

# PROGRESS.

VOL. IX., NO. 420.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1896.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## Colonial Railway.

On MONDAY, the 22nd June, 1896, the following trains will be run, Sunday excepted, as follows:

### WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Campbellton, Fugwash, Pictou	7.00
Halifax	7.30
St. John	7.45
St. John	8.15
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### WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

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## THEY ALL PLAYED BALL.

### THE FIREMEN AND POLICEMEN HAVE AN EXCITING GAME.

How Officer Hamlin Knew the Bat and the Ball Apart—Jimmy Brennan as a Mascot and a Hoodoo—Jim Merrick's Great Catch—Other Features of the Game.

One thousand or so of the sporting fraternity braved the cold wind and dust the other day to see the firemen and police play ball. Fully six hundred of the confraternity held the bleachers all through the game while the others, including the small boy found things too tame to stay in the cold to watch it.

The game was famous for its many errors and numerous bad plays, to say nothing of the scores of 'almosts' that had to be recorded.

Jimmy Brennan was there as a mascot for the firemen and a 'hoodoo' to the policemen. Jimmy was the most satisfied man on the grounds, over the results and he was not afraid to say and say it long and loud that he would sit down and baste himself to death if the police won.

He became riled when any spectator cheered for the cops, and was most lusty in his hurrahs and hurros for the Firemen. In fact Jimmy thought as he yelled Thursday and when Chief Clark passed by Jimmy could not help but shout "ye could not play marvels."

The game opened brilliantly enough for one side and dark enough for the other. The police went at the bat as though they meant business, but they fell, and had nothing to show for it but a goose egg, and nothing to hear but Jimmy's jibes a d jeers coming from the bleachers.

The firemen were next at the bat and they found the ball every time. Garnet tossed it to them. They run up some thirteen or fourteen runs in their first innings and each inning in turn scored them a few additional runs to their long list.

There was just six innings played by each side and while the firemen were rolling up twenty eight runs the police got but fifteen. The funny side of life on the ball field is in a game like that of Thursday when you get a good left field like Officer Hamm and a short stop like Fireman Barker to ray nothing of an audience with "Chimney" Brennan in its midst.

There was nothing to grumble about in a game like Thursday's at ten cents a ticket. Officer Hamm got all his ideas of the game from reading accounts of games in the papers; he knew the bat from the ball, because the bat was longer than the ball although they were both round. He knew the pitcher from the catcher but he was not altogether clear as to the difference between the umpire and the pitcher. He knew when to run because he was told to do so; he never risked that much of his own free will, so never ran until somebody told him to.

Johnny Merrick another of the coppera carried lots of fun by trying to play ball. Johnny was of a much better class than Hamm; he tried to do something towards winning for his side, and Hamm did not.

Merrick once hit the ball, but it was a foul, that made no difference to Johnny so long as he hit it, and he ran. He was told not to run, but he knew better, and nothing would stop him; he thought it would not be fair to hit the ball and not run, so he ran. Hamm never struck the ball, because that is what he was there for, and he wasn't there to play ball. He hated to make a dive at the ball for fear he would hit it; he never caught a ball on the fly or on the bounce; in fact, he only caught up to it once when it was rolling down the green.

Jim Campbell stepped everything that came in his way. Captain Jenkins batted well and officers Cannell and Caples did good work. They gave good fun to the spectators and made themselves stiff and sore.

It was a common sight to see Officer Hamm leave first base and walk to the bench to have a rest and the firemen's ball tosser follow him over and touch him out for it.

For the firemen, George Barker could not play. Jim Phillips likewise; Billy Cox, awful, and Billy Kee no good.

The fire laddies were awfully earnest in their work and created lots of fun by their sliding bases and running chances.

However the game was not for any silver trophy and was attended by the best of good feeling all through. The score was large but what might it have been, had the game been finished.

The receipts were large and that is most important as both bodies of men have many uses for the cash. The firemen are fixing up their club rooms and the police equiping a gymnasium.

Grand C. W. A. Championship Meet. The Labor Day Meet of the B. and A. Club promises to be the grandest bicycle event ever held in the Maritime Provinces. The meet opens with a road race this afternoon from the One-Mile House March Road to Thompson's store Rothery and return, grand bicycle parade starting at ten a. m. Monday morning, the 7th, from the corner of

## IN ANOTHER VINEYARD.

### REV. MR. HENDERSON HAS BEEN TRANSFERRED TO HALIFAX.

The Ladies Were Leth to Have Him Removed But the Men Wanted Him to go—Mayor Robertson Presides at a Meeting—The New Pastor.

The pastor of St. Philip's church Rev. Thomas H. Henderson who for the last year or so has been laboring among the colored people of back shore will do so no longer. Such was the decision arrived at by the members of the Nova Scotia conference of the A. M. E. church which met in St. Philip's a few days ago. Rev. H. B. Brown at present of Halifax will succeed him and some members of the pastor's flock are overjoyed threast while others greet the news with sorrow.

Mr. Henderson was a great favorite with some members of his church but there were others who looked on him as a man entirely unfit for the position he held. He was a great favorite with the ladies of his charge but their husbands were not his friends by any means. When he first came to St. Philip's several of the ladies in his congregation were deeply impressed but only by his commanding appearance but his eloquent flow of language and besides there was around him that halo of naughtiness that makes a man a hero in the eyes of most women.

That he did not remain unmoved by the evidence of their affection can be seen from the fact that several stories of an unsavory nature were soon in circulation about him. They were eagerly snatched up and told among his people some of whom believed them, while others asserted that the stories were originated by several prominent colored people who were jealous of the hold the pastor had gained on his people. This had the effect of dividing the church into two factions, one of which ardently supported the pastor while the other opposed him. Both parties were fully determined to run matters in the church and many amusing incidents could be told in this connection.

On one occasion the pastor and party decided to hold a prayer meeting in the church but the others got there first and secured the door of that edifice so it could not be opened. Then followed an exciting scene; the elders and pastor hunted for a locksmith but in vain, and the idea of a prayermeeting was given up. Soon after this an event happened that gave the opposition party ample scope for gossip. Their beloved pastor was arrested for a serious offence, on a charge in which an American colored girl figured prominently. He was however acquitted and completely exonerated, but that did not suffice to stop the stories in circulation about him. Then the Prince William street matter was aired to the public.

This last charge was brought before the conference that met last week by Mr. Charles Hamilton together with two petitions, one of which prayed that Rev. Mr. Henderson be dismissed from the pastorate of St. Philip's church while the other presented equally good grounds for his continuance in the charge.

The curious thing about the petition is that the one praying for his dismissal was signed by a goodly number of the male members of the congregation and a few of the women while in the other case was exactly the reverse. Both the petitions and the charge were discussed by the members at some length and the discussion was not by any means a harmonious one. Some members of the conference sided with the pastor while others espoused the cause of his flock. The discussion that ensued was to use a popular expression—very warm. It was finally decided, however, to give Mr. Henderson a change of air so he was appointed to the charge of the Halifax church. Whether he will be successful in his new field of labor remains to be seen but it can be safely prophesied that his term of office will not be made as interesting as was that of his St. John charge.

The conference was on the whole very successful and the members of it are flattering themselves that they received more recognition from their white brethren than is usually the case. Several of the city ministers attended the sessions and found them very interesting. His worship Mayor Robertson presided at one of the meetings and made a big hit among the adherents of the church. He filled the duties of chairman in a very graceful manner and it is certain that he is now solid with the colored folks.

The new pastor is expected to arrive in a few days, and in the meantime the ladies say he can never supply Mr. Henderson's place in their affections.

### DISMISSED WITH THE BOLT.

HALIFAX, Sept. 3.—One Martin comes to Halifax with a cock-and-bull story that the oarsman of St. John's Nfld., was swindled by the Halifax carnival committee in a racing boat that was sold to them. That Newfoundland was altogether too simple. The carnival people were asked

## THE MYSTERIOUS LIST.

### THE PUBLIC STILL IN THE DARK ABOUT THE MATTER.

Mr. Reilly Says He Got It From Mr. Johnston—Mr. Johnston Loses His Memory—Developments in the Case—Unsatisfactory Fire Hose—Investigation Needed.

HALIFAX, Sept. 3.—The public does not yet know anything more of that hardware contract and the "Reilly list" than it did a week ago. The city council decided that Black Brothers' tender was the lowest, and that, therefore, they had received the contract at the hands of Mayor McPherson in fair competition with the trade. Such is what the city council, by a majority of two, decided, but more than half the people in Halifax do not believe in the correctness of that decision, and there are half a dozen or so in the city, who think they know it was not correct. These men expect soon to be in a position, so they say, to prove that Black Brothers' tender was not the lowest, and this despite the verdict of the city council's majority. The minority in the city council, all of them are not acquainted with all the alleged facts of this hardware affair, even though they voted for a sort of censure on the department of works on account of the way the business was done. But there is a select half dozen in Halifax who have all along been in possession of a remarkable story about it.

H. H. Fuller & Co's people for instance, say that they are sure the Black brothers tender was not the lowest. They account the idea, and they stick to their original charge that Mayor McPherson actually awarded the contract for hardware supplies to Black brothers notwithstanding the fact that that firm were on an estimated demand for \$5000 worth of goods \$88 higher.

H. H. Fuller & Co., say they will soon answer the oft-repeated question "where did Reilly get that list?" Reilly himself says Assistant City Engineer Johnstone gave it to him. But H. H. Fuller & Co., hope to go further, and tell what that list was, as well as where it came from. They contend that that list was none other than a genuine copy of Black Brothers' genuine tender and they are getting their facts in shape to try and prove this. They will try to prove that it was \$88 higher than H. H. Fuller & Co's tender; that it was "Reilly's list," that it was at the same time a copy of Black Brother's first tender; that it was all these things at one and the same time. Thus to those men "Reilly's list" will be no longer a mystery,—no more a mystery than was the first tender of Black Brothers' for city hardware.

When the hardware tenders came in to the city hall there were found to be three of them. One was from Wm. Stairs, son and Morrow, about \$700 higher than Black Brothers. Another was Black Brothers, tender which was \$88 higher than H. H. Fuller & Co's. Stairs' tender was thrown to one side, and so should Black Brothers' if what the prosecution allege is correct, or have been discarded. But it was not. The contract was given to them, and H. H. Fuller & Co., the lowest tenderers, were out in the cold along with Stairs, who were \$800 higher than they. The happy medium, strange to say, seems to have won the contract. This was, perhaps, all right, for the advertisement did not bind the mayor to accept the lowest tender. Yet it appeared remarkable to H. H. Fuller & Co., when they obtained an inkling of those facts.

How did they get that 'inkling'? How did they find out that they were lower and yet cast to one side? That is an interesting question and cannot be answered fully just yet but the complete reply may come ere long. The story goes that a typewritten copy of the 'Johnstone-Reilly list' was sent 'anonymously' to H. H. Fuller & Co. In this connection it may be stated that there are other clerks in the board of works office besides Mr. Reilly, and that they were not called. This fact is mentioned for what it is worth, but it is well to know that H. H. Fuller obtained that copy 'anonymously' and in the possession of this 'Reilly's list' they believed they had in their hands the tender of their higher, though successful rivals—Black Brothers & Co.

H. H. Fuller & Co. lost no time, with this interesting information in their hands, in "letting loose the dogs of war." They put in an appearance with Alderman Musgrave at the board of works office. The very next day the hardware price list, which hung on the wall there, that they allege was a copy of Black Brothers' first tender and of which the list that had come to them "anonymously" was a copy, was taken down and destroyed by City Engineer Doane. Another list went up in its place.

The theory of the prosecution, for such it may be called, in this case, is that the second list was a copy of a new tender, or a modification of an old tender, prepared for the occasion, made \$4 lower than H. H. Fuller & Co's, and which, was signed nearly two months after the contract had been awarded on a higher tender, or it may have been a modification of the

## THE ENGAGEMENT IS ENDED.

### BECAUSE OF THE LADY'S PROPENSITY FOR TALKING TO OTHER MEN.

A West end young man who is prominent in musical circles was one of the principals in a very exciting event on Prince street one morning recently and as a result he wears an eye of sombre hue. It appears he has been keeping company with a Duke street young lady for some time and was experiencing all the phases of that peculiar passion known as love. Rumors of an approaching marriage between the two began to creep about and intimate friends of both parties were quite sure that the marriage would take place in September.

A few weeks ago the young man was called out of the city on business that necessitated a lengthy absence. When he returned he at once went to the house of his lady love and rang the door bell. Her sister who answered his ring informed him her sister was not in, whereupon the young man said that he would just step in and wait, and putting the action to the words entered the parlor.

His surprise may be imagined when he found his sweetheart in earnest conversation with another man. He at once asked for an explanation and concluded by telling the other man that he must leave the house at once. This was exactly what the other man did not propose doing and he informed his rival so in language more emphatic than polite.

Hot words followed and the young man who thought he had a grievance threatened to thrash everybody in the house if his rival was not forced to leave at once. His wishes were carried out but the young lady told her brother of her admirer's actions. The brother meeting the young man next day brother meeting the young man next day brother meeting the young man next day

demanded that he should return to the house and apologise. This he refused to do and a quarrel which soon developed into a fight followed in which the avenging brother came out first and best. The young man now has his eye in deep mourning and it is said the engagement has been abruptly ended.

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WHEN LIFE IS A BURDEN.

MONOTONOUS GROCERY CLERKS AND THEIR DREARY EXISTENCE.

They are a Courteous and Obliging Class of Men, but are Martyrs to Human Selfishness and Stupidity—The Way a boy Utilizes the Electric Lights.

I wonder how many of the people, and I am sorry to say they are generally women, who dawdle into a grocery store just as the gates are being closed, and take up the time of the clerks pottering about the shop, asking questions, examining goods, and perhaps leaving a few small orders, ever realize exactly the kind of life a grocery clerk leads? I don't mean a grocery clerk in St. John, where the people do their shopping during the day, and on every night but Saturday the gates are up by a quarter past six at latest on nearly every large grocery store in the city. I refer to the clerk in a place like Moncton, where everyone likes to shop just at the moment which best suits herself without reference to time, the hour, or least of all the clerk; and where every housekeeper is filled with righteous indignation if she ever happens to find the doors of her favorite grocery store closed, no matter how late the hour.

I have often thought how little time for pleasure those poor young clerks must have in their lives, but I never fully understood how much those nineteenth century martyrs to human selfishness and stupidity, had to endure until the other evening when I had a little talk with one of them. He was not a man with a grievance by any means, he was not even discontented with his lot or inclined to complain, and he had not the faintest idea that he was being "interviewed." He was simply a young fellow who had rather attracted my attention a few months ago by his sturdy build and a look of excellent health rather unusual amongst the clerks in a grocery store. Lately I had noticed the change the summer months had wrought in him, and how thin, worn and ill he looked. So one evening when I seemed to have a few moments leisure I asked him a question or two about his hours, and what he thought of early closing. And this is what he told me:

"If I could get out of the shop at eight o'clock on seven three evenings in the week," he said "I should be perfectly satisfied, but we can't do it; all the other groceries are open, and so of course we must keep open too, to accommodate our customers. I would not mind staying late on Saturday evenings because we expect that, and everyone in a store of any kind has to do it, but I do feel that we might just as well close at six o'clock and have three or four evenings a week to ourselves as not, if people would only let us.

"I am down here at half past six every morning to tidy up the store and open it. I have just time enough at noon to rush down to my boarding house and get my dinner, and, except to my dinner and tea I am never out of this store during the day unless it may be to run out for a moment and get something we may happen to be out of or to get some change. It is nine o'clock at the earliest on most nights before I get home, and then I am too tired even to read, I have just enough energy left to undress and go to bed so as to get rested before six next morning, when I must be up."

"Why cannot people get accustomed to buying what they want in the day-time? I asked, "then all the shops could be shut at six, on every evening but Saturday and Monday."

"They don't seem to think of it," he answered, "and the very men up in the railway shops who have been working so hard to get an eight hour day for themselves, are the ones who are helping to make our working day [about fifteen hours long, for of course they are very largely amongst our customers."

I don't think there is a more courteous and obliging class of men to be found in any business, than the grocer's clerks! The man who presides over a dry goods counter maybe supercilious and haughty in his manners, while the drug clerk is almost always of a lolly and patronizing spirit; but take him when you like, whether he feels well or ill, is ready to drop with exhaustion, or merely in his chronic state of being tired out, he is always ready to do his best for you and to do it with a cheerful smile that would almost make you think his life was one long pleasure trip, and he was only serving grocers for the fun of the thing! I only wonder he does not hate humanity to such an extent as to find it impossible to be decently civil to anyone. Think of it! Fourteen and fifteen hours a day on his feet hastening to serve this one, rushing out to the back of the shop in search of something for another, and hastening back so that other customers shall not be kept waiting. All day long with mind and body at their highest tension, with no variety, no change of work no fresh air, nothing but a daily grind that is enough to send him to a lunatic asylum in a few years.

I know of no less than three grocers during the past two years, all doing the very best of businesses who were obliged to give up, sell out at a sacrifice and devote all their energies to the recovery of their health, having found the life so hard that they could not stand it. But the grocer's clerk does not usually have anything to

sell out; his salary is far from princely, and situations are hard to get, so he goes on, and lets his health take care of itself.

