

THOUSANDS FOR LIGHT.

SPLENDID HEROIC DISPLAY AT THE CONCLAVE.

Boston Will Be as Brilliant as if Set With Gems—No Expense Will be Spared by the Knights Templar—Some Features of the Magnificent Arrangements.

Boston, Aug. 21.—Thousands of electric bulbs, with the purple and gold and black and white of the Knights Templar always in the ascendant will make Boston by night a mammoth gem of unrivalled brilliancy during the week of the triennial convale.

A number of eight and ten-story buildings will be a blaze of light, illuminated by thousands of multi-colored lamps, with the cross of the Templars always in the foreground.

Boston has already made a name for itself on account of its electrical displays and floral decorations. City Forest-Douglas has arranged for combinations of Knights Templar designs in the public gardens which he says will be on an even grander and more elaborate scale than those which attracted so much attention during the Christian Endeavor convention.

The electrical display will not be confined to any one section of the city, but the points of most interest will naturally be where the Templars hold forth.

The granite Masonic building at the corner of Boylston and Tremont streets the headquarters of the craft in Massachusetts, and the pride of all New England Masons and Sir Knights—the great structure remarkable for its beautiful Gothic architectural design, within and without—will be wrapped in bunting by day and a blaze of electricity by night.

Thousands of dollars will be expended in beautifying this building by bringing out the emblems with the best effect, and the display will be one which will be by night what the gilded dome of the state house is to Boston by day.

The basis of this illumination will be a mammoth Templar cross, 85 feet square, with a distance across the outer face of each wing 70 feet.

In the upper wing of the cross will be the cross and crown of the commandery. This will be 15 feet square and its outlines will also be developed by means of 124 red and white lights.

Two circles are making a great fight for the next triennial. They are Atlanta, Ga., and Pittsburg, Pa.

The square, compass and letter G of the blue lodge will be shown in the lower wing. This will also be 10 feet square, and outlined in 168 blue and white lamps.

On the top edge of the building the words "Fidelity, Fraternity and Charity" will appear. These letters will be four feet high and 29 inches wide, and it will require 964 lamps to define their outlines.

One of the biggest firms in Boston, Houghton & Dutton, which was the pioneer in electrical decorations of this sort in the country, have a magnificent scheme for illuminating the big 9-story Albion building during the convale.

While the Endeavors were here T remon

street was crowded with people every night, and thousands of upturned faces glowing with admiration watched ever-changing combinations of light, which elicited constantly complimentary words of wonder and pleasure.

The great show then made will be far outdone during the convale.

On the Beacon street side of the building on the roof edge will be the word "Fraternity," over the clock. "Fidelity," and on the Tremont street side "Charity."

On the curve of the building cornering on Tremont and Beacon streets will be shown some of the finest electrical effects possible. Above the ninth story will be the blue lodge design, the square, compass and G.

Above the seventh floor will appear the Templar cross. This mammoth affair, 18 feet square, will be outlined by three rows of white lights, while within the border will be massed red lights, in all 1902.

On the Beacon street side of the building, between the sixth and seventh floors, and resting on the pillars will be the Salem cross, the cross of the grand commandery. This design is 15x10 feet, and contains 400 lights.

In all, about 6,300 lights will be used in the display. These two buildings will be typical of 50 others in the city, for many of the leading houses have already signified their intention of spending thousands of dollars in displays of this kind.

The visiting knights have also sent word that they will co-operate with the hotels at which they make their headquarters in making electrical display, and Apollo commandery of Chicago which will be quartered at the Parker house has voted \$1,000 for this purpose.

The Alabama commandery had the matter brought before it soon afterwards at its annual meeting and as a result resolutions were passed to the effect that "Whereas the grand commandery of Alabama remember with sorrow and display on the doors of saucers at the triennial convale held in Denver in 1892 and other convales.

There is assurance on every hand that the cross will not be displayed over the doors or anywhere about any Boston saloons.

Two cities are making a great fight for the next triennial. They are Atlanta, Ga., and Pittsburg, Pa.

There is an opinion in Boston that Atlanta wants about everything it can get, but admiration is expressed for the push and hustle the southern city is showing and there is a feeling that the town should get the convale if her representatives can show that she is able to care for the crowd.

Grand Commander J. K. Orr of Georgia was here a few days ago and he spoke as follows regarding Atlanta's chances: "It's a big convention, and always brings together 300,000 people. It takes the accommodations of any city and if the convention should be brought to Atlanta it would fill up the city. In fact, it would run it over. I remember the last two conventions at Washington and Denver—they filled up those towns."

"But Atlanta will grow a great deal in three years. That time is a great while in Atlanta's history and there's no great reason why the convention should not go there."

"We have splendid headquarters in Boston and we want to make our headquarters the typically southern headquarters at the convale. We know how the fellows up North like that sort of thing. We shall make strong efforts to have the chorus of Knights sing 'Atlanta in 1898.'"

R. G. LARSEN

ON A SUMMER HOLIDAY.

A ST. JOHN LADY WHO HAS BEEN AT FAIR ST. MARTINS.

Her Description of Mrs. Pretense Whom she Has Met in the Past—Impressions of St. Martins and the People who Make the Life of a Visitor Pleasant.

St. MARTINS, N. B., Aug. 19.—It has been my privilege to have had a vacation every summer for a dozen or more years. Until this season, while on such holiday trip, I have had the misfortune of meeting Mrs. Pretense everywhere I have gone.

Who is Mrs. Pretense? You do not mean to say you have not met her? I have no doubt that you have run across her much more frequently than I have, but you may know her by some other name.

Generally speaking, she is a woman of little or no education who has married a man with more money than knowledge of human nature; but she not unrequently has no greater bank account than she has regard for the Qu-sea's English. She has the house in hot water from early morning until late at night. She only considers a small percentage of the other guests as at all her equals socially; and talking to these in a loud chatter, she retails the family history—or rather her version of such history for the information of all within hearing.

When Sir William Walter, who lived from 1597 till 1668, captured the city of Winchester, his puritan and Parliamentary soldi, re entered the cathedral with colors flying, their drums beating, their matches fixed, while some of their troops on horse accompanied them in their march, and rode up through the body of the church and chance till they came to the altar.

St. Martins has all the natural advantages of a most desirable summer resort. The bay which fronts it is one of the finest in the world; the beach is an extensive one and the facilities for bathing are excellent.

Although the impression has existed in pretty well informed circles in St. John city that St. Martins is an out of the way place and hard to reach, it is quite an easy matter to get here.

The Kennedy House has had a great run all summer, the visitors being mostly ladies and children. Among the tourists there have been many from St. John, Fredericton, Sussex, Hampton and Rothesay as well as more than a few from towns in Nova Scotia, and one young lady from Cambridge Mass.

There is an opinion in Boston that Atlanta wants about everything it can get, but admiration is expressed for the push and hustle the southern city is showing and there is a feeling that the town should get the convale if her representatives can show that she is able to care for the crowd.

Grand Commander J. K. Orr of Georgia was here a few days ago and he spoke as follows regarding Atlanta's chances: "It's a big convention, and always brings together 300,000 people. It takes the accommodations of any city and if the convention should be brought to Atlanta it would fill up the city. In fact, it would run it over. I remember the last two conventions at Washington and Denver—they filled up those towns."

"But Atlanta will grow a great deal in three years. That time is a great while in Atlanta's history and there's no great reason why the convention should not go there."

"We have splendid headquarters in Boston and we want to make our headquarters the typically southern headquarters at the convale. We know how the fellows up North like that sort of thing. We shall make strong efforts to have the chorus of Knights sing 'Atlanta in 1898.'"

R. G. LARSEN

KNIVES, FORKS & SPOONS

1847. ROGERS BROS. STAMPED

Genuine and Guaranteed by the MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.

THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD

ers, if they so desire, while engaged in such exercise." LIZZIE MCD.

Where Smoking is Regulated.

Almost every other country in Europe consumes more smoking tobacco in proportion to its population than does France—This is especially the case with Germany. In many small German towns smoking in the streets is forbidden. Less than fifty years ago if a man ventured on the streets of Berlin with a cigar in his mouth he would be liable to arrest.

When Sir William Walter, who lived from 1597 till 1668, captured the city of Winchester, his puritan and Parliamentary soldi, re entered the cathedral with colors flying, their drums beating, their matches fixed, while some of their troops on horse accompanied them in their march, and rode up through the body of the church and chance till they came to the altar.

St. Martins has all the natural advantages of a most desirable summer resort. The bay which fronts it is one of the finest in the world; the beach is an extensive one and the facilities for bathing are excellent.

Although the impression has existed in pretty well informed circles in St. John city that St. Martins is an out of the way place and hard to reach, it is quite an easy matter to get here.

The Kennedy House has had a great run all summer, the visitors being mostly ladies and children. Among the tourists there have been many from St. John, Fredericton, Sussex, Hampton and Rothesay as well as more than a few from towns in Nova Scotia, and one young lady from Cambridge Mass.

There is an opinion in Boston that Atlanta wants about everything it can get, but admiration is expressed for the push and hustle the southern city is showing and there is a feeling that the town should get the convale if her representatives can show that she is able to care for the crowd.

Grand Commander J. K. Orr of Georgia was here a few days ago and he spoke as follows regarding Atlanta's chances: "It's a big convention, and always brings together 300,000 people. It takes the accommodations of any city and if the convention should be brought to Atlanta it would fill up the city. In fact, it would run it over. I remember the last two conventions at Washington and Denver—they filled up those towns."

"But Atlanta will grow a great deal in three years. That time is a great while in Atlanta's history and there's no great reason why the convention should not go there."

"We have splendid headquarters in Boston and we want to make our headquarters the typically southern headquarters at the convale. We know how the fellows up North like that sort of thing. We shall make strong efforts to have the chorus of Knights sing 'Atlanta in 1898.'"

R. G. LARSEN



ELEY'S ENGLISH AMMUNITION.

Job Central Fire Cartridge Cases, E. B. Military Caps, E. B. Caps, C. Caps, Best Sporting Caps, Also, 1373 Bags Shot. To make the best shooting, use Eley's Cartridge Cases, loaded with Hazard's Powders and M. R. M. Shot.

W. H. THORNE & Co., LIMITED, MARKET SQUARE, ST. JOHN.

Standard of Excellence.

THE ROYAL ART

is the result of the combined knowledge and skill of half a century of incessant HARD WORK and INTELLIGENT THOUGHT; and it is those who need a FIRST CLASS COOKING RANGE, will call we shall be pleased to show all the points which we claim for it, i. e., GRADUATE CHECK DRAFT, DOCK ASH GRATE, OVEN THERMOMETER, &c. &c.

EMERSON & FISHER.

FORTIER'S

Creme de la Creme Cigars and Cigarettes 10c.

La Fayette Cigars and Cigarettes 5c.

GIVE THEM A TRIAL.

DO YOU WANT A GUN?



T. M'AVITY & SONS, 18 to 21 King St., ST. JOHN, N. B.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS. Printing and general finishing for amateurs. Enlarging, Toning and fixing solutions for sale. Lowest Price 50c. Apply to H. G. Fenerty, Barrister-at-Law, Fugatey Building. 24-2-17

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 29 to 31 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

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

Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in very many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island every Saturday, for Five Cents each.

Discontinuance.—Except in those localities where it is easily reached, Progress will be stopped at the time paid for. Discontinuance can only be made by paying arrears at the rate of five cents per copy.

Advertisements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 55 words) cost 25 cents each insert per line. Five cents extra for every additional line.

Send notices should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

The circulation of this paper is over 15,000 copies; is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Halifax Branch Office, Knowles' Building, corner George and Granville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,000.

ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY AUGUST 24.

ADVERTISING THE CITY.

The question of whether an exhibition will pay or not is one which does not admit of debate. St. John exhibitions must pay, no matter what the immediate results may seem to be, for it is not by immediate results they are to be judged. It is, of course, desirable to have as large a balance as possible on the credit side of the account, but even with a deficit, the truth still remains that an exhibition will pay the citizens, and that it will continue to pay them even after its doors are closed and the buildings deserted.

There are a good many who look at such affairs from the narrow standpoint of what they yield at the time. They calculate that a certain number of visitors will be attracted to the city and will spend a certain amount of money. Some of the exhibitors expect to be repaid for their time and trouble by orders from new customers, and by the direct opening up of new markets for their goods. They are disappointed if this is not the case, as are some merchants who do not take in as much cash as is anticipated during exhibition week. They expect too much at once, and forget that exhibitions are to the city just like systematic advertising is to the man who seeks patronage in any line of business. It must pay, sooner or later, though it may be difficult to trace the direct result of this or that advertisement at the time.

For a number of years St. John has been advertising itself in various ways. Some of the advertisements, such as the grain elevator, may have been money squandered where it could have been applied to better purpose, but everything which has served to make the city more widely and favorably known has tended to good results. The exhibitions have played no mean part in this respect, and even their direct and perceptible results have been so plain that they are no longer considered doubtful investments. With added experience, each of them should be an improvement on the preceding one. There is a certain standard below which they must not go, and above which they should be raised as much as circumstances will allow.

Apart from the occasional exhibition, St. John has been doing a good deal of advertising in other ways. It is becoming known better year by year, as a summer resort. Despite the fact that travel in the United States has not been up to the expectations this year, St. John has of late had a vast number of strangers at the hotels, and had the season been a more favorable one all over the continent, the tourist travel in this direction would have been enormous. Each season, under ordinary conditions, sees an increase, and much of this is undoubtedly due to what the city has done, and is doing to advertise itself. We have better hotels, and more of them, for one thing, and our city is in many ways more attractive than it was in what some people call the good old days. Our streets and highways are as good as need be, our suburbs are year by year becoming more attractive, and there are hundreds of ways in which the whole city has improved so as to be more inviting to the summer visitor. Those who came this year may, it is true, go somewhere else next year, but they will have carried away such good impressions that their friends will be induced to come and see what they have seen, and thus season by season St. John will be found more and more in favor as a place worth visiting.

It would have been otherwise had nothing been done to make the city attractive and to cater to the comfort of the best classes of travellers. All that has been done had its effect, and as the city continues to be improved the results will be still more clearly discerned. The same line of reasoning applies to exhibitions, in making our resources better known and leading to increased avenues of trade. They are worth much more than they cost, even

when there may be a deficit in the funds. Advertising pays, with cities as well as with individuals.

ABANDONED CHURCHES.

The idea of abandoning church edifices to be used for all sorts of purposes seems to be thoroughly American, and is rarely found in other parts of the world. One reason for this is that, on the other side of the ocean the churches are either old and honored structures or have been built in later times with a view to being permanently devoted to religious uses. In America, very often, a wooden church is built, according to the means of a congregation, with the idea that a better building can be put up when the finances are in better condition. Another reason, in growing cities, lies in the fact that as the population increases old time localities either become devoted wholly to mercantile purposes or are too unattractive in other respects for wealthy worshippers. Thus it is that in such places as New York and Philadelphia a constant move uptown is being made, and old churches are sold with little regard to sentiment as if they were old clothes.

The same conditions are found in Canada in a much less degree, but a recent sketch in the Toronto World shows that city to be as free as even in regard to second-hand churches as any New York, in proportion to its population. At the present time, in buildings that were once churches there are the following kinds of occupants: a printing office, carriage works, hospital, salivarium office, tenements, residences, law chambers, corset factory and stores. Some of these buildings have had other queer kinds of tenants since they ceased to be places of christian worship. One of them became a Jewish synagogue, and two others were turned into theatres.

Such instances are not common in the lower provinces, though they have occasionally occurred. It may be that our cities do not move ahead fast enough, rather than from any current sentiment that a building once devoted to the worship of God should be esteemed holy for all time. In many of the denominations there is simply an opening of the church or a dedication which has not the solemnity of a consecration, and the idea is that when the building no longer serves its purposes fully, it may be left, just as a man may leave his house when it suits him. This is the view a good many people may take of the question.

NUISANCES IN NAMES.

The United States' post office department has begun to make havoc with some of the familiar names of cities and towns. The aim is to secure a uniformity of writing and spelling such names, and while this result may be reached, the effect so far is rather startling. One of the rules which has something in its favor is that of using "boro" instead of "borough," a practice which everybody will be glad to see officially recognized. As a matter of fact, this method of spelling has long been in use even in the more conservative country of Canada, and the old names of Hillsborough, Parrsborough and the like are not known to the present generation.

Another rule is that such words as "city," "centra," "station" and "court house," following a distinctive local name, must be omitted. This must necessitate a total change of name in some instances, or bring confusion to the senders and receivers of letters. There are many places in the provinces where there are common local names for several distinctive post offices miles apart, and where the leaving off of "centre" and the like would bring all sorts of trouble. Now and then the people of some much named district secure a total change of name for their post office, as was done when Hopewell Corner had to contend with Hopewell Hill and Hopewell Cape, and the name of the former was transferred to Albert. The reason for this was that many people at a distance would address letters merely to Hopewell, so that a man at the Cape might find his mail at the Corner, or even at Hopewell, Nova Scotia. The change of the name of the Corner was a move which should have been followed by many other places.

The most remarkable of the new postal rules of nomenclature in the United States is that which directs that, in general, where a name consists of two words it should be written as one. This may not result in a "Newyork," a "Sanfrancisco," or a "Saintlouis," but it already applies to such places as Three Rivers, Bunker Hill and North Wilkesboro. In some instances, the idea may be a good one to follow, and it is really followed in Canada, now and then, in such names as Springfield. To fancy a Saintjohn, a McCreedy, a Painssequation, or an Abou shaganroad, would require a good of unpoetic imagination.

The one crying evil of names of places, both in the United States and Canada, is the duplication of names. There are more Washingtons and the like than can be easily counted, while we have St. John, St. John's and St. Joseph's in great profusion. There are six settlements named Salmon River in Nova Scotia and two in New Brunswick. We have two villages of "Kingston, K. C.," but one is in Kent and the other in Kings. Each province has a Sackville, and Nova Scotia has two Port

ROYALS. There are three St. Mary's in New Brunswick.

How a remedy is to be found for this would be hard to say, but there ought to be a remedy of some kind. As each place grows more important the nuisance of being confounded with some other place must become more apparent. When such confusion results from duplicate names of streets in a city, changes are easily made, but in the country at large the matter is one not so easily mended. Some day, it may be, the trouble will become the subject of legislation.

The accepted theory that abstinence from fish meat tends to make men and lower animals more docile fails of corroboration in the case of the Vegetarians of China. Their name is derived from the fact that they do not eat meat. They also abstain from opium and doubtless from wine and yet their recent massacre of missionary families shows them to be a most cruel and bloodthirsty band, the members of which hesitate at nothing to carry on their objects. The Vegetarians are a secret society, bound by oaths as terrible as those used by some of their more civilized secret society brethren in christian countries, and much more in accord with the purpose of their organization. Their aim is to destroy the ruling dynasty and they have a membership of 12,000, which is steadily increasing. It looks as though the future had some dark days in store for the emperor and his followers, as well as for missionaries and other strangers within the gates.

The sound common sense of the British public declines to be led into a Trilby craze. Despite of vigorous efforts to force a sale of the cheap edition of the book, it falls flat, and is bound to stay so. Nine out of ten, of the people who have talked of Trilby, in this country would have thought the book remarkable only for its coarse suggestion, had they read it for themselves and heard nobody's opinion on it. Trilby as a book, bids fair to be forgotten at an early date and it deserves to be.

Rubinstein by his will left money for a prize to be awarded every five years for the best pianoforte concerto, which must be performed for the first time in public by the composer himself. The first competition will take place at Berlin on the 20th of this month, before a jury selected by the directors of the principal conservatories of Europe. The second competition will be at Vienna in 1900, and the third at Paris in 1905.

The Lord Chief Justice of England has recently revived the old custom of the judges riding on horseback from one assize town to another. The judges in this part of the world prefer railway trains, on which they ride as deadheads. Some of them might cut queer figures, either on horseback or astride of the bicycle.

According to the Chronicle, Quebec is a happy city, save for one thing. The weather is beautiful, the place never presented a handsome or more picturesque appearance, three warships are among the attractions, but in the midst of all this peaceful scene the water supply is sandy and there is urgent need of a filter.

It seems quite in line with the general tenor of the life of CORBETT, the champion plug-ugly, that he should further offend public decency by marrying the woman who was the cause of the divorce recently granted to the fighter's unfortunate wife.

In common with citizens of every class, PROGRESS joins in congratulations to Dr. BAYARD on the attainment of his eighty-first birthday in a hale condition of mind and body which younger men might envy.

One of the best of ideas in journalism is exemplified in "Information" published by the Transatlantic Publishing Company, New York and London. It is issued weekly and is just what the name implies, a cyclopaedia of current events, arranged in alphabetical order. Short summaries are given of all the leading questions of the day in all parts of the world, notices of prominent people are given, and there is a running record of scientific and industrial progress. Each number has a continuous index, referring to articles in all previous numbers, making it most convenient for ready use. "Information" is a great publication for busy people who want to keep abreast of the times. It is sold at five cents a number or \$2.50 a year, and should have a large circulation.

Of the manuscripts left unpublished by Robert Louis Stevenson at his death the first to reach the public is a collection of very original "Fables" in the September number of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE. In the same number Anthony Hope relates another adventure of the Princess Olga. There is also a tale of court intrigue by Stanley J. Weyman, and a new Drumschooty story by Ian Maclaren, the author of "Beside the Bonnie Brigs Bush." Elizabeth Stuart Phelps supplies an admirable review of an earlier story of Ian Maclaren's, "Afterwards," which appeared in McCLURE'S last spring. Of the illustrated articles are Cleveland Moffett's account of the artist Will H. Low, and his work, and Mr. Garrett P. Serviss's account of the experiences of an amateur mountaineer in climbing the Matterhorn. In addition to these, there are authoritative articles, with plenty of pictures, on the America's cup and the contests over it, past and soon to come; a story from the Pinkerton archives of a long mysterious express robbery; and much other readable matter.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Jaquemont Song. I sat and heard a summer rose, Sing in a dream of fame; But fame can ne'er to me disclose, A glory beyond one name. O Jaquemont in love's sweet song, That name seems dear to you; You cannot sing it to me too long, Dear heart of the red rose true. A dream of fame is nothing more, Than dreaming apart from love; Thus walking along a summer shore, With beautiful stars above. Though summer shores and silver rays; They are but darkness on our days, I shall not hear that melody ever.

No more can true hearts say farewell, Than roses bloom alone; No more the rose its sorrow tell, If one dear heart has flown. Oh Jaquemont best rose of all, When twilight lingers sigh; For your sweetest I ever call, For you is music's sigh.

Oh Jaquemont while roses stay, And still their love song sing; With your voice some summer day, Hope must in tears take wing. Sing me no parting song fond heart, For I have lost my memory flower; And as love's golden dreams depart, I'll bless the loveliest rose.

I love full well a Marchal Niel, American beauties too; The Dismore's bloom I won't conceal, Nor Sweden's King undo. But when the hour of them may try, A love song sweet and low; To them I breathe a fond good bye, I love my Jaquemont.

Rose Dell, Aug. 1885. CYRUS GOLDS. Oid, but Worth Reading. About the year 1813 there appeared in the London "Morning Chronicle" a remarkable poem entitled "Lines to a Skeleton." Extraordinary efforts were made to discover the author. Finally a reward of fifty guineas was offered to any person who would reveal the author, but in vain. All that ever was known was that the poem, in a fair, legible hand, had been left near a skeleton of unusual size, lying in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, London.

Behold this rain! 'Twas a skull Of ethereal origin. This narrow cell was life's retreat, This space was thought's mysterious seat. What hither visions filled this spot? What dreams of pleasure long forgot! Nor hope, nor love, nor joy, nor fear, Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy Once shone the bright and busy eye, I like to see the eye employed, If social love that eye employed, But through the deers of kindness beamed, That eye shall be forever bright.

When stars and suns are dark in night, Within this hollow cavern hung The ready, swift and useful tongue; If friendship's beam be kindled, And when it could not praise be chained; If bold in virtue's cause it spoke, Its gentle concord never broke. 'Tis silent tongue shall plead for mine.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine? O, with its eye and genius shine, To bear the rock or wear the gem, To lead the way to truth and fame, To comfort in the hour of grief, But if the page of truth they sought, These hands a richer meed shall claim Than all that was on wealth or fame.

Avail it whether bare or shod, Wee feel the path of our true trod; If from the bowers of ease they fled, If from the bowers of ease they fled, If grandeur's guilty tribe they spurned, And home to virtue's cot returned, These feet with wings shall vie And tread the palace of the sky.

Love is Never Lost. What was the song we sang together, And I in the love and the true? Something today in the dreary weather I thought I heard the strains of you. And it carried me back to a mood—'t was even, Roses, no—lo, beautiful eyes, I remember a smile out of Heaven, And I was in Paradise.

I think it was something that might we were singing. About the sea—I cannot say, For only a strain of that song comes ringing Into my ears to-day. Our bark on the sea of life have drifted Widely asunder since that June night, And clouds have gathered and clouds have lifted, And days have been dark and bright.

But I think of the love that brightened our May time. Though lost and forgotten in time's swift flow, Has been with us always in night time and day time. I think it is always so, Love is never outlived completely— It never waxes or thins away; It is not a part of lives and comes back to us sweetly, Like the strain of that song to-day.

Words we forget, but a strain of the measure Foams back to us, ever, now and then, In days of our youth, or in days of our measure, As we move about with men. Our steps keep time to it, beating, beating Into our hearts the measure of time; So ever and ever we go on repeating The song of our youth's glad prime.

Beautiful Things. Beautiful faces as those that wear— It matters little if da k and fair— Whole soul'd hearts neatly printed there. Beautiful eyes are those that show, Like crystal waves whose heart does glow, Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words Speak from the heart like the song of birds, Yet whose utterance prudence guards. Beautiful hands are those that do Work that is honest brave and true, Moon at by moon on the way through.

Beautiful feet are those that go On kindly ministries to and fro, Down lowliest ways, if God will so. Beautiful shoulders are those that bear Ceaseless burdens of humbly care, With patient grace and daily prayer. Beautiful lives are those that bless— Silent rivers of happiness. Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

World That Life. Would that life were endless sailing, Sailing on a sunny sea; Floating eastward and westward, Borne by breezes light and free. Would that life were endless music, Music pulsing from the heart, That might soothe us, lift us, wake us, Bear the soul to realms apart. Would that life were endless slumber— Slumber with a sense of rest; Lulled by dreams that gently lead us To the things we love the best. Would that life were endless living With the one I love the best; That were music, sweetest dream— That were life, and that were rest.

Sorrow and Joy. Derna not that they are blest alone Whose eyes are open to the sun; The solitary Son of God makes known The light of truth to the eyes that weep. The light of truth to the eyes that weep. The light of truth to the eyes that weep. The light of truth to the eyes that weep.

