

PROGRESS.

VOL. X., NO. 486.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

RAILROADS.

Colonial Railway.

Monday, the 21st June, 1897, of this Railway will run as follows:

WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Sydney, Halifax, Pictou, Yarmouth, and other ports, as follows:

WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

From Sydney, Halifax, and other ports, as follows:

TO EXCURSIONS:

to the Northwest.

Return Tickets Via

ADIAN PACIFIC RY.

on August 30th and Sept. 13th, and following low rates:

Atlantic R'y.

July, 1897, the Steamship and Railway will be as follows:

S.S. Prince Rupert,

Express Co.'s

Orders

REMITTANCES.

Post Office Money

EXPRESS CO.

Forwarders, Shipping, Custom House Brokers.

Money and Packages of all kinds, Drafts, Accounts, etc., collected throughout the United States and Europe.

and from Europe via Canada's a

J. E. STONE

Asst. Supt.

THE CONQUERING HERO.

HIS VISIT TO ST. JOHN WILL BE AN OTHER TRIUMPH.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, whom the Queen (Was Delighted to Honor and how he will be received in this City—Something About the Big Fall Fair.

Next week there is to be a variety of big attractions in this city, accompaniments to the opening of the annual fall fair. They will comprise turf, track and football entertainment and all of the very best.

James O'Neill will be here, there will be horse racing and a bunch of Upper Canadian cyclists will be circuit chasing.

But all these retire into the shade when compared with the coming of the Right Honourable Sir Wilfrid Laurier, K. C. M. G., Premier of Canada, etc., etc. He has given his acknowledgment of the successful effort that has been made to establish an annual international exhibition by consenting to honor the affair this year with his presence.

Sir Wilfrid was here before when he was only plain Mr. Laurier and many people will be interested to see whether he has changed any since all his blushing honors were bestowed upon him.

Our premier was evidently born with a silver spoon, for he captured the premiership just in time to succeed to all these distinctions; and to become the notable figure of the grand reunion of the great British family. He was besieged by the scribes of the great London and Paris press, and was even interviewed by the monarch of correspondents, M. de Blowitz, the London Times representative in Paris.

Courted and feted by royalty, the Lords and the Commons he must have lived in an enchanted land. In Liverpool, Edinburgh, Birmingham and Glasgow he was banqueted and his eloquence inspired his hearers: Cambridge and Oxford conferred upon him honorary degrees.

Then after a surfeit of British hospitality he slipped across the channel to the city of the Gods and in gay Paris was feted by President Faure, M. Hanotaux, the foreign minister, and the British Chamber of Commerce in Paris.

In his court uniform Sir Wilfrid with his commanding presence and his mobile patrician features must have made a striking appearance, and his brilliant social qualities and eloquence in post prandial pleasantries made him a worthy representative of the land of the maple leaf.

After such achievements, and victories, all in the space of three months, no wonder that he received such an ovation at Quebec and Montreal on his return.

principles which he advocated it cannot be gainsaid that he raised Canada in the estimation of the mother country and of the world, and that her influence will be felt in affairs of national importance.

Rudyard Kipling caught the same note when he wrote the lines "Daughter is she to her mother's house But mistress is her own."

Such is the man and such his victories whom St. John is to welcome here. He rose by his ability through the medium of law and journalism, entered politics, became leader of his party in 1887 and premier in 1896.

In view of this Ald. Christie's objection to the presentation of an address to Sir Wilfrid, is hardly creditable to the city. At Wednesday's meeting of the Harbour Improvements committee, when the subject of an address to the Premier came up the North end alderman, who is known as a man of views, objected on the ground that those of his party could not subscribe to any eulogies of the Premier.

The exhibition this year is to be the best yet. There has been enlargement and extension all around—more spaces, better exhibits, finer attractions, choicer fireworks, more varied outside entertainment, etc.

Generally speaking fat men are of the very jolliest disposition and they nearly always enjoy a joke even at their own expense, as well as the spectators do.

THE SEASON'S NOVELTIES. Daniel & Robertson Show a Splendid Line of Goods. Attention is directed to the advertisement of Daniel & Robertson which appears on the third page of this issue of Progress.

At the jubilee festivities there was dissatisfaction with Hand & Co.'s fireworks but it is likely that at the exhibition the firm will play a better hand.

which will indeed be a boon to the ladies, hampered as they have been in the past with heavy interlinings.

The old Order of Things Gives Place to Improved Conditions.

St. John can now be congratulated on having a dignified and worthy body of men as its civic rulers. There are none of the wrangles that used to disgrace the old city board and the Portland board as well, and that used to be turlesqued with unparagoning pen by this paper, to the great chagrin of the city fathers of that day.

For instance, in the matter of ballast for the Sand Point wharf, it is said that an alderman was reaping advantage from getting ballast up river at \$1 00 when it could be got from tax payers of the city for 75 cents.

At Wednesday's meeting of the H. S. C., it was stated that vessels coming here were dumping ballast in the harbour.

Something should now come of all these years of struggle for the winter trade and the thousands spent on terminal facilities.

Mr. Burton went For the Officers. The March-Burton incident referred to last Saturday has reached a happy conclusion, and it now appears that Mr. Burton was not running away from the officers of the law but was running to them.

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HE INDULGED TOO OFTEN.

MR. FARISH'S LOVE OF CONJUGIAL BLISS BROUGHT TROUBLE.

One of His Victims is a St. John Girl and the Other Belongs to Weymouth and Both are Mourning His Forfeiture—What the Gentleman's Wives Have to Say.

YARMOUTH, Sept. 6.—Yarmouth is to have a sensation, a real bona fide sensation that will be the talk of the town before it passes into oblivion, and something else usurps the uppermost position in the public mind.

Farish was at a loss for an answer so the woman proceeded to abuse him in no gentle manner. By this time quite a crowd had gathered and to them the woman said that Farish was her husband, he having married her in June 1896.

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The dog days are passed; that is the days when the owners of canines have to pay their dollar for the privilege of having a pet. Dog day at the police court is always rather "hot" and some of the excuses that are offered by delinquents are very good.

A SUCCESSFUL SEASON. The Many Attractions That Bring Tourists to This City. The tourist season has about come to a close and the circulation of guide books and pictorial goods, the enlargement of the hotel accommodation, improvement of the city in the way of establishing a paid, faster transit to and from the city and the formation of the Tourist Association combined to bring more tourists than ever before.

The Surrogate girl wife No. 1, belongs to a good family here and although they are

in reduced circumstances she expresses her intention of prosecuting her wayward husband. She claims to have the necessary proofs of the marriage; meanwhile wife No. 2, says nothing any more than that she has no idea of his whereabouts.

Miss Baxter belongs to High street North End St John, and has a brother employed in the I. C. R. round house; her parents are dead.

HE WILL SEE THE MORNING. Because Elias Makes an Exception in "Progress" Favor.

The celestial celebrated poet, Mr. Bliss Carman, has committed a grievous sin, not one of commission but of omission, the sin of not reading the papers and the Fourth Estate in consequence has been sailing for him, and then the worst of it is that the strokes of the rod will fall on empty air, for he will not see the criticisms.

For the benefit of Mr. Bliss Carman, and all other immortal sons of song who say that they are afraid of getting specks on their imaginations by reading the newspapers, it should be said or sung that the Denver Times will give three prizes of \$5 each for the best three poems in celebration of the great Denver Feast of the Mountain and the Plains.

EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY. The Time of Year When the Canines Take a Holiday. The dog days are passed; that is the days when the owners of canines have to pay their dollar for the privilege of having a pet.

A SUCCESSFUL SEASON. The Many Attractions That Bring Tourists to This City. The tourist season has about come to a close and the circulation of guide books and pictorial goods, the enlargement of the hotel accommodation, improvement of the city in the way of establishing a paid, faster transit to and from the city and the formation of the Tourist Association combined to bring more tourists than ever before.

Charles De-acted, Ours, Spirit, Performed Sweet 27 Waterloo.

Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL OPERAS.

One of the most unique and really delightful entertainments offered in this city in a long time, was the song recital at the Opera house on Thursday and Friday evenings of last week.

In the three against one incident, connected with the quartette of St. Andrew's church choir referred to last week, the only development I have heard since the previous mention is, that the three, have tendered their resignations.

This department is indebted to the thoughtful courtesy of Mr. John H. Williams, representing the Worcester Daily Spy for an official circular of the approaching Worcester musical festival.

Mr. Williams who is accompanied by his wife has been touring Nova Scotia and spent a few days in the city on his way home.

Tones and Undertones.

Maurice Gran and his wife are at Bayreuth visiting there on invitation of Fran Cosima Wagner.

A boy pianist named William Baur has arrived in the United States from Europe. He will make his debut in that country in New York on the 18th November next.

Mr. Plunkett Greene's next season in the United States will open at Steiner Hall, Boston in the early part of November with a series of song recitals.

Jean de Reszke, the operatic tenor, who is a great lover of horses, has recently, and for the second time, won the grand prize of the Czarina in Russia.

A memorial tablet to Anton Rubinstein has recently been placed on the house No. 1, Augusterstrasse, Stuttgart, where he lived for several years as a young pianist and composer.

The Bar Harbor record is authority for the remark that an effort upon the part of the summer residents there to bring down for a series of concerts, the famous Boston Symphony orchestra, failed, although Mr. Joseph Pulitzer subscribed \$1000 towards the project, because the committee were unable to secure more than \$200 from others.

The date of the opening of the next Damrosch Opera Season in New York is definitely fixed for the 17 January next. The Operas will be given at the Metropolitan Opera House and the season will last for five weeks.

"Song recitals" as they are called appear to be becoming a favorite method for introducing to the public an aspiring vocalist. A young lady, named Miss Katherine Hurley will give a song recital at Steinert

Windsor Salt advertisement with logo and text: Ask your grocer for Windsor Salt For Table and Dairy, Purist and Best

Hall, Boston, on the 14th October. Miss Hurley is spoken of as "a young singer of much promise." Of course local talent will assist in the programme.

Misses Minna J. Gaul and C. Mabel Bonnan, two musical young ladies of Boston have been conducting business on new lines this summer. They have been at Nantasket beach all season and have been furnishing music at hotel Nantasket.

The Bostonians open their season at the Boston theatre Boston on 20th September and will produce for the first time in that city their new opera "The Serenade." For the last week they will revive "Robin Hood." The new opera is said to be "not only melodious but very brilliant in its scoring besides having a witty and clean cut text."

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Miles Ideal Stock Company opened their return engagement at the Opera house on the afternoon of Labor day and to an audience that literally crowded the house, and in numbers exceeded the best previous record at the Opera house.

Much regret is felt at the fact of Mr. Frank Lee Miles' illness which seized that gentleman on Wednesday morning last. Mr. Miles was happily convalescing from the injuries he received on the stage in Halifax a few weeks since and which obliged him to go to the hospital for treatment.

On Monday evening next the opera house will be occupied by the famous actor James O'Neill whose name has been especially connected with the play "Monte Cristo." Mr. O'Neill's stay is limited to four nights, and his opening play will be "Virginia's."

"Fort Frayne" is the title of a dramatization of Captain King's novel which was recently presented at the Schiller Theatre Chicago, and for the first time on any stage. It is credited with a success. The dramatization is the joint work of the author and Mrs. Emma Sheridan Fry and Mrs. Sutherland.

Edith Hardy, is the name of a Cambridge society girl who is to take the part played by Laura Joyce Ball in "The Walking Delegate" when that play is produced in Lynn Mass. on the 15th inst.

The Stock Company plan of the Castle Square theatre Boston, is to be continued "The White Slave" will be the bill for next week. For the current week "The charity Ball" is the bill. The season opened last Monday night.

A writer, referring to the recent production of McNally's new play "The Good Mr. Best at the Garrick theatre, New York, says the author 'has a fluent and nimble wit of the slangy up-to-date kind but in his latest effort he has distinctly failed to hit the mark' and 'The Good Mr. Best' might be much better.'

KERR'S BOOKKEEPING.

JOINT STOCK CO. BOOKKEEPING fully explained. Will enable any intelligent bookkeeper to open books for new company, change from partnership to single proprietorship or Joint Stock Co. books, and to close books and show result of business.

Kerr's Bookkeeping logo and contact information: S. KERR & SON, St. John, N.B.

The piece is called a musical force its quality thus perhaps involuntarily being rightly designated.

London's "Mme Sans Gene" with Marion Abbot in the title role, will begin its season at Youkers, New York, next Monday evening. Miss Katherine Kidder now owns the piece. Among those in the cast is Malcolm Bradley, the clever member of Harkin's Company for the last two summers.

The English Company that is to play "The Sign of the Cross" in the United States this season is now on route. They sailed for New York on Wednesday last.

A THRESHER'S LIFE

ONE OF EXPOSURE TO INCLEMENT AND CHANGEABLE WEATHER.

He Hastily Falls a Prey to Disease—Rheumatism One of the Natural Results—One Who Suffered for Upwards of Nine Years Gives His Experience.

From the Intelligencer, Belleville, Ont.

It is doubtful if there is any other occupation more trying to the constitution than that of the thresher. Exposed to the rains and the storms of the autumn season, and at the same time choked with the dust consequent upon threshing, he easily falls a prey to disease. Mr. Jos. H. Davis, a resident of the township of Wicklow, Hastings county, follows the threshing machine for some months every fall.

It will thus be seen that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills released Mr. Davis from the painful thralldom of rheumatism at a comparatively small expense after doctors and other medicines had utterly failed to give him even a fair measure of relief.

SCHOLARSHIP \$40. I give a thorough and complete course in either Bookkeeping or Shorthand and Typewriting for \$40—time unlimited. This qualifies for first-class positions. Circular sent free. Snell's Business College, Truro, N. S.

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

AGENTS FOR OUR NEW MARVELLOUS "Transforming Sign," nothing like it; pays big money; saleable to all merchants. Address SPECIALTY CO., 24 Adelaide street, East Toronto.

WANTED Old established wholesale House wants one or two honest and industrious representatives for this section. Can pay a hustler about \$12.00 a week to start with. DAWSON, 29, Brantford, Ont.

WANTED Young men and women to help in the Armenian cause. Good pay. Will send copy of my little book, "Your Place in It," free, to any who write. Rev. T. B. Lincoln, Brantford, Ont.

WANTED RELIABLE MERCHANTS in each town to handle our water-proof Cold Water Paint. Five million tons sold in United States last year. VICTOR KOPF, 49 Francis Xavier, Montreal.

RESIDENCE at Roxbury for sale or to rent for the summer months. That pleasantly situated house known as the Times property about one and a half miles from Roxbury Station and within two minutes walk of the Roxbury car. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Faneby, Barrister-at-Law, Fugatey Building, 24 1/2

Down HIGH PRICES. Washington Special Former Price \$100.00, NET PRICE \$44.50. E. & B. Special Former Price \$85.00, Net Price \$39.90. New England Roadster Former Price \$75.00, Net Price \$34.00.



.....GO.....

Washington Special Former Price \$100.00, NET PRICE \$44.50. E. & B. Special Former Price \$85.00, Net Price \$39.90. New England Roadster Former Price \$75.00, Net Price \$34.00.

I can also sell you a wheel manufactured and guaranteed by the Chicago Scale Co., at \$29.90, wheels are all up to date, (1897 models) finely finished and decorated, a guarantee as Good as Gold with each wheel. Second Hand Bicycles \$5.00 to \$15.00 Second Hand Bicycles taken in Exchange for New Machines.....

The Latest Out Bicycle Electric Light, Retail \$4.00.

ORGANS, SEWING MACHINES, TYPEWRITERS at Rock Bottom Prices. Organs \$40.00 up Sewing Machines \$19.50 up.

The Handsome Mozart Organ.. Guaranteed Twenty-Five Years. Beautiful Tone—Six Sets Reeds—Eighteen Stops—Magnificent Case Former Price \$175.00. Net Price, \$69.90.

THE HANDSOME PERFECTION SEWING MACHINE, Full set of attachments, Guaranteed for Ten Years, Former Price \$75.00, Net Price \$29.90....

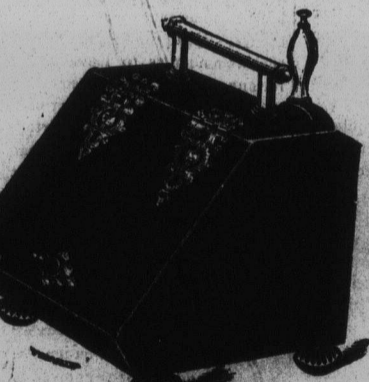
The AMERICAN TYPEWRITER. Retail Price \$12.00. Send for Catalogue.

TERMS CASH C. O. D. or instalments of \$2 per month.

WANTED a Smart Hustling Agent to take exclusive control of the American Typewriter, in the City of St. John, to whom discounts will be furnished on application.

D. A. McLELLAN, West New Anns, Colchester Co., Nova Scotia. Manufacturers Agent for Maritime Provinces.

English Coal Vases ...



in a Variety of Patterns, Plaie, and with Brass Mounts. Also Brass Irons, Brass Iron Stands, Spark Guards, etc. A full assortment, handsome designs, low prices.

COAL HODS, Black and Galvanized Iron, from 25c up. Also BARRELS, SIFTERS, etc.

EMERSON & FISHER. 75 Prince William Street.

Angostura Bitters. T. O'LEARY, Choice Wines and Liquors and Ales and Cigars.

10 Cases Genuine Dr. Sigert's. FOR SALE LOW. THOS. L. BOURKE WATER STREET 10 DUKES STREET

THE JUBILEE EXHIBITION

And a booming trade at DANIEL & ROBERTSON'S, Charlotte St.

During Exhibition days we ask customers to have a little patience with us, and with our clerks, for as we are very busy now we will be ten times busier next week.

This is the Stranger's opportunity to see our goods and compare our prices.

Everything marked in plain figures, customers can see for themselves. One price to all and no discounts.

"The Truth About Each Article Sold" That's our motto; that is the Keystone of our business: it means faith in our prices, faith in our goods being right.

For Fall Dresses.

It seems a race for favor between plain stuffs and fancies this season.

Tailor-made suits, made up with jacket to match, which are having a great run, make a demand for covert cloth and all smooth finish mixtures. These fine mixtures are beautiful in their shadings.

In Fancies.

Two-toned effects, that is bright colored grounds with raised figures and knots in black woven on the surface are most prominent. These go under the names of bourettes, boucles, nigger-head, &c.

A hundred and more different kinds just arrived from the best makers in France and England and now on our counters will give you a good idea of what are the fashionable stuffs of the season.

Here's a partial list of some of the different groups, commencing with two very serviceable cloths at a special low price.

	WIDTH.	PRICE.
Shot Cheviot,	42 in.	25c
"Dumbarton" Tweeds,	42 "	35c
Flecked Tweed,	44 "	50c
Boucle Curl,	42 "	50c
" "	44 "	65c
Figured Epingle,	42 "	55c
Heather Suiting,	42 "	68c
Tricot,	44 "	78c
Ripple Boucle,	44 "	88c
Pebble,	44 "	88c
Fancy Figured Repp	44 "	\$1.10

Handsome French Robe Costumes, no two alike and in lengths of 6½ yds, Price \$1.35 to \$1.65 yd.

Smooth Finish Cloths.

	WIDTH.	PRICE.
Covert Mixtures,	44 in.	78c
Shot Coverts,	50 "	\$1.10
Amazonian Cloth,	46 "	75
Ladies' Cloths,	54 "	1.15
Venetians,	54 "	1.35

Stylish Tweed Suitings.

"Grampian" Suiting, 46 in. 68c
"Kinross" " 46 " \$1.10

French Coating Serges.

Navy and black, bright, smooth finish, no nap. Width 44 inches. Prices, 57, 60, 65, 68, 75, 78, 85c.

Cloths

FOR JACKETS AND CAPES.

ROUGH EFFECTS again this season in Black and new Mixed Colorings. The bright finished Nigger-Head Curls in Black will be in great favor. Prices from \$1.25 to \$2.50 per yard.

Plain Beavers and Coverts are shown in Black, Navy Blue, Greens, Browns, and Fawns. Prices, \$1.25, to \$2.00 per yard.

PLAID BACK CLOTHS for Golf Capes, Black with Black and White Back, at \$1.25, \$1.90, \$2.40.

Shades of Browns and Fawns at \$1.50, \$1.90.

MIXED CLOTHS for Young Folks Wear. Prices, 95c, \$1.15 and \$1.25 per yard.



A PRETTY GLOVE ON A PRETTY HAND.

KID GLOVES

Months ago we placed a special Kid Glove order for Exhibition trade and the lot has just arrived. A splendid variety in the newest styles and colorings.

AT \$1.00
Good quality, 5 hook, lacing gloves, in Tans and all fall shades.

AT \$1.10
Stylish gloves, in Ox-Blood shades with black stitching on back, 5 hook lacing.

AT \$1.25
Very soft neat fitting gloves, having gusset fingers, 7 hook lacing and comes in Ox-Blood, Tans and Reds. Self stitching or Black stitching.

AT \$1.25
The Czarewna ladies' walking glove, in Ox-blood shades, with heavy black stitching and black piping, two large fancy buttons.

AT \$1.40
Extra good quality Swede gloves, in black with stitching, 7 hook lacing.

All our Gloves are guaranteed, and we cheerfully exchange any that might possibly prove unsatisfactory, money back if you so wish.

FABRIC GLOVES

Fancy Wool Ringwood, 25 cts., 30 cts., 40 cts.
Cashmere Gloves, 20, 25, 35, 50 cts.
Children's Ringwood Gloves, sizes 1 to 6 t 20, 23, 25, 28 cts.
Black Wool Mittens, 25 to 50 cts.



READY-TO-WEAR STREET SKIRTS

We keep in stock a variety of Black Dress Skirts, at \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$6.00, and we make them up at very short notice from any materials shown in our samples. This is a great convenience, as it saves you the worry of going to the dressmaker.

The following list gives a good idea of the cost of a Skirt made from the different qualities:

Of a 25c. Material will be	\$3.00
" 35c. " "	4.00
" 45c. " "	5.00
" 55c. " "	6.00
" 65c. " "	7.00
" 75c. " "	8.00
" 85c. " "	9.00
" 95c. " "	10.00
" \$1.00 " "	11.00
" \$1.20 " "	12.00

Our Fall Opening

Ladies' Coats and Jackets.

To be shown for the first time

On Wednesday, Sept. 15th.

No small collection this; the pick of styles and novelties shown by the best makers in Berlin, Germany.

Persons wishing to have a coat different from anyone else will be sure to find one among this stock, for there are over 150 entirely different kinds in latest cut and style to choose from.

Styles have changed greatly this season, smaller sleeves, different cut in front, new style of collar, and back changed from ripple to coat back.

Rough cloths will be very popular, while Beavers and Coverts are as prominent as ever in black, navy, fawns, greens and mixtures.

Prices of Coats from \$4.50 to \$18.00.

GOLF CAPES,

Made with or without hood, in black, plain colors or fancy mixed cloths.

Prices for Capes, \$6.50, \$8.50, \$10.50.

Visitors to the Exhibition will find it interesting to look at these stylish goods, even if not intending to buy.



A New Lining for Skirts.

We are the first in St. John to get a new American lining for skirts which has only been on the market about a week.

It's a combined lining and stiffening and comes in fancy stripes.

It's certainly a very attractive lining and its firmness will give the proper hang to any skirt.

Price 22c. yard.

Lining and stiffening combined.

Ribbons! Ribbons!

FOR EVERYTHING:

Thousands of yards of Satin and Silk Ribbons just to hand.

Special Ribbons for fancy work, in all shades, 2 inch width,

10c. yd.

Special double Satin Ribbons, in all shades and widths,

2½ inch width,

12c. yd.

Soft heavy Black Satin Ribbons that make such stylish bows.



Jackets

ON APPROVAL TO ANY PART OF PRODUCE.

We send several Jackets on approval, and pre-pay expressage one way. Mention color, size and style of Cloth wanted when ordering.

Feder's Brush

Skirt Binding.

Is highly recommended as the best article in the markets of the world to give a beautiful finish and at the same time afford permanent protection to the edge of Ladies' Skirts. It never frays or becomes hardened by dirt or dampness. Being soft and pliable, it does not affect the shoes. Black and new Colors. Price, 7c. per yard.

Dress

Trimmings.

The popular Trimmings for Autumn are Tubular Braids, plain with loop-edge. We have them now in Black and Colors. Prices 4, 5, 6, 7, 8c. per yard.

These will be used profusely on waists, put on in a variety of scroll designs, giving a very attractive finish to the garment. Also Military and Hercules Braids in different widths for Waists and Skirts.

FANCY GIMPS are also shown for the new Plain Suitings, but braids will be sought after more freely.



BEST MAKERS CORSETS.

BEST FITTING CORSETS.

Only Corsets that we can guarantee are to be found in this department.

Particular attention given to fit and style, and a thoroughly competent saleswoman will give every information as to make and style most suitable for each figure to be fitted.

D. & A.

Among the leading lines are the famous D. & A. Corsets which we acknowledge to be the best fitting corsets to be had for the prices, qualities 70, 75, \$1.00 \$1.25, and \$1.50.

For Stout Ladies, the D. & A. "Crest" Corset at \$1.50 cannot be excelled for comfort and wear.

FOR INFANTS AND CHILDREN.

White Saten Waists, 25, 50, 95 cts.
Misses Corsets and Waists, 50, 75 cts.



BLACK BEAUTIES



FANCY BLACK DRESSES

are likely to have a greater sale than any season yet. Nearly everyone looks well in black, but those who are not in mourning must have something different from sombre finished goods. Here's just where the New Handsome Fancy Effects come in, and in this lies the secret of their great popularity.

There are shelves and counters full of the newest Black Dress Creations here, and prices for perfectly fine and good Blacks were never lower than with us to-day.

Silk Striped Armure, width 44 in., 75c.
Ox-eye Twills, 85c.
Black Figured Cheviots, 85c.
Boucle Repp, 85c.
etc., etc.

Ladies Cloths, Black, 46 in. wide, 75c. and \$1.00.

Blk. French Coating Serges, 44 and 46 in. wide, 47 to 80 cts., yard

USEFUL INFORMATION.

Quantity of Linings required for a Skirt.

4½ yds. Silasia or Linonette, at 10 or 12c.
2½ yards Canvas, at 12 or 15c.
5 yards Binding, at 2, 3, 5, or 7c.

Quantity of Linings required for a Waist.

1½ yards Waist Lining, at 10, 13 or 16c.
1 yard Sleeve Lining, at 10 or 12c.
1 set Steels, at 8, 12, or 14c.
1 pair Shields, at 15, 18, or 30c.
1 Card Hooks and Eyes, at 3, or 5c.
1 Spool Silk, at 5 or 10c.

