

PROGRESS.

VOL. XIII., NO. 675

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY AUGUST 10, 1901.

PR. FIVE CENT

THE POLICE CAUSE TALK.

And as usual the Reason Centres Around the Pet Sergeant of the Chief.

The aldermen have at last taken hold of the complaint of Officer Napier against Sergeant Campbell and in an unmistakable fashion, at their meeting on Wednesday afternoon, decided that the chief of police should hold a proper and full investigation into the matter.

It does seem strange that it is necessary for the civic rulers to interfere in such a simple affair, but the fact remains that although Napier made the charge a considerable time ago no effort has really been made on the part of the chief to ascertain whether Sergeant Campbell was guilty or not of the offence laid at his door.

There is no doubt that in making the charge Napier has taken his position in his hands. If through want of evidence or through any miscarriage of justice Sergeant Campbell should be found not guilty the youthful officer who has had the energy to stand up and brave the opinion of his chief might just as well hand in his resignation.

He has, however, able counsel in the person of Dr. Stockton, who, it may be assumed, will not permit any such investigations as have been held before this without raising his voice against them. So far as his letters up to date to the council read they place the chief of police in an awkward position. The "investigation" which the chief said he held was more in the nature of a farce than anything that has occurred in police circles for a long time.

To call the accused into his office in the presence of the accused, who had been there some time before, and ask him in an off hand way what he had to say regarding the charge against Sergeant Campbell (the accused) is about as ridiculous a piece of investigation as can be imagined, and then because Officer Napier (the accuser), having left his case in the hands of Dr. Stockton, answers that it will be necessary for him to consult him before he replies, the result of the investigation is handed into the aldermen in such a distorted form that they think the affair amounts to really nothing.

It is well known on the force, though it can only be whispered, that, so far as Campbell is concerned, he can do no wrong in the eyes of the chief. For some years PROGRESS has explained this from time to time but it seems to be only recently that the righteousness of this officer has been placed very prominently before the public. When that new police regulations were to be enforced it was no surprise to those who were in the secrets of the force to learn that Campbell would be one of the chief sergeants selected by the chief. There were older men on the force, who had been sergeants even before Campbell joined, who had done their duty year after year without making themselves objectionable to the people or servants to their chief. They did not stoop to shovel sidewalks, to carry ashes or to carry horses. They had too much respect for themselves and for their position to do anything of this sort. They did not even wish for pleasure excursions to Spruce Lake and the opportunity to build wharves and row boats and such like for the pleasure of their superior officer and in consequence, when promotion was the order of the day they were left in the rear. It has remained for the chief to select as his favorite on the force, a man who has made himself so thoroughly objectionable to a large portion of the citizens that they look with a suspicious eye upon any piece of apparent cruelty that comes under their notice in the nature of an arrest when this officer makes it.

Napier's charge against Campbell is to the effect that he made a false charge against him which caused his suspension and that all his efforts to secure redress from the chief have failed. The chief in making his report to the council from the star chamber investigation—if it can be called an investigation takes the occasion to say that Napier has given him more trouble than any other man on the force. If this statement is true it is a wonder, with the power that the chief has, that Napier has remained a policeman.

But it is pretty well understood that

Napier has been as good an officer, if not a better one, than many of those who seek and have the chief's favor. He is popular with the people, always presents a neat appearance, apparently finds no trouble in getting along with the rougher element and is rather inclined to assist a man who is under the influence of liquor to his home than to drag him roughly to the police station to lie there all night and either forfeit eight or ten dollars or to be an object of public contempt on the following morning. Napier is not known to make three o'clock arrests for the sake of getting home and having a sleep. It would be well for the force if as much could be said of all the men on the roll.

Let the investigation go on. It is a pity it could not be a proper one and include all the charges it is possible to make against this favorite sergeant.

Bad judgment, bad temper and whiskey caused a very serious and disagreeable disturbance at Torryburn on the afternoon of Tuesday last, the day on which the Bishop's picnic was held on the beautiful grounds there.

The disturbance did not occur on the grounds but on the premises of William Newcombe, a tavern keeper who is licensed to sell liquor nearly opposite the present railway station at that place.

Newcombe looks upon picnic days, more particularly upon those on which the Bishop's and St. Peter's picnics are held as being harvest days in his business. This is undoubtedly correct, for a number of those who attend the pleasure party in the afternoon have found it more congenial for them to be at the bar of the tavern than to loiter on the grounds and enjoy the simple and innocent sports that are held there.

This year was no exception to the rule in fact, by evening there was a greater number of the rougher element present than there has been for some time. Mr. Newcombe endeavors to guard against any serious disturbances in his place by securing the services of police officers from the city the night of whose brass buttons and batons have in the past been sufficient to quell any disturbances that might arise.

This year his application for this sort of assistance was complied with by the chief of police sending his deputy chief, F.W. Jenkins, and his chief and favorite sergeant, Campbell, to guard Mr. Newcombe against any harm that might come to him from turbulent and whiskey laden people.

The morning passed off pleasantly and the officers enjoyed the day quite as much as any body. Indeed PROGRESS is not quite sure whether their presence was required at all in the morning or if they were in evidence, but they were certainly there in the afternoon until quite a late hour in the evening. As the day wore on the boys began to feel the effects of long ales and short whiskies and while there were several little "scraps" nothing of any importance resulted. No body was hurt and no body expected to be. As the time approached for the departure of the trains several of those about Newcombe's found that there was hardly space in the bar for their accommodation. Certainly the trade was a rushing one and it was just as difficult to get out of the place as it was to get in. Sergeant Campbell, so the story goes, stood in the doorway and was not just as gentle in his handling of those who blocked the entrance as he might have been. His presence there acted upon a certain portion of the crowd in just about the same way as a red flag effects a bull. Many of them had felt his strong hand before and some of them knew that their condition at the time of arrest did not warrant the rough treatment they received. There is an old saying that chickens come home to roost and certainly Sergeant Campbell was at the close of that day quite able to certify to the truth of it. His first encounter was with a young man named O'Neill and this seemed to be the signal for a decided rush upon him and after upon deputy chief Jenkins who came to his rescue. The boys were not sober and they soon became ex-

cited and maddened at the free use Campbell made of his baton. No body will attempt to say that he did not make a proper use of it because he was in danger at even the beginning of the fight of getting a bad beating. It was only natural that he should defend himself and those who saw him do it give him credit for putting up as strong a fight as was ever made by an officer in these parts against a gang of assailants. Jenkins did not appear so prominent in the fray probably because his baton was wrenched from him before he had an opportunity of using it. He received a severe blow on the forehead with it. Both men were knocked down, kicked and bruised and tumbled about until wiser council prevailed and the gang desisted from their attack.

There are so many sides to the story that even at this day it is difficult to get at the right one. There is no doubt that both parties were in the wrong. In the first place Campbell was aggressive where he might have, by conciliation, prevailed upon the crowd to do what he failed to effect by force.

A gentleman who knows both the police and the crowd well asserts with confidence that had Officer Boyle been in Campbell's place there would have been no disturbance whatever. There can be no justification of the wholesale assault upon both officers. If one or two men committed a breach of the peace or fell under their displeasure that was no reason why all their friends should rush in and commit a wholesale and aggravated assault upon the constables. Deputy chief Jenkins and Sergeant Campbell were not there as police officers but as county constables.

They are sworn in to do duty as police officers in the city of St. John and in the county they are only constables. However four of the assailants of the officers were arrested, three others besides the one mentioned namely, Doherty, Daley and Connolly. Examination of them was postponed from Wednesday until Thursday evening when Campbell gave his evidence and one or two others. At the time of writing, Officer Jenkins was unable to attend court.

An Excursion Up River.

Mr. LeBaron Robertson has chartered the steamer Flushing and proposes running an excursion to Ashland Farm in order to give any who wish to see the yacht races an opportunity of doing so. The trip will no doubt be a pleasant one.

They Looked Well.

The Knights of Pythias had a beautiful day for their annual banquet to decorate the graves of their deceased brethren. The order never appeared to better advantage than it did on Thursday last. The flowers were beautiful and the ceremony a most interesting one.

Wants a Proper Sidewalk.

Mr. James DeLeon of Indian town complains of the street department not providing a proper sidewalk in front of his premises. He says that the matter has been brought to the attention of the alderman for the ward repeatedly but nothing has resulted. He is justly indignant.

PROGRESS

Page 1.—This page speaks for itself. Read it.

Page 2.—Stories from the pen of clever writers—Lawyers and their clients in the religious world.

Page 3.—In theatrical and musical circles. Talk about many well known stage people.

Page 4.—Editorials on Timely Subjects—A summary of the news of the week—Poetry, etc.

Pages 5, 6, 7, and 8.—Doings in the Social World—Chat from many local places.

Page 9.—Persons of Interest—The Duke and Duchess of York and their party—Gossip of people in high life.

Page 10.—The concluding chapter of PROGRESS serial story entitled "A Great Fall."

Page 11.—Fashions—What is interesting the ladies at the present time in the way of dress.

Page 12.—"The Saving of a Life"—A pretty story of a home coming gathering, births, deaths and marriages.

OBSERVANCE OF THE LAW.

The Sabbath as a Day of Recreation—An Act That Produces Much Criticism From Certain Quarters.

Since the Governor-General's visit there has been more or less discussion over the Sunday Observance law. The Alliance that exists in this city has been most diligent in their attempt to enforce a strict keeping of the Lord's Day. In this they have worked most conscientiously and though certain steps they have taken have not always met with universal approval, yet no one will say that the alliance has not always acted along the lines of what it considered its duty.

There are many in the community, however, and good christian people at that, who do not believe in the Sunday Observance law as it exists. They claim that it is too stringent in some respects, while it is less so in others. While all agree that the Sabbath should be properly kept and laws to that end should be made and enforced, there remains much ground for contention just how far these laws should go. The press of the country recognize that much fault is to be found with the present state of affairs but it has little to say on the subject. The reason of this no doubt is the press is afraid of giving offense. It is one of those subjects that it does not like to touch upon and so the public gains no knowledge from this source what the actual state of public sentiment is.

The Religious Intelligencer, an organ of the Baptist denomination in this Province discusses at some length the question of Sunday observance and among other things says:—

"It is generally, if not universally agreed that the setting apart by God of one day in seven, one day of rest succeeding six days of labour, is a wise and beneficent arrangement for man. The Sabbath was made for man, by Him who made man and knew perfectly his condition, constitution and needs physically and morally. The uniformity with which the worth and importance of regular periodical cessation from labour, has been affirmed, wherever the question has been intelligently investigated, is strikingly remarkable. Philo sophers, physiologists, political economists, social reformers, priests and statesmen have made elaborate researches upon this subject and always with the same results. They all declare that the rest of one day after the labor of six, is essential to man's health and longevity. Indeed the importance and need of this institution is so apparent that the observance of one day in seven for rest from labor, has become a civil institution amongst the most enlightened nations of the world."

With the sentiments here expressed, few if any will disagree but they do not touch the real question and that is what kind of a day should constitute a day of rest. For example is an enactment that prohibits a man from obtaining a glass of soda water on a Sunday, or if he should take his family to the Park on a Sabbath afternoon, prohibits him from purchasing lemonade, laws that tend to make the day one of recreation? Might it not be said that such restriction have the very opposite effect? All laws interfere with a man's liberty more or less, but if legislation is made that limits one's freedom, and the freedom it curtails is harmless, then it has no right on the statute book, and it is just this that many persons are asking if the Sunday Observance law does not do. Laws may be made prohibiting one from taking a walk or drive on Sunday and innumerable other acts may be passed and all called Sunday Observance laws, but the enforcement of such would not make the Sabbath a better day. Instead such legislation would tend to make man look upon the seventh day, not one of recreation, but one of deprivation and anything but a kindly feeling may spring up in connection with the Lord's Day.

People in a free country like Canada must be allowed to think and act for them selves, so long as their actions do not interfere or are contra to public morals. They want to feel that the Sabbath is indeed a day of rest and not one in which they must become slaves to severe laws. Little fault can be found with many if they

think that their day of rest is beginning to be a little too much hemmed in. There is reason in all things and those who are so anxious for the upraising of mankind should not be slow in looking at matters from a broad standpoint.

NOT REPRESENTED.

Persons Who Were Not Invited to Attend the Late Functions.

The recent visit of Lord and Lady Minto to this province was much enjoyed by all. That their Excellencies were greatly pleased with the hospitality extended to them on all sides, is quite apparent. Persons everywhere joined with enthusiasm in making their short sojourn amongst us one not easily to be forgotten. New Brun swickers well know how to entertain their guests and in the reception given to the governor general and his estimable wife the province fully sustained its past record for hearty and magnanimous receptions.

It is quite true that one hears much criticism from certain quarters, and some of it no doubt, is quite reasonable about the way the vice-regal party were received and of the manner in which they were entertained. This is not unexpected. It would have been impossible to have carried out the affair entirely to the satisfaction of all. Mistakes were bound to occur. Some of these mistakes did not detract from the enjoyment of our visitors and need not be dwelt upon. Others, however, which no doubt were occasioned through neglect are to be much regretted inasmuch as they have given cause for ill feeling in some quarters and among certain people.

In this latter connection may be mentioned the omission of extending invitations to the Bishop of St. John and the Bishop of Fredericton to be present at any of the functions. Those two dignitaries, the heads of two of the most important denominations in the Province, as far as can be ascertained, received no recognition. Such should not have been the case. The question of religion does not enter into the right or wrong of the matter. If other denominations besides the Roman Catholics and Episcopalians had their head residing in this Province, they were just as much entitled to be thought of. In a christian country like ours the three great forces are the State, the Church and the Militia, and though it is true that there is no established church here, at the same time it would be regrettable to think that the Holy gospel were not considered one of the greatest powers in the land.

The passing over of the Bishop of Fredericton was more striking than the omission to honor the bishop of St. John from the fact that in the former case, their excellencies visited the Cathedral at Fredericton and were received by His Lordship and though right after this visit to the church the vice regal party were entertained at dinner by the governor of the province, the bishop did not figure as one of the guests. Fault can scarcely be found if some persons not only Episcopalians but others who are leaders in religion feel annoyed that though at this dinner, the State, the militia and education were represented the great cause of christianity was not considered. It is hoped the error was an accident but such accidents should not be allowed to occur.

A Great Convention.

The Knight Templars are making extensive preparations for the reception of the Grand Priory of Canada, which convenes here next Tuesday. An interesting programme has been arranged, including parades, receptions and entertainments of various kinds. Hon. Senator Ellis who is at the head of the order in the Dominion will preside at the convulsions. It is expected that some three hundred Knights will be in attendance.

Still Coming.

The tourist travel still keeps up and the American boats still continue to bring their hundreds of travellers. All are delighted with our beautiful climate.

July 24, Winslow Anthony to
e 25, R. A. Beckwith to Bes
July 23, F. H. Bartheaux to
July 24, Donald Glensie to

DEAD.

er Moore, 86.
ive Boyce, 181.
John Cook, 91.
John Langdale, 81.
rick J Corbett, 42.
arles Morrison, 65.
ardock McIver, 81.
Albert Stanger, 65.
H F Warrington, 65.
William O'Mullin, 82.
Arthur E Ingraham, 37.
y 16, Mary E Graves.
Alta O'Brien, 7 months.
ary, wife of F H Hilton.
ills Langley, 11 months.
r, George W Dawson, 63.
Mrs Melvina E Ridley, 64.
Rebecca, wife of Hugh Finlay.

July 18, Capt David Morrissey
y 21, Mrs Annie McQuarrie,
Georgia J, wife of Alex E
Lillias, wife of Charles W
ghter of Mr and Mrs Charles
Margaret, wife of Hamilton
rab, widow of the late W G
o, Saie, daughter of Jabez
ary E child of Mr and Mrs
y 15, Frances Augusta, wife
Mary E daughter of Mr and
Winnie, daughter of Mr and
y 12,
Harold Miller, infant son of
Mrs J
a M child of Mr and Mrs
o months
athleen G daughter of Mr
y 23,
Mrs Catherine, infant child
n Brown, 4 months.

ROADS.

ial Railway

AY June 10th, 1901, train
s accepted) as follows:—

LEAVE ST. JOHN

Ampton.....5.30
Campbellton.....7.15
Chatham.....11.05
Chatham, return.....11.50
.....11.50
.....12.30
.....12.30
.....12.30
.....12.30
.....12.30

ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

4 Sydney.....6.00
Ampton.....7.15
Chatham.....11.05
Chatham, return.....11.50
.....11.50
.....12.30
.....12.30
.....12.30
.....12.30
.....12.30

Eastern Standard time
D. POTTINGER,
Gen. Manager
L.L. C. T. A.
76 St. John, N.B.

IAN CIFIC

RAIN SERVICE.

John,
June 10th, 1901.
ard Time.)
cept Sunday.
URES.
ing Yanket, for Bangor,
Boston, connecting for
A. Andrews, St. Stephen,
St. John and points North-
OHN TO BOSTON.
on to Westford.
ress, Wednesdays and
to Westford.
Line Express, connect-
for Ottawa, Toronto,
Chicago and Chicago, and
erial Limited" for Win-
to cover. Connects to
second class coaches to
John to Lewis (opposite
Boston, St. John to
First and second class
for Bangor, Portland
Train stops at Grand
H. Ballentine, Westfield
and Westford. Connects
to Montreal, Woodstock,
after July 1st) Boston
of Montreal Express
train at McAdam Jct.
accommodation, mak-
for Westford.
L.L.C.
ing.
ress.
Westford.
ress, Wednesday and
from Westford.
Westford.

A. J. HEATH,
D. P. A., C. P. R.
St. John N. B.

Good Stories by Clever Writers.

TRY TO DECEIVE LAWYERS.

Some Clients Who Can't or Won't Tell the Truth.

'One would imagine,' said a lawyer, 'that a sane man who hired a lawyer to conduct a suit for him would tell his adviser the exact truth about his case. Long experience has taught me that the truth-telling client is almost exceptional and that the average human being is incapable of stating the exact truth in a matter that involves his personal interest. Usually he favors himself, though I have known instances where in trying to be fair he overdid it and favored his opponent.'

'Some of these clients practice wilful deception, others are self-deceived. A case in point was that of a very respectable business man, who was a church member. He was on a trolley car that was rammed by another car, and was injured. His was an absolutely good case and any jury in the land would have given him two or three thousand dollars if he held to the truth. But he told us that all the physical ills that he had were due to that collision, and we knew better.'

'Why Mr J—,' we said, 'you fell from a load of hay and injured your hips in 1858 and you were hurt in a car accident in 1894.'

'Yes,' he replied, 'but I had got all over those hurts.'

'You were lame, you walked with a cane at the time of this last accident your neighbors will all testify to that.'

'No, no. I did have a cane for a time, but before this last accident happened all the lameness was gone and I was as supple and as smart as a man of 20 years.'

'Now look here, Mr J—, that won't do. If you try that story on a jury they'll give a verdict against you. They'll believe your whole case is wrong. We'll retire from this matter unless you agree to tell what we know is the truth—that some of your injuries remained from the old accidents, but this new one aggravated them.'

'He argued and fought but finally promised to testify as we told him and on the day of trial we put him on the witness stand. To our disgust he went right back to his old story, which was so manifestly false that the jury found against him. Yet to this very day, he will argue that his absurd fiction was true.'

'Another case which had some similar features was that of a spinster who had a valid claim for injuries against a railroad company. She was getting on a car which suddenly started, throwing her to the street. There were honest injuries and she should have won the suit, but she could not tell the truth. She was of a hysterical tendency and the accident increased this to such an extent that she developed a hysterical knee—that is a knee which hysteria made her say and believe was impaired. She walked lame and favored the knee even unconsciously. She insisted that there was a lack of sensation and partial paralysis. We had experts examine her, but they found no injury, no inflammation or swelling and were convinced that the injury was purely imaginary.'

'She also had imaginary trouble with her eyes, limiting the field of vision and weakening them to such an extent that she was compelled to wear glasses. We had two experts examine her eyes with instruments and they found them to be absolutely normal. We were afraid that she would kill her case with imaginary injuries. So we told her that we were convinced that her eyes were all right and her knees also.'

'At the trial she made matters worse by reverting to her injuries in answering each question that was asked her after this fashion:—

'What part of the car were you in?'

'I was in the last seat on the left hand side, and since that time I have not been able to see to read without glasses.'

'We expected to be beaten, but a settlement was offered and so we got out of the matter better than we hoped.'

'A very pretty girl came to us one time with a claim against the elevated road. She was angry.'

'I wear glasses now, she said; 'I never had to wear them before the accident.'

'I pointed out that anybody could wear glasses, but she insisted that no matter what the doctors said she did have the great injury she alleged.'

