



## Life in Dawson City.

Through the kindness of Mr. Harry Downville Proctor, received two copies of newspapers published in Dawson city and a glance at their contents gives one a better idea of life in the city in the far north than any description. There are so many New Brunswickers there that the following extracts will prove interesting. The papers bear date of May 9th:

"Major Hemming, commanding the Yukon Field Force, has received orders to withdraw his troops from the Yukon territory and return them to their respective stations in Eastern Canada. Permission is given however, for the men to secure a free discharge in Dawson if they desire to remain here. The following telegram was received by Major Hemming yesterday:

"Ottawa, May 1, 1900.  
"Major Hemming, Dawson:  
"The Yukon Field Force will be withdrawn immediately on the opening of navigation. The enlisted men will be permitted free discharges if desired.  
"CHIEF STAFF OFFICER."

The reasons for the above order are of course unknown here, although for some time it has been rumored in military circles that some such move was contemplated. It may mean that the soldiers are destined for service in South Africa, in which event Canada intends sending another contingent of troops. But it is more than likely that the government has decided to recall the recruits from the Yukon because the supposed necessity that caused them to be sent here has passed away and the N. W. M. P. is deemed capable of maintaining the law and order.

The Yukon Field Force numbers 90 men, eight of whom are stationed at Fort Selkirk and the balance in Dawson. The force is composed of detachments sent from the military depots at Winnipeg, Quebec, St. John's, London, Toronto and Kingston and will be returned to their respective stations. The cavalry detachments come from Winnipeg. Major Hemming will personally report to military headquarters at Ottawa.

In a talk with the News last evening Major Hemming said:  
"The order, of course, while not entirely unexpected, came as a surprise. It is brief and contains no details, but I expect to receive full instructions by mail on the first boat, as I expect a letter was mailed to me about May 1. I cannot, of course, tell whether the Field Force will go to South Africa or not, but the men will be returned to their respective commands from whence they were drawn and I will personally report at Ottawa.

"I do not expect we will be able to get away before June 15 at least, as there is a vast amount of work to be done before we can depart. The stores of the commissary department, I presume will be sold here, as it would cost more to freight them outside than could be obtained for them there. Other incidental work will also detain us somewhat, and besides I cannot act until I receive full instructions from the department by mail.

"The granting of free discharges to such of the men as desire to remain in the Yukon will permit them independent choice in the matter, but I do not think many will avail themselves of it. I regret leaving Dawson, as I have made many warm friends here and I believe the men all share my feelings but we are soldiers and of course must obey orders," concluded the major, smiling.

The Yukon Field Force were sent to Dawson in 1898, celebrating the second anniversary of their arrival day before yesterday, when they were given a holiday. Colonel Evans commanded them until last fall, when he was succeeded by Major Hemming. All the boys are well liked and popular among the citizens, while Major Hemming has won the universal respect and esteem of all by his genial nature and upright character.

All gambling tables and every game of chance running in Dawson may be closed by the police authorities within a few days.

A rumor is current among the gambling fraternity today that an order for the enforcement of such a measure may be decreed by Captain Primrose in the police court tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock, when a large number of gambling cases come up for hearing. There is consequently great perturbation among the knights of the green cloth and they are making most doleful predictions concerning the future of Dawson should any such order be enforced.

It has long been a matter of common report that the authorities intended closing all gambling just as soon as the river opened, the object being to prevent miners coming in from the cleanup with their winter's wages from jeopardizing them at the games. This was said to be the determination of Major Perry before he was called outside and Inspector Primrose is reported to possess similar ideas in the matter.

The question of whether the gamblers like it or not will cut no figure with the police magistrate, which will be guided entirely by what it deems right and proper in the premises. There is a constantly increasing class of people in Dawson, who are bitterly opposed to gaming, claiming that it injures the reputation of the city, destroys the morals of many otherwise honest young men, leads to crime and robs many men of the money their families need. These people naturally would gladly welcome the promulgation of a police order closing the game.

On the other hand there are many, perhaps a majority who claim that gambling keeps money in circulation better than any other means, and that to stop it would "kill" the town, as they express it. They say an almost Sunday-like quiet would prevail and that the waves of the Yukon would sweep over a deserted city's site.

Among the many arguments advanced against such a radical step as shutting up the gambling houses is the one that the men running gambling houses have all their capital invested in the most central and valuable portion of the city and that such a radical move will practically ruin these men. As a matter of commercial equity it is felt that these men should be given time to dispose of their properties and that if such a ruinous measure is contemplated a warning notice of at least six months should be given in which to put it into effect.

Superintendent Primrose was seen by a News representative today, to learn what would be officially done in the regulation of gambling and if there was any truth in the rumor about closing the game. His reply was:

"I have the matter under consideration and will not decide for several days."

A nugget weighing 77 ounces, the largest ever found in the Klondike, was picked up on the Agnew claim on Cheebao Hill Wednesday last. Senator Lynch is said to have bought the nugget for \$1500. The nugget was found in what was considered waste dirt and while it contains considerable quartz, it is certainly one of the handsomest ever found in this country. The Agnew claim on which this nugget was found lies on the point of the hill between Wood's and Senator Lynch's.

Yesterday afternoon at 4:30 a shooting affray occurred on No. 34 Gold Run creek, as a result of which James Rogers is lying at the point of death in his cabin on the claim, and Nelson A. Soggs, who did the shooting, is in the hands of the police.

The first report of the affair reached Dawson early this morning when Dr. Cassels was summoned by telephone to come immediately to Gold Run to attend a man who had been shot. Dr. Cassels left at 7 this morning and is well on his way to the scene of the shooting by this time.

The circumstances leading up to yesterday's tragedy are in substance as follows: Rogers and Soggs are joint owners in 34 Gold Run, which is known as one of the rich claims on that creek. For some time past it has been known to mutual friends of the two men that bad blood existed between them.

Some disputes have occurred at various times concerning the property in which both are interested, but whether any threats passed between the two men cannot at this time be said. It appears that no one expected that any serious results would arise from their disagreements, as they were considered to be merely ordinary partnership troubles.

Yesterday afternoon, shortly before the time mentioned above, the two men met on the claim and began a renewal of the quarrel which for some time has existed between them.

One word brought on another until Soggs suddenly drew a revolver from his pocket, aimed it at his partner and fired.

Rogers was standing facing Soggs at the time and the first bullet struck its victim just below the collarbone, penetrating through the shoulder and coming out behind. After the firing of the first shot Rogers uttered a shout and turning ran in

the opposite direction from Soggs. The latter, however, was not thus to be turned from his purpose and immediately fired a second shot which took effect behind Rogers' left shoulder, coming out just over the heart. Rogers continued to run and again the trigger was pulled, and what will probably prove the fatal wound was inflicted. The third bullet penetrated the left side near the small of the back, and has not, so far as present information extends, been located. A fourth shot was fired which did not take effect. Roger continued running until he reached his cabin, when he went in and sat down on his bed. Soggs went to the police immediately and surrendered.

Last year the ice broke in front of Dawson on the 17th of May, and the first boat from Lake LeBarge reached here on the 28th, or six days after the break up. According to this precedent, there should be a boat in Dawson this year not later than the 14th inst. However, precedents are bad things to go by in this country, as was clearly demonstrated yesterday. All the sour doughs in the country, figuring upon precedents, had confidently placed the break up around the 15th of the month. The cheechakos, on the contrary, knowing nothing about Yukon precedents, figured the moving of the ice for an earlier date, and events have proven that they were wise in their day and generation. In view of these circumstances, it would be dangerous to suggest the date when a boat will get in. It would not, however, be surprising to see one arrive at any time after the next 24 hours.

### MAN AND MOUSE TRAP.

The Wreckage Made by an Exciting Encounter in a Dark Room.

"Talk about your peculiar mishaps," said a young man employed in one of the railroad offices in St. Charles, "something happened at our boarding house the other night that I think is entitled to first money. One of our lodgers is a very fat man, who has a job as bookkeeper in a wholesale house near the river. He is almost as tall lying down as he is standing up, and with such a paunch, is rather slow in getting around; but for all that he is a perfect bundle of nerves and the most excitable man I ever knew in my life. Well, he has a room directly under mine, and lately we have all been bothered more or less by mice. The landlady declared war on them, and for light artillery she bought a lot of small wire traps—those dome shaped affairs with holes around the top for the beasts to stick their heads into. The servant put one in each room and a few evenings ago, when she was going around baiting the lot, was careless enough to leave the fat man's standing on the dresser. He happened to be out attending a singing society that night and didn't get home until about 1 A. M. His room was pitch dark, but he saw there were some matches on the dresser, and moving cautiously across the floor, he began pawing around for the box. At about the first plunge he made he stuck his fat forefinger into one of the apertures of the mouse trap, and the thing snapped down on him like the jaws of a bulldog.

"Now, imagine, if you can," continued the railroad clerk, "how you would feel yourself if you were pawing around in a dark room and some unknown monster suddenly nailed you by the finger and hung on. I am sure to say I would probably have howled just as loudly as the fat man did. He supposed, of course, that the thing that had hold of him was alive, and when he tried to knock it off his hand encountered the coarses of two mice that had been caught in the other holes before he came in. The touch of their soft furry bodies confirmed the idea that it was a living creature and it was then as he explained afterward, that he tried to escape to the hall, and got tangled up which the furniture.

"How he came to demolish so many different things in such a short time is a mystery, but you know how easy it is to bump into all the articles in a dark room under the most ordinary circumstances, and a fat man with a mousetrap, hanging to his finger would naturally be a great deal more destructive. Anyhow, it was that first blow of mortal terror that awakened me, and the next thing I heard was a succession of frightful crashes mixed with the noise of breaking glass, shuffling feet, torn cloth, falling furniture and ten ply profanity. I could have sworn that my neighbor was having a fight with at least eight burglars, and, needless to say, the whole house was up in a moment. Of course nobody was anxious to go in and get murdered while that awful row was in progress, but presently it died down, and when we pushed open the door we found the bookkeeper sitting in the middle of the room, totally collapsed, with the mousetrap still hanging to his finger and the floor littered with the wreck of all his belongings.

"A 50 pound lyddite shell couldn't have

produced a more picturesque ruin. Ever since then a desperate argument has been in progress as to who is responsible for the damages. The landlady declares the fat man will have to pay for the smashed furniture, and he swears by the nine gods he won't give up a cent. On the contrary, he wants remuneration for his lacerated finger the shock of his nerves and the suit of clothes ruined in the battle. I wouldn't be surprised if the case got into the courts with the mousetrap as 'Exhibit A.'

### FEW AMERICANS IN PARIS

The World's Fair Attendance as Yet not Very Large.

There may be a great many Americans in Paris, but if there are they do not make a very brave showing, and the comparatively small number that one meets in the Exhibition grounds are not exactly representative. The hotel keepers and managers of boarding houses are consoling themselves with the belief that the foreigner will appear on the scene in the proximate by-and-by, but this is speculation. If the tourist does not come to time, or if he limits his sojourn to hours when he might have spent days, the Frenchman has no one to blame but himself. The incomplete condition of the Exposition has caused thousands of voyagers to seek in England or on the Continent the recreation expected in Paris, and the dread of high prices has done the rest.

The Exposition is now pretty nearly in shape, and prices have, in most instances, risen less than people feared they would, but the impression produced will not be speedily effaced. Of course in some directions rates have gone up considerably. The swell restaurants are no dearer than they were before but the popular resorts have demanded a slight advance, and many of the "pensions" have doubled their charges, to the great discomfort of the persons that usually partake of their humble fare.

The cheap boarding house in America is not a desirable abode, but the inexpensive Parisian home has mysterious caverns, kitchenward, that the imagination shrinks from describing. One has only to walk through a populous neighborhood and glance at the marble slabs of a butcher dealing in horse-flesh and announcing a "specialty of mules" to revert, mentally, with horror to the possibilities of a menu in an establishment where you are taken in and done for, at five francs a day—in ordinary times. Pork and beans and corned beef and cabbage may not tempt an epicure, and the flavor of rye coffee never suggests the waving fields of Java, but these articles are genuine, as far as they go. He that would partake of a rabbit stew just at present, knowing Paris as I know it, would make the heroes of antiquity appear cowardly by comparison.

### THE TONIC OF THE WISDOM.

Why a Trip to the Shore is of Much Benefit to the Tourist.

The natural impulse of almost every one who lives inland, when the thought of vacation comes to him, is to seek a place by the water—either the sea itself or a lake of good size. This impulse is due, no doubt in a measure to man's desire for change, for we often see the reverse—those living by the water seeking recuperation in the hills.

Yet there is a physical reason also for the longing for the sea; air blowing off the water possesses certain tonic properties which we do not find elsewhere. We feel this in winds coming over any large body of water, whether fresh or salt, but especially in sea breezes.

Part of this invigorating effect is doubtless attributable to the presence of ozone in increased proportions; for it is known that this substance is found in air which is in contact with water, especially if the surface of the water is broken by waves and whitecaps. This exhilarating form of oxygen exists also in winds blowing from the mountains or ever pine woods, in the early morning air while the dew is still on the grass, and in a brisk snow-storm; but there is something added, something still more bracing, in the sea-breeze.

This tonic is comparable to that of a sea bath, and is probably due to the presence of minute quantities of iodine and chlorine in the air.

In Europe, where much attention is paid to the influence of climate on health, a careful study has been made of the treatment of disease by sea air and sea bathing—thalassotherapy, as it is called. The weak and the debilitated, and convalescents from acute disease, are sent to the seashore to gain strength; and others, who are temporarily run down by hard work, worry or social dissipation, find by the sea new force for the next season's drain. Delicate children, especially those of a scrofulous constitution, and sufferers from rickets are often greatly benefited by a prolonged stay at the seashore.

But sufferers from actual disease, particu-

larly rheumatism, various affections of the skin, heart disease and kidney troubles, are usually advised against a sojourn at the seashore. It is those who simply need toning up, and who have sound organs to maintain the tone after it is once regained, to whom the invigorating air from the sea is a benefit.

### "DIAMOND BILL" IS THRIFTY.

A Negro With a Collection of Fine Gems Which are Worth Thousands of Dollars.

"I spent my vacation this year fishing on the East Florida coast," said a well known New York lawyer yesterday, "and among other places I visited was a primitive little settlement north of Ocala Keys. One of the characters of the place is a big mulatto known as 'Diamond Bill,' and I engaged him several times to take me out in his lugger. I saw at once that he had derived his sobriquet from the gaudy jewelry he wore, but when we were out together on the boat I was surprised to note that the gewgaws were all genuine, and worth a good deal of money.

When I questioned him on the subject he sat down by me on the thwarts and told me an interesting story: It seemed that some years ago he had saved the life of a child that fell overboard from a pleasure yacht, and the mother gave him a small diamond ring. Later on a St. Louis jeweler came to the settlement to fish and told Bill that the ring was worth \$75. The loggerman was astonished, and was proportionately impressed with the advantage of diamonds as representing large sums in small compass.

It instantly occurred to him that it would be a good idea to invest his surplus cash in that way and always have it on his person, secure from fire or thieves. The jeweler agreed to act as buyer for him, and since then he had gradually acquired his present collection, which consists of three studs, four rings, a large solitaire collar button and a cluster pin, worth altogether at least \$2,500.

"Bill is a thrifty dandy, and between fishing and tourists does well, but diamond buying has become a mania with him, and he saves every cent he makes for that purpose. I asked him if he wasn't afraid of being drowned with all his treasures on him which would be unjust to his pretty mulatto wife. 'I've thought 'bout that,' he said, 'gloomily, but Liza's too good looking' ter stay er widdier very long, an I dont want other nigger man struttin round with my sparker.'"

### Loose Snake Starts a Picnic.

A rattlesnake got loose in the United States Express office at Orange, N. J., and created all sorts of excitement for a few minutes. The snake was one of fifty which had been received in crates a few hours previous to be shown as an attraction at the Elks' carnival the other day.

Richard Holmes, who was to exhibit the snakes at the carnival, opened one of the boxes to see that his pets were well and comfortable after their trip, and while he was handling them one of the rattlers wriggled over the side of the box, and before his escape was noticed disappeared under a pile of boxes in the rear of the office.

A messenger boy employed by the telegraph company which uses part of the office saw his snakebite escape, and shouted that a snake was loose. Telegraph operators and clerks made a rush for the door. Holmes gingerly overturned boxes and barrels, and finally located the rattler piled in a corner. He diverted the snake's attention for a moment while he grabbed it by the neck and replaced it in the box with its companions.

### A Rule of Thumb.

In the note book of the late Bishop Walsham. How there is a story of a former young curate of the English village of Stoke which shows the value of a little common sense in deciding a knotty point. The curate, being exceedingly anxious at all times to do things in the order of the liturgy, once insisted, when marrying a couple, on the ring being put on the fourth finger. The bride rebelled, and finally said:

"I would rather die than be married on my little finger!"

For an instant the curate wavered, then he said, "But the rubric says so."

Matters were at a standstill—the bride tearful, the groom uneasy, the curate determined—when the parish clerk stepped forward and said:

"In these cases, sir, the thumb counts as a digit."

"Brethren," said the repentant man at the revival meeting, "mine is a sad story. I was born in Brooklyn, but soon went from bad to worse."

"How long did you stay in New York?" asked the long whiskered man near the organ.

"Do you believe that the meek shall inherit the earth?"

"Well, it stands to reason they never can get it unless by inheritance."

Music and The Drama

TONES AND UNDERSTONES.

A concert is to be given at the Institute in a few days in aid of some of the St. Martin fire sufferers.

The monument of Bach at the Johannis church, Leipzig will be unveiled this summer.

The Mikado was sung in Berlin on June 7th for the first time there, Sir Arthur Sullivan conducting.

Mascagni has been proposed as candidate for the Italian chamber to form the foundation of a party headed by Gabriel D'Annunzio.

Saint Saens has composed Len Fen Celeste, a cantata for soprano, chorus, orchestra, and organ. The words are by Armand Silvestre.

Randolph Aronson and Edward Strauss have arranged for the establishment of an American roof garden in Vienna with orchestral concerts as the attraction.

Julien Siemir, conductor of the famous band, Les Guides in Brussels, and Maître de la Chapelle particulière of King Leopold has resigned his position and conducted his last concert on June 1st.

The fiftieth anniversary of the first production of Lohengrin at Weimar will be celebrated in that city shortly with a special performance of the opera, which Siegfried Wagner will conduct. The celebration is being arranged by the Duke of Sax Weimar.

The composer Goldmark is at work on a new opera, dealing with the life of the famous German Goets von Berlichinger, the Iron Hand. Goldmark recently celebrated his seventieth birthday when he was presented with a gold medal by a delegation of Viennese operatic artists.

Alma Webster Powell, has announced that her career as a singer will end in September when she will sing before the Czar of Russia. Then she means to take up the practice of law in New York.

Soldene Powell, a member of the Harkins company is a son of the famous singer.

The Richards Stock Company closed its engagement on Saturday evening. The company played under discouraging circumstances and left the city somewhat earlier than they expected to have done. They are playing Moncton this week.

Word reached the city last week of the death of Mrs. John E. Miles, which event occurred suddenly at Toronto on the 10 inst. During her many visits to this city with her husband, Mrs. Miles made many friends who will hear of her death with sincere regret. The only child of wealthy western parents, Mrs. Miles left her home to follow her husband's fortunes, but disliking the stage was ever dreaming and planning of the time when he and she could leave it for a more private life. Her influence was exerted with such result that a year or two ago Mr. Miles left the stage to study for the ministry, and became a student at McMaster University. Mrs. Miles accompanied him and was a wonderful help to her clever husband aiding and encouraging him in every possible way, until death called her hence. Mrs. Miles was of a particularly bright, generous and lovable disposition and won warm friends through her charming personality. Mr. Miles will have the deep sympathy of many friends in this city, and all over the provinces.

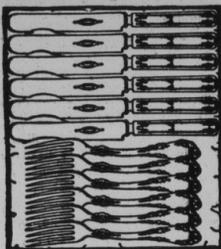
Minnie Victorson has been re-engaged by Liebler and Company. Edmund Rostand is slowly recovering from his long severe illness. James A. Herne is resting and recuperating at Hot Springs, Arkansas. Amy Rizard will go with Mary Mannering in Janico Meredith next season. F. A. Yelvington has signed for next

season to play the Mexican in a revival of M'Lisa. The remains of the late Felix Morris were removed recently from New York to Albany. Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Sothorn (Virginia Harrod) are spending the summer in Europe. Mr. and Mrs. de Wolfe Hopper are spending the summer with relatives in Brooklyn. Etta Dean will probably be with Belasco next season though she has had several other tempting offers. Marie Cahill has been engaged by Frank McKee as leading lady with The Agout Family, next season. Mary Mannering will make her first appearance as a star, at Wallace's theatre, N. Y., on Dec. 10, in Janico Meredith. Harry Glasier will inaugurate his second starring tour on or about Aug. 20 in "The Three Musketeers" and later a new play. Rejane is reviving Sans Gene in Paris, with her usual brilliancy. Most of the original cast is seen and the piece is drawing largely. Ada Deavra has been secured by Liebler and company for next season for The Choir Invisible to be put on in Boston next season with Henry Jewett. Charles B. Hanford will star next season in "Private John Allen," the play by Leo Arthur that was given a trial performance in Washington last summer. One of Liebler's companies is trying to obtain dates here for a September engagement. There is a difference of opinion regarding details so the engagement may not materialize. Cal Stewart will head a company next season under F. J. Stewart's management in "Uncle Josh Weathersby Abroad," a New England comedy. The tour will begin Sept. 12. Arthur C. Alston has accepted the scenario of a new play in which he will star during the season 1901-02. Miss Corcoran will be featured in Tennessee Fardner next season. Arthur Bouchier has secured the English and American rights to R-jane's latest comedy La Robe Rouge which would seem to indicate that Bouchier contemplates another visit to America. Madeline Luette Ryley's comedy "The Mysterious Mr. Eggle" made a hit in London where it was produced last week. The cast was an excellent one. This comedy

was played here by Margaret Anglin and supporting company two or three years ago. A benefit for the Ottawa fire sufferers was given at the Athenee, Paris on June 2. The Private Secretary was played and Estelle Liebling an American of the Royal opera, Dresden, will sing. Florence Rockwell will be leading woman with Sarah Cowell LeMoine in The Greatest Thing in the World next season. Katherine Gray, who was to have filled the position having resigned. Elizabeth Robyns has sailed from Seattle for Cape Norme. She means to explore the gold fields thoroughly, returning in September. She will write of her trip for the Review of Reviews. Gerhardt Hauptmanns new drama Das Friesdenfest which had its first production at the Royal theatre, Amsterdam, will be translated into English by Janet Achurch under the title of The Coming of Peace. Edmund Rostand has regained his health and is visiting at Montmorency, France. His royalties from Sarah Bernhardt's production of L'Aiglon are said to have reached \$32,000 on the first hundred performances. Erroll Dunbar who made a most favorable impression here in the role of Mephisto last season, has been engaged by

"Silver Plate that Wears." You Know These Goods

They are the same brand as your grandparents bought, 50 years ago, and are stamped "1847 Rogers Bros."



We have the Knives, Forks and Spoons as well as many Berry Spoons, Cold Meat Forks, Ladles, etc.

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Jules Murray to head Morrison's Faust company No. 1 and he will again be featured as Mephisto.

Will E. Burgess who has been dramatic editor of the Montreal Herald for nearly fourteen years, has just accepted a position with the Star. Mr. Burgess became well known to the theatrical profession by his stage letters signed Paul Fry.

James Lackaye, a brother of Milton Lackaye has been engaged with Liebler & company to play the part of Gabriel Gates in Lost River. It is a broad comedy part Gates being a sort of kin clanmer when he finds an influential man.

T. Daniel Frawley has secured from Liebler and company the Pacific Coasts rights to Children of the Ghetto and his stock company will produce the play in the near future. Rosabel Morrison has been engaged by Mr. Frawley for the role of Hannah which she played last season.

Katherine Gray who was to have been leading woman with Mrs. La Moine has since her marriage determined not to take the road. As a result Florence Rockwell will take her place. Miss Rockwell was with Stuart Robson last season playing the part of Mary Hornich in Oliver Goldsmith.

Dore Davidson and Frederick Henderson have completed their spectacular version of Monte Cristo, written on entirely new lines, it is said, and introducing some novel and original scenic effects. Henry Hamilton is said to be at York on a new version of Monte Cristo for E. H. Sothorn.

Roselle Knott will continue to play Lygia throughout the run of Quo Vadis in New York. An announcement that another actress would be seen in her place referred only to a single matinee performance when Helen Keating was tried in the part with a view to appear next season in a touring company.

Cissie Loftus last week received a cable from Forbes Robertson the English actor, asking her to accept the position of leading woman with his company next season. Miss Loftus cabled over her terms and if they suit Mr. Robertson, she will bid good-bye to the vaudeville stage on which she has been phenomenally successful for several years.

Beebohm Trees produced his new version of Rip Van Winkle at Her Majesty's, London, a week or two ago and gave it a most beautiful and picturesque production. It is said that while he gave an artistic and deeply interesting study of the name parts it will not wipe out Jefferson's re-

cord. Some of Tree's alterations and repairs are not favorably regarded by the critics.

William Gillette closed his engagement at the Garrick theatre in Sherlock Holmes last Saturday night. The play has had a longer run than any one production put on at the Garrick and in the matter of receipts as well it is said to have been a record breaker. Gillette's company will be materially changed next season. Bruce Macrae is to join Julia Marlowe, and Katherine Florence and Judith Berolds are also leaving the company.

Felix Schiweighofer, the famous German actor, writing of his recent visit to America, expresses surprise that realistic and convincing methods prevail among American actors. "In Germany," he says, "the impression prevails that when American actors appear in plays in which Greeks and Romans are introduced as characters they still adhere to the old school of acting speaking their lines with extreme, unnatural pathos, moving about the stage with unnatural strides and acting with such exaggeration that we of the present century can never believe that such people exist.

Never Say "Hello" to a Telephone Girl in Missouri.

Kansas City has an unfortunate habit of falling down as soon as it has climbed a short distance up the ladder of public favor. For several weeks the village has been going up and up in its earnest endeavor to contain the Democratic National Convention without crowding and pushing. But now, on the eve of the convention, comes the news that Police Judge McAuley has declared the telephone girl to be "a hard working woman and entitled to the protection of the court."

The country for more than six weeks has tolerated the lawlessness in St. Louis, Missouri, but this last shock from Kansas City is too much for patience. If the telephone girl is hard working and deserving protection, then the female century rider is a lady and a thing of beauty.

George S. McLaughlin, a native of the Old Dominion, and a man who has ever, according to his own predilection, revered the name of the woman, was taken before Judge McAuley a few days ago charged with having called "hello" to a telephone girl as she was going peacefully to her own home. With all the politeness of a true gentleman from the South, he asked her for her number, and she called a policeman.

The Judge told McLaughlin that any man who yelled "hello" to a telephone girl on the street, deserved the severest punishment the court could give him. Thereupon the Virginian was fined \$500. A round of applause greeted the announcement of the fine, and yet they say that justice will eventually triumph in Missouri.

Expressing His Disgust.

Probably most writers of serial stories are familiar with the sensation of reading letters commendation or disapproval from interested readers who are following up the stories as they appear in their regular weekly or monthly instalments. Occasionally some curious person asks for private information as to what the outcome is to be, while others offer suggestions as to the disposition to be made of the villain, or express a fear that the author intends to marry the hero to the wrong woman.

The writer of a serial story in one of the popular magazines a few years ago received the following letter from an indignant reader. The names are changed for obvious reasons:

"DEAR SIR: I take the liberty of telling you that I regard your 'Solomon Stacy,' now running through the Blank Magazine as a little the thinnest novel I have ever read. Furthermore the principal character in the story, to whom you give the title role, so to speak, is so thoroughly detestable a man that I have taken the most effective means in my power to show my contempt for him by changing my name—which happened to be the same as his—to something as unlike it as possible. Yours truly, 'Andrew Jacobson (formerly Simeon Stacy).'"

