Russian government minister public ownership of the liquor business in that country works successfully. The number of shops has grown less, drunkenness has been reduced so that all concede the fact, and the quality of the liquor has been improved by preventing adulteration. Incidentally, the number of saving bank depositors has increased. The experiment has been tried only in a limited territory but Minister WITTE urges its extension to the entire European empire of the Czar.

Broadly speaking, a business education is one that educates for business. Few people realize the amount of special training that is requisite to equip a young man or woman for entrance into business life. The Curtis business University of this city will send free to any address a beautiful catalogue giving valuable information relative to the above subject.

The enthusiasm of an orator sometimes carries him far afield. An old negro who made a speech in Beaufort on one occasion just before the close of the memorable year 1862, worked himself and his audience up to a pitch of great excitement over the flag of the country.

"We want to work for it, we want to fight for it, we want to die for it, if we hab to," he cried, with increasing earnestness, as the time for his speech to end came near.

"Why, boys," he shouted, his voice hoarse and trembling with excitement, "we hab libed under dis old flag for 'tighthen hundred and sixty-two years! We aint going to desert it now!"

Universal Made, Re-covered, Reprinted, Dressed, 17 Waterloo.

POETRY OF THE DAY AND TODAY.

In Memory.
But watch I keep? For I cannot sleep,
By the one to my soul most dear,
My child so still, in her toy chair,
And yet to my life so near.
Love's voice is hushed,
Sweet hope is crushed,—
And through the night I weep;
Thy sunny face ray, of returning day,
Dawns over her slumber deep.
One trem still fast, of her shining hair,
And the one gold ring she wears;
Are my all to keep, when some winds creep,
When I never shall see her more.
When love light dies,
In the silent eve;
And the beautiful hence depart;
A mother's tears, for the long years,
Shall follow her patient heart.
On the coming day, they will bear away,
My love to a couch of green;
All summer long, the night-bird's song,
Shall be sung in the forest scene.
Her beauty stays,
In that lonely place;
Shall never to mine be pressed,
And every leaf, will tell its grief;
Over her voiceless rest.
Ere memory stings, as time takes wing,
By mine of the days gone by;
When close and warm, on a mother's arm,
It was often her wish to lie.
Her eyes would raise,
To my own dear face,
When a tear was from sorrow free;
And "the angel" she said, "beside her bed;
Would come with her love to me."
In sunshine and storm, that little form,
On my arm I shall ever find;
Her lips mine press, with a sweet curse,
And her image will haunt my mind.
But every day,
When she's gone away,
That promise will sweetest be;
Of all that dwell in my sad heart's cell,
Her angel shall shootee me.
Cyrus Colton.

EMANCIPATION—THE OTHER SIDE.

Man sat on a throne in the good old days gone by;
Woman scolded at that throne and asked no reason why.
Man was high and apart from the woman who
Lived in her lair, and he laughed (he didn't
like to see her frown).
He kindly gave her his name when he put the ring
on her hand,
And endowed her with (though he kept the title)
all of his goods and land.
And he did his best through her working years to
sustain her to her goal.
With a heavy burden of household cares that
weighed down her heart and soul.
But there came a glad day—woman lifted her
head.
And thought, "All these years of bondage I have
been yours than dead.
Why should I be alone? Have all the
sovereign power?"
Why is it always said, "the man," never the woman,
of the hour?
To solve the problem she studied in the schools of
men.
And she found that she could think, too, and could
reason,
And she found that she had a brain as good as
men's.
That never again need she kneel to man in
reverent awe.
For she said, "I'm a mistress of my own, and it
reasons and understands;
Why should I be a slave? I'll speak for me.
Has not a woman trouble as well as hands?"
Man, manlike, sneered at her, saying, "Superior
are we;
We'll teach her to know her place; we'll make her
buy the price.
We'll get her to respect heads together—got to
call her down,
She's getting up, she don't care whether we smile
at her or frown.
She's climbing up, and we'll have to spy it
before she's to be kept below.
Soon she'll be instructing us, telling us we don't
know.
We were wretched long ago that the day would
come, a sorry one for man.
Will she ever bow before us and ask no reason why?"
Thus was the seed of emancipation sown.
Woman disdained her footstool, and man stepped
down from his throne.
Having no work for her, she went to work on the
level with man.
And they sat and worked together, with the
brain and chest and pen.
The Ocean of the Sky.
In the ocean of the sky
The cloudy ideas go by,
Impetuous fairs and ceaseless bores
Their precious freight on eddying shores,
Perilous and purple dye.
By earth's green banks they sweep,
And sail and sail as they sweep.
But ocean's tide is not so wide
As the ethereal swarms that glide
In the vast upper deep.
Their quiet curves a flow,
Where the high it never flows,
They gather the wine of tree and vine,
The scent of grape, the breath of pine,
And lower it is they go.
And argues they float.
That wait the quivering note.
The shining roll of sea and wind hill,
The unconscious art, the untaught skill
Of many a feathered thro' it.
When the great red sun is spent,
They follow the truck he went.
They always sail but his cloudy car
And sing as they sail the evening star
The gems of the Occident.
She sits like a queen on high
As the sunset tides go by.
And round her throne the jewels stream
The luminous hues of stars and blown.
In the ocean of the sky.
God sees the tides of the sea,
In His gracious hand they lie,
And toils a day they stir the bay
With the small of sail and the flash of spray,
And to be to the ocean deep.
And it like to think he keeps
The key of the greater deep.
And every wave spreads on his care
And covers the ocean of the air.
With the love that never sleeps.

THE BLACK MAN'S BURDEN.

Take up the black man's burden
To carry it as you once did, with
The meekness of the lamb.
A thousand years of slavery
To white man's greed and rig
Has left a shadow on your face
Much darker than your sin.
Take up your heavy burden
With courage and despair—
And show the world your duty is just—
The white man's love to share.
Give up your fond illusions
Of a comfortable ease;
Know we are not so kind as you
In striving these things here.
The chicken coop, the cotton pick,
Is hard to be a free man.
But these you must forego,
And eat more humble pie.
The only walk too, you must desert,
And let us have your path,
If you would find salvation
Of us of dusky hue.
Take up the black man's burden,
You'll find it not so light,
That all good things will come to those
Who haste to help their white.

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

ONE GAME WON BY ROSES.

taken this season but there are enough of the present players in the company to make the picture interesting. That good catcher McLeod is there. The friends of the Roses should have given that player a testimonial before he left. He went almost before they knew it or they would have done so. Phillips, the Frederickton umpire, was a keen spectator of both games. He gave Connolly credit for honesty and impartiality in the first game when his own friends were roasting him. A Frederickton man said that Phillips had umpired many games in Frederickton and that all he had got out of it was a ten dollar bill. Bob Garnett and Bruce M. Farlane shook hands Thursday. Their words Wednesday night was a mistake but who can always keep the upper hand of himself when discussing a ball game. Under the heading of "Easter Connolly" the Frederickton Gleaser says: Frederickton gentlemen, who witnessed the ball game in St. John yesterday between the Bees and Tartars, say that Umpire Connolly's roasting of the Tartars was the most willful and barefaced roasting that they ever witnessed!

HOW HE MAKES POETRY.

The Competition Between Rival Poets Belyea and McCarthy. John Callahan McCarthy has a rival. For many years Mr. McCarthy had held first place in the hearts of all lovers of good poetry in this city; but a new star has arisen, beside which John's pales into insignificance. The latter's muse bids fair to be relegated to oblivion unless John gets a move on. This is only one more instance of the fickleness of public opinion—that is St. John public opinion; for while McCarthy has immortalized in verse almost every public and private individual in St. John, and has showered his favors alike on the just and unjust, Mr. Arthur E. Belyea, the new aspirant for fame's laurels, contents himself with writing about great events, ordinary every day people being quite beneath his notice. He may be properly styled a poet of ephemery, revelling in murder, railway horror, shipwrecks etc. Mr. Belyea has a footnote appended to all his poems which tells the reader that he is—"Professor Arthur E. Belyea aged 15" is the "Original poet of St. John. Genuine Poet Laureate. All others are imitations. Beware of Frauds." "Do you see ever print poetry" asked Professor Rhinoceros this week, and upon receiving a guarded reply launched out into the merits of his latest work. Mr. Belyea says he writes a poem every week. "It's easy enough when you know how," said he. "It depends on whether you see the thing yourself or have it told to you. If you see it, you can write a poem in a little while. If you don't see it why of course it takes more time. My poems don't cost much. I sell them three cents to outsiders and two cents to regular customers. John Callahan McCarthy was a good man in his day. I don't deny that—but can prove I'm the poet laureate of this town." Mr. Belyea's latest effusion is a sort of combination poem commemorating the "Bar Harbor drowning accident and the Bridgeport Disaster." Some of the stanzas are pathetic in the extreme, and as a bit of descriptive work almost unequalled; for instance:

A frail load of excursionists
While boarding the steamer's side,
The gangway and dandy collapsed
And threw them in the sea.
Two hundred persons it is said
Flunged in the water cold,
And fifty of those lost their lives
When all is rightly told.
As an admonition to others the poem goes on to say:
We feel the deepest sorrow
For those who have lost friends true,
And we know not how to sorrow
We may share the same fate too.
The Bridgeport disaster calls forth the following:
The car was running at full speed
When it suddenly left the track,
And bounded over the trestlework
And became a total wreck.
Two of the passengers escaped
How thankful they must be,
In such a dreadful scene as this
That they alone got free.

SEA TELEPHONE WITHOUT WIRES.

Italian Invention That Will Obliterate Cable and Other Marine Dictators. Prof. Rosco d'Asar, an Italian, has devised a telephone to indicate the approach and direction of unseen vessels at sea as far away as five miles. His instruments have been tried, with complete success according to the Lega Navale, on the warships at Genoa and Spezia. The general receiver, which is immersed in the water either at the bow or the stern of a vessel consists of two greatly flattened cones, separated by a broad ring. The outer edge of the ring has eighteen receivers connecting with microphones, and each joined to one of eighteen divisions of a dial on deck, nine for port and nine for starboard. When the receiver for the point north-east to port, for instance, marks the sound from a passing vessel, a white dial starts off the corresponding compartment on the dial. The lookout then puts his ear to the telephone. If the sound becomes more intense and the dial remains in place, it is a sign that the vessel is still approaching from that direction. If the sound grows fainter and the dial disappears and then shuts off the north-north-east compartment, say, the direction taken by the other vessel can be determined. If the apparatus can work at a distance of five miles, it ought to make collisions in fog or at night innumerable, and the sound of waves breaking on the rocks is transmitted just as easily. It should give warning at least of danger from land near at hand.

THE PAINT HABIT.

Rightly Furnish, It Helps to Make Home Beautiful. The paint habit inside the home will bring big results in brightness, beauty and economy if it is indulged wisely. That is, if the painter gets the best paint and the right paint for the purpose. Otherwise, the results may be anything but pleasing. One paint-making house has the reputation of preparing ready-mixed paints of different kinds that give entire satisfaction to housekeepers. These are the Sherwin-Williams Paints. To make old furniture appear like new, for fine work on shoving, pottery, or wick; or work. The Sherwin-Williams Enamel Paint gives the best effects. For covering floors the Sherwin-Williams Special Floor Paint gives a hard, glossy finish that floor painters so often strive for and fail to get. It's made to walk on, and its surface is almost as hard as metal. The cleanliness of such a floor appeals strongly to every housekeeper. Then for painting the little things about the house, the same makers prepare The Sherwin-Williams Family Paint, put up in small cans, ready for use; and for painting the bath-tub there is The Sherwin-Williams Bath Enamel. Sample color cards of any or all of these, as well as of the house paint creosote paint, etc., can be had by sending a postal card request to The Sherwin-Williams Company, 21 St. Antoine Street, Montreal.

JOHN IN A CROWD.

Touching the painful position of a small man in a large place, the Detroit Free Press tells a story of Mr. Jones Howard, sometime of Indiana. When Mr. Howard came to Congress, he left behind him a devoted body of constituents who fancied the great personal freedom would come to them through Mr. Howard's powerful presence in the halls of national wisdom. One of these rural adherents, a small farmer, with some momentary political design on his mind, followed Mr. Howard to Washington in eager penance at that mysterious object. He returned in about five days, seemingly not much elated. "Well, Bill," a town acquaintance saluted him, "did you see Washington and Mr. Howard, and did you get what you went after?" "I seen Lissen Washington," he replied, "and I seen Jones; but Jones would do nothing for me. He was a havin' hard work to keep from gittin' trampled on himself."

A WORK TO THE WISDOM.

Everyone knows Uganda is the place to get Shirt Weists and F. K. Suit laundered, Uganda Laundry, Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning Works 38 to St. Waterloo street. Phone 55.

A FRIENDLY TIP.

Young Author—Tell me frankly what you think of the manuscript of my book? I want to get it in shape for publication, as I have several other items in the fire. Critical Friend—Well, that being the case I would advise you to use the manuscript for fuel. It might at least help the other items.

Chairs Re-covered, Upholstered, Reprinted, Dressed, 17 Waterloo.

BAKING POWDER

Delicious and wholesome

Great telephone without wires... Station location that will obviate... Prof. Rosso d'Asar, an Italian, has devised a telephone to indicate the approach and direction of unseen vessels at sea as far away as five miles.

THE PAINT HABIT

Rightly famed, it helps to make home beautiful... The paint habit inside the home will bring big results in brightness, beauty and economy if it is indulged wisely.

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Young Author—Tell me frankly what you think of the manuscript of my book I want to get in shape for publication, as I have several other items in the fire.

Chairs Re-seated, Cases, Spinal, Perforated, Dental, 27, Waterloo



The return match between the Algonquins of St. Andrews and the St. John Golf Club took place on Wednesday and resulted in a victory for the Algonquins. The day was perfect for golf and the links were in excellent condition.

At two o'clock luncheon was served by the ladies of the St. John club, and the dainty things provided the players did full justice. The table was prettily decorated with pink and white roses.

At two o'clock the match between the gentlemen began and resulted disastrously for the St. John team. The names of the players and scores were as follows:

Mr. H. H. Harnard, St. John vs. Mr. Geoffrey Wheelock, Algonquin, Mr. Wheelock won 2 up.

Mr. E. B. Smith, St. John, vs. Mr. Gordon Wheelock, Algonquin, Mr. Wheelock won 4 up.

Mr. E. F. Jones, St. John, vs. Mr. Hope, Algonquin, Mr. Hope won 7 up.

Mr. Freeman, St. John, vs. Mr. Curtis, Algonquin, Mr. Curtis won 8 up.

Mr. E. A. Smith, St. John, vs. Mr. Allen, Algonquin, Mr. Allen won 4 up.

Mr. J. D. Hesse, St. John, vs. Mr. Underwood, Algonquin, Mr. Underwood won 3 up.

Mr. Richmond, St. John, vs. Mr. Bill, Algonquin, Mr. Bill won 3 up.

Mr. C. J. Coates, St. John, vs. Mr. Wilder, Algonquin, Mr. Wilder won 4 up.

This gave Algonquin a majority of 17 in 144 holes played.

Those who are anxious to learn the game of golf without all the violent exertion and immense amount of tramping up hill and down dale which the real thing calls for will welcome the new game of lawn golf.

The question of the relative continuance of golf as a popular game enters seriously into consideration when improvements are being planned for the grounds. It is unlikely that golf will prove as popular as it is today for many years.

Mr. and Mrs. James Patterson and daughter have been enjoying a little outing in different parts of the province.

Mr. W. McDonald of New York and a former resident of this city is the guest of Mr. Robert Thomson.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Stevens of Montreal are visiting Mr. Isaac G. Stevens, Wright street.

Mr. and Mrs. John Irwin left Wednesday by steamer Cumberland on a two weeks trip through the New England States.

Miss Florence A. Brown who has been taking a course in the Addison, Gilbert hospital, Gloucester Mass., is home on her vacation.

Miss Marie and Helen Reynard of New York, daughters of Capt. Samuel Reynard are the guests of Mrs. Jas. Brown, Cedar street, N. E.

Mrs. George Morris and Miss Morris of Philadelphia have spent the past week with Mrs. Burri of Dorchester street.

The marriage of Mr. E. L. Bruce and Miss Constance Leamy will be solemnized in the Cathedral on Monday morning.

Miss Maggie Rhodes has returned to Halifax after a pleasant visit to city friends. Miss Ethel Fall of this city accompanied her and will visit at Miss Rhodes' home for a few weeks.

By Rev. W. W. Haines, assisted by Rev. Dr. Moore. The bride, who was married in a travelling coach, was unattended. Mr. and Mrs. Page left on the S. S. St. Croix at 8 o'clock on a ten-day tour to Boston.

Miss McAvity is spending a little while in Fredericton as a guest in the family of Sheriff Bealings. Miss Stella Pagan is visiting friends at the cottage.

Miss Ida Leggett is one of a party visiting Mrs. H. F. Fawcett who is camping on the Nashwaak. Mrs. Taylor and Miss Elsie Taylor are visiting Mrs. Upham of Farnham.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McRobbie spent Sunday with friends in Annapolis.

Miss Gilbert was a guest at the ball given in Halifax last Friday by the gentlemen guests of Hillside Hall to about one hundred of their society friends.

Miss Margaret Graham, at one time connected with the Halifax Herald, and very well known throughout Nova Scotia for her bright clever work, spent Monday in the city. Miss Graham left on the Prince Edward en route to New York, where she will take up her residence with a brother, engaged in newspaper work there.

Mr. G. B. Scott and Mrs. Best formerly of this city, now of San Jose, California, and the guests of Dr. St. John, Prince street, this is the second visit of Mr. Best during his fourteen years absence. He has been very successful in commercial life in the western home and is carrying on a large business.

Mrs. David Hudson left Thursday for a visit to Montreal, Richibucto and other parts of the province.

Miss Bessie Forbes of the North End is a guest of Hampstead friends.

Mr. Harold Schofield left last Saturday on a trip to Quebec, Montreal and other northern cities.

Mrs. A. B. Rudman and Miss Almedinger of Philadelphia have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. B. Allen for a week or two.

Gracie Wood of Skerriville spent a day or two in the city this week.

Dr. J. P. Bryson and Mr. J. H. Bryson of St. Louis Mo., spent this week in the city.

Dr. Murray McLaren sailed from Liverpool for home on the Parisian last Thursday.

Mrs. N. L. Colby and Miss Annie Colby of Manchester N. H. have been paying a visit to St. John.

Mr. E. M. Storm of Chelsea is here on a visit to his aunt Mrs. John Frothingham.

Mrs. S. E. Edwards and Miss Edwards who have been visiting Mrs. Edwards' brother Dean Partridge of the Cathedral at Fredericton, spent last Monday with friends here.

Judge Ross and family of Quebec are spending a few weeks in and around St. John.

Miss Gracie Boyce of Harrison street has been entertaining Miss Annie Crowley of Boston for a week or two.

The Gayboro N. B. Gazette of August 12th has the following account of the marriage of Mr. W. R. Montgomery, son of Mr. John Montgomery of the west end, formerly tiller in the Halifax Bank here: "An important social event took place Tuesday, when Mr. W. R. Montgomery, the popular manager of the Union Bank, was united in marriage to Miss Cary, daughter of the late Dr. A. F. Falconer, and one of the most charming young ladies in eastern Nova Scotia. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. D. McFarland. The entire town was handsomely decorated with flags in honor of the occasion. Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery's many friends wish them every happiness."