As she was getting on a train it started and she was thrown between two cars. It

is a great wonder she was not killed. She alleged she had received serious injuries and we investigated and found that the accident had occurred as she stated. So we began suit.

'After a little time we discovered that she had been deceiving us and calling her to my office I accused her of it.'

'You have had suits against railroad companies before,' I said.

'Only twice before,' she answered.

'And you have not given us your real name.'

'That's the name I go by.'

'Well, I shall discontinue the case.'

'Don't you believe I had the accident?'

'Yes, but not the injuries.'

'Well, wouldn't they give a little something?'

'No.'

'All right,' she concluded and walked away apparently quite contented.

'Clients like these are likely to get a lawyer into very serious trouble because no one believes him when he says that he has been deceived.'

'A barber came to me one time and persuaded me to begin suit against a railroad company alleging very serious and probably permanent injuries including paralysis which, of course, did not extend to his tongue but interfered with his business so far as the work of his hands was concerned.'

'It would have been an amusing case if it had gone to trial, but I doubt that I would have enjoyed it. The communications of our friend, the barber, were not distinguished by exact accuracy. In fact so far as his injuries were concerned he had been indulging in one of those flights of fancy for which the race is celebrated.'

'While he was pretending to us to be paralyzed the railroad company had been sending him claim agents to shave and he had ministered to them with a deftness and discursive to them with a fluency that left little doubt as to his being in fine feather. We discovered the truth of the matter in time and discontinued, much to the disgust of the barber who had hoped to exhibit the graces of his conversation in court.'

Imitative Tots at Play.
Wordsworth's lines of a child at play, as if his whole vocation were endless imitation, were recently recalled by a conversation overheard in the children's ward at a provincial hospital.

A little girl, whose role was that of a nurse, rang an imaginary telephone on the wall to talk to her companion at the farther end of the room, who played the part of doctor.

'Hello!' said the nurse. 'Is that the doctor?'

'Yes,' answered her companion in a deep voice; 'this is the doctor.'

'This lady is very ill,' he was informed.

'Well, what seems to be the matter?'

'She has swallowed a whole bottle of ink,' said the nurse.

The doctor, not flurried, inquired what had been done for the patient; but the nurse, too, was ready in emergencies.

She answered: 'I gave her two pads of blotting paper!'

Tea On The Terrace.

Stand any afternoon of the season at the entrance of the lobby of the house of commons, which is, incidentally, the route to the ever alluring Terrace, and you will realize that members who are disgusted with the present 'feminizing' of parliament are not tilting windmills.

The scene in rotunda and lobbies resembles much more a crowded afternoon reception than the outskirts of a solemn legislative body.

Smart women in the most fetching of summer toilets outnumber the silk-hatted and frock-coated M. P.s three or four to one, and at the police-guarded entrance to the house itself there is a large crowd of waiting women, who have sent in their cards to such members as they fancy may be coaxed into doing the honors of the Terrace.

The famous Terrace is really a most delightful place. Handsomely tiled in small flags, and pleasantly shaded, it commands a splendid view of the Thames, with Westminster Bridge, St. Thomas' Hospital and Lambeth palace all in the picture, and no matter how outside London may be persisting, on the Terrace there is always a breeze.

Nowadays the crush is greatest at 5 p. m., when every table is occupied and more are wanted, and the neat waitresses have a much difficulty in fighting their way in through the press with tea and scones and strawberries and cream as members find in forcing their way out in answer to the imperative summons of the division bell.

The domestic conveniences of the house of commons, to whose completeness is largely due the frequent reference to that department of state as 'the finest club in the world,' and to the patronage of which Mr. Burns declares that members are much too prone, include dining, smoking, reading, and bath rooms, to say nothing of a barber shop, for the introduction of which members have to thank Herbert Gladstone. Members of the house who prefer to dine out are not altogether without justification.

Grasshopper Pie in the Philippines.

'One thing I have found out since coming to the Philippines,' writes a Kansas boy, 'and that is how to catch grasshoppers and prepare them for food. The Filipinos not only make grasshopper pies and cakes but they pound them into powder and steeping them in water, drink it.'

'There are several methods used by the natives for catching grasshoppers. The most effective is the net. This is a large butterfly net, arranged with netting placed over a loop and to the latter is fixed a piece of flat wood about 10 inches in diameter. If the grasshoppers pass over one's own property this method is used, for then all the grasshoppers killed by swinging this instrument throughout the clouds of grasshoppers as they pass over are dropped to the ground and can be picked up at leisure.'

Another method consists of exploding cartridges in the midst of the swarm. After an effective explosion the ground is covered with them. But this is very expensive and is seldom used. Grasshopper catching is a profitable business in the Philippines. They sell at \$2 a sack.

'I never saw a native eat a green grasshopper, but I have seen them eat the dried ones by pocketful. The housewife in the Philippines takes considerable delight in placing a nice grasshopper pie before you. Great care is taken in preparing them, so that they do not lose any of their form.'

Base Ball As A Rest-Cure.

Plausibly defended by a Western paper which suggests that the enthusiasts who support it do not do so because, as they affirm, they 'like the game.' If they liked the game they would want to play it, just as a fisherman wants to fish and not to watch some other fellow. What they really enjoy is the opportunity to relax—to yell, gesticulate talk nonsense and act in a way that, if they duplicated the performance on the street, would expose them to suspicion of insanity. Of course. To get away from conventionality and honesty to act out his emotions does a man good, sometimes. Better for him to do it at the expense of a 'professional,' who is paid to yell at, than to stretch his lungs against the peace of his friends or his family.

Assistants—Is the meaning of this poem absolutely incomprehensible to you?
Magazine Editor—Absolutely! You're going to accept it, aren't you?
Assistant—Oh yes. But I wasn't willing to trust my own judgement.

The man I marry must—
I know all about it dear, interrupted her dearest friend. You have it all planned out in your mind, and you'll never, never, never marry a man who isn't foolish enough to ask you.

Judge—We are now going to read you a list of your former convictions.
Prisoner—In that case, perhaps your lordship will allow me to sit down.

Some girls love company so much, observed the monarch of the cracker barrel, that it is a wonder they are not called Misery.

Russell—The people out in Englewood used to annoy me by tethering their billy goats to posts in my lots.
Van Hooke—How did you put a stop to it?

Russell—I simply put up a sign:—Post No Bills on This Property.

'Poor Emersonia has a very severe cold,' said Mrs. Backbay to Mrs. Bosting.
'Yes, the poor child took off her heavy-weight spectacles and put on her summer eyeglasses too soon replied the latter.'

PROGRESS for sale at all bookstores.
To prove to you that Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. See a box at all dealers or EDWARDS, BATES & CO., Toronto.

Piles
Dr. Chase's Ointment

Sunday Reading.

Your Father Knoweth.

God is not ignorant concerning what we want or what is good for us. It was Jesus who said: 'And seek not ye what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, neither be ye of doubtful mind?' Then He gave the reason: 'Your father knoweth that ye have need of these things.'

The way some good people keep on worrying about how they will make out in the future, what they will get to eat and how they will be clothed and sheltered is something that shows a sad lack of belief in God. What kind of a Father do such people imagine they have? Can it be that they have an idea that they have a heavenly Father who does not care whether they are provided for or not? Can it be that they believe that God takes no interest in their welfare? Or, do they have an idea that God goes on long journeys to some out-of-the-way place where He is all alone and beyond the call of His children?

God is everywhere. He never slumbers nor sleeps, but is on the watch to attend to the wants of those of his children who feel the need of his assistance and who ask for it in faith in the name of Jesus.

Readers, you have not an ignorant God who knows naught about you. You have such a careful God that even the hairs of your head are numbered. Yes, you have a God who cares for the smallest matters that interests you. A God who even careth for the sparrows will not forget to look out for those who are fashioned after his own image.

God is good and kind to us every day in the week. He cared for you last Sunday, and was just as careful concerning you last Monday. He is so good that he even showers His blessings down upon his bad children as well as His good children. What a good Father He is to all!

And He is a good and faithful Father because in the future He will in His own just way, reward His good children and suitably punish those who rebel against Him.

Your Father knoweth exactly how to deal with you. In the days of prosperity He is your friend and in the hours of adversity He is your best friend. What is good for you He will give you under proper conditions, and what is bad for you he will withhold from you. How fortunate it is or us that we have a God who knoweth the things we need; for it is a fact that we do not know much concerning our needs. We think we know, but thinking is not knowing.

If we could obtain all the things we think we want how badly we would like the man who placed a belt containing gold upon his person and then jumped from the sinking vessel, only to be drowned by the weight of his riches.

Last week the daily newspapers gave an account of a man, who made no claim to be a child of God, being taken to an insane asylum, where he died. He had been suddenly made rich and had spent his wealth in riotous living. He carried his load of wealth less than two years. It is no wonder that the load was his ruin, for he had not the experience necessary to carry successfully such a burden.

Put implicit trust in your Father, for He is the only one who knows you thoroughly. He has looked into your heart, under stands your weaknesses, reads your thoughts and knows you through and through.

You may think you are abundantly able to take care of yourself but there is a day coming when you will sicken and die and that will be a time when you will want your soul to be taken care of by Him who gave it to you.

Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and all other necessary things will be given you.

There are in Europe, 384,500,000 Christians, 6,600,000 Jews. In all America there are 126,400,000 Christians; the Jews and heathen are not given. In Asia, there are 12,600,000 Christians, 109,500,000 Mohammedans, 200,000 Jews, and 667,800,000 pagans. In Africa are 4,400,000 Christians, 36,000,000 Moslem 400,000 Jews, 91,000,000 heathen. And in Oceania there are 9,700,000 Christians, 24,700,000 Moslem and 4,400,000 heathen. There are in Great Britain 5,400,000 Catholics and 37,700,000 Protestants; in France the Catholics are 37,700,000 and Protestants only 700,000; in Germany there are 18,600,000 Catholics and 32,700,000 Protestants; in Russia are 8,800,000 Catholics, 3,100,000 Protestants, and 78,800,000 Greeks; in Austria are 38,800,000 Catholics, 4,100,000 Protestants and 13,900,000 Greeks; of 81,160,000 in Italy, only 60,000 are Protestants; of 22,700,000 in Spain and Portugal only 10,000 are Pro-

testants; in Scandinavia are 9,290,000 Protestants and only 10,000 Catholics; in Belgium and Holland are 7,990,000 Catholics and 2,710,000 Protestants; in the Balkan States, 1,900,000 Catholics, 4,180,000 Protestants, and 42,400,000 Greeks. Europe all told has 187,500,000 Catholics, 81,900,000 Protestants, and Greeks.

In the United States are 62,800,000 Protestants and 9,900,000 Catholics. The Philippine and adjacent islands have 8,700,000 Catholics and 200,000 Protestants. In the whole world there are 340,000,000 Catholics, 168,800,000 Protestants, and 98,800,000 Greeks, or a total of 607,600,000 Christians in a population of 1,544,609,000. It is a striking fact that Protestants are increasing in numbers much faster than Catholics; the family lands are Protestant. Between 1892 and 1897, Catholics increased by 2,960,000, while the Protestant increase was 2,880,000.

'He never amounted to much did he?'

'No; but then the poor fellow never had half a chance.'

'How was that?'

'He was considered a prodigy when he was young, and was treated accordingly.'

'Was it a love match?'

'I guess so. Anyhow, it was a match all right enough. There's evidence of that.'

'What evidence?'

'You wouldn't ask if you could hear her sputter when she's refused a new gown.'

Mrs. Briderly—If you really, loved me you never would have taken a flat on the top floor.

Briderly—Why not?

Mrs. Briderly—Only think, when you come home from the office how much longer it takes—

He wrote her of his love and begged she would not spurn it.

(Ah he was poor in everything gall.)
The daughter of the editor, alas! did not return it.

Because he hadn't any stamps at all.

'Did—did you ever about a man?'

questioned the tenderfoot of Pepperhole Pete.

'See here, young fellow!' bawled Pepperhole Pete in a voice that shook Fike's Peak, 'don't you never r'flect on my marksmanship again! I never miss'd one, y' dern gallot!'

Mrs. Cobwigger—Poor thing, she tried to reform her husband and failed.

Mrs. Dorcas—What is she trying to do now?

Mrs. Cobwigger—To reform the world.

She—So this is the end of our engagement?

He—It may be for you, but it will take me a year yet to pay the bills.—

FALLING HAIR



Save Your Hair with
Shampoos of
Cuticura
SOAP

And light dressings of CUTICURA Ointment, purest of emollient skin cures. This treatment at once stops falling hair, removes crusts, scales, and dandruff, soothes irritated, itching surfaces, stimulates the hair follicles, supplies the roots with energy and nourishment, and makes the hair grow upon a sweet, wholesome, healthy scalp.

MILLIONS OF WOMEN
Use CUTICURA SOAP assisted by Cuticura Ointment, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby itching, rashes, and inflammations, in the form of baths for annoying irritations and chaffings, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for microcava weaknesses, and for many antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, especially mothers, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery.

Complete Treatment for Every Humour. Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle, CUTICURA OINTMENT, to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, to cool and skin curatives is often sufficient to cure the severest humours when all else fails.

Sold by all druggists. British Depot: Dr. J. C. Chase, 25, St. James Street, London. Foreign Depot: Wm. C. Chase, Boston.

M

An ex-Prouty w Monday Richard decided his and female The fu Woman w evening a remainsc medicine, impression in a very The Br successful ton.

The Ho with an un sixth week mer engag lion, Sioux B Howard she comp lecal favor is strong breaking First class the regular Indiana, th Sioux city, Garland joy of summer Master S the Branin part with W coming seas May McH gagement w ter, has not The Wis ably of Cha artist of the playing that Edie Jay res has bee role in The George E Torador is London. A tandance at excellent.

The Villag over one hun Lucy Gera has attained the past seas a brilliant fut Julie Opp gagement wit Dion Bon who were rec to London fro honeymoon The Robbe opera is being Terrace Gard The Runaw Manhattan Be "Florodora" house at the C Annie Hugh ing a remarka version of Van It is said the to great expe ments at the P much disappoint the receipts of It is said the turn to Americ with Louis Jan Mrs. Humph out of her mes Mrs. Patrick English righte, role in London plot the charact Mrs. Ebbemith, suit the persona Sarah Bernh novelty that wio get Rudyard K har. Despite th Mr. Kipling avoided playw "That Failed" Courtney Ther later Kate Cla raiser to "The one act. Maric drama from the duo in London don Kipling st made from "The Charles Wynd American tour agement of Char Jessie Millwa The Clind, Gertrude Ellio company will be

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, at 29 to 31 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B., by the PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY (LIMITED), EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR AND MANAGER, Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

Remittances.—Persons sending remittances to this office must do so either by P. O. or Express order, or by registered letter. OTHERWISE, WE WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SAME. They should be made payable in every case to PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO., LTD.

Discontinuances.—Remember that the publishers must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped. All arrears must be paid at the rate of five cents per copy.

All Letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

Letters should be addressed and drafts made payable to PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO., LTD., ST. JOHN, N. B.

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

SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUG. 3

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

A NOBLE WOMAN.

By the death of the Dowager Empress Victoria of Germany this week, another break has occurred in the illustrious and royal family of Great Britain. Slowly but surely the great family of our late beloved Sovereign is growing less. Princess Victoria, Princess Alice, Prince Albert and Prince Leopold have joined the great majority. The empress who died on Monday last was the eldest child of Victoria and has been pronounced the cleverest and ablest of the late Queen's many gifted daughters. Married at an early age and moving to another country she was perhaps the least known of the Royal family in Great Britain but though little acquainted with the subjects of the mother country, her fame as a noble and inspiring woman and wife was world wide.

It is said that her power, when Empress of the Great German Empire, was stronger than that of any woman who has ever occupied this important position. During the short time that her husband was on the throne, his influence was keenly felt by the people, and many were the changes brought about through her instrumentality. These changes were not as a rule popular with the German public, as they savored too much of the English, and the English at that time were not beloved in any great extent by the persons over whom the Empress ruled. Nevertheless almost all of her innovations were in the line of progress and civilization and had her reign been longer there is no telling what upheavals may have occurred. On account of her radical measures she never became very popular, but in dying she has left behind her the memory of a noble woman, one who was never afraid to act when she considered she was in the right. In the time of duty, in her devotion to her husband, in the bringing up of her sons, and in doing this, she showed the outcome of her early training, and was a daughter of whom the late Queen felt justly proud. She has passed away, mourned keenly by those who knew her best and respected by all.

PASSING OF BOOKS.

Something too much for sober truth is said about the passing of the books that were all the vogue a little while ago. Smart critics ask why "Robert Elsemere" no longer gets attention from the pulpit. They want to know how it comes to pass that a generation of readers has arisen that knows not "Fribby." They point with a significant smile to the oblivion into which have sunk "The Heavenly Twins," and "The Kreuzer Sonata." They even pityingly allege that "David Harum" is already more than half forgotten. And they want us to infer that these literary sensations, all of comparatively recent date have gone to keep company, in the shades, with "Two men in a Boat." And that the reason for such quick despatch is that these ephemera of the power printing press have really no literary merit. Such critics point, for confirmation, to the steady demand which absorbs new edition after new edition of DICKENS, SCOTT, THACKERAY, Mrs. Stowe, and Hawthorne. Contrast, we are told, a vogue built on high pressure advertising and sensationalism with an abiding fame which bids defiance to time.

But it may be that all the books which have had phenomenal success within the past fifteen years, but are now seldom heard of, will have a revival 10 or 15 years hence. Wait and see. There are signs of a GEORGE ELIOT revival, though her

works went almost wholly out of fashion, for a time, soon after her death. More people read Cooper's Indian Tales last year than during the preceding 10 years. Besides, it may be said with plausibility that what hinders a present vogue for these obsolescent favorites we have named, is the rapid and constant succession of new novels possessing great power.

THE BOY KING.

Next year the regency in Spain will come to an end. On May 17th next ALFONSO XIII, will attain his majority, which in Spain is sixteen years, and his mother, MARIA CRISTINA will surrender to him the authority which she has exercised during his boyhood.

Recent pictures of ALFONSO show a delicate, serious and intelligent face. It suggests a boy who has no had his proper share of outdoor pleasures, and upon whom the responsibilities of life have fallen prematurely. The impression made by ALFONSO's picture is confirmed by what is known of his life. He is physically frail, and his time has been spent mainly with his mother and his tutors, although he has had some military instruction. He is now acquiring familiarity with public affairs.

A terrific explosion at Philadelphia on Monday, blew up five buildings and killed many persons. Fire added much loss to the horror of the occasion.

Mr. Geo. Robertson M. P. P, has announced to the press that the St. John Dry Dock is now, an assured fact and that its construction will forthwith be proceeded with.

Among the prominent Boers reported to have been killed this week was Steyn, a cousin of the former president of the Orange Free State and a prominent dache of the Boers.

West Newton, Pa., was visited by one of the largest conflagrations in her history Saturday night. The loss will reach \$100,000 with little insurance.

Abram L. Littlejohn, D. D., L. L. D., bishop of the Episcopal diocese of Long Island, died suddenly Saturday at the Grey Lock hotel Williamstown, Mass., from apoplexy. He had been there a week on a vacation.

The Reuter Telegram Co., London, has received the following despatch dated Aug. 4, from Curacao: "Advices from Caracas say that 6,000 revolutionists were defeated after 39 hours' fighting July 29 and July 30, with a loss of 800 men, the government loss being 300."

An Erie freight train while switching in the yard in Corning, N. Y., early Sunday, overturned a car of naphtha, which exploded setting fire to three other cars loaded with naphtha, and destroying all four. Half a dozen yard offices and buildings were also destroyed.

A Pan-American special heavily laden, and a regular train collided a few miles east of Lockport, N. Y., about 1 o'clock Sunday morning on the New York Central. The dead are Thomas Hyland engineer, 50 years old, Rochester, leaves a widow; Geo. Webb, trainman, 30 years old, of Syracuse. None of the Passengers were injured.

American and European residents assert that the demeanor of the Pekin populace is constantly becoming more unfriendly and that as the allied troops depart the Chinese refuse their old habits of jostling and cursing foreigners in the streets.

At the athletic contests of the quarto-centennial celebration at Colorado Springs, Colo., Saturday, Candieras de Foya a Ute Indian, broke the world's record for 100 yards, making the distance in nine seconds flat. The professional record was 9 3-5s, and the amateur record, 9 4-5s.

After one of the greatest yacht races ever seen between cup candidates the Columbia again proved herself mistress of the seas by defeating the Independence by 40 seconds in a 20-knot breeze over a 90 mile triangular course off Brenton's Reef light-ship near Newport Saturday. The race was one of the fastest and closest on record as both yachts averaged nearly 11 knots an hour over entire course, which included ten miles of windward works.