First citizen—The census man was on our block to day.

Second citizen—Was your wife out of patience with the questions he asked?

First citizen—No; she asked him a few questions and we heard he had to go home and go to bed.

A Resident Physician—That's what you could rightly call Dr. V. n. Stan's Pine-Apple Tablets—for after all how few are the family complaints that cannot be reached and treated directly through the stomach. These wonderful little physicians—50 of them in a box—35 cents—beal a stomach disorder in old or young—insipid cases or chronic cases—they are pure and palatable. Sold by E. C. Brown.

'Is that shortcake?' 'Certainly,' replied the landlady, and somewhat severely added: 'Did you expect it to have a label on?'

'No, but I was told I would recognize it by a bright red strawberry mark. Where's the mark?'



DISTRACTED ATTENTION.



ITCHING HUMOURS. Rash, and irritations instantly relieved and speedily cured by hot baths with CURICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin, gentle applications of CURICURA Ointment to heal the skin, and mild doses of CURICURA RESOLVENT, to cool and cleanse the blood. Sold by all Colonial Chemists. FORTER CO., Sole Agents, Boston, U. S. A.

erly rheumatism, various affections of the skin, heart disease and kidney troubles, are usually advised against a sojourn at the seashore. It is those who simply need cheering up, and who have sound organs to maintain the tone after it is once regained, whom the invigorating air from the sea is a benefit.

"DIAMOND BILL" IS THRIFTY.

Negro With a Collection of Fine Gems Which are Worth Thousands of Dollars. 'I spent my vacation this year fishing on the East Florida coast,' said a well known New York lawyer yesterday, 'and among other places I visited was a primitive little settlement north of Cedar Keys. One of the characters of the place is a big mulatto known as 'Diamond Bill,' and I engaged him several times to take me out in his sloop. I saw at once that he had derived his sobriquet from the gaudy jewelry he wore, but when we were out together on the boat I was surprised to note that the earrings were all genuine, and worth a good deal of money.

When I questioned him on the subject he sat down by me on the thwarts and told me an interesting story: It seemed that some years ago he had saved the life of a child that fell overboard from a pleasure yacht, and the mother gave him a small diamond ring. Later on a St. Louis jeweler came to the settlement to fish and sold Bill that the ring was worth \$75. The youngster was astonished, and was proportionately impressed with the advantage of diamonds as representing large sums in small compass.

It instantly occurred to him that it would be a good idea to invest his surplus cash in that way and always have it on his person, secure from fire or thieves. The jeweler agreed to act as buyer for him, and since then he had gradually acquired his present collection, which consists of three studs, four rings, a large solitaire dollar button and a cluster pin, worth altogether at least \$2,500.

'Bill is a thrifty dandy, and between fishing and tourists does well, but diamond buying has become a mania with him, and he saves every cent he makes for that purpose. I asked him if he wasn't afraid of being drowned with all his treasures on him which would be unjust to his pretty mulatto wife. 'I've thought 'bout that,' he said, 'loomsily, 'but Liza's too good looking' ter say er widdler very long, an I don't want er nigger man struttin round with my parka.'

These Snakes Start a Picnic.

A rattlesnake got loose in the United States Express office at Orange, N. J., and created all sorts of excitement for a few minutes. The snake was one of fifty which had been received in crates a few hours previous to be shown as an attraction at the Elks' carnival the other day.

Richard Holmes, who was to exhibit the snakes at the carnival, opened one of the crates to see that his pets were well and comfortable after their trip, and while he was handling them one of the rattlers wriggled over the side of the box, and before his escape was noticed disappeared under a pile of boxes in the rear of the office.

A messenger boy employed by the telegraph company which uses part of the office saw his snakeship escape, and shouted that a snake was loose. Telegraph operators and clerks made a rush for the door. Holmes gingerly overturned boxes and barrels, and finally located the rattler piled in a corner. He diverted the snake's attention for a moment while he grabbed it by the neck and replaced it in the box with its companions.

A Rule of Thumb.

In the note book of the late Bishop Walsham. How there is a story of a former young curate of the English village of Stoke which shows the value of a little common sense in deciding a knotty point. The curate, being exceedingly anxious at all times to do things in the order of the liturgy, once insisted, when marrying a couple, on the ring being put on the fourth finger. The bride rebelled, and finally said:

'I would rather die than be married on my little finger!'

For an instant the curate wavered, then he said, 'But the rubric says so.'

Matters were at a standstill—the bride tearful, the groom uneasy, the curate determined—when the parish clerk stepped forward and said:

'In these cases, sir, the thumb counts as a digit.'

'Brethren,' said the repentant man at the revival meeting, 'mine is a sad story. I was born in Brooklyn, but soon went from bad to worse.'

'How long did you stay in New York?' asked the long whiskered man near the organ.

'Do you believe that the meek shall inherit the earth?' 'Well, it stands to reason they never can get it unless by inheritance.'

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, at 29 to 31 Casterbury street, St. John, N. B., by the PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, W. T. H. FENNER, Managing Director. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

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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, JUNE 23

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

AN IMPORTANT CONFERENCE.

In point of members the conference summoned by MAYOR DANIEL to consider the possibilities of the summer steamship service did not perhaps come up to the expectations of those who have a keen interest in the project, but the gentlemen who did put in appearance at the first session on Thursday afternoon were probably followed by others.

Every business man has a keen interest in the subjects discussed because if from the facts produced it seems possible to provide sufficient freight for a summer service it will not only mean a great deal to the port of St. John but will be a great stimulus to the agricultural industry. In the end this is what New Brunswick must depend upon, unlike Nova Scotia we have no vast wealth in our coal and gold mines. True we have grand forests but the lumbermen will say that they are not inexhaustible. One thing however, we will always have in abundance and that is splendid sections for agricultural purposes. The farmers complain that they have no market. The days of reciprocity are over and the United States farms are practically closed against them. The idea of the present conference is to see if enough produce cannot be supplied to keep a steamer on the route all summer between St. John and the old Country. This is accompanied by the cold storage project which Mr. PUGSLEY explained. Of course such a warehouse would be necessary in the event of such a service and the governments are quite ready with their offer of assistance to assist its erection.

The commissioner of agriculture in dwelling upon the possibilities of the province saw through rose-colored spectacles. At the last census the products of the province were worth only \$7,000,000. He thinks they should be worth 27,000,000. This is a wonderful increase and one that every one hopes could be realized. Still the present prospects are not assuring.

Mr. PUGSLEY's idea that the increase must come from the dairy may not be so far astray. The farmer who can conduct a large dairy business with success and profit must necessarily farm largely in other directions. He says that since the cold storage warehouse has been in Montreal the expansion in the butter and egg trade has been 80 per cent. One of PROGRESS exchanges notes that "half a million dollars is a large sum of money to be invested in so small and apparently insignificant a commodity as eggs, yet that represents approximately the value of the eggs being placed in cold storage warehouses of Kansas City this spring. The season is now at its height, and before the close about 120,000 cases, each containing thirty dozen eggs, will be laid away for next winter's use. This is a much larger quantity than was ever stored here before. Last spring about 80,000 cases were stored in Kansas City warehouses. The increase is remarkable for the reason that few dealers made any profit in their venture last season, while the majority lost \$2 to \$3 on every case stored. One explanation of the increase is that outside dealers and speculators are looking with more favor on Kansas City as a storing point and as a market where they can dispose of their holdings most satisfactorily."

The increase in this trade in the Western States has been wonderful and it is only fair to suppose that what has been done there can be done here.

At the hour of writing this the subject of pulp manufacture had not come under discussion but it was on the programme.

Mr. MOONEY will no doubt give the conference some interesting facts about this industry which is almost new to New Brunswick. Our opportunities here are quite as good if not better than in Maine for the production of pulp and paper and whereas it was true once that the sawing of logs was the greatest industry of this state that is a past glory, and Maine is today the pulp and paper state. New York stands first in the production of pulp and paper at this time, but in 1901, Maine now second in the list, will become the first State in the Union in the extent and value of its pulp and paper industries.

There are now in operation in Maine mills producing 1,835 tons of pulp and paper daily, the output of white newspaper being about 475 tons. This paper capacity will be increased next year by the completion of plants now in process of construction to about 600 tons daily, while the aggregate production of pulp and paper combined will be increased to 2,500 tons. This will make Maine first in the industry, New York second, with Wisconsin, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Ohio following in the order named.

Including the mills now in process of erection, there is invested in the pulp and paper industry in Maine about \$30,000,000. Six thousand hands are now employed, with a payroll for labor (salaries of officers not included) of about \$15,000 a day. Next year the number of hands will be 7,000 and the payroll \$17,500 a day. The logs consumed this year will be cost \$2,500,000, and the product will be worth \$18,000,000. Next year more than \$3,000,000 worth of logs will be needed, and they will be turned into pulp and paper worth \$20,000,000.

One of the mills now being erected is the largest in the world. It is at Millinocket, seventy-five miles north of Bangor, and will cost \$4,000,000, will be 900 feet long and 450 feet wide, employ 500 men, use 50,000,000 to 60,000,000 feet of logs and burn 50,000 tons of coal annually, and turn out at first 450,000 pounds of white newspaper daily, which can be increased to 850,000 pounds.

These are facts that must impress the gentlemen who are interested in this steamship service. The two mills almost at our doors can provide a certain amount of cargo but not enough and the people will watch with much interest the results of the conference that endeavored to cope with the difficulty of providing cargoes.

How hard it is to understand these politicians, GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT said as plainly as a man could that he did not want and would not accept the nomination for vice president of the United States. Now we see him nominated with great enthusiasm and, to quote the despatches "his name is on every lip!"

The Shiplaboring Shift.

The shiplaboring fraternity were at it again hammer and tongs this week, which proves that the old sore has not thoroughly healed. Like the cat with nine lives this controversy, or rivalry, still seems to exist between the old Shiplaborers' Union and the new Shiplaborers' Society. The latest trouble seems to have been started by an unfaithful few belonging to Carleton who were members of the younger organization. Coached on to action, it is said, by the old Union they seceded from their fellow laborers to join the ranks of the rival crowd who in turn were to strike for an increase in wages, provided sufficient men were drawn off from the new Society to make it impossible for them to step in and take their work while they were striking. It was also promised the unfaithful ones that Stevedore Cameron would join their forces and place his two steamers in their hands to load. But the whole thing fizzled out, the new society showed remarkable resourcefulness, and Stevedore Cameron refused to desert, so many of the bolters have sought reinstatement into their own organization, and the old Union scheme failed to a very great extent.

An Old National Player Dead.

The telegram that told the friends of Joseph O'Shaughnessy of his death at Great Falls, Montana did not give them any information further than that Joe was one of the old National base ball players and was well known in all the cities of sport. He has been away for thirteen years and was at one time in Missoula, Montana. His brothers Robert and Edward are in this city and are anxiously awaiting further particulars. Joe was 51 years of age.

A Suggestion.

There is a city bye law which forbids merchants from sweeping refuse into the streets. It is enforced sometimes and should be always. PROGRESS suggests to Sergeant Caples who has the Prince William and Water street beat that he suggests to the janitor of the ferry building

that the street is not the proper place for sweepings of the building. They are put out with daily regularity. It might be quite in order for the city to report itself on this occasion.

We Respectfully Solicit a Trial.

With our present facilities, our work cannot be equalled. Duck skirts, shirt waists and all summer wearing appearing, done to look like new work, delivered when promised always. Ungar's Laundry Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning Works. Telephone 58.

A Formal Note Correction.

The proper spelling of Welsh names is a matter known only to experts, and it gives much trouble to English post-officials, who are able in many cases to make only a guess, so to speak, at the spelling of place names. Sir Herbert Maxwell, in an article in an English magazine, gives an amusing example of this. On March 2, 1883, the following telegram was landed in for delivery at the post-office of Chepstow: "Going to Llanfairpwllgwyllgogoch-wyllydyllgogoch. Shall be at home by four-thirty."

The postmaster, thinking that there was "more than a fair penn'orth" of consonants in the name, referred it to his surveyor, who wrote back:

"It is an attempt at the name of a village in Anglesey, but is evidently not written by a Welshman; the spelling is incorrect, and but for the jumble of the thing, the ordinary abbreviation—Llanfairwl—would have been better. The name, correctly written, I give below: Llanfairpwllgwyllgogoch-wyllydyllgogoch."

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

Owa Up and Look Pleasant. (Reskouché Telephone.) What cyclist ran over the dog last evening.

"Canada's Growing Time." (Chatham Commercial.)

Elgin, Albert Co. boasts of a woman who has given birth to five children within sixteen months. The woman's name is Dobson.

"Good Night" is out of Place Now. (Cape Breton Advocate.)

The almanac informs us that there is no real night in this month, only daylight and twilight, the days being sixteen hours and fourteen minutes long.

A Great Name Disgraced. (Exchange.)

A New York dog named Dawey suicided because he was licked by another dog. If this dog had not a reputation to sustain he would have taken his licking like any ordinary canine.

Not so Much "Beer" in Canada. (Exchange.)

The consumption of tea in the United States in 1899, was an average of a little more than one pound for every individual; in Canada the average consumption was something more than five pounds per head.

Kruger's "Bitter End" Defined. (St. Andrew's Beacon.)

Kruger says he will fight to the "bitter end." If there can be any more bitterness in acre for the boer president: it must be in the "sour apple tree" that the boys sing about.

Civilization's Onward March. (Queens County Gazette.)

Mr. John Balmain one of Scotchtown's enterprising young men is making great improvements on his farm he lately purchased. He is refitting one of the barns in a modern and civilized manner. He evidently intends that his domestics will be comfortable during the cold blasts of winter.

Look Out for Nautical Editorials Now. (Chatham World.)

The first yacht race of the season will be sailed on Long's Point yesterday for the Governor's Cup and club prizes. Spray was signed last Saturday, and has been out sailing Oriana was out on Wednesday. Manda is nearly ready, with new rigging and improvements. She and Oriana are now rigged with spreaders for their masthead shrouds.

Campbell's "Corner" on Snow. (Campbellton Events.)

We have seen the last of the snow this week but wish to leave it on record that snow banks existed in our Northern counties till the middle of June although the weather has been as warm as in Florida. On Heron Island snow banks have remained along the shore till this week the full force of the sun beating down on them.

Why That Prophecy Miscalculated. (Chatham World.)

President Kruger promised to stagger humbly at the fall of Pretoria, but his men drank up or carried off all the stager juice, and so the promise of prophecy failed. In these days prophets should always see to it that the materials necessary for the fulfillment of prophecy are provided.

A "Home-made" Boer Out Short. (Ball's Mail.)

A pro-Boer cheered for Kruger on Tuesday evening, and he was promptly knocked down. The matter was reported to Police Officer Most, and likely legal proceedings will be taken. The affair happened on Upper Water street. The man in question had been warned regarding his pro-Boer utterances. On the evening in question, when Halgo-vians were celebrating the entry of the British into Pretoria, the man returned to his home, shouting "Hurrah for Kruger!" He waved his hat in defiance to those who requested them to desist. He was then promptly set upon. One man struck him a blow in the face which knocked him down, and second laid him out unconscious. It was reported to Police Officer Most, that the Boer sympathizer had been sent to the hospital suffering from his wounds. The officer made enquiries at the hospital, but found that the man had not been admitted to that institution. He had been carried to his home and a doctor summoned. He was badly punished, and it will be some time before he will be able to leave the house. One of the cuts on his head required six stitches.

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

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

The Month of Love and Roses. A song of roses on the way, Fronts up the distant vale; Love leads them here awhile to stay, And tells our hearts a tale.

The sweetest tale that e'er was told, Under the rose he tells; The charm which charms us more than gold Is in Love's mystic spells.

Thy voice is in the roses too, Thon sweetest rose of all I hear thy music fond and true, To me thy beauty call.

The roses sing as they know, How sweet thou art my own; What else could summer roses do But sing to me alone.

CRENSHOLD.

Fauchling Lied. See the man Mew the lawn; Note his fine display of brawn I see him shed his coat and vest

To his neighbor's yard; Mark the mower's handle pressed Up to his belt Where a well Grown with his growing zest!

Quickly stop, Dipping brow, As the mower dull doth plough Through the high, neglected grass, Leaving here and there a mass

Quite untouched, and stray pass To some branch, Prostrate branch. That he did not see, alas!

See him then Fevered head to windy mop! Mark him as he hurries the bough To his neighbor's yard; Note how his machine doth plough

Up the sod, Yielding sod, While he curseth roundly, wow! Mark the stone, Cursed stone!

And the old, great hidden bone Hear the clashing loudly ring! Hear him sulphurous murrings fling! See him then in anger wing

To the town, With a frown, To hire a man to do the thing! The Scarlet Tanager. Where shines the water-lily, like a star at evening.

Upon the slough's dark water, with the lotus at its side; Where the cypress-trees, like Trappists, stand silently all day,

And the beak of giant osprey uplift in colonnades of gray— There often with his flute-song, when the dew is on the leaves,

The tanager, a scarlet flame, his web of beauty weaves. Oh, the deep woods know his coming; all still, all still to hear,

And the lily and the lotus breathe softly, "He is near." As he glows, a splendid flower, on a golden-dappled screen,

With his image in the water like a ruby set in green; Ah, then his magic, crystal flute is blown among the leaves

That his heart is captive in the web of song he weaves. "Two Ideas of Love." I met a lady debonaire Who liked my looks and stopped to chat,

Her hair was rare, her hair so fair; Her hat—oh, my! as big as that! She tilted up my chin like this;

I never made the least demer; Her big eyes shone; she spoke of love; "And what is love?" I asked of her.

REFRAIN. To take the kisses and leave the sighs, To keep a faith unsteady; To dwell a while in paradise, But leave when you are ready.

To treat a heart like a precious gem, And then like a worn-out glove; Why, that's the way that I deal with them; That's MY idea of love.

In met a handsome monsignore, He fell of swaggar, sick and dead; He looked at me with killing stare, And lightly curled his fine moustache.

He winked and smiled at me, just so; Said: "Come, my darling, don't be grim; By love I love you, don't you know?" "And what is love?" I asked of him.

REFRAIN. To march a swaggering lute town, With the banners proudly flying; To win the heart of a village belle, And leave her soon a sigher;

To set the hearts of a hundred gals A fluttering like a dove; To tell it all to your soldier pals— That's MY idea of love.

Angel Ministries. God keepeth not His angels All in heaven; The ministries of some To earth are given; And oft the shades That seem to mar life's day Are but their shadows

JAPANESE WEDDING STAMPS.

Poetical Designs to Commemorate the Recent Imperial Marriage.

The new stamps issued in Japan in commemoration of the wedding of the Crown Prince are now reaching this country. The principal decoration of these stamps needs a Japanese explanation before it can be comprehended, and even then a great deal has to be taken on faith, since to most people the legend surrounding the design looks like so much cordwood.

In the oval frame is pictured a low table spread with paper, the place where all Japanese marriages are solemnized. The table is decorated with bamboo stalks and plum twigs and blossoms, and at each corner rises a spray of pine. The pine and the bamboo being evergreens represent that in which there is neither variability nor shadow of turning; the plum on the other hand stands for that which buds, blossoms and fruits for the good of man. The decorations of the paper table cover are the crans and the tortoise; of these the bird is symbolic of 1,000 years and the turtle 10,000 years. Here sit the bride and bridegroom and pass each other cups of saki to the number of nine, and so they are married, for the nine drinks together symbolize the perfect Japanese marriage.

This in Japan is the emblem of wedlock, and for that reason it has been reproduced in the commemorative stamp issue on the wedding of the Crown Prince. At just such a table sat he and his bride, and the stalks of bamboo and sprays of pine and the blooms of the plum all joined in wishing them both all health, wealth and happiness without changing, and the crane and the turtle fixed a sort of generous time limit to all the good wishes by suggesting that it might possibly come to an end five or ten thousand years hence.

That is the way the Japanese set forth the meaning of the picture on the new stamp and for confirmation they point to the legend, which they stoutly aver is a statement of the name of the prince and the princess and the date when they signed the nine cups of saki.

His Beginning.

Years ago there was a cold night in the latter part of December at Brattleboro, Vermont. There has been many freezing nights there before, but on this one something happened.

A young man, Larkin G. Mead, attracted by the beauty of the great white stillness, went out of doors, and slowly, yet with much delight, modelled a figure, which in his mind, stood for the Recording Angel writing down the events of the year just dead. All night the statue grew, and the sculptor threw on water at intervals to freeze it into hardness. He was alone and happy.

The next morning the neighbors awoke to find the snow angel, pen in hand recording their history upon a snowy scroll.

Local history says that this bit of work decided the future of the young man who did it. He resolved to become a sculptor and went abroad to study. Well known as his work afterward became, perhaps he took no such pleasure in it as in that little bit of modelling under the cold Vermont sky.

Paid in Full.

A working sense of fun is a good thing to have, for sometimes, if the humor of a situation cannot take the place of cash, there is no compensation at all. A case in point, as the Londoner prints it, is that of the late H. D. Traill, an English literature.

One of Mr. Traill's earliest journalistic commissions was to write a series of articles in a paper edited by a lady well known thirty years ago as a strong advocate of "woman's rights," on the anomalies and injustices of the law relating to woman's property.

The articles were duly written and published, but the remuneration agreed upon was not forthcoming. After repeated but fruitless demands for payment, Mr. Traill brought a suit against the lady, who successfully invoked against her contributor the very law she had engaged him to attack.

"John," she asked, do you ever play poker for profit?"

"No," he replied, thoughtfully, "the game serves as my way of being charitable."

Hamlet—They say there's money in clothes.

Rialto—But not in mind, me boy—not in mine!

BAKING POWDER PURE Delicious and wholesome

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"John," she asked, do you ever play poker for profit?" "No," he replied, thoughtfully, "the game serves as my way of being charitable."

Hamlet—They say there's money in clothes. Rialto—But not in mind, me boy—not in mine!



Here we are again almost at the very heart of summer, when the dainty misses in their maidens, F.K.'s and organists transform social gatherings into variable fairyland mazes, when the impressionable swain and equally sentimental maiden "make eyes" and use the high code book and look at one another on the beach, when they wheel nearer to Mother Nature, or perhaps of these moony, moony nights when gentle breezes blow and piazzas seances are so enchanting. The excursion so soon on the river is soon to start, those lovely river-lit nights when one enjoys "ditties" and the dances in a quiet corner of the steam's deck, or if it be daytime and the outing is a land picnic, why there's such real enjoyment in rambling, rowing, swinging etc. In the sometimes foggy, sometimes sunshiny city there is golf for the society class, baseball for the sport loving class, and little suburban picnics for every class, beside the general run of home socials. School children are soon to be freed for their holidays, and what an exodus to pastures of green there will be! How the rural seats, meadows, and woods will be more or less boistered with the quizzing, meddlesome crowd! But on the other hand; as often occurs, won't the boyish quota of this army of youngsters be made use of in the hayfield, or otherwise about the farm.

These are the days when the suburbanite hastens toward the trains and boats about tea-time loaded down with all sorts of parcels from a bar of soap to a lawn mower, and when the bicycling fiend makes life a great uncertainty to the unwary. The soda-fountain stores are getting square with the Sundays observance people, while the ice cream freezer's monotonous squeak approaches nearer than anything yet, perpetual motion. All hall fall season of these many phases! We enjoy your bliny days, perhaps grumble at your hottest but then you serve us up a cooling bath of fog, and all is well.

The "day in the country" season for the business man has at last arrived and commencing to-night the hard-worked classes may revel from Saturday evening until Monday morning near to Nature. For weeks, which have no doubt seemed as months, the people having been looking ahead to the State Line's inauguration of the popular Saturday night trips up river, and now they are here. Tails a-ternoon at five o'clock (o'clock) the steamer "David Weston" will leave Lindaville for Wickham and intermediate points, arriving back in the city on Monday at 8 a. m. The advantages of this special arrangement need no explanation, and with a swift steamer, a capable steward and officers of the most accommodating nature, the happy "breathing spells," so dear to the hearts of the city-worm, are here once more.

On Tuesday the public schools close for their eight weeks vacation and needless to say several thousand youthful hearts are beating in joyous anticipation of the many pleasures which will surely transpire in these two months. Examinations are over in most of the lower standards, but in the advanced classes there is a little backwardness. However by the 25th, every class will be ready to bid adieu to the summer term with all work complete.

The closing exercises in the various schools will be particularly interesting this year, especially in the High school where preparations for the last day proceedings have been going on for some time. The graduating class will be larger than ever before being composed of some sixty youths and maidens, all of whom have shown up remarkably well in their tests. Good education has been a huge success in our High school as the graduating classes of the last two years have shown marked increases. In 1898 the class numbered 37, in 1899 it was 49 strong, but as above stated it is 69 this year. Dr. Bridges as a principal may well feel proud of his school's creditable showing. As yet the valedictorian for this term's class has not been decided upon, but Miss Ella Smith, daughter of J. Willard Smith, is the most probable candidate. The mark attained by her have placed her in the front rank. Beside the usual speeches by the school board officials and invited speakers the exercises on Tuesday in the High school will be of a very interesting nature. The school orchestra will furnish music, Frank Hogan will sing a solo, and the following exercises will be read:

- "What is Excellent is Permanent,"—Edith Cummings.
"Master of Fate,"—Helen Frink.
"Heroes,"—McMillan Trueman.
The War in South Africa—William Fugaley.
The trial scene from Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" will be rendered by the following members of the graduating class, and introduced and spoken of by Miss Florence Estabrook.
Shylock—Douglas Montgomery.
Bassanio—B. E. Gallagher.
Antonio—W. Fugaley.
Grimaldo—Don Malcolm.
Ferdinand—Alice Davidson.
Marcello—Miss Halsey.

There will also be recitations and choruses, presentations of diplomas etc. Exercises start at 11 a. m.

The wedding of the week in town, while not as many as last week, were fully as interesting and pretty. June's fairest weather blessed the happy event. Among them were:

Wednesday evening at the residence of Robert A. Courtenay, Douglas avenue, his daughter, Bertha May, was united in wedlock to Frank A. McClasky of the A. A. McClasky Manufacturing Co. The ceremony was performed by Rev. L. G. Macneil of St. Andrews church, assisted by Rev. Dr. Morrison. Only the immediate friends and relatives were present. The bride was attended, with Miss Eileen Courtenay as maid of honor and Miss Maude McClasky, and J. Frank Best of Brockton, Mass., acted as groomsmen. Miss Courtenay was attired in a handsome gown of white brocaded satin with bridal veil and orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of shaver roses. Miss McClasky wore white organdie over pink silk and carried a bouquet of pink roses. After the ceremony a dainty wedding supper was served. Mr. and Mrs. McClasky are general favorites, and were the recipients of a large number of wedding presents. A handsome dinner set came from the employees of the McClasky Manufacturing Co. The father of the bride gave her a piano. Among the other presents were: Case of solid silver cutlery from Mrs. Hargreaves Norfolk, Va., sister of the bride; solid silver spoon from Mrs. Courtenay; cut glass water bottle from the groomsmen; onyx topped table, divan and Morris chair from Mr. and Mrs. A. A. McClasky. The groom's present to the bride was a diamond and pearl pendant, and to the bridesmaid a crescent of pearls. Mr. and Mrs. McClasky left last night on a trip through Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. On their return they will reside on Paddock street.

A pretty wedding was solemnized at an early hour Wednesday morning at the residence of Mrs. Wm. Bravley, when her second daughter, Margaret, was united in marriage to Fred C. Nevers. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. R. P. McKim in the presence of immediate relatives. The bride was the recipient of many and beautiful presents including substantial cheques from the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Nevers. The young couple left by the steamer Cumberland for Boston and other points of interest in the United States.

Another pleasing event took place Wednesday morning at the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception when Rev. F. J. McMurray united in marriage Miss Mary F. Pettie and Louis Connell, both of this city. The bride looked charming in a suit of blue cloth trimmed with white silk, and was attended by Miss Josephine McGowan, who wore white muslin with white lace. The groom was assisted by J. W. Pettie, brother of the bride. The groom's gift to the bride was a handsome gold pendant and to the bridesmaid a gold brooch with pearl setting. The bride received many costly presents including the esteem in which the happy couple are held.

Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Helen Parker, formerly of St. John and Mr. Davy an Englishman. Miss Parker is the daughter of Captain Parker of Tyne-mouth Creek, St. John county, now residing in Liverpool, and has been a master in the employ of Trepp & Son for twenty-five years.

St. Rose's church, Fairville, was the scene of a quiet but pretty wedding when Bridget the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Furness of Fairville, was married to William Buckley of Clifton. The bride looked charming in a dress of moire trimmed in satin and white lace, and she was attended by her sister, Miss Emma Furness, while John Connolly did the honor for the groom. The young couple received a great many handsome presents. They will reside in Fairville.

At the free baptist parsonage Wednesday afternoon, Noble Ellizard, a popular north end young man, was united in marriage to Miss Gertrude Smith of Hampstead. Rev. David Long officiated. The newly married couple were the recipients of many presents. Mr. and Mrs. Ellizard left for Liverpool on the steamer Hampstead.

A very pretty wedding took place in the church of the Assumption, Carleton, when Rev. J. J. O'Donovan on Monday evening last united in marriage. Mr. J. McMurray a popular young merchant of the West side to Miss Ella McDonald. The bride looked pretty in a blue gown with white applique trimmings she was assisted by her sister Miss Dora McCann, while Mr. P. Bourke supported the groom. After the ceremony the bridal party drove to the home of the bride's parents where a reception was held. The bride is popular in many circles. Mr. and Mrs. McMurray will reside in Fairville.

Miss Margaret Arnold of Sussex spent Sunday with friends here.

Miss W. H. of St. Martin's, who has been the guest of Mrs. Simon, Charlotte St., went up to Belleisle on Thursday.

Miss Viola Carleton of Sussex was in town over Sunday.

Mrs. M. A. Smith of St. Martin's is spending a few days with friends at St. John.

Miss McCleod has been the guest of Miss Gertrude McDonald returned to Sussex on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Smith were in Fredericton on Tuesday attending the McLaughlin Babbitt wedding.

Mr. George Palmer, Mrs. Palmer and the Messrs. Seaman of Moncton were in town on Sunday.

Mr. Bliss Barnes and Mr. James Howe of Hampton were here on Saturday. They made the journey on their wheels.

Mr. J. A. Tilton was in Westfield on Sunday, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis Wilson, Jr.

Mrs. J. B. Calhoun, Miss Grace Calhoun, Mrs. S. W. O'Neil, Miss Longmaid and Mrs. T. B. Lavens left Sunday night by S. S. Tanagra for England. They will visit the Paris exposition.

Customs clerks E. F. Sandall, D. J. Gleason, Keith A. Barber and S. W. Kain have passed for first-class clerkships.

Miss Belle Mowat, stenographer, returned early in the week from Ottawa where she took evidence in the consolidated electric cases.

At New York Thursday last Miss Ethel Calbert Harding of New York, and Mr. Charles B. Mott of Ohio, were married. The bride is grand-daughter of the late Sheriff Harding.

Miss Mary Fay left Monday for Toronto to visit her father who will leave soon on a lengthy business trip to Colorado.

Miss Travers has returned from Boston and New York Saturday. Miss Francis Travers will arrive home from New York next week.

Lady Tilly has returned from Ottawa and Toronto. Miss Edith Tilly of Toronto is staying with her.

Mrs. A. O. Gibbs received her friends on Wednesday and Thursday afternoon and evening, of this week at 109 St. David street.

Mrs. Burton E. Huestis was at home Wednesday and Thursday, 20th and 21st at 120 St. James street.

Mrs. John McCleod left Tuesday for Halifax, where she has two daughters attending the convent. C. J. Worden has gone to Halifax to put seats in a presbyterian church there.

H. A. Austin who has been on a visit to Judge King at Ottawa before the departure of the judge and his family to England returned home Tuesday.

J. J. McGuffin has returned from New York. Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Frost returned Monday from spending a few days at Bedford.

Andrew Rainnie, Jr., went to Boston by the State of Maine Monday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Rennie returned from their wedding trip Monday.

J. Roy Campbell and Ald. Baxter went to Windsor Tuesday morning to attend the King's college closing. Ald. Baxter received the degree of B. C. L.

Mrs. W. H. Duck left for Nelson, B. C. on a visit to her daughter Mrs. Freeman Lake, and will later attend the Women's Council Congress in Victoria.

Dr. J. M. D. Mather and wife were at Rochester, New York, on the 15th and witnessed the Otis day celebration, which was a grand affair.

Richard Davis of Carleton left today for St. John, N. Y. to visit his daughter, Mrs. R. F. Purdy.

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

Progress Job Print.

HAMPTON.

June 21.—Mr. and Mrs. H. D. McLeod have arrived at "Ashholm" for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Scholthuis and family are located at Mrs. Campbell's home, near the station for the summer.

Dr. Charles Holden was in town on Friday in consultation with Dr. Warratford with reference to Mrs. Geo. H. Barnes who is seriously ill.

Mrs. Scholthuis [see Mr. Scholthuis] [of Russell, Beausie, is home on a visit to her parents.

Mr. S. Dumas of Boston arrived last week and will spend another summer at "Linden Heights."

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. E. Raymond of the Royal Hotel, St. John, have moved into the Hanford Lang street house which they will spend the summer.

Rev. Thomas Stebbing is at Moncton in attendance at the Methodist conference.

Miss Frances Pritchard, who has been at Fredericton for the past year, has arrived home for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hayward, who spent the winter in Europe, have returned and will occupy their spacious residence at the village for the summer.

Mrs. Geo. W. Ryan of St. John was a visitor in town on Saturday.

Mrs. Th. mass Wakeling is spending the summer with Mrs. N. M. Barnes, at Linden Heights. Mr. Harry Barnes, whose mother is very ill, is home for a few days.

Miss Annie Smith of St. John, is visiting Mrs. Geo. A. Scholthuis.

Mrs. Elizabeth of Dragon is spending the summer with Mrs. Bedford, her late husband's mother, at the Braithwaite house.

Mrs. Arthur B. Smith is visiting relatives in the city.

Miss Sadlier is visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Whitaker.

FREDERICTON.

[Frances is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Feeney and J. H. Hawthorne.

June 20.—"Happy is the bride that the sun shines on" so says an old saw and never was anyone more brightly not dashed a fairer wedding morn than yesterday when Mr. Walter S. McLaughlin of Minneapolis, Minn., and brother of Mrs. Leo D. Babbitt led to the altar Miss Isabel Babbitt daughter of the late Mr. John Babbitt and niece and adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Chestnut. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. D. Freeman at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Chestnut Waterloo Row. The palatial residence was tastefully decorated with palms, white lilies and valley lilies. The splendid drawing room where the wedding ceremony was performed was a perfect bower of beauty; the bridal party stood under a bell of white lilies and lilies.

The bride who was one of our most popular and sweetest of young ladies, was given in marriage by her uncle and was handsomely groomed in ivory satin entrance, with trimmings of London lace and chiffon and wore a bridal veil and wreath of orange blossoms. She carried a bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley and was attended by Miss Jennie McLaughlin of St. John sister of the groom, who was charming in pink silk habes over pink satin trimmed with guipure lace. She carried a bouquet of pink carnations. The groom had the support of Mr. Theo. B. Blair manager of the Bank of N. S. agency at St. John. At the conclusion of the ceremony a reception was held afterwards a rochebois luncheon was enjoyed. About seventy-five guests were present. The bride was the recipient of a large number of beautiful presents among which were several cheques for a substantial sum.

The groom's present to the bride, was a "sun beam" of diamonds and to the bridesmaid a brooch of emeralds and pearls. Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin took their departure by the 4.30 train and will visit Niagara Falls and points on great lakes before proceeding to Minneapolis their future home. The bride's going away gown was of fine white cloth with blouse of white silk and was of white and chiffon.

Among the strangers in town to attend the wedding were, Dr. and Mrs. J. V. Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. McLaughlin, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ellis, CONCLUDED ON PAGE SEVENTY.

Chloro Re-acted Case, Splenic Perforation, Duroal, 27 Waterloo.

Ring the Changes!

"A table friend is changeable," says one philosopher. "A fair weather friend changes with the wind," asserts another. Yes, most things change, but the housekeeper has a remedy,—Pin your faith to the unchangeable (clashed hands) trade mark,

Welcome Soap Which is always reliable.

White's Snowflake Chocolates Have the Letter S on Top!



Imitations are out. Look out for them.



Corticelli Skirt Protector is a wet weather "insurance policy" for a lady's skirt. It never shrinks, it cannot pucker the skirt bottom—its colors will not run. It is steam shrunken before it is dyed—it cannot shrink any more under any possible usage. Its colors won't run because they are fixed permanently and unfadably when dyed. Every dress goods shade. Sewed on flat, not turned over—one or two rows of stitching. Genuine only with this label

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, Wholesale and Retail, 62 Union Street

DON'T PASS News and Opinions OF National Importance.

The Sun ALONE CONTAINS BOTH:

Daily, by mail, \$6 a year; Daily and Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year

The Sunday Sun is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.

Price 5c a copy. By mail, \$2 a year; Address THE SUN, New York.

REMEMBER THE STORE. Allan's White Pharmacy

87 Charlotte Street. 'Phone 239.

FRY'S PURE COCOA advertisement featuring an illustration of a cocoa tin and the text 'CONCENTRATED SOLUBLE COCOA'.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SEVENTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Prognosis for sale in Halifax by the newboys and at the following news stands and centres.
HARRINGTON STREET
CANADIAN NEWS CO.
RAILWAY DEPOT

Among the passengers on S. S. Dominion, which sailed from Montreal on Friday for Liverpool, were: Prof. and Mrs. Borden, Sackville, N. B.; Lady Wm Seymour, Halifax; Miss Dorothy Key...

The closing exercises of the last and dumb in-spiration take place on Saturday afternoon next, at 8 o'clock.
The wife of Alfred H. Fair, Manager Imperial Life Assurance Co. of Canada, died this morning at the Halifax Hotel, where they have been residing.

His Lordship Bishop Courtenay leaves on the 22nd of June for Vancouver, B. C., en route to Australia. He will be away for several months.
Mr. Philip V. Butler returned Sunday night via Boston from a 9 months course of electrical study at the Notre Dame College, South Bend, Indiana, which he will resume in September next.

Miss G. S. Nicholas and Miss Helena B. Gollan of Boston are spending a vacation in Halifax.
Miss M. McPherson, stenographer in the Provincial Secretary's office, has just returned from a most enjoyable vacation in Wolfville, where she was a guest at Kent Lodge; was present during the Acadia University annual exercises, which were very interesting.

Judge Henry is at Kent Lodge, Wolfville and is considerably improved in health, taking a large amount of driving exercise. His sister, Mrs. J. F. Kenny, is also a guest at the Lodge.
Mrs. Hensley, widow of Captain C. A. Hensley, who lost his life in South Africa, has arrived in Halifax and is staying at the Elmwood, the guest of her late husband's family.

The marriage took place at South Boston this week of George J. Earle of Boston and Blanche M. Zwicker of this city. The ceremony was performed by Rev. F. H. Knight, Ph. D.
Montreal Gazette: The many friends of Rev. Father Driscoll will regret to learn of his intended resignation from St. Patrick's church, due to continued ill health. St. Patrick's parishioners will deeply deplore the reverend father's absence. Father Driscoll is at present a patient at the Royal Victoria hospital, suffering from a gripp, but as soon as he has recovered he will proceed to his native parish, Halifax, N. S.

The wedding took place Monday afternoon at the residence of the bride's parents, of Miss Nettie McCurdy, daughter of M. J. McCurdy, formerly of H. H. Coombs, and Dr. F. Toews, of the language department in the university of Toronto. Rev. Dr. McMillan was the officiating clergyman assisted by Rev. J. F. McCurdy, of Quebec brother of the bride. The presents were many and handsome. That from the teachers of Alexandra school, a silver water kettle, was particularly beautiful. Two little misses, nieces of the bride, were maids of honor. The newly married couple left by the Mar time Express for a few days in Quebec province prior to going to Toronto, where they will reside. The wedding is announced to take place on Monday, July 2, at Providence, R. I., of Victor Frazer, son of J. C. F. Frazer, of Dartmouth to Mabel Alice Caffrey of that place.

Dr. Jane Hearty, who has been taking a two month course of study and lectures at New York and Boston on diseases of women and children, will return to the city this week.
It will be learned with deep regret by many friends of Simon Joyce, M. P. P., Richmond, that his wife died last Wednesday, from the effects of burns received from her clothing taking fire.
Rev. Jas. A. Lannigan is visiting here for a few days, on his way home to Buffalo, New York after four months' vacation in Europe, having spent Easter in Rome.

A. E. Gentles, who has been absent in the South as far as Atlantic City for the past few weeks, has returned to the city, his health is greatly improved by his sojourn in warmer climes.
Miss Annie Lithgow returned Tuesday evening from a several weeks visit to Cape Breton.
James Gordon and family have moved to their summer residence at Lower Bedford.
Wm. Twining and wife will leave for England in the s.s. 'Dominion' on 21st July. They will remain abroad for some months.
Wm. Mortimer MacVicar, M. A., formerly principal of the Annapolis county academy, has been appointed to a very lucrative and honorable position in the Roberts' School, Cambridge Mass.

General O'Grady Haley who is coming to Canada to command the militia force, will remain here for one year.
YARMOUTH
JUNE 20.—Mrs E. D. Milner has returned to Boston for a visit.
Rev. E. E. Braithwaite has returned from Montreal, where he attended the Convention of the U. S. M. S. C. L. Brown has arrived from a visit to...

T-CURE A COULD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it does not cure. 25c. E. W. Grove's signature on each box.



BACKED UP by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, any woman is enabled to face the world with its duties and pleasures without fear of suffering. This medicine is not a cure-all, but a specific for the chronic diseases peculiar to women. These diseases it perfectly controls and absolutely cures. Tens of thousands of women have testified that

"Favorite Prescription" makes Weak Women Strong and Sick Women Well.

daughter in Cambridge after an absence of six weeks.
Rev. B. D. Bambrick attended the Episcopal synod in Halifax.
Mr. Bradford Richards has returned from McGill university.
Miss Carrie Parker has returned from a trip to Boston.

Mrs. Wm. Fowler arrived from Colorado this morning to attend the funeral of her mother, the late Mrs. Abby C. Ryerson.
Mr. J. Murray Lawson has returned from Halifax, where he has attended the masonic meetings Friday.
Mrs. S. B. Robbins, Miss Minnie Robbins and Mr. Clark Robbins returned from Halifax, Friday. Capt Robbins did not leave England until the 12th inst., when he took passage on the S. S. Cheronea. Capt. Herbert Cann arrived from England Monday afternoon.

Miss Bessie Crosby left for New York Saturday to take part in an interesting event which will shortly take place in that city.
Among the passengers to Boston per S. S. Prince George Saturday were: Messrs Henry Baker, Thomas Hall, Frank Kilham, jr. Hon. Wm. Law, Charles T. Grantham, J. P. Edsall, S. P. Hill and R. G. Allison. Among the Yarmouth's passengers were: Mr. and Mrs. Irving G. Hall, Mme. Katherine Bloodgood, Max Benedict, Miss Sadie Kirk, Hugh Guest, Nelson Kinney and Clifford Locke.

Latest styles of Wedding invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address.
Progress Job Print.
ANNAPOLIS.
JUNE 20.—Mrs. McDonald and her son Mr. Louis McDonald, are spending the summer months at Deep Brook, Annapolis. Mr. McDonald is much missed by our local War Department, but though absent is deeply interested and the other day he telegraphed to a friend here for Kruger's cable address. If J. R. is still alive, please reply to above ad. res.—Hants Journal.

Miss Minnie Gates arrived from Boston recently, and will spend the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Gates.
Miss Josephine Brittain leaves on Saturday for St. John, to attend the wedding of her cousin Miss Madge Brayley.
Dr. Underhill and Mr. Simons, of H. M. S. Tribune, were in town a short time this week.
Mrs. Norman Dimock of Windsor, spent Sunday with her sister Mrs. Bradford, of St. Andrew's.

Mr. J. Herbert Runciman and Miss Runciman have returned from Boston.
The Misses Lillie and Malsie Harris are home again.
Rev. H. D. de Biola, J. M. Owen and Dr. Marshall are in Halifax attending the Grand Lodge.
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Jodwell were at the Clifton for a few days last week.
Miss Josephine of Peterborough, is the guest of Mrs. J. R. White.
Miss Nellie Robinson is visiting friends in Yarmouth.

Miss Bessie Whitman of Tapperville, is spending a few days in town.
Mrs. Kimball of St. John, is the guest of Mrs. Pauline Marshall.
Rev. Alvin H. Campbell and bride of Waterford, N. B., are spending their honeymoon in town, the guest of Rev. J. R. and Mrs. Douglas.
Miss Whitton, of Halifax, is visiting her sister Mrs. Tremaine.
Mr. and Mrs. Louis Whitman left yesterday for Sydney where Mr. Whitman enters into the employ of the Dominion Iron and Steel Co., as civil engineer.

Miss Josie Riley left on Tuesday for Bear River to take charge of Mrs. H. L. H. Clarke's branch millinery store at that place.
DIGBY.
JUNE 20.—Capt. and Mrs. Wm. Watt are visiting at home.
Mr. J. L. Peters has returned home from his visit to St. John.
Miss Anne returned home yesterday from a visit to St. John.
Mrs. C. G. and Pearl Durkin are home from a visit to St. John.
Miss Jennie Vye of Providence, is in town visiting her parents.
Mrs. T. A. Waters of Augusta, Me., is spending the summer at Digby.
Miss Grace Rhine, formerly of Digby was in town on Monday last week en route to St. John. Dr. Kinsman leaves in a few weeks to take the

position of house surgeon to the Brooklyn Eye and Ear hospital, New York.
Mr. F. B. Saunders was a passenger to St. John on Tuesday, returning home yesterday.
Mrs. Jas. McDermott of Round Hill who spent Sunday with Miss Annie Short, has returned home.
Mr. J. A. Peters of Westport was in town this week the guest of his sons, Messrs. J. L. and G. H. Peters.

Miss Eunice Gates of the City hospital staff, Halifax, is in town, the guest of her mother, Mrs. L. B. Gates.
Miss Angie James of Bridgetown was a guest of Mrs. McCormick, Queen street, this week returning home Tuesday.
Mrs. Harley and Miss Madge Stewart, were passengers to Windsor on Monday to attend the closing exercises at Kings college.

Miss Annie Dunn, formerly of the Courier staff; who has been spending the winter in Massachusetts will return home tomorrow.
Mrs. Addie Burton accompanied by her daughter Maude, who have been spending the winter in Massachusetts, returned home on Wednesday.
Mr. Frank Moody, formerly of the bank of N. S. Digby, and now filling a similar position in Yarmouth, is enjoying a short vacation. He was in Digby this week.
Capt. Haley of Westport arrived in town on Tuesday, and will soon have charge of the yacht, Duguay, which is being put in first class condition at the Racquette.

Miss Agie Lisko, the popular telegraph and telephone operator at Bear River, was a passenger to Boston on Wednesday, where she will enjoy a well-earned vacation.
TRURO.
[Progress is for sale in Truro by D. H. Smith & Co., and at Grove Brook.]
JUNE 20.—Mr. Percy Page left for his home in Rothsay, N. B., last Monday morning.
Mrs. J. H. McKay left for Windsor this morning for a visit of a few weeks, with her friend, Mrs. Temple.

Hon. F. A. and Mrs. Laurence are recent additions to the Truro party who join Miss Crowe's contingent for Paris and the Fair. The party will depart for Paris on Friday.
Dr. McKay and Messrs. W. C. Reid and A. H. Leonard enjoyed a few days fishing last week at Foleigh lake.
There was a very pleasant dance last Friday evening at Mrs. J. H. McKay's given by her sister Miss Ida Snook, in honor of her friend, Miss Lizzie Hockin. It is unnecessary to add that the large number of young people present enjoyed a most pleasant evening as they always do at this hospitable house, with the exception of the short interval for supper dancing was kept up delightfully until nearly two a.m. Among those enjoying the Doctor's and Mrs. McKay's hospitality were Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Snook, Dr. and Mrs. Walker, Miss Mand Archibald, Misses Emma and Lou Thomas, Miss S. Logan, Miss Anna Hockin, Miss Clara Linton, Miss Frances Somerville, Miss Margaret and Jessie Snook, Messrs. J. Thompson, W. D. Dimock, C. B. Coleman, E. V. Bigelow, J. Bentley, G. Jardine, F. C. Cotton, H. Linton, A. Crowe, E. Vernon, C. McKenzie, H. Murray, C. McMillan, F. Cammish, B. Smith, F. Dickie, Mr. Kay McKenzie of the Merchants bank staff is spending his vacation with Boston friends.

Does Tea Induce Sleeplessness?
No; good pure tea, properly steeped will never prevent a healthy man from sleeping—on the contrary, a Tea like that sold in Tuley's Elephant Brand packets, is a nerve tonic, and distinctly beneficial.

AMHERST.
[Progress is for sale in Amherst by W. P. Smith & Co.]
JUNE 20.—Mrs. Morris of Shelburne, spent a week with her daughter Mrs. A. Mackinnon, Havelock St., returning to Halifax on Wednesday.
Mrs. D. Chubbuck, assistant teacher of music at Acadia's Wolfville, and son Robbie, are in town to spend the holidays.
Mrs. Clarence Main, is in town from Shiloh, Maine. Her daughter Miss Maggie who accompanied her has gone to Paganway to visit her aunt, Mrs. C. D. MacDonnell.

Mrs. MacDonnell of Truro is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith, Havelock street.
Mr. J. Inglis Bent left yesterday for the Annapolis Valley.
M. S. J. A. Dickey is attending the closing exercises of Edgell Hill Windy.
Rev. Cecil Wiggins, rector of St. Paul's Sackville, took the services in Christ Church on Sunday at Acadia's Wolfville, in the absence of Rev. V. E. Harris who was in Montreal.
Miss Brooks, after a delightful visit of several weeks in Boston and other Massachusetts cities, returned home on Wednesday of last week.
Mr. and Mrs. Barry D. Bent, went to Halifax on Tuesday for a few days.
Mrs. Bent is attending a meeting of A. F. and A. M. of Nova Scotia.
Mrs. Max M. Sterne, entertained a number of young lady friends at a pleasant afternoon tea on Saturday.

Miss Maude E. Simpson returned from Wolfville Seminary on Thursday.
Mr. Warren R. Moore, Mgr. of the Bank of Nova Scotia, Amherst, Ont., is in town visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Moore, Station street. Mr. Moore is on his way to Newfoundland to be married to Miss Isa Munn.
Rev. V. E. Harris left last evening for Halifax to attend Synod; he returned from Montreal Wednesday morning.
Mrs. Joshua Black has been seriously ill.
William and Clifford Moore, John O'Hearn and George Peabody returned last week from St. Francis Xavier college, Antigonish.
Mrs. Charles Christie, Miss Emily Christie and Mr. Warren Christie returned from Wolfville last week. Miss Christie has graduated in music.
Mrs. R. Robertson, of Nappan is recovering from her severe illness.
Miss McLean of Souris, P. E. I. is the guest of Miss Annie Mitchell Victoria street.
Mrs. Hilcoat of Moncton was the guest of her son Mr. H. V. Hilcoat recently.
Miss Gertrude Hilcoat returned last week from Moncton.
Mrs. George McFarlane has returned from her trip to Boston.
Mr. and Mrs. David Bowley have returned home from their wedding tour.
Miss Annie Silliphant of Cambridgeport, Mass.,

is the guest of her brother, Mr. Stephen Silliphant, Havelock street.
Miss Minnie Cove and brother Roy, are spending a few days in Parrabro.
Mrs. R. A. Borden and daughter, Miss Sarah Borden were in town for Prof. Vanx Roger's recital at week.
Mrs. A. F. Newcombe, Mrs. J. W. Ilesley and little daughter Laura, who have been visiting friends in town, returned to their home in Fort Williams, Kings Co., Monday.
Rev. A. D. Morton of Truro was in town for a short time last week the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Smith, Havelock street.

HAMPSTEAD.
June 18.—Rev. W. H. Ferry preached an able sermon yesterday afternoon in Central Hampstead church for the Foresters of Court Woodville, No. 1842, at the anniversary services of the order.
Levett A. Bolyea and family of St. John, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Stultz.
Miss Janet Smith, our teacher here, spent Sunday in Wickham as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Slipp.
Mrs. Stephen Haman is very sick with pleurisy.
Hedley Watson, who has been in Boston for about eighteen years, is here now visiting friends in this place.

SPECIALTIES
FOR
Ladies' and Gentleman.
We can supply any specialties and novelties in Rubber & Metal Goods at lowest cash prices. If you require any article whatever which is not to be found in the regular stores, write us and we will quote you prices, all correspondence confidential. Send 2c stamp for circular.
THE UNIVERSAL SPECIALTY CO., P. O. Box 1143, Montreal.

Canada's International Exhibition, ST. JOHN, N. B. OPENS SEPT. 10th. CLOSES SEPT. 19th.

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

EVERY WEAK MAN
SHOULD send for a Descriptive Treatise on the Modern and Successful Treatment of Nervous Diseases and Physical Weakness in Men, including Premature Exhaustion and Loss of Vital Energy, with other allied affections by local absorption (i.e., without stomach medicines). Revised and in progress with the most advanced researches in the subject, together with numerous recent testimonials showing successful cures. Write at once and grasp this opportunity of being quickly restored to perfect health. Sent in a plain seal and wrapper, free of charge.—E. NORTON, 25 & 26, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, ENG. Established over 30 years.

Advertisement for Calvert's Carbolic Soaps, featuring an image of the soap box and text: 'Are Supplied in various Quantities for all purposes. Pure, Antiseptic, Emollient. Ask your dealer to obtain full particulars for you. F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester.'

Advertisement for Winsor & Newton's Oil Colors, Water Colors, Canvas, etc., featuring text: '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.'

Advertisement for Perfection Tooth Powder, featuring text: 'Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists.'



The "Albert" Toilet Soap Co's Baby's Own Soap makes youngsters, clean, sweet, and fresh.
It keeps their delicate skins in good order. Made entirely from vegetable fats, it is an emollient as well as a cleanser, and is as useful on a lady's toilet as on the nursery.
Patented but exquisitely economic.
Beware of imitations.

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

Scribner's FOR 1900 (INCLUDES)
J. M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and Grizel" (serial).
THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S "Oliver Cromwell" (serial).
RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S fiction and special articles.
HENRY NORMAN'S The Russia of To-day.
Articles by WALTER A. WYKOFF, author of "The Workers".

SHORT STORIES by Thomas Nelson Page, Henry James, Ernest von Dyke, Ernest Soton-Thompson, Edith Wharton, Octave Thanet, William Allen White.

SPECIAL ARTICLES
The Paris Exposition.
FREDERICK IRLAND'S articles on sport and exploration.
"HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO," by Senator Hoar.

NOTABLE ART FEATURES
THE CROMWELL ILLUSTRATIONS, by celebrated American and foreign artists.
Pavis de Chavannes, by JOHN LAFARGE, illustrations in color.

Special illustrative schemes (in color and in black and white) by WALTER APPLETON CLARK, E. C. PEIXETO, HENRY McCARTER, DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF and others.
Illustrated Prospectus sent free to any address.
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, New York.

Advertisement for Maypole Soap Dyes, featuring text: 'Maypole Soap Dyes. unexcelled for brilliancy of color—quickness in use. Dye any material, any color without misg or trouble. Send for FREE book on Home Dyeing to A. P. TIPPET & CO., Montreal.'



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**A WISE WOMAN**

Should learn all about those ailments peculiar to her sex in order that she may be able to prevent and successfully cure them. Valuable information on this subject will be found in my book which I will be pleased to send entirely free to any lady, sending me her name and address. It's a

**PLAIN COMMON SENSE BOOK**

written by a woman who has made a life study of these problems. I am sure you'll be delighted with it.

