

PROGRESS.

VOL. XIII., NO. 632.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY AUGUST 11 1900.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

SUBURBAN STORIES.

Some Funny Things That Happen Out of Town Among People From the City.

The summer resorts are this year yielding just as large a crop of amusing incidents and queer happenings as ever they did. Here are some of them:

For some time it has been the subject of no little amount of mirth-provoking conversation that a short but corpulent frigate William street insurance agent went so far as to suggest to the congregation of the Westfield church that their place of worship being shifted just a few feet, or any number of feet, so long as it ceased to obstruct the view from his summer cottage. Oh yes, he was in dead earnest.

For weeks his sole topic of conversation was the eyecore edifice, and his intentions with regard to its disposal. It really seemed a pity, he thought, after he had condescended to settle among the suburbanites of Westfield, that this proxy old church should rear itself right before his eyes and out of a goodly slice of the surrounding landscape. So one day with dignity unusual he interviewed a bunch of church wardens with an eye to having the venerable pile, either moved away a little farther or perhaps erased from the insurance plan of that well known resort altogether. But it's still there. Why?

An enraged Mamma of two pretty little girls struck the playful daughter of another Mamma at a Red Head summering place. She did so, she said, because the playful little girl frightened her little girls. The child struck with the broom handle was really hurt and bruised and cried piteously. Nevertheless the enraged Mamma did not seem to consider her act as cowardly and unchristian as it was, and threatened to have the struck little girl's Mamma arrested. Just to think of it, arrested! And all this happened away down at a quiet, slumberous Red Head, where a body, it would be supposed could become everything else but "red headed." Still such is the case, and the Mamma of the little girls fought a linguistic duel. Lots of feelings hurt and family records revived. Unkind compliments exchanged.

A few hot tears.
An explanation.
An apology.
Regret.
Joy.

Two young lady court stenographers are trying to learn how to act shorthand. Last Monday morning they arose with the sun to be in lots of time, as they thought, to catch the early boat as it touched at Brown's Flat wharf. They were somewhat out in their calculations however, and to their surprise the big steamer soon hove in sight. An "abbreviated" breakfast was inevitable, coffee, rolls, berries, eggs etc., being disposed of in a series of "dashes." "Continuous strokes" and generally in a conglomerate way. Hats were simply jabbed on and luggage yanked. A toot from the sterner increased the "speed" of female shorthandists, and their hurly-burly descent of the hill from the hotel was interestingly watched by the sleepy crowd on the boat. But they were left. The captain was no respecter of persons and as he has never been "dictated to" in his line of business, could not very well sympathize with the girls he left behind him. The employer of one of the stenographers sat on deck and saw the whole transaction, so that young lady's "case" was good in court, but the other Miss was conspicuous by her absence when a certain number of lawyers and his honor assembled later in the forenoon.

He loved the girl ardently. So much did he detest upon her that leaving his happy home in town to bark in her graces at Rothery bothered him not a little. Quite the contrary, he just pined for "his nights" to arrive. It was one of these "nights" the last train to town before morning was wheezing along not at an Empire State Express rate some miles away yet. He and she, or rather she and he, were standing in the hallway, papa and mamma having some time since sought the land of Nid and Nod. They

embraced, then he embraced her, while an eighth of a second later she embraced him. All thought of the deuced old train had flown, until its shrill piping at the depot brought both lovers to their proper senses. He did a mental sum, and calculated the comparative value of a hug or two more with the discomfort of having to walk to the city. The screen door was thrown open and the lover from town stepped forth. But like Lot's wife he looked back, and his heart failed. Close to the inside of the screen door stood his sweetheart—a dainty thing all in white. The temptation was too great and with a true lover's sigh and outstretched arms, he seized—the freshly painted screen door. Chin, nose and eager lips were adorned in deepest verdure, also a white vest, to say nothing of the whole suit of clothes. He walked home after all, poor thing, with nary an extra kiss as reward in advance. He's bought a bicycle.

PRIDE WEBSER AGAIN.
He Tells Two More Amusing Stories of Himself in His Travels.

I was accosted the other day by a man stopping me on the street in Sherbrooke, P. Q., and saying:

"Are you Price Webber?"

I said: "I believe so."

"Well," said the man, "You were pointed out to me, as being the person, and as I have heard a good deal about you, I thought I would like to see you."

I said to him: "I hope you are satisfied, now you have seen me."

"No," he replied, "I am not. I expected to see a man over six feet high, and who weighed over two hundred pounds, and had a commanding look."

He then surveyed me, critically from top to toe and at last said to me:

"You don't look as if you knew very much."

"No," said I, "I guess you are right, I don't."

He took another searching stare at me, and appeared to be thinking what next to say.

In the meantime, as it generally happens, several acquaintances of mine had stopped to speak to me as they passed along the street, and it did not take long for quiet a crowd to collect, and of course, they wanted to hear what was going on.

My inquirer had not taken his gaze from me and did not appear to be at all disconcerted by the people who had gathered and he resumed his remarks and said:

"I should say, by the look of you, that you know mighty little. I have lived to find out that people tell a great many lies. Now, I was told you were a bright, smart fellow, and really I have come to the conclusion that you don't know much, do you?"

"No," said I, "I don't. However I have the advantage over you."

Said he: "How's that? how's that?"

"Well," said I, "I don't know much, and I know it. You know nothing, and you don't know it."

He left amid the hearty laughter of the crowd.

I was in one of the State of Maine towns two or three winters ago, and we had a terrific snow storm—a regular blizzard which blocked the roads very badly, and piled "the beautiful" up in heaps.

The next morning after the storm I was struggling through the drifts, endeavoring to get to the Post office, and on my way two ladies were busily engaged in trying to brush the snow from their doorsteps, their houses being situated on opposite sides of the street.

As I passed along, one of the ladies called over to the other, and said:

"Bad weather!"

The other one, who was evidently a little hard of hearing placed her hands above her ears and said:

"Eh?"

The first lady who had spoken, again remarked:

"Bad weather."

The deaf lady nodded an acquiescence. Here they both saw me, and I perceive noticed the programmes of the perform-

ance which I carried on my arm, and the lady who had first spoken called out to the other, in a triumphant tone:

"Bad weather for the show man."

A beaming smile broke over the deaf lady's face, and she yelled back:

"I am glad of it!"

The other one as loudly shouted out:

"So am I!"

They were evidently not lovers of the drama, and thought I did not fill a long-felt want in the community.

WANTED PAY FOR THE GIFT.
A Woman Gave a Bedstead to a Fire Sufferer and Then Wanted It Made Good.

A seamstress living under the shadow of the new Indian town school is very indignant just at present. She had a lady caller the other day and ever since that caller has left the lady who sews has been in a highly put-out mood. It appears that at the time of the Indian town fire the lady caller gave the seamstress a bedstead, as the seamstress had suffered the loss of her home and belongings every one. Since the configuration the seamstress has labored day and night to rear another home all her own, and has at last succeeded in doing so. The lady who gave the bedstead heard of this and lost no time in reaching the home of the woman she had befriended.

"Don't you know me?" asked the caller, "why I'm the lady who gave you the bedstead."

The seamstress apologized for not recognizing her at first, and was profuse in her kind comments on the caller's timely generosity at the time of the big fire.

"Well, you do sewing, do you not?" asked the kind lady.

The seamstress said she did.

"Oh I'm glad," the kind lady burst forth "for I have two quilts to be quilted and I know you'll come and do them for me to sort of pay for that bedstead, won't you?"

The seamstress said she wouldn't, and forthwith returned the bedstead, and what she deemed the year's hire of it was worth.

That's why she is indignant.

Dangers on the River.
A correspondent some time ago drew

PROGRESS attention to the manner in which passengers embarked and disembarked in the river boats. No notice was taken of the communication at the time because it was said that much more care was being exercised this year than had been heretofore. This was said especially of the Star Line and the public generally welcomed the statement, since there was plenty of room for improvement. Saturday afternoon last, however, a representative of Progress boarded the Victoria and went up river as far as Evandale and the method of embarking and disembarking was observed closely. No change could be observed from that of previous years. Even when going on board at Indian town the gangway was in danger of slipping from the wharf into the water when passengers were upon it. It seemed that the engines were started a few minutes before the start was made and this caused the stern of the boat to swing from the wharf and of course the gangway went with it. But for the presence of mind of some people standing by its hold upon the wharf would have been a thing of the past.

There were a large number of passengers to land at the Cedars and three boats put out to take them from the Victoria. The water was as smooth as possible and the task was easy to what it might have been but, even as it was, there were many ladies who did not relish the idea of climbing from one way-riding boat to another and taking their chances of keeping their feet. No wonder a visiting American called it a "fearful risk for a transportation company." He meant in a financial sense no doubt. What about the personal risk to the passengers?

One would almost think that instead of a couple of planks being thrown from the steamer to a wharf—when a wharf landing is made—that a light passenger gangway would be handier for the steamer and safer for the passengers. A woman with child clinging to one hand and parcels or a grip perchance in the other find it a venturesome task even to walk two planks, especially if there is a hawser bobbing beneath them.

Steamboat managers dislike criticism but they must not ignore the rights of the people if they would avoid it. Many passengers are not aware that they can de-

EVENTS OF CITY LIFE.

A Good Man Gone—Dangers on the River to Unsuspecting Passengers.

The whole community felt they had lost a friend and most desirable fellow citizen when the sad news of Mr. Mont McDonald's death came down from Westfield Thursday morning. The deceased was one of the most respected men in St. John, a lawyer of repute, a man noted for his sociability, and gentlemanliness, also his sterling Christian qualities. The Baptist denomination in Lower Canada loses its ablest professional man and one of its most ardent laborers.

Mr. McDonald's demise was very sudden, and therefore a very great shock to all. Wednesday night he had retired in apparently good health. Thursday morning he awoke about five o'clock and complained of pain in the region of his heart. Local remedies were applied, and Mr. McDonald laid down on the sofa to rest. Shortly afterwards Mrs. McDonald found him gasping for breath. Medical assistance was sent for, but Mr. McDonald died in a few minutes.

"It was not so much a surprise to me as it was a shock," said Chief Justice Tuck shortly after he had heard of the news of Mr. McDonald's death. "After what I saw in Fredericton last winter I was not surprised. He had an attack while the court was in session and for some time was unconscious. He explained to me later what the trouble was. I should judge that it was not the heart but the brain that was affected from what he told me."

Mr. Geo. H. V. Belyea to whom the judge was speaking remarked that Mr. McDonald told him afterward that just before his attack [the sound of the judge's voice seemed half a mile away.

"I had a great affection for him," said the Chief Justice "he was a good lawyer and he lived in a state of preparedness to die any day."

Dangers on the River.
A correspondent some time ago drew

PROGRESS attention to the manner in which passengers embarked and disembarked in the river boats. No notice was taken of the communication at the time because it was said that much more care was being exercised this year than had been heretofore. This was said especially of the Star Line and the public generally welcomed the statement, since there was plenty of room for improvement. Saturday afternoon last, however, a representative of Progress boarded the Victoria and went up river as far as Evandale and the method of embarking and disembarking was observed closely. No change could be observed from that of previous years. Even when going on board at Indian town the gangway was in danger of slipping from the wharf into the water when passengers were upon it. It seemed that the engines were started a few minutes before the start was made and this caused the stern of the boat to swing from the wharf and of course the gangway went with it. But for the presence of mind of some people standing by its hold upon the wharf would have been a thing of the past.

There were a large number of passengers to land at the Cedars and three boats put out to take them from the Victoria. The water was as smooth as possible and the task was easy to what it might have been but, even as it was, there were many ladies who did not relish the idea of climbing from one way-riding boat to another and taking their chances of keeping their feet. No wonder a visiting American called it a "fearful risk for a transportation company." He meant in a financial sense no doubt. What about the personal risk to the passengers?

One would almost think that instead of a couple of planks being thrown from the steamer to a wharf—when a wharf landing is made—that a light passenger gangway would be handier for the steamer and safer for the passengers. A woman with child clinging to one hand and parcels or a grip perchance in the other find it a venturesome task even to walk two planks, especially if there is a hawser bobbing beneath them.

Steamboat managers dislike criticism but they must not ignore the rights of the people if they would avoid it. Many passengers are not aware that they can de-

mand that a steamer shall stop at a wharf to land them when there is a wharf at their place of destination. Such is the fact however. Wharves are built by the government for the accommodation of the people and so long as steamboats are privileged to use them, passengers have a right to be landed at that point. It is a good deal easier and quicker for a steamer to signal a small boat to come out but passengers do not like it so well and their wishes should be respected.

CRITICISM OF THE ASSESSMENT.
Citizens Who are Finding Fault With the Judgment of the Assessors.

There is quite an outcry throughout the city over some changes in the assessment. It may be that the people expect more from Mr. McKobbie than they did from the late chairman; at any rate he is getting a liberal share of criticism at the present moment.

The burden of complaint appears to be the tax of the fault finders compared with that of others whom they know should pay more than they do. It may be that the assessors are not in a position to know this but the claim of the taxpayer is that they should know, for that is what they are paid for.

It was pointed out to PROGRESS that there are some notable "breaks" in the valuation. For example one North End alderman is credited with \$400 income. He gets one hundred of that from the city. Of course that is absurd and the assessors have laid themselves open to the question of whether city representatives are not favored. A well known contractor—no matter in what line—pays less than \$600 income. He makes at least four times that amount. Another contractor in another line gets off for about the same sum and there is no doubt that one week's work often brings him an amount equal to the income the city thinks he receives.

Again a bank man who has been in the business for many years does not pay more taxes than some leading clerks. He is known to have a large income from his employer to say nothing of that from outside investments.

The athletic grounds valuation has increased wonderfully. Mr. W. J. Raker is the owner and so far as he knows there is nothing to justify such a change in the assessment. But to persuade the assessors of this is a different matter.

Cost Swiped While he Pondered.

An east end grocer is mourning the loss of a brand new mackintosh. According to his own tell the rain-excluder took wings while he was pondering over the Sunday School lesson for the following Sabbath, seated on his team en route to the Indian town boats. All the way from his store he bethought himself of his Bible study and was so engrossed in this that passing teams and noisy cars were quite forgotten. Suddenly waking up to things about him when near the Indian town wharves he missed his mackintosh. Then worldliness got the better of him and he ejaculated some words not found in his Sunday school quarterly. Hereafter the grocer intends putting on his dressing gown and slippers, and by his own freiside, will study the Sabbath lessons. He has come to the conclusion there is a time for everything.

A Bit of Tourist Gossip.

Miss Margaret Graham has been writing about Lovely Evangeline's Land and the Dominion Atlantic Railway has published sketches of Digby and Weymouth in a neat pamphlet form. They are very readable and calculated to make the sunburnt residents of American cities too long for the scenes she describes. The D. A. Railway seizes upon all such opportunities to advertise their railroad and Nova Scotia and the results are astonishing. That province is crowded with American this summer.

Found St. John All Right.

The clerk of the United States court of Connecticut, and Deputy United States Marshall H. Russel Wood, in company with Victor H. Mawhinney and his friend were visiting St. John this week. The two latter were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Walsh, Main street, while their friends were at the Grand Union.

PROGRESS

CONTENTS

TODAY.

PAGE 1.—Bright and interesting as usual.

PAGE 2.—An interesting description of the city of Felix.

PAGE 3.—Musical and Dramatic.

PAGE 4.—Editorial, Joys and Woes of Other Places, Poetry, and local matter.

PAGE 5.—A whole page of the week's social happenings, listing of the movements of people to and from the city.

PAGE 6, 7 and 8.—Personal items from every town and village in the maritime provinces.

PAGE 9.—Town Tales including: Another Fro-Boer Scheme. A Dog that is a Policeman. A Drinking Fountain Incident. Some Costly Stories. A choice selection of miscellaneous reading on this page as well.

PAGE 10 and 11.—A new two-investment story, "When Stormy Winds Do Blow."

PAGE 11.—Sunday Reading. Appropriate literature for Sabbath Day Perusal.

P. on 12.—Glimpse of Circus Life.

PAGE 12.—Chat of the Boudoir—fashion chat from those who know.

PAGE 14.—Famous Legacy to the World.

PAGE 16.—A short fiction "The Wrong Move."

Births, deaths and marriages of the week.

Robert McDonald, 51.
19, Hiram Briggs, 68.
24, Philip Curran, 64.
Horatio Webster, 60.
Mrs. Martha Cowan, 90.
os. B. O'Neil, 50 years.
Catherine Conors, 70.
bert, son of John Burke.
Mrs. John Dinsmore, 66.
July 17, Aaron Perkins, 88.
July 22, Samuel Fowler, 69.
Lily, wife of James Taylor.
A Co., July 12, John Dale 38.
7, July 19, James Gollas, 46.
27, Mrs. Dorcas Everett, 33.
July 5, Mrs. Rebecca Fleming.
wife of Edward Jaynes, 30.
July 18, Mrs. E. E. O'Mara, 52.
nie, daughter of Rev. W. E.

Marziotte, wife of Claude Cam-
erck, C. B., July 17, Norman
Charles, son of Abner and
Co. July 21, Lydia, wife of
George, son of Magnus and
July 7, Louis, daughter of the
son, 17.
July 6, daughter of Mr. and
son, 20.
July 6, Caroline Shuman,
town, 67.
July 6, infant child of Edgar
8 months.

ROADS.

DIAN PACIFIC

to Quebec

MEGANTIC.

m. daily, except Sunday.

L. LIMITED"

can in 116 Hours.

Pythias Meeting,

roit, Mich.

Once fare for the round trip.

Tours, 1900.

Shall be glad to quote rates

application to

A. J. HEATH.

D. P. A. C. P. R.

St. John, N. B.

John, N. B.

Atlantic R'y.

Monday, July 4th, 1900, the

service of this railway will

S. Prince Rupert.

IN AND DIGBY.

a. m., daily arrive at Digby

Digby daily at 2.00 p. m.

4.45 p. m.

SS TRAINS

(Sunday excepted).

m., arr. in Digby 12.30 p. m.

m., arr. Yarmouth 3.30 p. m.

a. m., arr. Digby 11.25 a. m.

m., arr. Halifax 5.30 p. m.

a. m., arr. Digby 8.50 a. m.

m., arr. Annapolis 4.50 p. m.

BLUENOSE.

m. arr. in Yarmouth 4.00 p. m.

a. m. arr. Halifax 3.15 p. m.

HUR AND PRINCE GEORGE.

ND BOSTON SERVICE.

nd fastest steamer plying out

Yarmouth, N. S., daily

immediately on arrival of

from Halifax arriving in

morning. Returning leaves

a. daily except Saturday at

ded cuisine on Dominion At-

mers and Palace Car Express

obtained on application to

ions with trains at Digby

City Office, 114 Prince William

office, a 1 from the Purser on

time-tables and all informa-

tion.

GIFRINS, superintendent,

Kentville, N. S.

onial Railway

18th, 1900, trains will run daily

as follows:

LEAVE ST. JOHN

..... 5.30

..... 7.15

..... 8.55

..... 11.50

..... 17.45

..... 19.55

..... 22.45

to be attached to the train leav-

o'clock for Quebec and Mon-

and sleeping cars on the

express.

ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

..... 6.00

..... 7.15

..... 8.55

..... 11.50

..... 17.45

..... 19.55

..... 22.45

to be attached to the train leav-

o'clock for Quebec and Mon-

and sleeping cars on the

express.

D. FOTTINGER,

Gen. Manager

July 15, 1900.

ST OFFICE,

ing Street St. John, N. B.

...KING...
...WDER...
...olesome...



Summer is at its height and the people are really enjoying it. As yet very few excessively warm days have given us cause to grumble, and as for the fog, it has been most considerate. Bright sunshiny weather, with delightful cooling breezes has characterized July and August so far—a summer remarkable for its pleasantness and evenness in temperature.

Among those who are camping along the river or sojourning in yachts are: The families of Messrs. Edgar Fairweather and Wm. Holder on Millidgeville Island. Mr. George Smith and family opposite John O. Vanwart's hotel. Mr. Matthews and family of Gondola Point, near the Cedars.

The outing held by the St. John Local Union of Christian Endeavor at Water's Landing on Tuesday last was one of the most successful affairs of an excursion nature that ever went out of this city. The big steamer Victoria was simply packed with Endeavorers, over 900 tickets being taken at the gangway.

Already the Baptist churches in this city are appointing their delegates to the annual Convention to be held in Halifax late in the month. About thirty persons will represent St. John. This includes delegates to the Women's Missionary Baptist Union which meets simultaneously at Windsor.

Mr. Ned Gale is home from the States visiting his home on High street. Miss Isabel Reid, who heads the list in the Normal school entrance examination, making over 70 per cent, was a pupil at St. Vincent's high school and has not yet completed her seventeenth year.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison of Worcester Mass. are visiting in town. Mrs. Harrington was formerly Miss Louise Colwell, daughter of Gilbert Colwell of this city. Mrs. Weeks, wife of Rev. W. Weeks of Walmer Road Baptist Church, Toronto, is visiting her sister Mrs. David Stillwell Richmond street. Mrs. Weeks has visited friends in Montreal as well.

Rev. B. N. Nobles and wife of Kenyville arrived in the city on Wednesday to visit friends and relatives. They were accompanied by Miss Ella Tins who visits her sister Mrs. (Dr.) Baxter of Waterloo street.

and Mrs. James Manchester, on the steamer Victoria on her trip to Hampton, from Saturday until Monday. Mrs. Cameron of Leinster street, and her two sons are also summering at Brown's Flats. Misses McDonald and Fairall and Messrs. McDonald and Cornell, spent last Sunday at Brown's Flats.

Mr. and Mrs. Lablaster, wife and two children were in town this week visiting relatives. Miss Lizzie Reid of Boston, is visiting relatives in the city. Miss Evelyn Peters of the Clifton house, returned Tuesday from England. Dr. Canby Hatheway is taking a pleasure trip through Nova Scotia, which will occupy the whole month.

Regence McCarthy of Boston is here visiting his old home. Frank A. McClaskay has gone to Boston, where he has secured a good position in a large confectionary establishment. Miss Edith Mayall of New York is visiting friends in St. John. Mrs. H. McKown and her daughter, Mrs. S. Bonnell of Fernie, B. C. are in St. Stephen visiting Mrs. George J. Clarke.

Col. Frank B. Gregory of Victoria formerly of Fredericton, who had been staying a few days with Mrs. MacLaren, left Tuesday afternoon for the Pacific coast. Rev. G. M. Campbell of Fredericton was in the city Tuesday to meet Mrs. Campbell, who came over from Digby with her daughter and went to St. Stephen in the afternoon.

Invitations have been issued for the marriage of Miss Alice Lillian Butcher, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Butcher, Duke street, and Mr. W. A. Warren of Sackville. The wedding will take place on the 14th August, at the bride's father's home. Rev. J. W. Clark formerly of the Waterloo street, F. B. church, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the Woodstock Free Baptist church to remain their pastor another year.

Reference has already been made to the illness of John O'Brien, one of the proprietors of the Vancouver World. Mr. O'Brien's physician advised him to come east, and he arrived here Tuesday with a severe influenza. Mr. O'Brien went to Bathurst, where it is expected he will soon become well again. Overwork is said to be the cause of Mr. O'Brien's illness.

Miss Kathleen and Marie Furlong returned Monday to New York to resume their studies. Miss Marie is to re-enter Stagedom in the fall. Rev. Mr. Bevil, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Coster, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Coster, Mrs. McDuffee and Mr. Sanford Scammell of Carleton left Monday for ten days camping at Magaguadavic lake. Mrs. R. G. Larsen and children of Dorchester, Mass., arrived in this city last week, and are visiting at her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cable Belyes, 104 Paradise Row, North End.

Mrs. James Lettensy and child of Boston, formerly of this city, are visiting Mrs. Lettensy's father, Mr. John Armstrong, North End. Herbert Howe of the North End, who has been in England, has returned home. Mr. and Mrs. D. J. McLaughlin will leave shortly on a visit to their son Walter S. McLaughlin in the west. C. F. Woodman went to Boston on Saturday for mental treatment.

Mrs. F. M. Wortman has returned home and received her friends on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at No. 19 Burpee avenue. Mr. William S. Clark of the Massey-Harris company has taken the position of Stenographer with Messrs. T. McAvity & Sons. The employees of the Massey-Harris company presented him with a gold ring. Mr. Thomas Carmichael formerly of St. John, but now with Thomas O'Callaghan & company of Boston returned to the Hub Saturday after a short visit here. Dr. W. H. and Mrs. Drummond of Montreal, were in the city Monday on their way to the Summer School of Science at Bear River. Rev. J. C. B. Appel of the new Christian Church on Douglas Avenue left for his native Kentucky on Monday last and on Thursday was married there. He will arrive in St. John again with his bride on the 20th, after taking in all the interesting sights on the homeward route.

J. D. Phinney and Aid McKendrick of Fredericton were among the arrivals in the city this week. Miss Mary Nicholson of Fredericton is spending her vacation with friends in this city. Col. Frank B. Gregory of British Columbia, who has been a guest of his brother in law, Aid MacLaren has returned to his home in the west. Miss Gertrude Conlhard of Fredericton is a guest of Mrs. H. G. Fenwick.

