

PROGRESS.

VOL. XII, NO. 586.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1899.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Intercolonial Railway

On and after Monday, the 1st, June 1899
trains will run daily, (Sunday excepted),
as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

For Halifax Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....1.30
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and
Pictou.....1.40
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....1.50
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....2.00
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....2.10
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....2.20
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....2.30
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....2.40
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....2.50
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....3.00
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....3.10
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....3.20
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....3.30
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....3.40
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....3.50
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....4.00
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....4.10
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....4.20
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....4.30
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....4.40
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....4.50
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....5.00
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....5.10
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....5.20
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....5.30
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....5.40
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....5.50
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....6.00
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....6.10
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....6.20
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....6.30
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....6.40
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....6.50
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....7.00
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....7.10
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....7.20
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....7.30
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....7.40
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....7.50
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....8.00
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....8.10
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....8.20
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....8.30
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....8.40
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....8.50
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....9.00
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....9.10
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....9.20
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....9.30
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....9.40
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....9.50
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....10.00
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....10.10
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....10.20
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....10.30
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....10.40
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....10.50
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....11.00
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....11.10
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....11.20
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....11.30
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....11.40
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....11.50
Express for Halifax, Piquet, Piquet
and Halifax.....12.00

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Halifax.....1.10
Express from Halifax.....1.20
Express from Halifax.....1.30
Express from Halifax.....1.40
Express from Halifax.....1.50
Express from Halifax.....2.00
Express from Halifax.....2.10
Express from Halifax.....2.20
Express from Halifax.....2.30
Express from Halifax.....2.40
Express from Halifax.....2.50
Express from Halifax.....3.00
Express from Halifax.....3.10
Express from Halifax.....3.20
Express from Halifax.....3.30
Express from Halifax.....3.40
Express from Halifax.....3.50
Express from Halifax.....4.00
Express from Halifax.....4.10
Express from Halifax.....4.20
Express from Halifax.....4.30
Express from Halifax.....4.40
Express from Halifax.....4.50
Express from Halifax.....5.00
Express from Halifax.....5.10
Express from Halifax.....5.20
Express from Halifax.....5.30
Express from Halifax.....5.40
Express from Halifax.....5.50
Express from Halifax.....6.00
Express from Halifax.....6.10
Express from Halifax.....6.20
Express from Halifax.....6.30
Express from Halifax.....6.40
Express from Halifax.....6.50
Express from Halifax.....7.00
Express from Halifax.....7.10
Express from Halifax.....7.20
Express from Halifax.....7.30
Express from Halifax.....7.40
Express from Halifax.....7.50
Express from Halifax.....8.00
Express from Halifax.....8.10
Express from Halifax.....8.20
Express from Halifax.....8.30
Express from Halifax.....8.40
Express from Halifax.....8.50
Express from Halifax.....9.00
Express from Halifax.....9.10
Express from Halifax.....9.20
Express from Halifax.....9.30
Express from Halifax.....9.40
Express from Halifax.....9.50
Express from Halifax.....10.00
Express from Halifax.....10.10
Express from Halifax.....10.20
Express from Halifax.....10.30
Express from Halifax.....10.40
Express from Halifax.....10.50
Express from Halifax.....11.00
Express from Halifax.....11.10
Express from Halifax.....11.20
Express from Halifax.....11.30
Express from Halifax.....11.40
Express from Halifax.....11.50
Express from Halifax.....12.00

STEAMERS

1899. 1899.

THE YARMOUTH S. S. CO.,

LIMITED,
Yarmouth.

For Boston and Halifax
via
Yarmouth.

Shortest and Most Direct Route.
Only 15 to 17 hours from Yarmouth to Boston.

Four Trips a Week from Yarmouth to Boston.

STEAMERS "BOYTON" and "YARMOUTH"

One of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth
every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday
after arrival of Dominion Atlantic Ry. train from
Halifax. Returning leaves Lewis wharf, Boston
every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at 3
p. m. connecting with Dom. Atlantic Coast Ry. and
all coast lines. Regular mail carried on steamers.

The Fast Side-Wheel Steamer "CITY OF MONTELEONE"
Leaves St. John, N. B., every Monday, Wednesday, Friday
at 10 p. m. for intermediate ports,
Yarmouth and St. John, N. B., connecting at Yarmouth,
Wednesday, with steamer for Boston.

Returning leaves St. John every Friday 7 a. m.

For tickets, staterooms and other information
apply to Dominion Atlantic Railway, 126 Hollis
Street, North Street depot, Halifax, N. S., or to
any agent on the Dominion Atlantic, Intercolonial
Central and Coast railways.

For tickets, staterooms, etc. Apply to Halifax
Transfer Company, 148 Hollis Street,
L. E. BARKER,
President and Director.
Yarmouth, N. S., July 26, 1899.

SAILINGS

OF THE
STMR. CLIFTON.

On and after Saturday 30th inst., and until further
notice, the Steamer Clifton will leave wharf at
Halifax Monday, Wednesday and Saturday
mornings at 8.30 (local). Returning will leave
Halifax same days at 4 p. m. local.

CAPT. B. G. EARLE,
Manager.

Star Line Steamers

For Fredericton and
Woodstock.

Steamers Victoria and David Weston will leave
St. John every day at 8 o'clock standard, for
Fredericton and Woodstock. Returning
will leave Fredericton at 7.30 a. m. standard.

On and after June 24th, the Steamer Aberdeen
will leave St. John, every Saturday at 8.30 p. m.
for Wickham and Lunenburg. Returning
will leave Wickham Monday a. m. due at St. John
at 8 o'clock a. m.

Tickets good to return by Steamer David Weston,
due at St. John at 1.30 p. m.

JAMES MANCHESTER,
Manager, Fredericton.

MANHATTAN STEAMSHIP CO.'Y

New York, Eastport, and St.
John, N. B., Line:

Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN (New
York Wharf, Reed's Point), November 15th, 24th,
and December 2nd, and weekly thereafter.

Steamers of this line will leave NEW YORK, FEB. 1,
11, 21, and 28; MARCH 7, 17, 27, and 31; APRIL 10,
20, and 30; MAY 10, 20, and 30; JUNE 9, 19, and 29;
JULY 9, 19, and 29; AUGUST 8, 18, and 28; SEPTEMBER
7, 17, and 27; OCTOBER 7, 17, and 27; NOVEMBER 6,
16, and 26; DECEMBER 6, 16, and 26.

R. H. FLEMING, Agent,
New York Wharf, St. John, N. B.
S. L. NEWCOMB, General Manager,
641 Broadway, New York City.

PERRY'S COW HUNTING.

HE STARTED FOR THE PROVINCE
WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVED

At this farm to arrest him for breaking
the Game Law—a Queens County Man
Describes the Incident From the Stand-
point of a Resident of the Place.

It is not often that Progress gets a letter
from Queens county but this week an
aspiring resident of that fertile county has
sent in an account of a recent visit of
police officers to that section of the pro-
vince. It is good enough to print in toto,
though one must conclude that fertile
imaginations are also to be found in
Queens. The article is not dated any
particular place and reads as follows:

It is rather unwise business for any party
to violate the "Game Law," especially un-
wise for the "Tory party" in fact a good
many around the parish of Brunswick and
county of Queens are becoming confused.
They can't exactly tell whether they are
being presented for shooting moose out of
season or for voting Hetherington and
Woods at the last election. If for violating
the game law why do their "Grii" friends
who have assisted in the meat getting en-
terprise contrary to the laws of the land,
remain unpunished? In fact "Tammany"
politicians are very much in evidence in
Queens county just now, where a police-
man of the same faith and order as the
"Bowery Tiger" appears in our midst for
the purpose of dragging our fellow citizens
before a police magistrate of the same
political persuasion, it naturally creates
some excitement. The Johnston inquisi-
tion is still fresh in our memories,
and the yeoman of Brunswick and
surrounding vicinity are naturally re-
luctant about appearing before that particu-
lar "Bar of Justice."—This by the way of
introduction.

About three o'clock P. M. on the thirty
first day of July, in ye year Anno Domini
1899, the witness that rested like a
blanket upon the peaceful village of Cole
Island, in the county of queens aforesaid,
was rudely torn into strips by the un-
usual conduct of two strange gentlemen
they alighted from a carriage in front of
Allred West's store. One was a gray-
headed man with a hitch in his walk as
though a suspender had bursted from its
moorings and allowed the nor west angle
of his pants to droop and impede loco-
motion. He said his name was Phillips, but
upon an expansive watch charm was a
name that could be read at a distance
of ten feet with the naked eye
and that name was J. Ring, evidently the
gentleman was slightly untruthful or had
perjured the goods and chattels of some
innocent third party. And the other gen-
tleman! Oh my! he beggars description
like Saul he towered head and shoulders
above his fellow men. He scowled, and
put the fine touches on his fiercely rolling
eyes, and glared about him as much as to
say "Hain't He got a Hi like a Hagle."
He evidently expected the poor in-
nocent countrymen, to climb trees and pull
the cross up after them, in terror of his
majestic presence.

Not a house moved, only an robin re-
marked to his neighbor, "Golly wouldn't
his feet make fine "tater bug mashers"
Both raised their heads aloft, like the
caribou on his native plains inhaling the
breath of autumn and looked long and lov-
ingly across the meadows towards Mr.
Sidney Perry who was engaged weeding
his turnips entirely oblivious of the strangers'
interested stare.

Then they jointly and severally started
across the field towards Mr. Perry's turnip
patch and the observer concluded that they
were agricultural experts, from Mr. La-
billeis and interested in turnip culture.

Meantime Miss Perry had gone down to
the field and told her father that it was
time to get the cows. As the strangers
started for the turnip patch Mr. Perry set
it as his cow hunting expedition. Mr.
Perry's cow pasture in the woods.

The bears have been particularly ag-
gressive during the present summer and
farmers who hunt the cows carry various
offensive and defensive weapons. It was
noticed that Mr. Perry carried a fork just
an ordinary long handed sharp tined hay
fork. Of course this was carried for the
purpose of gouging bears who might at-
tempt to become too familiar, if some fool-
ish polliwog were to accidentally fall
against the fork it would be apto puncture
their clothes and cause slight "abrasions of
the outside."

Mr. Perry was evidently unaware of the

strangers presence as he had never looked
in their direction and could not have seen
them. He was walking leisurely at right
angles to the corps being pursued by the
strangers. It was noticed that the strangers
began to swing round as though desirous
of joining in the cow hunt, and the obser-
vers concluded that they were interested in
tuberculosis instead of turnips. Cow-hunt-
ing so doubt would have been a pleasant
pastime and Mr. Perry I am sure would
have enjoyed their society, but he nev-
er saw them, at least he never looked at them.
He didn't seem to be in any hurry to get
his cows, neither did the strangers appear
to be possessed of a burning anxiety to
join him, in fact they acted as though they
were shy and diffident, possibly they did
not want to disturb Mr. Perry's cogitations
to abruptly. It is true whenever Perry
got near the clump of alders, they began
to run, but they didn't wish to tangle the
grass and so stopped very high and didn't
get ahead very fast. When within a couple
of rods from Mr. Perry the old gentleman's
shoes seemed to get out of order and he
stopped to fix them—a lace had let go, prob-
ably; at the same time the big fellows shoes
seemed to fetch away, and he stopped; the
oldest inhabitant cannot recollect of two men's
shoes giving out under such trying circum-
stances and so instantaneous as it were. By
the time their wardrobe was properly ar-
ranged Mr. Perry had disappeared in a
small clump of alder bushes. Then the two
gentlemen rushed frantically forward and
dashed around the clump two or three times.
They did not attempt to enter the bushes
however.

At this season of the year numerous and
ravenous groups of black flies infest the
alder bushes and are liable to attack in an
annoying manner the unwary traveller who
ventures near their native haunts; of
course no gentleman after a day's out-
ing in the country, would like to re-
turn to their native city with faces look-
ing like animated nutmeg graters. As
Mr. Perry started to cross a small glade in
the centre of the thicket he was assailed
by the little pests in such a malignant man-
ner that he had to beat them off with the
hay fork. This caused the fork to swing
and dip, and plunge, and spear in a
very eccentric manner. In the midst
of the struggle Mr. Perry caught a glimpse
of the strangers when he mistook for his
hired men coming to his rescue and so
gave them some interesting information
in regard to the sharpness of his fork
times so as to prevent any accident. Thus
having an illustration of the vicious nature
of the flies, the two strangers concluded to
forego their tuberculous hunting expedition
and returned to the house where they showed
themselves to be real valiant by talking up
bold and strong to the sixteen year old girl
in charge. The way the big fellow swag-
gered and sputtered showed that he was
fully confident of his ability to thrash any
old girl in Queens county if they just dared
be a p with him.

"Are you Mr. Perry's daughter," they
roared.
The young lady pleaded guilty to this
charge.
"Where did your father go?"
"He went for the cows. Where were
you gentlemen going?"
"Oh we were going for the cows too,"
this in a very sarcastic tone.
"Well its a good thing that you
mot pe cause that mule of ours has a
great appetite for fresh things."

Then they went across the road and
threatened two or three inoffensive law-
abiding citizens, with handcuffs and trips
to St. John. Dismissing the extra team that
they had brought with them for some pur-
pose or purposes unknown, climbed into
their carriage and drove away; while Mr.
Perry who appeared to have changed his
mind about getting the cows and was now
in his field stirring out the hay could
be heard whistling "Just tell them that
you saw me," which closed the incident,
for the present, leaving the inhabitants of
Cole's Island very much puzzled to know
what it means. It is rumored that Mr.
Perry has sworn out warrants for the
arrest of the two gentlemen for the use of
violence and threatening language in the
presence of his daughter.

Well Stocked Greenhouses.
One of the prettiest sights in the way of
beaut beauty just now are the greenhouses
of William McLean which are well stocked
and carefully looked after. The rose
house contains one of the largest rose trees

that can be found anywhere and with its
wealth of odorous blooms is a beautiful
sight. In the rose house is also an im-
mense hellebore tree the like of which
does not exist in the province and is
certainly wonderful. Mr. McLean
has a large number of city patrons who find
his prices right. His conservatories con-
tain hundreds of roses, carnations, geraniums,
palms, and potted plants at prices lower
than elsewhere.

ASA JUDGE AND LAWYER.

A. L. Palmer Home From Boston and
Very Ill.

The serious illness of ex-judge Palmer
recalls many incidents in the life of a man
who has filled a prominent place in the city
of St. John. He is best known perhaps as
a lawyer and a judge but he was chosen at
one time by the people to represent them
in parliament and his legal knowledge and
statements placed him in a prominent
position there at once.

The cases he has been engaged in are
enough in themselves to make any man
well known. His knowledge of marine law
introduced him to such good business and
his arguments as a lawyer and his decision
as a judge have rarely been upset.

In the Annie Parker case when she was
charged with the murder of McCarthy Mr.
Palmer was the prominent lawyer and the
records of that case will always be read
with interest.

Then there was an argument in Frederic-
ton some years ago about Maritime bank
affairs. The failure of this institution
meant a great deal to Judge Palmer and
he was not in sympathy with the movement
to place Messrs Collier, Sturde and one
other in charge as liquidators. They had
obtained a large number of proxies but in
spite of that the judge fought against their
appointment and for two or three days the
late chief justice Sir John C. Allen listened
to him and the other counsel argue. Then
he decided in Mr. Palmer's favor and
appointed Messrs McLeish, McLeod and
Taylor.

His life as a judge, his retirement from
the bench need not be dwelt upon as they
are fresh in the minds of the people but
his return to the bar as counsel in the case
of Hesse against the street railway com-
pany gave additional interest to that some-
what notable trial. The jury gave the
client of Dr. Quigley and himself \$25,000
but the gentlemen who used to sit on
the bench in Fredericton with Mr. Palmer
reduced the verdict largely and now the
case is still in court.

Mr. Chas. A. Palmer was associated
with his father in this case but he died
before it came on. Then the Judge went
to Boston after it was tried and while
stepping from a street car met with so serious
an accident that he has been unable to at-
tend to business since. He reached St.
John a few days ago and his condition
since has been such as to alarm his friends.

A PICNIC UNPAID FOR.

The Fredericton End of the Diak Picnic not
Squared Yet.

Every one remembers the famous political
picnic at Gagstown. It was given in
honor of Mr. Blair, minister of railways and
the most central spot on the St. John river
and the shire town of one of the counties
which the minister represents was chosen
as the place of meeting. All the boats of
the Star Line that could be spared were
chartered and people from all parts of the
noble river prepared to enjoy a pleasant
time and at the same time show that politi-
cally or personally they were not at vari-
ance with the New Brunswick representa-
tive in the cabinet at Ottawa.

"A goodly crowd was there." Men in
all classes of life gathered to hear the
speeches and see what was going on.
There were excursions from Fredericton as
well as from St. John and the friends from
the capital turned out in great style.

The gentleman who was manager of the
Star Line then has since died and it was
only recently that it was discovered that a
portion of the political picnic was not paid
for. The St. John committee had done its
part and the \$275 that they engaged to
pay had been handed over but it was dif-
ferent with the gentleman who came down
river. They had not paid for the use of the
steamers and now the steamship company
will understand just how difficult it is to
hold a political hill. It is only fair to say that
the Fredericton committee claims that the
late manager, Mr. Baird, told them that
they could consider the account settled
but it is hardly likely that he would charge
the St. John friends of Mr. Blair \$275 and
permit the contingent from the capital to
go free.

NO EFFORT TO SAVE HIM.

THAT IS THE SUMMING UP OF THE
CORONER'S JURY VERDICT.

At the Runciman Inquest, George Runci-
man Told a Fitting Tale of His Appeals to
the Deck Hands to Help His Brother—An
Action May be Brought.

The public seems to have reached the con-
clusion that the life of John Runciman was
thrown away and if proper precautions had
been taken and such assistance rendered by
the deck hands as was natural under the
circumstances the accident would not have
had a fatal result.

Progress did not have much opportu-
nity to write about the accident last week
but since then a coroners jury composed of
men of keen common sense has been inquir-
ing into the cause of the death of Mr.
Runciman and has reached a conclusion
such as might be expected.

It is a pretty hard matter to place the
blame on any one man though of course
the captain of the steamer is responsible
for what is done by those who are under
his orders.

Had such a casualty occurred in the states
Captain Starkey would have been placed
under arrest as soon as the steamer reached
the wharf but Canadian laws are slower in
this respect than those of the republic. The
conductor and motorman of a street car
who makes such a mistake in Boston, New
York, or any large American city, knows
that the policeman who arrives on the scene
first will have him in charge. Nothing of
this sort, of course, has been done in this
case, but the fact remains that a valuable
life has been lost and while it was no doubt
the fault of somebody the coroner's jury
has not placed the responsibility upon any-
body.

Mr. Simpson was the man who
made such a desperate effort to save
Runciman. It seems that the two men
were only acquaintances of a few hours yet
that did not prevent the visiting American
from diving and swimming after Runci-
man and holding him above water until he
himself was so near exhausted that he was
unable to keep afloat any longer himself.
The effort was heroic and worthy of recog-
nition. He was one of the first witnesses
at the inquest and told his story in a
straightforward manner. There was no self
glorification in it but he showed
beyond a doubt that the deck
hands on the Victoria were not
the right kind of men to have the care of
the lives of the people who are daily in
their charge. His evidence showed that
they were careless to a great degree and
did not use the facilities they had at hand
to save the man who was struggling in the
water. There wasn't a life buoy thrown,
nor one of the hundreds of life preservers
within reach of their hands, not a plank,
not a rope—in fact nothing was done ex-
cept to lower a boat and rescue the man
who had jumped from his own boat to try
and save Runciman's life.

George Runciman who was also in the
small boat and was being brought to St.
John by his brother returned to the in-
quest though in no condition to do so and
the story he told was certainly pathetic.
After stating that it was on account of his
poor health that his brother went for him
he said that when they started from the
shore they were in Mrs. Stocker's boat. "I
was seated in the stern of the boat. Mr.
Simpson had the forward oar and my
brother the after oar. While rowing down
to the steamer I put my hand to the side
of my mouth and called out, "Victoria
Ahoj," and also waved an umbrella over
my head to attract attention. I heard
some one in the stern call to us. Are you
coming aboard? or words to that effect.
I answered, "Yes." As we drew near to
the steamer I heard some of the
deckhands who were near the steps call to
us to hurry up. I also heard the remark,
"We can't spend the afternoon waiting for
you." When the boat got alongside of the
steamer it seemed to be a little behind
the steps. The boat was pulled up along-
side the steps. I could not swear in what
manner it was pulled. I arose from my
seat, picked up a valise which was along-
side of me and boarded the steamer, being
assisted up the steps. When I got to the
deck I walked a short distance aft and
laid down my valise. I then came back
toward the steps to watch my brother getting
on board. The first I saw of him he
seemed to have lost his hold of something
connected with the steamer and was falling
into the water. I called to some of the
deck hands, "My God, if any of you can
swim try to save him for he can't swim a

stroke." Nothing was done. I walked aft
watching him at the time to where I noticed
a coil of rope lying on the deck. I tried
to get enough of the rope slack to throw to
my brother but was either too dazed or the
rope was fastened in some way that I
could not get enough of it loose. At this
time, to the best of my knowledge, he
would be about 15 or 16 feet from the
steamer. I was not assisted in any way
with the rope. As he floated or
drifted with the backwash, I noticed
Mr. Simpson rowing with one oar after
him; it was on the thole pins. When he
got to within six feet of my brother he
stood up in the boat, took off his coat and
dove over the side of the boat after him.
He brought him to the surface and brought
him towards the steamer. Suddenly I
noticed my brother had disappeared. The
next I remember was Mr. Simpson being
hauled into the boat, which had been
lowered from the steamer. When he got
on the steamer he came to me and said,
"It is all right, George; we reached
him." I had an idea, however, that my
brother was drowned. Mr. Simpson then
walked aft, and I heard him asking to be
let off to go back. I was then assisted up
the saloon stairs by some ladies and taken
to a small room off the dining room. I
thought it was the steward's room. I was
in a condition then not to know very much
about what was going on.

To the coroner—in coming down on the
steamer, as near as I can remember, that
was about all the conversation that took
place. My eyes were riveted on my broth-
er. He was out of the boat when he was
hanging on to something connected with
the steamer. I did not notice the position
of the small boat. When I saw Simpson
attempting to row first he was about
10 feet from my brother. I swear posi-
tively that I did not call out good-bye. I
did not say it at any time afterwards. I
used no word to that effect. I had not
spoken at all. I knew it was my brother's
intention to board the boat. I had not
bid good-bye to Mr. Simpson at any time.
I may have forgotten it. I cannot say I
had forgotten it, but if I had, I would have
said "Good-bye, Mr. Simpson." I did
not consider the time had come to say
good-bye to Mr. Simpson.

Mr. Runciman did not speak of Mr.
Simpson's treatment on board the steamer
but it seems that no attention was paid him
and that in spite of his protests he was
taken to Manguerville instead of being put
ashore at Oromocto. This one circum-
stance is a strong reflection on the captain
who was an eye witness of the attempt he
made to save Runciman. It is no wonder
that the aged father accused him at the in-
quest of having killed his son. The
Americans on the river and in the city are
very indignant at the captain's treatment
of their countryman.

The coroner's jury did not bring in such
a verdict as the jury expected but they
placed the blame on the steamer asserting
in their belief that the engines were started
too soon and that insufficient effort was
made to save him. They went farther and
recommended greater care to be taken in
transferring passengers. They might have
brought out the fact strongly that there
are wharves all along the river which
have been placed there at great
expense for the use of the public
and the steamers and that there should
be some regulation compelling the boat
to stop at a wharf.

In the effort of recent years to make
time the steamboat people overlook the ne-
cessity of taking care of the lives of their pas-
sengers and the writer has again and again
observed narrow escapes while a boat is
alongside the steamer. Experienced boat-
men and careful deck hands on a calm day
will do all right but the inexperience of Mr.
Simpson and the negligence and haste of
the deck hands were not the proper safe
guards of the life of John Runciman.

It is said that his father proposes to enter
action against the steamship company.

A Man With Heavy Friends.

The death of Wesley Vanwart of
Fredericton, while a great shock to his
friends there, was none the less a sad
news to those who knew him in St. John
and other parts of the province. He was
a man who made friends wherever he
went and the honor the people of Frederic-
ton conferred upon him when they made
him their first citizen was properly bestow-
ed. He was a young man, not yet fifty
years of age, and yet in his short life he
had won the professional and political con-
fidence of many people and made more
friends than usually fall to the lot of one
man.

Deceived.

Adopting various imitative schemes of the "Actual" students, however, bear any real resemblance to the...

UE FREE.

University, St. John, N. B.

Thousands which have never been accurately accounted for. One of our agents who travelled through Brazil some time ago told me that he saw quite a number of the old high wheeled down there.

SPINY LOBSTERS.

Curious Creatures From the Waters of Bermuda.

The spiny lobsters at the Aquarium are a queer lot, with their curiously marked and light colored bodies and their remarkably long and tapering feelers, that are pretty thick at the base and that look and are carried like long attenuated fool's caps.

In their native waters they would scramble about and climb over the coral rocks in search of food. Here they try to scramble up the corners of the tank, and they succeed in climbing for a greater or less distance a rubber pipe that comes down one end of their tank.

While these two lobsters were thus engaged climbing the pipe there stood on the bottom of the tank at a little distance from the foot of it, a third lobster, that was apparently looking up to see how they were getting on.

It did not hurt him a bit; he had checked himself some as he came down and scrambled about more or less, and the water was buoyant. A moment later the other lobster, the one that had got higher still, came tumbling down in like manner and with equal scrambling clumsiness, to all as the first had done in the same bungling way across that end of the rubber pipe.

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Advertisements under this heading not over 200 words. Five lines (about 25 words) cost 25 cents. Single insertion. 2 five cent extra for every additional line.

RESIDENCE at Robbsey for sale or rent for the summer months. The house is situated on a hill overlooking the sea and is within two minutes walk of the beach.

No Summer Vacation.

St. John's delicious summer weather and our superior swimming facilities make summer stay at St. John's as an ideal thing. To find these and other things for summer stay, write to THE ISAAC PITMAN GOSWELL CO.

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S. KERR & SON.

Music and The Drama

THESE AND UNDERSTONES.

An entertainment somewhat out of the ordinary will be given at the opera house the first three evenings of next week when the Cecilia Concert Company of Boston will make its appearance here for the first time.