**WRITE TO-DAY**

Mrs. JULIA C. RICHARD, Box 996, Montreal.

**CHATHAM.**

JUNE 20.—Mr. J. D. Croghan has returned from a three days business visit to St. John.

Mr. John McKase, formerly manager of the Merchants Bank in Newcastle, but recently of British Columbia, arrived in Newcastle on Friday on a visit to old friends.

Mr. T. J. Barry of Chatham, received the degree of B. A. at St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish, N. S., on Monday.

Miss Louise Tweedie completed her course of training at the Victoria Hospital to day, and leaves this evening for St. John to visit friends for a few days before returning to her home in Chatham.

The following despatch has been received here: Renova, Pa., June 14.—John Dunn, yard shifter in the central depot here, was killed in the yard at 3 a. m. this morning, while engaged at his duties. He leaves a wife and four children. His eldest son, 12 years of age, was killed by being run over by a train here just a year ago. Mr. Dunn came here several years ago and belonged to Chatham. N. B. John Dunn was a son of James Dunn, of Chatham and a brother of Thomas Dunn, Canada Eastern station agent at Blackville.

Rev. Geo. M. Young, who preached in Charlottetown a few weeks ago, had been invited to accept the pastorate of the Methodist church there, the largest and wealthiest Methodist congregation in the Maritime Provinces. It is a great honor for so young a minister to receive. Mr. Young had already received and accepted an invitation to remain in Chatham a fourth year, and is not willing to release, but the Quarterly Board of St. Luke's will probably not feel that it would be right to stand between him and the professional advancement that has been offered to him. The matter is, of course in the hands of Conference, but that body will try to please all parties concerned. It will send to the Charlottetown congregation the man of its choice if it can find one for Chatham who will be acceptable to this congregation.

At the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. J. Carrie (according to a clipping from a Maine paper) one of the prettiest home weddings of the season took place on Wednesday evening last, when Miss

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**MONCTON.**

JUNE 21.—Mrs. F. S. Tepper, of Amherst, is visiting friends in the city.

Miss Amy McGregor who has been visiting at St. Paul, Minn., passed through the city Monday on her way home to Charlottetown, P. E. I.

The Lordship Bishop Casey passed through the city Monday on his way to attend the clerical conference of St. Joseph's University, Newmaroon.

John Potts, millwright of Suctoche, his wife and daughter, left for Cripple Creek, Colorado, Monday night by the Intercolonial railway.

On next Monday night the W. S. Hartman Co. will present at the Opera House "The Yacht." The advance sale of seats for this attraction is large.

Mr. Geo. Sanderson, inspector of the Bank of Nova Scotia, and Mrs. Sanderson who have been in town for the first week left Monday for their home.

Mr. Lyman's song recital took place at the Y. M. C. A. hall Wednesday evening. Among those taking part were Misses Fannie Peters, Catharine Lawrence, Jennie Jones, Flo Newman, Jennie Marr, Evangeline Bourque, Jean Robinson, Mrs. R. A. Collette, Mrs. H. Arthur Peters, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Daniel, Messrs. Blaine, Harry Thompson and Mrs. Lyman. Mr. Clarence DuVaux-Voye, violinist, and Miss Letargy accompanied.

Mr. Alex. Neal's friends are pleased to see him out again after a lengthy illness.

Mr. I. L. Boomer, I. C. R. train despatcher at Sydney spent Sunday at his home in Moncton.

Jas. F. Bourque, lately in the employ of L. Higgins & Co., has taken a position with the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., in this city.

Mr. Geo. P. Thomas, barrister, arrived home Saturday from the West, where he has been presiding over the courts for the year. Mr. Thomas is just recovering from a severe illness and intends spending a month or two here before returning west. Mr. Thomas was recently appointed city solicitor of Medicine Hat.

Mrs. Wm. Lyons, of Walkham, Mass., passed through the city Wednesday to attend the closing exercises at St. Joseph's College, Mrs. Lyons has a son attending that institution.

Miss Fildis left for Belleville, Ont., on Monday night, where she will take a special commercial course preparatory to taking a position on the teaching staff of the Moncton Business College.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Chapman left Wednesday for Halifax en route to England where they will spend the next few months. Mr. and Mrs. Chapman will also visit the Paris exposition.

Mr. Andrew J. Cooke was at home to her friends Wednesday and Thursday at her residence, Upper Luts street.

The Central Methodist Church at noon on Wednesday was the scene of an interesting event when Miss Georgia Cole, daughter of Mr. R. C. Cole, and one of Moncton's most highly respected and esteemed young ladies, was wedded to Mr. Geo. D. Ellis of Wolfville, son of Mr. J. V. Ellis, M. P., St. John. The church was most beautifully decorated by friends of the bride for the occasion. The pulpit was luxuriously banked with an array of plants in bloom, while over each aisle was a floral arch in green and white, prettily designed. At 12 o'clock the bride entered the church leaning on the arm of her father, by whom she was given away. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. W. Lodge assisted by Rev. John Frison. As she proceeded down the left aisle Prot. Frey played a wedding march and the choir at its conclusion sang "The Voice that breathed O'er Eden." The bridesmaids were Miss Ethel Sumner and Miss Helen Cole. Dr. W. L. Ellis of St. John, did the honors of the church. The bride is a most charmingly attired in a beautiful wedding gown of white silk, with a bridal veil and train and carried a handsome bouquet of flowers. The bridesmaids also carried bouquets.

After the ceremony the choir sang "How Welcome Was the Voice" and the procession, headed by the bride, with indignation. "I may have been seen on my way, but I am a candidate. I like my way." The most difficult problem in life is to grow old gracefully.

"Oh, I don't think so; it is much more of a problem to stay young gracefully."

**Tired Brain Weak Nerves.**

Irritability, Despondency and Body Irregularities Are Corrected by Using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Millions of brain and nerve cells are daily consumed by the activities of the body and its various organs, and as many more cells must be created to take their place. Otherwise there is a wasting away of nerve tissue until nervous prostration, paralysis, epilepsy, or insanity are brought on.

The same cell changes which hasten the progress of disease speed the work of repair when curative agencies are at work. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food stops the waste and restores vitality by the building-up process. Through the blood and nerves it rekindles the vital flame in the brain and nerves and restores health and strength to the pale, weak and nervous.

Mr. A. T. P. Linton, railway agent at Clarendonville, Que., writes: "For twelve years I have been run down with nervous debility. I suffered much, and consulted doctors and used medicines in vain. Some months ago I heard of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, used two boxes, and my health improved so rapidly that I ordered twelve more."

"I can say frankly that this treatment has no equal in the medical world. While using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I could feel my system being built up, until now I am strong and healthy. I cannot recommend it too highly for weak, nervous people."

Mrs. Chas. H. Jones, Pierston, Que., writes: "For years I have been a great sufferer with my heart and nerves. I would take shaking spells and a dizzy, swimming feeling would come over me. Night after I would never close my eyes, and my head would ache as though it would burst. At last I had to keep to my bed, and though my doctor attended me from fall through spring his medicine did not help me. I have now taken five boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and it has done me more good than ever I believed a medicine could do. Words fail to express my gratitude for the wonder ul cure brought about by this treatment."

For men, women and children Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is of incalculable worth as a blood builder, nerve revitalizer and general restorative. Through the medium of the blood and nerves it reaches every organ of the body and carries with it new vitality, new vigor and new confidence. Diseases and weaknesses cannot exist when Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is used. In pill form, 50c a box, at all dealers, or Ed. Manson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Anna MacDonald was married to Charles Henry McDougall by Rev. Jesse Wagner. Both of the contracting parties were residents of Cambridge. The bridal party stood in an arch of roses and wreaths of laurel intermingled with roses. The bride was handsomely gowned in white organza, trimmed with white chiffon. Her bouquet was of bride roses. She was unattended.

After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. McDougall were assisted in receiving by Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Currie, and accepted the congratulations of a large number of friends from Cambridge, Milton, Dorchester, Comerville and Boston. Mr. and Mrs. McDougall left Thursday for Ladlow, Mass., where they will reside in future. The sender of the clipping adds that many valuable presents were received by the bride, and that she was formerly of Chatham.

**WOODSBOCK.**

JUNE 20.—C. D. Dickason visited Boston on business last week.

Mrs. Wallace of Wainwright, is visiting Mrs. Harry Smith.

Chas. Atherton is home from Acadia College to spend his vacation.

F. Gillis, his many friends will be glad to learn, is improving in health.

Miss LePage of Charlottetown, P. E. Island, is the guest of her cousin Miss Mabel LePage.

F. B. Carvell, M. P. F., has been confined to his house this week from a stroke of rheumatism.

Mrs. R. B. Carvell, wife of Sheriff Reed of Gagetown and daughter, are guests of Mayor and Mrs. Murphy.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Johnston of Charlottetown, P. E. Island, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Holyoke.

Messrs. Ralph and Brook Sailer of St. John, rode up to Woodsbock on their bikes last week and were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Jones.

Mrs. Alex. Beaton and Miss Louise, accompanied by Miss Ella Donnelly, went to Fredericton by steamer Abertona, Wednesday, for a brief visit.

Miss Mina Robinson formerly of Lower Richiton N. B., who has spent the last eight years in London Eng., is spending the summer with her sister, Mr. F. B. Comings, at her home in Cornish Court, N. E.

Miss May Clark left on Saturday for Fredericton to attend the annual meeting of the Western Union Telegraph office here is filled by Oscar Stanton of St. John.

Mr. Wm. Face of Boston arrived here Tuesday to remain several weeks.

Henry Sharp Esq. Sheriff of Annotook Co. Me. was here Tuesday to attend the funeral of the late Col. Keckum with whom he was for several years in business partnership.

Geo. Bull, Montello, Me. was here Tuesday to attend the funeral of his uncle the late Col. Keckum.

Miss Annie Lapsley of Charlottetown is visiting her uncle Rev. A. E. Lapsley.

G. W. White, Centreville, returned home Saturday from a trip through Queen's County.

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SOCIAL and PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Mr. and Mrs. Keltie Jones, Capt. and Mrs. E. A. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Taylor, Mr. W. B. Mo-Lanchin, St. John, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Babbitt, Liverpool, N. S., Miss Brock, Roxbury, Miss Troop and Mr. Theo. Blais.

Mrs. John Robinson has gone to St. Andrews to her summer cottage. The usual monthly ladies' night at the B. and B. club was much enjoyed on Friday evening.

Mrs. W. H. Burns gave an afternoon tea on Sunday last to a party of her friends. A very pleasant tennis party was held at the Barracks yesterday.

Mrs. H. H. Pitts and son are visiting Dr. and Mrs. McIntosh at St. John.

Mrs. David Watson of St. John, is a welcome visitor among friends and relatives in this vicinity.

Mrs. C. H. Clarke is recovering from her illness and is so much improved that she expects to leave the hospital in South Boston next week.

Mrs. James Murray has been visiting Boston with her young daughter, Marion to consult a specialist in regard to her daughter's lameness.

Mrs. Mabel Murdoch leaves at an early date for Paris, France, to visit the grand exposition.

Mrs. and Mrs. C. W. Young, accompanied by their young sons, left on Wednesday for Parraboro Nova Scotia.

A pleasant picnic was enjoyed at Porter's mill stream on Tuesday afternoon by a small party of ladies and gentlemen who arranged it for the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Hatfield of Cambridge, Mass.

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Mrs. Donald MacMaster and family of Montreal arrived on Tuesday and are now occupying "Ruso Bank" cottage.

Mrs. E. Maxwell's family from Montreal are in their pretty cottage Bar road. Miss Edna Clinch came from Boston on Saturday last, and is staying with her mother.

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Wit is wisdom. Blood is life. Impure blood is living death. Health depends on good blood. Disease is due to bad blood. The blood can be purified. Legions say Hood's Sarsaparilla, America's Greatest Blood Medicine, purifies it. A brief story but it tells the tale.

Nervous Weakness—"I suffered from nervous weakness and loss of appetite. My blood was impure, my stomach disordered and I could not sleep. Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured me entirely."

Mrs. E. Lockwood, Belleville, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

Mrs. G. Durrell Grimmer and her children, Hazel and Frank, came up from St. Andrews on Saturday and made a brief visit.

Mrs. C. M. Gove of St. Andrews, is in town this week.

Mrs. W. L. Blair of Ottawa, has arrived in St. John.

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Shelburne, accompanied by Mrs. Macee has been staying for a few days at the Grand Central. Mr. Magee was formerly on the staff here. His old friends were pleased to see him and to make the acquaintance of his charming wife.

Mrs. F. Beverly has returned from St. John, bringing with her Mrs. Reinecke and Mrs. Thomas. Mrs. M. L. Tucker, Mrs. Ness and Master Hugh Tucker have gone to Pennsylvania to visit friends.

Mr. D. McMillan, has been on a trip to Canada. Mr. Gordon Yates returned from Acadia College for the holidays and had as guest for a day or two Mr. Henry Emerson of N. B.

Mrs. J. Medley Townsend was the guest of Dr. Townshend on Sunday and went across in the Evangeline on Monday to attend commencement at Edgemoor. Mrs. Townsend, had in her care as far as Kentville Miss Caro Hatchford.

Misses Clara Kirkpatrick and Blanche Mowbray were delegates to the daughters of the King convention, Halifax. Mrs. Gibbons who also attended the convention is the guest of Mrs. D. A. Huntley.

Mr. W. Guest has returned from Boston. Mr. W. Mahoney left on Monday for Boston to be one of the principals of an interesting event on Wednesday.

Mrs. Longhead, Mr. B. L. Tucker and baby Dorothy are back from a visit at Truro. Miss Minnie and Mr. Roy Cove, Amherst have been visiting friends here.

Rev. Chas. De Wolfe White, rector of New Roles and at one time curate here conducted services in St. George's church and at More River on Sunday before last, Mr. White was the guest of Capt. and Mrs. Norrby.

Miss Mabel Kearney and Miss Pauline Price are at home from Acadia seminary for the holidays.

A Flying Leap The squirrel's boldness in leaping from tree to tree is explained by Mr. G. H. Hierhold as the result of the animal's knowledge that a fall will not hurt him.

Every species of tree squirrel seems capable of a sort of rudimentary flying or at least of making itself into a parachute so as to break a fall.

"One day," says Mr. Hierhold, "my dog treed a red squirrel in a tall hickory that stood on the side of a steep hill. To see what the squirrel would do when closely pressed, I climbed the tree. He took refuge in the topmost branches, and then, as I approached, boldly leaped into the air, spread himself upon it, and with a quick, tremulous motion of his tail and legs descended quite slowly, and landed upon the ground thirty feet below me, apparently none the worse for the leap, for he ran with great speed and captured up another tree."

A traveller in Mexico gives a still more striking instance of the power of squirrels partially to neutralize the effect of the force of gravity when leaping through the air.

Some boys had caught a black squirrel nearly as large as a cat. It had escaped from them once by leaping sixty feet from the top of a pine-tree, and this had led the grandmother of one of the boys to declare that the creature was bewitched. To test the matter, the boys wanted to throw the squirrel down a precipice six hundred feet deep.

Our traveller interfered to secure fair play for the squirrel. The prisoner was conveyed in a pillow-case to the edge of the cliff, and then let out, that he might take his choice between captivity and the terrible leap.

He looked down the abyss, and then backward and sideways, his eyes glistening, his form crouching. Seeing no escape except in front, he took a flying leap into space, and fluttered, rather than fell, into the abyss below. His legs began to work like those of a swimming poodle dog but faster and faster, while his tail, slightly elevated, spread out like a feather fan.

He landed on a ledge of limestone where he could be seen squatting on his hind legs and smoothing his ruffled fur, after which he made for the creek with a flourish of his tail, took a good drink, and scampered away into the willow thicket. He deserved his freedom.

Ells—I hope my minister won't see me out riding in this automobile this Sunday morning.

Stella—Why do you call him your minister? Do you attend his church?

Ells—No; but he always marries me.

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

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

It's the kind that lasts. Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co. Wallingford, Conn., and Montreal, Canada.

SUNBURN AND FRECKLES.

Effective Treatment for the Farmer While the Letter Should be Left Alone.

Both of these affections are caused by the action of the sun's rays, but why one person tans while another freckles is not easy of explanation. Both affections are said to be caused chiefly by the chemical or ultra-violet rays, but in the case of sunburn it is probable that the heat also has some effect.

The tan may come gradually, without any burn, after a succession of slight and brief exposures to the sun or to high winds—for wind will tan as well as sunshine. Usually, however, the city-dweller gets well burned during the first few days of his vacation in the country or on the water.

In severe cases the skin is red, slightly swollen, and the seat of a sharp, burning sensation; if the exposure has been prolonged, or the glare of the sun very intense, it may even be blistered. After a few days the soreness and heat subside, and the red color gradually turns to brown.

If the burn is pretty severe, cooling lotions, such as alcohol and water, diluted cologne water, a solution of bicarbonate of soda, or lead water, may be applied or the skin may be smeared with cold cream, camphor ice, zinc ointment, or a mixture of lime water and oil. Some such application as this, the sufferer being careful to keep out of the sun for a day or two, will usually suffice.

If blisters form, they should be pricked with a clean needle at the most dependent part, and when the water has drained away they should be covered with a cloth spread with one of the greasy applications just mentioned.

Freckles occur usually on persons of a sandy complexion, especially those with red hair. They are not common in very young children, under six or eight years of age, or in persons of middle or advanced life. They usually come the first time in summer and are less marked, or even disappear, in winter. Persons who freckle do not tan as a rule.

Freckles, like sunburn, may be prevented by the wearing of a veil, perfectly red or brown. Medical books sometimes speak of removing freckles by electricity, or by touching each one with a drop of carbolic acid on a glass rod, but such severe remedies are worse than the disease. The spots will fade out more or less completely in the winter, and will disappear wholly in time. In any case they are not particularly disfiguring.

Frightened. It was in the kitchen of a small flat. The occupants were a little girl of three years of age, and her loving mother and doting grandmother who were engaged in an animated conversation. Suddenly the grandmother discovered that the teakettle was steaming away, and needed replenishing from the hydrant. The Chicago Record gives the story as follows:

She took the kettle from the stove, but had hardly taken two steps when she collided with the child. There were two almost simultaneous shrieks, and then the mother, uttering a third one, darted forward and caught the cherub in her arms, her frantic exclamations mingling with the

SEALD TENDERS will be received at the office of the Director of the Department of Public Safety of the City of Saint John, N. B., up to 12 o'clock noon of FRIDAY, the 29th day of June next, for lighting the streets of said city according to specification to be obtained at said office.

St. John, N. B., May 18th, 1900. ROBERT WISELY, Director of the Department of Public Safety.

BRANDIES! Landing ex "Corean." 100 Cts. V.F. and XXX Quarts or Pints. 100 " Tobitt & Co. 100 " Mars. Frens. 10 " Octaves " For sale low in bond or duty paid.

THOS. L. BOURKE, 25 WATER STREET.

agonized wail of the child and the hysterical sobs of the grandmother.

In about two minutes the child's face was covered with layers of sweet oil, white of egg, sanitary cotton and flour, and the grandmother was speeding round the corner on the way to the family doctor's.

The doctor came and removed the layers of emollients. Then he laughed heartily, and asked the woman why they had called him.

"There is nothing the matter with the child's face," he said. "It must be her arms and shoulders," said the mother. "Tell mother where you are hurt, darling?"

"I ain't hurt," said the child, "but grandma screamed so she scared me." Well, John Henry Bingle, what have you to say for yourself?

I'll let you say it for me, my dear.



Getting into things.

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PARRABORO.

PROGRESS is for sale at the Parraboro Bookstore] JUNE 20.—The Methodist conference is in session here beginning on Tuesday of this week. The ministers and lay delegates numbering about one hundred and fifty are entertained by members of Grace church congregation and others.

The Presbyterian garden party held in Mr. James Day's grounds on Tuesday last was a pleasant affair and netted a considerable sum for missions.

Mr. Edwin Alkman, who was here for two weeks on his way from Venezuela to visit his family in England left on Thursday and was accompanied to Quebec by Mr. Robert Alkman.

Miss Hibbard, Boston, arrived on Tuesday and is at Broderick's beach hotel for the summer. Mr. W. Cox of Cambridge is installed as housekeeper at this hotel.

Mr. Magee agent of the Halifax Banking Co.,

Advertisement for bicycles featuring the text: Cleveland, Massey-Harris Brantford, Welland Vale AND Gendron BICYCLES. Are made in Canada by Canadian mechanics, backed by Canadian capital, for Canadians or the world. We are the largest manufacturers of Bicycles under the British flag and our modern and well equipped factories are turning out wheels unsurpassed in quality and finish. Agents everywhere. Canada Cycle and Motor Co., Ltd. TORONTO. ST. JOHN REPRESENTATIVES: Cleveland, W. H. THORNE & CO. Welland Vale, H. HORTON & SON. Gendron, R. D. COLES. Brantford and Massey-Harris, OUR OWN STORE, 54 King St.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1900.

TOWN TALES.

A Freak in River Craft.

The passengers on the steamer Hampstead thought they were going to enjoy some excitement on the down trip Monday morning last, but they were disappointed.

ment to expel all the mousers from the neighborhood, it has not yet been decided what method will be adopted.

One woman who has been particularly annoyed by the ravellings of a smaller party of cats, has adopted a method for relief which up to the present time has proven successful.

The Engravers are Joyous.

Perhaps you have noticed the change and perhaps you have not, but this year in connection with all the fashionable weddings the proper way of having the invitations gotten up has been strictly adhered to.

The Scriptural Way Failed.

'I don't know what to make of that boy of mine,' said the fond father, who is always talking about his son, getting his friend in a corner where he couldn't escape.

That Prophesied Fire in North End.

situations just beyond the bridges, will hereafter have to hold her peace in the way of prophecies.

Nov Scotia Doctors Are Angry.

respecting the practice of medicine was tried with a jury, which found for the defendant.

What The Donkey Did.

An English singer, Clifford Halle, used to tell how an audience, almost ready to weep, was suddenly made hilarious.

A Busy Little Craft.

Every afternoon at four o'clock her own peculiar whistle blows and the swings into the river from Indiantown.

The Versatile River.

Some days the noble St. John river is as versatile in its general aspect as a purchasable newspaper about election time.

How Plays Have Affected Some St. John People.

During a conversation the other day between a party of theatre-goers, including several of the "days of Lanergan" ilk, Progress listened to a budget of funny incidents which were said to have occurred among the audience at performances attended by the relatives.

It was in the old Mechanics Institute when that time-tried and fire-tested amusement house was the vehicle for all that was good, bad and indifferent in the theatrical and operatic worlds.

Another incident was related, almost a parallel to the one just told, but the man in this case was not enjoying the luxuries of a balcony seat, his was in the gallery of the Institute and when the time for the highly dramatic piece he became greatly excited and with one leg over the gallery front shouted, "Blood, blood to the hilt!"

A sailor was in the Opera House gallery once when "The Two Orphans" was being put on. His English love of fair play backed up by that characteristic pugacity of the fighting Briton, made him one of the most interested spectators, despite the fact that he had only recently looked upon the amber colored beverage when it was very amber.

Frequently the "top of the house" is heard to shout out, "Let him up, there!" when a duel or fistic fight is in progress, or ejaculate their disgust or approval in the tersest vernacular.

Then again the pathetic side often draws forth a lot of remarks as well as copious tears. The little Eva dying scene in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is a sure winner in this regard, and the time when a big fellow in the front row of the Opera House balcony was greatly stirred was related by one of the reminiscence party.

A minister met a parishioner, says Forward, and asked him the usual question: "Weel, John, how are you today?" "Gey weel, sir, gey weel," replied John, cautiously, "if it wasn't for the rheumatism in my right leg."

Lots of other funny occurrences in the two local theatres were related, but the old excuse—no space.



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TENDERS FOR BEET LIGHTING.

Sealed TENDERS will be received of the Director of the Department of Public Safety of the City of Saint N. B., up to 12 o'clock noon of JUNE 29th day of June next.

John, N. B., May 18th, 1900. ROBERT WISELY, Director of the Department of Public Safety.

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ized wall of the child and the hysterical of the grandmother. about two minutes the child's face covered with layers of sweet oil, white cream, sanitary cotton and flour, and the mother was speeding round the corner on the way to the family doctor's.



CLES

Canadian mechanics, for Canadians or the manufacturers of Bicycles, and well known out wheels un- Agents everywhere. Motor Co., L'td.

Harris, ST. JOHN, 54 King St.

# The Gentleman Ranker.

IN TWO INSTALLMENTS.

## CHAPTER V.

Not once during all the years since Max Delmar left his native land had he come home on leave, or for business or pleasure.

His leave he had always spent anywhere but in England; there he seemed to have somnolent love for Lilith Rye had died, the blank and the desolation of life remained.

It was years before he could think calmly of her.

But now her presence, her touch, the sound of her voice, would raise no heart-throb, nor quicken by one second the regular beat of his pulses.

In coming to London when ordered home on sick leave, thought it probable that he would meet Lilith.

The meeting might be painful for many reasons, but not insupportable.

General Chevenix, with his niece and her chaperon, had already returned to England, and that was a very potent reason why Captain Delmar should come also; and, besides this, there were some little family affairs to attend to.

Lilith's heart throbbed high with expectation as she read the announcement of Captain Delmar's return.

In her heart she had always cared for him more than for any other, and now that she had plenty of money, there need be no obstacle to happiness.

With a curious fatuity, due to either vanity or ignorance of human nature, Lilith Harwood imagined that ties could be easily taken up again when they were broken off; it never entered her head that Max could have ceased to love her, or that her conduct had, in truth, given the death blow to his love.

"It," she said, looking into her glass with a smile of triumph, "my memory should be dimmed in these years, I shall soon be able to draw him to me again!"

And the mirror flashed back at her a sufficiently dazzling reflection to justify her boast.

She had returned to town on purpose to meet her old lover, though she detested town, as a rule, in November.

Still, there were a good many people in town, and she could support existence in her luxurious house, what with theatres, and little dinners, and drives, and callers.

"He will not come to me at once," she reflected, "one dull afternoon about three days after Delmar's arrival in London.

"He would be afraid I should misjudge him; besides he would be proud, as I sent him away. No, I see I shall have to unbend a little," she added, with her chin on her hand, and a smile just quivering on her lips.

There was something rather alluring to her mind in the idea.

How gracious he would think her! In what an attractive light would it place her in his eyes!

She waited in vain for the call she expected, grew impatient and anxious, and wondered if he should send him a line.

Was he afraid to come? Their meeting, however, was not at all arranged as Lilith had fondly rehearsed it to herself over and over again.

They actually met at the house of a friend, who was giving a little dinner, and was unaware that one of the heroes of Omdurman and Lilith, Lady Harwood, had once been friends and lovers.

Lilith, looking exquisite in a marvel of an evening confection, drew in her breath a little when she heard the announcement: "Captain Delmar," and the tall, soldierly man entered whom she had sent away so calmly years ago.

How handsome he was, she thought, with a rush of passionate joy—how distinguished how noble!

The woman seemed hardly to breathe as she sat still in her luxurious furniture, watching the man she loved, and seeing her hostess bringing him across the room to be introduced.

"Introduced? She could have laughed if her heart had not been throbbing so!

"Dear Lady Harwood," the hostess was saying, "let me present to you Captain Delmar. What! you know each other already?" half laughing, as Lilith put out her hand, with a smile, to the tall soldier, who took it quite naturally, but did not hold it a second longer than necessary.

"Oh, yes!" she said, before Delmar could speak; "we are old friends—very old friends; with a meaning glance, which Mrs. Lancy understood, as Lilith intended, to convey that there had been something more than friendship between them.

She made some suitable remark, and glided away to receive another guest.

"I heard of you—of that splendid charge," Lilith said softly, and indicating, by a subtle sweep of her robe, that Delmar might take the seat beside her, "and of your wound. But you are well now?"

