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1899 1899.

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Yarmouth, N. S., July 6th, 1899.

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Mrs. Gleason was Angry.

It is not pleasant to pick up the morning papers and read among the news items that you called a policeman in the night before to quell a disturbance in your residence when so far as you know there was no disturbance there.

Yet this was what Mrs. Gleason of Germain street read a few days ago and this was the reason that she donned her bonnet and went in search of a lawyer and Chief Clark.

That she was angry goes without saying and that she had a right to be will be readily conceded by all who read the story she tells.

Mrs. Gleason keeps a boarding house on Germain street. It goes by the name of the "King House" perhaps because the building was once the residence of well known people of that name. She has a large number of boarders—nearly thirty in all and they work in all parts of the city.

Two of them were John Quinlan and his son. The former is a carpenter and works on the elevator, it is said. Naturally he has to have his breakfast early in the morning and one day when it was a little late he was annoyed; and when he left the house did not return. This was the middle of the week and in the afternoon or evening of that day he sent his son with their board to date and requested Mrs. Gleason to deliver up their luggage.

This was a new way of doing business so far as this landlady was concerned and she maintained that she should be paid board for the full week. So she did not accept the money and the boy went away.

Mr. Quinlan seems to have been pretty determined in his own way and he was bound to get his trunk and not pay any more than he offered. So soon afterward he started for Germain street. As he neared his recent boarding house he encountered a policeman, "special officer Crawford, and invited him to go into the house with him.

Officer Crawford has not been on the force long enough to have all the ins and outs of the business and he saw no reason why he should not go into Mrs. Gleason's house with Quinlan. So the pair of them faced Mrs. Gleason when she came to see what was wanted. She was not surprised to see Quinlan but to find a policeman with him rather took away her breath and the question flashed through her mind, "what has brought him here?"

She was not left long in doubt because the officer informed her that Quinlan had come to pay his bill and get his trunk. Mrs. Gleason knows something of what the rights of a householder are and she finally came to the conclusion that the policeman had no business in her house unless she called him in or unless he had some warrant so she asked "and who sent you here—the chief?" and she says that the officer replied "a higher authority than the chief sent me here." Then the landlady conveyed the idea to him that he was not wanted and asked him to go out. There was considerable talk and Mrs. Gleason complains that the officer answered her back in a rude way.

It was quite evident that he had come with the idea that he was to see that Quinlan got his trunk. The money he offered was not what the landlady wanted but that did not seem to matter for he went up to his room and began to haul his trunk out.

That is all very well when the floor is bare but when there are carpets on the stairs some damage is liable to result when a trunk is pulled down them. It was so in this case and Mrs. Gleason seemed powerless to help herself.

After getting his own trunk, down Quinlan informed Mrs. Gleason that he was going to break in the door of his son's room. "The key is in the door and there is no occasion for it," was the reply but whether Quinlan was out of hearing or did not heed what she said the next thing heard was the sound of the door being smashed in. The officer, so Mrs. Gleason said, made no attempt to save her property from being destroyed.

When they had gone she was not long in taking action and lawyer John L. Carleton was engaged to go to the chief and demand an explanation of the conduct of his officer.

The case was laid before that official and when Crawford was called into his private office Mrs. Gleason and Mr. Car-

leton were there. The chief said Crawford if the complaint was true, it he had done this and that as, he had noted from Mrs. Gleason's statement and the chief admitted that she was correct.

When asked by the chief why he did not go out of the house when told to Crawford said that he acted as he had done before and seemed to be under the impression—as no doubt he was—that he had a perfect right to be in the house.

The chief advised that Quinlan be asked to repair the door, and there is not much doubt that when Mr. Carleton and his client left the chief that the affair was over so far as they were concerned, had not the report of the officer that he was called in to quell a disturbance in Mrs. Gleason's house been printed in the next morning's papers.

Then Mr. Carleton and Mrs. Gleason went again to the chief and demanded a contradiction and an apology from the officer. Besides that Mrs. Gleason wanted the damage done to the door made good. The chief declared that he did not know the report was on the book, and that had he known it, he would have had it removed; and then he tried to soothe Mrs. Gleason by saying that the report had been garbled by the newspapers and was not the same on the book. Mr. Carleton suggested that it was not impossible to alter it on the books; but that wasn't the point, he wanted an apology for his client and damage repaired. The chief demurred. He acknowledged that his officer was wrong but he could not see the necessity for an apology, and all that his visitors could get out of him was what is popularly known as "a game of talk."

There was another interview and nothing was done. Saturday afternoon Mrs. Gleason said Mr. Carleton called upon her and much to her surprise, advised her to drop the matter. He gave some reasons that she did not think had anything to do with the case, and she could not see why, because there was one investigation of police affairs on, she should not have redress for the wrong done her. She said one argument of Mr. Carleton's was, that she might want the assistance of the police some time. "And if I want it can't I get it," was her reply. "Doesn't my husband pay taxes? But I have lived and done business in St. John for nearly thirty years and have never had occasion to call in the police yet, and I do not propose that they shall enter my house now, without being requested to do so."

On Monday morning Mrs. Gleason was looking for another lawyer. She was bound to see just what rights she had as a householder and whether the chief was justified in upholding the act of his officer. The matter will no doubt come before the next meeting of the council.

It seems to be a difficult matter for a new officer to find out just what his powers as a policeman are, and so far as PROGRESS knows there is no printed manual for him to consult. Some officers are cautious—too much so perhaps—and they are not apt to overstep their bounds while others are apt to take too much upon themselves. The sooner a manual of instruction is given to the men the better it will be for the force.

GREAT RACING TO BOSTON.

The St. Croix and Prince Edward Start Together From St. John.

When the Prince Edward and the St. Croix left their wharves Thursday afternoon for Boston it was quietly understood between those who knew what was going on that there was to be a trial of speed between the two boats. The Edward has two propellers, the St. Croix, one and it was expected by those who knew what an advantage this was, that the D. A. R. boat would beat the other about an hour and a half.

The sea was still as could be and it was a pretty sight to see the boats steaming out rapidly, the St. Croix taking the short cut by the West channel and the Edward going around the Island. When the former blew for the beacon it was 5.24 local time. The Edward was just eight minutes later passing the same point.

This is the last trip of the Edward this season, the Prince Arthur taking her place, and Manager Atkins was not only on board

but several guests of the line including Mr. F. C. Godsoe of Godsoe Bros., Dr. G. A. Hetherington of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum, Capt. Ferris, Mr. William Hatheway and W. B. Quinton of the Sun. They had no doubt a quick trip because there was no wind Thursday night and Friday morning the same calm continued.

There were extra firemen on both boats and the coal it was said had been carefully selected for the trip. It is strange that this is the first time the two boats have left this port at the same hour. There is great rivalry between them and while steamboat owners and companies are supposed to discountenance racing their is not much doubt that if either of those popular gentlemen, Cpt. Pike or Capt. Lockhart come in ahead the management will not find fault with him for doing so.

ALDERMEN ACTING AS JUDGES.

They Begin to Hear the Evidence in the McKelvey-Clark Case.

The investigation into the action of the chief toward John McKelvey was begun on Tuesday evening but nothing new came to light outside of that already stated in PROGRESS. The three witnesses Mr. McKelvey called simply corroborated the complaint, but the inquiry was adjourned because Mr. Pugeley who is to represent the complainant was in Ottawa. Recorder Skinner was representing the chief, and while Mr. McKelvey did not object to that he put the pertinent question as to Recorder Skinner's position in the event of his bringing an action against the city.

Chairman McGoldrick gave everybody a fair show and will no doubt make every effort to get at the facts. That was what Mr. Skinner said his client, the chief, was anxious for, and as Mr. McKelvey has said that he was, again and again, the facts will have a pretty hard time trying to hide. The chief seemed rather disconcerted when, after the charge was read, the chairman quietly asked:

"What do you say to the charge, Chief?"
"What I do you want me to plead?"
"Yes, guilty or not guilty."
"I say I am not guilty."

There was a stenographer present for the first time in an investigation, and he was sworn, giving the proceedings quite a court like air. Even the chairman had a magisterial expression and atmosphere about him that was unusual, and if anything was needed to complete the solemnity of the occasion it was furnished by the sphinx like countenance of Alderman Millidge who sat on his left.

Mr. McKelvey must have arrived at this conclusion too when the Recorder began to put those ambiguous questions of his—not many of them, but enough to make Mr. McKelvey feel that he needed a lawyer.

As a matter of fact no lawyers are needed on either side and the safety board should discountenance any such thing. They are quite capable of getting at the facts without the assistance of legal talent, and a citizen is placed at a disadvantage if, when he wants to make a complaint against a city official, he finds he must have a lawyer to confront another brought by the defence. Let the facts come out and the committee judge.

"Faust" Without Morrison.

Morrison's "Faust" is booked to appear in a number of provincial towns—St. John among them—during the next two or three weeks. In fairness to the public as well as local managers, it should be understood that the cast may not include Lewis Morrison, as Mr. Morrison is not guaranteed to play Faust here this season. Some of the provincial press in chronicling the coming of Faust, announce it as Morrison's farewell tour. It is well known that Mr. Morrison made his "farewell" tour in Faust last fall, and he is next booked to appear in St. John in March next in his new play "Frederick the Great." PROGRESS only makes mention of the above facts in order that the people should not be misled with the expectation that the forthcoming production will necessarily include him as the star. Whether Faust without Morrison will meet with success in the provinces remains to be seen. PROGRESS understands, however, that this production is Morrison's version and those papers that have announced "Morrison's Faust coming" are perhaps within the mark, because he will be with the company but not guaranteed to play although the inference is decidedly misleading.

Undresses Made, Re-covered, Repaired Duvet, 17 Waterloo.

Want His Resignation.

The story of the check drawn by a clergyman on the West Side upon a bank in which he had no account, while a surprise to many people, was not so strange to others who have had some experience with this plausible wearer of the cloth. There are several other people around town who had not the same courage as Mr. Walker, the grocer who received the check, or (as they might have had their accounts settled).

The officers of the church, however, thought it was time to take action when the delinquency of their rector was talked of in the press and they called upon him for his resignation. It has not been handed in as yet but it is understood that it will be soon. It is stated that a higher authority has also intimated to him that his resignation would be acceptable.

There are complaints from other quarters besides St. John of the same minister and it is a great wonder that the West side people who selected him for the parish did not make closer enquiries. While in York county he showed a spirit of finance that would have gained him infinite credit had it been used in the right way, but as it was the people of his church in that river parish did not seem to appreciate his efforts.

Like many small churches an organ was needed either for the church or Sunday school, and after much consideration the reverend gentleman persuaded his congregation to invest in one and get the same from a dealer in Fredericton. He was delegated to get the instrument and the price agreed upon between him and the dealer was about \$90.

The church had no funds at the time but in these days it is almost if not quite as easy to get organs as it is sewing machines all the time that is required being given for the payment. So it was an easy matter to get the organ. The terms were \$10 a month until the instrument was paid for, but the clergyman arranged with the dealer to pay once in three months instead of every month. But in the meantime he collected from his people the \$10 monthly and presumably, found some use for it because when the nine months were up and the organ unpaid for the dealer became impatient and wrote to the congregation about it. That let the cat out of the bag and the minister lost what favor remained to him of his congregation. The church lost the organ because not having been paid for, the dealer took it back again. And the \$90?—well that was gone too.

It is needless to say that the minister also went because he is now in Carleton where he is not likely to remain long. A great many people feel sincere pity for him, and while not condoning his actions which could hardly be overlooked, find excuse for them in the fact that the man is a close student and all the time looking for books which he cannot afford to buy. The only excuse this would appear to be is that the money he gets in these unusual ways is not devoted to any unworthy object. Others who are well acquainted with him and have, perchance, experienced how persuasive he is, are thoroughly convinced that the reverend gentleman missed his vocation and should be in the book agency or insurance business, where glibness of tongue is a necessary requirement.

SHALL THE GUEST PAY.

A Question That is Puzzling a Well Known Civic Official.

Supposing a man to be another man's guest on an afternoon drive, and supposing there is a collision during that drive in which the other team is damaged, should the guest be asked to foot the bill? This is a little conundrum that a civic official is trying to solve, but up to the present the answer still eludes him. He is doing his best however to find out just how far hospitality goes, and what are the precise duties devolving upon a host in a case of the kind referred to.

Not long ago the civic official and a friend started out for an afternoon's drive, but before they had gone very far their team collided with another, with the result that the official was quite severely injured and was confined to his residence for some time. He and his friend of the afternoon, doubtless congratulated themselves upon the fact that they had come out of the affair remarkably well, but in this they had

reckoned without their host the countryman, for he has just been heard from, with the result that the friendship between the two men is likely to cease.

When the man of civic affairs opened his mail the other morning he found among his letters a bill from the countryman for his broken carriage and sundry other little damages, and accompanying the bill was a letter to the effect that unless it was paid within a specified time legal proceedings would be instituted.

After pondering the matter over for some time a bright idea struck the official and he proceeded to act upon it. Clearly the affair was none of his since he was only the other man's guest, so he in turn had a clerk write a note to his friend asking him to look after the matter, and enclosing the bill. The gentleman received the correspondence and after perusing it carefully sat down and wrote a reply to the effect that while, so far as he knew, the countryman's claim might be all right, yet the official seemed to have overlooked one important fact and that was that both the bill and the letter were addressed to the latter, and he failed to see why they had been forwarded to him.

Now the official is sadly meditating upon the frailty of human friendships—especially that of professional men—and wondering between times whether he hadn't better pay the bill.

WHAT HAZING DOES MEAN.

An Exaggerated Idea of What College Students do to Each Other.

People generally are taking a keen interest in the troubles at the University but in their discussions there is much misconception of what "hazing" means. An exaggerated idea of it is very common and of course it puts a far worse light upon the conduct of the students. But "hazing" in the University of New Brunswick is not nearly as bad as it used to be, and then there was no harm done to anybody. The initiation ceremonies that freshmen go through are really nothing. To put on big boxing gloves and have a bout with a classmate is not a killing matter and it is to be presumed that the stifling tobacco smoke that used to be worst of all and equally hard upon all the students' cannot exist in the big gymnasium.

No doubt such practices appear to be "silly" and "frivolous" to many people but they were harmless and afforded lots of fun to the boys.

Fun is a necessary element in the life of a college student. He will make all the better student for having innocent sports once in a while. To hold a trial upon a fellow student—a freshman—because he reported a cane or dared to walk up street with a girl, used to be—and probably—is yet—the delight of the lives of his seniors. What harm was there in it. He might be fined a peck of apples, and if he neglected to pay up to suffer elevation in a blanket. But it did not hurt him—then there used to be an impression that it made a man of him—and he was better liked afterward if he took his "medicines" gracefully.

These customs are called "hazing." The University might get along without them, but ten to one the pleasantest recollections of old graduates are those outside the class room. Memories of how hard it was to hoist a double seated carriage to the roof of the portico; with what infinite difficulty the call was introduced into the chapel to surprise the good old president at prayers the next morning; how hard it was to elude the vigilantes of the porter after an apple raid or to persuade him "not to report to the doctor this time"—these are the tricks and much of the innocent amusement of college life remembered in after days with the keenest pleasure.

A Patriotic Office Holder.

Squire Robinson was in town Thursday just as chipper and chatty as ever. He says it does him good to come to the city and have a talk with old friends. One of his main objects in coming this week was to subscribe half of his salary as an official under the Dominion government to the Transvaal soldiers fund. He is a country postmaster and gets \$12 a year. He says if the war continues next year he will give the other half.

MEANING OF HARD WORK

WOMEN WHO ARE HARNESSED BE-
SIDE OXEN IN FLOURE.

A Sight to be Seen Every-where in the States—Hus-
sian Russia of Russia in China and South
America—Favor of the Sumner Laborer—
Strength of Insects.

'Say, boss,' said a tall, limber-jointed
Kansas granger to the conductor of a
Texas train that had stopped at a station
not far from El Paso.

'Well, say it,' retorted the conductor as
the tall man stopped and looked out of the
window.

'Why, look there—a woman harnessed
up with a cow an' a man settin' on a fence
a-smokin'. I'm dogged ef I ain't heard a
good deal of Texas scenery, but I never
expected to see that all in one pictur.
Who's got a camera? and say, conductor,
kin you hold the train while I take that
pictur? I'd like to send it to the Paris
Exposition as an exhibit. Jest hold the
train while I git it and then one more
minute while I knock that underground
varmint off that perch.'

'Sorry I can't oblige you,' replied the
conductor, 'we're off now,' and he gave
the bell cord a pull while the Kansas man
ran through the car to the back platform
and shook his fist at the man on the fence
until he was swallowed up in a cloud of
Panhandle dust.

'See here, my friend,' said a Texan as
the defender of the woman came back,
'don't you get it into your head that harn-
essing a woman with a cow is a Texas
institution, for it ain't. I've seen it in
Rhode Island and in Florida, and it's
common enough in Europe.'

'And then,' continued the Texan, 'there
is some women so instituted that they like
just such work.'

'Is that so?' said the granger, 'I'm a-
travelling down to Mexico to see the
world and I reckon I'd better begin curbin'
my curiosity or I might get into trouble
but that was a sight I never expected to
see—a woman harnessed with a cow and
a-hauling.'

'In all probability,' said the Texan, taking
a seat by the side of the granger, 'women
have a better position, as far as labor is
concerned, in the United States than any
other country in the world; but I have
seen them harnessed in a number of the
States, and in some of the islands to the
south the steamers are coaled by women,
who thus do the hardest kind of labor, and
among savage nations it is the woman who
is the worker, the drudge.

'It depends how you look at labor,' said
a listener. 'I never worked harder in my
life than I did once on a fishing trip; but I
thought I was having a good time and I
wouldn't have swapped my chance at haul-
ing in big fish for \$100. With us or near
us every day was a man who fished for a
living; got up when we did at half-past
three and fished until six and made about
a dollar a net. He though the world was
against him, and that he was in hard luck.
If you can only think you're having sport
you are all right.'

'It's hard work tryin' to make sport out
of exercising with a hod, as I have done,'
spoke up another passenger.

'And yet,' rejoined, the other, 'there
was the Irishman who soon after he ar-
rived in this country wrote back home and
expressed his belief that he had fallen into
a soft job. 'All I have to do,' he said, is
to carry up the bricks and mortar and
another feller does all the work.'

At least 1,500,000 Chinese earn a living
by the most arduous labor. They are
carriers and their task is to transport from
100 to 150 pounds from one to forty miles
in Canton, a carrier thinks nothing of a
burden of the latter weight, and men can
be hired who will transport 100 pounds
sixty miles in two days at a lower cost
than it could be sent by freight in this
country. In Russia it is not an uncom-
mon sight to see women working in rock
quarries. A vast amount of the hardest
work on the canals of Central America has
been done by men, women and children,
who carry away basket loads of earth on
their heads. It is a fact that the develop-
ment of South America has been retarded
by the work of these people. A vice-
president of the Mexican National Rail-
road has said that the peons were danger-
ous rivals in the transportation business,
and that if they could be kept idle for the
next three years there would be three
times as much activity in railroad develop-
ment. Not only this, but the turning of
a man into a beast keeps the people ignor-
ant and the country backward.

This feature of labor in South America
is remarkable. Roads and trails have
been cut across the Andes, not for horses
nor for railroads. Over them thousands
of men travel bearing enormous loads and
their endurance is greater than that of
animals. In Guatemala almost all the
transportation is done by the people.
Products are carried on the heads of men and
women, and their harness is as carefully

"77" GRIP

May Check a Cold too quick

A carpenter of Morristown, a great,
strong, hearty fellow says: "'77' breaks up
my Cold in two doses. 'I don't follow
the directions on the bottle—when I take
Cold I at once take half the contents of a
35c. bottle then I wait awhile, and take
the balance; my Cold is gone the same
day.'" While this may be very well for a
strong man, it is not always best to
check a Cold too quickly and possibly
drive it to some weak spot—it is better to
follow the direction of six pellets every
hour, it then restores the checked circula-
tion (known by a chill or shiver), starts
the blood coursing through the veins makes
a steady cure of a Cold or Grip.

Manual of all Diseases sent free.
For sale by all druggists, or sent on receipt of
price, 25c. and \$1.00. Humphrey's Homeopathic
Medicine Co., Cor. William & John Sts., N. Y.

prepared as that of a horse; as a result
there are no carriage roads in the country
that amount to much. The goods are
done up in packages which often weigh
150 pounds. On the top of this the carrier
has his food, and bound to it is a cloak
that is hauled over it when it rains. Thus
equipped the human beast of burden trav-
els all over the country, perhaps hundreds
of miles, delivering goods. Nearly all the
coffee in Rio is transported by trains of
men. A captain rounds up the flock
of twenty men. At the word they fling the
bags, which weigh 160 pounds each, upon
their shoulders and start at a slow trot.
The captain has a rattle with which he
regulates their speed and slower to de-
crease it.

'The laborer in the United States some-
times believes that he has a hard time, but
nowhere else in the world is he so well
treated,' said a traveller. Take the ques-
tion of wages. The carriers in Brazil

earn about twenty five cents a day; the
peons less; and the natives of Africa less.
Yet those people live on beans and a kind
of cake that call to mind prepared
sawdust. In travelling through England
and Ireland eight or ten years ago I look-
ed into the lives of the laborers and found
in many places that meat was a luxury;
some had it once a week. What laborer
in this country but has his meat daily, and
generally twice a day?

'Did you ever figure out what a human
laborer could do?' asked a young man.
'It is customary to know just what a ma-
chine can do; how about the human ma-
chine?'

'Well, a man compared to a machine,
according to a careful calculation, is in-
teresting. The measure of the power of
man is the raising of seventy pounds one
foot in a second for ten hours a day; that
represents the maximum effort of a human
laborer. An investigator has figured that
a man can with a drawing knife exert one
pound of force; the same with an augur;
with a screw-driver and one hand he exerts
eighty-four pounds, with a saw thirty-six,
thumb vice forty-five, and with the thumb
and forefinger turning a small screw-driver
he exerts fourteen pounds. According to
Feld the maximum power of a strong man
exerted for two and a half minutes is equal
to the raising of 18,000 pounds one foot in
a minute. The average laborer exerts force
equal to one-fifth of that of a horse; this is
figured on the basis of exerting thirty
pounds of force for ten hours with a ve-
locity of two and a half feet in a second,
which is equal to 4,500 pounds raised one
foot in a minute. So you see a laborer's
work represents the exertion of no little
power.

'Did you ever compare the strength of
men and animals?' asked a student of
natural history. 'The lower animals are
the real laborers of creation especially the
insects. We get many of our ideas from
them. The great bridges call to mind cob-
webs; the tubular bridge and tunnel mak-
ers took their ideas from the teredo. The
Pyramids were built exactly as ants build
similar piles, by the concentration of labor.
If man was as strong in proportion to his

Lots of Practice.

It takes practise and lots of it to make a ready and reliable clerk for
bookkeeper, and that is where the supreme merit of our actual busi-
ness department comes in. We give our students constant drill in
doing just the thing they will have to do when they take office posi-
tions. If you propose to enter upon a business career that is the
kind of training you want, and our school is the place to get it.
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117 Princess St., - St. John, N. B.

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size as many insects we should live in a
day of giants indeed. Experiments have
been made with a house fly to determine
what it would lift; if a man could lift as
much in proportion he would lift a tree
thirty-five feet high and as large as him-
self. If a man could lift as much thread as
a fly has been known to carry off he could
walk away with a cable sixty feet long
and half as large as his body. The common
earwig is one of the muscular insects; if a
horse was as powerful you could load him
up with three hundred and fifty pieces of
heavy timber each as large as himself.

'And great power is not restricted to
the insect tribe. Take fishes. I have seen
a pile of rocks that would collectively
weigh two tons, the gathering up of which
was entirely the work of lamprey eels.
They brought the stones in their mouths
and dropped them there, and when a stone
was too heavy two eels carried it. Skilled
laborers they were too; when it was im-
possible to carry a load without aid they
struggled upward and held it aloft and
allowed the current to sweep them down
stream until they reached the desired spot,
then dropped the stone. Here is skilled
labor for you among the very animals that
are considered the least intelligent. Labor
is universal, and you may look in vain for
tribes of men and animals who escape it,
and it is in the main a struggle for exist-
ence. They labor for food. No one
works harder than the humming bird that
the poet describes as sipping honey from
every flower. In point of fact, it is visit-
ing flowers to obtain minute insects and
it travels miles every day for sustenance.
Even trees work. They mine and tunnel
for their food and often send their roots
through the hard rock. When moisture is
placed near the roots of a dry eucalyptus
or orange tree the tendrils—rootlets if you

will—travel in that direction with wonder-
ful speed; they are continually working for
food, pressing out, robbing other plants,
fighting and struggling for what they get.
It is the rule of life and of all laborers, the
human laborer has the best of it despite
the occasional hard times.'

A Bargain in Fares.

Given bargains and a bargain hunter,
and her purchases end only with the money
in her purse. A woman who belongs in
the head and front of this class boarded a
street car, carrying with difficulty a huge
market-basket filled with the odds and ends
of a department store. She was scarcely
seated before she started at the conductor's
voice.

'Fare, please.'

The woman got out her purse with diffi-
culty, and rummaged through its various
compartments.

'Dear I dear!' she murmured. 'I was
sure I had saved a fare, or I never should
have bought those three odd dusters.'

Then she added to the conductor, 'I live
at the end of the line, and will pay you
then.'

'You must pay now, lady,' replied the
fare-taker. 'That's the rule.'

'But I haven't any money,' she objected.
'Well, I tell you, give me a five cent
bargain and you can redeem it at the end
of the trip; only we don't take dusters on
this line.'

The woman hesitated a moment; then
she dived into her basket and brought up a
long bar of laundry soap.

'Everybody in the car laughed as the con-
ductor rang up her fare.



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travel in that direction with wonderful speed; they are continually working for speed, pressing out, robbing other plants, fighting and struggling for what they get. It is the rule of life and of all laborers, the human laborer has the best of it despite the occasional hard times."

A Bargain in Fares.

Given bargains and a bargain hunter, and her purchases end only with the money in her purse. A woman who belongs in a head and front of this class boarded a street car, carrying with difficulty a huge market-basket filled with the odds and ends of a department store. She was scarcely seated before she started at the conductor's face.

Fare, please.

The woman got out her purse with difficulty, and rummaged through its various compartments.

"Dear! dear!" she murmured. "I was so I had saved a fare, or I never should have bought those three odd dusters."