The free and easy way in which the Sunday laws have been violated was brought to an abrupt termination at Lawrence Mass Sunday by Mayor Leonard. As the result of a complaint made by Mayor Leonard over 30 bar-rooms were visited by the police. In seven of these places which have been scenes of disorder and of conduct undermining the Sabbath day raiders found evidence of illegal liquor selling.

The British torpedo boat destroyer Viper struck a rock off Alderney in the English channel and is a total wreck. There was no loss of life. The Viper the only vessel in the British navy fitted with turbine engines. During her speed trials in May and June she attained 30 1/2 knots and was

Some "soulless corporations" of the "wild West" have lately given a practical demonstration in good morals. An attempt was made in Omaha to conduct Sunday exhibitions. It came to grief because the railroads entering there refused to increase the Sunday work of their employes. It is their policy to decrease rather than increase the number of Sunday trains. The wis among even the irreligious admit that the weekly rest day is profitable both for capital and for labor.

The Vicar of Wakefield gave his daughter all he had—his blessing. A more tangible legacy was made in the Philippines on July 4th, when General MACARTHUR turned over the military to his successor. "I bequeath to you all my troubles," he said and General CHAFFEE has already entered upon his inheritance.

You seem to have a lot of relations. How do you keep track of them? I read the obituary column in the papers every day.

Unbrilliant Made, Re-covered, Re-garmented Dressed 27 Waterloo.

News of the Passing Week.

Dowager Empress Frederick of Germany eldest daughter of the late Queen Victoria died on Monday evening.

Andrew Carnegie has offered the City of Montreal \$150,000 towards the establishment of a library in that city.

The first of the week, Mrs. F. L. Packard of Stoughton Mass. a bride of three months met her death by drowning at River side.

The death occurred at St John the latter part of last week of William Fagely, father of the Attorney General of New Brunswick. The African Methodist Episcopal Conference closed its session at St John on Monday. The meeting showed the denomination to be in a flourishing condition.

The Philadelphia Cricket club easily defeated the Halifax Wardeners at Halifax this week, winning by 39 runs with an inning to spare.

A terrific explosion at Philadelphia on Monday, blew up five buildings and killed many persons. Fire added much loss to the horror of the occasion.

Mr. Geo. Robertson M. P. P, has announced to the press that the St. John Dry Dock is now, an assured fact and that its construction will forthwith be proceeded with.

Among the prominent Boers reported to have been killed this week was Steyn, a cousin of the former president of the Orange Free State and a prominent dache of the Boers.

West Newton, Pa., was visited by one of the largest conflagrations in her history Saturday night. The loss will reach \$100,000 with little insurance.

Abram L. Littlejohn, D. D., L. L. D., bishop of the Episcopal diocese of Long Island, died suddenly Saturday at the Grey Lock hotel Williamstown, Mass., from apoplexy. He had been there a week on a vacation.

The Reuter Telegram Co., London, has received the following despatch dated Aug. 4, from Curacao: "Advices from Caracas say that 6,000 revolutionists were defeated after 39 hours' fighting July 29 and July 30, with a loss of 800 men, the government loss being 300."

An Erie freight train while switching in the yard in Corning, N. Y., early Sunday, overturned a car of naphtha, which exploded setting fire to three other cars loaded with naphtha, and destroying all four. Half a dozen yard offices and buildings were also destroyed.

A Pan-American special heavily laden, and a regular train collided a few miles east of Lockport, N. Y., about 1 o'clock Sunday morning on the New York Central. The dead are Thomas Hyland engineer, 50 years old, Rochester, leaves a widow; Geo. Webb, trainman, 30 years old, of Syracuse. None of the Passengers were injured.

American and European residents assert that the demeanor of the Pekin populace is constantly becoming more unfriendly and that as the allied troops depart the Chinese refuse their old habits of jostling and cursing foreigners in the streets.

At the athletic contests of the quarto-centennial celebration at Colorado Springs, Colo., Saturday, Candieras de Foya a Ute Indian, broke the world's record for 100 yards, making the distance in nine seconds flat. The professional record was 9 3-5s, and the amateur record, 9 4-5s.

After one of the greatest yacht races ever seen between cup candidates the Columbia again proved herself mistress of the seas by defeating the Independence by 40 seconds in a 20-knot breeze over a 90 mile triangular course off Brenton's Reef light-ship near Newport Saturday. The race was one of the fastest and closest on record as both yachts averaged nearly 11 knots an hour over entire course, which included ten miles of windward works.

The free and easy way in which the Sunday laws have been violated was brought to an abrupt termination at Lawrence Mass Sunday by Mayor Leonard. As the result of a complaint made by Mayor Leonard over 30 bar-rooms were visited by the police. In seven of these places which have been scenes of disorder and of conduct undermining the Sabbath day raiders found evidence of illegal liquor selling.

The British torpedo boat destroyer Viper struck a rock off Alderney in the English channel and is a total wreck. There was no loss of life. The Viper the only vessel in the British navy fitted with turbine engines. During her speed trials in May and June she attained 30 1/2 knots and was

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

pronounced capable of doing 31 knots. At that she was handled by an inexperienced crew and her builders believed, she would attain 34 knots.

The Rev. Wm Jeffrey, of St. Marys, one of oldest episcopal clergymen in the Province, died on Tuesday aged 81 years. Hon. Mr Fisher, Minister of Agriculture returned home to Ottawa, this week, from the old country.

The Bishop picnic was held at Torryburn on the 6th instant and was as usual largely attended.

In a drunken row at Torryburn on Tuesday, Deputy chief Jenkins and Sergt. Campbell of the St. John police force were badly injured.

The Knights of Pythias of St. John observed their Decoration day on Wednesday. A number of graves were visited and decorated with flowers.

Corporal Goulding, of the Royal Canadian regiment, while bathing on the beach at McNab's island, near Halifax, N. S., Monday evening, was taken with cramps and drowned before assistance could reach him. The body was recovered.

Although no division was challenged at the third reading of the King's declaration bill, Monday evening, in the house of lords London, it is generally believed that no further attempt will be made to pass it, either at this session or the next.

Maude Adams' new play, written by J. M. Barrie, the author of the Little Minister, is to be called Quality Street. The manuscript has been delivered to Miss Adams, who will return to New York next Tuesday. Mr. Barrie will arrive during the latter part of September in time for rehearsals of the new play.

The exposition building at Kansas City Mo., erected during the boom of 1887, at a cost of over \$200,000, was destroyed by fire Monday afternoon. A boy among a crowd which had gathered to watch a large circus that had pitched its tent across the street, set fire, in a spirit of mischief, to some rubbish on the floor, in a moment the flames had leaped beyond control, spreading almost instantly throughout the entire building which occupied a half block square. No one was injured. The efforts of the firemen were directed to save the surrounding property.

M. Santos Dumont, the Brazilian made another unsuccessful attempt Sunday afternoon in Paris to win the prize, 100,000 francs, offered by M. Deutch of the Aero club for a dirigible balloon. He started from the grounds of the Aero club the Paro d' Aerostation, at St. Cloud, and headed for the Eiffel Tower. When over Longchamp the guide rope got caught in a tree. M. Santos Dumont got clear, but finding that he could not cover the course within the time limit, he returned to St. Cloud eight and one-half minutes after the start, having covered about half the distance to the Eiffel Tower.

One of Kelly's Tricks. 'King' Kelly, the \$10,000 beauty, was perhaps the most resourceful ball player in a way that the game has produced, said an old-time fan recently. 'To turn a trick on the enemy, especially at a critical moment, was his delight, and he won many. One of his cleverest pieces of strategy was a game in Chicago back in the 80's. It was in the last half of the ninth inning, Chicago one run ahead, the opposing team at bat, two out, a man on first and Kelly playing right field. The next batter bled safely to right. Kelly was seen to stop the ball, draw back his arm quickly, as if to throw to second base, when the ball slipped from his grasp and was thrown some distance behind him. There was a groan from the stands, a shout of triumph from the opposing team, gasping of teeth and cuss words from the bleachers at Kelly's awkwardness. The base runners, seeing the ball thrown away, kept on running with visions of victory in their heads and a good joke to tell on Kelly. Suddenly there was a hush and then a wild yell of joy from the stands. Paying no attention to the ball he had thrown behind him, Kelly had lined a ball straight to Pfeffer on second, and the runner had been dumfounded to find the ball waiting for him as he ran down from first. It was the third out, and the game was over. Of course there was a great howl from the opposing club, who accused Kelly of substituting an old ball but the 'King' showed them that the ball he had thrown over his shoulder was only

a mud ball that he had been amusing himself by making, thinking that it might come in handy some time.

Intermezzo. Mid crowded ways and hurrying feet Of strangers thronging down the street Within a cloud-rift we descry A quiet space of evening sky;

Then from the jostle and the din Our soul retires a while within. And happy for a moment knows Of the wide heaven's serene repose.

So dearest, in the busy day My thoughts to you will take their way, Yielding once the foremost place, To the known vision of your face;

Then hopes as calm as evening's light, As fresh as dawn's awakening might, And consolations in me rise Like stars among the twilight skies.

Hilgrims. Love held my hand; and yet, as fain to part His gaze yearned onward, to the path untrod.

'Thou hast no place,' I said, 'save in my heart; Thou canst no refuge find, but at my side— Nay—what should tempt thy restless feet to roam? Know'st thou not, sweet, I am thy world, thy home?'

Then, as we faced each other, our journey on, My hand creel'd with mine, and varied thoughts, Lo! from my hand Love's clinging hand was gone. And Love had vanished from my eyes that sought Him vainly, and with tears. Fair flowers spread Where Love's dear feet had stepped, but Love had fled.

I walk alone, if there be earth or sky How should I recce, who look not right nor left? Of hope or grace—I pass them blindly by, Knowing too late my poor want to recall. Love was my refuge, home, my world, my all!

The Health Food Man. His eyes are balls of polished steel; His nose are sponges dried; His blood is bullock concentrate In veins of leather hide.

His muscles crack like pulley ropes When hurried into play; His hair is like piano wires— Some chords are lost, they say.

His heart's a little globe of pick— A globe of constant gloom; For love can never burn within, Because there isn't room.

Hot apple tarts and pumpkin pies— He reads of them apace, And waffles brown and chicken stew Are 'errors of the past.'

And smiling, from his vest he slips A tiny box of pills, With capsules brown and pellets pink: All rattling within.

Then with a gulp, he swallows down His dinner from the can This product of the health food school The concentrated man!

Artist—Mrs. Four hundred wants a Scripture text emblazoned on her dining-room wall. What would you suggest? His Friend—Prove all things, hold good that which is fast.

'I admire Mr. Greenstuff immensely.' 'Why; he doesn't think so!' 'That's just why I like him; because he has sense enough to know I can't tolerate him.'

Little Elmer—Papa, what is the hand of Providence? Professor Broadhead—The hand of Providence, my son, is what we usually see in the misfortune of others.

Bizzar—Those safety pins are great inventions. Buzzer—Are they? Bizzar—You bet; our baby swallows one every once in a while and we never lose him.

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

Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Is successfully used monthly by over 10,000 Ladies. Safe, effective. Ladies ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Take no others, as all mixtures, pills and imitations are dangerous. Price, No. 1, \$1 per box; No. 2, 50 cents stronger, 25 per box. No. 1 or 2, mailed on receipt of price and two 2-cent stamps. The Cook Company Windsor, Ont. For No. 1 and 2 sold and recommended by all responsible Druggists in Canada.

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

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

The continued... Now that the... We notice by... The latest... An engagement... The annual... Mrs. George... A merry party... Miss Geraldine... No. 1—and—No. 2 are sold in St. John by all responsible Druggists.

BAKING POWDER
Pure and wholesome

Intermezzo.
Crowded ways and hurrying feet
rangers thronging down the street
in a cloud-rift we describe
the space of evening sky.

from the jostle and the din
retires a while within.
happy for a moment knows
a wide heaven's serene repose.

Intermezzo, in the busy day
thoughts to you will take their way,
lingering at once the foremost place,
the known vision of your face.

hopes as calm as evening's light,
fresh as dawn's awakening might,
consoles in me the stars
among the twilight skies.

Pilgrims.
I held my hand; and yet, as fain to part
his gaze yearned outward, to the path
retired.

"I have no place," I said, "save in my heart;
I cannot refuse you, but at my side—
what should tempt thy restless feet to roam?"

as we faced space, our journey on,
my mind o'er-filled with swift and varied
thought,
from my hand Love's clinging hand was
gone.

Love had vanished from my eyes that
moment,
vainly, and with tears. Fair flowers
pressed
to Love's dear feet had faded, but
Love had fled.

lik' alone. If there be earth or sky
low should I reach, who look not right
or left?

ed or grace—I pass them blindly by—
I hope to seek, of power to find,
knowing too late my poor want to recall
love was my refuge, home, my world,
my all!

The Health Food Man.
His eyes are balls of polished steel;
His hands are spindles dried;
His blood is brilliant concentrate
In veins of leather hide.

His muscles crack like pulley ropes
When hurried into play;
His hair is like piano cords—
Some chords are lost, they say.

His heart's a little globe of pink—
A tonus of constant gloom
And waffles brown and chicken stew
Are 'terrors of the past.'

And smiling, from his vest he slips
A tiny box of tin,
With capsules brown and pellets pink
All rattling within.

Then with a gulp, he swallows down
His dinner from the can
This product of the health food school
The concentrated man!

—Mrs. Four hundred wants a Scrip-
text emblazoned on her dining-room
What would you suggest?
Friend—Prove all things, hold good
which is fast.

admire Mr. Greenstuff immensely.
'Why; he doesn't think so!
that's just why I like him; because he
is sensible enough to know I can't tolerate

little Elmer—Papa, what is the hand of
vidence?

essor Broadhead—The hand of Pro-
vidence, my son, is what we usually see in
misfortune of others.

—Those safety pins are great in-
ventions.
—Are they?
—Yes—You bet; our baby swallows one
once in a while and we never find

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

Cook's Cotton Root Compound
Is successfully used monthly by over
10,000 Ladies. Safe, effective. Ladies ask
your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Com-
pound. Take no other, as all mixtures, pills and
drugs are dangerous. Price, No. 1, 41 per
No. 2, 10 degrees stronger, 85 per box. No. 3,
malted on receipt of price and two cents
postage. The Cook Company Windsor, Ont.
Nos. 1 and 2 sold and recommended by all
reputable Druggists in Canada.

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

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



The continued absence from the city of many of
the leaders and doyens of society no doubt ac-
counts for the dullness at present existing in the
social circles.

To be sure there have been many informal and
altogether delightful little picnic parties to Blue
Rock, Red Head, etc, but they have been composed
almost entirely of ladies and were of such a decid-
edly informal character that FOGS:SS finds them
scarcely worthy of note.

Blue Rock, by the way, is becoming a very popu-
lar resort with picnickers. Its close proximity to
the city and the excellent facilities for bathing
make it just the place to spend a few hours.

Now that the Governor-General's visit is over
the coming of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall
and York will begin to engross our entire attention.
The reception committee has already been ap-
pointed and the long talked of plans for the enter-
tainment of the distinguished guests will begin to
take definite shape.

We notice by recent American papers that an
effort is being made to have the Royal party visit
the Pan-American exposition. This would be a big
drawing card for the exhibition.

The latest London newspapers bring the result,
of the Cambridge Higher Local Examination held
in different centres throughout England. The ex-
amination is severe and comprehensive, equal to
the tests of the chief Canadian universities. In this
examination Miss Geraldine Coster, daughter of
Mr George O Coster, of this city came out first,
winning not only her first-class, but two out of the
three possible special distinctions and the Louisa
Memorial Prize for Literature. Miss Coster was
formerly a pupil at Edgely school, Nova Scotia,
and entered the Ladies' College, Cheltenham, last
year. That one of the youngest pupils of that fam-
ous school should distinguish herself must be a
source of great satisfaction to all interested in edu-
cation and is the earnest of future success at the
university.

An engagement which is being pleasantly discus-
ed among the friends of those immediately concerned
is that of Mr J M Robinson Jr son of Mr J Morris
Robinson, the prominent banker, and Miss Parker
daughter of the Rev Lindsay Parker of New York.
Miss Parker is not a stranger to St John people as
she has spent several summers at Gouda Point.

The annual decoration day was duly observed by
the Knights of Pythias of Thursday.

That the people of St John are fully in sympathy
with this pretty custom was evinced by the masses
of beautiful flowers in bouquets and set pieces sent
for the purpose of decorating the graves of the
many who are absent but not forgotten.

Mrs. George McAvity entertained at afternoon
tea on Wednesday. The affair was in honor
of Mrs Brainard of Chicago who is visiting in the
city and passed off in a delightful manner.

Mrs. George West Jones, Mrs. Charles Coster
assisted the hostess in dispensing hospitality.

A few of the guests on the occasion were Mrs.
George McLeod, Mrs. Bony, Mrs. Carleton
Clinech, Mrs. J. McMillan, Mrs. Douglas
Hazen, Mrs J J D Lundy, Mrs George West
Jones, Mrs Charles Coster, Misses Seely, Misses
McAvity, Misses Furlong.

Mrs Cruikshank was hostess at a small but plea-
sant picnic at Manchester's Beach on Tuesday
afternoon. The day was just suited for such pur-
poses and the outing was much enjoyed.

A merry party of young people, chaperoned by
Mrs Hall, left the city on Friday last for a weeks
cruising trip on the Upper St John River.

Miss Geraldine McGoan of Memramcook and
Miss Alice Landry of Dorchester who have been
visiting friends here have returned home.

Misses Brennan of Malis street are home from a
pleasant visit to friends in Nova Scotia.

Miss Kathleen Furlong who has been spending
several weeks vacation at her home here leaves this
week for New York.

Miss Violet Macrae daughter of the Rev. Dr.
Macrae is visiting Moncton.

Mr and Mrs D. J. McLaughlin of Lelster street

accompanied their daughter Mrs N Babbitt to her
home at Lelsterpool.

Mrs John H Thomson and daughter Miss Marcell
Thomson are in St Andrews, guests at the Algon-
quin.

Mrs MacLaren and the Misses MacLaren are also
spending this month at that fashionable resort, St
Andrews. They have taken rooms at the Kennedy
House.

Dr Morton of Scotland is in the city a guest at the
home of the Hon James D Forbes.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Rainie are spending the
month at St. Martins.

Mrs. T. Papeley left early in the week for Chat-
ham where she will visit her mother.

Mrs. Arthur Sallis and children are summering at
Gagetown.

Miss Florrie Tapley of Marysville is visiting re-
latives in the north end.

Miss Gladys McLaughlin of Wentworth street is
at present in Fredericton, paying a visit to her
friend Miss Daisy Winslow.

Miss Ella Payne is home from a very pleasant
trip to different parts of Nova Scotia.

Mr Henry Smith of Philadelphia is visiting his
sister Mrs McLaughlin at Riverbank.

Mr and Mrs Ernest H Turnbull who were re-
cently married at London arrived in the city this
week. They are guests at the Royal where many of
Mr Turnbull's friends have called to meet his hand-
some wife.

Miss McVey of St Stephen who has been visiting
at the home of her sister Mrs Smalley, has returned
home.

Miss Myra Frink left this week for Quebec to
spend a few weeks with friends.

Miss Blanche Rankin of Germain street is visit-
ing in Yarmouth.

Miss Georgina Scammell is spending the week with
Fredericton friends.

Miss Alice Quinn of Boston is the guest of her
sister Miss Fannie Quinn of the South end.

Mrs. Thomas McAvity who is summering at
Rothesay is entertaining the Misses McLeod of
Toronto.

Mrs Doherty and niece Miss Ella Stanton re-
turned this week from a pleasant visit to Amherst
and vicinity.

Miss May Gallagher of north end is paying a
visit to her relatives at hotel Minto, Moncton.

Miss Katie Donovan of Boston has been spending
her vacation with her parents on City Road.

Miss Gusie White who has been studying nur-
sing in New Hampshire is home for the holidays.

Miss Hunter of the Ladies College, Halifax is
visiting her sister Mrs E G Fenady.

Mrs Dr Conithard of Fredericton and Miss Way-
cott of St. Louis, U S visited friends in St John this
week.

A number of the city young ladies and gentle-
men accompanied by their chaperons will enjoy
what promises to be a delightful outing at the Foras
on Monday next. Besides the usual out of doors
amusement and supper on the beach, dancing for
which good music will be provided will no doubt
be a recreation that the majority will participate in.