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas McArthur left Wednesday for a trip through Nova Scotia.

The Misses Eisey have been spending a few days in Fredericton.

Messrs. C. H. and L. S. Harrison and Miss Emma Harrison went to Margerville this week with Mr. H. W. Gardner of Montreal, Montreal, who is visiting his old home after a long absence.

The St. John arrivals at Kennedy's hotel, St. Andrews, included the following persons, Mr. Fred Collins, R. Roach, W. W. Clarke, Miss Jennie Collier, R. A. E. Mitchell, Chas. E. Farrand, Geo. H. Dixon, Hum, Percy Master.

Mrs. N. D. Hooper and family are staying with Mrs. Robert Mahoney of St. Andrews for a few weeks.

Miss Nina Robertson and Miss Jessie Wilson were the guests of Mrs. W. A. Robertson of St. Andrews last week.

Mr. and Mrs. James Patterson and daughter have been enjoying a little outing in different parts of the province.

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Mrs. W. T. Rowland and Miss Alice Rowland of Brookton, Mass., are spending a week or two in St. John.

Miss Ella Knott of Sierra is the guest of the Messrs. French, Cherry street. Mrs. William Rowland has returned from Ghoson where she spent some time with Mr. Alexander Heron.

Mr. William G. Morrison of New York is here on a short vacation, before returning home he will visit St. Andrews and St. Stephen.

Miss McMillan gave a charming dance on Thursday evening to a large number of her friends. The evening was delightfully fine and cool and the pleasure of dancing was therefore greatly increased.

On Tuesday evening Miss Maud Gleeson was given a pleasant surprise, the occasion being her birthday, which was taken advantage of to present her with a gold chain, and an easy chair, the first mentioned being the gift of the male boarders in the house and the other coming from the lady guests. The evening was delightfully spent in music and conversation and a supper was served to the guests among whom were:

Miss M. Smith, Boston, Miss Katie Donovan, Miss Ella Zuckley, Miss Nellie Wright, Miss Pearl Edgson, Miss Nellie Gibbons, Miss Stella Gleeson, Miss John Gibson, Miss Nellie McFarlane, Mrs. H. Fiddess, Miss Floncia Stubbs, Mrs. Chas. Stubbs, Mrs. J. Gibson, N. Y., Mrs. J. McGrath, Miss Katie Hennessey, Miss Alice Worden, Mrs. James Sinclair, Miss Tula Allison, Miss Mollie Kirk, Mr. H. Foster, Mr. C. Street, Mr. O. Thompson, Mr. W. Bagnall, Mr. R. Campbell, Mr. H. O'Brien, Mr. J. C. Ferguson, Mr. C. Nichol, Mr. F. E. Hill, Mr. H. Gibbons, Mr. J. Mottrath, Mr. F. Moore, Mr. C. Stubbs, Mr. J. Gibbons, Mr. J. Shackleton, Mr. F. White.

Old Fashioned Hollyhocks. Good old fashioned flower that seems linking us to bygone dreams. Calling back our long forgotten days. When our lives were in their dawn. Other floral gems may bear before their beauty with joyous pride. But there's none that seem to talk to us like the hollyhock.

Seems to lead us once again to a faraway, olden time, mid a way among the trees. And we hear the honey bees the hidden sweets away. From the flowers that line the walk shadowed by the hollyhock.

Once again we see a face touched with sweet maternal grace. Reading o'er the flowers his fate and cared for lovingly. See a mother old and gray moving round in quiet way. With her venerable locks, as the whitest hollyhocks.

And we see another there at a neighbor farm house, fair. As the sweetest flower that grows 'neath her watchful eye of blue. See her smiling to and fro. How cheeks that seem to mock 'er on the crimson hollyhock.

In the harvest time when we gathered for the annual feast. Cuddling down the ripened grain. Rolling like a billow main. I could not see the windows gleam. Watching us across the gate. As we piled the golden sheaves just outside the hollyhocks.

These said the hollyhocks. But one summer evening, she blushing as she rose to hear. When I whispered in her ear. There I covered her as my queen. 'Neath the moonlight's silvery beam. She stood upon her garden path. Just a wreath of hollyhocks.

His Wondrous Farewell. Papa went a-fishing. With his pockets full of bait. He went all by his lonesome. And the luck he had was great. He came home, bringing with him A string of fish that weighed. Just twenty pounds he told us. And a lovely meal they made.

Papa went a-fishing. Upon another day. And mamma she went with him. He couldn't say her nay. They came a-trudging homeward. As tired out as I might. And mamma told us papa Had never had a bite.

Mr. papa's broken records Of nearly every kind. A greater man than he is. It would be hard to find. He's always doing wonders. But that here's what bothers me; He never seems to do his best. When folks are there to see.

A Voyage 'Round the Horn. Oh! for a Yankee clipper ship. And a voyage 'round the Horn. Where rattling ropes sing a reveille In the cool November morn. When the night comes far from moon. And the low down sun sets low. And the blackbirds with joyful wing. For they're bound for the Golden Gate.

Oh, P. T., with your brogue, and Scotty true, When I think of you I sigh. For your cherry lips in the clear dawn days, And I hear your loud 'Ay, Ay, Ay' In the dark your loud 'Ay, Ay, Ay' To the thundering lullaby. 'Tis a lovely melody all things sung. We are bound for the Golden Gate.

Al! the Yankee ship and the motley crew And the grey—all have passed, And the rookles crew on the trackless waves. And the tapering towers mast— Yes, the spindly, pink-pink mast! Will haunt our day over the sun kissed waves That roll to our Western gates.

On the Trolley. The red is melting in the river. The red is melting in the river. The evening star begins to quiver. Beaded like go sailing by. In the night, follow, follow. And had how fine it is to be.

By pine woods where, when moon was sunny, The air with spicy balsams gored. By cedars full of sweets and honey Where summer-long the rose has glowed. By weary wife or d. lonesome lover, Come, take along the river road.

The sea will across the river. Backs with in the curling tide. The fragrant winds about us drive. We reach the river, and the tide. Thrilled with the sweep of airy motion And eld because the world is wide.

The night seeps up the purple spaces. The twilight white divide by deep. Starry spaces on a smaller plane. With lightning underneath as leap. As forward flying, flying, as leap! Up! the thunderbolt, as leap!

For foot impressions. He never loved and lost. He never signed in vain. To stand on heights that only those The gods have ever staid.

He erried not the rich. Not coveted that gold; His toils by beside him— He was only two weeks old.

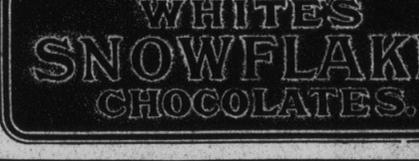
If You Want

A Camera, A Watch, The Latest and Best Books, Vocal or Instrumental Music, Handsome Pictures, Photogravure Souvenirs for the parlor, Writing Paper and Envelopes for the ladies, Toys for the Children, The Best Soap for all and lots of other good things.

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SAVE THE WRAPPERS and send for particulars of our splendid Premium Offers.

THE WELCOME SOAP CO., ST. JOHN, N. B.



THE BEST READING

The Offer of Progress To Send New Subscribers to It

Cosmopolitan, Munsey and McClure's Magazines, All for Four Dollars.

MCCALL'S MAGAZINE

(The Queen of Fashion) For 1899.

Will contain over 20 FULL-PAGE BEAUTIFUL COLORED PLATES—more than 800 exquisite, artistic and strictly up-to-date fashion designs—a large number of short stories and handsome illustrations—fancy work, hints on dressmaking and suggestions for the home.

ONLY 50c. A YEAR.

And each subscriber receives a Free Pattern of her own selection—a pattern sold by most houses at 25c. or 30c.

No magazine in the world gives such big value for so little money.

WHEN YOU WANT a real tonic

Ask for "ST. AGUSTINE," (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine.

THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIALS: Gagetown, July 23, 1897.

E. G. SCOVIL, Agent Pelee Wine Co., Dear Sir:—My wife had been afflicted with nervous prostration for several years, using every kind of medicine recommended, but nothing to relieve until I procured some of your Pelee Wine. I am delighted to say, she has had the desired effect. It is the greatest tonic of the age. I think too much cannot be said in its praise and no house should be without it. The gods have never staid. I am, yours gratefully, JOHN C. GLOWERS.

E. G. SCOVIL, 62 Union Street.

Advertisement for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, featuring an illustration of a woman and child, and text describing the product's quality and health benefits.

For Amusement Society News, See Fifth and Sixth Pages



A Maiden's Dream.

Thousands of young women dream day-dreams of the youthful hero and his beautiful bride... They know from reading and hearing that a young man who suffers from weakness and disease in a womanly way cannot well prove a happy, helpful, amiable wife and mother.

RIVALRY HOPE.

Processions for sale in Halifax by the newboys and at the following news stands and centres. Messrs. G. & Co., Barrington street, Halifax, N.S.

One of the most successful dances of the season was held Friday evening at Hillside hall, South street. It was given by the gentlemen of 'Hillside,' who entertained over a hundred prominent society people of the city and a number of American visitors.

The party danced in the dining room, which was decorated for the occasion. Music was supplied by the harpers, and the fantasia was tripped until 3 o'clock.

Some of the dresses worn by the ladies were very handsome. A number of dances have been held at Hillside in recent years, but these were quite eclipsed by the one of last evening. The following is a list of those who attended.

- Miss Abbot. Miss Anderson. Mr. Orland. Mr. E. A. Smith. Mr. E. W. G. Sumner. Mr. and the Misses Brinson, Philadelphia. Miss Brooks, Philadelphia. Miss Bullock. Miss A. Berman. Miss Collins. Col. and Mrs. Curran. Mr. J. W. Crosby. Mr. Ernest Cochran. Miss Belle Chipman. Miss L. Collins. Miss Dossie Chipman. Miss Maggie Corbett. Mrs. Creighton. Mrs. Cook. Miss Campbell. Mr. Frank Chipman. Mr. D. H. Crowell. Mrs. Curran Baltimore. Capt. and Mrs. Dickenson. Mr. M. Dwyer, jr. Miss Delaney. Dinner party (10). Dr. Edw. Farrell. Dr. Louis Farrell. Miss Frock. Miss Gilpin. Miss Graham, Boston. Miss Grey. Mr. Grey. Miss Gilbert, St. John, N. B. Mr. Grey, Bermuda. Miss Gravelly. Miss Gwynne, Washington. Miss Hurs. Mr. Justice Henry. Mr. J. A. Hustress. Miss Hanford. Miss Hane. Mr. Harrisson. Mr. L. J. Hesselein. Mr. Inglis. Miss Johnston, Toronto. Mr. Hugh Johnston. Mr. H. DeW. King. Miss Keith. Mr. D. Keith, jr. Miss King. Miss Kent, Washington. Mr. Geo. Lyde. Mr. J. C. Lithgow. The Misses Louie. Mrs. Moore. Mr. Mooney. Mr. Mathers. Miss Mitchell. Dr. C. D. Murray. Mr. Moffat. Mr. R. H. Murray. Mr. J. M. McDonald. Mr. R. S. MacKeen. Miss M. Kirov, N. Y. Miss M. A. Obee. Miss Mcintosh. Mr. C. P. Pooley. Mrs. an I Miss Peniston, Bermuda. Mr. Jack Pryor. Mr. John Peters. Mr. Porter. Mr. John T. Ross. Mr. J. T. Ritchie. Mr. and Mrs. I. C. Stewart. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Smith, Boston. Mrs. and Miss Sprad. Mr. Geo. DeB. Smith. Miss Luvidarson, Montreal. Miss Stairs. Mr. Jerry Stairs. Mr. Sanderson, Montreal. Mr. J. C. Smith. Miss Anna Stairs. Miss Bets Stairs. Mr. H. B. Stairs. Miss Stabbing. Mr. Charles Slayter. Mr. Frank Salter. Mr. W. T. Slack. The Misses Smith, N. G. Mr. R. H. Seaton. Mr. Charles Twining. Mr. Alfred Whitman. Prof. Karl Weathersba. The Misses White. Mr. W. H. Westberbo. Mr. E. F. Wallace. Mr. John Wood. Mr. Gregor Walwright. Mr. D'Arcy Westherbo. Mr. Wise, U. S. S. Enterprise.

PARRORO.

[Processions for sale at the Parroro Bookstore.] AUG. 17.—About thirty persons went to Kennville on the day of the races last week.

There was a large picnic at the Cove on Thursday. The Misses Bignay invited a party to a picnic day at Jetter's Falls.

The fog springing left at 7 o'clock this morning with a party on board for an excursion to Isle Haut but owing to the very high wind Blomidon became the objective point instead.

There was also on Thursday a picnic at Ram's Head river not so large as the other small picnics and tea at the beach are too numerous to mention. Parroro is quite giving itself up to pleasure with the season lasts.

Mrs. Taylor, Miss Elsie Taylor, St. John, Mr. and Mrs. J. Aubrey Upham, St. Stephen, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Upham.

Miss Maud Rice of Bear River is visiting her sister Mrs. Band. Mrs. Pugsley and Miss Mabel Pugsley, Amherst arrived on Thursday for a sojourn at Broderick's beach hotel.

From the Misses Andrews Mt. Allison are guests of Mrs. J. Corbett. Mrs. MacKenzie and Miss Edna MacKenzie returned on Wednesday from a weeks visit to friends in Guysboro and Canoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Bralcy of New York are guests of Mrs. Huettis. Mrs. J. A. Killam and children returned home to Moncton on Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. Collier and children of Sussex are with Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Price.

Dr. McArthur has been spending a few days at Nappan with his mother who is leaving for a year's visit in England. Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Copp left on Monday to drive to Antler, where Master Claude Copp is spending the holidays.

A wee lassie is added to Dr. Johnson's household. Mr. and Mrs. Bosch and two daughters are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. E. Harrison. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Stone and children, Boston, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. F. McAloose.

Mrs. Smith, Windsor, arrived today and is the guest of Mrs. C. K. Eville. Mrs. B. George and Master Percy St. George went to Amherst on Monday. Miss Annie McNamara is back from a few weeks stay at North Sydney.

Rev. E. K. McLean and Rev. Mr. Ness of Port au Pique exchanged pulpits on Sunday. Mrs. Palmster and child who have been paying a visit to Mrs. Simpson Jenks have returned home. Mrs. M. G. Atkinson and Masters Hedley and Walter are at Broderick's beach hotel for a week or two.

Mr. H. J. Logan M. P. and Mrs. Logan have been guests for a few days of Mr. J. R. Cowan. Dr. Farrell, Halifax, was in town on Friday for a consultation. Master Willie Band is spending the holidays at his home in Cornwallis. Miss Alice Lavers is on a trip to Boston. Mrs. Day and Miss Lily McArthur are back from Moncton. Mr. Marvin Crowe, Truro, has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. McKay. Mrs. Thompson, Oxford is at the Evangelist. Miss Black, Amherst is paying a visit to Miss Jenks. Mr. Tyers a King's student assisted at the services in St. George's church on Sunday. Mr. Forter, St. John, has been at the Grand Central for a day or two. Mr. and Mrs. McLeod and Misses McLeod Fort Elgin have been staying at the Evangelist. Mrs. Rich of New York who has also been staying at the Evangelist is now at the hotel at five Islands. Mrs. Magee and two daughters are in Cornwallis visiting friends.

ANAGANOS.

AUG. 16.—Mrs. George E. Davidson has returned home from Sydney and North Sydney, Cape Breton, where she was spending a month with friends, and taking in the Carnival during July. Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Davidson of Boston, with their only child, Master E. Lorne, are visiting relatives on "Apple Hill." Mrs. Trean and Miss Eva Trean of Portland, Oregon, are spending some weeks in town visiting relatives at Floral Cottage. Mrs. W. O. Seldner has returned from Sussex where she was visiting Madames Lamb and Lowdowns.

