

# PROGRESS.

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## NO PATROL WAGON YET.

### THE LADIES ARE MAKING INQUIRIES ABOUT IT.

Perhaps They Will Get an Answer Next Week—Why the Work of Building the Wagon Hung Fire—No Place to Put It—The Expense.

Where is that patrol wagon?

That is the question in brief that Miss Frances E. Murray, on behalf of the Women's Council, asked the safety board at its last meeting and it has not been answered yet. This board meets again next week and perhaps the reply will be made then. It will, no doubt, be in the nature of a surprise, for the patrol wagon is not yet in the hands of the builder.

It will be remembered that some time ago the energetic ladies of the women's council resolved that there should be no more public exhibitions of incapable prisoners being dragged to jail, but that there should be a patrol wagon on call at all times, in which the helpless drunk should be driven to the station. They set about to raise the money for this laudable object and held entertainments and so forth, to secure the necessary funds. Some two hundred dollars were the result of their labor, and armed with the possession of this representative committee had an interview with the safety board and made the proposition to donate two hundred dollars for this purpose.

It was all very simple on the face of it and so one or two sidemen thought for their rush for acceptance was so great that before the delegation had time to retire a motion was made and seconded that the board should fall in line with the views of the ladies and have the patrol wagon built at once. Then there were plans consulted and committees appointed and the wagon seemed assured in a short time.

Then one of the cautious men at the board asked the question—what are you going to do with the patrol wagon when you get it? This was a poser. There was no room in any of the fire stations and private stabling would be too expensive. That is probably what the hitch is today—the council do not feel like erecting a building costing perhaps three or four thousand dollars to contain a patrol wagon worth, say \$300.

But that is not all. The wagon would have to have a horse and the horse a driver or perhaps two horses would be necessary for men or horses cannot be expected to be on duty twenty four hours in the day and seven days in the week. That would mean money to the extent of thirty or forty dollars a week. Is it any wonder then that the council hesitated and delayed such an additional expense for the police department? The chief of police has been asking for more men from time to time and the board has refused him again and again on the ground of economy. Here then was a proposition to increase the expense of the department about equal to the salaries of three policemen to say nothing of the cost and maintenance of the building.

Another reason why the aldermen hesitated was the knowledge that if they did have a patrol wagon there was no way of summoning it quickly. Without the police alarm system the wagon would have to be summoned by telephone. Well suppose an officer arrested an unruly or helpless man. First he has to get to a telephone and notify the patrol wagon station but telephones are not always at hand and assistance not always to be had in such an emergency. If on the other hand, the police alarm telegraph was in use he could have the wagon there in a few minutes at the most. Now, when a man or a woman is drunk, and helpless, they are taken to the nearest street lockup and remain there either until a coach or some team can be secured or until they get sober. If arrested at night the early dawn sees them on their way to the station before people are abroad to gaze upon their wretchedness.

St. John is remarkably free from such scenes as the ladies think the patrol wagon would make impossible. The lock-ups in every district are near enough to put a prisoner in until he or she is able to walk to the jail, and if unable a team is called to take them there. Much discretion is used by all the officers and sensational scenes following arrests are rare indeed.

The patrol wagon would be a necessity if the police alarm system was installed, but without this system its use would not

be commensurate with the expense it would entail.

This, no doubt, is the feeling of many of the aldermen, and perhaps some of them will express the view the next time they meet.

But what will the ladies think?

How CAN EXPLAIN THIS?

A Citizen who Obtained Unexpected but Welcome Financial Relief.

Telepathy is the term that Mark Twain applied to that curious phenomena of human minds which impels two persons widely separated by distance to think of each other and the same subject at the same instant. Twain was a careful student of this subject and sought to discover what prompted what might be called twin thoughts. He collected many examples of telepathy from his friends and had them related with all possible accuracy. There are many of course that he did not get and one of them was told to progress this week when the subject of telepathy was being discussed.

"My grandfather" said this gentleman, "kept a store on King street many years ago and, like a good many of the merchants in those days he lived over his place of business. He was not in the most flourishing circumstances when he started but his trade was increasing and he was about clear of worry of finances and that sort of thing when one day an old, and as he thought a responsible friend induced him to go security for £70. That was a good deal of money in those days and he did not endorse the note without some compunction. To make a long story short it was the same old tale repeated—the friend failed to pay and the endorser was called upon to make it good. But he hadn't any £70 and in due course of time the sheriff appeared and notified him that he would have to go to jail. He had until three o'clock that afternoon to pay up or go with the officer. As he stood in his door dejected and with worry written on his face he saw an old friend who lived in St. Andrews approaching him. They greeted each other and then the visitor said, "John, you are in trouble." My grandfather looked at him in surprise because no person but himself knew of the difficulty he was in. "I am indeed" he said, but how did you know it. I was thinking of you and your good wife last night but that could not have told you. "I can't explain it" his friend replied "but yesterday we were worried all day about you, my wife declared that you were ill or in some trouble and we decided that I should start this morning and see you. And she made me bring a bit of money we had on hand for fear you should need it. You are welcome, you know" and he handed him a small bag containing £70 in gold. How gladly it was accepted I cannot tell you, but the old gentleman never wearied of telling me and others the story and puzzling over the mystery of how his good friends were informed of his plight.

A Bad Business for Taylor.

Taylor, the young man who signed Mr. G. C. Coster's name to a check, and yet did not try to imitate it, is a young man with a varied experience. His work has been mainly in the hotel line. To be a clerk in a hotel was seemingly all he cared for and he vibrated from one house to another. He drank too much whiskey to stay long in any one house and that, no doubt, was the ultimate cause of his downfall, for when he was arrested he was in a half stupid state from the effects of liquor. Taylor was rather a good appearing fellow. He looked younger than he was, and had a low voice and was soft spoken. Despite the hard luck he was in at times he managed to keep up a fairly respectable appearance and imposed upon the credulity of many people who should have known better. He will probably be sent up for trial for forgery.

A Man in a Trying Position.

There are some men who can get married and in the course of time raise a family of a dozen or two—more or less—without much, if anything, being said about the fact, but there are others who cannot have a first born in the house without everybody has the knowledge and some remarks to make about it. Mr. Jack Fraser, connected with the Victoria hotel, is one of these. He can boast of a son and heir this week, and he had a serious notion of putting his right arm in a sling on Thursday, so vigorous and so frequent were the congratulations of his friends and acquaintances. Still, embarrassing as

these congratulations and condolences must be, "Jack" has learned to bear them with that equanimity becoming to a man in his trying position.

TOO GOOD TO REMAIN UNTOLD.

How a fun Loving Citizen Became an Ambulance Driver for a Time.

The practical joker is not dead yet. He was very much alive a week ago and still has a whole skin to his body. In company with two or three others he was eating a lunch at quite a late hour last Saturday evening. Perhaps it was Sunday morning, but at any rate it was late enough for the streets to be practically deserted by all save policemen and belated barbers, who never close on that evening before the clock strikes twelve and sometimes have been known to keep open a little later. But that is another story. The lunch proceeded with considerable success but one of the party was not as well as he might have been and at length the joker suggested that he would be glad to order a coach for him as he had a long distance to walk. This being agreeable the obliging fellow started out to hunt up a coach. Now, coaches, as a rule, are easy enough to find at 12 o'clock or even 1 a. m., but there were none around, so he went to a livery stable and began the tattoo upon the door. At length the stable door opened and a sleepy man answered the summons. Nobody can blame him for not being in the best of humor. Consider the hour. Therefore when he said that a coach or any sort of a conveyance would cost two dollars he was not too long in making up his mind.

"But my friend is very ill" said the citizen, "and must be cared for. Cannot you do better than that?"

"If your friend is as ill as that why don't you take the ambulance?" said the stableman.

"How much does the ambulance cost?" inquired the citizen.

"One dollar" was the reply.

"Then I will take the ambulance" said the citizen "and will you please take your pay out of that," tendering him a \$50 bill.

"What do you think I am—a bank. I can't change that" said the stableman.

"Anyway I have no one to drive and I don't think I can oblige you."

"I am a citizen and a ratepayer" was the indignant protest of the citizen "and I have a right to demand the ambulance. If it will be any convenience to you I will drive the vehicle myself."

To this the man consented, and in a few minutes the ambulance turned the corner with a new driver who was bubbling over with laughter as he thought of the surprise it would be to his friends when they saw the coach he had hired. And so it was. And it was a surprise to others as well. Policemen stood and wondered what the ambulance was out for. Late stragglers gazed after the rapid moving and cumbersome wagon and speculated who was ill or what had happened. The consternation of the practical joker's friends as they saw what was before the door can well be imagined. But the sick man could not be prevailed to move quickly, and while they were waiting for him the stable man, suspicious now, arrived and drove the ambulance to the stable again. It will be the last time probably that any private citizen will get the ambulance, but the opportunity for a joke thus presented to a fun loving man was too good to be resisted, and the result too rich to remain untold.

Home on a Pleasant Visit.

Mr. Fred V. Doherty is now of New York but a few years ago he was well known in St. John as a popular young man and excellent company. For a few days he has been visiting friends in this city—Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Worden—who on Wednesday evening gave a musicale which was greatly enjoyed by all present. No doubt the gem of the evening was the "Ave Maria" composed by Mr. Doherty which was finely rendered by Mrs. R. T. Worden. Mrs. I. J. D. Landry and Miss Landry contributed much to the success of the evening which was much enhanced by the tasteful decorations about the house.

A Well Conducted Affair.

There was a good deal of interest in the sparring contest of Thursday and the crowd was large in consequence. These affairs are usually noisy, but a Boston gentleman who was present said it was one of the best conducted and most orderly meetings he ever attended. Referee Keeffe had perfect control of the audience and gave such satisfaction as to draw praise from all. The bout ended in a draw and Connolly and Robinson will probably settle conclusions later.

## SCENES OF CITY LIFE.

### MANY THINGS INTERESTING AND WORTH READING ABOUT.

His Last and Fatal Spree—How the Tartars Went Down—Fercy Lewis Goes Free—Judge Hanington Talks—Ald. White was Mayor—The City Law Suits.

A few days ago a young man who had been engaged in the agency business was taken so ill upon King street it was considered advisable to send him to the hospital. He died an hour later and the cause of death was set down as "acute alcoholism."

He came from Lewiston, Me., and his employer wired that city with the news of what had occurred. In a day or two a gentleman who said he occupied some official position in the town arrived to take charge of Mr. McGillicuddy's body. He said that the young man had no friends in Lewiston or if they were any there they were distant connections who refused to recognize this branch of the family. He came to St. John however by some authority and was under the impression that the unfortunate young man was interested in some degree in the concern for which he worked, the R. W. Connor agency. But Mr. Connor had no difficulty in showing that he was simply an agent and had no interest whatever in the business save his commissions on sales. It appears that he was an adept at making sales and good money followed his efforts. Twenty-five dollars a week was nothing uncommon with him. Ordinarily he was a sober man but about twice a year the mania for strong drink came upon him and then all his accumulated savings were spent. When "broke" he would stop and go to work again. Those who have seen him imbibing say that no glass was too large for him and that one drink of his was enough for three or four ordinary men. No wonder he could not stand it.

There would almost seem to be a plea of hereditary falling in this case. According to the story of the gentleman who came to take the remains back the father of the young man had pursued an evil course and had served five years for murder or attempted murder. The body was shipped home on Wednesday afternoon.

THE TARTARS WERE NOT IN IT.

Two Fairly Conducted Games won by the Alerts.

The Fredericton Tartars have come and departed minus a couple of scalps and are heartily crestfallen at the results of Wednesday's and Thursday's games. From the tone of the celestial press for several days prior to the visit of the once thought invincibles one would judge the visitors were going to annihilate all St. John, and yet one journal thought it perhaps a little on the safe side to surmise that St. John could surely, put up some kind of a contest if "the Roses, St. John's, Alerts, Lone Stars and Pender's Bull Dogs" were drawn upon for picked players. No such draughting was indulged in Messrs Tartars!, the reds themselves proved amply sufficient to cope with the capital's baseball cracks in a manner surprising to all concerned.

It is doubtful if ever in the history of the Fredericton club's play, that they experienced such hard opposition as on Wednesday afternoon, when seven toughly contested innings were struggled through before they could force one man over the home plate. In the meantime the Alerts had nine scores to their credit and were playing a swinging game. Batting, fielding and base-running, with excellent battery work completely routed the Tartar forces in both games, and the visitors themselves were forced to acknowledge their inability to keep up with the pace set by their garnet-coated hosts. It was pure and simple baseball without any kicking, umpire roasts, brawling spectator scenes, or bad feeling and every time an agile Tartar played a swift play, he received his due share of commendation from the grand stand and bleachers.

Fredericton papers seem to be more antagonistic than the baseballists hailing from that town and frequently indulge in unfair criticism and sarcasm, but once in the atmosphere of fair play and just dealings on a St. John diamond players of the national game from the sister city feel at ease to put forth their every effort and win a victory which will either be a bona fide "win" or a defeat of the same stripe.

Probably a Surprise to Lewis. It was a genuine surprise to a good many

people to hear that the colored man, Lewis, was clear on his own recognizance. It will be remembered that some time ago Lewis attempted to kill his wife, and did succeed in wounding her and then tried to kill himself. He pleaded guilty to assault and in consideration of his previous good character the judge gave him another chance but at the same time intimated quite plainly that it would better for him to keep clear of his wife.

Judge Hanington Won't Wait.

Judge Hanington does not spare the St. John lawyers when he gets the chance to talk to them plain. This time the delay in bringing on the cases was the occasion of his remarks. It has become a habit with at least some of the lawyers to put off the day of trial as long as possible and to make the judge await their pleasure. Judge Vanwart was very severe upon this some time ago and now Justice Hanington is following in his steps. The judges say they have come from a distance to preside over the court and there is no reason why they should be kept waiting the pleasure of some lawyers who live here and are under no expense in attending the court. It is not likely after what has been said by these judges that the St. John lawyers will take the risk of not being ready another time.

Ald. White Mayor for a day or two.

His worship, Mayor Seers, went away the first of the week. His final destination was Halifax where he was invited to a dinner in celebration of the natal day of that city. On the way he stopped at Rothery where he made a speech to the students of the Rothery schools. Ald. W. W. White is the deputy mayor and by all the unrecorded rules of the city building the mayor should have notified him that while he was absent he was to attend to the duties of the office of chief magistrate. But the mayor was too busy to remember this and the deputy mayor was promoted unconsciously. Some of the aldermen joked him upon the subject but he bore his new honors with that aplomb that characterizes a medical man and an alderman.

Appeals A Reeling the City.

There were four judgments affecting the city delivered by the Superior court a few days ago, and a correspondent calls attention to the fact that three of them were against the city and one in favor. The question is asked if the legal adviser of the city is careful enough because he lost the three suits he had charge of. The answer might properly be that any lawyer is liable to make a mistake. He should however be pretty sure of his ground before he adds additional expense and costs. The city does seem to have a lot of appeals.

Foreman Macaulay Was Firm.

Foreman Macaulay of the street department is not an aggressive man and avoids all the trouble he can, but an alderman who tried to tell him how to do his work the other day found out that he was in the wrong. Laying the blocks for the street pavement requires to be done in a certain way and Mr. Macaulay was following out the custom of the department. This did not suit Ald. Hamm and he began to be somewhat interested and to suggest and direct the foreman what he should do. That was but natural, perhaps, but the alderman found out that he had the wrong man to deal with, for he received a very plain intimation that the foreman looked for instructions not to the aldermen but to the department of public works.

A Unique Pleasure Trip.

Mr. Vincent Featherstone of Boston, with two friends Messrs. Wagner and Meyer arrived in the city Thursday on a trip through the provinces. This is Mr. Featherstone's third summer trip here which shows his appreciation of this summer climate. This time his trip will be somewhat unique. Friday morning the party went to Fredericton by the river boat. They will return Monday and take the St. John City of the Furness line to Halifax from which city they will return via the Dominion Atlantic and Prince Rupert and return to Boston by boat. This will give them plenty of time on the water which is what they are after. But the route is rather unique.

An Old Story.

Correspondence from several provincial towns has been received too late for publication this week. Letters of this kind must be received on Thursday noon at latest.

CHANCES OF FORTUNE

WONDERFUL RESOURCES OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

Natural Riches for American Enterprise to Develop—Mineral Wealth Besides Agricultural Products—Immense Chances to Make Money by Enterprise.

People do not realize yet how large the Philippine archipelago is. There are about 1,000 islands in all. Luzon itself is the size of Illinois and has a population of 8,000,000. Mindanao has an area of 33,000 square miles and a population of 2,000,000. About 8,000,000 more people are scattered among the other 1,800 odd islands, some of which are only half an acre in area and have only a few families of savages living on them. The climate conditions in the Philippines will be something the United States soldiers have never before experienced. This tropical archipelago reaches within four degrees of the equator on the south, and is in the same latitude as Venezuela. Some 200 of the islands varying in area from 50 to 606 square miles, have never been explored, and contain the fiercest and most barbarous races on the globe. A dozen distinct and different tongues are spoken in the Philippines. Spain has never tried to govern any of the group of islands outside Luzon, Mindanao, Su'u Samar and Negros.

The Chinese in the islands number nearly half a million. The true Spanish outside of the soldiers and sailors, who come and go every few years, never number more than 3,000; the British are about 500 strong, and the Americans about 150. The genuine natives, the aborigines, are of Malay origin and have the face, color, and manners of the Malays. The race is very conglomerate. The best natives are handsome, brown, lithe, and graceful, with hair as black as a raven's wing, and small hands and feet. Then there are what the Spanish call the Negritos. They number 3,000,000 of the Philippine population, and their origin is unknown. They are as wild as Hottentots on some remote islands, and have been known to eat human flesh. On Pan-ol Island the Negritos have practiced human sacrifice for years. I was there once with several indigo buyers, and we saw the skulls of a score of the natives' former townsmen stuck up on the bamboo posts about heathen altars as a propitiation to some spirit. The Negritos have woolly heads and black skins. The brown-skinned or Malay aborigines who live in the northern part of the archipelago are known as Itocans, and there are fully fifteen tribes of them, each speaking a different dialect. The aborigines in the central islands of the Philippines are the Tagals. They are by far the most intelligent and industrious people. Some of them are about as fine people as one wishes to meet—a proud, generous, hospitable, honest people. The aborigines in the southern part of the archipelago are Visayans, and they are far removed from the Tagals in intelligence and worth, but are mild, very dirty, and lazy. The natives on Luzon and about the coast of Mindanao are almost wholly Tagals. There servants and laborers are the Negritos.

Hemp is the greatest article of export in the Philippines, and the official documents in Manila show that in the last decade about 40 per cent of all the hemp grown on the islands has been sent to the United States. One firm in Boston paid an average of 3 cents a pound in Manila for 79,000 tons of hemp in the ten years previous to last January. During the same period the total quantity of hemp exported from the Philippines amounted to exactly 914,000 tons. For a dozen years the importations of hemp into the United States from the Philippines have averaged \$2,400,000 a year. There are immense possibilities in hemp culture in the Philippines, now that the grip of Spain on every legitimate industry has been shaken off. As sure as the sun rises and sets there will be millionaire fortunes made in hemp in the Philippines in the next decade. What the Yankee sugar planters have done in the fertile valleys of Hawaii in the last generation may be duplicated in hemp in Luzon, Mindanao, and Samar. There will be a Claus Spreckels and a Col. North in Philippine hemp before we know it.

Then there are some great possibilities also in the line of fortune making in the sugar industry in the Philippines. The annual imports of raw sugar into the United States from the Philippines during the last few years have averaged \$2,150,000. The total annual exports of raw sugar from the Philippines have averaged \$4,500,000 for some time. Sugar cane grows like magic in the well watered valleys of the five chief islands of the group. The decomposed lava soil from the extinct volcanoes, that run north and south through the larger Philippine islands, side

by side with the active earthquake making volcanoes, has exactly the qualities for growing sugar cane. The cane comes to maturity from seed in one year. The plantations of Samar hold the world's record for high production of rich cane to the acre. I have known Spanish planters on Samar and Luzon to make a clear profit of \$300 an acre in one year. The Negritos laborers get from 5 to 10 cents a cultivation. Nature does the rest. With American invention and energy many a man can become a millionaire in sugar growing in the Philippines. All the agricultural methods in the Philippines are 800 hundred years behind the times. Ox carts are used for transportation and oxen for ploughing. I have seen planters using a bent stick or a prod with an iron point for a plough. In crasing the cane and extracting the saccharine juice methods 500 years old are still employed.

Indigo plants grow in incredible luxuriance throughout the Philippines. The soil is so fertile that the least labor gives surprising results. Indigo plants yield double the capital used. Many of the richest families in Manila—people who live in Paris about one-third of the time and keep up royal establishments—have made their wealth in the indigo trade. The Alvarado family owns an indigo plantation of about 25,000 acres and an indigo works on Samar, and it derives a revenue of fully \$40,000. An American with half an eye can see many improvements and economies that might be made there, but he would not be thanked for suggesting them to any Philippine or Spaniard.

Cocoon trees are a bigger resource than one might suppose. The fruit is demanded in the markets of the world as much as oranges and lemons. Every part of the tree is useful. The juices make oil and wine, the fibres of the leaves is woven into cloth, and the husks of the nuts are shipped by the boatload to England for door mats and other household articles. Profits of \$250 an acre from a grove of cocoons are common, but in this land of siestas and procrastination the people are so thrifless that they never rise to meet the market by extensive plantings of cocoon trees. To the native a cocoon tree is a veritable staff of life. It will furnish his food, intoxicant, oil, vinegar, vessels, brushes, fish lines, ropes, fuel and water. A cocoon produces fruit when six years old in the Philippines. I know a young Englishman who spent about \$5,000 in starting a cocoon grove seventeen miles from Cavite, on Luzon. The Spaniard were so afraid he would induce other enterprising British to come and do like him, that they ruined him in a few years by all manner of imposts and exactions. For instance, he had to pay about \$200 to the Government of Manila before he picked his first crop, and he had to pay an export duty of 10 per cent. extra because he was not a native.

To illustrate how marvellously fertile is the soil in the Philippines, let me tell about the coffee plants. About seventy years ago several Spaniards began the cultivation of coffee in a little valley away at the north end of Luzon. They were the first coffee plants ever known on the island. A little wild animal resembling the civet of Africa (a cross between a weasel and a fox) began eating and scattering the growing coffee berries. In a few years the plants were all over that part of Luzon. For years past there have been wild coffee bushes all over the island, and all came from the civets' scattering of the coffee seeds. Thousands of pounds are gathered from these wild bushes by the natives. Nowhere else does rice grow so prolifically as in the Philippines. The Chinese control the rice industry of the islands, but the Negritos do the work. There are a dozen Chinese millionaires in Manila, and they have made their wealth largely in the rice and sugar trade. Under American management the profits of rice growing could be easily enlarged. I think I am conservative that by the crude, lazy ways of harvesting 30 per cent of the yield is wasted. It would make a thrifty Yankee farmer groan to see the reckless waste of the natives.

Tobacco grows on all the principal islands. Vanilla, pepper, and cassia which are cultivated elsewhere in the world, grow wild and in great clumps on the Philippine Islands. Wheat and corn may be grown at the extreme north of the archipelago. Oranges, lemons and guavas flourish in the forests and back hills; not the least horticultural science has been exerted to ward making superior varieties of these fruits. I have seen in the dense tropical forests of Mindanao thousands of the trees of costly woods, as logwood, ebony, mahogany, and iron wood. Great fortunes await the men who shall get a concession to go and operate there. Sailors who have ventured far into these forests tell me that the ebony and mahogany trees there are the finest they have ever seen. Pineapples and bananas abound in damp spots, and are a source of revenue on some islands, but the Central American products have kept these fruits out of the American markets.

An Electric Scarf Pin. Perhaps the smallest electric motor in the world is in the scarf pin of D. Goodwin, of McKinney, Texas. He is a skilled watchmaker, and recently he constructed the motor, which is so small that a ten cent

piece will cover it. It weighs only 9-100ths of an ounce. The front of the motor is of highly polished gold and the commutator and segments are of the same metal. Mr. Goodwin wears the scarf pin and he says it makes a very attractive decoration, the nature of which can only be discovered by close inspection.—Chicago Record.

SUFFERED FOR YEARS. Joints and Limbs Were Swollen Three Times Their Natural Size—The Sufferer Is Now Well for a Year and a Half. From the Echo, Winton, O. J.

Mrs. Wm. Thew, who is well known in the town of Winton, was a sufferer from heart trouble and articular rheumatism for a period of fifteen years. Lately her condition has so much improved that a reporter of the Echo called upon her to ascertain to what cause the change was due. Mrs. Thew while not courting publicity, consented to give a brief statement of her case in hope that some other sufferer might be benefited. She said:—"My joints were all swollen up to three times their natural size and for a year and a half I was unable to leave my bed. I secured medical treatment and the doctors told me I would never be able to walk again. I took medicine they prescribed but it failed to give any relief. I took patent medicines but they did not help me. Having noticed an advertisement in a paper for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I concluded to give them a trial and they gave me relief from the time I commenced using them about the first of January last. I have taken ten boxes. I am now able to go around without assistance and do all my housework." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase in enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

A Balloon of Spider's Web. A net of spider's webs is being manufactured at the professional school at Antananarivo, and will be used as an experimental covering for a navigable balloon by M. R. nard, the head of the French military school at Canalis. The thread of several spiders is wound on winders, the quantity produced by each spider ranging from 15 to 40 yards. The covering of the web is removed by repeated washings, the web made into a thread of eight strands, which, when spun is easily woven into a gauze very fine but exceedingly strong.—Philadelphia Record.

My Kingdom for a Hen. The product of the fructuous hen over-values all these enormous expenditures, products and values. There in this country today, in round numbers, 275,000,000 chickens and 40,000,000 other fowls, such as ducks, geese and turkeys. During 1897 the hens laid 14,400,000,000 eggs. The export price in New York City averaged 15 cents a dozen, which makes the value of the egg crop \$165,000,000. Poultry sold as meat brought \$125,000,000 more, making the total hen crop at a conservative rate the sum given above \$290,000,000.

CLAIMED MONEY. We have the names of 800 persons who are advertised for to claim money—money left to each person mentioned, or it dead their heirs are wanted to make claim. Many of those persons came to Canada and now know nothing about it. There is no expense whatever in obtaining any of these legacies. Send stamp for new list. McFARLANE & CO. Truro, N. S.

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**Music and The Drama**

Tones and Undertones.

Adelina Patti has just made her first appearance in London since the death of her husband, and the reviews speak of the remarkable state of her voice, which enabled her to arouse the great audience gathered in Albert Hall to expressions of unusual enthusiasm. It is said that after she sings at the Crystal Palace at the concert given in honor of the anniversary of the Queen's coronation she will again retire until next autumn. Her appearances in future will be limited in number, although a tour of America is vaguely mentioned as a possibility of next spring. She will appear no more in opera, and is said to have declined a series of appearances at Covent Garden.

Goldmark's new opera, "Briseis, the War Prisoner," founded on the Homeric story, is finished, and may soon have a hearing in Vienna.

Ferguson De Angelis will next season present a new opera by Julian Edwards and Stanislaus Strangé, under the management of B. D. Stevens.

Arthur Sturges, M. Ordonneau and Justin Clarisse are the authors of a new opera. Sturges adapted "La Poupee."

All musical Belgium is in future over Jan Blockx's opera, "L'Eventail" ("The Fan").

The Bostonians have secured a new opera, "Ulysses" which will have an elaborate production in October. The opera is the work of W. N. Neidlinger and Rowland E. Phillips, and the plot deals with the adventures of the famous mythological character which gives it its title.

Richard Golden has abandoned the starring tour which he contemplated next season and has been engaged by Manager Frank L. Perley for a character comedy part in "The Fortune Teller," the opera in which Alice Niekien is to make her stellar debut. Mr. Golden is in Europe now, but will return in August for rehearsals.

Maurice Grau, in addition to directing the opera at Covent Garden, will manage the Bernhardt season at the London Lyric and Coquelin's performances at the Lyceum theatre.

Mr. Grau has engaged Mme. Sembrich for the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Hilda Clark and Grace Golden will spend the summer in Europe.

Harry B. Smith and Engländer, the composer, are writing a new opera.

From Pallanza, on Lago Maggiore, Leoncavallo recently wrote to a friend in Berlin: "I hope to return soon to Pallanza where I'll shut myself up and shall work hard on my opera 'Roland.'" Leoncavallo, who is possessed of an iron energy, will no doubt soon finish the new work, the idea for which was suggested to him by Emperor William, and his Majesty is said to still take great personal interest in this Opera.

Sir Arthur Sullivan has been ordered abroad, and must cease work for three months. He is compelled to abandon the new cantata set to the libretto based on the "Vicar of Wakefield," which he promises to contribute to the Leeds festival in October.

Massenet is at work upon a new opera, "Chatterton." The libretto has been adapted from the masterwork of Alfred de Vigny by Edward Blau. The same work was also used by Leoncavallo, but his opera was very successful outside of Milan.

Vienna a committee has been formed to the object of erecting a monument to Johann Strauss and Joseph Lanner, the originators of Viennese dance music.

Sims Reeves, the veteran tenor, who reaches the age of eighty years in September next, is to have a testimonial benefit in London, supplemented in honest British fashion by a special subscription of pounds, shillings and pence.

Edward J. Henley and his wife, Helen Bertram, are in New York from across the Atlantic. Mr. Henley's voice is still too much impaired to permit him to act.

Edna May's mother and sister sailed last Saturday for London to become the guests in that city of the charming little prima donna of "The Belle of New York." Miss May has been lonesome in England, in spite of the headlong attentions of dukes, dudes, earls and johnnies. Her homesickness, indeed, grew and grew, until Mr. Musgrove became alarmed about it and suggested that she should receive a visit from those of her people whom she desired most anxiously to see. This proposition, filled the young prima donna with delight, and Mr. Musgrove promptly cabled over to Mr. Lederer to furnish the tickets and the necessary expense money for the trip. This was done, and by Sun-

day Edna and her mamma and sister will be locked in a three-cornered embrace, to be a party to which almost any peer of the realm would cheerfully give up large bundles of his income and numerous years of his life and gloomy life.—New York Telegraph.

It would seem that in the hiring of feminine comeliness for the lower order of burlesque companies the managers are not inclined to trust implicitly to photographs. "Twenty good-looking chorus girls wanted," says one advertiser. "Be sure to send height and weight with photo." Her face is not all the physical fortune that an applicant must possess.

It is now stated that Frau Cosima Wagner will not come to London, as she at one time intended to do, to attend the cycle of her husband's great music drama at Covent Garden.

**TALK OF THE THEATRE.**

The Miles Ideal Stock Company close a two weeks engagement at the Opera house this evening. During their stay here the company have produced with the most careful attention, some excellent plays, and good, conscientious work has characterized every performance. The specialty work is a strong feature of the company and the various artists have succeeded in giving good satisfaction. The company go from here to Moncton, and after playing in Nova Scotia return here for a week in September when they will be warmly welcomed.

On Monday W. S. Harkins opens a weeks engagement at the Opera house after a very successful three weeks in Nova Scotia.

Anna Held is on the sick list.

Marie Dressler has gone into vaudeville.

Florrie West is going to Australia in August.

Anna Held will return to America in the fall.

Marie Jansen will spend the summer at Winthrop, Mass.

Robert Mantell has been very successful in San Francisco.

Richie Ling has signed with Augustin Daly for two years.

Bronson Howard has sailed for Europe to be gone all summer.

Willie Collier will produce a new play Augustus Thoms next season.

"What Happened to Jones" opens the season at the Boston Museum on A. G. 15.

Florrie West wishes to separate herself legally from her husband, Frank Caffrey.

Marshall P. Wilder will not go abroad this summer for the first time in fifteen years.

"The First Born" is to be revived in San Francisco with May Buckley in her original role.

Lottie Blair Parker, author of "Way Down East" is at work on a new play for Roland Reed.

Mae Lowery has replaced Georgia Caine in "A Night and a Day" and is engaged for next season.

"The Runaway Girl" is the title of the new piece at the London Gaiety, succeeding "The Circus Girl."

John J. McNally is writing the farce in which the Rogers Brothers will star next season, and George F. Marion will direct it.

Leon Hermann is in Paris building a new illusion which he will perform next season with Madame Adelaide Herrman.

James A. Herne will make the initial production of his new play, "The Reverend Griffith Davenport," early in December.

John B. Schoeffel has been awarded \$20,000 land damages for property taken at Manchester-by-the-Sea for a marine park.

Charles E. Blaney's new farce comedy, "The Female Drummer" will open at the Park theatre, Boston, August 26, for a run.

Laura Bart writes that she will probably re-act in England next season but that she will not go with "Blue Jeans" again.

Jack Mason has been in Boston for some time. He is planning to go to England this summer and may accept an engagement there.

Billy Clifford and Maud Huth will begin their starring tour in "A High Born Lady" by Herbert Hall Winslow at Bridgeport, Conn., on Sept. 19.

George W. Fielding, the juggler, who has been a popular favorite for many years was committed to the insane asylum at San Francisco recently.

George W. Wilson sailed for Europe last week. His daughter has been at school in France for some time and the principal object of his trip is to pay her a visit.

Blanche Walsh and her maid were arrested on Sunday evening in New York

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for riding bicycles without lamps. At a police station they were released on bail and fined by a magistrate.