TO CUSTOMERS OUTSIDE THE CITY.

We Prepay Expressage on all Purchases of \$5.00 and upwards, thus landing the goods at your Station Free of Charge.

All Visitors will receive every attention.

DANIEL & ROBERTSON, London House Retail, Charlotte Street.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR. Progress is a sixteen-page paper, published every Saturday...

SIXTEEN PAGES. AVERAGE CIRCULATION 18,640.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPT. 11.

NOT A DAY OF LABOR.

This week's holiday is mis-named. It is a day of intermission when the worker can lay down the shovel and the hoe...

An interesting experiment has just taken place at Selkirk, Scotland, when a suit of clothes was produced from raw material in under eight hours...

It was not to be expected that Cecil Rhodes would long remain content to hide his light under a bushel...

It warns one up to hear that ice is 50 cents a pound at Dawson city, and with the thermometer 100 degrees in the shade...

Massachusetts people who wish to see birds protected are much exercised over the failure of the authorities to enforce the recent law making it an offense to use certain kinds of feathers for millinery purposes...

Lord Kelvin, who has recently inspected Niagara Falls, expresses the opinion that all the waters of that mighty torrent will eventually pass through machinery.

That would certainly appear to be the manifest destiny of the falls in view of the utilitarian trend of the age...

It is reported that the Czar and the Sultan have concluded arrangements to stand by each other, and it is certain that King Humbert and the Kaiser have at the same time been exchanging effusive sentiments...

All that Paderewski has to do to get himself talked about from one end of the world to the other, is to drop in at a barber's and get his hair cut...

A board of health in a Southern city has issued orders that will stop the mad-dog craze. It commands the police to apply a ligature above the bite and then try to suck the poison from the wound...

A sinister prediction comes from Vienna. Professor Fall announces that on November 13, 1899 a comet will strike the earth...

Every day paper is being used for a new purpose. New jackets are made of it to support those weak spines that hitherto have been held in place by heavy plaster jackets...

Seattle, in the new State of Washington, is seeing its great opportunity in the excitement over the Klondike gold discoveries and is availing itself of it...

The great and good Czar of Russia should take his little German friend, Wilhelm, and his other friend, the French tanner, and knock their heads together until they agree...

The dog-up streets of New York are blamed for the malaria prevailing in that city. A while ago the air-tight asphalted streets were complained of as breeding malaria...

A Canadian with a wooden leg has started for the Alaska gold fields and proposes to tramp over the Chilkoot pass alone...

The stories of Chinese girl slavery in California are more revolting, it is possible, than the Michigan and Wisconsin stockades for girls used to be...

"The Glad Hand" is the name of a new play. But the near approach of the International exhibition and the visit of the Premier, Sir Wilfred Laurier, is making all hands glad...

The September sun smiles down upon the schoolboy "with his shining morning-fac, creeping unwillingly to school."

The Atchison Globe says: "We knew it would happen—an Atchison baby has been named Bike."

VERSE OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

Between the gloaming and the gray, When twilight turns back to sea, The parting hour of closing day...

THE MASON'S OBJECT.

But the Officers Decorated the Room Despite Warnings. HALIFAX, Sept. 9.—That was a nice little assemblage that arose over the Crescent ball at Masonic hall last week...

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SEVEN.

Ready for Visitors. Mr. Charles K. Cameron has been busily engaged this week in getting his excellent stock in shape for the inspection of visitors from outside districts to the exhibition...



Robertson would have to be considered in that event and would have to step out of the mayoralty into a fat commissionership...

How the Spirit Traffics. "Ivan Ozaeff, the traitor," in the way it appeared on the Opera House programme...

With Motives of Economy. HALIFAX, Sept. 9.—Alderman Butler, the wide-awake representative of ward 2 in the city council...

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EVEN for Visitors. K. Cameron has been this week in getting his shape for the inspection outside districts to the Cameron has goods that ease the searcher after stylish in the way of fash- and those who visit this ounding places during cannot fail to be pleased meron offers in that line.

Experience. Maldon," said the mag- nantly alarmed witness on of burglary, "hear in a sworn to tell the truth, ad nothing but the truth." stammered Mr. Mul- nering from the judge to again; "it's me that'll can; but I hope the gin- used I am to that sort ur."

science in elementary to be attended by mie- complaints. reports that a teacher in a received the following in- the father of one of her

that when I think her my stumuk got too kind and don't interfere

needles is accomplished ary. It is an interesting the 'developing' of a very delicate oper- edles are burned the mounts them and sticks and packages in which

compliment to some one following advertisement, provincial journal pub-

monkey, two poodle. The owner, Mademoi- to marry, has no tur- nimals."

ve them! I'll ha! can stamps. Hi! ha! to date. No laundry s. Curtains 25 cents Laundry and Dya

new; it dates back low to restore the hair- late Remove, the best will restore it.



Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Town were in St. Andrew for a day or two recently.

Mr. Charles Blackman came from St. Andrew this week to take a commercial course in the business college.

Mr. Walter Goddard made a short visit to St. Stephen lately.

Among the registries at Kennedy's St. Andrew last week were: Messrs. D. M. Doherty, H. Henderson, J. H. O'Connell, George B. Hall, John F. Thibault, et al.

Mr. Gillespie has been visiting Mrs. McCullum of Bonaville during the week.

Postmaster Dodge of Bridgetown spent Sunday with city friends.

Mr. Walter Fitchard of this city spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Troop of Upper Grandview.

Mr. Frank O'Connell was here from Bridgetown for a day lately.

Miss Laura McLaughlin has returned from a pleasant visit in Nova Scotia.

Rev. Canon Forsyth of Chatham was in the city during the week.

Miss Moran has recovered sufficiently from her recent illness to resume her work of music teaching.

Mr. James Manchester is this week entertaining Mr. E. P. Chandler of Boston.

Archdeacon Bridgstock is off on a trip through P. N. Island and Cape Breton.

Mr. George D. Bain and family will leave shortly for the southern states in which section they will make their future home.

Mrs. E. W. Paul left for Boston by str. Cumberland Friday Sept. 8th for a short visit accompanied by her niece Miss A. May Woolly who in future will make her home in Boston after a residence here of seven years, also her brother, Master Malcolm Woolly who has spent his vacation here.

Miss Laura Munro has returned from Upper Grandview where she was the guest of Mrs. Henry Coy.

Mrs. James Millose and Master Gordon Milligan have returned from Truro where they were visiting Mrs. Millose's daughter Mrs. Fuller.

Judge Landy returned to Dorchester on Wednesday.

Mrs. A. S. Barker and son of Boston and Miss Watson are visiting their mother Mrs. Watson of Charlotte street.

Mrs. Florence Alay and Mrs. Alcorn who have been paying a visit to Mr. and Mrs. A. Gunn returned this week to Worcester, Mass.

Mr. F. St. John Blais of Fredericton spent Monday in the city.

A very brilliant wedding was celebrated in St. Andrew's church at six o'clock Wednesday morning.

At the Cathedral at 6.30 o'clock Wednesday morning there was a pretty wedding ceremony.

The bride was Miss Mary E. McHugh, daughter of the late Mr. Patrick McHugh, wore a pretty traveling dress of blue cloth, trimmed with white and gold, and a blue hat, while the bridesmaid, her sister, Miss Margaret McHugh, was attired in a pretty dress of blue and green with mauve trimmings and hat to match.

The groom, Mr. Fred McDermott, was supported by Mr. Henry O'Regan. Rev. F. J. McMurray performed the ceremony in the presence of quite a number of the friends of the bride and groom, and later the newly wedded couple left for a wedding trip to Boston and other places.

The bride received many handsome gifts from numerous friends.

Miss Louisa Hamm has returned to Grand Bay after a visit to Portland.

Mrs. Louis Green returned this week via Rimouski from England.

ceremony took place under a very artistically arranged arch of hop vines and blossoms.

The groom was presented at the altar by D. F. Leonard of Westville, and the bride by Miss Laura Branch Leonard of Brooklyns, brother and sister of the bride.

The groom is a dentist, with a well established business in Whitehall, and is a young man of excellent character and appearance.

After the wedding trip to New York and several resorts along the Atlantic coast, the young couple will take up their abode in Whitehall, carrying with them the best wishes of numerous friends.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Keagy, and Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Lucas have returned to Boston after a visit to this city.

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Holmes and Miss Holmes came from Halifax this week and spent a day or two in the city.

Mrs. A. D. Clark, Miss Clark and Mr. D. E. Comstock of Halifax were a party of pleasure seekers who visited the city during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Harrington and son are among recent arrivals from Troy N. Y. this week.

Mrs. Charles McCutcheon has returned to Roxbury, Mass., after a few weeks stay with friends.

Mrs. A. Knoll of Elliott Row has been entertaining Mrs. E. C. Young and her son Marie of Canada, N. B. who are enroute to spend the winter in California.

Miss Ella Wood who has been visiting city friends returned to Boston the middle of the week.

Mrs. S. Thorne has returned from a visit to her mother Mr. Richard Lowlerison. Mrs. Thorne's sister Miss Lowlerison came to St. John with her.

An event of interest to the bride's numerous St. John friends was the marriage this week of Miss Ella Tupper Hillson to Mr. James Halliburton Silver of Montreal.

The marriage of Mr. James Halliburton Silver of Montreal with Miss Ella Tupper Hillson only daughter of Mr. E. T. Hillson, Havelock street, took place in Christ church at ten o'clock on Wednesday.

The bride who was given away by her father, wore a beautiful dress of ivory duchesse satin trimmed with pearl embroidery and chiffon, the bridal veil of tulle was fastened with orange blossoms and the bouquet, was of white carnations and maiden hair fern.

She was attended by three bridesmaids, Miss Lola Winchester of Chelsea, Mass., who was attired in white organdy with trimmings of valencienne lace and silk green ribbons over a silk of same shade.

Miss Lillian Shaw, Halifax, in a dress of rose pink bangles, prettily trimmed with cream lace and pearl embroidery; Miss Mabel Pugsley in a pretty frock of pale blue silk with chiffon trimmings.

The little flower made Nellie Hillcoat and Beatrice Harris were in white frocks and completed a charming picture as the procession moved towards the chancel.

The groom who was supported by his brother Mr. Herbert Silver of Montreal. The ceremony was performed by Rev. V. E. Harris, Rev. Dr. Steele being present; the ushers were Mr. John Curry, Mr. Harold Main, Mr. Tom Sayre, Mr. Harry Blden, and Mr. Bob Douglas.

Upwards of a hundred guests were invited and the church was filled to its utmost capacity.

Miss Hillson being one of our most popular young ladies and a member of Christ church choir she put up the floral decorations in a very novel and artistic way, a large arch of green supported a magnificent bell of white asters with festoons of the pillars of sweet peas and ferns, on one side was a design in green with a horseshoe of white and the opposite beneath monogram H. S. in white and pink; the light and fest were profusely trimmed with sweet peas and asters.

Among the many guests present some very stylish costumes were seen, the bride's mother wore a toilette of black corded silk trimmed prettily with jet and a bonnet of purple velvet with spray of white. Several St. John people were present.

Mrs. Taylor is on a brief visit to her sister Mrs. Upham of Ferrisboro, N. B.

Alderman Hamlin to W. A. Lockhart was to Charlotte town the first of the week.

Mr. C. J. Wallace of Truro spent a short time in the city this week.

Mrs. Moran and Mrs. Gilmour came down from St. Andrew for a short time this week.

Mrs. Golphe returned today to Boston after a visit to city friends.

Mrs. Day and family are in Digby, at Mrs. Raddock's.

Mrs. Majors of this city is paying a short visit to her sister Mrs. Clinton of Digby.

Mr. Waterbury and family have returned from their summer residence at Digby.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Corbett arrived from Boston this week for a short stay in the city.

Mr. F. Hood of Philadelphia and Mrs. Hood are spending a few days in St. John.

Westfield is again alive, and society has taken a very lively turn; it would seem as if the people were not going to allow the summer to depart without making an effort to retain it.

The principal society event of the week was the delightful dance given by Mr. Fred Kirkpatrick in the hall on Wednesday evening which proved a grand success.

His mother Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick assisted her son in receiving his guests, and performed her duties as a chaperon in a charming manner.

She was attired in silk trimmings with rich cream lace. Her guest Miss Stephens of St. John who is stopping with her for a few days and who assisted in making the evening a pleasant one wore a very becoming waist of soft white chiffon trimmed with pink.

The music was excellent being furnished by St. John's local musicians. I need hardly say the young ladies looked lovely.

The dresses of Mrs. T. Milligan, Mrs. N. Lester, Mrs. Finley, and the Misses Allan, Ethel Milligan, Mabel Langley, Jennie Lyons, Ella Valentine, Miss Valentine, all looked particularly well.

About twelve o'clock a dainty supper was served to the guests who numbered about forty. At one o'clock the programme of seventeen dances was completed and the company broke up all declaring Mr. Kirkpatrick had given them a very pleasant evening.

On labor day a number of young folks, had a pleasant excursion to Bald Mountain; Mr. Alona Water's, team of five black horses left the White House at seven thirty and when it had reached Woodman's Point it had collected a crowd of twenty boys and girls, in an hour and a half the excursionists had reached the foot of Bald Mountain and then the climb began; when half way up the mountain, the young folks opened their baskets, and sat down to a good dinner, after that they proceeded up the mountain an spent an hour in admiring the magnificent view.

The party reached home about nine o'clock having a fine moon to complete the pleasure of the day. Mrs. (Dr.) Inches accompanied the party in a manner that deserves great credit; it was a great climb, but Mrs. Inches was often ahead of the boys. Her little son Charlie who is not yet three years of age was the jolliest one of the crowd and is the youngest person that ever ascended Bald Mountain.

The originators of the excursion, Miss Mary Inches, Lon Robertson, Mr. Ned Sears, and Mr. Charles McDonald, deserve praise for the way everything was carried out.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Stevenson entertained a few friends on Saturday afternoon with a very enjoyable sail on the river, in the yacht Wina.

The young folks left Westfield early in the morning and went up the river as far as Devil's Back. Returning they sailed to Brandy Point and burnt an old wood boat.

The party returned about ten o'clock after a very pleasant trip. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Finley, the Misses Mabel Langley, Mabel and Ida Canfield, Ella and Miss Valentine, Miss Stevenson and Mrs. Edward Stevenson, Oscar Finley, Mr. Robertson.

Mr. David Sears and son Richard spent Thursday with Mrs. Edward Sears at the White House.

Miss Roy Harrison was the guest of Miss Mary Woodman last week.

Miss Lou Waters of Indianstons is spending a few days with her cousin Miss Ethel Waters.

Miss Begg and Miss Annie Smith spent the holiday with her sister Mrs. Fred Sayre, Woodman's Point.

Miss Maud Estey is the guest of Miss Kittle Wilmet at Woodman's Point.

Miss A. Maudie Sears of Kingston, Ont. was the guest of her cousin Mr. E. Sears at the White House recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy W. Waters spent Sunday and Monday with his father, Mr. George Waters.

Miss Nan McDonald of "Linden Villa" left Monday on the C. P. R. for Toronto to attend school. She was accompanied by her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Mont. McDonald.

Miss Fannie Block was the guest of Mrs. D. McLellan this week at Woodman's Point.

Miss Ida Warwick left this week to attend Sackville Academy.

Mrs. Thomas R. Jones, Miss Jones and Mrs. Cowie were the guests of Mrs. C. D. Jones, during the holidays.

Mr. Frank Hatheway and Mr. Baskin were the guests of W. Watson Allen this week.

Miss Ethel McConley was the guest of Miss Minnie Allen at "Kawwood."

Mrs. Taylor sister of Mr. H. P. Timmerman is spending a few days at their home "Glen Burn's". Dr. Inches returned home on Saturday morning from Montreal and spent the day with his family at "Dinansau."

Miss Eva Estey and Miss Bessie McFarland spent Labor Day with Miss Allen.

Miss Ethel Milligan is visiting her brother Mr. T. Milligan.

Miss Valentine returned home this week after a pleasant visit to Mrs. (Dr.) Price.

Advertisement for WELCOME SOAP. Features the text 'WELCOME SOAP' in large letters, 'TRADE MARK' with a hand holding a bar of soap, and 'Smooth on the Hands' and 'Rough on the Dirt'. Below the main text is 'TRY IT' and 'WELCOME SOAP CO., - ST. JOHN, N. B.'.

Advertisement for Quickheal. Features the headline 'If Horses could talk...' and 'Quickheal' in large letters. Text includes 'cures Scratches, Galls and Sores. Every man who owns a horse should try it. SOLD EVERYWHERE'.

Advertisement for 'Famous' Baseburner. Features an illustration of a large, ornate stove. Text includes 'The Handsest and Best Working Stove of this Class in America.' and 'THE MCGILLY MFG. CO., LONDON, MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER.'

Advertisement for 'Dancing Progress' featuring an illustration of a man and a woman in formal evening attire dancing. Text includes 'Dancing Progress' and 'Dance, if you can.'.

Continued on page 2.

For Additional Society News, See Fifth and Sixth Pages



HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale... at the following news stands and centres.

- C. S. DUFFY, Brunswick street... J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth N. S.

The marriage of Miss Elsie Twining and Mr. Mather Abbott was one of the society events of last week.

The costumes of some of the guests were strikingly handsome. Mrs. Graham Duffus wore a grass lawn and green chiffon, the stock and belt were of various shades of pink, mauve and green.

Mrs. Charles Archibald was dressed in black brocade satin, with vest of crushed strawberry, and a bonnet to match.

Mrs. Archibald look particularly well in white and yellow organdy over yellow tulle, with belt and stock of two exquisite shades of yellow satin ribbon.

Mr. and Mrs. Hastings Freeman of Shelburne are the guests of Mrs. Geoffrey Morrow.

A tea was given during the week by Mrs. Carleton Jones for Mrs. Freeman. It was a very pleasant affair.

Rev. Robert Faulkner and bride, nee Miss Gaudier, have returned from Europe. During their absence they visited Paris, Switzerland, Rome, London and Edinburgh.

The marriage of Mrs. Daniel, daughter of the late A. W. West, to an English gentleman, takes place this month in England.

Mrs. Aymer, who has been the guest of Mrs. Thomas Ritchie, Belmont, for some time, left for Ontario.

Mrs. Bland gave a very enjoyable tea Friday afternoon at St. Andrew's manse, Tobin street.

The engagement is announced of Miss Graham, daughter of Judge Graham, and Lieutenant Spencer, of H. M. S. Partridge.

The ball given by the officers of the warships Talbot, Pallas and Partridge in Freemasons' hall last Friday evening was one of the pleasantest social functions of the season.

On the back of the satin-faced programme of dances, printed in blue and gold, was the following: "Farewell and good luck to Admiral Sir James Erskine, Lady Erskine and the Crescent, from H. M. S. ships Talbot, Pallas and Partridge."

Many of the costumes worn by the ladies were the handsomest ever seen in Halifax, and were made expressly for the occasion.

Lady Tupper wore a rich brocade dress trimmed with white chiffon and old point lace. Her ornaments were diamonds.

Mrs. Peters, wife of Premier Peters, P. E. Island, was contained in China blue brocade with ivory accordion pleated chiffon and old point lace.

The same having been levied on and seized by the undersigned sheriff on and under an execution out of The Supreme Court against the said Central Railway Company at the suit of Edward W. Clark, Sabin W. Colton, Junior, E. Walter Clark, Junior, C. Howard Clark, Junior, and Milton Colton.

Dated this 31st day of June, A. D. 1897.

E. LAWRENCE STURDIE, Sheriff of the City and County of St. John N. B. TWEEDIE, Plaintiff's Attorney.

Buctouche Oysters. Received this week: 20 Bbls. Buctouche Bar Oysters. At 19 and 23 King Square. J. D. TURNER.

WE BELIEVE there is no better soap made than our Baby's Own Soap— care and skill in making and the best materials are the reason. THE PROOF— Its immense sales. The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mrs. Montreal.

CANADA'S INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION St. John, N. B. 14th to 24th Sept, 1897 OVER \$12,000 IN PRIZES For Live Stock and Farm and Dairy Products Competition open to the World.

Sheriff's Sale. There will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the city of St. John, in the Province of New Brunswick, on Monday, the 13th day of September next, at the hour of fifteen minutes after twelve o'clock in the afternoon:

All the estate, right, title and interest of THE CENTRAL RAILWAY COMPANY in and to all that part of the Southern Division of the Central Railway, commencing at the line section of the said Central Railway with the dividing line of the Counties of Kings and the City and County of Saint John, at or near or about McPee Station (so called), on said Southern Division, and thence running in a southerly direction through the parish of Saint Martin, in said City and County of Saint John, to the terminus of the said Southern Division of the said Central Railway, at the village of Saint Martins, in the parish aforesaid, the Road and Roadway of said Railway having a uniform width of one hundred feet, and being about twelve miles in length, together with the Road, Road-bed, Right of way, Rails, Ties Sliding, Turntables, Telephone lines and appurtenances, Building Privileges Casements, Property uses and appurtenances, in any belonging or appertaining to the said Southern Division of the said Central Railway.

Buctouche Oysters. Received this week: 20 Bbls. Buctouche Bar Oysters. At 19 and 23 King Square. J. D. TURNER.

was relieved with ruffles of pink and white chiffon. Mrs. Robertson's skirt was of white satin; bodice covered with green sequinned pleated chiffon; white tulle sash. On the shoulders were pale green chilies with silver leaves.

Miss Mollie Robertson's costume was a very handsome one. She wore a deep colored bengaline skirt trimmed with fringes of bengaline. The bodice was trimmed with silk bengaline trimmed with ruffles of chiffon, with sash of wide yellow satin ribbon.

Miss Delaney's dress was pale mauve; satin. The skirt was trimmed with ruffles of pale mauve chiffon. The bodice was covered with mauve chiffon, trimmed with ruffles of chiffon clasped with brilliant buckles.

Miss Boston wore mouseline de soie over green moire, trimmed with pink velvet roses in various shades.

Miss Graham, white mouseline de soie over pale rose-colored moire; bodice trimmed with pink, mauve and mauve orchids.

Following is a list of the invited guests: Mrs. Anderson, Lieut. Col. and Mrs. Atkinson, Major and Mrs. Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. Albro, Mr. and Mrs. Almon, Mrs. Aylmer, Mrs. and Misses Abbott, C. P. Anderson, Miss Adams, L. Almon, Col. and Mrs. Bincoe, Mr. and Mrs. Barlow, Col. Collings and Mrs. of the Berkshire regiment, Rev. and Mrs. Bullock, Mrs. Booth, Mr. and Mrs. Book, Capt. Taylor and officer Fredericton contingent, Miss Barron, M. Bodwell, Mr. and Mrs. Bullock, E. L. Borden, M. F., and Mrs. Borden, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Beique, Miss Bodin, Miss Bryce, Col. and Mrs. Collard, Mr. and Mrs. Crickton, Major and Mrs. Comelino, Colonel Clarke, Lieut. Col. and Mrs. Curran, Fleet Engineer Cook, Mrs. and Miss Cook, Surgeon-Major and Mrs. Clouston; Hon. Captain and Miss Colburne, Mrs. Costigan; Captain and officers H. M. S. Crescent; Capt. McDunnell, and officers, Canadian regiment; Mr. and Mrs. Cady; Miss Cory; Miss Dathan; Lieut.-Gov. Mrs. and Miss Daly; Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Anstruther Duncan, Mrs. and Misses Dalgleish, Mr. and Mrs. Dalgleish, Hon. D. M. and Mrs. Dickenson Mrs. Deane, Mrs. and Mrs. Dwyer, and Miss Anglin, Major and Mrs. Gordon-Brown, Major and Mrs. Edwards, Sir James and Lady Erskine, Major and Mrs. Faunce, Mr. and Mrs. Finch, Mr. and Mrs. Franklyn, U. S. Consul-General, J. J. Farant, M. J. Farnell, Mrs. and Miss Farrell, Sir Sandford Fitzmaurice and Misses Smith, G. Franchlyn, Mrs. and Miss Graham, Mr. and Mrs. Grant Dookyard, Miss Griffin, Miss Hunt, Capt. and Mrs. Henneage, Major and Mrs. Heyman Capt. and Mrs. Hardy, Capt. and Mrs. Ken, Mr. and Mrs. Krabbi, J. Kenny, Mr. and Mrs. MacKay, Hon. J. Mr. Justice and Mrs. King, Mrs. and Miss Kinnear, Capt. and Mrs. Lethbridge, Col. and Mrs. Leach, Major Menger, Surgeon-Major, Mrs. and Miss Moir, Captain and Mrs. Morris, Hon. G. R. Murray, Rev. N. and Mrs. Lemoin, G. Lyde, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lansing, Mrs. Moren and Miss Dathan, Sur-Capt. and Mrs. Moir, Sur-Col. and Mrs. McArthur, General and Mrs. Montgomery-Moore, Mr. and Miss Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Matt Morrow, Mr. and Mrs. James Morrow, Miss Moyle, Miss McNutt, Capt. Maul, Misses Maul, Misses Mayley, Lieut. and Mrs. Nelson, Dudley and Mrs. Oliver, Misses O'Dell, Dr. Mrs. and Miss Flankett, Hon. F. and Mrs. Peter, Mrs. Primrose, Miss Powys, Prest, Stidley, Mrs. and Miss Richards, Mr. and Mrs. Beach-Smyth, Col. Kincoote and officers Royal Artillery, Col. Leach and officers Royal Engineers, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph, Mr. and Mrs. Riddell, Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. Bialle, Miss Scott, Mr. J. R. Ritchie, Mr. and Mrs. Russell, Miss Robertson, Misses Robertson, Miss Russell, Miss Stubbings, Capt. Semini, Staff and Secretary H. M. Dookyard, Mr. and Mrs. J. Wiseman-Stairs, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Seaton, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Stairs, Misses Stairs Dr. and Miss Shearer, Mrs. and Misses Stayer, B. Seaton, Mr. G. Swanson, F. Salter, Mr. and Mrs. St. George, Mayor and Mrs. Stephen, G. Troop and Mrs. Troop, Mrs. and Misses Townshend, Captain and Mrs. Thorpe, Mrs. and Miss Tremaine, Miss Tarton, Sir Chas. H. and Lady Topper, Misses Twining, Dr. and Mrs. Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. H. Troop, W. Turner, Mr. and Mrs. E. Twining, Mrs. Turnbull, Cecil Usacke, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Vizard, Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Widdowood, H. Wyldie, Mr. Mrs. and Mrs. White, Mr. and Mrs. White, Mr. and Mrs. Wright, Capt. and Mrs. Wiers, Col. and Mrs. Worsley, Mr. and Mrs. West and maid, Mr. and Mrs. Hunter, Mr. and Miss Walker, Misses Willis, Mr. Warren, Cape Breton, Mr. Mrs. and Mrs. Warrington, and Mrs. Willis, Commodore N. S. Yackel Club.

