

# PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8 1898.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## HOW THEY GOT TREATED.

THE LYCHES OF HALIFAX AND THEIR BACKERS.

They Did Not Get Much of the Purse but Their Friends and Backers Made Lots of Money out of Them—They Say It Won't Occur Again if They Know It.

HALIFAX, Oct. 6.—Boat racing hereabouts is pretty well over for the season, and perhaps for some it is just as well that it is. Halifax of late has become quite prominent in aquatic circles and during the past season it was found out that this city can produce men who are able to hold their own against the best that can be produced. The men who have done much to bring boating matters up to their present standing are said to have fared very badly. They consider that they were treated in a miserable way by their leaders and they have a just right to think as they do. The "sports" if they can be called such, that backed the Lynch brothers in their races this season are open to criticism. They might in their own way think that they treated the men all right, but the public generally think otherwise. They say the races were a financial speculation on their part. They were not in the game for fun but for dollars and cents, and one looking at it from their point of view would certainly have agreed with them. The men who put up the stake money on the races were Crosby, Michaels, Fitzgerald and Quirk. In the first race that was rowed between Michael Lynch and John Brennan the stakes were \$200 a side. After Lynch won he met his backers and they effected a settlement. They gave him \$80 out of the purse and he was not by any means satisfied but he had to accept it, or go without any.

When the double scull race was arranged between the Lynchs, and Rice and Durman, the stakes were for \$500 a side. The Halifax crew thought it best to have an agreement at the outset with the backers, as to the amount they should receive in case they won the race. The sum was fixed at \$260, and this was satisfactory. The race has been rowed, and the Lynch brothers won. The other day they met their backers, and asked for a settlement. The generous hearted men offered them \$160, and \$25 for turning the buoy first. This magnificent offer was at first declined, but after a couple of days the Lynchs' agreed to take it, as with time the money might get still more beautifully less. This is the last race that they will ever row for them they say, and in the future they will have nothing more to do with them. The backers and the crew in fact have not been getting along harmoniously all the season for some unknown reason or other. Perhaps for the honor of the sport, it is just as well this climax has been reached. The whole difficulty seems to be that there were two many irons in the fire for things to run smoothly. One would not mind the backers making something out of the contracts, but when they make statements publicly that they intend giving them the whole of the stakes, and then a few days later change their minds, it makes an awful difference. On both occasions one of the parties interested shouted out at the finish of the races, that they would give the winners all, but he did not do it.

A few days after the race Quirk said he would back the Lynchs against Gandaur and Durman for \$500 a side. Durman promptly accepted the offer and posted \$100 to bind the match. The following day when Durman called on Quirk to complete the match, the latter took back water, and the race was not arranged. It was just as well for Quirk's personal benefit that he did not make the match, or put up a deposit, as he would surely have lost his \$100. The Lynchs have solemnly declared that they will never lift another oar for any one of that quartette, and if Quirk had made the match they say they would not have raced. This crew can get all the backing it requires outside of those above mentioned, and the public will have more faith in the races. A change was desirable and it has come at last, and it is most acceptable.

There have been some rumors going the rounds of late about the last double scull race, and that it was "fixed," but of course no person is to be found who can actually say that it was. The story is given much credence in certain circles, and many are loath to believe that it was sold, but no information of an authentic nature can be learned. There were several thousands

## WHERE IS THAT POLICE FUND?



Old Mother Hubbard She Went to the Cupboard

To Get Her Poor Doggy a Bone But When She Got There

The Cupboard was Bare And so the Poor Doggy got None.

## NO NEWS OF THAT FUND.

POLICEMEN AND OTHERS ANXIOUS TO FIND OUT.

The Request for Information is so Reasonable That Everybody is Surprised That it is Not Given—The Chief and Trustees are Wrapped in Silence.

There is a good deal of interest felt in the fate of that police fund. It may be in that pleasant repose that other deposits enjoy in the Savings bank but if so the policemen and the people would like to know it.

That is not a hard question for the trustees to answer and any one of the three has a perfect right to find out just how much cash there is to the credit of the fund.

But until the chief says the word Detective Ring or Captain Jenkins will not make any move. This is discipline which would apply first rate to ordinary affairs in the police office but is hardly applicable to the police fund.

PROGRESS is asking questions about this fund simply on behalf of those officers on the force who have a right to know all about it and those officers who were on the force at the time and helped to raise it. There are some of these in the city who can lay claim to their share of the fund and it will be a surprising thing if they do not do so in the near future.

The silence in which the chief has wrapped himself may be thoroughly dignified but is not as satisfactory as it might be.

Curiously enough he seems to have taken the ground that as long as there are questions asked about the fund he does not propose to answer them. That is not a happy position and is apt to lead to remarks that may not be justified at all.

PROGRESS simply takes the reasonable ground that the chief, as one of the custodians of the police fund, has a right to tell his men where it is and what it amounts to. The sooner he does that the less talk there will be.

TO SAFEGUARD CITY INTERESTS.

That is What Mayor Sears Urges Upon the Common Council.

The resolutions of the common council by which Mr. Geo. Robertson's proposed dry dock company is promised aid to the extent of at least \$50,000, and it may be \$100,000, was perfected and submitted to a special meeting of the City Fathers on last Monday afternoon. Of course it went through, was adopted, and is now of valuable assistance to the promoter in the formation of his company.

Before this was done Mayor Sears made quite a little speech on the matter, not in opposition, nor yet in a too critical way, but looking towards the safe-guarding of the city's interests. The mayor pointed out that Mr. Robertson had told, not only him, but the members of the Board of Trade, that the proposed dock would cost at least \$1,000,000 and might cost \$1,250,000. But his contention was that in view of the fact that Mr. Robertson was receiving for his company exemption from taxation for \$1,000,000, which would amount to \$15,000 a year; a bonus of \$2,500 a year, and a free site, the value of which could hardly be estimated, he thought that the citizens should be in possession of more information than they had at present. The promises of the Imperial Government, so far as he understood them, were certainly of a vague and unsatisfactory character, though they might not appear so to Mr. Robertson, who as yet had not taken the council into his confidence. He wished it to be distinctly understood that he was not opposing the dry dock; but that any aid to it should be given upon the basis of a subsidy payment in proportion to its cost. The mayor's argument was combated to a certain extent by the speech of Alderman Robinson, who contended that the city was thoroughly protected in respect to the cost of the proposed dry dock. The fact that the plans and specifications must be submitted to them and to the governments aiding the work, was of itself a sufficient guarantee. He thought it better to let the work go on upon general principles and for himself he was satisfied that it would cost a million dollars or more.

A Wagon at a Great Bargain.

Any person who wants a handsome road wagon, splendidly finished and well made can inspect one that is now for sale at a remarkably low price in the stable of Mr. J. B. Hamm of this city. The price placed upon the wagon, which has never been used, is such as should attract anyone who is looking for such a vehicle.

of dollars changed hands on the result, and some of the sports made good hands. One well known sport is credited with having made between \$800 and \$1,000 alone. This individual did not even as much as give the winning crew a cigar. The backers also won handsomely, but they did not appreciate the winning crew's worth in any financial way. The foundation for the story of the race being sold cannot be ascertained. If such was the case, however the Lynchs' were no party to it. They are too good and honest sportsmen to do anything like that. The party who is blamed for fixing it is the sport who won the large amount shown referred to. He was seen very frequently in the company of one of the visiting oarsmen, and all of a sudden he commenced to bet furiously against the Ontario men. What brought about this change no one can tell. Durman had all the money he had on the race, while Quirk's money remained in the safe at the Queen Hotel, untouched. The most remarkable part of the whole affair is that the Ontario pair gave a private trial a few days before the race, and they made remarkably fast time in the presence of several of their admirers. On the day of the trial they rowed a mile and a half, and on the day of the race for the same distance it took them over a minute longer.

West Ahead Without Permission.

The C. P. R. and the city had a small clash at the last meeting of the council. It appears that without permission, the railway company started to erect what might be called a station and telegraph office upon city property at Sand Point. Up to two years ago they had leased the property in question but they gave it up and ceased to pay rent. Now they are going ahead to erect a building on the identical property they had leased without permission.

Chairman Christie of the Board of Works called attention to the matter and the end

of it was, after considerable discussion, that notice was to be served on the C. P. R. to stop erecting that building at once.

But all these discussions are somewhat instructive, in their way, to an onlooker. They reveal the fact, that no matter what the C. P. R. wants or asks, certain of the aldermanic board are ready to give it to them. PROGRESS would hesitate to say that there was any motive underlying this, other than the benefit of both the city and the C. P. R., but if those gentlemen could obtain a majority opinion of the citizens they would ascertain that the general impression is that the city has been very generous with the C. P. R., and that that corporation should obtain nothing more free of charge.

HE ISN'T A MANNYET

But He Looked Enough Like one to Deceive Four Liquor Dealers.

Eighteen year old William Harding earned forty dollars for the city this week. He did not know that he was such a money getter before but when the magistrate added up the fines imposed upon Messrs. Cronin, Elater, Caples and Coughlan, for selling liquor to him, they just amounted to forty dollars.

There was another fine of eight dollars but that was on Harding and, if paid, would make this amount \$48. If it isn't paid the city will be out a month's board.

Harding is a prepossessing youth. He stands high enough so far as inches go and will weigh between a hundred and sixty and a hundred and seventy pounds. Yet he says he won't be nineteen until next March. That was a puzzle for Mr. Cronin who responded so promptly to the cordial invitation of the police magistrates to 'come up' and see him. Still he took the lad's word for it, and did not trouble him to send for his mother. Neither did he ask him if he carried his baptismal certificate around with him to convince people that he was

unfledged and innocent young fellow, but he paid his ten and returned to his business wondering how the people in the trade were going to overcome this new difficulty. It was bad enough to have a stranger come in and buy a flask only to find out later that the police sergeant waiting at the door might have told him that he was an "interdict" but to decide whether a man was twenty one years of age or lacked a few days of it seemed to him a well nigh impossible task.

Then with that good feeling, characteristic of him, Mr. Cronin began to think how easily his brethren in the trade might be imposed upon by the same individual and what a grist of ten dollar fines the city would obtain.

PROGRESS suggests to the association that they should get a photograph of this smooth faced and guileless youth who stands nearly six feet high and weighs one hundred and sixty pounds and distribute duplicates of it to the men who stand behind the bars with the information that in March 1901 he will be eligible to be called a man.

Officer Tom H. Borchill thinks he is a man now.

Away On His Vacation.

Some of "Billy" Keefe's friends say that he went to the States Thursday to referee a big slugging match that is to be had on the quiet there. No doubt he is capable of doing it but PROGRESS is inclined to think that his mission is not of such a pugilistic nature. At any rate he will manage to spend a few days with his people and his friends who will be as glad to see him as those he left here will be when he returns.

Mr. J. F. McMillan's Success.

A paragraph to the Aspen Tribune speaks in remarkably favorable terms of the marble from Pitkin County, which is quarried by the Colorado Crystal, Marble & Granite Co. This is the concern of which J. F. McMillan, formerly of this city, is the secretary-treasurer. His friends in St. John will be glad to learn of his success in the West, for no one deserves it better.

AMONG SAVAGE TRIBES.

HOW HE REPRESENTED THE GREAT WHITE QUEEN.

He Made a Colossal and Unique Portrait of Victoria and Thus Impressed the Savages by Physical Attributes Alone—They Don't Like Female Rulers.

M. de Rougemont made an interesting speech at a banquet at the recent British Association meeting at Bristol, which was presided over by the Marquis of Dufferin, says Tib-Bits, spoke to the following effect:—

It should be clearly understood that the savage tribes among whom he had lived for nearly thirty years, far from looking upon him as a mere cast-away, regarded him rather, and he must say he led them so to regard him, as a direct representative of the White Queen—(applause)—who had sent him into their midst to convey some adequate idea of the majesty of her mighty Empire. (Applause.) To his dismay there was a wonderful falling-off in the effect produced by his glowing descriptions of Her Majesty when it was found that the all-powerful ruler was a woman. (Laughter.) Indeed, so strongly marked was the disappointment of the natives that he had speedily to give them ocular demonstration of the great White Queen's wonderful powers.

This demonstration took the form of a colossal drawing, executed in the pigments with which the savages decorated themselves, and it adorned the precipitous side of a huge rock. (Laughter and applause.) This, he ventured to say, unique portrait of Queen Victoria was more than seven feet high, the blacks being solely impressed by physical attributes, and Her Majesty's crown was composed of the feathers of a rare bird, which only a redoubtable hunter could obtain. Her Majesty, let it be confessed at once, was not over-burdened with clothing, not to put too fine a point on it—(laughter)—for clothing these cannibal savages knew not, and any portrayal of it would simply lead to confusion. Her Majesty's biceps stood out in a most phenomenal manner—(laughter)—and her sceptre was a mighty waddy or club, such as could be wielded with deadly effect upon enemies. (Laughter.) He must say that, even from the civilized point of view, the tout ensemble was both striking and impressive. (Hear, hear)

He then pointed out to the natives his own large and windowless house, and in order to convey to them some notion of the magnitude of the great Queen's dwelling, he declared that her retinue was larger than the whole of his tribes put together, and that they lived in one enormous house, such as he could not build if he worked at it the whole of his lifetime. (Laughter and applause.) He then proceeded to give his people some idea of the diverse races found in the British Empire, from the fair Saxon, personified for the nonce by himself, to the jet-black inhabitant of British Africa. (Applause.) He demonstrated the various hues of skins by means of pigments rubbed upon his own body—(laughter)—and he was obliged to tell his people that the Empire embraced the whole universe—(laughter and applause) because, of course, they could not follow the distinction between Scotland and France or England and Turkey.

In order to remove any lingering disappointment their might be over this mighty ruler being a female, he pointed out that she had a much-beloved, a most redoubtable son, the Prince of Wales—(applause)—and his powers be epitomized by assuring his hearers that the prince was a very great warrior and hand spear thrower—(laughter)—and led his tribes into battle and strange places where the great Queen-Mother could not venture [Laughter]. He even made a colossal clay statue of the Prince, representing him armed with many throwing spears, but unfortunately the hot sun caused him to go to pieces more quickly than he could have wished. [Laughter.] Here, then, they had in a few words the strange and humble part he played in the government of the British Empire. (Applause)—Westminster Gazette.

Freshets of Sleep-Walkers.

A well-known physician gives an account of an Irish gentleman who swam more than two miles down a river got ashore, and was subsequently discovered sleeping by the roadside, altogether unconscious of the extraordinary feat he had accomplished.

Professor Fischnell, of Bale, writes of a young student of Wurtemberg who used to play hide-and-seek while fast asleep. His fellow-students knew of his propensity, and when he began walking threw bolsters after him, which he always eluded, jumping over bedsteads and other obstacles placed in his way.

A gentleman was once discovered at one o'clock in the morning in a neighbour's garden engaged in prayer, evidently under the impression that he was in church, but otherwise in a deep sleep.

A young girl given to sleep-talking was in the habit of imitating the violin with her

lips, giving the preliminary tuning and scraping and flourishing with the utmost fidelity. It puzzled her physician a great deal until he learned that when an infant the girl lived in a room adjoining a fiddler, who often performed upon his instrument within her hearing.

IN THE IMPERIAL SERVICE.

Officers Pay and Marks of Rank in the Army and Navy.

The regimental daily pay in the various arms of the English service is as follows: A colonel or lieutenant-colonel in the Household Cavalry, £1 13s 6d.; in the Cavalry, 2s. less; in the Horse Artillery £1 4s. 9d. in the Field or Garrison Artillery, 18s.; in the Royal Engineers the same, as also in the Foot Guards, Infantry of the Line, or Army Service Corps.

A major receives 25s. 6d. a day in the Household Cavalry, or 18s. after two years' service; in the Cavalry, 15s., an additional 2s. after two years; in the Horse Artillery, 18s 6d.; in the Field or Garrison Artillery, 2s. 6d. less, as also in the Royal Engineers; and 13s. 6d. a day, or 16s. after two years, in the Foot Guards, Infantry of the Line, or Army Service Corps. A captain with higher brevet rank receives 15s. 6d. a day in the Household Cavalry, a plain captain 2s. less; in the Cavalry, 15s. and 13s. respectively; in the Horse Artillery, 17s. and 15s. respectively; in the Field or Garrison Artillery, 13s. 7d. and 11s. 7d. respectively; the same in the Royal Engineers, Foot Guards Infantry of the Line, and Army Service Corps.

A lieutenant in the Household Cavalry receives 9s. a day; in the Cavalry 7s. 8d.; in the Horse Artillery, 8s. 10d, with 1s. extra after seven years' service; in the field or Garrison Artillery or the Royal Engineers 6s. 10d. a day, with 1s. after seven years, and in the Foot Guards, Infantry of the Line, or Army Service Corps, 6s. 6d. a day with 1s. extra after seven years. A second lieutenant receives 6s. 8d. a day in the Household Cavalry, the same in the Cavalry, 1s. more in the Horse Artillery, 5s. 7d in the Field or Garrison Artillery of Royal Engineers and 5s. 3d. in the Foot Guards, Infantry of the Line, or Army Service Corps. Of course, there are various ways in which an officer can increase this salary very considerably. Adjutants, for instance, holding the position of major, receive 5s. a day with a position of captain 2s 6d a day extra and lieutenants 3s. 6d. a day extra.

The rank of military men can easily be discerned by a glance at their shoulder-straps and an inspection of the badges placed thereon. A field-marshal will be known by crossed batons on a wreath of laurel, with a crown above; a general by a crossed sword and baton, with crown and star above it; a lieutenant-general, by a crossed sword and baton with a star above; a brigadier-general by a crossed sword and baton only; a colonel, by a crown and two stars below; a lieutenant-colonel, by a crown and one star below; a major, by a crown, a captain by two stars; a lieutenant, one star and second lieutenant, no badge at all.

Officers of the Civil branch of the Navy can be distinguished in much the same way as executive officers, by the bands of gold lace round the cuffs, they wearing the same number as officers of corresponding rank in the executive branches. The only alteration is that the Civil branch do not wear the curl above the rows of lace, and the space between the rows is of colored cloth. Thus the medical branch have scarlet between the rows; the accountants' branch, white; the engineers' branch purple; and naval instructors, light blue.—Tit-Bits.

WOUNDED SIXTY-SEVEN TIMES.

Fought in 27 battles, 57 Skirmishes and had 100 Hand-to-Hand Encounters.

Probably no man in the whole history of adventure has had so many narrow escapes from death as Major Fontaine, who is now following the peaceful pursuit of a civil engineer at Lyon Massachusetts.

From his earliest boyhood young Fontaine courted danger, and if there was a risky escapade he was sure to be in it. His 'brushes with death,' however, began in the Crimean War, through which he served as a Russian soldier; and he was personally decorated by the Czar with the Russian Iron Cross of Honour.

In the Crimean War, and later, in the American Civil War, in which he served as confederate scout and courier for four successive generals, his career was one long record of reckless daring. He was foremost in every charge, and in the thickest of every fight.

He fought in twenty seven pitched battles and in fifty-seven skirmishes, and on

no fewer than 100 occasions he was engaged in hand-to-hand conflicts with the enemy. His lungs were pierced thirteen times, and he was wounded no fewer than sixty-seven times; in many cases barely escaping with his life. Five times he was left on the field as dead; and on two occasions he was so desperately wounded in his chest, that by an arrangement of mirrors he could see his heart beating.

He owes his escape from death largely to his wonderful skill with the rifle, and revolver; for he was recognized as the most skillful marksman as well as the most reckless soldier in the two armies.

Major Fontaine has kept a diary of all his thrilling adventures and escapes; and when it is published it will make the wildest fiction appear tame and paltry.

A Canadian Medicine.

WHICH HAS MADE A WONDERFUL REPUTATION THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

Every Cure Published is Investigated by a Responsible Newspaper—the Advertiser has Looked Into and Gives Below the Particulars of One of These Cures.

From the Advertiser, Hartland, N. B.

The Advertiser has come across still another instance of the remarkable curative powers of the famous Canadian remedy, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Mr. William Tedlie, of Lower Brighton, a prominent lumberman and farmer, came very near being a cripple from rheumatism, the dread disease so prevalent along the St. John River.

Mr. Tedlie is now 55 years of age. Five years ago he was taken with the first symptoms of rheumatism—over exposure, the stream drives and the general hard life of the lumberman, paved the way for the lodgment of the excruciating disease. The symptoms first manifest were pains through the legs, arms and hands. Gradually conditions grew worse. At intervals there would be an abatement of the malady, but for months each year he was very nearly helpless. The pain was agonizing that sleep was out of the question, and to work was impossible.

The afflicted man had so often read of the wonderful efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in cases similar to his own, that he resolved to try them. He says, however, that he was not hopeful of receiving much benefit, as he had tried many medicines without any good result following. He began the use of the Pills and by the time a couple of boxes were used he found they were helping him. Thus encouraged he continued the use of the medicine and gradually the pains and soreness left him, he was able to sleep soundly, and enjoyed an excellent appetite. In fact after using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for less than two months Mr. Tedlie says he found himself in the best of health. He is now a warm friend of this great medicine and urges similar sufferers not to experiment with other medicines but at once begin the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, nervous headache, nervous prostration, and disease depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., all disappear before a fair treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions. Sold by all dealers and post paid at 50 c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

The Medical Record.

The Medical Record for October 1st contains no less than eight original articles of merit. Dr. Simon Baruch writes well in regard to the use of water in the treatment of typhoid fever, and points out that a clear understanding of the therapeutic principles enunciated by the lamented Broad makes the physician independent of method, and in its application will save many lives. Chas. E. Nammack, M. D. gives his experience in Bellevue Hospital N. Y. with three hundred and sixty sick soldiers sent there from Cuba, Florida, Chicamauga and Montauk Point. The cases were all classified as malarial fever, typhoid fever, or typhoid fever complicated with malarial infection. The differential diagnoses were made by microscopical examinations of the blood. Widal's test proved disappointing in cases of undoubted typhoid from Chicamauga. Dr. Thomas J. Hillis comes gayly to the defence of the much abused midwife and contrasts her kindly and quiet helpfulness with the heartlessness of modern young medico who arrives on the scene with a change of clothing in a dressing case and an immense gripack stuffed to bursting with all sorts of nameless but cruel implements which he immediately proceeds to display for the benefit of all concerned. Dr. Hillis wants to know if the self-confident young man can and will wash the baby [and cook the poor man's dinner. Dr. Carl Beck contributes an il-

Best of Tea Value. HOUSEKEEPERS, if you have not tried Tetley's Elephant Brand Teas, you should do so at once. These Teas are put up especially for family use.—Wrapped in air tight lead packets, the flavor and purity in ensured to the consumer, who is also protected as to the correct value by having the RETAIL PRICE PRINTED ON EVERY PACKET. Sold by most grocers in Canada and the United States. 25c. to \$1.00 per lb. in 1/2 and 1 lb. Packets. If your grocer cannot supply you, write us and we will see that your order is filled. JOSEPH TETLEY & CO., London, Eng., Canadian Head Office: 14 Lemoine St., Montreal.

LEARNING BY DOING. Right educative processes are natural rather than artificial, and they conform to the nature of the pupil. It is for this reason that the "learning by doing" or Pestalozzian methods of teaching have everywhere been accepted by the wisest educators. It is upon the logical precepts of this philosophical educative method that the whole line of instruction in our institution is based. Send for Catalogue. The Currie Business University, Cor. Charlotte and Princess Streets, St. John, N. B. Telephone 991. P. O. Box 50.

ASTHMA Beyond Medical Aid For Many Centuries. CLARKE'S KOLA COMPOUND. Now comes to the aid of all asthmatic sufferers. Below we publish one of the many letters daily received endorsing this wonderful remedy. Physicians advised leaving the country. CLARKE'S KOLA COMPOUND cures. VANOVERBER, B. C., April 30th, 1898. I have during the past four years been a great sufferer from Asthma, which has been growing worse each year, and for the past four months could not work a day, owing to the loss of so much sleep at nights. My appetite also became so poor that I could eat scarcely anything, and I lost nearly forty pounds in weight. I consulted several of the physicians here, but they all told me, that owing to the extreme dampness of the climate, I would have to leave the country or would not live many months. During my last and worst attack I could do so much that I became black in the face, and my wife thought that I would not recover. One day about the beginning of the year, after three days of almost constant suffering in bed, a lady presented me with a bottle of Clarke's Kola Compound, and in less than two days I was up and around, and less than a week I was back to work. It is just two months since I started the Kola treatment and I have not since had an attack of Asthma. I have regained most of my lost weight and never lost a single night's sleep. I feel it my duty to recommend this wonderful remedy to all who may be afflicted with this most dreadful disease. (Signed) WM. BROWN, 600 Burrard Street.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS. Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 55 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. 25 cents extra for every additional line. BICYCLE THIS YEAR'S "MASSIEY-HARRIS" FOR SALE. A 1898 model Massey-Harris bicycle, ridden very little, purchased in the middle of June. Nothing at all wrong with the machine, the over or having to discontinue its use through ill health. Cost \$75, cash will be sold at big reduction for cash. The wheel is 28 inch frame and handlessly constructed and nicked—Address communication to "cyclo" Progress Office. A GENUINE FOUNTAIN PEN FOR 35c. Imitation hard rubber barrel with gold-plated pen. Satisfaction guaranteed. Postpaid 35 cents. BUNSWICK NORTON CO., Boston, Mass. WANTED By an Old Established House—High Grade Man or Woman, good Church standing, willing to learn our business then to act as Manager and State Correspondent here. Salary \$500. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope to T. Eldes, Manager, 278 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

STAMPS COLLECTIONS and old stamps bought for cash. State size of collection or send list. For particulars address Box 268 St. John, N. B.

RESIDENCE at Rosberry for sale or to rent. Pleasantly situated house known as the Times property, about one and a half miles from Rosberry Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennecott. Rent reasonable. Apply to R. G. Fenner, Barrister-at-Law, English Building. 14-15

EVERING CLASS FOR WINTER TERM OPENS MONDAY, OCT. 3. Hours 7.30 to 9.30. We hold the right for exclusive use of the latest and best system of Business Practice and Practical Accounting (out only last month). It is just the thing for evening classes. Call and see it. We wait everybody to see it. Call or send for terms. S. KERR & SON, Odd Fellows Hall, 87 Union Street.

\$7 to \$10 a Week. In leisure hours; any one can do the work. We want reliable families in every locality to help us manufacture Children's Toques, Gaiters and Bicycle Leggings for the trade, by a new process. No canvassing or experience required. Steady work, good pay, whole or spare time. Write to-day. Address, THE CO-OPERATIVE KNITTING CO., 15 Lavelle Lane, Toronto.

## Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

St. John in times past has proven itself willing to patronize any musical entertainment provided it is of a high order. The coming concert of which Gwilym Miles the great Welsh baritone is the star, will be well up to the standard of previous affairs given by the same management. Much confidence is put in the statements of Mr. F. G. Spencer, who has in the past proved fully reliable in this connection; then there are the communications from Evan Williams, Mr. Fred Smith formerly of St. John giving their personal endorsement, in a manner which leaves no doubt. Another letter is published from H. H. McDonald a former St. John boy in which he quotes the opinions of the most competent critics, upon the great baritone's success, at the recent music festival in Worcester. With all this reliable information at hand, one can scarcely doubt but that we are to have a rich musical treat. The advance sale of seats, so far guarantees financial success.

Tones and Undertones.

Ethel Balch, here with the Gilbert Opera company three seasons ago was married at South Norwalk, Conn., on Sept. 20, to Arthur Pratt, a non-professional.

Sauer, the pianist, will make his American debut on Jan. 10.

Contracts were signed last week by which M. Witmark and Sons hereafter will publish and handle all of Victor Herbert's works, beginning with the new comic opera, *The Fortune Teller*, presented by the Alice Nielsen Opera company.

Signor Campanari, now in Genoa, will appear at the first Sunday night concert of the British Guards Band at the Metropolitan Opera house, N. Y. on Oct. 23, under the conductorship of Lieutenant Dan Godfrey.

Teresa Carredo, Wily Barmeister, and Edouard Zellendurst will tour America this season under management of Harry E. Sandford and Anna Millar.

Lillian Nordica is at Lucerne. She will go to Paris next month, returning to America about Nov. first.

Wilhelm Gericks, who is to succeed Emil Paur as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, arrived from Dresden last week. The orchestra will give its first concert in New York on Oct. ninth.