Mr. M. C. Hecton of St. John is visiting at his parents here. Mr. and Mrs. Jas. E. McLaughlin and children of St. John spent a few days recently with Mr. and Mrs. Dennis McLaughlin. Mrs. Darling of Baltimore was visiting her cousin Mrs. W. Byrd McLeod lately. Mrs. Emory Gordon and her two children of New York, have spent several weeks in town with Mr. and Mrs. Howard McCully at "The Mills" and leave for home on Wednesday next. Mrs. Hoyt of Kenville, N. S. spent a few days last week with her friends Mr. Geo. Davidson and Mrs. N. O. Seldner. Mrs. Rebecca J. Baled has returned to Portage from Chipman and resumed charge of her school. Mrs. Fleming, widow of the late Dr. Standford (in charge of Brandon, Ont., accompanied by her youngest daughter are spending some few days with her sister Mrs. Elean Stockton. Mr. Ches. Upham, travelling sec. of the Inter colonial, Y. M. C. A. presided in the public hall on Wednesday evening to a fair sized audience. The dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Davidson on Thursday evening has now passed into social history as the most splendidly entertained ever given in this community. Such a result was reached by the exercise of sagacious taste and a scrupulous regard to every detail which goes to make a truly good entertainment. Mrs. Davidson has an ingenious method of arranging flowers gracefully and every room which was brilliantly lighted was gaily decorated with bright flowers and greenery. The supper of the evening reserved for dancing was a marvel of smoothness that delighted the devotees of the terpsichorean amusement. The programme of dances consisted mainly of waltzes, two-step, caprice and jerry although the minuet and gavotte were danced along with several fancy dances, the favors being trifles, in very good taste, such as fashion dictates to-day. Mrs. George Jones won the favor by dancing to polka eton The Highland Fling in its accustomed garb. During the early part of the evening games at cards were played such as Fan-tan, caboose, heigl and pedro. Ice cream and sponge wafers were served throughout the evening while it was well past midnight ere all were seated to supper at a table daintily set with fine china, cut-glass, silver and cut flowers and which was heavily laden with every delicacy of the season, for there was an extensive menu to choose from, and every number proved delicious. Previous to supper a short programme of music was carried out, Mrs. Davidson presiding at the piano. The first on the list was a grand chorus, "An up-to-date melody" joined by all, then followed a duet, "Beautiful Moonlight" given by Mrs. Davidson and Mrs. Gordon. (Mrs. Gordon is a leading singer in one of Boston's city churches), next came a solo by W. C. Davidson, who has a beautiful tenor voice, entitled "In youth why should thou sorrow". Then followed a trio, "That old time" by Madames Gordon, Trean and McCully. The next was a solo by Mr. Stockton, "Whether my heart be glad or no" which brought forth a hearty encore as it thoroughly deserved on account of its excellent rendition. Then some instrumental music followed by Miss Florence Jones and Mrs. Gordon, after which came the last number "First time we met" a full chorus by all. Mrs. Davidson received her guests in a very stylish frock of black bengaline silk with corsage of corsie silk with white spotted chiffon. Mrs. Jones looked lovely in a very handsome dress of fawn frangale. Mrs. Hatfield, St. John, looked extremely well in a magnificent costume of heliotrope striped silk. Mrs. McCully looked very nice and was attired in a pretty dress of rose color brocade satin caught up over a skirt of white satin richly embroidered. Mrs. Emory Gordon looked handsome in a gown of heavy resede green brocade patterned with white ribbon designs and pink roses. Mrs. W. C. Davidson looked well in a pink gauze over silver and cream colored brocade ornaments. Mrs. Seldner wore a very becoming gown of black silk and looked lovely. Mrs. Hoyt was also arrayed in black silk with pretty cut jet trimming and looked nice. Mrs. Emma Davidson wore a pretty and stylish dress of black brocade satin, jewel trimming. Mrs. Stockton looked extremely nice in a costume of orange satin over a skirt of pale grey satin draped with point lace. Mrs. Seldner looked sweet in a very pretty dress of pale green brocade satin, pearl and diamond ornaments. Miss Florence Jones looked just charming in a very dainty gown and attracted much attention. The material was white moire, sprayed with small beads.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Processions for sale in St. Stephen at the book-store of G. B. Wall, E. E. Ashburn and J. Yroom & Co. in Calais at U. F. Treat's.] Rev. W. C. Goucher accompanied by Mrs. Goucher, Mrs. Sumner of Truro and her son Fred arrived from Truro on Friday evening. Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Beard, Miss Berta Smith and Miss Alice Graham are spending this week in St. Andrews, and are guests of Miss Maude Greene. Collector and Mrs. Graham and Miss Colter spent several days last week at Grand Manan. Lady Tilley and Mrs. Davis of Montserrat, Switzerland, have been guests of Madame Chipman this week. John M. Hastings is the guest of James G. Stevens Jr. Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Blair and their son, Donald are guests of Dr. and Mrs. Frank L. Blais. Miss Ethel Waterbury has gone to Fredericton to visit Miss Edith Hilliard. Samuel Craig and John E. Algar are on a boat near trip among the islands. Mrs. O. S. Newham and Misses Edith and Florence Newham have returned from a pleasant visit in Hespington. Mrs. Clara Wilson of Brooklyn, N. Y. is the guest of Mrs. Edw. C. Young. Dr. Byrnes has been making a brief visit in Sussex. Miss Belle King has arrived from Mansfield, Ohio, and is most cordially welcomed by her friends. Miss King is the guest of Mrs. John Prescott. Mrs. Ernest T. Lee and Miss Carrie Washburn returned home on Thursday evening from St. John where they spent several days at the Cotnam. Mrs. W. H. Ouellet and Mrs. John McWha are with a camping party at Nason's bluff. Mrs. James G. Stevens and her daughter, Edith, arrived home on Saturday from St. Martins. Mr. and Mrs. James Murray and their children are camping at the Haven's Head. Miss Nellie Meredith has returned from deal Cove, Grand Manan. Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Young and party have returned from Bar Harbor, having made a most enjoyable trip there on their yacht 'Nautilus.' Hazel and Frank, children of Mr. and Mrs. G. Durrell Grimmer, who have been visiting in Calais, have returned to St. Andrews. Fred Bois and Miss Minnie Bois are camping with a party of friends at St. Andrews. Miss Mabel Algar and Miss Cecil Craig went to Grand Manan on Monday for a short visit. I note that the Misses Furlong of St. John are to give a concert in St. Andrews next week, and it is pleasant to be able to assure the music loving people of that charming resort that a veritable treat is in store for them. I attended a concert given by these talented young ladies not long ago and every number on the excellently arranged programme was a gem indeed. Miss Kathleen Furlong's voice is wonderfully sweet and true and she received much applause from the audience which was an extremely select one indeed. The other members of the family are also musical, Miss Helen being a violinist of more than average ability. Mr. John A. Kelly possesses a magnificent voice and to hear him will indeed be a treat. Mr. Harry G. Vaughan of Brooklyn, New York, who lately graduated from the Pennsylvania university, is the guest of Miss Kate Grant. Mrs. D. A. Melvin gave a very pleasant picnic at Haven's Head on Thursday afternoon for the pleasure of her young guest Roy MacKenzie of Brooklyn, N. Y. Mrs. W. F. Boardman has been spending a few days at Deer Island. Mrs. Charles S. Nell, on Saturday invited a party of friends to go on a buckload ride to Chamcook where they enjoyed the day returning late in the evening. Mrs. Waterbury and Will Waterbury are in St. Andrews visiting Mrs. G. D. Grimmer. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hall arrived from Montserrat on Friday and are guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. Todd. Miss Gertrude Eaton has returned from a pleasant visit in Portland with Mrs. D. B. Myhrall. Mrs. Lewis Treat of New York city is visiting Mrs. Stephen Gardner on Germaine street, Calais. Miss Florence Halfway of Boston is the guest of the Misses Nelson. Miss Emma McCully is in St. John visiting Miss Annie King. 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Mrs. James Johnson of Bridgewater, Mass., who was recently a guest of Mrs. Main, returned to St. Andrews where she is spending the summer. Miss Margaret Maxwell gave a most enjoyable tea party at her home at Old Ridge on Friday afternoon. A number of young people from town were her guests. Family Foller has returned to Ottawa. Mrs. Furey Gilmore gave a pleasant five o'clock tea at her residence on Hinchley hill on Friday afternoon. Rev. R. L. Stoggett of Houlton preached in St.

John's church on Sunday. Mrs. G. Seldner looked charming in a very pretty dress of black silk jewel trimming. Master Fred Kinsman, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Elias Kinsman had the misfortune to cut his finger very badly whilst in the act of whitening a piece of wood one day last week and now blood poisoning has set in and a fatal result is feared, however, Dr. McDonald is leaving no effort untried in saving the child's life. Mrs. Osmond Jones, the estimable wife of the popular proprietor of the "Portage house" is lying seriously ill at her home, Dr. McDonald is her medical adviser. Mr. and Mrs. John E. McRobbie of St. John, spent Saturday and Sunday with their friends on "Apple Hill." Mr. Jarvis Wilson of St. John was at Mr. McCully's "The Mills" during last week. Journals.

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Progress, is the watchword of all economical women who dye at home—old-fashioned powder dyes that streak are relics of a forgotten past. The day of uncertainty about results in Home Dyeing had an inglorious ending with the advent of that New English Home Dye of highest quality (It washes and dyes at one operation) Maypole Soap.

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HERONS AND GAME FISH.
Maine's Unwritten Law for the Protection of Big Water Birds.

Trotting for salmon and brass or exploring the coasts for limes and pickered, the summer visitor in Maine often watches with pleasure the movements of his fellow fisherman, the big blue heron. Standing motionless on one leg in shallow water, watching for a chance to spear a frog or minnow with his beak, wading or flying from point to point along the shore, or flapping his way to and from the heron's nesting colony in the trees of some impassable swamp, this lone fisherman is ever picturesque and interesting. It was with surprise that a New York man summering in Maine recently learned that the Board of Game and Fish Commissioners of the State was indignantly to the heron and urged his assassination on the ground that the bird is supposed sometimes to feed on trout. Two years ago an order went forth from the Commissioners that the herons of the Sebec Lake region should be accounted outlaws to be killed on sight by the game wardens, and that their nesting colony on Burden Pond should be broken up. But the country people of Maine, with all their shrewdness in business, have a vein of sentiment in their nature and they stand by the old resident of the State.

When the order to kill the Sebec herons was issued the people of Piscataquis, the great game and fish county of the State, raised such a protest that a hearing in the matter was had at Dover, and it was attended by many representative citizens. Their testimony was all in favor of the heron, who rendered the State excellent service in ridding the waters of useless and objectionable fish and reptiles while interfering little or not at all with the game fish. The Commissioners brought evidence to show that herons had been known to catch trout. To this allegation the citizens responded that there were other features in attractiveness of the Maine wilderness to be considered besides fish; that there were many natives and visitors who valued the picturesque of the land and waterscape to which the heron lent an ever pleasing feature, and that they did not want the birds killed.

The results of the hearing was a suspension of hostilities against the herons, but the Commissioners renewed their attack in the next session of the Legislature by getting the herons included in the list of birds like crows and hawks, which are exempted in the game laws from protection at all seasons. It was expected that by this move every hit or miss gunner of the class which makes life unsafe in Maine in the shooting season would be encouraged to blaze away at the herons. But the scheme has failed, for the guides and genuine sportsmen will not fire at the birds in any season, and the amateurs who travel with guns and the ambition to kill something easy to shoot have found their experiments in heron shooting too unpopular to induce their continuance. So the big birds flap to and from Burden Point, back of Granny Cross Mountain, and stalk the shallows of the Sebec Lake coasts as unconcerned as if the Commissioners had never conspired against their peace and no man molests them.

One of the guides, a master hunter and a fisherman, when asked about the herons and whether they really destroy trout, replied:

"Well, it stands to reason that a heron will eat a trout as quick as he will any other fish that might swim within reach of his beak. But where does he do his fishing? A chub or frog is as good to his taste as a trout, and he likes the feel of the warm, still waters of a shallow pond about his legs better than the old current of the brook where the trout swim. With the big pond trout that lie in deep water of course he has no business, anyway. When he wets his feet in running water, which he sometimes takes a notion to do, what does he catch? Trout, if he can, as well as any other fish that swim his way, but the trout he eats are few compared with the chubs and suckers and eels and water snakes that he swallows, which are great destroyers of trout spawn. Instead of a drawback, the heron is a benefit to the game fish."

"Let me tell you what I once found out about herons taking trout. A party of four of us were fishing in the headquarters of the Piscataquis River, and for five or six days running we started up a heron every day at some point or other along the stream we were camped on. We were not taking many fish—trout seemed scarce that summer in the Piscataquis waters—and we laid the cause to the herons. So I took my gun out with me one day and shot the heron that we had seen and opened his craw to see what he had been feeding on. Inside it I found half a dozen chubs, two suckers, a water snake a foot long and one small trout. He had been ridding the stream of the worst enemies of trout spawn, and the only toll he had taken of trout was a

"Necessity Knows No Law."
But a law of Nature bows to the necessity of keeping the blood pure so that the entire system shall be strong, healthy and vigorous.

To take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, is therefore a law of health and it is a necessity in nearly every household. It never disappoints. Erysipelas.—"Had a severe attack of erysipelas, suffering from dizziness and nervousness so that I could not rest at night. Tried Hood's Sarsaparilla with good results, and now recommend it to others." M. OSALMER, Toronto, Ont.

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Hood's Pills cure liver ill; the non-fritting and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

finger three inches long. I have never killed a heron since nor let one be killed when my word could prevent it."

SPANISH SOLDIERS AT HOME.
The Hardships They Endured While Returning to Spain.

The conditions existing on board the transports that carried the Spanish soldiers home to Spain, from Cuba and Puerto Rico, were unspeakably horrible. Even the censored accounts which the Spanish journals were permitted to publish are too offensive to decency to bear repetition. A writer in the Anglo-American, who was at Malaga when the troops consigned to that place disembarked, gives a pitifully graphic description of the harrowing scenes she witnessed as they made their way through the city. Many—helplessly weak from disease or starvation, or sick unto death—were jolted along in carriages. Behind followed their comrades, a ghastly procession, in a piteous travesty of a march—swaying, tottering, reeling; famins in their pinched and ashen faces, their skeleton forms clothed in noisome remnants of garments, or swathed in the tattered remains of blankets.

One unfortunate, a mere lad, fell fainting by the wayside. A woman hastened toward him, knelt to lift his head, and tenderly supporting it on her shoulder, strove to comfort him. A kind-hearted cake-seller thrust a portion of his wares into the soldier's nerveless hand. Then, as the soldier's comrades, catching sight of the food, broke ranks, and threatened to despoil the vender, he threw his stock broadcast among them.

"Boys," he said, "it's all I've got. I wish I had more for you!"

"Just at that moment an officer passed, accompanied by his wife, a large, white-faced, fat person, and the officer shouted imperiously to the people, 'Quitareis! quitareis!' ('Get out of the way there! Make way there!') The crowd parted a little, and at that moment the woman sitting on the ground, supporting the sick soldier, caught sight of the jewelry on the officer's wife.

"In an instant the pity in her face vanished. Advancing her head resting upon her shoulder, with gleaming eyes and a barred teeth, her voice rising to a harsh scream, she cried, threateningly:

"Mujeres, mirad a esta mujer! ('Women look at that woman!') And then, 'Look at her jewelry, bracelets and rings! Look at her curved fat body, and look at this boy!' tearing open his cotton coat and showing his naked skeleton form."

"The officer and his wife, badly frightened, as they had every reason to be, hastily retreated from the ring of threatening faces and made their way as quickly as possible down a narrow side street, followed by the howls and taunts of the now angry crowd. They were lucky to escape so easily from the mob."

When people of the English-speaking race wish to do honor to a man, they give him a dinner; when human misery is to be alleviated, they get up a subscription. True to his characteristic of the race, the English and Americans sojourning at Malaga benevolently provided money to buy medicine, food and clothing for Spain's sick, starving and ragged defenders—a duty their own government had neglected.

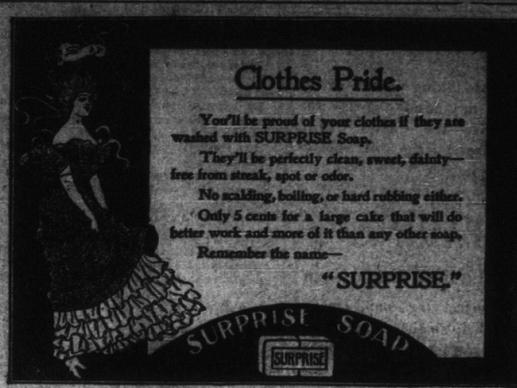
Among the applicants for aid was a youth full sailor of Cervera's fleet, whose presence brought the one gleam of happy human interest into the depressing picture of misery.

"He had been a prisoner in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and was still dressed in the clothes which he had been provided, and thank God! they were a credit to the people who had given them. A warm, blue serge suit, good underclothing, shoes and socks, everything well made, stout and strong, exactly the same as those provided for our own 'bluejackets.'"

"He said, taking hold of his sailor blouse, 'These clothes were given to me by the Yankees. They're very nice aren't they?' We agreed very cordially indeed, and with suppressed smiles, we ask if they had been well-treated by the 'Yankees,' and he in blithe ignorance of our nationality, launched out into a delighted and eager panegyric upon our people, their works and ways."

"Kind, I should think they were kind. They gave us meat every day! He certainly thought earthly praise could not go beyond this."

No incident of the war conferred more honor upon our own nation than our



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Remember the name—
"SURPRISE"

CANALS OVER MONEY.
But Their Fronts are Very Large Whenever They Prove Successful.

The Manchester Ship Canal, connecting Manchester and Liverpool, cost \$90,000,000, or \$15,000,000 more than the original estimate. The cost of the Nicaragua Canal to connect the Atlantic and the Pacific through Central America and thereby shorten the distance between New York and San Francisco from 15,600 to 4,900 miles, is variously estimated at from \$100,000,000 to \$200,000,000, according to the route adopted. The Suez Canal cost \$100,000,000. The North Sea Canal in Germany cost \$37,500,000, the North Holland and the Corinth canals \$15,000,000 each, and the Panama Canal has cost to date \$250,000,000.

Canals when successful are generously so. The Khedive's shares in the Suez Canal, purchased by the British Government in 1876 for \$20,000,000 are now worth more than \$120,000,000, and there are many indications that the future value of the Suez Canal shares will be even greater in view of the fact that this canal enjoys a peculiar monopoly of business which enables it without danger from competition to charge very heavy tolls and to enforce their collection without Government interference. The canal being practically owned by the English Government, which is administering the financial affairs of Egypt.

Another country in which the canal system is a source of large profit is Holland. Holland has nine miles of canal for every 100 square miles of area, a proportion not equalled elsewhere and four times as great as in the United Kingdom. The Dutch canals have an aggregate length of 1,890

DEEP SEA SOUNDINGS.

Prof. Nathorst Diverdits Some of the Depths Recorded Thirty-one Years Ago.

Just before he sailed for the east coast of Greenland a few weeks ago, Prof. Nathorst, the geologist and Arctic explorer, was asked how it happened that the deep sea soundings which he made last year in the Arctic Ocean differed so largely from those of the Swedish Arctic expedition, made in the same waters thirty-one years ago. These soundings were in that part of the sea known as the Swedish deep, between Spitzbergen and Greenland and the expedition of 1868 believed it reached a depth of 2,650 fathoms. Prof. Nathorst tested this measurement last year, and touched the bottom in the Swedish deep at 1,475 fathoms. In other words, the greatest depths he could find in this part of the sea was 6,000 feet less than that recorded thirty years before, which up to this time has figured on the maps as the depth of that part of the ocean.

"This discrepancy is very large," said the professor, "but I believe it may easily be explained. There is no doubt in my mind that it is due to the imperfect methods of sounding employed thirty years ago. The greatest trouble is to know with certainty when the bottom is reached at such depths, and the problem must have been much more difficult thirty years ago than it is now. The lead we used weighed 77 pounds, and its weight was augmented by two sinkers, each weighing 110 pounds, and yet it was by no means easy to tell when the lead touched bottom, for the line still continued to run out on account of its own weight."

As a check we had recourse to the watch. Every hundred metre length of the sounding line was marked with a piece of cloth. We timed with the watch the time required for each successive length to cross the gunwale. As soon as the lead touched the bottom the line paid out more slowly, but we could not have detected the fact without the record supplied by the watch. I am certain that we were never since mistaken as to the time the lead really reached the bottom."

How Expert Men Tackle Fast Tea.
The expert tea taster carefully weighs the tea, pours a certain quantity of fresh boiled water on it, and draws for a few minutes, then tastes it. They say a Elephant Brand Tea made this way which differs not from the right way of making tea.

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ON THE BRINK OF A CRIME.

CHAPTER I.

It was an ideal summer day. The low ripple of the river, the hum of the insects, and the song of birds were the only sounds that broke the silence of the vast woods that surrounded Carolina Towers.

The morning breeze swept their tender, graceful branches into the cool stream that bubbled and gurgled, as though with joy at the sweet currents.

The July sun was at its height, but here beside the flowing water, it was steady and gentle; the background of dense woods, with Nature's carpet of emerald green moss forming a spot calculated to soothe overstrained nerves, in which to forget white earth's cares—a spot that seemed so far away from the hurry and bustle of great cities—in fact, a place in which to dream away a gorgeous midsummer day.

And in this paradise was one dreamer—a girl, young and beautiful; no overstrained nerves were here.

Life's fatal fever had not touched her as yet, but love had come to her—love, with outstretched hands, in a golden haze of heart's sunlight.

Small wonder that she dreamed, and that if possible, the lovely face took a softer, sweeter expression.

Reclining on the mossy bank, she made a picture over which an artist would have raved.

She appeared little more than a child—at that adorable age where childhood and womanhood meet, the one coy and uncertain, the other grave, yet wondering what the future may have in store.

Her dress was pure white, the material of the gown, however, suggesting the idea that the wearer was not too lavishly endowed with this world's goods; whilst the broad black ribbon on the shade hat which she had removed from her small, exquisitely-shaped head, was certainly a badge of mourning.

This, indeed, was the case. Only a month ago Mavis Dunscombe had lost her best, her only friend—her mother.

She had grieved bitterly, and at first could not, and would not, be consoled; but in that month—so long, but now so short—love had stepped in, and though Mavis still grieved, the keenness of her sorrow had passed. Was not Adrian her own; were not her sorrows his?

He had told her so, many and many a time, and she had fondly believed every word he had said. And then, the joys that were to be! Would they not share them also—together?

Of grief, of parting, of shame, of the great tragedy of life, she thought nothing. To her it was a sealed book; or, if she thought at all, the golden curtain hung always between, and the dark moving shapes that were to make up the drama of her life were indistinct and vague.

This was as it should be. Was she not young and beautiful? and did not all the world lie fair and smiling before her in the mystic light of love's young dream?