The men in the government shops who find a working day of ten hours, too long for them, are making a praiseworthy effort to have it shortened to eight hours, but their work is always done at five o'clock in the day and on Saturday at three in the afternoon while the man in the grocery store works four hours longer nearly every day, and at least six longer on Saturday. It is not the fault of the man who owns the grocery business, he has his living to get, and must keep up with his rivals, and besides that, he keeps nearly the same hours himself, and works almost as hard. It is the fault of a selfish and thoughtless public.

I have no doubt that if the market was kept open till nine and ten o'clock at night people would put off buying anything until just before it closed but the rule of the market is as immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. At five or half past, I really forget which now, the doors close, and anything you have neglected buying you simply go without until the next day; on Saturday it remains open till ten o'clock. These are the regulation hours and no one dreams of wanting them changed, beyond an extension of the time to six o'clock in winter, and there is no reason why a similar rule should not be established in the grocery business. If it was general no one would lose anything by it, and the public would soon become accustomed to it and govern themselves accordingly, thereby righting a very decided wrong, and making the lives of a very estimable class of men endurable, instead of such a dreary grind that I wonder they do not commit suicide in order to make some sort of a change in it.

The most enterprising boy who has been discovered up to the present time of writing, resides at Moncton, somewhere in the West end! And the history of his discovery is brief, but exciting. A citizen was returning home at half past ten o'clock one night this week, happened to glance up at the electric light on the corner of Highland and Fleet streets and was struck by the unusual appearance of the cross bar above the light. At first there seemed to be an enormous bird slumbering calmly on the bar, but a closer inspection revealed two substantial legs clad in woollen stockings and finished up with a pair of thick soled boots, dangling from his lofty perch. The position of the feet were not resting on anything, and the quiet of the body to which they belonged, precluded the supposition that their possessor was a man engaged in repairing the wires, or changing the carbon, and the awful thought flashed through the citizen's mind, that he might be gazing on the evidence of a tragedy, the body of some victim of foolhardiness who had been burned to death while meddling with the wires. Hastily moving to a spot where he could get a clearer view through the trees, the citizen gazed open-mouthed upon a medium sized boy peacefully rooting on the bar and engaged in reading by the light of the electric lamp! Undisturbed by the unusual altitude of his lamp which towered over the loftiest piano lamp ever designed, untroubled by the uncertainty and discomfit of his seat, and absolutely unconscious of being observed in any way, he placidly read on with all the absorption of a student.

One passerby, after another had his attention attracted to the unusual sight, and many were the speculations indulged in. "Family think he is in hours ago," said one, "and he has scrambled out of a back window to read 'Jesse James on the sly.'" "Perhaps the poor Johnny is only studying his lessons" suggested a tender hearted youth. "Maybe he is dead" whispered a pessimist in an awe-struck whisper. "Wouldn't kick his heels that way, if he was," answered someone of a more practical turn.

"Who can he be?" was the general question. But the lad's hand was carelessly disposed over his eyes, to shield them from the strong light so no one seemed quite sure who he was. And in the midst of the turmoil of speculation and conjecture the boy in his serene read peacefully on, and when the crowd dispersed they left him still in possession of the field, and of his patent, non-adjustable, reading chair and lamp.

I have often heard of enthusiastic students burning the midnight oil, but I must confess that it has been left to a Moncton boy to invent a new method of turning the municipal system of street lighting to his own account and whether he was engaged in mastering a difficult lesson for the next day's recitation, or merely following the fortunes of "Hair Trigger Bill, the terror of Bloody Gulch" he deserved some recognition for his originality and enterprise.

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

TERIBLE RHEUMATIC PAINS.

Lost Their Sway After Using South American Rheumatic Cure.

The pain and suffering caused by rheumatism is indescribable in language. The bent back, the crippled limbs, the intense neuralgia pains that are caused by this trouble almost drives the victims to despair. The blessing comes to those who have learned of South American Rheumatic Cure which is simply marvellous in its effects, curing desperate cases in from one to three days. About some things there is no certainty, but of the certain cure that comes from South American Rheumatic Cure there is no doubt.

RESPORN BY THE BICYCLE.

What is Being Done in the Cause of Good Roads.

Everybody knows what the bicycle is doing for the good-roads problem. Of course the farmers have all along been the persons most interested in improving the country roads, and seems a little strange that they left the work to the wheelmen so long. But a similar thing happened in photography. The professional photographers, working for their livelihoods, haven't developed their own business hall so rapidly in some directions as the amateurs, working for fun. Here's where the good citizenship comes in. The bicyclists and the good-roads prophets are hand in glove, according to the Washington Star.

In many of the states of the League of American Wheelmen consuls even frowned upon the construction of separate bicycle paths, partly hesitating to divert so much money from the common roads, partly fearing lest the construction of special paths may result in abridging the privileges of the wheel on the thoroughfares. Local authorities have always exercised the right to regulate and classify vehicles for the good of all classes, without impugning their rights where the classification ceases. Special speedways are in many cities constructed for trotting horses, but the man in the man in the sulky uses the common roads in going and returning from his speedway; and so does the equestrian, for whom special paths have been laid out in most large parks.

However this may be, motives of the attitude of the more conservative consuls in this matter are most emphatically those of good citizenship.

Until recently New Jersey and Massachusetts were the two states which had done most for their highways. The most radical recent legislation, however, is the new Connecticut law (statutes of 1895), which pledges the state to pay one-third the cost of a mile of road in each town each year if the country and the towns will each pay one-third. The cost of one mile of road is estimated at \$3,000.

A poor town is by this means enabled to get a mile of good road at a direct cost to itself of but \$1,000, and the most of the general state and county cost fall on the richer towns and cities. A better device could hardly be imagined for encouraging road improvement in the poorer regions. Eighty-five towns availed themselves of the law last year, and seventy-five more have already swung into line for 1896. These are about two-thirds of all towns in the state, and the law is expected to cover over a New York cyclist may ride on good roads nearly all the way to Boston by way of New Haven, Hartford and Springfield. In New Jersey road-building has been carried on upon scientific principles, not so much throughout the state as in Connecticut, but rather concentrated in the more populous countries.

NO EQUAL IN THE WORLD.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D. D., now Touring Europe with a Canadian Party, is one of Many to Talk Favorably of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

There are few more noted travellers than the Rev. W. H. Withrow, D. D., editor of the Canadian Methodist Magazine and of other publications of the great Methodist church of this country. He is a wide traveller, and enjoys the opportunities that travel gives of judging broadly of the merits of any article. He has expressed the written opinion that Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is a most excellent remedy for cold in the head and various catarrhal troubles. One short puff of the powder through the blowers supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses the powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves instantly, and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis, and Deafness. 60 cents.

ENGLAND'S GREAT SEAL.

When a New One is Ordered the Old One is Disposed of by Chancery.

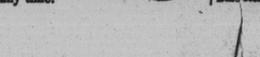
The Lord Chancellor has double the salary of the Speaker, viz., \$50,000 a year, but his tenure of office is more precarious, depending as it does, on the continuance in office of the party to which he belongs, and his only perquisite is the chance of obtaining possession of the great seal. When there is a fresh great seal the dissolved one is supposed to be broken, but in reality is not. The new Sovereign, in presence of the Privy Council, simply gives it a gentle blow with the hammer, and, being thus "demasked," as the phrase is it becomes the perquisite of the Lord Chancellor of the time.

On the accession of William IV. to the throne, in 1830, there was an interesting contention between Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham for the possession of the Great Seal of George IV. Lyndhurst was Lord Chancellor at the death of George, but a change of Government having followed, Brougham occupied the office when the Great Seal of William was completed. The former argued that the old Great Seal really belonged to the preceding

Isaac Pitman's Shorthand, and the Course of Business Training

which has qualified our students for the leading positions in almost every business house in St. John, not to mention those who have won success abroad, are the means by which we assure the success of our students.

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reign, and that, as it was vested in him at the death of the Sovereign, it was his by every right and title; while the latter contended, in support of his claim to the emblem, that it continued to be the Great Seal until the Great Seal of the succeeding Sovereign was actually ready.

William IV., to whom the dispute was referred for arbitration, settled it to the mutual satisfaction of both statesmen. He allotted to each of them one of the sides of the Great Seal, and, as the designs were different, tossed up a coin to decide which should have the King on the throne and which the King on horseback. But his Majesty's graciousness did not end there. He had the two sides set in superb silver salvers, and Brougham and Lyndhurst received, thus mounted, their respective portions of the Great Seal.

This action of William IV may now be regarded as a well-established precedent. In 1860 a new Great Seal—that at present in use—was ordered, as the new one made at the accession of the Queen to the throne had got damaged. Lord Chelmsford was Lord Chancellor at the time, but before the new Seal was adopted he was succeeded, on a change of government, by Lord Campbell. They decided that, with the consent of the Queen, they would be bound by the judgment of William IV in the case of Lyndhurst v. Brougham, as to the disposal of the old seal. Campbell held the matter before the Queen, who readily consented to follow the precedent of her uncle.

FROPPED UP BY FELLOWS FOR EIGHT-TEEN MONTHS.

A Terrible Experience with Heart Disease, Yet Cured, by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart.

Do not our largest sympathies well out to those who suffer from heart disease? It comes so suddenly, and its symptoms are usually so distressing that the direct agony is experienced by the patient. The case of Mr. L. W. Law, of Toronto Junction, Ont., who was unable to lie down in bed for eighteen months owing to smothering spells and palpitation, is by no means exceptional. Who would have thought the case could be cured, and yet one bottle of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart removed trouble in this case. It gives such speedy relief, that even where the symptoms are less dangerous, it ought at once to be taken as a means of driving this terrible disease from the system.

Particular About Style.

Mrs. Prim (stylish boarding-house keeper)—It cannot be delayed any longer. We must have a new set of dishes.

Daughter—Yes, ma; the old set was very handsome in its day, but it's all out of fashion now.

Well, my dear, go to Brickbabb & Co.'s and order a new dinner service, take nothing but Royal Windsor china or Dresden ware, no matter what the cost.

Yes, ma.

And by the way, on your return step into the market and order 20 pounds of corned beef and 40 pounds of liver.

Shorthand

can be learned in three months—the Fernin Small code. It is better than any difficult system. Simple, easy, fast, and easy to read. Learn by mail; lesson free.

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CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

WANTED Several first class clerks to attend to our business in this and adjoining counties. Apply with references. THE BRADLEY-CARLETON CO., LTD., 49 Richmond St. West, Toronto, Ont.

WANTED Several bright young men to do work for us in this vicinity. If they have Bicycles all the better. Address "ADVERTISEMENTS," Brantford, Ontario.

WANTED Old established wholesale House who want one or two honest and industrious representatives for this section. Can pay a handsome salary for a week to start with. DRAWER 29, Brantford, Ont.

STAMPS We pay highest prices for old postage stamps and cancelled stamps. From \$1 to \$100 paid for single extra rare, special cancellations first mail after receipt of Stamp. A. J. HARRISMAN & CO., 19 Leader Lane, Toronto, Canada.

LETTERS! Our White Enamel Letter Press makes elegant signs for office and store windows; for beauty and durability they are unsurpassed. We are sole importers and agents of the original Letter Press. SOLE IMPORTERS GEARY AND LETTER WORKS, St. John, N. B.

WANTED Young men and women to help in the Amusement Centre. They will send copy of my little book, "Your Place in Life," free to any who will. Rev. T. S. Linscott, Brantford, Ont.

PHOTO Outside and materials, Kodaks and Cameras. Practical information ensuring success. Free. Have time and money by consulting us. BRANTFORD PHOTO ENGRAVING CO., 25 Market Building, St. John, N. B.

WANTED MEN everywhere to paint signs with our patterns. No experience required. Thirty dollars weekly. Send stamps for patterns and particulars. BARNARD BROS. Toronto, Ont.

WANTED RELIABLE MERCHANTS in each town to handle our Water-Proof Cold Water Paint. Five million pots sold in United States last year. VICTOR KOPOLD, 49 Francis Xavier, Montreal.

RESIDENCE at Rothbays for sale or to let. Pleasantly situated, known as the "Three Pines" and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec Hotel. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Frosty, Barrington-Law, Fugatey Building, 24-2-4-6.

We Make a Specialty of Lanterns.

WE HAVE 26 DIFFERENT STYLES.

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For Steamboats, Vessels, Barns, Railroads, Express Wagons, Farmers, Streets, Carriages, Mills, Fishermen, Conductors, Firemen, etc.

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Sporting Goods.

Single and Double-barrel Breech-loading and Muzzle-loading Guns.



Rifles, Revolvers, Cartridges, Shells, Powder Shot, Wads, and everything in the Sporting Line.

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The Enterprise Cook...



An up to date COOKING STOVE for Wood or Coal. Beautiful in design and finish, perfection in operation, complete in every detail. Our latest production. Call and we think you will like it, if you are in the market for a Modern Stove.

EMERSON & FISHER.

DO YOU WANT A Second-Hand Bicycle?

We have them in good running order, and of almost all makes, from . . . \$85 to \$65.

LOOK AT THE LIST.

Singers, Raleighs, Betsize, Quadrants, Hartfords, Crescents.

ALL IN THOROUGH ORDER.

QUICK REPAIR SHOP

THERE WILL BE NO DELAY, for we realize how much a rider dislikes to part with his wheel, even for a day. We hope to make friends by being prompt.

MARCH BROS.,

BICYCLE ACADEMY, . . . SINGER-RINK.

ADAMS' LIQUID ROOT BEER!

THIS BOTTLE MAKES TWO GALLONS.

Musical and Dramatic

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

It is a primary duty, and a sad one as well, to be obliged this week, to make record of the death of Miss Mabel Gibbs, a young lady most favorably known in this city and as highly esteemed as she was well known.

Miss Gibbs has been in ill health for some months past the result of a severe cold, but though she and her family and friends were sustained with the hope of her ultimate recovery, it was ordered otherwise.

Since last week's reference to the projected visit of Madame Albani to St. John in her tour through Canada, the indications are still stronger that the conjecture then made as to the character of the entertainment she will give here, was correct.

Madame Melora Henson, the soprano, and widow of the late Walter Emerson now in Chicago, will shortly return to Europe.

On the monument to be erected in memory of the late Ambrose Thomas there will be a statue of Ophelia which will be a reproduction of the features of Christina Nilsson.

Sims Reeves has gone to South Africa and will start his 79th year by singing in that country.

Nordica has been engaged for twenty performances at the Royal opera Covent Garden next year. She will appear in all the Wagner repertoire.

Sardou has given permission to Umberto Giordano to make an opera from "Fedora."

Judic, the French comic opera singer, will be heard at Hammerstein's Olympia in New York, next November.

Flora Finlayson, a successful comic opera prima donna contralto died recently in San Francisco whither she had gone a few weeks ago, to join the Tivoli company in a season of grand opera.

It is said that no French musician was found worthy to wear the red ribbon at the distribution of decorations on 14 July last.

Camille D'Arville, the prima donna, has recently won another distinction. She rescued a boy from drowning at Sheephead bay a few days ago.

Marie Halton has been engaged to play theoubrette role in Hammerstein's new romantic comic opera "Santa Maria."

A London, Eng., letter to a Boston paper of recent date says that Mrs. Richard Blackmore, Jr., of Boston, has received much praise for her staging over there.

Mrs. Kate B. de Noel, of New York, has also created quite a stir in London musical circles. A dinner was given in her honor at the Savoy hotel by the composer of "The Maid of Plymouth."

Miss Beatrice Langley and Messrs.

Braxton Smith and Lempiere Fringle will accompany Madame Albani on her approaching tour through Canada on route to Australia.

Victor Maurel will sing next season at Paris, Monte Carlo and St. Petersburg. He will sing the title role in the approaching revival of "Don Juan" at the Opera Comique, Paris.

Mlle. Marie Broms has been engaged to sing in opera at the Theatre de la Monnaie in Brussels in November and January next.

A Roman correspondent of the Dramatic Mirror says "The newest star in the Italian opera world is Madame Alva, an Anglo Saxon by birth."

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Theatre goers will be pleased at the reminder that Miss Ethel Tucker, and Mr. Meldon and their popular supporting company, begin a return engagement at the Opera house next Monday afternoon.

On Monday evening of this week the first instance of a Hoyt production in this city occurs at the opera house. The play thus as it may be said, initiating this line of work, is "A Trip to Chinatown" in the United States is perhaps the most popular of Hoyt's works.

Lois Fuller has returned to New York. The Hollis street theatre, Boston, will open its season this evening.

Madame Janauschek is said to be re-engaged for the coming season in "The Great Diamond Robbery."

Roland Reed's new play "The Wrong Mr. Wright," with which he opened the season of the fifty sixth year of the Boston museum on the 24th August, made a decided hit although, a critic says "there are spots in it that want toning up."

Ramors being prevalent in New York that Augustin Daly would give a revival of Shakespeare's plays this season, Mr. Daly has found it necessary to say "our plans are not developed yet for next year and it is too early to make predictions."

