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Yarmouth N. S., January 9th, 1899.

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VOL. XII, NO. 581.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1899.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

IN THE HEAT OF BATTLE.

THE CHOICE OF A RECTOR DEVELOPS MUCH TROUBLE.

The Meeting of Voters was a stormy one and was conducted on the lines of a Political Campaign—Cause of the Trouble—High vs. Low Church.

Since the death of the Venerable Archdeacon Brigstocke which occurred on March 3rd last, the troubles of Trinity church have been many. It has been known throughout the city that the church was divided against itself, and that there were numerous factions, every one of which was firmly convinced that its own particular side of the question was the only correct one, and which if followed would bring the church to its former state of prosperity and peace.

The most potent of these influences had to do with high and low churchism and it was on this rock that the congregation seems to have come to grief or at least to have become involved in troubles which threaten to be most serious and to interfere materially with the peace and harmony of the church.

The question of High vs Low church is now attracting world wide attention and the English churches have for some time experienced an upheaval which can be traced distinctly to the disquieting phases of this much vexed question. More than one congregation so divided had its very existence threatened; by the rending of its adherents, and it is with the greatest difficulty that the slightest semblance to harmony has been restored. It is not surprising then that the discussion has at last invaded St. John and good old Trinity has been the first to smart under its influences.

While the effect of the ritualistic question has been felt in all the local churches of the episcopal denomination yet any serious difference did not arise until the Trinity rectorship came to be considered.

The Episcopal church allows the congregation of any vacant charge six months time in which to choose a rector. It fell to come to any agreement in that time the bishop of the diocese makes an appointment which must be satisfactory to the congregation.

The six months allowed Trinity has not yet expired, so the bishop's services have not yet been called into requisition. The congregation has had the choice of a successor of the late Archdeacon Brigstocke under serious consideration for the last two months. A committee was appointed to take the necessary steps to fill the vacancy and the meeting of the congregation was called for Tuesday evening this week to hear the committee report and to take action on it.

It was decided that only pew holders in good standing would be allowed to vote and this led to the committal by some of the church authorities of deeds which can hardly be reconciled to the idea of purity which is supposed to be one of the principal tenets of religion. Before the meeting the high and low church parties organized for the campaign with as much heat as though the future of a government or great political party hung in the balance. It would have been much better had they not done so, for deals followed in the wake of organization and the proceedings that resulted were undignified and of a nature that the smallest country chapl should be heartily ashamed of.

A few instances of the great zeal of the more ardent supporters of the respective parties may be cited. In one instance a pew holder who is well off in this world's goods purchased nine vacant pews and presented them to as many friends and employes on condition that they attend the meeting and vote as he directed.

Another pew holder had forfeited his right to vote by allowing his pew rent to remain unpaid. He surrendered his pew which was at once taken up by his son who paid one month's rent and was placed on the voters list. The father was then given another pew on condition that he and his son vote a certain way.

Other instances may be mentioned but these cited are sufficient to show the chaotic state of mind of Trinity's congregation.

When the meeting opened Tuesday evening Mr. C. F. Kinmar took the chair and after prayer by Rev. Mr. Dickinson the object of the meeting was stated and the committee was asked to report. Mr. J. A. McAvity then said that the names chosen had narrowed down

to two—Rev. J. C. Farthing of Woodstock, Ont., and Rev. J. A. Richardson of Winnipeg. Both gentlemen were well fitted for the charge. Letters were then read testifying to the ability and glowing qualities of each of the candidates. No allusion was made with the qualifications of either candidate and were it not for the fact that they occupied different sides of the church question all would have been well. As it was the meeting was nothing but a battle between the two factions and a very hot battle at that. After Rev. Mr. Farthing and Richardson had both been nominated and the meeting proceeded to election the fun began.

The names of the pewholders were called and as each name was announced that person voted. The first few voters cast their ballots amid a silence broken only by the voice of the clerk as he slowly called out other names.

All of a sudden there was a halt in the proceedings and each man eyed his neighbor as if half ashamed of what had just taken place—a voter had been challenged—a campaign dodge pure and simple introduced into a church election. The challenged one could not satisfy the chairman so he was turned down. Two or three others were also turned down because they were not baptized.

After some discussion as to the rights and wrongs of the chairman's action it was decided to recall those who had been rejected and permit them to vote. This was agreed to and the vote gave Mr. Richardson a majority of two the figures being Richardson 44, Farthing 42. The second ballot resulted in Richardson 46, Farthing 38 and the third gave Mr. Richardson 46 and Mr. Farthing 37.

Another ballot was taken and although only 88 persons voted it was found that an extra ballot had by accident or design found its way into the ballot box. Of course it must have been an accident for ballot box stuffing would hardly be resorted to by the good church members. At any rate the troublesome ballot was there and it had the effect of making the whole ballot void. The ballot was taken over again and resulted in 44 for Mr. Richardson and 39 for Mr. Farthing.

It is necessary in order to extend a call to a pastor for an Episcopal church that he have two thirds of the congregation in his favor which in Tuesday's meeting would mean over 55 votes. As neither party would give or take, it was impossible to secure the requisite number for either candidate so it was decided to adjourn the meeting until July 11th, when inquiries could be made as to the high or low church proclivities of both men. In the mean time Trinity is being supplied by Rev. Mr. Dickinson and it is now probable that on account of the stormy character of their recent meeting that his supply will be continued for some time as it is not at all probable that either Mr. Farthing or Mr. Richardson will allow their names to be again to be placed in nomination.

Indeed the average Churchman does not see how they can consistently do any thing else. It is just possible however that the two parties may compromise on a third gentleman whose name has not yet been made public and who is not a very ardent devotee of either side preferring rather to do his duty as he sees it than to take any active part in the debate of vexed ecclesiastical questions which have already sorely tried the minds of the best minds in the Episcopal clergy or laity. Meanwhile Trinity's congregation is in a state of ferment and even the chimera have been so shocked at the turn affairs have taken that they maintain a dignified silence and their merry peal has not been heard once this week.

The return engagement of the W. S. Harkins company began on Thursday evening when Niobe, one of the prettiest and most laughable pieces in the company's repertoire was presented to a large and representative audience. In the role of Niobe, the beautiful statue which under electrical influence becomes a living creature. Miss Mabel Estlin was seen at her best, her stately stunner beauty being enhanced by her Grecian draperies. She was quite perfect in the part, and the warm welcome she received upon her first appearance was convincing proof of the place she holds in the hearts of St. John's theatre goers. Mr. Farman too was at his best and his thorough natural, easy manner made the character of Consul Griffin one of the most pronounced

successes of the performance. Mr. McWade, Miss Stillman, Miss Williams and the others in the cast were equally good. Niobe will be repeated this afternoon, and tonight those who are anxious to know what happened to Jones, Broadhurst's best comedy may learn of his funny predicaments. For the holiday there is an especially rich treat in store Brown's in Town being the matinee bill, and The Wrong Mr. Wright getting all his troubles straightened out in the evening. Both are excruciatingly funny plays, and will crowd the opera house to overflowing.

A LOTHARIO WHO STRIPPED.

He had Arranged to be Married But Did not Stay for the Ceremony.

There is one barber missing from town. His name is Harry Peck and his native place is Digby, Nova Scotia. Harry came across the bay two years ago, and there were good grounds then for supposing that he suited his own convenience and disappointed a lady friend when he left the place so suddenly. A warrant was spoken of and some said it was served here but on the wrong man. However, Harry escaped the results of his Digby attachment and folly and began to make friends in St. John. He was a likeable fellow, a good steady workman and it is not surprising that in a short time a young woman began to prefer his society. She was just as popular with Harry as he was with her and they made arrangements to set up house-keeping together. That was some weeks ago. A flat was rented from a Mrs. Watson and the young woman began to select her furniture and other necessities.

Monday morning Harry did not show up at his place of employment and it was only through information from his room mate that it was understood that he had taken the steamer for somewhere. He paid his board bill to date and departed.

The night before he had spent with his sweetheart and her friends knew that their plans were nearing completion on Monday when she told them. It was only through a cautious inquiry made by his prospective landlady as to her future tenant that the report spread of his departure for as soon as she heard it from his surprised employer she went direct to his fiancée and told her. There was consternation then because deception had followed love and the flight of the young man leaves the girl in a pitiful plight indeed.

WANTED THE GALLERY CLEARED.

Spectators in a Church That Were Controlled by the Rector.

A little incident that happened in connection with a recent wedding has created considerable talk around town and much speculation has been indulged in as to what will be the outcome of the whole business. Although the marriage took place in a well known church at about noon hour a large number of people gathered to see two popular young people united in the holy bonds of matrimony.

It seems that the rector had given instructions that no person should be allowed in the gallery and to prevent anyone invading that portion of the church the entrance was roped off. In spite of this obstruction however, when the hour of the ceremony arrived the gallery was well filled with people who wished to see it performed. The rector refused to proceed until the gallery was cleared, and this not proving an easy task, he started to accomplish it himself. There was one lady however up there who had very strong ideas as to her rights, who sat in her own pew and who did not propose to vacate it because the rector requested her to do so. So she remained. She was obstinate and so was he and the result was that it was not until a policeman was sent for, that, preferring not to make a scene in the church, she left the gallery. Then the service went on as usual. There is a statement to the effect that the lady will not permit the matter to end without inquiring into the authority of the rector. But this is hardly probable.

Out Rather Than In.

Owing to Dominion Day falling on Saturday the publication day of PROGRESS this paper is printed somewhat earlier than usual this week and sold on the streets of this city Friday afternoon and evening in order that readers who go out of town for the holiday may procure a copy.

Published Weekly, except on Dominion Day, at 11 Westport.

HOW TO SPEND THE DAY.

VARIOUS PLANS IN MANY QUARTERS FOR A HAPPY HOLIDAY.

Excursions out of town and excursions into town—Sports on Lily Lake—Base Ball Grounds and Theatre Centre of the Town—Horse Races at St. Stephen.

It is seldom that Dominion day comes on Saturday but when it does it seems as if all the people made additional preparations to observe it. In some respects the day has not the same advantages as one in the middle of the week because so many things are usually crowded into the last day of the week that it is a difficult matter to make it a holiday.

Still it would seem that the people are prepared to do it this year if one may judge from the events that are scheduled to take place. As a general rule the stores will close though it may be noted that Recorder Skinner says the city has no right to close the country market. Grocery stores are not likely to get much rest because no matter how much fun is going on their patrons must eat and there are many purchases that cannot be made Friday for Sunday.

There are many indications that the number of people going out of town will be unusually large. It is seldom that there is an opportunity to get two days together in the country and very many will embrace the opportunity of the brief holiday. All the boats run excursions on the river. The Western starts from Fredericton comes to St. John and then returns to the capital the same evening. This will give the celestials a chance to spend the day on the river and those in St. John who stay at a similar trip can board the Victoria in the morning at Indian town and go to Fredericton and return. The Clifton too is bent upon an excursion and will give a chance to any who are looking up the Kennebecasis for pleasure and recreation.

The railways have made special rates and they have been well advertised and excursions out of town are almost too numerous to mention. These things, however, did not deter the Polymorphians and members of the Neptune rowing club from having attractions in the city and judging from the programme that they have outlined the water sports will be as interesting as they are novel. Their idea was to counteract the craze to leave the town on that day and to provide some sport that would draw people to the town. So their programme covers not only the afternoon but the evening when with the aid of electric light there will be sports on the Athletic grounds at the Marsh bridge.

During the day the principal attraction for many ball cranks will be the games between the Roses and Alerts. The rivalry between these teams is getting keener as the weeks pass and the number of games in the series that have been played larger. A new pitcher has come to town for the Alerts and the followers of that team are confident that he will assist them to win the series. Perhaps there are some patrons of the game who will regret the necessity of hiring an outside man—a professional as they term him—but they have only to recall a few years ago when there was not one but many professionals on the two teams then fighting for supremacy.

Ladies and children who do not want to walk to the park and see the sports and who don't care for the ball games can spend the afternoon in the opera house when the Harkins company will give a matinee as well as an evening performance. Holiday performances are always an attraction in St. John even when they are given on Saturday and with so good a company as Mr. Harkins has these should prove no exception to the rule.

Border enterprise will take away some people because the only horse races within easy reach are to be held there. Special Blend and another good one represents Mr. Willis' stable and they are an attraction anywhere. Mr. Fowler sends one and there are plenty of good ones from elsewhere. Special Blend nearly came to grief to a few days ago having hurt himself in his stall, but by means of careful treatment he improved so that his owner took the risk of sending him to the track, though whether he will be able to start or not is not known yet. The purses are large and the two meetings on Saturday and Tuesday will practically open the racing season in the Maritime provinces. A good many horsemen will go to the border to watch the exciting events.

HIS LIGHT SENTENCE.

Grover who Murdered McLean Got Ten Days.

Is the taking of a human life ever justifiable? Evidently there are some people who think so and, despite all law to the contrary, are prepared to stand by their principles.

If twelve good men and true had not unanimously agreed that Alfred Grover of York county was thoroughly justified in killing McLean the former would now be a condemned murderer awaiting the final act in a tragedy, instead of having a ten days sentence for manslaughter.

It will be remembered that after a night of wild orgie and debauching in the Grover household at Stanley, Grover claimed to have found McLean in his wife's room—occupying the same bed in fact—in a fit of rage he stabbed him to death.

When the inquest was held the jury returned the verdict of "death by stabbing" omitting the name of the man who was known to have used his knife with such deadly effect. The trial came to a close this week in Fredericton, and during its progress evoked a deep interest in the capital and vicinity. On the closing day, Tuesday, an immense throng of people were on hand when the court opened and throughout the day it was densely packed.

When the after dinner session opened Judge Vanwart delivered his charge to the Jury. After referring to the charge against the prisoner he said that the latter stood before them in law innocent of the crime charged against him. The taking of life is held prima facie to be murder, but there are cases under which it can be reduced from murder to manslaughter. After quoting the law on the subject, his honor said that it seemed to him that there could be no doubt, in fact it was admitted, that McLean lost his life at Grover's hands on the morning of May 19. It was claimed by Grover that he killed McLean under circumstances that did not make it murder. He was not going to express any opinion on the view or tell them who they were or were not to believe. If they believe the evidence of Grover that he found McLean in bed with his wife and killed him in the heat of passion it was for them to say if that was not sufficient provocation, and whether or not the passions of Grover had time to cool down. The attorney general held that the prisoner's passions did have time to cool down, but the jury must remember that all men were not alike, and it was for them to decide whether or not the contention of the crown was correct. He reminded the jury that they were to judge the case only by so much evidence as they believed. His honor then referred briefly to the evidence given by James Humble and Dr. Moore and Major Hows regarding certain statements made by the prisoner on the morning after the tragedy as particularly deserving of their careful attention. He pointed out to the jury the great responsibility that rested upon their shoulders, and urged them to lay aside all sympathies. The verdict may not meet with the approval of everybody, but if it commended itself to their conscience and they had discharged their duty fairly and honestly they need not care for public criticism. He explained that under the indictment they could find the prisoner guilty of either murder or manslaughter, but if they fail to find him guilty or murder it would seem to be their duty to return a verdict of manslaughter. He spoke for about twenty minutes with the utmost impartiality.

A little after half past two the jury returned and during their absence Mr. Gregory, Grover's lawyer, informed the attorney general that should the case go against his client he intended to appeal. There was however no necessity of this for when the jury returned the foreman announced that though they acquitted the prisoner on murder they found him guilty of manslaughter.

Mr. Gregory, on being asked if he had reason to offer why sentence should not be passed, addressed the court briefly. He said that he had visited the prisoner's cell shortly after the tragedy and found her in a very repentant mood and willing to assume all responsibility for the affair. She had mortgaged her farm to provide the means for Grover's defence. Mr. Gregory in conclusion expressed the hope that his honor would deal as leniently as possible with the prisoner.

His honor, after addressing Grover at (Continued on Fourth Page)

BATTLES WITH BIG FISH.

ANGLING FOR THE TUNA WITH LIGHT BOATS AND LINES.

Comparisons Between the Tarpon and the King of California Waters—Contests With Fish That Swims Long Distances—Swim With a Tuna.

'There's no use in talking,' said a member of the Tuna Club of California who was the little blue button which showed that he was well up in the order and had landed his 100-pound fish; 'there is no use in denying it, fishermen are cranks. Here's a note I have just received from a man in London who is coming all the way to this island to catch a tuna, and then I suppose he will go all the way back again, just to land a fish. But it is worth it. I'd travel to Jericho rather than have missed my experience with tunas; there is nothing like it.'

'Except tarpon,' said a quiet-looking man who was tossing pebbles into the glasslike bay.

'Not excepting tarpon,' responded the first speaker, 'and I have caught both.'

'I believe, though,' said the other man, 'as he picked up another handful of pebbles that there is more excitement in taking a tarpon.'

'Excitement, is it? Well if a man goes fishing with the hope that he will not get his head knocked in or his boat stove, and is always hankering after some accident, perhaps tuna fishing is tame.'

'There is Mygatt of New York,' replied the quiet man; 'he was knocked senseless by a tarpon at Santa Gorda last week, and it took three hours, they say to bring him round.'

'Well,' retorted the tuna advocate, perhaps that sort of fishing goes in Florida; and if I lived at Santa Gorda I would stop fishing and start an anglers insurance society.'

'What does the element of excitement come in?' asked a new arrival on the island.

'Why, I don't know,' said the Tuna Club man. 'I believe I've had more excitement in the times when I never got a strike than at any other; the bottled-up excitement and anticipation was quite enough for me. But I have caught everything from the tarpon up, and to my mind the tuna is the king of game fishes. We have a monopoly of them on this island, and if the Tuna Club was a business corporation I have no doubt we would get up a trust, control the output and sell the shares to whom we would. The tunas are found here principally because they are an oceanic fish, rarely going near the mainland. But this is a rocky island, rising out of extremely deep water, and the tunas come here because they can drive the flying fish into the bays and coves and prey upon them. He is a queer bird, this leaping tuna—We have the flying fish in great numbers from the 1st of May or thereabouts to November, and the tuna will take it as bait until the middle of August, or three months; after that he appears to pay his attention to other food, as small squid.'

'The Tuna Club, with its membership of nearly two hundred, is named after the fish, and the members are enthusiastic advocates of taking the game creature up to two hundred pounds with a rod. I don't mean it should be understood that they all have taken tunas. No, indeed, I have heard that several gentlemen have taken twenty tarpons in a day, but the tuna is another thing, and one day will satisfy the average man, and but twenty-four members of the club—those who are wearing the blue button—have taken a fish weighing seventy-five or so.'

'What is the reason?' asked the man who had been tossing pebbles into the sea.

'Well,' and the tuna siast smiled, 'the men who don't get the tuna have more reasons why than you could remember; but I think the explanation that appeals to expert anglers of the club who lose fish is that they hook fish that are too large to land. You see, the club does not permit a large line, and the fisherman, tyro or expert, goes forth with a rod weighing twelve ounces, or so and a thread of a line. There are several ways of fishing. You can go out in a rowboat and row yourself about, and perhaps get a strike not a hundred feet from shore; but it would be a miracle if you landed your fish. Then you can sit in a launch; and a third way is to have your rowboat fastened behind a launch which will tow you along at the proper speed—a rate approximating the speed of the flying fish when trying to escape. The line ought to be 800 or 900 feet long; the leader a seven-foot wire, flexible and strong; the hook a 7/0 or 8/0; the reel is a big multiplier, rubber and German silver and with a whole flying fish as bait and comfortable seated in a cushioned chair in the stern of your boat you are ready.'

'A great deal depends on your boatman, as if he is awake he can see a slight fly-

ing fish a long distance away, and puts the launch in that direction. In launch fishing there are many advantages. You have a big boat with you in case of accident, and you can take ladies along, who will applaud you when you catch a fish and mercilessly gibe you when you lose it. We will suppose now that we are starting off. The painter of the boat is spliced onto a long line, which is run through a belt in the stern of the boat and aboard the boat again and fastened with a half hitch. At the boatman's hand his two gaffs are in place, and you would notice that his oars are shipped and half-cocked up, ready to slip over. Our seats are in the stern, one behind the other. As we move off you slack out about 100 feet of line each, so that the baits are opposite—a necessary point to observe, as almost invariably the fish run in pairs and each line is taken. Sometimes the strike comes in the Bay of Avalon; sometimes off the point, but always, or nearly always, near shore, and in the morning from 4 to 10 and from 3 to 8 in the afternoon; never in the middle of the day.

'Oh, yes, you can generally tell when it is coming by the flying fish that are leaving the water. Suddenly one scarse across the line, and it is then that the thumping of your heart sounds loud and you intuitively feel your rod handle and heavy leather brake. A moment later it comes—something half way between an earthquake and a cyclone; something that makes the reel whistle and scream; and try as you will the delicate line melts away beneath your thumb, and you are trembling with excitement. Perhaps your companion is gently swearing to himself, having lost his fish, or perhaps he is bracing back, his line also flying off like a living thing. As a rule one fish escapes and the other takes from 200 to 400 feet of line before the angler knows where he is at.

'It takes very little time to get this smunt off the reel, but it is long enough for a good many things to happen. The apparition of a five or six foot mass of silver and blue leaping into the air with the line in its mouth has been known to throw strong men into a species of buck fever, so that they merely sat and watched the line escape and were incapable of checking it or reeling it. Assume that you are not easily demoralized; the moment the click of your reel has sounded your boatman has cast off the painter, the launch sweeps ahead and the carman is backing water, and by the time three or four hundred feet of line has gone out the boat is gliding along stern first, and the fish is towing the boat if you have succeeded in stopping the rush with your brake. If these two propositions do not agree, in time—why, the fish goes and your three dollar line parts company with you forever.'