THE RETIRED BURGAR.

A Few Comfortable Moments in the House of a Connecticut Yankee.

"One hot night," said the retired burglar, "I went into a house in a town in Connecticut. It was hot outside I don't know what you would call it inside. All the windows in the lower part of the house were shut tight, and the house down stairs was just stifling. The perspiration just dropped off my chin into the sideboard drawers when I was bendin' over 'em; and to tell you the truth I was glad there wasn't any more in 'em to keep me down. When I had got the last spoon into my bag I grabbed my face off with my handkerchief and started up stairs.

"Goodness! What a relief it was to get up where there were some windows open and a little life in the air! And the very first room I turned into up stairs, the principal chamber, had something better than that, it had fine, a cool, steady breeze from somewhere that was most refreshing. I went into this room carefully, and before I'd gone far I heard a gentle little steady whir and I turned my light in that direction and saw standing on a table a simple, home-made machine that had a fan, a revolving wheel, that was something like a propeller wheel with straight blades, or more like a paddle wheel with three or four blades, set on the end of a shaft and turning away steady, and making a nice cool little breeze all through the room. Well! There was a chair settin' near the table, I looked as though somebody might have been sittin' near the fan reading before they went to bed; and I just set my bag down on the floor and sat down in the chair and let that fan blow me cool.

"Well, I'd been sittin' there very comfortable for maybe ten minutes when the fan began to go slower, and very soon it stopped altogether; and I got up to see what was the matter. The matter was that the dumb thing had run down. 'Twas 3 o'clock in the morning, and the owner hadn't made it to run all night, though he might have done it easy; he had set it to run through the earliest and hottest part of the night. It was a very simple but very ingenious contrivance. There was a framework to begin with, and the owner had a journal at each end, was a wooden cylinder, maybe a foot long, and six inches in diameter. There was a cogged wheel on one end of this cylinder, the cogs turning in the cogs of another much smaller wheel near the end of a smaller cylinder or shaft that rested in the frame on journals like the big cylinder, and parallel with it. On the end of the little shaft was the fan. The fan was set in motion and kept going by a weight hanging from the big shaft. This weight was attached to a cord which was wound around the cylinder as a well rope winds around a barrel or cylinder in some well; you turn a crank to raise the bucket, and it there was no ratchet or catch on the cylinder, if you should let go the crank the bucket would drop and the crank would fly round.

"On this that the weight was made to fall very slowly and so to keep the fan in motion a long time, by means of a sort of friction brake made of a stout, adjustable spring, one end of which was attached to the frame of the contrivance, while the other end rested on the big cylinder and made it go slow. As I said before, the fan had stopped going now simply because it had run down. One of the journals of the big cylinder was carried out beyond the frame with a square end to set a wrench on. I turned my light on the table again and found, as I expected, a wrench. I tried the wrench, but it would not go, and I was puzzled. I was so I going now simply because it had run down. One of the journals of the big cylinder was carried out beyond the frame with a square end to set a wrench on. I turned my light on the table again and found, as I expected, a wrench. I tried the wrench, but it would not go, and I was puzzled. I was so I going now simply because it had run down.

"I heard a rustlin' over in the bed and I turned my light over that way and saw sittin' up in the bed a big grizzly looking man, the inventor of the fan, no doubt, with one hand pulling the boiler over with one hand and reaching under it with the other. I didn't know what sort of a death-dealin' implement a man of that sort might pull out, and so I thought that maybe as good a thing as I could do now would be to e i it hadn't grown cooler outside." — N. Y. Sun

THE SEA SERPENT AGAIN.

It Now Appears in the Province of Quebec and is a Horrid Thing. According to a Quebec despatch to the N. Y. Sun, the latest Canadian sea serpent story shows a change habitat on the part of the monster. From Black Lake, on the south side of the St. Lawrence, the source of the reports has been transferred to Lake Wayagamack, situated between the Lake St. John Railway and the St. Maurice River, and well within the region visited by so many American anglers every summer. The truth of the last report is vouched for by L. E. Roy, who is well known in scientific circles, and by two guides, Mercier and Marcheterre. All three are regarded as well worthy of confidence.

The three men say that while they were fishing in the lake, large bubbles rose to the surface, the water became foamy, and then there appeared at the centre of the troubled expanse an enormous snake-like head. This was followed soon by a long, snout-like body, fully three feet in circumference and seventy feet long. Mr. Roy stopped fishing. Although the canoe was some 200 yards from the monster, the occupants could discern plainly the open mouth, the glittering row of teeth, and the vicious eyes. The creature evidently was disappointed by the presence of the canoe, for it immediately gave vent to a series of hissing sounds, reared its crest, and thrashed the water with its tail.

Mr. Roy ordered his men to return to camp. Sending to their paddles, they made the little craft spin toward the shore. The serpent rushed after them. When the canoe grated on the beach Roy hastily disembarked. He ran to the log camp and secured his rifle. Taking as careful aim as the excited condition of his nerves

permitted, he fired shot after shot at the reptile. One shot only seemed to take effect. As it struck the serpent it gave a louder hiss than usual and sank out of sight.

The lake near the shore soon after became discolored with blood. Roy and the guides remained watching for hours, hoping that the dead body of the monster would rise to surface. They were doomed to disappointment.

The incident has given rise to great excitement among the scattered people of the St. Maurice region, and some of the older inhabitants recall legends of long ago when Lake Wayagamack was believed to be the home of a water demon.

WHY HE SLEPT SO WELL.

Time Was No Object When He Could Beat The Railway Company. "What station was that?" demanded the passenger in the rear seat, suddenly rousing himself, straightening up, and projecting his voice through the dimly lighted car.

The conductor who was coming down the aisle stopped and held his lantern close to the speaker's face. "It was Bragdon," he replied. "Ain't you the man that wanted to get off at Smallville?" "I am," rejoined the passenger. "I asked you to wake me up when we got there, and you didn't." "I did wake you up."

"Oh, you did, did you?" How far have we gone past Smallville?" "Fifty five miles." "And you waked me?" Strange I didn't know anything about it!" "I awoke you, called out the name of the station, and you said 'all right,' and reached for your hat. I supposed you were wide awake. Several passengers got off there and I took it for granted you were one of them."

"Well, I wasn't. I'm very hard to wake up. You ought to have been sure about it. I had friends waiting for me at the station. I'll make an awful mess. I wouldn't have had this happen for a thousand dollars!" "You can telegraph them, can't you?" "I suppose I can. What's the next station?" "Flaxwood." "Does the next train stop there?" "Yes." "Well, you give me a note to the conductor, can't you, telling him to pass me back to Smallville? It's as little as you can do. It wasn't my fault that I got carried past."

The conductor scribbled a few lines on a piece of paper and handed it to him. "We're coming to Flaxwood now," he said, looking at him sharply. "Are you sure you're awake?" "I'll get off here, anyhow," responded the passenger, grabbing his valise and starting for the door, "whether I'm awake or not."

As the train pulled out of Flaxwood the brakeman standing on the rear platform of the last coach heard a voice calling out in the darkness: "Hello, old fellow! I was afraid you wouldn't be here to meet me. I came all the way on a 50-cent ticket. There's more than one way to beat a railroad, b'gosh!" — Chicago Paper.

Gulls as Carriers.

With the approach of the yacht racing season, when carrier pigeons are in request for the transmission of the results of contests, the old question of "carrier pigeons for sea service" is revived. A correspondent insists that gulls, which are more powerful birds than pigeons, might be effectively trained, and used to much greater distances than are practical with the latter. In some parts of the country it is a common sight to see tame sea gulls around the fishermen's cottages, and even in farmyards miles from the sea. They live and feed with the domestic fowls and learn readily to come when called. It is suggested that if the "homing" instinct could be developed in the gull to the extent that it is possessed by the pigeon, it would be invaluable for the work of carrying messages from vessels far out at sea. Its powers of vision are much greater than those of the pigeon, and there would be no limit to their range of flight, since they can, at any time rest on the water; moreover, their greater strength would enable them to carry bulkier messages.

Where He Got The Jewelry.

Some 19 years ago there was interred in Windfall Cemetery a handsome lady who died young. There were several gold rings on her when buried. Her husband shortly married again. Wife No. 2 also died and was laid to rest in Windfall Cemetery. The husband got a young housekeeper, whom he fell deeply in love with, and proposed marriage and was accepted. His affianced wife wanted jewelry; her affianced husband had her ears pierced for rings, but owing to the scarcity of money he could not get the jewelry that would-be wife No. 3 so much wanted. He went one night about three weeks ago and dug up the grave of his first wife, took up the coffin and entered a careful search found the gold rings and earrings and gave them to his affianced wife. We withhold the names, but the facts are true. — Woodstock Out, Times.

Mr. Feeney's Experience.

It is said that "Tom" Feeney of the Boston Herald who has been spending a short time in investigating and beautiful Gage-ton is now prepared to rival any alderman of his own town so far as magnificent proportions go. At any rate he is a splendid advertisement of the ability a pretty country place in New Brunswick possesses to restore to every man his vein, energy and fatness.

Autumn Delinquent.

The September number of the Delinquent, called the Autumn Announcement number, has been received and is as full of interesting matter as the previous numbers have been. The subscription is \$1 a year or 15 cents a number. Delinquent Publishing Co., Toronto, or Macaulay, Bros. & Co., St. John.

Social and Personal.

St. John. Now that the evenings are beginning to grow cool... Mr. Charles McGregor is visiting friends in Halifax.

If you are feeling run down, DON'T TAKE MEDICINE but NOURISHMENT. Johnston's Fluid Beef Strengthens--Use it

A NOBBY TURN OUT.

One of the many styles made in the Edgcombe Carriage Factory



A CUT UNDER

English Dog Cart,

Will hold Four Persons, back to back. Is easy to ride in. Nobby and stylish. Turns very easily and in small space. Handsomely built by

JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS Fredericton, N. B.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IMPERIAL SHADES, MENZIE, TURNER & Co., Cheapest, Strongest, Best. Sold by all reliable dealers.

Advertisement for Brainerd & Armstrong Patent Skein Silk Holder. Includes text: 'INVALUABLE TO USERS OF FILO AND FLOSS SILKS FOR WASH SILKS'.

What leading Art Embroiderers say of our New Patent Holder. 'I think the Holder a magnificent improvement. I use your Silks constantly for my work, and rejoice in this pleasant way to keep them.'

Ask for Brainerd and Armstrong's 'Asiatic Dyes' Wash Silks. Manufactured by The Corticelli Silk Co., St. John, Que.

Advertisement for Progress Engraving Bureau. Includes text: 'PROGRESS ENGRAVING BUREAU. PORTRAITS, BUILDINGS, ADVERTISEMENTS, Masonic Buildings, AND CATALOGUE WORKS. DRAWN, DESIGNED & ENGRAVED. St. John, N.B.'

Advertisement for Soap. THE CELEBRATED WELCOME SOAP. TRY IT. FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

Advertisement for Bissell's Carpet Sweeper. WHEN BUYING BUY THE BEST, That is the Bissell's Carpet Sweeper. Sheraton & Whittaker.

Advertisement for Drink Montserrat Lime Fruit Juice. In Hot Weather. See that you get 'MONTSERRAT' which is a PURE LIME FRUIT JUICE and can be sweetened to taste.

Advertisement for Use Only Pelee Island Wine Co's. Wine. THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE. E.G. SCOVIL.

Advertisement for Stower's Lime Juice Cordial. NO Musty Flavor. Absolutely Pure, Non-Alcoholic. A Delicious Beverage, Purifying to the Blood. THE QUEEN.

Mr. Charles McGregor is visiting friends in Halifax. Miss B. Kane is visiting friends at Grand Lake. Mr. Adams and Mabel Burchell who have been visiting friends in the city returned home Tuesday.

Mr. Charles McGregor is visiting friends in Halifax. Miss B. Kane is visiting friends at Grand Lake. Mr. Adams and Mabel Burchell who have been visiting friends in the city returned home Tuesday.

Mr. Charles McGregor is visiting friends in Halifax. Miss B. Kane is visiting friends at Grand Lake. Mr. Adams and Mabel Burchell who have been visiting friends in the city returned home Tuesday.

Mr. Charles McGregor is visiting friends in Halifax. Miss B. Kane is visiting friends at Grand Lake. Mr. Adams and Mabel Burchell who have been visiting friends in the city returned home Tuesday.

Vertical text on the far left edge of the page, partially cut off.

NATIONAL S. S. CO.

ARRANGEMENT, SERVICE

AND BOSTON.

COMMENCING July 1st... Atlantic Ry



A SUNLIGHT EFFECT.

The clear morning sunlight brings it gladness and renewed energy.

Sunlight Soap

6 Cents

Twice Bar

Drives into the background, like a dark shadow, the old-fashioned "wash day," and does its work quickly, easily, perfectly.

It makes Home Brighter.

For every 15 wrappers sent to...

Books for Wrappers

N. D. HOOPER, St. John, N. B.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Programme for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph...

Aug. 21.—Mrs. S. H. Blair on Thursday evening...

On Thursday evening Mrs. Henry Maxwell entertains...

A large party of young people from Calais went on a hayrack ride to Murchie's mountain...

A delightful dance was enjoyed by the young society element in the G. A. E. hall on Thursday evening...

Mrs. and Mr. Henry Koch are visiting relatives in Pembroke.

Mrs. Beattie Blair has returned to her home in St. John...

Mr. and Mrs. Sloan of Winthrop Beach, Mass., are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Frank Amosden...

Mrs. Sarah Tarr of Boston is visiting her sisters the Misses Washburne.

Dr. and Mrs. G. G. Smith of Portland Maine are guests of Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Swan.

Mrs. Charlotte McAllister of Portland Maine is visiting her sister, Mrs. William Kerr.

Mrs. E. L. Soggett's friends will be sorry to hear that she leaves on Thurs. aft. for her home in Fortville Penn.

Mrs. Gertrude Short is visiting in St. Andrews.

Mr. W. D. Cochrane left on Thursday morning for England. Where he will spend three months.

Mrs. Alice Clarke has returned home after a visit to England.

Mrs. Lee Porter, who has been travelling in Europe, has also returned to Calais.

Mrs. Mattie Harris is visiting friends in Eastport.

Mrs. Nellie Murchie, light green silk.

Mrs. Charles Beir, an elegant evening costume of pale green trimmed with lace, ornaments diamond.

Mrs. Agnes Lowell has returned home after a visit to England.

Mrs. Lee Porter, who has been travelling in Europe, has also returned to Calais.

Mrs. Mattie Harris is visiting friends in Eastport.

Mrs. Nellie Murchie, light green silk.

Mrs. Charles Beir, an elegant evening costume of pale green trimmed with lace, ornaments diamond.

Mrs. Agnes Lowell has returned home after a visit to England.

Mrs. Lee Porter, who has been travelling in Europe, has also returned to Calais.

Mrs. Mattie Harris is visiting friends in Eastport.

Mrs. Nellie Murchie, light green silk.

Mrs. Charles Beir, an elegant evening costume of pale green trimmed with lace, ornaments diamond.

Mrs. Agnes Lowell has returned home after a visit to England.

Mrs. Lee Porter, who has been travelling in Europe, has also returned to Calais.

Mrs. Mattie Harris is visiting friends in Eastport.

Mrs. Nellie Murchie, light green silk.

Mrs. Charles Beir, an elegant evening costume of pale green trimmed with lace, ornaments diamond.

Mrs. Agnes Lowell has returned home after a visit to England.

Mrs. Lee Porter, who has been travelling in Europe, has also returned to Calais.

Mrs. Mattie Harris is visiting friends in Eastport.

Mrs. Nellie Murchie, light green silk.

Mrs. Charles Beir, an elegant evening costume of pale green trimmed with lace, ornaments diamond.

Mrs. Agnes Lowell has returned home after a visit to England.

school of despatch, and will be absent until Sep...

Mrs. Frank Black, has returned to her home in Brooklyn, N. Y., after a brief visit with her sister, Mrs. Leonard Black.

On Friday evening the handsome residence of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick L. Hamer was abuzz with life, and every room was thronged with guests.

The clear morning sunlight brings it gladness and renewed energy.

Sunlight Soap

6 Cents

Twice Bar

Drives into the background, like a dark shadow, the old-fashioned "wash day," and does its work quickly, easily, perfectly.

It makes Home Brighter.

For every 15 wrappers sent to...

Books for Wrappers

N. D. HOOPER, St. John, N. B.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Programme for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph...

Aug. 21.—Mrs. S. H. Blair on Thursday evening...

On Thursday evening Mrs. Henry Maxwell entertains...

A large party of young people from Calais went on a hayrack ride to Murchie's mountain...

A delightful dance was enjoyed by the young society element in the G. A. E. hall on Thursday evening...

Mrs. and Mr. Henry Koch are visiting relatives in Pembroke.

Mrs. Beattie Blair has returned to her home in St. John...

Mr. and Mrs. Sloan of Winthrop Beach, Mass., are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Frank Amosden...

Mrs. Sarah Tarr of Boston is visiting her sisters the Misses Washburne.

Dr. and Mrs. G. G. Smith of Portland Maine are guests of Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Swan.

Mrs. Charlotte McAllister of Portland Maine is visiting her sister, Mrs. William Kerr.

Mrs. E. L. Soggett's friends will be sorry to hear that she leaves on Thurs. aft. for her home in Fortville Penn.

Mrs. Gertrude Short is visiting in St. Andrews.

Mr. W. D. Cochrane left on Thursday morning for England. Where he will spend three months.

Mrs. Alice Clarke has returned home after a visit to England.

Mrs. Lee Porter, who has been travelling in Europe, has also returned to Calais.

Mrs. Mattie Harris is visiting friends in Eastport.

Mrs. Nellie Murchie, light green silk.

Mrs. Charles Beir, an elegant evening costume of pale green trimmed with lace, ornaments diamond.

Mrs. Agnes Lowell has returned home after a visit to England.

Mrs. Lee Porter, who has been travelling in Europe, has also returned to Calais.

Mrs. Mattie Harris is visiting friends in Eastport.

Mrs. Nellie Murchie, light green silk.

Mrs. Charles Beir, an elegant evening costume of pale green trimmed with lace, ornaments diamond.

Mrs. Agnes Lowell has returned home after a visit to England.

Mrs. Lee Porter, who has been travelling in Europe, has also returned to Calais.

Mrs. Mattie Harris is visiting friends in Eastport.

Mrs. Nellie Murchie, light green silk.

Mrs. Charles Beir, an elegant evening costume of pale green trimmed with lace, ornaments diamond.

Mrs. Agnes Lowell has returned home after a visit to England.

Mrs. Lee Porter, who has been travelling in Europe, has also returned to Calais.

Mrs. Mattie Harris is visiting friends in Eastport.

Mrs. Nellie Murchie, light green silk.

Mrs. Charles Beir, an elegant evening costume of pale green trimmed with lace, ornaments diamond.

Mrs. Agnes Lowell has returned home after a visit to England.

Mrs. Lee Porter, who has been travelling in Europe, has also returned to Calais.

Mrs. Mattie Harris is visiting friends in Eastport.

Mrs. Nellie Murchie, light green silk.

Mrs. Charles Beir, an elegant evening costume of pale green trimmed with lace, ornaments diamond.

Mrs. Agnes Lowell has returned home after a visit to England.

Mrs. Lee Porter, who has been travelling in Europe, has also returned to Calais.

Mrs. Mattie Harris is visiting friends in Eastport.

Mrs. Nellie Murchie, light green silk.

Mrs. Charles Beir, an elegant evening costume of pale green trimmed with lace, ornaments diamond.

Mrs. Agnes Lowell has returned home after a visit to England.

Mrs. Lee Porter, who has been travelling in Europe, has also returned to Calais.

week, after spending the holidays at their residence...

The ladies of the parish, preparing for a large party on the grounds of Cape. Peasants on the 28th. Mrs. W. H. Wilson D. D. of Philadelphia who is visiting relatives in Calais, preached in the Baptist church in this city on Sunday last.

Mrs. Oakes of Southville is spending a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. Edwin E. Todd.

Mrs. H. W. Woodworth of Providence Rhode Island is visiting in Calais.

Mrs. William H. Boardman, has gone to Bangor to spend a few weeks.

Mrs. Frank Black, has returned to her home in Brooklyn, N. Y., after a brief visit with her sister, Mrs. Leonard Black.

On Friday evening the handsome residence of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick L. Hamer was abuzz with life, and every room was thronged with guests.

The clear morning sunlight brings it gladness and renewed energy.

Sunlight Soap

6 Cents

Twice Bar

Drives into the background, like a dark shadow, the old-fashioned "wash day," and does its work quickly, easily, perfectly.

It makes Home Brighter.

For every 15 wrappers sent to...

Books for Wrappers

N. D. HOOPER, St. John, N. B.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Programme for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph...

Aug. 21.—Mrs. S. H. Blair on Thursday evening...

On Thursday evening Mrs. Henry Maxwell entertains...

A large party of young people from Calais went on a hayrack ride to Murchie's mountain...

A delightful dance was enjoyed by the young society element in the G. A. E. hall on Thursday evening...

Mrs. and Mr. Henry Koch are visiting relatives in Pembroke.

Mrs. Beattie Blair has returned to her home in St. John...

Mr. and Mrs. Sloan of Winthrop Beach, Mass., are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Frank Amosden...

Mrs. Sarah Tarr of Boston is visiting her sisters the Misses Washburne.

Dr. and Mrs. G. G. Smith of Portland Maine are guests of Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Swan.

Mrs. Charlotte McAllister of Portland Maine is visiting her sister, Mrs. William Kerr.

Mrs. E. L. Soggett's friends will be sorry to hear that she leaves on Thurs. aft. for her home in Fortville Penn.

Mrs. Gertrude Short is visiting in St. Andrews.

Mr. W. D. Cochrane left on Thursday morning for England. Where he will spend three months.

Mrs. Alice Clarke has returned home after a visit to England.

Mrs. Lee Porter, who has been travelling in Europe, has also returned to Calais.

Mrs. Mattie Harris is visiting friends in Eastport.

Mrs. Nellie Murchie, light green silk.

Mrs. Charles Beir, an elegant evening costume of pale green trimmed with lace, ornaments diamond.

Mrs. Agnes Lowell has returned home after a visit to England.

Mrs. Lee Porter, who has been travelling in Europe, has also returned to Calais.

Mrs. Mattie Harris is visiting friends in Eastport.

Mrs. Nellie Murchie, light green silk.

Mrs. Charles Beir, an elegant evening costume of pale green trimmed with lace, ornaments diamond.

Mrs. Agnes Lowell has returned home after a visit to England.

Mrs. Lee Porter, who has been travelling in Europe, has also returned to Calais.

Mrs. Mattie Harris is visiting friends in Eastport.

Mrs. Nellie Murchie, light green silk.

Mrs. Charles Beir, an elegant evening costume of pale green trimmed with lace, ornaments diamond.

Mrs. Agnes Lowell has returned home after a visit to England.

Mrs. Lee Porter, who has been travelling in Europe, has also returned to Calais.

Mrs. Mattie Harris is visiting friends in Eastport.

Mrs. Nellie Murchie, light green silk.

Mrs. Charles Beir, an elegant evening costume of pale green trimmed with lace, ornaments diamond.

Mrs. Agnes Lowell has returned home after a visit to England.

Mrs. Lee Porter, who has been travelling in Europe, has also returned to Calais.

Mrs. Mattie Harris is visiting friends in Eastport.

Mrs. Nellie Murchie, light green silk.

Mrs. Charles Beir, an elegant evening costume of pale green trimmed with lace, ornaments diamond.

Mrs. Agnes Lowell has returned home after a visit to England.

Mrs. Lee Porter, who has been travelling in Europe, has also returned to Calais.

Mrs. Mattie Harris is visiting friends in Eastport.

week, after spending the holidays at their residence...

The ladies of the parish, preparing for a large party on the grounds of Cape. Peasants on the 28th. Mrs. W. H. Wilson D. D. of Philadelphia who is visiting relatives in Calais, preached in the Baptist church in this city on Sunday last.

Mrs. Oakes of Southville is spending a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. Edwin E. Todd.

Mrs. H. W. Woodworth of Providence Rhode Island is visiting in Calais.

Mrs. William H. Boardman, has gone to Bangor to spend a few weeks.

Mrs. Frank Black, has returned to her home in Brooklyn, N. Y., after a brief visit with her sister, Mrs. Leonard Black.

On Friday evening the handsome residence of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick L. Hamer was abuzz with life, and every room was thronged with guests.

The clear morning sunlight brings it gladness and renewed energy.

Sunlight Soap

6 Cents

Twice Bar

Drives into the background, like a dark shadow, the old-fashioned "wash day," and does its work quickly, easily, perfectly.

It makes Home Brighter.

For every 15 wrappers sent to...

Books for Wrappers

N. D. HOOPER, St. John, N. B.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Programme for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph...

Aug. 21.—Mrs. S. H. Blair on Thursday evening...

On Thursday evening Mrs. Henry Maxwell entertains...

A large party of young people from Calais went on a hayrack ride to Murchie's mountain...

A delightful dance was enjoyed by the young society element in the G. A. E. hall on Thursday evening...

Mrs. and Mr. Henry Koch are visiting relatives in Pembroke.

Mrs. Beattie Blair has returned to her home in St. John...

Mr. and Mrs. Sloan of Winthrop Beach, Mass., are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Frank Amosden...

Mrs. Sarah Tarr of Boston is visiting her sisters the Misses Washburne.

Dr. and Mrs. G. G. Smith of Portland Maine are guests of Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Swan.

Mrs. Charlotte McAllister of Portland Maine is visiting her sister, Mrs. William Kerr.

Mrs. E. L. Soggett's friends will be sorry to hear that she leaves on Thurs. aft. for her home in Fortville Penn.

Mrs. Gertrude Short is visiting in St. Andrews.

Mr. W. D. Cochrane left on Thursday morning for England. Where he will spend three months.

Mrs. Alice Clarke has returned home after a visit to England.

Mrs. Lee Porter, who has been travelling in Europe, has also returned to Calais.

Mrs. Mattie Harris is visiting friends in Eastport.

Mrs. Nellie Murchie, light green silk.

Mrs. Charles Beir, an elegant evening costume of pale green trimmed with lace, ornaments diamond.

Mrs. Agnes Lowell has returned home after a visit to England.

Mrs. Lee Porter, who has been travelling in Europe, has also returned to Calais.

Mrs. Mattie Harris is visiting friends in Eastport.

Mrs. Nellie Murchie, light green silk.

Mrs. Charles Beir, an elegant evening costume of pale green trimmed with lace, ornaments diamond.

Mrs. Agnes Lowell has returned home after a visit to England.

Mrs. Lee Porter, who has been travelling in Europe, has also returned to Calais.