Then she added to the conductor, "I live at the end of the line, and will pay you."

"You must pay now, lady," replied the conductor. "That's the rule."

"But I haven't any money," she objected. "Well, I tell you, give me a five cent coin and you can redeem it at the end of the trip; only we don't take dusters on line."

The woman hesitated a moment; then she dived into her basket and brought up a bar of laundry soap.

"Everybody in the car laughed as the conductor rang up her fare."

Music and The Drama

TONES AND UNDERSTONES.

One of the greatest musical events of recent years in St. John will be the recital at the opera house on Thursday evening, Nov. 16, of Mr. R. Watkin Mills, England's most eminent basso, assisted by Mr. Henry S. Saunders, assisted by Mr. Mill's is now in the full prime of his career and his voice is at its very best. The very name of this world renowned artist should be sufficient to crowd the opera house to the doors. At every important musical centre in the United Kingdom, Mr. Mills is always in request, and always received with the greatest enthusiasm; where there is another such record as that of having sung the Messiah 105 times, the Elijah 75, The Golden Legend 70, The Creation 55, The Redemption 35, and Berlioz's Faust 25 times? His recitals evince his marvellous versatility, covering every possible range of song from the great arias to the tender Scotch and Irish ballads.

H. S. Saunders is a violin cello soloist of renown, and a great favorite in London musical circles.

Jenny Lind and Gris were rivals for popular favor in London. Both were invited to sing the same night at a Court concert before the Queen. Jenny Lind, being the younger, sang first, and was so disturbed by the fierce, scornful look of Gris that she was at the point of failure, when suddenly an inspiration came to her. The accompanist was striking his final chords. She asked him to rise and took the vacant seat. Her finger wandered over the keys in a loving prelude, and then she sang a little prayer which she had loved as a child. She hadn't sung it for years. As she sang she was no longer in the presence of royalty, but singing to loving friends in her fatherland.

Softly at first the plaintive notes floated on the air, swelling louder and richer every moment. The singer seemed to throw her whole soul into that weird, thrilling, plaintive "prayer." Gradually the song died away and ended in a sob. There was silence of admiring wonder. The audience sat spellbound. Jenny Lind lifted her sweet eyes to look into the scornful face that had so disconcerted her. There was no fierce expression now; instead a teardrop glistened on the long, black lashes, and after a moment, with the impulsiveness of a child of the tropics, Gris crossed to Jenny Lind's side, placed her arm about her and kissed her, utterly regardless of the audience.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Culhane's Minstrels occupied the Opera House on Monday evening, and the balance of the week was taken up with moving pictures of various happenings, people etc. that are just now engrossing public attention. The pictures are excellent and when the electric current is on its good behavior the result is excellent. but it played some strange freaks on the opening night, and at times greatly marred the effect. The little difficulty has been remedied though, and all who can should see the pictures at to-day's matinee, and the evening performance with which the engagement will close.

The Real Widow Brown, under the management of A. S. Scammon, will supply a lot of wholesome fun for three nights of next week beginning on Monday. The piece is a sparkling three act Comedy and gives opportunity for rich and handsome costuming, splendid singing, and a whole lot of excruciatingly funny situations; there will be a matinee on Wednesday.

The members of St. James's Temple of Honor have organized a club to hold entertainments during the winter which promises to be a decided success. The entertainment is of the "variety" kind and the club has adopted the name of Ideal Entertainers.

GREATEST OF HUMAN BLESSINGS

A skin without blemish and a body nourished with pure blood. Such is the happy condition produced by CUTICURA SOAP and CUTICURA Ointment, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, internally, in the severest cases of scurvy, disfiguring itching, burning, and peasy humors.

ainers. The opening of the season was held at Millford on Thursday last to a full house and the members are well pleased with their success. The programme was made up as follows: W. H. McDonald, baritone soloist; Edison's graphophone in the latest selection; Sam Dunham, and the animated song sheet, Murphy and Hart-graves in cloze, jigs and buck and wing dancing; Harry M. McDonald, the popular banjoist and singing comedian; the Honet-oscope, showing 75 views from all parts of the world; Dunn and Mack, descriptive vocalists; W. H. McGorman, in stump speeches; concluding with an afterpiece called "Little Willie's Troubles." Another entertainment will be held in St. James street Temperance hall on Wednesday evening next which promises to be largely attended. The above programme has been changed in some particulars and new features added which will no doubt help to strengthen the entertainment.

"My Son Dan" is the title of a play which will probably be produced in New York this season. David Lowry, a Pittsburg newspaper man, is the author.

Mrs. Langtry's new play, 'The Degenerates,' recently made known in England, is not so lusty a success as to justify the expectation that it may be transplanted in America.

The title of May Irwin's latest play, "Sister Mary," is not a new one. A play with the same name, by Wilson Barrett and Clement Scott, was produced at the American theatre on May 15, 1894.

The names of stage plays even throw an odd light on the way managers feather their nests. "The Weather Hen," a recent English comedy, has been secured for production here by William Brady.

"The Queen of Chinatown," a wild, lurid melodrama laid in San Francisco, has been produced in New York. Miss Jeffreys, Lewis and Mainhill are in it. It seems to be about lurid enough to be funny.

In "The Great Train Robbery," by Scott Marble, a gang of desperadoes hold up a train, blow open the express car with dynamite and crack the safe. The subsequent pursuit of the robbers is described as exciting.

A judge of Mount Vernon, a suburb of New York, has decided that children under 16 cannot attend the theatres unless accompanied by a guardian. He has also threatened to punish any manager who will allow a minor under that age limit to enter his theatre unless so accompanied.

The most pronounced hit so far this season on Broadway has been 'The Tyranny of Tears,' with John Drew as the star. The profits of this enterprise must be abnormally large, because the cast is a very 'short' one, numbering but half a dozen persons. Several other plays have done quite well but no other so far has really created anything of a sensation. There is still another class, embracing another, the flat and positive failure. Fortunately for the managers of the latter, the verdict in the case of these plays has been so nearly unanimous that they will probably be shelved at once, thereby reducing the amount of loss.

The small companies on the road especially those presenting the peculiar conglomerations which are called melodramas by their authors and are made musical farces by the introduction of specialties by the managers, have done splendidly so far, and what is still better, the business appears to be increasing as the season advances. Farce comedy, so called, however, has not done very well.

Canada has not secured a corner on the intelligence of the American continent, but in proportion to population she certainly does make a mighty creditable showing. A son of whom Canada has just cause to be proud is Franklyn McLeay, at present a member of Beerholm Tree's company, which is located at Her Majesty's theatre in London. The United States is also entitled to a share in the glory, for it was in that country that Mr. Leay's great ability as an actor was first recognized by competent critics.

This young actor was a pupil of the great Murdoch and later an instructor in his school. Then he joined Wilson Barrett, with whom he remained for several years, beginning at the foot of the ladder and rising by easy stages until he had attained the dignity of leading man of the organization. His Nero in "The Sign of the Cross" and his Jediah in "Daughters of Babylon" were unstintingly praised by the usually phycerical critics of London. Mr. Beerholm Tree's attention was attracted to McLeay. He engaged him for his production of "Julius Caesar," in which McLeay played Cassius with great success. His work never showed a falling off in merit, and, although Mr. Tree has done some plays which have not been great successes, McLeay has always managed to

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make a good showing, and that, too, when his role has not been overstrong. This statement applies with peculiar force to the revival of 'King John' lately made by Mr. Tree. This was, in the opinion of many persons, very nearly a flat failure, but McLeay emerged triumphant, having made the only real hit in the piece, with the single possible exception of a boy 'entertainer,' to whom was assigned the role of the little Prince.

It has been said before, but the statement will bear repetition, that Franklyn McLeay will, if he continues conscientious, be recognized in the near future as one of the world's greatest actors. Stick a pin in this prediction. It is certain to be verified.

From time to time statements have been published by the opponents of dramatic realism in its best sense that Ibsen was played out and that even in his own country most people had tired of him and his work. That this is not true is best evidenced by the reception accorded to the grand old man of the Norwegian drama at the opening a short time ago of the new National theater in Christiania, the capital of Norway. The king and members of the royal household were present, and the occasion partook of the nature of an ovation for Ibsen, who is said to have attracted much more attention than even his monarch.

Bjornson, whose son is the manager of the house, was also honored by having one night given up to his works, but it is generally conceded that the enormous subscriptions which poured in from every hamlet in Norway were intended as tributes to the ability of Ibsen, who will as a result now have a playhouse in which the initial representations of his plays may be adequately given.

Most people do not pay much attention to Norway beyond looking it up in the guide books once in awhile when they wish to select a unique place for a summer tour, but when it comes down to genuine dyed-in-the-wool patriotism it can give us cards and spades and still win without the slightest effort.

AN EQUATORIAL STRIKE.

And When it Ended the Men Then Resumed Work.

Perhaps the most justifiable strike on record was one which occurred on the Uganda Railroad in East Africa a few months ago. No board of arbitration was summoned, but the justice of the demands of four thousand strikers was recognized, and the strike finally received the official approval of the railroad officials. The circumstances of the case were extraordinary. The Indian coolies, strung out in an immensely long line, were working away with pick and shovel, when suddenly a huge lion sprang from the thicket, killed one laborer with a single blow from its paw, and crushed in the skull of another poor fellow. Every coolie in sight took to his heels and made for the camp a mile away.

The alarm was given and the English engineer seized a rifle and ran to the spot, followed by his assistant. But the lion had finished his meal, and fragments of two corpses alone remained to tell the horrid tale.

The men went to work next morning, while armed guards paced up and down

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along the line of construction. The precaution availed little. Forty-eight hours after the first tragedy another workman was seized and dragged into the bush. Within three weeks the list of victims numbered fifteen.

A pardonable reluctance for work under such conditions were manifest among the workmen, but their employers prevailed on them still to continue. The first morning of the fourth week, as the men started to work, they were led by a coolie overseer, a huge man weighing over two hundred pounds. As he reached the track he turned to give some instruction to his men, and just then a lion leaped upon him from behind a pile of lumber, smashing his skull by a single blow.

The brute planted his forefoot on the corpse, and began to eat, while the shivering Indians stood paralyzed with horror. In a minute or two guards came up and a dozen rifles were emptied into the lion.

The coolies now became openly rebellious, but a servile race is slow to rise in revolt, and it was not until twenty-eight of their number had been killed that the men threw down their abovel and absolutely refused to work.

A consultation of the authorities was held, and the next day a great hunt was instituted, which did not end until the last lion had been killed or driven from the neighborhood. Then the strike ended and the men returned to work.

MISERABLE WOMEN.

HOW WOMEN LOSE INTEREST IN THEIR HOUSEHOLDS.

The Ills to Which Women are Heir Cause Much Suffering—The Experience of a Lady Who has Found a Speedy Cure.

Mrs. Isaac T. Comeau, who resides at 834 Arago street St. Roch, Quebec, is a teacher of French, English and music. For many years Mrs. Comeau has suffered greatly from internal troubles, peculiar to her sex, and also from continuous weakness the result of headaches, neuralgia and nervous prostration. Her trouble became so bad that she was forced to give up teaching and go to a hospital, but the treatment there did not materially benefit her and ultimately she left the hospital still a great sufferer. Meantime her husband having heard of the great value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, purchased a few boxes and prevailed upon his wife to try them. When interviewed as to the merits of the pills Mrs. Comeau gave her story to the reporter about as follows:

"My trouble came on after the birth of my child, and up to the time I began to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I could find nothing to cure me. I suffered much agony and was very weak, had frequent severe headaches, and little or no appetite. It was not long after I began the use of the pills that I found they were helping me very much and after taking them for a couple of months I was as well as ever I had been. My appetite improved, the pains left me, and I gained considerably in flesh and am again able to attend to the lessons of my pupils and superintend my household work. Since using the pills myself I have recommended them to others and have heard nothing but praise in their favor wherever used."

No discovery of modern times has proved such a boon to women as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Acting directly on the blood and nerves, invigorating the body, regulating the functions they restore health and strength to exhausted women, and make them feel that life is again worth living.

Sold by all dealers in medicines or sent post paid at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Refuse all substitutes.

A BLIND LETTER.

It Took some Time to Decipher the Letter but the Reply Came all Right.

Miscellaneous correspondence is a heavy burden upon public men. They are bombarded with letters from admirers and critics alike. To answer unnecessary communications is to court a continuance of the evil. The argument was long urged upon the late Bishop of Wakefield, England, who felt it to be part of his duty to answer every letter he received, even though its writer was evidently insane. On this last score the bishop's friends protested vigorously, but the good man replied:

"Well, poor things, I don't fancy many people write to them, and perhaps my letters give them a little pleasure." Occasionally a perfectly sane letter gave the recipient more trouble than the most elaborate effusion of a crazed mind. The Bishop's son and biographer prints a sample communication exactly reproduced.

"May it please your Lordship. To inform me my Lord whether I have a Legal Right to a Grave or not, supposing my Grandfather on my Mother's side, my Lordship, and the said Grandfather had no son, and my mother was the oldest daughter and I am my Mother's Oldest Child and only Son, my Lordship, who would become into possession of the said Grave my Lordship, supposing my father leaves my Mother, my Lordship, has he a Legal Right to bury my Mother, in the said



His babyship

will be wonderfully freshened up, and his whole little fat body will shine with health and cleanliness after his tub with the "Albert"

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GRAVE, IF IT IS NOT LEFT IN THE FORESAID GRANDFATHER'S WILL, MY LORDSHIP, HASN'T THE AFORESAID, GRANDFATHER'S GRANTON THE LEGAL RIGHT OF THE SAID GRAVE, MY LORDSHIP, HAS A SON-IN-LAW A LEGAL RIGHT, BEFORE A GRANTON, TO THE SAID GRAVE, MY LORDSHIP, HAS MY SISTER A LEGAL RIGHT TO HAVE MY FATHER BURIED IN THE SAME GRAVE MY LORDSHIP, WITHOUT THE CONSENT OF HER BROTHER, MY LORDSHIP IS THAT GRANTON INVESTED WITH VIGAR'S RIGHTS, SO THAT NO ONE CAN INTERFERE WITH THE SAID GRAVE, MY LORDSHIP THE SAID GRAVE HAS A HEAD STONE ON IT AND THERE WAS A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF FEES TO BE PAID, BEFORE THE SAID VIGAR ALLOWS THE SAID STONE TO BE PUT OVER THE GRAVE, MY LORDSHIP, WOULD NOT THAT GRAVE DEVOLVE AND BECOME FREEHOLD PROPERTY, MY LORDSHIP, MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE TO SEND ME A REPLY.

"From yours truly. The letter was deciphered, and the anxious inquirer got his reply.

Antithesis. Monsieur Calino likes to repeat any fine word which he hears. He was lately visiting a lady who had a black cat which she humorously called 'Snowflake.'

"Why do you call him 'Snowflake'?" Calino innocently asked.

"Oh, by antithesis," she said. By and by, at dinner, the lady asked Calino:

"How do you find these melons? We raised them ourselves, you know?"

"Ah, I find them delicious—by antithesis you know," he answered.

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pushed the door ajar to find out what was going on. His gun lay where it had fallen. Beyond the gun, among a bed of dry leaves was a moving, sputtering something, as big as a molasses hoghead, but of a shape such as no man ever saw. The panther had pushed its four legs through the sleeves of the coat until the body of the garment had come up against his breast. When the gummy surface of the coat had come in contact with the hair of the panther the two became one. After that the frantic animal had floundered about and coated its body and legs with dry leaves until it was helpless to fight or run away. Though the conduct of the missionary afforded no precedent for the act, young Snow took advantage of the situation and placing the muzzle of his gun at the panther's ear bored a hole in its skull and filler, the fisherman who owned the coat met the boy on his way to school and gave him a heavy whipping for meddling with property that was not his own.

A COLLIER PATRICK HENRY.

An Episode Which Illustrates that Dogs can Talk.

'Every time I see this pond,' said the older of the two sportsmen, 'I think of something that happened here a good while ago—something that convinced me dogs can talk.'

The two men were sitting on the veranda of a little country hotel in New Jersey, ever looking a small lake. Both are widely known among lovers of dog and gun, the older man especially, being regarded as the most expert trainer of hunting dogs in the state.

'Beside the fifteen or twenty bird dogs my kennels at the time,' the older man resumed, 'I had a big mongrel—a cross between a St. Bernard and a mastiff. He had a bad disposition, and unless I watched him was constantly bullying the other dogs. No one of them was a match for him in a fight, and he knew it and terrorized them.'

'I generally took some of the dogs down to the lake for a swim every day. One morning I brought a young Irish setter and the big mongrel. The setter had hardly entered the water when the mongrel followed him. He seized the setter by the neck, and in spite of his struggles held him under water. All my shooting did him the slightest effort on him, and finally I had to leap in myself and pull the mongrel off, to save the setter's life.'

'During the day all the dogs were chained up. After supper, when I let them out for their usual evening run, I noticed that the setter took no part in the frolics of the other dogs. He ran first one and then to another until he had lived more than half the pack.'

'Each dog that he approached stopped play and went around growling, and if his tail erect and stiff. Then, all at once, as if some one had given a signal, every one of them started for the mongrel. I began the worst fight I ever saw.'

'Not one made any mistake. Not one any other dog except the mongrel; but they would literally have torn to pieces if I hadn't rushed in with my heavy gun and driven them off. As it was, the mongrel was a mass of cuts and tears, and a mass of skin were hanging in a dozen pieces. I saved his life, but he was never able to get up again. If the slightest cur came up to him and growled would put his tail between his legs and run away.'

What that Irish setter said to the other dogs in the pack I don't know. Nobody but the Creator of dogs could tell that, that he said something, and that the other dogs understood him, I never had the slightest doubt. It must have been a voice of Patrick Henry oration—an appeal to light it out and throw off the yoke of oppression. At any rate, it was effective.



The golf season closed this week with an impromptu tea given by Mrs. Isaac Burpee, at her residence "Bellevue," on Tuesday afternoon. During the afternoon the prizes won by the members were presented to the lucky players by Mrs. George F. Smith. Mr. W. H. Thorne who was present congratulated the ladies on the way in which they had assisted in making it so. The following list of the competitions, winners and prizes will be of interest to all who are interested in golf.

LADIES. Golf Ball Competition, won by 1st, Miss Burpee, prize 4 balls; 2d, Mrs. G. K. McLeod, 2 balls. June Handicap, won by Miss Mona Thomson, prize club. Mixed Foursome Handicap, won by Miss Burpee and Mr. Hamard, prize club. Ladies Foursome Handicap, won by the Misses Parks (prize presented by the lady president), club. Mr. Hovey's Prize, won by Miss Burpee, prize silver mounted score book. Mr. N. A. Clif's Prize, won, by 1st, Miss Burpee, prize 1 doz golf balls; 2d, Miss Dever (3rd prize presented by Mrs. Busby and Mrs. McLeod), silver cup. The Thomson Prize, won by 1st, Miss Mona Thomson, prize golf club links; 2d, Miss Lou Parks, prize pocketbook (prize presented by Mr. Robert Thomson and Miss Parks). The President's Prize, won by Miss Burpee, prize leather golf bag. Ladies' Club Handicap, won by Miss Thomson, prize club. Putting Prize, won by Miss MacLaren and Miss Burpee, tie, prize golf balls (prize presented by Mrs. Thomson). Ladies' Championship, won by Miss Thomson, prize cup (silver cup presented by Mr. Frank Usher, to be won three years in succession before becoming property of the winner).

GENTLEMEN. June Handicap, won by H. H. Hansard, prize club. July Handicap, won by W. H. Thorne, prize club. Ball Competition, won by H. H. Hansard, prize balls. Thorne Cup, won by R. K. Ritchie, prize cup (presented by Mr. W. H. Thorne and played for yearly). Record Prize, won by H. H. Hansard, prize club and 1 doz balls (prize presented by Rev. J. deoyers). Ladies' Prize, won by 1st, D. J. Fraser, prize 1 doz. golf balls; 2d, C. J. Coster, prize golf ball caddy. Club Handicap Prize, competition not yet finished. Vice-President's Prize, won by H. H. Hansard, prize golf club. Championship 1899, won by H. H. Hansard, prize cup (presented by the club members to be won three years in succession before becoming property of winner).

Mrs. D. P. Chisholm was among last week's hostesses, entertaining a few friends very pleasantly with cards and music. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Coster, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Clinch, Miss Travers, Miss Frances Travers, Dr. Harry Travers, Miss Dever, General Warner and Mr. D. R. Jack. Mrs. George E. King of Ottawa gave a luncheon last Saturday for the entertainment of Mrs. Tuck of this city who is Mrs. King's guest. Other ladies present were: Lady Laurier, Lady Strong, Mrs. S. T. King, Mrs. H. A. Be's, Lady Ritchie, Mrs. Gwynne, Mrs. Taschereau, Mrs. Blair, Mrs. Glendon and Mrs. Foster.

Miss Ella Whitaker of Fredericton is the guest of West side friends for a week or two. Mr. Charles F. Gerow of Boston, Mass., who has been visiting his cousin Stephen Gerow left for his home on Thursday last. Dr. J. F. Teed of Dorchester, who is very well known in this city, was married in that town on Wednesday last to Miss Daisy A. Weldon daughter of R. Weldon, of London, England. The many friends of Dr. Teed in this city will extend to him and his bride good wishes for a long and happy married life.

News of the sudden death of Mrs. Hans J. Logan wife of the brilliant young member for Cumberland, N. S., was heard with genuine regret by many friends of Mr. Logan in this city, as well as by those who had met Mrs. Logan personally. The deceased lady was of a bright social nature and at their home in Amherst entertained extensively. She was but twenty six years of age, and her husband, and little son of five years, will have much sympathy in their bereavement.

Mr. Harry Payne of Portland Me., is the guest of his aunt Mrs. Wm. Dunn. Capt. Fritz is visiting his home here after an absence of several years. His young daughter will accompany him on his next voyage to the East Indies.

Mr. H. M. Whitney was in the city for a short time this week on his way to Sydney, C. B. Mr. J. K. Scammell C. E. went to Loopwell Cape the beginning of the week.

The Misses Fenety who were to have sailed for Boston en route for Florida on Monday were detained until Thursday. During that interval they were pleasantly entertained by their relatives and many friends.

Lieutenant Thomas Raines, of the Lincolnton regiment has returned to Halifax after a pleasant stay here as a guest of Mr. G. Sydney Smith.

Mr. J. H. E. Wilson left on Monday for Sydney, C. B. Miss Elliott went to Salisbury Tuesday where she will spend a fortnight with friends.

Miss Alice James arrived from Montreal this week and will spend the winter with east side friends.

Monday was the twentieth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Hannah of Char road, and which was remembered by a number of their friends who gathered at their home and helped them to observe the occasion in a most fitting manner. The time was very pleasantly spent in games, music and dancing, and supper was served at midnight. In the earlier portion of the evening there was a pleasing incident, when Rev. W. W. Raines on behalf of the company presented to Mr. and Mrs. Hannah a very handsome china dinner set. After the hearty thanks of the worthy couple had been expressed the congratulations of all were extended with wishes for many years more of happiness and prosperity.

Dr. Byron Price moved into his new residence on Germain street the first of the week. Dr. Foster McFarlane has purchased a new residence on Princess street which he will occupy next spring.

Mr. R. A. Watson left Monday for a trip to Montreal, Toronto, Niagara and New York.

Mr. Thomas L. Day returned the first of the week from a trip to Fredericton.

Miss Alice Small of the West side left on Tuesday or Montreal in which city she will spend the winter with relatives.

Miss Nellie McEiverson is spending a little while in Woodstock.

Mr. Robert Atherton of the inland revenue department was able to resume his duties this week after a very severe illness.

Miss Helen Blackie of Woodstock came to the city this week and will spend several weeks with friends here. Mrs. R. B. Welsh also of Woodstock is spending a few days here.

The first of a series of social gatherings which promises to add to the pleasure of the young people of Trinity church during the winter was held Tuesday evening in the church schoolroom. The programme which was as follows was greatly enjoyed: Address, Rev. J. A. Richardson; piano solo Mrs. Jarvis; piano solo, Mrs. Little; reading, Miss George Scammell; piano solo, Miss E. Payne. At the close of the programme refreshments were served.

Miss Amelia Foley who was visiting Mrs. J. C. Price of Havelock for a little while returned home last week.

Mr. L. P. D. Tilley was in Havelock for a day or two lately.

Miss Jennie Newcomb left the middle of the week on a month's visit to friends in Nova Scotia.

Many guests helped Clan MacKenzie celebrate its anniversary last Tuesday evening when a most delightful evening was spent by the members of the clan and their guests. After the following interesting programme, refreshments were served, and the rest of the evening was spent in dancing: Clarinet and cornet duet, Messrs Stratton and McEowan; song, Mr. Ridd; song, Mrs. Maxwell; violin solo, Mr. Goudey; song, Miss Knott; piano solo, Miss Cochran; exhibition in club swinging, Arthur L. Kelly; song, Miss Johnston; song, E. Taylor Craig; piano solo, Mrs. J. M. Baines; song, Mrs. McLean; clarinet solo, W. G. Stratton; song, S. J. McGowan; reading, Chieftain Link; song, Mrs. Manuel; song, Chieftain Link; song, Mrs. Maxwell; violin solo, Alex. Cruikshank.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. McLeod have returned from their summer residence, Asholme, near Hampton, and will occupy their town home during the winter.

Miss Eleanor Robertson, who spent the summer at Linden Heights, returned to the city last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred S. Whitaker and family, and Miss Lillie Richard, returned this week from Hamp on where they spent the summer.

Miss Eliza is the guest of Miss Euter, Esplanade street, for a day or two on her way from Fredericton to Westmorland.

Miss Allison Jones returned Wednesday from a very pleasant visit to Montreal and Toronto.

Miss Grace Fairweather has just returned from a very pleasant stay with friends in Summerville, Mass.

Madame Barakat who has been visiting the W. C. T. U. here, left Wednesday for her home in Philadelphia.

Miss Alice Morway who has been the guest of Mrs. Alfred Stephens for some time, left the beginning of the week for her home in Manchester, N. H.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Fullerton have returned from a three weeks' visit to New York, Philadelphia and Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Pinney, formerly of this province but now of Montana, arrived this week from the West and will spend two months with friends in different parts of New Brunswick. They are now with North End friends for a week or two.

Mrs. Fred Seely has been visiting St. George for a short time.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Sipplell went to Hartland, Carleton Co. on Wednesday to see the latter's mother, who is quite seriously ill.