The company has been touring Nova Scotia and meeting with excellent success. The latest news from the Musical Courier concerning Maurice Grau's next season of grand opera is that he has decided to give a preliminary season on Oct. 9 at New Haven, and visit such cities as Hartford, Springfield, Worcester, Providence, Montreal, Toronto, Buffalo, Detroit, Cleveland, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Chicago and Boston before the regular season in New York, which will be inaugurated on Dec. 18.

Opera will be given as heretofore in French, Italian and German. A novelty will be a complete cycle of Wagner's works in chronological order, beginning with "Rienzi" and ending with "Gotterdammerung." This will be followed by a short cycle of Mozart's works. One or two novelties, as well as some revivals, will also be introduced.

Randolph Aronson is abroad negotiating with Patti to revisit the country. She still has the project under consideration, and in the meantime Mr. Aronson has signed a contract with the Grenadier Guards band for a tour in the United States and Canada, beginning next January.

It is announced that Erva Klisaki, soprano, has been engaged to sing in "The Messiah" with the Boston Handel and Haydn society Dec. 31.

A musical festival will be held at Sheffield Eng., 11 to 13, with six concerts in three days. No special novelties are announced for the programmes, the principal works being "Messiah," Elgar's "King Orla," Saint Saens' "Samson et Delilah," Sullivan's "Golden Legend," Beethoven's Choral Symphony, Parry's "King Saul," Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" and a Wagner programme. The chief vocalists will be Mesdames Ella Russell, Ety, Beth Brena, Coombes and King; Messrs Lloyd, Ben Davies, Black, Green, Bispham and Knowles.

Anna Delany Martin is planning for a prosperous season. Her illustrated production of "Quo Vadis" is sure to be very popular and the merits of the picture drama "Prisoner of Zenda" are well known. Lecturers committees will find it to their advantage to have Miss Martin among their list of entertainers.

It is said that Calve has flatly refused to make the proposed trip with the Grau Opera company to San Francisco and in consequence Mr. Grau has abandoned the project altogether. He is arranging a Canadian tour, preliminary to his Chicago engagement, instead of the Pacific coast trip.

Americans are waiting to hear Macagn's hymn in honor of Admiral Dewey, which was performed at Pesaro last Sunday for the first time, before an audience of 2000 persons, and considered one of the finest hymns the composer has written.

Cuticura REMEDIES THE SET \$1.25

Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP, it cleans the skin, CUTICURA Ointment, to heal the skin and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, to cool the blood. It is often sufficient to cure the most itching, disfiguring skin, scalp, and blood humors, rashes, itching, and irritations, with loss of hair, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail.

the finest hymns the composer has written. George Henschel's opera "Nitha" has been accepted for performance at the Dresden Opera house.

Miss Ellen Beach Yaw, the young American soprano, who sings 'C' above the high 'C' has been engaged to sing in a new opera which Sir Arthur Sullivan is writing with special song to suit her phenomenal notes.

The Bayreuth festival ends Aug. 30 with 'Parsifal.' Mr. Henry Schoenfeld of Chicago, director of Maesselcher society, has won the price of \$100 offered by Henry Marteau for the best concert for violin and piano.

Mr. Martra will play the sonata during his coming tour in this country, but the copyright remains the composer's property. According to Peter Betts, the Kaiser's next attempt in matters musical will be an oratorio, of which however, he himself will only write (or compile) the text with certain indications concerning the music. The subject is a series of incidents in the life of our Saviour; the text is mainly taken from the German Bible, and the idea of the oratorio was conceived during the imperial visit to Palestine.

Sardon's "La Tosca" is to be sung in Rome in the autumn with Puccini's music. The libretto has been changed somewhat from the story made familiar by the late Fanny Davenport, Bernhart and others.

Darkest Russia under the management of E. C. Japan is the theatrical menu for Thursday Friday and Saturday of next week, with a Saturday matinee. There are twenty people in the company. Special attention is paid to the scenic effects. The play has a record of six years of popularity in the States. It is a strong Russian story and will be interpreted by an excellent cast including Herbert Fortier, Harry D. Byers, Katherine Willard, Kate Jepson and Alla Perry.

Peter Dunne (Mr. Dooley) is collaborating with Rudyard Kipling in writing a play. Carrie De Mar is visiting Nat Goodwin and his wife at their beautiful English place.

Edward E. Ross is superintending production for Charles Frohman in New York.

Cissy Lettice has been engaged as leading comedienne for next season by Weber and Fields.

Frederick Gust is engaged for the leading role in 'The Cherry Pickers' for next season.

Edwin H. Low is arranging to bring twenty-five English ballet girls to Boston for the Hanlon Brothers.

Alice Nielsen sailed from San Francisco Wednesday for the Sandwich Islands, where she will spend a month.

E. H. Sothorn and Virginia Harned, who have been in the south of France, sailed for New York.

George Richards and Eugene Canfield will open their next starring tour in "A Temperance Town," Sept. 16, in Maine.

The Boston Museum opens its doors Aug. 28 for Roland Reed's engagement in "His Father's Son," and a new play not yet announced.

David Belasco has secured American rights of a new play by Bertran, the author of "Zaza."

Clement Scott has been engaged by Joseph Gordon Bennett to come to America and act as dramatic critic of the New York Herald.

Robert H. Mendell is to have a new play next season entitled "The Dagger and the Cross" from the book of the same name by Joseph Hatton.

John Drew's company next season will be the smallest organization that has gone on tour with a first class star, in many a day. Haddon Chambers' "The Tyranny of Tears" contains only five characters.

Nat Goodwin has temporarily closed his season at the Duke of York's theatre, London, but it will be resumed on Sept. 2, to continue till Oct. 14.

George Lederer, who will control the Columbia theatre next season, will also have two theatres in New York, one in Chicago, interests in the production of the London playhouses, the Lyric, Garrick, Gaiety, Shubert and Prince of Wales, and the production of Alice Neilson's opera abroad.

Charles Wyndham said in his farewell speech at the Criterion theatre: "American companies in London have an unfair advantage, as their performances are published before they arrive here."

Louisa Hopper of the Australian 'Belle of New York' company, called from Melbourne Monday. Her success there has been so great that Australian managers have undertaken to make her stay, but she prefers America and can not be prevailed upon to give it up.

Trafalgar Institute.

(Affiliated to McGill University) SIMPSON STREET, MONTREAL.

For the Higher Education of YOUNG WOMEN

President: REV. JAS. PARCY, D. D. Vice-President: A. T. PIERRE, M. A. D. Principal: MISS GRACE FAIRLEY, M. A. EDUC. BUREAU.

The Institute will re-open on Tuesday, 12th, September, 1899.

For prospectus and other information apply to the Principal or to S. F. HEDGECOCK, Secy., 23 St. John St., Montreal.

she prefers America and can not be prevailed upon to give it up.

A story which they are telling in London at the expense of Mrs. James Brown Potter runs as follows: A Westerner at the recent Charing Cross bazaar brought the fair actress to make him a cocktail, in her capacity as barmaid at the American bar. She did so, making the decoction as is customary in England, with Scotch whiskey. As she handed it to the Westerner he inquired the price, 'Ten shillings,' said the fair barmaid, but, drawing it back and taking a sip herself, she added, 'Now it's a guinea.' 'All right,' said the Westerner, throwing down the money. 'I want a new cocktail and a clean glass.' It is not on record as to whether his request was complied with, but the story has gone the rounds of the London drawing rooms.

HOW TO GET ON THE STAGE.

Advice to a Young Woman of Theatrical Aspirations.

This is the season of the year which brings to New York the aspirants for dramatic honors. They are numerous now about the dramatic exchanges, 'rhemantage' offices, and seek out the haunts of actors from their boarding houses in town or in the suburban summer towns in which some of them sojourn. Few summer hotels or boarding houses near the city are without the young woman who is vaguely described as 'going to be an actress' or going on the stage.

This reputation is sustained by the frequent trips to town to see her managers, although this business is not the same dignified process of business that persons may understand from the hints let drop by the young woman of her mother. It is not an exact description of the situation to say that Mr. Frohman has sent for her or that Mr. Lederer wants her immediately. It would be nearer the facts to say that she had gone to the office of some manager to try by any means to get an interview with him or his agent or anybody else who might advance her a little toward her goal.

The disappointments that fall to the lot of the stage aspirant begin early in her career. She never realized how promptly they would come, however firmly she may have prepared herself to meet them. It is customary to cover up these from the knowledge of her friends by means of many little fictions. For getting on the stage now is not a very easy task. Even girls with money have found it difficult, and those with talent only have greater difficulties to overcome at the outset, although they are nearly certain to fare better in the end than the women who find their first step facilitated by the possession of capital.

Untried talent is not a quality that appeals very strongly to the manager. He finds it hard to share in the applicant's feeling that she is sure she could do it if she had the chance. The least qualified are just as certain of that as the most gifted. He has not the time, more over, to listen to her recitations or see her go through the action scene from 'Romeo and Juliet' or the sleep-walking scene from 'Macbeth.' The manager who gives all the applicants that appeal to him an opportunity to show that they think they can do would not have the time to attend to many other phases of his business. The most that he could do usually for the most highly recommended aspirant is to turn her over to his stage manager and then take that official's report of her powers.

Poland Water.

I have just received a barrel of POLAND WATER direct from the FOLAND SPRINGS and can supply same to my customers by the gallon.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN,

37 Charlotte Street. Telephone 86. Mail orders promptly filled. Have you tried my delicious Orange Flavour and Cream Soda?

It takes influence for a girl to get even that near to the goal of her ambitions. Even strong letters to managers are rarely capable of accomplishing more for the untried beginner. Most of the young women who come to New York every summer from the North, East, South and West to put their claims before the managers here come provided with letters of introduction or some recommendation or else try to get some after they arrive here. The value of these may not be great, but they at least enable some of their possessors to get beyond the doors of the manager's offices, even if they are powerless to do more for them. That is a step forward in the difficult task of besieging a manager.

'One class of stage-struck girls, for I suppose she is an example of that kind,' he said, 'might be as well excluded, for there is really no possibility of their getting along unless they possess very remarkable talents. I mean those who want to begin, as the expression used to be when they were most frequent, at the top of the ladder. That kind has very much diminished in number and never could get along without money. After Mary Anderson's success without preliminary training and experiences they grow very numerous, and within the past few seasons we have seen several instances of this ambition here in New York. They feel that they could act Juliet, Camille or Lady Macbeth well enough to make them stars in those parts at the outset. They persuaded their friends or their family, took a course of lesson in elocution and acting and were then prepared for a debut. Usually they made it in their native towns, were highly praised by the local critics, and then thought they needed only to go to New York to demonstrate their talents to the metropolis. But they found managers shy even when they brought press notices proclaiming their genius and imitations that they were the only successors to Mary Anderson. Managers who were impressed offered them only unimportant roles, and some times committed the sacrilege of asking them to join in the chorus.

'There was only one way to meet such a lack of appreciation, and those who could afford it promptly adopted this expensive method. They hired a theatre and acted Juliet, Camille, or Lady Macbeth, as the case might be, with audiences that rarely ever included a manager from the number they were trying to convince that were really intended to be great actresses. I can recall half a dozen women who have done this, but could not tell you today where one of them is. They had the satisfaction of exhibiting their talents and then dropping into obscurity. I have in mind now the cases of four women who engaged Broadway and actors to show them selves as Pauline, Lady Macbeth, Portia and Camille. None of them, of course, was equal to making a great impression in these parts, though all of them showed some talent, which admiring friends and relatives might have mistaken for genius. Every one of these misguided young women spent from \$2,000 to \$3,000 for her experiences, yet I have only heard of one of them since. She is acting in a small Shakespearean company that travels through the West, and might have done as well as that without wasting her money. Her New York matinee did her no good whatever. Any manager not interested in making some profit out of the experience could have told her so before she spent the money. That sort of an attempt to get on the stage will do nobody good unless she have the genius of a Bernhardt or a Duse.

'The theatrical agencies play a smaller part than formerly in getting engagements for actors, although some managers secure artists by means of them, especially for the stock companies. An inexperienced girl, if she has beauty, may be able to find a modest place in a company, although it is not always possible for her to do that unless she can make the engagement profitable to the agents. Some of these are women now days, and all of them are most interested in placing an actress where they are to make something more than the usual fee out of it. That is where having some money helps the beginner. She would probably receive no salary for the first year.



His babyship

will be wonderfully freshened up, and his whole little fat body will shine with health and cleanliness after his tub with the "Albert"

Baby's Own Soap.

This soap is made entirely with vegetable fats, has a faint but exquisite fragrance, and is unsurpassed as a nursery and toilet soap.

Beware of Imitations. ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs. MONTREAL.

'This engagement would not be likely to prove of much advantage beyond the experience it gives, and the removal of the aspirant out of the merely amateur rank. For the whole season and would have one small part to play and New York would never have an opportunity to hear her deliver the few lines that fell to her. They would be wasted on provincial air of very small towns and her name would be known to managers at the close of her first season as if it had been the outset. If she had some considerable sum of money, it is possible that she might find a manager in need of such assistance who would put her into a part that gave her greater opportunity. But such cases are rare in first-class theatres.

'I never knew of a successful actress who got a start in New York in this way. It would be possible only in the travelling companies and would do little more than the unimportant parts to bring her to the attention of the large cities. Much, in a case like this, would depend on the personal qualities of the aspirant. If she really possessed beauty and talent she could not be kept down. But this would happen however she began. The possession of money to a beginner is valuable chiefly because it enables her to pay agents to look out for her chance for her, to act for a while without compensation and to dress herself in a way to attract attention if her part requires it. Such a thing as buying a start that counts for anything is out of the question now, if it was ever possible.

'Beauty is of more value to the beginner than money. No New York manager of a first class theatre would ever put an actress or one who wanted to be an actress in an important part merely because she played without compensation or because she paid him for it. The risk is too great for him to run any such chances. Managers of unimportant productions may do this, and the value of getting before the public in these days of overcrowding in the profession is not to be overlooked. But the beginner who in this way undertakes more than she can do is likely to waste her money as much as the one who hires a Broadway theatre and acts Shakespeare. Like the misguided one, there is a chance she may possess great talent and suddenly attract the attention of the public. But such cases are too rarely heard of to make it worth while to consider it.

The ways of getting on the stage seemed to be decreasing so rapidly that the reporter interrupted to discover one that should be followed and not avoided. He reminded the manager that and the destructive method of discussion he had been following gave place to something more definite.

'I'll take the case of a young woman with good looks and talent,' he said, 'and tell you what I should have her do if I were interested in her welfare. If she had not beauty I should advise her to keep off the stage, unless she had genius. If she was inclined to be short and dumpy, commonplace looking and flashy, I should tell her not to attempt to become an actress any more than a tight-rope walker. But if she had beauty and talent combined I would tell her to get an introduction to a manager if possible and offer to undertake whatever he had for her to do in his company. She should have to rid her mind of beginning anywhere except at the bottom. It is told her he would pay her \$5 a week to stand around in a ballroom some, I would tell her to do it unless some other manager gave her a better opportunity.

Mr. Charles Young is busy preparing the stage presentation of 'Ben Hur' for next season. The chariot race is to be shown spectacularly. Neither Christ or the crucifixion will be introduced.

SPECIALTIES FOR Ladies' and Gentleman.

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Agents in the city can have extra copies sent them if they telephone the office before six p. m.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUG. 5

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

THE CZAR.

She present Czar of Russia, even if he be as alleged by his detractors, deficient in the art of statecraft as understood in the Empire of the north, and the unfortunate possessor of a sensitive nature too prone to humane impulses to permit of him proving a successful autocrat, has during his brief reign shown qualities which give him a unique distinction among Russian sovereigns.

The Cleveland strike is a disturbance of more than customary importance, and its long continuance in the riotous stage is ominous of a sullen battle. Better order is preserved now than earlier, but several cars have been wrecked by explosives.

A good many months have passed since the battle off Cavite when the region about Manila became practically subject to American rule, and for almost a year the entire Philippine archipelago has been United States territory under terms of its treaty with Spain.

It is which were native possessions when hostilities began, but they hardly constitute a sufficient price for half a year of taxation. Progress has not been in equal ratio to endeavor. Campaigning has been constant and aggressive, but the reward of victory is small.

The peace conference at The Hague has adjourned with none of its important projects accomplished. On all proposals which materially alter the art of warfare some nations were found to differ from the majority, and this was enough to defeat the articles of agreement.

The latest phase of the ever-shifting DREYFUS affair is the forced retirement of several prominent and popular French generals by order of Minister GALLIFRET.

Following upon the very mysterious disappearance of James Patison of the opera house staff, is that of Mrs. Gilberry who a few days ago left her home to carry her husband's dinner to him and has disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed her.

This week's New York Dramatic Mirror says Edwina Gray the popular actress, may possibly play Hamlet the coming season.

Broadly speaking, a business education is one that educates for business. Few people realize the amount of special training that is requisite to equip a young man or woman for entrance into business life.

YERRES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

The cry of the Little Peoples.

The cry of the little peoples went up to God in The Church and the Bible, and the Flag, and the We sat but a little portion of the green and ancient earth.

Only one and the same and rest in the land of our birth. We ask not cooling stations, nor ports in the China We leave to the big child nations such rivalries as these.

And when shall you gain if you take us and bind us and beat us with whips. And when shall you gain if you take us and bind us and beat us with whips.

What the trumpet is to tell de Lawd? When de trumpet is to tell de Lawd? When de trumpet is to tell de Lawd?

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER. ABSOLUTELY PURE. Makes the food more delicious and wholesome.

FROM HER HOME IN CANADA.

Actress Rose Coghlan Tells why she Liked Penobscot Salmon.

Here is a good story of Rose Coghlan the actress, who won much fame, if not a great deal of money as the Sporting Doves and as Lady Jane McClintock in the White Heather.

Miss Coghlan (who, off the stage is Mrs. E. P. Sullivan) seated herself for dinner the other day and ordered, among other things Penobscot river salmon with the accent on the Penobscot.

"Are you sure that this is Penobscot river salmon?" "Quite sure, ma'am," responded the waiter.

"I am always particular," continued the actress, "to have Penobscot river salmon because it comes; you know, from my old home in Canada."

"Why the Penobscot river isn't in Canada—it's in Maine," ventured the waiter, who is no ignoramus.

The eyes of lady Janet McClintock flashed angrily, and she proceeded to inform the waiter that she guessed she knew where the Penobscot river, with its wealth of big, pink salmon, was, and then and there ensued a lively little tilt between the two, which was finally settled by the persistent waiter flogging an atlas and proving to the stage star that the Penobscot wasn't in that Canada of hers.

After that, it is related, the actress relapsed into drowsy gloom, and finished her dinner in unbecomingly haste.

But, now that we think of it, although the actress was away off in her geography the salmon served to her might have come from her beloved Canada after all. When it comes to salmon in Boston hotels

there isn't much in a name. The above story may be correct, but the Bangor News should be aware that Rose Coghlan is Mrs. John T. not Mrs. E. P. Sullivan, as they state.

The base ball man of the Sun was very critical in his report of the Boston collegians and Alert game on Thursday. He may be a capital scorer but when he writes about a pitcher "losing the key to his stints" and thus "giving seven men chances for first" the reader is apt to get bewildered.

The Collegians are good ball players and considering the fact that they played their first game together on Thursday after arriving on the steamer that morning and that the trip is more for pleasure than business they did wonderfully well. Some brilliant plays were made and some wretched errors but the score was not as large as some that have been made of late. The crowd was in good humor and gave the visitors plenty of applause and a great reception. After the game the collegians were entertained by their friends in different ways.

There are some big policemen on the St. John force but the Boston sergeant, Mr. Phessanton, who made a trip here with his wife and child this week can look over the heads of any of them and have several inches to spare. He is a giant in stature, and splendidly built. He made many friends here and will return with pleasant recollections of St. John people.

Any person sending a new subscription to this office with \$4.00 inclosed can obtain Progress for one year, and the Cosmopolitan, McClure and Munsey magazines for the same period with only one condition—all of them must be sent to the same address.

THE FIREMANS SECRET OR A FATHERS MISTAKE.

"D'ye think I'm goin' to die, sir? I feel as there ain't much hope, sir. The fire must have burnt the rope, sir. Well, you know in the Brigade, sir. We're never star'd of death."

"It's a longish story, doctor, but I'll tell it to you, sir; And then perhaps you'll see my Nellie, and will tell the same to her, and since my wife's been dead, she used to work in a factory. To help earn her daily bread, and as soon as her work was over she'd hurry home to tea, and I always be ready and waitin' with a smile to welcome her, but I soon began to notice, that she came home rather late, and when she was questioned about it, seemed in kind of a hurried state, looking quite flushed and contented like, which wasn't her usual way, stammered the factory'd been busy, and behind she'd had to stay, but, one night, the truth I discovered, I'd been seen coming out to a friend's, and when I returned to my supper, I looked somewhat in a muddle, for there in our best front parlor, I talked to my innocent Nell, who was a perfect stranger to me, a regular London swell, I looked at 'em for a minute, then Nell, with a smile sort to glad, turned towards her companion, said—'This is my darling old dad! I guessed it all of a sudden, and I looked at him with a start, this handsome young fellow before me, had at least my poor pale heart, I didn't say much to her then, sir, but when she came home next night, I just spoke to her about it, saying she'd seen right, that a gentleman such as he was, should go outside my poor girl, I told her he'd only deceived her, this smiling smooth-tongued swell, she seemed sort to quite 'out up' like, when I told what I thought, and vowed that love was a true one, for gold she could not be bought, but I question her kind of 'right, sir, and said I'd be with her next week, I would 'at own her as my daughter, she need 'at own there ag'in, well, 'twas one night rather late—sir, I'd just come home from my work, when I saw a note on the table, and I picked it up, with a jerk, for I knew 'twas my own hand written, so I took it up and read, she'd run away with her sweetheart, that's what the letter said, and one day I met Jim Mason, a chap who'd been sweet on my gal, 'twas said that one night he'd seen her, looking ragged and sad to see, and her lover now had left her,

Blinded with smoke and near choking, I made for the half-open door, why then lay my poor girl's betrayer, stretched out—overcome—on the floor, the man who had ruined my daughter, and left her—sir Jim Mason said—To follow a life even worse, than the one to which she'd been led, these thoughts flashed o'er me as I stand there, the name rising higher and higher, then, I—may the Lord in His mercy forgive me, I felt the flames scorching breath, I cared not for life nor death, blinded with smoke and near choking, I made for the half-open door, why then lay my poor girl's betrayer, stretched out—overcome—on the floor, the man who had ruined my daughter, and left her—sir Jim Mason said—To follow a life even worse, than the one to which she'd been led, these thoughts flashed o'er me as I stand there, the name rising higher and higher, then, I—may the Lord in His mercy forgive me, I felt the flames scorching breath, I cared not for life nor death, blinded with smoke and near choking, I made for 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HALIFAX NOTES.



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Processes for sale in Halifax by the publishers... News of the death of Rev. F. M. Morrison, caused much regret in Dartmouth, where he had a number of relatives and very many friends.

Supervisor McKay is at Campbell attending the Summer School of Science. Miss Annie Aimes is visiting her brother Ingles Austin at Bridgewater.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hopson and Miss Eddook, of Boston are the guests of C. H. Hopson Quarrell street.

R. L. Thorne and son Edward left on Saturday for Montreal where they will spend a few days. Mrs. James Glanville has gone to London, Ont.

Mr. and Mrs. Robertson of the experimental farm Nappan, Mrs. Hopkinson and Mr. and Mrs. R. Coates drove down on Saturday to spend Sunday at Broderick's.

Dr. and Mrs. Cove, Amherst, have lately been guests of Dr. and Mrs. Hayes. Mrs. Cooke and her daughters have returned from a visit to friends at Dorchester.

Mr. Hamilton and Miss Hamilton, St. John, spent Sunday at the Grand Central. Mrs. St. George who has been for several weeks the guest of her uncle and aunt has returned to Kildale.

Miss Agnes McCabe is at home from Maudie for a visit. Mrs. Hall and Master Willie who were away at the Evangeline returned home to Springhill on Tuesday.

Mrs. Wayland, New York, and Mr. J. Duran, Boston are paying a visit to her parents at Riverside. Mrs. Mosher and two little daughters, Windsor, who have been for two weeks at Hotel Alpha took their departure today.

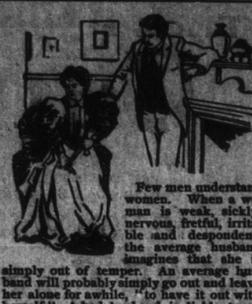
Miss Lillian Woodson is attending the summer school of science at Campbellton. Misses Laura and Lizzie Mills have made a little tour to Pittsburg, Maine to see friends.

Miss F. Leitch is spending a portion of her holidays at Amherst. Mrs. Timmerman and little son have returned to Springhill on Tuesday.

Mrs. Cecil Townsend is back from a two weeks stay at Amherst. Mrs. Donald Archibald and Miss Mary Archibald are guests of Mr. M. L. Tucker.

Mr. Ingles Bent and Mr. A. A. Parker, Amherst, have been in town recently. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Jenks, Amherst, were in town over Sunday.

Mr. Charles Oates and Mrs. Cummings, of Malton who have been spending their vacation in Shelburne returned home on Tuesday. Mr. Walter Estabrook launched a dandy little pleasure boat on Saturday for D. B. Frost of the Atlantic House.



Few men understand.

Few men understand women. When a woman is weak, sickly, nervous, fretful, irritable and despondent, the average husband simply goes out and leaves her alone for awhile. To have it out with her is to have it out with herself.

A woman in this condition is suffering from weakness and disease of the delicate and important organs connected with the blood and motherhood. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes these organs strong and well.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, a 100-page home doctor-book, paper-covered, sent for 31 one-cent stamps, to cover customs and mailing only, or French cloth binding 50 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Mrs. Judson gave a pleasant party on Monday to the young folk in honor of her little sister Marjorie's birthday. Mrs. Slavens who has been spending a few weeks in town left for Yarmouth on Tuesday.

Mrs. Joe Boyde of Yarmouth is a guest of Mrs. James Moore. Miss Hall and Miss Estelle Hall of Gloucester Mass is visiting Miss Abbie King. Chas.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark and daughter, Miss Florence who have been here some weeks the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Tibbitts have returned to their home in Philadelphia. Mr. Geo. F. Beverley of St. John paid a short visit to the capital this week.