Mrs. Mattie Harris is visiting friends in Eastport.

Mrs. Nellie Murchie, light green silk.

Mrs. Charles Beir, an elegant evening costume of pale green trimmed with lace, ornaments diamond.

Mrs. Agnes Lowell has returned home after a visit to England.

Mrs. Lee Porter, who has been travelling in

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Continued from page 1

Blackland Road, for the entertainment of their guests...

Mr. George McLanahan was among the Annapolis visitors to St. John last week.

Miss Hart of this city is visiting Annapolis as the guest of Mrs. C. O'Dell.

Miss W. E. Smith of Fredericton has returned to Fredericton after a pleasant stay here with friends.

Mr. G. I. Letticey of Digby, who spent a short time here last week, returned home on Friday.

Miss Nettie Harrison and Miss Craig are in Woodstock, guests of Mrs. Fooks.

Miss Josie Troop went to Halifax Tuesday to be bridesmaid for Miss Lena Troop, whose marriage to Mr. Harry Sherriff took place on Thursday of this week.

Miss Katie Conolly of Portland, Me., is visiting relatives in the city.

Miss Annie Lawton has returned from Sackville where she has been visiting her sister Mrs. E. P. Foster.

Mr. C. E. Duffy, barrister, of Fredericton, accompanied by his wife and son were here for a short time this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Weldon and Mrs. Bigstock went to St. Andrew's the first of the week.

Dr. C. A. Secord of New York arrived here last week to spend a short vacation.

Mrs. Olin Sprout of Digby came to the city last week for a few days returning home on Saturday.

Mr. Ed. Mosbale, of Portland, Me., is in the city visiting his wife Mrs. Abbott, Sydney street.

Mr. Oscar Watson is home on a vacation and is being welcomed by many friends.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Belyea has taken rooms at the Aberdeen and will remain there during the fall and winter.

Mr. G. E. Freney and Mr. H. E. Randolph of Fredericton were in the city for a day or two this week.

Mr. E. R. Machum went to Woodstock on his wheel last week and had a very pleasant trip.

Miss Theresa Leonard of north end, left this week for Portland, Me., where she will visit friends for a few weeks, and will also visit Boston before her return.

Mrs. Golding returned from McDonald's Point the first of the week.

Mr. H. U. Miller of St. John paid a visit to his son Mr. James Miller of Sherbrook, N. S., lately Mr. W. A. McDonald, Mecklenburg street in Springhill, N. S., visiting Mrs. E. H. Bent who will return with her next week for a short visit.

Mr. H. J. Logan, barrister, Springhill, N. S., was here for a short time this week.

Miss Noe Clarke of St. John's open, who has been visiting St. John friends, returned home this week.

Mrs. W. S. Fielding of Halifax, and three children who have been spending the summer at Westfield, returned home this week.

Miss Gertrude Green and Miss May Manning of Calais, are visiting friends in the city.

Dr. Bayard and Dr. James Christie go to Kingston, Ont., next week to attend a meeting of the Canadian Medical Association.

Lieut. Col. Tucker spent Sunday in St. Andrew's and New York.

Mr. David Kennedy is enjoying a trip to Massachusetts and New York.

FREDERICTON.

[Programme is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. ...]

Aug. 22—On Thursday Mrs. Charles Taber gave a very pleasant afternoon at home.

The picnic given at Camp Comfort on Friday by the members of the Camp Comfort club was a grand treat and most thoroughly enjoyed; everything was done on an extensive scale the ladies in charge providing all refreshments and ample provision for carrying the party to and from the island.

The natural beauty of the situation is ideal, the camp situated down close to the water's edge with a magnificent background of a grove of elms and maples gives the idea of a hermit's retreat.

The island on this occasion presented a festive appearance with its Chinese lanterns hung across the whole front of the island and the military band stationed just outside the camp provided the music for the occasion which was carried on in camp, the cabin having been cleared for the occasion and the floor well waxed. Supper was served on tables out in the open.

After a visit of four months spent with friends in Boston and Saco, Maine, Miss Edith Gregory has returned home accompanied by her cousin Miss Jean Gregory of Galveston, Texas.

Dr. and Mrs. Johnson of Charlottetown, P. E. I., arrived here on Monday and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Lemont.

Mr. T. H. Hogg is spending a few days at "Evandale."

Mr. Ella Yerxa of Boston is spending a few weeks in the city.

Miss Shabard B. Keegan daughter Miss Agnes of Boston who has been visiting friends in the city is now home today.

Miss Eva Yerxa and Miss Rowan are visiting friends in the city.

Dr. Cliff and family of Boston are here having come to attend the funeral of Dr. Cliff's father, Mr. Nelson Cliff of Massachusetts.

Mrs. A. B. Kane of Detroit, Michigan, is visiting Miss Ida Whitler.

Mr. Edward Jewett of Cambridge is spending his vacation with friends in the city.

Mrs. Geo. Palmer of Yarmouth, N. S., is visiting friends in the city, and will spend a few days at Harvey before retreating to Yarmouth.

Mrs. Byron Coulthard and daughter left today for St. Louis, to visit Mrs. Coulthard's mother.

Mrs. Cochran and daughter Miss Edna are visiting friends on Dupuis Ave. St. John.

Prof. Davidson of the university was married in Edinburgh, Scotland, on the 21st of July, to Helen J. Watt. It is expected that Prof. Davidson with his wife will arrive here about the middle of Sept.

Mrs. Pitts and sons are in St. John, the guests of Dr. and Mrs. McIntosh.

Bishop Kingdon with Mrs. Kingdon and family returned home on Friday from their summer outing at Lac Beauport, Quebec Co.

Mr. H. C. Creed and Mr. Harry Dean Creed with their families and visitors return today from their camp at "Twinlakes."

Miss F. Randolph took a large picnic party to "Pine Bluff camp" yesterday spending the whole day at camp and returning the same evening.

Miss Florence Tapley is this evening entertaining a party of friends to a "small and early" as a farewell to those of her friends who leave this week for the West.

Miss Besse Gibson, Miss Minnie Day, Miss Bina Lodge, Miss Tot Caldwell, Miss Likely, Miss Annie McConnel, Miss Marion Inch, Miss Alice Ego, Miss Lou Milliken, Miss Edna Hanson, Miss Sadie Sterling, Miss Nan and Sadie Thompson and Miss Helen McLean, A. Gibson, W. Lodge, W. Tuffs, L. Marshall, C. Lakely, W. and C. McPherson, L. and W. Rowley, F. Robertson, Jas. Bruce, A. McKee, Roy Shaw, W. Lemont and S. Sterling.

Among those who leave this week for Sackville are Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Gibson, Mr. Margaret Johnson, Miss Nan Thompson, Mr. Harry Gibson, and Messrs. Lorne and Will Rowley.

Miss Sadie Wiley entertained a large party of friends on Wednesday evening, in honor of her cousin and guest Miss Nan McDonald.

September usually being considered the month of weddings I have heard of several to take place in the early part of the month.

Pleasant rumors are wafted from Hampton of a wedding to take place there, the principals being a young lady, Miss Knowlton in Fredericton and a Presbyterian minister.

I have been informed of another home in Hampton, where four weddings are to take place all in a row in a short time of each other. The principals also being well and it is really known in Fredericton.

RICHMOND.

[Programme is for sale in Richmond by Theodore P. Graham.]

Aug. 21—The ballroom of the Beaches hotel presented a very gay scene on Tuesday evening, the occasion being a dance, dancing party arranged by Mrs. A. C. Storer, Miss Sayre. The party was a social success, the floor being in good condition for tripping the light fantastic, aided by the good music furnished by Professor Goldie's orchestra, all helped to make it a pleasant evening.

Some very pretty costumes were worn by the ladies giving the room a brilliant appearance. Ice cream and cake were served at twelve after which dancing was continued until three o'clock, when the pleasant affair came to a close.

Those present were, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Storer, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sayre, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Buck, Turo, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Weeks, Mr. C. J. Sayre, Misses Cate, Sayre, Ferguson, I. Hudson, S. Black, Mr. W. J. Stewart, Miss Giff and Miss Smith, Mr. O'Leary, Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Jardine, Mrs. W. D. Ferguson, Miss Phinney, Miss Sutton, Miss Hamilton, Miss Chrysal, Miss Percy Miss Stevenson, Miss Irving, Miss Greenwood, Halifax, Miss Jardine, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Wilson, the Misses Doherty, Miss Giff and Miss Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Buck of Truro left for home on Wednesday morning, having been in town since of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hudson.

Mr. Leah Sutherland of St. John is spending a few days in the city.

Mr. S. Sanley White of Newcastle is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. White.

Mrs. Cochran and daughter Miss Edna are visiting friends on Dupuis Ave. St. John.

Miss Flo Harvey of Newcastle is in town since of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. White.

Mr. John Ferguson of Newcastle spent some days at his former home here last week.

Miss Jessie Hains returned from Chatham on Thursday after a pleasant visit of two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. John Guston of Moncton were in town last week, guests of the former's sister Miss Kate Sutton.

Miss Hamilton of Moncton is in town guest of Mrs. and Mrs. Wm. Hudson.

Mr. David Hudson is spending his vacation at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hudson.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Buck of Truro left for home on Wednesday morning, having been in town since of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hudson.

Mr. S. Sanley White of Newcastle is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. White.

Mrs. Cochran and daughter Miss Edna are visiting friends on Dupuis Ave. St. John.

Miss Flo Harvey of Newcastle is in town since of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. White.

Mr. John Ferguson of Newcastle spent some days at his former home here last week.

Miss Jessie Hains returned from Chatham on Thursday after a pleasant visit of two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. John Guston of Moncton were in town last week, guests of the former's sister Miss Kate Sutton.

Miss Hamilton of Moncton is in town guest of Mrs. and Mrs. Wm. Hudson.

Mr. David Hudson is spending his vacation at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hudson.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Buck of Truro left for home on Wednesday morning, having been in town since of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hudson.

Mr. S. Sanley White of Newcastle is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. White.

Mrs. Cochran and daughter Miss Edna are visiting friends on Dupuis Ave. St. John.

Miss Flo Harvey of Newcastle is in town since of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. White.

Mr. John Ferguson of Newcastle spent some days at his former home here last week.

Miss Jessie Hains returned from Chatham on Thursday after a pleasant visit of two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. John Guston of Moncton were in town last week, guests of the former's sister Miss Kate Sutton.

MONCTON.

[Programme is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Bookstore, at the Central Bookstore and by Jones Bookstore.]

Aug. 21—The cool weather is having the effect of recalling most of the summer resort-visitors, to their several homes.

Mrs. Denier and daughter returned on Thursday from Shelburne Cape, where they have been spending the summer.

Miss Mary Stronach, who has been paying a long visit to friends at Shelburne Cape, returned last week to her home in Moncton.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Harris and family and Mrs. C. W. Chandler and daughter have also returned from their summer cottage at the same place.

Mrs. and Miss Chipman returned on Saturday from Shediac, where they have been spending a week.

Mrs. E. A. Record of East Medford, Mass., who is spending some weeks with her sister, Mrs. J. L. Harris, returned last week from a short visit to relatives in Dorchester.

Mrs. C. T. Nevins and children have been visiting relatives in St. John.

Mrs. Winnie Williams left town last week to spend some weeks in St. Andrew's visiting friends.

Miss Wilson of St. John, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Faulkner of Alma street.

Mrs. H. E. Arnold of Oxford, N. S., is visiting her mother, Mrs. Brown of Bedford street.

Rev. George M. Campbell of Charlottetown formerly pastor of the Central Methodist church here, preached in the Wesley Memorial church on Sunday morning and evening. Mr. Campbell was the guest of Mrs. G. R. Banister of Highfield street, during his stay in Moncton.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Chandler and children left town on Thursday to spend a week at Campbellton.

Mrs. A. M. Burgess, deputy minister of the interior, accompanied by Mrs. Burgess and children, returned home on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Buckley for some days past, Mr. Frank Phinney who has been with a geological survey party in Nova Scotia, left Eltoncourt on Saturday on his bicycle for Richibucto.

Mr. P. Burke of Kingston has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James Buckley for some days past.

Mr. Andrew Dunn is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Allen, at Dalhousie Junction.

Mr. C. H. Hall of St. John came from Kingston this morning on his bicycle in two hours and twenty minutes.

Mr. J. H. Marrie, who has been spending some weeks in St. John, the guest of her mother, Mrs. R. W. Moore, returned home last week.

Miss Louise of St. John, Albert county, is visiting Dr. and Mrs. Bradley of Alma street.

The many friends of Mr. B. A. Smith, who has been so seriously ill with typhoid fever, will be glad to hear that he is making steady, though slow progress towards recovery.

Mrs. G. B. Record of Dorchester, is spending a few days in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Harris of Queen street.

Mrs. Thomas Williams and little daughter returned last week from a two months visit to St. Andrew's.

Mr. and Mrs. William Barnes, who have been spending some months at Mrs. Barnes' home on the St. John river, returned to Moncton on Thursday last.

Dr. Charles Webster of Edinburgh University arrived in Moncton by the English mail special Saturday, and spent some time in town before proceeding to his home in Shediac, where he will remain several weeks.

Mr. H. Hooper, brother of Rev. H. Hooper, is in town spending a few days at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hudson.

Miss Margie Entwistle, who has been spending a year with her sister, Mrs. G. H. Hawkins of Lunenburg, N. S., returned last week, and is being very warmly welcomed here by her many friends.

Mrs. F. R. Brown and daughters, who have been spending the summer at Shediac, returned home on Thursday last.

The numerous friends of Mrs. J. de Wolfe Spurr, who is a former resident of Moncton and still occupies a very high place in the hearts of her old friends.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

Short Season, Commencing Monday, Aug. 26th.

ZERA



SEMON

WITH HIS WONDERFUL SLOW.

ADMISSION TO ALL PARTS OF THE HOUSE, 25c. NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR SEATS.

day morning on his bicycle for Richibucto to spend his vacation. Mr. Robert Saurier left by train on Monday for Saint-Jovite, N. S., for three weeks' visit.

Mr. Frank Phinney who has been with a geological survey party in Nova Scotia, left Eltoncourt on Saturday on his bicycle for Richibucto.

Mr. P. Burke of Kingston has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James Buckley for some days past.

Mr. Andrew Dunn is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Allen, at Dalhousie Junction.

Mr. C. H. Hall of St. John came from Kingston this morning on his bicycle in two hours and twenty minutes.

Mr. J. H. Marrie, who has been spending some weeks in St. John, the guest of her mother, Mrs. R. W. Moore, returned home last week.

Miss Louise of St. John, Albert county, is visiting Dr. and Mrs. Bradley of Alma street.

The many friends of Mr. B. A. Smith, who has been so seriously ill with typhoid fever, will be glad to hear that he is making steady, though slow progress towards recovery.

Mrs. G. B. Record of Dorchester, is spending a few days in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Harris of Queen street.

Mrs. Thomas Williams and little daughter returned last week from a two months visit to St. Andrew's.

Mr. and Mrs. William Barnes, who have been spending some months at Mrs. Barnes' home on the St. John river, returned to Moncton on Thursday last.

Dr. Charles Webster of Edinburgh University arrived in Moncton by the English mail special Saturday, and spent some time in town before proceeding to his home in Shediac, where he will remain several weeks.

Mr. H. Hooper, brother of Rev. H. Hooper, is in town spending a few days at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hudson.

Miss Margie Entwistle, who has been spending a year with her sister, Mrs. G. H. Hawkins of Lunenburg, N. S., returned last week, and is being very warmly welcomed here by her many friends.

Mrs. F. R. Brown and daughters, who have been spending the summer at Shediac, returned home on Thursday last.

The numerous friends of Mrs. J. de Wolfe Spurr, who is a former resident of Moncton and still occupies a very high place in the hearts of her old friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hudson, who have been spending the summer at Shediac, returned home on Thursday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hudson, who have been spending the summer at Shediac, returned home on Thursday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hudson, who have been spending the summer at Shediac, returned home on Thursday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hudson, who have been spending the summer at Shediac, returned home on Thursday last.

Have Your Splint Chairs Reupholstered and Repaired at Once!

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25c per box.

Hood's Pills are habitually constipating. Price 25c per box.

Hood's Pills are habitually constipating. Price 25c per box.

Hood's Pills are habitually constipating. Price 25c per box.

Hood's Pills are habitually constipating. Price 25c per box.

Hood's Pills are habitually constipating. Price 25c per box.

Hood's Pills are habitually constipating. Price 25c per box.

Hood's Pills are habitually constipating. Price 25c per box.

Hood's Pills are habitually constipating. Price 25c per box.

Hood's Pills are habitually constipating. Price 25c per box.

Ladies! Ladies!

Ladies are you aware that the pretty little Terrier, Pug or Spaniel that you or your children love in your arms, as well as the cat or other pet bird singing so blithely in its cage, have on their bodies, scabs, humors, and all sorts of these loathsome parasites. Washing, no



matter how carefully done will not remove them. Protect yourself and children by using SHIVER'S INSECT POWDER, the most certain destroyer of insect life known, yet harmless to the most delicate child. Retail druggists and country merchants.

WOLEBAY: S. McDIARMID and S. BARKER & SONS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Now: If your druggist is out of stock send to W. Lamberton, 70, St. John Street, Surgeons, St. John, N. B. One box 50c. Five boxes \$1.00; twelve boxes \$2.25. Sent post paid on receipt of money.

For Tickets, Sleeping Car Accommodations, etc. enquire at office, Club's Corner and at stations.

D. McNICOLL, Gen'l Pass' Agent, Montreal. A. E. ROYAN, District Pass' Agent, St. John, N. B.

INFORMATION

INFORMATION gives weekly, items covering every phase of current thought, life and research. What would in the newspaper take columns of space is here condensed in a brief article, giving the essence of the theme, with the latest and best information obtainable. The new living topics of current interest the world over are here presented in a form for instant reference.

invaluable for the busy man, for libraries, public and private, for schools, colleges, educational circles, etc.

SAMPLE COPY FREE. PUBLISHED BY The Transatlantic Publishing Company, 63 Fifth Avenue, New York.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

TRANSCONTINENTAL Dining Car Line.

PACIFIC EXPRESS leaves St. John, N. B. at 4.00 P. M. for and arriving in Montreal at 8.30 P. M. for and arriving in Toronto, Chicago, Detroit, Winnipeg, and all points West, North West and the Pacific Coast.

Canadian Pacific Sleeper, St. John to Montreal, and Dining Car, St. John to Brownville Junction, N. B.

Wednesday's train connects with Weekly Tourist Sleeper, Montreal to Seattle and Pacific Coast.

For Tickets, Sleeping Car Accommodations, etc. enquire at office, Club's Corner and at stations.

D. McNICOLL, Gen'l Pass' Agent, Montreal. A. E. ROYAN, District Pass' Agent, St. John, N. B.

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1895.

DO NOT WANT THE CROSS

THE STORY OF SOME ORNAMENTS IN A HALIFAX CHURCH.

Brass Cross and Gorgeous Candlesticks Were too High for the Congregation—Where the Lamp Was First Drawn and How the Low Church Idea Prevailed.

HALIFAX, Aug. 22. In the western suburbs of this city there is a congregation of the Church of England—St. Matthias church. The people are sturdy churchmen, fairly well-to-do, some of them comparatively wealthy, and nearly all possessing more than the average of intelligence.

As far back as the year 1888 Rev. Clarence W. McCully, who afterwards will be remembered at Frederickton, was minister in charge at St. Matthias. The church was young then, and it had not formed a decided character either as low or high.

Next week PROGRESS will tell something about the highest church in Halifax and one of the highest in Canada so those say who know something about the subject.

It was a somewhat peculiar way in which that cross disappeared. The church was being decorated on a special occasion and the committee decided that the work could not be satisfactorily performed with the cross upon the table.

NO MONEY FOR AUTHORS

THE MARKET FOR FICTION SAID TO BE VERY DULL.

Cheap Magazines and Their Methods Have Had a Degrading Effect—Reduction of Fixed Charges Is the Study of Men Who Publish Magazines—Writing For Glory.

"Short-story writing for the American market," remarked an experienced fiction maker, "has become a poor trade. It is perhaps not so hard as brick laying but I doubt if it pays so well. Several causes have conspired to bring about this condition but the principal one has been the reduction of a number of the old magazines in price, and the starting of various new ones, also sold at a low price.

"In the getting up of a magazine there are certain fixed charges, for manuscript, illustration, composition, &c., which are the same whether 1,000 or 100,000 copies are printed. They constitute a percentage on the actual cost of each individual copy printed, which becomes minute when spread over a big edition, but is enormous upon a small one.

Another important discovery is recorded as having resulted from the unintentional application of intense heat. Charles Good-year had for years experimented in vain, hoping to deprive india-rubber of its susceptibility to the action of heat and cold.

By a new process, the famous Windsor salt is given to the public absolutely pure. No lime, all salt, makes food taste better. Saves money. Ask your grocer for Windsor Table Salt.

DISCOVERED BY ACCIDENT

FURTHER INSTANCES OF WHAT SEEM VERY LIKE MOST FORTUNATE CHANCES.

Quicksilver was discovered by a lucky chance. A cooper, in Carniola, having placed a new tub under a dropping spring, in order to try if it would hold water, when he came in the morning found it so heavy that he could hardly move it.

The idea of using gas as being lighter than air for balloons is said to have been suggested to Jacques Montgolfier by a work of Priestley's. It is also narrated that one day, while boiling water in a coffee-pot, the top of which was covered with paper folded in spherical form, Montgolfier saw the paper swell and rise, and that he took the idea of a light machine made buoyant by inflation, and traversing the air.

Another important discovery was made by purely accidental circumstances. Cornelius Drebbel placed in his window some extract of cochineal, with which he intended to fill a thermometer; into this some aqua-regia, dropped from a broken phial, fell just above it, and Drebbel's purple liquid was converted into a beautiful scarlet one.

At Stanley Farm, situated a few miles from Burslem (now the very centre of the potteries district), a maid-servant was one day heating a strong solution of common salt, to be used in curing pork. During her temporary absence from the kitchen the liquid boiled over. Being in an unglazed earthen vessel, the solution, spreading over the outside, produced a chemical action which she little understood, and which did not compensate her for the scolding she received.

By a new process, the famous Windsor salt is given to the public absolutely pure. No lime, all salt, makes food taste better. Saves money. Ask your grocer for Windsor Table Salt.

Midsummer Sale

IN OUR LADIES' ROOM. Ribbed Vests. Cellular Vests, SOMETHING NEW. Very fine, gauzy Cotton, woven in cells. German manufacture. All Sizes at 55c. each.

Ladies' and Girl's Corsets at 75c. Pair. All odds and ends of the season's selling now marked at this price to clear, including qualities which have so far and are good value at \$1.25 a pair, now marked down to 75c. All sizes, 18 to 30 inches.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

lication that is no doubt the ideal thing for the publishers of cheap magazines. It never paid a dollar for manuscript. The shrewd Yankee who started it calculated upon the vanity of New England youth impelling them to supply all the stories, sketches, and verses he could use for no other payment than the felicity of seeing their names attached to their printed effusions, and he was not disappointed.

Another important discovery is recorded as having resulted from the unintentional application of intense heat. Charles Good-year had for years experimented in vain, hoping to deprive india-rubber of its susceptibility to the action of heat and cold.

Two abundant sources of cheap supply remain to them, the hack writer and the syndicate. The former is not untruly a man of considerable ability who, for reasons purely personal, into which it is hardly need to inquire too closely, is willing to do any sort of work, with more or less regularity, for a very small weekly stipend.

"The syndicates have done a great deal to reduce the author's chances for a livelihood. While they themselves generally pay pretty fair prices for matter, they furnish it to weekly papers, cheap magazines, and Sunday editions of newspapers, broadcast, at exceedingly low rates.

"Boston has had, for many years, a publication—all these hapless ones crowd the mart and by their multitudinous industry swamp one another. The cheap publisher who buys matter at all offers them what prices he pleases, and they often under pressure of immediate want and always with the illusive hope of better prices when their names are better known, accept what he is pleased to give.

Demorest's Family Magazine used to pay, when it was a 20-cent publication, from \$5 to \$7 50 per thousand words for its fiction, and before this scramble for cheapness seemed to be a good property. But when it came down in price with the rest of all its most heroic efforts at economy served to bring success, and now it has passed into the hands of the Arkells, who promise to put new life into it. Up to this change it belonged to Mr. Demorest, who was the prohibition candidate for president once and rather famous for his somewhat pronounced views on temperance.

There is a curious case reported in Dr. Darwin's "Zoonomia," which shows to what lengths the imagination may be carried in this particular. A young farmer in Warwickshire, finding his hedges broken and the sticks carried away during a frosty season, determined to watch for the thief. He lay many cold hours under a haystack, and at length an old woman approached and began to pull up the hedge. He waited till she had tied up her sprang and was carrying them off, when he sprang from his concealment, and seized her prey with violent threats. The woman dropped her load, and kneeling upon the ground, with her arms raised to heaven beneath the bright moon, then at the full, said to the farmer, altho' shivering with cold:

"Heaven grant that thou mayest never know again the blessing to be worn! He went home, complained of cold all the next day, and wore an extra coat and in a few days another, and in a fortnight took his bed, always saying nothing made him warm. He covered himself with many blankets and had a sieve over his face as he lay, and from this insane idea he kept his bed above twenty years for fear of the cold air, till at length he died.

"The time was that when a recognized author failed to sell a story to a first-class magazine, which he might do for various reasons altogether independent of any question of merit in the story, he could still dispose of it at a little reduction of value to one of the second class; or even if it was a poor story, a mere pot boiler, unfit for the second class, there were yet others, and the weekly story papers in which he might place it—perhaps under a nom de plume. But now, it falls on the first class there is an end for that work. The others have been practically wiped out, so far as he is concerned.

"Harping would be a better business than story writing, if it were not for the Sunday law," was the conclusion of the fiction maker.

IMAGINARY ILLNESSES. People who have been considered Sick Because They Thought They Were. One would think that the pains and penalties of illness were such that no one would voluntarily imitate them, and pretend to ailments that have no foundation in fact, says an English paper. Yet any doctor of the slightest experience can tell of patients suffering—or pretending to suffer—from illnesses which exist solely in their own imagination. It would manifestly be unkind to class all such invalids as cheats, knowingly playing a false game, for, undoubtedly, in many instances, the malingerer is acting in perfect good faith, and really believes in the actuality of the complaint from which he or she is supposed to be suffering.

Sometimes the unreality of the illness in such a case is unexpectedly demonstrated, it may be to the invalid's great surprise. Here is an instance. A lady had been confined to her bed for many months with an illness which wholly deprived her of the use of her lower limbs. The doctor who attended her failed to discover the nature of the affection, which might ordinarily have been attributable to several well-known causes. Examination, however, revealed nothing calculated to throw a light on the matter, and the medical practitioner, after patient and exhaustive analysis and attention, came to the conclusion that the illness was imaginary.