"Oh! yes," he answered, smiling, and taking the proffered place, without eagerness, as without hesitation there was never anything very serious, though they insisted upon sending me over on sick leave."

"And are you not glad to come and see—old friends?" Lilith said, glancing under her lids at the handsome face beside her.

"One is always glad to see old friends," he answered, with a maddening generalization, "and it is years since I was in England. My work kept me busy enough."

"Ah! you man, and soldier!" said Lilith, with a gentle sigh. "You have always work to keep you—to prevent re-

grets and enmity; not like us poor women, who have nothing, and must do as we are bid!"

"Oh," Delmar said, with a smile, "I thought the modern woman was a free agent! I fancy most people do what they want, after all. But here comes our hostess to claim me."

He rose and bowed as Mrs. Lancy came up, and Lilith could have ground her white teeth to think that she must be paired off with a viscount because he was of higher rank than Delmar.

Lady Harwood could not see much of Max; he was the guest of the evening, and many claimed his attention; Lilith saw that he neither sought nor avoided her.

She watched him narrowly, but found never a glance wandering her way; when he spoke to her, never a softened intonation.

So then, he was proud and still angry with her, thought the woman; well, she must abate her pride.

"Why have you not been to see me?" she said to him once. "You have been in town—how long?"

"Ten days or so; my time is very much taken up, Lady Harwood," and I have scarcely been anywhere," the soldier answered, smiling. "I owe an apology for being so remiss."

"Oh, no; of course, I know you cannot always do what you wish! And General Chevenix is in town, is he not? I haven't seen Beryl for years. Let me see, she is not married yet? Singular; but she is not what one calls very brilliant—I mean her style of beauty."

"She will not attract butterflies, if that is your meaning," answered Max, with a jealous case that soothed the woman's painful pang.

He could not speak so indifferently if he found Beryl very attractive, she told herself.

"Come and see me," she said; "soon—very soon."

"With pleasure. What is your day?" "Oh! Lilith said hastily, and with a half reproach, "one doesn't receive old friends on any day." Come when you like; I shall be at home always, between six and eight.

Now, I rely on you, with an arch glance and uplifted forefinger; and Delmar bowed, but made no promise.

Lilith was obliged to be satisfied; she dared not go further now.

But she was angry, and as she drove home she bit her lips and clenched her hands.

"He must love me still," she said, between her teeth. "He shall not—dare not scorn me! But he is proud. It is I who must—"

She broke off.

Captain Delmar, however, did not call for a tete-a-tete with Lilith, but came on her day—after six, true, but when there were still many callers.

Her rooms indeed were pretty full, as he knew they would be, and a distinct pang of disappointment went through Lilith's heart as she saw the guest enter.

She bit her lip and was half angry, but smoothed her face as she went forward to greet one of the heroes of Omdurman.

"How good of you to come!" she said, as she gave him her hand.

Delmar held her a little longer than usual; but it was she who left her hand in his, though Max scarcely noticed this.

She could not, however, keep him to herself, since she had other guests to attend to.

She wished them further, it is true, but the conventions of society do not permit one to say to one's guests—

"Now do please go; you're only in the way!"

And so Lilith had to smile and be sweet, when her eye was feverishly seeking the whereabouts of Max Delmar, and she was trying to make an opportunity to ask him to stay and dine with her. Would he do so she wondered.

Of course, Delmar was much sought, in those days.

In society it was openly canvassed among those who had some knowledge of the past whether Captain Delmar would not make brilliant marriages with his early love.

"She's dead in love with him," was said at tea tables.

"He doesn't see through it," laughed a shrewd lady, whom few things escaped. "To see her manoeuvring to get him to herself—it's awful fun!"

"Very degrading, I think!" said a girl, with old-fashioned notions.

"I dare say he sees it, and is flattered thereby. They're all alike," said another; "burn enough incense, and you can do anything you choose with them."

"He isn't conceited like most men," replied the old-fashioned girl, who genuinely admired the handsome Lancer. "I don't believe he's dazzled; I think it's Miss Chevenix he cares for."

"Ah! she's not so brilliant as Lady Harwood."

"She's worth ten thousand of her!" cried the old-fashioned girl enthusiastically. And so the talk went on.

Beryl was vaguely unhappy, for how should she be able to say for certain that Max Delmar was not reuniting to his first love?

If he loved her—Beryl—why did he not speak?

True, there was a discrepancy in their fortunes; but surely he would not suffer that to come between them?

and he paused to talk with this one and that, thereby arousing fresh jealousy, and he had not been doing in the room when a fresh obstacle arose to postpone her opportunities of speech with him.

"General and Miss Chevenix," announced the footman.

Lilith turned her head quickly. Her eyes darted to where Delmar stood talking with a pretty girl, but she could not make out whether Beryl's arrival was of any particular moment to him, though the question did rush to her mind—

"Was this arranged?" She received the new-comers with warmth, however.

"So delighted, dear general! It's ages since we met! Beryl, it's a century since I saw you! You must come and see me for a real chat!" she said, in her sweetest manner. "Captain Delmar is here."

She watched Beryl furtively as she said this, but the latter was not now an ingenu of sixteen, and knew how to guard her face from betraying her heart.

"So I see," she answered, smiling.

She had known, in fact, that he was coming though she did not divine that his coming had to do with her, she having, in all innocence, expressed a half formed intention of calling on Lilith Harwood that day.

"Here he is, coming to talk to my uncle, she added; and Max made his way to the little group, and talk became general.

One by one the other guests dropped off, and at last the Chevenixes, too, were about to take leave; Max rising also, as if to go with them.

"Oh! but," cried Lilith deprecatingly, "I had hoped you would not run away as though we were just acquaintances. Stop and dine with me. Never mind about evening dress—no ceremony—only myself. Captain Delmar, you will? And, Beryl, you can't have the heart to say 'No.'"

"I shall be very pleased," Beryl answered, "if uncle has no engagement."

"None that can stand against the charm of your society, Lady Harwood," answered the general gallantly; "and I'm certain Max has none."

Max had none, since he found that Beryl was going to stay though Lilith believed she herself was the point of attraction.

It ought to have been an ideal little dinner-party, but it was not.

The inward elements of cohesion and sympathy were wanting.

Lilith was not really at ease; she was ever on the watch to see how Beryl stood to Delmar and Delmar to her.

Beryl, with a woman's instinct, at once divined Lilith's attitude to them both, and she could not be sure whether Max was not drawn to his early love once again.

Why should it not be so? Yet the thought made her unhappy, and she was glad when it was time to go.

Lilith could not have had an unmixed pleasure to someone, not even to Delmar, though he was far from fathoming Lilith's feelings towards himself.

Lilith parted cordially from Beryl, and trusted she would come again soon.

She endeavored to keep Max a little longer, but he accepted the seat in General Chevenix's carriage offered him, and Lilith could have bitten her teeth to see them all drive off together.

She met Captain Delmar several times after this at one place or another—met him in the Park, riding, exchanged a few words with him at the theatre—put out all her powers to charm and attract, but apparently without success.

He never called for that tete-a-tete which she had promised herself, and the solitary day when he did come to see her again was her "At Home" day, when, as before, he arrived a little after six.

Still, the infatuated woman comforted herself with the thought that Max loved her, and only was too proud to plead again.

She told herself that she only wanted him to forgive her.

She would tell 'how sorry she was for the past, and she really persuaded herself it would be only right to do so.

She thought herself very heroic when she said to herself—

"Well, if he will not come to me, I will stoop my woman's pride and do what is right, in spite of all conventions. What care I for these stupid rules? Why shall twelves be blasted because a man and a woman are both proud? He will not misjudge me. He will only honour me the more for being the first to fling aside all pride for love of him."

CHAPTER VI.

Beryl suffered many a heart ache in those days.

In society it was openly canvassed among those who had some knowledge of the past whether Captain Delmar would not make brilliant marriages with his early love.

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Beryl was vaguely unhappy, for how should she be able to say for certain that Max Delmar was not reuniting to his first love?

If he loved her—Beryl—why did he not speak?

True, there was a discrepancy in their fortunes; but surely he would not suffer that to come between them?

He was proud, she knew, and would shrink from the imputation of being a fortune-hunter; but then again, that same pride might forbid him to ask Lilith for her hand.

"If it were any one else," Beryl thought sadly, "I would try to rejoice—if he were to be happy! But that he would never be with her!"

Only one saw any sign of all that troubled her, however.

Beryl knew how to guard her secret. But Max Delmar loved her, and his eyes were keen where she was concerned.

She looked, he thought, tired sometimes troubled, and was less bright in manner; a hundred little things that she had no idea of were signs to her lover, telling him that for some cause she suffered.

"Am I in fault?" he said in his heart, and the thought somehow brought its own sweetness. "Am I letting my pride be a burden to her? Does she care—does she think I have not forgotten Lilith? Lilith! Could I ever have passed Beryl by for her? Besides now, surely I may speak—surely, I dare hope that Beryl will not refuse to listen!"

He had no right to make her suffer, at any rate, and resolved to put his fate to the hazard.

If Lilith Harwood, while she was thus making plans to recapture her former lover, could have been present in spirit in Beryl's own study one afternoon when she—Lilith—in vain awaited him, all her hope would have been dashed to the ground.

For he was kneeling by Beryl's side, and looking up with worshipping eyes to hers, and was telling her softly how he loved her.

"It is my heart's best love," he said.

And Beryl understood him, and let him draw her to his breast and kiss the soft lips at his will.

"It was in my heart, dearest, almost on my lips," he said, "after a time," to betray my secret to you when you came to me in Cairo, when I was in your father's house. But honor forbade it, when you and he were so nobly kind to me, and—"

He paused, and the color rose to his cheek.

Beryl, divining what was in his mind, said, a little archly:

"You thought Miss Chevenix, the heiress might misunderstand. Oh! Max, couldn't you trust me?"

"Dearest, it was not only that; but I was a soldier, living a soldier's roving life, and I had nothing."

"But you are a soldier now," answered Beryl, smiling, "and will go wherever duty orders you. And I have so much Max. I—"

"I won't—half passionately—"to give it all to you. Why did you let that stand between us?"

The half reproach thrilled the man's heart in its unconscious confession of love.

He could only clasp her to him and in mute excesses atone for the pride which in part had been the cause of his silence.

"I thought sometimes," Beryl said very low, "that you had not, could not, forget Lady Harwood."

"My love for her died years ago," Max answered steadily. "I want you to understand, darling, that there is no regret in my heart. That is what I meant when I said you have my best love. I loved Lilith Beryl—I loved her, and it was long before I could forget; longer still before the blank that dead love left was filled."

"Even as a boy of twenty, I loved more deeply than I think most lads of that age love. But you have all my heart, my life, my soul. When I met Lilith Harwood, there was not one heart-throb the quicker for her presence. I could touch her hand without the tremor of mine. And I know now that my manhood would never have endorsed the passion of my youth. After all, Beryl, she did me the kindest thing to send me from her."

"For you, yes; but the motive spoils it. Gods know I would condemn no woman willingly!" Beryl said; "but, girl as I was then—child almost—I felt how cruel she was. Don't let us speak of it, Max. You know I trust you utterly."

To which Max answered only with a lover's kiss.

General Chevenix was delighted when Delmar told him how things stood between him and Beryl.

"While I had nothing but my pay," Max said, "I held it only honorable to be silent but since returning to England, I find that some speculations of my father's, which for a long time, were worth nothing, have turned out well, and I am more on equal terms as regards my financial position."

"My dear boy," the general answered, warmly, "I shouldn't care if you hadn't a penny—I've got enough for both of you, and Beryl won't want, either in my life or after my death. This has always been my dream. I know my Beryl will be happy with you."

The old man's voice trembled, and there were almost tears in his eyes.

"You have been like a son to me," he said, "now you will be really almost a son, for I think of Beryl as my daughter though she is only my niece. What will come of this, though? The general added, with a humorous twinkle in his eye.

"That's all done with," answered Delmar.

"On your part, yes—not on the lady's I expect!"

"Oh, yes," Delmar said rather quickly, "there was nothing on her part; and besides years have passed since then."

"Lilith would have married you, Max, if you could have given her, but she wanted to be a peeress, and have a great position. Well she had her wish; but I don't fancy she got much happiness with it. She didn't deserve it!"

"She was very young," Max said gently.

But the general only shook his head, thought Max a very fine fellow to shield a woman, and kept his own opinion.

But the thought troubled Delmar.

He was no coxcomb, and to him it was no pleasure to think that a woman who had once clouded his life, would be unhappy for his sake.

"He is mistaken," he said to himself.

"Why should she care? She has everything and will look much higher than a moderately-off captain of Lancers."

So he put the idea away from him, and did not let it cloud his happiness.

When Max had gone, Beryl stole softly down to her uncle's room, where she knew he was.

He was sitting by the fire with his head leaning on his hand, looking a little grave, perhaps a little sorrowful.

But, the moment Beryl entered, he looked up, and his face brightened.

The girl came swiftly to him, and knelt at his feet, and the general drew her pretty head to him and kissed her forehead.

"So my little girl is going to leave me," he said cheerfully, but with an unmistakable pathos in his voice, and Beryl looked up with tears in her eyes.

"Oh, uncle! she said earnestly, "We will never leave you alone. You have been a father to me. I could never think of deserting you."

He stroked her hair, with a half smile on his lips.

"I couldn't have Miss Grey with me, you know, dear, with a twinkle in his eyes; and Beryl lifted her head.

"It doesn't do, my child," her uncle added, still stroking the girl's sunny hair, "to have an old—"

"Elderly, uncle! You aren't old!" "Well, elderly fogey."

"You're not a fogey, uncle! I won't have you call yourself one!"

"But, tell you little wretch! No wonder Max has gone over head and ears," said the general, laughing. "Will you let me finish now? Young folk are best by themselves. My ways wouldn't be Delmar's ways; and, in short, you'd both be aching off somewhere, and I couldn't be with you. I'm off active service now. This wound of mind doesn't allow me to hop about as you do."

"Well, uncle! The moral of all this long discourse?" said mischievous Beryl.

"Well, dear, the moral is this: Should you think your uncle an old fool if he asked some nice, sensible, clever, affectionate woman—"

"Some one like Miss Grey, for instance?" said Miss Chevenix demurely.

"Yes—well, yes," returned the general. "Should you, Beryl, think me an old fool if I married at my time of life?"

"For dear old darling!" cried Beryl, throwing her arms around his neck. "No, of course not! You! Why, you are a hundred times nicer than all the young men—except Max—put together! Why you are so handsome, and upright as a dart—and—"

"Stop, stop! you'll make me quite vain, you little puss," said her uncle, laughing.

"Very much. I shall have a real amitie, then. Miss Grey has always been like mother to me. Oh! but," said Beryl, "suppose—"

"She doesn't say 'Yes'? Ah, that's all settled, my dear. Some time ago we arranged that, when you were married, she would do me the honour to become my wife," said the general simply. "I said nothing to you, dear, because I knew you would unselfishly give up your own position to make me happy. But I didn't think that fair, and my dear Marian agreed with me; we could wait. I knew Delmar was in love with you, or thought it, at any rate. Now you are settled, we can settle, too, and it'll make no difference in your position. You'll have plenty when I go, and plenty while I live."

Beryl looked up into the kind eyes that met hers, with a mist of tears in her own.

"Uncle, you are a hero!" she said, with a break in her voice, and laid her soft cheek to his, and was silent for a long time.

"Auntie Marian," she said after a while— "how nice that sounds—will have one of the most unselfish of husbands."

Then she sprang up.

"Will she mind, if I go—and—"

she concluded, laughing.

"And, receiving permission to do this, she ran off to find 'Auntie,' and tell her how delighted she was with the state of affairs."

CHAPTER VII.

The evening of the next day, Max Delmar sat in his rooms alone, reading, or trying to read, for Beryl's sweet face came between him and his pages, and he was dreaming of her more often than following the printed words in the book.

This evening he could not be with Beryl as she had a long standing engagement to fulfil with a friend in the country, so, not caring to go out, he had elected to spend a solitary evening.

About eight o'clock his man entered.

"There is a lady asking to see you, sir," he said; "she will not give her name."

"A lady?" Delmar said, a little puzzled.

Then it crossed him it might be some anxious relative of an officer or a man he had known, come in the hope of hearing of some last words of husband, or father, or brother.

Such pathetic instances are not rare in the experience of soldiers.

"I will see her, Jameson," he said, after that brief pause.

And Jameson retired, a moment or two later ushering in a tall woman, closely ve

Sunday Reading.

The Portrait. Such a careless, gay, young face There above you on the wall—

Ab, the play of his dear face! They made wives of children, then—

The Passing of Little Eagle.

The exalted and tender genius of Christianity appears in every incident of life and death.

His name was Little Eagle, and he was the Christian son of a Christian father and mother redeemed from the heathenism of their tribe.

Henry Little Eagle was his widowed mother's pride and dependence, for he was her last living son.

The American Baptist Missionary Union has the largest number of communicants, 128,294.

The Methodist Episcopal Church Missionary Society was founded in 1819, and is now one of the largest having 134 principal stations.

The Protestant Episcopal church's society was formed in 1835. It has now 200 principal stations, 45 churches, 5,582 communicants, and an income of more than a quarter of a million dollars.

The undenominational American Bible Society, founded in 1816, has an income of \$152,696, upon which it supports 83 American workers and 243 native workers.

Among other denominations having missions in the foreign field are the Dutch Reformed, United Presbyterian, Covenanters, Cumberland Presbyterian, German Reformed, Southern Baptists, Southern Methodist, Evangelical Lutherans, and American Friends.

Dr. Baldwin also gives statistics of British and Continental foreign missionary societies.

In his chapter on 'False and True Conceptions of Mission and Missionary Work,' the author declares that for a missionary to look upon his work as a civilizing and elevating agency for the barbarous or semi-civilized nations is a low and unworthy conception of the work.

Colds ON THE Chest

are dangerous; they weaken the constitution, inflame the lungs, and often lead to Pneumonia. Cough syrups are useless. The system must be given strength and force to throw off the disease.

Scott's Emulsion will do this. It strengthens the lungs and builds up the entire system. It conquers the inflammation, cures the cough, and prevents serious trouble.

Scott & Bowne, Chemists, Toronto.

Saying this, she stooped and laid two little purses on the ground at the head of the grave. It was a slight offering, but it was the last gift of her dead boy.

EXTENT OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The vast work that is being carried on in Other Lands by Our Missionaries.

Some valuable compilations of facts concerning missionary work are to be found in a book by Dr. S. L. Baldwin, just published by Eaton & Mains and entitled 'Foreign Missions of the Protestant Churches.'

First in chronological order and one of the most efficient in achievements is the American Board, which is the Congregational missionary organization.

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The Presbyterian Board was organized in 1837 and has at present an income of nearly \$900,000 with which it supports 111 principal stations, 1,081 out stations, with 55,995 communicants and 21,516 persons under instruction.

The American Baptist Missionary Union has the largest number of communicants, 128,294, in 91 principal stations, and 1,495 out-stations supplied 1,028 churches.

The Methodist Episcopal Church Missionary Society was founded in 1819, and is now one of the largest having 134 principal stations, 500 outstations, 676 churches, 124,611 communicants, and the largest annual income of any missionary society \$954,063.

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The great dislike for foreigners, in the prevalent superstitions, the bitter antagonism of the literary class, the opium habit, and other difficulties have barred the way of Christianity, but it is gradually overcoming these obstacles.

MY DAD'S THE ENGINEER.

A Three-Year-Old Boy Who Acted as Engineer on His Own Account.

There was an exciting time on the motor line between St. Johns and Albina, a part of Portland, Oregon, lately. As the story is related by the Portland Oregonian, an engineer on the motor-line, W. B. Evans, had left the motor-engine on a switch at the water-tank at St. Johns while he went to get his luncheon.

Little Fred had no sooner mounted the engine than it occurred to him to open the throttle and see if it would start. He pulled it open wide, and the engine did start. It was full of oil, coal and water and steam, and moved off at a high rate of speed immediately.

Word was at once taken to the boy's father. He reached the track just in time to see the locomotive disappear around a curve. Although wild with grief, he went to a telephone, and the operator began telephoning and telegraphing down the line in an attempt to get the locomotive stopped.

Word of the affair spread, and at St. Johns a crowd collected. Women were crying and wringing their hands. The locomotive sped on. It passed Penitentiary station at the same rate of speed as that at which it had passed Portsmouth.

The approach to Albina is by a long up-grade. On this up-grade the steam had gone down a little, and the speed of the locomotive diminished, although not to any marked degree.

John Woods, a motorman on the City & Suburban Railway, did board it, at a frightful risk. He caught the hand-rail and swung up, although in doing so he was dragged seventy feet, and the observers for an instant were sure he would lose his life.

The gage indicated a pressure of eighty pounds, which proved that the speed of the engine was very considerable when Woods boarded it. He told the 'crowd' which gathered that he was much surprised that he had succeeded in getting on. The locomotive had travelled several miles at a rate of at least thirty miles an hour. It was promptly run back to St. Johns, and the little engineer was restored to his most frantic parents.

MR. MUSKRAT AT DINNER. As Eats his Saccharine Dish Exactly as a Boy Eats his Bananas.

If you know where there is a colony of muskrats—and if you don't know you can easily find out, any farmer or hunter will show you their village of grass houses by the river—you can have no end of enjoyment by going there at twilight and calling them out. Squeak like a mouse, only louder, and if there is a pointed nose in sight making a great letter V in the water,

Speaks for itself. —Pearline. That accounts for its quick and large success. A five cent package of Pearline (follow the directions) shows you the ease, comfort and quickness of washing with little or no rubbing. You won't see all the wear and tear that it saves, perhaps. But you will later when you find that the clothes last longer.

It turns instantly toward you. And if the place is all still you have only to hide and squeak a few times, when two or three muskrats will come out to see what the matter is, or what young muskrat has got into trouble.

You go often and watch you may see a good many curious things. See 'musquash' (that's his Indian name) digging a canal or building his house, or cutting wood, or catching a trout, or cracking a fresh water clam, or rolling a duck's egg along on the water's edge so as not to break it, to this little one in the den far below. And if you like bananas you may sometimes smack your lips at seeing him eat his banana in his own way.

First he goes to the rushes, and diving down, bites off the biggest one close to the bottom, so as to have the soft, white part that grows under water. This he tosses to his favorite eating place. This is sometimes the top of a bog, sometimes a flat rock on the shore, sometimes a stranded log; but, wherever it is he likes to eat in that one place, and always goes there when he is not too far away or too hungry to wait.

Crawling out to his table, he cuts off a piece of the stump of his rush, and sits up straight holding it in his forepaws. Then he peels it carefully, pulling off strip after strip of the outer husk with his teeth, till only the soft white pith remains. This he devours greedily, holding it in his paws and biting the end off and biting it off again, until there isn't any end left—exactly as a schoolboy often eats a banana. Then he cuts off a second piece, if the rush is a big one, or swims and gets another, which he treats in the same way.

And if you are a boy watching him your mouth begins to 'water,' and you go and out a rush for yourself, and eat it as a musquash did. If you are a hungry it is not very bad.

Stronger Than Appetite. The New York Commercial Advertiser reports that an elderly gentleman, with bald head and a full grey beard, recently took a seat at a table in a downtown restaurant, and ordered steak and coffee. This done, he produced a pocket chess board, with flat paper men, and proceeded to lose himself in the consideration of a problem. Having placed the men, he looked at them, moved one after another, muttered to himself, shook his head, then replaced them as they were at first, and began over again.

His steak and coffee came and shed their aroma unheeded. He heard nothing, saw nothing, but the problem before him. One young man, sitting behind him, finished his meal, and while waiting for his check, turned to watch the chess player. But the bishops, queens and pawns could not be made to accomplish their destiny.

At last the young man grew tired of watching, and in a voice a little louder than was absolutely necessary to attract the attention of the waiter, he called, 'Check!' The chess player almost jumped from his seat. 'Nothing of the kind, sir,' he exclaimed. 'Nothing of the kind! Why—? 'I beg your pardon,' said the young man politely, 'I merely asked the waiter for my check.'

The old gentleman was too much astonished to say anything but 'Oh! Yet he looked disturbed, disappointed and angry. He took a few swallows of lukewarm coffee, tried to eat his cold steak, and hastily left the restaurant with the dejected manner of a man who had missed a chance for victory.

A Business Vestryman. A clergyman who failed to recognize the fact that his 'settlement' included business as well as spirituality, was reminded of his relapse by a parishioner who did not think a two-thousand-dollar man could afford to allow a fifteen-hundred-dollar man to do his work. 'Harper's Drawer' tells how the clergyman was made to see the business side of his calling.

Some years ago, in one of my parishes, I had a vestryman who was an excellent man and my warm personal friend. In the neighborhood lived a clerical brother, an excellent and popular man, with whom I often exchanged pulpits. His salary was fifteen hundred dollars and a rectory, while mine was two thousand dollars, and a similar provision for my shelter.

One very hot summer, not being in good health, I exchanged several times with him, so as to save preparing sermons. One day I went into the large store of my vestryman to have a chat with him, which he opened as follows:

'You have lately exchanged a good deal with Mr.—?' 'Yes, sir,' I replied. 'He is a fine preacher, and every one in the parish admires him.'

'I know that,' said he. 'I like him very much; but what is his salary?' 'Fifteen hundred dollars and a rectory.'

'But what are we paying you?' 'I told him. 'Well,' he put in, 'have you considered how much this parish loses by these exchanges?' 'I told him I had made that calculation. 'Nine dollars and sixty cents is the loss per Sunday,' was the statement of this careful guardian of the financial interests of his parish.

Consumption's Victims

CAN OBTAIN NEW HEALTH IF PROMPTLY TREATED.

It was thought Miss Lizzie Smith, of Waterford, was in Consumption, but Her Health has been Restored—Advice to Similar Sufferers.

From the Star, Waterford, Ont. Throughout Canada there are thousands of girls who owe the bloom of health shown in their cheeks, the brightness of eye and elasticity of step, to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

There are few girls in the first years of womanhood who do not suffer more or less from anemia. We see them everywhere, and they are easily recognized by a paleness of complexion, or perhaps extreme pallor, they are subject to headaches, dizziness, palpitation of the heart, and feel tired and worn out on the least exertion. To those who suffer in this manner Dr. Williams' Pink Pills offer speedy and certain relief.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make rich, red blood, strengthen the nerves, bring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks, and make the feeble and dependent feel that life is once more worth living. The genuine are sold only in boxes, the wrapper bearing the full name 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.' May be had from all dealers or by mail at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

'He isn't nearly so bright as he thinks he is,' said the young woman who discusses her acquaintances. 'No,' answered Miss Cayenne, 'and that's a very fortunate circumstance. If he were we couldn't look at him without using a piece of smoked glass.'

Magistrate—You are charged with talking back to an officer, sir, have you any thing to say? Prisoner—Dayvil a wurd, yer honor; O've sed too mooch already.

CANCER. And Tumors cured, at home, no knife, plaster or pain. For Canadian testimonials & 150-page book—free, write Dept. 11, Mason-McCubbin Co., 377 Shearwater Street, Toronto, Ontario.

## The Gordons Avenge Wauchope.

A. G. Hales, in a letter to the London Daily News from Thabanchu gives the following remarkable description:—

When, a few months ago, I stood upon the veldt, almost within the shadow of the frowning brow of Magerfontein's surly heights, and looked upon the cold, stern faces of Scotland's dead, and listened to the weird wailing of the bagpipes, whilst Cronjé gazed triumphantly down from his inaccessible mountain stronghold upon his handiwork, I knew in my soul that a day would dawn when Scotland would demand an eye for an eye, blood for blood. I read it written on the faces of the men who strode with martial tread round the last sad resting place of him they loved—their chief, the dauntless General Wauchope. Vengeance spoke in the sombre fire that blazed in every Scotchman's eye. Retribution was carved large and deep on every hard-set Scottish face; it spoke in silent eloquence in the grip of each hard-browed hand on rifle barrels; it found a mute echo in each knitted brow, and leapt to life in every deep-drawn breath; it sparkled in each tear that rolled unheeded and unchecked down war-scarred cheeks, and thundered in the echo of the men's tread across the veldt right up to Cronjé's lines, as they marched campwards. The Highland brigade had gazed upon its dead, and neither time, nor change, nor thought of home or wife, or lying babe, would wipe the memory of that sight away until the bayonets' ruthless thrust gave Scotland's quittance in the rich, red blood of those who did that deed.