George Francis Train, the famous sage of Madison Square, who has for thirty years declined the companionship of any one but children, says, "I am a child myself." If a man will live rightly and take proper care of his health during youth and maturity he may live to a green old age, and still be able to say with absolute truth, "I am a child myself." Youth is not a matter of years. Happiness is not a question of experiences. Youth is happiness and health is youth. The healthy person, young or old, will be a happy person. It is a simple matter to get the body into a healthy condition and then to keep it there. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the greatest of health makers and health savers. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It makes the appetite keen, the digestion and assimilation perfect, the liver active, the blood pure, the muscles strong, the brain clear, the nerves steady and every vital organ in the body healthy and vigorous. It makes firm, healthy flesh, but does not make corpulent people more corpulent. It does not make flabby flesh like cod liver oil. It purifies the blood and drives out the poisons of malaria and rheumatism. It is the best remedy for blood and skin diseases. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption. Grateful patients, who had been given up to die, have permitted their experiences, names, addresses and photographs to be reproduced in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. The sufferer who wishes to investigate may write to any of these. The 'Golden Medical Discovery' is sold by all medicine dealers, and only unscrupulous dealers will try to induce a customer to take some worthless substitute for the sake of a few pennies added profit. Send 31 one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing and customs only, for a copy of Dr. Pierce's 1008-page 'Common Sense Medical Adviser' in paper covers. Address Dr. E. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Fry's Concentrated Cocoa is not only absolutely pure—concentrated—nutritious, but also has the virtue of being the most economical to use, because it dissolves so easily. You get the greatest possible amount of nutrition out of every spoonful you use. EASILY SOLUBLE Best grocers everywhere sell Fry's Concentrated Cocoa.

with her aunt Mrs. Ross Chipman. Mrs. Chipman and family have just returned from Starr's point where they have been camping out. Miss Pattillo as well as other friends were with them, with the daily visitors were numerous. Starr's point is a most picturesque place for a camp. It is heavily wooded almost to the water's edge is most accessible being only about seven miles from Kenville. Any list of camp going to Fort Williams or Wolfville must pass there while the view across the water is always lovely including as it does, Grand Fro, Long Island, Kingsport-Bloomfield etc.

Mr. Wm. O'Key and daughter Miss Olive O'Key have returned from England. Miss Olive has been studying music in London, also paying a short visit to her sister in Paris. All music lovers are glad to have such thoroughly musical people as Miss O'Key and Miss Olive in their vicinity, for their talent and cultivation are unmistakable. Their eldest sister Madams Labori, was often heard with Fidd as her accompanist.

Friends of Dr. L. St. Clair Saunders have been very interested in the erection of his new dwelling-house in a lot purchased from Mr. Leslie Eaton. Many speculations have been made as to who shall occupy it, the Dr. speaking of his mother, sister etc. However, on Thursday last there was a quiet wedding celebrated at the residence of Rev. Robert Falkner, Halifax, when Mrs. Marie Laurence Miller and Dr. L. St. Clair Saunders were united in marriage by the Rev. Alfred Gaudier of Fort Massey. (Mrs. Saunders had only just returned from Paris where she had been studying painting. The bride was attired in a heliotrope gown made by the celebrated Worth. Dr. and Mrs. Saunders arrived in Kenville on Friday and drove west to spend a couple of days with friends. Kenville friends of Dr. Saunders are proud in their congratulations and most heartily welcome such an accomplished lady to their midst.

Mr. and Mrs. George Martin returned from their bridal trip on Friday. Mrs. Charles Smith is receiving with Mrs. Martin this week.

Kenville is rich in brides, Mrs. Brenton Dodge is also receiving this week and has her friend Mrs. C. Harrington with her.

Miss Ryan of Halifax is visiting her friend Miss Dodge.

Mrs. Coleman and little Miss Edith are visiting in Wolfville the guests of Mrs. Coleman's sister Mrs. W. H. Chase.

Miss Rose Masters returns to Boston this week after a visit to her mother in town. Her sister Mrs. Thomas and little son returned last week to Chelsea.

Mrs. Stevens is at her old home paying a visit to her parents Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lovett.

Miss Lillie Webster has gone back to her studies at Acadia for the coming year.

Mr. Harry Dodge has returned to Kenville to open a dry goods store here in partnership with Mr. Seelye.

Mr. F. C. A. Price returned last week from a short visit in England.

Mr. Will Wright Union Bank wheeled out to his home in Brooklyn last Saturday.

Mr. W. H. Chipman, Middleton, spent Sunday in town.

Mrs. Cutler and little son have returned from their summer outing at Margarettville, Mrs. Dodge's former home.

Miss Rose Wintell has been visiting old friends in town for a few days.

Miss Thompson of Wolfville is visiting her friend Mrs. Charles Smith.

The marriage of Miss Nellie Gould and Mr. Wilson takes place tomorrow morning in St. James church, an account of which must wait over until next week.

"He who greases his wheels helps his oxen," is an old saying, but true.

We help those who help us, and those who help us help themselves. We do business for what business will bring. The bigger the business the better the values that can be given to customers. An importer overstocked offered us

50 Dozen Of the Finest Quality this Summer's... STRAW AND CHIP HATS Comprising Turbans, Toques, Walking Hats, Sailors and Dress Hats, worth from \$1.00 to \$1.50 each, at a cash price that enables us to offer the lot—

Your Choice for 50c: All Hats and materials purchased during this sale will be trimmed free.

The Parisian TEABERRY For the TEETH A MOST POPULAR TOILET PREPARATION 25-CENTS-A-BOX ZODIACA-CHEMICAL-CO-TOLENT

Brushes and Perfumes HAIR BRUSHES, TOOTH BRUSHES, NAIL BRUSHES, CLOTH BRUSHES, ROGER & GILLET'S PERFUMES, VIOLET'S PERFUMES, RIGGSBERRY'S PERFUMES, LEGRAND'S PERFUMES, and a beautiful assortment of BATH AND TOILET SPONGES, Just received at W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, S CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST, 35 King Street, St. John, N. B. Mail and Telephone orders most promptly filled. Telephone 289.

All Genuine..... Oxford Mill Goods Are Guaranteed...PURE WOOL. Spring Lamb, Lettuce and Radish. THOMAS DEAN, City Market.

is not only absolutely nutritious, but also has the most economical...

Easily Soluble

who greases his oxen helps his oxen, saying, but true.

to help those who help us, and those who help us help ourselves. We do business what business will bring the bigger the business the better the values that can be...

Choice for 50c

HATS

ing Turbans, Toques, Hats, Sailors and Dress...

Choice for 50c

materials purchased will be trimmed free.

Parisian

BERRY

NETH

Most Popular

Perfumes

TOILET SPONGES

MAN ALLAN, S

ST AND DRUGGIST

Mill Goods

Lamb and Radish

DEAN

Market

ARRIVES

Mr. Fred Gaushey of St. John was in town over Sunday.

Miss Mabel Fugley came home last week from a pleasant visit to Miss Winslow in Fredericton.

Miss Helen Purdy has returned from an enjoyable stay with Mrs. Ketchum in Tisbury.

Dr. and Mrs. C. W. Howson are home from a short trip to Montreal.

Mrs. C. R. Smith came from Farnborough this week to attend the Hillson-Silver wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Fride are attending the Toronto Fair.

Miss Emily Christie went to Wolfville on Friday to begin her studies at the Ladies college.

Dr. and Mrs. O. O. Tupper, came from New York on Tuesday and are staying with relatives in town.

Miss Thea Horn is home from a visit to Miss Sadie Egge in Farnborough.

Miss Lillian Moffat left last week to begin her studies at the seminary Wolfville.

Mr. W. H. Robinson spent Sunday in Fredericton.

Mrs. Marston gave a very pleasant party on Monday for a number of the Hill friends of her daughter Miss Hazel who made a pleasing little basket.

Miss Elizabeth MacIntosh, of San Jose, Cal., has been visiting her sister Mrs. Barbara MacIntosh, Church street.

Miss May Quigley came home last week after a pleasant stay with Miss Jennie Kennedy in Halifax.

The many friends made by Miss Maggie Fleming during her visit last winter to her uncle Mr. E. B. Hillen will wish her every joy on the occasion of her marriage which took place in Brandon, Mass., on the twenty fifth of August in Nelson, B. C. Bear, son of Dr. Bear of Charlottetown.

On the first last at eight o'clock in the baptist church the marriage of W. Francis Colchester to Miriam Tupper, daughter of Mr. L. B. Allen was solemnized. Dr. Steele performed the ceremony assisted by the Rev. J. H. McDonald. The bride wore a dress of white organdy and white satin ribbon. The groom was attended by Mr. Chas. Purdy as best man, and the bridesmaid Miss Grace Steele, was dressed with cream and blue dotted organdy with blue ribbon. Mr. and Mrs. Colchester left on the midnight train for a tour to Ellershow the home of the groom's mother returning next week, and will make their home on Eddy street.

The funeral of the late Botolph Vial, esq. took place Thursday and was largely attended, in fact was the largest funeral here for years, attending to the great esteem and respect in which the deceased was held.

Mrs. J. Daley has been visiting friends from St. John and Boston.

Mr. Waterbury and family who have spent the summer here, returned to St. John last week.

Rev. Mr. Whitcomb of St. John was in town Monday.

Charles J. McDonald, P. O. Inspector was in town a few days last week on official business.

Mr. Stewart Jenks and Mr. Lawson Jenks left on Friday to attend the exhibition in Toronto.

Dr. Atkinson of Truro, is on Saturday in town.

Mrs. McDougall arrived home on Saturday from a visit in Cape Breton.

Mrs. Fumerton and Miss Ross of Windsor are guests of Mrs. Robert Gibson.

Mr. F. Looby and little daughter and Miss Chapman of Springfield, left this morning for a visit to relatives in Boston.

Miss Shaw of Halifax is paying a visit to Miss Jenks.

Miss Beattie and Miss Hatfield of Brookville were in town on Thursday on their way to Halifax.

Mrs. Ahrens and Mrs. Lavers are visiting friends in Boston.

Mrs. Lithgow of Halifax and Mr. Harrington of Sydney are engaged in transferring the Savings bank to the post office.

Mrs. and Miss Dickinson lately returned from a visit of several weeks in Stratcliffe.

Mr. Taylor of St. John arrived on Saturday and is the guest of Mrs. Topham, her sister.

Mrs. Northy and Miss Fraser are spending a few days at Springfield.

Miss Vera Young has returned home to St. Stephen.

Mr. and Mrs. Berris of Malden, Mass., who has been the guest of her brother, Captain Allen Gungill, returns to her home today. Miss Ida Gungill will accompany Mrs. Berris to her home.

Miss Grace Newton is visiting friends in Lunenburg. Mr. Cleveland and Miss Cleveland of Boston, return to their home today, after a pleasant visit with friends here.

Miss Isotta Bancroft is also a passenger by today's boat for Brandon, where she will resume her work at the General Hospital.

Mr. Governor Howe has gone to Providence N. H. for a few weeks visit.

Messrs. George and Frank Covert who have been guests at the Rectory, returned to New York on Wednesday.

Mrs. de Bury of Montreal is a guest of Dr. and Mrs. Jack.

Yesterday morning in St. Paul's church a large number of the friends and relatives assembled to witness the marriage of Miss Annie R. Dismore to Mr. J. Frederick Carson. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. S. Covert. The bride who was unattended wore a very pretty dress of white and lace with a trimmed with violets. The many friends of the young couple wish them every happiness in their future life.

Miss B. McMillin, terminally ill, is in the hospital. Miss Helen Bigelow, yellow silk, white lace and black velvet trimmings.

Among the gentlemen were, Messrs. W. Sandford, New York, Arthur Campbell, Ottawa, A. J. Campbell, A. C. Patterson, M. G. Atkinson, F. S. Yorston, B. Black, A. H. Leonard, W. F. McKay, F. L. Murray, F. Snek, G. A. Hall, A. S. Black, S. E. Gourley, E. A. Lovett, H. W. Crowe, Fenwick Outten, W. Reynolds, W. McKenna, W. Crowe, L. Crowe, N. Athos, St. John, G. Vizard, A. McDonald, R. Francis, W. A. Spencer, O. A. Hornsby, G. H. Williams, F. Coston, F. W. Wilson, Stanley-Less, H. England, H. W. Bishop, F. G. Swanson. Ice cream, sherbert and cake were served throughout the evening and shortly after twelve an elaborate supper, after which dancing was continued and kept up until the small hours.

The visitors cricketers, and a few of the home team were entertained at luncheon yesterday, at the Frisco of Water, by Mr. Swanson. The following were those present:—Miss Brooks, Mrs. W. O. Cummings, Miss Kelly, Miss Aimee Hutchinson, Miss Dimock, Miss Hal Dimock, Miss Florence Leckie, Miss H. Bigelow, Miss Walsh (the Royal Bachelors Regiment), L. L. Dundas (L. M. S. Crescent), Messrs. Watters, Dumas and Crawford,

MISSING AND MARRIED

The same party were entertained at dinner after invited by Miss Louisa at "The Friday House".

Rev. G. B. Maclellan and Mrs. Maclellan, husband on route home from an outing in Cape Breton, are guests at the "Learnment" this week.

Mr. A. V. Smith of the Halifax Bank here, is assisting Mr. Devober in New Glasgow this week.

Mrs. Leonard and Master Jack who have been visiting home friends in Ft. Covington, N. Y. arrived home last week.

Mr. Peter Chisholm, St. John, was in town for a day or two this week.

Mrs. W. H. Dunken is enjoying an outing at Malvern.

Mrs. Joseph Grant was a guest of Mrs. George Dunken last week.

Mr. Arthur Campbell of the civil service, Ottawa is here visiting his parents at "Roselands".

Fra.

DIGBY

[Progress is for sale in Digby by Mrs. Morro.]

Mrs. J. L. Gupill has returned from a pleasant visit in Boston.

Mrs. Day of St. John and family are visiting Mrs. A. J. Roddick.

The Misses Buckler of Annapolis spent Sunday with Miss Major McCormick.

Mrs. Maggie McCormick will spend the winter in Boston.

Dr. Croscup and Mr. W. Hodson of Boston have been spending their vacation in Digby.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Lee and Mrs. Lee of Annapolis were in town on Saturday.

Mr. W. H. Smithson of the P. O. department Ottawa, Mrs. Smithson, and Miss Beattie Smithson have returned to Ottawa, after spending their vacation of some months here.

Dr. Kinsman has gone to London Eng. to take a special course in medicine.

Miss Clark of Bear River is visiting Miss Short.

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When You Order Pelee Island Wines

BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND. GAMBROUX, July 24, 1897.

E. G. SCOVIL, Agent Pelee Wine Co. Data: Pelee wine had been afflicted with various prostrations for several years, using every kind of medicine, but obtaining no relief until I procured some of your PELEE WINE, which I can state to be the best I have had the pleasure to try. It is the only one that I can recommend to be used in the future, and to be used without fear. We have recommended it to several suffering from La Grippe and Debility with like good results.

I am yours gratefully JOHN C. CLOWES.

Ask for Our Brand and See You Get It

E. G. SCOVIL | Maritime Agent | 62 Union Street.

FRINGS OF VALUE

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for all ills to which flesh is subjected. In a disease, and by attending the cause that were the germs of other and differently named diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would result one day in one case, and in another, the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, which is obtainable in a sound undiluted state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the fringes of value are led into consciousness 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 dependency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing 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 healthy animal functions of the system. Quinine makes activity necessary result, strengthening the frame and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased supplies of food, improved appetite, Northrop & Lyman's Quinine Wine, given in the public health, is superior to any other in the market, and is endorsed by the opinion of scientists, this wise approach nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

The heart seeks for sympathy, and each of us craves a recognition of his talents and his labors; but this craving nature is dangerous if becoming morbid. One has fallen into a pitiable state of morbidness in whose eyes the good opinion of his fellow-men is the best of all things, and his applause the principal reward for exertion.

The Proprietors of Farnesole's Pills are constantly receiving letters similar to the following, which express the high value of the medicine that can cure various ailments. "I never used any medicine that can cure Farnesole's Pills for Dyspepsia or Liver and Kidney Complaints. The relief experienced after using them was wonderful. I can state that the medicine Farnesole's Vegetable Pills can be given in all cases requiring a cathartic."

There are two kinds of unworthy parents—the parent who looks upon a child as a machine capable of perfect obedience, as if its moral principles were manufactured on a certain plan, and the parent whose only notion of a child's life is a sort of toy sent by Providence for his amusement.

No family living in a civilized country should be without Farnesole's Vegetable Pills. A few doses taken now and then will keep the Liver active, cleanse the stomach and bowels, free the bile ducts, and prevent Ague. Mr. J. L. Frisco, Rhoads, master and surgeon, writes: "I have tried a box of Farnesole's Pills and find them the best medicine for Fever and Ague I have ever used."

In this world the only way to make money is to be supposed to have money.

Progress is made in circles, and if you keep still long enough you will find yourself in the van.

COLIC AND KIDNEY DYSPEPSIA.—Mr. J. W. Wilder, J. P. Laragerville, N. Y., writes: "I am subject to severe attacks of Colic and Kidney Dyspepsia, and find Farnesole's Pills afford me great relief, while all other remedies have failed. They are the best medicine I have ever used." In fact so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that it has cured almost every case of colic and dyspepsia, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

One of our most lasting delusions is that our expenditures can be of service to another.

When we talk of depth of character we must remember that the highest test of a man's intellect is a good deal more valuable than a whole bagful of gold.

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure, but none so bad that it will not give relief. For coughs, colds and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

Children are the only perfectly satisfactory companions in the world; they never seriously reproach you, and for beauty, no woman can compare with them.

The clearness and purity of one's mind is never better proved than in discovering its own faults at first view; as when a stream flows dirt at the bottom, it shows also the transparency of the water.

THOUSANDS LIKE HER.—Tina McLeod, Severn Bridge, writes: "I owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Ross' Electro-Magnetic Oil, for curing me of a severe cold that troubled me nearly two weeks. All my colds are given a quick and a hacking cough, take a dose of Dr. Ross' Electro-Magnetic Oil three or four times a day, and the cough will render it necessary."

Many people are much too stupid to distinguish the qualities of wit. Once established a reputation, half the world takes you on trust, and considers the other half criticisms because it envies you.

HARBOUR.

[Progress is for sale in Harbour by Mrs. B. Livingston.]

Mr. James D. Murphy and Mrs. Murphy of Bonaventure were here yesterday, guests of Rev. J. K. and Mrs. McClure.

Miss Meta McMichael, Miss Lydia Forster and Mr. James McKee spent Sunday in Harbour guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Morton.

Mr. E. B. Bunkerfield is receiving congratulations—a daughter.

Mr. Thomas Forster, formerly of Kingston in this county, and who has been for some months week for British Columbia.

Misses Agnes and Gertrude McDermott after spending their vacation among relatives here, left by the express train on Friday morning for Sydney, N. S., to resume their studies.

The Victoria Jubilee tea was held last evening in the Tower hall by the prebendary's was quite successful and realized over \$50.

MUSQUASH.

Mr. Charles Hanes of St. John, is spending a few weeks at Musquash, the guest of her brother, Mr. G. M. Anderson.

Mr. Fred Sedell leaves this week for New York where he intends entering the Theological Seminary. His many friends wish him every success.

Mrs. Albert Henderson is very ill at her home in Musquash.

Mrs. Edith and Masters Willis and Leslie Hillwell of Montreal, are visiting at the rectory.

The St. Ann's Sunday school held their annual picnic at Leppan's last Thursday, going from here on the Shore Line Railway. A large number attended and the day proved a grand success.

Master Murray returned to the Daversport school last week.

Anemia means "want of blood," a deficiency in the red corpuscles of the blood.

Its cause is found in want of sufficient food, dyspepsia, lack of exercise or breathing impure air. With it is a natural repugnance to all fat foods. Scott's Emulsion is an easy food to get fat from and the easiest way of taking fat. It makes the blood rich in just those elements necessary to robust health, by supplying it with red corpuscles.

For sale at one cent and five by all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Baltimore, Ont.

Substitution

SEE THAT YOU GET THE GENUINE FOOT ELM.

It has come to our knowledge that some dealers are endeavouring to palm off on the public trashy foot remedies which they claim are "as good as" Foot Elm.

The price may be a little less than you and the profits a little greater to them, but the results are always disappointing. Guaranteed foot comfort is surely worth a quarter, which is all that is asked for Foot Elm. Your feet will certainly suffer for it if you buy the other stuff. Price 25 cents at all dealers, or by mail postpaid STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont. Canadian Agents.

12 STEARNS' BICYCLES

AND 27 GOLD WATCHES

GIVEN AWAY EVERY MONTH

TO THOSE WHO SEND THE LARGEST NUMBER OF

SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPERS

Your Grocer will give you particulars, or drop a postcard to

LEVER BROS., Ltd. Toronto.

OYSTERS FISH AND GAME always on hand.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

CAFE ROYAL

BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - St. John, N. B.

WM. CLARK, Proprietor.

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

Jewelry.

In RACELETS, BROOCHES, EARRINGS, PENDENTS, LOCKETS, NECK CHAINS, GUARDS, LINKS, STUDES, RINGS, STICK PINS, HAT PINS, Etc.

We have a large stock to select from, and will make prices right.

FERGUSON & PAGE. 41 KING STREET.

New Fall...

Millinery

We extend a cordial invitation to ladies visiting the exhibition to call and inspect our fine display of TRIMMED AND UNTRIMMED

Hats, Toques and Bonnets

In the latest Fall and Winter styles from Paris, London and New York, together with a large stock of black and colored District Fashion, Fancy Feather, Ostrich, Wings, Ornaments, Millinery Trimmings, Black and Colored Silk Veils, Black and Colored Veilings, Black and Colored Satin Ribbons, Black and Colored Silk Ribbons, Velvets, Ribbons, Fancy Ribbons, Hat and Bonnet Trimmings. Also, a new assortment of Babies BONNETS, HOODS, TAIN O'SHANNERS, etc.

See our special, see our special, see our special, the best and most stylish Corsets in Canada for the money.

CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO., 77 King Street.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(Continued from page 1.)
Miss Tait of Marysville, is spending a few days in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Lodge, at Central Methodist church.

Mr. B. B. Peters of Boston who has been visiting his parents Mr. and Mrs. George C. Peters of Alma street, for the past two weeks returned to Boston last week. Mr. Brooks Peters accompanied his brother and will spend some three weeks in Boston.

Mr. George C. Allen returned yesterday from a short trip to Montreal. Mrs. J. A. Verner of Campbellton is spending a few weeks in town the guest of her daughter Mrs. L. N. Bourque of Botsford street.

Dr. and Mrs. W. L. Harris of North Boston, Mass., who have been spending the summer with Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Harris, left town on Monday for Quebec, en route for England, where they intend spending a year. They were accompanied by Miss Janie Harris, who intends to enter as a student a ladies' seminary in London.

Miss Hattie Seaman returned on Sunday morning from Boston where she has been spending a month with friends. Mr. W. H. Burns of Montreal, is spending a two weeks vacation in town the guest of Mrs. S. McKean at "Ravenwood".

The numerous Moncton friends of Miss Minnie Galt, for some years a resident of this city, but now of Montreal, are very glad to see her in town again. Miss Galt is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Campbell of Bonaccord street.

Dr. and Mrs. G. Y. Smith returned home yesterday morning from a trip to the upper provinces during which Dr. Smith attended the meeting of the British medical association, in Montreal. The residents of Moncton heard with very deep regret yesterday morning of the death of Mr. D. M. Trites, which occurred at his residence on Main street shortly after eight o'clock.

Mr. W. S. Willott of Annapolis, N. B., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. George B. Willott of Alma street. Mr. Bayard Bulmer of Nevada, is spending a few days in town, the guest of his sister, Mrs. Fred Hunter of Robinson street.

Mrs. William Brown, Miss Brown and Master Harry Brown, who have been spending two weeks with relatives at Fairville, returned home last week. Mr. J. Wetmore and Miss Alice Wetmore left town yesterday to spend a fortnight's vacation in Boston.

Mr. George L. Harris left on Monday for Halifax to enter on the last year of his law course, at Dalhousie College. IVAN.

WOODSTOCK.
[Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. Loan & Co.]
Sept. 1.—Mr. and Mrs. J. Norman W. Winslow gave a most brilliant and enjoyable dancing party on Wednesday evening at their charming residence Victoria Terrace. The house which is well adapted to entertaining was beautifully decorated with a profusion of flowers, bouquets of Dahlias, asters and gladioli were placed everywhere, masses of bright flowers were basked artistically at the base of the mirrors which were wreathed about with feathery green and vines. The drawing-rooms and dining-rooms were used for dancing, and the verandah which open from these rooms, were enclosed and brilliantly lighted with electric lights making a most charming spot for a table between dances. The bright lights, brilliant flowers and pretty costumes made a very brilliant scene. Inspiring music was rendered by Robinson's orchestra of Houlton, a programme of fourteen dances being carried out. Ices were served during the evening.

Cures Talk
"Cures talk" in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla, as for no other medicine. Its great cures recorded in truthful, convincing language of grateful men and women, constitute its most effective advertising. Many of these cures are marvelous. They have won the confidence of the people; have given Hood's Sarsaparilla the largest sales in the world, and have made necessary for its manufacture the greatest laboratory on earth. Hood's Sarsaparilla is known by the cures it has made—cures of scrofula, salt rheum and eczema, cures of rheumatism, neuralgia and weak nerves, cures of dyspepsia, liver troubles, catarrh—cures which prove

Hood's Sarsaparilla
In the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills cure liver ills; easy to take, easy to operate, 25c.