The Bowdoin square theatre, Boston, was re-opened last Saturday evening with the production of a new melodrama by Frank Harvey. The play is called "A House of mystery" and was received with enthusiasm.

Of Mary Hampton, well remembered by patrons of the drama in this city, the latest news is that she will play the role of Jane Armoyd in the condensed version of "The Long Strike" by Boucicault which is to be used as a curtain raiser to "The Liar," the new play in which Fritz Williams plays a leading role.

Olga Nethersole's next American tour will begin on 2nd, November in Brooklyn. She will be seen in "The Wife of Scarril Camilla" and "Frou Frou."

Georgia Cayvan will, during the coming season, produce the play entitled "Mr. Witt's Widow," by Anthony Hope.

Ejdy's Squib says that Augustin Daly will have a recruit this season, who, in beauty may claim to rival Maxine Elliott. The lady comes from San Francisco where she is well known in social circles.

A recent Boston paper announces the early production for the first time in that city of "The Great Train Robbery" a new

romantic Western play by Scott Marble. The play appears to be owned by Thomas H. Davis and William T. Keogh. This would seem to conflict somewhat forcibly with the announcement of Mr. Greene of McAuliffe and Green in the opera house here lately and prior to the production of "The Great Train Robbery" by that company, that the play was the latest work from the pen of E. E. Rose and that Mr. Rose had personally superintended the rehearsals of the company in this play for four weeks before it was produced by the McAuliffe and Greene combination, for whom it was written.

Gustavus Levick has been engaged as leading man for Joe Jefferson.

Until after the presidential election Aubrey Boucicault will go on the Vaudeville stage.

John H. Bussy ("Jack" Bussy) who was last here with Harkins when he produced "The Still Alarm" is with Roland Reed's Company this season and plays "David Clew" in the cast of "The Wrong Mr. Wright."

Edward S. Kidder has written a play entitled "Shannon of the Sixth" a romantic reflex of life in India during the mutiny of 1857. The story of the play is said to be one of absorbing interest.

Joe Jefferson will play only a short season of ten weeks and will confine himself to "Rip Van Winkle."

Alexander Salvini is said to be very ill at Florence, Italy, and his physicians have ordered him to remain quiet for a few months. His illness is said to be of a nervous character caused by overwork.

Mr. Arthur Bourchier of the London Royalty theatre and Mrs. Bourchier (Violet Vanburgh) after their tour in America will return to London by next Easter. While in America Mr. Bourchier will produce the new comedy written for him by

Sardou and also "Charlotte Corday" written for Mrs. Bourchier by Herman Merivale.

Mrs. Louise Thorndyke Boucicault has recently been playing in San Francisco as a member of T. D. Frawley's Stock Company. The play was the "The Social Trust."

Edith Crane will be seen as "Trilby" at the Columbia theatre San Francisco after the Frawley Season closes.

Miss May Manning has been specially engaged to play the dual role of Billy Piper and Nancy Williams in "The Danites" at the Grand Opera House San Francisco, in support of Jas. M. Bropley, the Californian actor playing a star engagement at that house.

Evangelistic Tour.

Evangelist Leyben, who has just closed his series of lectures in Mechanics Institute, has gone to Fredericton, where he will lecture on Romanism, Sunday and Monday, in the City Hall. On the 11th and 12th inst. he will address the Baptist provincial convention at Springfield, N. B., and on the 13th and 14th he will lecture in the Opera House, Moncton.

WE RECOMMEND THE Watchspring Corsets!



THE CORSET is so constructed that it can act really be STIFFENED or BONED by the wearer AT HER OWN PLEASURE. If the corset should hurt on the side, a complaint so general to other corsets, THE SPRING CAN BE REMOVED. This can be accomplished by simply raising the flaps and withdrawing the springs as the wearer may find convenient.

TELL ME WHY?

Words by JESSIE VILLARD.

Music by A. FRENCCELLI.

Musical notation for the first system of the song "Tell Me Why?" including vocal line and piano accompaniment.

Musical notation for the second system of the song, including vocal line and piano accompaniment.

Musical notation for the third system of the song, including vocal line and piano accompaniment.

Musical notation for the fourth system of the song, including vocal line and piano accompaniment.

Musical notation for the fifth system of the song, including vocal line and piano accompaniment.

Musical notation for the sixth system of the song, including vocal line and piano accompaniment.

Musical notation for the seventh system of the song, including vocal line and piano accompaniment.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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

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Half-year Branch Office, Knowles' Building, cor. George and Granville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES. AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640 ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPT. 5

There is everything in a name according to modern science. Ichthyosis is the one of the latest technical terms to be hurled at the public, but it really doesn't seem so formidable when it is learned that it is a word of Greek derivation, meaning fish scale disease.

From the present indications America will soon be outdoing France in the consumption of frog fish. The city of New York alone consumes six hundred thousand "hams" of frogs during the year. These dainties are now sold in tin boxes like o'er conserved meats.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN went some days ago to the wilds of the Hudson in search of rest and solitude but late despatches bring the news that he has been captured by the church fair. The church fair has all seasons for its own, and it is the one campaign that never lags.

Mrs. CARREE CHAPMAN CATT is the latest champion for female suffrage. While this question is now regarded favorably by the majority of the male sex everywhere the name of the lady mentioned above is not calculated to allay the fears of the more timid among the male sex. It is entirely too suggestive and warlike.

The revolutionizing bicycle was not content with simply shortening, and therefore making much more comfortable and sensible, women's walking skirts, but insists upon increasing the size of the waist three or four inches. At the present rate of its career of victory the wheel, like the invincible ALEXANDER, may soon have cause to lament that there are no more worlds for it to conquer.

People of good taste and tact are trying to decide which represented the higher civilization and the more refined ideas of politeness, LI HUNG CHANG's address without a word about the greatness of the country from which he came, or the reply of the president of the United States with its swelling eulogy of the richness and prosperity of the land which his great Chinese had come to see for himself.

Curiously enough Holland does not possess a royal crown, the monarchs of the House of Orange having hitherto been literally uncrowned kings. When WILLIAM III. attained his majority next year the occasion will be signalized by her coronation. A crown is to be prepared for her the jewels of which will come from the treasury of the Sultan of Lompok, recently captured by the Dutch troops.

Cretans are rejoicing over the prospect of their emancipation from hated Turkish rule. After many years of desultory war, practical independence has come with unexpected suddenness. But even the laws that a reformed constitution was shortly to be theirs, through the intervention of the Powers, has not been sufficient to quell their restless spirits and as a sort of celebration of their new born liberty they rekindled several small vendettas between christian and mohammedan villages.

The representatives of St. John in the House of Commons have not allowed the grass to grow under their feet before they presented the claims of St. John to the government. Colonel TUCKER appears to have been especially active in this respect and the impression that many people had that he would make a good energetic representative is being borne out to a certainty. It is not always the best talker who gets the most for his constituency. Mr. ELLIS has no doubt also done his share in this respect, though the amusing feature of the business is that according to the "Globe" the city member is first and foremost in the good work while the Telegraph booms the Colonel for what he is doing. No doubt both of them are entitled to credit. Let the good work continue.

An evil late season to hunt the Czars of Russia. Even NICHOLAS II. is hunted through Europe has been marred from the outset by several unfortunate events. In the

early stages of the journey the Czar's minister of foreign affairs, who accompanied the imperial couple died suddenly and this tragic event may seem an evil omen even to those who are not superstitious. Then too the young Autocrat of all the Russias has learned many things lately not conducive to a very happy frame of mind. It was only a short time ago that he heard in detail the story of Turkey's crimes and Armenia's horrible sufferings; and it was probably the first time that the situation in the east was revealed in all its horror to the Russian ruler. Agria on the way to Vienna and the Czar passed through unhappy Poland and the impression made on him by the miseries prevailing there without doubt deepened by the sense of his own helplessness in bettering her condition. The Carina is reported ill and will in consequence be unable to accompany her lord to Germany, though it has been announced that she will assuredly go to Paris with him. It would really seem that the best thing that could happen would be that the tragic event by which the imperial journey was interrupted should put an end to the journey.

Lovers of poetry are without number: makers of it are few and far between. They are the anciented genius; the chosen ones of fame, and when they come we rise up and do them honor. Such an one was EUGENE FIELD "the gentle poet of child life," who a few months ago passed to the silent land beyond the dark river. He sang his simple songs in a way that appealed directly to the heart. Faulty they may sometimes have been in rhythm, defective now and then in rhetorical figures, but always touching always tender, and when stanzas are full of pathos and tenderness, they are poetry no matter what critics say to the contrary; and it is safe to say that this man will be remembered and loved long after the writers whose names have graced the pages of the leading periodicals have gone out in oblivion. In life FIELD had not the recognition which was his due but now that he is gone people are waking up to his true merit and a plan has been set on foot to build a monument which shall lift his name up through the coming generations. To raise money for this purpose about a dozen of his choicest poems have been gathered into an exquisite volume entitled Field Flowers and between the green covers lies a wealth both of song and art, for FIELD's written pictures have been cast into visible lines by the pencils and brushes of leading artists each of whom gave to the book an illustration of some verse or poem by the dead poet's—free will offerings to a kindred genius. The proceeds will be divided between the monument fund and the widow and children of the poet.

LI HUNG CHANG is the highest ranking officer of the Chinese Empire and the guardian of its Emperor. He is the great Ambassador of China sent to attend the coronation of the Czar of Russia and bearing letters of good will to the Queen of England and the President of the United States. In Russia and in England he was treated with marked distinction as the representative of the great eastern empire and the same honors paid to him that would have been paid to a ruling prince. In the United States, the great Chinese was entertained in a hotel and received by the president of the American republic in a private house; not his own house, by the way, but that of his friend WILLIAM C. WHITNEY. Possibly the fact that the government pays all the bills incident to the visit was considered sufficient official recognition, but the man who is worth several hundred millions of dollars is not likely to be deeply impressed by the courtesy of the government paying his hotel bills. He is abundantly able to pay his own way. It is of course a delicate question as to how far the president of the United States, or any republic, should go in ceremonious etiquette in receiving visitors of rank. Of course the republican form of government does not provide for the recognition of rank as do the courts of Europe, but LI HUNG CHANG is the representative of his government and he bore a message to the president. The thought naturally suggests itself that the representative of China should have been received by the American President in the official residence at Washington. When General GRANT visited China the Mongolian Earl had him received with the same distinction that would have been conferred upon a royal visitor. He was received at the official residence of the guardian of the throne and an official banquet was there given in his honor. The American people with their usual want of refined tact declare that they have now liquidated the debt of gratitude for the royal reception of General GRANT. There is no question as to which nation displayed the truer and more gracious hospitality, and the reception to the Chinese dignitary should not have been actuated by a desire to liquidate the debt. There may be some reason why he was not received by the president in the White House than that that official did not care to shorten a fishing trip to go to Washington to receive one who was recognized as the guest of the nation, but they are surely not apparent. The president's action has not added to the dignity of the government of the United States.

WILL RETURN TO ST. JOHN.

Miss Ethel Tucker Comes From Great Triumphs in Halifax. The announcement of the return of Miss Ethel Tucker and her talented company gives very general satisfaction to theatre goers in this city who remember with a great deal of pleasure the very bright and finished performances given by this company during a two weeks engagement last month. Since then the strength of the company has been greatly increased by the addition of three new and



MISS ETHEL TUCKER.

particularly clever members. Miss Tucker and her company have just finished a Halifax engagement that was very successful from a social and financial standpoint, hundreds being turned away from the academy upon several occasions. One or two pieces were produced under the distinguished patronage of Governor Daly and General Montgomery-Moore. On Monday afternoon "The Pearl of Savoy" a charming comedy drama, will be the attraction at the opera house here, while "The Wings of Sin," an exceedingly strong and effective melodrama, will be put on in the evening. The brightest of specialty artists are employed by this company among them being the St. John favorites, Miss Westcott, little Miss Marshall and Mr. Brennan.

CAUSE OF THE DECORATION.

Why Several Lawyers Eyes Were Mournfully Bugged After Election.

HALIFAX, Sept. 3.—Two young lawyers and one or two others of a group have been going round town for more than a week with black eyes, battered noses and other facial disfigurements. Many have been the enquiries how it happened and whether the scars are marks of honor or dishonor. The replies have been vague in the extreme and inquiring friends are yet pretty much in the dark. The scene of the disfigurements was Granville street, the time Wednesday night of last week, and the hour midnight. The legal lights were fresh from a place of conviviality. They had been gladly reading the Blair and Patterson election returns and they were making night hideous with their boisterous songs and rough wit. Suddenly an enemy appeared in answer to a random challenge from one of the noisiest of the crowd. He seemed to spring from the ground, scattered those lawyers like nine-pins and rained a series of blows on their several physiognomies that left the ugly impressions already referred to. Then he mysteriously disappeared and they know not who he was. The night's fun was spoiled, and not only that, but a picnic for the next day was that to have been attended by some of the crowd was marred by their absence. The appearance of their faces, and other reasons kept more than one from attending.

Who the assailant was—whether one of the rioters turned upon his fellows and punished them, or whether it was that someone sprang upon the crowd from a place of hiding—doth not yet appear. At all events the beating was received and the friends of the young men are hereby politely given the cause of those blackened eyes and fractured noses.

Yacht Club Excursion.

Waters Lancing, on Labor day, will to the scene of many first class Aquatic and field sports. The Yacht club under whose auspices the excursion will be held, have the different arrangements under way for the past two months, and a good time is in store for all who attend. Great interest is being taken in the four oared shell race and the yacht race in which all the first class yachts in the city and on the river will compete. The City Cornet band will be in attendance and furnish music for dancing.

The Pleasure Seekers.

The steamer Clifton will run an excursion on Labor day to Hampton leaving her wharf, Indiantown, at 9 a. m. The management of this popular steamer are always awake for the holiday seasons, and offer a cheap excursion on the beautiful Kennebec for pleasure seekers. Visitors to our city would not enjoy themselves better than taking a sail in the Clifton on Labor day. Owing to this excursion the steamer will leave half an hour earlier on her regular trip from Hampton Monday morning.

Labor Day.

The Intercolonial railway will have on sale for Labor Day return tickets between all stations at first class single fare on September 5th, 6th and 7th, limit for return September 8th. And to Montreal and points east thereof on the same date, limit of return September 9th.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Night.

Helios, departing beyond the set,  
Doth, like a weary man, his human sight,  
The sun's bright rays still lingering seem to be,  
And make the western skies a lovely sight,  
Changing their blue to golden, crimson red  
And many a 'twixt when the bright ball hath fled.  
Those varied tints, alas! too soon are o'er,  
Solemn silence, 'twixt the dusky night,  
And tries up in her brother's place to soar;  
With silvery crescent, sheeth her feeble light.  
Though not so bright, to take his place she'll try,  
And be God's lantern in the dusky sky.  
The twinkling stars come dancing at her feet.  
The sky is spotted o'er with little eyes,  
Which dimmer grow, seem farther to retreat,  
When the cold moon looks on them from the hills.  
They're glad when she, behind a cloud doth hide,  
And think that they can, then, be sooner sighted.  
Just covers each with a welcome guest,  
And tulle her to a peaceful, quiet rest;  
Then in his arms doth him, Morphoeus, greet,  
Who carries dreams unto the sleepy race,  
And leaves the kind he deems best in each place.  
'Tis midnight! scarcely a sound can we hear  
Save sighs, and sobs, which whisper to the trees,  
And the old clock, that's ever ticking near,  
Which in his arms doth him, Morphoeus, greet,  
With plumed wings of ever changing hue,  
So glides forth the coming day to view;  
With her own fingers paints the sky of morn,  
And draws aside the misty veil of night,  
That useth earth another day be born.  
She smiles upon the light, and whispers bright,  
And to the slight she bids a fond adieu,  
Then the sun peeps her ray light to view.

I'm Sorry.

There is much that makes me sorry as I journey  
Through earth's pathos in poor human lives  
Each day.  
I'm sorry for the strong, brave men who shield the  
Weak from harm,  
But who in their own troubled hour find no protecting arm.  
I'm sorry for the victors who have earned success,  
To stand  
As targets for the arrows shot by envious failure's  
Hand;  
I'm sorry for the generous hearts who freely  
Share their wealth,  
But drink alone the gall of tears in fortune's  
Dread decline.  
I'm sorry for the souls who build their own fame's  
Tomb-stone,  
Decided by the scornful throng, like ice do  
Melt;  
And I'm sorry for the conquering ones who know  
Not sin's defeat,  
Enticed upon the false desire 'neath scorched  
And bleeding feet.  
I'm sorry for the anguished hearts that break with  
Passions strait,  
But I'm sorer for the poor, starved souls that  
Never know love's pain,  
Who hunger on through barren years, not tasting  
Joy they crave;  
For sadlier far is such a 'ot than weeping o'er a  
Grave.

Me an' Jim.

