

PROGRESS.

VOL. XIII., NO. 669

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY JUNE 22, 1901.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

CONDEMNNS PUBLIC APATHY.

A Clergyman Speaks His Mind—People Should be More Active.

PROGRESS has more than once spoken of the little interest that the people as a rule take in public affairs. It is an undeniable fact that there are always to be found plenty who like and make it a business to grumble and find fault, but here it all ends. There is altogether too little interest taken in endeavoring to rectify existing wrong. Last Sunday evening in one of the city's leading churches, a clergyman spoke for some length of time on this public apathy and his remarks for the most part coincide with the views always maintained by this paper.

It is to be regretted that views expressed from our church pulpits are not given more publicity. On many questions, even outside of religion a minister of the gospel, has the very best opportunities of learning facts that do not present themselves to the layman, and if pulpit preaching is for the public good, it is also for the public good that opinions based on knowledge should be given the greatest publicity. It might be that all do not agree with the sentiments uttered but this is not to be expected. If opinions expressed in public whether they are from the press, the public platform or the pulpit, touch on matters of every day life, stir up an interest and make people think, they accomplish an inestimable amount of good. A sermon like that of the Rev. Mr. Richardson's delivered last Sunday, might be read with benefit by everybody. The reverend gentleman was forcible in his remarks in his condemnation of the great indifference taken by the general public in matters affecting everyday life, but it is his remarks were well founded, no fault can be found with how strongly he made them, for truth can never be made too plain.

As an example of this public apathy, Mr. Richardson took the temperance question. He said that the Scott Act was in force in several places, but it could not be said to have worked at all successfully; liquor was still sold and people for the most part by their inactivity showed that they did not care whether the act was violated or not. But coming right here to St. John. This city has a liquor license act. Under that act the bars had to close on Saturday evenings at seven o'clock. He wanted to know if these bars were closed and if they were, were the barrels in these places not kept open. There are some who say that the authorities are to blame if the liquor law is not properly enforced, but the authorities are no more to blame, maintained the preacher, than the people themselves. The people did not seem to care one way or the other. If the citizens threw off this apathy and became active, the authorities would soon find that they would have to prosecute the law and carry it out. Mr. Richardson wanted it understood that he was not preaching a temperance sermon but he simply used this case as one in showing the little interest people take in life. He referred to many other cases outside of the liquor license act altogether, as still further showing the great indolence that existed, and, if anything, seemed to be growing. It is shown in civic elections. The city is supposed and should have its very best representatives at the council board, but how many were there who cared who they consisted of. The Fabian league had lately been established in this city and that league would accomplish an enormous amount of good, if by the discussion of questions, it aroused the public interest. In an article like this it is impossible to give a full account of the views expressed by the rector of Trinity, but there is enough here stated to show that his sermon is worthy of careful consideration. This is the first time since the closing and the pulpit has the power of exerting much good and not a few believe that in order to christianize the people, the basis of evil must be struck at and an attempt made to remedy existing wrongs. Mr. Richardson speaking as plainly as he has, has done his duty. It was he who first called attention to the disgraceful state of the jail and his remarks have it is hoped resulted in much benefit. There is no reason of praising any clergyman for taking a stand,

but if the city and community are to progress good and energetic men must strike out from the shoulder and they will always receive public appreciation.

READY FOR SUMMER BUSINESS.

The Improvements That Have Been Made to The Dufferin Hotel.

The tourist season is near at hand and the different hotels have about completed their preparations for receiving their summer guests.

All of them have made everything brighter and pleasanter, but perhaps the most conspicuous among them in this direction is the Dufferin. Its very pleasant situation on the King Square always makes it a popular resort for tourists, who delight in the view they can obtain from almost any of the rooms of the house besides finding the hotel more centrally located than any other place can sojourn at. But when the interior surroundings are even more inviting than the exterior view their satisfaction cannot be gainsaid.

Mr. McCaffery, the manager, has taken special pains this year to make the interior of the Dufferin harmonize in color and as attractive in every other respect as possible. The business of the house during the winter, has been excellent and the prospects for tourist travel, so he informs PROGRESS, are better than ever they were.

The first room that meets the eye of any one approaching the house is the writing room and this which was formerly finished in dark colors is now done in light blue and the floor covered with a crimson axminster carpet. Of course the furniture and other fittings are luxurious and any guest finds it a most comfortable place to loiter in. The office and wine room and in fact every room in the house have been renovated and improved. The ladies' entrance has some suitable additions and the furniture throughout the house has been added to, particularly with a view to accommodating the wishes and needs of the modern guest. PROGRESS noted some time ago the change in the tonorial department and perhaps it is not necessary to refer to it again except to say that it is now even more complete than it was then.

After the Band.

Much talk has arisen over the state of Queen Square since the band concert on Wednesday evening. It is said, and the authority for the remark seems quite reliable that the excellent spot received quite a shaking up this week. Some blades of grass were trodden down, the gravel on the finely preserved walks has received some pressing, while many of the thoroughfares got a dressing down in their weed cultivation, but take it altogether it is thought it will take a very few millions to set matters right. There are all kinds of persons in this vicinity and all must have their say. There are those who have kept up a continual howling because there have been no band concerts, then there are those person who grumble whether there are band concerts or not, if the bands do not play Wagner they shouldn't play at all, then there is another class of people who complain because carpets are not laid out for the genteel public to walk on, and now this week comes forth another species of humanity, that weep with lamentation because patent leather boots did not trespass on Queen Square on Wednesday evening last. According to some reports that beautiful spot has been completely destroyed by an unfeeling public. How thankful we should feel that the good Queen is not alive today, to have to see the destruction of her beautiful Square.

The Nixon Case.

The Robert Nixon case which was referred to last week as being before the Police Magistrate, for preliminary examination, has been given a somewhat additional interest on account of another charge being preferred against him. The young woman with whom it is alleged he was too familiar has, through her relatives, brought a charge of adultery against Nixon. This was before the magistrate for a few minutes the first of the week. There did not

appear to be any witnesses present and after a few minutes conversation with the lawyers, Judge Ritchie remanded Nixon until Friday morning. His counsel Mr. Mullin objected to any commitment on the first charge until the second had been looked into. The impression is that Nixon is getting a fair share of imprisonment without very great effort being made to complete his examination. If the evidence is not stronger than has been given there is great doubt if he can be held upon the charges made against him.

RELIGIOUS PROGRESS.

Denominational Conventions—The Presbyterians Make a Most Favorable Showing.

This is the season of religious gatherings. The Presbyterians have been meeting at Ottawa. The Methodists opened their convention at Marysville on Wednesday and on the first of July the Episcopalians meet at Fredericton. All denominations seem well satisfied with their past year's work. Dr. Warden the newly elected moderator of the Presbyterians has given an interesting sketch of the progress of his body during the past century. He said that the last century opened with twelve Presbyterian ministers, and Presbyterian population of 30,000 in districts which now formed the Dominion. The present century opened with 1,300 ministers in active service and a Presbyterian population of 850,000. Two years ago the church had devoted itself to raise \$1,000,000. It was gratifying to know that \$1,400,000 had been subscribed instead of \$1,000,000. Instead of \$400,000 debts on church property there had been subscribed upwards of \$800,000. There was \$400,000 paid in cash out of \$560,000 subscribed for the other portions of the fund and in a few months before it was closed \$600,000 would have been raised.

About the Suspension Bridge.

A correspondent writes PROGRESS that the Suspension bridge is not in as good condition as it might be. He evidently does not refer to the iron bridge because he says that the flooring is broken in several places and the planks uneven. It may be that he is correct, but certainly if such are the facts the care taker of the bridge has no doubt reported the matter to the proper authorities for in such a structure as this with so much flooring it would not be an unusual circumstance if in the spring of the year some of the planks became warped and out of place but at the same time it should not be a difficult matter to make the repairs.

The Tail of a Dog.

Mr. Wetmore of the S. P. C. A., has been called upon to take action in the case of a man charged with biting the end of a dog's tail. It is a strange case. Was the man hungry or is he an indulger in cigarettes? St. John has its experiences from the end of a dog's tail up to the sentencing of a criminal to days to get out of the country.

PROGRESS CONTENTS TODAY.

- PAGE 1.—This page speaks for itself. Read it.
- PAGE 2.—Royal Fare in the Andes—A culinary miscellany wrought by a wandering Frenchman.
- PAGE 3.—Musical and dramatic affairs of the week.
- PAGE 4.—Editorial, poetry, news of the week and other topics.
- PAGES 5, 6, 7, and 8.—Social happenings from all over the province.
- PAGE 9.—Anecdotes of Famous People that make interesting reading.
The Cause of Women—A bright article for Progress readers.
- PAGES 10 and 11.—First instalment of a new serial entitled "On the Eve of St. Valentine."
- PAGE 11.—Many matters of interest to Sunday readers.
- PAGE 12.—Wall street Lends Millions—How half a dozen men arrange the loans.
- PAGE 13.—Facts and Fancies from the realms of fashion.
- PAGE 14.—Killing mountain Wolves—The bounty offered by the legislature.
- PAGE 15.—Misplaced Confidence—A tale of a Scotchman and a woman.
Births, marriages and deaths of the week.

EVENTS OF CITY LIFE.

Many Interesting Happenings That Occupied Attention During the Week.

Perhaps the coolest man in the court room on Thursday was the prisoner Cameron, while the jury of twelve men were out deciding whether or not he would be an inmate of the penitentiary for the next few years. There is no doubt that Cameron can be cool even in court room because he has had lots of experience with courts and lawyers. He knows pretty well how to defend himself, what lawyers to engage, and no one is better acquainted with the distances he can go without getting into the clutches of justice. Sometimes he makes a break and it is upon these occasions that he has become intimate with the police court, the judges, and the interior of the jail. The charge against him was a serious one but the jury evidently did not think that the party who preferred it was just as innocent as she might be and so they divided. The majority of them, however, being in favor of acquittal. What Mr. McKeown, the prosecuting attorney for the crown means to do is not stated but it is hardly probable that he will insist upon a new trial.

THE CHARGE AGAINST NELSON.

A Mystery Surrounds a Serious Offence—Evidence that is Conflicting.

Something of mystery surrounds the charge against young Nelson of the North End preferred by Captain Brennan of the May Queen. The Captain relates and it might be said almost unwillingly that Nelson came to him upon the arrival of his boat on two occasions and obtained the letters entrusted to him by customers of D. J. Purdy and Messrs. Nase & Sons. These letters it appears contained money the exact amount of which is not known and it was upon this serious charge that Nelson was arrested. When before the magistrate Nelson was willing to prove an alibi, to prove his good character and to show in other ways that he was not guilty of the serious charge. He was not allowed out on bail at first, but his counsel Mr. Hazen succeeded in obtaining his release at \$500 security for his appearance.

Captain Brennan in his evidence was positive that Nelson was the man but there are several others who are just as positive that on that particular day and hour Nelson was attending a baseball game between the Roses and Alerts. It is quite a difficult matter to pick out any particular face in a crowd, unless the owner of it is particularly well acquainted with you and he is able to swear to it days afterwards.

Nelson has always had a good reputation in the north end is popular with every body and no one would suspect him of being guilty of doing such a thing as he has been charged with.

Judge Ritchie was somewhat indignant because the newspapers expressed themselves in this way and in a few sarcastic words said the case had been tried by the newspapers before reaching him. It may be that in some cases the newspapers do err in this respect but it is so seldom that they can say a good word of any one charged with a serious offence that they should not be blamed if they have an opportunity of doing so.

The mystery surrounding the purloining of the letters will probably not be explained in open court but it is a somewhat open secret in the North end.

A Place for Band Concerts.

The suggestion is made in view of the dilapidated condition of Queen Square after the recent band concert, that a band stand is to be erected it should be located on Market Square. This seems to be a central point for all demonstrations and celebrations and there is no really good reason why it should not be selected for band concerts. There is plenty of room for all the people who could attend. The location is central and the music would not only delight those who are near at hand but also the important business section surrounding it.

Close it up.

It has required the presentation of a petition to the Chief of Police asking that a disorderly house on Britain Street be closed up. For some time it has been known that this house has existed and it is

strange that the public have never thought it worth while to put it out of existence. They were very active in putting down other places of similar repute but this one has been allowed to remain. It is hoped now that the petition will bear fruit, if not, why not?

CIGARETTE HAS ENEMIES.

A Toronto Man Says It Has Reduced the Penitentiary Age.

The cigarette smoker is coming in for some notoriety these days. Since one of our physicians has made the statement that cigarette smoking affected the mind of one of our youths, there are not a few to be found who believe that a smoker of the article stands in dangerous peril. A Toronto gentleman who says that he has made a study of the subject, states that the habit has been instrumental in reducing the penitentiary age from 32 to 22 years. As a means of counteracting the habit of smoking cigarettes, he recommends that employers should not employ boys who are addicted to it. This plan he thinks a good deterrent from a practice that is blighting the prospects of many an otherwise hopeful life.

Band Concerts.

The first of a series of band concerts was given on Wednesday evening by the Carleton Cornet band. The evening was a beautiful one and the music was enjoyed by hundreds. The promoters of these concerts deserve every credit. This city has excellent bands and the citizens can look forward with much pleasure to the treat in store for them these summer months. No time should be lost, however in having band stands erected in the localities where the bands are to perform, as an elevation makes quite a difference to the spectators as far as hearing the music is concerned.

Sale Of Unclaimed Goods.

It was an interesting auction sale that took place yesterday on Prince William street. It fell to Mr. Gerow's lot to put up a number of articles which have been unclaimed from the various offices of the Canadian and American express companies in the Maritime Provinces. No bidder knew what a parcel contained and so the bidding was quite amusing. Some bargains were struck while in other cases one could hardly be said to have got the worth of the money. Some of the goods put up were addressed to the following: "A crib to N. Henderson, St. John, a bundle to W. C. Pitfield & Co. and a keg to J. Ready. All these were unclaimed and went with the others. G. E. Foster did not consider it worth while to take out a bundle addressed to him at Aphaqui. Several buyers of trees refused to pay the express charges. The list was an interesting one.

Tourist Travel.

The summer travel seems to have set in and if it keeps increasing at the rate it has started St. John will have far more visitors than ever before. There has been regular St. John weather this week and strangers cannot help being pleased with our lovely climate. One day this week there were fifty-four registered at one of the leading hotels in one day, while at another the register showed forty-three. The tourist travel is now a fixture.

The Programme.

The committee of the city council are considering how the Duke and Duchess of York are to be entertained. The citizens are also put down for meetings. It is not known how many meetings it is going to take but the final result will be, arches, military turnout, fire works and a lot of hurrahing. That about the programme and it can be all arranged in a short time.

Record Keeps Up.

Dan Cupid is keeping up his June record. On Wednesday he succeeded in joining the hearts of no less than eight couples in this vicinity. The month is not finished yet and the story is not all told.

Undrains Made, Re-covered, Repaired
Dueson 27 Waterloo

14, to the wife of D. J. McInnis, a
18, to the wife of R. W. M. ... said,
to the wife of William Titus, a
to the wife of Charles Thompson,
to the wife of John Pelloran,
ay 27, to the wife of Howard Bar-
the wife of W. H. Horsfall, a
th, to the wife of J. G. Wran, a
8, to the wife of John Brown, a
to the wife of George Parks, a
June 1, to the wife of John Dex-
to the wife of Frank C. Simson,
ia Road, to the wife of C. M.
April 26, to the wife of Alex. Le-
the 31st ult, to the wife of H. E.
to the wife of Robert, Jr. and
C. B. June 4, to the wife of Daniel
daughter.
to the wife of Capt. A. B. Gurney,
C. R. a daughter.
ana, May 24, to the wife of Chas.
daughter—North Sydney paper.

MARRIED.

John Talbot to Laura Kirby.
George Cox, to Isabelle Ross.
Frank Stoddard to Sarah Thomas.
John Long to Annie Jenkins.
Lennie Wynn to Frank Lillie.
James B. Manzer to Dora Ford.
John E. Legras, to Katie L. Barrett.
Arley McKnight, to Ida Banister.
George Doat, to Margaret Lewin.
raser McNatt, to Sarah McCallum.
onn David Swan, to Kate John-
Robbie Winters, to Margaret
Benjamin F. Trask to Emily M.
June 5, Joseph Kennedy, to Annie
Monson Pemberton, to Nita May
3, Burton Somers, to Mrs. Effie J.
Nelson E. Bleakney, to Minnie
Thomas Blant, to Cecelia.
28, Fred E. Kilam, to Ida C.
June 5, James A. Jenkins, to
June 6, J. D. Spencer, to Mrs.
June 3, R. T. D. Aiken, to Jean
4, William Thompson to Lizzie
ne 5, John P. DeLong to Jennie
June 8, William Strickland, to Miss
N. B. June 5, Dr. McCready, to
May 31, Richard Goodwin, to
Miss.

DIED.

McGowan, 18.
Brandt, 42.
David C. Blair, 25.
June 1, Jas. Lee, 27.
25, Frank Hill, 2.
3, Mrs. Cummins.
3, Mrs. Allen, 69.
Sarah Gould, 20.
Mrs. Ellen Lynch.
June 3, Mrs. Allen, 69.
1, Kate Pollett, 5.
Simon Cowell, 55.
Jas S. Jackson, 63.
7, Mrs. J. Foster, 25.
20, Abial Hagar, 68.
Marjorie Maher, 86.
5, George Lewis, 34.
27, Perry Whynacht, 3.
1, Joseph Magridge, 80.
Norman Mackenzie, 75.
14, Neil Macdonald, 59.
27, Perry Whynacht, 3.
5, George C. Lewis, 34.
18, Mr. John Dunleavy.
John E. Hamilton, 33.
Mrs. E. M. Warner, 57.
June 3, Mabel Kelly, 14.
28, James A. Harvey, 1.
3, Agnes McCallen, 37.
Francis J. DeLaurie, 21.
June 27, Mrs. Woolverton.
11, William Goodwin, 72.
4, Mrs. Turcotte's Elms, 85.
June 4, Mrs. Mary Farrer, 80.
June 5, Charles Arker aged 98.

RAILROADS.

Colonial Railway

MONDAY June 10th, 1901, train
(Sundays excepted) as follows:—

WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

for Hampton	5.30
for Halifax and Campbellton	7.00
Point du Chene, Halifax and Sydney	11.00
for Hampton	12.30
for Halifax and Campbellton	1.45
for Point du Chene and Moncton	10.35
for Halifax and Sydney	12.45
for Moncton and Point du Chene	1.15
for Sydney	12.00

WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

from Halifax and Sydney	6.00
from Hampton	7.15
from Point du Chene, Halifax and Sydney	8.55
from Hampton	11.50
from Halifax and Campbellton	12.00
from Point du Chene and Moncton	12.35
from Hampton	13.55
from Point du Chene and Moncton	14.15

Monday.

run by Eastern Standard time
and hours notation.

D. FOTTINGER,
Gen. Manager

TICKET OFFICE,
King Street St. John, N.B.

ROYAL FARE IN THE ANDES.

Two men who had wandered far and had seen life that few men hereabouts see were dining at Dalmonico's last Monday night.

The older of the two, robust, stocky, and vigorous though gray, was A. A. Blow the mining expert, who had come from Australia that he might sail the next day for Ecuador, where he was to lead a party of experts into the land of mysterious gold, into the unknown country beyond the Andes whence came the treasures of the Incas with which Pizarro loaded the Spanish galleons.

The younger man, straight as an arrow, muscular and bronzed, was P. H. Ashmead, who had just come from three years spent among the cliffs of Cordilleras where he led one of the parties of American engineers whom Col. Shunk took to Ecuador three years ago to blaze a path for the Yankee rails which are now being laid from Guayaquil to Quito.

'I'll not get Dalmonico cooking in the Andes,' said Mr. Blow, with a little sigh, as he sipped his cafe noir.

'Oh, I am not so sure of that,' replied Mr. Ashmead, and he began to smile. 'I once had Dalmonico cooking back in that country. Did you ever hear of the famous breakfast in Pangor by which Hippolyte Lambert won a ribbon from the President of Ecuador?'

'Hippolyte was a chief of high renown many years ago, when Dalmonico's was a good bit further downtown than where we are sitting now. That was back in '74, I think. Old William H. Vanderbilt was so pleased with Lambert's cooking there that he made Lambert his steward. In that way Hippolyte raked together enough money to open his hotel at Panama in the palmy days of the canal building.

'Hippolyte had passed through too many adventures to be content to settle down, even at the Vanderbilt pantry. He was born in France about 60 years ago and saw stormy times there. Twice he was condemned to death. Once Napoleon III ordered his death for mixing conspiracies rather than pastries, but he escaped the guillotine by some fortunate chance and became a soldier. In the days of the Commune he was sentenced to stand before the rifles of the reds, but the fortunes of war changed just in time. Filled with disgust, Hippolyte came to New York and got a place as assistant chef in this restaurant. From Dalmonico's he went to W. H. Vanderbilt, leaving him to go to Panama, where he made a lot of money for a while out of a hotel he opened there.

He lost his pile, however, when the bottom fell out of the canal, and tried to recoup his fortune by meddling in a Guatemalan revolt under Barrios. For this he was condemned to death for the third time, but escaped to Ecuador. It was months before I got these details out of him. He always said he came to Ecuador for his health, which may have been partly true, as Ecuador is about as healthy as Colorado when you get among the Andes.

It was in 1899 when Hippolyte, stone broke, met Major John A. Harmon in Guayaquil. Major Harmon had left the Sixth Cavalry to take charge of the survey by which an American-English syndicate was finding a path for the railroad from Guayaquil over the Andes into the fertile plateau, where Quito, fat and rich, had been slumbering for 300 years in lazy wealth, communicating with the outer world only by mule trails across the mountains. In going into the orient of Ecuador in a couple of weeks you will ride many miles in a parlor car over these same trails, but when Hippolyte met Major Harmon, the engineers were fighting our way along a route that French and Italian engineers had abandoned in despair.