Rev. Geo. E. Foster was at the Royal this week. He has gone to visit his old home at Annapolis. Rev. D. J. Fraser of this city, and Rev. George Ireland of Woodstock, are enjoying a brief vacation in St. Andrews. Miss Lewis is visiting St. Andrews. She is the guest of Miss Andrews, Minister's Island. Mr. James Tins and Mrs. Tins of Hampton spent a few days in town this week. The Misses Hollis gave a boating party and dance at the Park on Wednesday. Exquisite music was furnished by the Italian Orchestra. Mrs. Earnest DeMille chaperoned the party which was one of the most delightful of the season.

Mrs. MacLaren and the Misses MacLaren are spending some weeks in St. Andrews. Harold Williams, son of Prof. Williams of Union street and don't's bass viol artist in the opera house orchestra is playing with the Robinson Opera Company at the Empire Theatre, Halifax. He goes to Sydney and Newfoundland with the opera troupe. Mrs. E. S. Carter and Master George Carter, went to Fredericton Thursday to visit Mrs. Fenwick at Linden Hall.

One of the most successful and enjoyable events of the week, socially, was the moonlight excursion of the Neptune Rowing club on Monday evening. Tickets for the outing were to be procured only from members of the club, and the number was limited so the boat was not over crowded. The night was warm and fine, although the moon broke through the clouds only for a minute or two, and that just before the David Weston cast off from the wharf at Indianstown shortly after eight o'clock. Before the steamer was out of sight of the city the orchestra struck up and from that time until Indianstown was reached at a quarter to twelve, dancing was the chief amusement. While the young people danced the older ones sat on deck and enjoyed a quiet chat. The steamer ran up as far as Evelyne's Point and then steamed slowly down river, arriving home only too soon for the majority of the passengers. There was not a hitch of any kind in the arrangements, every thing passing off with the smoothness which has become characteristic of any function which the Neptune Rowing club takes in hand. Mrs. W. E. Vroom, Mrs. J. V. Ellis, Mrs. F. E. Hamilton, Mrs. E. Walker, Mrs. Geo. West Jones, Mrs. J. Morris Robinson and Mrs. Alfred Porter, were the chaperones. The catering was done by Mr. E. Little to the entire satisfaction of the club.

Latest styles of wedding invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address. Progress Job Print. FREDERICTON. [Paragon is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenwick and J. H. Hawthorne.] Ave 8.—"Vine Cot" the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Tibbitts on Friday evening presented a very pretty appearance, on the occasion of the large dancing party given in honor of their guest, Miss Fuller of Brooklyn, N. Y. The grounds were tastefully decorated and lighted with colored lights and many cosy sitting-out nooks were easily lighted by the subdued light of the Japanese lanterns all about the grounds. The evening being cool, dancing was much enjoyed. A dainty supper was served about midnight.

Mr. Berton Beckwith of New York, with Mrs. Beckwith, is here on a visit to Mr. Beckwith's parents, Major and Mrs. A. J. Beckwith. Mr. Brad Winslow, Mrs. W. E. Smith and little daughter are enjoying the cooling breeze of the Bay. Capt. Davis of Truro and bride are among the guests at Windsor Hall and are doing the celestial. Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Eggecombe entertained a large number of their friends most enjoyably at their summer cottage, Edgell Hill, at Springhill last evening. Mrs. John Black is visiting Mrs. Medley at St. Andrews. Miss Queenie Eitbyrches of St. John, is visiting friends at Marystown.

Mrs. J. Barry and children with Miss Owens, have gone to the sea shore for a couple of weeks. Mrs. M. B. Hall is visiting friends at St. John. Mr. J. W. Harpan and Miss Ida Boynton of Boston, are the guests of their cousin the Misses Smith, Brunswick street. After a pleasant visit of two weeks spent at her home here Mrs. Bona Johnston has returned to her hospital duties in Boston. Miss J. H. Van Wic of St. Mark's Avenue, New York, accompanied by her friend Miss Louie, is among the list of visitors in the city. Mr. Geo. F. Gregory, Inspector Bridges with Mrs. Bridges and children, went down by steamer this morning to Brown's Flats for a few weeks outing. Mr. Leighton and Mrs. Tilton, who have been enjoying a few weeks stay in the city the guests of the Misses Beverly at Grape Cottage, left on Monday for their home in Boston. Mrs. F. F. Shaw of Lowell, Mass., arrived yesterday on a visit to her mother Mrs. James Gibston at Marystown. Mrs. Jeremy Taylor entertained a few friends yesterday afternoon at five o'clock tea. Mrs. Whelpley and daughter of New York are here visiting Mrs. Whelpley's sister, Mrs. W. T. Whitehead. Capt. Geo. W. Beverly with Mrs. Beverly and son left this morning for their home in New York after a pleasant stay of three weeks at Grape cottage. Mrs. J. A. Morrison has invitations out for a large party for Friday evening in honor of her son, Mr. Ray Morrison.

Rev. James Kerr, Mrs. Kerr and children of New Jersey are visiting Mrs. Kerr's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Ross. Mr. Kerr occupied the pulpit of St. Paul's church on Sunday in the absence of the pastor. Mr. A. G. Cowie of the Bank of B. N. A. with Mrs. Cowie, is enjoying a trip through Nova Scotia. After an absence of two years spent in Crow's Nest Pass, B. C. Mr. Brun Lemont arrived home yesterday on a visit to his parents. Mrs. Burnside is visiting friends at Oromocto, Canada. GAGTOWN.

Ave. 9.—Mrs. G. H. Davidson of Anagnone, Kings Co. is the guest of her father, Rev. I. N. Parker, at the Methodist parsonage. Mrs. John R. Dunn went to St. John on Tuesday to meet her little daughter, Winifred who has spent the summer at her home. CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHT. Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired, Dressed at Waterloo.

Advertisement for Brainerd & Armstrong's Wash Embroidery Silks. Includes an illustration of a woman holding a spool of silk and a box of silks. Text: 'Cut the loop and your silk is ready in needleful lengths. Brainerd & Armstrong's are the only Silks but up in this perfect holder. It keeps each shade separate and prevents, waste, soiling or tangling. Its handiness adds to the pleasure of your work. There are 376 shades of Brainerd & Armstrong's Wash Embroidery Silks. Each shade PERFECT—BRILLIANT and LASTING—Asiatic Dyed. Send us three holder tags or a one cent stamp for our "BLUE BOOK"—tells how to embroider 50 different leaves and flowers. CORTICELLI SILK CO., Ltd. ST. JOHN'S, P. Q.'

Advertisement for White's For Sale by all First-Class Dealers in Confectionery. Includes an illustration of a box of White's Caramel and Snowflakes. Text: 'WHITE'S For Sale by all First-Class Dealers in Confectionery. Caramel Don't take inferior goods; the best do not cost any more than inferior goods. Snowflakes'

Advertisement for St. Agustine's Wine. Text: 'When You Want a Real Tonic "ST. AGUSTINE" ask for (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine. GAGTOWN, Sept. 21, 1899. E. G. SCOVIL— "Having used both we think the St. Agustine preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic. JOHN C. CLOWES E. G. SCOVIL, General Commission Merchant, 62 Union Street'

Advertisement for Allan's White Pharmacy. Text: 'EQUITY SALE. Prescriptions. Are something that require the utmost care in dispensing. It has been my aim for the past nineteen years to procure the purest drugs and chemicals and then use the utmost care to dispense every prescription to the physician's entire satisfaction. When you feel ill do not run away with the idea that some quack nostrum would be best, but consult your family physician. Find the real cause of your trouble and have your prescriptions accurately dispensed from the purest drugs by the most competent dispensers of the reliable Pharmacy. Allan's White Pharmacy 87 Charlotte Street. Phone 239. Telephone \$30 when the doctor calls, and I will send for your prescriptions and have them carefully dispensed and delivered at your residence with all possible despatch. Mail orders promptly filled.'

Advertisement for The Sun newspaper. Text: 'News and Opinions OF National Importance. The Sun ALONE CONTAINS BOTH: Daily, by mail, \$6 a year Daily and Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year The Sunday Sun is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world. Price 5c. a copy. By mail, \$2 a year. Address THE SUN, New York. W. A. TEURMAN, PUBLISHER. For terms of sale and other particulars apply to the Publisher's Solicitor or to the undersigned Referee. Dated this 30, day of July, A. D. 1900. E. H. McALLINE, REFEREE.'

Advertisement for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa. Text: '"STRONGEST AND BEST."—Health. FRY'S Pure Concentrated COCOA Gold Medal, Paris, 1889. 200 Gold Medals and Diplomas. Paragon should ask especially for Fry's Pure Concentrated COCOA to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the Fry's.'

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SEVENTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Prognosis for sale in Halifax by the newboys and at the following news stands and castrs.

- W. C. T. U. Office. Oth H. Johnson, M. D. of Haverhill, Mass., is on his annual visit to the province.

Thomas Douglas and Miss Douglas, Halifax, are guests at Charlottetown.

Miss Trenzner of Halifax who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Jamieson, Charlottetown, is now visiting friends in Lower Stewiacke.

Rev. George McMillan of Kentville, preached at Summerside Sunday.

Miss Gertrude Marsters is visiting Mrs. Mosher, Brooklyn, Quebec, for a few weeks.

The marriage takes place on Monday next, at St. Mary's Cathedral, of J. G. Cameron of Canoe, N.S., to Maud, daughter of Patrick Hogan, hickman of this city.

Miss Edith and Katie readers left Tuesday on the Monticello for a trip to Barrington, the guest of Capt. and Mrs. J. W. Crowell.

Mrs. W. V. Dawson, of Montreal, is visiting Mrs. Carren, 117 Pleasant St.

Mrs. F. V. Tremaine, Rockingham, is visiting her son, at Annapolis.

Miss Alice O'Donnell, of South Boston, is on a visit to her mother, Mrs. E. O'Donnell, 14 Crighton St.

Mrs. Harding and daughter, of New York, are visiting Mr. John Milson, Springvale, N.W. Arm.

C. L. Newman, E. W. Dunn, and E. Beck, who have been on a cruise to the Western Shore on C. L. Newman's yacht Niomad, arrived Friday night from Chester, after having a most enjoyable time visiting every important place on that shore.

Dr. B. Erast Mathers, who has been studying in post graduate work in New York during the last year, returned home Saturday and will practice here as specialist in eye, ear, nose and throat work.

Mrs. Sawyer, Mrs. Buckley, J. Radick and wife, A. H. Wright, Mrs. Flawa, H. Metzler, E. Flawa, and W. E. Wood, were passengers to Boston Tuesday morning on the Flying Blenose.

Mrs. A. Bedford left on Saturday last for a fortnight's visit to Sydney.

Rev. W. J. Armistage and family have returned from their visit to Lawrenceton.

Mrs. Robert B. Book, formerly of this city, but now of Portland, Me., is visiting friends in Halifax, she is staying at 84 North street.

Dr. M. A. B. Smith and wife were in Toronto on Saturday.

Mr. George F. Evans, chief post office inspector, New England division, Boston, Mass., wife and son, are on a brief visit to the department here.

Mr. J. W. Bailey, one of the leading provincialists practicing law in Boston, was in the city Sunday on his way to visit his parents at Fredericton. While in Halifax he was shown all the points of interest by his brother, Mr. L. W. Bailey, Jr. bank of B. N. A. and was much pleased with the charming scenes at the Banker's Regatta on Saturday.

Miss Emma Miller, Halifax, is visiting friends at Cow Bay, the guest of Mrs. Bowes.

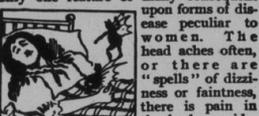
W. E. Page is on a visit to Halifax, after an absence of 50 years. Mr. Page left his home at Pughwash 58 years ago. He spent 16 years in Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, and the remainder in California and the territories.

Mr. Robert M. Gow of New York (American Jersey club) and wife, and Miss Cook, sister in law, are on a visit to the city.

Mrs. E. L. Thorne and family have returned from their trip to St. Peter's, C. B.

Miss Elsie Shaw with the Misses Bool of Truro is leading a summer outing at Pughwash.

Some women don't know what it is to sleep well. In dreams they are haunted by the pains they bore through the day. There is no rest and no refreshment for them even in sleep. This condition is only one feature of many consequent upon forms of disease peculiar to women.



There is pain in the back or side, with bearing down pains. These are but symptoms of womanly disorders. Let the cause be removed and the pains will pass, and sleep will bring only dreams of happiness and love.

The most effective remedy for diseases of women is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It dries up the debilitating drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and entirely cures female weakness.

There is no alcohol, whisky or other intoxicant contained in "Favorite Prescription," neither does it contain opium, cocaine, nor any other narcotic. It is a strictly temperance medicine. Accept no substitute.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., free of all charge. Each letter is treated as a sacred confidence. Every answer is sent in a plain envelope without any printing upon it. Write without fear and without fee.

"I want to praise your medicine," writes Mrs. Sarah J. Burney of Crescent Putnam Co. Fla. "I have been sick for twenty years and have been almost in bed five years, and now I am able to work all day. I have taken eight bottles of 'Favorite Prescription,' and one of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and one of 'Pellets.' I praise your medicine because it has put me back in my old troubles as well and cough gone and all my old troubles are better. I tried many other kinds of medicine and four doctors."

Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets help Nature to help you.

for a short stay at the Bay of Fandy house, Colborne, Digby.

Mrs. Boggs and Miss Laura Owen, are the guests of Mrs. J. M. Owen.

Misses Elida Bingsy, Ivy and Master Lawrence Tremaine, who have been staying with Mrs. F. C. Whitman, left on Tuesday for Hantsport to spend their vacation.

Mrs. Tibbitts and Miss Blanche Tibbitts are at the Hillside.

Miss Jessie Bishop of Lynn, Mass., accompanied by her niece Miss Nellie Shaw, are visiting friends and relatives in town.

Clara King, Reg. Bookler and Cliff West re- turned Wednesday from their outing at the Y. M. C. A. boy's camp at Califf's Island.

Mrs. Richard Carr, who has been very ill is recovering.

Miss Alice Carr is spending her vacation with friends and relatives in Maitland and vicinity.

Mrs. Harry Edwards of Westwood, Mass., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Edwards.

John J. Dunn of Boston, who is an annual visitor to Annapolis, arrived Wednesday, and will remain a few days before proceeding to Middleton.

Mrs. S. W. Pickup and family of the Ferry, left on Wednesday to spend a few weeks at the Harbor View house, Smith's Cove.

Mrs. Jas. Macleach, a child of Montreal, and Miss Ethel Macleach of Lunenburg, are visiting Mrs. H. D. deBlow.

Miss A. M. Healy of South Boston, is spending her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Healy, Round Hill.

Miss Cora Selridge and Halls Kirkpatrick of Aylesford, are visiting their friend, Miss Erena Purdy, Round Hill.

Miss Goldsmith, accompanied by her friend, Miss Adams, of Cambridgeport, Mass., are visiting the former's sister, Mrs. A. M. King.

Latest styles of Wedding Invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address.

Progress Job Print.

PARROBRO.

[Parobro is for sale in Farrisboro Book Store.]

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Brown with their children came from Wolfville on Saturday and have gone to Fort Greenville to spend three weeks at the hotel there.

Miss St. George, Montreal and the Misses Russell, Windsor, are guests of Mrs. Townsend. Mr. and Mrs. Kinghorn, Montreal; Mr. J. M. Townsend, Q. C., and Master Kenneth Kinghorn of Amherst, who were also guests took their departure on Monday.

Mr. Harley Smith is at home from Newfoundland for a visit.

general manager of the Dominion Atlantic railway, to L. A. Lovitt, barrister, etc., of Liverpool, N. S. The ceremony will take place in St James' church, Kentville, at 10 a.m. on the 15th inst.

The Misses Allen of Yarmouth, are guests at the residence of Mr. J. H. Marr, Bedford street.

Mr. Z. H. Raymond arrived from Boston on the Prince George, on a vacation.

"Here's a literary magazine which will keep you in touch with modern fiction."

"Yes, but who said I wanted to keep in touch with modern fiction?"

Mrs. E. L. Tucker, cream silk with lace trimmings.

W. Y. Longhead, black satin, jet trimmings.

Mrs. E. Blair, Truro, black silk skirt, fancy waist.

Mrs. C. O. Langill, white silk, pearl trimmings.

Mrs. W. H. McKenna, light silk skirt, fancy waist.

Mrs. H. A. Tucker, cream satin, pearl and chiffon trimmings.

Mrs. Cecile Parsons, white organza over blue silk.

Mrs. Percy Holmes, 8 veered organza.

Mrs. E. R. Reid, black satin.

Mrs. Otto Benick, St. John, black lace.

Miss Tucker, white organza.

Miss Dickinson, cream cashmere.

Miss Grant, Boston, flowered muslin.

Miss Gillespie, white organza.

Miss Alice Gillespie, white organza over blue.

Miss Joe Gillespie, white organza.

Miss Maggie Gillespie, cream cashmere.

Miss Lily Blair, Amherst, white organza.

Miss Blair, Truro, white organza.

Miss George Blair, Truro, cream silk.

Miss Howard, shaded silk.

Miss Able Atkinson, Hantsport, white organza over blue silk.

Miss Holmes, white organza.

Miss Angeline, Halifax, white organza.

Miss Edna Tucker, white organza.

Miss Putnam, Truro, flowered organza.

Miss Fleming, Truro, white organza.

The gentlemen present were:

Dr. M. D. McKenna, Hilton Tucker, C. O. Langill, L. Hoke, H. O. Tucker, D. McQuarrie, Otto Benick, Chas. Bilcott, Huzh Gillespie, J. A. Baird, Paul Gillespie, J. F. Outhit, O. B. Reid, W. F. Sneath, C. McQuarrie, H. Dodge.

PROGNOSIS for sale in Truro by D. H. Smith and at Crowe Bros I.

Ave. 2-Mr. Harry Cox is home from New York enjoying a short visit with home friends.

Prof. Weeks left yesterday for his home in Hartford, Conn., via Yarmouth.

Follows travellers by train and street to Boston were Mrs. Bonn ell and her daughter who have been visiting the former lady's sister, Mrs. J. E. Bigelow they are accompanied home by Miss Mae Bigelow.

Mrs. J. H. McKay's tea and impromptu dance in the evening last Thursday, was altogether a very pleasant function, everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

Mrs. Walter Sumner has invitations out for progressive whist for this evening.

Mrs. D. M. Dickie is spending a few weeks at her home in Canning, accompanied by her grand daughter, Miss Marjorie Crow.

Mr. Will Morris of the Commercial bank staff, Windsor, was in Truro over Sunday.

Miss Lena Mackay, Wallace, is visiting her sister Mrs. S. L. Walker.

Drink Only Good Tea.

There's a reason for it! Cheap teas are not only flavorless, and require more tea to the cup to produce any taste, but moreover, are often artificially colored and flavored, and are sometimes most dangerous. A branded tea like India's Elephant Brand is safe as its packer's reputation is staked on its purity.

WINDSOR.

Ave 7-Mrs W. Sutherland and daughters are visiting at Bloomfield.

Miss Millicent Smith is visiting relatives at Amherst and street Village.

Miss Dora Smith, is spending her vacation with friends in Halifax.

Miss McDonald, Fredericton, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Uhlman.

Miss Florence Dexter is the guest of her cousin, Mrs. John Blanchard.

Miss Sweet of Bonham, is visiting her grandmother Mrs. James Street at Martock.

Miss Lillian Scott of Boston, is visiting here the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Anselow.

Miss Bell Worth of Ch. riotetown, P. E. I. is visiting town for a few weeks.

Mrs. W. B. Carter, St. John, and children are visiting her mother, Mrs. McInni, King St.

Mr. Ernest Hosterman of Wolfville spent Sunday in town.

Mr. Geo. Wilson and little son returned on Monday from a week's visit with relatives in Halifax.

Miss Mary Carr of Boston who has been visiting her father at Burlington, returned home on Tuesday.

Canada's International Exhibition,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

OPENS SEPT. 10th.

CLOSES SEPT. 19th.

Applications for space in the Industrial Building should be sent in early as the best locations are being rapidly taken up.

Tenders for special privileges are being received.

Special inducements are offered to exhibitors of working machinery.

Very low excursion rates to St. John on all railways and steamers.

Exhibits will be carried practically free on several lines.

For prize lists, entry forms and other information, address

CHAS. A. EVERETT, Manager and Secretary, D. J. McLAUGHLIN, St. John, N. B. President.

Free Cure For Men.

A new remedy which quickly cures sexual weakness, varicocele, night emissions, premature discharge, etc., and restores the organs to strength and vigor.

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

Butoche Bar Oysters.

J. D. TURNER.

Scribner's FOR 1900

{ INCLUDES }

J. M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and Grizel" (serial).

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S "Oliver Cromwell" (serial).

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S fiction and special articles.

HENRY NORMAN'S The Russia of To-day.

Articles by WALTER A. WYKOFF, author of "The Workers".

SHORT STORIES by Thomas Nelson Page, Henry James, Henry van Dyke, Ernest Seton-Thompson, Edith Wharton, Octave Thanet, William Allen White.

SPECIAL ARTICLES The Paris Exposition.

FREDERICK IRLAND'S articles on sport and exploration

"HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO," by Senator Hoar.

NOTABLE ART FEATURES THE CROMWELL ILLUSTRATIONS, by celebrated American and foreign artists.

Puvis de Chavannes, by JOHN LAFARGE, illustrations in color.

Special illustrative schemes (in color and in black and white) by WALTER APPLETON CLARK, E. C. PELKETTO, HENRY MO-CARTER, DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF and others.

Illustrated Prospectus sent free to any address. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, New York.

Provincial Lunatic Asylum.

TENDERS FOR SUPPLIES.

TENDERS will be received until SATURDAY, the EIGHTH day of SEPTEMBER, proximo, at noon, at the office of the secretary, Imperial Building, 21 Prince William street, Saint John, N. B., for supplying the Provincial Lunatic Asylum with the following articles for one year from the first day of November next, viz.:

Beef and Mutton, Beef and Mutton, per 100 pounds, in alternate hind and fore quarters; of beef, the fore quarter not to weigh less than one hundred and thirty pounds, and the hind quarter not less than one hundred and ten pounds; or by the side not less than two hundred and forty pounds, as may be required.

Such beef and mutton to be of the best quality and subject to the approval or rejection of the commissioners or their agent.

Creamery Butter.

Creamery Butter made (and certified) at any creamery in New Brunswick, per pound.

Groceries, etc.

Rice, East India per 100 pounds. Barley, per 100 pounds. Rolled Oatmeal, per 100 pounds. Brown Muscovado Sugar, per 100 pounds. Brown Extra C. Sugar, per 100 pounds. Yellow Refined Sugar, per 100 pounds. Yellow Extra Sugar, per 100 pounds. Granulated Sugar, per 100 pounds. Coffee, ground, per pound. Tea, quality to be described, per pound. Soap, yellow, per pound. Soap, common, per pound. Beans, per bushel. Codfish, per 100 pounds. Molasses, describes quality, per gallon. Salt, coarse, in bags.

Drugs and Medicines.

Drugs and Medicines, according to specified list to be seen on application at Secretary's office.

Flour and Meal.

Flour-Best Manitoba patent. Also best 80 per cent. Ontario patent, equal to Goldie's Star, of 190 pounds in weight. Cornmeal-No. 1 best kiln dried, of 100 pounds in weight.

All of the above to be delivered at the Provincial Lunatic Asylum in such quantities and at such fixed periods as required. Certificates of quality must be furnished. Hard or Soft Coal to be delivered at the Asylum in such quantities and at such times as may be required.

Hard Coal.

Anthracite Nat. Coal. Best Lehigh Soft Coal. Best Hoped Brook. Best Old Company for stove, per ton of 2,000 pounds.

Soft Coal.

Springhill Nat. Coal, run of the mine; Springhill Coal, screened. Cape Breton Caldonia Coal, run of the mine; Cape Breton Caldonia Coal, screened. Grand Lake Coal, run of the mine; Grand Lake Coal, screened. Joggins Coal, run of the mine; Joggins Coal, screened.

Each load to be weighed on the Fairbanks scale at the Gas Station. Certificates of quality must be furnished. Hard or Soft Coal to be delivered at the Asylum in such quantities and at such times as may be required.

Payments to be made quarterly. All supplies to be of the very best description and subject to the approval or rejection of the commissioners or their agent. Not obliged to accept the lowest or any tender. Securities will be required from two responsible persons for the due performance of the contract.

ROBERT MARSHALL, Secretary and Treasurer. Saint John, N. B., 7th August, 1900.

CHINA PAINTING in one lesson is impossible, but perfect dyeing, at home too, is possible with

Maypole Soap.

WASHES and DYES Send for FREE book on home DYING to A. P. TIPPET & CO., Montreal.

ANAPOLIS.

Ave. 8-Mrs. (Dr.) Morse is in Bear River.

Miss Elind of Windsor, is a guest of Mrs. S. Hager of New York, Canada.

Mrs. Alice Lee McLaughlin, House.

Mr. Percy Dakin of Portland of Mrs. M. McCormick, Queen street.