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FREDERICTON.

Processes for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Frosty and J. H. Hawthorne. Mrs. T. B. Winslow and Mrs. F. St. John Bitts have returned from their summer trip to Knappton.

Miss Ryan, sister of Rev. Dr. Evans of Knappton is on a visit to Fredericton friends. Miss Noe Clarke and Miss Florence Mitchell of St. Stephen came up by boat from the Codrue and stayed over Sunday with friends here.

Miss Mark of Moncton, is the guest of Miss Nicholson. Mr. and Mrs. McKinley have gone to Hampton on a vacation to Mrs. McKinley's mother Mrs. Flowering.

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Mrs. J. J. Fraser of "Farraline place" is enjoying the cooling breezes of St. Andrews. Mrs. Geo. Y. Dibbitts has returned from her visit to Woodstock.

Miss Ombstead and Miss McLellan of Boston are among the visitors who are enjoying the charming scenery in and about Fredericton. Miss Jeannette Beverly has been spending a few days at "Fairview" the guest of Miss Balfour.

Miss Gretchen Fair intends to leave in a few days for her father's home in Nelson, N. C. Mr. and Mrs. McLaggan of Melrose are guests at "The Queen".

Mrs. Maggie Dever is chairwoman for the picnic party which went down river today. Dr. W. F. Gancey, of Smith's College, Mass., and Miss Ganson who have been the guests of Rev. Canon Roberts at the rectory left today for St. Stephen.

The Misses Tippett have been spending a few days with Mrs. Balloch at Kingscliff. The Misses Porter are visiting friends in Woodstock. Miss Alice Wetmore of Boston, is visiting her grandfather, Rev. J. T. Parsons, at Marysville.

Mrs. White of St. John is here with her children visiting her mother Mrs. Musick. Mrs. Fletcher of Boston, who has been here visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lochart returned home today.

Mrs. John T. Gibson, Mrs. B. J. Dowling and little daughter Grace and Mrs. Ernest Tapley of Marysville had a charming visit at the seashore last week. Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Gibson and family and Mr. Harry Gibson and Miss Wetmore spent Sunday at Lincoln.

The visitors in Marysville the past week are Mrs. Dowling and little daughter guests of Mrs. Tapley, Miss Beckwith and Miss Rowley's Mrs. and Miss Cora Reid at Major Gibson.

Mrs. John T. Gibson gave a charming tea Wednesday in honor of Mrs. B. J. Dowling. Mrs. M. F. and Mrs. D. F. Reid gave a most delightful and original party on Tuesday of last week, the guests numbering over fifty were entertained with music, cards etc., a floral love treat, by which name the party went, the prize was captured by Miss Clayton.

Mrs. Alex. Gibson also had a pleasant party on Wednesday evening. Mrs. W. Y. Day entertained a happy party of ladies at afternoon tea and a veranda party in the evening for Mrs. Dowling on Friday.

Mrs. Wm. Dunbar, was one of the entertainers of the week and on Thursday last had a large picnic at Pine grove, Nashwaak. The party going up in buses. Mrs. Thos. Bulloch of St. John paid a brief visit to the city this week and was the guest of her mother Mrs. Enoch Chestnut.

Mrs. I. C. Sharp of Montreal is spending this week in Marysville the guest of her friend Mrs. James Gibson. Mr. Fred Smith has returned to his home in New York after a pleasant visit with friends here.

Miss Foster of the Victoria hospital staff has returned from a long visit to her home in St. John. Mrs. T. G. Hoag leaves tomorrow for Montreal where she will visit friends for a few weeks.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

In many cases this disease is arrested and in ALL the healing, soothing properties of Puttner's Emulsion give great relief and comfort to the sufferers. Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists.

Dunn's Ham, Dunn's Bacon. Just received—Dunn's Ham, Bacon, Canned Ham, Canned Bacon, Devilled Ham, Pickled Eggs Foot and Spare Ribs, Fresh every day, Sausage, Bologna and Henery Eggs, Lard in cakes and Tins.

R. F. J. PARKIN, 107 Union Street.

BOURBON. ON HAND 75 Bbls. Aged Balls of Anderson Co., Kentucky.

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

J. D. TURNER. Contains the most potent curative...

Cheap Rates to Montreal. Just one cent invested in a Post Card and directed to G. A. Holland & Son, Montreal, will bring you a neat sample book of their magnificent line of Wallpapers.

Wallpapers. by return mail—free of charge—with special discount rates. Japanese Wallpapers, Scotch Wallpapers, American Wallpapers, French Wallpapers, Canadian Wallpapers.

THE POST CARD. In writing your card mention List price Colors wanted Shows to be papered Size of Room.

G. A. HOLLAND & SON. Established 18 Years. Canada's Great Wallpaper Store 2411 ST. CATHERINE ST. MONTREAL.

TRURO. Processes for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fulton, M. O'Brien, Crowe Bros. and at D. C. Smith & Co's.

SEBURN. Processes for sale in Seburn by Mr. G. O. Fulton, M. O'Brien, Crowe Bros. and at D. C. Smith & Co's.

SHELBURNE. Mrs. (John A. McGowan returned on Friday from a visit to Fortland, Maine. Miss McDonald of Guyboro is visiting her sister Mrs. John Hood.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Fulton spent a day or two in Halifax this week. Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Hudson, Fictou, are guests at the former sister, Mrs. Johnson, Fictou.

MAYPOLE SOAP DYES AND IT WASHES TOO! A woman's best friend is the Home dye that yields absolutely satisfactory results every single time—Maypole Soap.

FRINGS OF VALUE. Ten cents' worth of coarse salt scattered on the floor of rooms, stairs and halls on cleaning days will absorb the dust of the sweeping, freshen the colors in the carpet and materially aid in the cleaning process.

How to Clean the Stoves—Furnace's Vegetable Pills are the result of scientific study of the most approved of certain roots and herbs used in the digestive organs.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1899. GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S "THE ROUGH RIDERS" (Illustrated serial), and all his other war writings.

ROBERT LEWIS STEPHENSON'S "LETTERS" (new & before published), edited by GEORGE COOPER.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS: Stories and special articles.

GEORGE W. CABLE'S NEW SERIAL "The Heroic" (Illustrated by HARRIS).

SENATOR HOAR'S (Illustrated).

MRS. JOHN DREW'S Stage Reminiscences—Illustrated.

JUEL CHANDLER HARRIS'S new collection of stories, "The Chronicles of Aunt Misery Ann."

Q'S SHORT SERIAL, "A Ship of Fate."

ROBERT GRANT'S Search-Light Letters—Common-sense essays.

SIDNEY LANIER'S Musical Impressions.

C. D. GIBSON'S The Seven Ages of American Women—and other notable Art Features by other artists.

THE FULL ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS, INCLUDING DESCRIPTIONS OF THE ABOVE, SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.

THE MAGAZINE IS \$3.00 A YEAR; 25c. A NUMBER. SCRIBNER'S SONS, 150 - 157 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

CONSUMPTION CURED. In many cases this disease is arrested and in ALL the healing, soothing properties of Puttner's Emulsion give great relief and comfort to the sufferers.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists.

Dunn's Ham, Dunn's Bacon. Just received—Dunn's Ham, Bacon, Canned Ham, Canned Bacon, Devilled Ham, Pickled Eggs Foot and Spare Ribs, Fresh every day, Sausage, Bologna and Henery Eggs, Lard in cakes and Tins.

R. F. J. PARKIN, 107 Union Street.

BL... Contains the most potent curative...

DR... Contains the most potent curative...

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1899

Governor Roosevelt's "The Rough Riders" (Illustrated), and all his other war writings. ROBERT LEWIS STEPHENSON'S "LETTERS" (new & before published), edited by Francis Cowley. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS: Stories and special articles. RUDYARD KIPLING-HENRY VAN DYKE-WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE and many others: Short stories. GEORGE W. CABLE'S NEW SERIAL "The Story of New Orleans," "The Statesman's Tale." SENATOR HOAR'S "Reminiscences" illustrated. MRS. JOHN DREW'S "Stage Reminiscences" illustrated. JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS'S new collection of stories, "The Chronicle of Aunt Mervy Ann." Q'S SHORT SERIAL, "A Ship of Officers." ROBERT GRANT'S "Search-Light Letters" - Common-sense essays. SIDNEY LANIER'S Musical Impressions. C. D. GIBSON'S "The Seven Ages of American Women" and other notable Art Features by other artists.

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A Woman's glory is her hair.

Nothing will keep both scalp and hair in as good condition and thus promote a healthy growth of hair, as the free use of

TARINA

The Ladies Hair Soap. It cleanses, prevents dandruff, always scalp irritation and leaves the hair glossy and sweet. Tarina is the best preventative of the evil effects of perspiration. Sold in tin lined box 25c.

If your druggist has not got it, we will send it post paid on receipt of price.

ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO. P. O. Box 2410. MONREAL. MAKERS OF THE CELEBRATED BABY'S OWN SOAP.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book-store of G. S. White, E. J. Anderson and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at U. F. Trust's.]

Adv. 2.—Conductor Jerry Blok of the C. P. R., accompanied by Mrs. Blok and Miss May E. Blok is spending his vacation with friends in Boletown.

John M. Stevens is in town this week.

Mrs. Archibald MacNeil spends the month of August with her sister, Mrs. Talbot.

Mrs. J. D. Lawson and her children returned this week from Oak Bay after a pleasant outing of a week at Orchard Cliff.

Miss Abbie Smith is going to Newton Mass. to visit Miss Clara Frost.

Mrs. E. S. Main is visiting friends on McIntosh's Island, St. Andrews.

By invitation of Miss Alice Crilly the class of '98 of the St. Stephen high school enjoyed a very pleasant and profitable trip to the home on Union street on Friday evening last.

Mrs. Frederick Clayton of Baltimore is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Henry D. Pike.

Harvey Smith of St. John is in town this week.

The Misses Emery of Cambridge, Mass., who are spending the summer in St. Andrews, were in town during the past week and were guests of Mrs. C. N. Vroom.

Mrs. W. L. Eaton and Mrs. Frank Foster Wood gave a delightful picnic at the stone house at the Lodge below Calais on Friday afternoon of last week.

Dr. Knight of Boston is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Storey, Prince William street.

Mrs. Helen Kelly of Boston is spending several weeks in Calais and is residing with Mrs. Ernest Haycock.

L. Wedworth Harris has gone to San Diego.

Miss Gretchen Vroom, Miss Helena Gillespie and Miss J. A. Hill have returned from a delightful visit to Campbell.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Robinson and family are occupying their summer cottage. Edgar M. Robinson, who arrived home on Friday, is also with them this week.

Mrs. F. W. Whidden of Worcester, Mass., is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Alphonso Eaton.

Miss Rebecca Moore is the guest of Mrs. Joseph Rockwood.

Mrs. Henry F. Todd is visiting St. Andrews.

Mrs. C. F. Beard and Miss Berta Smith are spending a week in St. Andrews.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Latta have gone to New York and other cities to visit for a time.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Colby have gone to Portland for a short trip.

Frank F. Lane of Boston has recently been a guest of Todd Marcell.

Miss Bertha Todd arrived home from Deer Island on Saturday.

Mrs. A. B. Reilly and Mrs. Fred T. Waite gave a backwash party on Monday to Orchard Cliff, Oak Bay, where a dainty luncheon was served at two o'clock. About forty ladies were guests and the affair was most delightful.

Mrs. W. T. Rose has been spending a few days in St. Andrews.

Mrs. Helen Grimmes is in St. John under a physical cure for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Watts of Woodstock were in Calais a few days ago for a brief visit.

Rev. O. S. Howland and family, who are at Oak Bay during this month, came to town on Friday for a brief visit.

Miss Chase of Providence, R. I., is the guest of Miss Louise Marcell.

Miss Beattie Downing is visiting Calais.

Frank Cummings, Miss Lena Rankin, Miss Mabel Coffey and Miss Eva Franklin of Deer Island were in town on Saturday.

Mrs. H. S. Keith and Miss Alice Jackson of Boston returned on Thursday from Fallbrook after a delightful visit of two weeks with Mrs. Keith's relatives and friends.

Mrs. George Smith of Fregus Isle, was in town on Friday last en route from St. Andrews.

Miss Ida Campbell arrived from Chatham Mass. on Thursday and is visiting Marshall Campbell.

Clarence Sullivan who has been visiting his brother F. O. Sullivan returned to his home in Bradford Mass. yesterday.

Conductor W. B. Stevens has been ill with an abscess which formed in his throat, but is rapidly recovering.

Rev. E. M. Dill, B. D. recently of Union cemetery yesterday at St. Andrew's church. At the evening service Miss Taylor of St. Stephen sang the Psalm of Peace. Miss Taylor is possessed of a pure, rich contralto voice.

Mrs. Geo. W. Foster and Miss Emma Robinson of Marville have been visiting at Conductor Bridges' on Union street.

Miss Addie Calder of Fairhaven was in town on Saturday en route to Canterbury station where she will spend the remainder of her vacation.

Philip Toller of the North America bank note company of Ottawa is the guest of J. D. Chipman.

Miss O. S. Howland left on Tuesday for Hampton to accompany her daughter, Edith and Florence home.

Miss Nellie Stuart of St. Andrews has been the guest recently of Mrs. Waterbury.

A Cameron has been visiting St. John this week.

E. G. Vroom was in St. Andrews on a business trip on Saturday.

Mrs. Walter Swift and her children are visiting Mrs. John Keating.

Mr. and Mrs. Mealy, who were guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Prescott, have returned to their home in Minneapolis.

Miss Mrs. McCook recently sang at a concert given in Ottawa city, Mass.

Mrs. Percy Gillmer has been spending a few days in St. Andrews.

Miss Sarah Farrington has returned from Fredericton. She was accompanied by Miss Francis Fowler, who will spend a few weeks in Calais.

Mr. Spooner of Elymouth, Mass., has arrived to pay his annual visit among friends in Calais.

Miss Snow of Machias is the guest of her sister, Mrs. F. T. Fote.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Kirstead and family are occupying a part of the Thos. Robertson cottage at the Lodge.

Miss Kate Stevens has returned from a visit to Edmundston.

Miss Edna Webber has been spending her vacation in St. Andrews.

Miss Ethel Waterbury is in St. Andrews, the guest of Mrs. G. D. Grimmer.

Miss Tuck of St. John is visiting friends in Calais.

Ward of Showegan is visiting Mrs. Frank T. Ross.

Mrs. City Sharpe of St. John made Miss Winter McAllister a brief visit during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gillespie, Miss Gertrude Webber and Miss Mabel Alger, who have occupied the Featherby cottage at St. Andrews, arrived home on Monday.

Arthur Chipman who has been enjoying a canoe trip down the St. John river, is again at home.

Mrs. W. H. Couillard has returned from a pleasant visit to Lunenburg.

Miss Rose Brittain has returned from a pleasant trip to Deer Island and will spend the rest of her vacation with friends in Woodstock and vicinity.

Mrs. Arthur McKill and Mrs. Arthur Moran with their children, left on Wednesday for Wainwright, Man., where their husbands have found employment and where they expect in the future to rest.

Miss Beattie Myhrall of Portland, Maine, is visiting relatives on the St. Croix.

Mrs. E. M. Balkan is visiting friends in Campbell, Maine.

His Honor, lieutenant governor McLellan, Mrs. McLellan, Hon. E. R. Emerson, Mrs. Emma Pearson, Dorchester, Clifford Robinson, M. P. P., Mr. Robinson, Moncton R. R. Rankine, A. D. C. St. John, and B. S. Barker, Fredericton, Secretary to the governor, were registered at the Windsor hotel on Monday night.

The distinguished party was en route to Grand Manan and was accompanied from here by Hon. Geo. F. Hill.

Mrs. Harold Gregory left yesterday to join her husband at Wainwright where he is now employed.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Sovell and son have returned from a pleasant visit to Shediac. They enjoyed a sail up the John River and remained overnight at Fredericton.

Master Randall Webber has returned to his home from a pleasant visit with Mrs. Susan Nixon at Wawwig.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Holmes and Mrs. W. Burton of St. Andrews and Mrs. Wm. McKinlay of Woodstock drove up from St. Andrews on Thursday and spent several hours in town.

Misses Harriet Sullivan of St. Stephen and George Elliot of Calais were calling on friends in town on Wednesday.

Miss Whittan of Calais is visiting Mrs. Fred R. Edgcomb at their summer cottage near Fredericton.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Burpee of the W. C. R. R. are receiving congratulations upon the arrival at their home of a young daughter.

Justice Cookburn of St. Andrews was in town yesterday.

Miss McVicar of St. George was registered at the Windsor last week.

G. Minor of St. George was a guest at the Queen hotel this week.

Gay Marcell has arrived for the summer vacation.

BYVANDALE.

Adv. 2.—This delightful summer resort is having an unusually large number of visitors this summer and the Byvendale hotel of which Mr. J. O. Vawter is the popular and courteous host, is filled with a pleasant and congenial company. The dining and bathing facilities are unexcelled and there are many beautiful drives. Everything possible is done for the comfort and pleasure of the sojourners in this lovely spot. The guests at present at the Byvendale hotel are as follows:

Miss A. J. Curtis, Boston, R. A. Spalding, E. E. Spalding, Lynn, Mass., J. C. Lowe, Olmstead, Mass.

Mrs. W. Deane and party, Brookings, Maine, W. G. Goding, Berlin, Goding, Kenneth L. Goding, Mrs. Coleman, C. C. Ross, and wife, Allen Ross, St. John, Katherine Reed, Arlington, Mass., Roy A. Vawter, St. John, Mrs. Curtis C. Smith, Sprucefield, Mass. Miss Dunbar, Hyde Park, Mass.

John R. Safford, New York City, Miss McAvaney, John R. Safford, Charles McAvaney, St. John, H. E. Sturges, Dwight H. Sturges, Chicago, Miss Curtis, Mrs. R. E. Clark Deane, Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Conman, Belmont, Mass., Mrs. G. A. Kimball, E. F. A. Kimball, Estes Park, Mass., Nellie McAvaney, Lily Kimball, Blenda McAvaney, John Kelly and wife, Miss Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Jarvis, Mrs. Deane, Mr. and Mrs. Safford (and son), Mr. Smith St. John, Miss Edith Todd, St. Stephen, E. E. Blair, Springfield, Mass., Wm. H. Bishop, Warren, Mass. Miss Maggie Beall, St. John.

GREENWICH.

Adv. 2.—Attorney General White and wife who were guests at Byvendale for several weeks returned to St. Andrews last week.

Dr. McAvaney and family are guests at Byvendale.

Mr. Geo. R. Vincent and family are at their summer residence Glenwood for the summer.

Mr. J. E. Campbell spent Sunday with his family at the Acadia.

Mr. James Hanny is spending his vacation at Oak Point.

Miss Floeste Marley returned from St. John on Saturday.

Mrs. Duval Whelpley has returned from a visit to her old home in Bathurst.

Miss Anna Jones has returned from an extended visit to her sister Mrs. W. H. Hay of Woodstock, she was accompanied by her niece Miss May Marley.

Miss Georgie Belyea is visiting her uncle in Hampton.

Mr. C. G. Richards has returned from a visit to his brother in Edmundston.

Mr. Wm. McLeod left on Monday for a visit to Rat Portage.

Mrs. A. Gilmore and family are at Mr. S. F. B. J. for the summer.

AUSTRALIA.

Something Regarding the Government of that Land.

The government of the new commonwealth of Australia will have features resembling the government of Great Britain, the United States and Canada, and some feature peculiar to itself. Like that of the mother country and of every one of its self-governing colonies, it will be administered by a cabinet responsible to the popular branch of legislature.

For the legislature of Australia borrows the American idea; a Senate, consisting of an equal number of members, six for each state, and a House of Representatives based upon population. Members of both houses are to be elected by universal suffrage. Another American idea is adopted in a federal supreme court, which will decide all questions between two states or between the commonwealth and any state, from which there will be no appeal, even to the privy council of Great Britain.

As in Canada, the nominal head of the government, the representative of the sovereign, will be a governor general appointed by the British ministry and not removable by the Australian government.

The finances of the commonwealth, too, will be conducted on the Canadian plan, for after the general expenses are paid, the balance is to be distributed in fixed proportion among the states.

The greatest novelty in the new constitution is the provision for the event of a 'deadlock between the two houses. In that case, both houses are to be dissolved and new houses elected; and if the deadlock is renewed, the question at issue is to be decided by a majority vote in a joint convention.

The capital of the new commonwealth—as in the case of both Canada and the United States—is to be removed from the controlling influence of the great commercial cities. It is to be in the State of New South Wales, but at least one hundred miles from Sydney.

Starting with a population of more than three and a half million, and with six states,—for New Zealand will not join it at present,—the great democratic commonwealth of the Southern Hemisphere should have, and will have, most cordial wishes.

TO OBEY A GOLD IN ONE DAY.

John Tomlinson's New Gold Tablets. All Druggists return the money if it fails to cure.

WHO IS HAPPY?

The healthy mother of a healthy child has a happiness all her own. Her's is a joy that cannot be told. It is peculiar to motherhood. The responsibility for the soft little, sweet little, dependant creature



—as much a part of herself as her own heart—brings a pleasure that may be equaled in Heaven, but never on earth. The greatest thing that can be done in this world is to bear and rear healthy, happy children. Many women do not do it—do not reach the full measure of beautiful, perfect womanhood, because of the neglect of the health of the organs distinctly feminine.

Every woman may be perfectly healthy if she chooses. She need not submit to the humiliating examinations and local treatment of physicians. She need have no trouble and slight expense. Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription will cure any disease or disorder peculiar to women. It is the invention of a regularly graduated, skilled, expert, successful specialist. It has been sold for over 30 years, and has a greater sale than all similar medicines combined. It regulates every feminine function—makes a woman better able to bear children—better able to take care of her children. It greatly lessens the pain and danger of parturition. No honest druggist will offer you a substitute—look out for the one who does.

"My illness was caused by lack of medical attention during child-birth, and lasted for a period of three years, during which I suffered very much. I was unable to write Mrs. Edith Petty, of Texanna, Cherokee Nation, Indian Territory. "My constitution was strong and health good up to that time. Owing to injuries received, rupture, internal displacement, etc., I became a physical wreck. I think it was a constant state of pain that brought about a nervous collapse, and it would be impossible for me to tell you the degree of torture I underwent from the time that set in. I became so nervous I feared insanity. The nervous disorder seemed to affect my heart. The slightest shock would bring on a spell of palpitation which would last for two hours and over; this would be succeeded by a smothering spell which was suffocating in the extreme. I became so reduced in strength and the nervous trouble so far advanced that I could take no solid food. When I could eat (no matter how little) I would get so nervous it seemed that I must die. To make matters worse I was seized with an almost insane fear of death. My tortures were awful in the extreme. I at length consulted the highest medical authority in the Creek Nation. An examination was made. The doctor informed me that recovery was impossible without the aid of a surgical operation, the rupture and displacements must be reduced; that no amount of medicine would effect a cure. Four months later, this doctor with the assistance of three others performed the operation. For twelve days I was kept under the influence of the strongest opiates. At the end of that time I was discharged from his professional care, supposed to be cured. For about ten days my recovery was more quiet, owing to the effect of the opiates. Shortly after this the former troubles returned with renewed force. I again consulted the surgeon. He said all I required was change of scenery, exercise of will power, etc., intimated that I was inclined to be hysterical; prescribed a nerve medicine of temporary effect, and said he could do no more. Monthly periods ceased entirely. On account of this last trouble my mother bought a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I took the medicine after meals according to the directions. It had a soothing effect on the nerves. Soon after this I wrote a letter to your establishment describing my ailments, and in return I received a communication giving a complete diagnosis of the case, and advising a course of Dr. Pierce's medicines. I took in all twelve bottles—six of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and six of the 'Favorite Prescription.'

As to an All-wise Providence and Dr. Pierce's medicines, the disagreeable symptoms have all disappeared. I can now do a hard day's work, eat anything and everything I wish. I regard my recovery as permanent for it is nearly two years since I stopped taking Dr. Pierce's medicines, except the 'Pleasant Pellets,' which I always keep on hand."

for its success from its great English-speaking brother, the United States. A health from U. S. A. to Aus!

He Returned Them All.

They had quarrelled, and the high spirited girl said, as she handed him a package, 'There, Mr. Ferguson, are the presents you have given me. Now that all is over between us, sir, there should be no reminders of the foolish past.'

'You are right, Miss Keeser,' he said, humbly, 'and I suppose I must return the gifts you have presented to me.'

'I never gave you anything, sir, that I remember.'

'Indeed you did.'

'Sir, I—'

'Miss Keeser—Katie!' he exclaimed, with something that sounded like a sob; 'I value them beyond anything else in the world. It would break my heart to return them, but there is nothing left for me to do.'

'Will you kindly tell me, sir, what you are speaking of?'

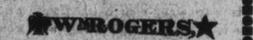
'I am speaking, Katie, of the kisses you have given me! They are not mine now. It's my duty to restore them. Forgive me, darling, but I cannot go away without—'

'Oh, George!'

When the clock struck eleven, about three hours later, George was still returning them.

New Hotels

Cannot buy better silverplated knives, forks, and spoons, than is offered in the goods marked



They are the kind that last.—They stand even hotel usage for a long time.

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

Children Like Dr. Harvey's Southern RED PINE

It does not nauseate—cures Colds, Coughs and Asthma.

25c. a Bottle.

THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO., Mrs. Montreal.

GOOD Printing

is no necessarily high-priced cheap printing is not necessarily poor printing. That is what we claim for our work, it's good yet cheap. We use good paper, good ink, and give all our work the same intelligence and artistic taste in adapting it to your particular needs or business. We are doing better work than ever before. Make your printing wants known to us. Jingle our Tel-phon, No. 92.

PROGRESS JOB PRINT.

Victoria Hotel

81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B. Electric Passenger Elevator! and all Modern Improvements.

D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor.

THE DUFFERIN

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

R. LEBOI WILLIS, Proprietor.

CAFE ROYAL

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

Choice Wines, Ales and Liquors. OYSTERS, FISH and GAME always on hand. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

WINDY HOTEL

FREDERICTON, N. B. A. REWARDS, Proprietor.

First sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock

TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. 24, St. John Street, N. B.

CONSUMPTION CURED

In many cases this disease is arrested and in ALL the healing, soothing properties of Puttner's Emulsion give great relief and comfort to the sufferers.

Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder.

For Sale at all Druggists.

Dunn's Ham, Dunn's Bacon.

Just received—Dunn's Ham, Bacon, Canned Ham, Canned Bacon, Devilled Ham, Pickled Pigs Feet and Spare Ribs. Fresh every day, Sausage, Bologna and Henney Eggs. Lard in cakes and Tins.

R. F. J. PARKIN,

107 Union Street.

BOURBON.

ON HAND 75 Blbs. Aged Rye of Anderson Co., Kentucky.

THOS. L. BOURKE

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

J. D. TURNER.

Contains the very elements which are found lacking in the blood of an anemic person. It creates new red corpuscles and on this account has proved wonderfully successful as a positive cure for pale, weak, men and women suffering the ill of poor blood and exhausted nerves, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

BLOODLESSNESS,

Or as Doctors Say "Anæmia" is Cured By Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

An anemic person is usually weak, listless and pale. He gets out of breath on slight exertion, the pulse is rapid and weak and the sleep frequently disturbed. The feet and hands are cold, ankles swollen at night and there is puffiness under the eyes in the morning.

Since the cause of anæmia is lack of a sufficient quantity of red blood corpuscles in the blood, a cure can only be effected by a treatment which will increase the number of red corpuscles and so improve the quality of the blood.

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

Contains the very elements which are found lacking in the blood of an anemic person. It creates new red corpuscles and on this account has proved wonderfully successful as a positive cure for pale, weak, men and women suffering the ill of poor blood and exhausted nerves, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

DIARY OF A KUKLUX MAN.
History of the Organization Written by a Member in Prison.

From Georgia comes the report that the survivors of the Kuklux Klan are quietly arranging a reunion to be held in Atlanta in August, and as it is now more than a quarter of a century since the most formidable of secret societies dominated the South, it is probable that a reassembling of the Klan might occur without much bitterness. One of the four notorious leaders of the order in Georgia is alive and serves as a deputy sheriff in the western part of Texas. The others died violent deaths. There are many distinguished survivors of the Klan in the South to-day who would not hesitate to attend openly a convention of the early members of the order, but who would shun association with the men who perpetrated such outrages in the name of Kuklux that the North and the South join hands to wipe it out.

It has been maintained by the original members of the Klan that the deeds of bloodshed which in 1867 and 1868 made the name Kuklux the synonym for the most brutal lawlessness were committed by unworthy new recruits or by men in no way connected with the order, but who found its name a convenient shield. There never was another period in our history when such an order could have flourished. The war left the South in a chaotic condition. It was filled with men of military training and no means of support. The negroes, who had been slaves, tried in many places to become masters. From these anomalous and peculiar conditions was developed a band of regulators such as this country had never before seen. Many of these men were of high character, but although the Kuklux Klan was organized on innocent lines it had become an engine of power which made it a veritable Frankenstein before the originators realized it. Although it numbered thousands of men all through the South the oaths which bound its members to the order were of such a character that to this day no authoritative account of the Kuklux Klan has ever been published. A history of the Klan which was printed in one of the magazines of this city fifteen years ago was made up of facts which any outsider might gather in the States where the Klan operated. The joint select committee of Congress which reported in 1872 on the 'condition of affairs in the late insurrectionary States contained a mass of disreputable history. It established the fact that outrages without number had been committed in the Southern States and frequently in the name of Kuklux. Much of the evidence was contradictory. It would not have been much safer for any member of the Klan to reveal its history and secrets at that time.

When Louis D. Pilsbury, afterwards Warden of the Blackwell's Island Penitentiary was connected with the Albany Penitentiary he became well acquainted with Randolph Shotwell, then serving a six years term for a Kuklux assault in North Carolina. Many Kuklux prisoners were sent North to serve out their sentences. Shotwell was a Captain of the Klan and a man of education and marked ability. His trial and conviction were of national interest. There were other Kuklux prisoners in the penitentiary, but none of them was of the reputation and ability of Shotwell. During his imprisonment he spent part of his time in preparing a history of the Kuklux, which naturally was in the nature of an apology for it, and for obvious reasons he did not want made public until his death. This history is written with a pencil in a large blank book, and in its introduction the author explains that he uses the colloquial style that he may better elucidate the points of general interest. Mr. Pilsbury gave this diary to the writer several years ago, and as an interesting contribution to this history of the Kuklux Klan some portions of it are printed below. Shotwell was a well qualified as any man in the South to write about this secret society. So far as is known, Shotwell's history of the Klan is the only authoritative one by an officer of the organization. It has not been published before for obvious reasons.

Shotwell's diary refers to the Klan as he knew it in his own State. A recently published history of secret societies gives this account of the organization: 'The Kuklux Klan was a former secret society of regulators organized at Pulaski, Giles county, Tenn in June, 1866, forinally designed for the diversion of the young men of the town to relieve the dullness of a period immediately following the close of the civil war. The origin of the title of the organization is interesting. At the second meeting of the founders one suggested calling it 'Kuklot,' from the Greek word kuklos, meaning a band or circle, when somebody else cried out, 'Call it Kuklux,' when the word Klan immediately suggested itself, and was added to com-

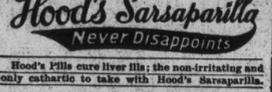
"A Word to the Wise is Sufficient."

But some stubborn people wait until "down sick" before trying to ward off illness or cure it. The wise recognize in the word "Hood's" assurance of health.

For all blood troubles, scrofula, pimples, as well as diseases of the kidneys, liver and bowels, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the effective and faultless cure.

Hood's Purifier.—I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla, and find it beneficial for myself and baby. It purifies the blood and strengthens the system." MRS. HENRY WALL, Clinton, Ont.

Strength Builder.—Myself, wife and children have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and it strengthened us. It relieved me of a large back." DAVID McGEORGE, caretaker, Colt Institute, Galt, Ont.



plete the alliteration. The writers of the article in the magazine named suggest that there was a weird potency in the very name Kuklux Klan, which impressed not only the general public, but exercised an influence over members themselves which was responsible for the excessive solemn and mysterious, even sepulchral character of the ritual, ceremonies and appearances of the society. Accordingly, the presiding officer became, the Grand Cyclops; the Vice-President, a Grand Magi; the marshal, a Grand Turk, and outer and inner guards of the Den, as the place of meeting was called, Lectors. Members were sworn to profound secrecy respecting the Klan and everything pertaining to it. They were not permitted to tell who belonged to it or to solicit people to join. They wore white masks with holes through which to see and breath; tall, fantastic cardboard headpieces and grotesque or hideous gowns. The ceremony of initiation was borrowed from some of the features of the introduction of candidates of the long defunct Sons of Malta and other like societies, and was calculated to and did provoke much amusement for the most of those, if not all who were present. The Den was established in the L. of a particular ruined dwelling at the outskirts of the town, about which was storn torn, limbless trunks of trees. The founders were among the representative business and professional young men of the town. The nature of the society soon attracted much attention and applications to join were numerous. When a desire to unite with the Klan was expressed in the presence of a number, he would take the applicant aside when unobserved and say that he thought he knew how to get in and suggest that they meet at some particular time and place and join together.

It was not until after the boisterous and noisy sounds of mirth and mystification had ceased in the Den—sounds which soon led the colored people and gentle townfolk to avoid the locality after dark that the newly initiated member discovered, if even then, that he had been introduced through a member rather than by an applicant like himself. During July and August the Kuklux Klan was the talk of Pulaski and the surrounding region. Its growth was rapid and young men from the country round their way to the town and ultimately into the recesses of the Den.

From this origin came the Klans which spread all over the South. There was great disorder throughout portions of the South and it was not all on one side. The reorganized Kuklux Klan made its appearance and it became identified with midnight murder and political infamy. It held a convention in Nashville early in 1867, at which the territory covered by it was termed the 'Invisible Empire' and was divided into realms, dominions and provinces. The assaults and outrages committed after this convention are still vivid memories in the South.

OAN FISHERS TALK?

Curious Sounds Uttered by Some of the Denizens of the Ocean.

Fish that utter sounds are by no means rare, but they are not often seen or heard by those not in the fishing business. Some years ago, in the Gulf of Mexico, a small, highly colored fish known as the Hummin was hauled in. The moment it appeared above the surface it opened its mouth and began to grunt and groan so loudly that the attention of the entire party was attracted to it. The sounds could be heard from one end to the other of the sixty-ton schooner. One of the fishermen held the fish in amusemment a few moments, and then was so convinced that it was talking and begging for liberty that it was tossed overboard. The gizzard shad utters a note that can be heard some distance, and the eel is said to make a noise that comes nearer to being musical than any other made by a fish. The loudest sound uttered by a fish came from a small dogfish, or shark, on the New England coast. The fishermen were hauling them in by the dozen, and as each fish came out of the water it uttered a loud croak, and kept it up as though in great agony, so that when several were on deck the air was full of barking, or croaking.

The drumfish is one of the few fishes whose sounds are heard while they are in the water. The late Spencer F. Baird of the Smithsonian institution made some interesting experiments with them, and in a report described the strange sounds that came up from the bottom. He had the impression that the fish were directly on the bottom of the vessel and were in some way striking it; but this was found to be a mistake. The fish were in a school some feet below the surface, and were in some probability making the sounds by striking their pharyngeal teeth together. The sounds produced by these fish have often had a singular effect upon superstitious seamen, who saw omens in the weird noises.

Any one who has slept in a small boat with his ears a few inches from the water has heard strange crackling sounds sometimes. They appeared like a series of cracks or electric shocks, but what creatures produce the noise no one seems to know.

One of the most remarkable of all the sound-producing fishes is found in China seas, and an account of its actions has been given by Lieut. White of the British navy. He was engaged in some special work at the entrance of a river and came to anchor one night in shallow water. Presently strange-sounds began to be heard coming up from the bottom. They were described as resembling the clanging of bells and the beating of drums. The men were demoralized and attributed the noises to spirits, it being said that a crew of pirates had gone



"SURPRISE"

SAVES HALF.

SURPRISE Soap will do your washing in half the time, with half the labor and half the wear to your linen.

No scalding, no boiling, no hard rubbing, no yellow or streaked clothes, no red hands.

Only 5 cents for a large, long-life cake.

Remember the name—"SURPRISE."

down there, but the officers were convinced that the noise was caused by some sea animals, and investigation showed that it came from a school of fish that made the sounds by clapping their teeth together.

The great Australian lung fish, so called because when under water it breathes by its gills and when out by its air bladder, utters sounds that have startled men. The fish, which attains a length of six or eight feet, has a singular habit of leaving the water at times and crawling over the marshy ground, at this time uttering a singular barking sound of such peculiar resonance that at night it can be heard a long distance, a sound very much like that of the California drumfish.

That whales utter sounds is asserted by many, and one is known as the caving whale from the sounds it makes. A certain village in France was once thrown into consternation by the cries which were heard from the sea at night; and when those who mustered up sufficient courage reached the water they found a school of whales had stranded and were uttering cries.

Whether the noises produced by fishes can be considered as a language is a subject for debate, but they may well be an expression of the emotions, and have some meaning, either as a call, one individual to another, or as a communication of some kind.

FOUR 4 DOLLARS

—YOU CAN HAVE—

Progress, 

—and those popular magazines—

Munsey McClure

.....AND.....

Cosmopolitan

sent to your address for one year.

DON'T MISS IT!

You can't AFFORD to miss it, if you have time to read, and want CHEAP and GOOD reading matter.

P. S. Old subscribers can secure the magazines upon renewing, for 50c. extra or \$4.50 in all.

Drink Only Good Tea.

There's a reason for it. Cheap teas are not only inferior in quality, but require more tea to the cup to produce any taste, but moreover, are often artificially colored and flavored, and are sometimes most dangerous. A branded tea like Colley's Elephant Brand is safer, as its producer's business reputation is staked on its purity.

He Died in Poverty.

Charles Graham, the ballad writer, died at Bellevue hospital, New York, a fortnight ago, penniless, leaving a widow and five young children absolutely destitute. Graham was the author of "Two Little Girls in Blue," but, though the song was an immense success he received but \$10 for it, says Preste. His "Picture That is Turned Toward the Wall" was sung throughout the country, but his total income from the song was \$500 and that came in small sums. His publishers cleared \$25,000 on the composition. Graham was born in Boston, England, 1868, and came to America about 12 years ago. He had the gift of song and was a ready rhymster. "Two Little Girls in Blue" was the first song he composed. He did not think enough of it to try and sell it. It was so catchy though, that a policeman who heard him whistling it went away humming the tune. Finally Graham got hard up and tried to sell the song. He got \$10 for it. The song spread all over this country and England, and the publishers made thousands out of it. "My Dad's the Engineer" went almost as well, but the composer couldn't get enough out of it to keep starvation from his door.

1 Practice Economy (Avoid Extravagance).

Mr. D. K. Pearson, millionaire, philanthropist and patron of colleges, says that the rules of life can be summed up as follows:

1 Practice steady economy. Do not spend until you have it to spend. Be strictly honest, and never take advantage of men. Avoid show and extravagance. Use your money to educate the poor.

2 Be your own executive. Trust no man to administer upon your estate. You cannot carry out of this world any amount with your dead hands. There is no use for money beyond the grave.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1899.

HAWAII WITHOUT A LID.

MAUNA LOA THE VOLCANO, SAID TO BE IN ERUPTION.

Difficulties of the Ascent to the Crater—the Lake of Melted Lava beneath the Snow-banks—Fetid Gas from the Crater—The Scenic Beauty of the City of Hilo.

An exaggeration characteristic of South Sea news seems to color the report from the Hawaiian Islands which says that there is good ground for fearing that the crest of Mauna Loa has been blown off by volcanic forces, and that the Island of Hawaii has been shattered in the wild convulsion of nature. It is probable that things are by no means so bad as reported. Merely as a matter of world physics, there is nothing improbable in the news of the blowing to pieces of such an island as Hawaii. There is any quantity of evidence to show that such mishaps were of frequent occurrence in comparatively recent geological periods, and that the shattering of an island only as large as the State of Connecticut is a trifle to volcanic forces. But to connect the blowing off of the crest of Mauna Loa and the flooding of its crater from the sea shows a mistaken idea of the volcano. The crest of the volcano covers an area as large as Staten Island, and even if that were blown off the cavity would still be at the altitude of at least 10,000 feet above the sea.

The difficulty lies in the stock volcano of the picture books. Any one attempting to draw his idea of a volcano would make a sharp cone with very steep sides, too steep to exist in nature and to be found only on a carefully sharpened lead pencil. Top this cone off with a thin spiral of smoke and a dense cloud hanging overhead, and that is the stock volcano. But it is not the Hawaiian volcano. In all the islands there is nothing like this. The Hawaiian volcano is only a big hole in the ground and cannot be seen under ordinary conditions until the traveller is right at the brink. The smoke cloud is seldom seen; never unless there is some great activity in the crater. The eruptions are never at the crater, but far the most part miles away from the blazing pools of lava, and the crater has never been known to cast anything into the air above their rim walls, and the fountains of lava which they display are of scanty height. These points are to be kept in mind when there is activity in the Hawaiian volcanoes, for no ideas based on Vesuvius and Etna will help to an understanding of them.

All the islands of the group are jugged with extinct craters, the cinder heaps of dead volcanoes. Hawaii is the only one where the activity of the under world yet finds its fiery way to a visible vent. Earthquakes are common in every island, and hot springs may be found even in Nihoa, which seems to have been the first of the islands to cool off but lava lakes and rivers and fire pits open to the sight are to be found only on Hawaii. There are three volcanoes on the island, Mauna Kea at the north, Mauna Loa at the south, and Hualalai, rising to its mirror eminence of about a mile from the northwestern flank of Mauna Loa, Mauna Kea, the 'white mountain,' has long since ceased its activity. Not even the most dimly remember tradition shows it other than it is to-day, a giant peak rising from the unalterable summer at its foot to the eternal winter which keeps its crest shrouded in snowflakes and glaciers, whence the name. Hualalai, with no more altitude than 8,275 feet seems like a hillock under the mass of Mauna Kea with 18,875 feet, it has no crater and has been but once in eruption. This was the Kaupulehu flow of 1801, which arose from an outbreak on the lower slope of the mountain and poured the melted lava into the sea, six miles away. The priests of that period worked their best combinations and charms to stop the flow, but all was vain until Kamehameha the Great cut a lock of his own hair and threw it into the river of fire. At once the lava cooled and the erupt ceased, and Hualalai has given no future trouble.

Mauna Loa has two craters in which activity is manifested more or less occasionally. On the lower slope in Kilauea, at an elevation of 8,971 feet. This crater is as well known as it is possible to make any scenic attraction which may be reached by stage or even by wheel. It has its year of inactivity, when there is little to be seen but a hot and yawning pit, but in general Kilauea keeps a warm corner of

its lava lake open for inspection. This crater has only recently renewed its activity after several years of rest. During that period the crater was by no means cold and silent. The lava floor was scorching to walk on, even though several years had passed since its period of incandescence, the pit was filled with swirling fumes of metals boiling in the subterranean crevices, and strange rumblings and cracklings were heard. But the fluid lava was withdrawn into unseen abysses in the heart of the rocks. A few months ago the pit fills once more with lava, and the lakes and fountains of fire have shown fresh activity.

The summit crater of Mauna Loa has a different habit. It is only at rare intervals that its fires are manifest, and then only for brief and uncertain duration. It is a hard climb to the crater. There are difficulties in the way to overcome which restrain many who would like to scale the height. There is mountain sickness, there is the necessity to carry all provisions for the journey and to sustain the shock of passing from tropical heat to glacial cold. All these difficulties have combined to make the summit crater of Mauna Loa a spot rarely visited by men.

From Hilo, Mauna Loa seems insignificant. Over to the north Mauna Kea is majestic, and its snow top hangs in the heavens like some fixed cloud. The sister peak in the south seems scarcely more than a hill. There is little more than a hundred feet difference of altitude in favor of Mauna Kea, but the difference to the eye is most misleading. Mauna Loa has a long, even slope in every direction from the summit to the sea, and even the summit is a part of that long, flat curve without prominent features. Mauna Kea never loses its snow. Mauna Loa rarely has enough snow, even at the same height, to be visible down below. Some fresh of the winds discharges the air of its moisture before it reaches the freezing altitudes. This same insignificance continues at higher points of view. At the Volcano House, on the brink of the Kilauea crater, Mauna Loa rises 10,000 feet within twenty-five miles, yet the slope is so gradual and so devoid of the markings of valley depressions that the massive mountain continues to seem no more than a hill. At the very top of that hill is the crater of Mokuawewe, and it is a long and weary climb before the mountaineer can stand on the brink and look down into incandescent lava.

The few travellers who have improved the infrequent opportunity to see Mokuawewe in activity and have essayed the climb have generally started from the Volcano House, whence the trip to the summit may be made in two days. Lately a German Alpinist has ascended the mountain on its shorter western slope and proved the practicability of riding to the last stretch of the slope. This route will add greatly to the number of visitors, if the present eruption does not put a new face on that side of the mountain.

Starting from the Volcano House, the trail winds at the edge of the timber. It is high enough for the air to be chilly and unfavorable for much vegetation, and the lava is too new to afford more than the smallest pockets of thin soil in which scanty ferns may sprout and play their part in adding humus to prepare for sturdier growths. At the timber line there is nothing but fern and chelo berries, the sweet and hardy fruit which the old myths consecrated to Pele as the goddess of the fires of the mountain. For a few miles the trail, not to be distinguished by eyes less keen than those of one of the very few Hawaiians competent to serve as a guide on this infrequent exploration, continues at the edge of the timber such as it is. After leaving this poor shelter there is nowhere enough shade to cover a mouse. Even the grass vanishes. Only here and there it is possible to find a few stunted spears pocketed away in chinks and crannies where a teaspoonful of lava dust has found a refuge from the scorching wind. The thin air seems like a ragged screen, the sun comes nearer and scorches the skin with a more than July fervor, while the body is shivering in a more than December frost. It is the first hardship of this trip; it is also the last to pass away. It would be hard to devise a more severe trial for the skin than to be scorched and baked for several days and in an instant to be wrapped in a wet blanket as a cloud descends and rests on the mountain, often to the complete obscuration of the trail.

There is only one relief to the waste of lava. No ferns grow on these higher slopes; the chelo berry has given up the hard struggle; even the stunted grass ceases to be found; but one plant is hardy enough to bear the frost, the sweep of the wind, the death of soil. It seems to grow on the bare lava flow; it raises its flower spike like a guidepost in the waste, it has a cluster of leaves that glisten like water falling over rocks. This is the silver sword. It is as much the mountaineer's flower in Hawaii as the edelweiss in Switzerland. It grows only at the high levels, and to come back with a bunch of its silvery leaves means a mountain climbing and rock scrambling. The silver sword is a lily with inconspicuous flowers, all its beauty being in the long and slender leaves which are like frosted silver, and as they dry become ribbons so light that the nearest puff sets them floating like gossamer.

The trail is hard and rough. There is the choice of one lava or the other, and one is passable only through comparison with the other, which is so much worse. When the clouds lift and it is possible to examine the prospect, the guide points out dark streaks on the mountain slopes and gives the history of each, so far as it is known, for these are the tracks of former eruptions. All this lava rests on the slopes of the mountain. The slopes are composed apparently, for the most part, of upheaved material thrust up by the lifting force of the volcanic power, and there is some ejected material on the upper slopes. On these slopes the melted lava, breaking out at some weak spot in the mountain side, has flowed like a torrent has run down hill along the lines of the least resistance. These lava rivers have cooled in two forms of widely varying appearance. One is smooth as to its surface, twisted in places like rope and presenting many queer shapes at the edge of the stream. This is the pahoehoe, a Hawaiian name which seems to have been taken up by geologists to describe similar lava wherever found. The other form, the aa lava, is an indiscriminate heap of angular blocks thrown around so that it is rarely possible to make a path across such a field. The pahoehoe crackles under foot as though one were walking on sugar, but a field of aa will cut the shoes of a man or the hoofs of cattle in very short order. It is not unusual to find wild scrub cattle frightfully mutilated through being lost in this lava.

In the ascent of Mauna Loa it is possible to keep to the more traversable lava almost to the summit. At intervals the stream is interrupted by the difficult blocks, but these difficult intervals are fortunately rare.

The last thousand feet of altitude lie entirely in block lava and are very difficult to pass. It is bitter cold; each block of lava is as cold as a block of iron would be under the same exposure and the hands are numbed by touching the inhospitable surroundings in the hope of finding some assistance for the painful climb. The air at 13,000 feet is so thin that it hardly supports life. Here the mountain sickness comes to weaken the frame just at the time when all the forces are needed. There is no apparent incentive to put forth the last reserve of strength, there is no goal in sight, nothing but a jagged wilderness of great blocks in disorder. The faint slope of the mountain continues, as it has been from the very sea, no more than an easy grade. It is vain that the eye fixes a limit beyond which the crater must lie. When that limit has been reached the same scene lies still ahead and the thin coil of smoke rises still just out of reach. Approached from whatever side it may be the actual crater comes a surprise. One draws back as though just caught in time from toppling over a precipice. It is altogether negative. In the heart of the waste of gigantic blocks the bottom has dropped out. The mountaineer discovers it by coming around the corner of a lava block and finding himself on the edge of a sheer descent of 500 feet. Standing in a snow bank he looks down on a lake just below him in which rocks are melted and flow like water.

This is the crater of Mokuawewe. It is a hole in the ground nearly ten miles around, not quite two miles in breadth and a little less in miles in length. When the crater is active the crust of the lava floor melts irregularly and lakes of fire appear, from which cracks radiate in every direction. In the fire lakes fire fountains are intermittently at play. Some have been measured by the officers Hawaiian Survey and have been

found to spout about 200 feet into the air. Even when the crater is active it is feasible to descend to the lava level and to advance some distance in the direction of the spouting jets. This is not so dangerous a feat as it may seem, for the heat of the surface is such that the soles of one's boots would be burned off long before there was any risk of drooping through the crust. Yet there is nothing to be gained, by such foolhardy exploration, since the better view of the mountains is had from the solid margin. Mokuawewe much resembles Kilauea. They are of approximately the same dimensions, the lower crater being about 200 acres the larger. Neither has ever filled with lava and overflowed over the rim. Long before such a thing has happened the mountain has given way at a lower level, and by the discharge of the lava the pressure at the crater itself has been reduced. This is shown very clearly in the flow of 1810, which broke out on the flank of the mountain below Kilauea and flowed into the sea for three weeks.

The great Mauna Loa flows are easily to be traced along the bare mountainside from any place which will afford an extended view. The flow of 1859 is one of the very few which have been emitted from the western side of the mountain. It is about sixty miles long and took eight days to reach the sea. It flowed for seven months. The two flows of 1868 and 1887 are close together at the southern point of the island one coming from a vent ten miles inland, the other from twenty miles inland. The former had the speed of ten miles in two hours, which seems to be the record. The largest and most menacing flows have broken out very closely together and have followed almost the same course. The flow of 1852 was the first of this group. It was headed in the direction of Hilo, the second city in the islands, but cool d off and stopped a few miles outside the town. Three years later another flow broke out on the same flank of the mountain, followed the same course, threatened Hilo once more and stopped after flying unimpeded for fifteen months; its edge was only eight miles from Hilo when it congealed. Again in 1880 Hilo was attacked. For nine months the stream rolled along. Every day it made some advance, every week it was a mile or so nearer and it never swerved in its direction. It was aimed directly at Hilo and there seemed no hope for the city, from which the people began to move in terror. When that flow stopped it was only three-quarters of a mile from the populous part of the town. It is not unusual to hear people say in Hilo that the volcano has just been trying to get the range and that the next time the lava will engulf the city. The present outbreak of Mauna Loa may be that next time. There are three outbreaks together in this eruption, each on a different flank of the mountain. But one of these outbreaks, and the largest one, is at the same place where three others have broken through and aimed at the city below. There will be people superstitious enough to believe that the mountain has at last got the range. The old Hawaiians have been expecting some such thing ever since the first settlement of Hilo.

QUAIL AND DIPLOMACY.

The Europe Nations Involved in This Controversy.

