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PRICE FIVE CENTS

THEY ARE TOO TRUSTING.

AND AS A CONSEQUENCE HALIFAX GETS EASILY TAKEN IN.

Two Instances in Which the Natives of the Fog Bound City Were Galled by Smooth Tongued Visitors—John T. Bulmer to the Front With a New Scheme.

HALIFAX, Aug. 9.—There are some very gullible people in this city and it seems but little trouble for any stranger who comes here to take them in. The people of this city always take kindly to visitors and as a rule they welcome them whenever they come. Of late several mistakes have happened whereby many of our citizens were duped, and are now much sadder, and considerably wiser for their little experience. Some weeks ago a polished young man, good looking and well dressed made his appearance in this city, and through his genial manner and off-handed way he made the acquaintance of a number of well known young men. He put up at one of the leading hotels, and represented himself as an agent for a large tailoring house with headquarters at Toronto. He told his newly formed friends that the house had an agency at St. John, and intended shortly to open a branch of the business in this city. He carried with him an extremely fine lot of samples of cloth, from which he would take an order for a suit, and he would make the terms quite easy, and give good value for the money. As a guarantee of good faith on the part of the purchaser he requested that they give him twenty-five per cent of the price of the suit in advance. Of course the price was so low that many of them thought they were getting a snap, and jumped at the figures at once. After securing quite a large sum of money, and taking all the innocent ones in he left the city, and up to the present time nothing has been heard of him, or the suits. One of the parties who was so badly duped took the trouble of writing to Toronto for information about this large "tailoring house," and he has received a reply that there is no such firm in existence there. Those who ordered suits are keeping their mouths closed over the matter, as they do not care about letting their friends know that the smart stranger got ahead of them.

Another instance of the Halifaxians open heartedness is shown by the way that a coal customer played havoc with several of our merchants, and boarding house keepers last week, whom they put great confidence in. A leading merchant was approached by this individual who wanted to purchase one of his vessels. The terms were considered by him as satisfactory and all arrangements for the sale were completed. The schooner was not in the best of condition but it was to be put in through repair before passing into the hands of its new purchaser, and a gang of men were soon at work caulking her. The stranger in the meantime to make himself solid engaged a number of men to manage the vessel, when everything was in readiness for the trip. Stores were also necessary for the extended voyage which he said he proposed to make, and the wholesale houses were then favored with an order from him. He had no credentials of any kind, and did not make any display of wealth, but he was going to get the goods all the same. The goods were all hastily got together and the large orders completed, and were about to be delivered, when the owner of the vessel became somewhat suspicious that everything was not going as it should. Inquiries were made concerning the individual's standing, and it was ascertained that he was not genuine, so they shut down on him immediately. He evidently got wind of the move on the part of the local firms, and made a hurried exit out of the city. The firms who came so nearly being victimized have left no stone unturned on their part to locate this enterprising customer, but their every effort has proved of no avail. This same thing is liable to happen again any day, and it just goes to show how easily the trick can be done by anyone who knows how.

HE MAY LAND IN PARLIAMENT.

John T. Bulmer Hard at Work on Another Political Scheme.

HALIFAX, Aug. 9.—There are some projects in this city now for a new political party which when properly organized will be known as the Labor party. The prime mover in the matter is John T. Bulmer a well known solicitor who enjoys quite a lucrative practice here in criminal cases.

It has long been Mr. Bulmer's aim to get into politics, and perhaps the opportune time has arrived. What brought the matter to a head at the present time is the strike in the office of the Herald publishing company. Mr. Bulmer is the counsel for the members of the Halifax Typographical Union and he has been trying various moves to better the position of the men who are on strike. Of course this was a very favourable and opportune time for him to propose his scheme which he has long sought to have placed before the public and with this end in view a meeting was held in Uplam's Hall at Richmond on Thursday evening. It was well attended by the laboring classes, and the speech of the evening was made by Mr. Bulmer. He is quite a good speaker, though some what erratic at times. He said he entirely disapproved of any institution dismissing men wholesale and giving employment to a lot of "rats" from New York. The whole trouble is that labor is not organized, and there ought to be a solidarity of 2500 men in this city to stand up for the rights of labor. In the above paragraph he got in his fine work. He expects by clever manoeuvring to capture the votes of those 2500 laborers, when he receives the nomination and becomes their candidate at the next general election. He is extremely over anxious to get into parliament. It appears to be his ambition to reach this position in life. Some twelve years ago, he contested the county of Cumberland in the interests of the prohibition party. This attempt on his part was unsuccessful as he lost his deposit. He has a good heart however, and like "Bruce and the spider" he believes in trying again, and perhaps may succeed at last. After this defeat he joined the Conservative party, and at the last general election he went over with the Liberals. Neither of those parties gave him the desired opportunity of coming to the front, and as a result he is now trying to organize a Labor party. He will have a hard road to travel but with patience and perseverance he may succeed in gathering the party on a sound footing but it is very doubtful if ever a third party candidate could be elected in this county. The laboring classes of this city as a rule do not take very much interest in schemes of this kind, while those of the county take less. However time alone will tell and as patience is a virtue one must only wait and watch for future developments.

DON'T WANT A FALSE IMPRESSION

The Companions of Floodey did not know Who and What He was.

A young man—a traveller—called at PROGRESS office a few days ago and related an experience he and several others had in St. Stephen a short time ago. He looked like an athletic young man but in spite of his strength and general appearance of being able to take care of himself he was evidently not anxious to go back to St. Stephen until he had persuaded the merchants there that he did not intend to do any harm.

And this is the story he tells. He with five others, some from St. John and some from Toronto, were stopping at the Queen hotel in St. Stephen. They were all on business for different concerns and went about it in the day time, but in the evening they "chummed" around with Mr. Floodey whom they found to be a good fellow. They did not know him then, for as they went along Floodey would ask this or that one to go into a certain store and buy him a package of "Sweet Corporal" cigarettes which sells for five cents a package in Calais and seven cents in St. Stephen, but all Mr. Floodey wanted was to find out who sold them. He did so in the way mentioned above and not one of them knew that he belonged to the inland revenue department and was looking for offenders against the custom laws. But if the commercial men did not know it the border merchants did, and very soon the knights of the road found that they were getting a cool reception. This ended in quite a gathering in front of their hotel one evening. The crowd gathered to see them but not in their honor and though all of them were out walking around town with the detective pointing out the points of interest—to him—namely the warehouses and the factories and such places as he had reason to think might have some American goods on which the duty had not been paid, still they waited patiently for their return. The travellers came in by one and two and those who

knew them quickly gave the cue to the crowd and such a hustling as they got. Such small matters as eggs were not in it. There was rougher treatment than that and one poor fellow who really had not much to do with the business found himself on the broad of his back in a jiffy making the acquaintance of boots other than his own. When, at last, they all got to the hotel and assembled in one room—the detectives,—they were a bruised and sorry lot. But as they had got into trouble on Floodey's account they proposed to make him guard them during the night as he was the only armed man in the party. Strange to say he was not touched. Whether that was an account of his revolver or out of deference to the law is not stated.

Next morning all of them went to see Mayor George Clark who assured those anxious for the safety of their lives that law and order would be maintained but that since they had fallen under suspicion, perhaps the best thing for them to do would be to continue their trip and drop in and see the good people of St. Stephen at some other time. At the same time he gave them a direct hint to the effect that commercial men were supposed to pay a license—a fact that they had failed to remember. And the next morning and that day they went but at the same time they wish to assure the St. Stephens people of their ignorance and innocence.

WHY SAM ABBOTT CAME TO TOWN.

He had Been Having Rife Practice and it Ended Disastrously.

Sam Abbott of Loch Lomond came to town Thursday. He did not bring in any spring chickens or raspberries but the only pig he had in his possession. Now fresh pork is a rarity at this time of the year and Sam's offering should have gone off like hot cakes, but it didn't. Some peeping, inquisitive fellow who knew something about killing pigs discovered that Sam's pig had departed this life in the usual fashionable manner. Again there is always a suspicion in summer time when a stray pig comes to market that that particular piggy had strayed into the potato patch and partaken of bugs and Paris green, which is not considered suitable for that clean domestic animal. The result is always about the same and there is sure to be fresh pork in the market. But Sam's pig did not meet this fate. If the Double X club had been practicing in that vicinity there would have been a just suspicion that the grunter had strayed within gunshot of them for he had a bullet hole in his body, but that is out of the question for the range of the club mentioned is far removed from Sam's place. When that individual was interviewed he solved the problem. He had a rifle of his own, and by putting it to the unusual use of rat killing he managed to destroy his chances of salt pork this winter. The fact was that Mr. Abbott used to be visited by a company of rats with considerable regularity. He could not get rid of them and so determined to practise with his rifle. He did so and fired at the first rat that showed his head through the hole in the floor. The rat escaped but piggy stopped the bullet and died. And that was the reason that Sam left a lot of hay in the rain and hurried to town to supply tourists or any others who wanted it with fresh pork.

He Sent Back the Bandouls.

The bad young man Cooper who took a flask from Mrs. Corkery's a few nights ago proved himself no mean sprinter and caused Officer Collins to have an inclination to kick himself. The policeman was too decent. When he handcuffed Cooper he allowed him to walk in front of him. And there is where he made the mistake for Cooper took to his heels and led Collins a lively chase around this and that corner finally disappearing altogether. Then he added insult to injury by returning the handcuffs a short time afterward. But he was captured before daylight and had all his worry and work for nothing.

Disappointment and Compensation.

The charms of the Washdemok were so impressed upon one young man who went upon the excursion last Sunday that he did not give himself time to catch the boat upon its return trip. He remained until next day and made the trip back in a less companionable manner than he otherwise might have done. Still he was no doubt compensated for that loss of sociability by the pleasant hours he spent studying the beauty of the Washdemok.

STEPPED DOWN AND OUT

THAT WAS MAYOR SEARS LATEST CURIOUS MOVE

At the Common Council—He Would not Stand Aid. Christie's Abuse and Left the Chair and the Council—Still the Aldermen Went on With the Business.

The few citizens who gathered in the council chamber Monday morning to hear the report of Ex Mayor Robertson had a rich and rare entertainment served up for them in the shape of a wordy war between Mayor Sears and Alderman Christie which ended by his worship deserting the chair and the business of the council going on as usual. Whether the business transacted without him in the chair is legal or not remains to be seen.

If this is a specimen, Monday morning council meetings do not appear to be a great success. If one was to inquire into the reason no doubt the manner of spending Sunday would have something to do with the humor of both Mayor and aldermen. Those who might be included in the list of Sabbath desecrators appear to be as good as the others who cook their own meals and refuse to use their street car passes on the Sabbath. Mayor Sears should have been in the best of good humor coming as he did from his pleasant summer home at Westfield. There, any man could not fail to be at peace with himself and the common council; even an uneasy conscience or a tax constable could find rest on the shores of Grand Bay and if, like the Mayor, they were favored with an occasional visit from the "Polymorphian" their contentment would be complete.

There are some members of the council who do not know what temper is, at least they never show that they do, but Alderman Christie is not one of these. He should have accompanied his north end colleague Alderman McGoldrick up the river on Sunday and found the peace of mind that distinguished the alderman from Stanley at the meeting on Monday. But instead of that he was as erratic and unruly as the logs that went adrift from the raft in the falls this week. He did not like the mayor's reference to the action of the old council but in saying so he used extreme language and would not take his seat when his worship arose to explain. He forgot what was due to himself and to the chair. The mayor has said since that if a high constable had been there he would have instructed him to put Ald. Christie out. That would have been a mistake, but just imagine it—poor George Stockford alive again and trying to put Dr. Christie out of the council. There's a subject for a comic artist.

But instead of Alderman Christie going out Mayor Sears got on his dignity and went out. But that did not make any difference, the advocate of the water supply for the pulp mill talked to the cushioned back chair and blustered about what could not be done to him and what he would not permit to be done to him. It was the days of the old Portland bear garden over again. Ald. Christie must have imagined himself there fighting the battles as of yore.

The row was all about a motion of Ald. Macrae's to go ahead with the laying of the new water pipe in Carleton. When he made the motion Ald. Macrae sent a speech with it. He wasn't standing on the Opera house platform, but one would have thought so. From his declamatory effort one would not have imagined him in a small room talking to a dozen aldermen and two or three large tax payers. Aldermen Macrae makes the mistake of talking too often. He has a lot of good ideas but speaking too often lessens the attention given to a man when he really wants to say something.

SOME REMARKS OF TOURISTS.

Men who Enjoyed Themselves—A Letter From a Tourist.

It is a singular trait of St. John people that they know little or nothing about vanity so far at least as it relates to their city. If they did the complimentary remarks they are used to having every day now from American tourists would turn their brains. Perhaps the reason is that the people are so used to having nice things said about this beautiful city that they do not appreciate the fact that this is "God's Country." Still some others do if they do not and notably among them last week were Messrs Scott, Ritchie and Ebberts of the Aquatic Pleasure Club New York. They had been out three weeks seeking pleasure and relaxation—relief

for their overworked and nerveless bodies—in the swales of Nova Scotia and the dusty highways of Prince Edward Island. When they came to St. John they began to enjoy life and put on flesh and when they left they were kicking each other for not getting here sooner. They made many friends—for they were just the sort of people to do so—and, as a consequence they found other attractions beside those of nature in the town. Their day upon river was, they declared the most enjoyable of their whole trip—quite a compliment from gentlemen so observant and critical. While here they remained at the Dufferin, but they were at home wherever they went.

Quite different from those kind remarks is contained in the letter "Tourist" sends PROGRESS. But "Tourist" is talking about Moncton and draws a pretty long bow in some of the statements. Moncton has always been noted for bad water and worse whiskey but there is no need of either so long as cows graze on the uplands of Westmoreland. Here is "Tourist's" letter:

I thank Heaven I have reached a civilized community, and I assure you I can appreciate it after my experience of last evening, when I had the misfortune to get off at the town of Moncton. I knew nothing of the place, further than that it had a "bore"—whatever that may be. Being somewhat thirsty I asked for a glass of water, and was brought a compound resembling in appearance a glass of Liebig's Extract, but the stench arising therefrom surpassed anything I had ever dreamed of, though I have more than once been in the vicinity of some hundreds of corpses, when the carrion crows have been holding high revel; in order to get my drink, I tried the experiment of melting ice, but this seemed to be first cousin to the water. I then asked for a glass of beer. After a futile glance at a brass-buttoned individual who was near, the waiter informed me that "this town was Scottack" and such a thing could not be had. Without the refreshment of a wash, for the liquid was to vile even for that, I packed up, and made tracks for the train.

At the depot I heard that the trouble was due to a dead cat or horse. But I am certain it would require the putridity of a whole menagerie to scare up such an effluvia. It is possible the natives may be so inoculated with this stuff as to be able to use it without injury, but to strangers it must be more deadly than a galling.

It is a question if a criminal action would not lie somewhere for allowing unsuspecting travelers to venture into such a locality unwarned.

With this exception, my wanderings through the province have been more than pleasureable, and it is in order that others may have nothing to detract from their pleasant recollections of your beautiful country, that I think it my duty to mention these facts.

He Did Not Welcome Them.

Groceryman Williams can be found at his establishment at the lower end of the North Wharf most every day. Four Americans located him the other day when they wanted shelter. Their yacht was lying in the stream and they were to go on board when a very heavy shower came on. They sought the first place of shelter, which was Williams' store. The place, or Mr. Williams, was too hot for them and they sought the shelter they wanted in the next store where they were treated with all courtesy and kindness and the proprietor was anxious to convince them that Mr. Williams' treatment of them was not a specimen of the hospitality of St. John's citizens.

The Boys and Girls Together.

The career of Clement Martin, the young man who was second in the Matriculation examination and of Miss Emily McAvity who was first will be watched with interest not only by their friends but by those interested in the high school. This is one of the first results of the experiment to which there has been so much opposition. That however has died away and the boys and girls rivalry has resulted this time in the triumph of the latter. It is understood that Miss McAvity will pursue her studies in Boston while Mr. Martin will go to the University.

Will Go to Jemseg.

If the weather be fine the Steamer Victoria will make a trip to Jemseg on Sunday. These weekly outings are very popular and enjoyable.

TOLD ABOUT BISMARCK.

HIS WIT AND LOVE OF CHILDREN IN HIS YOUNGER DAYS.

Fashion in Which he Reached an Understanding With Beaconsfield—His Appointment as Ambassador to Frankfurt—Resort of a Shepherd.

The writer saw Prince Bismarck on three occasions. The first time was shortly after the Danish war, when he was visiting a Baron Tornerhjelm of Vrams Gunnars-Trop, in Sweden. He was a strikingly massive figure; one could not fail to notice the kindly eyes, flashing fourth under shaggy brows. He was a horn ruler of men; any child could see that. But the children ruled him. He loved children and was a great favorite among them. He entered into their games and romps with as much animation and interest as any of them and it he blundered as sometimes he did, he received his correction in the most ridiculously submissive spirit and yet in all sincerity. In the morning he was often seen lying on the lawn with a group of noisy children crawling all over him. And in his excursions about the state he used to have his pockets filled with tobacco, which he distributed indiscriminately among the peasants whom he met, evidently hugely delighted at their astonishment and awkward thanks.

Many witty sayings of his were at that time going from mouth to mouth among the people. Shortly before the Prince's visit Baron Tornerhjelm had been made first court stablemaster by the King. At dinner some one wondered why that royal favor had been conferred upon the Baron. Now it is to be noted that the Baron had just rendered his first service to the country as a member of the Swedish Riksdag, but when, as before his election, he had been pronounced anti-royal in his sentiments, he had been the very reverse in the Riksdag, supporting every royal measure to the utmost of his ability. Therefore, when the connundrum as to the royal stable mastership was mooted, Prince Bismarck solved it by remarking that this was probably due to the perspicacity of the King seeing the nimbleness with which the Baron understood how to change saddles.

At the two other meetings Prince Bismarck was in Berlin. This was only some ten years ago. The first time he was coming out from his residence to take his customary 8 o'clock morning ride, and the whole carriage creaked as the ponderous figure sank down upon the cushions. The second occasion was in the afternoon when he was taking a walk in Unter den Linden. But what a transformation; his walk was heavy and labored, his forehead deeply furrowed, and his eyes had become dark and hard; still a faint smile now and then flitted over his features as he acknowledged the greetings of some friend.

There are a couple of characteristic events in Prince Bismarck's life well known in Germany, but not so familiar to English-speaking people, and the late Lord Beaconsfield is said to have sprung up in a very characteristic manner during the Berlin conference. Bismarck was the first to arrive in the room, and as he was walking about in full uniform and helmeted Lord Beaconsfield arrived and greeted the German Chancellor, hat in hand. In acknowledging the salutation Prince Bismarck did not remove his helmet; so after a little while Lord Beaconsfield put on his hat. Meanwhile not a word had been exchanged between the two statesmen. Then Bismarck went up to a window and began to drum on the pane with his knuckles. Pretty soon Lord Beaconsfield came up and began to thump the pane next to Bismarck's. A glance was exchanged and they understood each other.

The other story relates to prince Bismarck's appointments as Ambassador to Frankfurt. One morning Junker Bismarck told his wife that he was going on a business visit to Berlin and would be back in a few days. This was just after the close of the Reichstag, where he had made himself well hated by the Liberals for his unqualified support of the King. In those days there were no railroads or telegraphs, and the roads from Varzin to Berlin had to be travelled in a carriage. The trip became tedious, so to relieve the monotony he stuck his head out of the carriage window and asked passers by what the news was from Berlin. Almost invariably the answer came that everybody was talking about the King's intention to appoint that young firebrand Bismarck as Ambassador to Frankfurt. When Bismarck arrived at the capital, instead of going to the cheap quarters he had intended, he went to a large hotel, taking expensive apartments so to be in suitable surroundings when the expected command from the king should arrive. He also took pains to have the principal papers announce his presence. And then he waited—one day, two days, three days, yet no news came from the King. On the fourth day his cash was scarce, he thought

he had been hoaxed, and he was in far from an amiable mood. But just as he was getting ready to leave Field Marshal Wrangel was announced. On entering he informed the Bismarck that he had been commanded by the King to offer him the embassy to Frankfurt, and to tell him to think the matter over and give the King as early response as possible. As Wrangel was about to withdraw Bismarck said:

"In thanking his Majesty for this favor, say that I accept this mark of confidence." The answer made old Wrangel start, soldier as he was. He only said, "Is this your answer to his Majesty?" Bismarck said "Yes."

A little later a royal equipage arrived to carry Bismarck to the palace. The King was walking about in great excitement.

"Wrangel tells me," the King burst forth, "that when he gave you my commission you at once declared your readiness to accept the post."

"Yes, your Majesty."

"Are you aware," the King continued, "that the post at Frankfurt is the most important as well as the most difficult to fill?"

"Yes, your Majesty."

"And yet," said the King, "you were ready at once to accept the position?"

"Yes, your Majesty."

"Explain yourself," roared the King. Bismarck then related his experiences on his trip to Berlin, and said that from the moment he had been told of the King's intention he had bent all his thoughts and energies to understanding the requirements of the place, and when Wrangle announced the King's gracious offer he had become satisfied that he could fill the office, hence his prompt acceptance.

"When can you start?" asked the King. "At once, your Majesty."

"Then start," was the command. The interview was over.

A few weeks later Frau Bismarck received a long letter from her husband, asking her to pack up and inviting her to join him for an indefinite stay at Frankfurt.

There is a story told among the peasantry of Schleswig, the former Danish province annexed after the war in 1864, of how Prince Bismarck was confounded by the tongue of a shepherd lad. Shortly after the close of the war Prince Bismarck went on an inspection tour through the province, as he desired to study the feelings and sentiments among the people. He talked with the peasants, getting valuable though not always agreeable information. For days he was annoyed by constantly hearing dogs called "Bismarck." Desiring to know what it meant, he called out in a gruff voice to a shepherd boy who had uttered the dreaded Chancellor's name in connection with his dog.

"Are all dogs in this country named Bismarck?"

"Ach nein, mein Herr," the urchin replied as he doffed his cap. "es ist bloss die schweinhunde." (Oh, no sir; it is only the pig-dogs.)—N. Y. Sun.

Farm Laborers Wanted in The North West. Arrangements have been made by the C. P. R. for the sale of one way second class tickets on Tuesday, August 16th, only, to points in Manitoba or Assiniboia, to and including Moose Jaw, Estevan, Bincarth and Winnipegosis at the rate of \$14.00. With each ticket will be given a certificate which, when filled out by a farmer to show that holder has worked with him at least one month will entitle him to purchase a return ticket, on or before November 16th, at the rate of 14.00 each. Tickets are sold via Canadian Pacific all rail line only.

FODDER IN THE TREETOPS.

Cattle in Hawaii May in Time Develop Scarcity of Attributes. A cow cannot climb a tree—undoubted fact in natural history. Yet if environment can effect what some believe it can, a few generations of cattle in Hawaii are likely to evolve a race of scissor-like kine, for the common fodder for cows and horses grows on trees.

There are only two directions in the islands of Pacific, and everybody uses the terms windward and leeward as glibly as if bred abroad ship to use sailors' English. In Hawaii these two directions are distinctly marked. On the windward side of every island tropical rains, growth of green things to jungle luxuriance; on the leeward side drought, rarely broken, scanty grasses precariously existing in a sun-baked soil, for most months of most years sere and brown. But as not every one can live to windward, and it seems a pity to let so much leeward go to waste which might otherwise be good, the algarroba tree has been introduced from the African aridities and has made cattle ranching a successful possibility on the dry lands.

Priests of the French mission were the introducers, they having become acquainted with its value in Algeria. As its name shows, it is the Carob tree of the Arabian Nights, the source of most people's know-

ledge of things Arabic. The tree grows most luxuriantly in most Hawaiian soils and bears continuously the year around. This is a matter of particular importance, for it is the fruit which is of value. The tree grows to the height attained by large maples, and branches luxuriantly so as to shade a considerable area, and, as the leaves are both abundant and large, there is formed protection against the heat which stock appreciate. The fruit is a large fleshy pod filled with beans the size of a horse chestnut. It is upon the pods and the beans that cattle feed. This fodder is so satisfying that for long periods cattle are fed on nothing else and reach market in prime condition.

EDGEHILL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Edgehill Students at Trinity College, London, England.

At the examination in Musical Knowledge the list and standing of candidates, on June 18 1898, was as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Marks. SENIOR DIVISION—PASS SECTION. Marks. Isabella Dodwell..... 55

Table with 2 columns: Name and Marks. JUNIOR DIVISION—HONOURS SECTION. Marks. Edith C. Hamilton..... 96

Table with 2 columns: Name and Marks. JUNIOR DIVISION—PASS SECTION. Marks. Elsie Townsend..... 93

Bishop Jeune, who was master of Pembroke, was once asked to state the duties of the head of a college. He replied that these were to write a few letters and to see a few young gentlemen in the morning.

What, then, are the duties of a dean of a cathedral? 'All the duties,' was the answer, 'of the head of a college except writing a few letters and seeing a few young gentlemen in the morning.'

Don't buy any substitute for Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine the Great Cough cure. Price 25 cents.

STOPPING! A Large Ocean Steamer.

Experiments seem to show that a large ocean steamer, going at nineteen knots an hour, will move over a distance of two miles after its engines are stopped and reversed, and no authority gives less than a mile or a mile and a half as the required space to stop its progress.

Study at Home.

There are many persons no doubt who now see the advantage of improving themselves. Have been to school, perhaps, but their education was not practical, does not enable them to earn their own living. I teach just what you need to know in business—give a thorough and complete course by mail "Individual Instruction" in Shorthand \$10; practical bookkeeping \$15; Art Penmanship \$10. Learn either course and there is rapid advancement for you. You need not give up your present work or studies. Primer sent free. S. P. SNELL, Truro, N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

A GENUINE FOUNTAIN PEN FOR 35c. Imitation hard rubber barrel with gold-plated pen. Satisfaction guaranteed. Postpaid 35 cents. BARNWICK NOVELTY CO., Boston, Mass.

WANTED By an Old Established House—High Grade Man or Woman, good Church standing, willing to learn our business then to act as Manager and State Correspondent here. Salary \$800. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope to A. T. Elder, Manager, 278 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

STAMPS COLLECTIONS and old stamps bought for cash. State size of collection or send list. For particulars address Box 368 St. John, N. E.

RESIDENCE at Bathurst for sale or to rent for the summer months. That pleasantly situated house known as the Titus property about one and a half miles from Bathurst Station and within two minutes walk of the Lunenburg. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Finlay, Barrister-at-Law, Fugatey Building. 24 6-11

No Summer Vacation. THE BEST SUMMER WEATHER, combined with our superior ventilation facilities, make study with us just as agreeable in July and August as at any other time.

Just the chance for teachers and others to take up the ISAAC PITMAN SHORTHAND and our NEW METHODS (the very latest) of BUSINESS PRACTICE.

Students can enter at any time. Send for Catalogue. S. KEER & SON, Oldfellow's Hall.

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Mount Allison Academy AND Commercial College, Sackville, N. B. The first term of the 56th year of this well known educational institution will begin Sept 1st, 1898. Parents desiring to give their sons a good English education, or to prepare them for Business Life or Matriculation into Colleges of Arts, Medicine or Dentistry should avail themselves of this Home School for Boys. For Calendar apply to Jas. M. Palmer, M. A., Principal.

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Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

To the Boston Symphony orchestra musicians who went down in the ill fated La Burgoyne last month Philip Hale pays a beautiful tribute in the current issue of the Musical Record. His words are worthy of being reproduced. He says: "Nor is it too much to say that Leon Pourtau was a genius. The fact that this young man was a first prize of the Paris Conservatory would induce you to admit at once that he must have been a player of indisputable technical skill. But he was more than a virtuoso—for the word is now used chiefly in its lower sense. It was not the brilliance of his technic, which was dazzling; it was not, again the mere sensuous beauty of his tone, which was indescribable, that convinced you that he was a genius; it was not the purity or the exquisite, unerring taste displayed in phrasing, that set him apart from others; for clarinetists have exhibited all these qualities, and yet you, listening have been restless or cold. When Pourtau played, in solo or ensemble, you thought more of the musician than of the instrument, you thought more of the rare and poetic individuality than of the musician. For Pourtau was first of all an individuality, who gave vent to his feelings, dreams, hopes, sorrows, aspirations, by interpreting the musical thoughts of others with the aid of the instrument which Berlioz characterized so elegantly in the treatise, which, according to Mr. Vernon Blackburn, is the musical masterpiece of the Frenchman. And I believe that Berlioz would have written even more nobly of the clarinet if he had heard Pourtau play.

Pourtau was a master of the naunce, and yet he knew the supreme value of simplicity. A painter of singular strength, feeling, originality,—indeed, he longed to abandon music for the higher art—his taste was ultra-modern; but he found pleasure in the great masters of the past and he did not think that in order to create, it is first necessary to destroy.

To me Pourtau was at his height in moments of melancholy passion. At this moment I remember the ineffably beautiful passage in the entr'acte from Chabrier's "Gwendoline."

The individual note of Pourtau was never forced to the injury of the composer. You never heard the clarinet saying, "This is the way I ought to go," or "I don't think much of this tune, but I'll show you what I can make of it." Passion with him was not an insane scream; grief was not a whine; brilliance was not ostentation. A poet blew the clarinet, and a true poet is an ideal judge upon the bench.

As a man he was simple, gentle and upright, eminently lovable. Now that his wife died with him, it is not impertinent to say that his marriage was an idyl.

He did not chatter about painting, or music, or literature, for he was not poetically serious, and art of any nature was to him a sacred thing. When he praised, you felt that his praise was a great distinction; not that it was weighed solemnly and bestowed pontifically; but it Pourtau praised a symphonic poem, or symphony, or a sonata, you were convinced at the time that it contained nothing that was common, or mean, or perfunctory. And I have seen his cheeks flush and his eyes glow when he spoke in eulogy of a work by his dear friend, Charles Martin Loeffler, or Rimsky Korsakoff, or Tchaikowsky, or Chabrier, or Richard Strauss or—Brahms. Brahms? Yes; for he found much in Brahms.

If I had not known him, if I had not been fond of him, I might now write in more truly critical spirit concerning his playing. Remembering him, thinking of the brutality of his taking-off, I am not in the mood for analysis. Nor was Leon

Pourtau a man who cared for analysis in art.

The Handel and Hadyn society of Boston, has elected Reinhold Herman, of Berlin, to succeed Carl Zerrahn as its musical conductor.

The Royal Italian Grand Opera company, heard at New York last season, will go out again in September, the roster including Rosalia Challis, Lunda Montanari, Olympia Calcagni, Adelina Casati, and Signori Agostini, Francesconi, and Galatzy with Emerico Morreale as conductor.

L. M. Rubens, formerly musical director for Maurice Grau, is traveling through Sweden directing a concert tour for Madame Seygard, Emil Fischer, and Constantin Sternberg.

Maestro Eugenio Sorrentino, director of the Banda Rossa, has returned to Italy. He will come back in the Fall, bringing new musicians for the band.

