

# PROGRESS.

VOL. X., NO. 478.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## ON A RIVER EXCURSION.

### THE KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS ENJOY A MOONLIGHT SAIL.

Incidents of the River Trip and the Amount of Ballast Used—Why Barouches Were Used at the Close of the Trip—The Ball Game of Thursday and how it Ended.

The Knights of Pythias owned the town during the latter part of the week and the people generally were glad of it. Their brilliant uniforms and hail-fellow-well-met disposition struck that big soft spot in the heart of every St. Johner and all went merry as that proverbial, "marriage bell". Characteristically American, they brought with them a tiny mint of the tangible and although the home boys have proved themselves princes at entertaining, sparing neither time nor expense, their American brethren nevertheless out of the goodness of their Pythian hearts no doubt, left their good silver certificates in the city quite numerous.

Wherever one would go they they would find a party of Sir Knights. The places of interest were being constantly visited by them and whether it was on the Custom House roof or Suspension bridge there enveloped in a fog bank or two, one would run up against a uniformed eight-seer. They had an excursion and oh! — One hundred and more St. John and American knights were the only passengers aboard but there was considerable freight and just a little "water" ballast. The day was fine and had not the rain come at dusk a beautiful moon would have shone especially for the occasion—perhaps.

They went and came; going out all was pomp and grandeur; returning their fine feathers were in want of re-curling and the beautiful bangs of the gallants sorely needed being banged again. The captain of the steamer was proud of his crew and guests; and especially spoke highly of their ability at shunting "ballast." By the time the Aberdeen returned to the city every particular of it had been shifted, the men consequently being very much fatigued.

Owing to the sudden change of climate and the fatigue of the trip, the knights were quite unable to march home to their hotels with the same steadiness and discipline with which they paraded to the steamer. They got there nevertheless, but several coaches and barouches were necessarily brought into requisition before their destination was reached. Another party besieged an electric, but it was particularly noticeable that none rode a bike.

Even at Thursday's ball game between the Tartars and Alerts the knights turned out in large numbers. Securing a freehold lease of the grand stand they started in to talk the game, umpire, flourish betting wads, and applaud their favorites. Some were for Fredericton, but the majority supported the local side of the contention. Several large bets and many smaller ones were made with a party of Celestial camp followers, the Yankee visitors adding materially to their financial standing, at the close of the contest. The game was lively and hotly contested throughout, St. John winning her laurels after one of the hardest fought games ever witnessed in this city.

Apropos, Thursday's baseball event on the B. and A. grounds shows quite plainly the vulnerability of the Fredericton lads. Of late they have been administering severe defeats to the teams from this city and a victory like that of Thursday is quite refreshing. The Tartars played manfully, but thought it best to leave umpire Phillips at home. He has become famous in St. John, although hardly ever in the city, and the presence of his profile on our foggy streets would only be like waving a red flag before a three quarters crazy bovine.

One of the incidents in connection with the Pythian brethren is that of the ire of manager Belyes of the Balyes Hotel, who promises to sue Major Eastman of the company for breach of contract. It appears the Major engaged rooms for a certain number who did not quite turn up in material form. The innkeeper wants damages but the American says it will be "damages" before he gets it.

Will They Amalgamate.  
HALIFAX, July 15.—There is no doubt that the Merchants' bank of Canada, Montreal, would very much like to gobble up that very big morsel the Bank of Nova Scotia, and that other almost as large bite, the bank of British Columbia. If this could be accomplished we would see a bank

rivaling within a million or two in capital the great bank of Montreal with its capital of \$18,000,000. It is almost certain that the stockholders of the bank of Nova Scotia would refuse to yield to the wailings of the Montreal siren, even with the familiar figure of their own Thomas Fybe at the head of affairs. Merchants' Bank people are said to be buying Nova Scotia stock as fast as they can get it, but they will have to work hard to accomplish their ends in that way. Quite probably this amalgamation scheme was a part of the big game when Mr. Fybe was taken from the head of the Bank of Nova Scotia and placed in control of the Merchant's bank of Canada. The fact that leading officials say there is nothing in the rumor of amalgamation means little when it is remembered that George Hague nearly 48 hours after the Halifax papers announced that Mr. Fybe was appointed, kept saying there was nothing in it.

## CALL IT HOWE STREET.

### A Suggestion to the Halifax Council in Re-street Naming.

HALIFAX, July 15.—There is confusion worse confounded in regard to the re-naming of that great thoroughfare that runs clear through this city from Point Pleasant north to Bedford Basin and indeed on to Bedford itself. Under the varying names of Pleasant Street, Barrington Street, Lockman Street, and Campbell Road, Alderman Mosher saw the impropriety of this multiplicity of names for what is really one straight street and he proposed that these names be abolished and that the thoroughfare be named Victoria Street from end to end. The council, in a burst of Jubilee loyalty unanimously agreed to this. Opposition at once appeared on the part of Barrington street merchants, who did not wish to lose the name that has now become that of the chief retail business street of the city. Nevertheless, acting on the decision of the council, City Engineer Dane set men to work renumbering the houses. Then the agitation broke out afresh in opposition to change, and Mayor Stephen felt called upon to order a cessation of operations. Thus the matter stands, confusion being predominant.

A little suggestion might not be out of place just here. It is objected that the name Victoria Street is bad because we already have a Victoria road and a Victoria lane in Halifax. Why not, then, unify this great thoroughfare under the name of Nova Scotia's greatest son, and call it "Howe" street. This certainly would be an appropriate name for the longest street, the most populous and the principal street of the city. A committee for years has been trying to raise money to erect a monument in honor of Joseph Howe, and their efforts, so far, have succeeded only in raising a paltry \$800 while \$10,000 is required. A memorial of the father of responsible government in Nova Scotia if not in Canada, of a man who was loved by the people of his province far more than any other politician who has asked their votes, a man who in fact was idolized by his fellow countrymen, should be found in our midst. What better memorial could be provided than the naming of the principal street of this city in honor? Let it, then, be Howe Street!

## TROUBLE IN THE SCHOOL.

### The Awful Accusations Against the Fairville Principal

There is trouble in Fairville school affairs and possibly a change of principal may be the outcome of it. Miss Stewart one of the teachers has been greatly dissatisfied of late, it is said, with the manner in which Principal Nelson has been conducting the affairs of the school. She claims he has allowed her scholars to chew candy while at their studies, as well as being altogether, in her estimation, too lenient by far. Miss Stewart's latest grievance is that Mr. Nelson did not shake hands with another of the lady teachers when she was departing on her vacation.

Such an array of startling accusations could not but have made the well known and popular young principal greatly feel the burden of wrong doing sin upon his shoulders and make him tremble for his position. An investigation was held, so great had grown the zeal of the accusers, and trustees Dr. Gray, Jas. Keady, Robt. Fair and other well known Fairville gentlemen were present. The medical board member seemed to support Miss Stewart's contention but another trustee in a business like way refused to listen to the evidence of the lady

teacher, claiming it to be mere child's play and not worthy of consideration in such a serious matter. It was a trial of Mr. Nelson's honor and only conclusive evidence could be accepted.

The outcome of the whole matter is that the school principal will retain his position at the request of the school trustees who found no irregularity in his alleged actions at all. However, it is understood the principal does not intend to let the matter drop quite so suddenly but is spending his vacation time with the hope of thoroughly settling the unpleasant matter to the bottom.

## A SCENE IN THE OPERA HOUSE.

### A Young Lad Disturbs the Audience and Performers.

Much has been said of late concerning the rowdism that exists in and about the opera houses though the management of this place have done much to stop this grievance.

One or two free fights have occurred in the upper gallery of the house, during the past week which have greatly annoyed the patrons of the theatre, as well as those taking part in the performances. Not a little bit of this trouble is brought about by the incompetent policemen doing duty there, who seem to take a delight in showing their authority.

During the performance of Thursday evening, a row occurred which greatly annoyed the audience, while the performers were also greatly inconvenienced by it. One of the opera house police officials was called to the gallery to arrest a lad who was making a disturbance. He tussled with the young man for some time, and finally came to the conclusion that he was not equal to the occasion. A second officer loaned his assistance but still the lad held his own. A third officer was summoned to the scene of confusion and with the assistance of a "billy" the two officers succeeded in landing the disturber on the street. While the lad was being ejected his friends encouraged him by loud cheers. This kind of thing has been going on for some time and the sooner the management of the house secure competent police help the better.

## IS HE CONVERTED?

### A City Yachtsman's Predicament at Beulah Encampment.

The occasion was a solemn one but the ridiculous predicament in which a North End yachtsman was placed at Beulah Camp on Sunday last caused considerable merriment at the time. It was when Rev. Mr. Bonnel was baptizing several candidates at the shore, and fully a thousand persons were onlooking, including a number of yachtsmen who viewed the proceedings from their respective crafts. Everybody was looking as solemn as could be, while the clergyman immersed one by one the converts.

The hero of this story had chosen for himself a very conspicuous position on the bowsprit of the boat in which he was sailing, very near where the solemn ordinance was being observed. He with the rest seemed not a little affected, but just as one of the candidates was being baptized, lost his balance and fell overboard. He and the convert, within a few feet of one another, reappeared at the same time, the yachtsman's friends pulling him out, the officiating clergyman attending to the other. An outburst of laughter followed the peculiar incident and now the yachtsmen claim they have a Jonah in their midst.

## WHO IS THE THIEF?

### That is What is Agitating Mr. Wiswell and Many Other People.

HALIFAX, July 15.—He is a thoroughly depraved thief who would steal from County Clerk Wiswell of Halifax, but it seems there is a man in this city bad enough to fill the bill. The theft occurred in November last, yet it is only a day or two since the fact became known, one of the evening papers coming out with remarkable "enterprises" and double headlines over the affair. The article in question stated the loss at \$100 but it was only \$60 that was taken. The money disappeared from his office while it was occupied by Mr. Wiswell and half a dozen apparently responsible people, none of whom would ever be suspected of theft of so daring a character. Mr. Wiswell is a man who pre-eminently thinks every man honest till he is proved a rogue. It will be a pity if this pleasant trait in his character is revolutionized. If such should happen this thief will be guilty of a double crime—robbery being perhaps the lesser of the two.

## A DYING CHILD'S TRIP.

### CARRIED FOR MILES BY ITS NEGLECTFUL MOTHER.

While in a Dying Condition, it Expired Just as They Reached Home Again—The Coroner's Jury Says it Was Neglect—The Surroundings of the Child's Parent.

The arrest of Matilda Irvine, a colored woman of the West side, on Saturday night last, on the serious charge of causing the death of her three year old child, created considerable excitement about the city. The jury empanelled to ascertain the cause of the child's death, rendered on Monday night the following verdict, which has evidently had the effect of appessing the minds of the people:—

"We, a jury empanelled to enquire into the death of Archibald B. Irvine, find that the said Archibald B. Irvine came to his death from congestion of the lungs, caused by want of proper care on the part of his mother."

The circumstances surrounding and leading up to the unfortunate child death show how utterly careless and cruel some mother's can be towards their offspring, although from what can be learned, the mother, while not altogether blameless, is far from being responsible for the child's untimely death.

The Irvine woman is a daughter of a Mrs. Wright of Carleton, and both are known to the police, the former from petty offences, such as abusive language and drunkenness, the latter from her love of justice, or more likely her weakness for satisfaction. Matilda Irvine is known to be of unsound mind, and even though she had deliberately killed her baby, it is doubtful if very severe punishment could have been meted out to her for her crime.

Mrs. Wright notwithstanding that one of the morning papers called her a good woman is far from being perfect. She is known to the police as a hard hearted woman, with a quarrelsome disposition and strong will. Some of Mrs. Wright's neighbors in speaking of the death of the infant, place more blame on her than they do on her daughter, the child's mother. Matilda Irvine was twice married and both her husbands are now dead. Since Tom Irvine's death two years ago, Mattie has been keeping company with different colored people, her last friend being Nathan Boyd of Nova Scotia. Boyd was employed at South Bay and the Irvine woman often visited him there.

Wednesday of last week Mrs. Wright with whom Matilda lived, ordered the latter out of her house. Mrs. Irvine agreed to go, but asked that the child be left behind. This Mrs. Wright refused to do, saying that she could not be bothered with the baby who was sickly, and in need of care.

Upon Mrs. Wright's refusal to keep the child she started for South Bay with it. At Fairville an acquaintance met the woman, and after looking at the little one said "Why Mrs. Irvine you should not take that baby out today; it is dying." However, the demented woman and her dying child proceeded to the bar, and stayed there until Saturday, when then returned to the city. Stopping at a store in Fairville on the way home another person, whose attention was drawn to the labored breathing of the child remarked, that "it had not long to live." When the woman reached home or very shortly afterward the unfortunate child had breathed its last.

Mrs. Wright the mother of the Irvine woman was the one to call the police, the one to make the bold charge to the persons that Mattie had killed the baby, and the one to give all the damaging evidence she could against her daughter at the coroner's inquest.

## THE INSPECTOR'S FIND.

### Some Surprises to the Occupants of a House of Questionable Fame.

HALIFAX, July 15.—If the discovery that Liquor Inspector Banks is said to have made on Saturday evening is true, the morals of this city need some attention. Banks, accompanied by two police officers, is reported to have raided a house that most people considered respectable, and found therein, late at night, a crowd of young men and women who long before should have been at home in bed in their parents' houses. One of the young women is a member of a church choir in the North end of the city, and every one of these present would have been more severely shocked than they were had Inspector Banks been accompanied by their fathers or mothers instead of by two blue-costed

officers of the law. There certainly seems to be some room for the pessimistic utterances of a section of the people when speaking of the morals of a considerable portion of the people.

## BAD SANITARY ARRANGEMENTS.

### Some Institutions in Halifax That Need Well Looking After.

HALIFAX, July 15.—Dr. Carleton Jones chairman of the city medical board, is a man sometimes gitted with great plainness of speech. This was illustrated the other day at a meeting of the board when the subject of sanitary arrangements and ventilation at some of the city schools was under consideration. After City Engineer Doane had described the construction of the outhouses at one of our charitable institutions—the Protestant Orphan home—where some time ago there was a violent epidemic of scarlet fever, Dr. Jones summoned the state of affairs by saying that the school room at the protestant orphan home is over a vault. The city engineer could not take exception to this, and did not attempt it. The health board and board of school commissioners will look into this matter and the chances are that a positive menace to hundreds of children at the orphan home and at Alexandra school will soon be removed. The particular trouble at Alexandra is a complicated system of ventilation which the school janitor does not understand and which he will not try to comprehend or work.

## FILLS HIS POSITION WELL.

### Mayor Stephen Makes a Gracelful Entertainer and is Much Praised.

HALIFAX, July 15.—Mayor Alexander Stephen of Halifax, in common with the other mayors of the Empire, failed to receive a knighthood at the queen's diamond jubilee. But there is one thing that the mayor did secure—the reputation of being a good entertainer and of being the right man in the right place during the trying two weeks of the woman's council, Jubilee celebration and Cabot ceremonies. His Worship came through the ordeal with flying colors. This statement of fact might have been made earlier, but it sometimes takes time to arrive at a correct conclusion, and now, after the echoes have died away, it can safely be said of Mayor Stephen in this respect and indeed in others, "He has done well."

## They Kept the Dog.

Several residents of the City road have been the victims of a diphtheria scare during the past week. It appears that a dog which had been raised with a family who had been attacked with diphtheria was purchased by a resident of the City road. Upon learning that the dog had come from a house visited by the dread disease several neighbors raised a hue and cry, and visited the owner of the dog requesting him to have the canine put out of the way. As the animal was a valuable one its owner refused to comply with his neighbor's request. The dog fanciers land lord was next visited with the result that the owner is said to have been ordered to quit the premises or destroy the dog. He quit the premises and he and his family now occupy a comfortable cottage on Dorchester Street where he hopes to raise his pup without further trouble.

## He had a Good Time.

A local society this week entertained a visiting fraternal organization from the States to a sail up the beautiful St. John river and as the weather was delightfully fine all the afternoon it is to be presumed that everybody enjoyed themselves immensely. The following day one of the visitors was asked how he liked the river scenery and if he had a good time. "A good time," he replied in a hesitating bewildered way, "A good-time; y-e-s, I guess so. I don't remember much after we left Indiantown; yas I think we must have had a good time" and those who saw the excursion's return quite agreed with him.

## Coming Along All Right.

All lovers of a good horse will be glad to learn that the operation upon Special Blend is succeeding, so far, admirably. Dr. Harger is not a gentleman who talks much about his patient but it is quite evident that he is perfectly satisfied with the progress of the speedy horse. The writer was present when the stitches and silver tube were removed and the patience and docility of the horse were remarkable. He was not hampered in any way and yet made no resistance to the operations of the doctor.

Railway.

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J. R. STONE

THE GOSSIP OF LONDON.

THE METROPOLIS EMERGING FROM JUBILEE TIMBERS.

Royalty Visits the Opera—A State Function Which Surpassed Everything of the Kind Since England Entertained the Empress Eugenie of France.

LONDON, June 29.—London is emerging from its packing case; carpenters are still engaged in removing the remains of the Jubilee timbers, but have so far progressed that the intelligent foreigner who still crowds our highways and by-ways may without any great stretch of imagination conclude that he is no longer in a huge city of wigwags, and that London is really a solidly-built town of stone and brickwork, with some moderate pretensions to architectural display.

The state visit to the Royal Opera on Wednesday was the most brilliant function. Nothing has been seen to approach it since London entertained the Empress Eugenie, when she and the Emperor Napoleon were in the zenith of their glory.

The whole auditorium at Covent Garden was converted into a veritable bower of roses and orchids (I hear 100,000 roses and 50,000 orchids came by special trains from Essex), and surely such a tasteful coup d'oeil has never been witnessed in any theatre before. Pink roses, white orchids and smilax adorned the front of the royal box, which had been formed by the removal of eight of the ordinary boxes. This handsome room was draped in white and gold silk, while over the centre of the box was placed a splendid crown, composed of crimson roses and gold irises, the effect of the whole being quite enchanting. To provide an ante-room for the exclusive use of the royal party the saloon had been shut off and converted into a lovely garden several tall palms being banked six feet high, with endless varieties of exquisite blooms.

Coming within the open house, one stepped into fairyland, the vestibule being one mass of palms, while an endless array of blossoms extended to the grand staircase, which exhibited two rows of handsome tropical plants in the centre. Viewed from the front row of the stalls the arrangement and adornment of the interior of the Opera house did not fail to command admiration, yet the plan of decoration was simplicity itself. Roses of the deepest tints of red had been reserved to conceal the front of the pit tier, while the royal box in the centre of the grand tier was covered with pink flowers of the same description, the remaining boxes on each side being decked out with roses of a darker hue, thus forcing the royal loge into greater prominence. On the second tier the decorations consisted of pink roses, with large aigrettes of white orchids suspended between every alternate box. Above this, in front of the amphitheatre stalls, yellow roses were festooned, providing a charming contrast with the varieties employed elsewhere.

Special white satin programmes, edged with gold and printed in gold, were laid on each of the seats in the royal box. Depicted thereon were two medallion portraits of the Queen as she appeared in 1837 and in the present year, and smaller medallions of the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, four generations of the royal family being thus called to mind.

When the Princess of Wales entered the royal box every eye was turned towards it. Our beloved Princess looked exquisite in pearl-white satin, embroidered very elaborately in silver and brilliant and pearls. Her Royal Highness wore a high and very magnificent diamond crown, and many diamond ornaments sparkled on her dress and round her neck. The Prince, in field marshal's uniform, and wearing the ribbon of the Garter, escorted into the box the Grand Duchess of Hesse, who wore high diamond ornaments in her hair, as well as a diamond coronal. The Prince paid this tribute to his niece as a reigning sovereign.

The Duchess of York was attired in pink satin of deep shade, while her tiara of superb diamonds, worn well at the back of her head, was high in front and narrowed downward at either side. The Duchess of Fife was dressed in white satin, with silver and pearl embroidery, and her Royal Highness had a high pointed diamond crown. In white, with white chiffon and lace on her bodice, and wearing a tiara, the Duchess of Connaught showed touches of pale pink about her gown that were at once delicate and effective. The Duchess of Albany wore palest mauve brocade, with a floral design in white; her hair ornament was a band of diamonds, with a star raised high in front, while at the back appeared a cluster of mauve and white marabout feathers.

Princess Charles of Denmark was among the Royal personages present, as were also Princess Victoria, Princess

Christian, Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; Crown Princess of Naples, and many more—in fact, round the house in every direction lovely faces crowned with diamonds looked out from frames of roses and greenery, while in the background was the gleam of gold on uniforms, the display of orders or the flashing white of the Oriental turbans.

After the opera performance Mr. and Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild entertained a brilliant company at supper, and a dance at their charming house in Hamilton Place. The Prince of Wales and the royal party were among the guests, and for their accommodation a temporary building was constructed, leading out of the balconies and ball-room. It was draped with silks and bunting of artistic hues, roses forming the ground work of the decorations. Geraniums and marguerites were used with much liberality, but so far as the flowers were concerned interest centered around some rare and choice exotics, which the host had had peculiarly successful in raising—an assortment of colored water-lilies, which were as rich and delicate in their variegated tints as pelargoniums. In fact, everything was done 'en Prince.'

The usual round of 'season' entertainments was suspended to a great extent during the jubilee festivities last week.

On Monday, however, there were several social events, including a reception given by Cardinal Vaughan at Archbishop's House, Westminster, which was attended by a large number all anxious to pay their respects to the Archbishop of Corinth. On Thursday the Austrian Ambassador and Countess D'eym had bidden a large party to Belgrave Square, where the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria met at luncheon. In the evening came the Prince of Wales' dinner to distinguished colonial visitors at Marlborough House, besides which the Duke and Duchess of Montrose had bidden a large party to dine and meet the Prince and Princess of Naples; and, later still the evening party at Buckingham Palace came off, which larger than had been expected, was less comprehensive than a court ball, and before it had been long in progress turned into a very pleasant dance.

Friday was perhaps the busiest day of all for the royalties, with a large luncheon at the Mansion House, Lord and Lady Lansdowne's dinner at Lansdowne House, and the Duchess of Westminster's ball to be got through.

The royalties expressed the greatest admiration of the table decorations at Lansdowne House. The celebrated Sevres dessert services, which the late Dowager Lady Lansdowne inherited from her father, the Comte de Flahault, were on the Royal table, the dishes being filled with fruit from the gardens at Bowood. On the table at which the Prince and Princess of Wales sat was the magnificent silver gilt plate which was presented to Lord Lansdowne's great grandfather, Admiral Lord Keith, after his victory off the Cape of Good Hope by the Corporation of London. There were large silver bowls, filled with roses of various shades, on all the tables.

Later on in the evening the whole party went to Grosvenor House, as well as other royalties who were dining elsewhere. Grosvenor House is so magnificent that it depends little on extraneous decoration, and the Duke and Duchess only augmented its perfection by building a large supper room, which leaves the whole of the house available for dancing and sitting out. There were some magnificent flowers in the rooms, and the garden, with its thousands of colored lamps, was very fairy-like.

The cheerfulness of the ball was a little marred by the royal and colonial elements, but the Duke and Duchess were most gracious and attentive to their guests. The Duchess has another smaller dance on the 6th at which, I believe, there are to be no royalties.

Saturday, with the naval review in progress, saw London empty and in a state of comparative calm after the fever of the past week. Nevertheless there was a large attendance at the opera in the evening, including many royalties, such as the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse, the Grand Duchess Sergius, and of course, Lady De Grey.

A faultless summer afternoon was all that could be needed to make a brilliant success of the garden party given by the Queen in the grounds of Buckingham Palace, since her Majesty herself was to be present. The faultless 'Queen's' weather was duly forthcoming, and those spacious and shady lawns and groves, presented on Monday from 4 to 7 o'clock a spectacle which made a charming finale to the jubilee celebration. At 4 o'clock a stream of guests began to pour in across a large reception room, to the steps by which the visitor passes into the green and well-kept pleasure, and the approaches through the interior of the palace were lined with yeoman of the guard and beefeaters, and two military bands were marched in to provide the music for the royal party. At a quarter past 5 the National Anthem heralded the Queen's approach. Her Majesty, seated in a low victoria drawn by two dapple grays, with the princess of Wales by her side, then

proceeded at a walking pace around the large lawn, attended by the Lord Chamberlain and the Lord Stewart walking by her side, the guests forming themselves into a wide lane through which the Queen passed, so that everybody was enabled to make obeisance and get a good look at the dear old lady.

After making a considerable tour of the beautiful palace grounds in this genial and welcome style, and then taking a little rest in the deliciously warm but fresh air, the Queen retired as tranquilly as she had appeared, and the guests for the most part repaired to the refreshment tents. When we came out of the palace gardens by the Constitution Hill gate we crossed into the Park amidst such a crowd of carriages, horsemen and pedestrians as I have never seen in my life. Generally for the past ten days the congestion of traffic in Piccadilly and its neighborhood has been marvellous, and in itself a sight to see—if only to admire the admirable way in which it is directed by the police and in which accidents are avoided.

Sometimes, however, the traffic is even beyond the control of our admirable "bobbies," of which I had personal proof last Thursday. I was in Piccadilly when the Prince and Princess of Wales with a number of their royal guests in several carriages were absolutely blocked for a considerable time and it was only by the herculean efforts of the police that a way was made into a side street, so that the royalties were enabled to reach Hyde Park through Berkeley Square and Stanhope street. I was in a victoria with a friend, and her clever coachman managed to follow on to the royal carriages before the crowd closed up, which enabled me to witness a very pretty little scene. When we arrived in the Park the Queen was on her way to Paddington Station, returning to Windsor. Her Majesty was no doubt unaware that the Prince and Princess of Wales were also in the Park, but his Royal Highness rose in the carriage and waved his hand to attract her Majesty's attention. The Queen saw him and the others, smiled pleasantly to the party and returned their salutation by kissing her hand to them.

A LAME BACK.

ONE OF THE MOST PAINFUL OF MALADIES.

Mr. Peter Millar Suffered for Years, and Experimented with Many Medicines Before Finding a Cure.

From the Brockville Recorder.

Perhaps no prettier place is to be seen in Ontario than that at Newman's upper lock on the Rideau Canal. At this station for a quarter of a century resided Mr. Peter Millar, who during that period acted in the capacity of lockman, and was perhaps the best known man on the canal.

Mr. Millar is now a resident of Merrickville, having retired from active life. To a correspondent of the Recorder he related the following experience: "For many years I was troubled with a lame back, which gave me great pain at times, and caused me much loss of sleep. I tried different kinds of medicine, but found little or no relief. The spring of 1895 I was assisting at getting out ice one day when I felt something snap or give way in my back, and it was some time before I could straighten myself up. I now become so bad that when I laid down I was unable to rise without assistance, and I fully made up my mind that I had become a chronic invalid, and never expected to see a well day again. A couple of weeks after my back had almost entirely given out I saw by an article in a paper that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had cured a person troubled similarly, and I immediately sent and procured a box to test them. Before I had finished the box I found my back somewhat stronger so I procured five boxes more and by the time they were used I found myself completely cured. Since I took the last box I have not had a pain or paroxysm of lameness, and my health has been far better than it had been or years before.

To ensure obtaining the genuine always ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as there are many pink colored imitations.

ANGYATHIS WIFE FOR 30 YEARS She Sewed the Wrong Button on his Vest Now He Wants a Divorce.

Because Mrs. Marion W. Hatton threw a stool at him and sewed a pants button on his vest nearly thirty years ago, Theodore Hatton wants an absolute divorce. The action is brought in the State of Illinois, and evidence is being taken in this city both for the plaintiff and the defendant. The parties are well advanced down the toboggan of time, the defendant being upward of 50 years old and the plaintiff at least as aged.

There are some interesting things about the case. Until about 1872 the Hattons lived near Amboy, supposedly happy, as all married people are to be considered until they reach the courts. One day the plaintiff, after a quarrel with his wife, which neither claim was regarded more than a trivial matter, left his home and went west. He was heard from at various times, but no

"THE BEST SUMMER CLIMATE IN AMERICA."

Reports have been reaching us daily from all quarters of sunstrokes and great sufferings from heat, and all the while we have been enjoying deliciously cool weather.

Add to the climate lofty ceilings, perfect ventilation, and the best courses of business and shorthand instruction obtainable in Canada, and you have the reason for the success of our summer classes.