That a game bird should be the subject of diplomatic negotiation between five of the nations of Europe is one of the curiosities of international controversy. The facts are these: The European quail, or rather the quail that is found there in the spring, summer and autumn, is not an indigenous bird but a migrant. Northern Africa and the Nile Valley are its winter home, but in the spring it crosses the Mediterranean en route to England, Ireland and Central Europe, from Hungary to South Russia, where it breeds, and whence, when that function is complete and the young fully grown, in the late autumn it returns to Africa. When in migration in the spring these quails are caught in nets, not only in Egypt, but on the Islands of the Mediterranean, the coast of the Pontine marshes and in Sicily, were they were sometimes netted in the past to the extent of 100,000 a day. The greatest catches were made on the Bosphorus. In the islands of the Greek archipelago they are cured and smoked, and a large trade is carried on in them. In Italy in former times the netting of them was more persistent, and so numerous were they that when in flight during the night they overturned small boats near the shore by alighting on their sails and rigging. Formerly, when there was only a demand for the birds for local consumption, no restrictive measures were employed to prevent their capture; but now, through means of rapid transportation, all of the markets of Europe and Great Britain are supplied with them. They are transported alive in crates, and are fattened before being sold.

The result of this enormous netting of the emigrating quails is to reduce greatly

the number that is available to the sportsman for the autumn shooting. Formerly from forty to sixty were considered a good day's average to the single gun in the various countries which they visited. This average is now reduced to one or two or three, and the determined protest of the influential sportsmen has aroused the governments interested to put an end to their capture during the spring migration.

While each European State can and does protect its non-migratory game birds, it can do nothing for the protection of quails without agreement of the various nations within whose territories they nest and breed. To accomplish this France, Austria, Germany and Spain and have signed a protocol forbidding the netting of quails within their borders and the transportation of Egyptian birds across their domains. The latter clause, however, cannot be made effective without the cooperation of Great Britain, inasmuch as the quails netted in Egypt are transported to Marseilles and Trieste in English steamers and their transit across the countries interested cannot be prohibited as long as the birds are destined for consumption solely in England. As by far the largest catch of spring quail is made in Egypt, and one of the most fatal to their future in Europe, the refusal of the British Government to prohibit netting in the valley of the Nile or to interfere with their transportation to the English market nullifies the efforts of Austria, France, Switzerland and Germany for their protection. The correspondent of the various nations interested in this matter is quite voluminous. Great Britain as usual on international questions that involve an element of gain to the subjects of the Queen, assumes a purely selfish attitude and declines to make any concessions to what it considers a sentimental proposition.

ENGLAND'S GREAT EASTERN ROAD.

The Sixtieth Anniversary of Its Opening Just Celebrated—Its History.

The Great Eastern Railway of England, known to Americans who have visited the University of Cambridge and the cathedral towns of Ely, Norwich and Peterborough, which are included within its network, celebrated a month ago the sixtieth anniversary of the opening of a small part of the line to public traffic. The first line opened was from a temporary terminus where Globe Road Station now is to Ramford, in Essex, about ten and a half miles. The Railroad Gazette says that railways in East Angles were discussed as early as 1802, but the Eastern Counties Railway, which was the progenitor of the Great Eastern, was not advertised until Oct. 25 1835. It obtained an act on July 4 1836, to make a line from London to Norwich, but the promoters were so much at sea as to its cost that the amount named sufficed to take the road only half way.

The opening of this short railway nearly sixty years ago was an event of great importance to England. Large crowds assembled to see the two trains start, one on each track. Each train consisted of eleven or twelve passenger coaches with one engine pulling and another behind pushing. They proceeded abreast to Romford, where a dinner was served in a field to many invited guests, among them being the Persian Ambassador. The regular train service, which began on June 20, 1839, comprised seven trains a day each way and the third class coaches used at that time would not compare favorably with our cattle cars. They were merely truck platforms with light traverse seats for passengers and no roof or shelter was provided for him. The second class coaches had roofs.

The Great Eastern to-day has developed until it works about 1,200 miles of line, with more than 1,000 engines, 4,700 coaches and a staff of 30,000 men.

Work Makes Wealth and Goodness.

Darius O'Mills, financier and philanthropist, started on his road to fortune with nothing but a good physique and a large determination. He is now worth \$25,000,000, and he has acquired that amount of money by observing these rules: Work develops all the good there is in a man; idleness all the evil; therefore work if you would be good—and successful. Sleep eight hours, work twelve, and pick your recreations with an eye to their good results. Save one dollar out of every five you earn. It is not alone the mere saving of money that counts; it is the intellectual and moral discipline the saving habit enforces.

Be humble, not servile or undignified but respectful in the presence of superior knowledge, position or experience. Most projects fail owing to poor business management, and that means a poor man at the helm.

Success is measured by the good one does, not by the number of his millions or the extent of his power.

Advertisement for 'SURPRISE' soap, claiming to do your washing with half the labor and half the soap, and to be good for a large, long-life cake.

down there, but the officers were convinced that the noise was caused by some sea animals, and investigation showed that it came from a school of fish that made the sounds by clapping their teeth together. The great Australian lung fish, so called because when under water it breathes by its gills and when out by its air bladder, utters sounds that have startled men. The fish, which attains a length of six or eight feet, has a singular habit of leaving the water at times and crawling over the marshy ground, at this time uttering a singular barking sound of such peculiar resonance that at night it can be heard a long distance, a sound very much like that of the California drumfish.

That whales utter sounds is asserted by many, and one is known as the cing whale from the sound it makes. A certain village in France was once thrown into consternation by the cries which were heard from the sea at night; and when those who mustered up sufficient courage reached the water they found a school of whales had stranded and were uttering cries.

Whether the noises produced by fishes can be considered as a language is a subject for debate, but they may well be an expression of the emotions, and have some meaning, either as a call, one individual to another, or as a communication of some kind.

Charles Graham, the ballad writer, died at Bellevue hospital, New York, a fortnight ago, penniless, leaving a widow and five young children absolutely destitute. Graham was the author of "Two Little Girls in Blue," but, though the song was an immense success he received but \$10 for it, says Presto. His "Picture That is Turned Toward the Wall" was sung throughout the country, but his total income from the song was \$500 and that came in small sums. His publishers cleared \$25,000 on the composition. Graham was born in Boston, England, 1868, and came to America about 12 years ago. He had the gift of song and wrote a ready rhymster. "Two Little Girls in Blue" was the first song he composed. He did not think enough of it to try and sell it. It was so catchy though, that a policeman who heard him whistling it went away humming the tune. Finally Graham got hard up and tried to sell his song. He got \$10 for it. The song spread all over this country and England, and the publishers made thousands out of it. My Dad's the Engineer's ventral most as well, but the composer couldn't get enough out of it to keep starvation from his door.

Practice steady economy. Do not spend until you have it to spend. Be strictly honest, and never take advantage of men. Avoid show and extravagance. Use your money to educate the poor. Be your own executive. Trust no man to administer upon your affairs. You cannot carry out of this world any amount with your dead hands. There is no use for money beyond the grave.

My Love Story.

CHAPTER I.

"So this is Barbara," exclaims Aunt Janet, placing both hands upon my shoulders and kissing me affectionately. "Welcome, my dear, welcome to your new home—and how pretty you are, to be sure. I'm glad of that, for I should not care to adopt a plain-looking girl. I mean to dress you well and introduce you into society, and it will not be my fault, if you don't make the match of the season."

Her words made me flush scarlet; she is kindness itself, but, fresh from a simple country home like mine, it seemed little else than degrading to hear marriage spoken of so carelessly.

Aunt Janette is my dead father's sister, and, after not noticing our existence for years past, has suddenly written to my mother, offering to adopt one of us.

I have been selected, and have only arrived in town to-day.

She has already planned out a programme of amusement for me, and we start to-night with the opera.

It is Faust that we are going to see, and I am horrified, excited, terrified by the novelty of my position.

Aunt Janette seats herself very luxuriously when we arrive, taking a long, deliberate look all around.

Presently the door of our box gives a click, and a gentleman enters.

"Ah! Sir Harry," she says, with a welcoming smile. "You are a great patron of the opera—why—yes, of course you may stay if you like; did you come with a party or alone?"

"I came in the hope of seeing you here," he replies, looking at me with a long, steady stare that disquiets me very much.

Of course, I am quite unversed in the ways of society, but it hardly seems to be possible that a gentleman could have such bold eyes, especially after he sees how uncomfortable he makes me.

Presently, however, I lose myself entirely in the wild romance, live only for the spectacle before me on the stage.

I forget everything but the characters in the opera.

A shudder as the fiend tempts or taunts his victims.

I glory in his agonies at the sight of the Cross.

I weep with Marguerite in her mental anguish, and when the curtain drops for a brief space, and I am called back to real life, I am very surprised to find in our box more visitors—two other gentlemen besides Sir Harry, who, by-the-by, still honors me with no small share of attention.

"Well!" exclaims Aunt Janette with a laugh, as I turn towards her at the fall of the curtain, after the first act. "I do not think it possible for anyone to enter into a thing as you have done, Barbara; your face was a perfect study—your lips were parted—your hands drew your breath. Have you never seen Faust before, child?"

"Oh no," I reply eagerly. "I have never been inside a theatre, you know. Is it—can it be—all unreal—it is so very very beautiful!"

She laughs again with hearty enjoyment; then, catching sight of another friend, who is just entering the stalls, she waves her fan to him, smiles and nods; after a very slight hesitation, he turns back again and in another minute or so he, too, enters our box.

"We have just room for you," she says, gaily. "What a long time since I have seen you! Let me see where did you last meet?"

"In Venice at the carnival," he replies, promptly.

"Ah! to be sure, so it was; and, before that, in Paris."

"Wouldn't you like a stroll round?" suggests Sir Harry; and she replies that she would, very much, but looks hesitatingly at me.

"Barbara, you have such a bad cold, and the crush-room is so draughty."

I flush scarlet as I hastily beg to be left behind; for in truth, I have no cold at all, and instinct tells me that she is ashamed of my country-made dress.

"Let me remain and keep her in countenance, then," puts in Sir Harry, coolly, "while you take a turn, and then Colonel Treherne shall 'relieve guard,' and take my place during the next interval."

"Please not," I cry, turning to Aunt Janette with real distress in my face, for to be left with this man would be dreadful, I think. "I would rather be alone, I assure you."

"That would never do she answered lightly. 'We will certainly avail ourselves of your kind offer, Sir Harry. The theatre is so close and stuffy to-night, and these chairs so very uncomfortable. There, you shall be back before you know we are gone.'"

And, asking Colonel Treherne's professed assent, she seats herself, a perfect picture of bashful contentment.

By some strange oversight, she has forgotten to introduce me to her friend, which increases my embarrassment, for, although I know that he is Sir Harry something or somebody, he does not know how to address me. At least, I think so, until he says, in a reproachful tone—

"How could you be so cruel as to say that you preferred being left by yourself to having me for a companion? Oh! worthy namesake of the heartless Barbara Allen!"

I flush crimson, but cannot think of anything to say in reply; the familiarity of the tone borders on insolence, to my mind, added to the look with which it is accompanied.

"Your glove is unfinished; pray allow me," he says, after an almost imperceptible pause, and, ere I am aware of his intention he seizes my hand, and, before reaching the one button that has afforded him the pretext for touching me, contrives to unfasten half a dozen more, evidently meaning to take his own time in fastening them again.

I snatch my hand away, a trifle too quickly, I am afraid, but I feel burning with indignation. If he is a member of London society, give me country, that is all.

"I will not trouble you, thanks," I say, icily; "I am accustomed to wait upon myself, but my fingers tremble so much that they will hardly perform their task."

"Cruel girl," he whispers in my ear, "why would you not give me one glance of those lovely eyes to-night? I was languishing for a sight of them. It may be a long time before we have the luck to be alone together again. Turn they are, coming back. That is the gay widow's laugh. Quick! I tell you where you take your walk in the morning—where can I see you?"

"Is the man mad?" I wonder, trembling all over with rage and mortified pride. The curtain goes up again, and in following Marguerite's stage troubles I forget my own.

They are to be recalled, however, sooner than I have anticipated.

"You see that fall of the curtain, Aunt Janette; I can't tell you how I feel. I am heading towards me says, hurriedly but kindly—

"You must excuse my leaving you again, Barbara. I met an old friend of mine in the crush-room just now—Lady Curton—and before we had time to exchange greetings, we had to part. I promised to meet her outside during the next interval. An revoir!"

"Stay!" I whisper, hurriedly rising to my feet. "I will come with you—"

"Another time," she replies, in the same low tone. "I want you to look your very best before I bring you out. That dress—with a faint grimace—will not bear inspection—is too outre for my taste to be wearing."

I sink again into my seat, thoroughly miserable, and meet Sir Harry's eyes fixed quizzically upon my wretched face.

"Again I will share your solitude, cruel Barbara," he murmurs in my ear.

And, casting a hurried look all around for some way of escape, I encounter another pair of eyes, fixed curiously upon my face, with a different expression, however—proud, yet not repellent; haughty, without being severe.

"Luck favors us," whispers Sir Harry, as if he is imparting a piece of information which is sure to please. "Rise those glorious eyes to mine, and confess that the tete-a-tete is as welcome to you as it is to myself."

The last comer, the fourth man, whose name I have not yet caught, slowly prepares to follow the others.

If I am to avoid a second hateful tete-a-tete with my tormentor, I must not delay. There is no time to consider the modesty or the wisdom of the action; but I rise to my feet, lay my hand upon the stranger's arm, and falter, hurriedly—

"Don't go—please stay—that is—"

In an instant he turns back again, picks up my fan, puts it into my hand, drops into the chair next the one I have seated myself in, and commences to talk in a low voice, with a faint drawl in its intonation that is rather pleasant to listen to; at least, I think so afterwards, but when I rise to go, he is too agitated to notice anything or even follow what he says.

After the first minute or two, I somewhat regain my self-possession, and then gather that he is talking of Nice, of Rome or Paris, as if we had met there at some previous time.

I also see that Sir Harry is thoroughly disconcerted by this new turn of events and gazes at us in angry doubt.

Apparently he is not quite sure whether we are old friends or not, and he is visibly impressed by the report with which my unknown friend treats me.

I tremble when I think of my audacity, my boldness, in addressing a perfect stranger, and apparently flinging myself at his head; and yet, I congratulate myself also—whenever he is, and whatever task I may afterwards discover him to possess he is a gentleman, and has earned my undying gratitude for coming to my assistance at the most embarrassing moment it has ever been my lot to endure.

CHAPTER II.

"Well, Barbara, and how did you enjoy

your first taste of London life? Ah! Aunt Janette, as, after having breakfasted alone as I am given to understand will always be the case, comes down stairs, perfectly dressed, looking wonderfully pretty and youthful, somewhat about noon.

"Oh, Aunt Janette! I thought Faust beyond all praise! It will be something to think of and dream over for months to come; and yet it fills me with a vague wild misery that I cannot entirely shake off, even after a good night's rest."

"I can tell you, you may please yourself upon the conquest you made of Sir Harry Grammore. I have never seen him pay so much attention to an unmarried woman before—"

"Oh! Aunt Janette! I break in quickly, while my cheeks express my discomfiture, as well as my voice. "Please don't. He is a horrible man—a low, rude, impatient fellow. Oh! how he made me hate him in one brief evening!"

"Why, Barbara," she exclaims, in great surprise, "what can you mean? Sir Harry is a great catch in the matrimonial market—a bachelor, a baronet, and very wealthy; he is a great favorite with ladies, I assure you, and there will be many sore hearts when he does throw the handkerchief."

"Low—impudent! My dear," in a slightly annoyed tone, "you must never apply those words to any of my friends. My circle is most select; I am in the best set, and Sir Harry goes everywhere—knows everyone. Come; tell me how he offended you."

"In the first place, we were not introduced. I reply, hesitatingly, for I find it very awkward to put my complaint into actual words; he did not know my surname, and called me Barbara."

"Really?" she says, with a slight laugh; "well, that was rather shocking I admit; but the fault was mine. At first I purposefully did not introduce you, and afterwards I forgot—mea culpa. Will you absolve both me and Sir Harry from blame?"

"You, certainly," I reply, holding up my face to be kissed, I find my new aunt very lovable; but Sir Harry, never. Oh Aunt Janette, he was so impudent when you left me in his care for a few minutes; calling me by my Christian name was his smallest offence. He paid me the most fulsome compliments, asked for a glance from my glorious eyes, gazed at my hand, and begged to know where he could join me in my morning walk."

"I see it all," cries Aunt Janette, unable to repress a smile, although she also looks most annoyed. "He took you for my maid, or a child companion—the wretch! But men are all alike, or with very few exceptions. My net introducing you, that high dress—for it isn't out at all, you know, and has sleeves—at the Opera, people—well, you saw for yourself, didn't you, Barbara, all the material is put in the trunks; there isn't much required for the bodies."

"Yes; he little thought that you were my niece—that you would tell me everything. Oh! we will pay him out for his impudence, but he will be the most mortified when he finds out his mistake. Take my advice, don't appear to recognize him next time you meet. I will introduce you formally. There! can that be half-past twelve that is striking? How very late we are. We must rush off at once, or we shall find Madame Cerise unable to see us."

CHAPTER III.

"Do not run away, Barbara; I want to introduce you to everyone—Colonel Treherne, Bertie Dalouret, Lady Haslemere, the Dowager Duchess of Surrey."

One after another stretches forth a kindly hand and makes some remark as we become acquainted, after the manner laid down by Mrs. Grundy, then passes on into the already crowded room.

The duchess is a handsome, elderly lady, with quantities of snow-white hair, dressed in a very becoming fashion, in a coil at the back of her head, and a dainty little lace cap, hardly larger than a butterfly, at the top.

Her gown is of silver brocade, and her diamonds are superb.

"Sir Harry Grammore my niece, Miss Courtesine—Miss Courtesine, Sir Harry Grammore."

A strange expression crosses his face as the words reach his ears, and he puts out his hand almost with the air of an old acquaintance.

He has only just arrived as I was speaking to the Duchess, and the full nature of his mistake the other evening seems to dawn upon him, as with the slightest

"Then besides, I know no one here. I—very shamelessly—that is, I have never been at a party like this before. I feel so—so shy and embarrassed in the presence of so many strangers. I may get to society in time, but—rather vehemently—I shall never like it."

My aunt is surrounded by a circle of friends when we return to her presence but she graciously beckons us to seat ourselves in her vicinity, which we—rather I am glad enough to do.

Ere long I find myself the centre figure of the group, composed mostly of men of all ages, sizes, and appearances.

The vic with one another to pay me honor, they listen with respectful attention to every word I utter, they applaud each trival remark, they pay me elaborate compliments, they even seem jealous if I speak more to one than another; they are so fawning in retaining so near a position as possible to me that even Sir Harry Grammore cannot force away to my side when he returns to the drawing room; and so he remains in sulky silence a few yards away, throwing glances of deep reproach in my direction.

It is quite three o'clock in the morning before our guests leave us, and Aunt Janette and I find ourselves alone together again.

"Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a wonderful cure for Diarrhoea, Cramps and pains in the stomach. I was a great sufferer until I gave it a trial, but now I have perfect comfort."

My dear Barbara, she cries, "you will be the sensation of the season. The whole room could speak of nothing but your extraordinary beauty. Sir Harry Grammore has lost his head completely. He simply

possible acknowledgment of the introduction. I turn to greet the new comers.

"Sir Anthony Nigel," announces the butler, and with an indelible feeling of the hand, pleasure and embarrassment, I turn with relief from the other to him.

"This man gives no sign that we have ever met before, but passes on into the room with a curiously distant bow."

I feel just a trifle displeased, perhaps mortified.

Is it that he does not recognize me, or thinks that I shall prefer to forget our first meeting altogether?

I see Sir Harry wink our department towards me, and with him, scrutinizing eyes.

He smiles slightly at what he sees, and nods thoughtfully, as if he has anticipated himself at last upon some dubious point.

"There!" exclaims Aunt Janette, with a sigh of relief, as the clock strikes eleven, "we need not stand here any longer, Barbara; all the important guests have arrived; if any others come, they must find me. Let us go and enjoy ourselves."

She moves forward towards the end of the room, where a few people are grouped together—the duchess, Colonel Treherne, Lady Curton, and several other choice friends.

I essay to follow her, but what with the crush and one thing and another, soon found myself left behind, and, to my great annoyance, discover that I am too late to face with my best voice, Sir Harry, who is not slow to avail himself of the opportunity of further improving his acquaintance with me.

"Let me take you out of the crush for a while," he observes, presently, drawing my hand through his arm, and trying to make headway towards an opening. "You must have an ice or some fruit, and this room is getting insufferable."

It is quite true, and reluctant as I am to have him for my escort, I feel that I really am getting faint.

We fight our way to the dining-room, and the cooler atmosphere, coupled with some light refreshment, certainly tends to restore me to my normal condition.

Sir Harry shows no anxiety to return to the drawing-room, even after the pretext of refreshment is over.

He drinks several glasses of champagne, and is inclined to ridicule my refusal to have any, and I begin to wonder if we are to sit here all night.

If there were anything objectional in his manner or speech now, of course I could simply get up and leave him; but I have not that excuse, for, although he contrives to convey in every word and tone that he admires me and desires my society, yet he is careful to avoid giving actual offence.

My relief comes in an unexpected manner.

I have noticed Sir Anthony Nigel pass in and out of the supper-room upon several occasions, sometimes bringing in a lady for an ice, sometimes alone.

I do not see him glance in my direction, therefore I am greatly surprised when he comes up to me after a while, and remarks in a languid, indifferent tone—

"I think I heard Mrs. Dashwood inquire for Miss Courtesine a short time back; in fact I promised to find you, and take you to her."

"I am taking care of Miss Courtesine," puts in Sir Harry, with a smile at the interruption, "and will conduct her to her seat in the course of a few minutes."

I meet Sir Anthony's eyes for a moment, and they almost seem to question me.

I answer by springing to my feet, and placing my hand upon his arm.

"Oh, do take me to Aunt Janette!" I cry eagerly, "I too want to see her." Sir Harry will take me to her, and so glad I am to escape from my late companion, that I positively tug my present escort's arm in my anxiety to get away.

"I am so glad she remembered me at last," I say, with a sigh of relief, as we pass out of earshot, "and I am much obliged to you for fetching me; I was so tired of sitting there. I thought she had forgotten me altogether."

"Why do you allow yourself to be victimized?" Why didn't you ask Sir Harry Grammore to take you back to the drawing room?"

"Oh, I did scores of times!" I reply, ruefully, "or I tried to; but he wouldn't or he couldn't understand. He talked so fast about everything, he complained of the heat of the room, and reminded me how faint it had made me earlier in the evening."

"Then besides, I know no one here. I—very shamelessly—that is, I have never been at a party like this before. I feel so—so shy and embarrassed in the presence of so many strangers. I may get to society in time, but—rather vehemently—I shall never like it."

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bugged—arrived—to be allowed to take me to Court Garden to-morrow. Lord Felton offered to drive us down to Ascot. The duchess said you were 'most particular' and offered to act as your companion upon that occasion as I might not be able to take you out myself. My recollections have been always fairly good; but after to-night, we shall have all London at our feet."

"But I'm afraid that I forgot all about you for a time, Barbara; I had so much to do, you see, that your very existence slipped my memory from the time I left you at eleven o'clock until I saw you on Sir Anthony's arm, at half past twelve."

"These you did not send for me?" I ask, with wide open eyes. "I thought—"

"I am sorry to confess that I did not," she replies, with a laugh. "New was not better 'Good-night,' or you will be too tired to get up later on."

CHAPTER IV.

May I have the pleasure of a dance with you?"

The speaker is Sir Anthony Nigel, the occasion my first ball.

I am wearing my new white satin dress, trimmed with real flowers, and I am looking as wildly excited as it is possible for any girl to do.

I have seen a good deal of Sir Anthony lately, and I think he is the handsomest and most charming person that I have ever met; but, somehow, I cannot speak of him as freely to Aunt Janette as I do of other people.

A sudden chrympe creeps over me, an embarrassment for which I am utterly unable to account, for our conversation is always upon the most ordinary of topics—operas, plays, races, balls, books—no never, at any time, appears to be interested in me personally, and never makes the least effort to monopolize my attention as others do.

Yet my heart dances with secret joy when he meets me at Lady Curton's ball, and asks me for a dance, and a bitter feeling of disappointment seizes me when I discover that he has taken only one.

Mr. Curton, Colonel Treherne, Bertie Dalouret, and Sir Harry Grammore all succeed each other quickly, and Sir Harry, in his usual intolerant manner, says he means to have half a dozen.

"I am not giving more than one to anyone," I reply, rigidly, holding myself that, if I cannot have two with the only partner I want them with, certainly no one else shall have them.

Bertie Dalouret gives me a terrible shock in the interval after his dance.

He proposes to me, implores me to marry him, and will hardly accept my refusal.

I am released from my embarrassing position by the arrival of Sir Anthony to claim his dance, though I wonder a little how much of our conversation he has overheard.

He is very silent, but at last he awakes his roverie, and, strangely enough, touches upon the subject of my own reflections.

"Do you know," he observes, "that you are the only girl I have ever known who can suit herself to my mood. Some can talk well and brilliantly, others can be silent, but so few—so very few—people can be both at the right time."

"It is not difficult to be silent," I reply, pleased at his praise; "but it is difficult to talk 'brilliantly.' That, I am afraid, does not apply to me."

"You never bore me," he says, quietly. "Most girls—country ones especially—are so insipid. You seem to unite the fresh innocence of the woods with the tact of one used to a society life. It is really true what I unintentionally overheard you say to-night, that this is your first ball!"

"Yes," I reply, "quite true."

"So, he was behind me longer than I thought; and I crimson all over at the knowledge that he had overheard all that passed between Bertie Dalouret and myself."

"I am afraid that I behaved disgracefully in not making my presence known sooner," he continues; "although in justice to myself, I must say that I did try to do so several times; only, you were both too engrossed to notice me; then—well—in an abrupt tone—'your words, your sentiments about love and marriage riveted me to the spot—I could not tear myself away. Instead of the speech of a debutante receiving her first offer from a man of wealth and position, it seemed to be an angel replying in her guise. Always keep to your resolution, do not fall away and deteriorate as so many other well-meaning people do. Never be persuaded into a marriage do; converse; act, decide for yourself."

Dalouret was quite right; you are very pretty—too pretty, I am afraid, and yet you seem so indifferent; so unconscious of it. That is your greatest charm, your

(CONTINUED ON FORTHCOMING PAGE)

Save Your MONEY.

