

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 9 1900.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

PRETORIA DAY'S OUTBURST

How St. John People Decorated and Acted When the Glorious News of Tuesday Arrived.

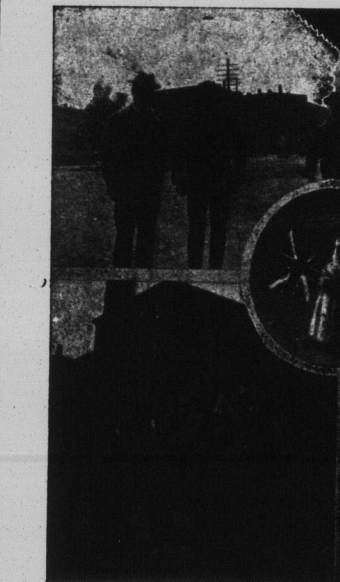
If Her dear old Majesty Queen Victoria could only be privileged to have a kinesiographic view of the St. John streets on Tuesday last her kindly heart would overflow with pride and affection for her loyal people in this far-off corner of Canada. London itself, with the Queen riding through the throng, could not have created a greater demonstration, proportionally speaking, than did our townspeople upon the receipt of that little despatch from Paul Kruger's town. It was simply an avalanche of patriotism, increasing in volume and noise as the day waned and night drew her dark curtains about. Our good old Loyalist city has many a joyful outburst to its credit in its 117 years of existence, but for spot taniety and rapidity in organization the celebration of Tuesday topped them all. There was nothing particularly gorgeous about the proceedings but they were hearty and entered into with a true British zest. The town itself was simply wrapped in national colors and remained so more or less until Friday. The eclipse of Oom Paul and his one-sided government was gloried in beyond description, and the anticipation of another red-painting job on the map of the world, turned the town loose like a lot of Apache Indians, as far as the wildness of their joy was concerned. It was a glorious day for the empire and St. John, although only a fly-speck on "the plans and specifications" of these globe-scattered belongings of Victoria, made enough noise, flaunted enough bunting, sang enough songs, shot enough guns and set off enough fireworks, to establish for herself a record as the worst hothed of Imperialism in the broad expanse of Canada. That writer on the Pall Mall Gazette of London who was in St. John on Letymsmith Day, and who wrote home in his paper that "the love of Canada for England surpasses the love of women" knew what he was talking about all right!

Tuesday dawned bright and clear and about the city a few flags were yet playing in the breeze after the sensation caused on the Thursday previous by that Yankee fake despatch. The people were in an expectant frame of mind, ready at any minute to turn to and deck their shops and homes, so sure were they that Pretoria was soon to fall. They were not disappointed. Shortly after nine o'clock the city editor of the Gazette threw up his office window and waved an Associated Press despatch to a crowd of S. Hayward's men across the street. The hurrah that accompanied the waving of the bit of "press" conveyed the import of it, and ten seconds later a wild uproar was sent forth from the doorways and windows of that big hardware firm, now situated in the Pitt field building. Tin horns, cow-bells, sheets of tin, tin pans, anvils and everything warranted to make an outlandish noise was made to do duty by the jubilant clerks who were superintended in their loyal labors by Sergt. Major Edwards of the Artillery, an employee, and "Dinny" Flynn, the only "Dinny."

This eruption of patriotism spread the happy "tip" for blocks away and hundreds flocked to the newspaper offices to read the bulletins. Lord Robert's capture of the Transvaal capital and his occupation of it a few hours later was soon an old story with everybody, and it was no time before the hungry breeze was making a goodly breakfast off the thousands of yards of bunting set before it.

"There's no fake about this despatch, for 'Bobs' has sent it," the people said one to the other, (for like Baden-Powell they had learned to 'pin their utmost faith to the pocket, Wellington' of Kandahar. Business received another hard check, save in the flag and firecracker lines, and clerks and bosses worked together in making a display of the colors so dear to all Britons. By noon the town in every section was veritably a mass of red, white and blue. Even the most confirmed old maid and people who as a general rule place a bride and bit upon their sentiments, stuck out a few Union Jacks, and block after block, street after street was resplendent in the various emblems of the empire, individually and collectively. The Custom House, City Hall, the Fire Engine Houses, especially

No. 2; were particularly profuse in their decorations. King street looked more like a gigantic cradle lined with red, white and blue, than a public way, while Charlotte Prince William, Dock, Mill Union, and Main streets spent thousands of dollars in honoring the Queen, "Bobs" and "Bobs" gal-



STREET SCENES ON PRETORIA DAY.