After the ceremony the bridal party and the immediate relatives drove to the residence of Mr. Bradley on Summer at east, where a wedding repast was served and the hearty congratulations were extended to the young couple. They received very many handsome wedding gifts. The groom's present to the bride was a beautiful set of fur, and to the bridesmaid a gold ring set with pearls and rubies. The groomsmen's present was an elegant parlor cabinet. Among the gifts was a very fine silver service presented by Messrs Raymon! & Doherty, proprietors of the Royal Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. McEiverson will reside on Broad street.

The residence of Mr. Chas. Colwell, No. 18 Chapin street was the scene of a happy event Wednesday evening when his daughter Lillie G. was united in marriage to Mr. Harry J. Kincaid. The ceremony was performed by Rev. George Steele of Portland street Methodist church of which the bride is a member. The bride was attired in a becoming gown of cream cashmere with tulle, and a beautiful set of white and orange blossoms. The bride veil and lily of the valley, and she wore the groom's gift, a handsome gold bracelet of unique design; after the ceremony the wedding party set down to a beautiful supper; speeches of congratulation were made by Geo. E. Vincent, Rev. George Steele and others.

The bride received many beautiful presents. Mr. C. Colwell, cooking range; Mrs. C. Colwell, toilet set; Mr. and Mrs. J. Kincaid, bedroom set; Mr. Earle Kincaid, extension table; Mr. Alex. Weatherall, china tea set; Miss Clara Lee, silver fruit dish; Mr. and Mrs. F. Vincent, set of carvers; Mr. and Mrs. Beverly Vincent, baroque lamp; silver and glass pickle dish from Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Jones; Mr. and Mrs. Richard Stackhouse, water set; Mr. and Mrs. W. McCutcheon, set of table linen; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Kennedy, silver salver; Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Morris, dessert spoons; Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Dunn, china tea set; Miss George Colwell, table mat; Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Alward, fancy platter; Miss Lillie Thos. Hamilton, silver berry spoon; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Allen, silver crumpan and brush; Mr. and Mrs. L. Luckie, silver butter cooler; Mr. George Colwell, parlor table; Mr. and Mrs. J. Colwell, silver sugar bowl; Miss Mildred Whelpley, set of table linen; Miss Maggie Vincent, vase; Ralph Coleman, gold souvenir spoon; Chas. McConnell, silver fruit dish; Gertrude L. Watson, vase; Mr. and Mrs. R. Jones, silver salver; Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Thos. parlor rocker; Charles Colwell, pie knife; Thos. Vincent, water pitcher; Mrs. G. S. Belyea, fancy jardiniere; Mr. M. Cavanaugh, jelly spoon; Mr. and Mrs. B. Vincent, silver fruit dish; Mr. and Mrs. John S. Corbett, berry spoon; Mrs. W. L. Lyons, two blue ornaments; Miss Lillie Vincent, porridge set; Miss Lou Scribner, judicium; Mr. and Mrs. James Brown, silver cake basket; Mr. and Mrs. Thos. A. Dunlop, silver cake basket.

Mrs. Charles Vall and Miss Maggie Vall of this city, left Thursday morning for a short visit to friends and relatives in Taunton, Mass., and vicinity.

ST. ANDREWS. Nov. 9.—Mrs. Geo. S. Grimmer has been visiting friends in Woodstock lately.

Miss Molly Mackay returned from her visit to Charlottetown on Thursday last.

Mrs. O. F. Batson and family of Campbell have stated for Vancouver, B. C., to join Mr. Batson who has been doing business in the above named place for several years.

Mr. Henry McEiverson of St. George, was in town last week.

B. De Wolfe of St. Stephen, was in town on Saturday.

Mrs. J. S. McMaster, who has been visiting in Fredericton for several weeks, returned home on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Wetmore, of Truro, arrived in St. Andrews on Saturday and registered at Kennedy's hotel. They returned to Truro on Tuesday.

Mrs. Nelson Clarke will spend the winter in New York with her sons. She took Monday's boat for New York, accompanied by her daughter-in-law, Mrs. N. M. Clarke.

Station-master Matzar has returned from visits to friends in Boston, Pettaucadie and Aroostook Junction.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS. [An announcement for sale in St. Stephen at the book store of G. S. Wall, T. E. Atchison and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at O. P. Treat's.]

Nov. 9.—Rev. John A. Clark and Mrs. Clark have been in town this week to attend the funeral of Mr. T. Ashbur Thompson.

Mrs. John Simpson of St. Andrews has been the guest this week of Mrs. James L. Thomson.

Miss Ida Berryman has returned from a pleasant visit in St. George.

Mrs. Frank Murchie receives her friends every Wednesday during this month at her residence in Milltown.

The Misses Stevens entertained some elderly lady friends at tea on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. H. A. Boyd of Campbell was in town for a short visit this week.

The Harmony club will meet at Westwold, the residence of Mrs. John Black on Monday evening next.

Miss Rita Ross left to stay for Newton, Mass. to enter upon a course of duty at the Newton hospital for the purpose of becoming a trained nurse.

Miss Alice Graham most pleasantly entertained the whist club at her home last Thursday evening. The prizes were won by Miss Charlotte Young and Mr. Frank Washburn and the booty prizes were awarded to Mrs. Lewis Dexter and W. G. Hagen Grimmer.

Mrs. Henry B. Eaton has returned from Fredericton.

D. Maurice of Montreal, president of the Canadian colored cotton mill company, was in town last week for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Harris, nee Miss Lillian Dick who have been here for several weeks owing to the condition of Mr. Harris' health, left last week for their home in Springfield, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Scovill of St. John were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Scovill for several days during this week. Frank Nelson, cashier of the Calais bank, has returned from Boston. The marriage of one St. Stephen's fair daughters and prominent young professional man of Calais is to occur at the close of this month. S. Harry Stevenson has gone to Sydney, Cape Breton, where immense mining and building operations are in progress. Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Hart of St. Andrews were in town on Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. George Gay are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son. Mrs. John Black gave a children's party at her residence on Hallow E'en which was very jolly and enjoyable to the children who were guests. W. E. Torrance of the Merchant's bank, Halifax

FACTS!

"I use Welcome Soap all the time and like it very much better than any other soap that I have used."—Mrs. Adam H. Scott, Four Falls, Victoria Co., N. B.

"I prefer Welcome to all other soaps."—Mrs. Alex. Carmichael, Whycoomagh, C. B.

"I appreciate working with your Welcome Soap, it does away with the rub and is thorough in its work."—Mrs. T. B. Churchill, Marysville, N. B.

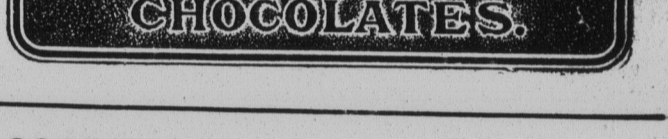
"I use Welcome Soap all the time and think there is none better."—Mrs. Gilbert Allen, Pembroke, Yarmouth Co., N. S.

"We have used Welcome Soap in our family for a long time and it is the best soap we ever used."—W. H. Schofield, White Rock, Kings Co., N. S.

"I have used a great deal of Welcome Soap in the past and think it is perfect."—Mrs. Enoch Lunt, Keswick Ridge, N. B.

ERGO, TRY.

Welcome Soap.



Calcium-Nickel Fluoride

FOR BRASS AND BRONZE CASTINGS

is the only low-priced but high-grade Alloy, strictly guaranteed, superior to phosphorus tin. A sample keg 100 pounds shipped to any responsible brass foundry. Manufactured under Mexican patent by

THE NATIONAL ORE & REDUCTION CO., Durango, Mexico.

Stahlknecht Y. Cia, Bankers, exclusive sole agents for the Mexican Republic Durango, Mexico. The United States patent right is for sale.

Howard Chemical Works, Howard Station, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Ferro-Nickel Manganese

For Cupola, Crucible or Ladle use is the only low priced but high-grade Alloy that does not convert hard white iron into soft ductile steel castings. A sample keg, 100 pounds, shipped for trial to any responsible foundryman. From the Durango Iron Mountain high-grade Nickel and Manganese under Mexican patents by

The National Ore & Reduction Co., Durango, Mexico.

Stahlknecht Y. Cia, Bankers, exclusive sole agents for the Mexican Republic, Durango, Mexico. The United States patent right is for sale.

Howard Chemical Works, Howard Station, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

When You Want a Real Tonic 'ST. AGUSTINE'

ask for (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine. GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899.

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

E. G. SOOVI! 162 Union Street.

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

Advertisement for The Canadian Troops, featuring an illustration of a soldier and text describing the service of Canadian troops in the Boer War.

CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.



BALIAX NEWS.

There are times when a horse knows more than a man; when instinct is superior to reason. The horse fights against being forced over the brink of a precipice which he can see in the dark...

Programme for sale in Halifax by the newboys and at the following news stands and centres. Monson & Co., Barrington street...

A very pleasant evening was spent at Admiral Bedford's residence last Friday night by some sixty or seventy guests...

On Wednesday night a rehearsal was held, at which the Admiral's boat crew and servants were present.

Mr. Butler left last night for the Halifax for New York, Ottawa and Montreal, and during his absence his business will be conducted by F. W. Meyer.

Rev. Dr. W. S. Whittier, who has been occupying the pulpit of the Grove Presbyterian church for some time, left by S. S. Duart Cabot to assume work in his own congregation in Port of Spain, Trinidad.

Miss Gertrude Marsters, who for the past two months has been visiting in Brooklyn and Windsor, returned home Tuesday evening accompanied by her cousin, Miss Nettie Mosher.

Truro News, 1st: A. G. Troop, Halifax; Mrs. George Troop, Dartmouth, and two daughters; Mrs. Nicholson of Sydney, and Mrs. J. F. Sheriff, Ottawa, are guests at the Stanley, where they will remain for a few days.

her help. This help in its most concentrated and perfect form is contained in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This great alternative extract completely modifies every abnormal condition of the disordered digestive or alimentary functions...

Mr. Geo. Minter, of 2337 Thompson Street, Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "Some time ago I was terribly run down. Numerous ailments had been coming upon me one by one. I decided to try 'Golden Medical Discovery' and the 'Pleasant Pellets'...

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Nov. 7.—The hunting party consisting of Messrs. F. B. Prince, C. E. Coleman, E. M. Fulton, A. S. Black and M. Schurman who spent some days in the vicinity of Economy lake, arrived home last Friday night, but were unsuccessful in their search for big game...

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THE S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED. Notre-Dame Street. Montreal's Greatest Store. November, 1899.

Write for it! The S. CARSLY Co'y Ltd. New Winter Catalogue, Just issued containing 180 pages fully illustrated. Shopping by Mail Made Easy and Pleasant.

Our Mail Order System is planned for the special convenience of Out-of-Town Shoppers. You can enjoy the pleasures of shopping at home and at once leisure with the aid of our New Winter Catalogue. There are many advantages in buying goods from us by mail. First.—The absolute reliability of the goods listed in this Catalogue which are guaranteed to come up to our description.

Second.—Your money is refunded if Goods are not satisfactory. Third.—The promptness with which all orders are attended to and the great care and attention paid to the selecting of goods ordered by mail making this The Most Popular Mail Order Service in Canada.

Shipments of New Winter Goods are arriving by every Steamer from the Old World, purchased direct from the manufacturers for spot cash, enabling us to make prices which when quality is considered, are not equalled anywhere.

Samples sent to any Address in Canada FREE. Write for a copy of our New Winter Catalogue, it will be mailed to your address FREE OF CHARGE.

SEND FOR A Child's Sleeping Suit by Mail. This special offer is made to all Mail Order Customers at these prices to assist you in testing our Mail Order Value.

Prices: 2 4 6 8 10 12 years. 27c 33c 38c 44c 50c 56c each. THE S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED. 1765 to 1783 Notre Dame Street, 184 to 194 St. James Street, Montreal.

ONLY A COUGH! But it may be a sign of some serious malady fastening itself upon the vital parts. Puttner's Emulsion will dislodge it and restore the irritated and inflamed tissue to healthy action.

Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best. Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists.

Butouche Bar Oysters. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Butouche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square. J. D. TURNER.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists.

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Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including names and dates, likely from a separate column or page.

SOCIAL and PERSONAL

who has recently been in New York city, was in town last week on route to Halifax. During his stay he was the guest of Judge Stevens. His son Hartley, who has spent the summer here with Dr. and Mrs. Lawson, accompanied him to Halifax. Mrs. Caldwell, who has been the guest of Mrs. Henry B. Murchie, has returned to Boston. The whist club was entertained recently by Mrs. C. F. Beard and Miss Estia Smith. There were about twenty ladies and gentlemen present. The prizes were won by Miss Mabel Murchie and Miss Charlotte Young and the booky prize was awarded to Miss Kate Washburn and B. A. Dewst. After the game was finished some music was enjoyed and supper was served. Mrs. Stephen Laming and children have returned to their home in Boston accompanied by Miss Emily Laming of St. Stephen with whom Mrs. Laming has been making a few weeks visit. Miss Mary Jones has returned from a pleasant visit to Boston. Miss Nettie McBride went to St. John on Friday as a delegate from the Y to the New Brunswick W. C. T. U. convention. Mrs. Margaret Stuart, who has been quite ill during the past month, is much better and expects to pass this week to the home of Mrs. Edward Price to pass the winter. Arthur Kirk continues to improve though the process is slow. Miss Sarah Kirk is quite ill. Mrs. W. F. Todd spent a day or two in St. John this week. Mrs. Hugh Baltham has returned from a visit to Brookline, Mass. Miss Winter McAllister is enjoying the pleasures of Boston. Miss Eva B. Vaughan pleasantly entertained a party of friends at her home one evening last week. Mrs. F. T. MacNichol and Miss Ida McKenzie are visiting Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Trimble have been visiting Denysville. Mrs. A. E. Nell is the guest of Mrs. W. W. Sawyer in Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Frank V. Lee and Mrs. C. H. Clerk went to Ellsworth, Maine, on the excursion on Friday. Mrs. Albert H. Sawyer is visiting Boston.

RICHIBUCTO.

Nov. 8-Senator Potter of Shidac and Geo. V. McLerney, M. P., were in Kouchibouctou on a shooting trip. Mrs. Potter accompanied the Senator here and spent the week in town, the guest of Mrs. G. V. McLerney, they returned on Saturday last. Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Carter spent last week visiting in Newcastle and E. Short. Miss Sadie Fortier of Dorchester is in town, guest of her aunt, Mrs. F. J. C. Cochrane. Mr. J. T. Cole has been in Kcncton for the past week, and the friends of his daughter, Miss Florrie Cole, are pleased to hear the favorable reports of her recovery. Mr. Geo. Noble of St. John is in town today. Bishop Knudsen of Fredericton will hold a confirmation service on Sunday morning next in St. Mary's Church of England. Mrs. Wm. Lawson spent some days in St. John last week. Mr. and Mrs. Richard O'Leary drove to Chatham on Wednesday last. Mr. Robert Loggie of Loggieville was in town last week. Mr. Murray of St. Stephen spent Sunday in town. AURORA.

A WOMAN AT A FIRE.

She Did Exactly as she Had Planned to do: But Still Isn't a Hero. "We had a fire at our hotel in the country," said the little woman, "and of course it happened on the night that Harry was off on a hunting trip. Now, I am very nervous about fire and when I go into a hotel room, the first thing I do is to examine the fire escape and estimate the distance from the ground. "Then, I am always expecting a fire and so my garments are invariably placed where I can get them in the shortest space of time. "And this time you really had a fire!" said her friend. "Did you keep your senses, or did you do all the foolish things you had previously resolved not to do?" "I kept all my senses," replied the little woman, proudly. "When the night clerk knocked at my door and told me the house was on fire, but I had plenty of time to collect my valuables and get out, I wasted no time in hysterics, as did the women next door to me, but dressed myself with my usual care, collected my valuables and put them in a satchel, all the while with a



A Nice Bundle OF CLEAN LINEN makes anyone cheerful.

There's something rejuvenating to a tired body in just the very look of snowy, sweet-odored linen. Why not have us do your work regularly, and then you can rely on its quality.

American Laundry, 98, 100, 102 Charlotte St. Tel. 214. GODSORE BROS., Proprietors. Agents B. A. Dyeing Co., "Gold Medal Dyeing," Montreal.

"Necessity Knows No Law."

But a law of Nature bows to the necessity of keeping the blood pure so that the entire system shall be strong, healthy and vigorous.

To take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, is therefore a law of health and it is a necessity in nearly every household. It never disappoints.

Erysipelas—"Had a severe attack of erysipelas, suffering from dizziness and nervousness so that I could not rest at night. Tried Hood's Sarsaparilla with good results, and now recommend it to others." M. CHAMBERLAIN, Toronto, Ont.

Tired Feeling—"Was all run down and had no appetite. Was tired all the time. Hood's Sarsaparilla was suggested, and a trial benefited me so much that now I would not be without the medicine." Mrs. G. D. BURKETT, Central Norton, N. B.



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

feeling that I was doing something I had done somewhere before.

"That was the result of having planned it all before hand so carefully," said her friend, admiringly.

"I suppose so. At any rate, I did it, while I could hear that woman in the next room laughing and crying in a breath, and the man across the hall calling that he was never so cool in his life, but he could not find a thing but his wife's bath robe to put on! By the time that I was dressed and had my things collected the smoke was choking and I wet a towel and wrapped it about my mouth and nose. The village fire brigade had arrived, and I could hear them shouting like madmen on the lawn below. The woman in the next room was being taken forcibly away, as I opened my window, which led to the fire escape and looked down, loping that somebody would come for me. My room was on the fourth floor, and that fire escape seemed endless as I looked down."

"And did nobody come to help you?" asked her friend.

"No one. I saw not a soul, though I still heard the shouting fire brigade. Well I did not mean to perish in that way, if my head is weak when it comes to looking down from a height. Registering a vow that the next time Harry went hunting I would go too, I wrapped my skirts carefully about me and began the descent. Such sights as I saw at the windows on my way down! One woman had torgo ten the greater part of the Titan hair which had made her the envy of every other woman in the hotel all summer and was standing in her room crying for somebody to come and take down her trunks. A man was starting out of his door with a water pitcher in his hand to put out the fire, and a young married woman was crying out that she couldn't remember where she had hidden her diamonds that night. The first glimmering of dawn were in the sky as I usually dropped, faint and exhausted on the lawn, but with my valuables all safe and only my bruised hands to show for my adventure. Just as I was congratulating myself the bus drove into the grounds and I saw Harry get out of it. Then my courage left me and I began to cry.

"And no wonder," said her friend, admiringly, "after such an experience as this! Here is your husband now. Aren't you proud of Helen's bravery, Mr. Van Smith?" "Oh, you mean at the fire in the hotel last summer, do you?" was the reply. "Yes very proud; but I suppose she told you that the fire was confined to the other wing of the hotel, and she might just as well have opened her door and walked down stairs, the usual way! Queer how people lose their wits at the cry of fire, isn't it?"

Women Doctors.

Speaking of women doctors reminds one that they aren't so new as some folks think! The first qualified woman physician in Europe, so far as is known, was a young Athenian woman named Agnodice. In the year 300 B. C. she disguised herself as a man, and began to attend the medical schools at Athens, which it was against the law for a woman to do. She afterwards practised among the women of Athens with extraordinary success. But her secret becoming known, she was prosecuted for studying and practising medicine illegally. The Athenian women, however, raised so furious an agitation in consequence that the case was dropped and the law repealed. Coming to later times we find several women who obtained the degree of doctor of medicine and practised in Europe before 1492, especially in the Moorish universities in Spain. Trotula of Rugiero, in the eleventh century, had a European reputation and practised as a doctor in Salerno. At the beginning of the fourteenth century Dorothea Bocchi not only received the degree of doctor, but was professor of medicine in the famous university of Bologna. Since then two other women have been professors of medical subjects in the same university—Anna

Mangolini (anatomy) and Dr. Maria delle Donne (obstetric medicine), the latter being appointed in 1779. In the year 1811 an edict was issued in France forbidding surgeons and female surgeons from practicing until they had passed a satisfactory examination before the proper authorities. These female surgeons are again referred to in an edict in 1852.

MAD ELEPHANT.

How a mad Elephant Caused a Panic and its Final Capture.

In 'Tent Life in Tiger-Land,' Mr. James Inglis relates the escape of one of his friends from a mad elephant. The brute had been making mighty efforts to wrench up the stake to which he was chained, and at last he succeeded. With the first desperate bound forward, the heavy ankle-chains, trayed and worn in one link, had snapped asunder; and with the huge stake trailing behind him, he charged down on the camp with a scream of fury.

The cry was raised, 'Run, run, sahibs, the Tusker has gone must [mad]! He has broken loose!'

We started to our feet and ran. The servants fled in all directions. One man was overtaken and killed, and another was seized and flung into the river, and then the maddened beast vented his fury on the tent.

From the other shore of the river we could see the elephant, who had thus scattered us, in a perfect frenzy of rage, kneeling on the shapless heap of cloth, furniture and poles, and digging his tusks with savage fury into the bargings and canvas, in the very abandonment of rage.

Then we realized that our friend and companion, Mac, had been left in the tent. We held our breath, and dared not look into each other's faces. Every thing showed as clearly as if it had been day. We saw an elephant tossing the strong canvas canopy about. Thrust after thrust was made by the tusks into the folds of the cloth. Raising his huge trunk he would scream in the very frenzy of his wrath, but at last he staggered to his feet and rushed into the jungle.

And then joy! A muffled voice was heard from beneath the tent folds: "Get me out of this you fellows, or I'll be smothered!"

In trying to leave the tent Mac's foot had caught in a rope, and the whole falling canopy had come down upon him, burying the table and a few cane chairs over him. His escape had been miraculous. The brute in one of his savage, purposeless thrus had pierced the ground between his arm and his ribs, pinning his sflaghan coat into the earth, and the tent cloth had several times been pressed so closely over his face as almost to strifle him. He said that he felt himself sinking into unconsciousness when the brute fortunately got up and rushed off.

Every Inch a Sultan.

The late Sultan of Morocco, Mulai Hassan, was one of the most striking figures of the Oriental world. Standing about six feet three inches, he was dark in face, having, though a descendant of Mohammed, some negro blood.

His clothes, says the author of "A Journey in Morocco," were spotless white, made like those worn by ordinary tribesmen, but of finer stuff. Colors he never wore, nor jewelry, except a silver ring with a large diamond. Once a man asked him for this as a keepsake. He half drew it off, but replaced it, saying with a quiet smile: "No, I will keep it, but you can have its value in money if you choose."

His clothes he never wore more than a day, and his servants claimed them as perquisites, so that his wardrobe must have been pretty extensive, even for a king. Upon a journey, he carried almost all his

Advertisement for Surprise Soap: A pure hard Soap. SURPRISE SOAP. MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY.

HOONOMIZING ON FUEL.

He Economized on Fuel but he Spent the Money in Other Ways. "I'm getting tired of the fuss you are making about that kitchen coal," remarked Mr. Spendittle to his wife. "I know it has some slack in it, but I'll just take that slack, after you've sifted some coal in the stove, and I'll show you I can burn it in the furnace."

NOT WHAT IT SEEMED.

The Old Notion of a Get Very Wealthy Man in Fixing up a Home.

"Last week, while I was in a city not a thousand miles from here," said a local business man, who has just returned from a little trip to a neighboring town, "I ran across a former bachelor friend, whom I had not seen for over two years. I knew that he had married in the meanwhile, and when I offered my congratulations he insisted on my coming out to the house for dinner.

"I accepted, of course, but when we reached his home I was sorry I hadn't declined. In fact, I was deeply shocked, for of all the poverty-stricken, squalid and generally dilapidated habitations I ever laid eyes on, the one he piloted me to was by long odds the worst. The house was a shabby-looking frame affair, weather beaten, unpainted and patched all over with odd boards. Some of the shutters were missing, and others hung by one hinge, while a gaunt patch of yard, littered with miscellaneous trash and enclosed by a ramshackle picket fence, formed an appropriate frame for the picture. The sight saddened me beyond expression, and I was vexed that I had been made a witness of my unfortunate friend's poverty. However, I couldn't well beat a retreat, so I followed him in, and the moment he opened the door I nearly toppled over with astonishment. The interior of the cottage was a perfect little bijou. We entered a square hall decorated a la Japanese in rich brocade green, with stork flights in long panels on the walls and a palm in one corner in a big lacquered vase. Off to the right was an exquisite little drawing room, finished in silver-gray and full of good pictures and artistic bric-a-brac. Later on I was shown over the whole house, and found everything else equally attractive.

"The explanation my friend gave was peculiar. 'You see, I owned this place,' he said, 'and we didn't have enough money to fix up both the inside and the outside according to our ideas. If we had tried to spread it over the whole thing the result would have been cheap and common, so we put all we had on the interior, and instead of attempting to beautify the exterior I turned to and made 'em as outlandish as possible. Those patches you saw on the walls aren't necessary, but I nailed them up for the sake of the ensemble, and then I knocked off a few of the shutters with an axe. We paid a man to haul a load of trash for the yard, and I never pass without kicking a picket out of the fence. The result is that our friends all think we're too original for anything, and the effect of our little furnishings is enhanced about 500 per cent. by contrast. No bother to be poor if you have brains."

Half an hour afterward, not being able to observe any increase in the heat of the rooms, he went down to the basement again to 'stir up the fire a little,' and opened the furnace door. Now there is a stage in a coal fire, as everybody knows, at which it needs only a little fresh air, let in thus, to leap fiercely into flame. Apparently Mr. Spendittle's furnace fire had reached this stage, for as soon as he opened the door, there was a terrific explosion.

He jumped back quickly, but not quickly enough. The outrush of flame burned off his eyelashes and eyebrows, and ruined beyond repair a shapely chin-board that it had taken him months to cultivate. He had no time to take account of personal damages, however, for a piercing scream warned him that something terrible had happened up stairs.

He hurried up and found all the rooms full of smoke and dust, the furnace pipe a total wreck, and his wife scared nearly out of her wits. It took half a day to repair the damages, and then Mr. Spendittle sat down and made a mental computation of what his experience in household economy had cost him. It was something like this:

Damage to walls and curtains (approximately) \$7 50
Repairs to furnace-pipe, 2 50
Loss on eyebrows, etc., severe but really nominal.
Total \$10 00
Possible saving of coal, .10
Net cost, \$9 90
"It didn't pay," soliloquized Mr. Spendittle.