HUMPHREYS' WITCH HAZEL OIL
Cures Files or Hemorrhoids, Fissures & Fistulas, Burns & Scalds, Wounds & Bruises, Cuts & Sores, Boils & Tumors, Eczema & Eruptions, Salt Rheum & Tetters, Chapped Hands, Fever Blisters, Sore Lips & Nostrils, Corns & Bunions, Stings & Bites of Insects.
Three Sizes, 25c, 50c and \$1.00.

and supper at twelve o'clock. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. John Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. E. Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. Upham, Boston; Dr. and Mrs. R. E. G. Smith, Dr. and Mrs. W. D. Rankin, Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Jones, Mr. and Mrs. George Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Dibble, Mr. and Mrs. James Orelghton, Mr. and Mrs. C. Allan Smith, Mr. and Mrs. W. Benson Bell, Mr. and Mrs. George Balsam, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Holyoke, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Garden, Mr. and Mrs. W. Skillen, Miss Van Wert, Mrs. Ed Williams, Miss Poole, Arkansas; Miss Firth, Bangor; Miss Tracy, Richmond; Miss Ebel Bourne, Miss Elida Bourne, Miss Helen Jordan, Miss Cora Smith, Miss Lizette Bell, Miss A. Bull, Miss Blanche Dibble, Miss George Angerton, Miss Susie Williams, Miss Duncan, Miss Kathleen Bourne, Miss Emma Moore, F. F. McLeod, Boston; F. B. MacKay, J. E. Christie, G. W. Howard, Dr. C. M. Hay, Philadelphia; T. M. Jones, G. H. Harrison, J. Eibbles, J. F. Fawcett, H. Connell, C. Angerton, W. L. Carr and G. Mitchell.

Mrs. Winslow received her guests in a dress of pale blue satin brocade with pearl passementerie trimming, she was assisted by her sister Miss Yanward who wore pink silk and brocade sash with pearl trimmings, bouquet of pink and white carnations. Mrs. John Stewart, black satin, white lace, pink and white asters. Mrs. Julius Garden, primrose satin, chiffon trimmings. Mrs. George Taylor, black net and chiffon, yellow roses.

Mrs. Wendell Jones, white satin and yellow mousseline de soie, yellow illusion trimmings, bouquet of white and pink sweet peas. Mrs. Guy Smith, white corded silk, honton lace and pearl trimmings, bouquet of red carnations. Mrs. George Balsam, cream brocade satin, chiffon trimmings. Mrs. William Dibble, pink silk, chiffon trimmings, white asters. Mrs. James Orelghton, pale blue crepon and silk, pearl trimmings.

Mrs. A. D. Holyoke, blue and gold shot silk, chiffon and passementerie trimmings. Mrs. W. Skillen, yellow crepon, lace and ribbons. Mrs. Rankin, white muslin, white satin ribbons. Mrs. Ferguson, silver brocade satin, black lace. Mrs. Bolls, blue silk, black chiffon, pink sweet peas. Mrs. Upham, Boston, black lace over violet silk, violet ribbon. Mrs. Smith, pink crepe de chine, black chiffon trimmings. Mrs. Ed J. Williams, black silk and lace, silver passementerie.

Mrs. Cora Smith, white muslin over pink silk Dresden ribbons, pink sweet peas. Miss Munro, blue silk, white and silver gauze trimmings. Miss Firth, Bangor, black silk, yellow chiffon, yellow flowers. Miss Bourne, white muslin, green satin ribbons, pink and crimson roses and bouquet. Miss Helen Jordan, pale blue mousseline de soie over pink satin, blue chiffon trimmings, pink roses. Miss Poole, Arkansas, blue molre silk and satin, cream lace and pearl trimmings. Miss Kathleen Bourne, cardinal muslin white trimmings. Miss Duncan, black satin, white lace red roses. Miss Bull, green and white muslin over green and white ribbons and lace. Miss A. Bull, white muslin over pink, ribbons and lace.

Miss Elida Bourne, pink net over pink silk. Miss Williams, yellow cashmere and satin chiffon trimmings. Miss Blanche Dibble, white and violet muslin, violet ribbons and pasties. Miss George Angerton, white muslin, blue ribbons, pink sweet peas. Miss Tracy, cream silk, lace and ribbons. Miss Hume, black silk, chiffon trimmings. Mrs. Wendell Jones entertained a few friends very pleasantly at a whist party on Thursday evening. Mrs. John F. Allan entertained a number of friends very pleasantly at a progressive croquet party on Thursday evening.

Dr. C. M. Hay left for Philadelphia on Friday morning. Mr. F. F. McLeod returned to his home in Boston on Friday morning. Mrs. W. S. Fisher returned home on Saturday accompanied by her brother, Mr. F. M. Jones who spent Sunday in Fredericton. Dr. and Mrs. Sprague and Dr. and Mrs. Rankin spent last week in Montreal; the Doctors attending the British Medical Association meeting in that city. Mr. and Mrs. Hugh B. Wright left Friday for Boston en route to New York, Niagara and other points of interest. Miss Mabel Tapley is spending a few weeks in St. John. Mr. George A. White spent part of this week at Edmundston. Mr. F. Hay returned from his holidays last week. Mr. George Howard spent Sunday in St. John. Miss Annie Ross and Miss Margaret Ross left Saturday for Bangor to spend some months. Mrs. Stephen Smith entertained a few friends very pleasantly at a whist party on Thursday evening last.

Mrs. L. P. Fisher gave a lawn party on Monday afternoon on her delightful grounds for the entertainment of her guests Dr. McLeod and Dr. Pinkham of Boston. Those present were Mrs. George H. and Mrs. Duncan, Mrs. F. E. Dibble, Miss Hume, Miss Ethel Bourne, Miss Elida Bourne, Mrs. Beardsley, Miss Poole, Arkansas; Mr. and Mrs. E. Holyoke, Mrs. Duncan, Miss Elida Smith, Mr. F. B. McKay, Dr. McLeod, Dr. Frankham, Bos-

ton, Mr. A. Phillips, and Mr. George Black of Fredericton. Miss Ethel Bourne and Miss Poole left Tuesday for Fredericton for a few weeks' visit. Dr. E. A. Upham, returned to Boston on Tuesday. Mrs. T. S. Duncan and Miss M. F. Duncan spent part of last week in St. John. Mr. and Mrs. F. Harrison returned from their holiday on Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Hartley are spending a few weeks at Skiff lake. Miss Loughton and Mr. John Loughton spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Hartley at the lake. Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Green are spending a week at Skiff lake.

Miss Raymond entertained a large number of friends most pleasantly at a progressive croquet party on Tuesday evening last. Miss Isabelle was placed and a very close competition was made for the first prize and also the consolation ones. Mrs. George Taylor and Mr. Rankin Brown carried the honors—while Mrs. Stealing Peabody and Mr. Burton Bedell were the recipients of the others. Supper was served about twelve o'clock. Those present were Judge and Mrs. Baker, Newport, Mrs. Small, Boston, Mr. and Mrs. George Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Benson Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Raymond, Mr. and Mrs. Stirling Peabody, Miss Brown, Mrs. Rankin Brown and Mrs. J. Brown, Miss Felton St. Stephen, Miss Griffith, Miss F. Dibble, Mr. Burton Bedell, Mrs. Peabody, Miss Poole, Miss Ethel Bourne, Miss Elida Bourne, Miss Smith, Miss Beardsley, Miss Minnie Carman, Mr. James Peabody, Mr. Arthur White, Boston, Mr. Charles Peabody, Mr. Charles Peabody, Mr. Frank McKay, Mr. Howard, C. L. S. Raymond and others.

Miss Jenner entertained a few friends very pleasantly on Friday evening last. Whist and dancing were the amusement. Those present were Miss Stoddard, Miss Beattie Neale, Miss Annie Harn, Miss Mabel Phillips, Miss Blanche Dibble, Mr. Irvine Dibble, Mr. George Howard, Mr. F. McKay, Mr. Charles Peabody and others. Mrs. Henry Phillips gave a very pleasant party on Monday evening for the entertainment of her guest Miss Abbie Phillips of Boston, and her daughters. Drive whist and Croquet were the chief amusements with a walk after supper. Those present were the Misses Angerton, Miss Harn, Miss S. Jordan, Miss Stoddard, Miss Jenner, Miss Brewer, Miss J. Street, Miss N. Street, Miss Boore, Miss Clark, Miss N. Phillips, Miss Collins, Messrs S. Carr, J. Dibble, N. Loane, H. Phillips, A. Phillips, C. Angerton, W. Saunders, F. Hay, E. Clark, G. Gibson, C. Phillips and others. The members of the Methodist choir and a number of friends had a very enjoyable driving party on Monday evening. After the drive they were entertained by Mrs. R. E. Holyoke at a supper party. Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Jewett gave a reception on Thursday evening in honor of the return of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Harrison from their wedding tour. Mrs. Harrison received this week at the residence of her mother, Mrs. Jewett. ELAINE.

ROXBURGO.
[Progress is for sale in Roxborough by Theodore P. Graham.]
Sept. 8.—Rev. R. Falconer returned to Newcastle on Monday after spending the past two weeks in this vicinity supplying the pulpits of the presbyterian churches. Miss Blackwood of Halifax who has been visiting Miss Emily Seyre returned home last week. Mr. John Stevenson J. of Boston was visiting his relatives here Saturday and Sunday. Mr. Wm. E. Forbes returned from Ottawa on Monday. Mrs. Mundy and her daughter Miss Sadie Mundy returned to Sackville on Saturday last having spent some weeks in town guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Forbes. Mr. Robert Phinney left this morning for Chatham to visit his friends. Mrs. Arthur E. O'Leary is visiting in Campbellton. Messrs. Wm. Connaughton, Fred O'Leary and Harry McInerney went to St. Joseph's college Memramook on Thursday last. Mr. J. C. Vantour went to Bathurst on Saturday returning on Tuesday accompanied by Mrs. Vantour and two children the latter having spent the past few weeks at her former home in Bathurst. Miss Katie Stevenson is recovering from her recent severe illness. AUBURN.

OFFICERS AGAIN TO THE FRONT.
Moncton's Finest Add More Laurels to Their Crown
MONCTON, Sept. 9.—I am sometimes afraid that I talk too much about our police force, but then the subject is such an attractive one, and we are all so conscious, as citizens of having a collection of policemen unique in the history of nations, that the inclination to boast of our possessions is well nigh irresistible! It seems almost wicked to hide our light under a bushel when we might justly be the envy of all other cities; and besides that it is not fair to the police themselves who are certainly entitled to some consideration. Why I don't suppose any other city of its size in the Dominion can show a policeman whose special duty is the enforcement of the Canada Temperance Act, and the persecution—I don't mean prosecution, so please let the word stand as it is written, kind "comps" of offences against the same, who could go on a little spree himself, get into a free bar-room fight ending in his arrest for assaulting a man and drawing a pistol, to the terror and peril of the crowd; be convicted of the offence, and fined for it, and then continue in the odor of sanctity and the discharge of his temperance duties, just as if nothing had happened, and his reputation remained unblemished.

Neither could many cities of our size show a policeman who had been arrested and fined for assault upon a prisoner, which happened in the case of another member

of the force, though he afterwards escaped upon a technicality, or who after being accused of insulting a private citizen in his own house, and suspended by the city council pending the investigation into the charges against him, continued to wear his uniform and discharge his duties with undisturbed serenity. So taking all things into consideration there is some excuse for a little loquacity on the subject of our brave guardians of the law. As the dotting mother loves to tell all whom it may concern as well as many whom it may bore to death, about the clever sayings and doings of her darling child, so we, the citizens of Moncton who maintain them, never weary of telling about the wonderful doings of our pet police force. It is perfectly natural that we should object to having our gilt-edge darlings found fault with or criticized in any way, and we always do our best to uphold them even when we are not quite sure that they are in the right.

Not very long ago a quarrelsome and contumacious citizen had the cruelty and bad taste to raise quite a disturbance because one of the force presumed to tell the said citizen when it was time to close his house, and go to bed, and kindly informed him that he and his guests made too much noise. This wrong headed man actually had the nerve not only to demand an investigation into the charges he preferred against the officer, but actually demanded his dismissal from the force. But the city council realizing what was expected of them gracefully declined dealing with the case when it came up before them having too much business of real importance on hand to waste time on trifles. They waved it lightly aside as it deserved, "laid it over until the next night of meeting" every time they met, and very properly showed the quarrelsome citizen what a very small and unimportant matter the rights of any citizen appeared in their eyes compared with those of the police force.

Only last week the idol of the force—Buffalo Bill of revolver, and Windsor Hotel fame, was arraigned before stipendiary magistrate Kay, on the paltry charge of assaulting a man of the name of Walker, who was under arrest and being taken to the lockup. Now as officer Belyea is a noted athlete, and his professional duties do not allow him much time to engage in many sports, the absurdity of raising any objection to his keeping his muscles up to correct pitch by a little salutary discipline of the prisoners he may be called upon to arrest, will be apparent to all right thinking people at a glance. The case was very properly adjourned until yesterday and from yesterday again until next Saturday, and it is to be hoped that we shall hear no more of such nonsense.

Even at the present time of writing there is a suit pending against the city for damages to the amount of a thousand dollars instituted by a Mr. David Doyle of Irishtown, who chooses to consider himself injured by a little mistake made by officers Quisack and Milner last Saturday night; and which could no doubt be readily explained by those officers on the score of excessive zeal in the performance of their duty, if Mr. Doyle could only be induced to listen to reason. Of course it must be admitted that the complainant is a man well known to be of an inoffensive and peace loving nature, as well as one who does not indulge in the flowing bowl, but these qualifications should make him the more disposed to be lenient towards the small mistakes of his fellow men.

Mr. Doyle claims that he was falsely and unjustifiably arrested, and his story is as follows. He was in town on Saturday night doing some shopping and after calling on a nephew of his in the upper part of the town, he went up to the Park hotel where he had put up his horse, to get that faithful animal, and return home. Suddenly remembering one article that he had forgotten to purchase, he hurried back to Mr. Henderson's grocery store, and obtained it leaving, so Mr. Henderson says—at a quarter past ten o'clock. While in the stable getting his

horse, some one came to the door and called him out and the instant he reached the door he was seized by two policemen, one of whom grasped each arm, at the same time appealing to a couple of women who stood by, as to whether "this was the man". The female in question were two who are known in Telegraph street society, as "Let Wilson", and her daughter Mand, neither of whom seemed very sure whether Mr. Doyle was the man or not. At last the gentle Mand said she thought he was.

Mr Doyle naturally asked for an explanation but received none, and was promptly hurried off to the lockup; where he was informed that he was arrested for insulting women on the street, the complainant being "Let" Wilson and the insulted party her daughter. Finding that there was no prospect of his release that night, Mr. Doyle begged the policeman to look after his horse, but they replied to his request by various remarks of a taunting nature.

On Monday afternoon Mr. Doyle was released on depositing ten dollars, and when he hastened to look after his horse and waggos, he found his purchases consisting of groceries and clothing in a decidedly damaged condition. His coat had been thrown into the stable with the horse, trampled on and utterly ruined. Yesterday morning a charge of insulting a woman on the street, was preferred against Mr. Doyle by the two policemen but when the case came up in the police court no one appeared to prosecute and Mr. Doyle was at once discharged by sitting magistrate Atkinson: making prompt use of his liberty to return Messrs. Grant and Sweeney to sue the city for false arrest, placing the damages at the sum of one thousand dollars.

This, it must be remembered is Mr. Doyle's side of the case, and while it may seem to the casual observer that the action of the policeman was utterly inexcusable, still the citizens in general, and the city council in particular will require very strong proof before they can be brought to believe anything against an officer of the law; and we shall all be most careful to reserve our judgment, until we hear what the boys in blue have to say about it themselves, as of course they will be given the fullest opportunity to explain when the proper time arrives.

We are prepared to defend our policemen against all attempts to traduce or intimidate them in the performance of what they consider to be their duty. We believe that they are far the best judges of what constitutes that duty, and any interference with them will be properly resented, and punished. We may possibly find this course slightly expensive, but then we saved a lot of money by doing without a javelin memorial of any kind, and we are prepared to spend those savings like water in the defense of our police force.

THE LIQUOR HABIT—ALCOHOLISM.
I guarantee to every victim of the liquor habit, no matter how bad the case, that when my new vegetable medicine is taken as directed, all desire for liquor is removed within three days, and a permanent cure effected in three weeks, failing which I will make no charge. The medicine is taken privately, and without interfering with business duties. Immediate results—normal appetite, sleep and clear brain, and health improved in every way. Indisputable testimony sent sealed: I invite strict investigation.
A. Hutton Dixon, No 40 Park Avenue, Montreal, Que.
GOT EVEN WITH HIS VICTIM.
An Officer to be Sued for Arrest on a False and Vicious Charge.
HALIFAX, September 9.—It is a rather interesting story that is told of the arrest of two Halifax young men by the police on a charge of using their bicycles at night with unlighted lamps. They were fined. To get even with the cops one of the young men sued him on an account to be held. Next night the wheelmen taunted the police man as he passed on his wheel and the day after he was served with a summons charging drunkenness. The case was tried and stipendiary Fielding honorably acquitted the wheelman who says he never touched a drop of liquor in his life. A sergeant of the force is now before the police commission on a charge of having falsely arrested a citizen for drunkenness. This bicycle feud may mean another investigation on somewhat similar lines.

SLEEP FOR SKIN-TORTURED BABIES
CUTICURA SOAP
And rest for tired mothers in a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, and a single application of CUTICURA Ointment, the great skin cure. CUTICURA, BATHESKIN, afford instant relief, and point to a speedy cure of torturing, disfiguring, humbling, itching, burning, bleeding, crusted, scaly skin and scalp humors, with loss of hair, when all else fails.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 11, 1897.

CALEB RHOADS'S ADIOS.

FOUND AT THE BISHOP'S TILL, SAVED HIM AN EARLY LIVING.

He Had a Productive Secret That His Neighbors Determined to Find It, and He Accommodated Them to a Certain Point, at Which Point This Story Ends.

In the face of the well-established fact that the earth is full of gold and the other fact that the Uintah Indian reservation is about to be thrown open to prospectors and others, this story of Smith's will be of interest. You may not find the mine, but you can't fail to find Smith of Utah. No doubt you will find him at the railway station wherever and whenever you leave the train. There are as many Smiths as there are Youngs in Utah.

I've read your story of the Pesa-la-ki mine," said Smith. "It's a good story, but I know a better one, because it's the story of a better mine. Caleb Rhoads a rich Mormon, formerly Bishop of Price, could tell you more, but he won't. Some people who had money offered the Bishop \$10,000 to tell them, and he refused.

Forty years ago," continued Smith of Utah, "Caleb Rhoads and his brother found a placer in the Uintah reservation, but the Indians found to the Rhoadses and had trouble with them.

The prospect was a rich one, and the two brothers concluded to fight for it. It was so rich in gold that they could shake enough yellow metal out of a single pan of dirt to fill the bowl of an ordinary copper pipe.

"Well, the Indians came and saw and killed Caleb's brother and crippled Caleb. It was almost a miracle that he escaped. As it was brought away enough flint and lead to sink a raft, all comfortably cached in Caleb's hide. He is a stayer, is the same Caleb Rhoads, and he went back the following summer and brought out a goodly bag of dust.

"He continued to go every summer for years and years, and his neighbors marvelled at the easy life he led, and some of them offered to be company for him, but the wily Caleb wouldn't have it. Finally they made up a jackpot and offered to buy a share in these annual sorties, but they were not for sale. At length, when four decades had passed away and Caleb had grown rich with little or no exertion, some of his neighbors determined to follow the prospector into the hills. Caleb heard of it and made his friends welcome, but refused to be responsible for the followers.

"If you get lost," said he, "you'll have yourselves to blame for I shan't hunt you out."

"Well, they all agreed to keep up with the prospector, and arrangements were accordingly made for a long journey. Caleb gave out the day and date upon which he would vamoose, but no one would believe him. For a week they watched his house as terrors watch a rathole, and Caleb slept through it all like an innocent babe. Finally, when the last night came, the men who were to go with the prospector were so sure that he would steal away that they had their horses saddled and ready all night. To their great surprise Caleb never stirred until daylight, when he started his men out to 'call' his neighbors, who were to accompany him. That made the men feel so mean that they outdid one another in helping the prospector to pack.

One of the party suggested that Caleb might be luring them out for the purpose of losing them, and gave it as his opinion that they might better keep watch the first night, but the others only laughed at him. "He can't lose me," said one of the young men, and so they ceased to be suspicious of Caleb.

"In order, as he said to reach a favorite camp ground, they were obliged to travel far into the night, and when they had finally camped, and had supper, Caleb kept them up for hours telling them wonderful tales of the wild country to which he would lead them. When at last they rolled up in their blankets the weary men slept soundly until Caleb called them to get breakfast. He apologized for having to get them out so early, but they must make thirty-five miles that day, across an arm of the desert before they could find water, which in that country is only to be found in rock basins or tanks, as the cowboys call them. All the day long the four men and eight horses trailed across the arm of this shipless sea, without food or water for themselves or their animals.

"What with their all-night watch at Price, followed by a hard day's work and a short sleep, they were heart-tick and saddle-sore long before the fringe of pine that marked the place of water came in sight. By the middle of the afternoon the foothills seemed to be within rifle range of them. When the sun went down the hills began to retire, as it were, and finally melted away in the darkness. The horses were tired, and the pack horses had to be urged on constantly, and now went along doggedly, holding their dusty noses close to the sand. Presently the moon came out of the desert, a little way behind them, and shone on the evergreen trees that garnished the foothills. Now they came to a little stream, not more than a foot wide, that ran across the trail.

"The famished horses stopped short. Caleb, dismounting, scooped up a handful of water, tasted it, and shouted to the men to push on. The water was poisoned with alkali. When at last they found water the men were utterly done out. It was with difficulty that Caleb persuaded them to cook some supper, for they were all for sleeping, hungry as they were. The good captain cheered them with the assurance that they would have no more such work. They were in God's country now, he told them, where water and game could be found in abundance.

"To-morrow," said Caleb, "you can go as you please for I assure you that I am not fond of these fogged marches."

"That night, when they had finished supper, a couple of Indians came up to the fire and begged, or rather demanded, food. They were inclined to be ugly, so the white men fed them, but they refused to go away. They wanted tobacco, which was given them, and then they asked for whiskey. They could not have whiskey, Caleb told them. "We know how git whisik," said an ugly savage, tapping the rifle that rested in the hollow of his arm. Now the young men who had come out to fathom the mysteries of the old Mormon's wealth grew suddenly homesick. To the surprise and amusement of his companions, Caleb rose deliberately, walked over to the savage, and began to kick him out of the camp. What surprised them still more was that the Indian made no show of resistance, but went his way.

"This little incident put away any fear that might otherwise have broken the much needed rest of the weary voyagers, and in a little while they were sleeping like dead men. But Caleb could not sleep. Not because he had any fear of the Indians, but because he could not afford it. Shortly after midnight he untied his two horses and led them away. When out of sight and hearing of the camp he stopped, opened his paniers, and took out eight ready-made moccasins. He put one on each of the eighty feet that went with his two horses and sto's softly away. In the course of an hour he found water and camped, but he made no fire. As soon as it was light he set out on his journey, the muffled feet of his horses making little or no noise, and leaving tracks in the sand on the selva of the desert that looked like Indian tracks going the other way.

"The young man slept until the sun was up, and when they awoke looked very foolish. They found the tracks of Caleb's horses, and, without stopping to make coffee, took the trail. In an hour they lost it on a barren sweep of sandstone, and they never found it again. When they had grown weary of the search they halted for breakfast.

"Like hundreds of others they had acquired that beastly American habit of drinking before breakfast, and now when they sought the jog they found a note from their late leader. It was neatly folded and hid on a corner caught playfully in the mouth of the jug and held there by the cork. It was a very brief message, no date and no signature, but it was pithy and to the point. Only one of the men had seen it, and now his companions called to him to read it. One of the men had paused with the brown jug thrown above his curved elbow, his hands on the handle and his mouth stealing to the mouth of the jug as the mouth of a Mexican maiden glides to the kiss of her caballero. At the very moment when the man was about to read aloud the old Bishop's message, a half dozen Indians jumped into the camp. One of them took the jug gently from the bewildered prospector, smelted it and took a drink.

"A very large man, who was extremely dirty, ugly, pockmarked, and generally unhandsome, kicked the Indian and reached for the jug. Before drinking he kicked the Indian again and swore in a blend-

"It went right to the sore spot." "It was what a young man lately said of his first dose of SHORT'S DYSPEPTICURE. Better still, a few more doses cured his indigestion.

ing of Spanish, Indian and English. Manifestly this was the leader. "By the time this important individual had quench'd his thirst a dozen Indians had come into camp. They ate all they could find, drank all the whiskey, and signed to the white men to get up. When they were mounted the pock-marked man tapped his rifle and said, "Vam sa."

"The three men, thoroughly frightened, reigned their horses down the gulch. "When they had left the foothills far behind them and felt the sun hot on the back of their necks, one of them asked the man who had Caleb's letter to read it. "Listen, then," said the man, who was riding in front, and he held up the sheet of white paper, and read, "Adios."

A NOBLE FOE.

His Dying Breath Spent in Saving the Life of a Wounded Enemy.

"Among the numerous instances of remarkable endurance and wonderful vitality of wounded soldiers that I had knowledge of during the late war," said a former hospital attendant, "I recall none so remarkable as that of John Peters. At the battle of Ball's Bluff he was a member of the Forty-second New York Regiment. He was badly wounded in the hip, and he fell on the field. While he lay there another ball fractured his right knee joint. Utterly helpless, he was trampled beneath the feet of the contesting soldiers until the close of the engagement, and was then taken a prisoner," to Richmond. He remained there four months, when he was exchanged and sent with other wounded to the Philadelphia hospital. I was an attendant there. Peters's wounds had been so carelessly attended to that he was worse off, if anything, than when he was first wounded. We did the best we could for him, but he was in such shape when able to leave the hospital that he was discharged from the service as permanently disabled.

"Some months afterward I was transferred to a hospital at Washington, and was there when the battle of Chancellorsville was fought. Two weeks after that engagement a number of soldiers who had been wounded there were transferred from the hospital at Aquia Creek to the Washington Hospital. Among the most desperately and apparently hopelessly wounded of these I was assigned to discover John Peters, the soldier who had left the Philadelphia hospital to pass off officially as a life-long cripple. When he was at last able to tell his story I was still more amazed. After being discharged from the service as permanently disabled, he had placed himself in charge of a noted surgeon of that day, and after some months was made almost as sound as he ever was. At any rate, he was able to re-enlist, which he did in the 115th Pennsylvania, and became Orderly Sergeant of his company. At Chancellorsville he was shot in the right thigh, the bullet causing a compound fracture, and almost at the same moment a Minie ball struck him in the left hip and lodged there against the bone. He fell, and attempted to rise. As he raised his head he was hit by a flying piece of shell, which fractured his skull and knocked him senseless.