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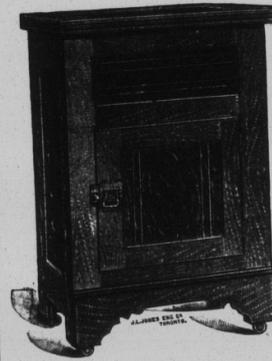
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- 3rd. Each one has a perfect system of cold, dry air circulation
- 4th. They are thoroughly made of kiln-dried hard wood.
- 5th. Best of all, the price is much less than former years.

EMERSON & FISHER.

75 Prince William Street.

contributions to the support of his wife and child were received.

A short time ago Mrs. Hatton heard that her husband had brought suit for divorce, and that judgment was about to be entered by default. The matter looked irregular, as Mrs. Hatton had never, she says, received a service of the papers or an intimation of the litigation until informed by an acquaintance. An answer was put in denying the charges made and alleging the facts as Mrs. Hatton and the people about Amboy remember them. It is said that Hatton, since living in Chicago, his present residence, has accumulated some property.

A Silver Medal

is awarded every month to whichever student seems to be "best for business." If you want employment get ready for it. You can learn shorthand by mail lessons free. Ask?

Snell's Business College, Truro, N. S.

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Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 24 words) cost 25 cents each. Insertions above five cents extra for every additional line.

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WANTED—Half and Six Cent Jubilee Stamps, for which we will pay thirteen cents each. A. F. HAUBMANN & CO., 19 Leader Lane, Toronto.

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

WANTED RELIABLE MERCHANTS in each town to handle our water-proof Cold Water Paint. Five million pounds sold in United States last year. VICTOR KOPFOD, 29 Francis Xavier, Montreal.

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Notice of Sale.

To George A. Beckett and to all others whom it doth, shall or may concern.

THERE will be sold at Public Auction, in the City of Saint John, in the County of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, on

Saturday, the TWENTY-FOURTH day of JULY next.

at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, under and by virtue of a power of sale in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, made the sixth day of October, A. D. 1890, between one William A. Beckett, of the one part, and the undersigned Annie Short, of the other part, and duly recorded in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for Kings County, by the Nos. 45, 685, in Book "Y", No. 4, pages 256, 256, 256, 256, and 257 of Record, the 25th day of November, A. D. 1891, default having been made in the payment of the principal moneys and interest secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage:

"ALL that parcel of land situate in the Parish of Greenwich, in the County of Kings, on the north west side of the Long Beach (so called), bounded as follows: On the south east by the main highway road and by the water of the Mistake Cove; on the south west by the side line of the said lot and by lands owned by James L. Fawcett, thence north westerly by said line until it strikes the line of lands owned by Nancy Paisley; on the north west by lands owned by the said Nancy Paisley, thence north easterly by the said line until it strikes the north easterly line of the said lot and lands owned by James Paisley, and bounded on the north east by lands owned by the said James Paisley and George Inch, thence running south easterly by said line until it strikes the water of the before named Mistake Cove, with the exception of a certain lot (described to the Trustees of Schools for the Parish of Greenwich and a certain other lot (described to the Baptist Church for a burial place); together with all and singular the buildings, fences and improvements thereon, and the rights, members, privileges, hereditaments and appurtenances to the said lands and premises belonging or in anywise appertaining.

Dated at the City of Saint John aforesaid, this fifteenth day of June, A. D. 1897.

Witness: ANNE SHORT, Mortgagee.

AMON A. WILSON, ANNIE SHORT, Mortgagee.

BUSBY & PORTER, Solicitors, Club's Corner, St. John, N. B.

GEORGE W. GERRON, Auctioneer.

Sheriff's Sale.

THERE will be sold at Public Auction, in the City of St. John, in the Province of New Brunswick, on

Monday, the 13th day of September next,

at the hour of fifteen minutes after twelve o'clock in the afternoon:

All the estate, right, title and interest of THE CENTRAL RAILWAY COMPANY in and to all that part of the Southern Division of the Central Railway, commencing at the intake section of the said Central Railway with the dividing line of the Counties of Kings and the City and County of Saint John, at, near or about McPee's Station (so called), on said Southern Division, and thence running in a southerly direction through the parish of Saint Martin, in said City and County of Saint John, to the terminus of the said Southern Division of the said Central Railway, at the village of Saint Martin, in the parish aforesaid, the Road and Highway of said Railway having a uniform width of one hundred feet, an 1 being about twelve miles in length, together with the Road, Road-bed, Right of way, Rails, Ties Sliding, Turntables, Telephone lines and a junction, Building Privileges and appurtenances, Building Privileges and appurtenances in any belonging or appertaining to the said Southern Division of the said Central Railway.

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

Dated this first day of June, A. D. 1897.

H. LAWRENCE STURDEE, Sheriff of the City and County of Saint John.

E. LEB. TWEDDIE, Plaintiff's Attorney.

Ask your grocer for Windsor Salt For Table and Dairy, Purist and Best

Whisky.
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HIS LAST LETTER

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Music and The Drama

With the exception of Miss Helen Furlong's concert at the Mechanics Institute on Thursday evening, and which I regret is given too late in the week for more particular notice, there is little or nothing of interest in musical circles this week that calls for observation.
Miss Furlong's concert I assume will be a success in every regard, because the greater part, I might even say all, of the talent contributing to the programme has been heard here on other occasions with the greatest pleasure. The recent "Mikado" concerts were the medium by which Mrs. Taylor was introduced to our music lovers and her sweet singing on these occasions only intensified the desire to hear her again. The fates have been kind somewhat earlier than anticipated, because this lady will have appeared in the programme of Thursday's concert. The other voices too were heard to advantage in the Parada as well as in the Mikado. I have no doubt their best effort will be made on the occasion of the debut of the young violiniste.
The number of our professional musicians I observe, has been increased, by the recent arrival in our midst of Mr. Edgar Buck, of London, England, who is a musician of much ability, and who intends to locate in this city, I am informed. Mr. Buck is a pupil of the famous Manuel Garcia, and is a basso cantante. He purposes teaching here and his record as a voice trainer and conductor is quite marked having among other works, of like character, conducted the great chorus which sang on Parliament Hill, Ottawa on the memorable 22 June last. No doubt many of our aspiring vocalists will be glad to avail themselves of Mr. Buck's presence in our midst and benefit as well by his skilful teaching.
Tones and Undertones.
The latest reports from Madame Nordica are to the effect that she is rapidly convalescing.
Mlle. Chaminade is reported to be delicate in health and not coming to this continent as had been expected. The rigors and fatigues of a tour on the United States are considered to be more than she could endure.
Yeays the violinist, will begin his tour of

the United States under his contract with R. M. Johnson for one hundred concerts, next November in New York at the first Philharmonic concert there. His brother Theo. Yeays, who is a pianist, will accompany him. The consideration for these one hundred concerts is said to be the trifling (?) sum of \$50,000. There is wealth in catgut.
For the next Wagner festival at Bayreuth there have been seven thousand tickets sold in London and the list is closed.
Sir Arthur Sullivan is said to have received £10,000 for his celebrated song "The Lost Chord," thus indicating the value of music that is popular in England.
Miss Della Rogers is a young United States lady, who recently sang the role of Leonore in "La Traviata," and received much praise for her work in this character as well as on other occasions. A writer speaking of her voice says, "Her voice carries caresses, sighs, complaints, which come from the temperament and go straight to the heart of the audience."
After the present season Madame Emma Eames will, in addition to Elsa in "Lohengrin" sing in the German language her Wagnerian repertory, comprising the parts of Eva, Elizabeth and Sieglinde.
The Royal Opera in Berlin has 33 solo singers. It is said that this opera and the operetta theatres in Berlin give employment to 443 male and 383 female singers.
An edition of the complete works of Liszt is projected by the Association of German musicians. Liszt's name has been placed to many "arrangements" that are not his.
In England it is said there is a law which prohibits the bringing of biblical characters upon the stage, and for that reason Saint Saens "Samson and Delilah" cannot be given in London.
It appears that London audiences have not been very enthusiastic over Richard Strauss new symphonic poem "Thus Spake Zarathustra."
Madame Calve was in Paris last week and went over, along with Massene, the music of his new opera "Sapho" in which she is to create the principal role next October at the opera Comique. She will spend the summer at Carlsbad.
For the copyright of "I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls" Balte is credited with having received £8000; for "When other lips" £8000; and for "The Heart bowed down" the sum of £6000.
Rosenthal the famous pianist, whose illness prevented his proposed tour of the

United States, emphatically denies the story of his marriage and says "it was the product of the mind of a demented Californian reporter." He will "return to his first love—the piano."
The copyright of Michael Watson's song "Anchored" was recently sold at auction and brought £1212.15s.
Mlle. Marie Barna has been engaged by Damrosch for next season to sing the roles of Elsa, Elizabeth, Valentino, Santazza, Brunhilde, in "Siegfried" and Aida Mille Barna is a Californian by birth.
In addition to the visit which Madame Marchesi is to make in New York the coming autumn, it is now said she will visit and give singing lessons in other cities. These other cities will be visited "at the risk of a speculator."
There is a story to the effect that when Rossini was in London in 1823-4 he was worried by a nobleman who wanted singing lessons. In order to stop the annoyance he asked the prohibitive figure of one hundred guineas a lesson. To the great surprise of Rossini the offer was accepted.
TALK OF THE THEATRE.
The Miles Ideal Stock Company during this the second and last week of their engagements here, have but intensified the favorable impression they produced on the occasion of their opening performance. Their business has been very good throughout the season and the patronage bestowed on them has certainly been merited for the reason that their every performance has been characterized by an earnest desire to give the very best in their power, not alone in the work of each member of the Company, but in the quality and variety of the several plays they have presented. However creditable all their work has been, perhaps the strongest and best is done in "Damon and Pythias" which was given last week and which was received with enthusiasm and an unanimous expression of the very warmest commendation. The title roles were in the hands of Mr. John E. Miles and Mr. W. J. Butler, a member of the company who has appeared in several other advantageous roles. This play was again given on Thursday afternoon during the stay of the visiting Knights of Pythias. Another of the strong bills of the company "A Fair Rebel" in which Mr. John E. Miles acquitted himself in an admirable manner as Colonel Mason, was given last Monday evening for the first time, and to large business despite the opposition of the circus attraction. The play was then given its first production in

this city and develops an interesting story of love triumphing over the obstacle of sectional hostility. Miss June Swift played the role of the "fair rebel" in a very satisfactory manner, taking her performance in its entirety. This young lady as Calanthe in Damon and Pythias also gave an excellent performance. Mr. Tavernier merits more than passing remark for his good work in the role of Major Stillman as does Miss Essington in the part of Aunt Margie. Mr. Tavernier in fact is most reliable in his every role. The stage management of the company too is evidently in good hands because the settings are well conceived and admirable attention, generally speaking, paid to detail. The specialties of Jack Tucker and the charming and vivacious little soubrette, Miss Eva Williams, who can play a part in a thoroughly satisfying manner have made them both particular favorites. I almost omitted mention which is justly due to Miss Emma Lathrop for her clever character work in the role of Mrs. Wood in "A Fair Rebel". The company give their farewell performance tonight. A matinee as usual being given this afternoon.
"Sans-Gene" as presented by Sir Henry Irving has become the success of the London season—Ellen Terry's interpretation of the title role is a triumph for her because the critics who were somewhat hostile at first now say it is one of the best things she has ever done and all in all, one of the most beautiful performances ever seen in London.
Arthur Forrest has been engaged as leading man for Richard Mansfield for next season. He has filled this same position in a former season. Mr. Forrest will be remembered by theatre goers as a member of Harkins Company of a few summers ago.
Clarence Handysides is a member of Nat C. Goodwin's Company for next season as is Clarence Montaine who some years ago was with "Bradley's players" in the institute. The beautiful Maxine Elliott will again be the leading lady of this Company.
Loie Fuller, or "La Loie" as the Parisians call her, intends to appear again in London, when she will give her audiences something that is said to be startling.
"Blue Jeans" the buzz saw play, will be renewed next season, with Nettie Bourne in the role which Jennie Yeamans used to play.
Alan Dale the well known dramatic critic has recently been complimenting Julia Arthur upon whom great expectations are being built, as she intends to "star" in the United States next season.

Miss Arthur has enjoyed the distinction of being a member of Sir Henry Irving's company in London, for the past few years. She is now on her way to America. Her play is Mrs. Burnett's "A Lady of Quality."
The Empire theatre in New York will open on 4th September next with "Under the Red Robe." All the other New York theatres will open early.
"Les deux Gosses" (The Two Little Vagabonds) is still running at the theatre Ambigu, in Paris, where it was produced February 1896.
Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry will not make a tour of the English provinces this season.
Malcolm Bradley, one of the favorite members of the Harkins company for the past two or three seasons, is engaged next season to play the role of Fouchon in "Madame Sans-Gene" with Katherine Kidder in the title role.
"The Swell Miss Fitzswell" is the title of a piece in which May Irwin will play a legitimate comedy role next season. Miss Irwin will play the role of a modiste.
"I," said the pompous actor, "was once where the shells fell so thick and fast that to escape them was impossible." "And you are alive to tell it?" "O, yes. The shells were loaded with eggs."—Detroit Free Press.

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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

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Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 29 to 31 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

The Circulation of this paper is over 15,000 copies; it is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

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

Orders can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in very many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince-Edward Island every Saturday, for Five Cents each.

SIXTEEN PAGES. AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 17.

A BLOODLESS WAR.

No more striking illustrations of the relatively bloodless character of the recent Turko-Grecian war can be given than that afforded by the official returns recently issued, according to which the number of prisoners taken by the rival armies amounted to two hundred men each, while in the Greek hospitals there has throughout the campaign not been a single Greek soldier treated for a sabre, bayonet or lance wound, the only injuries being those inflicted by rifle bullets or the explosion of shells. This is equivalent to a demonstration that there was no hand-to-hand fighting, and that the troops never really came to close quarters throughout the struggle.

A movement has recently been started in Kansas to have a tornado cave attached to every school house as a refuge for the children in times of those destructive visitations which are there so frequent, requiring special provisions of refuge and protection from them. Once in the cave no matter how violent the storm, the children are safe. In some of the schools tornado drills have been instituted, the pupils being instructed to file out in military order, the signal being sounded by the school piano when there is one; when there is none it is given by word of mouth. It is rather like a fire drill in its details, and out there is of much more urgent necessity.

French nerve, unappreciated, has put an end to a Paris engagement, according to the English newspapers. A young woman was at the charity bazaar with the young man to whom she was engaged when the fire broke out. He ran at the first alarm leaving her alone, but she managed to get out and go home. There she found the young man who had politely called to see if she was safe. He was shown to the door.

A railroad detective who travels almost constantly between Chicago and Cleveland reports that the number of tramps now on the road exceeds anything he has ever seen. He says it is not fair to call them tramps, for they appear to be mechanics and laborers out of employment. The detective in question makes the almost incredible statement that he counted 197 tramps on one night freight train.

According to a recent consular report, Cuba contains 13,000,000 acres of primeval forests, "where the woodman's axe has never been heard." In these forests, which cover nearly half the entire surface of the island, are found among other timber, mahogany, cedar wood, redwood, logwood, lignum vitae, ebony, and a tree with extremely durable wood called caguaran.

Swiss children are obliged to attend school six to eight years, fines being imposed on their parents in case of unexcused absence. But as many parents are too poor to provide food and clothing for their children, not a few of the cantons have undertaken to provide assistance, and it is estimated that last year 40,000 children were thus aided by the state.

Mainz has decided to celebrate the birth of GUTTENBURG on midsummer day, 1900, in order not to interfere with Leipzig celebration of the same event in 1899. As the exact year of the birth of the inventor of printing is not known a year or two in the observance of the 600th anniversary will not shock historical accuracy.

According to Dr. FLINT of Scotland, the great creeds of Christendom are unifying rather than dividing forces. This is true, though perhaps not a familiar aspect

of the case. The great creeds assert more, and more important things in common than most people are aware.

It will be dangerous in future for citizenship of Massachusetts to wear the plumage of insect killing birds on their hats. Governor WOLCOTT has signed the bill putting the bird-killer and the bird-wing wearer on the same basis and making them amenable to the same penalty.

A "South Sea Paradise" founded in the Fiji Islands by tired Californians has collapsed because the settlers found work to be necessary even there. The primal curse of Eden seems to be quite far reaching even still.

Two women have recently been commissioned as colonels by Southern Governors.

The Porte doesn't do a thing to the notes from the Powers but discount them.

From the clouds which continually hang over us, good Lord deliver us.

A DISTINGUISHED MUSICIAN.

He Will Make St. John His Headquarters for a Time.

Mr. M. Edgar Buck of London, England, has within the past week taken up his permanent residence in this city, and is being welcomed by the musical community. Mr. Buck is a graduate of Signor Manuel Garcia, in voice culture. Garcia is one of the most celebrated of living vocal teachers and enjoys the distinction of having been the principal instructor of Jenny Lind. Mr. Buck has lately been a resident of Ottawa and while there, presented to the public, the following operas with his pupils in the sale cast, Mikado, Pinafore, and Il Trovatore, having upon these occasions the distinguished patronage of Lord and Lady Aberdeen. Some years ago Mr. Buck was a member of the vocal staff, in the N. E. conservatory of music in Boston, and in 1881 created the role of "Jesus" in Guonod's "Redemption" at the Boston Theatre in that city; while a resident there Mr. Buck was also conductor of the Bay state choral society.

Later, in the practice of his profession in Toronto Mr. Buck met with most gratifying success. His teaching includes voice culture and elocution. Mrs. Buck who is now visiting friends in Paris, will join her husband in September and open classes in grammatical and conversational French. Mr. Buck has given great attention and study to the art of conducting and in that branch of his profession has had eminent success. It was he who trained and conducted the great chorus which sang on Parliament hill Ottawa, June 22nd, as part of the Jubilee celebration; on this occasion the audience numbered 40,000 including Lord and Lady Aberdeen. Those who have met Mr. Buck are pleased with his personality and predict for him success in his new field. His studio at present is located in the church of England rooms on Germain street, and his permanent address is 81 Princess. Mr. Buck has taken charge of St. Andrews church choir.

A Timely and substantial Gift.

There is always a warm spot in the heart of a commercial man for any one of their number in ill health. This was illustrated a few days ago when Mr. W. A. Cathers on behalf of a number of his companions on the road presented Mr. T. H. Foster who is seriously ill with a purse of about two hundred dollars. Such an act as this reflects credit on all concerned.

Annual Picnic.

Father Collette's will hold his annual picnic on Chapel Hill, West Quaco on Tuesday July 20th. The St. Martin's railway will give a half fare excursion and the programme includes a number of interesting events. These picnics are always enjoyable and well patronized and it is likely next Tuesday will be quite as pleasant as any previous ones have been.

An Operatic Novelty.

An interesting operatic novelty is reported from Barcelona and is the work of a young Spanish composer named Amadeo Vives. The personality of the youthful composer has done much to interest the public in him. He is now but 26 years old, and was the son of a poor workman, and the musician has been no more favored by nature than by fortune. He is lame, and one of his arms is shorter than the other, so that his musical studies were pursued under most unfavorable circumstances. Only a few years ago he was singing in the choir of a small country church. Later he became the director of an insignificant orchestra. His opera was received with the most astonishing expression of favor. The opera is named "Arturo" and is based on the legend of King Arthur as treated by Sir Walter Scott. The critics of Madrid and Barcelona declared that the new opera marks the beginning of a new epoch in Spanish music.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

My White Tent by the Sea. My white tent near by the swimming sea, Talks with the spray wreathed shore; Flapping its loose sides over me, As I lie by the open door. Wings of the red ships far away, Sailing the sunset line; Dipping along for they could not stay, Where the sea songs blend with mine. Little the flower of Hillhurst wold, Walks where the beaded lood; Throws snowdrops on the seaweed's god As hither it loves to roam. "O Little of love come by my tent, My heart is still true to thee;" "My heart is not mine," she said, "it went, With a ship that is in the sea."

"I have a beautiful home my love, My happiness longs for thee, Peace like a heaven descending dove, Seeketh for yours and mine." "Ah no, for the sad waves call aloud, And their white lips kiss the sky; Then seek like a winding sheet and shroud, And the happiest moments fly."

"O take your thoughts from the sea tonight, And look on the smiling land; The daisies all are in bridal white, And the roses beside them stand. Sweet flower with you my love began, O life of my very life; Why sorrowful so for a sea lost man; It may be a man with a wife."

"I've known you long and I prize you well O poet, the light of God! My heart in this agony should not tell Of aught but his chast'ning rod. This is love's promise to you I make, Be true to the word I say; When you from the sea its sorrows take, I'll welcome the happy day."

"Oh take the spray in its silver glist, From caves where it loves to throw; Pearls without measure or thought of stint, On the shining sand below. O take from the moaning waves their cry, That voice from its ocean bed, Out of the heart of the deep its sigh, And perhaps I may then be wed."

"Tis day that there comes not in my ear, The voice of the love of years; And out of the billows there comes not near, A face that is wet with tears. When I may change when I hear no more, O'er the winds and the waters free; A last farewell to this lonely shore, From the ship that went down at sea."

I dream in my white tent by the sea, Under the mountain ash; The branches cool wave over me, To the rocks where great waves dash. The green leaves sing in my charming sleep, And wooing the west wind's breath; True woman's love like the sea is deep, And faithful long after death.

Summer.

Whether 'tis nobler in one's coat to suffer The torrid temperature of midday, Or to discard that one excessive garment, And thereby cause perspiring? To live, to breathe Once more, and by a single act to flee From misery and those strange, unnatural oaths That heat of causeth—is a separation Devoutly to be wish'd. To feel the atmosphere, perchance the breeze; but here's the rub While in this blissful state what calls may come, When we have shuff'd off this outer coil, Must give us pause; that much respect Forthright to our own wife demands. In time of toil who would not shirt sleeves show? Who'd grunt and sweat beneath a pompous coat, But that the heat of 'twixt 't quiet? And sometimes other tyrants whose fierce scorn Were hotter than the sun—conquers the will And maketh us rather wear that which we do Than heed the anger that we know well o? Thus etiquette makes cowards of us all; And thus the tyrant's female castigation Constrains us to resume the cast of coat.

Miss Mary.

I miss Miss Mary tum de place; She take de bliss in track; I 'fraid de river steal her face, En den won't give it back! For every time she pass I heah dem w' flowers say: "Miss Mary, heah's yo' lookin' glass— I wish you look dis way!" I miss Miss Mary tum de place; De sun done gone ter bed; De red rose 'low he loomsome now— De lily hang he head. En everywhar she pass I heah dem w' flowers say: "Miss Mary, heah's yo' lookin' glass— Miss Mary, look dis way!" —Atlantic Constitution.

THE MYSTERIOUS SWORDFISH.

They Come From Afar and Never Until They Have Attained Growth

A new paragraph in a late Courant from Block Island reported that the swordfish are now abundant. These big creatures come and go as mysteriously as any of our sea visitors, and all fishes have their peculiarities. Who knows where the shad are before they begin to run up the rivers in the spring? The swordfish come to American waters grown up. Of course they vary in size, but no young are ever seen here.

This fact has been clearly set out by a Government report on the subject. The young are found chiefly in the Mediterranean. After they are able to go it alone more or less of them strike for the North American coast—most of these gather about Block Island. There they lie and sun themselves on the top of the water, the prey all summer of the fishermen and their spears. What instinct brings these fish across 3,000 miles of water to spend a season and return? They come when they arrive; they go when they leave. That's all we know, although the season comes within approximate dates.

The swordfish is a favorite sea food here in New England. Boston is its chief market, but it sells well all about here. It is sold meat, with a distinct flavor, and very edible.

How long these queer fish will last is a problem. They are hunted not only for the market but for pleasure. If the rich New Yorkers, who are too fastidious to eat them, should establish the fad of killing the fish and calcing the swords, they would probably soon exterminate the creatures, kill off the old swordfish, and would guide hither those that were about to make their first trip? Follow that action back a bit, and who guided the first of them clear over here?—Hartford Courant.

AMONG THE YACHTSMEN.

How the Yacht Club Flourishes—The Members who own Crafts.

Although not gifted with a large quota of wealthy lovers of sport St. John is fast becoming a lively yachting centre. Each year marks an increase in the number of fast sailing craft, additions to the membership roll and to fleet roster of the St. John yacht club, an excellent organization instituted only three and a half years ago but now having in its membership some of the city's most influential citizens who have built yachts, entering the local contests held annually.

The international sailing contests held of late years and which were regrettably discontinued on account of English dissatisfaction, did much to enliven a thoroughly sporting spirit in Englishmen, Canadians and Americans alike and it would not be amiss to attribute the late boom in sailing aquatic to those big races when the Thistle and Volunteer, the three unlucky Valkyries and Defender, not to getting the Prince of Wales cutter Britannia, sailed for the glory of their respective nations. Even the children caught the yachting fever, and in almost every park pond and duck pool the coming generations could have been found sailing their tiny "Valkyries" and "Defenders," using a yachtsman's vocabulary with remarkable fluency. However, the blow dealt international contests in the unfair treatment accorded Lord Dunraven and his boat by the New Yorkers a couple of years ago, has, it is feared, knocked the big races in the head, for some time at any rate.

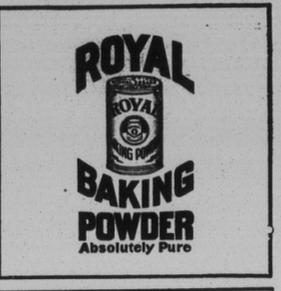
Canada has taken up the glove in the mother country's place, however, and although in a much smaller class of boat, has defeated her American cousins at every meeting. The Seawanhaka—Corinthian club of the adjoining republic are again this year making desperate preparations for the wresting of their challenge trophy from the Royal St. Lawrence club's representative, but calmly and with confidence are the Maple Leaf boys marshalling their forces to meet the oft defeated foe.

It was only three years ago when St. John was attacked with the yachting craze and in the sons of old aquatic sport lovers sprung up that inborn enthusiasm, displayed so often in their fathers when St. John and her famous Paris Crew drew the attention of the civilized world by their prowess with the oar. A few races were held by those citizens owning sloops and finally it was decided to form a club with the hope of bringing together all lovers of the noble sport, within the city for the mutual benefit and the furtherance of yachting.

North End was foremost in the matter, and one evening after a party of yachtsmen, including Messrs. Howard Holder, Fred Heans, Heathfield and Akerly, had returned from a trip up river in the yacht Naid, the first ideas of forming a club were materialized. A constitution was drawn up and by-laws for the proposed organization, laid out in skeleton form. Further meetings were held and more thorough organization entered into; until today, when the St. John Yacht club, an incorporated body, is in a highly flourishing condition, with a large membership and long fleet lists as are given below. Their club house at Millidgeville is new and well fitted out in two stories with lockers, floats etc. In front an elevated promenade fifty feet long by twenty wide affords an excellent opportunity for the ladies and other friends of the club to witness the sailing contests around the 12 mile course on the picturesque Kennebecasis river. Small sail boats, catamarans, rowing crafts etc, are at the disposal of members not owning or sharing in the ownership of a yacht, and almost every fine evening jolly parties from the city are found on the river enjoying its breezes and moonlight sails.

During the past year the St. John yacht club has been progressing with exceptional rapidity. A number of new members, men who are well versed in yachting and its ways, have been added to the membership rolls. One of these gentlemen, Mr. G. N. Sutherland of the C. P. R. is an authority on yachting and has been for years one of the most active members of the Toronto Yacht club. He has had built an expensive schooner-rigged speeder which promises to show a big streak of wake between her and her nearest neighbor. Of course this craft is in a class all alone as yet, but if the aquatic boom continues, she will not long remain the only two-master in the "drink." Messrs. Adam Macintyre of this city and Gilbert DeVeber of Gagetown have also recently launched a trim craft, built upon improved and speedy lines and which they have a \$1200 craft soon to float and in different parts of the city yachts are being built.

Following is an incomplete list of the crafts flying the St. John yacht club colors of red, white and blue.