'Hippolyte remarked that he was a pretty good cook, so the Major gave him a job and a mule and sent him up to my camp. If Major Harmon had guessed who Hippolyte really was he would never let the little Frenchman get away from his own kitchen. However, it was my good luck to see riding into my camp at Chimbo one day a stiff little Frenchman, with bald head, black mustache, waxed to toothpick points, and an imperial that looked like a stiletto. He said he was Hippolyte Lambert and he had come to cook.

'Lord, how that chap could cook! Put him out in a desert and he'd scramble together a feast somehow. As I look back on those strenuous days, the cooking of the little Frenchman is a soothing memory. But of all his triumphs, the famous breakfast that he gave Gen. Alfaro up in Pangor is the most shining.

'It was along in January of 1899 that we were camped in Pangor, a little village of a dozen huts, with precious little to eat in the beastly hole. We had to depend upon the supplies that were packed in to

us on llamas and mules from Guayaquil, and our menu was nothing fancy, I can tell you. You'll find it different now that the Guayaquil and Quito Railroad has made its way through the passes, but you'll appreciate what I mean when you hike out from the line.

'Just as our larder was getting unusually low a native runner jog-trotted in to tell us that Gen. Alfaro and his staff, en route on mules from Quito down to Guayaquil, would honor our camp with a visit the next morning. Now Gen. Alfaro is about the whole thing in Ecuador. When he was recalled from banishment in 1896 he put Ecuador on her feet, wiped out the national debt and got Archer Harmon and his syndicate to build a railroad that the country had tried to get in vain for many a year. He was the kind of man whom it doesn't do to treat off-handed, so I sent for Hippolyte and told him that weighty affairs of state were brewing.

'The president of this glorious government with the whole shooting match of his generals, is fixing to eat a Dalmonico breakfast with us tomorrow morning.' Hippolyte said I, 'How are you fixed for chuck, old man?'

'Helas!' said Hippolyte, and he shrugged his shoulders ruefully. 'There is some ham du diable and much pilot bread. Also, there is the pomme de terre of the country and some yuccas. Cafe I can pick and roast. But the meat, it is not!'

'I'll fix about the meat,' I said. 'Now, you turn yourself loose.'

'I took some of the boys, shouldered my gun and went hunting for meat. I knew the natives had sheep, although they always said 'No hay' (there is none) when I had tried to get mutton before. This time I meant business, and in an hour the boys

had four sheep bleating before Hippolyte's kitchen. We had to have them and we got them. Hippolyte came out of his shed and said that he was now quite supplied, so I rode my mule out to meet the President's party, bringing them into camp, hungry, about 10 o'clock the next morning.

As I rode up I looked anxiously towards Hippolyte's kitchen. His kitchen was merely an old mud house without window or chimney. It was loosely thatched and the smoke had to find its way out between the thatch as best it could. He had two native help-ers as dumb as bats, whom he kicked and cursed with splendid success. As I rode up at the head of a glittering cavalcade I saw smoke creeping out through the straw and Hippolyte coming graciously at the door.

'Breakfast is served in one hour, Honorable President,' he said with a gracious bow and disappeared in the smoke again.

Gen. Alfaro smiled at me quizzically. Having fought through twenty-one revolutions he knew something about camp life. He was a short, stout little man with keen, stern eyes, white hair closely cropped and a grizzled mustache and imperial. He wore a blue uniform loaded with gold braid a Panama hat, and tall boots decorated with immense silver spurs. Behind him were sixty officers brilliantly uniformed and ravenously hungry from their long ride of the morning.

'In an hour Hippolyte bowed low and announced that the first relay of breakfast was ready in my quarters. Sixteen of us sat down at a camp table and Hippolyte began to work his miracle. It began with milk soup, over which the Ecuadorians smacked their lips. Alfaro looked surprised and began to ask about my cook. Then followed my last ten pounds of oatmeal,

with goat cream. Hippolyte avers that the next course was potage a la reine. It was a dream. He followed this up with a curry of lamb. I think he used wild mustard or some country herb that was a great imitation of curry.

'Course by course, he served us blanquette of veal (sheep) York ham (bacon) beans a la Boston (Irish), lamb chops, beefsteak (llama), pommes de terre (native potatoes), omelette with whiskey. I had to pay the old woman ten sueres for a robbed nest, canned pears, our last cans, champagne, borrowed for the priest, coffee, new cheese.

'The Ecuadorian is a demonstrative chap, fond of shaking hands. As triumph followed triumph, the officers jumped up to shake hands with Hippolyte enthusiastically. The enthusiasm grew, as fresh relays of officers of lower rank came in to find the breakfast repeating its glories steadily. Gen. Alfaro asked that Hippolyte be presented to him, and he decorated the little Frenchman with a ribbon which he took from his own uniform. Hippolyte took his honors gravely.

'It is the part of a cook to cook well, he said, with a profound bow. 'It makes not the difference if he has not that with which to cook. He must always cook. Behold I have cooked for the honorable president.'

'It was 3 o'clock that afternoon before the last relay had risen from breakfast. As they rode away they cheered Hippolyte. I Ecuador had not become a strong government Hippolyte could have revolutionized himself into some high state honors on the strength of that breakfast.'

Disqualified for Office.

During a warm gubernatorial canvass in Kentucky one of the candidates found himself in the mountain districts a long way

from town, very tired and hungry. He stopped at a little cabin on the mountainside and introducing himself as a candidate for the governorship, asked for something to eat.

The woman gave him a much better meal than he had expected, and wound up the repast with a pie of the most delicious flavor. The candidate quickly cleared his plate and then said, with his most engaging smile:

'Madam, this is a most delicious pie. But I declare that I do not know what it is. Certainly nothing like it grows down where I come from. Will you have the kindness to tell me what it is?'

The woman looked at him for a full minute, her astonishment at last giving way to supreme scorn.

'Where did you come from?' she finally found an 'don't know huckleberry!'

'Pears to me you ain't fit for office. Don't know huckleberries!'

It was a crisis in the candidate's life, and he lingered another hour, so the story goes, at all events, and made profuse explanations before he was satisfied that his opponent would not get the vote of that cabin.

Salmon-Fishing.

Sir Herbert Maxwell gives, in his 'Memories of the Months,' the following copy of a beguiling advertisement set forth by a Scandinavian who could 'spik Ingliis,' and who had a shrewd idea of luring tourists to his salmon river:

Look Her! Salmon! The honorable travellers are averted to, that undersigned, who lives in Fjorde pr. Vol. den Romsdals county, Norway, short or long time, hires out a good Salmonriver. Good lodging finds. DIDRIK MAAN.



ON SUNDAY MORNING!

**Music and
The Drama**

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Mme. Melba made her reappearance in London in 'La Boheme.'

Albert Salcaz who was taken ill with a cold after his first appearance in London, has recovered and is this year bearing the burden of all the French and Italian tenor roles.

Ignace Paderewski is to play in London Tuesday afternoon. Harold Bauer and Pablo Sarasate have been giving concerts there recently. Leopold Godowsky and Arthur Friedham also played there with success.

Emma Calve, who was to have come London before this stage of the season at Convent Garden, has been delayed at Avon by the serious illness of her father who may not survive. Mme. Calve was in Paris on her way to London when she learned the news.

Herr Mohwinkel was so seriously injured by the sword with which Herr Knote accidentally smote him at the close of the first act of a 'Lohengrin' performance that he compelled to resign his future engagements and return to Germany.

The Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra celebrated in Paris the birthday of Richard Wagner by a concert of his music. The performance continued for three hours on a day of almost intolerable heat, but was an uninterrupted triumph. The concert was the climax of Arthur Nikisch's success in Paris, and he is said to have received as much praise from his French colleagues Colonne, Vientant and Dubois as from the public. Several numbers on the long programme had to be repeated.

In spite of the familiar stories of suffering and impoverished musicians, one benevolent fund finds itself with a surplus on its hands from the failure of deserving musicians to apply for relief. The Oliver Ditson Society for the Relief of Needy Musicians met last week and found that part of the interest from the \$25,000 trust fund bequeathed by Oliver Ditson of Boston had not been used because there was not enough applicants. The committee requests the names of deserving and needy musicians.

Sybil Sanderson has returned to the operatic stage at the Opera Comique in Paris, the scene of all the real triumphs that her career has contained. She reappeared in Saint Saens' 'Phryne,' of which she was the heroine when the operetta was sung first in 1896. 'Siegfried' is to be sung at the opera next winter. It will be the fifth of the Wagner works to be heard at the National Academy of Music. The list includes 'Lohengrin,' 'Die Walkuere,' 'Tannhauser,' and 'Die Meistersinger.' Of these 'Lohengrin' was the most successful financially and 'Die Meistersinger' the least, although it was more profitable than any of the modern French works performed there in years. The production of 'Siegfried' is the opinion of the directors, to be more successful than any of the operas. Adelina Patti has been in Paris, where, with Albert Alvarez and Ernesto Tarnagno, she sang at the benefit given at the opera for old Mme. Laurent, the former actress of melodrama and head of the Actores' Orphanage in Paris. Laurent is the only actress on the French stage decorated with the Legion d'Honneur, which she received not as an actress but in recognition of her orphanage charities. Mme. Patti sang with M. Alvarez in the chamber scene from 'Romeo et Juliette.'

Gounod's musical setting of Ponsard's 'Ulysses' was recently revived at the Odeon, New York. The work was given in 1852 at the Comedie Francaise and made the reputation first of the young composer known chiefly through his opera 'Sapho,' which the public of the opera had received rather coldly. On the night of the first performance Gounod was congratulated by Ponsard, who asked him if he would write the music for a five-act tragedy that had been accepted for the Comedie Francaise. The music which he then wrote won him not only fame but a wife. While he was engaged on the score he met on the street Zimmermann, the famous French pianist of the time. 'I have just composed a Greek chorus for 'Ulysses,' the musician said, 'that interests me extremely.' The pianist insisted that Gounod should go to his house and play the music for him. He went, sang the music and played the accompaniment on the piano. The daughter of his host was there and when the composer had finished she shrieked: 'Never in my life have I heard such music!' and fell in a faint. Such appreciation touched the composer, who married her two months later. The music to this work was the first ever published. [Gounod

had to pay the firm that published 'Sapho' and was delighted when after the first performance of 'Ulysses,' a firm of music publishers offered to print the work for nothing. His first royalties were made from 'Ave Maria.' Gounod had great difficulty in persuading the theatre to give him the necessary personnel to perform the music. The orchestra at that time under the direction of Jacques Offenbach, comprised only twelve players, and the management was opposed to doing anything to increase the expense of producing a work they thought as hopeless as Ponsard's tragedy. Berlioz advised the young composer to insist on his rights and see that the needed players were supplied prophesying at the same time that the music would make the success of the piece. He was right for the play was acted for forty times although produced in the heat of summer, and this result was attributed altogether to the music of Gounod.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Effie Ellster is to star in a new play next season.

Mildred Dowling will star in Lorna Doone next season.

Maud Adams is in London staying at the Carleton hotel.

Richard Mansfield will play occasionally in Herod next season.

King Dodo a new light opera is having a successful run in Chicago.

Heien Bertram is winning great honors as Cleopatra in 'The Wizard of the Nile.'

The Maurice Freeman Stock company is touring in 'What Happened to Parker.'

Adelaide Thurston is to starred next season by Frank J. and Clarton Westbach.

Emma Sardou has arrived here from Europe. She will be in New York about July 1.

Daisy Besley has been engaged to succeed Chawver Olney in the Binton Burglary.

Florence Kahn will assume leading roles with James K. Hackett's company next season.

Cissy Lotus is drawing crowded houses wherever appearing. At present she is in Washington.

Gus Butner in association with Robert Campbell will tour next season in The White Slave.

It has been said that David Warfield will

play Shylock to Fay Templeton's Portia next season.

E. H. Southern and Company are touring the west in Hamlet and their Shakespearean plays.

Thomas E. Shea has closed his season at Boston and is now at his summer home at Belfast, Maine.

William H. Crane left Boston on steamer Commonwealth last week enroute to Europe for a vacation trip.

Katherine Erle has been engaged to play Princess Otilie in The Pride of Jennico next season.

Irene Vaughan has been engaged as leading woman at the Duke of York's theatre in London.

Sarah Bernhardt and M. Cequelin opened their London season of June 3rd appearing in L. Aijlon.

Ben Hur is drawing crowded houses in Chicago and other cities in Illinois. The cast is decidedly strong.

The Casino Girl is being revived for the summer and wherever presented is still able to draw large houses.

Lillian Norris has been re-engaged for next season for her former part in The Power Behind the Throne.

Herbert Gresham, after a week's visit in London, sailed for New York on the Augusta Victoria last Friday.

Lettice Fairfax will be with Richard Mansfield next season and will assume the leading role in Monsieur Beaucaire.

Iving Brooks will be featured next season as Hans Nix in The Telephone Girl, under J. J. Roentgen's management.

M. x Heindl, the musical director of Castle Square theatre, will be married on June 20th to Katherine Lyons Lannan.

Secret Service, The Little Minister, The Jilt, and Bother Officers are the plays being successfully presented at Washington.

Margaret Angilo has closed her engagement in Diplomacy at the Theatre de la Reine. She will go to her home in New York to rest.

Uncle Tom's Cabin still manages to please many people. It is being presented by an excellent company in the Western States.

The Adventures of Lady Ursula is still drawing crowded houses whenever appearing. The play is apparently very popular with the people.

Margaret Urquhart has completed her

tour to the Pacific Coast in Faust. She will rest in Massachusetts for the summer months.

Zenside V. Williams is playing ingenue roles in support of her husband Odell Williams. She is said to possess considerable talent.

Nazareth, a new season play by Clay Eugene, will have its initial production at Santa Clara College, San Francisco in the near future.

Cecil Owen and Ethel Barrington will leave the Boyle Stock company June 15. Alma Whittlesey and Joseph Manning will succeed them.

Agusta Crill who has been touring in The Power Behind the Throne is resting at her home in Roxbury before resuming her work in the early fall.

Lover's Lane is running a summer engagement at McVickers Theatre, Chicago. Miss Dorothy Tennant, a pretty actress assumes the leading role.

Minnie Radcliffe's who played Gertrude West in Because She Loved Him So, has won much honor by her work. She is spoken of as one of the coming stars.

Richard Mansfield closed the season at Detroit Opera house last week. He will rest in the south for the summer and will have several new plays for next season.

Louis Nethersole a well known actor and brother of Olga Nethersole was married recently to Miss Sadie Martinot who is also quite well known in dramatic circles.

George W. Thompson, a veteran player died at his home in Brooklyn last week. He had been connected with the stage for over fifty years and was a recognized authority on matters theatrical.

Lottie Hyde, who is successfully playing in The Violin Maker of Cremona over the Proctor circuit, has been signed by Whitaker and Lawrence for a leading part in On the Stroke of Twelve.

Blanche Seymour, of the Baldwin Melville Stock company, Montreal, has received much praise from the press of that city for her work as June in Blue Jeans and as Jennie Buckthorn in Shenandoah.

Mr. and Mrs. Hackett were passengers on the Commonwealth from Boston Wednesday. Their trip will include a visit to Mrs. Hackett's sister, who is ill in England and a journey to London, Paris, and Berlin, for the purpose of seeing some new

plays. They will be home again about Aug. 1, to rehearse for their respective tours.

The remains of James A. Herne, the actor dramatist, who died in New York recently were cremated at Fresh Pond, L. I., on Tuesday last. This was in accordance with the oft expressed wish of the deceased.

Silvestia Cornish has closed a season of opera at the Empire Theatre, Albany, and appears this week in The Mikado at the Grand Opera House, Philadelphia. She has been engaged to play Mrs. Canby in Arizona next season.

Lotta Linthicum has been engaged as leading woman of the Baldwin-Melville Stock company, Montreal, to succeed Maude Odell, who resigned to join King Dodo in Chicago. Miss Linthicum is a Montreal favorite.

A benefit will be given in the Arion Hall, Brooklyn on June 19th for certain members of the Brennan Stock Company, which was forced to disband in that city recently. The Brennan company has been seen here on several occasions.

Nina Morris, who has been engaged to play the leading role of Rita in The Man Who Dared, in support of the actor-author, Howard Hall, next season, will, in the following season, star in a play that Mr. Hall has been engaged to write for her.

Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera Pinafore with Juvenile amateurs will be the attraction at the opera house next week opening on Monday evening. Mr. Geo. Collinson has been conducting the rehearsals in his usual good and thorough style.

The Proctor Stock Co., with excellent support opens an engagement in New York next week. Their repertoire consists of, Lend Me Your Wife, The Man from Mexico, The Private Secretary, Caste, All the Comforts of Home, The Nominee, and Glorians.

The Alumni Association of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts held its second annual dinner at the Manhattan Hotel on the evening of June 2. Anna Warren Story presided and Franklin H. Sargent was the guest of honor. Sixty-five members of the association were present.

Amy Ricard, for the past season leading woman in support of Mary Manning, will leave town this week for her country home, Arden Lodge, for a brief rest. On July 15 she will return to New York to begin rehearsals in A Runaway Girl, in which she will appear in the leading role, at Manhattan Beach.

The Southern papers, in speaking of Laura Almosino's performance of Bonita, say: The greatest charm of the play was the perfectly natural maidenly modesty and altogether delicate acting of Laura Almosino as Bonita Canby. True, Miss Almosino has a good part. It is not extremely difficult, but she is evidently capable of undertaking more ambitious roles.

The Maud Daniel Opera company at the Grand Opera House, Philadelphia, is playing to good business. Faust, last week was given with a good cast. The programme this week is The Mikado, with Fatmah Diard, William Blaisdell, Charles G. Westcott, John W. Collins, Bessie Kiefer, and Sylvester Cornish in the cast. Next week, The Highwayman.

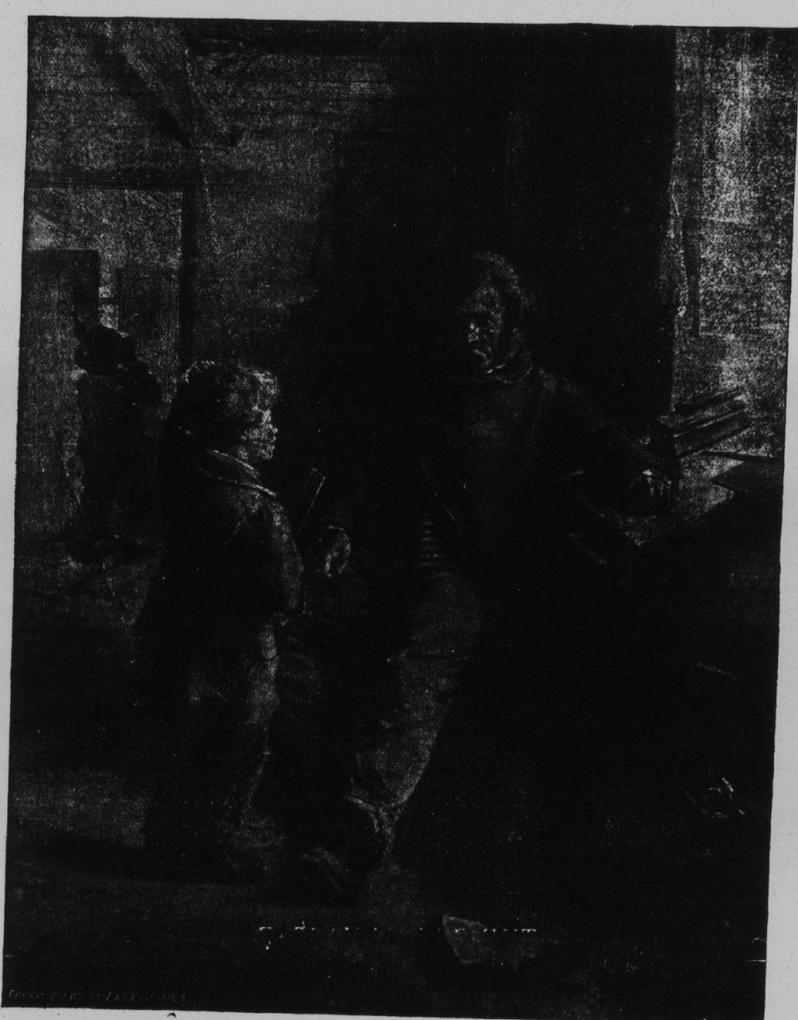
J. Southwell's Co., touring the country in 'The Bohemian Girl,' is meeting with considerable success. Those in the cast are Count Arnheim, Eddie A. Clark; Thaddeus, Harold Gordon; Florestan, Agnes Paul; Devilshoof, Fred Frear and John Martin; Captain of the Guard, Dugald Morton; Arline, Helen Bertram; Buds, Ida Terhune; Queen of the Gypsies, Blanche Chapman.

There will be but one company presenting A Romance of Coon Hollow next season. The company will also appear when required in the New Fogg's Ferry. Among those engaged are Iola Pomeroy, Cecil Jefferson, Aida Gardner, Alberta McCarter, Archie Allen, R. F. Hutchins, E. F. Gardiner, J. H. Wickes, Fred J. Woodward, Charles Moore, William Asher and the Coon Hollow Quartette.

The Wooing of Priscilla with Lillian Lawrence in the title role is drawing crowded houses in Boston. In this connection a recent Boston paper says:

Lillian Lawrence is evidently the queen of trumps, for the remount is left alone of all the high price theatres in Boston to entertain the public. All the others have closed for the summer, leaving The Wooing of Priscilla as popular as ever. They mean to let the residents of Cape Cod have

Continued on Sixth Page.



THE SCHOOLMASTER.

E. W. Grove
This signature is on every box of the genuine
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets
the remedy that cures a cold in one day.

BAKING POWDER
and wholesome

ing room, were simple, but inter-
the Coliseum track, New Haven,
night, Floyd McFarland of San
l., broke the world's record for
in competition, covering the dis-
1.55 3-5. Owing to the handi-
the others, however, McFarland
get inside the money.