"When Peters regained consciousness his regiment had taken another position, and he lay there between two raking fires, bullets, cannon balls, and shells whizzing over him for hours, until at last he managed to drag himself a few yards away to the bank of a stream where there were bushes. Grasping a bush, he pulled himself over the bank and let himself down into the water, waist deep, which relieved his pain. Our troops retreated soon after that, and the Confederate Army swept by where Peters hung. After it had passed Peters endeavored to draw himself out of the stream to the bank, in hope that he might be picked up, but he found that the bush to which he clung, while sufficient to support him as he crunched in the water, was not stiff enough to bear his weight in efforts to pull himself up on the bank. There was a bush just below him evidently strong enough to enable him to accomplish his purpose, but it was out of his reach, and if he released his hold on the bush that was supporting him to make the attempt to reach the stronger one, he knew he would drop helpless in the stream and down.

"While he was thus facing death he saw a movement on the bank, and the next moment on the bank, and the next moment emaciated face with a death-like pallor on it appeared over the edge. It was the unmistakable face of a badly wounded Confederate soldier, who was dragging himself to the water. The sunken eyes fell on Peters, and the owner of them must have comprehended instantly Peters's peril, for he dragged his body forward, and placing

both hands on the bush that Peters longed for, bent it down toward his helpless foe, and gasped:

"Hail, Yank! Grab it!" "The bush dipped so close to Peters that he summoned all the little strength he had left, let go the bush he was holding to, and grabbed at the other one. He caught it. It wrenched his weight, and, after a long and painful struggle, he pulled himself by it to the top of the bank. As soon as he could recover breath enough he turned to the wounded Confederate, who lay quiet on the bank, to thank him for his kindness. The man was dead. His dying breath was spent in saving the life of a foe. "The man who had been reported dead in the list. He was sent to the Aquia Creek hospital, but eleven days passed before his wounds were dressed. His case being decided to be hopeless he was sent to the hospital at Washington. He was there a month, during which it was expected hourly that he would die, so desperate was his case. But he did not die, and I heard subsequently, having quit the hospital service, that he had been discharged from the hospital so much restored in health that he was preparing for a third enlistment. Whether he did enter the service again I never knew."

PHONE AFFECTS HEARING.

Strange Affection of Central Station Operatives.

A special factor in the capacity of a telephone operator is found to be the absence of any difference between the right and left ear in acuteness of hearing. It appears that in Germany the telephones are arranged with a double receiver, each ear of the operator in the station being provided with one of these, so that the sound is delivered equally in each ear, and thus there is no varying result, as both ears become equally acute. The plan adopted at the Chicago Telephone Exchange consists in having the operators change the receiver from one ear to the other three or four times a day, a method which brings rest to the operator; the presumption in this case is very natural, namely, that if and ear were used exclusively by the operator, in time there would be so distinct a difference in the acuteness of hearing between the left and right sides that the operator would be practically incapacitated for a change—there would be an abnormal development of one side at the expense of the other. As to the electrical effects involved, the Times-Herald, of Chicago, quotes the very competent testimony of Dr. E. T. Dickerman, an ear specialist, that he has never known a person to be injuriously affected by the use of the instrument; it is little if anything more than a gentle mass of the membrane of the ear, and in numerous cases produces a beneficial effect.

LITTLE CONVENIENCES.

Order in Minor Details Stamps the Well-Regulated Home.

Sometimes it is a very little thing that will give the impression of a well-ordered home a systematic mistress. I was calling at a house the other day, said a society man recently, and as I found the lady I wished to see out, and had a message to deliver, I asked the maid, after vainly fumbling in my pocket for a pencil, if she would get me one.

I expected, from my experience on a similar occasion, a wait of several minutes while she hunted it up; to my surprise, however, she promptly presented me with a neat little pad, to which a sharply pointed pencil was attached, and which was evidently kept on the hall table for just such emergencies. It was a simple detail, if you will, but

one which stamped that home forever in my mind as being well regulated in every department and presided over by a thoughtful woman.

I had occasion to notice the contrast when stopping at another house to leave the same message. It was an invitation from my sister for a little theatre party she was organizing when a similar need presented itself. "Please wait a moment," said the Abigail, in answer to my request, "I will look for one," and leaving me in the hall she dashed into the drawing room, fumbled at a smart-looking writing table, covered with all-or-paraphernalia, and after failing to find what she wanted, she disappeared within an inner room, evidently a library. Emerging again, apparently unsuccessful, and exclaiming apologetically, "There ought to be pencil somewhere; I will go and ask Miss Mary for one," she ran upstairs.

In the meantime whispered voices, and a rapidly withdrawn head over the balusters made that wait in the hall most disagreeable; and the whole gave a distinctly bad impression of the general management of that home. New York Sun.

Maternal Instinct.

Madame Cavaignac, in her 'Memoirs of an Unknown,' gives her readers many glimpses of Murat while he was playing at royalty in Naples, and tells many anecdotes illustrating the different traits of his character, the most predominant of which was his great love for his family.

Madame Cavaignac relates a conversation which took place one morning in the royal palace. Murat was speaking of his mother in terms of the liveliest affection. In spite of his vanity and love of pomp, which equalled his passion for rank and power, he was always faithful in his devotion to the old woman who had for years kept a small inn in one of the small provinces of France. The king and marshal, Murat, was describing a visit he had paid to his old mother.

He had gone to her, it seems, after receiving some new dignity from the emperor, in order to recount his triumphs to her, and to describe to her the pomp and ceremony of the occasion.

The old woman listened in silence, and then said with a sigh, "Yes, they'll put so much on the donkey's back that he will be crushed by the weight of his load." Maternal instincts made her prophetic.

Remedy for Sunburn.

An excellent remedy for sunburn, as well as chapped hands, consists of one ounce citric acid, two ounces of rosewater and two ounces of glycerine. This preparation is especially valuable to counteract the irritating effect on the skin of strong alkali soaps, such as are used in washing dishes and for other household purposes. There are women whose dainty, well-kept hands tell no tale of the household drudge, every which is their lot at home. This preparation of citric acid and glycerine is their secret. They use it as soon as the household duties are done.

A little care will keep the hands soft and white, and a little attention will keep the nails well rounded and polished. Such refined attention to the personal appearance reveals a cultured and not a shallow mind.

Indications on Her Face.

"Jimson is cute. He's renovating his house now, and it isn't costing him much of anything." "How does he work it?" "He's made his wife believe that she's an artist. So he just buys the paint, and his wife puts it on herself." "She looks as though she did."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The The The Best. Rest. Test. There are two kinds of sarsaparilla: The best—and the rest. The trouble is they look alike. And when the rest dress like the best who's to tell them apart? Well, "the tree is known by its fruit." That's an old test and a safe one. And the taller the tree the deeper the root. That's another test. What's the root,—the record of these sarsaparillas? The one with the deepest root is Ayer's. The one with the richest fruit; that, too, is Ayer's. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has a record of half a century of cures; a record of many medals and awards—culminating in the medal of the Chicago World's Fair, which, admitting Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the best—shut its doors against the rest. That was greater honor than the medal, to be the only Sarsaparilla admitted as an exhibit at the World's Fair. If you want to get the best sarsaparilla of your druggist, here's an infallible rule: Ask for the best and you'll get Ayer's. Ask for Ayer's and you'll get the best.

came to the door and at the instant he reached... Pages 9 to 16. JUR HABIT—MOLISM. every victim of the latter how bad the case... HUTTON DIXON, Avenue, Montreal, Que. WITH HIS VIOLEN. ed for Arrest on a Felony Charge. number 9.—It is a rather at is told of the arrest... MARKS AND IMPROVED SPONGES... GUARANTEED PURE... THE BRITANNIA CO. MANUFACTURERS WORLD.

THE CHARMER'S VOICE.

'Upon my word it's too bad!' exclaimed Mr. Mainwaring, as having wished everybody good-morning he sat down to the breakfast table, and proceeded before commencing that meal, to glance through his letters according to custom. 'It really is too bad!' he repeated, crying...

'Here we have the hounds coming here on Thursday, and they find in Nightingale wood, as they are perfectly certain to do, for I know for a fact there are two or three foxes there, they are equally certain to run right across his land, and a pretty kettle of fish will be the result.'

'Why not go and see the man yourself, and try and bring him to reason?' suggested his wife. 'Surely, my dear, he would listen to you.'

'Listen to me!' ejaculated the squire. 'Not he. Besides, I know perfectly well what would be the result. He would meet my arguments with some of his republican sentiments, and I should lose my temper and make a fool of myself.'

'Well, sighed his wife, 'it's a very great pity, I'm sure. I only wish I knew what was best to be done. But never mind now dear,' she added, soothingly, 'get on with your breakfast, and then afterward you can speak to Higgins again on the subject, and perhaps you will be able to devise some plan between you for bringing this horrid man Wilder to reason.'

'And, pray, who may this horrid man Wilder be?' inquired a young and pretty girl, who at this juncture entered the room and sat herself down at the breakfast table, after kissing both Mr. Mainwaring and his wife lovingly and wishing them good-morning.

'The squire looked affectionately into the fair questioner's face ere he answered her. 'Don't ask me, Gladys,' said he laughing; 'don't ask if you love me. He has already spoiled my breakfast for me, and I feel perfectly certain that were I to tell you all about him he would spoil yours, and that would be a great pity, eh, my pretty niece?'

'It would, indeed,' retorted the girl, 'for I have such an appetite as ever was. Joking apart, though, I am really curious, Uncle William,' she continued, 'so I will compromise with you—eat my breakfast first and you shall tell me afterward. Don't you think that a very fair arrangement, sir?'

As for the squire, he was perfectly helpless without her, and Miss Gladys was his constant companion wherever he went.

He declared she was a better judge of stock than his bailiff himself, and as for her knowledge of horse-flesh, who was there about the place who could compete with her? And how she rode too! Many and many a time, when accompanying his niece in her ride, did her uncle regret that his salad days were over, and that he was no longer able to pilot her over this place and that, instead of looking on from the broad back of his favorite cob while she larked about at her own free will, for she was uncommonly fond of riding over a country, was Miss Gladys.

As her groom said, 'The fence was never made yet that could stop his young lady when the hounds were running.'

True to his promise, after breakfast the squire unbosomed himself to his niece with regard to his refractory tenant at the Lea farm. 'The only farm, by the way, my dear,' he added, 'where I have not introduced you, for the very good reason why because I have such a strong personal dislike to its tenant. I even avoid shooting over the place as much as possible, because I can't bear the sight of the fellow. Just fancy, my dear, afraid even to walk over my own property—my own property, forsooth. Nasty, can'tankerous wretch! I wound up the squire in his wrath. I wish somebody would knock him on the head. I do, indeed!'

'Fie, for shame, sir!' exclaimed his niece, laughing, putting her pretty hand over her mouth as she spoke. 'And his name is Wilder?' she continued, 'and I knew such a dear old man of that name years ago—he was one of poor papa's tenants, indeed.'

'I wonder now,' she mused, 'could it be the same man? He left to go to Australia, so I understood—for I was only a little girl at the time. And we were such friends too!'

'Uncle,' exclaimed the girl, a flush of excitement coming over her face, 'if you don't mind I will ride over this morning and see for myself.'

'It is the same man—and I have a very great idea it is, do you know—I will undertake that every bit of that barbed wire fence is taken down between us and to

morning. Say, I will even have a bet with you on the subject. Come, sir, what odds will you give me?'

'I don't bet. I utterly decline to bet, you little gambler,' returned her laughing uncle, 'for I have losing money. I believe it's a real good thing for you too, you niece, you, he added, pulling her ear, 'for now I come to think of it I believe I still hear that this objectionable tenant of mine had been in Australia before he came down here to sit upon my shoulders like the old man of the sea.'

The squire agreed at once to the terms, as indeed, he would have to anything proposed by his favorite niece.

The only child of his one sister, lately dead, Gladys Oatlow had taken up her permanent abode at Charlton Towers only three weeks ago, during which short period she had managed to convert every individual member of the establishment into being her devoted slave, including her uncle and aunt, who, childless as they were, quite looked upon her as their daughter.

'Don't say another word, dear uncle,' cried Miss Gladys. 'I haven't my betting book about me, so I seal the bargain with this kiss (cutting the action to the word), and now I'm off to put my habit on and order my horse.'

'Good-by, dear, we shall meet again—not on the Rialto, but at luncheon,' and bestowing another kiss on the enraptured old gentleman the lively girl rushed from the room.

II.

The stable clock was just striking half-past one simultaneously with the rumbering of the gong announcing the fact that luncheon was ready, as Gladys Oatlow with her attendant groom came cantering through the park.

The squire, who had been waiting for her for the last half hour, seized a hat and rushed hastily out into the stable yard, where he knew she would dismount, to

only to have him a little—as you must in future, uncle, if only for my sake.'

'Well, indeed, will never cease, that's very certain,' said her uncle; 'and how on earth you manage it,' he continued, 'I can't for the life of me imagine.'

'I will tell you,' said Miss Gladys. 'Arrived at the squire's castle, having carefully kept to the side of the footpath all the way, partly from diplomacy, partly because I did not want either Brilliant or myself to be annoyed by barbed wire, I acquired of the maid servant who opened the door if Mr. Wilder was at home. He was found in the straw yard, she said, and she would go and fetch him if I would wait a moment.'

'I waited accordingly, and presently the squire appeared. "How do you do, Mr. Wilder?" I said. "Your servant, miss," answered he, his grim features relaxing a little. I fancied, as he looked me over. "You don't recollect me, I see," said I, "but you and I are very old friends for all that, Mr. Wilder." "Old friends? For what?" he replied, looking at me so hard, oh I so hard, uncle. "Have you quite forgotten body else as well. "Don't say another word," he exclaimed, "every bit of it shall be off my farm before night fall. I only wish you had got something harder to ask me."

'There, uncle,' wound up Gladys, 'that's how it was done, as the conjurers say. Now, tell me what you think of my talents as a diplomatist, and above all, your opinion of my dear old friend, John Wilder.'

'My dear,' replied the squire, kissing his niece, 'I think you ought to be a prime minister at least, and as for your friend John Wilder; my opinion of him is altogether altered. We'll both of us ride over and see him again this very afternoon, and I'll thank him myself!'

'And now,' said her uncle, rubbing his hands, 'which is it to be, Gladys, a new hunter or a diamond bracelet?'—Chicago Chronicle.

"MY STANDBY."

THAT'S HOW MRS. A. WILSON, TORONTO, DESIGNATES KOOTENAY CURE.

It's a good thing for people getting up in years to know of some remedy they can rely on that will be their "Standby" in the hour of sickness, and when disease overtakes them.

Mrs. Wilson is a lady 68 years of age, residing at 125 John St. Like many another person, advanced in life, an attack of Grippe, which she had five years ago, left her in a bad condition. She tells, under oath, that she had the doctor attend her, but found her kidneys were badly affected, and the cords of her neck had grown stiff. While in this condition she began taking Rycokman's Kootenay Cure, and she declares that she never had anything before that seemed to hit the right place. She says it has cured her, and is now her standby. It has toned up her constitution, given her a relish for food, and made her feel better in every way.

Full particulars of this and hundreds of other cases sent free by addressing The S. S. Rycokman Medicine Co., Limited, Hamilton, Ont. Chart book free on application.

Tired? Oh, No. This soap SURPRISE greatly lessens the work. It's pure soap, lathers freely, rubbing easy does the work. The clothes come out sweet and white without injury to the fabric. SURPRISE is economical it wears well.

MUST BE DISSOLVED. Kidney Diseases Can Only be Cured by a Remedy Which is in Liquid Form—Common Sense of Science.

For a disordered stomach, pills and powders are not without effect, but when these same remedies are said to cure kidney disease the common sense of science rebukes the claim. This insidious and growing disease will not be driven from the system unless a medicine is given that will dissolve the hard substance—uric acid and oxalate of lime—that give rise to the distress and pain that is common to all who suffer from kidney complaint. South American Kidney Cure is a kidney specific. It dissolves these hard substances, and while it dissolves it also heals. The cures affected leave no question of its merit.

servants. He was to give the grand duke a sign directly he had done the trick.

But this was not given very soon, for the ambassador was very wary, and always kept on the alert, and held his hand on his job, even when conversing with the most distinguished guests.

At last the grand duke received the pro-comcocted signal. He at once requested the ambassador to tell him the time. The latter triumphantly put his hand to his pocket and pulled out a potato instead of his watch.

To conceal his feelings he would take a pinch of snuff—his snuff box was gone. Then he missed his ring from his finger, and his gold toothpick, which he had been holding in his hand in his little case.

Amid the hilarity of the guests the sham lackey was requested to restore the articles but the grand duke's merriment was changed to alarm and surprise when the thief produced two watches, two rings, two snuff boxes, etc.

His imperial highness then made the discovery that he himself had been robbed at the same time that the French ambassador had been despoiled so craftily.—Harper's Round Table.

DROPPED DEAD!

Suddenly Stricken Down by Heart Disease.

A sad and sudden death occurred to a well known citizen on one of the leading streets this morning.

Nearly every large city paper contains daily some such heading. The number of deaths from heart failure is very large, but it is only when they occur in some public and sensational manner that general attention is drawn to them.

Palpitation and fluttering of the heart are common complaints. With the heart itself there is nothing radically wrong. But the system is disorganized, the kidneys and liver are out of order, and the stomach is not in condition to do its work properly. Between them all, they throw too much responsibility on the heart, and the latter is unable to stand the strain.

A box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills at a cost of 25 cents will regulate the system, purify the blood and make a new person of every sickly man, woman or child.

Dr. Chase's Liver-Kidney Pills may be had from the manufacturers, Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. One pill a dose, one cent a dose.

Dr. Chase's Linseed and Turpentine is for colds. Largest bottle on the market; only 25 cents.

Choosing a Novel.

A writer in Clipse lets out a secret regarding the way in which some young women judge novels.

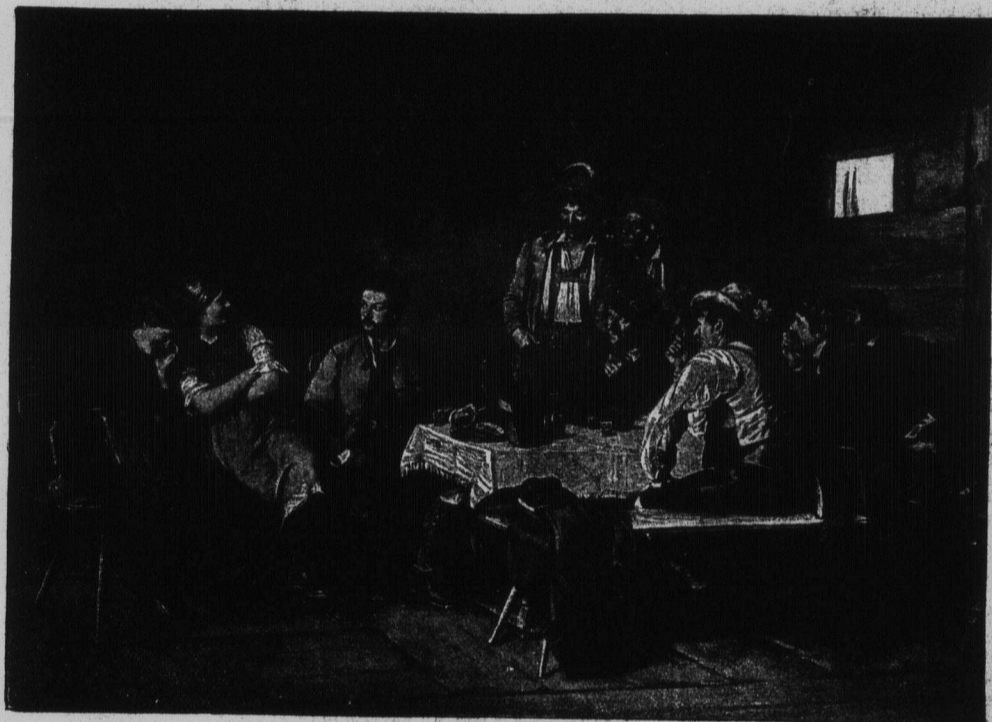
In a street-car two girls were talking of what they read.

"Oh, I choose a novel easily enough," said one. "I go to the circulating library and look at the last chapters. If I find the rain softly and sadly dropping over one or two lonely graves, I don't have it; but if the morning sun is glimmering over bridal robes of white satin, I know it's all right."

Etiquette's Caution to Dolly.

Three year old Ethel had been punished by her mamma for some slight delinquency by having her little hands mildly slapped. After the resultant tears had been dried, Ethel put her ear to her doll's lips, as though listening to something the doll had to say, and then said, in a rebuking tone: "No, Dolly, you must not say that mamma is naughty for punishing me."

D'FOWLER'S EXT-OFF WILD STRAWBERRY CURE. COLIC, CHOLERA, CHOLERA-MORBUS, DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY. Best all SUMMER COMPLAINTS of Children or Adults. PRICE, 25c. Beware of Imitations.



A STRANGER.

Oh, No.

Surprise

Does the work... does the work... come out sweet... lit wears well.

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Sunday Reading.

Leaving the Boat. A tired little worm went to sleep one day...

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

A half dozen boys were gathered about an old barn under which a defenceless dog had taken refuge...

'What is it, boys?' One or two slunk away in a shamefaced manner...

'He sort o' snapped at Wallie's hand, 'nd he'd a bit me if I hadn't been too smart for him,' said the largest boy...

'I suppose you boys were quietly playing somewhere and the dog pitched into you?' There was profound silence...

'No, mister, he didn't. He was lyn' down by the brew'ry with a bone—just gnawin' it, ye know—'nd we sort a got to pluggin' 'nd pesterin' him...

'Have you time to listen to an old man's story?' Instantly sticks and stones were dropped, though two of the lads tried to put on an indifferent front...

'You boys do not realize it any more than I did when I was a boy, but nevertheless, it is true that every day of our lives we write out a page in the Book of Life; and when it is old he has a great deal of time in which he must look back and read over these pages...

'As a boy I was naturally cruel; I delighted to rob birds' nests, torment cats and dogs, and smaller children. As I grew older and helped my father on the farm, I was frequently rebuked for my abuse of the animals, and my mother used to say that if she had her way I would never get a horse to go anywhere...

'He had never been a good retriever. You know what that is, of course—a dog that will go anywhere, after you have shot your game, and bring it to you without muzzing or tearing it in the least. I had repeatedly beaten Stanley for his failure in this line, though I knew it came from the fact that his former master had whipped him for carrying home dead chickens, or anything like that that he found in the neighborhood during his puppy days, true...

to his retrieving instinct. One day while shooting ducks, I said to him: 'Now, sir, bring me that bird out there on that you'll island or I'll kill you; do you understand it?' 'I shall always think he did, from the troubled look he gave me and the pleading way in which he crept to my side and attempted to cross my hand. Roughly I shook him off and bade him go fetch that bird. Obediently he plunged into the ice-cold water, swam to the island, and then stood in an irresolute, troubled manner beside the duck. Angrily I shouted my orders, but he only put his nose on it, then swam back toward me. I sent him back three times; then he attempted to land. I knew he was too chilled to make it possible for him to return to the island, but my passion mastered me, and again and again I struck him back into the water with my gun butt, fiercely declaring that he would bring me that bird or never land alive. Oh, the look in those brown eyes as he turned them upon me at each new effort! 'Boys, I'll never, no never, forget it, and I expect to meet it when I stand before God's bar of justice.'

The stranger paused here for a little ere he found voice to go on. 'Presently he grew so helpless from cold, struggles and blows that he let himself drift beyond my reach; but, frenzied with rage I dropped my gun, and, snatching up a long pole, I leaned over the water's edge to strike him. As the pole came down some sod or root under my foot gave way, and I found myself struggling in the coldest water I was ever in; but it was only for a few brief moments, for, with the icy hands of death already tightening about his faithful heart, that noble dog roused himself at sight of my peril, worked toward me as best he could, and with a last desperate effort, born of love and fidelity, he dragged me to shore, sank down, and, with a few short gasps, was dead.'

'Chilled and stupified, yet perfectly conscious of the enormity of my sin, I watched by his side, gazing into the still open eyes, and alternately blaming myself and calling him names of endearment that he never heard in life. 'How long it was before another hunter's voice recalled me to myself and condition I do not know, but I know that during that time my sufferings of mind made me unconscious of bodily suffering. I was helped home, but for many weeks I lay between life and death, and they said all my unconscious ravings, were of Stanley, and that awful transaction by the lakeside. I have been a different person since, but I can never in life get away from that page in the book.'

'You understand what I mean now, and all I have to say further is, boys, be kind to every living creature, and if you can do any good by repeating an old man's story, tell it again and again. There was silence in the little group as once more the carriage wheels rolled noiselessly away; but presently the largest boy took some pennies from his pocket and bade two of the smaller ones 'run to the market and get a good meaty bone.' On their return it was laid where the stray dog could smell it, and then the company quietly dispersed, each to tell to some one else the old man's story, and put in practice, we trust, his admonition, 'Be kind to every living creature.'—Donahue Magazine.

LIVING AND WORKING FOR OTHERS. A Peculiar Manner in Which this Trait is Portrayed. In every community you find individuals who are noted for the good which they do in a quiet unostentatious way, whose every day life is replete with good deeds, good words, and striving to aid those who need a helping hand to carry them over the troubles of life. It is a pleasure to know such people, and learn from the recipients of the myriad acts of kindness which they are constantly performing, and the many good deeds which shine like stars in the evening sky, diffusing life and beauty along their pathway. How many have rejoiced as with thankful hearts they became the recipient of a gift of money or some desirable article of which they stood in need, but they knew...

not for a certainty from whence it came. They could surmise perhaps but that was all. The secret was well kept, but the deed was as possible, far the more worthy. A very beneficent and peculiar manner in which this trait of character is portrayed is in pondering the ways and means to give the children of the poor an outing during the summer when the torrid heat beats down upon the pavements of the city, when sickness comes with most fearful effect. There are several organizations engrossed in this work, and what a heaven upon earth must it be to those little ones as they exchange their city quarters for those of the country, or seaside, where green fields, beaches, and river and harbor, limpid brooks, fresh air and other delightful accompaniments of the country or seaside, during the heated term. What a thrill of happiness too must it be to those whose means and inclinations prompt them to perform such a meritorious work.

All along life's journey you meet with these good Samaritans whose great joy is to see others happy, who are never so happy as when they are imparting happiness to others. You meet them in the churches, in the lodge rooms, in the home, in society, and to meet them is a pleasure indeed. Greed and selfishness has no part in their make-up, but with a love for all, and a desire to lend a hand when necessary, they pass through life, honored and respected, and when called up higher, there are many sincere mourners who will long cherish their memories.