Lucy Spinney, a member of the Criterion club, who has appeared in many of the best amateur productions which have been given in Boston in the last two seasons, has been engaged by a New York Stock company.

Burr McIntosh, who is to star next season under the management of Harry Doel Parker, in Lottie Blair Parker's new play, "The War Correspondent," has gone to Cuba as war correspondent for Frank Leslie's Weekly.

Walter Perkins, who is now playing special engagements with the Castle Square theatre Stock company will open next season in "My Friend from India" and will produce later a new farce comedy by the same author, H. A. De Souchet.

Richard Mansfield says "If I have been at all successful it has been no credit to the press of the country." This is rather hard on the newspapers which have published columns of his speeches, his letters, have reviewed his plays and commented upon his interpretations of the various characters. Has it all been of no account?

Mrs. E. G. Sutherland has already disposed of the English rights of her new play "A Maid of Leyden," which will be played on the other side of the Atlantic by a young actress of reputation in both countries, writes Jay Benton in the New York Dramatic Mirror. The American rights are being sought by two actresses, and the matter is unsettled.

There are a number of theatrical people prepared to spend the summer in Massachusetts. Joseph Jefferson is making many fishing trips with ex President Cleveland. William H. Crane is of Cohasset. Ward and Vokes are at Winthrop. Miss Ada Conquest and Mr. Mackaye are at Shirley. Mr. Percy Wallace Mackaye is in retirement in a small log arbor which he has built at Shirley where he is writing his play, "Colonel Anna," which is to be produced in New York in the fall.

A recent litigation over the American rights to the author's royalties of "Charley's Aunt" reveals the fact that Brandon Thomas made \$140,000 out of the farce without getting all that he was entitled to from the American rights. Now an English court has compelled W. S. Penley to pay Mr. Thomas \$40,000 more. Most of these profits came from the United States, in spite of the fact that the play has been translated into every European language.—Theatrical News.

Sir Henry Irving's new production, which is to follow the "The Medicine Man" and regarding which there has been considerable secrecy, will be "Robespierre," by Victorien Sardou. M. Sardou is now finishing the play, which is being written under contract. It is said that "Robespierre" will prove a greater play than "Madame Sans Gene," and in the character of the French revolutionist Irving should achieve one of his greatest triumphs.

Viola Allen sailed Tuesday on the Lahn. She will go to Greeba Castle, Isle of Man, the home of Hall Caine, and author and actress will consult upon the characterization of Glory, the heroine of "The Christian" in the dramatization of which Miss Allen will make her stellar debut in the fall.

Corinne is to enter vaudeville.

Rose Coghlan has a bicycle.

Mrs. Fiske may act in London.

"Jim the Penman" has been revived in New York.

"The Cat and the Cherub" has been revived in England.

Lottie Collins is starring in England in "The White Blackbird."

Next season Elita Proctor Otis will be seen in "Sporting Life."

Eddie Foy's tour in "Mr. Packer, of Chicago," lasted ten days.

Roland Reed's new play has been written by Madeline Lucretia Ryley.

Eugene O'Rourke has joined the New York Casino company.

A London critic says Dan Daly "has a voice like a corrugated cough drop."

Julia Marlowe will shortly present "Bonnie Prince Charley" in London.

Jane Harding and Jean Coquelin will appear in a new piece by Emile Bergerat.

Lewis Morrison played the chief role in "A Celebrated Case," at Frisco last week.

Jacob Litt will send out next season a new Irish farce called "Casey's Wife."

J. H. S'oddart has decided to go into vaudeville and will present "One touch of Nature."

No less than 20,000 camellias were presented to Duse at Lisbon when she appeared in "Camille."

At Los Angeles, Cal., last week Modjeska appeared in "Mary Stuart" and "Magda."

Bernhardt began a two weeks' engagement in London this week the repertoire embracing "Camille," "Frou Frou," "Paedre," "Adrienne Lecouvreur" and "Magda."

"Our Pleasant Sins" is the name of a new play by Wilson Barrett and Charles Hannan. It is to be produced in London.

Florence Ziegfeld has purchased for America, "The Turtle," a farcical comedy that has been on the Paris stage two years.

Harold Frederic says that three-fifths of all the money now taken in at London theatres goes to American managers or players. It is about time the exchange of talent and shekels should be made less one-sided than it has been. Many an English actor has made his reputation at home and his money here.—Boston Journal.

Aubrey Boucicault has made an adaptation of a French comedy, and it is to be produced in London before very long under the title "A Court Scandal."

Piner, in a recent interview in London, said that after his summer vacation in Norway he proposed to set steadily to work upon a new play of a serious character.

New Yorkers who met Mme. Rejane and her husband, M. Porel, during their stay in New York, will be surprised to learn that each is suing for a divorce. It is thought that their troubles may be due to the failure of the principal play they have produced this year. This was "Pamela" a fortune was spent on the piece in expectation that it would be a second "Mme. Sans-Gene." But it was the cause of great loss to both of them. The course of true love among actors is, says the New York Sun, likely to be much smoother when their worldly affairs are prospering, and to blame one another for such an external affair as the failure of a play is not unprecedented as a casus belli among couples previously devoted.

In London last week Beerbonm Tree played the title role in the "Ragged Robin," a version of Richepin's "La Chemineau" (The Tramp). Mr. Tree impersonated the gipsy vagrant, who loves and walks away, heedless of the consequences. The drama of the romance results from this early carelessness of the wanderer, but not till some twenty-two years after his love episode, when the baby had grown to manhood, and is in love on his account, and the mother is respectfully married to an elderly well-to-do farmer who thinks the boy his own. Mrs. Tree played the Dorsetshire rustic girl, who "loves not wisely but too well," and subsequently becomes a respectable married woman with a grown-up son.

One day at a tea, or a reception, or something, Ellen Terry, meeting Tree, twitted him on having taken the wind out of Sir Henry's sails by producing two Shakespeare plays, Irving's specialty, and scoring brilliant successes. "This will never do," said she, chaffingly, "you have forestalled us with 'Julius Caesar' and 'King John.' I think I shall have to go over to the Haymarket and play Constance to your John." Some busybody must certainly have overheard this remark, for shortly after it was whispered pretty openly that Miss Terry was going to join Tree, and it was taken so seriously, in spite of the absurd supposal that there could be two leading women in the company, that Miss Terry at last begged Mr. Tree to write to Sir Henry and explain the joke.

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**A Beloved Memory.**

Boston does not forget Phillips Brooks. Every time I go to that city I hear and see more of the love of that dead leader, says a correspondent of the New York Press. Bookshops show small photographs of Phillips Brooks conspicuously, while the picture stores offer likenesses in many sizes of the great man.

In a shop window in Boylston street, opposite the Arlington Street Church, I noticed a photograph, half life size of him. The thousands of suburbanites who daily creep along Boston's principal crowded thoroughfare of the Back Bay district cannot fail to see the big picture and to enjoy it. Such things tend to keep alive affection.

Last week a woman repeated this to me. It was within her knowledge. A young woman, a pianist, dependent upon her own earnings, was seized of some dreadful difficulty which rendered her arms useless. Thus bereft, she sat day by day in her lonely upstairs room, waiting for whatever worse might come of her enforced inaction. One morning, after a knock at the door, a tall, friendly man, a stranger, entered, with his arms full of bundles, which he put down on the table. Making the startled sick girl feel entirely at ease, he explained his errand. He had heard of her illness, had brought to her a few things to make her comfortable and had arranged for her to go to a skilful physician, who would help and perhaps heal her. Then he placed in her lap a personal bank check. It was signed "Phillips Brooks."

The girl, under the doctor's care and in the thought of her benefactor, regained the use of her arms speedily. "And said the woman who told the story to me, 'she now goes about with such a look of ecstasy that strangers turn to gaze at her and wonder what is in her mind.'

**A Chase at Sea.**

If any one of the readers of the Companion wishes to see how history repeats itself let him take a map of the world and with a couple of pins and tiny American and Spanish flags trace the course of our fleets and that of enemy during the month of May, while they played a game of hide-and-seek, with all of the civilized world looking on.

A month seemed to us a long time for a fleet of nine or ten Spanish vessels to go dodging over the ocean, escaping every eye. Yet so vast is this ocean that just ninety-three years ago a French and Spanish fleet of twenty ships contrived to escape the pursuit of Nelson, the most able of naval heroes, for nearly seven months. The maps and little flags will make this wonderful chaso clear to the boy student.

Villeneuve, a French admiral, set sail in March from Toulon, and having rallied a squadron of Spanish vessels, headed directly for the West Indies, where a fleet from Cadiz joined him. Lord Nelson, meanwhile, was scouring the Mediterranean Sea for him in vain. Hearing at last that Villeneuve was in American waters, Nelson crossed the Atlantic, but was lured by a false report to the shores of the South American continent. Meanwhile Villeneuve sailed from Martinique for France, again eluding Nelson, who had learned of his whereabouts, but reached the West Indies only to find that Villeneuve and his fleet were gone. The chase, the combined fleets numbering more than thirty ships, continued upon the vast plain of gray water until late in September. The fleets met at last, and the great battle of Trafalgar was fought, in which Nelson was killed; but the supremacy of England upon the seas was established.

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ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, JUNE 25th.

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MR. DOBSON'S IDEAS.

MR. GEORGE H. DOBSON of Sydney, Cape Breton, is surely a bold man to attempt to induce the ocean passenger steamers to forsake Montreal, St. John and Halifax and to make his town their Canadian terminus. He has many arguments in favor of his contention but none of them at the present day are strong enough to overcome the influence of the larger cities. Very properly it has been pointed out that even passenger steamers carry freight and that the long rail haul to Sydney would be a distinct disadvantage. Freight will seek the nearest port. That is Portland and Boston's advantage over St. John and Halifax and more particularly the advantage of St. John over Halifax. There is not enough passenger travel in Canada to warrant fast passenger steamers going to the nearest port where no freight can be had except that which comes by a long rail haul. It would be a difficult, almost an impossible task to divert American passenger travel from the ports of New York and Boston. Mr. Dobson's pamphlet is interesting and instructive, showing much research and a varied knowledge of steamship travel and speed. But it will require something more than this to divert travel from the present routes.

AN UNDEVELOPED COUNTRY.

There is no doubt that there will be splendid chances for enterprising Englishmen and Americans in the Philippine islands when that country is free from Spanish domination. The article that we print on another page of this issue gives much information about the islands and the industries carried on there. Some of it is new, much of it is surprising and apt to fire the imagination of adventurous commercial men whose main object in life is to make riches hastily. An American consul who lived for years in Manila gives an interesting description of the native people in a recent interview. He says that the greater part of the natives—probably 75 per cent.—on the island of Luzon in and about Manila are of several race mixtures. Their original ancestors were the Tagals and the Spanish. Sometimes there is a strain of Malay in these people. They are known in Manila society as mestizos. A few mestizos are rich. The mestizo women, from 15 to 25 are, are positively about the most bewitchingly attractive in the world. They age early and are blase at 30. The English call them human butterflies. I have heard visitors in Manila for the first time go wild over the striking beauty of the mestizo girls that one sees on the promenade of the Luneta. The eyes of the Philippines are great, languishing, dreamy, shaded by long lashes and set off by a profusion of the blackest hair that ever grew. Hair is the chief glory of the Philippine beauty. It is long, rich, thick, made glossy by the care bestowed on it. He describes the women as graceful and coquetish with great fondness for dancing at which they are wonderfully adept.

The manufacture of cigars in one of the greatest industries of this wonderful country. One small town has 35,000 men, women and children at this industry and that is but one of many. Wages average the ridiculous sum of 15 cents a day. No wonder Manila cigars are cheap! But this industry is controlled entirely by the Spanish and contributes much to the revenues of the government. It is related that two brothers of General WYLES, the Cuban butcher, went to Manila, engaged in this industry and in a short time were

so rich that they have been able to live like princes in Spain since that time.

It is a curious fact that all the people use tobacco, women as well as men. Mr. SHERMAN says that church is the only place where smoking is not indulged in. At the opera the men will walk and smoke between the acts in the space behind the boxes and balconies. Finely dressed, seemingly well-bred men and ladies in full evening dress enter the theatre and smoke as they go. In the privacy of their homes men and women smoke from the same box of cigars or cigarettes. One of the odd sights to a stranger is that afforded by a balcony in front of an aristocratic residence filled with fashionably gowned Spanish women, the mother and her daughters and nieces, all smoking cigarettes or small cigars.

The action of the merchants of Charlotte street in stopping the relaying of the pavement there is certainly to be commended. The work was not nearly as necessary as it is in other parts of the city. Again and again the citizens have protested against the condition of the Marsh road as far as the one mile house and of the Westmorland road to Kane's corner. These protests have not availed much if anything. The condition of the roads is worse to-day than ever it was and no effort has been made to repair them. There is certainly something lacking in the administration of the street department. Let the aldermen take a sensible view of the matter and inquire into this neglect. It is nothing less than a disgrace to the city to have an entrance to St. John in such a condition as the Marsh road is, and this is especially apparent after one has passed over the splendid macadamized portion constructed by the government.

It is interesting to note at this stage when it is proposed to utilize the power at Grand Falls, that the same idea is being carried into practical effect in many parts of the world. Among the proposed applications of power at long distances from its source is the lighting of the interior passages and chambers of the Great Pyramids by electric currents generated at the cataract of Assouan, several hundred miles away. The same power is intended to operate pumping stations and cotton-mills along the Nile. In San Francisco it is proposed to obtain 10,000 horse-power, for use in that city, from the water now running to waste on the slopes of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, 110 miles distant.

Just think of this—the value of the wheat and other bread stuffs, exported from the United States the last year amounted to about eight times the revenue of Canada. The year is about a parallel in the enormous shipments of corn at the same time with these great exports of wheat. The exports of corn in May were nearly 27,000,000 bushels, which is more than in any previous month on record, and for the eleven months the total is about 193,000,000 bushels. Adding oats, rye and barley, the total value of bread stuffs sent from the United States to other countries during the crop year just closing will amount to more than \$300,000,000!

What is our exhibition association doing. It is surely time that something was heard about its plans for a show this fall. Advertising is necessary to success in an exhibition. There cannot be too much of it. Announcements cannot be made too soon or too regularly. The people will soon be looking for news of what is going to take place and they will expect to get it before they decide to come to St. John. By the way the prize list of the Halifax exhibition is out.

No Docked Tails There. The following from Halifax may be an object lesson to dealers in horses and admirers of docked tails. An officer recently arrived wanted a charger, and a citizen undertook to provide one. He produced a very fine mare at a cost of \$200, with a certificate as to soundness. On being taken to the officer the dealer was astonished by his saying it will not suit. "Why not?" he asked. "It is a splendid animal." "Yes," said the officer, "but its tail is docked, and the Queen's regulations prevent us from using it. Her Majesty's orders are that horses with docked tails are not to be used in the service." The result was, as Haligonians are not admirers of docked tails, the mare was eventually sold for \$60, a loss to the dealer of \$140.

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NEWS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Johnny B. to Sammy E. Says Johnny B. to Sammy E. Don't you recall the time 'ee, When over board went lots of Tea, In Boston Harbor by the Sea; When once there came a Tax from Me, That did not seem like Fax to thee. Now Sammy strange it seems today, The tide has turned the other way, And by the train from Canada, Where still my little flag was flying, And waves as ever free and gay Tea flies to you without delay. Now, Sammy, still my happy son, I'll see you have your little fun, And pop off not a single gun, But send you tea chests by the ton, And you will learn how things are done, With Fax laid up and War begun.

An Invitation to the Woods. Are you broken with the din Of the street? Are you sickened of your thin Hands and feet? Are you bowed and bended double With a weight of care and trouble, And you gape at with a skin Like a sheet? Take your body and your soul To the woods, To the tonic and control Of the woods, Where the flowers gleams and quivers, Where the only roads are rivers, And the trunk-line bears the whole Of your goods.

Play the hunter—win the crown Of your class; Bring the duck and partridge down As they pass; Stalk the deer among the tangles, Where the smallest slits and spangles; From the amber deep and brown Haul the bass. You shall breathe the pungent air Of the fern, Till your blood shall make you dare When it stirs. Let the camp-cook with his kettle Make you fat and full of meat! You must take the forest fare—No demurs.

You shall see the stars ignite With the dew, And the golden morning light Dazzle through; Mark the hooded bat forsaken, And the silence only shaken, By the rustle of your slight Birch canoe. Oh! the sunsets and the break Of the day, When the vapors from the lake Swirl away; Oh! the clouds in snowy ranges, With their gold and red fringes, And the fading flake by flake Into gray.

Where the Sandman Gets his Sand. The Sandman, O the Sandman, When he rides into the town, Turn all the little children Drop their pretty eyelids down. They know when he is coming And his power cannot withstand, But still they always wonder Where the Sandman gets his sand! He gallops through the country And he gallops through the street But the busy little children Never hear his horse's feet. They never see him scatter And he holds within his hand, And that is why they wonder Where the Sandman keeps his sand!

He rides o'er beds of poppies And he rides o'er fields of hay; And sure he gathers something As he gallops on his way. To lay upon the eyelids Of the children in the land, Who rub their eyes and wonder How the Sandman gets his sand! But early in the morning, When they wake as drows and new As pretty little rosbuds, With their faces washed in dew— Oh, then they are so thankful, All the merry little ones, That in the wide world, somehow, The good sandman finds his sand!

June. From the Boston Courier. Welcome sweet month of bud and bloom, O glowing sun and rare perfume, O richest rays from Beauty's loom And divers more attractions! We list your reannuancing treat With dubious look and shake of head, True 'tis, let us, too, mean to shed On us dire liquefactions. Drenched with aquatic overpals That May and April dumped on us, And wondering what weird animas Inspired such copious washes, We peckaboo at you with shy Misgivings of our weather eye And question if we may put by Our gus and meckintoeses. From eyes of our umbrellas we Impudently look up to thee, And beg thy pleasure it will be To check these pines and washes. Fling up the storm-god's wastepout, And old Aquarion knockout, That we may taste thy rain, Glad-voiced thine olden praase.

TANTALIZING THE SLEEPLESS.

Comments by a Sufferer Upon one Fit for Avoiding Insomnia.

"I belong to the modern noble army of martyrs," said a young woman. "I'm an alleged brainworker. The results don't justify the title, perhaps, but that isn't the point. The work I do is generally classed as brainwork, so let it go at that. 'Well, whether it's because I worry because I don't tax them enough, or because I haven't enough exercise, it is a fact that there are times when I don't get enough sleep. Or I think I don't, and that amounts to the same thing. Consequently I always hail with joy any advice on the subject of overcoming insomnia. At present I have such a valuable fund of information along this line that I can almost put myself to sleep by counting the methods which I have tried and found wanting."

"The other day I was waiting for a train at one of the railroad stations, and as I stood there I looked over the display of reading matter on the news stand. My heart leaped within me when in a certain table of contents I saw the title, 'Mental Control of Sleep.' My train was just rumbling up, so I didn't have time to take a peep at the article and find out whether it would be of any use to me. I put down my 20 cents, took up my magazine and ran for the train."

"I read the article on my way downtown, and I was so mad that I accidentally kicked the old gentleman next to me, which somehow made me feel better, though I doubt if it did as much for him. You see, it wasn't the first time that I had read one of that same brand of insomnia articles, and I wanted my 20 cents back. If there is one thing more irritating than another to a person who has courted sleep unsuccessfully, weary night after weary night, it is to be told, as, for instance, in the language of this article the other day: 'Instead of taking one's cares to bed, one should dismiss them the moment one begins to undress. Thinking is voluntary. The current of thought can be stopped by an act of the will as promptly and almost as mechanically as the water can be turned off at the bathroom faucet.'

"Slang or no slang, that makes me tired. This turning off thought when every nerve of your body and brain is buzzing away is about as sensible as to try to turn off a thunderstorm by plugging a hole in a village switchboard. The man who wrote this article, however, doesn't think so. This is what he says about people like me: 'The trouble with us when we say we can't stop thinking' is really that we do not want to. Like the self-deluded victims of bibulous indulgence, the man that 'cannot stop' could stop if he would. There is no limit to the power of an intelligent will. Humboldt could live and be sane and useful on an allowance of two hours' sleep out of the twenty-four. Edison once remained awake for seventy-two hours in order to complete a mental task. Such feats, however, are but little harder than that of going to sleep at will, which Napoleon, with Europe on his shoulders, was able to do. Almost any business man would pronounce them easier; but sleep, being normal, should be far more readily enjoyed than dispensed with."

"The New Testament—, among other admirable things, is a good and simple exposition of healing philosophy—gives a recipe for the cure of insomnia. The New Testament tells you what to employ—a better medicine than any drug—'Take no thought for the morrow.' Stop thinking, that is to say, and go to sleep; if there is some weighty decision to be made the hour will find you equal to it."

"Now what do you think of that? Of course, it is not necessary deliberately to worry and think and plan after one goes to bed. But like the cheerful way in which he says, 'Just stop thinking and go to sleep.' I don't believe anybody can make the mind a perfect blank. That's a favorite phrase. 'I wager one thing, either the writers of such articles have never known personally the terrors of insomnia, or they have happily recovered their nervous equilibrium, and have forgotten what they went through. As for me, I have suffered from sleeplessness; I have recovered, but I have not forgotten. And my advice to those who are still suffering is this: Turn off the faucet of thought, as the gentleman suggests, if you can. Take lots and lots of our-door exercise. Drink some hot milk before you go to bed. Go out of the city if convenient—or inconvenient. Be just as happy as you possibly can be. The last bit of advice may seem a little of the nature of one about turning off thought. It isn't however. There is a good testimony to the contrary. Consequently, my prescription is: Country nights, exercise, hot milk and happiness. And I've been through the mill."

Told by a real estate agent: "I have learned of a cure for insomnia. That is, I have heard what cures one man. He was here enquiring for a house to rent. I went with him to look at several. One on the list suited him with the exception that the walls of the bedrooms were not papered. I finally agreed to paper them. Then he said he must select the paper. I agreed to that, and when we went together to look at samples I saw he was very particular, and in reply to my inquiry he said: 'It means a good deal to me. I must



have paper on the wall that I can twist into fanciful combinations. I must have figures in it that will count just so much in my calculations. There must be outlines which I can form into faces that I like. If the paper does not contain such figures, I could never go to sleep; I would worry about my failure to see what would be agreeable, and that would keep me awake. 'He had not found what he wanted when I left him.'

DIFFICULT TO INFLECT PAIN.

A Physician Relates an Experience of His Student Days.

The doctor smoked slowly on his cigar. It was plain that he had something to say. 'I was thinking of my early college days, he said, 'and of a peculiar incident that happened very soon after I began my studies. The professor was instructing the class one day on the corpuscles of the blood. In order to get some fresh blood for microscopic examination each student was ordered to tie a rag around his forefinger and strike the top of the finger suddenly with a needle, with sufficient force to draw blood. Seems easy doesn't it? Do you know there wasn't a man in the class that did not fail at its first attempt. It was funny to watch some of those embryo surgeons poise the needle with a determined air and lance it in within a hair space of the flesh and there stop dead others tried to force the needle in slowly but paused very shortly, with an expression of pain commensurate to that of an amputation. I myself gave it up as a bad job, and hacked a cavity in my thumb with a penknife found it easier. The fact that we were very young and inexperienced is no explanation for this peculiarity, as I have since found by personal test. Almost everybody exhibited the same repugnance to inflicting pain in that manner. Try it yourself! The other man tried and succeeded on the fourth trial.'

The In an Out of Hawaii.

'In Hawaii they have one very unique custom in regard to debt,' said Mr. O. W. Sturgis of Oregon. 'Any stranger can get credit almost from the time he sets his foot on the islands, but so long as he owes a dollar he is not permitted to leave the country. A man who gets hopelessly involved in debt down there had as well make up his mind to become a citizen for life—he can only escape by liquidating. This law has always been strictly enforced, but in the event of annexation to the United States the islands may get a new system of laws that will repeal the existing statutes.'

Zera Semon Coming Again.

Zera Semon is coming again and the advertisement elsewhere will give the particulars. Semon has always done a good business in St. John and no doubt will do so again. His shows are generally worth all he charges to see them and as the public wants the worth of its money every time this is what pleases. Tuesday the 28th is the opening day. The usual presentations will be made to purchasers of tickets.

Fashionable Millinery.

The Parisian Millinery Store is showing some of the prettiest hats of the season. Among them being the finest quality of short black Manila sailors now so fashionable in New York. This store has just earned for itself the reputation of having the latest and most fashionable millinery, keeping abreast with New York styles.

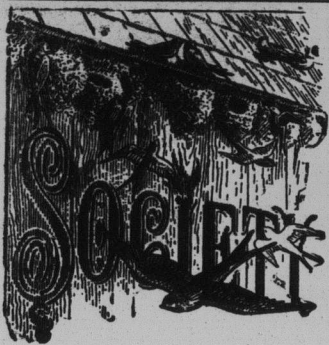
A Good Dictionary for Three Cents.

A dictionary containing the definition of 10,000 of the most useful and important words in the English language, is published by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. While it contains some advertising, it is a complete dictionary, concise and correct. In compiling this book care has been taken to omit none of those common words whose spelling or exact use occasions at times a momentary difficulty, even to well educated people. The main aim has been to give as much useful information as possible in a limited space. With this in view, some nouns, adjectives and verbs are all obviously connected in meaning, usually one only has been inserted. The volume will thus be found to contain the meaning of very many more words than it professes to explain.

Not a Girl.

'Julia,' said the old gentleman, reproachfully, 'if I am not mistaken you gave that young man a kiss.'

'I did not such a thing,' returned the young woman with emphasis. 'It was a trade.'—Chicago Post.



There is very little to write about this week in the way of social news, school closings forming almost the sum total of the week's doings. The public schools closed yesterday and the exercises were largely attended by the friends and relatives of the pupils. The different rooms were gay with flowers and potted plants, most of them coming from Mrs. W. H. Jones' establishment. The bright, eager faces of the youthful savants, the interested manner of the visitors, and the general merit of the exercises made the occasion a very pleasant one. The summer holidays have been inaugurated, and it is to be hoped they will be enjoyed to the fullest extent.

Mrs. McLeod of Orange Street, gave an informal tea last Friday afternoon for the entertainment of Mrs. George McLeod who is here after spending the winter in New York. The hostess was assisted in discharging her pleasant duties by Miss Melio Vroom, Miss Walker, Miss Ethel Smith and Miss Ada Bayard, and the following ladies were among those who were present, Mrs. Timmerman, Mrs. George McAvery, Mrs. Dever and Miss Dever, Mrs. Keator and Miss Keator, Mrs. Kirkwood, Mrs. Walker and Misses Walker, Mrs. C. F. Harrison, Mrs. William Harrison, Miss Lottie Harrison, Miss Furlong, Miss Helen Furlong, Miss Fennell, Mrs. Coster, Miss Warner, Mrs. Jack Thomson, Mrs. Geo. Jones and others.

The Musical club met with Mrs. Gilchrist of Waterloo street last Tuesday evening and a delightful evening was spent, many of the members contributing in a pleasing manner to the evening's entertainment. Those present included the following persons, together with many others:

- |                       |                      |
|-----------------------|----------------------|
| Mr. G. U. Hay,        | Mrs. Hay,            |
| Mr. W. K. Vroom,      | Mrs. Vroom,          |
| Dr. Thos. Walker,     | Mrs. Walker,         |
| Rev. J. M. Davenport, | Mrs. F. F. Robinson, |
| Mr. F. G. Spencer,    | Mrs. Spencer,        |
| Dr. Skinner,          | Miss Louise Skinner, |
| Mrs. Fraser,          | Mrs. S. Girvan,      |
| Mr. W. C. Bowden,     | Mrs. Bowden,         |
| Mr. Geo. Matthews,    | Miss Matthews,       |
| Miss Grace Manning,   | Miss Purdy,          |
| Mr. A. C. Ritchie,    | Mr. Harry Dunn,      |
| Mr. Ralph Markham,    | Miss Markham,        |

Miss Kathleen Furlong and Mr. Gerald Furlong arrived home this week from New York where they have been pursuing their studies, the former in vocal music and the latter at Harvard university.

Mrs. Harry de Forest and children left this week for Hampton to spend the summer months. Mr. de Forest left on Thursday for a trip to England. Mrs. Roberts wife of C. G. D. Roberts of Fredericton and daughter are making a short visit to the city.

Miss Fenety of Fredericton who has been on a lengthy visit to the States has returned home.

Mr. Stanley McInnis and bride formerly Miss Clara Beckwith of Baltimore, are spending part of their honeymoon in this city, after visiting Fredericton the Doctor's native city and points in Nova Scotia they will journey to Brandon, Man., where Dr. McInnis has established a large practice in his profession.

Miss Marie Kelly sister of W. E. Kelly of the Wisconsin Normal school is visiting Mrs. C. B. Lockhart at Fairmont, West end.

Mr. Walter McLaughlin of Minneapolis is home on a visit to his father, Mr. D. J. McLaughlin of this city. Mrs. G. W. Babbitt is also here on a visit to her parents and to meet her brother.

Mrs. Fraser of St. Stephen and Miss Howard eldest daughter of the late W. H. Howland of Toronto are spending the summer with Lady Tilley at Rothsay.

During her stay in the city Mrs. J. E. Barney was a guest of Mrs. P. B. McNut, Queen square. Mr. McNut spent part of this week in Woodstock and Fredericton.

Senator King was in the city the first of the week. Mrs. J. Alfred Clark left Tuesday for Canoe, N. S., to visit her son Mr. Hunter Clark.

Rev. Mr. Armitage who was here to attend the closing of the Rothsay school has returned to Halifax, N. S.

Mrs. E. R. Atherton and infant daughter of Sandon B. C., arrived this week on a visit to her brother Mr. Joseph Irvine of the North end.

Mr. Joseph Allison who has been quite ill is slowly improving.

The closing exercises of the Rothsay schools, held at the boys school took place on Monday of this week, and were very interesting to the large number of visitors who attended from the city and elsewhere. The exercises were held in the tennis court at College hill; a covered platform prettily draped with flags being erected for the speakers of the occasion and others who took part. At one side were ranged the young ladies from Kingshurst, and a very pleasant sight they were to look upon; their fresh pretty coloring bright eyes, and general air of perfect health, together with a modesty and unaffectedness of manner, making the very best advertisement any boarding school could have. The boys too looked brown and strong, their appearance showing that in the pursuit of knowledge the students physical well being has not been neglected. After the distribution of prizes, refreshments were served to the visitors and a pleasant hour spent until the departure of the evening train which conveyed the visitors back to the city.

Among those who attended the exercises were: Rev. W. J. Armitage, Rev. R. P. McKim, Rev. W. O. Raymond, Rev. A. D. Dewdney, Rev. Jos. Smith, Chancellor Harrison of U. N. B., Messrs. A. H. Hanington, Geo. E. Fairweather, E. B. Emerson, H. A. Drury, W. E. Vroom, John Mitchell, S. S. Hall, David Magee, W. H. B. Sadler, A. C. Fairweather, Charles Taylor, Mrs. G. E. King, Mrs. A. Markham, Mrs. Puddington, Mrs. Puddington, Mrs. C. F. Harrison, Miss Alice Tuck, Mrs. Winters, Mrs. A. E. Ellis, Mrs. W. E. Vroom, the Misses Gilbert, Mrs. R. W. W. Frink, Mrs. Edward Sears, Mrs. George Murray, Mrs. John Mitchell, Mrs. Murray MacLaren, Mrs. H. C. Tilley, Mrs. John McAvity, Mrs. Alfred Foster, Mrs. H. A. Drury, Mrs. Vroom, Miss L. Brock, Miss McMillan, Mrs. William Vassie, the Misses Vassie, Miss May Brock, Miss Jessie Fraser, Mrs. Allan Daniel, Mrs. B. G. Taylor, Miss Ring, Miss Murphy, Mrs. Charles Taylor, Mrs. S. A. M. Skinner and others.

A very successful entertainment was given in the Waterloo street baptist church Tuesday evening, under the auspices of the Y. P. S. C. E. The following programme was excellently rendered, all whose names appeared thereon acquitting themselves creditably. At the close light refreshments were served. Vocal solo, Miss Thomas; reading, Miss Floyd; instrumental duet, Miss McAfee and Mr. Maxwell; gramophone selections, Mr. Richardson; solo, Mr. Nobles; reading, Mr. Barry Allen; reading, Mr. Simond.

A quiet wedding was solemnized in St. David's church Monday afternoon, when Miss Mary Russell Seaton, daughter of John S. Seaton, was united in wedlock to Oswald Mowatt, son of Rev. A. J. Mowatt of Montreal. The guests included only family relatives. They were ushered by Francis Burpee, S. Corbett, Charles Balle and J. McGowan. The bride wore a most becoming travelling dress of black broadcloth, with black feather trimming and black hat with hat to match, and carried a large bouquet of white roses. She was attended by her sister, Miss Margaret Nicholson Seaton, and her cousin, Miss Edith Doherty who both wore blue organdy and white lighthouse hats and carried bouquets of pink carnations. The groom was attended by J. Leslie Todford of Montreal. As the bridal party entered the church the choir sang, "The Voice that Breathed O'er Eden." The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Bruce, assisted by Rev. W. W. Rainnie. After the ceremony the young couple drove to the depot and took the Pacific express for Montreal. They received many beautiful presents, including a hand some silver fern bowl from the choir of Calvin church.