Me an' Jim jist kinder agree;  
I stick by him an' he sticks by me.  
Never was much that I could do  
But somehow 'r other he sees me through.  
Never did much, afore or since,  
'Bout his but there's a coincidence.  
Somebody 'r other—can't jist make out—  
That brings him 'round when there's trouble about.  
Lots o' others that like me, too,  
Hard to say what they would do;  
Hard to say what they would share  
When there was plenty and some to spare.  
But somehow 'r other, when you're hard hit,  
Seems they don't happen to hear of it.  
An' there was a woman once, an' she  
Kinder believed that she'd like me;  
'Loved that the livin' me becoz we'd ben  
Goin' together so long; but when  
Plans were makin' to go through life  
Settled an' easy as man an' wife.  
Suddenly found 't she she's rather go  
'Lose me another she didn't know.  
So, it is me to study! Love is no account;  
For them as don't meet with no accident;  
Or maybe them as ken pick an' choose  
In the crowd where they've got no friend to lose.  
While the fella's a man for a man  
Don't feel with a better plan.  
Or comes to grief through a thinkin' spell  
That we're too much alike to match right well.  
An' that's the reason that I perjure  
To tie to Jim to the very close.  
Fact o' the matter, we're fond o' him,  
'Cos you know you can always count on Jim.  
—William Trowbridge Larsen.

What Makes it Sweet?

What makes it sweet, my love, to live,  
In a loving world, where hearts can give,  
The pleasure ever true hearts can give,  
In kindness to-day.  
It's a warm good night when shadows creep,  
Over the world in restful sleep.  
What makes it sweet when storms are o'er,  
When the sky is blue and clear,  
When angry passions crossed the door,  
Between two souls most dear.  
It is the words "forgive me love,"  
Sent like a message from above.  
What makes it sweet to stand all still,  
When faith is tried in blinding tears;  
It is to do his bidding will,  
Whose love illumines all our years.  
Who's ready to face danger long,  
To hear the coming angel's song.  
What makes it sweet when love's red rose,  
Has sharpest thorns beneath its leaf;  
'Tis sympathy the true heart knows,  
Will soothe the wounds of silent grief.  
It is to whisper "trust his grace,"  
Love sits enthroned on sorrow's face.  
What makes it sweet when day is done,  
And homeward brings our very best;  
It is when sinks the golden sun,  
To find dear home a home of rest.  
To meet and under true love's reign,  
Find kindred words are never in vain.  
CYRUS GOLDEN.

The Girl For Me.

Oh, the girl for me is not the girl  
Who can swim a mile or two,  
Or who can talk on politics long,  
As her bearded brothers do.  
Oh, the girl for me is not the girl  
Who can make a century run,  
And then declare that she's fresh enough  
To start on another one.  
Oh, the girl for me is not the girl  
Who drives its ancient horse,  
Who knows as much as I do myself,  
And, perhaps, a little more.  
Oh, the girl for me is not the girl  
Who drives its ancient horse,  
Who knows as much as I do myself,  
And, perhaps, a little more.  
Oh, the girl for me is not the girl  
Who drives its ancient horse,  
Who knows as much as I do myself,  
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Oh, the girl for me is not the girl  
Who drives its ancient horse,  
Who knows as much as I do myself,  
And, perhaps, a little more.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

HOW OUR LAZER IS MADE. The High Praise Given It by a Belgian Expert.

Dr. Henri von Laer of Belgium, director of the brewing school at Ghent has been authorized by the Belgian Government to visit America in order to make an inspection of our breweries. He praises the great plants at St. Louis, Milwaukee, Cincinnati, Buffalo, and other cities in which he has sampled the beer, and in a recent interview he says: "It is for the most part made of whole some material and generally is better than the common beer of my country."

In European countries the Governments insist that beer shall be manufactured solely from malt and hops properly fermented. In this country brewers are continually seeking substitutes for both malt and hops. Two bills are now awaiting legislative action, their object being to compel American brewers to manufacture honest beer. One was introduced in the Senate at Albany by Senator Ford early in last April. The other bill was introduced by Mr. Cooper of Wisconsin in Congress in the latter part of April.

Both of these bills were drafted after a series of chemical experiments had been made as to the composition of beers from many breweries in different parts of the country. In all the samples examined adulteration to a considerable extent was found to exist, and in many to a very pernicious degree. Dr. William J. O'Sullivan drafted the New York bill. When asked the other day what reasons the advocates of the bill had in demanding legislation, Dr. O'Sullivan replied:

"The principle reasons are that brewers at present can adopt any standard, and there is no possibility of holding them to a required or proper standard, there being none in this country. Beer to be healthful should consist of a watery extract of malt and hops properly fermented by yeast. A period of six months is necessary to get the full alcoholic fermentation and the formation of the standard amount of alcohol. Such properly brewed standard beer, before being exported, should be heated to 49° celcius to prevent after-fermentation. Brewers, for selfish reasons, desire to arrest the proper fermentative action, and for this purpose employ substances injurious to health. The chemicals generally used by brewers to arrest fermentation are salicylic acid, boracic acid, benzoic acid, sodium bi-sulphite, magnesium sulphate, &c. Many of these chemicals induce diseases in human beings, and all are inimical to health when taken into the system frequently. Less harmful substances than the foregoing are also used by brewers for the purpose of deception—burned sugar, tannic acid, glucose, bitter extracts, quassia, chicory, starch sugar syrup, maltor, vermouth, oak-bark and colchicum seed, aloes, liquorice root, &c.

It has been proved by direct observation that where the foregoing adulterants are used by brewers the antiseptic properties of the more harmful chemicals are lost after a period of about three months, owing to their chemical decomposition, and that the beer then becomes unfit for sale, owing principally to the generation of sulphuretted hydrogen. Standard beer, that is, beer properly brewed and containing the standard composition, will keep for years and is not at its best state in less than six months after the starting of the brewing process. An exhaustive series of examinations was made, by Prof. Bupp at the instance of the German Government, and was accepted as standard by the Government as a basis of a schedule giving the composition of standard beer.

"This schedule" continued Dr. O'Sullivan, "has been adopted by [other Governments as a standard, and legislation in such countries makes it imperative for brewers to conform thereto. Prevalent among these Governments are those of France, Brazil, Uruguay, and the Argentine Republic. In these countries, the laws against adulterated beer are rigidly enforced."

After the second reading of the New York Beer bill before the Senate it was referred to the Senate Committee on Public Health, and a hearing was held on April 22 of this year, when Dr. Francis Wyatt, director of the National Brewers' Academy on behalf of the New York State Brewers' Association, vigorously opposed to passage.

A very different view of the question is presented by Dr. Wyatt. After reviewing previous efforts at legislation and outlining the processes of fermentation, storing, &c., of beer and describing the appearance, consistence, and color of the beer most in demand, Dr. Wyatt said to the writer, in answer to the charges made by the advocates of the bill against the brewers:

"The brewers of the United States use no substitutes for hops. On the other hand malt substitutes are used by them in proportions varying from 25 to 30 per cent, with the double object of lowering the percentage of soluble albuminoids in malt and producing a pale color. The most popular of malt substitutes are "flaked corn," rice, corn grits, grape sugar, and glucose. Flaked corn is made from granulated white Indian maize, of which the husk and germ are first removed by a special milling process. The starchy portion is soaked in water, steamed and pressed between steel rollers, and finally dried by hot air. The flakes are used directly in the mash-tub together with the malt, and they require no previous conversion in a separate brewing vessel. "Brewer's rice is that quality of rice which comes into the market as broken or granulated rice, and, as in the case of corn grits, it is necessary to mash it in a separate vessel before it can be mixed with malt, in the maltmash tub. Brewed sugars are made by boiling corn starch with acid, and subsequently neutralizing the acid with marble dust. Dextrine, malto-dextrine, maltose, and dextrose, are their chief constituents, the proportion of the last named being in direct ratio to the time and conditions of the boiling process. The saccharine fluid is filtered through charcoal, and is then concentrated in a vacuum to the desired consistence and filled into packages. "The variety which remains liquid contains much maltose and dextrine and is called glucose, while that which solidifies readily in cooling is chiefly dextrose, and is known as grape sugar. "No possible way is known to chemists of accurately determining by chemical, physical, or microscopic examination whether malt substitutes have been used in the brewing process. "When asked what measures the Maltsters and Brewers' Association had determined to adopt when the bill is next presented to the Senate committee, Dr. Wyatt announced that the association has determined to request Gov. Milton to appoint an expert commissioner to investigate the question. "Convinced, Dr. Wyatt said: 'The association does not oppose, but on the contrary, desires legislation, but it must be founded on inquiry. We do not desire legislation which is purely prohibitive.' "Dr. Hamilton-Williams of 325 West Fifteenth street, who testified before the Senate committee as to the alleged dangerous character of many of the chemicals used by brewers, said, in answer to the inquiries of the reporter, that most of the substances used are decidedly harmful, while many are highly poisonous. He stated that substances like salicylic acid, while frequently given by physicians as medicine, yet, when no necessity existed for their presence, and an otherwise normal person takes them in small quantities, often repeated and extending over a considerable period of time, give rise to many forms of kidney disease, and in some cases to symptoms of poisoning. Under such circumstances salicylic acid, he said, acted upon the mucous membranes as an inflammatory irritant, in some cases giving rise to erosions and ulcers of the stomach and intestines. Dr. Williams declared that he has seen cases of salicylic acid poisoning where the mental disturbance has been prolonged for a week or more. "Upon drunkards the acid acts very unfavorably," said Dr. Williams, "one of the earliest and commonest symptoms being a violent delirium. I have seen cases where the roaring sound of delirium tremens was associated with disturbances of vision, [which grew marked, until the patient not only saw objects in false appearances and colors but had absolute illusions. The hallucinations took the shapes of animals, and closely resembled those seen in delirium tremens, with the difference, that there was usually little or no terror, and that the troping images were frequently accompanied by beautiful music." "Secret Photography. One of the most ingenious methods in the world for photographing persons and keeping their faces from being known is that of the Bank of France. The bank has a hidden studio in a gallery behind the cashier's desk so that at a signal from one of the bank employes any suspected customer will instantly have his picture taken without his own knowledge. The camera has also become very useful in the detection of frauds, a word or figure that to the eye seemed completely erased being clearly produced in photographs of the document that had been tampered with. "Excited the Natives. Quite an excitement was created recently by the mistake of a telegraph operator at Hatfield, England, where Cecil, the son of the Marquis of Salisbury, resides here. He set to the nearest town for a queen bee and received a telegram saying, "The queen will arrive at 3.40 this afternoon." The operator supposing it to refer to the Queen of England, could not keep such important news to himself, so there was an immense crowd at the station when the bee arrived. "I think, my love," he remarked to his wife as they pedaled along the pleasant country road, "that we are going to have an early fall. "I am sure of it," she answered, as he took a header over a cow. "Mrs. Grumpey—Why do nearly all the people cry at weddings? "Grumpey—Because most of them have been married themselves.—Detroit Free Press. "The Convent Nicole, F. Q., has selected and purchased a Frantz Fiano for the use of its advanced pupils.





ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Programs for sale in St. Stephen by Messrs. D. P. Truett, and at the bookstores of R. G. P. D. P. Truett, and at the bookstores of R. G. P. D. P. Truett.

Sept. 2.—The chief society event this week is the dramatic recital given in Mrs. A. K. Kelly's beautiful parlors on Thursday evening by the talented young actor Mr. Wadsworth Harris.

A sale of most beautiful linen work was held on Tuesday evening by the ladies of the congregation church. There was also a most delicious supper.

Mrs. D. F. Maxwell gave a very delightful children's party at her residence on Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Howard H. McAllister gave a very pleasant party on Monday afternoon for the pleasure of her little daughter Kathleen and her young friends.

Mr. John Black leaves on Friday for Windsor. Mrs. Black will be accompanied by her daughter Margaret and her young friends.

Miss Delany Hanson, Miss May Carter and Miss Madeline Basson received a glad welcome from their pupils and friends on their return from their long vacation.

On Sunday after morning service Rev. O. B. Newman baptised the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William D. Grant.

On Monday Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Grant and Mrs. E. J. Grant left for Montreal, where they will reside for the winter.

Mr. James L. Thompson, sr., has returned from a pleasant visit in New York city.

Mr. Mark Mills and Mr. Fredrick Morrison left this week for Dalnospice to resume the study of law.

Prof. Herbert C. Grant presided at the organ in the Methodist church on Sunday and his comments have been made upon the grand way in which he rendered his well chosen selections.

A great pleasure is in store for lovers of music and the dramatic art, for on Tuesday evening of next week, Miss Clarine Duval Allen of the National conservatory of music of America, assisted by Mr. Wadsworth Harris of the Kodjokas company, will give an entertainment for that date in the St. Croix Curling rink.

Mr. Gilbert W. Ganong invited a party of ladies to enjoy an outing yesterday at her beautiful cottage at Oak Bay, and to meet Mr. Fredrick Toller of Ottawa.

Mr. Albert Benton gave a Welsh rare bit party at the residence of her father Mr. John Murchie on Monday evening, which I hear was a very pleasant affair.

A very happy wedding party gathered at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George Cox on Thursday evening to witness the marriage of their daughter Eva to Mr. Howard Dismore.

Miss Rebecca Moore has returned from a pleasant visit at the cottage of Mrs. Gilbert W. Ganong.

Colonel Fredrick Toller and Mrs. Toller are visiting Mrs. Chipman at the "Cedars".

Miss Julia Tilley is the guest of her sister Mrs. John D. Chipman.

Mr. M. N. McKusick has gone to St. Paul's, Rhode Island, to visit relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. George Boardman of Brooklyn New York, have been the guests of Mr. George A. Boardman during the past week.

Miss Flora Brown has returned to Providence, Rhode Island after a pleasant visit in Calais.

Mr. Ernest T. Lee and Miss Carrie Washburn, have returned from a pleasant visit to their parents in Hamilton Ontario after an extended visit to her father Judge Stevens. She was accompanied by her three children.

Mr. James L. Thompson, jr., left on Monday for a short visit in Danforth Maine.

Miss Josephine Moore has gone to Bangor to attend the wedding of her friend M. J. Steaton.

Mrs. Henry Barnard has returned from a visit to Old Orchard Beach.

Mrs. Frank Amisen has returned from a pleasant visit in Fribourg, Mass.

Miss Louise Melick has been spending a week with Miss Dorell Grimmer in St. Andrews.

Fay Master Littlefield of the U. S. N. is in Calais this week, the guest of Mrs. Archibald MacNicol.

Mr. E. P. Baynton of Boston, of the beautiful yacht "Magnolia" has been spending a few days in Calais.

Mr. Frederic L. Hane has been spending a few days in Augustus and also visited Showages, Maine.

Mrs. William Rose is in St. Andrews visiting her friend, Mrs. Martha A. Campbell.

Mr. A. Percival of Philadelphia is registered at the Border City this week.

Mr. Douglas Welton of Yrro, Nova Scotia, was in town during the week.

Miss Ellen McBride expects to leave next week for Philadelphia, where she will spend the fall and winter with friends in that city.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Frederick Beard returned on Saturday from a most jolly outing spent with a party of friends from Boston, among the lakes in the vicinity of Finesboro.

Mr. John R. Alger is on a business trip to Grand Manan.

Mr. W. F. Todd returned from the island on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Miles Foster left on Tuesday for Missoula, Montana, where they will spend two months visiting relatives. They were accompanied by their young daughter, Fay.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Grimmer spent Sunday in St. Andrews with Mr. and Mrs. Dorell Grimmer.

Miss Caroline Dorell Allen is the guest of Mrs. M. B. Mala during her stay in town.

The many friends of Mrs. J. M. Deacon of Milltown will regret to learn she is very ill.

Miss Florence McKean of Ramford Falls is visiting relatives in Calais.

Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Grant returned from their summer cottage this week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Young and their family came up from Oak Bay from their cottage today, which except from an occasional autumn picnic will be closed for the season.

Miss Rose Brittain is visiting her friend Mrs. George Robinson who is occupying the Bates cottage with her family this week.

Rev. J. W. D. Thomas of St. Anne church, Calais, is visiting Portland Maine, this week.

Mr. Hedley Cooper of St. John is in town today. Judge Cookburn of St. Andrews was in town on Monday.

Mrs. Almon I. Teed gave a children's picnic on Saturday at Murchie's mountain for the amusement and pleasure of her children and their young friends.

Mrs. David Brown is spending a few days with friends in St. Andrews.

Major John Hodgins has returned to Ottawa. Mrs. Hodgins will remain a few weeks longer much to the delight of her numerous friends.

Miss Alice Graham is expected home from Halifax tonight after an extended visit of several weeks.

Mrs. Hassen Grimmer has returned from St. Andrews and has opened her residence for the winter.

Miss Elizabeth Furlong of St. John is visiting the Misses Cullinan, and Miss Katherine Furlong is the guest of Miss Florence Sullivan.

Mr. and Mrs. William Tay of Brookline, Mass., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fredrick Toller.

Lieut. J. K. Seymour left today for Washington D. C., after a visit of two months with his invalid father Dr. E. E. Seymour.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles King of St. John, are registered at the St. Croix Exchange this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fredrick Pope MacNicol and Mrs. Henry Todd, have returned from their cottage at DeMonts.

Mrs. Howard Grimmer of St. Andrews was here for a brief visit this week.

Miss Nellie Meredith has returned from Charlottetown, P. E. I., where she has been the guest of Rev. and Mrs. J. T. Bryan during the past six weeks.