M. Magilton, a once famous acro-
ded at Philadelphia. He was
years of age. By a fall in the
Alhambra in 1859 Magilton sus-
ceivable spinal injuries. Magilton's
was that of a monkey and he was
'Jocko, the Brazilian ape.'

despatches to Berlin from Neis-
xony, say that three Italian
s have been arrested in the
urg Miru on evidence that they
n connected with Bresci in the
tion of King Humbert. The three
s were delivered over to the
authorities.

frands in the recent Havana mun-
tion have been brought to light
it of military investigation made
quest of citizens in districts where
ions have been contested. The re-
mitted show that the election of at
mayors will be revised. The
investigation is not yet finished.

of \$100,000 from a business man,
me is to be secret, was announced
College Tuesday. Half of this
to be used for the erection of a
ing and the balance for the en-
fund. This gift is conditional
raising of an equivalent. A
the college has already contrib-
00.

rogram has been received at the
partment, Washington, from
Commissioner Rockhill fully con-
Associated Press report from
the effect that an early and com-
ement of the indemnity question
and that, too, on the basis of
position variously known as the
the British and the British

of appeals in Buffalo, N. Y.,
heard the first argument for a
for Roland B. Molinex, the
New York clubman, athlete and
der sentence of death for poison
atherine J. Adams in December
was the unintended victim of a
by the use of the American
ke the life of Harry Cornish,
the athletic sports.

fishing schooner bound for
been lost in the crushed ice
of Belle Isle. Forty-seven
board were rescued. Two
vessels have reached St Anth-
r crews were in a destitute
have lost everything they
The British fisher Charybdis
St Johns, N. F., Monday even-

thombson P. Hobson, U. S. N.,
an address in Baltimore, Tuesday
Commencement exercises of
Polytechnic institute. Speak-
y's battle in Manila bay at a
2,000 yards from the Spanish
: 'A British admiral probably
one in like Nelson or as the
fighting in South Africa, getting
enemy, and losing nearly the
of men even when victorious.

of the early retirement of Lord
have again been circulated by
in London with his family. It
has repeatedly been said be-
will not remain in the diplo-
for many months, and as he
old, he has certainly earned a
is heavy responsibilities. It
that he should terminate his
British ambassador to the
the last year, but his term of
elonged because of important
nating to be settled between
America, and it may perhaps
again for the same reason.

Would Like to Have
work; we will give you every
thing you would like don-
it will be attended to. No
ars and cuffs allowed to go
smooth as glass. Our flaxine
is well liked.
great many who are getting
their laundry work
laundry, Dyeing and Carpet
Telephone 58.



The week just closed has been rather dull socially.

Westfield and Rothersey have assumed their usual summer gaiety and the absence of many of the devotees of society may account, to a considerable extent, for the lack of those functions so dear to the feminine heart.

The whist party and dance given by the Misses Winnie and Nan Barnaby at their home on Princess street, on Monday evening proved to be a very pleasant affair.

Miss Elsie Holden was the guest of honor and those present were profuse with good wishes for her success with her musical studies, which she intends pursuing across the broad Atlantic.

Drive whist was indulged in to a considerable extent on that evening and the dancing was of course much enjoyed.

A dainty supper was served at midnight and the pleasant function brought to a close at a very late hour.

The musical event which is making such a stir especially amongst the very young element of society is the production of Gilbert and Sullivan's ever popular comic opera H. M. S. Pinafore which will be given under the direction of Mr. Collinson and by a clever company of children between the ages of 10 and 14 years on Monday and Tuesday evenings and Wednesday afternoon matinee. Rehearsals for this were only begun three weeks ago and it is little short of marvelous that such very young people in so short a space of time should reach such a degree of perfection as last Thursday's rehearsal showed.

- Many of those taking part are as follows.
MISSES.
Marjorie Barnaby, Daisy Sears.
Enid Macaulay, Geraldine Hogan.
Kathleen Holden, Marjorie Sutherland.
Dorothy Grayson, Alice Craig.
Josephine Hinchinson, Miss Sandall.
Jessie McMichael, Miss Morrison.
Miss Cather, Edith Doherty.
Fattie Robinson, B. Titus.

- MISTERS.
St. George Clarke, Jack Matthews.
Jack Sears, Harry Titus.
Eric Titus, Harold Ford.
Harry Doherty, Victor Bridges.
R. N. Hall, Charlie Farmer.
Charlie Ross, Hazen Thomson.
Gordon Church, Willie Church.
Harold Ruggie, Harry Hegon.
Jack Knight, Don Macaulay.
Eric Barnaby, Master Robinson, Taylor, Shaw, Pollock, Mason, and McMichael.

Rev H H Cosman has sold his summer cottage on the river to Mrs J Frank Perkins, Mrs Perkins and family will soon take possession of their new purchase.

Mr Harry F Perkins leaves next week for the Pan American exhibition.

Mrs Wm Lewis of Halifax is here visiting her mother Mrs David Lynch of Paradise Row.

Misses May and Viola Flanagan of Moncton are spending a few weeks here guests of their friend Miss Cale.

Mr and Mrs Walter Holly are being complimented on the arrival of a little son at their home.

Mr and Mrs L H Simpson of Fenton, Mass spent the week here.

Miss Wheeler of New York is visiting relatives in the north east.

Miss Olive Stone has returned from a pleasant trip to Lansing, N. S.

While there she officiated as bridesmaid at the marriage of her cousin Miss Jane T Wickwire to Dr. G. Foster of Halifax.

The wedding was quite a social event in that town and local papers state that the bride was magnificently gowned in ivory satin and train with a veil of Brussels lace. The bouquet was most exquisite, composed of bridal roses. The bride's maid was Miss Olive Stone, of St. John, cousin of the bride. She was charmingly gowned in pink organdie and carried a bouquet of pink roses. Little Miss Emily daughter of Mr. H H Wickwire, of Kentville, was maid of honor, and Master Webster Kirkpatrick, son of Dr. E. A. Kirkpatrick, of Halifax, was the gallant page who carried the fair lady's train. Mr F W Wickwire, brother of the bride was best man.

At the cathedral of the Immaculate conception on Wednesday afternoon at 8 o'clock the marriage was solemnized by Dr. E J Broderick and Miss Mary Josephine Connell, daughter of Mr. David Connell. Long before the hour appointed for the ceremony the sacred edifice was filled with hosts of friends of the happy couple.

The bride who entered the church leaning on the

arm of her father wore a most becoming and decidedly handsome costume of pearl grey broadcloth, the trimmings were white silk and applique. A hat of black chiffon a large bouquet of cream roses completed the toilette.

The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Loretta Connell who looked dainty and girlish in cream silk gown with chiffon hat and bouquet of pink roses.

The maid of honor little Miss Kathleen Burns, daughter of Mr and Mrs Thomas Burns, was prettily dressed in white organdie with white hat and carried a basket of white roses.

Mrs Connell, mother of the bride wore a handsome gown of black silk grenadine over white satin.

The groom was supported by his brother Dr. Will Broderick.

At the conclusion of the important ceremony, which was performed by Rev. F. J. McMurray, the wedding party drove to the bride's home on Waterloo street where an elaborate luncheon was served.

Dr. and Mrs. Broderick left on early evening train for a three week honeymoon on trip to Buffalo, New York and other American cities.

Miss Daisy Fairweather's picnic at Rothersey on Saturday afternoon last was a very pleasant and successful affair.

About sixty guests were present and the afternoon and evening passed most delightfully in bathing and strolling around. In the evening dancing was enjoyed for a few hours, the cottage of Mr McAvity being used for this purpose. The happy party returned to the city on the late train.

Mr Walter Marris of Harvey, Albert Co. was in the city on Monday on his way to Ottawa where he has secured a position in the census office.

The many friends of Mr H. H. Hausard, the popular secretary of the golf club are delighted to hear of his appointment to a responsible legal position at Ottawa, but will also regret his removal from the city which the position will necessitate.

Mrs George K McLeod left this week for Kingston to pay a visit to her sister at that city.

Mrs Charles Harrison sailed from Halifax this week for England where she will spend some time with relatives.

Dr. W. White and family have moved from the city and are now settled at the Nest at Rothersey.

Dr. Boylston, Mrs Travers and the Misses Travers are summering at Rothersey.

On Saturday last the members of the Fortnightly Club accompanied by their wives enjoyed a pleasant trip to the Chate.

The day was delightful and after boating for some time, dinner was served and the couple of hours before "train time" passed in strolling around the beautiful grounds.

Miss Elsie Holden sailed this week for England, enroute to Germany where she purposes devoting some time to the study of music, both instrumental and vocal.

Previous to her departure she was the guest at several little luncheons and teas. They were mostly of an informal nature, but were nevertheless pleasant to those present.

Miss M S Robertson of London has arrived in the city and will spend several months with relatives here. She is at present staying with Mrs L J Almon at Rothersey.

Mrs Norman Sancton received her bridal calls at Carville Hall on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons.

Mrs Ronald McMaisters and family are summering at St Andrews, N. B.

Misses Munroe of Dorchester, left this week for Boston, enroute to the pan-American at Buffalo.

A pretty wedding took place at St Peter's church on Wednesday morning when Miss Gertrude McMurray was united in the bonds of matrimony with Mr John F. Gallagher.

The bride's dress was of grey cloth and her hat of tulleon heavily trimmed with foliage. She looked particularly well. Her attendant, Miss Josephine Walsh wore black crepon with white trimmings.

A great many presents were received by the young couple, testifying to their popularity.

Mr. Andrew K. Dyson who has been studying law in Boston is spending several days in the city. He leaves on Monday for his home at Cocagne where he will remain for a couple of months before resuming his studies at Harvard.

Mrs Blackadar of Halifax is visiting friends in the city.

Mr and Mrs A. Steeves of Hillsboro spent the week in the city with friends.

Misses Anna Brennan, Isabelle Reid and Alice Mahoney have arrived home from Fredericton where they have been attending the Provincial Normal school.

Miss Clara Brennan is home from a short but pleasant visit to the Capital.

Mr. E. H. Emerson and Mr. Louis Barker have returned from their trip to the Pan-American.

Miss Lydia Hunter of the Ladies College Halifax is the guest of her sister, Mrs E G Fenety.

Miss McKennie of the Ladies College, Halifax, was in St. John this week on her return to her home in Montreal.

Bruce McFarlane, the well known Fredericton Tarter, is doing the Pan American Exhibition.

Mr and Mrs A A McCleary of this city have been visiting Fredericton this week.

Bishop and Mrs Kingdon, the Rev. Canon Roberts and Dean Partridge of Fredericton were among those who were in town this week.

ST. GEORGE.
JUNE 20.—A very pretty wedding took place on

the Baptist parsonage.

Miss Mand Clinch of Boston has arrived to spend the summer.

Mr and Mrs Fred Gilmore who have been spending a week with relatives here found Second Falls returned to their home in New Hampshire on Monday.

Mrs Alex Milne accompanied Mrs Mersereau and Miss McGee on their trip to Burlington, Vermont.

Mr Fred Lemard has been the guest of Mr and Mrs A B Baldwin for a few days.

Mr A Benn of New York City is on a business trip to St George.

Miss Kennedy is home from West Upton for the summer.

Mrs William Ceulle returned from Boston on Tuesday.

Mrs James O'Brien returned on Tuesday from a very pleasant visit with her daughter in Calais.

The band intended giving an open air concert on

CONVINCED OF EIGHT PAGE.

Chairs 22-cent Oats, Splint, Porcupine 4, Duval, 27 Waterloo.

Wednesday evening last at the home of Mr J. W. Henderson, conductor on the I. C. R., when his daughter Annie, was wedded to Mr Frank Freeze, of Everett, Mass., in the presence of a number of friends and relatives of the contracting parties.

The bride who is one of Moncton's most esteemed young ladies, looked charming in a dress of white silk and carried a superb bouquet. Her travelling dress was fawn lady's cloth, with blue silk waist and hat to match. The ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Geo. W. Fisher, took place in the parlor, which was beautifully decorated with flowers, the happy couple standing under a handsome floral wreath. After the ceremony a dainty luncheon was served and Mr and Mrs Freeze left on a wedding trip to Montreal, Toronto, Niagara Falls, Chicago and Buffalo. They were accompanied as far as Buffalo by the bride's parents who will attend the Pan American exposition.

The summer carnival closed at the Victoria rink on Friday evening last. The carnival has been most successful both from a financial and a social point of view.

Miss Rose Bleakney is home from Lynn, Mass., where she has been practising professional nursing.

Mrs P McCreaney is entertaining Mrs. Lundry wife of Judge Landry of Dorchester.

Miss S C Goggin of Elgin has been visiting her parents in the city.

James Bruce is home from McGill where he graduated with highest honors in the medical department.

Mr and Mrs Wm. Calhoun of Amherst were in the city on Saturday last.

Mrs H Faucett of Sackville is spending a few days with friends in town.

Miss Florie Peters has returned from a very pleasant visit to relatives in Boston and New York.

D. & A. Corsets
Feel Fine.
Fit Fine.
Straight front and are recommended by discriminating users.
Ladies' tailors are particularly pleased with the results obtained by the use of these Corsets.
MADE IN WHITE AND DRAB.
Price \$1.00 to \$2.00 pair.

Leave Your Orders Early for Spring Painting, etc.
At ST. JOHN PAINT STORE,
153 PRINCE ST. TEL. 697.

H. L. & J. T. McGowan
We sell Paint in Small Tins, Glass, Oil, Turpentine, Whiting, Putty, etc.
WHITE'S For Sale by all First-Class Dealers in Confectionery. WHITE'S
Caramel Snowflakes
Don't take inferior goods; the best do not cost any more than inferior goods.

SILK THAT TANGLES
Knots and tangles, snarls and breaks, wastes itself and your time, makes you wish the sewing was "far enough."
Such are the troubles of those who use common sewing silk.
It's different when you use Corticelli full letter "A."
Twisted on automatic machines which stop when the thread knots or flaws.
Cannot twist a thread with a flaw in it.
Costs no more than the troublesome kinds.
Corticelli

When You Want a Real Tonic ask for ST. AGUSTINE (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine.
E. G. SCOVIL, GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899.
"Having used both we think the St. Augustine preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic."
JOHN C. CLOWES;
E. G. SCOVIL, 62 Union Street

FOR ARTISTS.
WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS, WATER COLORS, CANVAS, etc., etc., etc.
Manufacturing Artists, Colormen to Her Majesty the Queen and Royal Family.
FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES.
A. RAMSAY & SON, - MONTREAL.
Wholesale Agents for Canada.

Boutouche Bar Oysters.
Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Boutouche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square.
J. D. TURNER.
Pulp Wood Wanted
WANTED—Undersized saw logs, such as Balfour or Spilling. Parties having such for sale can correspond with the St. John Salvage Company, Ltd., stating the quantity, price per thousand superfeet, and the time of delivery.
M. F. MOONEY,

Fry's Pure Cocoa.
Pure, rich and delicate of flavor. Healthful, nourishing. Concentrated and hence has the greatest strength and is the most economical to use.
It has won medals and awards without number. A quarter pound tin of it costs but twenty-five cents and makes fifty cups of fine Cocoa.
Sold by leading dealers everywhere.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress for sale in Halifax by the embryo... MORTON & CO. Barrington street... CANADA NEWS Co. Cor. George & Grand Sts...

Sunday was the fifty-sixth wedding anniversary of Hon. W J and Mrs. Stair. On that day all their near relatives including their children and grandchildren spent the day with them.

Mr and Mrs John Duffus have returned to day from a two months' trip to Washington, D C and other points undertaken with a view to benefiting Mr Duffus' health, which had not been the best for the past six months.

Plenics have already arrived several coming off last week. Many of the churches are arranging their annual event for the near future.

The marriage of Miss Edith England, daughter of Mrs. Edward England, of Bideford, to Mr E Bayfield Williams, of the law firm of McKinnon & Williams, Charlottetown took place at the home of the bride's mother on Wednesday morning last.

St. Mary's Cathedral was the scene of a pretty wedding on Wednesday morning of last week when Mr D D Peck, of Kentville, was married to Miss Mary Lapierre. The bride looked charming in a becoming suit of blue, trimmed with white satin and pearl trimmings and hat to match.

Many Halifax people last week attended the closing exercises at St. Francis Xavier College which took place at Antigonish. There are several St. John students in attendance at the college and the exercises were of a most interesting nature.

Miss Aggie Doran is visiting in Windsor. Mrs N E McPhail (formerly Miss Melvin, Halifax), is visiting Mrs. Douglas Stevens, North street.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure.

LOOKING BACK. To the time when she was plucked from the very grasp of death, the natural impulse of the womanly heart is thankfulness for the means which saved her, and a desire to help other women in like case.

LOOKING BACK

For twenty silver buckles, with which to bedeck the Indians hair, I might have it. I took twenty old Spanish hammered silver dollars and began to convert them in buckles, in a fever of anxiety lest the Indian should go back on his agreement.

Up in the Attic. Kicking about somewhere—in the attic, or "spare room," or the back closet, there's a faded old dress or a shirt waist or a party wrap.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

chance to see this Cape Cod play, for a special excursion was run from Plymouth. Sylvester Maguire has engaged for the Criterion Stock company, to play a summer season, opening June 9, at the Metro, popular Opera house, St. Paul, Minn.

Free Book. Eugene Field's Poems A \$7.00 Book. THE Book of the century, it is a d-somely illustrated by thirty-two of the World's greatest Artists.

Perfection Tooth Powder. Use the genuine MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER. "The Universal Perfume." For the Handkerchief Toilet and Bath. Refuse all substitutes.

APOLI & STEEL PILLS. A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superseding Bitter Apple, Fil Cocchi, Pennyroyal, &c.

The Sun. Dated St. John, N. B., Feb. 9th, A. D. 1901. 2-14 1m ROBERT MARSHALL. News and Opinions OF National Importance.

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

WINDSOB.

JUNE 19.—The wedding of Miss Annie Draper Mosher, only daughter of the Rev J A Mosher to Mr Charles Stewart, D D of Sackville was performed at the Methodist church on Wednesday last.

Miss Florence Burrill, daughter of Mr Chas Burrill is expected in town Wednesday day to visit at the home of Dr and Mrs Moody.

Miss Lena Lawrence, eldest daughter of Mr and Mrs Thomas Lawrence is to be married at her home on Tuesday, June 26th, to Mr Frank Bosch, son of C W Bosch of Windsor.

Miss Isabella Dodwell, Halifax, is visiting at the home of Mrs. Wm. Dimock. Miss Curry, Wolfville is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Gates in "passage."

Miss E Skinner of St. John is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Eville, King street. Mrs R D Ross of Kingston, N S, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. E J Morse, for a few days.

Mr and Mrs Arthur Drysdale came from Halifax last week and are occupying their summer residence at Curry's Corner. Miss Mable Mariette of Ardoise, who has been visiting her friend, Miss Maggie Stevens in Woodville, has returned home.

JUNE 19.—Miss S M McCurdy, who has been spending a few days here with friends left for her home in Baddeck this morning. Mrs John Stevens, Amherst, and Mrs Main, Wallace, are here attending the obstetrics of their father, Mr Jeremiah Murphy, whose death occurred quite suddenly on Monday at his son's residence the Stanley House. Mr Murphy who was in poor health for the last year or two was still able to be about the house, so that his death was quite a shock to his immediate family.

Mr and Mrs Charles B Lawrence, of Brooklyn, N. Y. are in Halifax on their wedding tour. Will, in the city they will be the guests of Mrs. Lawrence's aunt, Mrs W J Clayton, Gorington St. Mrs Wm Taylor and Miss Taylor are home from Florida where they have been spending the winter.

Many Halifax people last week attended the closing exercises at St. Francis Xavier College which took place at Antigonish. There are several St. John students in attendance at the college and the exercises were of a most interesting nature.

THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN OF CANADA has recommended it as very suitable for nursery use. The Albert Toilet Soap Co. MONTREAL.

Given Free. to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Memorial Fund. Subscriptions as low as \$1.00 will entitle donor to this daintily artistic volume.



A Delicious Tubbing and then refreshing sleep—there is nothing better for any baby. Always use the "Albert." BABY'S OWN SOAP. and your child will have a fine complexion and never be troubled with skin diseases.

Eugene Field's Poems A \$7.00 Book. THE Book of the century, it is a d-somely illustrated by thirty-two of the World's greatest Artists.

Up in the Attic. Kicking about somewhere—in the attic, or "spare room," or the back closet, there's a faded old dress or a shirt waist or a party wrap.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA. chance to see this Cape Cod play, for a special excursion was run from Plymouth.

Free Book. Eugene Field's Poems A \$7.00 Book. THE Book of the century, it is a d-somely illustrated by thirty-two of the World's greatest Artists.

Perfection Tooth Powder. Use the genuine MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER.

APOLI & STEEL PILLS. A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superseding Bitter Apple, Fil Cocchi, Pennyroyal, &c.

The Sun. Dated St. John, N. B., Feb. 9th, A. D. 1901. 2-14 1m ROBERT MARSHALL. News and Opinions OF National Importance.

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

Vertical text on the far right edge of the page, including names and dates.



A Delicious Tubbing and then refreshing sleep—there is nothing better for any baby. Always use the "Albert" BABY'S OWN SOAP

Eugene Field's Poems A \$7.00 Book. Given Free to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Nonum et Nunc Souvenir.

NOTICE.

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

News and Opinions

National Importance.

The Sun ALONE

CONTAINS BOTH:

Daily, by mail, \$6 a year

The Sunday Sun

the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world

price 5c. a copy. By mail, \$2 a year.

Address THE SUN, New York

KENTVILLE.

JUNE 20.—On Wednesday afternoon last the residence of Mr. Russ Reeder of Kentville was filled with young guests to witness the marriage of his youngest daughter, Miss Jessie Blanche to Mr. P. Mosely of Dartmouth.

and Wm Crosby of Ohio. Mrs Griffin has been away for ten years and her husband a rising lawyer has made his mark and was given a judgeship in January last by 1,688 majority.

THINGS OF VALUE.

"Have you ever been perfectly happy?" "Yes but I never knew it at the time." There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in our remedy for all ills to which flesh is heir.

BRIDGE TOWN.

June 19.—Mrs F W Sanford is visiting in Halifax. Mrs Allen Crowe goes to Digby today for a fortnight's vacation.

YARMOUTH.