'But there are other contingencies. Sometimes the fish never stops; he may be a big fellow—no one can tell how large, as tunas have a way of growing up to several hundred pounds; but the average here weigh from 95 to 150 pounds. Sometimes the line has a weak strand and breaks; now it is the wire; again the shark or another tuna slides up beneath it and cuts it. But if everything goes well you should stop the first rush in 200 feet and then be able to hold the fish and let him tow the heavy boat to take some of the life out of him; and from this point on it depends upon the fish. It will be an interesting thing now to take out your watch and see how long this game creature will fight you. Some fish have methods peculiar to them, and affect men differently. Some fight for an hour and then literally drop dead from heart failure; and these are the fellows that come up tail first. The twenty-four men who have caught 100-pounders can tell you twenty-four fish stories, each with some peculiarity. Take the catch of Clifford R. Scudder of St. Louis, one of the best known men in the club. He hooked a tuna at about 6 o'clock in the morning, and for hours played him with all his strength, but could never get the fish with a hundred feet of the boat, the game creature swimming in great circles and slowly towing it out. At about 10 o'clock the launch, which had been standing by, came into Avalon and reported that he was fast to a tuna about four miles out. The launch was loaded with ladies and friends and some breakfast, and it was one of the party. We found Mr. Scudder about five miles from shore. He was working for his life on the fish; no man could do more, but it seemed impossible to get it near the boat. It twenty feet were made it was immediately lost, and then, seeing that both angler and boatman were weary, one of our party went aboard and took the oars while the boatman took the rod. He immediately lost fifty feet and things assumed the shape they had when the strike came, the tuna circling but ever going out. The launch was finally

obliged to take some of the ladies in, and before it got back it had begun to blow. The men in the boat had about made up their minds to make a run for the mainland, when just as they were deliberating the fish showed signs of weakening, and after a desperate effort they brought it to the gaff and the boatman hauled it in. Even then the fish was so lively that it humped and beat the boat in a violent manner. When the tired anglers took out their watches they found it was just seven hours since the beginning of the contest, during which the tuna had towed them nearly twenty miles. They were out of sight of Avalon, and the launch had some little difficulty in finding the white towel stowed with tuna blood which they hung to the breeze on the end of an oar.

'This was an exceptionally hard fight. The average tuna is taken in an hour and gives a splendid exhibition of strength, cunning and power. Often the strike is unusual, the fish leaping high in the air and coming down like a rocket upon the bait, or surging along the surface ten or twelve feet, churning the water into foam, or again striking from below, rising into the air with the bait in a splendid leap. As to the play of the fish, some are disappointing, some magnificent, the old story of the salmon; but my average catch is eminently satisfactory. It asked to suggest the most interesting movement of the fish, I should say it was the method of charging the man with the rod. In small fish of eighty pounds this is first felt by a slacking of the line, and the novice in despair turns to the boatman with the lamentation, 'He's gone!' but he finds out his mistake. In one fish that I took—a large one—this was illustrated in a most graphic fashion. I had stopped the fish at the 900-foot limit, and was trying to reel in, standing when I saw a whirl far away, the water larly boiling. The next moment the line felt. To all intents and purposes the fish had gone, but I took no chances and reeled on the big multiplier; my head swam and eyes danced I assure you.

'Well, my intuition was correct. The fish was racing at me, charging like a bull, and I raced to meet the move. I saw him coming and was at least fifty feet behind when he reached within twenty feet of me. Then seeing me he turned and dashed away, thinking to catch me unawares. Time and time again did this splendid fish try this trick, and the nervous strain of the movement told on me and was a potent factor in the four-hour struggle, during which the fish circled, swam directly away, shot in, now plunging down to the bottom, rising, stopping to beat and hammer on the line, always fighting and never giving up until the cruel gaff pierced his silver sides. I can tell you I was about finished; the fish had me on the run and I was sorry to see him killed. Such a fight, of four hours, towing a boat nearly ten miles and making the last rush of four miles, was deserving of better fortune; yet when we brought him in and found he was the record breaker up to that time, there was joy in the kind of savage joy the angler is supposed to feel, which recalls Beowulf's description of a friend who was casting a fly for trout with 'death in his eye and hell in his heart.'

'Compare the two fish—tuna and tarpon. I have caught both, and both are splendid fish, but their play is entirely different. The tarpon is a greater jumper after he is hooked, but the tuna is a tiger, and I don't know whether you wonder or not when you see him leap ten feet into the air or when you hold the rein and he tows your heavy boat ten or fifteen miles. The tuna is my favorite, as he is caught in smooth waters, where an unpleasantly warm day, in the Eastern sense, is unknown, while when after the silver king you must sit in a tropic sun. The stories told of tuna would fill a book. I know a young man who was fishing for one after dark when a shapely tuna leaped over the boat. I have known a tarpon to leap aboard a steamer on the St. John's River and have seen one leap over a boat. Senator Quay, who is an honorary member of our club, has had some singular experiences with tarpon, one leaping over his boat, falling into it and going through the bottom—a trick a tuna could easily do. A boatman was casting one day for tunas when he appeared about the boat, when just as he cast a large fish shot out of the water and took the bait before it fell, and was ultimately caught. This may seem remarkable to you, but it was a very natural thing for the fish to do, as he saw the flying fish in the air and supposed it was alive.

'The most remarkable event in the history of the Tuna Club was the swim of Jim Gardner, the boatman. He was boatman for the President of our club and for J. C. Townsend of Philadelphia, who were fishing for the first fish of the season. They both had strikes at the same time, but Mr. Townsend failed to hook his fish. His companion brought his fish to gaff in about forty minutes, and Gardner hauled it into the boat and was about to release his gaff when the fish in a series of struggles landed on the opposite rail and captured the boat, throwing them all into the water. The boat would hold only one, so Mr. Townsend got it, the others starting to swim to the launch, which then lay perhaps 500 feet away. She met the swimmers half way, and Gardner still had the fish by the gaff and never relinquished his grip, though the fish in its lunge carried him down out of sight three times and rolled him over in its efforts to escape. A mere remarkable swim, or a plucky one, was never made or recorded in the annals of sport; and the story of how the first tuna of the season was saved by Jim Gardner will long be told around these parts.'



When a Boy Enters

This school is not given a text-book with a lot of definitions to learn, as in the old way, but he is put at once to doing business as it is done in the outside world. Send for Catalogue.

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the boat and was about to release his gaff when the fish in a series of struggles landed on the opposite rail and captured the boat, throwing them all into the water. The boat would hold only one, so Mr. Townsend got it, the others starting to swim to the launch, which then lay perhaps 500 feet away. She met the swimmers half way, and Gardner still had the fish by the gaff and never relinquished his grip, though the fish in its lunge carried him down out of sight three times and rolled him over in its efforts to escape. A mere remarkable swim, or a plucky one, was never made or recorded in the annals of sport; and the story of how the first tuna of the season was saved by Jim Gardner will long be told around these parts.'

A DOG TELEGRAPH OPERATOR.

Its Tail Could Spell Only one Word, but That Word was Effective.

The old time operator, who long ago lost his arm, but who, with many of his kind, exists pleasantly on no apparent income and in an altogether mysterious way that ought to give the rest of the world unbounded faith in Providence, leaned against the desk in the branch telegraph office and lazily took on a blank form a message that was being ticked off in the next room. He got as far as 'I will be ho—' and then a repeater nearer him began to clatter with a market report going across the continent and drowned out the clicking that told of some one's homecoming. It was a quiet hour in the office. The one clerk was working on a report of receipts and a group of messengers were fusing in a corner.

'That market report going out West,' remarked the old-time operator to one in particular, 'reminds me of a good story an old partner who worked out there, told me.'

'That so?' said the clerk, glancing up for a moment. 'What was it?'

The messengers quieted and drew closer. Being thus encouraged, the old timer continued:

'Billy was working for some rusty railroad, and there were only two stations on the line besides the terminals. Billy was the whole thing at one of these stations, and a young fellow whose call over the wire was 'B' was operator at the other. The way Billy told it he didn't see very many human beings in a month, and anything out of the usual that turned up was a theatre to him. Well, he was standing in the door of the station one hot afternoon wishing for something to happen, and suddenly a little yellow cur appeared around the curve to the east and came trotting toward the station. Billy said that the dog seemed to have a smile on its face. It squatted on the platform and looked up at Billy. Billy spoke to it, and it seemed to him that the dog had the most nervous tail he had ever seen a dog wear. As Billy went on to talk to the cur the tail became more agitated, and here's where the story comes in. Billy caught the rapping of the dog's tail on the planks. The raps made four dots, dot, long dash, five dots, over and over again.—I suppose you boys have learned the code,' said the story-teller, turning to the messengers, 'and know that that spells the word 'help'.'

Some of the boys nodded and some only looked sheepish.

'When the dog's tail,' he continued, 'kept on pounding out that word 'help,' Billy realized that the cur was a wonder, and he called it into the office. A dog telegraph operator, even if he can only make one word, isn't to be run across every day. The little cur was desperately hungry and gobbled up a big chunk of meat that Billy gave him. Then it jumped on the desk and lay down, as if it were used to no other bed.

'The road that Billy worked for was principally a carrier for silver bullion from mines and smelters at one terminal to a trunk line at the other terminal. Of course, there was considerable attraction for train robbers, but there hadn't been a hold-up since Billy had been employed on the road. Just at this time, however, a gang of desperate men—and they weren't hard to find in the West those days—had determined to have a try at a bullion train. The train had to slow up on the curve just east of Billy's station, and this point was chosen by the robbers as the right place for them to operate. Accordingly, a few nights after Billy had adopted the dog operator, he was awakened by a rough hand being laid on his mouth, and an equally rough

voice told him to keep his head shut. Billy was dazed, of course, but he realized what was going on, particularly when one of the men in the office took down the red lantern from its nail and lighted it.

'The gang agreed that Billy must be tied, and he was soon fastened good and tight to his narrow bed with a long piece of rope. The gang then went outside. Billy was sort of dizzy with excitement, but when he turned his head and saw the little yellow cur squatting on the table near the knee and squander, a feeling that he had a pal came over him. He spoke softly to the dog, and that started the nervous tail. The tail hit the key, and Billy could tell by the sound that by some chance it was open. The dog sent that one word 'help' over and over again.

'Billy kept on talking to the dog, and wondering what the effect of the nervous tail would be in B's office. By stretching his neck he could see through the window for the moon was up, that the desperadoes were at the curve. They were too far away to hear the instrument. The train would be there in an hour Billy calculated. The minutes dragged on, and the dog curled up and went to sleep. Just then the sounder began, B. had been awakened by the clicking of the instrument. He asked what was the matter again and again, and all Billy could do was to lie there and swear, and presently the sounder shut down. Billy could not make himself believe that the good luck would happen that the other operator would stop the train and warn the crew. He didn't know what a bright young fellow 'B' was.

'It seemed hours to Billy before he heard the distant roar of the coming train. Pretty soon the track began to sing, and the train was only a short distance from the other side of the curve. The suspense must have been something terrible. The train stopped, obeying the signal of the red lantern swung across the track. In a moment more Billy heard a volley of shots. A bullet tore through the thin planking of Billy's little office. The little dog yelled, and next Billy heard a sound of men running. Then some one threw the door of Billy's office open, and the trainmen came in. Billy was released and explanations were made. The other operator had warned the trainmen that something was wrong at Billy's station, and every one was ready with rifles and revolvers. The gang that had intended to loot the bullion train was surprised and had fled. That was all Billy wanted of working there, and he soon came East, bringing the dog with him.'

The story was done. The boys had been intensely interested. The new kid who had stood through it all with his mouth partly open, suddenly came to his feet: 'What come up 'er dog, mister?'

The old-time operator looked down at him seriously.

'You want to know what became of the dog, do you?' he said. 'Well, let me see. Oh, yes, I remember; I got a letter from Billy afterward saying a neighbor had poisoned the dog because it had been chasing his chickens. Say [this to the clerk] let me see you a minute.' And the two drew aside.

The new kid was musing. The other boys grinned cynically. 'Wonder what kind of dope he turns?' said one. 'A quart changed from the clerk's pocket to the old-time operator's.' 'I had expected a letter,' he explained, confidentially, 'but it didn't come, and I am a little hard pushed. I think I can do some work here this week.'

The clerk was somewhat dubious, but there was such a spirit of comradeship about the old-time operator that it seemed fairly to pull the quarter out of the clerk's pocket.

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

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 1

Subscribers who do not receive their paper Saturday morning are requested to communicate with the office.—Tel. 95.

SERIOUS LABOR TROUBLES.

Two strikes, one in Colorado and one in Ohio, claim attention among recent labor troubles. That in Colorado arises from a peculiar chain of circumstances. Last winter the smelter workers appealed to the Populist legislature to be relieved from their long day of 10 or 12 hours, and the state Solons passed an enactment which provides that "the period of employment of workmen in smelters and in all other institutions for the reduction or refining of metals or ores shall be eight hours per day, except in cases of emergency where life or property is in imminent danger." The smelter owners protested that this law would take all the profits from their business, if the same pay was given for eight hours as formerly for 10 to 12, and they proposed to substitute a system of payment by the hour, under which the workmen would receive less per day than when they worked the old time hours. To this the workmen objected, and the present strike, which threatens to involve the whole body of miners and a part of the railroad men, comes from the resulting tangle, which in turn came from the granting by the legislature of the smeltermen's request. The strike may be ended by judicial action, as the law will probably be declared unconstitutional, on the ground that it is class legislation "to single out the mining, manufacturing and smelting industries of the state and impose upon them restrictions with reference to the hours of their employes, from which other employers of labor are exempt."

The Ohio strike, of which Cleveland has been the scene and the street railroad lines the object, resulted from a quarrel between the company and the unions over several questions, among them that of hours for the men and all recognition of the unions as representatives of the employes. So far as the personal dispute between men and company went, the public sympathized with the men, but the strikers unwisely adopted mob methods and alienated much of their support among the respectable portion of the community. The city administration did not control the situation as it should have done, and the new workmen were insulted and in some cases assaulted, the tracks were obstructed, many cars were stoned, and for two weeks disorder and riot reigned supreme. With the civic authorities inefficient and with no power to assume the strong hand itself, the company was compelled to yield, and recent telegrams report that the strike is settled on a basis more favorable to the strikers than to the company. It seems to be a case of good cause, reprehensible methods and success, a combination that is not infrequent, though not often so conspicuous as in this instance. Such victories reflect no credit on the winners, though the result may remedy some abuses, and they reflect still less credit on the authorities of a city where two weeks of riotous behavior is allowed to pass unchecked.

France has a new storm centre in the shape of a cabinet composed of men of all sorts of political belief, from General Gallot, aristocrat and stern soldier, to Millrand, the socialist. The cabinet will take its name from M. Wildeck-Rousseau, but it is really a Dreyfus cabinet, formed to guide the country over the dangerous weeks which follow the home coming of Dreyfus. The members are united on two points, the preservation of the French republic and the retrial of Dreyfus. When the crisis is over the ministry will split up on other questions, but the late of the cabinet will not matter then, provided the

Dreyfus danger point is passed. Anti-Semitism is a powerful enemy and the cabinet his anxious days before it. Fortunately the minister of war is not a man to be frightened at words.

LENIENT TOWARDS WHEELMEN.

The state of New York has a new bicycle law which will have a tendency to increase the pleasure and popularity of cycling and of which the New York Sun says: "The new law places riders in all parts of the State under uniform restrictions; no partiality is shown to wheelmen in any one town or city, and no rural constable may now take the first 'bicycle chap' he sees to the lockup for slight and questionable reasons."

Since the wheel became the poor man's horse and the rich man's trotter, as the saying goes, it has had a hard time being regarded by the lawmakers with more liberality than is shown in the statute referred to. The conditions upon which arrests should be made are set forth with great clearness, and the penalty prescribed for violation of the law is sufficient to produce the effect intended. The question, so vital to persons who wheel outside of their own town, of what constitutes a sidewalk on which cyclists may not ride, is now settled beyond all likelihood of dispute. The law says that bicycles shall not be excluded from "footpaths or portions of public roads lying outside of the thickly settled parts of cities and towns which are worn only by travel, and are not improved by the public authorities or by the abutting owners."

The requirements of wheelmen as regards carrying lights and bells are also sensible and clearly decided. Riders may now "give an alarm by bell, whistle or other device, which may be heard 100 feet distant, when about to meet or pass pedestrians and when about to meet or pass other vehicles." Although wheels generally speaking, must bear lights at night, the law specifies that the section of it requiring lights shall not be applicable to riders "whose light has become extinguished," or to those who are necessarily away from home without a lantern. Such lightless peddlers may proceed at a speed of six miles an hour, provided they give a signal audible 100 feet away "as often as thirty feet are passed over."

Another part of the law stipulates that the speed at which bicycles may travel shall not be "slower than is allowed any other kind or class of vehicle." It is to be hoped that riders will not construe this clause to mean that they will be permitted to keep pace with the automobiles in New York, which during the past few months, for some reason not apparent to a great many people, have been allowed to dash along the avenues and street at almost express-train speed.

While giving wheelmen more advantages than they enjoyed formerly, the new ordinance contains no features which should be objectionable to the non-cycling public. The latter, whether riding or walking, are as well protected by the law's provisions as they could reasonably wish to be. It must not be inferred, if a pedestrian is knocked down by a bicyclist, that the latter will invariably be held blameless for the accident. The purpose of the statute is quite to the contrary. In granting to the riders some unusual concessions it naturally presumes that they will be discreet and cautious at all times, and will give no cause for a revocation of their present privileges.

If the law is conscientiously obeyed it will most certainly become popular.

IT IS A SUCCESS.

Referring to the two cent postage rate the Toronto World says: It will undoubtedly be found, after a year or two's trial, that a two-cent rate for letters will produce as large a revenue as the former three-cent rate. The receipts under the reduced tariff have already exceeded the estimate of the Postmaster-General, and the probabilities are that the deficit caused by the reduction will be completely wiped out in the course of a couple of years. If the government controlled the railways in the United States and in this country we would ere this have had a uniform rate of two cents a mile, perhaps less. A two-cent rate on the railways would produce as large a revenue as three cents. The happy experience of the United States' postoffice with the two-cent letter rate would be repeated in the case of the adoption of a two-cent a mile rate by the railways. In regard to telephones, electric light, gas and other public services, we have by no means reached the lowest rate that is consistent with fair dividends to the shareholders. A big reduction could be made in all these services without adversely affecting the pecuniary interests of any shareholder. The Consumers' Gas Company could sell gas at 75 cents, and still pay 10 per cent dividends with the regu-

larity of clock work. The electric light companies have not yet reached the rate that will bring them in the greatest revenue and the largest profits, and the same may be said of the telephone companies. These services, however, are in the hands of private corporations, which are not directly interested in giving the people the cheapest possible rates. It is only in such services as are controlled by the public that the people get the benefit of low-level rates.

It was a congregational clergyman who officiated in the notorious Belmont-Sloane wedding, so that the action of the general association of Congregational ministers of Connecticut in denouncing this marriage and deploring the extent of the divorce evil comes with peculiar force. "Our ministers," say these resolutions, "should decline to marry parties who are forbidden to re-marry by a decree of the divorce courts in other states or by the rules of other Christian bodies with which they are connected." This is sound doctrine and good citizenship as well. It also hints at the paramount need in divorce legislation of uniform laws.

The End of the Old Mill. The old Panobiquis paper mill will be no more in a short time. It has been sold for old junk to Ald. John McGoldrick and his men have begun the work of tearing the equipment to pieces. Much of the machinery will be little better than old iron but the bolting and some of the boilers, pulleys and shafting will no doubt be very useful to other people. Some of it has been sold already. The paper mill has lost many people in St. John lots of money. One gentleman lost \$15,000 by it, another \$1,500 and the original owners loss is not known. A year or two ago operations were begun again but the same reason that prevented success before stood in the way then. The mill is situated three and a half miles from the railway and transportation back and forth was a very expensive term.

Stood the Test Well. That hose test this week was a peculiar affair. It was all right as a test and a surprise to many of the people present who had an idea that after all the talk about the price of the hose there must be something wrong with it. In this they were mistaken. The mayor and a number of aldermen watched a pressure of 400 pounds to the foot being applied to the new purchase and there was no defect. The couplings were splendid. One or two of the aldermen who had encouraged the investigation were well satisfied with the result and so expressed themselves.

Trip to Beulah Camp. The Star Line steamship company propose to afford an opportunity to those people who wish to visit Beulah camp on Sunday by running the steamer Victoria to Browns Flats. The boat will start at 10 o'clock from Indiantown and leave again for the city at 4:30 in the afternoon. This is not at variance with the spirit of the Sunday observance law because when it was discussed in the legislature special mention was made of these Sunday trips and the legislature saw nothing to prevent them from being made as usual.

Mr. Turnbull's Death.

In the death of W. W. Turnbull which occurred Monday evening, this city loses one of its most prominent citizens and one who has for nearly fifty years closely identified with the commercial interest of the city. Mr. Turnbull had been in poor health for some time and of late years had, to avoid the rigors of a northern climate spent his winters in the North and South. He was very seriously ill some weeks ago, but rallied, and it was believed that the crisis was past and hopes of his recovery were entertained by his family. Mr. Turnbull's wealth is estimated at \$750,000, and of this he gives \$100,000 to establish a home for incurables in this city. He leaves a widow three daughters and two sons to whom much sympathy is extended.

This is a Great Offer.

Any person sending a new subscription to this office with \$4.00 inclosed can obtain PROGRESS for one year, and the Cosmopolitan, McClure and Munsey magazines for the same period with only one condition, —all of them must be sent to the same address.

Frightful.

Mary Alden had lived all her fifteen year in the country, far removed from railroads, and when her father accepted a position in the machine shops of the great railroad corporation at C., and settled his family in a house overlooking the switchyards, her life was filled with terror. On the first occasion of her crossing the yards, a long train of cars were being disconnected and distributed. To her horror she heard a man at one end shout to another, "Never mind that jumper! You can't wait. Cut her in two, and throw the head down here." Mary fainted.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER. ABSOLUTELY PURE. Makes the food more delicious and wholesome.