A double wedding of much interest will take
place at St. Peter's church on Monday morning
next when Misses Sadie C. and Jennie Mullin will
be united in marriage with Mr. Robert Phillips and
Mr. John McNelly respectively. The Misses Mullin
have for some time conducted a fashionable
millinery store in the North end and their many
friends will witness the important ceremony. Mr.
McNelly belongs to the West end. The bridal
trips will be to Nova Scotia and Prince Edward
Island.

Miss May Gillespie of Boston, is enjoying a vaca-
tion in the city. Miss Gillespie formerly resided
here and is being warmly welcomed by her many
friends.

Miss Gertrude Byron left this week for her home
in Sussex, where she will spend her vacation.

Miss Isabel Smith of Boston is in the city the
guest of North end friends.

Mrs Wm Conwell of Woodstock has been visiting
friends in the city for the past couple of weeks.

Mrs McManus and Miss Florence McManus of the
South end have returned from a pleasant visit
to Boston friends.

Miss Nellie Rodrick leaves next week to spend
a short vacation with Massachusetts friends.

Misses Moran have returned from a trip to Kings
county.

TRURO.

Aug 8.—Mrs CM Blanchard and Master Ezra
Blanchard are visiting in Truro.

Mr and Mrs Houston, en route home to Louis-
ville, Ky, from Sydney, with the remains of their
daughter Mrs Maxham, Jr., so suddenly and sadly
deceased, and accompanied by Miss Houston, Mrs
A J Maxham, Miss Maxham, and Mr Egbert Max
ham, were guests last night at the "Learners."

Mrs Kennan, en route from her summer home at
Baddeck, to New York, to join her husband,
Mr George Kennan was a guest last night at the
Learners.

Mrs Fred Yonston's lawn tea, last Wednes day
afternoon was a very successful function.

Mr and Mrs Judson Hanson, left Sunday night
for St John en route to St Andrews N B.

Among the large number of prominent knight
templars, who will attend the demonstration in St

John next week are Messrs H W Yall, L B Arch-
bold, E Phillips, S J Waddell, J Logan,
W B Alley, E Phillips, J Stasfid in cost of the
Knights will be accompanied by their wives.

Mr and Mrs Edgar Falton leave on Monday for
an outing at Charlottetown, P E I.

Mrs Howard Wetmore is spending the week in
Cape Breton.

Miss Ella Snook leaves this week for a long
visit with Fredericton friends.

ST. ANDREWS.

Aug. 7.—Mrs J D Bonness and daughter, Miss
Constance Bonness of St Stephen have been spend-
ing a few days with friends in St Andrews.

Miss M B Holt of Lynn, Mass, is spending her
vacation in Boabec.

Mrs W A Herring and two children of New
York, who have been guests of Mrs J C Wilson for
the past week, returned to Deer Island N B, on
Friday, where they are spending the summer.

Misses Alice and Nellie Langley of the St John
school teaching staff, are enjoying a short holiday
in St Andrews.

Mr and Mrs R W McLeod and Clinton McLeod
of Moncton, Maine, are visiting Mr and Mrs Wm
McLeod, Mr and Mrs Norman McLeod and two
children are also visitors at Mr Wm McLeod's.

Rev R W Sawall of Wales, Ont, who has been
enjoying his vacation as the guest of Mr and Mrs
W D Foster, took Monday night's train for home.

Mr and Mrs Peat, Miss Bessie Scott, and Miss
Jane Watson of Andover are at Thos Fenlebury's
Miss Edna J Duggan of Grand Manan and Miss
Ida Clark of St Stephen, are visiting at the Free
Baptist parsonage, Hartland.

Mrs William M Galbraith came over from Scot-
land in the 'Parisian' is now visiting her cousin,
Judge Cockburn.

So It Turned Out.

During the famous Douglas and Lincoln
debate and subsequent campaigns the point
was frequent brought out by supporters of
'the Little Giant' that Mr. Lincoln had served
only a half single term in Congress,
but that Senator Douglas had enjoyed for
years a national reputation.

This point, says a writer in Lippincott's,
was urged in a heated discussion between
an ardent supporter of Douglas and a
German voter who favored Lincoln. Finally
the former, thinking to overwhelm his op-
ponent, said:

Who is this Lincoln, anyhow? Nobody
ever heard of him until Senator Douglas
brought him into notice by holding a joint
debate with him. Senator Douglas on the
other hand, is a great statesman. Why
he has had his eye on the presidential chair
for the last ten years.

Not is dot you say? was the reply. You
say Meester Doogias have had his eye on
der President chair for ten years?

Yes, that is just what I said.

Vell, you shoost tell Meester Doogias if
he will keep his eye on dot chair about a
leedle veye longer he will see old Abe Lin-
coln sitting down in it.

This closed the debate, amid a roar of
laughter from the bystanders.

Literary Thrift

Grant Allen, the critic and novelist had
to live by his pen because scientific work
would not support him; but science saw
the field in which he should have wrought.
Andrew Lang said of him that he was the
most versatile man of our age, and that, if
he had been able to devote himself entirely
to physical science, the world would have
been the gainer.

He was always poor, and as he once
said about his own letters:

I am so often ill that moments fit for
writing are too precious to be used for
anything but bread-winning.

Once, in conversation with some friends
he gave a jocular turn to this thrifty philo-
sophy. He was in company with three
philologists, Canon Isaac Taylor, Professor
Rhye and Dr. Richard Morris when the
talk fell on the number of words used by
country working-folk in their common
pursuits.

Prof. Max Muller was cited as authority
for the statement that the vocabulary of
some agricultural laborers consists of less
than three hundred words. Allen challeng-
ed the statement, and began, in his mea-
sured sonorous tones, recounting all the
things and parts of things with which a
peasant has to deal every day. He had
reached the stated limit before the list was
half complete, and he suddenly called out:
'Look here you fellows! My price is
two guineas a thousand words, and I'm not
on any longer!

For Pop-Overs.

The value of a recipe lies partly in its
being accurately set down and followed.
Harper's Magazine has the following direc-
tions for making a breakfast delicacy
called pop-overs, as they were imparted by
the Chinese servant to a lady visiting in
the family:

'You takes him one egg,' said the master
of the kitchen, 'one lit' cup milk. You
fixes him one cup flour' on seive, take
pinch salt—you not put him in lamp. You
move him egg lit' bit slow; you put him
milk in, all time move. You make him
flour go in, not move fast, so have no spots
Makee but'led pan all same wa'm, not too
hot. Puttee him in oven. Now you mind
you business. No like women run look at
him all time. Him done all same time bis-
cuit.'

The Latest Figure
D. & A.
Straight Front
MILITARY FORM.

This Corset is the latest Parisian Model. STRAIGHT FRONT. Endorsed by leading Modistes as the most perfect corset of the century. If not for sale at your dealer's, send to us.

D. & A., No. 345
Dominion Corset Mfg. Co.
Quebec Montreal Toronto

Leave Your Orders Early for **Spring Painting, etc.**

At **ST. JOHN PAINT STORE,**
138 PRINCESS ST. TEL. 697.

H. L. & J. T. McGowan

We sell Paint in Small Tins, Glass, Oil, Turpentine, Whiting, Putty, etc.

WHITE'S **WHITE'S**

For Sale by all First-Class Dealers in Confectionery.

Caramel **Snowflakes**

Don't take inferior goods; the best do not cost any more than inferior goods.

CROWNED BEST OF ALL.

Every lady who has worn Corticelli Skirt Protector crowns it the best of all protectors.

Its soft, porous, elastic texture, of pure selected wool-outriggers the skirt, sheds dirt and dust, dries out quickly. Steam shrunk in the yarn, cannot pull the skirt, cannot fade—no frayed edges, no cut-bottoms, no pulling away from the stitching.

Sewed on flat, not turned over. Every dress goods shade. Sold everywhere.

Stamped with this trade mark: **Corticelli**

Corticelli SKIRT PROTECTOR

When You Want a Real Tonic 'ST. AGUSTINE' ask for (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine.

GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899.

E. G. SCOVIL—
'Having used both we think the St. Augustine preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic.

JOHN C. CLOWES

E. G. SCOVIL **62 Union Street**

FOR ARTISTS.

WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS, WATER COLORS, CANVAS, etc., etc., etc.

Manufacturing Artists, Colormen to Her Majesty the Queen and Royal Family.

FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES.

A. RAMSAY & SON, - MONTREAL,
Wholesale Agents for Canada.

Buctouche Bar Oysters.

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

J. D. TURNER.

Pulp Wood Wanted

WANTED—Underlaid saw logs, such as Batting or Spilling. Parties having such for sale can correspond with the St. John Sulphite Company, Ltd., stating the quantity, price per thousand superficial feet, and the time of delivery.

M. F. MOONEY.

Fry's Cocoa

is economical to use because it is easily soluble in hot water. At the same time it is doubly satisfactory in the household because it is concentrated and has great strength.

Pure, Rich, Nutritious.

Best Grocers Sell it.

Economical Dissolves Easily.

FOR ADVERTISING, APPLY TO THE PUBLISHER, 225 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Procession for sale in Halifax by the embryo and at the following news stands and carts.
YARMOUTH.
Mrs George Skead and children of Halifax are visiting her sister, Mrs McLeod, River John.

YARMOUTH.
Mrs George Skead and children of Halifax are visiting her sister, Mrs McLeod, River John.

YARMOUTH.
Mrs George Skead and children of Halifax are visiting her sister, Mrs McLeod, River John.

YARMOUTH.
Mrs George Skead and children of Halifax are visiting her sister, Mrs McLeod, River John.

YARMOUTH.
Mrs George Skead and children of Halifax are visiting her sister, Mrs McLeod, River John.

YARMOUTH.
Mrs George Skead and children of Halifax are visiting her sister, Mrs McLeod, River John.

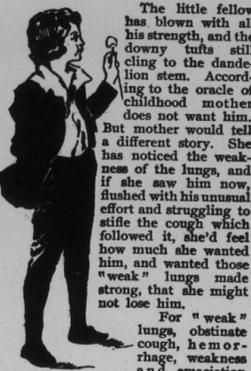
YARMOUTH.
Mrs George Skead and children of Halifax are visiting her sister, Mrs McLeod, River John.

YARMOUTH.
Mrs George Skead and children of Halifax are visiting her sister, Mrs McLeod, River John.

YARMOUTH.
Mrs George Skead and children of Halifax are visiting her sister, Mrs McLeod, River John.

YARMOUTH.
Mrs George Skead and children of Halifax are visiting her sister, Mrs McLeod, River John.

"DOES MOTHER WANT ME?"



The little fellow has blown with all his strength, and the downy tufts still cling to the dandelion stem. According to the oracle of childhood mother does not want him.

For "weak" lungs, obstinate cough, hemorrhage, weakness and emaciation there is no medicine so healing and so strengthening as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

The Common Sense Medical Adviser sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing only.

Alexander Blackie. Mrs L Kirkpatrick and son of Halifax are on a visit here.

WOODSTOCK. Aug. 8.—Mr and Mrs Samuel Churchill of Montreal, have been spending a few weeks with Mr Churchill's brother, Mr G W Yanwar.

GRATHAM. The St. Andrews church garden party held on Thursday evening was a most successful and pleasant event.

NEWCASTLE. Mrs Leggett of Boston is visiting friends at Chatham Head.

Keating. Miss Calhoun of Albert Co, was visiting Mrs W H Byles for a few days.

His Own Names. If you think a foreigner's ways are queer, ask yourself whether their seeming queerness may not be due mostly to your want of familiarity with them.

Mother—I am surprised, my dear, that you suffer a man to kiss you! Daughter—But, mamma, I don't call it suffering.

For 10 Cents. Isn't it worth that much to make old Silks, Cottons, Satins, or Woolens fresh and new and brilliant in their colorings again?

Maypole Soap Dyes. Free Book and Samples of the work, by sending to the Wholesale Depot, 81 Place Royale, Montreal.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists.

USE THE GENUINE MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME.

APOLI & STEE'S PILLS. A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superseding Bitter Apple, Pfl Cochin, Purgative, etc.

Baby's Own Soap. He ran a mile, and so would every young lady, rather than take a bath without the "Albert".

Eugene Field's Poems A \$7.00 Book. Given Free to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Memorial Fund.

NOTICE.

Through the efforts of Mr. W. A. Hickman, Immigration Commissioner, who has been in England for some months past, it is expected that in the coming spring a considerable number of farmers with capital will arrive in the province.

Dated St. John, N. B., Feb. 9th, A. D. 1901. 2-14 lm ROBERT MARSHALL.

News and Opinions

National Importance.

The Sun

ALONE CONTAINS BOTH: Daily, by mail, \$6 a year Daily and Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year

The Sunday Sun

is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world. Price 5c. a copy. By mail, \$3 a year.

Aug. 8.—Miss J. Jacob LaBrosse, has the express of the sister, Mrs Dr. Turgeon, Miss Fawcett, etc. Mrs Keswick of Montreal is visiting friends in Halifax. Mrs Lottie Walker, W. Moffatt, at Amberwick en route to the her brother, Dr. A. G. Canada.

FARMERS MAKE MONEY

Do not sell your poultry, turkeys, geese or ducks till you investigate this great Company, its object and the high prices to be obtained by dealing only with it—cash is better than trading—who last year made money out of your poultry—Did you?—No.—JOIN this co-operative company for the protection of farmers—get high prices as well as your share of the profits of selling in England. Join at once.

The Canadian Dressed Poultry Company, Limited

Capital Stock, - - \$450,000

HEAD OFFICE: HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

PRESIDENT—MR. GIBSON ARNOLDI, Barrister-at-Law, Toronto, Ontario.
MANAGER—MR. WILLIAM S. GILMORE, Merchant, Hamilton, Ontario.

Three Firms Alone Intimated Their Ability and Willingness to Handle About Two Thousand Cases Per Week at Good Prices.

APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

GIBSON ARNOLDI, ESQ., PRESIDENT, THE CANADIAN DRESSED POULTRY COMPANY, LIMITED, 9 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO:

DEAR SIR,—I enclose you herewith \$..... in full payment for..... shares of fully paid and non-assessable stock in the Canadian Dressed Poultry Company, Limited, which I wish allotted to me, as I wish to become a fully qualified shareholder and entitled to all the advantages of the Company, as described in the published Prospectus.

YOUR NAME..... ADDRESS.....



Baby's Own Soap.
It leaves the skin wonderfully soft and its faint fragrance is estimable.
Beware of imitations.
GILBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL.

Gene Field's Souvenir Fund.
\$7.00
Book.
Given Free to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Souvenir Fund. It is a low as \$1.00 will do for this artistically designed book. It is a certificate of subscription to fund. It is illustrated by thirty-two of the world's greatest artists. It is a book of art for delivery for the noble contribution of the greatest artists. This book could not be purchased for less than \$7.00. It is a fund created to divide equally between the family of the late Eugene Field. It is a fund for the building of a monument to the memory of the late Eugene Field. Address: GENE FIELD MONUMENT SOUVENIR FUND, 180 Monroe St., Chicago.

NOTICE.
The efforts of Mr. W. A. Hickman, Commissioner, who has been in the province for some months past, it is believed that in the coming spring a large number of farmers with surplus produce in the province, with a view to disposing of it, will place it in the hands of the undersigned, whom it is believed will be able to fill in necessary particulars as to local conditions of sale, etc. Quite a number of agricultural laborers are also in the hands of the undersigned, who will communicate with the undersigned.
W. A. HICKMAN, Commissioner.
John, N. B., Feb. 9th, A. D.

Opinions of the Sun
The Sun is the most important newspaper in the world.
It contains both the news and the opinions of the world.
By mail, \$6 a year.
By mail, \$3 a year.
By mail, \$3 a year.
By mail, \$3 a year.

BOSTON.
AUG. 8.—Miss Jessie LaBrecque, daughter of Jacob LaBrecque, has left on Saturday morning on the express for the Magdalen Islands to visit her sister, Mrs. Dr. Turgeon.
Miss Fawcett is visiting friends in Sussex.
Mrs. Kenwick of Montreal, is in the city, the guest of Mrs. Joshua Peters.
Miss Alice Lea is spending her vacation with friends in Prince Edward Island.
Miss Lottie Waldon is visiting her aunt, Mrs. A. W. McElliott, at Amberly Shore.
Miss Ada White of St. John was in the city last week on her way to Quebec to spend a few days.
Miss Elmer is spending a few days in town with her brother, Mr. A. G. Bishop, of the Royal Bank of Canada.
Mrs. and Miss Jessie Cunningham of Montreal, are visiting friends in the city.
Mr. Victor Doucet, of Shediac, is in the city the guest of his son, Mr. Theo Doucet of the I.C.E.
Mrs. B. A. McNeill, of Montreal, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Alexander MacQuarrie, on Highfield street.
Miss Violet Macrae of St. John is visiting in the city.
Misses Marie Taylor and Eunice Welch are visiting friends in the city.
Misses Gertrude and Whinnie Irving, of Hillsboro are visiting friends in the city.
Miss Edith Cameron went to Halifax this morning to spend a few days with friends.
Mr. and Mrs. J. O'Rourke, who have been spending a few days with the latter's aunt, Mrs. John McElliott, have returned home.
Mr. Brunswick Smith of Cleveland, Ohio, arrived in town yesterday and will remain two or three weeks. On his return he will be accompanied by Mrs. Smith who has been spending some months here.
Mrs. Ross and daughter, who have been spending some time at Telawady, Shediac Cape, left last night on their return to Ottawa.
Mrs. George McEweney, Miss Dorothy and Master Jack, returned yesterday from Summerside, where they had been staying for some weeks.
Miss Lulu Ford and Miss M. Emerson, of Rockville who have been visiting Miss Horace Phillips, Charlestown have returned home.
Mrs. W. E. Cross is visiting friends at Hopewell Cape.
Miss Nellie McKinnon, of St. John is visiting her cousin, Miss Mary McKinnon.
Misses Charlotte Lockhart and Annie Brown of Springfield are spending a few weeks in the city.
Mrs. Charles MacNeil of Moncton is visiting her sister, Mrs. E. P. Gillespie at Farnboro.
Miss Julia H. Elliott is in the city the guest of Mrs. Wallace Parker, St. George street.
Miss Louise Tingley, of Point de Bute is visiting her brother the Chief of Police.
Mrs. Dr. C. T. Purdy and little son Clarence, returned Thursday from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. George Purdy at East Amherst.
Mrs. George H. Haunman (nee Miss Josie Grattan) of Lynn, Mass, is in the city with her little son, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John O'Rourke, Waterloo street.
Mrs. A. V. H. Lutes and two children are visiting Mrs. Lutes' father, Mr. John Scott, Richibucto.
Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Hamperoy of St. Louis, Kent Co, came to Moncton last week to visit relatives.
Miss Daisy Waldon, daughter of W. J. Waldon of Moncton is visiting her friend, Whinnie Nairn, at Mrs. W. J. Nairn's Brunswick street.
Miss Emma Condon went to Farnboro yesterday to spend some weeks at the seaside. Mr. and Mrs. James Condon are also sojourning at Farnboro.
Mr. Rex Walker of the Royal Bank of Canada, Truro, is spending his holidays in Moncton.
Mrs. George Cross is spending a few days in Hillsboro.

WINDSOR.
AUG. 8.—Miss Bessie Reid is spending a vacation with her parents at Minerva.
Miss McDonald of Fredericton, is visiting her sister Mrs. Ullman.
Mrs. W. Shaw and little daughter Florence are visiting friends in Amherst.
Mrs. George H. Curry will be at home to her friends Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug 13 and 14, at the residence of Mrs. F. O. Curry.
Mrs. Willet and Mrs. Hunt of Boston are the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Halliday.
Miss Combes of Sackville, visited Mrs. Angus McKinnon last week.
Mrs. Charles Hunsley and two children arrived in town on Friday.
Mrs. Charles Wilcox is visiting relatives in Quebec.
Miss Kate Fuller arrived on Saturday, to visit Miss Maud Mosher.
Mrs. D. McDonald, Marble Mountain, C.B. has visited Millard.
Mr. and Mrs. George H. Curry arrived by the 5:30, en route Tuesday afternoon.
Miss Henderson of Truro, is the guest of Miss McCurdy.
Miss Maggie Blois of Rawdon is visiting at Mt. Uxalke.
Miss Kate Fleming came from Boston, Monday afternoon to spend a vacation.
Mrs. Cables, of Rockland, Me who has been visiting friends in Windsor leaves for home Thursday.
Miss Ida Bounessell and her brother who are visiting Mrs. Joshua Smith went to Halifax last week.
Mrs. Putnam, Fort Belcher, daughter of the late Rev. John Sprunt has been visiting her brother in Minasodobol.