Auguste Van Bienne, the cellist, narrowly escaped death by poisoning, in Dublin recently. Happily, two physicians were close at hand at the time of the accident, caused by a mistake in medicine bottles, and their efforts successfully counteracted the effects of the drug.

Ella F. Kamman, of Detroit, known to the stage as a soprano, has been discovered to possess it is said, a remarkable baritone voice, heavy, strong and clear. George P. Goodale, in the Detroit Free Press, enthuses about the phenomenon, venturing the opinion that 'there is no voice of its kind in professional life that equals it.'

Joseph M. Gaites' musical farce-comedy, *The Air Ship*, has been well received, playing it is said, to delighted audiences, and receiving praise from the press and repeated offers of return dates at better terms. There are twenty-two people in the cast.

Verdi was 85 years old on Friday. Mozart's magic flute has been revived in Munich.

Melba is to have a statue erected in her honor in Melbourne.

The Opera Shamus O'Brien has been translated into German and will be sung at Breslau this winter.

Cain will be the hero of an opera by Father Perote.

Mims Conservatory of music has been officially named after Verdi.

The Marquis de Lorne has bought a business interest in the Carl Rosa Opera Company and it is said that several librettos of his with music by Osmond Cari, will be produced.

### TALK OF THE THEATRE.

A Trip to Coontown is next week's theatrical attraction. The company carries 35 people and the entertainment promises to be of an unusually amusing nature.

W. S. Hart formerly leading man for Modjeska and Rhea is with Julia Arthur, filling the place made vacant by the suicide of Scott Ingle.

'A Trip to Coontown' The farce, serves as a vehicle for the specialties of such clever colored comedians as Cole and Johnson, Bob Cole as Willie Wayside, alias Prince Dafy of Dahomey, and 'Billy' Johnson as the bunco steerer.

# ECZEMA FROM BIRTH

Our little daughter had Eczema from birth. The parts afflicted would become terribly inflamed, and water would come out like great beads of perspiration, finally this would dry up and the skin would crack and peel off. She suffered terribly. Had to put soft mittens on her hands to keep her from scratching. Two of our leading physicians did not help her. After bathing her with CUTICURA SOAP, I applied CUTICURA OINTMENT freely, and gave her CUTICURA RESOLVENT regularly. She improved at once and is now never troubled. The statements I have made are absolutely true and not exaggerated in any way.

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These two form the centre of a round of tricks, fun and comicality, interspersed with new and up-to-date songs, dances and specialties. In the supporting company are: Lloyd Gibbs, the greatest living black tenor, Tom Brown, character comedian Jesse Shipp, descriptive singer; Walter Dixon and Jim Wilson, well known entertainers; Miss Javia Roan, the Cuban night-in-gale, Miss Molly Dill and a chorus of twenty trained voices. "A Trip to Coontown," is the first farce comedy successfully produced by a colored company, and has a season of packed houses. The piece is lively throughout, without a dull moment, and dark melodies, both in chorus and solo are rendered in inimitable southern style and perfection of melody.

John Kellard has left Stuart Robson's company.

David Lythgoe has starring ambitions for next season.

Viola Allen begins her New York season as a star.

Augustus Thomas is writing a third comedy for Stuart Robson to be produced next spring.

E. Milton Royle is going to take his condensed version of 'Captain Impudence' to the London Music halls.

Joseph Jefferson began rehearsals of *Van Winkle* last week. His season opens in Vermont.

Imre Kiralfy has abandoned the idea of giving his naval show at the Omaha Exposition and has returned to Europe.

Ida Conquest is going to leave the N. Y. Empire theatre stock company to assume a part in William Gillett's new play.

Fred E. McKay the dramatic editor of the New York Mail and Express has assumed editorial charge of the New York Dramatic News.

Alice Neilson's starting tour started out auspiciously Monday in New York and Herbert's new opera "The Fortune Teller" is predicted a sure winner.

Henry E. Dixey has a new monologue written for him by Charles Horwitz entitled "The Mystery of the Mortgage" in which he plays five different characters.

Nat Goodwin opened his season at South Bend, Ind., in "An American Citizen", which he will present with "Nathan Hale" in the West. He contemplates reviving "The Merchant of Venice" later and also presenting a new play by Clyde Fitch called "Teddy."

Otis Skinner will be a member of Joseph Jefferson's company in "The Rivals". After a brief tour Mr. Skinner will play "Rosemary" in the Southern States.

It is reported that Olga Nethersole has made a great success with "The Terzagant" in London and will make it the leading feature of the repertoire in her American tour.

Minnie Dupree opens her vaudeville career Oct. 20 at Proctor's in New York. She will play "Dr. Deborah's Elixir" which Miriam O'Leary Collins gave at her benefit performance at the Hollis street theatre, Boston in the spring.

Ada Rehan begins her tour tomorrow in "Cyrano de Bergerac" at Philadelphia and her production of this famous play is likely to reach Boston before Richard Mansfield. Miss Rehan will play Roxanne, Charles Young the title role, and James Young, Christian.

James K. Hackett begins his first starring tour in Brooklyn, Oct. 10 in "The Tree of Knowledge." Mabel Amber will be his leading lady.

The Press of Winnipeg waxes enthusiastic over Harry Martell's South Before the War. The attraction broke all records in Winnipeg.

Gertrude Bennett, whose clever and graceful performance of Lady Robert in The Royal Box with Charles Coghlan has elicited much favorable comment, is the daughter of Madame Madeline Schiller, the celebrated concert pianist.

Estelle Wilmott has retired from the cast of the Purser.

Amy Ames has made a pronounced hit in Natural Gas, which has been well received at every stand.

Grace Beale, who has scored a distinct hit with the Kecey Shannon company, is negotiating with a prominent author for a place in which she may star next season.

Dorothy Lewis in Alons in Greater New York, managed by W. O. Edmunds, played the first solid weak ever known for a single bill in London, Oct., to big business. Miss Lewis has become a Canadian favorite. Her tour to the Coast will begin in a fortnight.

Josephine Bardon, who has signed with Jacob Litt for the season in O. d. Kentucky, has been obliged to cancel her contract because of severe illness.

Charles P. White, who closed with the Peruchi-Baldoni company at Nashville on Aug. 27, has joined Hoyt's Company for leads.

Corse Payton has produced with pronounced success Hal Reid's war play, Santiago, which he has purchased from the author.

The Mirror says James O'Neill and his manager William F. Connor are heavily interested in gold mining, and that Mr. Connor has interests in the Yukon fields.

A. M. Palmer will probably send *That Man on Tour* with the company which recently presented the play in Washington.

Frank Jerome will manage *A Jay in New York*, having surrounded his brother, William Jerome, with a strong company. Thomas H. Sedgwick will direct the stage for his fourth season with Mr. Jerome.

Alice Pierce is playing Fifi in one of the English companies presenting *The Belle of New York*. A writer in the Bristol Mercury says that she gives the most artistic performance of the evening, adding: 'She was distinctly dramatic, pathetic and consistent, and stands out from all the rest.'

Nellie Lynch has renewed her popularity as Little Miss Muffett in Jack and the stalk.

Blaney and Vance have booked their *A Female Drummer* company to open at M. Vicker's Theatre, Chicago, on Oct. 23, for an extended run.

The critics of Washington, D. C., were lavish in their praise of Hotel Topsy Turvy which was produced in that city last week, and open at the N. Y. Herald Square Theatre next Monday. It was pronounced one of the best offerings of its kind that ever visited Washington.

Edmund Tearle has purchased from John A. Stevens the English rights to *The New Unknown*.

The Boston war between the billposters and the theatrical managers is going on. The latest phase is the securing of warrants for the arrest of men who have been going about posting objectionable stickers upon the bills which the managers have upon their stands.

Most flattering notices were given Joseph Haworth by the Philadelphia critics for his performance of Cassius in the revival of Julius Caesar at the Park Theatre, in that city last week.

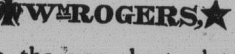
The Burrill Comedy company, supporting Laura, Hulbert, will open on Oct. 10 at Danville Pa.

George W. Jacobs will manage the tour of Paul Caseneuve this season.

The death of two women prominent in the dramatic world occurred lately. Fanny Davenport died at her home in Duxbury Mass last Thursday, and Caroline Miskel Hoyt, the most beautiful woman on the American stage died a few days ago after a very brief illness.

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## CELEBRITIES WHO TOOK TIPS.

Proved Themselves Gentlemen by Instinct as Well as by Birth.

Visitors at an English country-house are allowed to do whatever they like during the forenoon. An eminent geologist, who was entertained at one of these houses, asked for coffee early one morning, and started out with a suit of old clothes and a bag of tools to make a special study of the rock ledges of the estate. During the forenoon one of the country gentry came upon him by the roadside, and supposing him to be a workman entered into conversation with him. The geologist was seated on a ledge of rock, and was making vigorous use of mallet and chisel. The stranger talked with him in a patronizing way and, whilst not receiving an intelligible account of the work on which he was engaged, was impressed with the supposed workman's intelligence and good manners. Indeed, he fumbled in his pocket and brought out a halt crown, which he tossed to the man with the mallet. The geologist seemed surprised, but picked it up and put it in his pocket after thanking the gentleman. There was a dinner party at the country-house in the evening, and the same gentleman was introduced to the eminent geologist, who at once began to laugh. 'I have the halt crown,' he said at once, 'and I shall not give it up. It is the first tip I ever received, and I shall show it to my friends as a trophy of superior intelligence.'

Lord James once had a similar experience. He was strolling through the Temple Gardens in London when a party of tourists encountered him and asked to be directed to some of the most interesting places. He volunteered to show them about, and took them first to the Temple Church and Goldsmith's grave, and finally to the famous Elizabethan hall of the Middle Temple. His explanations were lucid and interesting and when he parted from his new acquaintances one of them gave him a shilling and remarked that few guides were equally intelligent. The nobleman took the shilling demurely, and thanked the stranger. He is said to have kept it to this day, and to have frequently told the story of his experience with the innocent tourists in the Temple Gardens.

Another story is related of an English duke who was standing at the door of his house when a carriage rolled up. A near-sighted gentleman alighted, asked if it were the duke's residence, and on receiving a respectful nod from the supposed servant gave him a shilling. The duke, perceiving that he had been mistaken for a footman, kept the shilling, raised his hand to his forehead and made the usual salute. The near-sighted gentleman went into the house, and in due time was presented to the duke, and never had a suspicion that he had tipped one of the highest members of the British aristocracy at his own door.

The duke could hardly have offered a more striking proof that he was a gentleman by instinct as well as by birth than by pocketing the unintentional affront to his dignity.

## HOW TYPHOID FEVER IS SPREAD.

Water, Milk, Oysters and Flies are Only a Few of the Ways.

Typoid fever is generally regarded at the present day, along with cholera and some other diseases, as belonging to the class of "water-born" affections. In other words, it is believed that the germs of such diseases are carried, and perhaps propagated, in water. There is little doubt that this theory of typhoid fever is correct, and that in tracing any extended epidemic of the disease to its source we must first of all examine into the condition of the water supply.

Drinking water has been proved to be the cause of the spread of typhoid fever in many epidemics in this country and England; but there is little comfort in this for those who habitually drink something stronger than water, because although during an epidemic the drinking water may be made safe by boiling, this is not enough.

If the water is contaminated, the germs may be introduced into the body while brushing the teeth or washing the face. Or again, salads and fruits which are eaten raw may be contaminated by the water in which they are washed. Typhoid fever has sometimes been spread in a city whose water supply was above reproach by means of milk or ice.

Milk need not be watered in order to become a vehicle for typhoid germs, the germs may be introduced into cans and bottles while these are being washed in water drawn from a contaminated well or brook at the dairy. Although destroyed by boiling temperature for a long time, and have been found in ice cut from a pond poisoned with sewage containing the bacilli of this disease.

Another means of the spread of typhoid has recently been discovered in oysters. Oystermen frequently place oysters in brackish water near the mouth of a creek or river in order to fatten them before they are brought to market. If this place happens to be near the mouth of a sewer containing typhoid poison, or if the creek water be contaminated, the oysters will take the virus within their shells, and so

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revenge themselves on those who eat them raw.

In some puzzling cases of typhoid it has been supposed that the food was infected by flies, which had carried the germs a long distance on their feet—a strong argument for the proper care of food in the fly season.

These are only a few of the ways in which this disease may be spread, but they are enough to show that so far from feeling surprise that the disorder should be so common, we may rather wonder that we are not all its victims.

## A Foolish Wager.

In Paris case, as the story is related in the London newspaper, a man had been astonished by his fellow-workman by drinking extraordinary quantities of water. One of them remarked, very sensibly that it must be bad for the health to drink so much. 'Not a bit of it,' was the reply, accompanied by the assertion that twenty-four pints of water was about what a man needed to quench his thirst in such weather. A bet was offered and taken. It was arranged that the man should lie on the floor with a funnel between his lips. Into this the liquid was to be poured until the limit of twenty four pints was reached. An obliging but ill advised bystander agreed to pour the water in. The man on his back gulped down pint after pint with apparent ease. After a time, however, somebody noticed that he lay motionless and drank no more; and for the very good reason that he was dead.

According to the Argonaut, a lady,—an old lady, to quote the Argonaut literally,—having returned to Michigan after a visit to California, was asked by one of her neighbors if she had experienced an earthquake.

'Yes,' said the lady, 'I had one, a pretty severe one, and I rather enjoyed it. You see it was the first thing that has happened since John and I were married that he didn't think I was to blame for.'

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, OCT. 8th

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

ABOUT ALTERNATE EXHIBITIONS.

The proposition that has emanated from certain quarters, to alternate the St. John and Halifax exhibitions is worthy of consideration. The fact that Prince Edward Island dropped out of the contest this year is an argument in favor of the idea set forth. While the proper spirit of emulation should be present among exhibitors few will support the spirit of opposition in exhibitions. If the provinces of Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick could unite and agree upon alternate exhibitions it seems to us that the results would be more satisfactory in the end. Take this year for example, many thousands of people who would have attended one exhibition, no matter where it was held, divided their attention between the fairs in the two principal cities. Had all of them attended one there is no doubt about the financial result to the show thus favored.

The day may come when St. John or Halifax will be able, like Toronto,—the centre of a great and flourishing province—to support an exhibition yearly, but at present it means subsidies from the province and from the city, and, perhaps, deficits in the end. This should not be. If St. John could have one splendid exhibition every other year the people would be satisfied. No doubt Nova Scotia people feel the same way. If matters were thus arranged we could afford to make such improvements on our grounds and buildings as would enable us to have all the attractions, including horse racing, within the area of our exhibition. Our buildings are commodious but they would need enlarging if we could depend upon the attendance of the united provinces, but if demands were only made upon our public treasures every other year we might afford the necessary extension.

There are many things to be considered but in our opinion, such an agreement is worthy of the best thought and opinion of our association in St. John and the Halifax exhibition commission. Individual interests must not be regarded, but only the advantages to the public at large.

THOSE IMMORAL RESORTS.

The chief magistrate has opened up a new field of operations for the chief of police and his force in expressing a wish at one of the sittings of his court this week, that the "dives" of the city be broken up and the keepers of them brought before him. His instructions were not so clear and distinct as to leave no question about what he meant. There is no doubt that he meant the immoral resorts of the city, but whether he included all that exist in his remarks, is a question that no doubt the officials of the law would like to have answered.

No person will disagree with the magistrate in thinking that it would be in the best interests of the community if such places as that which fell under the notice of the police this week were broken up and the inmates either imprisoned, and thus prevented from seeking other resorts, or driven from the city. No person will deny that in certain sections of the city, such as Sheffield street, the lower end of Duke, and it appears also on Patrick street, the vilest dens of immorality do exist; neither can it be denied that resorts equally as immoral, but perhaps not so vile exist on other streets. Now, does the police magistrate propose to draw a line between these resorts, or is he inclined to see that the broom is used indiscriminately and every place of that nature swept from the city?

The opinion was expressed to PROGRESS a short time ago by one of the officials of the police force, that such resorts, of a respectable (?) character, were necessary in every large community. This may be

considered to be a remarkable statement coming as it did from one who has had so much experience with vice and those who resort to it; but it will be remembered that not long ago certain persons high in the councils of the church and state in Montreal arrived almost unanimously at the same conclusion. As a matter of fact it might also be said that such a state of things exists at the present time in the city of St. John. The police are well aware that common resorts do exist. They know their location, and they are acquainted with those who inhabit them. We believe they maintain that it is far better to have them under supervision and located in a certain quarter, than to have them dispersed all through the city and be unable to locate their exact whereabouts; still it must be acknowledged that these semi-official visits and occasional fines constitute in themselves a sort of recognition, which cannot be pleasing to those persons who believe that vice in any form is unnecessary and should be stamped out. The question is one chiefly for the consideration of the head of the police force and the police magistrate. If, as officials of the law, they decide to stamp out the evil, there is no doubt that they will have the hearty support and the cordial approval of the people generally.

THE MAYOR'S CRITICISM.

One of the morning newspapers, the Telegraph, scored MAYOR SEARS this week, because he ventured to criticize the act of the city, which, some years ago, handed over the Carleton branch railway to the C. P. R. We can well imagine that anyone who ventures to say a word against the C. P. R., would come under the disapproving eye of the Telegraph; but if the mayor of the city of St. John is to confine his criticism to the events that have transpired within the period of his own term of office, his scope in that direction at least is narrowed very fine. In our opinion the mayor should have a chance. He has not been in office five months and in that space of time has probably met with more opposition both in the ranks of the council and outside of it than anyone who has held the office for some time. It may be that he has not acted according to the ideas of everyone at all times, but that is no reason why he should not be given all the latitude of suggestion and all the right of criticism that belong to him in his official position.

DOTS AND DASHES.

Kwangu, the Emperor of China, is dead. Just how he died seems uncertain, the newspaper report says that the Dowager Empress Tai-Hsi knows a good deal about the matter. It is, however, difficult to understand how Kwangu's death would benefit her, as he is to be succeeded by Prince Kung's son Yin, who, the next in succession, was passed over by Tai-Hsi when she selected Kwangu to succeed her own son Tung Chi. Tai-Hsi, who is now about sixty four years old, has been and still is a remarkable woman. In her youth, being extremely beautiful, she was presented to the Emperor Hsien Feng by a general who had bought her as a slave from her starving family, and who finding her of a remarkably clever mind and charming disposition had her highly educated. She became one of the harem of Hsien Feng, but at the birth of her son Teng Chi, she was raised to the dignity of empress, and took rank next to Tai-An, the reigning empress. Hsien Feng died in 1862 and Tung Chi being a minor, Tai-An and Tai-Hsi assumed the power as regents. Tung Chi died in 1875 immediately after attaining his majority, and it was then that the two empresses selected Tsai-Tien or Kwangu as emperor. He was very young, and thus the regents again took the reins of government. The death of Tai-An in 1881 left Tai-Hsi in sole power and this she maintained until the marriage of Kwangu in 1889, when she retired.

After the birth of her son she was honored with the title "tender, blessed, dignified and helpful" and after his accession to the throne with "reposeful and serene". On his attaining his majority "refulgent and contented" was bestowed upon her, and on his marriage "sedate and contented" on her retirement the additional title "reverent and long lived" was given her. It would probably the new Emperor's ingenuity to manufacture for the occasion a title for the Dowager Empress which would be at once appropriate and pleasing if, as is surmised, she has been instrumental in procuring the death of Kwangu. However, Tai-Hsi administered the affairs of China wisely and well in her day, and if she has stooped to an assassin's work it is without doubt from no ambitious motive at this time of her life, but from a desire to promote the welfare of the kingdom.

Ever since Noah did drink of the juice of the grape and did thereby become tipsy, there have been other persons going about

doing likewise. I don't suppose poor old Noah was the first to have such an accident befall him that he should be held up before the ages as a horrible example. Certain it is that in these days of Commissions and Plebeities some persons would try to make one believe that the grape was the original forbidden fruit! There have been intemperate persons from time immemorial, and there will continue to be intemperate persons till time shall be no more, prohibition to the contrary notwithstanding. When prohibition becomes a fact and no decent whiskey is allowed in the country, some men will make alcohol from potatoes, rotten wood, or any old thing they can lay hands on. The Lord didn't take Noah's vineyard away from him. He never even interferred when Noah pronounced a curse upon his own son for making a little sport of him in his spree. In these days Noah would have to accommodate himself to any amount of that sort of thing and if he tried any cursing would probably find himself locked up in a jiffy. But if men will make fools of themselves by getting drunk, the country should see that they have proper material where with to proceed, and not stuff that will kill them at the first libation and leave no chance for repentance.

Probably every Canadian pretending to literary culture is interested in the Canadian Magazine. In its early days it was a poorly printed, miserable looking pamphlet with trimmed edges and crooked leaves, but during the last two years it has made wonderful strides, and the issue of today is artistic, whatever may be said of its literary quality. In mechanical detail it is the equal of almost any magazine. A journal of this character, however, is hampered in Canada owing to the limited population, and it is unfair to compare it with the United States and English publications, for the conditions of existence are different. The impulse to get the most value for the money spent is very strong in most persons and more pages can be had for the price by buying foreign magazines than by buying our own. For instance, Scribner's for September at twenty-five cents had 158 pages; the Cosmopolitan, at ten cents had 118 pages; while the Canadian, at twenty-five cents, cents contained only 88 pages. But quality, more than quantity, is the chief thing to consider. With the quality up to the mark Canadians should be willing to pay more for their own than for foreign magazines. To insure quality a magazine must have the good will of writers; the editor must know how to treat contributors, and must remunerate them properly for their services. It is in this respect that the Canadian is behind other magazines. It pays little or nothing for contributions and worse than this, the editor does not treat contributors with proper courtesy. Some of his actions are certainly very peculiar. For instance, a gentleman whose profession is literature received a request from the Canadian Magazine for an article upon a certain subject. He wrote and sent the article, which Mr. Cooper excerpted and acknowledged by letter, at the same time requesting another article upon another subject. While the latter was still in course of preparation the former article was published, but no honorarium having come to hand, the gentleman after waiting a reasonable length of time wrote asking about it. In reply he received a curt note to this effect:

"Dear Sir.—You have delayed your article on the . . . so long that we now decline to accept it."

Other instances of Mr. Cooper's positive snobbishness with contributors are numerous. I heard one young literary man who has the entree of quite a number of magazines complain that the Canadian Magazine not only did not return his MS. when not published, but they as well used up his return stamp for their own postage! Mr. Cooper poses as a critic. I do not wish to detract from his good intentions in this capacity. There is a field for usefulness in this direction in Canadian Literature. But it is strange that such a hypercritical gentleman who makes public the faults of other writers with such a tone of superiority should not do a little private criticism on his own account. The editorial columns and the book reviews of the Canadian Magazine are generally in shockingly bad English, always loose in construction, and sometimes ungrammatical. ELSIE G.

A Good System. The advantages claimed for the Laboratory method in use at The Currie Business University, are that it is a natural one, that it is intensely interesting to the student, that it teaches him to think and act at the same time, that it gives him confidence in his work and renders him accurate and reliable in the transactions of business and in the keeping of his books.

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VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

In Memory's Golden Dreams. In memory's golden dreams again, I hear your low sweet song; As softly falls the summer rain, The rose leaf walk along. 'Tis that love song I wrote for you, Its breathing ever seems; Your own dear voice so fond and true In memory's golden dreams.

The Wind and the Man. The Man— Wind on the hill-top! Wind in the tree! Is there aught in earth or heaven That bliseth thee and me? I, through the long hours, Feebly creep and crawl O'er the green smooth shoulders Of the huge mountain wall. Whilst thou, in a moment, With roaring skirts on tread, Leapest from the valley, To the black mountain head.

The Calm That Comes at Evening. There's a calm that comes at evening, When the weary day is o'er, That was soothing as the lullaby Our mothers sang of yore; And though the day be dreary, I can just forget it all, In the calm that comes at evening, When the twilight shadows fall.

Folk Song. This is the lore the old wife knows Who sees the storm draw nigh, And wind and cloud together close The windows of the sky.

A Low Rate for Trial Subscriptions. Up to and including October 10 the publishers of PROGRESS will receive subscriptions for PROGRESS and the Family Herald and Weekly Star, both of which will be sent to subscribers until January 1st 1899, at the low rate of fifty cents.

Use in place of Cream of Tartar and Soda. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure. More convenient, Makes the food lighter and more healthful. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Their New Business System. The evening classes for the winter term opened in the St. John Business College on Monday the 3rd inst. with a good attendance. These classes which are conducted every winter, have always been popular and many a good bookkeeper owes his success to the hours spent during the winter evenings in this college under the instruction of Mr. Kerr, than whom a more competent teacher in the various branches of business cannot be found. A special feature of the work this term is the adoption of the latest and best system of Business Practice and Practical Accounting of which Messrs Kerr & Son have secured the exclusive use. This system was exhibited by them at the late exhibition and was much praised by the large number who examined it. The system of shorthand taught in this college is the Isaac Pitman, acknowledged by all authorities to be the best in use. Those contemplating a course of business study, will do well to communicate with the principals of the St. John Business College.

A First-Class Hiccough Cure. An attack of hiccoughs had considerably aggravated Mr. Twiller's natural irritability. 'Can't you do something to help me out of this?' he asked, indignantly. 'D'y'e want to see me hiccough myself out of existence?'—but here another spasm caught him. 'What can I do,' she asked pleadingly. 'I can't hold your breath for you and count nine, you know.' 'No but you can scare me, can't ye? Ye can holler 'Boo' in my ear when I'm not expecting it, or something like that.' 'Mr. Twiller,' she answered, frezingly, 'I am surprised at you. The idea of my engaging in any such nonsense is sufficiently absurd to be worthy of you. I have something more important than 'Boo' to say to you.'

'Mary— are you insane? What does this mean?' She looked at him in silence for a moment, and then said:— 'Your hiccoughs are gone, aren't they, dear?' 'Why—er—yes; come to think of it, I believe they are.' 'I thought,' she sighed, 'that if anything would scare you that would.'

Marrying in War-Time. A maiden of about thirty years and still youthful announced her engagement to a widower with grown children. One of her nearest relatives took occasion to remonstrate with her. 'What possessed you Carrie,' said the relative, 'to take a fancy to a man of fifty with two boys in the army?' 'Well,' responded Miss Carrie, after some reflection, 'I'd rather have two stepsons in the army and a husband who can't possibly join the army, than to marry some young man and be scared to death for fear he would get tired of me and enlist.'



A rumor has reached society lately of the approaching marriage of a young lady prominent in social circles here, but now in Europe, to a gentleman well known in Edinburgh.

The marriage of Miss Alva Parker Tuck, youngest daughter of Chief Justice Tuck, and Mr. Freeman Lake, will take place in the Centenary church on Saturday Oct. 23rd, and promises to be one of the smartest events of the autumn season.

Mrs. E. T. Sturdee gave an informal little whist party last Thursday evening when a most enjoyable time was spent by all present, amongst whom were Mrs. R. B. Robins, Mr. and Mrs. B. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Schindler, Miss Schindler, Miss Sydney Smith, Miss Parks, Miss Holder, Mr. Harold Robinson, Mrs. Bert Harrison and Mr. Rowland Frith.

On Wednesday evening a number of young people were entertained most charmingly by Mrs. Thomas Walker. Drive what was indulged in until about 12 o'clock when a most recherche little supper was served. Amongst those present were: The Misses Sydney-Smith, Miss Jack, Miss Lollie Harrison, Miss Deighue, New York Miss Matthew, Miss Isabel Jarvis, Miss Parker, New York, Mr. George Shannon, Mr. Langley, Halifax, Mr. Bert Harrison, Mr. Rob McLeod, Mr. Parker, New York, Mr. Robert Ellis, Mr. Ralph Markham, Mr. Gerrard Ruel and Mr. George Blair.

Mrs. Alexander Robbins of Truro, N. S. arrives in the city to-day to spend a day or two with Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Stammers of King street east.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Smith have returned from a visit to Europe. Mr. Smith having gone in the interests of Manchester, Robertson & Allison.

Mr. Joseph Poole and Miss Mary Poole have returned from a visit to Halifax.

Mr. Kent Scovell of New London, Conn. was in the city for a short time lately.

Capt. James W. Sears is here from Ireland on a short visit to his mother.

Miss Mary Ormond who was here lately as a guest in the family of Mr. P. Fitzpatrick has returned to her home in Kingston, Mass. accompanied by Miss Clara Fitzpatrick.