Mrs. Max Askins and child leave in a few days for Mrs. Askin's home in Russia.

Mrs. Parker, Miss Parker, and Miss Steeves of London, England, are spending a little while in the city.

Mr. James Barnes of Rochester N. S. spent a few days in the city this week.

Mayor Sears went to Halifax this week to attend that city's natal day celebration.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Y. Smith and Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Hewson of Moncton were in the city for a day or two this week.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized at the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception at 10 o'clock Tuesday morning, Rev. Father McMurray officiating. The contracting parties were Miss Sarah Cohen and Mr. John Keeffe. The bride was attired in an attractive suit of blue and was attended by her sister Miss Mary Cohen, while the groom was supported by his cousin, Mr. Fred McDonald. The bride received many beautiful and costly presents, showing the esteem in which she is held by a large circle of friends. After the ceremony the happy couple repaired to their future residence, 149 Erin Street.

Mrs. C. A. Stockton went to Shediac this week for a short visit to Mrs. (Dr.) Webster.

Mr. H. Wright of the bank of Montreal left the first of the week on his summer holidays. He goes to New York and Boston by way of Halifax.

Invitations are out for the marriage on June 29, of Miss Louise Tilley Hanington and Dr. Horace C. Wetmore of this city.

Mr. W. Armstrong of Ottawa, is visiting his father Mr. James Armstrong of Carleton.

Rev. Dean Partridge spent a little while in the city this week.

The pleasant announcement comes of the engagement of Mr. E. G. Murray, barrister, and Miss Florence Hunsicker of Montreal.

Mrs. D. A. Morrison and Miss Sadie Edmonds, who were on the wrecked Arabela, left St. John's Nfld., a few days ago for Liverpool, on the Siberian.

Miss Ella McDuffee, a teacher in a Buffalo, N. Y. school, arrived home this week for her summer holidays.

Leinster street church was the scene of a pretty wedding at noon Wednesday when Miss Edna Eulis daughter of Mr. John W. Sullis was united in marriage with Mr. Frank Dole of Burlington, Vt. Rev. J. A. Gordon performed the marriage ceremony in the presence of many friends. The church was prettily decorated for the occasion with cut flowers and potted plants. The bride was attired in a handsome green cloth gown and was attended by Miss Annie Murray who was groomed in a most becoming heliotrope gown. Mr. Pendleton supported the groom. The ceremony was followed by a reception at the residence of the bride's father, and later Mr. and Mrs. Dole left on the C. P. R. for the United States.

Hon. B. Rogers who spent Sunday in the city as the guest of Mr. H. A. Drury returned to P. E. Island on Wednesday.

The marriage took place at the Cathedral on Wednesday morning of Miss Katie F. O'Keefe and Mr. James McSherry of Boston. Rev. Father McMurray performing the marriage ceremony. The bride looked charming in a light blue gown, with white hat and trimmings to match, carrying a beautiful bouquet of white roses, carnations and maiden hair ferns. Miss Clara Delaney, her cousin, was bridesmaid, and wore a dress of burnt orange, with blue trimmings, and carried a bouquet of pink roses and carnations. The groom was supported by his brother, J. J. McSherry. After the ceremony the guests repaired to the home of the bride where a wedding breakfast was served. Mr. and Mrs. McSherry left by the American boat for their future home in Boston, the bride wearing a travelling suit, of blue. The presents were numerous and handsome.

Mr. R. G. Lee of Yarmouth spent a few days in the city this week.

Chancellor Harrison of the University of New Brunswick was in the city this week to attend the closing of the Rothsay Church Schools.

Mr. H. A. Powell M. P. of Sackville spent a few days here during the week.

Dr. J. R. McIntosh went to the capital Saturday to spend a day or two with his wife and son who have been for some time guests of Mrs. H. H. Pitta. Miss Barbour is in Fredericton a guest in the family of Judge Wilson.

Miss Campbell of St. John is in the Celestial with her friend Miss Cathels.

Miss Morrow has returned from a stay of several months in Fredericton.

Mrs. A. V. Branscombe is paying a visit to her mother Mrs. S. Owen at the capital.

Miss Jennie Beardsley matron of the Old Ladies Home has been spending a week or two in Woodstock.

Mr. Fred Bailey and Miss Annie Bailey spent a brief holiday in Woodstock lately.

The twenty second annual public recital of the St. John conservatory took place on Wednesday evening at the Mechanics institute, when the summer holidays of the institution was inaugurated. The programme was an excellent one. Miss McGaffigan's piano selections being especially enjoyable. Miss M. L. Harding, teacher of elocution gave some very pleasing readings, mostly from Dickens, and her work received the recognition it merited. Miss Jeeves gave some vocal selections during the evening that were greatly appreciated. The following programme was well rendered. Piano duet, March, Julia Doherty and Alice Mahoney; exercise by class of twenty in musical kindergarten; piano duet, March, Jennie Lowrey and Jennie Bell; piano solo, Flower Song, Kate McPherson; reading, A Fish Story, Allan A. McIntyre, piano solo, Glockenspiel, Millie Isaacs; reading, Parental Discipline, Birdie Tuffs; piano quartette, Geburstag

Masters Thorne and McIntyre, Misses Barry and Robertson; reading My Lady's Leap, Lillian McMan; piano solo, Invitation a la Valse, Jessie Wilson; vocal solo, selected, Miss Jeeves; piano trio, from Barber of Seville (arranged for eight hands), Misses Wilson, McGaffigan, Cole and Mr. Farmer; piano solo, Caprice, Edwin Farmer; reading, George Price; piano solo, Rhapsodie Hongroise Minnie McGaffigan; vocal solo, Goodbye, Miss Jeeves; reading, Elocution; Miss L. Harding; teacher of elocution; G minor concerto for piano, Minnie McGaffigan, orchestral part supplied on second piano, Ella McGaffigan, aesthetic drill by class in elocution, Misses Fowler, Honeywell, Seccord, Anderson, Rutherford, Harding, Gregory, McMann

The Misses Jessie McAvrin and Edna McGowan of this city and Miss Blanche Coleman of Ormoco arrived home from St. Joseph's college Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. McIntyre and child of Halifax are guests of St. John relatives this week.

Mrs. Jas. I. Fellows and daughter are expected in Fredericton next week from London. They sailed on the Gallia on Saturday last.

Mr. David Hudson returned last Saturday from a trip to Toronto and other upper province cities.

Mrs. Geo. A. Taylor and family are visiting Mrs. J. Fred Seely at Rothsay on their way from Woodstock to Halifax. After spending a couple of months in Halifax, Mrs. Taylor will start with her children for Victoria, B. C., where Mr. Taylor has already located.

Mrs. Duval Whelpley has returned to Greenwich after a pleasant visit with friends here. Mrs. Wm. McLeod who also was here a great of friends has returned to Greenwich.

Miss Florence Brown is a guest this week of Mrs. W. A. Metzler, Moncton.

Miss Minnie McCann is paying a visit to Moncton friends.

Mrs. J. A. Thatcher, Miss Thatcher and Master Raymond Thatcher of Pueblo, Colorado, arrived this week and will spend several weeks in the city.

Mrs. A. L. Goodwin accompanied a party of American friends to Fredericton this week among whom were Mrs. W. B. Bunker, and Mrs. D. E. Butterworth of Somerville, Mass.

Miss Mary Rainsford of Grand Falls and Miss Harriet Rainsford of Fredericton spent last week with city friends.

Mrs. A. B. Street of Perth, N. B., paid a visit to city friends last week.

Mr. A. F. Veber of Montreal, and his bride, were in the city for a few days this week.

Mrs. H. J. Olive of Carleton entertained Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Waldman and family during the week.

Mr. E. E. Backhurst and Master Backhurst of Providence are spending a little while in St. John.

Mrs. James Mowatt of Chatham was among recent visitors to the city.

Mr. Scott Morrell left the beginning of the week on a visit to Boston.

A large number of the friends of Miss Minnie McGaffigan assembled at the Conservatory of music Tuesday evening to hear her graduating recital on the pianoforte. The recital included selections from Schubert, Liszt, Schumann, Mendelssohn, and though the list was a severe one she acquitted herself with honor and was warmly congratulated on her success. During the evening Miss McGaffigan was presented with a handsome bouquet. A pleasing feature of the programme was G. Frank's Eblebe by Miss DeDury and Miss McGaffigan on violin and piano. The closing number was Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor, in which the orchestral parts were supplied by Miss E. L. McGaffigan, the sister of the principal, on a second piano.

Judge Barker and a party of friends left for the Metapedia on a fishing trip.

Miss Harriet Olive of the West End is visiting friends in Charlottetown P. E. I.

RIOHIBUTO.

JUNE 22.—Rev. Mr. Peck of Sackville occupied the pulpit of the Methodist church on Sunday evening last.

Mrs. Robert Phinney is visiting her former home in Chatham.

Mr. John Ferguson was in town last Thursday returning to his home in Newcastle on Friday.

Mr. Wm. O'Leary has returned from Boston and will spend his vacation here.

Messrs. J. Rusk and R. McLeod of St. John were in town last Friday.

Mrs. Geo. W. Mersereau of Doaktown is in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Robertson.

Rev. I. Johnstone of Newcastle who has been the guest of Mrs. J. H. Wright of the South side of the river for the past week or more, was calling on his old friends in town on Wednesday last.

Mr. C. J. Sayre was in St. John last week.

Mrs. Fred Ferguson is visiting in Dorchester for the past week.

Congratulations are being extended to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. D. Carter on the advent of a little daughter being added to their home on Sunday morning.

ATHOLIA.

Hot, Tired, Thirsty, Cross?

Try Stowers' Lime Juice

Cooling— invigorating— healthful, absolutely pure. "No musty flavor." Grocers sell it.

Life is Sweet!



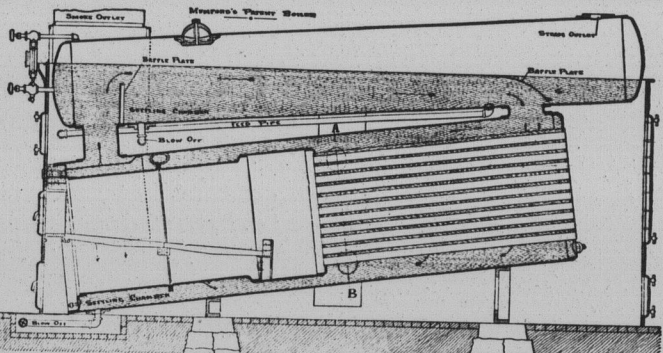
A life of unalloyed sweetness cannot be had without cleanliness—Nothing is more essential to happiness than the Bath and the Laundry, WELCOME SOAP—it is hardly necessary to add, is the cleansing agent that sweetens family life.

Insist Upon Your Grocer Giving You The Famous Welcome Soap.

Economy

"Save and economize"—dye that faded out skirt, or silk waist, or satin wrap or cotton or woolen garment and save the cost of buying new. But be careful of the quality of the Dye you use. Powder Dyes streak. Maypole Soap yields a fast, brilliant, even color always.

Maypole Soap Dyes. Druggists and grocers sell it—10 cents a cake (15 cents for black). All colors. They can easily get it for you if they don't happen to have it on hand.



Mumford's Improved Boiler

Is internally fired and the hot gases pass through the tubes and return around the shell, making every foot of the boiler effective heating surface. The water circulates rapidly from front to back of boiler, up the back connection to drum and down the front connection to a point below the fire. Sediment in feed water will be deposited at front end of drum or below furnace and all parts of boiler are accessible for cleaning purposes.

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What Do You Think of it?

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FOR ADDITIONAL CITY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES



The Journey of Womanhood.

When a young girl develops the first evidences of womanhood, it is as if she were starting alone upon a strange journey beset with rough and dangerous places. A wise and loving mother will not allow any false delicacy to prevent her from giving her daughter the plainest information and advice at this critical stage of her existence.

RALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Halifax by the newsboys and at the following news stands and offices. C. S. DEPARTMENTS, Brunswick street. MONROE & CO., Barrington street. CLIFFORD MARTIN, 111 Hollis street. CANADA NEWS CO., Railway Depot. J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth N. S. Queen Bookstore, 109 Hollis St. Mrs. MacKeen gave a very pleasant reception to the teachers and resident pupils of the Ladies college last week at "Maplewood". Amid the stress and strain of examinations and closing exercises this formed a most pleasing recreation. The weather was fine and all enjoyed themselves very much.

The opera, "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief," is to be put on by the Opéra Club in September or October. The cast has not yet been given out, but will be understood, included Mrs. Kearney and Messrs. Boak and Wikel.

General Montgomery-Moore, who has just returned from the command of the forces in Canada, has presented the province of Nova Scotia with a Louisbourg cannon ball mounted on a marble stand, and a picture of the death of his relative, General Montgomery at Quebec. Attorney-General Lonsley received a letter from General Moore this morning, informing him of the intended gift. The picture and ball have arrived and been placed in a prominent position in the province building.

William Perout of Baltimore, arrived in the city Saturday evening via of Yarmouth.

George E. Francklyn, of S. Cunard & Co., arrived home from East last Saturday night. B. F. Beattie, who took the final prize for highest aggregate in fourth year, at the recent closing exercises at McGill university, belongs to Economy, Colchester county, and not Montreal, as stated by Montreal papers.

Miss Emma McConnell and Miss Tenn McIntosh, of Meadowville, Pictou county, who have been in Lowell, Mass., for nearly two years, arrived by the S. S. Halifax last night, on a visit to their friends here and in Pictou county.

The concert which was to be held in S. Patrick's hall June 17th was postponed until Wednesday, 22nd. The opening was a gypsy chorus and dance, followed by songs and recitations, but the feature of the evening was a catchy little comedy, "Wanted, a Wife." A matinee will be given next Saturday afternoon. Music is furnished by the Buchanan-Keatinge orchestra. The proceeds are for a charitable purpose.

AMHERST.

[Progress is for sale at Amherst by W. P. Smith & Co.]

JUNE 22—A charming entertainment came off in the Parish house on Wednesday 15th, devised and carried out most successfully by the young ladies of Christ church congregation, who well deserve the thanks of a large audience for a pleasant evening; there were about ten tableaux vivants produced, and during the waits several pieces of instrumental music were rendered by Mr. Charles Hillcock, piano, and Mr. Grant Chapman cornet. A table of fancy articles the product of nimble fingers met with a ready sale. Home made candies and ice creams were liberally patronized and altogether a neat success was realized to swell the parish house cash-box.

Miss Caro, the little daughter of C. E. Katchford left on Monday to spend a few weeks with her aunt Mrs. W. B. McNutt in Cornwallis, who has taken a cottage there for the summer.

A pretty and cosy cottage on Church street is ready for the reception of the bride soon to arrive.

Senator Dickie sailed on Saturday last for England from Montreal to be present at the marriage of his eldest grandson, Mr. Edward Miller, which happy event comes off in July to Miss Atwater.

The death of Mrs. Forsyth wife of Mr. George Forsyth occurred on Monday the 13th inst., at her home 41 Inglis St. Halifax, after months of suffering aged 64 years. Her cousin Mr. G. Botsford Smith, of this town went to the city to attend the funeral which took place on Thursday. Mrs. Forsyth was a native of Amherst being the second daughter of the late William DeWolf formerly a merchant of this town but lately of Wolfville.

The numerous friends of Miss Maggie Harding are welcoming her back to Nova Scotia after a year spent in England and the Continent.

Miss Laura Johnstone who was a patient in the Aberdeen hospital, New Glasgow, for many months but is now rapidly improving, spent a week in town the guest of Mrs. A. Dickey Victoria street.

Miss Isabel Main is at home again from a few weeks stay in Montreal.

Mrs. Fred W. B. who with her husband formerly resided here, but now of Cincinnati, is in town a guest of her daughter Mrs. Fred Christie, Albion street.

Mrs. McManus of Wolfville returned home on Saturday after a two weeks visit in town a guest of her son and Mrs. H. V. Hillcock, Cecil avenue.

Miss Bradley daughter of Dr. Bradley of Moncton has been a guest at the Terrace for several weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Parker of Montreal were in town last week the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dunlop, Victoria street.

Miss Bogue daughter of Rev. W. B. Bogue missionary in India was in town for a week a guest of Mrs. N. Curry, Sevea Gables, Havelock street.

Mr. Ed Hill of New York spent a week in town with his aunt Mrs. N. Curry.

Mrs. H. G. Ketchum who spent the winter at her home in Fredericton has returned to her picturesque cottage at Tidnish for the summer.

Miss McCreedy left on Monday to spend the summer with her sister Mrs. Thomas.

Mrs. Wetmore of St. John has been visiting at the rectory, Havelock street.

Miss Wetmore of Moncton was a guest of Mrs. N. Rhodes, Sycamore Lane, Havelock street last week.

Mrs. James A. Dickey and Mrs. J. Medley, Townshend, went to Windsor on Monday last to be present at the closing of Edgell, returning on Wednesday with their daughters the Misses Mary and Grace Dickey, and Esie Townshend, also Grace and Fannie Pipes and Mabel Fugeler, all pupils of that popular institution, Miss Fugeler returns no more, having finished.

Young girls suffer a vast amount of unnecessary pain and misery for lack of frank and confidential instruction about their own physical selves.

The special weaknesses and diseases incident to woman's organic development are completely and permanently remedied by the "Favorite Prescription" prepared by Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y.

More than 90,000 cases of obstinate female difficulties have been absolutely cured by this wonderful "Prescription." It heals, strengthens and completely rejuvenates the tissues and nerve-centers of the feminine organism. It is the only medicine devised for this special purpose by a regularly graduated experienced physician. It is the one authorized preparation which may be positively relied upon to cure.

Mothers and daughters may consult Dr. Pierce by letter without charge and in the most absolute confidence. Their letters will be answered not by any mere nurse, but by an educated skilled physician. Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser will be sent free if 31 one-cent stamps are inclosed to defray the cost of customs and mailing only.

Miss Edith Cain, of Clinton, Allegheny Co., Pa., writes: "I take pleasure in expressing my faith in your Favorite Prescription. For two years of suffering I began taking Dr. Pierce's medicine and now I am entirely cured. I had been troubled with female weakness for some time and also with a troublesome drain on the system, but now I am happy and well. I will cheerfully recommend Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription to all invalid ladies."

Dr. McKean of New York, but lately from Paris, was in town last week a guest of his friend Mr. John Curry.

Mrs. James J. Kerr, a native and lone a resident of this town, but at present residing at the Knoll, has been a guest for the past ten days of Mrs. A. Kobb, Victoria street.

Miss Prescott of Bale Verte, was a guest on Sunday of Rev. V. E. Harris and Mrs. Harris at the Rectory.

Mr. Logan M. P., Mrs. Logan and child are home from Ottawa.

Mrs. Ambrose entertained a party of children on Thursday last at her home Laplace street, in honor of the birthday of one of her little daughters.

Monday last being the 61st anniversary of Her Majesty's accession to the throne, the national anthem was heartily rendered in Christ church after evening services on Sunday last in honor of this important epoch in her life.

Mrs. Campbell of Ottawa, who has been a guest at the Dock, Fort Lawrence of Mr. and Miss Handford for some weeks, and Mrs. Wetmore of St. John, a guest at the Rectory, most kindly assisted the choir in Christ church on Sunday evening last.

Mr. T. D. Inglis Moffat of the Dead Letter Department Ottawa, has lately received promotion in the Civil Service and will in future reside in Halifax. Mr. Moffat has many friends in town who heartily congratulate him in his well earned advancement. He will spend Sunday in town the guest of Mr. Barry D. Bent, Eddy street.

Miss E. Page of Port Greenville is visiting her large circle of relatives in town.

Mrs. A. B. Dickey and the little Misses Mary and Dalisie Dickie and Miss M. Farley went to Wallace on Monday to spend two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Kiderkin and infant of Port Greenville spent a few days in town this week, guests of Mrs. E. Pag. Eddy street.

After a years travel in Europe Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses Hewson have returned to their home in Oxford. They spent Easter in Rome.

Rev. V. E. Harris is in Halifax this week attending a meeting of Diocesan synod.

Miss Lizzie, daughter of Mr. William Galtley of this town has recently received the black veil of full profession at the Franciscan Convent at Glen Riddle, Penn., U. S. In religion she is known as Sister Mary Otto.

PARRSBO.

[Progress is for sale at Parrsboro Book Store.]

JUNE 22—A party of American students who have just left here have been staying at the Grand Central. On the evening prior to Mr. F. H. Wedderburn's departure for North Sydney at a little supper given in his honor by the boys he was presented with a valuable monogram gold locket as a token of their esteem and good fellowship.

Dr. and Mrs. Dearborne, Boston have again returned to Partridge Island to enjoy the beautiful scenery and health giving breezes of Minas Basin for the summer.

Messrs. Ambray, George and Harold Upham lately spent several days fishing at Halfway River greatly enjoying the camping out.

Mrs. Allway, Springfield and Mrs. Calkin, Sackville, spent a day or two last week guests of Mr. Aikman.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cook are visiting friends at Wolfville.

Mrs. F. A. Reed and Master Fred left on Thursday for Bear River for a few weeks stay.

Mrs. Sutton Henderson is visiting her sister Mrs. C. R. Smith, Amherst.

Rev. Robert and Mrs. Johnston went to lay to Halifax to attend the meeting of the synod.

A meeting of parishioners was held last evening to discuss ways and means for the purchase of a pipe organ for St. George's church.

Pleasant anticipations indulged in by the Victoria cycling club of a run this evening with further enjoyment at the home of Miss Mand Corbett will scarcely be realized this evening owing to inclemency of the weather.

Miss Johnson and Miss' Cove, Springhill, are guests of the Misses Hatfield.

Rev. Roland Jost spent last Sunday in town taking Rev. Mr. Sharp's duties in his absence.

TRURO.

[Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fulford, Messrs. D. H. Smith & Co., and at Crowe Bros.]

JUNE 22—Mrs. Ellis, wife of A. E. Ellis, manager of the bank of B. N. A., Montreal, is in town visiting her aunt Lady Archibald, at the Cottage.

Master Davis Muir arrived home yesterday from his school at Rothesay, N. B.

TO CURE A GOLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Mr. Davidson and Mrs. (Dr.) Allen, Amherst, are guests of Senator and Mrs. McKay at "Elmhurst."

Mr. H. Sturdee and his bride, who are en route home to St. John from the Western counties, are spending a few days in town guests at the "Leamont."

Mrs. Foster who has been visiting Mrs. Geo. Donkin, left on Monday last for Cape Breton, to visit her daughter Mrs. Hill, in Sydney.

Mrs. Clyde Davidson, who has been visiting some friends at the "Cody," accompanies Mr. Davidson to Cape Breton this week.

An adaptation of those two great plays "The Man-O-War-Man" and "British Born" was given to a delighted audience last Saturday afternoon by some juvenile exponents of the drama, in Mrs. Geo. Donkin's charming new barn kindly loaned for the occasion. Master Jack Leamont was the star actor supported by Master George McClafferty Arthur, Richardson and one or two others.

The cheap admission two cents to all parts of the house had attracted a large audience, the fair sex being very much in evidence. The audience was sympathetic throughout evincing their appreciation most vociferously and very frequently. The handsome sum of one dollar was realized which as the expenses are small will be largely devoted to stage decorations for the next production by these popular artists.

Quite an elaborate tea provided by the courtesy of Mr. Swainson at cricket last Saturday was dispensed in the club house, Mrs. O. C. Cummings presiding. The visitors from H. M. S. "Renown" Halifax were victorious. After the match the visitors were entertained at dinner by Mr. Swainson at the Prince of Wales.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book stores of G. S. Wall, F. W. Ackerson and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at O. P. Treas']

JUNE 22—The graduating exercises of the Calais High School were held in the congregational church Friday afternoon. The large church was filled with the friends and parents of the graduates, and it is universally announced to be the most interesting and successful graduation he'd for a number of years.

The programme was as follows:— Music. Prayer. Music. Salutatory.....Jane Warple McKellar Schoolmates of Yesterday and Today,.....Louise Victoria Murchie, Has Maine a right to her Motto "Dirigo".....Edward G. Hartford, Noble Deeds of Noble Women.....Elizabeth Ellen McCue, The St. Croix.....Sarah Alice Livingstone, Music.

Origin and Development of Music.....Seth Wheaton Mason, Minor Virtues.....Charlotte Lincoln Brooks, The Duty of Education to the Progress of Our Country.....Edna May Clark, The Rubens of Maguirewick.....Grace Loring Conroy, "No Steps Backward".....Harriet Eleanor Stickney, Music.

Troy's Immortal Story.....Winifred Vose, Decisive Battles in the World's History.....Archie Halliday, Modern Idolatry.....Louie McAllister Hughes, Class Prophecy.....Clara Emma Campbell, Night Brings Forth the Stars.....Sadie Maynard Hastings, Music.

A Trip to Olympus.....Helen Norwood Rounds, The Triumphal March of Civilization.....Marshall McKusick, Dances.....Beatrice Maria Todd, Tiger Lily's Race.....Mary Emma Harris, "Know Thyself".....Valdeciotto.....Louise Finesco

After the reading of the essays, Dr. C. E. Swan, the Mayor, addressed the graduates in his usual, cheery instructive way, and most highly complimented both the graduates and Mr. Verne Whitman the principal of the High School. Mr. Whitman then presented Mayor Swan, with a gracefully shaped basket, adorned with a huge yellow ribbon now in which were the diplomas. The Mayor presented the diplomas, to each graduate, adding a few brief, but hearty words of advice and encouragement. Mrs. Swan presided at the organ, and added much to the program with her artistic playing. The motto chosen by class '98 is "Nulla Vestigia Petrorum," and the class colour is yellow.

In the evening, a reception and ball was given in the St. Croix Hall, which was a most delightful affair and the memory of it all will long linger with the young men and women of the Calais High School of Class '98.

Mrs. Joseph Meredith very pleasantly entertained a party of friends at her pretty home on Thursday evening for the pleasure of Mrs. Frank Black of Brookline New York, who is spending the summer with her sister Mrs. Howard Black.

During her stay in town Mrs. J. K. Darney was the guest of Mrs. Howard B. McAllister.

A most happy affair was the farewell reception given last evening in the baptist vestry to Rev. W. C. Goucher pastor of the baptist church, who he left to-day for London, England, where he will attend the meetings of the World's Sunday School convention, and also travel for the benefit of his failing health. The reception was given by the Men's Aid society with the assistance of the ladies of the congregation. The following programme was given:

Piano duet.....Misses Bulnah and Ida Maxwell, Solo.....Miss Hallyday, Reading.....Miss Mabel Smith, Solo, (with guitar accompaniment).....Mr. Verne Whitman, Solo.....Miss McKusick, Fife solo.....Mr. Lewis Dexter, Reading.....Mrs. H. B. Mason, Reading.....Miss Marie's Harris Trio.....Mrs. Mason, Miss McKusick, Mr. Whitman

After the programme Dr. Edgar M. Robinson read an address to Rev. Mr. Goucher, and presented him with a purse containing three hundred dollars as a token of appreciation from the congregation. Refreshments were served, and after wishing Mr. Goucher bon voyage, and a speedy return to his usual health, God Save the Queen was sung, and a most pleasant evening came to an end.

Society in Calais was largely represented today, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Nichols, when at high noon their eldest daughter, Miss Martha Gilbert Nichols, was united in marriage to Mr. Robert Benne, by Rev. Dr. Padfield of the baptist church. The house was adorned with flowers for the occasion, and the reception room where the ceremony was performed, the floral decorations were unusually beautiful in the arrangement.

The bride, who is very fair and petite, looked most lovely in a gown of rich white silk, she wore a veil of tulle and carried a bouquet of brides roses. She was attended by her cousin Miss Alice Chesley and her sister Miss Grace Nichols, who were gowned in white. The groom was assisted by his brother Mr. Will Benne. After the ceremony there was a reception which lasted from two until four o'clock.

at which refreshments were served. At five o'clock the bride changed her bridal robes for a stylish travelling gown, and the happy young pair accompanied by a large number of friends drove to the home of the bride, but whether they have gone is known only to themselves, remaining a profound secret till they reach their journey's end. The wedding gifts are very elegant and numerous. The groom presented his bride with a beautiful opal and diamond brooch, and the parents of both presented them with the furnishings of their home, and the groom's mother added a beautiful case of sterling silver, containing everything necessary for the table. On the return of Mr. and Mrs. Benne, they will receive their friends at their new home on North street.

Mrs. Archibald MacNichol has returned to Calais after several months spent with her children first in Foston with her daughter Mrs. Albert Forbes Conant and afterwards with her son Dr. George F. MacNichol who resides in the Western States.

Mr. Charles E. Hayden returned from Boston today.

Miss Jessie Main of Brandon Manitoba, is visiting her aunt Mrs. Mary S. Main.

Mrs. Henrietta Blair who has been absent since last autumn visiting in Ottawa, New York and Boston, returns home tomorrow and will be most cordially greeted by her friends.

Mrs. Matilda Marks widow of the late Colonel Nebemah Marks is seriously ill. She is one of our most elderly ladies, having reached the advanced age of eighty years.

Dr. Vernon Clarke made a brief visit in town this week and was the guest of Mayor Clarke.

Misses Margaret and Esther Black arrived last evening from Windsor N. S. where they have spent the past two years as pupils at the Edgell school. They were accompanied by Miss Beatrice Grimmer of St. Andrews, who left this morning for her home in that town.

Mrs. Arthur S. Burdette of the City of Mexico, who is now with her daughter visiting relatives in Ginton Mass., is expected here at an early date and will visit her mother, Mrs. Cella M. Brown.

Mr. Gilbert S. Wall leaves on Friday for England as a delegate to the world's Sunday school convention from the methodist church here, which takes place in London next month.

Mr. Sedge Webber left this morning for Charlotteown P. E. I. to attend the methodist conference held there this week.

Mrs. Albert Lefin and Miss Mamie Short visited St. Andrews on Saturday.

Mrs. Nicholas Hannah is visiting St. Andrews to attend last Monday the party given by Judge and Mrs. Cockburn to celeb at the tenth anniversary of their wedding day.

Mrs. Babbitt went to St. John on Monday to visit her parents Mr. and Mrs. D. J. McLaughlin.

Miss Paulbrick of Waterville spent a few days in Calais this week enroute to St. Andrews where she spends the summer months.

Miss Winifred C. Todd who has been a pupil at Abbot Academy, Andover Mass., for the past two years is expected home tomorrow for the summer holidays.

Mrs. Henry Todd and Mrs. Frederick Pike MacNichol have returned from a pleasant visit in St. John and Fredericton.

Miss Elizabeth Eaton has returned from an extended visit in New York and Providence.

Miss Alice Chesley of New Haven, Conn., arrived on Saturday and is the guest of Mrs. W. H. Nichols. Mr. Percy Gilmore is in Montreal on a business trip.

Mrs. Fraser and Miss Alice Howland, left last Monday for Rothesay, where they will be the guests of Lady Tilley.

Mr. C. M. Gove of St. Andrews is spending a few days with his daughter, Mrs. Hagen Grimmer. Miss Fannie Todd has gone to Montreal to visit Mrs. William Hall.

Mrs. Frank Gove is expected to arrive from China in San Francisco, California, the last of this week, and will come to St. Andrews and spend the summer with her husband's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Gove.

Earl M. Robinson will visit London, England, to be present at the meetings of the World's Sunday School Convention.

Mr. Arthur Chipman went to Fredericton on Monday to take examinations preparatory to entering a military school.

Miss Edith Hilliard of Fredericton and Miss Nellie Stuart of St. Andrews are the guests of Mrs. and Miss Waterbury this week.

"What's the use o' meelin' gain' Every Sabbath, wet or dry, Et it's right to go a-snowin' For men like oats and rye?"

I dunno! but wat it's pooty Trainin' r'nd in bobtail coats, But it's curus Christian dooty, 'Tis 'ere cuttin' folk's throats."

NATIONAL . . . DRESS CUTTING ACADEMY Metric System Taught. 88 St. Denis St., Montreal.

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THE HORSE CAN'T TATTLE'S ELIXIR

to his poor lame joints and cords. This Elixir loosens lameness, when applied, by remaining moist on the part affected; the rest dries out. \$1.00 BOTTLE. WARD 17 FORT GREENE of Calais of all kinds, Collie, Curd, Splines, Contracted and Knotted Cords, and Sheep's Hoofs. Used and endorsed by Adams Express Co.

\$5,000 Reward to the person who can prove one of these testimonials bogus. Dr. S. A. Tuttle, St. John, N. B., Oct. 8th, 1897.

Dear Sir:—I have much pleasure in recommending your Horse Elixir to all interested in horses. I have used it for several years and have found it to be all it is represented. I have used it on my running horses and also on my trotting Stallion "Special Blood" with the desired effect. It is undoubtedly a first-class article.

I remain yours respectfully, E. LE ROI WILKES, Prop. Hotel DuRoi.

PUDDINGTON & MERRITT, 55 Charlotte Street Agents For Canada.

IN STOCK,

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The Parisian THAT PALE FACE

may be a sign that your blood is poor in quality, and deficient in quantity.

Puttner's Emulsion produces pure, rich blood and restores vigor and strength and bloom to the cheek.

Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best.

CROCKETT'S.... CATARRH CUR

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Retail dealer in..... CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.