BRIDGETOWN.
AUG. 7.—Mrs. E. D. Foster is visiting Bridgetown for a few weeks.
Misses Ella and Nora Mack returned last week from Boston.
Mr. and Mrs. Beck are enjoying a trip to Bridgewater.
Mrs. H. Arthur Eplany of Yarmouth is the guest of Mrs. T. A. Foster.
Mrs. French of Sharon, Mass, is visiting her father, Mr. J. E. Sanction.
Miss Ella Hawksworth of Cambridgeport is visiting friends in town.
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fisher of Massachusetts are visiting relatives here.
Miss O. Dehman of Sherbrooke, is visiting her sister, Mrs. F. L. Miller.
Mr. Harry Banchman of Boston is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Marshall.
Miss Agnes Kelley of Yarmouth was the guest of Mrs. H. W. Cass over Sunday.
Rev. H. B. and Mrs. Davidson are spending a short time in Wolfville and Halifax.
Mr. John Hall and daughter, Miss I. Vivian Hall of Lynn are visiting friends at Hampton.
Mrs. W. D. Lockhart and child and Miss Brenda Troop returned last week from a visit to F. R. L.

THINGS OF VALUE.
Some persons have periodical attacks of Canadian cholera, dysentery or diarrhea, and have to use great precautions to avoid the disease. Change of water cooking, and green fruits, is sure to bring on the attacks. To such persons we would recommend Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordia as being the best medicine in the market for all summer complaints. If a few drops are taken in water when the symptoms are noticed no further trouble will be experienced.
I see Johnson has his hair cut?
Yes; the critics have at last convinced him that he's no author.
SLEEPLESSNESS.—When the nerves are unstrung and the whole body given up to wretchedness, when the mind is filled with gloom and dismal forebodings, the result of derangement of the digestive organs, sleeplessness comes to add to the distress. I only the subject could sleep, there would be oblivion for a while and temporary relief. Farmelee's Vegetable Pills will not only induce sleep, but will act so beneficially that the subject will wake refreshed and restored to happiness.
George—I have just invested in one of those 'pepper and salt' suits.
Robert—Ah! That ought to do good for two seasons.
THE FLAGGING EXERCISES REVIVED.—Constant application to business is a tax upon the energies, and if there be not relaxation, lassitude and depression are sure to intervene. These come from stomachic troubles. The want of exercise brings on nervous irregularities, and the stomach ceases to assimilate food properly. In this condition Farmelee's Vegetable Pills will be found a recuperative of rare power, restoring the organs to healthful action, dispelling depression, and reviving the flagging energies.
It is an Officer of the Law of Health.—When called in to attend a disturbance it searches out the hiding place of pain, and like a guardian angel, lays hands upon it and says, "I arrest you." Resistance is useless, as the law of health imposes a sentence of perpetual banishment on pain and Dr. Thomas' Eucalyptic Oil was originated to enforce that sentence.
If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm Expeller; safe, sure, and effectual. Try it, and mark the improvement in your child.
It fits a Co's boots and shoes cause corns. Hottle's Co's Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns.

NOTHING HANTS OUT CORNS
Like tight boots. Nothing removes corns with such certainty as Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Beware of poisonous substitutes. Ask for and get Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor at druggists. For if you get it—you've got a dead sure thing. All druggists sell it, or by mail post paid on receipt of twenty five cents. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.
I am unfamiliar with American customs, said one European nobleman to another. 'What is the usual mode of procedure in marrying an heiress?'
It is very simple. You tell the lady how much you love her, and her father how much you owe.
Suitably Attired: Mrs. Chatterton—Henry, for goodness sake, don't wear such short trousers! Give them to the ragman!
Chatterton—Not much! You women haven't got any patent on the rainy day costume idea. These are my rainy day trousers.
Overstocked.—'Why is it that pessimists seem to have so much trouble?'
'Optimists never borrow any.'
Mrs. Eddy—There is no matter; all is mind.
Learner—Is money matter?
Mrs. Eddy—There is no matter.
Learner—Well, I have a million dollars in my mind. Will you please cash me a check for a hundred thousand?
Mrs. Eddy—Yes, in my mind.
Learner—No matter—never mind.
Mrs. Upperton—The king does not seem to be nearly so happy as he was when he was merely a prince.
Mrs. Veriswell—Naturally, it's the difference between brilliant prospects and dull realities.
Lawyer—You would say, then, that Mr. Whyte is a gentleman of unimpeachable veracity?
Witness—Yes, sir, I presume that if anybody asked me to I should, but I have known him to lie sometimes.
Higgins—I thought you said you did not understand Russian? I saw you talking to that Russian peddler.

WHAT MAKES YOU COUGH.
Did you ever wonder just what makes you cough in a general way it is understood to be an involuntary effort of nature to eject something from the breath pipe. As a matter of fact, merely a slight throat inflammation caused by a cold will cause a cough to start, and the more you cough the more you want to cough. If you allay the inflammation in the throat your cough will stop.
Don't kill the sensitiveness of the throat with medicine containing a narcotic, but give it soothing and healing treatment. This is difficult, because the inflamed parts are in the way of the passage of food and drink. The true cough remedy is something that will protect the throat from the ill effect of swallowing food. Such a remedy is Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam, which for many years has been conquering the most obstinate coughs. It is a soothing compound prepared from herbs and gums. Its beneficial effect is quickly felt and the work of healing promptly begins. If you once take Adamson's Balsam for cough, you will never be satisfied without some of it at hand for any new cough. A trial size of the Balsam can be secured at any drug store for ten cents. The regular size is 25c. In asking for the Balsam, be sure you get the genuine, which has "F. W. Kinnaman & Co." blown on the bottle.
CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.
HUSTLING YOUNG MAN can make \$50.00 per month and expenses, permanent position, experience unnecessary. Write quick for particulars, Clark & Co., 4th & Locust streets, Philadelphia, Pa.
BRANDIES!
Landing ex "Corean."
100 Cn. V. Holland XXX
100 " Tobit & Co.
100 " Morris, France.
10 " Octaves
For sale low in bond or duty paid.
THOS. L. BOURKE
25 WATER STREET.

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

NOVELS.
CAFE ROYAL
BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING,
56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B.
WM. CLARK, Proprietor
Retail dealer in.....
CHOICEST WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.
OYSTERS always on hand. FISH and GAME in season.
MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.
QUEEN HOTEL,
FREDERICTON, N. B.
A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.
Fine sample rooms in connection. First class very stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

Victoria Hotel,
81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B.
Electric Passenger Elevator!
and all Modern Improvements.
D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor
THE DUFFERIN
This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the Hotel, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men. It is within a short distance of all parts of the city. Has every accommodation. Electric cars, from all parts of the town, pass the house every three minutes.
H. CARROLL WILLES, Proprietor.

HOW TO PROCEED.

The Coming Royal Visit—First Instructions Received.

The Hon Mr McKean has received the following from the Department of State regarding the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall's visit.

Instructions with reference to the visit of Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York to Canada:

Mourning—During the forthcoming visit of Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York to Canada, half mourning should be worn by ladies according to Queen Alexandra's order, ie, mauve, lilac, grey or black and white.

Addresses—Addresses for presentation to His Royal Highness the Duke of Cornwall and York should be commenced as follows:—

"To His Royal Highness George Frederick Ernest Albert, Duke of Cornwall and York, Duke of Rothesay, Prince of Saxo-Cobourg and Gotha, and Duke of Saxony; Earl of Carrick and Inverness, Baron of Renfrew and Killarney, Lord of the Isles, and Great Steward of Scotland, K. G., P. C. K. T., K. P., G. C. M. G., G. C. V. O., LL. D., D. C. L., etc., etc."

"May it please Your Royal Highness." It desired reference may be made to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cornwall and York in the body of the address.

J. POPE Under Secretary of State. Department of the Secretary of State, Ottawa, 10th July, 1901.

THE DERIGIBLE BALLOON.

Great Feats Expected in Travelling Through the Air.

Keep your eyes on the cable despatches from Paris which tell of the almost daily feats achieved by M Santos Dumont with his dirigible balloon! In current news there is just now little or nothing better worth watching. He has done some things already that never before were so well done or done so large a scale. His performances have indeed thus far been disappointing, in that they failed to reach the full measure of the sanguine aeronaut's confident predictions. But if M Dumont was a little over-boastful that is no reason why he should not have credit for the difficulties actually overcome. To be in the air 20 minutes, during that time to make a journey of several miles measured on the surface of the earth to ascend at will, to advance and recede as he chose, to turn in all directions when desiring to turn, and not to turn at all contrary to his wishes; and to do all this with out artificial shelter of any kind, from sun and wind, was certainly remarkable. That is what Dumont did very recently, if the cable told the truth, which we have no reason to doubt.

Very Recherche.—Miss Roche—So your play was a success, was it? Both financially and artistically?

Mr De Swell—Oh bless me, neither! Merely socially.

Friend (calling)—Did you have a good time the week you spent at the seashore, Willie?

Willie Boetum (gloomily)—Well, pretty good. Only mother wouldn't let me go swimming until two hours after I ate anything, so I couldn't very well eat things between meals!

your worship, I don't think no man oughter be ashamed of 'is convictions.

Magistrate—Two months, without the option of a 'ne.—Pick Me-Up.

Remarkable Success.—Ascum—I hear you've started your son in business for himself. How is he doing.

Richman—Splendidly. He's been in business nearly two months now, and he hasn't failed yet.

Decidedly Different.—Penfield—What makes you think that last poem of mine was different from anything else I've written?

Merrit—It was published.

That white cow, said the waggish farmer, is the cow that gives milk.

Ah, exclaimed the city girl, end those brown ones, I suppose, give beef tea.—

'Don't you think you could drive that mule without the use of profanity?' inquired the person of refinement.

'Yes,' answered the canal boatman. 'I reckon I could get along all right. But it would get powerful lonesome for the mule.—Washington Star.

Proper Feeling.—Magistrate—I am told that you have already been convicted 14 times on this same charge. Aren't you ashamed to have to acknowledge that?

'We had 13 people at our porch party last night.'

'Any bad luck?'

Yes; everybody wanted ice cream twice and it gave out.'

Mixing Their Metaphors

Few things are more joyous to an audience than the mixed metaphors of an orator. The Irish race is famous for its contributions to merriment in this particular. The Academy gives three illustrations:

'You are,' said a late Lord Mayor of Dublin, 'standing on the edge of a precipice that will be a weight on your necks all the rest of your days.'

'The young men of England,' remarked an English clergyman, 'are the backbone of the British Empire. What we must do is to train that backbone and bring it to the front.'

And this is 'from a member of Parliament: 'Even if you carried these peddling little reforms, it would be only like a flea-bite in the ocean.'

For Rising, Not Fasting.

A teacher in New York public school discovered that some of her pupils were deficient in the little amenities of polite life, and took it upon herself to instruct them in the graces of courtesy. She observed that whenever one of the boys passed in front of the visitors at the school, a strange puzzled expression came into their faces. The secret came out a few days later, when happening to stand near the visitors, she heard this boy jerk out, as he stumbled awkwardly by: 'Baking-powder.'

She hastened to explain 'that the difference between 'Beg your pardon,' which she had told him to say, and 'Baking-powder,' which he had understood her to say, was wide enough to justify further instructions.

Sound Sleeper

A recent traveller in Central Africa gives several instances of the capacity for sleep developed by his Arab servants. He mentions one of these men as being undisturbed by the discharge of firearms within two feet of his head. Another is described as follows: Salam, our Arab boy, sleeps more soundly than any one else I have ever come across. It is a task of no ordinary magnitude to wake him.

He tells a story in regard to himself to the effect that one night, when he was travelling with an Arab in North Africa, he had to sleep with their donkey tethered to his leg to keep it from running away.

When he woke in the morning he found that the donkey had wandered away to a considerable distance, and had dragged him along. Judging from our own experience of his sleeping powers, we do not think the story incredible.

'I say,' said Biggs to his friend Diggs, during a heated argument, 'you are a fool.'

'Yet you say I am your friend,' answered Diggs.

'Yes, of course,' replied Biggs.

'Then,' said Diggs, 'what I'd like to know is this: Am I a fool because I am your friend, or am I your friend because I am a fool?'

From a Man's Standpoint

A wife rarely keeps a husband poor that would have been rich any other way. Women live for admiration, but men die without it.

When a woman is in love, she thinks there is no other man in the world; when a man is in love, he thinks the same.

The bachelor has one great advantage over a married man; he can still get married.

A woman may have less logic than a man, but what little she does have is generally more so.

Never trust a woman with a secret. The curiosity of her husband is sure to get it out of her.

Just when a man is surest that a woman never lets anything she aims at, along comes some blue-winged young thing and marries him!

I notice that some Greek letter girls recently met in New York and enjoyed a banquet.

Did they Eta Beta Phi? Oh, Phi—

Mrs. Dorcas—While the country I suppose you were engaged most of the time in boating?

Miss Dorcas—Oh, no ma. It was while I was in the hammock that I became engaged the most times.—

Knew His Book.—Van Croke—But, my dear fellow, you can't afford to marry a girl like Ruth Richling.

Van Broke.—On contrary, old man. I can't afford to marry any other girl.

B!!—H's automobile seems to have almost human intelligence.

Jill—Why so? Why, it broke down in front of a saloon.

Mrs. Fashion—John, I'm sure there's a burglar in the house.

Mr. F. (celebrity)—I don't wonder at it. He's heard of the enormous price you gave for that last new bonnet, and he's come after it.—Woman's Life.

Rheumatism

No other disease makes one feel so old. It stiffens the joints, produces lameness, and makes every motion painful.

It is sometimes so bad as wholly to disable, and it should never be neglected.

M. J. McDonald, Trenton, Ont., had it after a severe attack of the grip; Mrs. Hattie Turner, Bolivar, Mo., had it so severely she could not lift anything and could scarcely get up or down stairs; W. H. Shepard, Sandy Hook, Conn., was laid up with it, was cold even in July, and could not dress himself.

According to testimonials voluntarily given, these sufferers were permanently relieved, as others have been, by Hood's Sarsaparilla

which corrects the acidity of the blood on which rheumatism depends and builds up the whole system.

HOOD'S PILLS cure constipation. Price 25 cents.

To Much of a Good Thing.

'I thought were going into the country with your family. Simpkins! Couldn't you find a place?'

'Oh, yes; I found a place—a farmhouse on the edge of the lake.'

'Any boating privileges?'

'New boats, and the lake was stocked with fish.'

'But no bathing?'

'Yes, there was a place reserved for bathers.'

'I suppose the accommodations were poor?'

'Cor'dn't we l'n b'ar.'

'There must have been mosquitoes?'

'Not one in that region.'

'Then it was malaria?'

'Malaria nothing. The air was perfect.'

'Oh, it was the money consideration? Prices too steep?'

'The prices were ridiculously low.'

'Then in the name of goodness why are you not there?'

'We would have all been miserable. There wasn't a chance for a single kick.'

Forge—Nearly everybody in town is ill and the physicians are making barrels of money I tell you they are in luck.

Fenton—Sort of ill luck, eh?

Rodney—I don't know just where to place those T'fingtons.

Dabney—Oh, that's an easy matter; financially, they are somebody; intellectually, they are nobody.

'Long life to your honor,' said an Irish beggar woman on receiving a coin, 'and may you see your wife a widow.'

I have just received a fresh supply of

Silk Elastic Stockings,

Knee Caps

—AND—

Anklets.

Also, a Complete Line of

Spring and Elastic

Water Pad Trusses.

Everything Marked at Lowest Prices.

ALLAN'S WHITE PHARMACY, 87 Charlotte Street. Have you tried my delicious Orange Phosphate and Cream Soda? Telephone 239.

CANADIAN PACIFIC PERSONALLY CONDUCTED Excursions —TO— Pan-American EXPOSITION AND NIAGARA FALLS.

JULY 23rd, AUGUST 29th, SEPTEMBER 17th AND OCTOBER 15th. Four days at the EXPOSITION CITY and NIAGARA FALLS and one day each at MONTREAL, TORONTO and OTTAWA.

Tickets are good for fifteen days, and passengers can extend their trip to that time if desired. Courier with Party will save you all worry and will show you everything that is to be seen. TRIP HAS BEEN MADE FOR \$65.00

From St. John or Montreal, covering each and every expense incident to the journey. Send for certified itemized estimate and itinerary. A. J. HEATH, D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

Conductor Was Not Hungry.

A story was told the other day that will bear repeating. The gentleman who told it had just returned from a visit to the east and it runs like this: 'I had been up town to the theatre and took the street car to the hotel at which I was staying. The car was full of passengers, one them a big fat negro woman with a child in her arms, which was crying, and she was trying to console it, but it wouldn't be consoled.

'Stop dat cryin' child! Doan yo' see yo' mammy gettin' out yo' supper?' With this remark she offered the breast to the child, but it wouldn't take it. Coaxingly she said, 'Hush, yo' squallin', yo' little brack rascal, an' take yo, supper; it yo' don't's a gwing ter give it to the conductor.'

The roar that went up in the car was deafening. The conductor got off at the next stop.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

A large monogram embroidered on the back of a glove or at the top of the long gloves worn with elbow sleeves is a recent fad. It is quite the thing to embroider such gloves as gifts, but the work is not easily done and, even when successful, has little to recommend it save novelty.

The adjustable sunshade is one of the season's novelties. A handsome parasol handle and frame may be made to do service with a number of covers harmonizing with different costumes, and such a handle and frame with an assortment of elaborate covers is, at present, one of the 'fais French woman's favorite gifts. It is said that such an offering to a famous actress cost the donor \$10,000.

Never were women's shoes so provocative of mad extravagance as now. The mannish shoes are convincingly mannish. The pointed-toed, high-heeled slippers and ties are frivolously feminine. Then there is a delectable middle ground. Some swell g-l's wear with their duck shirts calfskin slippers low in the vamp, with extension soles, high military heels and black ribbon to tie them over the instep. The slippers are neither one thing nor the other, but are undeniably inconsequential and charming.

The very dull Irish Dongola kid, instructless as crepe, is made into walking shoes of much the same sort, only with a high flap across which a broad strap buttons, or over which the two sides meet in a dr' black metal buckle. These are absurd,

delightful things, with the gay stockings of the day.

A man who is no longer young, and who never was handsome, asked his sons child what he thought of him. The boys' parents were present. The youngster made no reply.

Well so you won't tell me what you think of me. Why won't you?

'Cause I don't want to get licked, replied the sprig of a rising generation.

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

Woods Phosphorine is sold in St. John by all responsible Druggists.

Model 256. Made in John Noble Cheviot Serge or Costume Coating, consisting of Blue Bodies with Black Velvet revers, pret- \$2.56 fashionable Skirt with one box-pleat. Price complete, only \$2.56; carriage, 65c. extra. Skirt alone, \$1.35; carriage, 45c. extra.

Model 1492. Made in Heavy Friere Cloth Tailor-made, Double-breasted Coat, and full wide carefully finished Skirt, in Black or Navy Blue only; Price complete Costume \$4.10; Carriage 65c.

Thoroughly well made, in Strong Serge, with saddle top, long fall sleeves, and pocket. Lengths in front, and Prices: 24 27 inches, 49c. 61 cents. 30 33 inches, 78c. 85 cents. Postage 92 cents. 36 39 inches, 97c. \$1.10. 42 45 inches, \$1.22 \$1.34. Postage 45 cents.

Readers will oblige by kindly naming this paper, when ordering from or writing to JOHN NOBLE, LTD. BROOK ST. MILLS, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.



Makes Child's Play of Wash Day

SURPRISE SOAP

is a pure hard soap which has remarkable qualities for easy and quick washing. SURPRISE really makes Child's Play of wash day. Try it yourself. ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO. St. Stephen, N.B.

SOLD BY FIRST CLASS DEALERS. FOR HALF A CENTURY. STOOD THE TEST. THESE GOODS HAVE ISSUED ON EVERY ARTICLE. 1847. BE SURE THE PREFIX. GUARANTEES THE QUALITY. 87 ROGERS BROS. AS THIS IS THE MARK. IF YOUR GOODS BEAR THE MARK NEVER BE ASKED WILL IT WEAR? THE QUESTION. HIGHEST GRADE. SILVERWARE.

delightful things, with the gay stockings of the day.

The party Royal Highness on their tour distinguished or, altogether, wants. Their and head of t tary and in two equerries, sentation of f officer comman artists, a dom cal man.

Prince Alex with the Royal Duchess of O Princess Mary known. Like and bred in E he holds is mother, the Pr a cousin of the er of the first I George III. seven years of 7th Hussars. vice in Matabe

Lady Mary in waiting, is a She was appo holds in 1895.

Lady Kather ladies in waiting Henry J. Coke Lencester. Sh of Wilton.