Mayor Sears and family have returned to their city residence from their summer home at Westfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark of Ottawa were in the city for a few days lately.

Mrs. M. McFay and Miss Minnie McFay who have been spending the summer at Duck Cove left for their home in Boston this week, accompanied by Mrs. J. M. Smith and Miss Hazel Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Chipman left Monday for Boston to visit Mrs. Chipman's parents, Mr. and Mrs. DeWitt.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Nicholson who were visiting relatives in the West side have returned to their home in Nova Scotia.

Services took place at the church of the Assumption, Carleton, at 7 o'clock last Saturday morning of Miss Annie L. Cobolan daughter of the late Patrick Cobolan, and Mr. Robert J. Perry of Montreal. Rev. J. J. Donovan officiated and celebrated a nuptial Mass. The bride was attired in a dress of grey with white brocaded satin and steel trimmings, and wore a hat to match. She was attended by her cousin, Miss Kate Ducey. Mr. Joseph Cobolan, brother of the bride was groomsmen.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry left by the C. P. R., at 6:30 for Montreal where they will reside. A large number of friends were at the depot to bid them good bye and shower them plentiful with rice. Mr. Perry has been chief superintendent for the C. P. R., at Sand Point during the winter business, and has won many friends in this city who extend the heartiest congratulations to himself and bride. He has lately been promoted to the position of general foreman of the C. P. R., freight sheds at Montreal, a position which will require his permanent residence in that city.

Miss Georgia Bartlett has returned to Moncton after a pleasant three weeks visit to friends in this city and in Hampton.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Tennant of London, Ontario, have been spending a few days in St. John lately.

Mr. and Mrs. Vall left the first of the week on a short visit to Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Mitchell returned last week from their wedding trip and Mrs. Mitchell welcomed her friends at her home on Summer street on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of this week.

Miss Agnes Carr has returned from a very pleasant visit to Chicago.

Miss Beattie Friel and Miss Covert who were Miss Duffell's guests for a little while recently have returned to the capital.

A very pleasant evening was spent by members of the congregation of Leicester street church in the school room of the church on Tuesday evening when an enjoyable entertainment was given; at the close of the following programme refreshments were served. Piano solo, Prof. Tapley; vocal duet, Mr. Martin and Mr. Jones; reading, Miss Wetmore; solo, Miss Rising; gramophone selections, Mr. Jones; ladies' trio, Miss Rising, Miss Currie and Miss Knott; solo, Mr. Martin; piano solo, Miss Erb.

Mrs. J. W. Bell has been receiving wedding callers this week at her home 121 Union street.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hill of Halifax are spending a part of their honeymoon here and in other parts of the province.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Reid of Hamilton, Ontario were among recent city visitors.

Miss Whitman of New York and Miss M. Whitman of Round Hill N. B. are making a short visit to city friends.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Cain are home from a two weeks visit to Battleboro Vt., and Boston. Mrs. Cain's mother, Mrs. (Dr.) Woodbury was quite ill for a time in much improved in health.

James F. Robertson and family have returned from "Karsville" their summer residence at Robesay to their town house for the winter.

Dr. Elizabeth Johnson was here from New York for a few days during the week.

Mr. W. A. Lockhart Jr. and Mr. Joseph Balmie left for a visit to New York and other American cities.

Alderman Douglas McArthur and Mrs. McArthur left the first of the week for a three weeks visit to Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa and other Canadian cities.

Miss Annie Bell formerly of the G. P. Hospital

this city, has gone to New York to take a six months course in a hospital there.

Mrs. George Wyman who spent the summer with friends in St. George, is here paying a visit before leaving for the West.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Johnston and Miss Johnston were here from St. George for a short time this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lee and their guest Miss Cosman have returned from St. George where they spent the summer.

Mrs. McNaughton and Miss Julia McNaughton of a baggage are spending a few weeks with relatives here.

Archdeacon and Mrs. Jones have returned to Windsor after a short stay in this city.

The marriage was solemnized in Trinity church this week by Archdeacon Brigstocke of Miss Mary Whitman daughter of the Hon. George Whitman, M. C. L. of Round Hill, N. S., and Mr. Lindley Vall Shaw of Salem, Mass. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Shaw left for a river trip to Fredericton, thence to Grand Falls and other points of interest in the province. They will make their future home in Salem.

Mrs. Philman of the West end is entertaining Miss Saunders of Port Maitland, N. S. for a few weeks.

Mr. F. G. Spencer goes to Bangor, today to attend the closing of the musical festival and to meet Gwyllm Miles, who sings here next week. By the way the concerts at the Institute on Thursday and Friday evenings of next week promise to equal in social brilliancy and artistic results previous events given under Mr. Spencer's management. Mr. Miles certainly seems to have made a wonderful name for himself during the while he has been in public life, and the musical portion of the city are in a state of pleasant anticipation regarding his appearance here. The assisting talent alone would form an interesting programme including as it does the names of Mr. Ahoor, Mr. Kelly, Mr. Bowden, Miss Wetmore, Miss Brennan and Miss Jump. Miss Brennan's appearance is awaited with interest and those who have heard her in the Cathedral upon different occasions recently know that a treat is in store for the public. Miss Brennan possesses a splendid mezzo-soprano voice which places her easily in the rank of our best local singers. Of Miss Wetmore too it may be said that those who have had the pleasure of listening to her in Germain Street during a recent visit to the city were delighted with her charming voice.

Mr. N. B. Aitoe of Halifax will be the accompanist.

Says a Halifax paper: "The engagement is announced of a young lady well known in Dartmouth. The gentleman is a resident of St. John."

Mrs. T. M. Duenade and two children who have been visiting Mr. Duenade's mother returned this week to New York.

Miss Fannie Ledford left the middle of the week to spend the winter in New York with her uncle Mr. Kirkpatrick.

Mrs. D. E. Vincent and daughter left by Monday's steamer for a ten weeks stay in Boston, after which they will visit New York for a little while before returning to St. John.

The Misses Patton and Miss Lou Langan are enjoying a visit to Boston and neighboring cities.

Miss Cecil Driscoll left the first of the week for Cambridge Mass to pay a short visit to Miss Ada Ring.

Rev. W. Estough and Mrs. Estough are spending a month's vacation in Boston and New York.

Miss Alma Sullivan of St. Stephen who has been visiting Miss Reynolds of Union Street had her ankle severely sprained by falling on Coburg street Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Elliott is spending a little while this week with Susan's friends.

Miss Edith Small has returned to her home in Malden Mass after a very enjoyable visit with relatives and friends here.

Says the Vancouver world: Mrs. L. Knight of St. John N. B. and Mrs. Haddock of Ashcroft arrived in the city recently on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Evans.

Mrs. John Tappley of St. John is spending a few weeks in Moncton with her niece Mrs. George B. Willett.

Miss Bertie Mitchell who spent the greater part of the summer here with friends returned home last week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Tree and Master Bryce Tree have been spending a few days in Parraboro N. S.

Miss Upham returned last Saturday to Parraboro having spent a month very pleasantly with friends here.

Miss Elsie Hatt has returned to her home in the capital after a short but agreeable stay with friends in this city.

A party of Massachusetts people who are doing the provinces, and spent part of this week here included Dr. J. J. Sewall and Mrs. Sewall of Boston, and Dr. F. T. Lougee and Mrs. Lougee of Lynn.

Miss Daisy Hatchford of Malden Mass. made a brief stay with friends here this week on her way to Halifax where she will spend the rest of the Autumn.

Miss Nora Kenney is spending October in Machias Me., with relatives.

Miss Sarah Rand, one of the many provincial young ladies engaged in professional nursing in the United States, was in the city this week for a short visit to her sister Miss M. E. Rand, on her way to her home in Kenville N. B.

The marriage was solemnized in St. Pauls (Valley) church on Thursday morning by Rev. A. G. H. Dicker Grace, daughter of Mr. Archibald Rowan, and Mr. Archibald Neil McKay, traveller for Messrs. Kerr & Robertson. Only the very near friends of the contracting parties witnessed the ceremony and the bridal party was unattended. The bride was tastefully and becomingly attired in a travelling suit of lawn cloth with most becoming hat trimmed in colors to match her gown. Mr. and Mrs. McKay are enjoying a honeymoon trip through the United States after which they will reside with Mrs. Lee, Corner of Canterbury and Duke street. The bride was the recipient of many handsome gifts from her friends.

Miss Lou Waters who has been home on a visit to her parents returned to Boston on Thursday.

Miss Annie L. Austin has returned to Summersville Mass, after spending the summer with her aunt, the Misses Austin of Carmarthen Street.

Mrs. (Capt.) Walter McLean and daughter Miss Kathleen McLean left on Thursday afternoon on the steamer Joan J. Hill for Campbellton.

Mrs. C. Stewart and Miss Louise Stuart, having completed a very pleasant trip to the United States, are spending a few days with Mrs. Fred Fowler of St. James street, before going to their home in Chatham.

Mrs. Harry Brown, who was in Halifax exhibition week with her sister Mrs. Vanwart, returned home on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Johnston of Montreal, spent part of this week in the city.

Mrs. William Clark went to Boston this week to visit relatives and friends. She will remain for some weeks.

WINDSOR.

Oct. 6.—Mr. and Mrs. Paulin left on Monday for a trip through Upper Canada and principal American cities.

Mr. Moody is at present visiting Mr. Tom Frank who fills a position in the Bank of Nova Scotia at Digby.

Mrs. Kay of New York who has been spending the summer with her sister Mrs. E. Norman Dimock left for her home on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell are on a short bicycle tour expecting to wheel from Windsor to Yarmouth.

Mrs. Whybromb of Summerside is the guest of her mother Mrs. H. W. Dimock.

Miss Nora Blanchard the popular assistant of the Western Union has left for her home in Truro; her place is filled by Miss Harris of Annapolis.

Mrs. Christie, Miss E. H. Smith, and Miss McLatchy went to Amherst on Monday as delegates to the W. C. T. U. convention.

Mr. Cleveland and Miss Pattison both former residents of Windsor were married on the 23rd, at Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. and Miss Magee have returned from Fredericton and are again at Fairfield.

Bishop and Mrs. Dart are the guests of Prof. and Mrs. Yroom. Their son is to be a student at Kings college during the year.

Congratulations are being extended to Mr. and Mrs. McKee on the arrival of a small stranger.

Miss Hannington's many friends were glad to see her for a few days which was spent with her friend Miss Shaw.

Mrs. Norman Dimock is spending a few days in Annapolis with her sister Mrs. Bradford.

Rev. Mr. Harris of Amherst was in town Friday burying his daughter as a pupil at Edgely.

Mr. Forest of Dartmouth spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Ouseley.

Mrs. and Mrs. A. E. Shaw have leased one of Mr. Carvers residence on King St. and removed there this week.

Prof. Weatherbe of Kings College has returned from England.

AMHERST.

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

Oct. 5.—After the chilly snap we are enjoying perfect autumnal weather, just the weather for weddings and we are having them quite numerous. On Wednesday next one of our fair young ladies, Miss Maggie, daughter of Mr. George Christie, and Mr. Blair McLaughlin of Truro, will be united at the residence of Mr. Christie, Albion street. A large number of invitations have been issued.

Our very latest bride Mrs. Newcombe, was at home to her friends the first three afternoons of this week at their boarding house, Mr. W. M. Read. She received in black brocade silk, and was assisted by Miss Beattie Harding.

The town is filled to overflowing this week with lady delegates to the convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which is holding forth at the vestry of the baptist church. It will close its labors on Thursday.

Mrs. James Brown and daughter Miss May, anticipated leaving about the end of November for Edinburgh, Scotland to spend a year at least with Mrs. Brown's sisters.

Dr. and Mrs. Dobson of Plouahkeepsie N. Y. are making their annual visit to the latter's mother Mrs. Wilson, Rupert St. Mrs. Dobson will make a long visit; the Dr. returns next week.

Miss Clara Tweedie who accompanied her father's remains here for burial left on Tuesday for her home in Louisburg C. B.

Mrs. Mark Curry of Bridgetown is spending a few weeks with her mother Mrs. Moses Lowe Church St.

Mr. Fred W. Bent of Cincinnati, Ohio, who has been in town for two weeks, leaves on his return this week, and Mrs. Bent will accompany him after having spent the summer with her daughter Mrs. Fred Christie, Albion street.

The rector Rev. Mr. Harris is attending a meeting of the Amherst rural deanery at Stellarton, Pictou Co., this week.

Rev. D. McGregor is in Halifax this week attending a meeting of the synod of the presbyterian church.

Miss May Hanford has returned from a visit in Halifax, guest of Rev. Robert and Mrs. Murray, "Stedley."

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Chapman of Point du Beu were in town on Tuesday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Barry D. Bent, Hillside.

Mrs. Hemmon wife of Rev. J. Hemmon of Wolfville, Kings, is a guest this week of Mr. and Mrs. Barry D. Bent, "Hillside" Eddy St.

Archdeacon and Mrs. Kaulback arrived in town from Montreal on Saturday; on Sunday the Archdeacon conducted the services in Christ church and preached twice in the absence of the rector; on Monday they returned to their home in Truro.

Mr. J. Inglis Bent returned from his western trip this week.

Mr. Warren Christie is at home from an extended trip to England and the continent returning by New York. Mr. Morris MacKinnon who accompanied him is expected home this month.

(CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.)

Green Pea Soup.

You can have it easily and quickly although its "out of season"—you can have it good, too, with all the richness and delicacy of the young green peas as they are freshly picked. Inexpensive also—cheaper than Canned Soups are those little English Lazenby's Soup Squares. Best grocers sell them.

The Test of Time. It is important to know that there is as much difference in Soaps as in other articles used in the home, some are fairly good, others are not fit to use, one cannot always judge by appearance, adulterated goods often look like the genuine. There is not an impure thing in Welcome Soap, it is made with the greatest of care. The true test is in use and Welcome Soap has stood this severest test for more than 20 years. WELCOME SOAP. Welcome Soap Co., St. John N. B. (Save your wrappers and send for premium list.)

The Home Dye of Highest Quality. The "perfect" Home Dye—perfect because the highest quality of ingredients are used in making it. It absolutely will not crack or fade. Brilliant in the colors and shades it yields. It washes and dyes at one operation. It never streaks. Grocers and druggists sell it for 10 cents (15 for black) or they can easily get it for you of the Wholesale Depot 8 Place Royale, Montreal. Maypole Soap. "IT WASHES AND DYES AT ONE OPERATION"

You Want a Piano but you scarcely see your way clear to pay for it. Well! There are many who feel that way, but if you will take the time to consult us, we will convince you of the possibility of securing a piano on such easy terms of payment that you will scarcely feel it as an addition to your regular expenditure. The years slip around quickly and before you know it you will absolutely own a first-class piano free of any encumbrance if you purchase on our system. Come and see us, or if you live at a distance write us and we will mail you a beautifully illustrated catalogue free. W. H. JOHNSON CO., Limited. PIANOS & ORGANS, Granville and Buckingham Sts. Halifax.

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21, 1898



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has distanced the field. Its scientific preparation and the purity of its ingredients make it the best of soaps for the delicate skins of ladies and children.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO. MONTREAL. MAKERS ALSO OF THE CELEBRATED ALBERT TOILET SOAPS.

FREDERICTON.

[Progress is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenwick and J. H. Hawthorne.]

Oct. 5.—So many Society people are away from the city just now that everything is very quiet in the gay world.

Mrs. T. B. Jones and daughter Miss Blanche Jones of St. John are spending a week in the capital and are guests at the Queen.

Mrs. Chapman of St. Stephen, Mrs. Harrison of Sackville and the Misses Snowball of Chatham, help to make up the house party now being entertained at the hospitable residence of Hon. F. P. and Mrs. Thompson.

Mrs. Geo. Blair spent Sunday with friends in the city.

Mrs. Hart and Miss Stuart of Sackville are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Atherton.

Rev. Willard Macdonald is in Halifax this week attending the meetings of the Presbyterian synod.

Mrs. H. H. Pitts and son Master Clarence left today for Montreal where they will visit Dr. and Mrs. Sharp.

Mrs. Bailley, Mrs. West and little daughter leave tomorrow for Montreal en route to England; many friends wish them bon voyage.

Mr. Alf. Street left on Monday with a party of friends for a trip to New York.

Mrs. Inch is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Sydney Hutton at Sackville.

Mrs. Johnson of Charlottetown is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Leman.

Mr. Wm. Ellis of Toronto is among the strangers in the city.

Miss Smith of Jacksonville is spending a few days here the guest of Mrs. J. D. Paine.

Mrs. Wm. O'Neil and daughters are spending a few weeks at their former home here.

Dr. and Mrs. Crockett returned on Monday from a delightful vacation of two weeks spent in New York.

Mr. Wm. J. Robertson of Montreal is doing the city.

Mrs. and Miss Clarke are in Boston where they will spend the month of October.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Jackson and family of Washington are making a pleasant stay in our charming little town.

Miss Maggie Lawson spent Sunday with her sister Mrs. A. S. Murray and left today for New York where she will spend the winter.

Mrs. Percy Chesnut is visiting her mother-in-law Mrs. Enoch Chesnut, York street.

Miss Nellie Allen has returned from a pleasant visit with friends in Boston.

Miss Elsie Hatt is at home after her little trip to St. John.

Miss Lillian McManus has returned from Boston where she spent the past five weeks.

Miss Henderson of Andover, sister of Mr. Herman Henderson of this city is here and will spend the winter with Mrs. John Spurgeon.

After a visit of several weeks spent with her parents here, Mrs. A. Woods left for her home in Brooklyn, N. Y. on Friday.

Mrs. Campbell, King street, left for Boston this morning where she will spend several weeks visiting her sister Mrs. Haverly.

Miss May McNally is spending a week at her home here.

Mrs. and Mrs. James Wilson of New York are visiting friends here.

Mrs. Jones of Woodstock is the guest of Mrs. Walter Fisher.

Mrs. Fredrick Clarkson and Miss Jennie Jewett of Brooklyn are enjoying a pleasant visit with friends here.

Mr. W. E. Williams of Montreal is on the list of visitors doing the town, this delightful autumn season.

Mrs. Daniel Richards and daughter, Miss Nellie Matheson and Mrs. Louis Perley were among a party of passengers to Boston on Monday.

CRICKET.

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Our Metallic Ceilings and Walls. They are enduringly beautiful—don't need re-painting and don't get shabby like other styles of interior finish.

They are easily cleaned without hurting the decorator, and in addition are fire-proof and hygienic.

If you care for an estimate send an outline showing the shape and measurements of your walls and ceilings.

Metallic Roofing Co., Limited. 1189 King St. West, Toronto.

ST. STEPHEN AND GALLS.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book store of G. H. Wall C. E. Atkinson and J. Woods & Co. 114 Chalmers St. O. P. Street.]

Oct. 5.—The beauty of these golden autumn days have given grand opportunity for morning picnics in the woods and by the river side, and every day buckboards and carriages filled with ladies can be seen starting to enjoy a day's outing.

On Friday the luncheon given by Mrs. Ganong and the Misses Robbison, at their summer home "Fern Lodge," was greatly enjoyed. There were sixty eight ladies present, who were invited to meet Mrs. Ganong's guest Mrs. Thompson of Carleton Place. Luncheon was served at one o'clock, and the ladies returned to town shortly before supper time.

On Saturday morning the lady friends of Mrs. W. F. Todd invited her to join them in a buckboard ride. They drove to the farm of Mrs. George Young at Oak Bay, where a delicious luncheon was served. This was a most jolly and profitable affair and was given in honor of Mrs. Todd to celebrate the nineteenth anniversary of her marriage day. There were twenty-five ladies on this pleasant outing.

A large party of ladies and gentlemen have driven to Oak Bay to picnic this afternoon. The guest of the occasion is Mr. Andrew Stevens of Indianapolis, who is visiting his father Judge Stevens at Hawthorne Hall. Mr. Stevens has not visited the St. Croix and his old home for ten years and has received a hearty welcome from his friends here.

The marriage of Miss Mary Wadsworth to Mr. Albert Linton of Montreal, took place at high noon today at the residence of her aunt Mrs. B. B. Murray. The bride was attired in a pretty gown of white silk trimmed with chiffon. There were no attendants, and only the immediate family as guests. The ceremony was performed by Rev. C. G. McNeilly of the Congregational church. The happy pair left in the five o'clock train for their future home in Montreal. The wedding gifts were extremely handsome and valuable.

Mrs. Kate Garnet Wells accompanied by her family were in town on Monday and registered at the Windsor. They arrived in the Viking from Campbell where they have been summering and where they own a summer cottage.

Mrs. George J. Clarke, gave an informal evening of music at her residence on Monday. Mrs. Mackenzie in whose honor the "musical" was given, sang most sweetly and artistically. I have a concert to be given at an early date by Miss Mackenzie, assisted by her musical friends, to give the public an idea of her talent and ability as a musician, as she hopes to be able to form classes to teach music during the coming winter.

Mrs. John F. Grant is preparing to leave for Vancouver in about a fortnight, to spend the winter with her sister Miss William E. Vaughan.

Mrs. David A. Meivin is visiting friends in Boston. She will also spend several days in New York City before she returns.

After spending the past four months among her friends on the St. Croix, Mrs. Stanley Burdette and her young daughter Edith, left on Monday afternoon for Clinton Mass, where they will make short visit with her husband's family, before leaving on the long journey, to her home in Mexico. Mrs. Burdette is a great favorite in Society here, and she departs amid a general regret.

Mrs. C. H. Newton is the guest of Mrs. Willard B. King this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Conant, Miss MacNichol, and their brother Mr. Fredric P. MacNichol are enjoying several days hunting on the St. Croix some fifteen or twenty miles from town.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Young have returned from Providence, Rhode Island.

Miss Jarvis of Carleton county is the guest of her aunt Mrs. Almon Teed.

Mr. Robert Barker private secretary to the Lieut. Governor accompanied by his young son Theo, spent Sunday in town the guest of Mrs. James Mitchell. They returned to Fredericton on Monday.

Mr. John E. Algar is in Carleton county on a business trip.

Miss Martha Harris is visiting New York City.

Mr. Andrew Mangall has returned from a business trip to Ontario.

Mrs. A. M. McKenzie of Milltown is visiting friends in Boston.

Mr. Marks Mills has gone to St. John to enter the law office of Mr. Scott E. Morrill. Mr. Mills has always been a society favorite and his departure is extremely regretted.

Mrs. Robert K. Ross is recovering from her severe illness, and is now able to receive visitors.

The Misses Yerkes of Gibson are guests of Mr. Robert Dow.

Mr. Edgar W. Thompson left on Monday for Boston, to seek medical advice and will probably remain a month or more in that city.

ST. GEORGE.

Oct. 5.—The death of Mrs. Ella Park: wife of Mr. Alex. Parks which occurred on Wednesday last week of typhoid fever was very unexpected and brought sincere regret to all who knew her. Heartfelt sympathy is felt for the little family whose father is dangerously ill with the same disease.

Mrs. Parks was the eldest daughter of Mr. James McClean formerly of L'Etape but now in California. Funeral services were held over the remains on Thursday afternoon at her late home conducted by Rev. Mr. Frager, (presbyterian).

Rev. R. E. and Miss Smith gave a tea party on Thursday to a number of lady friends.

Miss Theod. O'Brien has returned from a pleasant visit with relatives at Barlett's Mills. Mrs. James O'Brien is spending a few days with her daughter Mrs. Stewart at Upper Falls.

Mrs. James McKay has returned from a short trip to Beaver Harbor.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Epps are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a daughter.

Mrs. George Wyman who has been spending the summer in town left on Friday for St. John to visit friends before leaving for her home in the West.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Johnston and daughter went to St. John on Monday.

Mrs. George Mann is seriously ill with congestion her daughters, Mrs. Geo. Boone of St. Stephen and Mrs. H. Spoford of Lynn have been summoned to her side.

Mrs. Charles Lee and children and Miss Carman who has been their guest for the summer have returned to St. John.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark is confined to his home with typhoid fever.

Mrs. Lavers is confined to the parsonage with pneumonia Miss Fio Lavers is also on the sick list.

MAX.

DORCHESTER.

[Progress is for sale in Dorchester by G. M. Fairweather.]

Oct. 6.—There have been one or two progressive whist parties lately, but it has been very quiet otherwise. The last of the summer visitors—Mrs. Robb and her daughter have returned to Brooklyn—much to the regret of their friends.

Miss Constance Chandler retained home last Friday from Moncton, where she was visiting her sister Mrs. W. W. Hewson for a fortnight.

Miss Robbison spent Sunday with her aunt Mrs. George W. Chandler, at Maplehurst.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Allison of Sackville, were in town for a few hours on Sunday.

Rev. Mr. Smithers of Albert, spent Monday at the Rectory.

Rev. J. R. Campbell went to Shediac yesterday to attend a meeting of the Deacons.

Lady Smith and Mrs. Joshua Chandler are spending to-day in Moncton.

Mr. W. C. Milner of Sackville is in town to-day.

Mr. R. W. Hewson, of Moncton was in town yesterday.

Last Sunday was the Harvest Thanksgiving festival, Trinity Church was very prettily decorated with flowers, fruit and vegetables, and the music was bright and suited to the festival.

Mrs. Fraser, who was spending a fortnight with Mrs. Kelior, returned to her home in Fredericton on Saturday.

Mr. George R. Paggant, went to his home in Canning yesterday for a fortnight's holiday.

PERSONAL.

ANAGANOS.

Oct. 4.—Mrs. Clifford Robertson of North Sydney, Cape Breton, returned to her home on Saturday after a visit of several weeks duration with her friend Mrs. George Davidson.

Mrs. George Jones of Petitcodiac is visiting Mrs. Davidson at the depot east west.

Miss Florence Black of Zorro ex. Queen county, is in charge of the school here for this term.

Mrs. McLaughlin and daughter, Miss Julia, left for St. John to-day to spend some weeks with their relatives here.

Mrs. Davidson is in Moncton visiting her sister Mrs. Claude Price of Weldon street.

Misses Alida Danfield and Edna Kinnear are at present in Saint John visiting relatives and friends.

Mr. Herbert Stockton of St. John is spending a week with his parents at Corn Hill.

Misses Edna Floyd and Carrie Keith spent last Saturday and Sunday with friends in Sussex Vale, Moscorro.

MUSQUAS.

Oct. 12.—Mr. Fred Bedell who has been spending his holidays at his home here, has returned to New York.

Rev. N. C. Hanson of Gagetown and Mr. H. B. Peck of St. John were guests last week of Mr. G. M. Anderson and family sunnyside.

Mr. J. Church of St. Andrew's spent a few days here last week with his grandparents Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Church.

Mrs. J. M. Woodford and Miss Emma Anderson are visiting friends in Boston.

Mr. J. A. Balcone who has been quite ill for some time is making a rapid recovery under the care of Dr. G. G. Corbet.

Rev. Joseph Smith of St. John conducted the services in St. Anne's Church on Sunday.

Miss Ada Clowes of Oromoco is visiting her aunt Miss Carman at the "Willows."

THINGS OF VALUE.

It is stated that the merchandise carried by rail in the United States is double the amount of land carriage by all the other nations of the earth combined. This means that the 70,000,000 people of the United States transport twice as much merchandise as the remaining 1,400,000,000 in the world.

No previous price of W. as has been a grand-stand.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in or remedy, for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of man's curative being such that were the germ of other and differently seated diseases to be mixed in the system of the patient—that would result here one ill in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound unadulterated form, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use the frailest system are gradually and judiciously strengthened, by its influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restorative powers, it relieves the drooping and languid with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency 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 system, thereby making activity a necessary result, strengthening the frame, and giving life to the degenerate organs, which naturally demand increased sustenance—result improved by demand increased vitality—Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, assisted by the medicinal properties of the wine, approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

A map of Jerusalem in mosaic, over 1,500 years old, has been found in Palestine.

"To dance attendance" is an expression borrowed from the medieval custom which compelled the bride at a wedding to dance with whomsoever asked her. No matter how low the condition or objectionable the person, the bride could not refuse.

There are always 1,200,000 people afloat on the seas of the world.

Cucumbers and melons are "forbidden fruit" to many persons so constituted that the least indulgence is followed by attacks of cholera, dysentery, griping, etc. These persons are not aware they can indulge to their hearts content if they have on hand a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, and, assisted by the medicinal properties of the wine, approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

One-twelfth of the population of England suffers from gout.