Table with financial details: Damage to walls and curtains (approximately) \$7 50, Repairs to furnace-pipe, 2 50, Loss on eyebrows, etc., severe but really nominal, Total \$10 00, Possible saving of coal, .10, Net cost, \$9 90.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Letters Testamentary of the Estate of George E. Fenety, late of the city of Fredericton in the County of York, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned Executors and Executrix named in his will. All persons having claims against the Estate are requested to file the same with W. T. H. Fenety at Fredericton forthwith, duly proven by Affidavit as by law required; and all persons indebted to the Estate are requested to make immediate payment to either W. T. H. Fenety at Fredericton, or F. S. Sharpe at St. John. Dated at the City of Fredericton this 26th day of October, 1899. W. T. H. FENETY, GEORGENIA C. FENETY, FREDERICK S. SHARPE, Executors and Executrix. H. G. FENETY, Solicitor.

Advertisement for Hawker's Liver Pills: BE SURE AND HAVE A BOTTLE OF Hawker's Liver Pills. The Best on the Market. We have just received a fresh supply of these wonderful Pills. Price 25 cents; all druggists sell them. The Canadian Drug Co. Ltd., Sole Agents.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1899.

Paul Kruger — At Home.

"First pray to God for guidance and inspiration, then fight," is the motto of President Paul Kruger of the Transvaal.

Imagine a man less than five feet seven inches in height, but in build like a giant, his hair white with years, his features homely and coarse, wearing an ill-fitting black double-breasted frock coat reaching below the knees. That is Com Paul. Void of book learning, apparently not gifted above the average man, armed only with his natural oratoricalness, he has been a thorn in the side of the greatest diplomatists and statesmen in England for years.

He was born on Oct. 10, 1825, near the present town of Graaff Reinet, Cape Colony. His parents were South African farmers who left their home in Holland a few years before Paul was born, hoping for good fortune in the new country. But it did not come. They remained mere squatters, and at the time Paul was born his parents owned only two or three slaves, which meant little. The future President of the Transvaal was christened S. J. Paul Kruger, but at an early age the first two initials were dropped. He uses them now when signing state papers. He was taught early to pray and to handle a gun. He was a fearless boy. When he was 9 his parents resented British regulations and moved to the northeastern part of Natal, not far from Ladysmith, the first important strategic point in this war. There were two other children in the family, a girl and a boy, both younger than Paul. The brother was killed in a native fight in the Natal colony and the sister lived to see her brother made President of the Transvaal.

When Kruger was about 15 years of age his father, sister and he went with the bullock team some distance into Orange Free State. The senior Kruger was forced to remain and told Paul to take the team home and to look after his sister. "I'll take care of her, father," was the reply.

Everything went well until Paul and his sister were about five miles from home. Then a panther appeared in the road. The sixteen bullocks in the team took fright and ran away. The jolting of the wagon threw the sister from the seat into the road way, where she was at the mercy of the panther. Paul, though, unarmed ran to her rescue and tackled the panther. It was a fierce struggle, and Kruger believed once or twice that the panther was going to prove too much for him. But finally he managed to kill the animal with his knife.

It was in the latter part of 1879 that I first met Kruger. The Boers at that time were on the verge of a war with the British. When I was introduced to Kruger he was suspicious of me, and it was only when assured that I was an American that he became at all talkative. In those days Kruger would talk English, but since the visit of Sir Henry Lock to Pretoria in 1893 he has positively refused to utter one word of English. The Kruger of 1879 was a poor man. He had difficulty in supplying his family with the necessities of life, for besides his wife he had ten children to care for. He lived then in a farm house, but he left the farm to take care for itself, for he had a more important matter to attend to—the creation of a revolution against the English. Gen. P. J. Joubert, commander of the Boer forces and vice president of the Transvaal, young Pretorius, son of the republic's first President, and Kruger were planning the Boer uprising which came the following year resulting in the independence of the Boers in 1881. It was these three that managed the campaign against the English forces at Mafeking Hill.

The next time I met Kruger was in 1894. Although he was now the President of a nation and reputed to be worth \$5,000,000, I found him as simple and as democratic as he was in the days of 1879, when he was unknown to fame and had hard work to support his family. It was on this occasion that I realized the great qualities of this man. He cordially invited me to become his guest during the short time that I was to remain in Pretoria, an invitation which I readily accepted. He would not talk English to me on this

occasion, so I had to carry on conversation with him through other members of the family. The old President never tired of talking about the United States, designating this Republic as his big brother, and wishing that he were in a position to make a treaty with America in order that he might favor American merchants in trade. "I can trust Americans," he would say, "for I know that they do not want my country."

Before I left his residence he said to me through his secretary, "When you go home to the United States tell the people there for me that there is a small nation here, loving their country and their liberty and idolizing the American flag and the free institutions of your country. May the United States ever prosper and remain true to the principles established by her founders is my earnest wish." As he finished talking a tear ran down the old man's cheek.

He often talked of the days when he drove his father's old bullock team, and now prides himself on the fact that he is still able to crack a thirty top whip over sixteen bullocks.

Kruger is devoted to his wife and children, grand and great grand children; while they in turn adore him. He lives in a modest house, which stands back from the sidewalk about 15 feet. There is a grass plot in front and a sentry box inside of the iron railing. This house was presented to him by a syndicate. When the Volksraad is in session, a soldier is stationed in front of the President's house and no one, excepting officials may enter the residence during the day without permission. After 7 o'clock in the evening, all are welcomed to the chief executive's home.

Every morning at 6 o'clock a negro servant takes a cup of black coffee and a big pipe filled with tobacco to the President's room. As soon as he has drunk the coffee Kruger rises and smokes the pipe while he is dressing. He is downstairs by 6:30 o'clock and is ready to lead the family prayers at 7 o'clock. Breakfast is served about 7:30 a. m. His morning hours are taken up with matters of state and the dictating of letters. The dinner hour is 1 o'clock. At all the meals Kruger says grace before bread is broken. He takes a short nap after the noon meal and is ready promptly at 3 o'clock in the afternoon to receive callers. The supper is served at 6 o'clock and the conclusion of this repast ends all the worriment of the day for Kruger. Many writers have told how hot cups of thick black coffee are served at frequent intervals. Every person received is served with coffee. Besides his salary of \$40,000 a year, Kruger gets \$10,000 annually for coffee money. There is a two-gallon kettle of coffee always hot in the kitchen.

Since Kruger was elected President in 1881 he has been confronted with some trying times. In 1883 his country was in a bankrupt condition. It looked as if a famine were going to overtake the land, but then gold was found in the Barberton district. A messenger from the new gold fields took a sack of gold, containing twenty ounces, to the president presenting it to him as the first yield of gold from the Transvaal. Kruger was astounded when he saw the gold. He asked where it came from, and was informed that it was from the Barberton district.

"Is there any more left?" asked Kruger. He was told that the country was rich in gold ore, and that millions of pounds could be secured where that came from.

"Thank God! My country is saved!" was his reply. Kruger often expressed his regrets that he was not able to receive an early education. His only book for years was a Bible. On the occasion of laying the last bolt in the Pretoria-Delagoa Bay railroad, November, 1894, the president went out in his private train to perform the act. At Bronkhorst Spruit a delegation of Boers met the presidential party. Kruger had to speak. Out from the railroad station, about a mile distant, could be seen the three grouped graves of the rear guard of a British regiment, which had been annihilated by the Boers. The present trouble was beginning to make itself manifest at least Kruger was far-sighted enough to realize the

storm would burst before very long. Looking significantly toward the graves of the British soldiers, Kruger said to the two hundred old Boers that had gathered round him. "This is our country. Never give it up. Remember that we fought for it and made it what it is. I will never! never! never permit a foreign foe to take the Transvaal from you so long as I shall live."—John E. Owens.

KRUGER'S EPIGRAMS.

The grim old President of the Transvaal P. ulus Kruger, is a master of quaint, homely epigrams. The most famous of them was his reference to Cecil Rhodes after the lawless Jameson raid. "Somebody should also punish the big dog," he exclaimed. The conspirators and reform leaders of Johannesburg had been punished. The premier of Cape Colony, whom he believed to be responsible for the plot, had escaped unharmed.

Equally forcible was his comment upon the folly of the raiders in delivering themselves into his power. "If you want to kill a tortoise," he said, "you must wait until he puts his head out of the shell." This was a perfect parable of Boer policy during that lawless expedition.

His contempt for the adventures of the mining camp, who had settled in his dominions, was shown when he opened an address with this grim salutation; "Friends, burglars, thieves, murderers, newcomers and others."

Equally grim was his method of reproaching the reformers of Johannesburg for their ingratitude for what he chose to consider benefits received from him. "They remind me," he said, "of the old baboon that is chained up in my yard. When he burnt his tail in the Kaffir's fire the other day, he jumped about and bit me, and that just after I had been feeding him."

"I have reckoned with the British army before!" he exclaimed proudly, when he was reminded that the course which he was taking might lead to war with a powerful empire. "Their rights! Yes, they'll get them—over my dead body!" was his petulant reply to a petition from the English speaking community. One saying reveals his courage in defying the resources of an empire and the other his narrowness and blindness in obstructing political progress. His great rival in South Africa once went to Pretoria and sent word to him that he would call the next day. "Rhodes can wait or go! I do no business on Sunday!" was the reply. He is a devout man, who reads his Bible and unobtrusively proclaims his religious beliefs.

President Kruger does not deserve the title of "Grand Old Man of South Africa," for he has no sympathy with progress and civilization, but he is the quaintest and most picturesque figure in recent history.

TRAPS FOR GHOSTS.

How the One Legged Gunsmith's Ghost Was Laid for All Time.

New Orleans is an old city and has a considerable Old World and negro population which is very superstitious. As a natural result the city has—or did have—many "haunted" houses. A few years ago a Louisiana branch of the Society for Psychical Research was founded there, largely for the purpose of investigating those haunted houses, and persons who were inclined to accept certain "occult phenomena" as true looked for a rich harvest of knowledge. What sort of harvest was really reaped is disclosed by a member of the society, in the New Orleans Times Democrat.

It occurred to this gentleman and a few of his associates that the first thing to be done was to find out the best-authenticated cases of "haunts." They did this, and finally located three houses, in the old quarter, which had been full of "spirits" for generations.

They went to the houses, placed themselves there in the darkness, and listened. They had scarcely begun to do so when strange things began to happen—stealthy footsteps were heard on the stairs, with the rustle of dress, the creaking of doors, strange cries, [the pattering of children's feet, and all manner of other unaccountable noises.

The next thing to be done was to eliminate the possibility of error. So the gentlemen who were conducting this branch of the inquiry procured several rat-traps, and set them in the first haunted house. During the very first night nine monstrous rats were captured. The next night the investigators came again to listen for ghosts, but no ghost walked. Not a mysterious

sound was heard in the house, either that night or afterward.

The next house was said to be haunted by the ghost of a one-legged gunsmith, who according to tradition had been murdered there by a negro. He was heard by the investigators stumping around the rooms, in the darkness of the night. It was so strange and unnatural a sound that the investigators did not believe that rats could have made it. Nevertheless, they set traps, and that night caught eleven enormous rats.

The ghost of the "one-legged gunsmith" was never heard again in that house, nor any other ghost. It was haunted no more.

The third and last experiment was made in a house where "groans" and the sound of someone walking to and fro were heard. Then investigators lay in wait and heard the groans and the walking. They set their traps, and the rats were found to be so numerous that it took three nights to clear them out. But after that no more groans and no more walking were heard.

How the sounds were produced they do not profess to know; but they do know that all became quiet as soon as the premises were cleared of rats. After this excellent work the Louisiana branch of the Society for Psychical Research disbanded.

PENCILLEADS.

Costly Varieties Made for the Use of Artists—Many Kinds of Pencils.

Pencil leads are made of graphite—also called black-lead, though it contains no lead—mixed with other substances, such as clay. The leads are formed by forcing the material of which they are composed, ground up and moistened so as to give it a suitable consistency, through forms or moulds. From these forms the material comes out, like a string or cord. Let it itself it would coil up like a string. This is cut into the lengths required for the pencils in which it is to be used.

The finest of artist's pencil leads are made of a remarkably fine and pure Sibirian graphite that is worth perhaps half its weight in silver. This is ground and re-ground to give it a perfect uniformity of texture, and it is then subjected to a process called slicing, in which the powdered graphite is floated upon the surface of water. Grit or other impurities separate themselves from it here and sink, the graphite being then skimmed off. There is mixed with this, for the making of the pencil leads, some proportion of a German clay that is itself of a texture so fine that a finished surface of it has to the touch the smoothness of silk. This admixture of clay is requisite to hold the lead together; the degree of the lead's softness being governed largely by the proportion of clay used.

Leads of this sort, not enclosed in wood but made to be used in hollow pencils, are very soft and easily broken. Such leads are put up for sale in trim, long, flat boxes containing half a dozen leads ranged side by side, each lead in a deep little chamber of its own. The finest and softest leads of this sort sell at retail for 35 cents a box, some for as much as 65 cents or say, 10 cents each. This price might seem high to one unaccustomed to buy that sort of pencil or pencil leads, but he can buy a cedar pencil of the conventional size and form, containing a lead of the same kind and quality, for 10 cents, a pencil that years ago was sold for 15 cents. Ten cents for a whole pencil seems like a lower price; but while the lead in the wooden pencil is somewhat longer it is of only about half the diameter of the leads of this kind sold separately, and the separate lead are actually cheaper.

There are other artist's pencil leads, put up in flat boxes like those described, which are further protected by placing each lead first in a slender, delicate glass tube: these tubes, each with a lead enclosed, being dropped into the several chambers of the box. Leads thus put up are in various colors, and cost less than those above mentioned, but with less diameter of lead, and still more fragile and liable to be broken.

Pencil leads are complete pencils for various artistic purposes are produced in great variety and at various prices. In a single line of cedar pencils with colored leads there are to be found forty-eight different colors and shades. These various pencils are put to many uses by many persons; by artists, architects, draughtsmen, map makers, photographers and others.

As to lead pencils in general, there are few articles of more world-wide common use, and a few things that are made in greater variety. Lead pencils are made, as to shape, round, square triangular, hex-

agonal octagonal, oblong and oval, and in many shapes and of many sizes, as well as being produced in many colors. There are many styles, as to color and shade of wood and the manner of lettering; many kinds of pencil tops; and there are many kinds of the hollow pencils, with which separate leads are used. Pencils are produced not only for many special uses, but for special markets and countries, and pencils that were in demand in one country might not be wanted in another. In one country the pencil user likes to have a pencil with the familiar lettering on it stamped in gold; in another country he may prefer to have that mark stamped in silver. Some people like one sort of top on a pencil, and some like another; and some people prefer one kind of pencil to another or some particular sort of that kind, and all these preferences, whatever they maybe, are taken into account. There is one pencil manufacturer who produces for the American market alone between 700 and 800 varieties of lead pencils, and as many more varieties specially for the markets of Europe.

Lead pencils of all grades from the first to the cheapest cost less now than they used to, and some are sold nowadays at prices that seem marvellously low, these including school pencils, some of which are sold at retail a low as 5 cents a dozen.

TURNUED OUT OF THEIR CAVES.

The French Declared That the Inhabited Caverns Were Dens of Thieves.

Oran, one of the chief ports of Algeria, is most picturesquely situated on a curving shore of the Mediterranean, at the foot of a frowning height to the west, on whose slope the forts, one above another, grimly guard the town, and are a standing menace to any nation who should conceive the idea of wresting this African city from France. A number of ravines diverging from the city gates on the land side are the convenient caravan and wagon routes into the interior.

Along the steep side of a ravine that leads inland from the Stanton gate, some distance from the city, are a number of artificial caverns that were dug, no one knows when in the igneous or volcanic rock known as tufa, which not being very hard lends itself readily to excavation. The entrances to these caverns are low and narrow, but within, the rock has been hollowed out into quite spacious apartments and in some cases has been partitioned into two or more rooms. Twelve of these caverns are known and, strange as it may seem, the authorities of Oran assert that there are others whose entrances have not yet been discovered. The largest cavern has four rooms and there are twenty nine apartments in the twelve caves to which the City Fathers have recently been giving very serious attention.

All these caves have been used as human habitations and their occupants were ostensibly innocent Spanish settlers and families of Gypsies. The real fact however, is said to be that the subterranean dwellings have become the homes of thieves of the dark recesses being used by brigands as a hiding place for their booty. It is more than suspected that they were originally excavated to serve the purposes of outlaws, and the fact seems to be established that of late years they have been restored to their early phrase of utility.

So the Government has recently undertaken a work of eviction. All these modern troglodytes were turned into the outer air and some of them, who were proved guilty of lawless doings, were provided with other secluded quarters in the city jail. The one thing that can be said in their favor is that they have made their underground homes quite habitable. They are really far more comfortable than many of the apartments occupied by the poor in large cities of the most civilized lands.

Nearly all the rooms are found to be neatly whitewashed. The air is pure because from each apartment a ventilating shaft leads through the rock above to the open air. There are doors and chimney and the largest cavern is a two story affair with a staircase dug out of the rock leading to the upper story. The drainage is perfect and every cavern is absolutely dry.

These homes in the earth are really ingenious and excellent in their way and it will be a pity if the people of Oran do not find some use for them. Their temperature is invariably cool, and if they might be transferred to Germany they would probably be used as beer vaults. If we might plant them in the Palisades, some Yankee showman might turn many an honest penny by collecting in them a few mummies and other prehistoric relics and exhibiting the caves as the home of the "early original" troglodytes.

If your dealer has ever tried them himself he will certainly recommend Magneto Dyes for home use.

RISE SOAP

ECONOMIZING ON FUEL.

Save Economized on Fuel but he Spent the Money in Other Ways.

"I'm getting tired of the fuss you are making about that kitchen coal," remarked Mr. Spendlittle to his wife. "I know it has some slack in it, but I'll just take that sack, after you've sitted some coal in the stove, and I'll show you I can burn it in the furnace."

"What! The slack?"

"Yes, the slack."

"I'd like to see you do it."

Mr. Spendlittle was as good as his word. He even assisted in sifting the coal, and when he had a coal-bucket full of the slack he took it down to the basement and dumped it into the furnace, in which a somewhat sluggish fire was burning at the time.

Half an hour afterward, not being able to observe any increase in the heat of the rooms, he went down to the basement to stir up the fire a little, and opened the furnace door.

Now there is a stage in a coal fire, as everybody knows, at which it needs only a little fresh air, let in thus, to leap fiercely into flame. Apparently Mr. Spendlittle's furnace fire had reached this stage, for as soon as he opened the door, there was a terrific explosion.

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"It didn't pay," soliloquized Mr. Spendlittle.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Letters Testamentary of the Estate of George E. Fenety, late of the city of Fredericton in the County of York, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned Executors and Executrix named in his will. All persons having claims against the Estate are requested to file the same with W. T. H. Fenety at Fredericton, forthwith, duly proven by affidavit as by law required; and all persons indebted to the Estate are requested to make immediate payment to either W. T. H. Fenety at Fredericton, or F. S. Sharpe at St. John. Dated at the City of Fredericton this 26th day of October, 1899.

W. T. H. FENETY, GEORGE H. FENETY, FREDERICK S. SHARPE, Executors and Executrix.

H. G. FENETY, Solicitor.

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THE MARKET

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Sole Agents.

The Elverton Tragedy.

IN TWO INSTALLMENTS.

The windows were still unshuttered, and stopping in front of one she looked out.

"I cannot imagine what makes me so uneasy this evening," she thought, anxiously, as she rested her forehead against the paneled window frame.

Standing there in the darkness, her eyes had grown accustomed to the dim light, and she had suddenly become aware that a shadowed figure was moving cautiously along in the shelter of the shrubs which bordered the path on the further side of the lawn.

Her eyes seemed glued to the figure until it vanished into the shrubbery.

Her heart beat fast as she noticed how like the fugitive's walk was to that of her own daughter.

"How stupid I am!" she muttered impatiently. "Of course, it's one of the maids stealing out to meet her sweetheart. Most impertinent of her to come this way."

But in spite of all her assurances, the mother's heart was not at rest, and, turning suddenly, she went back to the adjoining room.

"After all, Garnett, I don't think I will dress just yet. It is rather early. You can go down; I will ring when I want you."

No sooner had Garnett retired than Lady Greyling made her way to Mabel's room. She found the girl's things laid out, and her maid in attendance, but there was no sign of Mabel.

"I thought Miss Mabel had come up," she said in a surprised tone. "She takes so long to dress, you will never get her ready in time."

"Oh, yes, my lady; I think so! Miss Mabel is much quicker than she used to be. I've noticed lately that she hardly ever comes up before half past six."

Lady Greyling turned and retraced her steps to her own room. She did not doubt now that it was Mabel whom she had seen stealing away in the darkness, and realized that it could not be the first time she had kept tyrant with someone in the plantation, for it was rarely indeed that the girl had not slipped away from the drawing room when the clock struck six, declaring that she liked plenty of time to dress.

To find out certainly who was the man who was thus imperilling her daughter's good name was a matter of necessity, and, catching up a long, dark cloak, Lady Greyling threw it over her arm and made her way down stairs, determined that, somehow or other, she, too, would escape from the house unscathed.

She had just reached the edge of the plantation, and was wondering in which direction she would be most likely to find the fugitive, when the sound of footsteps close at hand warned her that she was on the right track.

Instantly she drew back, thinking it would be as well to make sure of the identity of the couple before she confronted them.

And she was not kept long in doubt. The pair halted within a few paces of where she stood, and she saw, with indignation, that the Italian's arm encircled her daughter's waist.

"I must go," Mabel said, as they came to a halt at the very edge of the plantation. "I had the narrowest shave of being caught last night. I had only just got to my room, and thrown myself down in a big chair by the fire when mother came in. Of course, I pretended to be half asleep, but I was frightened to death for fear she would notice how wet my shoes were; for she was so taken up with scolding Ellen for not coming up earlier to dress me, that she never noticed them."

"Poor Ellen!" She was rather in a fix, for I've told her a dozen times I won't have her come till I ring for her. However, she had sense enough to hold her tongue, and take her scolding meekly. Still, I guess she won't wait for me to ring to-night, so there's twice as much chance of my being missed."

unhappy as she listened. She thought that a girl must have sunk very low before she could seem so happy, so free from anxiety, while she was playing such a double part, and deceiving the parents whose only desire was for her happiness.

She congratulated herself that she had found out what was going on, and determined that before twenty-four hours were over, Mabel should be safely out of harm's way.

CHAPTER V. THE SECOND BEST.

Signor Delmonti spent the whole of the following day in his own rooms, working hard on the sketches which he had promised to prepare for Sir Joseph's inspection, and without which he had to excuse for present ing himself at the Towers.

He had not intended to walk over at twilight on the chance of securing a brief interview with Mabel; but late in the afternoon it began to rain so heavily, that, very reluctantly, he had to abandon his intention.

When he presented himself at the Towers the next morning, he was promptly admitted to Sir Joseph's presence, and it struck him there was a change in that gentleman's attitude towards him, though in what it consisted he would have found it hard to define.

He had an uneasy feeling that something was amiss—a feeling which did not lessen when luncheon was announced, and he found himself tete-a-tete with Sir Joseph.

"I shall not have the pleasure of seeing Lady Greyling," he said, interrogatively, as soon as they were alone. "I was hoping to have her opinion of my sketches. Perhaps to-morrow."

"I think not—in fact—after a moment's pause—my wife left the Towers yesterday, and I do not intend her to return for some time to come. This dull, damp weather is most depressing, and I am sure she is better away. My present intention is to join her as soon as I can get off, so I hope you will not think me discourteous if I ask you to complete the medallions as soon as possible."

Signor Delmonti bowed in silence, and did his best to hide his anger. "Found out!" he thought, savagely, "and that chance gone! Well, it's a blessing Lady Greyling had the sense not to make a fuss or tell the old boy. It will be fifty pounds in my pocket, and that will enable me to open the campaign in Elverton in style. Lucky thing I didn't have a split with Lydia the other night. Under the circumstances, I had better settle things up with her—that is, if it's really all right about her legacy. It won't do to run any risks about that, for a country doctor isn't likely to be able to do much for his jaunter. It would have been a very different matter if I'd managed to secure the charming Mabel. For his own sake, Sir Joseph would have had to give us enough to keep things going in tolerable comfort; however, it's no use crying over spilt milk. I'll run up to London and have a look in at Somerset House, before I go to Elverton. If that money does really come to Lydia, unreservedly, on her marriage, why—I might do worse."

Meanwhile, Lydia, never dreaming that, in the artist's eye, she was but a second string to his bow, was thinking more and more of the days when she should share the glories of her lover's ancestral home, and pursuing Bessie Wilmer with veiled references to her future grandeur, before her legacy. "How you can contemplate marrying and settling down in poky little Elverton, I can't think," she said disdainfully, as the two girls walked briskly across the common, a week or two after her return from Woodford. "I am sure, when I came home, and mother told me it was just settled you should marry Mr. Armitage, I could hardly believe it."

"I don't see why," returned Bessie, with some heat. "We've known each other for three years, ever since he came into father's office."

"But he's so old," objected Lydia, catching at the first idea which suggested itself, since she could hardly speak out her thoughts, and saw how small looked the dignity of a professional man's wife, compared to the grandeur to which she aspired.

"Barely thirty," laughed Bessie, "and, drawing herself up with a little air of pride, 'if that is all the fault you can find with Ted, I think I'm a lucky girl, Lydia.'"

"But to be tied to Elverton as you must be, since Mr. Armitage is to be your father's partner—the very thought is enough to give one the blues. When I marry, I mean to rise, to see life to be somebody, to be admired, envied—"

Bessie laughed merrily. "When love comes to you, Lydia, you will be like other women, and find your happiness in your husband's home. As if one would care two straws for the world's praise as long as he were pleased."

A mocking retort was on Lydia's lips, but it was never uttered. Coming towards them was a lithe erect figure which, even at the first glance Lydia recognized.

Her first feeling was one of exultation. How soon he had kept his promise, and come to Elverton, drawn thither by his love for her!

For a moment her heart beat high with triumph, and the rich color rushed into her cheeks; then, with a strong effort, she subdued all signs of emotion, and spoke to Bessie in as light a tone as she could assume.

"By the way, Bess, you remember Signor Cavatini's friend! Did I tell you I met him often at the Greylings', and got to know him quite well?"