VERSES OF THURSDAY AND TODAY

Old England only holds her own, Mighty in heart and hand; All nations see how she has grown, In her vast empire land. Her young blood still is true and brave, And still her words are true; As she to the great nation gave, Which since has had great care. No need to tramp o'er the deep, Once o'er a client of sea; We rose up smiling from our sleep, And o'er the daughter's knee, We laid our royal father's form, And warmed him to our taste; We since ourselves have stood the storm, And that old fax replaced. We knew that wayward child's career, On her wild eagle wings, We'd teach her flying far and near, The worth of other things; That her young spirit's nostrils pride, In all her self told charms; Would lead her when by conflicts tried, Back to her mother's arms. Her bright young "old glory" grand, It is her pride to name; The real "old" of an honored land, The stock from which she came. To hasten slowly she will learn, Or wisdom speaks in vain; 'Tis one thing to be great and to years, And next to stand the strain. But hark today the gallant tread, Of veterans of their times; Past struggles buried with the dead, Great hearts of deeds sublime; Have raised in love their banners bright, And clasp fraternal hands; In Montreal in higher light, Two nations of two lands. Soldiers of England, soldiers too, The great Republic reared; E ch to their cause and country true, Whom death nor danger feared; Stack out their arms and hands all round, They smoke the pipe of peace; Fraternal greetings well abound, Thus strife and discord cease, Britannia and Columbia met, Their battle flags entwined; A scene that coming ages yet, May proudly call to mind; Once foes, as brethren now they meet, Their martial banners furled; Still on the marching of their feet, Shall echo round the world. —CEPHEUS GOLDIE.

June 22nd, 1899.

His Charming Sister. I have the sweetest sister ever bloomed in beauty's garden, A winsome little angel full of innocence and grace; If you could see the charming girl you'd grant me smiling pardon For saying she would knock 'most any male heart off its base! There's a rippling music in her laugh, it seems inspired of heaven; Her smile would melt the coat of ice from woman-hater's heart! Though but my sister, by her charms my heart is sadly riven— Is pierced from suburbs clear to core by Cupid's slinging dart! Her pretty face an angle from the upper realms A smiling face set in a frame of semi-rosen hair; Ah! that sweet, winsome frontpiece! to see it is to love it! No man susceptible of heart could 'scape its wait- ing spell! Her teeth of porcelain tint set in their rosy ports! Seem far too pure to chop at such a vulgar thing as bash! I'll bet my birthright 'gainst a dime no other female mortal Such lovely teeth of natural growth upon the eyes can flash! Her hands are beautiful in shape, and very well she knows it; Her feet—well, then I never saw, but dainty are her boots; Her nose is of the Grecian build, and when the darling blows it The melody is sweeter than an orchestra of fates! Her gentle voice falls on the ear like golden love- be! tinkles. It holds me in a waking trance that seems almost divine! But in this rambling, offhand verse I scarce can give an inkling. Of all the charms possessed by that sweet sister dear of mine. You're no doubt wondering just why the bloom- ing dence a fellow Should stoop the leakings of his brain in poetic mass, Should chew the rag of poetry and musically bel- low Such bifurcated language to exploit a 'mistress' praise The thing is new to me, you know, and hence it is I shrew! Such useful fuel on the fire to keep her charms alight! It is a new experience most devilishly novel— She's only been my sister since I popped to her last night!

There's something in the English after all. I've been meditating lately that, when everything is told, There is something in the English after all. They may be too bent on conquest and too greedy after gold. Yet there's something in the English after all; Though their sins and faults are many (and I won't exhaust my breath by endeavoring to tell you of them all), Yet they have a sense of duty and they'll face it to the death! So there's something in the English after all. If you're wounded by a savage foe and bugles sound 'aloud, There's something in the English after all; You may bet your life they'll carry you beyond the zone of fire. For there's something in the English after all. Yes although their runs be empty, and their blood be oblong fast, And to stay by wounded comrades he to fall; Yet they'll stand thick like bullocks and protect you to the last. Or they'll die like English soldiers, after all. If you're ever on a sinking ship, O then I know you'll find That there's some in the English after all; 'No panic rush for safety, where the weak are let bobbing. (For there's something in the English after all.) But the women and the children are the first to leave the wreck. With the crew he like as steady as a wall, And the captain is the last to start 'bove the water's deck! So there's something in the English after all.

HIS LIGHT BRIBERAGE.

(Continued from First Page.) Some length, embodying in his remarks considerable good advice for the future, sentenced him to ten days' imprisonment in the county jail. There was a very excited time of it when the sentence was delivered and even the jurors took part in the demonstration of approval of the termination. Mr. Gregory and his client were overwhelmed with congratulations. There is of course a diversity of opinion regarding the affair but the general verdict is that Judge Vanwart's sentence was just what it should have been.

Advertising on Car Tickets.

Those people who buy their car tickets, and they number many, have been somewhat surprised of late to find that the backs of them have been utilized for advertising purposes and the announcement of a well known tobacco firm is flashed up to them every time they tear off a ticket from their strip. It may be that in these days of money making such an idea as this is all right, but it is understood that a large number of the gentler sex who patronize the cars are objecting to the tobacco advertisement that reaches them every time they hand a ticket to the conductor. They are not anti-tobaccoists either or the feelings of the members of that society can be better imagined than described when they find that they are expected to advertise the sale of the weed every time they purchase the price of a ride on the street cars.

We Tell the Truth.

When we say that our laundry work cannot be excelled. Ladies' and children's wear done perfectly. Neck bands replaced, Hosiery mended, Repairs made all free. Ungar's Laundry, Dyeing & Carpet Cleaning works, 28 to 34 Waterloo street. Phone 58.

High Lights.

The contented man is often a man with whom all his kinsfolk are discontented. When a man is henpecked, even the women who would treat him the same way feel sorry for him. The woman who tells a secret knows in her heart that you can't keep it any better than she could. Cynicism is an indiscreet acknowledgment that life's worries have got the better of your cheer and courage. Man is known by the company he keeps. Woman is known by the companies she has when she entertains. There is a current prejudice against housecleaning, but every real woman likes to tie her head in a towel and stir things up from garret to cellar. It is more blessed to give than to receive, especially when your cook makes better strawberry shortcake than that sent over by the woman next door.—Chicago Record.

Business Education.

Broadly speaking, a business education is one that educates for business. Few people realize the amount of special training that is requisite to equip a young man or woman for entrance into business life. The Currie business University of this city will send free to any address a beautiful catalogue giving valuable information relative to the above subject.

FAMOUS WOMAN BOOKS.

Johns Hopkins University with the Society for the Study of Woman's History. One of the most interesting of society tradeswomen is Louisa Miss Johanna Berkenruth the royal bookbinder. It is no hobby with her. She loves it and has made it distinct. Modern Society says of her that it is a treat to sit and watch her at work. She is so fully alive to the beautiful possibilities of her craft. To her is due the carrying on of the School of High Design set by Cobden, Sanderson and Roger de Coverly. The shop in New Bond street where the Countess of Warwick sells the product of the school of needlework was crowded the other day by prominent members of the nobility, curious sightseers and prospective purchasers, for the fair countess stood behind the counter herself that day, and it is sufficient to say that her ladyship's persuasiveness as a saleswoman equalled the magnetism of her personal beauty. Orders Requested. Cass, Spiller, Perfumery, 27 Waterloo.

AL BAKING POWDER... Pure... delicious and wholesome

HER LIGHT SENTENCE... (Continued from First Page) Some length, embodying in his remarks considerable good advice for the future...

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Famous Woman Bookbinder. One of the most interesting of society tradeswomen at London is Miss Johanna Berkenrath the royal bookbinder. It is no hobby with her. She loves it and has made it distinct.

One of the most interesting of society tradeswomen at London is Miss Johanna Berkenrath the royal bookbinder. It is no hobby with her. She loves it and has made it distinct.

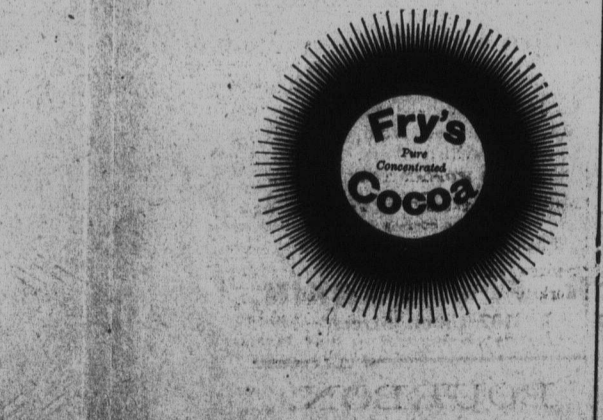
The shop in New Bond street where the Countess of Warwick sells the product of the school of needlework was crowded the other day by prominent members of the nobility, curious sightseers and prospective purchasers...

Cherry Brandy, Cognac, Spices, Perfumery, Soap, 27 Waterloo.



A wedding in which many St. John people will be interested took place in Sussex this week and an account of the event will be of interest to the friends of the bride who was a pupil in the Sacred Heart Convent here at one time, and who has a very large circle of friends in the city. The bride's wedding trousseau was made here and was particularly elaborate and elegant. The following has been forwarded to Progress for publication.

The following is a partial list of the presents received by the bride, many of which were costly and handsome. The deposit of \$1,000 was properly certified by Mr. Moore, manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia in Sussex. Gold watch from the groom; check for \$1,000 and complete bedroom and parlor suite from the bride's father; chest of silver and reception chair from the bride's mother; a set from Mrs. Smithers mother of the groom; gold brooch from Miss Jessie Smithers, Cambridge, Miss; discussion and dozen lenseless glasses from Miss Matilda Smithers; china tea set and purse of gold from Mrs. Farlee grandmother of the bride; check from Mrs. Medley, Fredericton; hand painted table cover, Mrs. Estouch, St. John; half dozen silver spoons, Mrs. John Dalling, J.P.; silver fruit stand, Mrs. S. McAfee; five o'clock tea set, Mrs. and Mrs. A. Sear; berry set the Misses McAfee; parlor table, Mr. and Mrs. Murray Huestis; silver dinner knives, Mr. and Mrs. C. Mitchell; picture, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Holman, St. John; bread and butter plates, Miss St. John; silver cream ladle, Miss Marikham, St. John; silver bonnetiere, Rev. S. and Mrs. Neale; Sussex; silver host rack, Rev. A. A. and Mrs. Slippy; salad bowl, Mrs. A. Robertson, St. John; fruit plate, Miss B. Skinner, St. John; fruit spoon, Dr. and Mrs. Pearson, Sussex; purse of gold, the parishoners; glass tea set, Mrs. G. Haren; toilet mats, Mrs. Holmden; silver fern jar, Mrs. and Miss J. Forster, J. J. Currier Corner; five o'clock table cloth, Miss Sarah Adair; mantle mirror, Mrs. Ned and Mr. B. Seal, St. John; china bonbon dishes Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, Halifax; china candle stick,



This choice Cocoa makes a most delightful beverage for Breakfast or Supper. Being exceedingly nutritious, easily digested and assimilated, it forms a valuable food for invalids and children.

Grace McAfee; jardonnas, DeWalt and Alward McAfee; Hattenburg centerpieces, Miss Vaughan St. John; silk quilt, a friend; centerpieces, Mrs. E. E. Taylor, St. John; two p. tied plates, Mrs. W. Gould half dozen bottles, Miss E. H. Robertson St. John; book and photograph, Miss G. McHenry St. John; half a dozen coffee spoons, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. McLaughlin; silver jelly spoon, Mrs. Geo. and Mrs. McLintyre; silver card receiver, Mrs. Townsend, Halifax; silver fruit dish, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Cameron; individual silver salt cellars, Hon. C. J. and Mrs. Osmant; silver fruit spoon, Master Osmant; silverware, parishoners of Albert; Rev. C. F. Haulington, fruit knife; Mrs. Lockhart, Clements, restreoloco; Bishop Klugdom, Check; Mrs. John Richmond, pie knife.

Among the brides who received their friends during the week was Mrs. B. E. Elliott who was at home on Wednesday and Thursday afternoon. Miss Laura Bradley of the North End went to Boston this week on a visit to friends. Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Dearborn arrived home this week after a six months stay in the South. Mr. B. C. Boyd and son Mr. Arthur Boyd have returned from the Pacific coast where they have been for the best of the winter health. Mr. Boyd is greatly improved and will spend the summer at Westfield.

Colonel and Mrs. Beverly Robinson, the Bishop of Fredericton and Mrs. Klugdom, Miss Klugdom and the Misses Con's and Violet Marsh were in the city this week on the way to their summer home on the Miramichie river. Mr. W. G. MacFarlane arrived home last week from Harvard, to spend the summer. Mr. MacFarlane's many friends in this city are greatly pleased with his success and are warmly congratulating him upon the scholarship he has secured at Columbia College, New York where he will continue his studies in the fall. Mr. George Matthews son of Dr. George Matthews has also secured a scholarship at Columbia.

Mr. and Mrs. Carson Flood and Miss Flood sailed from Halifax in the London City on Thursday for a lengthy visit to Europe. Mrs. L. B. Tutts was at home to her friends this week at her home on Sydney street. Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Smith returned the first of the week from a very pleasant trip through Nova Scotia. Dr. Dymon Walker called from Halifax for England Thursday in the S. S. Halifax City.

Mrs. M. Bain arrived from Vancouver this week and before going to her home in Kingston Kent Co. was the guest of Mrs. J. W. Johnstone Horrold street in a short time.

The musical and literary entertainment given by the Star Mission circle of Exmouth street Methodist church on Tuesday evening was very successful and was thoroughly enjoyed by the audience those who took part having to respond to hearty encores. The programme was as follows: Piano duet, Misses Cochran and Myles; vocal solo, Mr. Ness; reading, Miss Grace law violin selection Wm. Bowden; vocal solo, Miss Munro; reading, Miss Daisy Sears; piano duet, Miss and Mr. Munro; vocal solo, Miss Knight; reading, Miss Weddall; vocal solo, Mr. Coster; violin selection, Wm. Bowden; reading, Mr. Jordan; vocal solo, Mr. Bustin; God Save the Queen.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Wagner of Chatham were in the city this week. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Slipp who like till the other bridal couples spent their honeymoon in Nova Scotia, returned home on the Prince Rupert last Tuesday.

Mrs. James Cooper is entertaining Miss Mand, Hildon of Montreal for the summer months. Misses Kathleen and Marie Farlow have arrived home from New York where they have all winter been pursuing their vocal studies.

Mr. C. H. Chapman and Miss Chapman of Dorchester spent a day or two in the city this week. Mrs. B. L. Johnston was at home to her friends on Wednesday and Thursday of this week at Dorchester street.

Mr. E. T. Irvine of Nelson, B. C., is visiting his brother Mr. Joseph Irvine of the North end. Dr. and Mrs. J. J. McFie of New York are paying a visit to St. John.

Dr. and Mrs. D. J. Higgins and Miss Elizabeth Higgins of Wolfville are visiting Rev. Mr. Higgins of the west end. Mayor Sears and family left this week to take up their residence at their summer home in Westfield.

Miss Helen Barker is entertaining Miss Smithson of Ottawa for a few weeks. Miss Christie returned Wednesday from a visit to upper Canadian friends.

A very pleasant and enjoyable evening was spent on Monday by the inmates of the Old Ladies Home in listening to an excellent literary and musical programme given for their pleasure under the auspices of the Doorkeepers Circle of the Kings Daughters. Society is pleasantly dispensing the latest arrangement announced which is that of Miss Marion Blair, daughter of Hon. A. G. Blair Minister of Railways, and Mr. Walter C. Clarke of this city.

Mrs. B. A. Payne and Miss Ella Payne, have been spending a few weeks with Mrs. Charles Beckwith of Fredericton.

Mrs. E. W. Davis and Miss Laura Davis came to St. John last week from St. Andrews for a few days stay with friends. Mrs. Hayden and her niece Miss Ellen Smith of St. Andrews, have been paying a visit to city friends this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Humphrey of this city have been spending a little while in St. George. Lady Tilley and her brother-in-law Mr. Owen Jones of London, England, have been visiting St. Andrews, where Lady Tilley will spend the summer. Mr. Jones returns to England shortly.

Miss M. G. Mooney, daughter of Mr. M. F. Mooney is home from boarding school for the summer holidays. Miss Helen Frensch returned this week from Northampton, Mass., where she has been attending college to spend her holidays at her home in the West End.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Mahon of Havelock were in the city this week. Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Dargie of Annapolis spent a few days in the city this week. Mr. and Mrs. E. Elliott of Fagwash have been here a day or two this week.

Mr. James H. Manchester and bride of Apohaqui spent part of their honeymoon in the city. A quiet wedding took place last Wednesday evening at Mr. James Hamilton's residence, Rockland Road, when his daughter Jennie, was united in marriage to Mr. Charles Dykman. The couple were witnessed and Rev. Mr. Dymomon, of the Fairville Baptist church, performed the ceremony in the presence of a number of friends and relatives. After the wedding the party sat down to a wedding supper. The bride was dressed in a handsome costume of organdie muslin over mauve, and carried a shower bouquet of white roses. Mr. and Mrs. Dymomon will reside at No. 21 Edmunds street. Mrs. Dymomon will receive her friends Monday and Tuesday of next week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Prince leave today for Montreal from whence they will sail for England

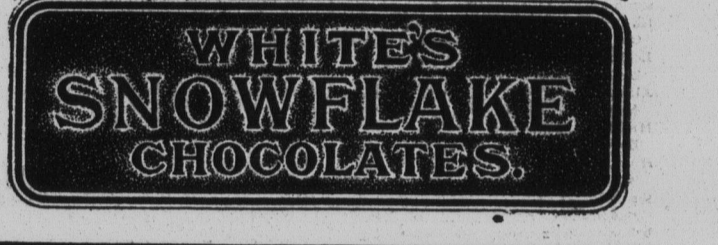
"HARK, the herald Angels sing," "WELCOME SOAP is just the thing," "Strong and pure, its action mild," "GOOD FOR BEAST, OR MAN, OR CHILD."

We regret that we are unable to reproduce here the very clever and well drawn sketches that illustrated the last line of above extract from the prize Essay of Master A. Cameron Vanbuskirk of Bridgeport, N. S., 11 years old.

The boy reflects exactly the verdict of all housekeepers that have tried it;—

Strong and Pure, Its Action Mild Good for Beast, or Man, or Child. But Best of All For The Laundry and all Household Uses.

BUY, WELCOME SOAP—Save the wrappers and watch our coming announcements.



THE BEST READING —AT A BARGAIN—

The Offer of Progress To Send New Subscribers to it

—THE— Cosmopolitan, Munsey and McClure's Magazines, All for Four Dollars.

It is being taken advantage of by hundreds.

McCALL'S MAGAZINE (The Queen of Fashion) For 1899.

Will contain over 20 FULL-PAGE BEAUTIFUL COLORED PLATES—more than 800 exquisite, artistic and strictly up-to-date fashion designs—a large number of short stories and handsome illustrations—fancy work, hints on dressmaking and suggestions for the home. ONLY 50c. A YEAR.

And each subscriber receives a Free Pattern of her own selection—a pattern sold by most houses at 25c. or 30c.

No magazine in the world gives such big value for so little money.

When You Order... Pelee Island Wines BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND! Four Crown Scotch Whiskey will soon be the Leading Brand on the market. As it is 15 Years Old our trial will convince you. E. Q. SOOVL | Commission Merchants | 62 Union Street.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1899

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S "THE ROUGH RIDERS" (Illustrated serial), and all his other war writings.

ROBERT LEWIS STEPHENSON'S "LETTERS" (1897 & before published), edited by GEORGE COLVER.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS: Stories and special articles.

RUDYARD KIPLING—HENRY VAN DYKE—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE and many others: Short stories.

GEORGE W. GABLE'S NEW SERIAL "The Story of New Orleans," (The "Illustrated")—Illustrated by HARRIS.

SENATOR HOAR'S Reminiscences—Illustrated.

MRS. JOHN DREW'S Stage Reminiscences—Illustrated.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS'S new collection of stories, "The Chronicles of Aunt Hester Ann."

Q'S SHORT SERIAL, "A Ship of Stars."

ROBERT GRANT'S Search-Light Letters—Common-sense essays.

SIDNEY LANIER'S Musical Impressions.

C. D. GIBSON'S The Seven Ages of America—Women—and other notable Art Features by other artists.

THE FULL, ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS, INCLUDING DESCRIPTIONS OF THE ABOVE, SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS. THE MAGAZINE IS \$3.00 A YEAR; 25c. A NUMBER. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 153 - 157 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.



The "Albert" Toilet Soap Co's Baby's Own Soap makes youngsters, clean, sweet, and fresh.

It keeps their delicate skins in good order. Made entirely from vegetable fats, it is an emollient as well as a cleanser, and is as useful on a lady's toilet as in the nursery. Painfully but exquisitely aromatic.

Beware of imitations.

ABSOLUTE ZERO.

Marvels of Iqig-ped At—Quick-liver Frozen as Hard as Ice.

The experiments which have resulted in the liquefaction of air are likely to revolutionize our ideas of heat and cold. Mr. Charles E. Tipler of New York is undertaking to liquefy air by the action. A description of his achievement appears in The Century.

Another surprise is given when the experimenter puts his hand directly into the liquid for a moment. But the sensation is only as if a soft cushion of air about the hand. Such it really is. The heat of the hand forms a layer of vapor or air about the hand, and the liquid air does not come in contact with the flesh. Should the liquid air, touch the flesh, a severe injury like a burn results, which sometimes is made in healing. In a few seconds an egg is frozen so that it requires a hard blow of a hammer to break it. Probably the germ of life is extinct. Seeds of grains and vegetables have been treated in liquid air. These were all natives of the temperate zone, the seeds of which will pass the winter in frozen earth without loss of vitality, such as barley and wheat. They are kept for 110 hours in a cork package below zero, and then slowly thawed for 50 hours. After this treatment they were still alive and began to germinate and grow.