June 19.—Mr and Mrs A C Bryan of Chicago have been spending a couple of weeks in the city.

FARMERS MAKE MONEY

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

The Canadian Dressed Poultry Company, Limited

Capital Stock, \$450,000 HEAD OFFICE: HAMILTON, ONTARIO. PRESIDENT—MR. GIBSON ARNOLDI, Barrister-at-Law, Toronto, Ontario. MANAGER—MR. WILLIAM S. GILMORE, Merchant, Hamilton, Ontario.

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

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

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

YOUR NAME, ADDRESS,

WHY CROUP IS FATAL.

When croup attacks your child you must be ready for it. It comes as an accompaniment to an ordinary cough, or it may attack without warning. All ills of children develop quickly, and when any kind of cough appears there should be something at hand to stop it with promptness.

Job... Printing.

Are your Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, or Envelopes running short? Do you consider that you could effect a saving in this part of your business? Why not secure quotations your work before placing an order?

Consult Us for Prices.

And you will find that you can get Printing of all kinds done in a manner and style that is bound to please you. We have lately added new type to our already well-equipped plant, and are prepared to furnish estimates on all classes of work at short notice.

Progress Department.

29 to 31 Canterbury Street.

CALVERT'S 20 per cent. CARBOLIC SOAP

Cures and prevents insect and Mosquito bites. The strongest Carbolic Toilet Soap. F. C. CALVERT & Co., Manchester, Eng.

BRANDIES!

Landing ex "Corcan." 100 Cts. V. V. L. & Co. 100 " Tobitt & Co. 100 " Kora, France. 300 " O. C. For sale low in bond or duty paid.

THOS. L. BOURKE

25 WATER STREET.

CAFE ROYAL

BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor

MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B.

A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

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.

Victoria Hotel,

51 to 57 King Street, St. John, N. B. Electric Passenger Elevator!

D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor.

SOCIAL and PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Wednesday evening of each week until September. Great preparation is being made for the first of July celebration.

ST. ANDREWS.

JUNE 21.—Miss Jennie Kerr arrived from Boston by Thursday's boat. Mrs. C. J. M. Stine and family have arrived from Florida and will spend the summer here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Esmoer Hoar of Brookline are occupying their cottage. Miss Nellie Stuart is spending her vacation with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Holt of Liverpool, Eng., who have been guests lately of Mrs. Wm. T. Payne, have started on their return trip across the ocean.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Macmaster and family arrived from Montreal Saturday and are spending a few days at Mr. Koer Simonson's until their own cottage is ready for them.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Maxwell, of Montreal, are occupying their cottage. Mr. and Mrs. Rosborough, Miss Daisy Hanson, Miss May Carter, Miss Wall, and Messrs. A. Cameron, J. W. Richardson, Lewis Mills and Johnson, drove down from St. Stephen by buckboard on Saturday and spent Sunday at the Log Cabin, Chamcook.

Miss Jessie Dutton, of the St. Andrews school staff, went to St. Stephen on Saturday to visit her mother, who recently met with a painful accident.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stoop, who went to Boston to make their home, has returned to Charlotte Conity.

CHATHAM.

JUNE 20.—Mrs D Forest of St. John who with her two boys has been Mrs E W Jarvis' guests has returned to her home.

Miss Laura Snowball, who has been visiting Boston and St. John is at home again.

Miss Francis Snowball, who has been for more than a year in Great Britain and on the Continent is on her way home, where she will be most heartily welcomed.

Mrs D J Johnstone, of Bathurst is in town. Mrs H G Wilson and children have joined Mr Wilson and the family have taken up their residence in Chatham, where they are heartily welcomed.

The marriage of Miss Ethel M Young, daughter of Hon Robert Young of 'The Willows', Carleton, to Rev Frank L Fraser, of Laverne, Minnesota, took place on Tuesday evening, 14th ult. The bride was attended in a dress of white organdy, with white and orange blossoms and carried a bouquet of lilacs of the valley. The bridesmaids were Miss Ethel Young and Miss Winifred Johnston. Mr James Young was groomsmen. The ceremony was performed by Rev Adams Archibald, of Halifax.

The bridal party left for Quebec and other cities. They will reside in Laverne, Minn.

NEWCASTLE.

JUNE 20.—Mr and Mrs W D Richards of Boies-town are on an extended trip to the Pacific coast and California for Mr Richards' health. They went via Quebec, Montreal, Niagara Falls and Buffalo.

Miss Susie Sargeant has gone to New York to visit friends. Mr and Mrs Robert Doucett of Bathurst were in town on Monday.

Mrs R N Wyse left yesterday for St John to visit her home there. Miss Blanche McLean of Boston, Mass, is visiting friends here.

Mr I E Sheagreen of Woodstock is visiting his home at Southesk. Mr Sheagreen's friends are pleased to see him.

Mrs Herbert Chandler of Melrose, Mass, is the guest of her sister, Mrs James Jones, Newcastle. Jas R Allison and family of Waynton have moved to town. Mr Allison has purchased the E Niven farm and is residing thereon.

Mrs Street and Miss Aubrey Street arrived last Thursday to spend the summer in Newcastle. Miss Maggie McGraw went to Campbellton on Monday to visit Miss Malby who is seriously ill. Mr and Mrs Fred Gough are receiving congratulations on the advent of a little stranger, a son.

WOODSTOCK.

JUNE 19.—Miss Alma Thompson of Bangor has been visiting in town. Miss Nettie Harrison is the guest of Mrs H A Poole for the summer.

Miss Frances Slead, St John, is spending a few days at the 'Archie'. Rev Fathers Murray of Johnville, and Bradley of Florenceville, were in town Wednesday.

Miss Mina Fisher is home from Acadia College, where she has been teaching, for the summer. Mr and Mrs Arthur Johnson, Fredericton, have been spending a few days with Mr A. D Holyoke.

Dr Mand Killam, Yarmouth, and Mrs Conlhard, Fredericton, have been in town this week attending the Missionary Convention in connection with the Methodist Church.

William Jardine, wife and child, of Van Buren Me., are visiting relatives in town and vicinity. Mr Jardine was formerly a brakeman on the C P R and now is one of the best known conductors on the B & A. R. R.

AMHERST.

JUNE 19.—Mr and Mrs E E Henson left last week for Buffalo to take in the Pan-American. Prof Brander who has a large class in voice culture, sang as solo the beautiful anthem "Elijah Prayer" at the morning service in Christ church on Sunday.

Mr and Mrs D. W. Robb, Master Robb and Mrs D. T. Chapman, were enjoying a few days fishing at Simpson's Lake last week.

Miss Helen Parry has returned from a visit to her friend, Mrs Charles Hickman, Dorchester. Miss Grace Clark has gone to make an extended visit to her grandmother, Mrs Clark, in Boston.

Mrs Morris, of Halifax, is visiting her daughter, Mrs A. Mackinnon. Mr and Mrs J. Fairbairn Silver are at home from their trip to Montreal and to the Pan-American Exposition.

Garnet, son of D. T. Chapman, has returned from a lengthy visit in Montreal, Ottawa and Buffalo. Mrs John McKeen left on Thursday last to visit her friend, Mrs J B Glass, at Montreal.

Where Defects Prove Genuine. The best test for rubies and emeralds, says Dr. Immanuel Friedlander of Berlin, is microscopic examination. Nearly every ruby and all emeralds have many defects which are so characteristic that the expert can recognize them, and which cannot be produced in artificial stones. True emer-

alds have minute enclosures of liquids and curious dendrites. Sapphires also show peculiar netlike formations. A magnifying power of 100 diameters suffices to reveal the characteristic defects. For diamonds a good test is that of hardness. A genuine diamond cannot be scratched by a file or by a quartz, and a ruby should stand a similar test; but emerald is not much harder than quartz, and cracks easily.

Another Think Due.

She was a normal school girl, says the New York Times, and taken the regents examination in Latin. Comely well dressed, alert, and rather 'proper' in her mannerisms, she would no doubt take great offense if told that she was so addicted to slang that she dropped into it without having any more than a sub-conscious knowledge of the fact. And yet this is what happened. The examination was over and the papers were being collected.

'Miss—', said the chief examiner to the young woman, 'did you not look on Miss—'s papers for answers to these questions?'

'No, sir,' snapped the girl with eyes ablaze. 'Well, Prof.—thought he saw you do so.'

'Well, Prof.—has another think coming,' retorted the candidate, who expects some day to have in her care a part of the growing population of New York city.

The Odd Shillings.

There is very little difference between a pound and a guinea; only a shilling, and yet a keen business man insists that the shilling shall be considered. After Thackeray's series of lectures on the Four Georges had been delivered in London, Willert Beale says that he called upon the novelist in Ouslow Square, with a check for two hundred and fifty pounds.

'What's this?' cried Thackeray, reading the check. 'Pounds?' Our agreement says guineas, and guineas it must be.'

'You are aware that the lectures so far have involved very heavy losses,' said Beale apologetically.

'That's not my affair,' said Thackeray. 'I don't know what occult means you have to protect yourself from loss. Guineas, W B! Guineas it must be and nothing less. I must have the shillings.'

Unexpected Fraze.

Doctor Gutrie, an authority on military surgery some fifty years ago, was a kindly man, although somewhat brusque in manner. Sir Joseph Fayer says:

I was his house surgeon, and we got on very well together. One day, when we were going through the wards with a large following of distinguished visitors, foreign surgeons and others, we stopped at the bedside of an interesting case, where Guthrie found fault with the dresser for something he had done or left undone. The student ventured to reply, and Guthrie said:

'I dare say you think you're a remarkably clever fellow, don't you?'

'No, sir,' said the youth, earnestly. 'I don't.'

'But you are, though,' said Guthrie, and passed on.

WANTED.—Men and women who look young to sell Dr. White's Electric Comb to men and women who want to look young. It never fails to interest and never fails to cure dandruff and hair falling out. That is why our agents grow rich. Sample 60c. D. N. Rose, Gen. Mgr., Decatur, Ill.

Gilbert White's Yew Tree.

Gilbert White, the author of the famous and delightful "Natural History of Selborne," measured the girth of a remarkable yew tree growing in the churchyard at Selborne, and found that the trunk was 23 feet in circumference. He estimated the age of the tree at several centuries. That was 120 years ago. Last March a new measurement of the tree was made, and its circumference was found to have increased to 25 feet and 6 inches, a growth of two and a half feet since Gilbert White's time. This corresponds to an increase of nearly nine and a half inches in the diameter of the tree.

WANTED.—Men and women who want to have money to save, to sell Dr. White's Electric comb. It saves hair and makes hair grow. It enables agents to get rich. Pat Feb. 2, '99. Send 60c for one. D. N. Rose, Gen. Mgr., Decatur, Ill.

Gas Versus Steam-Engines.

Professor Thurston of Cornell University says that the twentieth century opens with the gas-engine for the first time in its century of evolution seriously competing with the steam engine in commercial work on a large scale. Summing up the results of recent tests, it appears that 'the best work of the large gas engine gives a thermal efficiency substantially the same as that of the very best steam engine, while it employs a fuel which is considerably cheaper.'

"Give Him an Inch, He'll Take an Ell."

Let the smallest microbe gain lodgment in your body and your whole system will be diseased. The microbe is microscopic. But the germs become inches and then ell's of pain. Hood's Sarsaparilla destroys the microbe, prevents the pain, purifies the blood and effects a permanent cure.

Run Down—"I had severe headaches and my constitution was generally run down. Had read about Hood's Sarsaparilla, tried it, and after using two bottles was entirely cured." Miss Mary Flannigan, Manning Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

Frogs Do Not Swallow Water.

At a recent meeting of naturalists at Chicago Mr. H. H. Donaldson described experiments with frogs, tending to show that those animals rapidly absorb water through the pores of the skin. He emphasized the fact that frogs never take water by the mouth. On being exposed for several hours to dry air, the frogs experimented with lost 14 per cent. of their weight, but this was nearly all regained within 24 hours when they were placed in a dish containing water only one centimeter in depth.

The Congo Under the Ocean.

On the coast of Africa, opposite the mouth of the river Congo and continuous with the course of that river, lies a submerged valley, the existence and shape of which have been ascertained by means of soundings made by the British Admiralty. This valley, through which the Congo pro-

Before After Wood's Phosphidine.

The Great English Remedy. Sold and recommended by all Druggists in Canada. Only reliable medicine discovered. All postages guaranteed to cure all forms of Sexual Weakness, all effects of abuse or excess, Mental Worry, Excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants. Mailed on receipt of price, one package \$1.50. One will please, etc. will cure. Pamphlets free to any address. The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont.

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

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

Is successfully used monthly by over 100,000 Ladies. Safe, effective. Ladies ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

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

Toilet Soaps.

SPECIAL VALUES. JAPANESE FLOATING SOAP, for the bath, 5c. Cake. BUTTERMILK and OLIVE OIL SOAP, 10c. Box. WOODBINE SOAP, 15c. Box. CLEAVER'S CHOICE TOILET SOAPS, 10c. Cake, three for 25c. CONT'S PURE WHITE CASTLE SOAPS, and a full line of FINEST FRENCH, ENGLISH and AMERICAN TOILET SOAPS just received.

W. C. Rudman Allan, Chemist and Druggist, 87 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B. Telephone 239. Mail orders promptly filled.

CANADIAN PACIFIC Only One Night

ON THE ROAD TO Pan-American Exposition, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Lv. St. John 6:15 p. m. daily except Sun. Ar. Montreal 8:15 a. m. daily except Mon. Ar. Toronto 7:00 p. m. daily except Sun. Ar. Buffalo 10:30 p. m. daily.

All tickets good via Niagara Falls and good to stop over at that point. Double berth St. John to Montreal, \$2.50. Double berth Montreal to Buffalo, \$1.50. Parlor car seat Montreal to Buffalo, \$1.50.

\$20:50 Round Trip. Tickets on sale until June 30th, good for return fifteen days from date of issue and good to stopover at Montreal and West thereof.

All agents issue via St. John and Canadian Pacific Shores Line. For tourist tickets good to stopover and to return until November 1st, also rates going one way returning another, and information in reference to train service, hotels, etc., write to A. J. HEATH, D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

New Route to Quebec VIA MEGANTIC. Lv. St. John 5:15 p. m. daily except Sunday. Ar. Quebec 9:00 a. m. daily except Monday. Through sleeper and coach.

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

bably flowed at a time when the western coast of Africa was more elevated than it is at present, is 122 miles in length, extending to the edge of the platform of submerged land which borders the continent. Its sides are steep, precipitous and well-defined, indicating that they are formed of solid rocks. Other submerged river valleys are found on the western coast of Europe, and similar phenomena exist in various parts of the world where the edges of continents have sunk.

As Smooth as an Egg.

You don't want your head that way. You want your hair glossy and thick. Use Dr. White's Electric Comb and your hair will not fall out and you will be troubled no more with dandruff or other scalp diseases. Send on a written guarantee. Live agents wanted everywhere. Send 50c. postage for one. D. N. Rose, Mgr., Decatur, Ill.

Extraordinary Contrast of Temperature.

The British Meteorological Council has just published charts showing the remarkable weather conditions which prevailed over the North Atlantic Ocean and adjoining lands in the winter of 1898-99. At sea the weather was extremely boisterous for a period of six weeks, while a great difference of temperature prevailed between the two sides of the ocean. On February 10th the thermometer at Fort Logan, Montana, was 61° below zero, while on the same day at Liege, Belgium, it was 70.5° above zero, a difference of 131.5°, and over extensive regions on the two sides of the Atlantic the difference in temperature amounted to 100°.

Stoic Indians Lifted Scalps.

And you want your scalps raised to a condition of health and free from dandruff Dr. White's Electric Comb will do it. Nothing else will. Send for one now, before it is too late. Sold on a written guarantee to give perfect satisfaction in every respect. Price 50c. D. N. Rose, Gen. Mgr., Decatur, Ill.

Photography By Phosphorescence.

An ingenious method of making photographic copies of plates and engravings in the libraries, and where the use of a camera is prohibited, has been devised by Mr. F. Jervis Smith, an Englishman. He coats a cardboard with a phosphorescent substance, exposes it to sunlight or electric arc light, and then places it at the back of the engraving, while a dry photographic plate is placed on the face of the engraving. The book is closed and after a period varying from 18 to 60 minutes, depending largely on the thickness of the paper, a satisfactory negative is produced. The book is enclosed in a black cloth during manipulation.

A Wonderful Invention.

They cure dandruff, hair falling, headache, etc., yet cost the same as an ordinary comb—Dr. White's Electric Comb. The only patented Comb in the world. People, everywhere it has been introduced



A Lady of Quality

knows real value and genuine merit; and will use SURPRISE Soap for this reason. QUALITY is the essential element in the make up of SURPRISE Soap. QUALITY is the secret of the great success of SURPRISE Soap. QUALITY means pure hard soap with remarkable and peculiar qualities for washing clothes.



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

ere wild with delight. You simply comb your hair each day and the comb does the rest. This wonderful comb is simply unbreakable and is made so that it is absolutely impossible to break or cut the hair. Sold on a written guarantee to give perfect satisfaction in every respect. Send stamps for one. Ladies' size 35c. Live men and women wanted everywhere to introduce this article. Sells on sight. Agents are wild with success. (See next column of this paper.) Address D. N. Rose, Gen. Mgr., Decatur, Ill.

JOHN NOBLE LTD. BROOK ST. MANCHESTER, ENGLAND. Largest Costumiers & Mantlemen in the World. From all parts of the Globe ladies do their 'shopping by post' with this huge dress and drapery enterprise, it being found that after payment of any postage or duties, the goods supplied could not be nearly equalled elsewhere, both as regards price and quality, and now that the firm is so firmly rooted in the public favor and its patronage so numerous, it can afford to give, and does give, an even better value than ever.—Canadian Agent. ORDERS EXECUTED BY RETURN OF POST. SATISFACTION GIVEN OR MONEY RETURNED. Model 256. Made in John Noble Cheviot Serge or Costume Tailoring, consisting of: House Jacket with trimmed Blouse, \$2.56; fashionable Skirt with one box-pleat, Price complete, only \$2.56; carriage, 65c. extra. Skirt alone, \$1.35; carriage, 45c. extra. Model 1462. Made in Heavy Frieze Cloth Tailor-made, Double-breasted Coat, and full wide carefully finished Skirt, in Black or Navy Blue only; Price complete Costume \$4.10; Carriage 65c. JOHN NOBLE KNOCKABOUT FROCKS FOR GIRLS. Thoroughly well made, in Strong Serge, with wide deep, long full sleeves, and pocket. Length in front, and Prices: 24 37 inches, 49c. 61 cents. 26 33 inches, 55c. 85 cents. Postage 32c. 36 39 inches, 91c. \$1.10. 42 45 inches, \$1.22 \$1.34. Postage 45c. Readers will oblige by kindly naming this paper when ordering from or writing to: JOHN NOBLE, LTD. BROOK ST. MANCHESTER, ENGLAND. Lv. St. John 5:15 p. m. daily except Sunday. Ar. Buffalo 10:30 p. m. daily except Monday. Through sleeper and coach. A. J. HEATH, D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

And

When the D... to the court of Hampshire, turned their heads, apologized to mind, Your M... they have g... can't get out

One of the old time of Hampshire, youth of Dani... said the old breakfast at father, Danie... who were litt... hair, came to bread and but... request, little... come great... piece of b... and the b... was down... ent, then p... to me, saying... me a piece of... then I let it... will be up.'

ostentation... sentiment d... the false p... share of it... b.e for an... the topic w... quoted in the... son's too fam... the last rule... Sir Francis... the early day... scorn for the... Lord John B... al party in t... restored: '... of the cant... something w... ism, and that... Mr. Gladsto... parties to be

Booker W... ble for the i... race, says... cago 'Recor... or day of an... birth and so... northern phi... dinner table... 'Mr. Washin... temp'r, but... ed: 'If you... 'mister' I do... 'What shall... ncent North... fessor was... that remind... old fashione... gegee, who... said: 'We... call a nigger... much respect... Washington... call him 'Pro... Of the gra... burgh Univ... learned Pro... 'esteem an... tale is told... 'Famous So... was giving... had to go in... thing. Whe... dent who w... some money... his pocket... pass and rai... was leaving... ing his hand... what you di... how great... fore you w... keep it,' he... meant to 'b... him, 'but... again.'

In his bo... er Memp... once starte... it elaborate... a great de...

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1901.

Anecdotes of Famous People.

When the Duke of Wellington first went to the court of Louis the Eighteen, the French marshalls whom he had defeated turned their backs upon him.

One of the stories which Levi Hutchins the old time clock maker of Concord, New Hampshire, delighted to tell related to the youth of Daniel Webster.

Ostentatious disclaimers of the patriotic sentiment deserve as little sympathy as the false pretenders to an exaggerated share of it.

Booker Washington is largely responsible for the increased respect paid to his race, says a writer in the Chicago Record-Herald.

Of the great Professor Gregory of Edinburgh University, the truly worthy and learned Professor Gregory who won the 'esteem and veneration' of Burns, this tale is told in the latest volume of the 'Famous Scott' series.

In his book, War Impressions, Mortimer Menpes relates that Cecil Rhodes once started a cemetery at Kimberly, had it elaborately painted with trees, and took a great deal of pains to make it perfect.

Returning some time later he found it empty. 'This won't do!' he exclaimed to his manager. 'What's the meaning of it?'

In an article in the 'Ladies Home Journal' on 'Some People I Have Married,' R. v. D. M. Steele says: 'Two foreigners came to me one evening, neither of whom could speak ten words of English.'

On her way out to Australia on the 'Optim' the Duchess of Cornwall and York 'killed time' by taking photographs of anything and everything.

On board a ship returning from Africa, a few weeks ago, was Lieutenant Carpaux just out of the hospital at Domson, to which he had been taken after an interview with a lion.

Suddenly I felt the lion's grip relax, and what seemed to me the miraculous, he moved off a few feet, and stood looking in the

direction in which my man had fled. 'If he thinks me dead,' I thought, 'perhaps I may be saved.'

My leg was in a fearful state, and so were my chest and shoulder; but no bone was broken and no main artery cut.