Mr. C. M. Gove, and Mrs. Howard Grimmer of St. Andrews made a short visit here this week.

The Misses Cullinan entertained a few friends most pleasantly at their home last evening.

Mr. Abraham Mendelham has returned to his home in Providence, Rhode Island.

Mrs. Almon I. Teed and her daughter Berrie are visiting Kaspitov today.

PROGRAMS FOR SALE IN MONCTON AT THE MONCTON BOOKSTORES, BY W. G. STANFIELD AND M. B. JONES' BOOKSTORES.

Sept. 2.—The chill mornings and evenings already remind one that Autumn is almost here, and very soon the last of the summer cottagers will be coming back to town, and things will brighten up a little, after the long dullness of summer.

The first event of any importance which is promised in the way of excitement, is the meet of the Maritime Amateur Athletic Association, which is to be held in Moncton again this year, and which is being looked forward to eagerly by all classes.

I believe very elaborate preparations are being made in order to have the sports on a more elaborate scale than ever before, and it is expected that the meet will be even more successful than it was last year.

Sept. 2.—The residents of St. John are spending a few days with relatives on "Apple Hill."

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"We do not propose to transfer the reward of industry to the lap of indolence."

But we do propose to give all classes of people Pure Wines right from the vineyards of France and Spain at prices that are almost incredible.

Just think of \$3.00 and \$4.00 a case for Fine Claret [12 large quart bottles].

We couldn't improve the quality if the price were doubled. Write for Price List.

THE BORDEAUX CLARET CO. 30 Hospital Street, MONTREAL.

possessors of the first prizes, and Miss Nell Stewart and Mr. Frank Ervin coming in for the consolation prizes. Ice cream, cake, and lemonade were served, after which dancing was indulged in till 1 a.m.

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THE HANDSOMEST AND BEST WORKING COOKING APPARATUS EVER MADE IN CANADA.

No guessing as to heat of oven. Thermometer in door shows it exactly. Every cook will appreciate this feature.

Even ventilated and cemented top and bottom, ensuring even cooking.

THE MCCLARY Mfg. Co., LONDON, MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER.

For sale by R. J. SELFRIDGE, St. John.

Mrs. Thompson and little daughter who have been visiting at Mr. A. Young's, returned on Wednesday to their home in Calais.

Mrs. Abram Young has returned from several weeks visit in Bridgetown accompanied by her granddaughters Miss Alice and Hetta Young.

Mr. Charles Lee, St. John, Mr. Driscoll, Boston, and Mr. V. Lynton are among recent visitors.

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MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

I WAS C





A MOMENT OF TRIUMPH.

One evening in June, in a large house in one of the fashionable streets of London, a big entertainment was going forward. It was a concert, and one of the most perfectly carried out in all its details that the London world had enjoyed that season.

The long, brightly-lighted and flower-decked drawing-room ended in a cool and shadowy conservatory in which two women were sitting on a sofa, under the palms, screened from the view of the multitude.

The liquid notes of a beautiful voice floated across to them from the music-room beyond—rose, fall, and died into silence.

'Ah!' said the younger of the two, with a deep breath of longing—a young girl with the bloom of youth on her flushed and rounded cheek, and the sparkle of enthusiasm in her bright eyes—'to sing like that! To give pleasure such as she has given me! To stir the emotions of one's fellows! That is life!'

The elder woman, whose delicate, sensitive face betrayed more of a yearning pain than pleasure as she sat listening, turned curiously to look in the face beside her. 'And you wish for life as you call it, of that kind?'

'Why?—that is a poor word to express what I feel. Even to know personally a few of the people in the world who have done something with their lives, people who write the books that move us! That would be best of all.'

'I know some of them. In my wanderings to and fro I have come across more than one celebrity of the book world.'

'Have you?' said the girl, eagerly, 'do tell me about some of them. I have always wondered, when on an after a short pause, what the feelings of an authoress would be in the moment of triumph—when, after much struggling, she has attained her first success—has awakened to find herself famous, in fact, such as the author of 'The Dark Sea,' alluding to a book by an, as yet, unknown writer which had lately taken the world by storm.'

'What they feel at the moment that fame comes to them,' echoed her companion with the worn face, dreamily. A sudden light flashed into her eyes, and she said: 'I can tell you if you like.'

'Oh, please do. How I envy you meeting the interesting people that you do!'

'Yes,' was the answer in a curiously constrained voice. 'I am an envious person. I suppose I know the authoress you speak of particularly well, and will tell you how she attained success, if you care to listen.'

The conservatory led into a square walled in garden beyond, and the doors dividing the one from the other were wide open to the warm June night. Outside sat two men, smoking and conversing on a desultory conversation. As the elder woman began to speak, one of them stopped short in the middle of a sentence and remained silent until her voice ceased also.

'She is over thirty now,' she was saying, 'an age when success, if it comes and she is a lonely woman, makes her feel lonelier than it found her. Almost from a child she had it in her to write, and, long before she had conceived any definite idea of writing a book, she had made a habit of putting down on scraps of paper, describing as well as she could anything which could make her feel—a beautiful view, a sunset, a child's face—any strong emotion she experienced.'

'After some years of a more or less happy girlhood, she met a man, younger than yourself, who in his boyish, urgent fashion made love to her and—well, one of that is to the point, or will interest you. Nothing came of it except—except it broke her heart. Her lips quivered, and the unshed tears brimmed her eyes. Someone wasing in the room beyond.'

'Don't, Douglas, tender and true,' that old song which has a power to reach our hearts always; and, set to Lady John Scott's exquisite music, does bring the tears unbidden to our eyes.'

'She went on: 'Troubles followed thick and fast after this, and to cut the story short, she at last found herself in London, living on a pittance—her portion from the wreck of her father's fortune—and with her face set steadily towards making a name for herself in literature; uphill work, as all know who have tried it. From the smart house, the many servants, the clothes, the enjoyments of the life that had been hers, she passed by short transitions, after eating for a time the bitter bread of charity, to the one garret life that is the fate of so many breadwinners. She was not thirty then, and the hopes of youth, and the longings of youth, were not quite dead within her; they still made themselves felt from time to time in spasmodic jerks and tremblings—on lovely spring days when she allowed herself a rest from her labors to stroll through the Elysian-avenued paths of the Park, too exhausted from semi-starvation and over work to think very deeply of anything connected with the future that lay so dark in front of her. Rather she let her thoughts wander back into the past—her steps straying over the burnt-up grass, to the glistening Serpentine beyond—to the long-ago evenings when she and her brother had so often drifted lazily down the river in the sunset glow.'

'But she did not completely give up society in those days of dreary monotony, nor clothe herself in the hopeless eccentricities so much affected by all grades of artists and writers. She did what she could to keep up her friends, often going without food to buy herself a decent pair of gloves, or a new hat.'

'Do you really mean,' interposed the girl with wide open eyes and lowered voice, 'that—that she was really hungry?'

In her sheltered life it seemed so strange and so monstrous a thing that another girl should have herself, should want actual food. 'Yes,' and the woman's eyes shone—'she used to live upon a shilling a day, and you don't know how difficult that is to a girl brought up as daintily as you or I have been—till you have tried it! She could not eat what was in a lower class would have fattened on—coarsely cooked, unappetizing food. Her one room was small, and dark—hot in summer, freezing in winter, when she sat in all the warm things she possessed, to save a fire, and wrote and penned. And most nights she felt very empty and hungry and solitary when she went to bed.'

'How terrible!' said the girl gently. 'But it was not like that all the year. Sometimes in the autumn she paid visits in the country, and there she met people who interested her and kept her life from stag-

nating. She had a certain charm of her own which men felt; and in her, as in every other woman that ever was born, the craving for sympathy and protection and the strength that the love of a man gives to a woman was strong in her—apart, if you know what I mean, from the longing for the particular love of any one individual. It was the natural instinct every woman feels to lean on someone stronger than herself. All this she put aside, in the instance where it might have developed itself into the thing she craved, until her purpose should be accomplished.'

'Once it went very hard with her and she almost succumbed to the temptation, for as such she viewed it, having vowed a vow unto herself.'

'He was a very different man from the other; he was tender, chivalrous, gentle with women as towards something to be shielded, protected, cared for, and his wonderfully keen perceptions enabled him to see further into her complex nature than anyone had ever taken the trouble to see before. I know, because he has since told me so much about those days; he often says that the first moment he looked in her face he loved it for the tale of repressed suffering he read in it.'

'And she?' asked the girl quickly. 'The man who was listening so intently in the dark garden, where the few stars twinkled down through the whispering leaves of the big lime, threw away his cigar and turned his head towards the open door where the cool trickle of the miniature fountain broke the waiting silence, and waited for the answer.'

'I have said,' replied the woman, 'that she had a purpose, and wisely or foolishly, perhaps she herself did not know, would think of none of these things till her purpose was accomplished. All that was best within her rose up and responded yearningly to the unspoken feeling he had for her. But, long ago, she had gauged the depths of an even more complicated character than her own, and in the midst of misery had seen, clear and certain, the one dominant fact that that which would have power to move him, and that alone, would be the accomplishment of something that the world would applaud to the echo, and which, further, would place her beyond his reach.'

'She was always conscious of a strong instinct which told her he and she would meet again—that in some way her book would bring them together and also that then, and not until then, would the last scene of the play be played out, and who knows, she went on dreamily, 'what that scene will be?'

'Do you think,' she continued after a pause, 'that every time she looked in the glass and traced the new faint lines that privation, cold, suffering and anxiety were drawing around her eyes and mouth, and saw still another gray hair added to the number that already streaked the dark, it did not further her determination to succeed in the task she had set herself? There was a bitter ring in the woman's voice as she proceeded. 'She had not striven so hard and so long to give in for the first strong temptation that assailed her.'

'After this episode she went back to London and her garret, and all through the long cold winter, when coal was scarce and fuel scarce' ('Good God!') murmured the man in the garden, under his breath, his deep-set eyes gleaming like stars above, under the broad band of his dark eyebrows, 'worked on at her book, which was her life, and was written, to use a true, if, perhaps, high-toned metaphor, with her heart's blood. It had not been without a struggle that she had elected to make 'copy' of her most sacred feelings, her bitterest agony; but she guessed rightly in her experience, that it is truth alone which makes the only real success in the literary world, though ephemeral shams may endure for a night.'

'With what a sinking of the heart she saw, time after time, the return of the 'rejected manuscripts,' some of her small magazine ventures you may imagine when you reflect on the loneliness of her life at that time.'

'She almost persuaded herself of the fallacy of this truth which she had deemed so all-important a factor to success, for these small attempts were also written from her heart, things she had known and seen around her in the life she had done with and yet the editors would have none of them. 'Too fantastic,' 'unreal,' were some of the criticisms bestowed upon them by the kinder members of the brotherhood, those who had at least given them a reading.'

'At last one wrote: 'There is much that is good in your articles and yet they are not altogether what will 'take.' I would advise you to try your hand at something that shall be simpler, less full of the workings of manifold and complex emotions in your characters, fuller of the common language—details of the ordinary story-teller.'

'The evening that she received this was thunders, and the heat of her small room intolerable. All through the long hot night she sat at her little table writing; as the red sun stole up the summer sky the last word was written of the commonplace article that was to begin the work of her initiation into the world of print.'

'Oh, I am glad!' broke in the girl. 'I am glad she succeeded in the end. But, tell me, what became of the man, the first man—did he marry?'

'He married,' answered, the woman, in a toneless voice, and her eyes wandered into the dark of the garden. 'And did she ever see him again—has she seen him since she became famous?'

'To the best of my knowledge she has never seen him since,' replied the woman again mechanically. 'But to go back to our original starting-point, what are her feelings after so much trouble and so much hard work, on becoming famous?'

'It is not many days since she said she felt only a strange and indefinite sense of waiting—waiting—'

The last long-drawn-out notes from under Wolff's wonderful magical fingers in the far room are sobbing through the vibrating silence. The distant hum of London echoes faintly as from a long way off. A dark shadow fills the open doorway. The woman starts, and a sudden horror as of a deadly fear, dilates in her gray eyes as they meet the sombre fire in the man's. He comes quickly forward and drops into a seat beside her. His companion saunters on into the drawing-room, and the girl looks from one to the other and keeps silence.

The slow flash that travels painfully over the woman's worn, sweet face, fades and leaves her pale.

'I hope you will forgive an old friend's unassuming eavesdropping,' he begins lightly, but with evident effort in the constrained tones as he proceeds. 'You tell a story well, and I grew so interested that I quite forgot that such an unpleasant word might be applied to me, therefore, I came in to make myself known. Please go on. She was waiting—waiting, for what? The man in his eyes, deeper, his voice has a ring of command, but the ghostly smile hovering over his finely-cut lips makes the dark face a very beautiful one.'

'Her eyes do not move from his, and the life of all her face is concentrated in them; he can see, as the hanging lantern above their heads casts its dimly religious light on her white cheeks.'

'I said that it was some days ago that she felt like that. You must remember fame is short-lived, and all its stages ephemeral. I believe she no longer has that strange feeling. It has reached the stage beyond the last scene.'

'Yet you interest me. What do you suppose would occur if, here, the two, again, she should learn that the wife he married almost in his boyhood, as you said, had left him soon afterwards for a better world, to mourn her loss in the piteous light of a disillusion which the short career of married life had furnished?'

'The girl, sitting there beside the two, apparently forgotten by both, noted the faint flicker of the heavy eyelids over the steady gray eyes, as the man's voice ceased—no heightened color came again to mark another high-tide of emotion.'

'She would pity the man, I believe,' 'Pity him?—in what way? In the low tones there lay a passion that seemed to gather superfluous to the quiet tenor of the conversation.'

'Men make mistakes,' he went on. 'Do you mean that the woman who could write 'The Dark Sea,' and feel all that she had written, after all those long years of her lonely faithfulness, to give the man who had caused her all that sorrow; (she shivered; he had stru'k with, maybe unconscious cleverness or intuition, a sensitive chord in woman's nature, and one which seldom ceases to vibrate in every true woman's heart) 'the man who knew that once he had made a great mistake.'

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DOOM OF THE FUR SEAL.

Pelagic Hunting the Great of Extinction.

With the end of the close season for fur seals on July 31 began one of the last chapters in the story of the real now rapidly drawing to a close. Already reports from the Alaskan sealing fleet are coming in, each account adds its evidence to the support of the conviction which is fast becoming settled that the note of doom for the North American fur seal has been sounded and can never be recalled. In one direction only is there hope, and even that is so slender that but faint reliance can be placed upon it. That hope lies with Russia. The cable brought from St. Petersburg the other day the news that the young Czar's Government was considering proposals which were to be submitted to the United States and Great Britain looking to the establishment of a joint set of regulations for the sealing industry, which will prohibit absolutely and forever all pelagic sealing.

In the adoption of such regulations lies the only solution of the problem of preventing the extermination of the fur seal. Because the proposal comes from Russia there is some foundation for hope that it will be adopted, for Russia understands the question of seal protection. In the case of her own seals, Russia's method has always been an admirable success. It is as simple as it is effective. It consists of a general proclamation of 'Hands off,' addressed to whom it may concern. Behind that proclamation is the power of the Russian gunboats. Many a man has found out to his cost what it meant to encroach upon the Russian sealing grounds. Memories of Vladivostok are not easily doused. Many a smart schooner has disappeared from Alaskan waters and been written down in the lengthening list of 'Lost at sea' only to have floated back after years of waiting the word of a schooner overhauled by a gray-coated Russian and lunched at sea, with her men sent away to servitude in a frowning Russian fortress.

If now Russia can compass the extension of her policy, modified so as to strip it of its harsh terrors so that the United States and Great Britain will adopt it, there is a chance that the doom of the fur seal will not be recorded for yet many years. That is the only chance, and how small it is!

The exterminating slaughter of the seals began with the adoption of the far-heralded regulations of the Paris arbitration tribunal of 1893, recognizing and legalizing, to a certain extent, pelagic sealing. As long as the seal industry was practically a monopoly, under the control of the Government, there was no real danger that the seals would be exterminated, but sooner or later pelagic sealing is bound to accomplish that result. The restriction of pelagic sealing by the regulations of the Paris tribunal, it was believed, would be of great benefit to the seals themselves and to the industry, but it has proved to be of no value.

The journey from the southern waters to the beaches of St. Paul and St. George begins in the spring. The bulls head in the long possession, the bachelors trish along by themselves, and the cows, heavy with young, lumber along at the last. If a male seal lives to be six years old he is a bull, and the hunters let him alone. His hide is not worth the tax on it or the trouble of taking it. Then he sets up his harem and begins his career as the head of a family. Every bull has to fight his way to recognition as the possessor of a harem. Whenever a bachelor thinks he has attained such age and size and strength as entitle him to that dignity he leaves the other bachelors, which flock by themselves on the beach apart from the rest, and hauls out on the beach with the bulls. Then the trouble begins. He meets all comers among the old bulls, and if he fights his way through to victory his position is thenceforward established, and the only fighting he will have to do thereafter is with the ambitious bachelors in his turn.