Progress is for sale in W. T. H. Fosty

JUNE 22—Our club presented a gay and elegant night on the first about seventy couples furnished by the Hotel DuRoi.

Ice and cake were evening. This delightful affair was held at midnight.

Mrs. J. I. Follow is expected to arrive takes apartments at Mrs. Andrew F. the "City Hall" Old Mrs. J. A. Vawne last Thursday friends enjoyed an and many on their Room was made who them and was much

Several little ladies have come to stay. of Major and Mrs. Another at "Garden" Fowls.

Little Miss Quigley of Kansas, also arrived at the in Sharkey. M. a girl weeks in the Miss Maude Ford, Minister of Miss guest of Mrs. F. P. Mr. Harold L. Bo friend, Mr. Bert Wil

After a visit of the Longwood and New ed home and is in the Fraser at "Farrallin" Dr. J. R. McIntosh the city, with his wife some time the guests Among the visitors Mrs. W. B. Bunker Somerville, Mass., also accompanied the Mr. C. H. B. Fish

Mrs. J. R. Hubbert of Boston are in the city funeral of their moth Mr. Hubbard of B the city.

Miss Campbell of Miss Cathie.

The Messrs. Jones the guests of their st Miss Edith Hilary Stephen to visit her Mr. Wayland For York from which C. Mr. Porter expects a pleasuring excursion on the continent; his wish him bon voyage.

Miss Jennie Edw. and is the guest of her Miss Mary Purdie Boston Dental coll Miss Purdie has been having finished her sixty-eight.

Mrs. Brown of B. B. Mr. G. E. A. S. festival business. The pupils of Miss musicals at her home thirty being present with much credit to Mr. and Mrs. Broo week from Rumford ton's parents Judge a ton has returned but main several weeks.

Miss Jessie Griest last week and is the Lyman Cooper.

Mrs. J. D. Chalmers been a guest in the ch Harriet, daughter of Mr. have been spend other, post-offic to the Celest and Mrs. Robb ys in the city, gues Mr. Arthur Akerley ing been summoned of his mother, Mrs. remains for some Mrs. Morrow retu after a stay of seven Mr. and Mrs. Fran Boston for a ten days Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Mrs. Chas. Stainer ing Mrs. Sainier's m Scripps Millor and Monday from Montre Mrs. A. V. Bransc her mother Mrs. S. G. Miss Howard of M Shaw at Gibou.

Mr. N. A. Cliff has home in Florida and Mr. Frank Mills of tion here.

BUY Col THE BEST

Every pack The 5 lb Car is the neates market. Fo class grocers

FREDERICTON.

(Programme for sale in Fredericton by Messrs W. T. H. Fensy and J. H. Hawthorne.)
JUNE 21.—Our charming little B. & B. club house presented a gay scene on Friday evening "Ladies' night" when the first dance of the season was given about seventy couples participating. Music was furnished by the Italian orchestra with harp, piccolo and violin.

Ice and cake were served the guests during the evening. This delightful dance came to a close soon after midnight.

Mrs. J. I. Fellows is en route from England and is expected to arrive here on Saturday and has taken apartments at the Queen for a month.

Mrs. Andrew Paik and family are rusticated at the "Gipsy hut" Old Road for the summer.

Mrs. J. A. Vassar had the first picnic of the sea and last Thursday, when a large number of her friends enjoyed an outing, some riding in carriages, and many on their wheels. An easy ride to the Boon was made where an appetizing supper awaited them and was much enjoyed.

Several little ladies have arrived in the city and have come to stay. One is making happy the home of Major and Mrs. Hemming at "The Barracks." Another at "Garden Creek" to Mr. and Mrs. Percy Powys.

Little Miss Quigley daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Quigley of Kansas, received a hearty welcome when she arrived at the home of her grandfather Mr. J. A. Sharkey. Mrs. Quigley has been spending several weeks in the city with her father.

Miss Maude Forden daughter of Hon. Dr. Borden, Minister of Militia is here on a visit and is the guest of Mrs. F. P. Thompson.

Mr. Harold L. Borden who has been visiting his friend, Mr. Bart Wile, has returned home.

After a visit of three months spent in Boston, Longwood and New York, Miss Fisher has returned home and is the guest of her sister Mrs. Fraser at "Farralme Place."

Dr. J. R. McIntosh of St. John spent Sunday in the city, with his wife and son who have been for some time the guests of Mrs. H. H. Pitts.

Among the visitors to the city this week were Mrs. W. B. Bunker and Mrs. D. E. Butcherfield of Somerville, Mass., Mrs. L. A. Goodwin of St. John also accompanied the party to the celestrial.

Mr. C. H. B. Fisher is spending a few days at Mayville with her son Dr. Byard Fisher.

Miss Harbour of St. John is visiting at Judge Wilson's.

Mr. Arthur Harrison of Chicago is on a vacation to his home in Maunerville.

Mr. H. Hope and Spencer of Boston are among the strangers in town.

Colonel Vidal with his family is expected here in a few days, and will make his permanent residence here.

Mr. Donald Fraser, sr., and Mr. A. S. Murray, returned last evening from a very successful fishing expedition to the North shore, and today many of their friends have been trying the quality of the speckled beauties.

Lieut. John Chipman and son of St. Stephen, are in the city today.

Miss Eva Yezza, Mrs. Elkin and Mrs. Bruce of Boston are in the city, having come to attend the funeral of their mother Mrs. Yezza.

Mr. Hubbard of Boston is spending a few days in the city.

Miss Campbell of St. John is visiting her friend Miss Cathels.

The Messrs. Jones of Woodstock are in the city the guests of their sister Mrs. Walter Fisher.

Miss Edith Hilyard is on Monday for St. Stephen to visit her friend, Miss Waterbury.

Mr. Wayland Porter leaves tomorrow for New York from which city he will sail for Liverpool. Mr. Porter expects to be absent two months on a pleasant excursion and will travel extensively on the continent; his numerous friends and admirers wish him bon voyage.

Miss Jennie Edwards of Halifax is in the city and is the guest of her aunt Mrs. Geo. Hodge.

Miss Mary Purdie is home from her studies at Boston Dental college for the summer vacation. Miss Purdie has been most successful in her work having finished her first year second in a class of sixty-eight.

Mrs. Brown of Hampton is here visiting her daughter Mrs. F. S. Creed.

Mr. C. E. A. Simonds is in Moncton on professional business.

Mrs. J. M. Palmer of Sackville is here visiting her mother Mrs. J. Vandine.

Leut. Nagle has returned to Halifax.

Major Andrews left today for his home in Nova Scotia.

Rev. Mr. J. J. Teasdale is in Charlottetown, P. E. I., attending the conference.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cathels and family will leave for Bradford, Ont., the first of the month where they will make their future home. Mr. Cathels having resigned his position here to accept one in Bradford.

Mrs. Bell of Woodstock is visiting her daughter Mrs. Geo. Clark.

Mr. Linton of Manchester, England, is in the city for a few days.

Mr. LeRoy Shaw has returned from a pleasant visit to friends in Woodstock.

MONCTON.

(Programme for sale in Moncton at Hattie Tweedie's Bookstore, Mr. B. Jones Bookstore, S. McLennan's, and at St. John's News Depot.)

JUNE 22.—A very pretty wedding took place at 11 o'clock this morning at the residence of Mr. W. A. Metzler, when his youngest daughter Ethel was married to Mr. E. H. Hall of the Buctouche and Moncton railway offices. The ceremony was performed by the rector of St. George's. The bride looked lovely in a very pretty travelling dress of robin's egg blue broadcloth with trimmings of white and that to match. Mr. and Mrs. Hall's large circle of friends will unite with me in wishing them all happiness in their life's journey. Last evening Mr. Hall was presented by his fellow boarders with a very handsome dinner set and a set of cutlery.

Miss Miriam Chandler of Moncton had the honor of being for the music prize at Kinghurst, Rothesay. Miss Chandler is now at home; spending her summer vacation.

Mrs. P. S. Archibald returned home last week from Antigonish where she has been visiting friends. Mrs. Hall and Miss Hall of Halifax are in the city attending the marriage of Mrs. Hall's son Mr. E. H. Hall to Miss Metzler.

Miss Bradley who has been spending a few weeks with friends in Amherst returned home on Friday.

Mrs. J. M. Wallace and family left yesterday for P. E. Island where they will spend the summer months.

Mrs. C. N. Chandler was in Rothesay for a few days last week attending the closing exercises at Kinoharsh.

Mr. Gamon of the Bank of Montreal who has been away on a two weeks vacation returned on Saturday.

Miss Florrie Hall formerly of this city, was married on June 9th at hundred and Fifty Mile house B.C. to Arthur C. Foster of Virren B.C. Mr. Foster is postmaster and telegraph operator at the latter place.

Mr. Wm. C. Kinghorn of Fredericton was in Moncton on Monday having spent Sunday at the "Weldon House" sheldiac.

Miss Florrie Brown of St. John is in the city the guest of Mrs. W. A. Metzler Archibald street.

Mr. W. A. Price district passenger agent, Halifax was in town for a day last week.

Miss Ethel Summer who is attending the Rothesay school for girls is home for the summer holidays Mrs. McLwan of Charlottetown, P. E. I. is visiting Mrs. C. P. Harris, Steadman street.

Miss Seim McKean arrived home on Saturday from Montreal where she has been attending school.

Mr. C. P. P. Harris' friends will hear with regret that he is confined to the house with a severe attack of La grippe.

Miss Jean Bruce was in Charlottetown last Thursday where she was violinist in a grand sacred concert given in the Methodist church of that city.

Mr. Frank Bertram the Auditor-General of Newfoundland is visiting his sister Mrs. Winfield Scott at Humphrey's mill.

Mrs. Lebert Stevens of Truro is in the city and intends remaining for the summer months with her daughter Mrs. R. Knight, St. George street.

Mr. C. E. A. Simonds of Fredericton was here spending a few days in the city.

Mrs. R. A. Borden returned home on Saturday from Sussex where she has been spending a few days with her mother.

Mr. H. A. Powell, M. P. of Sackville paid us a flying visit last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Burns of Montreal are in the city visiting Mrs. Burns' mother Mrs. McKean of Main street.

Mrs. Fred W. Summer returned yesterday from Rothesay where she was attending the closing exercises of the B. thesias school.

Miss Minnie McCann of St. John is visiting friends in the city.

Mrs. Henry C. Hannington and master Carleton return on Saturday from a visit to friends in Fredericton.

Mr. C. W. Robinson, M. P. P. returned last week from Ottawa.

Miss Georgie Boyd spent Saturday and Sunday with friends in Shediac.

Mrs. Wm. McLeod made a visit to St. John last week and returned home on Saturday.

Miss Maggie Smith has returned from the P. N. school at Fredericton, and is receiving congratulations from her friends for being the winner of the Governor General's silver medal.

Mrs. H. Dalton and Miss Ethel Dalton, North end, spent Sunday with friends here.

Mr. D. Crowe of Fredericton spent Sunday recently with friends at "Sunnyside."

Mrs. A. L. Bonnell, Sutton, is the guest of her sister Mrs. A. L. Peasman this week.

Messrs. Waller and Frank Bonnell and Dick Rowe passed through here on their wheels on Saturday, on the way from Fredericton to Sutton and St. John.

Rev. H. A. Cady spent Monday in St. John.

No Cross No Crown.

Sometimes I think when life comes drear, When gloom and darkness gather here, When Hope's bright star forsakes my skies, And sorrow o'er my pathway lies, It would be sweet, it would be best, To fold my tired hands and rest; But, then, God sends an angel down Who whispers soft, "No Cross, no Crown."

Last night I heard the river moan With sad and melancholy tone; I saw its waters lancing free, And dashing onward to the sea, I would have plunged beneath its tide, And on its rickety beam had died; But then, God sent the angel down, Who whispered still, "No Cross, no Crown."

Then turned I from the river's shore, To seek the lonely world once more; I would have plunged beneath its tide, And on its rickety beam had died; But then, God sent the angel down, Who whispered still, "No Cross, no Crown."

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IN RETURN FOR YOUR ADDRESS On a post card we will mail you a sample packet of the most delicious Tea in the World THE MONSOON TEA CO., 7 Wellington St. W. Toronto. MONSOON INDO-CEYLON TEA

CAMPBELL'S WINE OF BEECH TREE CREOSOTE CURES OBSTINATE COUGHS. DOCTORS RECOMMEND IT HIGHLY. ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT.

THE PHONOGRAPHIC CLOCK. Evil and Benefits of an Invention Just put on the Market in Germany. Some modern inventions are a boon to humanity and others are not. The phonographic clock which has just been launched upon the market in Germany belongs to the latter category. One must admit the alarm clock in the theory of modern life, but a phonographic alarm clock adds insult to injury. If one must be awakened, one must; but how can one turn over and take the final luxurious forty winks when the depressing programme of a busy day has been shouted into one's ears? Things that seemed natural and practicable the night before present an appalling front in the early morning; and the breakfast hour, announced in strident tones, is much more insistent than when suggested by an impersonal metallic clang.

OLD BUILDINGS MADE HANDSOME. At little expense—if you use our Sheet Metal Fronts, Metallic Cornices, etc. They give a very fine appearance—and durable, economical, fire-proof satisfaction. These goods are very popular for new building, or fixing up old ones. Send for our new illustrated catalogue and see just what you can do for yourself with the great variety of patterns and sizes we make. Metallic Roofing Co., Limited. 1189 King St. West, Toronto. HOTELS. THE DUFFERIN. This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the House, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men. It is within a short distance of all parts of the city. Has every accommodation. Electric cars from all parts of the town, pass the house every three minutes. E. LA ROY WILLIS, Proprietor. BELMONT HOTEL. ST. JOHN, N. B. Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern improvements. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity. Baggage to and from the station free of charge. Terms moderate. J. SIMM, Prop. QUEEN HOTEL. FREDERICTON, N. B. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample rooms in connection. (First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

Delicious! Is what everyone says after drinking my Fruit Phosphates OR CREAM SODA. Have you tried it yet? I have just received another lot of that LOVELY SPRUCE GUM. W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, Chemist and Druggist. 35 King Street. Telephone 239. I have a few D. H. B. boxes left for each purchaser of Seeds.

Spring Lamb and Chickens, Cukes, Spinach and Tomatoes. THOMAS DEAN, City Market. LAGER BEER. On Hand 100 Doz. 2 Doz to the case. Geo. Sleeman's Celebrated Lager For Sale Low. THOS. L. BOURKE. The First of the Spring Catch Received this day at 19 and 23 King Square. J. D. TURNER.

One day late in the eighteenth century the great Emperor Joseph of Austria was out driving, when a heavy shower came up; as the first big drops fell an old soldier of the invalids came hobbling to the door of the carriage and asked to be taken in, because, he said, his uniform was new, and he did not want to get it wet. The Emperor, who was taking the air as a private gentleman with no marks of his rank about him, told the old man to get in, and at once fell to talking with him very affably. Soon the soldier mentioned that he had had a capital breakfast that morning. 'What was it?' asked the Emperor. 'Gauss.' The Emperor ran over all the dishes he could think of that were best liked among the common soldiers, but to everything he mentioned the invalid answered, chuckling, 'Better than that.' At last, the Emperor giving up the puzzle, he slapped his knee and declared he had taken a peasant out of the imperial preserves. The Emperor laughed sympathetically, and the subject was changed. When they had driven some time the poor peacher, after recounting some of his experiences in battle, remarked: 'You look like a military man yourself, sir; are you in the army?' The Emperor said he was, and was then asked what position he held. 'Gauss,' said the emperor. The soldier guessed, and guessed again; he finally guessed everything from sergeant up to field marshal, and to every grade he got the answer, 'Better than that.' Naturally, after a while the truth began to dawn on him, and the poor man was frightened nearly out of his wits; but the Emperor only laughed, told him to learn discretion in making confidences to strangers, asked him where he wanted to go, set him down at the right door, and never took any further notice of his loss of a peasant than to make it a favorite story at court.

BUY Coleman's Salt THE BEST

Every package guaranteed. The 5 lb Carton of Table Salt is the neatest package on the market. For sale by all first class grocers.

NEWEST TASK OF LIGHT.

Another Great Invention by the Telectroscope's Maker.

Another great invention, which is already perfected into one of the marvels of the age, is announced from Vienna. The inventor is Herr Jan Szczepanik, whose wonder, the telectroscope, was described briefly a few weeks ago. His newest discovery, or application of well-known scientific discoveries, is an invention which will revolutionize an important branch of the textile industry. By utilizing photography and electricity he is able to accomplish in a quarter of an hour, the work of designers which heretofore has occupied months or years, according to the size of the design. A correspondent of the London Chronicle sends an interesting description of the device, which is easily comprehensible by everybody. All who have ever seen a loom know that a design to be woven must first be resolved into tiny squares. In the case of a large gobelin the designer has at present to fill up millions of such little squares before it is possible to punch the stencil plates which are indispensable in the Jacquard loom, and are consequently absolutely necessary for the production of figured textile goods. Herr Szczepanik totally abolishes the designer, and more than supplies his place by photography.

The focusing screen is 1 1/2 metres square and the bellows draw out to a length of twenty metres, while the immense lens had to be made expressly by Zeiss of Jena. Next he employs ruled screens containing the necessary inter-sections. These screens or grids are on glass plates prepared by photography and are the largest photographic negatives ever made, measuring 1.10 metres square. Each such screen contains 1,000,000 squares corresponding with those which hitherto the designer, with infinite labor, has filled in in the course of as much as two or three years. Herr Szczepanik does away with this whole tedious process.

Having chosen the pattern, say a landscape, which the web is to show, he attaches a picture of it to an upright board fastened to the camera stand. It may be remarked it is immaterial what the subject may be. Whether it be a human figure or face, a landscape or mere ornament, whether large or small, one takes neither more nor less time than the other, and causes no more trouble.

The next thing is to insert a suitable ruled screen immediately in front of the sensitive plate—i. e., the silver bromide paper. Two minutes' exposure suffices to produce an image on the sensitized paper showing the points of intersection needed; developing and fixing occupy a quarter of an hour, and then the design is finished. The different colors the web is to have are represented by different signs or figures, squares, &c., which are produced by means of corresponding stops in the objective.

The second process is punching the Jacquard stencils. Hitherto this has been a slow operation, carried on with the help of a machine, each square having to be cut separately. Now Herr Szczepanik, by means of the carbon process, transfers the design on to a thin sheet of metal, thus obviating the necessity for making the Jacquard stencil on silver bromide paper. The procedure is the same as in zinc etching; the parts of the design exposed to the light are covered with gelatine, while in the non-exposed ones the bare metal appears. The result is that good and bad electric conductors are formed, and all those points on this metal plate which represent holes on the ruled screen conduct the electric current. This plate is then put into a machine specially



Another Big Cut in Prices Special for a few days.

DID YOU EVER HEAR OF THE LIKE?

- Solid Gold Frames, warranted \$2.35
Best Gold Filled Frames, - - 1.10
Best Lenses, per pair, - - - .90
Alloy Frames, (note), - - - .35
Nickel Frames, gold filled nose-piece, - - - - .35
Steel or Nickel Frames, - - - .10

The above prices are quoted on strictly First Quality Goods. This is a Special Sale and the prices quoted are good for a few days only.

ALL THE LATEST STYLES IN FRAMELESS EYE GLASSES AND SPECTACLES.

Open till 9 o'clock Nights.

Boston Optical Co.,

25 King St. St. John, N. B.

Next to Manchester, Robertson & Allison's.

FRIENDS PREVAILED

A Nervous Toronto Woman Walked the Floor During the Night for Hours at a Time—She Makes a Statement.

TORONTO, ONT.—"I was troubled with nervousness. It was impossible for me to keep still and if the spells came over me during the night I had to get up and walk the floor for hours at a time. My blood was very poor and I was subject to bilious attacks. My feet would swell and I was not able to do my own household work. I treated with two of the best physicians here but only received relief for a time. I became discouraged. One day a friend called and advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I laughed at the advice but I was prevailed upon and procured one bottle. Before I used it all I began to feel better. I took several bottles and also several boxes of Hood's Pills. Now I can eat and drink heartily and sleep soundly. Hood's Sarsaparilla has entirely cured me and also strengthened me so that I now do all my own work. I cheerfully recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all sufferers from nervousness, weakness or general debility." MRS. H. F. PARM, Degrossi Street.

Hood's Pills

constructed for the purpose of punching it. Automatically it passes under a row of contacts which are connected with electromagnets that set in motion levers which punch the plate.

But the inventor goes a step further yet. With a similar contrivance attached not to the punching machine, but to the Jacquard loom, he sets in motion not only the punching levers, but also the threads in the loom itself; in short, he weaves direct from the original design-plate (as we may name his substitute for the Jacquard stencil) by means of electricity.

The punching machine is really superfluous, inasmuch as the weaving can be done direct from the original design plate, and it is introduced by the inventor only temporarily for economic reasons. He wishes to avoid the sudden doing away with looms of the present style. Eventually he expects electric looms will supplant the present machine. In a few days Szczepanik's first electric loom will arrive in Vienna from Germany, where it has been made. It will be publicly exhibited for the first time at the Paris exhibition, where it will weave silk handkerchiefs. In three minutes the purchaser of such a handkerchief will be photographed by an apparatus in the loom itself, the design plate will be prepared by the same machine, and then it will make a silk handkerchief with the purchaser's likeness woven into it, so that in not more than half an hour from the time when the portrait was taken the buyer will be able to take away with him as a memento of the exhibition a handkerchief with his own portrait, and all for a mere bagatelle.

At the Jubilee Exhibition now open in Vienna for the present only two gobelins woven by Szczepanik's new loom will be shown. One of them contains Mark Twain's portrait. For some time the great humorist has been giving the well-known Polish painter, Henryk Raubinger, almost daily sittings for a portrait for the gobelin. It will be the best of Mark Twain ever painted. The second gobelin will contain the portrait of the Emperor Francis Joseph in his magnificent robes of state and surrounded by allegorical figures, and this portrait will also be from Raubinger's brush. Herr Szczepanik showed of wonderful beauty and of course more exact than anything manufactured from hand-made Jacquard cards. They have been made on his present small loom.

His Business Instinct. One of the brightest travelling salesmen in modern commerce was thinking seriously of going to war. "You see," he was saying to the old military man whose stories of adventure and achievement had kindled his ambition, "I have had experience in every branch of trade that amounts to very much except fighting. "I have sold nails, barbed wire, cigars, dry goods, paper, paints, oil and a number of things. Now it strikes me that I'd like to handle lead for the Government awhile."

"You would have to undertake a good many hardships," remarked his friend. "I don't care. I'm not married; nobody but myself to think about, and I'd like to see if I can't do something. Of course, I may never be heard from. But I'm willing to take my chances at getting a monument some day with the rest of them."

"Of course you would want to go as an officer," remarked the old military man. "I'd like to. But if I found it couldn't be arranged, I wouldn't stay away for that reason."

"Young man, I like your spirit. Anything I can do for you I will gladly undertake. I'll see if it can be arranged for you to have a commission."

The salesman looked startled. "No," he exclaimed; "don't do that. Of course, I don't like to seem mercenary, but I don't want to do anything on that basis. I have tried it over and over, but I never got any satisfaction out of working on commission. Give me a salary every time."

FLASHES OF FUN.

'In this country the majority rules, doesn't it?' 'Yes—when they think the same as the bosses.'

'Potter Palmer is going to build a home that will cost \$3,000,000.' 'That looks as if the plumbing was included.'

Mrs. Shackelford—'They say that a distinct moan comes from Niagara.' Mr. Shackelford—'I suppose that is because Niagara is placed in a falls position.'

'Golf,' drawled the swell, 'is—aw—one of the games—aw—that nevah fatigues me.' 'Why is that?' 'Why, don't you know, I—aw nevah learned it.'

Mrs. Lookout—'John, how dare you eat shadroes when there is so much talk of ptomaines?' Mr. Don't Care (her brother)—'Easy enough. I never eat ptomaines.'

Bennie (whose wee baby sister has lately arrived, dejectedly)—'Mamma always said, before baby came, I've the apple of her eye, but now I s'pose I'm only just the core.'

Nervous Old Lady (to deckhand on steam boat)—'Mr. Steamboat-man is there any fear of danger?' Deckhand, carelessly—'Plenty of fear, ma'am, but not a bit of danger.'

She—'Never mind, Fido; he's only playing.' He—'But he really did bite me.' She—'Never mind; I don't believe a little nip like that would hurt him, do you?'

'No,' said the old deacon to the young deacon. 'I don't think we can try the minister for profanity, for merely saying "my land" though there would seem to be some ground.'

'Do you find my son prompt and punctual, Mr. Grindly?' 'I never had a young man in my employ who, at the close of business hours, could get out of the office with less delay.'

'For years I've wanted Henry to have burglar alarms put in the house, but he said it wasn't necessary.' 'Well?' 'And as soon as he bought a bicycle he had them attached to every door and window.'

'When I wash a little boy,' leaped a fop to a young lady, 'all my hopes in life were centered on being a clown.' 'How seldom one's youthful ambition is so completely realized,' was her reply.

'By George, I haven't been able to sleep nights since the war talk began.' 'Why? You're too old to be drafted, ain't you?' 'Yes, but the captain of our militia company owes me \$250.'

'It is said that Americans use 1,000,000 collar buttons every year.' 'Yes, and I suppose that at least 999,000 of them could be found under American bureaus at the end of every year, too.'

Edwin—'You would not take that uncle of mine to be a sensitive plant at all, would you?' Reginald—'He certainly does not look it.' Edwin—'Well, he is. Attempt to touch him, and he closes up immediately.'

'I don't see,' said the investor, 'that you have any signs of a town here.' 'No signs? Well, reckon we have! There's a lot for a postoffice site for a cemetery, a pond for batizing,' and six candidates for Gov'nor!'

'I thought your American gentlemen pride themselves on standing up for the weaker sex,' laughed the pretty girl from Glasgow, as she swayed from a strap in the street car. In the twinkling of an eye there was a dozen seats at her disposal.

'O, my friends! there are some spectacles that one never forgets!' said a lecturer, after giving a graphic description of a terrible accident he had witnessed. 'I'd like to know where they sell 'em,' remarked an old lady in the audience, who is always mislaying her glasses.

One day an Irishman was taking a walk in a small town near Glasgow, when he met an old friend. After walking along the road together, Pat's friend said to him, 'Have you heard the latest news?' Pat—'No; what is it?' 'There's a penny off the loaf.' Pat—'Bedad! and I hope it is off the penny ones!'

'Poor Cuba,' sighed Mrs. Callahan, 'its sad fate is strikingly similar to the fate of many poor women—starved and downtrodden by their lordly husbands.' 'I don't see why you should have any complaint to make,' replied Callahan, 'for I recognized you as a belligerent twenty years ago.'

Excited Lady (at Atlantic City)—'Why isn't something done for that ship in distress? Why don't some of you—' Life Saver (hurriedly)—'We have sent the crew a line to come ashore, mum.'

Excited Lady—'Of all things! Were they waiting for a formal invitation?'

Angelina (anxiously)—'Are you sure, dear, that you don't regret it, and that you don't sometimes miss your life as a bachelor?' Edwin (with cheerful conviction)—'Not a bit. I tell you what, Angel, I miss it so little that if I was to lose you—I'm blessed if I wouldn't marry again.'

The Other Way Around.

The loyalty of the Scottish Highlander to his kilt is a picturesque thing. He will never admit that it makes him cold; and the Highlanders who were suffering from cold in the ordinary dress of civilization have been known to substitute the kilt for it, in order to get warm—though this would be much like removing one's coat and waistcoat and rolling up one's shirt-sleeves for the same purpose.

It is said that a stranger, seeing a soldier in full Highlander uniform shivering in a cold wind, asked him: 'Sandy, are you cold with the kilt?' 'Na, na, mon,' the soldier answered, indignantly, 'but I'm nigh kilt with the cauld!'

Mechanics' Institute,

Commencing Tuesday, June 28.

A. E. ROOT'S ALL STAR. HIGH CLASS, VAUDEVILLE COMPANY, under the management of

ZERA SEMON.

Elegant Presents will be given away at each performance to all who purchase a ticket.

Admission 25 cents to all parts of the house. Matinee Saturday, 3 o'clock.



TOLD BY THE OLD CIRCUS MAN.

A Little Trick of the Clowns That Used to Please the People Mightily.

'Some of the feats and tricks of one sort and another performed in shows that look so wonderful,' said the old circus man, 'are really as simple as rolling off a log, if you only know how they are done. We used to have a clown at one time who was also a very good acrobat, and he was humorous in his antics as well as in his speech, and everybody liked him. He always wore a black mustache, with the ends neatly waxed and corkscrewed, and one of the funniest things he did depended for its success on these waxed ends of his mustache.'

'After an unusually intricate piece of foolery that called for a good deal of exertion, he would pause, panting, in the ring, and turn to the ring master.

'Wall, I'd give a dollar and a quarter,' he would say to the ring master, 'for a bottle of soda water.'

'Why, you shall have a bottle for nothing,' the ring master says, and he sends a groom for a bottle of soda water, who comes back in a minute with a bottle and a glass on a tray.

'But where's the corkscrew?' the clown asks, picking up the bottle and holding it up clear of the tray and looking all around on it. 'There's no corkscrew.'

'What's the matter with your mustache for a corkscrew?' says the ringmaster, the whole audience looking on perfectly still. And before you could think, the clown would swing the bottle up with the cork against the point of one end of his mustache—had practised that so that he never missed it—and drive it on to the point, and then in almost the same motion—there was never any halt in the action from the beginning to the end of the whole thing—he'd begin turning the bottle on to his mustache until the point was buried in the cork, and then he'd give the bottle a yank and pull it free and carry it to his lips and drink, leaving the cork impaled on the end of his mustache. He'd drink half the soda water, toss the bottle at the ring master, have the cork off his mustache in a jiffy, and toss that at the groom standing there waiting with the tray, and then turn a cartwheel while the whole audience double up with laughter. Why, it used to tickle 'em half to death.

'And it was all done in the simplest, easiest way in the world. The two waxed ends were really two corkscrew tips projecting out beyond his mustache and joining under it in a good stout holder firmly held between the teeth.'

THE SAMOAN WIDOW'S GRIEF.

It Clustered Around the Family Rifle After Her Husband Had Been Slain.

The Samoan will give away anything which he possesses when another member of his family comes along and asks for it. This makes personal property a most fluctuating matter. One thing, however, is never given away under any circumstances, and that is the rifle which each man keeps in good order and in readiness for the outbreak of hostilities. No attempt has been made by the European officials to disarm the natives, but a close watch is kept on the importation of any new munitions of war.

When the yacht John Williams of the London Missionary Society returned from a tour of the stations in New Guinea, which are served by Samoan pastors, it brought the sad news that Neemia, a respected native missionary in a remote nook of the Gulf of Papua, had been eaten by his imperfectly converted congregation. The mission vessel arrived too late to save the pastor, but just in time to rescue his wife Masina, who was defending her house with a single rifle against a horde of savages. Masina was brought back to Apia in the John Williams, her grief somewhat tempered by the knowledge that for some time to come she would be a central figure at all district meetings of the mission, where she would be expected to tell her story. In a few days the treaty officials received from King Malletoa an official communication signed with the royal sign manual and duly sealed with the great seal. In it he recited the cannibalism which had been practiced upon Neemia and the bravery of Masina. In consideration of these sad events and the great grief into which the

widow was plunged, he had given her permission to retain the family rifle and her store of ammunition and to bring it [ashore] with her. The mischief had been done and was beyond repair. All that remained for the official board to do was sharply to remind the King that he had no power to grant landing permits for the contraband munitions of war and to assure him that the Berlin treaty took no cognizance of grief so profound that it must be assuaged by rifles.

A HAPPY ACCIDENT.

A Family Whose Wealth Began With a Happy Accident.

The large fortune of a wealthy Flemish family, the Braeqs, began with 'a happy accident'—if such a thing is tolerated in the prudent management of Providence. The legend is narrated by Mrs. W. Pitt Byrne in her 'Social Hours with Celebrities.'

Years ago the head of the house was a sugar merchant, who, being uneducated kept no books, but recorded his mercantile transactions on the back of a shut-out with a lump of chalk. On one occasion Myneber Van Braeq told his chief clerk to order a certain number of tons of sugar from Barbados. The clerk wrote one naught too many, but not till the cargo arrived was this discovered.

What was to be done? The merchant had not at that moment—for he kept no large balance at his bankers—the money to pay for the cargo, although he had taken care to have on hand the sum needed for the payment of what he thought had been ordered. The name of Braeq had always been a guarantee for scrupulous adherence to a bargain and for prompt payment. It must be kept untarnished; a Braeq never borrowed, not even of his own brother; yet his stupid 'naught' made him liable for a sum of money which it was impossible to pay.

The merchant did the wisest thing he could do; he laid the case before his wife. She brought out the family jewels—diamond heirlooms which had been handed down from generation to generation. Braeq did not strike an attitude and exclaim, 'The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her!' He simply looked at the diamonds and took to their value, and then finding that it was sufficient to make up the required sum, pledged them. Thus, without a word to any outsider, he extricated himself from the embarrassing 'naught.'