Although discreetly kept this opinion to himself, proof was eventually forthcoming as to the accuracy of his view. Being litred in the sheets out of her bed one day, while the mattress was rearranged, the lady surprised her attendants by suddenly jumping from the couch on which she had been temporarily placed, with a loud expression of alarm. It was discovered that she had been laid upon a work-pad inadvertently left on the sofa, and that the sharp points of several needles had pressed violently into her back. The contrivance revealed the fact that she could stand on her legs with comparative ease.

There is a curious case reported in Dr. Darwin's "Zoonomia," which shows to what lengths the imagination may be carried in this particular. A young farmer in Warwickshire, finding his hedges broken and the sticks carried away during a frosty season, determined to watch for the thief. He lay many cold hours under a haystack, and at length an old woman approached and began to pull up the hedge. He waited till she had tied up her sprang and was carrying them off, when he sprang from his concealment, and seized her prey with violent threats. The woman dropped her load, and kneeling upon the ground, with her arms raised to heaven beneath the bright moon, then at the full, said to the farmer, altho' shivering with cold:

"Heaven grant that thou mayest never know again the blessing to be worn! He went home, complained of cold all the next day, and wore an extra coat and in a few days another, and in a fortnight took his bed, always saying nothing made him warm. He covered himself with many blankets and had a sieve over his face as he lay, and from this insane idea he kept his bed above twenty years for fear of the cold air, till at length he died.

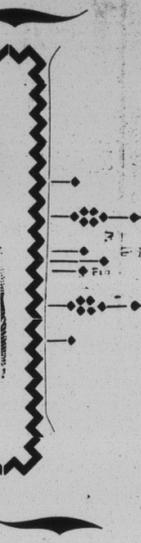
PERHAPS YOU'RE THINKING

of Autumn clothes. Your Spring ones if cleaned or dyed will be just the thing. Of course they must be done up well, and that's the reason you should send them to UNGAR'S. Nothing is slighted there, but everything receives the care and attention necessary to satisfying the public.

UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS. 25-34 Waterloo St., 65-70 Barrington St., St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S.

TUTE.

y, Aug. 26th.



SHOW.

CHARGE FOR SEATS.

at about nine o'clock in the evening again shortly become a vivid pink and blue and then purple. The flowers to Queen honor it was named.

First Water.

nce, who wheels round in a chair, is said to be the only one in the world. He has a sail, and gets on the wind, when it is at right. The Ten printed on the sail, and are used for the charts. These charts, when shown when time is short, but is disappointed in all, which frightens all, and owing to the wind, often retards progress.

INATION

OF CURRENT EVENTS.

weekly, items covering current thought, what would in the minds of space is here article, giving the latest news, with the latest and available. The new interest of the world in a form for

BY FREE

ublishing Company, New York.

IAN RIC RY

Continental Line.

St. John, N. B. St. John, N. B. St. John, N. B.

St. John, N. B. St. John, N. B. St. John, N. B.

Sunday Reading.

STUDY OF THE BIBLE.

Reasons for the Attention that should be Given to it or Education.

There seems to have been late something almost like a concerted effort to draw attention to the literary aspects of the bible. Of books recently published on the subject we may mention "The Literary Study of the Bible," by Prof. R. G. Moulton, and the selection of passages from the bible, with special reference to their literary beauty and interest, made by Mr. Fraser, one of the fellows of Trinity college, Cambridge. It is significant also that, in the series of "English Lyrics" now publishing, no less than two volumes are devoted to "Lyrics from the bible." No one can say that too much space is thus given to the book, which, if nothing else, is a great glory of English literature, and in which the "lyrical cry" is so sustained and haunting.

Nor can any one say that the bible, both as literature and in literature, does not need far more attention than it is receiving in current educational methods, whether of the family, the Sunday school or the college. That is to say, it surely needs it if its beauties and grandeur are to remain a part of one common literary tradition, and if the aroma of it and allusions to it which pervade our literature are not to become meaningless to readers. A striking, almost appalling, article on "Ignorance respecting the bible," by a college president, was published in the Independent last November. In it he gave the results of a test he had made of the Biblical knowledge of a freshman class of thirty-four men. They came from the best homes of New York, Ohio and Pennsylvania; yet, when confronted with twenty-two allusions to the bible in Tennyson's poems, betrayed astounding ignorance.

Less than one-half the allusions, nearly all of which were perfectly obvious, were correctly explained in their answers. The line, "For I have flung these pearls and found them swine," was commented upon by one sagacious youth, "The Devil was adjured into swine." Another explained the phrase, "marked me even as Cain," by informing the examiner that Cain was a farmer and had to work hard, hence his "mark." These are but specimens of the grotesque misunderstanding of Biblical phraseology and story displayed by what must be considered an exceptionally intelligent body of young men. How long will it be before learned scholars will be asked to interpret to our generation the Biblical allusions with which our literature is saturated, and which, to the minds of fifty years ago, saturated with the Bible, appealed with swift illumination and suggestiveness?

One difficulty, it must be confessed, lies in general conditions as much as in anything peculiar to the Bible. That book we do not carry in our minds any more as a familiar friend, but neither do we carry any more; we have indexes. In the comparison were made between an intimate knowledge of the Bible and an intimate knowledge of the classics, the latter would be found to have lamentably decayed as much as the other. The wonderful Renaissance memory, wax to receive and marble to retain, could safely challenge the doubter to put a dagger to the owner's heart and strike home if verbal slip could be detected in any given passage of Tacitus or Horace.

There are no such giants in these days of Jaribuch and Zeitschrift. The Bible is thus suffering in good company. If you have a good concordance, what more do you need in an age that does not care to know a thing, but only to know where you can find it?

But there are, of course, special reasons why the Bible has ceased to be the essential part of mental furniture that it once was to all English-speaking men and women. One of them, and a most powerful one, is the almost complete turning over of Biblical instructions to the Sunday-school, and the almost complete disappearance, even in Christian families, from the old place in daily reading and regular memorizing. We know, of course, that the scheme of Sunday-school lessons contemplates covering the whole Bible—or those parts of it fit to be taught children—in seven years. We as know well of the scheme for daily readings meant to go with the Sunday recitations. But we know also that, as a rule, these projected readings and this comprehensive plan of study are not carried out at all, with the result of giving children a most chaotic and fragmentary idea of the Bible. We say nothing here of the failure to teach the body of well ascertained truths about the Bible, its history and manner of composition. That is a scandalous thing, morally, but it has little to do with the literary appreciation of the Bible. What we do say, however, is that broken, haphazard, come-and-go methods of Bible teaching in Sunday-schools are so successful as if they were designed with deadly ingenuity for that very purpose, in destroying all rational appreciation of the Bible as literature, and in making it a happy-go-lucky collection of "golden texts" and strange and disconnected promises and threatnings, and moralities, without form and void.

Probably nine-tenths of the college students referred to above had gone through at least two seven-year cycles in Sunday school lessons. What profit did they get, except to give their ignorance the special charm of confusion and grotesqueness? Jacob served seven years for a wife, and at least got a wife, if not the one he wanted; but most of our seven-year Sunday-school scholars emerge from the period with little or nothing to show for their time.

The question arises, how much better will the purely literary method of Bible study succeed—succeed, we mean, in storing to the mind with the felicitous and pictu-

temporal dominance of the Church. Christ interprets the Reformation by the spiritual power lodged in Luther and Calvin and Wycliff and Knox; and the Romish hierarchy fell in spite of the heroic loyalty of Ignatius Loyola and "the trifling heads and the corrupted hearts" of those who then sat in the Papal chair, so that the remark of De Lamennais has in it a sublime Christian judgment: "O! what avail are the pygmy hands stretched forth to arrest the progress of the human race?"

Meanwhile let us try our lips at ascribing daily praise to our dear Redeemer, not as a mere prophet and martyr, but as a slain and risen Lord, whose life brought life to life, whose death put death to death, whose crimson blood washes crimson stains away! What a sublime and encouraging thought for us who make much of the statement both in our theology and our heartfelt love, that the saints of heaven can find no higher thing to praise and no sweeter thing to sing than the sacrificial death of Him who on this cross made propitiation for our sins!

THE SILVER SHOE.

Chinese Parable about a Lad Who Used to Be Fond of Making Music.

The Rev. J. Hudson Taylor tells a Chinese parable about a lad who was employed as a house servant and went about singing all the time, and somewhat boisterously. His mistress, whose nerves were none too well balanced, complained to her husband that Ah Sing had quite too much 'sing' in his composition; that he sang night and day, upstairs and down, outdoors and in, and that her request to him to stop his noise had no effect even in moderating his melodies.

Her husband replied that, if she desired it, he thought he could put an end to Ah Sing's music without adopting any severely repressive measures. So he went into the barn and hid, down in the bottom of the bran box, a silver shoe weighing about fifty ounces. He then had the boy shovel out the bran and remove it to another place. Ah Sing began his work, and as he came to the bottom of the bin, brought up on his shovel something unusually heavy. The bran being brushed away the shining shoe was revealed. Ah Sing, who like most Chinese youths, knew little of the distinction between 'mine' and 'thine' looked on the silver treasure with no little amazement. He was suddenly made rich. Visions of great wealth and luxury were suggested to his imagination by that shining shoe. Somebody had left it in the bran—he said to himself—and forgotten it, and when the bran was brought and brought to the barn all traces were lost of the owner.

Without hesitation, Ah Sing appropriated the suddenly-acquired fortune, and the next question was what to do with it. If he buried it, someone might notice the earth newly turned up, and suspect hidden treasure. If he hid it in the haystack, it might be observed that the haystack had been situated, or the cattle might eat into it and distribute the precious ingot. He tried one way after another to husband his silver wealth and guard it from other eyes. He put it in various successive hiding places but could not be content to let it remain. He would come down at midnight to change its place of concealment. But from the silver shoe he found that silver shoe he lost his ingot. He went about no longer singing or light-hearted; he looked troubled, and appeared as one who bore a burden of anxiety. The fact was, he had a secret, a guilty secret, and so he had no more singing, his heart was heavy, and he weighed but fifty ounces, was to heavy for Ah Sing to carry.

He not only lost his song, but his rest, his sleep, his appetite, his health; he began to get pale and thin, and his mistress became anxious for him. She said to her husband one day, "My dear, what have you done to that boy? He not only does not sing any more, but he has lost his health, and I fear, is going into a decline." "Wife," answered her husband, "if you desire, I think I can bring back his song. So he said to Ah Sing, "What did you do with that silver shoe that left in the bran box? When you found it, you knew it was not yours. Why did you not bring it to me, and tell me about it. Now run along Ah Sing, and bring it to me, for I know all about it." So the boy, knowing that his secret was a secret no longer, went and brought out the precious ingot, from its hiding place, and delivered it to its proper owner. Scarcely twenty-four hours had gone by before Ah Sing was himself again, and went about singing as before. He had got rid of the burdensome treasure and the secret that weighed on his conscience, and now he was well and happy again.

"Vain is it for us to hope to carry a true song if we are bearing a burden of conscious guilt."—Christian Herald.

CHRIST IS THE CENTRE.

All The World's History Revolves Around The Saviour's Personality.

The following short sermon is by Rev. Dr. W. J. Harsh, pastor of the Second Collegiate Church, New York. The text is from Revelation v. 7: "And he came and took the book out of the right hand of him that sat upon the throne."

We learn, first of all, that the true and only interpreter of history is Christ. In our devout studies, as well as in the heavenly scene, He is the only being who dares to look upon the book and take it in his hands, engaging to unfold its mysteries. Christ is the solution of history! As you have seen the Emancipation Proclamation done in ink so as to give the portrait of Abraham Lincoln so all the writing on the scroll held out to the world by the hand of God may be resolved into the living lineaments of the Redeemer's face. The perplexing things of the world's progress, the strange delays of God to interpose against sin, the seemingly blind drift of nations upon the rocks of vice and luxury, the otherwise unaccountable spread and dominion of false religions, are all to be explained on the principle that God has timed all things in the interests of His Christ. As the planets revolve around the sun, each at its own distance and with its own advantages of heat and light, so do all ages and all nations revolve around Christ the Son of Righteousness, contributing consciously or unconsciously, directly or indirectly, their own proper elements to His glory. Christ interprets the early Christian centuries by means of the persecutions, for they alone throw a clear light upon such characters as Nero, Domitian, Trajan and Diocletian. Christ interprets the pre-medieval ages by means of the councils of the Church, especially the four which were directed against the four great heresies and established the four potential adjectives in apologetics, viz: "truly," "perfectly," "individually," and "distinctly," meaning that Christ was truly God, perfectly man, indivisibly God and man, and distinctly God and man.

Christ interprets the medieval ages by means of the monasteries, which preserved learning, fostered the lovely instinct of chivalry, molded generous impulses, opposed the despotism of kings, regulated the turbulence of aristocracies and made possible such saints as Anselm and Bernard. Christ interprets the period we call the Renaissance by means of His unspringing life of thought, by the unstarred germination of His gospel in such hearts as those of Savonarola and Huss, St. Bonaventura and St. Theresa, St. Thomas and San Carlo Borromeo. The blow which the Roman soldier inflicted upon the cheek of Christ explains the blow with which William de Nogaret marked the pale brow of Boniface VIII., and to all time typifies the revuls of the heart against goodness, as well as the rebellion of States against the

temporal dominance of the Church. Christ interprets the Reformation by the spiritual power lodged in Luther and Calvin and Wycliff and Knox; and the Romish hierarchy fell in spite of the heroic loyalty of Ignatius Loyola and "the trifling heads and the corrupted hearts" of those who then sat in the Papal chair, so that the remark of De Lamennais has in it a sublime Christian judgment: "O! what avail are the pygmy hands stretched forth to arrest the progress of the human race?"

Meanwhile let us try our lips at ascribing daily praise to our dear Redeemer, not as a mere prophet and martyr, but as a slain and risen Lord, whose life brought life to life, whose death put death to death, whose crimson blood washes crimson stains away! What a sublime and encouraging thought for us who make much of the statement both in our theology and our heartfelt love, that the saints of heaven can find no higher thing to praise and no sweeter thing to sing than the sacrificial death of Him who on this cross made propitiation for our sins!

THE SILVER SHOE.

Chinese Parable about a Lad Who Used to Be Fond of Making Music.

The Rev. J. Hudson Taylor tells a Chinese parable about a lad who was employed as a house servant and went about singing all the time, and somewhat boisterously. His mistress, whose nerves were none too well balanced, complained to her husband that Ah Sing had quite too much 'sing' in his composition; that he sang night and day, upstairs and down, outdoors and in, and that her request to him to stop his noise had no effect even in moderating his melodies.

Her husband replied that, if she desired it, he thought he could put an end to Ah Sing's music without adopting any severely repressive measures. So he went into the barn and hid, down in the bottom of the bran box, a silver shoe weighing about fifty ounces. He then had the boy shovel out the bran and remove it to another place. Ah Sing began his work, and as he came to the bottom of the bin, brought up on his shovel something unusually heavy. The bran being brushed away the shining shoe was revealed. Ah Sing, who like most Chinese youths, knew little of the distinction between 'mine' and 'thine' looked on the silver treasure with no little amazement. He was suddenly made rich. Visions of great wealth and luxury were suggested to his imagination by that shining shoe. Somebody had left it in the bran—he said to himself—and forgotten it, and when the bran was brought and brought to the barn all traces were lost of the owner.

Without hesitation, Ah Sing appropriated the suddenly-acquired fortune, and the next question was what to do with it. If he buried it, someone might notice the earth newly turned up, and suspect hidden treasure. If he hid it in the haystack, it might be observed that the haystack had been situated, or the cattle might eat into it and distribute the precious ingot. He tried one way after another to husband his silver wealth and guard it from other eyes. He put it in various successive hiding places but could not be content to let it remain. He would come down at midnight to change its place of concealment. But from the silver shoe he found that silver shoe he lost his ingot. He went about no longer singing or light-hearted; he looked troubled, and appeared as one who bore a burden of anxiety. The fact was, he had a secret, a guilty secret, and so he had no more singing, his heart was heavy, and he weighed but fifty ounces, was to heavy for Ah Sing to carry.

He not only lost his song, but his rest, his sleep, his appetite, his health; he began to get pale and thin, and his mistress became anxious for him. She said to her husband one day, "My dear, what have you done to that boy? He not only does not sing any more, but he has lost his health, and I fear, is going into a decline." "Wife," answered her husband, "if you desire, I think I can bring back his song. So he said to Ah Sing, "What did you do with that silver shoe that left in the bran box? When you found it, you knew it was not yours. Why did you not bring it to me, and tell me about it. Now run along Ah Sing, and bring it to me, for I know all about it." So the boy, knowing that his secret was a secret no longer, went and brought out the precious ingot, from its hiding place, and delivered it to its proper owner. Scarcely twenty-four hours had gone by before Ah Sing was himself again, and went about singing as before. He had got rid of the burdensome treasure and the secret that weighed on his conscience, and now he was well and happy again.

"Vain is it for us to hope to carry a true song if we are bearing a burden of conscious guilt."—Christian Herald.

CHRIST IS THE CENTRE.

All The World's History Revolves Around The Saviour's Personality.

The following short sermon is by Rev. Dr. W. J. Harsh, pastor of the Second Collegiate Church, New York. The text is from Revelation v. 7: "And he came and took the book out of the right hand of him that sat upon the throne."

We learn, first of all, that the true and only interpreter of history is Christ. In our devout studies, as well as in the heavenly scene, He is the only being who dares to look upon the book and take it in his hands, engaging to unfold its mysteries. Christ is the solution of history! As you have seen the Emancipation Proclamation done in ink so as to give the portrait of Abraham Lincoln so all the writing on the scroll held out to the world by the hand of God may be resolved into the living lineaments of the Redeemer's face. The perplexing things of the world's progress, the strange delays of God to interpose against sin, the seemingly blind drift of nations upon the rocks of vice and luxury, the otherwise unaccountable spread and dominion of false religions, are all to be explained on the principle that God has timed all things in the interests of His Christ. As the planets revolve around the sun, each at its own distance and with its own advantages of heat and light, so do all ages and all nations revolve around Christ the Son of Righteousness, contributing consciously or unconsciously, directly or indirectly, their own proper elements to His glory. Christ interprets the early Christian centuries by means of the persecutions, for they alone throw a clear light upon such characters as Nero, Domitian, Trajan and Diocletian. Christ interprets the pre-medieval ages by means of the councils of the Church, especially the four which were directed against the four great heresies and established the four potential adjectives in apologetics, viz: "truly," "perfectly," "individually," and "distinctly," meaning that Christ was truly God, perfectly man, indivisibly God and man, and distinctly God and man.

Christ interprets the medieval ages by means of the monasteries, which preserved learning, fostered the lovely instinct of chivalry, molded generous impulses, opposed the despotism of kings, regulated the turbulence of aristocracies and made possible such saints as Anselm and Bernard. Christ interprets the period we call the Renaissance by means of His unspringing life of thought, by the unstarred germination of His gospel in such hearts as those of Savonarola and Huss, St. Bonaventura and St. Theresa, St. Thomas and San Carlo Borromeo. The blow which the Roman soldier inflicted upon the cheek of Christ explains the blow with which William de Nogaret marked the pale brow of Boniface VIII., and to all time typifies the revuls of the heart against goodness, as well as the rebellion of States against the

In short, Christian charity sees in the individual that which God needs in his perfect world and trains it for that high end. There is more Christian charity in teaching a trade than in alms, in finding work than in relieving want.—F. G. Peabody.

Religion for Young Men.

Shall I speak of the beauty of holiness in youth? I fancy that young men are, most of all, inclined to feel shy of the whole thing; to some it savours of grave restrictions to others of a sort of cant. All very proper for a divinity student, but for a young man looking forward to the common work and pleasure of the world, and rejoicing in vigorous youth—with its keen sense of life; youth brave and skilful in many sport; youth just entering on the strong work and strong temptations of the world—it is just in such a life that earnest unaffected religiousness brings the very finest grace of real manhood. It would not make him weak, but gentle and helpful with its strength; it would not lessen pleasure, but keep it sweet and wholesome; the more meretricious laugh that comes from me through the halls of memory is that of one of my early friends who always seemed to me the most like Christ of all I ever knew. Religion—earnest, unashamed religion—does not make a young man less brave, but more; adding to more nerve and pluck that finer courage which can stand up squarely against wrong; say "No!" to profanity and dissipation, and say it so as to be respected. And so, to the whole opening life religion gives a richer zest, a finer appreciation of all things great and good, and that interest in higher things which brings to the front the strong and helpful men of each new generation.—Rev. Brooke Herford.

Drawn From Life.

Nothing is more noticeable in the teaching of Jesus Christ than the simplicity and directness of his illustrations drawn from the common life of the common sort of common people, and its searching application of eternal truths to the evils, needs and duties of the age and country in which He lived. No preacher who has any proper sense of the force of the Master's example can fail to attempt to apply the ever old truth to the ever-new want of the world; and that pulpit which in any fair degree succeeds in this endeavor will be perpetually "new."

Blindness is not Philosophy.

The death of Professor Huxley recalls the fact that the late Professor Robertson Smith, while cordially recognizing Huxley's merits as a zoologist, was accustomed to speak with extreme scorn of philosophy. He said that Huxley and Tyndall could never have gained such influence as they had except in "an age indulgent beyond most others to ignorance which calls itself philosophy, and blindness which calls itself scientific doubt." Such a comment may sound severe, but it is surely the severity of justice.

A Message from God.

"Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering; (for he is faithful that promised); and let us consider one another to provoke unto love and to good works: not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is; but exhorting one another: and so much the more as we see the day approaching."—Heb 10: 23-25.

Where Laborers are few.

There is one Christian minister for every 900 of the people in Great Britain, and there is but one in every 114,000 in Japan, one in 165,000 in India, one in 222,000 in Africa, one in 437,000 in China.

Severe Weather Changes In August.

The Infants Claim Protection.

Lactated Food Keeps Them Strong and Healthy.

How varied the weather this month! We hear of robust men and women complaining loudly at the sudden changes. How about the poor, weak and helpless babies? Do we make proper efforts to secure health, rest and comfort for the little ones?

This work of helping and saving the babies is best done when we diet the precious ones in a sensible way. The babies depend upon proper food for good health. Every sensible mother and experienced physician will tell you that Lactated Food secures a perfect condition of health for the babies, especially in August weather. The plump, healthy little ones with firm flesh, hard muscles, rosy complexions, merry ways, are the babies who have been fed on Lactated Food.

Mothers, you cannot afford to trifle this month with infants' life. Use Lactated Food, and the dear ones will soon show strength and vigor. Dysentery, diarrhoea and cholera infantum have no terrors when the best of all foods is used from day to day.

If you have not given Lactated Food a trial, send to Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, and they will mail you (free of charge) a sample tin.

The Colonel and the Melon Thief.

A prominent colonel at Swainsboro had a water melon patch which has been raided by enterprising dawkies on several occasions. The Colonel missed so many melons that one night recently he seized a double barreled shotgun and repaired to his melon patch to await the coming of the thief. He soon saw what appeared to be the figure of a man, when he immediately opened fire.

At the report of the gun the fun commenced. The colonel thought he saw the man draw a revolver to return the fire, and this, together with other extreme excitement, so unnerved him that he forgot to fire the other barrel of his gun and dashed with all his might for his residence. He knew the front door was barred, so he made for the back door. But during his absence his wife had barred that door also. When

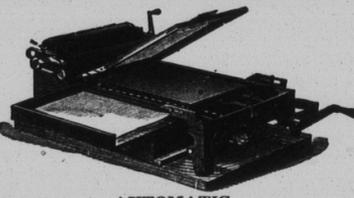
If You Wish to be

HAPPY

...KEEP YOUR EYE...

On This Space.

Modern Business Methods



Modern Business Facilities



Require.....

EDISON MIMEOGRAPH

The invention of MR. THOMAS A. EDISON, is an exponent of the best class of modern business facilities. It is a duplicating device of great capacity, simple construction and easy manipulation. It is arranged for duplicating either by both typewriting and handwriting. It will give 3000 copies of a typewritten letter or circular, all perfect. It will give 3000 copies of an autographed letter or circular, all perfect. It will do as much with a drawer, diagram or tabulated statement. The very name it bears is evidence that the Edison Mimeograph is first class in design and construction. It occupies a prominent place in the offices of over 150,000 users to-day. Success is its commendation. Send for catalogue and samples of work to

Ira Cornwall, - Gen'l Agent,

Board of Trade Building, Canterbury St., St. John, N. B.

he reached the door he was travelling at such a rapid rate he could not stop to unbar it, so he decided it wasn't much in the way anyhow, and as he dashed against it the door flew all the way across the room, striking the wall and shattering twelve window panes.

Investigation next morning on the scene of action developed the following facts: The melon patch is virtually ruined, it being torn to pieces by the Colonel and the thief, each doing his best to see who could get out first. The first leap the Colonel made he jumped clear from a det his hat, there is but one in every 114,000 in Japan, one in 165,000 in India, one in 222,000 in Africa, one in 437,000 in China.

As a matter of fact, our Sovereigns have rarely taken any active part in politics since George III's time; but they could still do some very astonishing things if they chose. The Queen could dismiss every Tommy Atkins in our Army, from the Commander-in-Chief to the youngest drummer-boy. She could disband the Navy in the same way, and sell all the ships, stores, and arsenals to the first customer that came along. Acting entirely on her own responsibility, she could declare war against any foreign Power, or make a present to any foreign Power of any part of the Empire. She could make every man, woman, and child in the country a peer of the realm, with the right, in the case of males who are of age, to a seat in the House of Lords. With a single word she could dismiss any Government that happened to be in power; and could, it is believed, pardon and liberate all the criminals in our gaols. These are a few of the things the Queen could do if she liked; but it is not necessary to say that Her Majesty never acts in matters of State except on the advice of the Government for the time being.—English Paper.

The Canary and the Dog.

J. P. Hounam, a stationer of Middleborough, England, opened the cage in which he keeps his canary recently to give the bird a little exercise. The bird flew to the backyard of Tate's eating house, where a large Newfoundland dog is kept. The dog opened its jaws wide and the canary flew straight into them, and its fate was apparently sealed, for the jaws closed and doggie licked his chops with relish. Immediately afterward, however, the dog was taken ill, and the canary was rescued and taken to its owner, under whose care it was restored. It was soon warbling briskly again, but since its experience it refuses to leave its cage.

The Talent of Success.

Believe me, the talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do, without a thought of fame. If it come at all, it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after; and, moreover, there will be no misgivings—no disappointment—no hasty, feverish, exhausting excitement.—Longfellow.