Jean and Edouard de Reszke and Miss Adams sang by request before Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle recently.

The Honorable Artillery Band of England will visit the United States next season, under the management of Edmund Gerson, opening on Nov. 21.

The orchestra of the Theatre Royal, Dresden, will celebrate its three hundred and fiftieth anniversary on Sept. 22, when a concert will be given, the proceeds to be given for a monument to Richard Wagner at Dresden.

Mrs. Julia Wyman, the singer, who some time ago was committed to an insane asylum is said to have recovered her reason and may return to public life.

Conductor Skalk has been engaged in Germany by Maurice Grau, to direct the Wagnerian productions at the Metropolitan Opera House next season.

The second annual Minc music festival, under the direction of William R. Chapman and Mrs. Chapman, will be given in October, although it was intended for September. Miss Charlotte Maconda of New York will sing in the soprano parts.

Della Fox has signed a contract to appear the coming season under the management of J. Frank Murray. A new operatic comedy, by Edgar Smith, will be the first offering.

The engagement is announced of George Manchester, formerly with Charles H. Yale's "Devil's Auction" Co., and Cecil Murray late of "The Wedding Day" Opera Co. The wedding bells will ring early in October.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Nancy Hanks Co. headed by the author-actor Frank Tanshill will play an engagement at the opera house the latter part of the week. According to reports they have done very good business during their present tour. The usual Saturday matinee will be given.

Charles H. Yale's Devil's Auction company announces its autumn tour through the medium of immense postal cards, on which is crowded everything worth knowing about the combination—perhaps. This big spectacular attraction opens its seventeenth year, Saturday Aug. 13th, in Philadelphia for a ten days engagement, and will afterwards tour the Eastern States and Canada reaching this city during exhibition time. It is safe to say it will prove a big drawing card.

The Opera House seems to have considerable open time between now and December. The N. Y. Mirror has an ad asking for attractions for the following dates Aug. 15 to 20, 29 to Sept. 17, Sept. 18 to Oct. 1, Oct. 24 to Nov. 2, Nov. 10 to 19, Dec. 5 to 22.

Marie Booth Russell who was here a year ago with Ethel Tucker has just signed with Robert Mantell for her second season with that company.

The manager of a well known and popular theatrical organization which has always drawn excellent audiences in this city writes PROGRESS a breezy letter this week, dwelling particularly upon the hard times existing everywhere for dramatic people. He says, among a whole lot of other things: "In all my experience I never knew the times quite so 'tuff' in the business. Nothing seems to go except war plays or something relating to the Spanish-American trouble and one gets positively sick of the mawkish sentiment now being indulged in. Anybody who can push a pencil seems to be inspired with the brilliant idea that a war play is his or her particular forte and as you may imagine the result is fearful. I haven't tried it yet, but heaven knows what I shall be tempted to do if things don't brighten somewhat. It isn't the fault of the shows or the people at all. Last week my wife and I went to see—or hear rather—Marie Laurens sing Rosamond in the Two Vagabonds and I could not but pity the company generally, knowing the awful effect upon the nerves and work of facing row upon row of empty seats; it is the

same story everywhere. Between ourselves and that gigantic waste paper basket of yours PROGRESS, there are worse show towns than St. John, though I know you'll think I don't actually mean this—but just the same I do. . . . I wish it were possible to persuade people here that the natives of the provinces do not freeze up, go into dens like bears for the winter months, or get storm stayed all night, and sometimes a week or month in whatever spot they happen to be at the time. This is what most of the professional people who have never been down east believe, and as a result the American cities are "worked" to death, and nobody gets a decent living. You newspaper people should get a move on and try to kill the ridiculous idea that exists regarding the extreme cold and fierce storms which prevail down your way in the winter season."

The Mirror of last Saturday says of Priestly Morrison, who played here last fall: "Priestly Morrison is at Mount Washington, Md; the guest of Wingrove Bathon, whose story, "A Creole Courtship," has been dramatized for production at Philadelphia in September by Eugenie Blair. Messrs. Bathon and Morrison are at work upon a new three-act comedy, dealing with Creole character.

In the roster of Smith and Rice's A. Misfit Marriage appears the name of Malcolm Bradley who played several engagements with the W. S. Harkins company in this city.

Of Edmond Rostand's drama, Cyrano de Bergerac, which Richard Mansfield will import for next season, the usual conservative London Nineteenth Century says: "Search the whole range of Corneille, Racine, Moliere, Victor Hugo, or any other French dramatist, and you will find nothing on a higher level. Nay, if I mistake not, you will find nothing worthy to put on the same level."

Robert Ferral and Howard Hall have given the International Play Bureau exclusive control of their respective plays.

David Conger, of the Frawley company, has completed a new five-act drama, A Race for Life.

Murry Woods and Arthur D. Hill are collaborating on a new four act melodrama for production next season.

Maud Blanche Hayes has written a five-act drama, The Royal Revenge, with fourteen characters. The action occurs in England in the sixteenth century, and offers many opportunities for picturesque mounting.

Mrs. Potter and Kyrie Bellew have abandoned their projected South African tour.

Coquelin's success in London has been so great that he has arranged for another engagement in that city next year.

A race between bicycles and a train is a feature of A Spin for Life, a melodrama recently produced in England.

The part Richard Mansfield will play in "Cyrano de Bergerac" requires him to wear a very pronounced nose. It is claimed that it required nearly an hour for M. Coquelin to make up this nose.

All Cuban theatres have boxes on either side of the proscenium inclosed in trellis work. These are for the accommodation of families who are in a state of half mourning. When not let the seats are often disposed of to quadron ladies not allowed to mix with white, but too proud to associate with blacks.

It is rumored that Louis Burkhardt, formerly connected with the Boston Museum, and John Bowman, a well-known manager of Boston, have formed a partnership and leased old Music Hall, and will give first class vaudeville shows. The hall is to be completely renovated, and will open the season Labor Day.

E. H. Sothorn, and Virginia Harned, who open their season at the Broad Street theatre, Philadelphia, Aug. 15, have changed their plans as regards the play to be presented, and will appear in a first production of a new comedy by Grace Livingston Furness and Abbey Sage Richardson, entitled "A Shilling's Worth."

Olga Netherole has recovered from the injuries she sustained in a railway accident on May 12.

George and Weedon Grossmith will play a joint starring tour in England next season, appearing in Young Mr. Yarde, a comedy by Harold Ellis and Paul A. Rubens.

Arthur W. Finero is in the Engadine, working upon his new comedy for John Hare.

Adrienne Diarolles directed the production of an open-air fairy play given at a garden party in London recently.

Madame Helens Modjeska is at San Diego, Cal., rehearsing with her company. It is understood that she will add to her

repertoire for next season elaborate productions of Cleopatra and Twelfth Night.

Chauncey Olcott arrived this week from Europe, after a summer spent in England Ireland and Scotland. His season will open on Sept 5 at Chicago.

William Gillette returned last week from England and went at once to his sister's home in Hartford Conn. where he will rest until his reappearance at the Empire Theatre.

Robert B. Mantell's next season's tour, under the management of M. W. Hanley, has been booked through the principal American cities.

Burr McIntosh, who went to the seat of war in Cuba as a war correspondent and to fit himself for the play, A War Correspondent, in which he is to be starred by Harry Doel Parker, returned to New York last Friday from Santiago by the transport Leona. Mr. McIntosh was one of the victims of the fever that has stricken so many soldiers, and has not yet recovered. He was so weak as to be unable to stand, and was a different person from the hearty, healthy man who sailed from Tampa on June 14. In the thirty days of his stay in Cuba Mr. McIntosh's weight dropped from 259 to 201 pounds. Mr. McIntosh landed at Baiquiri on June 21, and the next day accompanied General Bates to the battle of Siboney. He continued with the army on its march to San Juan, and witnessed the storming on July 1 of that place. By this time the climate and hardships had begun to tell upon him, and he was in a very weak condition. He bravely dragged himself forward to the scene of action, however. Some of the soldiers, seeing that the fever had fastened itself upon him, took him to a creek and dashed him with water, which allayed somewhat the terrible burning. The next day Mr. McIntosh rode through the awful heat to the hospital camp. The ride, he says, was too terrible for words. The wagon broke down, and he was compelled to walk much of the distance. He remained at the camp for some days, and was sent to Siboney, where he was a week. That week, Mr. McIntosh says, he will never forget. When he entered the hospital it contained but thirty patients, but when he left there were more than six hundred. And all these were suffering terribly for want of the proper food and necessities, ice being the article [the lack of which caused the greatest distress. As soon as he was able to leave the hospital Mr. McIntosh sailed on the transport Armas to Santiago. He was unable to proceed further, and was taken by Dr. Parker into his own tent and given the best possible care, which he thinks saved his life. As soon as his case would permit he sailed for New York on the Leona. He is now in seclusion in that city, and is improving steadily.

Anthony Hope went to work upon a dramatization of his "Rupert of Hentzau" soon after its appearance as a novel. He is said to have written the story with the theatrical market in view. Daniel Frohman was reported by cable this week as having bought the play, with a view to having it here enacted by James K. Hackett.

It is now definitely stated that the troubles about the introduction of musical numbers in "The Marquis of Michigan" have been settled, and that Sam Bernard will star in the play as originally intended. Glen MacDonough, the co-author of the work, has sold out his interest to his collaborator, E. W. Townsend, who can now introduce all the music he desires.

Marie Tempest and Cosmo Stuart, who, besides being an actor, is known as the financial backer of various productions in England were married July 27 in London. Bertha Creighton goes to an Omaha, Neb., stock company next season.

Mark Price goes with De Wolf Hopper.

Ollie Berkley goes to the Standard, Philadelphia, Pa., for leads.

Kate Dalglis has been engaged by Ralph Cummings for his Cleveland, O., company.

Minnie Radcliffe plays Mrs. Haverhill in "Shenandoah" the coming season.

Mary Davenport has been engaged for the New Orleans, La., stock, through Col. T. Allston Brown, for first old woman.

"Dan" Daly will open his season in "The Belle of New York" at the Montauk Theatre, in Brooklyn, Sept. 12.

The doctors who are still attending Fanny Davenport report her condition as somewhat better, but will not say when she can return to the stage. Her illness has been too long and serious to admit of any present prophecy as to the eventual outcome, though of course they hope and expect to be able to allow her to return to her public. Her husband, Melbourne McDowell, supported by a prominent actress, who has not yet been fully decided upon, will star during the coming season in the Sardou plays owned by Miss Davenport. His tour

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will open the last of September, under the management of Ben Stern, who has directed Miss Davenport's affairs for many years, and "Cleopatra" will be presented, followed by "Fedora," "La Tosca" and "Gismonda."

Rev. Sam Small's daughter is said to be preparing for the stage.

Bettina Gerard has been committed by her brother to St. Saviour's Sanitarium, better known as the House of Mercy, at Inwood on the Hudson, for twelve months.

Roland Reed has two new farces for next season, "A Distinguished Guest," adapted from the German by Sydney Rosenfeld, and an unnamed comedy by Madeleine Lucette Ryley.

The new farce which John J. McNally has almost completed for the Rogers Brothers for their coming starring tour has been christened "A Reign of Error."

Dan McCarthy has returned from Ireland. He will open at Troy, N. Y., Sept. under the management of Harry J. Campbell, in a new play, entitled "An Honest Irish Lad."

The Feminine Way.

Little Clarence (a youthful Solomon): "Papa, nobody can ever tell what a woman will do next, can they?"

Parent: "No, my son; and if you could tell it would not be advisable for you to do so, for if you did she would be sure to do something else."

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ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, AUG. 13th.

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

THAT DISGRACEFUL SCENE.

Even after the lapse of some days the feeling of regret at the scene that took place in the common council chamber Monday has not abated. There are many who agree that Mayor SEARS was quite within the right of criticism in the most of his remarks, but there are few indeed who think he was not too impetuous altogether when he deserted his post as chairman and mayor.

The fact that Mayor SEARS and Alderman CHRISTIE have an unburied hatchet is no reason why they should subject the city to the disgrace that must accompany such a scene as that of Monday. The people send them there to deliberate, not to quarrel. There are other places where Alderman CHRISTIE can tell the mayor that he does not propose to be bullied and bulldozed by him, and the mayor who cannot sink his personality in his office has no business to preside over the common council.

Less might have been thought of this incident had it taken place at an ordinary meeting of the council, but this was a special and extraordinary meeting of the representatives of the city since it was called to hear the report of our delegate to England in the interests of the city and of the port. His report was exhaustive and interesting but what will the English capitalists and shippers think when they see associated with it in the public press an unseemly wrangle between the mayor of St. John and one of the aldermen? They may properly think that the city whose affairs are deliberated over in such a manner is not the most desirable location for any enterprise.

Mayor SEARS must learn to forget the fact that he is mayor and not an alderman. When he was the latter he gained the reputation of being critical and dictatorial. He has not lost those qualities. Criticism is all right when properly made but attempts to dictate to the council are not regarded with favor.

He has not been in favor of the laying of the new main to Spruce Lake but he should remember the fact that long before he was elected mayor this was decided upon. Very early in the year the council decided to go ahead with the work and the necessary moves were made to that end. Legislation was asked and obtained, the usual notice to claimants for land damages was published and the pipe was ordered for the work. It is very true that the mayor of that date Mr. GEORGE ROBERTSON, opposed the purchase of the pipe before the question of damages had been settled but the majority of the council voted against his judgment and that question was settled then. Mayor SEARS is not responsible for the action of the old council. The citizens approved of their action and that should be the end of it. But we think he is quite right in objecting to the work going on before the land damage questions are settled. His objection may be overruled but it is business like in its tone and meets with the approval of many citizens. The reason urged by Ald. CHRISTIE and others for the haste is that there is a pulp expert coming here and the work must be advanced a certain stage before that time. That is no reason at all, but since it has been advanced it apparently emphasizes the fact that Ald. CHRISTIE has the pulp mill requirements in his mind far more than the needs of the people of Carleton. The new main is principally for the use of the west side people and their interests should be carefully guarded in the transaction.

This is not the first tilt between the Mayor and Dr. CHRISTIE. They have been apparently antagonistic since the former took the chair and "a piece of Dr. CHRISTIE'S mind" has been given to his worship before this. This is not as it should be. Ald. CHRISTIE should respect the dignity of the chair even if he does not agree with or think well of the man who occupies it. Because he is chairman of the great spending departments of the city and with his assistants has more to say about civic affairs than any others, that is no reason why he should carry a chip on his shoulder for the mayor. The scene of Monday should not be repeated. If it is the citizens will look forward with impatience to the next civic election when they will have an opportunity of disciplining the gentlemen who take part in it.

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SOME MISTAKES ABOUT HEALTH.

Questions of health interest more people than any other subjects whatsoever. The topics usually quoted as too popular to be treated without quarrelling—politics and religion, for example—really interest only a moderate-sized minority, as we may perceive if we think along the whole line of your acquaintances—men and women. In certain parts of the country sport of various kinds comes into keen competition as a subject for almost universal consideration; but, even in the most sporting districts, where base ball or cricket attract their good of thousands, not to mention more questionable forms of excitement, there is a considerable minority that keeps clear of the fever. In other districts fashions would make a big bid for the first place as a subject of most universal interest; but there are always multitudes of men, and a few dowdy women, whom fashion cannot rouse to anything like a spontaneous or sustained interest. On the other hand, where is the human being that, either in his own behalf or in behalf of those for whom he cares is insensible to the claims of health upon the attention? There may be times, in particular robust and sensible families, when the subject is put out of mind; but, sooner or later, it is certain to intrude. No family and no individual entirely escapes anxiety on this score; and in a majority of households some amount of care respecting some member of the circle becomes chronic. Put all these cares, regular or intermittent, together, and you will see that questions of health habitually interest more people than any other subjects whatever. We shall come to the same conclusion, too, if we consider the appeals made to the public by those who trade upon this feeling. The one universal demand is for medicine. It is all very well to laugh at this guileless faith—as the doctors often laugh—but let those who laugh become unstrung and ill, and the chances are that they too will be led blindly to dip a hand into the great medicinal bran-tub in the hope of bringing out a specific for their own case.

It is not to be wondered at that a subject which makes such a universal appeal to human frailty at its frailest should be associated with much that is absurd. Then, too, the average man or woman is more blankly ignorant about the human body than about most subjects, and there is no guiding clue to hold on to, as people cling to faith in religion. Of late physiology has been taught in schools, and people are beginning to have some glimmering perception of the structure of the human frame and organs, and of the functions of the various human organs. They no longer think that you can swallow solids into the lungs, as we have known old nurses advise the swallowing of leaden shot to prevent "the rising of the lights." On the other hand, we are face to face with the danger of "a little knowledge." Knowing that a smattering of science has been acquired by thousands, and that all may now read what few knew fifty years ago, the quack moves with the times and sets himself to cajole those who think they understand the build of the body. He uses physiological terms, locates ailments in specified organs, and claims to operate on those organs by his nostrums, in ways that have an appearance of naturalness. A more suitable field for the cultivation of faddishness cannot be imagined than this wide field of health. Knowledge of bodily ailments at the best is limited, and is rarely quite sure and complete; the whole subject is intensely personal—mixed up inextricably with the will and fanciness of the patient—and the field is overrun by wily charlatans who get a good living out of ignorance and credulity.

Who Can Answer This?

To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Can you inform me through your paper if Rippling's poem on Gen. Roberts ("Bob's") is published in any of his collections and where I could get a copy. A. D. M. Aug. 9, 1898.

Perhaps some of our readers who know will kindly inform A. D. M.—Ed. PROGRESS.

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THE PHANTOM LINER.

The fog lay deep on Georges Bank, Rolling the wind on and on; It dripped and dripped from the rigging dank, And the dry sank dark and cold.

The watch stood close by the reeling rail And listened into the gloom; Was there a sound save the slithering sail And the creak of the swaying boom?

Out of the dark the great waves crept And shouldered darkly by; Till over their tops a messenger crept That was neither of sea nor sky.

"Is it the churn of a steamer's screw?" A shiver ran through the listening crowd, We looked in each other's eyes.

No engines throbbed, no whistle boomed, No steam curled from her prow, But out of the mist a messenger came Ten fathoms from our bow.

"Ten fathoms from our bow she grew, No man might speak or stir, As she leapt from the sea that softly drew Like a shroud from over her.

We shut our teeth in grim despair, Then, like one under a spell, She thrashed her sails thrack as fair I saw the lift of a swell.

There was never a crash of splintered plank, No rush of incoming tide, There was a faint light in the misty dank As her hull went through our side.

Unharm'd we drifted down the night, Or into the fog she drew, And through her sails she passed from sight I saw the light of a crew.

Was it some ship long lost at sea, Whose wraith still sails the main, Or the ghost of a wreck that is yet to be In some wild hurricane?

Was it a warning to fishing boats, As over their decks it drips and floats And swashes in the slithering foam? I cannot tell, I only know Our crew of eighteen men Saw the gray form come, and saw it go Into the fog again.

I Pass This way but Once.

Once, only once! How strange, how true! Once, only once! and yet how few In all this hurrying human throng Will stop and think—"It's not for long; This day, this moment now is given."

Once, only once! and never more Come round to us like as before: The soul untraced, the seed uncast, Unless we pause and think and say "That, 'Not again I pass this way."

All nature warns as if we look On glowing bloom or flowering brook, The lesson's plain, each helps the other, And shows that man must help his brother, And then again each seems to say "That, 'Not again we pass this way."

We live our lives but once, that's all, It makes no difference, great or small; Why not one day's glory, 'tis gone for ever, If we improve the time then never Shall we regret it when we say "That, 'Not again I pass this way."

And now these words I leave with you, A moment's thought will prove them true: Just now's the time, no moment wait, To-morrow may be late; And you will sadly think or say "That, 'Not again I pass that way."

—American Friend.

Little Boy Blue.

The little boy dog is covered with dust But sturdy and staunch he stands And his little toy soldier red with rust, And his musket moulds in his hands.

Time was when the little boy dog was new And the soldier was pasting him down, And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue Kissed them and put them there.

"Now don't you go till I come," he said, And he made a noise as if he were sad, So toddling off to his trundle bed He dreamt of the pretty toys.

And he was dreaming an angel song A wakened our Little Boy Blue, He years are many, the years are long But the little boy tries and tries.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand Each in the same old place, Awaiting the touch of a little hand The smile of a little face.

And they wonder as waiting these long years In that of that little chair, What has become of our Little Boy Blue Since he kissed them and put them there.

—Eugene Field.

There'll Come a Day.

There'll come a day when I have gone, You'll think of me with love you slight, You'll think of how I loved you bright, Though yours with joy was over bright.

The least I'll say is that I'm glad, The while the world to you is gay; Our part was sweet—to Fate I bow; But, love, there'll come a day, there'll come a day.

When I am far beyond recall, You'll pause upon life's joyous way, And dream of one you loved you all— There'll come a day, there'll come a day.

You'll think of hours so bright, so dear, Perhaps you'll wish me back again; Let's roses will fade in winter dear, The hopes now fair may turn to pain.

One glance from you and I'd forget, These bitter words I heard you say; I've loved you since the hour we met, Dear heart, you'll think of this some day.

The Little White Sun.

The sky had a gray, gray face, The touch of the mist was blue, The earth was an eerie place, For the wind moaned over the hill;

But the brown earth laughed, and the sky turned blue, When the little white sun came peeping through.

The wet leaves saw it and smiled, The glad birds gave it a song, A cry from a heart, glee-wild, And the school laugh it along;

And the wind and I we whistling too, When the little white sun came peeping through.

So welcome the child of rain, And the world in its dreary guise— To have it over again, That moment of sweet surprise,

When the brown earth laughs, and the sky turns blue, As the little white sun comes peeping through.

A Silhouette.

Only a moment, darling, Clearly against the sky, I saw your form in the distance, Waiting to say "Good-bye."

A silhouette carved in crimson, As the red flushed over the west, And fading away in the shadow As the sun sank down to rest.

And yet, as each evening brightens, And a glow steals across the lapid, I follow the rugged pathway Where the clouds pass dark and grand.

Ah, I fancy I see you standing, A silhouette carved in stone, Alone, till the daylight fades; Dear heart, must I wait alone?

Suspected.

She wears neither vestnor suspenders, Her waist isn't cut like a man's, She says that those women are foolish Who want to hold office and vans.

She is sweet and sweet looking and gentle, And love, I have not heard her say, Is a woman with which any woman May, if she is minded to, sway.

Ah, well, let her have her sweet notions, There may be good in her plan; Perhaps she's as solid as the stone—by notice That her husband's typewriter's a man!

THEY FOUND A MISERABLE.

Who Sold Soda Water on Sunday While Other People Enjoyed Themselves.

Some time ago when the members of the Jaxon Opera Company proposed to give a Sacred concert Sunday evening a funny thing happened. The Evangelical alliance met and their talk and expostulation was only reported in the daily press. Then the people began to realize that there was going to be a concert. But when they sat in church that Sunday evening and heard the affair denounced by their pastors they were sure that the opera company proposed to give a sacred concert in the Opera house that evening, and a goody company from each congregation hurried away to the opera house just as soon as the benediction was pronounced. There they found hundreds unable to get seats. The alliance proved a great advertiser for the company but they failed to recognize the fact for last week they began to talk about a law and order league and the result was that some five or six hundred people hastened to get out of this disorderly and unruly town on Sunday.

They took the steamer and sailed sixty miles away from this centre of wickedness and crime where bad men sell soda water and cigars and worse people quench their thirst and smoke the weed. No doubt they enjoyed themselves. They all said they did and that is the best evidence of it. But it was surprising to look around and note who were among the Sabbath desecrators.

Staid and sober men and women who are always in the habit of separating right from wrong could be found on all sides enjoying the beauty of nature and becoming acquainted with the noble river that flows past their doors into the sea. And the surprising part of it was to hear so many confess that they had never taken the trip before. Still all this while these good—or bad—people enjoyed themselves there was "a hot time in the old town" they had left.

The police were active and scoured the city for miscreants. At last late in the evening they found one in Hastings' & Pine's drug store on Charlotte street. He was selling soda water. And so the report was made.

But the officer who made the charge must have been blind of one eye for a few yards along the street a group of persons were enjoying the different flavors of soda in the drug store of A. C. Smith & Co. Perhaps Mr. Smith or his associates did not care whether they were reported or not but still in these times it is better not to be labeled "Sabbath desecrator" The old and hardened offenders like Richey, Green and others who sell five cent cigars and three for a quarter once in a while were on the list again. They are incorrigible and wont be stopped; neither will the people who smoke. And still the street cars run undisturbed and unmoled.

What nonsense it all is!

PROVINCIAL PARAGRAPHS.

Mistook Tarte for the Steward.

Hon. J. Israel Tarte doesn't leave details to others that he can attend to himself. He visited the Red Store with Mr. W. B. Snowball, and ordered a supply of salt and groceries. One of our enterprising butchers presented his meat card to the minister, on his arrival at the wharf, having apparently taken him for the steward, and the minister read it and placed it carefully in his breast pocket for future reference.—World.

An Event in His Life.

Captain Brown, Shipping Master at this port, receives so small an official income that he started to blow in a quarter on cab fare very often. He started to walk in from the station, on Friday, and was soon overtaken by Bishop Rogers, who had been a fellow passenger with him from the Junction, and invited into the episcopal carriage. The veteran ship master was delighted to accept the kind invitation, as the road is considerably longer than any quarter deck he ever trod, and His Lordship set him down at his own door.—Chatham World.

Now, Who Was This Young Man.

An accident connected with a recent St. John excursion to St. Stephen and which has just come to light, was in the nature of a prize fight on the Marks street school grounds. It appears that one of the St. John excursionists was of the opinion that he had the right to speak to each and every lady whom he met on the street. He concluded that he had made a mistake when he was called down by a young man about the town, whose sister he had attempted to speak to. The St. John youth also being of the opinion that he understood the art of prize fighting invited the brother to adjourn to the school ground which offer was accepted. Quite a number being present a ring formed and four rounds were fought, fair play being the only rule used. At the end of the fourth, it is said the visitor was not to be recognized, and his friends concluded they had better carry him away and nurse his wounds. It does not do to get too gay even in the boarder town.

Till the Parachute Opens.

"It's a rather anxious time, I can tell you, till the parachute opens," said a daring diver from balloons with whom the writer was recently in conversation. "When I cast off from the balloon I drop like a stone for some hundreds of feet, ere the pressure of the air, as I drag the parachute down, opens it and checks my fall. Once the parachute is open, I hanging by my hands from the bar, have only to keep a look out below to see where I am going to land. Of course, I have previous guessed that before I left the balloon I have to take into account the fact that I shall drop straight down so many yards and then, when the parachute opens, descend diagonally at an angle that all depends

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on the force of the wind. That regulates the height to which I ascend ere I leave the balloon. "Whether I am going to descend safely or meet my death is, provided the parachute opens properly, already settled when I start to drop."

HIS SINGLE TRIUMPH.

He Could Have Made a big Configuration but He Didn't do it.

Several years before the discovery of petroleum in one of the American oil districts, an Irishman named McCarty and his son Dan left the Emerald Isle for the United States. Dan was a young man of twenty, but his father looked upon him as a mere boy, and seemed to take delight in ridiculing him before people.

"Yes, Dan is a good boy" he would say sarcastically, "but Danny, me by yez'll never set the river on fire."

This was his stock witicism, and it annoyed Dan very much, but he did his best, and soon surprised the old gentleman by securing a lucrative job.

"Yes, Danny has a job all right," he said; "it's a dollar and a half a day, but the boy'll never set the river on fire. Not he."

When oil was found at Pithole, Dan hurried to the scene, and was soon earning unusually large wages as driver. All the petroleum was drawn in barrels, and waggons were in great demand. He saved his money, bought an acre of land, and soon had a well drilled that was producing one hundred barrels of oil per day at £2 per barrel. The older McCarty joined him, saw the well, received a liberal gift of money, and then shook his head ominously.

"'Tis a good thing, Danny," he croaked; "ye'er doin' well; but mark me words, yez'll never set the river on fire, me by y."

A few days later a flood wrecked one of Dan's small wooden tanks, the oil ran down the river, and there was great excitement. As Dan and his father stood on the bank watching the oil float away, Dan drew a match and lighted it.

"Father," he said coolly, "the next toime yez say O'll never set the river on fire, plaze remember that O' had a chance wanst, and—didn't do it, bedad! Then he blew out the match.

A Lake of Whisky and Water.

The doubtful honor of being the world's champion drinker is divided between Dr. Mooney, a Kentucky doctor, and the treasurer of a United States bank.

Dr. Mooney, who claims with justice to be the champion whisky-drinker of the world, has accounted for no fewer than twenty glasses of whisky a day for the last fifty years. He has thus consumed 365,000 glasses, or at the rate of 228 gallons a year since 1848. Assuming that the bibulous doctor drank an equal quantity of water with his whisky, his fifty years' thirst would be represented by a lake of spirits and water 30 1/2 long 20 1/2 wide and 6 ft. deep, sufficiently large, indeed, to drown 200 men as ample as himself.

The bank treasurer was more extravagant in his tastes, for he would not look on a glass that didn't hold champagne. When he vanished a short time ago he left behind him, as security for the thousands of pounds he eloped with, no fewer than 3,000 champagne corks, representing as many bottles (magnums) which he had consumed in four years. At a moderate estimate, the thirsty treasurer must have drunk his champagne at the rate £800 a year.

Austrian Army Shelter Tent.

The Austrians have recently adopted for their army a shelter tent, which when pitched, is separated into pieces cut to fold over and form storm coats for the soldiers. The material is a light, strong, waterproof linen, bound along the edges with wire braid and provided with gords, which serve the double purpose of fastening either the tent or coat. Upon halting for a night the soldiers remove or unpack their coats in pairs, tie them together and form their tent upon their two rifles, which, with bayonets fixed, are stuck into the ground to form tent poles.



The marriage took place at the home of the bride's mother, Kingston, Ontario, on Wednesday morning of Miss Josephine A. Hooper and Mr. James F. Robertson of the firm of Maichester, Robertson & Allison of this city.

After the ceremony and a very elaborate wedding breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Robertson left for Montreal going from there to Old Orchard Me., and other points. Later they will return to this city to reside permanently.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Knox with their children are staying at Hazeldele for the summer season. Miss Jessie Logan of Carleton is the guest of Mrs. Waits at St. George's.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Elliott and Miss Elliot of Foxworth are visiting St. John. Justice and Mrs. Macleenan of Toronto are spending this week in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Rogers of Halifax were in the city this week, Mr. Rogers coming as a delegate to the Grand Lodge of Oddfellows which meet here on Wednesday and Thursday.

Mr. Geo. W. Price left Monday on a visit to his mother who has been for some time under the care of her brother Dr. L. A. Childs at Long Beach, York Harbor, Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lewis of Yarmouth N. S. spent part of this week in the city. Mr. and Mrs. Phinney and children spent Sunday in the city with Mrs. Phinney's brother Mr. David Hudson, on their way from Winnipeg to visit relatives in Richmond.