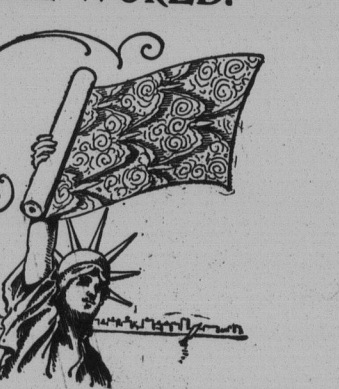
A few days later the market turned. 'Sugars were lively.' An unexpected and enormous rise in price enabled Braeq to redeem the diamonds and laid the foundation of his great fortune.

A Special Privilege.

The widowed Princess of Nazal is the only upper-class woman in Egypt who is allowed to see men, and has this privilege through the special order of the Sultan.

About Luck. 'I don't believe in luck myself,' said Mr. Gozzleby, 'but what do you suppose a horse on a ferryboat thinks when he finds that the wagon he's crowded up ag' in front is loaded with hay?'

ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD.



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DOUGLAS McARTHUR

90 King Street.

SHOW ROOMS UPSTAIRS.



ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1898.

**KLONDIKE SIDE LIGHTS.**

**FRANK JONES, HUNTER AND GUIDE WRITES VIVIDLY.**

**He Tells of Killing a "Bad Bear" and Others—Saw Seven Kinds on the Klondike River—Shooting the White Horse Rapids—People at Dawson Well-Disposed.**

Frank Jones, a famous hunter and guide of the far West, is now in the Klondike, where he went several years ago. His experiences have been exceedingly varied and exciting, and he tells them in his own way in letters to Casper Dull, a prominent lawyer of this city, who has frequently hunted big game in the Rocky Mountains with Jones as his guide. Extracts from two of these letters show in the most graphic way the toil and danger associated with the hunt for the precious metal in Alaska and likewise throw interesting side lights upon the customs in that frozen part of the dominion. Jones gives some information about the game of the country which will be news to many. In a letter written at Fort Cudahy, Yukon River, Dec. 4, 1894, which was received by Mr. Dull in the following April, Jones writes gloomily of the outlook:

"The old spirit is within me still if I can get it to move," he says, "but I think evolution is working on me backward, and if I stop long here I shall degenerate into a bear. I don't love everybody and every thing, as I used to; in fact this is my last deal. My last chip is up. If I win, then burrah for better days; if I lose, then I will not kick, but my body will never leave Alaska. Hard usage I have had; hunger and cold I do not fear. If I did I would be badly scared now, for there is not an ounce of provisions to buy within four hundred miles of here, and those of us who have not enough must wait until the first boat comes up. I hope to get this letter out this winter. It will cost \$1; that is the price that is charged for carrying letters out, and from 50 cents to \$1 each for bringing them in, which is cheap enough: 750 miles overland and the thermometer standing at seventy and eighty degrees below for weeks at a time. I would give my last dollar sooner for a letter than for flour, so you may know how I value a letter. We get no news from the outside world, only an occasional clipping, which little bit of outside news is scattered from man to man and from camp to camp. I suppose that I had better begin with my trip here and take you around with me.

"I left home feeling bad. I did not want to come here, but took it as my last venture. Came by the Northern Pacific Railroad to Tacoma, then took the steamer Topeka for Juneau, then the Rustler for Dyas. There work began. The Indians at Dyas are great packers; they pack to the summit of Chilkoot Pass for \$10 per hundred weight or over, to the lakes for \$14. We packed our own plunder over. There were eight of us in a mess. We got over all right, put our stuff on sleds and pulled down Lake Linderman and half way down Lake Bennett, where we stopped to build our boats. There were quite a number going the same way, among whom were three women and a little girl and boy. Our mess built two boats; we sawed the lumber with a whipsaw.

"The ice still remaining solid, we concluded to go hunting for meat, as our grub was beginning to get a little low. I saw three objects travelling along the side of the mountain, and rustling down through the bush I found one of the boys. We went up to where they had disappeared, and found that they were bears, one white one, which made me think at first they were cariboo. We saw them, but could get no closer than 400 yards, so trailed them for about three miles, when they went down into the timber and began digging roots. They had been picking berries on the side of the mountain. We worked along until Jim—I mention the man because I shall have occasion to speak of him further—said: "Can't you kill one from here?" "Yes," I answered, "but I would like to kill that white one first; that is the bad bear and I know it."

"Oh, kill any one; we can manage the other two," he replied.

"It is too far to the other side," I said, "but here goes for the nearest one with its head this way. One hundred and twenty-five yards will do it. Now, Jim, be ready for trouble and don't run."

"Almost at the report of my gun the bear fell, never to rise again. The other

two ran away." Yes, and here he comes back again," said I. We fired two or three shots and missed, when they both jumped out into the open and started in a circle around us. We both fired together and hit both of them, and right there the ball opened. The bears were both roaring, coming over logs and around trees and the Winchester were giving them hard music to dance after. It seemed as though we could not keep them down, and I don't think either of us was doing any missing. Finally the darkest one gave it up and fell dead, literally cut to pieces, but the white one seemed more determined than ever. I tried twice to get my favorite shot at the butt of the ear, but he was moving around so lively that all I could do was to break his under jaw and cut a hole through the sharp ridge on the skull. He has now got within twenty yards of us, when rearing up on his haunches, he got a raking shot across the belly. His forehead was now right and again we fired together. His last battle was fought. Two bullets within an inch of each other had done it. I must say that I admired Jim, as I watched him very close all the time. I was standing behind a tree and shooting by the side of it; he was kneeling behind another, two rods off and shooting as cool as though it were a turkey instead of a bear. Every time he shot I could see it jar the bear. I don't think it possible that that bear could ever have reached us even if we had not fired the last two shots. I tell you the truth when I say there were two bullet holes in his heart and his sides were literally stove in. That is vitality fit for the best and an animal worthy of any man's steel."

Jones gives this description of how he and Jim shot the White Horse Rapids: "We went up along the side of the canon and looked down. We saw some good through. Several struck the walls, but all got through safely. We got into the boat after taking off our hip boots. "Now, Jim said I. "I will run her out with the paddle and let her float straight for the centre; you save your muscles and pull when I say the word. Well, I worked her out to the centre and pointed her down the stream. We were drawing near fast. I got a fair look down the canon; it looked awful, the water in the centre several feet higher than at the sides, and one great wave after another fuming at the wall with an exact mate at the other side. Every wave and its mate came together in the centre in the shape of a V, with the open end up, and the centre was our route. I have read of the jaws of death, of the jaws of hell, and have experienced the jaws of a bear, but never had such a feeling before. But the current had us now, and no power on earth could bring us back. I don't suppose it would have been so bad but for the horrible roaring. I just thought we must do as others did and nerved myself for the struggle, got the boat perfectly straight for the first breaker nodded to Jim, and shouted to "Set her afore—we will make it!" The way he bent to those cars was magnificent. After striking the first breaker we were part of the time in the air and part in the water, but I felt like a new man, took delight in the waves, occasionally shouting to Jim: "Right," "left," "hard now—both," and we rode right on the comb of these waves and never dipped a bucketful of water. The canon would never more have any terror for me."

Of the White Horse Rapids, three miles below the canon, Jones says: "The upper end of the rapids does not look very bad, but the lower end looks like a cavy of white horses all bucking furiously, each one with a white rider who is repeatedly thrown, but is continually remounting. We packed our plunder around and let our boat down with a long rope, walking on the wall rock above. Some boats were crushed, some broken in two like straws. We got down all right."

Jones tells of some more exciting experiences on the river and of the arrival at Forty-mile Post. He predicts that some day this will be a great tourist route, going to the mouth of the river, over 2,000 miles, and there taking steamer for about 3,000 more by sea. He gives an account of his first prospecting for gold and tells of the unsatisfactory results. Others, however, were more fortunate.

Jones tells of seven kinds of bears which he saw along the Klondike River and with which he had numerous encounters. He also speaks in detail of the swift and dangerous streams filled with hidden rocks and trees and the great difficulty of navigation.

On the 9th of December, he says, he saw the sun for the first time in three weeks.

"It does not shine on us down here," he explains, referring to the post, "but shines for a few minutes on the mountain. You may rest assured that I looked and looked—I never saw anything more beautiful—until at last it was gone. I love the sunshine. I then turned around and looked at the moon—big, bright, but cold and desolate. Yes, the scene changed. Away in the distant north under that moon was a picture no artist has ever yet painted. A world of peaks and crags away above timber line, covered with snow; not pure white snow, but of a bluish cast which said to me cold, cold, cold. I turned again where the sun went down; still a warm look in that direction; my heart went with it."

After referring to the intense cold of the winter in Alaska, the guide says: "Here in summer this is a land of roses and any amount of small wild fruit, chief of which is the cranberry, red raspberry, red currants, and a dozen other kinds. I should like this country if I had no family, or I should like it better than I do if I knew that my family had all the necessities of life, which they have not. They cannot rough it and wear the skins of wild animals and live on meat like I can, but if they all live through this winter, I hope to be able to do something for next fall."

Three years have elapsed since Mr. Dull received the letter from which these extracts have been made and another letter comes from his old guide. It is dated Dawson, July 15, 1897, and was received on April 27 last. He refers in opening to a letter received from Mr. Dull a few days before, which was written on Aug. 30, 1896. He says the letter "brings me back to days when I was just a little happier and everything was more pleasant." Those were the days, he adds, when money had no value for him; that since he had tried to accumulate money he had seen more worry and trouble than ever before.

"I have no reason to complain now. What I have accumulated within the last few months would, if put into dust, amount to \$15,000 or \$20,000, but it has brought care with it. I am kept busy looking after my interests, but my mining ground is all winter diggings, and really, I don't know how much or how little my ground is worth. I am located on Bonanza and Bear creeks. I know what it is to seek and handle gold. I have seen one dog packing forty pounds of gold and strings of men with fifty to seventy-five pounds apiece. It looks now as though it might become necessary to demonetize gold and remonetize silver, as there has hardly been a starter made in taking it out. No one began burning until about February. Still there was lots of dumps that cleaned up over \$100,000 and \$50,000 is common. Men who could not pay cash for their grub last fall have had to hire men to pack their gold to town for them this spring, but I was not so fortunate. I had only about 100 ounces—\$1,700. I worked on a dump which cleaned up \$98,000. We worked three months. I expect to have a dump of my own next spring."

Jones says the river Klondike is spelled several ways, among others Conedike and Trondike. It is full of salmon, and he writes of the bears coming to the river for fish. He also tells of shooting moose by attracting them to a "lick" at midnight, when it is light enough to shoot. The stories of the awful ravages of the mosquitoes which have come down from the Klondike have evidently not been overdrawn.

"It seems," he says, "that all the little devils in hell were turned loose to torment us here from the middle of June until the middle of August. I have a small sack made of cheese cloth that fits over my hat and down under my shirt collar with a small piece of mosquito bar set in over my eyes to see through, and still they get inside in spite of all that I can do."

Under date of Sept. 10, 1897, he writes: "We have put up \$1,800 worth of hay and killed and sold over \$2,500 worth of moose—nine cows, two calves, and two yearling bulls. A good bull would dress between 1,000 and 1,100 pounds." He tells of killing two large moose and hiring a boat to take the carcasses down the river. On the way down he was swept out of the boat by a log projecting over the river and narrowly escaped drowning, the swift water and submerged trees and logs making it almost impossible for him to get his head above water. He finally saved himself after an awful struggle by catching an overhanging willow, whose branches whipped the

stream. The meat of the two moose cows was sold at Dawson.

"Two of the boys that I came with are buried on the hillside back of Dawson; one was the first buried and the other the last, making twenty-three since last spring." This is the principal reason given by Jones for a feeling of homesickness. He complains that the absence of civil officers works a great injustice to the miners, who lose many thousands of dollars through invasion of their rights. He has this to say of Dawson City:

"I have spent some time around town where one sees sights that only seeing is believing; but one thing I will say—a quieter or better disposed lot of men I never saw. One can go into a dance hall with probably two or three hundred people and lots of drunks, both male and female, whooping, singing, cursing, dancing and gambling for big money, but all in good nature. Grub is scarce, and many of us will go hungry before spring. I must take to the hills or starve. I had what was called a guaranteed order; that is, I put up my money last spring and headed my order with 500 pounds of flour and everything else in proportion. When I went for it, all that I could get was 50 pounds of flour and other articles in proportion. A few capitalists got in last fall and have bought millions of dollars' worth of property. Hundreds of claims will be sent out and put on the market. The second claim below me sold at random for \$160,000. Most of us original stakers will sell this winter. My claim is fifty eight miles below discovery on Bonanza. The best property lies on the creeks as I name them: First, and best of all is Eldorado; next and almost as good, is Bonanza. These two take the lead. Then comes Hunker, Gold Bottom, Bear, Sulphur and Dominion, with innumerable gulches and side hill claims. Some of these are very rich."

**THE PARROTS OF CUBA.**  
They Are Intelligent, Companionable, Talkative and Edible.

A company of prisoners from Cuba recently arrived in this city, coming unchallenged through our line of battleships, passing our coast guards unmolested, and reaching the interior of the country without harm, albeit the sentiments of each and all are for war. And these prisoners neither speak our difficult language nor understand it, their native speech being the Spanish vernacular. They are the latest and perhaps the last importation of Cuban parrots and they reached New York under many difficulties, but they are now in the homes of Lake Michigan, released from their dismal wooden cages and petted to their hearts' content, but still moping and melancholy for the loveliest land that ever the sun shone on. That was what Columbus said of Cuba when he carried the first consignment of Cuban parrots back to Europe introducing them to the delighted ladies of Seville.

In Cuba when that lovely land  
Saw Tacon reigning in his glory.

These latest arrivals from the beautiful and unhappy Cuba will probably be the last consignment made for many a long day, and the pretty birds with their red breasts and brilliant green plumage and white-topped heads are as savage and misanthropic as human prisoners might be under the hand of exile. They bite savagely and hurl Spanish anathemas at all who approach them, and whether they are rebels or parrots cannot be determined from their actions. But a few words of Spanish spoken by a visitor produced a wonderful change, as well as a babel of discordant jargon. They chattered as if in their native forests, and their bright, wicked eyes smirked with satisfaction and

they crooned to themselves like the uncanny folk they are with diabolical effect.

These birds recall the fact that the Spanish sailor has an abnormal love for parrots and is nearly always accompanied by one of those trick birds when he sails the Spanish main or adventures into distant ports, where he finds himself compelled to part with his harlequin friend in exchange for gold to pay his score. He is sorry, but not so sorry as the parrot, whom he had petted and taught and whose homesickness lasts long after the master she loved has forgotten her.

A poet wrote a pathetic ballad of such a case. In a strange country the lonely parrot was adopted by kind people, who made much of it, but the bird could never be induced to speak a single word—during the years of its enforced exile it preserved an unbroken silence. As it grew old its melancholy increased, and left to itself it brooded over its past life until one day a stranger passing its cage gave it a glance of recognition. The poet tells the climax:

He hailed the bird in Spanish speech,  
The bird in Spanish speech replied,  
Flew round its cage with joyous screech—  
Then dropped and died.

Some Americans visiting Cuba a few years ago were much shocked while dining at a fashionable restaurant to hear an order given for 'two Cubans on toast.' They felt relieved on learning that Cuban parrots were the delicacy ordered. It is known now that the birds have been an article of diet for some time, the 10,000 parrots that were formerly sent to the United States in the season being now sacrificed to feed hungry families deprived of other sources of food.

The great popularity of the Cuban parrot in this country has been traced to the fact that they come to us with unoccupied brains, the few words the young birds have learned being easily obliterated to make room for a new vocabulary. The Cubans themselves have as much reverence for the bird that talks as the old Romans had in the days of Nero, when its uncanny utterances were regarded as oracles.

**HOW FAST THINGS GO.**  
A Mathematician's Calculation of the Speed of Various Objects.

A mathematician has compiled the following list of speeds a second: The snail, one-half inch; a man walking, 4 feet; a fast runner, 23 feet; a fly, 24 feet; fast skater, 38 feet; a carrier pigeon, 87 feet; locomotive—sixty miles an hour—88 feet; swallows, 220 feet; the worst cyclone known, 380 feet; the Krakatoa wave—at the volcanic catastrophe of Aug. 27, 1893, in the Sunda Islands—940 feet; the surface of the globe on sea level at the equator, 1,500 feet; the moon, 3,250 feet; the sun, 5½ miles; the earth, 18 miles; Holley's comet in the perihelion, 235 miles; electric current on telegraph wires, 7,000 miles; induction current, 11,040 miles; electric current in copper wire armatures, 21,000 miles; light, 180,000 miles; discharge of a Leyden jar through copper wire one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter, 277,100 miles, which is said to have been in the highest velocity measured.

Shetland Wool.  
Shetland hose is known to excel in the unusual fineness of the wool used for it, which is furnished by the lean Shetland sheep. The wool of this animal, which is thriving in a comparatively raw climate under scanty conditions, is not obtained by shearing but by plucking, which is said to be harmless as far as the animal is concerned.—Chambers's Journal.

**AN OLD BULLY.**  
People who live in fear of his attacks.  
How to avoid him or beat him off.

If biliousness isn't the bully of the body then what is? When once biliousness gets the upper hand you don't dare say your stomach is your own. "Don't you dare eat that dish says biliousness, or you'll see what I'll do." You take the dare and you see or rather feel, the weight of the bully's revenge. The head aches, not a regular ache, but an open and shut ache. The eyes ache, not with a dull, tired ache, but with an aggressive ache, as if they were being bored by a gimlet. The stomach trembles with nausea. "The whole head is sick and the whole heart is faint." There are scores of hundreds of people who live so under the dominion of this bully biliousness that they don't dare eat or drink without his permission. There's no need of such slavery. Dr. J. C. Ayer's Pills effectually cure biliousness.

"For fifteen years I have used Dr. J. C. Ayer's Pills, and find them very effective in all kinds of bilious complaints. They are mild in operation and easy to take. I prefer them to any other pill, and have yet to see the case where they have failed to cure."—A. SWANER, Texarkana, Ark.

"I have used Dr. J. C. Ayer's Pills in cases of biliousness and general disorders of the stomach and bowels and have found

them to be always reliable. They are less liable to gripe than other purgatives, and although mild in action, they are thorough in operation. They are the best family physic that can be had."—FRED J. DUFFY, Rockport, Texas.

"Having used Dr. J. C. Ayer's Pills for years and thoroughly tested them, both as a preventive and cure for biliousness, I can truthfully say that I believe them to be the best medicine for the purpose and they do all that is claimed for them."—Jno. E. KOLS, Shark, Ark.

Biliousness is in general but a symptom of a more stubborn disorder, constipation. Constipation is the root of almost all physical evils, and Dr. J. C. Ayer's Pills cure almost all these physical evils by going to the root. They cure constipation, and the consequent malaises, biliousness, heartburn, palpitation, shortness of breath, sleeplessness, nervous irritability, foul breath, coated tongue, and a score of other miserable malaises that have their origin in constipation. Dr. Ayer's Pills are the surest and safest remedy for all diseases of the liver, stomach, and bowels. Send for Dr. Ayer's Curebook and read the story of cures told by the cured. Free. Address the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

# A TANGLED WEB.

(CONTINUED.)

Neville had a faint recollection of the voice, but could not completely recall it, but stood regarding the man watchfully.

"What, don't you know me, sir?" he said, rubbing his ankle and still eyeing Neville excitedly. "It's me, Trale—Inspector Trale! You remember me, surely, sir?"

Neville's face cleared, and he held out his hand with a smile.

"Of course," he said. "How are you, Trale?"

The inspector laughed rather ruefully.

"Well, pretty bruised, I expect, sir," he replied. "But who ever would have thought of seeing you here, Mr. Neville?"

Neville glanced at the house rather sadly.

"And yet this used to be my home," he said, more to himself than to the inspector.

"You've got rather a singular way of welcoming an old friend, Trale," he said aloud.

Trale looked a thousand apologies.

"I'm sure I beg your pardon, Mr. Neville," he said, humbly. "I don't know what you must think of me, but a man must do his duty, you know, sir; and seeing what I took to be a—"

"Tramp," said Neville, with a smile, as he glanced at his shabby get-up. "Out with it, Trale!"

"Well, sir, begging your pardon, that or worse is just what I took you for," admitted Trale.

"I've been watching you for the last half hour, and it looked to me as if I was on the track of a burglar."

"I dare say," said Neville, grimly; "and to tell you the truth, I was just thinking, when you collared me, whether I couldn't manage to get inside and have a look at the old place."

"And very natural, sir, indeed," said Trale, still glancing askance at Neville's rough and threadbare garments—"very natural, and I'm sure they'd only be too pleased to see you, especially those who remember you, sir. Why didn't you go in by the proper way—the front door, Mr. Neville?"

Neville shook his head.

"I'm scarcely in visiting trim, Trale," he replied, evasively. "Besides—Well, I've my reasons for keeping my presence here in Lyne, a secret, for the present, at any rate. I see my bro—Sir Jordan isn't at home."

"No, sir; Sir Jordan's very seldom here, especially in the season," said Trale. "The old place is quieter than ever. Sir Jordan's a very great man now, Mr. Neville, and they can't spare him up in London; but I dare say you've heard all that."

"I have not heard much," said Neville. "I only came back to England a week or two ago."

"You don't say!" said Trale, with friendly and respectful interest. "Been all over the world, I expect, sir?"

"Part of it," said Neville. "Yes, the old place is very quiet, Trale."

"Very, sir," assented the inspector; "and it's because it's so lonesome like that I keep it pretty well watched."

"Burglars, eh?" said Neville, absently. Trale nodded.

"Yes, sir; there's a lot of plate and valuables inside there, and it's well to be on the alert. To tell the truth, Mr. Neville, I didn't really take you for a cracker, planning a job, but for a customer I've been on the lookout for some time past. He disappeared here in the park, not far from this very spot, and seeing you standing here, it flashed upon me that he might have turned up again on the very spot where he was lost. Though I'll admit that it wasn't very likely."

"Oh!" said Neville, not very greatly interested. "Who was that? We'd better not stop here talking, or some one will hear us, and, as I said, I don't wish to be recognized."

"Quite so, sir," assented Trale; and together they walked away toward the lodge; but as they did so, Trale looked back over his shoulder.

"Remember the old door, Mr. Neville!" he said gently.

"Yes, sir. Lived with his daughter in the little cottage on the Stoneleigh Road. A regular bad lot, he was, Mr. Neville," and the inspector warming up, told the story of Jim Banks very much as he had told it to Audrey on the morning she had amused herself by reading the description of the "wanted" men outside the police station.

"Disappeared in the park," said Trale; "disappeared just as if the earth had swallowed him up. That's the aggravating part of it. If he'd kept in London, and gone off from there, it wouldn't have been so bad; but to think of him coming back here and then giving us the slip!"

"Very trying for you, no doubt," said Neville, half absently. "Has anything been heard of the daughter?"

"No, Mr. Neville; she went off while her father was in prison—went wrong, I'm afraid. She was a pretty, lady-like girl, and—But there, I'm boring you with all this. What do you mean to do, Mr. Neville, if you won't go to the Court?"

"I wish some one would tell me," replied Neville, smothering a sigh. "I should like to stay near the old place for a little, but I don't want to be known."

"Yes, sir; I can understand that, Mr. Neville," said Trale. Then, after a few minutes' pondering, he said, "I tell you what you might do, sir. You remember old Mrs. Parsons who used to keep the West Lodge?"

"Quite well," said Neville, with a smile, as he recalled the tricks he and Audrey used to play that excellent woman.

"Well, sir, Sir Greville left her a little annuity, and she's living in a small cottage just outside Stoneleigh. She's got a spare room. It's a poor place for the likes of you, Mr. Neville."

"My good fellow," said Neville, "I have slept under hayricks and in stables for the past week, to say nothing of having roughed it for years past."

"Good Lord, Mr. Neville!" muttered Trale, in a horrified whisper. "You as used to be—"

"—And Mrs. Parsons's cottage will seem like a palace to me."

"Very well then, sir," said Trale. "We'll go straight there. The old woman will be half-mazed with delight at the thought of having you under her roof, and she's a decent old body, and can keep her tongue quiet. You'll be comfortable enough there in a rough kind of way while you care to stir a look about you. It's a pity Miss Audrey isn't at home, Mr. Neville; but she's up in London. She'd be glad enough to see you, bless her heart! begging your pardon, sir."

Neville laid his hand on the man's shoulder and his voice trembled.

"You can't offend me by blessing Miss Audrey, Trale," he said. "But I'm glad, in a sorrowful way, that she's not here."

"I understand, sir," said Trale. "But isn't there anything I can do for you—mean anything that is something?"

"Yes; you can come to the little inn at Stoneleigh and have some supper with me, and we can talk over old times. That's the kindest thing you can do, Trale," said Neville, desirous to inform the inspector that he, Neville, was not quite a penniless tramp; and Trale gladly and respectfully assenting, the two men went toward Stoneleigh.

## CHAPTER XXV.

Sylvia had fallen into good hands. Lorrimore and Mercy Fairfax vied with each other in their attention to the sick and bereaved girl, and Mercy's careful nursing and the constant change of air and scene soon brought the color back to the pale cheeks and the waned strength to the lithe, graceful form. But the improvement ended there.

She was physically whole, but the spirit had received a wound which seemed to defy even time and change.

She took no interest in anything, and though Lorrimore and Mercy were unwearied in their efforts to rouse her and woo her forgetfulness of her loss, they did not succeed.

"She seems to be living in dream-land, poor girl!" said Mercy, and that very nearly described Sylvia's condition.

She would sit for hours in one place, and in almost the same attitude, her head resting on her hand, her large eyes fixed on vacancy, apparently dead to all that was going on around her.

They passed through the most beautiful scenery, sojourned in great cities, in which they were surrounded by luxury, and what was novelty to Sylvia; but it was all disregarded by her. She was living an inner life—feeding upon the memory of the past, and while her body moved through this weary, wonderful world of ours her soul was back at Lorn Hope Camp, which Jack's presence had made a paradise to her. And yet she was gratified for the kindness and unwearied devotion of her two guardians.

"You are too kind to me, you and Lord Lorrimore," she said one day to Mercy, who had been even more than usually attentive to the sorrow-stricken girl. "I think if Lord Lorrimore would scold me and try and speak roughly and you would stop treating me as if I were the most precious thing on earth, it would do me good," she said, with a touch of her old naivete; and Mercy had smiled and shook her head.

"I'll ask Lord Lorrimore to do so," she said; "but I'm afraid he won't."

"No," said Sylvia. "I think he is the kindest and gentlest man in the world, excepting—"

She stopped. Jack wasn't in the world now, alas, alas!

Mercy had grown very fond of Sylvia, and it would seem as if the womanly tenderness so long pent up in her bosom had found a vent and lavished itself on the young girl so strangely committed to her care. Lorrimore, too, grew attached to Sylvia, and under other circumstances his attachment would have developed into a warmer feeling; but Lorrimore had only one heart, and it had left him forever. If Sylvia had been ten times more lovely and bewitching than she was—and she was beautiful and fascinating enough—Lorrimore would have been safe. There was only one woman in the world for him, and she was Audrey Hope, who had sent him on the errand which apparently became more of a wild-goose chase each day. But, notwithstanding the charge he had undertaken, Lorrimore did not neglect his mission, and all their journeying had the one object—the finding of Neville Lyne.

They passed through Australia to New Zealand, Lorrimore pursuing his search with unremitting ardor, but without success; and at last they came to Europe. It was late in autumn when they landed on the Continent, and Sylvia's continued lethargy caused Mercy and him some anxiety.

"I don't think she ought to winter in England," Mercy said, as they talked over their plans. "An English winter is very enjoyable for those who can stand it; but Sylvia is just in that state when all sorts of trouble from cold and bad weather may set in."

Lord Lorrimore nodded.

"Very well," he said. "You had better go to Italy. I will see you there safe and settled comfortably; but I must leave you then, at any rate for a time; but I will look you up now and again."

Sylvia raised no objection to the proposal. She would have consented to go to Siberia, the coast of New Guinea, anywhere, with the same indifference; and they made for Florence.

Lorrimore saw them settled in one of the best boarding-houses, and left them to continue his search. He meant going through all the big continental cities.

Sylvia parted with him with tears in her eyes and broken sentences of gratitude; but immediately afterward she sunk into the old lethargy and indifference.

Mercy used to drive her about the delightful old city and the exquisite scenery around it, and Sylvia would look upon it all with about as much interest in her dreamy eyes as if she were asleep.

Lorrimore was almost in despair, but as patient as ever and as tender and gentle. One day her devotion met with some reward. Sylvia had complained of the wind—there is an east wind in Florence which would shame an English one—and Mercy had taken her into one of the churches.

Service was going on, and the two women knelt reverently with the rest of the congregation. Suddenly Mercy felt the girl kneeling beside her tremble and heard her sigh. One of the choristers was singing an exquisite solo, and sending forth music which seemed to float, like a strain from the heavenly choir, through the grand old church.

Mercy said nothing, but Sylvia, as they drove home murmured, "How beautiful, oh, how beautiful!" and that evening, as Mercy was dressing for dinner in the room adjoining Sylvia's, she heard a voice singing the solo. She was so startled by the beauty and sweetness of the voice that she did not at first realize that it was Sylvia's and when she did so she dropped the brush from her hand and opened the door between the two rooms.

"My dear, was that you singing?" she exclaimed.

Sylvia, with faint surprise, looked over her shoulder from the glass before which she was standing.

"Was I singing?" she said. "I was only trying to hum the hymn we heard in the church this afternoon; I didn't think you could hear me."

Mercy stared at her with astonished surprise.

"My dear child," she said, putting her arm round her neck and kissing her, "you sing like an angel! Why have you never sung before? Lord Lorrimore would have been so pleased and delighted!"

"Would he?" said Sylvia. "I would have sung to him if I had thought of it, but I haven't sung since—"

She turned her head away. Mercy wisely said no more at the moment, and left her; but a few evenings afterwards she persuaded her to sing a simple ballad in the drawing-room, little dreaming of the consequences that would ensue.

There were some very nice people staying in the house—English and Italian—and among the latter was an old professor of the Conservatoire. He was a very silent old man, who used to sit reading his Italian newspaper and apparently too much absorbed in it to take any notice of his fellow-boarders; but that night, when Sylvia began to sing, he lowered his paper, then dropped it altogether, and starting to his feet with an exclamation of amazement and delight, trotted across the room to the piano by which Sylvia was standing.

"My dear young lady," he said, in broken English, "where did you get that voice?"

To such an unanswerable question Sylvia could only smile, and the old man hastened to explain.

"Bah! I do not mean where did you get the voice itself—that comes from Heaven, we know—but who taught you to sing like that?"

"My father," said Sylvia, as she had answered Jack.

"Oh, then, my dear young lady, was a musician, and, what is better, a first-rate tutor. Let me hear you sing again."

Sylvia complied, and the old professor stood and listened with bent head and profound and critical attention.

Then he patted her arm approvingly, and even enthusiastically.

"My dear young lady," he said, earnestly and almost solemnly, "you have a voice which is phenomenal. And you did not know it! No one has told you. It is like a diamond buried in the sand! Bah!

You must sing! You have a grand future before you. Ah, but yes! Such a future as makes me dizzy to think of. But you must be careful—there is much to learn. See! if you will, I—I myself will teach you. Come to me to-morrow at the Conservatoire at eleven; and taking it for granted that she could not dream of refusing such an offer, he trotted off to his nightly cigarette and game of dominoes at the club.

"You will go, dear?" said Mercy, when they had gone up to their rooms.

After this conversation Sylvia thought a moment or two.

"Did he mean that I could earn money?" she said in a low voice.

"I suppose so—yes, of course," said Mercy. "But that is of no consequence. It is of your happiness I am thinking, dear. If you can only find some amusement and interest in the occupation—"

"To earn money," repeated Sylvia, as if she had not heard her. Then she put both her hands on Mercy's shoulders and looked into her eyes.

"Do you think all this time that I have not felt, with all my gratitude for your love and Lord Lorrimore's great kindness, that I am a dependent; that I have been living on charity—yes, charity? At times, Mercy, dear, the thought has nearly driven me mad—"

"That's nonsense," Mercy began, her eyes filling; but Sylvia went on:

"Often I have asked myself what I should do to earn my own bread; often I have asked myself what—what Jack would have said if he could have known that I was living on other people's alms; and I have felt hot with shame and misery. It is that, as much as anything which has crushed me, Mercy, and now that old man says I can earn money. Will I go? Why, I would walk a thousand miles with such a hope before me. Yes, we will go, Mercy, dear, and I will work—well, you shall see."

The course of lessons commenced, and the professor's enthusiasm, instead of decreasing, increased as his pupil progressed.

When Lord Lorrimore came on a flying visit he found that the apathetic girl he had left had become transformed into a keen student with a hopeful, ardent light in the eyes that had so short a time since been vacant and lifeless. He was delighted, but still more astonished, when the professor gravely proposed that Sylvia should make her appearance at a matinee.

"Not that she will stop there, my lord," he said, earnestly; "she is fitted for higher work. For she will act as well as sing, mark me; and it is the opera and not the concert platform to which she is making her way."

Lord Lorrimore was at first opposed to the idea; but a few words from Sylvia and a long look at her changed face reconciled him to it.

"What will your people say if ever we find them, Sylvia?" he said.

"You will never find them," she replied; "and if you did, they would say I have done right."

The day of the matinee came, and she appeared, not trembling and nervous, as are most debutantes, but calm and serene, with the true artist's confidence.