Mr. Edmond Jenner has returned from his trip to Halifax county.

Mrs. C. F. Lewis, King street. Miss Kate Dakin of Boston.

Miss Minnie Cowan of Rossford, N. S.

Miss Mary Fayson of Acadia, the school of Science at Bear River.

Mr. Gerald V. Vats has returned of N. S., after a well earned vacation.

Mr. Geo. F. Parker, Yarmouth, was in town on Wednesday.

Miss Misa Bishop of Digby, was at the Burham house, at St. John's.

Mr. Fred Burnham of Boston, was in town on Wednesday.

Mr. Wm. Chute of Bear River, was at the Burham house, at St. John's.

Dr. Allan of Yarmouth, was the guest of W. A. Morgan of St. John's.

Mr. Wm. Grandy of Everett, was at the Burham house, at St. John's.

Mr. John S. Smith of Halifax Standard Life Insurance Co., was in town on Wednesday.

Rev. W. C. Goucher of St. S. was the guest of his father, Rev. J. F. Goucher of Melville, N. S.

Miss L. Goucher of Melville, N. S., is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Weeks.

Mrs. S. F. Evers of St. John's, was the guest of Mrs. Birch street.

Mr. Lemuel Holdsworth of St. John's, was the guest of his brother, Mr. G. Carlton street.

Mr. Geo. Finigan of Freeport, was in town on Wednesday.

Mr. Wm. VanBarrow and family, were passengers to St. John's returning on Tuesday's boat.

The Pennsylvania members have gone to the Thousand Is. docks for a few weeks' trip.

Mr. Alvin Stewart who is

What You For M

Is No Test of its Cur

Prescriptions vs. Kidney-Liver Pills.

Dr. Chase's Kidney L

as much a doctor's prescri

mula your family physici

The difference is that Dr

Liver Pills were particu

mula has proven itself of

in scores of hundreds of

Dr. Chase won almost

ity from his ability to cu

liver complaint and his

formula, as he did from his

great recipe book.

The idea of one treat

kidneys and liver at the

original with Dr. Chase

the success of Dr. Ch

Pills in curing the most

ments of the filtering o

form of backache.

Mr. Patrick J. McL

nois, Que., states: "I

Kidney disease and Dysp

Canada's
International
Exhibition,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
SEPT. 10th.
CLOSES SEPT. 19th.

Applications for space in the Industrial
Exhibition should be sent in early as the best
positions are being rapidly taken up.
Special inducements are offered to ex-
hibitors for special privileges are being
made.

Special inducements are offered to ex-
hibitors for special privileges are being
made.

Cure For Men.
Remedy which quickly cures sexual weakness,
night emissions, premature discharge, etc.
over the organs to strength and vigor. Dr. L.
of 300 Hill Building, Detroit, Mich., gladly
sends the receipt of this wonderful remedy
at every week mail may cure himself at home.

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

**scribner's
FOR 1900
INCLUDES**

**M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and
Dolly" (serial).**

**THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S
"Over Cromwell" (serial).**

**RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S
"The Russian" (serial).**

**HENRY NORMAN'S The Russian
"The Russian" (serial).**

**ARTICLES BY WALTER A. WY-
"The Workers".**

**SHORT STORIES BY
Thomas Nelson Page,
Henry James,
Henry van Dyke,
Ernest Seton-Thompson,
Edith Wharton,
Octave Thanet,
William Allen White.**

**SPECIAL ARTICLES
The Paris Exposition.**

**REDBRI IRLAND'S artocle a
sport and exploration**

**HARVARD FIFTY
YEARS AGO," by Sena-
Hoar.**

**NOTABLE ART FEATURES
AND CROMWELL ILLUSTRATIONS,
by celebrated American
foreign artists.**

**Paris de Chavannes,
by JOHN LAFARGE, illus-
trations in color.**

**Special illustrative schemes (in
color and in black and white) by
LITER APPLETON CLARK,
J. PELIKETTO, HENRY MO-
RETT, DWIGHT L. ELMEN-
BERRY and others.**

**Illustrated Prospectus
free to any address.**
**CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS,
Publishers, New York.**



At the TOP of the TREE.
Fry's
PURE CONCENTRATED
Cocoa
"Strongest and Best."
200 Gold Medals
and Diplomas.

ANNAPOLIS.

Aug. 8.—Mrs. (Dr.) Morse is visiting friends at Bear River.
Miss Elsie of Windsor, is a guest of the Rectory.
Mr. S. Hager of New York, is at Mrs. DeBall-
hard's.
Mrs. Alice Lee McLaughlin is at the Columbia
House.
Mr. Percy Dakin of Portland, Me., is the guest
of Mrs. McCormick, Queen street.
Mr. Edmond Jenner has returned from his fish-
ing trip in Halifax county.
Mrs. Ernest Lewis of Freeport, is the guest of
Mrs. C. F. Lewis, King street.
Miss Kate Dakin of Boston is the guest of her
sister, Mrs. T. C. Shreve.
Miss Minnie Cowan of Rosway, returned home
from Halifax on Monday.
Miss Mary Payson of Acadia Valley, is attending
the school of Science at Bear River.
Mr. Gerald Vitis has resumed work at the Bank
of N. S. after a well earned vacation.
Mr. Geo. F. Parker, Yarmouth's popular photo-
grapher, was in town on Wednesday.
Miss Misa Bishop of Digby, is attending the
summer school of Science at Bear River.
Mr. Fred Burnham of Boston, is the guest of his
father, Mr. C. E. Burnham, First Avenue.
Mr. Wm. Chute of Bear River, was in town on
Wednesday and made the Courier a call.
Dr. Allan of Yarmouth, was in town this week,
the guest of W. A. Morgan of Carleton St.
Mr. Wm. Grundy of Everett, Mass., who has
been at the Burnham house, has returned home.
Mr. John S. Smith of Halifax, representing the
Standard Life Insurance Co., is in town this week.
Rev. W. C. Goucher of St. Stephen, N. B., is the
guest of his father, Rev. J. F. Goucher, Water St.
Miss L. Goucher of Melvin Square, Annapolis
Co., is visiting her aunt, Mrs. J. Welsh, for a few
weeks.
Mrs. S. P. Everett of New York, arrived on
Saturday and is the guest of Mrs. Charlotte Everett,
Birch street.
Mr. Lemuel Holdsworth of Lynn, Mass., is the
guest of his brother, Mr. Geo. H. Holdsworth,
Carlton street.
Mrs. Geo. Flanagan of Freeport, and Miss Nellie
Denton of Westport, were registered at the Burn-
ham house this week.
Mr. Wm. VanBlarcom and daughters, Ada and
Jennie, were passengers to St. John on Saturday,
returning on Tuesday's boat.
The Pennsylvania members of the Fraser party
have gone to the Thousand Islands and the Adiron-
dacks for a few weeks' trip.
Mr. Alvin Stewart who is employed with the

Robb Engineering Co., at Amherst is visiting his
parents' Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Stewart.

ST. ANDREWS

Aug. 8.—Mrs. E. G. Clinch is with relatives at
Montserrat.
Miss Laura Hibbard, of St. George, is visiting at
her uncle's.
Miss Rita Carson has been very ill lately. Her
sister, who is a trained nurse, came here from Boston
to attend to her.
Mrs. John Hope has returned from Montreal and
is staying with her daughter, Mrs. Hooper.
Mrs. Malcolm Morris, of St. John, is visiting here.
Miss Morris, of St. Andrews, is at present on a
continental tour, having crossed the Atlantic in the
Germanic.
Mrs. M. M. Jack and her seven children took
passage by Monday's train for North Sydney,
where they will make their future home. Mrs.
Jack will be greatly missed in the social circles of
St. Andrews.
Mrs. B. D. Hanson of Feticodiac, is visiting
Charlotte County friends.
Mrs. George Mitchell of Woodstock, is on a visit
to St. Andrews relatives.
Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Bonaparte and Miss Haydock
of Baltimore, are at the Algonquin for another
season.
The Misses Sparks of Ottawa, are sojourning at
the Algonquin.
Miss Lavinia of St. John, is visiting Miss Beattie
Andrews, Minister's Island.
Miss Lottie Worrall left town last week to visit
friends at Fredericton and St. John.
Miss Smith of St. George, is on a visit to her
brother, Mr. D. A. Smith, in North Sydney.
Mrs. Macleod and the Misses Macleod of St.
John, are at Mrs. Keay's.
Miss Annie Thompson of St. Stephen, is spending
a few days in St. Andrews.
Miss Wade, in company with Mr. and Mrs. John
Cogle, is enjoying a trip to Montreal, Niagara and
other western points of interest. She will return
to St. Andrews next week.
Mrs. Forester of Toronto, daughter of the late
Senator Temple, is being heartily welcomed in St.
Andrews this week, where she is a great favorite.
Mrs. Forester's gallant husband is fighting in South
Africa.
Miss Hannah of Liverpool, sister of the late Capt.
Hannay, reached St. Andrews on Tuesday.

Latest styles in wedding invitations and
announcements printed in any quantity
and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any
address.

PROGRESS JOB PRINT.

BONTON.

Aug. 8.—Mrs J. B. Benedict of Campbellton is
visiting friends in the city.
Mr. M. Lodge left Saturday night on the Quebec
express for a short visit to Toronto.
Lloyd Irons, son of Mr. W. Irons, has secured a
position as junior clerk in the bank of Nova Scotia.
Miss Thea, Archibald street, expects to leave
the city in a few days on an extended trip to Eng-
land.
Mrs. G. O. Spencer has returned from Halifax,
where she has been spending a few weeks with her
parents.
Mrs. Lyman and Mrs. Arthur Peters left for Bos-
ton on the C.P. Saturday for a few weeks' visit.
Mrs. Lyman will resume her classes in voice cul-
ture about Sept. 15th.
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Smith, returned Saturday
morning from a fishing trip on the Jacques River,
where they enjoyed a week's excellent sport. Mrs.
Smith had the good fortune to hook a twelve pound
salmon which she safely landed after an exciting
struggle lasting half an hour.
Mr. John Underhay of Boston is spending a day
or two in the city, the guest of Mrs. T. V. Cooke. Mr.
Underhay has just returned from a two weeks' suc-
cessful fishing trip to Newfoundland. Mr. Under-
hay was accompanied by two Boston friends. Their
record for the two weeks was 87 fish—salmon.
Mr. and Mrs. A. F. DeForest of St. John was in
town Tuesday.
Mr. Burt Burns of the bank of Nova Scotia, Bos-
ton, is home on a holiday trip.
Mr. E. T. Matthew taller in the Bank of Mon-
real is spending his holidays in St. John.
Mrs. W. E. Blanchard of Quincy, Mass., is visit-
ing her cousin, Rev. J. M. Robin on at the manse
Botsford street.
Miss Brecken daughter of Dr. Brecken of Sack-
ville, who was visiting Lieut. Col. and Mrs. Moore
at Charlottetown, returned to her home on Satur-
day.
Mr. McLeod organizer for the Canadian order of
Foresters spent Sunday in the city. Mr. McLeod
in his short time as organizer has met with very
encouraging success. He organized a court at Camp-
bellton of 28 charter members. He goes to Feticodiac
today.
Mr. Jas Ritchie aged 77 years, who lives on Dum-
linion street, suffered a stroke of paralysis on Sat-
urday and passed away Tuesday morning. Deceased
was suddenly stricken at Wm. Bulmer's residence
and never recovered. He leaves a widow. Deceased
was a brother of Robert and Joseph Ritchie.
Mr. Albert Mackenzie of Reading, Mass., who has
been the guest of his uncle, Mr. James Mac-
kenzie, Church street has left for St. John, where
he intends stopping for a short time before return-
ing home.
Misses Violet and Alva Lockhart of Moncton,
are the guests of friends in Amherst.
Mrs. A. Murray and Mrs. E. B. Chapman of Am-
herst are the guests of friends in Dorchester.
Mrs. J. G. Francis is visiting friends in Truro, N.
S. and Miss Francis is on a visit to F. E. Inland.
Miss Jessie Haines of Moncton is spending a few
weeks with her aunt, Mrs. James Haines, Camp-
bellton.
Mr. Arthur T. LeBlanc of College Bridge, brother
of travelling passenger agent LeBlanc, has taken
the position of assistant editor of the Evangelist
and Free Press published at Yarmouth.
Mr. Eben McLeod, chairman of the Western Pa-

engers Agents' Association, Chicago, and who has
been on a visit to his old home in Charlottetown,
is spending a few days in the city with Mr. and
Mrs. C. D. Thompson, Botsford street.

Miss Mattie Delahant of Moncton, who has been
the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Delahant, Amherst, for
a short time, returned home Monday.

Mr. Chas. Saunders and Mr. P. A. Peterson,
locomotive engineers of the I. C. R. Truro, have
gone to Hamilton, Ontario, to attend the union
meeting of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engi-
neers.

The Parrboro Leader says, that Mrs. Lase of
Parrboro, has received a cable from her husband
Chaplain Lane, announcing his departure from
Cape Town on July 21 for home. He will come by
the tropic ship Canada.

Mr. Thomas Lang of Boston, is in the city the
guest of Mrs. A. E. Brown.

Miss Fillmore of Sackville, is the guest of Mrs.
S. W. Dimock, Campbellton.

Master Geo. Bradley left for a trip to Boston
Wednesday.

L. K. Jones, secretary of the Department of Rail-
ways and Canals, is in the city, the guest of D.
Pottinger.

Miss Ratray, who has been visiting friends in
Moncton, returned to Charlottetown on Saturday
night.

Mr. Joe Bruce, of Bank of Nova Scotia, has re-
turned from Chatham where he has been relieving
for a few weeks.

Mr. D. C. Sullivan, a former well known Moncton
business man, who has been in the United States
the last few years, is home on a short holiday trip
and is accompanied on his trip east by his
brother, Mr. J. M. Sullivan, of Boston.

WOODSTOCK.

Aug. 8.—Miss Bertha Pallen is visiting her sister
in Boston.

Miss Helen Parley, Andover, is the guest of her
aunt, Mrs. J. T. Gardner.

Misses Lillie and Queene Currie are enjoying a
visit to friends at Houlton.

Mrs. Jarvis Stinson, Boston, is visiting her par-
ents, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Vanwart.

Arthur Bailey with his wife and family, left on
Monday for a vacation trip to Boston.

Fred McLean is home from Nashua. New Hamp-
shire, to spend his holidays with his mother.

Mr. and Mrs. James Foster will leave on Sat-
urday for a trip to Hamilton, Toronto and Montreal.

Rev. D. McLeod, Florenceville, was the guest of
Rev. G. D. Ireland, one day last week.

H. Faxton Baker and family came home Wednes-
day from a two weeks' delightful outing at Skit
Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Jones have returned from their
driving trip, which extended up the Tobique some
40 miles, highly pleased with their journey.

A party of company, Dr. W. D. Cameron, his wife
and family, Mrs. John Wallace and two daughters
of Dr. Colter, are spending a fortnight's outing at
Skit Lake.

Mrs. Geo. S. Wilson, after a visit of some weeks
with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Tompkins,
South Newbride, left on Monday to return to her
home at Kalspell, Montreal.

Miss Buckhart, who has been the guest of the
Misses Denison for some weeks, left on Thursday
for her home in Philadelphia. Miss Katherine
Denison left at the same time to visit friends at
Vermont.

Van Archdeacon Neales left on Wednesday for a
trip to the old country. Mrs. Neales and Miss
Neales have gone to Newport, R. I., to remain
with her daughter, Mrs. Baker, until the Arch-
deacon returns.

THINGS OF VALUE.

Mrs. Hatterton—I don't know what I shall do,
my husband has been so content lately over his
meals at home.

Mrs. Catterton—Why, I didn't know you were
without a cook.

There never was, and never will be, a universal
panacea in any remedy for all ills to which flesh is
subject—the very nature of many curatives being such
that they are good for other and differently seated
diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what
would relieve one ill, in turn would aggravate the
other.

We have, however, in Quinine Wine, which
is obtainable in a sound unadulterated state, a remedy
for many and serious ills. By gradual and in-
dulgent use, the weakest systems are led into con-
fidence and strength, by the influence which
Quinine exerts on Nature's own restorative power,
relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a
chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of
interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing
the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep
—imparts vigor to the system, and, by gradually
strengthening the healthy natural functions of the
system, the most delicate and necessary result,
—strengthening the frame, and giving life to the
digestive organs, which naturally demand increased
assistance—result, improved appetite, North-
western Quinine Wine, has given to the public their
most reliable and safe "cure" rate, and, in order
to give the public the opinion of scientists' this wine ap-
proaches nearest perfection of any in the market.
All druggists sell it.

First Bookkeeper—That Jenks is the witliest
man in the office.

Second Bookkeeper—I never heard him say a
bright thing since I have been here.

First Bookkeeper—No, but he's got wit enough
to laugh heartily every time the boss tells that stale
old chestnut joke of his.

CAREFULLY PREPARED PILLS—Much time and
attention was expended in the experimenting with
the ingredients that enter into the composition of
Farnesie's Vegetable Pills before they were
brought to state in which they were first offered
to the public. Farnesie's other pills may be, but
Farnesie's Vegetable Pills are the result of much ex-
pensive study and all persons suffering from dyspepsia
or disordered liver and kidneys may confidently ac-
cept them as being what they are presented to be.

Mother, angrily—Did I see you playing pitch
and toss with that little urchin boy?

Tommy—Yes, ma.

Mother—Well, don't do it again. Do you hear
me?

Tommy—Yes, ma. I won't do it no more. He
hasn't a ha'penny left.

A SUCCESSFUL MEDICINE—Everyone wishes to
be successful in any undertaking in which they may
be engaged. It is therefore, extremely gratifying to
the proprietors of Farnesie's Vegetable Pills to
know that their efforts to compound a medicine
which would prove a blessing to mankind have been
successful beyond their expectations. The en-
couragement of these pills by the public is a guarantee
that a pill has been prepared which will fulfill
everything claimed for it.

Jinks—I don't believe Danie's description of the
Inferno is correct.

Winks—Why not?

Jinks—Not one of the things said to any other
hell—'It is hot enough for you?

Winks—Like her—Toss a debt of gratitude to
Danie's "Eucalyptus Oil" for curing me of a severe
cold that troubled me nearly all winter. In order
to give a quietus to a hacking cough, take a dose of
Danie's "Eucalyptus Oil" for a day, or other-
wise if the cough still remains it is necessary to
consult a physician.

Litigant—You take blue-tenets of the judgement?
Ornate—Yes.

**Job ...
Printing.**

Are your Letter Heads, Bill Heads, State-
ments, or Envelopes running short? Do you
consider that you could effect a saving in this part
of your business? Why not secure quotations
your work before placing an order?

**Consult
us for
Prices.**

And you will find that you can get Printing of all
kinds done in a manner and style that is bound
to please you. We have lately added new type
to our already well-equipped plant, and are pre-
pared to furnish estimates on all classes of work
at short notice.

**Progress
Department.**

29 to 31 Canterbury Street.

NEWCASTLE.
Aug. 9.—A number of young ladies and gentle-
men held a picnic at Seabear's Island last Wed-
nesday evening.
Miss Swanson, New Glasgow, was the guest of
the Misses Bell last Wednesday.
Miss L. H. Clarke is spending her vacation at
Kingston, Kent Co.
Ald George A. Lonsbury and Miss Maud Lons-
bury left Saturday for Red Head, St. John, to
spend a few days. Mrs. Lonsbury has been at Red
Head for several days.
Dr. Clifford Fish and Mrs. Fish, Melrose, Mass.,
were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Morrison
last week.
Miss Beattie Bell left Saturday for Amherst to
visit friends.
Mrs. Quinn left Saturday evening for Hamilton,
Ont. She was accompanied as far as Montreal by
her daughter, Miss Nan Quinn.
M. F. Morray returned Saturday from Northern
New Brunswick, where he has been rustacing for
some time.
Miss Beattie Yve, Boston, is visiting his parents
Mr. and Mrs. William Yve.
The Misses Loud of Boston, formerly of New-
castle are visiting at their old home.
Mr. Harvey Phinney, Sackville, was the guest
of Mrs. Wm. Touchie and Miss Hill, who have been
visiting friends in Upper Nelson have returned
home.
Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Gibbon and children of New
York city, are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs.
James Jones.
Mrs. W. F. Behie and little son Harold of Mar-
quette, Wisconsin, are visiting with Mr. and Mrs.
James Jones, Mrs. Behie's parents.
Miss Stothart of Newcastle, is a guest at Mr. Geo.
N. Clark's, Kingston.
Miss May Atkinson, Moncton, is a guest of Miss
Sadie Withers at the "Pines".
Miss Gertrude Penney, Fredericton, is expected
here this week to visit her friend, Miss Katie Troy.
Mr. J. Henry Weaver, Central Falls, R. I. and Mr.
Harold C. Robinson, Pawtucket, R. I. both natives
of the Miramichi are on a visit to their old home.
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bell, returned Thursday from a
trip through Nova Scotia. Their two little nieces
the Misses McLeod, Amherst, returned with them.

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

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

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

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

Pulp Wood Wanted
WANTED—Undersized saw logs, such as Batting
or Spilling. Parties having such for sale can corre-
spond with the St. John Pulpine Company, Ltd.,
stating the quantity, price per thousand superficial
feet, and the time of delivery.
M. F. MOONEY.

BOURBON.
ON HAND
75 Bbls. Aged Belle of Anderson
Co., Kentucky.
THOS. L. BURKE

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.
Announcements under this heading not exceeding
five lines (about 25 words) cost 25 cents each
insertion. Five insertions for every additional
line.
HUSTLING YOUNG MAN can make \$60.00
per month and expenses, perma-
nent position, experience unnecessary. Write
quick for particulars. Clark & Co., 4th & Locust
streets, Fall, Pa.

SOCIAL and PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

The past year in Ottawa with Mrs. Dunn's aunt, Mrs. Scott, and who accompanied by Miss Winfield Scott of Ottawa were to arrive in St. John Tuesday. Mr. George Treadwell of Managerville, spent Sunday at Mr. W. H. Boyles's.

Mr. and Mrs. Robinson of St. John is the guest of her sister, Mrs. T. B. Peters. Mrs. Allen of St. John is spending a few weeks here, the guest of Mrs. Edward Simpson.

Miss Mabel Scott of Queenstown is spending a few days with friends here. Masters Clarence F. and Harold N. Price of Moncton are visiting their grandfather the Rev. I. N. Parker.

Mrs. Ross and Miss Edie McDermott, who have been visiting friends here returned home on Monday. Mr. James Gallagher was the guest of Mr. M. Mahoney on Sunday.

Mrs. J. Fitzpatrick of Fall River, Mass., who has been spending a few weeks with her brother Mr. F. Haydon, left for home on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Dineen of St. John are spending a few days with relatives here. Mrs. George Baird was in town on Monday. Miss Maggie Palmer left for home on Monday.

Miss Nellie Sulysa accompanied Miss Palmer to St. John. Mr. Harry Beacom spent Sunday at his home here.

EVANDALE.

Aug. 7.—The attractive scenery and pleasant quarters at Evandale are drawing their quota of summer visitors and last Saturday and Sunday Evandale House was thronged with guests. Among those who are stopping there for a time are Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Peters and son, two sons of Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Vawter and home from the States and will remain for a short visit. Mr. W. A. Henderson and Mrs. Henderson have been spending a few days at the Evandale House. Saturday evening they were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Henderson Sr. and Miss Annie Henderson who remained until Monday.

Mr. Smith of St. John and party are camping out opposite Evandale and enjoying life very much under canvas. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Murdoch and a party of friends are enjoying a time in the Vanwart homestead opposite Evandale.

The Steamer Dream on her trip from Gagetown Friday morning left at 8 a.m. W. B. Quinton of the Sun and Frank McCreedy of the Telegraph at Mr. Vanwart's and then proceeded to cruise to Kingston Creek, the newspaper representatives returning to the city the next day.

Mrs. John B. Case is spending a few weeks at the hotel here. Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Carter and Master George Carter spent Sunday at the Evandale House returning to the city on Monday.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS. [Prose] is for sale in St. Stephen at the bookstore of G. S. Wall and T. E. Acheson.

Aug. 8.—Mr. Wilfrid Eaton and Mrs. Frank Woods gave a picnic last week at Porter's mill stream. Miss Frances L. Lowell has been receiving congratulations upon her engagement to Charles Briggs Lowell of Boston.

Mrs. W. B. Wetmore received a telegram on Sunday summoning her to Manchester, New Hampshire to her son William Wetmore, who is extremely ill. Mrs. Wetmore left for Manchester on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. I. Teed, gave a pleasant picnic at Mrs. George Young's at Oak Bay on Monday afternoon. Miss Rose Brittain left on Monday for Woodstock to visit relatives. Mrs. Henry F. Todd, Mr. and Mrs. Fred F. McNicol and children have gone to St. Andrews to spend this month.