The river excursion given to the members of the Grand Lodge of Oddfellows on Wednesday afternoon was an extremely pleasant event and was attended by between three and four hundred ladies and gentlemen.

the numerous visitors to the city. One of the favorite points for these bright little events is Duck Cove and many have been the parties that in this season have picnicked within sound of the sea, at this most charming resort.

From the tower windows of Sea View House a magnificent view of the surrounding country is obtained and one gets a glimpse of a picture not likely to be soon effaced from the memory.

News of the death of Mrs. W. A. Cathers was heard with much regret by her many friends and by all those throughout the province and in this city who know her husband so well.

Mr. Joseph Sullivan returned the first of the week to St. Stephen after a pleasant stay with city friends. Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Meekson of Strathway, Ont., spent the greater part of this week in the city.

Mr. William Vassie and family went to Fredericton on Monday by steamer, returning the following day to the city. Miss Annie Brown of the West end and Mr. Robert Brown her brother, left Monday for the West.

Miss Belle Skinner is in Fredericton the guest of Mrs. E. W. Merritt. Mr. F. W. Sumner, M. P. of Moncton spent a day or two in the city during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Parks, and Miss Johnston of Carleton went to Chatham this week to attend the Christian Endeavor Convention now being held in that town. Miss Alice Rinz went to Halifax last Saturday for a visit to friends.

Miss Emily S. Crisp daughter of Rev. James Crisp left Saturday for a week's visit to friends in Salisbury. She will then go to Coverdale to assume charge of the district school. Mrs. John Frodsham has returned from a trip to Boston.

Mr. E. B. Chapman and family have removed to Williams Landing on the river for the remainder of the summer. Miss Lizzie Huestis has returned to Cambridge, Mass., after a pleasant visit to her parents Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Huestis.

the guest of Mrs. Claud Eville has returned to the city. Mrs. N. T. Sampson who has been for several weeks the guest of Mrs. A. L. Dunn, North End has gone to her home in Salem, Mass.

On Tuesday morning last death removed from North End young people's circles a bright and genial person in Miss Genevieve Mary Delaney, eldest child of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Delaney of Adelaide street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Meekson of Strathway, Ont., spent the greater part of this week in the city. Mr. Willoughby Hatch and family are staying at Mrs. Coys, Upper Gasquetown for a few weeks.

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Where Welcome Soap is Used

there is no bitterness, "Blue Monday" is not known, wash-day is as pleasant as any other day, because Welcome Soap enables the Laundress to do the work easily, quickly and thoroughly. Welcome Soap has eliminated drudgery and therefore is the great sweetener of the lives of home-keeping people.

It drives dirt from every hiding-place. Where it is used there can be no Uncleanliness.

First Cool the Blood.

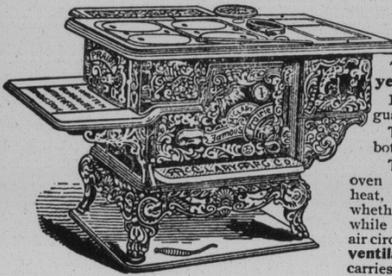
Stowers' Lime Juice reaches that thirsty spot and allays the thirst because it first cools the blood. Pure Lime Juice possesses this one vital necessity of "first cooling the blood"—All other beverages usually induce greater thirst.

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The Oven has a steel bottom.

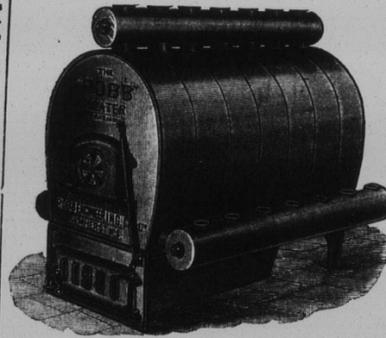
Thermometer in oven door shows exact heat, no guessing as to whether it is hot enough, while the system of hot air circulation thoroughly ventilates the oven and carries all fumes into the chimney.

Top of Stove is made so as to prevent cracking.

This Stove baked 212 loaves in 64 hours with 24 cubic feet of wood.

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



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will burn either Hard or Soft Coal without cleaning, as all heating surfaces are exposed directly to the flames and the soot is burned off. Vertical water circulation and clean heating surfaces make it a quick heater and highly economical.

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Maypole Soap Dyes.

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FOR ADDITIONAL COUNTY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES



HALIFAX NOTES.

PROGRESS is for sale in Halifax by the newsboys and at the following news stands and centres. C. S. DEPRETTAS, Brunswick street... [List of newsstands follows]

AMHERST.

[Progress is for sale at Amherst by W. P. Smith & Co.] Aug. 10.—Mr. John Pugsley of the Civil Service... [News from Amherst follows]

The Misses Robb and Welch of New York who spending the summer in Dorchester give a concert tomorrow evening (Thursday) in the Y. M. C. A. hall. They will be assisted by the Misses Hanley, and Palmer of Dorchester.

PARRISBORO.

[Progress is for sale at Parrisboro Book Store.] Aug. 10.—The sudden and awful death of Mr. Wm. Fraser on Friday cast a gloom over the community and the hearts of all go out in deepest sympathy to the bereaved ones.

The remains of Mrs. Eliza Hatchford were brought from St. John here for interment, accompanied by Miss Wheeler, Rev. Mr. Hanford and Mr. Edward Hatchford, Amherst, the funeral taking place in the afternoon, Sunday before last.

Mr. J. F. Brown, of Leo Mass, is visiting friends here. Mrs. Brown formerly resided in Wolfville. Mrs. S. Kempton is spending the summer at Canso.

Mr. Robt. Hand and Miss Jennie left last week for a trip through Eastern Nova Scotia and Cape Breton. Dr. and Mrs. Robert Somerville of New York are spending the summer at Grand Pre.

Mr. J. Logan Amherst, are Mr. J. B. Cowan's guests also Mr. Cairn, Montreal. Mr. and Mrs. Kapp and little son, New York are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Aikman.

Mr. and Mrs. Kapp and little son, New York are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Aikman. Miss Stair, Halifax, is at Mr. George Corbett's, Judge and Mrs. Wetherbee spent a part of last week at Mr. Corbett's with Judge Townshend and his family.

There was a large and pleasant picnic at the Cave on Saturday. Mr. J. M. Townshend, Q. C., has been the guest of his brother for a day or two. Mr. and Mrs. Quigley and child, Amherst, spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Copp.

Dr. Magee and his teaching staff attended the Dominion Educational Association. Mrs. D. Howard left with her husband today for a trip to New York. Miss Thomas and two nephews, Halifax, are guests at the rectory.

Mr. A. E. McLeod and Mr. Frank Cooke have returned from a visit to the Pacific coast, Mr. and Mrs. Cooke have removed to Halifax and will be much missed here. Mrs. Joseph Henderson, Nappan, is paying a visit to Mrs. J. S. Henderson.

Mrs. George Cole is visiting relatives, Mr. George Cole spent Sunday here also. Mrs. Ieglis Craig and two sons were here yesterday on their way to Annapolis, Mrs. Vickery, Mrs. Weiling, and Mr. Church, Amherst, spent Sunday with Mrs. Fitch and Mr. Walter McKenzie, Truro. Mr. George McKean and Mr. Otto Reincke, St. John are in town.

Aug. 10.—Rev. W. B. Wallace of Utica, New York is spending his vacation in this valley. Mr. and Miss Shepherd of Halifax are summering at Fort Williams.

Mr. J. F. Berlin has gone to Wolfbrook to spend a few weeks with her mother Mrs. James Simson, The Rev. and Mrs. Ernest Simson who have been guests at "The Ladies" for some weeks returned to St. Andrew's last week.

Mr. C. O. Blackadder of the Halifax "Acadian Recorder" spent Sunday in Wolfville. Prof. Sears has returned from Cape Breton where he has been travelling for some weeks in the interests of the School of Horticulture. The professor was accompanied by the secretary of agricultural.

Dr. J. H. Guildford Dean of the Philadelphia Dental college spent Saturday and Sunday here. Miss Clara Cobson is the guest of her aunt Mrs. Charlton at Middleton. Miss Minnie Chapman is spending a week with Mrs. Nelson Freeman at New Germany.

Dr. Kesteven lectured last week before the Educational convention at Halifax. The Rev. Dr. Kesteven lectured last week before the Educational convention at Halifax. The Rev. Dr. Kesteven lectured last week before the Educational convention at Halifax.

Mr. Charles Rose (Acadia '98) is preaching in Berwick during the summer months. The Rev. and Mrs. Donkin and family are spending the week at the camp-meetings at Berwick. The Union Bank of Halifax has established an agency here.

A valuable donation consisting of a number of fine specimens of palms, screw pines, crotoms, clematis and others has recently been received by Prof. Sears for the hot-house of the School of Horticulture. Hon. Charles Ellis, of England is the donor.

Confirmation services were held by Bishop Courtney at Church St. last Sunday morning, The Bishop was assisted by the rector, the Rev. F. H. Oxford and the Rev. Wm Cox Jr. of F. L. Major A. O. Brule of Roosevelt Rough Riders passed through here last week accompanied by his servant.

Mr. J. J. Brown, of Leo Mass, is visiting friends here. Mrs. Brown formerly resided in Wolfville. Mrs. S. Kempton is spending the summer at Canso. Mr. Robt. Hand and Miss Jennie left last week for a trip through Eastern Nova Scotia and Cape Breton.

Dr. and Mrs. Robert Somerville of New York are spending the summer at Grand Pre. Dr. Somerville was formerly a pastor of St. Andrews Church here. Mr. E. E. Archibald spent a few days last week in Yarmouth.

Mr. W. W. Buchanan of Hamilton lectured on the Plebeite last evening to a large audience in College Hall. Mr. Buchanan is accompanied by a good vocalist, Miss Grace B. Walton. DURO.

[Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. J. O. Funt, Messrs D. B. Smith & Co.] Aug.—The Misses Snook gave a very pleasant evening last Thursday, in honor of their guests, the Misses Taylor. A large contingent of the town went to the dance. Among those present were—Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Moorman, Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Gourley, Mr. Knowles (Windsoor) Mr. and Mrs. Arch McCallough, New Glasgow, Mr. and Mrs. F. Prince, Mrs. Weeks, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Wetmore, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Cummings, Misses Bigelow, Miss Tibbitts, Misses Murray, Miss Elna Thomas, Miss Lewis, (Yarmouth) Miss Magpie book.

There were several large picnic parties yesterday. Mrs. D. J. Thomas and a large party of friends enjoyed a delightful day, at Black Rock, and Mrs. J. E. Bigelow and party drove to Brookfield, for their outing. Miss Eva Murray is visiting friends at Port Hood C. B.

Mr. Fred Burrill of the Bank of Nova Scotia is visiting his friend Mr. F. W. B. Loughhead. Mrs. [Dr.] McCabe gave quite a large tea one afternoon last week at the Stanley House. McCabe was assisted in dispensing her hospitalities by Miss Blanche Nelson and Miss Grace Patterson. Miss Julia Lawrence Fredericton N. B. is visiting at Mrs. J. A. Hanson's, Halifax Road. Mr. F. F. Finnan McClure is visiting home friends in Lunenburg.

Miss Florence Nelson is enjoying a visit with Halifax friends. Mrs. Michael Wallace who has been visiting Miss Doggett has returned home to Halifax. Mrs. H. C. Blair is home from Wallace. FES.

number on the programme. These young ladies are going to give concerts in Sackville, Amherst, Port Egan, and other places, and we wish them every success in their undertaking. Mr. Ernest Robb of St. John is spending his holidays in Dorchester. Mr. C. A. Atkinson of St. John is spending his holidays at his home here. Miss Scammell of St. John is visiting her friend Mrs. B. P. Foster.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Y. Smith of Moncton and little daughter Marjorie are visiting Mr. Smith's mother at Woodlawn. Mr. W. Howard returned to St. John on Saturday. Miss E. M. Dibble is spending a few weeks with friends in Annapolis. Miss McCulloch of Fredericton is visiting Mrs. F. A. Landry. FRASER.

Aug. 10th.—Miss Burt of Fredericton returned home last week after a pleasant visit here the guest of the Misses Gieson. Miss Beattie Ferguson of Newcastle is in town visiting friends. A large number attended the picnic last Thursday to Chapel Point and a pleasant day was enjoyed, the picnic was under the auspices of the S. of T. Division No. 42.

On Friday evening last a pleasant party from Kingston and here enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Jardine at their home in Kouchibouguac. Geo. V. McInerney M. P. spent a few days in Newcastle last week. Mrs. Harry Lawrence and Miss Dooton, who were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Davis, returned to their home in Winchester Mass on Friday last.

Miss Millie Fish of Newcastle is visiting Mrs. W. A. Ferguson in Kingston. Mr. David Hudson of St. John is in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hudson. Miss Belle Cate returned to St. John on Monday after a month's visit here, the guest of Miss Sylvia Black. Mrs. Hanzab, and Mrs. S. J. Bourque returned home last week from a trip to Bathurst. Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Phinney and three children arrived here on Monday from Winnipeg and are the guests of Mrs. Phinney's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hudson.

The sad intelligence reached Mr. Robert Phinney yesterday of the death of his daughter Miss Dot Phinney at Chickamauga. Miss Phinney was a trained nurse graduate of Lowell, Mass., hospital last year and after taking a post graduate course at the Sloan Maternity hospital, New York, she accepted a position in the Kings County hospital, Brooklyn, which she held until a month ago when she joined the Red Cross society and went south to Chickamauga where her sudden death occurred yesterday at the age of twenty-two years. Much sympathy is extended to her father, brother and sister besides relatives and friends in their loss. No particulars of her death have been received so far but her brother Mr. Fred Phinney leaves today for New York. AUBRA.

Aug.—Mrs. R. Donnel Hanson, Miss Grace Crandall and Messrs. Raymond Baker and Edward Cochrane of Peticodiac are spending today at the Portage. Mr. R. B. Colwell and children of St. John are visiting at Apple Hill for a few weeks and Mrs. Helen Marshall of Boston is spending a month with her mother Mrs. Emma Davidson. Miss Nellie Arnold of St. Jno. arrived in town today to visit relatives here. Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Safford and children of Boston are visiting at Mr. and Mrs. Gideon Travis for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Miller of South Berwick Me. accompanied by their children and Mrs. Miller's sister, Mrs. Kate Boyls are spending some weeks with their parents at The Birches. Miss Agnes McAnesey reached home on Tuesday after a very pleasant visit to Boston where she was visiting her brother William McAnesey. Miss May Taylor of Apple River N. C. is in town the guest of her aunt Mrs. Chris. Smith for a few days.

Mr. Theo. Green and child of Alma A. Co., is visiting her sister Mrs. Lester Stockton at Floral cottage. Mr. CHB Price spent Sunday on Apple Hill and Messrs. Morton and Corey of Penobscot were also the guests of Messrs. Davidson on Sunday. Mrs. Davidson has been spending a few days in Moncton with her sister Mrs. C. W. Price. Edgar H. Davidson who has been a student at telegraphy in the I. C. R. office here for some eight or ten months has just returned to Moncton to day to stand his final examination. MOSQUITO.

Why Not Enjoy THE ADVANTAGES Gained by Using Our Metallic Cellings and Walls. They're exceedingly handsome—economical in price—durable, don't need renewing—are proof—and hygienic. Suited for any room of any building. Think it over—and if you'd like an estimate, mail me a cutting showing shape and measurements of your walls and ceiling. Your satisfaction is sure.

Metallic Roofing Co., Limited. 1189 King St. West, Toronto. NATIONAL DRESS CUTTING ACADEMY Metric System Taught. 88 St. Denis St., Montreal.

PUPILS thoroughly taught by mail how to cut and fit all kinds of dresses, costumes, gowns, etc., by a new, simple method, absolutely correct and reliable. No failures with this system. It is easily learned by any one in a very short time. Diplomas, recognized all over the Dominion, granted for proficiency. Full particulars upon application.

Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best. CROCKETT'S... CATARRH CURE! A positive cure for Catarrh, Colds in Head, etc. Prepared by THOMAS A CROCKETT, 162 Princess St. Cor. Sydney.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock. TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B. The "Leschetizky" Method; also "Synthal System," for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK. OYSTERS always on hand. FISH and GAME in season! MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. CAFE ROYAL BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor. Retail dealer in... CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.



THE HORSE CAN'T tell his desires or he would request the application of Tuttle's Elixir to his poor lame joints and cords. This Elixir loosens lameness, when applied, by remaining moist on the part affected; the rest dries out. \$1.00 BOTTLE. WARD 157 NOT OBERID of Colburn of all kinds, Oils, Cures, Spinals, Contracted and Knotted Cords, and Shoe Soles. Used and endorsed by Adams Express Co. \$5,000 Reward to the person who can prove one of these testimonials bogus. Dr. S. A. Tuttle, St. John, N. B. Oct. 8th, 1897. Dear Sir:—I have much pleasure in recommending your Tuttle's Elixir to all interested in horses. I have used it for several years and have found it to be all it is represented. I have used it on my racing horses and also on my trotting Stallion "Special Blend," with the desired effect. It is undoubtedly a first-class article.

I remain yours respectfully, E. L. BOUWELLS, Prop. Hotel Dufferin. PUDDINGTON & MERRITT, 55 Charlotte Street Agents For Canada.

IN STOCK, Ladies' Short Back Manila Sailors White Chiffon and Straw Hats, Black Chiffon and Straw Hats, Colored Chiffon and Straw Hats, Leghorn Hats, Flowers, Feathers and Millinery Novelties.

The Parisian PUTTNER'S EMULSION Has never been surpassed as a remedy for chronic Coughs, Colds, Consumption and other disorders of the lungs and chest. Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best.

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A Maiden's Dream. Thousands of young women dream of day-dreams of the youthful hero and his husband that is to lead them to the altar of wedded bliss. They know dreams that are fated never to come true because of the ill-health of the fair dreamer. Young heroes now-a-days are hard-headed rather than hard-hearted. They know from reading and hearsay that a young woman who suffers from weakness and disease in a womanly way cannot well prove a happy, helpful, amiable wife and mother. Physicians tell young men that weakness and disease of the feminine child-beggetting organism make women sickly, nervous and despondent in spite of the best of natural dispositions. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes these organs strong, healthy, vigorous and elastic. It fits for wifehood and motherhood. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration and soothes pain. It tones and steadies the nerves. It does away with the qualms of the period of expectancy and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. It cures maternity of peril. It insures the new-comer's health. Dr. Pierce is an eminent and skillful physician, who, during his thirty years' experience as chief consulting physician to the great Invalids' Hotel, N. Y., has treated thousands of women. He will answer letters from women free. Very many women who have become happy, healthy wives and mothers through the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription have permitted their experiences, names, addresses and photographs to be printed in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. This great work used to cost \$1.50. Now it is free. It contains 1,008 pages and over 300 illustrations. Several chapters are devoted to the reproductive physiology of women. For a paper-covered copy send 31 one-cent stamps, to cover postage and mailing only, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. Cloth binding, 50 stamps.

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"BABY'S OWN SOAP"

AND ITS SALE IS STEADILY INCREASING.

Have you tried it?

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs. Montreal.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book stores of G. S. Wall, P. E. Atchison and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at O. F. Frost's.

Aug.—One of the pleasantest events in society this week was the picnic given on Saturday by Mr. and Mrs. James Stevens at Oak Point. The guests were conveyed to the picnic grounds in back boards. On their arrival Mrs. W. T. Todd kindly placed her cottage at Mrs. Stevens' disposal and those of the guests who cared to play cards soon took possession of the parlor, and the game of sixty three was in full blast in a very few seconds. Other guests went rowing and waiting about the beautiful sandy beach. A most delicious luncheon was served at six o'clock. The guests who enjoyed this delightful outing were, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Clerke, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Graham, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Neill, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest T. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. John Black, Capt. and Mrs. McAllister, Mrs. W. F. Todd, Mrs. Arthur S. Burdette, Miss Carrie Washburn, Miss Annie Stevens, and Messrs John M. Hastings, Jack Warner and Herbert Grant.

"Birch Craig" cottage was the scene of festivity on Monday evening when a party of ladies and gentlemen drove from Calais to Oak Bay to partake of the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Dexter. Mr. Frank Todd entertained the Hon. E. J. Logan of Amherst Nova Scotia with a sail in his yacht Marguerite to St. Andrews, during his visit in town. There were several ladies and gentlemen in the party.

The concert given by the Misses Furlong, in the St. Croix Hall Calais last Tuesday evening was a most delightful one and far beyond any musical entertainment given in the St. Croix for many months, and was greatly enjoyed by those who were there. It was universally regretted that so few were able to attend. It was not generally known as it was so slightly advertised, and so many plans had been arranged for other amusements, that it prevented a large number from enjoying a real musical treat as the Misses Furlong certainly gave the audience that evening. The season now is not for indoor entertainments, and if the concert had been a month later the Misses Furlong would have been greeted with a full house; perhaps they may visit the St. Croix at some future time, and if so will find their talent and ability fully appreciated. Mrs. J. M. Murchie gave a very delightful picnic at Murchie's Basin yesterday afternoon, a pleasant spot for outings about two miles from town.

Mrs. Waterbury gave invitations this morning to a few friends to enjoy whist with her this evening, and to meet Mrs. and Miss Claxton, Mrs. J. M. Murchie's guests.

Mrs. Elean Grimmer has returned to St. Andrews after spending a few days at her home in town. Mr. and Mrs. James G. Stevens entertained a few friends at their residence on Monday evening.

Miss Helen Grant and Edith DeLainat have gone to St. Andrews to visit Miss Rebecca Morrison. Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Blair of Ottawa arrived from St. John on Monday where they have been spending a few days. They were accompanied by their son Dugald Blair.

Miss Annie Blair is enjoying a three weeks vacation. Miss Bebe Arthur of New Jersey is the guest of George Hanson.

Mr. Hedley Cooper of St. John was the guest of Mrs. Peabody recently. Hon. George F. Hill is spending this week in Grand Manan.

Miss Beattie Blair of Ottawa is expected here at an early date and will visit her friend Miss Florence Mitchell.

Mr. Jack Warner of St. John who was spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Clerke returned to St. John on Monday. Mr. Charles E. Hayden left yesterday for Bangor. Mrs. A. E. Neill who has been the guest of Mrs. Charles W. King, Kingsville, St. John arrived home this week.

Mr. Arthur Thompson of New York City is the guest of his sister Mrs. Mansford Robinson. Mrs. Edgar Eager of Boston, has been spending a few days in Calais.

Mr. Charles of St. Felix, was the guest of General and Mrs. B. B. Murray during the past week. Mrs. Downing, and Miss Beattie Downing have gone to St. John for a short visit. Miss Rose Brittain has returned from a delightful visit and rest at Deer Island. Mr. John C. Henry is quite ill and unable to attend to business.

Mrs. George J. Clarke and her children Fanille and Doris, and Miss Maude McKown return from Campbell's this week. Mr. and Mrs. Everett Smith of Woodstock are guests of Mrs. Francis Smith. Mrs. James of Boston is the guest of Mrs. Andrew McWhin.

Mrs. Arthur Stanley Burdette is spending this week at Du Monts for the pleasure of her little daughter Edith. Miss Kathleen O'Malley is the guest of Mrs. Percy Gillmer. She will also spend some weeks with

her friend Mrs. C. F. Beard before she returns to her home in New York City.

Mrs. Fredric H. Phipps who has been Mrs. Willard B. Kings, guest left on Tuesday morning for Scarborough Beach, where she will spend some time before going to the Western States.

Mrs. Claxton and Miss Claxton of Boston are guests of Mrs. J. M. Murchie. Miss Louie Taylor arrived from Pittsburg Pennsylvania on Saturday and is most cordially welcomed back by her friends and especially in musical circles where she is always a favorite. Since she left here last Autumn, Miss Taylor has devoted herself to concert work, and has received many high compliments and press notices for the excellence of her violin playing.

Mrs. James Grant who has been visiting in St. Andrews, the guest of Mrs. Dorell Grimmer, has arrived home most benefitted from her visit. Ex-Senator Walls and Mrs. Walls of Vinal Haven are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Vinal. Miss Annie Birby and Miss Sara Keating, went to Woodstock this morning to visit Mrs. Walter Swift for a week.

Mrs. Peabody and Mrs. Harriet, Washburn are spending a fortnight at Grand Manan. Miss Hortense Powers who has been the guest of Mrs. W. F. Todd returned to her home in Houlton yesterday, she was accompanied by Miss Winifred Todd who will spend this month in Houlton.

Mrs. George Phillips of Vancouver, B. C. is the guest of Fredric W. Grimmer. Mrs. Howard Black has gone to Brooklyn, N. Y. to visit relatives.

Mrs. Fredric Pote and Mrs. Irving McAllister are enjoying an outing at DeMonts occupying the McAllister cottage, last evening they gave a dance in the pavilion near DeMonts hotel, for the pleasure of their guests Mr. and Mrs. Tay of Boston, Miss Shaw, Miss Pelts and Miss Francis of Orange New Jersey, a number of friends from Calais drove down to DeMonts, in response to an invitation from Mrs. Pote and Mrs. McAllister.

Christ church Sunday school are picnicking at Cleveland beach some ten miles down river today. Rev. O. S. Newham and Mrs. Newham came from their summer cottage at Oak Bay yesterday to attend the picnic today.

Mr. John M. Hastings who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James G. Stevens left yesterday for St. John. Mr. Gilbert B. Wall has returned from England where in London he attended the meetings of the World's Sunday school convention.

Miss Ella Ross is visiting relatives in Skowhegan Maine. Mrs. W. B. Wetmore and Miss Beattie Wetmore are visiting their friends Rev. and Mrs. Sampson in Carleton.

Mr. A. A. McCleary of St. John was in town for a brief visit this week. Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Trimb's are visiting Portland, Maine.

Miss Pauline Rounds entertained on Thursday afternoon the ladies who were her travelling companions while visiting the southern states last winter. The invited guests were Mrs. W. C. Renne, Mrs. H. Q. Boardman, Miss Martha Harris, Miss Hattie Grant, Miss Julia McGlinchey, Miss Sadie McCrea, Mr. Charles McGlinchey, and Mr. W. H. Edwards.

Mrs. James Edwards is visiting at the residence of Mr. W. H. Edwards this week. Miss Lena Thompson is visiting friends in St. John.

Misses Roberts Murchie, Ada Penna, and Hattie Wharf are guests at DeMonts hotel this week. Mrs. W. W. Inches and children and Mrs. R. W. Grimmer and her young daughter who have spent the past week at DeMonts are again at home greatly benefitted by their residence at the sea shore.

Miss Sadie McAllister returned from a pleasant visit to Grand Manan on Saturday. Miss Beattie Teed has gone to Woodstock to visit relatives for a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Mahon of Liverpool Eng., Mrs. W. H. Howland and Miss Winifred Howland, are at the Cedars the guests of Madame Chipman. Mr. and Mrs. John W. Scovill have returned from a visit in Shediac.

The saddest event that has occurred in our midst for many months was the drowning yesterday afternoon of Mary the young daughter of Rev. James Millidge. The accident occurred at Oak Bay near the rectory, where with several young friends she was enjoying the fine bathing the bay affords. She suddenly sank in the water and in spite of the frantic and almost superhuman efforts of her companions to save her, nothing could be done. It is thought a sudden failure of the heart was the cause as she did not speak or make any sign of fright, and she was accustomed to the water and bathing. She was fourteen years of age, and was the third of four daughters. The funeral services took place this afternoon at three o'clock from the rectory at St. David's. Rev. O. S. Newham of Christ church conducted the funeral services, much sympathy is expressed for Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Millidge in their great sorrow and trouble.

MONOTON.

Progress is for sale in Monoton at Hattie Tweedie's Bookstore, M. B. Jones Bookstore, S. Melanson's, and at Railway News Depot.

Aug. 10.—No less than three weddings in which Monoton people were interested took place last week two of them in this city and the third in Kingston where the bride resides. The first took place on Tuesday evening at the residence of Mr. William

Commercial: "This is a bad halloo wa, sir." Commercial: "All right, I had a bad night."

"It is a Great Public Benefit"—These ailments are cured in relation to Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, by a gentleman who has thoroughly tested its merits in his own case—having been cured of neuralgia of the knee, of three or four years standing. It never fails to relieve soreness as well as lameness, and is an incomparable pulmonary and curative.

"Wanted, a young man partly out-of-doors and partly in a bush paper of Australia. A correspondent feels compelled to ask what would happen when the door was shut."

Dyspepsia and Indigestion.—C. W. Snow & Co, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "I have sent you ten gross of Pills. We are selling more of Parolee's Pills than any other Pills we keep. They have a great reputation for the cure of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint. Mr. Chas. A. Smith, Lindsay writes: 'Parolee's Pills are an excellent medicine. My sister has been troubled with severe headache, but these Pills have cured her.'"

"So you are going to marry Herr Meissner?" "Hardly. Papa is not altogether satisfied with his position; mamma doesn't like his family; he doesn't strike me as quite stylish enough—and, besides, he hasn't asked me."

Dyspepsia or Indigestion is occasioned by the want of action in the biliary ducts, less vitality in the stomach to secrete the gastric juices, without which digestion cannot go on; also being the principal cause of Headache, Dizziness, Nervousness, and all the ailments which attend the system. Parolee's Pills taken before going to bed, for a few nights never fail to give relief and effect a cure. Mr. F. F. Pills are taking the lead against ten other makes which I have in stock."

"Look at these manuscripts of mine that have been returned," growled the author. "That editor doesn't know a good thing when he sees it." "But he probably knows a bad thing," suggested his friend, very quietly.

Out of Sorts.—Symptoms, Headache, loss of appetite, nervousness, and general indisposition. These symptoms if neglected develop into some disease. It is a trite saying that "a ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and a little attention to this point will save months of sickness and large doctor's bills. For this complaint take from two to three of Parolee's Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and one or two for three nights in succession, and a cure will be effected.

"Do you find my son prompt and practical, Mr. Grindley?" "I never had a young man in my employ who, at the close of business hours, could get out of the office with less delay."



D & A Corsets are made in great variety of styles. Whether tall, slim, stout or short you can get a D & A that will fit you comfortably, and at the same time add a little to the natural grace of the figure. D & A CORSETS WEAR as well as they fit. Sold by most dry goods houses.

Harshman father of the bride when the daughter of the house Miss Ellen G. Harshman, was married to Mr. Ernest W. Lewis B. A. son of Mr. William Lewis of Fleet Street, and principal of the Campbell school. The ceremony, which took place in the presence of the near relatives and friends of the bride and groom, was performed by Rev. E. S. Parker, pastor of the Free Baptist church, assisted by Rev. G. F. Orris. The bride who was unadorned, looked charming in a costume of white cashmere trimmed with lace chiffon, and white satin ribbon. The groom's gift to the bride was a very handsome gold watch and chain; and amongst the many beautiful gifts received by the young couple was a silver tea service, from the father and sister of the groom. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis left on the evening train for a bridal trip to Boston, Montreal, and other points in Upper Canada; they will reside in Campbellton, whither they will be followed by the good wishes of their numerous friends in this city.