Lord Lorrimore was spell-bound while the sweet, fresh voice rang through the hall. A storm of applause rewarded the singer, and at the close the professor, trembling with agitation and delight, brought forward a stout, elderly gentleman with a wig, whom he introduced as the manager of the Vienna Opera, and who, in bland voice and complimentary language, offered Sylvia an engagement.

She asked for one day in which to consider the proposal, and accepted it.

"You will stay with me, Mercy—you will always stay with me," she said, when she told her.

And Mercy had drawn the girl to her heart and kissed her.

"Yes, I will stay with you, Sylvia. In fact, I'm afraid I couldn't go even if you sent me away."

A month afterwards, while the Vienna Theatre, crammed to its fullest to hear the new singer, Signora Stella, whose youth and beauty had been the topic of conversation throughout the gay city, rang with enthusiastic plaudits, Signora Stella herself sat in her dressing room, still in her costume, her face covered with sobs, the tears trickling between her fingers.

"My dear, my dear," murmured Mercy, "why do you cry? You are overwrought. Listen to the plaudits, Sylvia! Think of the success—the great overwhelming success and don't cry."

But the sobs did not cease, and Mercy bending over her, heard her murmur brokenly:

"Jack, Jack! Oh, if Jack were only here!"

The successful Signora Stella, whose fame the electric wires were already flashing through Europe, was still as faithful to the man who had paid her ransom as Sylvia the orphan of Lorn Hope, had been.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Lord Byron remarked that he woke one morning to find himself famous; and Sylvia might with truth have said the same.

In these days, when news travels at more than a thousand miles a minute, it does not take long to be celebrated. The man who writes a successful book, the musician who composes a catchy comic opera, the acrobat who surpasses all others of his profession in the art of hanging by his eyebrows a hundred feet or so above the ground, does not have to wait months, or even weeks, before his great feat becomes known. The whole world is made acquainted with it in a few hours and he has only to step up and take his fortune with as little trouble as possible.

And Sylvia's was a genuine success. The music critics were, for once, unanimous in praising her voice and the way she managed it; and the dramatic critics declared that she would in time be as great an actress as she was a singer.

Vienna raved about her—about her beauty, her youth, and her romantic history; and all sorts of absurd rumors went the round of the newspapers. Some hinted that she was the daughter of an English nobleman, others that she was a Russian princess who had run away from home because her parents declined to allow her to follow the bent of her genius; but by others it was declared that she was Lord Lorrimore's betrothed wife, and that she would, notwithstanding her great success, presently wed the English nobleman and retire from the stage forever.

Meanwhile, the theater, on the three nights in the week in which she played, was full to overflowing, her appearance was greeted with cheers, and wreaths and bouquets, in accordance with the delightfully absurd custom, were thrown at her feet.

Sometimes a note was concealed among the flowers, and, not seldom, a costly article of jewelry. These Sylvia handed—the first unopened—to Mercy, who duly returned them the next morning to the readers.

All this would have turned the heads of nineteenth-century girls out of twenty; but Sylvia bore her honors modestly. Indeed, it was this almost child-like modesty which won the hearts of her audiences as much as her beauty or her voice. She lived in strict retirement under Mercy's protecting wing; and, excepting the old professor who still remained her tutor, and occasionally Lord Lorrimore, saw no visitors nor held any communication with the world outside the theater.

She took her triumph not only modestly but with a sense of solemn responsibility. She had worked hard before she made her appearance; she worked harder still, now; and nearly the whole day was spent in studying the music and acting the parts assigned to her; and she seemed to live entirely for and in her work.

Lord Lorrimore looked on all this in an amazement which he found it impossible to get rid of, and night after night he would stand at the back of his box and gaze at the lovely young creature on the stage as she held the large audience spell-bound, and ask himself whether the brilliant, dazzling creature could be the girl he had seen in the grasp of Lavarrick the ranger?

To that past, divided from the present by so short a space of time, neither he nor Sylvia ever reverted; but that she was constantly thinking of and dwelling upon it, both he and Mercy knew, as they sometimes watched Sylvia sitting in pensive silence the beautiful eyes clouded by sorrowful thought.

Poor Lorrimore was in rather a peculiar frame of mind. The two years in which he had set himself to find Neville had expired and he might have gone back to Audrey with a clear conscience, but his love made him proud, and he felt it would be almost mean to go back so to speak, empty-handed.

By this time he hated the very name of Neville Lyne, and yet he felt as if compelled to make one more effort to find him. He resolved that he would spend just one more month in the search, and then, successful or unsuccessful, would go to Audrey and, in the latter case, say: "I have done my best to restore your friend to you, and have failed. I will not hold you to your implied promise—you are free. But I love you still, and if you can return me a thousandth part of that love, be my wife!"

He went next morning to Sylvia's hotel to wish her good-bye, and found her and Mercy consulting over an open letter. Sylvia handed it to him with a smile.

"I am so glad you have come," she said. "Here is an offer from the manager of the London Opera. Shall I accept it or not?"

Lorrimore emitted a low whistle as he read the terms.

"At this rate you will be a millionaire, my dear Sylvia," he said.

"I wonder what you will do with your money?" and he smiled.

Sylvia smiled; and then she sighed and looked away.

If Jack had been alive, there would have been no need for that question. "Give it to Jack," would have been her answer.

"Sylvia finds a way of getting rid of a great deal of it easily enough," said Mercy. "I sometimes think that all the poor in Paris—"

Sylvia laid her fingers on Mercy's lips.

"No tales out of school!" she exclaimed, laughing. "But indeed I often ask myself the same question, and here is some more, and a very large sum. Shall I go?" she asked as meekly as a ward addressing her guardian.

"Yes, I suppose so," Lorrimore replied, with a faint sigh. How he wished he could go to London and be near Audrey! "I suppose so. It's a very good offer, and you were bound to go to London sooner or later. They will be delighted with you there, Sylvia."

"Do you think so?" she said, modestly. "Sometimes I am afraid when I think of it, and yet—"

She paused a moment, then went on softly: "I shall be glad to see England again. It is like home, though I left it when I was such a little child I can scarcely remember it."

"You and your brother left it together?" said Lorrimore, gently. He had always avoided mentioning "her brother," and he spoke now very hesitatingly and softly.

Sylvia colored, then turned pale.

"Some day I will tell you all about it, Lord Lorrimore," she said in a low voice. "I—not now—not now!" and her voice began to tremble so that Lorrimore quickly changed the subject.

"You will have to go over at the end of the month," he said. "It will be just in the season, and you will have a great triumph."

He sighed again and Sylvia noticed it.

"Are you not coming, too?" she said, with frank regret.

He shook his head.

"No—not just yet, at any rate. I'm off again on my wild-goose chase. But I shall be over in four or five weeks' time."

(CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.)

**Sunday Reading.**

**THE STRENGTH OF BEING CLEAN.**

Temptation's Four Alleged "Short Cuts to Happiness," and What They Are.

When the ancient monarch came to Euclid and asked to be helped in his mathematics, the philosopher replied: "There is no royal road to geometry."

That was a truth of universal application. There is no royal road to anything worth accomplishing. There is no short-cut to happiness. We sometimes take what appear to be short cuts, but they only prove to us the truth of the other proverb that the shortest way around is the longest way home. An address on "The Strength of being Clean" was recently delivered by Dr. David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford, Jr., University, before the Y. M. C. A. in San Francisco. In speaking of "the short cuts to happiness" offered by temptation, Dr. Jordan says these may be roughly classified as follows:

"(1) IDLENESS.—This is the attempt to secure the pleasures of rest without the effort which justifies rest and makes it welcome. When a man shuns effort he is in no position to resist. So, through all ages, idleness has been known as the parent of all vices. Life drives him hard who has nothing in the world to do. The dry-rot of existence, the vague self-disgust known to the wealthy as ennui and to the poor man as plain misery, is the result of idleness pure and simple. Through the open door of idleness all other temptations enter.

"(2) GAMBLING.—In all its forms, gambling is the desire to get something for nothing. It is said that 'money is the root of all evil.' But this is not true. The desire to get money without earning it is the root of all evil. It is the search for unearned happiness through unearned power. To get something for nothing, in whatever way demoralizes all effort. The man who gets a windfall spends his days thereafter watching the wind. The man who wins in a lottery spends all his gains in more lottery tickets. The whole motive for gambling, betting, and of all other forms of stakes and hazards, is to get something for nothing. To win is to lose, for the winner's integrity is in jeopardy. To lose is to lose, for the loser gets nothing for something. He has thrown good money after bad, and that too is demoralizing. . . .

"The same motive lies behind stealing as behind gambling. The difference lies in our statutes and in our social prejudices.

"(3) LICENTIOUSNESS.—There is an ever present temptation to secure the pleasures of love without love's duties and love's responsibilities.

"In whatever form this temptation arises, it must be met and fought to the death by the man who values honor or character or happiness. Open vice brings with a certainty disease and degradation and ruin. Secret vice comes to the same end, but all the more surely, because the sin and folly of lying are added to the agencies of destruction. The man who tries to live a double life is either a neurotic freak or else the prince of fools. Generally he is something of both. That society is so severe in its condemnation of such conduct is an expression of the bitterness of its own experience. To you who look forward to useful and honored lives, the temptations of lust must be trodden under foot. Love demands singleness of soul. It is a sturdy plant of vigorous growth, with wondrous hope of flower and fruitage, but it will not rise from the ashes of lust. . . .

"(4) INTemperance.—Men try to get the feeling of happiness when happiness does not exist. They destroy their nervous system for the tingling pleasure they feel as its organs are torn apart. There are many drugs which cause this pleasure, and in proportion to the delight they seem to give is the real mischief that they work.

"Pain is the warning to the brain that something is wrong in the organ in which the pain is felt. Sometimes that which should be felt as pain is interpreted as pleasure. If a man lay his fingers upon an anvil and strike them one by one with a hammer, the brain will feel the shock as pain. It will give orders to have the blows checked.

"But if through some abnormal condition, some twist of the nerves or clot in the brain, the injury was felt as exquisite delight, there would arise the impulse to repeat it. This would be a temptation. The knowledge of the injury which the eyes would tell to the brain should lead the will to stop the blows. The impulses of delight would plead for their repetition, and in this fashion the hand might be sacrificed for a feeling of pleasure, which is

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no pleasure at all, but a form of mania. Of this character is the effect of all nerve-exciting drugs. As a drop of water is of the nature of the sea, so in its degree is the effect of alcohol, opium, tobacco, cocaine, kola, tea or coffee of the nature of mania. They give a feeling of pleasure or of rest when rest or pleasure does not exist. This feeling arises from injury to the nerves which the brain does not truthfully interpret.

"There have been men in abnormal conditions who felt mutilation as pleasure, in the way I have just described. Men have paid others to pinch their bodies, to tear their flesh, to bruise their bones for the exquisite delight in self-mutilation. This felling is the basis for the extraordinary mania which shows itself from time to time among those sects who call themselves flagellants and penitents. Such extravagance is not religion; it is madness. And drunkenness is madness also. Differing in degree and somewhat in kind, it has yet the same original motive, self destruction, because of the temptation of imaginary pleasure."

Dr. Jordan closed his talk by quoting the following beautiful sentiment from Thoreau:

"I know of no more encouraging fact than the ability of a man to elevate his life by conscious endeavor. It is something to paint a particular picture or to carve a statue and so make a few objects beautiful. It is far more glorious to carve and paint the very atmosphere and medium through which we look. This morally we can do."

**Forfeiting Our Opportunities.**

Mo-decai, who stands in the Book of Esther as the man who had the courage of his convictions, was a man of very keen intellectual insight. In urging upon Esther her duty to interfere to save the Jewish people from the destruction which was threatening them, through the wicked schemes of Haman, he brings out very clearly the important fact that the opportunity to do a great deed does not last long, and if we will not do it God will find somebody else to do it. The Divine Will will be thwarted, but will have lost our crown. Mordecai says to Esther: "If thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then shall there enlargement and deliverance arise to the Jews from another place; but thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed: and who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" There is no sadder failure to seize opportunity to do a great and good deed. After a while the deed is done by somebody else, but the man or woman who might have accomplished it and did not is a hopelessly stranded wreck.

**The Sting in the Tail.**

That is an interesting story which tells of Paul's shipwreck and his experiences afterward on the little island of Miletus. There are little touches in it which show us that Paul was just the kind of a companion that one would expect him to be when thrust into sudden emergencies like that. A fire had been kindled for the shipwreck people to warm themselves by, and dry their clothing and after a little,

when the fire began to burn low, Paul gathered a load of sticks to help build up the fire. Out of this bundle of, no doubt, dead and rotten wood, a viper seized his hand, but Paul flung it off into the fire and paid no attention to it. Unusual circumstances when people are away from home and from the ordinary regular routine of daily life are likely to furnish temptations that may well be compared to a viper. Paul's way of treating vipers is the right way. Flung them into the fire and let them burn. It never pays to pet a viper, for it is not one of the kind of things that can be civilized.

**The Sting in the Tail.**

A gentleman in Indian territory recently saw a snake lying by the roadside and went to kill it. He wore a heavy pair of boots, and thought of stamping it on the head, as he had done many a one before; but something prompted him to pursue another method, and he now believes that this second thought saved his life. He picked up a stick and struck the snake a heavy blow on the back, wounding it so that it could only wriggle. It was a peculiar kind of reptile, bearing many of the marks of a rattlesnake, and, thinking it was a rattler, he looked at it to see why it did not rattle, as such snakes always do when attacked. This examination proved that the snake was not a rattler. It had a stubby tail, blunt and hard, which looked almost as much like the head of a snake as the head itself. He noticed when looking at this tail that the snake turned it upward and darted out like lightning a stinger about an inch long, which is believed to be deadly poisonous. Delay in performing the duties of life is like that kind of a snake. It has a dangerous sting in the tail. If a man delays to pay his note when it is due there is a sting when the note goes to protest and brings financial disgrace. All kind of delay and failure to do duty promptly has its appropriate kind of sting in the tail.

**Jealous of One's Time.**

Men who have accomplished great results have always known the value of time. The Duke of Wellington slept on an iron camp bedstead 18 inches wide, because, as he argued, when a man wants to turn over it is time to turn out. Some famous men have had ingenious devices for waking them from sleep at the proper time. Edward Everett Hale tells of a friend of his who fixed his alarm so that at the foreordained moment the bedclothes were dragged from the bed. The same man found another contrivance which worked better. The alarm struck a match, which lighted the lamp which boiled the water for his shaving. If he stayed in bed too long, the water boiled over on his razor, and clean shirt, and the prayer-book which his mother gave him, and Coleridge's autograph, and his open pocket-book, and all the other precious things he could put in a basin underneath when he went to bed; so he had to get up before that moment came. Lovers of ease are sure of many sorrows and ordinarily of much poverty. Perhaps no sacrifice pays better than that which compels us even against our inclinations to do the duties of life promptly at the proper time.

**Influence of Associations.**

Pearls and opals are both said to grow dull through the ill health of her by whom they are worn, and the turquoise is said to become pale from the same cause; while I have heard of a ruby ring which on the hand of an invalid went paler and paler until on the patient's death, the stones lost their color entirely. Pearls are extraordinarily sensitive to the condition of the skin on which they rest. A woman in ill health was presented by her husband with a very beautiful pearl necklace. A month or two afterward, however, the pearls began to lose their lustre, and much annoyed, he took the necklace back to the jeweller who sold it to him. The salesman admitted the deterioration. 'You are quite right,' he said, 'but the truth is that your wife can not wear pearls next her skin. Let her maid wear the necklace for a few weeks, and the pearls will regain their brilliancy.' The turquoise is also very sensitive. One turned a vivid green when its wearer was passing across the Red

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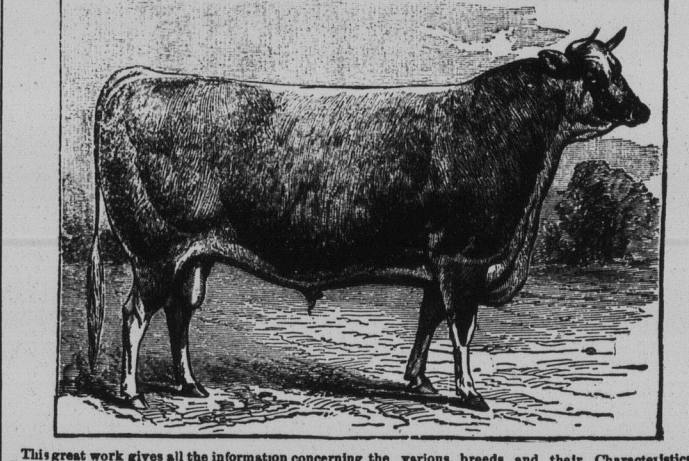
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sea; possibly it was affected by the temperature of her skin. When these stones are so susceptible to change under association we should not be astonished at the sensitiveness of human hearts under the magnetic association with other human beings. To choose companions wisely is one of the most important points in a successful life.

**A Great Screamer.**

More than fifty years ago Lachlan McDonald left his home in Strathspay, Scotland, and went to the shores of Lake Winnipeg. He did not neglect to carry with him his beloved bagpipe, and many an evening it spoke to him of the old home beyond the seas.

Even in the daytime, when he was busy in the woods felling trees, he would have it by his side, and on one occasion he had reason to be glad that it was so near. He was merrily swinging his axe, when he was suddenly surrounded by a party of Indians who looked very formidable as they drew nearer, gesticulating in a particularly threatening manner. Things began to seem ominous, when a happy thought came to the Scotchman. Seizing his bagpipe, he blew a blast so loud and long and shrill that the startled red men looked upon him for a moment in consternation, and then took to their heels never stopping till the thick shadows of the forest hid them from the man who could give vent to such an unearthly scream. They did not forget that prolonged cry; from that time the Scotchman was known among them as the "great screamer of the pale faces."

**The Bathing Suit.**

Not to be forgotten among athletic robes is the bathing suit, always attractive until it is wet. In the eyes of the experienced swimmer no fabric has yet been found to compare with silk warp Henrietta. It is light and warm, sheds the water well, stands rough water without shrinking or

fading, and clings less than any other material of the same weight, not excluding alpaca. Suits are closer fitting and skirts for use are made of heavy dark satin braided with bias bands of white satin. The shirts are circular. The satin used is of exceptional quality, of appreciable thickness. For the natorium skirts are abandoned, and tights to the waist take the place of hose. Shoes are of canvas, with thick rubber soles. They are considered by experts to be no hindrance to swimming, and anyone who has painfully picked her way over a beach of big pebbles can appreciate the possibility of their relief. Rubber caps are made in any number of new shapes, the oddest being a bandanna-like arrangement on a plain foundation, all of silk rubber in bright red plaid.

**CONSTIPATION.**

In the summer especially should the bowels be kept free, so that no poisonous material shall remain in the system to ferment and decay and infect the whole body. No remedy has yet been found equal to B.B.B. for curing Constipation, even the most chronic and stubborn cases yield to its influence.

"I cannot say too much in favor of Burdock Blood Bitters, as there is no remedy equal to it for the Cure of Constipation. We always keep it in the house as a general family medicine, and would not be without it." MRS. JACOB MOSHER, Pictou Landing, N.S.

B.B.B. not only cures Constipation, but is the best remedy known for Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Jaundice, Liver Complaint, Kidney Disease and Blood Humors.

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Established 1760.  
**Walter Baker & Co., Limited.**  
Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.  
The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of  
**PURE, HIGH GRADE**  
**Cocoas and Chocolates**  
on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufactures. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.  
**CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.**



### Notches on The Stick

The modern spirit of toleration, merging too frequently in doctrinal and denominational indifference, did not obtain during the childhood of Mrs. Stowe. Her aunt, Harriett Foote, a strong character who left on her niece definite impressions, once hazarded the opinion—a rash one for the time—that "many persons out of the Episcopal Church would be saved at last, but they were resting entirely on unaccounted mercy." In those days the lurid tinge of ultra-calvinism was still in the air, and its depressing effect was experienced by the susceptible heart of Harriett Beecher. She was instructed to cultivate the sense of the awfulness and fearfulness of God, to groan inwardly over sin, to fear and tremble. To be a Christian was an arduous and almost hazardous thing; and so she was made to conceive till she began to think it better she should die than live to be a disgrace to the church, and a burden to herself and the world. Sister Catherine seems to have approved of her miserable experiences, for she wrote: "Let her take courage in her dark sorrows and melancholies," as Carlyle says; Samuel Johnson, too, had hypochondries; all great souls are apt to have, and to be in thick darkness generally till the eternal ways and the celestial guiding stars disclose themselves, and the vague abyss of life knots itself up into firmaments for them." Yet the stress and sorrow that come to great souls in the time of their travail, and the hypochondriac miseries of constitutional malady, need not, be confounded with the needless laceration of a child's spirit the iron of creeds—a process in that age so frequent.

But Catharine Beecher had a stalwart mind. She exerted her powers at a time too, when "blue-stockings" was a stronger term of contempt than now. The learned professor of the day had none but withering phrases for his sister of equal calibre—indeed, in his judgment, she was not to be found. When a theologian of prominence in New England mentioned one of Catharine Beecher's publications to a German professor, declaring, "the ablest reputation of Edwards on 'The Will' which has been written in the work of a woman, the daughter of Dr. Lyman Beecher," that incredulous and jealous Tanton, raising both his futile hands in astonishment, replied: "You have a woman that can write an able reputation of Edwards on 'The Will'?" God forgive Christopher Columbus for discovering America! The Lyons, the Summervilles, the Brownings, the Eliots and the Beechers have made such intolerance something to be smiled at.

The literary instinct awoke early in Harriet and at the precocious age of twelve she wrote an essay having this for its portentous title: "Can the Immortality of the Soul be Proved by the Light of Nature?" It is uncertain whether she settled this vexed problem, but the closing words hint the probable truth: "Never till the blessed light of the gospel dawned on the borders of the pit, and the heralds of the cross proclaimed, 'Peace on earth and good will to men,' was bewildered and misled man enabled to trace his celestial origin and glorious destiny." Is this the child that, finally condescended to the simplicities of "Uncle Tom?"

After some years of struggle and suffering, Harriet emerged to clear calm light and a peace of spirit not to be lost through all her subsequent experience. She was a child at home,—no longer an alien; and she adjourned the settlement of indomitable

### Constipation

Causes fully half the sickness in the world. It retains the digested food too long in the bowels and produces biliousness, torpid liver, indigestion, bad taste, coated tongue, sick headache, insomnia, etc. Hood's Pills cure constipation and all its results, easily and thoroughly. See All Druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

## Hood's Pills

questions to the day of future revelation. She tells us that someone "advised her to give up the pernicious habit of introspection to the first methodist minister who would take it;"—a slur that does not pertain to a denomination that has always insisted on assurance and joy, and that spiritual sunshine which makes so much for winsome attractiveness in the religious life. Methodism puts woe and darkness not in the background of the life of the believer, but in that of the impenitent and rebellious soul; and this view has general endorsement. James Russell Lowell, writing to Mrs. Stowe, upon the publication of "The Minister's Wooing" said: "Whatever creed may be true, it is not true that man can be saved by machinery. I can speak with some chance of being right for I center a strong sympathy with many parts of Calvinistic theology, and . . . for one thing, I believe in hell with all my might, and in the goodness of God for all that."

Mrs. Stowe had a sure touch upon sorrow-stricken souls. She had herself sorrowed so deeply as to be able to approach the woe of another. Her own dear boy was drowned while bathing in the Connecticut river, and she had by many a chastening influence been fitted to soothe, and sympathize. "Be not afraid and confounded," she wrote to one suddenly crushed under a great bereavement, "if you find no apparent religious support at first. When the heart-strings are all suddenly cut, it is, I believe, a physical impossibility to feel faith or resignation; there is a revolt of the instinctive and animal system, and though we may submit to God it is rather by a constant painful effort than by a sweet attraction. There are cases when a superhuman grace is given and the soul is buoyed above itself, but more often we can only bleed in silent pain. For such deep places there is nothing but the remembrances of Him who, though a son, yet learned obedience by that which He suffered. We see that it cost Him agony and bloody sweat to say, 'Not my will but thine.' It did not come easily, even to Him, and He said it over and over in his anguish as we must. We know whose hand holds ours and that He makes no mistakes. These sorrows are our weanings from earth, and we fill the long night with tossings and moanings. Our Father, loving us better than we love ourselves, will educate us for our inheritance. It is no small thing, this eternal glory, and we must suffer something for it." That "inheritance" and the sphere of spiritual beings, became to her imminent and real,—for she sings:

"It lies around us like a cloud,  
A world we do not see;  
Yet the sweet coating of an eye  
May bring us there to be.  
"Its gentle breezes fan our cheek;  
Amid our worldly cares,  
Its gentle voices whisper love,  
And mingle with our prayers."

She cultivated the habit of gentle, sympathetic attention to all who had even the slightest claim upon her. In writing of a friend she affirms: "It was associating with her that first gave me the idea of saying something to people who were not agreeable, and of saying something when I had nothing to say, as is generally the case."

It can scarcely be doubted that Mrs. Stowe thought and acted conscientiously and sincerely, even in that which most tried our faith, the so-called revelations of Lady Byron. After her celebrated paper in the Atlantic Monthly, containing these, when denunciations began to pelt her thick and fast, she wrote: "It is worth while to have a storm of abuse once in a while, for one reason to read the Psalms; they are a radiant field of glory that never shines unless the night shuts in. Sometimes I have such nearness to the Blessed that a voice whispers, 'Thou shalt tread upon the lion and the adder;' 'The eternal God is thy refuge.' Depend upon it, the Lord didn't pitch me into this seething caldron for nothing, and the Son of man walks with me in the fire."

A lover of peace was she, and of the fair tranquilities of life; but she was forced into emergencies, and if her literary life was not militant, in a controversial, it was in a humanitarian sense so, from the publication of "Uncle Tom." She was a firm believer in the inspirational source and power of that book, which she felt that

some motive outside herself impelled her to write. In fact she rejected the mechanical principle in the construction of her stories. "Sermons, essays, lives of distinguished people,"—she explains to Mr. Fields, as a reason why she could not promise a story at a certain date,—"I can write to order at times and seasons. But a story comes, grows like a flower, sometimes will and sometimes won't, like a pretty woman. When the spirits help I can write. When they jeer, flout, make faces, and otherwise maltreat me, I can only wait humbly at their gates and watch at the posts of their doors."

This heroic and gifted woman gradually declined into age and mental feebleness, and a "gentle flavor of mild decay" took possession of her faculties. It was as "a tired child" she left this earthly scene and was laid to her rest, July 1896, beside her husband and her children in the burial ground of Andover.

Mrs. Nelly Fitch, daughter of Hon. Charles H. Collins, of Hillsboro Ohio,—who is now at San Francisco, Cal., and who has written racy notes of travel, published in Ohio papers,—writes to her father under June 7th, 1898: "I went from the El Monte, where I am stopping, out to the Hill where Mrs. Frances L. Mace resides, to call upon her; but the nurse told me she had put her to bed, and asked me to come again, since Mrs. Mace could not then be seen. I left my card, with my respects for her, with the nurse, and hope she may give it to Mrs. Mace. The home where she lives is a pretty little yellow house, with lovely flowers in the yard. I like its location upon the hill, and the old-fashioned lane, (like a Devonshire lane in England,) which leads up to it, for it is very pretty. I would like to have seen her on your account. I told the nurse who I was, and left my card, and that was all I could do. Los Gatos is a lovely town. I will write you my impressions of the Santa Clara country when I have seen it all."

The following beautiful lines will show to the admirers of Mrs. Mace how still her heart is true to her native state:

April in Maine.  
I know how April comes back to Maine,  
How softly she steals through the wintry woods  
And her smiles illumine their solitudes,  
Till she hides her face in a veil of rain;  
She hints of blossom to bush and tree,  
Then far her wayward journey takes,  
She waves her wand over sleeping lakes  
And they prattle of lilies that are to be.  
No word to me you need bring  
When the ice-chain breaks from the river I love,  
I can see the sails grow bright above  
When those waves their song of freedom sing;  
When the arbutus peeps from its nest in the snow,  
When the willows their banner of green unfurl,  
When brookside maples their tresses curl,  
So in exile can see and hear  
The springs return to my home in Maine.

Mrs. Nellie Wade Whitcomb, recently mentioned in PROGRESS, as a writer of verse, is about to remove from her place of residence at Dover, Me. She writes: "My people and I are fitting from the dear old home, and the dear old town on the banks of the Piscataquis river, as it seems best for many reasons to do so. Our *larses* and *penates* are packed for Ocean Park, our summer home." In reference to "the twin friends of the twin towns," she writes: The article was a great surprise, and it was both odd and gratifying that it should have been in a St. John paper, because I have some newfound but very dear friends in that city. Last Fall I went to New Brunswick a stranger, but came away with the feeling that I had always known it and the people,—how cordial and warm-hearted

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Your horse will look twice as well, feel twice as well, do twice as much work, sell for twice as much money, if you tone his system up with DR. HARVEY'S CONDITION POWDERS.  
No other condition powder will be so effective as this well tried remedy. If your dealer does not sell it we will mail you a full size package, as sample, on receipt of price, 25c.  
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**A NEW DRESS FOR 10 CENTS**  
A package of Magnetic Dyes will make a new dress of your old one. Quickly and easily done. All materials can be dyed soft and like new, and

**MAGNETIC DYES**  
will do it.  
For sale at all stores, or full size packet as sample, any color, postpaid, on receipt of price, 10c. by  
HARVEY MEDICINE CO., 424 St. Paul, Montreal.



### SEE THAT LINE

It's the wash, out early, done quickly, cleanly, white.

Pure Soap did it  
**SURPRISE SOAP**  
with power to clean without too hard rubbing, without injury to fabrics.  
**SURPRISE**  
is the name, don't forget it.

and hospitable they are! It occurred to me after my return that you might care to know that my friend and I fell in love with your beautiful 'Evangeline Land.' Its delights have never been exaggerated. We were about ten days in Kentville and vicinity, boarding at quaint Kent's Lodge, with its old-time belongings!

Mrs. Whitcomb had these pleasant words to say to her sister singer, above referred to: "Dear and brave Anna Boynton is busy on the farm,—very busy; but she sings in spite of the continuous work. Sorrow and care, indeed, seem only to make her life and song clearer and sweeter."

Mrs. Whitcomb has a song of her favorite river, which she is soon to leave:

The Piscataquis River.  
I glide between my low green hills,  
A bed for high, blue spaces;  
And flow, a luscious amber flood  
Above the water races.

The rocks below still shatter me  
In shining shards of whiteness;  
A moment I must plunge and foam,  
Then gain unbroken brightness.

Sweep freely on, the past forgot,  
While singing low but gaily,  
To hold the sky, or soak the sod,  
And turn the mill-wheel daily.

I clasp my islands cool and close,  
In mild or stormy weather.  
And call the brooks to follow me,  
We dance along together.

And leave the noisy town, to glide  
Through quiet country meadows,  
Where slender elm or sombre pine  
Dip dark and trembling shadows.

My fringing flowers oft lean and touch  
The tide, to cool their flushes,  
While down my lucid mirror looks  
The dreaming Dawn, and blishes.

When day, grown pale, has taken flight,  
Down through the dusk will blossom  
A shining floweret of the night,  
And nestle in my bosom.

At last I leap into the sea,  
Yet leave old comrades, never;  
For he, who once has dwelt by me,  
Will dream of me forever.

Our poetess is the youngest child of E. D. and Mary Wade, and was born at Parkman, Me., June 16, 1861. When she was three years of age her parents removed to Dover, where they have since resided. She graduated from the classical department of the Maine Central Institute, at Pittsfield, Me.; and was married at the age of twenty-one to Mr. Sergeant S. Whitcomb, of Lawrence, Kansas. Mrs. Whitcomb has written largely for the religious press, and is editor of "The Missionary Helper," published at Providence, Rhode Island.

We are in receipt of a circular giving the prospectus of a new publication, to be entitled the "New Brunswick Magazine," under the supervision of W. K. Reynolds, an editor well qualified for the work. It will enlist a full and competent corps of contributors, who will give special attention to the history, topography, bibliography, etc., of the Maritime provinces. No such periodical exists, and there should certainly be a field for it. A partial list of contributors is given, with the well known names of Dr. John Harper, Dr. George Stewart, Hon. J. W. Longley, Dr. Amos Henry Chandler, Prof. W. F. Ganong, Mr. James Hannay, Dr. A. A. Stockton, Dr. I. Allen Jack. We bespeak this new venture the pronounced success we believe it will deserve.  
PASTOR FELIX.

**Modern Chivalry.**  
Sir Walter Raleigh's cloak has been a symbol of chivalry for many years, but the little street-boy's cap in the following story, from the Sunday Magazine, deserves an equally honorable place:

The best story I know of an Edinburgh street boy was told me by a lady who witnessed the incident. There was a Christmas treat given to poor children at a mission hall, and hundreds of little ones were assembled at the doors in advance of the hour of admittance, many of them barefoot.

Among the number was a sweet-faced little girl, who seemed less hardened than most to the cold, for she shivered in her poor jacket and danced from one foot to the other on the cold, hard stones. A boy

not much older watched this performance for a few minutes, and then with a sudden impulse of protection took off his cap, put it down before her and said:  
"Ye must stand on that!"

### FOR HOME WORK

Only the Best Goods Give Satisfaction.