SWEET SCENTS OF JUNE.

Blossoms of Beauty that Mark the Month in the Suburbs.

With the disappearance of the spring flowers early in June begins a succession of other blossoms, marked, however, with every different character.

Scarcely has the last great star of the dogwood fallen from the green firmament when the old farm lanes and the woodland edges of the suburbs are milky with blackberry blossoms, trail and exquisite flowers arranged in singularly decorative fashion along the sprays.

The pale yellow of the petals, scarcely more than a cream tinted white with a faint suggestion of green, is accentuated by the rich salmon of the bee marks.

While the blackberry blossoms are running riot beneath and the tulip poplar is unfolding its glories on high, the wild grape is changing its bowers against the heats of July and putting forth great bunches of bloom that scent the whole thicket with the most delicious wild odor of the season.

It is the coming of such odors that marks the advance of summer. The spring wild flowers are almost scentless, but mid-June and early July form a season rich in balsamic smells.

Along with this mere delicious sweetness of the grace flowers and the more pronounced balm of the wild grape blossoms, go the pungent balsams of the young hickory leaves, the tulip poplar's own tantalizing half sweet, half acrid smell, and the hundred and one other odors, as of the hygienic wild cherry, and the mingled balm and spice of the broken spicewood boughs.

All the new wood tangles with life and odor, the latter yielded naturally beneath the heat of the sun, or spilled as it were by bruising accidents, like the breaking of the box or precious ointment for which Mary Magdalen was reproved.

The sunny noon of early summer is rich in odors that suggest heat and moisture, but the quiet after-sunset hour also has its peculiar charm of scent. When a suburban hilltop, with here a chimney, there a garble and between them the dark pillars of motionless trees are outlined against the cool rich purple of the evening horizon, while higher up the ethereal electric spark of the firefly moves in perverse flight across the almost colorless sky, then from the thicket along with the closing vespers of the wood-thrush comes the exquisite fragrance of the wild grape, until it seems sights and sounds and odor are in perfect harmony, each in some sort of mode of expression for the same idea of peace and blessedness.

Dreadful Depravity. 'Over there,' the Chicago Tribune makes a Montana man say, as he pointed in a westerly direction with his whip. 'Over there are what we call the Bad Lands.'

'Abandoned farms, I suppose,' commented his companion, a pale, intellectual young man from the east.

The Cause of Women.

The jury in the case of Mrs. Naramore, the Massachusetts woman who last spring killed her six young children and tried to kill herself, could hardly do otherwise than find her insane. She will be committed to an asylum, and the case will fade from the public mind until recalled by a similar one in the future, as it will surely be.

mother, 45 years old, committed suicide leaving ten little children. Their father, her husband had run away with another woman and left not a dollar for their support.

These are not exceptional cases. They are merely individual instances from the daily record which we find lying fresh by our plate when we go down to breakfast each morning.

The laws always have placed every possible obstacle in the way of the married woman. All this long struggle for more than half a century to secure changes in the property laws has been wholly in behalf of wives.

In Rochester, N. Y., a few weeks ago a

Continued on page sixteen.

YOUR WHEEL

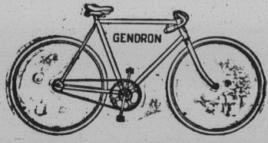


Should be at your service all the time. If it's a CLEVELAND it will be. \$35.00 up. DUNLOPS. Good Guarantee. Parts always in Stock.

W. H. Thorne & Co's., Ltd., MARKET SQUARE.

A GOOD BICYCLE

Well made, of a neat design and properly fitted, impresses people with the prosperity and progressiveness of the owner.



R. D. COLES, 191 Charlotte Street.

LESS REPAIRS REQUIRED



FOR Dominion and Perfect BICYCLES. Cheaper than any other wheels on the market. If any parts are required they are in stock. Dunlop Tires. Good guarantee. \$35.00 up.

J. CLARK & SON, Germain Street, - Near King. E. P. DYKEMAN, Salesman.

The reason we get the biggest share of the bicycle business is on account of our past reputation for making things good. We give a guarantee that IS a guarantee, and keep the parts to back it up.



New Wheels, \$35.00 Up Old Bicycles, 10 and \$15 CANADA CYCLE & MOTOR CO., Ltd., THE BIG BICYCLE STORE. No. 54 King Street, Telephone 754.

Advertisement for 'Surprise Soap' featuring an illustration of a woman and text describing the soap's quality.

Advertisement for 'Silverware' and 'Coppers Bros' with text about quality and pricing.

Advertisement for 'Crested Hair' and 'Crested Hair' with text about hair care products.

Advertisement for 'John Noble' clothing store with text about various garments and prices.

Advertisement for 'John Noble' clothing store with text about various garments and prices.

Advertisement for 'John Noble' clothing store with text about various garments and prices.

On the Eve of St. Valentine.

IN TWO INSTALMENTS—PART II.

CHAPTER I.

I'll have the fair one! said Lady Wakeman. 'I can't bear dark children'...

He had six boys of his own to provide for out of his slender income, and was by no means anxious to take charge of his sister's child...

'Oh, no! It doesn't make any difference to me which it is. I only hope they will grow up good girls. But my poor sister was always thoughtless and headstrong...

'Not in the least, Lady Wakeman.' 'Good! I shall take my twin abroad for a year or two, and bring her back as Marie Wakeman, a distant cousin of my late husband's...

'Very well,' agreed Mr. Leek. 'I don't see it can make any difference; and it will prevent possible jealousy as they grow up. Elspeth might resent knowing that her sister is better off than herself.'

'Possibly. Ask your wife to provide Marie with all necessaries, will you? Here is a cheque for twenty pounds. Keep the surplus for the other child—I daresay it will come in useful. I want you to bring Marie to me at—suppose we say the Metropole, this day week. I'll have a nurse ready—one who can't talk English. She'll be safer just at first.'

A week later, therefore, the Rev. Joseph and Mrs. Leek travelled to town for the day, taking with them the blue-eyed, fair-haired Marie. And a day or two after that they left their old home in Hampshire, for a living in Buckinghamshire, which they owed to Lady Wakeman's kindness.

Here nobody knew that baby Elspeth had a twin sister, or that their father had been a handsome scamp. Indeed, that fact was known to very few people at all, for Mr. Leek had not cared to talk of his sister and her husband. It is all very well to make up one's mind to defy hereditary tendencies, but it does not always prove easy of accomplishment.

account the Rev. Joseph heartily congratulated his old friend. Elspeth did not improve with years, except in the matter of looks. She was so winsome a maid by the time she had reached her sixteenth birthday that three out of her six cousins were openly in love with her.

She scouted the suit, telling them they ought to have been girls, for they hadn't an ounce of manhood among them. She had given up her childish trick of 'perverting the truth,' as she called it. On one occasion her uncle had hit upon the lucky experiment of telling her that she was a coward, explaining that the telling of falsehoods is a sure sign of cowardice.

From that moment a more truthful girl than Elspeth de Windt could not have been found in the United Kingdom. One other good quality she possessed besides courage, and that was industry. She took to work of all kinds as instinctively as a duck takes to swimming, and while hands and brain were legitimately employed in useful service, she was as harmless as one of her immaculate boy cousins.

On her eighteenth birthday she was permitted to give a garden party to her small circle of acquaintances—of friends she had none, as she counted friendship. Her uncle and aunt's presence on the occasion was a new frock, which was not sent home until the morning of the birthday, and which proved then to be so badly made that Elspeth flew into a passion, and vowed she would make her own dresses in future.

Her aunt commended so worthy a resolution, little thinking what would come of her approval. On the following day Miss de Windt walked into Rocklea, the nearest town, returning some three hours later with the cool announcement that she had arranged with Madame Robier, the leading dressmaker of Rocklea, to become one of her indoor 'hands.'

'I thought I had better be indoors, you know, aunt, because the days are getting short, and you have often said I am not to be on the prowl alone after dusk.' Mrs. Leek was struck dumb for the time being. Elspeth had been so quiet of late that she had foolishly imagined the girl had made up her mind to attend more to the conventionalities of life in future.

The Rev. Joseph rubbed his hands with glee when he heard of this new escapade. 'Leave her alone, my dear; let her be,' he said to his wife. 'She'll do now—you mark my words! I have for some time past had a growing suspicion that all her bits of naughtiness have had their origin in nothing more evil than an unusual supply of energy.'

'But think of it, Joseph! Our niece a dressmaking hand! What will people say. Let them say what they like, my dear. The child's well being is surely of more importance than the gossip of the country.'

frequently are. Madame Robier's assistants were there to a girl, Elspeth being far and away the most noticeable of them in her self-designed costume of Night. A full, plainly made dress of black gauze, with dead white stars scattered over it; black gloves, stockings, and shoes.

The bodice was cut square, with short sleeves, allowing glimpses of white arms to be visible above the long gloves. Round her neck was a band of black velvet, and affixed to it a brooch of paste brilliants, forming a crescent moon. Similar adornments were in her black hair, and round her waist, and there was one on each shoe.

Her face was painted white and powdered to complete the effect, which aided by her great black eyes and the straight black brows above, was sufficiently weird to look a trifle uncanny. Her programme was filling rapidly, when a stranger was presented to her. A tall, slight, distinguished-looking man, with a face almost as white as her own, dressed entirely in black, a cavalier's cape concealing what there might possibly have been of white in the shape of collar and tie, though even these were missing, as Elspeth found later.

'Goddess of Night, permit me to make the Prince of Midnight known to you! Let the master of ceremonies, in adroitly passing on to perform similar good offices for others. It was an understood thing that everybody was to be known for the time being only as the character or thing he or she was supposed to represent.

Midnight bowed low, his eyes—black as Elspeth's own—fixed boldly on her face with the assurance of a man who felt himself in company where there was no need to be on his guard. His upward-curving moustache and somewhat pointed chin gave him a Mephistophelian look, which took Elspeth's fancy at once, and aroused in her the passing whim to meet this man on his own ground, whatever that might prove to be—not too exalted a level, she felt sure.

He was by no means slow in giving expression to his discontent in finding her programme so plentifully covered with hieroglyphics. 'I shall rub out some of them,' he said coolly, inviting the action to the word. 'I am convinced you dance well. Those left couldn't help doing so.'

A lingering glance at the satin shoes and black clad ankles emphasized this remark. Elspeth opened her fan—a study of night, with a white crescent moon and white stars—and looked at him over the top of it. 'You don't belong to Rocklea,' she observed. 'I wonder who you are and where you come from. My name is Jones, and I hail from London.'

'That's the prompt reply, a slight smile giving her a glance of white, shining teeth behind the firm lips. 'What is your name?' 'Proserpine, of course.' 'Then I'll be Pluto for tonight! Come, they are starting a dance.'

'But I am engaged for it to St. Valentine himself. I shall not disappoint him.' 'Nonsense! Come, sweetheart!' 'Sir?' 'Pluto to his wife,' was the cool retort. 'If Proserpine was not Pluto's sweetheart, she ought to have been.'

'Yes, like myself?' 'What sort of possibilities—good or evil?' 'Evil, chiefly. How superbly you dance! where did you graduate?' 'In the same school as yourself.' 'Down below?' 'Of course.'

They both laughed a little. Then he asked another question—'Is your neck painted?' 'Does it look so?' 'It is very white. Yes or no?' 'Yes.'

'I don't believe you. I shall have to find out myself before the evening is over, to punish you for that falsehood.' 'Proserpine is permitted, surely, to tell an occasional fib?' 'Not to Pluto.'

'Do wives always tell their husbands the truth?' 'Perhaps not—ordinary human wives; but you are not human, you are either eldritch or demon.' 'I feel flattered. And you?' 'I am all demon; there is no doubt about me.'

'You look rather Mephistophelian.' 'Oh! Mephisto is altogether a too earthly and respectable character for me to play. I am something more out of the common, I assure you.' 'Thank you for the warning.'

'It was not intended as a warning. There is enough wickedness in you to respond to the evil in myself. Is it not so?' 'Their eyes met, and for an instant Elspeth held her breath. She had fancied he was jesting, but he certainly looked the reverse of saintly at that moment.'

After their second waltz, he drew her away behind a bank of palms and other greenery, and kissed her forehead, saying again in his cool way—'Pluto to his wife. You please me well fair consort.' 'Should she repulse him?' 'Had the night been at an end instead of still so young, she would assuredly have done so.'

But she did not wish to spoil her fun; and he fascinated her in a way, and infected her with a spirit of diablerie which tempted her to go through the evening, as her co-workers at Madame Robier's would certainly do. Not one of them would have been troubled with scruples as to encouraging this audacious stranger.

'I may never see him again,' she said to herself, 'and he can't find out who I am. It's against the rules for anyone to be told who anybody else is. So she yielded to the strong temptation to do what she not only knew to be wrong but felt to be an insult to her self-respect. At the end of their third waltz, she allowed him to give her champagne, another step in the wrong direction, for she was not used to taking anything, and it quickly went to her head.'

She had only been acting the part of her hand, saying—'Thank you for coming with me. Good-night. He took the hand, and raised it to his lips. 'You have not finished with me yet. Go and change your dress, and I will get you a cab. Can I look out a train for you?' 'No. I have only to go a couple of miles.'

'Very good. Don't try and give me the slip. I promise I'll not follow you, or make any attempt to find out who you are. You will trust me?' 'Yes.'

She vanished into the dimly-lit passage, and he went off in search of a cab, which drove up as she re-appeared in the doorway, soberly clad in a navy blue coat and skirt, and a toque to match. He lingered a moment when he had helped her into the cab.

'Just one question. Your name is not White?' 'No. Good-bye and thank you so much.' 'Au revoir! It shall not be good-bye, though I vow I'll keep my word. But I feel we shall meet again some day. Don't forget me.'

'I shall try to.' 'You won't succeed.' He bent his face to hers, but she shrank back. 'Please not!' 'Forgive me—for this, and for all! By Heaven, we must meet again! It is torture to part from you. I love you; and, sooner or later, my love will find you.'

Had he spoken truth? His words rang in her ears and echoed in her heart as she covered her face with her hands, ashamed, even in the darkness, to remember how low she had fallen that evening. 'What an awful lot of wickedness there must be in me!' she thought despairingly. 'But I feel somehow as though he understood. Shall I ever see him again? Oh, I hope—I hope I shall!'

Then, with a sort of shock, she remembered her aunt, and blamed herself afresh for having been heartless enough to forget even for a moment that she was ill. CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Leek had a sharp attack of pneumonia, through which her niece attended her with more zeal than skill. So lacking did Elspeth find herself in the useful art of nursing, that she made up her mind to 'cut the dressmaking,' and enter at some hospital for the necessary training.

She could make her own dresses now, after a fashion; at any rate, she had learned enough to be able to put to rights any dressmaker she might, in future, employ—and that was all she desired. But she kept her new resolve to herself until such time as her aunt should be well enough to dispense with her services. When, at length, that happy day arrived, it was destined to close the reverse of happily for all at the vicarage.

Elspeth was sitting with Mrs. Leek, after lunch, industriously darning socks for her uncle and cousins, and only awaiting the return of the former from a batch of christenings he had on hand, to moor the subject of her proposed new departure.

The vicar did not get home until five o'clock, and then he brought with him a countenance so serious and perturbed that Elspeth guessed at once what had happened; he had heard of her behaviour at the fancy dress ball.

She had known it would come sooner or later; but she had hoped to get away first, shrinking curiously from the look of pain and disappointment which she felt would be visible on the two faces she loved in her own peculiar way.

'What has happened, Uncle Joe? You look as if you had been conducting a funeral,' he replied, 'and that your own, Elspeth de Windt.'

'Uncle! 'Sas started to her feet, and stared at him. It was the first really harsh speech he had ever made to her; but the scoldings she had received from time to time had all come from her aunt.

The vicar turned to his wife. 'You were right, and I was wrong. That dressmaking had proved her ruin. On the night you were taken ill, she was masquerading at a fancy ball—a very mixed affair—at which she made herself conspicuous by her encouragement of a man she could not have known anything about, for he was a stranger to the neighborhood. Notwithstanding this, she left the assembly rooms in his company, shortly before receiving my note announcing your illness, and took him to the house which she had chosen to make her home.'

'Uncle!' said Elspeth again, with the light of battle in her eye. 'I don't know who told you all this, but it is not true.' 'Your professed contrary?' inquired her aunt breezily.

'Mr. Wood, who acted as master of ceremonies for the evening, could contradict the latter part of it. Unfortunately, I was referred to Mr. Wood for corroboration of the report, which I refused to believe until I had this word for the truth of it.'

'He has lied!' said Elspeth deliberately, not waiting to choose her words. 'He gave me your note himself at the Assembly Rooms, in the presence of the gentleman with whom I had been sitting out a dance.' 'With whom you had sat out three dances running, Miss de Windt, during which time you were hidden from view behind a large screen which your gentleman friend had carefully arranged for the purpose.'

Wall Street Lends Millions.

In Wall Street the money broker is rather an important personage. He is the man who brings the borrower and the lender together. His business is distinct from any other in Wall Street, and, as a rule it returns a handsome profit.

There are 2,000 or 3,600 stockbrokers in the Wall Street district, but there are only about half a dozen money brokers who make a specialty of lending money for the bank and the bankers. It is practically true that all the millions of dollars lent by the banks on the Stock Exchange are handled by these six men. And one of them does as much business as all the others combined, or more. His name is Howard P. Frothingham. He is a little chap with reddish brown hair and mustache and black eyes which look out through big eyelashes.

From the time Frothingham reaches Wall street in the morning until he leaves there in the afternoon he moves about the district as if he were hung on springs. He has a short, nervous stride, and when in motion he appears to be always in a hurry. He is a fine interpretation of the American term hustler. He numbers among his clients all the largest and best known houses with a Stock Exchange membership, and every bank or banker having money to lend knows and has confidence in him.

Frothingham has followed the business of a money broker ever since he was a very young man. As he is not much over 45 today he has been in the business probably about twenty five years. But what ever the time he has been engaged in the business, he has been in it long enough to have accumulated a very considerable fortune, and it is said that his income is \$50,000 a year.

A man who lends anywhere from \$500,000 to \$10,000,000 in a day, is a person of some importance among the men with whom he works and does business. If you ask Frothingham to tell you something of his methods and to tell you how he won the place he now holds among money brokers he will very likely reply that that is a matter of private business and that he won't discuss it. There are other folks in Wall Street, however, who now and again find this little money broker an interesting subject of conversation. The other day the president of one of the largest banks in town was talking to a Sun man about Frothingham. This banker probably knows the money broker as well as any other man in Wall Street. When the banker was asked if Frothingham's business netted a handsome income the banker said:

"Not a handsome income? Well, I should say it did. The entire capital he has invested is a clear head, a good pair of legs and the confidence alike of lenders and borrowers. I never balanced his books, so I don't know to a centime how much he makes in any one year, but it would be a pretty safe bet that he makes more than \$50,000 a year."

There are six or eight other money brokers down here, but Frothingham does as much business as all the rest put together. And he's a hustler, I tell you. One great advantage he has over his competitors is that he is a member of the Stock Exchange. In times when money is in demand on the floor Frothingham can go right down there among the men who want to negotiate loans and do more business in ten minutes than most of his competitors can do in an hour.

His modus operandi is something like this: He gets to his office between 8 and 9 o'clock in the morning, and, after looking over his mail and giving a few directions, he sets out for a tour of the banks and of the offices of men who always have money to lend. He will come into me, for instance, and I will look over the loans which we have maturing on that particular day. I will then do a little ciphering, and determine how much of any money I care to lend that day. He makes a note of it on his pad, and sprints for another bank where he does the same thing.

Then he goes down on the Exchange, and finds out what the needs of the brokers are. Smith wants to borrow \$100,000 and Jones \$500,000 and Brown \$1,000,000. Frothingham tells Smith or Jones or Brown that he can accommodate him at such a rate, and if the terms are accepted he takes the order for the money as he would take the order for the purchase or sale of stock.

He may or may not notify us that he has lent money for us to this, that or the other firm or individual. He has absolutely nothing to do with the security offered,

never sees it and never asks any questions about it. All that is attended to by the people for whom he lends the money.

A short time after Smith or Jones or Brown has borrowed some money from us through Frothingham a messenger from the house comes in here with a big brown envelope bearing the name of the firm which is doing the borrowing, and marked with the amount of the loan. The envelope contains the securities which the borrowers wish to put up as collateral.

"Borrowers from banks know pretty well what kind of security banks will accept, and we don't usually have to return any of the collateral offered. However, I examine the collateral and if I want more of one security and less of another I tell the messenger and he goes back to his principals to have the matter adjusted satisfactorily. In most instances we don't know where Frothingham has lent our money until messengers from the borrowers come in with security.

"The loans that I have spoken of thus far are all call loans. For negotiating these, Frothingham, or any other money broker, doesn't get a cent. They do all that business for nothing, for the sake of getting the business of bank and bankers in time loans. A man wants to borrow \$100,000 for three months. He lets Frothingham know about it. Frothingham comes to me and tells me that he can lend \$100,000 of our money for three months to So and so. I decide whether I want to make the loan, and if I do, he goes out and negotiates it.

"For negotiating the loans the money broker doesn't get anything from the lender, but he does get one thirty second of 1 per cent on every \$100,000, or about \$30.25 from the borrower. This is a cent like rather a small commission, but where a man lends millions of dollars in the course of a year it mounts up. When I speak of time loans, you mustn't think I am referring to loans made on commercial paper. All that business is done by another kind of broker. Brokers like Frothingham don't transact any of that business at all.

"How much money on call do you suppose Mr. Frothingham lends to the course of a year?" asked The Sun man.

"I should say not far from \$200,000,000. But remember, he doesn't get a cent for lending all that money. It is as I said before, only on the time loans that he gets his commission. I am quite sure he will average at least a million a week in time loans. That's an average of \$2,000,000 a year, week in and week out. The estimate I have made here, is, I think, con-

servative. At any rate Frothingham lends more money than any other one man in New York and he has grown rich at it. He has been in the business ever since he was a boy and he knows all the fine points of his trade.