"What a strange coincidence!" "Wasn't it? And here's another just as strange. Come out of your day-dreams, my dear, and look straight ahead. Unless my eyes deceive me, he is coming towards us at this very moment. I wonder if he is staying in Elverton? He was talking to grandfather about making sketches in the neighborhood."

Which was pure fiction on Lydia's part; but it served her end, for it made Bessie believe the Italian was on as good terms at Woodford Rectory as Lydia had assured that he was at Greylings' Towers.

And when Signor Delmonti had greeted Miss Strong with due courtesy, and, having been introduced to her companion, had turned and walked beside the two girls, his very first remarks went to prove the truth of Lydia's statement.

He expressed his regret that her grandmother had seemed greatly fatigued by her holiday, declared the rector looked quite dull now there was no lively young granddaughter to enliven him, and spoke of Greylings' Towers as though he had almost lived there.

To this last remark Lydia had vouchsafed no reply, and almost casually the artist had gone on to add that Lady Greyling had been so far from well again that she and her daughter had left the week before.

Then he turned the conversation to the beauties of Elverton, and talked so pleasantly that Bessie decided he would be quite an acquisition to the little town.

"You will come in and see mother?" said Lydia as the trio reached the doctor's gate. "She will be pleased to see any friend of Lady Greyling's," she added with a quick glance at the artist, which conveyed a distinct warning. "And you, Bess—you have not been in all this week."

"I am afraid I must not stay now. Mother will be wanting me."

"I go with a bow and a smile, Bessie departed. Apparently, Signor Delmonti had quite understood Lydia's mute warning, for he talked to Mrs. Strong entirely of the Towers, and never hinted at the fact that he had ever seen her own parents.

Had he done so, Mrs. Strong would have been certain to make an opportunity to write to them respecting him.

As it was, she took him entirely on trust feeling that the man who was quite a fit and proper person to be numbered amongst her own visitors.

Dr. Strong, however, thought differently. He took a violent dislike to the Italian, and spoke out a great deal more plainly than was his wont.

But One Standard of Quality.



There are three distinct types of Singer sewing-machines for family use, but there is only one standard of quality—THE BEST. There is a wide range of prices, depending on the style of cabinet work and ornamentation, but whether the price be the lowest or the highest, the working quality of the machine is the same and has been fully tested before leaving the factory.

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don't like the man, and I will not have him in my house."

"You can't shut the door in his face," objected Mrs. Strong; "or, if you do," she added, hurriedly, forestalling the remark her husband was about to make, "you will only make people talk."

"I don't care whether they talk or not, provided they have no reason to do it," said the doctor sharply. "He's just the sort of fellow to make an impression on a girl of Lydia's temperament, so you had better keep him at a distance. He will soon drop off if you don't encourage him to come here."

Lydia was very indignant when she heard her father's veto, but much too shrewd to give any hint as to her real feelings.

As soon as she saw her lover, she begged him to proclaim his true status. But Signor Delmonti would not hear of it.

"Not yet, carissima. We must have patience, I cannot go to your father while I have but my own earnings to depend on. It is only natural that, remembering you will have a little money when you are eighteen—"

"If you would only tell him who you are, he could not imagine that my poor little income could have any weight with you," interrupted Lydia, in a vexed tone. "You surely don't mean that, for the next three years, we must go on like this—just a stolen meeting now and again, a chance encounter in the town."

"There is only one way to prevent it," said the Italian, bending towards her and whispering something into her ear.

Lydia crimsoned, then drew back and looked up at him wistfully.

"But father would be so angry," she faltered, "and I don't see what difference that would make."

"You little goose"—and the Italian slipped his arm round her waist and drew her to him—"don't you see that, when once you are my very own, I can tell the doctor without fear. He may scold, but he cannot separate. He can't even keep your money from you, for according to the terms of your godmother's will it must come to you on your marriage. And I, though it will pain me to think my beautiful countess will have to wait before she can assume the rank which will be hers by marriage, yet I shall console myself by thinking how surprised people will be when they discover that the poor artist's bride has become a grand lady, whose lightest wishes will be law to the adoring husband whom she honored with her love in the days of his obscurity."

Swayed alike by love and vanity, it was only to be expected that Lydia, listening to Delmonti's specious flattery and honeyed words, should feel her objections to the course he proposed gradually disappearing.

Before they separated, it had been arranged that, as soon as Lydia's eighteenth birthday was past, she should pay a long-talked-of visit to a aunt in London.

"We shall be quite safe in a place like that," the Italian said in a satisfied tone, "and it is not such a very long way from here, when all is said and done. I can take rooms there, and divide my time between the two places. It would not do to be away from Elverton altogether during your absence, or some meddling busybody might connect the two facts."

As Lydia walked slowly home, it struck her how greatly Delmonti's English had improved since that August day when she had made his acquaintance; but she promptly decided that it must be owing to the fact that from that time onward, he had associated entirely with English people.

CHAPTER VI. ON THE EVE OF SUCCESS. It is a well known axiom that "great events from trivial causes spring," and certainly the fact that Sir Joseph sprained his ankle seemed a very trifling thing to affect the course of three lives.

Yet so it was. Lady Greyling felt she must return to the Towers at once; but, knowing the artist was still in the village, and that of necessity Mabel would be left more than ever to her own devices, and would be able to meet him without let or hindrance, she bestowed herself of an elderly cousin living at Brighton, and wrote asking her to take charge of Mabel for the next few weeks.

At first, Mabel rebelled at not being allowed to return to the Towers, but it suddenly occurred to her that Cousin Margaret would never dream of scrutinizing her correspondence, and that, at Brighton, she would be able to write to, and hear from, Signor Delmonti freely; whereas she appeared to change her mind, and consented to stay with Mrs. Delaine until Sir Joseph was able to leave the Towers.

"Marsh House, Brighton. DEAR SIGNOR DELMONTI,—It ran—'You were kind enough once to offer to lend me a little Italian sketch to copy. If you will send it to me here I have plenty of time to copy it, as I am staying with an ancient cousin who does not care to go out much so that I have plenty of time on my hands.' Yours sincerely, 'M. G.'"

The Italian chuckled as he read it. There never had been any talk of his lending her a sketch and he quite understood she had merely invented the idea as an excuse for writing to him, and telling him of her whereabouts abouts.

"Well, I'm about tired of this place he muttered. 'A week or two at Brighton will suit me to the ground. I will write to Mabel and tell her I shall be in the neighborhood to-morrow. Perhaps on the whole, I had better assure the fair Lydia that London is my destination, then she will believe it is business that calls me away. I must keep in with her till I've made sure of the other girl. There is no doubt Mabel is the best catch, for Sir Joseph would never have the heart to let his only daughter come to want, and, though Lydia's money is safe enough, it would not last very long.'

Lady Greyling would hardly have left Mabel so happily had she guessed the very first use the girl would make of her comparative freedom would be to summon the Italian to her side.

That he should obey the summons was a forgone conclusion, and from that time Mabel's ingenuity was exercised in devising opportunities of meeting her lover opportunities of which he made such good use that within a fortnight he had persuaded her to have their names put up at a registry office.

But just as he felt himself on the verge of success all his plans were upset. Mrs. Delaine received a telegram one morning, and surprised Mabel, by saying they must leave Brighton immediately.

"My sister-in-law has met with a serious accident," she explained. "I must go to her at once, and, as I can neither leave you here, nor spare anyone to take you home, you must accompany me to Elverton. I should like to leave by the eleven o'clock train, so you had better run up and help Susan to pack your things."

But Mabel's first thought when she reached her own room was to write to her lover apprising him of her hurried departure.

She dared not give the note to one of the servants to post; but, at the station, managed to elude her cousin's observation and entrust it to a friendly porter, who forgot all about the task entrusted to him till he went off duty that night.

Could Mabel have seen and heard the Italian the next morning when he received her letter, she would have blessed the accident which had prevented her marriage.

However, he calmed down at last, and took the next train to London, where he remained for a few days before returning to Elverton.

He knew Miss Delaine's place well—a rambling, old-fashioned house on the edge of a common.

There would be little difficulty in meeting Mabel there without attracting attention, especially as Mrs. Delaine would be so much occupied with her sister.

He determined to lose no more time, and obtained a special licence while in town. Armed with this he anticipated little difficulty in inducing Mabel to elope with him.

That the old schoolfellow, thrown together again so unexpectedly, would meet fairly open he felt certain; but he had so impressed on each the necessity of secrecy, that he had no fear either would even hint at the fact that she contemplated a speedy union with himself.

But there are times when even the most cautious girl will throw aside her veil of reserve, and such a one came to Lydia Strong one sunshiny morning, as she and Mabel were walking towards the common together.

Miss Greyling had gone into the town with an old servant, but meeting Lydia, had left the maid to do her shopping alone. "You do look bright this morning, Lydia," she remarked, surveying her friend critically. "Has anything happened?"

"Something is going to happen," laughed Lydia. "Have you forgotten I shall be eighteen to-morrow?" "I don't see why that should make you so jubilant."

Advertisement for Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. The text reads: 'THE COMBINATION THAT CURES EVERY MOTHER SHOULD Have it in the House. Colds, Croup, Coughs, Cramps, Cholera, Chills, Colic. Johnson's Anodyne Liniment Dropped on Sugar.' It includes an illustration of a bottle and a bowl.

Advertisement for Cancer medicine. The text reads: 'CANCER And Tumors cured to stay cured, at home, no knife, plaster or pain. For Canadian testimonials & 15-page book—free, write Dept. 11, MASON MEDICINE Co., 377 Sheburne Street, Toronto, Canada.'

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distinct types of Singer sewing-machines for family use, but there is only one quality—THE BEST. There is a wide variety depending on the style of cabinet construction, but whether the price is the highest, the working quality is the same and has been fully tested by the factory.

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'Marsh House, Brighton. DEAR SIGNOR BELMONTI,—it was very kind of you to offer to me a little Italian sketch to copy. I will send it to me here I have plenty of time to copy it, as I am staying with an aunt cousin who does not care to go much so that I have plenty of time on my hands.

Yours sincerely, 'M. G.' The Italian chuckled as he read it. He never had been any talk of his sketching her a sketch and he quite understood she had merely invented the idea of an excuse for writing to him, and telling him of her whereabouts.

Well, I'm about tired of this place, I had better assure the fair Lydia London is my destination, then she believes it is business that calls me. I must keep in with her till I am sure of the other girl. There is no Mabel is the best catch, for Sir Jos would never have the heart to let his daughter come to want, and, though, his money is safe enough, it would not last very long.

Greyling would hardly have left so happily had she guessed the first use the girl would make of her comparative freedom would be to amuse the Italian to her side, at he should obey the summons she forgone conclusion, and from that Mabel's ingenuity was exercised in finding opportunities of meeting her lover at times of which he made such good use within a fortnight he had persuaded her to have their names put up at a registry office.

Just as he felt himself on the verge of accomplishing his plans was upset. Delane received a telegram one evening, and surprised Mabel by saying she must leave Brighton immediately. Her sister-in-law has met with a serious accident, she explained. 'I must go to once, and, as I can neither leave here, nor spare anyone to take you, you must accompany me to Elverton. I should like to leave by the eleven train, so you had better run up and get your things packed.

Mabel's first thought when she heard of her own room was to write to her father, but she hurriedly departed, and did not give the note to one of her servants to post; but, at the station, she contrived to elude her cousin's observation by trusting it to a friendly porter, who all about the task entrusted to him went off duty that night.

Old Mabel had seen and heard the next morning when he received her letter, she would have blessed the accident which had prevented their marriage. However, he calmed down at last, and he next train to London, where he had to wait a few days before returning to Elverton.

Miss Delane's place well—a large, old-fashioned house on the corner, and would be little difficulty in meeting her there without attracting attention, especially as Mrs. Delane would be occupied with her sister.

Determined to lose no more time, she obtained a special licence while in London, and with this he anticipated little difficulty in inducing Mabel to elope with him to the old schoolfellows, thrown together so unexpectedly, would meet her pen he felt certain; but he had so much to do on each the necessity of secrecy, he had no fear either would even hint at the fact that she contemplated a speedy departure with himself.

There are times when even the most devoted girl will throw aside her veil of reserve, and such a one came to Lydia Strong one morning, as she and Mabel were walking towards the common together. Greyling had gone into the town on old errand, but meeting Lydia, the maid to do her shopping alone. She do look bright this morning, she remarked, surveying her friend. 'Has anything happened?'

'Nothing is going to happen,' laughed Lydia. 'Have you forgotten I shall be to-morrow?'

'I don't see why that should make you so merry,' she laughed and blushed.

'I don't mind telling you,' she said, 'I am going to-morrow.'

'To-morrow?'

'To-morrow, I mean to-morrow.'

'To-morrow?'

'To-morrow, I mean to-morrow.'

'To-morrow?'

'To-morrow, I mean to-morrow.'

Sunday Reading

The Full-Orbed Christ.

There are three standpoints in the New Testament from which Christ is presented, and in their threefold presentation there rises before us the full-orbed Christ. Taking these three in their logical order, the first is that of the Christ of eternity.

This is chiefly given by the Evangelist John. Although the pre-existence of Christ is frequently and necessarily implied in the statements of the other evangelists, Matthew, Mark and Luke, and finds definite and unequivocal expression in the epistle and other portions of the New Testament, nevertheless it is most fully presented in the Gospel according to St. John. The background of that Gospel is the pre-existence of Christ. The opening words, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us," are the keynote to the whole. It is the Christ who comes out of the depths of eternity and appears in time who moves over the pages of the fourth Gospel, and of whose heavenly origin and character John never loses sight. This eternal pre-existence of Christ is for the evangelist the justification of all the stupendous claims of Jesus, and the adequate explanation of all his mighty deeds.

The second view is that of the historic Christ, the Jesus of Nazareth. And while there is not a single New Testament writer who does not at one time or another assert in unequivocal terms the historic character of Jesus, and while in some of them the reference to his earthly life are very full, nevertheless the historic Christ is largely given in the first three Gospels. It is there that we find the full record of the human birth of Jesus, of his home, his childhood, youth and earthly ministry. And while there are suggestions of his divinity and eternity in the synoptists, these Gospels are largely and predominantly a description of his earthly career. It is the Jesus of time who moves over these pages. We have here a description of the man of sorrows, in all points tempted like as we are; the man Christ Jesus in his purity, sympathy, helpfulness and untiring service; the man who went about doing good, giving sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, health to the sick, food to the hungry, joy to the sorrowing, life to the dead. In these Gospels we have the man whose heart is open to all. The sin laden soul and the innocent child seek his presence, help and blessing. We have in these Gospels a human heart that is as sensitive to the pains and sorrows of man as the needle is to the pole. We have in these pages, above all, a glorious matchless human life.

The third aspect is that of the glorified Christ, the risen Lord. All the Gospels speak of Christ after his resurrection, and bear record to his risen life. But it is not in these that we find the fullest description of the glorified Lord. For that we must go to Paul, the great interpreter of Christ. Although his epistles contained repeated references to the historic Christ, he nevertheless makes little of Christ's earthly life, with the exception of his death and resurrection. To his three years of teaching and wonder working he scarcely refers. He must have been familiar with our Lord's life, but he passes it by and gives himself to another task. On his way to Damascus the glorified Christ is revealed to him, he acknowledges his supremacy; and the power of his risen Lord to redeem man from sin, to bring him into a living relation with God, and the coming glory of the King and his kingdom, become the perpetual theme of his preaching and the burden of his epistles. His eye is not fixed on the Christ of Nazareth, Galilee and Jerusalem, but the Christ raised from the dead by his father, and set at his own right hand in the heavenly places, far above all principalities and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world but also that which is to come, the fullness of him that filleth all in all. It was Paul's special mission, as a witness of Jesus Christ, to give to the world the glorified Lord, just as it was the mission of John to unfold his pre-existence, and of the other evangelists to give us the Christ of history.

These three views of Christ are not contradictory, as has been so frequently asserted, but gloriously complementary and explanatory. Like the three primary colors, these three bleed into one when Christ is recognized as the Son of God. The Christ of history is an enigma and contradiction, and the Gospels a wilderness of confused ideas, until the pre-existence and divine character of the Christ of eternity are fully comprehended. And the story of his resurrection and the spiritual descriptions of the Redeemer by Paul and other apostles are but wild fancies unless the Christ who lived on earth now lives in glory. But, on the other hand, when Christ is recognized in his infinite life as the one who came from the Father and returned again to the Father, every page of the New Testament becomes luminous. The record of his supernatural birth, the words of wisdom that he uttered, the miracles he performed, his death, resurrection and ascension are events which are perfectly natural to him and such as might be expected. His person is all sufficient explanation of all that he said and did.

It is this full-orbed Christ that has been loved and worshipped by the church from the beginning; that is the explanation of her wonderful progress, and the secret of her continued power.

When the children are hungry, what do you give them? Food.

When thirsty? Water.

Now use the same good common sense, and what would you give them when they are too thin? The best fat-forming food, of course. Somehow you think of Scott's Emulsion at once.

For a quarter of a century it has been making thin children, plump; weak children, strong; sick children, healthy.

Get it from all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

resurrection and the spiritual descriptions of the Redeemer by Paul and other apostles are but wild fancies unless the Christ who lived on earth now lives in glory. But, on the other hand, when Christ is recognized in his infinite life as the one who came from the Father and returned again to the Father, every page of the New Testament becomes luminous. The record of his supernatural birth, the words of wisdom that he uttered, the miracles he performed, his death, resurrection and ascension are events which are perfectly natural to him and such as might be expected. His person is all sufficient explanation of all that he said and did.

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What God Does.

Men complain that God does not do this and that and the other thing for them, which he never undertook to do. They say, 'He does not make me rich. He does not fill my life with friendships.' So they flutter about with their complainings as a bird will sweep this way and that doubtful and wandering and tempted on every side. But as at last the bird catches sight of the home where it belongs, though very far away, and all its fluttering ceases and setting itself straight toward that, it steadies itself and seeks it without a single turn aside; so by and by one of these wanderers among many hopes discovers far away the hope, the only hope for which God made him, and forgetting everything else, thenceforth gives himself to that, to serve God and by serving Him, to grow into his goodness.—Phillips Brooks.

Considerateness

There is a beautiful injunction of consideration in those words of St. Paul to the Galatians: 'Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.'

Brethren, or, better and more accurately brethren—since brethren had gotten a purport simply ecclesiastical and far away—is the interpreting word here, the word under the light of which all these clauses get disclosure. One is a brother yet, even though he may have sadly fallen, and is still worthy of all possible attempts at reclamation.

'Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault,' according to the Revised Version, 'even if a man be overtaken.' That word 'overtaken' may mean surprised into, suddenly caught in. Also the word 'fault' is rendered 'trespass' in the Revised Version; the word means, literally, a fallen away from right, truth, duty. Brethren, even if a man be surprised into some sad lapse—a man surprised into fault, trespass, lapse, is not a sight uncommon.

A man may be thus surprised, because of his heredity. I have a dog, Jerry. He is a cocker spaniel. He is marvelously intelligent. Fetching and carrying are in the strain of the cocker spaniel blood. I have noticed that while he will learn in other directions, it is far easier to teach him along the line of bringing things and carrying things. Teaching here lays hold of his heredity, and there is heredity in men as well as in dogs.

There is frequently a very bad heredity. Some evil tendency or passion is in the strain of the blood, and though a man has fought against it, and made, for a long time, thrall of it, it not seldom happens that suddenly the bad heredity reasserts itself, and the man is surprised into a doing or a yielding, against which, for many a month or year, he has used triumphant will.

Or a man may be thus surprised because some of the noblest virtues, pursued but a little way beyond due bounds, turn so quickly into faults. For example, how

easily an economy becomes covetousness, or benevolence lavishness, or hope carelessness, or leisure laziness, or faith fanaticism, or culture and high social position breed a high and despising condescension.

Or a man may be thus surprised by unexpected circumstances, even as Peter was startled into denial of his Lord by all the strange, new circumstances of that sad night of betrayal and arrest.

Or a man may be thus surprised into a trespass by sudden onset of temptation upon his weakest side, as Satan made attack upon our Lord in the wilderness on his then weakest side—his hunger after the long fasting. And the man may forget, what our Lord did not, that the only safety is in a resistance instant and hard as adamant.

The Wife for Helpmate.

Unless you use great care, housework soils your hands and makes them ugly; but it does not soil your heart or take from one particle of its beauty. Women who do their own work need not degenerate into lifeless drudges. They may keep young and strong and loving, and make of their homes heavens on this dull earth so desolate but for woman's love and self-sacrifice.

"That's what a wife is for," to cook his meat, To sweep his house, to bridle the knuckles, To sing, to dance, to have her own sweet will. Be strong and send to, as well as sweet, If no false pride control her daily life, She, too, may say without too much regret, "That's what a wife is for; to cook his meat, To sweep, and dust, and make all clean and neat, To smile, and kiss away his weariness— To keep the children quiet for his sake— To live and love, and love and live, each day, A woman's life of sacrifice and pain. Upheld by love which liketh it to God, Transformed into the likeness of his Son By work and sacrifice, by love and pain!"

Holding Up the Pastor's Hands.

One of the greatest burdens a pastor carries on his heart is the want of sympathy and friendship that he sometimes finds among the members of his flock. Some seem to think of him only as the paid servant, and are ready to shift much of the church's work upon his shoulders, not regarding themselves as co-laborers with him. The verses selected for our topic show the mutual dependence of pastor and people, and serve to illustrate the power for victory or defeat. It was when Moses' hands were stayed by Aaron and Hur, you remember, that he prevailed in prayer; and if the Church Militant is to triumph over sin and Satan, the minister's hands must be held up by his people; they must work together—stand side by side in the conflict.

The minister not only needs help in bringing before the world the message of the Gospel, and in spreading the influence of Christian precepts and doctrines, but he needs cheer and aid for himself. It is discouraging and disappointing in any work never to hear a word of praise or appreciation, and this is especially true in the minister's case. The faithful pastor longs for the word of approbation that will warm his heart and inspire him to greater usefulness. It may seem a trifling thing to tell him how the words of his sermon have impressed you, but it is of valuable worth to him; it will gladden and encourage him for better work for the Master. And it may seem unimportant to be always in attendance at church or at prayer meeting, but this loyalty to him and to the cause of

Leg A Solid Sore.

When it comes to healing up old running sores of long standing there is no remedy equal to Burdock Blood Bitters.

Bathe the sore with the B.B.B.—that relieves the local irritation. Take the B.B.B. internally—that clears the blood of all impurities on which sores thrive.

Miss D. Melissa Burke, Grindstone, Magdalen Islands, P.Q., says: "It is with pleasure I speak in favor of B.B.B. which cured me of a running sore on my leg. I consulted three doctors and they gave me salve to put on, but it did no good. Finally my leg became a solid running sore. In fact for nearly a month I could not put my foot to the floor. "I was advised to use B.B.B. and did so. Three bottles healed up my leg entirely so that I have never been troubled with it since."

Christ is another strong mainstay in helping the pastor. We expect our minister to be in his place every Sunday at the weekly meeting, and he has the right to expect us to be in our place, and to show our interest and that we are co-laborers with him.

Above all, the Christian should be careful to avoid any criticism which would cast a shadow upon his pastor. None may permit the term a word lightly or unduly spoken may do in injuring his reputation or his usefulness. What if his views did not quite agree with your own, or if his oratory or pulpit mannerisms are not in accord with your tastes or ideas? What if his relations to his people, or to you particularly, are not as personal and social as you would wish? It may be quite as much your own fault as his. Remember that a minister is frequently misjudged, and though earnestly seeking to be faithful and true, both to God and to the church, he is often misinterpreted and misunderstood. The best gift a church can give to its pastor is the knowledge that it is in full sympathy with him.

If You Would Like to be Popular.

- Don't find fault. Don't contradict people, even though you're sure you are right. Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friend. Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it. Don't believe that everybody else in the world is happier than you. Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in your life. Don't repeat gossip even if it does interest a crowd. Don't be rude to your inferior in social position. Don't express a positive opinion unless you perfectly understand what you are talking about. Don't jeer at anybody's religious belief.

DIAMOND DYES are Home Protectors Imitation Dyes Are Vile Deceptions.

The thousands of women in our Canadian cities, towns and farming districts stand in need of the protection afforded by the never-fading Diamond Dyes. These marvelous coloring agents have been before the public for over twenty years, and have always been true to name and promises made. The magnificent colors and shades produced by Diamond Dyes are everywhere extolled, and the colors have in every case proved fast under the action of sunlight and soap.

The plain and simple directions on every package of the Diamond Dyes enable a child to use them with perfect success. There are imitations of Diamond Dyes sold by some dealers for the sake of long profits. These imitations are deceptions, and wherever used they cause annoyance, ill temper and loss of money and valuable materials. The colors are muddy and dull, and they cannot stand washing with ordinary soap.

A DIVER'S SOAP.

He had a Close Call but he Came out all Right.

The diver's greatest danger, says a writer in Chambers's Journal, is the possible entangling and choking of the air-pipe on which he depends for a supply of oxygen. The writer gives an experience of his own, which he styles the 'closest shave' he ever had. The gates of a lock had been repaired, and he had gone down to see that all was finished satisfactorily. With twenty feet of dirty dock water above him, he felt the great gates, each many tons in weight, which were to be shut while he was down, in order that he might see whether all worked well. He says:

When ready I sent up the signal, and in a few moments felt the gate upon which my hand rested begin slowly to move. It was not long before I realized that I had made a serious mistake.

As soon as the huge masses were in motion I was gently lifted off my feet by the swirl of water in the narrow lock, and irresistibly sucked toward the meeting point of the gates. I made vigorous efforts, by clutching at and pressing against the gate surface, to save myself from being carried along, for once between the gates I must be crushed to death. On I went, however, into the rapidly narrowing gap, but fortunately I went through it, although the gates were so nearly closed that, as I passed through, I felt a leg knock against the end of each gate.

Once on the other side I was pulled up by the air pipe tightening against the end of one of the gates, and was just congratulating myself on my escape when I suddenly realized that the pipe was still between the closing masses. A death hardly

less horrible, had certainly more drawn out than the one I had just escaped now reach me, for with the pipe crushed flat I should be a prisoner until smothered for lack of air.

I had no knife or I could have cut the pipe, clipped off my weights and trust to a shoot upward.

At the very last moment, when the gates were almost closed, an inspiration came to me. I had a hammer slung to my waist by a lanyard tied to the handle. It was the work of an instant to thrust this between the meeting gate-ends.

Almost immediately I felt the jar upon it as it took the strain, and I found that there was no diminution of the rush of air into the helmet. My frail connection with the world above was unimpaired.