The hour has come. The men who sleep in soldiers' graves beside the willow clad banks of the Modder River have been avenged. Or, if the debt has not been paid in full, the interest owing on that bond of blood has at least now been banded in. It was not paid by our colonial sons; not from Australian or Canadian hands did the stubborn Boers receive the debt we owed. They were not Irish hearts that cleared old Scotland's legacy of hate on that May day amidst the African hills. It was not England's yeoman sons who did that deed, but men whose feet were native to the heather, men on whose tongues the Scottish burr hung lovingly—the bare legged, killed "boys" whom the lassies in the Highlands love, the gallant Gordons.

Let the tale be told in Edinburgh Town, let it ring along the Border; let the lass as she braids the widow's hair whisper the story with love kissed breath, let the lass as 'they come from their daily toil throw out their chests for the sake of their breeding, let the pessimist turn up the faded page of history written when the world was young, and find, if he can, a grander deed done by the sons of men since the morning stars sang together.

So to my tale. It was the 1st of May. We had the Boers hard pressed in Thabanchu in a run of kopjes that reached in almost unbroken sequence farther than a man's eye might sight. (The flying French was with us, chafing like a leashed greyhound because he could not sweep all before him with one impetuous rush. Rundle too was here, with his haughty, handsome face, as keen as French, but with a better grip on his feelings. Six thousand of the foe, under Louis Botha, cool, crafty, long-headed, resourceful, have held the kopjes. Again and again we manoeuvred to trap them, but no wolf in winter is more wary than Botha, no weasels more watchful than the men he commanded. When we advanced they fell back, when he fell back they advanced, until the merest troy in the art of war could see that a frontal attack unless made in almost hopeless positions was impossible. So Hamilton swept round their right flank, ten miles north of Thabanchu, and gave them a taste of his skill and daring, whilst Rundle held their main body here at Thabanchu. Rundle made a feint on their centre in strong force, and they closed in from both flanks to resist him. Then he drew off as if fearing the issue. This drew the Boers in, and they pounded our camp with shells until one wondered whether the German made rubbish they used would last them much longer. Then we threatened their left flank quickly and sharply, giving Hamilton time to strike on their right, and he struck with out errig, whipping the enemy at every point he touched, driving them out of their positions, and holding them firmly himself, so threatening their rear and the immense herds of sheep and oxen they have with them, making a footing for the British to move on and cut Botha off from his base at Kroonstad.

Whether he will now stand his ground

and fight or make a break for the main army of the Boers is hard to calculate, for the Boer generally does just what no one expects he will attempt to do. It was during Hamilton's flanking effort that the Gordons vindicated their character for courage. Captain Towse, a brave, courteous soldier and gentleman, whom I had the pleasure of meeting at Graspan, and whose guest I had been on several occasions, was the hero of the hour. He is a fine figure of a man, well set up, good-looking, strong, active. He was, I think, about the only soldier I have seen who could wear an eye-glass and not lose by it. In age he looked about forty. I remember snapping a photo of him as he was "tidying up" the grave of gallant young Heddart, an Australian "middy" who lay buried on the veldt but the Boers collected that portrait from me later on, worse luck. On this fateful day Captain Towse, with about fifty of the Gordons, got isolated from the main body of British troops, and the Boers, with that marvellous dexterity for which they are becoming famous, sized up the position, and determined upon a capture. They little dreamt of the nature of the lion they had snared in their toils. With fully two hundred and fifty men they closed in on the little band of killed men, and in triumphant tones called upon them to throw down their arms and surrender. It was a picture to warm an artist's heart. On all sides rose the bleak, black kopje, ridge on ridge, as inhospitable as a watch dog's growl. On one hand the little band of Highlanders, the picturesque colors of their clan showing in kit and stocking, perfect in all their appointments, but nowhere so absolutely flawless as in their leadership. Under such leaders as he who held them there so calm and steady, their forbears had hurled back the chivalry of France and had tamed the Muscovite pride, and they were soon to prove themselves men worthy of their captain.

On the other side rose the superior numbers of the Boers. A wild and motley crew they looked compared to the gem of Britain's army. Boys stood side by side with old men; lads braced themselves

shoulder to shoulder with men in their manhood's prime, ragged beards fell on still more ragged shirt fronts. But there were manly hearts behind those ragged garments hearts that beat high with love of home and country, hearts that seldom quailed in the hour of peril. Their rifles lay in hands steady and strong. The Boer was face to face with the Briton; the numbers lay on the side of the Boer, but the bayonet was with the Briton.

"Throw up your hands and surrender." The language was English, but the accent was Dutch. A moment, an awful second of time, the rifle barrels gleamed coldly towards that little group of men, who stood their ground as pine trees stand on their mountain sides in Bonnie Scotland. Then out on the African air there rang a voice, proud, clear, and high as clarion note, "Fix bayonets, Gordons!" Like lightning the strong hands gripped the ready steel; the bayonets went home to the barrel as the lips of lover to lover. Rifles spoke from the Boer lines, and men reeled a pace from the British and fell, and lay where they fell. Again that voice with the Scottish burr on every note, "Charge, Gordons! Charge!" and the dauntless Scotchman rushed on at the head of his fiery few. The Boer's heart is a brave heart, and he who calls them cowards lies; but never before had they faced so grim a charge, never before had they seen a torrent of steel advancing on their lines in front of a tornado of fire and blood. On rushed the Scots, on over fallen comrades, on over rocks and cliffs, on to the ranks of the foe, and onward through them, sweeping them down as I have seen wild horses sweep through a field of ripening corn. The bayonets bled as they crashed through breastbone and backbone. Vainly the Boer clubbed his rifle and smote back. As well might the wild goat strike with puny hoofs when the tiger springs. Nothing could stay the fury of that desperate rush. Do you sneer at the Boer? Then sneer at half the armies of Europe, for never yet have Scotland's sons been driven back when once they reached a toe to smite.

How do they charge, these bare-legged sons of Scotia? Ask the hills of Afghanistan, and if there be tongues within them they will tell you that they sweep like hosts from hell. Ask in smearing Paris, and the red records of Waterloo will give you answer. Ask in St. Petersburg, and from Sebastopol your answer will come. They thought of the dreary morning hours of Magerfontein, and they smote the steel downwards through the neck into

the liver. They thought of the row of comrades in the graves beside the Modder, and they gave the Boer the "haymaker's lift," and tossed the dead body behind them. They thought of gallant Wauchope riddled with lead, and they sent the cold steel, with a horrible crash, through skull and brain, leaving the face a thing to make friends shudder. They thought of Scotland and they sent the wild slogan of their clan re-echoing through the gullies of the African hills, under their comrades far away along the line, bearing it, turned to one another, saying: "God help the Boers this hour; our Jocks are into 'em with the bayonet!" But when they turned to gather up those who had fallen, then they found that he whose lion soul had pointed them the crimson path to duty was to lead them no more. The noble heart that beat so true to honour's highest notes was not stilled, but a bullet missing the brain had closed his eyes forever to God's sunlight, leaving him to go through life in darkness, and they mourned for him as they mourned for noble, white-souled Wauchope, whose prototype he was. They knew that many a long, long year would roll away before their eyes would rest upon his like again in camp or bloody field. But it gladdened their stern warrior hearts to know that the last light he ever gazed upon was Scotland sweeping on her foes.

And when our noble Queen shall place upon his breast the cross which is the soldier's diadem, their hearts will throb in unison with his, for their strong hands on that May day helped him to win what he is so fit to wear, and when our sovereign honours him she honours them, and well they know it. And when the years have rolled away, and they are old and grey, and spent with woman's and toil, fit for nothing, but to dandle little grandbabes on their knees, young men and maids will flock around, and pointing out the veteran to the curious stranger say with honest pride, "He was with Towse the day he won the cross."

All there.

A philanthropic citizen of Dashville, moved by sympathy for his unfortunate townspeople who were suffering from want during an exceedingly cold winter, arranged a public entertainment in their behalf.

No admission fee was charged, but it was announced that a collection would be taken. The evening came, and the hall was well filled. The entertainment, consisting of recitations, music and amateur sleight-of-hand performances, was generously applauded, and with much satisfaction the

philanthropic citizen, assisted by the ushers proceeded to take up the contributions. They amounted to three dollars and sixty-seven cents.

"Well," he said to the audience, after he had counted the money, "this collection, as you understand, is for the benefit of the poor—and they seem to be all here."

SINKERS FORMS A TRUST.

After Hearing About Ice He Sets at Work With a Slate for Capital.

"It's getting worse," said the Sinker Man as Sarsaparilla Reilly went into the restaurant.

"What's getting worse?" asked Reilly. "Der ice question," replied Sinker. "When I lay awake in bed dreaming of which is to be, I don't supposition dot der Grand Jury will do der Mayor something for putting ice in der City Hall. What?"

"He didn't put no ice in th' City Hall," answered Reilly. "The ice trust did it."

"What is it for a ice trust?" "Well," explained Reilly, "the ice trust is a body av refrigerators who bought up all the ice farms in Iceland and sold off shares at sixty-seven dollars a cake. They played a big game for high stakes."

"Pinochle?" "No," said Reilly, "fres" out. The ice men got the ice and th' gave th' customers th' frozen end av it. Last week whin me wife got her ice bill she took a chill and gave me the cold shoulder. Then she took Mary Ellen's diamonds out of th' safe and put them in the ice box and put the ice in the safe, for there's no telling when burglars might drop in."

"Yesterday night my wife paid two dollars for one little ice share," said the Sinker man, mournfully. "Mebbe, she says, before der summer comes out we will had to burn oil in der gas stove."

"That wud be terrible," remarked Reilly. "Yes," continued Sinker, "and soap went up two cents a cake on the grocery, 'cause he can't no more afford der big ice bills. Coal twenty cents, vent up mit der bushel und vinegar more besides."

"Sure they don't kape coal on ice," said Reilly. "Don't lay it all to the Trust. I remember one very hot morning when I was a sailorman, it was so hot that the iron plates on the ship's side melted and ran red hot into the sea. Well that morning we went fishing for icebergs and caught a berg that had floated down from Greenland. When we hauled it aboard our ship we noticed some carving on the side of it, in letters as big as a house and—"

"Please, Reilly, you get me dizzy," interrupted Sinker. "Do der ice mans fish icebergs too?"

"No," said Reilly. "They cut it in th' small lakes near th' Hudson River whin snowballs are ripe. I've seen cakes up there tin thousand feet square."

"How do they get dot size in der ice cart wagon?" asked Sinker.

"Why," said Reilly, "they have to build the wagon around the cake. Well, these ice trusters save the ice till th' summer and thin sell it off in small pieces. This year they'll get stuck, for the people won't buy all ay it."

"Mebbe dey can sell it mit skating rink," said Sinker. "Vhen somebody would start a ice farm down in Cuba he would much money make. What?"

"No," said Reilly, "it wudn't pay. I heard av a man who started a snowball farm down in Cuba, but he was overcome by the heat and died before harvest time."

"Why not ship ice by telegraph from Iceland?" suggested Sinker. "Den you could sell a big share for ten cents."

"Thot 'ad never do," said Reilly. "Th' telegraph wires wud be blocked continualy wid icicles."

"How shamefulness," remarked Sinker. "Den we must ice buy on trust. Vnat?"

"No," said Reilly, "ice trust don't mane trust ice. A trust is a combination av men that corner th' market. For instance, if you and I agree to drink all the whiskey in Red Jerry's, we form a whiskey trust. Are ye listening?"

"Sure," said Sinker. "Why not ve make a beer trust on Red Jerry?"

"In that case," answered Reilly, "we wudn't need to raise the price av th' beer."

"No," said Sinker, "we'll put it on der slate."

And the new syndicate went into Red Jerry's and absorbed a large block of stock that wasn't watered.

Polite editor—Mr. Slowpokes, I want you to go out and write a story on how it feels to be a millionaire.

Mr. Slowpokes—But how can I do it without a million?

Polite editor—Go and earn a million. When you get it, come back and write the story.

"Knave!" said the autocrat, how camest thou to be a fool?"

"Sire," responded the jester, "I began life among the wise men."

Teacher—Why did they hide Moses in the bullrushes?

Answer—Because they didn't want him to be vaccinated.



"OH! YOU TICKLE ME."

Chat of the Boudoir.

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'No,' said Reilly. "'They cut it in the small lakes near th' Hudson R. ver when snowballs are ripe. I've seen cakes up there in thousand feet square.'

'How do they get dot size in der ice cart wagon?' asked Sinkers.

'Why,' said Reilly, 'they have to build the wagon around the cake. Well, these ice trusters save the ice till th' summer and thin sell it off in small pieces. This year they'll get stuck, for the people won't buy all ay it.'

'Mebbe dey can sell it mit skating rink,' said Sinkers. 'Vnen somebody would start a ice farm down in Cuba he would make money make. Vnat?'

'No,' said Reilly, 'it wudn't pay. I heard av a man who started a snowball farm down in Cuba, but he was overcome by the heat and died before harvest time.'

'Vhy not ship ice by telegraph from Iceland?' suggested Sinkers. 'Den you could sell a big share for ten cents.'

'That wud never do,' said Reilly. 'Th' telegraph wires wud be blocked continually wid iceicles.'

'How shameful,' remarked Sinkers. 'Den ve must ice buy on trust. Vnat?'

'No,' said Reilly, 'ice trust don't mane trust ice. A trust is a combination av men that corner th' market. For instance, if you and I agree to drink all the whiskey in Rod Jerry's, we form a whiskey trust. Are ye listening?'

'Sure,' said Sinkers. 'Vhy not ve make a beer trust on Rod Jerry?'

'In that case,' answered Reilly, 'we wudn't need to raise the price av th' beer.'

'No,' said Sinkers, 'we'll put it on der plate.'

And the new syndicate went into Rod Jerry's and absorbed a large block of stock that wasn't watered.

Polite editor—Mr. Slowpokes, I want you to go out and write a story on how it feels to be a millionaire.

Mr. Slowpokes—But how can I do it without a million?

Polite editor—Go and earn a million. When you get it, come back and write the story.

'Knavel' said the autocrat, how comest thou to be a fool?'

'Sire,' responded the jester, 'I began life among the wise men.'

Teacher—Why did they hide Moses in the bulrushes?'

Answer—Because they didn't want him to be vaccinated.

The most distinguished feature of the latest fashions is the long-tailed bolero, as it is called. It is made of broad silk in soft colorings blended in such a way that the design has no very definite lines, or of colored taffeta with hair line stripes. The jacket is short and rounded in shape, except at the back, where it extends in two long narrow tails to the hem of the skirt. Its especial cachet is given by wearing it with muslin skirts, very elaborate, perhaps, made of alternate runs of tucks and valenciennes insertion, or simply gathered at the waist line and trimmed around the hem with lace ruffles. The coat tails vary a little in width, as they are the most becoming to the figure, and are lined with white silk since they fall over a white skirt. A striking effect is gained by using the medium-wide black girdle with this coat. The blouse worn under the bolero matches the skirt, of course, and the whole effect is very picturesque. Long, close-fitting sleeves, with a lace frill falling over the hand, and elbow bell sleeves turning back in a cuff over a lingerie underleeves, are both in good style for this quaint little jacket.

Finely beruffled and over-trimmed parasols have become so common that the only possibility of distinctive elegance in this article of dress lies in its simplicity. Perfectly plain silk in any pretty color which harmonizes with the costume is in good style, but whatever decoration there is must be dainty and unusual in some way. The latest novelty is hand painted with one bunch of flowers, or one butterfly on one side done in either lighter or darker colors than the silk. The prettiest example of a hand-painted parasol is one of white crepe de chine decorated with delicate garlands of pompon roses and small incrustations of lace. Sunshades of spotted foulard or linen are very popular for morning use, while those of plaid silk with fringe on the edge are well up in the list of novelties. Other foulard parasols show vandykes of lace insertion with a band of black velvet ribbon around the edge. Rows of fine gold braid sewn on a band of pale blue silk form the border on another parasol, and some of the pretty new ones have gimpes of tucks for their only trimming. Something decided and pronounced without being showy or fussy is the latest style.

Lingerie and taffeta silks under a new name, or rather series of names, are the popular silks of the moment. Favrite, and diamantine, which shows the prettiest changeable effects, are both taffetas with new names, and then there is a pretty new silk canvas which reminds one of the sewing silk grenadine.

Sashes of China silk tied at the back with loops turning up in the old fashioned way are worn with muslin gowns.

Enamelled jewelry has come back to us again more beautiful than ever, and the special chic thing is shown in the belt buckles, either turquoise blue, emerald green or red, oval in shape and quite plain if you like. Some of them are ornamented in filigree designs or with flowers and birds.

Hats of all kinds, shapes and conditions are in fashion, but the latest thing from Paris is a modernized poke, trimmed with a large bow of ribbon, silk or velvet, and one, two or three small bunches of roses well forward on the brim. The crown is medium high, tapering a little toward the top, and the brim, drooping in the back, is manipulated in curves to suit the face and raised a little underneath at one side with a short band and small bow.

Reports of soft, full hat strings of tulle embroidered in colors on the ends come to us from Paris, but the American woman has not adopted them yet.

Unlined skirts of mohair, taffeta silk and

Tonight Hood's Pills

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

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

Very stylish gowns are made of the old-fashioned pongee silk, trimmed with handsome embroidery matching it in color.

Camro buckles and buttons are revived again with great effect on some of the new gowns made by the smartest dressmakers.

A new edition of the polonaise, which in shape is much like a cape worn as an apron has appeared in Paris. The ends finish a little below the waist at the back and in some instances it is covered with tucks.

The latest thing in handkerchiefs is a very tiny square of cobweblike lawn edged with lace. The absence of a pocket in gowns is the incentive for this change in size, which makes it possible to wear the handkerchief inside of the glove.

Suede gloves is the rare tint of old lace are the novelty of the moment.

Fichus a la Marie Antoinette and a la Pompadour are very much in favor and quite the hall mark of smartness on the late-t thin gowns. The draping can be arranged to suit the figure, and in any case it gives the broad effect across the shoulders so becoming to slender women. The finest cream tinted bastide hand embroidered makes the very prettiest fichus.

Lingerie skirts and blouse waists made of fine white lawn with innumerable tucks and many rows of valenciennes insertions are one of the special features of thin gowns, and are extremely chic worn with a cloth of gold bolero covered with lace.

Serpentine insertions cut out of all over lace and finished on the edge with either black or white silk cord are used to trim crepe de chine and veiling gowns.

Trim your dainty gowns with hemmed frillings of white point d'esprit accordion plaited.

Crepe de chine is a popular material for wedding gowns.

The variety in sleeves is progressing in all the ways possible to the over and under sleeve, and in some of the thin white gowns the upper sleeve, which fits quite closely above the elbows is cut long and full enough to drape up in a drooping puff at the elbow, is caught up on the inside of the arm with a bow, and falls over a close fitting undersleeve of lace.

Mohair is the favorite material for bathing suits in black, blue and gray trimmed with a band of white mohair striped with braid. The collars are wide, revers shape in front, pointing down at either side of the braid trimmed with the bands in the skirt are cut in inverted scallops on the upper edge. There is the same full waist with belt, and the puffed sleeves of the last season.

AMULETS IN GREAT DEMAND.

A Fad That is Growing in Popularity, but Really Demands Careful Study.

Amulets and lucky stones of one sort and another are becoming more and more popular with women, and the bangle of detested memory is revived in a more romantic and interesting form. The modern girl is decidedly up in fetichism and though some frivolous fair ones wear jewelled owls and pigs and lizards and shamrocks and bells and boots indiscriminately and impartially, the really up-to-date young woman chooses her talismans fastidiously and is learned in talismanic lore.

To be really wise and occult one must go in for astrology and choose one's talismans in accordance with the symbols of the planet under whose influence one was born, but it is asking too much of the modern society girl to insist upon her adding astrology to her already depressing repertoire. Still it doesn't require much research to find out whether Capricorn or Cancer or some other Zodiacal sign is most appropriate for one's luck piece.

For general mascot purposes a white elephant is about as satisfactory as anything one could choose. There is nothing exclu-

sive about him. Like the rain, he patronizes both the just and the unjust, and he is a terror to evil spirits of sorts and varieties in the Far East he is worn in all climes and materials, and the more white elephants one can introduce into household decorations the surer one is of domestic felicity. The idea ought to be adopted by Western decorators. If a frieze of white elephants could foil the divorce courts it would be worth having.

The pig, too, is a fair success as understudy to one's guardian angel, and serpents bring blessings; but a lizard is a hoodoo of the most fatal sort, and the amount of harm being done by jewelled lizards is beyond calculation. Boot and shoe ornaments, which have become so popular are also inimical to happiness, and as for tiny bells—well, only a brave and dauntless soul can wear them and come out with life and morals intact. Their tinkling, as is well understood by every student of the occult calls up all evil spirits within hearing, and the wearer of a bell bangle lives in ja Walpurgis Nacht crowd.

The short life and violent death of the average love affair is intelligible when one realizes that by all the laws of fetichism the exchanging between lovers of hair or any ornament in shape of a heart is a sure token of disaster. Some philanthropist should have made a crusade in behalf of ignorant lovers, and have explained the evil occult influence of hair and hearts, in emotional matters; but men and maids have been allowed to rush on their fate unwarned.

The four-leaved clover loses all its efficacy as a good omen when it leaves the hand that gathered it; and indeed no charm green in color should be worn, as it is more than likely to bring a misfortune in its wake. The left hind foot of a graveyard rabbit that was caught in the light of the moon has its virtues, but no other rabbit's foot is worth pocket room; and even the powerful piece of a rope by which a man has hanged himself will bring nothing but ill-luck to the possessor if the suicide happened to be born under the influence of Saturn.

Altogether, the intricacies of the mascot question are many and devious, and no one should go in for charms recklessly. The twentieth century is, so say the prophets, to be especially noted for its fatal accidents; and that being the case, mascots should be in great demand; but unless one has time to study the hidden mysteries of occult lore it would perhaps be safer to stick to the benign and ever amiable white elephant.

IRISH POPLINS.

They Are Very Fashionable Owing to Events Growing Out of the War.

English women have this season gone in for Irish poplin with enthusiasm. Even Paris has felt the effect of the fad, and has turned out fetching costumes of 'Popline Irlandaise' which have been bought by English patrons and by the Continental set that affects English fashions.

Of course the bravery of the Irish troops in South Africa and the Queen's visit to Ireland are at the bottom of the fashion, but the Queen's love for Irish poplin is no new thing. One of the irrepressible London society journals has been describing the poplins ordered for the Queen's wear at the time of her accession to the throne, and no recent purchases could sound more gorgeous in the telling. There was one in white with a design of gold roses, shamrocks and thistles, another where green and gold shamrocks figured on a white ground, crimson roses, purple thistles and green shamrocks were breathed upon a third.

No stage queen could have turned an effulgent fancy loose more thoroughly than did she in those old days; but her tastes are quieter now, and the poplins she recently selected for her own use and for gifts are less noisy, if not less beautiful, than the crimson, purple and green patterns. They were, however, designed especially for royal use. Royal fern and maidenhair figured in gold on white, a pink ground was broadened in scattered shamrocks, a heliotrope was covered with purple thistles. Even in royal dress fabrics the Japanese order of flower arrangement has evidently made its way; and it must be admitted that, sore from the sentimentalist's point of view, the shamrock, the rose and the thistle have better decorative quality when used alone than when used in combination.

There is a great deal of fake about the Irish poplin with which the merchants are

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JOHN NOBLE COSTUMES

Model 1499. An attractive well made Young Lady's Costume. Model 1506. Fashionable Costume. Model 200. Stylish Design. Patterns and Estimates for the making of any kind of Costumes sent Post Free.

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meeting the unprecedented demand of the seasons' mode. The fact is that about one hundred Dublin looms turn out all genuine Irish poplin that is made. The work is done by hand looms, and the workers require long training and are as stubborn as Gobel tapestry weavers in regard to admitting outsiders into their ranks.

The greatest boon in the outfit of the girl of 1900 is the ankle length skirt, said she. 'This is a departure, for it is not the familiar golt or bicycle skirt of seasons past which was not long enough to please the more conservative women. There will be a perfect epidemic of the new skirts all over the country for day time wear. And the economical woman might as well know that she cannot cut down her regular skirts for this use. They must be cut to the ankle or about six inches over the ground, and they have a certain flare of their very own that gives them distinction.'

'The tailors have been making them up by the dozens and the summer girl this year can walk and row and drive with comfort, and can even climb over the side of a yacht without clasping a bunch of silk or muslin in her hands. She will no longer be the one-handed creature she has been forced into since trained dresses came in for walking.'

'Will the ankle length skirt gradually displace the trailed skirt altogether?' asked the girl who was increasing her knowledge. 'Never for evening or dinner gowns or for indoor wear generally,' said the professional summer girl. 'We all know about the microbes that are collected by the long skirts, but they don't lurk in our homes and nothing is more becoming than a trained skirt to a woman when it is worn as intended, falling in a graceful line from the waist to the floor, but gathered in a bunch in one hand it is monstrously ugly. On a broad piazza it shows to advantage also, for the hotel piazza is the most successful stage for the display of frocks that was ever built.'

The Rise of a Street Car Magnate.

Quite recently, Thomas Lowry, the millionaire street car man of Minneapolis, was in New York, and an old acquaintance discussing Lowry's remarkable rise from poverty to affluence, said: 'Little more than twenty years ago Lowry, who now resides in the finest suite of rooms at the Wal-

dorf-Astoria, was content in a little furnished room on a back street of Minneapolis. I remember him then as a tall, slender young man, struggling for a living as a lawyer. One day he went to Dr. Ames, who was then Mayor of the city, and asked for enough bills to collect to buy his dinner with the foomission. He went into real estate, and developed considerable shrewdness and foresight, finally getting hold of considerable property. But when he got the property he was constantly struggling to pay the taxes, and I remember distinctly that not more than fifteen years ago, when he ordered a pair of trousers he couldn't raise the money on Saturday to pay for them, and had to go to church in his old ones. Finally his property advanced and he stepped into an income. He secured the street car franchises and stepped into millions. Now he is well known in Wall street and all the centres of capital.'

The Boundary Line.

Between comfort and discomfort is often very slight. Have you rheumatism or neuralgia? or are you a sufferer from ob- sessed nervous pains? Why suffer longer? You can purchase for 10 cents a bottle of that king of pain—Polson's Nerve-line—or you can get a large bottle for 25 cents. It cures promptly. It is sure, pleasant to take, and never fails to cure all kinds of pain. Don't wait an hour but send to any drug store and get a trial bottle. Nerve-line, the sure pain cure.

No Use for Reporters.

No favors are shown to the press in the Supreme court. A newspaper representative is no better there than a tramp. The court has no constituents, and as far as newspaper criticism is concerned, very properly goes on the principle of the public be damned.

While this is apt to be very trying for correspondents, it is very pleasant for attaches of the court. For instance, when the Kentucky case was decided the other day a large number of correspondents clamored for admittance to the court. Marshal J. M. Wright was arranging things, and he was doing it to suit himself.

He had a lot of men and women friends who were anxious to see the show, and Mr. Wright locked the outside door to his little side entrance, and to all correspondents who sent in their cards he sent word that he was too busy to see them; but the cards of his friends served as passes and they were given reserved seats.

There is one set of elevators, recently installed, reserved for the exclusive use of justices of the Supreme court. At the Senate end of the capitol there is another elevator, reserved for the exclusive use of Senators and justices.

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noise in the Head by Dr. Nicholas' Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to Dr. Institute, 750 Fifth Avenue, New York.

## A Popular Novelist.

Remarkable Success of Mary Johnston, Author of "To Have and To Hold" and "Prisoners of Hope."