FIRST RACES. Grace M., owned by Chas. Elwell, St. John. Marjorie (formerly Primrose) owned by Dr. Gilchrist, Round Hill. Jubilee, owned by Peter Sinclair and others, St. John. Kathleen, owned by Albert McArthur and John Sweeney, St. John. British Queen, owned by E. H. Fairweather, St. John. Victoria owned by William Scott, St. John, (West) Beatrice, (schooner rigged) owned by J. N. Sutherland, St. John. Thistle, owned by A. E. Macintyre, St. John, and G. DeVeber, Gagetown. Rose, owned by E. McGulgan, St. John. Ulysses, owned by Harry Gilbert, St. John.

SECOND RACES. Pastime, owned by Macintyre and Harrington, St. John. Pert, owned by Con. McCusky, Millidgeville. Bluenose, owned by Geo. E. Holder, St. John. Vivid, owned by Patrick Egan, St. John. Two steam yachts, two catamarans and a house boat. The Venus, Marguerite, Edna, Deceiver and others might come under the head of third races.

The officers and good standing membership of the S. J. Y. C. are as below: Commodore, A. O. Skinner; Vice Commodore, Fred Bustis; Rear Commodore, Howard Holder; Secretary, Peter Sinclair; Treasurer, Fred Heans; Sailing Committee—E. H. Fairweather, H. Gilbert, R. Creelock and F. Bustis. Managing Committee and Flag Officers—W. A. McLaughlin, Frank Whelpley, A. P. Macintyre, R. Creelock and E. H. Fairweather. Audit Committee—A. P. Macintyre, John Sweeney and Geo. Heans. Trustees—A. O. Skinner, F. Bustis and H. Gilbert Jr.

ACTIVE MEMBERSHIP. Armstrong, Chris; Lemon, H. C.; Bustis, Fred; Lantlam, T. A.; Bustis, George; Langas, Fred; Best, Arthur; Munro, Louis; Barnes, Walter; Murdoch, William; Cooper, Sam A.; Morgan, James; Corbett, Walter; McArthur, Albert; Chipman, J. D.; McArthur, Walter; Carson, R. W.; McLaughlin, W. M.; Creelock, Carl; McGulgan, Edward; Daniel, J. W.; M. D. Day, William; Con. McCusky, How; Dennison, George; Dia, Daniel; Davis, J. R.; DeVeber, Gabriel; Elwell, Charles; Egan, Patrick; Fairweather, E. H.; Fairweather, H. H.; Gilbert, Harry J.; Ganong, W. B.; Gaoon, James; Gilchrist, Dr. J. H.; Holder, Howard; Holder, Geo. E.; Holder, William; Heans, F. S.; Heans, A.; Heans, G.; Harrington, W.; Harrington, Edw.; Harrington, Winslow; Hatheway, W. Frank; Kelly, James; Kerr, William; Kemp, H.; Wetmore, Edw.

Death has removed a number of her club members during the last year or so, among whom were Messrs. Heathfield and Akerly, two of the pioneers who lost their lives at the time of the sad Primrose disaster. Joseph Carle, whose tragic and untimely death occurred a few weeks ago, was a yachting enthusiast and boat owner but belonged to a sister organization, the Lotus Boat club. His loss is however felt almost as keenly by the St. John club people as by the organization of which the deceased young man was commodore.

At Castle Square. Miss Loraine Drenx, a clever actress of considerable experience, has joined the Castle Square theatre company in Boston and made her first appearance in "Pique" which is the bill for this week. Miss Drenx has been in the Frohman companies and with Seabrooke formerly, and more recently has been playing in London. She is a native of France having been born in a little town just out of Paris. "Pique" was played in this city last by the McDowell company in the Landowne theatre.

The Silver Key. Mr. Beerbohm Tree's new play entitled "The Silver Key" gives every indication of being "the key to a great success." This play is an adaptation of Alex Dumas' "Mille de Baile Isle". Everybody is pleased at the favorable prospect for Mr. Tree and not the less because of the loss caused him by "The Seats of the mighty."

Ladies, wear your shirt waist; so! it; send it to us to be done up. It will look perfect if done at Ungar's Laundry and Dye Works. Phone 68. Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired Doves, 17 Waterloo.



A small dinner party was given on Monday evening by Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Jones for Miss Emma Dunbar of Quebec, their guest. After dinner the party attended the circus which they enjoyed very much. Among those present in addition to the house party, were Miss Emma Dunbar, Miss Kathleen Furlong, Mr. Gilles Keator and Mr. Ritchie of Halifax.

Mrs. Dever's tea given this week for the entertainment of Mrs. Usher was a very enjoyable affair, the presence of many gentlemen giving it an added interest. Miss Dever looked charming and graceful as in fact she does upon all occasions, in a pretty pink muslin gown, effectively trimmed with ruffles of white ribbon. Mrs. Coster who poured tea looked well in black satin; the young ladies who assisted the hostess in her pleasant work of looking after her guests were Miss Furlong, Miss Helen Furlong, Miss Bayard and Miss Warner. Miss Bayard wore a pretty green bodice and black skirt, and Miss Warner was somewhat similarly attired; Miss Furlong was wearing a yellow bodice with a dark skirt, and Miss Helen Furlong looked particularly dainty and fresh in a pale blue crepon.

The table was prettily decorated with poodles. Among those present were Mrs. Carleton Clinch, Mrs. George West Jones, Misses White, Miss Dunbar, Miss Vroom, Miss Parks, Misses Furlong, Miss Burpee, Mrs. Baby, Mrs. George McLeod, Miss Romans, Mrs. Rue, Miss Mary McMillan, Mr. H. Kaye, Mr. Gordon McLeod, Mr. Jones, Mr. Ruel, Mr. J. Ritchie, Mr. Gerard Ruel, Mr. James Harrison, Mr. Sandy McMillan, and many others.

A reception was given last week by Judge and Mrs. Forbes in honor of their daughter Miss Jessie Gordon Forbes and Miss Daniel, upon their return from the United States. The function is spoken of as most enjoyable and among those who called between four and six o'clock were Miss Allison, Misses George and A. Seaman, Miss Belle Dunlop, Miss Christie, Miss Matie McLaughlin, Miss Sealey, Miss Lollie Harrison, Mrs. Andrew Blair, Miss Cameron, Misses Ealunie, Miss Emma Robertson, Misses Cushing, Miss Mabel Fair, Miss Maud McLean, Miss Everett, Misses Tuck, Miss Ellis, Miss Markham, Miss Stone, Mrs. George Jones, Mrs. Kellie Jones, Mrs. Theo Cushing, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Sadler, Mrs. Colman, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Holden, Miss Scott, Miss Travers, Mrs. L. Trueman, Mrs. Puddington, Misses Skinner, Miss Annie Smith and others.

Mrs. G. R. Pugsley and the Misses Pugsley are spending a few weeks in Hampton.

Miss Helen Furlong's recital on Thursday evening was one of the interesting events of the week, and was very largely attended by a select and appreciative audience. The Institute had a very gala appearance on that evening, most of the ladies and gentlemen being in evening dress. The stage was prettily decorated with palms and other potted plants, while the pretty costumes of the ladies who assisted made the scene a very bright one; Miss Helen Furlong, who made her debut as a violinist, wore a dainty green muslin with white ribbon trimmings, that had all the charm of simplicity and good taste. The well arranged programme was thoroughly enjoyed by the large audience and the various performers were obliged to respond to encores. The young violinist won for herself the most enthusiastic praise and admiration, and she must certainly feel elated over the wonderful success of her first public appearance. It is to be hoped that she shall hear her often in the future.

Mrs. Holden was one of the entertainers of the week and at a dainty tea dispensed hospitality in her usual graceful manner. Mrs. Charles Kincaid and Mrs. Charles Harrison poured tea and the young ladies who assisted were, Miss Marjorie Holden, Miss Snider, Miss Jessie Walker, and Miss Nona Kator. Among the other guests of the occasion were Mrs. J. A. Robertson, New York, Mrs. DeWolfe Spurr, Mrs. Crookshank, Mrs. Vroom, Mrs. J. R. Armstrong, Mrs. John Burpee, Mrs. Carleton Clinch, Mrs. Theo. Walker, Mrs. James Harding, Mrs. D. P. Chisholm, Mrs. Chas. McDonald, Mrs. George Keator, Mrs. James Hannay, Mrs. H. V. Bridges, Mrs. James Harding, Mrs. J. MacLaren, the Misses Bayard, the Misses Clinch, Misses Holden, Misses Travers, Miss Christie, Miss Vroom, Misses Warner and many others.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Barlow celebrated the 35th anniversary of their marriage last Friday evening, upon which occasion they were the recipients of many elegant remembrances from their friends. An address was read by Mr. B. B. Bustin and responded to by Mr. Barlow. The evening was pleasantly spent in games, singing, etc. After an elaborate supper the party dispersed.

Mr. George Armstrong, brother of Lt. Col. Armstrong is in the city on a visit.

Mrs. Capt. Barlow of Providence, R. I. is visiting her sister Mrs. J. N. Rogers.

Miss Howard spending a short time in Amherst with her sister Mrs. James Moffat.

Mr. and Mrs. Peabody spent a day or two in Amherst last week.

The Shakespeare recital in Mechanics Institute next Monday evening promises to be an event of social as well as literary interest, as it is under the patronage of many prominent citizens. Shakespeare's master comedy "Much Ado About Nothing" will be given by Mr. Williams, who comes to St. John with the highest recommendations of ability to please in his chosen profession. Among the names on the list of those under whose auspices the recital will be given are the following: Mr. and Mrs. W. Watson Allen, Rev. and Mrs. George B. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Barnhill, Dr. and Mrs. Bridges, Bayard, Venerable Archdeacon and Mrs. Bridges, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Bridges, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Blair, Dr. and Mrs. W. P. Bonnell, Dr. M. F. and Miss Bruce, Mrs. J. P. C. Burpee, Miss Alice L. Butcher, Mr. and Mrs. Owen R. Campbell, Dr. M. Case, Mr. and Mrs. D. Carleton Clinch, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Chimo, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Coster, Dr. G. B. J. Crawford, Rev. John M. Davenport, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. deForest, Rev. and Mrs. A. G. Hamilton Dickor, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Derby, Senator and Mrs. Dever, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Dole, Dr. and Mrs. E. P. Doherty, Dr. and Mrs. John V. Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. Henry R. Lordy, Major and Mrs. Alfred Markham, Mr. and Mrs. George Mc-

Avity, Dr. and Mrs. L. A. McAlpine, Dr. and Mrs. J. P. McCarney, Dr. and Mrs. J. R. McIntosh, Mr. H. A. McKeown, Mr. and Mrs. Jack McLaren, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Scott E. Morrell, Mr. and Mrs. James Mowat, Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Morrison, Dr. Jan. C. and Miss Mott, Prof. and Mrs. Hill Nesbitt, Mr. S. O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Outram, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Parks, the Misses Peters, Dr. and Mrs. Edward A. Preston, Hon. and Mrs. Wm. Pugsley, Mr. W. O. Pardy, Dr. R. F. Quigley, Rev. W. W. Rainnie, Hon. and Mrs. Robert J. Ritchie, Mr. Jas. and the Misses Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Emmerson, Mrs. E. S. Fiske, Hon. and Mrs. J. G. Forbes, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Flood, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Frink, Rev. D. J. Fraser, Rev. and Mrs. G. O. Gates, Rev. and Mrs. J. B. Green, Mr. J. Fraser Gregory, Prin. and Mrs. G. U. Hay, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Hall, Mrs. William Hazen, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Henderson, The Misses Hea, Mr. D. R. Jack, Mr. and Mrs. James Jack, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Jewett, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. R. Kellie Jones, Mr. and Mrs. John Kerr, Mr. S. Kerr sr., Dr. J. H. King Mr. and Mrs. I. J. D. Landry, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Leachler, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Struan Robertson, Dr. W. F. Roberts, Mr. Gertrude Ruel, Mr. and Mrs. John Russell, Mr. Maynard Sabiston, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Sayre, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Schofield, Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Scammell, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Sears, Mr. J. E. Second Hon. and Mrs. C. F. Shlmer, Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Starr, Dr. and Mrs. A. A. Stockton, Prin. Thos. Stothart, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Stone, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Sutherland, Mr. Arch and the Misses Taylor, Mr. W. H. and Miss Thorne, Dr. and Mrs. Boyle Travers, Hon. Chief Justice and Mrs. Tuck, Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Walker, Dr. I. D. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. E. LeRoi Willis, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Williams, Miss A. D. Wright.

Miss Powers of Princess street, left Tuesday on a visit to Chatham friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis O. Allen, Miss Allen and Masters Allen of Philadelphia were in the city the first of the week on their way to Digby, Nova Scotia.

Mr. Geo. Dunn and Miss Dunn of Springhill Junction were here for a day or two lately.

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Freeman who are annual visitors here arrived from Boston this week, and will spend some time here.

Mr. John Hamilton has been quite ill at the residence of his son, Germain street, this week.

Mrs. Arthur Bails and children, left Monday for Gagetown where they will spend a few weeks.

Mr. James McSherry formerly of this city but now of Boston is home on a visit.

Miss Hayes of Elliott Row, returned Monday from a three weeks visit to Montreal.

Mrs. Rev. J. W. Clarke and family are staying with friends in Evansdale.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Sisson of New York are spending a few weeks in St. John.

Mr. George K. McLeod is in New York with typhoid fever.

Mr. Thos. Foster is very ill at his home in the North End.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Carter of Providence are guests of Mrs. W. G. F. Wallace.

Master Colin Macrae of Rev. Dr. Macrae is visiting his sister, Mrs. Owen R. Campbell.

Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Hussey of Nashua, N. H. are visiting St. John.

Rev. D. Carey and Miss Carey are spending a week in Cape Breton.

Miss Mabel Romans of Philadelphia is visiting friends in the city.

Master Boyd Hartley of this city is in Anagance visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. Dumfield.

Misses Eleanor and Edith Simpson are spending the summer at Oak Bay.

Miss Winnifred and Marion Millidge have returned to Oak Bay.

Miss Annie Gregory of St. Stephen is spending a few weeks with city relatives.

Miss Henniger arrived this week from Moncton on a two months visit to relatives.

Mr. B. Burpee Jordan spent part of this week in Woodstock.

Miss M. Cameron of Boston is in the city for a short visit.

Misses Annie and Marguerite McDade and Masters Joe and Willie McDade of Boston are here visiting their grandmother, Mrs. H. McCarthy.

Dr. Percy Holmes and bride of Parrboro are spending their honeymoon in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Diamond of Albany N. Y. are spending a little while in St. John.

Conductor John Wade of the C. P. R. and Mrs. Wade have returned from a visit to friends in Waltham Mass.

A party of New York people who have been sojourning in the city during the week were Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lewis, and Mr. and Mrs. A. Cushman.

Mrs. Wm. G. Kee was at home to her friends on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday afternoons of this week.

Miss Edith Tilley of Toronto is a guest of Mrs. William Purdy.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wright of Digby were in the city this week.

Miss Ada Titus spent a day or two with city friends lately. Miss Titus has recently graduated with honors, as a nurse, from a Boston hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. Hinds, Miss Hinds, E. C. Gray, Miss Gray, Miss Ross came from Boston this week and are spending a few days in the city.

Mrs. E. F. Harris of Grand Lake spent Wednesday in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Wahle and child of Baltimore, Md., made a brief visit to the city this week. They are making an extended tour of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

St. John's church, Kingston, was the scene of a very happy event Wednesday morning at 9:30 o'clock, when Mr. H. H. Pickett, barrister of this city was united in marriage to Miss Grace L. Orr, of Jardineville. There was a large number of spectators present. There was no bridesmaid. The bride looked charming in a very becoming travelling suit of green and red shot goods trimmed with silk. Her hat was trimmed with red and green silk and poppies. Rev. H. A. Meek performed the ceremony. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers and evergreens, showing the esteem in which the bride was held in the community. The happy couple left on the ten o'clock train for Charlottetown P. E. I., amid showers of rice and good wishes of a large number of friends. They will tour P. E. Island, returning by way of Pictou and Truro.

Another interesting event in which a St. John gentleman was one of the happy principals occurred at Fredericton on Wednesday morning when Miss Edith Agnes Todd, stepdaughter of Mr. Samuel Owen of Fredericton, and Mr. Arthur Vincent Branscombe of St. John were united in marriage. Rev. J. J. Cassdale performed the ceremony. The bride was given away by her step-father and was attended by Miss Minnie Branscombe, sister of the groom. Mr. Otto Branscombe, a brother, was groomsmen. The invited guests included only the

immediate relatives of the bride and groom. The bride was becomingly attired in a pretty travelling suit of mixed green cloth trimmed with green silk and passementerie, and hat to match. She carried a beautiful shower bouquet of white roses knotted with white silk ribbons. The bridesmaid's bouquet was of pink roses and satin ribbons. Immediately after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Branscombe and guests were driven to the C. P. R. station where a large number of their friends had gathered to wish them bon voyage on their honeymoon trip, which will include Boston, Philadelphia and other American cities. They will return in about a month's time and will make their home in St. John. The bride received many beautiful presents, among them a piano from her step-father.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred S. Bonnell were a much surprised couple on Monday evening last when some thirty or more relatives and friends made a call upon them at their residence, 16 Cliff street. The occasion was the twentieth anniversary of their wedding day. Speeches of congratulation to the bride and groom were delivered by Messrs. F. Tufts and Thos. White, and the evening was pleasantly spent with music and songs, etc. Mr. and Mrs. Bonnell were the recipients of a very handsome china set and a cabinet chest rocker, also a beautiful hand painted china plaque from the bridesmaid, who now resides in East Boston. The callers had provided an excellent lunch, which was served during the evening. The surprise was a most complete one and gave great pleasure to the donors of the anniversary gathering.

Rev. Dr. Bruce returned Wednesday from a two months trip to the upper provinces.

Mr. Thomas Millidge has lately been a guest of his brother Rev. J. W. Millidge at the Rectory Oak Bay.

Miss Gertrude Risk is paying a visit to Bridgetown friends.

Miss Lizzie White has returned from a visit to Boston.

Mrs. Charles Thompson arrived recently from New York on a visit to her son here.

Dr. and Mrs. Parker and Miss Daisy Parker of St. Andrews are spending the summer at the Cedars. Miss Beatrice Parker is visiting Halifax friends.

Mrs. George Allen of Fredericton has lately been a guest of Mrs. Douglas Hixon of this city the latter's summer home in St. Andrews.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Richardson of Philadelphia were in St. John for a day or two this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Haddick of Brookline and Dr. Matthews of New York have been among the city's recent visitors.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Winchester of Manchester are visiting St. John.

Mr. Geo. A. Davis arrived this week on a visit from Honolulu and is being welcomed by many friends.

Professor and Mrs. L. B. Oaker of Wolfville are spending a short time in the city.

Mrs. Gravelle, Miss Jennie Broderick and Miss Belle Broderick, now of Butte, Montana arrived this week from Houlton Maine, and will spend a few weeks at Duck Cove.

Mr. J. S. Marston of Moncton spent a few weeks here recently with her mother Mrs. R. W. Thorne.

Mrs. F. P. Reid of Moncton is spending a few weeks with relatives.

Miss Miles is spending a week or two in Moncton with Rev. Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Crisp.

Mrs. Fulton Bevery and Master Howard Holmes are paying a visit to Parrboro as guests of Mrs. E. R. Reid.

Hon. George E. Foster was here for a day or two lately as a guest of J. D. Hazen, Q. C.

Mr. and Mrs. James E. Gage of Philadelphia are paying a short visit to the city.

Miss Georgia Gance of Upper Hampstead is the guest of Mrs. R. Lawson, Wright street.

Miss Jean Bruce of Moncton spent a short time in the city the middle of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Cobb of Boston are staying for a short time in the city.

Mrs. B. L. Eaton, Mrs. Geo. Eaton and Mrs. A. S. Nell came down from Calais for a brief stay in the city this week.

Miss Laura Bradley and Miss May Collins of this city are spending a few weeks with Marysville friends.

**No Element of Uncertainty**  
 About this Premium Offer

**HOW DOES \$38.50 Cash AND THE**

WRAPPERS from 3 boxes of "WELCOME" Soap for a High Grade GUARANTEED BICYCLE . . .

**Strike You?**

The only thing cheap about it is the price we are selling at to increase the sales of our famous "WELCOME" SOAP.

It is one of the best known and largest makes of the Standard Bicycles, and guaranteed to stand up with any wheel sold in Canada. We can get no more this season; our limited quantity is going rapidly, and if you want to get the benefit of this great offer, must speak quick.

WRITE US FOR FULL PARTICULARS

**The Welcome Soap Co., St. John, N. B.**

**If Horses could talk . . .**

what a hum there would be on the streets about the wonderful way in which

**Quickheal**

cures Scratches, Galls and Sores.

Every man who owns a horse should try it.

**SOLD EVERYWHERE**

**HEAVY STEEL PLATE Range..**

For . . .

**Coal or Wood.**

Made in various styles, from the ordinary family to the largest hotel size.

Are constructed in the most substantial manner and after the most approved patterns.

ARE STRICTLY UP TO DATE IN EVERY PARTICULAR.

It will pay you to investigate the good points of these ranges before purchasing others.

LONDON, MONTREAL, . . . TORONTO, WINNIPEG and VANCOUVER. . . . .

**The McClary Mfg. Co.,**

If your local dealer cannot supply, write our nearest house.

**A COOL SUGGESTION = =**

'Montserrat' Lime Fruit Juice is, without exception, the king of summer drinks. Cooling, fragrant and delightfully pleasant, it should be on every table during the hot weather, and is always to be had where summer drinks are sold. No other drink is so wholesome and refreshing.

It can be taken with plain or aerated water, claret and soda or spirits of any kind.

If a Lime Juice Cordial is required "Limetta" will be found the finest article of its kind on the market.

When You Order **Pelee Island Wines**

.....BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND.

While PELEE ISLAND WINE is highly recommended for La Grippe, Debility, Dyspepsia, etc., etc., it is the only Canadian wine so recommended.

It is frequently the case customers ask for our brands and get a substitute.

Ask for Our Brand and See You Get It

**E. G. SCOVIL** Maritime Agent Tea and Wines **62 Union Street.**

**For Sale.**

**A New Upright Piano**

New York make, and superior tone and finish. Cost \$375; will be sold for \$250 cash.

APPLY AT THIS OFFICE.

6 FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

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

- C. S. DEFRAYAS, Brunswick street
MORSON & CO., Barrington street
CLIFFORD SMITH, 111 Hollis street
LAMB & CONNOLLY, George street
POWERS' (DEPT. STORE), Opp. I. C. R. Depot
CANADA NEWS CO., Railway Depot
J. G. ELIEN, Gortown street
H. SILVER, Dartmouth N. S.
J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth N. S.

The excitement of the week have not been very many, but most enjoyable.

Mrs. Walter Jones' dance on Thursday evening was the event of the week, and one of the prettiest dances of the season.

Mrs. Jones who looked very well in pink, received her guests in the library and made a very successful hostess.

The members of the Crescent Bicycle Club whose meet have fallen into desuetude this year owing to the superior attractions of golf, gave an evening party on Friday at the Bunnery's club house, Prince Lodge.

The engagement of Prince Victor Duleep Singh to Lady Anne Conventry, which has recently been announced, has made a great sensation in London society.

The engagement is announced of a young Halifax man, interested in gold mining, and a certain charming young American lady, who has a sister married in Halifax and spent last summer with her.

Dr. Mrs. and Miss Sherar of Baltimore, are spending the summer at Jubilee, and have very wisely brought their carriage and horses with them in a fashion which is likely to be widely copied by American visitors.

Hen. T. Brand, R. N., left last week for Niagara and other points of interest in the upper provinces.

Dr. Lewis also left for England to join his daughter, Mrs. Howe, whose health has much improved of late.

Mrs. Maul, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey, is shortly expected on a visit to her parents.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles Wythe, of Montreal, are making a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wythe Morris street. Mrs. Wythe who was well known here as Miss Budden, has been warmly welcomed by her friends.

The hunt-governor and Judge Henry have returned from their fishing trip and had very good luck.

The yacht club has been more fashionable than ever this year on Saturday afternoons, and every sort and description of gown can be seen there.

Mrs. F. Jones, as the wife of the commodore, is the hostess for the season.

There was a small dance at Admiralty House on Wednesday evening. The Crescent band supplied the music and the grounds were beautifully illuminated.

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

A. R. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor, GERMAIN STREET.

WINE. Arriving ex "Escalona". "The Nicest" in quarter cask and Octives.

THOS. L. BOURKE WATER STREET

YOUR SPARE TIME Men, women, to conduct business at home. Work is simple writing and copying lists of addresses received from local advertising, to be forwarded to us daily.

Blair, Ruel & Blair, BARRISTERS, ETC., 49 Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

Spring Possibilities

The Parisian

Opportunities for early bargain buying have never been so great as they are now. The first prices placed on our Millinery are not the usual exorbitant charges for the season's novelties, but show only a fair profit for conveying to you the best products from Paris, New York and London.

Hats, Bonnets, Flowers, Laces and Novelties

was never before seen in this city.

The Parisian

Cor. Union and Coburg Sts.

Trafalgar Institute

(Affiliated to McGill University)

SIMPSON STREET, - MONTREAL

For the Higher Education of

YOUNG WOMEN.

President, REV. JAMES BAWLEY, D.D. Vice-President, A. T. DUMOND, LL.D. Principal, MISS GRACE FAIRLEY, M.A., Edinborough

The Institute will re-open on TUESDAY, 14th September.

For Prospectus and other information apply to the Principal, or to A. F. RIDDELL, Secretary, 22 St. John street, Montreal.

Jewelry.

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

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

FERGUSON & PAGE, 41 KING STREET.

New Cloths

FOR SPRING AND SUMMER WEAR

Just opened, a full stock of Cloths for the coming season, consisting of

English and Scotch Suitings, Trouserings and Overcoatings, Black and Colored Worsteds, Black and Blue Serges and Chevots.

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

A. R. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor, GERMAIN STREET.

WINE. Arriving ex "Escalona".

"The Nicest" in quarter cask and Octives.

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Mrs. Beverly and Master Howard Holmes of St. John are visiting Mrs. E. R. Reid.

Rev. Jas. Sharp, Mrs. Sharp and Miss Ethel Wotton left yesterday for Toronto.

Mr. Harry Corbett who has been in California for some time is home again much to the pleasure of his relatives and friends.

Dr. Magee, Miss Lillian Wotton and Miss Mary O'Mullin, left on Thursday to attend the School of Science at Yarmouth.

Miss Agnes Alkman arrived from Montreal on Saturday for a few weeks' stay.

Miss Nellie Crumel who has been visiting friends at Wolfville returned on Saturday.

Miss Eva Coates is down from Amherst staying with some of her young friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawson Jenks have become the happy possessors of a young son.

Mr. Harry Hillcoat of Amherst was in town yesterday looking greatly improved in health by his visit to California.

Mr. Buxley Johnstone has returned from Fredericton.

Mr. D. P. Young left on Monday to join his wife and children who are at Woodstock.

The band concert on Dr. Hand's lawn on Tuesday and Friday evenings always draw a crowd of which the ladies of the Methodist congregation took advantage this evening to have a sale of ices strawberries and cream.

TRURO.

[Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. J. Fulton, and D. H. Smith & Co.]

JULY 14.—Mrs. H. W. Crowe and family left this morning for Canning, Kings Co., to visit Mrs. Crowe's mother, Mrs. D. M. Dickie.

Mrs. W. H. Beattie, New Glasgow, was in town yesterday and left this a. m., for Toronto.

The cricket match last Saturday, came off with considerable eclat, the game, itself, was of course a one-sided affair, the victory being an easy one for the visitors from H. M. S. Crescent.

The club house presented a very gala appearance, Mrs. O. C. Cummings and Mrs. W. S. Muir chaperoning efficiently and gracefully.

Light refreshments with tea and other exhilarating drinks were dispensed throughout the afternoon.

The ladies present during the afternoon were: Mrs. O. C. Cummings, Mrs. W. S. Muir, Mrs. Thos. McKay, Mrs. D. B. Wetmore, Mrs. D. B. Cummings, Mrs. M. Dickie, Mrs. J. H. McKay, Mrs. H. T. Harding, Mrs. A. C. Gage, Mrs. Bartlett, Charlestown; Mrs. A. S. Black, Mrs. Waddell, Mrs. H. P. Rowe, Boston; Mrs. Kaulback, Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. F. Murray, Boston; Mrs. J. Smith, Bigelow Dimock, Wetmore, M. Archibald, McKay, Bigelow E. Black, Snook, F. Yull, Bligh, Leckie, McNaughton, Sutherland, Machin.