Before I could make up my mind what to do next I felt the hammer loosen its position, and the gates began to open again. As they opened I was again carried through by the current, and placed on the other side—the right one for me. I hurriedly gave the signal to be hoisted up, and was thankful enough to be at the surface.

To Cure Catarrh and Stayed Cured

You must use the most up-to-date and most improved method of treatment. This can only be had in the use of Catarrh, which cures by inhalation and is sure to reach the spot. Treatments requiring the use of sprays, douches, snuffs and ointments are a thing of the past, and the medicated air-treatment supersedes them all. There is no danger or risk in the use of Catarrh-ozone. It is both pleasant and effective to employ in any case of Irritable Throat, Fetid Breath, Bronchitis, Catarrh and Asthma. At all druggists or direct by mail on receipt of price of \$1.00. Send 10c. in stamps for sample outfit to N. C. POLSON & Co., manufacturing chemists, Kingston, Ont.

TRACING A COUNTERFEIT.

It is not so Difficult as it Looks, When Done by Experts

The tracing of counterfeit bills back to the person responsible for their issue is a curious and exciting employment. The experts assigned by the government to this work are among the most skillful members of the secret service. The protection of the currency depends in large measure upon the efficiency, and the pains they take are almost infinite. A curious story told by a government employe in the New Orleans Times Democrat illustrates the difficulties which they meet and overcome.

One day a bank clerk in Cincinnati detected a counterfeit twenty-dollar bill in the deposit of a small retail grocer. I was sent for, and undertook the case.

I found that the grocer received the bill from a shoe-dealer, who had it from a dentist, who had it from somebody else, and so on, until I finally traced it to an invalid woman who had used it to pay her physician. When questioned, she said the money had been sent to her by her brother who lived in New Orleans.

I looked up her brother's pedigree, and was certain that he was my man. He had a bad record, was the proprietor of a dive, and was just the sort of a person to be confederate of counterfeiters. I came to New Orleans with the handcuff in my pocket, but I was a little premature.

The man proved to my complete satisfaction that he had received the money as rent for a small house he owned in Pittsburgh. That was discouraging, but I couldn't give up after going so far, and took the next train for Pittsburgh.

The tenant of the house turned out to be a traveling oculist, who spent most of his time on the road. He was then away in the west, but I saw him on his return, and he at once recognized the bill. It had been given him by a patient in Cincinnati, the very point from which I had started.

The patient was a boss carpenter. I got his address from the oculist and made a bee-line for the city. I had a premonition that something was going to happen, and I wasn't disappointed.

The carpenter was an honest old fellow, and told me without hesitation that he had received the bill from Mr.—for repairing his barn. Mr.—was the small grocer in whose bank deposit the counterfeit had turned up. I flew to his store as fast as a cab could carry me, and found it closed. He had left town.

Afterward it was shown beyond question that he was the regular agent of a gang. That the bill which he gave the carpenter should get back again into his own till after travelling all over the continent was one of those miracles of chance for which there is no explanation.

THE PRESIDENT'S STORY.

A Slave to Chronic Catarrh for Years—Remedies Failed—Specialist Failed—Dr. Agnew's Catarrh Powder (Simplest of all) Cured Him.

D. T. Sample, President of Sample's Installation Company, Washington, Pa., writes: "For years I was afflicted with chronic catarrh. Remedies and treatment by specialists only gave me temporary relief until I was induced to use Dr. Agnew's Catarrh Powder. It has proved the one good thing in my case. In almost an instant after I had made the first application I had relief, and a little perseverance in its use entirely rid me of this offensive malady. I would be glad to personally recommend it to any and everybody." Sold by E. G. Brown.

And Tumors cured to any extent, at home, at no extra charge. For Canadian testimonials and 100-page treatise, write Dept. 11, Mason-McCormack, Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Sam Hildebrand, Avenger.

An elderly man from St. Francois county in southeast Missouri, being told while in St. Louis last week that Frank James, the noted ex bandit, is now a respected citizen of St. Louis, remarked that in his opinion Frank and Jesse James and the Younger boys would have settled down to respectable citizenship immediately after the Civil War if they had not been hounded into outlawry.

"They were no worse than thousands of others who fought during the war on the Missouri border," said he, "yet the others were permitted to return home and take up legitimate business pursuits just as though they had never stood up to shoot and be shot at. The Jameses and the Youngers were rebel soldiers, and so was I. They could shoot straighter than I could, and they had more nerve—courage is the word, so their bullets did more execution than mine, and they got posted as outlaws; while I, being only a common plug soldier was allowed to go home and put in my crops. They had to take to the woods and hustle for their living—rob trains and banks—until finally Jesse got koeled over and Frank surrendered and came off clear.

I know something about the difficulty of a man settling down after the Civil War when he made a record for killing folks, which I take to be the object of fighting. We had a man down in our country who suffered like the Jameses, but he never turned into a bandit. I guess you all have heard of Sam Hildebrand. He was mustered out much the same way as Jesse James was, and several years before, a fellow stabbed him in the back to get the reward offered for him, dead or alive, that was the only way to get Sam. Lots of other fellows tried to catch him alive, and they didn't have time to be sorry for it. They were added to Sam's private cemetery, which I reckon is just about as populous as that of any bad man who ever lived; and it's no joke, either, for Sam Hildebrand is known to have killed a hundred men during the Civil War, and most of them were his personal enemies. Still, they were all on the other side of the war fence, and I don't see how you can call it murder any more than the killing of men at Gettysburg was murder. Mind, now, I'm not trying to justify all that Sam Hildebrand did; but those were ticklish times, and down in my country it was every man for himself, and if you didn't look out for yourself I reckon you didn't have much show to die of old age.

There was just as much hot fighting in southeast Missouri and the top part of Arkansas during the war as anything else, though it hasn't got into the histories much to speak of. Our fighting down there was different from what it was up in the north part of the State and on the Kansas border. We've got a broken country, not very well fitted for rough rider business; so there wasn't so much guerrilla warfare among us as there was further north and west, where there is plenty of prairie land and level forest. Down with us it was bushwhacking. You know the difference between the bushwacker and the guerrilla? Well, the guerrilla is mounted, and he travels from twenty to two hundred or more in a gang, he rides into a town before breakfast, hell-to-split, and astonishes the natives so that they forget they've been hungry; he simply shoots up the village a whole lot, takes what he wants from the stores, banks and dwellings, and likewises pockets of the leading citizens, and then he rides out again hell-to-split over the prairie. And when he rides out there's no leading citizens left alive except those who slid down wells and stayed with the old osken bucket, or hid in chimneys during the visit. That's the guerrilla style.

The bushwacker, he's different, I whacked a little bit myself along in the early 60's. If I hadn't done so I wouldn't have been here in St. Leo today enjoying liberty and the pursuit of happiness. I lived in Francois county, and I would have been hung up to a hickory tree on one of those mineral ridges like as not if I hadn't taken to the bushes and looked out for No 1. The bushwacker as a rule doesn't ride horseback; it's easier walking, for he can lose himself easier on foot than riding. He travels alone or with a squad of from three to thirty or thereabouts and he makes it seem like 3,000 men when it comes to the enemy's camp and begins picking 'em off from the bushes; and they can't find him. Oh, I know it sounds like it was mean to fight that way, but if you had been in the thick

of it you'd have justified yourself same as us.

"Sam Hildebrand, I reckon, was by all odds the most remarkable of the Missouri bushwhackers. He raised the biggest commotion of em all, and the United States and the State of Missouri had more trouble trying to get rid of him than over any other man during war times. In my part of the state, where Sam was born and raised and where he operated mostly, his name has been a household word ever since '65, and for twenty years after the war all you had to do to make a boy behave himself was to tell him that Sam Hildebrand would get him if he didn't watch out. Sam—or rather Sam's memory—was the goblin of that section until long after he was dead and gone for good. The boys even to this day, play a game they call Sam Hildebrand, which consists of getting wooden guns, or sometimes an old pistol or musket and going to the woods to pretend to shoot at one another from ambush; twenty years ago 'playin' Sam Hildebrand' as the name is pronounced with us, was by all odds the most popular game in southeast Missouri. This generation of boys doesn't know so much about him, but we old fellows still talk about his exploits, occasionally, and I often wonder how it is that so little has been written about him in the papers of late years; reckon it was because he didn't graduate into a train robber.

"Oh, yes, I knew Sam; knew him long before the war. I was clerking in the little store at Big River Mills, a village on Big River, near where Hildebrand was born. I used to notice loafing around the store a well-built, swarthy young fellow with black whiskers and one of those old-fashioned long-barrelled rifles which you still see among the Ozark Mountain folks who chew long green tobacco and shoot squirrels. This young fellow was as quiet and peaceable a man as you could wish; I used to think that he was too lazy to do anything more than hunt squirrels and plough corn when hunting wasn't good; didn't look like he had energy enough to do anything else. That's where I was badly mistaken, for that young fellow was Sam Hildebrand, and he developed enough energy in a few years to supply a regiment; he was a whole windmill of energy, and when he once got wound up it took him more than four years to run down. That old rifle he carried when he used to come and sit around the store got famous before the war was over. Sam named it 'Kill Devil,' because, he said, he had killed so many devils with it. And he had a habit of cutting a little notch in the stock of old Kill Devil every time he killed a man with it. This is no wild West yarn, but an absolute fact, for I have seen the gun; toward the end of the war it had nearly ninety notches cut in the stock.

"If you want to know the story of Sam Hildebrand I may as well begin at the beginning, and everything I say will be verified by almost any man in St. Francois, Washington or Iron county who was old enough to understand the game of war in those times. Sam was a descendant in the seventh generation of Peter Hildebrand of Hanover, youngest son of a German nobleman. His grandfather settled in Missouri in 1770 and was killed by the Indians; his father built the stone farmhouse two or three miles from Big River Mills, in which the bushwacker was born. Sam grew up utterly without education, he didn't know the alphabet from a till of beans. He was fond of hunting and fishing along Big River. When he was less than 19 years old he married a highly respectable girl of the neighborhood and settled down on a little farm of his own, building a neat log house near the old homestead. He wasn't lazy, either, he went to work, and soon had a comfortable home and was doing well when the war broke out, as a farmer and stock raiser. It was the Hildebrand liking for pork that turned the quiet farmer into a rip roaring bushwacker.

"Sam had several brothers, and together they raised many hogs. In that neighborhood it was the practice to turn the hogs out to feed on the abundant mast in Big River Valley. Many became as wild as deer, and when a farmer wanted some fresh side meat he took his rifle to the woods and shot a porker. All the hogs were branded with the owner's marks. It was charged that sometimes the Hildebrands were too careless about looking for the brand and shot a neighbors hog. They became known as hog thieves, though they stoutly denied the accusation. In the first

year of the war many hogs were appropriated by men going away to the front. Sam Hildebrand and his brother Frank were accused of stealing a horse. A prominent farmer named Firmin McIlvaine became the head of a vigilance committee to hunt down horse thieves. The Hildebrands heard that they were suspected; they took to the woods. After hiding a few days Sam came home after something to eat. He had hardly sat down to the table when he heard a noise outside. Grabbing his gun in one hand and a spoon of corn bread in the other he made for the woods, for upon opening the door he saw that his house was surrounded by the vigilance committee. Many shots were fired at him, but he was not hit. He returned home that night, took his wife and their five small children to a place, called Flat Woods and left his home till the war was over. Sam was then 25 years old.

"Hildebrand always declared that he was driven to be an outlaw. He knew nothing of the merits of Unionism or Secession. He had claimed to be a Union sympathizer and wanted to stay at home and let the war fight itself. But his brother Frank, who soon got tired of hiding out, came in and surrendered to the vigilantes, who took him back to the woods and hanged him to a tree.

"A little later the members of the vigilance committee organized into a company of Federal home guards. Sam then joined the Southern Confederacy, as he said, for self-protection. But he soon had a stronger motive—the desire for revenge. His brother Washington Hildebrand, and a friend of the family were prospecting for lead at a place a few miles from the home stead, now known as the famous St. Joe lead mines at Bonne Terre. A man named Flancke, who had been one of the neighbors aggrieved by the Hildebrand way of hunting pork, became captain of a company of Federal militia. With a detachment of his men Flancke went to the mine, called the two men out of their shaft, ordered them to walk off a few paces, and commander his squad to fire. Both men fell dead. The captain told a citizen he had killed the men because they were friends of Sam Hildebrand. About this time Sam's mother was driven from the homestead by a vigilance mob. Shortly after this a Federal captain named Adolph surrounded the homestead with his company and a mixture of vigilantes, burned down the house and murdered Sam's brother Henry, a boy only 13 years old. When Sam heard of this he swore he would kill every man in any way connected with the affair, and he knew most of them and where they lived. Within the next three years he came very near carrying out his oath literally.

"While these events were happening Sam had put in a crop at the farm he rented on Flat River—there's a big lead mining town there now—but at last Firmin McIlvaine found out where he was McIlvaine got eighty Union soldiers from the garrison at Ironton, in Iron county, to try to capture Hildebrand. Sam was hauling firewood, and had just stopped his team when he saw that the Federals had surrounded him. He grabbed his gun, always at hand, and dashed through a gap in the lines. The soldiers fired at him as he ran; a shot struck him below the knee, breaking a bone. The troops—they were cavalry—pursued him closely. While they stopped to let down a rail fence he hid himself in a gully half full of dry leaves. The soldiers galloped over him back and forth, but couldn't find him. Then they went back and burned the house that sheltered his family.

"Sam told me along in '64 that while he lay in that gully with his leg broken he declared war against the United States in general and Firmin McIlvaine and his other personal enemies in particular. That night a friend named Figg removed Sam and his family to a safe place, where the wounded man lay till his bone knit. As soon as he was able to travel he was taken by friends to the camp of Capt. Bolin, a Confederate, in Green county, Ark. On the way there he fell in with Tom Haile, a regular dare-devil from his old neighborhood up on Big River, and Haile became Sam's chief lieutenant in many a bushwhacking job. After arriving in camp, Hildebrand went to Gen. Jeff Thompson, a Confederate brigadier with movable headquarters then near Bloomfield, Mo. He told his story and the General wrote him a commission as major. Sam couldn't read a word of the document, but he was quite proud to have it.

"From that day until the close of the war, and in fact till a dozen years after the last, Sam Hildebrand was the terror of his enemies and the chief tantalizer of the Federal authorities in southeast Missouri. Making his general rendezvous in Green county Ark., he went on various bushwhacking trips to his old home, always after some man who had incurred his hate. Once he went as far north as Pike county, a hundred miles above St. Louis, to find a target for old Kill-Devil. Of course he added new enemies to his list as the war went on—men who informed on him and tried to get him captured or killed. Sometimes he made these trips entirely alone, travelling afoot or horseback by night and lying up by day. At other times he took a few picked men, usually Tom Haile and other Missourians who had old scores to settle. On such trips they would sometimes charge through a Federal camp outnumbering them ten to one, shooting as they went and never stopping till they gained a safe place on the other side. Then Sam would creep back to some point from which he could count the corpses and perhaps take another crack at the surprised soldiers.

"It was early in June, 1862, that Sam Hildebrand mounted a horse and started on his first trip back to Big River. From Bolin's men he had learned the names of several Southern sympathizers along his road. Sam had a definite object in view. He reached Flat Woods and began looking around for George Cornecius, the man who had reported his whereabouts to McIlvaine. After two days and nights he found his man, and shot him dead. Cornecius was the first man he ever killed. Afterward he told with glee how delightedly he cut the first notch in his rifle stock. His main purpose, though, was to kill McIlvaine. After seeing that his family were housed and doing well he took some corn bread for rations and lit out on foot for McIlvaine's farm. He selected a field on the top of a high bluff overlooking the river. The men were harvesting wheat there. Some grain had been cut the day before, and Sam supposed that the next day McIlvaine would shock the grain while the negroes cradled. But early in the morning he saw his victim cradling wheat in another part of the field, and he tried to crawl along the bluff to get a place near enough to take good aim. The negroes came too near him as they worked around, and he gave up that plan. He went around under the bluff and had the satisfaction of seeing McIlvaine go down to the ford to water his horse. A limb from a tree was in his way, and he couldn't draw a bead. That night Sam slept under a ledge of the bluff. Next day he tried in vain to get where he could shoot McIlvaine without being caught himself. He slept another night under the ledge, and chewed wheat bread to satisfy hunger. He crossed the river on a fish trap to a ryefield of McIlvaine's and lay hidden for several hours. The negroes were cutting rye, but his enemy was not there. At last McIlvaine came to the field and began cradling. He made one round, and just beyond where the bushwacker lay he stopped to whet his blade. Hildebrand shot him through the heart. This shows how persistent the man was; he was out for blood, and when he once got on the trail of an enemy it was all up with the enemy.

"On his next trip into Missouri Sam killed an informer who grew too confiding and told him he was out looking for Sam Hildebrand's scalp. He made another trip with Tom Haile and one other man, searching through two counties for a man named Stokes, who on previous expeditions had sheltered him, pretending to be a friend, but later laid plans to deliver him up. Sam had been told that Stokes was an informer, but he wanted to make sure before killing him. When he finally learned that Stokes was at home he went to his house after dark. Stokes received him with his usual friendliness. He told Hildebrand there were no Federals in the neighborhood and asked the bushwacker to stay with him overnight. Sam thanked him, but said he would go to a neighbor's a mile away. He then returned to Tom Haile and his other man, hidden in the woods. Haile and the other put on Federal uniforms and rode to Stokes's, approaching from another direction. They pretended to be hot on Hildebrand's trail and asked if Stokes had seen him. Stokes joyfully informed them that Sam had just gone to the neighbor's to spend the night, and he got his gun and went along with them to be in at the death. He was in sure enough. When the army reached the bushwacker, waiting in the woods, a short parley was held and Sam emptied a rifle charge into Stokes.

"Sam once told me that the only time he was ever defeated was by a woman. He saw a fine-looking horse in a barn lot in Madison county. His men were short of mounts, and Sam went into the lot and caught the horse, putting a halter on it. As he was leading the animal away a woman came to the door and screamed: 'You white-livered scum of creation! To steal a poor widow's horse! Why you're worse than Sam Hildebrand!' He let the horse go.

"From that day until the close of the war, and in fact till a dozen years after the last, Sam Hildebrand was the terror of his enemies and the chief tantalizer of the Federal authorities in southeast Missouri. Making his general rendezvous in Green county Ark., he went on various bushwhacking trips to his old home, always after some man who had incurred his hate. Once he went as far north as Pike county, a hundred miles above St. Louis, to find a target for old Kill-Devil. Of course he added new enemies to his list as the war went on—men who informed on him and tried to get him captured or killed. Sometimes he made these trips entirely alone, travelling afoot or horseback by night and lying up by day. At other times he took a few picked men, usually Tom Haile and other Missourians who had old scores to settle. On such trips they would sometimes charge through a Federal camp outnumbering them ten to one, shooting as they went and never stopping till they gained a safe place on the other side. Then Sam would creep back to some point from which he could count the corpses and perhaps take another crack at the surprised soldiers.

"It was early in June, 1862, that Sam Hildebrand mounted a horse and started on his first trip back to Big River. From Bolin's men he had learned the names of several Southern sympathizers along his road. Sam had a definite object in view. He reached Flat Woods and began looking around for George Cornecius, the man who had reported his whereabouts to McIlvaine. After two days and nights he found his man, and shot him dead. Cornecius was the first man he ever killed. Afterward he told with glee how delightedly he cut the first notch in his rifle stock. His main purpose, though, was to kill McIlvaine. After seeing that his family were housed and doing well he took some corn bread for rations and lit out on foot for McIlvaine's farm. He selected a field on the top of a high bluff overlooking the river. The men were harvesting wheat there. Some grain had been cut the day before, and Sam supposed that the next day McIlvaine would shock the grain while the negroes cradled. But early in the morning he saw his victim cradling wheat in another part of the field, and he tried to crawl along the bluff to get a place near enough to take good aim. The negroes came too near him as they worked around, and he gave up that plan. He went around under the bluff and had the satisfaction of seeing McIlvaine go down to the ford to water his horse. A limb from a tree was in his way, and he couldn't draw a bead. That night Sam slept under a ledge of the bluff. Next day he tried in vain to get where he could shoot McIlvaine without being caught himself. He slept another night under the ledge, and chewed wheat bread to satisfy hunger. He crossed the river on a fish trap to a ryefield of McIlvaine's and lay hidden for several hours. The negroes were cutting rye, but his enemy was not there. At last McIlvaine came to the field and began cradling. He made one round, and just beyond where the bushwacker lay he stopped to whet his blade. Hildebrand shot him through the heart. This shows how persistent the man was; he was out for blood, and when he once got on the trail of an enemy it was all up with the enemy.

"On his next trip into Missouri Sam killed an informer who grew too confiding and told him he was out looking for Sam Hildebrand's scalp. He made another trip with Tom Haile and one other man, searching through two counties for a man named Stokes, who on previous expeditions had sheltered him, pretending to be a friend, but later laid plans to deliver him up. Sam had been told that Stokes was an informer, but he wanted to make sure before killing him. When he finally learned that Stokes was at home he went to his house after dark. Stokes received him with his usual friendliness. He told Hildebrand there were no Federals in the neighborhood and asked the bushwacker to stay with him overnight. Sam thanked him, but said he would go to a neighbor's a mile away. He then returned to Tom Haile and his other man, hidden in the woods. Haile and the other put on Federal uniforms and rode to Stokes's, approaching from another direction. They pretended to be hot on Hildebrand's trail and asked if Stokes had seen him. Stokes joyfully informed them that Sam had just gone to the neighbor's to spend the night, and he got his gun and went along with them to be in at the death. He was in sure enough. When the army reached the bushwacker, waiting in the woods, a short parley was held and Sam emptied a rifle charge into Stokes.

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raid into Missouri with three men who had fought under Quantrell. Near Fredriestown they captured a man who turned out to be a Union spy. He had a letter in his pocket telling the names of rebel sympathizers in the neighborhood, written by a man named S. Agge, who wanted the Federals to burn them out. The bushwhackers shot the spy, then went to Soggy's house, took him into the woods by night and hung him to a tree. Next night the four men charged through a camp of a hundred soldiers, killing five as they went through and capturing four pickets on the other side. Later they hanged the pickets. On the trip back to Arkansas they shot another informer named Slater, who lived in southern Wayne county.

In the spring of '63 Hildebrand took his family to Arkansas, rented a farm and put in a crop. On the way down he was compelled to shoot several men. As soon as his corn sprouted he took another trip to Big River, leaving his wife to attend to the farming. Old Kill-Devil got several more notches as a result of this trip.

When in September '64 Gen. Sterling Price made his famous raid into Missouri Hildebrand commanded the advance guard but he left the army as soon as he got to St. Francois county to seek out and slaughter some of his old friends, the enemies. Thus, as long as the war lasted, he made jurneys back and forth from Arkansas to Big River neighborhood, helping the confederate cause as he went along, and carrying out his plan of private vengeance whenever he found an opportunity. Sometimes he wore the federal uniform, and at these times he took delight in looking up some men whom he knew to be a Unionist. The bushwacker would gain the other fellow's confidence by cursing Sam Hildebrand—it was popular those days to curse Sam Hildebrand if you were sure of your audience—and then he would listen to the union man's boasting about how he had very nearly captured or killed the terrible bushwhacker, then he would take his victim to the woods and string him up to a limb or shoot him in his tracks. Sam seemed to be at his best when he pretended to be a federal soldier on the track of Hildebrand. In this way he discovered his enemies and got rid of them.

I tell you this ignorant young farmer gave the authorities a heap of trouble. During the last two years of the war almost the sole object of the federal military operations in southeast Missouri seemed to be to kill or catch the Big River bushwhacker. Gov. Fletcher offered a reward for him, dead or alive. When Gov. McClurg came into office he renewed the reward, but it was never collected. Sam kept on fighting in the bushwhacking department of the confederacy for nearly two months after the surrender of Lee and Johnston, but he was paroled on the 26th of May and went back to the farm his family still occupied in Green county, Ark. He raised a big corn crop there in the summer of '65. Next year he rented a bigger farm and was farming on a much larger scale, with fine prospects, when he was arrested and jailed at Jacksonport on suspicion of being mixed up in a murder. He lay there with a ball and chain attached to him for four months. At last some of his friends managed to cut the fetters off and he escaped. Meantime, his brother William, who had served through the war in the Union army, moved the ex-bushwacker's family back to the old home on Big River, believing Sam would surely be hanged.

Sam went at once to the old home, willing to forgive and forget; he was sick of fighting and had pretty nearly cleaned out all his enemies anyhow. But the few old vigilantes who still remained objected to his presence, so he went to a place on the Illinois side of the Mississippi, about forty miles south of St. Louis, where he made a living by chopping cordwood. I suppose he could have robbed trains, but he didn't; he wanted to settle down and support his family. So once more he came back and took a farm a few miles from his old home. Dozens of men, citizens and detectives were eager for the State reward, hounded him; he was shot from the bushes and badly wounded in the leg. While this wound was healing, he lay at his uncle's in a log house near Big River Mills, and here he fought his last big battle. Sheriff Breckinridge, of St. Francois county, with a strong posse, determined to capture him while he lay wounded. Surrounding the house, they opened up a lively fire. For two days Sam Hildebrand shot at the officers through a small crack between the logs. They riddled the house with bullets. Sam killed and wounded several of his besiegers, but was not hit himself. While the others were carrying away one of their dead, he crawled out of the house into the woods; friends found him and hauled him to a farmhouse in a wagon, and to still another house, followed by the Sheriff's men. As a place of last resort, Sam was taken to a cave opening from a high bluff on the bank of Big River, where in war times he had often found safe retreat. It is still called Hildebrand's cave. A large company of militia re-enforced the Sheriff and tried to dislodge the outlaw, but one man could hold that cave against a hundred. He finally escaped to Illinois.

As I said before, he died with his boots on. In 1877, I think it was, there was a saloon brawl in the little town of Pinckneyville, Ill. A man was killed. Oseostory was to the effect that he was a stranger and that somebody who knew Sam Hildebrand identified the corpse as that of the former bushwacker. However, a man came forward and tried to collect the reward, with a story to the effect that he killed Hildebrand with full knowledge of his identity. He said that the outlaw got into a quarrel with him, and being drunk and off his guard thought to frighten him by proclaiming himself Sam Hildebrand; then the man stabbed him in the back. I believe, however, the reward was never paid. The body was brought to Farmington, my country seat, where both friends and foes fully identified it as that of Samuel Hildebrand.