To save your money, by getting more for it, ask your dealer in medicine to show you the new 50 cent size bottle of JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT. It contains over three times as much as the old 25 cent style, which is a great saving to those who use this valuable family medicine. The superior quality of this old Anodyne has never been equalled.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

Thirty years ago this month, Dr. Johnson first with his own hands, and could tell you just how he was dressed on that day. I have used Johnson's Liniment ever since. Can you see it has maintained its high standard from that time to this? He has a lady who possesses the confidence of the public to a great extent. JOHN B. RAND, North Waterford, Me., Jan. 1861.

As a family remedy it has been used and endorsed for nearly a century. Every mother should have it in the house for many common ailments, internal as much as external. Our book on THE ANODYNE LINIMENT, 25 and 50 cent, is published by Dr. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.



The D & A CREST CORSET IS Unbreakable

D & A "CREST" CORSETS

Stand every strain. Always comfortable and absolutely unbreakable, every active woman needs one.

Unrivalled for girdles and bicyclettes.

Cost only 50c more than regular D & A styles, and made in all sizes.

Ask to see them.

Cramps and Colic

Always relieved promptly by Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry.

When you are seized with an attack of Cramps or doubled up with Colic, you want a remedy you are sure will give you relief and give it quickly, too.

You don't want an untried something that may hurt you. You want Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which every one knows will positively cure Cramps and Colic quickly. Just a dose or two and you have ease.

But now a word of proof to back up these assertions, and we have it from Mr. John Hawke, Coldwater, Ont., who writes: "Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a wonderful cure for Diarrhoea, Cramps and pains in the stomach. I was a great sufferer until I gave it a trial, but now I have perfect comfort."

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT, 25 and 50 cent, is published by Dr. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

Sunday Reading

Good Night. A few brief hours of waking that is all. A new world opens, and then the shadows fall.

On Sunday Observance.

Ederheim, in his 'Life and Times of Jesus,' gives a long chapter on the ordinance and law of the Sabbath as laid down in the Mishnah and the Jerusalem Talmud.

It is plain from this statement of the case that Jesus recognized the binding authority of the Fourth Commandment. He did not work upon the Sabbath. Luke tells us that when Jesus visited Nazareth for the first time after his baptism, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day.

passed. Christianity could not appropriate the Jewish Sabbath, not even the day of the week. The new wine could not be kept in the old bottles. We cannot trace the change which substituted the first day of the week for the seventh.

And finally, the words of Jesus in which, as the Son of Man, he claims lordship also of the Sabbath, provide us with the law of its observance. Our liberty is not license.

Why does God permit evil? That is a question which we ask generation after generation. Some try to solve it by dismissing evil as non-existent; others get rid of the other term—God.

The beautiful, 'symbolical narrative in Genesis iii. is an illustration drawn, perhaps, from that loftiest region of purely human faculty, the poetic imagination, but enforced and interpreted by the spirit of God.

Happy husbandman, O twice and three times blessed. If they but knew the secret of their rest!

MILBURN'S NERVE PILLS FOR WEAK PEOPLE. AND THOSE TROUBLED WITH Painitation, Throbbing or irregular beating of the heart, Dizziness, Shortness of breath, Discharge after exertion, Blotting, Fading, Spasms or pain through the Bronchi and Heart, Morbid Condition of the mind, Partial Paralysis, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Attacks, General Debility, Aching, Stretches of Cramps, Loss of Appetite, etc.

the product of the wrestle with Nature in the fields. The life of the fields, following the plough down the long furrow, watching the weather, contact with springing crops with blossoming, flowering and fruiting things the commerce with the milk-giving line, the helpless sheep, the other dumb creatures of the farmstead, the mystery of the lamb season or of Nature, these are the influences which form the bone and sinews of a nation.

There is some mystery of peace and promise in it all. No wise man despises the clodhopper or sees the term bovine with contempt. He is aware that these kinds are curiously near to God; and in the sacred victories over the soil which is cursed, they gain more lasting victories over sin.

I was in a country churchyard the other day, a little country churchyard; the graves of the rich had their monuments, but the graves of the poor were indistinguishable mounds, like the waves of a gently heaving sea.

In Paradise the fruits grew without toil, and man fell. In the South Seas the fruits grow without toil; that is the most serious difficulty in attempting to raise, civilize and Christianize the inhabitants of those lovely islands.

But what applies primarily to the culture of the ground applies also to work of all kinds, and to the west of the brow which is the 'curse of Adam.' Surely God has turned his curse to good, for toil is the chief blessing that he has awarded us in this life.

For aught that appears in the narrative, the man whom Jesus thus described and identified to the disciples as their guide to the place where they were to observe the Passover, was totally unconscious of the purpose which he was thus made to serve.

It was a coincidence, this meeting of the disciple with the man bearing a phoebe of water. Thus Moses, as he journeyed toward Egypt under divine command, met his brother who was to be his spokesman before Pharaoh; and thus, probably, each of us has at some unrecalled moment met the individual whose person or whose deeds were to give a special direction to our lives.

There is nothing which faith does not overcome; nothing it will not accept. Faith passes beyond all earthly things, pierces all shadows to attain the truth; it keeps it ever in a firm embrace, and will never let herself be separated from it.

Nothing is wanting to it; nothing is too much for it; and at all times it blesses the Divine hand which causes the waters of grace to flow so gently upon it. It has the same tenderness for friends and enemies, being taught by Jesus Christ to regard all men as God's instruments.

The last important work of Franklin's public life was done in the convention of 1787, which framed the Constitution of the United States. He was an aged man, eighty-one years, and suffered so much from the gout that he could not stand for any great length of time.

His great work in the convention was the settling of the question of the amount of representation to be given to the smaller states. They were apprehensive that if representation in both Houses of Congress should be in proportion to population, their interests, if not their liberties, would be in danger from the states which outnumbered them in inhabitants.

Without it, he adds, 'there would be no federal Union. It has never been changed, and in all human probability never will be so long as we retain the semblance of a republic.'

pressing a wish that every member of the convention who may still have objections to it would with me on this occasion doubt a little of his own infallibility, and to make manifest our unanimity, put his name to this instrument.'

At the present time President Kruger is of the Transvaal, by his astuteness in dealing with the British colonial office, is brought as prominently into public notice that anything that relates to him personally is read with interest.

When the president arrived he passed a moment on the threshold, looked keenly about the room,—he has a face, she says, like a wonderfully wise old gorilla,—and fixing his piercing eyes upon the singly unsoiled youth, walked quickly up to him, saying almost roughly:

The ritual of society, as women make it, is very exacting the world over, even in almshouses. The London Outlook reports a serious trouble among a set of workhouse officials.

Charles Sumner, the distinguished United States senator, had little sense of humor and was not at home in the small out-and-thrust skirmishes of general society. At an official ball in Washington he remarked to a young lady who stood beside him.

REIGN AND SHINE? PACKARD'S SHOE DRESSING. IS REIGNING AS THE KING OF LEATHER PRESERVATIVES. GIVES THE BEST SHINE. Try a Bottle. 10c. and 25c. SIZES. PACKARD MADE BY PACKARD OF MONTREAL. (L. H. FRANKS & CO.)

begged—crowded—to be allowed to take up to Covent Garden to-morrow. Lord Fellen offered to drive us down to Annet. The duchess said you were 'sweet persuasion' and offered to act as your companion upon such occasions as I might not be able to take you out myself.

But I'm afraid that I forget all about you for a time, Barbara; I had so much to do, you see, that your very existence slipped my memory from the time I left you at eleven o'clock until I saw you on Sir Anthony's arm, at half past twelve.

CHAPTER IV. May I have the pleasure of a dance with you? The speaker is Sir Anthony Nigel, the occasion my first ball.

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STORY OF OCEAN MARY.

MAID OF THE SEA WON THE HEART OF A PIRATE.

The Touch of Nature That saved a Ship and Crew from Brigandage—Grew to Womanhood and Her Wedding Gown was Made From Fire-silk.

In the village burying ground at Henniker, N. H., may be seen standing among a dozen slabs of like design a small slate stone, whose inscription, in common with the others, in no manner suggests that the story of the one in whose memory it was set was different from the ordinary affairs of the hillside pioneer.

It is the grave of Ocean Mary. It was years and years ago that the baby maocot won the private's heart.

Previous to 1730, the year in which the principal events of this narrative occurred many families of Scotch peasantry crossed the North Channel and found for a time homes in the larger towns or on or near the coast of Ireland. Thus Londonderry became the residence of a large number of Scotch yeomanry.

In those old times of slow ships and many perils of the sea, it was a far cry from Londonderry in Ireland to Londonderry in the granite State: still Scotland and the Emerald Isle had already sent sturdy pioneers to the new world on the Merrimac.

Tradition, often the truer part of history has failed to save from oblivion the name of the ship which sailed from Londonderry for Boston in July, 1730, but she is said to have been in many respects vastly superior to others of her class in those times.

At any rate, long before she dropped anchor off the picturesque coast, many well-to-do families had prepared for the long voyage. Of those who from the deck of the departing ship watched the green shores of Ireland fade from view a large proportion were not only strong of limb, but thrifty and provident.

Out through Lough Foye, past Inishowen Head and far beyond Giant's Causeway, with favoring winds, sailed the fated ship.

Among the passengers were James Wilson and his young wife. A year before Wilson married Elizabeth Fulton, and they were on their way to Londonderry, N. H., where land had been laid out to James Wilson as one of the grantees of that town.

In the small valley settlement to which Wilson and his wife were travelling were friends under whose hands profitable harvest were sure, and a generation was springing up whose influence was to be felt long years after.

Concerning the earlier part of the voyage of the emigrant ship tradition is nearly silent, although certain fragmentary accounts hint of a protracted calm and following storm of such violence that the vessel was driven from her course. However that may be, it is reasonably certain that the passage was about one-third accomplished when events transpired that made the voyage memorable in the lives of all on board.

One sultry evening the lookout saw on the horizon a sail standing like a gray silhouette against the early rising moon. All through the hot summer night the strange craft wore nearer and nearer, and when morning came her low hull could be seen like a black shadow under her full set of canvas.

The pirate was within gunshot of the emigrant ship.

To fight or run away was not to be thought of. The slow ship had not a dozen muskets. They simply waited. They had not long to wait, for boats were soon alongside, and swarming upon the deck, the robbers fell to work as men who knew how to plunder and kill. Crew and passengers were bound, and some were left lying where they were captured, and some rolled into corners, just as suited a momentary freak of the invaders.

None were killed. Valuables were gathered into parcels convenient to be transferred to the pirate ship. The robber Captain going below to search the officers' quarters, threw open the after cabin door with a rough hand, but seeing a woman lying in the berth, stopped.

'Why are you there?' demanded the ruffian.

'See.' The terrified woman uncovered a baby's face.

Then the pirate drew near. 'Is it a boy or a girl?'

'A girl.'

'Have you named her?'

'No.'

The pirate went to the cabin door and commanded that no man stir until further orders. Then, returning, he went close to the berth where the woman lay, and said gently, 'If I may name that baby, baby, that little girl, I will unbind your men and leave your ship unharmed; may I name the girl?'

'Yes.'

Then the rough old robber came nearer still and took up the tiny, unresisting hand of the baby 'Mary.' was the name the woman heard him speak. There were other words, but spoken so low she could not hear. Only his Maker and his own heart knew; but when the child drew its hand away the mother saw a tear on the pink fingers.

There have been other knights than Bayard.

Here was one.

As good as his word, the pirate captain ordered all captives unbound, and goods and valuables restored to the places from which they had been taken; then with his crew he left his ship and pulled to his vessel. But the emigrant ship had scarcely got under way when a new alarm came to them. The private was returning.

If they were dismayed at his appearance they were surprised to see him come on board alone and go directly below to the cabin. There he took from a parcel a piece of brocade silk of marvellous fineness of texture and beauty of design, at a little distance the effect of the pattern is as of a plaid combining in wonderfully harmonized tones nameless hues of red and green, softened with lines of what evidently was once white.

Time has perhaps, somewhat mellowed its color tone, but the richness of its quality is as the richness of pearls.

'Let Mary wear this on her wedding day,' the pirate said, as he lay the silk on the berth.

The pirate left the ship and was seen no more. In the fulness of time the emigrant ship reached Boston without further incident. There James Wilson died soon after landing. Elizabeth Wilson, with Mary, soon after went to live in Londonderry, where friends were waiting for them.

Here the widow married James Clark, great-great-grandparent of Horace Greeley

Constipation, Headache, Biliousness, Heartburn, Indigestion, Dizziness.

Indicate that your liver is out of order. The best medicine to rouse the liver and cure all these ills, is found in

Hood's Pills

25 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

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For years the people of the little hamlet religiously kept July 23 in thanksgiving for the deliverance of their friends from the hands of pirates.

Some time earlier in the year 1732 Thomas Wallace emigrated to America and settled in Londonderry, where on Dec. 18 of the same year he was married to Ocean Mary by the Rev. Mr. Davidson of that town. Her wedding gown was the pirate's silk.

A granddaughter and a great-granddaughter have also worn the same dress on like occasions.

Four sons were born to Mary Wallace, three of whom removed to Henniker. There on a slightly hill, Robert built the house which in his day was far and away the grandest mansion in all the country around. He was a man of large hospitality and intelligent strength of character.

Here Ocean Mary lived many years, and died in 1814 at the age of 84. Her grave is in the Center burying ground, about half way down the middle walk, a bowshot distant from the railroad station. The curious visitor may if he choose read the inscription on the slab:

'In memory of Widow Mary Wallace, who died Feb. 13, A. D. 1814, in the ninth-fourth year of her age.'

The likeness tradition has left of Ocean Mary is that of a woman symmetrically with light hair, blue eyes and fixed complexion, together with a touch of the aristocracy of nature and a fine repose of manner in her energetic, determined and kindly ways.

The house is four miles from Henniker village and about the same distance from Hillsboro. The visitor, if he have an eye for the picturesque, though he regret the decay that has overtaken the old mansion, can but be charmed by the beauty of the landscape in the midst of which it is set.

BLUE CRAB AND MINNOW.

When the Crab Gets the Minnow and When the Minnow Gets the Crab.

The blue crab is a pretty fair hand at catching fish. It will lie in shallow water motionless, with its pincer claws extended and pincers open, waiting for a chance to nip a minnow. It one, coming swimming along through the water, should happen to pass between those open jaws, suddenly the jaws close and that is the last of the minnow. But the blue crab can do better than this; sometimes it will hold motionless in one claw a shred of something on which it has been feeding as a bait for minnows, holding at the same time its other big claw, with the pincer open, waiting. The minnows come up, charging for the food held in the closed claw; but there are likely to be enough of them to spread, and they may come from various directions, so that more than likely one will come within the waiting pincers of the opposite claw, and when one does the proceedings are closed for the time being.

But sometimes the minnows get the blue crab; as they may do when the crab is shedding. The crab knows when that time is coming, and then it makes for a place where it can shed its shell and stay in safety until its new shell is sufficiently hard to protect it. The crab comes in

with the tide and makes for some place on the bottom, in shallow water, perhaps along the edge of the eel grass, or under some protecting patch of ulva, and then proceeds to dig a hole in which it can stay after it has shed its shell until it is strong enough to go about. It digs the sand or mud up around from under itself, and, as likely as not, leaves its discarded shell, in a most likable form, up on the sand on the edge of the hole, in front of it. This shell would frighten away some small fishes that would not dare to tackle a crab in its ordinary condition. The discarded shell, is a help to fishermen who are hunting crabs, because it shows where a crab may be found, and weakfish, which come in shore in shallow water to feed, hunt up soft crabs by searching the neighborhood of the spot where they find a shell, just as a fisherman would do.

When the crab first sheds its shell it is perfectly helpless. Its new shell is as yet so soft that it is no protection to it and no support; the crab cannot even stand up. The shell hardens rapidly, and it may be that by the time of the next full tide the crab will be able to move about and defend itself; but for a time after it sheds it is helpless.

This is when the minnow gets the crab. The crab may have been left by the receding tide above the edge of the water. When the incoming tide has again covered the crab and surrounded it with water to the depth of an inch or two the minnows may discover it, and they come swimming along through the shallow water to attack it. Sometimes a fisherman discovered a soft crab by the splashing that the minnows kick up around it. If undisturbed the minnows swarming around the helpless crab kill and eat it. But sometimes another blue crab will appear and break up the minnow's feast. This is a blue crab that has not shed its shell, but has its armor on. It comes stalking in among the minnows, perhaps nipping one of them in its pincer claws as it comes up, and dispersing the rest.

The blue crab is a cannibal; it will eat its own kind. If when the crab comes up there is any of the soft crab left, the newcomer will very likely eat that first, with one claw holding on meanwhile in its other the wiggling minnow which it has seized at the outset, keeping that to top off with.

Where He Belonged.

It may seem a novel idea that a man owes his being to the place where he happens to have made his growth as well as to the place where he was born, but such was the view of a Scotch witness.

'Are you a native of this parish?' asked the sheriff of a man called to testify in a case of distilling.

'Maistly, yer honor,' was the reply.

'Meag, were you born in this parish?'

'No, yer honor, I wasna born in this parish, but I'm maistly a native for a' that.'

'You came here when you were a child, I suppose you mean?' said the sheriff.

'No sir; I'm here just about sax year noo.'

KNIVES, FORKS & SPOONS STAMPED 1847. ROGERS BBOS. GENUINE AND GUARANTEED BY THE MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO. THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.

'Then how do you come to be mostly a native of the parish?'

'Well, yer honor, when I cam' here, sax year syne, I just weighed eight stane, an' I'm fully seventeen stane noo; see, ye see about nine stane o' me belongs to this parish, I'm ansaun be maistly a native o'.'

IKKEY'S TRIP WEST.

Eye-Opening Experience of a Man From New York With a Good Idea of Himself.

'You know my brother Ikey, of course?' said the man who was treating a couple of friends to a boat ride to Coney Island. 'Ikey and I have been partners in business for twelve years. He has always stuck to the deck, while I have done the travelling. Ikey had an idea that New York couldn't run a day without him. He also thought himself the cutest, smartest man in the big town. Other New Yorkers who never got ten miles out of town have the same idea. Things happened to me on the road now and then, and I told Ikey about 'em, but I never could get him to believe that there was a man outside of Gotham who knew enough to take in a poker pot with a straight flush in his hand. A few weeks ago I got hurt, and Ikey had to go out or lose customers. When he finally concluded to go, he went with his hat on his ear and a pocketful of 60 cent cigars. He was prepared to do asle everybody.

'Ikey,' says I, as he was ready to go, 'look a little out for gum games. You'll run across chaps who know a crowbar from a clock.'

'Bah!' says Ikey as he picked up his grip and started off with a smile of contempt on his face.

'Well, I'm nearly dead of laughing over his adventures. He got off at Albany and was lugging his grip uptown, when a boy steps up and says:

'Hello, Senator! Glad to see you. I'll carry that grip along and make no charge.'

'It tickled Ikey to be taken for a Senator and it tickled him to save a dime, but the boy got away with the grip, and Ikey was hung up for two days until the police found it. At Rochester, as he was standing around the station, a stranger fell against him, and said:

'Beg pardon but ain't you the man who is going to build the Panama Canal?'

'I'm thinking of it,' says Ikey, sober as a judge, but three minutes later he finds his watch gone.

'In Buffalo, as he came out of his hotel, a stranger asked him if he wasn't the Governor, and then added: 'Excuse me while I knock that fly off!'

'Ikey rather carried the idea that he was the governor, but the stranger had got his diamond pin. In Cleveland one of our old customers set out to make things pleasant for my brother, and after dinner said to him:

'Say, Ikey, we've got a new game out here, and maybe you'd like to take a hand in? It's called poker, and there's a great chance to show your nerve by bluffing.'

'A new game!' says Ikey, as he throws up his hands. 'Why, we've been playing poker in New York for the last 200 years!'

'And Ikey took a hand in, and when the Buckeyes got through with him he was \$70 out of pocket. Getting along to Toledo a man worked \$25 out of him on a bogus check, and in Detroit he was let in as a sure winner on a horse race and lost \$35 more. That same night a thief entered his room and stole all his clothes and he had to telegraph me to get others to get home in. While he was on the way a pick-pocket got his last dollar, and he couldn't even pay car fare home from the station. It's a sore subject with Ikey, and you fellows must handle him gently, but it will do him a heap of good in the end. The swelling in his head has gone down by a third already, and he is almost ready to admit that he isn't infallible.'

His Message.

Excitement is often the cause of strange telegrams, as well as other strange manifestations.

A man who had been none of the passengers on a shipwrecked vessel was rescued almost by a miracle. On arriving at a place from which he could send a telegraphic message, he forwarded the following despatch to his brother:

'I am saved. Try to break it to my wife.'

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Hoarseness by Dr. Richardson's Asthical Ear Drops, has sent \$1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drops may have them free. Apply to Department O. G. The Institute, "Longwood," Bessersbury, London, W., England.



APIOL & STEEL PILLS For Ladies. A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Expelling Bitter Apple, Bil Colicis, Peasycrosis, &c. Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from EVANS & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Yoron, Canada, Victoria, B. C. or Martis, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton, Eng.

W.C. While this is the best... Mrs. JULIA C.

KNIVES, FORKS & SPOONS STAMPED 1847 ROGERS BBOS. ARE GUARANTEED by the MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO. THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD

Frills of Fashion.

The time is ripe for the enactment of vigorous sumptuary laws. No one else would so welcome a little stern legislation against the prevailing extravagance in dress as the women concerned themselves. The pace that impoverishes any but bottomless purses has been set all along the line as regards clothes this summer, and the gorgefulness of feminine raiment has never in the experience of the most regular frequenter of the watering places been equalled. A perfectly fresh frock every twenty-four hours is the record of many women at Newport. This might not indicate any particular lavishness of wardrobe if the majority of the gowns were simple like gingham or sourestie muslins garnished with ribbons. It must be confessed, however, that the simple gingham cuts a very small figure among these modern toilets, and the Swiss muslin is just a picturesque tradition, for lace is the thing, lace in masses or in rich incrustations; satin and silk and crepe de chine and silk muslin are the foundation materials, and when duck and muslin and gingham do appear they are enhanced with sand needlework, so fretted with embroidery, so frilled and flounced and jabot-hung that the original cotton bias of the costume is absolutely lost sight of and ignored.

All women admit that nothing can be done to stem the tide of extravagance and elaboration in connection with their clothes until the prevailing cut of skirts and the exceeding favour of lace are modified. So long as the self-styled petticoats are the law they must be garnished and garlanded to the last extreme, they must be cut from the best goods, and not to put lace on them is like refusing oil to a salad dressing; it simply will not do. Of course, relief is hoped for Paris but as the business of the Parisian powers is to keep every woman's money in active circulation, relief seems rather far away, and meantime the ballrooms are filled with beauty.

What is now described as a skirt of dancing length is a sheath like petticoat to the knees, and below that a flare of flounces sweeps the floor in front and runs in a broad wake of foam-like flutes behind. It is distinctly to the credit of the women that any dancing at all is done in these dainty shackles laid about knees and feet; and a triumph of mind over matter is the sight of a woman bland, even smiling of countenance, as she waltzes about a crowded room with costly draperies in instant peril from masculine feet. Quite an awe inspiring sight is this, and the greatest mystery is that the majority dance serenely through an evening and never lose a spangle.

So far this has not been a season noticeable for the use of flower garlands on evening toilets. A white net gown sparkling with patterns done in silver braid, and with the picture completed with a few trails of white Bankia roses, was one in the list of costumes for a debutante; and women are fond enough of arranging one shoulder strap for a decollete bodice in a close-set band of roses. This is usually the strapping for the left, while on the right a drapery of lace or crossed pieces of black velvet ribbon do duty, and bright jewelled brooches are often fastened in the velvet ribbon. Lace sleeves all the way to the wrist are dropping into second place behind the modes just mentioned, and a drapery of chiffon falling nearly to the elbow, but open on the top of the arm, is one of Worth's latest contrivances. Over the shoulder a bow of small flowers often bend in additional decoration, but floral treatment rarely plays a more conspicuous part. What the dressmakers seemingly

delight in is the incrustation of a net or silk muslin skirt with fluted lace garland the leaves and stems of which are vined with pale green strings. They do not hesitate to drop a drapery so treated over a silk slip in a rather assertive tone of pink, just as they combine mauve with blue and sharpen a white gown with corse.

In spite of its seemingly frail hold on gowns, the faithful little spangle clings and not only strikes fairy fire into the ubiquitous lace garlands, but wrinkles in the meshes of the thick killed deep net and silk muslin flounces that flare out from the Princess gowns; reflects the light from the face of a small five-sticked Duchess fans now carried and is very much used in the decoration of small dress buckles, in place of the worthy straws. Little by little, though, these summer evening gowns give proof of the future use of the finest sort of bullion embroidery instead of the jetting and spangling we have had so much of, and the tendency of skirt decoration is surely upward. In a month or two flounces will inevitably have got as high as the hips, for by many aids they are climbing. For instance, a white satin skirt has a deep tulle valance from the knees and the frills of the same running up to the waist line, widely spaced and diminishing in width the higher they go. Another commendable toilet has a group of three small flounces near the bottom, but a band of bullion embroidery on the mauve crepe de chine foundation goes circling the skirt clear up to the belt, followed in its path by a graduated ruffle of silk muslin. Now certainly what is proper for the ball dress is adaptable to the costumes of other occasions, and it is safe to anticipate the rising tide of skirt trimmings for the autumn.

It is of considerable importance to mention that a twisted eight is no longer an accepted mode of hairdressing, and that for the popular coiffure a net too luxuriant head of dark brown hair with high reddish lights in it is much easier to manipulate and more effective when pinned in place than any other type. For the evening all length of tress is gathered up on top of the head and there folded in a small upstanding knot. From crown to nape a clean sweep of even hair should round out the back of the head, with no coquetish tendrils on the neck, and in front a slight pompadour with just a few short rings on the forehead is allowed.

Sometimes a string of pearls, a wreath of small green artificial leaves, or a whiff of black tulle clasps the base of the small knot of hair, but the wired satin Louis XVI bows and nodding aigrettes are no longer in use. The diamond crowned tuck comb is conspicuous by its absence, and the only comb now used is thrust in the back hair by day to act as a support for the rear brim of the wearer's hat. The coiffure for the day-time is the Greek coil, a fastened out Psyche knot or three puffs rising in front. No one but an eccentric woman pins her locks at the back of her head, for the hat we wear at present simply demands a good cushion of hair inside its crown and strong pins to hold it in place, since the burden of the trimming rests on the crown.