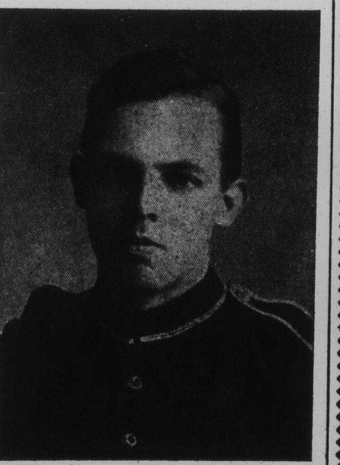
(1)—Jope and Yapp, the Alerts twin sister battery. Both Eskies, but they celebrate on Pretoria day like born Britons.

(2)—Manager Bob Armstrong of Victoria Rink conferring with some newspaper friends about the organizing of a continuation for the big parade.

(3)—A tiny Britisher who held forth in great glee on Pretoria Day. Snapshot taken on King street.

lant boys. Further description would be too great a task.

Toward dinner hour a wave of wonderment swept the laboring fraternity. Were they going to have a half holiday? They soon found out such a luxury was not in store for them and a momentary grumble passed through many an establishment. But the absence of a free half day only whetted their zeal for the evening, when the militia, firemen and others would parade. So throughout the afternoon the flags flew, the gentler sex and small chil-



ARTHUR HAYDEN.

One of St. John's brave boys who escaped injury up to a short time ago, when he was quite badly wounded. He worked in M. R. & A's.

dren did their share of street celebrating but after six o'clock the flood gates of loyalty were swung wide open, and the whole town was on legs!

(This article is continued on the next page.)

Father McMurray was being crowned last Wednesday afternoon. Cathedral was crowded to the doors with friends of Dr. J. D. Maher and his young bride, Miss McCullough, who were guests of

witnessing their marriage. The large edifice held one of the best congregations of St. John people it would be possible to gather together, representing all religious denominations. There was no disturbance whatever save the usual flutter of a church wedding, but Father McMurray, the officiating priest, sounded quite severe in warning the people assembled that if there was one unnecessary sound while the ceremony was in progress he would open wide both doors and have the church emptied. There were hundreds present, including more youthful ones, with whom the words of his reverence caused nothing more than passing note, but a whole lot of refined ladies, and the

A GAY LOTHARIO.

Halifax Congratulates Itself Upon His Departure for Broader Fields.

HALIFAX, June 5.—Word has reached Halifax that the well-known sport who frequented one of our swell hotels here, has been seen around the hotels in Montreal. This young man, with a record equal to any inmate of Dorchester, found this place too warm for one of his highly strung temperaments, and he departed, not like the Arabs of old, but like a bold robber of others money, for while it was kept somewhat quiet, it was known that he swiped fifty dollars from the genial and able young man of sporting tendencies who looks after the news stand and cigars at our leading hostelry. Of course the money was paid up, as the young man of aquatic fame is as sharp as a steel trap, and he soon spotted the light-fingered youth, bringing him to time in quick order. Things were hushed up, but our bold Lothario got at his game again. This time a commercial traveller was led captive and in sowing a few of the wild oats, so proverbial to the fraternity, he was quietly relieved of a goodly sum while slumbering.

The young "toucher" got his work in early in the morning, and with a skill equal to the pastmaster at the art of legdemain he swiped his booty and the "Son-of-a-Sample" was none the wiser. Not satisfied with this triumph our gay young sport employed his hypnotic power over a charming young damsel of the North end, whose purse strings were easily pulled by him. He won in a canter, enticing the maiden to flee with him to parts unknown. Like a rimpler lass she yielded, and having sworn to the wind is now reaping the whirlwind.

At Montreal our fast young man is no doubt going the pace to beat the band, and as he has had an experience in the art of "doing" others, he will continue to catch others while they can be caught. Of a polished appearance, slick and smooth in manner, well-skilled in handling people, it can be safely wagered that this young disciple of Fagan will yet be brought behind the bars and spend his days in thinking over his many escapades. Halifax is well rid of all such characters, and while some characters may miss him, it is to the advantage of our young men that they are beyond his influence.

S. PAGE BREASTS SOOTHED.

Mr. Morton Harrison's VI Ha Draws Tears From Would-be-Practical Jokers.

Nobody who has ever heard Mr. Morton Harrison conducting his Opera House orchestra through the stirring strains of the National Anthem would suppose for a moment that his heart went out with every note from his violin. On Tuesday this gentleman's loyalty was put to the test.

Hurriedly arriving at one of the Canterbury street newspaper offices he inquired if the good news from Pretoria was really true. Being fooled a few days before on a bogus capture of the Boer capital, he was not going to be so taken in again. So he called on his evening paper friends to have the report authenticated and found them in a state of ecstasy over the "officialness" of the despatch. Soon the genial orchestra leader was as much excited and happy as any of the reporters, but he grew a little less jubilant when one of the party "stumped" him to play "God Save the Queen" on the violin he had in the case he was carrying.