Mrs. W. B. King is spending this week in Pembroke, Me. Mr. and Mrs. Ned Harmon Murchie and family are visiting in Calais. Mrs. Stewart Hutchinson and children are guests this week of Mr. Edwin B. Todd. Miss Rose Brittain, Miss Dora Grimmer, Mr. Fred McCullough and Miss Mamie Graham have returned from Deer Island. Miss Corneil and Miss Taylor who have been Miss Estelle Robinson's guests left on Monday for their home in St. John. Miss Gretchen Yrton has returned from a pleasant visit in Sagville. Mr. and Mrs. Fred F. MacNichol have been entering Dr. and Mrs. George MacNichol at their camp at Clarke's Point. Sterling McFarlane of Fredericton is the guest of his brother, F. G. McFarlane. Miss Shaw of Boston is the guest of her sister, Mrs. F. T. Fole. Miss Nellie Shaw is in St. Andrews visiting Miss Kennedy. Miss Winnifred Dick of St. George is the guest of

"Good Counsel" Has No Price.

Wise advice is the result of experience. The hundreds of thousands who have used Hood's Sarsaparilla, America's Greatest Medicine, counsel those who would purify and enrich the blood to avail themselves of its virtues. He is wise who profits by this good advice. Stomach Troubles—"I was greatly troubled with my stomach, and even the sight of food made me sick. Was tired and languid. A few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla made me feel like myself again." James McKenzie, 350 Gladstone Ave., Toronto, Ont.



Miss Jessie Wall. Mrs. C. N. Vroom and her sons visited Eastport on Saturday. Mrs. Cyrus Walker and her son Talbot Walker of San Francisco, Cal., were recently registered at the St. Croix Exchange. Miss Maud M. M. Beckett of Calais is visiting relatives on Grand Manan. Mrs. Lewis J. McKenzie of Boston, accompanied by her young son, is visiting friends in town. Mrs. C. A. Lindow and the Misses Lindow have returned from a pleasant visit in Woodstock. Mr. and Mrs. D. V. Ludgion of Boston (see Miss Flora Ludgion) are rejoicing by reason of the arrival of a daughter at their home. Mr. Frank Phelan is visiting friends in Providence and Worcester. Chas. Douglas and Miss Bertha Douglas of Lowell Mass., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Lawler. Mrs. J. M. Murchie, Mrs. Frank Tucker and Ralph Horton visited St. Andrews on Saturday. Mrs. C. W. Young took a party of ladies to St. Andrews on Saturday in the Yacht Nautillus for a day's outing. Mrs. Paul Sargent has been visiting Machias. Miss Charlotte Young has returned from a delightful visit in Bangor and vicinity. Mrs. A. E. Neill has returned from DeKosta.

ST. GEORGE.

Aug. 8th.—Fr. John McLeod has been spending a few days in town the guest of Mrs. Andrew Edgewood. After spending a year and over in Colorado Miss Young Kolman has returned home accompanied by her cousin Mrs. H. Boynton who will visit her aunt Mrs. James Kolman. Mrs. Jenkins and Miss Nutter, Boston, are visiting Mrs. Allen Grant. Miss Laura Mearns who spent last week at her aunt's, Mrs. Alex. Campbell, has returned to her home in St. Stephen. Mrs. Loyd of Lowell, Mass., is visiting her daughter Mrs. C. Meadum. Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Davis of Richibucto, have sent a number of their friends the announcement of their daughter Maud's marriage, to Rev. Y. A. King of Providence, R.I., on Wednesday Aug. 10th. Mr. and Mrs. King were at home to their friends after Sept. 10th at 497 Branch ave., Providence R. I. Mr. Charles Young's yacht brought a party of gentlemen to St. George, on Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. Abram Young of St. John are visiting relatives in town. St. Mark's Sunday School held their annual picnic at Canal Point on Thursday; it was a delightful outing, the St. George Band was in attendance. Mr. and Mrs. John Mann and Miss Mann of Winfield Mass. are visiting relatives in town. Miss Ella Dick has returned home for the summer months. It is reported a gentleman doing business at Eastport, will very soon wed one of our popular young ladies. The Mission Band of the E. P. church held their picnic in Dods Grove on Friday. Mr. Daniel Gilmor, Mr. Percy Gilmor, of Montreal and Mr. Churchill Gilmor of New York, arrived in town on Monday.

CHATHAM.

Aug. 9.—Mr. Geo. Russell is home from Boston. Mr. Willie G. Multhead of Boston, Mass., is visiting friends and relatives in town. Mrs. H. Elden Prescott of Boston, is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. John C. Morse, Queen St. Miss Maggie Crosby, who has been studying nursing in the Baltimore general hospital for the past year, is here on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Wm. Scott. Mr. Hall of the Bank of Montreal, has been transferred from Chatham to Peterboro. He will be missed by a large number of lady and gentlemen friends. Mrs. J. D. Creighton, Misses Mollie and Clara Creighton, Mr. and Mrs. Gallagher, Miss Gladys Adams, Miss Alice Lawlor, and the Messrs. Adams of New York, have returned from Church Point. Mr. Jack Hunter has just returned from a visit to Europe. Mr. Hunter spent his time abroad in England and Scotland, and refrained from visiting naughty Paris.

The Japs. When the drummer gently taps Close together swing the Japs; The waxy little, Ratty little Japs, Japs, Japs! All their faces are a-shine As they move in rhythmic line; The happy little, Snappy little Japs, Japs, Japs! They are little, but I know Where they're led they'll surely go; The ready little, Sleazy little Japs, Japs, Japs! They will battle with their might— For they're Britons in a fight! These wily little, Feisty little Japs, Japs, Japs! Jealous of His Frerogative. Manager—What do you mean by using such language? Are you the manager here or am I? Employee—I know I am not the manager. Manager—Very well, then. If you're not the manager, why do you talk like an idiot. She—The author evidently believes in the principle of the greatest good to the greatest number; so you agree with him? He—Oh, yes; only I believe the greatest number is number none.

DOWN TO EARTH.

Proving that Hunger is a Base Enemy to Thing's Romantic. They had just become engaged and acted like husband and wife while baking in the honeymoon. 'I tell you, pet,' he said after a long and pleasant sojourn in the prior, 'tomorrow we will go down to the finest hotel in the city and have dinner. You wear that gray dress that was such a pile of fluff stuff' 'I'll put on my best bib and tucker, and we're bound to make a hit.' 'Oh, you dear old darling! Do you know, I have a mania for swell hotels. When we get rich, we'll live in them, north in the summer and south in the winter, won't we?' 'Y-e-s, of course. Certainly. What you prefer will be my delight, you know. But let's think of tomorrow now. We'll make it a red letter day and a celebration.'

They went into the dining room after scores of guests had assembled, and they did make a stunning appearance. The hum of conversation was stilled, diners nudged each other, and she felt that her heart was growing faint while he enjoyed the unmistakable evidence that they were taken as bride and groom. They were received at a separate table with a flourish. The waiter in charge looked important, put on the high touches of a cake walk as he seated them and then leaned over her shoulder as though her order was a matter of the strictest confidence. Poor girl, she knew as well as did the waiter that their table had concentrated all eyes. The menu showed her as much as a blank piece of paper. It was rich in good things, but it did not convey an idea to her perturbed brain.

'What shall I bring ye' fus', m' lady? She swallowed rapidly, blushed rapidly, wished that she was at home and then said in a low but steady voice: 'I'm not quite in appetite to day. Bring me some ham and eggs.' The Highlander Not Fond of his Kilt in Hot Climates. The Highlander is generally represented as clinging devotedly to his kilt. Even during the early stages of the Boer War we were told that he would rather be a target for the Mauser in his native tartan than either the Boer marksmen by disguising himself in the kilt of the Sassenach. A soldier now serving in a Highland regiment, and judging both by his Christian and surnames he is not one of the numerous Highlanders who are born and bred in London or Dublin, say the talk about the connection between the kilt and esprit de corps is, in his opinion, "sentimental rot." Among Highlanders who have served abroad he questions whether you would find a dozen in any battalion who would not to-morrow exchange their kilts for good serviceable breeches if they had a chance. In a hot climate, he says the Highlander does not live who does not daily 'curse his kilt.'

A man must be pig-headed who would say that he feels comfortable walking about with the thermometer at 100 degrees in the shade and seven yards of coarse tartan encircling his stomach and loins. 'To add to the soldier's discomfort,' he continued, 'the mosquito singles him out for special attention, and he suffers irremediable agony from the bites inflicted on his unprotected limbs. On a Sunday morning in church I have frequently never heard a word of the sermon, being continually occupied in defending myself from these pests. You can see the men doing this by constantly knocking their legs together. And it isn't only mosquitoes, especially when you lie about on the ground. No one knows what the Highland regiments suffered in their way during the Nile expedition of 1898. A civilian can hardly picture to himself the misery of lying about in the desert, with the legs exposed to the broiling sun and to the attacks of innumerable insects mostly venomous, that crawl up the naked body. It is needless to say more about the disadvantage of the kilt in active service.'

RUSSELL SAGE Is 84. And Sticks to Work—Quoted as Saying "I am Good for Life and so is Manhattan." Russell Sage was 84 years old Saturday. Still possessed of remarkable vigor, he celebrated his birthday by working hard all the morning at his office in the Bank of Commerce Building. Then in consciousness of a day well spent he left in the early afternoon for his country home at Lawrence L. A number of friends dropped in at his office to congratulate him upon his anniversary, and one friend had sent him a large bunch of flowers that occupied a conspicuous place on his desk. He was much amused at the observation of a Wall street news agency writer that he was 'a wonder.' The news agency man quoted him as saying that he "was good for 110, and so was Manhattan stock." He laughed and put the bulletin from the agency in his wallet to take home to show Mrs. Sage. Before he went home he said that he was thinking of making a subscription to the new British war loan. "The offering of the loan here," remarked Mr. Sage, "opens a new field for investment, as there has been practically no precedent for it, the British loan of last March, which was also offered here, having been secured by United States investors to so very small an extent as not to count. For the time the balance of trade is largely in favor of the United States and surplus of money is largely in the hands of such men as will appreciate a loan of such high grade. I will be very glad to see it subscribed to a very large extent in this country, as it will only be returning the past favors of British moneyed interests that have been shown to the United States. It is the opening for future loans of a similar character, in my judgment, and I think it will result in great good to both nations both in peace and war. I, myself am inclined to contribute, but helping to make the loan a success, as I believe it will have a very beneficial influence on the minds of the capitalists of the two nations to have it successful. Mr. Sage said he did not care to say how large a subscription he was thinking of making.

How Women Leave Street Cars. With evidence of much mental perplexity, the Hartford Daily Courant, suggests that mankind observe in all seriousness the spectacle of a woman alighting from a street car. This New England critic says: "If you never watched this phenomenon do so today, even if you have to pay five cents just for the privilege. She swives before the car stops, and only kind Providence and a careful conductor prevent her from going out into space while it is still moving. When it does come to a halt she lets herself down with a creak backward that a man could not give himself if he was hired to, and stands so that, if anything should start the car up again before she was entirely disconnected, she would be thrown flat. In a word, the Courant's criticism appears to be based on woman's unaccountable habit of stepping from a street car with her back instead of her face toward the front of the car. No question is raised as to the fact: but just why she alights as she does has for some time been a conundrum. Men, in meeting their car from the rear of the car usually grasp the handle at their left, if there is one, and alight with body turned so that upon reaching the ground they may proceed in the same direction as the car is moving. Of course, if the car is at a stand still it matters little how one steps off, so far as concerns his safety. The Courant explains this peculiarity of women passengers thus: "The trouble is that the backward departure is the only one that lets the skirts hang gracefully in the process." The solution of the problem is inadequate. What is the real reason? Why do women get off the car the wrong way?

A Well Trained Boy. Mr. Godfather had brought up his son according to the good old model which teaches that children shall be seen and not heard, say 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir,' and respect their elders. When Johnnie went to college, he arranged with his father that on his arrival there, if he found everything satisfactory, he would telegraph 'Yes.' When the telegram arrived, the busy father had forgotten what 'Yes' referred to, so he wired back, 'Yes what?' and Johnnie answered, 'Yes, sir.'

Routes to Fekin. The distance from Tien-tsin to Fekin is 80 miles. Besides the railroad, which has

Hotel Silver can hardly be too good. The pattern must be tasty, the plating extra heavy, the metal extra good—in a word, hotel silver-plated knives, forks and spoons should bear this stamp. W.W. ROGERS The kind that lasts. Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co. Wellingford, Conn., and Montreal, Canada.

And Sticks to Work—Quoted as Saying "I am Good for Life and so is Manhattan." Russell Sage was 84 years old Saturday. Still possessed of remarkable vigor, he celebrated his birthday by working hard all the morning at his office in the Bank of Commerce Building. Then in consciousness of a day well spent he left in the early afternoon for his country home at Lawrence L. A number of friends dropped in at his office to congratulate him upon his anniversary, and one friend had sent him a large bunch of flowers that occupied a conspicuous place on his desk. He was much amused at the observation of a Wall street news agency writer that he was 'a wonder.' The news agency man quoted him as saying that he "was good for 110, and so was Manhattan stock." He laughed and put the bulletin from the agency in his wallet to take home to show Mrs. Sage. Before he went home he said that he was thinking of making a subscription to the new British war loan. "The offering of the loan here," remarked Mr. Sage, "opens a new field for investment, as there has been practically no precedent for it, the British loan of last March, which was also offered here, having been secured by United States investors to so very small an extent as not to count. For the time the balance of trade is largely in favor of the United States and surplus of money is largely in the hands of such men as will appreciate a loan of such high grade. I will be very glad to see it subscribed to a very large extent in this country, as it will only be returning the past favors of British moneyed interests that have been shown to the United States. It is the opening for future loans of a similar character, in my judgment, and I think it will result in great good to both nations both in peace and war. I, myself am inclined to contribute, but helping to make the loan a success, as I believe it will have a very beneficial influence on the minds of the capitalists of the two nations to have it successful. Mr. Sage said he did not care to say how large a subscription he was thinking of making.

How Women Leave Street Cars. With evidence of much mental perplexity, the Hartford Daily Courant, suggests that mankind observe in all seriousness the spectacle of a woman alighting from a street car. This New England critic says: "If you never watched this phenomenon do so today, even if you have to pay five cents just for the privilege. She swives before the car stops, and only kind Providence and a careful conductor prevent her from going out into space while it is still moving. When it does come to a halt she lets herself down with a creak backward that a man could not give himself if he was hired to, and stands so that, if anything should start the car up again before she was entirely disconnected, she would be thrown flat. In a word, the Courant's criticism appears to be based on woman's unaccountable habit of stepping from a street car with her back instead of her face toward the front of the car. No question is raised as to the fact: but just why she alights as she does has for some time been a conundrum. Men, in meeting their car from the rear of the car usually grasp the handle at their left, if there is one, and alight with body turned so that upon reaching the ground they may proceed in the same direction as the car is moving. Of course, if the car is at a stand still it matters little how one steps off, so far as concerns his safety. The Courant explains this peculiarity of women passengers thus: "The trouble is that the backward departure is the only one that lets the skirts hang gracefully in the process." The solution of the problem is inadequate. What is the real reason? Why do women get off the car the wrong way?

A Well Trained Boy. Mr. Godfather had brought up his son according to the good old model which teaches that children shall be seen and not heard, say 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir,' and respect their elders. When Johnnie went to college, he arranged with his father that on his arrival there, if he found everything satisfactory, he would telegraph 'Yes.' When the telegram arrived, the busy father had forgotten what 'Yes' referred to, so he wired back, 'Yes what?' and Johnnie answered, 'Yes, sir.'

Routes to Fekin. The distance from Tien-tsin to Fekin is 80 miles. Besides the railroad, which has



Ask the girl who has tested it. Ask any one who has used Surprise Soap if it is not, a pure hard soap; the most satisfactory soap and most economical. Those who try Surprise always continue to use it. SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap.

ARE SUPPLIED IN VARIOUS QUALITIES FOR ALL PURPOSES. Pure, Antiseptic, Emollient. F. C. CALVERT & CO. Manchester.

BRANDIES! Landing ex "Corean." Quarts or Pints. THOS. L. BOURKE, 25 WATER STREET. FARM HELP.

ANYONE IN NEED OF FARM HELP should apply to Hon. A. T. Dunn at St. John, as a number of young men who have lately arrived from Great Britain are seeking employment. Applicants should give class of help wanted and any particulars with regard to kind of work, wages given, period of employment to right man, etc. probably been wholly destroyed, there are two cart routes. The country is flat, and often deep in mud. There is another route, over which a part of the allied forces may march. This starts at Shan Hai Kwan, and follows the line of an ancient Chinese road. Most of the way it is paralleled by a railway track, connecting with Port Arthur. This route is nearly 100 miles longer than the other, but the local conditions are far more favorable.

"Do you take an interest in politics, Mrs. Goliathly?" "Oh, yes; I do wish my husband was running for something. Our porch is just lovely this summer with all our new prairie-grass chairs, hammocks, matting, rugs and things."

"David was a good fighter," said the professional pugilist, "but he had some hard luck." "You mean the David who slew Goliath?" "Yes. He could have made a mint of money out of that if moving pictures had only been invented then."

"I believe you boarded with your wife's mother before the happy event. Did you have any trouble in convincing her that you were the right man for a son-in-law?" "Not after I paid her a week's board in advance."

"I hope I am not governed by any merely worldly motive," remarked the Salvation Army officer, in sending out our prettiest girls to sell War Crys, but I can't help noticing that they dispose of twice as many as the others do."

"It astonishes me," said the Cornfed Philosopher, "when I think of the vast number of men who are always figuring, but don't count."

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1900.

TOWN TALES.

Another-Pro-Boer Scheme-Canadian Independence.

The New York Sun was correct when it told of the thousands of "Canadian-Independence" buttons being shipped in this country, for Progress saw one of them right here in St. John during the week.

The people making the "Independence" buttons are speculators, and keen ones too, or else secret agencies in the Dominion have ordered them. This latter supposition is just as probable as the former. Canada does not seem to be the land, loving Canada as she appears to the outside world.

We need go no further than our own dear city of Loyalists—at one time wholly loyal—to find bad spots in the fruit, or flaws in fabric. Every day may be heard disloyal views expressed, unpatriotic and un-Canadian words spoken, while it is a candid fact that there are certain people about town who openly disavow their love for Canada and the Mother Country.

Is it any wonder then that these buttons demanding independence for Canada are being literally distributed. The New York Sun in the course of its article says: "Notwithstanding the Canadian customs seizure of a recent large consignment of "Canadian Independence" buttons, it is quite evident that many of the significant emblems have found their way into the country. These are now being worn on the lapels of the coats of a number of people.

For some years there has been in parts of Nova Scotia and Ontario, as well as in Montreal, a small but important faction of English speaking Canadians, who look forward to the independence of Canada. Among the French Canadian the proportion of independents is very much larger. Many of them occupy seats in Parliament. Sir Wilfrid Laurier himself has said that he favors the future independence of the country. Mr. Monet, M. P., in a letter protesting against the sending of Canadian troops to Africa, wrote: "I am not in favor of spending a cent to knit closer the bonds which unite us to Great Britain. We have hardly anything in common with the old continent. I am a Canadian and my ideal is to see Canada take rank among the independent nations as soon as she is sufficiently developed."

There's a big Newfoundland dog in town that is becoming noted for his peace-making proclivities.

A Dog That is a Policeman. "Yip" is his name and Jas. Crawford the Main street bookstore man is his owner. Ever since his puphood "Yip" has been imbued with a spirit of peace and goodwill, and no opportunity is let pass whereby he can get in a little of his missionary work. Now he is a great big dog, and full-fledged as a quarrel interrupter, seems to know as well as a human being when persons are sparring in fun or in earnest.

If in earnest "Yip" commences to dance about in a sort of a worried manner and finally plants his two front paws on the chest of first one and then the other of the fighters, until he has stopped the row. If the scrappers do not take kindly to his efforts he growls and snarls viciously until he is respected. Only a few times his tactics have failed.

Mr. Crawford says it nearly breaks "Yip's" heart to see the newsboys and street gents in their boisterous play, for at times it is hard for the dog to tell whether they are quarrelling or not. Frequently he takes chances and

"flooers" a couple of them for fear they are becoming a little too earnest and broil-some. Bad boys and juvenile delinquents in general have learned to demean themselves unusually proper when hanging about the big windows of Mr. Crawford's shop, for "Yip" is a whole police force in himself. The other night a badly bred chap, after gaping for full a quarter hour at the dime novels and other literature to his liking, deliberately thumped the plate glass with his arm as he turned to go away. To this might have been damage he added the insult of a cud of tobacco.

Mr. Crawford was in the back shop at the time, but the sound on the window brought him soon to the door. "Yip" was on hand and was told all about the bad boy's depredations. The fleeing youngster was pointed out, and in less than a half minute the terrified culprit was lying on the sidewalk at the head of Long wharf, the dog holding him down with his front paws. He didn't offer to bite but gave the kid a good fright. When the policeman asked Mr. Crawford what the dog was doing with the boy, the whole circumstance was explained. The consequence is the bookstore front will have less bad boys going through it a. a. e. r. t. h. s.

The attention of passersby was more than attracted by the cries of a clad little girl in front of Loy's drinking fountain in King Square last Saturday afternoon. Somebody asked her what she was crying for.

"I put me-e eight cents on a there (pointing to the drinking tank ledge) and forgot all about it. When I went back it wasn't there!" "boo! hoo! hoo!" Then a small crowd collected and a few men further interrogated the weeping child. She told her story and over again. A man offered her ten cents, but she refused. He insisted and she sobbed under my house, and my servants were told that they could come into it any time they heard the bugle.

Lizzie did come in a few times, when she was handy, but as a rule she did not bother, and was really very plucky.

John, or "Zeb", preferred to get behind big water tank. I don't think that would have saved him, but he was happy there; so that was all right.

He was very funny. One day we heard Lizzie lecturing him about something, and he retorted: "Don't make such a noise! I can't hear the gun go off."

The boom of that gun would have extinguished a megaphone.

THE LATE PRINCE ALFRED. Stories About Him Which May or May Not Be True.

Many of the newspaper biographers of the late Prince Alfred, Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, overlook the fact that he was one of America's royal list of royal guests. Several years ago, while a midshipman in the British navy, he made a brief stop at Vancouver Island, and was entertained at a ball given by the governor. He was very much struck by the appearance of a girl who seemed to be the belle of the assemblage when he entered the room, and learned by enquiry that she was the daughter of the governor, whose wife was a full blooded Indian. The Prince asked the honor of a dance, but the girl having been educated at a finishing school in Portland, Oregon, held her head very high, and not knowing the Prince's social status, responded that the governor's daughter was entitled to dance with officers of higher rank than midshipman. The Prince took the remark good naturedly. It's time for revenge came when one of the governor's suite, not knowing of what had happened, begged His Highness's permission to present the governor's daughter as a partner for the next waltz. The Prince politely declined, remarking that his mother would be deeply mortified to hear that he had danced with a squaw.

Another story of his visit describes a Canadian guide as pointedly remarking to him: "I had the honor, Your Highness, to show your royal brother, the Prince of Wales, over this same path, and he presented me with this magnificent gold watch."

"Ah, indeed!" answered Prince Alfred dryly. "That's more than he ever did for me."

In naval circles it is recalled that the Duke was not a favorite among the brother officers, being too forgetful of professional etiquette. A certain British admiral has often referred to a visit paid him by Prince Alfred when their ships lay in the same harbor.

The prince, in his capacity as a captain, paid his respects to the higher officer, but was so inconsiderate as to appear in plain clothes. The admiral's rebuke was not less pointed because indirect when he said: "It would have given me sincere pleasure to extend hospitalities of my ship to the Duke of Edinburgh—this with a glance which swept the Prince's whole attire, from the captain of the Galatea."

It is but just to the Prince's good sense to say that he returned to his ship, donned his ceremonial uniform, and repeated his visit in becoming fashion.

The passenger in the sleeping car, awakened by the stopping of the train, pushed aside the blind and looked out. "Blitz & Schlath," "Kumpff & Donnerwetter," "Schligel & Knopff," Leopold Schwartzscheimer," he said, reading the business signs that met his eye. Well, I see we've got to Milwaukee."

"Stop!" she cried, as he attempted to kiss her. "You must."

He, having had but little experience in this sort of thing, was inclined to take her at her word. She noticed it, and hastened to repeat: "Stop! You messed—my hair. Take be resumed, but more carefully."

Farmer Hornbeak—Uncle Lyman Swank is the strongest old man I ever seen! Farmer Hawback—How's that, Easy? Farmer Hornbeak—Why, no matter what kind of a story ye tell him, it never reminds him of anything!

"Bobby, come into the house this minute; I want to give you a bath."

"Now, ma, don't you order me round so or I'll get irritated like pa."

Lady—I'm afraid you don't like work, my good man.

Tramp—How can I, ma'am, as it killed my wife?

HE WANTED A PICTURE.

Scientist who Braved Danger to Photograph an Alligator's Nest.

A picture of a battle between a negro and an alligator is not to be obtained every day. An Eastern scientist, who was collecting specimens near Manson's Shoals on the Brazos River, Texas, recently had the good luck to get one. The New York Press says he had offered Sharp, his negro guide, a dollar apiece for ten or twelve alligator eggs, provided there was a chance to photograph the nest.