It is said that every thread of a spider's web is made up of about 5,000 separate fibres. If a pound of this thread were required it would occupy 28,000 spiders a year to finish it.

"It's a Deaf."—Mr. J. F. Kellogg, Druggist, Perth, writes: "A customer of mine having been cured of deafness by the use of Dr. THOMAS DEAN'S Compound Ointment, writing to Ireland, telling his friends there of the cure. In consequence I received an order to send him a dozen by express to Wexford, Ireland, this week."

A naturalist of eminence says that land birds make their journeys in the daytime and water birds at night.

SIGNALS OF DANGER.—Have you lost your appetite? Have you a coated tongue? Have you an unpleasant taste in the mouth? Does your head ache and have you dizziness? If so, your stomach is out of order and you need medicine. But you do not like medicine. He that prefers sick to medicine, must suffer, but under the circumstances the wife of a man would prefer a box of Paralee's Vegetable Pills and speedily get himself in health, and strive to keep so.

London has a population of 4,250,000, equaling the combined population of Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg and Rome.

THE MOST POPULAR PILL.—The pill is the most popular of all forms of medicine, and of pills the most popular are Paralee's Vegetable Pills, because they do what it is asserted they can do, and are not put forward on any spurious claims to excellence. They are compact and portable, they are easily taken, they do not nauseate nor grip, and they give relief in the most stubborn cases.

No less than five systems of law are in use in Germany.

Prize Beef. FIRST PRIZE Deers and Heifers. THOMAS DEAN. City Market.

The delicious "twang" of Monsoon Tea is one of the attributes of its peerless quality. The scent and pungency of most fancy package teas are as near like the natural flavor and "twang" of Monsoon Tea as the lifeless glitter of a paste diamond is like the flashing sparkle of a real stone. Test Monsoon with a trial.



PASSENGERS PAY THE PROFITS.

The Freight Business Pays the Running Expenses of American Railroads.

The gross earnings of American railroads from freight are substantially the same as the running expenses. There are in this country at present nearly 200,000 miles of railroad, and the operating expenses are about \$800,000,000 a year. The freight receipts of American railroads increase, and along with them there are increases in the expenses of operation, which usually keep pace. When business interests languish and freight receipts fall off there is usually a corresponding reduction in operating expenses, so that it may be said that the running expenses of American railroads generally are paid from freight receipts, and the other items of revenue, passenger receipts chiefly and mail receipts to a minor extent, pay the interest on bonds, the dividends and the profits—where there are any.

It may be said generally that the railroad having a very large and steady passenger business is, other things being equal a paying road, whereas a railroad the business of which is chiefly freight is, other things being equal no; a source of profit. There are very few railroads in the United States which have larger earnings from passengers than from freight. One such road is the New York, New Haven and Hartford, which, by the last official report, took in \$700,000 more last year from passengers than from freight, and the New Haven Railroad is known generally as one of the most substantial roads in the country.

Passengers business on American railroads is much less easily handled than freight, requiring constantly not only new disbursements but outside expense as well. Passengers on American railroads have come to expect not only good but the best service. They require, too, the highest rate of speed compatible with safety, and as much as any as good attention as they could secure in a first-class hotel. Moreover, the competition among American railroads on the chief lines of travel is such that liberal advertising is necessary to direct public attention to the benefits offered. The question is sometimes asked why it is that such vigorous efforts are made by railroad managers to develop the passenger business in preference to freight traffic, but the explanation is to be found in the fact that while the revenues from the former are usually regulated by the volume of business, the passenger receipts are regulated generally by the character of the service offered, independent of the condition of business. Necessarily a railroad, to enjoy a large measure of passenger business, must be in very good physical condition, and for this reason some of the poorer roads are unable to compete successfully for passenger trade—the trade which pays the profit from operation of American railroads, \$1,000,000 a day on the average.

ALL-CONQUERING GOLF.

Remarks on the Effects of the Game by the Girl Who Didn't Play.

"Look at this pizza," said the girl who didn't play golf. "Isn't it a pathetic sight? Only you and I and a row of rocking chairs. Yet I can remember when it was crowded always at this time, and every one of those tennis courts were occupied. Then we all played tennis, or sat here waiting to play and talking until we had a chance at a court or until it was time to go to the beach. Then we all went down there in a body. In the afternoon there was more tennis. In those days we were always together and had whatever fun there was with one another."

"But that was before golf came. Look at this place now—deserted. Look at the tennis courts now—three children throwing the balls about. Where is everybody? Why, wandering by themselves over those fields, not paying the slightest attention to one another when they meet and simply absorbed in their game. That is another result of golf. The game has done that. So far as these pizzas are concerned, the clubhouse might as well be torn down. And the worst part about it is that nobody would care if it were pulled down, so long as the golf course was not damaged. It is only that they take any interest in it now and if the present is any indication of what the future is to be, they are not likely to care about anything else for some time to come."

THE DUFFERIN.

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

Victoria Hotel, 81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B. Electric Passenger Elevator. and all Modern Improvements. D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor.

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

OYSTERS always on hand. FISH AND GAME in season! 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.

There is no business, trade or profession that cannot use advertising in some form successfully and profitably.

Printing is indispensable in advertising, and we do but one kind, the good kind, which in itself is good advertising. Let us do your office stationery and we guarantee to give you good stock, good count, good workmanship, and attend to all orders with promptness—could we do more. We send work to all parts of the province. Write what you want, we will send samples.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership subsisting between us, the undersigned, as E. LAWTON & CO. has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. All debts owing to said partnership are to be paid to Edmund Lawton at St. John aforesaid, and all claims against the said partnership are to be presented to the said Edmund Lawton, by whom the same will be settled.

Dated at St. John this 10th day of September, 1898. EDMUND LAWTON, A. M. PHILLIPS.

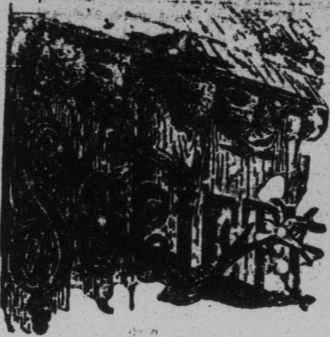
CARD. E. LAWTON

Wishes to inform his friends and the general public that he will be found at the old stand 114 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, Horn Building, and by keeping the very choicest stock of Wines and Liquors to merit a fair share of the business. Choice Havana cigars a specialty.

LAGER BEER.

On Hand 100 Doz. 2 Doz to the case. Geo. Sleeman's Celebrated Lager For Sale Low.

THOS. L. BOURKE



(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

A number of lovers of sport in town took in the races at Farnborough on Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Smith and family will vacate their summer cottage at Farnborough this week and take up their abode in town again this winter.

Mrs. J. M. Townsend came home from Farnborough on Wednesday after a two weeks visit with Dr. and Mrs. A. G. Townsend.

Mrs. David Chapman, of Dorchester who has been spending two weeks in town returns on Saturday.

They are Several of Them in Maine and the Name Means Something.

The Pilgrims and their descendants who travelled over Maine in the early days of its settlement had a great reputation for piety in the parent colony, but when they got away from home and beyond the hearing of the ministers some of them seem to have acted and talked as wickedly as people do nowadays.

Just across the river from this village is a high headland that has been known as Pull-and-Be-Damned Point for more than a hundred years.

The meaning of the term is apparent to everybody who has attempted to row a boat past the point at ebb tide.

Down at the mouth of the Kennebec, near Squirrel Island, and east of Castine, on the Sedgwick shore, are points which bear the same name.

Up in Syaladobisis Lake, in Lakeville plantation, is a small bay which has been known as Hell-Before-Breakfast Cove for more than half a century.

Closing Out.

Every pair of Spectacles and Eye Glasses must go at once.

Here are the Prices as low as the Goods Last!

- Solid Gold Frames, Warranted, \$1.00
Gold Filled Frames, Warranted, 2.15
Years, .90
Gold Filled Frames, Warranted 5 Years, .65
Best Lenses, Per Pair, Warranted, .85
Aluminum Frames, Gold Filled Nose-Pieces, .20
Alloy Frames, Note, .20
Steel or Nickel Frames, .05

We have taken the sole Agency for the celebrated Mexican Medicine Co.'s Remedies and are closing our optical goods to make room for the same.

Respectfully yours, Boston Optical Co., 25 King St. St. John, N. B.

WELL KNOWN VIOLINIST

Traveled Extensively Throughout the Provinces—Interesting Statements Concerning His Experience.

STELLARTON, N.S.—James R. Murray, a well known violinist, of this place, who has traveled extensively throughout the Provinces, makes this statement: "I was running down in health and my weight fell off from 175 to 150 pounds.

"I was running down in health and my weight fell off from 175 to 150 pounds. Prescriptions did me but little good. My trouble was called nervous dyspepsia. I resorted to Hood's Sarsaparilla and after taking five bottles I was greatly benefited.

I feel as well now as ever in my life, and have increased in flesh so that I now weigh 177 pounds. I am well known in this part of the country, having followed my profession, that of a violin musician for the last 26 years.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy any substitute. Be sure to get Hood's. Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A CHICAGO DUN'S WRINKLE.

Use of a Young Woman in Collecting a Bill From an Obstinate Debtor.

"Speaking of collecting bills," said the man from the West, "we have a most effective method in Chicago. There instead of young men they employ young women. I tried it myself and it worked like magic.

Of silver rattles there is a great variety; some with celluloid or ivory or pearl rings with silver bells attached; some with one or another of these materials combined with silver in various forms, and many rattles are made all of silver; there are silver wheels and silver dumbbells, pig-iron shaped rattles, with silver bells dangling from them; trumpets with tiny silver bells attached to them and silver rattles in many other forms.

Recently a certain Prussian railway servant was summoned to undergo an examination for further promotion. On the appointed day he duly appeared, and replied satisfactorily to the questions relating to his duties.

The sailor's idea of the only correct school of manners is amusingly illustrated by an anecdote from the Toledo Blade: A former President of the United States, visiting a war-ship quite informally, dispensed with the usual salute and ceremony.

Excusable Ignorance. The sailor's idea of the only correct school of manners is amusingly illustrated by an anecdote from the Toledo Blade: A former President of the United States, visiting a war-ship quite informally, dispensed with the usual salute and ceremony.

"THAT TERROR of MOTHERS."

How it was overcome by a Nova Scotian mother Who is well known as an author.

Of all the evils that attack children scarcely any other is more dreaded than croup. It so often comes in the night. The danger is so great. The climax is so sudden. It is no wonder that Mrs. W. J. Dickson (better known under her pen name of "Stanford Eveleigh") calls it "the terror of mothers."

THE BABY'S RATTLE.

Made in Great Variety of Styles and of Many Materials, Cheap and Costly.

The man who never happened to see any kind of a rattle but the old-fashioned tin articles might be surprised to learn that this toy for the baby is made in hundreds of styles and of great variety of materials, cheap and costly.

There are now made celluloid rattles in a variety of shapes such as drums and tambourines with little bells attached, and some of these are very cheap. There is a great variety of bone rattles and combinations of bone and metal, some of these being sold at very low prices; and there are many kinds of rubber rattles.

Another old and familiar rattle is the light pear-shaped contrivance of basket work. Many rattles have inside of them tiny sleigh bells. In some of the rattles made of a combination of materials the metal part is aluminum, which is used for the sake of its lightness.

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At the Other End. The deep research of London Judy enables us to see how a certain portion of the "submerged" view those on top.

Such is War. The actions of men wounded in battle are often misunderstood. General Fuller as quoted in the Chicago Inter-Ocean, cites a pathetic instance of this kind: In the midst of battle General Fuller was trying to check the flight of the panic-stricken men.

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That Surprise way of washing—gives the sweetest, whitest, cleanest clothes with easy quick work. Follow the directions. Saves weary work—much wear and tear.

Surprise Soap is the name—don't forget.

Light it again—pulling a box of matches as from his left trouser pocket. Controller takes his matches. "Now your matches are gone, what will you do?"

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WANTED.

The Provident Saving Assurance Society of New York wish to engage representatives in the following New Brunswick Towns, Moncton, Sackville, Campbellton, Chatham, New Castle, Dalhousie, Shediac, Woodstock, and Saint Andrews.

To the right men, liberal contracts will be given, address

C. T. GILLESPIE, Manager for New Brunswick. P. O. BOX 128 - St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic Ry.

On and after Monday, Oct. 8th, 1898, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Express Trains, Daily (Sunday excepted).

Fullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on Flying B express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth.

S. S. Prince Edward, BOSTON SERVICE.

By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston, leaves Yarmouth, N.S., every Tuesday and Friday, immediately on arrival of the Express Trains arriving in Boston early next morning.

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



ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1898.

TIRED OF HOLD-UP YARNS

ROBBERIES OVERWHELMED BY SOCIAL FRACTIONS.

A Citizen of the Metropolis-by the-Kaw Gives Reminiscences of What Formerly Constituted the Event of the Day--A Novelty Required.

"You people in the East hear more about train robberies in the West than we do," said a Kansas City man who had been asked by a New Yorker why Missouri did not do something to stop a crime that has had a long run in that State.

"Do you mean to say these robberies do not occur as frequently as reported?" asked the New Yorker.

"Not exactly," was the answer. "And, then, we are accustomed to them. They are too common to cause excitement. Not that they occur daily or nightly. I should say, but because of the sameness with which they are done. Singular isn't it, that most of the train robberies in Missouri occur in the same place and in the same manner? I have sometimes wondered if there is only one way to rob a train. I went to a theatre one night in Philadelphia where a train robbery was the hair-raising situation of the show. You wouldn't think a show of that sort would be in Philadelphia. I didn't, and that is why I went to see it. I thought I might see a novelty. I really think if I should discover something new in the train robbery line I would buy it and try it on. The Philadelphia show was not even up to the mark.

"The first train robbery was not a train robbery, but a stage robbery. It was when the Overland Mail was one of the picturesque things of the West. Of course, there had been stage robberies in the old world and in California, but the business, as a business, was introduced in the United States during the first years of the Overland Mail. And then it moved back into Missouri. For a long time after the war the James boys held up the trains and robbed them and rode away unmolested. At least that was the impression. I reckon they didn't do it all.

"One night, it was in 1876, I was sitting in the private room of Dr. Munford, editor of the Kansas City Times. His room was on the ground floor and the windows opened on the alley. While we were talking two men rode up to the window and their horses poked their noses inside. Munford went to the window and talked to the riders for a half hour and they galloped away. When Munford returned he said to one of his visitors, who was elected to Congress that year from that district:

"If any trains are held up to-night the James boys won't be guilty. I have just seen them and talked with them."

"I was standing on a street corner with a friend one night. The solitary horseman of which I had read so often galloped along the street, which was practically deserted at that hour. He wheeled his horse toward us asked where Walnut street was and rode away with the information.

"But there's been a train robbery," said my friend.

"We walked back to the Times building. The city editor was by the open window at his desk.

"Heard of any train robberies to-night?" I asked.

"Not to-night, he replied mechanically.

"The next day a woman offered a gold bracelet for sale in a jewelry store. The man recognized it as one he had sent, with other purchases, to Lawrence the day before. The woman said she bought it from a man who was at the house where she boarded. She was detained and the Chief of Police, Tom Spears, went to the store, looked at the woman and said to the proprietor of the store: "There has been a train robbery, I reckon." He went to the office of an express company and asked what time that train was held up. The agent replied that it was about 9 o'clock the night before, on the Junction City branch of the Union Pacific. The solitary horseman was taken in. His pockets were full of jewelry. He confessed and was sent to the pen. The James boys were not in it that time.

"The Blue Cut, as it is called, in Jackson county, on the line of the Chicago and Alton railroad, was a favorite place for holding up trains. Occasionally somebody would be killed, and then the newspapers would have a long story about the crime. Nearly every occurrence was credited to the James boys, but I know people in Kansas City who say that no case of train robbery was ever proved upon either of them. As

to banks--well, that was more in their line.

"I was on a train once that was held up. It was in Missouri. I was in the mail car with an old friend who was a mail agent on that line. Before I realized what was up two men were in the car, but they did not touch the mail. They only kept us quiet, as they said, while their pals went through the express car. I have often heard men say what they would do if they were held up. Until a man has had the experience, he ought to say nothing. There was a revolver and a shotgun in that mail car, and both were handy, and nearer to me and my friend than to the masked callers, but the callers walked over deliberately and appropriated the weapons. By that time the other fellows had finished their work in the express car and the entire party was off.

"My friend, the mail agent, said to me: "Well, I'll be damned if I don't resign when I get to St. Louis. I'm getting tired of this job. A month ago the train ran into a cornfield and bruised me up so that I was laid out for nearly three weeks. Now it's a train robbery. If those robbers had rifled this mail the government would have accused me of being in the game. I don't want a job where I feel as if I had one foot in the grave and the other in the penitentiary." And he did resign as soon as he got to St. Louis.

"A few days before I left home I was in one of the newspaper offices when the boy at the phone said to the city editor:

"Police reporter wants to know if you have train robbery on the Fort Scott road."

"Tell him we don't want it," said the city editor.

"As old as I was in hearing of train robberies the Klondike manner of the city editor made me shiver, and I asked him if the Kansas City newspapers had quit printing train robbery yarns. He said yes, they were rather stale, and it was uncertain about getting them printed unless they came in very early, and other news was dull. Then he told me about the last train hold-up in the Blue Cut. He said it came late and he had to send a reporter in a hack out to see the superintendent of the company, and when the story was in type the managing editor came in with the society editor from a wedding, and that the train robbery had to be boiled down to ten lines while the wedding made a column and a half with a lot of names added. He said it took the tucking out of him about playing up train robberies. Besides, his office kicked about the hack bill. No, train robberies in Missouri don't make

any more of a breeze in Kansas City than a grasshopper story across the border or the presence in town of Jerry Simpson."

£100,000,000 GOING A BEGGING.

An Eldorado Richer Than any in History or Fiction. The most imaginative writer of fiction seems unable to conjure up any vision of wealth, however dazzling, which is not excelled by fact; and if any daring novelist were to weave into a story the facts which have just come to our knowledge says Tit-Bits, from an unimpeachable source, he would be scouted as a dreamer of impossible dreams.

But let us tell the story in the words of a Californian correspondent:--

A miner of the name of William Rogers who had just died here, claimed before his death to have discovered an Eldorado richer than any in history or fiction, and his story is supported by a sackful of gold nuggets which the man had dragged for hundreds of weary miles.

This is the story, as I heard it from his lips. In 1890 Rogers formed one of a party of four who went prospecting for gold in the North-West--some years before the Klondike disclosed its treasures.

They took with them a wagon drawn by mules with a full equipment of tools, guns, ammunition, and provisions, and set out on their long journey. For three months they had no luck whatever, and had begun to despair of success, when they came across gold-bearing, which was too poor, however, to work. From this period they began to experience such a mixture of good and bad fortune as has rarely, if ever fallen to the lot of men. Their mules died, and the miners had to abandon their wagon and the bulk of their tools and provisions. Laden with as much as they could carry, they prosecuted their search on foot, over high mountains, through deep ravines, and across treacherous marshes. When their supply of food was exhausted and they were almost dead from constant fatigue and exposure, they struck the Inana River, and with it the gold they had sought so long. Here they camped, and while one member of the party hunted moose and caribou to keep body and soul together, the remaining three panned out gold nuggets with such effect that within three weeks, to use Roger's words, they had got enough gold "to fill a full-sized whisky barrel"--much more, in fact, than their combined strength could move.

But meanwhile, though they had in three weeks won sufficient gold to make them

all rich men for life they were starving; so they buried their gold and wandered on in search of food. Within a few days they reached such a treasure house of gold as man's eye had probably never seen. The gold was lying in huge nuggets heavier than any one of them could lift. Many of the nuggets weighed 200lb., and each of them, as it was of almost pure gold, represented a value of at least £10,000. But the men were dying of starvation, and a hundred such nuggets could not procure them a loaf of bread. Louis Cavanaugh was the first to fall and die. They nursed him for a few days, and when he died he was buried under a pile of 'rocks of gold,' the most costly tomb that ever covered a man's remains.

"To carry away the gold that was simply lying exposed on the surface at that one spot, the edge of a creek, would take fifty waggons and hundreds of horses," Rogers declared, as he lay on his death-bed.

The three survivors wandered hundreds of miles in the hope of meeting some Alaskan Indians who would help them to transport the gold, or, at any rate give them food; for game was so scarce that it was hopeless to remain long in the district.

It was Campbell who died next of malarial fever; and his death struck the remaining two men with panic. Though they had followed the gold for thirty miles without coming to the end of it, and though they were lords of scores of millions of pounds, they fled from it all.

Then came a terrible journey back to civilization--and bread. The horrors of that journey haunted Rogers like a nightmare to the last, and killed Stokes before a quarter of the tale was told. After a month of terrible privations and fatigues, stumbling blindly along day after day and hugging his sack of nuggets, Rogers, the pitiable survivor of the party, met a friendly tribe of Indians, who gave him food and nursed him back to health again. He never fully recovered, however, and died within a short time of reaching his home. He left behind him a full account of his journey and a rough map of the region where his millions are lying.

Here, then, is a treasure which will make its finder richer probably than all the world's millionaires put together. Who will find it?

The Long Coast of Chile. My voyage down the coast of Chile gave me some idea of the enormous length of that country. I spent five days in coming by steamer from the nitrate fields to Valparaiso, and the German ship on which I shall sail within a few weeks for Terra del Fuego will require nine days to reach Punta Arenas, on the Straits of Magellan. Chile is more like a long drawn-out sausage

age or a worm than any other country of the world. The only land that compares with it is Egypt, which drags its weary length for more than a thousand miles between deserts along the valley of the Nile. Chili begins in a desert and continues in it for more than a thousand miles. Later on it bursts out into a green valley between high mountains and ends the grassy islands of the southernmost part of this hemisphere. It is nowhere over 200 miles wide, and in some places it is not more than fifty, but it is so long that it were laid upon the face of the United States, beginning at New York, it would make a wide track across it to far beyond Salt Lake, and it could be stretched from south to north with Tierra del Fuego at the lowermost edge of Florida. Its upper provinces would be found in Hudson Bay almost even with the top of Labrador. Chile is 2,600 miles long. In embraces all of the land between the tops of Andes and the Pacific ocean south of the river Sama, which divides it from Peru, and it has, in addition, most of the islands of the Magellan--Frank G. Carpenter in Atlantic Constitution.

Flicky Bicycle.

No man knows when he will have opportunity to show himself a hero. It may come on the battle-field, on the deck of a war-ship, or in the street of a quiet city. A citizen of Indianapolis sends to the sentinel an account of a brave act witnessed by him the evening before in that city. A wheel man himself, he was riding along one of the streets of Indianapolis when he saw a runaway horse coming at breakneck speed. In the carriage was a young lady, clinging to the seat with a look of terror on her face. The carriage was on the one side of the street to the swing from the horse ran. Just then the correspondent of the sentinel noticed a young man on a bicycle dart into the middle of the street in hot chase after the runaway. As he neared the horse's head he reached out with his left hand and seized the bridle. Guiding his wheel with his right hand, he kept alongside of the horse pulling upon his bridle till the horse's speed began to slacken. Then of a sudden the man slipped from his wheel and hung with all his might upon the horse's head, a full presently the frightened creature was brought to a standstill. The young woman as soon as she was able to speak, thanked her deliverer, who declined to give his name, but lifted his hat, remounted his wheel, which had escaped injury, and rode away.

Defied the Contagion.

"Do what I would, I could not get him to propose." "He must be one of those immunes we read about."

The Dominion Official Analyst's Statement with Regard to the Value of Abbey's Effervescent Salt.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt has received the highest endorsements from the Medical Journals and from the Physicians of Canada since its introduction here. It has sustained its European reputation.

It is a highly palatable and efficacious tonic. As a refreshing and invigorating beverage it is unequalled. Its use has prevented and cured innumerable cases of Sick Headache, Indigestion, Bilioussness, Constipation, Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, Loss of Appetite, Flatulency, Gout, Rheumatism, Fever, and all Febrile states of the system. In Spleen Affections and as a regulator of the Liver and Kidneys, its value is unquestioned. Its use purifies the blood in a natural manner, leading to good health and a clear, bright complexion.

LABORATORY OF INLAND REVENUE, Office of Official Analyst, Montreal, July 28, 1898. I, JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, do hereby certify that I have duly analyzed and tested several samples of "Abbey's Effervescent Salt," some being furnished by the manufacturers in Montreal and others purchased from retail druggists in this city. I find these to be of very uniform character and composition, and sold in packages well adapted to the preservation of the Salt. This compound contains saline bases which form "Fruit Salts" when water is added--and is then a very delightful aperient beverage, highly palatable and effective. Abbey's Effervescent Salt contains no ingredient of an injurious or unwholesome character, and may be taken freely as a beverage. (Signed,) JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, Ph.D., D.C.L., F.C.S., Emeritus Professor Chemistry, University Bishop's College, and Dominion Official Analyst, Montreal.

A Teaspoonful of Abbey's Effervescent Salt, taken every morning before Breakfast, will keep you in good health.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AT 60 CENTS A LARGE BOTTLE. TRIAL SIZE, 25 CENTS.

## COMMERCIAL CRIMINALS.

Their Deeds While Being Recounted Across the Ocean.

The writer recently had the privilege of a long chat with the detective officer who has, perhaps oftener than any other man in this country, been deputed to fetch to England from abroad notorious absconders from justice.

'I cannot,' he said, 'exaggerate the watchfulness and care entailed in bringing over a great offender. You feel and know that if he in any way slipped through your fingers there would be a serious outcry from the press and the public, not to speak of the authorities; and I could tell you of a too-well recognised case where a most astute officer first went mad and then died, only a very few years back, solely through his disappointment in not being able to obtain the extradition of one of the greatest commercial criminals of the century. Some injudicious friend sent him all the British newspaper comments on the delay there was in getting the custody of his man, and he told us that he was never the same man after reading the record of a failure he had no power to avert.

'I have several times myself never slept, except in snatches of an hour or so, between leaving New York and arriving in London, for, besides the risk of a man escaping or committing suicide, there is such a close watch to be kept over other persons—possibly his confederates—who beset one on all sides, and to whom information, involving thousands of pounds may be given. Of late years we have derived some relief from the fact that the captains of the great liners are sworn in as special constables, and they put a man we have in charge safely under lock and key, in a cell cabin, during certain hours of the night.

'As to the many offenders I have had the custody of, for thousands of miles, let me first say that they are seldom depressed during the voyage, even though they have been unexpectedly trapped just as they thought themselves secure in another country. As a rule, they have a feeling of relief that the chase is over, or they have scarcely begun to realize that the dread ordeal of the dock is at hand, and such passengers as fare allowed to approach them are so friendly and sympathetic that they are buoyed up, and make the very best of matters.

'One of the greatest fraudulent bankrupts of the century—a man who ruined thousands—whom I brought over played at all the usual deck games with the greatest heartiness, and when he sat in his private berth he used to learn passages of Shakespeare off by heart. He said to me one day that there was more philosophic comfort—and he cited many lines in proof—to be found in the great playwright by a ruined man than in any secular book extant. This man showed me a list of over fifty members of Parliament and peers of that time who owed him money, the exact sums being put down in black and white, and a large proportion of the money having been borrowed, as he alleged. He is now in penal servitude, and when he comes out he will be by no means badly off if he can command even two thirds of the money that he alleges to be owing to him.

'What would you say to seeing two celebrated actors, a noble lord of unimpeachable reputation, a great newspaper proprietor, and one of the chief hotel swindlers of the last decade, all sitting hob-nobbing, and smoking, and playing cards together for hours, day in day out, in the saloon of a liner? That is what I saw not long since, and the companions of the handsome and accomplished swindler I had in my charge well knew who he was. He kept them in roars of delight with his stories of dishonest escapades; but the funniest incident was when he gave them his solemn word of honour that he would not cheat at cards. He appealed to me, and said, 'Whatever I am, I am not a card sharp; is not that so?' And I smilingly agreed.

'I lent him a sovereign, and he won over seventy besides at cards during the voyage. Those who lost paid just as though he were a personal friend, for he certainly played on the square. He offered to give me half the winnings for the loan of the sovereign. He is now in penal servitude, but I really believe that if a gentleman, a Liverpool merchant and magistrate whom he met on the voyage, befriends him, as promised, he will become an honest and a successful man. It was amusing to see the noble lord and the others shaking hands with him and wishing him 'good luck' when I brought him away.