"But there is another source of the money broker's income that I forgot to speak about. I suppose they all keep a sort of books. I know Frothingham does, and in these books he keeps a record of all the time loans he makes. It very often happens that the borrower will want to renew. Maybe the lender wants to accommodate him, and maybe he don't. For instance, Frothingham lends \$300,000 for our bank today to Smith Jones & Co. for four months. At the expiration of the time the borrowers will be hunted up by Frothingham and asked if they are going to pay or want to renew. If they tell him they want to renew, he comes around to find out from me if I want to extend the loan. If I don't he places the loan somewhere else and gets his one-thirty second commission for the extension. So far as his personal business goes, his income is much like that of an insurance agent. It's a good business for a good man, and beats stock gambling by a death.

A STAGE KISS AS IT IS.

What the Hero Must Face and How Heroine Feels.

Any (wildly)—I love you! I love you! Sir Athol crossing to her quickly—I know it! My own!

They embrace passionately.

So runs the manuscript, and 'Sir Athol' pressed his lips to hers for several seconds, and Edwin and Angelina in the pit—for it is early closing day in Brixton—squeezed each other's hands and look into each other's eyes and yearn.

"You bet he's pretty sweet on her in real life," observes the spiciest Etwin on the way home, "or he'd never kiss her like that!"

"Oh, do 'ush!" replies his divinity, coyly. "Not but what I thought so, too."

And the ardent young stock broker's clerk, who had a great reputation in his home circle as a 'regular flirt,' feels that he is being wasted in mere business; that loving the stage, he would make a splendid 'stage lover,' and with no other qualification than that of assurance Don Juanism, he forthwith joins Mr. Squeezer's X company—'fit up' towns—and starts on his theatrical career at Salisbury town hall.

In reality, a stage kiss is a thing of little ecstasy to the parties concerned. It is, as a rule, dreaded by both. Where the artists are of a nervous temperament, the thought of the stage kiss keeps them awake at night. Never since the day of Jada has anything in kisses been invented so completely giving the lie to the real article. In the first place, however it may seem from the front, it is not easy to put much soul into the affair under the eyes of several hundred spectators. It would not

'Twas Dr. Chase Who

Saved Our Baby.

Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Severe Chest Coughs cannot Withstand the Soothing, Healing Effects of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

It is the mothers who especially appreciate the unusual virtues of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. They keep it in the house as the most prompt and certain cure obtainable for croup, bronchitis and severe coughs and colds to which children are subject. It has never failed them. Scores of thousands of mothers say: "'Twas Dr. Chase who saved our baby."

Mrs. F. W. Bond, 20 Macdonald street, Barrie, Ont., says: "Having tried your medicine, my faith is very high in its powers of curing cough and croup. My little girl has been subject to the croup for a long time, and I find nothing to cure it until I gave Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. I cannot speak too highly of it."

Mr. W. A. Wylie, 57 Sison street, Toronto, states: "My little grandchild had suffered with a nasty, hacking cough for about eight weeks when he procured a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. After the first dose she called it 'honey' and was eager for medicine time

to come round. I can simply state that part of one bottle cured her, and she is now well and as bright as a cricket."

Mrs. F. Deyer, of Chesterville, says: "My little girl of three years had an attack of bronchial pneumonia. My husband and I thought she was going to leave the world as her case resisted the doctor's treatment. I bought a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine from our popular druggist, W. G. Bolster. After the first two or three doses the child began to get better, and we are thankful to say it is all right to day after seven weeks' sickness."

Mr. E. Hill, fireman, Berkeley St. Fire Hall, Toronto, says: "I desire to say in favor of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine that one of my children was promptly relieved of whooping cough, and as long as obtainable will not be without it in the house, nor use any other treatment for diseases of the throat and lungs. 20 cents a bottle. Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto."

be easy, I imagine, in actual life; it is doubly difficult when all these hundreds of people—many of them themselves experienced in the art of osculation—have nothing else to attract their attention, and having paid their money, mean to see the thing properly done. The audience forgets that, which is probably the case, these ardent lovers are the merest acquaintances possibly even not on speaking even not on speaking terms outside the theatre.

Especially if there be a great discrepancy in their respective salaries. No the dress circle sees nothing but a sweet pretty girl clinging to her lover, her blue eyes wet with tears, her sunny ringlets falling on his manly bosom.

But what does he see poor fellow? He is the earnest lover. He has exchanged vows with her three inches from her nose, hawing into her face in order that the 'gods' may hear and understand. She has assured him in the same bellow, that his love is not in vain; she has loved him, oh! ever since before she saw him. He 'thrills'—a stage thrill is comparatively easy—and starts on the kiss. He looks her full in the face (for now he is bound to), and what does he see?

Glaring into his, two unearthly looking eyes, the lids painted dark blue, with a touch of red body color in each of the inside corners. The lashes are thickly costumed with a black substance not unlike burnt cork. O! her brow he can discern the line of the wig with the sunny ringlets attached. He knows the sticky taste of the ultra sanguine, rosebud lips. But loyal to his author, he plays the man. He strains the yielding form to his heart; he 'kisses' her; the curtain falls on a picture of unexemplified love, and as the lights in the auditorium are switched on, Edwin and Angelina yearn again.

And lo! Angelina's soft eyes are filled with tears, she is that happy!

Who, who can question the stage lover's right to a bottle of stout or any other refreshment he may require, after this? And surely the ghastly business is no less disagreeable to the poor feminine victim, fresh very likely, from all the comforts of a refined home, with flowers and things. It is only in a stage kiss wasn't so near to the other! If only each could not see the other! But, by Jove, he can, and that is where the trouble of stage kisses comes in.

Willie's Perplexity.

When Willie came home last night he was more convinced of the uselessness of schools than he ever was before. Asked the nature of his latest trouble, he explained that 'postpone' had been one of the words in the spelling lesson of the day. The teacher had directed the pupils to write a sentence in which the special word should appear.

Along with others, Willie announced that he did not know the meaning of the word, and so could not use it in a sentence. The teacher explained that it meant 'delay' or 'put off,' and encouraged the youngsters to try. Willie's thoughts were on pleasant things than school, and his misdeed-to-order sentence was: 'Boys postpone their clothes when they go in swimming.'

Shirt-was made show fore. The consequent

She—There are some people I like and some I don't like.

He—What about me?
She—Oh, present company is always excepted.



REPOSE.

Woma
dition
necessari
which a
appearan
an insult
her disc
what goe
ment is
There
The gain
and unli
The turn
trimming
It has a
in the so
many ma
prevailing
The ha
most dist
in variou
between
truck of
in a bow
tion of fi
forming h
style of d
being dou
where it i
Loops
a special
fresh way
ed and cr
oline hat
black velv
in a hang
ere are p
edge of th
One of t
mer millin
making th
very prett
of white r
velvet ar
sides are
the brim
scarf, for
Black t
brims of s
lavishly w
chiffon is
hat trimm
red geran
flowers, al
as for fanc
way imagin
Shirt-wa
made show
fore. The
consequen
ted silk, qu
attractivel
trimming
green here,
kind twist

Silk tass
the latest g
Homespu
the fashion
golf suit, a
mended for
be more d
The Col
fancies in
mand that
ble to keep
the heel sl
foot, it has
the effect o
Comfort, h
virtues.

Brooches
the belt or
the latest ne
is a torqu
size seems
the purse.

A mater
in silk, fine
is one of t
vests, yoke
of which is

HOUSEH
A School in
a Bev
Boston h
whose circ
matrimonial
housekeepin
what is indic
it is a thing
Still, all pro
supposed to
the circular
courses of st
signed for th

ved Our Baby.

ere Chest Coughs cannot of Dr. Chase's Syrup of me. I can simply state that bottle cured her, and she is as bright as a cricket."

ll, freman, Berkeley St. Fire to, says: "I desire to say in Chase's Syrup of Linseed tins that one of my children relieved of whooping cough, as obtainable will not be this house, nor use any other diseases of the throat and ate a bottle. Edmansson, Bates into.

atched on, Edwin and Ange- rain.

Angelina's soft eyes are filled is that happy!

can question the stage lov- a bottle of stout or any other he may require, after this P he ghastly business is no less to the poor feminine victim, ely, from all the comforts of with flowers and things. If he kiss wasn't so near to the ly each could not see the by Jove, he can, and that is ble of stage kisses comes in.

Wilm's Perplexity.

ie came home last night he vinced of the uselessness of e ever was before. Asked his latest trouble, he explain- one had been one of the spelling lesson of the day. had directed the pupils to ce in which the special word r.

others, Willie announced ot know the meaning of the could not use it in a sentence. explained that it meant 'de- off,' and encouraged the try. Willie's thoughts were things than school, and his sentence was: 'Boys post- ches when they go in swim-

he lived in Jacksonville.

are some people I like and ks.

about me?

present company is always

Chat of the Boudoir.

Woman's weakness for new hats is traditional and she will forego many other necessities of dress to gain the distinction which a new and stylish hat gives to her appearance. To wear an old style hat is an insult to her taste in dress as well as her discrimination in the matter of what goes furthest in the way of improvement in style, so the millinery department is always a source of interest to her.

There is nothing wanting in variety this season, for there is every kind of shape and unlimited variety in the trimming. The gainsborough hat, varied somewhat in the turn of the brim and the mode of trimming, is one of the leading favorites. It has a flat crown and a wide brim, which in the soft flexible straws is capable of many manipulations, and feathers are the prevailing decoration.

The hat with a double brim is one of the most distinctive novelties. It is treated in various ways with or without flowers between the edges, but always with the tuck of black velvet in some form, usually in a bow falling on the hair with a protrusion of flowers also at the back and nearly forming half of the hat. This particular style of double brim has the appearance of being doubled over half from the back, where it is separated from the crown.

Loops of velvet falling over the hair are a special feature of trimming, but there are many ways of using velvet ribbon in latticed and crossed designs. One black crinoline hat with a wide brim has bands of black velvet ribbon around the crown tied in a hanging bow at the back and the flowers are pink roses arranged nearly on the edge of the brim.

One of the greatest charms of the summer millinery is the light weight of the hats making them so comfortable to wear. A very pretty hat in the three-cornered shape of white hair braid, has a piping of black velvet around the edge. At the back and sides are rosettes of velvet ribbon, under the brim and one long white plume with a scarf of lace, forms the trimming.

Black tuck mull is used to face the brims of some of the white hats trimmed lavishly with white roses. Shirred pink chiffon is also a pretty facing for a white hat trimmed with white roses. Pink and red geraniums are also very popular flowers, also cornflowers and poppies, and as for fancy quills they are used in every way imaginable.

Shirt-waist hats and hats which are tailor made show a greater variety than ever before. They are not so severe as formerly, consequently much more becoming. Spotted silk, quills and wings adorn them very attractively, but the latest and smartest trimming so it is said, for this hat is grass green berege veiling of the old-fashioned kind twisted around the crown.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

Silk tassels have a part in the finish of the latest gowns.

Homespun, tweed, duck and linen are the fashionable materials for the summer golf suit, and shoes of pigskin are recommended for golf wear, as they are said to be more durable.

The Colonial tie is one of the latest fancies in shoes, and it is so much in demand that the shoe dealers find it impossible to keep any assortment of sizes. While the heel slants in toward the arch of the foot, it has no curve, and seems to have the effect of making the foot look short. Comfort, however, is one of its special virtues.

Brooches especially designed to fasten the belt or the blouse in front are one of the latest novelties. The prevailing style is a turquoise set in dull gold, and the size seems to depend on the capacity of the purse.

A material called revering, which comes in silk, fine lawns, batistes and embroidery is one of the very useful trimmings for vests, yokes and many other purposes, one of which is the corset cover.

HOUSEKEEPING AS A SCIENCE.

A School in Boston Where it is Taught With a Bewildering Array of Detail.

Boston has a school of housekeeping whose circular is calculated to discourage matrimonially inclined young women. If housekeeping means even a fraction of what is indicated in the schedule of studies it is a thing to appal the stoutest hearted. Still, all prospective housekeepers are not supposed to study everything set down in the circular. There are two distinct courses of study in the school—one designed for the practical training of women

who attain domestic responsibility or have it thrust upon them, the other for the training of teachers of domestic economy health engineers and social servants.

To the uninitiated the announcement of this second, or professional, course means much what the Jabberwock meant to Alice. It seems to fill their minds with ideas, but they don't know exactly what the ideas are. Fortunately, the circular recognizes the intellectual limitations of the masses and explains: 'A health engineer is a person fitted to undertake the healthful management of domestic matters in university halls, public institutions, &c. A social servant denotes her knowledge to the betterment of the living conditions of the 'other half' of society.

The promoters of the school are undoubtedly right in their statement that there is a need of greater competency in both these fields, and that no superficial training will produce this competency. They have shaped the professional course on a base of preliminary education of a high grade, and hope that college women will see in what it offers opportunities for paying work of a high sociological value. Municipal sociology, the physiology of nutrition, house building, plumbing, heating, drainage, the principles of cooking—these are only a few of the subjects included in the course, and, moreover, there is practical work in institutional management and social service, social settlement houses having been equipped for use as laboratories for experiment in social work. It may go hard with that portion of the submerged tenth in the neighborhood of the settlements, but it will be the making of the aspiring students.

The simpler course of study, which is called the homemaker's course, doesn't imply any preliminary training. Any woman who has the moral courage, after reading the circular may undertake it. It is founded on the bedrock principle that any uplift in the way of increased health and opportunity for men at large which sanitation and economies can effect must find its ultimate expression through the individual home, and the work is exceedingly practical, but there seems to be a good deal of it. When a woman finishes the course she should know everything about a home,

from its responsibility as a social unit to the best way of keeping copper kettles bright. Plumbing and ventilation and disinfecting should have no secrets from her. She should know to an atom the respective food values of everything from boiled potatoes to pste de foie gras. She should be able to cook anything called for and explain the principles involved in its cooking. She should have unerring judgment as to cuts of meat and age of poultry. She should know volumes about child hygiene and house decoration, and the esthetics of clothing, the functions of the vital organs and home nursing and first aid to the injured and the principles of plain sewing. She should define the municipal responsibility of the housewife or rout insect pest with equal ease and success, and should be capable of cleaning a refrigerator or keeping household accounts with undisturbed serenity.

There are classes for the study of all these things and many more, and if, after that course, a young woman can't show a husband how to live well on \$20 a week he is a hopeless proposition.

LIKE TO GO TO FUNERALS.

Women Who Make a Practice of Attending All the Services They Can.

Undertakers say that hundreds of people make a practice of going around from church to church to attend the various funeral services. It is a notion of recent growth, but is becoming very popular.

The special attraction in the case of Catholic churches is said to be the line music which usually attends the celebration of a solemn high mass for the repose of the soul of the dead. Where the services of more than two clergymen are employed the attraction is all the greater, the undertakers say.

'It is rapidly becoming the popular thing,' said one of the latter. 'I thought it odd at first and wondered how it was that the same faces were to be seen at so many church funerals. I made inquiries and learned that a number of women make it a rule to scan the death columns every morning to pick out what promises to be a fashionable funeral service.

'Some of them go over to Brooklyn and Jersey even to satisfy their craving for

pump and sweet music. The mere fact that in many church funerals a card of admission is required does not seem to keep them away either. The sexton of one of the biggest churches on Fifth avenue told me that he knew more than 500 women who make a practice of attending church funerals. He added that it would be impossible almost to drag these same women to a church wedding. There is something so magnetic in church funerals as to be simply irresistible to them. Why it is so I can't say.'

The pastor of one of the biggest churches in Brooklyn was asked to give an opinion as to the influence which induces women to attend church funerals indiscriminately and he replied that it was a weakness to see and be seen, rather than any desire to listen to the organ and the choir during services.

'I have noticed,' said this clergyman, 'that some of these women attire themselves in mourning whenever they attend services of this kind, regardless of the fact that they may have had no acquaintance with the deceased or his family. I have seen these women in the most gaudy frocks in the afternoon after the funeral services in the morning. It is just a woman's idea about keeping her mind amused I suppose, though I must say it is stretching the imagination a long way. Hundreds now go to church funerals five or more times a week, and it is my candid opinion that they could not be dragged to church for any other purpose.'

How the Apples Were Sold.

The Washington Post declares that half the members of the House of Representatives busied themselves, during a leisure hour, over the following problem given them by Representative Loudenslager of New Jersey:

A man who had three sons called them together, and told them that he proposed to make a disposition of his property. He said that he had one hundred and fifty apples, of which he would give fifteen to his youngest son, fifty to his second son, and eighty-five to his eldest son.

'Now,' he said, 'I want you to go out and sell these apples at the same price and yet each of you bring me the same amount of money, and the eldest must fix the price. When the congressmen heard this pro-

Constipation, Headache, Biliousness, Heartburn, Indigestion, Dizziness,

Indicate that your liver is out of order. The best medicine to rouse the liver and cure all these ills, is found in

Hood's Pills

25 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

blem they laughed, as if they were being imposed upon.

'It cannot be done,' said one.

'Is it a sell?' asked another.

'Nothing but the sell of the apples,' replied Mr. Loudenslager.

With this assurance the statesmen began to work. For quarter of an hour they figured, and then they give it up, as the children say.

'Well,' said Mr. Loudenslager, 'the boys went out on the street, and the youngest son met a man who asked him what he would sell his apples for.

'You must go to my oldest brother,' said the boy, and the man did as he was told.

'I will sell you my apples for one cent a dozen,' said the eldest brother. So he sold eighty-four of his apples for seven cents, and had one apple left, while the youngest boy sold twelve of his apples for one cent and had three remaining.

'It was then very easy to comply with their father's requirements. The eldest son fixed a price of three cents apiece for each of the apples left over. He sold his remaining one for three cents and had ten cents; the second boy sold four dozen of his fifty apples for four cents, and the remaining two at three cents each, and had also ten cents; while the youngest brother sold his remaining three apples for nine cents, which, added to the one he already had, gave him ten cents.

'So the three boys complied with their father's conditions, and each carried home the same amount of money.'

Retort to Russell Sage.

Up in Delaware county, where W. Jay Martin, general manager of the Philadelphia, Reading & New England railroad, came from, Mr. Martin's friends are telling a new story about Russell Sage, says the New York Tribune. Mr. Martin was a few years ago superintendent of a small railroad in Dutchess county owned by Russell Sage, and he and his employer became close friends. One day, Jay, as he is familiarly called, wore handsome new trousers that attracted Mr. Sage's attention. As the president and superintendent talked railroad business, Mr. Sage gently caressed the fabric on the superintendent's knee.

'Say, Martin,' said Mr. Sage, 'that's a fine piece of goods you've got there. What does a pair of trousers like that cost?'

'About \$9,' said Mr. Martin.

Mr. Sage sighed regretfully and finally remarked:

'My, but I wish I could afford a pair like that!'

'You could if you were working for as good a man as I am,' said Mr. Martin.

Haycocks of Salt.

At Salton in southern California exists a basin of land between 200 and 300 feet below sea level. About 1,000 acres of the depressed area are covered with a deposit of salt, which C. F. Holden describes in Scientific American as one of the sights of California. The salt is first thrown in to ridges by a peculiarly shaped plow, drawn by a dummy engine with cables, and then is piled into conical heaps before being carried to the drying house and crushing mill. The expanse looks like a field of snow. About 2,000 tons of salt are removed each year, but the supply is perennially renewed by the deposits of salt, springs which flow into the basin. In June the temperature of the air reaches 150° and only Indian workmen can withstand the heat and glare.

'Why did she break the engagement?'

'He told her that she was the only girl he had ever kissed.

What of it?'

Why she naturally reasoned that he was either untruthful or absurdly foolish, and he was hardly worth having in either case.

'You still have three unmarried daughters, haven't you?'

'Yes, and the unreasonable weather is dreadfully discouraging for them.'

'In what way?'

'Why, it's too cold to hang the ham-mocks out.'

Piles

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 50c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment



A CORAL NECKLACE.

Killing Montana Wolves.

Last winter the Legislature enacted a law providing a bounty of \$5 on wolves and coyotes. It went into effect on March 1, and the pests are now so well thinned out that one can rarely be seen in a day's ride.

In old times the favorite method of killing wolves was by poisoning the carcasses of buffalo, antelope or deer with strychnine, but in a very few years the animals became wary of anything they found lying around, no matter how tempting the meat looked and would not touch it. Many that were poisoned, of course, recovered and became wise, and old trappers believe that they taught their offspring to beware of the bait, until it has come to such a pass that a young one turned loose by its mother to hunt for itself will run as soon as it sees a piece of fresh meat lying on the plain.

Next dogs were tried, the running breeds such as the Russian wolfhound, the greyhound and the Scotch staghound. The very best of blue blooded stock was imported by the cattlemen and it was thought that in a year or two their calves would be as safe out on the prairie as in a ten pole corral. The dogs ran well enough but very few of them would tackle and kill the wolf or coyote when overtaken, and then after a few runs their feet became so sore that they were laid up for a month. Many, after jumping into a bed of prickly pears in the excitement of the chase, would turn tail and go home at sight of another wolf and could never be induced to run again.

Some young men near here fair success by caging the dogs in a wagon and driving about over the prairie. Wolves and coyotes are not much afraid of a team and will often allow it to approach within a couple of hundred yards of them before they turn tail. When quite near one the driver opens the cage doors and the dogs pile out, generally catching and killing the animal in a few hundred yards' chase. In this way the young men secured twenty-three last week. Theirs, however, are not the finest bounds.

Men who have made such havoc in the wolf tribe recently, have done so by finding the dens of the animals, digging out and killing the young and then setting a trap and catching the mother. One week in May a man on the reservation dug out and trapped 210 young and old ones, which was a pretty good week's work. Like everything else, this requires some skill, and some knowledge of the ways of the beasts. Some men might hunt around over the plains and hills until they grow gray and never have any success.

Late in April the female wolf, or coyote, begins to look about for a place to bring forth her young. She may choose a spot on the level plain or in a coulee, or high up on a bare hill. If a badger hole is near by she enlarges it, digging down a few feet. If there is no old hole handy she makes one. Again, the den is made in crevices in cliffs or in soft dirt under a ledge of rock. These often run so far back that it is impossible to get at the young with pick and shovel, or by smoking them out.