How Little Jennie was Taught to do the Work Near at Hand. 'Jenny,' said a very tired mother to her daughter one afternoon, 'will you help me sew the braid on Nettie's dress?' 'Oh, mother, how can you ask me to help you when you know that it takes all my time to make those pictures?' 'What pictures?' inquired her mother. 'Why, a lot of us girls met yesterday at Katie Easton's house and formed a club—we call it the 'Busy Workers,' because we will be always helping the poor. We are making pictures for the poor sick children in the hospital now. Do you not think it a good plan?' 'Perhaps it is,' answered her mother, 'so Jenny, leaving her mother to sew on the braid, started upstairs to make pictures. She had not been up there very long when Katie Easton came in. 'Well, Kate, I thought you were never coming,' said Jenny. 'I would have been here sooner, but we had company for dinner, and Rose had so many dishes to wash that I stayed to help her with them. 'Why, Kate Easton, you shock me! The very idea of you helping your servant,' said Jenny, much surprised. 'Now, look here, Jenny, didn't we girls form a club, and each promise that we would do all we could to help others?' 'Well, that hasn't anything to do with helping servants to wash dishes,' said Jenny. 'Yes, it has, too,' answered Kate. 'I couldn't go out helping other people, all the time knowing that mother or some of the servants would be glad of my help. Do you think you could?' 'Oh, I don't know,' said Jenny. After a pleasant afternoon Kate went home. As soon as she was gone Jenny went to her mother. 'Mother, have you the braid sewed on Nettie's dress yet?' she asked. 'No; I have not been able to get it done,' replied her mother. 'Then I will help you, mother; and after this I mean always to help you first, and then work for any others I can help.' And after that Jennie always helped the people inside her home first, and then helped outsiders all she could.—Busy Bee.

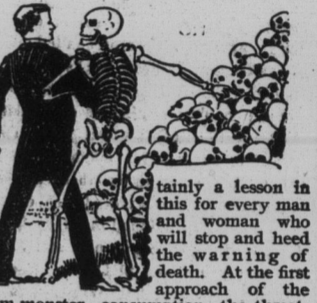
THE GRIM MONSTER. 'All that tread the globe are but a handful to the tribes that slumber in its bosom.' Of the multitudes that yearly join the multitudes already gone, one-seventh are the victims of that dread destroyer—consumption. There is cer-

tainly a lesson in this for every man and woman who will stop and heed the warning of death. At the first approach of the grim monster—consumption—the threatened victim should take refuge in the use of the only known cure for that disease. Many doctors say that consumption is incurable. They are mistaken and thousands who have been rescued from the brink of death, after they were given up by the doctors, and all hope was gone, have testified to the fact over their written signatures. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption. It cures bronchitis, asthma, weak lungs, spitting of blood, throat troubles, chronic nasal catarrh, and all diseases of the air passages. It acts directly through the blood, on the affected membranes and tissues, destroying all disease germs, allaying inflammation and building healthy tissues. It makes the appetite keen and the digestion perfect. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. Honest druggists won't insult your intelligence by endeavoring to persuade you to take an inferior substitute for the little added profit it may afford. 'I have been troubled with bronchitis for several years,' writes Mrs. Orlin O'Hara, of Box 14, Vergennes Falls, Ontario, Can. Minn. 'In the first place I had sore throat, doctored with different doctors and took various medicines, but got no lasting relief. We had had Dr. Pierce's in our house, the 'Common Sense Medical Adviser,' for a long time but had got careless about reading it up. One day we saw a new advertisement in the paper in regard to this medicine, and as I was suffering and had been raising a good deal from my throat, a sticky substance like the white of an egg, and could not sleep, and had about made up my mind that I would hardly live through the winter, we made up our minds to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and two of 'Favorite Prescription.' I took them one bottle, and in a few days I began to see that I was better for certain. I took eight bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and two of 'Favorite Prescription,' and, really, I have not felt as well in years. I sleep better than I have in twenty years, and am confident that if others have any such troubles they will be more than pleased if they try Dr. Pierce's medicines. I am not in favor of patent medicines as a rule. Have tried too many of them and found them a failure, but I do know that Dr. Pierce's medicines will do what is claimed for them if taken as directed and continued long enough. 'I took a severe cold with sore throat,' writes Mrs. S. A. Everhart, of Card Spring, Scott Co., Ind. 'Soon I began to cough; my right side was so sore that when I coughed it seemed as though my side would burst. I summoned the physician and he said that I had pleurisy. I took his medicine for some time and got some better, but it seemed I could get so far and no farther. All the spring and summer I used mustard plasters and sybilasters on my side and lungs. Finally my right shoulder and between my shoulders began to ache so badly that I could hardly endure it and at times I would feel almost smothered. My breath would be so short that I could scarcely talk. It was a miserable feeling indeed. I read of—Sarsaparilla being such a great medicine, so I concluded to try it. I got two bottles of it and when I had taken the medicine I was no better. I was becoming discouraged; several of my near relatives had died with consumption and I thought I was about to go the same way. I thought I would try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I took two bottles of the 'Discovery' and two bottles of the 'Pleasant Pellets.' By the time I had taken half a bottle I began to improve, and when I had finished the two bottles of the 'Discovery' and two of the 'Pellets' I felt like a new person. The whole smothered feeling was all gone. I thought I ought to take more of the medicine but I felt so well I did not take any more. I would not take any other medicine for the bronchitis I received from taking your medicine.'



be built up of solid masonry and covered by large stones bound together by iron clamps. On this tomb was engraved her defiant challenge that through eternity this tomb should never be disturbed. 'But one day the seed from some tree, either blown by the wind or carried by a bird, became lodged in a small crevice of the tomb, where soon it sprouted and began to grow. And then, as if nature had seemed to mock the haughty infidel, she quietly extended the delicate roots of that seedling under the massive blocks of stone and slowly raised them from their place. And now, although scarcely four generations are passed since that tomb was sealed, that most insignificant seedling has accomplished what God Himself was challenged to accomplish.'—Evangelist Moody, in Ladies' Home Journal.

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Acts of Heroism. Acts of heroism were not wanting in the horrors of the fire in the charity bazaar in Paris. While the flame was sweeping through the mass of delicate, lightly-clad women, and the burning tar was raining down on them, there were men and women who remained calm, thinking of others instead of themselves. A window was opened in the wall. The wife of the academician, Heredia, saw it and urged her daughter toward it. The girl pushed her mother forward. An old woman of the poorer class, named Surrail, had reached the chair before the window. She drew back and forced them to escape in her place. She was carried out later cruelly burned, and when asked why she gave up her chance said: 'They loved each other so much! I could not see them die.'

One royal princess was present—the Duchesse d'Alencon. She was the chief patroness of the charity, and when they would have carried her out of the flames, drew back behind a stall, saying: 'Our guests must go first.' She perished in the flames. None of her ancestors ever faced death more royally. Among those who carried out the burning victims at the risk of their own lives were two scullions from the hotel, a poor cab-driver, a plumber, and a street-sweeper. These men worked encircled by sweeping rings of fire, and covered with frightful burns. We may naturally explain the heroism of the high-born lady by saying that the feeling that she must be brave and courteous even in death had come down to her through generations of chivalrous ancestors. But how did it come to the scullion and the street-sweeper? What, after all, makes her hero? Not familiarity with danger, for Sir Colin Campbell, after years of brave fighting, never drew his sword without losing color. Most of us would like to stand for one glorious moment as heroes in the eyes of a watching world. But no spell has ever been found which will command the moment or the high courage to meet it. There are humbler virtues we can always master, and opportunities for them are always ready. After all a little candle burning every night through the slowly passing years, makes as much light in the house as a lightning flash once in a life time.

UNTOLD AGONY. Disturbed by Ecruciating Rheumatic Pains—Seven Years' Untold Misery—No Remedy to Help—No Physician to Thwart the Onslaught—But South American Rheumatic Cure Charms Away the Pains in 13 Hours and the Suffering Slave is Emancipated. 'J. D. McLeod of Leith, Ont., says: 'I have been a victim of rheumatism for seven years, being confined to my bed for months at a time, and unable to turn myself. Have been treated by many of the best physicians without benefit. I had no faith in cures I saw advertised, but my wife induced me to get a bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure. At that time I was suffering agonizing pains, but inside of 12 hours after I had taken the first dose the pains left me. Three bottles completely cured me, and I rejoice in having the opportunity of telling what a great cure it has wrought in me. Writing as a Gratefully.

A veteran hunter tells in the San Francisco Chronicle of a bear which backed out of a fight, frightened by a man's acrobatic performances. He says: 'A remarkable instance I heard once, where a famous guide courageously advanced upon three grizzlies, an old she-bear and two half-grown cubs, and by a series of ridiculous monkey-shines and acrobatic manœuvres on the ground within a rod or two of the bears, filled them with such astonishment and apparent fear that the three hastily retreated into the woods. 'The guide's gun had snapped in both barrels, he having drawn on the old bear before the young one appeared. He afterward said that it was in a fit of desperation that he tried the turning of a headpiece and jumping up and down, flipping his hands and resorting to other unwarlike measures. 'He had been told once that a hunter had frightened a mountain-lion away by similar absurd movements, and he found that it worked to perfection in the case of the bears, although he did not encourage any one to go hunting grizzlies armed with nothing more than a capacity to turn somersaults. Job Worth Stirling.

The best paid official in the British service is the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who receives £20,000 a year.

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

COWLER'S... XT-OF... WILD... AWBERRY... CURE... COLERA, CHOLERA, DIARRHOEA, VENTERY, ... COMPLAINTS of ... Adults, ... Infants.

Notches on The Stick

"The Moods of a Soul," by Louis M. Elshams, (Charles Wells Moulton, Buffalo, N. Y.) disclose some poetic ability, though the work here given is marred by what seems affectation or want of taste. The author seems too much in love with such pet words as "me would," and "aidling," which are again and again repeated. Yet Mr. Elshams proclaims himself a veritable child of fancy, with a deep and pure delight in nature and a happy gift of expression. He is a resident of New York city, and is an artist as well as a poet, we understand. Here are two of his sonnets:

Brook Bathing.

Rush on, you narrow stream of pellucid water!
Resound the old, old crags, that seem as falling;
Wherein the dwarf-bird bulks her nest—(she's calling
Now to the breeze gently to lull her daughter!)
Rush on! Up there the many falls with laughter
And munter, foam on the translucent pool, down-rushing.

In topling delight! Down, down—where Egeria's
Spring's here!
For 'twas thy song of rapture that his taught her
Frenziedly disrobe I—oh! the chill!
I'm drowned—I linger in the genial elixir;
I let the current tap upon my back!
Divine!—delicious—the upstartling thrill!
Dissolved my heart-pains; gone the worldly rack!
New born—fresh-soled—I laughing like a Nix
here!

Spring's Here.

Spring's here! moist mountains steam; the seaward
plain,
Frank with full-thousand tints from budding trees,
Fied bushes, show the kiss of blessing rale!
And blushing vales laugh down to shining seas!
Thou bird! whose liquid warble thrills the scene,
True harbinger of summer's sumptuous bliss!
Thou gladdest minion of the green!
And promptest bashful nymphs fair swain to kiss.
Thy melody has opened buds and roses.
To orn the hedges fair, geranium-wreathed
East spread o'er all the fields and woody closes
More than what Araby the Blessed had breathed!
O warbling songster! Spring's own truest cheer,
With thee all nature sings! Spring is here!

"He paused, and looked
With a pleased sadness, and gaz'd all around,
Then eyed our cottage, and gaz'd round again
And sigh'd, and said it was a Blessed Place,
And we were blessed."

The circumstance of Coleridge's marriage determined, for the time being, his residence. There were love and romance in a cottage, with much shittiness, but not without social comfort and delight. Long after Coleridge left it, the cottage at Clevedon stood—mayhap stands to-day—where the poet and his Sara came; with its small garden, and the "tallest rose tree" that "peeped at the chamber window." There he could sing:

"My pensive Sara, thy soft cheek reclined
Thus on my arm, most soothing sweet it is
To sit beside our cot, our cot o'ergrown
With white-flowered jasmine and the broad-
leaved myrtle,
Sweet emblem they of innocence and love;
And watch the clouds, that late were rich with
light,
Slow saddening round, and mark the star of eve
Serenely brilliant (each should wisdom be)
Shine opposite! how exquisite the scents
Swafted from your bean-field; and the world so
hushed!
The sly murmur of the distant sea
Tells us of silence."

Here came their friend, the poet publisher, Cottle, to see them settled, and wish them joy,—after he had sent them, at their request—A riddle-s'ioe; a candle-box; two ventilators; two glasses for the wash stand; one tin dust-pan; one small teakettle; one pair of candlesticks; one carpet-brush; one floor-dredge; three tin extinguishers; two mats; a pair of slippers; a cheese toaster; two large tin spoons; a Bible; a keg of porter; coffee, raisins, currents, catsup, nutmegs, allspice, rice, ginger, and molasses,—articles, it may be unknown in alysium proper, but needful at the cottage at Clevedon. Cottle afterwards described this cottage: "The situation was peculiarly eligible. It was in the extremity, not in the centre of the village. It had the benefit of being but one story high; and as the rent was only five pounds per annum, and the taxes nought, Mr. Coleridge had the satisfaction of knowing that, by fairly mounting his Pegasus, he could make as many verses in a week as would pay his rent for a year." And, as for these furnishings, is not Cottle allowing him thirty guineas for a volume of his poems, and will advance him the cash from time to time, as he may call for it? So, what hinders him from letting Sara recline on his arm, while he supplemates Urania and weaves his ambrosial dream!

Yet Clevedon is too remote from a library, and there no learned osteries, so love and romance cannot detain him, but he would rather build his nuptial bower and deck it, on Red cliff hill, dull as Bristol may be; or in the larger houses at Kingsdown, with Charles Loyd for an inmate. Meanwhile he visits his long-time friend and admirer, Thomas Poole at Nether Stowey—where the "Religious Musings" were written—and is at last, by the urgency of Poole, induced to settle beside him, there in a "nice cottage" with

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only seven pounds per annum rent to pay. Loyd went with them but his domestic association was brief. Unfortunately Loyd had the germs of insanity as well poetry in him. He was subject to fits which agitated and alarmed Coleridge. They eventually disagreed and Loyd left, but afterwards reconciled, well perceiving that his morbid nervousness had much to do with the difference.

This place, for two years the home of Coleridge, is one where we love to linger. It is a locality of much beauty and airiness and many other delightful associations. The glamor of youth, intellect, spirit and poetic enthusiasm are about it, Coleridge's rich poetical maturity was attained here, and here some of the finest examples of his verse was written—"Remorse," "The Dark Ladie," "Christabel, Part I," and the "Ancient Mariner."—The last mentioned first published, conjointly with Wordsworth in the "Lyrical Ballads." The "wide grasp and deep power" evinced in these products of his poetic faculty might well advance his name, and give him a place among the most exalted masters of our tongue. "These works are at once imbued with the highest spirit of poetry and the noblest sentiments of humanity. Wordsworth, having taken residence at Alfoxden, was now his neighbor, and intimate, and here commenced that remarkable association of two kindred, yet differing natures, which continued through all their days. Here, also, Lamb and Loyd, Southey, Hazlitt and D. Quincy, came, to visit and converse; but Wordsworth and his sister were the daily associates of the Coleridges. Coleridge had previously established his Watchman, a literary periodical which died from the effects of its projector's vagaries and mismanagement. He gives an amusing account of it in his "Biographia Literaria," and of his pilgrimages through various towns in search of subscribers. This was the motto: "That all might know the truth and the truth might make us free." But, in this instance, the "Watchman" watched in vain, and with number nine, it expired. He rose early one morning, before the fire was lighted, and, noticing the servant tucking an extravagant amount of paper into the stove, mildly rebuked her. "La, sir," replied Nanny, "why, it is only 'Watchman.'"

"Wordsworth is supposed to have been devoid of humor, and Coleridge somewhat deficient in that sense; but a certain dry crusty wit appears in the first, at times,—as, for instance, where he listed Coleridge out in the morning, in order to deprive him of his "sting" when evening came. And Coleridge, himself was not only the occasion of wit in Lamb, and others, but keenly witty. His faculty in this kind was overlaid and obscured by weightier powers. Here is an instance or two, that occurred during his soldiering days, showing his knack at repartee: "Once riding along the turnpike road in the county of Durham, a wag approached him, noticed his peculiarity, [a remarkable awkwardness on horseback, attracting everybody's attention], and thought the rider a fine subject for a little fun. Drawing near he thus accosted Coleridge,—I say young man, did you meet a tailor on the road?" "Yes," replied Coleridge, "I did, and he told me if I went a little further I should meet a goose." The goose trotted on, quite satisfied with what he had got.

We learn how that, later in the day Coleridge, having arrived at a race-course, mounted on a sorry Rosinante, with old and rusted furnishings,—was confronted by a pompous baronet in a barouche and four, with several ladies, to whom he gave a Roland for his Oliver. He was "the steward of the course, and member of the House of Commons; well known as having been bought and sold in several parliaments. The baronet eyed the figure of Coleridge, as he slowly passed the door of the barouche and thus accosted him: 'A pretty piece of blood, sir, you have there?' 'Yes,' answered Coleridge. 'Rare piece, I have no doubt, sir!' 'yes,' answered Coleridge, 'he brought me here a matter of four miles an hour.' He was at no loss to perceive the honorable baronet's drift, who wished to show off before the ladies; so he waited the opportunity of a suitable reply. 'What a free hand he has!' continued Nimrod; 'how finely he carries his trial! Bridle and saddle well suited, and appropriately appointed!' 'Yes,'

said Coleridge. 'Will you sell him?' asked the sporting baronet. 'Yes,' was the answer, 'if I can have my price.' 'Name your price, then; putting the rider into the bargain?' 'My price,' replied Coleridge, 'for the horse, sir, if I sell him, is one hundred guineas; as to the rider, never having been in parliament, and never intending to go, his price is not yet fixed.' The baronet sat down more suddenly than he had risen—the ladies began to titter—while Coleridge quietly now moved on."

We have been greatly entertained and instructed by the Autobiography of Curus Hamlin, D. D., a Missionary of the American Board to Turkey, one of the founders of Robert College, at Constantinople. It is one of the best and most useful books of its class. Surely this is a nobler, more venerable man than the redoubtable Hannibal Hamlin—Lincoln's first Vice-President (a citizen of this town then, by the way)! A high-hearted, earnest practical man, large in faith and resources, whose work abides unto the future; his direct perspicuous style, and dignified reserve, make his account of his own well-doing all the more acceptable to the reader. Like Caesar he can relate events in which he was chief actor, without offensive self-congratulation. His practical wisdom, reminding us of that of Franklin, was the advent of many a knotty problem that arose while the foundation of Armenian missions were being laid. His book is made highly interesting by frequent anecdotes and incidents. We can heartily and gladly commend it.

In its pages we came upon an instance of absent-mindedness surpassing that of the father of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. It is related of Dr. Duncan, a Scottish clergyman, who is declared to have been in some particulars almost the equal of Dr. Chalmers, while at the same time some of his deficiencies rendered him all but ridiculous. He stole not; but umbrellas and other articles came into his hands in a manner quite inexplicable. "His wife," writes Dr. Hamlin, "always returned the articles he carried off with him. He was a very great learned, and devout man, but his fits of absent-mindedness were irremediable. His wife had to keep for him all his appointments; otherwise he would rarely remember them. Dr. Cullin told me this anecdote of him:

"Two learned gentlemen from Germany visiting Edinburgh, had a great desire to meet Dr. Duncan, of whose profound Oriental learning they were aware. A gentleman accordingly invited Dr. Duncan to dine with these German friends at his house, and gave special charge to Mrs. Duncan to see that her husband kept the appointment. When the hour approached, she went to the doctor, at work in his garden, and reminded him of the invitation to dinner. "Oh, yes!" he said, I have it in mind. I'm going just now." But watching him a few moments, and seeing him still diligently at work, she went to him again, and urged him not to be late at the dinner. He then started direct for his friend's house. On arriving there, he became aware that his hands bore marks of the garden soil and asked the lady for a room in which to wash his hands, with an apology for the neglect. She showed him into a chamber and said, "We will wait for you in the drawing room." After waiting an unwarrantable time, the gentleman went to see what had become of Dr. Duncan. What was his profound surprise to find him undressed and safely ensconced in bed!" A story such as this might look slightly apocryphal but that it occurs in so voracious a book.

We conclude with a pleasing quatrain by our friend, Dr. B. F. Leggett, found in the September "Bookman," entitled, "Finis."
O Earth! Our lives are but a day,
About thy mother feet we creep,
Till tired at last of all our play,
We nestle in thy breast and sleep.
PASTOR FELIX.

A LOST INDIAN LEAD MINE.
It is Believed to Have Been Found After a Forty Years' Search.

People at Wolcott, a small village in the northern part of Wayne county, New York, have discovered a cave in which a number of skulls and Indian arrowheads were found and which they believe is a lead mine well known to the Indians. Traditions about the mine have long been current, and much money and time have been spent in searching for it in the last forty years.

Oswego street in Wolcott crosses Wolcott Creek about four rods above the falls. From the falls to the headwaters of Port Bay on Lake Ontario there is a steep and narrow gulch. Long ago a small stream of water was discovered running from a small opening in one side of the gulch, but nobody suggested exploring it. It was to this part of the gulch that Indians came to Wolcott from Cay-

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and Seneca lakes and from other distant points in search of lead. They had a lead mine in the gulch, but where it was located none of the settlers could find out. It seemed to be as well hidden as was the treasure cave of the Incas in Peru. All efforts to follow the Indians to the secret deposit of lead were vain. Old folks tell how the Indians were followed to the edge of the gulch and how the Indians would mysteriously disappear there, leaving only a stray picket or so. Later the Indians would appear again and go away well laden with lead.

Fred Fox's farm takes in a portion of this gulch. Last week Fox decided to clean off the side hill and cultivate it, so he put men at work cutting off the underbrush. While one of the men was at work on the edge of the gulch, just above the spring, the ground gave way and he fell over a ledge of rock which had become exposed. He landed on a sort of platform, and upon glancing around found above as on each side an opening in the rock, extending back into the bank. Through this opening came a small stream of water. The opening was so situated that it could not be seen readily; in fact, not one person in a thousand in passing the spot would notice it. With his bush hook in front of him, the man went into the bank as far as he dared, possibly ten feet, and then returned to his fellow workmen, telling them of his discovery. In the evening a party of ten made an exploration of the cave was found to be about five feet high and not more than three feet wide. It extended back about nine feet when it opened into a large room about thirty by seventy feet in area and twelve feet high. In the centre of a cave was a mound about eight feet in diameter and four feet high, having the appearance of solid lead. Around the base of the mound were found hundreds of flats in the shape of arrow heads, some of them complete, others broken. Upon the top of the mound were fragments which, when re-

moved to the outside and placed together, formed a tomahawk or hatchet.

At the extreme rear of the cave were found four skulls and a number of bones in a heap. All of the skulls were crushed in on top.

It is surmised that a battle may have been fought in this cave, possibly by different tribes of Indians, or else it may have been selected as a burial place for Indians killed in battle. It is believed that the arrowheads and pieces of tomahawk were left by the Indians after having been used to dig the lead from the ground. It is generally believed that this cave was a rendezvous for Indians at an early day and that the legends told of the lead mine were based upon actual facts.—N. Y. Sun.

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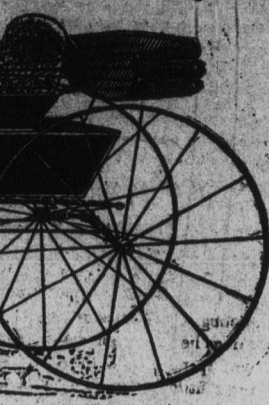
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the outside and placed together, (tomahawk or hatchet, extreme rear of the cave were skulls and a number of bones in

All of the skulls were crushed in... mised that a battle may have... in this cave, possibly by differ... of Indians, or else it may have... as a burial place for Indians... battle. It is believed that the... and pieces of tomahawk were... Indians after having been med... is lead from the ground. It is... believed that this cave was a... us for Indians at an early day and... legends told of the lead mine... ed upon actual facts.—N. Y. Sun.

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Woman and Her Work

Lips of a clear deep red, satin-soft, and with handsome curves are desired by all women, both young and old. The time was when this feature of beauty was considered to be only within nature's power to bestow. Thus saith the optimistic writer who holds forth on the subject of woman's charms and cheerfully asserts the trusting ones of her sex that there is nothing easier than for all or any of us to be beautiful as will if we only observe a few simple rules. I should think lips of a clear deep red, satin-soft etc, would be desired by all women! so would lovely eyes, rose leaf complexions and beautiful figures, but it takes something more than a few cleverly written sentences of general advice on the subject of massage, hygienic breathing and dieting, to convince us that all these good things lie within our reach, and we need only spend a little time and trouble and just a little money, in order to attain them.

Perfect lips are within the reach of all. says the oracle whose saying I have under consideration just now, but all the same I should dearly love to introduce her to a few lips I know of and then sit quietly by and watch the process of making them perfect. I really think this over-confident lady would find she had undertaken rather more than she could carry out and be compelled to confess herself beaten long before the promised perfection was attained. All the same I will give my readers the benefit of her methods, and let them work their own sweet will in striving to improve upon nature.

The first thing to be considered is the laxity or rigidity of the lips, and if they tend to stiffness or sternness of expression one should begin to cultivate suppleness by gentle but constant massage treatment, and the cultivation of an intelligent smile, not by any means a perpetual grin which deepens the lines about the mouth and gives a haggard expression to the face which is far from becoming but a peculiar brand of smile made to order, and consisting of a gentle brightening of the whole face accompanied by a sensitive parting and curving of the lips, without stretching them. Such a smile, I should imagine would require to be carefully practised before the glass, and fixed in some manner, lest the lips and facial muscles should become disarranged in a moment of forgetfulness and a complete break up of the smile ensue, but I suppose that would be one of the risks attendant on all important enterprises.

Instead of firmly closing the lips, as so many of us have a habit of doing and thereby giving a look of heaviness to the jaw and hardness to the mouth, we must learn to bring our lips together very lightly always remembering to allow the soft dimpled effect at the corners which is so agreeable. It is in this position which makes the mouth of a healthy child so kissable, and gives him such an eager interested expression.

I confess with humility that so far I have failed to observe that peculiar dimpled appearance at the corners of my own mouth but that may be because I have never been able to spare the time to practice arranging my lips in becoming curves before the glass, or even to cultivate an intelligent smile, but the oracle assures us both these attractions are within our reach, so if I don't have dimpled corners to the most prominent feature in my face before another month has passed, the fault will be entirely my own.