The Hon. I third lady in w second Baron S Lord Wenloo lord in waiting is the third no was born in 18 and Trinity Col native of Yorka Madras from 18 Lieut. Col. Si O., K. C. B., C to His Royal Hi to many Canadi of the same po late Majesty bet her decease. He landshire, and age of twenty he lery, and rose to 1893. He serv of 1889, for whi despatches and g

He was appoin Her late Majesty private secretary was made an equ following and be 1895.

Commander Sir N., M. V. O., e Highnesses, has nine years. He is Entering the roya seen active servic pain of 1892, fo medal and a brou

The Hon. Den equery, is a brothe Albemarle, and wa ago. He has been (civil service) vol married in 1898.

The Rev. Canon accompanies the p lain, is precursor a Chapel, Windsor, the closet-in-ordin He was tutor to Fr to Prince George, York. He was ma ary to her late Ma gary chaplain to 1891. He is 62 ye

Sir John Anders accompanies the pa the Colonial Office He was attached to Sea arbitration in 1892 and 1893, and the Colonial Premie don in the Jubilee y

Sir Donald Walla Lat private secretar bartonshire, and world. He was e

The party Royal Highness on their tour distinguished or, altogether, wants. Their and head of t tary and in two equerries, sentation of f officer comman artists, a dom cal man. Prince Alex with the Royal Duchess of O Princess Mary known. Like and bred in E he holds is mother, the Pr a cousin of the er of the first I George III. seven years of 7th Hussars. vice in Matabe Lady Mary in waiting, is a She was appo holds in 1895. Lady Kather ladies in waiting Henry J. Coke Lencester. Sh of Wilton. The Hon. I third lady in w second Baron S Lord Wenloo lord in waiting is the third no was born in 18 and Trinity Col native of Yorka Madras from 18 Lieut. Col. Si O., K. C. B., C to His Royal Hi to many Canadi of the same po late Majesty bet her decease. He landshire, and age of twenty he lery, and rose to 1893. He serv of 1889, for whi despatches and g He was appoin Her late Majesty private secretary was made an equ following and be 1895. Commander Sir N., M. V. O., e Highnesses, has nine years. He is Entering the roya seen active servic pain of 1892, fo medal and a brou The Hon. Den equery, is a brothe Albemarle, and wa ago. He has been (civil service) vol married in 1898. The Rev. Canon accompanies the p lain, is precursor a Chapel, Windsor, the closet-in-ordin He was tutor to Fr to Prince George, York. He was ma ary to her late Ma gary chaplain to 1891. He is 62 ye Sir John Anders accompanies the pa the Colonial Office He was attached to Sea arbitration in 1892 and 1893, and the Colonial Premie don in the Jubilee y Sir Donald Walla Lat private secretar bartonshire, and world. He was e

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1901.

Persons of Interest

The party which accompanies Their Royal Highnesses of Cornwall and York on their tour of the colonies is a most distinguished one. It numbers nineteen altogether, with about twenty seven servants. There are three ladies in waiting and head of the household, a private secretary and an assistant private secretary, two equeiries, four A. D. C.'s, a representative of the Colonial Office, the naval officer commanding H. M. S. Ophir, two artists, a domestic chaplain, and a medical man.

Prince Alexander of Teck, who travels with the royal party, is a brother of the Duchess of Cornwall and York, or the Princess May, as she is more familiarly known. Like his sister, he has been born and bred in England, though the title that he holds is of German creation. His mother, the Princess Adelaide Mary, was a cousin of the late Queen, and a daughter of the first Duke of Cambridge, son of George III. The young prince is twenty-seven years of age, and a captain in the 7th Hussars. He has been on active service in Matabeleland and in South Africa.

Lady Mary Lygon, one of the ladies in waiting, is a sister of Earl Beauchamp. She was appointed to the post she now holds in 1895.

Lady Katherine Coke, another of the ladies in waiting, is the wife of the Hon. Henry J. Coke, who is a brother of Earl Lencester. She is a daughter of the Earl of Wilton.

The Hon. Mrs. Derek Keppel, the third lady in waiting, is a daughter of the second Baron Suffield.

Lord Wenlock, G. C. S. I., G. C. I. E. lord in waiting and head of the household is the third nobleman of that title. He was born in 1849, and educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge. He is a native of Yorkshire, and was Governor of Madras from 1890 to 1896.

Lieut. Col. Sir Arthur Bigge, G. C. V. O., K. C. B., C. M. G., private secretary to His Royal Highness, is known by name to many Canadians through his occupancy of the same post in the household of Her late Majesty between 1895 and the time of her decease. He comes from Northumberland, and was born in 1849. At the age of twenty he entered the Royal Artillery, and rose to the rank of Lieut. Col. in 1898. He served in the Zulu campaign of 1879, for which he was mentioned in despatches and given a medal with a clasp. He was appointed a groom in waiting to Her late Majesty in 1880, and assistant private secretary in the same year. He was made an equeiry in ordinary the year following and became private secretary in 1895.

Commander Sir Charles Cust, Bart, R. N., M. V. O., equeiry to Their Royal Highnesses, has held that post for the last nine years. He is in his thirty-eighth year. Entering the royal navy in 1877, he has seen active service in the Egyptian campaign of 1882, for which he received a medal and a bronze star.

The Hon. Derek Keppel, M. V. O., equeiry, is a brother of the present Earl of Albemarle, and was born thirty-eight years ago. He has been in the 12th Middlesex (civil service) volunteer rifles. He was married in 1898.

The Rev. Canon Dalton, C. M. G., who accompanies the party as domestic chaplain, is precentor and canon of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and was deputy clerk of the closet-in-ordinary to her late Majesty. He was tutor to Prince Albert Victor and to Prince George, Duke of Cornwall and York. He was made a chaplain-in-ordinary to her late Majesty in 1881, and honorary chaplain to the Duke of York in 1891. He is 62 years of age.

Sir John Anderson, K. C. M. G., who accompanies the party as representative of the Colonial Office is forty-three years old. He was attached to the staff of the Bering Sea arbitration in London and Paris in 1892 and 1893, and acted as secretary to the Colonial Premiers' Conference in London in the Jubilee year.

Sir Donald Wallace, K. C. I. E., assistant private secretary, is a native of Dumfriesshire, and has seen much of the world. He was educated at Edinburgh

University, at L'Ecole de Droit in Paris and at the Universities of Berlin and Heidelberg. He is author of a volume entitled 'Russia,' and of another entitled 'Egypt and the Egyptian Question.'

Commodore A. L. Winsloe, R. N., who commands H. M. S. 'Ophir,' has been in the navy thirty-six years. He is now forty-nine years old, and has seen active service in the Egyptian war of 1882 and in the expedition against the Sultan of Vitu on the east coast of Africa. He commanded H. M. S. 'Spartan' in eastern waters during the Chinese Japanese war.

Major J. H. Bor, Royal Maritime Artillery, C. M. G. A. D. C., was born in Donegal and educated at Londonderry college. He entered the service as lieutenant in 1874, and was promoted major six years ago. He served through the Crete insurrection, and was decorated with a medal presented by the king of Italy for gallantry in suppressing the insurrection of Albanian gendarmes in Crete.

Captain the Viscount Crichton, Royal Horse Guards, A. D. C., D. S. O., entered the 'Blues' in 1894, and has been advanced to the rank of captain. He served as A. D. C. to Major General Brocklehurst, and for his services was mentioned in despatches and awarded the D. S. O.

Lieut. the Duke of Roxburgh, Royal Horse Guards, M. V. O., A. D. C., is but twenty-five years of age. He is the eighth in the ducal line, and succeeded to his present title in 1892. After passing through Eton he was made a lieutenant in the 4th Battalion Princess Louise Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. He is now a lieutenant in the 'Blues.'

The other members of the suite are Mr. Sydney Hall, artist; Chevalier E. de Martino, marine artist, and Dr. A. Manby.

Their Own Opinions.

Members of the royal family, from the King downwards, rarely, if ever, contradict, through the medium of the press or otherwise any statement made concerning them. The king, however, who with all his family, is a great newspaper and magazine reader, has at Marlborough House a book—a unique and most fascinating book, he it said—which his majesty calls 'The Book of Royal Contradictions.'

In this book are some hundreds of 'cuttings' from various newspapers, etc., all of which have something to say, not only about his majesty himself, but also about other royal personages. Underneath these 'cuttings' referring to some great work in Scotland in which the king, as the prince of Wales, was taking part, says: 'His royal highness is evidently influenced—and rightly influenced—by the feelings of the Scotch people.'

Underneath this the prince has written: 'The writer of above was evidently influenced—and rightly influenced—by Scotch whiskey.'

Another cutting has something to say concerning the appetite of his royal highness:—

'The prince of Wales has a truly patrician palate. His royal highness certainly eats little, and only of the choicest and most delicately prepared dishes.'

Underneath the prince has humorously put, 'Beelsteak and (when quite alone) onions invariably delight my patrician palate.'

The Duke of Cornwall and York is as all the world knows, one of the straightest spoken of men, and hates pretence in any shape or form. His royal highness, for instance, has never pretended to be a musician; he is not musical, and he sensibly knows that he is not. One well-meaning paper, however 'piles' even this accomplishment upon him. It says:—

'The Duke of York, though not possessing a strong voice has an exquisite ear for music, and is a great lover of Mendelssohn. This extract is cut out and pasted in the royal book. Underneath the duke has written:—

'No voice at all; no ear for music. Favorite song, 'What Ho! She Bumps.'

The last 'cutting' to be placed in this charming book was when the German emperor paid his memorable visit to this country a few months ago. All the pap-

ers were full of his imperial majesty's kindness and delicate sympathy at this time. One of our leading papers said:— 'We may safely say that the German emperor is, characteristically speaking, the greatest of living monarchs. One of the most diplomatic of men, he is diplomatic even in his kindness.'

A pretty compliment this, but even prettier in that written underneath this 'cutting' by the kaiser himself:—

'My greatness (if I be great) I inherit from a great queen—Victoria; my diplomacy from a diplomatic king—Edward.'

Wise Advice.

Dr. Temple, the archbishop of Canterbury, is a notable personage about whom many good stories are related. Some years ago a young curate, seeking to be licensed, was bidden by Dr. Temple to read a few verses of the Bible, in order that his fitness for 'conducting public worship' might be judged.

'Not loud enough,' was the criticism of the bishop when the young man had finished.

'Oh! I'm sorry to hear that, my Lord replied the curate; 'a lady in the church yesterday told me I could be heard most plainly all over.'

'Ah! Are you engaged?' suddenly asked Dr. Temple.

'Yes, my lord.'

The bishop smiled grimly and said: 'Now, listen to me, young man. While you are engaged don't believe everything the lady tells; but,' he added, with a deep chuckle, 'after you are married believe every word she says.'

A Christian Warrior.

It is not generally known that a statue of Lord Salisbury as a Christian Warrior appears in one of the niches of the interesting and beautiful reredos in the chapel of All Souls' College, Oxford. About 40 years ago the premier was elected a fellow of this college, and about the same time an elaborate stone screen was erected in the chapel attached to the fellows' house. The sculptor, evidently preferring to make his own saints instead of accepting those canonized by the church, and Lord Salisbury was chosen to fill up the vacant gap, and is therefore immortalized as a Christian warrior.

WOMAN'S VANITY AS A TONIC.

Fewer Rules Nowadays Against Looking Glasses in Hospitals.

The nurse approached the doctor cautiously.

'That woman,' she said, indicating with her thumb the occupant of a bed in the southeast corner of the room, 'has brought a hand glass into the ward and lies there looking at herself from morning till night. She is pale as a ghost today, and I am anxious as to the results. I'm afraid she'll get scared over her ghastly appearance and worry herself to death. Don't you think I'd better take it away from her?'

The doctor contented himself with a shake of the head till he got out in the corridor and then he did some pretty plain talking.

'No,' said he, emphatically, 'I don't think anything of the kind. I've seen that plan tried, and it worked most disastrously. I began my career by serving several months as an interne in a Pittsburgh hospital. It was the rule that no ward patient should be allowed to have a mirror of any description, and you might rake every ward in the hospital with a fine tooth comb without finding a piece of looking glass as big as a postage stamp.'

'The management had formulated and enforced that law with the best interests of the patients at heart, for they figured just as you have figured, that to study one's own pallor and sunken cheeks and eyes is conducive to depression of spirits and consequent physical deterioration. I considered their reasoning also, but I was only one against many and did not forcibly express my opinion but discreetly watched the women patients fuming and fusing away in secret over their appearance, of which each tried to get an idea from the description given her by her neighbors.'

'One day I was passing through a certain ward and stepped beside the bed of a colored girl, whose face at that moment wore the most lugubrious expression I had ever seen on a human being. I took alarm instantly and began to study her condition.'

'Why, Elsie,' I said, 'what in the world

ails you?'

'She cried then in earnest. 'Oh, doctor,' she said, 'if I could only see myself, I'd get better. I knew I would. I haven't looked in a glass for a month. The girls try to tell me how I look, but I know they are fooling me. I'm sure I must look a great deal worse than they make out. If I don't, why won't the matron and superintendent let me have a glass?'

'I went right down to the office then and spouted out the piece of advice I had had stored up for so many weeks. After thinking the matter over they decided to allow Elsie to cultivate the acquaintance of her own features once more, and when she found that she did not really look so deathly ill as she had imagined, she began to mend and continued to improve steadily.'

'So I give sick people, especially the women, a mirror when they ask for it. There may be times when a person who is very near death's door loses interest in her personal appearance and does not care for a mirror, but the average woman who is able to lift a hand wants to judge for herself how she is looking, and it she may not have the privilege of finding out her suspense will be more harmful than positive knowledge.'

'There are very few hospitals now that forbid the use of looking glasses and it is to be hoped that those few will soon rescind their absurd rules and provided mirrors of their own. I urge this latter point for the reason that there is a great difference in glasses. Some lend a ghastly hue to the freshest countenance, whereas others throw pink tints on a colorless skin. A look into one of these flattering mirrors now and then would be worth more to a sick person than a dose of medicine, and they ought to be supplied abundantly.'

The nurse smiled.

'It's one of the flattering kind she's got,' she said, nodding toward the vain invalid. 'I suppose I'd better let her keep it.'

He Knew Who Made New York's Laws.

Judge Aspinall, of the County Court, in Brooklyn, does not turn out naturalized citizens like chickens from an incubator. A long line of hopeful ones lined up in front of him yesterday, and with confidence in their ability to answer all questions proceeded to tell him that Cuba was one of the states, that Richard Croker discovered America, and that Tammany was the first President.

'Who is the President of the United States?' asked Judge Aspinall of Generoso Consolazio.

'Sampson,' promptly responded the ambitious one.

'Can you name some of the states?'

'New Jersey,' began Consolazio, slowly. 'Good! Go on.'

'Chicago and Harlem.'

'Stop there,' said Judge Aspinall. 'Do you think that Chicago is a state?'

'Yes, sir,' said Consolazio enthusiastically. 'And the Bronx.'

'Who makes the laws for the state of New York?' asked Judge Aspinall.

'Richard Croker,' promptly responded Consolazio.

'What is that you say—Richard Croker?'

'Yes,' responded the man, with the air of one who is sure he has answered one question rightly at least.

'Humph!' said the court to himself, 'he knows more than I thought. Rejected.'

Guseppa Mora was getting on first rate. He had named five states and said that the Philippines were to be connected with New York by the East river bridge.

But incidentally he said his family was still in Italy, and he might go back when he got money enough.

'Back to stay?' asked the court.

'Yes, I go back alla rights!'

'Rejected,' said Judge Aspinall with a sigh.

The next candidate surprised the court by declaring that we were at war with South Africa, but when he said that George W. was the first President and that Theodore Roosevelt was now Vice-President he was forgiven and accepted. After he was accepted he added sotto voce, 'Teddy Roosevelt be de next President.'

'Didn't ask you that?' said the judge as he took up the next case.

An Early Adventure of Robert Lincoln

'While my brother-in-law, Mr. Boynton, was in the hardware business in Springfield, Lincoln's son Robert, then a boy of ten or twelve, entered the store one day with another boy of his own age. The lads had a quantity of lead pipe, which

they wished to sell. A bargain was made and the money paid over to the boys, with no questions asked. Later in the day, however, Mr. Lincoln was visited at his home by the owner of a house which was undergoing repairs, and informed that his son Robert had stolen a quantity of lead pipe from the place, which the owner desired to either have paid for or returned.'

Mr. Lincoln was shocked. He called Robert, and, without asking any questions, took the boy by the arm and marched him down to the store. When they entered Mr. Lincoln was looking very stern.

'Mr. Boynton,' said he, 'did my son Robert sell you some lead pipe to-day?'

'My brother-in-law was greatly embarrassed. Everybody in Springfield knew Abraham Lincoln. His honesty and integrity were never questioned, and the idea that his son would steal was highly improbable. Mr. Boynton had, however, been notified in some manner that the pipe was stolen property. Nevertheless he did not want to implicate the son of Abraham Lincoln so he said:—

'Abem!—er—well, Mr. Lincoln, let me see. No; I don't think it was your boy who brought that pipe in here. He don't look like the boy.'

'There was a tin-shop at the rear of the store, and just as my brother-in-law was congratulating himself that young Lincoln would get out of the scrape, the sharp voice of the tinsmith exclaimed:—

'Yes 'tis too. That's the chap—that Lincoln boy, and another one about his size. I remember 'em.'

'Mr. Lincoln drew out his pocketbook and laid a bill upon the counter.

'Please let me have that pipe, Mr. Boynton,' he said.

'The pipe was accordingly brought out. Mr. Lincoln placed it across Robert's shoulders. The two then left the store.

It was an extremely hot day, and Robert Lincoln was barefooted. The store stood in a sort of square, which was paved with brick. These bricks had become heated by the sun, and produced an uncomfortable feeling to Robert's feet, as his father, with long strides, led him across the square. The boy danced along, first on one foot and then on the other. Suddenly he exclaimed:—

'Say, pa, I can't stan' these hot bricks on my bare feet. Le's git over in the shade.'

Lincoln senior looked down at the boy with a quizzical smile, then drily replied:—

'Well, my son, you'd better get used to the heat. If you ever steal any more lead pipe you'll go to a place that's hotter than these bricks are.'

Preparing For A Journey.

Jerome K. Jerome recalls, with reverence, a habit of his methodical uncle who, before packing for a journey, always 'made a list.' This was the system which he followed, gathered from his uncle's own lips: 'Take a piece of paper, and put down on it everything you can possibly require. Then go over it, and see that it contains nothing you can possibly do without. Imagine yourself in bed. What have you got on? Very well: put it down, together with a change. You get up. What do you do? Wash yourself. What do you wash yourself with? Soap. Put down soap. Go on till you have finished. Then take your clothes. Begin at your feet. What do you wear on your feet? Boots, shoes, socks. Put them. Work up till you get to your head. What do you want besides clothes? Put down everything.

This is the plan the old gentleman always pursued. The list made, he would go over it carefully, to see that he had forgotten nothing. Then he would go over it again, and strike out everything it was possible to dispense with. Then he would lose the list.

A Good Enough Way for Him—'I wouldn't cry like that, my little man.'

'Well, you can cry any way you want to this is my way.'

'Madam,' said a course lawyer, baffled in his attempt to make a cool witness contradict her statements, 'you have brass enough to make a sousepan.'

'And you have sause enough to fill it,' she retorted.

Uncle Josh—I b'lieve the Circassian women are about as fine lookin', as any in thehell world.

Uncle Silas—Well, that's what I used to think before I tuk in a few dimeuseums.



Child's Play of Wash Day. SURPRISE SOAP. pure hard soap which has remarkable qualities for easy and quick wash. SURPRISE really makes Child's play of wash day. Try it yourself. ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO. St. Stephen, N.B.

STOOD THE TEST. THESE GOODS HAVE BEEN STAMPED ON EVERY ARTICLE. 1847. BE SURE THE PRESENT IS THIS IN ITSELF. TRADE MARK. 87 ROEBERS BRO. IF YOUR GOODS BEAR THIS MARK, YOU WILL NOT BE DECEIVED. THE QUESTION OF THE HIGHEST GRADE. SILVER.

Things, with the gay stockings of who is no longer young, and was handsome, asked his sons to be thought of him. The boys were present. The youngest replied, 'You won't tell me what you are. Why won't you?'

I don't want to get licked, replied of a rising generation.

NOBLE, ENGLAND. Mantlemen in the World. Globe ladies do their 'shopping by mail' and drapery enterprise, it being of any postages or duties, the be nearly equal elsewhere, both city, and now that the firm is so public favour, and its patrons so give, and does give, even better on Magazine. BY RETURN OF POST. EVEN OR MONEY RETURNED. Model 1492. Made in Heavy Frieze Cloth Tailor-made, Double-breasted Coat, and full wide carefully finished Skirt, in Black or Navy Blue only; Price complete Costume \$4.10; Carriage 65c.