Mr. and Mrs. C. McLoughlin are visiting the latter's home friends in Great Village this week.

Mrs. J. P. Fulton and her two children returned home from Moncton, N. B., on Saturday last.

Mrs. C. B. Foster is receiving her friends this week; Miss Myrtle McCallum is assisting her.

The bride is wearing a charming gown of pretty pink dimity, with trimmings of real valenciennes lace and insertion.

Miss Estelle Somerville is home from Springhill for the summer vacation.

Miss Estelle Yull, Great Village, was in town last Friday, en route to New Glasgow and Pictou, to visit friends.

Mrs. McDonald, Durham, Pictou Co., and little Miss Power, Halifax, are guests of Mrs. Johnston, Queen Street.

Mrs. J. Taylor and Miss Yorton are giving the tennis tea at Lawdale this afternoon.

Mrs. W. D. Bowers and her baby daughter are visiting friends in Lunenburg.

Miss Ethel Blanchard is enjoying an outing with friends in Wolfville.

Mrs. C. A. Armstrong and her two children returned home last Saturday from Windsor.

There were two largely attended funerals last Saturday afternoon, that of Mrs. J. H. Tremaine whose bereaved husband and family have the sympathy of the community, and that of Mr. James Smith, whose death occurred so suddenly last Friday.

DIGBY.

[Progress is for sale in Digby by Mr. Morse.]

JULY 14.—The Miss Davies of Ottawa are spending the summer here.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Dakin of Windsor are visiting friends in town.

The American visitors which are not a few have engaged Oddfellows hall for a dance to be held this evening.

2 Healthful Drinks. Both of them made in Great Britain, and used by the nobility there. Not luxuries, because they are within the reach of everybody. Not expensive—simply the best of their kind.

Mr. Dugald Campbell of Weymouth spent last week here. Principal Longley of the academy has resigned his position. Mr. Longley during his stay among us of some three years made many friends.

WOODSTOCK. [Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. Loan & Co.]

JULY 14.—The twelfth of July was celebrated in Woodstock this year by a large number of orange-bands from various parts of N. B. and Maine.

A very long procession, in full regalia of the various degrees of the society with five bands marched through the principal streets, speeches were made and a very good celebration held.

Mrs. A. B. Bull met with a severe accident on Friday. She was driving out of her own gate and her horse took fright at an advertising van.

Mrs. Ethel Bourne returned from Fredericton Saturday after a very pleasant visit.

Miss Louise Parker and Mr. James H. Wilbur of the Aberdeen were united in matrimony on Wednesday evening by Ven. Archdeacon Neales.

Mr. George Black of Fredericton spent Sunday and Monday in town.

Mr. Hugh Peppers of Fredericton spent Monday in town.

Mr. B. Burpee Jordan of St. John spent part of this week in town.

Miss MacDonnell of Toronto who has been the guest of her sister Mrs. Grenville James for some weeks left on Wednesday for Toronto.

Colonel Montsant spent part of last week in Woodstock and reviewed the Woodstock Field Battery, which was encamped under command of Colonel Dibble.

Mrs. Baker and children of Newport, R. I. are the guests of her parents, Archdeacon and Mrs. Neales for the summer.

Mr. Marvin Walker of the Bank of Nova Scotia, St. Stephen, is spending his holidays at his home in Woodstock.

Dr. and Mrs. E. C. Kirkpatrick left Wednesday for St. Andrews for a few weeks' stay.

ANAGANNE.

JULY 14.—Masters Clarence and Harold Price of Moncton are visiting their aunt Mrs. George Davidson.

Mrs. Frank McNair of Waterford spent last week with her sister Mrs. Geo. W. Stockton here.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Dunfield spent Sunday in Penobscot with friends.

Master Roy Hartley of St. John is spending a few weeks in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Eschiel Dunfield.

Mrs. J. Hal Eustis of Pettitcodiac was visiting Mr. Eben Stockton last week.

Rev. Mr. Stebbings and Mrs. Stebbings of Pettitcodiac spent last Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. Davidson at the depot.

The young ladies and gentlemen in connection with the Methodist church here organized a society of christian endeavor last Wednesday evening with a strong enrollment of members.

Mr. George Davidson was elected recording secretary, and Mrs. McNaughton treasurer. Mr. Roy E. Smith late of Mount Allison college was the main promoter of this grand and glorious object.

Mr. Herbert Smith spent Thursday in Sussex with his friend Clarence Steves.

Mr. William F. Yorton of Campbellton is sojourning at the Portage. Mr. G. L. Colpitts of Salisbury spent last week with his friend Mr. Alex. McAnsey.

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

Very Cheap Excursion Rates on all Railways and Steamers. Rates and Dates announced later.

Special Arrangements are made for the cheap transport of Exhibits.

The C. P. Railway will carry Exhibits from New Brunswick points at regular rates and refund all freight charges when goods or stock are returned unused, thus carrying Exhibits practically free.

A splendid new Poultry Building is in course of erection, and Amusement Hall will be enlarged and improved.

In addition to Industrial, Agricultural and Live Stock Exhibits, five or more nights of HAND & CO.'S Magnificent Fire Works, and an hourly programme of Special First Class Dramatic will be given in Amusement Hall, making together the best and cleanest special attractions ever brought before the people of the Maritime Provinces.

A trip to the Sea Shore, a visit to Canada's Winter Park, and a stay in the cleanest and healthiest city in Canada, can be combined with a visit to the International Exhibition, at the very Low Rates to be later advertised.

Arrange now to come to St. John. Entry Forms will be forwarded to every one who applies personally or by letter to.

CHAS. A. EVERETT, Manager and Secretary, ST. JOHN, N. B.



Bordeaux Claret Co. (La Compagnie des Vins de Bordeaux).

Everybody who can afford to spend the Summer Season in the Country should secure a stock of light and refreshing beverages.

BON BOURGEOIS CLARET at \$3 per case of 1 dozen quarts.

MONTFERRAND CLARET at \$4 per case of 1 dozen quarts.

81 PER CASE EXTRA FOR 2 DOZ. PINTS. Also, a full complement of Champagnes, Burgundies, Sauternes, Ports, Sherries, Rhine and Moselle Wines.

Our Assorted Bodega Cases of Fine Wines and Liquors ranging from \$5 to \$12, according to contents, have become the favorite purchase of the public, being within the reach of everybody and giving general satisfaction.

BORDEAUX CLARET CO. 30 Hospital Street, - - Montreal.

"Just as Good as Scott's Emulsion". You hear it in nine out of ten drug stores. It is the reluctant testimony of 40,000 druggists that Scott's Emulsion is the standard of the world.

TEABERRY FOR THE TEETH. Cleanses from all impurities—arrests decay—makes the teeth—pearly white. LODESA CHEMICAL Co. Toronto.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Progress is for sale in St. Stephen by Master...

July 14.—The lawn party which the ladies of Trinity church had arranged to give yesterday...

Mrs. Frederic King of Portland Maine, is the guest of Mrs. J. F. Duren.

Mrs. Helen Kelley and Miss Rebecca Moore arrived from Boston on Thursday, and are most cordially welcomed by their friends.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Wing of Bangor are visiting their sister Mrs. W. H. Cole.

Mrs. W. B. Torrance and Miss Kate Stevens visited Woodstock on Monday.

Mrs. W. B. Torrance of Halifax accompanied by her sons arrived on Friday last and will spend several weeks with her sisters the Misses Stevens at Hawthorne Hall.

Deacon of Milltown, and Captain Pratt of the Curlew at dinner at the American House.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Gillmer of Montreal were the guests of Mrs. Percy Gillmer last week.

A party of ladies and gentlemen enjoyed a delightful excursion to Fry's Island to visit the Y. M. C. A. boys camp on Tuesday, in the steamer Annie.

The Misses Emma and Mary McCall gave a delightful picnic at Mrs. Henry B. Eaton's cottage on Wednesday last, for the pleasure of their guests Mr. and Mrs. Whitney of Hamoulin.

Miss Beaulieu of St. Andrews is visiting her aunt Mrs. Haden Grimmer.

Miss Sallie Gardner entertained the Tuesday club at her home last Tuesday. It was a very happy meeting of the club and tea was served in picnic fashion.

Mrs. Beverly Stevens entertained a party of friends very pleasantly at her home one evening last week.

Miss Morrison of Moncton is visiting her aunt Mrs. George E. Sands.

Miss Ella Warren Harmon, has decided to join the Catherine Clemmens Dramatic Co., early in August.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence W. Trimble have gone for a trip along the coast of Maine.

Mrs. F. F. Beld left town last week, to spend a few weeks with relatives in St. John.

Mr. Henry D. Pike left last week for a brief visit in Portland Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Rens left on Saturday for Boston.

Mr. Doherty of Nurick and Co. has been in town during the past week registered at the Windsor.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Wing of Bangor are visiting their sister Mrs. W. H. Cole.

Mrs. W. B. Torrance and Miss Kate Stevens visited Woodstock on Monday.

For the Sea Shore... OR THE COUNTRY. WATERWITCH SERGE. A dress fabric which will not spot from rain or sea water.

AN ENGLISHWOMAN WHO RUNS. Big Game Has Fallen Before Her Rifle in Many Parts of the World.

Perhaps the most enthusiastic sports-woman in England is Mrs. Gardner, wife of Col. Alan Gardner.

Miss Constance Chandler of Dorchester is spending a few days in town as the guest of her sister Mrs. R. W. Dawson of Alma street.

Miss Edith Holstead's numerous friends are glad to welcome her back to town again.

Miss Borden returned last week from Dorchester where she has been visiting friends.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for all ills to which flesh is heir.

There are so many good medicines in the market, that it is difficult to select which to buy.

Nearly Two years ago Rev. Job Roadhouse, of Seely's Bay...

WATERWITCH SERGE. A dress fabric which will not spot from rain or sea water.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

An unfortunate accident which terminated fatally befell Mrs. John Gill who took carbolic acid by mistake. She was buried on Tuesday last. Much sympathy is expressed for the husband and his two boys.

Rev. Dr. McLeod is spending a few weeks in Prince Edward Island.

Mrs. Jones of Woodstock is visiting her daughter Mrs. Walter Fisher.

Miss Sara B. Johnston has gone to Wolfville to visit her friend Miss Tenle Burgess.

Miss Agnes Sterling of Boston, niece of Sheriff Sterling is expected here the last of the week and will be welcomed by a host of friends.

Mrs. Street of Malden, Mass., is visiting her mother Mrs. Geo. N. Babbitt.

Mrs. Earle is visiting friends at her former home in Hampton.

Miss Cook of the teaching staff of Mount Allison Ladies college is visiting Mrs. Fred P. Thompson.

Dr. Fred Gunter of Chelsea, Mass., and his friend Mr. Ed. Jewett of Boston have returned home after spending a few weeks with friends here.

Dr. Bailey and Prof. Brittain of this city are attending the summer school of science at Yarmouth.

Frederick people will gladly welcome Capt and Mrs. Hemming when the former comes to resume command of the military school here. Mrs. Hemming is a daughter of our Deputy Surveyor General Inchee.

Mr. Bert Haburley of Hyde Park, Boston, is spending his vacation with friends here.

Mr. Harry Godsoe has returned home to St. John after a short visit.

Mrs. E. S. Carter and children are visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Fenety at Linden Hall.

Miss Fannie Burnside has returned home after visiting Mrs. Douglas Hagen at St. John.

Mr. Dunlop of Thru, N. S., spent Sunday in town. Mr. Peter Clinch of St. John is enjoying the bright skies of the celestial city.

Mr. Richard A. Estey left for Boston on Tuesday last.

The friends of Rev. G. R. Payson are sympathizing with him in the loss of his brother a late resident of Carleton county.

Mr. George Wilson who formerly practiced law in this city, but now claims Boston as his headquarters is visiting his relatives here.

A cablegram received on Tuesday from London, Ireland announced the safe arrival of Messrs B. C. Foster, H. C. Henderson, H. H. Hagerman, and A. S. McFarlane who have gone to the old country on a cycling tour.

Alderman Frank H. Risteen, Mrs. Risteen and their friend Dr. Bishop of Boston have gone to the Marimichi for a few weeks fishing.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Wolley and family are spending a few weeks in Digby, N. S.

Mr. John Hudson and two daughters of Brooklyn New York are spending the summer months with relatives here.

Miss Burchill entertained a large number of her friends on Monday evening in honor of her friend Miss Rourke of St. Martins.

Miss Burtinfield, Miss Harvey and Mrs. John Palmer of Boston are spending a few days in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Sumner and Mr. and Mrs. Atwood of Philadelphia are spending a few days in the city.

Mr. Mitchell, Mr. W. J. Robertson and Mr. Tweed, all of Montreal were in town this week.

Mr. Forrester Branscombe of Toronto, and Mr. Oty Branscombe of St. John were present at the wedding of their brother Mr. Arthur Branscombe and Miss Aggie Todd.

An interesting wedding was celebrated in the Methodist church on Wednesday morning, when Miss Edith Agnes Todd was married to Mr. Arthur Vincent Branscombe of St. John, by the Rev. J. J. Teasdale. The bride was given away by her step-father Mr. Samuel Owen, and was attended by a sister of the groom Miss Mimie Branscombe, Mr. Oty Branscombe the groom's brother was his support. The bride was becomingly attired in a pretty travelling suit of mixed green cloth trimmed with green silk and passermenterie and wore a charming picture hat to match. The bride and bridesmaid carried beautiful shower bouquets of white roses and pink roses tied with ribbon to match. Invitations were limited to the immediate relatives of the bride and groom, but a large number of friends went to the C. P. R. station to see them off on the train with all the ceremony incident to such a time and place. Mr. and Mrs. Branscombe intend to be a month making a honeymoon trip in the larger cities of the Eastern States; and at the end of the trip will take up their residence in St. John. Many friends gave the bride some beautiful presents.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt Randolph and the Misses Randolph who were in Paris, previous to the jubilee festivities in London were able to see the procession to good advantage. The party is now in Scotland.

The Misses Queenie Edgcombe, Edna Coburn, Gertrude Conithard, Gretchen Paair, returned home on Monday from Oronoco after a very pleasant visit there.

Mrs. Mabel Edgcombe and children have returned from Oronoco.

Mrs. Tucker and Miss Bessie Tucker who have been visiting friends here, have gone to Digby for a few weeks.

Mr. Geo. H. McKee has returned home from Restigouche county.

BEAUTIFUL SKIN

Soft, White Hands with Shapely Nails, Luxuriant Hair with Clean, Wholesome Scalp, produced by CUTICURA SOAP, the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as the purest and sweetest, for toilet, bath, and nursery. The only preventive of inflammation and clogging of the pores.

Cuticura

SOAP sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A. "How to Purify and Beautify the Skin, Scalp, and Hair," mailed free.

BABY HUMORS

Itching and scaly, instantly relieved by CUTICURA REMEDIUM.

Prof. Hart and his bride who have been spending their honeymoon in the White Mountains are now in Kansas, New York.

Prof. Duff has returned from St. Martins and expects to spend the remainder of his holidays in Kingsclear.

Mr. William Smiler formerly of the city but now in Kansas, is visiting friends here.

The many friends of Auditor General Beck are very sorry to hear that Mrs. Beck is in a very weak condition, and showing no signs of improvement.

Mr. H. C. Tilley of St. John came to Fredericton to attend the meeting of the local society of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, on Friday.

Mr. Alfred Rowley of Marysville returned home from Massachusetts on Saturday last, where she has been for the past two months.

Mr. A. R. Sillip and Mr. Hugh Doherty have gone to Campbellton.

Mr. J. W. Sparden and his family have rented the rustic camp of Mr. A. R. Tibbits Beechknoll on the river bank in Kingsclear, and will spend the month there.

Mr. Fred Smith is a guest of Mr. Sparden at the present time. Mrs. Smith and the children have gone to Moncton for a two months visit to her parents.

Mr. Harry White has returned home after an extended trip through all the leading cities of the United States.

Mr. Chas. V. Wetmore has gone to live in St. John to take up the life insurance business.

Mrs. Greville, Miss Jennie Broderick and Miss Belle Broderick former residents of Fredericton, but now of Butte Montana are visiting friends in this province.

Mr. and Mrs. Z. R. Everett, Miss Everett and Miss Helen have gone to St. Andrews for a month.

Miss Burt left on Wednesday to visit friends at Grand Lake.

The marriage of Miss Louise Burchill to Mr. Rupert Rourke of St. Martins was solemnized at the cathedral at 7.15 this evening. The chancel was prettily decorated with white blossoms and palms.

The bride entered the church on the arm of her father, Mr. Alexander Burchill, and was met at the altar by the groom who was supported by his cousin Mr. Ernest Rourke. The bride looked very pretty in a neat travelling suit of green, with brown chip hat. She carried an immense bouquet of white roses. Miss J. A. Wisely, the bridesmaid wore a light blue costume. The ceremony was performed by the Very Reverend Dean Partridge. The wedding guests were confined to the relatives of the bride and groom. Mr. and Mrs. Rourke drove immediately to the depot, followed by showers of rice and numerous good wishes. After returning from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Rourke will settle down in St. Martins.

Mr. Norman MacLeod has returned from a short visit to Lincoln. CHICKERT.

AMHERST.

(Progress is for sale at Amherst by H. V. Purdy.)

July 14.—The intense heat of the past week has caused considerable stir in getting off to the vacation resorts by the sea, and we also have a large number of visitors in town, who are being entertained in many delightful ways. Among the events of the coming week is the marriage of one of our prettiest and popular young ladies who is to marry a Toronto gentleman and reside in that city.

On Thursday a large and very smart lawn party was given by Mrs. Rhodes at her handsome residence on Havelock street. Many of our visitors were among the large gathering so charmingly entertained. Miss Grey assisted Mrs. Rhodes in the many happy duties attending our door parties, which are quite the exception among our gaities, but always appreciated.

It has been a very long time since so many teas have been given all as coming to be specially favored with fine weather, which afforded an opportunity for the display of many pretty summer toilettes.

Mrs. James Moffat's tea on Friday was given for her daughter Mrs. Hodson and that account was particularly pleasant.

On Monday Mrs. B. D. Bent gave a small tea at her home on Eddy street, and on Tuesday Mrs. Rufus Bent served a number of guests in the same pleasing way at her rooms on Church street.

Mrs. J. Medley Townshend gave a dainty little musicale on Tuesday evening at her pretty home on Victoria street. The guests of honor were the Misses Milner of England, and Miss Townshend of Halifax. The evening was one of great enjoyment.

This evening Miss Alice Sleep is at home to her young friends, Miss E. Shand of Windsor is her guest and there is to be a bicycle outing after tea.

Mr. Crocker and his contingent of Y. M. C. A. boys have gone to camp at Fagwash for a fortnight. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Robb are also in Fagwash for a short stay.

Miss Fenn of Halifax is visiting her cousins the Misses McKinnon who gave a little dance this evening to the buds of society. Miss Alice McKinnon who has been teaching in Wallace returned on Tuesday for her vacation.

Mrs. Botsford Smith has returned from a short visit to New Glasgow.

Miss Beatrice Fuller and Miss Rachel Love have gone to visit Miss Harris Annapolis.

Miss Helen Gass leaves today to join her mother at Yatsmagouche.

Yesterday was the first of our summer picnics and quite largely attended. It was under the auspices of the Methodist Sunday school who selected Point du Chene for their picnic resort.

Miss Atkinson is the guest of her cousin Miss May Love.

Miss Eggs of Parrboro is visiting Miss Gerlie Hillcoat.

Mr. Cecil Townshend of Parrboro is in town.

Miss Bessie Chipman of Boston is paying a visit to Dr. and Mrs. Black.

Mr. W. P. Smith and Miss Smith were summoned to Truro last week on a sad visit. Their father Mr. Daniel Smith who died on Friday.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

(Additional notes.)

JULY 14.—On Sunday evening the Methodist church was filled to its utmost capacity by the congregation and friends of Rev. Dr. Sprague to listen to his farewell sermon, before he left for his new pastorate in Summerside, Prince Edward Island.

This morning with his family he left for his new home. For the past six years Dr. Sprague has been pastor of the Methodist church here, and during that time has added many members to the church, and endeared himself to his congregation who greatly regret his departure. Miss Jean Sprague who is a favorite, will be greatly missed, especially in musical circles, being gifted with a fine contralto voice. She was always willing to lend to further any good work, and has many times appeared before St. Croix audiences. Dr. Sprague and his family depart with the best wishes of their friends that they may be pleased and happy in their new home and field of labor.

Miss May Foster and Miss Mae Jones are visiting in Robbinston.

Mr. F. E. Amiden of Salem Mass is on a business trip to Calais.

The Misses McVay went to St. John today for a short visit.

Mrs. John Gillespie has returned from a pleasant visit in Woodstock.

SIDE LIGHTS ON A CRIME.

Peculiar Social Conditions in Which Two Common Criminals Lived.

'Almost as interesting as the main facts of the crime,' said a New Yorker, 'are some of the curious social relations and habits which the murder of William Guldensuppe developed. The story threw into view some surprising situations which are so foreign to a person's ordinary experience in life that they seem scarcely credible. One of these features was the association of Martin Thorn with the men in the east side saloon in which he was in the habit of playing pinochie. The men knew him well, knew that he was a barber, were intimate enough with him to chaff the man over his appearance and manner, but had no idea where he lived or where he worked, nor did a single one of them know his name. It seems incredible that an acquaintance should have existed so long without any one of those men having asked Thorn's name or learned it in some other manner. The men had been meeting at least several nights a week for a year or more. But not one of those men knew Thorn's name.'

'Another curious feature of the case is the isolation of the woman arrested, Mrs. Nack. She appears to have been almost entirely without woman friends, and the two or three that have figured in the case have not been intimate with her to any particular extent. She seems to have lived entirely without female society, and while she was not a woman of openly immoral life, she seems to have seen nothing of women of her own class or of any class. Evidently she has no relatives here, and her complete isolation is to me one of the striking features of her participation in the affair. Another extraordinary habit that the case revealed was the one of using an undertaker's shop as a livery stable. Who would have thought of going to an undertaker's to hire a surrey or anything else but a hearse, yet Mrs. Nack did it as if it were more or less usual among people of her class.'

'The woman's story that her lover had urged her repeatedly to commence an avowedly vicious life seemed to indicate in a way the manner in which women of her class become actual violators of the law from having been merely more or less irregular in their lives. Neither the woman nor the murdered man was dissipated. They lived together and both worked hard. Between them they managed to save some money. Doubtless they were looked upon by their neighbors with open particular disfavor although it may have been known that the man and woman were not married. The profits of keeping a house of ill fame appealed to the man, and he tried to persuade the woman to open such an establishment. After having had the toleration, at least of their neighbors, they became outcasts who, even in the lax society around them, could scarcely have expected the slightest recognition

CAR HORSES HARD TO GET.

The Demand so Small That the Trade Neglects Them.

One of the most curious effects of the general replacing of horses by electricity and cable traction for drawing street car lines in this city which still uses horses. One would suppose that, since the only lines in the whole country which continue to use horses now form but a very small percentage of those which used them five years ago, these lines would have a much wider range of choice, and could get horses of a grade superior to the general run of those which used to be offered to them. Remarkable as it may seem, this is the exact opposite of the truth.

The New York city line referred to runs in direct competition with the cable lines of the upper west side, and its managers, who recently purchased it, determined as soon as they came into possession to place upon it a superior lot of horses, and in this way improve its running until mechanical propulsion could be introduced. Orders were sent out to buy the needed horses. Much to the surprise of the managers, it was discovered that there were almost no street car horses of any kind to be bought.

The explanation of this situation lies in the fact that since the demand for street car horses almost ceased, the trade machinery by which they were gathered has fallen into disuse. A few years ago the street car horses were one of the most important features of the horse market. They were animals of a standard grade and of almost stable price, and every part of the country contributed its quota. The street-car horse had to be big and able, and sound of limb and wind, but might be of any age. Few lasted long enough in the service to make the question of a few years more or less of any consequence. The demand was constant, and the price never varied in New York more than from about \$125 to \$150 each. Dealers could always count upon getting this price and getting it promptly, and as a consequence every horse which would answer the purpose was a safe investment at a little smaller price, and a clean profit of \$10 a horse was regarded as a fair margin in handling them.

Horses of all sorts, which lacked the qualities of speed, beauty, or youth, but possessed the other requirements, were quickly sorted out from the markets of the whole country, and every big dealer was always able to gather droves of car horses as fast as the companies needed them. The trolley has superseded the car horses, and car horses are no longer quoted as staples in the market. The companies which still use them are obliged to go out and search the marts and buy them one by one, instead of simply sending out an order for 100 or 200 or 500, and getting them as readily as they would so many loads of hay or grain.—N. Y. Sun.

UPSID IN THE FORECASTLE.

A Woman Disguised as a Sailor That She Might Wed Her Lover.

Leaving a comfortable situation in a home in an English provincial town, a woman puts on man's clothes and ships as an able seaman with her betrothed husband for an Australian colony, says the Portland Telegraph; willingly undertaking the hardships of a six months voyage in order to pass the remainder of her life in banishment with the man she loved, because of inexorable English law. This is the strange story of Nancy Clifford, now Nancy Anderson—if all be well with her. And the confirmation of this romance of the sea comes in the shape of a personal letter from Honolulu, received in Portland by the last steamer. The letter brings the news in a roundabout way from Mate Cann of the British ship Hawkesdale, which sailed from Portland Dec. 29 for Queenstown, arriving out May 15.

When the Hawkesdale was in Portland last fall there was current among the crew a story of a woman who had shipped before the mast on the Hawkesdale on a voyage a few months before from an English port for Australia. According to what is known of the movements of the vessel in Portland, it must have been about a year ago that the ship visited an Australian port. Upon arrival the Captain was surprised to receive an application for the discharge of two of his crew. While the discharge was effected all right at that

time, the Captain was not aware that one of the seamen was a woman.

Anderson, so the story runs, married Nancy Clifford's sister. They lived rather unhappily at their English home. At last she died and was laid to rest beside a little mound in the burying ground of an English coast village, where Sailor Anderson had buried a little blue-eyed girl a few months before. He did not then fall in love with his sister-in-law. He had been in love with her ever since he had saved her from drowning.

On the forward deck of the ship Hawkesdale the crew used to talk about the attachment of two very ordinary looking sailors for one another. To satisfy them, Anderson told them that when his mate was younger he had saved his life. He told nothing more. He did not, of course, say that it was for her that he was glad because his wife had died of a broken heart, and followed the blue-eyed baby girl to a quiet grave in the home that they had deserted forever.

The English law is that a man cannot marry his deceased wife's sister. What ironclad English law forbids cannot be defied. They could not disguise themselves and seek a new home there. How Anderson managed to ship an untrained, boyish-looking fellow as a seaman on the Hawkesdale is that which can be explained only by him. It is sufficiently true to say that it was done, and after the hardships of the long voyage they landed in Australia and secured their discharge from the reluctant Captain.

Sailor Nancy Clifford's conduct on the ship was of such a character that it could not but arouse the curiosity of the crew. Life in the fo'c'stle forces intimacies, but these two sailors, who had shipped under fictitious names, of course, held about them a certain air of reserve which it was very difficult to break through. The sailors laughed at them, and when their jeered the sanctimonious Nancy, and asked him to pray and the squall would pass. But Sailor Anderson and his mate held their peace and their hearts were brave. They held long conversations by themselves, which none overheard, and none guessed that they were planning their future life away from the ocean.

HUNTING IN BOCHUANALAND.

The Bold Atrikander Irishman Who Was Guide to the Huntsman.

The following is an extract from a letter dated at Johannesburg, South Africa:

On the day that my last letter left o than mail train, I started out with the American friends on a hunting trip in Bochnuanaland. We took the train at 8.25 in the morning for Mafeking and arrived there the next day. Basuto ponies, guns, ammunition, a Scotch cart, guide and nigger were hired there, and the next day we started on our trip, and let me tell you it was a 'cleaner.' I was too weak to ride my horse all day and had to get off and stay in the cart the first two days; then I got a little stronger and struck it out with the rest. Boys, it was a treat sleeping out in the open air 5,000 feet above the ocean eating bread and game twice a day, riding about ten miles each day, outside of the chase. I tell you, it put new life into me, and it is there yet. Well the second day we struck the first antelope and spring buck. That meant fresh meat; no more canned goods after that. In all, we shot two leopards, one ant bear, four porcupines, three buffaloes, any number of wild pigs, and springback and antelope. We had more than we needed. I found that I could shoot better than I expected.