The second wedding took place last Wednesday afternoon in Central Methodist Church, the bride being Miss Blanche Colpitts a prominent member of the congregation and the groom Rev. J. A. Champion of St. Martin's N. B. The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion, Mrs. W. W. Dennis and Miss Nellie Forbes having superintended the work, and was filled with friends and relatives of the bride. The bride was looking her best in a handsome lawn colored travelling suit with hat to match, and as she entered the church Professor Watts, played the Wedding March from Loehngren and the choir sang The Voice That Breathed o'er Eden's.

The ceremony was impressively performed by Rev. W. W. Lodge pastor of the church assisted by Rev. Geo. Green, and effectively concluded by Mendelssohn's Wedding March. Mr. and Mrs. Champion left immediately after the ceremony on the I. C. R. for a wedding trip to the home of the groom in Alberton P. E. Island. The bride and groom received many beautiful and useful presents and were accompanied to their home by the best wishes of hosts of friends.

The third, and last wedding took place in St. Mary's R. C. church Kingston, Kent County, where the bride resides, the principals being Miss Mary McInerney, and Mr. John Sutton, eldest son of Mr. John Sutton of this city. The church was crowded to the doors with interested spectators, and the ceremony performed by Rev. Father Robichaud. The bride was given away by her brother, George V. McInerney M. P. Numerous valuable presents testified to the affectionate esteem in which the bride is held by her friends and acquaintances, and hearty good wishes for her future happiness were conveyed with regrets at her departure. Mr. and Mrs. Sutton left for Montreal and other cities in the Upper provinces and on their return will make their home in Monoton.

Mrs. Milner left town on Monday for Tidnish to spend a few weeks with her daughter Mrs. G. E. Sibley. Mr. A. Vard S. Knight of the Bank of Nova Scotia at New Glagow, is spending a two week's holiday at his home in Monoton.

THINGS OF VALUE.

An Inspector, examining a boy's written answers to a series of questions upon elementary physiology, lighted upon the sentence, "The liver is an internal organ." He nodded his blue pencil over the sentence, and was about to scoop down upon it, which comes from personal experience, said, with a sad smile upon his face, "No; let the word stand. The boy is right—quite right!"

There never was and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for all the ills to which the flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient, they would relieve one ill, in turn, and by tranquilizing the nerves, dispose to the next system are led into convalescence and strength, by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and by tranquilizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the system of the blood, which being stimulated, courses through the veins, strengthening the healthy animal functions of the system, liberating the system a necessary result, strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased nutriment. Results, improved appetite, Northrop & Lyman of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine in a pleasant, safe and easy expectation, thereby removing the phlegm, and giving diseased parts a chance to heal.

Sammy: "Was money der root ohf all evil for?" Isaac Slim: "Yes, Sam; so you must dry and do' all the good you can in life by getting it away from the people."

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

Hotel Clerk: "This is a bad halloo wa, sir." Commercial: "All right, I had a bad night."

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Best Tea in the World MONSIEUR INDO-CEYLON TEA

Confidence The W. H. JOHNSON CO. Ltd., Halifax.

MOUNT ALLISON LADIES' COLLEGE, OWNERS' ART INSTITUTION AND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC. The Fall term of the 45th Year Begins Sept. 1st, 1898.

Natural History Prizes INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, St. John, N. B. 13 to 23 September, 1898.

HOTELS. THE DUFFERIN. This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests.

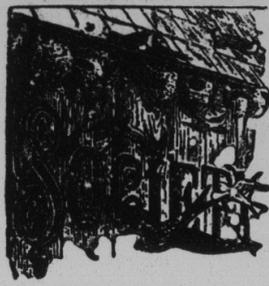
QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

Over \$150 is offered in prizes to Natural History Collections. Collectors and others who may have Specimens of Collections of ANIMALS, BIRDS, INSECTS, FISH, PLANTS or MINERALS, are invited to send them to the Exhibition.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY FARM LABORERS WANTED IN THE CANADIAN NORTH WEST.

We are making a specialty of BADGES for Picnics, Clubs, etc. Call and see Samples. Progress Office.

LAGER BEER. On Hand 100 Doz. 2 Doz to the case. Geo. Steaman's Celebrated Lager For Sale Low. THOS. L. BOURKE



(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

house constructed upon a staunch scow which draws so little water that the occupants can always step on shore when at anchor. Eight or ten persons can live with the greatest comfort on it. There is a compact kitchen with an oil stove, rooms far more comfortable than the ordinary steamer stateroom and a commodious dining and sitting room in one, though when the weather is fine the after deck sheltered by an awning is much preferable. Truly it was a happy thought that designated such a unique pleasure retreat and it is said the owner intends to christen it thus. Mr. Gregory was accompanied by Dr. and Mrs. McAlpine, Miss Murray and one or two other ladies whose names I fail to remember.

The pleasure of an evening church service was enjoyed by the guests at the Evendale House Sunday evening when Rev. Mr. Cody preached to his regular congregation in the Evendale Hall, a building erected by Mr. Vanwart for the convenience of his guests as well as for church meetings, or gatherings of all kinds. Mr. Cody is a clergyman in the parish of Greenwich and judging from the notices of services he gave out there must be some work done among the parishioners there. He is a young man but he preached an excellent extempore sermon—something not often attempted by church of England ministers.

MONCTON.

(CONTINUED.)

Mrs. George McSweney, who has been visiting relatives at Summerside P. E. Island for the past month, returned home last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Barnes of Halifax are spending a few days in town the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Hicks.

The many Moncton friends of Mrs. W. B. McKenzie who has been making her home in Toronto for the past year are glad to welcome her back to Moncton even for a short time. Mrs. McKenzie is accompanied by her little daughter and intends spending some weeks between Moncton and Shediac having suffered greatly from the late intense heat in Upper Canada.

Mrs. Snider of St. John is spending a few days in town visiting her sister Mrs. J. S. Marrie of Bonaventure street.

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Blair formerly of this city but now of St. John are spending their summer vacation between Moncton and Shediac, and are being warmly welcomed by their many friends in this city.

Mrs. C. A. Lewis and Miss Lewis of Boston and Miss Sanders of Hamilton college Toronto, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cummins of Lewistown.

A large number of friends gathered at the railway station on Thursday evening to bid Mr. and Mrs. Grant M. Hall farewell and Godspeed on their departure from Moncton. Mr. and Mrs. Hall have made many warm friends during their residence in our city and their departure is universally regretted.

Mr. Frank Ramsey of the cable staff is spending a summer vacation in Moncton visiting friends. Mrs. Ramsey accompanies him.

The many friends of Mrs. John McSweney now of Westmorland but formerly a resident of this city are welcoming her very warmly back to her former home. Mrs. McSweney is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George McSweney at Hotel Brunswick.

Miss Hattie Wilson left town on Thursday to spend a month with friends in Fredericton.

Mr. George B. Willett returned yesterday from Mauerville N. S., where he had been called by the serious illness of his brother.

Miss Tilney who has occupied the important position of milliner at Peter McSweney's large establishment for some years, departed on Monday for her home in Ingersoll, Ontario, having resigned her position and decided to live at home in future. Miss Tilney's departure will be deeply regretted in Moncton, and her loss will be greatly felt in the choir of St. John's Presbyterian church of which she was a valued member, a large number of friends assembled at the station to see her off, and wish her well in her future home.

Mrs. E. W. Wadsworth of Montreal is spending a few days in town the guest of her daughter Mrs. W. B. Hinson.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Yonge of Oviedo, Florida, are spending a few days in town the guest of Mrs. Yonge's sisters, the Misses McSweney.

Mrs. B. Beaumont and her daughter, W. S. Bonners are visiting friends in P. E. Island. IVAN.

We have taken the sole Agency for the celebrated Mexican Medicine Co.'s Remedies and are closing our optical goods to make room for the same. Come at once. Don't delay. Respectfully yours,

Boston Optical Co., 25 King St. St. John, N. B. Next to Manchester, Robertson & Allison's.

Perfectly Cured

Weak and Low Spirited—Nervous Prostration—Appetite Poor and Could Not Rest.

"I take great pleasure in recommending Hood's Sarsaparilla to others. It has been the means of restoring my wife to good health. She was stricken down with an attack of nervous prostration. She suffered with headaches and her nerves were under severe strain. She became very low spirited and so weak she could only do a little work without resting. Her appetite was poor, and being so weak she could not get the proper rest at night. She decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, as we had heard it highly praised, and I am glad to state that Hood's Sarsaparilla has perfectly cured all her ailments." G. BAZILARY, 221 Hannah St., West, Hamilton, Ontario.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1, six for \$5. Get Hood's.

Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild, effective. All druggists. 25c.

WINDSOR.

Aug. 11.—On Friday Mrs. Wiggins gave a very pleasant afternoon tea in honor of Mrs. Baird of Toronto. The guests were, Mrs. Russell, Mrs. Lawson, Mrs. Drysdale, Mrs. Murphy, Mrs. Dowdell, of Halifax, Mrs. Bowman, Mrs. Moody, Miss Wright, Miss Hind, Miss Estamer.

Mrs. Suberland and family are spending a few days at Blomidon with Prof. and Mrs. Butler.

Mrs. B. Knowles returned on Monday from a visit to Truro.

Mr. and Mrs. John Blanchard are visiting friends in Liverpool and Shelburne.

Mrs. Russell gave a small bicycle party to a few of her friends on Thursday evening.

Mrs. Shaw who has been in Windsor several weeks left on Monday for Halifax, from thence she sails for her home in Liverpool England. Though Mrs. Shaw's residence here was comparatively short, her many friends made during her stay regret her departure and wish her bon voyage to her home across the ocean.

Mr. David Soltan spent Sunday with his parents here.

Miss Nora Blanchard spent Sunday in Kentville with Mrs. Gilkins.

Mrs. Porter of Halifax has been the guest of Mrs. Smith, King street.

Miss Alice Lawson returned on Tuesday from Halifax.

Prof. and Mrs. Kennedy and Miss Kennedy are recreating at Weymouth.

Dr. and Mrs. Willets spent Sunday in Windsor.

Miss Harding who is summing in Digby returned here for a few days this week.

Miss Bertie Stephens returned to Truro on Monday after a fortnight's vacation.

Rev. D. P. Allison and Mrs. Allison of Baltimore are visiting D. P. Allison at the residence of Mrs. Vaughan.

GREENWICH.

Aug. 9.—The Church of England Sabbath school picnic takes place on Wednesday, a grand time is looked forward to as many attractions are offered. A merry-go-round, Archery, Bicycle races, canoe and club races, lilling etc. The Kingston Coronet Band will be in attendance.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cudiam, Mrs. Andrews and Mrs. Bart Dalton of Staten Island, New York were the guests of Mrs. A. L. Peatman recently.

Mr. Fred Pickett of St. John spent Sunday here.

Mr. E. B. Machum and family are summing at Oak point.

Miss M. B. Jeffrey has returned to St. Mary's after visiting friends here.

Mrs. Wm. Richards returned from St. John on Saturday.

Rev. H. S. Cady made a visit to Johnston last week.

Miss Fannie Bonnell of Sutton is the guest of her aunt.

Mr. G. Gerow and family are summing here.

Mr. McAlpine and family and Mr. J. D. Howe are summing here.

Mr. and Mrs. Dowling and a number of lady friends are summing here.

ST. GEORGE.

Aug. 10.—Mrs. A. H. Grimmer entertained friends on Monday evening and Mrs. K. F. Gilmore on Wednesday evening for the pleasure of Mrs. W. H. Henry Gilmore of St. Martins.

Miss Logan of Carleton is visiting at Mrs. Watt's Miss Stackhouse and Mr. Sackhouse, Carleton, are visiting Mrs. Robt Stackhouse.

Mrs. Carleton-Clinch spent a few days in town last week.

Miss Ella Cairns who has been spending a week with Mrs. Robt Dodds has returned to St. John.

Rev. and Mrs. Thomas Stewart of Dartmouth are guests at the Arden.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark has returned from a business trip to Montreal, Quebec and other Canadian cities.

Mrs. Richard Knox and children, St. John, are at the Dick farm, Hazeldele.

Mr. Driscoll who has been a recent guest at Mr. John Frawley's has returned to Boston.

Mrs. George Hibbard and sister, St. Andrews, are spending a few days in town.

Mr. Daniel Gilmer has returned from Montreal.

Mr. Edwin Russell of Watertown, N. Y. is in town this week. MAX.

All Sorts of Kisses.

The kiss was unknown among the aboriginal tribes of America and of Central Africa. From the most ancient times, however, it has been familiar to the Asiatic and European races. The Latins divided it into three forms—the osculum, the basium, and the suavium—the first being the kiss of friendship and respect, the second of ceremony, and the third of love. The Semites always employed the kiss, and Job speaks of it as part of their sacred rites, as it is to-day in the Roman Catholic Church. The Mongolian kiss is not the same as that which prevails with us. In it the lips do not come into actual contact with those of the person kissed. The nose is brought into light contact with the cheek, forehead, or hand; the breath is drawn slowly through the nostrils, and the act ends with a slight smack of the lips.

ELBOWS ON THE TABLE.

Remarks of a Correct Woman on Diner Customs of the Present Day.

"When I was learning the way in which I was expected to act as a grown-up person," remarked a woman who had already reached the stage that was marked by white hair and the generous lines of a dowager's figure. "It was always impressed upon me that, whatever else might happen, I must keep my elbows off the table. There was little danger that I would not with my knife. One or two warnings usually rid a child of any tendency toward that habit. I got over it soon enough to have no recollection of any prolonged training in that direction.

"But the elbow question was a more serious one. I had to be reminded of my weakness in that direction. My subsequent triumph was brought only after a struggle. But it did not come ultimately, and conscious of my own strength I had a pity for persons who had not learned the lesson as I had in childhood. But there were very few opportunities for me to exhibit this sympathy. I never saw anybody put their elbows on the table at any time. It was quite unknown to find anybody eating with a knife. So in common with other persons who received their breeding at the time I did, elbows on the table went down with the knife as one of the unpardonable crimes of dining room etiquette.

"But I have learned within recent years that I was wrong about all that. There is not the slightest breach of the best table manners in sitting through a dinner with one's elbows on the table, so long as the arms above and below them happen to belong to a woman. If they are bare it is highly probable that they will remain on the dinner table during two-thirds of the meal. That, indeed, is the distinctly 'smart' attitude at large dinners, and the girl who fails at some time during the dinner to lean on the table with her head in her hands and stare or smile at the man opposite has completely failed to take advantage of one of the most effective dinner tricks known to the girls of to-day. It is even possible to hold a wineglass in the hands and, with the elbows on the table, sip it slowly, but that is a little difficult and needs practice.

"Duse uses to do that in the final act of 'Camille,' and it was very fetching. But beginners should be cautious about trying it. With both elbows on the table and the arms stretched out directly in front of her, a girl may toy with a piece of bread talk to the man next to her, and make a piquant tableau. She should never fail to get her elbows on the table several times during a dinner, and if the arms are pretty the effect is, of course, very much better. But in evening dress they are sure to vary attractively the monotony of the attitudes at a dinner, whatever their particular qualities are. Dinner in a restaurant, or luncheon, offers the same opportunities. Of course, it is scarcely worth while for them to do anything of this kind at home, so there is no use for considering the opportunity for it there.

"One thing must always be borne in mind. Elbows on the table can still be vulgar. That is the result when the arms rise horizontally on the table with the elbows pointing out. That is as much bad form to-day as it was fifteen years ago, and I don't believe that any girl in the most fashionable society could attempt that with propriety. The elbows must rest on the table only when the arms are vertical.

"One other change has come about which seemed a violation of something I had been taught in the past, although it is looked upon now as perfectly permissible practice, even if it has not the sanction of

Your Liver Take Ayer's Pills

fashion. Not long ago I saw a woman in Delmonico's using a tooth pick most ostentatiously. She was almost defiant in the way she flourished it about. I knew her, knew that she was not a woman who could possibly be ignorant of what was proper and wondered. When I am in the dark about these matters I consult my children. So I asked one of my daughters when I got home that night how in the world Mrs. X. happened to be using a toothpick like that in public when it was supposed to be something that was usually confined to the privacy of a woman's room. Oh, that's done everywhere now," she said to me. "Last summer at Homburg the Prince of Wales used one regularly on the piazza and made the waiter bring him one. It took some time and after that he came to the restaurant always with a little gold one that unscrewed like a pencil and could be carried in his vest pocket. He uses it always in public and so do the English people who copy him. The Americans who go to London regularly saw that and imported the custom to let it be seen that they knew what was done in the Prince of Wales' set.

"That did not serve to quiet my own misgivings as to propriety, but it helped to explain what I had heard about a fashionable amateur who went to the opera always with a gold toothpick and seemed to enjoy it. It also helped me to realize that manners change."

Heavily Taxed Islands.

In the Philippine Islands all males over twenty-one years of age must pay a poll-tax that equals about £4 of our money, and the woman must pay £3. A man must pay a license to sell coconuts from his own trees or indigo of his own raising. Every article of furniture that costs half a sovereign is taxed. The curtain never goes up at the theatre unless £3 is paid to the Government, and for every act of slaughtering his own animals, clipping his own sheep, or felling his own trees the Philippine farmer must pay a fee to the Government. There is exacted Government tribute for getting married and for being buried, and at every step and turn of his life the tax-collector holds out his hand to him, and it is not a demand that can be refused. No wonder Spain wishes to keep a possession that yields such a return; no wonder also that the last sixty years have developed seventeen rebellions in the Philippines.

A young man by the name of Mooney enlisted in the army. After he had been in India for about five months he received a pathetic letter from his parents, which said that if he did not send them some money they would be forced to go to the workhouse. The young man sat down and answered the letter as follows: "Dear father and Mother,—Try to keep out of the workhouse for six years and seven months, until I come home, and then the three of us will go in together!"

He Preferred to Live.

One of the stories that the late James Payn, the novelist, liked most to tell was what he called an American duel, wherein two duellists, with one second, met within doors and drew lots to decide which should shoot himself. A, was the unlucky man, and without a word he retired into the next apartment to carry out the purpose of self-destruction. B, and the second, both very much moved by the tragedy of the situation, remained in listening attitudes. At last the pistol was heard; they shuddered with emotion and remorse, when suddenly in rushed the supposed dead man, triumphantly exclaiming, "Missed, by Heaven!"

Reclaiming Sahara Desert.

No fewer than 12,000,000 acres of land have been made fruitful in the Sahara desert, an enterprise representing perhaps the most remarkable example of irrigation by means of artesian wells which can anywhere be found.

Selenitic Notes.

A well-constructed brick house will outlast one built of granite.

A new kind of cup has a thermometer attached to show the heat of the tea, etc., poured into it.

A new French machine called a menometer registers a man's will-power and shows the intensity of his thought.

Two women have patented a scrubbing-brush which is to be attached to the shoe by straps and a heel-plate, thus making it

possible to clean floors while standing upright.

The latest application of electricity for use aboard ship is a patent inclinometer, designed to register the exact roll or list to port or starboard of a vessel at sea or in harbour.

A French professor claims to be able to photograph thought. He declares that, by the aid of his hand on his forehead, he can project his thoughts or his ideas on to a photographic plate in the dark.

A German doctor of reputation prescribes aluminium as a cure for rheumatism. A finger-ring made of this metal joined with another generates a gentle current of electricity, which, he says, effects a perfect cure.

A magnetic island has been discovered in the Pribylov Group, in the Behring Sea. The highest hill, Ulakiya, appears to be the centre of magnetism. The volcanic rock is decidedly magnetic, and will move a compass needle when held near. It is supposed that all the islands there are more or less magnetic.

A moving street will be a novel feature at the Paris Exhibition. It will consist of an endless belt in perpetual motion, upon which it will only be necessary to step to be transported from floor to floor. By a similar plan visitors will be able to travel round the greater portion of the exhibition grounds, comfortably seated upon chairs.

It has been found in Germany that lightning-rods do not protect high furnaces, the electric discharge preferring to pass to earth by the column of heated smoke, which, of course, is rich in carbon, a conductor of electricity. It is partly for this reason that so many smoking chimneys are struck by lightning, and that to sit near a fireplace is dangerous.

A new system of illuminating light-houses by incandescent gas has just been tested at Yarmouth. The new lights were found to be a great improvement on the old, increasing the illuminating power from 3,000 to 10,000 candle-power. The experiment at Yarmouth having proved so satisfactory the example, it is anticipated, will be followed around the coast.

A German engineer proposes that every river steamer shall carry its own hydraulic dredger and clear a channel for itself. He effects this by an hydraulic pipe system suspended from the bow and actuated by the engines. There are two pipe mains directed towards each other and a number of inclined branch pipes. The idea is to stir up the ground below the keel and create whirls which deposit the stones, etc. on the sides of the keel fatter at, the river accomplishing the rest.

Ozone-Producing machines are said to have just been invented by M. Andreoli. They consist of glass vacuum tubes with a metal rod running through them, surrounded by metal rings with teeth turned towards the glass. When the electric current is turned on ozone is formed between these teeth and the glass. The invention is also likely to prove of great commercial value, as by its use and oils can be purified, deodorized, and decolorized; wood seasoned, linen bleached, and wines and spirits mellowed in a few hours.

Young couples start right...

if in buying their plated table ware: Knives, forks and spoons, they insist on having the kind marked: W. ROGERS

Its the trade mark placed only on the very best of plate—the kind that should wear 20 or 30 years, by the celebrated silversmiths.

SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO., Wellington, Conn. U. S. A. and Montreal, Canada

ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD.



We want to enlighten our little world about us in regard to wall paper buying. We want you to know that right here you will find the choicest and cheapest and choicest patterns. Buy nowhere else you have looked about you enough to see what we are showing. We don't want you to buy from only examining our stock for we want you to see other stocks and know the superiority of ours.

DOUGLAS MCARTHUR 90 King Street. SHOW ROOMS UPSTAIRS.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1898.

NOT YET SATISFACTORY

THE NEW DEPOT AT MONCTON AND ITS FORMAL OPENING.

Something in Connection With the New Building That Does not Seem to Give Unalloyed Satisfaction to the Citizens of This Busy Railway City.

MONCTON, Aug. 10.—After a delay of just seven months beyond the time first appointed for the ceremony, Moncton's new railway station has been formally opened to the public. "The ceremony," as the wedding notices remark, "was a very quiet one," unmarked by any demonstration whatever. Perhaps the early hour may have been accountable for this apparent absence of enthusiasm, as six o'clock in the morning is a time when the average citizen prefers to woo the charms of Morpheus rather than join in a public demonstration of any sort. But as it is generally understood that the formal opening merely consisted of the checking of the first piece of baggage which arrived at the station by the ever popular and genial truckman Mr. James McNeill the omission on the part of the average citizen is even more excusable, and he made ample atonement for it in the evening by assembling at the station when the trains from St. John and Halifax arrived, bringing all his female relatives and friends and giving a decidedly festive appearance both to the building and its surroundings. Indeed so grand a spectacle did the brightly lighted station and the well dressed crowd who thronged it present, that a gentleman of facetious tendencies was heard to remark that it reminded him of the Grand Union Depot in New York. Even if it was not quite so imposing as that magnificent structure the travelling public could not fail to be impressed by the crowd and the bustle, or to carry away with them a rather exaggerated idea of the size and commercial activity of our city.

The new station is undoubtedly an improvement on the old one in many ways! It is fresh, clean and well, it not very expensively, finished inside, but as far as the convenience of the above mentioned travelling public is concerned it must be confessed that the long looked for station leaves much to be desired. It is a matter about which a great deal of surprise has been expressed that after all that has been said or written about the confusing arrangements for the starting of trains from the old station, the same annoying mistake should be made when a new station with greatly increased accommodations was built. Moncton has been noted for years as the most awkward station in the province for a stranger to either arrive at, or depart from, and its peculiar situation has been the cause of innumerable mistakes on the part of travellers. In the first instance the traveller who did not take a cab al most invariably followed the broad plank walk which led from the station to the large and brilliantly lighted building directly opposite to it instead of taking the cinder paved lane to his right, and the result was that he brought up, filled with amazement and wrath at the back door of the General Offices. In departing from the city, the same stranger usually sought the spot on the platform which he remembered arriving at, under the impression that it was the customary place for all passenger trains to arrive, and depart from, and while he was patiently waiting for the train he thought was his, the one he should have taken pulled quietly out of the station on the other side. Then the traveller was naturally indignant, and went home and wrote disagreeable things about Moncton railway station to the papers. And the citizens of the great railway centre were deeply mortified and clamored for a new station with all modern improvements, even more than they had been doing for the past dozen years.

Now they have the desire of their hearts,

and it seems in danger of turning to dust and ashes at their touch because their very first visit to it at train time proved that one of the worst features of the old structure had been perpetuated in the new, and that instead of building a properly enclosed train shed such as one sees in all large cities, and which would have saved the government a very large outlay for the clearing away of snow in winter there were merely two covered platforms open to the weather at the sides. Also that passengers were obliged to cross one track in order to take the train on the second, and the old confusion still existed as the St. John train left from the second track, while the passenger was standing beside his light baggage, and waiting for it to come up to the platform after the train for the north had departed.

This is a very serious mistake, and general dissatisfaction with the arrangement was expressed, passengers finding it impossible to believe that they would be obliged to shoulder their valises and satchels and start out on a voyage of discovery over two sets of trackless rails in quest of their train. Of course that evening was the first time the two trains had arrived simultaneously at the new station and the arrangements may not have been completed but it is to be hoped that some more convenient and less puzzling plan will be adopted eventually.

It is also to be hoped that the bicycle nuisance which has so long tried the patience and menaced the safety of pedestrians going to and returning from the station in the evening, will be put a stop to, and the walk leading to the new building will not be used as a racing track by the selfish young sports who have been in the habit of regarding the lane leading to the old station as a convenient place for friendly trials of speed, utterly regardless of the safety or the rights of the "walking public." It seems to be against the principles of these young gentlemen to use

either bells or lamps, as they probably found it more exciting to watch the antics of people trying to get out of the way, and as neither the railway nor the city police ever interfered with them, or enforced the rule against riding on the sidewalks, the lane mentioned has been a very dangerous place after nightfall.

It is a matter of anxious speculation to those of an enquiring turn of mind as to why the baggage room of the new station was made so small, and why the rough brick walls have been left totally unadorned on the inside instead of being finished in something like keeping with the rest of the building. Can it be that the money did not hold out, and the baggage room had to pay for the elaborate tiling of the ladies' dressing room? or is it merely that the former is not yet finished?

THE COST OF GETTING WAR NEWS.

Big Newspapers do not Hesitate to Spend Lots of Money for This Purpose.

In all probability, the present conflict between Spain and America may prove the costliest war on record, so far as newspapers are concerned. A war correspondent who accompanies a military expedition into the heart of Africa incurs expenses which are extremely heavy, but the cost of maintaining reporters on sea as well as on land amounts to a good deal more. In undertakings of the former description, the despatch of a representative to a field of battle means about \$500 a week to a newspaper.

The 'New York Herald,' for instance, which keeps a small flotilla of despatch-boats cruising around Cuba, is spending money on the war at the rate of \$10,000 a week. It is reported that the bill of the Associated Press and Reuter's News Agency amounts to a figure much higher. These famous organizations are working in combination on the present occasion, and between them they control as many as twenty vessels of various descriptions, with two correspondents on each boat.

As a rule, the remuneration of this fearless class of journalists ranges between 125, and 200 per week per man, apart from his personal expenses. As the latter include, in the present conflict, the hire of a despatch-boat and the maintenance of its crew, wars apparently have an expensive as well as a sensational aspect for the great journals of the world.

Particularly is this the case when, as has happened more than once since the declaration of the present hostilities, the crew of the boat engaged decline to take the pressmen within the sound of cannon. In circumstances such as these the correspondents have had to return to port, probably hundreds of miles away, to secure the services of a fresh crew.

At the present moment, almost all the big London dailies are represented by two or three correspondents in the West Indian waters, and the cost of maintaining each of them, including the hire of the despatch-boat and its crew, represents a sum not much less than \$1,000 a week. There is, in addition, the expense of forwarding the despatches across the Atlantic. Messages are cabled from America at the rate of 10 cents a word; so that reckoning five words in a line, a despatch which is a column in length costs in its mere transmission alone no less than \$250.

Beyond this there are the elaborate telegraphic arrangements made by most big papers, some of which have private wires to New York and Paris. The "rent" of a private wire from London to Paris, quite apart from the salaries of operators and the expenses of the office, instruments, etc., amounts to no less than \$5000 a year. These figures do not exhaust the liabilities of newspapers whenever war breaks out. On the life of each reporter sent out the proprietors of the paper to which he is attached take out a special policy, which is issued by some of the leading insurance companies. Moreover, they give an undertaking to see to the future of those dependent upon him.

Roughly speaking, the best qualification which can be possessed by a man ambitious to become a war correspondent is an iron constitution able to withstand all sorts of climates.

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

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

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

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

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

LABORATORY OF INLAND REVENUE.

Office of Official Analyst,

Montreal, July 28, 1898.

I, JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, do hereby certify that I have duly analyzed and tested several samples of "Abbey's Effervescent Salt," some being furnished by the manufacturers in Montreal and others purchased from retail druggists in this city. I find these to be of very uniform character and composition, and sold in packages well adapted to the preservation of the Salt. This compound contains saline bases which form "Fruit Salts" when water is added—and is then a very delightful aperient beverage, highly palatable and effective.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt contains no ingredient of an injurious or unwholesome character, and may be taken freely as a beverage.

(Signed) JOHN BAKER EDWARDS,

Ph. D., D. C. L., F. C. S.,

Emeritus Professor Chemistry, University Bishops College, and Dominion Official Analyst, Montreal.

A DAUGHTER OF JUDAS.

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

CHAPTER I.

A REMARKABLE ADVENTURE.

An express train was starting from an important town nearly a hundred miles from London, London being its destination. The guard, John Morewood, stood at the door of his van, busily superintending the stowing away of the numberless packages which were consigned to him.

He was a striking-looking man, younger than railway guards usually are—perhaps something over thirty years of age.

His figure was truly noble in its proportions, and he carried it after a fashion which is said to belong only to gentlemen. His face was Saxon in character, a strong handsome face, with a beautiful mouth, and keen, rather dark blue eyes.

He was clean shaven, save for a well-kept fair mustache, which gave him a distinctly military appearance.

Presently a couple of porters approached the van. They bore a heavy and mournful load—a coffin was to form part of the train's freight that night.

Morewood's eyes rested on it with a gravely sympathetic glance as it was placed at the back of the van.

He did not know who its inmate was, not even whether it was man or woman; but the solemnity and majesty of Deusta appealed to him strongly, as it ever does to all but coarse and thoughtless minds. In a minute or two, the signal was given, and the train started.

It was a dreary night in mid-winter. Snow lay upon the ground, giving the fields a curiously eerie look as the train flew by them in the darkness.

The wind moaned dimly; the cold was intense.