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Frills of Fashion.

Just at present the chief interest of all womankind centres in the all absorbing question of clothes. What to wear, and how to have it made, receives more attention than the affairs of a nation, yet any discussion of the subject, except within the seclusion of strictly feminine precincts, is sure to bring down an avalanche of ridicule from the superior and less frivolous sex.

They know very well that it is the best dressed, most stylish woman that presents the most attractive appearance every time. A pretty face is all very well, but it is not enough in these days when fashionable garments and a stylish figure count for so much, and the woman who is skilled in the art of good dressing will find that she has a magic influence within her own immediate surroundings.

It is gowns for the Horse Show, gowns for every sort of function a New York season can produce which are agitating the feminine world and dressmakers in particular and there is no limit to the demand for elegant effect. It would seem that the secret of distinction in dress, this season, must be a large measure of extravagance and most elaborate decoration, if the new evening gowns are any criterion, for they are certainly the some of elegance in combination of materials and skilled hand work, with artistic embroidery and hand painting at the head. Satin finished crepe de chine, brocaded pannel lace gauze and hand painted silks are the favored materials of fashion for evening dress.

Cloth has been brought out by the dress-makers as a desirable fabric for evening dress once in a period of years for a long time, but never before so attractively as it is shown this season. It is extremely fine in quality, with a gloss like satin, and the dainty pale tints give it special distinction. The cameo tints are beautiful, but the white cloth in the ivory tint rather has the lead. In any color fur should be a part of the decoration to give a warmth in effect which cloth in pale tints especially needs. However, it is hardly possible that cloth will become generally popular for evening dress, as the lighter materials are so much better for dancing gowns and so much cooler to wear.

The brocaded panne in the pastel colors makes charming evening gowns, combined with lace and chiffon frills around the feet to give the fashionable fluff and a real lace fichu draped around the low cut neck. One costume in this material, pale pink in color, brocaded with cream flowers very cloudy and indistinct, is made with tiny tucks around the hips, and these extended up into the bodice all around, giving the effect of a wide belt. Tinted cloths, and white cloths especially, are very pretty for wedding gowns, trimmed with velvet applique of the same tint, and worn with a velvet hat to match. An elegant novelty is the cloth guipure used in deep bands or forming the entire overdress and lower part of the bodice. It is made by skillfully cutting out the cloth in guipure designs as nearly as possible, and outlining the edges with a tiny silk cord which matches the cloth or the contrasting color used underneath. The contrast is not necessary, however, as it is very effective over the same color. White cloth guipure over pale gray silk makes a very stunning yet dainty gown; the material is used over cloth quite as much as silk.

The skirts of evening gowns are all made with a train, and a luxurious frone around the feet, and are fitted closely about the hips, the double skirt effect being one of the leading modes. The bodices are round, slightly full in front and nearly if not quite plain at the back. It is cut low and round at the neck, and the sleeves are simply plain bands of velvet, ruches forming bands or a genuine shirt sleeve made of tulle or gauze.

Artificial flowers play a very important part among the new evening gowns and none but the very best are used. Small flowers are the thing when the skirt has the

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decoration, and the larger flowers when there is only a bunch on the bodice. A single flower in the hair with a twist and two loops of white tulle is a fashionable addition to the evening costume, and then three are all sorts of jeweled aigrettes, butte fly wings, and bows of lace and velvet wired into place.

Russian nets embroidered in cord and silks are still another popular material for evening gowns, and added to these are the sequined nets glittering with all the colors, the sequins sewn on so closely that the net is visible only in very small portions. White net, embroidered and plain, stands out distinctly as one of the leading fabrics, the latter being elaborately tucked in some instances. In combination with lace, fur, and applique embroidery it makes very elegant gowns both for full dress and demi-dress occasions. For the latter it is made with transparent long lace sleeves and a square cut open neck in front. In princess form it is lovely when trimmed around the feet with plaited chiffon frills of the same color rounding up at the sides in tablier form. A long plaited cascade of crepe de chine over an embroidered satin skirt is another very striking combination.

Little boleros of Renaissance and Brussels applique lace are seen on some of the imported evening gowns, especially those made of panne. One example is pale gray with flounces of killed gray chiffon up to the knees, each set on with a narrow banding of real lace. Black velvet straps form the sleeves, and black velvet and satin roses are fastened in with the lace in front. Silk lace, very similar to the blonde laces worn so many years ago, has been revived again. It is very sheer but strong, and, outlined with silver cord, is used for the lower portion of a panne velvet skirt, pointing up into the velvet in a graceful design.

Black pressed panne is very elegantly made up into evening gowns, with fur and black Chantilly lace for trimming. A wide insertion of the lace is set in a little way from the hem of a deep circular flounce in one gown, and is finished at either edge, where the velvet is cut away, with a narrow band of sable. Another tiny band is sewn through the centre of the lace with novel effect. The skirt above the flounce is dotted over with lace designs, the velvet cut out over this and the edge finished with silk cord, and the whole skirt hangs over a white satin skirt showing through the lace. The low bodice is inset with lace, and a pretty touch is the tatted pink satin belt and the bunch of pink roses at one side of the neck, where a narrow bertha of the lace with an edge of fur is the finish. Flowered white panne, combined with white tulle, which in ruche-edged flounces forms the lower portion of the skirt, makes one of the most beautiful gowns on the list of evening elegance in dress. White tulle, spangled with steel and dotted with white taffeta serve to give thickness and support to the tulle.

In less extravagant gowns for young women there are gowns in all the pale colors, dotted over with silk spots, chiffon, which is made up with jet is the trimming on one of these gowns, arranged in a wide band which joins the ruff d tulle to the upper part of the skirt. White mousseline de soie flounces sewn on the foundation skirt of unlimited tucks, shirings and ruches, and the dainty point d'esprit, which is quite transformed with tiny tucks run in close together. This is used for the bodice and upper part of the skirt, while the lower skirt is made of plaited flounces of the net, edged with a tiny ruche and beaded with very small pink roses. The idea of using two materials for the skirt seems to prevail in nearly all the dressy costumes, and when the same fabric is employed for the entire skirt it is arranged like the gown described above, in some way to give a different effect. Mousseline de soie covered with tiny ruches put on in a scroll design forms the lower half of a pale blue dotted gauze gown. The mousseline is in the same shade, and similar as the materials are, the effect is very striking.

A soft white satin is not to be forgotten among the fabrics for evening dress; it is very handsomely made up with a black or white chenille embroidery covering the overdress, and a finish of chenille fringe around the edge. The undershirt of this costume, also of satin, is tucked in groups

of three, each tuck more than an inch wide. Black gauze butterflies with lace finish the neck of the chenille embroidered bodice.

Among the costumes illustrated is one of black crepe de chine trimmed with insertion and a wide edging of black lace embroidery, with chenille, jet and silver sequins. The skirt frills are plaited black chiffon, and the bodice is tucked to give a bias effect at the sides, the tucks meeting in a point in front and down the middle of the back. Black velvet bands over the shoulders. White crepe de chine tucked to form a series of Vandyke points is another costume combined with lace. Tiny roses finish the neck. Pale pink panne with lace applique, and frills of pink point d'esprit express still another one of fashion's harmonies in dress, and very pretty but simple in comparison is a mauve polka dotted gauze, trimmed with lace outlined with chenille, plain gauze frills edged with chenille from the lower skirt, and narrow ruffled bands pass over the shoulders. A bunch of purple diamonds adorns the bodice. A model in white cloth is also shown, and the principal trimming is lace in which silk fringes is knotted. The lace revers are transparent and tiny bands of sable are the finish. White crepe de chine with white point d'esprit flounces and insertion of lace forms another model, each flounce headed with pink roses. Turquoise blue velvet straps and bows are over the shoulders.

Something elegant and useful in evening cloaks is the long black satin coat lined with a pretty light-colored satin and trimmed with lace and fur. A less expensive wrap is the long cape of cloth, satin lined and completed with one of the new novelties lined with stirred lace and trimmed around the edge of the frill with velvet. In dressy waists, with high necks, for evening wear, here is one of cream Luxeuil lace over pink silk, and run through with black velvet ribbon. Pink chiffon strapped with velveteens a fichu effect over the shoulders, a transparent yoke and sleeves of lace are the feature of the next model, and the bodice portion is of oyster white satin embroidered with gold thread. Another bodice is pale blue crepe de chine shows the fashionable bolero trimmed with cream applique lace.

A pretty model in a cloth gown made for the horse show is the popular shade of beaver brown dotted with white. The overdress is trimmed with brown fringe, and the bodice has a turquoise blue cloth chemise vest embroidered with tiny steel paillettes, and point de venise collar edged with sable. Pale blue cloth forms another pretty gown with a yoke of square cut bands of cream white cloth stitched in the edges and caught down with small gold buttons, black silk fringe and tiny folds of black satin finish the tabs and outline the bertha collar of pale blue taffeta laid in tiny tucks at the upper edge to give it shape. The skirt shows graduated stitched plaits beginning at either ends of the front and extending around the back.

Notes of Fashion. Beaver color is one of the newest shades for cloth gowns, and still another pet fancy is a beige color combined with a blue shade of light green.

Some very smart gowns are made of dull soft black satin trimmed with narrow stitched bands of black cloth.

Meshed chenille net is a feature of dress this season used as an overdress and bodice over silk, and covering white bengaline for a short carriage wrap.

Since furs have reached so high a price that they are almost unapproachable by any save the wealthy, velvet muffs are considered quite as modish as those of fur. With handsome calling gowns, stylish little confections of gay colored velvet in-

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crusted with lace, lined with gathered tulle, and finished with a bunch of ostrich tips and a velvet knot will be seen in the procession of fashionable dress later. There is no limit to the variety which can be made in velvet muffs, with lace and a few fur tails for trimming, and their one great advantage is that they can be made very successfully at home.

Just about one woman in five hundred appears to have screwed her courage up to the point of purchasing and wearing a long-tailed box coat, and the frank admission must be made that the loveliest figure is utterly lost and forgotten when swathed in one of those bed gowned shapd affairs.

Long coats of broad tail, made with one deep flounce rounding up narrowly in front have a conspicuous place in the coat department, and the finish is a deep collar and cuffs of chinchilla. Antique paste buttons are the fastening.

Phesant's are the fashionable birds for millinery purposes, and in combination with the new soft shaggy felt, they make a very stunning hat.

Dead gold in flower designs is the fashionable thing for buckles and belt-clasps.

Neck scarfs of chiffon liberty silk and velvet with silk fringe on the ends, are worn with street gowns.

Fancy hosiers is shown in the shops in a great variety of colors and combinations of color. For example the lower half of the stocking may be of pale blue embroidered with black, and the upper part of plain black. Everything in the way of embroidered and lace work hose goes to make up a gorgeous array.

Boss, or full neck ruches of chiffon for street wear, are sometimes finished with long strands of black chenille, each having a jitted tassel. The strands are so long that they reach to the knees, and the ruche which is very full, is edged with chenille, and just long enough to meet around the neck.

The Man From Boston. Englishmen are often surprised at the rapidity with which the ups and downs of life pursue each other on this continent. Poor men become rich, and rich men become poor, with a quickness that amazes our more conservative cousins. Not long ago a young Englishman illustrated this point by a story which has found its way into the New York Tribune.

In Texas, said he, I made the acquaintance of a well-dressed and well-educated Bostonian. He was travelling for a manufacturer of agricultural machinery, and although he put on some airs, he talked very agreeably. We happened to be in Bowie, Montague County, and as we were chatting one day, a rough-looking grancher approached us, and slapping my acquaintance on the shoulder, asked him to drink.

The hardwre traveller declined haughtily, saying: 'Excuse me, sir. I never drink with strangers.' 'Oh, we're not exactly strangers,

pardner,' retorted the cheerful Texan. 'I remember when you was through here last summer.'

'I was never here before in my life, sir,' answered the drummer, with offended dignity. 'Just then two more Texans came in, and the first one turned to them for corroboration. 'Haven't we all seen this gentleman before?' he asked.

Looking the man over, the other two said: 'Sure, Bill. He was through here last summer leading a dancing bear.'

And in spite of my Boston friend's denial I found out that the Texans were right.

The King of Noise!

From his beautiful Parisian home, Menier, the Chocolate King, can oversee the town of Noise!, entirely owned by himself, which contains his vast works, as well as the homes of two thousand of his employees.

Chocolate-Menier factory is the largest in the world and has a working equipment that is unrivalled. Everything pertaining to the manufacture of Chocolate is raised, produced or manufactured by Menier himself, and this is a guarantee of its purity and nutritive value. That the Chocolate consuming world has confidence in this fact is attested by the annual sale of thirty-three million pounds.

It is not safe to eat or drink inferior articles.

ONE USE FOR CIGARETTES. How a Bright Woman has Turned her husband's Habit to her Account.

At last the cigarette habit has been put to a useful purpose, and if the example is followed, the evil may in time be, to some extent, palliated. The credit of the discovery belongs to a young married woman of Washington, who revealed her method to a reporter of the Star.

'You see,' said she, 'I would rather Ned didn't smoke at all, but so long as he does I prefer cigarettes, and stipulate that he shall roll them himself. It's the only way I can get my errands done for me down town, or even make him remember to pay the gas bill on the last day before the discount is off.'

'Now, when Ned starts out in the morning I take his package of cigarette papers and writes memoranda on them in pencil. If it is stuff from the greengrocer's, I make a list on the top paper of the pack, and he is sure to see it about the time he gets to the corner, and he goes in and leaves the order. 'If I want him to telephone Alice to come to luncheon, I note the fact about three papers down, and is sure to get the message soon after he reaches the office. 'When I have anything I want him to run out and attend to at noon, I put a memorandum on the sixth paper, and he is certain to read it just as he is coming back to the office from his luncheon. And if it is something I want brought home for dinner, I only need to write "bread" or "beefsteak," or whatever it is, on the tenth paper, and it comes home promptly. 'I tell you there is nothing like executive ability when it comes to managing your husband.' The inference is that the husband will in time relinquish the cigarette habit.

BOOK FOR WOMEN FREE. Women who wish to learn how to prevent and cure those diseases peculiar to their sex and who wish to learn how to become healthy, strong and happy, instead of suffering weak and miserable, should write for Mrs. Julia Richardson.

said into Missouri with three men who had fought under Quantrell. Near Fredricktown they captured a man who turned out to be a Union spy. He had a letter in his pocket telling the names of rebel sympathizers in the neighborhood, written by a man named S agge, who wanted the Federals to burn them out. The bushwhackers shot the spy, then went to Scagg's house, took him into the woods by night and hung him to a tree. Next night the four men barged through a camp of a hundred soldiers, killing five as they went through and capturing four pickets on the other side. Later they hanged the pickets. On the trip back to Arkansas they shot another informer named Slater, who lived in southern Wayne county. In the spring of '63 Hildebrand took his family to Arkansas, rented a farm and put in a crop. On the way down he was compelled to shoot several men. As soon as his corn sprouted he took another trip to Big River, leaving his wife to attend to the farming. Old Kill-D-wil got several more notches as a result of this trip. When in September '64 Gen. Sterling Price made his famous raid into Missouri Hildebrand commanded the advance guard but he left the army as soon as he got to St. Francis county to seek out and slaughter some of his old friends, and thereby made himself a hero. Thus, as long as he lived, he was made a hero back and forth from Arkansas to Big River neighborhood, helping the confederate cause as he went along, and carrying out his plan of private vengeance whenever he found an opportunity. Sometimes he wore the federal uniform, and at these times he took delight in looking up some men whom he knew to be a Unionist. 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Sam went on fighting in the bushwhacking department of the confederacy for nearly two months after the surrender of Lee and Johnston, but he was paroled on the 26th of May and went back to the farm his family still occupied in Green country, Ark. He raised a big corn crop there in the summer of '65. Next year he rented a bigger farm and was farming on a much larger scale, with fine prospects, when he was arrested and jailed at Jacksonport on suspicion of being mixed up in a murder. He lay there with a ball and chain attached to him for four months. At last some of his friends managed to cut the fetters off and he escaped. Meantime, his brother William, who had served through the war in the Union army, moved the ex bushwhacker's family back to the old home on Big River, believing Sam would surely be hanged. Sam went at once to the old home, willing to forgive and forget; he was sick of fighting and had pretty nearly cleaned out all his enemies anyhow. But the few old vigilantes who still remained objected to his presence, so he went to a place on the Illinois side of the Mississippi, about forty miles south of St. Louis, where he made a living by chopping cordwood. I suppose he could have robbed trains, but he didn't; he wanted to settle down and support his family. So once more he came back and took a farm a few miles from his old home. D. Z. as of men, citizens and detectives were eager for the State reward, hounded him; he was shot from the bushes and badly wounded in the leg. While this wound was healing, he lay at his uncle's in a log house near Big River Miss., and here he fought his last big battle. Sheriff Breckinridge, of St. Francis county, with a strong posse, determined to capture him while he lay wounded. Surrounding the house, they opened up a lively fire. For two days Sam Hildebrand shot at the officers through a small crack between the logs. They riddled the house with bullets. Sam killed and wounded several of his besiegers, but was not hit himself. While the others were carrying away one of their dead, he crawled out of the house into the woods; friends found him and hauled him to a farmhouse in a wagon, and to still another house, followed by the Sheriff's men. As a place of last resort, Sam was taken to a cave opening from a high bluff on the bank of Big River, where in war times he had often found safe retreat. It is still called Hildebrand's cave. A large company of militia re-enforced the Sheriff and tried to dislodge the outlaw, but one man could hold that cave against a hundred. He finally escaped to Illinois. As I said before, he died with his boots on. In 1877, I think it was, there was a saloon brawl in the little town of Pinckneyville, Ill. A man was killed. Ostratory was to the effect that he was a stranger and that somebody who knew Sam Hildebrand identified the corpse as that of the former bushwhacker. However, a man came forward and tried to collect the reward, with a story to the effect that he killed Hildebrand with full knowledge of his identity. He said that the outlaw got into a quarrel with him, and being drunk and off his guard thought to frighten him by proclaiming himself Sam Hildebrand; then the man stabbed him in the back. I believe, however, the reward was never paid. The body was brought to Farmington, my country seat, where both friends and foes fully identified it as that of Samuel Hildebrand.

SIR CLAUDE M'DONALD.

THE MAN WHO REPRESENTS ENGLAND IN THE FAR EAST.

Described as a man who can take a heathen colony and civilize it quickly...

The British Empire has entrusted its interests in the Far East to a tall, thin, red-headed Scotchman...

Buller kills, just kills, the Colonial Englishman will tell you. 'Sir Claude is most considerate and even kind...

McDonald put a stop to it on the gold coast by one move. He had been away taking a vacation to England...

While Sir Claude's methods are so incisive, he is not devoid of geniality and kindness...

'By the way,' he said, when champagne was brought on, 'I ordered some fine Burgundy from an English firm to be sent here...

The officers looked at one another in confusion and finally plucked up courage to explain that the wine had arrived and had been consumed...

'What good does that do me now?' inquired Sir Claude, with a suspicion of temper that may be excused when one can realize what it is to be deprived of such a luxury in that forsaken torrid spot...

At another time to illustrate a quality in this Empire builder, the wife of an officer unexpectedly arrived. The quarters provided for her were very inferior...

While Sir Claude is not a military man he possesses a coolness in time of danger that would make him a warrior...

guns. When 90 miles up the river a fusillade of bullets and arrows, came from the banks and every man on the boat suddenly discovered that he had business below occupying Sir Claude...

McDonald had the native Africans so completely under his control that they would obey him to the death. On one occasion he was out hunting elephants...

With the natives of the Houssa district McDonald was held in adoration. He was the first Governor who did not make an attempt to abolish Mohammedanism...

He did not interfere with polygamy, either, and with witchcraft only when asked to. Witchcraft is practised all through Central and South Africa...

In all his administration his aim was to give the negro civilization only so fast as he could digest it. He did not abolish slavery at a swoop, but made laws whereby those in bondage could gradually buy their freedom...

CARRIES MANY DIAMONDS

The Salesman Doesn't Fear Thieves as Much as a Mistake in Quoting Prices.

'I suppose my line of business is the most interesting on the road,' said one of the party in the smoking room of the Pullman car.

'What is it?' asked another travelling man.

'Diamonds,' said the first one. 'I don't know of another drummer who carries his stock with him and delivers the goods as soon as they are bought...

'Everybody asks me about the effect of hard times on my business. In 1894, the business of my firm fell off \$600,000, but it is a great mistake to assume that the diamond business stops in hard times...

That hacking cough is a warning not to be lightly treated. Ezy-Fectoral cures with absolute certainty all recent coughs and colds. Take it in time. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain Killer.

Reporter (who has "interviewed" everybody but the laundryman in his block on the Dreyfus verdict)—Well, John, what is your opinion about this wretched travesty on justice known as the Captain Dreyfus case?

WHAT IS PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND?

It Means Life, Health, Strength and Freedom from Disease.

Paine's Celery Compound, so popular with the people, is the one remedy that can be trusted to take a person well.

It stops the drain on the nervous system, dispels the harmful humors from the blood, and increases its volume and its nourishing capacity.

Its ability to relieve those ailments that seem to be peculiarly the misfortune of women is overwhelmingly proved by the many testimonials from women of the highest standing in the communities where they live.

Its regulating power does away with "disheartened and cast-down feelings." The aggravated causes of disordered liver and kidneys, mental depression, hysteria and kidney troubles, are recognized and dealt with by Paine's Celery Compound in a radical and scientific manner that embod-

ies the most advanced medical ideas of this latter part of the century.

Paine's Celery Compound strengthens the stomach when it is irritable and inclined to indigestion, and prevents dyspepsia; it relieves palpitation of the heart that results from irregular nerve supply to the vital organs, and puts new life into the entire nervous system.

Persons in sound health are not continually reminded of their heart, stomach or liver by distress of these organs. When ever languor or pain attack the body there is no question as to the urgent need of strengthening the health by Paine's Celery Compound. Women in trying occupations, not only housewives, but saleswomen, teachers, book-keepers and others pained up for long hours behind desks and counters, will find their health and strength greatly improved by the use of Paine's Celery Compound.

A soundly nourished nervous system and a rich, pure blood supply brought about by Paine's Celery Compound are the best bulwark against such diseases of debility and impoverishment as rheumatism, neuralgia, headache and sleeplessness. This great invigorator, in addition to curing these diseases, builds up the system and prevents the disease from gaining a lodgement in the body.

When one hears it confidently declared by so many well-known and representative women everywhere that Paine's Celery Compound positively and permanently cures diseases that at first glance seem to remote from each other as chronic constipation, hysteria and nervousness, inquiry into these diseases shows that their common origin is a rundown, exhausted nervous system and vitiated blood, and Paine's Celery Compound builds up the one and purifies and strengthens the other.

FLASHES OF FUN.

'Bobby, you eat your ice cream twice as fast as the rest of us.' 'Well, ma, then you ought to give me twice as big a dish.'

Nomenclature—"Have you studied any language besides English?" 'Yes,' answered Miss Cayenne, "3, golf, baseball and yachting."

'Nar, how does my hat compare with Kitty's?' 'Yours looks more like a hearse coming around a corner than hers does.'

Customer (emerging from bargain counter's crush)—Help! My leg is broken. Floorwalker—You will find the crutch department, sir, on the fourth floor, in the rear.

Patient—You should have gone into the army, doctor. Doctor—Why so? Patient—Judging by the way you charge your friends, you would be able to completely annihilate an enemy.

'How do you like my new photographs, Dollie?' 'Well, Dick, there is something horribly unnatural about them. It isn't the mouth—it can't be the eyes, I see! You haven't got your feet upon anything.'

'Freddie, said his mother, severely, didn't I tell you that you shouldn't ride your bicycle to-day, because you were naughty?' 'This isn't my bicycle,' said Freddie; 'it's Tommy Jones'. We've exchanged just for today.'

'Why don't you go to the Philippines?' asked the confidential friend. 'You ought to be able to do a splendid business there.'

'Climate is too unhealthy,' answered the umbrella manufacturer. 'It rains seven months in the year.'

'Well,' said the Kansas farmer, jovially, 'I hear that you paid off your mortgage yesterday. I tell you, you are to be congratulated!'

'Oh! I don't know,' replied the other Kansas farmer with a sigh; 'the old place 'll never seem like home any more.'

Cholly—What qualifications must a fellow have to join your club, old chappie? Old Chappie—He's got to have either brains or money. Have you got any money?

Cholly—Yes, lots of it. Old Chappie—You'll get through all right.

'I wonder why it is,' said the proud father. 'That Willie has suddenly developed a preference for saying his prayers to me?'

His wife laughed scornfully. 'He knows you can't correct him if he makes a mistake or cuts them short,' she said.

Mrs. B. (Christian Scientist)—Well, Susan, how do you feel this evening? Susan—I'd had a hard day's washing, missus, and I feel berry tired.

Mrs. B.—Oh, Susan, you are not tired; you only think you are tired. You know the Lord never gets tired. Susan—Don't know 'bout dat, missus. If de Lord neber got tired, I'd like to know why he rested on de sabbath day?

IF TAKEN IN TIME The D. & L. Emulsion will surely cure the most serious affections of the lungs. That "run down" conditions, the after effects of a heavy cold is quickly counteracted. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

Biggs—Why did you shoot your watchdog? Wasn't he any good? Boggs—Too good. He refused to let my wife's rich uncle come near the house, and the old gentleman swears he will disinherit us.

PLUM PUDDINGS AND MINCE PIES often have bad effects upon the small boy who over indulges in them. Paine-Killer is a household medicine for all such ills is unequalled. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Paine-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

your opinion about this wretched travesty on justice known as the Captain Dreyfus case?

John—Colla' 2 cen.' towel fo' cen.' shutee 8 cen.' Pay money when get washie. No credit.

CHILLED KIDNEYS.

Refuse to Work—Foreign Matters Collect and Disease Follows—South American Kidney Cure B. Hoves in Six Hours.

A remedy that has the crucial tests that South American Kidney Cure has had—a remedy which has met cases of kidney disease whose victims were at death's door and has led them back to perfect health—a remedy compounded for the kidneys alone—a liquid specific—a remedy that has testimony piled on testimony given unolicited by those who have been cured—must be a remedy of wonderful merit.

South American Kidney Cure heals Bright's disease, diabetes, dropsy, gravel, stone in the bladder, inflammation. It can be your life preserver. Sold by E. C. Brown.