Diamond Dyes, the World's Leaders, Do the Best Work.

When you bake you must use the best brand of baking powder; when making a jelly or custard pudding you must make use of the best flavoring extracts; when you sew it is economy to use the best sewing cotton; when you have home dyeing to do you should also bear in mind that your success and the safety of your materials and garments depend upon the brand of dye you employ.

When the Diamond Dyes are used you achieve marvelous successes. Your old faded and dingy looking goods after a bath in the Diamond Dyes are made as good as new. The colors are always brilliant, fast, rich and full.

If you unfortunately made use of some one of the many weak, muddy and worthless dyes sold by some dealers for the sake of long profits—well, you must be prepared for cruel disappointments and losses. The Diamond Dyes save time and money and are solid guarantees of success and good work.

Book of directions and card of 48 colors free to any address. Write to Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, P. Q.

**Bad Manners.**  
First impressions mean a great deal. The language of the face and manner is the shorthand of the mind, and is quickly read. Orison S. Marden cites an example. Can you write a good hand? asked a man of a boy who had applied for a situation.

"Yass," was the answer.  
"Are you good at figures?"  
"Yass," was the answer again.  
"That will do. I do not want you," said the merchant.

After the boy had gone a friend said, "I know that lad to be honest and industrious; why don't you try him?"  
"Because his manners are bad. He has not learned to say 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir,' replied the merchant. "If he answered me as he did, how will he answer customers?"

### A YOUNG GIRL'S ESCAPE.

Saved from being a Nervous Wreck BY MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS.

For the benefit of Canadian mothers who have daughters who are weak, pitiful, run down or nervous, Mrs. Belangé, 128 Rideau Street, Ottawa, Ontario, made the following statement, so that no one need suffer through ignorance of the right remedy to use: "My daughter suffered very much from heart troubles at times. Often she was so bad that she could not speak, but had to sit and gasp for breath. She was so extremely nervous that her limbs would fairly shake and tremble. Frequently she would have to leave school; and finally she grew so weak that we were much alarmed about her health. I gave her many remedies, but they did not seem to do her any good.

Then I heard of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and got a box of them, and they have indeed worked wonders with her. I can recommend them very highly as the best remedy I ever heard of for complaints similar to those from which my daughter suffered."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills never fail to do good. They cure palpitation, faintness, dizziness, smothering sensation, weakness, nervousness, sleeplessness, anaemia, female troubles and general debility. Sold by all druggists at 50c. a box or three boxes for \$1.25. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ontario.

**LAXA-LIVER PILLS** act on the system in an easy and natural manner, removing all poisons and impurities. They cure Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Jaundice and Liver Complaint. Price 25c.

### SOME OLD EGYPTIAN

at any rate  
Somebody—Mistaken and is responsible for the loss of the art of tempering copper, but to PACKARD—Packard of Montreal, must be given credit for the discovery of a New art—the art of manufacturing a Preservative in the form of a leather shoe-dressing.



Packard's Special Combination Leather Dressing. RUBBER, TAN, BROWN, ALL COLORS. The preventative of cracks and all such ills as shoes are heir to. PACKARD MAKES IT 25 Cents All Shoe Stores. PACKARD OF MONTREAL. L. H. PACKARD & CO.

### Woman and Her Work

The swell New York maiden is nobody at all in her own particular set, however important she may be outside of it, if she is not possessed of a fad. Of course we all know that the staple fad of every high class girl who aspires to be at all up to date is golf, but the active, athletic girl of to-day has so much energy to spend that she is equal to the strain of maintaining three or four fads at the same time.

One of her latest enthusiasms and a very excellent one it is, consists of the study of botany and entomology which she has taken up with great activity. Her summer outing will afford her ample opportunities to indulge this latest fancy, but already she is to be seen sometimes in couples sometimes in a whole class, during the morning hours, clad in a special uniform adapted for digging and delving, which consists of a tennis shirt, a short skirt, and thick heavy boy's shoes with nails in them. An Alpine hat and a little coat without tails completes her outfit as far as clothing goes, but she invariably carries a basket of lunch and a pail for collecting specimens. Broux park in New York is her favorite hunting ground now, and she frequently spends the whole day digging and delving to get at the root of things.

Some of the best known society girls of New York have taken up this fad, and having formed themselves into regularly organized classes are doing serious work. I only hope these dear girls belong to the S. P. C. A. and in their zeal for science they will remember that it hurts a butterfly or a beetle, to be stuck on a sheet of cardboard with a pin thrust through his quivering little body in such a scientifically cruel manner that it allows him to live for days, in the most intense agony. These little details are very apt to escape the dear girl in her zealous pursuit of science, and the individual, as represented by the beetle, suffers in consequence.

The Lake Shore Railway from New York to Chicago has really inaugurated a new era in travelling, by the introduction of sleeping car maids, as well as porters, on their trains. Probably no one but the woman traveller who suffers from that terrible malady train sickness can fully appreciate all that this means of luxury and comfort. I know the porter of a pullman car is capable of performing wonders in the way of waiting on fifteen or twenty people at once, and he comes nearer to being ubiquitous than any other created being, but still he falls short in one respect—he is not of the female sex and the sickest of women, even when she has reached that stage of utter disregard for all conventionalities which only seasickness or car-sickness can bring, cannot exactly ask him to wash her face and brush her hair for her. He is an excellent institution, and perfectly indispensable to the travelling public but he has his limitations and this is one of them.

No steamship company would think of sending out a ship designed for passenger service without a stewardess and why should not railway companies, who really carry a larger proportion of women every year, not provide equally well for their patrons?

I believe that when the idea first struck the managers of the Lake Shore railway some time last November, that the presence of a trim colored damsel who was supposed to share the duties of the porter, would add to the appearance of their luxurious limited train, they were really taking a spectacular view of her, regarding the innovation as a sort of ornamental finish to the beautiful cars, and scarcely imagined that the maids would ever earn their salaries, but strange to say it proved a reversal of the usual order of things and the supply seemed to create the demand at once, and the travelers who had been managing to get along in a reasonably comfortable manner with the assistance of a porter soon found themselves utterly unable to exist without a maid, and that maid's duties are already so heavy that the company have been obliged to provide five, for service on the limited train. Only one



BABY'S OWN SOAP is made particularly for little folks. It is the purest soap in the world. Really and truly the purest.

It looks good; smells good; IS good; and does good to the pink and tender skin of infants. Thousands of men and women use BABY'S OWN SOAP—because they like it—but for Babies it is indispensable. 76 THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL. Unprincipled makers are offering an inferior soap the same in color and shape as Baby's Own. BEWARE!

maid travels on each train, but her work is so constant, and so hard that relays have to be provided, and each is obliged to have twenty four hours rest in Chicago, and thirty six in New York. The ladies who travel on limited trains keeps the maid so constantly employed that there is work not for one, but for ten women on each train, and the travelling public of the fair sex has begun to complain bitterly of the company's meanness in not furnishing more than one.

This maid is a very nice looking person indeed, arrayed in her neat black gown, with snowy cap and apron, and she is indeed a treasure to the sick and suffering women who come under her care. Her regular working hours are from six in the morning until eleven at night, but if anyone should happen to need her during the night her lamp must be metaphorically trimmed and burning, and she must be prepared to remain on duty all night, and even look as if she enjoyed it. There are few nights when someone does not need her, for there is sure to be some invalid who cannot sleep and feels obliged to get even with nature by preventing someone else from sleeping, or a woman with little children who require constant attention during the night.

It is no unusual thing to have three or four lady passengers on a trip who are so ill that they do not leave their berths at all and then the services of the maid are in constant requisition, she brings them their meals, listens to their complaints, soothes them when they are suffering, administers both consolation and medicine, and is always ready to take care of their children when they have any. Even when the mothers are perfectly well they generally object to taking the children out to the dining car when they are having their own meals, and therefore they leave the little blessings with the maid. Then the mother often wants to go to sleep, or to read, and again the maid comes in most conveniently.

When she is not actively engaged otherwise this goddess of the sleeping car, is expected to walk through the car every fifteen or twenty minutes, just to see if any one wants her. Thus it will be seen that her life is far from being one of idleness, and her duties are sundry and manifold.

Strange to say the colored porters on the cars do not object in the least to rival attractions in the shape of sleeping car maids, but rather consider themselves most fortunate in having such pleasant society, and those in the cars where maids are employed are looked upon with bitter envy by their less fortunate brethren. I wonder how long it will be before we have smart colored maids to wait on us in our pullman cars?

The highest authorities on such matters assert that bad temper is beauty's greatest foe. It curdles the blood and brings wrinkles, and a bad complexion is the result. The following advice is given to women who wish to preserve their good looks or to improve their bad ones:

"Take a wholesome delight in physical exercise and outdoor sports. The pale, delicate girl is no longer 'interesting.'"

"Have freedom and comfort in dress at all times."

"Decide upon a definite aim in life, and

choose one that is worthy of an immortal soul.

"Be superior to envy, jealousy and uncharitableness."

"Control your temper for the sake of your good looks as well as for your health. It is not enough, either, merely to keep from giving anger its outward expression. A smoldering fire is far more dangerous to health than that which comes to the surface and is quickly extinguished. A disposition which continually 'boils' within often finds physical expression in boils and ulcers. Wrath has a natural tendency to curdle the blood, and the continually curdled condition is bound to show itself on the surface sooner or later. It is an old story that anger interferes with the digestion, a fact which is nevertheless frequently disregarded, as more than one irascible dyspeptic can testify."

"Live above worry, care, fear, and all other corroding and inharmonious thought."

"Finally, cultivate a sweetly serene frame of mind under all circumstances. Do not allow yourself to be a creature of moods, in depths of gloom and depression one day and on the heights of hilarity and mirth the next."

This sounds very well in theory but in practice it is very difficult. How is the mother of a large brood of children, half of whom are down with mumps, and the other half just sickening for measles, and all in the worst stage of fretfulness, to cultivate a sweetly serene frame of mind under such circumstances as those? I wish the highest authorities would try some of their own prescriptions, and then they might give us some practical advice founded on their own experiences.

The woman who spends the best part of every summer in trying to devise some practical scheme for keeping her shirt waist looking trim at the back, will appreciate the suggestion contained in the following paragraph.

"How to keep her shirt waist down in the back is a problem that bobs up every spring to worry the shirt-waist devotee. Innumerable pins and fasteners have been invented for this purpose, but the shirt waist continues to override them all and calmly crawls up the wearer's back. A tape run through a casing and drawn tightly about the waist is not only uncomfortable, but does not keep the waist down; a couple of nursery pins will, but they tear holes in the waist in the attempt. Positively the only way to keep a shirt waist down is to stitch a little band at the waist line in the back on the outside of the garment, with two buttonholes in it, and fasten them to two buttons on the dress skirt. Of course, it is a great deal of trouble to put these buttons on every skirt and the buttonholes on every waist, but it is worth it in the end, for then it is impossible for the shirt waist to part company with the skirt band."

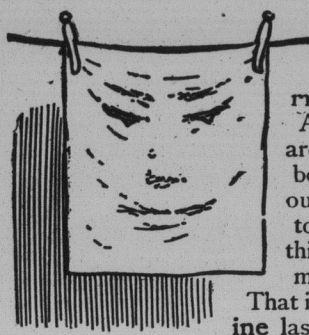
ASTRA.

#### After a Chinese Wedding.

On the day following a Chinese wedding, at least in certain provinces, the bride's youngest brother goes to inquire after her and to take a present from her mother of a bottle of hair oil. This is a custom so ancient that no one knows the origin thereof. No further communications take place between the bride and her family for three months, when her mother sends a sedan chair and an invitation to visit her. If there has been neither a birth nor a death in her husband's or in her mother's house for 100 days she goes and makes a short stay at her old home. This visit over, she cannot see her mother again until after her first child is born, and not then should the child be a girl. Even then if there has been a death in either family the visit cannot be made, and there have been many instances where a mother and daughter living very near each other have not met for years.—Boston Post.



YOUNG WOMEN LOVE THE D & A CORSET. It fits so comfortably, supporting the figure, while yielding easily to every movement. It lasts well, and sells at popular prices.—MORAL: YOUNG WOMEN WEAR THE D & A CORSET.



### Clothes-pins.

make some of the holes—but most of them come from rubbing. And no matter how careful you are, the constant wear of the wash-board weakens the fabric, thins it out, makes it easy to tear and pull to pieces. You can't help having this wearing process, even with the most conscientious washing.

That is why clothes washed with Pearl-line last longer. Pearl-line saves wear—saves rubbing. No washboard needed. Nothing but soaking the clothes; boiling; rinsing.

Millions NOW USE Pearline

#### The Origin of Pearline.

The origin of pearls is a matter of mere speculation. The old theory that they were "congealed dewdrops pierced by sunbeams" was supported by naturalists as late as 1684, and is evidenced in a Venetian medal bearing an open oyster shell receiving drops of rain, with the motto, "By the Divina dew." Later conchologists, however, contend that the pearl nucleus may vary in brightness and color, and a defect may be caused by contact with another foreign substance, thus changing the value with each new layer and sometimes causing a "lively kernel" or "seed" to be inclosed in an appally poor pearl.

(From Toronto Globe) June 9, 1898. THIS CERTIFICATE Bridge Forth a Story, BOWMANVILLE, ONT.

We the undersigned certify that the health of the Rev. R. A. Bilkey has for months been deteriorating, and that he is now suffering from severe nervous prostration, and urgently requires immediate and prolonged rest. J. W. MCLAUGHLIN, M. D. A. BEITH, M. D. L. HULLAND, M. R. C. S., etc.

This interview tells it. A reporter called on the Rev. R. A. Bilkey, rector of St. John's (Episcopal) Church, Bowmanville, Ont., during the progress of a church function recently and was compelled to comment on the great change for the better in the rector's physical appearance since he had met him before. It is due entirely to Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills, said the reverend gentleman.

"I suffered for over three years from extreme nervousness, weakness and prostration, and until recently could not obtain relief. A few months ago it became only too apparent that extreme nervous prostration had set in, as I lost flesh and appetite rapidly. A tonic which I had been using seemed to do me little good, and three of our medical men pronounced me in urgent need of immediate and prolonged rest in order to build up my nervous system to its former healthy condition, giving me a certificate to that effect. About this time by pure accident Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills were brought to my notice and suggested as the remedy I needed. I decided to try them, and on doing so a decided change for the better took place at once. I have since continued taking the pills, with continued and marked benefit and improvement. My appetite has returned. I am gaining in flesh steadily, and my general health is now so good that I do not hesitate to recommend these pills, and, in fact, have done so in many instances. Further, I am sure that these results are due to the action of Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills, and I have every confidence that they will do for others all that they have done for me."

This is a straightforward testimony to the worth of a medicine. It is not a vain boast. It is a proven fact that appeals with irresistible force to all the brain-worried, nerve-tried and weak debilitated men and women of the land.

If you need health, strength and energy the pathway is pointed out. Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are sold at 50c. per box, 5 boxes for \$2, at druggists, or mailed on receipt of price by the Dr. Ward Co., 71 Victoria street, Toronto. Book of information free.

#### The Dead Donkey.

Charles Waterton admired Sterne's "Sentimental Journal," and frequently recited the chapter about 'The Dead Ass,' with telling expression. He felt its pathos, because of an incident, associated with his wanderings in Italy, which Mrs. Byrce describes in 'Social Hours with Celebrities.' One day while Waterton was strolling in the vicinity of Naples he noticed an old donkey browsing by the roadside. The boy in charge of the animal was seated on the bank, eating his dinner of grapes and coarse bread. Waterton, during his 'Wanderings,' had obtained some of the famous ourari poison, and was curious to test its effect upon animals, for he believed it was a remedy for hydrophobia. He, therefore, asked the boy if he would sell the donkey, and offered him a liberal price. The boy, after much hesitation, consented to sell the beast as his family was poor and the donkey could do little work. The boy kissed the donkey and walked slowly away stopping every now and then to look back. Waterton administered the poison; the donkey dropped as if it had been shot. The lad ran back and found the animal dead. Throwing himself on the carcass,

he sobbed as if his heart would break. Tearing the coins he had received in payment out from the corner of his handkerchief, he flung them to the ground exclaiming:

"Take back your money, signor, I will never touch it. You ought to have told me that you wished my dear old friend to kill him. What have I done? Sold him to a poisoner! I thought I had sold him to one who would spare him in his old age—you look kind and honest. Alas! Alas!"

Waterton, penitent, did his best to comfort the lad, and at last coaxed him to follow the 'prisoner' to the market, where he bought for him the finest donkey for sale. But the incident made a deep impression on Waterton, and he could never think of it without sadness. Therefore he love to read Sterne's pathetic story.

Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine, cures coughs and colds quickly and pleasantly, —25 cents a bottle.

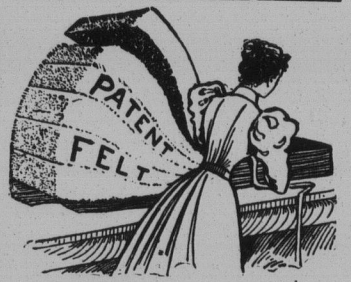
#### Electricity in Modern Warfare.

The electric telegraph wires over the land, and the cables under the seas, in times of war become of untold value in the quick transmission of dispatches to and from the forces in the field. Distance is annihilated; important movements are executed with less delay, and a war is itself shortened. In addition to this application, electricity is now put to many other important uses in the conduct of war. Moreover now applications are constantly being found for its varied capabilities. A modern mine field for coast or harbor defence is an electric adaptation akin to electric blasting, in which suitable fuses are arranged to be fired by a battery current sent at will from some control station by the simple closing of the circuit. Heavy charges of high explosive, called mines are so distributed and connected by cables to control-stations that it is difficult to imagine a hostile ship or fleet traversing a well-organized mine field without destruction or most serious damage.

Another terrific engine of destruction for use in defence of harbors is the electrically controlled dirigible torpedo. Moving and steering itself in response to electric currents sent through a small wire or cable it carries a charge of explosive sufficient to destroy in an instant the most formidable war-ship. Its high speed and its almost complete submergence save it from damage by the guns of the enemy, even if its approach be discovered. The dirigible torpedo may be regarded as an explosive mine, moved, directed and fired by the agency of electricity. The effectiveness of some of the more recently developed electrical devices has not yet been tested in actual warfare, but it is safe to say that their use will certainly hasten the day when war will prove to be so destructive and so terrible as to be avoided, if possible, by all civilized nations.

#### Iceland's Bottle Post.

The 'bottle post' is an old institution on the south coast of Iceland. Letters are put into corked bottles which are watted by the winds to the opposite coast. They also contain a cigar or other trifles to induce the finder to deliver the letters as addressed.



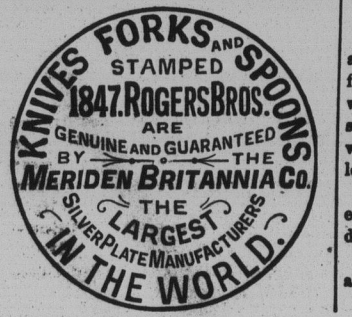
### Sleeptime Comfort

is best obtained on a Patent Felt Mattress. Years of experience in the United States have proved them to be the ideal mattress for cleanliness, comfort and durability.

\$15.00 (Full Size.) We'll send you on trial. Order through any dealer or write us direct.

The Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd. 29 Guy St., Montreal.

Samples at W. A. COOKSON, St. John.



### FLASHES OF FUN.

Experience is a teacher good  
And makes his lessons understood,  
But then we learn a thing or so  
That we'd much rather never know.

"I stood there in the silent night," said the poet, "wrapped in thought."  
"Dear me!" murmured Miss Cayenne, "how chilly you must have been!"

Young Wife—But aren't you the man I gave some cake to on Monday?  
Tramp—Yes, mum; but I've got over it.

Hezen—I like to see a man stick by his friends. Now, for instance, if a man told you I was an ass, you wouldn't join right in with him, would you?  
Dilby—No, sir; I'd rebuke him. I'd tell him that the truth should not be spoken on all occasions.

The Sire—"And do you think you can make my daughter happy?"  
The Sucker—"Confident of it, sir; I am full of faults she can nag me about."

"How does your husband spend his time in the evening?"  
"He stays at home and thinks of schemes to make money."

"And what do you do with yourself when he is thus occupied?"  
"Oh, I think of schemes to spend it."

Miss Pal sado—I'm surprised you don't like him. Why, if he had money he would make an ideal husband.  
Miss Summit—That's nothing! So would any man.

Dawkins—How's your indigestion, old man?  
Philips—It's doing nicely, thank you; but I don't feel very well myself.

"His success in a financial way has been something marvelous."  
"Yes?"  
"Yes, sir. I have often heard him tell how, when he came here fifteen years ago, all he owed in the world was \$1.25, and last week he failed for a million."

He—When did she begin to fear that he had married her for her money?  
She—Well, I believe her suspicions were first aroused when she had to see the minister.

"Another quarrel going on next door."  
"What's the matter this time?" "She wants to name the baby 'Dewey' and he wants the name for his wheel."

"Of course John," said a teacher reported by the Detroit Journal, "you would rather be right than be President." After thinking the matter over for a few moments, John cautiously replied: "Well, I'd rather be right than be Vice-President."

"It strikes me, Mr. Brief," said Mr. Dogway, "that your charge of \$150 for this opinion is pretty steep." "No doubt," said Mr. Brief. "But you see, Dogway, when you come and ask me for an opinion which violates all my convictions, you've got to pay not only for your law, but for my conscience."

From the "Stygian Punch."—"I say, Noah," cried Admiral Nelson, "was your ark a battleship, an armored cruiser, or what?" "Well, I never looked into that matter," said Noah, "but I should judge from the assistance she rendered me and my family and household pets generally, that she was what you might call an auxiliary cruiser."

Bilkins—My wife used to be rather foolish, but she's one of the most calm and sensible women in this town now. Why, say, do you know what she did yesterday?  
Draatt—No; what?  
Bilkins—Saw a telegraph boy coming across the street toward the house, and never fainting nor hollering that she knew "something had happened to mamma!"

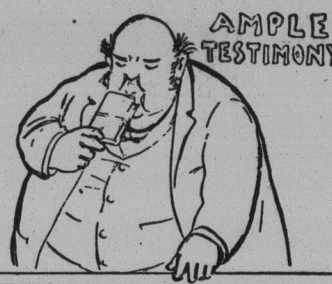
"What is a furlough?" asked a Columbus Ohio, teacher. "It means a mule," was the reply of Mary. "Oh, no," replied the teacher, "it doesn't mean a mule." "Indeed, it does," said Mary. "I have a book at home that says so." "Well," said the teacher, now thoroughly interested, you may bring the book to school, and we'll see about it." The next day Mary brought the book, and in some triumph opened to a page where there was a picture of a soldier standing beside a mule. Below the picture were the words: "Going Home on His Furlough."

Bosom Friend—That gentleman who lodges at your house seems to be very attentive to you, my dear.  
Sweet Girl—He is, and I—I love him; but oh! what a risk I am running! We are engaged.  
"Risk?"  
"Yes, it nearly breaks my heart when I think that he may not love me for myself alone, but—hoo-hoo!"  
"Calm yourself, my dear. Why should he marry you if he does not love you?"  
"He—oh, he owes my mother six months' board."

Mr. Rich—You ask my daughter in marriage—er—what may your income be?  
Mr. Stoney Broke—I will leave that entirely to you, sir!

Mrs. Mushroom—Josiah, what do you think about having a beautiful frieze in the parlor?  
Mr. Mushroom—It won't do. There's no use making a show of the fact that I got my money at the Klondike by havin' freezes in the parlor. Them are some of the things I want to forgit.

Evil Rings of Feathers.  
Witch wreaths have been steadily losing prestige since old colonial days, when witches were burned and old ladies of tactful nature were supposed to take mid-



WITNESS BOX.

may be produced to prove that all we say of the merits of

### ECLIPSE SOAP

is the truth.  
Send us 25 'Eclipse' wrappers or 6c. in stamps w th coupon and we will mail you a popular novel. A coupon in every bar of "Eclipse."  
**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.,**  
Manufacturers, Toronto, Ont.

night rides upon long, rakish-looking broomsticks. The University of Pennsylvania, however, recently received a veritable witch wreath of the old sort. It was presented to the university by Dr. George B. Kline of Pittsburg. The curiosity consists of a matted ring of chicken feathers, and is about three inches in diameter. It is common belief among ignorant residents of parts of Pennsylvania and New Jersey that the witch wreath is an instrument of evil. The legend is that the wreaths form in pillows subjected to evil influences, and that a person sleeping on such a pillow will surely die. The superstitious put bibles under their pillows to prevent the evil circle from forming. The wreath presented to the university was found in the pillow of a resident of Pittsburg, who died while using the pillow.

### Women of Every Age

WHO SUFFER FROM WEAKNESS, NERVOUSNESS AND DYSPEPSIA.

### Should Use Paine's Celery Compound.

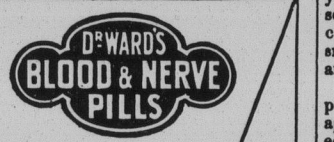
It is Nature's True Medicine for All Suffering Women.  
AVOID WORTHLESS SUBSTITUTES  
Paine's Celery Compound is Your Only Hope.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO.,  
GENTLEMEN—I feel it my duty to let the public know what Paine's Celery Compound did for me, and trust it will be a benefit to other sufferers.  
I was much reduced in flesh and in a thoroughly broken-down condition, resulting from dyspepsia and nervousness. I was recommended to try the Compound; I did so, and three bottles have made me a different woman.  
Previous to taking your Compound I had taken medicine from some of the best doctors in the city, but with no good results. Therefore I have every reason to be thankful for Paine's Celery Compound, and take great pleasure in recommending it to others.

Yours truly,  
Mrs. M. THOMPSON,  
610 Eastern Ave., Toronto.

Even the Sun will burn himself out, and one day be as dark and cold as the Moon. Everything has its day. Sometimes the rich dress of a lady has a very short day. You get it smeared or stained or the color is absorbed by the Sun. That is the end where TURKISH DYES have not been heard of. But use these incomparable dyes and the garment is new again with a lovely color (and surely 72 shades leave room for the free play of taste!) which you cannot wash out! which will resist rain; and which will remain lustrous and beautiful while a thread of the dress remains. When a lady has a rich dress to dye she does not ask for the common dyes whose shades 'Run in' miserably little murky rivulets. Oh no! She will have nothing but TURKISH DYES, which have the latest improvements, slavishly copied by the inferior dyes. They are bright and beautiful. They are the best quality. They are prepared with the greatest care, and they will dye any color or kind of garment. Don't take common dyes. They promise to the eye, and break it to the experience.  
Send postal for 'How to Dye well' and Sample Card to 481 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

spoke and powder.  
It is always pleasant to read of instances in which would-be practical jokers have had a chance to sample their own wares. In 'Lite in California,' Alfred Robinson tells of a Senor Lugo, who often amused the travellers by his stories and eccentricities, and one evening attempted a practical joke, with the following result:  
He had loaded a paper cigar with gunpowder, and placed it among his cigars. During his visit with me he repeatedly asked me to smoke, but I fortunately missed the cigar he had prepared, until finally, from the lateness of the hour, he withdrew. In the course of the night he awoke and feeling a desire to smoke, selected from his bundle, quite forgetful of the evening's amusement, the very cigar he had prepared for me. Having lighted it, he returned to bed. The cigar was about half consumed and he more than half asleep, when a sudden explosion carried away the better part of his mustache, and thoroughly frightened his poor wife that I venture to say the event will never be forgotten.



RESTORE THE SNAP, VIM, ENERGY, STRENGTH YOU HAVE LOST.  
WEIGH YOURSELF BEFORE TAKING THEM.  
A MARKED GAIN.

GENTLEMEN— I have been a great sufferer from nervous dyspepsia, with the usual symptoms of stomach weakness, loss of appetite and flesh, accumulation of gas, sour risings, and heartburn. I used various patent medicines and other remedies without any favorable results. They would give temporary relief sometimes until the effects of the medicine wore off, but Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills overcame all these obstacles. I am better in every way now and have gained several pounds in weight.  
ROBERT McAVISH,  
HAMILTON,  
Ardvorlick and Dundara Sts.

Price 50c. per box, 5 boxes for \$2.00, at druggists, or if not obtainable at your druggist, mailed on receipt of price by the DR. WARD CO., Victoria St., Toronto. Book of information FREE.

### Travellers

Should always carry with them a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

The change of food and water to which those who travel are subject, often produces an attack of Diarrhoea, which is as unpleasant and discomfiting as it may be dangerous. A bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in your grip is a guarantee of safety. On the first indication of Cramps, Colic, Diarrhoea or Dysentery, a few doses will promptly check further advance of these diseases.  
It is an old, reliable remedy, with over forty years of cures to its credit, whose merit is recognized everywhere, and one that the doctors recommend in preference to all others.  
Sold by medicine dealers everywhere at 85c. a bottle. Always insist on the genuine, as many of the imitations are highly dangerous.



### THE REACTION OF ABSENCE.

What one Wants to do to be Remembered Kindly.  
Young Mrs. Dean was bidding a friend good-bye at the station. The look of sincere affection in her pleasant face, and the genuine tears that shone in her eyes, needed no gushing explanations to help them tell her regret at parting with the beautiful woman beside her, fluttering about with a satisfied notion of the attention she excited, and chattering noisily says Every Where. After explaining for the last time, 'how sorry' she was to go, what a 'delightful visit' it had been, and a hope of seeing her more quiet friend again 'very, very soon,' she bustled out of sight. Feeling depressed and rather lonely, the young hostess turned homeward, thinking all the way how fond she had grown of her pretty friend, and how much she should miss her; but surprised to find that, very soon, a certain feeling of relief predominated over all other.

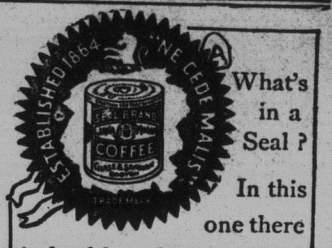
As the days of absence multiplied, she wondered at the thoughts which presented themselves concerning this friend, whose visit had been so much enjoyed. It was strange that she had been able to overlook so many disagreeable and preventable occurrences. How foolishly she had worked and given up all her plans to entertain this giddy, thoughtless person, who had not made any effort to save her annoyance and trouble, and whose selfish demands on her time and patience she had cheerfully borne!

'I must be very changeable, I fear,' she told her husband, one evening. 'But it is a real task to keep up my correspondence with Louise, and I am not sure that I care to have her come again. Yet when she was here, I enjoyed her company and thought I should miss the charming little butterfly when she went home.'

'Absence always brings a certain reaction of thought and feeling,' responded wise and observing Mr. Dean, "and in order to be remembered kindly we have to do something more than present an attractive appearance and keep up an interesting conversation. The friend you want in your home is the one who shows some unselfish thoughtfulness for your pleasure and comfort, or proves the genuineness of her regard for you by a little practical effort and appreciation."

'We excuse and overlook, when in the presence of one we admire and love, what appears in a most disagreeable light, viewed from a distance.'

'Then it rather necessary that we make an effort to show our friendship in practical, helpful ways, when we want to be remembered kindly, isn't it?' remarked Mrs. Dean, thoughtfully: after which she began to try and count the friends she felt sure would miss her in like circumstances, and resolved to increase the number.



What's in a Seal?  
In this one there is health and keen enjoyment, for it is the symbol of the finest coffee grown.  
**Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee**  
is always the same. It is the Coffee that is bought by the best families of America, people who appreciate the good things of life and insist upon having them. When you buy Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee you get the Best.  
It would be impossible for money or position to procure anything superior.

### PRESERVE YOUR TEETH

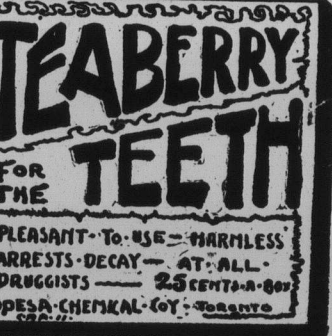
and teach the children to do so by using  
**CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER**  
6d., 1s. 1s-6d. and 1lb 6s. Tins, or  
**CARBOLIC TOOTH PASTE**  
6d., 1s. and 1lb 6d. Pots.  
They Have the Largest sale of Dentifrices.  
A void imitations, which are numerous and unreliable.  
**F. C. CALVERT & CO.,** Manchester.

### Liver Wrong?

Whether the result of over eating, overwork, exposure to sun; whether costiveness, headache, indigestion, or boils, eruptions, etc.

### Dr. HARVEY'S Anti-Bilious & Purgative PILLS

will do their work quickly, cheaply, and well.  
They cleanse, invigorate, and restore the system.  
For sale all over—25c. per box of 33.  
Full box sent as sample on receipt of 25c.  
**THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO.,**  
424 ST. PAUL ST., MONTREAL.



### News and Opinions OF National Importance

### THE SUN ALONE CONTAINS BOTH.

Daily, by mail, - - - - \$6 a year  
Daily, and Sunday by mail, \$8 a year  
**The Sunday Sun**  
is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.  
Price 5c. a copy. By mail \$2 a year  
Address THE SUN, New York.

(CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.)  
Sylvia looked up from the letter to the manager which she had sat down to write. "That wild-goose chase of yours—how tired you must be of it," she said, sympathetically.