Just let me tell you something about our guide! He was an Irish Atrikander, reckless and without fear, and one of the bravest men I have ever seen. His name was Beane. As we were riding along one day toward evening looking for a camp our three dogs started up something which we thought was a wild pig. The grass was about ten feet high, and we couldn't see, so we started after them, following the lead of our dogs. When we came there was a leopard up three yards on a big gum tree, and one of the dogs had him by the neck, bit fast, and he couldn't go any further. What do you suppose the Irishman did? He jumps off his horse, takes the leopard by the tail, pulls him off the tree, the other two dogs take hold of him, and he kicks the leopard insensible. I got a rock afterward and knocked his brains out.

One day as we were out looking for bucks we heard a roar, nothing like I had ever heard before. It was the roar of a lion—the only one we met in the two weeks we were out, an unearthly sound. Saunders and myself dodged behind a tree very suddenly, and then waited. He came within seventy-five yards of us, and then he smelled a rat, turned tail and skipped. He had business elsewhere; was more scared than we were much faster. That is the 'King of Beasts,' nonsense! I do not believe in him any more. We shot a lot of other stuff, too, but all the big game as elephants, giraffes, &c., is nearly wiped out. You must go up as far as the Zambesi to find it, which I hope to do some day.

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A NOVELIST'S TROUBLES.

MRS. OLIPHANT, NOVELIST, HAD MANY BITTER TRIALS.

Most of Her Novels were Written Under Stress of Domestic Necessity and Death Invaded Her Family Very Frequently—The Writer's Life.

Mrs. Margaret Wilson Oliphant, who died recently in London, ended her long and busy literary career by writing only about two months ago a magazine article entitled, " 'Tis Sixty Years Since." In it she described a journey in Scotland by canal, which was at that time the best available means of travel. She was 6 years old then, and as she was able to read, she created something of the impression of the juvenile marvel. The trip on the canal was her emigration from Musselburgh, where she was born on April 4, 1828, to the new home of her family at Lasswade, near Edinburgh. From this place she removed to the neighborhood of Liverpool, and there her youth was passed.

The accomplishment which attracted the attention of her fellow passengers on the canal boat remained to the end of her life one of Mrs. Oliphant's striking characteristics. She was an indefatigable reader as a child, and her facility in acquiring language was one feature of her natural talents which developed at an early age. Most of her education was acquired from her mother, who told her, moreover, many of the legends and stories which subsequently appeared in Mrs. Oliphant's writings. Mrs. Oliphant drew in "The Athelings," now nearly forgotten, a comparatively faithful picture of her own girlhood. One of the characters in the story is a young girl whose first literary struggles were about the same as Mrs. Oliphant's. This girl wrote in the midst of her family the manuscript which was sent to her student brother in London, and there accepted for publication. This is practically the history of Mrs. Oliphant's first novel, "Some Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland." It was a success and by the time she had reached the age of 21 the book had yielded her \$650, which was then regarded as very satisfactory compensation.

But there were other evidences of success, and the young writer became known to the world. She received letters of congratulation from many illustrious persons, and the head of a girl so young might readily have been turned by the adulation she received. But Mrs. Oliphant was not. She continued to work hard, and while a sequel to the same novel was not so popular, her following stories made her position certain in the world of English letters.

Three years after her first novel was published, in 1852, she was married in London to her cousin Francis Oliphant, a painter. She had gone to live in London shortly before that. In spite of her duties as a mother and as the head of her household, Mrs. Oliphant continued to write, and in view of the distressing circumstances that attended the rest of her married life, her achievements as an author are wonderful. Her husband was an enthusiast, who had never found his work very remunerative, although he was a man of unquestioned talent. His most successful efforts were as a designer of stained glass, and he had hoped to revive this work in England. But his health failed before he saw any results from his efforts. Seven years after his marriage it became necessary for him to go to Italy, as it was his only hope of prolonging his life lay in a change to a milder climate. Mrs. Oliphant took him and her young children thither. For a while they moved from town to town, and ultimately settled in Rome, where Mr. Oliphant died in 1859. During all his illness, Mrs. Oliphant supported by her pen the family of children as well as the dying husband. One of her most astonishing achievements during this period was the composition of a three volume novel in six weeks, while she was at the same time devotedly nursing her husband.

Oliphant found herself a widow with three children to support. She brought her family back to England, but subsequently settled in Edinburgh, as she had been for a long time associated with the Blackwood family and thought that her best opportunities were to be found there. The most tragic episode of her life happened then; and as with many another hour which had seemed the blackest, success really came from what appeared to offer only despair. She wrote several novels for the Blackwoods, but it seemed as though the old

effects would not be produced. It looked as though the long struggle had told at last. The publishers of the magazine were patient, but finally they were compelled to tell her that her work would not do. In despair she went to her home to face the three children dependant on her. A sudden inspiration came to her that night and sitting down she wrote the first chapter of "The Chronicles of Carlingford," which has been regarded as her greatest work. In trepidation she took it to the Blackwoods. Instructions were given to pursue it immediately. In spite of her one brief moment of failure, there was no break in her relations with the Blackwoods and one of her latest works was a history of their publishing house.

Mrs. Oliphant's subsequent life was full of sorrow. In 1863 she went to Italy to visit the grave of her husband in Rome, and there her daughter died. She then moved to Windsor, where she lived for many years, and her oldest son went to school at Eton. Here one of her brothers—she had two—came with his family of one son and two daughters to live with her, and the expense of supporting such a family made it necessary for her to toil incessantly. She habitually wrote until 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning, yet remained a comparatively early riser. Both of her sons shortly after their growth to manhood died of consumption at Oxford, where their mother had gone to live with them during the term of their college course. Her nephew, to whom she was as much devoted as to her own sons, died of malarial fever before they did. One of her sons, born six weeks after his father's death in Rome, inherited some of his mother's literary talents. He collaborated with her in "The Literary History of the Victorian Age," and had also written several stories that appeared in Blackwood's.

She lived with her two nieces after the death of her sons and worked with greater assiduity than ever. She frequently visited Italy for work or recreation, and she was to begin a book about Siena with particular reference to St. Catherine when she died. The fatigue of a journey to Italy to gather material for this work is believed to have hastened her death. Several years ago she gave up her house at Windsor at the solicitation of her friends, who believed it too much associated with the sad memories of her life. Throughout many years of her life Mrs. Oliphant had been an intimate friend of Queen Victoria, and one of the wreaths at her funeral was a personal gift of the Queen. Mrs. Oliphant is said to have received no great sums for her writings at any time, and, notwithstanding her great productivity, it is claimed that she wrote always with great care and conscientiousness.

LAUGHING ED'S QUICK SHOT.

A Fair Incident That Closed the Career of Long-Haired Brown.

"There are very few forty-niners," said the returned California, "who do not remember the Whipple boys, and I reckon there are a number of men living besides myself who were present at the time when it was a question of life and death between the youngest of the three brothers and 'Long-Haired Brown,' as he was called.

"Steve Whipple was one of the first who went to the Pacific coast from Boston when gold was discovered, but he didn't go out with any idea of digging gold out of the ground. He had been a gambler at home and believed with reason that he could win the gold dust faster at his own faro table than he could wash it out with a pan, so he opened one of the many gambling halls that flourished in those days. His flourish was amazingly, and, as he was a prudent sort of person, he accumulated property rapidly. He soon owned a stock farm at San Mateo and sundry houses in 'Frisco, and everything he touched seemed to turn to money.

"His brother Albert followed him after a little and took to stock speculation, and he was lucky. So it was not unnatural that Ed, the youngest, should join them a little later. Ed was a bright, dashing young fellow, with less stability than the others, but with plenty of self-possession, and, as the event proved, plenty of courage. Steve looked after him, and Ed was soon known as one of the best faro dealers in the State. Naturally, he handed the box for Steve. He had a slight and very curious twist on one side of his mouth, which could not be called a deformity, but which gave him the appearance of smiling perpetually, so that he was soon nicknamed 'Laughing Ed'.

"Brown was a bad, bad man. There

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was no doubt about it, for he had an actual record of four or five men whom he had wantonly murdered before he stacked up against Laughing Ed. Don't ask me why he wasn't punished. It is too well-known now that those things were not punished excepting by individual avengers for a good while after the rush began.

"He wore his hair unusually long when long hair was affected by a good many otherwise sensible men, and got his nickname from that, of course. He was tall, slim and dark visaged, with coal-black eyes, and dressed conspicuously even among men who studied unconventionally. He was an all-around criminal and an inveterate gambler. He was generally lucky, too, but he had a peculiar way of trying to force the luck when it ran against him that made him unpopular. He would go up to a faro table and throw a gold piece on some card. It would generally be a \$20 piece. If the card lost he would throw down another on the same card, and if it lost again he would throw down another with the remark addressed to the dealer, 'If that loses I'll kill you.' The strange part of it was that he had done this repeatedly and had killed four and I think five men under exactly those circumstances. The gamblers had come to know him, however, and more than one of them had determined to shoot first if it came to a third winning from him.

"Steve Whipple used always to have a bank going in any town when there was anything else going on to attract a crowd, and on this occasion he had a game at Marysville, where there was some sort of a fair in progress. It was next door to the theatre, and was from the time it was opened the favorite game in town. Laughing Ed generally dealt. One night he was behind the table as usual when 'Long-Haired Brown' came in. Steve was standing around watching things generally, and saw Brown come in. He was not a fighting man himself, but he made up his mind to take a hand in any disturbance that might occur, so he took care to stand close by when Brown began playing as usual. He threw a \$20 piece on the five, and stood watching it without a word. One five had already been played, so there were three others in the box. The five lost. He then threw another twenty on the five, and the \$50 piece was called, and at that time on the five, which was now a case card.

"If that loses, you smiling son of a gun," he exclaimed, 'I'll kill you.'

"Probably there wasn't a man in the room who did not know what he had already done, but it was a matter between him and the dealer, and the others, excepting Steve drew away a little. Steve drew a little nearer.

"Laughing Ed's smile did not fade away in any degree, perhaps because it couldn't but be looked up pleasantly, and with a lightning-like motion of his right hand he juggled the money drawer just a trifle, and then he kept on dealing, possibly a little more slowly than before.

"The five of spades was still in the box. So was the four of spades, and the crowd looked anxiously for the five to appear. As Laughing Ed slid one card after another from the box, each one revealing the next in turn, all eyes were looking for the two black pips that would show first. Presently they appeared, and I think every man in the room held his breath while the card was slowly uncovered, for it was the losing card, but there was a general rustle when it proved to be the four.

"Brown never moved or spoke. His eyes were as intent as every one else's, but he looked as cool as Laughing Ed did. Slowly and still more slowly the cards came out till on the next to the last turn the five showed up, the loser.

"Laughing Ed had uncovered it so slowly that his eyes were the first to catch the

black edges of the two pips on the side of the card, but the instant he saw them he slid the top card off like lightning, and before it had left the box he had shot Brown directly between the eyes. As the bad man fell Laughing Ed exclaimed, 'You lose, Brown,' and actually raked in Brown's bet before Brown was dead, and he died almost instantly.

"As he fell Steve Whipple fell beside him, but when with some surprise they picked him up they found that he had only fainted. The Coroner was in the room, and in five minutes' time he had impaled a jury and heard their verdict, which was not simply an exoneration, but a hearty commendation of Laughing Ed's quick shot."

ENOUGH CHALK FOR ALL TIME.

Great Block That was Once as Large as the Continent of Europe.

The small piece of chalk which is in constant use in the schoolroom, the lecture room, the billiard room and the workshop has a strange history, the unraveling of which through all its complexities is one of the most difficult problems with which the science of the present day is called upon to deal. This piece is in reality a chip of an immense block of chalk that once filled an area the size of the continent of Europe, and of which even yet several gigantic fragments remain, each hundreds of square miles in extent. These patches are scattered over the region lying between Ireland on the west and China on the east, and extending in the other direction from Sweden in the north to Portugal in the south.

In the British isles the chalk is found in greatest perfection and continuity in the east and southeast of England. A sheet of chalk more than 1,000 feet in thickness underlies all that portion of England which is situated to the southeast of a line crossing the island diagonally from the North Sea at Flamborough Head to the coast on the English channel in Dorset. This enormous sheet of chalk is tilted up slightly on the west and its depressed eastern portions that dip toward the waters of the North Sea are usually buried from sight by means of overlying sands and clays. Where the edges of the chalk floor come upon the sea the cliff scenery is strikingly grand and beautiful. Anyone who has once seen the magnificent rocks of Flamborough and Beechy Head, the jagged stacks of the

Needles or the dizzy mass of Shakespeare's cliff, near Dover, can understand why 'The white cliffs of Albion' has grown into a stock phrase.

This massive sheet of chalk appears again in France, in many other parts of Europe as far east as the Crimea, and even in Central Asia, beyond the Sea of Aral. How far it stretched westward into what is now the Atlantic may never be known, but chalk cliffs of at least 200 feet in thickness are seen at Antrim, in Ireland and less conspicuous formations are found in Scotland, in Argyll and Aberdeen. There can be little question that all these now isolated patches were once connected in a continuous sheet, which must, therefore, have occupied a superficial area about 3,000 miles long by nearly 1,000 broad, an extent larger than that of the present continent of Europe.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

She Thought the Clergyman said "Cherries" not Christ.

In South America girls are often married at the age of fifteen years—at which time they can scarcely be said to have arrived at the age of understanding, especially as the fashionable method of education gives them pretty manners but completely isolates them from the world. An Argentine lady who, some years ago, was married at Buenos Ayres at the age of fifteen years, to a British subject, tells an amusing story of her wedding.

"I could speak but little English then," she says, "and how much a child I was you may judge from my story. I was married in the English church, and of course the service was conducted in the English language. I will mention that the season was December, or midsummer, and that the market was full of fruits, the English names of which I had amused myself by learning as I ate them.

"The marriage ceremony had proceeded as far as the place where I was to repeat after the minister the promise to 'love, cherish and obey.' The clergyman was repeating the words in little phrases so that I could follow him.

"To love, cherish—' said he. "No!" said I. I had been taught always to tell the truth. 'Me no love cherries,' I whispered, 'me love strawberries!'

"Then all the people present who understood English were compelled to stuff their handkerchiefs into their mouths to prevent a desecration of a solemn service with laughter.

Sweetness and Light.

Put a pill in the pulpit if you want practical preaching for the physical man; then put the pill in the pillory if it does not practise what it preaches. There's a whole gospel in Ayer's Sugar Coated Pills; a "gospel of sweetness and light." People used to value their physics, as they did their religion,—by its bitterness. The more bitter the dose the better the doctor. We've got over that. We take "sugar in ours"—gospel or physic—now-a-days. It's possible to please and to purge at the same time. There may be power in a pleasant pill. That is the gospel of

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

More pill particulars in Ayer's Curebook, 100 pages. Sent free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

DEACON DODD'S WOOING.

He was a worthy man as to his general principles, and a not unworthy deacon of the society worshipping in the little church down in the village, albeit he was somewhat primitive, and crude in his manner of speech and living, like many another New England man of a past generation.

It was toward the close of an October day, and as Martin Dodd drove slowly homeward there was a general air of dejection about horse, wagon and man. As to the first, with his drooping head and mechanical tread, it was possible for an animal to be asleep, and still travel on, one might believe that this one—from sheer force of habit through unnumbered years—was accomplishing that feat.

The grizzly hair and beard needed trimming, the weather-beaten face wore a grave not to say solemn, expression just then, and as a sudden gust of wind struck the vehicle and its occupant, he put up a brown, hairy hand and pulled his old hat closer down over his head.

With a story teller's prerogative let us come nearer to the lonely man and read his thoughts which may account for the joyless aspect that can hardly be habitual, for when the man looks up we see a lurking twinkle in the steel-blue eyes a touch of mirthfulness in his whole face.

'Most a year,' he ruminated, 'yes, it'll be a year come November since Huldy died, and I dew miss her, that's a fact. I don't expect I can ever find another Huldy—not exactly, but seems if I must have somebody 'fore long, and ye can't hire nobody that's good for nothin.' Giddy, Jim!

This last was audible, and addressed to the horse which, however, paid no heed, but jogged on as before. 'Yes,' continued the man, 'it's no use talkin', with all the fall work comin' on, I must have a wife.'

This utopian conclusion was by no means so heartless as it sounds, and it never occurred to the man that there was anything out of the way in his motive, while his thoughts went on.

'Last year Sarah Jane was round, and was a piece o' work she did make of it. By George! I don't want to go through with that agin'. Now I wonder—lemme see,' he reflected, 'startin' about in his mind for a suitable helpmeet.

'There's the wider Seavy,' he continued, 'but she's so powerful humbly I should never want to look at her, and then there's that old maid over to Hobbes—but I'm kind o' skittish o' old maids. I'll have to think it over. Whoa, Jim!

There was no need of this last, for Jim was standing stock-still before the barn door. The man clambered down, and proceeded to unharness, but in the midst of the work he paused. 'There!' he ejaculated, 'if I was in the habit o' batin', I'd bate most anything that the fire's out, and everything's as cold as stun! Go 'long in o' the stable, Jim, an' I'll be out and give you your supper soon as I git min' a goin'.'

The fire was indeed out, as he found as soon as he entered the kitchen, and in making preparation for his simple meal, he could not help comparing the present state of affairs with what had been, and might possibly be again.

'Now I expect Huldy'd had some hot biscuit,' his thoughts ran; 'how good her hot biscuit was, and apple sass and doughnuts and gingerbread, but I reckon I aint got a thing in the house, but some pieces o' bread that's about as hard as Pharaoh's heart, and that last bread I made never was very relishin', somehow.'

For the last week or two Deacon Dodd had been housekeeper and cook, and had the fate decreed that he should take a second wife they could not have taken a surer way to bring it about. As he seated himself at his solitary supper he mused again—soaking his dry bread in his tea while—upon the eligible women of his acquaintance, and with the same thought in his mind he kept a sharp lookout the next Sunday while passing the contribution box, but as he afterwards confided to a brother deacon:

'Seems 's if the female portion of our society is about the most uncommon humblest set o' persons I ever see!'

The days were passing, however, and Sarah Jane began to loom up in his imagination as an altogether fearful probability. This woman was a distant relative of the Deacon's own, who lived in the neighbouring town of Williamsville, and at length the reluctant conclusion that on the following week when he should be going to the next town with a load of potatoes he would drive around and ask Sarah Jane to come over for a spell, which he secretly hoped in all conscience would be a short one.

The morning came, and Martin Dodd started out for Williamsville but chance—as it seemed—brought about a change in his plans. He had proceeded in his moderate fashion, about half way from his farm to the neighboring town when he began to entertain an unpleasant suspicion that something was wrong about one of his wheels. 'By George!' he remarked to old Jim, 'I meant to a'iled that wheel afore I started, but I declare I forgot it, what with gettin' the potatoes ready, and gettin' breakfast, and all!'

The ground over which he passed was frozen, and occasional gusts of wind blew the dusts in clouds around him. Emerging from one of these he continued: 'Turns pretty hard now, and if I was in the habit o' batin', I'd bate most anything that it won't turn at all much longer.'

'If I can git to Sawyer's I reckon I'll have to ile up,' he ruminated. Sawyer's was but a little way ahead, and ere long the slowly moving vehicle came to a standstill nearly opposite the house. The man entered the yard, and going round to the back door knocked loudly and long; but even this resounding call was repeated before there was any sign of life about the house, and the man on the step was about

turning away when the door opened, and a woman looked inquiringly out.

'O—why—this is Mr. Dodd, ain't it?' she said, then a smile breaking over her round, comely face, 'How d' you do?'

'I'm tolerable well, thank ye, Mis' Wiggins,' he returned, 'and jegin' by your looks I fad you pretty sudart.'

Mrs. Wiggins received this gallant speech with becoming demureness, and invited the Deacon in, but refusing the invitation with a touch of conscious reluctance, the man inquired for Mr. Sawyer, and made known his errand.

'Wal, now, I'm real sorry, Mr. Dodd,' the woman returned, 'but my brother 'n his wife they've gone off for a day, but then I guess I can help ye find what ye want, if you'll wait a minute I'll git a shawl and go out to the barn and see.'

The minute was a short one for the man had hardly turned around before Mrs. Wiggins reappeared, and led the way to the barn. 'I'm afraid you had to knock more 'n once,' she remarked apologetically as they went on, 'but there's nobody to home but me, an' I was up chamber; if I hadn't happened to look out and see your horse and wagon, I dunno's you'd git in at all.'

'Wal, I was beginnin' to wonder if the folks was all deaf,' returned her companion jocosely.

'No,' the woman responded. 'I have plenty of failings, but deafness aint one of 'em.'

At length the needed articles were found, the wheel oiled, and all was in readiness for the Deacon to proceed on his way, but he lingered even then, and after a preliminary 'Ahem,' began somewhat restrainedly: 'You've been a widdler sometime, aint you, Mis' Wiggins?'

'It's goin' on four years,' the woman returned. 'I wonder at it, Mis' Wiggins, really I dew.'

The woman looked up in surprise. 'Wonder at what?' she asked.

'Why, that it's be'n so long—that somebody aint carried you off 'fore this time.'

'Oh, as to that,' the widow began, and paused, stroking out the folds of her apron in a manner that left much to be inferred.

The other watched her approvingly. 'I'll bate you aint wanted for chances,' he resumed, 'and—I dunno why I should expect you to take up with me more'n another, but if—you see, Mis' Wiggins, the thing of it is, I wasn't cal'atin' to stop this mornin' if it hadn't be'n for needin' the ile but now I'm here, I might as well say that there's somethin' else I need power-ful bad, and that's a wife. It aint good for man to be alone, ye know, and I don't expect it's much better for a woman.'

After this master stroke the man felt that his cause was as good as gained, but the widow dashed his hopes to the ground by remarking:

'No, it aint'n good to live alone; that's why I packed up my things and came over here to live with brother Silas. He and Mary are very good company.'

'I know it,' said the woman's bright, dark eyes glanced up sympathetically; her face, however, betrayed no warmer feeling, and recognizing the fact the Deacon suggested: 'P'raps this is too sudden for you to answer me right off, but won't you think it over, Mis' Wiggins, think it over well? I shall be comin' this way agin' day after tomorrow, and then I'm goin' to step in and see what ye have to say.'

To this the woman consented; it had been rather sudden, she admitted.

So the man set out once more for Williamsville, but in a very different frame of mind from that in which he had left home. 'I guess I won't go for Sarah Jane today,' he thought. Then locking down at the newly-oiled wheel affectionately, he continued: 'I reckon you done me a good turn, after all. Strange but I hadn't thought of the wider Wiggins, but I s'pose I aint sen her hardly, sense Huldy died, and somehow, livin' so out o' the way, I clean forgot all about her. Of course't was unexpected to her, but after she gits used to it I guess—I hope—git up, Jim!'

Another errand took Martin Dodd to Williamsville two days later, as he had intimated to Mrs. Wiggins. Accordingly when he reached the Sawyer homestead he stepped, and going boldly to the front door, rang the bell, was admitted, and the widow had nothing favorable to say.

'I've been thinkin' it over stiddy,' she declared, 'sense I see you last, but I'm so comfortable here that I really don't feel no call to change my condition.'

'But, Mis' Wiggins,' exclaimed the Deacon agst, 'think o' me!'

'I do, Mr. Dodd,' she returned pensively. However, despite all his entreaties, she could not be brought to change her answer, and the man was compelled to go away with the image of Sarah Jane, more unattractive than ever, rising before his mental vision.

While driving through the streets of Williamsville, however, a happy thought occurred to him which was duly acted upon, and turning towards home he chuckled contentedly: 'If I was in the habit o' batin' I'd bate most anything that this'll fetch her.'

To the widow's surprise Martin Dodd called again on his way home, and undismayed by former failure calmly asked if she had changed her mind.

'Why no—I dunno; I have,' the woman answered wonderingly.

'Wal, then I guess you will when you see what's out in my wagon.'

'What is it?'

'Come an' see.'

The touch of curiosity which Mrs. Wiggins rightfully possessed, as a daughter of Eve, was excited by the man's words and manner, and she followed him to his wagon without a word.

Gravely the Deacon uncovered a large

box, opened it, and triumphantly brought to view a huge wedding cake, rich with fruit, and elaborate with frosting.

'O my!' ejaculated the woman with a gasp of mingled amazement and admiration. 'What's that for?'

'For our wedding,' returned the man calmly, 'or else to heave away, and I should hate to do that for it's considerable costly.'

'Oh, don't do that—you might—can't you carry it back?'

Deacon Dodd turned and faced the widow. 'Mis' Wiggins,' he began, 'do you think I'm a man to buy a weddin' cake, and then go carry it back? No—I'll heave it away first!'

The color came to the woman's cheeks, and died away again. She looked first at the man, and then at the cake, and after a little silence said hesitatingly: 'It seems a pity to waste it, Mr. Dodd, and—I dunno—perhaps we might as well use it—after all.'

Accordingly, a few weeks later, the relatives and friends of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Dodd received generous slices of the wedding cake which had played so important a part in gaining the consent of the now happy bride. —Ella Matthews Bangs.

WHEN PHYSICIANS FAIL TO EFFECT A CURE IN CASES OF ECZEMA TRY RYCKMAN'S KOOTENAY CURE. IT HAS A RECORD OF CURES UNEQUALLED IN THE HISTORY OF ANY REMEDY.

There is no escaping the fact that Eczema is one of the most intractable of diseases. Its symptoms are so severe and the irritation it causes so great that a sufferer would gladly give anything, do anything, to get relief.

Physicians are often at their wit's end to know what to do with cases of this nature, and in all kindness we would advise them to prescribe for their patients Ryckman's Kootenay Cure. So far we know of ten medical men who have either used it or recommended it.

In the city of London, Ont., at 440 Park Ave., there lives Mrs. Burdick, who is today a grateful woman for having been cured by Kootenay of an Eczema of five years' standing. The disease had spread all over her body and was a constant source of irritation, so much so that she was unable to obtain more than one hour's sleep at a time. She had three physicians in attendance and took many patent medicines, but none of them cured her.

After taking eight bottles of Ryckman's Kootenay Cure her blood became pure and she has not the slightest sign of Eczema or any other eruption on her body.

Another lady, Mrs. Richards, living at 28 Aikman Ave., Hamilton, had a somewhat similar experience. For two months she was unable to rest night or day with the awful itching and pain. Medical men failed to cure her, but four bottles of Kootenay did, and she now says the Eczema has entirely disappeared and she feels like another person.

We could multiply instances like the above, and if you are desirous of further indisputable proof of Kootenay's Kingship over disease, send your name to the Ryckman Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont. Pharmaceutical chart book sent free to any address.

One bottle lasts over a month.

AN ELEPHANT'S MONUMENT.

The First Elephant in America has a Monument.

On the village green of Somers, a little town in Westchester County, New York, stands a curious memorial column, which, after some years of gradually increasing dilapidation, is about to be restored and repaired, to the satisfaction of all the citizens of the place, but especially, one would think, to that of the children. For the monument preserves the memory of 'Old Bet,' probably the first elephant exhibited in this country, and is surmounted by her image.

Bet was brought over nearly a hundred years ago by a French showman who exhibited her in New York City, where crowds flocked, wondering, to see her. Hahaliah Bailey a wealthy Somers farmer, was among them; and becoming interested in the animal, succeeded in purchasing a half-interest in it, gave up his farm work, and travelled over Canada and the United States, exhibiting his marvellous acquisition.

He proved successful as a showman purchased other animals, bought out lesser shows, and was soon the manager of a large



SEE THAT LINE

It's the wash, out early, done quickly, cleanly, white.

Pure Soap did it SURPRISE SOAP

with power to clean with-out too hard rubbing, with-out injury to fabrics.