A cream wheat straw, bearing no other decoration than a crown made completely of mixed mauve and blue hydrangea heads, is among the most captivating manifestations of the moment, and one of the whims of the hour is to adopt sundry graceful draperies for the head of an evening. Any pieces of good old lace are wrought into what in another period of fashion was called a fascinator, a thing between a kerchief and a hood, with lappets that fasten under the chin. If lace is not procurable then Liberty silk in a faint glacier blue will do, and amid the silken folds a blush rose is fastened and another blooms under the chin.

Through all this summer weather the women have as a rule clung with amazing fidelity to their gloves, for it is not against blistered fingers and calloused palms that the average girl has found it necessary to protect herself, but against the indelible freckle. There is no science that yet explains why a freckle on the back of a woman's hand takes just twice as long to bleach out as one on her nose or cheek, but any woman who knows the vigor and long life of a hand freckle will refuse to move from the house without gloves. Big gloves that make no vain show of fitting the fingers seem to be the cherished comfort of feminine existence for every hour save when at dinner or a dance is in progress. Early in the season suede like gloves got a fine start in popularity ahead of all the others, but suede like does not wear, and gazelle and antelope skin, with perforated palms, are worn for driving and wheeling. Down by the water while wash chamber skin or gloves in the pale tan tint of the useful chambray polishing rag are freely used, and these, in four-buttoned

length with Bernhard wrists, give perfect shelter to hands that on boaters or the deck of yachts are more or less exposed. The easy tightness of the wash gloves has had an influence on those worn in the evening. A tightly fitted glove, buttoned snugly at the wrist, is as much out of the mode as a foot in a pointed-toe shoe. Long fingers, broad palms and wrinkled wrists are not only comfortable but smart, and with her strong, careful gloved right hand a woman can give as free and hearty a handshake as a man. White ibis, glacier blue and putty gray are some of the most approved colors for evening gloves as now worn, and a suede glove, drawn smoothly up just over the elbow, is considered in the best taste.

Three or five strings of very small or seed pearls twisted in a rope and fastened by all the fine silken threads on which they are strung is what the debutants wear. She wears this as if her collar bones are a trifle too prominent, but if she has a plump white neck she wears no jewels at all unless she has chains of pearls well worth the showing. An evening toilet and especially a summer evening dress is easily overburdened with diamonds, but it seems tacitly agreed that it is almost impossible to wear too many pearls. High dog collars are hot and troublesome when the mercury is up and doing, but a necklace of one string of big beads and those long single chains of pearls of varying sizes, and tints give an increased charm to any toilet. Pearls are more expensive than ever, but no woman is the less thought of for buying pretty imitation beads and stringing them about her neck till they fall in loops to her knees. Those skilful creatures who dress with a view to obscuring deftly many of the ravages of time wear in the evening with decollete gowns the prettiest collars of lace. Such collars strewn with pearl bead traceries running through the design of the lace, or sparkling with spangles, seem far too open meshed and innocently revealing to be worn for other than mere ornamental effect, and yet they are fully as serviceable as spotted veils, and hide quite as much in their artful way as the well managed width of dotted tulle.

It is quite contrary to the idea of the modern evening dress to help out its effectiveness with rings and bangles, and there is nothing more typical of the daintiness of these toilets than the tiny glove handkerchiefs that are carried with them. A square of triangular or heart-shaped piece of the finest handkerchief batiste, no greater than the area of a man's palm, forms the basis of this handkerchief, and frilled round it is an inch and a half wide flounce of soft cream tinted footing. Caught in the centre of its batiste circle the small handkerchief is thrust into the glove's opening at the wrist, or is stuck like a rose in the top of the glove, where the crook of the elbow holds it fast. What its practical duties are is not clear, even to the women themselves; yet it savors of the excessively impractical but charming femininity of the lace gown and its wearer.

The Salvation Army. Time tries all things. It has well tried one great organization about which most people had given doubts at the start, the Salvation Army. This thoroughly enterprising society has been through what American business men might call its advertising period; and although it has not yet given up advertising methods, it has little further need of an introduction to the public. Of recent years its work has become solid and to depend upon. It has made

ROBINSON & CLEAVER BELFAST, IRELAND. AND 164, 166 and 170 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. IRISH LINEN & DAMASK MANUFACTURERS. HOUSEHOLD LINENS. From the Least Expensive to the FINEST in the WORLD. Robinson & Cleaver BELFAST, IRELAND.

the uniform of its soldier, men and women respected by the most thoughtful and favored as well as by the poorest and basest. The unfortunate and that prodigal know that it serves as honest and faithful to their duty. Its organization and discipline have improved, and its methods have been imitated by other organizations who wish to reach the masses of the people in the cities. These methods have more important ends than the mere attracting of public attention. They concern themselves with the friendly wilderness; they are not pauperizing in any way, but are a hand held out just when a helping hand is needed. This worthy and industrious army has set rolling a ball which grows from year to year, and which is not likely to stop while good remains to be done. An Act of Unselfish Heroism. He entered a crowded tram-car the other morning, and, after a look round, he reached out his hand to a middle aged man, and saluted: 'Good morning, sir. How do you feel this morning?' 'Good morning,' was the stiff reply of the other. 'Don't you remember me?' queried the man, hanging to it strap. 'I can't say that I do.' 'That's funny. Six weeks ago to-night I was on one of these tram-cars with my wife. You were you were also a passenger. The tram was crowded and you got up and gave her your seat. Don't you remember?' 'I don't charge my mind with such trifles,' replied the man sitting down, and who didn't seem to like the attention attracted. 'Yes, it was a trifle, but trifles show a man's character! Don't you remember

my saying to you then and there that you were the only gentleman in the car beside myself?' The man sitting down began to get red in the face and move about uneasily, and the man standing up loudly continued: 'I said to my wife as we got off: 'Mary, the man who gave you his seat may not be rich or famous, but he is a gentleman, and if ever I see him again I shall express my gratitude.' 'Yes, sir, you are a gentleman, and I don't care who hears me say so. Will you get off and have a glass of wine with me?' 'Please drop the matter, will you?' asked the 'true gentleman,' as he grew more embarrassed and uneasy. 'Of course I will, if you say so. That's the way with true modesty. You probably didn't think you did an act of heroism that night, but I know, and the world, shall know, that you did. You could have sat there, and sat and sat, but you didn't do it. The minute you saw my wife you got up—so, and lifted your hat—so, and smiled—so, and insisted that she should take your seat. Did you ever do a thing like that? Was Brutus a greater hero? One may search the records of the whole world, sir, and not find—' The 'true gentleman' couldn't stand any more. He rose up, hurried out, and dropped off, and the thankful man dropped into the seat thus vacated, and finished: '—the records of the whole world, and not find another such act of unselfish heroism. Corn Sowing. Is conducted by tight boots. Corn reaping is best conducted by Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, the only safe, sure, prompt and painless corn cure. Beware of imitations. A Millionaire who Never Borrows. Mr. Charles Broadway Rous, who is worth \$6,000,000, and who began his business career as a clerk in a small store suggests the following seven maxims as embracing the essentials of a successful business career: The dignity of labor is the greatest of all dignities; the genius of work is the greatest of all geniuses. Industry, integrity, economy and promptness are cardinal requisites to certain and honorable success. Merit is the trade-mark of success; quality the true test of value. Success is not in time, place or circumstances, but in the man. Credit and partnerships are the bane of commercial history and the bane of commercial experience. Beware of the gifts of the Greeks; they allure that they may destroy; credit is tempting, but ruin surely follows in its path. Burn the ledger and learn to say No; this is the best for both buyer and seller. Light or dark blue cottons or silks can be dyed black, Magnetic dye black, gives a handsome, permanent color, price 10 cents. He Found the Way. A funny incident was that of one of the regular patrons of the Opera house, on Tuesday evening last, when entering and finding the house dark, he quietly drew several matches from his pocket and lighted his way down the auditorium to his seat. A witty gentleman in the audience remarked: 'He has an abiding faith in Lucifer.'

Then how do you come to be mostly a native of the parish? 'Well, ye see, when I cam' here, six year syne, I jist weighed eight stane, an' I'm fully seventeen stane, now; see, ye see about nine stane o' me belongs to this parish, I amson be mainly a native o' it.' IRELAND WEST. Eye-Opening Experiences of a Man From New York With a Good Idea of Himself. 'You know my brother Ikey, of course?' said the man who was treating a couple of friends to a boat ride to Coney Island. 'Ikey and I have been partners in business for twelve years. He has always stuck to the desk, while I have done the travelling. Ikey had an idea that New York couldn't run a day without him. He also thought himself the cutest, smartest man in the big town. Other New Yorkers who never get ten miles out of town have the same idea. Things happened to me on the road now and then, and I told Ikey about 'em, but I never could get him to believe that there was a man outside of Gotham who knew enough to rake in a poker pot with a straight flush in his hand. A few weeks ago I got hurt, and Ikey had to go out or lose customers. When he finally concluded to go, he went with his hat on his ear and a pocketful of 50 cent cigars. He was prepared to do zle everybody. 'Ikey,' says I, as he was ready to go, 'look a little out for gum games. You'll run across chaps who know a crowbar from clock.' 'Bah! says Ikey as he picked up his grip and started off with a smile of contempt on his face. 'Well, I'm nearly dead of laughing over his adventures. He got off at Albany and was lugging his grip uptown, when a boy steps up and says: 'Hello, Senator! Glad to see you. I'll carry that grip along and make no charge.' 'It tickled Ikey to be taken for a Senator and it tickled him to save a dime, but the boy got away with the grip, and Ikey was hung up for two days until the police found it. At Rochester, as he was standing around the station, a stranger fell against him, and said: 'Beg pardon but ain't you the man who is going to build the Panama Canal?' 'I'm thinking of it,' says Ikey, sober as judge, but three minutes later he finds it watch gone. 'In Buffalo, as he came out of his hotel, a stranger asked him if he wasn't the Governor, and then added: 'Excuse me while I knock that off!' 'Ikey rather carried the idea that he was a governor, but the stranger had got his almond pin. In Cleveland one of our old customers set out to make things pleasant for my brother, and after dinner said to me: 'Say, Ikey, we've got a new game out here, and maybe you'd like to take a hand? It's called poker, and there's a great chance to show your nerve by bluffing.' 'A new game! says Ikey, as he throws his hands. 'Why, we've been playing ker in New York for the last 200 years!' 'And Ikey took a hand in, and when the ckeeyes got through with him he was 0 out of pocket. Getting along to Toledo a man worked \$25 out of him or a gas check, and in Detroit he was let in a sure winner on a horse race and lost \$5 more. That same night a thief entered room and stole all his clothes and he it to telegraph me to get others to get me in. While he was on the way a k-pocket got his last dollar, and he didn't even pay car fare home from the tion. It's a sore subject with Ikey, and I fellows must handle him gently, but it do him a heap of good in the end. He swelling in his head has gone down by bird already, and he is almost ready admit that he isn't infallible.'

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BOOK FOR WOMEN FREE. Women who wish to learn how to prevent and cure those diseases peculiar to their sex and who wish to learn how to become healthy, strong and happy, instead of suffering, weak and miserable, should write for Mrs. Julia Richard's. Write this edition lasts a copy will be sent postpaid in sealed envelope to any lady who applies for it. Mrs. JULIA C. RICHARD, Box 996, Montreal.

ACME SWINGING HAMMOCK CHAIR. Adjusts automatically to any position by simple movement of the body without leaving the chair. The swing construction gives a perfect balance in any position—best steel firmly braced, enameled back, strong fancy striped canvas. \$4.00. Will hold a person weighing 250 lbs.—folds to occupy a space only 1-2 x 31 inches. No more broken backs. Agents Wanted to COIN TEN DOLLARS A DAY OR given away with 'SCOTT'S STOMACH AND NERVE FOOD' which fills the body with new life and vigor. 50 cents a box. ADDRESS: The Scott Medicine Co., KINGSTON, ONT.

HARD TO TELL 'EM APART. But Here are Some Hints for Spectators About Columbia and Defender.

The points of difference between the Columbia, the new cup boat, and the Defender, the champion of 1895, are not many, but yachtsmen are joyful that in the new steel mast just placed in the Columbia they will have one more item to help them distinguish one boat from the other at a distance.

But in the case of the Columbia and Defender it has not been so easy to pick them out. Of course, if one is close enough the task is commonplace. Even if one is not in a position to read the name on the stern anyone could tell from the looks of the crew which are the D. or Isle sailers from the coast of Maine, who handle the Columbia's sails, and which are the Scandinavian tars, who obey the orders of the Defender's skipper.

When the two boats raced off Sandy Hook a few weeks ago not a little money changed hands among the throng of excursionists who witnessed the contest on the question 'which is which?' There was no way of deciding the wager unless you had read in the newspapers that the Defender had two wheels to her steering apparatus while the Columbia had only one.

It was absolutely necessary to have the identity established, so those most concerned in the movements of the yachts began to look over their sails and spars in the endeavor to find some positive point of difference. At last it was discovered that there was a long dark streak on the Columbia's mainsail, as though a strip of the canvas was badly mildewed.

Up to date this has been the simplest way to tell one yacht from the other, because the mark is high up from the deck and can be seen with the naked eye for a mile or more.

The new steel mast of the Columbia will, however, make things all the easier. The topmast that goes with this spar is arranged by an ingenious device of Designer Herreshoff to telescope into the mainmast. This does away with the cumbersome old-time method of bending the topmast on to the mainmast with the aid of steel bands making a double thickness of wood where the two spars are fastened.

Whereas MILLIARD differs from FOSTER. George G. Williams, President of the Chemical National Bank of New York, who is worth \$5,000,000, has worked his way from a clerkship to the head of one of the soundest financial institutions in the country by conduct founded upon the principles in his five favorite dictums.

- 1 There is no royal road to success. Work is the keynote.
2 Learn to do one thing well and do it thoroughly.
3 Ambition and common sense will win success for any one along legitimate lines.
4 The really successful man is made not born.
5 Determination is the lever of the great machine of life.

SOME GREAT NAMES.

The Nomenclature of the Three Chief Collections of Notable Americans.

Whatever may happen, the three leading collections of men who will always retain their positions in the minds of the people and in the history of the United States are the Pilgrim Fathers, the signers of the Declaration of Independence and the Presidents. Of the first there were forty-one, of the second fifty-six and of the third twenty-four up to this time—but how long this list will be before the end is reached no man knoweth.

There were six Pilgrims bearing the name of Edward, second in number to John, but he had fallen away to one among the signers and has not yet appeared in the Presidential list. Thomas, William and Richard appear four times each among the Pilgrims, gain to six each for William and Thomas among the signers, drop to two for Richard, and William appears twice among the Presidents, Thomas once and Richard not at all.

Of the surnames not one among the Pilgrims appears among the Presidents, which means that no name goes through the entire trilogy of great national names. Among the Pilgrims was a Clarke, Williams and Hopkins, which appear also among the signers there being a Steph. Hopkins in each. This identity of names appears again among the signers and the Presidents, Benjamin Harrison being the name. It may be remarked that the Clarke of the Pilgrims spelled his name with an e, while the signer dropped it. Of the names appearing among the signers and the presidents, there are two Adamses, Harrison, J. Herson and T. Herson. Of the pilgrims not one had a middle name or initial; only three of the signers (Lee, Richard Henry, and Francis Lightfoot and Robert Treat Paine), put themselves down that way, and only seven of the presidents, although Grover Cleveland dropped the Stephen to which he was entitled, and used his middle name. John Quincy Adams was the only one to write his name out in full, as all the middle signers did.

The buildings for the Paris Exposition of 1900 are well advanced. Many of them, indeed, are externally completed, and a considerable part of the Eiffel Tower has received the coat of fresh yellow paint which is relied upon to give it an appearance of newness.

California will send a little ship, which will be made from a single piece of a California big tree, and it is expected will actually sail to Paris around Cape Horn, across the Atlantic and up the Seine.

Our country's recent fame as a fighting nation will be reflected in models of warships, including Admiral Dewey's Olympia and the old and new Maine. American vessels and other vehicles of peace and commerce, especially the all-pervading trolley-car, will be exhaustively shown.

represented on the immortal paper. The oldest singer was Benjamin Franklin (born January, 1706) in his seventy-first year and the youngest was Edward Rutledge of South Carolina (born November, 1749), in his twenty-seventh year. The singer who reeled the most advanced age (96) was Charles Carroll of Maryland, who died Nov. 14, 1832, the last survivor of the signers. John Adams (91) and Thomas Jefferson (83) died on the same day, July 4, 1826. The first singer to die was John Morton of Pennsylvania, who had given the casting vote in favour of the adoption of the Declaration. None died under 45, and three died at that age.

Mr. Thomas Nelson Jr., of York Va. and Mr. William Williams of Lebanon Conn., were the only two signers to go on record as statesmen. Thomas Jefferson was not a statesman he was merely a lawyer.

Famous Bull Terrier That had Killed a Ton and a Half of Bats.

Sporting men on both sides of the Atlantic are still grieving over the death recently of Tinier, a well known little bull terrier who became famous among sporting men a few years ago for his remarkable rat-killing achievements. He was a descendant of the still more widely known Tiny, at one time believed to be the best rat dog of his weight, 5 1/2 pounds, ever bred, either here or in England, Tinier, however, eclipsed his parents in many ways and but for the fact that the sport in which he excelled has declined of late he would doubtless have been more heard of than he was.

Tinier was the holder of the remarkable record of having killed fifty rats in 28 minutes and three seconds. He weighed 5 pounds 9 ounces. The best judge of dogs and the oldest sporting man had pronounced him the pluckiest dog of his weight ever thrown into a pit. So great was his endurance and gallantry that in all of his battles with rats even when several rats would fasten on his lips, Tinier was never known to utter the least cry of pain or to show the slightest sign of suffering or of any intention of finching. Throughout his long career, though pitted against the largest rats that could be secured, he had never 'gone under.' He is estimated to have disposed of more than five thousand rats in his time, the aggregate weight of which would probably be more than one and a half tons!

It is not known generally that Tinier was not his real name at first. Originally he bore the more imposing title of 'Little Prince Hal.' When he became better known he was often exhibited with his famous parent on a crimson velvet cushion, with gold fringe, both being surrounded on three sides by a row of candles, to set hands. And as Hal looked smaller and lighter built than Tiny, being, in fact, five or six ounces lighter, he got the stage name of Tinier, which was embroidered on his cushion and afterward it clung to him.

THE WORLDS FAIR OF 1900. Preparations are going on and the Buildings Well Advanced.

The buildings for the Paris Exposition of 1900 are well advanced. Many of them, indeed, are externally completed, and a considerable part of the Eiffel Tower has received the coat of fresh yellow paint which is relied upon to give it an appearance of newness.

Meantime the nations are preparing the exhibits for this great fair, which will celebrate the completion of the century of marvels, and no country has surpassed the United States in the fullness of its preparation.

The individual States of the Union are preparing exhibits illustrating their peculiar resources. Colorado, it is said, will send a life-statue of a typical American girl, made wholly of pure gold. It will weigh nearly two tons, and will cost about one million dollars.

California will send a little ship, which will be made from a single piece of a California big tree, and it is expected will actually sail to Paris around Cape Horn, across the Atlantic and up the Seine.

Our country's recent fame as a fighting nation will be reflected in models of warships, including Admiral Dewey's Olympia and the old and new Maine. American vessels and other vehicles of peace and commerce, especially the all-pervading trolley-car, will be exhaustively shown.

After three and a half months of war, the year 1900, through the influence of the International Peace Conference and the Paris Exposition, where the admirable 'world's congresses' of the Columbian Exposition are to be repeated, promises happily, to be memorable in the annals of peace.

FLASHES OF FUN.

Gerald: 'I'll bet you a kiss on the result of the next General Election.'

'Gertrude: 'Isn't there any before that?'

Subbubs: 'Can your daughter play the piano?'

Hubbubs: 'No, but she does.'

Brownleigh, visiting friends in the country: 'I don't often get such a good supper.'

Johnnie, son of the host: 'Neither do we.'

Mistress: 'Well, Anna, have you found the roses for my hair yet?'

Anna: 'Yes, madam; but I cannot find the hair.'

She: 'Am I the first girl you ever proposed to during?'

He (sincerely): 'No; but you are the only girl who ever accepted me.'

Jiggs: 'Pshaw! any man of ordinary intelligence ought to be able to see that.'

Bigg: 'That may be. But understand, sir, that I'm not a man of ordinary intelligence.'

She: 'Promise me that if I die you will never marry again.'

He: 'What? And let people think my dear little first wife was such a terror that didn't dare to? Never!'

Hoax: 'See that little chap over there? He doesn't look like a celebrity, and yet his name is in everyone's mouth.'

Joan: 'See? Who is he?'

Hoax: 'Why, his name's Mohler.'

Van Gabbler: 'I see the fashion is coming in again for ladies to wear ear-rings. I suppose now you'll need to have your ears bored.'

Miss Nanni: 'I'm used to that.'

Tommy: 'I'm going to begin common fractions to-morrow, ma.'

Mother: 'You shall do nothing of the kind, Tommy. You shall study the very best fractions they have in the school.'

'You've got an awful cold, Smithers. Why don't you go to a doctor and get him to give you something for it?'

'Give me something for it? Man, he can have it for nothing, and welcome.'

'Puffin is answered an advertisement in which somebody offered to sell him the secret for preventing trousers from getting fringed round the bottom.'

'What did they tell him?'

'To wear knickerbockers.'

'So his mother intends making a pianist of him?'

'Yes.'

'Who is to be the master?'

'She hasn't got that far yet; at present she is merely letting his hair grow.'

'Something is going on in that house with the green blinds,' said the neighbor opposite, 'from the looks of the women who are arriving, though I really can't tell whether it's a reception or whether they've advertised for a cook.'

Mrs. Naggeby (Nora drop everything and come to me!')

Nora: 'Yes ma'am.'

Mrs. Naggeby: 'Now what's the baby crying for?'

Nora: 'Cause I dropped him mum.'

hand: 'Allow me to congratulate you, sir! I am a professional myself.'

'Professional sportsman?'

'No; professional liar.'

'Are you the society editor?' asked the large woman.

'No, madam,' said the one addressed; 'I am only the court reporter.'

'Really, I am surprised! But perhaps you will do. Your paper said in the account of the affair at my house that fiscal decorations lent beauty to the scene. I wish you would have your paper state that the floral beauty was not lent. Everything was paid for.'

20 YEARS TORTURE.

A Belleville Lady, Whom Doctors Failed to Help, Cured at Last by Doan's Kidney Pills.

No one who has not suffered from kidney disease can imagine the terrible torture those endure who are the victims of some disorder of these delicate filters of the body. Mrs. Richard Rees, a well-known and highly respected lady of Belleville, Ont., had to bear the burden of kidney complaint for over 20 years and now Doan's Kidney Pills have cured her when all else failed.

Her husband made the following statement of her case: 'For 20 years my wife has been a sufferer from pain in the back, sleeplessness and nervousness and general prostration. Nothing seemed to help her. Doctors and medicines all failed, until we got a ray of hope when we saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised as a positive cure. She began to take them and they helped her right away, and she is now better in every respect. We can heartily recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to all sufferers, for they seem to strike the right spot quickly, and their action is not only quick but it is permanent.'

'I cannot say more in favor of these wonderful pills than that they saved my wife from lingering torture, which she had endured for 20 years past, and I sincerely trust that all sufferers will give Doan's Kidney Pills a fair trial.'

LAXA-Cure constipation, biliousness, sick headache and dyspepsia. Every pill guaranteed perfect and to act without any griping, weakening or sickening effects. 25c. at all druggists.

HUNDREDS OF MEN ARE WEARING PALMER'S TOUPEES. You can't detect it, can you? That's just why they are wearing them. Nobody wants people to know that they are wearing a toupee. Call in or write for Erlous, etc. J. PALMER & SON, 1748 Notre Dame St., MONTREAL.

PATENTS procure or sell a patent for you. Our 20 years personal experience is at your service. Write us for information and terms. U.S. Office, 808 F St., N.W., Washington, D.C. CUTLER & LAMONT, Inc. Boston, Montreal.

To Introduce \$1.00. Our new 1900 models early, we will, for the next 30 days, ship a sample Bicycle C.O.D. to address upon receipt of \$1.00. We offer splendid chance to a good agent in each town. You have your choice of Cash, or outright gift of one or more wheels, according to nature of work done for us. INTRODUCTION PRICES: FLYER—14 in. Tubing, Flush Joints, 1 Piece Cranks, fitted with Dunlop Tires, \$10.00; fitted with M. & W. Tires, \$2.50; Men and Ladies Green and Maroon, \$2 and 24 in. Frame, any year. Wheels slightly used, modern types, \$2.00. Price List Free. Secure Agency at once. T. W. ROYD & SON, Montreal.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT. An unequalled remedy for Chafed Skin, Piles, Scalds, Cuts, Sore eyes, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Earsache, Neuralgic and Rheumatic Pains, Throat, Colds, Ringworm, and Skin Affections generally. Large Pots, 1s 1/4d. each, at Chemists, etc., with Instructions. Illustrated Pamphlet of Calvert's Carbolic Preparations sent post free on application. F.C. CALVERT & CO. Manchester

CANCER. And Tumors cured to stay cured, at home, in 10 to 15 days, plaster book-free, write Dept. 11, MASON MEDICINE Co., 377 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Ontario.

SICK HEADACHE. Little. They also relieve Dizziness and Too Dizziness. Best Taster in the Pain in the Side, TOR. Regulate the Bowels. Small Pill. Small. Substitution. the fraud of the See you get Carter Ask for Carter Insist and demand Carter's Little

professional sportsman? professional liar? you the society editor? asked the woman.

YEARS TORTURE.

Deville Lady, Whom Doctors Failed to Help, Cured at Last by Doan's Kidney Pills.

one who has not suffered from kidney trouble can imagine the terrible torture endured by the victims of some of these delicate filters of the body.

Cure constipation, biliousness, sick headache and dyspepsia. Every pill guaranteed perfect and to act without any griping, weakening or sickening effects.

HUNDREDS OF MEN ARE WEARING PALMER'S TOUPEES

You can't detect it, can you? That's just why they are wearing them. Nobody wants people to know that they are wearing a toupee.

J. PALMER & SON, 1745 Notre Dame St., MONTREAL.

PATENTS

When you want to procure or sell a patent go to a trustworthy firm who understand the patent laws—be aware of firms who offer schemes.