As on a shoulder, the old darky escorted the professor, who carried his camera, along the beach between the river and a jungle. The guide was discouragingly leary on the ways of alligators when he suddenly stopped within a few feet of a nestful of shining eggs, and looked around cautiously in evident trepidation.

"Boss," said he, "I guess you better climb a tree, 'kase you don't look like you could 'ave very far." "Spec' dar am 'gators round here."

The scientist cast a glance over the immediate locality, and since nothing in the shape of a gator fell within the scope of his vision, he hurriedly began to make preparations to take a photograph of the eggs.

"Just a'd right there a moment, Mr. Sharp, and look scored, and I will soon— But he did not finish the sentence.

There was a noise in the jungle which sounded like an ox running through brush and over logs, accompanied by a hissing reminding one of escaping steam; and as the negro sprang into the air with a yell the scientist saw a monster alligator sliding out of the jungle. As the creature slid over the sand toward the negro it emitted ruddy barks, not unlike the croaking of a monster bull-frog mingled with the howling of a bull.

The darky's ears had deceived him in one particular. He had tried to locate the position of the approaching enemy, and his second jump nearly landed him in the open jaws of the enraged gator. His axe fell from his nerveless hands, and with a howl of terror that alarmed the birds in the trees, he ran in another direction.

The man of science was too much interested in his camera to comprehend the

serious relationship that was apparently about to be established between the mad gator's jaws and his old guide's legs. He took a snap shot at the proper moment, and hurriedly prepared to take another.

The negro was not fighting his first battle. He had moved through the woods before with an alligator at his heels, and it had been his usual practice to induce a young and foolish hound to fall behind him. While the alligator was eating the dog the negro never failed to escape.

He now thought of running over the picture maker, convinced that such a ratagem would give him time to get away while the alligator was gulping down the stupid photographer and his camera. He thought, as he afterward said, "Dat a white man who had no better sense dan to be fool'n' round making pictures while a 'gator was 'most eat'n' up a nigger wuz jes' about de proper food to satisfy an old 'gator's appetite."

But more humane impulses prevailed, and he circled round the nest and recovered his axe. Reaching a place where he could swing it, he suddenly turned and drove the axe deep into the alligator's head.

WHEN THE BOERS IS POPULAR. Political Agitators in Cuba Rejoice Because Our Troops are Being Sent to China.

"There is only one place in all Christendom where the Chinaman is now looked upon with admiration," said the man just back from Cuba. "This is down around Havana, where the professional howlers for immediate independence are bunched the thickest. These fellows look on the 'Chink' as a blessing, ever if they're trying to measure all the Christians in the Empire. The agitators attribute the recall of half of our troops from Cuba to the need for them in China to protect our citizens and interests out there and they think it will hurry along independence for their beloved land. They hope for all sorts of trouble in China so that the United States will have to send more troops, and this they expect will free the island of the last American soldier. They want the American government kept so busy in the Philippines and in China that it won't have the men, money or time to fool with Cuba."

Humors of the Siege. In times of long-continued danger, men often seek to relieve the strain by turning to account anything which can be called a joke. The brave defenders of Kimberley found plenty to laugh at even in times of bombardment, and the recently published journal of Dr. Oliver A. Heals stress on the humors of the siege.

It was very funny to see all the town's big swells either fetching their most themselves or sending a member of their family for it. Parson's lawyers, doctors, business men—we were all there, and it was a huge joke that we were all in the same box; but it is well that the joke didn't last too long.

At times the shelling was very severe, and buglers were constantly on duty to give warning when the big siege guns of the Boers were fired. If the bugler got his little tune off smart, there were about fifteen seconds in which to dodge under a wall or crash into your fort.

Men took this convenience in different ways. One nervous man was actually seen to put up an umbrella when the bugler sounded the warning of a coming shell, while when another exploded within a few yards of an Irish policeman, the only notice he took of it was to remark: "Begob, fwat will they be playin' at next?"

I had a shell proof fort constructed

under my house, and my servants were told that they could come into it any time they heard the bugle.

Lizzie did come in a few times, when she was handy, but as a rule she did not bother, and was really very plucky.

John, or "Zeb", preferred to get behind big water tank. I don't think that would have saved him, but he was happy there; so that was all right.

He was very funny. One day we heard Lizzie lecturing him about something, and he retorted: "Don't make such a noise! I can't hear the gun go off."

The boom of that gun would have extinguished a megaphone.

THE LATE PRINCE ALFRED. Stories About Him Which May or May Not Be True.

Many of the newspaper biographers of the late Prince Alfred, Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, overlook the fact that he was one of America's royal list of royal guests. Several years ago, while a midshipman in the British navy, he made a brief stop at Vancouver Island, and was entertained at a ball given by the governor. He was very much struck by the appearance of a girl who seemed to be the belle of the assemblage when he entered the room, and learned by enquiry that she was the daughter of the governor, whose wife was a full blooded Indian. The Prince asked the honor of a dance, but the girl having been educated at a finishing school in Portland, Oregon, held her head very high, and not knowing the Prince's social status, responded that the governor's daughter was entitled to dance with officers of higher rank than midshipman. The Prince took the remark good naturedly. It's time for revenge came when one of the governor's suite, not knowing of what had happened, begged His Highness's permission to present the governor's daughter as a partner for the next waltz. The Prince politely declined, remarking that his mother would be deeply mortified to hear that he had danced with a squaw.

Another story of his visit describes a Canadian guide as pointedly remarking to him: "I had the honor, Your Highness, to show your royal brother, the Prince of Wales, over this same path, and he presented me with this magnificent gold watch."

"Ah, indeed!" answered Prince Alfred dryly. "That's more than he ever did for me."

In naval circles it is recalled that the Duke was not a favorite among the brother officers, being too forgetful of professional etiquette. A certain British admiral has often referred to a visit paid him by Prince Alfred when their ships lay in the same harbor.

The prince, in his capacity as a captain, paid his respects to the higher officer, but was so inconsiderate as to appear in plain clothes. The admiral's rebuke was not less pointed because indirect when he said: "It would have given me sincere pleasure to extend hospitalities of my ship to the Duke of Edinburgh—this with a glance which swept the Prince's whole attire, from the captain of the Galatea."

It is but just to the Prince's good sense to say that he returned to his ship, donned his ceremonial uniform, and repeated his visit in becoming fashion.

The passenger in the sleeping car, awakened by the stopping of the train, pushed aside the blind and looked out. "Blitz & Schlath," "Kumpff & Donnerwetter," "Schligel & Knopff," Leopold Schwartzscheimer," he said, reading the business signs that met his eye. Well, I see we've got to Milwaukee."

"Stop!" she cried, as he attempted to kiss her. "You must."

He, having had but little experience in this sort of thing, was inclined to take her at her word. She noticed it, and hastened to repeat: "Stop! You messed—my hair. Take be resumed, but more carefully."

Farmer Hornbeak—Uncle Lyman Swank is the strongest old man I ever seen! Farmer Hawback—How's that, Easy? Farmer Hornbeak—Why, no matter what kind of a story ye tell him, it never reminds him of anything!

"Bobby, come into the house this minute; I want to give you a bath."

"Now, ma, don't you order me round so or I'll get irritated like pa."

Lady—I'm afraid you don't like work, my good man.

Tramp—How can I, ma'am, as it killed my wife?



The girl has tested it. One who has used it up if it is not, a person the most satisfactory most economical. Who try Sursepe continue to use it. E is a pure hard Soap.

ARE SUPPLIED IN VARIOUS QUALITIES FOR ALL PURPOSES. Sepsitic, Emollient.

ANDIES! ex "Corean." Quarts or Pints and duty paid. L. BURKE, WATER STREET.

NEED OF FARM apply to Hon. A. T. John, as a number of who have lately arrived Britain are seeking em-plicants should give wanted and any partic-rt of the allied forces may period of employment etc.

holly destroyed, there are The country is flat, and ad. There is another route, rt of the allied forces may starts at Shan Hai Kwan, line of an ancient Chinese he way it is paralleled by a connecting with Port Arthur early 100 miles longer than the local conditions are far

an interest in politics, do wish my husband was ething. Our porch is just ner with all our new prairie-mocks, matting, rugs and

a good fighter," said the gillist, "but he had some he David who slew Goliath" ould have made a mint o' at if moving pictures had ted them."

u boarded with your wife's e happy event. Did you le in convincing her that ight man for a son-in-law? paid her a week's board in

not governed by any mere-ve," remarked the Salvation sending out our prettiest ar Cry, but I can't help ay dispose of twice as many

me," said the Cornfed when I think of the vast who are always figuring,

When Stormy Winds Do Blow.

IN TWO INSTALLMENTS.

CHAPTER I.

'Yes!' mused Sir Humphrey Tempest, as he stood at the library window and meditatively over the spacious grounds belonging to the Court, his ancient ancestral home; 'I'm too old and too settled in my habits to marry now; I've left it too late. I am in the red and yellow, and always disapproved of unequal marriages. How can any man of my age ever genuinely believe he has really won the heart of a beautiful girl? It is against Nature, and underneath her smiling acquiescence, I fear I should soon detect an aching heart, or, perchance, a worldly, mercenary spirit. No! I shall never contract a marriage myself, and, therefore, I must accede to Graham's request, that I set my affairs in order, and nominate my heir without further loss of time.'

Graham was the family solicitor, who had taken upon himself the rather unpleasant task of writing to his client, Sir Humphrey Tempest, to remind him that, as he had now just reached his sixtieth birthday, without taking into his account the fact that his positive duty either to marry at once or choose some relative for his heir, and make his will accordingly.

Just at first the letter was extremely unpalatable.

No one likes to have his probable early death set before him in plain black and white, and the baronet felt inclined to use rather strong language about Graham's "confounded interference"; but after the slight pause which ensued on reading the letter, he admitted that the man of law was justified in setting the bare facts of the case before him.

'After all, he only says that, if I ever mean to marry, it is quite time I set about it; in which he is right. It was time long ago, and is too late now. That being freely admitted I am brought to the second point of his argument—namely, the selection of my heir.'

'Well, there can be little difficulty over that. Whom should I choose but Claude, my brother's orphan son, the lad I have brought up as my own.'

'Point number two settled. I will make my will at once, and leave all I possess to Claude. But stay!—struck by a sudden thought—the lad shows only too clear signs of following my example and remaining a bachelor. Now, that's all very well for me, but I cannot permit him to do it.'

'Claude must settle down and marry, with my approval, upon which I bequeath the Court and my whole fortune to him and his heirs for ever. Yes,—briskly—'that provides for everything. I'll see Graham to-morrow, and set things in train. Claude is a good lad, and will do exactly as I wish.'

'Now, who shall the girl be? Lady Mabel Clarke, of course. I'll invite her and her people to spend a month here, and have him come home to meet them. No other guests. One handsome young man, one pretty girl, and the rest old fogies. The very thing! And at the end of the month, they'll be iathoms deep in love, and imploring me to consent to their marriage.'

Delighted with the result of his cogitation, the baronet dashed off the necessary letters—one to Mr. Graham, with full instructions for the draft of his will; one to the Clarkes, inviting them to take pity on a lonely old bachelor, and spend Christmas at his dull country mansion; and the third to his nephew, Claude, requesting a visit from him, without giving an inkling as to the special reason for desiring his presence there at that particular time.

'My dear boy,' he wrote, 'just a line to say that, of course, you will spend Christmas with me. No doubt it will be rather dull for you; but I am getting into the red and yellow, and look upon you as a son. I write in good time, to prevent your entering into other arrangements, and hope to see you in three weeks from this date.'

'Your affectionate uncle, HUMPHREY.'

Claude did not hesitate a moment on receipt of the letter, but dashed off an impulsive reply—

'R-ckon upon my turning up punctually at the date mentioned by you,' he wrote. 'Not only this Christmas, but every succeeding one I hope to spend with the man who has been a father to me ever since my own was taken. My duty as well as inclination will bring me to the Court in three weeks' time.'

Then he replied to have a-dozen other invitations which he had received, declining them without allowing himself time to regret.

Perhaps he had to suppress a faint inclination to sigh when he came to Lady Buckle's, but he did not hesitate a moment. 'Jolly place,' he murmured, 'no time to be gloomy or sad there, always something on and plenty of life about the house. Still, I can go there later, and it would be very dreary for my uncle to be alone at the Court. I'll post there at once.'

He set out for the village—he was staying in the heart of the country, with some friends, for the shooting season—and was half a mile from his destination when a loud cry 'Help!' and threats of vengeance in a hoarse voice struck upon his ear. Glancing hastily all round to take in the bearings of the piece, he paused a moment to try and find out what was the matter.

'None of that now,' said the gruff voice menacingly. 'Just hand over your purse and valuables if you want to save your life. It's no use you calling for 'help,' 'cos there isn't anybody who can help you but me, and I mean to help myself,' with a chuckle at his own humor. 'Nobody ever comes through this coppice in winter, so it you called all night no one would hear. Come, now, hand over those things and don't keep me waiting.'

'Take the purse,' replied a girl's voice in sweet, pleading tones, which went to the unseen listener's very heart, 'and the watch, too, but leave me the locket—it has hair in it that belonged to my dead mother.'

'Well, I can't help that, can I?' mumbled. 'I'm none of your fancy gentlemen highwaymen. I want all I can get; so just you hand over everything before I can count twenty, or I'll help myself with a blow which might spoil that pretty face of yours,' sneeringly.

Claude had crept noiselessly up behind them, and he came between the trees, over the soft velvet turf, just as the villainous tramp put his hand on the girl's throat, in the effort to wrench her treasured locket from its resting place.

With one bound Claude was upon him, hurling him to the ground, and placing his foot upon him.

'Thank heaven for sending me help!' said the girl, pale as a statue, and trembling from head to foot. 'You were only just in time. I am sure that, after he had taken these things, he meant to kill me. I saw it in his eyes.'

'I was a fool for being so long about it,' said a surly voice from the ground. 'I ought to have killed you first and helped myself afterwards. Come, how long are you going to keep me here?'

'I'm going to take you to the police-station,' replied Claude sternly.

'You must be stronger than you look, then, if you can carry both of us at the same time,' was the taunting reply, 'for I won't walk a step, and if you weren't too foolish, you'd have known better than to choose this way for your short cut to the village. Why, there isn't a man, woman, or child who knows these parts who'd be seen here after dark, and it's twilight now.'

He spoke the truth; already the sky was changing to grey.

Then, again, the girl did look dazed and ill—certainly not fit to walk without help—so Claude removed his foot from her twisted chest; and, not waiting for permission, the ruffian sprang up and darted out of sight like a hare.

'We had better leave this place at once,' said Claude gently, as he drew the girl's arm through his own. 'I thought it was better to take care of you than waste time over him. I can give his description to the police. Let me see you safely home. I suppose you do not live very far from here?'

'I am staying at The Chestnuts,' she replied quickly. 'I came there yesterday. My name is Vere Chetwynd, and I am a visiting one of my schoolfellows, Elsie Buckle.'

'Oh!' with an accent of undisguised pleasure, 'I know the Buckles very well; in fact—with a laugh—'I was on my way to post a letter to her ladyship, when the sound of your voice called me from the main road. My name is Claude Tempest; you may have heard it—'

'Oh, yes!' delightedly. 'You are going to spend Christmas with us.'

A slight cloud crossed his face as he replied hesitatingly—

'Unfortunately I am not able to do so. My letter is to decline their most kind invitation.'

Her face fell unmistakably, and a pang shot through his heart.

For a moment he looked at the letter as if about to tear it into shreds, and change the refusal into acceptance.

She was so very pretty, and her eyes told him she wanted him to come.

Never had he felt such a sudden, strange attraction towards anyone.

Something had entered his heart to which hitherto he had been a stranger.

The girl was too modest to attempt to influence his decision, but also too guileless to be able to hide successfully the sweet anxiety in her lovely eyes.

It was a strong temptation, to which he nearly succumbed.

Then he said slowly—

'It is a real disappointment to me to have to refuse Lady Buckle's invitation but I will tell you why I do so. My parents died when I was a mere child, leaving me practically alone in the world, save for an uncle to whose care they commended me. Most

people would have thought he had fulfilled the charge very well if he had merely paid for his education and given me a home for the holidays, and a start in life. The actual case was quite different. He treated me as a son, and, I really believe, remained single on my account. Now that I am able to look after myself, he is getting old and lonely. Such times as Christmas are dull and wearisome to him. He longs for my society. It seems only fair to consider him before myself. Therefore, firmly—I am going to refuse Lady Buckle's invitation, and go home to my uncle.'

Vere's eyes sparkled with approval. With all a woman's quickness of perception, she had seen the momentary conflict in his mind, and rejoiced at the result, though she lost by it.

'You have chosen rightly,' she replied. 'I too, am an orphan, and can realize what a debt of gratitude you owe your second father. When I leave Lady Buckle's I mean to go to stay with my uncle and aunt. I hope I may find them one tenth part as good to me as your uncle has been to you.'

When they reached the Chestnuts, Claude parted from his new friend with the utmost reluctance.

They had tacitly arranged that he was to call and be formally introduced on the following day.

Needless to say, he did so, and Lady Buckle only too delighted to find he was staying so near her country house, pressed him into the service of impromptu dances, private theatricals, and so on.

If she could not have him for Christmas, she would do the next best thing, and have him before.

So it turned out that 'shooting, took up very little of his time, and each day found him at Vere's side, more and more in love, and longing earnestly for the hour when he could stand boldly forth as her suitor.

Just then it was impossible.

Vere's legal guardian was abroad, and not expected home for some months; while Claude felt that, before he asked anyone to be his wife, he must obtain his uncle's consent.

Therefore they hid their love from the rest of the house, and when Claude had to make his adieux, he only whispered in Vere's ear—

'We shall meet again, and soon. You will trust me and wait for me, dearest?'

To which she replied frankly—

'All my life, Claude; you were first, and there will be no other to the end of time.'

Half eagerly, half reluctantly, he bled him to the court, making no doubt of finding it rather dull after the gaiety of the Chestnut.

Great was his surprise, consequently, to find there were guests at the court also, and his uncle, so far from being lonely and depressed, full of life and spirits.

J at when first he began to see through Sir Humphrey's plans even he himself did not know, but gradually the fact was borne in upon him with irresistible force. He found himself constantly with Lady Mabel Clarke.

Everyone in the place conspired to throw him in her way, and she accepted all his forced attentions with complacent approval.

Try as he would, he could not change the state of affairs—it was soon evident to him what everyone desired and expected from him, herself included, and he felt that his position was becoming serious.

Sir Humphrey either would not or could not, take his hints of a previous attachment elsewhere, and, indeed, the baronet had worked himself up to believe that Lady Mabel was the only girl in the world who was suitable to be his nephew's wife.

She was a tall handsome woman of stately presence, with a great idea of her own importance, yet clever enough to carry favor with the rich uncle in whose hands lay all the power and actual wealth.

If he announced his intention of making Claude his heir, she would gladly marry the young man.

Failing Claude, however, she meant to try for Sir Humphrey himself.

The month wore away without the baronet's nephew making the slightest effort to win her for his wife.

She and her parents were furious at his indifference, and cleverly contrived to make Sir Humphrey believe that his nephew had trifled with her affections.

The simple-minded bayonet only too easily fell into the trap. He mistook his own wishes for Claude's intentions, and told him, point blank, that he must propose to Lady Mabel without further delay.

In blank dismay, the young man refused, and attempted to explain how matters really stood. In vain, however.

Sir Humphrey, when he did get angry, entirely lost his self-control, and raged like a hurricane.

'You ungrateful fellow!' he cried, 'to treat me so, after all I have done for you. I adopt you, remain single for your sake, and never ask a favor of you all these years, except one—to marry a beautiful, well-born girl, in return for doing which I am prepared to settle my whole fortune upon you. Once for all, Claude, will you obey me or not?'

'I cannot, sir, for I love another,' replied his nephew.

'You did not think me worthy of your confidence—sarcastically—since I have heard nothing of it.'

'I have tried a score of times to introduce the subject during the past month, but failed.'

'Bah! I trumped up excuse. You will either marry Lady Mabel, or leave my house forever. I disinherit you—'

'Do not decide hastily,' said Claude; 'take time for consideration. I have never disobeyed you in anything. For the money I care not; but do not let us part in anger—'

'This is the only time I have ever put your obedience to the test. Either propose to Lady Mabel, or go—'

'At least give me time—degenerately—you are demanding my whole life.'

'I will give you three months' grace—'

DON'T FRET ABOUT THE WET, BUT GET



PACKARD'S SHOE DRESSING
AND KEEP YOUR FEET DRY.
YOUR SHOES WILL BE PRESERVED AND WELL SHINED.
At all Shoe Stores. In All Colors. Black, Tan, Brown, etc.
L. H. PACKARD & CO.
25c. & 15c. Sizes. MONTREAL.

not a day more. 'So be it,' replied Claude; 'and whatever decision I come to means wretchedness for me. I love only two people in all the world, and one of the other must be given up; the future will decide which.'

CHAPTER II.

'Then you have spoken to the girl herself, and she quite understands the honor you wish to pay her?'

'Quite. I proposed to her last night at Lady Howard's ball. I even ventured to point out to her all the advantages which would accrue to her from a marriage with a man in my position. But she really showed such an amount of obstinacy and blindness to the situation, that I was not a little chagrined and surprised, and certainly the expression of Silas Gorman's face was not only chagrined and surprised, but angry and sulky as well.'

From his point of view, it was wickedly absurd of a girl in Vere Chetwynd's anomalous position to hesitate for a moment in jumping at the chance of marrying him, when half the women he knew made a dead set at him, and eagerly strove with each other to secure him for their husband.

Silas Gorman was one of these individuals upon whom the god of gold and plenty seemed to smile.

He had inherited a very large fortune from his father, and, having a keen eye for business, had almost doubled it since he came into his possession, until, at thirty-five, he found himself in the proud position of a millionaire whose smile was sought by men and women alike, the scycophant world at his feet.

He looked like a man who had lived almost too well, and was pompous, and oppressed with his own importance.

Having now 'made his pile' and taken first rank in the commercial world, he began to hanker for higher things; the entrance into 'society,' and the rank of Member of Parliament—that hall mark of a self-made man.

Possessed as he was of a golden key, he found the gates of society not very difficult to open—a famine in some far off country proved a veritable god-send to him, and, finding his first large cheque bringing in handsome returns, he followed it up with others of charities of all kinds.

He found himself within measurable reach of the result he so ardently desired. One of his staunchest supporters, Lady Buckle, assured him privately that the only thing he now needed to firmly secure his footing in the halls of the aristocrats, would be to select for himself a young, pretty, well-born wife, who could spend his money, rule his household, entertain lavishly, and drag him upwards with her to the very top of the tree.

From that day all social gatherings acquired a new interest for him, and every fresh girl he was introduced to received her heed of attention, for he was quite alive to his own value, and meant to get a good exchange for his money.

Then a most provoking thing happened. Going by chance to a ball given by Lady Chetwynd, a handsome matron with half a dozen daughters on her hands, he met a Miss Vere Chetwynd quite the prettiest girl he had ever seen, and, as if by magic, he became charmed with her rare beauty.

One of his staunchest supporters, Lady Buckle, assured him privately that the only thing he now needed to firmly secure his footing in the halls of the aristocrats, would be to select for himself a young, pretty, well-born wife, who could spend his money, rule his household, entertain lavishly, and drag him upwards with her to the very top of the tree.

From that day all social gatherings acquired a new interest for him, and every fresh girl he was introduced to received her heed of attention, for he was quite alive to his own value, and meant to get a good exchange for his money.

Then a most provoking thing happened. Going by chance to a ball given by Lady Chetwynd, a handsome matron with half a dozen daughters on her hands, he met a Miss Vere Chetwynd quite the prettiest girl he had ever seen, and, as if by magic, he became charmed with her rare beauty.

One of his staunchest supporters, Lady Buckle, assured him privately that the only thing he now needed to firmly secure his footing in the halls of the aristocrats, would be to select for himself a young, pretty, well-born wife, who could spend his money, rule his household, entertain lavishly, and drag him upwards with her to the very top of the tree.

From that day all social gatherings acquired a new interest for him, and every fresh girl he was introduced to received her heed of attention, for he was quite alive to his own value, and meant to get a good exchange for his money.

Then a most provoking thing happened. Going by chance to a ball given by Lady Chetwynd, a handsome matron with half a dozen daughters on her hands, he met a Miss Vere Chetwynd quite the prettiest girl he had ever seen, and, as if by magic, he became charmed with her rare beauty.

One of his staunchest supporters, Lady Buckle, assured him privately that the only thing he now needed to firmly secure his footing in the halls of the aristocrats, would be to select for himself a young, pretty, well-born wife, who could spend his money, rule his household, entertain lavishly, and drag him upwards with her to the very top of the tree.

From that day all social gatherings acquired a new interest for him, and every fresh girl he was introduced to received her heed of attention, for he was quite alive to his own value, and meant to get a good exchange for his money.

Then a most provoking thing happened. Going by chance to a ball given by Lady Chetwynd, a handsome matron with half a dozen daughters on her hands, he met a Miss Vere Chetwynd quite the prettiest girl he had ever seen, and, as if by magic, he became charmed with her rare beauty.