And so she sat beneath the drooping beeches and thought a girl's innocent thoughts of her lover—of Adrian Carolin, who was the only son of the owner of the stately pile of castellated building, known in all the country-side as Carolina Towers.

It was in a tiny, crooked cottage on Lord Carolina's estate that Mrs. Dunscombe had lived.

She had been the widow of an officer, who, dying in India, had left her but poorly provided for, her sole source of income being her pension; and now she was dead, and with her her pension, leaving Mavis with but a small annuity which would cease upon her twenty-first birthday—she was now seventeen years of age.

Chances had brought the mother and daughter to the remote Cornish village, where the last five years of the girl's young life had been spent—happy, happy years!

The rent of the cottage had tempted them. Mrs. Dunscombe was in delicate health; in short, it suited them.

And so Mavis had grown to womanhood in an atmosphere of love, unstinted by the sun of a world only too ready to wipe the bloom from the peach, to open the eyes to immensities, and destroy the illusions of youth.

Such was the girl whom Adrian loved, with the only love of which such a one as he was capable—selfish, exacting, wavering. At present he loved her madly, passionately; so he told himself and her.

To the man of the world, asted with its history, its hollows, the fresh young charm of Mavis came as a revelation, and in the more serious moments of his solitude he vowed that he would never bring a shadow of sorrow or shame over the brightness of her soul.

Also for human resolutions. He had come upon her in her grief, three short weeks ago, in the very spot where they now sat clasped in each other's arms, and, gazing upon her unweaned, had felt his feeble heart go out to her.

Her body was never recovered, although her spirit was said to haunt the spot. Why did this sad story enter into the mind of Mavis Dunscombe, even as she lay sheltered by her lover's strong arms? Who shall say?

CHAPTER II.

The Honourable Adrian Carolin was, as has already been hinted, the only son, and, therefore, the heir of Lord Carolin, the great man of the county.

Not only was he the lord of the manor, and owned the whole of the picturesque, straggling village which took its name from him, but he was also the possessor of a fine mansion in Park Lane, a shooting-box in the Highlands, and various other estates more or less important.

But Lord Carolin was not rich—at least, not for a peer of the realm. The Carolins had, from time immemorial, been wild, improvident, and, in several cases, wicked.

That they were utterly unscrupulous where their own desires were concerned was a fact well known; but, for all that, the old lord and his handsome son were well beloved in the neighbourhood, where for centuries the Lords of Carolin had reigned as little kings.

Although reckless to a degree and mortgaged up to the hilt, there was an almost royal generosity about father and son alike that went far towards covering those sins, which, indeed, to their dependents and poorer neighbours seemed far away, and by them were but little understood.

What did they know of London and its ways in this quiet, peaceful village on the Cornish coast? For, the broad acres of Carolina Towers sloped towards the great ocean, which stretched full three thousand miles away to lap the orange and cypress laden shores of Florida.

The wife of the present lord, and the mother of Adrian, had died soon, after giving birth to the heir. Some said that her husband's 'London ways' had had something to do with the early death of the gentle lady who had borne the great name for so brief a period.

She, too, was of noble birth. On Lord Carolin's side it had most certainly been a love-match, for the Lady Alice Mounjoy had had nothing save her beauty and goodness to bestow.

On her side—well, she had always been a little afraid of her lord, who was also her master.

Be this as it may, she died young, and thus Adrian had never known a mother's care and influence, and so he, too, grew up a true Carolin—the very apple of his father's eye, handsome, and somewhat overbearing, as became his race.

During a good old name and title for their daughters, but Adrian was impatient.

His heart remained unmoved until the fatal day when his dark, splendid eyes lighted on the fair perfect beauty of Mavis Dunscombe.

It was in a tiny, crooked cottage on Lord Carolina's estate that Mrs. Dunscombe had lived.

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Her body was never recovered, although her spirit was said to haunt the spot. Why did this sad story enter into the mind of Mavis Dunscombe, even as she lay sheltered by her lover's strong arms? Who shall say?

CHAPTER III.

On the following morning, Adrian received a letter from his father bidding him travel up to London without loss of time, as he had important matters to talk over with him, adding also that he was far from well.

Adrian was somewhat surprised at this request, as Lord Carolin was not, as a rule apt to consider anything of much importance save his own royal will and pleasure.

CHAPTER IV.

Adrian sat silent. A crowd of thoughts—of memories, surged over him unbidden rendering him for the moment speechless.

What was this news that would mean to him so much—that would change his very life itself?

Oh! if only it could be—it only it was—that!

With an effort he roused himself, and faced his father.

In this respect the son was like his father.

'I shall not have a moment to spare to think to any no good-bye to Mavis, but I will send one of the men down to the cottage with a note.'

A species of relief came Adrian as he thought this, giving at the same time orders for catching the first available train, to town.

When he thought of Mavis' a thrill of compassion seized him.

Her words, her face, haunted him strongly, and when he found himself in the train being borne swiftly towards London, it was Mavis, and Mavis only, on whom his thoughts dwelt.

'How innocent she was! How little of the world—of his world—she knew, poor child! Marriage, impossible!

If she only knew the truth, would she cast him from her or would she cling to him, looking to him for her happiness and her life all?

Beh! what a fool he was to worry his head about troubles that might never be! He would hear what his father had to say. One thing, however, was very certain he must not reveal his love for Mavis. His father and Mavis must never meet.

He lighted a cigar and puffed moodily away, trying to banish the dark thoughts that would rise, do what he could to prevent them.

He thought of his folly and his past, and cursed them both.

Before the express train had reached the London terminus, he had made up his mind on one subject. In the teeth of everything—in spite of the past, the present, and the future, Mavis Dunscombe should be his, be it by fair means or by foul. She should be his! He could not lose her.

It was late when Adrian reached the family mansion in Park Lane; the night was intensely, suffocatingly hot. He was expected.

Although the season was dying, it was dying hard, and it seemed to Adrian one big rush of pleasure-seeking, faded men and women, this West-end wherein his lines were cast, and of which he knew so much.

How different from the cool shade of Carolin Woods—from the rippling river! and how different these painted, powdered women from—Mavis!

Quickly removing his dusty and travel-stained garments, Adrian sought his father who he was informed, had dined, but was sitting over his wine in the small dining-room, which father and son generally used when alone.

'His lordship is far from well, sir,' remarked Lord Carolin's confidential man, who waited upon the heir; 'and he has not been out of the house all day expecting you every minute.'

'But I could not possibly get here sooner, Boyd!' replied Adrian, smiling.

'As you are aware, I have been travelling for the past month abroad, and cannot look me from the South, which had become unseasonably hot and relaxing, to the North of France—in Normandy.'

'Charmed with the simplicity of the people, and the extreme beauty of the scenery, I wandered from place to place, travelling quietly and unpretentiously, with Boyd only as my attendant. Chance, or maybe Fate—which you will—brought me to a small hotel, picturesquely situated, far up on the hills, among the pine trees. I was comfortable, and resolved to spend a week there.'

'One day, being told of an excursion to be made to a neighbouring place of interest I ordered a carriage, and set out to see and explore. Putting up at the only hotel—Lucyville—the name of the place—boasted, I started on foot for the famous woods and well of which I had come in search.'

'After half an hour's walk, I reached the spot, the beauty of which well repaid me for my trouble. As I gazed down into the depths of the dark waters, a figure—a woman's figure—rose suddenly, and confronted me from the other side. Instantly, my horror, my dismay, when I recognized Lucilla.'

Lord Carolin paused, pouring himself out a glass of wine, as though to nerve himself to his task.

'Go on,' was all that Adrian said. His face was buried in his hands, but he was listening with feverish intensity. The story meant so much to him.

'She was changed,' resumed Lord Carolin, 'almost beyond recognition. Remember it is full seven years since I had seen her. Her face—by my mind the loveliest of all possible women—had lost the beauty that caught your fancy nearly ten years ago—Adrian writhed there was a sneer in his father's tones that cut him like a knife—'had disguised her to such an extent that her looks, such as they were, had entirely departed; but I knew her at once, and recognition was instantaneous.'

'That she had been drinking heavily recently was evident. She attacked me at once like a fury, demanding your address—demanding money. I reminded her that she was provided for—that on condition of her living abroad, and keeping the wretched marriage a secret, she received a sum which I considered ample for her respectable maintenance. I fear some of my remarks angered her. She blazed out more furiously than ever.'

'I am sick and tired living a false life, under a false name, she said. 'I will come to England, and take my rightful place in the country, as the wife of your son and heir, the Honourable Adrian Carolin; and I will track and dog your footsteps till I find him.' 'Truly a nice prospect both for you and me, Adrian!'

'Having once made up her mind to it, she would have been capable of that or anything else. I know her well, grieved his son.

'Frustrated! Remember she is dead. Well, to cut the story short, she followed me back to the inn, where I found she was well known, having—declaring she was my daughter-in-law. This statement, however I could see, was not believed. To avoid her, I contrived to escape by a garden-entrance, and drove rapidly away, and the last I saw was the landlord's frantic and indeed, she appeared but little removed from one.'

'Dink, and the life she led, may have turned a brain always weak and excitable,' said Adrian.

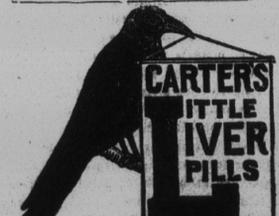
'Let us hope so; and now comes the tragic ending of my story. The wretched creature pursued me from place to place, I however, eluding her successfully. She was travelling by rail to Paris, in search of me, when, by some inexplicable accident—or was it design?—she was found upon the line, mutilated past recognition by a passing train. The door of the carriage in which she had been was open.'

'And you are sure—quite sure—that it was Lucilla?' said Adrian, with cold lips.

'I saw the body. Yes, Adrian, your wife is dead—you are free. I saw her buried. Here is the certificate,' and Lord Carolin placed a paper before his son.

'No, no!' exclaimed Adrian, shuddering. 'She has buried in a quiet country churchyard, but you shall have all particulars later on. Come! This has been a shock; Adrian—but remember that you are free, that the fatal folly of your youth has been wiped out by an all-merciful Providence, and be thankful!'

Adrian arose and wrung his father's hand. He had much, indeed, to thank him for. Just now, his mind, his brain, was in a state of chaos.



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Prepared by Dr. J. C. Fowler, 277 Sherrington Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Sunday Reading

Christian Marriage and Divorce.

John, the beloved disciple, whose mother, Salome, appears to have been the sister of Mary, the mother of Jesus, tells us where and under what circumstances Christ performed his first miracle. It was in Cana of Galilee, the birthplace and home of Nathanael, a little hill-town about four miles northwest of Nazareth, on the way to Tiberias. The occasion was a wedding, in which Mary, the mother of Jesus, seems to have had more than the interest of an ordinary guest, and to which Jesus and his disciples had been invited. The statement is, that 'Jesus was called' to the marriage. He was one of the formally invited guests. His disciples were not so called, but appearing with him, and with his permission, they were made welcome for his sake. There must have been more than ordinary intimacy between the bride's parents and the mother of Jesus, because we find Mary, who always appears as of a retiring disposition, concerned about the comfort of the guests. In her perplexity she turned to her son; and she evidently understood him better than some critics have done, who have read his reply as a sharp rebuke. There was something in his tone that reassured her; so that she turned to the servants, and whispered: 'Whatever he saith unto you, do it.' And the water was turned into wine.

The incident evidently made a very profound impression upon John. For, after describing the Journey of Jesus to Jerusalem, and his return to Galilee, by way of Samaria, the evangelist says that Jesus came into Cana of Galilee, adding, 'where he made the water wine.' Nor does John leave us in doubt as to how the miracle impressed him. He speaks of it as manifesting the glory of Christ, as a breaking forth of his eternal and beneficent dignity. The miracle revealed and illustrated his mission. He came to be helpful to man, to change the water of life into wine. But he should not overlook the gracious way in which this was done. He came to the rescue of his mother, and saved her from what would have been a very painful experience to her sensitive spirit. He came to the rescue of the guests, who praised the host not only for the abundance of the wine, but for its quality as the best wine of the feast. And, in doing all this, he placed a wreath upon the brow of the bride which has made marriage forever sacred. In the marriage service of the protestant episcopal church, the contracting parties and the witnesses are reminded that matrimony is an honorable estate, 'instituted of God in the time of man's innocency, which holy estate Christ indored and beautified with his presence and first miracle that he wrought in Cana of Galilee.' Jesus did more than ratify marriage; he adorned and beautified it by His presence and miracle. There is no record that during his subsequent ministry 'He was ever present again at a wedding. But to work his first miracle at a marriage feast, to which he brought his disciples, invests wedlock with a solemn and sacred pre-eminence. Groom and bride must have remembered it as long as they lived. The presence of the Chief Magistrate with his Cabinet officers would grace any wedding party. They would outrank all other guests. But their glory pales before the luster of him who lent the charm of his presence and the favor of his indorsement to the marriage in Cana of Galilee. It was a humble home, and they were but a humble pair who exchanged their vows and pledged their troth that day. Their names have not been preserved; their history is unknown.

That gives the presence of Jesus all the greater meaning, and warrants us in the conviction that his act was intended to have universal significance. It consecrates and makes Christian every altar of wedlock. He joins the hands, he gives the ring, he seals the bond with his benediction. We see him not, but he is there; the most radiant of all the guests the 'most eager of all who offer their congratulations. Also for such as do not call him to the marriage! They miss the most gracious presence, they fall of the richest dowry. More precious than silver and jewels is the gift which he centers. It will make the humblest home a paradise. Happy, thrice happy are all who call him to the marriage; for if they call him he will come, and he will come as he did to Cana in Galilee, to change the water into wine and to manifest his glory.

In what our Lord said about marriage he emphasized first of all its sanctity. One need only read attentively what he regarded the Seventh Commandment as forbidding, to discover that he looked upon wed-

lock as sacred upon the purest love. Just Jesus declared, in adultery. It is lawful and wicked after marriage, in marriage, and before marriage. Between it and the love which constitutes true wedlock there is eternal and uncompromising warfare. Where love rules that cannot come; and where law rules love cannot enter. The doctrine is radical and revolutionary. It cuts the root of all sensuality and crosses marriage with the white flame of holy affection. And because marriage is sacred the bond is indissoluble. Both parties leave their kindred and become one flesh, so that any separation of whatever nature is mutilation, as if one living body should be cut in two. This, Jesus said, was the Divine intention from the beginning and forever remains the law; for what God joins together no man may put asunder.

It is at this point that Jesus introduces his doctrine of divorce, in which he revises the Mosaic law, and runs counter to the universal custom of his time. Even his disciples were amazed at his teaching, and frankly said to him that, under his interpretation of what marriage meant, the unmarried state was the best. His doctrine, as reported by Luke, in the eighteenth verse of the sixteenth chapter of his Gospel, amounts to this: 'Once married, married for life.' And upon that statement of the case, the Roman Catholic Church has always refused to sanction marriage between parties, one of whom has been divorced. Marriage, that church maintains, can be dissolved only by death. No divorce is recognized as valid. There may be dissolution by special dispensation of the Pope; but this, it must be remembered, is regarded as the exercise of authority truly and properly divine. As the order of nature, both in the State and the Church, the marriage tie cannot be loosed; it must hold until death parts. And Rome cannot be gainsaid, so long as we read only Luke. When however, we turn to the first and earliest Gospel, we discover that Jesus said more than Luke reports him to have said. Turning to the tenth verse of the nineteenth chapter of Matthew's Gospel, we find that Jesus added an important qualification. He recognized adultery as good and sufficient ground for absolute divorce, with the right of remarriage by the innocent party; but he recognized no other ground for divorce.

Through adultery, the guilty party commits moral suicide; and that moral death out of the marriage bond. Even here, it is not asserted that divorce must follow upon adultery. The way is open for that, though other considerations may come in to make it unwise and even cruel. Divorce is one of the reserved rights of the innocent party in such a case; a right to be cautiously exercised. The surgery may be necessary and obligatory; but even then it will be surgery, leaving a wound which can never be healed. So, to, is remarriage by the innocent party treated as permissible; but it is not recommended. The undertones of the original law makes itself heard in the one solitary exception: 'Once married, married for life.' The great dramatic reminds us that it is better to

hear the ill we have than to try to others that we know not of. It certainly would seem to be the dictate of wisdom, where marriage has proved to be so dishonorable in estate that divorce offers the only release, that another marriage calls for the greatest deliberation and caution. When it comes to such divorces as are freely given in many States upon the slightest pretext, often by mutual consent, and precluded testimony, they are without Christian sanction and should be frowned upon by all who place any value upon a pure home life. The doctrine of Jesus seemed a harsh one to his own disciples, and it is so regarded now. Then, as now, marriages were entered into hastily

and the hearts were encouraged by the ease with which divorce could be secured. Make divorce difficult, and marriages will gain in dignity. Make divorce well nigh impossible, let it come under the universal social ban, and marriage will cease to be hasty and ill considered. When marriage is regarded as a covenant, and not as a circular or civil contract, the creature of fickle and changing legislation, as a covenant to become one, to live a common life and share a common fortune, we shall hear less of unhappy homes. The time to avert such a disaster is the time before the common vows are exchanged. After that it should be 'for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death do us part; according to God's holy ordinance and thereto I plight thee my troth.'

There is one other saying of Jesus about marriage which commands attention. It bears upon the relation of marriage to the celestial and eternal life. Of that life he plainly says that marriage furnishes no part, but that the redeemed shall be as the angels of God. Marriage is the holy ordinance of God upon earth; it is not perpetuated in heaven. That does not mean, however, that the holy affections which organize the home, and which are cultivated in it, are to be exterminated, or to suffer collapse. There is an eternal element in all that is transient; and when the hunk vanishes of decay, the life is not extinguished. It takes on a nobler form, as does the oak which has its birth in the death of the acorn. Marriage is the cradle of the finest, sweetest, holiest affection. It is a school of gentlest culture and of gracious forbearance. The years do not strip it of its charms. Poverty, sickness, age—these do not loose the silken bonds. And death cannot bury the holy friendships thus born and nurtured. They will outgrow their earthly forms and imperfections, but all that was true and good and noble in them, will blossom into brighter beauty in the realms where they neither marry, nor are given in marriage. It does not mean oblivion. They who have shared a common life on earth, mutually helpful and gladdening—husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters—cannot help entering into a deeper and larger and sweeter celestial fellowship, though the earthly relationship be not continued or resumed. We shall know each other. We shall love each other. If in the hour of holy wedlock we have laid deep and strong the foundations of mutual affection, confidence and fellowship, storm and tempest will not shake the house which we build upon them; and when death parts the hands, hearts will still be one, and hearts will remain one forever! In many a garret you will find an empty cradle. It is no longer needed. It was once the center of all that was sweet and tender. One by one, the children were rocked in it. But the boys and girls are men and women now. The cradle is discarded, but its former occupants remain the strength and beauty of a larger home. Marriage is the cradle of holiest love. We shall outgrow it, and leave it behind; but the affections which were rocked in it shall be our strength and beauty forever!

Unless we possess a reasonable amount of ambition life becomes a burdensome necessity. We must foster some aim to attain success in certain directions or ex-

istence degenerates into morbid ruts from which it is often a very difficult matter to secure extrication. If we have been endowed by nature with any special genius, it is well to use every means to cultivate it for laudable purposes and thereby stimulate ambition to further its development for our human betterment. Nothing that has been given us by the all-wise Creator can be perverted into an instrument for our demoralization in any way, if we use it properly for Christian results. Even the much derided ambition to attain great wealth may be our passport to eternal salvation, if the use of the money gained is directed toward the amelioration of the poor and the suffering and the godless of earth.