The success, popular as well as artistic, of Miss Mary Johnston, the author of "To Have and To Hold" and "Prisoners of Hope," is one of the romances of literature paralleled most nearly by the careers of Jane Austen and Charlotte Brontë. Until a few years ago she had written nothing. Then she wrote "Prisoners of Hope," which was eminently successful for the first work of an author, and now "To Have and To Hold" has not only enhanced her reputation as a literary artist, but has placed her in the front rank of "popular" romancists. The success of "To Have and To Hold" has been really remarkable. On the day of its publication advance orders for 45,000 copies had been received, and two weeks after it had issued from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the actual sales amounted to over 100,000. In one week alone, over 64,000 were taken by dealers, and exactly one month after publication it had passed into its 125th thousand. Even "Uncle Tom's Cabin" probably the most popular American novel ever published did not so well, for two months after publication had passed before Mrs. Stowe's classic had been sold to the number of 100,000. The author of this highly successful novel comes of an old Virginia family. Her father was Major W. Johnston, who won his rank as an artillery officer in the Confederate army. He is a lawyer by profession, but since the war has engaged in Southern Railroad enterprises. When his daughter was sixteen years old, he removed with his family to Birmingham, Ala., and with the exception of a residence of four years in New York City, this has been the home of the family. Miss Johnston's mother died not long after the removal of the family to Birmingham, and Miss Johnston, as the eldest of daughters, became the head of her father's house a position she still occupies.

As a child Miss Johnston's health was delicate; and, in fact, she has never been in possession of entirely good health, both "Prisoners of Hope" and "To Have and To Hold" having been written under stress of great physical difficulty. On account of her frail health as a child her schooling was irregular. When not at school, and yet too ill to wander about the woods, she read. Her tastes were catholic, and, moreover, she had not a great library from which to pick and choose, and so must take what she could find. She read everything her father's library afforded, and at an age when most young girls are still lingering over the pages of their favorite story-teller she had read children's stories, fairy tales, novels, religious works, essays, biographies, histories, memoirs, plays—everything she could lay her hands on. As a child she loved Scott and read and re-read him; and with Dickens it was much the same. She read also a great deal of the best of seventeenth and eighteenth century literature, and delighted in history. She grew to love poetry with increasing years and was fondest then, as she is now, of the ballads of Scotland and the writings of Shakespeare. In later years, her ill health continuing, she was taken from school and had most of her studies at home, and she then developed a fondness for the English dramatists which she has never outgrown. Certainly to the influence of these writers must be due much of the fine constructive qualities which would so admirably fit both "To Have and To Hold" and "Prisoners of Hope" for dramatic production.

Nothing is more noticeable in both "To Have and To Hold" and "Prisoners of Hope" than the author's love of Nature, which finds expression in charming descriptions of the Virginia mountains among which she spent her childhood; and it is not less noticeable and is equally refreshing and restful in the pictures of the Tidewater section of the Old Dominion with which she is equally familiar. Buchanan, the little Virginia town in which Miss Johnston was born, is situated on the James where it breaks through the Blue Ridge. The surrounding country is a region of mountains and valleys, of forests and running waters, and in her childhood the author of "To Have and To Hold" was never so happy as when rambling up and down the river, or over the mountain sides and through the beautiful woods in which the regions abound. There were in the family two old and faithful servants, and with either of these for guardian Miss Johnston and her sisters were allowed to roam the country side at will. The town itself was so small that a walk of a mile in any direction brought one into the deep woods or up on the mountain side. It was

an almost ideal environment for a child fond of nature as she was; and the impressions of those early days have furnished most of the beautiful pictures of forest



MARY JOHNSTON.

and mountain and sky in both of her romances.

Both in "To Have and To Hold" and "Prisoners of Hope" some of the most effective writing is shown in descriptions of the ocean. The account of the storm, and the standing of Percy and the Lady Jocelyn and their companions on the sandy islet in "To Have and To Hold," and the story of the tempest on Chesapeake bay which served to display to Patricia in "Prisoners of Hope" the bravery and worth of Godfrey Landless, both evince a familiarity with the ocean and its moods that only intimate association could give. Up to her nineteenth year Miss Johnston's life had been spent chiefly in the mountains. The summer of that year was the first of a series spent almost entirely upon the water. Off the coast of the eastern shore of Virginia are a number of small islands, and one of these—Cobb's Island—had been a favorite resort for Virginia people since long before the war. This island served, in after years, for that one in "To Have and To Hold" upon which Captain Ralph Percy and the pirates had their memorable encounter. In the days when the Johnstons made it their summer refuge it had a Life Saving station and a picturesque population of perhaps fifty or sixty fisher folk, and there was a long, low, white-washed building, called by courtesy "the Hotel," and a half dozen or more or less dilapidated cottages. Upon this island Miss Johnston spent a great part of six summers. She had a sailboat and one of the island fishermen for boatman, and with her father or a brother was upon the water morning, noon and night. She was fond of the boat and of the ocean, and was not afraid of squalls, and in the delight of those days, no doubt, many a scene in "To Have and To Hold" and "Prisoners of Hope" has its origin.

Now that "To Have and To Hold" has gained a popular favor that will certainly carry it into many editions, and has compelled a critical estimate that declares it to be an addition to the permanent literature of romance, it is interesting to go back to the beginnings of the literary effort that has produced two such remarkable romances as "To Have and To Hold" and "Prisoners of Hope." In 1893 the Johnstons removed to New York city, which they made their home for several years. In the following year Miss Johnston's health, always delicate, failed so that she became for a time practically an invalid. Forced to lie quietly and to give up all active effort, she could still read and

A CERTAIN METHOD for curing cramps, diarrhoeas and dysentery is by using Paine-Killer. This medicine has sustained the highest reputation for over 60 years. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Paine-Killer, Perry Davis. 25 and 50c.

study, and at length she began to write a little for her own amusement. A year or two later housekeeping was given up on account of Miss Johnston's continuing ill health, and apartments were taken in one of the big apartment houses overlooking Central Park. Here she began "Prisoners of Hope." Work upon it was finished after two years of effort more or less interrupted by seasons of ill health, and published with eminent success for the first work of an unknown author. So well was the romance received that Miss Johnston determined to make literature a serious pursuit. That

the sender's anxiety to obviate misunderstandings, and one might suppose that persons taking such risks and trouble would have thought it worth while to adopt the collateral precaution of letting a competent native revise their chirography, but the idea of that expedient may often have been snipped in the bud by the dread of a five or ten cents' fee.

No packages—certain classes of printed matter excepted—are forwarded in excess of five pounds, but within that limit all possible chemicals, comestibles, machines, beasts, birds, and bugs are mailed every day in the year, and forwarded, too, unless the sender should commit the mistake of an amateur naturalist who shipped a live rat of the speckled denomination in a package ingeniously constructed to look like a good sized book. Everything would have gone well, but in his over anxiety to avoid examination or prevent the escape of his pet, the sender had bandaged and sealed the parcel all around, and thereby made it subject to letter-rate charges. His postage covered only the book rates for a consignment of three pounds, and the addressee declining to pay the difference, the package was filed away till the most unsuspecting began "to smell a rat."

Confiscation is all that can be done in such cases, and a mere peep at the suspected contents often causes investigators to shrink in horror. Florida tourists mail swamp rattlesnakes and juvenile alligators; south Texas scientists hairy tarantulas, with fangs that work their way through the first glimpse of a business opening.

In the state of Tamaulipas, Mexico, they have red ants as large as a gaffy, and so horribly venomous that a mere rip of their pinchers will make a sanctificationist elder swear, and on a trip to a summer camp in the Ozark mountains an assortment of their pests worked their way out of their pasteboard prison and very soon afterward out of the seams of the United States mail bag. The mail rider was half asleep and beginning to nod in his saddle, when to his astonishment his equally drowsy old mare suddenly rose on her hind legs and then started off at a gate beating the record of the best Arkansas State Fair races. In an attempt to clear a gully she spilled her cargo rider and all, and then commenced rolling in the gravel, delaying approach with a storm of kicks. The stunned carrier eventually gathered himself together, but in attempting to continue the trip on foot was seized with convulsions that induced a ploughing farmer to rush to the rescue, under the impression that steed and rider had been attacked by St. Vitus.

Rat poison and corrosive sublimate are not the worst chemicals sent through the mail, and more than one pouchful of miscellaneous consignments has been drenched with fluids as destructive as nitric acid, or the solution of fluorine that will eat into a man's finger bones like the touch of a red-hot poker.

Explosions in Post offices and street letter boxes, too, occur every once in a while, and in Tucson, Ariz., a conflagration was caused in that manner, the flames having spread with a rapidity that precluded the chance of obtaining a clue to the identity of the mischief maker.

The Washington Post Office museum has a collection of some fifty different venomous bugs and reptiles captured by the vigilance of United States mail clerks, and the 15 per cent duty on West Indian products may not prevent the completion of the assortment by the arrival of a fer-de-lance snake, warranted to beat the sharpest Texas rattler at his own game.

Sleeping on the March. Some philosopher has said that a man with a strong mind can sleep or keep awake at will. Perhaps that philosopher never tried forced marching in a tropical country. Owen S. Watkins, who was in the last Sudan campaign with General Kitchener, tells of seeing an adjutant and a senior major riding side by side on long marches, so that if they fell asleep they could lean on each other and not fall from their saddles.

Mr. Watkins repeats some queer stories that were told him, without saying that they are true. But if truth is stranger than fiction, one of them at least is strange enough to be true. It is about a transport master, who rode in the rear of his train of camels. He had been very busy, and had slept little for a week. The day was hot, and for comfort he had removed his helmet and belt. Then he fell asleep. Pretty soon the jolting of his camel unseated him, and he rolled to the soft ground unharmed. In fact, he was not even awakened. When at last he did wake, the caravan was out of sight and he could not tell how long he had been sleeping. There he was, the master of that column of transport camels, alone in the desert, unarmed, and with not even a covering for his head.

As nothing was to be gained by staying

where he was, he started to follow the trail, and had hurried along for some time before he noticed by the fast setting sun that he had started back, instead of ahead, on the trail of the camels. He turned, and fortunately a camel and driver soon met him. They had been sent back from the caravan, not to search for him, strangely enough, but to look for some article that had been lost by the way.

## STANDS FIRST AND HIGHEST. Paine's Celery Compound.

A NOTED PHYSICIAN'S PRESCRIPTION FOR THE BANISHMENT OF DISEASE.

Physicians, druggists and those competent to judge, candidly acknowledge that Paine's Celery Compound has called forth the most reliable and the strongest testimonials ever published in the press of the country.

Each letter or testimonial tells of the extermination and banishment of rheumatism, neuralgia, kidney troubles, skin diseases, dyspepsia and headaches. The good work done by Paine's Celery Compound brings satisfaction, joy and peace because the cures are always permanent. Thousands of the best men and women in Canada to-day, can give to weary and despondent sufferers the blessed assurance that "Paine's Celery Compound makes sick people well."

Paine's Celery Compound, the wonderful discovery of America's greatest physician, is now within reach of every ailing person, young and old, and should be used before sickness and disease are aggravated by the coming hot weather. If you entertain doubts regarding the curative and life-giving virtues of Paine's Celery Compound, speak to your druggist about it or consult your friends and neighbors who have been cured by it.

Est. 1851. A bit of caricature is sometimes better, or at least more efficient, for the correction of a fault than any amount of direct reproof. Short Stories tells of a certain banker's wife who had an undue appreciation of her own importance as the wife of a prominent townsmen:

She was in the habit of riding down to her husband's office in the street-car every day. Entering the car with a haughty air, she was accustomed to say in voice loud enough to be heard by all present: "Conductor, put me off at my husband's bank."

One day she came in and seated herself, making the usual demand. Close by her was a man, disreputable-looking in the extreme. His clothes seemed almost devoid of buttons, a multitude of pins doing duty instead. During the momentary hush which followed the lady's order this passenger rose, and drawing himself to his full height, pompously said:

"Conductor, put me off at my old woman's peanut-stand!"

Since then the conductor has heard nothing more of "my husband's bank."

Durability of Glass. It does not seem remarkable to find inscriptions written ages ago still visible on the Tower of London, or on the steeple of some cathedral. But one would hardly look on a fragile pane of glass in a common window for characters two hundred years old.

A notable case has just come to light in London, says the Weekly Irish Times, in an old house where the notorious Jack Sheppard once lived as a carpenter's apprentice. One of the window-panes still bears an inscription cut in it by a glazier's diamond, recording the name and address of a man who preceded Jack's master in that house.

The inscription is: "John Woolley Brand Painter and Glazier, March 12, 1706."

That was nine years before the coming to the house of Jack Sheppard, and almost two hundred years ago.

"Balm of Hurt Wounds."

So Shakespeare terms sleep, but irritated breathing tubes prevent sleep through desire to cough. Balsam is the same word as balm, and the balm for wounded lungs is Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam. 25c. all Druggists.

"But said the soldier lover, as he kissed her goodbye, 'suppose I should return maimed, minus both arms, for instance, wouldn't you hesitate to marry me?' 'I'd marry you at once,' she replied. 'It would be useless to prolong our courtship.'"

Riggs—You were very fortunate not to be injured when the train was telescoped. Jiggs—Yes, but you see I was on the through car.

was, he started to follow the... had hurried along for some time... noticed by the last setting sun... started back, instead of ahead... of the camels. He turned, and... a camel and driver soon met... had been sent back from the... net to search for him, strangely... out to look for some article that... lost by the way.

# WAS FIRST AND HIGHEST.

## Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

PHYSICIAN'S PRESCRIPTION FOR THE BANISHMENT OF DISEASE.

...druggists and those com-... judge, candidly acknowledge that... Compound has called forth... reliable and the strongest testi-... published in the press of the... letter or testimonial tells of the... and banishment of rheu-... neuralgia, kidney troubles, skin... dyspepsia and headaches. The... done by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills... Celery Compound, joy and peace... the cures are always permanent... of the best men and women in... to-day, can give to weary and de-... suffers the blessed assurance... Dr. Williams' Pink Pills makes... well."

of caricature is sometimes better, or... more efficient, for the correction of... than any amount of direct reproof... Stories tell of a certain banker's... he had an undue appreciation of her... importance as the wife of a prominent... man."

was in the habit of riding down to... and's office in the street-car every... "Entering the car with a haughty air... accustomed to say in voice loud... to be heard by all present: "Con-... put me off at my husband's bank... day she came in and seated herself... the usual demand. Close by her... man, disreputable-looking in the ex-... His clothes seemed almost devoid... tons, a multitude of pins doing duty... d. During the momentary hush... followed the lady's order this push... rose, and drawing himself to his... night, pompously said:

Does not seem remarkable to find in-... tions written ages ago still visible on... 'ower of London, or on the steps of... cathedral. But one would hardly... on a fragile pane of glass in a com-... window for characters two hundred... old.

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no Shakespeare terms sleep, but irritat-... breathing tubes prevent sleep through... fire to cough. Balm is the same... as balm, and the balm for wounded... is Adamson's Botanic Cough Bal-... 25c. all Druggists.

But said the soldier lover, as he kissed... goodbye, "suppose I should return... minus both arms, for instance, ... wouldn't you hesitate to marry me?"

Riggs—"You were very fortunate not to... injured when the train was tele-... Jiggs—"Yes, but you see I was on the... ough car."

Continued from page 14.  
for coming—like this. I know it isn't... isn't just the thing, but such old friend... And—and I wanted—will, with a ha... nervous laugh, "you don't come to see m... and I must tell you—"

But she put out her hand.  
"Then, if you forgive, she said, averting... her face, and speaking low, "if you forgive... my cruelty—I am free now, I am rich—in... all these years I have been in heart faith-... ful to you."

"There was a second's deathly pause.  
The man had tried to put from him the... thought that the woman had ignored his... plainly expressed inability to take up the... threads of the past, but it was borne on him... now, and it was an overwhelming pain to... him."

"I thought," he said, turning his face... aside, and speaking in a steady voice, "that... you would have understood—forgive me? ... Between the boy of years ago and the man... of today there is a vast gap that nothing... can bridge—not even the great honor you... do me. Believe me, it is the boy you re-... member, Lady Harwood—not the man of... today."

"No, no," she cried out, bursting into... passionate tears. "When I read of you, ... covered with glory; when I saw you, heard... of all your great deeds, it was not the boy... I loved. Surely—surely you have not—"

"She stopped choking.  
"I beseech you, Lady Harwood," Delmar... said, "do not prolong this interview. It can... only give you pain! You are overwrought—... to-morrow you will see things in their... true light. It is impossible for me—for us... to renew the past. Believe me, I have long... ceased to reproach you; a man finds for a... girl a thousand excuses that a boy cannot... see. I am not free, had I wish to remem-... ber."

"She started up, dashing the tears from... her eyes.  
"You are not free?" she said, through her... teeth. "You—you love someone else?"

"Falsely—falsely!" Lilith cried fiercely.  
"You professed I was the love of your... heart—that I had ruined your life! You... are easily consoled."

"A moment the man's eyes locked into... hers; then he dropped them, and set his... lips together.  
"He was too chivalrous to answer the re-... proach with reproach, and his pity was... too great."

"Who is it?" she said, with trembling... hands gathering her cloak about her. "But... I know—Beryl Chevenix!"

"I am engaged to Miss Chevenix," an-... swered Delmar, a touch of hauteur in his... mien.  
"You have done well for yourself,"... Lilith said, with a sneer. "She is an... heiress. I was a fool to think you ever... really cared for me! I see my mistake. I... thought your lips were sealed when you... came back, because I was rich and had... been cruel to you. Now you are cruel. It... is a mistake for a woman to stoop to a... man. I wish I had never come!"

"It was a generous impulse, Lady Har-... wood," the soldier said quietly. "I shall... forget all else but that."  
He stepped to the door as she spoke, and... waited silently while she adjusted her... veil.

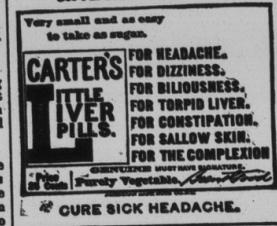
She did not offer her hand in going out... nor did he his—it would have seemed to... him like a mockery in her humiliation; but... he escorted her with punctilious politeness... to the hall door, and, seeing she had no... cab waiting, quietly accompanied her... to the corner of the street, hailed a passing hansom, and put her into it.

"You will tell him where you wish to be... driven?" he said. "Good-by."  
And the miserable woman sat staring out... on the dismal London mist as she was driv-... ing back to her home, and when she reach-... ed her room she flung herself down on the... couch, and broke into bitter, angry sobs.

# ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

## Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of *Dr. Carter*



FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

The position of bride and bridegroom... made it a foregone conclusion that the... greatest interest would be taken in this... wedding.

Had it been in London, there would have... been crowds, but the ceremony took place... in the pretty village church of Beryl's home... General Chevenix's place in Berkshire, ... where the girl had been brought up from... her earliest years.

Beautiful indeed, Beryl looked in her... white robes; and Delmar, the handsome... bridegroom, came in for a larger share of... the admiration than is usually bestowed on... that necessary adjunct of a wedding.

Lilith—in Paris now—read all the ac-... counts of white dresses, bridesmaids, and... going away, with dimming eyes and a half... sneer on her beautiful lips, and presently... dashed the paper down and sat with clenched... hand, staring out before her.

"It might have been mine," she said to... herself, and then laughed.  
"Well, I won't wear the willow for him!... He shall see that I can be happy without... him. I dare say he will be glad that Lilith... Harwood remained a widow for his sake!"

"She did not really think this; even while... her lips uttered the sentiment, she knew... that Max Delmar was incapable of such... dishonor.  
"Monsieur le Prince Vassaroff," an-... nounced her servant, and Lilith turned... with a charming smile to welcome the... middle-aged Russian, who was wealthy and... polished, but a terrific gambler, and be... neath the polish, cold and cruel in nature.

"He was an admirer of the beautiful... English widow, and had shown marked at-... tention to her shortly after her husband's... death.  
But Lilith had put him off, and told him... he might renew his suit when her mourning... was over."

"Today she met him, in a lovely tea-gown... of cream and pale green.  
She saw him glance significantly at the... confection, and dropped her eyes a mo-... ment as she received him.  
After the first courtesies had passed, ... Prince Vassaroff bent forward, with a smile... and lightly touched her green robe.  
"Madame has discarded her mourning,"... he said.  
And Lilith leaned back with a careless... laugh.

"Yes," she said, "what would you have?... One cannot be always in black!"  
"Especially when one is young and beau-... tiful, and when black would mean dispar-... itage to one who is faithful," said the prince.  
"Madame, I had your permission to speak... again when your time of mourning was... over; that time—is it not now come?"

"He took her hand in his, and she did... not withdraw it.  
"Madame la Princesse Vassaroff!"  
She was running in her head, and the... Vassaroff jewels and sables, castles and... domains, and rank and state, were all... things greatly to be desired!  
The owner of all these had to be taken... with them, to be sure; but then, one need... not see much of one's husband when one is... very high in society.

"And Max Delmar should never triumph...—nor Beryl.  
But the woman's heart went back over... the years when she was a young girl, and... a handsome, passionate lover had pleaded... with her to be true to herself.  
Oh, if this Russian had been Max!  
But sentiment was all nonsense.  
She shook off the softer mood that was... coming over her, and glanced at the prince.  
The glance said the time was come if he... wished, and so he understood it.  
"Madame will do me the honour to be-... come the princess of my home, my heart,"... he said, lifting her hand to his lips. "Is... that no?"  
"If you wish it," Lilith answered.  
She did not love this man in the least, ... and she had already had experience of a... loveless marriage.  
But no one should say she was a dis-... appointed woman.  
And the prince was enraptured, for the... time.  
For Lilith was very beautifully, and, in... his way, he cared for her; moreover, she... would be a lovely possession, to give grand... entertainments.  
This wedding was a very much grander... affair naturally, than that pretty junction... at Chevenix Church; but hearts did not

count in this one—they were unnecessary... impediments.

"Have you seen this Max?" Beryl said to... her husband on arriving in Cairo. They... were together in a room, and the papers... had just been brought out. "Lilith has... married Prince Vassaroff."  
Delmar took the paper, and read the... account of all the splendors which accom-... panied the marriage of the English beauty.  
And when he had finished he laid down... the sheet and put his arm round his young... wife.

"Poor Lilith!" he said half-sadly, and... with a sigh. "I pity her. A second time... she has sold herself."  
"And yet she is a princess, and has lot of... money, and houses, and jewels, of course,"... said Beryl, with a touch of archness.  
"Don't you think she is to be envied?"... He smiled.

"Do you?" he asked.  
But Beryl laughed.  
"I envy no woman," said she; "I have... you."  
"A notable possession!" said Max jesting-... ly.

"A very dear one," Beryl softly answered... "I am so sorry for poor Lilith. I can't... think she cares for this man. Didn't you... know him, Max?"  
"I met him here some years ago. He... did not impress me favourably. Like... most Russians, he is an inveterate gam-... bler, and I am afraid some of his estates are... mortgaged to the hilt; so I don't know that... his will be so very wealthy, after all."  
"And Lilith isn't the woman to lead a... man to better things, I fear," said Beryl.  
"She will think herself cheated of that for... which she sold herself."

The Prince and Princess Vassaroff came... to Cairo that evening, and Beryl fancied... that Lilith had already found her life a... bore, if not worse.  
They all met on the drive on afternoon, ... and there were introductions and congrat-... lations, and the invitations to the Prince's... hotel.

"A charming pair!" said the Prince to his... wife as they drove away. "Madame Del-... mar is beautiful, and her husband had... great taste."  
Lilith's lip curled, and her husband... glanced at her, divined the truth in a... moment.

His eye gleamed.  
At once the demon of jealousy was... aroused, and Lilith felt the effects then and... afterwards, though during their stay in... Cairo, the Prince was shrewd enough to... see that Captain Delmar had no feeling... but respect for Madame la Princesse.  
But Lilith's marriage bodes no good.  
How should it?

She knew the man she married for a... gambler and a ruse, and that she became... his wife out of pique against another man.  
"She is not happy," he said to her... husband; and he drew her suddenly, with a... half passionate movement, to his heart.  
"My darling! my dearest!" he said under... his breath, "there is no shadow of doubt... in your Beryl? You know I am yours... utterly!"

"There never has been a shadow between... us, Max," she answered with deep tenderness.  
"I understand. I love you with more... and more, if it were possible, for that noble... sorrow of yours."  
"Because you're noble, my Beryl," Max... whispered, and he kissed her soft lips... again and again.

Twice in one day.  
The poorest family in Japan usually has... its own house. This implies a great... many houses in a city of nearly a million... and a half of inhabitants, and explains... why Tokyo gives the impression of being... an immense and rather mean-looking vil-... lage—an impression heightened by the fact... that the rich do not usually display their... wealth by adorning the street side of their... houses, but reserve for the interior and... back garden all the artistic or floral adorn-... ments for which they may have a taste.

The cheap appearance of most Japanese... houses is simply a consequence of the fre-... quent fires. Professor Milne, in his book... on earthquakes, says:  
"In one winter I was a spectator of three... fires, each of which was said to have de-... stroyed more than ten thousand houses—in... all about a tenth of all the houses in... Tokyo. These fires follow regular tracks... like cyclones.  
A large part of the city's population de-

# Seal Brand Coffee

(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)  
Its Purity is its Strength  
Flavor and Fragrance its natural attributes.

Imitations are numerous. Avoid them.  
**CHASE & SANBORN,**  
MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

pende for its living upon the work of build-... ing new houses and streets. These per-... sons, naturally oppose all efforts to im-... prove the fire-extinguishing service.

A fire is apt to be made the occasion... of a picnic. The houses are soon rebuilt; ... and it often happens, we are told, that a... man's house is burned down twice in one... day, because, after the rebuilding, the... shifting wind brings the flames back in... that direction.

This statement is not so improbable as... it may seem at first sight, since some of... the Japanese keep in stock the material... for complete houses, nicely fitted and fin-... ished, so that they need only to be put... together and raised like tents.

**GAINS MADE BY RUSSIA.**  
Important Advantages Secured While Eng-... land was Busy with the Boers.

Now that the end of the war in South... Africa is believed to be in sight attention... is being turned in England to the advan-... tages that have been gained by Russia dur-... ing the eight months which it has lasted... while the hands of England have been... practically tied.

The first step taken by Russia immedi-... ately after it was seen that the Anglo-Boer... war was going to be a much longer and... more tedious affair than was first reckoned... on was the mortgage she established over... Persia, followed by the movement of troops... to the Afghan frontier on the road leading... to Herat. The next was the concession... from the Turkish Government giving Rus-... sia the monopoly of railway construction... in eastern Asia Minor which virtually con-... verts the great plateau of Armenia into a... Russian sphere of influence. Simultane-... ously with the negotiations that gave her this... foothold in the regions overlooking the... lowlands of Mesopotamia and facing the... German sphere in Anatolia, Russia acqui-... red a lien on Bulgaria in return for a small... loan; she obtained the use of the impor-... tant harbor of Bourgas on the Black Sea,

which is connected by railway with Sofia... and the capital, and the Servian and Macedo-... nian railways; and the Bulgarian army be-... comes again the advanced guard of Russia... in the Balkan Peninsula. These are her... gains in western Asia and near East.

In the Far East, Russia has obtained two... notable concessions, one of which is be-... lieved by many to endanger the continuance... of her pacific relations with Japan. The... first of these concessions is the right to... build a railway from Kiakhta, the Siberian... customs frontier station south of Lake Bai-... kal, to Kalgan on the great wall of China... northwest of Peking. The obstacles to the... construction of this road through eastern... Mongolia are nothing compared to those... presented by the country through which the... Manchurian railway passes to Port Arthur... and Vladivostok. Its strategic advan-... tage is also greater, as it is so far removed... from the coast that the chance of its being... interrupted by an enemy foreign to China... and Russia is reduced to a minimum.