One of his staunchest supporters, Lady Buckle, assured him privately that the only thing he now needed to firmly secure his footing in the halls of the aristocrats, would be to select for himself a young, pretty, well-born wife, who could spend his money, rule his household, entertain lavishly, and drag him upwards with her to the very top of the tree.

From that day all social gatherings acquired a new interest for him, and every fresh girl he was introduced to received her heed of attention, for he was quite alive to his own value, and meant to get a good exchange for his money.

Then a most provoking thing happened. Going by chance to a ball given by Lady Chetwynd, a handsome matron with half a dozen daughters on her hands, he met a Miss Vere Chetwynd quite the prettiest girl he had ever seen, and, as if by magic, he became charmed with her rare beauty.

One of his staunchest supporters, Lady Buckle, assured him privately that the only thing he now needed to firmly secure his footing in the halls of the aristocrats, would be to select for himself a young, pretty, well-born wife, who could spend his money, rule his household, entertain lavishly, and drag him upwards with her to the very top of the tree.

From that day all social gatherings acquired a new interest for him, and every fresh girl he was introduced to received her heed of attention, for he was quite alive to his own value, and meant to get a good exchange for his money.

and his wife a trifle enviously, for it seemed a little hard to her that her own girls had been passed over by the millionaire for her husband's niece, whom they had only invited out of pity for her loneliness and poverty.

Still, as Lady Chetwynd told her girls in private, as one of them had not secured the millionaire, it was the next fortunate thing that Vere had done so, instead of any outsider.

'She is really a very sweet girl,' pronounced her ladyship; 'undoubtedly lovely refined and fit for any society. She is also of a grateful, affectionate nature, and I am sure, will never forget that it was under our roof, owing to our hospitality, that she met her husband.'

'Thy will take a grand mansion in Park Lane and another in the country, and entertain largely, and you girls will reap what we have sown. As you know, we can only give an occasional ball or reception, but the Gormans will keep open house. He means to go into Parliament and work for a peerage. So let us all do our best, and make ourselves agreeable over it.'

In all of which her ladyship showed a nice disposition, and a fine sense of how to really succeed in the world.

She knew when she was beaten, and used even her own defeat as a weapon against others.

Unlike the usual aunt, whose portliness has not cut out her own daughters, she did not scheme to oust her from her position, but accepted the situation smilingly, being by nature too proud and honorable to adopt any tactics to break off the affair and spoil Vere's prospects.

But, strange to say, they had reckoned without their host—that is to say, the girl herself.

Vere studiously ignored the millionaire's attentions, or, really did not take them to herself.

With a smile and blush, she denied that he had any serious intentions towards her at all.

'And really I sincerely hope he has not,' she declared laughingly, 'for I could never marry him; he is so very unlike the style of man I should choose for a husband—'

'Choose! I laughed her hand in reply. 'Girls have no chance of choosing nowadays husbands are not so plentiful. They just accept thankfully the goods the gods provide, close their eyes to any little defects, and only see the virtues. The longer you live, Vere, the more you will realize that 'Chance is a very fine thing,' and that it is very different to a man before he has proposed than at the time he does it. You scarcely see the man himself, you know; you see a house in Park Lane, carriages, horses, jewels, fine clothes, socks of gold and silver, and far away in the distance a mere speck—that is the man. Oh! I know the world of men and women well, and I declare to you on my word of honor that these matches turn out the best of any. It is merely a fair exchange—a bargain. You are both calm, and therefore safe to arrange beforehand all important details. The man wants a young, pretty, well-born, agreeable wife; the girl wants a rich, respectable, indulgent husband, and there you are. Love matters are very unsatisfactory things. Both parties begin by thinking each other perfect and expecting to drift through life as a pair of honeymooners. Soon after marriage they wake up to find that they are both very imperfect, and once disillusioned, disappointed, they fly to the other extreme, and tell themselves they have been cheated. If money falls short, love cannot bear the strain. It flies through the first open window, leaving behind it a gloomy, dissatisfied man, and only too often a dead, broken-hearted woman. There, dear! that's a very long lecture, but every word of it is true, and when Mr. Gorman does propose, you will remember it all and say 'Yes.'

'Dear aunt, you are so kind and good, you think you believe every word you say, but you don't, and—and don't be angry with me, for I shall never say 'Yes' to Mr. Gorman.'

'Chance is a very fine thing,' laughed her aunt and cousins in unison, and the words rang persistently in her ears for days afterwards, until, in fact, the occasion actually happened, when, for the nonce, she could think of nothing but the serious, awful 'chance' itself, and what everyone would say to her if she really did refuse it.

CHAPTER III.

'Who is that remarkably pretty girl crossing the room on that handsome young fellow's arm? What a splendid pair they would make, to be sure!'

'Hush! you don't know what mischief those words might cause if they were overheard,' was the mock serious reply. 'The girl is Miss Vere Chetwynd, and is of no importance, except for her rare beauty.'

'She is the daughter of Captain Chetwynd, late brother to the baronet. Her pretty face has caught one of the great catches of the season, Silas Gorman, millionaire. He is her most devoted admirer, and is only waiting his opportunity to formally propose; no doubt it will 'come off' tonight.'

'The fellow she is with now is young Claude Tempest, and people do say there's been just a bit of a flirtation between them for some time past. Anyway, he has had an awful row with his uncle, Sir Humphrey, for refusing to marry a girl selected for his wife; was given three months in which to make up his mind whether to marry Lady Mabel Clarke and be made his uncle's heir, or refuse, and see one of a horde of avaricious cousins put over his head.'

'It he holds out, his little flirtation with pretty Miss Vere will have cost him dear, for he is a pauper practically, though he has been brought up by Sir Humphrey, and

(CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.)

Parsons' Pills
Doctors recommend them for Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, all Liver and Bowel Complaints. They cleanse the blood of all impurities. Mild in their action. Of great benefit to delicate women. One pill is a dose. Thirty pills in a bottle enclosed in wood—25 cents; six bottles, \$1.00. Sold everywhere or sent post-paid.
L. S. JOHNSON & COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

CANCER
The poor temptation undergoing hypocrisy and honor! At last! sincerity conflict, such a could under

Sunday Reading.

The Forest. I know a forest hour that broods From trodden pathways far apart, Into whose inner solitudes You may retire with open heart; Receive from the undulating pine...

To day there is no devoted or more beloved evangelist than Mrs. Maud B. Booth. Thousands of prisoners count her as their personal friend, and she has helped hundreds of discharged convicts to honorable and useful lives.

Men in prison are usually ready to pretend anything in order to gain an earlier release or increased privileges, and can assume penitence and piety without undergoing any real moral change. But to show that religion makes thorough work with the worst material, Mrs. Booth tells the following story, which is only one of many in her experience of prison work.

One convict, who attended chapel on a certain Sunday morning when she spoke, was of the most hardened class. His was a crime committed in cold blood not by impulse, or under the crazing influence of drink. The man had been a constant menace to the community—a depraved criminal, from whose nature the last spark of good seemed to have been snuffed out.

As he sat there with his thousand fellow convicts—all in uniforms of striped gray—his face wore an ugly sneer. A pat of hands announced the entrance of the Little Mother. His mates were all applauding her as she walked up the aisle. His face softened as he caught the enthusiasm of the moment, and he was soon smiling and clapping as heartily as the rest.

Mrs. Booth began to speak. She was Christ's messenger of love, and touched but lightly on the past. Her words set before the men a future promise and a divine hope for all. Many a long un-caring hearer hung his head and recalled his own ideal of himself in better days. To 'Tom,' as we will call him, the address, and the whole service of the hour, came like an awakening shock. Here was something he had never dreamed of before.

For months he worked as if in a trance. Unconsciously his turbid soul was casting its dregs. His gentle teacher had given a new thought, and slowly something like a pure ambition and an honest wish began to crystallize round it.

The next time Mrs. Booth came Tom was in a fever. His dead conscience lived again. The wickedness in which he had hitherto delighted had become loathsome to him. The thought of a happy future out of prison, away from old associates, thrilled him with passionate hope. He had only a year more of a long sentence to serve.

When the Little Mother had ceased speaking, she sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee." The prisoners joined in—by twos, by threes, then in a mighty chorus. Tom sang before he knew it. Then he found himself upon his feet. The lady had called for volunteers to start a prison league.

"I'll be one," said Tom. Fifteen other convicts rose. Soon after this Tom had an interview with Mrs. Booth, confessed to her his life and his aspirations for the future. He told her all but one thing. When she went away, believing in his conversion, Tom's torture began. Should he confess this one secret or not? He had committed a crime for which an innocent person was serving ten years, and a confession would add so much time—it seemed an eternity—to his own imprisonment, just when he was on the verge of freedom.

The poor fellow was facing the fiercest temptation of his life. His religion was undergoing its test. Should he choose hypocrisy and freedom, or punishment and honor?

At last he knew and felt what Christian sincerity costs. Spent, after days of conflict, such as only the Master Himself could understand, Tom went to the ward

and told him his whole story. 'Warden,' said he, 'what I have said is true. I'll take my time like a man. They can imprison my body, but now my soul is forever free.'

He had paid the price of his religion, and paid it gladly. The Sufferer's Song. On the way to the Lakes of Killarney, says the Christian Life, a party of tourists heard a sound of singing in a little farmhouse by the roadside. It was a man's voice in a tenor so marvelously sweet that the stranger halted some time to listen.

'Oh, if I could hope ever to sing like that!' said one of the company, a young student of music. A girl came out of the cottage with a basket on her arm, and as she passed the wagon with a courtesy, a wish to know what vocal genius the south of Ireland had hidden away prompted a question from the same young man.

'Will you kindly tell us who it is that sings so beautifully?' 'Yes, sir, it's my Uncle Tim,' said the girl. 'He's after havin' a bad turn with his leg, and so he's just singin' away the pain the while.'

For a moment the astonished tourists did not know what to say. Here was an example of the melody of patience—the anguish of the singer made the sweetness of the strain.

Then one asked, tenderly: 'Is he young? Will he get over the trouble?' 'No, he's gettin' a bit old now, and the doctors say he'll never be the better in this world; but,' she added softly, 'he's that heavenly good it would near make you cry to see him, with the tears rollin' down his cheeks with the pain, and then it is that he sings the loudest.'

Somehow the listeners thought of the eternal city, and they drove on slowly, as if their wheels were pressing its streets. 'God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes,' quoted one of the ladies, 'and there shall be no more pain.'

More seldom mentioned, but equally beautiful, is a kindred elevation of spirit that lends cheer to extreme poverty and toil. A writer in the Watchman, passing through one of the narrow city lanes, noticed a poor old scrub-woman on her hands and knees scouring a floor, while she sang:

"And I shall see Him face to face. And tell the story, saved by grace."

Heavenly hope is not a creature of circumstances, but sorrow and privation seem adapted to its culture. It is darkness that brings out the nightingales. And contrasted with the profane rage that frets and curses under distress, what a sweet and wise philosophy is singing patience!

Her Life Work.

Marion Harland devotes some pathetic pages in the Independent to the woman who is so heavily weighted by the tasks of every-day life that body and mind give way under them. Thus does she illustrate her plea:

The window overlooking a lawn shaded by trees and gay flowers. Beyond the asylum grounds lay a goodly prospect of town, river and hills. The voices of children at play and the singing of birds floated in at other windows. This one she would never leave open. The lower sash of it was her workaday world, and all her days were working-days.

When she was brought to the institution and nothing but window-cleaning would keep her quiet, the attendants used to set a basin filled with suds on the table beside her. After while the basin was left empty. She saw the suds in it, all the same; the cloth was dipped, squeezed and shaken out automatically. When worn into tatters it was replaced by a bit of new stuff.

The hallucination was cheap and disturbed nobody. So long as she might scrub and polish, she said never a word, and noticed nothing that went on about her.

That was a dozen years ago. Still, by closing my eyes, I can see the face of the woman with the suds. It is creased by wrinkles, all drooping downward. The lips are compressed to a pitiful thread. Deep-set eyes are "crossed" by years of intent gazing at one object. The complexion is opaque and sallow, as of one long dead.

I have dreamed of her awaking with a prayer upon my lips, not for her who was beyond the reach of human help, but for those others whose representative I have held her to be.

Setting Sail.

The autobiography of John B. Gough, the advocate of total abstinence, contains a touching account of his sailing, an emigrant, for America, when he was twelve years old. For he was born in England,

and as his parents were poor, laboring people, they had made an arrangement with some neighbors, who were emigrating to take him with them, teach him a trade, and support him until he should be of age. He says:

The evening of my departure, a neighbor invited me to take tea at his house. This I did, and my mother said to me afterward 'I wish you had taken tea with your mother, John.' I too, was sorry in after years.

The parting with my parents was a bitter one. My mother hung my old cap and jacket and my school bag on the accustomed peg, and there they remained until, some years after, she quitted the house.

As I passed through the streets many a kind hand waved 'Farewell,' and familiar voices sounded out a hearty 'God bless you!' One old dame, of whom I had frequently bought sweetmeats called me into her shop and loaded me with good wishes, cakes and candies, although she could ill afford it.

I mounted the roof of the London coach and was about quitting the village, when I saw a female form crouching beside a wall. My heart told me it was my mother who had followed after to steal one more glance at her beloved child. I never felt that I was loved so much as I did at that time.

When the ship passed Dover a dead calm fell, and we anchored off Sandgate, my native place. During that day boat after boat came to us from the shore to pay the other immigrants visits; but my relatives did not come. After long and weary watching I saw a man standing up in the boat.

'That's him!' I shouted. 'That's my father!' But since it was Sunday my mother and sister had gone to church in a neighboring town, and did not know I was at hand.

As evening came on we sang a parting hymn, and our visitors went away. I went gloomily to bed, but about midnight I was called on deck. There were my mother and sister, who had paid half a guinea—money hardly earned, but cheerfully expended—to be rowed to the slip. They stayed one happy hour, and then I went back to my bed, to sob away the rest of the morning.

DEAFNESS.

How This Dreaded Affliction is Caused—Many Forms of It.

Hearing is effected by means of three forms of matter, gaseous, solid and liquid, contained in the three divisions of the ear, the external, middle and internal.

The external ear, which includes the visible portion and the canal leading from it, collects the sound waves and conducts them to the interior; the middle ear, or drum, transmits the waves impinging upon the drumhead through a series of minute bones to the internal ear, or labyrinth; here the movement is imparted to the fluid contents of this part, and so the sound waves are carried to the nerves which are spread out to receive them.

Deafness results from any serious defect in one or more of these parts. A not uncommon form of deafness is caused by the closing of the external auditory canal by an accumulation of wax. This shuts off the air, and either in that way or by direct pressure interferes with the elasticity of the drumhead, so that ordinary sound waves are not perceived.

A boil in the canal will interfere with hearing in the same manner, but the pain is so intense that little thought is given to the deafness; and the same is true of the presence of a foreign body in the ear.

The most serious form of deafness, and fortunately the least common, is that due to inflammation or other disease in the internal ear.

The usual cause of chronic deafness is disease in the middle ear, by which the drum membrane is destroyed or made inelastic, or the delicate chain of bones broken or made rigid.

The temporary deafness of a cold is due to stoppage in the Eustachian tube, a canal leading from the middle ear to the upper part of the throat. Inflammation of the middle ear almost always extends to it from the nose or throat, catarrh of these parts being responsible for the great majority of cases of deafness.

For this reason sore throats and catarrhal troubles, particularly of young children, should always receive medical attention; especially should the warning of earache be heeded.

The danger from scarlet fever and measles is very great, for here the severity of the disease make the symptoms of ear trouble, and by the time it is recognized the mischief is done. Many deaf mutes were made so by an attack of one of these diseases in infancy.

When brought into contact with the bones on the head. This is not so in disease of the internal ear. This fact is utilized by physicians as an aid in determining the seat of the trouble.

OVERLAND TO ST. MICHAEL.

A Journey of 1,500 Miles Recently Made by a Lone Alaskan Guide.

The journey which Mr. L. L. Bales made in Alaska early this summer, alone and without firearms, was an interesting illustration of the feats of travel which a hardy man, accustomed to roughing it, may perform. Bales is an Alaskan guide and his long experience has given him confidence that he can reach most any part of Alaska he wishes to visit, depending entirely upon his own resources.

He wanted to go to Nome early in the summer, so he went up from the south by the overland trail along the coast till he reached the Alaska Peninsula at the neck joining it to the mainland. There he was, almost under the shadow of the splendid Iliamna volcano, without further means of getting north, for he could sledge no longer.

The snow had disappeared, but the coast was still choked with ice, and Behring Sea was covered with floes, for the southern limit of the pack is only a little north of the Pribilof Islands, until about May 15. He could not pack provisions on his back enough to last him for a tramp of 500 miles through the wilderness to the neighborhood of St. Michael; but he could buy a light kayak and make his way by the rivers that would carry him in the general direction which he wished to go; so that is what he did.

Most of the country through which he travelled is extremely flat except where ranges of hills border some of the river valleys. Owing to the flatness the portage between river and systems are very short and easy to cross and sometimes there are no portages at all, for a lake will send its waters in two directions to join two distinct river systems. This fact was very helpful to Bales, who thus made his way from one small river to another in a general northwest direction until he came to the Kuskokwim River. Then he paddled up this river for about 250 miles, advancing now in a general northeast direction, until he came to the point where the Kuskokwim and the Yukon most nearly approach one another. Then he crossed the low lying country between them, utilizing their little tributaries that nearly run together.

At last he reached the Yukon, descended the mighty river to its mouth and made the remaining 100 miles of the journey to St. Michael by sea.

Bales travelled 1,500 miles to reach the military post that was only five miles away in a straight line, but he made the journey rapidly and brought up in St. Michael some weeks before the arrival on the first steamer from the south.

Narrow Gauge.

The Lewiston Journal reports a collision down in the State of Maine, in which no one was injured.

A certain old man who does handsome work with the fiddle at country dances is 'great on time,' but unless he is argued with he will play 'The Girl I Left Behind Me' from eight o'clock till twelve, for every dance except the Virginia reel.

Some of the old dancers were on the floor not long ago, and between dances one of them went up to the fiddler who was rubbing the rosin on his bow.

'Uncle,' said the dancer, 'all the folks on the floor want you to play old 'Speed the Plow' for the next dance. Can't you give it to us?'

The old man tucked his rosin into his vest pocket. 'I sh'd like to 'commodate ye fast-rate,' he said, 'but the suthin' sing'lar 'bout that tune of 'Speed the Plow.' Jest as soon as I 'Speed the Plow' long a little ways I run right into 'The Girl I Left Behind Me.'

Habits of the Ostrich.

In writing of 'Home Life on an Ostrich Farm,' Mrs. Annie Martin mentions some curious habits of the bird. Among these is the breaking up of the flock into separate families. It suggests the idea, or feeling, of caste as this is developed among the dogs of Constantinople and of other Eastern cities.

Fortunately you are never assailed by more than one ostrich at a time, for in the large camps of some two thousand each, in which the birds are not fenced off in pairs, but live almost in the freedom of wild creatures, each ostrich has his own domain, separated from those of others by an imaginary boundary line of his own, visible only to himself, but as clearly marked as the best of a London policeman.

There he dwells, monarch of all he surveys. Any other ostrich daring to invade his territory is attacked at once, and the human intruder is closely pursued until the feathered lord of the land has seen him off the premises.

Immediately after having thus sped the

parting guest the most savage bird is quite harmless. He dismisses the intruder from his thoughts and walks quietly back feeding as he goes.

Now in the distance you see the head and long neck of his neighbor whose kingdom you have just entered, and whose sharp eyes spied you out the instant your foot crossed his frontier.

He now advances toward you with jerky spasmodic movements as if he were bowing you a welcome. This, however, is far from his thoughts. After sitting down once or twice to give you his challenge, whereby he hopes you will be intimidated, he trots up defiantly, and the services of the stick are again required.

Thus, during a morning's walk through the camp, you may be escorted in succession by four or five vicious birds, all determined to have your life if possible, yet held completely in check by a few mimosa thorns.

Trick of a St. Bernard.

Among some interesting dog stories told recently in the Spectator is one concerning a remarkably sagacious St. Bernard, which lived at a house where the writer of the story once boarded.

The dog used to come into my sitting-room and give me his company at dinner, sitting on the floor beside my chair with his head on a level with the plates. His master, however, fearing that he was being overfed, gave strict injunctions that this practice should no longer be permitted.

On the first day of the prohibition, the dog lay and sulked in the kitchen; but on the second day, when the landlady brought in the dishes, stole in noiselessly close behind her; and while for the moment she bent over the table, he slipped quickly beneath it and waited.

No sooner had she retired than he emerged from his hiding-place, sat down in his usual position, and winked in my face, with a look which seemed to say: 'Haven't I done her?'

In due course the good woman changed the plates, and as soon as the dog heard her step, he slunk once more under the table; but in an instant, ere she had time to open the door, he came out again, as if he had suddenly taken another thought, and threw himself down on the rug before the fire, to all appearance, fast asleep.

'Ab, Keeper! You there, you rascal!' exclaimed his mistress in indignant surprise, as she caught sight of him.

The dog opened his eyes, half-raised his body, stretched himself out lazily at full length, gave a great yawn, as if awakened from a good sleep and then, with a wag of his tail, went forward and tried to lick her hand.

It was a capital piece of acting, and the air of perfect guilelessness was very amusing.

Tender Corns.

So't corns, corns of all kinds removed without pain or sore spots. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Thousands testify that it is certain, painless and prompt. Do not be imposed upon by substitutes offered for the genuine 'Putnam's' Extractor. Sure, safe, harmless.

Their First Lesson.

A sister of the late E. P. Roe tells an amusing story of the first lesson which she and her brother ever received in Roman history.

Among our most loved and honored guests, during our childhood, was Dr. Samuel Cox, for many years a prominent clergyman in New York. I remember, on one occasion, he asked Edward and me if we could give him the names of the First Roman Triumvirate.

At this period of our existence the name 'Caesar' was associated exclusively with an old colored man, whom he often visited and who lived upon a lonely road in the neighborhood. We were vastly astonished therefore, to learn that the name had ever been borne by a more illustrious person than our dusky friend; but we listened entranced to the story of the rivalries of Caesar and Pompey for the empire of the world.

Unhappily the good doctor could not remember the name of the third triumvir, and the lack troubled him greatly. That night, about two o'clock, I was startled by a loud knock on my bedroom door, and Dr. Cox called out:

'Mary are you awake?' I replied that I was—as indeed was every one else in the house by that time.

'It's Crassus,' said the doctor, and then he returned to his room greatly relieved. Neither Edward nor I ever forgot that first lesson in Roman history.

Mr. Flyhigh—Of course, you're well acquainted with the country round about here. Do you know Glen Acorn?

Native—Aye, weel!

Mr. Flyhigh—who has just bought the estate—What sort of a place is it, in your opinion?

Native—Well, if ye saw the de'il tethered on't, ye'd just say, 'Fair brute.'

CANCER. Home, no knife, plaster or pain. For Canadian testimonials & 150-page book—free, write Dept. 11, MASON MEDICINE Co., 575 Sheppard Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.

Glimpses of Circus Life.

'I'd seen the circus in Madison Square Garden,' said a circus goer, 'and shows big and little, in one place and another, under canvas and circus parades, day and night, and all these things interested me immensely, but I never saw anything in the circus way that interested me more than the unloading of a big three-ring outfit from the cars it travelled on, and the getting up the tents and things ready for the show. I struck this outfit at the railroad station of a New England city at 2 o'clock in the morning. I had come from one direction and got off a train there just in time to see the circus trains come in from the town where the show had been the day before.

'There were two trains, with, I should guess without counting them, twenty cars apiece, a train of closed cars and a train of flats. But they were not just common box and platform cars; they were all made especially for the circus, the closed cars gorgeously painted, and the name of the circus on them in big letters. There was one curious-shaped car for the giraffe, higher than the rest and built with what they call a wall, that is, the floor of the car in the middle dropped down as near the track as it could be with safety, to make more room for the giraffe there. Then they had passenger cars with bunks for the men to sleep in.

On the first train they had the animal cages and the wagons of one sort and another, all red and gold, and there were cars with stuff aboard covered with tarpaulins.

Rain? It just poured; and it was darker than pitch. And with the rain I'd come on gone, it was stiller than death! You could hear the rain, and the breathing of the engines, but that's all. There was nobody around the station at that hour of the night except the few railroad men that had to be there, some of them switchmen and some inspectors, toting around torches; and the two long red and gold trains stood there in the rain as still as everything else; everybody aboard of 'em, horses and men and all the wild animals, so far as anybody could see or hear, sound asleep.

'Pretty soon they yanked these trains off the main line into a big freight yard not far away, to get them where they could unload them. As far as I could judge, the city where I saw this show had ideal facilities for unloading a circus. This freight yard had a lot of parallel tracks that ran down to an end at a wide cross public street; and on the other side of that street there was the beginning of a long, wide wharf—this was a salt water town—where vessels came to unload coal and lumber and so on. Some of the tracks from the big freight yard ran across that intervening street down the wharf. They switched the box car train around till they had got it shoved down on the wharf, with one end of the train resting on that road. The open car train they left in the yard, this train also with one end on that road, but on the opposite side from the box cars.