Wherever the den is dug, it is never far from water. From the time, in February, when a pair mate they run around and hunt together and when it comes time to make the den the male does much of the work. Not only that, but he digs two or three more in the vicinity, perhaps a mile or less away in different directions, and at sight of a horseman he begins to yelp and run around endeavoring to lead the enemy to one of these false dens.

As soon as the female has borne her young the male watches diligently all day for the approach of man and at night he hunts, not only for himself, but for her and the pups. A prairie chicken, duck, prairie dog or a small calf, he brings to the den whole. The young remain about the den for several months, and after they are several weeks old the mother, as well as the male, goes out to forage for them.

Then finally comes a day when the old ones think that it is time to teach them to hunt, and some fine evening they are told to come along. First, they go to the watering place, which is already familiar to them, and then they strike out over the plain or along the course of a wooded stream. It is all new to the pups and they are prone to frisk and roll, and run heedlessly ahead and the old ones are constantly trying to keep them in check. It may be that the old ones have made a kill not far away and they lead the young, teaching them to circle around and

come up to it against the wind. When they have had their fill, most likely they ascend the nearby hill and begin their evening concert. No doubt the pups look with astonishment at their staid parents pointing their noses straight up in the sky shutting their eyes and howling. Soon they begin to whine and then add their higher keyed voices to the chorus.

One evening in May two wolves grizzled old Ben and a younger man he called Sin-ak-i, which is Blackfoot for writer were camped on the boarders of a stream putting out from the foothills of the Rockies. There was a full moon that night, and looking from the bright blaze of the camp fire they could see the bluffs which bordered the valley very plainly. Scarcely a breath of wind stirred the leaves of the few cottonwoods and presently through the still air came the mournful, long drawn cry of a wolf from the bluff behind them. It was very powerful and deep toned. Scarcely had it died away when from the bluff on the opposite side of the valley another one began the familiar cry. But this was in a higher key and not quite so prolonged. Evidently the pair were mates, a male and female. The two men laid plans for finding their den and then turned in, but somehow neither of them could sleep.

"What troubles you, Ben?" his companion asked, after the old man had rolled and tossed around in the bed an hour or more.

"Oh, I don't know," he replied, "unless 'twas the howling of the wolves. It made me think of the old days; days of the buffalo and the Indian, and the wild free life of it all. And wherever we went, wherever we camped, the wolves were always in sight. At sundown one would begin that melancholy, weird but to every lover of nature, most fascinating cry. And soon another would take it up, and then another; here three or four, there a dozen or more, until the air finally trembled with the deep refrain from a hundred throats. Oh, 'twas grand. Why, why couldn't it have lasted? Confound your civilization! The only happy people there ever were were what these educated brothers call savages."

The next morning the men arose long before daylight and at sunrise they were lying up on top of the bluffs on opposite sides of the stream, scanning the country with their powerful glasses. No wolf was in sight; not even a coyote. After a little a small band of antelope wended their way in from the plain and descended the bluff west of Ben's position for their morning drink at the stream. Not long afterward a big wolf appeared on their trail, following it rather aimlessly to be sure, for he knew that unaided he could not hope to catch one of the fleet-footed creatures. He passed down into the valley and through the sage brush, stopping here and there to nose around and smell a bush or rock, until quite near the antelope. They had finished drinking and at sight of him trotted away, but seeing he did not follow them, soon dropped into a walk and started back toward the plain. The wolf also had come in for water, and after drinking went back on the plain, too.

As soon as he topped the bluff Ben began to follow him at a safe distance, and Sin-ak-i went down to camp and prepared breakfast. He was finally obliged to eat it alone. Ben did not return until noon, and there was a smile on his face which betokened success.

"I've found the den," he said. "It's only three miles back, but the old fellow I followed wandered all over the country before he finally went to it. I had a hard time to keep him in sight, and at the same time keep out of his sight. In his wanderings he picked up part of a calf and carried it to the den; the old she one came out with her pups and had a feast on it. The young ones are small, but there's a lot of 'em."

After a good dinner the two wolves started for the den; one carrying a pick and shovel, the other a higher power rifle. When still a mile from the place they made out the old dog lying on top of a hill and Ben began to approach it, while his companion sat down and awaited results. Ben had a large, tanned wolf skin strapped on him, and in the few places where he could not help but get in sight of the watchful sentinel he crawled along slowly on hands and knees, the hide covering him as naturally that he succeeded in passing them without awakening suspicion.

It was a two hours' stalk. Then all at once Sin-ak-i saw the wolf leap high in the air, fall headlong to the ground and crawl

slowly over the crest of the hill. The smokeless powder rifle could not be heard at that distance, but the waiting man knew that old Ben had bagged his game and he started for the place on the run.

"Got 'em both," Ben said when his companion arrived. "Old she one run out when I killed her mate, and by a lucky shot I keeled her over too. There she lies in that little swag. Now then for the pups."

The den was in the side of a steep hill, but the soil was fairly soft, and in an hour the little fellows were sighted at the end of the hole, growling and backing away as far as they could. They were cute, fuzzy, broad-headed, wide eared little things, and it seemed a shame to kill them until one thought that in a short time they would grow up to be killers of calves and even grown cows and steers. One by one they were drawn from the hole and rapped on the head. There were nine of them.

How Corporations Are Formed.

With the view of adding strength and insuring performance, many small enterprises, as well as most of the great ones, are nowadays organized as corporations instead of being nominally conducted by individuals. To some persons the 'beginnings' of such a corporation are full of mystery. They have heard that the laws of certain states—New Jersey, Maine and Delaware, for example—are specially friendly to men who wish thus to unite their resources; but they do not realize how simple—in almost any state—are the processes that precede the issue of a charter to a company.

Suppose one wants to 'capitalize' a retail business or a factory, a new patent or a mining property. The New Jersey law provides that three or more persons shall take part in the preliminary steps—although it does not require that any of them shall be citizens or residents of the state. The first thing to be done is to fill out the articles of incorporation on a blank form supplied by the secretary or state.

The opening paragraph gives the name of the new company and the object for which it is organized. It is at this point that a clever corporation lawyer earns his money; for to be on the safe side a corporation should have the right to do many things it may never wish to undertake—as, for instance, a mining company should be authorized to operate transportation companies as well as to dig for metal.

The ideal charter, from a promoter's standpoint, would permit a corporation to do almost any business within the scope of the law. As a famous attorney once jocularly expressed it: "We can do everything but levy troops and coin money."

The amount of the capital stock, the number of shares, and the par value of each, are next set forth. If the stock is divided into preferred and common, the terms are named on which each class is issued. Here it is also particularized whether the charter is to continue for a definite time—since some states limit the life of a charter to twenty years or so—or is to be perpetual, as other states permit.

Succeeding clauses fix the powers of the stock holders and directors,—such as the circumstances under which the officers may mortgage the company's property and give the location of the company's principal office and the title of the agent upon whom legal papers may be served. Then the incorporators subscribe the amount—in New Jersey one thousand dollars—with which the state requires a corporation to begin business, and they sign and swear to the document.

The New Jersey law provides that a copy of these articles of incorporation shall be filed with the Secretary of State. Then the incorporators meet and adopt by-laws, elect officers and authorize the issue of stock. With-in twenty-four hours from the time they first came together the corporation may be a 'going concern.'

Technically its home is New Jersey, and there it must maintain an office; but none but stockholders' meetings are obliged to be held there; the directors—the real rulers of the corporation—need never go near the state, and the corporation may do business not only in New Jersey but in every other state, territory and colony of the United States, and in every foreign country.

There is one little provision in the New Jersey law, however, which tends seriously to the discourage 'wildcat' corporations and those that might be formed for the fun of the thing. When the charter is granted, the state collects a fee of twenty cents for each thousand dollars of capital stock—every corporation being required, however small its capital, to pay a fee of not less than twenty-five dollars. Thanks to this law, the great new steel combination will pay New Jersey a charter fee of almost two hundred thousand dollars.

Natural Disadvantages.

"Taking into consideration the things Sharp has had so contend against, I think

his success as a lawyer has been remarkable.

"Why, what did he ever have to contend against?"

"Everything. He came of a wealthy family. He didn't have to work his way through college. He never studied by the light of a pine porch, never had to drive dray, never walked six miles to school, and wasn't compelled to borrow his books. He had every possible facility, and yet he has done well from the very start."—Chicago Tribune.

"Old Horse."

'Old Horse' was the nickname of a quaint character of the Civil War, a robust, self-reliant six-footer from a farm in central Ohio, who joined Company C in April, 1861, and remained with it to the end. He was responsible for his own nickname, says the Chicago Inter Ocean. In Company C's first skirmish the boys were greatly excited, but they blundered by squads into a pretty square fight. In relating his experience afterward each man was inclined to take at least a charitable view of his conduct; all except our hero. He said bluntly:

"This old horse was scared. Why, boys, I had no more sense than Tom Land's bull. That bull, you know, broke a leg trying to jump a staked and double-ridered fence when there was a gate open not three yards away.

"When the rebs began to shoot, I was as crazy as a wagon horse that had walked into a bumble bee's nest. I didn't care what broke, so I got away. But after a whirl or two round an old tree, I pulled straight in the breeching, by gum, and came down to work with a tight rein on myself. That's the way this old horse is going to drive hereafter."

After that he was always called Old Horse.

On the first day of the battle at Stone River Old Horse was with a part of Company C that was carried away by a stampede through the lines of another Federal division. When the other part of the company, which had stood fast in spite of the stampede, came up with the flag, Old Horse said:

"I was like a thief caught in a smoke-house with a ham under each arm. I have no remarks to make no excuses to offer. When the stampede struck me I thought the world had come to an end and I ran like a steer. I had lots of company, and I ran like a steer. I had lots of company, and the longer I ran the more I felt like running. But I've had all the running I want for one day, and I'm ready to do my share of the fighting."

The third day of the battle Old Horse wandered over to a division on Company C's left to find a boy who had lived on the farm next to his at home. When he came back his eyes were large with excitement, and he sat down to explain to the men waiting in line that when the division on the left broke, 'Old Pap Thomas' rode out in front of the retreating men, ordered them to stop, and when they did not drew his revolver and shot a man down.

This did not create as much of a sensation as the narrator had expected, and when one of the boys remarked that if the man was running away from duty 'Old Pap' was right to shoot him, Old Horse answered good naturedly.

"That's all right, but I didn't think the old codger could hit him! I want all you fellows to understand that after this, when Pap Thomas is around, Old Horse is going to be very quiet."

Almost at the close of the fierce battle of that day, and when the brigade was in fierce pursuit of the retreating enemy, they came up suddenly on a battery that pounded them with shot and shell at short range. They dropped down in a muddy corn field, knowing by the groans of the wounded that in the gathering darkness the gunners were getting their range.

Most of the men were greatly excited. Old Horse, however, seemed to be interested in the shooting. He called attention to the fact that the gunners were throwing fuse shells so as to have them drop right down in the Union ranks, and he declared that any man who said you couldn't see a cannon-ball in the air was a liar.

Just then a shell with a short fuse came down between Old Horse's shoulder and that of the man next to him. On the instant Old Horse caught up a handful of mud, clapped it on the sputtering fuse, and said quietly: 'Boys, ten to one she don't bust!' And she didn't.

If this had occurred over seas and long ago—in Wellington's day, for example,—Old Horse might have been a hero for school readers. As it was, he was one of many brave, resourceful, frank, droll Americans who did their duty in hard times.

A Substitute For Wool.

It is averred that the destruction of birds in France has produced disastrous effects

upon agriculture, horticulture and the grape industry. In the department of Herault alone, it has been calculated, the destruction of birds accustomed to feed upon insects costs a loss of more than 2,000,000 gallons of wine every year. Some birds consume about 600 insects each daily, and a single insect-eating species, Monsieur Levat estimates, may be the means of saving 3,200 grains of wheat and 1,150 grapes per day.

"We Can Do No More"

SO SAID THREE DOCTORS IN CONSULTATION.

Yet the Patient Has Been Restored to Health and Strength through the Agency of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Among the many many persons throughout Canada who owe good health—perhaps even life itself—to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is Mrs. Alex. Fair, a well known and highly esteemed resident of West Williams-town, Middlesex Co., Ont. For nearly two years Mrs. Fair was a great sufferer from troubles brought on by a severe attack of la grippe. A reporter who called was cordially received by both Mr. and Mrs. Fair and was given the following facts of the case: "In the spring of 1896 I was attacked by la grippe for which I was treated by our family doctor but instead of getting better I gradually grew worse, until my whole body became racked with pains. I consulted one of the best doctors in Ontario and for nearly eighteen months followed his treatment but without any material benefit. I had a terrible cough which caused intense pains in my head and lungs; I became very weak; could not sleep and for over a year I could only talk in a whisper and sometimes my voice left me entirely. I came to regard my condition as hopeless, but my husband urged further treatment and on his advice our family doctor, with two others, held a consultation the result of which was that they pronounced my case incurable. Neighbors advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but after having already spent over \$500 in doctor's bills I did not have much faith left in any medicine but as a last resort I finally decided to give them a trial. I had not taken many boxes of the pills before I noticed an improvement in my condition and this encouraged me to continue their use. After taking the pills for several months I was completely restored to health. The cough disappeared; I no longer suffered from the terrible pains I once endured; my voice became strong again; my appetite improved, and I was able to obtain restful sleep once more. While taking the pills I gained 37 pounds in weight. All this I owe to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I feel that I cannot say enough in their favor for I know that they have certainly saved my life."

In cases of this kind Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will give more certain and speedy results than any other medicine. They act directly on the blood thus reaching the root of the trouble and driving every vestige of disease from the system. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

An Unnamed Monster.

The Field Columbian Museum in Chicago possesses some of the bones of a gigantic dinosaur, which apparently exceeded in size the famous Atlantosaurus, heretofore regarded as the largest land animal known ever to inhabit the earth. Professor Marsh thought the Atlantosaurus might have attained a length of 80 feet, and have been more than 30 feet in height. The as yet unnamed monster whose bones have been recently been measured in Chicago, and which, like the Atlantosaurus, dwelt in the Rocky Mountain region, had a thigh bone six feet and eight inches in length. The bone of its upper arm, the humerus, is even larger than the thigh bone, exceeding by 23 inches the largest humerus hitherto known to science. Prof. Elmer S. Riggs remarks that the extraordinary length of the humerus suggests that the animal had something giraffe like in its proportions. In that case, its height must have been truly gigantic.

To Preserve the Color of Flowers.

An interesting suggestion for the preservation of the colors of pressed flowers comes from the workrooms of the New York Botanical Garden. After the specimens have been under pressure for a day or two, lay them in papers heated in the sun until the drying is complete. In this way, it is said, colors are preserved better than by any other process.

NO HOME should be without it. Pain-Killer, the best all-around medicine ever made. Use as a liniment for bruises and swellings. Internally for cramps and diarrhea. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis' 25c and 50c.

"I'm living in the country now," said the playwright. "There's quite a plot of ground around my house and it makes additional expense. I'll have to hire a gardener."

"Of course," remarked his rival, "you don't know how to handle a plot yourself."

Young Checkleigh—Sir, I wish to marry your daughter.

Old Gotrox—But she is only a school-girl of 12.

Young Checkleigh—I am aware of that, sir; but I came early to avoid the rush.

(Copyrighted)

he purposely mis- if so, why? She was silent then she said—

"If you prefer I than myself, you more to say con- to contradict one in question cer- the Assembly B- house; but he m- yond the door, n- so. You may be please."

She walked to heat of wrath, n- gings and re- She had de- Her uncle inte-

"One question, wish to appear u- duced a portio- reached my ears today. Can you

"No, I hired a question; that w- Mr. Luck open- her to pass out w-

She went to h- over at last in t- which chased a- they were the fir- infancy.

She did not so- to cry, and yet- and on.

Her arrange- soon complete.

Her things h- Madame Robier- been unpacked.

So in less th- leave the house- look upon as h- was determined.

Her uncle had- he had heard o- uttered no word- part, of what h-

Elspeth made- tentions.

Taking with- taining all she- days, she went- of the house, a-

the railway st- She had chan- back to Madam-

At the station- don, though wh- would do when-

She had a tr- herself, except- peared to be in-

The sight of- cide to speak t-

"Are you ill- there anything-

A fresh bust- the only reply- girl sobbed out-

catch. Elspeth went- and drew her-

drenched face, - "Look here, m- all about it you"

"No; no one- girl, with anoth-

"Don't be to- trouble, too, th-

serious as your- if you care to- your story. V-

Other—who kn- this, and found-

"You'll hard- so silly as I'm- going to be m-

were ready. I- learned dress- have to earn m-

are dead, and- can remember-

They are kind- they've a large-

particularly u- myself useful."

"Well, then- we look a fan- to get married-

till now busy- was flitting wh-

wasn't really- looked like it-

and came a- aunt said nast-

am going to d- I shan't get a-

though I have- used to do be- maid, when h-

She's gone ab- mean. She w-

she went, say- place it might- engaged to G-

Points of vi- and her own-

"Do you mi- she asked, as- tion.

It was a 'st- particular sta- allow an expr-

"Alice Hunt- She fumble- producing an- looked up at-

"Alice Whi- see. What in-

"Yes. Pre-

Elspeth wh-

of Alice Hunt-

hair-dresser,

Knowledge of-

ing, and thore-

day, and a stu-

She had b-

exclamation f-

neous with th-

caused her to-

"George w-

girl excitedly-

and I believe-

She could-

(Continued from tenth page.)

he purpose of misrepresented facts? And, if so, why?

She was silent for a couple of seconds; then she said— 'If you prefer to believe others rather than myself, you must do so. I have no more to say concerning the matter, except to contradict one thing. The gentleman in question certainly walked with me from the Assembly Rooms to Madame Robier's house; but he made no attempt to go beyond the door, nor did I invite him to do so. You may believe this, or not, as you please.'

She walked towards the door in a white heat of wrath, meaning to pack her trunks and return to Madame Robier's; but she had decided to do next.

Her uncle interposed her. 'One question, if you please. I have no wish to appear unjust. You have contradicted a portion of the report which has reached my ears through various channels today. Can you deny it altogether?'

'No. I flirted with the gentleman in question; that was true enough.'

Mr. Leck opened the door, and allowed her to pass out without another word. She went to her room, her wrath boiling over at last in the shape of scalding tears which chased each other down her cheeks; they were the first she had shed since her infancy.

She did not sob, she felt no desire even to cry, and yet those hot tears poured on and on.

Her arrangements for departure were soon complete.

Her things had all been sent home by Madame Robier, but very few of them had been unpacked.

So in less than an hour, she was ready to leave the house which she could no longer look upon as her home; on that point she was determined.

Her uncle had chosen to believe the evil he had heard of her, and Mrs. Leck had uttered no word to indicate doubt on her part, of what had been said.

Elspeth made no concealment of her intentions.

Taking with her a travelling-bag containing all she would require for a few days, she went boldly downstairs and out of the house, walking in the direction of the railway station.

She had changed her mind about going back to Madame Robier's.

At the station she took a ticket for London, though with no intention of what she would do when she got there.

She had a third class compartment to herself, except for one other girl, who appeared to be in great trouble.

The sight of her tears made Elspeth decide to speak to her.

'Are you ill?' she asked gently. 'Is there anything I can do for you?'

A fresh burst of tears was, for a moment the only reply she received; then the other girl sobbed out something she could not catch.

Elspeth went and sat opposite to her, and drew her hand from before her drenched face, saying firmly—

'Look here; it will do you good to tell me all about it. I may be able to help you.'

'No; no one can help me,' declared the girl, with another sob or two.

'Don't be too sure of that. I am in trouble, too, though, perhaps, it is not so serious as yours. I will tell you about it, if you care to listen, after I have heard your story. We may be able to help each other—who knows?'

The other girl brightened up a little at this, and found her tongue.

'You'll hardly believe anyone could be so silly as I'm been,' she began. 'I was going to be married, and all my things were ready. I made them myself, having learned dress-making in case I should ever have to earn my own living. My parents are dead, and I have lived as long as I can remember with my uncle and aunt. They are kind enough in their way, but they've a large family of boys, and didn't particularly want me until I began to make myself useful.'

'Well, then George come along, and we took a fancy to each other, and agreed to get married. We were happy enough till some busybody went and told him I was flirting with one of my cousins. It wasn't really flirting; only, I suppose it looked like it. George got angry, and aunt said nasty things and I just packed up and came away in a huff; and what I am going to do now, goodness only knows. I shan't get a place in a hurry, perhaps, though I have Lady Chester's reference. I used to do her hair for her, and act as her maid, when her own went for a holiday. She's gone abroad now—Lady Chester, I mean. She wrote the reference before she went, saying that if ever I wanted a place it might help to get me one. I wasn't engaged to George then.'

Points of similarity between this story and her own struck Elspeth very forcibly.

'Do you mind telling me your name?'

she asked, as the train slowed into a station.

It was a 'stepping train,' and at this particular station it had to be shunted to allow an express to go past.

'Alice Hunt, I'm called. What's yours?'

She fumbled in her pocket as she spoke, producing an envelope therefrom as she looked up and waited for Elspeth's reply.

'Alice White; we are namesakes, you see. What is this—Lady Chester's reference?'

'Yes. Pretty good, isn't it?'

Elspeth glanced down the careless scroll which set forth the good qualities of Alice Hunt, aged nineteen; a clever hair-dresser, good sempstress, with some knowledge of dressmaking; cheerful, willing, and thoroughly healthy; honest as the day and a staunch churchwoman.

She had barely made it all out when an exclamation from her companion, simultaneous with the running past of the express, caused her to look up.

'George was in that train!' said the other girl excitedly. 'I'm sure 'twas George, and I believe he saw me.'

She could talk of nothing but this won-

derful George as the train went on again. Apparently she had lost all desire to hear Elspeth's story.

Her tears dried, and her lips smiled in pretty eagerness and delight.

George had come after her, and would be waiting for her at the next station.

And, sure enough, there he was, with tender chiding ready for her lack of trust in him.

'When your aunt cut up rough, you should have come to our place,' he declared. 'My mother would have been glad enough to have you; and she is expecting you to supper tonight.'