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Who is there that does not acknowledge that a blessing is enhanced by the fear of losing it, and that its value is never fully known till it is taken away? When wearisome days and nights are appointed us, we learn to prize the blessing of health. When pinched with hunger and cold, we duly estimate the blessings of food and raiment. It is, alas! when we are robbed of our friends that we fully realize how much we are indebted to God for them; and how much we owe for what still remains to us. Afflictions, then, are intended as the instrument of good to us. Afflictions, which by the grace of God we have rightly improved, are real blessings. They come indeed with a frowning countenance, but they bear a message of peace.

It grew too cold. I saw once, lying side by side in a great workshop, two heads made of metal. The one was perfect; all the features of a noble manly face came out clear and distinct in their lines of strength and beauty; in the other scarcely a single feature could be recognized; it was all marred and spoiled. 'The metal had been let grow a little too cool, sir,' said the man who was showing it to me. I could not help thinking how true that was of many a form more precious than metal. Many a young soul that might be stamped with the image and super-erception of the King, while warm with the love and glow of early youth, is allowed to grow too cold, and the writing is blurred and the image is marred.—Canon Teignmouth Shore.

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When Garibaldi, the Italian patriot, was in London, his popularity was unbounded, and the crowd wished him to exhibit himself continuously. One particular ardent admirer of the general used to tell this story. 'I was in the Strand at the time, and the crowd was so thick that I could not even see his carriage, much less him. So I just hallooed: "Stand up, Garibaldi!" and blessed if Garibaldi didn't stand right up on the carriage and let me see him!'

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Good Cheer! Courage Yet!

DO NOT CONSIDER YOUR CASE INCURABLE.

Paine's Celery Compound Works Marvellous Cures Every Day.

Though you have reached the critical time of a hot summer so diseased and broken down in health that your case is considered incurable, we say, 'Stick brothers and sisters, be of good cheer! Have courage yet!'

Paine's Celery Compound is a great physician's prescription for the cure of chronic and complicated cases of disease that have baffled the skill of the ordinary physician.

We positively assert that nine out of every ten whom the doctors cannot help will gain health, vigor and new life by the use of Paine's Celery Compound.

The work of Paine's Celery Compound in the homes of our country has been noted with wonder, admiration and joy by all classes of men and women. In thousands of cases it has saved life after all other means had failed.

To the thousands deep in disease and suffering from blood troubles, kidney and liver complaints, rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia and nervous prostration, we honestly point them to the only source of health that the world can offer—Paine's Celery Compound. This great banisher of disease is met in the experimental stage like the vast majority of advertised remedies; it is a true savior of life—a cure for the troubles that now make your existence miserable.

OLD BOY'S BIRD IN 1849.

Flowers Weather Prediction of the Journalists of Long ago.

In these days of practical newspaper writing, in which bald facts are expressed in the plainest and tersest form, the flowery language indulged in by some of the 'journalists' half a century ago sounds peculiar. The following poetic convulsion was copied by one of the local papers from the New York Tribune in 1849 as worthy of a high place in the newspaper literature of the day.

'On Saturday evening at 17 minutes past 11 o'clock the sun rode calmly and mildly over the autumnal equinox and cast his anchor the wintry coast of 'autumn. But as yet the vast ocean of air through which he sails is glowing and transparent with the memory of the long summer days that have passed over it, darting their rich beams to its very depths. Even as we write, however, the remembrances fade, like the sky's blanching souvenirs of sunset, and in the distance the cold ghosts of winter glare and wave their frozen wings, which leak on icy hinges, while in the silence of midnight a prophetic voice of wailing and desolation moans artfully at the ascent.'

Few people can contemplate this specimen of literary architecture without experiencing a feeling of awe and adhesion, with a few cold shivers on the side. It is proof positive that the profession has in some things gained by what it has lost.

THIS MAKES IT SAFE FOR YOU TO BUY



MANUFACTURED BY L. M. PACKARD & CO. MONTREAL. 25 CENTS AT EACH STORE.

'As you are aware, I have been travelling for the past month abroad, and exploring look me from the South, which had become unreasonably hot and relaxing, to the North of France—in Normandy. Charmed with the simplicity of the people, and the extreme beauty of the scenery, I wandered from place to place, travelling quietly and unpretentiously, with Boyd only as my attendant. Chance, or maybe Fate—which you will—brought me to a small hotel, picturesquely situated, far up on the hills, among the pine trees. I was comfortable, and resolved to spend a week there. One day, being told of an excursion to be made to a neighboring place of interest, I ordered a carriage, and set out to see and explore. Putting up at the only hotel, I started on foot for the famous woods and well of which I had come in search. After half an hour's walk, I reached the spot, the beauty of which well repaid me for my trouble. As I gazed down into the depths of the dark waters, a figure—a woman's figure—rose suddenly, and confronted me from the other side. Instantly, my horror, my dismay, when I recognized Lucilla. Lord Carlin passed, putting himself out of a glass of wine, as though to nerve himself to his task. 'Go on,' was all that Adrian said. His face was buried in his hands, but he was listening with feverish intensity. The story meant so much to him. 'She was changed,' resumed Lord Carlin, 'almost beyond recognition. Remember it is full seven years since I had seen her. Her voice—to my mind the lowest of all possible voices—had blossomed the beauty that caught your fancy nearly ten years ago—Adrian, wished there was a meek in his father's tones that cut him like a knife—had disfigured her to such an extent that her looks, such as they were, had entirely departed; but I know her at once, and recognition was mutual. 'That she had been drinking heavily recently was evident. She attacked me at once like a fury, demanding my address—demanding money. I reminded her that she was provided for—that on condition of her living abroad, and keeping the wretched marriage a secret, she received a sum which I considered ample for her respectable maintenance. I fear some of my remarks angered her. She blazed out more furiously than ever. 'I am sick and tired living a false life, under a false name,' she said. 'I will come to England, and take my rightful place in the country, as the wife of your son and heir, the Honorable Adrian Carlin; and I will track and dog your footsteps till I find him.' 'Truly a nice prospect both for you and me, Adrian! 'Having once made up her mind to it, she would have been capable of that or anything else. I know her well,' groaned his son. 'Hush! Remember she is dead. Well, to cut the story short, she followed me back to the inn, where I found she was well known, raving—declaring she was my daughter-in-law. This statement, however I could see, was not believed. To avoid her, I contrived to escape by a garden-entrance, and drove rapidly away, and the last I saw was the landlord endeavoring to pacify her, as he would a lunatic; and indeed, she appeared but little removed from one. 'Drink, and the lute she led, may have turned a brain always weak and excitable,' said Adrian. 'Let us hope so; and now comes the tragic ending of my story. The wretched creature pursued me from place to place. I however, eluding her successfully. She was travelling by rail to Paris, in search of me, when, by some inexplicable accident—or was it design?—she was found upon the line, mutilated past recognition by a passing train. The door of the carriage in which she had been was open. 'And you are sure—quite sure—that it was Lucilla?' said Adrian, with cold lips. 'I saw the body. Yes, Adrian, your wife is dead—you are free. I saw her buried. Here is the certificate,' and Lord Carlin placed a paper before his son. 'No, no!' exclaimed Adrian, shuddering. 'She lies buried in a quiet country churchyard, but you shall have all particulars later on. Come! This has been a shock, Adrian—but remember that you are free, that the fatal folly of your youth has been wiped out by an all-merciful Providence, and be thankful! Adrian arose and wrung his father's hand. He had much, indeed, to thank him for. Just now, his mind, his brain, was in a state of chaos. More than ever now must the existence of Marvis and his love for her be kept a secret from the haughty Lord of Carlin. 'Go and rest, my son. To-morrow we will talk matters over. I should advise a few months' travel. Fresh scenes will take the memory of the past from you more surely than anything else,' said his father, kindly. And Adrian took him at his word, thankful to be alone with his thoughts.

CANCER advertisement with logo and text: 'And further cured 10 MAY 1899. 1100 St. George Street, Toronto, Ontario.'

Men and Women of To-day.

How Colonel Henderson was "Discovered."

In more ways than one Colonel David B. Henderson, who will probably succeed Head as Speaker of the House of Representatives, owes his prominence to Senator Allison, of Iowa. The two men were first thrown together in 1862. Allison had moved to Ohio to Iowa in 1856, and had at once taken an active part in politics. He had known Governor Kirkwood in Ohio, and attached himself to that statesman's adherents. He was a delegate to and a secretary of the convention which first nominated Lincoln for Presidency.

In 1861 Governor Kirkwood appointed Allison Colonel, and set him to work raising volunteers for the Union service. In all he raised four regiments, but it was an arduous task, and at one time it might have failed had it not been for the assistance of a big Scotch-American college boy from Fayette. He offered his services in any capacity that he might be found useful and Colonel Allison set him to work. In less than a week the college boy came back with a company of thirty-one men. He was the man who is destined to be our next Speaker.

That was the beginning of Colonel Henderson's military career. From the Army he went to Congress, and his subsequent history is national property. The friendship began in the recruiting camp at Dubuque thirty-seven years ago has been unbroken since that time.

A Modern Illustration of an Old Law.

Mrs. May Wright Sewell, the new president of the International Council of Women became generally known a few years ago through her participation in the general federation of women's clubs which resulted in the International Council. She has frequently represented American women abroad, and has long been a prominent figure in the important National Conventions.

Mrs. Sewell, who is the head of a classical school for girls in Indianapolis, could contribute a readable sequel to English as she is taught, for the pupils in a girl's classical school are not above the amusing blunders which characterize the efforts of their young sisters in the public schools.

On one occasion Mrs. Sewell was instructing a class in physics. (Force was the subject, and she made plain to the girls the difference between centrifugal and centripetal force.

"Centrifugal," said Mrs. Sewell, is a force whose direction is from the centre, and centripetal is a force whose direction is toward the centre. Do you all understand that?"

The class chorused assent. "Now will some girl give me an illustration?" demanded Mrs. Sewell.

"The domestic virtues are centripetal," replied a small girl, "because they keep a man in the centre of his home, and a centrifugal force is—well, a saloon is a centrifugal force."

Turning a Prison "Terror" Into a Lecturer.

Mrs. Ellen Johnson, of Boston, who died suddenly in London last month, was one of the most famous penologists in the world. For many years she was the head of the Massachusetts reformatory prison for women at Charlestown, and she was an expert of worldwide fame. Many stories are told of her peculiar methods of subjugating refractory prisoners. She appealed to their finer qualities. She believed that it she could interest a woman in some kind of work her reformation might be accomplished. One of her worst prisoners was a woman of foreign birth who had been confined in nearly every prison from New York to Portland. She was a thief, drunkard, and almost a murderer. Her temper was the terror of her keepers, and she was kept almost constantly in handcuffs. About a year after the woman was brought to Charlestown a warden of a Connecticut prison paid Charlestown a professional visit.

"I have heard a good deal about your bad prisoner whom you have reformed," he said. "You know she never was in my prison, and I'd like to see her."

"You shall," said Mrs. Johnson, "if you have not already met her."

They were walking through the prison as they talked, and had come to the room where Mrs. Johnson kept some silk-worms.

APIOL & STEEL PILLS

A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Represents Bitter Apple, Fil Coccol, Fenugreek, etc. Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from F. V. & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B. C., or Seattle, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampt. Eng.

Tonight

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

Hood's Pills

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

and other interesting things, in which the better grade of prisoners took great interest. It was well filled with women, and a stalwart convict was explaining the cocoons to her prison mates, volubly, and with evident learning upon the subject.

"You wouldn't believe it if I were to tell you that you have probably seen her," went on the Superintendent.

"She wasn't that good-looking woman I saw in the flower-beds, was she?" asked the visitor, making a wild guess.

"No," answered Mrs. Johnson. "She is a life prisoner, sent here from murdering her husband. She is the woman who is lecturing on silkworms. She became interested in the subject, and now she is one of the best women in the prison."

The Visiting-Cards of Palmer Cox.

Not long ago an office boy in one of the great newspaper offices came grinning into the room occupied by the Sunday editor.

"There's a man outside," he said "who won't give his name."

"Why didn't you ask him for his card?" the Sunday editor asked.

"I did," said the boy, "and this is what he handed me."

The boy laughed again and placed a small slip of pasteboard on the editor's desk. On it was the neat pen-drawing of a Brownie. Then did the editor smile.

"You dunce," he said to the boy, "that is the gentleman's card. It's Palmer Cox, father of the Brownies."

So it was. Mr. Cox has a most happy way of putting his quaint little people on his cards and on the cards of his friends. He always has a new position for one of the well-known children of his fancy. In scrap-books over the country there are hundreds of original drawings of the quaint little people with large stomachs, and no two of the many sketches are alike.

From boy Financier to Railroad King.

If the child is father to the man the career of J. Pierpont Morgan, whose offer to light the interior of St Paul's Cathedral in London, has just been accepted, was well foreshadowed in his schooldays.

The future banker went from the public school to the Boston English High School, where during the entire course he stood among the first boys of his class. According to one of his schoolmates, he was more than a bright scholar. Even then he displayed rare executive ability and shrewdness. He was one of the first to organize his class, and under his direction and activity it became, it is said, one of the strongest class organizations in the history of the school. He also took part in forming the High School Alumni Association, whose annual functions are now a feature of Boston's social life. His business ability cropped out when the class published some little venture. None of the boys had any too much money to spend, and the problem of financing weighed heavily on the youthful mind. Morgan was appealed to, as usual, and immediately said: "Get up a subscription list on the one side and get some advertising on the other." His colleagues followed his advice. The matter was printed, was a nine-days' wonder, and not alone paid all expenses, but even netted a small profit to the committee.

To day this same man is one of the great financiers of the world. The men who have handled affairs on so large a scale as Mr. Morgan are, indeed few. His speciality, outside of dealings in national bonds, is the rehabilitation of bankrupt or unprosperous railway properties. His hobby is dogs; and the collie is Mr. Morgan's favorite breed. In his kennels, as in his business affairs, everything is run by system.

The Most Popular Photograph.

There is a fashion in photographs as there is in bonnets and bicycles. At present the most fashionable, photograph in New York is that of William Faverham, the handsome Romeo of the Marc Adams Romeo and Juliet Company. During the past theatrical season Mr. Faverham has been the favorite of the matinee audiences, and his photographs have been the best selling of all the footlight favorites. There are hundreds of women, and even men, who have bought every photograph of the actor that has been taken within the past few years. Some dealers have made a

specialty of 'Faverham sets,' and their collection has been as much of a fad as the picking up of coins or postage stamps or rare books.

Mr. Faverham comes nearer realizing the matinee girl's ideal than most actors, although very few of his admirers know it. Mr. Faverham confines his love making strictly to the stage. In private life he is an estimable husband and father and is devoted to his family. He has a son almost as tall as himself, who is his charm and companion.

Mr. Faverham is an Englishman; he came to America in 1887. Like most young Englishmen he was destined for the army, and went to India. There he developed a strong desire to go on the stage and returned to London. In 1886 he made his debut.

The actor lives in a handsome house near central Park, in New York, and prefers his home above any other.

He Wanted a Conqueror.

If General Joseph Wheeler does as active fighting in the Philippines where he has recently been ordered, as he did in the South during the Civil War, he is apt to make his presence felt. General Horace Porter tells the following story, which is both true and timely: It was about the middle of the Civil War when a freshly appointed Colonel with a newly enlisted regiment joined the Union forces in the far South. They were beautifully new, both in experience and in uniforms and they were very anxious to fight. The routine of camp life drove them almost to mutiny. One bright October morning word was received that a small detachment of General Wheeler's cavalrymen were on the other side of the hill, and a force started out in pursuit. The next day the confederates were reported miles distant in the opposite direction. The third day the new Colonel and a veteran Brigadier started out for a pleasure ride. A mile from camp they rode into the fugitive Confederates, who had been circling the camp for a week. It was a narrow escape, but they got away unharmed. After it was over the General said to the Colonel:

"Well, what do you think of war now?"

"Is Wheeler in this neighborhood much of the time?" replied the Colonel evasively.

"All the time. He is here, there and everywhere. What do you think of the prospect?"

"Well," answered the Colonel reflectively, "I wonder whether there isn't some way this infernal thing can be compromised."

Moody and the Reporters.

Dwight L. Moody, the evangelist, is one of the most difficult men in public life to report stenographically. He drives out his words with the speed of a Gatling gun—at the rate of two hundred a minute. There is not one expert shorthand reporter out of fifty who can make a verbatim report of one of his sermons. He talks nearly as rapidly as Secretary Blaine and Bishop Phillips Brooks did. These men were the bane of the reporters of their day. It is said that there never was a complete report of Bishop Brooks' famous Lenten noonday talks to Wall street brokers in Old Trinity Church. The speed of his delivery and the faulty acoustics of the church prevented him from being audible at the reporters' table.

The New Head of the Plant System.

The present head of the great fortune left by the late H. B. Plant is his eldest son, Morton F. By his father's will the young man will have an income for life of \$30,000, but he has succeeded to the Presidencies of some of the companies which were controlled by his father. The salaries from these offices will make his income not far from \$100,000 a year. The young man is less than forty years old, and was brought up by his father to take his place.

Daniel Frohman's Start.

It was Edward Payson Weston, the pioneer long-distance pedestrian, who tempted Daniel Frohman, manager of the Lyceum Theatre, of New York, from journalism into the theatrical business. It happened this way; Mr. Weston had returned to New York after his successful walk through the West, and in 1871 he

gave an exhibition against time in the old American Institute building. This was the beginning of our present six days' walk matches. He hired Franklyn Fyles, who was then a Sun reporter, and Daniel Frohman to manage the novel affair. The receipts from this undertaking were more than \$10,000, and this success started Mr. Frohman in theatricals. Mr. Frohman has amassed a fortune since then. Mr. Fyles is a leading dramatic critic and playwright, and Mr. Weston, as young as either of his old-time friends, is an advertising agent.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

And now, my dear, I will tell you a bawdy story and you will listen with your eyes and mouth both wide open, and shiver at the right time, same as I do when you tell about the wicked langur of Jackko; and then you must look frightened and stop your ears with your finger-tips, and ask for more stories just as terrible.

"Once upon a time there lived a bad bad bawdy in a big babul tree—"

It must have been a wonderful fanciful narrative of the depraved and bawdy or demon-monkey that the little boy told to his Anglo-Indian nurse, in the cool nursery in Bombay, for long years afterward, when the grown-up Kipling Sahib's name was on every one's lips, the guardian of his youth recalled with motherlike pride this childish fiction, the very first of all the splendid stories invented by the foremost of living tale-makers.

To those who know him well [Mr. Kipling is the personification of gentleness and courtesy, and from those only who know him well the present writer has been able to gather the materials for an accurate portrait of the real Rudyard Kipling, creator of immortal Mulvaney, pen-father to Woe Willie Winkie, Punch-Baba and the Profane little drummer heroes of The Fore and Aft. It should be enough to recall these names to convince the most prejudiced that the man who has told their story must be first and last a gentle reader of children's hearts and ways.

Preocious beyond his years little 'Rudyard' is on record as declaring with baby passion for games that were hard to play as against the simpler pastimes of the nursery. Books he craved and read understandingly at an age when most boys are still in their tin-soldier period. His precocity, however, was not of an unhealthy sort. Lusty of lung and limb, he was every inch a boy—brown, thoughtful, and keen or the wonder side of things.