The bulls begin to haul out on their beaches early in the summer. By a curious process known only to themselves each bull selects his place of abode. How he marks it nobody knows, but when he has swum back to meet the advancing column and returns with his family he never makes a mistake in going straight to the spot he has chosen for the summer's home. When the rookeries are all occupied the casual observer will see only a great throng of seal, scattered about apparently without semblance

Sunday Reading.

Bear Thy Cross Cheerfully. Bear thy cross cheerfully. What's'te it be. Dreams not so tearfully. Walking to see. How dark the waves of life. Their mistle bring. Conquest comes but through strife. Conquer and slay. Bear thy cross cheerfully. Turn to the light. Trustingly, prayerfully. Praying a right. This shall thy heart prepare. Light shines afar. Guiding thee ever, where Right waters are. Bear thy cross cheerfully. Thought it be long. Hope not so fearfully. Hope, and be strong. It is thy heart has crept shadows to be. Faith has a treasure kept Somewhere, for thee. —Belle G. McAuley.

ASH-BARREL JIMMY.

That was the Nickname of a Once Very Distasteful S. A. Officer. I remember hearing General Booth say, in Boston a few years ago, in a public address, that on getting off a train in New York a few days before, an officer in an unusually neat uniform touched his hat to him, and he turned to the American Commissioner and asked who the officer was. He said, 'It is Ash-barrel Jimmy.' And this was his story:—Ash-barrel was a bright New York boy, but became besotted by rum. He was brought again and again before the police court, and sent to jail time after time, but all to no avail. He slept in old boxes and ash barrels. One cold night, drunk as usual, he was wandering about seeking aimlessly for some shelter, when he found a barrel partly full of ashes and started to crawl down into it, when he toppled over head first, and actually went off into a drunken stupor with his ragged, half-frozen legs sticking out over the top. The next morning a policeman found him there and heartlessly dragged him by the legs over the sidewalk to the court room, where he arrived bruised and bleeding. The Judge looked at Ash-barrel Jimmy, and said:—'Well, Jimmy, so you are here again, are you? I'll tell you what I'll do. If you will go down to the Salvation Army Barracks, and stay there two weeks, I'll let you off.' Jimmy gladly promised, happy to get down to earth. Out of the court room, down the street, with head and body covered with ash, red and blood, he went, till he came in front of the 'Bar-racks.' A policeman who was standing there shoved him back, asking, 'What do you want here?' But Jimmy said the Court had sentenced him there for two weeks and he must go in. Before the two weeks were up, Ash-barrel Jimmy was converted, and from that day on never drank a drop, but lived a manly, Christian life. General Booth laughingly said on concluding the story, that he thought the time would come when police judges instead of sending drunken men to jail to be hardened in crime, would send six months with the Salvation Army, at the expense of the government. Now, I contend that what has given the Salvation Army its marvelous power to save men whom the churches have not been saving, has not been really a new process in spiritual gold mining, but a revival of the process illustrated by Jesus Christ himself. In the speaking of General Booth there is constantly present a buoyant enthusiasm, a sanguine confidence, that Jesus Christ is able to save the wickedest men and women. These people succeed where cultivated and rich churches fail, because when they are face to face with the devil, they still believe in God. They adapt themselves to the situation. With absolute confidence in the salvability of every human being, they rally forth with the same kind of heavenly audacity that nerved David to go out to meet Goliath. I would to God that every church in America was animated with the spirit of the Salvation Army. If so, what a golden stream of treasure would pour into the storehouses of heaven, from what have been regarded as the waste-heaps of human life!—Dr. L. A. Banks.

The Sunshine of Religion.

Our Lord when on earth was not a friend only for dark days. He could stand by the grave of Lazarus and weep with the sorrowful sisters, but He could also be present at the wedding at Cana of Galilee, an honored and welcomed guest. In our deep realization of the solemn mission of our Lord to this sinful world, we are too apt to forget that He came as an image and expression and embodiment of the God of love. The morose Christian is not likely to be bidden to feast where his presence is only a gloomy shadow, and his countenance a threatening cloud. We may be sure that even in His holy purity this was not the impression made by Him whose 'compassions are new every morning.' There was sunshine about Him, or the mothers would not have thronged

Five Reasons For Being Prompt at a Religious Service.

Workers are required to begin their employer's work at the proper time. It is our duty to do the same for our Master. For the sake of the example we set before others, especially the unconverted. Out of respect for our pastor, or the person in charge. That we may not give occasion to others to speak evil of our conduct, nor of the cause we represent. That we may not attract the attention of others by our tardy entrance. That we may please God by being diligent in his service.

around Him with their little ones; the despoiled sufferers would not have looked trustfully to Him for help; the outcast sinner would not have turned to Him for pardon. We seem to fancy that God made our eyes for tears, and that from some other power came their glad twinkle of merriment or their expression of innocent joy in the midst of social converse. Who wreathed the mouth with smiles that answer to smiles? who made the dimples in the baby's face? who lit the glad, loving light in its eyes as it begins to be aware of the tender care of its mother? Why will we not remember that joy is as much the gift of God as sorrow, and to be as freely accepted in His presence?

How Unworthy.

How unworthy of my immortality do I bear myself and how like a serf of time, when my impatience cannot wait a year for a result, a month for a reward or a week for a promised blessing! Thou dost not blame my ardent desires, dear Father. But with Thee there is no fretfulness. Thou dost live in the successful eternity. Draw me there with Thee, O Thou Prince of Peace and patience! By daily proofs of thy loving kindness, by the unfolding of thy wise designs, by matchless surprises of joy, shame me from my distrust. Remind me that tomorrow holds Thee, even as today, and holds, therefore, all of today's beauty and strength and joy. Teach me that Thy postponement of happiness always enlarges it, if I will be enlarged by the delay. Convince Thine impatient child that a thousand years of waiting for a blessing do not impair the blessing, because Thou art not impaired. Grant me the faith that exalts to be tested and the peace that is not in bondage to any event. —Amos R. Wells.

Is the Acceptance of Christ a Sacrifice?

Many of the expounders of the truth lay a particular stress on the sacrifices which they deem necessary before a sinner can be accepted of God. There was but one sacrifice necessary, and it was offered by God, for the world, when He gave His only begotten Son as a living sacrifice, that those believing in Him might be saved. We may give our time, our money, or even our life, and yet the giving of any of these things cannot be called a sacrifice on our part, inasmuch as by thus giving God what rightfully is His own, He, according to His promise, gives us in return everlasting life. Weigh in the scale of justice a life, a mortal, whose destiny is death, whose end is eternal punishment, and, again, a life, immortal, whose end is everlasting happiness, and tell me if it is a sacrifice to give a handful of dust, molded into the shape of man, for a life of immortality, at the right hand our Father in heaven.—By R. A. Woodington.

A Vision of Duty.

The vision is given to everyone. A distinct call comes. God reveals His purpose to us in various ways. Paul had the heavenly vision and 'was not disobedient.' Ours may not be so brilliant, not so emphatic, as that which startled Abraham. A burning bush for Moses, a fleece for Gideon, the temple call for Samuel, the chariot of fire for Elisha—in these ways God spoke. The call to us may not be so definite, yet as real, it comes. It may not be by overwhelming clouds, by thunder language, by voice from Sinai, not by dew and fleece, nor by blast from some bugler's horn. But it comes—comes in the quiet song, the spoken prayer, the falling tear, the sudden danger of the pulpit message. It comes through the earnest look upon a struggling life, a beseeching throng. It comes through a long faithful, prayerful look upon the forces of society about us.

Interested in Heaven.

A minister who lost his child asked another minister to come and preach for him. He came, and told him how he lived on one side of a river, and felt very little interest in the people on the other, until his daughter was married and went over there to live, and then every morning he went to the window and looked over that river, and felt very much concerned about that town and all the people there. 'Now,' said he, 'I think that as this child has crossed the river, heaven will be much dearer than ever it has been before.'

Will we not just let our hearts and affections be set on the other side of the river?

It is but a step; it is but a veil; we shall soon be in the other world.—Moody.

Workmen are required to begin their employer's work at the proper time.

It is our duty to do the same for our Master. For the sake of the example we set before others, especially the unconverted. Out of respect for our pastor, or the person in charge. That we may not give occasion to others to speak evil of our conduct, nor of the cause we represent. That we may not attract the attention of others by our tardy entrance. That we may please God by being diligent in his service.

A Cheerful Face.

Next to the sunlight of heaven is the cheerful face. There is no mistaking it—the bright eye, the unclouded brow, the sunny smile, all tell of that which dwells within. Who has not felt its electrifying influence? One glance at this face lifts us out of the mists and shadows into the beautiful realms of hope. One cheerful face in the household will keep everything warm and light within. It may be a very plain face, but there is something in its feel, but cannot express; and its cherry smile sends the blood dancing through the veins for every joy. There is a world of blessed magic in the plain, cheerful face, and we would not exchange it for all the soulless beauty that ever graced the fairest form on earth.

Call a Spade a Spade.

There is nothing like calling things by their right names, or perhaps we may say, some new things by old names. The late bishop of Derry once said, when addressing a congregation of undergraduates at Oxford: 'You young men are very proud to call yourselves agnostics. It's a Greek word. I don't think you're equally fond of its Latin equivalent, 'ignoramus.' Language, we know, is frequently misused to conceal thought, sometimes it hides the want of thought. When a man does not know a thing he calls himself, or it by a long name which sounds wise, but means nothing practically.'

Brothers and Sisters.

Brothers and sisters are all the better for sharing one another's studies and games up to a certain point. The girl who can handle a tennis racket and a croquet mallet vindicates her right in consideration. The boys will never speak to her as 'only a girl,' and she will be all the franker and none the less sweet for a healthy mixture of work and play. Good comradeship between brothers and sisters is a thing much to be desired it saves the girls from prudery and the boys from boorishness, sweetens the nature of both, and acts by restraining everyone from doing or saying what would be shameful in the eyes of the 'other side.'

God's Adoptions.

It is only the gazer who, seeing how things turn out for good, thinks, it is no matter what he does or whether he does or whether he does anything. God adopts men's doings, but he does not adopt the men; and the man whom this vision misleads into idleness gives God cause to do against him instead of through him. Only he enters into the glory of God's works who works with God.

Open Toward Heaven.

Keep your heart's window always open toward heaven. Let the blessed light of Jesus' countenance shine in. It will turn to rainbows. The last receipt is best. It is all very well to say, 'Do right and you'll be happy,' but there is something more than that needed. We must let the spring of our lives be in Christ, letting His Spirit guide us, in all we do.—Dr. T. L. Cuyler.

A Perfect God.

Men think that God should avert the effect of their foolish and wicked blunders, yet expect to go right on repeating their follies. If God should conform His will to their notions, they would monopolize all His time and service. Because it is written and proven that 'whatever a man soweth that shall he also reap.' Many hard things are spoken against him. But a perfect God makes possible a perfect faith.

One of the Best Ways.

One of the best ways to be loved in a community is to seek its welfare by refusing to hear and retail gossip, by fair, kind, generous and helpful action, by showing respect for other's opinions, by expressing one's own in a polite but firm way, and by discharging duty with courtesy, consideration and fidelity.

On Lower Levels.

We all live on far lower levels of vitality and of joy than we need to do. We linger in the misty and oppressive valleys when we might be climbing the sunlit hills. God puts into our hands the book of life, bright on every page with open secrets, and we suffer it to drop out of our hands unread.—Canon Farrar.

For Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Cramps Colic, Diarrhoea, Dysentery and Summer Complaint, Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a prompt safe and sure cure that has been a popular favorite for nearly 50 years.

HOW IT WAS DISCOVERED.

The Discovery of Maple Sugar Was Accidental, If the Story is True.

It does not appear that any record was made of aboriginal methods of tapping the maple and converting its sap into sugar, nor is the oldest maple orchard to tell us, though it had the gift of speech or sign-making intelligible to us. We can only guess that the primitive Algonquin laboriously inflicted a barbarous wound with his stone hatchet, and with a stone gouged out a place for a spout, so far setting the fashion, which was long followed by white men, with only the difference that better tools made possible. Or we may guess that the Indian, taking a hint from his little red brother, Niguessee, the squirrel, who taps the smooth-barked branches, broke these off and caught the sap in suspended vessels of birch bark, than which no cleaner and sweeter receptacle could be imagined. Doubtless the boiling was done in the earthen koks, or pots, some of which had a capacity of several gallons. According to Indian myths, it was taught by a heaven-sent instructor.

The true story of the discovery of maple sugar making is in the legend of Woksis, the mighty hunter. Going forth one morning to the chase, he bade Moqua, the squaw of his bosom, to have a 'chibe cut of moose meat boiled for him when he should return, and that she might be reminded of the time he stuck a stake in the snow, and made a straight mark out from it in the place where its shadow would then fall. She promised strict compliance, and as he departed, she hewed off the desired tidbit with her sharpest stone knife and, filling her best kokk with clean snow for melting, hung it over the fire. Then she sat down on a bear skin, and began embroidering a pair of moccasins with variously dyed porcupine quills.

This was a labor of love, for the moccasins of the finest deer skin, were for her lord. She became so absorbed in the work that the kokk was forgotten till the bark cord that suspended it was burnt off, and it spilled its contents on the fire with a startling, quenching, scattering explosion, that filled the wigwam with steam and smoke. She lifted the overturned vessel from the embers and ashes by a stick thrust into its four-cornered mouth, and when it was cool enough to handle she repaired it with a new ball of bark, and the kokk was ready for service again. But the shadow of the stake had swung so far toward the mark that she knew there was not time to melt snow to boil the dinner.

Happily, she beheld her of the great maple behind the wigwam, tapped merely for the provision of a pleasant drink, but the sweet water might serve a better purpose now. So she filled the kokk with sap and hung it over the mended fire. In spite of impatient watching, it presently began to boil, whereupon she popped the ample ration of moose meat into it, and set a cake of pounded corn to bake on the tilted slab before the fire. Then she resumed her embroidery, in which the sharp point of each thread supplied its own needle.

The work grew more and more interesting. The central figure, her husband's intention to the bear, was becoming so like that of the moose, eagles and turtles of the other tribal clans. In imagination she already beheld the moccasins on the feet of her noble Woksis, now stealing in awful silence along the warpath, now on the neck of the fallen foe, now returning jubilant with triumph or fleeing homeward from defeat, to ease the shame of failure by kicking her, in which case she felt herself betrayed, as ever, her useful part. So she dreamed and worked, stitch by stitch, while the hours passed unheeded, the shadow crept past the mark, the kokk boiled low, and the cake gave forth the smell of burning. Alas! the cake was a blackened crisp, and lo! the once juicy piece of meat was a shrivelled morsel in the midst of a gummy dark brown substance.

She matched kokk and cake from the fire, and then, hearing her husband coming, she ran and hid herself in the nearest thicket of evergreens, for she knew that when he found not wherewith to appease the rage of hunger he would be seized with a more terrible one against her. Listening while with a quaking heart, and catching no alarming sound, but aware instead of an unaccountable silence, she ventured forth and peeped into the wigwam.

Woksis sat by the fire eating with his fingers from the kokk, while his face shone with an expression of supreme content and enjoyment. With wonder she watched him devour the last morsel, but her wonder was greater when she saw him deliberately break the carbon pot and lick the last vestige of the spoiled cookery from the shards. She could not restrain a surprised cry, and, discovering her, he addressed her:— 'O, woman of women! Didst thou conceive this morsel of cookery, or has Kloos-kus-Bah been thy instructor?'

TRY SATINS, The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land. GANONG BROS., L'td., St. Stephen, N. B.

FOUND IN OLD SHIPS.

Secret Treasures Hidden No One Knows By Whom or How Long Ago.

The utilization of apparent waste is well exemplified in the breaking up of ships of various kinds, for every nail and every chip are put aside for sale; but in the case of vessels of considerable tonnage, and especially of every old craft, finds both curious and valuable are by no means rare. To give a recent instance, an old wooden vessel that was broken up near Greenwich only a few months back revealed a very curious sight when some old planking in the forecabin had been torn down. Here, nailed up, were the two mummified hands of a negro, and in the palm of each hand, and transfixed by the same nails that held the hands, were two counterfeit silver dollars. The hands had been hacked off roughly.

BREAD AND CAKE.

During the reign of Louis XVI, somebody made bold to tell Marie Antoinette that the people of France were suffering from want of bread. 'Why don't they eat cake, then?' said her gracious majesty. Her mistake was not unnatural. Her own trouble had ever been to choose between luxuries. Why should not the peasantry once in a while find cake a desirable change from a monotonous diet of bread? Why not, indeed? Poor, proud woman. She was enlightened on that point a little later; but you can read the story in the books.

We were reminded of it, however, by an incident which Mr. William Edwards relates of himself. It's odd what links make up the chain of associated ideas, isn't it? Just about three years ago, Mr. Edwards began to feel out of sorts, as we say. His meals were ready for him, as usual, but he wasn't ready for them. He wanted neither meats, bread, cake, nor any other manner of food. Yet he did eat a bit of something, of course. Still, he was presently sorry for it. For every mouthful punished him as though eating had suddenly become both a sin and a crime. It gave him pains and aches in the chest, sides, and back, away round behind the shoulders too, where you wouldn't fancy a trifle of victuals could have any influence.