On such a night, there are far pleasanter places for a nervous or superstitious person than the guard's van of a train which is not expected to stop for nearly a couple of hours, and which is bearing a coffin to its last resting place.

Fortunately, John Morewood was neither superstitious nor nervous.

He enjoyed the inestimable privilege of a sound mind in a sound body.

Nevertheless, a certain sense of awe pervaded his mind whenever he looked at that solemn casket, which is our last gift to poor mortality.

It was an oak coffin, with a plain brass plate and handles.

Once Morewood stooped over it, he lay too much in the shadow for him to read the name on the plate; and he did not feel interest enough to fetch a light to his assistance.

The train had proceeded about thirty miles; the night grew colder and darker—the wind still moaned and howled.

Morewood was busy with his duties, when suddenly he started violently, and glanced towards the coffin.

He had fancied he heard a sound, a something resembling a human groan.

"Of course it must have been the wind," he muttered, doubtfully. "But I could have sworn it came from there. How easily the imagination deceives one."

Certainly there was no sound now, save the mournful sighing of the wind.

Morewood went back to his work again, humming a tune, and trying to forget what it was he had in the van with him.

But, a minute later, another sound fell on his ear—an unmistakable one this time. Something was beating against the coffin-lid.

He recognized the sound of human fingers tapping feebly, but eagerly, upon the wood.

He caught up a screw-driver, and quick as lightning, knelt down beside the coffin.

He worked as though for his own life, and in an incredibly short space of time had wrenched off the lid.

He had heard no further sound.

Was he too late?

His heart beat furiously against his side as he asked himself the question.

In spite of his eager desire that help might not have come too late, he could scarcely help recoiling—certainly, he could not help a nameless thrill of horror when the face of the woman was thrown aside, and the seeming corpse raised itself slowly.

It was a woman—a young woman, and perhaps, a beautiful one.

It was difficult to tell, now that her face was hueless, and her garb that of the dead.

One thing, however, Morewood was greatly impressed with, even in that first moment of amazement and horror, and that was the dark solemn beauty of the woman's eyes.

He had never seen such eyes in all his life before.

Without speaking—for it is difficult to find words at such a moment—Morewood put his arm round her, and lifted her bodily from that hateful receptacle which is but the lining of the grave.

His next step was to take off his own coat, and wrap it round her, and, finally, he poured a few drops of brandy between her lips, still supporting her with his strong arm.

A faint shiver ran through her frame.

She turned her head, and fixed her great dark eyes upon him.

There was terror in them—an awful look of terror.

Then Morewood spoke—

"You will be better soon," he said, cheerfully, taking her ice-cold hand, and chafing it in both his own.

"Did they think I was dead?" she whispered. "Are you sure they thought I was dead?"

"Yes; it is all a mistake, of course, for

you are going to live, and get quite well again. You needn't be afraid."

She still looked up at him as though she were half-mad with terror.

Vaguely it occurred to him that he didn't understand her state of mind.

"How do you feel?" he questioned, anxiously. "Better?"

"Yes—yes, ever so much better. I shall be almost quite well directly," she said, with strange eagerness and energy.

Then she looked round her in bewilderment, asking—

"Where am I—where is this place?"

"It is the van of a train. I am the guard."

"Where were they taking me?"

She named a country place some considerable distance beyond London.

She seemed to brighten up all at once, and said, with curious relief and cheerfulness—

"Then they were going to bury me? You are quite sure?"

"Yes, they would certainly have buried you if you hadn't recovered consciousness. I suppose you have been in what they call a trance. And now I think it is my duty to communicate with the engine driver, and stop the train. You must be attended to at once."

To his amazement, this proposal seemed to fill her with horror.

Weak though she was, she seized hold of his arm as though she would have dragged him back.

"No! no!" she panted. "Don't do that! For Heaven's sake, don't let anyone know I am alive!"

Morewood looked at her with grave wonder.

He almost began to think she had gone mad—that her late terrible experience had turned her brain.

But as he looked at her, this idea faded from his mind.

There was no insanity in those dark eyes. Her whole face, ashen-pale though it was, expressed a steady purpose. She knew what she asked, and why she asked it.

"Let me give you some more brandy then," he said, quietly. "It was only for your own good I wanted to stop the train. But if you would rather I didn't—why, there's an end of it. I must do the best I can for you myself."

She drank the spirits obediently, and, after a minute or two, he was relieved to see a little colour steal back into her lips.

It made her look less corpse-like. It assured him she had recrossed the mysterious border line which separates life from death.

It was certainly an extraordinary adventure as ever an unromantic man was called upon to pass through.

Alone in the van of a train with a pallid, corpse-like woman in her shroud—the open coffin which he lay lying at his feet, the night growing darker and darker as the train sped through it at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

Suddenly it occurred to his mind that that open coffin was a ghastly sight for that poor creature who had been shut up in it alive.

He carried it where it could no longer be seen by her.

As he did so his eye fell on the inscription that was graven on the lid—

"MADÉLINE WINTER.

"AGED 26."

The woman, watching his every movement with her great dark eyes, saw him read that brief inscription.

Her whole form dilated, she trembled, and clenched her hands so tightly that the nails must have entered the flesh.

She looked like one in an agony of mortal fear, but when she saw that Morewood's face underwent no change, the terribly strained look left her own.

She seemed to commune with herself, and to come a sudden resolution.

Morewood, having removed the coffin, came back to her, and inquired anxiously how she felt.

"I am better," she said, firmly. "In a little time I shall have quite recovered. But I am in great danger. Will you help me to escape?"

Seeing that he was too surprised to speak she went on, in a quick, low tone—

"You had better have left me in that coffin, unless you will assist me to leave this train in such a way that none will suspect I am still alive. The people who have tried to kill me will kill me, unless they can be made to think I am already in my grave."

"Do you mean," asked Morewood, "that you have been the victim of foul play?"

"I mean that I have been drugged. If once my enemies suspected I had escaped, nothing could save me from death—an awful death!"

And she shuddered violently, hiding her face in her hands.

"But the law would protect you!" exclaimed Morewood, with energy.

"It would not!" said the woman, in a strangely bitter tone. "I have nothing to hope from the law. My only hope is in heaven—and you."

Her voice was beautifully soft and musical.

As she spoke those last words, it thrilled with such unutterable pathos, that Morewood would have been less than man if he had not been moved by it.

She was quick to see the impression she had made.

She fixed her beautiful dark eyes full

upon his face, and, leaning forward, caught his hand.

"Will you save me?" she pleaded. "You can. Oh! will you—will you?"

"Whatever I can do, I will," said Morewood, with quiet earnestness.

She was still holding his hand, and now she just touched it with her lips, as though overcome with gratitude.

"I trust you!" she cried. "Oh, remember, it is with my life!"

"I accept the trust," he returned, without hesitation, and still speaking in that tone of quiet earnestness. "Now tell me just what it is you wish me to do?"

"I want you to let me get away from the train in London without anyone knowing I have escaped. Unless you can do that, I shall meet with a more awful fate than would have been mine if you had left me there."

And she looked, with a shudder, towards where he had concealed the coffin.

Morewood stood for a moment in silence revolving plans in his calm, intelligent brain.

"I think I can manage it," he said, at length. "You may trust me."

It is no easy task he had undertaken to do.

To get away from a London railway station a woman in a shroud, with a dead-white face and striking eyes, was a task which might well puzzle the most ingenious mind; but Morewood, glancing coolly round his van, thought it could be managed.

A roll of travelling-rugs lay in one corner. He unfastened it, and found it to consist of a couple of woollen shawls, very thick, and a dark Scotch plaid.

"Could you dress yourself in these?" he said, holding them out to her.

She nodded, and, with deft, clever fingers, fastened one of the shawls round her waist, so that it hung like a skirt to her feet; the other she threw over her shoulders; and the plaid, wound round her head and neck, completed a costume in which she might pass through a station by night without attracting any very great attention.

Morewood looked at her critically, and felt quite satisfied of this.

"You must have some boots, he said. "Luckily, I have a pair here. Can you wear them?"

And he drew forth an old pair of his own.

They were, of course, too large for her, she could walk in them, and she slipped them on with alacrity.

As she did so, he could not but notice the beauty of her foot, with its arched instep and slender ankle, as he had already noticed the magnificent masses of her raven-black hair.

He was beginning to see that this woman, when in health, would possess no ordinary share of beauty, and, indeed, she exercised a nameless fascination over him even now.

All matters of dress adjusted, she looked with anxious eyes, towards the empty coffin.

"About that?" she questioned. "Can anything be done? If not, I shall be lost. I cannot take you into my confidence. I would if I could, but I dare not. I can trust you because your face is good and true, and because you tell me when I tell you that unless I lay dead inside it, nothing can save me from the most horrible of deaths. Oh, help me if you can! Heaven will reward you if you do!"

"I have thought about the coffin," said Morewood quietly. "It will be all right. Do not fear."

As he spoke, he knelt down and began to fill the coffin with various parcels which lay heaped together in one corner.

They were a consignment of goods from an ironmonger, and were very heavy.

Half-a-dozen of them would be quite equal in weight to that of a delicate woman.

Taking care to pad them tightly with old rags and pieces of paper so that nothing could betray them, he screwed down the lid as it had been before.

Of course, he was well aware that these goods, as well as the rugs would be missed but he did not despair of being able to account in some way for their absence.

And he would certainly pay for them, too.

He had no desire to steal—even for a woman newly risen from the dead.

Their respective owners should be re-compensated for the losses they had sustained.

Madeline Winter had watched his every movement with breathless interest, and as the last screw was replaced in the coffin, she drew a deep sigh of relief while a faint color tinged her cheek.

Morewood, glancing at her, was struck afresh by the beauty of her eyes.

They reminded him of nothing so much as of a moonlit tarn.

Light and darkness mingled so thrillingly in their soft depths.

By this time the train was rapidly nearing London.

Madeline Winter sat in a corner with clasped hands, her eyes dilated, her whole form quivering with nervous agitation.

It was easy to see she dreaded being noticed and detained in London.

Morewood took what money he had in his pocket, and gave it to her.

"Take it," he said. "You can do nothing without money. You will need it."

She did not thank him in words, but raised her dark thrilling eyes to his face with a look he never forgot.

After a moment or two, she said, beseechingly—

"You will not follow? You will not seek to know who I am?"

"I promise you I will not. Not a word shall pass my lips about you to anyone. As to the coffin, it will go on in another train. But I will see to it. You need have no fear."

She seemed reassured, though still her agitation was very great.

Her nerves were strung almost to snapping point.

The train glided smoothly into the great London station.

There was only about a dozen people on the platform, and Morewood, opening the door of his van immediately, extended his hand to his companion, and helped her out, unobserved by anyone.

"Go to that exit," he whispered, "and you will be in the street in less than a minute. Walk quickly; no one will notice you."

Again she flashed upon him a look of gratitude, then sped away in the direction he had indicated, and passed through the archway into the street beyond.

The strangest object, surely, in all that great city that night—a woman just escaped from her coffin and still wearing her shroud.

The next day, Morewood was at the town from which the coffin had come on the preceding evening.

He had half-an-hour to spare before he joined his train; and as he stood on the platform, deep in thought about Madeline Winter, a porter came up and entered into conversation with him.

"Miss Marshall is to be buried to-day," was one of this man's first observations.

"Strange affair, that, wasn't it, Morewood?" "I don't know what you're talking about," was Morewood's answer.

"You don't mean to say you haven't heard of the murder at Brookstone?" "I haven't, indeed. I very rarely read the papers, nowadays."

"Ah, but everybody's talking about it—everybody about here!"

"Yes, but you see I don't live here. What is the murder, Tom?"

"Why, Miss Marshall of Brookstone, has been poisoned by a young lady who lived with her as companion; and when the companion found she was suspected, she poisoned herself as well. Oh, it's made a regular sensation here I can tell you!"

"I've no doubt it has," said Morewood; but he spoke abstractedly.

He was still thinking of Madeline Winter still picturing the glances he had received from those dark, unfathomable eyes.

Another porter who had come up a moment ago, here struck in with—

"Do you mean to say you haven't heard about the Brookstone Tragedy, Morewood?" Well, that's a rum 'un, for you'd the body of the murdered with you in your van last night. It was brought in very quietly; and not many know about it because the authorities didn't want a demonstration; but it was Madeline Winter who was in that coffin you took to London with you! A good thing she killed herself, for the case against her was as clear as daylight. Nothing could have saved her from the gallows!"

CHAPTER II.

BEECH ROYAL.

Beech Royal was one of the show houses of Hampshire, a great grey mansion, plain but massive, dating from the time of the Tudors, and showing, as yet, no sign of decay as it faced summer sun and winter rain.

It stood in the middle of a spacious deer-park, where the antlered monarchs of the forest roamed at will beneath the shade of the magnificent beech trees, from which the house took its name.

Rose gardens, with a white marble fountain in the midst, lay beneath the front window and beyond, separated only by a balustrade, there flowed a river, calm and beautiful as a lake.

On one side of the park was a wood, almost filled with the noble beeches; beyond were a couple of villages, nestling sweetly at the foot of a hillside; and all this fair domain appertained to Beech Royal.

The master of the house, standing at his library window, could see no spot of ground that was not his own.

A tall man he, with a fair, strong, Saxon face, lighted up by dark blue eyes; in fact, none other than that John Morewood who had assisted, all unwittingly, a murderess to cheat the gallows.

A striking change from being a guard in the employment of a railway company, to being master of Beech Royal; but Fate is proverbially capricious, and, in one of its fits of caprice, it had wrought this wonder for John Morewood.

The son of a younger son, he had never dreamed of inheriting the family honours and estates.

His branch of the family had been se-

verely feud with the reigning one; and when, at the termination of his university career, his father died suddenly, leaving him without so much as a penny piece by way of inheritance, he disappeared from the ranks of life in which he had hitherto walked.

His friends soon ceased to make enquiries after him.

He had simply "gone under," to use a time-honoured phrase, as so many young men had done before him.

Certainly no one dreamed of looking for him in the guard's van of a railway train; but he, desirous of earning an honest living, and having that chance flung in his way, accepted it, and thereby laid the foundations for the great tragedy of his life.

Two months after that snowy winter's night on which he had rescued the murderess from her living tomb, he had heard of the death of his uncle, the master of Beech Royal.

Another uncle had died the year before, and six months later the deaths of two of his cousins, in rapid succession, made him the heir to one of the finest estates in the south of England.

There was no title to be inherited, but then no title was needed.

The very name of Morewood was enough. That name had stood out grandly in English history ever since the first Lionel de Morewood "came over" in the train of Norman William.

In the stormy days of the Stuarts, the Morewoods had shown themselves willing to shed their last drop of blood in defence of their king; and Beech Royal had been one of the places in which Charles the second had found succour when he fled after what Cromwell called "the Lord's crowning mercy of Worcester."

In this instance, if in sadly too few others, the careless monarch had proved himself not ungrateful!

Beech Royal was restored to its owners, and the officer of an earldom went with it; but this honour had been declined.

No reward could be accepted for plain duty done—for service to king and country; and besides, what title could add lustre to the name of Morewood?

And so it happened that the quondam railway guard, for all his vast wealth and almost princely blood, was only plain John Morewood of Beech Royal.

It was more than two years since he came to the inheritance, but it was only during the last few weeks he had settled down in Hampshire.

He had been abroad, travelling with a friend.

A pleasant smile played round his mouth as he turned away from the library window after a lengthy survey of the fair expanse of park and woodland which owned him for its lord.

He could earn his bread among the sons of toil if need were, but none the less did he thrill with pride and pleasure to know he was master of Beech Royal.

He touched the bell, and gave orders for his horse to be saddled and brought round.

He was going to see the friend with whom he had been travelling abroad, and whose estate adjoined his own.

Vanishing into the saddle, he went off at a brisk canter through the great avenue of beeches; and at length found himself on the confines of his own demesne.

Vivian Court, the home of his friend, Sir Gerald Vere, stood on a gentle eminence. He reined in his horse and sat quite still for a moment or two, admiring the fine old house with its many gables, and turrets, and towers; a contrast in all these things to the stately plainness of Beech Royal.

It was a disappointment for him to be told, when he reached the house, that Sir Gerald was out.

The servants did not know whether he had gone, or when he would return.

The master of Vivian Court, like him of Beech Royal, was a bachelor, and no one to restrain his going out, or his coming in.

"It is of no consequence," said John Morewood.—"Tell Sir Gerald I came."

Then he gave a little shake to the reins, and cantered away. He was not in the humor for returning home.

He bethought himself that he knew very little of the country round about; and that it was high time he became acquainted with it.

Since he came down to Beech Royal his time had been much taken up with law business connected with the estate; but now that was well over and done with, and he might enjoy himself as he pleased.

"I'll ride through some of the villages," he thought. "I may get a hint or two for the improvement of my own cottages."

The first village he came to was about a couple of miles away from the Court, on that side of it which lay farthest from Beech Royal.

The church itself stood on the hill, and the graves were on a grassy slope, overhung with trees.

Morewood rather liked walking through country churchyards, and this one looked especially calm and picturesque.

He called to a rustic, who leaned against the old wall, and requested him to hold his horse; then he climbed the grassy slope and prepared to read some of the quaint epitaphs which are almost invariably to be found on village gravestones.

In a retired corner he came to a grave seemingly quite alone.

A plain grey cross was at its head, and as Morewood's eyes fell on the short inscription it bore, he gave a violent start, and with difficulty repressed an exclamation.

He might well be startled, for the words on the plain grey marble were the very words he had read on the coffin-lid in the dim light of the railway van—

"MADÉLINE WINTER.

"AGED 26."

Not another word, no reference to her rank or parentage, no single word of Holy Writ, or breath of hope of a joyful resurrection, or a life beyond the grave.

TO BE CONCLUDED.

Sunday Reading.

WHY NOT CALLED SOONER?

Mrs. Stephens was an aged saint, a real mother in Israel. For three years she had been kept in her bed with rheumatism, and was a great sufferer; but she had borne all her pain and deprivation without a murmur, as a true 'Shut in' will.

There was only one question that disturbed her mind, and this is the way she would sometimes put to her most intimate friends:

'Why am I kept here so long? Why does not the Lord take me home? I am ready and anxious to go—just waiting for him to call me. Still he does not call. Here I must lie and suffer, and yet I can be of no more use in the world. I won't complain; the Lord doeth all things well; but I simply cannot understand it.'

'It is all for the best, mother,' one of her pious neighbors would reply. You'll understand it some day.'

'Yes, yes, it is all for the best, all for the best.'

Yet the query troubled her a little. But the mystery was made clear some time afterwards, and this is the way it happened. One morning Mr. Freedman—who was Mrs. Stephens' pastor—was sitting in his study and brooding over the unsatisfactory condition of his church. Mr. Freedmore, it must be said, was disheartened. There was some matter in his parish that were not just as they should have been, and he was naturally a little disposed to look on the dark side; and when he did that, he was apt to complain somewhat and even "scold" in his pulpit, as some of his members expressed it.

Everybody knows that "scolding" is the worst thing a minister can do. It is proper at times to rebuke in a firm and manly way, but whining and complaining will gradually enfeeble a pastor's staunchest friends. Well Mr. Freedmore had been doing some of his "scolding" in his last three or four sermons, and while he felt dimly that it was only making matters worse, the depressed state of his feelings seemed to make it impossible for him to change his tone. What he needed was a spiritual tonic.

From what source was it to be supplied? Providence always has a way for the escape of the honest man from the toils of temptation.

After Mr. Freedmore had been thinking awhile, he rose and walked to his library shelves to select a book. Perhaps he could find some relief in reading. A volume on comfort for the aged and infirm suggested a new train of thought.

'Yes, I had better call on Mrs. Stephens,' he said to himself. It has been a long time since I have called on her, and I learned yesterday that she is very ill.'

A half hour later he was knocking at the old lady's door. She greeted him cordially, and did not chide him for neglecting her. After a few words had been exchanged, she turned the conversation to her happy spiritual state.

'I do not know, Brother Freedmore, why I am kept here so long,' she said; 'but I am sure it is for some good and useful purpose. My will is not as wise as God's will. You remember what Paul says: 'All things work together for good to them that love God.' I know that is true, and am content. Never have I been so happy and resigned as I have been since I have been lying on this sick bed. Jesus has been constantly present with me, as he promised to be with his disciples.'

As her talk flowed on, her visitor looked at her with glowing eyes, which presently became dim with tears. This suffering saint was teaching him the very lesson in patience and cheerfulness that he needed.

'With all my blessings of health and every comfort. I have been discontented, while this mother in Israel has been happy in the midst of the keenest pain and rarest deprivation,' he was thinking to himself, as he listened to her cheering speech.

After a brief prayer he rose to go. 'Thank you for your cheering and comforting visit,' said Mrs. Stephens, as she gave him her thin hand.

'It is I who should thank you,' he replied. 'You have been my teacher today. I have received more benefit than you from this call. Good-by. I shall call again very soon.'

'A few days later one of Mrs. Stephens' friends came into see her.

'You should have been at church, grandma,' she chirped. 'Our pastor, Mr. Freedmore, preached a wonderful sermon. It was so cheering and helpful. You know he's been a little despondent of late and have done too much complaining; but yesterday he changed his tone altogether. And, grandma, you can't guess what it was that brought about this happy change.'

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'No, I can't guess,' she replied; 'but the Lord must have put a brighter spirit into his mind in his own good way, I'm sure.'

'It was his visit to you the other day that helped him so much,' declared the friend. 'This is what he said at the opening of his sermon: 'I have listened to some powerful sermons in my life; but none of them has ever affected me so strongly as the one preached by Mother Stephens a few days ago when I made her a pastoral call. She had been sorely afflicted for years, as you know, but she was so patient and resigned and happy that my own gloom was put to shame. If she can be glad and cheerful. God forgive me for ever giving up to my feelings of dejection.'

'Then he dropped his voice low, and the congregation was so still that you could have heard a pin drop, when he said: 'I truly believe that God has been sparing Mother Stephens' life that she might preach me the very sermon I most needed before she went to her reward. Hereafter I am going to cheer and help you, my dear people, and I shall refrain from all murmuring and complaint.'

Then you should have heard him preach, grandma. Why, I never heard anything so heartening in my life. It made one feel that it was worth while to be a Christian; that there was everything to encourage one to serve Christ, whose reward is always with him.'

The tears rose in Mother Stephens' faded eyes, and they were tears of joy and thanksgiving.

'I am so happy,' she whispered. 'Now I understand why I haven't been called home sooner. God has had some work for me to do. That is the explanation. His ways are always best. All things—yes, all things—work together for good to them that love God.'

Only two days later Mother Stephens' call came. She was bidden to 'come up higher,' and she went in triumph.

But the effect of her sermon on patience in suffering will never die. Rev. Mr. Freedmore kept his pledge to cheer rather than to castigate, and it was the beginning of a career of great usefulness for him, and of great prosperity for his church. He has often said of the sainted old lady: 'She, being dead, yet speaketh.'

True to His Word.

The Washington Post vouches for the truth of the following incident: Early last summer two young braves of the Greek quarrelled at a dance for the hand of a young girl whom they both wished to marry. They fought, and one was killed. According to the usage of our courts, the survivor, Watka by name, would have been found guilty only of homicide, but by Indian law he was convicted of murder, and sentenced to death in August. He was then, also according to usage, among the Greeks, released on parole. This is so common a custom that it did not occur to the people of the tribe as possible that he would fail to appear at the set time.

Watka married the girl for whom he fought and worked hard to give her a home and support after his death. On the day of execution he received a reprieve until the last day of October, in order that he might play in base ball games for which he was scheduled. The games were played. On the last day of October Watka set out alone for the execution grounds. Crowds had gathered to witness the tragedy. He walked to the place marked for him, kneeled down, clasped his hands behind him, and closed his eyes. The next moment he lay dead in punishment for his crime.

It did not occur to the Indian spectators that he had done anything worthy of remark. 'A Creek,' they said, simply, 'keeps his word.'

How many white men would have kept that fatal trust? Is the savage idea of honor along some lines of conduct higher than ours? 'Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest,' let us think

on these things. They are helpful, though we find some of them in a poor Creek Indian, his hands red with blood.

The Religious Uses Of Sunday.

Professor Marcus Dods holds to the wisdom of maintaining the strictly religious uses of Sunday Speaking not long ago at Perth on the subject of Sunday observance, he said that if the first step for the providing of the amusement on Sunday was taken, the second would not be long in following—abolishing Sunday rest altogether, because there were many people who honestly preferred to go to their work rather than indulge in amusements. If they abandoned the religious functions of the day they abandoned it altogether. Sunday was a day given them for cultivating certain elements of character. To spend such a day in merely formal attendance at church, in yawning idleness, in gossiping levity, and in vacant weariness, hailing dinner as the event of the day, was a scandal to their common humanity.

A New Garment for Ten Cents.

Have you ever tried to dye over your cast-off garments? Thousands in Canada answer 'Yes, and very successfully, too.' To those who have not yet attempted the work we would say, 'There is money in it when you use the Diamond Dyes.' Old dresses, capes, blouses, jackets, coats, pants, vests, stockings, ribbons, and other articles of wearing apparel, can be renewed and fitted for wear at very small cost. The sum of ten cents expended for some fashionable color of the Diamond Dyes will often save you many dollars. Beware of the cheap package and common soap grease dyes; they spoil your goods, waste your money and ruin your temper. All up-to-date dealers sell the Diamond Dyes. See that the name 'Diamond' is on each package you buy.

ALLIGATORS PLAYING PYRAMID.

Rules of the Game as They Appear to an Outsider Watching the Sport.

Did you ever see the Zoo alligators play 'pyramid' or any other for their famous games? They were like old-time Græco-Roman boys, and strain and struggle in all sorts of ways at it. When, finally, one wins by getting the other on his back, a tunnier thing occurs. The victor makes a sound like a capping steam, then the others make sounds like escaping steam—alligators' applause, if you please. Then they all become still and watch the vanquished brother squirm to get off his back and onto his legs again. If he's longer in doing it than the gang think is proper they move up in single file and give him a jab with their jaw in his upturned belly. When finally he gets himself righted all hands again set up the steam escaping racket, cheering him long and as loud as they did his victor. Their meaning no fight is shown by their never hurting each other.

Another of the great midsummer pastimes of these Zoo alligators is playing pyramid. The 'gators play pyramid several times a day. To see it done you'd declare that the ugly things had been trained to it. But no. It's just one of the ways of the sporty side of their life. The game comes on by one of the bigger alligators uttering the steam hissing noise. This calls the others to attention. Then the big one says a line or two of alligator talk and stretches himself full length in the centre of the pen. No sooner is this done than a little bit smaller alligator crawls on top of the other and stretches out lengthwise, but head to tail with the other. The second one being settled, he lets off a little steam talk, and a third, a little smaller alligator, climbs up on top of the second and settles down as the second did. They keep this up until six or seven have builded themselves into as strange and wonderful a pyramid as ever an eye beheld. After each one has settled on top of the other he lies perfectly motionless, so that when the pyramid is completed it appears as some marvellous carving.

But this effect lasts only about two minutes after the pyramid is finished. Then comes a new chapter of the act. The Sandow 'gator underneath all starts to crawling. He heads for up and down places in the pen, the game clearly being to see how long it will take him to jolt his strange pyramid load to pieces. And right here develops what appears to be a strict rule of the game. Say there are seven in the pyramid, and the sixth from

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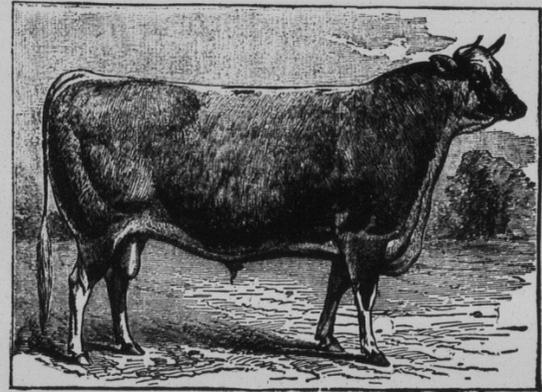
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the bottom jostles off first, taking, of course, the seventh one with him. You'd naturally think the game done for that sixth and seventh alligator. But not at all. It seems that the sixth one is disgraced for having been shaken off before the seventh one, who was top of the heap, therefore, what does the seventh do but cling to the back of the sixth after they've fallen off, and proceeds to ride Mr. Alligator no six around the pen until Mr. Shadow Alligator has succeeded in dumping the whole shooting match. If the fourth is shaken off before the fifth, the fifth like the seventh, proceeds to ride his disgraced "next" until Shadow gets rid of all his load and another game is started.

Not Quite Successful.

Quite recently (writes a contributor who may be absolved from any charge of malice, as he is himself a Scotsman) a young friend from the Lanarkshire district who was visiting London complained to me of the difficulty of making himself understood by Londoners. A little puzzled, because the Scottish dialect is not exactly an unknown tongue in the metropolis, I questioned him on the subject, and elicited the fact that in his anxiety to pass as an Englishman he had tried to speak as much like a Londoner as possible. That explained the position. The 'confusion of tongues' must have been too much even for the versatile ear of the Cockney.

But the funniest instance was that of an old Paisley woman, who, having spent a few weeks in London, went home quite Anglicised, as she fondly thought.

'I was that changed,' she said, in describing her experiences after her return, 'ma freens hardly knew me; and when I went out, a' the bodies cam' crooding round to hear ma English accent!'

At It Yet.

One Sunday the minister of a small northern country parish church had the misfortune to forget his sermon and did not discover his loss till he reached the church. Suddenly an idea struck him. He sent for John the beadle, and instructed him to give out the one hundred and nineteenth psalm (containing one hundred and seventy-six verses), be hurried home for his sermon. On his journey back to church, he saw the faithful beadle standing at the church door waving his arms and shouting at him. On reaching the door, he exclaimed—'Are they all singing yet John?' 'Ay, sir,' replied John 'they are at it yet, but they're cheepin' like sparries.'

European Wars.

It is calculate that between the years 1800 and 1896 Spain had more years of war than any other European country, with the possible exception of Turkey, which

country has been at war in one way or another for thirty-seven years out of the ninety-six. Spain comes next with thirty-one years (not including her wars with her colonies). During this century she has been at war with England twice, with Portugal twice, with France twice, and three times with Prussia. She has also had on hand two civil wars (the Carlist wars) extending over periods of eight and nine years. Out of the ninety-six years, Prussia has twelve years of war; France, twenty-seven; and Russia, twenty-four; but there have never been twelve months together when there has not been war in or with some part of the British Empire.

Is it any fun getting a man to teach you how to ride the bicycle? 'Fun! Why I've been taught three times.'

Walking on Air.



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

TREMBLING HANDS AND SHAKY MEMORY. A HAMILTON MAN'S EXPERIENCE WITH A NEW MEDICINE.

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

Yours truly,

THOS. FLYNN, 51 Elgin St., Hamilton, Ont.