Where the mouth is inclined to stand open with loose undefined lines, the massage should be especially vigorous in order to tone up the flaccid nerves and muscles, and enable the patient to learn to hold the lips with firmness tempered by grace. The facial gymnastics necessary to attain the desired result should be practised for stated periods until the training becomes a natural habit, and we scarcely need to think about it at all.

Closely compressed lips, according to this authority are more common amongst our sex than with men, and the habit of closing the lips so tightly is largely caused by nervousness, so that the treatment of the peculiarity should be supplemented by some good tonic which will not only improve the general health but help to bring life and color to the pale and rigid lips.

In addition to the thorough massage once a day which is absolutely necessary for the success of the treatment, ten minutes should be devoted morning and evening to standing before a mirror and pinching the curves of the mouth with the thumb and forefinger in order to accustom their delicacy and clearness.

In order to attain the satin softness so much to be desired, and without which no mouth can be called perfect, it is necessary to... vice a day in water as

hot as can be borne; the last bathing should be just at bed time, and after thoroughly drying the lips they should be gently rubbed with white petroleum vaseline, or cold cream, which should also be applied before the massage is begun.

The lips should rarely be moistened with the tongue and never bitten or drawn between the teeth as such treatment tends not only to chafe them, but also to thicken them and coarsen their texture. If they are inclined to be dry they should be frequently moistened with some good colorless perfumed cream which will soon overcome the dryness, and greatly improve the texture. The rich carnation color so beautiful and so unusual comes only from a perfect circulation and should never be imparted by paints, or any artificial means; it is here the massage proves of such benefit stimulating circulation and sending the blood to the surface as nothing else will do. The massage movements for the lips are always upward, and circular, and they are so simple that after a few treatments by a professional any woman of ordinary intelligence can do the work herself. The oracle adds that of course health, exercise and amiability are, after all the most potent factors in rounding, tinting and shaping a sweet mouth. Crooked mouths, we are assured may be much improved by the treatment above advised, if it is persistently carried out; they are usually caused by an unnatural facility of the muscles, and require vigorous, and persistent massage; in some cases a muscle may need to be cut, but as a general rule the massage will answer if persevered in.

According to the authority I have quoted, the prescribed methods must be persevered in for at least a month, before it can be said to have received a fair trial; but at end of that time the votary of the new method will be so pleased with the result that she will look upon it as a necessary part of her toilet just like brushing her hair or teeth.

It sounds very well, and very plausible when put that way, but at the same time I would like to see the massess who could change a wide thick lippered mouth extending half way across the countenance into a dainty rosy cupid's bow; or the long thin lippered mouth with scarcely a trace of lips showing at all, into a pouting rosebud "with handsome curves." I think it was Lord Macaulay who said that nothing was impossible in this world except a physical impossibility, and the changing of a large and ugly mouth into a beautiful one, is just that physical impossibility over which none can triumph. Nevertheless you can try the experiment girls, and if it proves successful I suppose there will be a perfect epidemic of such lovely clear deep red satin-soft, and kissable mouths, before long, that the other sex will think the millennium has arrived.

The white duck suit is still in evidence though. September is here, and the wise woman has already begun to send to her favorite dry goods establishment for samples of autumn goods, and to plan her autumn suit. Light as it looks the duck dress is really quite substantial, and not at all too cool for these hot autumnal days. If one can afford such a luxury these gowns really require a tailor's handing nearly as much as the heaviest woolen goods for the tailor thoroughly shrinks the material before making it up and therefore the duck suit that he turns out never shrinks utterly out of shape and becomes useless after the first washing. The red Russia leather belts are very much worn with white duck or linen suits, and though they have grown undeniably common, they are equally undeniably pretty, and to be quite in correct style a shirt waist of the same shade of red silk, should be worn with them.

Speaking of belts, the belt for next season's wear shows a decided increase in width. The narrowest shown are fully two inches wide, while the widest are deep girdles reaching half way between the arms and the waist line. The materials of which the belt is composed are more varied than ever, all sorts and colors of leather being used, in addition to the fabric belts such as silk webbing and the wide woven braids. The velvet belt is an innovation scarcely to

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be desired as it has a common look, and certainly adds to the apparent size of the waist. It is usually at least three inches wide and fastened by leather straps and leather covered buckles; it is decidedly the very latest thing in belts, but the dealers do not anticipate a wide popularity for it. In leather belts quiet colors predominate, black and many shades of fawn having superseded the bright reds, blues, and greens so popular during the past two seasons. The buckles of the new belts are likewise much less conspicuous, the harness buckle in glaring silver, or gilt will not be seen at all and when not leather-covered to match the material of the belt, the buckle will be of the metal, and almost as inconspicuous. Jewelled buckles in silver, polished or rough finished in silver gilt, or with gold will only be used with silk or satin beltings and these new buckles will call for belts two or three inches wide. They are made in many new designs and cater to the taste of every human variety of girl. There are buckles for the military girl, the golf girl, the bicycle girl, the yachting girl, the athletic girl, the hussy girl, the dancing girl, the skating girl and even, strange to say for the old fashioned girl, who is supposed to have a taste for plain, but elegant things.

Metal belts will be as much used as ever only the newest designs are all made wider though not sufficiently so to look clumsy, or be uncomfortable. Many of these have a profusion of jewels, and the most stylish ones are very ornate indeed. One especially pretty design in silver, is a succession of shells enamelled in natural colors and connected by tiny silver links made to resemble bits of sea-wood. Another was a string of English daisies with jewelled centres and petals of polished silver; the connecting links of silver enamelled in green, giving just a suggestion of foliage. These pretty vanities are of course a perfect boon to the lover or friend in search of a dainty gift for some fair maiden, and they will be greatly in demand as Christmas and birthday presents.

For the fancy girdles so much worn with dressy costumes, satin, and taffeta silk are the favorite materials. They are made with points either in the back, or front, and sometimes both, while some are quite plain and fasten in front just a little to the left, and under a large upstanding bow. Other girdles are so deep as to only require shoulder straps to transform them into bodices, and are made of bias silk or satin fitting as snugly to the waist as possible, and closed at the seam under the arm. They are only becoming to very slender women, and would be a perfect disfigurement to the stouter ones, who will adhere to the girdle which is narrow under the arms, and widens to a point in back and front.

We have all heard of Dick's hat band, but that is not the sort peculiar to the new summer headgear of Newport swells. The hat bands they sport are revelations of intricate colorings, and, moreover, are said to have some special significance to their wearer, a language of their own; perhaps a Martin telegraphy, which groundlings may never read. As though to rival this hat band interest, the women have taken on another, in the fashion of fastening their veils. The floating ends are as much an index as an up-to-date young woman's up-to-dateness as the observer of femininity requires. Instead of confining the veil under the brim of the hat, she now wishes it to resume the negligence of the early Victorian veil, and it bobs and floats in the breeze according to the step or motion of the wearer. This, like many other "touches" marks the style of the moment.

Unassuming. The Fond Mother—Everybody says he is such a pretty baby! I'm sure the poet was right when he said that 'heaven lies about us in our infancy.'

The Uncle (unkindly)—But he should have added, 'So does everybody else!'

Wonders in us and around us.

Take snow in your naked hands: make balls of it; play at the merry game of snowballing. At first the snow will numb your hands with cold; then it will warm them till they glow and burn.

In the Arctic regions a touch of iron to the skin produces the effect of a burn. What is heat? What is cold? Can they not be analysed until they really have no antithetic meaning?

In November of 1893, says Mrs. Penn, "I took a severe cold and had an attack of shivering boils. It troubled me from head to foot. After that I felt low, weak and feverish."

[One moment, now. What do we mean by "taking cold?" Is it the same thing as being cold? Not at all. A healthy person can be half frozen through exposure in severe winter weather and yet not "catch cold." A healthy person never catches cold. Keep a grip on this fact while we read the rest of the lady's letter.] "I had a bad taste in the mouth," she says, "and no proper relish for food of any kind. After each meal, no matter how light and simple it was, I had a good deal of pain at my chest and a sense of fullness and tightness around my waist. My food turned sour on my stomach, and I was continually belching up wind.

[Exactly so, and we all know the principle. Under the influence of heat and moisture all dead animal or vegetable matter ferments, decomposes, turns sour—it is all the same—and gives off noxious and poisonous gases. In the open air these gases escape and may do no harm on a small scale; but in the human stomach they can only escape in part by belching, &c. In the main they abide in the body, affecting the action of the heart, lungs, kidneys, and nerves; and causing pain and distress in every locality which is open to their attack. For this reason—to little understood—the real disease indigestion and dyspepsia, is often mistaken for asthma, rheumatism, neuralgia, heart disease (organic) and even for consumption itself. Graveyards are filled with the victims of this fatal error. In nine cases out of ten you may take it for granted that the above-named ailments are the direct results and symptoms of indigestion and dyspepsia. Cure that and you cure them.] "I got so low and weak," continues the lady, "that I was confined to my bed for five weeks, and none of the medicines that I took gave me any strength.

Finally the thought occurred to my father that perhaps the remedy which benefited him when he suffered from dyspepsia might help me. In this hope I got a bottle of Mother Siegel's Syrup from the Crosby Branch of the Co-operative Stores and began taking it. In a few days I obtained relief; my food agreed with me and I ate with an appetite; not under a sense that I must eat in order to live. Thus encouraged and cheered up I continued taking the Syrup and gained strength every day. Gradually as the medicine did its work all the pain and distress left me until I was again in the best of health. Since that happy day I have had no need of any medicine whatever. For the sake of other sufferers I give you free permission to publish this statement. (Signed) (Mrs.) Elizabeth Ann Penn, High Garbores' Crosby, near Maryport, Oct. 11th, 1894.

One word, and so an end. Please bear in mind that diseases are not like war boats that go about "attacking" people. They arise from within. 'Nearly all so-called diseases,' says a famous physician, 'are but variations of a single bodily condition—torpor and inflammation of the digestive organs. They are like many sad melodies played upon a single instrument.' Profound and instructive words. Nail them fast in your memory. The name of the remedy, Mother Siegel's Curative Syrup, is known to all who have eyes and ears.

DISINFECTING SPRAYING ROOMS.

How the Efficiency of Corrosive Sublimates Was Discovering. Professor Konig, of Göttingen, in a recent article on this subject, says that at one time, while he was practicing medicine in Hanau, he suddenly discovered that his bedroom was thickly inhabited by obnoxious insects. A friend assured him that he could easily get rid of the pests, and proceeded to fumigate the apartment with corrosive sublimates. The success of this measure was most gratifying, and when the room was opened the dead bodies of various kinds of insects were seen strewn about the floor. This incident led the professor to hope that the same means would be effectual in destroying the infectious elements of contagious diseases, and

a trial in private houses after scarlet fever or measles, and in hospitals a tor erysipelas or pyemia, gave most satisfactory results. Since adopting this method he has never seen a second case of a contagious disease which could be attributed to infection remaining in the room in which the patient had been confined. The mode of procedure is very simple. From 1 1/2 to 2 ounces of corrosive sublimates are put on a plate over a chafing dish, and then the windows and doors of the room are closed. At the expiration of three or four hours the windows are opened, and the apartment is thoroughly aired. The person entering the room should take the precaution to hold a sponge or cloth over the mouth and nose in order not to inhale the vapor. The following day the windows are again closed, and some sulphur is burned in order to neutralize any of the mercurial fumes which may linger about the furniture and other articles. The room should then be again aired and cleaned, when it will be ready for occupancy.

TO PREVENT TYPHOUS FEVER.

Way in Which the Country Doctor may do to Stop it.

In the Maryland Medical Journal Dr. August Stabler says that in his field the country practitioner is the recognized guardian of the public health, and he must take the responsibility and feel it. If extra precautions are taken to disinfect the excreta and linen, and in addition the source of water supply is disinfected by lime or potassium permanganate and surface water not allowed to flow in, the bacilli will not be liable to multiply. Enough permanganate should be used to render the water pink for twelve hours, the quantity varying from one and a half to eight ounces to each well. This practice can be more efficiently carried out under the eye of the doctor than boiling the water, which ignorant people will seldom continue for any length of time. Shallow wells are not to be disparaged, if storm water and surface filth are excluded by a good curbing, as the nitrifying bacteria in the upper layers of the soil will mineralize other sources of infection before they reach the ground water. Cesspools are an abomination, as they discharge putrid material below the bacterial zone, and by leakage or otherwise infect water sources.

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Wafers by mail 50c, and 25c per box. See large boxes at Foulds' Arsenic Soap, 50c. Address all mail orders to H. B. FOULDS, Sole Proprietor, 144, Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont. Sold by all druggists in St. John. The Canadian Drug Co., Wholesale Agents, Mechanical Hammer.

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Mayor Pingree as a Reporter.

Helped on the Mayor's... was a Chained Madman.

I never see the name Pingree without recalling a visit to him when he was Mayor of Detroit...

With this introductory a retired correspondent told a San reporter what follows: 'It was soon after the passing of the first Cleveland Administration...

'Don M. Dickinson crazy in his own home. Great secrecy. No one knows it but his wife and the physician. He is kept chained in order that he may do himself or others no harm...

'That was the sum total of the story as it was told to me, and I was heading for Detroit, where I knew no one. At Kalamazoo I left a rush message to a friend in Chicago whom I knew to be a personal and commercial friend of Mayor Pingree...

'I was at luncheon at 2 P. M. in the usRell House, when I received a message from my Chicago friend. I was informed that Mayor Pingree had been asked to receive me into his confidence, and to assist me. The last words of the message were: 'What's up?' I replied my knowledge and added: 'See to-morrow'...

'It was 6 o'clock before I could reach Mayor Pingree. After I had told him my name he led me to his private office, having placed a guard without, whose instruction was to halt anybody who came within a hundred yards. He said in the most earnest manner: 'Tell me all! It may read heavy-villainish, but it didn't sound that way.'

'Don M. Dickinson is mad,' I said. 'Mayor Pingree sprang from his chair like the wizard who pops through a stage trap. As soon as he squandered—as they say in Boston—from his excitability, he listened to the rest of the story.'

'I remember,' he said, 'that it has been said that Mr. Dickinson was somewhat chagrined over his failure to have the influence with Mr. Cleveland which he expected to have, or which he had led his friends to believe he had. Dickinson's is a high-strung make-up.'

'Can you ascertain what truth there is in the story?' I asked, looking impatiently at my watch. 'That is the first thing,' I added. 'Let me know that he is mad, chained or unchained, and I will mix the wires between here and New York and between here and Chicago.'

'I will find out before I go to bed, else I am not Pingree,' he replied as he picked up his hat and led the way. We were driven to the Dickinson mansion, and Mayor Pingree left me in the coupe while he called. In spite of my newspaper instinct I did not envy him.

'He came out in less than ten minutes. He whispered to the jehu. The Mayor took his seat beside me and said: 'We shall know in a few minutes.' I used every article I could command to guess what Mayor Pingree had learned, or what he thought, but he dodged most adroitly. The cab stopped before a great building, brilliantly lighted. Was it the asylum? I asked myself. We passed what seemed to be a private entrance, of course they would not take Mr. Dickinson through a corridor. I heard a music. In a moment we were in a private box. I was introduced to Mr. Dickinson, who was the centre of a brilliant party. They were enjoying the horse show.

'I never learned the origin of the rumor. But for eighteen hours two newspapers in this country were hanging by their eyebrows.'

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Cure all these complaints by regulating the heart's action and building up the nervous and muscular system to perfect health and strength. Price 60c. per box or 6 boxes for \$2.50. At all druggists.

YOUR SPARE TIME

Men, women, to conduct business at home. Work is simple writing and copying lists of addresses received from local advertising. To be rewarded in us daily. No canvassing, no previous experience required, but plain writing preferred. Partisans want to know contact. 25c. or more weekly in spare time. Apply to WALTER FAY, Co., London, Ont.

MEXICAN PEARL FISHING.

The Annual Yield of the Gulf of California is about \$250,000.

The agent of the English proprietors of the concession granted by the Mexican Republic for a monopoly of pearl fishing in the gulf of California recently arrived in San Francisco and gave some interesting details of the present methods employed in their industry which has continued ever since the occupation of the country in the time of Cortes.

The whole coast of the gulf of California abounds in pearls, and the concessions control the entire territory. Until within the last few years native divers were employed, and the depth to which they could descend did not exceed 35 feet. With the introduction of diving apparatus the limit of depth was increased to 50 fathoms. The best divers could formerly remain under water not to exceed two minutes. A modern diver thinks nothing of a two hour stop in water 100 feet in depth, though at greater depths the stay is necessarily shortened on account of the enormous pressure of the superincumbent water. A diver when upon the floor of the ocean looks about for the oyster which he tears from the object to which it is attached, and places it in a small bag hanging to a rope, which is hauled into the boat on a given signal. Sometimes the number of oysters secured is large and at other times only a few are caught.

The diver does not confine himself to the pearl oyster alone, but if he sees a rare specimen of coral or a new species of shell he places it in his bag and sends it to the surface, where it becomes the property of the concession and one source of its large income.

Last year the value of the pearls harvested in Lower California was alone \$350,000. In addition 5,000 tons of shells were exported, which were valued at \$1,250,000 more. Pearl fishing is the entire occupation of the natives, and La Paz, the headquarters, a city of the peninsula, with about 2,000 inhabitants, is solely dependent upon the industry. The business is one of chance, and the pursuit is a fascinating one to the natives, who are born gamblers.

Every oyster does not contain its pearl, and only at intervals, and rare ones at that is a really valuable pearl discovered. The largest one ever found was about three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and was sold in Paris to the emperor of Austria for \$10,000. Many black pearls are found in Lower California and are valued higher than the pure white. The large majority are seed pearls and are only of moderate value.

San Francisco is not the market for Mexican pearls, though it ought to be. The harvest is exported straight to London and Paris and distributed from those great markets.

The dangers of pearl fishing have always been exaggerated, possibly to give a fictitious value to the beautiful gems. The loss of life in the fisheries in Lower California was undoubtedly larger before the introduction of the diving press. But it is not an established fact that the deaths were always caused by the shark or octopus, though these marine monsters were without doubt responsible for the loss of many lives. Every diver has plenty of hair raising stories to relate of narrow escapes from death, but as he is the only witness of these affairs it makes the difficulty to substantiate them so much greater.

The occupation at best is a hazardous one, and those who were engaged in it before the introduction of diving apparatus were always short lived. The demand in the world's markets for pearls of extra beauty is always far in excess of the supply.—San Francisco Call.

Completely Knocked Out.

'I was so much run down I had to give up work, and I felt as if life was not worth living,' writes Wm. W. Thompson, Zephyr, Ont. 'I took Scott's Sarsaparilla and am now feeling as I did years ago.' Scott's Sarsaparilla tones up the entire system, purifies the blood, and eradicates rheumatism and scrofulous poisons. Ask for Scott's and get it.

Sellers' Eyes and Electricity

Owing to the intensity of the electric light used on board of men-of-war men are frequently affected with eye complaints, which in some cases have led to total blindness, says a French military journal. It has been observed that eyes in which the iris is not heavily charged with pigments, that is to say, gray and blue eyes are more likely to be injuriously affected than brown eyes. These eye troubles are ascribed to two causes, viz., the intensity of the light and the action of the ultra-violet rays. Oculists recommend the interposition between the eye and any powerful light of a transparent substance, which will intercept the ultra-violet rays, such as, for instance, uranium glass, which is yellow. The French naval authorities supply dark blue glasses for the use of those who have to do with search lights, etc., and the cases in which injury has been caused to the eyes were those of men who had neglected to use those spectacles, which, however, do not appear to afford any protection against the ultra-violet rays.

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By ordering early, customers will avoid the annoyance of having to wait, which is necessary later in the season.

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Or the Insane Mania Positively Cured by Dr. Benjamin's Golden Specific. It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure. IT NEVER FAILS Mothers and Widows, you can save the victim. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., TORONTO, Ont.

TUTTI FRUTTI

AIDS DIGESTION Save coupons inside of wrappers for prizes.

IF YOU SEE IT IN THE MOON.

No Matter What It Is You Will Have Some Sort of Luck.

'If you see the new moon over your right shoulder it's good luck all the month'—over the left shoulder being bad luck, of course. 'If you meet the new moon face to face with money in your pocket for a month'—and so on, this last being taken from an old black-letter treatise on 'things worth knowing.' Everywhere in the world the idea prevails among those who lack scientific training that anything falling to the lot of man when the moon is waxing will likewise increase, similarly decreasing while the moon waxes. The Hindu troubled with warts looks at the new moon, picks up a pinch of dust from beneath his left foot, rubs the wart with it—and the moon goes, so does the wart. If you fall ill you can be cured by herbs gathered in the full of the moon.

The Moles in the Kingdom of Oudh cure insomnia, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, and similar evils by stationing the sufferer with a basin of water in his hands in the light of the full moon in such a way that its reticent image shines directly from the liquid into his eyes. Then without moving his gaze, he is required to swallow the water at a draught.

In northern India the people lay out food in the full moon that comes in the months corresponding to our September and October, half of each, and give it to their friends as a means of insuring longevity. That same night the girls pour water in the moonlight, saying they are getting rid of the cold weather.

It was not long ago noted the Yorkshire maids 'do worship the new moon on their bare knees, kneeling upon an earth-stone,' and Lady Wilde says that the Irish damsels drop on their knees when they first catch sight of the moon and say: 'Oh moon leave us as well as you find us!' In India the native take seven threads from the ends of their turbans and give them to the new moon, with a prayer.

The spots on the moon are caused by many persons or things. Sometimes it is a man with a fagot on his back, sent thither for picking up sticks on the Sabbath. Chauver calls him a thief and puts a thorn-bush on his shoulders. Dante says it is no less a criminal than Cain. Shakespeare provides a dog to keep him company. Hindu keeps not a man but a hare in the moon and the well known connection in the minds of the man of the moon and insanity may account for the statement regarding the March hare, and possibly the thorn-bush may be the distinctive covering of the latter—at any rate, this is as good guessing as a lot of the sun myth people have done; while Baring-Gould identifies the moon children, Bill and Hink of the Northern mythology, with Jack and Gill of the nursery rhyme.

The Greenland Eskimo believes that the sun and moon were originally brother and sister. She, being teased by him past ordinary endurance, seized some lamp-black and rubbed it on his face. Then she ran, her brother after. Finally she went so fast she rose up into the air and became the sun, while her sooty-faced brother turned into the moon. In Samoh when a great famine oppressed the people the moon rose one night big and round, like a bread fruit. A patient mother, unable to quiet the pangs of her little one, looked up and said: 'Why don't you come down and let my baby have a bite of you?' This made the moon so angry that she simply picked up both mother and child, and they have been there ever since.

All sailors are certain that sleeping in tropical moon rays will either make them cross-eyed or blind. On the American vessel El Capitán a year or two ago a number of the crew, disregarding the advice of their fellows during a spell of hot weather, slept on the deck in the moonlight, and soon after went completely blind at night, though they could see as well in the day-time as ever. The skipper of the ship reported the occurrence, and with it made a statement to the effect that up to that time he had been a disbeliever in so-called moon blindness. Paul Ego Stevenson reports that he, too, was hurriedly awakened on his way to New York from the Bahamas, with the assurance from the Captain that all sorts of things would happen to him if he kept in moonlight. This is a disease unknown to the medical profession.

Precepts and Warnings For Those Who Would Dye Well.

Let thy faith be fixed in the wonderful transforming powers of Diamond Dyes; the results they give will cheer thine heart. Never allow any interested or wily dealer to recommend for the use some inferior or imitation make of dye. If thou wilt hearken to his words, he will rejoice at the simplicity of character and will delight himself over thy wealth and bitter disappointment.

If thou wouldst avoid handling poisonous ingredients, use only the Diamond Dyes or the home dyeing work; they are the only harmless and pure dyes. When times are hard and money scarce, thine heart often craves for new and stylish colors and garments. By the use of the magic Diamond Dyes thy wishes can be fully realized, because Diamond Dyes re-creates old dresses and makes them look like new.

If thou wouldst have a smiling face, a happy heart and mind, do thy coloring all seasons of the year with the Diamond Dyes; they never cause worry or grief to those who make use of them.

CECIL'S FALSE FAITH.

"It is impossible!" Cecil was murmuring up and down the long drawing-room at Willford Place, his face agitatedly flushed, his hair in heavy wrinkles, his whole manner quivering with passion. I had just told him the terms of Uncle Harry Willford's will, for he had been in New Orleans when our uncle died and reached home three days after the funeral. He was a letter from Mr. Hay, I said, "that almost killed Uncle Harry. We thought he had made a new will, but it could not be found."