It Happened that way.

Jones—"A very unpleasant thing happened to me a few nights ago."

Smith—"Tell me all about it."

Jones—"It was at a social gathering. One feature of the entertainment was a

vocal solo by Miss Fowler. You know she has a dreadful voice, and I actually suffer when I have to listen to her, although personally we are quite friendly. I went into the next room and put my fingers in my ears. After a while somebody touched me on the shoulder. It was Miss Fowler herself. She said: "Why don't you take your fingers out of your ears. I quit singing ten minutes ago."

What Ho ses Won't Do.

A old cavalryman says that a horse will never step on a man intentionally. It is a standing order with cavalry that, should a man become dismounted, he must lie down and keep perfectly still. If he does so, the entire troop will pass over him without his being injured. A horse notices where he is going and is on the look-out for a firm foundation to put his foot on. It is a instinct with him therefore, to step over a prostrate man. The injuries caused to human beings by a runaway horse are nearly always inflicted by the animal knocking down and not by his stepping on them.

Birds that Dance.

According to Nature Notes, there can no longer be any doubt that birds are addicted to the dance. The bower-birds and the prairie fowl are adepts in the art, while the American grouse is a veritable master of ceremonies. It is the custom of these birds to prepare their ball-room by beating down the grass with their wings, and then to dance something suspiciously like the Lancers. By twos and fours they advance, bowing their heads and dropping their wings; then they recede and then advance again, and turn on their toes, swelling their feathers and clucking gently.

A GREAT DISCOVERY

Fast... For Cotton and Mixed Dyes... and Mixed Goods.

The Only Complete Dyes on the Market that Make Fast and Unfading Colors.

The Fast Diamond Dyes for Cotton and Mixed Goods (12 colors) are triumphs of science. They are new and important discoveries, controlled by Diamond Dyes, and are found in no other package dyes. They will color more goods than other package dyes, and make colors that are absolutely fast to light and washing. Be sure that you get Fast Diamond Dyes for Cotton and Mixed Goods, as they excel all others.

Sold everywhere. For Direction Book and Free samples of colored cloth free.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., Montreal, P. Q.



GUNS

Double barreled loader, \$5. Greener Bolt br. loader, \$6. Winchester Repeating Rifle, \$6. Robert Rides, \$6. Revolver, \$5. Lowest prices for reliable goods sent for catalogue. A. W. BOSTON, Montreal.

SOAP

or have it used on

without boiling or scalding

white and clean it makes

little hard work there

the wash. How white

it

hands.



SLATER'S SHOE

and value of them, when

system. Six shapes—all

PRICE ON THE SOLE.

FOR

D. L. 99

H &

SKIES

N. GIN

RS:-

RS, CO. LTD

N & DUBLIN.

Co.



SMALL BUT IMPORTANT.

LITTLE INVENTIONS LEADING TO LARGE FORTUNES.

The Origin of the Copper Toe on Children's Shoes—Big Money in the Shipping Tag—Puzzles and Toys, Including Pigs in Clover—Other Profitable Ideas.

No better examples of the importance of small things can be found than among the records at the United States Patent Office in Washington says an exchange: There are to be seen certain small objects which, by a lucky turn of affairs or perhaps by the ingenuity of the inventors, have become known throughout the world, and have been the means of filling the pockets both of the inventors and their representatives. In fact it would almost seem as if the inventors of small objects have been far better paid than skilled mechanics and engineers who have spent months and years in perfecting elaborate mechanisms. Certainly, in proportion to the amount of work done, the lot of the inventor of small objects is more to be desired than that of the man who spends the best part of his life over an elaborate machine, the merits of which are tardily recognized, not, perhaps, until the inventor, through worry and sickness, is in no condition to enjoy the fruits of his toil. It would seem also as if the inventors of small objects which have paid, have not, as a rule, been inventors by profession. They have been for the most part persons who by sheer luck have stumbled upon an idea which somebody else has recognized as a good one. Without the suggestion of this "somebody else," who is usually he one who profits, the great idea, though born, would rarely grow to maturity.

A story current at the Patent Office is told of an old farmer up in Maine. The children of the old fellow, like many of the children before and since, had a way of kicking the toes out of their shoes. The farmer was of an ingenious turn of mind, and he cut out a couple of copper strips for each pair of shoes, which were fastened over the toes and between the sole and the upper. The plan proved so successful that the farmer found that where he had been buying three pairs of shoes one pair would suffice. There happened along about this time a man from the city with an eye to business. He prevailed on the old man to have the idea patented. This was done, and between \$50,000 and \$100,000 was made out of it. How much of this the old man got is not known, but it is presumed that the promoter got the larger part. The record at the Patent Office shows only the drawing of the invention as patented on Jan. 5, 1858, by George A. Mitchell of Turner, Me.

Another similar invention which made a great deal of money was the metal button fastener for shoes, invented and introduced by Heaton of Providence, R. I. At the time it was considered a fine invention, for the old sewed button was continually coming off. It has gradually grown in popularity since its introduction in 1869, until now very few shoes with buttons are manufactured without the Heaton appliance.

By a comparatively simple arrangement the shipping tags in use all over the country today were made a possibility. The chief trouble with a paper tag, was the most unavoidable tearing out of the tying hole before the package arrived at its destination. A cardboard reinforcement, round in shape, on each side of the tying hole was all that was necessary to make the shipping tag a success. This was the invention of a Mr. Dennison of Philadelphia, who has made a fortune out of a lucky five minutes of thought.

The division of the Patent Office which examines applications for patents on toys and puzzles receives more communications in regard to worthless objects perhaps than any other, except some of the divisions on mechanics, whose officials have to deal with crank inventors. The chief examiner of the division of toys cites many instances where fortunes have been made on puzzles and similar objects. The pigs in clover puzzle had a curious history. The inventor Crandall, put it on the market before the patent had been granted, or, in fact, even applied for. Other people, recognizing the value of the invention from a financial point of view, formed companies and began manufacturing the puzzles in even larger quantities than Crandall's company could turn them out. Crandall, of course, contested for his rights and prayed for an injunction. The claim was put into interference, which is a long process and one which tries both the patience of the department and that of the attorneys. The unfortunate part of it for Crandall was that the case for the puzzle was over before the interference was settled. This is the same Crandall who invented the famous children's building blocks, with dove-tailed edges, which had such a run and are popular even today. The fifteen puzzle was never patented, and the department has no information in regard to its inventor. Several people claim it. Fortunes were made by it for half a dozen concerns, and most of the profits were pocketed by the manufacturers.

The return ball, a wooden ball fastened to a thin strip of rubber, with a wooden ring at the other end, which was patented somewhere in the sixties, had a rush of popularity which netted its inventor \$60,000, and it is sold widely today. The patent has now expired. The flying top,

a round tin affair with wings, wound with a string and shot up in the air, made a fortune for its inventor. Several years ago a puzzle appeared which attracted considerable attention. It consisted of two double painters' hooks which, when fastened together in a certain way, could not be taken apart, except by one who had seen it done. It is said that this invention came about by the merest chance. A painter was standing on his ladder scaffold across the front of a house. He had occasion to use a pair of books, and picking them up hurriedly entangled them in such a manner that it was several hours before he could get them apart. He forthwith had drawings made and filed an application for a patent, which was granted. No figures are known at the Patent Office, but it is supposed that he made a large sum of money, for the puzzle was sold for twenty-five cents in all parts of the East, and it cost much less than a cent to manufacture.

A discovery which has been the means of bringing forth a number of inventions, both great and small, was that of Goodyear in 1844 that rubber could be used, except in a very primitive fashion. Then it was found that by the use of sulphur at a certain temperature, rubber could be moulded, shaped, and worked into any form. Immediately after this discovery, the application clerk at the Patent Office having charge of such matters was besieged by hundreds and hundreds of applications for inventions with the Goodyear discovery as a basis. They related chiefly to matters of form in which it was desired to work rubber. After that time the rubber blanke the rubber overbo, the rubber band followed one after the other in rapid succession, and since that time there has not been a month that some patents have not been granted for different forms of rubber. New applications are coming in at the rate of four or five a month, involving many applications of the pneumatic tubing or cushioning principle. There are no pneumatic blankets, pneumatic pillows of all descriptions, pneumatic soled shoes for running and jumping, and pneumatic car tender guards.

A recent invention which has come into prominence within the last two or three years is the tin cap on the top of beer bottles. This appliance is steadily taking the place of the rubber cork with the iron thumb lever. It is found that the sulphur in the rubber cork is acted upon by the beer, with the result of causing the rubber to deteriorate and spoil the beer. An offer from some whiskey makers is attracting the attention of inventors. It is a reward of from \$25,000 to \$50,000 for an appliance on bottles which will prevent their being refilled. As it is now, all the great whiskey and beer manufacturers of the country, and, indeed, of the world, are constantly getting letters from people who complain that they have received inferior qualities of liquids under well-known labels. Of course it is impossible without some such appliance for manufacturers to guarantee the contents of bottles. All appliances so far with this end in view have been unsatisfactory. The chief difficulty seems to be to make the invention practical and cheap enough for commercial use. The problem has been solved by a number of inventors, but at two great an expense, for it has seemed up to the present impossible to get the cost below \$2 a bottle. Completed, the appliance must not cost more than 2 or 3 cents a bottle.

Several years ago a patent was granted for an addition to tin cans which made the opening of them a very easy matter, and did away with the old-fashioned iron can opener. The can had a small rim just below the top, bent by machinery at an angle just below the breaking point. By a blow on the top of the can around the rim the top would be broken off with a smooth edge. This did not cost the inventor one cent a thousand above the regular price of the cans. Armour, the Chicago meat man, as soon as he heard of this invention, ordered 10,000,000 cans to pack meat in, to be an order for the German army. The inventor of this can made a fortune in the first six months. His cans are now used all over the United States for oysters and fruits.

The ordinary wood screw, patented Aug. 20, 1846, by T. J. Sloan, is recorded among the simplest inventions that have made the most money. Then screws were cut by machinery, some of which is still used by the American Screw Company of Providence, R. I. But the patent has expired, and the new method invented by C. D. Rogers has many advantages over the old. Under the Sloan system, the skin of the metal was removed and the screw consequently weakened; now there is a die which rolls the screw threads.

The man who invented the brass spring finger one sees on lamps for holding the chimney in place got for a long period a royalty of \$50,000 a year. William A. Thrall, a former official of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, patented June 1, 1895, a thousand mile ticket which possessed so many advantages that it has been adopted by many Western roads. Several years ago Mr. Thrall resigned his place and is now living on a royalty of \$20,000 a year. Within the last two weeks a patent has been granted on a new whistle used principally by bicyclers, and made on the principle of the siren or fog whistle. It has been largely pirated throughout the country, but will not be put into interference, for the patent has been granted. It is manufactured by a firm in the East, and they have only been able to supply the Eastern trade. The inventor has received for some time past \$5,000 a month. Among musical instruments for general use the autoharp has perhaps made the most money. The first one was patented in 1882. Now they are sold very reasonably, and manufacturers report the sale every month. The organette, with perforated paper sheets, is another of the money-making musical instruments.

Astonished by Mathematics. A cattle dealer approached Sam Ferguson, a colored man in Kentucky and proposed buying a yoke of oxen which Ferguson owned. One of the steers was thin and the dealer made him an offer of two cents a pound for the best one, or would take them both for one cent a pound. Ferguson accepted the latter proposition. When the oxen was weighed, the best one tipped the beam at 1,000 pounds, the other one at 800 pounds, making 1,800 pounds, which at a cent a pound amounted to \$18. The best ox at two cents a pound amounted to \$20. Thus Ferguson is out

\$2 and his thin ox in the transaction. Ferguson is a school teacher, and is astonished at the mysteries of mathematics, and will begin anew a study of the subject.—Courier Journal.

IN DEEP DESPAIR.

A MONTREALER RELATES HIS TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

He Tried Foreign and Local Physicians and was Operated Upon Without Success—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured When all Other Medicines Failed. (From the Montreal Herald.)

Instances of marvellous cures by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are numerous, but the one related below is of special interest, owing to the peculiarity of the illness, and also to the fact that in the present instance the gentleman is well known in Montreal. Mr. Charles Frank, inspector of the mechanical department of the Belle Telephone Co., at 371 Aqueduct street, and who resides at 54 Argyle Avenue, in an interview with a Herald reporter, related the following wonderful cure by the use of Pink Pills. Mr. Frank, who is 25 years of age, is a Russian by birth, exceedingly intelligent, speaks several languages fluently, and is now apparently in good health. "My illness came about in a peculiar way," said Mr. Frank. "Up to three years ago I was in the best of health. About that time while in Glasgow, Scotland, where I was employed as clerk in a hotel, and while sculling on the Clyde, a storm came up, and I had a pretty rough time of it for a while. I evidently must have injured myself internally, although I felt nothing wrong at the time. On my way home, however, I fell helpless on the street, and had to be conveyed home in a cab, as my legs were utterly unable to hold me up. I was confined to bed for several days in a most helpless condition, when I rallied, but found that my urine was of a strange reddish hue



Caught in a storm on the Clyde.

I called in a physician, who prescribed, but did me no good. I then called on Sir George McLeod, M. D., who also prescribed and advised me to go to the hospital. I was averse to doing this, and he advised me then to try a change of climate, telling me that my bladder was affected. I acted on his suggestion as to change and came to Montreal. I did not do anything for about a year, as I wished to get cured. All this time my urine was of a reddish hue, although I was suffering no pain, but this abnormal condition was a source of continual anxiety. I finally went to the General Hospital, where the physician in charge advised me to stay, which I did. After remaining there for five weeks with no benefit, a consultation of physicians was held and an operation suggested, to which I at this time agreed. After the operation was performed I was no better, my condition remaining absolutely unchanged. From this out I was continually trying medicines and physicians, but derived no benefit from anything or anyone. I was in despair, as the physicians who had operated on me could not decide as to my trouble. I visited the hospital once more, and they said they would operate again, but I did not care to undergo a second and perhaps equally unsuccessful operation. Some physicians thought my trouble was consumption of the bladder, others that it was Bright's disease, but none could cure that stringy bloody condition of my urine.

"Finally I went to work for the Bell Telephone Co., some two years ago, where I worked myself up to my present position. But I was in a state of constant anxiety, as I felt myself getting weaker all the time, and was listless and sleepy and weak in the legs. I was also pale and ill-looking, no doubt owing to loss of blood. From a naturally cheerful man I became morose, and gave up all hopes of ultimate recovery. One Saturday, some months ago, while walking along Bleury street, having seen an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the Montreal Herald, I stopped at John T. Lyons' drug store, and bought a box. I had tried so many medicines that I said to myself, 'If they don't cure me I can't be any worse off than before.' After taking the first box I felt stronger and more cheerful, although there was no change in the bloody condition of my urine. But I felt encouraged and got three more boxes, determined to try a thorough trial of Pink Pills. After I had finished the second box I found my urine was getting clearer, so I continued the use of the pills, taking two after each meal. When I had finished the third box my urine was quite clear, for the first time in three years. I was delighted, and continued taking the pills until I had finished six boxes. I am strong now and have had no recurrence of the trouble, and as you can see, the flank of health shows itself in my face. To think that I was cured by the use of \$3.00 worth of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills after

Advertisement for Fibre Chamois, describing its benefits for cleaning and its various uses.

THE NUMBER 4 YOST

Advertisement for Yost Writing Machine Co., featuring an image of a typewriter and text describing its features like 'Perfect Complete' and 'Correct in Design'.

YOST WRITING MACHINE CO. ALL KINDS OF TYPEWRITERS REPAIRED. IRA CORNWALL, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces, BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, St. John, or the following Agents

trying a number of physicians and undergoing an operation in vain is a puzzle to me, and I am sorry that I didn't know about this grand medicine before. I would have willingly given \$200 or \$300 to have been guaranteed a cure by anyone. 'I am willing,' said Mr. Frank, in conclusion, 'to see anyone who wishes to verify this interview, as I consider it my duty to my fellow-men and a matter of gratitude to the marvellous cure their medicine has effected. I have come to the conclusion that Pink Pills are the best blood builders in existence, and I think everyone should try them.'



CAREFULLY MADE from pure Castile, delicately perfumed, BABY'S OWN SOAP is the best and most agreeable Soap you can buy for either Toilet or Nursery. THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Manufacturers, MONTREAL.

Advertisement for The 'Famous Active' Range of cooking appliances, featuring an image of a stove and text describing its quality and origin in Canada.

Advertisement for Sea Foam Soap, highlighting its purity and effectiveness for cleaning and skin care.

WOMAN and HER WORK.

As I gave the stouter ones of our sex a few hints last week about reducing her flesh, I have a word or two of advice for her today as to the manner of dressing which will best disguise her superabundant flesh, and make her look as much like other people as possible. In the first place there is no earthly reason why the stout woman should not be just as charming as her thinner and more graceful rival! Fat, unless it is excessive, is no more of a disadvantage than extreme thinness, and I think the majority of people would prefer to look at a moderately stout woman properly dressed than a very thin one. But there is so much in the flowing straight lined draperies which suit her best that stout woman is simply a large beautiful object instead of a small one, just as the Milo-Venus, is as lovely in her own way as the smaller Venus di medicis.

In the first place though, she must give up the idea that she can follow the fashions as strictly as if she were tall and slender, there are certain styles which are becoming to her, and others again which would make her look utterly ridiculous. She must leave all the bouffant effects so fashionable now, to the woman who needs them, and can wear them with the best results. She must not accentuate her stoutness, and draw attention to it by wearing broad belts and girdles; only the very flat and narrowest belt is permissible for her when she wears a round-waisted dress, and she must avoid all blouse effects as she would a pestilence. It is all very well to be dressed in the height of the fashion with everything "blouse" until the waist line is permanently lost to sight—provided you are slight enough to stand that style of dress; but when you are not it will simply give you the appearance of a feather bed in the middle, and, bulging a good deal both above, and below the string.

All tight, strain'd effects should be avoided also, and long straight drapery with a soft, but not full effect, be chosen; the skirt of the day is a boom to the stout woman as well as the thin one because it seems to conceal the defects of each, it is so full that it disguises the meagre lines of the thin one.

When I say that the stout woman should not wear bloused waists, I do not mean the trim shirt waists, or the round ones which leave the waist exposed, I refer to the loose, baggy garments so much worn now. The shirt waist, and blazer suit, is really a blessing to the large woman, and admirably disguises her size.

For dressy wear, elaborate yokes, crush collars with large bows, which make the wearer look as if she were choking, and all folds about the waist must be avoided. A plain bodice either made with a plain vest, or trimmed in vest fashion with jet or passanterie, cut slightly pointed at the back and front, coming well below the waist line, though shorter on the hips, and finished with the slightest piping or milliner's fold on the edge.

Slender women, who are blessed with well formed hips in spite of their slenderness, are wearing an innovation in skirts, consisting of a full ungored skirt sewed full on the belt, and then smocked into the requisite closeness from the belt, to well over the hips, and then there falling free. Other varieties of the same old fashion are the setting of rows of braid round and round from the belt to below the hips, and the arrangement of spoke-like rows of braid spreading, or rather radiating from the belt, and each row ending in a loop just below the hips. The bodice is always finished in a manner to correspond either with smocking or braid, arranged as nearly as possible like the skirt decoration. I cannot say that I particularly like the style which developed in any material that is at all heavy or solid, but in all delicate, transparent fabrics it is very pretty and chic.

One very dainty model was of white gauze, the skirt sewed very full on the band, and then drawn close by rows of insertion laid over colored ribbon. Below these circles the skirt fell like a single flounce to the foot.

Cream color over pink is by far the most popular of this summer's combinations. The cream is in all shades from corn yellow to buff, to dull linen or oyster grey, but the pink usually inclines to bright rose.

Princess, and Louis Sixteenth styles are confidently predicted for the coming winter, but the best fashion authorities insist that the skirt and bancy bodice will be worn for a good year to come, and not only that, but that there will not be a time in the next two years when one of the present full skirts cannot be used as part of the gown. This is decidedly comforting for those women who buy good material employ a first-class dressmaker, and take good care of their clothes, as with most people a handsome skirt lasts a long time, and there is a satisfaction in getting good wear out of an expensive garment.

Double skirts are still seen occasionally but they are frequently so ungroful, not to say dowdy in appearance, that they meet with little favor. But one which especially lends itself to the difficult task of remodelling a gown whose front breadth

has met with some accident such as the spilling of a cup of coffee, or a plate of ice cream over it—may be worth describing. Only the front is double, an apron piece a little shorter than the skirt being set on over the front breast. Its joining with the skirt is as nearly invisible as possible to swell over the hips; then the apron piece is allowed to swing free of the skirt. Its edge is bound with a bright braid from the place where the attachment to the skirt ceases, a line of the same braid is carried down the side seam of the skirt, and the edge of the apron part is attached to this side seam by three or four drooping straps of braid. The apron piece may be of material contrasting with the rest of the skirt, and the injured part of the original skirt is thus concealed.

Few people seem to regard the crisp and seductive, but treacherous cucumber as a cookable vegetable! Slice him in thin, cool slices, salt and pepper him daintily, and just before he is to be eaten give him a bath of vinegar, and you have done your duty by him. But the fact is that the cucumber is equally luscious either boiled, or fried, or baked, and I think anyone who will try either of the three following recipes will fully agree with me.

Boiled Cucumbers.
Pare them and boil them slowly in salted water until tender. Serve on toast, with drawn butter poured over them.

Fried Cucumbers.
Pare and cut into lengthwise slices half an inch thick and lay in ice water an hour; wipe each piece dry with a soft cloth; sprinkle with pepper and salt, and dredge with flour. Fry a light brown in lard or butter.

Baked Cucumbers.
Wash good-sized cucumbers and cut them lengthwise down the centre. Remove the seeds and soft part. For three cucumbers use a half cup of bread crumbs, butter the size of an egg, salt, and a little cayenne pepper. Mix well and refill each half of cucumber; place in a dripping pan with a little water and bake three-quarters of an hour, or until tender and a light brown. Serve with parsley around them.

Another article of diet which is very much misunderstood is the daily "product of the industrious hen."—"Do I know how to cook eggs?" exclaims the veteran housewife. "Well I should hope so, could anything in the whole system of housekeeping be simpler. You, boil an egg, poach it, fry it, make it into an omelette, or scramble it, and then you have about exhausted all the variations the egg theme is capable of!" But I think the cooking of eggs is one of those things in which the advanced modern housewife has a distinct advantage over the more conservative one, because the cook of to day—I mean the chef, who designs new dishes, and improves upon old ones until they are scarcely recognized has discovered an almost endless variety of ways in which eggs may be cooked so as to render them valuable additions to the bill of fare, especially in this hot weather when the very soul sickens of meat, and any change is welcome which will take its place at breakfast, luncheon or tea. I think the following list of "true and tried" methods of cooking eggs will prove satisfactory that there are hidden possibilities connected with the process which are only just being discovered.

Some of these recipes call for the individual dishes which are especially for cooking eggs, but usually any large dish about as deep as a soup plate will answer equally well.

Shirred Eggs.
Heat butter the dish, drop the eggs carefully in so as not to break the yolks; sprinkle salt and pepper and small bits of butter on each egg; place in a very moderate oven until the white is just set and serve immediately in the same dish in which they were cooked. By way of variety chopped ham, tongue, grated cheese or parsley can be sprinkled over them.

Another Way.
Another way is to take one large tablespoonful of butter and put it into a saucepan. When it is melted add a generous teaspoonful of flour, stir until smooth place at one side of the stove and gradually add one cup of cold milk, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a little pepper. Let this boil up once and then pour into the egg bakers. Take six or eight eggs, and, being careful not to break the yolks, drop them on top of the sauce. Sprinkle chopped parsley over the whole and bake until the white is just set. Serve at once.

Cradled Eggs.
Mince very fine some cold chicken, turkey, or duck, and add some melted butter, pepper, salt, chopped parsley, and two beaten eggs; moisten with some stock, put in a saucepan, and place over a fire and cook about eight minutes; turn on a hot platter and make it smooth across the top, form a ridge all around, and build a fence of triangular pieces of toast on the outside; have ready and place in this meat bed as many poached or dropped eggs as it will hold; garnish with parsley at each end of the platter.

Carried Eggs.
Carried eggs afford a change. Have one teaspoonful of chopped onion and three tablespoonfuls of butter, and place in a pan over the fire; when the butter is hot add one tablespoonful of flour and a generous teaspoonful of curry powder; stir until smooth and add one cupful of stock, one half cupful of milk, some salt and a little pepper, and cook ten minutes. Have half

a dozen eggs boiled twenty minutes, shell them, cut them into quarters, and place them on a hot dish; strain the sauce over them and serve immediately.

Eggs with Mushrooms.
Take one tablespoonful of butter, a saltspoonful of salt, and half one of pepper; three tablespoonfuls of Madeira wine and three gills of bechamel sauce; let all come to a boil and pour on a hot platter; have ready cooked a quarter of a pound of fresh mushrooms and pile in the centre of the sauce; poach as many eggs as required and place on the sauce around the mushrooms. Serve very hot.

The Madeira wine may of course be left out, and canned mushrooms form an excellent substitute when fresh ones are not in season.

Spanish Eggs.
A good luncheon dish is Spanish eggs. Peel and cut two large tomatoes into pieces; place them on a spider with a large tablespoonful of butter and a teaspoonful of onion juice; cook about five minutes, stirring often; have beaten six eggs and add to the other mixture; season with salt and pepper; stir constantly until the eggs begin to thicken like scrambled eggs. Turn into a warm dish and serve at once.

Rumekts.
The cheese Rumekts made at the World's Fair was delicious. Take half a pint of bread crumbs and put into a gill of milk and stir over the fire until smoking hot; add two tablespoonfuls of butter and four of dry English cheese; stir a moment and take from the fire, add salt and a dash of cayenne pepper and the yolks of three eggs; mix well and add the whites of the eggs well beaten; turn into a baking dish and bake in a quick oven about ten minutes.

Guts Farrels.
Boil the number of eggs required for twenty minutes; when cold remove the shells and cut a slice from each end so that they will stand; then cut the eggs in half, take out the yolks, and wash with salt, pepper, butter, and very little onion juice, mash them together, and add milk to make the mixture quite moist; beat until light and smooth; fill the hollow whites with this mixture and heap up in mounds; place on a platter that will stand the heat, and put them into the oven for eight minutes; have tomato or bechamel sauce to pour around them when cooked, and send to the table garnished with cress or parsley.