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Notches on The Stick

In this time of hurrying events, and martial military and naval, we have been looking for some equal utterance in song, expression of popular exultation, but have not yet found the decisive thing. The press has swarmed with attempts at rhyme but few indeed are the realizations. No triumph-song, no hymn of marching or cannonade; no picture in immortal measure of navies that ride the seas with unwonted splendor of achievement; no melody of watching and the camp-fire, or the moving of great armies, like "The Battle Hymn of The Republic." "The Star Spangled Banner," has sounded forth in the trenches about Santiago, from lips thrilling with martial enthusiasm; but no one has volunteered to give us the equal of that song, though it is quite possible to surpass it. Some spirited lines have, indeed, here and there been written, but few with that inevitable ring and cadence that speak for the time to come. One of the best of the few lyrics we have seen is that of John Hay, from which we give a stanza:

"Land of unconquered Pelayo, land of the Old Campeador!
Sea-girdled mother of men! Spain, name of glory and power;
Cradle of world-grasping emperors, grave of the reckless invaders,
How art thou fallen, my Spain! how art thou sunk at this hour!"

For the patriotism of Spain can thrill us, as well as the patriotism of America, and the brave admire the brave. Before Cervantes made his memorable dash from the harbor of Santiago, he said to his men, in a spirit worthy the ancient Greeks:—"If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters, and in noble, honorable battle." And so they chose to die.

Worthy of quoting are the lines of Charles W. Thompson, printed in the New York Sun, on the remark of Captain Philip to restrain the cheering of his men, when the red and yellow flag was pulled down on the Almirante Oquendo: "Don't cheer, the poor devils are dying." This is the sound of it:

"The victor looks over the shot-churned wave
At the riven ship of his foman brave,
And the men in their life blood lying;
And the joy of conquest leaves his eyes,
The lust of fame and of battle dies,
And he says: "Don't cheer; they're dying."
"Cycles have passed since Bayard the brave—
Passed since Sidney the water gave,
On Zazpe's red sod lying;
But the kindly echo has lingered far—
It rang in the words of the Yankee tar
When he said: "Don't cheer; they're dying?"
"Why leap our hearts at our Hobson's name,
Or at his who battled his way to fame,
Our flag in the far East flying?
The nation's spirit these deeds reveal—
But none the less does that spirit peal
In the words: "Don't cheer; they're dying."
Worthy also of citation are the stanzas of John James Meehan, first published in Leslie's Weekly, and written when the "Wonderful Race of the Oregon" had been completed:

Lights out! and prow turned toward the South
And a canvas hiding each cannon's mouth,
And a ship like a silent ghost released
Is seeking her sister ships in the East.
A rush of water a foaming trail,
An ocean bound in a coat of mail,
A deck long-lined with the lines of fate,
She roars good-by at the Golden Gate.
On! on! Alone, without gun or ball,
But a burning fire, like the fire of hell,
Till the lookout starts as his glasses show
The white cathedral of Callao,
A moment's halt 'neath the slender spire;
Food, food for the men, and food for the fire,
Then out to the sea to rest no more
Till her keel is grounded on Chili's shore.
South! South! God guard thro' the unknown
Ways,
Where chart nor compass may help or save,
Where the hissing wraths of the sea abide,
And few may pass thro' the stormy tide.
North! North! For a harbor far away,
For another breath in the burning day,
For a moment's shelter from speed and pain,
And a prow to the tropic sea again.
Home! Home! With the mother fleet to sleep
Till the call shall rise o'er the awful deep,
And the bell shall clang for the battle there,
And the voice of guns is the voice of prayer!

Once more to the songs of the bold and free,
When your children gather about your knee;
When the Goths and Vandals come down in might
As they came to the walls of Rome one night;
When the lordly William of Dolourine
Shall ride by the Scottish lake again;

When the Heetan spectres shall fit in air
As Washington crosses the Delaware;
When the eyes of babes shall be closed in dread
As the story of Paul Bunyon is read;
When your boys shall ask what the guns are for
Then tell them the tale of the Spanish war,
And the breathless millions that looked upon
The matchless race of the Oregon.

Of course this is rather eboey of a past muse, but it records in fluent stanzas a notable event. Now, after all utterance of admiration anent the brave deeds of the war there remains the purpose of the American people to terminate Spanish rule on this side of the Atlantic; and of that purpose the following is offered as an attempted expression:

The Flight of Tyrants,
The bright Antilles shall be free,
At bold Columbia's word;
The Islands of the Eastern Sea
Have Freedom's eagle heard.
Tyrants! your destined hour is nigh!
Like hawks ye fought, like hawks ye fly,
Like hawks ye darted on the prey;—
The weak, the helpless, would ye slay?
Lo! Freedom rises—strike her blow!
Go! Go! Go!

Ho! Tyrants, on your quaking thrones,
With lips all pale and dumb,
For blood and tears your fall atones;—
Rejoice! the hour is come!
The worth of man ye soon may learn;
Ye may repent, ye may return,
No longer pitiless, refuse
Hope to your kin ye break and bruise;
To learn your duty ye are slow;—
Go! Go! Go!

The meek, the wise, the kind, shall rule;
The proud shall be no more;
Your hour has struck, your empire fall,—
The measure runneth o'er.
God hath a throne—can ye not see?
Heaven with an azure canopy
Where Mercy dwells with Power, where Love
Hath thunders that may Earth remove:
Resist not Him whose word is nigh!
Fly! Fly! Fly!

Ye cannot beckon back the dawn,
Ye cannot bar the day;
The car of Destiny moves on,—
Blind! Will ye block the way?
Will ye inloriously ride,
In your false chariot of pride,
Nor can the Christ—the Captive's Friend,
Your victims from your wrath defend?
His gracious process ye must know:
Go! Go! Go!

Revenge is not the hero's cry;
"The Mercy bears the rod;—
But ye must hasten—ye must fly,
For Justice is of God!
No! ye may till our Western field,
No base blood blister on our shield,
No conquest-flag go flapping o'er
Th' reproachful waves from shore to shore:
This word 't' the foes of Liberty,—
Fly! Fly! Fly!

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Is caused by torpid liver, which prevents digestion and permits food to ferment and putrify in the stomach. Then follow dizziness, headache, insomnia, nervousness, and, if not relieved, bilious fever or blood poisoning. Hood's Pills stimulate the stomach, rouse the liver, cure headache, dizziness, constipation, etc. 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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Is it the case that while we fight with
harder and more powerful implements, we
use softer and weaker words? We have
evidently not forgotten the art and spirit
of warfare; shall not the art and spirit of
song prevail?

The writer of literary paragraphs, under
the heading, "As We Were saying," in
the Montreal Herald, gives the following
account of a venerable Canadian authoress
whom he designates "A Notable Figure":

"The peculiar distinction of being the
oldest living author in all Her Majesty's
dominions belongs to Mrs. Catherine Parr
Traill, who is now living, at the advanced
age of ninety-seven, in her little home at
Lakefield, Ontario. Mrs. Traill, in her
old age, shows a keen and unflinching
interest in all that makes for the welfare and
improvement of her race and country. For
eighty long and busy years she has main-
tained a literary activity that is as aston-
ishing as has been the persistent neglect
her work has met with from us Canadians,
among whom she has labored so many
years. Today Canada owes more to her
than it does to any woman writer who has
identified her literary life with that of our
Dominion. Mrs. Traill, has done much to
enlighten England on the subject of col-
onial life in America. She has shown to
other lands, truthfully, conscientiously,
and tenderly, the character of our country.
In all her work there is a wholesomeness
it would be well to see more of in our
younger generation. Her early "Back-
woods of Canada," her study of "Our
Forest Trees," her pictures of "Life and
Scenery in the Wilds of Canada," and her
admirable "Studies of Plant Life in Can-
ada," will pass down in Canadian history
as substantial elements in the foundation
of that national literature which our slowly
awakening country hopes some time to
possess. There are those among us who
lament that we have no such literature,
and those who say we never shall have
one. Time alone will tell. We are a young
strong nation, seeking a voice, aspiring to-

ward some fit and adequate expression of
the lives we live and the dreams we dream.
Some day that voice shall be found.
"But, in the meantime, could any better
opportunity be offered Canadians to show
genuine sympathy with our as yet sporadic
literary aspirations than at present exists
in the case of Mrs. Traill. This aged lady
is now living in extremely straitened cir-
cumstances. Twice the Canadian Govern-
ment has recognized the extent of our
country's indebtedness to her, by two small
grants, such as the Imperial Government is
in the habit of making on a more generous
scale. But what, at the present time, could
be more gracefully appropriate, more fit
and proper, than that the people of this
country should directly and spontaneously
show their gratitude for one who has lab-
ored for them so long and so devotedly.
Such an action, from her own people could
not but bring solace and pleasure to the
evening twilight of a long life. I should
be indebted for any suggestions from the read-
ers of this column who are willing to co-
operate with me in inaugurating a memorial
fund that shall take the form of some fitting
tribute to Mrs. Traill, the most venerable
figure in our Dominion, and the most es-
teemed lady now writing in the English
language. If any is taken, it must be taken
at once. If any such move has already been
made, I shall be grateful for information
regarding it."

The London Critic has high praise for
Bliss Carman, for it declares he is hardly
read enough on the other side of the
Atlantic, much as they admire him.
"He is probably the best of all contem-
porary colonial poets. His haunting
cadences live in the memory, and a great
spirit breathes through his verse. His is
the joy that is born of bold living. He
knows and sings of the sea in her moods,
and echoes of her music give his poems a
feeling of vastness and romance.
His "Ballads of Lost Haven" show all the
notes of his earlier work." A new volume
of his poems, "By the Aurelian Wall, and
Other Elegies," is just issuing from the
press of Lamson, Wolfe & Co.

The young negro, Paul Lawrence Dun-
bar, whose poems dealing with simple life
among his own people have great sweet-
ness, is engaged on his first novel, "The
Uncalled." Although in their oral tales,
says a foreign journal, the negroes show
considerable power of humor and imagina-
tion, they have done very little in American
literature. Their opportunities have been
many, but the genius of the people does
not show itself in literary forms. It is
possible they may exhibit a tendency to-
ward expression in art when they are
thoroughly assimilated with their environ-
ments; but at present it seems that one of
the causes of the prejudice existing against
them in the states is that they originate so
little.

Sienkiewicz has reasons for congratula-
tion in the attitude of the American press
and people toward his books; and he ex-
presses it in a letter to his English trans-
lator, Jeremiah Curtin: "I receive a
multitude of letters from America: In a
few weeks upwards of two hundred and
seventy have come to me, and eight or ten
new ones arrive every day. These letters
are so many in number that, in view of
my work and family afflictions, I have
been unable to answer them. I shall send
replies to all those letters, but not till I
have finished 'The Knights of the Cross.'
That work done, I shall take up at once
the letters sent me from America, for that
country and the people who are masters of
it are to me truly and profoundly sym-
pathetic."

Andrew Lang refers to "Quo Vadis,"
DYSPEPSIA.
"For over eleven years I suffered
terribly with Dyspepsia and tried every-
thing I could think of, but got no relief
until I started using Burdock Blood
Bitters. I had only taken one bottle
when I commenced to feel better, and
after taking five or six bottles was
entirely well, and have been so ever
since. I feel as if B. B. B. had saved
my life." Mrs. T. G. JOYCE, Stanhope,
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B. B. B. cures Biliousness, Sick
Headache, Sour Stomach, Dyspep-
sia, Constipation, Coated Tongue,
Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Kidney
Disease, and makes the blood
rich, red and pure. It is a highly
concentrated vegetable compound.
One teaspoonful is
the dose for adults
10 to 30 drops for
children. Add the
water yourself.



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It's the wash,
out early, done
quickly, cleanly,
white.
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with power to clean with-
out too hard rubbing, with-
out injury to fabrics.
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somewhat satirically, yet with concession to "that really powerful and original writer, in his article on "The Religious Novel," in Longman's Magazine. "Byron" he says, "writes of a certain sacred poet that he

Breaks into 'hank the Gospel of St. Luke. And boldly pilfers from the Pentateuch. The modern novelist also makes his raids on the New Testament. Here he finds plots and characters ready made. The curious result is that many of the clergymen applaud the process, while the ordinary man of letters is aghast at what he thinks the irreverence and bad taste."

It is, indeed, a question if these works, supposed to illuminate Scriptural subjects, does not tend to lower them at last in the public esteem, and to degrade them, as did the miracle plays of the Middle Ages.

It seems that the two forthcoming novels by Crockett, referred to in various literary journals as "The Brigands" and "The Silver Skull," respectively, are really one book, whose title is "The Silver Skull." This story was at first called "The Brigands" by its author, as it is a tale of adventure in Italy in the early part of the century, and brigandage is essentially a feature of a story of Italy at the period when the French had departed from Italian soil and the Austrians had not yet arrived there.

We were but this morning perusing the work of a Swedish novelist, Mrs. Edgren which illustrates the sentiment of Boyesen: "A man who is known to have broken many hearts is naturally invested with a tantalizing charm to women who have yet hearts to be broken." Poor Arla, in "A Rescuing Angel," thinks true love must be between herself and Captain Lagerkiold, because she has "such an awful palpitation of the heart when he comes." She declares: "When I merely catch sight of him far off on the hill in Kommandorsgatan I felt as if I should strangle." And farther "Captain Lagerkiold is a bad, bad man!" sobbed Arla, and rushed out of the room, hiding her face in her hands. But Arla is only the breakwater between the bad man and her sister, the innocent Gurli.

Albert Mathews, (I Paul Siegvolk,) an author and lawyer of New York city, is the writer of pregnant paragraphs, under the title of "Chediams," in the New York Home Journal. Here is a late specimen of his style: "A politician possessing great power and influence through official position, was engaged in a project that was dubious in morals and threatened disastrous consequences. He was asked by a discreet citizen if he believed he would be sustained by public opinion. Public opinion said he, with a politician's reckless sneer, I can manufacture it, at will, by the yard." And he did. But I must con-

cess in all candor, the rope he made was not quite long enough; and when he hung suspended by it, at a later day, his feet could not touch the ground."

"Don't Worry Nuggets," is the rather queer title of a little pocket volume published by Fords, Howard and Hulbert, containing selections from Epictetus, Emerson, Eliot, and Browning.

Embarrassing.
A certain gentleman, who is an expert in the sign-language, relates that one morning lately he was on the top of a tram-car, when he became interested in a discussion between two mutes.

"I want your advice," said one of them, using his hands as vocal organs.
"I shall be happy to oblige you," said the other.

"Are you well up in the tricks of women?" inquired the first one.
"The second man modestly admitted that he knew something of the gentle sex, although he disclaimed being an oracle.

"Well," resumed the one who wanted advice, "you know I am in love with Mabel. At last I made up my mind to propose to her. Last night I made the attempt."
"And she refused you?" eagerly inquired his friend, his hands trembling with excitement.

"That is what I am coming to," said the first. "I don't know whether she did or not. You see, I was somewhat embarrassed, and the words seemed to stick on my hands. And there she sat, as demure as a dove. Finally my fingers struck together, and I could not say a word. Then Mabel got up and lowered the gas."

"Well?"
"Well, what is bothering me is this. Did she do that to encourage me and relieve my embarrassment, or did she do it so that we could not see to talk, and so stop my proposal?"

The Latest Men In The World.
Most Chinese mandarins pass the whole of their lives without taking a single yard of exercise. The late Nanking Viceroy (father of the Marquis Tseng) was considered a remarkable character because he always walked 1,000 steps a day in his private garden. Under no circumstances whatever is a mandarin ever seen on foot in his own jurisdiction.

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IN THE WORLD

Woman and Her Work

I think the very bitterest thing about sorrow is the utter isolation it brings with it; like death it seems to be something we must bear alone and even our nearest and dearest are powerless to lift the weight or really share it, much as they may wish to do so. Perhaps the grief which comes nearest to being shared is that of a father and mother over the loss of a child they have both loved, but even then how little the tenderest husband can enter into the despairing agony of the mother who has been called upon to give up the son she has loved even before his birth, whose life she has purchased almost at the expense of her own; for whom she has suffered, and hoped, and prayed? The father has loved his boy and been proud of him in his strong masculine fashion, he has played with the little baby, romped with the sturdy boy, and felt all a father's pride in the strong lad who was growing nearly as tall as his father. But the little helpless infant never slept on his breast from the hour of his birth, and he never passed anxious nights beside the little cot when it was ill and fretful—he would have done so willingly no doubt had he known how to care for it, or had the mother permitted him, but he was the bread winner who went out amongst men and battled for his loved ones, so the gentle wife would not allow his rest to be broken if she could help it. He loved his boy well but he was a busy man engaged in providing for the wants of his family, and he was too much taken up with the practical matters of life, to spare time for the hopes, tears and prayers that the mother lavished on her son. How she hopes that he may grow up to be a good and brave man like his father. How she fears the evil influence of the harsh world when he leaves her side, and how she prays with all her heart that the good may triumph and the evil be vanquished, none but she and One other know! And then the day comes when it all seems to have been in vain, when the young life that has part of, here, is cut short, and her idolized boy is stricken down with a fatal illness and in spite of her loving care his life goes out before her eyes. More bitter still, perhaps he is snatched from her suddenly without a last look into her eyes, one last whispered word or feeble hand-clasp to comfort her through many years to come. A misstep in a crowded street, a moment's delay in crossing a railroad track, a sudden squall on a calm lake and the world goes on just the same except in one stricken household. It is a terrible blow to the father, and he suffers as a strong man can, but he cannot indulge his grief for long; the merciful necessity which drives him out in the world amongst other men helps to heal his wound and the very habit of holding his sorrow at bay helps him to overcome it. He must concentrate his mind on other things and strive to forget, and each day the task becomes easier. But what of the mother? Who can ever tell of the agony she goes through during the empty days when she sits alone with her grief, or the long nights when she tosses upon her sleepless pillow while her husband sleeps as a tired man should, beside her? How she recalls each little incident of her boy's life from his babyhood to the hour of his death, how she goes over every little trick of expression and speech, the color of his first little kilt, the cut of his first boy's coat, the feeling of his boyish kisses, and clumsy loving hugs! No one can share her grief or even understand it, because she keeps it so much in her own heart that even her husband is deceived by her unselfish efforts to lighten his sorrow

A Martyr to Diarrhoea.

Tells of relief from suffering by Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry.

There are many people martyrs to bowel complaints who would find Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry a wonderful blessing to them. It not only checks the diarrhoea but soothes and heals the inflamed and irritated bowel, so that permanent relief is obtained. Mrs. Andrew Jackson, Houghton, Ont., sends the following letter: "For the past two or three years I have been a martyr to that dreadful disease diarrhoea. I tried every remedy I heard of and spent a good deal of money trying to get cured but all failed until I happened to read of a lady who was cured by using Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. I purchased a bottle and commenced taking it according to directions and was cured in a very short time. I cannot praise the remedy too highly for what it did for me."



by hiding her own, and believes she is "growing resigned."

It may be the little daughter of the house who is called away just when it seems that she can least be spared, the patient unselfish mother or the head of the house the husband and father, but whenever, and however sorrow finds us we must bear it alone: sympathy is sweet to some natures, and it may be pleasant to know that there are those in the world who would gladly help us if they could, but oh how little it really eases the pain which is eating our hearts out! Our friends may feel sorry for us and we are grateful to them in a dim way, but no human sympathy can help us much, we must pass through the vale of sorrow by ourselves, and even when our hearts are wrung with sorrow for a friend's grief the knowledge of this, checks our feeble efforts at consolation.

Just the other day I heard that a woman whom I knew, and who had been kind to me had suffered a sudden and awful bereavement, and though my very heart bled for her in her trouble I felt with a keen pang the futility of any words of mine to pour balm on such a wound. It seemed like presumption to intrude on such grief with any words of consolation however sincere they might be, for I knew well that until time, had dulled the pain there was only one friend who could comfort her, and as far as human help went she must "dree her waird alone."

There are few things more unpleasant than wearing a dress one is not acquainted with; it is almost as uncomfortable as starting off on a long journey with a perfect stranger as a travelling companion.

Therefore it is a wise plan to make a point of trying on the new dress as soon as the dressmaker sends it home, and getting acquainted with all its peculiarities. I know everyone hates trying on a new dress and I am satisfied that if every well regulated dressmaker did not insist on the final fitting we should escape from her clutches the moment we had gone through the ordeal of "re-fitting," and never touch the garment again until he wanted to put it on in a hurry. I have done this myself, and found it such a bad plan that I speak feelingly on the subject. Just at the last moment when one's hair is done, her skirt hooked into place, and her hat carefully pinned on at just the proper angle over her eyes, when she has exactly ten minutes left to fasten her bodice and put on her gloves, she is very likely to find that while all the books are in place there is a terrible hiatus where the most important loop belongs. Or perhaps the collar is just sufficiently tight to threaten her with asphyxiation, and there is no time to alter it. I knew a girl once who could not be bothered trying on her wedding dress when it came home—she said her dressmaker had never made a mistake in her measurements yet, and she really could not spare the time, besides which it was bad luck. When the eventful day arrived she found that dressmaker had established a precedent by making the waistband of the skirt just one inch too small, and if it had not been for the medium of a large safety pin she would have been obliged to wear it unfastened. As it was the beautiful marriage service was spoiled for her by the haunting thought that the place where the two ends refused to meet was visible to the congregation when she knelt. But her experience taught her a valuable lesson, and she makes friends with all her dresses now before she really requires to wear them.

This is the season for garden parties of all kinds, and as the garden party has always seemed to call for an especial costume of its own dressmakers have been busy for the past six weeks preparing the loveliest gowns for these out of door functions. White gowns of pique, muslin, foulard taffeta, veiling and all the soft transparent materials seem to take the lead, but soft shades of rose pink, turquoise blue and mauve also hold a place amongst fashion's favorites. Blue seems to be a sort of rage, and the material of which your gown is composed matters comparatively little so long as it contains a touch of turquoise blue about it somewhere. It may be only a trifling accessory such as a belt studded with turquoise, a few turquoise buttons, revers covered with turquoise silk or velvet, or ruffles of turquoise chiffon, but so long as the color appears the costume is correct, and fetching. Even the tailor made gowns which are beginning to make their appearance for early autumn wear, show a touch of this most popular shade. A combination of bright sky blue embroidered with turquoise is seen in both dress and millinery, and is most effective. Gowns of pale blue muslin are supposed to be very striking for garden parties the contrast between the green lawn and the blue dress suggesting a very favorite combination of colors. Such dresses are trimmed with edgings and

insertions of Valenciennes lace, many tucks and shirrings, and a touch of contrasting color in the belt, collar and hat of mauve which is worn with them. Har-bell, and Hyacinthe blue are also very popular, but one has to be a little careful in selecting these colors, and pay due regard to the wearer's complexion if the result is to be a success. The very newest thing in materials for Summer dresses is called serge de chine, and though it is very like veiling in textile it looks like glossy crepe de chine.

Amongst the numbers of odd combinations seen in dressy afternoon gowns, one of the oddest is a tan canvas made with a vest of white duck embroidered with jet. A long narrow revers of the material edged with a ruff of black and white silk, turns back from one side of this vest, and a short revers of jet embroidered duck finishes the other side, the shape being so reserved so that the widest part is at the lower edge. Deep cream lace trims these revers and extends down that side to the belt forming a slight jabot effect.

There are still rumors that fringes will be the new trimmings for our autumn costumes, but with exception of a modest and narrow variety, that form of trimmings is not much in evidence just now.

The latest and smartest gowns produced by Paris dressmakers have the coat bodice made in Louis XVI style and of any material you please. Earlier in the season these little coats made their first appearance in satin and black taffeta, but now they are made of lace, and all sorts of their jaspers.

WOMEN WHO HAVE LIVED AS MEN

Motives for Assuming the Disguise Does not always Transpire.

About twenty years ago, a handsome young civilian in Hungary presented himself to the military authorities as a candidate for the army. He objected to the usual medical examination, and was allowed to enter on a certificate of health from his own doctor. He gave his name as Felix Franco's. His conduct in the ranks was most exemplary, and he soon received promotion. As captain of a noted corps, he became very popular, and was about to be dispatched on an important expedition, when his sudden death from heart disease caused considerable regret amongst his many admirers. The medical inquiry which followed revealed that the smart officer was a woman. Subsequent information went to show that the woman's strange freak was the result of disappointment in love.

In the province of Brittany, in France, there recently died an old fisherman who had followed that craft for more than fifty years, without once exciting suspicion as to his actual sex. He owned a dozen boats, the hire of which, together with the profits of his own business, had enabled him to save quite a snug little fortune in the Bank of France. He was well esteemed by all who knew him, and a great favorite with the cure of the parish. Perhaps the most surprising part of his history was the fact that she was married twice and was twice a widow. His death alone exposed his deception, proving that he was a woman, who, for some strange reason, had lived as a male for nearly the whole of her life.

During the Franco-German War no fewer than a dozen of the dead found upon the field after a certain battle were discovered to be women of Paris, who had assumed the role of soldiers for the nonce, either for personal or political motives.

In the state of Massachusetts, some seventeen years ago, an old woman died in an almshouse at the advanced age of 103. For forty years prior to her death she posed as a male, and in that character sustained the position of innkeeper, senator, and town mayor, in each of which positions she acted with discretion and success. Not until she was about to die did she confess her real sex and the deception she had practised all these years. Then she also said that from girlhood she had constantly regretted her sex, and wished that she had been born a man. Finally, she resolved to assume the character, with the result mentioned.

The master of a workhouse in the south of England some years since held that post for eighteen years, and performed the multitudinous duties with every satisfaction to the guardians and to the inmates. At the end of that period a startling drama was enacted one day, for a recently arrived inmate of the house, on being introduced to the master, tore off his false beard and moustache, and addressed him as his 'long-lost wife,' which afterwards proved to be true. The two had parted in America, whence the wife had returned to England, and, for some inscrutable reason, had taken

Windsor Salt. Purest and Best for Table and Dairy. No adulteration. Never cakes.

John Noble Tailor-Made Costumes. \$250 Costume Complete. Skirt alone \$135. THE HIGHEST KNOWN VALUE FOR MONEY. The John Noble Tailor-Made Costumes. SENT PROMPTLY BY PARCEL POST. direct from The Largest Firm of Costumiers in the World. THREE GOLD MEDALS AWARDED for excellence of Design, Material, Make, and Finish. THE LADIES of the Dominion of Canada have shown their appreciation of these World-Famous Costumes by the past season's ordinary orders during the past season. It is found that after paying carriage and duty a very great saving is effected by dealing direct with John Noble & Co., Brook Street Mills, Manchester, Eng. whose goods are made not only to look well, but to yield faithful service. sent Four Patterns (to be sent together with a New Catalogue) of the two good durable cloths in which the Costumes are made. I—JOHN NOBLE COSTUME CREATING. made of superior, medium weight. II—JOHN NOBLE CHEVROT SERGE, weighty and weather-resisting. A FULL DRESS LENGTH of either cloth (6 yds. 2 1/2 in. wide) for \$1.80. Postage 8c. The Costumes are ALSO SUPPLIED in good WHITE FINE or in BURL and RUCK (White, Fawn or Blue), at the same price. COLOURS of COSTUME CREATING and CHEVROT SERGE are Black, Navy, Brown, Ruby, Myrtle, Grey, Moss, Fawn, Purple, and Electric. THE THREE STOCK SIZES are 34, 36, 38 (the round bust under arms); skirts being 38, 40 and 42 in. long in front. Any other size CAN BE MADE TO MEASURE, 8c. extra. LADIES who cannot wait for Patterns may safely order straight away in the certainty of obtaining full satisfaction. THE BEST WAY to remit is by MONEY ORDER or draft on London Bank. Bankers: "LONDON and MIDLAND" BANK, LTD. Kindly name this newspaper when ordering or writing. JOHN NOBLE LTD. Brook Street Mills, MANCHESTER ENGLAND.

ken the character and position above described. The report issued by the Paris police last year contained the information that out of the 700 medals found in the Seine during that period and conveyed to the Morgue, five were women in male apparel, though their motives for assuming this disguise never transpired.

A SISTER'S HELP

BROUGHT RENEWED HEALTH TO A DESPONDENT BROTHER.

His Health Had Failed and Medicines Seemed to do Him no Good—Where Others had Failed, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Met With Great Success. Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. :-

GENTLEMEN,—A few years ago my system became thoroughly run down. My blood was in a frightful condition; medical treatment did no good. I surfeited myself with advertised medicines, but with equally poor results. I was finally incapacitated from work, became thoroughly despondent, and gave up hope of living much longer. While in this condition I visited my father's home near Tara. A sister, then and now living in Toronto, was also visiting the parental home. Her husband had been made healthy through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and she urged me to try them. Tired of trying medicines, I laughed at the proposition. However later she provided me with some of the pills and begged me to take them. I did so, and before I had used two boxes I was on the road to restored health. I am commending their good qualities almost every day I live because I feel so grateful for my restoration, and I have concluded to write you this letter wholly in the interest of suffering humanity. I am carrying on business in Owen Sound as a carriage maker. This town has been my home for twenty-eight years and anyone enclosing a reply three cent stamp can receive personal endorsement of the foregoing. This much to those who cannot be blamed for doubting after taking so many other preparations without being benefited. You may do just as you like about this letter. I am satisfied that but for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I would not be able to attend to my business to-day. Perhaps I would not have been alive. Yours very sincerely, FREDERICK GLOVER.

Male Felinity. "Talking about the humanity of man and the felinity of woman," said the Independent Woman, "let me tell you a little story of a man and a cat. The story was told to me by the wife of the man who is a domesticated woman. It seems that the family cat, besides being of a sportive disposition, had more ingenuity than most cats, or understood better how to relieve the tedium of a domestic existence. This cat caught a mouse; being well-fed, her sporting instinct came into play, and she kept the mouse to amuse herself with. This is a feline custom, as you are aware, but where this cat showed superior mentality was in hitting upon a place to hide the mouse, thus protecting the amusement. She kept it in an old shoe in a storeroom. The man of the

house discovered the proceeding, and was almost as much amused as the cat. Did he put a stop to it? No, indeed. For several days he fed both the cat and the mouse, after which the cat would take the mouse out for its daily exercise, to the delight of both conspirators. Then the man's wife found them out. She took the mouse away and let it go.—New York Post.

Burdette on Marriage.

Burdette says: "Man that is married to woman is of many days and full of trouble. In the morning he draweth his salary and in the evening, behold! it is gone. It is a tale that is told. It vanishes, and no one knows whither it goeth. He riseth up, clothed in the chilly garments of the night, and seeketh the somnolent preceptor, wherewith to soothe his infant posterity. He cometh forth as the horse or ox, and draweth the chariot of his offspring. He spendeth his shakels in the purchase of fine linen to cover the bosom of his family, yet himself is seen in the gate of the city with one suspender. Yea he is altogether wretched."

Quick Postal Delivery.

It is said that letters dropped in the Post-Office at Paris are delivered in Berlin in one hour and a half, and sometimes within thirty-five minutes. The distance between the cities is 750 miles, and the letters are sent by means of pneumatic tubes.

EDUCATIONAL.