The liquid air boils in a dish till it has cooled to the same temperature. Its boiling point is 318 degrees below zero. After this the vapor of air which covers the liquid so retards evaporation that it may be kept eight or ten hours in a cork package only in air. It has in this way been carried 200 miles from the place of manufacture. The cooling effect upon the air of the room is very marked. The writer gave two lectures in one afternoon with liquid air. Said a lady of the second audience as she entered the lecture-room, "How cold your room is!" The temperature had been lowered to 113 degrees by the evaporation of the air used in the first lecture.

All other liquids are frozen when put into liquid air. Mercury becomes like iron, so that it will drive nails, hold up a weight, or serve as any other purpose as a metal, so long as it is kept frozen. Absolute alcohol soon becomes solid. A tube of liquid air dipped into a glass of water rapidly converts the water into ice. By removing the ice from the glass there remains a dish of ice into which liquid oxygen may be poured. A steel pen tipped with a match, or an electric-light carbon red-hot at its tip, will burn in this with intense heat and light. Between the liquid oxygen and the burning steel are about 3,000 degrees, and yet the ice lamp is not affected. Of course, the oxygen is turned into a gas before combustion begins. Liquid oxygen cannot support combustion.

When Charles Edward marched into England to fight for the throne of his ancestors, the Seven Stars furnished accommodation for many of his soldiers and was the headquarters of the Manchester Regiment in the Crimea's service.

At the foot of the stairs is called a horseshoe which has a story to tell. In the days of the French wars—in 1805—when prisoners were going about the country carrying of young men to serve His Majesty at sea, one of these gangs put up at the Seven Stars. A farmer's boy was going by the inn leading a horse to be shod and carrying in one hand the shoe which had been cast. He was seized and taken off to serve the King, but before he left he nailed the horseshoe to the wall, saying: "Stay there till I come from the wars to claim you."

Farmhouses separated from their nearest neighbor by many miles have justly been considered as lonely places. Now, however, in Australia, where many such isolated farmhouses exist, the monotony of farm life is broken.

Farms that are far apart are connected and their inmates hold converse with one another. The medium is the telephone. And the possibility of its use in such a connection is due to a recent discovery.

To put wires from one farmhouse to another would be a work too expensive to contemplate, but it was found that the

There is the effort to arrange for an unrelentingly virtuous that only the most expert and best-headed seamstress can prevent a sudden severance of the seams between boat and crew.

A splendid day's sport can be obtained with a school of blackfish. Although seldom exceeding a ton and a half in weight, these small whales are so lively and so numerous that the chase of them is a lively and sporty one. The most enthusiastic hunter could wish, especially if two or three are hunted, to be able to take one after the other on a single line as the whalers custom is. The sensation of being harpooned, as it were, to a trio of monsters, each about twenty-five feet long and eight feet in girth, every one anxious to flee in a different direction at the highest speed he can muster, and in their united gambols making the sea boil like a pot, is so hot that, even the most experienced, is never likely to be forgotten.

The mere memory of that mad frolic over the heaving bosom of the bright sea makes the blood leap to the face, makes the nerves twitch, and the heart long to be away from the placid round of everyday life upon the bright blue waves again.

Even a school of porpoises, in default of nobler game, can furnish a lively hour or two, especially if they be of fair size, say up to three or four hundredweight each. But of a truth there need be no fear of a lack of game. The swift passage from port to port made by passenger vessels is apt to leave the voyager with the impression that the sea is a barren waste, but such an idea is wholly false.

Even the sailing ships, bound though they may be to make the shortest possible time between port, are compelled by nature of wind to enmesh of the everyday life of the sea population to know better than that, and whose give himself up to the glamour of sea travel, making no haste to rush from place to place, but leisurely loitering along the wide plains of ocean, shall find each day's new world unfolding itself before his astonished eyes, a world of marvels, infinitely small, as well as wondrous great—from the thousand and one varieties of sea life, from the "Plankton" to the antediluvian whale. Fishing in its more heroic phases is obtainable in deep-sea cruising as now it is done.

THE OLDEST TAVERN.

The Inn of the Seven Stars at Manchester, Licensed in 1356.

England, in her cold-blooded, unromantic way, has torn down scores of old landmarks which any other country would have considered too sacred to touch. One of her most picturesque relics is about to share the same fate.

The Inn of the Seven Stars at Manchester is probably the oldest tavern in the world. It was licensed in 1356, far back in the mythic surroundings of the third Edward and the battle of Polton.

This earth of ours was flat in those days. It needed yet 126 years before Columbus, dreaming of unloved wealth and undying fame, started out to prove that the world was round.

When the conquering arm of the Turk tore through the walls of Constantinople, this inn was already showing the signs of age and had started out on its second century of three-queening existence.

The ghosts of a score of hardy generations stalk through its old rooms now. The knight, clanking grandly in his ringing armor, the laborer, quaffing his brown ale and wiping his moustache on the sleeve of his leather coat; the priest, sleek and smooth, running into the "vestry-room" to shake his hat with the rich red wine between sermons—all the centuries that have passed over the house.

Calmly and peacefully it has nestled there, while battles raged the length and breadth of the land and mail-clad knights drew a brief rest to snatch the flagon from mine host's hand and dash on again to their missions of conquest and of death.

But jolly souls drank at the sign of the Seven Stars in those days, and they drink the same there now. Through all the long course of the rise and fall of empires, mine host of the Stars has kept the spigot flowing, and whether it is a mailed knight jangling in his armor and drinking through barred shutters, or a poor fellow, as he hurried to meet his lady's errand, or a man who has started King Edward's wars, or John Smith, who strode in to-day from his work in the neighboring factory for his pint of "bitter," it is all the same to the Seven Stars.

But not long ago the edict went forth that the site was wanted for a factory and the guests of the Seven Stars knew its death knell had been sounded.

In that barroom the Black Prince is said to have slaked his thirst, and there is still a room called the "Vestry" because some of the clergy from the neighboring church used to come through a secret passage in secret to refresh themselves.

In the taproom used to refresh the Flemish weavers from Bruges, living from the wrath of Alva and bringing to England the knowledge of the textile arts, which subsequently was carried to this country.

In a room over which is the inscription: "Ye Guy Faux Chamber," lodged for a time the conspirator who tried to blow up King and parliament in the "Gunpowder Plot." Once, in the Cromwellian war, a "Great and furious skirmish" took place between the Roundheads and the Cavaliers around the inn, and when Fairfax held the city for the parliament, his soldiers filled the Seven Stars with the clank of their carbines, the jangling of their spears and their solemn carousals.

When Fairfax marched from Manchester, some dragons, having to leave hurriedly, concealed their mess plate in the walls of the old inn. It was discovered a few years ago and set out as an ornament to the parlor of the hostess, where it may be seen to this day.

When Charles Edward marched into England to fight for the throne of his ancestors, the Seven Stars furnished accommodation for many of his soldiers and was the headquarters of the Manchester Regiment in the Crimea's service.

wire fences in common use in Australia were efficient lines of communication for telephonic purposes. The idea was seized upon and put into practical use. Friendly intercourse was established between families a dozen miles apart, and fences that before had served to shut in and separate, became a medium for drawing families together.

HE WANTED HIM.

But Not For the Purpose the Old Gentleman Expected.

A covered ice wagon had drawn up to the curb on Common street near where an old blind beggar man sits all day long in the broiling sun, silent, immobile, the picture of pathetic despair. As the driver yelled "Whoa?" a ragged urchin looked around and halted in a strip of shade. He eyed the wagon hungrily. Inside came a sound of swift, splintering blows, and a shower of little white flakes flew out of the open end. By degrees the boy drew near, continually stopping and poisoning himself on one leg, ready to run on the instant. Intermittently a stream of pedestrians dripped past, panting, perspiring, making for shelter. It was a murderous hot.

Presently a fragment of ice somewhat larger than the others described a parabolic curve in space, and the gain leaped for it like a trout rising to a fly. He missed it by an inch, and it fell into the gutter, half full of dirty water. Instantly he dropped upon his knees and, thrusting out a grimy little hand, began to rake the surface of the puddle. When he crawled up, his eyes were sparkling. He held the prize in his dripping fingers.

"Now, is not that pathetic?" said a benevolent looking old gentleman, standing with a friend in a nearby doorway. "See how the poor crave ice this sultry weather! You and I, who can get any sort of refreshment whenever we want it, can't imagine what a luxury it is to them. That little fellow is happy because he's rescued a morsel of coolness from a filthy gutter. Come here a minute, my boy."

The child approached by cautious detours, shifting his ice from one hand to the other.

"Here is a dime for you," said the old gentleman kindly. "Go, buy yourself a glass of lemonade. You mustn't eat that stuff. I wasn't going to eat it," returned the gamin, seizing the coin.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the philanthropist in surprise. "What did you want with it, then?"

The urchin grinned. "I wanted ter put it down de blind man's back," he replied. —New Orleans Times Democrat.

HOW A KIND DEED SAVED A LIFE.

The Kindly Act of a Wealthy Woman and Its Good Effects.

That wealth is not always deaf to the calls of suffering is shown by the case of a poor young soldier who was lately pronounced by the surgeons at St. John's Hospital in Brooklyn to be on the road to recovery. He was Albert Duncan, of the Second United States Infantry, who had been lingering between life and death for weeks, and was only saved, the physicians say, by the joy of seeing his father and Duncan had been sent to the hospital in the late autumn, suffering from fever and abscesses. He became so ill that the hospital authorities wrote to his parents, who live near Ashland, Kentucky, that if they wished to see their son alive they must come on at once.

The father, a poor farmer, was without money to pay his own and his wife's way to New York. He hoped to obtain it soon somehow; but the days went by, and his sick soldier growing worse, profoundly discour-

aged as he was because he thought he should never see his father and mother again.

A visitor at the hospital, a lady, heard of the case, and asked Miss Helen Gould to investigate it. Miss Gould did so promptly, with the result that she sent money to the Duncan at Ashland. They started for Brooklyn on the first train after receiving it, and were quickly admitted to see the son.

The joy of the sight of them acted as a tonic to him, and much to the surprise of the doctors, who had given him up, he began to improve. The mother came daily to see him, and remained each day as long as she was permitted. The son, constantly happy where he had been seemingly hopeless, gained steadily.

Through Miss Gould's generosity the mother remained near the hospital until her son was able to travel.

Two Things.

Before the opening of an assize held by Justice Hawkins, the chaplain preached what he conceived to be a distinctly good sermon, and he had the temerity to sound Justice Hawkins on the subject.

"Did you approve of my sermon, my lord?" he asked.

"I remarked in your sermon, Mr. Chaplain," was the prompt reply, "two things which, to be candid, I did not approve of, and which I have, I am glad to say, never remarked on a similar occasion."

"They were, my lord?" was the anxious question of the preacher.

"The striking of the clock twice, sir."

THINGS OF VALUE.

"Man is the king of beasts," said a little boy, whose teacher had asked him the question. Evidently he had at some time seen the interior of a smoking car.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for the ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of man's curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound, unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the feeblest systems are led into convalescence and strength, by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restorative. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquilizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses throughout the veins, strengthening the animal function of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result—strengthens the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which, when weakened, increased substance—result improved appetites. Northrop & Lyman of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the highest price, as judged by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

The Philippines have latent agricultural possibilities, but it promises to be some time before a large crop of peas and hominy is reported from there.—J. A. W. Bulletin.

It attacked with cholera or summer complaint of any kind send at once for a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial and use it according to directions. It acts with rapidity in relieving that dreadful disease that weakens the strongest man and destroys the young and delicate. Those who have used the cholera medicine say it acts promptly and never fails to effect a thorough cure.

There are some pretty rank papers published in the mining camps, but about the kindest paper in this country is genuine manilla fiber.

Always on Hand.—Mr. Thomas H. Porter, Lower Ireland, P. O., writes: "My son, 18 months old, had cough so he that no medicine gave him relief until a neighbor brought me some of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Ointment, which I gave him, and in six hours he was cured. It is the best medicine I ever used, and I would not do without a bottle in my house."

"The end seat hog" is the man who came on board first and took the seat that his critic would "jump at" if it had been vacant.

They Drive Pimples away.—A face covered with pimples is unsightly. It tells of internal troubles which should long since have been corrected. The liver and the kidneys are not performing their functions in the healthy way they should, and these pimples are to let you know that the blood is impure. Farnell's Vegetable Pills will drive them all away, and leave the skin clear and clean. Try them, and there will be another witness to their excellence.

Life should be just enough of a "grind" to keep the edge tools of the brain sharp and brisk.

The Alaska candlefish is not as large, but it is much lighter than the South American tapir.

For inflammation of the Eyes.—Among the many good qualities which Farnell's Vegetable Pills possess, besides relieving the digestive organs, is their efficacy in reducing inflammation of the eyes. It has called for many letters of recommendation for those who are afflicted with this complaint and found a cure in the pills. They slack the nerve centres and the blood in a surprising active way, and the result is almost immediately seen.

Remember the poor, and try to fix it so you can remember you did something for them.

BATTERED BUT

Yes, silver plated knives, forks and spoons bearing this mark.

W. ROGERS

will get battered and worn but it takes a number of years and mighty rough usage to get the silver off them—and when it does come off, there is left a mould well worth replating.

That's not what happens with the cheap lines now offered.

SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO. Wallingford, Conn. and Montreal, Canada.

Pain Disappears

WHEN YOU USE "Sun" Liniment

Sec. A Bottle Everywhere. THE HAVSBY MEDICINE CO., Mrs. Montreal, Canada.

Victoria Hotel,

51 to 57 King Street, St. John, N. B. Electric Passenger Elevator and all Modern Improvements. D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor.

THE DUFFERIN

This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the Hotel, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men. It is within a short distance of all parts of the city. Has every accommodation. Electric cars, from all parts of the town, pass the house every three minutes. E. LAROI WILLIS, Proprietor.

CAFE ROYAL

BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARE, Proprietor. CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS. OYSTERS, FISH and GAME always on hand. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

QUEEN HOTEL,

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

Printing!

Do you need any, or are you satisfied with what you already have? Our printing is always satisfactory—what we do, we do well—we give good paper, good ink, good presswork and strive to have it suitable to your particular business and we give good measure too, no matter what printing you need. See us first. PROGRESS JOB PRINT. We will send you estimates and samples.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock

TEACHER OF PIANO-FORTE, 57, ST. JOHN STREET, N. B. The "Lecturing" Method, the "System" System, for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mrs. J. WHITLOCK.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION

Excellent for babies, nursing mothers, growing children, and all who need nourishing and strengthening treatment.

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

Use Perfection Tooth Powder.

For Sale at all Druggists.

Dunn's Ham, Dunn's Bacon.

Just received—Dunn's Ham, Bacon, Canned Ham, Canned Bacon, Devilled Ham, Pickled Pigs Feet and Spare Ribs, Fresh every day, Sausage, Bologna and Hominy Eggs, Lard in cakes and Tins.

R. F. J. PARKIN, 107 Union Street.

BOURBON.

ON HAND 75 Bble. Agod Belle of Anderson Co., Kentucky. THOS. L. BOURKE

Butouche Bar Oysters.

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

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Home Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.



ACME SWINGING HAMMOCK CHAIR. Adjactly automatically to any position by simple movement of the body without leaving the chair. The swing construction gives a perfect balance in any position corrected. The liver and the kidneys are not performing their functions in the healthy way they should, and these pimples are to let you know that the blood is impure. Farnell's Vegetable Pills will drive them all away, and leave the skin clear and clean. Try them, and there will be another witness to their excellence.

\$4.00 Will hold a person weighing 250 lbs. — folds to occupy a space only 4-1/2 x 31 inches. No more broken backs. Agents Wanted to COIN TEN DOLLARS A DAY OR given away with "SCOTT'S STOMACH AND NERVE FOOD" which fills the body with new life and vigor. 50 cents a box. Address: The Scott Medicine Co., KINGSTON, ONT.

THE HIGHEST PRICED DRUGS.

Cost of Rarely Used Ingredients in Medicines—Value of Some.

The question was asked a few days ago as to what is the costliest drug sold by New York druggists. If the reader should have the curiosity to ask his friends or business acquaintances at drug stores he would be likely to meet with various answers.

The expensive drugs are not used; if they were used they wouldn't be expensive. As soon as a thing comes into general use a way to cheapen it or to cheapen its production is found. While it remains very expensive it might as well not be on the price lists for other materials supply the need usually which it might fill. Once in a while a drug somewhat high in price is prescribed in medicine by a physician who has a final patient with money, but that doesn't often happen. Again, some rare drug or chemical which is produced at great labor or care is wanted in some delicate analysis or chemical experiment, and in such circumstances only. Of course, being seldom used and difficult of production, its price is high. But, generally speaking, high priced drugs are not used in drug stores.

High-priced, however, is a relative term in drugs as in most commodities, although relative in a different sense than when applied for example, to clothing, since the proportion of service to cost does not enter into the calculation. In the first place, in considering the question, a definition of the word drug must be understood. To many persons a drug means a medicine for internal or external use. In this sense, more especially, there are comparatively few expensive drugs, if a little matter of \$50 more or less, an ounce for drugs commonly handled by the grain be counted as unimportant, and most of these few the druggists aver are little used. If the definition of the word drug given first by the dictionary be accepted the field widens at once; Any vegetable, animal or mineral substance used in the composition of or preparation of medicines; hence, also, any ingredient used in chemical preparations employed in the arts.

In the wide range of meaning which the word has in common use, it is easy to see how an inquirer might meet with various answers to the question. What is the most expensive drug? A definite answer it might not be prudent to give. The reporters search brought him to germanium, listed in the index, to the preparation of one of the largest firms of manufacturing druggists in the city at \$7 for one and a half grains, or the pretty figure of \$2 240 an ounce. The uses of germanium the index did not give and inquiries of several druggists failed to reveal them, as did consultation of encyclopedias in English, German and French. But there was no question about the price, or of the record of the article among the preparations of the druggists. Germanium is a metal of grayish white lustre and very brittle, discovered in 1886 by Winkler in the mineral argyrodite, which contains silver, sulphur and germanium, a sulphide of germanium and silver, found at Freiberg Saxony. It melts at 900° C. does not tarnish in air at ordinary temperature and dissolves in aqua regia.

Among the higher-priced drugs to be found in the list which are used for medicines is carpine, at a dollar a grain, or \$4 80 an ounce at wholesale, or carpine hydrochlorate, at the same price. Carpine is used in cases of mitral insufficiency, and administered in doses of only a fifth or a third of a grain. What the retail price of this would be sold under prescription is matter of conjecture. The drug is sold to the retailer in fifteen-grain vials at \$15.00.

At the same rate comes cornutine citrate which has the same uses as cornutine, that sells at \$14 for fifteen grains. Cornutine is in the form of a reddish mass or flesh colored powder, obtained from ergot and by some said to be the true active principle of ergot. It is used in certain hemorrhages and for other purposes in very small doses, in some cases as low as one twentieth of a grain a day.

Lithium, used in chronic rheumatism, is quoted at \$8 for fifteen grains, \$256 an ounce. Yet lithium classed as a soft metal the lightest solid element, is found in sea-water and in the water of most rivers and surface springs and in most mineral waters.

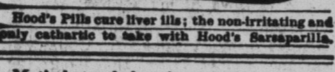
Homatropine, at \$6 for fifteen grains is used for the same purpose as atropine. It is less toxic than atropine and when it is used to dilate the pupil of the eye the pupil subsides more quickly than after the use of atropine. Laudanine, obtained from opium, and somewhat resembling strychnine, sells for \$9 for fifteen grains, and lantanan at \$90 for fifteen grains. Laudanine is a crystalline alkaloid, sometime colorless, sometimes pale red. Lantananum is a rare metal, dark of a gray lead color. Another metal, erbium, a dark gray powder, is among the drugs at \$7 50 for fifteen grains.

"Example is Better Than Precept."

It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story. Thousands of testimonials are examples of what Hood's has done for others, and what it will do for you.

Dyspepsia - "I was weak and had fainting spells. Dyspepsia and indigestion in severe form troubled me. Five bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla made me well and strong." Mrs. WILLIAM VANTALKEBROOK, Whitby, Ont.

A Good Medicine - "We have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla in our family as a spring medicine and used Hood's Pills for biliousness and found both medicines very effective. For impure blood we know Hood's Sarsaparilla is a good medicine." R. S. PRYOR, publisher Beech, Atwood, Ont.



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

Methyl-strychnine is quoted at \$5 for fifteen grains, or \$160 an ounce; muscarine sulphate and muscarine nitrate each at \$5.50 for fifteen grains. The latter is used as an antidote to atropine and in one-thirtieth of a grain doses for diabetes. It is a nitric acid salt of an alkaloid obtained from Agaricus muscarius, a fly fungus.

Mauvine hydrobromate, an alkaloid of mauwi bark, from a Mozambique tree, selling at \$4 for fifteen grains, or \$1.28 an ounce, is a yellowish white powder used as a cardiac stimulant and also as an ordeal poison.

Cannabine, an alkaloid obtained from Cannabis sativa, a fine seed, and quoted at \$30 an ounce, or \$10 for fifteen grains, is described as a hypnotic without dangerous secondary effects. This price, like all the others here given, is the wholesale price.

Methyl chloride, a gas ethereal odor compressed to a liquid in cylinders, is sold to the retail trade at \$25 for a one-litre siphon. It is used as a local anesthetic in cases of severe neuralgia, pruritus and spinal pains.

Oil of arnica flowers is on the list at \$30 an ounce as a remedy used externally for rheumatism, gout and injuries. 'I never sold a bit of it, nor have I heard of it being called for or prescribed,' said a pharmacist of forty years' experience in one of the busiest stores.