"You are right—I am."  
"I wish I could help you," she said softly. "But I can't can I?"  
He shook his head.  
"Not even in London? Is there anything I can do? Is there no message I can take for you?"

He gnawed at his mustache, and smiled absently.  
"I'm afraid not. There is only one person I should like to send a message to—"  
He stopped abruptly.

Mercy was seated mending some stage lace of Sylvia's, and out of hearing.  
Sylvia looked up at him with a light in her beautiful eyes.  
"It's—it's a lady?" she said in a whisper.

Lorrimore colored.  
"Yes," he said in as low a voice as hers.  
"Ah, now I understand!" murmured Sylvia.

She meant that she understood why this best and most generous of men seemed to be living under a cloud, and as if he had some absorbing worry and anxiety always with him.

"Is—she very good and beautiful? But of course she is."  
He threw himself into a chair beside her and leaned forward, the color coming and going in his dark face.

"Yes, I think her both good and beautiful," Lorrimore said, at first with the shyness with which men always speak of matters of the heart. "I think her the best and loveliest on earth, and my heart has been set upon her for years. If it hadn't been, well—"  
and he looked at Sylvia, whose eyes dropped for a moment; then she looked up at him and shook her head.

"I am very glad and very sorry, for you don't seem happy. You kept away from her?"

"That's because she sent me," said Lorrimore. "She sent me away more than two years ago to look for a friend—a great friend—who had disappeared. I was to search for two years, and then—well, perhaps, I can't say for certain—she would listen to what I had to say."  
"The time is up," said Sylvia, staring at him.  
"Why, oh, why don't you go to her?"

Lorrimore looked down rather sheepishly.  
"Well, you see, Sylvia, I—Don't you think she might think I was acting meanly in returning without her friend, and keeping her to the letter of her bargain?"  
Sylvia almost sprang off her chair.

"Oh, to think that one so wise and good should be so simple!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands and regarding him with a mixture of pity and anger.

"Eh?" said Lorrimore, staring at her.  
"Why, don't you see?" she said in a tone of one addressing a rather dense child—"don't you really see? I suppose you don't know whether she loves you or not?"

"I don't," said Lorrimore. "I should say, if I were asked, that she didn't."  
"You foolish man!" retorted this child in years and woman in instinct; "of course she loves you, or she wouldn't have sent you on an errand for her, especially such a big one."

Lorrimore's breath came fast and his dark eyes began to glow.  
"If I felt that you were right—" he began; but Sylvia broke in:  
"Right? Of course I am right. So you think one woman doesn't know exactly how another feels. She's as much in love with you, and perhaps more, than you are with her."

He got up and began to walk about again.  
"And you have been staying away from her all this time? But, of course you have written to her often?"  
Lorrimore shook his head.

"No," he said, rather shyly. "There wasn't anything to write about. I hadn't found the man, and—there wasn't any other news, excepting, excepting that—that I still love her and would die for her if that would do her any good, and she knows that well enough."

"Something will happen—a very great success," said Mercy. "The manager tells me that the house is crammed, and that it is, what he calls, in capital humor."  
Sylvia sighed.

"Yes," she said, "every one is so kind and indulgent. I am not afraid of them"—she waved her hand toward the stage—"it is not that. I can scarcely tell what it is. But do not mind me; I shall forget all about it directly I go on and begin to sing."

The manager himself came to the dressing room when her "call" time came, and amid a breathless silence she appeared in sight of the audience. A curious murmur of satisfaction and admiration rose, which swelled into a burst of delighted applause at the end of her first song.

Mercy was waiting for her at the wings, and took her down to the dressing rooms, and noticed that Sylvia was, though outwardly calm, still a little agitated.  
"How beautiful you sung to-night, dear," she said, kissing her. "I wish you could have heard the delightful remarks of the people at the wings. I think it will be the greatest success you have yet had."  
Sylvia nodded.

"And yet I trembled so that—Did you see any of the people in the house, Mercy?"  
But before she could reply, the manager knocked at the door, in a flutter of excitement, to tell her that the house was calling for her to come on before the curtain.

"Oh, no, no!" she said, putting a little. "Not yet; I must rest. Oh! please not yet; let them wait till the opera is finished; they may not want me then."  
The word and wish of a prima donna are law, and the manager retired disappointed, and yet marveling at the young lady's modest humility. It was something startlingly novel in his experience.

"And do you think that a woman doesn't like being told, though she may know it as well as she knows her own face? Oh dear! how stupid men, even the best and wisest, are!" and she threw up her hands like the little actress she was.

"That's just what all—what this lady would say," said Lorrimore. "I could almost fancy it was she who was speaking."  
"Of course all women are alike—only thank goodness I you men haven't discovered it," said Sylvia.  
"And you think I ought to go to her now?" said Lorrimore meekly.

"Certainly—at once—by electric telegraph, if they will take you," responded Sylvia, promptly; "and I hope—oh! oh! I hope you won't be too late, though you almost deserve it." She repeated the bantering speech the moment it had left her lips, for a terrible change came over Lorrimore's handsome face. It grew deathly pale, and the dark eyes glanced and flashed under the straight brows. Sylvia put her hand on his arm. "Oh, forgive me! I did not mean to wound you. But go—oh, go at once! Think of what may happen in two years!"

Lorrimore was silent for a moment or two; then he looked up.  
"I will go directly—in a week or two" he said. "I have just heard of a last chance. There are several gangs of men, mostly Englishmen, employed on the new Swiss railway. I will run over and search for my man there, and then—well, then I shall be able to go to her and say that I have left no stone unturned."

Then he walked out of the room, as if he could not bear to hear or say any more. But before he started on this, his last search, he arranged Sylvia's and Mercy's journey to England with his usual care and forethought. Sylvia had her own maid and a courier; and, indeed, the orphan of Lorn Hops might have traveled with the state of an empress if she had been so minded.

Mercy decided that they would be quieter in lodgings than in a hotel, and the courier had engaged some comfortable rooms in Bury Street, St. James.

Here she was called upon by the great London manager, who was rather startled to find the famous prima-donna so young, and so quiet, and so sad-looking.

For the first two or three days she and Mercy amused themselves in the intervals between practice and rehearsal in going about the great city, which Mercy seemed to know quite well. They saw most of the famous sights; but, of all things, Sylvia enjoyed the park with its throngs of beautifully dressed men and women, and was quite unconscious that, as she and Mercy drove round the ring in the modest hired brougham, all eyes were bent upon her own beautiful face.

One afternoon, on their way home, they passed down Park Lane and South Andley street, and Sylvia, who had turned to Mercy to make some remark, was surprised to see that she had gone deathly white and was trembling.

"Oh, what is the matter, Mercy?" she asked, anxiously.  
"Nothing, nothing," said Mercy, evidently struggling for composure. "It was only something."  
She stopped as if she did not wish to say any more; and Sylvia looking around anxiously, could see nothing to alarm her companion. A thin, tall gentleman, with a pale, thoughtful face, had just passed them, but he had not glanced at the carriage, and there was no one else near at that moment. Sylvia stole her hand into Mercy's still trembling one.

"Are you better now, dear Mercy?" she asked.  
Mercy smiled at her in her sad, resigned way.

"Yes, Sylvia; don't be alarmed. I shall not be taken that way again." And she set her lips firmly.

The night of Sylvia's first appearance arrived, and she admitted to Mercy that she was rather nervous.

"I don't know why," she said, with a little trembling sigh, as Mercy arranged the simple dress in which Marguerite first appears; "but to-night I feel as if—Don't laugh, Mercy—but there! you never laugh. Perhaps it would be better for me if you did—but I feel as if something were going to happen."

"How fortunate!" murmured Jordan. "I got a box a week ago, intending to go, but I'm afraid I shall not be able to do so. Pray take it, Lady Marlow."

"Oh, but—" began Lady Marlow.  
"Please do; and if I can look in for half an hour I will do so."

Lady Marlow glanced at Audrey inquiringly.  
Audrey had colored and winced at the sound of the signora's name; but she said, calmly enough:  
"I should very much like to go."

Jordan took his leave at once; but an exultant smile played about his thin lips. If this singing-girl, whose name was linked with Lord Lorrimore's, was as beautiful as she was said to be, she would be a great success.

"There are a great many beautiful women in the house to-night," said Mercy. "I dare say, but I have only seen this one distinctly. She is with another lady, rather older than herself, her mother, I suppose. I could scarcely take my eyes off the younger one; it is such a face! And do you know, Mercy, dear, that I seemed to be singing and playing at her, and for her alone. She watched me as closely as I watched her, and at first, I mean when I first came on and raised my eyes to the box, I fancied that she started and looked coldly and angrily at me."

"Oh, but that's impossible, Sylvia!" said Mercy. "It is not like you to be so fanciful."  
Sylvia laughed softly.  
"No, I deserve that credit, I think; but—Well, I suppose I am fanciful tonight."  
"Was there no one else in the box?" asked Mercy.

"One or two gentlemen, I think," said Sylvia, indifferently, "but they were at the back, in the shadow, and I could not see them. I wish you could find out who she is, Mercy. Not that I should know her name, even if I heard it, for I know no one—no one—here in England."

When they went up for the great jewel scene, Mercy managed a moment or two before Sylvia went on, to address a question to the great Mephistopheles, who had been singing the praises of Signora Stella to an excited and enthusiastic crowd of fellow-acors.

"Will you tell me the names of those ladies in that second box, please?" she said.  
He swept her a bow, and looked across the house.

"Ah, yes!" he said. "One is Lady Marlow—the Viscountess Marlow—the other is the charming Miss Audrey Hope."  
Mercy started, thanked him, and whispered to Sylvia:  
"Her name is Audrey Hope."

Sylvia had only just time to nod, then glided on the stage. And as she done so she raised her eyes directly to the sweet face which had so attracted her, and felt certain that Audrey Hope's eyes met hers with a certain kind of significance, with something more than the curiosity, and perhaps admiration, with which one of a large audience regards a player.

CHAPTER XXVII.  
Directly he had seen the announcement of the appearance of Signora Stella, Jordan booked a box. The report he had read to Audrey might be true or false, Lord Lorrimore was in some way connected with the new and famous opera singer who had taken the world by storm, and Jordan knew that Lord Lorrimore could not be far off. There was no time to lose. He would take Audrey to see her rival, and clinch matters before Lorrimore could arrive on the scene.

On the morning of Sylvia's advertised appearance he called at Grosvenor Square. He had not seen Audrey since the night of the ball, and he was careful to greet her as if nothing had been said which could cause any embarrassment.

He chatted pleasantly, in his very best style, and did not mention the object of his visit until Lady Marlow came into the room. And then, as if he had suddenly remembered it, he said:  
"Oh, by the way, Lady Marlow, of course you are going to the opera tonight to see the new marvel—Signora Stella? What highflown names they assume, do they not?"

"Well, I meant going," said Lady Marlow, "but we haven't a box this season, and when I sent down to the office for a seat they sent back word that there wasn't one in the house."  
"How fortunate!" murmured Jordan. "I got a box a week ago, intending to go, but I'm afraid I shall not be able to do so. Pray take it, Lady Marlow."

"Oh, but—" began Lady Marlow.  
"Please do; and if I can look in for half an hour I will do so."

Lady Marlow glanced at Audrey inquiringly.  
Audrey had colored and winced at the sound of the signora's name; but she said, calmly enough:  
"I should very much like to go."

Jordan took his leave at once; but an exultant smile played about his thin lips. If this singing-girl, whose name was linked with Lord Lorrimore's, was as beautiful as she was said to be, she would be a great success.

Sylvia repeated her question.  
"Did you notice any one, Mercy?"  
"No, dear," replied Mercy; "I had only eyes for you, as usual. Who was it you wanted me to see?"

"No one I know," said Sylvia. "There is a lady sitting in the second box on the second tier, on the right-hand side. She is the most beautiful creature I have ever seen."  
"There are a great many beautiful women in the house to-night," said Mercy. "I dare say, but I have only seen this one distinctly. She is with another lady, rather older than herself, her mother, I suppose. I could scarcely take my eyes off the younger one; it is such a face! And do you know, Mercy, dear, that I seemed to be singing and playing at her, and for her alone. She watched me as closely as I watched her, and at first, I mean when I first came on and raised my eyes to the box, I fancied that she started and looked coldly and angrily at me."

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ed with Lord Lorrimore's, was as beautiful as was said, Audrey, piqued and jealous, would be in a condition of mind that would induce her to listen to him tonight.

Audrey was very quiet for the rest of the afternoon, and, when she came down to the early dinner, surprised Lady Marlow by the splendor of her costume, for Audrey, as a rule, was not given to diamonds and gorgeous apparel.

"Why this tremendous war-paint, young lady?" demanded the viscount, with a smile of admiration. "Any one going to be scalped to-night?"  
Audrey blushed a little.

"Do I look too resplendent?" she said, with affected indifference. "I am going to the opera with mamma, that is all."  
"Oh, yes, to see the new wonder. They say she is really a rara avis. Don't be surprised if I look in. By the way, what is this nonsense I see in the paper about her and Lorrimore?"

Lady Marlow pressed his foot with hers under the table, and, of course, he stammered and said "Eh?" as men usually do; but Audrey scarcely seemed to wince.

"Do you mean that she is engaged to him?" she said, calmly, and a little defiantly. "I don't know why it should be nonsense. She is very beautiful, so they say, and—why do you say it is nonsense?"

"So it is," said Lord Marlow, disregarding his wife's warning frown. "Men of Lorrimore's rank and position don't marry actresses unless they—not the actresses, but the men—are fools; and no one ever called Lorrimore a fool yet. Why on earth doesn't he come back to London? I've no patience with fellows who trapeze round the globe like wandering Jews, especially when there is plenty for them to do at home."

Audrey said nothing more, and the meal was rather a silent one.  
The two ladies drove to the opera, and Audrey leaned back in the carriage and appeared very thoughtful.  
"What a tremendous house!" said Lady Marlow, surveying the crowd through her lorgnette, and bowing to her acquaintances; but Audrey merely glanced round in a preoccupied way, and then returned her attention to the stage.

Then amid the expectant silence Signora Stella appeared. Audrey leaned forward, her breath coming and going quickly, her eyes devouring Sylvia's face, as she stood modestly waiting for the applause to cease.

Audrey listened to the sweet voice in a kind of rapturous pain, then she sunk back and hid her face with her fan.  
"A very pretty girl," said Lady Marlow, "and very young, too. It is a delicious voice."  
"Pretty! She is lovely!" said Audrey, as if she could not help herself.

"They make up so well nowadays," said Lady Marlow.  
"Her beauty is natural," responded Audrey. "And how graceful she is!" She smothered a sigh. "It is a delight to watch her move across the stage; all the others seem awkward and clumsy compared with her."

Her heart ached while she did this justice to the girl for whom Lord Lorrimore had deserted her. No wonder that he had forgotten her, Audrey, after he had seen and known this lovely creature with her sweet voice and bewitching ways. And Signora Stella was a great personage, while she, Audrey, was a nobody.

She told herself that she ought to hate this graceful girl upon whose lips the crowded house hung as if fascinated; and yet, somehow, she could not; and she found the tears welling to her eyes as Marguerite's voice wailed out the plaintive song over the dead body of her brother.

Lord Marlow came into the box after the second act, and was as enthusiastic as the rest of the audience.  
"By George!" he exclaimed, "the papers have not exaggerated; the girl sings like a nightingale, and has got the face of—of—"  
"An angel," said Audrey, sofly.

He stared at her.  
"That's the nearest thing in feminine admiration I have ever heard," he said. "Bravo, Audrey! It's well that your enthusiasm isn't wasted on a foreigner; she's English, they tell me, though no one knows anything about her."

"Excepting that she is engaged to Lord Lorrimore," said Jordan's smooth voice behind them.

Audrey did not turn her head, and with a general bow Jordan came and stood behind her chair, well in the shadow of the box. He looked at Sylvia through his opera-glass with a cold, keen curiosity.

Lord Lorrimore has some excuse for his infatuation," he said in a low voice, meant to reach Audrey alone. "The new signora has the fatal gift of beauty."  
Audrey made no response, but seemed wrapped, as she was, in the opera.

Between the acts the foyer was full of people, eagerly discussing and warmly praising the new star, and one or two men came to Lady Marlow to pay their respects to her ladyship and offer their opinion. Among them was Lord Chesterton, and he was enthusiastic.

"The dream of my life is at last fulfilled, my dear Lady Marlow," he said. "I have long sighed for a singer who should be an actress and at the same time a naturally beautiful and refined lady. Tonight I have had the unspeakable delight of looking at and listening to one. She has taken us by storm; there is not a dissentient voice in the chorus of praise and gratification. And so young, too! They tell me that she is not yet twenty; though really her antecedents are shrouded in so much mystery that one doubts everything one is told about her. Do you like her, Miss Audrey? But of course you do."

Audrey turned her face to him; it was rather pale.  
"I think she is bewitching," she said. "It is the right word," he assented. "We are all under the spell to-night. There goes the curtain, and I must get back to my place."

As Sylvia came on, Audrey leaned forward in an attitude of complete attention, and the eyes of the two women met and

seemed to linger on each other with an exchange of admiration and even sympathy which was strange, when one comes to think of it.

Sylvia, as she had said to Mercy, played and sung to the beautiful girl in the box above her, and inspired by the rapt attention and admiration in Audrey eyes, she surpassed herself in the last act, and brought down the curtain to a storm of cheering, which was prolonged until the manager brought her on again.

Audrey had leaned forward so far that her arms were resting on the velvet edge of the box, and as Sylvia passed just beneath her, in front of the curtain, Audrey raised her bouquet and dropped it at Sylvia's feet. The vast audience recognized the spontaneity of the action, and applauded enthusiastically. Sylvia was startled for a moment, then, as the manager picked up the bouquet and handed it to her, she raised it to her lips, and her eyes to Audrey's face.

Jordan took Audrey's cloak from the back of the box and held it for her; and as he did so, he saw that the hands she put up to take it were trembling.

"How generous you are!" he murmured. "Most women would have hated her; but you—"  
Audrey hung her head, her eyes still fixed on the stage on which Sylvia had just been standing.

"I—I do not hate her," she said, more to herself than to him, and there was a faint tone of wonder in her voice.  
"Nor despise him?" he whispered. "No, you are too noble. But I—well, I will not speak of my contempt for the man whose constancy is so poor a thing. Audrey, I at least am constant. Though you may send me away from you, my heart will remain with you and forever. Have you no pity in that gentle heart of yours for me? Audrey, dare I hope? Will you not say one word and make me the happiest man in all the world?"

As he spoke, his hand glided toward hers and took it sofly, and—  
She was in a state of excitement and emotion; her heart was throbbing with the pain of looking on at the triumph of the beautiful girl who had won Lord Lorrimore from her; she was, in short, just in that condition when a woman turns for consolation to the nearest and most persistent of her lovers, and she let her hand remain in his.

"My dearest love," he murmured. She started then, but he held her hand so tightly that she could not have withdrawn it. "My dearest love he repeated, "I devote my life to you," and glancing swiftly round, he raised her hand to his lips.

Lady Marlow happened to turn at the moment, to tell Audrey that they could make their way out, and saw the caress.

Jordan took Audrey down to the carriage, and his hand lingered round hers as he said good-night, and his face, with its keen look of triumph, would have told Lady Marlow that he had won, even if she had not witnessed the little action in the box.

Audrey sunk back into her corner and closed her eyes, her opera cloak drawn well up round her face, and Lady Marlow left her alone until they reached home; then she followed her into her room and put her arm round her.

"Am I to wait till Jordan tells me, dear?" she said.  
Audrey started, and the blood left her face, and she looked from side to side, as if she had suddenly realized what she had done.

"I—" she stammered, putting her hand to her lips.  
Lady Marlow kissed her affectionately.

"My dear, I saw a little of what was going on, and I am not surprised. It is always the man with the longest patience who wins. May you be very happy, my dear, dear girl!" and Audrey, as a commencement of her happiness, laid her head on Lady Marlow's shoulder and wept.

Jordan stood for a moment or two looking after the carriage, the light of triumph still glowing in his eyes, then they took a keener and more calculating expression, and calling a cab, he told the man to drive him to the office or a well known society paper.

"There shall be no chance of drawing back my timid Audrey!" he muttered. "I knew I should win; but luck has favored me. Whether there is anything in this rumor of an engagement between this opera-singer and my Lord Lorrimore or not, it has served my turn. No, there must be no drawing back!" He drew a long breath. "I am safe now, with the Hope estates and money I can defy even the worst!"

In less than an hour the paragraph announcing the engagement of the Right Honorable Sir Jordan Lynne, Bart., M. P., and Miss Audrey Hope was in type.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Victor's Crown  
Should adorn the brow of the inventor of the great corn cure, Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It works quickly, never makes a sore spot, and is just the thing you want. See that you get Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, the sure, safe and painless cure for corns.

A STRANGE COURTSHIP.

The day was closing in and the girl at the window could no longer see to read. She looked, instead, into the neighboring garden, bounded by low hedges and wind-bowed fitness sharply outlined against a glowing crimson sky.

After a pause she went on, 'I want to know what stands in your way of doing as the others had seen enough to do—of setting my mind at rest about you, and of taking up a good position in life as the wife of a good man.'

'You mean of a rich man!' the girl said languidly, folding her hands, and again turning her eyes to the garden.

A tall man, with bowed head and hands clasped behind him, was walking restlessly over the little lawn, a few inches of freshly fallen snow deadening the sound of his quick footsteps, and the girl watched with unconscious fascination the dark shadowy prints left in the flat whiteness.

The girl returned to consciousness with a slight start, and became dimly aware of a question in her mother's face and voice. She raised, at random, the first answer that occurred to her: 'Oh, yes, it you like, mother!'

'My dear good child, this is sweet of you! That poor young man will be so happy! Whereupon the dear good child was enveloped in a black silk embrace and covered with impulsive kisses.

'And you will tell him so yourself, dearie; or shall I see him alone first? I expect you will both feel a little shy and constrained.'

'I should like to see him by yourself, mother,' said the girl, rising and wondering with complete disinterest what would be the outcome of her mental aberration and wandering response.

'And I may tell him—' said the mother, eagerly.

'Anything you like,' her daughter answered as she disappeared.

The servant entered with a tea tray, made up the fire, and lowered the blinds. The girl passed swiftly through the hall, wrapping a soft gray cloak about her as she went, and then, opening a side door and closing it quietly behind her, she slipped into the snow-covered garden.

In the low hedge which divided it from the neighboring patch there was a broken space large enough to squeeze through, and a moment later she was skimming across the very lawn where she had just seen the owner's footsteps multiplying in the snow.

On the threshold she stood still with astonishment. From what she had seen of his face she had not thought him remarkable in appearance—this man was without doubt singularly handsome. She had be-

lieved the bowed form belonged to a man of 50 at least, whereas this man could not have been more, and was probably less than 35. A vague sense of vexation filled her, and she wished she had not yielded to the ridiculous impulse which had brought her hither. Then, in a moment, a great throbbing made her glad, with a great throbbing of gladness, that she had obeyed the dictates of her folly.

'Come in and shut the door,' was his greeting; 'I have been wanting you.'

'You are alone, as usual?' she asked, drawing nearer.

'I am always alone. Why in the world did you come?'

'You had a telegram just now, in the garden,' she explained; 'I feared it might be bad news.'

He gave a little hard, mirthless laugh. 'Bad news has long ceased to be possible in my life,' he said coldly. 'Was that why you came?'

'Reason enough to keep most people away,' he remarked dryly. They looked at each other and were silent. At last she asked: 'Why do you walk round and round your lawn every evening?'

He shrugged his shoulders. 'Force of habit, I suppose; it is the way I think.'

Then, hastily changing the subject, he inquired: 'What will your mother say when you tell her where you have been?'

'I don't think it will occur to her to ask, Her thoughts are taken up at the present moment—she glanced at the clock—'in accepting an offer of marriage on my behalf. She is an admirable woman; I am her sixth daughter, and when she shall have disposed of me we shall have all been married before the age of 24.'

The girl was gazing at him steadily and without flinching; vaguely she found herself wondering if there had ever been a time in her life when she had not known him—when, in fact, this stranger had not been her first and greatest thought.

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'Ten years ago I married the girl my father chose for me—an heiress, the only child of rich and indulgent parents. We did not love each other—a punishment which I doubtless deserved. Less than a year after our marriage I first noticed a strange expression in my wife's face, which day by day became more apparent, and then she began to act strangely and fight sense as things. Vainly I strove to say the fear which was fast growing to certainty till at last the violence of a mad woman left me in doubt no longer as to the terrible thing which had come upon me. I discovered then that her grandmother had died in an asylum, and that a brother, whose very existence had been hidden from me, had shot himself while temporarily insane. I won't describe to you the horror of the next few months, when the best brain doctors in London pronounced her case hopelessly incurable, and when I had done all I could to restore the balance of her disordered mind, without avail. I did not want to send the poor thing away; but the matter was taken out of my hands. When I was recovering from a knife wound in my left temple—you see I am destined to carry a reminder of her to my grave—the doctors insisted on removing her to an asylum, and there I have been obliged to leave her ever since.'

The girl had drawn nearer to him; his story had been a shock to her, but her thoughts were not of herself. 'How dreadful!' she said, 'and how lonely you must often be. Why have you never let me know you all these years?'

'I—I dared not!—' he turned away. He did not see the glory of love and suffering that shone in her soft dark eyes. Maybe he heard both in her voice, for there stole into his eyes the light of happiness.

'It was unkind of you,' she said; 'I might have been better than nothing.'

She crept close to him, and shyly put her hands in one of his; he bent over them, holding them to his brow. 'Little girl, you don't understand,' he said softly. 'Better than nothing!—it was just because you were better than everything that I could not say to you "Come!" Every day since I first came here I think I would have given my soul to see you come in at that door as you did tonight. And so the years passed. I was often lonely, but it satisfied me to know that you were near. It amused me to wonder what we should say to each other if ever we met.'

'Yet,' said the girl, 'I wonder that you can hold such happy theories about life! Do you really believe that your riddle will be solved?'

'I think,' he answered gravely, 'it was solved by the telegram you saw me open in the garden; it brought me the news of my poor wife's death—and you came to

save me from the horror of my thoughts. The girl would have drawn away her hands, but he detained them; she swayed a little, and he supported her with his arm. 'I must go back,' she said faintly. He folded her cloak about her tenderly. 'I am going to take you home,' he said.—Max Hamilton, in St. James Budget.

General Gordon's Seal. The seal which General Gordon used on all the documents he signed while shut up in Khartoum had a history, which is narrated in the "Life of Chauncy Maples," missionary bishop of Likoma, East Central Africa. While at Cairo, the bishop stopped at the house of a friend named Floyer, of whom he writes:

Floyer had seen a great deal of General Gordon, and showed me one very interesting letter—the last he received from him. The occasion of it was interesting. Floyer had volunteered to prepare Gordon a seal with his name in Arabic characters upon it. For this purpose he chose an old coin, which he partially melted and refashioned. When the seal was completed, it was found that two words that had been on the coin were still legible. The words were in Arabic, and signified "The Messenger of God." Gordon noticed them and was much pleased, and in the letter in question commented on them, saying he prayed he might always remember to be as the messenger of God to the Sudan people.

For a HOME EXERCISER THESE D.S. TAKE THE CAKE!

WEAR Trade Mark SUSPENDERS GUARANTEED BORN.

Springhill, to the wife of Laurence O'Brien a daughter.

Springhill, June 14, to the wife of Wm. Weaver, a son.

Springhill, June 17, to the wife of M. P. Howard a son.

Fenwick, June 18, to the wife of Bert Dickinson, a son.

Springhill, June 14, to the wife of John Dixon, a son.

Amherst, June 6, to the wife of Alfred Cormier, a son.

Amherst, June 9, to the wife of John McKenzie, a son.

Amherst, June 10, to the wife of Fred T. Burke a son.

Amherst, June 12, by Rev. J. A. Boord, Standard Penney to Laura, Conrad.

Kenyon, June 1, by Rev. B. N. Nobles, Ernest M. Eaton to Clara M. Parker.

Amherst, June 11, by Rev. J. L. Batty, Thos. E. Rutledge to Sarah M. Dunphy.

Pictou, June 12, by Rev. W. T. D. Moss, Dr. Alexander Ross to Ella Huguen.

Middle Rockville, June 1, by Rev. J. G. A. Belyea, F. H. Edge to Carrie Estabrook.

Dartmouth, June 15, by Rev. Thos. Stewart, Robt. H. Fenerty to Mary Oland.

Centerville, June 7, by Rev. Jos. A. Cahill, Leonard C. Clarke to Lizzie B. Cahill.

Halifax, June 14, by Rev. Father McCarthy, Charles Steele to Margaret Little.

Oxford, May 12, by Elder P. N. Nowlan, Rupert Thompson to Susan M. Thompson.

Lunenburg, June 15, by Rev. Samuel Trivette, Arthur Cox to Lillian L. Boutiller.

Montague, June 16, by Rev. Dr. Heartz, Duncan W. Marshall to Miss Annie C. Boland.

Gasprereux, June 8, by Rev. John Williams, Peter Girdridge to Florence H. Van-Buskirk.

St. John, June 15, by Rev. Alfred Barham, H. Harroby, Kings, June 1, by Rev. H. H. Saunders, Stephen S. White to Mary Irene Saunders.

Halifax, June 15, by Rev. W. J. Armitage, George Wesley Mitchell to Adelaide Mabel Smith.

Balloy's Bay, May 23, by Rev. H. Marriott, Lorenzo Walton Dickson to Sarah Katterby.

Mahone Bay, June 8, by Rev. Henry Crawford, John Eli Eisenbauer to Mrs. Minnie Dagley.

Mt. Village, June 14, by Rev. James Lumsden, Capt. Josiah Hopkins to Mrs. Amanda Mack.

Upper Marguodoubt, June 15, by Rev. F. W. Thompson, assisted by Rev. Edwin Smith, John W. Reid to Beatie F. Cunnahill.

Truro, June 10, Mr. James Cove.

Boston, May 25, F. Murray Rose 26.

Pictou, May 20, James W. Grant 47.

Hopewell, June 14, Catherine Hill 68.

New York, June 15, Sarah A. Pippey.

Boston, June 18, Lora F. McDonald.

Pictou, June 10, Frederick H. Calvert.

Chelsea, June 13, Frederick Alfred 63.

Shelburne, May 28, John A. Williams.

Fairville, June 10, Mrs. Mary Mills 85.

Newport, May 23, Louisa Chambers 45.

Halifax, June 17, Thos. A. Mosher 37.

Dartmouth, June 15, Geo. A. Misener 57.

Guysboro, May 29, Havelock H. Reid 33.

Wentworth, June 8, Thomas Fleming 44.

Tremont, Kings Co., June 2, Jacob Nelly 88.

Loganville, May 21, Christina McKenzie 67.



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Guysboro, May 29, Havelock H. Reid 33.

Wentworth, June 8, Thomas Fleming 44.

STAR LINE STEAMERS

Fredericton. (Eastern Standard Time.)

MAIL STEAMERS VICTORIA AND DAVID WESTON

Leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m. for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m. for St. John.

Star Ofsetts will leave Indiantown for Georgetown and intermediate landings every afternoon at 4 o'clock (local time). Returning will leave Georgetown every morning at 5 o'clock. Saturday's steamer will leave at 6 o'clock.

GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager.

STEAMER CLIFTON.

On and after Monday the 16th inst., until further notice, Steamer Clifton will leave her wharf at Hampton on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 8.30 a. m. (local) for Indiantown and intermediate points.

Returning to Hampton she will leave Indiantown same days at 4 p. m. (local)

CAPT. R. G. EARLE, Manager.

RAILROADS.

DOMINION ATLANTIC R.Y.

On and after Monday, 20th. June, 1898, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

ROYAL MAIL S.S. PRINCE RUPERT.

DAILY SERVICE. Lve. St. John at 7.15 a. m., ar. Digby 10.15 a. m. Lve. Digby at 1.45 p. m., ar. St. John, 4.30 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted). Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., ar. in Digby 12.25 p. m. Lve. Digby 12.40 p. m., ar. in Yarmouth 3.15 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 9.00 a. m., ar. in Digby 11.45 a. m. Lve. Digby 11.55 a. m., ar. in Halifax 8.45 p. m. Lve. Annapolis 7.15 a. m., ar. in Digby 8.30 a. m. Lve. Digby 8.30 p. m., ar. in Annapolis 4.50 p. m.

Fullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth.

S. S. PRINCE EDWARD, BOSTON SERVICE.

By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every Monday and Thursday, immediately on arrival of the Express Train arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every Sunday and Wednesday at 4.30 p. m. Unequalled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains. Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.

S. S. Evangeline makes daily trips to and from Kingsport and Ferrisboro.

See Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, and from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.

W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr. P. GIFFINS, Superintendant.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

On and after Monday, the 4th Oct. 1897 the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows.

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Fergus, Pictou and Halifax.....1.00 Express for Moncton and Quebec (Monday excepted).....12.15 Express for Sussex.....12.15 Express for Quebec, Montreal.....17.10

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Car at Moncton at 20.10 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Moncton and Quebec (Monday excepted).....8.30 Express from Moncton (daily).....10.30 Express from Halifax.....12.15 Express from Pictou and Campbellton.....12.15 Accommodation from Moncton.....12.15

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

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. FOTTINGHAM, General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 4th October, 1897.

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