EDGEHILL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, WINDSOR - - - NOVA SCOTIA, Incorporated 1891.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Courtney, D. D., Chairman Board of Trustees. Miss LeRoy, of Cheltenham Ladies' College, England, Principal. Eight Resident Experienced Governesses from England, - - - - - (Cook, Matron, and Nurse. Board and Tuition Fees, including French, Latin or German or Greek, Daily Canteen, Class Working and Needlework, \$225 per annum, or \$75 per term. Music, Singing, Painting, Drawing, etc., are extra. 25¢ Preparations for the Universities. Michaelmas Term begins Sept. 14th, 1898. For Catalogue apply to DR. HIND.

Trafalgar Institute.

(Affiliated to McGill University.) SIMPSON STREET, MONTREAL. FOR THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF YOUNG WOMEN,

with Preparatory Department for Girls under 13 years. President.....Rev. Jas. Barclay, D. D. Vice-President, Ven. Archdeacon Evans, D. C. L. Principal.....Miss Grace Fairley, M. A., Edinburgh. The Institute will Re-open on TUESDAY, 15th SEPTEMBER. For prospectus and other information apply to the Principal, or to A. F. RIDDELL, Secretary, 22 St. John Street, Montreal.

ST. CATHERINE'S HALL, Augusta, Maine. A FIRST CLASS SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, Will Re-open Sept. 21st, 1898. For circulars address REV. GEO. F. DEGEN, Augusta, Maine.

TAKING CARE OF THE FURNITURE

Everything in the Queen's Apartments is Scrupulously Cared for.

All the furniture in the Queen's palaces, whether it be the property of the Crown or the personal possession of her majesty, is in the care of the Lord Chamberlain. He is represented at Buckingham Palace and at Windsor Castle by a resident inspector, who receives a salary of £500, with a residence and other emoluments. These inspectors have under them various clerks, and at Windsor Castle there are also two brothers holding the office of tapissier, their duty being to superintend the safe packing and unpacking of the Queen's luggage.

A representative of Tit-Biss has been courteously accorded the opportunity of obtaining some interesting details as to the manner in which the royal furniture is cared for.

The foundation of responsibility is to be sought in an immense encyclopaedia, which at Windsor comprises more than fifty volumes, and contains an exact inventory of every article belonging to the Queen and of every article whose use she enjoys during her life. Minute particulars are preserved of the origin, description, and artistic value of every item, and the time of one of the inspector's clerks is occupied in writing up those volumes and in taking amateur photographs of the objects with which they deal.

The list is constantly growing, as her Majesty's possessions increase in number every day, and there has been unusual activity in this department during the last twelvemonth, in consequence of the addition to the possessions of Windsor Castle of thousands of Diamond Jubilee gifts. These are now being distributed amongst the royal palaces according to their decorative value, but before they are parted with the precaution has to be taken of preserving at Windsor an exact description of them. In this inventory an entry is carefully made in order to distinguish those articles of which the Queen enjoys the absolute disposal from those which pertain to the Crown.

Many of these, more especially pictures and bric-a-brac in the State apartments, have not changed their position for many years. There are, however, large quantities of miscellaneous objects of interest and utility which have no fixed abode, but are conveyed from place to place with every migration of the Court. The greater number of the articles have had places made for them in the huge wooden travelling boxes used for packing purposes by the tapissiers.

The contents of some of these boxes, indeed, scarcely ever vary, as her Majesty makes it a rule that her surroundings shall be as precise and complete in one place as in another, and therefore wherever she goes there are certain books, albums, framed photographs, despatch boxes, and so forth that always go with her. When the instructions to move reach the packer from the enquiry on duty, that official proceeds at once to the private apartments and collects from this and that table or sideboard the various objects which have to be taken away.

It is usual for one of the packers to remain at the base of supplies, while the other follows the Queen, as telegrams reach Windsor almost daily asking for one article or another to be at once packed off to the Court. The duties of the inspectors however, do not end here. They have to submit every item of furniture to a rigid examination, in order to discover when repairs are needed. As a general rule, when old furniture is re-upholstered the pattern is reproduced, in some instances special new designs have been invented and used with the Queen's sanction, and often after being submitted to the artistic supervision of the Princess Henry.

There are stories current at the Court as to the rivalry in this direction that sometimes subsists between the Queen's youngest daughter and her sisters, but it rarely happens that either the Empress Frederick or the Princess Christian succeeds in introducing a design contrary to the judgement of the Princess Henry. Although, moreover, the credit for the chief changes that are made is usually given to his Royal Highness, they originate as a rule with the members of the Household who adopt the practice of having specimens submitted to her for sanction as the representative of the Queen.

An amusing story is told which serves to illustrate the great care that has to be exercised in watching over the personal belongings of the Queen. In one of her diningrooms the chairs are of one pattern, but owing to its position at the table one particular chair was for a long time habitually used by her majesty. One day this chair happened to be misplaced, and the change was noticed at once by the Queen, who remarked upon it so pointedly at table that to prevent a



IT STANDS ALONE

What a wonderful thing for a baby—but not at all strange in case of a soap like

ECLIPSE

which outranks its rivals because it is made for one purpose only—to wash clothes.

Send us 25 "Eclipse" wrappers or 6c. in stamps with coupon and we will mail you a popular novel. A coupon in every bar of "Eclipse."

JOHN TAYLOR & CO.,
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recurrence of the incident a tiny distinguishing mark was placed underneath the chair for future use.

The amount of destructiveness that goes on is naturally small, although influential ladies of the household have been known to disfigure with sharp instruments valuable old masters whose artistic value they failed to appreciate. When an article becomes too old for use it is seldom sold, as the Queen strongly objects to her cast-off furniture being ignominiously disposed of. For this reason a good deal of the furniture offered by second-hand dealers as having come from one or other of the royal places has really no such pedigree.

The items which have to receive the attention of the Lord Chamberlain's officials from day to day vary in interest, from a priceless piece of Sevres to a linen basket for the royal laundry, from a majestic Jubilee gift to a humble chest of drawers for one of the kitchen maids. Everything has to be carefully dusted or scrubbed, as the case may be, and as soon as the Court leaves a palace all the trumper pieces are at once protected by Holland or chintz coverings, while the carpets are rolled, and even the silk wall hangings hidden from the light.

Carpet beating alone occupies the full attention of several men for long periods together, whether it be the superb carpet eight feet wide in the Grand Corridor at Windsor, or the humble art square in one of the attics above it. As soon as an intimation is given that the Queen is about to return, the task of making ready for the Court is once more undertaken, and three days are usually required for getting everything in order.

The Queen clings more and more tenaciously to the particular articles of furniture which she herself uses, and on a recent occasion this was pathetically illustrated when, on deciding to drive to a certain place, a carriage was got out merely for the purpose of conveying beforehand, to her destination, the favorite chair in which her Majesty is accustomed to take tea.

Saved from Paralysis and Death by Paine's Celery Compound.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO.,

DEAR SIR:—I have much pleasure in recommending Paine's Celery Compound for nervousness and weakness, with which I was sorely afflicted for a number of years, and for which my doctor could give no relief. I became very weak and had a stroke of paralysis. I was confined to my bed, and the doctor requested me to try a course of your medicine as the last thing that could be done. I did as recommended, and before I had finished the first bottle I experienced a change. I am glad to say that I am cured through the use of Paine's Celery Compound. I have recommended it to others and they have been benefited by it; it has worked miracles for me.

Yours truly,
MRS. C. LUMLEY, Cobourg, Ont.
Negro Bandmaster.

The German army has a negro bandmaster, named Sabac-el-Cher. Notwithstanding his name, he is a native of Germany. His father came from Lower Egypt, and spent his boyhood at the Court of the Viceroy at Cairo, where he was educated. There he made the acquaintance of Prince Albrecht of Prussia a brother of the old Emperor William, who took him to Berlin, where he married a Berlin woman, and entered the service of the Prince. His wife presented him with a son in 1867, and they called him Sabac-el-Cher. He was a musical lad, who began to study the violin when eight years old. Later he went to a conservatoire, and in 1895 he entered the military service as oboe and trombone player in the 25th Regiment of Royal Prussian Fusiliers, Prince Henry of Prussia's regiment. Having served in it several years, he went to the Royal High School for Music in Berlin for further study, under the most noted teachers. He passed his examination in 1895, and in that year was appointed bandmaster of the 1st Grenadier Regiment at Konigsberg which post he still holds.

A Battleship Raten by Rats.
The battleship Collingwood, [which has been undergoing a refit, was found to be swarming with rats, and as the result of

THEIR CURIOUS WAYS

The Great Risks They Will Run to be Near Those they Adore.

Surely there is nothing in this wide world more intense than a woman's love! Day by day the newspapers furnish us with accounts of feminine devotion which are positively awe-inspiring, and no danger seems too trifling, no hardship too great, for a love-sick woman to face.

A ship's captain who was remarkable for his manly beauty never made a voyage without capturing, all unconsciously, at least one woman's heart. He was not a flirt and was never more than courteous to the females who travelled in his ship, but they fell in love with him almost universally, and vied with one another to gain a look or smile from him.

Of a different nature, though was the passion which a plain but wealthy lady conceived for the handsome captain. Not by word or action did she betray her feelings, and he had no idea of her love for him until one night when the ship caught fire. On this fateful occasion the pumps were powerless to stop the spread of the flames, and without loss of time the captain ordered the boats to be got out. The lady passengers went first, then the gentlemen, and finally the whole of the crew, the captain standing staunchly to the blistering deck until the last sailor had dropped into the boat. Then he cast a final look round his beloved ship and prepared to swing himself over the side.

Before he had time to escape, however, a woman rushed towards him with a stifled scream, and flung herself on her knees before him. It was the wealthy lady who had so long worshipped him in secret, and she had actually hidden herself behind a burning cask so that she might stay with the captain until the very last moment. Her face and body were horrible scorched, and she died the same night in the open boat, her final request being that the captain should consign her to the sea with his own hands.

Yorkshire lassies pride themselves upon their common sense, but when love steps in they are just as weak as the rest of their sex. One girl, who fell in love with a stalwart collier, was much too shy to display her affection for him openly, but she was very badly smitten indeed, and she would never have run the risk that she did in order to be near him.

Disguising herself as a boy, she entered the colliery as a "hurrier", and labored in the workings by the side of the unconscious miner, who knew her only by the cogsomen of Tom. This went on, until her parents, who had been away for some months, came back and interferred, and the collier was never allowed to know what hardships she had undergone for his sake. In fact, he married another girl, and the poor Yorkshire girl was left with an aching and desolate heart.

When a woman falls a victim to Cupid she will often perform most foolhardy feats in the hope of working her way into the affections of the man she adores. There is a tall chimney in a northern town which is notoriously unsafe, and only very experienced steplejacks are allowed to climb it; yet a short time ago a frail woman went right to the very top, and tore her hands almost to pieces in the effort. What caused her to attempt this bare-brained escapade? Love—blind unswerving love! Her future husband was the steplejack engaged upon the perilous job, and although this fact had been carefully kept from her, she divined with marvellous intuition that he was on the top and determined that she would join him and share his eminent peril. The startled steplejack hadn't much to say when she suddenly appeared before him, but he consented afterwards that the strain of getting her back to the ground thoroughly unnerved him for the first time in his life.

Think it Over.
"Jingo" was the all-conquering empress of Japan.—Daring and prowess, in what ever form displayed, are dear to the Japanese.—Is it true that sardines never swim singly but always in pairs?—It is generally believed that the dragon-fly (devil's darning-needle) feeds on mosquitoes in Japan and in New Jersey. Kites are sent up in Japan 24 to 30 feet square, with tails made of red and blue paper 1000 to 1200 yards long.—Why should not man boast of his self-selected ancestors?—"It is a wise child that knows its own father."—In Bible times man was a "that" and not a who, for many of them suffered woe enough.—I wonder if Galileo had not been to a champagne supper when he discovered the world going round and round?—No one seems to have any use for what we call "hell" but church people.—Patriots can now eat Spanish mackerel with safety.—No man can own land; at best mankind can have but a life lease of it.—Sardine glue has been considerably shaken of late; they, too, must admit that the war of an overwhelming force is "hell."

DOSE

THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD WITH POWERFUL CHEMICAL DRESSING AND—WHAT WILL FOLLOW?—EXTRACTION OF OIL—CRACKING—SHOE DEATH. WITH ONE EXCEPTION ALL SHOE DRESSINGS ARE SHOE-CRACKERS—SHOE KILLERS.

Packard's Special Combination Leather Dressing.

(FOR RUBBER, TAN, BROWN ALL COLORED SHOES) IS THAT SOLE EXCEPTION. Is its extraordinary popularity, therefore to be wondered at?



25 CENTS ALL SHOES STORES.
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THEIR CURIOUS WAYS

The Great Risks They Will Run to be Near Those they Adore.

Surely there is nothing in this wide world more intense than a woman's love! Day by day the newspapers furnish us with accounts of feminine devotion which are positively awe-inspiring, and no danger seems too trifling, no hardship too great, for a love-sick woman to face.

A ship's captain who was remarkable for his manly beauty never made a voyage without capturing, all unconsciously, at least one woman's heart. He was not a flirt and was never more than courteous to the females who travelled in his ship, but they fell in love with him almost universally, and vied with one another to gain a look or smile from him.

Of a different nature, though was the passion which a plain but wealthy lady conceived for the handsome captain. Not by word or action did she betray her feelings, and he had no idea of her love for him until one night when the ship caught fire. On this fateful occasion the pumps were powerless to stop the spread of the flames, and without loss of time the captain ordered the boats to be got out. The lady passengers went first, then the gentlemen, and finally the whole of the crew, the captain standing staunchly to the blistering deck until the last sailor had dropped into the boat. Then he cast a final look round his beloved ship and prepared to swing himself over the side.

Before he had time to escape, however, a woman rushed towards him with a stifled scream, and flung herself on her knees before him. It was the wealthy lady who had so long worshipped him in secret, and she had actually hidden herself behind a burning cask so that she might stay with the captain until the very last moment. Her face and body were horrible scorched, and she died the same night in the open boat, her final request being that the captain should consign her to the sea with his own hands.

Yorkshire lassies pride themselves upon their common sense, but when love steps in they are just as weak as the rest of their sex. One girl, who fell in love with a stalwart collier, was much too shy to display her affection for him openly, but she was very badly smitten indeed, and she would never have run the risk that she did in order to be near him.

Disguising herself as a boy, she entered the colliery as a "hurrier", and labored in the workings by the side of the unconscious miner, who knew her only by the cogsomen of Tom. This went on, until her parents, who had been away for some months, came back and interferred, and the collier was never allowed to know what hardships she had undergone for his sake. In fact, he married another girl, and the poor Yorkshire girl was left with an aching and desolate heart.

When a woman falls a victim to Cupid she will often perform most foolhardy feats in the hope of working her way into the affections of the man she adores. There is a tall chimney in a northern town which is notoriously unsafe, and only very experienced steplejacks are allowed to climb it; yet a short time ago a frail woman went right to the very top, and tore her hands almost to pieces in the effort. What caused her to attempt this bare-brained escapade? Love—blind unswerving love! Her future husband was the steplejack engaged upon the perilous job, and although this fact had been carefully kept from her, she divined with marvellous intuition that he was on the top and determined that she would join him and share his eminent peril. The startled steplejack hadn't much to say when she suddenly appeared before him, but he consented afterwards that the strain of getting her back to the ground thoroughly unnerved him for the first time in his life.

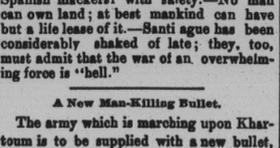
Think it Over.
"Jingo" was the all-conquering empress of Japan.—Daring and prowess, in what ever form displayed, are dear to the Japanese.—Is it true that sardines never swim singly but always in pairs?—It is generally believed that the dragon-fly (devil's darning-needle) feeds on mosquitoes in Japan and in New Jersey. Kites are sent up in Japan 24 to 30 feet square, with tails made of red and blue paper 1000 to 1200 yards long.—Why should not man boast of his self-selected ancestors?—"It is a wise child that knows its own father."—In Bible times man was a "that" and not a who, for many of them suffered woe enough.—I wonder if Galileo had not been to a champagne supper when he discovered the world going round and round?—No one seems to have any use for what we call "hell" but church people.—Patriots can now eat Spanish mackerel with safety.—No man can own land; at best mankind can have but a life lease of it.—Sardine glue has been considerably shaken of late; they, too, must admit that the war of an overwhelming force is "hell."

DOSE

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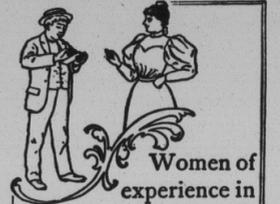
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CONCLUDED.

"I think I can understand how you were trapped, Audrey," said Neville, gravely. "But you are free now, and Lorrimore—what a good fellow he is, and how he loves you! You will reward him for his long devotion and faithfulness, Audrey?"

"Africa be—blowed! No; to London, anywhere, just for a few weeks. Don't you know how it is with her? Man, you can't expect her to rush into your arms directly she is free!"

"No, I can't," admitted Lorrimore, "but I'd like her to do so, all the same. But of course I'll go. I'll go up to London, and—"

"I will," said Neville, grasping his hand. "And tell her—No—yes! Why should I not tell her what she knows already? Tell her that I love her better than ever, and that the moment she will let me, I will come to her. That's all. Make my excuses. Good-bye."

"After this dialogue, Lorrimore, with just a glance at the house—he did not see Audrey, who was watching them from behind a window curtain—ran down the steps.

"I suppose I'd better go, too," mused Neville, as he looked after him. But he still hung about, and presently his patience met with its reward. He was lying back in a deck-chair in the smoking room when he heard the door open, and thinking it was the viscount, he said without looking round:

"I think I'd better clear out, Marlow; there's no chance of seeing her, I'm afraid. That's what I'm waiting for."

"If you'll tell me who 'her' is, I'll see," said a voice behind him that caused him to spring to his feet, upsetting the chair. Sylvia stood with her hand on the door, her eyes downcast, her face flushed.

"I thought I should find Lord Marlow here," she said, as if she were going to run away. But he took the door out of her hand and closed it.

"Sylvia, I want to speak to you." "Yes?" softly and demurely, without raising her eyes. "I want to tell you that—that I love you!" he blurted out.

"Yes!" still more softly, though her bosom was heaving. Neville looked at her ruefully. "And—oh, Syl, don't you love me?"

"Of—of course I do. One—ought to love one's—brother." His face reddened. "Brother? I don't want you to love me like that. I don't love you as if you were a sister. I want you to be my wife. There!"

"Your wife!" she said almost insensibly, her eyes still downcast. "My wife!" he repeated. "I've loved you like that—ever since I lost you. Ah! you can't tell how I loved and longed for you. And—and—if I can't have you for my wife—well, I shall be the most miserable man in the world! Oh why don't you speak?" he cried, impatiently.

"I was thinking," she said softly, still keeping him from her at arm's length, as it were, by her manner. "Things have changed. You aren't Jack any longer, but Mr. Neville Lynne and a rich man."

"What difference does that mean?" he broke in. "A great deal. You are an English gentleman and ought not to marry an opera singer, Mr.—Mr. Lynne."

Neville stared at her. "Is that your answer?" he said. "You know it's only an excuse; and this morning, oh, Syl! I thought you loved me. Why did you stand up for me if you didn't?" he said with such disappointment and reproach in his voice and eyes that Syl could not withstand him any longer.

"So I do—so I did!" she exclaimed; and she cried as he took her in his arms. "You know I love you! It is you who were blind, not to see it long ago! I have always loved you. Ah, you didn't know—you didn't guess! Jack—dear Jack—my Jack!"

He kissed her brow and eyes and lips passionately as the light broke in upon him. "Oh, what a blind idiot I was!" he said, remorsefully and with immense self-reproach and pity. "I—I thought you only cared for me as sisters do."

"Sister! I hate the name!" she cried, with a stamp of her foot—"I shall hate it for the rest of my days!" "All right," he said, intoning her still more tightly; "write a better, isn't it? My wife! Oh, Syl, Syl! I'm like the viscount, and don't know whether I am standing on my head or my heels; but this I do know—that I have got the sweetest, the loveliest girl in all the world!" and he raised her face and looked into her upturned eyes with all the love that had been stored up for so many weary months.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Lady Marlow arrived by the evening train, and the instant she had reached her own boudoir sent for Audrey and Sylvia. "Now, my dears," she said, looking up from the chair in which she had seated herself without waiting to take her out-of-door things off. "I'll trouble you to tell me what this all means. The viscount has been endeavoring to do so all the way from the station, but he got so mixed up that I

can make nothing of it. Sylvia, I think you had better tell me;" and she held out her hand to her. "Is it true that Neville Lynne has come back and that you are to be his wife?"

"Yes," faltered Sylvia, who had sunk beside the chair. "And pray, where is he?" "He has gone back to his own rooms in the village," she said in a low voice. "Please ring the bell," said her ladyship.

"My love to Mr. Lynne, and he will please come to the Grange at once," she said to the lady's-maid; "and tell the coachman to take the dog-cart for Mr. Lynne's luggage. Now, then, to Sylvia; and it's true, I suppose, that a will has been found, and he has been left a third of the fortune?"

"Yes," said Sylvia, more composedly. "And that Jordan—" "And that Jordan—" she stopped and held out her arms to Audrey, and Sylvia stole from the room and left them alone together.

Perhaps Lady Marlow found that Audrey was not in need of much consolation. As Neville had said, she was to be congratulated. When Neville arrived he found them all in the drawing-room ready for dinner, and he went straight up to Lady Marlow and took the hands she extended to him.

"May I, viscount?" he asked, looking round with a flush on his handsome, sunburned face. "Oh, certainly," replied the viscount; and Neville bent down and kissed her. Lady Marlow laughed, the tears in her eyes.

"You haven't improved in your manners, sir," she said. "You were always a bad, bold boy. And so you have come back, and you are going to marry our old friend the signora?"

"Yes," said Neville looking at Sylvia. "Has she told you all?" "Oh, yes, and a great deal more than you know," said her ladyship, dryly. "I think you are a very lucky man, Neville."

"So do I," he assented. "How well you look, Lady Marlow. I declare you are younger!" "Thank you. Is that the style of compliment that obtains in the gold-diggings?" But she looked pleased with him. "But you shall sit next me at dinner and talk to me all the time. The signora will have quite enough of your conversation for the rest of her life."

"I dare say," said Neville, happily, "but I regret to say I haven't got a dress-coat. You were kind enough to send for the luggage, but there wasn't any."

The viscount laughed. "It's a good joke!" he said. "I shall have to lend you some things of mine. They'll come down as far as your ankles and elbows, I dare say."

They went in to dinner, and the charitable reader will not deem them selfish if they forgot Mercy upstairs and were happy. You see, they had not been happy for so long.

Neville and Lady Marlow did nearly all the talking, Sylvia listening with a smile and many blushes as Neville gave an account of their joint "brother and sister" establishment at Lorn Hope; and Audrey sat a lent and thoughtful, but without that scared, hunted expression on her face which had haunted it for the last few weeks. She was—free!

By mutual consent the two gentlemen accompanied the ladies to the drawing room, and they were still talking over the wonderful past and the more wonderful present when a footman noiselessly approached the viscount and said:

"Mr. Trale would be much obliged if you'd see him, my lord." "I think not," said the viscount promptly. "I've had enough of Trale and all his works for one day. To-morrow, James. I've gone to bed, please."

The footman returned again with a message for Neville. Would he please see Mr. Trale? Her ladyship looked round. "Why shouldn't we all see him?" she said. "Neville hasn't any more secrets."

"No, no!" said Neville. "Let him come in, Lord Marlow." Trale was shown in, and looked rather nonplussed for the moment at the sight of his audience, but only for a moment. "Sorry to disturb you, my lady," he said, turning to her quite naturally and as a matter of course, "but, Banks—" "That's Lavarick," explained Neville in a low voice.

Lady Marlow nodded. "I know; go on." "Well, my lady, he's made a clean breast of it, and a part of his confession is so astonishing, and concerns—" he looked at Neville and then at Sylvia—"Mr. Neville, that I thought it my duty—" "To bewilder and badger us without delay," finished the viscount, good-temperedly.

"Yes, my lord," said Trale, gravely. "You are aware that the third of the Lynne money is left to a young lady—the daughter of the lady Sir Greville was to marry."

"Yes, yes," said her ladyship. "I know who she is, or, rather, who her mother was. Her name was Chester."

"Quite right, my lady." "She and her husband left England—" she stopped and looked at Neville; she had been going to say "driven from England by Sir Greville," but stopped in time. "Right, my lady," said Trale, corroboratively.

"And this daughter of his must be found as quickly as possible. It will be difficult. Mr. Neville knows how difficult it is to find missing persons," and she smiled at Neville.

Trale shook his head eagerly. "If Banks' story is true, and I think it is, there won't be any difficulty in the case, my lady." He stopped and looked at Sylvia and hesitated. "Banks' statement is this; that when he'd stolen the will, the night Sir Greville died, he thought he could make more money out of it by finding the young girl and the people belonging to her. He'd seen the

father once, and so set off hunting him. He learned that Mrs. Chester was dead, and that the young girl and her father had gone to Australia."

"Australia!" murmured Neville, looking at Sylvia, who sat with her hands clasped and her head bowed. "Yes, sir; and Banks, who is as determined a man as you'd find in a day's walk, followed, on the chance of finding him; and he did discover him—found him on the point of death."

The tears were running down Sylvia's cheeks, and Neville, though he had not yet got the clew, went to her and put his arm round her.

"On the point of death. In fact, he saw him die, and, what's more, saw him give a packet to his little girl, telling her that it was the story of her birth. The girl was known by the name of—" he stopped. "Shall—shall I go on?" he said, troubled and agitated.

Her ladyship nodded. "Go on." Sylvia got up, put Neville's arm gently round her, and left the room.

"Yes," said Trale, as it relieved. "The young lady's name was—Sylvia Bond; they were her two Christian names, and—" Neville uttered a cry of amazement.

"Sylvia?" he said. "Do you mean—" "Yes, Mr. Neville," responded Trale, gravely. "The young lady—the signora who has just left the room—is Mrs. Chester's daughter, and the heiress under the will!"

An excited colloquy followed. "Oh—then Sylvia owns one third of the money!" exclaimed the viscount. Trale shook his head.

"Wait a bit, my lord, if you'll pardon me," he said, gravely. "Banks' statement may be true, and as I said, I think it is. But—but—well, I'm no lawyer, my lord, but I'm afraid it would be difficult to prove her claim unless that packet contained all the papers, certificates, and so on, and unless that packet is in existence—and I'm afraid that's too much to hope for, seeing the strange adventures the young lady has gone through. Lavarick tried to steal it, as Mr. Neville knows; and what he tried to do some one else may have succeeded in doing, or it may have got lost. I don't want Mr. Neville or the young lady to be buoyed up with a hope that can't be fulfilled."

"Quite right, Trale, quite right," said the viscount, ruefully. "As you say, this packet—" The door opened as he was speaking, and Sylvia, with Audrey, who had gone after her, entered.

They came up to the table, and Sylvia, very pale, laid the packet in front of the viscount.

He took it with an ejaculation. "It's—it's—but it's sealed, my dear. I'm to open it? Here, Neville, you open it."

Neville did so, and they gathered round him. He took up one of the several papers, and read solemnly:

"I, Julian Chester, declare these certificates, being the marriage certificate of myself and wife, and the birth and baptismal certificate of my daughter, Sylvia Bond Chester, to be genuine, and I charge such person or persons into whose hands they may fall to preserve them. I have nothing to leave my beloved child, whom I consign to the care of her Heavenly Father in humble trust and confidence that He will protect and succor her."

(Signed) JULIAN CHESTER. Sylvia hid her face on Neville's breast. Trale was the first to speak, and his honest face was glowing with satisfaction and delight.

"It's all right!" he exclaimed, using his favorite formula. "It's all right, Mr. Neville. Every one of them can be verified and the claim proved. I'm lawyer enough to know that. Take care of 'em, my lord. Lock them up. Hurrah! Oh, I beg your ladyship's pardon!" and in the very act of swinging his hat he stopped, covered with confusion.

"Don't apologize, Trale!" exclaimed the viscount. "We all say hurrah! You're a good fellow, Trale. You've—you've arranged this business splendidly, and—yes, you're far too good a man for a hole and corner place like this. Why?"—and for the first time in his life the viscount swore before ladies—"You ought to be chief commissioner! You come with me into the library and have a glass of wine; and you come, too, Neville, when—when you can get away. Prove her claim! We'll do it if—as Jordan says—we spend every penny we've got!"

CHAPTER XLVIII. Indeed, the viscount was a great deal more keen about Sylvia's fortune than Sylvia herself.

"You don't know how rich I am, sir!" she said to Neville, as they wandered through the lanes the next morning and he showed her all his boyhood's playing grounds, as he had promised himself that he would, little dreaming how soon the delight of doing so would become possible to him. "Do you know, Ja—Neville, what I earn in the course of an operatic season? Do you realize?"—and she drew herself up on tiptoe and looked at him with all the dignity she could put into her expression (and she was a good actress, as we know)—"do you realize that the young person who stands before you is Signora Stella, the celebrated prima-donna, and that she can afford to lose five thousand a year. Neville caught her as she stood on tiptoe and lifted her up in his strong arms until her waist was in line with his face.

"Put me down, sir! How dare you?" she cried, blushing furiously. "Do you suppose that because a certain wild girl called Sylvia allowed you to carry her about—the tom-boy—that you can take such liberties with the Signora Stella? Oh, put me down, dearest—some one will see us! Neville!"—as he let her feet touch the ground again—"Neville, we can do without the money."

"I think not," said Neville in his old style, that recalled the but in Lorn Hope, and Meth, and the claim instantly to Sylvia. "The Signora will have to make her farewell bow to the public."

"But Jack—oh, how proud you are!—you—you worked for me one time—" "And I'm perfectly willing to work for you now and forever," he said. "What I object to is the mere idea of justice—working for me. Besides—" his face darkened—"there is such a thing as justice—though I believe it's rather out of fashion to think so—and justice you shall have."

There was no more to be said. In fact, they had something else to talk about—these two. But the viscount was not to be dissuaded from fighting—indeed, he was eager to fight—and when they all, excepting Mercy, returned to London he went straight to his lawyers and instructed them to fire the first shot in the form of the usual letter.

They—Audrey Neville, and the two—went to the opera on the night of their return to hear Sylvia sing, and her ladyship anticipated much enjoyment in watching Neville's delight. But she was doomed to disappointment. He started when Sylvia came on; his face flushed when she began to sing; but presently it grew pale and his brows knit, and as the storm of applause broke out after her first important song, he got up from his chair and leaned against the back of the box. Then he leaned forward to Lady Marlow.

"I—I can't stand it any longer!" he groined. "It—it seems as if she belonged to all of them, and not to me. I must go; and out he went."

Lady Marlow joined him in the smoking room when they came home, sitting with a large cigar, and looking so unutterably jealous and wretched that, though she had meant to bully him, her heart melted.