Narcotine, an alkaloid obtained from opium and producing effects similar to but milder than those of morphine, comes at \$18 an ounce. It is said to be free from the disagreeable after effects of morphine. Piperazine, rarely spoken of, but entered

as used for rheumatism, sells at \$4 for one quarter of an ounce. Lobeline, an antispasmodic but a poison, sells at \$4 for fifteen grains, or \$128 an ounce. It is obtained from lobelia. Esorine, an antidote for strychnine and also used in rheumatism comes at 15 cents a grain or \$75 an ounce. It is sold at wholesale in quantities of five grains for 75 cents.

A rather expensive drug, a good deal of which is used in pilocarpine, an alkaloid obtained from jaborandi and used as a tonic for the hair. It sells at from 14 cents to 50 cents a grain, or from \$67 to \$240 an ounce. Aconitine, for the relief of pain, is quoted at \$3 per ounce; apomorphine hydrochlorate an emetic used in cases of poisoning, for the dislodging of foreign bodies in the oesophagus and as a heart depressor, at \$7 an ounce; atropine, a cardiac stimulant and anti spasmotic, at \$4 50 an ounce.

While the diphtheria antitoxin sells at comparative low prices, the tetanus (lockjaw) antitoxin, which is obtained from the blood serum mammals, sells at \$25 for four grammes, or at the rate of \$200 an ounce. It is used in injections of from two and a quarter to three and a quarter grammes.

Two other metals found in the drug list come at high figures—calcium at \$10 for fifteen grains and beryllium at \$22 for fifteen grains. Beryllium is one of the earths produced from beryl, and is often called glaucium.

JOHN WAS SHUBBED.

He was an Expert but His Knowledge Wasn't Appreciated.

The Detroit Free Press knows a boy who thinks he would like to be a naturalist if he received satisfactory encouragement from his parents.

A microscope had been given him on his tenth birthday, and forsaking all other interests he devoted himself to the study of nature with such ardor that by tea-time on the first day he was much excited over his newly acquired knowledge, and sought to give it out for the entertainment of the people at the table.

Guests were present, and turning to the lady nearest him, with a smiling face he inquired: "Did you ever look at cheese through a microscope?"

"I do not remember to have done so," she pleasantly replied, withdrawing from her lips the bit she was about to eat.

"Well, you just ought to see the things crawl on it."

"John!" exclaimed his father, "eat your supper!"

The lady quietly tucked the piece of cheese under the side of her plate, and John perceived that his information on that subject wasn't wanted.

When strawberries were placed upon the table John burst forth again.

"You ought to look at a strawberry through a microscope! They look just like warts, and you think you can see bug a running!"

A pure hard Soap SURPRISE SOAP MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

'John' said his mother. 'Well, they look worse than flies heads' protested the eager naturalist, 'for flies—'

'Boy!' said the father, 'leave the table!' John went out and sat on the woodpile, wondering why his father wouldn't allow him to 'talk sense' when he had really something to say.

Edited by Aunt.

An exchange tells of a man in Australia who was killed by ants. Such an occurrence is said not to be very uncommon in that country. It is described as more dreadful than the horrors devised by the most ingenious of the Grand Inquisitors.

The man was a prospector, and while digging in the side of a hill was injured by a fall of earth. As he lay partly covered and unable to move, he was attacked by a nest of ants, and for more than an hour millions of the voracious insects simply fed upon him. He died shortly after being rescued.

There is a case on record of a Banarat wood-carrier who was found under his overturned dray, suffering fearful torments. He had been attacked by ants, and would certainly have succumbed had it not been for his day. The animal, a cattle-dog, only discovered what was wrong after several hours, and then, by persistently scratching at the stream of ants on the ground and licking them from his master's face and arms, kept him comparatively free till help arrived.

Put to New Uses.

In Lyons glass is being put to new and practical uses. Pavements of ceramic stone or devitrified glass have been laid in the principal thoroughfares in the city, and under heavy and continuous traffic for several months have shown no greater deterioration than marks the similar life of stone pavement.

Glass is also being made into a material known ceramo-crystal and is being widely used for building and interior decorations, such as cut stone. The new material possesses all the intrinsic qualities physical and chemical, of glass, except the transparency, and at the same time is

made to resist crushing frost, heavy shocks and usage.

A proposition to erect a glass house or luminous palace at the Paris Exposition will probably be pushed, and the building will present completely the possibilities of glass as a structural material.

As He Put It.

Shortly after the ordination of the Rev. S. R. Crockett, the well-known novelist, he chanced to be travelling in a railway compartment with a few friends when a small farmer, one of his new parishers, entered the carriage and was introduced to the new member of Presbytery, but said not a word.

Arriving at his station, he got out and stood at the door.

'An' ye tell me this is the new minister?' He looked long and sadly at Mr. Crockett. Then with a sigh; 'Weel-sweal,' he added finally, 'Am a better judge o' fit beast than o' a minister!'

A Neuch [Well-god] Beverage.

'Death in the tea-pot.' Well cheap tea-stewed instead of steeped—caused the saying. Good tea properly drawn, are a wholesome, as well as palatable drink; but if it or must be good, as, for instance, Kelly's Elephant Brand Indo-Ceylon Tea.

For Mere Obstinacy.

An amusing story of amateur sports comes to the London Academy from the far East, all the way from Perak, in the Malay Peninsula.

The sun was blazing down on a field of hot, excited horses and men all waiting for a tall, raw-boned beast to yield to the importunities of the starter and get into line.

The patience of the latter was nearly exhausted. 'Bring up that horse!' he shouted. 'Bring up that beast! You'll get into trouble over this I tell you that!'

'The rider of the refractory beast a youthful lightweight, replied, patiently: 'I'm as tired of it as you are, sir, but I can't help it. This is a cab-horse, this horse is. He won't start till the door shuts, and I haven't got a door!'

Sympathy.

Probably the reader has heard voices which the following will recall to his mind: 'I know Mr. Fidgety is a good man,' said one of the members of the family, after the caller had gone, 'but it makes me so tired to hear him talk!'

'I know why it is,' said another member of the family. 'You feel like clearing your throat all the time to help him out.'

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of mortgage bearing date the twenty-third day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety four, and registered in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the City and County of St. John as number 4387, in Book 56 of Records pages 30, 31, 32 and 33, on the seventh day of February A. D. 1894, and made between William Thompson of the City of Saint John in the City and County of St. John and Province of New Brunswick and Mary Knox of the same place, widow of the late James Knox of the one part, and George R. Fenety of the City of Fredericton in the County of York and Province aforesaid, Queen's Printer of the other part, there will for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured and made payable in and by the said Indenture of mortgage default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at public auction at Chamber's Corner, so called, in the said City of St. John, on SATURDAY, THE TWENTY-SECOND DAY OF JULY NEXT, at the hour of twelve of the clock noon of that day, the lands and premises in the said Indenture of mortgage described as following: That is to say:—

"A LL THAT CERTAIN LOT, PIECE OR parcel of land situate lying and being in the city of Saint John aforesaid and bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at the South West Corner of Duke and Westworth Streets and thence running along the Southern side of Duke Street forty feet in a Westerly direction thence Southerly and parallel to Westworth Street one hundred and five feet thence Easterly parallel to Duke Street forty feet to Westworth Street thence Northerly along Westworth Street to the place of beginning."

ALSO, "All that certain other piece or parcel of land situate fronting on said Westworth Street and described as follows:—Beginning at a point on the Westerly side of Westworth Street Southerly and parallel and five feet from Duke Street thence Southerly twenty one feet on Westworth Street thence Westerly at right angles to Westworth Street eighty feet thence Northerly parallel to Westworth Street twenty one feet thence Easterly eight feet to the place of beginning."

Together with all buildings erections and improvements thereon. Dated the eighteenth day of May A. D. 1894. GEORGE R. FENETY, Solicitor to Mortgages.

FOUR 4 DOLLARS

—YOU CAN HAVE— Progress, and those popular magazines—

Munsey McClure

.....AND..... Cosmopolitan

sent to your address for one year.

DON'T MISS IT! You can't AFFORD to miss it, if you have time to read, and want CHEAP and GOOD reading matter.

P. S. Old subscribers can secure the magazines upon renewing, for 50c. extra or \$4.50 in all.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1899.

A FIGHT WITH BEARS.

ONE OF THEM DRAWS ABOUT WITH THREE LIONS.

A Second Brought in a Pair by a Terror Stricken Burro—Efforts to Catch a Third Alive—Escapes of the Bear and the Time-ly Divisions Made by a Troop.

As a Corporal, said a man from the West, I had charge of five privates who were cutting telegraph poles in the foothills on the western side of a Nevada mountain. The poles were for a military telegraph and we had an abundance of timber to select from. One day, while out after fresh meat for our camp, I suddenly found myself on the edge of an almost circular basin of about an acre in extent. This basin was fifty feet below my level, with a slope down into it almost opposite me. There was just one tree in the basin, with a thick carpet of grass on the ground, and I was wondering over the freak of nature when a half grown mountain lion sprang into view from the slope. I have spoken of. He came out of the bushes with every appearance of being rattled, and after a backward look and a snarl he galloped across the grass and sought shelter exactly beneath me, probably in a cave. I could have put a bullet into him easily enough, but as it was summer his fur was so good.

He was hardly out of sight when I heard a snorting and coughing and crashing over the slope, and half a minute later a big grizzly tumbled into view. In pursuit of the lion, he had taken things easy. He stood and looked around for a minute, and there was no doubt in my mind that he located the lion's den both by sight and smell. He didn't head for it, however, but ambled along to the tree and began a circus performance. For ten minutes he raked the bark with his claws and tumbled around, and I was getting ready to fire a bullet into him as a score when visitors appeared. From out of the den below me crept three lions. One of them was the cub I had seen. Perhaps they were mad over the way the cub had been driven home, and perhaps old Ephraim had been daring them to come out and settle matters. At any rate they were out, and it needed only a look to prove they meant business. The grizzly welcomed them with a low growl, and then stood still while the lions separated to attack him from three different sides at once. The old fellow knew he couldn't face but one, and he simply gave the old male lion all his attention.

I knew that the lions would go in with a rush when they got ready, and I used my eyes for all they were worth. Each beast advanced as you have seen a cat steal upon a bird, and the cub lion took the grizzly's rear. The female planned to come on Ephraim's left side, pretty well back, and the male made a direct advance. All four animals kept up a low growling, and now and then one of the lions would spit like a cat. There was no signal, and yet the three made their springs simultaneously. I think the distance covered was about ten feet. The thing was done so quickly that my eyes were braten. One instant the three lions were lying half crouched on the grass, and the next there was a big ball of bear and lions rolling about on the grass.

The struggle on the grass lasted about a minute, and the growls and snarls and yelps made my hair stand up. When the ball unrolled itself the cub was out of the fight. He limped off on three legs, with his tail dragging, but the other simply retreated a few yards to get breath. This time it was the lioness who skulked around to take old Ephraim in the rear. I presume he watched her out of the tail of his eye, but his attention was centered on the male in front. The breathing spell lasted about five minutes, and then the lions sprang together. This time the grizzly did not go down, and the trio went round and round the tree fighting in desperation. Now and then one of the lions was rolled over and over by a blow, only to come back again, and twice the big bear was fully downed and held for a minute. It was the hottest kind of fighting for several minutes, and then the lions suddenly sprang off. I had a fieldglass with me, and by its help I saw that a good deal of damage had been done. The bear seemed to have had one eye clawed out and to be raked his full length, and the lions were limping and covered with blood. I looked for the fight to stop, but after watching each other for a quarter of an hour the combatants decided on making the affair a draw. The lioness

began creeping slowly away, and she was soon followed by the male, and though the grizzly held the battlefield he uttered no growls of defiance at the retreating foe. He acted like a bear who was willing to let well enough alone, and soon after leaving the field to himself he lumbered across the grass and disappeared on the best covered slope.

There is no other wild beast on the face of the earth so ready to fight at the drop of the hat as the grizzly bear. He is king over everything, and he realizes it and will not be disputed. Just after a full meal he might not rush forward to attack a man unless challenged; but at the same time he would not retreat. I have talked with Indians in California, Nevada, Idaho and Montana who had hunted the grizzly for years and encountered him under all circumstances, and none of them could say they had ever seen him rattled. On the contrary, we were agreed that the bear was so such thing as scare in his composition. And yet five of us once saw old Ephraim so frightened that a prairie wolf could have kept him on the run.

We had camped on a level spot on a mountainside in Montana, and thought we had occupied it for five days and hunched far and near, no signs of grizzly had been seen. The sixth morning was rainy, and after breakfast we set about and gave our traps an overhauling. We had three mules and one burro in the pack train. The mules were hobbled out, but the burro had his freedom. How it happened that he was on the east side of the camp by himself, while the mules were together on the west, I can't say, but such was the situation. The burro had eaten his fill and stood beside a bush about 200 feet from the tent, and his attitude was so snaky and dejected that it had been remarked. On a sudden we were startled by a choking sort of noise from the little beast, and as we looked up he stood almost nose to nose with a grizzly. The bear had come down a gully beyond the tent, and he was looking at our camp, and his intention was to walk right in on us without any introduction. He didn't get sight of the burro till he turned the bush.

The sight came to us so suddenly that no man could raise a hand. Bear and burro stood there for what seemed a full minute, though ten seconds was probably the limit, and then the burro uttered a half bray, half scream, and dashed forward. All of us believed that he either bit the bear or hit him with a hoof, as the grizzly staggered about. Whether he did or not, it was probably the sudden meeting and the awful bray which upset Bruin's nerves. He uttered a loud 'Wool!' and wheeled to the left, but in his fright he ran against a rock and was knocked down and rolled over. The burro advanced on him, braying at top of his voice and bounding up and down with legs as stiff as iron, and as the bear got on his feet again he hadn't the courage of a rabbit. He dodged the rock and disappeared over the edge of the level and by this time we were all on our feet. We saw him rolling over and over down the slope for a distance of 300 feet. Then he caught his legs and got into a shallow ravine to the right. He went down that like a steam plough until he reached a bank of earth and rock thirty feet high. He could have got out of the ravine to the right or left, but he charged straight ahead at the bank. We didn't think he could make it, but he did. He went up that bank like a cat going up a reel, but as he reached the top he set a landslide in motion which brought down a dozen carloads of dirt. That was the last we saw of him, and three bullets fired probably added to his scare.

It wasn't the bravery of our burro which saved us from an attack, but his fear. He did just the right thing at the right time, but he deserved no credit. When the bear had disappeared we turned to find the burro lying on the ground, and as we went with us as it pails of water had been poured over him. It was three hours before he could stagger around, and he didn't get his appetite back for several days. We could trace the bear back from the bush to where he had first looked down on our camp. He had stood for a while to make up his mind about us, and had then descended him with the determination to pick a fight. Had he not run upon the burro as he turned the bush, he would certainly have made things lively in camp.

The London Boyer wanted a full grown grizzly, and through agents in New

York offered a cash prize which started out a dozen different parties on the trail. There were six of us in the Idaho party, and every man in it knew something of the habits of the animal he hoped to capture. To kill a grizzly bear, even by a pot shot, is something to brag of, but to capture him into a trap is a feat which has not been accomplished half a dozen times since America was discovered. It is a well-known saying of the Indians that you can outwit a fox, fool a lion, trap a wildcat or poison a wolf, but when you pit yourself against the grizzly you'll get left. We started out realizing that the only way to capture old Ephraim was to outwit him, and a score of conspiracies were cooked up before the expedition had made a day's journey into the mountains.

The first move was to find our bear. The grizzly is a puzzle to naturalists. Sometimes he roams over a large area of country and sometimes he sticks for months within a mile of his den. Sometimes he shows up only after dark, and again he will roam all day and sleep all night. As a rule he is always encountered at an unexpected time. When we had penetrated into the bear country we made camp and began to prospect. At the end of three days the lair of a grizzly was discovered about two miles away. It was in a shallow ravine about half a mile long. The west end of this ravine began at a cliff, and the bear had occupied it so long that he had worn a regular path in coming and going. It was Joe, the half-breed, who discovered the runway and the den, and he hung about for three hours to get sight of the game. Old Ephraim finally came in from a promenade, and Joe came to camp and reported:

'Well, I have found him, and he is the biggest bear ever born in Idaho.'

As I said, we had invented various plans for capturing our bear when he should have been marked down. One of the cute dodges was to duster a piece of meat with morphine. A doctor had recommended that we should use this programme. We dosed a haunch of venison and hung it up near the ravine, but Joe, who was in hiding, saw a lion pull it down and bear it away. We tried a second piece and the big wolf got it. Then we turned to our bear trap. We had brought with us the biggest, stoutest trap ever made by man, and it was generally agreed that it would hold an elephant. This trap was set fair on the path, with its heavy chain fastened to a tree, and things were covered up so deftly that a fox would have trotted right into the pan. The old bear wasn't to be fooled however. He made a half circuit around the trap and after a day and a night a wolf walked into it and was almost cut in two as the jaws closed. Then we made a spring trap by bending down a stout spruce and using a loop of horsehair lariat, but the bear turned aside and avoided it and we caught a mesquy wolf. We then constructed a dead fall at the mouth of the ravine, meaning that a heavy log should hold the bear prisoner until we could otherwise secure him, but though we baited it with choice meat he was too sharp for us.

When it became certain that Ephraim knew of our presence and was chucking over our defeats, the half breed suggested a very simple dodge. Half way down the ravine was a smaller one coming, in at right angles. Fortunately for us the soil was soft and deep, and one forenoon we dug a pit five feet wide, ten feet long and about ten feet deep. The mouth was covered with light poles, and over the poles we spread bunchgrass and dirt. When our work was finished the sharpest eye could detect no trace. So far as we could judge, the bear did most of his roaming by day. When the pit was ready we withdrew, and did not go near the ravine again until the third day. Then we made a circuit along the mountainside to reach the lateral without leaving a trail, and at 9 o'clock in the forenoon all of us were well hidden except Joe. He sat out in the open on a rock, just beyond the pit, and with a stick he kept up a pretty constant tapping on the rock. The sound was one to excite the curiosity of any animal, and was plainly to be heard at the bear's den. It was a full hour, however, before the grizzly came down to see what the noise signified. At the junction of the ravine, which was about fifty feet from our position, the old fellow sat down to size up the situation. All he could see was a half-breed pounding at a rock. He sniffed and growled, but didn't seem to be

looking for trouble. Joe got down from his perch and began to dance and sing, but the bear didn't fire up. Then the man began throwing stones, and it was only after Bruin had been hit the third time that he got mad and made a rush. With blood in his eyes and his teeth showing like grave-stones he came on, but as he struck the pit he turned end-over-end and disappeared from sight.

We had our bear at last, but hardly had our shouts of exultation died away when we began to wonder if he hadn't got us as well. We hadn't figured on a bear in a pit. Had he fallen on his back we might have noosed his legs, but he fell on his feet and gave us no understanding that there was lots of trouble ahead. We designed to throw a noose over his head and choke him but he ducked and dodged like a prize-fighter. When we had worked away all day he was still ahead of the game and we were very much discouraged. It was finally decided to send a man over to Hamilton's for chloroform and sponges, and the messenger left next morning at daybreak. During the two days he was absent we cut long, slim stakes and drove them into the soil at the bottom of the pit, so as to contract the spaces, and we finally had the bear in close quarters. He didn't allow the work to go without objections. He tore out many of the stakes and chewed them to matchwood, and toward the last he got so mad that he had a sort of fit.

The messenger returned with enough chloroform to put four bulls to sleep. We tied the sponges to the ends of poles, and when all was ready we saturated them and scooped all together. Ephraim was game to the last, but he finally gave up, and Joe descended into the pit and tied his legs together and fastened a hauling rope round his body. By means of skids and one of the horses and hauling altogether we got the big bulk out of the pit, but it was two hours' hard work and we had to use chloroform three over. When Bruin was out we resecured his legs and bound him fast on a travois. Only one horse out of the six could be got near him, and it looked as if the bear would have to be dragged forty miles over a rough country by man and horse. The bear was so stupidly good-natured all the afternoon, and before we went into camp for the night we had dragged him seven miles. Soon after dark he began to file objections. He growled, coughed, snorted and strained, but he could not break loose. He would have kept everybody awake all night, but we used it to quiet him down. It took a day and a half longer to get him down to the railroad station, and then we found we must turn to and make a cage to ship him in. By this time he was also suffering for food and drink.

We got six turns of a lasso around the bear's body and to these we fastened two chains and secured the other ends to the trees. Then we cut his lashings and got out of the way. The first thing he did was to lap up about two gallons of water, the next was to devour the freshly killed carcass of a calf. Then he drew a long breath and was ready for business. The cowboy who had bossed the tying-up job warranted the lasso and chains to hold a herd of steers, but unfortunately he had never figured on bear power. Of a sudden the grizzly made a lunge and snatched one chain as if it had been a cotton string. Heave—strain—snap! went the other, ten seconds later he was free. We tumbled over ourselves to get out of his way and I believe Ephraim fully intended to make things red-hot for the crowd, but an incident occurred to scare him off. He was making for the railroad toolhouse, on the roof of which three men had taken refuge, when a passenger train came rushing by. He hadn't seen anything of the sort before, and the hiss of steam and the shriek of the whistle started him for the hills. He went off with forty feet of lariat for a belt, and a good length of chain dragging on each side, but he had secured his liberty and could take his time about getting rid of the ornaments.

Sensible Women. The day has almost gone by when men and women feared to turn their hands to any useful work lest they should lose social standing. The world is beginning to respect the worker, and workers are found among the highest classes.

We read of Mademoiselle Valentine about the Eldest daughter of the well-known novelist, starting a school of military for apprentices and amateurs in Paris. Edmund About was one of the most popular writers in France during the Second Empire, and earned large sums of money; but he left no fortune, and his daughter, being a wise woman, decided to turn her talents to account, and join the ranks of money-earners.