'Really! She's a darling, and you are another! She's a darling, and you are another! She's a darling, and you are another!'

'That's all right, then. Come along, we've just time to catch the train back; we must cross the bridge.'

A nod and a smile was all the good-bye Elspeth had from her late companion, who rushed off with her George, oblivious of the fact that Lady Chester's reference had remained in the hands of the stranger with whom she had travelled from Rockles.

Blood-Poisoning.

In the widest acceptance of the term, blood-poisoning occurs in all infectious diseases, in Bright's disease, biliousness, malaria, and any other disease affecting the general system. But, as usually understood, it means poisoning by pus microbes or their products, conditions medically known as pyaemia or septicaemia.

A quarter of a century ago these diseases were very common, especially in hospitals, and were often the cause of frightful mortality among the wounded in battle; but now they are becoming more and more rare, and many physicians of several years' practice have never seen a well-marked case.

This happy change is the result of the general adoption of the principles of antiseptic surgery, whereby septic infection of wounds and consequent extensive suppuration are prevented. But blood-poisoning still occurs at times after wounds made with infected objects, or wounds which have been allowed to fester without proper treatment.

Physicians occasionally get blood-poisoning in consequence of a slight cut or scratch received while performing an autopsy after a case of appendicitis or other suppurative disease. In cases in which death follows an operation for appendicitis the cause is frequently septicaemia or pyaemia, the operation having been undertaken too late to prevent the absorption of septic material.

The symptoms of blood-poisoning are those of profound depression of the general system, but the symptoms of the two varieties of blood poisoning differ more or less.

Septicaemia usually begins abruptly with a chill and high fever. The pulse is weak and quick, the breathing is rapid and sometimes oppressed, headache is usually severe, the appetite is lost, and there is nausea with vomiting.

In pyaemia these symptoms are more gradual in their appearance and are preceded for a day or two by a slight fever, loss of appetite and general depression. There is a succession of chills, high fever and sweating, so that the case is sometimes mistaken for malaria. Later, all doubt is removed by the formation of abscesses in various parts of the body.

Both forms of blood-poisoning are grave but recovery is more apt to take place in septicaemia. Treatment consists primarily in attention to the wound through which infection has occurred, which, if accessible should be opened freely and thoroughly drained. At the same time the system must be supported by stimulants, heart tonics, and nourishing and easily digestible food.

Chinese Dentistry.

If the Chinese can boast that nothing is new to them, and that all the arts and sciences are old stories in the Celestial Kingdom, it is still true that for operations in dentistry an American or European would hardly care to go to a Chinaman. In spite of their boasts, the Chinese have not been slow in recognizing the superiority of American dentistry, although there are some who adhere strictly to ancient methods, and the New York Evening Post avers that every year one or two Chinese dentists of the old school came to New York, and remain until their customers have had their teeth 'put in order.'

The work is ludicrously primitive. The operator extracts all teeth with his fingers, and it must be admitted that his success is astonishing. His dexterity is due to years of practice. From youth to manhood he is trained to pull pegs from a wooden board. This training changes the aspect of the hand, and gives the student a finger grip amazing in its strength, equivalent in fact to a lifting power of three or four hundred pounds.

For toothache he employs opium, pepper-mint oil, cinnamon oil and clove oil. Sometimes he fills teeth, but he does it so bunglingly that the fillings stay in only a few months.

An element of superstition runs through all the work. According to the system, all dental woes are brought on by tooth worms. The nerve pulp is such a worm, and is always shown to the patient. For humbug-

ging purposes, also, the dentist carries about in his pocket some white grubs, and after he has extracted a tooth he shows a grub to the sufferer as the cause of all the trouble.

The position of the dentist of this class is not very lofty among his countrymen, and he is regarded as half-way in social importance between a barber and a laborer, which is certainly a great injustice to the honest laborer.

ORIGINAL GIFTS.

Some Ideas of Clever Girls for Presents to Their Friends.

A month before the birthday of a Brooklyn girl, her clever sister apportioned among their friends three hundred and sixty-five sheets of unruled letter paper. Each recipient of a sheet was requested to write a verse or a sentiment, original or selected, or to make a picture. In due time the clever sister gathered up the sheets, dated them, had them prettily bound, and then was prepared to give her twin sister a most unique and attractive calendar.

The statement is vouched for, and so it is safe to admire the fortunate young woman who has a friend for every day in the year. Most of us have to be content with fewer. Yet a few friends can piece together a very interesting souvenir, as the young women employed in a certain publishing house did, when one of their number was making ready to marry.

Uniform sheets of note-paper were distributed in this case also. On her own sheet each young woman carefully wrote her favorite recipe—for 'grandmother's cookies,' or macaroni au gratin, or flitting island, or what not, the recipe that she had practised at the expense of her best young man until it was safe to offer the food to her father.

Combined, such recipes made an 'autographic' cook book that was a pledge of safety as well as an expression of sentiment. At their worst, these dishes had killed nobody, and at their best they had pleased everybody.

Twenty or thirty persons were concerned in this tribute. But a single person may arrange a pen made gift that shall have the charm of the unexpected.

For one whole year a young newspaper man employed spare moments in compiling a calendar for his sweetheart—on each leaf a scrap of his own philosophy or a good thing some friend had said. This masterpiece completed the conquest of the young woman. Indeed, the wife has been heard to say, in strictest confidence, that her husband has never done anything so clever since.

Without apology one may touch lightly upon such phases of the subject of gift giving. The reader does not need to be reminded that it is the thought, the heart of the giver that makes the worth of a gift. Our friend pay the highest possible compliment to the quality of our friend's ship when he assumes that we shall value a thing intrinsically valueless, because it came from him.

Eve's Apple.

A fruit supposed to bear the mark of Eve's teeth is one of the many botanical curiosities of Ceylon. The tree on which it grows is known by the significant name of 'the forbidden fruit, or Eve's apple tree.' The blossom has a very pleasant scent, but the really remarkable feature of the tree, the one to which it owes its name, is the fruit. It is beautiful, and hangs from the tree in a peculiar manner.

Orange on the outside and deep crimson within, each fruit has the appearance of having had a piece bitten out of it. This fact, together with its poisonous quality, led the Mohammedans to represent it as the forbidden fruit of the Garden of Eden, and to warn men against its noxious properties.

The mark upon the fruit is attributed to Eve. Why the bite of Adam did not also leave its mark is not known, but as only one piece seems to be missing, its loss is ascribed to the woman.

Hay Fever Grems are Now Floating About.

They are in the air everywhere, too minute to see, but just waiting for a chance to get into your lungs. Teen they will ply havoc with your breathing apparatus, and you'll wonder what to do. The doctor will say you had better inhale Catarrhoxone for it kills Hay Fever germs and moreover is dead certain to reach them, and absolutely prevents the disease from returning. You inhale Catarrhoxone with the air breathed; it goes directly to the scores of the trouble and cures it by moving the cause. At druggists, or sent with guarantee of cure, to any address for \$1.00 forwarded to Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Appropriate.

The Rev. Dr. Lastly's church having been partially destroyed by fire, the trustees had secured as a temporary hall for the use of the congregation the only available room in that part of the city, and it was on the top floor of a sky scraper.

'My friends, said the good doctor, ris-

Seal Brand Coffee (1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.) IS PICKED PURITY Strong in Purity. Fragrant in Strength. CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

ing to give out the hymn for the morning service on the occasion of the first meeting in the new quarters, 'we will sing 'I'm nearer my home in heaven to day than ever I've been before.'

Praying and Fighting.

'The name of the heroic young American who risked his life by climbing unarmed over the Pekin wall is Calvin Pearl Titus, bugler in Company E. Fourteenth United States Infantry.'

So ran the press reports, and a little later, when letters began to arrive from the besieged and those who had raised siege, further information came concerning the intrepid young soldier.

A recent letter to the Christian Endeavor World from a comrade in his company tells something about the life of this young hero.

'He is a Christian youth,' the letter says. 'When I joined the company, then stationed at Bacor, near Manila, about the first pleasant and encouraging fact I met was that Titus, our bugler, was in the habit of praying every night.'

Every one who has read stories of camp life knows that the man who kneels to pray in his tent has a hard time of it. Soldiers are quick to turn against cant, to resent ostentatious piety, and to watch to see how a man's profession squares with his performance. Titus had stood this test by the time spoken of in the letter, and was known for his real worth.

'Never fussy in his religious professions, he was always a constant witness for purity in thought, word and deed. Soldiers soon come to know whether a man's life rings true, and they are as ready to admire principle as they are to scorn its sham.'

In the camp Calvin Pearl Titus lived the religion which he professed. It was that consistent life that gave his prayers weight with God and man. When the supreme test came he did not fail.

On August 13th, when the allies approached the walls of Pekin, the Americans were on the left flank, and by a brilliant dash came up to the foot of the wall, where the large cannon of the wall, where the large cannon on the walls could not reach them.

Titus took a rope in his teeth, and clambered up the wall while the cannon of the allied armies pounded the masonry to right and left to give him all possible protection. Then up the rope, which he had made fast above, the American boys climbed to the top, and soon the assaulting armies were within, and marching swiftly to the rescue of their imperiled countrymen. Calvin Titus could fight as well as he could pray.

He who parades his piety to be seen of men only earns their contempt. But of this cool, daring young Christian his comrade writes, 'He is the most popular fellow in the company.'

A Happy Retort.

A business associate of J. Pierpont Morgan in the United States Steel Corporation said to a London newspaper man that the corporation did not care a brass farthing for the Norway iron ore deposits and Mr. Edison's process.

'We know all about that scheme,' he declared, 'and we are not afraid of it. Mr. Edison's method is all very well in a small way, but when it comes to fighting the consolidated steel mills of America, it is impossible. So there is 80,000,000 tons of that kind of ore in sight in Norway! Don't forget that in the Superior region, controlled by us, there is 80 times 80,000 tons in sight of high grade ore, which is being shovelled out by shiploads. The United States Steel Corporation studied the iron map of the world before it went into commission. What England wants is not 80,000,000 tons of Norway ore, but a few million large calibre, rapid-fire, high velocity workmen, like they make in America and Germany.'

Improving the Incandescent Gas Mantle.

Consul-General Mason at Berlin describes a recent German improvement of the Weisbaca gas mantle which renders it many times stronger than before, while maintaining the constancy of the light

emission and preventing the tendency to shrink. These effects are produced by adding to the oxides of thorium and cerium, of which the mantle is composed, a compound containing silicon and zirconium combined with soda. The mantle is there-by converted into a kind of elastic glass, whose constituents are chemically united instead of being mechanically piled together, as in an ordinary mantle. A slight addition of cobalt improves the color of the mantle, and the color of the light.

Michael and his Honor.

He was rather the worse for speak easy liquor when he faced the magistrate in the Central police court yesterday, and it didn't require a rich brogue to indicate his ancestry. The remnants of a fighting Sunday jag had left him very loquacious.

'What is your name?' asked the magistrate.

'Michael O'Halloran,' was the reply.

'What is your occupation?'

'Phwat's that?'

'What is your occupation? What work do you do?'

'O'm a sailor.'

The magistrate looked incredulous. 'I don't believe you ever saw a ship,' he said.

'Didn't Oi, then,' said the prisoner.

'An phwat do yiz tink Oi cum over in, a back?'

After that it went hard with Michael.

Corns! Corns! Corns!

Tender corns, painful corns, soft corns, bleeding corns. The kind of corns that other remedies have failed to cure—that's a good many—yield quickly to Putman's Painless Corn Extractor. Putman's Corn Extractor has been a long time at the business, experiences in fact just know to do it. At druggists.

What Allied Tommy.

The ins and outs of Thomas McGregor's case are thus set forth by the Cleveland Plain Dealer. He had not been at school for several days, and at last the teacher said:

'Can any one tell me why Tommy McGregor is absent?'

A little girl raised her hand.

'Well, Mary, you may speak.'

'Please, ma'am,' said Mary, 'it's 'cause he has got measles inside.'

The source of Mary's information may be easily guessed. She had read the contagious disease card that was tacked on the outside of Tommy's house.

Saves? Oh, my! That's the worst thing you could have broken in the whole house.

Bridget—Faith, O'm glad to hear it wasn't the best mum.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY! Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills. Must Bear Signature of Ascutt Wood. See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below. Very small and as easy to take as sugar. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION. Improving the Incandescent Gas Mantle. Consul-General Mason at Berlin describes a recent German improvement of the Weisbaca gas mantle which renders it many times stronger than before, while maintaining the constancy of the light

Misplaced Confidence.

Before breakfast that morning Delia's voice summoned me into the kitchen. I make a point of always obeying Delia and I went. Delia pushed me in front of the dresser, stretched out both hands and said ecstatically, 'Look!'

Delia had tears in her eyes, and I blew my nose. Delia kept on nudging my arm. I could not understand why at first, but presently I did. 'If you would permit me,' said I (Delia was nudging my arm all the time), to offer—if you would accept a trifle from us toward helping—these—'

people looked at the German, who was manifestly embarrassed. Finally the hostess, very red in the face and ill at ease, teetered over to the German's friend and asked: 'Can't you get him to?'

THE CAUSE OF WOMEN.

for mothers the right to possess the children they now have than to bring others in to the world who would not belong to me after they are born. In all this half century of progress only nine States have granted to mothers equal guardianship of the children with the fathers.

The wife is entitled to food, shelter, and clothes, but the husband decides absolutely as to the quality of these and the law does not require him to give her any part of their joint earnings for her independent use.

Women are beginning to ask themselves whether they will get enough out of marriage to compensate for all these restrictions. The women who are asking this are the very ones who by education, business ability and sound judgment, are best fitted for wives and mothers, but they know the sweetness of liberty and they are able to exercise independence of choice.

When Delia tells this story, she says it was £3 that I gave to Colin McColin for his distressed fishermen. I am quite sure it was not half as much as that. Though I was rather cross over the occurrence at the time, I think it was a lesson for Delia.

But if a New York woman is to be believed a new language is springing up in the metropolis which promises to develop the worst phases of Anglomania. When she answered a summons to the front door, she encountered a small boy who briefly remarked that she had come for 'de fayndish.'

This did not mend matters, and the boy was going down the steps when a light suddenly burst upon the woman's mind, and she remembered that she had asked the florist to send for her fern dish. The boy was recalled, the dish was brought, and the amenities were restored.

Uncle Mingo was in town a day or two ago. It had been a long time since the old man had been to Savannah, and he rambled over the streets all the morning, impressed with the wonderful things he saw.

Naturally toward midday he began to feel a little tired and very hungry, so he passed in front of one of the eating houses for colored people, of which there are several in the neighborhood of the Plant system department, the succulent piles of edibles in the windows offered too great a temptation to be resisted.

'All right sah,' said the affable waiter, coming up, 'what'll it be?' 'I want some o' dat fried fish en de winder an' a piece o' dat pie.'

'Yes, sah; wot else?' 'I want some o' dat fried chicken, too, and some o' them doughnuts.'

'Yes, sah; wot else?' 'An I want a cup o' tea.' 'Cup o' tea? Yes, sah; wot kin o' tea?'

In the year 1871, when the government of Monsieur Thiers was at Versailles, and before the National Assembly had decided whether the new constitution of France was to be monarchical or republican, the late Comte de Paris visited the palace at Versailles.

Just as he was about to enter, M. Jules Simon met and recognized him. Bowing low, Monsieur Simon said with much gravity: 'If we are a republic, count, you are in my house, and I shall be delighted to do the honors; but if we are a monarchy, then I am in your house, and cannot play the host.'

The Comte de Paris laughed and took Monsieur Simon's arm. 'Ah, monsieur,' he said, gaily, 'let us go in together!'

BORN.

Tynish, June 7, to the wife of Dr. Murphy a son. Lockhartville, June 7, to the wife of Noble Graham St. John, June 10 to the wife of Walter Holly a son. St. John, June 8, to the wife of J. D. Seaman a daughter.

MARRIED.

St. Peter's, C. B. Jno McDonald to Lizzie Landry. Oxford, June 6, Warren J Purdy to Mand E Wood. St. John, June 17, S E Logan to Jennie E Beaman.

Truro, June 4, Frank Starfield to Sarah Emma Thomas. Halifax, June 11, Ritchie Loyd Ferringer to Emma C. Levesley. Upper North Sydney, June 1, T J Armstrong to Katie Moore.

DIED.

Cherry Valley, May 4, 21. Tynish, June 7, Mrs. Murphy. Somerville, Mass, May 27, 35. Souris, June 6, Thomas Lyons. Ohio, June 7, Frank Saunders, 13. Elmira, June 2, Percy Murphy, 11. Halifax, June 13, George Drabant. Preston, June 12, Noah Smith, 22. Mill River, June 8, Mrs. Mary Harvey, 62. Boston, June 5, Charles Butler, 64. Walton, May 30, John Sanford, 25. Halifax, June 15, Gracie Bennett, 8. Elmsdale, June 5, John Adams, 76. Ellerslie, June 7, Thomas Burtch. Annapolis, Elizabeth T Troop, 56. Digby, June 7, Allen R Simms, 11. Lower C. p., June 5, Gaius Newb. Yarmouth, June 8, Myrtle Babine, 63. Guysboro, June 8, Edward Cook, 66. Antigonish, June 8, John H Haley, 1. Anson, May 23, Mrs. James Jacques. Halifax, June 17, Bertha Muirhead, 27. Halifax, June 13, Ann Elizabeth, 60. Dartmouth, June 6, Horace Sanford, 23. Halifax, June 14, Mrs. Frank Kiehl, 40. Dartmouth, June 1, George Corkum, 82. New Tanke, May 30, Isaac Sabean, 35. Cherryfield, June 12, Esther Brewster, 23. Weymouth, June 1, Mrs. John E MacArthur. Kentville, June 10, Mrs. Mary Harvey, 62. Dartmouth, June 10, Mrs. Margaret Orson. Amherst, June 12, Mrs. Allison Copeland, 79. Del Norte, Col, June 15, Peter F Barclay, 57. Lynn, Mass, May 31, Mrs. Alice Osgood, 24. Cambridge, Mass, May 6, Mrs. Mary Bland, 54. Pembroke, May 29, Ethel Viola Lyons, 7 weeks. Scotch Settlement, June 10, John McQuarrie, 79. St. Margaret's Bay, June 6, Mrs. Sarah McGowan, 65. Mount Herbert, June 10, Infant daughter of Mr and Mrs Albert Ings.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC PASSENGER TRAIN SERVICE. From St. John. Effective Monday, June 10th, 1901. (Eastern Standard Time.) All trains daily except Sunday.

DEPARTURES. 6.15 a. m. Express—Flying Yankee, for Bangor, Portland and Boston, connecting for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Hamilton, Woodstock and points North. PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BOSTON. 9.10 a. m. Suburban Express to Welsford. 1.00 p. m. Suburban Express Wednesdays and Saturdays only, to Welsford. 4.30 p. m. Suburban Express to Welsford. 5.15 p. m. Montreal Express, connecting at Montreal for Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton, Buffalo and Chicago, and with the 'Imperial Limited' for Winnipeg and Vancouver. Connects for Fredericton. Palace Sleeper and first and second class coaches to Montreal. Palace Sleeper St. John to Lewis (opposite Quebec), via Megantic. Pullman Sleeper for Boston, St. John to McAdam Jct. 8.30 p. m. Boston Express, First and second class coach passengers for Bangor, Portland and Boston. Train stops at Grand Bay, Riverbank, Ballentine, Westfield Beach, Lunenburg and Welsford. Connects for St. Stephen, docton, Woodstock (St. Andrews after July 1st) Boston Pullman Sleeper off Montreal Express attached to this train at McAdam Jct. 5.20 p. m. Fredericton Express. 10.00 a. m. Saturdays only. Accommodation, making all stops as far as Welsford. ARRIVALS. 7.20 a. m. Suburban, from Lunenburg. 8.20 a. m. Fredericton Express. 11.20 a. m. Boston Express. 11.35 a. m. Montreal Express. 12.35 p. m. Suburban from Welsford. 3.10 p. m. Suburban Express, Wednesday and Saturday only, from Welsford. 7.00 p. m. Suburban from Welsford. 10.00 p. m. Boston Express. C. E. USHER, S. F. A. Montreal. A. J. HEATH, D. P. A., C. P. R. St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after MONDAY June 10th, 1901, train will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:— TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Suburban Express for Hampton..... 5.30 Express for Halifax and Campbellton..... 7.00 Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou..... 7.45 Express for Sussex..... 8.58 Express for Sussex..... 11.50 Express for Hampton..... 11.50 Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 11.55 Accommodation for Moncton and Point du Chene..... 12.45 *Daily, except Monday. All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation. D. J. FOLTINGER, Gen. Manager. Moncton, N. B., June 6, 1901. GEO. CARVILLE, C. T. A., 1 King Street, St. John, N. B.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Halifax and Sydney..... 6.00 Suburban Express for Hampton..... 7.18 Express from Montreal and Quebec..... 11.50 Express from Halifax and Pictou..... 11.50 Express from Halifax..... 11.58 Suburban Express from Hampton..... 12.55 Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton..... 14.15 *Daily, except Monday. All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation. D. J. FOLTINGER, Gen. Manager. Moncton, N. B., June 6, 1901. GEO. CARVILLE, C. T. A., 1 King Street, St. John, N. B.

VOL.

The

The Nelson interest in evidence produced could come the honor. The case was more ways who bears made again but beyond proving an in so many effectual, as this defense. The charges were false pretenses by obtaining Brennan of certain part Captain Harry Nelson act and it sufficient to it so happen show where very hour delivered places were Queen was baseball Hospital, in corrobor question certain Brennan could be the have been sworn to been mistaken the testimon facts cannot. It might data on the party at in Nelson's been nothing tion to the or a visit to circumstances ncent of the little difficulty captain's conviction. Nelson said N alibi and pr said that direct than direct. This argu testimony was wrong. He facts that di be found w taken. The persons oft mistakes of is no telling but it might. It is a wis should be g do jury be so. An all to prove. I have tried it on account established. that Nelson less. The innocent has better that than that on.