For this reason Mr. Edwards did what any of us would have done; he ate just as little as possible. But this course soon proved unsatisfactory; for, without adequate nourishment, he was sure to lose strength. This happened.

In a letter written from his home in Queen Street, Botsford, Notts, and dated October 5th, 1893, he says, 'I got weaker and weaker; I was hardly able to get about my work. The doctor gave me medicines, but they didn't help me. Then I applied mustard plasters, in hope they would ease the pain, but they only reddened the skin; they failed to get down to the deep places where the disease seemed to be. This is the way it was with me, month after month. Finally, I got so low that my wife and friends concluded that I would never get better at all.' [Now we call the reader's special attention to what Mr. Edwards says next: 'The doctor,' he says, 'recommended a change of air.' Possibly this may have been in itself not a bad suggestion. On the same principle Mrs. Antoinette's suggestion that the peasantry should eat cake when they had no bread, was also a good one. But you see, the peasantry were as destitute of cake as they were of bread, which rendered her advice impracticable.] Similarly there was an obstacle in the way of our friend's taking his doctor's advice. He puts it thus: 'I am a tailor and a draper, and could not leave my business.' Exact. And lots of us who have been in the same situation know perfectly well what that means. If the good doctors could supply their patients with money and leisure to travel, many a sufferer would try a change of air. Alas! however.

'In March, 1891,' continues the letter, 'my daughter—who is in service at Barnsley Manor—told me how she had suffered, from severe indigestion and dyspepsia, and was completely cured by Mother Seigel's Syrup. So I tried it myself and soon felt the good result. My appetite came back. I relished my food; it digested and built me up. The pains and distress abated, and in a few weeks I was as well as ever. Since then my health has been good. But I keep the Syrup on hand for time of need. Your's truly, (Signed) William Edwards.' 'Better is a stranger near by than a brother afar off,' says the proverb. Yes. And better is a medicine that cures you at home than a recommendation which involves your doing an impossible thing. And it is one of the great elements of value in Seigel's Syrup that it cures people right on the spot where they became ill. It doesn't ask them to help it out by taking a trip to Italy or even to the seaside. By using it faithfully the poor dyspeptic (and that covers everything) can presently eat the bread of health, and cake too, if he wants it.

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Walter Baker & Co., Limited. Established 1780. Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES. On this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufacture. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.



THEIR BAPTISMS OF FIRE. IMPRESSIONS OF FIGHTERS IN THEIR FIRST BATTLES.

Interviews with Gen. Miles, Sickles, Longstreet, Fitz-John Porter, and Others, and Stories of Grant, Sherman, and Taylor—Col. Foster's Ideas.

With novelists who plume themselves on their realism a favorite subject of study lately has been the feeling and conduct of soldiers under fire. Patient, psychological dissections of the soldiers in battle, at which the enthralled reader catches his breath and sighs, "How true!" have made the fortune of more than one work of fiction.

Gen. U. S. Grant said that the instant he heard the first hostile gun, when down in Mexico with Taylor as a sub-lieutenant, he felt sorry he ever enlisted. Shortly afterward he borrowed a horse and rode into the thick of the fight against orders.

Fitz-John Porter was under Taylor also. He said: "In every case when shot passed by I always controlled myself so as not to permit the men to see that I was disturbed. My first experience was down with Taylor, and I recall a case in point. Col. Childs had a new regiment formed in a square at Rosaca de la Palma, and when the Mexicans opened fire upon it the men began to dodge.

Lee's "old warhorse," Lieut. Gen. Longstreet, received his baptism under Taylor at the same time. He says that the first sound of distant firing caused him to brace for the ordeal. But there was a lull before he was brought into action, and in order to keep his thoughts from wandering, he took from his breast pocket a picture of the girl he had left behind.

Inquiries directed to the Green Mountain boys, who made a gallant record as fighters, brought forth some responses which go to the root of this whole question of battle field courage. Gen. Lewis A. Grant, commander of the First Vermont Brigade, one of the fighting commands of the Army of the Potomac, said:

"It is somewhat difficult to give my first experience under fire," as I came to it somewhat gradually, and became a little used to it before being thrown into a severe engagement. And my feelings were not the same on all occasions, I disliked very much to go into an engagement, and feared the result, not only to myself, but to my command and the cause.

Gov. Urban A. Woodbury, whose mudge of courage is an empty sleeve, recalled his first experience under fire without difficulty, for it was then he lost his right arm. Said he:

"As I emerged from the woods on the open field at the first battle of Bull Run, the enemy discovered us and commenced firing upon us with solid shot and shell. If I were to analyze my own feelings I should say I felt a great sense of danger, but not much fright. I had no idea of doing anything else than to march straight ahead toward the enemy, which I was doing at double quick when I received the wound which caused the loss of my arm. I realized perfectly well what was going on about me, the troops who were going off, and where the enemy were posted."

Gen. Theodore S. Peck, a Green Mountain soldier, who has a varied experience, and was one of Stannard's officers, first came under fire in a cavalry charge and skirmish.

"We were so excited and interested in chasing the enemy," said he, "that there was not much fear about it. The next time under fire I was thoroughly frightened at the commencement, but later on fright disappeared, and the supreme thought of whipping the enemy took possession. I think I never was in a battle but that I was afraid, and in most of the engagements it lasted throughout the entire time when under fire. While this physical fear was upon me I had no desire to leave the field, but otherwise to whip the other side. I am confident that I had my wits about me during all these trying times, and was cool enough to attend to business."

Gen. W. W. Henry, Colonel of the Tenth Vermont, received his baptism of fire at Bull Run, with Gen. Woodbury. His chief thought and anxiety was to get a

sight of the enemy. A chance view of some wounded men before going in shook his courage somewhat. He saw a shell burst and carry away the arm of his friend and comrade, Woodbury. "This caused me to think that war was a serious matter," said he, "but still I kept on, as well as I could, bound to see the enemy, and when under musketry fire my courage returned."

Vermont sent out a band of her Green Mountain boys on horseback, the first Vermont Cavalry, one of the elite fighting regiments of that arm of service. Col. Myron M. Porter, now of Washington, wrote thus of his sins of omission and commission:

"You ask for a description of my first experience under fire. I was really too badly scared to remember just how I did feel. I remember distinctly, though, that I wished myself in any other place than that particular fight. A sickening, all-gone, weak-kneed, homesick feeling; a feeling which suddenly passed away, however, when the order to charge or fire came. After that the feeling was one of excitement and anxiety as to the result. Dying in a charge is sublime; being killed before the charge is disappointing and seemingly inglorious. My experience taught me that fear always preceded the actual fight. It is annoying to be struck when you cannot strike back. This is the way I used to feel when I was a boy soldier. Now I expect I would be badly scared under all circumstances and conditions. Since the war I have heard a number of soldiers say that they never felt better than when they were under fire or in battle. Such a man writes himself down an ass, and if he ever was under fire, it is safe to assume that he was a coward."

In the old town of Plattsburgh, surrounded by classic memorials of combat and separated by the waters of Champlain from its ancestral hearth, yet within sight of its general hills, was found another Green Mountain warrior, Gen. Stephen McMillen of the Ninety-sixth New York Volunteers. Gen. McMillen's badge of courage is not an empty sleeve. A pair of well-worn crutches and an empty trouser leg turned back rearly to the hip joint are his souvenirs of the conflict. Like Gen. Longstreet and many others, whom it would be merely a repetition to quote, Gen. McMillen found that the best way to avoid showing off as a coward is to have something to do, no matter how trifling. He said:

"You ask me to give you my first experience under fire; it scared how much, &c. "I had my first experience under fire near Franklin, Va. We had just entered heavy timber after a march of twenty miles from Suffolk. The Confederates opened upon us from a four-gun battery. The fire was hot, but ineffectual; although the shells flew thick and fast, most of them passed over us. At the first note of the music of the flying missiles nature asserted herself, and her first law was very much in evidence. Yes, I was frightened, thoroughly frightened. At once I appreciated the fact that I was trembling, body and limb and feeling that my men would notice my trepidation, I opened my haversack and took from it a piece of hard-tack, and started in to munch it. Hard-tack was never harder or dryer, and how I got it down and finally digested it, under the circumstances, the Lord only knows.

"Did the fear pass off? Not until the last whizzing shell had passed over my head. I had a like experience in every engagement, with but two exceptions. Imagination has much to do, and perhaps is wholly responsible in cases of uncontrollable battle fright. Major Orlando J. Smith of the Fourth Indian Cavalry told of an instance of fright experienced beyond the reach of bullets. His regiment moved to Balls Bluff the day after the battle, the men knowing the story of the slaughter. At the crossing of the Potomac they saw dead and wounded victims of the field, one particularly harrowing sight, a corpse rolled in a blanket and slung to a pole. Two men bore the pole on their shoulders with the ghastly burden swaying at every step. Mounting the bluff, the raw Indian soldiers were stationed under the crest, with their backs to the river, a second slaughter pen should the enemy attack. Distant firing could be heard, and the men were "scared with the fear of being scared," as the Major expressed it. On coming under actual fire he experienced no fright equal to the one due to imagination.

Past Commander Henry H. Adams of Lafayette Post, New York, responded for the West, as a representative of one of Ohio's fighting regiments, the 125th, known as the "Opdycke Tigers," Mr. Adams served as orderly, captain of scouts and staff officer.

"You asked for my experience when I was first under fire. I will say that my ideas and recollections of Napoleon and Murat were vivid, and it seemed as if we were to be glorified and not hurt, and it was not until warned by a shower of shot and shell that I speedily sought shelter. This occurred at crossing Little Harpeth River, in Tennessee, when our brigade drove out Van Dorn in 1863, but it was after having had an object lesson given by the carnage of one or two sharp fights and the anguish of the wounded that I realized the fear of entering into an engagement.

"My second experience will please you. I was marked at the head of the division, which was marching gallantly. We approached Chattanooga, and suddenly we ran upon an ambuscade, where the enemy were massed, and a volley was delivered which frightened me out of my wits, and I suddenly found myself crouching behind my horse in the road, in full view of my command, playing the coward."

"However, in a moment, recovering from this dreadful situation, I mounted my horse, but wished I were at home, and I felt that I would sacrifice every patriotic sentiment I ever entertained if I could only be out of that scrape. However, what seemed to be a month was but probably only one minute, when Gen. Harker gave me orders to retire from the exposed position.

The soldier is stimulated by the uniform of his calling, the sense of the power of the armament of which he is a part, and his elbow touch with men he hopes are braver than himself. It is possible to be caught in a position where a show of cowardice would end uncomfortably for other reasons than disgrace and shame. A new Western story teller, Walter Juan Davis, the hero of an encounter with the savage Geronimo, was asked how it felt to be pounced upon by a band of Apaches. Davis was a United States surveyor in southwest New Mexico when Geronimo left the Mexican sierras and ravaged the border settlements in 1880. He was armed, as were his Mexican helpers, but none of the party had been under fire. Mr. Davis tells his own story:

"We had run something more than a half mile, in our lorn effort to escape the fiends that were bearing down upon us, and now, dead fagged, we stopped at the crest of a little knoll to fight as we might and die as we had to. It would be silly for me to say that I was not frightened, for I was in a perfect chill of fear, which became almost rank panic when a bullet, from the first fire of the Apaches, sang its peculiar, blood-hunting song within six inches of my ear.

"Oh, God, to die like this in this far-away plain," I said to myself, as the cold wave swept over my flesh and brought out the goose pimples. "The next instant I was as hot as a stove. The infernal, bloody beasts of hell! I shouted, and in another tone and another mood, 'We'll get a few, no matter what they do to us.' And as I pulled up my carbine and blazed away at the on-swooping line of devils, I glanced about me and found that all my little party were with me, shoulder to shoulder, and this glimpse of their dusky faces and set hard looks showed me that they, too, had passed from fright to fury."

Gen. Nelson A. Miles's answer to the question was as follows: "Concerning the effect of being under fire for the first time, I can say that the first battle scene was inspiring and exhilarating, and I do not remember that it produced the least trepidation—nothing like as much as the effect afterward in some more sanguinary engagements, when we had learned to realize the serious effect of the enemy's fire."

Gen. Sickles said: "Before the battle opened I felt shaky, but soon recovered and had too much to do to think about danger. I was a Colonel at that time. The men in the line with little to do except to wait for the enemy to shoot at him is the most trying position of all."

Differences in details with agreement in essentials is true of battle-field emotions. The fresh talks of war-worn heroes bear that statement. Some men have heard of that arrant cowardice but for the fact that they were in the line, and have not repeated themselves. They went home or to Canada. All men dodged on some occasions, and in so doing saved their fighting vim for the hour when it would tell. Sherman hit the rule that obtained throughout the army, when schooling Cameron's Highlanders and their "baptism of fire"—his own, as well as Bull Run. When bullets and shells began to fly the Highlanders very naturally ducked their heads. Sherman told them to keep cool, as there was no use in dodging, for whenever the sound of a bullet or shell could be heard the danger from it was over. Besides, it didn't look well in soldiers to hunch or shell came with its murderous "ka-swish! ka-swish!" a few feet above his head. Down went Tecumseh, until he lay prostrate along his horse's shoulder and neck, and when he rose again it was with a very red face, roflined by a smile. Very much amused that a procer should be so weak in practice the killed Highlanders let the General know it, and "Uncle Billy" let himself down easily by saying, "Well, boys, you may dodge the big ones."

MODELS AS WELL AS MEN. An Old Shipbuilder's Views of Our First Ships.

What Ericsson did for steam navigation with the propeller, another distinguished Swede, Frederick Henri de Chapman, whose name is known in America probably only to nautical experts, did for sailing vessels, particularly for those wonderful creations of Yankee genius that won glory in the war of 1912. It must be admitted that Yankee sailors, on frigates and privateers, were quicker and of a nimbler wit than the British men-o-war's men; but too

much has been said of the men, and too little of the models that won those sea fights. Chapman was born in Gothenburg, Sweden, in 1721, and when very young manifested uncommon zeal in the practice of his profession. He was knighted by Gustavus III. in 1773, and was made the Rear Admiral of the Swedish navy in 1777. The ships that Chapman built were the best of the time, and the naval powers of Europe vied with one another in imitating his productions. His scientific works have been translated into many languages, and their chief merit is, as Prof. Wooley said in his "Review of European Naval Architecture," before the British Institute of Naval Architects in 1860, that they embody the empirical results of his vast experience.

Chapman was the first naval man to reduce Sir Isaac Newton's discovery, known as Simpson's or Sterling's Rule for the measurement of an irregular curve, to a practical form for shipbuilders. He is the only author who ever attempted to discuss the abstruse subject of lateral resistance mathematically, and the elaborate system of triangulation presented in his calculation of the centre of lateral resistance is the work of a master mind. For conciseness and clearness of explanation, and elegance of mathematical demonstration, Chapman's "Treatise on Shipbuilding," published in 1775, stands unrivalled to-day, and the shipbuilder or designer who has not digested his teachings has something yet to learn, though he be crammed with naval science.

This country was the Mecca of shipbuilders in the latter part of the seventeenth century. British shipwrights about whom Sir Walter Raleigh wrote: "A drop of New England's air is better than a whole draught of Old England's ale," wrote the Rev. Mr. Higson in 1629, and the difference in climate between the two continents no doubt contributed to the energy displayed by the early settlers of America.

The pioneer shipbuilders of the colonies were of pure British stock, and untrammelled by the prejudices and dogmas of the Old World their ingenuity and inventive genius were quickened and their mental stature increased in the New World. As an art, the shipbuilding of the early settlers improved rapidly, the coasting trade of the colonies creating always a healthy competition between the builders. Swift sailing vessels that could be run economically were studied by the colonial builders and in a short time they challenged the maritime world in the excellence of their vessels. A short time before the Revolutionary war the British colonies were building annually, for foreign countries alone, about 25,000 tons of shipping, valued at \$26,000, despite the arbitrary legislation of Great Britain against the American shipbuilders. Some years before the close of the eighteenth century, the Atlantic coast from Maine to Georgia became lined with ship yards.

The first colonial frigates were built by Philadelphia shipbuilders, whose special activity enabled Capt. John Barry to put to sea, in the first national vessel, as early as December 1775. Benjamin G. Eyriss, a Philadelphia shipbuilder, with a force of Philadelphia shipwrights, was engaged in the expedition against Newport under Gen. Sullivan in 1778. Among the many able shipbuilders in the Eastern colonies were John Peck of Boston, whose talent was thought to be superior to that of any other builder in the country; the Cross Brothers, who built the Continental frigates Hancock, Boston, and Protector, on the Merrimack, and the Hackett Brothers of Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

Peck's vessels were celebrated for their swiftness and stability. The Hackett Brothers built the famous Alliance, a frigate of thirty-two guns, at Salisbury Point, on the Merrimack. She carried Lafayette to France in 1779. Peter Landais commanded her, and she was much admired in France by the naval experts, as she was known to be very fast. It is traditional that the Alliance, when chased by an English ship in 1782, made fifteen knots by the log with the wind abeam. James Hackett built the 74-gun ship America at Portsmouth, N. H. She was given to the French King in 1782. John Paul Jones superintended her building, and when he turned her over to the French officer, declared her to be the finest example of naval art and skill then in existence—and Jones was an expert. Meanwhile American shipbuilders were busily employed in building, fitting out and outfitting for sea the famous fleet of privateers—that, despite the paternal care of the British navy, drove the British carrying trade from the Atlantic Ocean before peace was established, in 1788. European shipbuilders, in designing, al-

PLEASANT TO TAKE Every Mother! JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT CURES COLIC, COUGH, CRAMPS. Includes an illustration of a woman holding a child.

ways make a three-plan drawing of their ideas—a tedious and complicated process, which when completed, left much to the imagination of the designer. By the use of the model, however, the most intricate geometry of the vessel's curvature is quickly corrected and proved to the fastidious taste of the designer, and then, by a simple process, expanded to the full size of the vessel. It has been a powerful aid to American shipbuilders, and beyond all doubt much of their superiority to the shipbuilders of other countries has been due to the use of this simple mechanical device.