SURPRISE is the name, don't forget it.

and flourishing menagerie; but in 1821, while he was exhibiting in a little town in Maine, a great misfortune fell upon him: Bet broke loose during the show. People were not as well used to elephants then as they are now, and did not understand that they are commonly gentle and friendly beasts. There was wild and immediate panic, accompanied by the anger born of fear. Threats to shoot the managers were shouted aloud by excited men. Somebody got a gun, and though the managers were not shot, poor Old Ben was.

After his beloved elephant's death, Hahaliah Bailey lost heart and gave up the show business, returning to his native place, where the next year he had plans prepared for a monument to Bet, which was in due time erected.

It consists of a single shaft of dressed granite, fifteen feet high resting on a triple base. This shaft is about twenty inches square at the bottom, tapering to twelve at the top, where it supports a scrollwork of wrought iron a few feet high, which in turn supports a wooden image of the elephant, four feet in height. This was at first gilded; but when the gilt had become tarnished, it was replaced by a coat of mosaic-colored paint, more lifelike, if not so gorgeous.

THE 'BIG FOUR.'

A Quartette of Remedies That are Eradicating Wonderful Cures.

Dr. Chase's four great remedies are Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, Dr. Chase's Ointment, Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, and Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, his latest and greatest discovery for all throat affections.

'I was sick for three years,' says James Simpson, of Newcomb Mills. 'I tried various alleged patent cures and several boxes of a certain pill which has been greatly cracked up. I got no relief. Then I tried Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills. Since I have been able to work every day and feel like a new man. Your Pills alone cured me at a cost of 25c.'

'I have been subject to severe colds every fall and spring,' says Miss Hattie Delaney of 174 Crawford street, Toronto, 'I used many cough medicines, but none cured me until at a cost of 25 cents I tried Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.'

'My husband was troubled with the worst kind of piles,' writes Mrs. Jane Potts of Meyersbury. 'He was often unable to work. Since using your Chase's Ointment he is completely cured. It is truly worth its weight in gold instead of the price you charge, only 60 cents.'

'I bought a box of your Catarrh Cure for 25 cents at Mr. Boyle's drug store here,' says Henry R. Nicholls of 176 Rectory street, London, Ont. 'I am thankful to say it cured me.'

Chase's remedies at all dealers. Ed-manson, Bates & Co. manfrs. Toronto.

TWO MATHEMATICIANS.

He Was Interested but Could Quite Under-stand Fractions.

Specialists, who know one thing so much better than even the common run of liber-ally educated people, have naturally some trials of their own. For one thing, they can only once in a while find a fellow-talk-er who is competent and like-minded. The Boston Budget narrates an almost tragical experience by one of these men, a mathematician of the higher sort.

Being a man of considerable fame, the mathematician is present at many a 'func-tion' which has very little to do with his

calling. Why he accepts such invitations is something of a puzzle, for it is only occasionally that he finds any one from whom he can get any conversational

It was at such a tea that the old gentle-man was introduced to a man from Chic-ago, who expressed the keenest joy in meeting him; for mathematics, so he said, had been always one of his greatest in-terests.

Now our great mathematician had been working for months on a problem, and at last he had solved it. Here was an oppor-tunity to share his triumph with another enthusiast, and he made the most of it. For the better part of an hour he explain-ed the details of the problem, and the suc-cessful method of reaching a solution. And the man from Chicago nodded his head ap-provingly, and enjoyed himself.

'Well,' said he, when the explanation was over, 'as I say, I do enjoy mathem-atics. But the thing that stumps me, sir, is that when you multiply a number by a fraction you make it smaller.'

THE OTHER MAN DIED.

Bright Answer of a Soldier to the Em-peror of Russia.

The grenadiers of the famous 'Old Guard,' says the Youth's Companion, will never be forgotten in France as long as the memory of brave men shall live in the national heart. But some of them, at least, were as brave as they were brave, as the follow-ing trustworthy anecdote bears witness:

One fine morning, after peace had been concluded between France and Russia, the two Emperors, Napoleon, and Alex-ander, were taking a short walk, arm in arm, around the palace park at Erfurt. As they approached the sentinel, who stood at the foot of the grand staircase, the man, who was a grenadier of the guard, presented arms. The Emperor of France turned, and pointing with pride to a great scar that divided the grenadier's face, said: 'What do you think, my brother, of soldiers who can survive such wounds as that?'

'And you,' answered Alexander, 'what do you think of soldiers who can inflict them?'

Without stirring an inch from his position or chang-ing the expression of his face in the least, the stern old grenadier himself replied, gravely: 'The man who did it is dead.'

Insanity In Summer

BROUGHT ON BY NERVOUS AND MENTAL TROUBLES.

Paine's Celery Compound The Great Tower of Safety.

Nervous disease when aggravated by mental disturbances produce more cases of insanity in the hot weather than at any other season of the year.

Nervous headache, nervous dyspepsia, sleeplessness, and chronic constipation induce depression of spirits, extreme weak-ness, morbid fears, despondency and lang-uor; from these dread insanity comes slowly and surely.

Nervous sufferers have a dread of hot weather. Finding themselves deeper in the pit of misery than they were in the spring and early summer they are in utter despair. Thousands whose cases have not been met by treatment they are now under are loudly calling for help.

There is hope and rescue for you, reader, if you are one of the sufferers. You are in need of Paine's Celery Compound, that great builder of the nervous system. Its vitalizing action commences with the first bottle you use. You soon begin to realize that you are daily drinking health.

The volume of blood immediately increases in the arteries, and the body is fully fed and nourished. Your appetite becomes keen and natural, the tired nerves and brain are strengthened, and you feel im-pulses of health that cheer the soul.

The power of Paine's Celery Compound over nervous summer diseases is admitted by tens of thousands who have used the marvellous medicine. This remarkable remedy will most assuredly meet your case and give you new life; it will lay the foundation for future happiness and long years. Weak, wretched, and infirm reader, we counsel you to make use of this life-restorer at once, and enjoy the true blessings of health.

Don't Scold

about washing powders. If you feel like it, it's because you haven't got the right kind. Get Pearlina, and see the difference. Pearlina has been imitated—but never been equalled. There are all kinds of imitations; powders that save work, but ruin clothes; powders that don't hurt, and don't help you; powders that are cheap to begin with, but dear enough in the end. Try them all for yourself, if you won't take our word for it. But don't get them mixed up in your mind with Pearlina.

Send it Back



Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearlina." IT'S FALSE—Pearlina is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearlina, be honest—send it back.

JAMES PYLE, New York.

Sunday Reading.

Grandma's French Birthday.

May and her mother had been to a picture gallery, and May was delighted with one of the pictures, where a lovely old lady sat in a beautiful parlor and ever so many children, besides ladies and gentlemen, all crowded about her, giving her presents and bunches of flowers.

'Well, it means a festival, but in this case it means grandma's birthday,' said mamma. 'Oh, mamma,' said May, 'let us give dear grandma a French birthday.'

'Now I think of it, your father's mother is seventy years old next Saturday,' said mamma. 'We'll speak to papa about it.'

'All the aunts and cousins must come,' said May. 'It must be just like grandma's fete day in the picture.'

When papa came home they told him, and he said that it would please his mother very much, and if it was a French fashion it was a very pretty one, and he would give his mother a watch.

Saturday evening came. In their pretty little house grandpa and grandma reading his paper. Suddenly grandma took her handkerchief from her pocket and began to wipe away some tears which had risen to her eyes.

'You look very young for it,' said grandpa. 'Dear me, how time does fly. But don't cry, Catherine; very few people have been left to each other for so long.'

'I don't,' said grandma, crying a little more. 'I brought up all those children and gave them a good set-off when they were married, and here not one of them cares anything for us.'

'No, they don't,' said grandma. 'Not one of them remembers that I am seventy years old today. They are all thinking of anything but their old mother.'

'Well, well they are good children,' he said, 'but of course they might come out oftener. As for that, I ought to have remembered your birthday and given you a present.'

'Well, you didn't,' said the old lady. 'I don't believe anybody cares anything about me.'

Just then 'clang' went the door-bell. 'Clang, clang, clang!' three times. 'It's those boys that rang the bell for fun last night!' said grandpa. 'They will catch it this time!'

He caught up his whip from the corner, ran to the door and pulled it open, but he saw no bad boys.

A crowd of people were coming up the steps, and the first who ran in was his little granddaughter May.

'Here we all are!' she cried. 'Mamma and papa and uncle Ben and aunt Sarah and aunt Eliza and uncle Harry and all of us; and we've come to give grandma a French birthday like the one in the picture.'

'Well, there, and I thought you'd all forgotten it,' said grandma. 'I was just now feeling very low-spirited, but you did remember it.'

'It's a French birthday, grandma,' said May. 'Is that any different from a Yankee one?' asked grandma.

'It's prettier,' said May. 'Now, it must be like the picture. You sit down in the rocker and we all come up with our presents.'

'Presents! Why, I wasn't expecting presents,' said the old lady. Then she sat down, and first May gave her a bouquet of roses, and then put a lovely white silk shawl about her.

Then all sat down in a circle about the fire and they chattered. Then one of the aunts opened the piano and they played, and all the children sang a song they had been drilled in. It was this:

'Way down upon de Saanee ribber.' Then some of the aunts brought in a basket full of good things, and grandma had some coffee made, and it was after twelve o'clock, when they started for home.

'Haven't we got good children, pa?' she asked. 'Didn't I say we had good children,' grandpa answered, 'when you said "No"?' 'Well, I thought they had forgotten us,' said grandma, 'and I felt hurt.'

'Isn't a French birthday nice?' little May was asking at that moment, 'and grandpa was just like the picture when we all gave the things. I believe everybody ought to give their grandmas French birthdays every year.'—N. Y. Ledger.

GOING OVER THE BOUNDS. Some Old Customs From Which We May Learn a Great Deal.

There is a custom of going over or along the bounds of towns or parishes. A long name for the latter, croaking the mouth to say it, is that of 'parochial preambulation.' We find traces of the custom in this country when the town-fathers start out to trace the boundaries of their petty little province.

In the old country, in England, we find at one time a very formal and elaborate way of tracing and traveling over such boundaries.

Amusing stories are told about those boundary demonstrations. If on a boundary-line a house has been built, then a procession faithfully following the line, claimed that they had a right to go through it!

There was a house that had an oven that just passed over the boundary-line. When a procession reached the spot, it was the custom to put a boy into the oven; and that acknowledged and also kept up the integrity of the boundary-line.

One year, the procession entered the house and lo, the good dame presiding over the kitchen was about to bake, and the oven crowded with flames might well have suggested the furnace that Nebuchadnezzar once kindled to a white heat.

The boys, though, were not going to omit any part of the ceremony. As one Tom Smith was with them, they screamed, 'Tom Smith is the boy to go into the oven!' Tom was a pauc-stricken! He thought roasting was before him. He shrieked. He ran. He did not stop running till inside his home.

Somebody else, though, a boy was made to crawl over the obstructing oven, and that was deemed sufficient to say the line had been followed.

Once a procession, about the opening of our century, in travelling over the bounds of a London parish, came to a nobleman's carriage, and it stood plump on the boundary-line! What was to be done?

My lord's coachman was asked to start up his horses. 'I won't!' he shouted. 'My lord told me to wait here, and here I'll wait till his lordship tells me to move.'

The procession was not disposed to submit to any trifling. Officers of the parish were in the column, boys from the streets too, sweeps and scavengers. Besides, the church warden, who had requested the stuffy driver to move on, was himself a 'my lord.'

He pleaded no longer. He threw back the carriage door. In he went, following the boundary line, and out he came at the other door! The entire retinue followed, down to the scavengers and sweeps, while Stuffy, the driver, could only look on aghast!

These old customs, while their peculiarities may amuse us, yet present features that provoke any thoughtful mind to serious reflection. Boundaries, the lines that separate what belongs to one party from that belonging to some one else, must be respected. We want to know our own; let us be sure that we don't invade another's privilege.

A lot of trouble in this world grows out of the fact that people don't always realize the difference between two words—'mine' and 'thine.'

Not Without Good. There is a good deal of hope for a nature in which an unselfish love takes root, no matter how full of wrong the past may have been.

The following remarkable instance of self-sacrifice, reported by the English newspapers, is an indication of the

real nobility that may survive in the heart after years of sin. A prisoner in a criminal court, who with a companion was convicted of crime, begged the judge to allow him to bear his companion's sentence in addition to his own.

He said there was no excuse for his own share in the crime, but his companion was a hard-working man, who had been tempted by extreme poverty, and, as it was his first offence might reform if he escaped the stigma of convict. He pleaded so earnestly, that the judge released his companion without adding to the pleader's sentence.

HER POINT OF VIEW. Aunt Maria Gathered Helpfulness From her Surroundings. There are some people who seem to extract helpfulness from all their surroundings, as a bee gathers honey from the most unlikely flowers.

Such a one was a quaint old lady living in a New England town, and known to her neighbors as 'Aunt Maria.'

'Doesn't that practicing annoy you?' a caller asked her one afternoon, as the sound of the piano next door came in distinctly through the open window.

'Annoy me?' repeated Aunt Maria briskly. 'Bless your heart, no! Why should it?' The caller looked surprised.

'Why, it's monotonous enough, I'm sure. The same thing over and over, scales and finger exercises. Besides, evidently the child is just beginning, and she is constantly asking mistakes.'

'I get a good deal of comfort out of Josie's practicing,' returned Aunt Maria, with a benevolent glance at her visitor over her spectacles. 'It's the same thing over and over, as you say, but that's just like life. I get up in the morning and start on the day's work as I've done for forty years, and sometimes it seems kind of monotonous.'

Then after a while I hear Josie's piano, and I think, 'If that child can keep at those everlasting scales week in and week out, just so she can learn to play tunes, why shouldn't I be willing to practice a good while, so as to bring the music out of my life as the Lord meant me to?'

The visitor was silent, and after a moment Aunt Maria went on: 'Then her mistakes teach me something. Often when her teacher's there I hear him say, "That's wrong, Josie. Try again." His voice is just as kind, and I know he's fond of the child, but for all that, he keeps at her till she gets it right. Well, that reminds me of the way our Father does with us. He expects us to make mistakes of course, but though he's so tender and loving, he ain't satisfied to let us keep on in them.'

And when we keep on tryin' till we've corrected our mistake, he says, "Well done." Oh, yes!' said Aunt Maria, nodding her head gently, 'Josie's practicing has been a sight of help to me, and has taught me a lot of things.'

And the visitor reflected that this world would be a very different place if all of us looked upon our trials and annoyances from Aunt Maria's point of view.

STOP AND REASON. He was Intelligent but Would not Listen to Reason. He was a boy of sixteen or more, and was quite intelligent—but the trouble was, he didn't stop to reason. If he had, the tire on his bicycle would not have burst, and he would have been spared not a little annoyance and expense; for, you see, he

It would not be a bad motto for all young people—always to stop and reason. Why has God given us brains? Because he wants us to use them, and not stow them away as if meant only for ornament. If you are tempted to begin a course of wrong-doing, just stop and reason. Where will it end? How much will you gain by it? How much may you lose? Will it make you wiser and better, or the reverse?

There are people who are always committing blunders, or meeting with misfortunes, and then they complain about having 'such bad luck,' whereas the real difficulty is, they do not stop to reflect, but dash into everything in the most reckless fashion. 'I didn't think,' is the poorest excuse you can offer for a careless deed. It is your duty and mine to think. God has given us minds for that very purpose.

AN INCIDENT AND A SEQUEL. How a Brave Scotch boy Overcame all Difficulties. One of Dr. A. J. Gordon's favorite sayings was that God never makes a half providence any more than a man makes a half pair of shears. A good many years ago a little Scotch boy, four years old, was caught in a threshing machine, and his right arm was torn off. That was a terrible accident in every sense of the word, for the boy not only lost the use of his arm, but was deprived of a future livelihood. He was a farmer's son, and, it was supposed, could himself be nothing but a farmer. Now what would happen to him when he grew up?

This problem the boy's mother took to her heart. There she held her mutilated lad, and, prayed that God would make him a prophet. As his service on the farm was out of the question, she prayed that he might be used for a noble husbandry. Thus the boy grew up, with his mother's prayers of dedication ringing in his heart, and in spite of himself, they formed his life. He

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THE PROOF—

Its immense sales.

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was a good many miles away from home. And now had the mishap occurred? In this way.

The young cyclist had stopped to rest for awhile by the wayside, the day being very warm, and had thoughtlessly left his wheel standing out in the hot sun, and the fine pneumatic tire had been split, so that the air escaped. You can easily imagine his dilemma—miles away from home and without money.

But he might have been spared all this trouble if he had merely stopped to think. In the first place, he should have known that it is not a good plan to let any vehicle whether a carriage or a bicycle, stand out in the broiling sun. A moment's reasoning would have told him that on general principles. But he should have thought still further. The pneumatic tire was pumped full of air, and was stretched to its utmost limit. Now, the blazing sun heating upon it would certainly warm the air within, causing it to become rarer and therefore making it expand, and expanding air must have more room, unless the material enclosing it possesses great strength. Hence the rubber tube had to give way at some point to the severe pressure within, and in this case it did give way.

Why should not a boy who had attended a good school and had studied physics have reasoned the matter out, instead of leaving his wheel exposed to the sun's rays? Many, many 'accidents' are not accidents, after all; they are the result of some known law which we have failed to obey or take into consideration.

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There are people who are always committing blunders, or meeting with misfortunes, and then they complain about having 'such bad luck,' whereas the real difficulty is, they do not stop to reflect, but dash into everything in the most reckless fashion. 'I didn't think,' is the poorest excuse you can offer for a careless deed. It is your duty and mine to think. God has given us minds for that very purpose.

She Found Out. A Boston lady stood on the deck of the little bump-nosed Ocklawaha steamer in Florida, note-book and lognote in hand, asking ponderous questions of a darty roustabout.

'Is the alligator amphibious?' was one of her questions. The darty scratched his head; he was a bit puzzled, as there had been more corn pone than dictionary in his bringing up, but his quick wit and natural logic did not desert him as he replied: 'I reckon he am, mis'; he done bite yo' shuah ef yo' monkey wid him.'

The lad grew and studied, and was admitted to the University at Edinburgh. He is the student of whom the story has been often told, how Doctor Blackie asked the country boy to rise and recite. Geggie—for that was his name—arose and held his book awkwardly in his left hand. 'Take your book in your right hand, mon!' said the teacher, sternly. 'I hae nae right hand,' answered the youth, holding up his stump.

There was a moment's silence, which was broken by the hisses of the class. Tears of mortification were in the student's eyes. Then Doctor Blackie ran down from his desk, and putting his arm about the lad's shoulder, as a father might, said: 'I did not mean to hurt you, lad. I did not know.'

Then the hisses were changed to loud cheers, and Doctor Blackie thanked the students for the opportunity of teaching a class of gentlemen. It was about that time that Major Whittle came to the university, and in the great awakening that followed. Geggie was the first to give himself up to the service of Christ.

Some time afterward Doctor Gordon was telling this story to his congregation in Boston. There was an impressive stillness, and after the services had closed with more than usual solemnity, a stranger walked up the aisle. The congregation noticed that he had only one arm. With a feeling of peculiar presentiment, Doctor Gordon came down the pulpit stairs to meet him. 'I am your Geggie,' the stranger said, with great emotion.

Doctor Gordon, with a ringing voice, called his congregation back and told them that his illustration was before them. The student was asked to speak. He related the story of his accident, his mother's prayer, and how he had now consecrated his life.

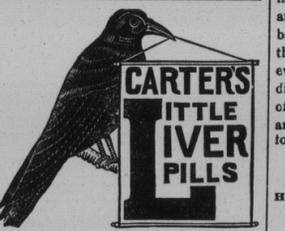
As the congregation left the church that morning, the thought came to more than one: 'Every man's life is divinely planned. If adversity is inevitable, God makes the misfortune fit the plan. Many a youth, without knowing it, is working out the life to which his mother's pious devoted him; and her words and the infinite Wisdom are parts of a perfect providence.'

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See Full Particulars See Advertisement in LEVER BROS., Ltd., 25 Abchurch Lane, London E.C. 4, ENGLAND.



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SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

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See you get Carter's, Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.



WASH, CLEANLY.

SOAP clean with.

USE for get it.

Such invitations puzzle, for it is only finds any one from any conversational that the old gentle-

MAN DIED.

Soldier to the Em.

the famous 'Old Guard,'

panion, will never be

long as the memory

live in the national

em, at least, were

brave, as the follow-

note bears witness:

er peace had been

### Notches on The Stick

Unfailing delight in all beautiful being, — a joy, the expression of which is seldom interrupted, marks these pages. [At Minas Basin, and other poems, by Theodore H. Rand, D. C. L. Toronto, Wm. Briggs, 1897.] The author opens his eyes on Nature, sees her with the smile on her face, catches the untranslatable radiance, and straightway wariness and sorrow are as if they were not. "In Fairy Glen" he sees—

The rocks and trees, empearled in haze.  
A soft and far enchantment hold.  
The place is peopled with shy winds  
Whose fitful plumes waft dewy balm  
From all the wildwood, and let fall  
An incommunicable calm.  
Taro's left rock, green with spray-wet moss,  
Deep in the sweet wood's golden glooms,  
The amber waters pulsing go,  
With foam like creamy lily blooms.  
Shuttles of shadow and of light  
In gleam and gloom the watery wood  
As rolls the endless stream away  
Beneath the wind-swayed leafy roof.  
God's arbor, this enchanted Glen!  
The air is sentient with his name,  
Put off thy shoes from off thy feet,  
The trees are bursting into flame.

The proverbial dryness of college life has not taken the poetic ichor from his blood. Get him out in the woods or down on the margin of the ocean, at once he sees and rejoices. He is full of warmth and of a restrained exuberance. High hopes and ideals are before him; he thinks of poetry as of richest treasure: So in "The Glad Golden Year,"

"Man views the outshining  
From the heavenly heights,  
Feels the sweet picture's lure,"  
and is made the master and the enjoyer of all eyes and spirit can command:  
"Who holds the sure key  
To this largest of treasure  
Is a king among men,  
Though a workman in blue,  
— O! a strain yet to be  
Who with God taketh pleasure  
Is the young earth again,  
And feeleth it new.  
Slow speeds the glad year  
Told by poet and seer,  
Yet I catch the far hum—  
It will come, it will come!"

His spring gushes up natively, but there is the tincture of scholarship in its flow. It is clear; no taint or turbidity soft of the waters. Dr. Rand conforms to the better models and never condescends to catchiness, or any other literary trickery. Dignity and purity of style are never sacrificed to caecretic ornamentation; and there is a persuasive harmony and sweetness of verification that cannot fail to satisfy the ear. Take the following sonnets as example, though others might with equal propriety have been selected:

**A RED SUNRISE.**  
The naked Bay its silver notes is telling  
Sweeter than flute or harp or singing bird,  
Featings of rosy rhythm in winsome word:  
O! lifting song are softly shoreward welling:  
Aeneas and the ruddy waters seaward welling:  
In laughter peals around the fair earth heard,  
Thrill with the homebound keels so long un-  
airied—

The k's of day the weary lyrics compelling.  
Beware the elf's bugles sounding clear,  
As glows more's pallid ash to crimson flame  
And makes a bloody dazzle of the waves;  
Ere burn the embers in the west all clear,  
The deep shall thunder its awful chant of flame  
O'er noble hearts gone down to wandering graves.  
The opal fires are gone, and but a stain  
O' day yet lingers at the sudden night  
With swift cloud bliss the crouching hills from  
light.  
And the far sea moans deep in on ocean pains.  
Ah me, it is the swart-winged hurricane;  
The furious tide in elemental fight  
Is lashing shores and hoar with giant might—  
The bleeding heroes the tale shall tell the main!  
Brave sailor, reeling in thy storm drunk bark,  
Blinded by sheeted rain blown tempest wild,  
And vexed with roaring darkness round about!  
The heaven-sent vision (ah of wife and child  
Calm seated at love's hearth, with face a-bark,  
Makes thee divine amid the awful rout.

He is sensitive to the external charms of nature and paints in captivating colors, but he looks to the heart of things, and his writing has esoteric value. He has subtlety of thought, and yet precision as well as delicacy of expression. Take the following, entitled "Tetrapla":

**LOVE.**  
The blooming flowers, the galaxies of space,  
Lie pictures in a cheery drop of even;  
And globed in one round word, on lips of grace,  
Shine out the best of earth and all of heaven.

**SACRIFICE.**  
Green-halood cup of the gods, cool from the deeps,  
Fountain of life, whence comes thy wave that  
blisses?  
"The burdened cloud attempts the mountain steep  
To perish 'mid the rugged wildernesses."

**LIBERTY.**  
Thou rugged Golan of man's free behests,  
Belted and belmed 'neath God's red thunder-  
falls;  
World-chimes upon the many-cloven crests,  
And ordered kingdoms in thy fertile vales.

**BEAUTY.**  
The grace of strength the shaggy hills attest.  
And cresting billows in their power serene;  
Beauty was suckled at no weaking's breast,  
She sits the mated lion like a queen.

### Constipation

Causes fully half the sickness in the world. It retains the digested food too long in the bowels and produces biliousness, torpid liver, indi-

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gestion, bad taste, coated tongue, sick headache, insomnia, etc. Hood's Pills cure constipation and all its results, easily and thoroughly. 25c. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"Nature," "I Am," "Deathless," "The Dragon Fly," "Elissa," "Dian and Fundy," "Arcthusa," are all on evidence,—and such a sonnet as

**THE HOUSE OF GOD.**  
No finished castle is the house of God.  
The mind of Christ, the supreme Architect,  
Man's puny apprehension doth correct  
From age to age, and turns afresh the sod.  
The vast historic temple now is trod  
"Neath loftier roof and heavenlier aspect;  
New light, new need, revealed, each ripe defect  
Goes down beneath man's feet diviner shod.  
Alas, humanity no more can grasp  
Of thought of the divine Architect,  
Than bolts of sea-crinkled shell on beach;  
Yet His unfolding plan in vital clasp  
Possess, O human soul, amid the stir  
Of speeding worlds Love's flying-goal to reach!

Dr. Rand thus writes of his reverend and accomplished kinsman—a person who deserved to have been illustrious before his death:

**SILAS TENTUS RAND.**  
O! did thy spell enthrall me, spite the cost!  
Thou brought'st a charmed and radless holiday—  
Stories and Songs and love's ecstatic lot—  
When'er thy eager step the threshold crost.  
Imagination all its plumes uptost  
To follow where thy spirit led the way!  
(The sense that thou saw'st God when thou didst  
PRAY  
I never through the dimming years have lost.)  
Fair Minas' shores thy step did gladden, too!  
Thou charmed'st great Gloucester from the unlettered  
page,  
And told'st his story to the listener night;  
Ay, lover of songs, of learned lore and vast,  
Thou lov'd'st the Indian with a love so true,  
In his sweet tongue thou gavest him the Christ.

The Patriarchal man knew well to pray.  
To hear him utter the words of Moses, the  
man of God—"Lord, Thou hast been our  
dwell ng-place,"—with closed, uplifted  
eyes and hands, was to get a new concep-  
tion of that majestic psalm. He would  
have deemed these words not unworthy his  
utterance:

**THE CHRIST.**  
The noody Truth  
In its sevenfold beam  
Is the Christ, sandal shod;  
Yes, the Truth in warm gleam  
O! color and shine  
Both of age and of youth,  
As on His palms and words  
His son's prison unfolds  
The white thought of God,  
In human passion divine.

The coming of Spring is happily de-  
scribed:  
Now are the bride of the leafy wood,  
O'er dusky brooks the golden sunbars fall,  
Birds fan the moonbeams in the balmy dark—  
Look me! the banners of the holy rood  
Shake in the battle's roar; sweet duty's call  
Wings all my spirit like a soaring lark.

Roberts, Carman, Herbin, and other  
native poets, have dwelt upon Acadian  
scenery with loving enthusiasm, and have  
painted the varied landscape to the life.  
The like patriotic note, and the like fidelity  
of delineation show our author a worthy  
fellow singer. His sonnets,—which are in  
several instances of special excellence,—  
abound in genre pictures of the "Tidal  
Vales of Acadie." We see the "Willow at  
Grand Pre," and hear "the fitful rustle of  
its sea-green leaves," telling "of the home-  
ward tide."