A Sense of Injury.

'It's the acme of inconsistency!' exclaimed the musician as he tried the keys of his cornet.

'What's the trouble?' 'They say that nothing is too good for a returning hero.'

'That's right.'

'Then why do they make me cut out the selection from 'Die Walkure' which we had prepared and play 'A Hot Time In The Old Town?' Why do they give him the best bouquets and the best sculpture, and the best speeches they can find and insist on the worst music?'

WE CLAIM THAT The D. & L. Menthol Plaster will cure lumbago, backache, sciatic, or neuralgia pain quicker than any other remedy. Made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

Too Dull.

'Did you enjoy yourself this summer?' asked the girl in blue.

'Enjoy myself,' answered the woman who had just returned from the mountains. 'Well I should say not. Why, there wasn't a row or a scandal during the whole time we were there.'

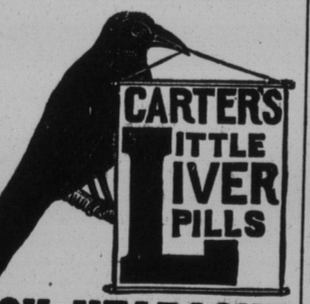
Women's Ailments.

Women are coming to understand that the Backaches, Headaches, Tired Feelings and Weak Spells from which they suffer are due to wrong action of the kidneys. The poisons that ought to be carried off are sent back into the blood, taking with them a multitude of pains and aches.

DOAN'S Kidney Pills drive away pains and aches, make women healthy and happy—able to enjoy life.

Mrs. C. H. Gillespie, 204 Britain Street, St. John, N.B., says: 'Some time ago I had a violent attack of La Grippe. From this, severe kidney trouble arose, for which I doctored with a number of the best physicians in St. John, but received little relief. Hearing of Doan's Kidney Pills highly spoken of, I began their use and in a short time found them to be a perfect cure. Before taking these pills I suffered such torture that I could not turn over in bed without assistance. Doan's Kidney Pills have rescued me from this terrible condition, and have removed every pain and ache.'

Work while you sleep without a gripe or pain, curing Dyspepsia, Sick Headache and Constipation and make you feel better in the morning. Price 25c.



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's, Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.

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

Advertisement for 'A NEW' product, possibly a dress or fabric, with 'Special Combination' and 'LEATHER DRESSING' mentioned.

Y COMPOUND?

and Freedom from

A soundly nourished nervous system and a rich, pure blood supply brought about by Paine's Celery Compound are the best bulwark against such diseases of debility and impoverishment as rheumatism, neuralgia, headache and sleeplessness. This great invigorator, in addition to curing these diseases, builds up the system and prevents the disease from gaining a lodgement in the body.

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(Continued from Page 14.) said, impulsively; but he came back last night. Miss Grayling looked at her friend enquiringly. "We don't want it talked about," Lydia went on, in a confidential tone; "but I know you can keep a secret. And you will be interested, too, because you've known him nearly as long as I have, though of course, you haven't seen half as much of him."

"Who are you talking of, Lydia?" she asked, and if her voice was somewhat unsteady, why that was easily accounted for by her stooping position. "Signor Delmonti," said Lydia promptly, and then having broken the ice, she launched out into a description of the Italian's devotion to her.

CHAPTER VIII. MURDER I. Mrs. Wilmer and the children were out and Bessie, rejecting in her freedom from interruption, was busily engaged in marking a pile of white work with those initials which were to be hers immediately after Easter.

A NEW HAT WITH SOILED SHOES. MAKES A MAN LOOK SHABBY. AVOID THIS BY USING PACKARD'S LEATHER DRESSINGS. A perfect Polish for all Colored and Black Shoes.

tending to be in love with me he has been writing to another girl, as if it were whom he loved. "Then surely you will have no more to do with him."

"I don't want to, but he is got a lot of my letters—such silly letters. Bess; but indeed, I did love him, and I thought he would be my husband, you know, and if I don't get them back I shall never know a day's happiness. I should be always thinking he had sent one or two to father."

"I am in the most dreadful trouble, Bess; I don't know what to do," she whispered in an excited tone. "You are the only person in the world who can help me. You will, won't you—for the sake of our old school days?"

WOODS' NORWAY PINE SYRUP. A powerful lung healing remedy that cures the worst kinds of coughs and colds of young or old more promptly and effectually than any other medicine. Price 25c. Laxa-Liver Pills cure Constipation and Dyspepsia. Do not gripa. Price 5c.

I never lost sight of him till he turned into the Goat and Compasses. Mabel made no reply. Her thoughts were fixed on what, to her, was the one absorbing topic.

"Who is it?" asked Mrs. Strong, in awe struck tones. "That Italian, Delmonti." "What a dreadful thing! Do they know who did it?"

CHAPTER VIII. HOW THE DEED WAS DONE. If Elverton had been started at the news of the tragedy that had taken place within its boundaries, it was still more amazed to hear that Lawyer Wilmer's daughter was suspected of knowing more about the matter than anyone else.

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Seal Brand Coffee (1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.) is selected from the very highest grades grown. It is HIGH GRADE PURITY—its fragrance proclaims its excellence. ALL GOOD GROCERS. CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

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"I wonder why it is," said the proud father. "that Willie has suddenly developed a preference for saying his prayers to me?"

"It seems to me," remarked the prospective tenant as he noted four inches of water in the basement, "that this cellar leaks."

For the First Edition

Izsig, the reporter's boy, of whose heroism at a tenement house fire I told the readers a year or more ago, was lying sound asleep on the sofa in the office one morning. His day of work began at four o'clock, so when he did not go early to bed the night before, he was apt to be sleepy by eight o'clock. It was eight o'clock now.

The morning was dull, with no sign of news, so the city editor had no cause of complaint. But the sight of Izsig's great, fat, moonlike face, so placid and so red, suggested an idea to him.

"Izsig," he called, sharply. "Yes, sir. All right. Where's the fire?" The boy was on his feet, alert and ready. "There is no fire, I zsig. There is nothing at all. That is why I call upon you, sir. You go down to the emigrant bureau and get me a story. A ship is in with two hundred Russian Jews aboard."

The city editor turned to his desk. Izsig looked at him a moment, then asked: "Make or take?"

"No take, sir. Make a story, a good one for the first edition."

Izsig was soon on his way to the barge office, which is the reception place, at present, for the immigrants who land in New York. The officials all knew him, and he passed in with a nod and a "Good morning" through gate after gate, from one pen to another, gliding in and out among the crowd of immigrants from the ship which had come in overnight. There were men, women and children in all sorts of odd, gay colored peasant costumes, but the general effect was anything but gay. It was most depressing.

These people, ignorant, poor, able to speak only some dialect of a tongue unspoken in this strange new country, were waiting for they knew not what, to go they knew not where, or how or when. All looked troubled, some were weeping. Izsig knew they would be cared for in time, so he turned away group after group of tearful people, saying to himself that sad stories were bad stories, and he was ordered to get a good story.

"Suppose I found a oily immigrant?" he thought. "Wouldn't that be news?" He chuckled, and over the vale of tears he looked in search of a smiling face. Not one. He passed on among the peasants, seeking everywhere. Not a smile could be seen.

"Oh well," he said, "I'll take what I can get." A laugh! He heard a laugh from the detention-pen down stairs and off he scurried in his chase of merriment.

The peasants below were held for a close examination that day. They were the most frightened lot in the building for they had seen their ship made acquaintance passed into America, out through the front door, while they were sent back for reasons not told them. But in the gloom of the dark, low room Izsig approached the group.

The young man was sort of a peasant dandy, and not a very pleasant chap to look upon, for he looked bad. Izsig took a dislike to him at once. The other peasants evidently held him in awe, for their attitudes were deferential, and their attention was fixed upon him.

Izsig saw, too, that he had his story, for on the young fellow's arm was a girl. She was a round, roly-poly maiden with large red cheeks, a weak but good natured mouth, and eyes that showed she was good. Izsig liked her rather; and for that reason he disapproved of the match. That fellow ought not to have that girl.

But he slipped along to a bench in the darkest corner near by, and listened. An east side Jew himself, Izsig understood most of what was said.

"He's a soft one," said the dandy. "He'll never make a fortune in America, and how can he support a pretty wife? He needs a wife who will support him, so I'll just take his girl, and let him get one here who will take care of him."

The crowd smiled, the dandy laughed, and although the girl hung her head, she seemed to agree.

Izsig peered around through a break in the circle, saw a plain young man sitting on a small trunk, with his face buried in his hands.

"So my story isn't all gay," thought Izsig. "Think of a fellow bringing a girl to America, and then leaving her alone on the ship! The dandy was saying."

"He was scawick," said the girl, gently. "Well, would you marry a man who gets sick when you might be drowning?"

The girl hung her head again. "And what would you have done for company if I hadn't treated you to cakes, and American candy, and all the good things?"

The girl said nothing. "Is that so?" asked Izsig, turning to the old man next to him. "Did he treat the girl to good things when her lover lay sick?"

ing all the officials till he reached the office of the examining board. There were the commissioners reading the papers, talking to friends, or smoking in silence. They all looked up when Izsig entered, and he beckoned them to gather up around him. "Now about the door, and shut it from the outside," he said to the attendant.

"That was done, and what Izsig said to the commissioners he never told. In a few minutes, however, the bell rang, the attendant went in, and the board had come to order."

"Bring up Numbers 13, 67, and 103," said the chairman. "The attendant disappeared, and when he came back he had with him the peasant dandy, the girl, and the poor fellow who had lost her by sickness."

"What's your name?" asked the president of the girl. The interpreter gave the question in Yiddish.

"Anna Meyerowitz," she said, swallowing a big lump. "How old are you?" "Eighteen."

"Who paid your passage?" "She pointed to her betroved lover. The chairman turned to him. "And you, what's your name?" "Benjamin Kladdich."

"What did you bring the girl here for?" "To be my wife." "Well, why don't you marry her, then?" "This other man got her to love him. 'Did he? How do you know?'"

"He says so." "What do she say?" "Nothing." "Well, that isn't the way we do in America. Why don't you ask her?"

"She has a tongue let her speak." "The girl was about to speak, but the chairman stopped her with, 'No wait.' He turned to the dandy, who was not laughing now. He looked as frightened as the others.

"What is your name?" "Pinus Schlimmerwitz." "What do you want with this other man's girl?" "Oh I was just having a little fun."

"The girl glanced at him and then drew away. 'Well, did you have your fun?' 'Yes sir.' He was growing bolder now. 'Did it cost you much money?' 'Yes sir.' 'How much have you got left?' 'Five rubles.'

"Any friends or relatives in this country?" "No, sir." "Well, sir, five rubles are not enough with which to land. You'll have to go back to Russia."

"The dandy's hands dropped limp beside him. 'How much have you got?' asked the president of Benjamin Kladdich. 'One hundred rubles,' answered Benjamin. 'You didn't spend much on the ship?'"

"No, sir. I was sick." "You may land." "The girl was the next one to be questioned by the president. 'How much have you?' 'None, but Benjamin—'

"Yes, Benjamin has, but you love Pinus." "No, no, I don't!" and the girl began to cry. "Well you may go back with Pinus or stay with Benjamin. But if you stay with Benjamin you must marry him now, and live ever after happily with him. Will you?"

"Yes, sir." And she and Benjamin fell into each other's arms, the girl murmuring a plea for forgiveness.

"The rabbi was sent for, but Izsig could not wait. It was time to be getting back for the first edition, and he and Pinus Schlimmerwitz went out together, Izsig up Broadway, Pinus to the 'return pen.' Izsig with a good story to tell, and Pinus with a bad one.

A DYSPEPSIA CURE

Ever Reliable and Welcomed by the Most Delicate Stomach is Dr. Von Stan's Stomach Tablets.

Let the worst dyspeptic eat a Pineapple a day for six months, and so greatly would his health improve, he would look and feel like a new person. The reason is plain. The pineapple holds a generous supply of vegetable pepsin, which next to the juice of the stomach, is the greatest digestive known. Very few people can obtain the daily pineapple but everyone can get Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets which are mainly composed of this precious fruit juice. They are eaten as candy, are as harmless as ripe fruit, and always give satisfaction. They cure all digestive troubles. Box of 60 Tablets, 35 cents. Sold by E. C. Brown.

"They say that Miss Sterlingworth has a very fine mind," said Keadick. "She has," replied Foadick. "When we were in Boston, she actually consulted the time table and told us what time the train left, and she was right too."

BORN.

Salem, Oct. 23, to the wife of Lewis Smith, a son. Halifax, Oct. 27, to the wife of John Lewis, a son. Amherst, Nov. 1, to the wife of Frank Dixon, a son. Halifax, Oct. 29, to the wife of Alex. Jewers, a son. Cambridge, Oct. 17, to the wife of Frank Bagley, a son. North Sydney, Oct. 30, to the wife of D. McPhee, a son. Windsor, Nov. 3, to the wife of Fred Mounce, a son. Woodstock, Oct. 30, to the wife of Clarence Burpee, a son. Fort Hastings, Oct. 26, to the wife of Donald Fraser, a son. Dorchester, Oct. 29, to the wife of Leonard Smith, a son. Halifax, Oct. 28, to the wife of Stanley Sugst, a daughter.

Halifax, Oct. 29, to the wife of Philip Boyle, a daughter. Pictou, Oct. 29, to the wife of Wm. Tetric, a daughter. Ferrisburgh, Oct. 19, to the wife of Capt. Liewelny, daughter Freda. Bridgewater, Oct. 23, to the wife of Morris Walsh, a daughter. Windsor, Nov. 2, to the wife of Charles King, a daughter. Halifax, Nov. 2, to the wife of Harry Fraser, a daughter. Falmouth, Nov. 2, to the wife of Frank Lawrence, a daughter. Bridgetown, Oct. 28, to the wife of Arthur Charlton, a son. Lunenburg, Oct. 25, to the wife of Clifford Jefferson, a son. North Sydney, Oct. 19, to the wife of Parker Cann, a daughter. North Sydney, Oct. 29, to the wife of Capt. Hickey, a daughter. North Sydney, Oct. 30, to the wife of Rev. A. McLean, a son.

MARRIED.

Ottawa, Oct. 25, Isaac Wilson to Jessie Lewis. Digby, Oct. 22, Isabel Thibert to Miss Elvira Fowler. Boston, Nov. 1, Geo. Vanhaan to Miss Eva Sterling. Fall River, Mass., Oct. 18, Clinton Padellaro to Eva Winslow. Digby, by Rev. W. H. Evans, Haylett Syda to Eva Winslow. Yarmouth, by Rev. A. McNitch, Wm. Atkinson to Annie Hunt. Cape, Oct. 10, by Rev. A. Hookis, Angus Munro to Miss M. Dickis. Falmouth, Oct. 26, by Rev. John Reeks, M. Selter to Gertrude Sullivan. Yarmouth, by Rev. A. M. McNitch, Israel Atkinson to Annie Hunt. Bridgetown, by Rev. F. M. Young, John H. Allen to Cassie Wagstaff. Windsor, Oct. 23, by Rev. A. Shaw Geo. Johnson to Cora Lee Frey. Main Street, Oct. 8, by Rev. H. Shaw, William Swin to Eva Foster. Belmont, Oct. 23, by Rev. Wm. Dawson, Chas. Gilroy to Cora Strahan. Stellarton, Oct. 31, by Rev. W. Tuffis, Wm. Smith to Louise Cunningham. Windsor, Oct. 23, by Rev. Mr. Henry, Walter Bacon to Myrtle Fletcher. Windsor, 8 p. m., by Rev. H. Dickie, Charles Dykens to Sarah King. Woodstock, by Rev. A. LePage, Joseph Carmichael to Bertie Nichol. Windsor, Oct. 23, by Rev. Mr. Henry, Walter Bacon to Myrtle Fletcher. Fenwick, Oct. 24, by R. v. R. McArthur, Edgar Smith to Elizabeth Ripley. Chatham, Oct. 21, by Rev. Geo. Young, Thomas Anderson to L. E. Duxcar. North Sydney, Oct. 29, by Rev. J. Gillis, Jos. Mc Donald to Winifred Kagan. Windsor, Oct. 29, by Rev. H. D. Dickie, John Dykens to Sarah A. Johnston. Lunenburg, Oct. 18, by Rev. J. Blakeney, Edgar Grant to Florence Rutan. Clark's Harbor, by R. v. R. McNitch, Berton Atkinson to Emma S. Cameron. Perth, Oct. 15, by Rev. A. Hayward, Robert McRea to Ida May Armstrong. Sydney Mines, Oct. 20, by Rev. D. MacMillan, R. Ferguson to Rosema Le Blanc. Tusket Wedge, Oct. 20, by Rev. Fr. Gay, William Babine to Rosema Le Blanc. Sackville, Oct. 31, by Rev. C. Wiggins, Thos. J. Hamilton to Jessie I. Asho. Five Miles Plains, Oct. 7, by Rev. A. Shaw, James Hamilton to Louise Uphaw. Waterford, Oct. 31, by Rev. A. Campbell, Frederick Hunter to Jessie I. Asho. Lawton, Mass., Sep. 27, by Rev. G. Carl, Mr. Frank Loring to Minnie B. Spear. Falmouth, Oct. 26, by Rev. H. S. Baker, Murray Salter to Miss Gertrude Sullivan. Grand Pré, Oct. 2, by Rev. W. Langlie, Annie McNeil to Mrs. W. Whitcomb. Somerville, Mass., Oct. 19, by Rev. N. Bishop, Chas. Peterson to Harriet Barnaby. Newcastle, Nov. 1, by Rev. D. Henderson, Al- Bessie Peterson to Margaret Bush. Forest Glen, Victoria Co., Oct. 26, by Rev. A. Hayward, Forest Glen, Victoria Co., Oct. 26, by Rev. W. Townsend, Donald McEachern to Elizabeth Wald. Upper Fort La T. Oct. 25, by Rev. John Phalen, Capt. Thomas Newell to Mrs. Emma Reynolds.

DIED.

Halifax, Oct. 28, Wm. Martin, 70. Moncton, Nov. 5, Leo Ormer, 2. St. John, Nov. 5, John Walport, 65. Hunts Co., Sept. 29, Levi Harvey, 86. Halifax, Oct. 27, John Maxwell, 14. Glasgow, Oct. 27, Geo. A. Shaw, 35. Moncton, Nov. 1, Irvine Ketchum, 4. Colchester, Sept. 28, John Fraser, 79. East Jordan, Oct. 28, Wm. Martin, 70. Halifax, Oct. 28, Sarah A. Carman, 82. Halifax, Nov. 2, E. C. Laurillard, 88. Halifax, Oct. 31, George McLellan, 65. Moncton, Oct. 14, A. W. Thompson. Falmouth, Nov. 2, Mrs. Anne Linn, 63. St. John, Nov. 5, Mrs. Mary Markey, 13. Digby, Oct. 19, Mrs. Fenwick Young, 33. Moose Brook, Oct. 29, Jane F. Walker, 86. Halifax, Oct. 31, Elias Mambourquette, 50. Kentville, Nov. 1, John Clarke Harris, 62. Baccaro, N. S., Oct. 30, John Atwood, 73. Glasgowville, Oct. 21, Kenneth McKenzie, 44. Yarmouth, Nov. 1, Mrs. John Turnbull, 77. Dartmouth, Oct. 31, Elizabeth Johnston, 29. Yarmouth, Oct. 30, Capt. Benjamin L. Wis, 84. Yarmouth, Nov. 2, Mrs. Edward Bridge, 43. New Glasgow, Oct. 27, Isabelle Chisholm, 84. Charleston, Queens, Oct. 31, E. P. Christopher. North Sydney, Oct. 27, Michael McDermott, 70. Berwick, Oct. 31, Ella B., widow of Isaac Selbridge. Lewis Cove, Nov. 1, Elizabeth Cressman, 68. Great Village, Oct. 21, Mrs. Andrew McAloney, 81. Dartmouth, Oct. 31, Catherine, wife of Daniel Geas 45. Lunenburg, Oct. 29, Mary Ann, wife of Geo. Dares 70. Bickhouse, Oct. 24, Mary, wife of Ruben Ernst, 47. California, Oct. 16, Earle Wilson, son of late Amasa Betts, 9. Pictou, Oct. 20, Matilde, daughter of David Landon, 44. Dartmouth, Oct. 31, Catherine, wife of Daniel Dares, 45. Chelsea, Mass., Oct. 26, Blanche M. wife of Amos Warner, 44. North Sydney, Oct. 26, Bell McRae, wife of John Munroe, 42. At 276 Campbell road, Wm. D. Smith, a native of England, 37. Liverpool, Oct. 29, Victoria, daughter of James Gillmore, 14. Lewisville, Nov. 6, infant son of LeB. Drury and Sarah Lockhart. Yarmouth, Nov. 1, Harriette, widow of the late John K. Vels, 82. Baddeck, Nov. 1, Douglas Cameron, son of Dr. Bethune, M. E., 3. Moncton, Nov. 3, Orin Cecil, infant son of E. Truett and Edith Le Colplins. Sydney, Oct. 16, Miriam L. only daughter of Chas. and Fannie I. Fairbridge, 20. Dorchester, Mass., Oct. 2, Elizabeth A. Lightbody, 85, widow of John W. Purdy. Yarmouth, Oct. 23, Herbert Huntington, son of late Hon. Herbert Huntington, 60. Upper North Sydney, Oct. 6, Bertha, daughter of Mrs. Geo. Allen. Charlottetown, Mass., Oct. 29, Kathleen, infant daughter of Arthur and Edith Pemberton.

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Dominion Atlantic Ry. On and after Monday, Oct. 2nd, 1899, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows: Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert, ST. JOHN AND DIGBY. Lv. St. John 7:00 a.m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday; ar. Digby 9:30 a.m., ar. St. John 12:00 p.m., ar. Digby 3:30 p.m. Steamship "Prince Edward," St. John and Boston Direct Service. Lv. St. John 4:30 p.m. | Lv. Boston 4:40 p.m. | Sat. 4 p.m. | Sun. 10:00 a.m. | Boston | Wed. 11 a.m.

S.S. Prince George. S. S. Prince Arthur. YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and fastest steamers plying out of Boston. Leave Yarmouth, N. S., Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday immediately on arrival of the Express Trains from Halifax arriving at Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 4:00 p.m. Unequaled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains. Steamers can be obtained on application to City Agents. Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Offices, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, and from the Farmer on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained. F. GIFFINS, Superintendent, Kentville, N. S.

Intercolonial Railway On and after Monday, Oct. 16th, 1899 trains will run daily (Sunday excepted). TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Campbellton, Pictou, Pictou and Halifax 7:25 Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou 8:15 Express for Sussex 10:40 Express for Quebec, Montreal 11:30 Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney 12:10 A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11:30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22:10 o'clock for Truro and Moncton. Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN Express from Sussex 8:30 Accommodation from Moncton 11:45 Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal 12:45 Accommodation from Moncton 2:45 All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation. D. FOXTINGER, Gen. Manager, Moncton, N. B., Oct. 16, 1899. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 1 King Street, St. John, N. B.

MANHATTAN STEAMSHIP CO'Y New York, Eastport, and St. John, N. B., Line. Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN (New York Wharf, Red's Point), November 14th, 24th and December 8th, and weekly thereafter. Returning steamers leave NEW YORK, PIER 6, NORTH RIVER (Battery Place), November 9th, 19th and 29th, for EASTPORT, ME., and ST. JOHN direct. After the above dates, sailings will be WEEKLY, as our own steamers will then be on the line. With our superior facilities for handling freight to NEW YORK CITY and our EASTERN TERMINALS, together with through traffic arrangements (both by rail and water), we have with our connections to the WEST AND SOUTH, we are in a position to handle all the business entrusted to us to the ENTIRE SATISFACTION OF OUR PATRONS BOTH AS REGARDS SERVICE AND CHARGES. For all particulars, address, R. H. FLEHING, Agent, New York Wharf, St. John, N. B. N. L. NEWCOMBE, General Manager, 2-11 Broadway, New York City.

VOL. XII, N. Who V There has not been much importance in or about late. The newspapers have sensations except those that wire from other places. The disagreeable monotony of Sunday morning when the little page down the Bay that murder and piracy had the Bay. The first report worst and so it was in this city it was found amounted the murder; report was to Baisley, a resident of the N. popular sea going man was house at Dipper Harbor station by a sailor on his vessel which had come to anchor a harbor with the murderer on board. How the deed was done between the captain and Maxwell sailed with him as mate before Sunday morning when the sailing of the master and his falling and bravely rescued by his mate and a sailor, who rowed ashore; all this has been printed need not be related to here. When Maxwell was arrested to the city he was lodged in the station and the charge made against him remained in the police station (Tuesday) and up to the time of the trial (Friday) was in the same place. Why he was not taken to jail that has many sides to it. The his name down on the sheet morning and headed it in the police magistrate. The prisoners were brought up in Maxwell was among them and drunks on the long bench. He remained for the magistrate to him or of the report on the sheet he had heard the city cases and of the drunks he passed out room and went about his business. What was to become of Maxwell these circumstances? Clearly but to take him back to the cell what was done and the prisoner in the basement of the police but he was brought out to be pronounced Wednesday evening in court room. Dr. Berryman held quest. Whether he had a right seems to be a question with some who are disposed to quibble over the fact there is no doubt that he had to be held by somebody and e right that it should be in St. the ship sailed from this port and tain belted here. So rightly or wrongly the inquest held. Whether an inquest was necessary or not is questioned by high authority said in his opinion it necessary as there was no doubt man's guilt. There was no question the murderer was and the preliminary animation should have gone on in the inquest. The coroner committed Maxwell but when the prisoner was presented sheriff, that official refused to accept the man. He wanted to know if the magistrate had committed him. was the coroner. Well this brought another nice question and while being considered Maxwell remained police station. The police wanted nothing to do with him as sheriff would not take him without committed by him. It is stated that there was no intention of interfering with anybody in all this sheriff told PROGRESS it made no sense to him but as the case was like a difficult one involving many nice questions between the United States and Canada he did not feel like keeping a man in custody without he had in his judgment best authority for doing so. The coroner said later to this paper's representative that he had full power to commit prisoner, according to his idea. All this was due to the fact that crime was committed on the sea. The vessel was from land in the question. The jury's verdict says the schooner was upon the high seas and that meant that the prisoner should be tried in the United States. The Van Dusen was an American vessel and should have been captained by an American captain. The fact that Baisley was a British subject may not make