JOHN NOBLE KNOCKABOUT FROCKS FOR GIRLS. Thoroughly well made, in Strong Serge, with saddle top, long full sleeves, and pockets. Length in front, and Priced: 24 27 inches 49c. 61 cents. 30 33 inches 75c. 88 cents. Postage 2c. 36 39 inches 97c. \$1.10. 42 45 inches \$1.22 \$1.34. Postage 4c. 50 53 inches \$1.44 \$1.56. Postage 4c.

Deriving from or writing to E. LTD. ENGLAND.

(CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.)

Matters were at a horrid standstill with her.

She did not in the least know how to proceed or what to do, and as this had never happened before with her—or at any rate the issues were not half so important if it had—she was out of tune and out of humor with the world.

Suddenly she heard the gate click and saw walking towards her the grey-clad figure of Sir Wilfred Curtis.

It was not possible not to know upon what business the baronet was come, nevertheless Miss Crossley did not appear as if it was known to her, but when he had come up with her, conducted him indoors, without giving him time to express himself save as regarded the weather and her probable fatigue after her exertions on the previous night.

'Yes, I am rather tired,' admitted Aloys. 'And miserable,' she might have added; but she did not, and Sir Wilfred by no means observed the fact.

She was taking him into the drawing-room when he spoke with a certain pomposity—

'I should like you to grant me a private conversation some time this afternoon, Miss Crossley.'

He looked to see the flattered, flustered embarrassment that would have met him in another girl; but Aloys merely bowed with the utmost self-possession and composure, and no light flashed into her eye or colour to her cheek.

Though the baronet was half provoked, as usual, his secret admiration was very strong as he glanced at her.

'She will make a magnificent mistress of the Park,' he said to himself. 'One can see the blue blood in her veins in every movement, every gesture. It will be quickly perceived why I came to overlook her position and circumstances.'

He impatiently endured the meal with old Miss de Howard, her platitudes and common places.

When Aloys rose at last, and carelessly wended her way to the garden, he followed, with more purpose in his step and manner than had, perhaps, ever before been noticeable in him.

'I came here, Miss Crossley,' he began, slowly and impressively, 'to speak to you on a certain matter which may surprise you.'

And he turned to get a view of her bewitching face as these important words fell upon her ear.

Miss Crossley was looking absolutely innocent and indifferent.

'No, Sir Wilfred,' she answered, in a matter of fact tone; 'I don't think you will surprise me.'

This reply surprised her hearer, at any rate, though he had not been able to accomplish the same effect with her.

Really, her nonchalance, though striking and unusual, would have impressed some people as hardly becoming in so young a woman.

But then, he told himself perhaps she misunderstood his errand, and they were at cross purposes.

'I came here to tell you that I have made up my mind to a certain course of action,' he began. 'I have decided to marry.'

Here he came to a pause.

'Indeed?' Aloys said inquiringly, after a moment.

'Yes,' returned Sir Wilfred. 'It is only right and proper that a man in my position should. You see, I am the largest landowner in the neighborhood, and my standing obliges me, in a manner, to consider the question. I have often thought of the matter before, but have not chosen a wife, although there are many ladies of my own rank and circumstances who would be suitable to fill such a position. But I have at last made my choice.'

'Oh, I am glad of that,' murmured Miss Crossley.

She spoke courteously, rather than gratefully or shyly; but Sir Wilfred wrapped up in his magnanimous purpose, did not give much heed to the inflection of a voice.

'Yes, I have made my choice,' he repeated, with a certain determination. 'There are disadvantages surrounding it or the world might think them disadvantages—but I have overlooked them, for—'

'Oh, there are disadvantages?' remarked Aloys inquiringly, lifting her calm brown eyes to his.

'Naturally,' he replied, seeming surprised at the interruption. 'But I can afford to overlook the social position of the girl I intend to marry. You must have seen my feeling for you since I met you here a few weeks ago. I have encountered many girls in my life, but I have not regarded them with the same sentiments. As soon as I made your acquaintances—almost before—I said to myself that you alone would I marry. As my wife you will be rich and happy—'

'Oh!' Miss Crossley interposed, as she drew a long breath. 'I am the girl you have chosen, Sir Wilfred?'

'Yes,' he answered impressively. 'You Aloys, are the only woman I desire to make my wife.'

'But you spoke of disadvantages?' she murmured, as she looked down at the path.

'Well, of course,' the baronet explained, wondering that she should wish to introduce any awkwardness into the matter, 'it might be looked upon in the light of disadvantage that circumstances have compelled you to earn your own way in the world; but my regard for you swallows up any such drawback. You are yourself, and infinitely superior to those who have been brought up in an atmosphere of wealth, ease, and luxury. You—'

'Oh, I see,' said Aloys, in a grateful tone. 'You are indeed generous, Sir Wilfred. I had not regarded the matter in that light. There is a great deal in what you say,' and she thoughtfully regarded him.

'Therefore,' Sir Wilfred resumed, 'feeling that I could make no better choice—seeing that you are quite fitted to adorn

any position, even the most exalted—I resolved to lose no time in making known my intention to you.'

'Yes?' said Miss Crossley inquiringly. 'In asking you to become my wife,' Sir Wilfred explained, feeling called upon to do so only because she appeared to be waiting for the conclusion of a sentence.

Miss Crossley was silent for some moments.

She looked up at last, and spoke with a certain sympathy and regret.

'I am so sorry, Sir Wilfred,' she said, 'to have raised any false hopes. I cannot grant your request; I hope you will not take it to heart, but endeavor to forget this unfortunate occasion. I am always sorry when anything like this happens.'

Sir Wilfred regarded her with a face of incredulous amazement.

It seemed to Aloys such a ludicrous situation that she did not dare to look at him.

'You are not serious, Miss Crossley?' the baronet gasped.

'Yes,' she returned, looking carefully at the ground, 'I am afraid I am perfectly serious, Sir Wilfred.'

'You are engaged to someone else, you mean?' he stammered.

'Oh, no!'

'But—why—how is it?'

He could not believe that any girl could seriously mean to refuse him.

Refuse him, the master of Holtford Park! And poor Miss de Howard's niece!

Impossible!

'I suppose because I don't love you,' said Aloys, taking care to speak slowly and distinctly.

She was not sorry, though in general she possessed a tender heart.

'She felt that she was conferring a benefit upon society by teaching this young man a lesson—she hoped it would be also a benefit to him.'

'But, Miss Crossley,' he urged, more and more surprised by her extraordinary replies, 'have you considered what you are doing? In mentioning my wealth and position to you I do not mean—'

'No; there is not much use in that. I quite agree with you,' she interposed coolly. 'No, Sir Wilfred, I am very sorry, but—'

'But—your behavior,' he gasped, utterly thrown back upon himself. 'Even last night, though you must have had other flowers sent to you, you singled out mine to carry and wear. What was the object—what was I to think? In hundreds of ways—'

He paused, glowering at her, discomfited.

Aloys had given a start at his words. His flowers!

What did he mean?

But she would not betray why she had carried them; she would not let him know that Denzil Essex's card had been attached to them.

It must have happened by some mistake, and she suddenly saw light.

'I am sorry, Sir Wilfred, if I ever gave you reason to think I should marry you, but I cannot believe I have done so,' she said, turning away as if to end the subject. 'I can only repeat that regret I cannot accept the honor you would confer upon me.'

Sir Wilfred could not but see that he was dismissed.

By a little governess, a girl who worked hard for her living, and enjoyed a month's holiday in the year!

And without either consideration, hesitation, or regret!

He was dumfounded.

'What a fool he must seem! What a thoroughly humiliating situation!

She was actually smiling as she hurried towards the house.

Never, perhaps, to the end of his life would he quite recover his utter assurance and self-satisfaction; his self-esteem was shattered.

But Aloys felt that a burden had been lifted from her as she ran up the path, singing and laughing in her heart.

If these roses were Sir Wilfred's gift, then the Gloire de Dijons were Denzil's, and she understood why he had avoided her so proudly, and would have nothing more to do with her.

She had been troubling herself all these hours over nothing.

How delighted she was that in his wounded amour propre, Sir Wilfred and enlightened her.

She could now make a charming amende and would do so without delay.

She ran upstairs to her bedroom drew her desk towards her, and wrote the following note—

'Dear Mr Essex,—I think your card was tied to the wrong bouquet of flowers last night. It came attached to the red and white roses I took with me to the ball. Am I right or wrong? I shall be at home tomorrow afternoon, and I shall be very pleased to see you. Aloys Crossley.'

The receipt of this message had very much the effect upon Mr Essex that Sir Wilfred's remark concerning the flowers had had upon Aloys.

His heart bounded with joy.

She had carried the red and white roses to the ball under the impression that they were his!

And then—then—this must mean that she did not intend to encourage, or marry his cousin—his wealthy, titled, handsome cousin who had had it all his own way in life, and had been spoiled thereby!

Could he believe his luck?

It seemed too glorious, too unreal!

He was like a boy as he dashed off towards Beaulieu.

It was so comforting to him to know that Aloys's circumstances were so much like his own, that he need have no fear of asking her to share his humble fortune; that she in no way resembled these wealthy society girls he encountered all around him.

He would never have dared to tell her how he loved her had she been an Annabelle Caloney or a Dolly Tregunter.

But then—and he burst out laughing at the idea—he would never have loved an

Annabelle Caloney or a Dolly Tregunter. If they were ever loved at all it would be by a man who resembled him in no particular.

Aloys was waiting for him by the gate, and she blushed as he came up.

It was a beautiful day, and she looked prettier than he had ever seen her.

'Was I right?' she asked. 'Had there been a mistake at the florist's?'

'A mistake! I should say there had!' cried Denzil. 'The card should have been tied to another bouquet—one composed of roses like that which you gave me the first time I called here to see you. And now, Aloys—seizing her hand—should you have carried them to the dance?'

'I thought I was carrying yours. So that, when you didn't ask me to dance—'

'I was too angry,' he explained. 'You see, Aloys, I love you, and I've loved you for a long time, and when I saw you with some other fellow's flowers, when you could have had mine, I hadn't the heart to persevere any longer or the philosophy to bear it patiently. You don't mind my saying this to you, do you?' he added, as Aloys turned away a little.

'No,' she murmured; 'I'm very glad.'

'Are you?—are you?' he cried rapturously. 'But you know this is the worst of it, darling, I can't offer you any sort of position. I'm only a scribbler, and you ought to make such a much better match.'

'What an odious expression!' she laughed reproachfully. 'I'm not the sort of girl to want to "make a match," Denzil. And, besides, you see, I've no need to do so, with all my money.'

'With all your money!' gasped Denzil. 'You have no money, have you?—I understood—'

'Yes, it's most strange,' remarked Aloys; 'everything seems to have "understood" the queerest things about me. I don't quite understand it myself. Would you mind explaining to people, sometimes, that I'm the Miss Crossley, Denzil? Perhaps they'll comprehend the real state of the case then.'

'The Miss Crossley?' he echoed. 'You don't mean the girl people call the "female millionaire"?'

'Yes I do,' she pointed.

'But—but,' he stammered, 'what have you said occasionally that has made me imagine you gained your own living?—to remember. "I know you have some times given me that impression. Oh, I know! You grumbled that you had a lot of sewing in your daily life; and dozens of little things like that!"'

'Probably so,' answered Aloys. 'I live with somebody who has always set me the example of sewing, but not for herself—for the poor. And perhaps, feeling this impression abroad I have rather delighted in encouraging it, Denzil. It has been rather fun, you must admit. Nevertheless you can tell the people now, if you like, that I'm the Miss Crossley, and they will understand.'

'But he began dubiously, if you are so rich—'

'I intend to marry you,' she finished, hastily closing the discussion. 'I'm not going to give you a chance of backing out now, sir. I'm not going to let any money spoil my life, I assure you. You said you loved me, you know, Denzil—softly.'

'Yes, but—'

'Well, then, you don't want me to be unhappy?'

'No, but—'

'Please tell me I may marry you Denzil. And Mr. Essex could not resist her any longer.'

He took her into his arms, and the rich Miss Crossley was as happy as if she had been the poor little governess he had believed her.

Jones—I put nine buckets of water on every tree in our yard every night.

Smith—Oh you must be very fond of your trees.

Jones—No; I want to make the time pass.

Mamma—Willie shut that window screen. You letting the flies in.

Willie—Well, you've got to let some of them in.

Mamma—Why?

Willie—'Cause if you don't let 'em in how are they going to get on the fly-paper?

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills. Must Bear Signature of Brewster.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION. CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Seal Brand Coffee. Its Purity is its Strength. Flavor and Fragrance its natural attributes. CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

Chat of the Boudoir. Summer fashions have reached the crest of the wave, and Mrs. La Mode has apparently gone into a trance from which she will presently send forth mediocritic prophecy as to autumn and winter styles. As yet, however, there are few shadows of coming events, and even the New York dressmakers will not turn their faces toward their Parisian Mecca until a few weeks later. The fashion journals having worn the subjects of mousselines and linens more hopelessly threadbare than the linen and mousseline frocks will ever be, are assuming the pose of the Delphic oracle and are endeavoring to talk of autumn modes without saying anything that they may have to retract later on. In the meantime, the dressmakers keep right on making summer frocks, as though the season's change were not inevitable. The manufacturers are promising gorgeous pompadour silks for autumn costumes, Meun shoulder capes and chiffon or lace veiled gowns; and it is said that the ap- plicable crotonne craze, which has been run into the ground, will be followed by applications of garlands, bouquets, &c., cut from panne velvets that are being made for the purpose. The skirts show little or no change in general line and remain stubbornly close fitting around the hips, no matter how loudly dressmakers may talk of shirring and fulness. Yokes and flat tucks or pleats are popular as they have been all the season, but the triple bell skirt, the skirt ruff all the way to the waist in the back, the tunic skirt, &c., are seen only sporadically, and show no signs of becoming epidemic in the near future. The salvage border material lends itself especially in the voiles, canvas and other lightweight wools. Such a gown, shown in one of the sketches, is in white voile with a border in cornflower blues. The jabot and the tunic drapery are reproduced on the bodice front and sleeves. Although falling free at the bottom and cutting the skirt length too much for any save a slender wearer, the tunic is carefully tucked to fit smoothly over the hips. White in all materials continues to be the rage, and the women who have revelled in white mousselines and thin fabrics will take out their lightweight white wools, taffets, &c. for cooler September and October wear. White silk or white cloth long and short coats are much worn by the lucky mortals to whom durability and service are not considerations, but lace coats strapped with silk or cloth are perhaps the favorite little coats. Lace gowns, too are strapped and gowns of heavy guipure elaborately strapped in stitched white silk or cloth are perhaps the favorite little coats. Lace gowns, too, are strapped and gowns of heavy guipure elaborately strapped in stitched white cloth have been among the handsomest costumes of the season. At least one interweaving of chiffon should be put between lace and its silk or satin lining, but when expense need not be considered, three such thicknesses of chiffon add greatly to the softness and effect of a lace gown. Princess and Empire gowns are both undoubtedly fashionable; but their following is small for the simple reason that both require an inspired dress maker if they are to be really successful; and the round bodice slightly bloused in front and either plain or with postilion tabs in the back bids fair to hold continued sway. The broad folded girdle and the very narrow folded girdle are both correct, and the sashes, which have not been adopted so generally on this side of the water as on the other will doubtless figure largely on house and evening gowns this winter. Negligee grow more and more attractive and most effective ones can be made at home if the women who want to wear them has taste and courage. The negligee esquisse sketched is not in the least complicated and does not even entail much work and trimming; yet made in accordance pleaded soft silk or veiling of some delicate color, with applications of creamy lace, it should be a joy to the wearer. Appropriety of simplicity, here is a muslin gown in palest green that achieves eminent simplicity at the cost of a good deal of labor. Still it can be made by an ordinary dressmaker, and that virtue offsets the bother of sewing miles of insertion. Mechlin insertion bands and flounces of Mechlin trim muslin, and the character of the trimming speaks for itself. Nothing could be more charming for a young girl's evening frock. In hot weather, the stiff collar, the tight collar, the high collar, must be discarded if we would live. New Yorkers have invented a substitute which seems to us the best thing yet. To make it buy 15 inches of all over embroidery in a striped pattern or the cheaper woven material which comes in a pattern of lace and insertion. Cut this so that you can have a strip 15 in. long of a lace design with insertion on each side. Fit this loosely but exactly to the neck by making a plait in the centre and one under each ear. Along these plaits on the wrong side sew white feather bone of the narrowest width and length enough not to show above the collar edges. Hem all around neck, cuffs and eyes at the turned in ends at the neck, and finish with a frill of tiny fine valenciennes edging. The lace band of one thickness of stuff admits air to the throat and the feather bone solves the problem of how so filmy a material may be held upright and saved from wilting with the heat. We are told that ribbons will constitute the chief trimmings in our autumn gowns, for there is little doubt that the old fashioned ruches and quillings are coming in again, and these were mostly formed of ribbon. Quaint devices of ribbon arabesques are discernible on some of the summer gowns already, and on some appear the old ribbon ends or tassels depending from the centre. Scarves, knotted and twisted, are caught across the front of bodices, usually in rich brocaded or soft spotted gauze ribbons. In other cases the knotted scarf falls at the side of the skirt. Sashes are in high favor, while the craze for interbreeding ribbon velvet through lace and material alike continues unabated. The wise virgin will, therefore, not turn an inattentive ear to the ribbon bargains at the sales. Remember that white is trying and accen- tuates all imperfections and should there- fore never be attempted by the immature and the amateur. Children and old age can wear it admirably, but the debutante is rarely at her best when clad in such virginal colorlessness. It is a great mistake to put the girl hovering between the schoolroom and the 'coming out' stage into white, be it muslin or any other fabric, unless she be possessed of exceptional charms and brilliancy. There is a peculiar style of pale beauty but it must be real—which looks adorable in white; but as a rule, color is required to accentuate one's particular style. For instance, dark hair and blue eyes look their best when their owner is clad in pale blue, the brown eyed brunette looks delightful in pale biscuit, while the fair, pale Marguerite, should wear yellow and palest green. There is much in color, and few women know how to make the most of it. Black is either very becoming or quite the reverse, though, on the whole, it is smart, especially for evening wear. He—Scientists say that the lobster is becoming extinct. She—These slang words never do last very long. I thought you said your husband could swim. He can, but that pretty grass widow from Kentucky seems to prefer to just lie around on the beach. J.L.S.

The Saving of a Life.

Greenhill was having an 'Old Home Week', and its heart thrilled with excitement. The grass plot in the village green underwent the most severe raking known in its history; the railing which guarded it from chance cows was mended, and the town hall took on a bright, fresh coat of paint. Everything in the shape of bunting was hauled out of dusty garrets and made to do brave duty in decoration and the streets and principal buildings fairly fluttered with the cheerful red, white and blue.

All the old people of the place came out of their corners, pleased with the consciousness that, for once, age was a recognized addition to their value.

'You see,' said Mrs. Piper to Serena Tucker, as they both sat on the front porch slowly swaying back and forth in their rocking-chairs, 'most times it's the young people who come to the fore, but this belongs to us. 'Old home' means 'old folks.' I guess one wouldn't be quite so much without the other.'

'But we count for something, too!' asserted Florence, from her seat on the step. 'Lots of young people are coming home and there's the golf tournament, and the water carnival on the lake! Oh, we aren't left out, granny dear!'

'Of course not,' responded the old lady. 'You've got to be amused. But it's the old folks who get right into the heart of this week. You can hit your little ball with pokers and paddle about in those pesky things you call canoes, but there is not one of you that knows what 'old home' means to these who have got nearly through with life. Yes, it's our week, and please God, we'll make the most of it!'

'Did you know Senator Mabie was coming, grandma?'

'No! Well, of all things! I didn't look for that. Richard Mabie'll be a big feather in Greenhill's cap! Where's he going to stay, Florry?'

'Up at the old place. His aunt's awfully pleased; she was afraid he'd go to the hotel.'

Now that's nice of him,' said Serena Tucker. 'She'll be tickled to death! Well, Greenhill ought to be proud of him. 'How things change!' sighed Mrs. Piper. 'Why, Serena, I remember him as Dicky Mabie plain as if it was yesterday! Toward little chap, always cutting up with Tom Keene. If there ever were too little imps those youngsters deserved the name. Who'd have thought he'd turn out as he did?'

They say he's made money hand over fist,' returned Serena. 'I should think Thomas Keene would kind of feel the difference when he sees him.'