'All this time the rain had been coming down, and the men and the horses, with all this switching and hauling about, had been keeping on sleeping just the same; they awoke the gold and red cars about without any signs of life on them except from the railroad men, but as soon as they had got the two trains settled down that way, snuffing on opposite sides of the street, things began to wake up. It was then half past 3, or 4 o'clock, but still dark.

'The men that came swarming out now, I should think, were of all sorts of nationalities, and they had on the oddest, free and easiest, and most miscellaneous lot of rigs in the way of clothes you ever saw. They were a stalwart lot of hustlers, but in those clothes they didn't look much like knights in armour. The unloading was just the simplest thing you ever saw everything of course being arranged to make it so. In the cars that carried horses they had under the bottom of each car at the middle, carried there when not in use, crosswise of the car, a gangplank. When they wanted to unload the horses from a car they pulled out that gangplank same as they pull out a coal chute from under one of the modern style coal wagons. They first pulled it as far as it would come. On the end there were hooks by which it was hooked to the side of the car. They dropped the other end on the ground and there was the gangway in position and ready for use in half a minute or less. When they threw open the door of a car the horses would come out and walk down that way as a matter of course; and they'd pair off when

they get clear of the plank and walk away together they way they were driven. Apparently they were just as much used to travelling in this way as the men were, and they knew just what to do. One horse coming down one of the gangplanks fell off onto the wharf. It was dark still and I suppose he was tired and so he stumbled off; but it didn't hurt him a bit and he got up and went on with the rest.

'While the men were working away getting the stock out of the cars down the wharf, there was another gang hustling the wagons off the flat cars in the freight yard on the other side of the road. There was a little more detail in this operation, but it was just as sure and simple and easy as getting off the horses was. The wagons were all taken off at the rear end of the rear car, where it came against that cross street between the wharf and the freight yard. They had a couple of long channel irons, carried on the car, which for the vehicles served the purpose that the gangplanks carried under the box cars did for horses. The two channel irons had each hooks at one end, by which they were hooked onto the end of the car, the other end resting on the ground. Midway of their length these were placed under these irons, to brace and support them, a wooden horse standing on the ground.

'Down these channel irons cages and one thing and another on wheels were rolled off to the ground. They had a pair of horses hooked up to haul the wagons off, with a short towing line attached at one end to the double tree of the horse's harness, while

the hook in the other end of the line was put into the ring on the end of the pole of the wagon to be hauled. Then they started up the team and rolled the wagon along on the platform of the car till they got the forward wheels to the beginning of the channel irons. At the other end of the car was set up a stout snubbing post. They had a rope made fast to the rear axle of the wagon, with the free end carried back to the snubbing post, where they started the wagon down the irons from the car to the ground the man at the snubbing post held on to it and eased it down gently. When the wagon was on the level they would cast off the rope and the horses would tow it out of the way and they'd hook up its own team to it. They had short channel irons that they placed between the flat cars, and the several vehicles as they were taken of the cars were rolled along from one car to the other until they came to the end car, from whose end they were rolled off to the ground; so that the last wagon, the one nearest the other end of this section as it had been backed down traversed the whole length of the train on its way off.

'But long before the outfit was unloaded a party of men had started for the circus ground where the tents were to be set up. A little way up this cross street, that the circus men were filling with horses and wagons and things, on an interesting street, there was a trolley line, and about 5 o'clock there halted there a chartered trolley car to take the first circus party to the ground. When the party got out to this place, an open field of several acres at some little distance from the business part of the city, the man in charge stood and looked the ground over to get the lay of the land and see how it could be laid out to the greatest advantage, and in a brief survey from sight where he stood he made up his mind just what to do, and the next minute with a man to hold the end down, he was walk-

ing off dragging a steel tape behind him. At every point he indicated as he walked along a man came and struck into the ground a steel skewer with a ring at the top, in which there was tied a little colored rag. Every skewer marked where a tent peg was to go, and the man with the steel tape kept going without the slightest doubt or hesitancy until he had covered the whole field and had got the position of every tent peg that was to support the great canvas house so to go up there plainly marked.

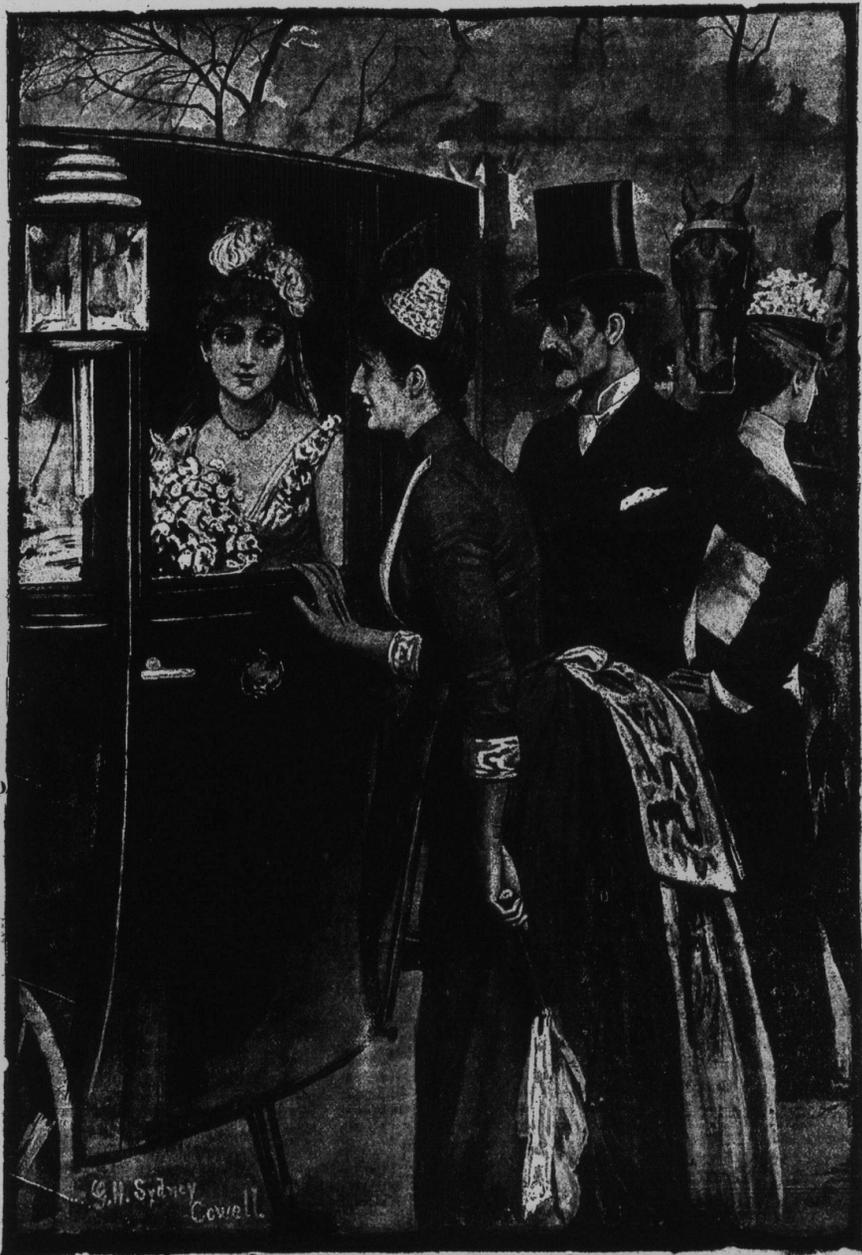
'Before he had got through with this, however, all sorts of teams and things had begun to come up from where they were unloading the cars. Of course, they had loaded the cars in the reverse order of the way in which they wanted to get the things off. About the last thing loaded, and so about the first thing off and up to the ground was the cook tent; that was up and the cooks were at it getting breakfast early. Just as the peg plan was finished a man in authority in the show drove up in a buggy with a very good horse and halted and cast an eye over the field and apparently found everything right and trim, for not a thing was changed, it stood as the man with the tape had laid it out. Among the wagons that had come up before this there were some with loads of tent pegs and poles and these drove round dropping things off where they were wanted. When the marks were all down, wagons couldn't always drive around among them without danger of driving over and up setting some of them, and here's where the small boy came in, of which there was some 17,000, more or less, at this time on the ground, it being now about 7 or 8 o'clock. Pins and poles like those going around the wall of the big tent, might have to be laid down outside of where they were to be used and the circus men would commission the willing small boy to carry them to their appointed spots, and thus would be seen an eager youngster bearing a stake two or

three times as long as himself and glowing in the enjoyment.

'Things had been getting pretty thick now for some time. Besides the coming of more wagons with equipage and supplies and one thing and another there had been at work men following the wagons that were distributing the tent pins around, driving these pins down into the ground. These pins were six or eight feet long, but the men that drove them, half dozen of them all striding on the same pin one after another, only had to strike about one blow a piece around to sink the pin down where they wanted it to go. It was something astonishing to see those men drive tent pins. The first centre pole they got on end they hoisted up into position with a team of four horses, by means of a block and tackle so rigged that they could hitch the team to the fall and after they had got the pole up, by making use of that one they got the other three poles, which were permanently connected with one another at the top, and had first been stably disposed on the ground, all at once by the same power.

'The canvas for the great tent had been coming all this time in wagons that were driven around the outskirts of the tent site, the man on the box driving a six horse team, the man in the wagon rolling out at the strain a roll of canvas about the size and shape of a great big bass drum, done up in a canvas cover for its protection. The great tent was of course in sections and each of these great rolls contained a section. The several sections were laced together, with protecting flaps overlapping the joining places. They opened out these bundles and spread the canvas out where it belonged, around the several poles and laced the parts together, and laced each great section of the tent to a ring around the centre pole that it surrounded; by those rings the roof of the great canvas was to be hoisted up into place. There

(Continued on Page Sixteen.)



STARTING ON A TOUR.

Chat of the Boudoir.

The autumn materials which are beginning to put in an appearance in many cases show a resurrection rather than a novelty. Cashmere is in high favor once more, and women should be devoutly thankful, for never did they have a more faithful friend. None of the substitutes has stood the wear and tear as cashmere did, without wrinkling, rubbing shiny or catching the dust; but, with the reign of rough surface goods, cashmere went out, and, only now when lightness of weight and smoothness of texture are the qualities more desirable in dress material, does it once more appear. No material will be more used for simple fall gowns; and the latest importations show both plain and embroidered cashmeres in a bewildering variety of exquisite shades.

Silk casings are another material that the importers are buying in large quantities, but although wiry, it musses more easily than the cashmere. Cloths are, of course, to be in vogue for the fall and winter, but the buyers say that never have they confined themselves to the finest and most supple of cloths as they do this year. The cheaper qualities of broad-cloth are too stiff and unpliant for the present modes, and unless one buys broad-cloth of the most expensive and pliable quality, one of the lighter-weight modes is a better investment.

Camel's hair Venetian and cheviot will be popular in street costumes and for more elaborate occasions come to the light-weight wools, silks and velvets.

Everything points to a triumphal season for velvet, the new coats and bolero opening up limitless possibilities for a fabric always rich and becoming. Plain velvets, velvet brocades and satin gold or silver, grenadine overwrought with velvet design, robes of cashmere and nun's veiling with velvet borders, to be made up with coats of velvets matching the border—all these are shown, or rather will be shown when the imported goods are displayed in the shops.

The silks, too, are more beautiful than they have been before in years, and the woman to whom sweet simplicity doesn't appeal may be as gorgeous as she pleases. Louis XV and Louis XVI brocades in ravishing tints and designs, with interwoven threads of gold or silver, go check by jowl with soft Indian and Louisiana weaves of delicate hues and shadowy motifs. Oriental patterns—Moorish, Persian, East Indian—figure largely, and silks in old-fashioned chintz patterns suggest the day of Watteau and his bergeres.

Liberty satin, panne, foulard ondoyant—anything that will cling and fall in artistic folds—is in order; and many of the new silks come in forty-six inch widths, which is a welcome innovation, doubtless brought about by the prevailing tendency to obliterate marked and sharp figure lines and seams, and swathe the figure in long, clinging folds.

The confirmed lover of shirt waists will have an orgy in the fall if present indications continue. All the prophets honored in the fashion world have been denouncing the shirt waist, but the devotees, like the 'tar baby' of blessed memory. 'Kep on sayin' nuffin' and bought more shirt waists. The flannel waists of last season are to appear in brighter and more attractive guise. The patterns and colors of the new flannels offer a variety and beauty never before attained in that material. All the fashionable shades appear, in combinations as attractive as those of the silks. The Persian designs are particularly effective, and conventionalized lotus flowers and leaves on delicate grounds of iris, pastel blue, silver green &c., are beautiful, both in the flannels and silks, while dots, big, little, rim circled, varying in sizes, in two colors on one background, every variety of dot imaginable is represented.

That the shirt waist is almost entirely to more serviceable and pliable silks—preferably satin couple of a dull finish. Lace waists are to be still the

Headache

Is often a warning that the liver is torpid or inactive. More serious troubles may follow. For a prompt, efficient cure of Headache and all liver troubles, take

Hood's Pills

While they rouse the liver, restore full, regular action of the bowels, they do not gripe or pain, do not irritate or inflame the internal organs, but have a positive tonic effect. 25c. at all druggists or by mail of C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

correct thing, and a lace waist dyed to some soft tint, made over cream and worn with a cloth skirt of the same color is all that there is of the most chic.

Of late the end is not yet. Winter is to be a season of lace, as was summer, with cluny guipure and Irish point well in the lead. The ever popular Renaissance still holds its place and most exquisite robes are shown, in fine cream net, sprinkled over with bontons of Renaissance lace, while a deep border of Renaissance edges one side of the material. Nothing could be more charming for an evening gown and the rather heavy and pretentious effect of an all-over lace is successfully avoided. Buyers say that the demand for lace has amounted to a mania and that it has been almost an impossibility to procure it in the quantities desired.

LOSE SLEEVES AGAIN.

Indications That This Comfortable Form is Again Coming Into Favor.

The tight sleeve has had but a brief existence in its last revival. All rumors hint that larger sleeves are on the way, and, already there is a distinct fullness at the shoulder. The elbow sleeves fare more and more and are in many cases slashed almost to the shoulder on the outer side, over a full soft undersleeve. The loose dust cloaks with their voluminous sleeves, which will be seen on the fall and winter coats.

Panne velvet is the milliner's decree to be the most popular material for autumn and winter hats; and French makers are showing wonderfully beautiful velvet flowers, as a hint of what is to be expected later. A model hat sent home by a Fifth Avenue milliner is of panne velvet in a Jacqueminot color, trimmed with Renaissance lace and a mass of velvet roses, shading from darkest Jacqueminot to La France pink.

Necktie clasps are very much in evidence on the fall street costumes. The fashionable cravat appears upon at least three out of every five of these gowns and is most frequently of black velvet or soft black satin, is much more effective when drawn through such a clasp, than when tied, and the touch of gold harmonizes with the gold buttons and braid which are tolerably sure to lurk somewhere about the gown. Flat and heavy dead gold, dull silver or gun metal rings are perhaps the most knowing of these clasps; but the jewellers, in response to the demand, are now bringing them out in jewelled designs and in an antique gold work that is a present fad. The latter are good in style and a single cabuchon gem set deeply in the gold and agreeing with the color scheme of the gown adds to the effect, but the heavily jewelled clasps are a trifle too pronounced and rob the cravat of distinction.

Infantile Afflictions.

One of the reasons why so many little children are wearing spectacles is said to be due to the fact that in infancy they are often so placed in cribs or carriages that they sleep or awaken with the little lenses in their eyes exposed too much to the sunlight.

The baby should not be allowed to awaken with its eyes to a sunlit window. The retina, the darkened chamber behind the pupil, receives the light, and this little chamber is the most delicate piece of mechanism in our anatomy. Older people are not so delicate.

One of the most dreaded maladies to the mother is croup. It is of two kinds—simple and membranous. The first may often be treated by home remedies, the second never. Simple croup is rarely dangerous, even though the symptoms seem very alarming.

It may come on gradually with a cold in the head, with wheezing and hoarseness, or the child may be awakened in the night by sudden shortness of breath and violent choking. The child should be propped up with pillows and then kept quiet. Avoid everything that will excite coughing and crying. Keep the room warm. Hot clothes or poultices can be applied to the throat, and either a croup kettle, which

can be bought at any drug store, or an ordinary tea kettle kept boiling in the room.

The steam from a boiling tea kettle may be introduced into the crib by placing a sheet over an umbrella raised in the crib, and the steam can then be introduced beneath the tent. If the symptoms are urgent 10 drops of the syrup of ipecac should be given every 15 minutes until free vomiting occurs.

A very simply made remedy is lemon on sugar. This will cut the mucus. This is usually liked by children, and it is easy to give. Membranous croup is entirely beyond the care of the mother, as it is really diphtheria of the larynx.

WHAT A WOMAN DID.

A Famous Cattle Ranch in Texas the Result of Her Work.

What is called the 'largest cattle-ranch in the world' is situated in the Panhandle district, Texas. The ranch has other claims to notice, however, besides the number of its acres. It is famous throughout the state for the number and fine breed of its cattle, for its unexcelled equipments, for its cowboys,—peculiar to itself,—for its exemplary management, and especially for its manager—a woman.

She came into possession of the ranch after the death of her husband, and the conditions she had to face were not encouraging. The ranch had been permitted to 'run down,' the cattle were few and of poor quality, and the cowboys were careless and improvident.

Nothing discouraged, however she began the work of renewal and reformation. It was not easy, but she persevered. Little by little much needed improvements were effected in the ranch itself and in the breed of its cattle, till, in the end, evidences of prosperity supplanted signs of shittleness and decay.

Then the new owner had time for attention to other matters. A feud, intensified by whiskey, had long existed between the cowboys of the ranch and the adjacent settlers, who sometimes trespassed upon the range. By means of her womanly tact and influence, a reconciliation was brought about, and there was an end to many evils that had troubled the past.

She did not rest satisfied with this, however. She had another cherished plan, and proceeded to develop it, with results that have made many Texan cowboys of the Panhandle district happier and better men.

His methods were shrewd and eminently practical. She made it evident that a job on her ranch was more desirable than upon any other. She paid higher wages than her rivals, and in addition, made it known that those of her men who desired to invest their wages in cattle could have that privilege; and, as a further inducement to that, she proposed that their stock should run with hers on her ranges, free of charge.

In return for this she made certain requirements, to be strictly fulfilled on pain of her displeasure, or worse. No man in her employ should bring, or be the cause of bringing, intoxicating liquors into the ranch, and card-playing, with all other forms of gambling, was prohibited. The rules were strictly observed, and worked admirably. The men were always in condition for work, and as they no longer wasted hours in gambling, they always had time to do it. As a result, they have learned the value of self-restraint in promoting self respect, and habits of industry have brought their natural reward. Many of the men, it is said, own large herds of cattle.

Of course, as is but right, the owner of the ranch has profited also. She has made the men's interest theirs. They are grateful for what she has enabled them to do, and for the happy change she has wrought in their lives.

A Woman War Reporter.

In spite of the much-talked-about woman's rifle corps, regiments of amazons and the army of nurses, the Transvaal war can boast of only one war correspondent. She is Miss Bateman. An English newspaper describes her as 'very petite and frail,' and wonders how she 'stood the hardships of the war.'

She is not a 'journalist.' She had written a novel and a volume of poems, and she was a protégée of Mr. Ruskin.

When she arrived at Cape Town, three months ago, an order had just been issued that no more women were to be allowed to go up to Kimberly. With perseverance and energy Miss Bateman obtained permission to proceed, and started off at less than eight hours' notice, getting her pass at the castle barracks at 11.30 a. m. one morning and leaving Wyberg for Cape Town, en route for Kimberly, at 7 the

PAIN-KILLER cures all sorts of cuts, bruises, burns and strains. Taken internally it cures diarrhoea and dysentery. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