The Making of a Famous Author.

In the crucible of his complex nature three national ingredients have been compounded. The Kiplings came originally from Holland four centuries ago, but on the side of Rudyard's mother there is Scotch and Irish blood, and in his father's veins there flows the sturdy English strain of temper and habit. The grandfathers of Mr. Kipling were clergymen; his grandmothers were bookish ladies. John Lockwood Kipling, the father, is a man of strenuous artistic temperament, and as Director of the Art Schools of the Madras Presidency in India, as Professor of Architecture and Sculpture in the School of Art in Bombay, and as Curator of the Government Museum at Lahore he has accomplished much in the way of artistic advancement in the far East. The elder Kipling is the author of a volume entitled Man and Beast in India, and from him the son inherits his noticable love for things artistic and a certain facility in sketching. Kipling's literary talent comes direct from his mother, herself a writer of prose and verse of no mean quality.

The biographical facts concerning Rudyard Kipling can be put down in few words. Born in Bombay, December 30, 1865, he travelled with his father to England at the age of twelve, and thence went to Paris and saw the exhibition there, which made a strong impression upon his mind.

Before returning to India, the elder Kipling placed Rudyard in the United Service College, Westward Ho, in the parish of Northam, North Devon, England. This college is the scene of the boyish escapades so charmingly narrated in the Stalky & Co. stories.

As a schoolboy Rudyard exhibited no special brilliancy. He was under the average height, near-sighted, and quiet in demeanor. He has worn spectacles since he was ten years old, and his manner of stumbling over things won for him the sobriquet of Beetle—an insect given to blundering against every obstacle in its pathway. Rudyard was an indifferent scholar, with a low percentage in mathematics, but a frequent prize-winner in English literature and the classics.

Kipling as a Newspaper Man.

During two of the five years spent at college he was editor of the United Service College Chronicle, in the files of which

many truly Kipling-like gems may be read by those fortunate enough to gain access to this schoolboy journal.

In 1888 Kipling returned to his father's house in Lahore, and soon afterward secured a position as sub-editor of the Civil and Military Gazette. Here he often worked during sixteen of the day's twenty-four hours.

His duties were numerous and exacting; he edited all the telegraphic copy, wrote headings for all official reports, wrote short editorials on topics of local interest, and acted as reporter and editor of sporting and suburban news. Besides these duties, it fell to him to read all the proofs, except the editorial matter, and frequently he was called upon to make up the type forms and "put the paper to bed" as it styled the act of getting the forms on the press.

Mr. Kipling was a good reporter and a conscientious editor, according to the word of those who were associated with him in his journalistic days, and the statement is not hard to believe.

His Gentle Knowledge on Onids.

When Kipling's name began to be the synonym for the most modern note in fiction, Onids wrote to the London Times, the paper that had virtually introduced Kipling to the world:

"He has neither knowledge of style nor common acquaintance with grammar, and should be whipped and put in a corner like a naughty child for his impudence in touching pen or ink without knowing how to use them."

Later the gods gave Kipling his revenge and although the authorship of the following characterization has never been told till now, there seems to be no reason why the story should be withheld and the kindlier side of Kipling's nature thereby explained.

"Onids," he wrote, "is a cynical, yellow woman in a blue frock, who drinks tea and brandy, and smokes cigarettes; the world to her is as hollow as a cracked egg, bitter as green nuts; but there are certain people in the slums of Florence who could tell her stories of her generosity and kindness. She smokes and smokes, and says nothing of her numerous charities. 'Never speak of your good deeds,' she says, 'or some one may find out your motive.'"

Difficulty of Translating Kipling.

Although Mr. Kipling's works have remained unknown to the vast majority of European readers until a year ago, there now on record four of his books that have been rendered into German, two in Norwegian and Italian, and The Jungle Books have just appeared in France under the title Les Livres de la Jungle.

It is almost impossible to rehabilitate in a foreign tongue the English of this author, as his translators well know. Kipling in French is as impossible as Irish dialect in the tongue of the Parisians. His unconventional turning of a phrase and his almost brutal directness of speech have kept his French translators, MM. Fabulet and D'Hanieres, in a constant fever of composition.

Appreciated the Hero.

Bishop Heber, the much loved and lamented Bishop of Calcutta, was, in his youthful days, fond of indulging in quizzical writings. Some of these he sent to the Gentleman's Magazine, in which he occasionally corresponded with himself, keeping down to the dullness of his model, to the great amusement of a few who were in the secret.

One of his articles was a solemn inquiry from Clericus Leicostrensis, into the remedy for the devastations of an insect which peculiarly attacked spinach—the evil, the remedy and the insect being all equally imaginary.

Another was a sonnet on the death of 'Lieut. Philip V.' who was killed at the storming of Fort Muzzaaboo, on the St. Lawrence—fort and war being equally unknown. The last line read:

"And Marathon shall yield to Muzzaaboo."

It happened, by an odd coincidence, that a real Philip V. had been missing for some years. His uncle read the sonnet, and was so much pleased with the eulogium from a witness of his nephew's valor on the scene of his death that he sent five pounds to the editor of the Gentleman's Magazine for the author of the sonnet.

"How do you make your paper pay?"

"I never see it anywhere."

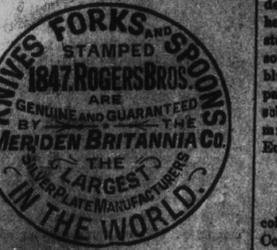
"We print pictures of prominent men, and they buy it."

"Do distribute!"

"Oh, no; to destroy."

A well-known and popular singing teacher recently received the following letter: "Will you be good enough to let me know how much you charge for voice production? I have no singing voice, but I would be willing to pay you well if you can produce one for me, because singers are good deal more than I can make in the trap trade here."

TO THE DEAR.—A rich lady, ward of her Deceased and Niece, the Head of St. Nicholas's Ambulance Sea Drums, has sent \$1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to promote the Sea Drums may have them free. Apply to Department G. G. The Institute, "Longest," Guisars way, London, W., England.



Frills of Fashion.

This is a chapter dealing strictly in fashions, the fashions of fashionable garments; for, with her summer raiment soon to fall into the mire and yellow leaf, every woman's mind is turned towards the promise of the coming autumn.

It is only in the merest trifles that fashion deliberately changes; and in the draping of a necktie, the twist of a hat band, or the piquant perching of a bow-knot; and with a few artful, inexpensive amendments merely we will soon enter on a new winter of dress.

The overskirts are very long. In fact, they are not overskirts in the accepted sense at all, but ill-shaped petticoats cut up in two, five, or seven points below the knee, and these points are backed upon a shaped and trimmed undergarment that simulates an undershirt.

Touching the details in the autumn stuff dresses, it is well to mention that a note of scarletaceous again and again on the beaver-brown, beetle-green and smoky-gray cloth dresses which get a great deal of their ornamentation from close-rows of stitching, or what is newer, flat wool or silk braid put on with the machine stitching that shows.

Turn the gowns inside out and you will find the lining done with a thick soft moire black or white, in preference to taffeta.

BOOK FOR WOMEN FREE. While this edition lasts nobody will be sent postpaid in sealed envelope to any lady who applies for it. Mrs. JULIA C. RICHARD, Box 996, Montreal.

and the bottom of the silk slip skirt finished always with a five-inch wide killed flounce of moire, pinked along the edge. So far as can be seen, there is to be the usual neck finish to all these pseudo tailor gowns of fluffy lace and chiffon in cravat arrangement, and high bright collars of various silky fabrics are to be part and parcel of the exact autumnal livery.

To treat these fabrics with incrustations of lace is the sympathetic idea, and no charming picture can be conjured up than an old rose or white etamine, enhanced with inset wreaths of black Luxilian lace.

The fashionable and devoted mother of a son who has attained his trousers majority no longer obliges the child to carry Lord Faulterley ringlets. The brown or blonde locks are cropped within two inches of the head, parted on left side and then by means of artificial aids waxed into a light waving mass all over the head.

There was a case before a judge of a circuit court, growing out of damages resulting from a fire which had originated in an immense oil-tank. During the fire a large amount of property was destroyed.

Long sleeves and high neck-bands, finished in rear peaks or timely little wired ear flaps, are phrases of the well-planned girl's toilet, and now and then pointed overskirts and square collar revers are introduced to advantage.

Adjusts automatically to any position by simple movement of the body without leaving the chair. The swing construction gives a perfect balance in any position—best steel firmly braced, enamelled back, strong fancy striped canvas.

in cell-like draperies dropped upon separate under-slips of silk. A very good word can be said for the design of the school girl's wrap. Her coat, when it is properly made, is an easy, simple box-shaped garment, strapped on the seams, buttoning well up under her chin, and the skirts of it falling nearly to her knee.

The very little boys are dear to the maternal eye in their cloth coats of high-waist pattern with scalloped capes, and instead of white for younger children fashion for the coming season will favor beaver brown trimmed with cream and oatmeal yellow.

Among the witnesses was one of the men who had been in charge of the tank. He had given his testimony, and the lawyer for the prosecution was cross-examining him.

There was a case before a judge of a circuit court, growing out of damages resulting from a fire which had originated in an immense oil-tank. During the fire a large amount of property was destroyed.

Adjusts automatically to any position by simple movement of the body without leaving the chair. The swing construction gives a perfect balance in any position—best steel firmly braced, enamelled back, strong fancy striped canvas.

ACME SWINGING HAMMOCK CHAIR. Adjusts automatically to any position by simple movement of the body without leaving the chair. The swing construction gives a perfect balance in any position—best steel firmly braced, enamelled back, strong fancy striped canvas. \$4.00. Will hold a person weighing 250 lbs. — folds to occupy a space only 4 1/2 x 31 inches. No more broken backs.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER BELFAST, IRELAND. AND 164, 166 and 170 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. IRISH LINEN & DAMASK MANUFACTURERS. HOUSEHOLD LINENS. From the Least Expensive to the FINEST in the WORLD.

'Yes, sir.' 'You were one of the men employed to take care of the tank in question, were you not?' 'Kind o' so.'

'Pete,' exclaimed Meandering Mike, 'I'm gittin' ree'less!' 'Don't do it. Take t'ings easy while ye kin.'

'What fur?' 'Did you ever hear of velocity?' 'Sure. Dey's got t'ree wheels, an' de kincheens tries to run over you wit' 'em.'

'Well,' asked Plodding Pete, disconcertedly, 'what're you going to do about it?'

'Jes' what I told ye. De world's movin' from west to east. De only chance to neutralise de swiftness is to take a train goin' from east to west. I dunno at we kin hope for any actual repose, but its do only chance I see fur comin' anywhere near it.'

That which is out of order is not always out of place. A certain old gentleman, who at a synod of the Dutch Reformed Church desired to speak, was surely out of order, but before he had done talking nobody thought him or his speech out of place.

'No, sir,' replied the old gentleman, 'but I want to talk.'

The distance which a regular walker, who takes a fairly long tramp every day, will cover in a lifetime is something quite startling. A man has been found in England who has walked more than six times the distance around the earth.

This person was found to be Mr. Paul Hommel of Swardston, Norfolk, England. He has been forty-three years a postman, and during all that time has never been on official duty absent from duty.

He proved that in those forty-three years he has walked, in carrying the mail, upward of one hundred and sixty thousand miles. No other postman approached this record, and it is doubtful if it can be matched by any living man in any occupation.

HATTERS' PRINTING.

The Various Impressions Found Upon Hat Tips and Sweat Leathers.

Hatters' printing which is the printing of names, trademarks and other designs upon hat tips and sweat leathers in hats, and upon labels used on hat boxes, is a business by itself. The hat tip, or crown lining of a hat, is sometimes made of paper, often of satin. In a silk hat and in some stiff hats the tip covers the entire interior of the crown above the sweat leather; in straw hats the tip is often composed of a broad strip of satin upon a lace-crown lining. Many stiff hats and most soft hats are now finished without tips, in which case the trade mark or name is printed on the sweat leather.

Tip printing is done from brass dies, and in the finest work from steel plates. These dies and plates are made in very great variety. In a large establishment devoted to hatters' printing there might be found 30,000 dies and 10,000 steel plates. Proof impressions of this great number of dies and plates fill many huge, ledger-like volumes, upon whose pages they are secured as in scrapbooks. There are throughout the country thousands of retailing hatters, each having a separate die of his own, with which the tips of the hats he sells are printed; some hat jobbers might have many dies including dies of trademarks and designs for special line of goods. All these dies and plates, however varied and widely distributed their ownership may be, are kept in the establishment of the printer, ready for use on occasion. The owner pays for the engraving of the first die, the cost varying according to its elaborateness; if a die or plate becomes worn and a new die is needed the printer supplies it.

In the large printing establishments everything pertaining to the business is done, including the designing and engraving of the dies and plates, as well as the printing from them. Some designs, the trademarks of old established houses, become familiar from long-continued use. As dies and plates wear out they are simply replaced, the design continuing the same. On the other hand, every year, for one reason or another, many designs go out of use, and finally the dies and plates are destroyed; but every year there are produced for individual dealers and for general trade purposes thousands of new designs, so that the number of dies and plates on hand at the printer's is always great. These designs, aside from those made for individual hatters, include a very great variety of subjects. Thus there might be seen printed on hat tips ships and locomotives and horses and anvils and many other things; and any name or object of public interest at the moment is likely to be reproduced inside of hats. Almost every hat worn bears within it printing in some form. If the hat has no tip it appears on the sweat leather, and it may also be in such a hat upon what is called a sticker, this being a piece of paper, cloth or leather, in outline of the exact shape and size of the die, upon which are printed the dealer's trademark and name, the sticker being pasted in the centre of the crown of the hat.

The retail hat dealer, wherever he may be, if he desires a distinctive trademark or name design to appear in the hats he sells, sends to some big hatters' printing establishment for a design; he sends, perhaps, a suggestion of his own, or it may be that he relies upon the designer of the printing establishment. One or more designs are made and submitted to him for approval. According as may be required, such signs might embody in some artistic form simply the name and address; often such dies of plates are made in almost endless variety. The plate would remain at the printer's, and when the retailer ordered hats of the jobber with whom he dealt the jobber would have the tips and sweat leathers with which the hats thus ordered were finished printed from the customer's own dies.

Tips are printed in gold leaf, in silver leaf and in aluminum leaf, and in ink in various colors: sometimes they are printed in combinations of metals with combinations of colors. Most commonly, however, they are printed in a single metal or color. All sweat leathers are printed in one or another of the metals.

Box labels for hat boxes are made both plain and embossed in a very great variety of styles and these are printed in variety as to color. A hat dealer might have his own design complete for box label as well as for hat tip: or he may select one from among many box labels that are made with a blank space to receive a die, and have his own die inserted in the label.

Many hats tips printed from dies engraved here are exported to Canada for use in hats that are finished there; and there are also made hats suitable for men from which are printed hat tips for hats exported to South America.

Snatching Opportunity With Capital. Jacob Franks, who is reputed to be worth \$2,000,000, went into business in Chicago, when nineteen years of age, with

the determination to follow the rule—save money. His formula to-day is: Good fortune cannot come unless you are provided with capital with which to seize opportunity when it appears. Save your money and be ready to invest. Never borrow capital, and never owe a dollar that you cannot pay on demand.

THE STRAWBERRY STATION.

Where One Can Buy the Fruit for a Mere Nothing.

To the traveller familiar with Mexico, Irapuato is as suggestive of strawberries as Boston is of beans and culture to the average American. Your train draws up at the station, and you are instantly assailed by a swarm of strawberry vendors of both sexes and all ages. One swarthy stage brigand, taller than the rest, pushes his tray, piled high with baskets, right into your window, and you are informed confidentially that his froons (berries) are the very best to be had in Irapuato, and that you may have your choice of baskets for only two reales (twenty-five cents).

Cheap! Yes, it would seem so to any one just from the United States, particularly if the month happens to be December or March. But do not be in a hurry to buy. There is no danger of the supply being exhausted, and as your train remains five minutes at the station, you have plenty of time.

One minute has passed, and the brigand having read in your face that you are meditating a purchase, informs you that he has decided to favor you by reducing the price to twenty cents a basket, and that such delicious berries are very hard to come by (very cheap) at that price.

But remembering that you are a 'boar' in the strawberry market, you still decline to purchase, eyeing the berries encouragingly, however; and at the end of another minute the market takes another slump, fifteen cents being the price now asked. At this point you begin examining with your eyes the trays of other vendors, with the immediate result that the price declines to an real (twelve and one-half cents), and thence, as the fourth minute of your stay in Irapuato speeds by, to ten cents.

Now the engine-bell is clanging, and the conductor is looking at his watch, 'Vamanos!' (all aboard) he cries, and immediately the bottom drops out of the market. Down goes the price to an medio (six and one quarter per cent), and without stopping there, it quickly reaches five cents. Your time to buy has come. 'Two baskets,' you say to the brigand, and if you are a tenderfoot you drop, say a twenty-five cent piece into his hand, and select the berries you wish.

Then it is the brigand's turn. Very deliberately he places his tray on the ground fumbles in his pockets for your change. Meantime your train is moving away, and as you give a final look backward, you see him coolly take his hands empty from his pockets and pick up his tray.

On the other hand, if you are acquainted with Mexican wiles, you insist upon receiving, not only the berries, but your change as well before you surrender your quarter; and as your train moves away you find yourself the possessor of half a pound or so of copper coins and two baskets, each seemingly containing half a gallon of beautiful berries.

You feel that you have got it 'on the ground floor,' and as it were, of the strawberry market, and are correspondingly elated. But do not become jubilant just yet—first examine your berries. On top you find a layer of splendid fruit; next, a layer of inferior grade, and then a roll of cabbage-leaves that fills the remainder of the basket.

Now you examine your change, and you find that it is legal tender in the state of Guanajuato only, and if you do not throw it out of the window to the children at Salamanca, you can only keep it to buy more berries with when you again pass Irapuato.

There are about fourteen thousand people in Irapuato, nearly all of whom are

dependent upon the strawberry-beds for existence.

A PASSPORT IN MISSOURI.

When a Stranger Says 'Dear, From the Best of Wishes, Light and Good in.'

I read something the other day, taken from a Richmond paper, about the decline and fall of corn bread in the South, said a man from Missouri. The Missourian continued his remark in an aggrieved manner: 'I haven't been down South for a good many years, but if it has gone back on corn bread you may expect to hear of niggers going back on watermelon. Out in old Missouri corn bread, old-fashioned, sure-enough pone, is still served in the best families. In some of the first class hotels of that State they put corn pone under the head of dessert. I reckon you know that there is also the corn dodger, and then there is the hoochoo, and then there is the shaboak—all made out of cornmeal. But the cornpone is the piece de resistance. When a stranger goes into a Missouri house and says he likes corn bread, 'specially corn pone, the cockles of the heart of the Missourian warm toward that stranger at once. It comes mighty nigh being a passport to the best society in my State.

I know of one man who was made to feel very much at home by his familiarity with corn bread and its habits in a Missouri home at a time when he was very much under suspicion. He had been sent to investigate a matter by his superior. He arrived at the house at a late hour. The folks had gone to bed. He aroused them by hallooing from the road. When the man of the house appeared and called off the dogs he asked the stranger what he wanted. The stranger was not just as satisfactory in his reply as was desired and the man of the house told him he had better go further up the road for entertainment for himself and beast. The stranger had his reasons for wanting to stay at the house where he had just made his call. He said it was pretty hard when a Missourian couldn't find shelter in any Missouri home where he made application. The man of the house asked him: 'Are you a Missourian?' 'When the stranger replied he had that honor, the man of the house kind of hesitated, and then asked: 'Have you got any credentials?' 'Have you got any corn bread?' asked the stranger.