'Tom Keene's made what I call a fizzle out of life,' said Mrs. Piper. 'Not that there is anything bad about him, but he's of no account. When he was a boy you'd have said he was the likelier of the two, but land, you can't tell how things are going to come out!'

The week at Greenhill proved a great success. It is the first place, the weather smiled broadly on every undertaking. Clear, cool invigorating air, the breezes swept down from the pine clad hills, and tired men and women, coming out of the whirl of business or social life, received new vigor in the strength-giving air.

The little town might well be proud, for many of her children had gone from her shelter to win success in the world; and now they came flocking back to her as to a welcoming mother, ready to listen to the tales of old times, and to have their hearts touched with tender memories. It was a week of happy reunions; of renewals of friendships; of fresh life for the quiet village people, and of peaceful relaxation for the home-comers.

Speeches were made in the town hall; the seldom used 'best rooms' of big houses were thrown open for receptions and old-fashioned teas; there had been a clambake at the shore four miles away; and now, on the very last afternoon, all assembled in the white church which lifted its slender spire from the village green. The place was crowded. The dig windows stood open to the sweet, summer air, and the western sun sent long golden beams through the clear panes which had never been usurped by colored glass, but let in, unimpeded the light of heaven and the colors of earth.

Mrs. Piper and Serena Tucker sat well toward the front.

'Not that I'm very hard of hearing,' said the former. 'Mabe I'm not quite so sharp as I was, but folks don't speak out as they

used to. They kind of mumble, don't you know.'

'I wonder what they're going to do, returned Serena. I hav'n't heard a thing about this afternoon.'

'I asked Willista, and he said he didn't know more than that it was to be a farewell meeting. There's Mr. Read getting into the pulpit.'

The gray haired pastor lifted up his hand, and silence fell upon the audience. There was a twinkle in the kindly eyes as he spoke.

'When the program for our Old Home Week was made out, I was asked to speak for Greenhill the words of farewell at this last meeting, but since I came into the building I have been told that my time has not come yet; that before we say good-by to these dear people who have come home to tell us of their work in the world and to bring back their youth by old associations, they themselves have something to say, and that I must give the meeting into their hands. I will retire for the present in favor of Senator Mabie, but I warn you I will have a hearing later.'

'Mr. Read always knows just what to say,' remarked Mrs. Piper, in a whisper; but Serena, whose sense of humor was as small as her good-will was great, looked anxious.

'I don't wonder he feels it, being put aside that way,' she returned.

'O Serena, can't you see a joke? There's Richard Mabie; he's a well-set man.'

The senator stepped upon the platform with the quiet assurance born of success.

'My dear friends,' he began, 'you will have to forgive me for turning our good pastor out of his proper place, but we must be allowed our say. You have had things your own way this week. You have welcomed us and showered benefits upon us. You have bestowed your best, and we who have received know how good that best is. Now you must give us a chance to thank you, to tell you that you helped us on our way, and made us richer by the renewal of old associations and establishment of new.'

'But we want to show our gratitude in something more than words; we want to leave behind us something at which you may look and think. 'This is an expression of love for the old place.'

'We might unite and raise a memorial to this week, but as we talk the matter over we find the general sentiment is that this plan is not quite personal or individual enough. So we purpose to turn this meeting into a donation-party for dear old Greenhill. Any contributions for special purposes will be received at the desk, and a committee has been appointed to see that all directions are carried out.'

There was a little flutter all over the church as Senator Mabie resumed his seat.

'Did you ever!' whispered Mrs. Piper. 'I think that's a real sensible idea. It's a sight better than remembering folks in a lump!'

'That's just how I feel,' replied Serena. 'You know Brother Eb got killed in the war. Well, when I look at the Soldier's Monument on the green I don't think of him, or William Adams, or Abner Forcyte or any of the men that were shot. Their names are there, to be sure, but it don't seem as if it meant them more than anybody else. But when I go out to the cemetery and see Eb's own gravestone why—'

'Sh-h!' interrupted Mrs. Piper. 'There's some one going up to the desk.'

Senator Mabie opened the folded slip of paper which was handed to him, and announced that Frederick Marston donated twenty-five dollars to the church, in memory of old days.

Other gifts quickly followed. A teacher from a Western city gave ten dollars with which to buy a picture for the schoolroom. Some one sent up a promise of a dozen books for the little library, and an athletic young fellow presented five dollars to the high-school baseball team.

A half-dozen old sons of the town joined forces and offered a handsome sum for a drinking-fountain on the village green; and Mrs. Crosby, who had been back to her native town every year since her marriage, and had thus kept in touch with its needs, pledged an annual sum for the support of Aunt Betsy Hill, a worthy character of Greenville, who stood in sore dread of the poorhouse.

The donations came pouring in for purposes as varied as the sums bestowed. The excitement reached its climax when

Senator Mabie handed in his written promise to build a suitable library building which was to stand in the village square, a tribute to Greenhill (from an affectionate son). This brought down the house, and the little 'Literary Club,' which had collected books as best it could and distributed them from a small and inconvenient room, clapped and cheered.

'Isn't this an outpouring?' remarked Mrs. Piper, wiping her eyes. They're not going to give us a chance to forget them, even if we wanted to! Who's that getting up on the platform, Serena? Not anybody I know.'

'He seems kind of familiar,' answered Serena, 'and again he don't. For mercy sakes!' she exclaimed, almost loud. 'If it ain't—' and then she stopped, as the sound of his voice fell on her ears.

The man was small and clean-shaven, dressed in neat but cheap clothing. His face twitched nervously, and he choked and hesitated as he spoke.

'Folks of Greenhill!' he began, with a homely sort of eloquence, 'I don't suppose you know me. I hope you don't. Eight years ago I came near being run out of this town I was that lazy, drunken thing you know as Bill Wright. I've dropped the Bill from my name, and I hope it's gone out of my character. People speak to me now as William Wright and I don't believe you, who have never been down where I've been, have any idea how good that makes me feel, and how I straighten up when I hear it! I've always meant to come back to Greenhill when I'd got where I wouldn't be ashamed of myself, and when I heard of Old Home Week, I thought, 'This is the time for me to go! But I couldn't get here until this afternoon. I've been sitting here, listening to all these splendid gifts that are to be made to the old town, and I says to myself, 'I've got a story to tell of a gift you people don't know anything about, and nobody ever will know unless I tell it, for the giver isn't one to speak of it himself.'

'He's right here in the church this afternoon,' the man proceeded. He isn't one of those who went away from Greenhill, but he's been walking among you for years and you've been talking to him every day, and yet you don't know he's ever given you more than a pleasant word.

'I'm going to tell you about this gift. You all know what I was—'Old Bill,' 'Lazy Bill,' 'Bill the Loafer.' I was a disgrace to the town that owned me. I was more than all that. I was Bill the Thief! You may say you didn't know I ever stole. Well, I did. I didn't take your money, but any man who lies about the streets, drunk and shiftless as I was, steals from the place he's in. He steals a good citizen; he takes away a chance of respect and example.

'Then I set fire to that barn. I'm not going into particulars; it is a pretty story for me to tell or for you hear. You all know how it came out. I was sent to jail, and every hand was against me—all but one. I don't blame you; you gave me just what I deserved.

But one man gave me better than I deserved. He came right into my cell and talked to me like my brother. He didn't scare me; he made me see just what I'd been, but he pulled me up at the same time. When I got out, he lent me money enough to start me in a new place. He isn't a rich man, and I know he felt the lack of every dollar he lent me.

'Well, he just kept hold of me, though I disappointed him more than once, and by and by he made a man of me. For five years I've been an honest man, doing a man's work in the world. Now I'm back to give the place I was born in what I took from her, I've got a chance to work here and I'm going to bring my wife and little boy here and give Greenhill a respectable citizen and my best work.

'No, isn't a gift on my part. It's the man who helped me who makes this donation. All these sums of money that have been put down are grand,—and it's generous hands that have offered them,—but the man who gives a man back to himself, and gives an honest citizen to a town, gives from something more than a big bank account. God bless that man, I say! And God bless Mr. Thomas Keene!'

There had been absolute silence while William Wright was speaking; silence first of surprise, then of interest, then of something far deeper than interest. But when the speaker sat down, a soft murmur arose of applause, which grew louder and louder as Greenhill, out of a full and touched heart, acknowledged its gift.

A quiet little man in a shabby coat tried to slip, unobserved, out of the church. Senator Mabie himself stopped him, and linked his arm within his old friend's as he used to do in the days when the two were partners in mischief.

'No, Tom!' he whispered, huskily. 'You're not going to sneak off like that!

You've got to stay and take our thanks like a man!'

Then the white-haired pastor rose, and with hands outstretched gave thanks for the gifts; and there descended upon Greenhill a sense of love and brotherhood such as it is not often given a community to feel.

'Land!' said Mrs. Piper, blowing her nose very hard. 'Who'd have believed it? Tom Keene, of all men! It's not well to judge, is it, except to give people credit for the best you know! We'll never have such an Old Home Week again, Serena Tucker! It's only once in a lifetime one has an experience like this!'

BORN.

- Perth, July 24, to the wife of C W Lewis, a son.
- Halifax, July 19, to the wife of I B Shafter, a son.
- Halifax, July 31, to the wife of W F Maher, a son.
- Nappan, July 28, to the wife of Joshua Goulet, a son.
- Amherst, August 1, to the wife of Wm O'Neil, a son.
- Shelburne, July 29, to the wife of C S McGill, a son.
- Lunenburg, to the wife of Solomon Ramey a daughter.
- Lunenburg, July 25, to the wife of Walter Sarty, a son.
- Woodstock, July 30, to the wife of Dr G B Manser a son.
- Halifax, August 2, to the wife of Henry A Saunders a son.
- Lochbrook, July 26, to the wife of Raymond Chittick a son.
- Halifax, August 6, to the wife F K Warren, a daughter.
- Amherst, July 30, to the wife of George Carter, a daughter.
- Newelton, July 17, to the wife of Mitchell Smith, a daughter.
- Fairview, July 31, to the wife of Henry Weatherby, a son.
- Colchester, July 30, to the wife of C E Crow, a daughter.
- Windsor, July 30, to the wife of Philip Knowles a daughter.
- Atlanta, July 23, to the wife of Henry Howell a daughter.
- Digby, July 23, to the wife of Dr DeVernet, a daughter.
- Milton, July 25, to the wife of Ralph Lolliver, a daughter.
- Amherst, July 23, to the wife of J N Bourque, a daughter.
- Oakville, August 2, to the wife of Edmund Allison, a daughter.
- Halifax, August 1, to the wife of Edward Gouge, a daughter.
- Lunenburg, July 28, to the wife of John Meister, a daughter.
- Folly Village, July 29, to the wife of Alex Urquhart, a son.
- Lunenburg, July 25, to the wife of Charles Wentzell, a daughter.
- Annapolis Royal, July 21, to the wife of Robert North Brookfield, June 24, to the wife of Wallace Kearley a daughter.
- Fort Lawrence, August 1, to the wife of Martin Fraile's Settlement, July 28, to the wife of Albert Cleverly, a daughter.
- Lower Sackville, Aug 3, to the wife of the Rev Samuel Trivet, a son.

MARRIED.

- Moncton, Aug 2, Elliott Bales to Edith Tower, a daughter.
- Halifax, July 31, F Shinner to Ruby E Spencer.
- Baie Verte, July 22, Aiven Jones to Eva Ogden.
- Yarmouth, July 26, Frank Uorman to Bertha Sears.
- Queen's Co, Aug 1, Chas Tapley to Ida May Rogers.
- Pictou, July 30, Mary M Harris and Joseph Wood.
- Amherst, July 28, Wesley H Herritt to Myra Baxter.
- Fredericton, Aug 1, Major Green to Bertha Robinson.
- Yarmouth, July 31, John G Rice to Florence Gillis, a daughter.
- Halifax, July 31, Henry A Cordes to Jennie Armstrong.
- Sackville, Captain Henry A Calhoun to Adella J Cole.
- Hartford, July 21, Florence M Bryant to John C May.
- Halifax, Aug 1, Chas W Allison to Eleanor Morrison.
- Summerside, July 31, Rey R T Dobie to Jennie D Reid.
- Gibson, July 29, Frederick Keirstead to Ada Bailey.
- North Sydney, July 24, Samuel Wrixton to Jane Peppel.
- Yarmouth, Aug 1, Ritchie W Gray and Mrs Sarah G Crozier, a son.
- Halifax, July 30, H. Morton Munns to Nita T Caldwell.
- Fort Medway, July 25, William I Wambolt to Emma Madala Croft.
- Sydney, July 23, Wallace Strickland to Elizabeth Bennett.
- Lawrence, Mass, July 15, Benoit Arsenault to Ursula DesRoches.
- Pictou, July 31, Phillip Carroll to Ellis J MacQuarrie.
- Cumherland, July 31, Fenwick Jackson to Mianie E Furo.
- Pictou, July 31, Phillip Carroll to Etis J MacQuarrie.
- Chatham, July 31, Francis MacEwen to Priscilla Palmer.
- Somerville, Mass, July 14, William LaDell to Mary Gushore, July 28, James L Bears to Edith L Nickerson.
- Hunt's Point, July 30, Ralph Beaumont Dicker to Augusta F Freltick.
- Annapolis, July 17, Walter Chester Cole to Beatrice Boston Van Knaukirk.

DIED.

- Caledonia, July 31, Lida Kenney, 21.
- Buffalo, N J July 31, John W Grant, 28.
- Toronto, July 31, Miss Bessie Tremaine.
- West Sackville, July 24, Alex Christie, 87.
- Scott's Village, July 31, Wm T Dodge, 71.
- Cape Negro, N S, July 24, Paul Swaine, 79.
- Belleville, N E, July 10, Allan McRide, 41.
- Halifax, Aug 3, Jane, wife of Jos F Lindsay.
- Tusket Falls, Aug 1, Edward Lameratz, 36.
- Roxbury, Mass, July 14, Charles D Crowe, 66.
- Eastern Passage, Aug 4, Miss Isabel McNab, 89.
- Tusket Falls, Aug 1, Mr Edward Lameratz, 36.
- Amherst Shore, Mary E wife of Elias Goodwin, 36.
- Pictou, July 25, Florence, wife of Daniel Bedford, 28.
- Arichat, July 28, Sophia, widow of the late Paul Gervoy, 84.
- Halifax, July 30, John A infant son of Mr and Mrs John Daine, 6 months.
- Scott's Lake, C B July 11, John H son of Mr and Mrs Amos, 20 months, 12.
- Ithaca, July 30, Fredric, infant son of Dr and Barbara Schurman, 10.
- Avondale, July 28, Dorothy Christie, daughter of Mr and Mrs Amos, 12.
- Springhill, July 20, Mary, infant child of Mr and Mrs Henry Gelling, 2 months.

Halifax, Aug 3, Frederick Cyril, child of Mr and Mrs Maria Upham, 11 months.

Halifax, Aug 1, Thomas, infant child of Mr and Mrs Albert Desphaise, 6 months.

Springhill, July 26, George Robert Allan, child of Mr and Mrs Paul Goode, 7 months.

Atlanta, Kings, July 31, Florence G DeBay, infant child of Mr and Mrs William DeBay, 6 months.

A Dog Star.

The perfect obedience of dogs who profess in public is the result of a wonderful amount of patience on the part of their trainers, but once they learn their tricks they seldom forget them. A dog-trainer says, in the Philadelphia Record, that there is one sound which a trick dog never forgets. It is exclamation 'Ip!' very short and sharp.

In teaching a dog to turn somersaults, we will say, a harness is generally used, and when the trainer says 'Ip!' over goes the dog, whether it wants to or not. After a while it learns to associate the sound with the motion, and gradually the harness is discarded.

Walking along one of the Philadelphia streets recently, this trainer passed a dog that he recognized as a public performer. Just for fun the trainer said, 'Ip!'

Quick as a flash doggie turned a back somersault on the sidewalk! The dog's owner scowled at the trainer, but the passers-by were openly amused, while the "star" trotted gaily off, with the air of one who has done his duty.

Bronchitic Asthma.

Is now easily cured, not by pouring nauseous destructive drugs into the stomach, but by inhaling Catarrhoxone. Drugs do more harm than good. But the soothing, healing medicated air that Catarrhoxone supplies to the lungs and bronchial tubes cannot fail to benefit. Catarrhoxone prevents those smothering spasms and headache, cures the cough and makes breathing easy. Universally used; doctors recommend it; druggists sell it, 25c. and \$1.00.

RAILROADS.

Intercolonial Railway

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

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

- Suburban Express for Hampton, 8.50
- Express for Halifax and Campbellton, 7.00
- Suburban express for Rothesay, 11.05
- Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou, 11.50
- Express for Sussex, 11.50
- Suburban Express for Hampton, 11.45
- Express for Quebec and Montreal, 11.45
- Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney, 12.45
- Accommodation for Moncton and Point du Chene, 12.45
- Daily, except Monday, 12.45

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

- Express from Halifax and Sydney, 8.00
- Suburban Express for Hampton, 10.15
- Express from Sussex, 11.35
- Express from Montreal and Quebec, 11.50
- Suburban express from Rothesay, 12.30
- Express from Halifax and Pictou, 12.35
- Express from Halifax, 12.35
- Suburban Express from Hampton, 12.35
- Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton, 12.45
- Daily, except Monday, 12.45

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation.

D. FOTTINGER, Gen. Manager
Moncton, N. B., June 6, 1901.
GEO. CARVILL, C. T. A.,
176 St. John, N. B.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

PASSENGER TRAIN SERVICE.

From St. John.
Effective Monday, June 10th, 1901.

(Eastern Standard Time.)
All trains daily except Sunday.

- 6.15 a. m. Express—Flying Yankee, for Bangor, Portland and Boston, connecting for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Halifax, Woodstock and points North.
- 9.10 a. m. Suburban Express to Westford.
- 1.00 p. m. Suburban Express, Wednesdays and Saturdays only, to Westford.
- 4.30 p. m. Suburban Express to Westford.
- 5.15 p. m. Montreal Short Line Express, connecting at Montreal for Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton, Buffalo and Chicago, and with the 'Imperial Limited' for Winnipeg and Vancouver. Connects to Fredericton.

Palace Sleeper and first and second class coaches to Montreal.

Palace Sleeper St. John to Lewis (opposite Quebec), via Magalloway.

Fullman Sleeper for Boston, St. John to McAdam Jet.

- 7.30 p. m. Boston Express, first and second class coach passengers for Bangor, Portland and Boston. Train stops at Grand Bay, Riverbank, Bellefleur, Westfield Beach, Langley and Westford, connects for St. Stephen, Halifax, Woodstock (St. Andrews after July 1st) Boston Fullman Sleeper of Montreal Express attached to this train at McAdam Jet.
- 8.30 p. m. Fredericton Express.
- 9.00 a. m. Saturdays only. Accommodation, making all stops as far as Westford.

- 7.30 a. m. Suburban, from Langley.
- 8.30 a. m. Fredericton Express.
- 11.20 a. m. Boston Express.
- 11.35 a. m. Montreal Express.
- 12.35 p. m. Suburban from Westford.
- 12.35 p. m. Suburban Express, Wednesday and Saturday only from Westford.
- 7.00 p. m. Suburban from Westford.
- 10.30 p. m. Boston Express.
- C. E. URSER.
- G. F. A. Montreal.

A. J. HEATH,
D. F. A., C. P. E.,
St. John N. B.

An agitation for the re- House. The S other papers do the movement a up of such a resi necessary expen many persons ar these journals, b argument will n

If it is to be that all unnece tures should be might be somet their contentio to allege that su maintained und government. If providing of the ; unnecessary, th advanced in reg government expa that the paying t good fat salary judged from the usefulness is very stitution he speaking to be same can be said under our form there is not a t would support th so called useless them would be tal ation upon which these based.

Those who sup government hous the question fro and not from a bre tion one. There is erment to be t world, than that p today. It is not p near perfection as has been well plan its construction is of governors for necessary, not on practical utility, but their positions are up of the one great

A Governor's qua ace, outside of bein is the qualification holding the dignity to be present at all general to be a w the Sovereign. T tions for which he salary and it is his that he carries out to the position. T province should see executive is suppli ary adjuncts with with dignity and people. One of the juicts, many think, government house, or a son of the us, it should not we should have ing for private re which to house the governor if he sho place like Riverside dence to St John or

Looked at in this that the keeping up is a useless unnece it is then, the upho the governor is use and if so then the s ermor the better, an take away the gover with one of the bulw tion and taking aw falls and no man was

A GREAT

The Knight Templars Couve

The Knight Templ cessful gathering in was one of the best by that order and St in the manner that it A large number of la