JOHN NOBLE COSTUMES



Model 1499. An attractive well made Young Lady's Costume. Carefully finished. Coat, sacque back and well finished Tailor Skirt. Lengths and Prices: 23 25 27 29 31 33 35 37 39 41 43 45 47 49 51 53 55 57 59 61 63 65 67 69 71 73 75 77 79 81 83 85 87 89 91 93 95 97 99 101 103 105 107 109 111 113 115 117 119 121 123 125 127 129 131 133 135 137 139 141 143 145 147 149 151 153 155 157 159 161 163 165 167 169 171 173 175 177 179 181 183 185 187 189 191 193 195 197 199 201 203 205 207 209 211 213 215 217 219 221 223 225 227 229 231 233 235 237 239 241 243 245 247 249 251 253 255 257 259 261 263 265 267 269 271 273 275 277 279 281 283 285 287 289 291 293 295 297 299 301 303 305 307 309 311 313 315 317 319 321 323 325 327 329 331 333 335 337 339 341 343 345 347 349 351 353 355 357 359 361 363 365 367 369 371 373 375 377 379 381 383 385 387 389 391 393 395 397 399 401 403 405 407 409 411 413 415 417 419 421 423 425 427 429 431 433 435 437 439 441 443 445 447 449 451 453 455 457 459 461 463 465 467 469 471 473 475 477 479 481 483 485 487 489 491 493 495 497 499 501 503 505 507 509 511 513 515 517 519 521 523 525 527 529 531 533 535 537 539 541 543 545 547 549 551 553 555 557 559 561 563 565 567 569 571 573 575 577 579 581 583 585 587 589 591 593 595 597 599 601 603 605 607 609 611 613 615 617 619 621 623 625 627 629 631 633 635 637 639 641 643 645 647 649 651 653 655 657 659 661 663 665 667 669 671 673 675 677 679 681 683 685 687 689 691 693 695 697 699 701 703 705 707 709 711 713 715 717 719 721 723 725 727 729 731 733 735 737 739 741 743 745 747 749 751 753 755 757 759 761 763 765 767 769 771 773 775 777 779 781 783 785 787 789 791 793 795 797 799 801 803 805 807 809 811 813 815 817 819 821 823 825 827 829 831 833 835 837 839 841 843 845 847 849 851 853 855 857 859 861 863 865 867 869 871 873 875 877 879 881 883 885 887 889 891 893 895 897 899 901 903 905 907 909 911 913 915 917 919 921 923 925 927 929 931 933 935 937 939 941 943 945 947 949 951 953 955 957 959 961 963 965 967 969 971 973 975 977 979 981 983 985 987 989 991 993 995 997 999 1001 1003 1005 1007 1009 1011 1013 1015 1017 1019 1021 1023 1025 1027 1029 1031 1033 1035 1037 1039 1041 1043 1045 1047 1049 1051 1053 1055 1057 1059 1061 1063 1065 1067 1069 1071 1073 1075 1077 1079 1081 1083 1085 1087 1089 1091 1093 1095 1097 1099 1101 1103 1105 1107 1109 1111 1113 1115 1117 1119 1121 1123 1125 1127 1129 1131 1133 1135 1137 1139 1141 1143 1145 1147 1149 1151 1153 1155 1157 1159 1161 1163 1165 1167 1169 1171 1173 1175 1177 1179 1181 1183 1185 1187 1189 1191 1193 1195 1197 1199 1201 1203 1205 1207 1209 1211 1213 1215 1217 1219 1221 1223 1225 1227 1229 1231 1233 1235 1237 1239 1241 1243 1245 1247 1249 1251 1253 1255 1257 1259 1261 1263 1265 1267 1269 1271 1273 1275 1277 1279 1281 1283 1285 1287 1289 1291 1293 1295 1297 1299 1301 1303 1305 1307 1309 1311 1313 1315 1317 1319 1321 1323 1325 1327 1329 1331 1333 1335 1337 1339 1341 1343 1345 1347 1349 1351 1353 1355 1357 1359 1361 1363 1365 1367 1369 1371 1373 1375 1377 1379 1381 1383 1385 1387 1389 1391 1393 1395 1397 1399 1401 1403 1405 1407 1409 1411 1413 1415 1417 1419 1421 1423 1425 1427 1429 1431 1433 1435 1437 1439 1441 1443 1445 1447 1449 1451 1453 1455 1457 1459 1461 1463 1465 1467 1469 1471 1473 1475 1477 1479 1481 1483 1485 1487 1489 1491 1493 1495 1497 1499 1501 1503 1505 1507 1509 1511 1513 1515 1517 1519 1521 1523 1525 1527 1529 1531 1533 1535 1537 1539 1541 1543 1545 1547 1549 1551 1553 1555 1557 1559 1561 1563 1565 1567 1569 1571 1573 1575 1577 1579 1581 1583 1585 1587 1589 1591 1593 1595 1597 1599 1601 1603 1605 1607 1609 1611 1613 1615 1617 1619 1621 1623 1625 1627 1629 1631 1633 1635 1637 1639 1641 1643 1645 1647 1649 1651 1653 1655 1657 1659 1661 1663 1665 1667 1669 1671 1673 1675 1677 1679 1681 1683 1685 1687 1689 1691 1693 1695 1697 1699 1701 1703 1705 1707 1709 1711 1713 1715 1717 1719 1721 1723 1725 1727 1729 1731 1733 1735 1737 1739 1741 1743 1745 1747 1749 1751 1753 1755 1757 1759 1761 1763 1765 1767 1769 1771 1773 1775 1777 1779 1781 1783 1785 1787 1789 1791 1793 1795 1797 1799 1801 1803 1805 1807 1809 1811 1813 1815 1817 1819 1821 1823 1825 1827 1829 1831 1833 1835 1837 1839 1841 1843 1845 1847 1849 1851 1853 1855 1857 1859 1861 1863 1865 1867 1869 1871 1873 1875 1877 1879 1881 1883 1885 1887 1889 1891 1893 1895 1897 1899 1901 1903 1905 1907 1909 1911 1913 1915 1917 1919 1921 1923 1925 1927 1929 1931 1933 1935 1937 1939 1941 1943 1945 1947 1949 1951 1953 1955 1957 1959 1961 1963 1965 1967 1969 1971 1973 1975 1977 1979 1981 1983 1985 1987 1989 1991 1993 1995 1997 1999 2001 2003 2005 2007 2009 2011 2013 2015 2017 2019 2021 2023 2025 2027 2029 2031 2033 2035 2037 2039 2041 2043 2045 2047 2049 2051 2053 2055 2057 2059 2061 2063 2065 2067 2069 2071 2073 2075 2077 2079 2081 2083 2085 2087 2089 2091 2093 2095 2097 2099 2101 2103 2105 2107 2109 2111 2113 2115 2117 2119 2121 2123 2125 2127 2129 2131 2133 2135 2137 2139 2141 2143 2145 2147 2149 2151 2153 2155 2157 2159 2161 2163 2165 2167 2169 2171 2173 2175 2177 2179 2181 2183 2185 2187 2189 2191 2193 2195 2197 2199 2201 2203 2205 2207 2209 2211 2213 2215 2217 2219 2221 2223 2225 2227 2229 2231 2233 2235 2237 2239 2241 2243 2245 2247 2249 2251 2253 2255 2257 2259 2261 2263 2265 2267 2269 2271 2273 2275 2277 2279 2281 2283 2285 2287 2289 2291 2293 2295 2297 2299 2301 2303 2305 2307 2309 2311 2313 2315 2317 2319 2321 2323 2325 2327 2329 2331 2333 2335 2337 2339 2341 2343 2345 2347 2349 2351 2353 2355 2357 2359 2361 2363 2365 2367 2369 2371 2373 2375 2377 2379 2381 2383 2385 2387 2389 2391 2393 2395 2397 2399 2401 2403 2405 2407 2409 2411 2413 2415 2417 2419 2421 2423 2425 2427 2429 2431 2433 2435 2437 2439 2441 2443 2445 2447 2449 2451 2453 2455 2457 2459 2461 2463 2465 2467 2469 2471 2473 2475 2477 2479 2481 2483 2485 2487 2489 2491 2493 2495 2497 2499 2501 2503 2505 2507 2509 2511 2513 2515 2517 2519 2521 2523 2525 2527 2529 2531 2533 2535 2537 2539 2541 2543 2545 2547 2549 2551 2553 2555 2557 2559 2561 2563 2565 2567 2569 2571 2573 2575 2577 2579 2581 2583 2585 2587 2589 2591 2593 2595 2597 2599 2601 2603 2605 2607 2609 2611 2613 2615 2617 2619 2621 2623 2625 2627 2629 2631 2633 2635 2637 2639 2641 2643 2645 2647 2649 2651 2653 2655 2657 2659 2661 2663 2665 2667 2669 2671 2673 2675 2677 2679 2681 2683 2685 2687 2689 2691 2693 2695 2697 2699 2701 2703 2705 2707 2709 2711 2713 2715 2717 2719 2721 2723 2725 2727 2729 2731 2733 2735 2737 2739 2741 2743 2745 2747 2749 2751 2753 2755 2757 2759 2761 2763 2765 2767 2769 2771 2773 2775 2777 2779 2781 2783 2785 2787 2789 2791 2793 2795 2797 2799 2801 2803 2805 2807 2809 2811 2813 2815 2817 2819 2821 2823 2825 2827 2829 2831 2833 2835 2837 2839 2841 2843 2845 2847 2849 2851 2853 2855 2857 2859 2861 2863 2865 2867 2869 2871 2873 2875 2877 2879 2881 2883 2885 2887 2889 2891 2893 2895 2897 2899 2901 2903 2905 2907 2909 2911 2913 2915 2917 2919 2921 2923 2925 2927 2929 2931 2933 2935 2937 2939 2941 2943 2945 2947 2949 2951 2953 2955 2957 2959 2961 2963 2965 2967 2969 2971 2973 2975 2977 2979 2981 2983 2985 2987 2989 2991 2993 2995 2997 2999 3001 3003 3005 3007 3009 3011 3013 3015 3017 3019 3021 3023 3025 3027 3029 3031 3033 3035 3037 3039 3041 3043 3045 3047 3049 3051 3053 3055 3057 3059 3061 3063 3065 3067 3069 3071 3073 3075 3077 3079 3081 3083 3085 3087 3089 3091 3093 3095 3097 3099 3101 3103 3105 3107 3109 3111 3113 3115 3117 3119 3121 3123 3125 3127 3129 3131 3133 3135 3137 3139 3141 3143 3145 3147 3149 3151 3153 3155 3157 3159 3161 3163 3165 3167 3169 3171 3173 3175 3177 3179 3181 3183 3185 3187 3189 3191 3193 3195 3197 3199 3201 3203 3205 3207 3209 3211 3213 3215 3217 3219 3221 3223 3225 3227 3229 3231 3233 3235 3237 3239 3241 3243 3245 3247 3249 3251 3253 3255 3257 3259 3261 3263 3265 3267 3269 3271 3273 3275 3277 3279 3281 3283 3285 3287 3289 3291 3293 3295 3297 3299 3301 3303 3305 3307 3309 3311 3313 3315 3317 3319 3321 3323 3325 3327 3329 3331 3333 3335 3337 3339 3341 3343 3345 3347 3349 3351 3353 3355 3357 3359 3361 3363 3365 3367 3369 3371 3373 3375 3377 3379 3381 3383 3385 3387 3389 3391 3393 3395 3397

Famine's Legacy to the World.

Half a Million Orphans in Need of Help—What it Costs to Support One.

News by cable from India's Viceroy, the Governor of Bombay and other officials, from American missionaries and from newspaper correspondents, report a general rainfall in the famine stricken districts and prospects brighter than at any time for the past two years.

This means that the gaunt, woful, hideous figure of famine is being literally drowned. River-beds which for twenty-four months have been bared to the sky and baked by the sun till rock-hard, are now gradually softening into their natural muddiness. Streams are manifesting signs of life. The water in the few wells which were not drained by the long drought, are growing deeper and fields, meadows, farms, grazing grounds, garden-plots, in fact the whole parched earth is giving promise of generous fertility, as in the years gone by.

But these are after all, only signs and promises; which, while restoring hope to the hearts of the stricken millions must not be taken as meaning that the famine is at an end. Famine may be dying, but she is not yet dead. She still stalks abroad in all the western and central provinces, and for at least three months to come she will continue her deadly work.

And the cause of the awful distress and desolation was lack of rain, it will take a very long, steady rainfall to restore the ground to a condition rich enough to yield. With the exception of a one hour shower on July 20 of last year, the present rainfall is the first Western India has known for four and twenty months. Hence, not until rain has fallen continuously for weeks and weeks, will the ground be sufficiently soaked and softened to assure the raising of a crop.

Moreover, millions of head of cattle, indeed, ninety percent of all the cattle, have died, for want of fodder; and farmers will remain tied hand and foot till Government supplies new live stock to replace the old, whose bones lie scattered over the country.

Therefore, desperate distress still exists. Uter desolation is still the lot of millions. If the government were now to withdraw its aid, shut up the relief works and poor houses, if American contributions were now to cease and missionaries to stop their work, ten million homeless, helpless people would be in imminent danger of starving to death.

Furthermore, since the rain has come, scores of thousands who have been saved from death by starvation, are threatened with death by exposure. Blankets and clothing are scarce; only about one person in every thousand possessing a half-way decent garment.

Meanwhile, famine has written her will on the face of the land. She is leaving Christendom a legacy in form of hundreds of thousands of homeless, helpless orphans.

The million men and women, who, after indescribable suffering, have succumbed, since the famine began, not only to starvation, but to fever, plague and cholera besides, have left fully half a million fatherless, motherless children. When the government closes its relief works, its poor-houses, sending millions of absolutely penniless people to their desolate homes to begin life's struggle over again, what is to come of the parentless, ownerless children. Who is to shelter them, clothe, feed and instruct them, and fit them for lives of usefulness?

I have myself just returned from India, and I can truthfully write that of all the sad sights to be seen in the famine district, the most pitiable is the starving child. Not a few, but tens of thousands, are wandering along the highways, waifs of a desert country, living drift-chips on a shoreless sea. Their mothers and fathers have died of starvation, and now they have not a soul in the world to turn to, no kith, no kin, not a single heart among their own people to look after them.

It is in the rescue of these orphans, from the highway of death itself, that the missionaries devote a large part of their working hours. Once inside a mission compound, the poor, little starveling, it care and food have not come too late, is supported by funds sent to the missionaries by the American people.

Among the many starving orphan children gathered in from the fields by Dr. Taylor and his wife, missionaries at Ahmedabad, there came one little girl who insisted on entering the house. She came into the library, and after a brief look about, hipped in her own tongue "Please may I die here?" and then threw herself down on the floor and went to sleep. It is gratifying to add that the long sleep and

the hot milk afterward given to this child, saved her from death and she was added to the fold of orphans in Mr. Taylor's care.

Even in the streets of Bombay, there are hundreds of famine children wandering about. With sunken eyes, hollow cheeks and indented temples, with weary, weak, skeleton legs, they totter, by the dozen, in the footsteps of the European, crying "Salam, Sahib,"—which is their way of saying "Peace to you." Then slapping their hollow and naked stomachs to emphasize their need of food, they continue their piteous supplications, begging for enough food to keep them alive just another hour.

Sometimes a mother accosts one, a babe in her arms, trying its little best to get food from the dry, parched breast—and this mother also entreates you, saying: "Give us something to eat, and God will bless you with many children."

The group of waifs about her cling as if by instinct to her scant, ragged skirt, as if they felt that since this woman is mother to the babe she will act also as a kind mother to all who snuggle up to her.

Saving the children, in famine time, is one of the most encouraging phases of relief work, while to see children starve, to die by inches for want of food, is a condition of affairs that wrings the heart.

Thousands of these orphans are now in the hands of American missionaries, having been plucked by them from the jaws of the famine, but they must soon be turned out to starve unless the missionaries receive the means to purchase food for them.

Bishop Thoburn, the dean of missionaries in India, who is now in this country for the recovery of his health, said to a correspondent of this paper: "The highways are covered with people, many of whom are mere walking skeletons, vainly seeking a region where food can be found. Children, whose parents have perished, are wandering everywhere. The spectacle is one of the most painful which can be found on earth. The cries of the orphans, if they could only enter into the ears of all good people in distant lands, would stir the Christian world to such a movement of sympathy and help as has never been witnessed on earth."

From Rev. R. A. Hume, Ahmednagar, I have received a letter, saying: "I have seen within the past few days young mothers with new born children, who have not tasted food in several days. Hundreds of children deserted by their parents, who could not bear to see them die of hunger, have come to our house pathetically holding out their tiny hands. A heart of stone would melt at the sight of such suffering."

The missionaries, indeed, foreseeing the legacy which famine would surely leave, have throughout the period of distress employed famine labor at four cents a day—government rate—in building the numerous mission orphanages with which the famine district is now dotted. They built these houses of refuge, that they might be in readiness, when the relief camps close, to receive the orphaned children who will then be turned adrift with no one to care for them.

But whence is to come the money for the support of these helpless little ones? A plan for the solution of this problem has been formed by Dr. Louis Kloppsch, proprietor of The Christian Herald.

He says: "Living expenses in India are light. The expense of caring for the five hundred thousand orphans, while stupendous in the aggregate, is yet easily within reach when considered one by one. It is not to be expected that any one person should assume the whole responsibility, yet everyone can do something.

"Five cents for every working day or thirty cents a week will clothe, feed, shelter and instruct a child, and there are but few people who cannot undertake the responsibility for one child, giving part themselves and collecting the balance from friends and neighbors. To every person so contributing will be given the name and address of the orphan for whom they have assumed responsibility, and once every three months they will receive an English letter from India, either from the child or from its teacher, reporting the progress it is making. I am sure the charitable, sympathetic people of our prosperous country will prove equal to the occasion and tens of thousands of famine waifs will be saved for lives of Christian influence."

Dr. Kloppsch's paper will receive all pledges to this end, and will cable the money to India free of all expense, and weekly reports of pledges received will be cabled at the same time. This course will

enable the missionaries to take, promptly and quickly, as many children as there are pledges.

If it be desired that the children be received in the orphanages of any particular denomination, and this wish is clearly expressed at the time when the pledge is made, it will be conscientiously respected; or if preference for either sex is expressed, such preference will also be faithfully respected; and every pledge for one year, and every remittance, however small, towards orphan support will be promptly acknowledged in public print.

A plan on similar lines was adopted by Dr. Kloppsch, for the support of orphans after the famine of 1897. The plan was successful, and since that year the money sent to India, through his paper has supported thousands of the helpless ones.

Just back from India himself, Dr. Kloppsch is enthusiastic in his praise of the magnificent work now being carried on by the Christian missionaries among the orphans of the 1897 famine. On the day of his arrival in Bombay, five hundred of these famine waifs greeted him with songs and addresses and presented him with a copy of the New Testament, printed in India, in the Marathi language. This orphan work, he says, is the hope of the nation, and the work of the Interdenominational committee which distributes the money sent to India, through The Christian Herald, deserves unstinted praise.

The committee referred to, the only one of the kind, is composed exclusively of American missionaries representing every denomination in India. There are no Hindu or Mohammedan members. There is no other organization in India that can do the work of distribution so effectually.

The money passes from the committee at large to the central denominational committees, in proportion to the need of their respective fields. These missionaries, then whom there are no better men and women on the earth, at the peril of their lives are toiling amid famine and cholera and plague to save the dying people. The work of distribution is done under their personal supervision. Their high character, and the nature of their regular work, peculiarly fit them for this special relief service which they conduct without one cent of pay, so that the money sent them goes intact to buy food for the starving. No other way of sending relief could be so successful.

AMERICAN NERVE IN LONDON.
Two Americans Who Bluffed Their Way Into the House of Lords.

It is believed that the first Americans who ever succeeded in bluffing their way into the House of Lords are Dr. Frederick L. Forker and Ralph D. Smith of Birmingham, N. Y., who have just returned from a European trip. The tourists visited the vacant chambers in parliament building when they first went to Europe two months ago, but at that time neither house was in session. When they returned to London week before last and learned that both houses were in session they determined to try to witness the working of the most dignified and august body in the world, the House of Lords.

Inquiring at their hotel they learned that no tickets are issued for admittance to the House, in fact that there are no admittances, except to friends, who are taken in by members. They learned that the American Embassy had two tickets each day for admission to the House of Commons, and that it is also much easier to get admitted to that body through some member.

They visited the embassy, but learned that all tickets were spoken for weeks in advance. The attaches of the embassy could suggest no way in which they could secure admittance unless they knew some member. After a day's unsuccessful effort to place a member of parliament on their acquaintance list, they visited the Cunard agent who had shown them courtesies when they first landed. He could suggest nothing, until he remembered that he knew a member of the lower house. He promised to see what he could do for the tourists.

That night he came to their hotel bringing them two tickets from his member acquaintance which would admit them to the House of Commons. When they suggested their desire to visit the House of Lords to several Englishmen, the Britishers simply gaped in wonder at the men whose nerve would prompt them to think of such a thing.

On July 19 the tourists were admitted to the gallery of the House of Commons, where they listened for some time to the weighty discussion on the advisability of permitting the Irish language to be taught in the schools of Ireland. This debate was soon become too tame for the Americans, and they left the house in quest of larger game.

They started down the long hall leading to the assembly chamber of the upper house. Soon they were stopped by the uplifted hand of a guard. "S-t. You

mustn't come here. The House of Lords is in session."

The Americans were not to be stopped by such trifles. They engaged the guard in conversation, and soon worked themselves into his good graces. Then they explained the situation and asked him to help them get into the house.

"Don't you know some lord?" inquired the good natured fellow.

The American admitted that they had no lords on their calling list. The guard scratched his head in perplexity. Finally he suggested:

"Well, I'll tell you. Just hide a bit, han' per'aps some lord will come out."

The tourists' bided several bits' but none came. More scratching of his head brought another idea to the guard, who suggested:

"Now don't tell no one that I told you, but go down to the door there and inquire for Lord Aberdeen, and see if you can make it."

The Americans believed that this was good advice, as it put them on guard near the goal. They presented themselves to the stiff officials, who stood at the outer door of the house, and Mr. Smith said:

"We would like to see Lord Aberdeen."

The guards were inclined to argue the question, but the Americans stood their ground, emphasized their demands, and convinced the guards that they were important dignitaries. Their cards were carried in to the former governor-general of Canada.

"Does his lordship expect you?" inquired one of the guards.

"I don't know as he expects us today," replied Mr. Smith.

"But the waiting time, my brothers, was the hardest time of all," explains Dr. Forker, in describing the incident. "As we stood there we had time to think of the sublime nerve of the thing, and the perspiration stood out on our faces. We wondered how we were going to know his Lordship should be come out. But we were too far into the game to throw up our hands. While we stood debating what we should do next, a guard loudly announced: 'Lord Aberdeen.' Turning, we saw before us a peasant looking, but very dignified, well dressed man of middle age, and then we knew we had got to see the game to the limit."

Putting on his best brand of bluff Mr. Smith stepped up to his Lordship and began:

"Mr. Aberdeen, we owe you an apology, but we wish to get into the House of Lords and we were referred to you to take us in."

"Mr. Aberdeen was too much surprised to speak at first, so the young attorney explained:

"We have just come from the House of Commons."

"How did you get into the House of Commons?" inquired Lord Aberdeen.

"On tickets from a member."

"What member?"

"Why it was—ah—it was—what member was it, Doc?" inquired the nonplussed attorney, ending his sentence in an aside to his companion.

"Damfino," whispered back the physician. "I never thought to look at the ticket."

"Well, really, Mr. Aberdeen, we've forgotten the member's name," explained Mr. Smith, "but we just came from the lower house, and we were referred to you to take us into the House of Lords."

"A very wise adventure, gentlemen," suggested his Lordship with a trace of sarcasm. But his twinkling eyes showed that he appreciated the humor of the situation. "Come with me," and he led the way through the ante rooms, opening into the assembly chamber.

When the stairs leading to the gallery were reached he reflected a minute and then said: "I think I won't send you into the gallery; come this way," and he led them on to the floor of the house.

His lordship conducted the Americans up to the bar of the House, stood with them for a short time, pointing out Lord Salisbury and other prominent members and then found seats for them.

The Americans listened to the debate for some time, having an opportunity to hear Lord Salisbury speak briefly. A few minutes later Lord Aberdeen on leaving the house came up to the tourists, explained a few points about the debate and cordially shook hands with them as he went out. They followed him shortly, reflecting on what can be accomplished by bluff and Yankee nerve.

A Musical Finger-Ring.

One of the most interesting rings in the world is the property of Mr. Temple of London, a descendant of Sir Richard Temple. An English exchange describes it as a prized family heirloom, having been once in the possession of one of Mr. Temple's ancestors who lived in France during the Revolution.

This ancestor was a Royalist, and was sent to prison for his championship of the king and queen. He languished in jail for many weeks, his only solace being the

sweet little tune played by his ring, which would make music for him whenever its spring was pressed. Additional value was attached to the ring by this unfortunate man, because it had been made by his grandfather's own hands.

When he was sent to the guillotine he marched bravely to the scaffold, holding his hand to his ear, that he might hear the delicate music to the last.

Eventually the ring found its way back to the Temple family in England, where it is now.

SHELL AND PEA GAME'S ORIGIN.

Assertion That it was Invented in China Centuries Ago.

"It is a curious thing," said a professor of the ethnological department of a Western college, at one of our city clubs the other night, "to trace the origin of some of our gambling games. I was much surprised a few summers ago, while tramping through the forests in the Northwest on a shooting and fishing trip, to find the real home of the shell and pea game. We stayed a few days with the Indians of the Sac and Fox tribe, and were invited one evening to enter a little game of real cards. Some of our party had scooped the Indians of nearly all their ready money, in the white man's proverbially better play, when one of the tribe thought to redeem the honor of his people by calling our attention to what he called the moccasin and ball game. It was a curious modification of the old shell and pea game, and was played by shuffling some baked clay balls about the size of hickory nuts, under overturned moccasins.

"The natural clumsiness of the moccasins made us inclined to bite at the game, but really it resulted in the same disastrous results as with the neat little shells in the land of the merry-go-round and racetrack. I was rather astonished to hear the Indians say that the game had been known in their tribe for over 200 years, and had originated with them. One of our party improvised some little wooden cups that did good service for the trim shells and with some borrowed peas showed the Indians how his pale faced brothers did practically the same trick which, of course, was new to them. I am quite convinced that the shell and pea game is a Yankee improvement on the Sac and Foxes, moccasin and clay ball game."

"That explanation is all very well for the pioneer West," said an Eastern professor, "but the explanation won't suit the effete East. It might pass muster if it were not for the fact that in my work in archeology in Rome last winter I had in my very matter of gambling games thrust persistently under my very nose, and I found the 'game of the golden cups,' played in ancient Rome, was the modern shell and pea game; it was copied by them from the effete Greeks; and was almost identical with the to-many-of-us-painful experiences with the shell and pea game of degenerate days. Probably in the light of your ethnological Indian discoveries, the French Jesuite, carrying French and Roman seeds of vice in the folds of their garment, in the forms of pastimes of recreation and skill, showed your Sac and Foxes this little game some time in the sixteenth century and the subtle but improvident Indian used his moccasin and the little balls of earth, which could always be obtained wherever he might camp. I suppose the Jesuit game of recreation in time ceased to be known as harmless, as Indian after Indian was fleeced of his few belongings."

"Even your explanation does not cover the ground, in fact, does not go back far enough," said a well-known retired East Indian importer. "The little shell and pea game is really Indian in origin, but in the East Indian. Several years ago, while I was in North India, I saw the shell and pea game played in the street. I thought as the first speaker tonight said, that the game was American in origin, but came from the clever wits of the shrewd Yankee as the racetrack, instead of among Indians. It is a very old form of amusement among the East Indian nation, and is really of Chinese origin."

"A very interesting fact about the matter," said the importer, with a twinkle in his eye, "is that as a matter of pure sport, I showed some boys the gaming propensities of the American people by describing our manner of using the little shells. It delighted and amused them very much, and since then, I am informed that the game is very popular with the fakirs who practice gambling in that city. It is known as the 'American Game.' So, gentlemen, having been born in St. Louis, you will see that a pioneer Westerner did give points not only to the effete East, but the really very effete East."

Yellow will dye a splendid red. Try it with Magnetic Dyes—costs 10 cents a package and gives fine results.

of course, led to believe

thing.

Now all his friends

Gorman fellow will

show Claude clearly

Little mixz I just

ing to look after his

Jewel he has the look

about to take the plunge

"Poor Claude, how

turn first, and been

old glove. See I

a whirlwind; money

Mr. Gorman offered

took it with rather a

bar across the room

where, with a pre

plunged right into

"Miss Vere, I am

what it is that I am

My attentions during

been marked—very

Another cough and

her time to collect

the importance of

Here was looking

Her eyes had a

where, and were

She hardly remem

"I have now reach

men marry and settle

Gorman slowly, find

fer to an absolutely

vidual was not quite

signed. He had m

would jump at his

out with it direct

found her silence

not having carefu

my acquaintance,

due thought, mad

"I wish you ever

absent-mindedly

to come off, Mr. G

He stared at her

smile dawned on

"Oh, of course, I

finite," he told

give herself away

soon as you can

I have nothing to

as early a date as

pared, of course,

handsome ones, a

said.

"As I like," fa

awaking from her

dreaded event was

and that, unless

she would find

without any volun

—I have nothing

to except to wa

marry will

—and love you, a

here in my next

me. —

"Sit down for a

do not realize that

whom I mean to m

course, we shall

without saying, I

and as I'm neither

to give you every

on, it stands in

very fond of me,

with your people;

of our marriage.

"Oh! pray, pr

truncated hurried

am very, very gr

our you have paid

your wife. Good

Then, before

thoughts enough

vanished; he was

of the most disg

ever experienced

Chagrin, dis

prise, that any

penniless orphan

ance, should be

herell of an offe

a man run after

who could, it h

daughter for his

Vere told no

and devoutly

would prevent that

understood that

she had been

reckoned without

Mr. Gorman

and renewed

led him to

thing in the

grievances belon

Their surpris

ed him greatly.

little private la

and chuckled

little girl, you

I'm proud of y

it, that she wo

ment, never gu

pathy, but, on

to the match b

gardless of her

Not that he