The world is fast drifting away from the time—not so very long ago—when a lady was enjoined to lift nothing heavier than a tea-cup. Now women believe that their hands were made for use—even royal women. It is said of the Princess Louise, Duchess of Fife, who lives her own quiet

life among the hills beyond Braemar, that she does her own errands, like the wife of a laborer. Modestly dressed, she enters a village shop, makes her purchases, and carries them off to her carriage as if she were doing parts of her day's work.

A lady, visiting at Braemar, was in the village bank, and was astonished to hear the banker address as 'Your Royal Highness' an ordinary-looking lady, with a parcel under her arm.

SUPERSTITIONS OF CHINAMEN.

Discovery of a Devil in a Garden Hoop and Its Notorious Results.

On a farm in the southern part of California a young Chinaman was employed to do odd jobs. His one great delight was to sprinkle the lawn with the hose. One afternoon when he was at his favorite occupation a visitor thought it would be a good joke to cut the water off by turning a faucet at one end of the piazza. Now the Chinaman had sprinkled the lawn hundreds of times, but had not the remotest idea where the water came from, taking it for granted that it was the most natural thing in the world for water to flow from the hose. Therefore when the visitor carried out his idea and the water stopped running the Chinaman was sorely perplexed to know what had happened. First he threw the hose on the ground, stamped upon it and shook it, and then as this vigorous treatment produced no beneficial results he blew down the hose. Just then the owner of the house stepped up to see the fun. The visitor, seeing him coming, said in a low voice:

'Just see the fun. The next time he blows down the hose I will turn it on full force.'

'Sure enough, in a few minutes the Chinaman started to blow down the hose, and as he did so the visitor turned the water on full.

'Did you ever see such an astonished Chinaman?' remarked the visitor gleefully. The Chinaman certainly was astonished. He threw the hose on the ground and

ings. In a few minutes he returned with a small bundle under his arm, and going up to his employer said:

'Give me my money. Me no stayed, Dobbil in hosee. Dobbil in hosee.'

The joke had turned out to be of a more serious nature than had been expected. The Chinaman walked off in spite of all remonstrances. The owner of the farm laughed, and said he would go to the Chinese agent and get another boy. Bright and early the next morning a new Chinese boy arrived, and as everything seemed satisfactory he went with his small paper bundle to his room, the same one occupied by his predecessor. He had been in the room only a few minutes when he out, and going up to his employer said:

'Me no likee. Me no likee. Me no stayed.'

Upon being questioned he would give no answer except that he didn't like it and wouldn't stay. Recourse was again had to the Chinese agent, and the next morning another Chinese boy arrived with his invariable little bundle under his arm. Going to his room, he returned almost as instantly and, with a mystified way, said like the former one:

'Me no stayed. Me no stayed.'

Things were beginning to look serious, and the visitor wished he hadn't played that practical joke. For the third time the Chinese agent was called upon. This time the agent made some inquiries and promised to call the next morning and try to find out the trouble. The next morning he arrived, and after looking around the place, went to the Chinaman's former room. There he discovered, written on one side of the wall, in Chinese characters, the information that the place was haunted and was inhabited with strange spirits or devils, and that Chinamen had better keep clear of it. This explained it all, and after removing the writing no trouble was had in procuring a new Chinese boy.

Not so Poor. A coaching-party was passing through a bleak stretch of New Hampshire country on the way to a mountain resort. The coach halted at a water-trough opposite a dilapidated old house, and the tourists indulged freely in comments on the dreariness of the spot.

'I pity the people who live here!' said one young woman, in a tone unwisely clear. 'They must be as poor as poverty. Look at that pasture full of boulders and that discouraged meadow!'

'Well, now, me'am,' came a voice from the doorway, in which suddenly appeared a lack man in overalls and a bright red shirt. 'I'm not so poor as you think. I don't own this land. I'm just a hired hand.'

PRIZE SOAP

made to resist crushing frost, heavy shocks and usage.

Shortly after the ordination of the Rev. S. R. Crockett, the well-known novelist, he chanced to be travelling in a railway compartment with a few friends when a small farmer, one of his new parishioners, entered the carriage and was introduced to the new member of Presbytery, but said not a word.

Arriving at his station, he got out and stood at the door.

'An' ye tell me this is the new minister?' He looked long and sadly at Mr. Crockett. Then with a sigh: 'Weel-sweal,' he added finally, 'A'm a better judge o' fat beast than o' a minister!'

For Mere Obstnacy. An amusing story of amateur sports comes to the London Academy from the far East, all the way from Perak, in the Malay Peninsula.

The sun was blazing down on a field of hot, excited horses and men all waiting for a tall, raw-boned beast to yield to the importunities of the starter and get into line.

The patience of the latter was nearly exhausted. 'Bring up that horse!' he shouted. 'Bring up that Boss! You'll get into trouble over this I tell you that!'

The rider of the refractory beast a youthful lightweight, replied, patiently: 'I'm as tired of it as you are, sir, but I can't help it. This is a cab-horse, but this horse is. He won't start till the door shuts, and I haven't got a door!'

Probably the reader has heard voices which the following will recall to his mind: 'I know Mr. Pidgerly is a good man,' said one of the members of the family, as the caller had gone, 'but it makes me so tired to hear him talk!'

'I know why it is,' said another member of the family. 'You feel like clearing your throat all the time to help him out.'

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of mortgage bearing date the twenty-third day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-four, and registered in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the City and County of St. John as number 65887, in Book 50 of Records pages 20, 21, 22 and 23, on the seventh day of February A. D. 1894, and made between William Thompson of the City of Saint John in the City and County of St. John and Province of New Brunswick and Mary Knox of the same place, widow of the late James Knox of the one part, and George E. Peasey of the City of Fredericton in the County of York and Province aforesaid, Queen's Printer of the other part, there will for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured and made payable in and by the said Indenture of mortgage default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at public auction at Chamber's Corner, as called, in the said City of St. John, on SATURDAY, THE TWENTY-SECOND DAY OF JULY NEXT, at the hour of twelve of the clock noon of that day, the lands and premises in the said Indenture of mortgage described as following: That is to say:-

A LL THAT CERTAIN LOT, PIECE OR parcel of land situate lying and being in the city of Saint John aforesaid and bounded and described as follows:-Beginning at the South West Corner of Duke and Westworth Streets thence running along the Southern side of Duke Street forty feet in a Westerly direction thence Southerly and parallel to Westworth Street one hundred and five feet thence Easterly parallel to Duke Street forty feet to Westworth Street thence Northerly along Westworth Street to the place of beginning.

And, All that certain other piece or parcel of land situate lying and being in Westworth Street described as follows: Beginning at a point on the Westerly side of Westworth Street thence Southerly one hundred and five feet from Duke Street thence Southerly twenty one feet on Westworth Street thence Westerly at right angles to Westworth Street thirty feet thence Northerly parallel to Westworth Street twenty one feet thence Easterly slightly east to the place of beginning.

Together with all buildings erected and improvements thereon. Dated the eighteenth day of May A. D. 1899. GEORGE E. PEASEY, Mortgagee. SACHS & SINCLAIR, Solicitors to Mortgagee.

Sunday Reading

The Two Streets. Two streets there are—in many towns— A hot one and a fair; In one the sweetest peace abounds...

Fruitage of the Fall.

While many, by determinately defeating God's gracious purpose, drown themselves in destruction, there are, on the other hand, myriads of myriads whose names are written in the Lamb's Book of Life...

palms and prophesy continually broke forth into the anticipation of a world-wide prevalence of truth. And when the fullness of time came, there appeared what never was seen elsewhere before or since, a religion suited to all ages, all climes, all conditions the world over...

their attention to a future life, thus leading them to neglect and despise the present world. There is but little peril from this source at the present time. The tendency now, even in church work, is toward the outward and the material...

God's Army. We all know the duties of a soldier. Whether in camp or on the march he is under orders, and is expected to perform good service. Many of the young men in our land have had a recent practical illustration of what it means to belong to an army...

lastly, then hastily replaced it, resumed his pen, and wrote with increased energy. The examiner, pretending not to notice this, rose from his seat, strolled round the room, came up behind the student, and, after waiting a time, saw the student again draw something from his breast pocket...

habit of smoking his cigar and perusing the daily papers in the 'Parlor' every morning, and as a passage covered over with glass, led to it from the billiard-room it was easy to access, and at the same time a quiet retreat.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. SICK HEADACHE. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating...

The DRA CORSET. Develops Perfect Form. The finest corset that experience can produce. It is beautifully constructed; flexible yet firm...

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS FOR WEAK PEOPLE. AND THOSE TROUBLED WITH Palpitation, Throbbing or Irregular Beating of the Heart, Dizziness, Shortness of Breath, Headache after exertion, Smothering Feeling, Spasms or Pain through the Breast and Heart, Morbid Condition of the Mind, Partial Paralysis, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Anemia, General Debility, AKA, Effects of Old Age, Loss of Appetite, etc.

Calino, the French 'Mrs Partington,' does not amuse so much by the confusion of his words as by the quaintness and unintended plainness of his remarks. He entered the service of a well-known doctor, who, after Calino had been buying hay for his horses, made up his mind that the hay was worthless...

Men and Women of To-day.

Very few Presidents of the United States have had a greater faculty for making visitors feel at ease than William McKinley. It is not altogether policy, but it springs in a large measure from that same thoughtfulness for other persons' comfort which has been exemplified by his years of devotion to his charming and invalid wife.

Soon after his inauguration a member of the family of former President Harrison called at the White House with his wife to pay his respects. During General Harrison's administration he had been a frequent visitor at the Executive Mansion, often stopping there for weeks at a time.

Of course all of the attendants knew him and he had no difficulty in having his card taken direct to the President, who was presiding over a meeting of the Cabinet at the time. Mr. McKinley at once left the room and warmly greeted his visitors in the ante room. Not satisfied with this, he personally escorted the lady upstairs to his domestic apartments and presented her to Mrs. McKinley.

Then returning with the gentleman, he took him into the Cabinet room and presented him in turn to each member of his official family. After this, he took him upstairs to his wife, in Mrs. McKinley's rooms and left them both there, with the parting injunction to look upon the White House as their home whenever they were in Washington.

'You lived here once,' he said. 'You know the old place better than I do. It must have pleasant memories for you both. I shall esteem it a rare pleasure to have you drop in on us whenever you are in town. You may be sure that you will be welcome always.'

Mrs. Lowe's Introduction into Clubdom

Mrs. Rebecca J. Lowe, the President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, in addition to her many other accomplishments has the reputation of being the best housekeeper in Atlanta, Georgia. Born with the domestic taste of a true daughter of the South, her home has always been of first importance.

But her broad sympathy reached beyond this limit, and as her children grew up and gave her greater leisure Mrs. Lowe saw in the Women's club movement in the North an avenue of culture and progress for women which her State did not possess. So calling together a few of the representative women of her town to a meeting in her own parlor the first Woman's club of Atlanta was started. Other towns quickly took up the idea, and as a result of the effort Mrs. Lowe soon had the Georgia State Federation of Women's Clubs with herself as its first President.

The activity and progress of these Georgia clubs soon attracted the attention of the General Federation, and notwithstanding her recent entrance to clubdom Mrs. Lowe found herself a person of much importance at the convention held in Denver last June. Her election as President of this vast body representing upward of 100,000 of America's best women was a surprise to all. But already the wisdom of the choice is becoming apparent in several ways. Among these may be mentioned the interest she has manifested in the advance of working women.

In appearance Mrs. Lowe is most prepossessing, having preserved her youthfulness to an unusual degree considering her grown children. Her manner is gentle and retiring, and yet she possesses a dignity which befits her high office.

Wheeler Tells How They Raise Men in Georgia.

During a recent visit to the Army camp in Savannah, General Joseph Wheeler was entertained by a party of Northern men at the Do Soto, when, in the good-humor of after-dinner cigars, one of the gentlemen said laughingly:

'How is it, General, that the sleepy farms of the South produce such whirlwind fighters in such small packages?'

'Well, gentlemen,' said the little General, puffing at a large man's cigar, 'I believe I'll have to give you the answer an old "cracker" woman once gave me when I asked her a similar question. Not many years ago I had occasion to make a saddle journey through the pine barrens of Georgia, where most everybody is a

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A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superseding Bitter Apple, Fil Cocchia, Purgatives, etc. Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from EVANS & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B. C., or Martini, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton, Eng.



Rouge, the torpid liver, and cure biliousness, sick headache, jaundice, nausea, indigestion, etc. They are invaluable to prevent a cold or break up a fever. Mild, gentle, certain, they are worthy your confidence. Purely vegetable, they can be taken by children or delicate women. Price, 25c. at all medicine dealers or by mail of C. J. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

'cracker' and mighty shittles. One day, however, I rode into a little community that showed such signs of thrift as to be quite out of keeping with the general character of the barrens, I do assure you, gentlemen. I rode up to a cabin where a gaunt old woman stood in the doorway, and asked her who owned these little farms that were so well kept.

'That farm on the left belongs to my son Jab-z,' said she, 'and the next one to my boy Zalim, and the next one to my lad Jason, and the next is my boy Potiphar's place, and—'

'Hold on, sister,' said I. 'How did you manage to raise such a fine lot of boys way off here in the woods?'

'Wal, stranger,' she answered, 'I am a widdy woman, and all I had to raise 'em on was prayer and hickory, but I raised 'em powerful frequent.'

President Harper as a Practical Joker.

William Rainey Harper, President of the University of Chicago, recently established his reputation as a practical joker in a way that left no doubt that he was a man accustomed to do his word upon a large scale. The story has already woven itself into the mess of college tradition and will long serve to illustrate one side of the character of the great Western educator. It was a cold, clear day, a football day, and Marshall Field, by the midway, was gay with battle-flags that foretold a stubborn contest.

The vast grandstands were crowded to their usual capacity, for this occasion, when Chicago meets her rival, the University of Wisconsin, is always one of intense enthusiasm and fierce partisanship. Bands tried ineffectually to drown the steady joyful shout of the "rooters," students and alumni trooped to the colors of their alma mater, and the eager throng poured steadily through the many gates.

At this time there appeared in a conspicuous place on the main grandstand William Rainey Harper, escorting President Adams of the University of Wisconsin. The players had not yet appeared and the reckless crowd centered its attention upon the two figures on stand. President Adams, seizing the moment turned to his host as the mighty cheer of the cardinal rooters thundered from the opposite stand, and pinned upon his breast, a broad cardinal ribbon, the colors of the University of Wisconsin.

Doctor Harper made no objection, but turned quickly, and unobserved made his way to the entrance to the stand toward which a number of members of his faculty were approaching. Foremost was a bashful instructor who was extremely anxious to be popular, and so was a faithful attendant at the football games. Doctor Harper met him on the stairs with unwonted cordiality.

'Glad to see you, Doctor, but where are your colors?' said the President. 'I insist upon you taking mine.'

The young instructor was so excited and overjoyed by the warmth of his welcome that he imagined the roar of cheers he heard was meant for him. He undoubtedly would be promoted—perhaps to the head of his department.

With a proud smile he sat down in the centre of the Chicago section; it was evident to him that his long-guarded discovery in neurology had somehow become known. Every one was staring at him. Suddenly a strong hand was laid on his and a harsh voice said:

'See here, sir; what are you doing with that cardinal ribbon? What do you mean by coming here to flaunt Wisconsin colors in our faces?' It was the voice of an influential Trustee, and on all sides rose fierce young partisans who wanted an explanation of his blood.

Far back on the grandstand, near the Trustee's empty seat, William Rainey Harper laughed at his little joke until he scarcely had breath enough to join in a boisterous welcome to the team as it came running on to the field.

How Riley Submits His Poems.

James Whitcomb Riley does not look much older than he did when he first became known to fame through his poems and lectures. He is of medium height, and is slight in build, and his face is clean-shaven. While he writes with extreme rapidity, he does not turn out a large

amount of work. His ideas are carefully considered before the task of composition is begun, and after ten poems is finished in the rough the poet copies it in a microscopic, copperplate hand, which in many instances is far more artistic than the types in which it afterward appears.

A short time ago Mr. Riley wrote a long poem for a New York newspaper. It was ordered in advance, and was to be sent in upon a certain day. Now, most writers especially poets, are dilatory. But the Hoosier bard is an exception to the rule. His poem arrived the day it was promised. It came by express in a formidable parcel. First were the outer wrappings of heavy brown paper, then some soft packing stuff, and beneath that the board covers within which was the manuscript, tied together with a small ribbon, and so neat that the editor was almost afraid to turn the leaves.

A Clothes-Fin that Cost Edison Ten Dollars.

Possibly one of the secrets of Thomas A. Edison's success as an inventor is his forethought. The Wizard of Menlo Park does not believe in leaving anything undone that can be done to further his researches. An illustration may be cited in his wonderful curiosity shop. This shop is a high-ceilinged room, the walls of which are filled with shelves divided into pigeon-holes and drawers. Here are kept and properly labeled all manner of materials used in laboratories and workshops. No mineralogist has a finer collection of specimens. As to woods, the Smithsonian Institution or the Metropolitan Museum of Natural History are not more complete. The collection, for instance, of bamboo fibre, used in the electric-light bulbs, comprises every specimen known to science.

Besides these, the shop contains everything that an inventor could possibly want, whether he were inventing a new dynamo or a hobby horse that would shy at bicycles or devising a gigantic electrical reproduction of the battle of Manila. Mr. Edison's idea in making the collection was to provide against any contingency that might arise.

'I want,' he said, 'to be prepared for any emergency. I don't want a million-dollar idea to go to waste while I am sending to town for ten cents' worth of material from the village store.'

When the shop was stocked Mr. Edison thought he would test its completeness. Therefore he offered a prize of ten dollars to any of his assistants who should mention any material of possible use not contained in the collection. The prize was won by a bright young man after a hard day's work. And the missing article was a clothes pin.

Stoddard's Little Jokes on the Frets.

In his library the other day Richard Henry Stoddard was talking with some friends about men and days that are gone.

'I met John G. Saxe one morning about fifty years ago,' said the poet. 'It was in Broadway, and I was on my way to the custom house, where I was employed. Saxe was a big man, a giant of a man, bluff and hearty. He was in a particularly happy mood this day, and before we had gone far he gave me the reason.

'My son,' he said, 'is doing better than I expected. He is making a great success.' 'How?' I asked.

'He has started a lumber yard up in Albany.'

'All out of his own head?' I inquired.

'I don't believe that Saxe altogether liked my question, but I meant no harm.'

Speaking of Saxe suggested other poets, and Mr. Stoddard asked whether any one could recall the conundrum once propounded concerning Fitz James O'Brien. O'Brien by the way, was a thorough Bohemian. He lived up to his last cent, and seldom occupied the same rooms for any length of time. No one remembered the riddle.

'I'll tell you then,' continued the poet. 'I think it was Marshall who propounded it. It was, "Why is O'Brien like the Almighty?" The answer was, "Because he moves in a mysterious way."

Bishop Potter's Dread of Interviewers.

During the recent controversy regarding the ordination of Dr. Briggs, Bishop Potter remarked to a reporter: 'I should think by this time the newspaper editors would learn that I do not confide my plans to the public press.'

And they should have learned it if experience is worth anything. Bishop Potter during his entire connection with the Episcopal Church, has never once been interviewed by a reporter. He is probably the only man of note in New York who absolutely refuses to talk for publication.

Once a reporter smuggled himself into the Bishop's office in the guise of a workman and learned the details of a plan which the Bishop desired to keep a secret. He was discovered, however, and the next day the Bishop altered the scheme entirely.

Mrs. Howe as a Cuban Patriot.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was one of the pioneers in the struggle for Cuban independence. She visited Cuba in 1857, and while there severely criticized the Spanish authorities for their methods. After her return she described her experience in a book entitled a Trip to Cuba, which was promptly prohibited from circulation in Spanish countries by the Spanish censor. So strong was the official feeling against the work that about two hundred Cubans who were found with the book in their possession were severely punished.

Since the late war this book has received a distinct boom, and the few copies in existence have become so popular that a Cuban publisher is considering the advisability of bringing out a new edition in Spanish.

Depew's Rule of Health.

Senator Chauncey M. Depew probably goes to more public dinners than any other American. He recently told the writer his secret of avoiding indigestion.

'I never drink more than one kind of wine,' he said. 'I smoke only two cigars I don't eat sweets, and I confine myself to the plain dishes and eat sparingly of those. My breakfast is a boiled egg, a glass of hot water, some dry toast and a cup of tea.'

Stevenson and the Beggar.

An American who visited the Stevenson at Samoa relates that the Samoans have a practice of beginning. They boldly ask for whatever they may covet wherever it may be found. The novelist became tired of this practice, and therefore said one day to a Samoan friend who had acquired from him a necktie, handkerchief, and some other trinket. 'Is there anything else you want?'

The Samoan made a hasty survey of the room.

'There is the piano,' suggested Mr. Stevenson ironically.

'Yes,' replied the native, 'I know but,' he added apologetically, 'I don't know how to play it.'

DISRAELI.

He Succeeded Once in Mortifying William Gladstone.

Disraeli, it is said, only laughed once in the House of Commons. The incident is described in Sir John Mowbray's 'Seventy Years at Westminster,' published in Blackwood's Magazine for February. Mr. Gladstone had made an impassioned speech in favor of the union of Wallachia and Moldavia. Mr. Disraeli, speaking in opposition, pointed out that the result would be the extinction of the independence of these people, and the only thing left would be the remorse 'which would be painted with admirable eloquence by the rhetorician of the day.'

In reply Mr. Gladstone said that he would not be guilty of the affected modesty of pretending to be ignorant that that designation, 'the rhetorician of the day,' was intended for himself. Mr. Disraeli interrupted him with the remark, 'I beg your pardon, I really did not mean that. Disraeli sat down with a satisfied smile that told of his enjoyment.

Mr. Gladstone's face expressed amazement and indignation. His opponent had placed him in the mortifying position of applying a remark to himself which had no such personal reference—therefore Gladstone's wrath and Disraeli's smile. The Liberal leader proceeded with his speech, and condemned the 'serquipedalian words and inflated language' of the leader of the Conservatives.