The last concession was obtained from... Corea on March 30, when the Corean Gov-... ernment made over to Russia a site on the... shore of the harbor of Masampo at the... southern extremity of the Corean Penin-... sula, to serve as a coal depot and naval... hospital for the exclusive use of the Rus-... sian fleet. The value of the concession is... doubly enhanced by a clause which pre-... vents Corea from alienating to any other... power any land in the neighborhood of... even on Kojedo or any other island, which... would cover Port Hamilton and Quelpart... islands which England has had an eye on... for a long time.

This last concession gives Russia an ex-... clusive ice-free harbor midway between... Vladivostok and Port Arthur, thus secur-... ing a winter base for her Pacific fleet which... is being steadily increased. It also gives... her command of the sea road to Peking, and... in a measure isolates Wei-hai-wei, and... threatens Japan from across a very narrow... channel. So secretly was this treaty... negotiated that it was still unknown to... foreign correspondents at Tokio in Japan... in the middle of April, and apparently also... to the Japanese Government.

The feeling in England in relation to... the Masampo concession seems to be... stronger than with regard to the others, ... England having evacuated Port Hamilton... in 1886 after obtaining an undertaking... from Russia not to "occupy Corean terri-... tory under any circumstances whatever."  
In 1894 Sir Edward Grey, then British... Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, in-... timated that the British Government re-... garded this pledge as still valid. In the... present circumstances, however, protest is... unavailing, and the precedent of Port... Arthur makes it doubtful in the opinion of... many whether Lord Salisbury would per-... sist in any objection he might raise; while... an untimely threat might set in motion the... troops Russia has collected in central Asia... along the Afghan and Persian frontiers.

The end of the South African war is... therefore the more ardently desired in... order that the hand of the British Govern-... ment may the sooner be free for contin-... gencies which some believe are not very... remote.

Not to Be "Bumped."

A Glasgow paper tells a story of James... Russell Lowell's visit to the north of Eng-... land which does not appear to have a place... in Mr. Lowell's biographies. It illustrates... the unwillingness at the north of England... peasant to be outdone by any com-... er.

Mr. Lowell, the story says, one day... entered an eating house and sat down at a... table. Just then a barefooted yokel, who... like Mr. Lowell, had plainly been walking... far, and whose bare feet were sore from... the journey, as were also the American's... came in and sat down on the opposite side... of the table. Mr. Lowell gave his order.

"Waiter, bring me a steak and fried... potatoes."  
"Bring me a cup of coffee and rolls," said... Mr. Lowell.

"Bring me yan, tee," said the peasant.  
"And," the American added, "you may... bring me a bootjack."  
"Bring me yan, tee, put in the yokel.  
"Why, what on earth can you want with... a bootjack?" asked Mr. Lowell, surprised... into asking the question.

The retort nearly took his breath. "Gan... away!" the rustic exclaimed. "D'ye think... I canna eat a bootjack as well as ye?"

### A CARD.

- We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to return the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Willis' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Willis' English Pills are used.
- A. Chipman Smith & Co., Druggist, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.
- W. Hawker & Son, Druggist, 104 Prince William St., St. John, N. B.
- Chas. McGregor, Druggist, 187 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.
- W. C. R. Allan, Druggist, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.
- E. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B.
- G. W. Hobbs, Chemist, 357 Main St., St. John, N. B.
- R. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B.
- S. Waters, Druggist, St. John, West, N. B.
- Wm. C. Wilson, Druggist, Cor. Union & Rodney Sts., St. John, N. B.
- C. P. Clarke, Druggist, 100 King St., St. John, N. B.
- S. H. Hawker, Druggist, Mill St., St. John, N. B.
- N. B. Smith, Druggist, 24 Dock St., St. John, N. B.
- G. A. Moore, Chemist, 109 Brussels St., St. John, N. B.
- C. Fairweather, Druggist, 109 Union St., St. John, N. B.
- Hastings & Pines, Druggists, 68 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

"And now, children," said the teacher, who has been talking about military fortifications, "can any of you tell me what is a buttress?"  
"Please, ma'am," cried little Willie, snapping his fingers, "it's a nanny-goat!"

A Complicated Friendship.

'It seems strange I have never been a victim of nervous prostration,' remarked Judge Corwin's wife, as she sat before her little rosewood dressing table, twisting her hair into high, massive coils.

'Here I have this Mission Bazaar flower booth in waiting now,—and the luncheon for Estelle tomorrow, and the boys' Country Club reception the day after; and about two minutes ago your father remembered to tell me that he's invited a lot of his college friends here to-night to spend the evening. Men abhor flimsy edibles, yet the caterer telephones he's too busy to send up anything but cakes and ices.

'We all have our trials,' she said, gravely. Her mother darted a sidelong glance at her. The four sons, reserved and apparently indifferent, resembled problems that grew more complex every year, although their father professed to understand them; Estelle was wilful and slightly vain; but Blandy had always been the one to say something unexpected.

Estelle was greeting a few of the judge's guests, shaking hands cordially all round, in place of her mother. Blandy felt sorry that she had mentally criticized her sister for having recently become 'more dressy than brainy,' when she heard her asking a deal, elderly gentleman if the foreign mud-cure had helped his rheumatism.

'Estelle's what they call a "society girl,"' she remembered. 'She knows how to make herself agreeable, even when she doesn't feel particularly so. She's rather graceful, too, and pretty, but not so pretty as Dot Miner. Then she sighed. Dot Miner was the uppermost of Blandy's "trials." Presently the younger daughter walked back into her mother's room. She herself cared nothing for society, but she cared very much indeed for Dot.

As she helped Mr. Corwin into a fluffy wrap, she said, with an almost mournful cadence, 'Mamma, Dot Miner has refused for the fourth time my invitation to visit us. I hope circumstances will some time allow me to talk with you about it. She and her mother have moved East now, and live less than forty miles away—in Wherryville. Blandy followed to the lower land, still talking, although she knew the tired mother heard only the smallest part of what was being said. 'There isn't the faintest possible reason why she couldn't have accepted, and the unbearable feature of it this time is that she doesn't invent a story for me to entertain those other girls, for I really shouldn't enjoy anybody but Dot.'

The carriage door had hardly slammed upon her mother and Estelle before Blandy curled on the stairs, saw a string of young men, carrying banjos and mandolins, file through the gate and up the path. They were some of her brothers' chums come to spend the evening on the veranda. Judge Corwin's spacious house was a kind of headquarters, not merely for friends and relatives, but for nearly all the visitors' visiting friends and relatives.

Since the days when the eldest son had toddled across the lawn attended by a French nurse, this home had been acknowledged to be the most attractive in Deepford. And up to the present time, it a public reception or responsibility devolved upon the town, ladies said, 'Let Mrs. Corwin do it. Her house is so large and she does everything so easily and charmingly.'

Blandy scamped out of sight as fast as possible. She had no intention of wasting several hours chatting with a crowd of "concocted students," but she sighed again as she settled down to china painting in a tiny studio, thinking how pleasant a summer visit could have been made for Dot, who liked even sophomores. She brought out her friend's photograph and stood it against a pansy cream jug.

Dot Miner's burnette face was not so pleasing as Blandy Corwin's, although Blandy deemed it the prettiest in the world, but it was persuasive and sweet and plump, if somewhat hangy, and tonight the large eyes of the picture looked straight at the troubled friend who challenged them thus, shaking her finger reprovingly.

'I'm going to begin to think some pretty mean thoughts about you, Dot—I am. You said, "Love and trust me." Love you—yes I do; but why trust? I declare, I believe you're spiting me because my dear, good father happens to be rich! Perhaps you're one of those dreadful people who want to see everybody else, dynamited. Perhaps you are not Dot. I have to think something.'

There was a short pause. 'But you don't know what you're missing,' Blandy ran on softly. 'Loads of Palatine girls hinted for an invitation after you left. One of my cousins has just bought a captivating little naphtha launch that's liable to explode at any minute; papa says it's sure to do it some time; and you like risks. Well, stay at home, then; but you needn't expect me to spend a day in Wherryville soon, for I never, never shall! I asked you first, remember. Yes, Dot Miner, and I've asked you for the fourth and last time.'

And Blandy, who ought for the past three years to have been called Blandina, put her head down on an expensive platter beside the photograph and—wep! At the hour of nine she retired, exhausted.

She lay in the cool darkness, wondering and regretting. She could hear her father and his friends in the library laughing over amusing recollections. Everyone but herself seemed to be feeling happy. Partly from a sense of duty, and partly to kill time during the next two days, she made a few informal calls in the neighborhood. It was rarely that she talked about the Palatine Academy, being usually of few words; but now she was sufficiently stirred to mention Dot Miner to a pleasant Deepford mother whose daughters were not at home. And in this way Blandy found herself face to face with a great discovery.

The County Club afternoon reception was in full swing out doors on the Corwin lawn, as well as indoors, and Mrs. Corwin was pouring tea for one of her son's most important visitors—a tall youth in spectacles who was understood to be a remarkable polo player—when Blandy descended upon the table and actually interrupted the conversation. The girl was red, breathless, cetera mince.

'Mamma, she said, in a tense undertone that scattered guests and left the two apart, 'you know Dot—my dearest friend, Dot Miner? Well, it seems that her mother used to live in this very town, and went to Palatine at the same time you were there. In fact—' Blandy's smoldering indignation made it very hard to proceed politely.

'Now, think carefully, mamma, and look right at me. Did you ever know a girl named Helen Dusenberry? I'm sure you did, for I've heard you mention her.' Mrs. Corwin gave a smiling start. 'Why, yes, indeed,' she replied, with animation. 'Helen Dusenberry's the dearest friend I ever had. She married a clergyman named Miner, somewhere in the West. I want to know if she's your wonderful Dot Miner's mother!'

By this time Blandy was almost in tears again. 'Why haven't you told me, mamma? she gasped. 'Why didn't you try to remember whom she married?'

'Why, Blandy, it isn't an uncommon name her mother replied, contusedly. 'I haven't heard from Helen in years. I—' 'Mamma, Blandy broke in sternly. 'I mustn't find fault with you, of course, but you've complicated matters for Dot and me. I won't wonder she wouldn't come here. I see it all; she didn't want to explain and hurt my feelings. I'd have refused, too, if you were poor and a widow, and her mother lived in a big house and had snubbed you!'

'I have never snubbed her,' said Blandy's mother; and she lifted her eyes with the quiet, level gaze that somehow kept her children respectful. A breathless silence hovered above the tea-table.

'I suppose her mother sent her to Palatine as you did me, for the sake of old time,' the daughter quavered, 'and I guess our friendship must have been inherited, for it was love at first sight. When did you see Mrs. Miner last? she demanded, anxiously, using her hat as a fan. 'If you don't mind telling,' she added, with a timid second thought.

'The last time I saw her,' Judge Corwin's wife began vaguely, feeling more uncomfortable than she would have cared to admit. 'I didn't see her, finally. She came to her aunt's just before their old home was broken up. It was when the boys were small; she was in town the week little Charley had an attack of gripic fever and we all thought he'd die. Before I could get over to call on her she had had to hurry home. I'm as fond of Helen Dusenberry—Helen Miner—as I ever was. I'm just as fond of her today as you are of Dot.'

Blandy suddenly turned away and dashed up stairs. 'The very idea!' she thought. 'Imagine me letting Dot come to town unnoticed, gastric fever! She locked herself into the studio and with cold but steady fingers drew a primrose on a soap-dish. After a while she pulled a sheet from her best stationery and wrote Dot a few sprawling lines, without introduction or signature. The penmanship was a signature.

'I think I've found out why you have refused all my invitations. And I want to say that I love you the same as ever. Only don't imagine that I can come to see you. Do you suppose I could eat in the home of a girl who disapproves of my mother?'

It seemed rather brutal to send it. A long time Blandy sat motionless before her desk. Finally, by some peculiar process, her thoughts swerved and became engrossed with her mother. Her last glance had left the familiar face weary and troubled—looking older, too, than Blandy ever remembered to have seen it.

'I don't know that it's strange she doesn't remember everything,' she thought, with a sharp pang. 'Her life is completely woven in with ours. She's always spending all her time and energy to give others a pleasant hour; nothing is for herself. Poor mamma! I'm sorry I added to her worries. I'll bet she'd enjoy being a girl again at Palatine. I'll ask papa if we can't arrange to give her a vacation—come to think of it, I don't know that she's ever had a real one.'

At last Blandy Corwin spoke aloud, as if registering a vow. 'I'm going to help her more. I fancy Estelle is trying to help.'

While the orchestra on the north terrace played 'Auld Lang Syne' for a closing piece, Mrs. Corwin was smilingly shaking hands with a long procession of grateful young people, and thinking sorrowfully. 'I'm afraid I have neglected Estelle. So she's poor, is she, and a widow? Dear Helen—she was a pretty girl. I've never thought of myself as living in the larger house. I ought to have found time to write to her, at least. Perhaps,' she concluded, hopefully, as she bowed to the last guest,

'even now I can make it right. But no, it's too late now—I'm sure it is—no many years between: I don't blame her daughter.'

Dot Miner read Blandy's note the next morning at the breakfast-table. She crushed it into her belt, blushing, but she was not quite quick enough to escape the eyes of her mother, who had nobody to look at but Dot.

'A letter from Blandy,' the girl explained, shortly, and then she burned her tongue with hot coffee.

A soft flush crept into Helen Dusenberry-Miner's cheeks. 'How are they all?' she asked, gently.

'Pretty well, I guess. Mother, dear,' Dot ended, quickly, 'I shouldn't think you'd always ask. It seems so strange to me that you still feel such an interest in Mrs. Corwin.'

Mrs. Miner laid down her fork and stared. 'Why shouldn't I feel an interest in Mrs. Corwin?'

'I've read somewhere,' Dot replied, with an impressive air as possible, 'that a friend who ceases to be a friend never was a friend.' And it Blandy had dropped me by the way—'

'Dropped me?' responded Mrs. Miner, scornfully. 'A friend who doubts a friend's friendliness isn't a friend. You don't understand friendship; it's too sweet, too sacred to—' Her voice faltered. 'I believe Lizzie Corwin is just as fond of me today as you are of Blandy. Her hands are crowded full; we're women now, with duties and sorrows; we couldn't be girls forever.'

Dot was silenced for once, and abashed, if not permanently convinced. She felt sure that the moment was not a good one in which to confess to her mother regarding Blandy's four invitations. 'They'll keep!' she said to herself. 'Ahem! I guess they will, like flies in amber.' Blandy's note had been at home thrust in more senseless than one. 'I don't care,' she added, resentfully. 'Mrs. Corwin did drop mother. I wouldn't go to her old house if they came and dragged me! My nice mother, she finished, with an inward sob—'so loyal and trusting! And I do understand friendship; the idea—much as I love Blandy!'

Dot's composure had scarcely ever been so jostled. She was wretchedly unhappy as she stood at a window watching her mother hurry away to catch a train to the nearest city. Twice a week Mrs. Miner assisted in the book keeping of a large mercantile establishment.

'If I can ever get a teacher's salary,' Dot thought, distractedly, 'mother'll walk the streets of Wherryville in a trailing silk.'

Three hours later, while sweeping an upper room, she heard a carriage drive up in front of the gate. It was the best depot back. A tall woman in a neatly fitting cloth suit came directly toward the front door. Dot flew downstairs, thinking there must be some mistake. She opened the door, and then she met for the first time to tranquil, commanding presence that had been so long an agreeable power in Deepford.

'You are Dot,' Mrs. Corwin said smiling. 'I should have known you by the way you're so precisely like your mother. Is she a blushing eggeress that was almost girlish?'

'No, Mrs. Corwin,' stammered the bewildered girl. 'I—I'm sorry to say that mother's out of town. Please walk in.'

The caller seated herself in a corner of the sofa. It was impossible not to like her, for she was Blandy's grown stout and becomingly gray at the temples—dear Blandy, a tall woman in a neat dress—dear Helen, when snubbed and tired and motherly. Still Dot thought it well not to be too cordial all at once, so she took a chair opposite, and sat stiffly erect.

'You've no idea how strange it is,' the judge's wife remarked. 'As I sit here I feel as if I were talking to Helen. It seems as natural—oh, so natural! And I believe that she's never been out of my heart for one single day. A great many thoughts have piled in on top, you know; but she there, safe. But of course she wasn't aware of it.'

Dot went softly over and sank down on the sofa. The speaker took a small brown hand into her gloved clasp.

'I'm to have a vacation. They want me to go abroad, but I tell them nothing would rest me so completely as to have your mother and you come to my home and spend the summer. If I could only find that she'd be willing! I've all arranged the boys and their father are to take a large fishing tour; Blandy's sister will be housekeeper, and I believe the parlor maid understands that I'm to be isolated somewhat as if I had small pox. Do you think your mother will come?'

And Dot said, 'I think mother will come.'

Her face was nearly as red as her four-in-hand tie. 'Mrs. Corwin,' she murmured, brokenly, 'I—I ought to say that mother doesn't know—I've never told her that Blandy—well, that I've been invited before by Blandy. I'm intending to tell her as soon as she gets home.'

Then Dot Miner looked into a pair of soft gray eyes that were full of tears, and said again, 'I think mother will come.' She stood at the gate when the carriage drove away.

imagined it. You always had a lot of relatives, and you married a man with ever so many more; your social position naturally increased the demands upon your time; you've had six children to bring up and educate. I don't know how you've managed it all. Sometimes,' she confessed, tenderly, 'I've been afraid—you might break down.'

As the woman who lived in the larger house saw the love in her visitor's eyes, the years with their burdens—even her own misgivings—fell away; she was a girl again, with a girl's delightful self-satisfaction.

'I tell you, Helen,' she said, almost gaily, 'every friend we have is precious; but best of all are the old friends—the friends of our youth. They're the ones who understand us and always try to see our noblest sides. Some day—not very soon—I shall give a large party so that you can meet as many as possible of the old set. But first, I want simply to hobnob, you understand—and rest, alone with you.'

Then they went up stairs with their arms around each other in the same manner that the girls had gone; only these mounted slowly, because Dot's mother was frail and short of breath, and Blandy's mother inclining to be portly.

BORN.

Halifax, June 7, to the wife of H. H. Smith, a son Yarmouth, June 3, to the wife of A. F. Lewis, a son. Halifax, June 6, to the wife of Joseph H. Mont, a son. Lunenburg, June 6, to the wife of Albert Daniels, a daughter. Martock, June 1, to the wife of Andrew Brown, a son. Amherst, June 1, to the wife of Edgar Filmore, a daughter. Westworth, June 5, to the wife of Marshall Marr, a son. Demerara, May 14, to the wife of Rev. Geo. E. Ross, a daughter. Springhill, June 2, to the wife of Jeremiah Daley, a daughter. Mount Denison, June 3, to Wm. H. McKislay, a daughter. Yarmouth, June 3, to the wife of J. M. Perry, a daughter. Moncton, June 7, to the wife of Rod. McDonald, a daughter. Halifax, June 9, to the wife of H. C. Borden, a daughter. Windsor, June 2, to the wife of James H. Mosher, a daughter. Stubbensville, June 7, to the wife of John Christie, a daughter. Campbellville, June 8, to the wife of Daniel Malloch, a daughter. Three Mile Plains, June 2, to the wife of Charles Black, a son. Kingston Village, May 20, to the wife of E. E. Wambold, a son. Sheet Harbor Passage, June 4, to the wife of Levi Wambold, a son. Brookton, Mass., June 1 to the wife of P. D. Duker, a daughter. Little River, Digby, June 4, to the wife of Mendal Frost, a daughter. North Kingston, May 27, to the wife of Rev. M. R. Kelly to Lyla & Sewall. Clark's Harbor, May 20, to the wife of Wm. Colshaw, a daughter. Marshfield, May 8, June 4, to the wife of William E. Blackford, a son.

MARRIED.

Bayfield, May 29, Kathleen Randall to Rev. E. F. Hanson, a son. Truro, June 6, by Rev. H. F. Adams, Fred Turner to Grace M. Lee. Yarmouth, June 6, by Rev. P. G. Mode, Nora C. Kelly to Edna Stella. Yarmouth, May 31, by Rev. J. W. Smith, Jacob E. Hurst to Annie Gray. Moncton, June 11, by Rev. B. S. Crisp, James Bryant to Isabel Fulton. Roxbury, May 31, by Rev. C. S. Gunn, David Bryant to Madeline Harrison. Oxford, June 6, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, Mr. Edwin Thorne to Madeline Harrison. Halifax, June 7, by Rev. E. M. Schurman, Edward B. Zwick to Eva N. Pace. Halifax, June 11, by Rev. F. H. Almon, John Vint to Emma J. Barrett. Chignecto, June 5, by Rev. R. R. McArthur, Jas. Baird to Mrs. Ellen Rector. St. Stephen, May 29, by Rev. F. W. Robertson, Mrs. Annie to Olive Wallace. Pleasant Ridge, June 2, by Rev. D. R. Chown, B. A. Jas Stewart to Emily Ross. Parrsboro, June 4, by Rev. C. R. Cumming, John W. Wilson to Ellen Hoeg. Parrsboro, June 6, by Rev. C. R. Cumming, Jules C. E. Cholant to Emma Beck. Calais, June 6, by Rev. Chas. G. McCully, Paul D. Ham to Leta R. Nickerson. Yarmouth, June 5, by W. F. Parker, Leonard L. Ham to Leta R. Nickerson. Brookton, Mass., June 5, by Rev. Father McClure, John Gillies to Madeline Harrison. Windsor, June 6, by Rev. Henry Dickie, Mr. Bolton McPhee to Mary E. McPhee. Oak Bay, June 6, by Rev. J. W. Millidge, Harold Douglas to Leta R. Nickerson. Antigonish, June 4, by Rev. Father Paulin, Capt. Aloise Feltmate to May Murphy. Campbellton, June 7, by Rev. A. F. Carr, Herbert Brooks to Madeline Harrison. Malden, Mass., June 8, by Rev. J. F. Albion, Miss Mildred E. Brown to Wm. H. Grant. Andersonville, June 4, by Rev. O. J. Steeves, George Anderson to Agnes E. Taylor. Parrsboro, May 29, by Rev. D. H. McQuarrie, Geo. C. Gunning to Mrs. Alice Martin. St. Stephen, June 12, by Rev. J. W. Millidge, Edger M. Robinson to Helen Gillespie. Salem, Mass., June 4, by Rev. T. DeWitt Clark, Joseph A. Follow to Jennie M. McKay. St. Stephen, June 9, by Rev. W. C. Williams, George W. Hanson to Fannie M. Williams. East Gore, Hants, May 9, by Rev. A. V. Morash, Nathan McDonald to Maggie J. Kellogg. Windsor, June 19, by Rev. S. Weston-Jones, William Arthur E. Syville to Georgie O. Wilson. St. Stephen, June 1, by Rev. Thos. Marshall, Harold Harman Thompson to Maud McKay. Linda Vista, Melvern Square, June 6, by Rev. F. M. Holden, E. S. Duxan to Miranda Curren. Wharfedale, June 6, by Rev. Dr. Wilson, Capt. Albert McNamara to Mrs. Carrie McPhee. Selma, Hants, June 6, by Rev. R. Barry Mack, McCully to Miss Mabel L. Sullivan.

DIED.

Milltown, June 9, James Darcas, 45. Calais, June 5, Lucretia Ricketts, 68. Pagnash, June 7, Ratus Embree, 71. Lord's Cove, June 4, Fred Cline, 28. Waweg, June 2, Mary Ann Budd, 75. Halifax, June 10, Norman G. Leigh, 38. Halifax, June 2, Herbert S. Foley, 28. Three Mile River, June 5, Jane Fraser, 87. Windsor, June 11, Charles H. Lavers, 60. St. George, June 11, Mary A. Stevens, 21. Michigan, May 28, Nelson VanBuskirk, 101. Springhill, June 4, Harold Gibson, 8 weeks. Elmerville, June 6, D. Clarke Armstrong, 18. Beech Hill, May 28, Annie B. Chisholm, 19. London, Eng., May 18, William F. Hughes.

Miller's Creek, May 23, Martha C. Miller, 46. Belmont, Hants Co., June 3, Leonard Davis, 21. Campbellville, June 4, Clement Henry Basson, 28. Boock, June 6, Matthew M. Cunningham, 22. St. Stephen, June 6, Sarah Crockett Maxwell, 18. St. John, June 8, Marion E. wife of E. F. Barnes Wallham, Mass., May 27, Alexander McMillan, 21. Rear Port Hastings, June 6, Angus G. Fraser, 67. Albert, June 9, Ella, wife of Lorenzo Chapman, 29. Yarmouth, June 10, A. A. By, widow of John K. Byers, 77. Amherst, June 3, Roderick A. McDonald, 8 months. St. Stephen, June 3, Joan, widow of the late Robert Clark, 76. Amherst, Josephine, daughter of Capt. Angus McDonald, 7. Hillsdale, June 1, Margaret, widow of the late Angus McInnis, 62. Upper Prospect, June 11, Dorothy C. B. wife of Thomas H. Hays, 23. Jersey City, N. J., May 8, Lyan, widow of the late Alexander Mitchell. Martock, May 31, Annie M., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Trumbull, 11. New River, June 1, Rev. E. daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gillis, 12. North Michican, May 22, Lucy Warren, wife of Deacon J. E. Chase, 21. Fair Haven, June 6, Fannie, widow of the late Thos. Westworth, 76. Newcastle, June 4, Jane E. widow of the late Alexander Archibald, 77. St. John, June 9, Flobce J., widow of the late Capt. Edward Gorham, 72. Eastport, June 4, Harold H. infant child of Mr. and Mrs. John Lebed, 2. Williams Point, May 31, Lydia, daughter of the late Hon. John Buchanan, 36. Sunbury, N. B., May 6, Hazen, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. James Drost, 5 months.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC SUMMER TOURS Commence June 1st. Write for 1900 Tour Book. The Famous Fast Train "Imperial Limited" To the Pacific Coast will be put in service commencing June 11th, 1900. NEW ROUTE TO QUEBEC Commencing June 5th, there will be a combination first class and sleeping car leave St. John at 4:10 p. m., week days, and run through to Lewis, P. Q., via Magantic. A. J. HEATH, D. F. A. C. P. E. St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic R'y. On and after Monday, Feb. 6th, 1900, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows: Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert. ST. JOHN AND DIGBY. Lve. St. John at 7:00 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday; arr Digby 10:00 a. m. Returning leaves Digby same days at 12:50 p. m. arr. at St. John, 3:25 p. m. EXPRESS TRAINS Daily (Sunday excepted). Lve. Halifax 6:30 a. m., arr in Digby 12:30 p. m. Lve. Digby 12:45 p. m., arr Yarmouth 3:20 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 9:00 a. m., arr Digby 11:45 a. m. Lve. Digby 11:45 a. m., arr Halifax 4:00 p. m.; Lve. Annapolis 1:30 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, arr, Digby 8:50 a. m. Lve. Digby 8:30 p. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, arr, Annapolis 4:40 p. m.

S. S. Prince Arthur. YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. B. Wednesday, and Saturday immediately on arrival of the Express Trains from Halifax arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, Tuesday, and Friday at 4:00 p. m. Unequaled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains. State-rooms can be obtained on application to City Agent. Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, 41 from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained. P. GIFFKINS, superintendent, Kentville, N. S.

Intercolonial Railway On and after June 18th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Suburban from Hampton..... 5:30 Express from Hampton, Fugwash, Fision and Halifax..... 7:15 Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Fision..... 11:10 Accommodation for Moncton and Point du Chene..... 12:10 Express for Sussex..... 12:45 Express for Hampton..... 17:45 Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 19:28 Express for Halifax and Sydney..... 22:45 A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 10:35 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passenger transfer at Moncton. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22:45 o'clock for Halifax. Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Express from Sydney and Halifax..... 5:00 Suburban from Hampton..... 7:15 Express from Sussex..... 9:55 Express from Quebec and Montreal..... 11:50 Accommodation from Moncton..... 12:15 Express from Halifax..... 17:00 Express from Hampton..... 21:50 All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notice. D. FOTHERING, Gen. Manager Moncton, N. B., June 18, 1900. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street St. John, N. B.