INTRODUCE \$1.00

Introduce \$1.00. Introduce \$1.00. Introduce \$1.00. Introduce \$1.00. Introduce \$1.00.

ALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT

Quailed as a remedy for Chafed Skin, Piles, Cuts, Sore eyes, Chapped Hands, Chills, Rheumatism, Neuralgic and Rheumatic Pains, Throat, Ringworm, and Skin Affections generally.

ALVERT & CO. Manchester

(Continued from Third Page.)

entire absence from concert. I have been knocking about the world for some years now, and I can heartily con-

There is a strange ring of scorn and contempt in his voice, and for a short time he falls again into reverie, which I do not venture to disturb.

'I am glad that I only took one, then,' he replies in an odd tone—colder, sterner, quicker, than he has been using before.

'Well, I am sure that, as yet, you are heart and fancy free, so I will give you one word of advice—hold to your opinions about matrimony, do not be flattered, cajoled, or bought, only marry a man you love and respect, and avoid Sir Harry as you would the plague; keep your principles for one more worthy of it than he is, and do not fall away from the standard you have set up yourself to follow.'

'Oh! dear, what is the matter?' I cry springing to my feet in consternation; 'have I done anything wrong?'

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

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

I gazed from one to the other in annoy-

Sir Harry is blaring; Sir Anthony looks pale, but cool and distant.

'I suppose I must be,' he says sulkily, 'if Miss Courtesine will give me another dance in place of the one she owes me.'

'I really did not forget you on purpose,' he says, 'I was just thinking of you.'

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thing counts for something is one of the other things.

Sobriety, honesty and industry are the three grades of a successful business career.

'I really did not forget you on purpose,' he says, 'I was just thinking of you.'

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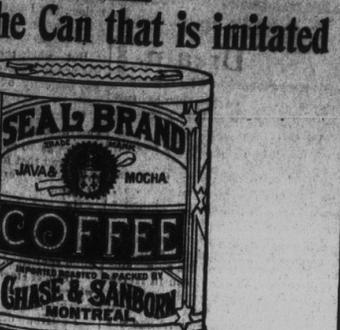
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CAUTION

This is the Can that is imitated



Get the original "SEAL BRAND" Coffee. ALL GOOD GROCERS.

Chase & Sanborn, Montreal and Boston.

Listen! I tell you comedians. I py der noobabers a whole lot of dot keeing puck pen reating, and I dink me I shall bedder look a leedle oud, alretty. So I all der dime vatoh me for dot puck, and I shwear me ven I see him I shall smetoh him so quick ball-betted he vill vish he vos himself atewing in a kotfish chowder, by chimineddy! Listen! I dink me yesterty shall on Atnoo A walk a leedle, and vot you believ? On der shou' terplade of a young latty's silk vaist up der ainoov walk-

'I really did not forget you on purpose,' he says, 'I was just thinking of you.'

'I really did not forget you on purpose,' he says, 'I was just thinking of you.'

'I really did not forget you on purpose,' he says, 'I was just thinking of you.'

'I really did not forget you on purpose,' he says, 'I was just thinking of you.'

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Willis' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache.

A. Chipman Smith & Co., Druggists, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

W. Hawker & Son, Druggists, 104 Prince William St., St. John, N. B.

W. C. R. Allan, Druggist, King St., St. John, N. B.

E. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B.

G. W. Hoban, Chemist, 257 Main St., St. John, N. B.

E. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B.

A Shattered Dream.

The day was very warm—even to ant-triness—and the low-hung cloud betokened a thunderstorm. I was in the train going to pay a long visit to my uncle. About four in the afternoon the storm came on. It was terrible but glorious. Never had I seen its equal for sublimity and grandeur. When at length it cleared, I found myself in my uncle's front garden, with the trees and shrubbery dashing the great rain-drops over me, and my little cousin Helen winding her pretty arms around my waist. When I call Helen Clifford little, I do not mean that she was a child. She was tall eighteen, but languid after the pattern of Scott's Fenella, and, like her, passionately fond of dressing in green. I record this visit, because it embodies the only bit of romance in my life. I have had so longed for some adventure something which would throw a romantic coloring over the dull stupidity which had found—was destined here in Linn Dale, to experience an event which I shall never forget. I was a silly girl, who had read romance enough to spoil me for actual practical life, had I not been fortunately rescued from it just as it was getting too late. Helen led me to my chamber. Her father and mother, not expecting me yet, had seized the first moment of returning sunshine to drive out, but would be back to tea. 'But Fred is at home!' she exclaimed. Think how fortunate! You have never seen him, cousin Kate, have you? By one of those chances which sometimes happen to near relations, I had always missed Fred at his home, and had always been absent when he visited mine. I went down to the drawing-room when I had rid myself of my travel-stains, and was introduced. Fred was a young man who would answer for a cousin, but not at all to my taste for a hero. He had fine eyes, it is true, but his hair neither waved nor curled, and his height was not commanding. Having ascertained this, I became quite easy and natural, satisfied that he could never be converted into a character of romance. I pass over the first six weeks of my stay. By the end of that time, I found Cousin Fred sincerely attached to me. I was not mean enough to exult in this fact, and can sincerely say that I was sorry to know it; for I could not renounce my precocious notions of a lover, and Fred, alas! was very commonplace. At least, I thought so; since he did not wear a moustache, nor play on a guitar, nor write poetry—in short, he did nothing like the heroes of my beloved books. It was in a very straightforward, plain speech, that Fred asked me to be his wife, but emotion gave a flush to his somewhat homely face, and I thought that a pity it was that I could not love him. For the moment, I even regretted my own sentiments in regard to marrying, and wished I could lower my ideas to the level of this plain, practical, common-sense farmer, for such had Fred decided to become. It was soon known in the family that I had rejected him, and the fact occasioned much astonishment from them all. Helen, or Fenella, as I usually called her, was troubled, and almost angry. How could I refuse Fred—the kindest, sweet-tempered best man in the world? she asked. She would not have believed it; and now that it was forced upon her mind, she was ashamed of me. I told her how I felt, and she declared it was the merest nonsense in the world. Helen, pretty little fairy that she was, had not a spice of romance about her. Well, her other brother, William—very different to Fred was coming home soon, and perhaps he would suit me; he was at college. I thought a good deal of William's return, I had seen him when a boy, and had liked his appreciation of my reading. We had read romances together sitting hand in hand in a summer-house in my father's garden, and I remembered with a thrill of delight how earnestly he had wished that he was old enough to run away with me! He came at last William and a college friend—young Herbert Cavendish. William was now far plainer than Fred; but oh! how magnificent was his friend. I lost my heart at once, for he brought a guitar, and played such soul-winning melodies, that it took my very breath away to listen. He made love to me in the most winning way imaginable; and I, in return, told him how nearly I had become Fred's wife. He sighed over the sacrifice it would have been to marry one so commonplace, and painted the romantic life that we would enjoy together. His college term was now up. He was not going to study a profession. His father was too rich to allow him to do that. And thus he held me in a pleasant dream of future happiness. Helen could not endure the visitor. He had tried to play with her as with a child. It solely tried her dignity, for Helen, though so small, was very queenly—the queen of the fairies, I called her. She gave unequivocal signs of her contempt for my lover, which, of course, I resented. The time drew to a close, to which Cavendish had restricted his visit. Not a word had yet been said to my un-

cle, nor had he proposed to consult my father, but I was not displeased with this. I felt that my Herbert's love was above all conventional rules. But when the time came and we had but one more evening to spend together, I was perfectly overcome with grief at the parting. Herbert drew me to the summer house, and there unfolded his proposal. He had understood from William, he said that my father could settle on me but a few hundred pounds. 'William mistakes,' I cried. 'Papa has often spoken of five thousand.' Herbert started, and it was light enough where we stood for me to see a strange sparkle in his eye. 'I attributed it to pleasure at finding that my fortune was nearer his own, and the thought that his rich father might condescend to accept a bride for his son who was not absolutely portionless. 'So that will obviate the necessity of so hurried and secret a marriage,' said I. 'Desist, no,' was his reply. Even that sum is so far below what my father expects that there is no chance of his consenting.' I was completely taken down in my estimation of myself and my father. 'Cavendish must press me to look upon five thousand pounds as a mere bagatelle!' How should I feel in entering such a family! I said this to my enraptured lover, who persisted in the idea that, although to ask consent beforehand would be ruinous, yet there would be no difficulty in obtaining pardon afterwards. I was very unhappy, and wept on Herbert's shoulder—sincerely wishing that his other—brother, but for me, fortunate, calamity might deprive his father of his property—in which case I thought it possible that his son could exist on the small sum I had named, with a prospect of still more in future. 'All this time Herbert was pleading, and I was blaming myself for my reluctance, fearing that he would take it as a proof that I did not love him. He wound up by a burst of tender rapture that I hardly knew how to resist, and, indeed, I might have yielded, had not a crushing of the leaves of the shrubbery made us both start. There was a pause, and then my father and uncle, followed by Fred and William, stood before us. They had evidently heard all that had passed, for William said, laughing—'You put too fine a point upon it, Cavendish, when you spoke of your father's riches. You forgot, my boy, how he scolded you for extravagance last year at college. But pardon me, this is my uncle, Harry Clifford, Kate's father, and you will have to ask his consent, if not your own father's.' I had nestled close to my father, whose arm I held fast. I was trembling like a leaf. 'Here, Fred,' said he, 'take Kate back to the house. I will settle with this young gentleman myself, I wish to ask him a few questions before William, who knows more of him after all, than any of us.' I never knew what passed. My father paid a hurried visit, staying only one day. Contrary to my expectations, he did not take me home with him. I entreated to go, so thoroughly ashamed was I of the events of the past evening, but he thought it better for me to stay there. Helen was my good friend now. She was so kind and attentive, and sought to make me so much at ease, that I loved her more than ever. William went away to study a profession. I remember that my lover was too rich for this! The night before my cousin went, I took a long walk with him, during which he talked, for the first time, of Herbert Cavendish. He blamed himself for introducing him to his family. He was poor, and, being a pleasant companion, he had thoughtlessly invited him home. Probably, he said, had I not been there, he would have tried his arts upon Helen, but in the course of conversation, Herbert had had the address to find out the amount of property owned by William's father and mine. Finding that they were nearly equal he had probably calculated that Helen would have only a third as much as myself, and I was an only child. His anxiety about his father consenting to receive a daughter with so small fortune! His real anxiety lay with my father. They had discovered his scheme from a letter which he had partly written and then torn, and probably dropped on the stairs. My uncle had found it, and shown it to his son—hence the visit of my father. They thought it best to send for him, not knowing that I might not resist any other authority. Oh dear! My bit of romance! How rudely was it ended! William went away, and the life of the house vanished. Fred was always in such low spirits. And now little Helen was going to be married. Not to a rich man, but to a good one—a farmer, like Fred—and Helen was blushing over her bridal finery, just come home, when Fred came in, and was curiously inspecting it. 'Nothing green! Why we shall not know you, Fenella!' he said, adopting the name I had given her. 'What a happy look you have!' 'Oh, Fred, darling! I said the little creature, putting her small hands in his, 'I should be happy, if you and Kate—' 'Hush, dear,' he said, 'I have asked her once, and she said "No." There is no appeal from that, you know.' 'And what if Kate should say yes?' I

asked, trembling, and without looking up. There was a pause, so awful that I was about to run away; but a hand was placed on my arm, and a voice whispered in my ear—'Kate, Kate! beware how you trifle with a heart that loves you!' To that heart I suffered myself to be taken, trembling and tearful; and since that hour I have never sighed for the best dreams of romance.

Nervous Dyspepsia.

A YOUNG LADY IN TRENTON RELEASED FROM SUFFERING. She Suffered Utterly From Stomach Troubles and Sick Headaches—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured Her. From the Courier, Trenton, Ont. Some years ago we reported the case of Wm. Fickering, Trenton, being cured of locomotor ataxia. He was not able to move and was confined to his bed for weeks. Upon advice he tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and immediately obtained relief. He is still free from the terrible excruciating affection, and enjoys active, robust health. We have just learned of another positive cure through using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It is the case of Miss Cassie Way, who has been an acute sufferer from that common foe of human life, and the foundation for many other ills, dyspepsia. For nearly eight years Miss Way suffered untold agonies with sick headache and pains in the stomach. She tried several doctors without any material benefit. A year ago she came to live with a friend in Trenton, Mrs. W. L. Derbyshire, and was so reduced that she could not sit up an hour. She feared her trouble would drive her crazy. She was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She replied that she had used a box before and they had done her no good. It was urged that she could not hope for a relief from one box and she commenced it again. She continued using the Pills throughout the year with the result that she has completely recovered her health. Her appetite is good, she has gained flesh rapidly, and is able to attend to all her household duties. She voluntarily offers testimony as a tribute of gratitude for the benefit she has derived with the hope that others suffering as she has, may be induced to try this health restoring remedy. Mrs. Derbyshire adds her testimony to the correctness of the statements of Miss Way. Allow me to add that for four or five years the editor of this paper has suffered from an itching rash that attacked all his joints and all the ointments within reach failed to banish it. He took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills last year and is nearly cured. Dyspepsia, rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, nervous headache, nervous prostration, kidney trouble and diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., all disappear before a fair treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and build up and renew the entire system. Sold by druggists or sent post paid at 50c a box or six boxes \$2.50, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to take some substitute. He: 'Nell's engagement to Jack is broken off.' She: 'Goodness! Who did it?' He: 'Both. They're married.'

BORN.

Coal Harbor, to the wife of J. A. Atwater. Coal Harbor, to the wife of F. Munro, a son. Halifax, July 23, to the wife of Chas. Bellon, a son. Windsor, July 20, to the wife of Lionel Parks, a son. Amherst, July 22, to the wife of Donald Dixon, a son. Washington, July 16, to the wife of W. H. Herron, a son. Sydney Mines, July 21, to the wife of John J. Gillis a son. Falmouth, July 20, to the wife of Lewis Armstrong a son. Halifax, July 20, to the wife of G. A. McPhail, a daughter. Amherst, July 24, to the wife of Ignatius Soy, a daughter. Halifax, July 25, to the wife of Capt. Alfred Manley, a son. Truro, July 24, to the wife of Murdoch Haley—a daughter. Bridgewater, July 22 to the wife of J. A. Whitford, a son. Yarmouth, July 23, to the wife of Hunter Gardner, a daughter. New York, July 25, to the wife of Benjamin Whitehouse, a son. North Sydney, July 25, to the wife of R. A. L. Watson, a son. Mount Denson, July 20, to the wife of Norman McDonald, a son.

MARRIED.

Boston, July 10, George Reusta to Cora Lincoln. Farnborough, July 19, Stephen Wilson to Alida Kerr. Boston, July 15, by Rev. Mr. Rankin, Fred Shaw to Grace Morris. Dalhousie, July 19, by Rev. F. M. Young, Wallace Rice to Dora Seals. Harvey, July 24, by Rev. T. Bishop, Thomas Long to Alice McArthur. Digby, July 14, by Rev. W. H. Evans, James E. Sims to Bertha Ryan. Digby, July 15, by Rev. E. H. Thomas, Daniel Dillon to Alice Collins. Sydney, July 19, by Rev. J. Forbes, William McInnis, to Margaret Ball. Boston, July 20, by Rev. A. D. MacKinnon, Daniel Purdy to Mary Payne. Gulliver, by Rev. A. D. McIntosh, J. A. Cummings to Victoria McIver. Annapolis, July 22, by Rev. E. J. Tagley, John D. Parker to Alice Bircham. Nova Sydney, July 18, by Rev. J. Sharpe, Walter Poole to Minnie Rossy. Truro, July 20, by Rev. J. W. Falconer, Frank Chisholm to Louisa Crowell. Berwick, July 19, by Rev. J. Chipman, Geo. W. Smith to Mrs. M. Chipman. Fort Meade, by Rev. W. J. Lockyer, Christy Ferguson to Alice MacKinnon. Yarmouth, July 21, by Rev. Geo. P. Talbot, Edward N. F. dy to Clotilda A. Christie.

Mrs. Herbert, June 23, by Rev. J. M. Parker, Joseph Greer to Sarah Collins. Mrs. Perry, July 17, by Rev. W. E. Calder, John McCusick to Mrs. John Leonard. Wrentham, July 17, by Rev. J. A. Crawford, A. C. McKinnis to Mary Brown. East Swanton, Mass., July 15, by Rev. Mr. Hick- 1-y, Warren Nelson to John Cox. Woods Harbor, July 24, by Rev. W. Miller, Fred- 1-ood Branson to Ethel Nickerson. Annapolis, July 17, by Rev. E. E. Locke, Edward 1-Mother to Mrs. Adeline Saunders. Walton, July 19, by Rev. Thomas Johnston, Wm. 1-Campbell to Bertha L. Tomlinson. Guysboro, July 16, by Rev. Fr. Chisholm, Arch- 1-bald Chisholm, to Annie DeYoung. Madford, Mass., June 6, by Rev. Mr. Barstow, 1-George B. Southwell, to Cass Corbett. Woods Harbor, July 20, by Rev. S. Langille, Ed. 1-G. Nickerson to Lillie B. Chastayne. Barr, Wales, July 8, by Rev. J. M. Evans, Capt- 1-G. Keas to Miss May Beatrice Finlay. Upper St. John, July 11, by Rev. F. W. 1-Thompson, Fred Stewart to May Simon. Brooklyn, Maine Co., July 7, by Rev. M. G. 1-Henry, James Foster to Mrs. Mary Smith.

DIED.

Truro, July 24, Elsie E. Phillips. Ac die Mises, David Chisholm 61. St. John, July 23, James Stetson 20. New Anns, July 17, Wm. Kennedy. Cape Negro, July 19, Jane Lovner 23. Halifax, July 23, Michael O'Hearn 63. Onnetoon, July 21, John Buschman 25. Parrboro, July 20, Mrs. Wally Coles 73. St. John, July 23, Frank H. Forrest 29. Springhill, July 23, Leona Boucheron 10. St. John, July 20, Willis G. Robertson 10. St. John, July 27, Alexander M. Woodman 65. Central Grove, N. S., July 24, Chas. J. Pyno 74. Harmony, N. S., July 10, John E. Freeman 81. Annapolis Royal, July 21, Almesa E. Bishop 82. Truro, July 22, Emma, wife of George Clark 19. Charlottown, Mass., July 27, Charles Hepburn 61. West Tatamagouche, July 24, Harry E. Fisher 12. Marsh, N. S., July 16, Flora, wife of John M. Ross 43. Charlottetown, P. E. I. July 24, Ernest A. Ines 20 days. Antigonish, July 21, Mary W., wife of William Cover. Halifax, July 23, Annie S., wife of Samuel Wil- 1-lams 42. Moncton, N. B., July 23, Mary, wife of John Brad- 1-bery 54. Upper Campbell, N. S., July 8, Duncan K. Mc- 1-Donald 26. East Boston, July 12, Isabel G., wife of Edward 1-J. Willis 23. Broad Cove, N. S., July 15, Mary, wife of John 1-McKernan 45. Bedford, Mass., July 1, Bevie M., wife of Samuel 1-Nielsen 6. Niataux Falls, July 20, Albert F. son of the late 1-Edwin Nielsen 6. Antigonish, July 20, Catherine, widow of the late 1-Elector Campbell 96. Lower Arville, July 23, Fann's, daughter of Brad- 1-ford Green 7 months. Hampton, N. B., July 29, Harriet S., widow of Capt. 1-Joseph Fritchard 77. Three Mile Plains, July 14, Dorothy, daughter of 1-Robert Underwood 2. East St. John, July 27, Catherine, widow of 1-Francis Mulcahey 65.

CANADIAN PACIFIC WORLD'S BICYCLE MEET MONTREAL, Aug. 7th to 12, 1899. ONE FARE Plus 10 Cents, FOR ROUND TRIP. On Sale August 7th, to 7th, and good for return until Aug. 14th 1899. The Popular Route is via St. John, N. B. and Canadian Pacific. The only Express Train from Maritime Provinces reaching Montreal in the morning. Arriving daily, except Monday, at 8:45 a. m. To secure berth in one of the Luxurious Palace sleepers of the C. P. R., or for particulars of ex- 1-tension of above limit to attend L. A. W. at Boston 1-passage rates, time table, write as above to 1-J. H. BAKER, D. P. & C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic Ry. On and after Monday, July 3rd, 1899, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows: Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert. ST. JOHN AND DIGBY DAILY SERVICE (Sunday excepted.) Lve. St. John at 7.00 a. m., arr. Digby 9.30 a. m.; Lve. Digby at 2.00 p. m., arr. St. John, 4.30 p. m. Steamship "Prince Edward." St. John and Boston Direct Service. Lve. Mon. 8.30 p. m. | Lve. Sat. 4 p. m. | St. John | Thurs 5.30 p. m. | Boston | Wed. 11 a. m. EXPRESS TRAINS Daily (Sunday excepted.) Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., arr. in Digby 12.30 p. m.; Lve. Digby 12.30 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3.25 p. m.; Lve. Yarmouth 4.45 a. m., arr. Digby 11.55 a. m.; Lve. Digby 11.55 a. m., arr. Halifax 5.30 p. m.; Lve. Annapolis 11.5 a. m., arr. Digby 5.30 p. m.; Lve. Digby 5.30 p. m., arr. Annapolis 4.50 p. m. FLYING BLUENOSE Lve. Halifax 9.00 a. m., arr. at Yarmouth 4.00 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 8.00 a. m., arr. at Halifax 3.00 p. m.

S. S. Prince George. S. S. Prince Arthur. YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and fastest steamers plying out of Boston, leave Yarmouth, N. S. Daily (Sunday excepted) immediately on arrival of the Express and Flying Bluenose trains from Halifax arriving in Boston every next morning. Returning leaves Loup Point, Boston, Daily (Sunday excepted) at 4.00 p. m. Unseasonable cases on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Ex- 1-press Trains. Steamers can be obtained on application to 1-City Agent. Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 124 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, a 1/2 from the Purser on 1-steamer, from whom name-plates and all information can be obtained. F. GIFFENS, Superintendent, Kenilville, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after Monday, the 10th, June 1899 (trains will run daily, Sunday excepted), as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN To London Express for Hampton..... 7.10 Express for Charlottetown, Pictou, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.30 Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou..... 7.40 Express for Moncton..... 7.50 Pictou Express for Hampton..... 7.50 Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 8.10 Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney..... 8.20 A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 10.10 o'clock for Quebec and Moncton. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11.30 o'clock for Truro, Pictou, Veolville, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN Barbours Express from Hampton..... 7.10 Express from Moncton..... 7.30 Express from Charlottetown, Pictou, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.40 Express from Halifax, Quebec and Moncton..... 7.50 Pictou Express from Hampton..... 7.50 Suburban Express from Hampton..... 8.10 Accommodation from P. du. Chene and Moncton..... 8.20 All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. Twenty-four hours notation. D. FOTTINGER, Gen. Manager. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 124 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B. Moncton, N. B., June 14, 1899. City Ticket Office, 7 King Street, St. John, N. B.

1899. 1899. THE YARMOUTH S. S. CO., LIMITED.

For Boston and Halifax Yarmouth. Shortest and Most Direct Route. Only 15 to 17 hours from Yarmouth to Boston. Four Trips a Week from Yarmouth to Boston. STEAMERS "BOSTON" and "YARMOUTH" One of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday after arrival of Dominion Atlantic Ry. train from Halifax. Returning leaves Lewis wharf, Boston every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at 2 p. m. connecting with Dom. Atlantic Coast Ry. and all coach lines. Regular mail carried on steamers. The Fast Side-Wheel Steamer "CITY OF MONTICELLO" Leaves Yarmouth wharf, Halifax, every Monday (10 p. m.) for intermediate ports, Yarmouth and St. John, N. B., connecting at Yarmouth, Wednesday, with steamer for Boston. Returning leaves St. John every Friday 7 a. m.

For tickets, steamers and other information apply to Dominion Atlantic Railway, 124 Hollis Street, North Street depot, Halifax, N. S. or to any agent on the Dominion Atlantic, Intercolonial, Central and Coast railways. For tickets, steamers, etc. Apply to Halifax Transfer Company, 145 Hollis Street, L. E. BAKER, President and Director. Yarmouth N. S., July 6th, 1899.

SAILINGS OF THE STMR. CLIFTON.

On and after Saturday 9th inst., and until further notice, the Steamer Clifton will leave her wharf at Hampton Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 8.00 (local). Returning will leave Indiantown Basin days at 4 p. m. local. CAPT. R. G. HABLE, Manager.

EXCURSIONS TO HAMPTON. On and after THURSDAY, July 6th, the STEAMER CLIFTON will make Two Excursions each week to Hampton, (Tuesday and Thursday) leaving Indiantown at 9 a. m., local time. Return- 1-ing, leave Hampton same day at 3.30 p. m. Arriv- 1-ing back 7.00 p. m. Fare Round Trip, 50 Cents. Excursions may be taken to Hampton by boat and return by rail or vice versa for 10 Cents. Tickets on sale at the Post or I. C. B. Station. On other days in the week, the CLIFTON will 1-leave Hampton, Mondays, at 5.30 a. m., Wednes- 1-days 2 p. m. and Saturdays at 5.30 a. m. and will 1-leave St. John, Wednesdays at 8 a. m., Saturdays 1-at 4 p. m. R. G. HABLE, Manager.

MANHATTAN STEAMSHIP CO'Y New York, Eastport, and St. John, N. B. Line.

Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN (New York Wharf, Reed's Quay), November 14th, 1899, and December 3rd, and weekly thereafter. Returning steamers leave NEW YORK, ST. JOHN, NORTH RIVER (Steamer) each alternate Monday and 3rd, at EASTPORT, ME. at ST. JOHN direct. After the above dates, sailings will be WEEKLY, as our own steamers will then be on the line. We can superior facilities for handling freight in NEW YORK CITY and at our EASTPORT TERMINALS, together with through traffic arrangements. (Done by rail and water.) We have with our connections to the WEST AND SOUTH, we are in a position to handle all the business entrusted to us in the BEST AND CHEAPEST MANNER. OF OUR PATRONS BOTH AS REGARDS SERVICE AND CLASSES. For all particulars, address: R. H. FLETCHER, Agents. New York Wharf, St. John, N. B. E. L. NEWCOMBE, General Manager, 4-11 Broadway, New York City.