In those days, when Disraeli, as the leader of the Conservatives, was educating his party, and Mr. Gladstone was leading the Liberals, a story was told which indicated the Tory estimate of both men. A conversation took place between Mr. Davenport, the beau ideal of the Tory country gentlemen, and Mr. Potter, a Liberal member of the House, with respect to the merits of their respective leaders. It was cut short by Davenport saying:

'Your leader is a dangerous lunatic, mine only an unscrupulous rogue.'

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It was an open secret to the men who followed Disraeli most obediently while he led the House of Commons, says the Spectator, that in politics he no more recognized morality than he would have recognized it in a game of chess. He entered public life determined to win, but as to how he won he did not care one brass farthing.

A Child's Suffering.

Mr. Wm. McKay, Clifford N. S. Tells of His Daughter's Cure.

She was First Attracted with Acute Rheumatism Followed by St. Vitus Dance in a Severe Form—Her Parents Thought She Could not Recover.

From the Enterprise, Bridgewater N. S.

Wm. McKay, Esq. a well-known and much respected farmer and mill man at Clifford, Lunenburg Co., N. S. relates the following wonderful cure effected in his family by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.—'About three years ago my little daughter Ella, then a child of ten years, was attacked with acute rheumatism. It was a terribly bad case; for over a month she was confined to her bed, and during most of the time utterly helpless, being unable to turn in bed, or in fact to move at all without help. She could not even hold anything in her hand. All power or use of her limbs had entirely gone and the pain she suffered was fearful. By constant attention after a month or so she began to gain a little strength, and after a little improved enough to be taken out of bed and even walked around a bit after a fashion by means of a support. But now she was seized with a worse ailment than rheumatism. Her nervous system gave way, appeared completely shattered. She shook violently all the time, would tumble down in trying to walk. In attempting to drink from a cup her hand shook so as to spill the contents all over herself. She was a pitiable object. The doctors were called to her again and said she had St. Vitus dance in the worst form. She took the medicine prescribed and followed the instructions of her physician for some time, but without apparent benefit. She wasted away almost to a skeleton and we gave her up for lost. About this time I read in a paper an account of a great cure of nervousness effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and resolved to try them. I bought six boxes and the little girl began using them. The good effects of the first box were quite apparent and when four boxes were used, she seemed so much improved that the pills were discontinued. She kept on improving and after a few weeks was as well as ever. We were told that the cure would not last, that it was only some powerful ingredient in the pills which would be worn out and that after a time the child would be worse than ever. All this has proved false, for now nearly three years she has had unbroken good health, nerves as strong as they are made, and stands school work and household work as well as a mature person. We have no doubt about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills restoring to us our little girl, whom we looked upon as doomed to an early grave.'

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific for diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood or shattered nerves, such as St. Vitus' dance, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, paralysis, sciatitis, the ataxic effects of la grippe, headache, dizziness, erysipelas, scrofula, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and hollow cheeks. Protect yourself against imitations by insisting that every box bears the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not have them they will be sent post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Vastly Different.

As will be seen, it makes a great difference how one uses the muscular resources at one's command.

A member of an athletic club, after swimming the length of the large tank in the basement of the institution, came out puffing and blowing, apparently exhausted.

'You don't manage your breathing right,' said the swimming instructor. 'It ought not to tire you so. As to the upper part of your body, including your arms, you use exactly the same muscles, and in very much the same way, in swimming as in sailing wood.'

'No, sir,' gapped the swimmer. 'When it comes to sailing wood, I use the muscles of some other man.'

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When a novelist writes, "she eyed him closely," it doesn't mean that she was cross-eyed.

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Frills of Fashion.

Fans are simply beyond description if any attempt is made to give an idea of the variety to be found in the shops, for there is everything between the cheapest paper and real lace with jewels which fancy can devise. Lace and chiffon fans with tiny frills of lace carried down each fold are one of the dainty novelties, while another is real lace applique on a background of black net showered with steel paillettes. The sticks are of real tortoise-shell and when the fan is spread it takes the form of a full-blown rose of lace. Lace applique in the form of various flowers is one of the prettiest features of the new fans, and the black background of net and spangles displays it to the best advantage. One of the latest French novelties is a hand-painted gauze with the head of a big black cat in the centre.

Feather boas in black, white and gray are one of the very active fads of fashion in London, and at least three boas are considered a necessary addition to the summer outfit.

Hats of black Brussels net run with infinitesimally narrow tucks very close together are one variation of millinery, and again you see hat brims lined with tuck-ed chiffon.

Long, slender white wings are one of the special features of millinery and are especially pretty on the white straw hats trimmed with tulle or chiffon and a black velvet bow with a stunning buckle.

Parasols like the material of the gown are the correct thing to have. Dainty boleros of Renaissance to the and embroidered chiffon fastened at one side with a bow of velvet or silk ornament many of the bodices of the foulard gowns.

The white pique skirt is indispensable to the summer girl's outfit, and with this the correct thing is the lawn shirt waist, snowy white, a white kid belt and a white or violet necktie. Ecru pique skirts, with white waists, are also very stylish.

The modes from the standpoint of a fashionable summer resort are a revelation, to say the least, brings out the energies of the dress designers in full relief. It is here that dress reaches a climax, and with the pretty background of towering trees and green lawns the dainty summer gowns have a setting which gives them their full value of color and effect. Every varying change of fashion is well represented, and we not anticipate any genuine novelties till the chilling breezes of autumn demand new and less fanciful costumes. Everything that is delicate and diaphanous is in high favor now bringing visions of the old days when sloping shoulders, fichus and poke bonnets were leading features of fashion.

The athletic girl may be interesting in her useful and rather masculine costumes, but she is not the dainty, attractive bit of femininity that she is in the pretty lace-trimmed muslins, silks and chiffons. There is a subtle charm about the pretty semi-transparent gowns which is all their own, and certainly feeling fashion never has furnished a more alluring array of summer costumes of all descriptions than we have this season. The most pessimistic follows of fashion will concede that in spite of their declarations against the long clinging skirts [and the close sleeves.

One of the distinguishing features of dress just at the moment is the use of embroidered batiste in white, cream, and ecru tints. It is made up into gowns, lined with colored silk, pale pink for a choice, and completion with mooseline de soie accessories in the same color. This may form a striped vest, yoke and sash, which

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in this material is a three-cornered piece finished with ruffles and a puff around the edge. Another sort of mooseline sash which is very effective is a wide, straight with a ruff; across the end, drawn through a buckle with one full loop. Puffings of mooseline de soie trim some of the embroidered muslin gowns, and fichus of colored chiffon are worn with white muslins, giving a picturesque effect which makes them very attractive. A draped fichu, knotted in front, with long ends, shows a tendency in fashion to repeat itself, and an occasional hat in the Directoire shape, with rather a high crown and a yoke-shaped brim, adds to the quaint, old-fashioned effect.

To single out any feature of dress as distinctively in the lead of the procession at the summer resorts is hardly possible beyond the ruling element of gauzy textures and light colors. Hand painted muslins are one of the latest fancies, and if you can picture a gown of this daintily trimmed with lace, completed with a chiffon fichu of some tint in the design and crowned by a tulle toque, with simple little pigeons' wings for trimming, you have the same of airy like effect in summer dress. A novelty which adds to the lightness of summer attire is a net bos edged with the petals of some dainty flower. The painted muslins are made over white glass silk, or what is cooler, a thin wash silk, and trimmed with lace insertion and lace frills falling over plaiting of chiffon in the same pale coloring of the painted flowers. Some of the most elegant gowns which grace the parade of fashionable dresses are made of mooseline de soie, in pale blue or pink, with a long tunic over dress and bodice of guipure lace, fastened at the side with full rosettes of black velvet ribbon, which are one of the special features of the latest gowns. They are made of narrow ribbon and quite full, like a pom-pom, if you wish, or with fewer loops and a circle of rhinestones in the centre.

Other pretty gowns are made of cream net dotted over with applique designs of cream lace, and elbow sleeves are one of the refreshing features of the latest summer costumes. Mooseline de soie made up with alternate rows of lace insertion and groups of tucks covering the bodice and skirt above the deep flounce, finished at the hem with a chiffon ruche, is one of the illustrations of extravagant handwork. Wide insertions of lace set in without the tucks are quite as effective, however. Printed chine silk muslin in both black and white grounds are very popular as are all the cotton muslins classed under the head of wash fabrics. Muslin gowns in great variety certainly loom up conspicuously in the vista of fashionable dress, but they are not the simple affairs that the name suggests. Extravagance runs riot quite as much among the thin gowns as any other variety, but the expense is chiefly in the making and accessories, and not in the material, with silk linings, miles of lace and ribbons for trimmings, and the proper hats and parasols to match the up-to-date muslin gown becomes a problem difficult to solve if your dress allowance is limited.

White gowns of organdie and cream-tinted gowns of lace are first choice on the list despite all the pretty colors which add variety to the array. There is simply no limit to the elegance which is accomplished in these thin gowns, but there are many simple and useful muslin dresses which are very attractive. Dimities made up without any lining are charming morning dresses for the street, especially in the dark colors. Dark blue and black Swiss with white dots are very fashionable made up over silk or a dimity lining. The blue is trimmed with white lace, narrow edges and insertions, and the black with black lace, which is very effective over a white lining. The deep flounce, wider at the back than in front and striped around with rows of insertion above a narrow lace-edged frill is a favorite way of making the skirt. Sometimes the upper portion of the skirt is striped with insertion, either up and down or around, and the flounce is plain, with only a frill of lace at the feet. Transparent neck and sleeves are one of the special features of all the thin gowns, while another, which is quite new this season, is the belt of the same material to give the long unbroken line from the shoulder to the hem. A little touch of colour is pretty on the black Swiss gowns, around the collar band and possibly the yoke. A pretty way to accomplish this is by using gathered frills of blue velvet baby ribbon, three or five rows around the neck, with a few rows encircling the yoke below the band. Narrow piping of silk are also very effective, and if the collar band is made of lace it may be lined with a colour.

The sleeves of all the muslin gowns are quite close fitting, but very much trimmed with tucks and insertions, or made half of lace and half of the muslin. Sometimes the lower half from just below the elbow to

the waist is of lace, with no lining, and it is upper sleeves laps over this, shaped in scallops and finished with a narrow lace frill. Again the upper sleeve is of lace, beginning just above the elbow, where the lower sleeve folds over with a finish of rows of black velvet ribbon or a frill of very narrow lace. Light gray is a very popular color for the organdie or silk muslin gown, and it is usually made up over gray and trimmed with white lace. A little color at the neck adds very much to the becoming effect.

Muslin gowns are not the only division in summer dress which is expensive, for the pique, duck and linen suits carry a goodly amount of extravagance in their train. They must be up to date in every sense, tailor made, if possible, or they will not pass muster; and as it is necessary to have them immaculately fresh at all times the laundry bills add unlimited sums to the original price. White lawn or silk shirt waists are most generally worn with the pique coat and skirt, but colored silk waists with the white pique are very popular, as they were last season. Gray pique is very much worn, and with this the pale pink and blue skirt waists are very pretty.

The old fashion of wearing linen gowns for travelling has been revived this season and very pretty weavers are shown in this material. The ecru and gray tints are the prevailing colors, patterned with black or brown spots, and they are made up like pique with an Eton or street jacket with a basque, and worn with plaid or polka dotted silk waists. The dark blue liness, trimmed with white bands, are also very stylish for travelling, and then there are more dressy linen gowns for morning wear made of brown linen, trimmed with stitched bands and white chiffon forming a chemise vest and cravat at the neck and a frill down the side of the skirt where the edge is scalloped and finished with a stitched band.

Despite all this long procession of thin gowns the latest fashion reports tell us that silk gowns are the latest thing in Paris, and that satin is coming in again in plain black and flowered patterns. Taffeta mooseline, which is light in weight and very soft, is represented among the latest French gowns, the prettiest examples being embroidered with white polka dots. One of the latest gowns in taffeta is trimmed with a silk fringe all around the tunic and finished with a chemise and collar of batiste and cream lace. A little touch of ecru color is the latest thing for the blue silk gowns.

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Irish Linen Collars and Cuffs: COLLARS—Ladies', from 80c. per doz.; Gentsmen's, from \$1.42 per doz.; "Stripes Matter is Westminster Abbey" and the Cathedral and Churches in the Kingdom. "Fair Irish Linen Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, &c., have the merits of excellence and cheapness."—"Court Circular." A history now within the reach of all I. J. J. Cleaver, 170 Regent Street, London, W. Trimming Embroidery, 4c. per inch; Nightgowns, 84c. Com. Sizes \$12.00 (see list).

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Among the new blouse waists of silk is one tucked in diamond form and trimmed with Mechlin lace run through with satin ribbon. Another tucked silk waist shows a corslet belt of cream lace, and a wide collar of closely corded piping in three shades of the color of the bodice is the special feature of still another bodice. Silk, covered with an applique of lace, forms the yoke, fastened with a double row of small black velvet buttons.

DOG AND MONKEY.

Two Acts Which Showed More Than Usual Intelligence.

The Duke of Hamilton had a favorite bulldog, called Damppling, who used to accompany his master on his daily walks or drives. One day, however, the Duke left Damppling at home, and took a younger dog with him. From the moment that Damppling saw his rival get into the carriage and drive off he refused to eat, and began to pine.

A dog doctor was summoned, but failed to detect any symptoms of illness. At length he asked whether anything unusual had happened to disturb the dog's outline of life. The servant then told him how, for the first time, Damppling had been left behind by his master.

'I can do nothing for him!' exclaimed the doctor. 'The poor fellow's heart is broken. Damppling never recovered from the blow to his affections, and in a short time died of grief.'

Sir George Osseley gives a remarkable instance of a similar sensitiveness displayed by a monkey. The animal was a pet of the captain and a favorite with the whole crew of the man-of-war which took Sir George out as ambassador to Persia, but like all his species, was full of mischief.

One morning the monkey lashed the ship's goat to the tackle of a gun, and milked her into a stiff glazed marine hat. The captain, who caught him in the very act, gave orders that for a week no one should pet the monkey or in any way take the slightest notice of him.

The monkey went about wistfully seeking the attentions to which he had been accustomed, but none of his old friends had a word or look for him. His most coaxing and engaging airs failed to attract the least attention.

For two days he bore his punishment, but on the morning of the third, finding himself still in disgrace, he sprang upon the bulwarks, and placing both hands over his head, gave one pitiful cry, and then leaped into the sea, and was soon no more.

Such exquisite sensitiveness on the part of dumb animals certainly constitutes a powerful claim on human sympathy, and entitles them to kind and considerate treatment at the hands of those they offer their loyal affection.

Would be too expensive.

For experimental as well as economical purposes the guardians of a suburban workhouse recently decided to allow a few of the married couples over seventy years of age to reside together.

A day or two prior to the change the master's sanctum was invaded by a wrathful old crane known in the house as Granny O'Garrigan.

'Hallo, Cranny, what's the matter with you?' queried the urban master. 'You look a bit worried this morning.'

'Yes, an' Oi fancies worried too,' mumbled Granny. 'Tell me sorr, is it right Oive got to live wid that murtherin' villian O'Garrigan?'

'Why do you object to living with him?'

'Well, sorr, Oi'll troi an' put up wid 'im hit you'll troi an', put up wid the expinse,' diplomatically replied the crane.

The master began to feel interested.

'What expense do you refer to, Granny?'

'Bafestake, honey—bafestake for me eyes,' whimpered Granny. 'Shure, sorr, an' it's a pig to a penny Oi'll be after gettin' a black eye every day hit O's to live wid 'im again.

The O'Garrigans were not included.

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Will's English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Will's English Pills are used.

A. Chipman Smith & Co., Druggists, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.
W. Hawker & Son, Druggists, 104 Prince William St., St. John, N. B.
Chas. McGregor, Druggist, 137 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.
W. C. E. Allan, Druggist, King St., St. John, N. B.
E. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B.
G. W. Hoban, Chemist, 57 Main St., St. John, N. B.
E. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B.
S. Watters, Druggist, St. John, West, N. B.
Wm. C. Wilson, Druggist, Cor. Union & Rodney Sts., St. John, N. B.
O. P. Clarke, Druggist, 100 King St., St. John, N. B.
S. H. Hawker, Druggist, Mill St., St. John, N. B.
H. B. Smith, Druggist, 34 Dock St., St. John, N. B.
G. A. Moore, Chemist, 109 Brunswick St., St. John, N. B.
O. Fairweather, Druggist, 109 Union St., St. John, N. B.
Hastings & Pines, Druggist, 68 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

day. I have just heard of—er—an addition to my family."

Employer: "Is that so, Pentold? What is it—boy or girl?"

Clark: "Well, sir, the fact is—er— (somewhat embarrassed)—it's two boys."

Employer: "Two, eh? Young man, I'm afraid your putting on too many hairs."

One hot summer's day a gentleman who was waiting for his train at one of our country stations asked a porter who was lying on one of the seats where the station master lived, and the porter lazily pointed to the house with his foot. The gentleman, very much struck at the man's laziness, said: "If you can show me a lazier action than that, my good man, I'll give you two-and-sixpence."

The porter, not moving an inch, replied: "Put it in my pocket, gov'nor."

20 YEARS TORTURE.

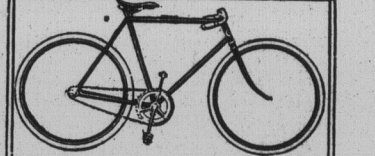
A Belleville Lady, Whom Doctors Failed to Help, Cured at Last by Doan's Kidney Pills.

No one who has not suffered from kidney disease can imagine the terrible torture those endure who are the victims of some disorder of these delicate filters of the body. Mrs. Richard Rees, a well-known and highly respected lady of Belleville, Canada, had to bear the burden of kidney complaint for over 20 years and knew Doan's Kidney Pills have cured her when all else failed.

Her husband made the following statement of her case: "For 20 years my wife has been a sufferer from pain in the back, sleeplessness and nervousness and general prostration. Nothing seemed to help her. Doctors and medicines all failed, until we got a ray of hope when we saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised as a positive cure. "She began to take them and they helped her right away, and she is now better in every respect. We can heartily recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to all sufferers, for they seem to strike the right spot quickly, and their action is not only quick but it is permanent."

"I cannot say more in favor of these wonderful pills than that they saved my wife from lingering torture, which she had endured for 20 years past, and I sincerely trust that all sufferers will give Doan's Kidney Pills a fair trial."

LAXA-CURE constipation, biliousness, sick headache and dyspepsia. Every pill guaranteed perfect and to act without any griping, weakening or sickening effects. 25c. at all druggists.



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our swell top models early, we will, for the next 30 days, ship a sample Bicycle C. O. D. to address upon receipt of \$1.00. We offer splendid chance to a good agent in each town. You have your choice of Cash, or outright gift of one or more of our bicycles according to nature of work done for us.

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FLYER—14 in. Tubing, Flash Joint, 1 piece Cranks, fitted with Dunlop Tires, \$31.00; fitted with M. & W. Tires, 22.50; fitted with Darrington Tires, \$20.00.

Men and Ladies Green and Maroon, \$22 and 24 in. Frame, any gear.

Wheels slightly used, modern types, \$30.00 to \$35.00.

Price List Free. Secure Agency at once. T. W. FOYD & SON, Montreal.

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are those which are so natural that only the person wearing them knows that they are not growing on the head. Our specialty is making Wigs, Toupees, Bangs and Switches, which defy detection. Write or call for full particulars and prices.

J. PALMER & SON,
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PATENTS

When you want to secure a patent go to a trustworthy firm who understand the patent laws—be wary of firms who offer advances—our 20 years personal experience is at your service. Write us for information and terms.

J. E. O'NEIL, 104 F. St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
W. H. BISHOP, 111 Berry St., Montreal.

[Continued from page 14.]

grief and grievance. No doubt in time, if we let it alone, the grass will grow green above it. If I have lost you and your love, or rather the love I fondly believed you felt for me, the fault is mine. No doubt it was very foolish of me to keep my real name and rank a secret from you, and to 'court' you, as I did, in the character of a wandering artist who had his living to earn. For I knew that your father, had I waited for his return, or written to him, would have welcomed me, the only son of the Earl of Briancourt, with open arms as a son-in-law—but I wanted to make sure of being loved for myself alone, and not for my riches or rank, and so, like Tonyson's Lord Barleigh, I made up my mind to woo and win, if not to wed you, as a poor landscape painter. It was no doubt a romantic and ridiculous idea, but it suited my purpose.

I do not complain. Had you known or suspected my actual position in the world, without even knowing my name, you would possibly have treated me a little longer, and taken some trouble to ascertain my identity and find out the reason of my long silence—when I did not return; but then, in that case, it would have been worth your while; yet as I said just now, I regret nothing, for I have learned to know you as you are. Magdalen—beautiful beyond the privilege of woman, but shallow hearted and worldly wise. Still do not think that I reproach you, 'he went on, in the same cynically indulgent tone. 'You are rather to be congratulated on the facility with which you are able to forget; and then, it is only fair to say that you had every excuse for believing that I had forgotten, too.'

'I had every reason for believing that you were dead,' retorted Lady Briancourt with a gesture of proud impudence, and a wavy sigh. 'Read that?'

And, as she spoke, she unfolded and spread out before him the first sheet of the Times, bearing the date of a certain day in October of the previous year.

Among the death announcements was one which had been marked with a blue lead pencil.

Her ladyship's jewelled finger pointed to it, and her companion read as follows:—

'On the 16th inst., at Rose Villa, Richmond, Claude Reynolds, aged 24.'

For a moment the young man remained silent, staring at the printed column his handsome face expressive of complete bewilderment.