Egg nests on toast are a very attractive dish to the eye as well as to the palate. Take as many eggs as you require and separate, keeping the yolks whole in one half shell; add to the whites a saltspoonful of salt and beat to a stiff froth. Cut out pieces of bread with a large biscuit cutter, toast, and spread with butter, and moisten the edges in hot water; place the toast on a platter that you can put into the oven and put the beaten whites on the toast in high mounds; make a hollow in the centre of each mound, and put in a piece of butter the size of a chestnut, and then the whole yolk; sprinkle seasoning on the yolk and place in a moderate oven. A few minutes should set them.

Sauces to serve with eggs!
Bechamel Sauce.
Put three tablespoonfuls of butter into a saucepan; when melted add three tablespoonfuls of flour and beat together; add gradually one pint of stock; season with two sprigs of parsley, a piece of mace, one small onion, a bay leaf, a few pepper corns; simmer twenty minutes, then strain and put over a low fire; add half a cup of cream or milk, and salt to the taste.

Cream Sauce.
Is made by putting three to four tablespoonfuls of butter into a spider and placing it over the fire. When hot, add two tablespoonfuls of flour and stir until smooth and frothy; add gradually one pint of cold milk and stir until it just boils; season with salt and pepper; onion juice if you like.

Tomato Sauce.
Cook three tablespoonfuls of butter and one slice of onion for five minutes; and add two generous tablespoonfuls of flour and stir until smooth; add a scant cup of stock; stir constantly a few moments and add one pint of stewed tomatoes; simmer ten minutes; strain through a sieve and the sauce is ready to serve.

I am afraid my list is already too long, so I will stop, but next week I hope to give some good recipes for omelettes, both plain and sweet.

Household Hints.
It is well to remember that vaseline makes the best dressing for russet shoes. That spirits of turpentine is the best thing with which to cleanse and brighten patent leather. That moderately strong salt and water taken by the teaspoonful at intervals is a cure for catarrhal cold. That a level teaspoon of boric acid dissolved in a pint of freshly boiled water and applied cool is the best wash for inflamed sore eyes or granulated lids. That the same is an excellent gargle for inflamed sore throat. That soft newspaper is excellent to cleanse windows or any glassware. That cold tea cleanses paint better than soap and water, unless it is white, when milk is better. That milk should be used to cleanse oily cloth. That a bit of raw onion will remove fly specks from gilding without injury to the gilding. That a rough flat-iron may be made smooth by rubbing it when warm over a teaspoonful of table salt. That a pinch of salt put into starch will prevent its "cracking." That the white spots on a varnished surface will disappear if a hot flat iron is held over them for a second. That hard soap is better than grease to quiet creaking doors or to make unwilling bureau drawers subsistive.—Womankind.

Turpentine's Many Uses.
Turpentine is an article so widely used in the arts and so easily obtained that its virtues as a domestic remedy have, in a great measure, been overlooked, says the Boston Globe. In the early stages of croup, or any throat or chest trouble, it is well high a

School Shoes.

During the Holidays the Boys and Girls have worn out all their Old Shoes and are now ready for a fresh supply for school. We have just the lines required.

Good Fitting, Serviceable Shoes,
a pair for every boy in the city.

WATERBURY & RISING.

61 King,
212 Union.

"Strongest and Best."—Dr. Andrew Wilson, L. S. S. B., Editor of "Health."

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA

100 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM.

Purchasers should ask specially for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the Firm.

R. I. P. A. N. S.

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

The writer has seen the most obstinate cough disappear after its use. Rub the chest and throat until the skin is red, then tie a piece of flannel or cotton-bating over the chest, moistened with a few drops of the oil, and inhale the vapor. By rubbing on sweet-oil, irritation of the skin may be avoided. For burns it is invaluable, applied either with a rag or in a salve. The pain vanishes and healthy granulation soon begins. Its use is at first attended with considerable smarting, but the permanent good more than compensates for it.

"HEALTH FOR THE Mother Sex."



This caption, "Health for the Mother Sex," is of such immense and pressing importance that it has of necessity become the banner cry of the age.

Women who have been prostrated for long years with Protoplas Uteri, and illnesses following in its train, need no longer stop in the ranks of the suffering. Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound does not perform a useless surgical operation, but it does a far more reasonable service.

It strengthens the muscles of the Uterus, and thus lifts that organ into its proper and original position, and by relieving the strain eases the pain. Women who live in constant dread of PAIN, recurring at REGULAR PERIODS, may be enabled to pass that stage without a single unpleasant sensation.

Four tablespoonfuls of Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound taken per day for (3) three days before the period will render the utmost ease and comfort.

For sale by all druggists. Prepared by the A. M. C. MEDICINE CO., 136 St. Lawrence Main St., Montreal.

Price 75 cents.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 26th June, 1895, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Express for Campbellton, Pictou, and Halifax	7.0
Accommodation for Pt. du Chene	10.1
Express for Halifax	13.1
Express for Quebec and Montreal	16
Express for Sussex	18.1
Express for Quebec and Montreal	22.

A Buffet Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.30 o'clock.

Buffet Sleeping Cars for Montreal, Lewis, St. John and Halifax will be attached to trains leaving St. John at 22.0 and Halifax at 13.40 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Accommodation from Sydney, Halifax and Moncton (Monday excepted)	5.00
Through express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)	8.05
Express from Sussex	8.30
Accommodation from Pt. du Chene	12.55
Express from Halifax	15.50
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton	18.50
Sleeping car passengers from Sydney and Halifax by train arriving at St. John at 5.00 o'clock will be allowed to remain in the sleeping car until 7.00 o'clock the morning of arrival.	

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. FOTTINGER, General Manager.
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 20th June, 1895.

The Life of Man.
What a wonderful fact it is—this eager, restless, human life. Always unsatisfied, always reaching out for something just beyond its reach. Wearing itself out in the headlong rush for place or power, or in the solution of some vexed problem. Wearing itself out. Why should this be? There is no reason save man's proverbial disregard of nature's laws, the individual whose health has been broken down by over-exertion in any line of human activity should seek at once the aid of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic, the greatest health restorer of the age. It ensures healthy digestion, builds up the wasted tissues, and gives renewed energy to nerve and brain. A course of this great remedy restores a man to his full vigor of strength. It is sold by all druggists and dealers at 50 cts. per bottle or six bottles for \$2.50, and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co. (Ltd) St. John, N. B. and New York City.

Old Wedding Rings.
There is a popular idea that a ring made of gold is the only one that can be legally used in a wedding service. This is, however, a fallacy. Any and every kind of ring may be used, and though gold ones are customary, there is no reason whatever why silver or any commoner metal should not be called into requisition. Numerous instances are on record of runaway marriages in which a brass ring has played the all-important part, and the legality of the ceremony has never been questioned. In some cases a piece of hurriedly-tied string has answered the same purpose, as have also circles cut out of card or paper.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

CURES
DYSPEPSIA, BAD BLOOD, KIDNEY TROUBLES, HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS.

B.B.B. unlocks all the secretions and removes all impurities from the system from a common simple to the worst scrofulous sore.

BURDOCK FILLS act gently yet thoroughly on the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

CURE FITS!

Valuable treatise and bottle of medicine sent Free to any sufferer. Five Express and Post Office orders. N. B. 1007, E. C. 1st West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock, TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE.
ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

The "Lechetsky Method"; also "Synthetic System," for beginners.
Apply at the residence of Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK.

PATENTS, FOR INVENTIONS.

Applications for Patents, Trade Marks and Designs, searches made, Defective Patents returned. Opinions on infringement, validity, scope, etc. Reports on state of art and improvements on any subject. Assignments, licenses, contracts, etc. drawn and recorded. Expert testimony prepared, arbitrator conferred.

OFFICE, New York City HANCOCK A. BUDDEW, Building, Montreal. (B. A., B. C. L., A. C. C. Cable address "Brevet." Sec. C. E.)
Advocate, Patent Attorney.

THE YARMOUTH Steamship Co. (LIMITED).

The shortest and most direct route between Nova Scotia and the United States.

The Quickest Time!
Sea Voyage from 15 to 17 Hours

FOUR TRIPS A WEEK

from Yarmouth to Boston. Steamers Yarmouth and Boston in commission.

One of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evening, after arrival of express from Halifax. Returning will leave Lewis' Wharf, Boston, every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at noon.

Steamer "City of St. John" will leave Yarmouth, every Friday at 1 a. m. for Halifax, calling at Barrington (when clear), Shelburne, Lockport, Lunenburg. Returning will leave Halifax every Monday at 6 p. m. for Yarmouth and intermediate ports, connecting with S. N. Yarmouth for Boston on Wednesday.

Steamer Alpha leaves Walker's Wharf, St. John every Tuesday, and Friday at 7 p. m. for Yarmouth.

S. M. ROBBINS, Agent.
L. E. BAKER, Free and Managing Director.

HAVE YOUR FISH Re-Iced AT ST. JOHN BY JONES BROS.

PRACTICE AT THE RANGE.

Where the Crack shot has Proved Himself Useful in Active Service.

It has been frequently asserted by cynics, who sneer at the art of rifle shooting as exemplified at Bisley, that your crack shot is absolute valueless in actual warfare, that he finds moving men very different from stationary targets, and that all sharp shooting in action is mere haphazard guess work, in which the duffer is just as likely to do execution as the expert.

At the time of the Indian Mutiny, young Hercules Ross, son of the famous sportsman and marksman, Capt. Horatio Ross, and brother of Edward Ross, the first winner of the Queen's prize at Wimbledon, was the crack rifle shot of India. He subsequently won the Indian championship three years in succession, and on the third occasion put on 10 consecutive bullseyes at 1,000 yards. He was also a mighty tiger slayer. But he proved the value of his deadly skill with the rifle against more formidable foes than the jungle could produce. His greatest and most memorable feat was the following:

He had ridden nearly 100 miles to a ford on the river Gorga, where it was expected that a large force of mutineers intended to cross. It was of absolutely vital importance to keep them at bay until the women and children of the sick and wounded could be removed from the English station close by. Hercules Ross heroically undertook the task. He had a pit dug on the bank of the river commanding the ford. Here he took his post with a dozen good rifles by his side and four attendants to load for him. The heavy rains had swollen the river and the ford was impassable; but the enemy had a large boat, and with this proceeded to make the passage of the stream. But Ross, from his rifle-pit, picked the rowers one by one with marvellous skill. Time after time the boat put back, time after time it came on again; but the quick and deadly fire which the swift rifleman kept up prevented the oarsmen from ever getting more than a third of the way across.

Armed only with the old Brown Bess, the Sepoys could not touch the occupant of the rifle-pit. For three hours, with unflinching skill and nerve, Hercules Ross shot down the rebel rowers whenever they attempted to cross, till at last a body of English troops with three guns came up, and the Sepoys sullenly retired. By his splendid marksmanship, coupled with unflinching courage, young Ross undoubtedly saved the lives of those women and children with their helpless sick and wounded companions.

Another and even more remarkable instance of the practical value of marksmanship in action occurred at Lucknow during the long and terrible siege. The Sepoys had hauled a couple of 18-pounders on to a flat roof of one of the palaces which surrounded the residency in which the English were at bay. They could only mount these guns they would be able to pour a plunging fire down upon the defenders of the residency, which would soon have made the place untenable and compelled the English to surrender. It was imperative, therefore, that those guns should not be mounted.

Sergt. Halliwell, of the Thirty-second Foot, was the crack shot of the little garrison. He was supplied with the best rifles the officers possessed, and he was posted in an angle of the residency, with orders to prevent the Sepoys from mounting those guns. The part of the building in which he took up his position had already been battered by Sepoy guns into a heap of ruins, and behind the shattered masonry he lay at full length—there was just enough cover to protect him in that posture. For several days he remained there, never once rising to his feet, or even to his knees, for to do so would have been to court instant death from the swarms of rebel marksmen in front of him. The only change of attitude in which he could indulge was by rolling over from his back to his stomach and vice versa.

His power of endurance was almost superhuman. He was a man who hardly seemed to know the need of sleep. He kept his eyes night and day on those dismounted guns. Whenever the Sepoys attempted to mount them his deadly rifle was at work, and he picked them off one by one till they dared no longer expose so much as a finger to the unerring aim of the mysterious and invisible death-dealer. In the dead of night provisions were conveyed to him by men crawling on their hands and knees along the slight barricade, which was all the shelter they had from the cannon and muskets of the foe. The guns were never mounted, and, at last, the palace was captured, a sortie and blown up, and Serjt. Halliwell's long and painful vigil was at an end.

When M. & Sons had an establishment in Ne. Oxford street, close to Mudie's, a tall, bronzed, soldierly-looking man, in a peculiar uniform, might have been seen standing at an entrance, ready to assist customers from their carriages and usher them into the shop. On his breast were several medals, and among them the little bronze cross, which bears the simple inscription: "For valor." This was Halliwell of the deadly rifle, the hero of Lucknow.—English Paper.

Uses of Proverbs. A proverb may express a partial truth, which is often more deceptive than an actual falsehood; or may be true only in a limited and restricted sense, and that not always the one in which it is most usually employed; and its use in any other sense, or as a general proposition, may be in the highest degree deceptive and misleading.—Golding.

Nature dreads death, yet man by his disregard of the laws of health, courts its coming. A course of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic will speedily overcome the evil effects arising from an abuse of nature's laws.

A good travelling companion, Hawker's liver pills, they remove all the evil effects of overeating, without discomfort.

A bad breath is one of the disagreeable symptoms of catarrh. Hawker's catarrh cure, promptly cures catarrh, thereby purifying the breath.

To relieve heartiness and dryness of the throat take a sip of Hawker's balsam of tolu and wild cherry. It clears the throat instantly.

Chase & Sanborn's

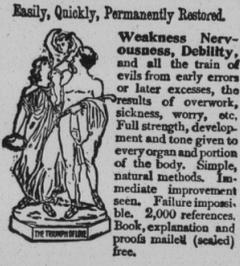


Seal Brand Coffee

Universally accepted as the Leading Fine Coffee of the World. The only Coffee served at the WORLD'S FAIR.

CHASE & SANBORN, BOSTON. MONTREAL. CHICAGO.

VIGOR OF MEN



Erie Medical Co., Buffalo, N.Y.

Weakness, Nervousness, Debility, and all the train of evils from early errors or later excesses, the results of overwork, sickness, worry, etc. Full strength, development and tone given to every organ and portion of the body. Simple, natural methods. Immediate improvement seen. Failure impossible. 2,000 references. Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free.

DRUNKENNESS

Or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Dr. Hamilton's Golden Specific. It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure. IT NEVER FAILS. Mothers and Wives, you save the victims.

GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO. TORONTO, Ont.

DEAFNESS.

An essay, describing a really genuine cure of deafness, stinging in ears, etc., no matter how severe or long standing will be sent post free. Articles, Ear-drums and similar appliances entirely superfluous. Address:

THOMAS KEMPE, Victoria Chambers, 19 Southampton Building, Holborn, London.

Worth A Trial

Hundreds of business men in his city read PROGRESS who do not advertise in any paper. They do a certain amount of business and doubt the power of printer's ink to increase it.

Isn't it worth a trial? Think about it, and if you conclude to try advertising, come to PROGRESS. We will give you a handsome, well written advt., a splendid circulation, and if the people want your goods then there should be no doubt about the result.

Try it. Few Proprietary Medicines have so proud a record, or are so justly free from the charge of Empiricism as "PUTTEE'S EMULSION of Cod Liver Oil and Pancreatic, with the Hypophosphates of Lime and Soda."

This famous Health Restorer has stood the test of twenty-five years. It now has many envious imitators and unscrupulous competitors—but it is still—facile princeps—the UNEQUALLED REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION AND ALL WASTING DISEASES.

For sale by all Druggists at 50cts. a bottle.

CONSUMPTION.

Valuable treatise and two bottles of medicine sent Free to Soldiers, Live Express and Post Office address, J. M. LOCKIN & CO., 106 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

DAVID CONNELL, LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLES.

45-47 WATERLOO STREET. Horses Boarded on reasonable terms. Repairs and Carriages on hire. Fine Fit Out. at short notice.

CAFE ROYAL, Demville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets.

MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY WILLIAM CLARK

CHINA A VAST GRAVEYARD.

Hells Everywhere of the Multitudes who Have Passed Away.

The face of all nature is pimpled with graves. No farm is so small that it cannot afford at least one; no hill is so high (I speak of the garden provinces of China) that it is not dotted with them to the top. No city lacks them, within and without its walls; only the compact parts of the compact cities are without them. They vary in shape a d form, as everything varies in China. The saying is that "In ten miles everything is different," and it certainly is so with the graves. Near Shanghai this eruption on the face of nature took the form of shapeless mounds of earth, perhaps six feet long by three feet wide and three or four feet high. There the coffins had been put on the ground and covered over with dirt. Further along, toward Soochow and the Grand Canal, the graves were brick affairs, round-topped and square at the ends. In the other direction, at and near Cha-pu, on the coast, they are often vaults of earth faced with stone and surrounded by a hareshoe or broken circle of earthenware. Some of these had three doorways, and looked like triple bake-ovens. But down Cha-pu way many of the graves were perfect little houses of brick, with tile roofs, and even with roofs whose corners were bent up in grand style.

There are graveyards in China, family or village graveyards, that look like mere disturbances of the earth, where acres have been turned up into mounds or covered with brick ovens, and there are graveyards that are solemnly planted with rows of trees. But, as a rule, the farmers bury their dead in earthen jars or cotton fields, or among their mulberry trees, and the poor buy or lease a renting place for their departed upon the acres of some wealthier man. I don't know whether it be true or not, but I was told that the graves are kept or let along by the charge of dynasty occurs, when they are razed, and China begins over again to preempt a great fraction of her service for her dead. If so, it is time for a change of dynasty, because a vast portion of the soil is lost to the farmers, who otherwise cultivate almost every foot of it. And the graves are in all stages of rack and ruin and disorder. At one time you see scores of tombs whose ends have been worn down by the elements or have fallen out so as to show the coffin ends or an outbreak of skulls and bones.

There is nothing that is possible that you do not see every to distances of green earthen jars full of bones; where the bones have been reinterred in pots, and these in turn have been exposed by the careless hand of time. You see bare coffins set out in the rice fields, because the owners were too poor to brick them over, and you see tens of thousands of coffins merely covered over with thatched straw. You see the grand tombs of mandarins taking up half a mile of earth. First there are the arches, all beautifully carved. Then follows the stately approach to the tomb—a wide avenue bordered by trees, and set with lions and warriors horses and sages, all hewn out of stone. Finally the tomb itself, on a hillside if possible, stares down the avenue at all these costly ornaments. But it must be that most of these monuments are to men long dead—perhaps to men of distant ages. Therefore most of them are falling to pieces. Some are merely beginning to crumble, some are waste places with broken suggestions of what they were, and some have been invaded by farmers and, by the populace, with the result that you see portions of one grand arch set in a near-by bridge or used as steps to a water-side tea-house.—Harper's Magazine.

Badges of Matrimony.

Americans are the only women in the world who do not exhibit some sign of matrimony. Among the Germans the badge of a married woman consists of a little cap or hood of which she is very proud, and "donning the cap" is the feat of the wedding day among the peasants of certain localities. The married woman in Little Russia is always seen, even in the hottest weather with a thick cloth of a dark hue twisted about her head. In new Guinea, a young woman lets her hair hang about her shoulders, but when she is married this is cut short. Chinese matrons braid their hair like a helmet. In Wadi's the wives color their lips by tattooing them with iron filings; in parts of Africa the married women perforate the outer edges of their ears and their lips, and stick rods of grass or sticks in them; and among a certain Mongolian tribe of people, the Manthes, the woman wears suspended from one ear a little basket full of cotton, to which a spindle is attached.

Sheep Tended by Game Cocks. One of the most valuable flocks of South-down sheep in the United States is the property of Mr. Manson Migg, the beet-root sugar magnate. A peculiar fact in connection with the flock is that it is looked after, not by sheep dogs, but by six trained Spanish game cocks. They are armed each morning with spurs, and have so fierce a way of attacking any sheep that tries to run away or will not be driven, that the animals are now thoroughly afraid of the birds, and obey their directions perfectly. Mr. Migg's daughter brought the birds from the Canary Islands.

Must Have Been a Slow Cab. Ampere, the famous mathematician, was noted for his absent-mindedness. On one occasion he mistook the back of a cab for a black-board. Taking out a piece of chalk, he proceeded to trace out a number of algebraical formulæ, and followed the moving "board" for the space of a quarter of an hour without noticing the progress of the conveyance.

I WAS CURED of a severe cold by MINARD'S LINIMENT. R. F. HEWSON, Oxford, N. S. I was cured of a terrible sprain by MINARD'S LINIMENT. FRED COLLISON, Yarmouth, N. S. I was cured of Black Erysipelas by MINARD'S LINIMENT. W. RUEBLES, Ingleville.

DE FOWLER'S EXT. OF WILD STRAWBERRY

CURED COLIC, CRAMPS, CHOLERA, DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, CHOLERA MORBUS, CHOLERA INFANTUM and all Summer Complaints and Fluxes of the Bowels. It is safe and reliable for Children or Adults. For Sale by all Dealers.

HERBINE BITTERS

Cures Sick Headache HERBINE BITTERS Purifies the Blood

HERBINE BITTERS Cures Indigestion

HERBINE BITTERS The Ladies' Friend

HERBINE BITTERS Cures Dyspepsia

HERBINE BITTERS For Biliousness

Large Bottles, Small Doses. Price only 25c. For sale all over Canada. Address all orders to S. McDIARMID and E. J. MAHONEY, 81, 83, 85, 87, 89, 91, 93, 95, 97, 99, 101, 103, 105, 107, 109, 111, 113, 115, 117, 119, 121, 123, 125, 127, 129, 131, 133, 135, 137, 139, 141, 143, 145, 147, 149, 151, 153, 155, 157, 159, 161, 163, 165, 167, 169, 171, 173, 175, 177, 179, 181, 183, 185, 187, 189, 191, 193, 195, 197, 199, 201, 203, 205, 207, 209, 211, 213, 215, 217, 219, 221, 223, 225, 227, 229, 231, 233, 235, 237, 239, 241, 243, 245, 247, 249, 251, 253, 255, 257, 259, 261, 263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275, 277, 279, 281, 283, 285, 287, 289, 291, 293, 295, 297, 299, 301, 303, 305, 307, 309, 311, 313, 315, 317, 319, 321, 323, 325, 327, 329, 331, 333, 335, 337, 339, 341, 343, 345, 347, 349, 351, 353, 355, 357, 359, 361, 363, 365, 367, 369, 371, 373, 375, 377, 379, 381, 383, 385, 387, 389, 391, 393, 395, 397, 399, 401, 403, 405, 407, 409, 411, 413, 415, 417, 419, 421, 423, 425, 427, 429, 431, 433, 435, 437, 439, 441, 443, 445, 447, 449, 451, 453, 455, 457, 459, 461, 463, 465, 467, 469, 471, 473, 475, 477, 479, 481, 483, 485, 487, 489, 491, 493, 495, 497, 499, 501, 503, 505, 507, 509, 511, 513, 515, 517, 519, 521, 523, 525, 527, 529, 531, 533, 535, 537, 539, 541, 543, 545, 547, 549, 551, 553, 555, 557, 559, 561, 563, 565, 567, 569, 571, 573, 575, 577, 579, 581, 583, 585, 587, 589, 591, 593, 595, 597, 599, 601, 603, 605, 607, 609, 611, 613, 615, 617, 619, 621, 623, 625, 627, 629, 631, 633, 635, 637, 639, 641, 643, 645, 647, 649, 651, 653, 655, 657, 659, 661, 663, 665, 667, 669, 671, 673, 675, 677, 679, 681, 683, 685, 687, 689, 691, 693, 695, 697, 699, 701, 703, 705, 707, 709, 711, 713, 715, 717, 719, 721, 723, 725, 727, 729, 731, 733, 735, 737, 739, 741, 743, 745, 747, 749, 751, 753, 755, 757, 759, 761, 763, 765, 767, 769, 771, 773, 775, 777, 779, 781, 783, 785, 787, 789, 791, 793, 795, 797, 799, 801, 803, 805, 807, 809, 811, 813, 815, 817, 819, 821, 823, 825, 827, 829, 831, 833, 835, 837, 839, 841, 843, 845, 847, 849, 851, 853, 855, 857, 859, 861, 863, 865, 867, 869, 871, 873, 875, 877, 879, 881, 883, 885, 887, 889, 891, 893, 895, 897, 899, 901, 903, 905, 907, 909, 911, 913, 915, 917, 919, 921, 923, 925, 927, 929, 931, 933, 935, 937, 939, 941, 943, 945, 947, 949, 951, 953, 955, 957, 959, 961, 963, 965, 967, 969, 971, 973, 975, 977, 979, 981, 983, 985, 987, 989, 991, 993, 995, 997, 999, 1001, 1003, 1005, 1007, 1009, 1011, 1013, 1015, 1017, 1019, 1021, 1023, 1025, 1027, 1029, 1031, 1033, 1035, 1037, 1039, 1041, 1043, 1045, 1047, 1049, 1051, 1053, 1055, 1057, 1059, 1061, 1063, 1065, 1067, 1069, 1071, 1073, 1075, 1077, 1079, 1081, 1083, 1085, 1087, 1089, 1091, 1093, 1095, 1097, 1099, 1101, 1103, 1105, 1107, 1109, 1111, 1113, 1115, 1117, 1119, 1121, 1123, 1125, 1127, 1129, 1131, 1133, 1135, 1137, 1139, 1141, 1143, 1145, 1147, 1149, 1151, 1153, 1155, 1157, 1159, 1161, 1163, 1165, 1167, 1169, 1171, 1173, 1175, 1177, 1179, 1181, 1183, 1185, 1187, 1189, 1191, 1193, 1195, 1197, 1199, 1201, 1203, 1205, 1207, 1209, 1211, 1213, 1215, 1217, 1219, 1221, 1223, 1225, 1227, 1229, 1231, 1233, 1235, 1237, 1239, 1241, 1243, 1245, 1247, 1249, 1251, 1253, 1255, 1257, 1259, 1261, 1263, 1265, 1267, 1269, 1271, 1273, 1275, 1277, 1279, 1281, 1283, 1285, 1287, 1289, 1291, 1293, 1295, 1297, 1299, 1301, 1303, 1305, 1307, 1309, 1311, 1313, 1315, 1317, 1319, 1321, 1323, 1325, 1327, 1329, 1331, 1333, 1335, 1337, 1339, 1341, 1343, 1345, 1347, 1349, 1351, 1353, 1355, 1357, 1359, 1361, 1363, 1365, 1367, 1369, 1371, 1373, 1375, 1377, 1379, 1381, 1383, 1385, 1387, 1389, 1391, 1393, 1395, 1397, 1399, 1401, 1403, 1405, 1407, 1409, 1411, 1413, 1415, 1417, 1419, 1421, 1423, 1425, 1427, 1429, 1431, 1433, 1435, 1437, 1439, 1441, 1443, 1445, 1447, 1449, 1451, 1453, 1455, 1457, 1459, 1461, 1463, 1465, 1467, 1469, 1471, 1473, 1475, 1477, 1479, 1481, 1483, 1485, 1487, 1489, 1491, 1493, 1495, 1497, 1499, 1501, 1503, 1505, 1507, 1509, 1511, 1513, 1515, 1517, 1519, 1521, 1523, 1525, 1527, 1529, 1531, 1533, 1535, 1537, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1545, 1547, 1549, 1551, 1553, 1555, 1557, 1559, 1561, 1563, 1565, 1567, 1569, 1571, 1573, 1575, 1577, 1579, 1581, 1583, 1585, 1587, 1589, 1591, 1593, 1595, 1597, 1599, 1601, 1603, 1605, 1607, 1609, 1611, 1613, 1615, 1617, 1619, 1621, 1623, 1625, 1627, 1629, 1631, 1633, 1635, 1637, 1639, 1641, 1643, 1645, 1647, 1649, 1651, 1653, 1655, 1657, 1659, 1661, 1663, 1665, 1667, 1669, 1671, 1673, 1675, 1677, 1679, 1681, 1683, 1685, 1687, 1689, 1691, 1693, 1695, 1697, 1699, 1701, 1703, 1705, 1707, 1709, 1711, 1713, 1715, 1717, 1719, 1721, 1723, 1725, 1727, 1729, 1731, 1733, 1735, 1737, 1739, 1741, 1743, 1745, 1747, 1749, 1751, 1753, 1755, 1757, 1759, 1761, 1763, 1765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775, 1777, 1779, 1781, 1783, 1785, 1787, 1789, 1791, 1793, 1795, 1797, 1799, 1801, 1803, 1805, 1807, 1809, 1811, 1813, 1815, 1817, 1819, 1821, 1823, 1825, 1827, 1829, 1831, 1833, 1835, 1837, 1839, 1841, 1843, 1845, 1847, 1849, 1851, 1853, 1855, 1857, 1859, 1861, 1863, 1865, 1867, 1869, 1871, 1873, 1875, 1877, 1879, 1881, 1883, 1885, 1887, 1889, 1891, 1893, 1895, 1897, 1899, 1901, 1903, 1905, 1907, 1909, 1911, 1913, 1915, 1917, 1919, 1921, 1923, 1925, 1927, 1929, 1931, 1933, 1935, 1937, 1939, 1941, 1943, 1945, 1947, 1949, 1951, 1953, 1955, 1957, 1959, 1961, 1963, 1965, 1967, 1969, 1971, 1973, 1975, 1977, 1979, 1981, 1983, 1985, 1987, 1989, 1991, 1993, 1995, 1997, 1999, 2001, 2003, 2005, 2007, 2009, 2011, 2013, 2015, 2017, 2019, 2021, 2023, 2025, 2027, 2029, 2031, 2033, 2035, 2037, 2039, 2041, 2043, 2045, 2047, 2049, 2051, 2053, 2055, 2057, 2059, 2061, 2063, 2065, 2067, 2069, 2071, 2073, 2075, 2077, 2079, 2081, 2083, 2085, 2087, 2089, 2091, 2093, 2095, 2097, 2099, 2101, 2103, 2105, 2107, 2109, 2111, 2113, 2115, 2117, 2119, 2121, 2123, 2125, 2127, 2129, 2131, 2133, 2135, 2137, 2139, 2141, 2143, 2145, 2147, 2149, 2151, 2153, 2155, 2157, 2159, 2161, 2163, 2165, 2167, 2169, 2171, 2173, 2175, 2177, 2179, 2181, 2183, 2185, 2187, 2189, 2191, 2193, 2195, 2197, 2199, 2201, 2203, 2205, 2207, 2209, 2211, 2213, 2215, 2217, 2219, 2221, 2223, 2225, 2227, 2229, 2231, 2233, 2235, 2237, 2239, 2241, 2243, 2245, 2247, 2249, 2251, 2253, 2255, 2257, 2259, 2261, 2263, 2265, 2267, 2269, 2271, 2273, 2275, 2277, 2279, 2281, 2283, 2285, 2287, 2289, 2291, 2293, 2295, 2297, 2299, 2301, 2303, 2305, 2307, 2309, 2311, 2313, 2315, 2317, 2319, 2321, 2323, 2325, 2327, 2329, 2331, 2333, 2335, 2337, 2339, 2341, 2343, 2345, 2347, 2349, 2351, 2353, 2355, 2357, 2359, 2361, 2363, 2365, 2367, 2369, 2371, 2373, 2375, 2377, 2379, 2381, 2383, 2385, 2387, 2389, 2391, 2393, 2395, 2397, 2399, 2401, 2403, 2405, 2407, 2409, 2411, 2413, 2415, 2417, 2419, 2421, 2423, 2425, 2427, 2429, 2431, 2433, 2435, 2437, 2439, 2441, 2443, 2445, 2447, 2449, 2451, 2453, 2455, 2457, 2459, 2461, 2463, 2465, 2467, 2469, 2471, 2473, 2475, 2477, 2479, 2481, 2483,