'I once brought an absconding solicitor, who had committed vast frauds in England, from a remote part of Australia. One day he had gone into a hotel dining-room more than a year after he had absconded, and actually met a young fellow, then on a pleasure tour, who recognised him, in spite of many changes in the cut of his whiskers, and so on. The young fellow

was quite unknown to the absconder, but the former, whose uncle had lost money through the fraud, denounced the runaway. The queer thing about the voyage was that my prisoner denied wholly that he was the man wanted, and nothing was found on him that identified him. I almost began to believe in him—till I heard him talking in his sleep. Brave as was the show he made to me, he was for ever muttering about home and his old offices in his sleep. I have read of sleep talking revelations in novels, but I never knew of a case besides this in my own experience.

'Another thing I must tell you that rather savours of the circulating library. I was, not ten years ago, bringing over from America a man of fine appearance who was mixed up in some celebrated letter-of-credit and bogus-checke frauds. He was an accomplished man who had been for years living a life of fraud on the Continent. For special reasons, I kept him apart from the other passengers at the earlier part of the voyage, but there was a great English theatrical company returning in the same boat, and with it were many very pretty chorus girls. Many of these, who knew that a notorious swindler was aboard, showed great anxiety to see him, and one day the chief officer let half a dozen of them stray into an office-cabin where the man and I were sitting smoking. A very pretty girl—one of the youngest of the chorus and now well known on the boards of the music halls—gave a great scream when she saw the man and then fainted away. He was in reality her eldest brother. He had occasionally visited the home of his parents at Dalston a few years before, representing that he was in the wine trade at Bordeaux, and it came as a terrible shock to the girl to find that he was a criminal being taken to justice in the very boat in which she was. The man was very much 'cut up,' but, curious to say would never see the girl again.

'This conclusion I have come to—that bright, honest company which is sympathetic to the wrong-doer creates more remorse even than solitude. I have often seen all that was good brought out more strongly in men steeped to the lips in fraud and deception by the kindly acts of fellow-voyagers than by means of any other ministrations that I know of. I believe that many of the men I have brought back have decided to plead guilty and get the sentence over quickly, solely because hopeful words from honest fellows aboard have led them to think of a better and straighter life.

## SAVING FOUR HUNDRED LIVES.

An Old Peasant Who Knew How to Cheat the Cruel Waves.

It is a beautiful story told by Lafcadio Hearn of an old man, whose great deed belongs to Japanese history. He was Hamaguchi, and his farmhouse stood on the verge of a small plateau overlooking the bay. The plateau, mostly devoted to rice-culture, was hemmed in on three sides by thickly wooded summits; and from the outer verge, the land sloped down to the sea. Below were [mutedly] the dwellings and a temple; these composed the village.

One autumn evening, Hamaguchi Gohei was looking down from his balcony on the preparations for some merry-making in the hamlet below. All the villagers were out, and he, [would] have gone with them, had he not been feeling less strong than usual. Suddenly there came an earthquake shock, not a very strong one; but Hamaguchi, who had felt many before this, thought [there] was something odd in its long, spongy motion. As the quaking ceased, he chanced to look toward the sea, and there he saw the strangest possible sight; it seemed to be running away from the land. Apparently the whole village had noticed it; for the people stood still in wonderment; only Hamaguchi drew any conclusions from the phenomenon, and guessed what the sea would do next. He called his little grandson a lad of ten, the only one of the family left with him.

'Tada! Quick! Light me a torch!' The child kindled a pine-torch, and the old man hurried with it to the fields, where hundreds of rice-stacks stood ready for transportation. [One] by one he lighted them in haste, and they caught like tinder, sending skyward masses of smoke that met and mingled in one cloudy whirl. Tada, astonished and terrified, ran after his grandfather, weeping and calling: 'Why? why?' Hamaguchi did not answer; he thought only of four hundred lives in peril. He watched for the people, and in a moment only, they came swarming up from the village like ants. And still the sea was fleeing toward the horizon. The first party of succor arrived, a score of agile young peasants, who wanted to attack the fire at once; but Hamaguchi, stretching out both his arms, stopped them.

'Let it burn, lads!' he commanded. 'Let it be. I want the whole village here.' The whole village came, mothers and children last of all, drawn by concern and curiosity. 'Grandfather is mad. I am afraid of him,' sobbed little Tada. 'He set fire to the rice on purpose. I saw him do it.' 'As for the rice,' said Hamaguchi, 'the child tells the truth. I set fire to it. Are all the people here?' 'All are here,' was the answer; 'but we cannot understand this thing.'

'See!' cried the old man, at the top of his voice, pointing to the open. 'Say if I be mad!'

It was the returning sea, towering like a cliff, and coursing swifter than the kite. There was a shock, heavier than thunder, as the colossal swell smote the shore, with a foam-burst like a blaze of sheet-lightning. Then a white horror of seas waved over the village itself. It drew back, roaring, and tearing out the land as it went. Twice, thrice, five times it struck and ebbed, each time with lesser surges, and then it returned to its ancient bed, and stayed there, although still raging. Of all the homes about the bay, nothing remained but two straw roofs tossing madly in the offing. All lips were dumb, until Hamaguchi observed gently:

'That was why I set fire to the rice.'

He was now poor as the poorest in all the village; but he had saved four hundred lives.

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## A BEAR'S RIDE.

A Reliable Newspaper Tells a Pretty Good Bear story.

A railroad train was running through a narrow cut in Pennsylvania says the Boston Transcript, when the engineer was startled by the sight of a bear rounding the curve just in front. The bear, too was startled, we may suppose, for instead of stepping aside, he reared upon his hind legs and waited. The engineer shut off steam, but it was too late. The cowcatcher slid under the hind legs of the brute and lifted him off the ground. Thinking all trouble was over, the engineer put on steam again, while the fireman climbed out the cab window, and stole along the guard-rail to see what had become of the bear. He was there, clasping the cowcatcher, the lower part of his body just grazing the ground, and his head almost reaching the bottom of the head light. He seemed to understand that the only thing he could do was to hold on fast, and he did so during the run to next station, ten miles distant. The station agent was standing at the door as the train approached. The sight of a full grown bear on the cowcatcher took away his breath.

As soon as the engine came to a standstill, Bruin slipped from his perch and made a break for freedom. This took him straight toward the agent, who dashed through the door, slammed it shut, leaped through the rear door, and went up the street at a furious rate, calling, 'Bear! bear! somebody get a gun!' Soon the town was in a turmoil, a yelling crowd following in hot pursuit of the bear, some of the boys pelting him with stones. Suddenly a big shepherd dog bounded out of a yard, and dashed after the bear. Bruin paused but a minute or two, but when he passed on, the rash dog had no more interest in the rash proceedings.

At the street corner a lawyer, carrying a double-barreled gun, came face to face with the bear, which turned down the nearest alley. The crowd increased and encircled the frightened animal, making escape impossible. Finding himself at bay, Bruin backed up against a barn, rearing on his haunches. The lawyer sent two bullets into him, where upon the wounded animal charged the crowd. One urchin fell, was trampled upon, and had a leg broken. The lawyer slipped another bullet into his gun, and sent it through Bruin's head and finished him.

By this time the engineer and fireman recalled the fact that a trainload of passengers were waiting at the station, and hurried back and resumed their official duties. The hunt had lasted about twenty minutes.

## A Providential Rescue.

The good ship Regular while on a voyage from Liverpool to Bombay, was caught off the Cape of Good Hope in a gale. 'She sprung a serious leak, and captain and crew had to take to the boisterous sea in open boats. They had run so far off the course of vessels that there was small prospect of rescue. 'What seemed the direct intervention of Providence was evident in their case,' says Commander Pasco, in 'A Roving Commission.'

Captain Roi of the French frigate L'Alcmene, who rescued captain and crew from the boats tell how it was brought about. He was on the deck of his vessel at the moment, as afterward appeared, when the sinking ship was abandoned, and remarking to the officer of the watch that it was time to change the course of L'Alcmene, he went below to consult the chart.

'I went into my cabin,' he says, 'for the sole purpose of consulting the chart, but paused for a moment to glance at a book that lay open on the table. Then I fell asleep, a most unusual thing for me during daylight. I slept on, I knew not how

long, but when I waked it was dark and I was both cold and hungry. My last waking thought had been of changing the vessel's course; and I went on deck, supposing that that had been done, but found the ship still steering east.

'How is this?' I asked; 'did I not direct the course to be altered?'

'I was told that you were going to consult the chart,' replied the officer, 'and then fix the course.'

'So I did; what time is it?' I asked.

'Past midnight, sir; this is the middle watch.'

'All right,' I said, 'we will continue on this course until we get sights for longitude in the morning.'

'Before that was done we had sighted one boat and rescued its crew; and we kept on the same course until we found the second boat.'

## THIS WAS CHILDS'S WAY.

His Charity and an Example of Its Practical Form.

The late George W. Childs of Philadelphia was a frequent helper of the helpless, but he had a way of putting his beneficiaries on their feet, and showing them how to help themselves.

He was once visited by a widow, whose husband had died leaving her and her three children no property and no life insurance. Mr. Childs knew that his reputation for benevolence had influenced her (as it did hundreds of others) to come to him—with some expectation, of course, of pecuniary assistance; but he saw that she was a lady, and that her request for his advice was no artifice of one accustomed to take charity.

'What can you do?' he asked her.

'I can keep house,' she said. 'It is the only thing I can do, and do it well.'

'Perhaps you could manage a boarding-house. Would you be willing to?'

'I would certainly if—' She hesitated till her good sense told her it was better to speak frankly. Mr. Childs must know well enough of what she was thinking.

'I would if parties would trust me for the outfit,' she finally said.

Mr. Childs reflected a moment. 'Yes. How to begin without money is a question. You might succeed in the long run—after years of hard work, and broken down, perhaps, in health and strength. It would hardly be wise for you to start without capital.'

He paused, and the discouraged lady, mistaking his silence, was about to take her leave, but he stopped her. Then he unfolded his plan. She was to find a suitable house, if possible, in the best part of Philadelphia, get the most favorable terms she could get for five years' lease of it, and estimate the cost of furnishing it and the expense of supplying good meals. Having done this she was to report to him.

In due time the lady came back, and satisfied him that she had found the right place; whereupon he proposed to be responsible for the first year's rent, and to lend her five thousand dollars at six per cent. for five years.

'I judge that you are a good business woman,' he said, 'and in that length of time you can easily repay the loan.'

His prediction proved more than true. The lady prospered, and paid the last dollar of her debt before the end of five years.

Mr. Childs was not a 'professional' philanthropist, and philanthropy is not a branch of business; but save in the extremes of necessary charity, the same rules of mutual business obligation apply to both the helper and the helped. Benevolence ought not to be careless, and of all ways the practical business way of helping men to help themselves is the best.

## A HOLIDAY SCHOOLMASTER.

How Greatly They Honored the Chief Inventor of Austria.

A little Moravian village witnessed a curious sight a few weeks ago, when the school-teachers and children of the district marched in column to meet a young man of but twenty-four, arriving in a carriage loaded with fruit, candy and toys. The guest was Jan Szezpanik, the chief inventor of Austria, whose telegraphoscope for seeing at great distances is one of the marvels of the age.

Austria requires three years' military service of her male subjects, school masters excepted, and preferring to use the inventor in his laboratory rather than in the field, the government advised Szezpanik to become a schoolmaster again. Once in two months, therefore he goes to his native village to teach the school for half a day. In describing the first session under these novel conditions, Mark Twain says in the Century Magazine.

Szezpanik put the sapsless school-books aside and led the children a holiday dance through the enchanted lands of science and invention, explaining some of the curious things he had contrived and the laws which governed their construction. After this there was a play and a distribution of the gifts, and again more science including the story of the invention of the telephone, an instrument which the children then saw and tested for the first time. Then school 'let out,' the teacher got his certificate, all signed, stamped and taxed, and said goodbye, driving off under a storm of an revoirs from the children, who will resume their customary sobrieties until he comes again.

'A college is Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and a student on the other,' Garfield once said of a famous educator; and for training her children in scientific methods and the love of invention, Austria seems to have stumbled humorously on the same theory. Spaces of time have no proportion in value. A half-day with one person is worth a cycle of another—an important fact for old and young to remember.

## YOUNG AT SEVENTY.

Indigestion and Stomach Troubles Removed by South American Nerveine—Four Bottles Brought Back Health and Vigor.

Mr. Jas. Sherwood, of Windsor, Ont., writes: 'For twelve months I was a great sufferer from indigestion and stomach trouble. After trying other remedies without any benefit whatever, I was attracted to South American Nerveine through great cures I had read of its making, and I decided to try it. After a few doses I felt great relief and benefit. I have taken four bottles, and although I am 70 years old I give this thankful testimony for relief from the great suffering I had. I consider it a great medicine.'

## His Hobby.

Things not to be smiled at in themselves may take on a humorous aspect through the manner of their expression. An English paper says: 'An old country sexton, in showing visitors round the churchyard, used to stop at a certain tombstone and say, "This ere is the tomb of Tummas 'Dooper an' 'is eleven woves."

On one occasion a lady said, 'Eleven? Dear me! that's rather a lot, isn't it?' The old man looked at her gravely, and replied, 'Well, mum, yer see, it war an 'obby of 'isn.'

## Dyspepsia Chronica.

For what Nature alone provides for this stomach course. Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets are nature's panacea for all stomach ills. Pleasant and positive cure for Sour Stomach, Distress after Eating, Loss of Appetite, Wind on the Stomach, Dizziness, Nausea, Catarrh of the Stomach, Sick Headache, and all disorders directly traceable to sluggish digestive organs. 35 cents.

## Honoring the Flag.

Strange things happen in war-time, and here is one of the strangest, reported by the New York Tribune. A teacher of Holyoke, Mass., who is studying manual training in Sweden at a point where the cars run only twice a week, recently received a letter from home in a 'flag' envelope, which the authorities thought to be a communication from the United States government, on account of the flag. Immediately a special train was made up and took the letter forty miles for the benefit of the recipient.

## The Rebellion.

In the North-west has been suppressed and our citizens can now devote reasonable attention to their corns. The only sure, safe, and painless remedy is Patnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It never fails; never makes sore spots worse than the original discomfort. See that you get 'Patnam's,' and take no other.

## Nota Smoking Car.

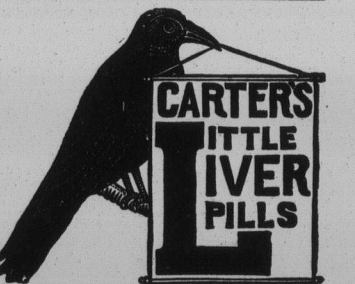
It was a Boston lady to whom the conductor remarked: 'Madam, this is a smoking car.' She looked it over and answered: 'I suspect that you are the victim of an optical illusion, due to the presence of a number of smoking men.'—Washington Star.

No better cough remedy is on the market than Dr. Harvey's Southern Rsd Pine. Only 25 cents a bottle.

## Made a Hit.

'Graygreen is selling his pictures like smoke.' 'Yes; he has quit painting to please the artists and his painting to please the public.'

The only involuntary muscle composed of red or striped fibres is the heart.



**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.

**CANCER** And Tumors cured to stay cured, at home; no knife, plaster or pain. For Canadian testimonials & 120-page book—free, write Dept. 11, Mason Medicines Co., 577 Sherbourne Street, Toronto Ontario.

Sunday Reading

The First Cruise.

About the middle of June the fishing-fleet on George's Banks noticed a small schooner-yacht approaching their grounds.

When about two cable-lengths away, the little stranger came into the wind, dropped her jibs, and at once a manned boat left her side.

He was a tall, athletic, brawny man who lightly stepped aboard. His eyes expressed good nature and kindness.

Two men only spoke for the comfort-bags. They immediately began to examine them with great curiosity.

As one of the men eagerly turned the pages and read his native language, tears ran down his wind-scared face.

This was the first visit to a fisherman on our coast that the captain and chaplain of the Deep-Sea Mission schooner Past-time ever made.

On the same day, in leaving some old Gloucester friends of his on another vessel, after the chaplain had supplied them with comfort bags, reading matter, and had given the crew a suitable homely talk.

Undramatic as this beginning is of what we hope will eventually prove to be an enlarged Christian enterprise, we may look forward in the future to a fleet of two or three large mission schooners, whose duty will be to patrol all the fishing-ground, as well as our own coast, affording rescue in storm, help in distress, cure in sickness, and above all, spiritual food and stimulus to men who for weeks and months are tossed on treacherous seas, and live narrow, stunted lives, into which the uncertain influence of companionship with men of undisciplined moral natures is more likely to sow the seeds of evil than of good.

Such an enterprise as this, born in poverty and fostered in devotion, is only another proof of the inherent energy of the religion of the Great Teacher.

Such an enterprise as this, born in poverty and fostered in devotion, is only another proof of the inherent energy of the religion of the Great Teacher.

Thin in flesh? Perhaps it's natural.

If perfectly well, this is probably the case.

But many are suffering from frequent colds, nervous debility, pallor, and a hundred aches and pains, simply because they are not fleshy enough.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites strengthens the digestion, gives new force to the nerves, and makes rich, red blood. It is a food in itself.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

generating the world. YOUTHS COMPANION.

The Saving Salt.

By the terms of the protocol agreed to by the United States and Spain, as a basis for a treaty of peace, the former is to come into possession not only of Porto Rico, but of all the other West Indian Islands except Cuba.

He we have the saving salt of goodness in our character and spirit, though we may seem to be greatly hindered in the good deeds we try to accomplish.

The trouble about the barren fig tree was that it did not only bring forth no fruit itself, but it kept any other tree from bringing forth fruit on that ground.

When the government built ten new gunboats to prosecute the war against Tripoli in 1805 they were sent out as soon as they were finished and before they were named.

The Unfruitful Life.

A little daughter of a railroad engineer in Ferdinand, Fla., who was born blind and with cataracts over her eyes, recently saw the light for the first time after a successful operation by a great surgeon in Baltimore.

Among other cases of disaster which are attributed to the violence of the waves or weather there is none more interesting than that of the strange fate of the Saratoga. When she sailed from Philadelphia in October, 1780, under the command of Capt. James Young, there was no finer or handsomer war vessel afloat.

Established 1780. 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.

World, and the happiest privilege of our lives is to attract those who are in blindness to the great Physician who can fill them with the true light.

Who Are You Popular With?

Paul in his letter to Timothy urged that young man, who was a great favorite of his, to seek so to do his work that whatever happened he would be popular with God.

The Point of View.

A great deal depends upon how we look at life. If we look on the dark side with a carping, critical eye, most people can find trouble enough, so that it will not seem worth living.

Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the rising young colored poet, set the truth very clear in these two verses:

"A crust of bread and a corner to sleep in, A minute to smile and an hour to weep in, A plot of joy to a peck of trouble, And never a laugh but the moans come double; And that is life!"

"A crust and a corner that love makes precious, With a smile to warm and the tears to refresh us; And the joys seem sweeter when care comes after, And the moan is the finest of tolls for laughter! And that is life!"

IMPORTANT NAVAL MYSTERIES.

Warships That Have Disappeared Without Leaving any Explanation.

Curious disappearances and accidents to our warships characterized the early history of our navy, and in spite of all the efforts of the navy department to explain the cause of the disasters many of them are as absolute mysteries to day as when they happened.

When the government built ten new gunboats to prosecute the war against Tripoli in 1805 they were sent out as soon as they were finished and before they were named.

A most extraordinary accident was that which happened to the corvette Monongahela at Santa Cruz in 1867. While at anchor in the harbor a tremendous tidal wave lifted her upon its crest and carried her clean over the town of Friedrichstadt and back again without injuring the town or the boat to any great extent.

The late Eugene Field, "the children's poet," as he is called, was a child-lover, through and through, with a special gift for fellowship with children.

One pleasant little incident related of him in McClure's Magazine, is that while travelling by rail he was recognized by a workingman, who had heard him lecture the night before.

Now, little one, I want you to look at this gentleman. He is Mr. Field, and when you grow up you'll be glad to know that once upon a time he spoke to you."

of a storm and she was never heard from again. Did she founder at sea in the gale or was she blown up by her own magazines?

ELPHINITY AND LOVE.

How the Former was Used to Check the Course of the Latter.

Here is a variation of the old story of the true lovers and the cruel parent. A prepossessing young woman, living in the vicinity of Seventh and Tasker streets, has a 'steady,' and also a father. The latter does not approve of the former, and is at no pains to disguise his sentiments in the matter.

When the former was used to check the course of the latter, the latter was used to check the course of the former.

According to Le Petit Journal of Paris, the dirtiest people in the world, dirtier even than Lieut. Peary found the Eskimo, have recently been discovered by a Russian traveler and explorer, M. Zienoviff, in the Caucasus.

WORLD'S DIRTIEST PEOPLE.

Residents of the Caucasus Who Rest Four Days and Never Wash.

Like the Eskimo and certain Australian tribes and the Pueblos, they have no fire-places, their cooking being done by a fire kindled in a hole scooped out in the middle of the floor.

The late Eugene Field, "the children's poet," as he is called, was a child-lover, through and through, with a special gift for fellowship with children.

A Railway Incident.

The late Eugene Field, "the children's poet," as he is called, was a child-lover, through and through, with a special gift for fellowship with children.

Now, little one, I want you to look at this gentleman. He is Mr. Field, and when you grow up you'll be glad to know that once upon a time he spoke to you."

or more, evidently enjoying the new acquaintance thoroughly himself, winning the cooing confidence of the baby, and of course delighting the proud parents to the uttermost.

Still more characteristic is an anecdote of Mr. Field's wedding-day. Never was a man more devoted to his wife; nevertheless, on the day that made her his, he was guilty of keeping her waiting for him at the church.

He was found on the street a short distance away, down on his knees in the mud, absorbed in settling a dispute between two small street arabs which had arisen over a game of marbles; listening with eager interest to the testimony vociferated at either ear by the belligerent parties and their friends, and trying to evolve a peaceful compromise out of a very lively quarrel.

Nigh Unto Death.

Paine's Celery Compound Saves a Life after Failures with Other Medicines.

Mr. McMullin says: "Paine's Celery Compound Worked Miracles for Me."

The Only Safe Medicine for Sick and Diseased People.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO. Gentlemen:—For over four years I have been in poor health, and received treatment from two doctors beside using seven kinds of patent medicines.

Effective speech is not confined to great orators and poets. Old Nancy Doane was talking about another old woman in the neighborhood and she said:

"I never see her beat! She'll lop in a cheer, and there she'll set an' set an' set, doin' absolutely nothin' fer hours an, hours day after day! 'Pon my soul, I sh'd think she'd mildew!"—Harper's Bazar.

It is easy enough to say bright things; the difficult part is to think of them.

A YOUNG GIRL'S ESCAPE. Saved from being a Nervous Wreck BY MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS.

For the benefit of Canadian mothers, who have daughters who are weak, pale, run down or nervous, Mrs. Belanger, 128 Rideau Street, Ottawa, Ontario, made the following statement, so that no one need suffer through ignorance of the right remedy to use: "My daughter suffered very much from heart troubles at times. Often she was so bad that she could not speak, but had to sit and gasp for breath.

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

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

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

### Notches on The Stick

"Legend of the Trailing Arbutus, and other Poems," by Ralph H. Shaw, author of "In Many Moods," is a book which will appeal to persons of refinement and quiet tastes, who love simplicity and purity of style, united to the most careful attention to artistic details. Mr. Shaw is no hasty or careless writer, at all events, and shows that while he possesses the power to touch the heart he has also the skill to charm the mind by his appeals to the æsthetic side of our nature. There is a delicacy of manner and a tenderness of tone, not feminine, indeed, but rare among masculine writers. He appears to have been affected in some degree by the muse of Longfellow, and not unfavorably, since his voice and manner are quite his own, while his themes are usually suggested by his personal experiences, colored by his love of domestic life and of favorite scenes to which he has been accustomed to resort.

He emulates both Longfellow and Whittier, in his appreciation of the Indian legends of New England, and his felicity in weaving them into his verse. The soul of the myth has not escaped from his embodiment, which in serenity of beauty and melody sometimes reminds us of Frances L. Mace. In the "Legend of the Trailing Arbutus" a beautiful maiden enters the lodge of the winter-spirit, incarnated in an old man.

In she came with dancing feet,  
And she wore, to his delight  
Robes of ferns and grasses sweet,  
Moccasins of lily white.

Roses red were in her hair;  
Willow buds were in her hands;  
Soon she gave the lodge the air,  
Warmth and bloom of sunny lands.

A colloquy ensues, in which the old man and maiden describe the effect of their presence. The old man is the herald of the frost:

"When I shake my hoary head  
Falls the bleak and blinding snow."  
"When I roam," the maiden said,  
"Light and lush the leaves come out;  
Blithe the birds sing overhead,  
All the wild-geese from me fly."

While they talked the lodge grew warm;  
Wide awake he could not keep;  
Soon he stretched his heavy form,  
Bowed his head and fell asleep.

On the lodge the sunbeam fell;  
O'er the lodge the bluebird chafed;  
Soon the springs began to well,  
Soon the river laughed and leaped.

Low the maiden as he lay  
Bent and breathed his body o'er;  
Saw it sink and fall away,  
Melt from out the robes he wore:—

Saw the robes, with keen delight,  
Turn to leaves of living green;  
Then she knelt, and flowers white  
Fondly hid the leaves between.

"Precious flowers, unto you  
Give I all my purity;  
Who would pick you so must do  
Humbly and on bended knee."

This she said and moved away  
Through the woods by hill and dell:  
Lo! the arbutus today  
Trails where'er her footsteps fell.

"The gift of Katabdin: An Algonquin Legend," terminates with a moral that takes a humorous turn, and "The Legend of Indian Corn," has a quiet beauty of its own. In Glooscap and Malsum we have a dialogue between the good and evil spirits,—here represented as brothers—Kwah-beetasis, the Beaver, and Kokokhas, the owl. Malsum, in the end, perishes at the hand of Glooscap. "The Mournful Mystery of The Partridge-Witch," finds its scene

Where the wild Penobscot rises  
Down its rocky way to flow.

"The Cry of The Loon" is a typical ballad, with its imitative—"Kwemoos-el-kom-ik-too-sjul-Glooscap!"—

The Loon is calling on Glooscap.  
"Weelahka" is the name of a sylvan brook in Ossipee Park, N. H., and it is also the title of one of the most exquisite of Mr. Shaw's lyrics. A beautiful Indian maiden is transformed into a mountain stream:

This is how there came to be  
On the side of Ossipee,  
Said the wise men long ago,  
What we as Weelahka know.  
Brook or spirit, to this day  
It has stolen hearts away.

"The Legend of the Fringed Gentian," and "The Challenge and the Answer," are brief stories, neatly and delicately told. The latter we put before our readers:—

While the early blue-birds sing  
In the Plymouth woods of spring;  
While beneath a rosy ray  
Melts the ice in Plymouth bay,  
And the Pilgrim offers praise  
For the promised better days,—  
Like an arrow from the sky,  
All so sudden to the eye,  
Lights a brave in Plymouth town,  
Where he throws a quiver down,  
Turns him quietly thereupon,  
And in a moment gone.

Holds the quiver, it is found,  
Arrows with a snake-skin bound,  
Sent to little Plymouth thus

### Much in Little

An especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medicine ever contained so great curative power in so small space. They are a whole medicine.

## Hood's Pills

chest, always ready, always efficient, always satisfactory; prevent a cold or fever, cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, constipation, etc. &c. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarasaparilla.

By the fierce Canonius,  
As a token to all eyes  
That he hates and he defies.  
Ere the pleasant light of day  
Fades from peaceful Plymouth bay,  
Back to him of dark intent,  
Powder-stuffed, the skin is sent,  
For the wisdom is to show  
Heart of courage to the foe;  
But in fear the pallid  
Stouter far by night is made,  
And a watch as ne'er before  
Sets the homes of Plymouth o'er.

A rare tribute from husband to wife is the following, which recalls a summer in Ossipee Park:

Again,  
Again to these familiar hills  
My love has come with me,  
And like a light and careless girl  
She bears me company.  
Again for her these wildwoods wave,  
These winding waters pour;  
Again I live, in all I feel,  
Our first sweet summer o'er.

Again she wears the jaunty cap  
She would not wear in town,  
And tied with silken bows she lets  
Her braided tresses down,  
For years a mother, still her face  
It's early freshness wears,  
Ah! who would say that she hath borne  
A hundred household cares?