American shipbuilders were exercised more than ever in producing vessels to compete for the European carrying trade about 1801. To avail themselves as neutrals of the trouble then existing between the English and French nations was the object of our merchants, and American diplomacy was powerless to help them. The shipbuilders had now to build vessels that could either "hunt with the hounds or run with the hares"—fight or run away from the European cruisers. History records how they succeeded. Their vessels, particularly the Baltimore built craft, were the talk of the maritime world, and, although ship owning was not always profitable—for the losses as well as the gains were great—in those times, the shipbuilders gained a practical knowledge that placed them far ahead of all other countries.

Joshua Humphreys, the first naval constructor this country ever had, was a distinguished shipbuilder of Philadelphia when Congress in 1794 ordered the construction of six frigates to protect American commerce. In a letter to Robert Morris formulating his ideas about dimensions and order details necessary to produce his ideal war ship, he concludes:

"Such frigates in blowing weather would be an overmatched for two-decked ships, or in light winds, may evade coming to action by outlasting them. Ships built on these principles will render those of our enemy in a degree useless, or will require them to have a superiority in number before they attack our ships."

President Washington and the Secretary of War adopted Mr. Humphreys's views and requested him to prepare the plans and moulds for such frigates as he had proposed in his letter to the department. Hence the origin of the Constitution, United States, Constellation, President, Congress, and Chesapeake, a fleet of fighting craft that filled the braggart Britons with shame.

An analytical comparison made with the European war ships of that time shows unmistakably that the dimensions of our first war ships were chosen with great judgement. The greater length gave more room for the guns, and also made a finer model possible. In the masting and sparring, the ideas of Chapman were accentuated, so to speak, and when stripped to their fighting canvas the handicaps of our frigates was impaired but very little in a working breeze. They always out-maneuvred their antagonists.

In view of all things existing at the time a positive genius was displayed by the Philadelphia shipbuilders, and his substitution of the solid live oak of Florida for the common white oak of the country in the framing of the frigates was an inspiration. This daring innovation was opposed strongly and Congress called Humphreys to account for the extra expense incurred. But look at the result of his foresight: When covered with the tough pasture oak plank of New England, a protection was offered to the men at the guns far superior to that of any other ships then afloat. The great disparity in the number killed and wounded, always in favor of the American frigates, that followed their deadly deeds resulted directly from this then novel idea. It astounded the naval men of the world—the slight, comparative loss of life aboard the Constitution and the United States.

Said Admiral Duckworthy of the Halifax station to Capt. Longhorne of the British sloop of war Alert, when the war first broke out: "Engage the first Yankee you see and tow him into Halifax." In 1814, Sir Edward Croker, in a confidential circular sent to the commanders of all the British frigates, said in substance: "Don't engage them single handed; fight them only until supported." And this is the story of the tough pasture oak of 1812, about which many volumes have been written by naval men without one line of praise being given to the constructor who designed or the mechanic who built "Old Ironsides."—N. Y. Sun.

The dinner bill has no charms for a dyspeptic or bilious person. To enjoy your food, avoid dyspepsia and have healthy action of the liver, use Laxa-Liver Pills, small, sure, never gripes. One pill after a too-heavy meal removes all ill-effects. They cure indigestion and give a good appetite.

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# WOMAN and HER WORK.

I see that the latest Vanderbilt bride and groom are not having exactly what is usually called "a good time" on their honeymoon journey! They are passing a large portion of the month of sweetness at Saratoga, in a seclusion which they have vainly tried to make very strict by leaving orders at their hotel that no cards shall be delivered to them. Rather discourteous, one would think, but then few of us are versed in the ways of the very rich; or can understand their feelings. At any rate Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt junior, though they are isolated, are very far from being secluded; in fact they are the objects of such close and unremitting attention on the part of the inhabitants of Saratoga in general, and the guests at their own hotel in particular that they are really to be pitied. Every movement is watched and the populace are eager for every scrap to gossip concerning them. They occupy one of the cottage suits of rooms on the second story, facing the inner court yard, of the United States Hotel, and as they never appear in the dining room, taking all their meals in their own rooms, the windows and small private veranda of their apartment seem the cyrcus of all eyes. The hapless and weary young couple have their table placed in the windows opening on this veranda, for the sake, I suppose of getting all the air possible and hundreds of pairs of eyes follow their every movement, this particular inner court yard, with its wide veranda and shady nooks being the favorite resort of the hotel guests.

After they have breakfasted Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt spent part of the morning on their own veranda, and an eager crowd note the number of times the groom addresses the bride, and her expression when she replies. The instant the unfortunate object of all this attention show signs of preparing to get out, the news seems to speed with lightning rapidity, and not only do all the residents of the hotel flock to the doors, windows and verandas, to see them pass, but when they descend the hotel steps and cross the sidewalk to their carriage they find themselves compelled to pass through a dense crowd lined up on the sidewalk, patiently waiting for a glimpse of them. The poor young bridegroom, who has not yet fully recovered from the severe attack of acute rheumatism which prostrated him just before his marriage, and who looks very delicate, is said to be especially sensitive to this sort of persecution, and not long since when the driver asked for directions before starting, he answered wearily, "For heaven's sake take us to the woods."

Of course the circumstances attending the marriage, the well-known, and widely advertised opposition of the bridegroom's family on the score of his youth, and the eight or nine years seniority of his bride, would be largely responsible for the attention which the young couple attract, as well as their exalted position and great wealth, but it would seem to Canadians as if such shameless pursuit and annoyance of two private citizens not only passed the bounds of good taste by a very long distance, but showed a good deal of vulgarity.

I suppose it is one of the penalties of wealth and social prominence, but it must be very trying to the people concerned, and almost make them long for the quiet, happiness of the poor young clerk and his bride, who run across to the Jersey shore for a honeymoon of a week, and after spending seven quiet days in a paradise of their own, are both back at work in the city, on Monday morning. Truly, wealth has its drawbacks, and those who are unlucky eight, or ten years, because it is a fact that Miss Grace Wilson was 33 at the time of the marriage, while Mr. Vanderbilt is but 23—but which all the trouble arose, must have been a very sharp and cruel thorn in the poor bride's flesh so widely, and so constantly has the disparity been proclaimed and commented upon. Mrs. Vanderbilt will however, have the consolation of knowing that according to the precedent she has the prospect of a happy life before her as it is well established fact that once a very young man falls truly and honestly in love with a woman older than himself he usually stays in that condition all his life, and makes her an excellent and devoted husband. I say "truly and honestly" because it so seldom happens that a youth of that age really knows his own mind; but young Vanderbilt certainly seemed to know his, judging by the obstinacy with which he stuck to his point, and as his wife must be a very charming woman and well worth winning he was quite right, and I respect him for his determination.

Germany is a strange country, and in spite of its wonderful advancement; in spite of the fact that so far as art, science, literature and many other things, are concerned, it is well to the front amongst other nations, it is curiously behind the age in some things. Its eccentric, one had almost written such-brained and dominating young ruler seems to have room for but one idea in his mind, and it is that all men should be soldiers whether they are

fit for it or not, and that every ruler shall be judged by the size and efficiency of his army, and by no other standard.

Those who have kept an eye upon this young autocrat since his accession to the throne will scarcely be surprised at a new law which has recently been adopted, and will be enforced not only in some benighted provinces, but throughout the whole German Empire. It is one which is quite worthy of Wilhelm III, and his advisors; and its object and effect will be in these days, when progress and enlightenment are making them elves felt even in heathen countries, to reduce the women of Germany to a position socially, mentally and morally lower than that occupied by the women of any other civilized people. According to this code the German woman is simply destitute of rights of any kind. As a mother she has no right to her own children, as a wife her rights are simply nil, and her husband has the power to annul any contract that she may make in business, and can even demand and obtain her earnings from her employer, if she is in any business. If a woman with property marries everything she possesses becomes absolutely her husband's, and in case of his death she is not allowed to be the guardian of her own children. She is, in short, utterly dependent on man, as completely without rights of her own as the dumb beasts of burden with whom she shares the privilege of contributing to man's wealth and advancement, without in any way sharing his prosperity. She may assist him in earning his living but has no right to one cent of the money she earns. To such an extent is this discrimination in favor of man carried that the new law even refuses to give illegitimate children claims upon their fathers, thus throwing the entire burden upon the unhappy mothers. It seems almost incredible to the women of any enlightened country but it is nevertheless a fact that German women have long been prohibited from attending political meetings, and the mere fact of the presence of even a few women at a meeting of the kind is sufficient reason for the breaking up of the assembly, by the police. In spite of this rule, a great meeting of protest against the passage of the new law, was held in Berlin, and of the fifteen thousand persons present a large number were women. Resolutions protesting against the iniquitous law were passed, but all in vain, as the new code became law all the same.

Such a law at this stage of the world's progress is not only a disgrace to Germany but to the whole civilized world, but I fear the disapproval of other nations will not affect the matter in the least for the imperial Autocrat cares little for what his own people think of him, and less, I fancy for the opinion of the world at large.

The subject of a return to white stockings is being spoken of with bated breath as one of the possibilities of the near future! It would indeed be awful, but I cannot regard it as a possibility until we have some more definite reason for alarm. A pair of white silk stockings is perfectly correct as an accompaniment to a wedding costume, or a dainty white evening toilette; white stockings are also quite the proper thing when worn with a white lawn or pique costume, and white kid shoes but it must be remembered that there are not very many of us who can afford to indulge in white silk for steady wear, even if it were not open to the objection of being itchy for winter, and that white in one material means white in another. Fancy a return to the benighted days of white cotton, when we should be going about in mortal terror lest the wind should blow our skirts aside and show the immaculate white hoisery in which we started out, either spotted with mud, or ruined with dust! Why low shoes would soon become a thing of the past, and all the real devilness of footgear in which we have revolved for so long, would inevitably banish with them. When winter came there would be no evading the horrors of white woolen stockings, and after that—chance! Our mothers may have been satisfied to put up with "good sensible white woolen stockings" which they frequently knitted themselves, but I do not think any advanced nineteenth century can ever be induced even by the stern dictates of fashion herself, to endure such an affliction. Therefore I am not feeling at all disturbed by the white stocking scare.

I have been looking up some of the new sleeves, and really they are not half bad, though they do show the outline of the arm more than we are accustomed to. The high full puff starting about five or six inches above the elbow and falling over the perfectly light fitting sleeve, in a thick rolling puff is certainly very stylish and pretty, and so is the full puff which droops a little lower on the inside of the arm, and is caught up and draped high on the shoulder under a buckle. Another pretty sleeve is something like the leg of mutton of this time last year, except that it is much smaller, and most of the fullness droops towards the back while all down the arm the material is arranged in wrinkles

on the lining. Then there are several varieties of the bishop sleeve, which should always be popular because it is so universally becoming, besides being so comfortable. It conceals the thin arm, and veils the too redundant charms of the fat one, it is pretty in all fabrics, and a perfect blessing in wash materials, being so easily laundered. Some of the newest bishop sleeves show two clusters of tufts three in a group, one cluster placed a little below the shoulder and the other just at the elbow; pretty fanciful cuffs finish the wrists. The triple cape at the top of the sleeve is seen on many of the very latest sleeves, but somehow it has rather an old-fashioned look, reminding one of the styles of four years ago.

August and September are supposed to be the proper months for outing, and the fashion journals are filled with every variety of designs for hunting, cycling, golfing, and camping costumes. These dresses are really very useful and sensible, being adapted for mountain climbing, rough country walking, and having the skirts reasonably short, and narrow, and the coats usually loose fitting in front, half fitted at the back, and with quite an assortment of pockets. Such dresses are usually unlined and the seams of the most stylish amongst them are always strapped, instead of being plainly stitched, and frequently piped and trimmed with leather. Bloomers, or more frequently quite close fitting knickerbockers of the same material accompany each suit; they are gathered into a yoke at the waist and pulled below the knee over an elastic.

The only really proper model for bicycle suit, is now generally conceded to consist of a skirt which reaches nearly to the ankle a short jacket, blouse waist, and of course the inevitable bloomers to be worn beneath. Since the hot weather gaiters have been pretty generally discarded, and where the high laced boots are found too warm also, cycle stockings which are a skillful imitation of leggings, with leather stitching, and a row of buttons down the outside can be procured at a small cost.

## WEST INDIAN SERVANTS.

A Colony of Ten Thousand of Them in New York.

Every steamship from the West Indies brings to New York a group of negroes who have left the islands to seek service here. The colony of West India negroes in this city now numbers not far from 10,000, and the extent of the emigration is beginning to be felt by the white residents of the West Indies, who fear that "help" will soon be getting scarce.

Household servants in the West Indies are individually cheap, but it takes a large staff of servants to keep up an establishment there. Wages is small, but the work apportioned among many is light. The tales of them fabulous wages, and of the delights of the great city, sent to the West India negroes by their friends in New York, are the talk of the house servants of every plantation, and unrest and the desire to share the good fortunes of their friends follow.

The West India emigrants find little difficulty in getting good places here. "Every West India negro, man or woman, can cook," any one who has lived in or visited the island will declare, and as a rule, they make more desirable servants than the average of household help. Those who are here are always ready to help a new arrival to a place, and their mistresses are usually able to boast to other women of their help. Household service on the island where the family gets a good deal more waiting upon than in "the States," makes the West India who is engaged as waitress and "upstairs girl" a revelation to a New York family, and, as for cooks, how they can cook! The cook's hand is likely to be "a little to heavy" with the pepper box, but the American palate soon takes kindly to the highly seasoned dishes that she sends to the table. Their soups and "made dishes" of meats and their ways of cooking rice and other vegetables are worthy of imitation. 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THE TRAITOR.

In the little village of Padron, in Galicia, during the French invasion, lived Garcia de Paredes, a crabbled old bachelor and homesick apothecary.

"What are we going to do?" asked one of the shadows. "Break in the door," suggested a woman. "And kill them," growled many voices.

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"Eloin, at the right," cried the apothecary, speaking to the boy. "Debit, eleven."

"Debit, two hundred and eighty-five; credit, two hundred."

THE GEORGIA MOONSHINER.

Not an Object of Beauty, but Pathetic Going to Jail and Deftant at Home.

A moonshiner is not an object of beauty says a writer in the N. Y. Sun, but he is pathetic as he is seen on the North Georgia railroad trains going to jail, roped together with two or three companions in bid luck and yanked around by a guardian who is distinguished by pistols, strange coats, and tobacco juice.

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hog bladders, I threw open the door of the adjoining room before either mother or son realized my intention.

There, in full view, was a small whiskey still, set in a pine box with the lid thrown back. Beside it was another huge box of corn, all ready for use.

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RISING SUN STOVE POLISH. BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD. DO NOT BE DECEIVED. HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS. DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS.

MARRIED. New Glasgow, Aug. 4, by Rev. W. I. Croft, William James Elms to Matilda M. Wheeler M. Wheeler.

TAUGHT A DOG TO SING. New York Central Engineer Claims He Accomplished the Feat.

HUMPHREYS' No. 1 Cures Fever. No. 2 " Worms. No. 3 " Infants' Diseases.

BORN. Halifax, Aug. 2, to the wife of John Pace, a son.

DIED. East Jordan, Aug. 11, Ella Poole. Windsor, Aug. 22, Wm. Curry, 72.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after MONDAY, the 2nd June, the trains of this Railway will run daily except on public holidays, as follows:

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. HARVEST EXCURSIONS. TO THE Canadian North West.

EXPRESS TRAINS. Halifax 4:15 a.m. arr in Digby 10:16 a.m.

DOMINION EXPRESS CO. Money orders sold to points in Canada, United States and Europe.

CANADIAN EXPRESS CO. General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers.

Letters Come.

Letters come day by day telling us that this person has been cured of dyspepsia, that person of Bad Blood, and another of Headache, still another of Biliousness, and yet others of various complaints of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels or Blood, all through the intelligent use of Burdock Blood Bitters.

HOUSES IN TREE-TOPS.

The Indians of Guiana Build Beyond the Reach of Floods. One's interest in the Guiana country naturally centers about the most fertile region, that which commands the mouth of its great waterway.

BBB CURES. Logo for Burdock Blood Bitters.