'This is a most extraordinary coincidence he observed, at length, "most extraordinary! I chose the name Claude Reynolds as an incoignite, simply because it happened to combine the names of two great painters whose work I admire. It is also perfectly true, as I told you, that I own a small villa at Richmond, and what is still more strange, the villa is called Rose Villa. It was left me by an old aunt, together with other more valuable property. My solicitor had the letting of the villa, and it is quite possible that the name of my tenant may have been Claude Reynolds; but I certainly never heard of the individual, nor was I aware of his existence till now.'

Magdalen made no comment. Both were silent for a few moments. Not a sound broke the stillness of the softly lighted place.

Lady Briancourt, leaning back in her chair, was looking straight before her, grave and rather sad—lost in thought.

Lord Lovel stood with his hands in his pockets, still staring vacantly at the open sheet of the Times.

'I am very glad you showed me this, Magdalen,' he said at length, in a tone that was no longer cynical or bitter, but full of infinite gentleness, and slipping back for the moment unconsciously into the habit of using the once familiar name; 'forgive me for having misjudged you. I understand it all clearly now, and it has consoled me more than you can imagine to know that you were not fickle or faithless—you, my ideal of perfect womanhood.'

'You met my father; he fell in love with you—there is nothing surprising in that—and you were won by that subtle and sympathetic charm which I have heard so many women say makes him irresistible whenever he wishes to please.

'No one admires or appreciates my father more than I do,' but—added the young man, bending forward, and speaking in a more eager tone, with kindling eyes—'tell me—only tell me for my comfort, Magdalen—it is the last time I shall ever touch on this topic—I know now that your motive in marrying the earl was not a necessary one—you did not, as I feared and believed, throw me over to become his

son-in-law;—and his voice dropped to a passionate whisper, as the love that contempt had been killing flamed up afresh in his heart, and made him, for the moment, forgetful of honour, self-duty, loyalty to his fiancée, filial respect, and every other consideration, 'tell me that you would never have married the earl had you not been convinced that I was dead.'

Lady Briancourt rose to her feet and faced her step-son with kindling eyes, but serious, even to sternness.

It is best for you to know the truth, Cuthbert, though, perhaps, you will think less highly of me when you hear it. I should have married your father just the same had I known you to be alive, and had I even been aware of your real name and rank. You may believe it or not, as you like; but it is the truth. I married your father not because he happened to be the Earl of Briancourt and very wealthy, but because I loved and admired him. Had he been a poor curate or a city clerk I should have married him just the same.

'Perhaps, when I met you, I did not 'know my own mind,' and mistook a girl's first emotional fancy for a deeper feeling. The fact of your being, as I imagined, a poor artist, added to your own strikingly handsome personality and the wild romantic scenery amidst which we met and made acquaintance, doubtless exercised a certain influence on my mind.

'All that I can tell you is, that when I came to know your father, I was conscious of being drawn towards him more and more closely by that very sympathetic charm of which you have spoken, and then it was I gradually realized that I had never loved before. My fancy had been captivated, but my heart had remained unmoved.

'You may think me fickle, I cannot help that; but you shall not go on believing, as you hitherto believed, that I am, or ever was, mercenary.

'I would sooner have swept a crossing, or gone out to service as a scullery-maid, than to sell myself to any man for the sake of a coronet, or a palace, or a pile of gold; and I would rather be the servant or the slave of the one I love and tramp the roads in his company through sun and shade, than I would be the wife of an earl, marquis, or even a prince whom I cared not for.'

Never had Magdalen Briancourt appeared to greater advantage, or looked more superbly beautiful than at this moment—standing, with head thrown back, under the suspended lamp, the softly-shaded light of which fell upon her noble, grand face and stately figure clad in its rich, clinging velvet robes, and decked with diamonds such as a duchess might have envied, for the earl thought nothing good or costly enough for his worshipped and peerless bride.

CHAPTER VI.
CRUEL, BUT KIND.

Her companion, meanwhile, stood very pale and silent, with bent head and brows drawn together, biting his lips.

The blow he had just received was a terrible one, not so much, perhaps, to his heart—though he honestly believed that was broken—as to his vanity.

'We are all liable to make mistakes, Cuthbert,' continued Lady Briancourt, more gently, after a pause, 'especially where our feelings are concerned. I think, if it were not so, there would not be half as many unhappy marriages as there are. . . . I had no intention, Heaven knows of deceiving you; but I deceived myself. There are, as the poet says, "many ways of loving."

Many ways, and but one true way, which is very rare, and the counterfeits look brightest, though they will not wear.

'You are ready to tell me at this moment perhaps, that I have spoiled your life, and driven you, in desperation and pique, to propose to my cousin, Juliet Fane. But believe this: that, whatever the motive was which prompted you to ask her to be your wife, it is a step that, however rashly taken, you will never have cause to repent.'

'I repent already,' cried the young man, vehemently, 'and I shall go and confess the truth to her, and ask her to release me. She will not refuse.'

'Oh, no; she would not refuse,' replied Magdalen, quietly. Juliet is not that sort of girl. She would be far too proud and unselfish to hold you to your engagement against your will. She would force a smile to her lips, and pretend not to care, and you would never find out what she had suffered till it was—too late! She would die, and give no sign I know her.'

The young man did not answer.

Dropping into a chair, he sat in an attitude of profound discouragement, his face in his hands.

'Do you really think Juliet would break her heart if I were to give her up?' he asked, suddenly lifting his head.

'I am sure of it, although you would not find it out until it was too late. But you will not give her up Cuthbert? I added Lady Briancourt, laying her hand lightly on the young man's shoulder. 'You would not do anything so cruel, so brutal?'

'But, surely,' he cried, with a quick, impetuous movement, 'you would not have me marry a woman I do not love, even though in a moment of madness, I asked her to my wife? I should only make her unhappy as I am myself.'

Magdalen was silent a moment; then she said—

'Are you quite sure you don't love Juliet Cuthbert? Because I am not. I believe you have been in love with her for some weeks past, only you haven't yet found it out. Supposing now, for instance, that another man were to appear on the scene, and make love to Juliet before your eyes—can you honestly say you would not object?'

'Of course I should, and what is more, I—'

'But I thought, just now, you said you would ask her to release you and break off the

engagement,' retorted Magdalen demurely.

'You will have to take one course or the other, you know, Cuthbert: either marry her yourself, or let some other man have a chance of winning her; but I see plainly that idea does not recommend itself to you, which proves that you are jealous, and, therefore, more or less in love.'

'I am not in love, but I certainly like and admire Juliet Fane immensely—and I admit that nothing would be easier than to grow very fond of her—she is excessively attractive in every way.'

Lady Briancourt laughed softly to herself as she answered.

'My dear Cuthbert, you are really in love with Juliet already, only you are ashamed to confess it. Why should you be? I was not ashamed to confess that I did not know my own mind. The one hope of my heart at the present moment is, to see you and Juliet as happy together as your father and myself are, and if this hope is not realized, it will not be Juliet's fault—and certainly not mine.'

'But what would you have me do?' objected the young man, half convinced, and yet reluctant to own it, as he rose from his seat and began pulling the leaves from a shrub.

'Well, if you take my advice, Cuthbert,' replied Magdalen, adopting a maternal and persuasive tone, 'you will run up to London for a week and think the matter over, and mark my words! before the week is out, we shall have you back again, for I am sure it will not take you all that time to find out what I have discovered already—that you are very nearly as much in love with Juliet as she is with you, and that is saying a good deal.'

'Well, I'll take your advice, at any rate,' answered Lord Lovel. 'I must get away for a while. As for coming back, that is quite another matter. But, whatever I do,' he added, earnestly, as he took his step-mother's hand, and tried it to his lips. 'I shall never forget that you appeared to my best and highest feelings, and that, if ever I do find happiness again, I shall owe it to you.'

'It would only be fair if it were so,' was Magdalen's smiling reply, 'since it was I who made you unhappy to start with.'

'You are a very noble woman, Magdalen. If there were more women like you in the world, the men who live in it would be very different from what they are.'

With these words he left her.

For several minutes she lingered where she stood, with the softened light from the hanging lamp falling round and upon her.

A very sweet, but half-sad, smile curved her beautiful lips.

'Poor Cuthbert!' she said to herself. 'I wonder how long it will take him to find out that his heart is not broken and that he is in love with Juliet. Not more than forty-eight hours, I fancy. We shall see.'

And, placing the black lace mantilla round her head, she quitted the pavilion, and disappeared through the passage that communicated with the billiard room.

She had not been gone many minutes when the figure of a man emerged from the shadow of the palms. It was the earl of Briancourt, who, concealed behind the foliage that screened the gardeners entrance, had seen and heard all that passed between his wife and his son.

On his fine, intellectual face, still pale and haggard with the anguish of recent despair, was an expression of ineffable relief and peace.

'My queasily, noble Magdalen!' he murmured. 'What have I done that I should be blest with such a wife? And to think that I should doubt her purity and honor even for a moment! I shall never forgive myself; but then, how could I be sure? She knew and cared for Cuthbert first and it seemed to me impossible—she being the splendid-looking fellow he is—that she should prefer a man of my age to him for a husband. And yet, it is true! How sweet should be her slumbers to-night, for by the wise, sweet words she has spoken, she has secured the happiness of four human lives, and restored peace and harmony where passion unrestrained would have stirred up strife.'

With these thoughts in his mind, he returned to the shadowy corner, where he had remained hidden during the recent interview between Magdalen and his son, and brought forth the gun he had provided himself with in case he should need it—minister suggestion of the tragedy with which, had Magdalen been a different woman from what she was, the meeting between his wife and Cuthbert would have ended.

Carrying it into the billiard-room he placed it in safety out of reach.

Neither the countess nor Lord Lovel ever

suspected the pearl that had menaced them throughout the interview or guessed that the earl had discovered the fact of their former acquaintance.

Lord Briancourt kept the secret he had so suddenly found out to the end of his life, and if, from that date to the forgotten night, Magdalen noticed a deeper tenderness in her husband's tone and manner to her, she never fathomed the cause, but congratulated herself on having the very best and kindest husband in the world.

Lord Lovel adhered to his resolution of going to London; but before the end of the week, as Magdalen had predicted, he was back again, and willingly to confess that, if his heart had been broken, Juliet Fane would mend it; nor was the latter's happiness either then or afterwards, married by the knowledge that her ideal lover, who was always 'Prince Charming' to the end of the chapter, and who, she felt convinced, had fallen in love with her at first sight when he found her lying asleep in the hammock in the hush of a September evening, had proposed to her in a fit of pique.

'All's well that ends well, and no ending could be more satisfactory than that of fair Juliet Fane's romance, and the one less sweet, but more serious, love-affair of Magdalen Lisle.

Not having the key to the mystery, Meredith Fane never was able to solve it to his own satisfaction; so, like a wise man, he gave it up, content to know that the 'clouds' he had seen gathering so ominously had 'rolled by,' leaving the heavens blue, and that the lives of the two he loved best upon earth—his daughter and Magdalen—were lighted and warmed by the only sunshine that can never fade—the golden sunshine of perfect love.

The wedding of Juliet Fane and Cuthbert Dunham, Lord Lovel, which took place in the first week of December, was not such a quiet one as the earl's and Magdalen's had been.

The Court and the Dowry House were both closely packed with guests invited for the occasion.

'Which is the more beautiful of the two brides of Briancourt?' was a question continually asked in the world to which they belonged, and by the simple country-folk in the surrounding neighborhood—a question which people seemed to find very difficult to answer, because both the brides were so very beautiful, 'differing only as one star differeth from another in glory.'

Juliet, with her dainty grace and fair ethereal loveliness, reminding one of an exquisite pastel signed by Greuze or Lebrun; and Magdalen, with her grand, proud, tragic face, so full of power and passion, her wealth of ruddy-brown tresses, and her stormy, yet sweet, dark eyes, recalling in her person vividly those stately, tender women that Titian delighted to paint.

Such as each was, her husband thought her perfection, and what greater happiness can any woman wish for than to be without fault in the eyes of the man she loves?

Do you remember?
'Tis in September,
Just you and I, love,
Beside a stream,
Breathing so softly,
Words sweet and tender,
Do you remember?
Do you remember?
THE END.

MONEY IN FIRE DAMAGED GOODS.

How Apparently Ruined Articles are now Made Salable.

'One of the greatest boons to insurance companies and merchants whose wares have been partially destroyed by fire is the salvage or wrecking company which steps in immediately after a conflagration and begins the work of rescuing damaged stock from the ruins,' said the veteran insurance agent. 'Such concerns exist only in New York and three or four large cities but the demand for their service is growing so that in time every community of importance will have a salvage company of its own, no doubt.'

'Sometimes the salvage concern is employed by the insurance companies and sometimes by the firms which have sustained a severe loss by fire; it depends usually on the terms of settlement between the insurance men and the owners of the goods or that portion of them pass the possession of the insurance companies by the terms of settlements made with insurers they are handed over to the salvage company, which 'wrecks' them, as the process of restoring to something like pristine condition is termed, and the goods are sold for the account of the insurance companies which had paid the former owners for total loss. The salvage people receive a certain percentage of the amount realized for their compensation.

'Making goods which have passed through a fire salable necessitates quick action and very skillful handling. The operation must be in charge of men who are entirely conversant with the line of articles damaged. Most often, in the instance of a large fire, the stock will be found in the cellar water soaked and in-burned in heaps of stones, plaster, fallen beams and all manner of incidental rubbish. But no matter in what condition the goods may be the salvage company noses them out, carries them away to warehouses or stores rented for the purpose and there are endeavors to restore them as far as practicable to something like their original condition, so that they may be readily converted into cash. Quick-drying plants are provided for drying, dry goods and similar merchandise. When the goods are thoroughly dry they are surrendered to cleaners and

renovators. Fresh tags, bands, new labels, boxes or ornamental wrappers according to the needs of the case, are provided, and very often goods which at first glance appeared damaged beyond all possible restoration are forwarded to the auction rooms by the salvage company looking as fresh and good as new. When cloths, silks or fancy dress goods have been so spoiled by water and smoke as to render them useless because no long pieces can be saved, they are trimmed and sliced into small pieces for the use of makers of covered buttons, gaiters, slippers, neckwear and caps, and others who consume short pieces of goods.

'Such perishable goods as groceries are easily ruined by fire, smoke, and water, yet the salvage concerns cheerfully contract to repair such stocks, and there are men in their employ who endeavor to save even a grain of rice. The main thing to be considered by the salvage people in handling a stock of fire-damaged groceries is cleaning it of all odor and signs of smoke. That accomplished, there is small difficulty in selling the dry stock, repacked and carefully repacked, for almost as much as it would have brought before the fire. Thus where the salvage industry is conducted for the benefit of the insurance companies which have paid insurers for total losses, the insurance men very often receive back a sum of money which considerably lightens the burden of their losses.

'One stock which is quite capable of appalling even the most experienced salvage man is fire-damaged clothing, and the fellow who takes charge of the work of restoring it for a salvage company must know the business from A to Z. After the garments have been dried they must be gone over and thoroughly inspected by experienced tailors, who diligently strive to obliterate all evidence of damage. In order to destroy such marks garments are frequently changed in size and style. Perhaps an entire stock of coats occupied such a position in a great fire that a sleeve of each was burned away. That, however, would not make the garments a total loss to the salvage company. The coats would be so patched up as to bring a satisfactory price at the forthcoming 'fire sale' which terminates the offices of the salvage company. Sometimes at these 'fire sales' goods which were miles and miles away from the scene of the fire are mingled with the damaged stock for the purpose of striking an average, and to make them look like wrecked garments they are drenched before the sale.

'Perhaps the real terror of the salvage man is a stock of hardware damaged by fire. Hardware and cutlery are invariably difficult to handle, because rust makes them unsalable. When they are tumbled and tossed from a burned out establishment, highly polished steel, rifles, shotguns, revolvers, pocket knives, razors, plated ware, saws, chisels, planes and axes appear to be utterly useless and only fit to grace the refuse heap. But shortly after they have been carted off by the salvage company to rooms especially engaged for their rehabilitation these articles take on a vastly different aspect. By means of grindstones, polishing machines, burnishing tools and acid baths the metal is made to look fresh and new. Old handles are replaced with new ones made of rubber, horn, ivory, celluloid or other suitable materials, and all of the small articles common to the hardware and cutlery trade are fastened on fresh cards or packed in new boxes. Stock which is ruined beyond recovery is disposed of to the junk dealers.'

Have you Neuralgia.

If you suffer its agonies, and fail to get a remedy we want you to try Nerviline. Its action on nerve pain is simply marvellous. Nerviline is the most pleasant and powerful remedy in the market. Try it.

As Stated.

The proprietor of a restaurant had just issued a new advertisement, intended to call attention to a reduction in rates. After quoting the prices of various articles to demonstrate the fact that everything was cheap, he added at the end of the advertisement; 'Bread, butter and potatoes free.' He knows better now.

On the third day a solemn-looking man came in, and after taking his place at the table, pointed to the advertisement, and asked if it meant what it said. He was assured by the waiter that it was exactly true.

'Then give me some bread, butter and potatoes,' said the solemn man.

'Nothing else,' replied the man. 'Is there anything else free?'

The waiter had to call the proprietor to explain matters, but the solemn man pointed to advertisement, and the proprietor, who was a man of humour, let him have the bread, butter and potatoes free, and threw in a cup of coffee.

REIGN AND SHINE?

PACKARD'S SHOE DRESSING

IS BEING AD THE KING OF LEATHER PRESERVATIVES

GIVES THE BEST SHINE.

Try a Bottle.

10c. and 25c. SIZES.

PACKARD MAKES IT
PACKARD OF MONTREAL.
(L. H. PACKARD & Co.)

When you are seized with an attack of Cramps or doubled up with Colic, you want a remedy you are sure will give you relief and give it quickly, too.

You don't want an untried something that may help you. You want Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which every one knows will positively cure Cramps and Colic quickly. Just a dose or two and you have ease.

But now a word of proof to back up these assertions, and we have it from Mr. John Hawke, Coldwater, Ont., who writes: "Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a wonderful cure for Diarrhoea, Cramps and pains in the stomach. I was a great sufferer until I gave it a trial, but now I have perfect comfort."

renovators. Fresh tags, bands, new labels, boxes or ornamental wrappers according to the needs of the case, are provided, and very often goods which at first glance appeared damaged beyond all possible restoration are forwarded to the auction rooms by the salvage company looking as fresh and good as new. When cloths, silks or fancy dress goods have been so spoiled by water and smoke as to render them useless because no long pieces can be saved, they are trimmed and sliced into small pieces for the use of makers of covered buttons, gaiters, slippers, neckwear and caps, and others who consume short pieces of goods.

'Such perishable goods as groceries are easily ruined by fire, smoke, and water, yet the salvage concerns cheerfully contract to repair such stocks, and there are men in their employ who endeavor to save even a grain of rice. The main thing to be considered by the salvage people in handling a stock of fire-damaged groceries is cleaning it of all odor and signs of smoke. That accomplished, there is small difficulty in selling the dry stock, repacked and carefully repacked, for almost as much as it would have brought before the fire. Thus where the salvage industry is conducted for the benefit of the insurance companies which have paid insurers for total losses, the insurance men very often receive back a sum of money which considerably lightens the burden of their losses.

'One stock which is quite capable of appalling even the most experienced salvage man is fire-damaged clothing, and the fellow who takes charge of the work of restoring it for a salvage company must know the business from A to Z. After the garments have been dried they must be gone over and thoroughly inspected by experienced tailors, who diligently strive to obliterate all evidence of damage. In order to destroy such marks garments are frequently changed in size and style. Perhaps an entire stock of coats occupied such a position in a great fire that a sleeve of each was burned away. That, however, would not make the garments a total loss to the salvage company. The coats would be so patched up as to bring a satisfactory price at the forthcoming 'fire sale' which terminates the offices of the salvage company. Sometimes at these 'fire sales' goods which were miles and miles away from the scene of the fire are mingled with the damaged stock for the purpose of striking an average, and to make them look like wrecked garments they are drenched before the sale.

'Perhaps the real terror of the salvage man is a stock of hardware damaged by fire. Hardware and cutlery are invariably difficult to handle, because rust makes them unsalable. When they are tumbled and tossed from a burned out establishment, highly polished steel, rifles, shotguns, revolvers, pocket knives, razors, plated ware, saws, chisels, planes and axes appear to be utterly useless and only fit to grace the refuse heap. But shortly after they have been carted off by the salvage company to rooms especially engaged for their rehabilitation these articles take on a vastly different aspect. By means of grindstones, polishing machines, burnishing tools and acid baths the metal is made to look fresh and new. Old handles are replaced with new ones made of rubber, horn, ivory, celluloid or other suitable materials, and all of the small articles common to the hardware and cutlery trade are fastened on fresh cards or packed in new boxes. Stock which is ruined beyond recovery is disposed of to the junk dealers.'

Have you Neuralgia.

If you suffer its agonies, and fail to get a remedy we want you to try Nerviline. Its action on nerve pain is simply marvellous. Nerviline is the most pleasant and powerful remedy in the market. Try it.

As Stated.

The proprietor of a restaurant had just issued a new advertisement, intended to call attention to a reduction in rates. After quoting the prices of various articles to demonstrate the fact that everything was cheap, he added at the end of the advertisement; 'Bread, butter and potatoes free.' He knows better now.

On the third day a solemn-looking man came in, and after taking his place at the table, pointed to the advertisement, and asked if it meant what it said. He was assured by the waiter that it was exactly true.

'Then give me some bread, butter and potatoes,' said the solemn man.

'Nothing else,' replied the man. 'Is there anything else free?'

The waiter had to call the proprietor to explain matters, but the solemn man pointed to advertisement, and the proprietor, who was a man of humour, let him have the bread, butter and potatoes free, and threw in a cup of coffee.

CANCER

And Tumors cured to stay cured by Dr. J. C. Fowler's Cancer Remedy.

For sale by all druggists. Price 25c. per bottle. Write Dept. 21, Mass. Dispensary Co., 377 Essex Street, Toronto, Ontario.