Again I wait to raise the boughs  
Above her bending head,  
As when amid the tangled wood  
Her early steps I led;  
Again to help her climb the steep,  
The rough and rugged way,  
As when, a bashful lad, I longed  
My hand in hers to lay.

Oh, may she know that still to me,  
Among these summer hills,  
She's praised by all their whispering airs  
And all their stinging rills!  
And may I many summers live  
Our first sweet summer o'er,  
Ere light among these hills shall be  
Her step and mine no more!

Sorrow has visited the poet's home and inspired some of the tenderest of his lyrics. A little daughter, suddenly removed, made silence in his home, but music, as well as anguish, in his heart:

The Wood-Thrush.  
My absent dear, my darling,  
The wood-thrush kens I trow,  
The feeling that is in my heart  
Which very few may know.

For Oh! my dear, my darling,  
It sings a sadder song  
Than I have heard it sing before  
For many a summer long.

My loneliness has found  
A singer in this gray-mossed wood  
Whose shadows deepen round.

But oh! my dear, my darling,  
The singer sings in vain:  
For then—on dost not hear the song,  
And lonely I remain.

Oh, Tell Me,  
I catch you, hold you, dearest dear,  
A captive on my knee;  
I catch you, hold you, dearest dear,—  
Now tell it all to me!

Oh, tell me how the sunbeams fall,  
The flowers bloom to-day  
In that world of yours,  
Where Spring endures  
And all is light and gay,—  
My dear,

And all is light and gay!  
Oh, sweet to me your laughing glee,  
Your rippling, gurgling voice!  
Oh, sweet to me your laughing glee!  
I hear it and rejoice.

Oh, tell me if you seek its tones  
From some melodious stream  
In that world of yours  
Where Spring endures,  
And life is but a dream,  
My dear,

How beautiful your deep blue eyes!  
How soft their witchery!  
How beautiful your deep blue eyes,  
That work their spell on me!  
Oh, tell me if you caught their charm  
From that cerulean sky  
In that world of yours  
Where the Spring endures;  
And then I'll say,—Good-bye  
My dear,  
And then I'll say,—Good-bye!

Of the six sonnets in the book this comes near to being the best, though we are tempted to substitute "April 26, 1895," for the excellent spirit of wisdom that is in it:

First speech is like the sudden blossoming  
Of trees, itself the blossoming of thought,  
As sudden: truth to us this morning brought,  
When our dear daughter, three years old this spring,  
In words well-chosen spake full many a thing  
Which late as yester morning we would not  
Have said that she could utter if not taught  
By having it repeated, as birds sing  
Their songs—without the slightest variance—  
Over again to her. How suddenly  
Has she become a sweeter spray to us!  
With what surprise to our delighted senses!—  
Her speech has come with subtle fragrance,  
And in a way that seems miraculous.

A breath of the morning has been stolen

in the "The Wakening;" the spirit of innocent childhood is in "Willetts,"

That little, witching, mountaineer.  
"In The Shadow," has a dewy chillness; tears are in it. "Let's Go A-Maying" glances at Herriek, and has a light airy touch. "The Stopping of the Stage," and "From The Hill," are etchings of homely rural scenes such as the author delights in, faithful in their verisimilitude. "Luxuries" "Two Nature Lovers" "To A Boy," "Untenanted," "Lake Squam," "My Lady Birch," and "Ashhurst," breathe the same passion of rural life and scenery, as also the friendliness of the poet. The book in its outward dress is as chaste in its drab and white as it is in its content. We commend this volume to the lovers of verse not much in the current fashion, but in the spirit which always will appeal to the unsophisticated.

Dr Theodore H. Rand, who has mingled with graver studies the enlivening one of poesy, is soon to illustrate our progress in rhyme by a new Canadian anthology. It appears that he divided his attention between the charms of Minas and the pages of our native muse; the result being a manuscript, now in the hands of the publishers, entitled "A Treasury of Canadian Verse," which will embrace the choicest lyrical specimens, covering the whole period of our literary history. The name of the compiler of this work should be a guarantee of its success with the public, and an assurance to the dubious minded that it is worth the undertaking. The contents will have passed the ordeal of a refined and cultivated taste, and each poem will appear by virtue of the compiler's favorable judgement upon its poetic and literary merit. We predict that this will be a singularly interesting volume, and will show that from the pages of our writers can be selected a collection of songs as genuine and attractive as can be compiled from contemporary singers in the United States, or, omitting the very greatest names, in England. The book will embrace, in its three; hundred pages, brief specimens chiefly lyrical, covering the whole range of Canadian poetry, except French and dialect writers, and will appear simultaneously in Boston, London and Toronto. Lamson Wolfe & Co., of Boston, will handle the book for the United States and Canada, and Wm. Briggs of Toronto will have exclusive right of publication in Canada.

PASTOR FELIX.

### SUMMER FREEDOM FOR GIRLS.

The Feeling of Relief Given by Short Skirts and Unconventional Attire.

The girls are coming back. From seashore, mountains, and country they are pouring into the city, and the streets in the shopping districts are blossoming like the rose, albeit a rose slightly faded; for summer frocks and hats show signs of wear and tear, and October is hopelessly between seasons. Many a young woman is blessing the warm weather, which makes it possible for her to cling to shirt waists and straw hats while struggling with the problem of fall clothes; and tailors, dressmakers and milliners are leading desperate lives in their efforts to provide outfits to make women proof against the first cold days.

On the trains and boats the air is full of chatter. Every one is running across friends and comparing notes, swapping Bar Harbor gossip for White Mountain stories, asking questions about common friends, announcing engagements, births and deaths. The girl's talk is full of 'he's' and 'intensives' and superlatives are thick as blackberries. Some of the wanderers are sorry to come back. Some are cheerfully philosophical. Some are really glad.

But on one point all are agreed: It is an awful pull to resign one's self to long skirts and gloves, and veils, and hats. No man could appreciate the feeling. Some women can't; but the girl who, for long blissful months, has wheeled, and tramped and sailed and golfed and swam, who has made concessions to conventionalities in the evenings, but during the days, has been free from worry and bother about hair and clothes, that girl is sorry that summer is over.

A great deal has been written about the fad for disfigurement which has seized upon the modern girl; and there is ample room for criticism. Brown is a good color and some girls are charming through a

One Day's Work  
We give this free Watch, Chain & Charm for selling two doz. packages of Hood's Pills at two cents each. Send address and we forward the watch, chain and charm free. No money required. Sell the portions among your friends, return money, and we send the watch, chain & charm. This is a genuine American Watch, guaranteed a good timepiece. Mention this paper.  
Hess Specialty Co. 66 Victoria St. Toronto

liberal coat of tan, but very few of them look enough better to justify their making desperate efforts to obtain tan and freckles and sunburn; and it is a waste of time to court a leatherlike skin. The fact that gollers need to have their shirt waists sleeves up above the elbows, hardly justifies that idiosyncrasy as a feature of luncheon attire; and hairpins still have praiseworthy missions, although one wouldn't guess that summer girls believed any such a theory.

But, luckily, the girls who make spectacles of themselves are only extremists, perverting a movement that is rational and wholesome. That is the point which most of the critics overlook. Behind the cranks is a whole host of girls enjoying the summer as it was not possible they should enjoy it in earlier years. Where one girl goes bareheaded all summer because she wants to get tanned, a hundred do it because it is a blessed relief to be free from heavy hats, to sail or ride a wheel without wrestling to keep their hats from blowing off. They do the best they can with their hair, and they don't like the extremists, glory in having it look like an animated haystack, but they sigh blissfully over the thought that they will not be disgraced if the wind does play havoc with their hair, and that they need not be forced into ruining their eyes and spoiling their enjoyment with veils for the sake of tidiness or complexions.

They put on short skirts and heavy shoes, not because it is the fad, but because they can be happier in them; and no one who has not spent a summer in short skirts can understand how they add to the joy of living. Holding up petticoats, walking upon the front of one's own dress skirts, feeling the swish of drabbed skirts around one's ankles are more wearing on nerves and temper than is generally believed, and it is no wonder that a girl grows good-natured and forgets her nerves in summer-time.

There is an interesting study, for any one interested in the philosophy of clothes, in the breaking up of a crowd at a summer hotel. The girl who has gone about hatless, gloveless, short-skirted, all through the summer comes down stairs some morning strangely altered. One hardly knows her. The skirt of her tailor-made gown trails and clings about her feet. Her hat tilts over her forehead and is loaded with flowers. Her hair is carefully curled and her veil artfully adjusted and she wears gloves. The girl herself seems changed. All the freedom and nerve are gone. She moves gently, out of consideration for the clinging skirt and tight sleeves. She sits forward in her high-backed chair so that it won't knock her hat crooked, and her manner suggests receptions and teas. She has put it on with her travelling clothes. She is well, irreproachable and miserably uncomfortable. The winter season forward to it eagerly; but just at present she feels caged, irritated, nervous. Her hat hurts her head, and her veil hurts her eyes, and her gloves hurt her hands, and she wishes the summer were just beginning, and wonders whether city life pays.

The critics say she is demoralized, but theorists say that there is a glimmering dawn of reason in her brain. The girl doesn't philosophize about it at all. She goes back to town and has a royal good winter seasons shorter, year by year. There may be a philosophical explanation for that, and there may not.

### TRAVELLING IN CANADA.

The Way of Doing Things Illustrated in Comments on a Balty Locomotive.

They are primitive people in Canada, or, at all events, some of them are, says the New York Sun. Those who aren't primitive perhaps are too sophisticated. But that's a matter of taste.

Now, there is a railroad in Canada, that may be called the Central Lower Canada, as a disguise similar to that which the detective assumes on the stage. It runs from Jacques-Cartierville to Arlington, a distance of about 145 miles. At Arlington it connects with an American railway, one of these conceitedly named roads which combine the name of a city with the name of a State, like the Oshkosh and Nebraska, or something in that style. This Lower Canada Central runs one train a day to connect with this American line. The train leaves Jacques-Cartierville in the afternoon and takes in theory five and a half hours to run to Arlington. It is only in theory that it takes that length of time, not having anything special to do when it gets there, and the other train having to do the waiting, the Central Lower Canada takes six or seven or more hours to make the run. Of course, the run can be made in schedule time, but only when the new American engine, which the company

thought ten years ago, is in condition. That is not always.

The other day it started on time to the second and went slowly up the first of the long grades which as a rule would be considered in making up the schedule, but in Canada are not taken into account. As it went on, the train lost time everywhere. Finally it stopped half an hour late at a flag station. There it waited, and kept on waiting—it had a hot box. The passengers went out to see the fun and heard the engineer and conductor, in the intervals of the former's struggles with the hot box, making comments on affairs in general and on those of the Central Lower Canada in particular.

"They oughtn't to ha' given you this engine," said the conductor. The engineer grunted and muttered:

"They hadn't. She broke down yesterday, same place."

"They put those brasses in this mornin', though," said the fireman, from the cab.

"Ya-as," said the engineer, drawing out the last of the hot brasses from the box. "These was new brasses this mornin'."

The passengers were getting interested. "Where's the engine that should pull us?" asked one of them.

"Oh, she's been id up for two or three days," said the engineer, pouring more water on the hot box. Then one of the passengers, who had been around the engine, came back with a capital joke.

"Say, what d'you think they've got for a headlight?" he asked. "A brakeman's lantern inside the big lantern!"

"Ya-as," said the engineer sullenly, as the passengers streamed to verify the statement. "Lump broke down, when we tried to light it, so we had to put the lantern inside."

After an hour the box was cooled sufficiently to allow the train to go ahead, and it arrived at Arlington only about two and a half hours late, to find that the worm had turned, and the train that should have waited had departed. The Central Lower Canada advertises in Canada as the shortest and best line—but then every road does that.

It ought to be interesting to those Americans who view the far-famed Saguenay on the 'pallid double-tier steamers of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company' to learn from a steward caught looking through the window into a woman's stateroom that that is the way he and his confreres are directed to proceed to learn if the passengers are up and ready to leave the boat. But the manager says he will forbid the stewards to do it in the future, and that they were never told to do so, anyway; so perhaps the Americans who support the line may take comfort for next year.

Last year there was a train from this city, which, reaching Jacques-Cartierville on time, brought the traveller into the city about 6:30 in the morning, in time to get the early morning boats and trains. But the hotel keepers did not like the arrangement, and as the Canadian Pacific is the biggest hotel keeper in the city, it had influence enough to have the train taken off. So now there is only one way of getting into and out of Jacques-Cartierville without having to spend the night at some of the hotels—which is nice for the hotel keepers.

### A Valuable Find.

"Have you heard from your brother who went to the Klondike?" asked one Boston man of his neighbor.

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "He's just struck luck."  
Gold?  
"Not yet; but he's discovered a place to get baked beans."

## CONSTIPATION.

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

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

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

BUY  
**Coleman's Salt**  
THE BEST  
Every package guaranteed.  
The 5 lb Carton of Table Salt is the neatest package on the market. For sale by all first class grocers.

Chat to . . . Boys and Girls.

The week rolls around, and once again Saturday sees us all gathered in the corner, a merry group of girls and boys, lively as bees—"not as apt to sting," you say, Kitty; well no, indeed, but did you ever hear of bees without stings? Well I can show you a whole hive of them, and I should be glad if you, my bright-faced listeners, would cultivate some, or all of them. No doubt you have heard of them before, but I want you to seek a close acquaintance with them, and partake of the honey they are sure to bring you.

The first one that comes to my mind is "Be cheerful,"—this is considered by many the queen-bee; but I don't know about that, certainly it is a treasure in the household. Father loves his cheerful girl, when he comes home, tired in brain and body, and her pleasant smile, and her heart of sunshine, out of which comes only bright and cheerful words and helpful ways, do more to make him forget business worries than anything else, for you know the proverb "A cheerful heart doeth good like a medicine." One of the American poets has written of a woman who had

"A sweet, heart-lifting cheerfulness" that "Seemed ever on her steps to merit" what a lovely companion such a daughter must prove, what a strength to mother tried with many cares, and what a happy example to her brothers and sisters, is the girl who "believes in looking on the bright side of things."

I know what you are going to say my sober Mamie, that "it is much easier for some people to be cheerful than for others." That is true the bright, hopeful spirit seems inborn in some people, while to others it can only be a cultivated virtue—very well then, let us sow, and water it if need be, and as cultivated flowers are often the most perfect, being the outcome of much watching and toil, so may cultivated cheerfulness, be a plant of lovely blossom and choice fruit. Then how much brighter this old world of ours would be, and how quickly time would fly, instead of those long days which drag so heavily.

Our own happiness or misery is in a great measure formed by our own way of looking at things—if we "make mountains, out of mole-hills" we will always find the hill of life, a hard, steep climb; and if we will insist on walking in the shade, when the sun is shining on the other side of the road we need not wonder if we do not feel its warmth. The meaning of cheerfulness in the dictionary is "good spirits, liveliness, mirth, gaiety, etc."—Now all these are very good in their way, but none of them fully express what I mean by steady cheerfulness. Good spirits may last for a while and then a reaction comes which leaves you "in the dumps"—such a person is trying to live with mirth and gaiety only last while they have happiness to feed upon—but cheerfulness shines on through rain and cloud, hoping for something better tomorrow, and always the first to hail good fortune. So, my young friends do "be cheerful," but don't mistake me, don't think I would have you always laughing, not at all; such a girl is a trial to her friends and will make sensible people ashamed of her. A sunny disposition is not shown by the girl who laughs at everything you say to her, and is likely to fall into alarming convulsions of meaningless mirth at the most trifling occurrence, or makes silly remarks such a maiden is not blessed with "a cheerful heart" and all her friends know it well. Her good humour, if you can call it such, is simply a form of nervousness, or a foolish habit and there is no real fun or gladness in it. Above all, my dear girls, don't giggle! An overdose of laughter is bad enough, but the girl who giggles, is even more trying and a terror to all who are within the sound of her voice.

But there, we must not let this Be'e hum and buzz too long about our ears—let us see what honey he will bring us; first the sweet consolation of having 'cheered up' somebody was tired, dull or sick; second the warmth of the sunshine, we have helped to make, and which will surely reflect upon ourself; and thirdly a drop of honey, all my girls would like to sip I am sure, and that is another line of beauty to the face; a winsome, contented gleam of brightness, we can't tell first where, about the eyes or the smiling mouth, but we feel its influence and strangers seeing such a face will say 'what a sweet pleasant looking, girl even though your nose may not be quite straight, or your mouth is large, or you have freckles and red hair; the beauty of a cheerful disposition will show itself, when your bright youth has faded, and will ruin many a heart, where accomplishments would fail. To my boys I would recommend the busy hum of another little Be at

some future time. Next week I want you all present in large numbers, each one bringing a friend, for I have something to tell you, which I promised for your amusement during these evenings, and now for this week we must separate, so good-bye from AUNT BELL.

Bewitching Tea Gowns.

Filmy, Graceful Creations That Tempt Woman-kind Sorely.

The man who said that "grace is the beauty of form under the influence of freedom" may have been inspired by the sight of a handsome woman in a handsome negligee gown. One thing is certain, and that is that no variety of dress is more graceful than the long-flowing, semi-loose tea gown. Every woman who can afford to do so should indulge in the luxury of at least one elaborate garment of this kind. Those who can afford several are the envy of their friends. The tea gown has a much-to-be-desired influence on the wearer. It makes the poor feel rich and the rich richer and gives one a sense of ease, freedom and luxury that no other frock, however fine, imparts. If a woman has the figure which suits this gown, she is more attractive in this style of dress than any other. This perhaps explains the fondness of woman generally for it, to say nothing of men's liking for it.

The new gowns are delightfully feminine and are fussy and fluffy enough to please the most exacting lover of insinuating lines and folds. All of them are made very long in front and at the sides, while in the back they sweep away into a decidedly trailing effect. Those made of very soft materials show a tendency toward the Grecian style, while others of silk or satin are built on modern lines, relieved of all stiffness by much embellishment in the way of embroideries, pleated diaphanous materials, lace motifs and bands and jewelled trimmings.

A charming suggestion for making this favored garment accord with the latest dictates of Dame Fashion is shown in the model with a polonaise like over-dress. The shaped flounce outlining it is accentuated by lace applique put on garland fashion. The material is pale blue liberty silk, and opens over a full front and skirt of filmy yellowish lace falling from a butterfly bow at the corsage. The same style carried out in turquoise blue embroidered in silver paillettes and turquoises is exquisite, but no more so than rose pink or apricot wrought in cream lace applique in some fashionable design.

Silk muslin, made over soft, unstiffened satin, is one of the best materials for tea gowns at the present moment, and the mode of making in every case seems to be inexplicable. In the hand the robe apparently has no shape at all, but when on, what with soft sashes, crush belts, jewelled girdles, and on end of ribbon bows, it clings to the figure here and there in the most graceful fashion. The more diaphanous and indescribable such gowns are the more fashionable. For a tall, graceful woman nothing could be more excellent than a tea gown like the one shown, of Orient satin, in the ivory tint so becoming alike to dark and fair. A handsome girde of gilt filigree, studded with semi-precious stones, encircles the waist, falling almost to the bottom of the skirt in front. Long sleeves and a negligee jacket of soft point d'esprit net applique in a scroll design, with lace and a fichu of chiffon, complete this artistic creation.

Many of the imported tea gowns are made of accordion plated chiffon falling from a yoke of fine lace, and, were it not for the expense of the materials, would look for all the world like the old time Mother Hubbard wrapper, which every woman with an exquisite sense of neatness detested in her innermost heart.

Plain and dotted net, foulards, plain and fancy silks, and brocaded and plain satin are all made into negligee gowns, as well as all gauzy materials. Many of the swellest tea gowns are cut low and have elbow sleeves made of piece lace; then a lace scarf is thrown about the neck with studied carelessness, and its long ends are allowed to fall downward. Their is everything in this department to tempt a woman to part with a large part of her income.

Trills of Fashion.

Both the very short and the long muslin petticoats, are cut after the newest dress-skirt patterns, and their fit is faultless. Their tops are sheath shaped, and they fit back and front around the top without a gather or pleat or even so much as a pucker. It goes without saying that it flares decidedly at the bottom, and on the long petticoats three lace-edged graduated ruffles are made to fall over one another, and are set on an attached lace-edged flounce, which makes four fluffy ruffles about the feet. Not a skirt with plain, straight flounces is to be seen. They are set on zigzag, in points, in scallops, or so as to run high up in the back.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Oldest Paper in America FOUNDED A. D. 1728 BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

A high-grade illustrated weekly magazine, equal in tone and character to the best of the monthlies. In addition to the best original matter obtainable, the Post will present each week the best in the newspapers, periodicals and books of the world. It will aim to be to contemporary literature what a Salon exhibit is to art, bringing together the choicest bits of literature from all modern sources and giving them a deserved place together, 'on the line.' We have the literary resources of the world to draw upon. The best writers of the world are practically a retained corps of contributors. It would be impossible for any magazine, no matter how boundless its wealth, to obtain, as



original matter, the wealth of literature we have to offer weekly. The handsome illustrations in the Post are original.

To introduce it into your family, it will be mailed every week from now to January 1, 1899, on receipt of

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia

The very short skirts are more popular than ever before.

That little garment, the corset cover, plays an important part in the success or failure of woman's wardrobe, for upon it depends the fit or rather the correct set of her bodices. There was a time when she despised of ever finding a model for this garment that would not shrink or stretch after it had been sent to the laundry two or three times, but the problem has been simply solved for her. Short French corset covers that come only to or just a trifle below the waist are made to adhere closely to the figure by means of a drawing string at the neck and belt line. The new models are very dainty trifles. Some are tucked all over vertically or horizontally and others have bayadere or bias insertings of lace or embroidery, or both let in. A bolero corset cover fits well and is as becoming as it is pretty, which is all that can be said in its favor. Both the surplice and the fichu effect are sought and are equally becoming. Some very handsome corset covers are hand embroidered on the goods.

Gauze vests are no longer plain and unsightly. Those made of lisle thread or silk are gored under the arm, after the fashion of a chemise, and are cut rather long and the skirts trimmed. They are elaborately trimmed at the top with fine lace and ribbon, and are to be had ribbed or plain. Those of plain silk, woven after the fashion of a very fine pure-silk stocking, are exquisite to look at and delightful to the touch.

While the matinee more properly belongs to negligee dress, the average woman

thinks of it in connection with her lingerie.

This garment was not intended to wear outside of one's boudoir originally, but it has grown so in beauty that the possessor of one is not apt to resist the temptation of attiring herself in it for breakfast. Decidedly the most novel matinee brought out this season is the surplice tunic. This sacque is fashioned of liberty silk in white or any very delicate shade, and has a square shirred yoke of the material back and front. On to this yoke the silk is either accordion pleated or gathered, and hangs without any confinement whatever. The sleeves are tight and shirred well down over the hand. A fichu of the silk draped on surplice fashion completes this exceedingly soft and graceful garment. Matinees of this nature are not nearly so useful, however, as the Geisha dressing sack. This is made of fine figure French flannel in delicate pinks and tans, and is lined with pale pink India silk. Another is a matinee of white albatross with a square, horizontally tucked yoke back and front. Heavy lace of the shade known as age yellow almost hides each tuck. The sleeves and skirt are tucked vertically, a style most becoming to stout figures. By the way, very desirable night-dresses for steamer or sleeping-car wear are made of albatross in all colors, and fine flannel gowns made after the most approved styles except not quite so elaborate as to trimming, are considered desirable.

There are women who cannot indulge in the luxury of such lingerie as has been described, not on account of a limited income, but because of physical weakness which necessitates the wearing of woolen undergarments. For such there are no end of dainty combination suits in all wool or wool and silk. They are made considerably thinner at the waist than elsewhere, thus permitting the corset to set more closely on the figure. Instead of the woven hem or crochet edge of the ordinary woolen garment these suits are embellished with beautiful lace threaded with ribbons, and are further ornamented with bows of rosettes. The plain flannel petticoat with its embroidered scallop is completely out of vogue with fashionable women, who wear exquisite skirts of a silk-and-wool mixture lined with soft, warm silk and elabor-

ately ornamented with shaped flounces of silk or lace. These skirts are all short. A long petticoat of flannel decorated from the knees with double ruffles of pongee, vertically striped with tucks and torchon lace, is a fetching imported novelty.

OFFENSIVE EVEN TO MYSELF. Was my Catarrh—Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Dothroned it After twenty Years Belgia.

F. A. Bottom, druggist, Cokerhire, P. Q., says: 'For 20 years I suffered from catarrh. My breath was very offensive even to myself. During that time I tried everything that came my way which promised me a cure. In almost all instances I had to proclaim them no good at all. I was induced to try Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. I got relief instantly after first application. It cured me and I am free from all the effects of it. I am a thorough believer in their curative powers.'

The insect effects its breathing, not, as men and animals do, by the lungs, but through openings in all sides of the body. It has an intricate system of tubes running through all parts of its person, through which the air is brought in contact with the legs, wings and so on. These tubes are each protected by delicate membranes. In the fly there exist certain air-pouches, in addition to the tubes, which serve as reservoirs of air.

CHILDREN "LOVE" JUNKET. A fact appreciated by mothers, who recognize in it the ideal nourisher as well as tempter. Of all light family foods none is prepared in less time, with less heat, with less trouble or at less cost than Junket made with



Hansen's Junket Tablets

A quart of milk, a little fruit juice or flavoring and just one Junket Tablet form the ingredients. Sold by Grocers and Druggists in packets of 10 tablets at 15 cents. Booklet of recipes accompanies.

AGENTS IN CANADA. EVANS & SONS, Limited Montreal and Toronto.



**SOME STRANGE UNIONS.**  
Some Remarkable Marriages that have Taken Place.

One can scarce credit the statement that marriages have occurred in which the bridegroom proved to be of the same sex as the bride, yet as far back as the last century a woman received a term of imprisonment for thus deceiving her fair sisters. Nothing pleased this remarkable woman more than to go about, dressed in male attire, captivating and marrying her own sex, eventually defrauding her unlucky "wife" of money and clothes.

Even more remarkable is the case of two women who, by common consent, lived together as man and wife for nearly forty years, and it was only on her death-bed that the wife acquainted her relatives of the fact relating to her unique union.

A certain popular adage might verily read: "It is never too late to marry," for only a few weeks ago we learn of a marriage, celebrated at a Devonshire village, where the veteran bridegroom, at seventy, tottered to the altar with his fifty-year-old bride. The venerable benedict apparently found much solace in married life, for only eight months previous had he buried his third wife.

More advance still have been the ages of many brides and grooms. At a village in Berkshire records exist which show that the united ages of the contracting parties reached the appalling total of one hundred and eight years. The bridesmaids were none the less aged, the youngest being a sprightly damsel well on the shady side of seventy.

'May and December' weddings are common events enough, and at Liverpool recently a unique marriage was celebrated in the Mohammedan manner. The bride was sixteen years of age, the youngest daughter of a French count, whose widow resides in London. The groom was the Nawab of Rampur, who is over forty years old, and is next in succession to the throne of a country as large as the whole of Ireland. The union was preceded by a civil ceremony in London. The engagement ring cost 250 guineas, and the happy bridegroom settled a handsome sum of money upon his bride as a dowry. By the consent of her relations the youthful bride abjured her Roman Catholic faith and accepted the religion of Islam.

An equally mysterious union took place in Vienna a month ago. A decrepit and penniless count, residing in the principal workhouse of the Austrian capital, was married to an exceedingly wealthy woman, who had never before seen her future husband. When the unique ceremony was concluded, the groom returned to the solitude of the 'house,' while the bride, after making arrangements for her husband to receive a comfortable yearly income, departed on her way. It transpired that her motive for this step was in order to give her illegitimate son an honorable and illustrious name.

Death bed marriages are not unknown, and a few months ago an American girl, at the urgent request of her dying lover, consented to 'love, honour, and obey' the man who after four short days of married life was borne to his last resting-place followed by his weeping wife.

A curious case of compulsory marriage took place some years ago at Clerkenwell. A certain blind and aged woman conceived a violent affection for a young man who lived in a house adjacent to her residence. Having become acquainted with the object of her affections, she lavished presents upon him with reckless profusion, eventually lent him a sum of money to enable the gay Lothario to start in business on his own account. His business bought, the youth waited upon his lady patron to thank her for the attentions she had paid him, and announced his intentions of leaving town and residing in the country. But this the lady would not hear of, as it directly opposed her ends—viz., their marriage. Remonstrance with the rash youth was in vain, and to bring matters to a sensible understanding, the lady, whose affections still remained unreciprocated, imprisoned her 'lover' for debt. Once safely away behind prison bars she visited his luckless youth, and offered to effect his release on the condition that he married her; and, choosing the lesser of two evils, the young man consented to become her protector. As a fitting close, it is amusing to note that the man who arrested our hero subsequently gave away the blushing bride at the altar—Tid Bits.