**Free-blown air,**  
Upturns thy gleaming leafage like a share,—  
A silvery foam thy bloom, as it heaves,  
The summer tempest comes up, and we  
see the clouds—

White-veined with sudden fire and red with glare,  
Now falls the twisted rails, like sabon and hair,  
Dusking the wooded hills and mountain trail.

Then, when all is passing, the rending  
cloud-veil  
Breaks on the holiest blue,  
All quick and palpitant as angels see,  
And God's smile falls upon the breathing hills.

If you are an absentee from the natal  
scene, you behold at once  
About the buried feet of Blomidon,  
Red-breasted sphawk with crow of gray and green,  
1be gides of Minas swirl.

You embark, and again  
The tidal breeze blows its divinest gale!  
The blue air winks with life like beaded wale.  
What pleasant pictures are these!

**The Bowin' Dyke.**  
Sea-widowed lands more fair than Tantramar!  
Winter's green providence in July's sun!  
Flashed on thy breast from dawn to evening star.  
Soon herds of sweet-breathed kine of sere Canard,  
Whose eager hoofs the hastening morn outrun,  
Sea of lush clover aftermath has won,  
And golden-girdled bees anear and far,  
Lo, as the harvest moon comes up the sky,  
Her shield of argent mellowed to the rim,  
The phantom of the buried tide doth stir;  
And without noise of wave or sea-bird's cry  
Fills all thy ancient channels to the brim.  
Thy levels of a thousand years ago.

**UNDER THE BIRCHES.**  
The sib, 's speech breaks from these leafen lips,  
Moved by soft airs from the shadowy spaces  
blows;  
"We rear these giant boles amid eclipses.  
We work in die, the work abides alone"

The day has met the night beneath the sky,  
And the hot earth put off its robe of flame;  
Sweet peace and rest come with the night-birds  
cry.

Sweet rest and peace the herald stars proclaim.  
The very heaven to taste the wails of sleep,  
The founts of superannuous repose!—  
The sib's runs still murmurs on the breeze,  
The purple night falls thick about the trees,  
And blessed stars, like lilies white and rose,  
Burst into bloom on heaven's far azure deep.

"The Rose," "The Night-Fisher," "A  
Deep Sea Shell," "The Camelus Cloud,"  
"The Sea Fog," "Of Beauty," "The Undertow,"  
"The Sea Uadine," "The Cirrus Cloud,"  
"Hepaticas," "In the Myrtlewar Copse,"  
"An In and Spruce," "In Autumn's Dreary  
Ear," "International Arbitration," and  
"Renswal," are among the finest of the  
sonnets.

Dr. Rand is on the staff of McMaster  
University, at Toronto, but he is a native  
of Kings County, N. S., and shows in his  
literary ventures his Acadian partiality.  
He has won high praise from the foremost  
critic in America. "Like Ope," writes  
Mr. Stedman, "the author mixes his  
colors 'with brains,' and is a man of  
thought as well as feeling, and of both im-  
agination and the lyric ear. I fancy him  
a congener of Emerson and of Arnold, too.  
If he can retain his peculiar insight and  
keep fine his art, their shades need not be  
ashamed of his relationship. . . I am  
sorry his collection did not come out in  
time to enrich the Canadian section of my  
Victorian Anthology."

Some of Dr. Rand's best qualities—his  
insight, his grace and delicacy—appear in  
his lyrics. He has a free, original hand  
and his measures are artistic. A high pre-  
mium he places on the beautiful:

"Had I two leaves of bread—ay, ay!  
One would I sell and violets buy  
To feed my soul."—"Or let me die!"  
Beauty, dew-sweet, of heavenly birth,  
Thy flower is writ of grief, not mirth,  
Thy rainbow's footed on the earth  
Rainbows and byacincts! O seers,  
Your voices call across the years:  
"The bread of Beauty's wet with tears!"

And again, "In The Cool of the Day:"  
To him that hears the calling in the calm,  
And, naked feeds his soul at Wisdom's lip,  
Birch, grove, and brook—God's voice in Silver  
psalm  
And like a secret honeycomb adrip.

The whirl of sudden wings his ear awoke—  
A lark rose free in his grey sing robe.  
"O miracle of life," in speech he broke,  
A bird is greater than the solid globe!"

"My Robin," comes like a work of good  
cheer:  
At the very dawn of day,  
My robin from the hill flies down,  
And from the fence across the way  
With black cap on his handsome head,  
And a sash coat and vest of red.  
He calls me from my careless bed:  
Dear up, dear up, dear!  
Cheer-up, cheer-up, cheer!

Constant as the coming morn,  
He leaves his green fir copse to see  
If I will greet his breezy horn,  
And share his joy that day is here  
To shimmer the sea the fog to clear,  
And yellow the corn of the hastening year:  
Dear up, dear up, dear!  
Cheer-up, cheer-up, cheer!

Ah robin, so debonaire,  
So glad of the darkness gone away,  
So heedful of this heart of care,  
Seems to me to spin roundelay,  
Born of a spirit so tender, so gay—  
Let me join you in dust for aye!  
Dear up, dear up, dear!  
Cheer-up, cheer-up, cheer!

Other lyrics, such as "The Hepatica,"  
"The White Rose," "The War Hercules,"  
"In City Streets," "Bay of Fundy," "At  
The Look-Off," and "Sea Music," we had  
marked for quotation, but must forbear.

Dr. Rand spends his recreative days on  
Partridge Island, which he celebrates in  
his book, and about favorite places upon  
the basin of Minas. He cultivates not only  
a virtuous, but an earnest muse. He is in  
no danger of falling into the rout of poetic  
satyrs. As he, himself says:

While other tritemes vainly withstood the gulls,  
The lyric prow of Orpheus essetl past  
In gladsome scorn's disdain the Siren's tale;  
And proud Calliope o'er each black mast  
Whispered her thrilling taunt in ears of pain;  
"I taught my Thracian boy a heavenlier strain!"  
PASTOR FELIX.

Or have you palpitation, throbbing or  
irregular beating, dizziness, short breath,  
smothering or choking sensation, pain in  
the breast or heart. If so, your heart is  
affected and will in turn affect your  
nerves, causing nervousness, sleepless-  
ness, morbid anxious feeling, debility.

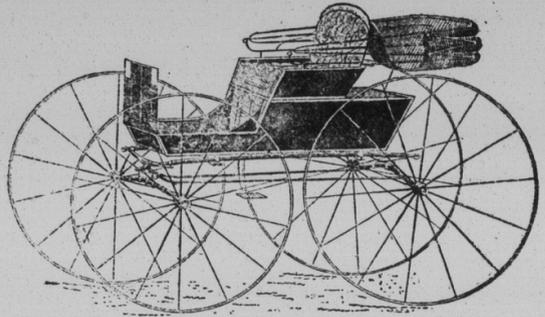
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the heart's action and building up the  
nervous and muscular system to perfect  
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Or at Warehouse, Corner Brussels and Union Sts.

### "LIKE A BEAST."

He said he Resembled One Because he Drank Cold Water.

The following story of the late Doctor Kidd of Aberdeen and his beads is told in the "Humor of the Scot." The kirk officer, it would appear, was a victim to the national vice. He had often been censured, as often forgiven, and yet again would fall into his old ways.

One day the worthy doctor was confronted by Jeems, so intoxicated that all his customary caution and sleek humility had flown. In a reckless mood he challenged the burly old doctor to come and drink with him. Recognizing the futility of trying to reason with a man in such a state, Doctor Kidd replied:  
"Oh ay, Jeems, I'll come wi' ye, an' I'll drink like a beast to please ye."  
"Hooray!" said the beadle. "Come along!"

So they entered the inn, this strangely assorted couple, the mark of observation to many a curious eye. Jeems started to order a "muckin'," but the reverend doctor filled a glass with cold water and quaffed that.  
"Hoots!" expostulated the bacchanalian beadle. "Ye said ye wad drink like a beast, doctor."  
"Ay, Jeems, an' so I have," was the dignified reply; "for ye know a beast is wiser than a man, an' drinks only what's gude for it—an' that's cold water."

### TEST OF HUMAN NATURE.

People who can get Along Under Exceptional Circumstances.

When Nansen and his men were frozen into the ice in the Fram in September, 1893, they had only to wait, apparently in the same spot, until the slowly drifting ice should carry them somewhere—Poleward, they hoped, but possibly not in that direction. Seeing nothing but the dead ice about them, feeling no onward movement, they must simply look in one another's faces and wait, possibly for as many years or months as remained of their lives.  
As a matter of fact, the whole company remained there, frozen ill, until the 14th of

March, 1895, when Nansen and one of the men left in sledges in an adventurous attempt to reach the Pole, leaving the patient captain and crew to wait longer still.

It is remarked that men of the Latia races seldom attempt to find the pole. As a race, they have not the patience to wait and wait, as an Arctic explorer must often do. Their nature makes it necessary for them to go somewhere and do something all the time.

Americans appear to possess the physical patience necessary for these terrible expeditions, but it has been noticed that the polar expeditions of our countrymen have left behind them a distressing number of jaucousities and hatreds on the part of those who have had part in them. In view of this fact, a remark of one of the members of the Nansen expedition is worthy of notice. He had said that he thought Norwegians were the fittest of all men to go on Arctic expeditions.

"Why is that so?" he was asked.  
"Because," he replied, "two Norwegians are capable of living, face to face, on a cake of ice for three years without hating each other; and I do not believe there is another nation of whom as much could be said."  
It is true, it may be well for the rest of the world to leave the hard task of Arctic exploration entirely to the sailors and men of science of Norway.

### Worth Ten Dollars a Bottle.

Any person who has used Nerviline, the great pain cure, would not be without it if it cost ten dollars a bottle. A good thing is worth its weight in gold, and Nerviline is the best remedy for all kinds of pain. It cures neuralgia in five minutes; toothache in one minute; lame back at one application; headache in a few minutes; and all pains just as rapidly.

### Quick Capital.

A traveller was in a rural store up in York State, says the New York Times, when a small boy came in.  
"Say, mister," he said to the shopkeeper, while the traveller listened, "ma says you're to please give me a egg's worth of mustard. The hen is on."

### Woman and Her Work

I have always been quite a good friend of the travelling agent, and never missed an opportunity of saying a good word for him when I could. In fact I have met some very interesting members of the fraternity and have exchanged some pleasant chat across the threshold, with the genial knights of the road. To be sure I have generally come off second best in any dealings I have had with these agreeable gentlemen, two of whom succeeded in selling me scissor sharpeners which neither myself or anyone else I have met with so far, ever found out the secret of using. Another sold me a contrivance for lifting a pie out of the oven when it was done without the customary burnt fingers which I had always considered a necessary part of the performance, but as the pie lifter never lifted the pie beyond a certain point, and then invariably dropped it on the flour, I have since gone back to the oven cloth, about which there are some chances of success instead of the certainty of defeat. Two other agents sold me packages of needles with points which resemble something between a scotch jibe and a crowbar; while yet another imposed on my trusting nature with a bottle of cement which has proved as insoluble as the problem of squaring the circle. It is a good article; I am sure because once it was melted and allowed to harden, nothing could ever part the fragments it united. But as it has resisted alcohol, and boiling water, I do not know how the melting is to be accomplished. The very last agent to whose smiles I fell a victim succeeded in selling me a bottle of furniture polish which proved so effective on the piano that we are thinking of having it sandpapered and varnished, as no less heroic treatment will ever obliterate the traces of that infallible polish "warranted to produce a mirror like lustre to any article of furniture to which it is applied—especially pianos."

I have bought black lead which no one but the vander himself could produce a polish with—and he never sold the box he was using at the time—paste for extracting spots from the most delicately tinted carpets, but which I found harder to extract than the spots, and glove cleaning liquid which removed every trace of color from the gloves, along with the soil. So I consider that I have had some little experience of the "gentleman who travels" but for all his little faults I like him still, and am willing to do more than justice usually. But I have just met a specimen of the brotherhood who has done more to bring his order into disrepute in two minutes than the whole fraternity can undo in a year.

He was travelling in the interests of a stamped linen house—if it were not positively sacrilegious to us such an expression in connection with so magnificent a being! I should say he was engaged in peddling d'oyley's and tray cloths of stamped linen, and his stock in trade, besides a valise full of linen, consisted of a pair of abnormally large and bold light blue eyes, a suit of fashionable clothes, and the most insolent manner I ever encountered.

I was immersed in the study of different goods as regarded their effects upon the female complexion, one morning last week and from this important problem I was called to answer an imperative ring at the door. The butler was cleaning the plate, and the footman was reading the morning paper, so I had to answer the door myself, and on the step I found the vision I have described. He said "Good morning" with a world of patronage in his manner, and I responded politely. Then we looked at each other for a space—"It is a beautiful morning!" he announced coming very close to the door. I agreed with him and smiled a smile of gentle inquiry. By this time he was so close to me that there were scarcely four inches between our noses; he pressed forward and I retained my balance with an effort and we both gazed steadily into each other's eyes he with a stare of insistent determination, I with a glance of interrogation that grew colder and more indignant every moment. I don't think I ever encountered so impertinent and so determined a look. At last it dawned upon him that I did not intend to ask him in, and was waiting for him to state his business, so he took refuge in sarcasm, "Is the lady of the house in?" he asked with an emphasis on the word "lady" that was intended to crush me to the earth, and give me the impression that he took me for the servant. I said she was, and waited again to hear what he wanted, but with one look of concentrated fury, he turned, rushed down the steps, banged the gate and disappeared.

Now while I try to be courteous to every one who comes to our door, I am not in the habit of inviting perfectly strange men who refuse to state their business, into the drawing room for half an hour's chat, especially when their manner happens to be as much against them as this youth's, and if the poor fellow is lamentably ignorant of the manners and customs of respectable people as to expect an entree into a house by merely calling at the door and trying to push his way in; then it is high time some one instructed him in such matters. It is also a pity that his employees do not inform themselves as to his manner of soliciting orders, for he is quite sure to injure their business greatly, and unless he is paid by commission, I should imagine he would be a source of serious financial loss. But for the honor of the knights of the road, be it said that such specimens of the guild are the exception not the rule at least if they are not I have been fortunate, enough to encounter only the better class, heretofore.

I think I mentioned before that gray was decidedly the most fashionable color this season. Perhaps the prevalence of gray linen gowns in the natural tint of the flax, may partly account for this, but still the fancy is carried out in wool costumes also, the tint being like that of the home-spun linens, so pale that almost any becoming color may be used to brighten them up. A lining of pink silk is charming under a thin barege of palest gray, and a full bodice of pink chiffon covered with creamy lace gives the finishing touch to the costume. Another pretty gown also of barege has a draped skirt caught up slightly at each side, and a bodice of white silk covered with cream sudded with steel beads and finished at the neck and belt with coral pink satin. The sleeves of this dress are tucked the entire length, and quite innocent of either puffs or frills at the top.

Feather stitching as a trimming has been revived this summer, and appears on some of the most fashionable dresses as a finish for the wide hems and narrow ruffles which trim the skirts. It is a simple, and most effective decoration, and should be very popular, requiring so little skill in working and so much show for the amount of labor. Black, white, and colored satin ribbon half an inch wide and gathered in the middle, is another novelty in dress trimming, and is used as an edging for ruffles, revers and collars, as well as a finish for some of the bodice trimmings.

The sleeves of all the thin dresses are more or less trimmed with tucks, insertions and shirrings from the wrist to the puff at the top; but the very latest sleeve of all has neither puffs nor frills, but is simply an easy fitting close sleeve increasing a little in size towards the arm-hole. It is trimmed the entire length to redeem the plain effect, and it contains a good prophecy of the style of sleeve we shall be wearing with our autumn gowns. Some of the newest evening dresses have long transparent sleeves of chiffon, or net slightly shirred, and close at the top not a trace of a puff, frill or drapery relieving them, the flat effect being counteracted only by bows of ribbon on the shoulders. Tinted muslins in pale green, pale yellow, cornflower blue, and ecru, dotted either with another color or with white, are very much worn, and exceedingly dressy when properly made up; which means when they are almost covered with tucks and insertions of lace, and that the bodice overhangs the belt all around in true blouse fashion. Pale ecru muslin trimmed lavishly with yellow lace insertion is one of the latest fancies; and a pretty imported model has three rows of wide lace insertion around the skirt; a tucked bodice with a round yoke of white muslin finely tucked, from which falls a collar finished on the edge with a hem of the ecru muslin, and a belt of green and white and black plaid silk. The combination sounds odd in the extreme, but it was probably stylish which is always the first consideration.

Batiste in lace effects and embroidered designs, figures largely in combination with foulard silks, being used for collars, revers and sometimes a part of the bodice itself. One pretty dress of brown and ecru foulard has an entire bodice of ecru batiste with a lace stripe and the effect is charming.

A novelty in trimming is the substitution of satin and grosgrain ribbon, with a cord-edge, both in very narrow widths, for

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Beautifies and restores Gray Hair to its original color and vitality; prevents baldness; cures itching and dandruff. A fine hair dressing.

R. F. Hall & Co., Props., Nashua, N. H. Sold by all Druggists.

## PEREMPTORY SALE OF Boots, Shoes and Slippers

At our Union Street Store, opposite the Opera House We succeeded in purchasing most of this large quantity of goods at about 50 Cents on the Dollar, and have placed the entire lot in our UNION STREET STORE for immediate sale at cash prices only.

We will make this sale the greatest opportunity to buy CHEAP SHOES that has been offered in St. John in a lifetime.

The goods will be marked in plain figures at about One Half the Usual Retail Prices now quoted in St. John and will be sold for CASH ONLY.

During this sale we expect the store to be crowded, so that no trying on of Shoes can be allowed, nor can boots be sent out on approval. Customers buying Shoes and finding them unsuitable will have their MONEY RETURNED as pleasantly as it was taken from them.

REMEMBER THIS SALE IS NOW ON at our UNION STREET STORE, opposite the Opera House, and will continue until the entire lot is disposed of.

WATERBURY & RISING, 212 and 214 Union St.

brail, the ribbon being used much as braid would be, except that of course it only lends itself to angular designs, and is impracticable for curves, or circles. Sometimes the ribbon matches the material of the dress in color, but more often it is in some contrasting color. Some of the new tailor gowns are trimmed in this manner, and made with very smart monjik blouses, which are well covered with the ribbon design both back and front. The monjik blouse, be it known, is but the latest name for the old and once familiar Russian blouse.

Ruches of taffata silk fringed out on the edge have come back again from the oblivion of the past, and one new model in black silk canvas, made up over a bright colored lining has a ruche of the same silk around the skirt oddly placed just at the knee, and narrower ruches across the bodice form a yoke.

Jewelled embroidery seems to have reached the very zenith of its popularity, and fashion authorities predict its speedy retirement in favor of plain, but rich silk embroidery which is more durable, and quite as expensive if less showy.

#### MARCHESI'S METHODS.

Instructions in Singing from Her Not Altogether an Agreeable Ordeal.

In the musical world of Europe no teacher stands higher than Mme. Marchesi, and yet a first interview with her is an ordeal to be dreaded. She may tell you with almost brutal frankness that your cherished vocal projects are thin as air bubbles; and that you had better turn your attention to cooking. Or, with one unusual gleam of her gray eyes and one sudden indrawn breath, making her thin lips still thinner, she may tell you that you are destined to lift the heart of the world in immortal song and wear the laurels of a great lyric career. Again she may tell you with the same blunt severity that you have no looks at all for the stage, and after you have been "accepted as a pupil you are still subjected to her merciless severity.

To be taught by Mme. Marchesi is not to have the luxury of an individual lesson, an hour's good, cosy, comfortable time all to yourself. By no means. That is not her plan. You are taught in class. You are thus introduced at once to an audience. You thus have an opportunity of conquering stage fright. You are thus submitted to the criticism of others. Not only your voice, but your manners, your gait, your way of holding your hands are studied. From head to foot you are scrutinized. A small platform is in the centre of Marchesi's salon, where the pupil stands and recites (or sings) her lesson. The class sit around the room and criticize. The pupil has to face not only the class, but the audience includes often the first musician of the world. How does a sensitive woman bear the gun-fire of Mme. Marchesi's criticism, her ridicule, her sarcasm and severity? One day one of the class was having her fifteen minutes of lesson before a crowded room. Marchesi was in a sardonic humor that morning. Her remarks were brilliant, but more cutting than a Damascus blade. The audience felt that a climax was coming. It came. The girl's lip began to tremble as Marchesi's commentary sparkled and cut and sparkled again. Her lip trembled more and more. The agitation gained upon her whole body, till she shook like a willow in the wind. Poor dear! the other pupils held their breath. The room was silent as a tomb. You could hear Marchesi's watch tick in her pocket. Still the pupil strove to bring out the tone that those severe lips of Marchesi had commanded. At last the voice rolled out. The tone gained upon the room. The voice stopped.

"You sing like a fool!" literally hissed Marchesi, and the storm broke. The girl burst into tears. Her sobs, coming upon the silence, were most painful. Not one of the pupils dared to rush forward with comfort or handkerchief. The girl threw the sheet of music on the floor and covered her face with her hands.

Then dashing the tears away from her face, stooped down, gathered up the scattered music, tore it into shreds, tossed it to every part of the room, and rushed from the platform stage. All felt it was over with her forever, so far as lessons with Marchesi were concerned, and more than one heart ached for her.

"Ah, ha!" laughed Marchesi, rising lightly from the piano, rubbing her hands together, and walking, or rather stalking, majestically through the room, and up and down, and again seating herself at the piano. "Ah, ah! that girl will sing! She has the grand fire. She is dramatic. She has the fire passion of the devil." And the girl came back the next day and won Marchesi's bravo and hand-clapping.

Upon another occasion Marchesi sat in judgment upon a pupil's hands as she stood upon the platform.

"Now, don't put your lip like a baby," she says, "if I tell you that I never saw such a booby! You're as awkward as a country clown. Look at your hands! Just look at them dangling down at your sides like a jumping jack, waiting to twitch on a pole! Mais, voila," she continued, "softening a little; if I do not tell you, you are here, of these things now while you are in my salon, the reporters will do it for you later on,—they will say she 'sings divinely but holds her hands like a clown'; and then you will say 'why did not Marchesi tell me how to hold my hands, and how to walk and stand in her salon.'"

Let me show you, clasp your hands in front of you, your right over your left, the second and fore finger of the right hand between the thumb and fore finger of the left hand. Bon! Now see what case of position, what repose it gives to your whole figure as you stand there."

To look over the programme for the concert Mme. Marchesi gives from time to time is to read a strange collection of names. Here are pupils from Japan. Here is a name from Norway. Here is a lady from Finland. Here are sturdy Scotch names. Here are American names—girls from St. Louis, San Francisco, the Maine woods, the Galt States. New Zealand has representatives on the programme. To look over Marchesi's album is to see some of the portraits of the world's great singers and their signatures.

Itching, Burning Skin Diseases Cured for 35 Cents.

Dr. Agnew's ointment relieves in one day and cures better, salt rheum, piles, scald head, eczema, barbers' itch, ulcers, blotches and all eruptions of the skin. It is soothing and quieting and acts like magic in the cure of all baby humors; 35 cents.

#### PREVENTION OF HAILSTORMS.

Success of Aerial Explosions in Swiss Vineyards.

The American rainmaking experiments are sufficiently fresh in the memory to lend a peculiar interest to a report recently submitted to the state department by the consul at Zurich regarding a curious practice that has grown up among the grape growers of certain sections of Austria which is, in effect, the exact reverse of the rainmaking theory. It is none other than the prevention of storms by aerial explosions. The owner of extensive vineyards found that his profits were disappearing with the frequent destruction of his vines by hailstones. These storms are common and severe in Austria, especially on the southern slopes of the Bacher Mountains, and as the



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soil is peculiarly adapted to the growth of the grape the question arose whether some means of preventing the fall of hail could not be devised. The explosion experiment was tried, and to the date of the report it had met with unbroken success. The method is simple. On each of six of the most prominent summits surrounding the vineyards the owner erected a station, built of wood, for the shelter of a battery of heavy mortars, ten at each station. The neighboring peasantry, themselves small vineyard owners, have been trained to the duties of manning the batteries, and at the slightest sign of the approach of a storm the men assemble and at a given signal fire all the mortars simultaneously. Each mortar is loaded with about four and a half ounces of powder; the report makes no mention of a projectile. The bombardment of the clouds is continued until the moisture is scattered and the storm is prevented. At the first trial of the system last summer after a few moments firing the cloud wall opened up in the form of a funnel, the mouth rising in consecutive rings, gradually expanding until the clouds scattered and disappeared. This process was accompanied by no hail or even rain. During the summer the firing was undertaken six times, and always with the same result. Thus it appears that while man may not be able to force nature to work at his bidding he may at least compel her to remain idle for a time.

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Wafers by mail 50c, and \$1 per box. Six large boxes \$5. Fould's Arsenic Soap, 50c. Address all mail orders to

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SOMETHING IN THE EAR.

Foreign Substances in the ear should not be tampered with. The ears of children are favorite receptacles for small sticks, pebbles, beans and the like.

The ear is usually very tolerant of many inert substances which have found entrance. The presence of which may be discovered only accidentally during the child's bath.

The chief danger of a foreign body in the ear is that it tempts unskillful persons to try to remove it, for almost invariably the only result of such efforts is to jam it farther in.

It is so hazardous, indeed, to attempt extraction in these cases, that it is almost wiser to advise that the offending object be left alone no matter how much pain and distress its presence may cause.

The first rule for removing anything from the ear is a "don't"—don't poke in the ear! If the trouble is due to an insect, let the child lie on the opposite side and then pour a little lukewarm water into the ear.

Syringing the ear with lukewarm soap-water will usually suffice to dislodge a hard body which is not too tightly wedged in; if however, this is something that will absorb water and swell, we must refrain, for the only result will be to fasten it more securely.

Sometimes a loop of very thin wire can be slipped behind the intruder, which can then, by a dexterous manoeuvre, be pulled out. But this is one of the measures that had better be left to the doctor, if one can be found without unreasonable delay.

Very serious injury, resulting in permanent deafness, has been caused by bungling efforts to extract a little pebble that was for the time being doing absolutely no harm, beyond causing the mother needless alarm.

ANOTHER CHARMING ACT.

How a Drummer Made Many Happy by His Thoughtfulness. A correspondent who was interested in the anecdote related under the title, 'A Charming Act,' on page 140 of the Companion for March 25, 1897, sends us an account of an incident which is worthy to go on record with the other.

'From 1889 to 1893,' the correspondent writes, 'I was postmaster at Huntington, West Virginia. A day or two before the Christmas of 1889 a stranger appeared at the post-office and asked if we had any letters or packages which could not be forwarded for lack of proper postage.'

'Many,' I answered. 'Bring them all out, and let us send them on their way,' said he, at the same time taking a bank-note from his pocket.

'The accumulations held for postage' were produced, were properly stamped, and were sent to the cancelling-table, the stranger paying for the necessary stamps.

'Now,' said he, 'I will leave two dollars more in your hands to be expended for stamps, in case other matter should be deposited during the holidays with insufficient postage. You can keep a record of the amount, and we will settle when I call again.'

'Will you leave your name?' I asked. 'Oh, that's not necessary; I'm only a drummer,' he answered.

'This act he repeated every year at the beginning of the season until 1893, when, being unable to reach Huntington before the holidays, he enclosed five dollars in a letter to the postmaster, asking that it be expended, if necessary, in the same way. The letter was signed, 'The Crank Drummer.'

'After his second visit he was traced to a hotel, and his name learned from the register. I give to you privately, but it is perhaps not best to reveal it. Whether he has continued his "crank" practice I do not know.'—Youth's Companion.

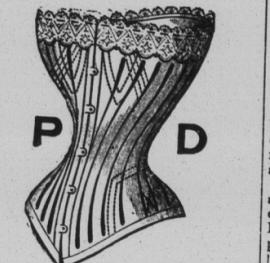
A POPULAR C. P. R. OFFICER.

Adds His Testimony to the Merits of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder For Catarrh and Colds in the Head. He Says It is Peerless. Mr. John McEdwards, the genial purser of the C. P. R. liner "Athabasca," says: "I used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder for cold in the head. It is very effective, easy to apply, mild and pleasant. For catarrh it has no equal. I have tested nearly every catarrh cure made, and found none to compare with it. I recommend it first, last and always."

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Leading doctors recommend

CAMPBELL'S Wine of Beech Tree Gossote.