WISE DOGS AND MULES.

COULD DO ALMOST EVERYTHING APART FROM TALKING.

The Master That Could Count and tell one Color From Another—A Dog With a Memory and one With a Sense of Honor—Used as Trustworthy Messengers.

The beasts which perch are a mighty interesting lot only the observer looks at them through sympathetic eyes, says a writer in the N. Y. Sun. Such an observer can not doubt their possession of what are called the higher faculties that he can doubt the sun's shining or the growth of grass. In proof take a few stories here set down. For the most part they came within the writer's knowledge. In the few cases given at second hand the source was trustworthy.

Take first the story of Dash, a big, white, shaggy, mongrel mastiff, who stood almost four feet at the shoulder, and could pull down an ox. Yet he was the gentlest of four-footed things; likewise, the most faithful. His master ran a big farm, had pastures of 200 acres in extent, and kept sheep, hogs, and cattle by the hundred, not to mention some twenty-five head of horses and mules. He could take Dash into the clover field, where all were grazing, show him the track of one particular beast—sheep, hog, or cow, it made no difference—say to the dog "Fetch," and then go about his business, and be certain Dash would separate and bring out that particular animal if he had to follow it all day, and, further, if the track were crossed by a hundred different hofs. But that was least wonderful than Dash's ability to count and distinguish colors. If the order was "Fetch two," or three, or five, he obeyed it accurately. He would drive up the mules, it told to do it, paying no attention to the horses grazing beside them; conversely, if horses were ordered he took no heed of the long ears. He would fetch the grey mare, or the bay, according to direction, and knew the riding horses—Sonny, Silver Tail, and Blizz—by name as well as all the men on the place. The time he was about the house he was the most vigilant and discriminating of watch dogs. Familiar friends and neighbors he met at the gate, barking, frolicking, and capering about. Strangers of good appearance he escorted sedately to the front door, keeping a little way behind and never taking his eyes from them till they had been spoken to by some of the family. But to the shambling, seedy, or ill-looking he met at the gate, barking, frolicking, and capering about. Strangers of good appearance he escorted sedately to the front door, keeping a little way behind and never taking his eyes from them till they had been spoken to by some of the family.

Cherry Pectoral. A severe cold, which settled and I did what is often done neglected it. I then found on examining me that of the left lung was badly inflamed. I gave me did not get any good, and I determined to try Cherry Pectoral. After taking a bottle was relieved, and I showed the bottle I was cured. Watchmaker, Orangeville, Ont.

Cherry Pectoral. A severe cold, which settled and I did what is often done neglected it. I then found on examining me that of the left lung was badly inflamed. I gave me did not get any good, and I determined to try Cherry Pectoral. After taking a bottle was relieved, and I showed the bottle I was cured. Watchmaker, Orangeville, Ont.

Cherry Pectoral. A severe cold, which settled and I did what is often done neglected it. I then found on examining me that of the left lung was badly inflamed. I gave me did not get any good, and I determined to try Cherry Pectoral. After taking a bottle was relieved, and I showed the bottle I was cured. Watchmaker, Orangeville, Ont.

Cherry Pectoral. A severe cold, which settled and I did what is often done neglected it. I then found on examining me that of the left lung was badly inflamed. I gave me did not get any good, and I determined to try Cherry Pectoral. After taking a bottle was relieved, and I showed the bottle I was cured. Watchmaker, Orangeville, Ont.

Cherry Pectoral. A severe cold, which settled and I did what is often done neglected it. I then found on examining me that of the left lung was badly inflamed. I gave me did not get any good, and I determined to try Cherry Pectoral. After taking a bottle was relieved, and I showed the bottle I was cured. Watchmaker, Orangeville, Ont.

Cherry Pectoral. A severe cold, which settled and I did what is often done neglected it. I then found on examining me that of the left lung was badly inflamed. I gave me did not get any good, and I determined to try Cherry Pectoral. After taking a bottle was relieved, and I showed the bottle I was cured. Watchmaker, Orangeville, Ont.

Cherry Pectoral. A severe cold, which settled and I did what is often done neglected it. I then found on examining me that of the left lung was badly inflamed. I gave me did not get any good, and I determined to try Cherry Pectoral. After taking a bottle was relieved, and I showed the bottle I was cured. Watchmaker, Orangeville, Ont.

Cherry Pectoral. A severe cold, which settled and I did what is often done neglected it. I then found on examining me that of the left lung was badly inflamed. I gave me did not get any good, and I determined to try Cherry Pectoral. After taking a bottle was relieved, and I showed the bottle I was cured. Watchmaker, Orangeville, Ont.

Cherry Pectoral. A severe cold, which settled and I did what is often done neglected it. I then found on examining me that of the left lung was badly inflamed. I gave me did not get any good, and I determined to try Cherry Pectoral. After taking a bottle was relieved, and I showed the bottle I was cured. Watchmaker, Orangeville, Ont.

Cherry Pectoral. A severe cold, which settled and I did what is often done neglected it. I then found on examining me that of the left lung was badly inflamed. I gave me did not get any good, and I determined to try Cherry Pectoral. After taking a bottle was relieved, and I showed the bottle I was cured. Watchmaker, Orangeville, Ont.

Cherry Pectoral. A severe cold, which settled and I did what is often done neglected it. I then found on examining me that of the left lung was badly inflamed. I gave me did not get any good, and I determined to try Cherry Pectoral. After taking a bottle was relieved, and I showed the bottle I was cured. Watchmaker, Orangeville, Ont.

Cherry Pectoral. A severe cold, which settled and I did what is often done neglected it. I then found on examining me that of the left lung was badly inflamed. I gave me did not get any good, and I determined to try Cherry Pectoral. After taking a bottle was relieved, and I showed the bottle I was cured. Watchmaker, Orangeville, Ont.

Cherry Pectoral. A severe cold, which settled and I did what is often done neglected it. I then found on examining me that of the left lung was badly inflamed. I gave me did not get any good, and I determined to try Cherry Pectoral. After taking a bottle was relieved, and I showed the bottle I was cured. Watchmaker, Orangeville, Ont.

Cherry Pectoral. A severe cold, which settled and I did what is often done neglected it. I then found on examining me that of the left lung was badly inflamed. I gave me did not get any good, and I determined to try Cherry Pectoral. After taking a bottle was relieved, and I showed the bottle I was cured. Watchmaker, Orangeville, Ont.

Cherry Pectoral. A severe cold, which settled and I did what is often done neglected it. I then found on examining me that of the left lung was badly inflamed. I gave me did not get any good, and I determined to try Cherry Pectoral. After taking a bottle was relieved, and I showed the bottle I was cured. Watchmaker, Orangeville, Ont.

Cherry Pectoral. A severe cold, which settled and I did what is often done neglected it. I then found on examining me that of the left lung was badly inflamed. I gave me did not get any good, and I determined to try Cherry Pectoral. After taking a bottle was relieved, and I showed the bottle I was cured. Watchmaker, Orangeville, Ont.

Cherry Pectoral. A severe cold, which settled and I did what is often done neglected it. I then found on examining me that of the left lung was badly inflamed. I gave me did not get any good, and I determined to try Cherry Pectoral. After taking a bottle was relieved, and I showed the bottle I was cured. Watchmaker, Orangeville, Ont.

Cherry Pectoral. A severe cold, which settled and I did what is often done neglected it. I then found on examining me that of the left lung was badly inflamed. I gave me did not get any good, and I determined to try Cherry Pectoral. After taking a bottle was relieved, and I showed the bottle I was cured. Watchmaker, Orangeville, Ont.

Cherry Pectoral. A severe cold, which settled and I did what is often done neglected it. I then found on examining me that of the left lung was badly inflamed. I gave me did not get any good, and I determined to try Cherry Pectoral. After taking a bottle was relieved, and I showed the bottle I was cured. Watchmaker, Orangeville, Ont.

Cherry Pectoral. A severe cold, which settled and I did what is often done neglected it. I then found on examining me that of the left lung was badly inflamed. I gave me did not get any good, and I determined to try Cherry Pectoral. After taking a bottle was relieved, and I showed the bottle I was cured. Watchmaker, Orangeville, Ont.

Cherry Pectoral. A severe cold, which settled and I did what is often done neglected it. I then found on examining me that of the left lung was badly inflamed. I gave me did not get any good, and I determined to try Cherry Pectoral. After taking a bottle was relieved, and I showed the bottle I was cured. Watchmaker, Orangeville, Ont.

Cherry Pectoral. A severe cold, which settled and I did what is often done neglected it. I then found on examining me that of the left lung was badly inflamed. I gave me did not get any good, and I determined to try Cherry Pectoral. After taking a bottle was relieved, and I showed the bottle I was cured. Watchmaker, Orangeville, Ont.

FOUND AROUND BERMUD

MUCH TO ATTRACT AND CHARM THE CURIOUS STRANGER.

The "Tempest" supposed to be the scene of the play "The Tempest"—How it looks in these islands—A Land of Fruit, Flowers and Much Picturesque Beauty.

Do you remember Shakespeare's "still vexed Bermoothes," where, in "The Tempest," he located Ariel's birthplace and led the king of Naples into such uncanny adventures in Prospero's abode? Well, this is the very spot; and long before it is reached you are ready to swear that the same old tempest, in which the powers of darkness prevail, has been "vexing" its outskirts from that day to this. Not that storms are more frequent in this part of the world than any other, but because the Bermudas lie beyond the Gulf Stream, diagonally across that great river of the sea which is responsible for such a variety of ill-contrived weather, and exactly in the centre of the far-reaching system of ocean currents that makes the circuit of the Atlantic. The group is said to contain 365 islands—one for every day in the year; but as that number is ascribed to several other groups, it is probable that no exact count has been made of them. At any rate there is no inhabited land on the face of the round globe so isolated—unless it be St. Helena's—nearest neighbor being Cape Hatteras, in North Carolina, 625 miles away. The islands lie in the latitude of Charleston, S. C., 770 miles north-east from Nassau, our starting point, presently the same distance, southeast, from New York city, and almost the same from Halifax, Nova Scotia. How can that be, does some surprised reader inquire, who has not lately consulted his geography.

Looking on a map you will see that New York, the Bermudas and Halifax form a perfect triangle, the hypothenuse lying between Bermuda and Halifax, the perpendicular between Halifax and New York and the base between New York and Bermuda. They do not actually belong to the West Indies, but may be said to bear the same relation to them that a strong but distant fort does to the city from which it is invisible, while guarding and protecting it.

From England's point of view the Bermudas are the key to the Antilles, filling a most important role in defending British interests and harassing those of an opponent. In their harbor the Queen's fleet may revictual and refit, and her rich traders find refuge from an enemy's cruiser. Our George Washington recognized their value when he wrote, "Let us annex the Bermudas and thus possess a nest of hornets to annoy British trade;" but, for once in his life, the father of his country was a trifle behind time. English statesmen had also foreseen their importance as a naval station, and the union jack already floated over the group.

Victoria made it her Malta of the West, and strengthened the naturally strong position until it became almost impregnable. But, though numerically so many and strategically of such vast importance, the Bermudas are, after all, an insignificant speck in a wide waste of waters. Disposed in the form of a shepherd's crook, or a long-shanked fishhook, they cover barely twenty-five miles from end to end—more than fifteen miles in a straight line, with a breadth of about two furlongs. Many of the islands are so tiny that a single tree would shade their whole circumference, and their area, all told, is a little less than nineteen square miles.

To go direct to the Bermudas from Nassau, New York, or Nova Scotia takes only about seventy hours; but the less said about that trip the better. Given the passage of the English channel intensifies and stretched out over four days, instead of four hours, and you may have some idea of it. Crossing the Gulf Stream diagonally is never conducive to ease of mind or body. But after purgatory lies paradise.

A wonderful transformation takes place as we pass from the dark and turbulent Atlantic into the clear blue waters in which the Bermudas sit upon her coral reef; on one side of a sharply defined line you see the dull black of molten lead; on the other the bright azure of the summer heavens. One by one the pallid passengers creep on deck, protesting that in future dry land will be good enough for them; but so blessedly evident is the memory of seasickness that hardly are they ashore before they begin to clamor for yachts, sail boats, steam tugs, any sort of craft that will take them far out among the reefs, where the ocean swells heaviest. The first view of the Bermudas is likely to be disappointing to the thousand islanders of the St. Lawrence, clustered like "unsaid gems in the ring of the waves." These lie so close together, the main ones connected by bridges spanning the narrow fords, that they seem all one straggling queerly shaped island. Nature took extraordinary care to protect this precious bit of her handiwork. So perfectly is it guarded by outlying coral reefs that only through one single channel can large vessels approach the harbor, and only in broad daylight can they enter that.

Some times in the darkness of night we heard the look-out crying, "Light on the part bow, sir!" and knew that we had made the Bermuda light on St. David's Head, which first gives evidence to voyagers in these parts that dangerous land is near; and presently the engine pulse had ceased to beat, indicating that anchor had been cast so near to the hook that the pleasure in leisure time to go visiting and be set at weaying work.

So much for the dogs. They by no means monopolize the reasoning faculty in what are styled the lower animals. Many men are not so wise as some very wise mules. Jet was one of them, a big black fellow, standing nearly sixteen hands, and so tough and supple that he might have been made of whalebone and India rubber. At work he was a jewel of the first water. A playful spell made him a torment. He could open gates and draw bars as though his feet were hands, and the fence was not built that he could not jump if the humor took him. Consequently most of his summer leisure was passed in a stall, though the rest of the work stock ranged and frolicked over acres knee deep in luscious clover. Jet, it turned to grass, would crop it ravenously, but moved swiftly as he cropped toward the outer fence, where it was nearest a neighboring plantation for which he had developed an inordinate fondness. He was over the fence and galloping to the neighbor's always inside half an hour after he was out of the stable.

CORNWALL'S BICYCLE AGENCY.

Controlling the largest line of wheels represented in Canada, including English, American and Canadian Wheels.

The following are prices of some of our leading lines of Wheels;

Table with 2 columns: Wheel Model and Price. Models include Junior (\$35.00), Empi e (Royal Mail) (50.00), Prince and Princess (50.00 each), Crescents (55.00 to \$80), Spartan (70.00), Duke and Duchess (75.00), Fleet Ladies and Gentlemen (90.00), Road King (90.00), Davies Uptodate (100.00), Keating Ladies and Gentlemen's (110.00), Hyslops (110.00), Whitworth's (110.00), Beeston Humber (120.00 to \$125).

We can meet all demands both in quality and price.

REPAIRS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. We have Second Hand Wheels for Sale

Also full assortment of Cycle Accessories. I. E. CORNWALL General Agent, Board of Trade Building, ST. JOHN, N. B. I. E. CORNWALL Special Agent. Send for Catalogue.

CORNWALL'S BICYCLE AGENCY.

Controlling the largest line of wheels represented in Canada, including English, American and Canadian Wheels.

The following are prices of some of our leading lines of Wheels;

Table with 2 columns: Wheel Model and Price. Models include Junior (\$35.00), Empi e (Royal Mail) (50.00), Prince and Princess (50.00 each), Crescents (55.00 to \$80), Spartan (70.00), Duke and Duchess (75.00), Fleet Ladies and Gentlemen (90.00), Road King (90.00), Davies Uptodate (100.00), Keating Ladies and Gentlemen's (110.00), Hyslops (110.00), Whitworth's (110.00), Beeston Humber (120.00 to \$125).

We can meet all demands both in quality and price.

REPAIRS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. We have Second Hand Wheels for Sale

Also full assortment of Cycle Accessories. I. E. CORNWALL General Agent, Board of Trade Building, ST. JOHN, N. B. I. E. CORNWALL Special Agent. Send for Catalogue.

dense fog had lifted and a negro pilot clamored on board to conduct us into Hamilton harbor. Slowly we steered among islets and shoals, making our way into a well-buoyed channel, but the most tortuous and difficult one that modern vessels can find in the world's circuit. The delight of reaching land is intensified by the loveliness spread out on every side. The wonderful transparency of the water, countless islets making new pictures at every turn, the shifting light on the low hills, the flowers that almost hide white houses peeping out here and there from leafy bowers, all combine to form a scene of rare beauty. All the islands were originally covered with dense forests of cedar, most of which still remain, making the shores look exactly like those away to the northward around Cape Ann and Canso Bay, but the waving plumes of palm trees struggling to the water's edge, india rubber trees, oranges, papaws, bananas, speak of the semi-tropics.

The five largest islands are named St. David's, St. George's, the Main Island, or "Continent," as it is often called, Somerset, and Ireland. St. George's occupies the upper end of the crook and Ireland the extreme point. At the northern limit of the outlying reefs rises a picturesque group called the North Rocks, the highest peaks of a submerged Bermuda, which may itself have been a peak of the fabled Atlantis. The "Continent," or Main Island, is fifteen miles long, St. George's three, Somerset three, and Ireland three. Only a few of the islands are inhabited—Nonsuch, Goletts, Peta, and Harbour Sound. St. George's Island is fortified by a formidable armament, which looks imposing enough as we enter the channel it commands. A garrison of two regiments is permanently settled here, all the advanced posts being garrisoned with sturdy fortifications and the walls of a great hospital glimmer white in the transparent air.

Still more important is Ireland Island, on the other side of the channel, with its extensive work shops and arsenal, and its famous floating dock, 381 feet long, looking up like some mighty marine monster stranded on the beach, which everybody knows was towed over from England a few years ago.

Ireland Island was formerly a convict station, but has not been used as a penal settlement for the last quarter of a century. The Bermudas are completely spider-webbed with the best of roads, many of them hewn out of the solid rock, and all the result of convict labor. Farther on you pass the Government House on Langton Hill, and the station from which has been heralded by the customary signals. Then Admiralty House comes into view; and then, rounding Spanish Point, you find yourself in the pretty land-locked bay on whose shore lies Hamilton, the capital and chief town of the Bermudas. The most conspicuous building in sight, called the "Commissioner's House," looks like a big hotel, but you learn later that it is used as military quarters, and has a singular clerk was appointed by the Crown as "Commissioner" in charge of the dock was not satisfied with the house given him to occupy, and he petitioned the home government for the wherewithal to build one more to his liking.

He received permission to expend twelve thousand pounds sterling in the erection of a new building, but this generous concession seemed to turn his head, for he proceeded to build a veritable palace, with beautifully carved marble chimney pieces (in a land where fires are never necessary), and stables for dozens of horses at a time when

horses were useless in the Bermudas; marble bathrooms, floors and wall of Italian tiles, and other trifles that ran the bill up to over sixty thousand instead of the stipulated twelve thousand pounds. But the lavish gentleman for whom all this expense was incurred never occupied his palace, but went raving mad just before its completion, and with his downfall the office of "Commissioner" was abolished.

We came to anchor in Grassy Bay, in front of Hamilton, a little before noon; but found to our chagrin that the tide was out, and we must lie here till night waiting for it. Five miles from shore—so near and yet so far! After a while the little steaming Moonshine (pronounced Mo-on-dy-ne, meaning "the messenger"), came puffing alongside and demanded the mail; but for some occult reason known only to her managers she utterly refused to take any passengers on board. So there was nothing for it but to set on the shady side of the dock and pass the hours as patiently as possible.

When all became quiet again in the sea bottom, viewed from over the side of the boat, looked like a brilliant flower garden in which the many-colored fish, darting among the delicate fronds of coral, resembled brightly-winged birds in the foliage. The sea fan could be distinctly traced beneath the clear waters, spreading its lilac network, side by side with the sea-rod, black as ebony and tough as whalebone, and beautiful sea-leathers waving above humble oysters, glistening shells and flower-like sponges, anemones and "urchins," while in the midst, half buried in the sand and crusted with all manner of tiny ocean creatures, lay two or three ancient canopies. All these jutting rocks and patches of immature islands, reared from the deep by busy coral zoophytes, though so troublesome to mariners, are filled with interesting material for the scientist and geologist. There is no doubt that the Bermudas, like other islands farther to the eastward, were originally of coral formation.

The action of the waves throwing sand upon the coral reefs, caused masses to be piled up, which atmospheric influences converted into limestone, covered in the slow lapse of centuries with soil and vegetation. This limestone is soft, though not friable, and is quarried with hand saws.

It looks rather odd to see a man digging the cellar of his house with a hand-saw, and afterwards erecting the walls from the product of his excavations. The houses are roofed with the same stone, and as a rule whitewashed all over. When grouped together, as in a village street, the glare of the tropical sun upon these white walls is trying to the eyes and shocking to one's sense of "the eternal fitness," but when isolated, as most of the houses are, and peeping out amid dark green verdure, the effect is not so bad. On a moonlight night, viewed from the deck of a vessel in the harbor, Hamilton reminds one of Paradise Chase, with its massive tombs standing out—ghostly mansions in a veritable city of the dead! But here the comparison ends, for Hamilton by daylight is a very lively corpse indeed, but quite too proper to harbor any specter, such as that of Abelard and Heloise, for weeping lovers' pilgrimages. But there are other Meccas here. For instance, the house where Tom Moore, the jolly bard who translated Anacreon, lived for some years, and the dripping cavern he frequented and the ragged calash tree under which he composed a lot of verses.

More, you remember, drifted over to these islands with a commission to the Vice Admiralty Court in his pocket. This was in 1803, I believe, and he held the office for forty years. But after a short stay in the Bermudas he left affairs in the hands of his deputy and returned to England. History relates how he was righteously rewarded for his negligence of trust in being swindled out of everything by the deputy, and having some heavy debts of honor to settle. During the brief time of Moore's residence here, he seemed to have made hay and strewed for dozens of horses at a time when

way of lovmaking and the weaving of anatory couplets to other men's wives—which were probably no more sincere than the rest of his verses. In spite of his lovelorn poetry he records in prose that he found the ladies "more susceptible than beautiful" (for shame! Tom Moore); and of their husbands he adds: "The philologist who held that in the next life men are transformed into mules and women into turtles may see that marvel very nearly accomplished at Bermuda."