**Her Ambition.**  
Maude Valerie White, the English music teacher, says, in Cornhill, when discussing the humors of a musical life, that there are people who believe that singing can be learned, like any mechanical art, and that in three or four months an industrious pupil would be able to earn her living thereby. One music-master was visited by a lady who said she wished to become a professional singer.

Would he try her voice?  
'Yes,' was the answer. 'Are you a soprano or contralto?'  
'I really don't know,' was the answer. 'I haven't any voice yet.'  
The teacher was naturally puzzled.  
'What do you mean?' asked he.  
'Well,' she replied, 'I'm forty-eight, and

I've never sung a note in my life. But I'm a widow, and I've only twenty-five pounds a year. One can't live on that. I can't say I'm fond of music; I never was; but I've been told it's a lucrative business and so I want to become a professional singer. How long will it take?'  
Just One Question.

The amount of satire which may be conveyed in an apparently harmless remark was well-illustrated in a conversation which recently took place in the writer's presence. A number of business men were discussing the sudden rise in life of a certain wealthy manufacturer.

'I taught him all he knows,' said a gentleman present who belongs to a race famous for its money-getting capabilities. 'I remember him when he was a little tradesman with a turnover of about £3 a week. He had a fire which brought him in a couple of hundred pounds or so and enabled him to extend his business. After that he had another fire which brought him over a thousand, and he found the money very useful.'

'Very interesting,' remarked a quiet man; 'but there is one thing that I—and I have no doubt others here also—would like to know.'

'What is that?'  
'Well,' said the quiet man, 'you say you taught him all he knows. We should like very much to hear how he worked those fires.'

**Feathers to Stockings.**

**Economical Suggestions for Women and Girls.**

The hat and bonnet, with its trimmings of feathers, ribbons or velvet, the silk neck scarf and tie, the cape, jacket, blouse, waist, skirt, sash and stockings, are all outward articles of feminine attire costing considerable money, and demand close attention, so that daily neatness and good taste be maintained from day to day.

When articles of everyday wear such as we have mentioned become faded and dingy, they are usually cast aside by the inexperienced and careless, who forget that the garments are still whole and yet serviceable. A few economical suggestions at this time will be useful.

Thrifty, wise and economical women and girls know just what to do when confronted with such a problem. They have a full knowledge of what can be done with the wonderful Diamond Dyes, those marvellous money savers, and they act accordingly. They use Fast Black Diamond Dyes prepared specially for feathers, which give a deep rich and lasting black, making the feathers equal to new ones. Their dull and lifeless silk ties, scarfs, sashes and gloves are quickly made new creations by the Diamond Dyes. The faded jacket, cape, blouse, skirt and stockings are magically transformed to suit the taste of the wearer.

Wise women know well that failures are impossible when the popular Diamond Dyes are used, as the manufacturers provide a special black dye for feathers, and special dyes for silk, wool, all cotton, and for every make of mixed or union goods.

"Av Coorse!"  
A family who have recently taken into their employ a rosy-checked Irish maid of all-work, say that her blunders cause them amusement enough to compensate for any trouble they may entail. One day the master of the house stated in Bridget's hearing that he intended to have a woodshed built on a piece of ground which at that time enclosed a well.

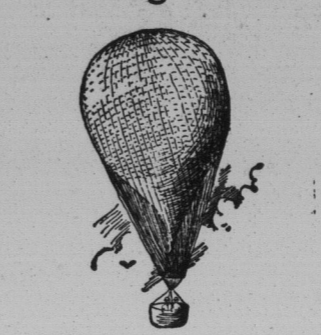
'And sure, sorr,' said the inquiring Bridget, 'will you be movin' the well to a more convenient spot whin the woodshed is built?'

A smile crossed her employer's face, and instantly Bridget saw that she had made a mistake.

'It's mesil that's a fool, I'm thinkin' of sh,' said hastily; 'av coorse, when the well was moved ivery drop of water would rin out av it!'

**ORDINARY Shoe Dressings**  
MAKE SHORT WORK OF SHOES, BURN THEM, CRACK THEM, DESTROY THEM.  
NOT SO WITH  
**PACKARD'S**  
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PACKARD OF MONTREAL.  
(L. H. PACKARD & Co.)

**Walking on Air.**



The feeling of buoyancy produced by the action of Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills is remarkable. One feels bright and active, energetic and full of snap and vim. Rich red blood fills the veins, and the nerves tingle with the sensation of youthful life and vigor.

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DEAR SIRS.— I have spent half a fortune in doctors' bills, all to no avail. These Pills seemed to reach the seat of disease at once, and they also seemed to possess a remarkable influence over me. The violent palpitation of the heart, the trembling of the hands, the loss of masculine vigor, the frightful dreams, the loss of memory and general collapse of the entire system, have yielded to Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills. Great were the results from the use of four boxes of these Pills. I am enjoying the very best of health. I fully believe they are able to do for others as much as they have done for me. Before using them I was a miserable wreck. To-day I am a well man.

Yours truly,  
THOS. FLYNN, 51 Elgin St., Hamilton, Ont.  
Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are sold at 50 cents per box, 5 boxes for \$2.00, at druggists, or mailed on receipt of price by The Dr. Ward Co., 77 Victoria St., Toronto. Book of Information free.

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Avoid imitations, which are numerous.

**F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester**

**GROWTH OF OUTLAWRY.**

America has its Brigands as well as do Foreign Countries.

The recent attack on a railway train in Texas, by a gang of six armed men, is one among other signs that America, like many an older country, is capable of producing its own banditti. In several of our cities—as a few days ago in London—companies of reckless youths have given to quiet citizens much alarm, and have caused the police a deal of hard, rough work. Birds of this feather easily discover each other; and there is doubtless a tendency in the criminal class to comradeship and cooperative enterprise. Various causes are at work to produce outlawry and hoodlumism and not alone among the degraded poor. Not neglected children only, but the mis-educated and ill-disciplined, contribute recruits to the army of evil. It is thought that the tolerated lawlessness of a few college students is emulated by lads who never enter college halls; that corrupt journalism and rotten literature work like poison on thoughtless minds; that the lax administration of the laws, the misanthropy which broods on social wrongs; and perhaps more than all else, the widespread disrespect for honest, thorough work; the aversion to it; and the lack of training necessary to success in any form of industry, are creating a class which lives by preying upon society.

Bandits are not all men of violence. Many of them know that craft is less dangerous, because less offensive, than brutal robbery. Yet all combinations for plunder, whether in defiance of law, by violation of it, or even by the abuse of it, are of the same bad quality. They alike expose property and person to outrage and depredation. Civilized society, acting in self-defence, while dealing sternly with the evil which shows itself above ground, must also dig up the poisonous root.

If there is anything in the world that will make a mule laugh his tail off, it is to see the man with a glass eye trying to wink it at a pretty girl.

**FLASHES OF FUN.**

'Darling, does your father object to my smoking?'  
'Not if you bring your own cigars.'

'Are you very anxious to get even with him?'  
'Well, not anxious enough to pay him what he claims.'

He: 'It is nothing against her that she is beautiful.'  
She: 'Decidedly not. Such beauty as that can only be acquired.'

Mrs. Benham: 'Was the hotel where you stopped homelike?'  
Mr. Benham: 'Very. There wasn't a thing on the bill of fare that was fit to eat.'

Critic: 'That poster of yours looks more like a sea-serpent than a girl.'  
D'Auber (with dignity): 'Well, I'm no photographer; I'm an artist.'

Mrs. Gabley: 'See my new portrait, dear. It was taken by the instantaneous process.'  
Gabley: 'I wondered how they caught you with your mouth closed.'

Mme. Snipper has perfected a wonderful invention.'  
'What is it?'  
'A revolving hat; it works so that the congregation can see all sides of it.'

Customer: 'What kinds of engagement rings d'ye sell?'  
Polite Jeweller: 'All kinds.'  
'Well, I want one a girl can't sneak out of.'

'Do you know Pat Meehan?' a peasant was asked.  
'Of course I do,' was the answer. 'Why he's a near relation of mine. He wance proposed for my sister Kate.'

'Witness,' said the attorney 'was it this man's habit to talk to himself when alone?'  
'Jest at this time,' was the answer, 'I don't recollect ever bein' with him when he was alone.'

'I always test my poems by reading them to my wife,' said the youthful poet.  
'I should think that was testing your wife rather than your poems,' answered the candid friend.

'Here is a short poem taken from the French,' said the would-be contributor.  
'The French should be everlasting grateful to you,' snorted the editor, as he opened the door and bowed series of short bows.

Jenny: 'What's a patent, Benny?'  
Benny: 'Oh, it's a sort of thing that gives one person the exclusive right to all the litigation in connection with some other sort of thing for a certain number of years.'

Teacher: 'Tommy Taddles, what is a centipede?'  
Tommy: 'It is a creature with a hundred feet.'

'Name another many-footed animal.'  
'A gas meter.'

Clark: 'I believe you said, sir, that after the first of the month you would raise my salary.'  
Employer: 'You are quite mistaken. What I said was, that after that date you would be worth more to us.'

Clergyman (showing a lady visitor around the church): 'Now, madam, you have seen the organ, the font, and the nave. I should next like to conduct you to the altar.'  
Lady Visitor: 'Oh, this is so sudden.'

Proud Dame: 'I do not see how you could think of marrying into such a commonplace family as that.'  
Romantic Daughter: 'Oh, I assure you, I'm not going to marry into his family; he's going to marry into ours.'

Physician: 'Two of your ribs are broken your right arm is fractured, one of your ears is missing, and three fingers gone.'  
Patient: 'How is the bicycle?'  
'Without a scratch.'

'Thank heaven! Think of what [might have happened]!  
'Is this case to be tried by a jury of women?' asked the plaintiff in a whisper.  
'It is,' replied the lawyer.

'Can't we fix it no other way?'  
'We cannot.'

'Then we might as well throw up our hands now. The defendant is younger and handsomer than I am.'

'I do not claim,' said the thoughtful member of the club, 'that the influence of fashion is entirely harmful. We must admit that we owe the milliner and dress-maker something.'

'Goodness, yes!' exclaimed the usually frivolous member, shuddering. 'My account can't be less than £30.'

'Woman in business,' he said thoughtfully, 'adds much to the confusion of things.'  
'What's the matter now?' she demanded.  
'Why, here's this new woman editor out with an announcement that she will appear in a new dress next week, and for the life of me I can't make out whether she's got some new type or a new gown.'

A young bachelor, who was beset by a sewing machine agent, told the latter that his machine would not answer the purpose.  
'Why said the agent, with voluble praise, 'it is the best on the market in every respect.'

'That may be,' replied the supposed customer; 'but the sewing-machine I am looking for must have fixen hair and blue eyes.'

'I am surprised, Mr. Flintrock, at your request,' said the manager of the Solidville Bank, 'with considerable feeling. "Mr. Straight has been a model of conscientious rectitude during all the years in which he

has filled the position of cashier. There has never been a whisper breathed against his integrity, and—'  
'So I have always thought till recently,' interrupted Mr. Flintrock, the hard-headed old director with a jaw like a steel-trap. 'But I have just learned that his friends are referring to him as "Honest John," and I demand that his accounts be examined at once!'

'Of course they were dear friends. Did he kiss you when he proposed?' asked the one in pink.  
'No-o, I believe not,' answered the one in blue.

'You are too quick for him, I suppose,' suggested the one in pink; 'but really, I think you made a mistake. It is better to let the man initiate anything of that sort. It is hardly necessary to explain why they are no longer dear friends.'

'You are too quick for him, I suppose,' suggested the one in pink; 'but really, I think you made a mistake. It is better to let the man initiate anything of that sort. It is hardly necessary to explain why they are no longer dear friends.'

Almost with reverence does the grocer's boy regard Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee.

Often has he been admonished to bring only Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand, he now realizes that it stands in a class by itself.

The best people to whose houses he is sent demand this brand.

No matter what he may forget, no matter what he may bring wrong, he never makes a mistake in bringing another kind of coffee when Seal Brand is ordered.

All grocers sell it, in pound and two-pound tins cans.

**Kidney Trouble FOR YEARS.**

Nothing did Mr. R. E. Pitt any good until he got Doan's Kidney Pills.

Throughout the County of Leeds and the Town of Brockville there is no medicine spoken so highly of for all kinds of Kidney Diseases as Doan's Kidney Pills. As Canada's pioneer kidney pill, introduced by Mr. James Doan, of Kingsville, Ont., in 1885, they stand to-day far superior to all the imitations and substitutes that have been offered the public in their stead.

Mr. R. E. Pitt, the well-known contractor and builder, voices these sentiments when he says: "I have had kidney trouble for years. I had tried numerous remedies without much relief, and had given up my back as gone for good, but since using Doan's Kidney Pills the result has been marvellous! The pain is all gone. I feel like a new man, and can highly testify to the virtues of Doan's Kidney Pills."

Doan's Kidney Pills are sold by all dealers or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or 3 boxes for \$1.25. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

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Cures Sick Headache  
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Purifies the Blood  
**HERBINE BITTERS**  
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Write for catalogue.

A DAUGHTER OF JUDAS.

By the Author of "Sir Lionel's Wife," "The Great Moreland Tragedy," Etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE WOMAN AT THE STATION.

John Morewood sat at his bachelor breakfast table, reading a newspaper, with a brow expressive of anxiety and doubt.

The paper was a local one, and the particular part of it which he was reading so intently, was the report of the inquest on the body of Madge Rivers.

The verdict of the jury was, 'Withal murder against some person or persons unknown'; and, viewed in the light of the evidence at their command, it was, perhaps, as good a verdict as could be given.

The evidence, however, was admittedly very meagre.

The dead woman had mingled so little with her neighbors, that no one had spoken to her for a day or two before her death; and her house on being entered, revealed nothing whatever to throw any light upon the crime.

The most mysterious feature in the case was, that a woman of her great age should be found so far away from her home.

Four miles is a long journey, at four-score years, especially when, in all probability, the return journey of another four miles was meditated.

That suggestion, which had been so eagerly caught at by Sir Gerald as to it being possible that the crime had been committed nearer her own home, and that the poor old woman had dragged herself further into the wood in search of help, was, of course, suggested to the jury, and might have had great weight with them, but for the evidence of the doctor.

He, while admitting that the bullet wound had not been instantaneously fatal, was of opinion that it would have been quite impossible for a woman of Madge's age to walk or crawl more than a few yards after receiving such a wound.

It was supposed by not a few that the dastardly deed had been committed by someone who had rifled the poor old woman of her little store of money.

The fact that no money at all was found on her body, favored this latter theory.

However, when every tittle of evidence had been collected there was little enough to warrant a definite verdict.

Suicide had been faintly mooted; but the absence of the weapon had brushed that theory aside.

Altogether, there was an element of mystery in this peculiarly dastardly crime.

Morewood finished his reading, and folded up the paper in a slow, thoughtful fashion, which showed his mind was ill at ease.

Suddenly he turned to the tulle, who waited at the sideboard, ready to administer to his master's wants.

'Bailey, is Upton Wood infested with tramps, or rascals of that sort, at all?'

'I should say no, sir. Of course here and there one may go through it, for the sake of the shade, in hot weather; but, as a rule, they keep to the main roads.'

'Yes, I should think so,' said Morewood, musingly.

After a moment or two, he unfolded the paper again, and sat with his eyes fixed on 'The Upton Wood Tragedy' all the time he was at breakfast.

During the day he went to the village of Upton, and found a concourse of people gathered in the churchyard.

They had come to witness the funeral of the murdered woman.

Morewood quietly took up his position among them.

The village-folk fell away from him respectfully, and he presently found himself standing alone in that secluded corner of the churchyard where stood the grey headstone which professed to mark the grave of Madeline Winter.

He moved away from it with a sudden instinctive feeling of repulsion.

That was the last spot in the world for him to stand upon, and watch a murdered woman's burial.

Presently the mournful cortege was seen approaching—it cortège it could be called, seeing that not a single mourner walked behind the coffin.

The coroner's jury, before giving their verdict, had been most searching in their inquiries as to whether Madge had had an enemy, or whether anyone could be said to have an interest in her death.

It had seemed abundantly proved that she had not an enemy in the world; but judging by the absence of mourners at her funeral, it appeared that neither had she a single friend—no friend near and dear enough to shed a tear above her grave.

It transpired that her modest income came to her from a London insurance office, where she had negotiated a life annuity for herself forty years ago.

But who she was, whence she had come, and whether she had any relative in the world, was wrapped in mystery.

The coffin, borne on four men's shoulders, was a handsome one of polished oak, with brass mountings.

It had been ordered by Sir Gerald, who, as the dead woman's landlord, generously defrayed all the expenses of the funeral.

The coffin was placed by the graveside; the first portion of the ceremony, solemnized inside the church the church, was over before Morewood came; and the white-haired old rector—who had married Sir Gerald and Lilian—performed the last sad rites above the head, as Madge Rivers was laid away for ever from mortal eye.

Morewood, conscious of an almost painful fascination in every detail of this sad tragedy, stepped forward, and looked into the open grave.

The inscription on the coffin was singularly brief.

It consisted of only her name and the date of her death.

Even her age was not accurately known.

So taciturn had she been, so singularly uncommunicative about herself, that those who had lived around her for nearly forty years knew nothing of her but her name.

When the grave-diggers began to shovel in the earth, the people trooped slowly homewards, provided with food for gossip for the next nine days.

Morewood alone lingered.

The place had a fascination for him.

That grey headstone, inscribed with the name of Madeline Winter, seemed, to his imagination, to point with mockery towards that other new made grave.

The next day, Morewood was in Southampton.

Business had called him thither, and it detained him until the evening, when he stood on the platform of a railway station, waiting for the train which was to convey him home.

As he paced slowly up and down, his mind was full of the murder of Madge.

Ever since he had first heard of it, a black suspicion had haunted him; and, strive as he might, he could not cast it off—a suspicion that the old woman had met her death at the hands of Madeline Winter the murderer who was now sister-in-law to Sir Gerald.

Within his mind a strong chain of circumstances in evidence was already formed.

Madge, in some mysterious manner, had become acquainted with the fact that Madeline Winter still lived; that fact she had communicated to Sir Gerald, who, doubtless, in his turn, had made it known to Lilian.

Now, if the murderer was still in England—so reasoned—Morewood—what was more probable than that Lilian should warn her of the dangerous knowledge possessed by the old woman?

And, having assumed this, what, again, more likely than that she—Madeline—should resolve to rid herself, for ever, of one whose very existence might be perilous to her safety?

A woman who had committed one murder—and that of the blackest and foulest description—for the sake of mere gain, would be little likely to hesitate at another when her own life was at stake.

Morewood, it will be seen, by no other means shared Sir Gerald's belief in Lilian's sister's innocence.

By what means Madge had been decoyed so far into the wood, where she was little in the habit of walking, he did not profess to be able to explain.

He had no theory which exactly met the point; but he did not doubt that the mind of a woman, at once so clever and unscrupulous as Madeline Winter, would be more fertile in expedients than his own.

The question was, had she really started for Australia before her sister's marriage, as Sir Gerald had seemed to think?

If so, she must be held innocent of this second murder.

If not, Morewood could not divest his mind of that terrible suspicion, which, for Sir Gerald's sake, and, still more, perhaps, for Lilian's, he would gladly have seen disproved.

'When Vere comes back, I'll ask him, he said to himself. Surely the thought must have crossed his mind as well as mine. But if it hasn't, I won't spoil his happiness by so much as a hint. There will be trouble enough in store for them both if it is as I fear. Heavens! what a remarkable prophecy that old woman's was!'

At this moment his train steamed into the station.

He entered a first-class compartment and took his seat near the window.

In a minute or so the signal was given; the train moved on its way again.

By an impulse—for which, to the end of his life, he will be puzzled to account—Morewood put his head out of the window, and scanned the people on the platform.

A mysterious impulse, indeed, seeing what it led him to see.

Just as the train passed out of the station, a woman came down the steps which led from the bridge by which passengers crossed the line.

Her foot was on the lowest step as Morewood caught sight of her.

The glance was but momentary.

At first he was only conscious of a tall, black-robed figure, of singular grace and stateliness; then his eye rested on the face, and, as it did so, a thrill of horror shot through all his veins.

Those dark magnetic eyes, which, for a single second, looked full into his own—eyes so thrillingly like those of Sir Gerald's wife—to whom could they belong if not to Madeline Winter?

Another moment, and the train had carried him past her.

But, in his heart, he was convinced that it was none other than the escaped murderer he had looked upon.

His question of a minute ago was answered.

Madeline Winter was in England—and in Hampshire?

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MR. TIPTAFT'S PLAN.

We must now turn back for a few days, in order to follow the fortunes of other personages in this story, notably those of that reverend and worthy gentleman, the rector of Little Ceeve.

On the afternoon of the day of Sir Gerald's marriage, Mr. Tiptaft walked past the Court with feelings that were strangely out of place in the breast of a successor of the Apostles.

Hugely indignant was he against 'that swaggering Irishman'—for it was thus he secretly termed Sir Patrick—whom Vivian Court still harboured.

Never now did Mr. Tiptaft enjoy the privilege of walking through leafy glades with Miss Muggleton.

Sir Patrick was all in all to her; in his company her walks were taken.

She seemed to have forgotten the very existence of her other admirer; she had even ceased to visit among the poor.

No wonder his bosom swelled beneath his black waistcoat, and that he cast irate glances at the house which harboured that vile disturber of his peace.

It was not to harbor him for long; but then, Mr. Tiptaft did not know this.

He believed 'the fellow, had quite impudence enough to stay till Sir Gerald and his bride returned.

The truth was however, that Sir Patrick had only stayed to see his friend married and intended leaving Hampshire immediately.

Mr. Tiptaft passed the Court gates, looked malevolently up the avenue and was stalking on in virtuous wrath, when, who should step across the road from a by-lane, but Sir Patrick Donovan himself.

'Ah, Tiptaft! The top of the morning to you!' he called out blithely.

He didn't like the Reverend Augustus; but it was in his nature to be genial to everyone with whom he was not absolutely on fighting terms.

And, besides, he was in a particularly lighthearted mood this morning.

Perhaps his friend's wedding had called up pleasant thoughts within his honest breast.

'Good morning, Sir Patrick!' said the rector, with a stiff and formal bow, and a slightly scandalized look.

He wished this mad-headed Irish baronet to understand that such irreverent greetings were unfitted to the dignity of the cloth.

'Any message for Gowan?' went on Sir Patrick, not a whit abashed. 'I shall see him to-morrow most likely.'

'To-morrow!'

'Yes; I'm off to Ireland in the morning—early. I leave here by the midnight mail.'

'You are going back to Ireland?' said Mr. Tiptaft, in breathless incredulity.

A sudden delicious hope made his bosom swell; his light grey eye sparkled with eagerness.

'You don't mean it?' he said.

'Ah, but I do. A trifle of business has called me back unexpectedly. I didn't know of till this morning.'

'Are you coming back here again?'

Mr. Tiptaft's voice trembled with eagerness as he asked the question.

'Well, that depends,' said Sir Patrick.

And Mr. Tiptaft was certain by the slight flash which immediately mounted to his sun-rowned face, that it depended on Miss Muggleton.

'He hasn't spoken to her yet?' he decided.

The two men stood for a moment or two looking at each other.

Donovan, although the least censorious, and certainly the least conceited of beings was thinking what a poor specimen of a man this sleek, pink-and-white well-led parson was.

And the Reverend Augustus, on his side, was comparing Sir Patrick's spare, muscular figure with his own sleek and portly one, very much to the disparagement of the former.

He was looking at the baronet's brown skin, too, and wondering how many women of taste—be she Miss Muggleton or any other—could possibly prefer it to the fresh-color and soft smoothness of his own.

Sir Patrick was the first to break silence.

'Well, have you any message for Gowan?' he asked.

'My love!' said the reverend gentleman, in sooty unctuous voice, and with a dignity which seemed to say, he considered his love as equal to a fortune.

'All right! He shall have it!' said Sir Patrick, with a heartiness which surely meant he would keep none of that precious consignment for himself.

He was not a sarcastic man; but Mr. Tiptaft would have put sarcasm into a saint.

With a brief handshake they parted; Sir Patrick entering the Court gates, the clergyman walking on in the direction of The Towers.

'He has not been there,' the latter thought; 'he was coming from quite the opposite direction, and nothing is settled yet, or he wouldn't have spoken as he did.'

'That depends,' he said. Depends on what? Why, on the answer Marie gives to the question he means to put to her before he goes. What a shame that a fire-eating Irishman, like him should marry a girl with a million of money; while I—'

Mr. Tiptaft paused quite overcome by the contemplation of his own shining virtues—which Fate had rewarded so ill.

'It is too late? Would it be possible to prevent it even now,' he ruminated.

'There could be some way if only I could think of it!'

He walked on, with his head bent in thought, for several minutes; then an idea occurred to him.

'I believe that would do,' he murmured, 'I verily believe it would.'

And so charmed was he with his scheme, that he determined to put it into execution straightway.

Now, this scheme of Mr. Tiptaft's like many other truly sublime inventions, was most astonishingly simple.

Indeed, in its simplicity lay its cleverness and its chief chances of success.

'If only,' he meditated, 'Miss Muggleton could be induced to believe that Sir Patrick is already engaged to some one else she'd very soon change her manner towards him; and he'd go off to Ireland without making her an offer. I think I know him well enough for that.'

As had been said before, the Reverend Augustus was, in his way, a clever man.

He showed his cleverness now by noting the stubborn pride which was, perhaps, Sir Patrick's chief characteristic, and basing his plans upon it.

To himself he reasoned thus—

If he were to tell Sir Patrick Miss Muggleton was engaged, he might not be believed; the baronet not being prejudiced in his favor, and probably not placing unbounded faith in his veracity.

Miss Muggleton, on the other hand, had that faith.

She regarded him with very friendly feelings, and he did not doubt he could easily obtain her private ear.

To be sure, there was the chance of the misrepresentation being discovered; but, even if it were, the consequences would not be so very dreadful. He would simply have to regret he had been misinformed, that was all.

Even to himself he would not allow he was about to perpetrate a falsehood.

What he intended to hint to Miss Muggleton might be true—very likely was true—certainly was true, for anything he knew to the contrary.

Wild Irishmen, like Donovan, were perpetually having 'entanglements.' They made love to women, as a matter of course, wherever they went.

'If the girl believes what I tell her, she'll be distant to him when he goes to say "Good-bye,"' ruminated Mr. Tiptaft. He's so outrageously proud that, ten to one, he'll ask no explanation, and, of course, will make no offer. He'll go back to Ireland, and from there straight to that Johannesburg he talks so much about; and Miss Maria will be well rid of him.'

The more he reflected on this latter clause, the more seriously he became convinced of its truth.

'An improvident adventurer!' he muttered in a burst of virtuous indignation.

'Why, not to mention anything else he's scarred on the face, and lame in a foot. A man who can't take better care of himself than to get knocked about like that isn't the man to take care of a wife's fortune. A million pounds isn't to be trusted in such hands as his. The poor girl will have a merciful escape if she gets rid of him. Really I begin to think it quite providential that I chanced to meet him this afternoon.'

He had not yet reached the end of his good luck, for, as he turned into the grounds of The Towers, the very first person he saw was Miss Marie herself, enjoying the pleasant afternoon sunshine—and quite alone.

Again Mr. Tiptaft congratulated himself on being the special darling of Providence.

'Good afternoon, Miss Marie!' he said with one of his impressive bows. You are enjoying this glorious day. I know you are a lover of nature—like myself!' he concluded, with a slyly sentimental smile.

'It is a lovely day, isn't it, Mr. Tiptaft?'

Miss Muggleton spoke with frank ease and cheerfulness.

She didn't want to be sentimental—at any rate, not with him.

He, rightly deeming the opportunity too good a one to be lost, dashed immediately into the subject which filled his thoughts.

'Well, we have lost—for a time, at any rate—our pleasant neighbor, Sir Gerald. I am afraid we shall miss him.'