It seldom fails to cure, and is sure to give relief.

Ask your Druggist for it. K. CAMPBELL & Co., Mfrs., Montreal.

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Save coupons inside of wrappers for prizes.

CROCKETT'S CATARRH CURE!

A positive cure for Catarrh, Colds in Head, etc., Prepared by

THOMAS A. CROCKETT, 162 Princess St. Cor. Sydney

Spring Lamb, Lettuce and Radish.

THOMAS DEAN, City Market.

PRETTY LAMP SHADES.

Some Wonderful Creations of Straw hat Come From Paris.

An appropriate lamp shade for use in the hot months is of the new square shape, made of pale green linen and piped at the edges of the panels with white silk gimp.

This is the era of straw—straw panels and banners for the walls; straw mats of original patterns, straw cushion covers, straw hammocks, and piazza thatchings of coarse straw made to suggest the picturesque bungalow of the East.

It is shaped, finished, and adorned. It is curved and fretted, and turreted like a choice bit of architecture, and this effect is increased by a beaded tasselling about the edge, which, while it does look to be merely straw, as one is used to think of straw, seems like no other textile fabric.

Unique effects in shades are got by using open burnt work on parchment over colored silks. When such a shade is in place over the lighted globe the effect is like a bit of mosaic work, especially if the open work be enriched with gold paint.

Perhaps it is because almost every one has some odd ways of his own that stories of odd people are so generally interesting. Whatever the explanation, it is certainly true that eccentricity often gives a very ordinary person a measure of local fame.

Behind the Times. He Refuses to Sell His Goods at a Ridiculous Sacrifice.

Perhaps it is because almost every one has some odd ways of his own that stories of odd people are so generally interesting.

When the civil war began he was running a flourishing general store and made money rapidly during the succeeding four years.

To-day his store stands almost exactly as it did thirty years ago. It is stocked with such goods as are usually found in country stores, but, of course the stock is now practically worthless.

Every day the old man opens the place to give it an airing. He is there, too, for business, if any one chooses to buy what he has to sell and is willing to pay what he asks.

'Why, sir,' he said to me, 'some of the calico I've got here cost me sixty-five cents a yard thirty years ago. Shouldn't I be a fool to sell it now for five cents?'

A gentleman who had a telephone in his house has in his employ a faithful but stupid German girl, who one day responded to the ringing of the telephone-bell.

'Who is there?' came over the wire. 'It is I,' replied Katrina. 'And who is I?' 'Why, I am I.'

'But who is I?' came over the wire. 'I am me, my ownself, retorted Katrina. 'How should I be any one but me?'

'But who are you?' 'I am my own self,' 'What is your name?' 'Katrina Rupper.'

'Well, who is Katrina Rupper?' 'She is me, I, my own self.'

And when Katrina heard laughter at the other end of the line she said indignantly: 'I will not stay here to be made a shake of,' and she walked away from the telephone, grumbling: 'How could I be any one but me? I let 'em know how to make a shake of me!'

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Buclouche Oysters.

RECEIVED THIS WEEK: 20 Bbls. Buclouche Bar Oysters At 19 and 23 King Square. J. D. TURNER.

THE LION GOT LOOSE.

They Waited Till the Lion was Asleep and Then Captured him.

In the early part of this century Kaid Maimon, a governor of Tanglar, was taking a journey thither, carrying a large lion in a cage borne by four mules as a present from the sultan to the King of Portugal.

One evening, after the tents had been pitched and Kaid Maimon was resting on a divan in his pavilion, he heard a neighing of horses, and then a tramping and stampede of the animals tethered outside. He clasped his hands to summon the attendants, but for a few moments no one came. Then appeared his prisoner, the lion, glaring fiercely as he approached.

Kaid Maimon was a very courageous man, and while the lion was advancing there was a time to think of many things. It was of no use to draw his sword; and moreover, if he should succeed in killing the lion, the sultan would probably cut off his own head in return. So he sat perfectly still, and addressed the creature by the name which had been given him.

'You are a brave fellow, Maimon,' said he, 'to leave your cage and take a walk this fine evening. Q judicious and well-behaved lion, you do well to enjoy "yourself" For the creature, pleased with the Kaid's voice, had begun to roll upon the carpet. 'O bravest and most trustworthy!'

And now the lion had risen, rubbed himself catlike against his host, and lain down with his head upon the Kaid's knee. Brave though he was the Kaid shuddered, and the preparation of fear broke out upon him. Not a sound was to be heard in the camp, save the terrified neigh of a horse which had not been able to escape with the others, and which still centred the lion.

Maimon woke, stretched himself, and put out his long, terrible claws. He stalked toward the door, lashing his tail. At its first movement the Kaid's turban was knocked off, and in replacing it he muttered to himself:

'I hope this visit is coming to an end! May it be the last of the kind I shall ever receive!'

The meantime had succeeded in galloping away, and the lion broke at once into pursuit. He overtook his victim in two bounds, and laid him low with lacerated sides and bleeding throat. While he was thus engaged the Kaid escaped from the back of his tent and managed to summon his men, who, half a mile away, were huddled together with the horses and mules.

'The first man who runs away again,' said he, 'I will bastinado till the breath is out of his body!'

And no one attempted to run. For though remaining might mean death, the bastinado was a horrible certainty. So they waited until the lion had gorged himself into sleepiness, and then cautiously recaptured him.

Smoker and Non-Smoker.

Advice may be excellent in itself and yet come with poor grace from the person who gives it. Two men of Marseilles were one day smoking together when one of them took out a cigar and proceeded to light it.

'What do you call that thing?' asked the other man.

'A Londres,' answered the first.

'Expensive, I suppose?'

'Bah! Six sous.'

'Only six sous, eh? And how many years have you smoked?'

'Thirty.'

'Thirty years, three cigars a day, six sous apiece. Why, if you had not spent that money for cigars, you could have owned a house on the Cannebiere today!'

The other said nothing. The Cannebiere is the richest and most famous street in Marseilles. Presently the two promenaders came out on the Cannebiere.

'You don't smoke, I believe?' said the man with the cigar.

'Smoke? No!'

'Well, which is your house here?'

And the abstemious man had to confess that he owned no house, either on the Cannebiere or anywhere else.

Mistled by the Papers.

Every pursuit has its own body of slang, otherwise known as technical terms, and baseball is no exception. Apropos of this fact the Baltimore American reports a dialogue between an old lady and her grandson.

'Now, Henry,' said the dear old lady, 'I do hope you will never play baseball!'

'Why not, grandma?' asked Henry, with natural surprise.

'Because it is so very dangerous.'

'Dangerous! Why, grandma, it isn't any more dangerous than any other game.'

'It is exceedingly dangerous,' said the old lady, in a tone of deep conviction.

FEVERSHAM'S CHOICE

'Upon my word, I must get married. Here I am rapidly attaining the age of (right and) twenty, and scarcely have given the important subject a thought; but it is now high time.'

Thus soliloquised Grantley Feversham, as he lounged over breakfast in his apartment at Kensington.

After a reflective pause, during which his fair acquaintances had passed in review before his mind, he continued:

'I think of the many with whom, if bright eyes speak truly, I might not be an unsuccessful wooer, I prefer my cousin Isa best of all. That she is a beauty, there is no disputing, though, in my own private opinion, deprive her of a few of the toilet aids of the present day, and she would hardly surpass that natural little rose-bud, my lady's daughter. But, in this, Isa is not different from her sex, who, I suppose, think, among the many things in which we have grown wiser than our ancestors, is that of painting the lily with success. Lucy Hershaw is a decidedly pretty, gentle, ladylike girl, whom you may kiss without your lips being flavoured with violet-powder. Ah! I can't help thinking at times that I am not quite indifferent to Lucy. 'Pon my life I'm sorry it is so. I'm sure it's no fault of mine; and he glanced down with some complacency at his well-made figure. Who can rule hearts in such matters? A hopeless love must be hard to bear. 'Poor Lucy! Why,' continued Grantley, suddenly starting from his reverie, 'what a conceited puppy I am to moralize after this fashion! How do I know further than surmise whether the girl cares for me a rush? But to return to another side of my comparison: though Lucy well educated and very ladylike, may be, on the whole, prettier than Isa, she has not half the dash, the dash, the dash. No; few in our set can equal my cousin there. She is a girl one might be proud to introduce as one's wife; so, possessing rather more than a fancy that she looks with favor on me, why, I think I'll decide upon Isa, and, as it's always well to strike when the iron's hot, I'll pay her a visit at once.'

Ring, Grantley Feversham, changing his dressing gown, took his hat and cane, and sauntered from the room. On opening the hall door, he found himself face to face with some one about to enter—a young girl, well but neatly dressed, whose sweetly feminine and exquisitely pretty face took just a tint of a warmer glow as her eyes rested half timidly upon Grantley.

'Good-morning, Miss Hershaw,' remarked the latter, gallantly. 'Like to like, they say, is the rule of nature. Thus you are abroad with the birds and flowers, who, as fairly good-mothers, have bestowed music on your voice, their fresh hues on your cheek. How you must despise such useless beings as I!'

'No; at all, Mr. Feversham,' smiled Lucy trying to overcome a certain nervousness. 'Why should I? No doubt we each pursue our destined way.'

She had entered the hall, and was waiting to close the door after him; but Grantley stood a moment yet. Another compliment was on his lips, when Lucy Hershaw asked quietly:

'Did mamma ask if you would be home to dinner, Mr. Feversham?'

It was such a matter-of-fact, prosaic question, that Grantley's compliment died on his lips, and, having made an equally matter-of-fact reply, he put on his hat and went forth. When the door had closed, he stood for a moment on the broad step.

'I am sure she likes me—I am certain' he cogitated. 'Poor, foolish girl! as if she could in her pretty, silly head conceive it possible I could marry the daughter of a lodging-house keeper!'

Here he glanced up at the house. He had a vague belief that he should see Lucy peeping out of one of the windows at him; and it was with a sensation of something like disappointment he would not have confessed to himself that he found he was mistaken.

'Bah!' he ejaculated, rather irritably, 'here is my vanity at work again. That charming droop of the white eyelids must be a habit of the girl's!'

Coming again to this conclusion, Grantley Feversham strolled into Regent Street. Here he remembered that the day previously he had heard how one of the children of a certain Mrs. Fullerton—a charming widow, and particular favourite of Grantley's—was ill. This, in its turn, recalled to him that he had promised the eldest son, a boy of six, a toy, as a reward for getting top of a spelling-class. Therefore, having paid a visit to a purveyor of the pleasures of infancy, and concealed his purchase as well as he was able in his coat pocket, he directed his steps to Gloucester Terrace, recollecting, opportunistically, that as Isa had been at a ball the preceding night, she would scarcely be on view till after twelve.

On reaching Mrs. Fullerton's, and being shown into the elegantly-furnished drawing-room, to await its mistress's coming, he found Neddy Fullerton in possession of a sofa, heaped with books and toys. Grantley was liked by most children, but especially by Neddy, who, speedily clambering on his knees, was clasping his hands rapturously at the sight of a walking soldier, attired in French costume. It was when the child's gleeful was at its height that the iron iron of a lady's dress sounded in the passage, and the next moment the widow entered. Starting up, Grantley was advancing with much embarrassment, when, imperiously, she waved him off, exclaiming:

pretty widow, unable to suppress a laugh. 'But, pray, do not look so concerned. The truth is, I am sorry to say, that all my children have the small-pox; and, dreading contagion, I gave positive orders that no one should be admitted.'

'Really from my heart, I'm very sorry for you, dear Mrs. Fullerton!' replied Grantley, in all sincerity. 'And have, indeed, all your little ones got the terrible disease?'

'No, not all,' rejoined the widow, glancing rather uneasily at the small olive-branch present; 'Neddy is free. But all I want at the present moment, Mr. Feversham, is your absence.'

'Very well. Good-bye, Neddy; but I shall return, Mrs. Fullerton, tomorrow, to see how you all are—you may be sure of that.'

Saying which, Grantley, much admiring and commiserating the little widow, took his leave, and proceeded direct to his uncle's residence in Bryanstone Square.

He found his aunt and cousin at home. The latter in a light mauve, gauzy dress, with the most bewitching of smiles, enhanced by the most delicate white and pink complexion. A row of innumerable little flat curls on the top of the forehead lent piquancy to the face; while a mass of dark, wavy hair formed a perfect pyramid of a chignon on the crown of the small head. Grantley had never, in his mind, seen Isa look more lovely in his life. Neither had she ever before smiled so winningly upon him, as almost with a species of eagerness, she extended her small, white hand in greeting.

With a certain flutter about the heart, having saluted his aunt, the young fellow approached, impulsively to press Isa's pink palm, saying:

'I'm so glad I found you at home. I feared I might not for on my way here. I just called in upon poor Mrs. Fullerton.'

With a shrill little scream, the hand which he was about to clasp was rapidly withdrawn, and Isa, looking as pale as considering the toilet aids, she was capable of exclaiming, in real terror:

'You—you been there, Cousin Grantley? What madness! Why, they have all got the small-pox!'

'Yes, I know they have,' stammered the amazed Grantley. 'I'm decidedly sorry for them, ain't you? Why, what's the matter, Isa?'

'Oh! you must excuse me dear cousin,' cried the young lady, in tremendous agitation. 'It's—it's very inconsiderate of you to have gone there, when you meant to call here. Oh! suppose you were to bring the infection to us! Perhaps you have done so already! I do dread it so!—I am so frightened. Do, dear Grantley, go home and change your clothes; burn them, or something of the kind people do in such cases; till then—you must pardon me, cousin—I really dare not trust myself near you. I am all in a tremble now. Do go away, and then come back. And with certainly nothing intended in her manner this time, Isa fled from the room.

In amazement, Grantley looked after her, speechless, till his aunt's breaking the silence, recalled him to himself.

'Really, my dear nephew, Isa is perfectly right,' she said reproachfully. 'You were wrong, indeed.'

'Yes, I was. I never thought about that,' rejoined Grantley, with penitential moodiness. The best reparation, my dear aunt, that I can make will be to go and change my clothes, as she bids me. So good-morning! Do tell Isa how sorry I am.'

Taking a hasty farewell, Grantley returned home, but not to change his clothes. A heavy depression had settled like a cloud about him, and he forgot all about them. His spirits, so light and happy, had been considerably dashed by the behavior of his pretty cousin.

'Yet she was quite right. Oh! yes, perfectly,' he reflected. 'Only fancy if she did catch the malady and lose her beauty!'

Perhaps it was the thought of the harm he might have done that made Grantley Feversham so desponding, so gloomy.

Dinner passed off rather slowly, and too lubricious to care for society, he did not stir out again that day. Indeed, from his aunt's manner, he felt something like a Parish, whom anyone would avoid.

As the evening advanced, Grantley only grew more miserable. Since that idea of selecting a wife, how cold and solitary the place appeared! No doubt it was its drear look which made him shiver so, and he did not shiver, as it with an ague.

'I have caught a cold somewhere,' he thought; then he started, and grew a little pale, as an unpleasant idea occurred to him. Then he continued irritably: 'Bah! What an idiot I am! I shall go frightening myself into it if I don't take care. I'll go to bed early, and shall be all right tomorrow.'

But a restless night led to no such fortunate result. His pulses beat with fever, yet a languor was upon him he could not shake off.

'I've got it, by Jove!' he thought, with a startled throb at his heart; and requesting the presence of Mrs. Hershaw, a pleasant ladylike of fifty, he begged that a doctor might be fetched.

On the medical man's arrival, Grantley watched him very carefully, listened to his instructions, then thought in much real concern: 'I pray Heaven that I have not given it to dear Isa! I don't think I could for she never let me come near enough. But—but if I have, I'll never forgive myself.'

One or two weary days followed, which seemed very solitary, lying there alone, save for the occasional presence of Mrs. Hershaw; for, save his uncle's family, Grantley had no relations, and how could he expect anyone to come near him now?

He supposed Mrs. Hershaw, too, would soon, as he requested her, procure a nurse, and leave him to the hands of strangers—strangers, with no kind, loving face about him. Why had he been so insane not to marry before? Why were men bachelors?

These thoughts were upon him when



there ensued a long blank, in which he was unconscious of everything. Then he awoke, prostrate, weak and languid, to find the kindly face of the gray-haired Doctor leaning over him. It was the latter's genial voice, too, which first fell on his ear.

'Well, how do you feel now, my boy? Better, eh?—much better? Yes; you have brought you through, you see. It's been a hard fight; but we have brought you through. You'll do capitally now. I say we, he added, smiling, 'for without this brave little nurse here, I know not what I should have done. She has been my helping-hand in everything; untrusting in her watching night and day. Faith! she has beaten her mother and me both at the work.'

He had caught hold of some one's hand, and drew it over towards him. Languidly, with the sphygmometer, Grantley looked up, then started just a little, with something of a pleasurable feeling he scarcely understood, as his eyes rested upon Lucy Hershaw, her face ablaze with crimson, which she strove to hide with one small hand, as she exclaimed, reproachfully and in tears, while endeavoring to free the other.

'Oh, Dr. Stanmore! You promised never to tell. You—you are very unkind! And with a burst of tears, breaking away she fled from the room, as Grantley, too weak yet for thought, but conscious of having experienced a happiness the nature of which he could not well realize, fell into a light sleep. The first thing, however, that returned to him on waking was Lucy's sweet, blushing face. He had not been left to strangers. No; Lucy had not thought of her beauty, nor the danger she ran in being near him.

This, somewhat, recalled his Cousin Isa to his remembrance, and he wondered within himself how he ever could have thought her better looking than Lucy Hershaw.

When was he to see the sweet face of his nurse again? Not very soon, it appeared; for he found himself, to his surprise, left entirely to the care of Mrs. Hershaw, who, when he asked about Lucy, always had some natural excuse for her absence.

Then, when he grew more capable of thinking, it flashed across him that Lucy had felt her secret had been discovered by that vivid blush, those falling tresses, and in maidenly shame and modesty, was keeping away from him.

'Then I must wait till I can get up and do it,' he reflected.

A day or two after Grantley had come to this opinion, he was awakened from a light doze by a whispered conversation going on in his room. Arousing himself, he found it was Mrs. Hershaw, who was saying:

'Nonsense, Lucy! I tell you, Mr. Feversham's asleep. Surely you can stand in and bring those things, for my steps are full.'

There seemed an instant's further demur; then a light footfall sounded in the apartment, and approached a side-table.

Feigning sleep, through his half-closed eyes, Grantley saw it was Lucy. On reaching the table she cast a hurried scared look in his direction, then, apparently feeling assured he was asleep, on tiptoe drew near the couch on which he lay.

Grantley remained motionless till she was close enough, then, by a quick movement, he had caught her dress—her hand. With a cry she started back; but he would not release her.

'Lucy—dear Lucy,' he exclaimed, earnestly, 'you must not go. For days past I have been dying to see you. Lucy, I want to ask you if you will attend upon me through life as you have done now?—if you will give me the right to attend so upon you when you are ill? Lucy, I want to ask you if you will be my wife?'

'Mr. Feversham,' she answered firmly, though he form trembled and her eyes were downcast, 'you are too weak and ill yet to be aware of what your request implies. You feel grateful for what has been done, and do not consider what you say. It will be different when you are well. Please let me go.'

'I know what I consider and mean Lucy,'

'What a naughty boy you are!' laughed Lucy, as, taking a comb from her hair, she drew it through his long, fair whiskers: 'you promised to use my eyes as a mirror; but you certainly have not done so, else you never would have let your hair get into this state. Now come with me.'

Rewarding her with a kiss, he obeyed. Holding his arm in hers, she led him into the house, upstairs, into her dressing-room—yes, up to the very glass.

'There, sir,' she exclaimed, with pretty sternness, 'now look at the hideous man I have been generous enough to love.'

He did so in perfect bewilderment. 'Why, Lucy,' he ejaculated, 'it's all gone!'

'Of course,' she cried, clapping her hands gleefully. 'They were not scars as you believed and as I did at first, but only marks that would speedily disappear after frequent exposure in the open air. So you see, sir, you are handsome, it possible, than ever; though handsome, or seamed, scared, and even hideous, you never can be dearer to your wife, who can give you no more love, as she bestowed it all upon you from the first.'

There was but one way to reply to such

he replied, 'which is that whatever the doctor tells me not to do that I shall do; and, in fact, in every way try to be as ill as I can, if you will not confess you love me.'

It is to be imagined that Lucy must finally have confessed as much, for the next words of Grantley which are recorded were: 'And now, Lucy, that you are to be my little wife, I must take great care of you. Therefore, my orders are that you go instantly into the country, get as much fresh air as you can, and rub off all the close, bad air of the sick-room. I would not for worlds have that angelic, kindly face disfigured and changed as mine.'

'Years changed, disfigured!' she exclaimed. 'You are mistaken.'

'No, I am not,' he interrupted, smiling. 'It is no good to deceive me; for this morning, when all were downstairs, I managed to get into my sitting-room and look at myself in the glass. I am changed very much, Lucy.'

'No—no,' she murmured; not changed in the least to those who love you.'

It was soon after this that, by the Doctor's advice, Grantley began to go much into the open air; but he, once so handsome, felt a reluctance to show himself as yet in a crowded thoroughfare, therefore selected the adjacent suburbs for his walks. It was thus that one day he encountered his aunt and cousin out driving.

'I had better speak to them,' he thought, 'the Doctor says there is no fear of contagion now.'

Signing for the coachman to stop, he approached. Ah! how could he ever have thought Isa so beautiful? How could he have fancied she ever loved him? If he had still thought so, that start, that glance of ill-concealed dread, which went like a stab to his heart, would have proved to him the contrary; and, saddened at finding the idol he had revered merely common and rather selfish clay after all, he drew back, and after a brief greeting, saw them drive on.

He no longer cared for Isa. No, he had discovered that days ago; but her want of sympathy, her selfishness, stung him. She had only cared for his handsome looks; how ugly he must appear to her now! Rather gloomily, owing to this meeting, he returned home, where, going to a mirror and having minutely contemplated his features covered with red scars, he said:

'Lucy, little woman, how can you find it in your heart to love so hideous a fellow as I! What a generous, affectionate, unselfish girl you must be! Look at all these red marks.'

Quickly she had glided up to him, and turned the mirror with its face to the wall, then laughingly placing a hand on each of his shoulders and looking up in his face, she said:

'Look, dear Grantley,—she was rather timid in pronouncing that name as yet—'at your reflection in my eyes; do you see those marks there?'

'No, darling,' he rejoined, clasping her fondly to him, 'nor feel them either. Henceforth I'll use no other glass than my wife's bright eyes.'

'Will you promise to keep that vow for the next month?' she laughed.

'Yes, willingly,' he answered. And he did so.

A few days after, Grantley having imperatively been ordered out of town, and as imperatively refused to go without Lucy accompanied him as his wife, they were quietly married, when they started for Westmoreland, taking up their abode in a picturesque cottage on the borders of a lake, and embowered in roses and camellias, Lucy having first, amid much laughter, banished therefrom every glass save that in her dressing-room.

Here nearly a month had glided happily away, when one afternoon, as Grantley was idly lying on the grass smoking, and thinking what a confoundingly lucky fellow he was to possess such a wife as Lucy, the latter, looking charmingly fresh, pretty and ladylike, came tripping gaily over the lawn.

'Grantley—Grantley!' she exclaimed, 'I have got something to show you! Be quick!'

He was up in an instant; the greatest pleasure of his life was to obey that musical voice.

'What a naughty boy you are!' laughed Lucy, as, taking a comb from her hair, she drew it through his long, fair whiskers: 'you promised to use my eyes as a mirror; but you certainly have not done so, else you never would have let your hair get into this state. Now come with me.'

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a pretty speech, and Grantley replied that way.

The next London season, Feversham introduced his wife, under Mrs. Fullerton's chaperonage, to society. Her quiet, natural beauty and ladylike bearing made a great sensation, and, as she moved, the admired, and, better still, in some cases the beloved of her set, Isa Falkland—who remained single several years after, then married some one for whom she did not care, could not help feeling a pang of regret that, though thinking to much of her own beauty, she had lost—for the fact soon worked out—the chance of holding that place by the side of her cousin, whom she had always liked, now filled by the loving, womanly, unselfish daughter of a 'lodging-house keeper,' Lucy Hershaw, Grantley Feversham's Choice.

POST OFFICES AND POSTMEN.

All the old fogies in Britain howled in chorus when Sir Rowland Hill proposed to introduce cheap postage.

'Don't even think of it,' they cried. You will have everybody writing letters on all sorts of subjects. Mercy only knows what seeds of heresy and sedition may be scattered over the country. Besides, the clerks will be worked to death, and the post offices burst with the weight of the mails.'

Thus, you see, the very fact that cheap postage would be a great public convenience should not have it. What is in the millions of letters gathered and distributed by the postal officials every day? Glad tidings; news of weddings, deaths, disgrace triumphs, misery, joy, uncounted things, personal, and concerning business; written in many hands, many languages.

It is all the same to the postman. He is responsible only for the prompt and correct delivery of what is entrusted to him. Good news and bad are alike to him. The address, not the contents, is the point of concern with him.

Is not the blood in your body in some respects like the mail service? Its working day is twenty-four hours long; it has no holidays. It carries tiny particles of matter to every part of you from head to heels. These particles should give you life and energy, and they do, if you are healthy. But the blood will carry poisons of disease also, as readily as the postman will deliver a black-bordered message of death. Read an ordinary letter showing how it is—

'I was always healthy up to the summer of 1887, when I began to feel weak and languid. My appetite was poor, and after meals I had pain and fulness at the chest. My food seemed to do me no good, for I got weaker and weaker until I could scarcely drag myself along. I felt tremulous and nervous, hot flushes constantly coming over me. I saw a doctor and took medicines, but got no better. In this way I continued until January, 1892, when my husband read in a small book about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and got me a bottle from Mr. Jennings, the grocer, Flackwell Heath. After I had taken one bottle I felt better. My food agreed with me, and the hot flushes and other bad symptoms abated. This led me to continue taking the Syrup until it made me perfectly well. There are thousands of women who ought to know of this remedy, as it seems so wonderfully adapted to them, especially in those conditions of the system peculiar to what is called "the change of life." Thankfully yours (Signed) Mrs. K. Gibson, Flackwell Heath, nr. High Wycombe, Bucks, January 19th, 1894.'

Yes, and thousands of men too ought to know of it. Indeed, thousands do know of it already; millions, indeed, all over the world. As for those who still remain ignorant of the virtues of Mother Seigel's Syrup, we are enlightening them as fast as our printers' ink, and the postal service can do it.

Now, to our illustration once more. The stomach is the post-office from which the red carrier in the veins obtains his matter for distribution. If the stomach is sound and healthy he takes from it the substances which keep up our general health and vigour. But—mark now—if that organ is full of poisons, created by indigestion and dyspepsia, he takes those too and spreads the seeds of local ailments all over the system.

This was Mrs. Gibson's trouble, as it is the trouble of three-quarters of the women in the civilised world. Nerves are racked with pain, life made a misery, and death anticipated as a deliverance, all through that one disease. It is fountain head of nearly all complaints. Cleanse it, purify it, and Postman Blood will have none but welcome messages to carry. To bring this about is the business of Mother Seigel's Syrup; and Mrs. Gibson is only one more added to the multitude who gratefully testify to its success.

Spying on a Princess.

The London Daily News suggests that there may be such a thing as using the Röntgen rays too much and too often. It is all very well to look through a deal door, which Sam Weller protested he could not do, but it is another thing to pry into the antecedents of a young lady of royal lineage, resting for the moment under unjust suspicions.

Every one knows that spurious mummies have from time to time been palmed off upon the public, and a doubt arose in a Vienna museum as to the validity of one daughter of the Pharaohs in their collection. It occurred to them, in view of the general hollowness of life, that the young lady might have been manufactured in Birmingham. So they turned the Röntgen rays upon her, and saw at once through her many folded wraps the amulets which the Egyptians placed upon the bosoms of their dead.

Their suspicions were entirely allayed, but, as the newspaper suggests, it is little hard that, even after two thousand years, a lady should be accused of imposture.

Advertisement for Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry Cure. Text: 'DR. FOWLER'S WILD STRAWBERRY CURE FOR COLIC, CHOLERA, CHOLERA-MORBUS, DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS OF CHILDREN OR ADULTS. PRICE, 35c. Beware of imitations.'