'What kind?' was the query. 'Pone,' was the reply. 'Light and come in,' was the hospitable invitation. 'When the stranger was in the house the Missourian apologized for keeping his guest without the gate so long by explaining that there were a good many peddlers about the country and he was very particular as to who he admitted.

'I don't want you to feel any uncertainty about me,' said the stranger, 'and to oon vince you that I am a Missourian and entitled to your hospitality, I can tell you right where that corn bread is kept. It's in a skillet in the lower part of the kitchen cupboard and the milk that goes with it is out in the springhouse in the back yard.'

The Missourian host extended his hand to the stranger, and, shaking the latter's hand earnestly, he said: 'You could come mighty nigh getting into our lodge without the grip or the sign.'

'That was an actual experience, and when you are in Missouri and want to be taken care of in the proper way, just you call at any Missourian's home and say 'corn pone.'

A NOLY BOY.

Like children, savages in all parts of the world are possessed of eternal curiosity. Mr. H. Cayley-Webster, a well known English traveller, gives an amusing instance of this trait among the natives of New Guinea.

One day a piano arrived for his excellency the governor, and some natives were told to carry the strange looking case from the beach to the house. After going a few yards one stumbled, causing one end of the crate to strike the ground, and ever on the alert for strange noises, their ears were immediately pressed against it, and they listened until the 'ting' of the wires had died away.

Again, after a yard or two, a similar mishap occurred. Again many ears were listening to the sound so foreign to them, until a native, rather more knowing than the rest, with a heave raised the whole case a few inches from the ground and let it go.

The noise which issued from the inside had by this time worked them up to such a frenzy that they one and all seized upon the case, rolled it over and over, and danced with joy at the strange sounds which came forth. And it was not until this odd performance had been repeated many times that the eye of an official was attracted by the shouts and yells of the natives; not, however, before much damage had been done and many strings broken. The natives who speak English have now come to call the piano 'box belong cry,' and generally add: 'Whitney man, he fight, him belong hand. Box, he cry out too much.'

FLASHES OF FUN.

Marriage is usually a failure when a man thinks he is marrying on impulse, and a woman a man like a novelist's hero.

'Papa, what is this color they call invisible blue?' 'It is the blue on a policeman's uniform when there's a row on hand.'

'I would not marry you if I lived to be a hundred years old.' 'If you were a hundred years old, do you think I'd ask you?'

'I never lose my temper,' cried the little wife. 'No dear,' grumbled hubby; 'I wish you would.'

She: 'Tell me, when you were in the Army, were you cool in the hour of danger?' He: 'Cool? Why, I shivered!'

Judge: 'Why did you steal this gentleman's purse?' Prisoner: 'I thought the change would do me good.'

Cochman (driving stout old lady on a lonely road in a very high wind): 'Please, mum, will you 'old the 'orses while I run after my 'at or will you run after my 'at while I 'old the 'orses?'

Nurse: 'It's time for your nourishment now, Mr. Peppery.' Mr. Peppery (who is convalescent): 'Hang nourishment! What I want is something to eat!'

She: 'Why is it, I wonder, that little men so often marry big women?' He: 'I don't know unless it is that the little fellows are afraid to back out of the engagements.'

Mistress: 'Why Jane, what is the matter with little Fifi-fi?' Jane: 'Please mum, Master George has been tying him to a pole and cleaning the windows with him.'

Drawing-master (who wears a large wideawake hat): 'Now, does any boy want to ask me a question?' A scholar at the back of the class: 'Where did you get that hat?'

Wife: 'I'm tired to death. Been having the baby's picture taken by the instantaneous process.' Husband: 'How long did it take, then?' Wife: 'About four hours.'

She (arohly): 'Whom should you call the prettiest girl in this room?' He (looking about him): 'H'm. Well, to tell the truth, there isn't a pretty girl in the place.'

'My dearest Maria,' wrote a husband. She replied: 'Dear, let me correct either your grammar or your morals. You address me, 'My dearest Maria.' Am I to suppose that you have other dear Marias?'

Ardent Swain: 'If I give you chocolate, will you tell your sister I am waiting here for her?'

Little Sister: 'How much will you give me if I don't tell my big brother?'

Wayfarer (to the robber): 'I haven't any money with me, I'm sorry to say, but I will advise all my friends and acquaintances to take walks along this lonely path hereafter.'

Smith: 'What! Are you learning to fence, Jones?' Jones: 'Yes; you see, I'm going to a peace conference, and it's just as well to be prepared.'

According to an old joke, Englishmen used to say: 'It's a fine morning. Let's go out and kill something.' But now they say: 'It's a fine morning. Let's build some new battleships.' And they do it too.

First Man: 'Why did you ask Blibbs just now to lend you five shillings? You had plenty of money this morning.'

Second Man: 'I have plenty now; but I know Blibbs was going to ask me for some.'

Professor (to his wife, provoked): 'I never know how to take you, Amelia. Five years ago you were crazy for that hat, and now I've bought it for you, and you don't like it at all!'

'Are you sure that the room you have to let is quiet?' asked the timid young man. 'Ah! Rest assured of that,' said the landlady. 'There is a singer in the next room, and it must be quiet, or she couldn't practise.'

Patient: 'What does it cost to have a tooth pulled out?' Dentist: 'Two-and-six.'

Patient: 'Then do you mind pulling it out half-way for one-and-three, and I'll finish the job myself!'

'Yes, sir,' said Mr. Winbiddle to a stranger, 'I maintain that all water used for drinking and culinary purposes should be boiled at least half an hour.'

'You are a physician, I presume?' 'No; I am a coal dealer.'

'I've come to tell you, sir, that the photographs you took of us the other day are not at all satisfactory. Why, my husband looks like an ape!'

'Well, madam, you should have thought of that before you had him taken.'

First Lady: 'I saw your husband meet you in the street yesterday, and I noticed that he removed his hat while speaking to you. I admired him for it. Very few men do that.'

Second Lady: 'I remember. I told him in the morning to have his hair cut, and he was showing me that he had obeyed.'

Fogg: 'I am afraid I'm breaking up.' Figg: 'Why, what's the matter now?'

Fogg: 'I want to look at a house that is to let, yesterday. It was only five-minutes walk from the station. I know that, be-

cause it said so in the advertisement; but hang me if it didn't take me forty minutes to walk it. It is evident enough that I'm going fast.'

'Halloo, old boy! Heard you're going to be married—and a fine girl, eh?'

'Well, yes, she has a very comely figure.'

'Oh, but that's aside from the question. How about the incoherency figure?'

Scrubber: 'I've got a beautiful dramatic idea for a story.'

Editor: 'Then why don't you write it up?'

Scrubber: 'Well, the only trouble is that it has been done before by Shakespeare.'

SPRAINED BACK!

Sprains, Strains and Injuries of the Back often cause Kidney Trouble. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS THE CURE. Here is the proof—

Mrs. S. Hanning, Glasgow Street, Guelph, Ont., says: 'Doan's Kidney Pills are grand. I have not been ill since taking them, which was over a year ago last winter, and can give them my warmest praise; for they restored me to health after 25 years of suffering. Twenty-five years ago I sprained my back severely, and ever since my kidneys have been in a very bad state. The doctors told me that my left kidney especially was in a very bad condition. A terrible burning pain was always present, and I suffered terribly from jaundice, together with other painful and distressing symptoms, common in kidney complaint. I could not sleep, and suffered much from salt rheum.'

'When I first commenced taking Doan's Kidney Pills I had little or no faith in them, but I thought I would try them; and it proved the best experiment I ever made. I had only taken two boxes when the pain left my back entirely. Three boxes more, or five in all, made a complete cure.'

'After 25 years' of suffering from kidney disease I am now healthy and strong again, and will be pleased to substantiate what I have said, should anyone wish to enquire.'

Doan's Kidney Pills are the most perfect remedy known for the cure of Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness and Sick Headache. They work without a gripe or pain, do not sicken or weaken or leave any bad after effects.

PATENTS

When you want to procure or sell a patent go to a trustworthy firm who understand the patent laws—be aware of firms who offer schemes and terms. Our 20 years personal experience is at your service. Write us for information and terms. S. H. BIRD, 208 F. St., N. W., Washington, D. C. CUTLER & HARRISON, 114 Broadway, New York.

PRESERVE YOUR TEETH

and teach the children to do so by using CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER

ed., is 12-6d. and 15-6d. Tins, or CARBOLIC TOOTH PASTE

ed., is, and 12-6d. Pots. They have the Largest sale of Dentifrices.

Avoid imitations, which are numerous and unreliable.

F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester

PALMER'S WIGS

The name 'PALMER' has always stood for the Highest Standard of workmanship combined with the lowest prices possible for first-class hair work. Our latest inventions in hair work will add to our high reputation.

Write or call for full particulars and prices. J. PALMER & SON, 2745 Notre Dame Street.

TO INTRODUCE \$1.00

our new bicycle early. we will, for the next 30 days, ship a sample Cycle C. O. D. and dress upon receipt of \$1.00. We offer splendid chance to a good agent in each town. You have your choice of Cash, or outright gift of one or more wheels, according to nature of work done for us.

INTRODUCTION PRICES

FLYER—14 in. Tubing, Flush Joints, 1 Piece Crank, fitted with 200-00-019, \$5.00; fitted with M. & W. Flyer, \$2.99. 31 in. and Ladies Green and Maroon, 22 and 24 in. Frame, any color.

WHEELS—Highly finished, modern types, \$9.00. 31 in. Flyer, Secure Agency at once.

J. W. MOYD & SON, Montreal.

EVERY MOTHER SHOULD Have it in the House

For common ailments which may occur in every family. She can trust what time indoors. For Internal as much as External use. Dropped on sugar it is pleasant to take for colds, coughs, croup, colic, cramps and pains.

I have used your Anodyne Lintment in treating our infant (only six months old) for colic, and our little three year old daughter for summer complaint and neuralgia generally, and found it most excellent. JOHN L. ENGLISH, America, Ga.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINTMENT

Relieves Every Form of Inflammation. Originated in 1810 by an old Family Physician. No remedy has the confidence of the public to a greater extent. Our book on INFLAMMATION free. Price 25 and 50c. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

Parsons' Pills

'Best Liver Pill made.' Positively cures Biliousness, Sick Headache, all Liver and Bowel complaints. They expel impurities from the blood. Relieve women that suffer from constipation. Price 25c. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

Snatching Opportunity With Capital. Jacob Franks, who is reputed to be worth \$2,000,000, went into business in Chicago, when nineteen years of age, with

...and he said so in the advertisement; but long ago if it didn't take me forty minutes to walk it. It is evident enough that I'm aging fast.

"Hello, old boy! Heard you're going to be married—and a fine girl, eh?" "Well, yes, she has a very comely figure."

"Oh, but that's aside from the question. How about the money part?" "Scribbles: I've got a beautiful dramatic idea for a story."

SPRAINED BACK!

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Here is the proof— Mrs. S. Horning, Glasgow Street, Guilford, Ont., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills are grand. I have not been ill since taking them, which was over a year ago last winter, and can give them my warmest praise; for they restored me to health after 25 years of suffering. Twenty-five years ago I sprained my back severely, and ever since my kidneys have been in a very bad state. The doctors told me that my left kidney especially was in a very bad condition. A terrible burning pain was always present, and I suffered terribly from lumbago and pain in the small of my back, together with other painful and distressing symptoms, common in kidney complaints. I could not sleep, and suffered much from salt rheum."

"When I first commenced taking Doan's Kidney Pills I had little or no faith in them, but I thought I would try them; and it proved the best experiment I ever made. I had only taken two boxes when the pain left my back entirely. Three boxes more, or five in all, made a complete cure."

"After 25 years of suffering from kidney disease I am now healthy and strong again, and will be pleased to substantiate what I have said, should anyone wish to enquire."

Laxative Pills are the most perfect remedy known for the cure of Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness and Sick Headache. They work without a gripe or pain, do not sicken or weaken or leave any bad after effects.

PATENTS

When you want to procure or sell a patent go to a trustworthy firm who understand the patent laws—beware of firms who offer advice—our 30 years personal experience is at your service. Write us for information and terms. C. C. CALVERT & CO., 2745 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

PRESERVE YOUR TEETH

and teach the children to do so by using CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER. 64, 1a, 1b-64, and 115 St. Tins, or CARBOLIC TOOTH PASTE. 64, 1a, and 1b-64, Pots. They Have the Largest Sale of Dentifrices. Avoid imitations, which are numerous and unreliable. F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester.

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The name 'PALMER' has always stood for the Highest Standard of workmanship combined with the lowest prices possible for first-class hair work. Our latest inventions, in hair work will add to our high reputation. Write or call for full particulars and prices. J. PALMER & SON, 2745 Notre Dame Street.

TO INTRODUCE \$1.00

our new 99 models early, we will, for the next 30 days, ship a sample Bicycle C. O. D. to address upon receipt of \$1.00. We offer splendid chance to a good agent in each town. You have your choice of Cash, or outright gift of one or more bicycles, according to nature of work done for us. INTRODUCTION PRICES. FLYER—14 in. Tubed, Finish, Johns, 1 Piece Cranks, fitted with Dunlop Tires, \$1.00; fitted with M. & W. Tires, \$1.25; fitted with Dunlop Tires, \$1.50; M. & W. and Ladies' Open and Maroon, \$2.00; fitted with Dunlop Tires, \$2.50; fitted with M. & W. Tires, \$3.00. Write slightly v. d. modern types, \$3.00. C. C. CALVERT & CO., 2745 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

(Continued from Third Page.) ...and between the lines, as an older woman would have done. She was his love, his darling, his wife to be—that was all sufficient for her, and so she waited patiently for his coming. Ways and means of living had, however, to be considered. Her store of ready-money was small, being just five pounds, and no more—her wants, it is true, were few; but still, the present needs must be faced; the future—was it not Adrian's?

It was the first of August. Already the reapers were busy in the golden fields; the ripe harvest was being gathered. Mavis had no companion in whom to confide her doubts her fears, her difficulties, unless, indeed, Jenny, the red-cheeked, fifteen-year-old daughter of a village parson, could be called one. Jenny had been engaged during Mrs. Duncombe's last illness to do their modest housework, and Mavis still retained her. After all, she was someone to talk to. As Mavis walked in the tiny garden of the cottage, her thoughts were busy.

That very morning, Mr. Brock, Lord Carleton's steward and agent, had called upon her, and asked if she intended keeping on Myrtle Cottage, or what did she mean to do? He looked at her askance as he made these inquiries. He had heard rumors; village gossip was already busy with the tale of Mavis Duncombe. However, his manner was perfectly respectful as yet. Was not the Honourable Adrian Carleton his employer's son and heir?

He told her that her term of tenancy had already expired. What were her plans? Brought face to face with stern realities, Mavis could only beg a little grace. Her plans were still unsettled, she said; she would let Mr. Brock know what she decided on in a week. Mr. Brock bowed, and left her. He thought it a pity she was so young and so very pretty—she had daughters of her own—but men will be men, and the Honourable Adrian had money sufficient to indulge in whims and fancies. He shrugged his broad shoulders, mounted his horse, which had been tied to the gate, and galloped away.

Of the existence of Mavis at the cottage Lord Carleton did not even know. All minor matters, such as the going and coming of his tenants, he left in the capable hands of Mr. Brock; therefore, as far as his father was concerned, Adrian's secret was still his own.

"Miss I say, where be yer, miss?" Jenny's shrill voice was heard calling. Mavis rose wearily from the rustic bench where she had thrown herself. Oh, how hot it was! Surely a thunder-storm was brewing.

"What is it, Jenny?" she asked languidly. "I've bin to mother, an' she says, please, I ain't to stop w' yer no longer. 'And why not?' inquired Mavis, innocently. 'Cause she says—mother do—folks be a-talkin' about yer and young master, but she's a-comin' up herel' this evenin'. Anyow, I'm to go 'ome now.'"

So saying, Jenny disappeared, leaving the girl, to use a mild expression, aghast. Talk about herself and Adrian! Her love, so sacred in her eyes, made a jest in village cottages, and, maybe, in the inn parlour! Oh, it was too—too horrible! Mavis hid her face in her hands. She would ask Mrs. Webb, Jenny's mother, what they were saying, and she would go—where?

Alas! she had but little experience of the world, and how cruel it can be to one friendless and without money. She realized not the bitter tongue—the temptations that must assail her. She sat on a miserable dream till the evening shadows deepened, and with the slack case the virtuous, respectable Mrs. Webb.

"I'm sorry to disturb yer, miss, but I've come for Jane's wages, 'eevin' yer father won't let 'er come 'ere no more, and—"

"What are they saying about me, Mrs. Webb? Tell me! Oh, please tell me!" and Mavis looked up into the matron's face so pitifully that it would have melted a heart far harder than Mrs. Webb's, who was by no means an unkind woman.

"Well, miss, they're a-sayin'—'Jim, 'e 'eard it at the Red Lion—Mavis' hair head sank lower with shame—'that you an the young lord's a-courtn', an' that o' course 'aint likely as 'e'll marry the likes o' you.' Mrs. Webb did not mean to be unkind; it was only her way of putting things, as she herself said, 'plin'."

"But he will marry me! We are—"

"She had been about to say 'engaged,' but how could she? What had she to go upon? In very truth, nothing. She paused, and Mrs. Webb resumed, more stiffly, thinking this statement was a little too much, coming from the lips of one poor and unknown."

"Well, miss, I'm glad to 'ear it, if it so be ye're right; but I 'ave my doubts. Gens' will be gens', y' know. That Anyow, ontill things right thes'el's Jane's to come 'ome; 'er father says so."

"Very well, Mrs. Webb," said Mavis, rising wearily, and going towards the cottage. "I will get Jenny's money for you. 'Sorry to trouble you, miss, but father would 'ave it so,' said the woman, a trifle ashamed of herself.

Ere Mavis reached the open door of the cottage, the latch of the garden gate clicked, and, passing through the tangle of shrubs, she came face to face with Adrian. Her lover had returned to her. She sprang forward with a glad cry—"Thank God, you have come!"

She would have fallen to weeping in his arms for very joy, but that, Adrian's keen eyes catching the partly torn of Mrs. Webb among the roses, he made a sign which un-

derstanding is a sure forerunner of bad luck; and Mavis hid her face, which was now very pale, on her husband's shoulder. To be Continued.

RHODE ISLAND'S SACRED BIRD.

While in Volantown, near the Rhode Island state line, recently, I was shown a large clump of forest trees just within the border of 'Little Rhody,' which was literally blackened with fish hawk's nests. The farmer who took me to the spot told me that the fish hawk or osprey was a sacred bird in that state, and said that Rhode Island alone, of all the New England states, protected the life of this majestically soaring creature by law. All up and down the line between Connecticut and Rhode Island are to be seen the results from this protection vouchsafed by our neighbor. On our side of the fence, for miles and miles, scarcely a nest of this great bird is to be found, while in Rhode Island the nests are everywhere, even in the tops of the chimneys of old houses. Some of the nests are within easy reach of the ground that the wonder is that eggs and young are preserved from the itching palm of the school-boy and from the predatory animals.