"But Cecil clenched his hands hard a moment and said: 'Tell me again the terms of this unjust will?' 'Uncle Harry has left me the house and ten thousand dollars and to you thirty thousand dollars; the factory, the real estate in New York, the bank stock—you know, Cecil—all the rest goes to Willard! I sulked at the oath that broke from Cecil's lips. 'But Mr. Hay's letter?' he asked. 'Uncle was very ill when that came and we sent for Mr. Potter stonice. I cannot tell you any more excepting that a search was made for the Willard seemed relieved when it was not found. Cecil made no reply to this. His anger seemed to have been rising till it made him speechless. He strode out at the French window and down the garden-path, while I threw myself upon the sofa and cried as I had seldom cried in all my petted life. For Cecil was my betrothed, had been away more than a year, and I fancied I loved him. His letters had been brief and cold for a long time, and now, after one cold answer, he had spoken only of Uncle Harry's will—not one loving, tender word to me—doubly orphaned by our uncle's death. Willard was not our own cousin, but Uncle Harry's stepson, and much older than either Cecil or myself. We were still children when Willard was sent to Paris to take charge of the importations for our uncle's business and he had lived there until Cecil went to New Orleans, to control a branch establishment. Before Cecil left we were formally betrothed. But I knew that Cecil was not pleased Uncle Harry; that he was extravagant, negligent of important business affairs, and ugly stories of dissipation came often to us. Mr. Hay, an immensely wealthy Louisiana planter, who was one of Uncle Harry's friends and business correspondents, had made Cecil warmly welcome in his family, and the letter that had so agitated him had been at once destroyed, and no hint of its contents given to me. But long before this Willard had come home upon business and Uncle Harry would not let him leave again. He was a great contrast to Cecil. Cecil, at twenty-five, was the handsomest man I ever saw, with curling brown hair and large, blue eyes, a smiling mouth and perfect features. He was seven years older than myself and ten years younger than Willard. Willard, when he came from Paris, was a dark-haired, dark-eyed man, with a grave face, settled habits of personality, a reserved manner; a man who inspired confidence and whom Uncle Harry, at nearly seventy years of age, respected, which was a high compliment. I was glad Willard was away upon some business of the estate as I watched Cecil pacing up and down the garden walk, restlessly beholding all my possessions with his eyes. If they quarrelled, I thought, with a shudder—Cecil looked murderous. Then I cried again until Mrs. Stone, my old governess, who had remained as my companion, came in to comfort me. The dear old lady was very kind, very gentle, but she said little about Cecil, and that little seemed to advise me to think no more about him. It bewildered me! Of course I did not expect a wedding to follow a funeral at once, but why was Cecil to be treated like one in disgrace? The new will may have given him Willard's place and property. He evidently thought so. He came in after an hour or two, in which he had walked off the worst of his

rage, but there was a look in his eyes that told me more than his anger, and he said: 'That will must be found!' 'There was a thorough search made for it?' Mrs. Stone said, coldly. 'Yes, by hundreds of parties. I was the searching party. The house is yours, Marston, not Willard's. I ask your permission to look for the will.' 'I gave it and then escaped to my own room. He would look for the will, perhaps find it, and Willard would lose his inheritance. And I was not glad! A horrible weight appeared on me. I thought of Cecil master in Willford Place—master of the factory—my husband! At the last thought the scales fell at last from my childish eyes and I knew that my Cecil was but the natural affection of a child for a life companion, exalted to an ideal perfection by a youthful imagination. And when the idol had fallen there rose in its place a grave face with large, soft, black eyes, and I covered my own face to hide hot blushes; for never had Willard spoken one word of love to Cecil's betrothed—never given me other than the gentle courtesy due to his stepfather's niece and his short-time ward. Willard wore his calm, self-possessed face again. 'You are unjust, Cecil,' he said; 'all my influence was exerted in your behalf.' 'It looks as if I were the innocent party,' I said. 'Your uncle thought his business should be left in competent and experienced hands. Have you proved to be so?' 'No. I am not a bargaining tradesman. Uncle Harry trained me for a gentleman. The sneering emphasis brought a dusky red for a moment on Willard's dark cheek. He spoke with stern emphasis. 'Be content, then, to leave the care of trade to me. Your income and prospects will give you sufficient for idle uses.' His prospects! I looked up then, so pleased that Willard said: 'Is it possible you have not told Marston?' 'You have doubtless done so.' 'No, it was not my duty—certainly not my pleasure.' 'Told me what?' I cried, with a dizzy feeling and a choking of my breath. Mrs. Stone answered: 'Your uncle's letter from Mr. Hay announced Mr. Cecil Willford's engagement to Miss Rose Hay.'

'I cannot tell you, Marston. May is an old friend, and his only child will doubtless inherit large wealth, but your uncle's power spoke of the matter to me beyond giving me the letter to read and destroy and tell me to keep the matter from you till we heard from Cecil.' 'But the will?' 'Of that I know nothing.' We were a constrained party at breakfast, but when the meal was over Cecil announced his determination to search in Uncle Harry's room until the will was found. Very gravely Willard advised him to let the matter rest, but was answered by such taunts as no man could bear patiently. 'Have your will!' he said. 'We will all search again.' 'But after the search fell upon Cecil and Mrs. Stone, I would not stir a finger, and Willard stood beside me while the others turned over every paper and rummaged every corner. As Cecil opened a Japan cabinet full of rare coins and stones, I saw Willard turn pale, and a moment later Cecil cried: 'I have found it!' He opened it hastily. It was very short, and as he read all the blood deserted his

face and he gasped for breath. It was long before he spoke. Then he said: 'You have seen this?' 'I have,' said Willard gravely. 'You hid it!' 'No! I suspected its whereabouts, but did not know.' 'And you would have let it lie there?' 'I will destroy it now if you consent. Let the matter lie between us two.' He glanced nervously at me. But Cecil said: 'Marston must see it!' and gave me the paper. Then I knew that my uncle had revoked his old legacy to Cecil and left him five dollars, while my inheritance was left intact, upon condition that I married Willard. The paper fell from my hands, and I covered my face. Willard's voice broke an oppressive silence. 'This paper concerns us only,' he said, and I take the responsibility of destroying it. I heard a match scrape and Cecil's voice saying: 'You are nobler than I am.' Footstep left the room, and I thought I was alone till I heard Willard's voice, low and tender: 'Marston,' he said, 'your uncle guessed the secret of my love for you, though I implored him to leave you free, but he made the will you have just seen. Only a ashes remain, and you are free, as before. Do not grieve, Marston. It breaks my heart to see you unhappy!'

'I thought my face then. My heart must have been in my eyes, for I was thought in a strong sleep, and a tender kiss fell on my lips, as Willard whispered: 'My love! My wife!' 'No, Cecil, according to his own will, know that his intention had been to bestow the house at Willford Place, where, in the Christmas time of rejoicing, there was a quiet wedding, and I became indeed Willard's wife.—The Lodge.'

Bitter Disappointments And Family Grief That Can Be Avoided.

Paine's Celery Compound Brings Health, Joy and Happiness.

You are willing to confess, poor sufferer, that you have been bitterly disappointed with past efforts, and that in your estimation your future seems dark and gloomy. You and your friends alone are to blame if disease is tightening its chain around you, making you a sure captive for the dark and dreaded grave. Why keep a wife or husband in feverish anxiety, daily bending over you with tearful eyes and almost broken heart? Why cause your children's voices to be hushed, and their childish sports and games to be disregarded and cast aside? They certainly cannot enjoy life when they see a father or mother in the agonies of suffering and deep in mental despair. You can change the scene by changing and bettering your physical condition. In other words, you can be cured and made well again by the use of Paine's Celery Compound. Your efforts, up to the present, to throw off the encircling and deadly bonds of disease have been vain and futile. Your doctor's well meaning work has not been productive of cheering results, and you are wasting money on medicines that can never meet your case. Being assured of new health and life by the use of Paine's Celery Compound, you are sinning against heaven and false to your family and friends if you refuse to make trial of the great agency that has saved thousands in the past. Paine's Celery Compound is the grandest disease banisher that medical science ever devised, and has the indorsement of our best doctors, lawyers, public men, merchants and others. Its curing powers are wonderful, prompt and sure, and it keeps every man and woman permanently cured.

Unfamiliar Face. A captain of a regiment stationed in Natal, South Africa, when paying his company one day, says London Answers, chanced to give a man a Transvaal half-crown, which, as one would naturally expect, bears 'the image and superscription' of President Kruger. The man brought it back to the pay table and said to the captain: 'Please, sir, you've given me a bad half-crown.' The officer took the coin, and without looking at it, rung it on the table, and then remarked: 'It sounds all right, Bagster. What's wrong with it?' 'You look at it, sir,' was the reply. The captain glanced at the coin, saying: 'It's all right, man; it will pass in the canteen.' This apparently satisfied Bagster, who walked off, making the remark: 'If you say it's all right, sir, it's all right; but it's the first time I've seen the queen w' whiskers on.'

Cholera's Death Rate. In the cholera plagues since 1848 the death rate has been tolerably uniform, about 40 per cent. of the cases terminating fatally.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. SICK HEADACHE. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price. Substitution the fraud of the day. See you get Carter's, Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.



PLOTTER.

again. He was a great contrast to Cecil. Cecil, at twenty-five, was the handsomest man I ever saw, with curling brown hair and large, blue eyes, a smiling mouth and perfect features. He was seven years older than myself and ten years younger than Willard. Willard, when he came from Paris, was a dark-haired, dark-eyed man, with a grave face, settled habits of personality, a reserved manner; a man who inspired confidence and whom Uncle Harry, at nearly seventy years of age, respected, which was a high compliment. I was glad Willard was away upon some business of the estate as I watched Cecil pacing up and down the garden walk, restlessly beholding all my possessions with his eyes. If they quarrelled, I thought, with a shudder—Cecil looked murderous. Then I cried again until Mrs. Stone, my old governess, who had remained as my companion, came in to comfort me. The dear old lady was very kind, very gentle, but she said little about Cecil, and that little seemed to advise me to think no more about him. It bewildered me! Of course I did not expect a wedding to follow a funeral at once, but why was Cecil to be treated like one in disgrace? The new will may have given him Willard's place and property. He evidently thought so. He came in after an hour or two, in which he had walked off the worst of his

He was a king amongst men, and I knew it. For years I had known of Uncle Harry's affection and trust in his Paris agent and since he had been at home. I had not wondered at either. The factory hands fairly worshipped him, for he was strict, in rule, just in every dealing, stern to rebuke fault, and yet in trouble or illness he was as generous as a prince and gentle as a woman. And while I thought of all this I could hear Cecil in the room so lately solemnized by the presence of death, toiling about the furniture, rummaging everywhere, to disinherit Willard. I could not bear it. At last he should know the danger menacing him! I slipped downstairs and over the village nearly two miles away, sending from there a telegram to New York—only a few words to Willard Denton, M.—Hotel, New York: You are needed at Willford Place immediately. Marston. Then I sped homeward, already relieved. At least he would come back and know of Cecil's return. It was evening when we heard him in the hall. I had been reading and Cecil fingering the keys of the piano when Willard came in. His face was very grave, but he spoke cordially to Cecil, who answered briefly and unsympathetically—almost accusing him of concealing the will. For one second the dark flashed angrily, but before he spoke

'You might as well add,' said Cecil, 'that we were privately married the day I left.' No one knows that's yet, but I shall claim my bride when I return to New Orleans.' I staggered toward the door, but would have fallen had not a strong arm held me up as I reeled forward. The same kind support led me to the library and placed me in a deep armchair. I must have been white and looked faint, for a moment later a glass of water was held to my lips, and Willard said, very tenderly: 'Drink this, Marston! My poor child, try to think he is not worthy of your regret.' That nerved me. I drank the water and said: 'I am not grieving! I am glad—glad!' And then I broke into hysterical weeping. I was but a girl, and had been tried hardly in the last few weeks. I had thought all my tears spent, but they flowed freely, so I buried my face in the cushions of the chair and sobbed. A gentle hand stroked my curls, and, after I was quieter, I heard Willard leave the library. Cecil had gone to his own room, and Mrs. Stone was alone, when at last I returned to the drawing-room. She understood me, I think, for when she kissed me, she said: 'I wanted to tell you before, but your uncle forbade it.' 'Was he pleased?' I asked.

face and he gasped for breath. It was long before he spoke. Then he said: 'You have seen this?' 'I have,' said Willard gravely. 'You hid it!' 'No! I suspected its whereabouts, but did not know.' 'And you would have let it lie there?' 'I will destroy it now if you consent. Let the matter lie between us two.' He glanced nervously at me. But Cecil said: 'Marston must see it!' and gave me the paper. Then I knew that my uncle had revoked his old legacy to Cecil and left him five dollars, while my inheritance was left intact, upon condition that I married Willard. The paper fell from my hands, and I covered my face. Willard's voice broke an oppressive silence. 'This paper concerns us only,' he said, and I take the responsibility of destroying it. I heard a match scrape and Cecil's voice saying: 'You are nobler than I am.' Footstep left the room, and I thought I was alone till I heard Willard's voice, low and tender: 'Marston,' he said, 'your uncle guessed the secret of my love for you, though I implored him to leave you free, but he made the will you have just seen. Only a ashes remain, and you are free, as before. Do not grieve, Marston. It breaks my heart to see you unhappy!'

Warning for Those Who Would Dye Well. Be fixed in the wonderful powers of Diamond Dyes; give will cheer thine heart; any interested or wily dealer for the use some inferior or of dye. If thou wilt heralds, he will rejoice at the character and will delight by wrath and bitter disparage avoid handling poisonous as only the Diamond Dyes dyeing work; they are the and pure dyes. are hard and money scarce, an craving for new and stylish By the use of the Dyes thy wishes can be because Diamond Dyes renews and makes them to look like new, smiling face, and mind, do thy coloring at the year with Diamond Dyes, we cannot weary or grieve to use of them.

THE POINT OF ETIQUETTE THAT IT WAS BEST TO OBSERVE.

It is commonly the man of petty mind rather than the truly great man, who regards etiquette as a serious matter. Nevertheless, it occasionally happens that a point of etiquette is of real importance, and that in a trifling omission of civility which a careless man would let pass, or scarcely notice, the eye of the born commander perceives a peril that must be promptly met.

Such a man was John Nicholson—that famous Nicolson whom one frontier tribe in India, despite his vehement, and even forcible objections, persisted in worshipping as a god—and of him Lord Roberts, in his recent volume of reminiscences, narrates a characteristic anecdote.

It was just before the general outbreak of the Indian Mutiny, and an important durbur was being held at Jullundur with the object of securing to the English the loyalty of the Rajs of Kapurthala and his chief men. Already, elsewhere, some scattered efforts of the mutineers had been successful, and the faith of natives in the permanence of British rule was shaken.

At the close of the durbur, as the chiefs in order of rank were passing from the pavilion, Nicholson, who was assisting the commissioner, Mr. Lake, suddenly stopped one of them and requested him to wait till the others had gone. When the tent was cleared, only the one chief and the Englishmen remaining, Nicholson turned to Lake and remarked:

'Do you see that General Mehtab Singh has his shoes on?' Mr. Lake had observed that he had; but he began politely to make light of the fact, Nicholson interrupted him.

'There is no possible excuse for such an act of gross impertinence. Mehtab Singh knows perfectly well that he would not venture to step on his own father's carpet except barefooted, and he is only committed this breach of etiquette to-day because he thinks we are not in a position to resent an insult, and that he can treat us as he would not have dared to do a month ago.'

Mehtab Singh began muttering a reluctant apology, when Nicholson broke out a gain: 'If I were the last Englishman in Jullundur, you should not come into my room with your shoes on!'

He then, with the consent of Mr. Lake, whom his words had aroused to perceive the significance of the apparently absurd question of whether a guest must go shod or unshod, ordered the offending chief to remove his shoes, and carry them in his hand as he passed out, that his friends and followers without the tent might perceive that the liberty he had taken had not passed unnoticed or unrebuked.

Uawillingly enough but quite cowed by Nicholson's wrath and determination he did so; and the effect upon the natives was most useful. Six years later, when the mutiny was over and peace restored, Lord Roberts was again at Jullundur, and attended a pig-killing expedition given by the raja. Mehtab Singh was also present, mounted on a fine elephant, and the two exchanged salutations. Roberts mentioned to the raja that he had met Mehtab Singh at the durbur.

the situation and looking swiftly over the utterly hopeless situation. 'This freight will carry a passenger,' said the chairman of committee calmly. 'Pat the end of this rope over that awning pole, Mr. Committeeman. It will carry a passenger, and he can go as fast or as slow as he likes. We have just time.'

But Sam Wood was in the middle of the street and half block away, running for dear life. He caught the freight at the water tank; and he never returned.

SPINNING SILK FROM SPIDERS.

Science robs the wily insect of its delicate web for Commerce. The prize of \$5,000, offered by the Manufacturers' Union of England to the inventor of any perfect process for utilizing the web of a common spider, has been awarded to M. Cachot, an eminent chemist of France.

The spider, unlike the silkworm, is wild and writhes. Its short mandibles are armed with fangs, through which a deadly poison flows. It is a gourmand, demanding large supplies of animal food and plenty of water. It is the hardest of all insects to manage. Despite all these drawbacks, science has conquered the little fiend, and compelled it to pay tribute to genius.

M. Cachot recently invited a company of manufacturers to inspect his workings of his process. They were ushered into a damp, dimly lighted room, inhabited by hundreds of large Madagascar spiders clinging to the side walls and upon the rafter. The only food required by these curious creatures is a diet of insects, house flies and small living things of all sorts. They catch the victim, and while trying to imprison their prey, secrete their most valuable webbing. It is very strong, and permits of being turned off readily.

In the centre of the room stands a frame filled with bobbins worked by a dynamo. The spider is allowed one or two turns around the fly and then the web issuing from its abdomen is caught by a delicate hook, fastened to the bobbin and wound off as fast as the spider produces it. One spider will spin in a week, sufficient web to fill a bobbin as large as a peanut. As long as it is generous in food, it will continue to create its thread until it dies. The color of the web is a pale gray, and takes all dyes readily.

For experimental purposes, a little of the thread was woven into a cloth. It yielded a fabric very silky in touch and as fine as the best of Oriental products. It is possible that the wonderfully delicate silks of the ancients were of spider web, as with all of the increased facilities and knowledge of modern times, they have never been duplicated. The robes that Cleopatra boasted she could draw through an ear-ring, were probably made of this finest of all known materials. The start has been made. The development will be watched with interest.

A TERRIBLE HEREDITY.

How Drunkenness is Transmitted From Generation to Generation. A special study of hereditary drunkenness has been made by Professor Pellman of Bonn University, Germany. His method was to take certain individual cases, a generation or two back. He thus traced the careers of children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren in all parts of the present German Empire until he was able to present tabulated biographies of the hundreds descended from some original drunkard. Notable among the persons described by Professor Pellman is Frau Ada Jurke, who was born in 1740 and was a drunkard, a thief and a tramp for the last forty years of her life, which ended in 1800.

Her descendants numbered 834, of whom 700 were traced in local records from youth to death. On hundred and six of the 700 were born out of wedlock. There were 144 beggars and 62 more who lived from charity. Of the women, 181 led disreputable lives. There were in this family 76 convicts seven of whom were sentenced for murder. In a period of some seventy-five years this one family rolled up a bill of costs in almshouses, prisons and correctional institutions amounting to at least 5,000,000 marks or about \$1,250,000.

Malaria Germs Caught. Dr. Patrick Munson has discovered the germ of malaria and can produce the disease by inoculation. He thinks that the different types of malarial diseases are due to the same parasite whose different evolutions at various stages produce different symptoms. The blood of malarial patients teems with the germs which can be obtained by pricking the finger. They are crescent shaped and ferocious and rush through the blood attacking, and often destroying, the red corpuscles with their whirling arms. Quinine is death, however, to the germs, thus corroborating the correctness of medical practice.

BORN.

- Hillboro, Sept. 4, to the wife of J. O'Connell, a son.
Truro, Aug. 22, to Mr. and Mrs. McDonald, a son.
Halifax, Aug. 19, to the wife of S. B. Frame, a son.
Hantsport, Aug. 20, to the wife of W. M. Coon, a son.
Truro, Aug. 28, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Strange, a son.
Amherst, Aug. 20, to the wife of Burton Wood, a son.
Truro, Aug. 20, to the wife of A. J. McDonald, a son.
Shelburne, Aug. 15, to the wife of C. Stanley Bruce, a son.
Ellershouse, Aug. 19, to the wife of Henry Williams, a son.
Bedford, Aug. 23, to the wife of Lewis Dixon, a son.
Springfield, Aug. 23, to the wife of Albert Munro, a daughter.
Richibucto, Aug. 21, to the wife of A. T. LeBlanc, a daughter.
Hantsport, Aug. 24, to the wife of Jesse Beazley, a daughter.
Hantsport, Aug. 24, to the wife of John Hazel, a daughter.
Clark's Harbor, Aug. 18, to the wife of Joseph Hopkins, a son.
Freepoint, Aug. 21, to the wife of Rev. L. J. Tingley, a daughter.
Campbellton, Aug. 20, to the wife of Victor Martin, a son.
Hantsport, Aug. 20, to the wife of John Henry Lewis, a son.
Bridgetown, Aug. 21, to the wife of Albert R. Wicks, a son.
Moore's River, Aug. 29, to the wife of George W. Marks, a son.
Getson's Cove, Aug. 28, to the wife of James Zwickler, a son.
Noel, N. S., Aug. 24, to the wife of Rev. E. J. Ratter, a daughter.
Yarmouth, Aug. 21, to the wife of John A. Cunningham, a daughter.
Yarmouth, Aug. 20, to the wife of Mileage A. Shaw, a daughter.
Salmon River, Aug. 23, to the wife of Captain H. V. Hawkes, a daughter.
Richibucto, Aug. 18, to the wife of Auguste S. Robitaille, a son.
Richibucto, Aug. 18, to the wife of Auguste S. Robitaille, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Crow Harbor, N. S., Aug. 4, Willoughby Silver to Drucella Johnson.
Hantsport, Aug. 21, by Rev. S. E. Bryan, Bibber West to Jessie Lambert.
West Pubnico, Aug. 19, by Rev. L. E. Duchesneau, Matthew Pickett to Mary Paul.
Kensville, Aug. 25, by Rev. A. P. Logan, B. H. Weston, to Mrs. Henry Lydiard.
Oxford, Aug. 24, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, Charles Fletcher Stewart to Laura Peters.
Montreal, Aug. 6, by Rev. W. Craig, Capt. Weston-Jones, assisted by Rev. F. C. Aldred, James East Pubnico, Aug. 24, by Rev. Wm. Miller, Mr. Irad Smith to Miss Mattie Goodwin.
Greenock, Scotland, Aug. 4, by Rev. D. S. Peters, Leonard Stanford to Georgia Crowell.
Summersville, Aug. 24, by Rev. G. A. Withers, Leonard Stanford to Georgia Crowell.
Clark's Harbor, Aug. 23, by Rev. A. M. Mcintosh, Oscar T. Smith to Miss Ethel Murphy.
St. John, N. B., Aug. 31, by Rev. Dr. Foley, William H. Tolson to Frances E. Mahoney.
Salisbury, Aug. 26, by Rev. J. K. King, Rev. A. E. Chapman, B. A. to Elizabeth A. Parkin.
Elvira, Ohio, Aug. 28, by Rev. F. C. Aldred, James Grant Campbell to Mrs. Maxwell Rowan.
Yarmouth, Sept. 1, by Rev. E. D. Bambrick, Mr. Charles M. Knouin to Miss Annie Toddie.
Salt Springs, Pictou, Aug. 12, by Rev. Alexander Weston, Marian McDonald to John S. Carr.
Andover, Sept. 1, by Rev. Scovill Neales assisted by Rev. J. E. Ho king, Frank F. Tinker to Margaret McKay Tobin.
Somerset, N. S., Sept. 1, by Rev. Thos. McFall, assisted by Rev. T. F. Stevenson, D. D., James B. Curry to Annie S. Lawson.
Windsor, Aug. 26, by the Ven. Archdeacon Windsor, assisted by Rev. Canon Maynard, D. D., Ernest Eugene Boreham to Margaret Grace Bossance.

DIED.

- Sussex, Aug. 21, Elvira White, 31.
Noel, N. S., Aug. 22, Joseph Hines.
Halifax, Aug. 30, Henry W. Roper, 23.
Campbellton, Sept. 1, John McKay, 23.
Upham, Aug. 28, Stephen DeBow, 31.
St. John, Aug. 31, Dennis Moynihan, 40.
Boston, Aug. 31, Jane, wife of John Bailey, 63.
East Pubnico, Aug. 29, Mr. Elliott Goodwin, 80.
Boston, Sept. 1, Hester, wife of Valentine Graves.
Cambridgeport, Mass., Aug. 27, Fred M. Lawson.
Dartmouth, Aug. 29, Janet, wife of David Smith, 65.
Shelburne, Aug. 28, Maud L. wife of Trevor Gay, 71.
Portsmouth, N. H., Aug. 31, William George Cogger, 22.
Petit Rocher, Gloucester N. B., Aug. 26, Thomas Hall, 70.
Halifax, Aug. 30, Jessie, daughter of Joseph Morison, 17.
Richibucto, Aug. 29, Frederick, son of James Legoo, 4.
Boston, Aug. 19, Isabella E. daughter of Daniel McKay, 80.
St. John, Sept. 5, Caroline, widow of the late James Moran, 82.
Victoria, B. C., D. Glason, formerly of Charlotte Co. N. S., 84.
Windsor, Aug. 26, Regina T. youngest daughter of Isaac Parris, 18.
St. John, Sept. 4, Gordon P., son of Mr. and Mrs. Hebr F. Sharp, 29.
Windsor, Sept. 1, Maria Clara Co. California, Aug. 5. Aorta Grant, 38.
Hantsport, Aug. 28, Rebecca, widow of the late Elias Babcock, 85.
Woodstock, Aug. 28, Emalie, only child of Mrs. Mathilda Lander, 14.
West Dublin, Aug. 29, Elizabeth M. widow of the late Ronald Currie, 94.
Port La Tour, Aug. 28, infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Smith, 1 month.
St. John, Sept. 2, James, only son of the late Edward and Elizabeth Flood, 16.
St. John, Aug. 19, Maud Lorraine, infant daughter of Rev. and Mrs. E. S. Delany.
South Berwick, Aug. 15, Corey H. youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dimock, 11.
Shag Harbor, Aug. 9, Mildred, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Kenney, 17.
St. John, Sept. 3, Leslie May, infant child of Mr. and Mrs. William J. Cunningham.
Upper Harbour, Hants Co., Aug. 2, Henry Cole, formerly of Oakdown, Queens Co., N. S.
Boston, Aug. 29, Elizabeth, widow of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Gentry, of Wrentham N. S., 89.

RAILROADS.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after Monday, the 21st June, 1897, the trains of this railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN: Express for Campbellton, Pictou, Pictou and Halifax... 12.00

Trains will arrive at St. John: Accommodation from Sydney, Halifax and Moncton (Monday excepted)... 6.00 Express from Moncton and Quebec (Monday excepted)... 7.15

Harvest Excursions. Canadian Northwest. Second Class Return Tickets Via CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. Will be sold to go on August 30th and Sept. 13th only, and good for return within 60 days, at the following low rates:

International S. S. Co. 18 1/2 HOURS TO BOSTON. The Steamship 'St. Croix' will sail from St. John direct to Boston every TUESDAY and SATURDAY at 4.30 p.m. Standard. Fast Express to Boston.

Star Line Steamers For Fredericton (Eastern Standard Time). Mail steamers Great Western and Olivette leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8 a.m. for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 7.30 a.m. for St. John.

The Steamer Clifton. On and after Thursday, July 8th, will leave Hampton for Indiantown. MONDAY at 3.30 a.m. TUESDAY at 3.30 p.m. WEDNESDAY at 2 p.m. THURSDAY at 3.30 p.m. SATURDAY at 5.30 a.m.

Hotels. THE DUFFERIN. This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the house, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for visitors and business men.

Belmont Hotel. ST. JOHN, N. B. Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern improvements. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity. Baggage to and from the station free of charge. Terms moderate.

Queen Hotel. FREDERICTON, N. B. J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample rooms in connection. First class every table. Coaches at station and docks.

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Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert. DAILY SERVICE (Sunday excepted). Lve. St. John at 7.00 a.m., arr. Digby 9.30 a.m. Lve. Digby at 1.00 p.m., arr. St. John, 3.30 p.m.

Express Trains. Daily (Sunday excepted). Lve. Halifax 5.50 a.m., arr. in Digby 11.55 a.m. Lve. Digby 12.05 p.m., arr. Yarmouth 2.40 p.m.

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