Shakespeare probably got his idea of the "still vexed Bermoothes" from the tales of that redoubtable liar of the innumerable deacons—Captain John Smith. Years later Edmund Waller came here with the Earl of Warwick to heal his broken heart, which the Lady Dorothy Sidney had so sadly lacerated. His poem, entitled "The Battle of the Summer Isles," describing an imaginary contest between the Bermudas and a certain whaler, has a few spirited lines amid a lot of what newspaper men nowadays would characterize as "rot." Andrew Marvel, the well-known secretary of Oliver Cromwell, did his share to bring these islands into literary prominence by his exquisite poem, "The Emigrants in Bermuda," which shows that some of the Puritans were not lacking in sentiment, though able to give "apostolic knocks and blows." But to my mind none of them, not even the Bard of Avon, wrote so delightfully about these isles of eternal summer as Lucy Larcom, our unpretending New England poetess, in her "Bermoothes."—Fannie B. Ward.

Great Cow or Great Lie? Moses Viff of Rose Bank, L. I., has a curious and valuable Alderney cow. She is very large and has a hollow in her back which will hold over a gallon of water, and the cow always stands in the rain with the hollow filled. It is then absorbed through the pores, and she gives that much additional milk; but, oddly enough, this curious phenomenon does not take place if ordinary water is poured into the hollow spot. Mr. Viff states that the process is even more strange if there happens to be a rain-bow during the shower, as in that case the cream that rises on the milk takes on all the beautiful colors of mother-of-pearl.

James A. Nicholson. CANCER ON THE LIP. CURED BY AYER'S Sarsaparilla.

"I consulted doctors who prescribed for me, but to no purpose. I suffered in agony seven long years, I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In a week or two I noticed a decided improvement. Encouraged by this result, I persevered, until in a month or so the sore began to heal, and after using the Sarsaparilla for six months, the last trace of the cancer disappeared."—JAMES A. NICHOLSON, Scarborough, N. B.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Admitted at the World's Fair. AYER'S PILLS regulate the bowels.

Advertisement for Ayer's Sarsaparilla, including a testimonial from James A. Nicholson and a list of agents.

Advertisement for Ayer's Sarsaparilla, including a testimonial from James A. Nicholson and a list of agents.



USED LUNGS. D BY TAKING. Cherry Pectoral.

NTAL IIGUE. cured by ADAMS' TRI. Insist on getting article.

RE FITS! ne Trade. cerine. ust purchased Tons offer low. et is advancing the time to buy. ook orders for Oc-

& SONS, and Toronto. EPSPY us Debility. Results and How to apply to M. Berry St. Montreal.

OR THE TEETH & BREATH. BERRY'S. ME MAN, Dressed.

esions. t Patterns. Merchant Tailor, ain Street, ath of King.)

ADWINGSTON, CONVEYANCER, BELLO, ETC. Residences Prompt. County, N. B.

ADWARDS, Proprietor. connection. First class trains and boats.

KATHERINE'S FATE.

Three years after the close of the war the Pingres found themselves almost at the end of their resources. They owned a plantation near Marion, a small village in Union Parish, Louisiana, and lived upon it because it could not be sold and they were too poor to go away and leave it unsold, as so many of their neighbors did when the slaves were freed. Mr. Pingre was an intelligent, easy going gentleman with very few practical ideas and no business capability to get on in the world than her husband. She could not adjust herself to changes of fortune with cheerfulness, but grieved plaintively every time she attempted to do her hair or darn Mr. Pingre's clothes. She thought of Victor roughing it in the far West instead of being at home with plenty of money and a servant to wait upon him; she looked at her lovely daughters, Marie and Katherine, and wondered often where and how they were to get husbands. She moved over the pathetic cruelty of lie, read Miss Braddon's novels, much in vogue in the South at that time, and left the entire management of the house to Mammy Eloise, the one faithful, loving old creature who preferred serving them to taking her freedom.

The Pingres lived in a big two-story log house with an open entry between the main lower rooms and a back and front gallery. The grounds were ample and well shaded, with roses, grape, myrtle, and other other blooming shrubs growing in the open space between the trees and along the walks. A fruit hedge bordered the garden fence, and sweet pinks flowered along the vegetable beds. But an air of neglect seemed to hang over the whole place, and Katherine decided in her mind one day that something must be done or the house itself would tumble down.

She possessed more energy than all the other members of the family put together. She managed to startle them quite often with the bold flight of her youthful fancy, but still they regarded her with a temperate degree of admiration. Mrs. Pingre regretted that she was not as pretty as Marie, but Mr. Pingre considered her even more attractive than her sister.

"She lacks flesh," objected Mrs. Pingre. "But she makes it up in spirit," said Mr. Pingre. "Spirit is not the substance most admired in this world, my dear. Men always like—admire—plump women." "Well, well, Katherine is only a child." "She is eighteen, just two years younger than Marie, and quite old enough to marry, if it were some one to marry her."

Mr. Pingre slipped softly away. He didn't care whether the girls married or not, so they were happy and the problem of a livelihood for them could be solved. He often weaved his head in a positive ache over that thought, and then he would take down his gun, call the dogs and go for a tramp over the hedge grown fields, or find refuge in a shady corner of the gallery with an old book or the weekly papers from the "city," as New Orleans was called in that part of the State.

Katherine's thoughts were more to the purpose than her father's, for they took definite shape one day while she lay on the grass by the private hedge. No one could have admired Marie more fondly and proudly than Katherine—Marie with her golden hair and white skin of a pure blonde, and such ravishing arms and shoulders. But it was against Marie's peace that the young schemer plotted. Katherine knew nothing about love, and she determined that her sister should marry for the benefit of the family. What if she did not like John Barnard, who kept a store in Marion? Could he add to the family fortune? No; John Barnard would never do. She must marry Prosper Devereaux, who possessed money as well as youth and good looks. He lived in New Orleans, but he owned a plantation in Morton and he had attended the same country school with the Pingre girls. Katherine detested him heartily in those days because he teased and frightened her with dreadful ghost stories. But now they were grown up, and had come to Marion for the first time since the war, and in all the country there was no beau so handsome, so daring and gallant as Prosper Devereaux.

"Yes, she must marry him," said Katherine to herself very firmly. "It is her duty to make a good match, would it not be so? Yes, I'm sure that I would marry an ogre if he could give papa and mamma comfort again."

But she had too much discretion to plainly show the path of duty to her sister. She must be guided gently into its, clear, smooth way.

"No, Marie—you will find her in the parlor." He accepted his dismissal gayly, and Katherine went back to her seat, cooling her scarlet cheeks against her palms.

Presently another young man rode into view on the dusty highway, but no admiring glances brightened Katherine's eyes this time. No racing color warmed her cheeks. She merely watched him out of the corner of her eye while he dismounted, fastened his horse to the gate post and came in. No smiles or flattering welcome for him.

"Good evening, John." She looked up over the top of her book. "Good evening, John." "Whose horse is that?" "Mr. Devereaux's." "Oh, is he here?" "Yes, no." "Is Marie at home?" "Certainly. Why should Mr. Devereaux call if she—"

"He could come to see you, I suppose," the spark of jealousy in his heart flamed up. "No," she cried scornfully, then fell back and laughed. "Why, don't you know he used to call Marie his sweetheart?" "I know he always made a fool of himself," violently.

"Oh, not more than some people I know," said Katherine sweetly. "Barnard drew a little nearer to her. "Katherine, do you think—does she like him?" and consciousness Katherine said: "I think she does, John—in fact—but I'd rather not."

"I understand," he cried, growing so pale that she felt sorry for the wrong impression she had given him. "Girls are all vile coquettes." Katherine watched him ride dejectedly down the road, and wondered that the late Amarian deers did not overtake her for her duplicity.

D vereaux made only a brief call. "Going so early," said Katherine, regretful and surprised, when he came out. "Yes, I could not keep Marie all the afternoon, but she is reading the same page. How rapidly you progress." Katherine blushed and closed the book. "I have been entertaining a visitor."

"So that was the reason you wished to get rid of me?" "No, no." "But he merely lifted his hat and went away. It was altogether a most trying afternoon for the young schemer, for presently Marie came out, and looked pensively toward the village.

"I wonder why John didn't come." Katherine trembled guiltily. "He did, but went away again." "Why?" "I told him you were entertaining Prosper Devereaux."

"You made him angry, Katherine. I know you did." "Yes," said Katherine, firmly. "Prosper Devereaux—"

"Is not worth as much to me as one of John's little fingers." "But Marie—"

"I wish you would attend to your own affairs," and then she walked away into the dusky garden, crying softly.

The revelers were aware that the storm had stolen upon them. A lurid blaze of lightning, a roar of thunder, and every one paused.

"We'd better get out of here while we can and run over to the church. This building is too unsafe in a storm," cried an old man, calling his granddaughters.

In the rush for the stairs Katherine was separated from her parents, but she had an umbrella and darted into the open air. The ominous stillness had broken. Tree tops were bending, a swirl of dust rose from the village street. Rain and wind came together. Katherine's umbrella was snatched from her hand and she caught one fleeting glimpse of it as it careered away on the black wings of the gale.

Then some one seized her, drew her back within the shelter of the academy building, and it was too late to hush any other shelter. Katherine, said a voice in her ear. She lay panting, breathless, against the arm holding her.

"I didn't know that you were here." "It came to-day and supper with Marie and John."

A vivid flash of lightning passed into the murky room, then out again, leaving dense shadows. Devereaux held his companion with a firmer grasp when she attempted to move away from the academy building.

"I've given you a year to change your mind, Katherine. You see, it is difficult for me to realize that the woman I love does not love me? Does she love me, dear; does she?"

"Marie has been talking," she exclaimed, then paused, self-betrayed. "The old academy creaked and trembled, but not a board fell or was riven apart. Many an other gay, innocent party might gather within its walls and dance away the night.

When Mrs. Pingre missed her daughter she instantly went into hysterics and could not be brought out of them until she saw Katherine entering the church leaning on Prosper Devereaux's arm. Then it was truly wonderful the way she recovered and beamed gently upon the company.

TWO PHANTOMS.

David Groff was the hardest fibered man I ever knew. Rich, well educated, brainy and a gentleman, was nevertheless hard, cold and cynical. Sentiment he scorned, noble, unselfish impulses he did not believe in, and his attitude toward his fellow beings was one of uniform suspicion.

Association with him always made the world seem more ignoble and life meaner. One evening when he had been visiting me, after he was gone, to throw off the saturnine influence he always unconsciously exercised upon me, I applied myself to a peculiar line of psychological experiment about that time occupied a good deal of my attention. I had been told—and found it true—that by a certain method of mental concentration, it was practicable to convert subjective consciousness into seeming objective perception, and I was assured that a still further effort might follow of actual perception of the entities of the semi-material world, though at this time I had no verification.

"My God! Don't I see them all the time? What did they tell you? What did she say of me? How in the world did you come across them? I thought he was dead. I heard so. Yes, he is dead. I'm sure of it. And she showed you his portrait. Yes, course; that's it. What a nervous fool I'm getting to be, surely."

"One was as much alive as the other when I saw them, I guess; no portrait was shown to me; neither of them told me anything."

"When did you see them? Where?" "Last night and three times before. Here."

"But he is dead. An inquest was held on him." "Quite possible, for aught I know to the contrary."

"You don't mean to say you have seen a ghost?" "It seems so."

"But the girl is not dead." "No; that explains the difference I noticed."

"Are you crazy, or—what the devil do you mean?" "I told him what my experience had been, and he heard me through in blank astonishment, without interruption, even when I tried to explain that the apparition of a man was no doubt an astral reminder, while that of a girl was a thought projected eidolon, a distinction that I fear only belogged him. For several minutes we both were silent. Then he spoke in a low monotone, rather as if thinking aloud than addressing me:

"How could I know that he would take it so hard? If he hadn't gone into the speculation he would have lost nothing. If the market had gone his way he would have ruined me. It went mine, and he closed himself out. That's all there was of it. What other man than he would have blown his brains out for a thing like that? I didn't know until after that he had a daughter. How was I to know he sunk her fortune along with his own? A speculator has no business to have children. I did what I could for her. Had her hanged up when I came back from Europe. Poor devil of a sales-girl in a big store, toiling for mere existence; hungry, cold, shabby, hopeless; Satan at her elbow all the time. I sent her \$10,000. She returned them—said I was virtually her father's murderer. Poor girl! I suppose it does seem that way to her, but she doesn't understand business. Well, I'll make her amends as far as I can."

Three days after David Groff blew out his brains, leaving by will all his estate to "Elizabeth Sanger, daughter of John B. Sanger, deceased."—J. H. Connelly.

THE WISDOM OF GRAY HAIRS.

Rev. John Scott, D. D., of Hamilton, Ont., a Well Known British Presbyterian Minister, has issued his Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and Testifies of its Benefits.

The cautious conversation that is characteristic of Presbyterians, and especially of those who have seen years of service in the church, gives weight and influence to any recommendation that they may make on almost any matter. When we find a clergyman of the weight of the Rev. John Scott, D. D., of Hamilton, one of the church's most esteemed ministers, speaking favorably of a proprietary medicine, we may rest assured that it possesses genuine merit. Mr. Scott tells of the benefits that have come to him from the use of this medicine, because it is able to speak from an experimental knowledge, having used the medicine himself. Of its benefits he has testified over his own signature.

Excellent proved very fatiguing and necessitated taking rest, so that I was entirely incapacitated for business. I was under a doctor's care for over six months, and not recovering the benefit I had hoped for, and hearing much of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, I asked my physician about taking it, which he advised me to do. The use of the remedy brought results I had scarcely dared to hope for and I am now able to attend to business, and do most heartily recommend the remedy to all who suffer from heart complaint. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart relieves in 30 minutes and thus has been the means of saving thousands of lives.

The Bravest Men. Ask old soldiers, who have seen real war and they will tell you that the bravest men, the men who endured best, not in mere fighting, but in standing still for hours to be mowed down by cannon shot; who were most cheerful and patient in shipwreck, and starvation, and defeat—all things ten times worse than fighting with old soldiers, I say, and they will tell you that the men who showed best in such miseries were generally the stillest, meekest men in the whole regiment.—Charles Kingsley.

RHEUMATISM RELIEVED IN SIX HOURS. South American Rheumatic Cure Given Relief as soon as the First Dose is Taken, and Cures Ordinary Cases of Rheumatism and Neuralgia in from One to Three Days—What a Grateful Citizen of St. Lambert, Que., Has to Say.

For many months I have suffered the most excruciating pain from rheumatism and had despaired of getting permanent relief until South American Rheumatic Cure was brought to my notice. I procured a bottle of the remedy and to my surprise received great benefit from the first few doses. In fact, within six hours after taking the first dose I was free from pain, and the use of a few bottles wrought a permanent cure. It is surely the best remedy of the kind in existence. J. Fredeau, St. Lambert, P. O.

Deeds Rain and Dust. A pleasure to wear for its own stylish appearance, Cravenette offers the unique advantage of defying rain and dust. It is waterproof, but porous, defies the elements but is nothing at all like the old waterproof, being light, elastic, and not distinguishable from any other dress goods. In Navy, Myrtle, Brown, Green, Castor and Black. Makes up into costumes, cloaks, wraps. Cravenette is a money saver, while nothing whatever is sacrificed in style. The ideal spring or summer dress.

BORN.

Amherst, Aug. 7, to the wife of Wm. O'Neil, a son. Halifax, July 30, to the wife of T. Kelly, a daughter. Surrey, Aug. 12, to the wife of James J. Blake, a son. Moncton, Aug. 11, to the wife of George Stone, a son. Amherst, Aug. 9, to the wife of W. E. Rosendale, a son. Annapolis, Aug. 13, to the wife of R. S. Miller, a son. Torbrook, Aug. 3, to the wife of George Myers, a son. Torbrook, Aug. 3, to the wife of Thomas Crowe, a son. Waterville, N. S., to the wife of Amos Bezanon, a son. Halifax, Aug. 13, to the wife of W. R. M. Hartlen, a son. Salem, N. S., Aug. 9, to the wife of Martin Collins, a son. St. John, Aug. 10, to the wife of William Marshall, a son. Parrsboro, July 10, to the wife of John Brown, a daughter. Parrsboro, Aug. 12, to the wife of Walter Gould, a daughter. Amherst, Aug. 12, to the wife of David Mumford, a daughter. Belleisle, Aug. 10, to the wife of Horatio Gesner, a daughter. Brooklyn, Aug. 8, to the wife of A. J. Banks, a daughter. Truro, July 31, to the wife of Rev. H. F. Adams, a daughter. St. John, Aug. 10, to the wife of Eos. H. Hourihan, a daughter. Sheet Harbor, Aug. 8, to the wife of James Jeffrey, a daughter. Antigonish, July 31, to the wife of William Wilton, a daughter. Arcadia, Aug. 10, to the wife of Anthony Williams, a daughter. Woodstock, Aug. 12, to the wife of John McDonnell, a son. Campbellton, Aug. 10, to the wife of W. A. Mott, M. P., a son. Boston, Aug. 10, to the wife of Edward Hamill of N. B., a son. Clarence, N. S., Aug. 12, to the wife of Harry Miller, a son. Cambridgeport, Aug. 2, to the wife of Stephen E. Jeffrey, a son. North Kingston, Aug. 12, to the wife of Curtis S. Cooney, a daughter. Hantsport, Aug. 5, to the wife of the late G. Davidson, a daughter. East River, Sheet Harbor, Aug. 4, to the wife of Patrick Murphy, a son. Brooklyn, Queens Co., Aug. 9, to the wife of Rev. J. D. McKinnon, a daughter. Cambridgeport, Aug. 9, to the wife of Arnold Williams of St. John, a daughter. Sheet Harbor, Moncton Road, July 23, to the wife of G. Conroy Richards, a son.

MARRIED.

Blomidon, Aug. 8, Capt. D. E. McRimmon to Annie J. Doyle. Upper Cape, July 31, by Rev. A. C. Bell, E. Tinley and Alice Forbes. St. John, Aug. 9, by Rev. J. W. Clarke, Ralph Lord and Jesse Aisley. Peggys Cove, Aug. 9, by Rev. L. Amor, J. A. Lawler and Edith E. Brooks. Mahone Bay, Aug. 15, by Rev. H. S. Shaw, Stanley Baker and Laura Fraser. New Glasgow, Aug. 9, by Rev. A. Rogers, Ernest Peers to Annie Chapman. Eight, Aug. 14, by Rev. Wm. McNicol, Newton G. Munro to Mary Shaw. Woodstock, Aug. 7, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, George Grant to Mary Johnston. Hillsboro, July 29, by Rev. J. N. Cornwall, Samuel Reynolds to Edie Renaud. Fredericton, Aug. 1, by Rev. R. Brecken, William J. Best to Sadie Thorne. Joggins Mines, Aug. 7, by Rev. T. Davey Charles C. Gray to Jennie Porter. Marsville, Aug. 9, by Rev. Mr. Parsons, David Bruce to Orlean McCarty. Liverpool, Aug. 18, by Rev. Z. L. Fash, Herbert Fisher to Genevra B. Roy. New Annan, Aug. 14, by Rev. Wm. Quinn, Graham Logan to Christie Lines. St. John, Aug. 7, by Rev. J. H. Foster, James Folkins to Edie M. Gibbon. Shelburne, Aug. 7, by Rev. D. E. East, Thomas Hanson to Jeaneite Flaro. Millard, Aug. 15, by Rev. Chalmers Jack, Lewis A. Palmer to Annie Price. Fredericton, Aug. 9, by Rev. J. H. Freeman, William Lyons to Annie Currie. Bristol, Aug. 18, by Rev. A. W. M. Harley, Charles E. Gardner to Bertha Leal. Parrsboro, Aug. 19, by Rev. James Sharp, P. John Harris to Maggie Redmond.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.



DO NOT BE DECEIVED with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish. HAS AN GENERAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS. DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS

Forchu, C. H., Aug. 8, by Rev. F. Higgins, Wm. McDonald to Faebe Hooper. Mahone Bay, Aug. 1, by Rev. Jacob Maurer, Amos Brumby to Mary Emma Fausy. Tusket, Aug. 23, by Rev. T. M. Munroe, Westworth Hulbert to Bella White. Brighton, N. S., Aug. 7, Captain Adelbert F. McKay to Miss W. T. Morehouse. Parrsboro, Aug. 12, by Rev. H. K. McLean, Joseph F. Robinson to Annie Crossman. Sydney, Aug. 1, by Rev. Edward E. Rankine, Alexander Fife to Elizabeth A. Bennett. Indian Harbour, Aug. 4, by Rev. G. A. Lawson, John Clancy to Elizabeth Atkins. Roscheville, Aug. 14, by Rev. Henry DeBolis, Benjamin G. Fair to Elizabeth A. McLeod. Port Clyde, Aug. 8, by Rev. C. I. McLean, Joseph W. Nickerson to Elizabeth Boyd. Yarmouth, Aug. 16, by Rev. G. McLean, White, Melbourne to Maggie Goodley. Houlton, Aug. 6, by Rev. Robt. C. Dastan, Alford Sweeney to Ada Clark, all of N. B. Baddeck, Aug. 13, by Rev. D. MacDonnell, Roderick McKean to Annie Gilfillan. Aylesford, Aug. 5, by Rev. J. W. Brancorin, Charles W. Graves to Caroline A. Bennett. Salem, Mass., Aug. 10, by Rev. Robt. Martin, Chas. W. Ritchie to Mrs. Ellen McEwan. Newport, Aug. 14, by Rev. A. D. Gunn, Charles Foster Cox to Nellie Graham Foster. Strathmore, C. B., Aug. 3, by Rev. J. A. Forbes, Edward Young to Christy McKelgan. Hopewell Hill, Aug. 1, by Rev. E. N. Hughes, Mariner M. Langley to Helen S. Bishop. Leppan, Aug. 14, by Rev. H. M. Spika, Hugh Edward Chittie to Mrs. A. G. McEwen. Brooklyn, N. Y., July 31, by Rev. H. S. Baker, Ernest Raymond to Annie Baker of N. S. Upper Musquodoboit, Aug. 12, by Rev. F. W. Thompson, Andrew G. McEwen to Mrs. N. H. Indian Island, Aug. 6, by Rev. W. H. Street, Arthur James Dixon to Annie Todd Chaffay. Georgetown, N. S., Aug. 12, by Rev. D. Cameron, John Joseph Gillis to Mary Ellen Hanrahan. Moncton, Aug. 16, by Rev. G. J. Lowe, John F. Sizer, M. F. of Halifax, to Helen E. Gashery.

DIED.

St. John, Aug. 15, John Tole. St. John, Aug. 13, John W. Finn. Halifax, Aug. 18, Thos. B. Shaw, 70. Burton, Aug. 13, William McLean, 74. Fredericton, Aug. 10, Simon Neales, 70. St. John, Aug. 14, Mrs. Ann Devine, 70. St. John, Aug. 14, Mrs. Ann Devine, 70. Hall, Aug. 17, Sister Mary Frederica Parker's Cove, Aug. 9, Moses Oliver, 63. North Anson, Aug. 11, Gardner Dodge, 87. St. John, Aug. 15, John T. Williamson, 73. Woodstock, Aug. 8, Mrs. J. H. Jones. Woods Harbor, July 21, Bertha Sears 23. Richmond, Aug. 7, Cornelius Delaney, 85. Upper Kingsclear, Aug. 16, Nelson Child, 91. Carleton Place, Aug. 17, Mrs. Hannah Hayes, 93. Rockport, N. B., Aug. 12, Rev. Wm. Schofield, 75. Vernon Mines, Aug. 3, John O. Dunham, 70. Sherbrooke, Aug. 8, Mrs. Margaret Bailey, 82. Lunenburg, Aug. 10, Chas. C. Aikens, M. D. West Berlin, Aug. 14, Philip Pauldingham, 74. Grand Manan, July 29, Mrs. Wm. Schofield, 75. Upper Woodstock, Aug. 11, Joseph Nelson, 80. Williamsburg, July 30, Margaret Jamieson, 62. St. John, Aug. 18, Agnes, wife of John Bradley. Birch Point, N. S., Sydney Berryman, 18 months. Bridgewater, N. S., Aug. 9, John Allen Tupper, 67. Upper New Brunswick, Aug. 10, Thomas Deyarmond, 50. Jacksonville, Aug. 1, Ann, wife of Hamilton Egan, 50. Moncton, Aug. 16, Margaret, wife of Calais Legere, 50. St. John, Aug. 9, Maggie, wife of George M. Corbett, 40. St. John, Aug. 17, Mary, widow of the late Patrick Girvan, 95. Lower Tree Creek, July 25, John, son of John and Julia Mott. Halifax, Aug. 19, Harriett Ann, widow of the late John Ason. Annapolis, Aug. 8, Isa, child of William and Sadie Edwards. Fredericton, Aug. 16, Agnes, daughter of Michael O'Connell, 21. Fredericton, Aug. 15, Hannah Westworth, wife of A. S. Murray. Woodstock, Aug. 15, Frank, son of Charles P. and Eliza Parker. Halifax, Aug. 4, Edward L., son of Daniel and Mary Copeland, 2. Chipman, Aug. 7, Amelia Jane, wife of Captain Douglas Chase, 40. Bear Point, Aug. 7, Vasilis, widow of the late Clark Stoddard, 73. Birch Point, Aug. 12, Forbes, son of Frederick and Mary McLeod, 11 months. Shubenacadie, Aug. 12, Hattie Ray, infant daughter of Watson and Hattie, 7 months. Chipman, Aug. 7, George, infant son of Louis and Lucie Ledora, 9 months. West Fredericton, Aug. 6, Lettie, daughter of George and Ervatie Currier, 9 months. Liverpool, Aug. 16, Clayton Freeman, son of Elram and Emma Jollymore, 8 months. Addington Falls, N. S., Aug. 6, Gordon Cameron, widow of the late John Baxter, 72. Digby, Aug. 15, Emmeline, daughter of the late Root Scott, M. P. of Antigonish, 77. Port Mahon, July 27, Frederick, infant son of Louise and Lucia Ledora, 9 months. New York, Aug. 14, Michael W. Doran, son of the late Michael Doran, of Halifax, N. B. Tacoma, U. S., Aug. 11, Emline M. Gardner, wife of Capt. J. E. Kennedy, of Yarmouth, N. S.

Smoke TOBACCO PRESENT Chew T&B MAHOGANY Manufactured by The Sun Co. Tuckett & Son Co. Ltd. Hamilton

Consumption. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co. Lowell, Mass. U. S. A. Sold Everywhere. Give Names and Post Office address. T. A. SOUTH CHURCH, CO. Ld., Toronto, Ont.