So far as known there is only one pair of fish hawks resident in southern Connecticut. These haunt the lower waters of the Thames and Fisher's Island Sound, but their nest, instead of being near by their fishing-grounds, as is the case in Rhode Island, is ten miles inland, in the top of one of the tallest and most inaccessible pine-trees in Pine Swamp, in the town of Ledyard.

On the other side of the Rhode Island line, these birds, have been protected so long that they are about as tame as the stock in Holland, they flap carelessly about almost everywhere, outside of the settlements. People to the manner born, never think of touching them. It is no uncommon spectacle to see six or eight of the great nests at one look over a strip of field and woodland.

The Volantown farmer said in this connection: 'Yes, the fish-hawks are protected over there, but there's nothing sentimental about it. They protect the Rhode Island farmers in a way. The latter told that the fish-hawk drives away the hen-hawk and similar birds by his rather unbecoming appearance. This is the reason why the state passed a general statute protecting his life. A fine of \$20 is rigidly imposed upon any one found guilty of killing or disturbing fish-hawks in any serious manner. This law has been enforced so long that a Rhode Islander would about as soon think of shooting one of his prize tows as of killing a fish-hawk.'

'There's no doubt that the fish-hawks are worth the care taken of them. My fowls, even on this side of the line, are rarely troubled by hen-hawks, and my neighbors' fowls are not. About all the damage the fish hawk does is to kill the trees he builds his nest on. He usually selects an elm tree to build on, returning there year after year. 'It is the clustering of the hawks about the schools of 'scup' (porgies) in the spring, looking for food, that gives the first knowledge the fishermen have of the arrival of these valued food fish. The favor done the fishermen by the bird's timely warning is a considerable one, as it hastens the getting of the fish-free ready.'

At a time when slang and slugging are recommended to teachers and to the public as ladylike and gentlemanly accomplishments, it is encouraging to find a good word said in behalf of the art of swimming. It comes from England, and is in the form of a story.

'I know a man,' said [the story teller] 'as saved his life and got made a coast guard officer 'cos he could swim. He wor a sailorman on a frigate as wor wrecked on the African coast, and he wor the only one saved. Why? 'Cos he could swim. 'Well, he got ashore, an' wor taken prisoners by them savages. He wor a bit stoulish like, poor fellow, an' the savages thought as 'ow 'e would eat tasty; so they put 'un on one side, as it might be, to fatten 'un up jist a triff more; but a savage as took a fancy to 'un come along one day and pats 'un on the back and makes signs out to see; and there sure enough wor a ship. 'Well, the nigger spreads 'is arms like as 'ow 'e would say, 'You strike out, mate; and that sailorman he makes off for the beach, into the water, and away to go; but here, you might as well be out by sharks as by niggers. And presently the chaps on the ship sights 'un. They backs torp'ls, lowers a boat, and pull 'un on board. There he wor saved again, and why? 'Cos he could swim. 'Then he come home and wor made a boatman in the coast guard. And what d'ye think appened then? Why, one day he wor sailing 'long the coast with 'is officer and 'others when it come on to blow sudden. The boat wor capstred and every man had 'e crowned 'ept 'e. Why? 'Cos he could swim. The story-teller struck the ground

Seal Brand Coffee

(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.) is selected from the very highest grades grown. It is HIGH GRADE PURITY—its fragrance proclaims its excellence.

ALL GOOD GROCERS. CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

A WOMAN'S SUFFERING.

Was Troubled With Palpitation of the Heart, Extreme Weakness and Nervous Headaches.

In the little hamlet of Montrose, Wells and County, resides a lady who gives much credit to the curative power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The subject of this testimony is Mrs. Richard Hanna, an estimable lady who has resided in that locality for many years. A reporter seeking an interview with Mrs. Hanna found her willing to give full details, which are given in her own words. Five years ago I was taken ill. I attributed the trouble at the time to an injury sustained by a fall. Time went on and I did not get better. The symptoms of my complaint were palpitation of the heart, extreme weakness, stomach troubles and terrible headaches. I was very nervous, had no appetite and experienced much wakefulness at night. Finally I was compelled to take to my bed, being too weak to sit up any longer. In this condition I was treated at different times by three doctors, and took a great quantity of medicine but realized no benefit. Not one of my neighbors thought I would get well. In the meantime I thought myself that death would soon end my sufferings. One day Mrs. Smith of Port Robinson came to see me and persuaded my husband to procure for me some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and he purchased six boxes. After taking the six boxes I have improved very much and was able to be up, though yet too weak to walk. I sent for another six boxes and as a result consider my cure complete. I can relish food better, sleep soundly, and stand more fatigue than I could for years previous. Although I have passed the meridian of life I feel as healthy as when I was in my twenties. With great pleasure and a grateful heart I give this testimony.

The public is cautioned against numerous pink colored imitations of these famous pills. The genuine are sold only in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the words "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If your dealer does not have them they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brookville, Ont.

Practise people who have an explanation always ready are none too numerous. All the better, therefore, is the following story from the Gentlewoman:

The lawyer asked the witness if the incident previously alluded to was a miracle and the witness said he didn't know what a miracle was.

'Oh coom! said the attorney. 'Supposing you were looking out of a window in the twentieth story of a building and should fall out and not be injured. What would you call that?'

'An accident,' was the stolid reply. 'Yes, yes; but what else would you call it? Well suppose you were doing the same thing the next day; suppose you looked out of the twentieth story window and fell out, and again you find yourself uninjured, now what would you call that?'

'A coincidence,' said the witness. 'Oh, come, now,' the lawyer began again. 'I want you to understand what a miracle is, and I'm sure you do. Now, just suppose that on the third day you were looking out of the twentieth story window and fell out, and struck your head on the pavement twenty stories below and were not in the least injured. Come, now, what would you call it?'

'Three times I said the witness rousing a little from his apathy. 'Well, I'd call that a habit.' And the lawyer gave it up.

How Kate had Company. The housekeeper knows no such content as that which follows the solution of the servant problem. After a dozen misadventures, a Washington lady secured a colored woman who summed up all the virtues of waiting-maids. She was tidy, quiet, respectful, alert; never asked for an extra afternoon, and never had a visitor.

Judge, then of the amazement of her mistress, when one day, if we may believe the New York Sun, she heard the girl cry out in sharp, hysterical accents: 'How d'ye do, Aunt Jane! Well, gwankee, I declare! And Uncle Job, too! I's glad to see you, Miss I. Is. Well, do baby's come, too! W'y, you deah

if cully-head pickaninny, jus' you kias me dis minute! Well, I noveh! To think Aunt Sallie's along with you-all. I noveh was so glad to see you bato, noveh! I noveh's mothah! W'y for didn't she come 'long? She jus' might 'well's not. Mary, you jus' tell her how I hollered 'bout her!'

The mistress could stand it no longer. If all the darkeys of Virginia were to come trooping in, the kitchen would presently overflow into the parlor. She stepped to the kitchen door and opened it. There sat the girl entirely alone, busily shining her tins.

'Why, Kate!' said her mistress. 'Where are all your relatives? Where's they all here excepting your mother?'

'Deed, no, miss,' replied Kate. 'I'es jus' hometick, so I had to printon like I'es talking to the folks's ole I'd got to jus' set down and cry! I hope I ain't done nothin' wrong!'

'No,' replied her mistress, kindly, 'you've done nothing wrong? You're a good girl, Kate, and I'm glad to have you talk to your family whenever it will make you feel better.'

Have convinced people that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor should be given preference. Get rid of your corns; get rid of them without pain; use Putnam's Extractor and no other.

PORTER WHICH BURNED.

The Successful Scheme of a Rhymer to Make Money. A very wealthy, sedate and enterprising manufacturer in Pennsylvania has a brother who is trifling, dissipated and of course a spendthrift. Rat the fellow now and then displays remarkable ingenuity in 'making a raise.' All his life he has indulged, among other bad habits, that of writing execrable verse, much of which, however, he has managed to get printed.

Lately he conceived the monstrous idea of having all his stuff printed in a book and with the aid of an unscrupulous printer, succeeded in bringing out the 'work' in quite handsome shape. But in the most affectionate terms he 'dedicated the book to his wealthy brother, who regards near and disolute kinsman's 'poetry' as really the most reprehensible thing that the incorrigible fellow does.

But the rhymer and his 'black art accomplice' knew their business. They printed a large edition of the book and sent a copy to the wealthy man, who immediately purchased the entire edition and the plates and made 'words that burn' of the 'poems' by means of a bonfire. He also sent to his cruel brother and induced him to accept a salary to do nothing but throttle his verse fiend.

The wicked printer obtained capital enough to go to Chicago and carry on reputable printing establishment, and the bad brother in earning more money by keeping his verse fiend silent than better poets do by keeping their muses constantly at work—Woman's Home Companion.

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Willis' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Willis' English Pills are used. A. Chipman Smith & Co., Druggists, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. W. Hawker & Son, Druggists, 104 Prince William St., St. John, N. B. Chas. McGregor, Druggist, 137 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. W. C. R. Allan, Druggist, King St., St. John, N. B. E. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B. G. W. Hoban, Chemist, 357 Main St., St. John, N. B. R. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B. S. Wattars, Druggist, St. John, West, N. B. Wm. C. Wilson, Druggist, Cor. Union & Rodney Sts., St. John, N. B. C. P. Clarke, Druggist, 100 King St., St. John, N. B. S. H. Hawker, Druggist, Mill St., St. John, N. B. N. B. Smith, Druggist, 24 Dock St., St. John, N. B. G. A. Moore, Chemist, 109 Brussels St., St. John, N. B. O. Fairweather, Druggist, 100 Union St., St. John, N. B. Hastings & Pines, Druggists, 63 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

PERILS IN PHOTOGRAPHY

THEY WHO TAKE BIOGRAPH PHOTOGRAPHS ARE OFTEN IN DANGER.

There was a man who went to Cuba to take photographs of the Spanish-American war. He was in the harbor of San Juan, photographing the bombardment of the city.

There may be livelier and more exciting occupations than taking photographs for a moving picture concern, but it there are I haven't heard of them.

The remark was made in the office of one of the big biograph companies the other day by F. Armitage, an expert field photographer, who had been employed by the company for two or three years, and has accomplished some of its most difficult photographing achievements.

While taking pictures from a trolley car on the gorge road at Niagara Falls the car jumped the track and the man and machine narrowly escaped going into the river dangerously near the falls. On another occasion the man was thrown from a raft while photographing Cedar Rapids in the St. Lawrence river, but fortunately the accident did not occur until the rapids had nearly been passed.

An accident at Atlantic City again put the man in danger but produced an excellent picture. This occurred during the photographing of the fire department's response to an alarm. One of the engines ran down the big camera in making a turn and the man jumped aside, just in time. Fortunately the film box was not destroyed and the last view showed the fall of big gray horses tearing along at full gallop right out of the centre of the picture.

'When this moving picture business first came into existence,' said an operator. 'a favorite subject was the view of an express train going sixty miles an hour. The effectiveness of the view was heightened, of course, by showing the train as nearly head on as possible.

We tried to find how close to the track we could get our machine—and incidentally ourselves—without being overcome by the suction of the train. We found that there was no agreement among railroad men themselves on this point, but we finally figured it out that we could take up our stand five feet from the track if we had an anchorage.

'So we made ready to take a through express on one of the big roads and set up our camera, securely fastened, five feet from the track. There was a signal pole beside the machine, which we intended to use for our own anchorage.

'The man with me had some railroad experience, and I had relied largely on his opinion in arranging the business. Well, sir, when the express reached the curve and came toward us, it looked as though she was going to run over us. The ex-railroadman stood it for about two seconds then he dropped his ropes and bolted for the fence. I was tempted to follow, but I set my teeth, turned on the connection and started the reel. Then I grabbed the post and hung on for all I was worth. The train was a faction of a second in passing me, but it seemed like an hour.

The course of a human life has been divided into three periods of duration comprising twenty-five years each, the first being the ascent, or youth, from one to twenty-five years; the second, the level, or manhood, from twenty-five to fifty; and the third, the descent, or age, from fifty to seventy-five, five years being added to the Biblical estimate of threescore and ten years as the allotted period.

'Some of our attempts to make camera records of the events of the war,' says Mr. Mavin, 'were not successful. One of them was frustrated in a somewhat ridiculous way by circumstances temporarily beyond our control.

'We had followed Sampson's fleet eastward from Key West to Porto Rico. It was at the bombardment at San Juan. As that bombardment was our first opportunity to do any work, we were anxious, naturally, to get some good views. When the firing we steamed up toward the battlefields and got where we could take in the whole range of operations pretty well. We kept urging the captain of the yacht to get in nearer the shore, and he gradually did so.

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BORN.

- Holburn, Aug. 8, to the wife of A. N. Bayne, a son.
Lumberton, Aug. 4, to the wife of Titus Nix, a son.
North Park, Aug. 10, to the wife of Albert Downey, a son.
West Bay, July 16, to the wife of Dan McKillop, a son.
Winnipeg, Aug. 2, to the wife of W. E. Murphy, a son.
Lumberton, Aug. 4, to the wife of Freeman Venold, a son.
Hawthorn, July 26, to the wife of Ferris McDonald, a son.
Tatamagouche, July 18, to the wife of A. C. Miller, a son.
Cumberland, July 9, to the wife of Isaac Graham, a son.
Liverpool, Aug. 6, to the wife of Thomas Fisher, a son.
South Star, Aug. 6, to the wife of William Magrah, a son.
Lakerville, Aug. 6, to the wife of Jas. Mearns, a daughter.
Bridgewater, Aug. 7, to the wife of Simon Beck, a daughter.
Pleasantville, Aug. 2, to the wife of Abraham Corum, a son.
Amherst, Aug. 4, to the wife of David Turpey, a daughter.
North Sydney, Aug. 2, to the wife of M. Lawlor, a daughter.
New Glasgow, Aug. 6, to the wife of Dr. Wright, a son.
North Sydney, July 31, to the wife of L. W. Wilson, a son.
North Sydney, July 27, to the wife of W. McKen, a daughter.
Parrboro, Aug. 9, to the wife of Capt. Clarence Roberts, a son.
North Sydney, Aug. 2, to the wife of M. D. McLeod, a daughter.
British Columbia, Aug. 13, to the wife of Bently Gerrard, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- East Boston, Aug. 2, Chas. Laing to Bells McGregor.
St. Stephen, Aug. 9, Alex. R. McNabb to Flora E. Thompson.
Noel, Aug. 9, by Rev. Wm. Forbes, John Spratt to Helen O'Brien.
Williamston, Aug. 9, by Rev. D. Fiske, Thos. E. Gero, to Mrs. L. A. Adams Murray.
Lacville, Aug. 7, by Rev. R. Dixon, Thos. M. Oliver to Anna Lucas.
Sackville, Aug. 6, by Rev. R. Dixon, Reuben Liva to Dr. J. H. E. Hocking.
Gloucester, July 15, by Rev. J. Gillis, Michael McNeil to Mary A. McNeil.
Windsor, Aug. 1, by Rev. R. G. MacBeth, George Sims to Jennie Laing.
Barrington, Aug. 10, by Rev. J. E. Goalin, Jethro Kenny to Louisa Hopkins.
Digby, Aug. 3, by Rev. Byron Thomas, Chas. L. Gault to Pearl E. Franklin.
Windsor, Aug. 9, by Rev. Hiram Wallace, Wm. MacDougal to Rose McPhee.
Pouquet, Aug. 2, by Rev. W. H. Ness, A. C. Thomson to Eliza Creelman.
Harcourt, Aug. 6, by Rev. J. E. McClure, Robert Walker to Lillian Sealwood.
Apothiqui, Aug. 8, by Rev. J. S. Sutherland, Percy Sargent to Jessie Buchanan.
Debert, Aug. 6, by Rev. G. N. Chipman, A. W. DeLaurier to Bertha McCully.
Deer Island, Aug. 8, by Rev. S. A. Bayley, Calvin Conley to Hortense Richardson.
Sherbrooke, Aug. 7, by Rev. J. D. McFarland, W. R. Montgomery to Carol Falconer.
Brooklyns, Hants Co., Aug. 7, by Rev. R. O. Armstrong, Alex. Forbes to Ethel Fader.
Cahns, July 29, by Rev. A. Fiedlerford, Geo. F. Long to Mrs. M. S. Murray.
Cumberland Bay, Aug. 2, by Rev. L. J. Wasson, Frederick Wasson to Mrs. Sadie Elsworth.
Hebron, Aug. 8, by Rev. D. C. S. Wallace and Rev. J. H. F. Rogers to Georgina M. Crosby.

DIED.

- St. John, Aug. 11, Alice O'Neill.
Milton, Aug. 8, Watson Semmond, 48.
Sussex, Aug. 7, Lucy Eville, 87.
St. John, Aug. 13, William Adams, 47.
Lakerville, Aug. 10, Alex. McLeod, 78.
Cape Leo, C. B. Donald McLeod, 90.
Guysboro Co., Aug. 7, John Nelson, 90.
Westport, Aug. 4, Capt. J. D. Payne, 78.
St. John, Aug. 9, M. F. Bruce, M. D., 48.
St. John, Aug. 12, William McKenna, 43.
Wallace, Aug. 8, Dr. Z. N. Kompton, 60.
Cove Bay, Aug. 9, Elizabeth Osborne, 67.
St. John, Aug. 10, Hon. A. L. Palmer, 79.
Punkhook, Aug. 7, Mr. Eben C. Forter, 78.
Brighton, Aug. 4, Isaac G. Hutchinson, 81.
Annapolis, Aug. 10, Wellington Selhart, 68.
Memramook, Aug. 2, Philip J. Gendat, 68.
Hill Grove, Aug. 8, Mrs. Adella Goring, 87.
Halifax, Aug. 9, Mrs. Margaret Johnson, 82.
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Colchester, Aug. 7, Jesse Flemming, J. F. 85.
Mira Road, C. B. 4892, David B. Horn, 80.
Yarmouth, Aug. 4, Mrs. Matilda Goodwin, 80.
Hill Grove, Aug. 4, Mr. George W. Snyder, 78.
Georgetown, Aug. 7, James Stirling, 61.
Harvey, A. Co., Aug. 1, Nehemiah Stevens, 61.
Lumberton, Florence May, wife of C. W. Lane, 60.
Westmorland Co., Aug. 7, William A. Spence, 64.
St. John, Aug. 7, Mrs. E. wife of Capt. W. B. Wadsworth.
Harcourt, Miss Aug. 12, Constantine, wife of George Stewart.
Georgetown, Aug. 8, Stanley Holland, in 82nd son of Daniel and Anna Goring.
Brooklyns, Queen, Aug. 4, Dorcas P. wife of Capt. Albert Godfrey, 48.
New Glasgow, Aug. 7, Wm. C. MacGibbon, 60.
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Mixed Paint advertisement for Sherwin-Williams Paints, featuring images of paint cans and text describing the quality and uses of the paint.

Canadian Pacific Saturday Suburban Excursion advertisement, listing routes and fares for various destinations like South Bay, Grand Bay, and Riverbank.

Dominion Atlantic Ry. Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert advertisement, detailing steamship services and express train routes.

S.S. Prince George and S.S. Prince Arthur advertisement, listing Yarmouth and Boston services and fares.

Intercolonial Railway advertisement, providing information on train schedules and fares between various cities.

Manhattan Steamship Co. advertisement, listing routes to New York, Eastport, and St. John, N. B., and providing contact information for agents.

The Yarmouth S. S. Co. advertisement, detailing steamship services for Boston and Halifax, including ship names like 'Boston' and 'Yarmouth'.