'I am sure we shall.'

'Sir Patrick, too, is going to leave us, he tells me.'

'Sir Patrick?'

Miss Muggleton tried hard to speak as though she were not greatly startled, but scarcely succeeded as well as she could have wished.

'Yes; he is going back to Ireland—leaves here to-night!' said Mr. Tiptaft, tranquilly, and as though he didn't suspect, for a moment, that his news could be specially interesting to Miss Muggleton.

'Who told you so, Mr. Tiptaft?'

'Who told me? Oh, Sir Patrick himself!' said the reverend gentleman, feigning to emerge from a fit of abstraction, as though he had quite forgotten the subject. 'I met him half-an-hour ago, and he asked me if I had any message for my uncle—Lord Gowan, you know, Miss Muggleton,' he added, trying to look as though he wasn't proud of the relationship.

'And he is really going away to-night?'

'Yes, he is really going away to-night!'

'So I understood.'

He paused, smiled his softest, then added, in his most insinuating whisper—

'To tell you the truth, Miss Marie, I fancy the business that calls him is of a rather tender nature. Through my uncle, the earl, I get a hint about Donovan now and again; and it wouldn't surprise me in the very least if we were to hear of a Lady Donovan before long.'

'Do you mean that Sir Patrick is engaged to be married?'

In the sharpness of her pain and disappointment, Miss Muggleton asked the question outright.

Her reverend friend, paltering with what he called his conscience, ten minutes ago had said he would not utter a single falsehood; but this plain question led him further than he intended.

'Well, yes, I think I may say he is!' he replied, unblushingly. 'It is, in a sense, a secret, and I don't know that I ought to make free to mention the lady's name. She is of very high family, however. Of very high family!' he repeated, seeing—by the oppression of his companion's lips—the effect that his announcement had upon her. 'Sir Patrick is so absurdly attached to all that sort of thing. But there is a little money, too, so it may be said to be an unsuitable match. The lady is in every way fitted for him, and I believe he is genuinely attached to her.'

'I am sure I wish them every happiness and blessing!' concluded the reverend gentleman, in his very best rectorial manner. 'Sir Patrick is, in his way, a worthy man, although perhaps, a shade too light in manner. I wish him well with all my heart.'

How could poor Marie Muggleton suspect that this elaborately told story was a piece of fiction from beginning to end?

If it had proceeded from anyone but Mr. Tiptaft, she might have doubted—as, perhaps, that astute gentleman knew; but to doubt him, when he spoke with such confidence and certainty, with such apparent knowledge of the subject, was, of course impossible.

To make assurance doubly sure, she asked a further question or two concerning the lady whom Sir Patrick was to marry; and they were answered with an ease and fluency which might have convinced a far more suspicious mind than poor Marie Muggleton's.

Having once cast aside his professional prejudice against a falsehood, and settled it with his conscience that a few were absolutely necessary, and really almost virtuous in the present case, it must be admitted that the reverend gentleman did the business handsomely and well.

His lies were good round ones, with nothing of an uncertain flavour about them.

When he, at length, quitted Miss Marie, he had effectually wrecked her peace of mind.

It was his benevolent intention, however, to him to pour balm into her wounds, if only the objectionable Sir Patrick would take himself away without first making Miss Muggleton an offer of his hand.

To be continued.

WILL DIE BEFORE DAYLIGHT.

Would Have Been Her Answer to Your Query—When?—But Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart Snapped the Death Strands.

Mrs. B., 186 Queen Street W., Toronto gives this unsolicited testimony:

'For a number of years I had been a great sufferer from heart troubles, had smothering sensations, palpitation, neuralgia and thumping; was very easily fatigued. I was induced to try Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart when I had despaired living through the night. The benefit was instantaneous. I have taken five bottles and have no hesitation in heartily recommending it, and will be glad to communicate with anyone desiring it.'

The Way Wars Begin.

Tommy was reading the war news. When he finished he came over to his mother and said—

'Mamma, how do wars begin?'

'Well suppose the English hauled down the American flag, and that the Americans

Here Tommy's father intervened.

'My dear,' he said, 'the English would not—'

'Mother: Excuse me, they would—'

'Now, dear, who ever heard of such a thing?'

'Pray do not interrupt!'

'But you are giving Tommy a wrong idea?'

'I'm not sir!'

'You are madam!'

'Don't call me madam! I won't allow you!'

'I'll call you what I choose!'

'I am sorry I ever saw you! you are so

Tommy (going out); 'Its all right; I think I know how wars begin.'

It's your liver

put it in good order by using

Dr. HARVEY'S

Anti-Bilious & Purgative PILLS

Purely vegetable, these pills have been in use for 30 years and have never failed to give prompt relief.

CURE

Costiveness Headache Biliousness Indigestion

V. T., Kingsville, writes: "After using Dr. Harvey's Anti-Bilious and Purgative Pills for 15 years, I cannot afford to be without them."

33 pills for 25c. Sold all over—1 box sent as sample on receipt of 25c. THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO., 4-4 St. PAUL CT., MONTREAL, (10)

Travellers

Should always carry with them a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

The change of food and water to

The Rose of The Ghetto.

One day it occurred to Leibel that he ought to get married. He went to Sugarman the Shadchan forthwith. 'I have the very thing for you,' said the great marriage broker. 'Is she pretty?' asked Leibel. 'Her father has a boot and shoe warehouse,' replied Sugarman enthusiastically. 'Then there ought to be a dowry with her,' said Leibel eagerly. 'Certainly a dowry! A fine man like you? 'When could I see her?' 'I will arrange for you to call next Sabbath afternoon.' 'You want charge me more than a sovereign?' 'Not a groschen more! Such a pious maiden! And, of course, five per cent. on the dowry?' 'H'm! Well, I don't mind.' On the Saturday Leibel went to see the damsel, and on the Sunday he went to see Sugarman the Shadchan. 'But your maiden squints!' he cried resentfully. 'An excellent thing!' said Sugarman. 'A wife who squints can never look her husband straight in the face and overwhelm him. Who would quarrel before a woman with a squint?' 'Why, the girl is a hunchback!' he protested furiously. 'My dear Leibel,' said the marriage broker, deprecatingly shrugging his shoulders and spreading out his palms. 'You can't expect perfection! Nevertheless, Leibel persisted in his unreasonable attitude. He accused Sugarman of wasting his time, of making a fool of him. This gave Leibel pause, and he departed without having definitely broken the negotiations. His whole week was beggared by doubt, his work became uncertain, his chalkmarks lacked their decision, and he did not always cut his coat according to his cloth. His aberrations became so marked that the pretty Rose Green, the sweeter's eldest daughter, who managed a machine in the same room, divined, with all a woman's intuition, that he was in love. 'What is the matter?' she said in rallying Yiddish, when they were taking their lunch of bread and cheese. 'They are proposing me a match, he answered sullenly. 'A match?' ejaculated Rose. 'Thou! She had worked by his side for years, and familiarity bred the second person singular. 'With whom?' asked Rose. 'With Leah Volcovitch!' 'Leah Volcovitch?' gasped Rose. 'Leah, the boot and shoe manufacturer's daughter?' Leibel hung his head—he scarce knew why. 'And why dost thou not have her?' said Rose. Leibel did not reply. 'Is it that thou likest me better?' she asked. Leibel seemed to see a ball of lightning in the air; it burst, and he felt the electric current strike right through his heart. The shock threw his head up with a jerk so that his eyes gazed into a face whose beauty and tenderness were revealed to him for the first time. The face of his old acquaintance had vanished—this was a cajoling, coquetish, smiling face, suggesting unmeasured things. 'Nu, yes,' he replied, without perceptible pause. 'Nu, good!' she rejoined as quickly. And in the ecstasy of that moment of mutual understanding Leibel forgot to wonder why he had never thought of Rose before. Afterward he remembered that she had always been his social superior. Before he left that night Rose said to him: 'Art thou sure thou wouldst not rather have Leah Volcovitch?' 'Not for all the boots and shoes in the world,' replied Leibel vehemently. The landing outside the workshop was so badly lighted that their lips came together in the darkness. 'Nay, nay, thou must not yet,' said Rose. 'Thou art still courting Leah Volcovitch. For aught thou knowest, Sugarman the Shadchan may have entangled thee beyond redemption.' Leibel found Sugarman at supper. 'You don't need to say that you give up a boot and shoe manufacture merely because your daughter has round shoulders!' he exclaimed incredulously. 'It is more than round shoulders—it is a hump!' cried Leibel. 'Then I shall have to look out for another, that's all.' 'No, I don't want any,' replied Leibel, quickly. Leibel felt guilty. 'But whom have you got in your eye?' he inquired, desperately. Leibel gave a hypocritical long drawn U-m-m-m. I wonder if Rose Green—'who is I work'—he said, and stopped. 'I fear not,' said Sugarman. 'She is on my list. Her father gave her to me some months ago, but he is hard to please. Even the maiden herself is not easy, being potty. 'Perhaps she has waited for some one,' suggested Leibel. Sugarman's keen ear caught the note of complacent triumph. 'You have been asking her yourself!' he exclaimed in horror-stricken accents. 'And if I have?' said Leibel, defiantly. 'And does her father know?' 'Not yet.' 'Ah! then I must get his consent,' said Sugarman decisively. 'I thought of speaking to him myself.' 'Now, if you went to her father,' pursued the Shadchan, 'the odds are that he would not even give his daughter—to say nothing of the dowry.'

'Yes, I think you had better go,' said Leibel eagerly. 'But it is this thing for you I shall want a pound more,' rejoined Sugarman. 'A pound more!' echoed Leibel in dismay. 'Why?' 'Because Rose Green's hump is of gold,' replied Sugarman precariously. 'Also, she is fair to see, and many men desire her.' 'But you always have five per cents on the dowry.' The very next day Sugarman invaded the green workroom. Sugarman's entry was brusque and breathless. 'At last!' he cried, addressing the little white-haired master tailor. 'I have the very man for you.' 'Has he any money?' grumpily interrupted Eliphaz. 'He will have money,' replied Sugarman, unhesitatingly, 'when he marries.' 'Ah! The father's voice relaxed, and his foot lay limp on the treads. 'How much will he have?' 'I think he will have fifty pounds; and the least you can do is to let him have fifty pounds,' replied Sugarman, with the same happy ambiguity. Eliphaz shook his head on principle. 'Yes, you will,' said Sugarman, 'when you learn how fine a man he is.' 'Tell me then,' rejoined Eliphaz. 'Tell me, first, if you will give fifty to a young, healthy, hard-working God-fearing man whose idea is to start as a master tailor on his own account? And you know how profitable that is.' 'To a man like that,' said Eliphaz, in a burst of enthusiasm, 'I would give as much as twenty-seven pounds ten!' 'Unless you can promise thirty it is a waste of time mentioning his name,' said Sugarman. 'Well, well—who is he?' Sugarman bent down, lowering his voice into his father's ear. 'What! Leibel!' cried Eliphaz, outraged. 'Sh!' said Sugarman, 'or he will overbear your delight, and ask more. He has his nose high enough as it is.' 'B-b-b-u-u-u,' sputtered the bewildered parent. 'I know Leibel myself. I see him every day. I don't want a Shadchan to find me a man I know—a mere hand in my own workshop! 'Your talk has neither sense nor figure,' answered Sugarman, sternly. 'It is just the people one sees every day that one knows least.' Eliphaz grunted vaguely and the Shadchan went on triumphantly. 'I thought as much. And yet where could you find a better man to keep your daughter?' 'But I didn't know he would be having money,' murmured Eliphaz. 'Of course you didn't know. That's what the Shadchan is for—to point out the things that are under your nose.' 'But where will he be getting this money from?' 'From you,' said Sugarman frankly. 'From me?' 'From whom else? Are you not his employer? It has been put by for his marriage day.' 'He has saved it?' 'He has not spent it,' said Sugarman, impatiently. 'But do mean to say he has saved fifty pounds?' 'If he could manage to save fifty pounds out of your wages he would be indeed a treasure,' said Sugarman. 'Perhaps it might be thirty.' 'But you said fifty.' 'Well, you can come down to thirty,' retorted the Shadchan. 'You cannot expect him to have more than your daughter brings.' 'I never said thirty,' Eliphaz reminded him. 'Twenty-seven ten was my last bid.' Sugarman turned up in their turn, and reported that Leibel was unobtainable under thirty pounds, and Eliphaz, weary of the contest, called over Leibel, till that moment carefully absorbed in his scientific chalk marks, and mentioned the thing to him for the first time. 'I am not a man to bargain.' The formal engagement was marked by even greater junketing and at last the marriage day came. Leibel was resplendent in a diagonal frock coat, cut by his own hand, and Rose stepped from the cab a medley of flowers, fairness and white silk, and behind her came two bridesmaids—her sisters—a trio that glorified the spectator strewn pavement outside the synagogue. Leibel and Rose were not the only couple to be disposed of, for it was the thirty day of the Omer—a day fruitful in marriages. But at last their turn came. They did not, however, come in their turn, and their special friends among the audience wondered why they had lost their precedence. Gradually the facts leaked out, and a buzz of talk and comment ran through the waiting synagogue. Eliphaz had not paid up! At first he declared he would put down the money immediately after the ceremony. But the wary Sugarman, schooled by experience, demanded the instant delivery on behalf of his other client. Hard pressed Eliphaz produced ten sovereigns from his trousers pocket and tendered them on account. And then arose a hubbub of voices, a chaos of suggestions; friends rushed to and fro between the camps, some emerging from their seats in a synagogue to add to the confusion. But Eliphaz had taken his stand upon a rock—he had no more ready money. To-morrow, the next day, he would have some. The minister left his post near the canopy, under which so many lives had been united, and came to add his white tie to the forces for compromise. But he fared no better than the others. Incensed at the obstinacy of the antagonists, he declared he would close the synagogue. At the eight minute the buzz of tongues faltered suddenly, to be transposed into a new key, so to speak. Through the gesticulating assembly swept that murmur of expectation which crowds know when the procession is coming at last. By some

mysterious magnetism all were aware that the bride herself—the poor hysteric bride—had left the parental camp, was coming in person to plead with her mercenary lover. And as the glory of her and the flowers on the white draperies loomed upon Leibel's vision his heart melted in worship, and he knew his citadel would crumble in ruins at her first glance, at her first touch. Was it fair fighting? As his troubled vision cleared and as she came nigh unto him, he saw to his amazement that she was speckless and composed—no trace of tears dimmed the fairness of her face, there was no disarray in her bridal wreath. The clock showed the ninth minute. She put her hand appealingly on his arm, while a heavenly light came into her face—the expression of a Joan of Arc animating her country. 'Do not give in, Leibel,' she said. 'Do not have me! Do not let them persuade thee! By my life thou must not! Go home!' So at the eleventh minute the vanquished Eliphaz produced the balance, and they lived happily ever afterwards.

Illustration of a man wearing suspenders. Text: WEAR Trade Mark SUSPENDERS GUARANTEED BORN. Digby, Sept. 18, to the wife of G. M. Wilson, a son. Truro, Sept. 19, to the wife of Mr. John Gordon, a son. Colchester, Sept. 16, to the wife of P. Donovan, a son. Halifax, Sept. 20, to the wife of Thos. Gammon, a son. Yarmouth, Sept. 20, to the wife of Peter Roser, a son. New Brunswick, Sept. 20, to the wife of George Sennie, a daughter. Kentville, Sept. 23, to the wife of John Maitz, a son. Amherst, Sept. 19, to the wife of John W. Cove, a daughter. Windsor, Sept. 23, to the wife of Mr. Fred Coon, a son. Parrboro, Sept. 18, to Mr. and Mrs. John Pickett, a daughter. Eastport, Sept. 16, to the wife of George H. Lee-man, a son. Eastport, Sept. 18, to the wife of Charlie C. Green-law, a son. Bridgetown, Sept. 17, to the wife of Mr. James Brooks, a son. Diligent River, Sept. 19, to the wife of Peter Roberts, a son. Roxbury, Mass., Sept. 5, to Mr. and Mrs. Ervin B. Merritt, a son. Shelburne, Sept. 16, to the wife of Jonathan B. Helden, a son. Spring Garden Road, Sept. 27, to Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Nytor, a son. Parrboro, Sept. 24, to the wife of Harvey Reynolds, a daughter. Nelson, N. B., Sept. 18, to the wife of William J. Flett, a daughter. Morden, Sept. 27, to the wife of Mr. Joseph Connor, a son. Parrboro, Sept. 18, to the wife of Dr. P. A. Holmes, a daughter. Hillsburn, Sept. 15, to the wife of Mr. Charles A. Longtin, a daughter. Newville, Cumberland, Sept. 17, to the wife of James Connor, a son. Brookdale, Cumberland, Sept. 19, to the wife of Joseph Chapman, a son. Lower Hillsborough, Sept. 23, to the wife of Beecher Steves, a daughter. Hill Brook Farm, Sept. 23, to Capt. and Mrs. H. A. Everett, a daughter.

MARRIED. Yarmouth, Sept. 28, Frank Whiston to Jennie M. Ferguson. Halifax, Sept. 26, by Rev. Dr. Foley, John Comfort to Lizzie Coy. Lawrenceville, by Rev. L. F. Wallace, Clarence Grant to Bertha Green. St. Croix, Sept. 20, by Rev. M. G. Henry, Chas. S. Worth to Lilly Hunter. Gasgow, Sept. 30, by Rev. George Steel, LeBaron Stieland, Sept. 21, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, E. Kerr Gilroy to Nellie Mooney. Pictou, Sept. 23, by Rev. W. T. Moss, George McKinnon to Sarah McLean. Pictou, Sept. 22, by Rev. G. S. Carson, George W. Ballif to Mary A. Emery. Richibucto, Sept. 27, by Rev. E. J. Bannon, James Gordon to Annie Freeman. Pitts Riviere, Sept. 24, by Rev. J. S. Coffin, William K. Hebb to Esther Q. Hirtle. Windsor, Sept. 27, by Rev. E. G. Strathe, Donald A. Farquhar to Mary J. Frank. Pugwash, Sept. 14, by Rev. C. H. Haverstock, Edward McLeod to Viola Tuttle. Shubenacadie, Sept. 20, by Rev. John Murray, Robert Grant to Bertha Lynch. Halifax, Sept. 27, by Rev. L. T. Williams, Albert E. Prince to Margaret B. Leck. Whiting, Me., Aug. 23, by Rev. F. W. Snel, Ashabel Card to Annie A. Porter. Halifax, Sept. 26, by Rev. H. H. Pitman, Thomas A. Wright to Mary E. Caldwell. Digby, Sept. 22, by Rev. Byron H. Thomas, George F. Hancock to Maggie M. West. Lawrenceville, Sept. 24, by Rev. J. Asbury, Alfred E. Hutchins to Lucretia Coleman. Rollingdam, Sept. 19, by Rev. J. M. O'Farberty, John Colbert to Mary A. Stewart. Chatham, Sept. 21, by Rev. G. W. Whitman, Frank Shaw to Margaret M. Greenough. Highway River, Sept. 14, by Rev. Jas. Sellers, Wm M. Thompson to Annie A. Welch.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. Passenger Train Service. LEAVING, Eastern Standard time, at: 6.25 AM Express—Week days—for Fredericton, Woodstock and points North, Bangor, Portland, Boston and points South and West. 8.35 AM Express—Week days—for McAdan Jct. and all intermediate points. 4.10 PM Express—Week days—for St. John, Montreal and all points West, North West and on the Pacific Coast: Bangor, Portland, Boston and points South and West. 4.35 PM Express—Week days—for Fredericton and all intermediate points. RETURNING to St. John from: Montreal 7.30 p.m.; Boston 7.00, X.7.45 p.m.; Port 1.00 p.m.; Woodstock 11.00 p.m.; Bangor 4.30 p.m.; 2.05 p.m.; Woodstock 9.20 a.m.; 4.18 p.m.; Halifax 6.38 a.m., 4.30 p.m.; St. Stephen 7.40 a.m., 4.40 p.m.; St. Andrews Jct. 7.30 a.m., 7.30 a.m.; Vanseboro 6.52 a.m., 6.08 p.m.; Fredericton 6.00, 9.20 a.m., 7.30 p.m. Arriving St. John at 8.30, 11.50 a.m., 9.40 p.m. Daily except Saturday, Sunday only. X, Monday, Wednesday and Friday only. U, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday only. Other trains week days only.

Windsor Salt. Purest and Best for Table and Dairy. No adulteration. Never cakes.

The Paint Brush or The Scrubbing Brush, Which? The day of the dusty carpet, the dirty floor and scrubbing brush is passing. A rug can be cleaned in a minute—a dirty floor can be cleaned with a duster. THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS SPECIAL FLOOR PAINT. Especially prepared for floors. It dries quickly. It gives a hard, glossy finish. It represents the difference between the light and the dark side of house-keeping. If your doctor doesn't keep it, send for color card and learn where to get it. A book entitled "Paint Points," telling you all about the art of household painting, will be included, free. THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO. PAINT AND COLOR MAKERS. 100 Canal St., Cleveland, 2029 Stewart Ave., Chicago. 377 Washington St., New York. 21 St. Antoine St., Montreal.

St. Margaret's Bay, Sept. 16, by Rev. A. E. Ingram Wilford Hartlen to Ida P. Mason. Newcastle, N. B., Sept. 21, by Rev. T. G. Johnston Allan Whitney to Clara McAllister. Deep Brook, Sept. 2, by Rev. J. Lockwood, Sumner Troop to Adelaide McCollough. Middleton, Sept. 24, by Rev. H. S. Baker, Rev. A. F. Newcombe to Almida F. Minsard. St. Stephen, Sept. 14, by Rev. Thos. Marshall, Samuel L. Harris to Bessie M. Smith. Somerville, Mass., Sept. 17, by Rev. Dr. Quinn, Archie E. Robbins to Mary H. Rowen. Hantsport, Sept. 21, by Rev. Canon Maynard, Rev. Geo. Howcroft to Alma G. McCollough. Silver Falls, Sept. 30, by Rev. Father Gallagher, Edward Maher to Margaret E. McLaugh. Springfield, York Co., Sept. 21, by Rev. W. D. Manser Lawrence Hersey to Ada Crosse. West Falmouth, Sept. 26, by Rev. Fr. Duchesneau, Edward Maher to Mrs. Philomena D'Eon. Kingston, Kent Co., N. B., Sept. 28, by Rev. D. Fraser, William Dickinson to Isabel R. Smith. Shippegan, Gloucester Co., Sept. 23, by Rev. W. Harrison, James W. Melvia to Annie Burbridge. Halifax, by Rev. B. Stevens, assisted by Rev. G. W. Whitman, and Rev. Dr. Smith, E. J. Bishop to M. Jean Stevens. Newburgh, Ont., Sept. 21, by Rev. J. Gardiner, assisted by Rev. Prof. Falconer, James M. Thomson to Jennie R. Gandier.

DIED. Newtow, Mass., Susan Logan. Dartmouth, Joseph Linahan, 68. St. John, Sept. 29, Eliza McLean. Pictou, Sept. 20, Edna McKay, 78. St. John, Oct. 1, John Christie, 73. Yarmouth, Sept. 29, Mary Falt, 32. St. John, Oct. 1, John A. Connell, 32. Halifax, Sept. 29, John Appleton, 42. Halifax, Sept. 29, Jane C. Hissler, 69. Colts, Sept. 15, Deborah Gardner, 66. Lake Egmont, Sept. 20, Wm. Miles, 67. Halfway River, Sept. 18, Susan Pann, 48. Fredericton, Sept. 25, John McMan, 25. Newcastle, Sept. 30, James A. Willis, 84. Dartmouth, Sept. 27, Dennis Corkery, 70. St. John, Sept. 30, Bridget Gallagher, 78. Eastport, Sept. 25, Farmer Macomber, 2. Everett Mass., Sept. 30, Henry T. Goppits Sydney, Sept. 27, Ernest Leal, 1 month. Victoria Co., Sept. 24, John Torrance, 55. Kemptville, Sept. 22, Mrs. Jeremiah Gray. Pokioik, Oct. 2, Bertha Pearl Armstrong, 67. Hillsborough, Sept. 25, Samuel Thistle, 44. Billtown, Sept. 28, Gideon E. Rockwell, 78. Elsiebury, Sept. 24, Eva Odessa Landry, 12. Victoria, B. C., Sept. 20, John D. Munn, 46. Moncton, Sept. 27, Thomas Reginald Forre. St. Stephen, Sept. 13, Helen E. Elliot, 8 mos. Acadie Valley, Sept. 25, Gertrude Warner, 17. South Unisack, Sept. 21, John D. McIsaac, 23. St. John, Oct. 2, James M. Harrington, 5 mos. Lawrenceville, Sept. 16, Fanny H. Wheeler, 96. Sacon Mass., Sept. 23, William H. Rogers, 60. Kouchibouguac, Sept. 24, Cornelia Collins, 48. Eastport, Sept. 14, Flossie M. Matthews, 3 mos. Gasperau, Sept. 23, Mrs. Martha A. Martin, 72. South Berwick, Sept. 25, Margaret Cleveland 78. West Medway, Mass., Aug. 1, George S. Chipman. Fredericton, Sept. 27, Sir John Campbell Allan 81. Fairhaven, Sept. 22, Catherine Stivers Calder, 63. Sineshili, Sept. 16, Emma Duncan Mathe son 3 mos. Lower Hillsboro, Sept. 23, Mrs. Marvin E. God-froy, 42. Diligent River, Sept. 11, Infant son of Peter, Roberts. Irving Settlement, Sept. 22, William Edward Bishop, 68.

Star Line Steamers. Fredericton. (Local Time.) Mail Steamers Victoria and David Weston leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8.30 a.m. for Fredericton and all intermediate landings and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 8 o'clock a.m. for St. John. Steam Olivette will leave Indiantown for Gasgow every afternoon at 4 o'clock (local time). Returning will leave Gasgow every morning at 5 o'clock. GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager.

CHANGE OF SAILING. On and after Monday, the 26th inst., and until further notice, the Steamer Clifton will leave her wharf at Hampton Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 6.30 (local). Returning will leave Indiantown same days at 8 p.m. local. CAPT. R. G. EARLE, Manager.

Dominion Atlantic Ry. On and after Monday, Aug. 1st, 1898, the Steamship at Train service of this railway will be as follows: Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert, DAILY SERVICE. Lve. St. John at 7.15 a.m., arr. Digby 10.15 a.m. Lve. Digby at 1.45 p.m., arr. St. John, 4.30 p.m. EXPRESS TRAINS Daily (Sunday excepted). Lve. Halifax 6.30 a.m., arr. in Digby 12.28 p.m. Lve. Digby 12.40 p.m., arr. Yarmouth 3.15 p.m. Lve. Halifax 8.45 a.m., arr. Digby 1.35 p.m. Lve. Digby 1.45 p.m., arr. Yarmouth 3.45 p.m. Lve. Yarmouth 9.00 a.m., arr. Digby 11.43 a.m. Lve. Digby 11.55 a.m., arr. Halifax 6.45 p.m. Lve. Digby 8.55 a.m., arr. Digby 10.25 a.m. Lve. Digby 10.30 a.m., arr. Digby 6.30 p.m. Lve. Annapolis 7.15 a.m., arr. Annapolis 4.50 p.m. Lve. Digby 8.30 p.m., arr. Annapolis 4.50 p.m.

S. S. Prince Edward. BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and safest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every MONDAY and THURSDAY, immediately on arrival of the Express trains, arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every SUNDAY and WEDNESDAY at 4.00 p.m. Unusually large cabin on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace car Express Trains. Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent. S. S. Evangeline makes daily trips to and from Kingsport and Parrboro. Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, the wharf office, at the Pictou, St. John, and New Brunswick steamers, and all information can be obtained. F. GIFFKIN, W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr. F. GIFFKIN, Superintendent.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after Monday, the 20th June, 1898 the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows. TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Hampton..... 6.3 Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.0 Express for Halifax..... 7.5 Express for Sussex..... 10.4 Express for Hampton..... 11.7 Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 12. Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax, and Sydney..... 12.30. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 12.30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.30 for Truro. Dining and Buffet cars on Quebec and Montreal express. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN Express from Hampton..... 7.15 Express from Sussex..... 8.30 Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal..... 11.00 Express from Hampton..... 11.50 Express from Moncton..... 12.50 Accommodation from Moncton, Monday excepted..... 1.56 Accommodation from Pictou, Chatham and Moncton..... 1.55. All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 97 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.