"You jealous boy!" she said. "I know, I know!" he assented, reddening. "But I can't help it. All the time she was singing I was thinking of how she used to sit on the edge of the claim and sing to me—alone, you understand—alone! And the sight of that crowded house sitting there as if they had paid to hear her—and they had paid, confound them!—drove me silly. Lady Marlow, she must leave the stage!"

"She's her own mistress, sir." "But she is going to be my wife." "Well, then," she retorted, "than you'll be her master, and in your present frame of mind the sooner—" she stopped. But she had said enough.

"Do you think—would she marry me at once? How can I ask her? I haven't a penny." The door opened and Sylvia entered. She had caught the last words only. She stopped short and looked at him. She was in evening-dress, radiant, lovely, all that a man desires in woman.

"Who says he has not a penny?" she said. "I—I, the poor fellow stammered. 'I may never get the confounded money; I am a pauper, anyhow at present.' She glided up to meet him put both hands on his shoulders and forced his eyes to meet hers, full of love and adoration.

"You forget!" she said; "ah, Jack, you forget that you spent all when you bought me that night in Lorn Hope Camp!"

They were married. How trite, how hackneyed is the sentence, and yet how much it means to a man and woman who loved as these two loved.

They were married in Lynne Church quite quietly, as a sensible man ought to be, without any fuss, as the viscount who gave the bride away, declared, and one would be inclined to say that they were the happiest couple in Lynne, but that Audrey was present as bride-maid and Lorrimore as best man. Neville had sent him the wire the moment Sylvia had named the day.

"Be my best man," he said; "she," meaning Audrey, "won't refuse to see you on our wedding day; and—well, weddings are as catching as measles!"

As the happy pair were starting from the Grange on their wedding-trip, and Sylvia had at last drawn her head into the carriage from the window of which she had been craning to catch the last glimpse of the group on the steps, she turned to Neville, who was busy digging the rice out of his mustache and waistcoat, and with eyes overbrimming with happiness and laughter, said softly:

"Aren't you sorry I'm not Miss Mary Brown, Jack?" "Mary Brown?" "She clapped her hands. "Oh, you heartless man! You have forgotten her!"

Then, as he laughed and colored, she nestled up to him and told him how she had suffered from the green-eyed monster.

"No!" "Yes; and you never saw it. Ah, Jack, you were blind! They say that love is always on one side," she added, with a little quiver of the lips. "Is it; or do you love me a little, Jack? Are you sorry that you bought me with that nugget, or do you think it was not such a bad bargain, after all?"

And though he said not a word, she was quite satisfied with his answer.

They had left Mercy at the Grange, at her own desire, and Sylvia had left her better than could have been expected and with the understanding that Mercy, as soon as she was strong enough, should follow her to Bury Street.

But she did not do so. Instead of herself came a letter which Sylvia had shown to no one, not even her husband; but in it, while telling her of her whereabouts, and the plans for the future, Mercy had enjoined her to silence.

"Let me pass out of your life, dear," she had written. "Even the sight of your dear face would only rouse the old pain and anguish. Do not even attempt to see me, for I think I that could not bear to see you. Judge, then how little able I am to meet any one else who knows me and my history."

Sylvia understood, and obeyed the injunction. But she thought of her, even

during that happy moon in which the newly married bride is supposed to think of no one but her husband.

They spent their month in wondering—almost hand in hand, certainly heart to heart—about the Continent, then returned to London where their friends eagerly awaited them. And—so Audrey said—a second honey-moon began.

"You've come in time for all the best plays in the theater," she said, "and mamma's going to have a dance—" "And we're just going to serve a wit on Right Honorable Sir Jordan," put in the viscount. "I suppose you have been so wrapped up in your two selves that you have forgotten all about your lawsuit?"

Neville colored. "Pon my word, that's about the truth!" he said.

"Well, I haven't," said the viscount, "I've been hard at work. It's going to be a tough fight, I can tell you. Jordan is gone to the backbones. Did you read his speech in the House last night?"

"No," granted Neville; "I read one once and one will do for me." "It was splendid; it was, indeed!" said the viscount. "He's a wonderful man. It's a pity he's such a villain—I mean—" Neville turned away.

"I'm not sure that he won't beat us yet," went on Lord Marlow. "My man—I mean the lawyer—says that, anyhow Jordan can keep us at it for months—perhaps years. You see, he's everything—the estates, the money, his great name at his back! Who'd believe such things of him as she shall charge him with? They seem incredible; and he shows not an inch of white feather. A regular ovation in the House last night, they tell me, and Jordan calm and composed as Pitt himself! A wonderful man. If it wasn't that we've got Trale on our side—and, by the way, I've managed to get our friend promoted. His fortune's made."

"I'm glad of that," said Neville heartily. "Yes, the good fellow's delighted with his rise; but he's just as keen about his case as ever. He's in London 'working it up' as he calls it; almost lives at the lawyer's. You'll be sure to see him tomorrow."

But they saw him that same evening. They were just going in to dinner—"the home party" as her ladyship called it—for Lorrimore was there, when Trale was announced.

He came in looking rather pale and evidently agitated, and the viscount at once jumped to the conclusion that something had gone wrong with "the case."

"What is it, Trale?" he said. Neville held out his hand. "How do you do, Trale?" he said. "What's happened? How are you?" and he shook the man's hand in his frank, genial manner.

Trale opened his lips twice before a sound would come, then he stammered. "There's—there's been an accident." "An accident?"

"Yes. He was leaving the House to go to dinner, and—and a cab coming across the bridge knocked him down, and—and the wheel went over his head."

"Whose head?" demanded the viscount. "Sir Jordan's," said Trale. "Jordan's!" Neville started. "Where—where is he? I must go."

"At St. Thomas Hospital," said Trale. "I saw him fall as I was going to make a last appeal to him—to tell him that he couldn't win."

His voice faltered. "Go, Neville," murmured Sylvia, gently. "Yes, yes. My hat!" said Neville. Trale put his hand on his arm. "There's—there's no hurry, Sir Neville; he was dead when I left."

A thrill ran through the listeners at that "Sir."

"Dead!" exclaimed Sylvia. Neville stood speechless.

"Yes, my lady," said Trale to Sylvia; "it was hopeless. He was conscious at the last, and he knew those around him; but he only said one word. I've got a cab at the door, Sir Neville."

They were driven to the great hospital of which London has a right to be proud, and were conducted to the silent room of death.

Neville stood beside the bed and looked down at the still face from which the surgeon had drawn the covering.

Dead! It seemed impossible. "A terrible loss, Sir Neville," whispered the celebrated surgeon. "England will mourn one of her most brilliant statesmen. He would have been Premier if he had lived; that was certain. It is terrible to think of!"

Yes, there lay the Right Honorable Sir Jordan Lynne, Bart., M. P., the smooth voice silenced, the acute brain stopped, the ambitious spirit quenched by a hansom cab. "I—I was told that he was conscious—that he spoke," Neville faltered, scarcely knowing what he said. "Yes, he spoke just before the end," said the surgeon. He spoke to the nurse. She was hers a moment ago."

He beckoned, and a woman in a nurse's uniform came forward and stood with folded hands and bent head. "Sir Neville would like to bear what his brother said, nurse," said the surgeon. She looked up. "Rachel, forgive!" she said. Neville started. "Mercy!" he said. "You!" She looked at him, her sad face white and set. Then, with a slight shake of her head, refusing his recognition of her, she moved away.

Oh! irony of fate! The great and powerful Sir Jordan had come, crushed, helpless to die in the arms of the woman he had betrayed!

CANCER And Tumors cured to stay cured, at home; no knife, plaster or pain. For Canadian testimonials & 120-page book—free, write Dept. 11, Mason's Medical Co., 377 Sherbourne Street, Toronto Ontario.

By Lucky Snap-Shot.

Although there is no man in England fonder of his camera than myself, it has always been my boast that I have never intentionally offended against that law of good taste which ordains that in choosing the subjects to photograph you should be most scrupulous not to include in your picture any human being whose feelings might be ruffled by your taking what he or she considered a liberty.

It is some years now since I was young fellow trying to make my life by any means that offered. I had left Cambridge at the usual age, after a career at the University which, if not over brilliant, was at all events fairly creditable, and after a short spell of idleness in the old country rectory where my people lived, had made my way up to London to seek my fortune. I tried hard, but I almost became thoroughly disheartened by my endless failures.

I had still rather more than half of the legacy a relative had left me many years before, and which at starting had seemed to me ample for a long time to come, and I thought that one more season might turn the luck my way; so, throwing prudence to the winds, I made up my mind to remain where I was so long as there was a sixpence left.

I may as well confess that there was an other reason too for my not wishing to go home a beaten man. There was one thing in my life which had helped to keep my spirits up through all the reverses that I had met with. Although we were poor, my family was good enough, and on going up to London with a poor introduction, I had found a ready welcome at the houses of some old friends in whose particular circle I was speedily in some request, because I was not only very fond of dancing, but could dance well.

Dancing men grow scarcer every day, and after my first plunge into the winter gaieties, introductions and pressing invitations to this or that ball came flowing in with a persistence which effectually prevented my being left at home to ponder over my unlucky fortunes for more than one, or at most a couple of nights at a time. I was young, and saw no harm in a night's pleasure after a hard day's toil, and I threw myself into the round of gaieties which offered with the utmost zest. It all went splendidly so long as I was heart-whole—and then? Well it was rather different to what I have been before.

II.

It was at a big dance on Twelfth Night that I first met my fate. My hostess was a lady with whose family I was very intimate, and during the early part of the evening I had been doing my very best to help to make her entertainment a success, and I think it was my devotion to her orders that made Mrs. Everest, about half-way through the evening, determine to give me an especial reward.

"Mr. Harcourt," she said, coming to where I was standing after taking my last partner back to her chaperon, "you have been awfully good so far in dancing with so many of my partnerless girls, and now you shall have your reward. I am going to introduce you to the nicest girl in the room. Only mind," she added, playfully shaking her fan at me, "you must not try to fall in love with her, because you will only end by breaking your own heart if you do."

A minute later I was walking down the room with the most dazzlingly beautiful girl that I had ever seen in my life. Phyllis Overshaw was at that time just nineteen, tall, graceful, slender—but what is the good of my trying to describe the woman I have always admired more than any other on earth? She danced divinely, too.

She told me that she was only just returned from Dresden, where she had spent the last two years perfecting her musical education. I was to learn afterwards what a good use she had made of her time; then all I cared to learn was that she had come home for good, and expected to be in town for some months at least. I also learned that her father was 'something in the City,' and that her mother was dead, which shows that we made considerable progress at the start.

I saw my hostess's eyes following us as we walked past her, and put down the look of half surprise, half annoyance to the fact that I had deserted her for once. But later, when most of the guests had gone, and I had managed to see Phyllis Overshaw to her carriage, and had come back to make my adieux, in reply to my thanks—genuine enough, for a more enjoyable evening I had never spent—Mrs. Everest said something which gave me food for thought in after days.

"I hope the evening may prove the success you think for all of us, Mr. Harcourt," she said. "I hope, too, that you will not forget my warning about Phyllis Overshaw. The less you see of her the better for your peace of mind."

III.

That was only the first of many feelings with Phyllis Overshaw, indeed, our intimacy increased by leaps and bounds.

It was not long before I found that Mrs. Everest had had a reason for what she said. Phyllis's father was a very rich man and she an only child, and I was very speedily told by someone who knew all about him that he looked for a coronet at least for his daughter, and might have had a fit of apoplexy had anyone dared to hint at her marrying such a pronounced "detrimental" as myself. Prudence ought to

have made me cautious, both for her sake and for my own, but one does not think much of prudence at my time of life. Very soon I had not only made up mind that I loved Phyllis Overshaw and meant to win her, but I also had determined that I would ask her if she did not love me in return.

I had come to this very proper frame of mind at the first of a series of three or four dances given at the opening of the London season. I had also determined the best opportunity would occur at a dance to be given by our ever hospitable friend, Mrs. Everest. I selected her house as the scene of the great event, because it was there we had first met.

Now, by some curious connection of circumstances which may have been accidental, for the first time throughout all our acquaintance Phyllis was accompanied to the dance by her father. I must also confess that this was the first time that I had ever seen him and I was not greatly taken back with his looks. He seemed to answer very well the description that I had had of him, and to be a sort of commercial automaton, with as much feeling as a block of stone.

Anyway he was there, and (as I afterwards learned) for the express purpose of verifying sundry hints that he had received regarding myself. But I was to much in love to pay any heed to him. I had come there for an object, and could attend to nothing else, and it was not till after I had confessed my passion, and heard from my darling's own sweet lips that she loved me in return, that I had time to think of anything else.

I had scarcely left Phyllis's side when I imagine my astonishment to find Mr. Overshaw suddenly stepping up to me and addressing me in his own account.

"Mr. Harcourt, I believe?" I admitted my identity. "My name is Overshaw, as you perhaps know already. Pardon my addressing you without an introduction, but I have so often heard of you from my daughter, that I seem to know you quite well. I wished to ask whether, if not otherwise engaged, you could make it convenient to call at my house in Portland Place tomorrow afternoon about five o'clock."

Quite taken by surprise, I stammered out something to the effect that I should be delighted, and he bowed and walked away as abruptly as he had come. A minute later, I caught a glimpse of him crossing the hall with Phyllis, cloaked, on his arm. I made some excuse, and soon after I slipped away in my turn. I called at Portland Place the next day, and was ushered into Mr. Overshaw's own study where I found him awaiting me.

"Mr. Harcourt," he said, as he motioned me to a chair, "there is nothing to be gained by beating about the bush. I know everything, and I tell you now, as I have already told my daughter, that an engagement between you two shall never have my consent, and is utterly out of the question. I am a business man, and not given to wasting words. Last night I learned from my daughter what had passed between you, and I have forbidden her ever to speak to you again. Now, young sir, I don't want to be unnecessarily harsh, but this boyish folly must end. I have made inquiries about you, and as I hear that you want something to do, I will put you in the way of making your fortune, provided that you will promise to give up this folly. That is a fair offer—what do you say to it?"

"That I am not to be bribed," I answered, angrily, "and that your offer is insulting."

"Very well, sir. There's the door." And out I marched with what dignity I could. I found my consolation outside, where Phyllis, very tearful, was waiting for me.

"I'll never give you up, Charlie, never!" she said, and as we heard the noise of the study door opening again, she gave me just one kiss and ran away, while I walked to the door, where a discreet footman with eyes elsewhere was waiting to let me out.

IV.

I was like a man possessed for the next few days, and then, as my first fit of anger and despair ended, I determined to set to work to win in spite of Mr. Overshaw. I had encouragement at the outset; as, for almost the first time, I received, about a week after my dismissal, the proofs of an accepted article, accompanied by a still more welcome cheque for £5. I had been in London so long that I was feeling the need of a change, and I determined to devote my earnings to this purpose, and acting on the impulse took train to a quiet spot that I knew of on the South coast, where I could enjoy the best fresh air at a moderate cost.

I say it was a quiet spot—so quiet, in fact, that there was nothing whatever to do. Fortunately I had taken my camera with me, and I used to wander about for a week or so, taking pictures by day and developing them by night. It was a pretty spot, and in my search for subjects I covered a good deal of ground. It was on the eighth day that the only event of importance occurred. It happened that I had found a very pretty 'gen in a dip in the downs, at a very deserted part of them.

The picture pleased me so much that I made a most careful exposure, after which I put up my camera, and had actually got a hundred yards or so from the place when it occurred to me that it was a pity to leave anything to chance, and as I had come so far I might as well take a second picture in case the first was not a success. Retracing my steps, I had just arranged everything, and was opening the shutter, when a man, walking at a rapid pace, came right into the foreground of the picture. There was no help for it. His picture was taken right enough.

Now, under ordinary circumstances I should have said something by way of an apology for the mishap; but as I was preparing to do so I caught a glimpse of his face, on which there was such an angry scowl that I changed my mind, and mut-

tering to myself, "Sulky brute," determined I would not express regret for a mishap which had probably spoiled my picture I made a third exposure and then went home, and in due course developed the plates—only to find, as I had expected, that the man was as large as life right in the centre of the second.

Although I was very much annoyed, I did not think of destroying the negative, which proved fortunate in the event. As it was, I found my stay so pleasant, that when another cheque dropped in I decided to prolong my holiday, and see whether I could not work as well at Haygill as I could in London. I had been there for over three weeks, when one morning my eye was caught by a paragraph in the morning paper, headed, 'A defaulting cashier—disappearance of a trusted employe of Messrs. Overshaw and Co.' The paragraph was brief and to the point, and related how the cashier had absconded with a large sum in money and a quantity of papers of great value to the firm. The last line said that he was a native of Beambridge, a small town not ten miles from where I was staying.

One of those impulses that there is no accounting for made me read the paragraph through a second time, wandering all the while how the head of the house, my enemy of the other day, felt about it. And then as I read over the lines, on a sudden the thought struck me: "What if that were my surly friend who spoils my picture the other day?"

So strongly did the idea strike me, that I got out of the three negatives and examined them. There was no doubt about it, the description exactly tallied, so far as I could see; but even if it did, the matter was not greatly advanced. My photograph had been taken at least a week before the cashier disappeared. Then another idea struck me. It was a very lonely part of the Downs where we had met... what if he were hiding somewhere thereabouts now?

I was on the point of starting off on my own account to scour the country, when it occurred to me that if I were to enlarge the portrait that I possessed it would give me a better idea of what the man was like, and as a preliminary to everything else I made my way to the principal photographer of the place, and asked to be allowed to use his enlarging room for a minute. In my hurry I put the first instead of the second of my negatives into the slot and as the picture of the 'gen was there I thought I might as well examine it closely.

On the instant I started back with an exclamation of surprise. The enlargement showed much detail that was not visible in the negative, and, among other things, it showed me the dim outline, through the trees, of a man with a spade in his hand. The man was the one I had seen ten minutes later hurrying down the 'gen.

At noon, on the following day, I presented myself at Messrs. Overshaw's office in the City, and asked to see the head of the firm. I was told that he was a deal too busy to see anyone, at which I was not surprised. I insisted, however, on sending in my name, together with information that I wished to see him about his absconding cashier. This was effectual, and I was admitted at once. Greatly as Mr. Overshaw was changed from the self-satisfied individual who had so summarily dismissed me a month before, the fact did not surprise me at all. But at this time I held all with him as he had been with me.

"What do you propose to give the man who restores you those confidential documents that you were robbed of the other day?" I asked. "His own terms," was his answer. "Even your daughter's hand in marriage?" was my second question. "Yes, even that," he answered, bitterly. "There is a sample, then," I said, laying a paper on the table. "When Phyllis is my wife you shall have the rest."

Within a month of that date, I was married to the woman I loved, and a partner in her father's firm. I need hardly add that my wife and I—and she alone knows how I recovered those papers—cherish the three negatives of my lucky snap-shot as among the most valued possessions that we have.



Ohio, July 20 to the wife of Theo. Zinch a son. Boston, July 25, John F. Bowes to Agnes Fower, a son. Misside, July 20 to the wife of Theodora Coma, a son. Kureks, July 28 to Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Grant a son. Lakeside, July 29 to the wife of E. P. Nowe, a son. Lunenburg, July 27 to the wife of Wm. Mahoney, a son. Gloucester, July 29 to Mr. and Mrs. Blackett, a son. St. John, July 28 to the wife of Theo. O'Mally a son. Athol, July 28 to the wife of J. W. Foss a daughter. Annapolis, July 21 to the wife of Robt. Reynolds a son.

New Elm, July 20 to wife of Geo. Wymet a daughter. Mactaquac, July 27 to the wife of Albert Kilburn a son. Keswick Ridge July 29 to the wife of Frank Long, a son. Fort Lawrence, July 20 to the wife of Martin Smith a son. Joggins Mines, July 20 to the wife of Ira Ripley a daughter. Hartland, July 27 to wife of Mayor G. E. Boyer a daughter. Truro, July 20 to the wife of Fred Anderson a daughter. Lakeside, July 29 to the wife of Reuben Jodrey a daughter. Edmeston, July 29 to Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Freeman a daughter. Kingston Village, July 19 to wife of Fred Munroe a daughter. Sharon Mass, July 9 to Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Tolman a son. River Herbert, July 20 to wife of Denmore Chapman a son. New Canada, July 21, to the wife of Twining Mel-tum a son. Nashwanan, July 21 to the wife of George Farn-tris-a son. Mulgrave, July 29, to the wife of Rev. E. O. Armstrong a son. Bridgewater, July 29 to the wife of Stannace Armstrong a son. West Northfield, July 30 to the wife of Albert Peener, a son. Upper Stovvacke, July 25 to wife of James Edgar a son. Centerville, July 27 to the wife of Capt. Edgar O. Smith a daughter. Twin Mountain, Aug. 1 to the wife of Will E. Jackson a daughter.

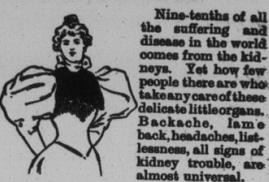
MARRIED.

Ohio, July 22, by Rev. J. H. Saunders, Harry Doane to Etta Robinson. Fairbore, July 27, by Rev. W. G. Lane, James Cole to Nora Allen. Halifax, July 28, by Rev. F. W. DesBarres, Joseph Lewis to Carrie Bailey. Fairbore, July 28, by Rev. E. H. Howe, Irving Parker to Annie York. Halifax, Aug. 1, by Rev. Father Moriarty, Jas. F. Flavin to Lucy Gladney. Mulgrave, July 24, by the Rev. J. Calder, Muir Sibley to Laura Jameson. Liverpool, Aug. 2, by Rev. H. S. Shaw, Stephen E. Stevens to Lottie Bradner. Pembroke, July 23, by Rev. Dr. Bayne Lemuel C. Owen to Catherine Fraser. North Sydney, July 22, by Rev. T. C. Jack, Erach E. Allen to Lucy Krueper. Fredericton, Aug. 1, by Rev. Canon Roberts George Eason to Lois C. Zupper. Tackett, July 23, by Rev. M. W. Brown, William Linkham to Eliza Nickerson. Truro, July 28, by Rev. A. Daniel, Clarence A. McCabe to Angie A. Delaney. Port LaTour, July 22, by Rev. J. E. Davis, David A. Crowell to Hannah J. Christie. Bear Point, July 18, by Elder Wm. Halliday Thos. Harding to Gertrude Nickerson. Pictou, July 20, by Rev. W. Stewart, Daniel McDonald to Catherine S. McLean. Bonaventure, July 29, by Rev. D. Drummond, Rod. B. McDonald to Katie D. McRae. Issa's Harbor, July 20, by Rev. A. J. Vincent Fred A. Anderson to Stella Clark. South Head, C. B. Aug. 2, by Rev. R. Locker, Emma B. Tutty to George Miller. Fugwash, July 18, by Rev. C. H. Haverstock, Frederick Landale to Clara Hennessey. Fredericton, N. B. Aug. 3, by Rev. J. J. Teasdale, Robert Forbes to Mrs. Mary Blythe. Ottawa, July 20, by Rev. J. M. Snowdon, Sydney C. Cooper to Ella S. Vernon-Smith. Portland Maine, July 14, by Rev. Henry McGilvray Thomas McLean to Grace Fisher. Woodstock, July 27, by Rev. Thos. Todd assisted by Rev. E. B. Todd John Nye to Sophia Furlong. Richmond, July 22, by Rev. D. Macintosh, George A. Jamer to Elsie A. Watson. Sackville, July 20, by Rev. S. Howard assisted by Rev. S. James Herbert D. Archibald to Amelia M. George. Hillsboro, Aug. 4, by Rev. W. Camp assisted by Rev. Thos. Allen, Frederick M. Thompson to Isabel G. Gross.

DIED.

Fairbore, July 25, Paul Wood, 60. Westport, July 29, Chas. Hicks, 75. Monson, Mass., Robert Fleming 63. Halifax, Aug. 4, James Belworth, 77. Digby, Aug. 2, Ben. Van Blarcom, 75. Centerville, Aug. 2, D. D. Moton, 71. Richibucto, July 2, John T. Long, 48. Fredericton, July 29, James Tibbitts, 72. Kempt, N. S., July 30, Chas. Allison, 76. Halifax, Aug. 2, Mrs. Mary Dillier, 61. St. John, Aug. 6, James H. Kitchan, 47. Halifax, Aug. 4, Dr. W. B. Stayer, 47. Los Angeles, June 23, George Hart, 64. California, July 23, Andrew Johnson, 65. Amherst, Aug. 2, Mrs. Root K. Smith, 87. Seimash, July 27, Mrs. Thomas Murphy, 68. Scotch Hill, Pictou, July 20, Nell Cameron. Boston, Aug. 6, Mrs. Anastasia L. Costello. Upper Rawdon, July 19, Esther McPhee, 93. Bayswater, Kings Co., Lizzie F. Barlow, 50. Berlin, New Haven, July 21, Daniel Jack, 48. St. John, Aug. 5, Mary, wife of John J. Kane. St. John, Heald A. wife of Jacob L. Hanson. Upper Grandville, July 26, Mrs. Alfred Ray, 84. Windsor, July 8, Frances Mary Blake Utley, 94. St. John, Aug. 6, Estelle, wife of Arthur Belyer, 24. Havelock, July 28, Nina, wife of Havelock Keith. Trevell, N. Y., Estelle, wife of General De Feyster. Dartmouth, Aug. 2, Lillie, wife of E. J. Meyer, 28. Little Harbor, Pictou, July 24, J. C. Colquhoun, 76. Halifax, Aug. 6, Mary T. wife of William Bremner 22. Mill Village, July 31, Lucy, wife of John Rhyno, 63. St. John, Aug. 7, Millie M. wife of W. A. Cathers, 46. Woodstock, Aug. 7, Annie, wife of Richard Magee 46. Brookville, N. B. Aug. 5, Mrs. Mary A. McMan, 89. Oakville, Washington, July 25, Mrs. Bessie Old-field. Richmond, Cumberland, July 24, James Henderson, 68. Belleisle, July 28, Eliza, widow of the late Alfred Ray, 85. Hubbard's Cove, July 30, Maria, wife of Edward Corvud. New Tackett, Aug. 1, Martha, wife of Bernard Prime, 76. Emerald, North Dakota, July 20, Amelia, wife of John Locke. St. John, Aug. 6, Jane, widow of the late Hugh Saunders, 78. Malisand, July 22, Chalmers, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ross. St. John, Aug. 8, Laleah E. wife of Dr. Canby Hatheway. Fairhaven, Vt., July 26, Katherine B. wife of Barclay Robinson. Liverpool, Aug. 2, Jane, widow of the late Brewster Stuart, 76. St. Stephen, July 30, Annie, wife of Melbourne Macdonald, 47. Amherst, July 31, Margaret, infant twin of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Walsh. Red Bluff, California, July 22, Jas. A. Halliday son of John Halliday, 32. Eastdale, Mass. July 15, Charles T., eldest son of Mr. A. G. Manning, 59. Moncton, Aug. 2, Annie E. youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander McDonald, 7. New Glasgow, July 31, Margaret Beatrice, only child of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Douglas, 2. Annapolis, Cumberland, Aug. 2, Lizzie J. daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Mahoney, 20.

A HEALTHY WOMAN.



Nine-tenths of all the suffering and disease in the world comes from the kidneys. Yet how few people there are who take any care of these delicate little organs. Backache, lame back, headaches, listlessness, all signs of kidney trouble, are almost universal.

Doan's Kidney Pills

Tone and regulate the kidneys and help them to throw off the poisons from the system. Mrs. A. Brown, P. O. Box 200, Dresden, Ont., says: "For years I suffered from dropsical trouble which caused me much distress. I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills and got a box of them at Switzer's Drug Store. Before commencing to take them I was unable to button my shoes on account of my swollen condition, but by the time I had finished the first box I could do this without inconvenience. I have now taken a second box and have no hesitancy in recommending Doan's Kidney Pills for any kidney or dropsical trouble."

STEAMBOATS.

Star Line Steamers

FOR Fredericton. (Eastern Standard Time.)

Mail Steamers Victoria and David Weston

Leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 10 a.m. for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 8 a.m. for St. John. Steamers will leave Indiantown for Gagetown and intermediate landings every afternoon at 4 o'clock (local time). Returning will leave Gagetown every morning at 5 o'clock. Saturday's Steamer will leave at 6 o'clock. GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager.

Steamer Clifton.

On and after July 7th. Leave Hampton for Indiantown, Monday at 5:30 p.m. Tuesday at 2:30 p.m. Wednesday at 2:30 p.m. Thursday at 2:30 p.m. Saturday at 5:30 a.m. Leave Indiantown for Hampton, Tuesday at 9:00 a.m. Wednesday at 8:00 a.m. Thursday at 4:00 p.m. CAPT. R. G. EARLE, Manager.

RAILROADS.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Monday, Aug. 1st, 1898, the Steamship & Train service of this railway will be as follows: ROYAL MAIL S.S. PRINCE RUPERT. DAILY SERVICE. Lve. St. John at 7:15 a.m., arr. Digby 10:15 a.m. Lve. Digby at 1:45 p.m., arr. Yarmouth 5:10 p.m. EXPRESS TRAINS. Daily (Sunday excepted). Lve. Halifax 6:30 a.m., arr. in Digby 12:25 p.m. Lve. Digby 12:40 p.m., arr. Yarmouth 5:10 p.m. Lve. Halifax 8:45 a.m., arr. Digby 1:35 p.m. Lve. Digby 1:45 p.m., arr. Yarmouth 5:10 p.m. Lve. Yarmouth 9:00 a.m., arr. Digby 1:45 p.m. Lve. Digby 11:55 a.m., arr. Digby 10:25 a.m. Lve. Yarmouth 9:35 a.m., arr. Halifax 3:35 p.m. Lve. Annapolis 7:15 a.m., arr. Digby 6:30 a.m. Lve. Digby 8:30 p.m., arr. Annapolis 4:40 p.m.

S. S. Prince Edward, BOSTON SERVICE.

By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every MONDAY and THURSDAY, immediately on arrival of the steamer. Trains arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every SUNDAY and WEDNESDAY at 4:00 p.m. Unusually fast cruises on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains. Monday - Pullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on Friday & Sunday express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth. S. S. Evangeline makes daily trips to and from Kingsport and Fairbore. Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, and from the Turner steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained. W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'g'r. P. GIFFKINS, Superintendent.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 30th June, 1898, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Hampton... 5:30 Express for Campbellton... 6:00 Express for Halifax... 7:00 Express for Sussex... 11:50 Express for Sussex... 11:50 Express for Hampton... 17:40 Express for Quebec, Montreal... 18:20 Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax, and Sydney... 22:00 A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11:50 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 2:30 for Truro. Dining and Buffet cars on Quebec and Montreal express. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN Express from Hampton... 7:15 Express from Sussex... 8:30 Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal... 17:00 Express from Halifax... 17:00 Express from Hampton... 17:00 Accommodation from Moncton, Monday - 1:25 Accommodation from Ft. St. Charles and Moncton... 11:25 All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 87 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.