At first Mr. Harrison thought the suggestion only a joke, but the newspaper fellows mercilessly goaded him on to action by doubting his loyalty. This was more than the refined nature of the popular musical man could stand. He flung open his case, extracted the violin and with a hasty tuning-up, struck up the National Anthem.

Standing in the midst of the newspaper party Mr. Harrison rendered the familiar hymn of the nation with the utmost musical feeling. His violin all but spoke the words. The faces of the paragraphers took on a more serious aspect now. They ceased to laugh at the orchestra leader's predicament, and as the rich tones of the instrument rang about their ears they found all the British that was in them welling up with ungovernable rapidity, and with some it

overflowed and patriotic tears glistened in a few eyes.

"God Save the Queen" finished, a set of lusty cheers went up and an encore clamored for. This time everybody sang, and while a few on the premises were possessed of smooth-running vocal organs, the majority would not be doing a thing if they consulted Prof. Titus or some other singing teacher. However the anthem went with gusto, to the accompaniment of slamming doors from the editors sanctum and proof reader's den.

The joke reverted on the would-be practical jokers, for music hath charms and Mr. Harrison knew it.

HER SECOND HUSBAND ARRIVED.

There Was Consternation and a Flit to the Country.

The unexpected re-appearance of husband No. 1 from the land of the screaming eagle greatly disturbed the peace of mind of young woman and husband No. 2 living on Frederick street, off Marsh bridge toward the latter part of last week. The woman had arrived here from the States some time ago and soon after her arrival she became the spouse of a rural fellow who has since secured work with one of the corporation gangs. The people with whom the young couple and their child lived on Frederick street were quite friendly with them, for though humble they were very pleasant and aboveboard in their manner. There was not a suspicion that anything was wrong in their marriage relations.

But a few days ago a stranger called, and there was great consternation. His visit was evidently not a very welcome one, for as soon as he was gone the young wife charged her next door neighbour not to give that stranger any hint as to where she might be should he call again.

This aroused suspicion in the minds of neighbors and it was not long before it was learned that the newcomer was another husband. Since then the little Frederick street home has been shifted to the country somewhere along the I. C. R. and a King street furniture firm, which does business on the instalment plan, has got back its own.

The mystery which hangs over the case prevents the Frederick street neighbours from being harsh in their comments on the little woman. In fact some have expressed sympathy for her, as the impression is the American husband is one of those unfaithful partners so much sung about in the popular songs.

They Were Much Surprised.

There was one surprise on Pretoria night when, just after the procession was over, Officer Finley took it upon himself to make it unpleasant for one of the hotel bars. Whether it is right or wrong there has been a tacit understanding that for the convenience of late arrivals on the trains, hotels have a certain privilege on all nights of the week excepting Saturday and perhaps this was the reason why there was so much surprise manifested by the thirty paraders when two big strapping officers walked into the bar and began to jot down the names of those present. Some made a bolt for the nearest exit, others stood their ground and let the police write away. So far nothing has been done about it. Public opinion is not in sympathy with the act of the police inasmuch as this hotel has been so particular about closing Saturday night in accordance with the instructions issued by the inspector.

His Deposit Was Held.

A short time ago the chief of police issued his manifesto against fire crackers. In spite of that in the exuberance of feeling on the first day of the Pretoria celebration a young gentleman bought some fire crackers and began to have a good time with them. He was arrested but when the charge was made at the police station his deposit of \$8 was quickly put up and he walked out and enjoyed the rest of the evening. Next morning he appeared but the magistrate did not take any celebration plea and fined him eight. Of course the prisoner thought it was paid and that he was free to walk out. He did but into the jail. He did not get into a cell because the turnkey was kind, but he cannot understand yet why, when he gave \$8 to the police the evening before, he should have been placed within the jail walls. Where was the chief?

Montreal, May 17, Chas. J. Wallace, 34.
Or Island, May 6, Dewey Fountain, 1.
Moncton, May 6, Albert McEwen, 72.
Miramichi, May 14, Mrs. Robert Byer, 92.
St. John, May 20, Caroline Murray, 42.
St. John, May 10, Mrs. Enoch Porter, 78.
St. John, May 28, Stephen B. Murphy, 76.
St. John, May 19, Philip Robitseau, 69.
St. John, May 11, Helen Parker, 6.
St. John, May 12, Mrs. Hattie, 62.
St. John, May 8, Mrs. Sarah Price, 74.
St. John, May 12, Mrs. Avis Corbit, 54.
St. John, May 20, Frank Anderson, 9.
St. John, May 8, Myra Frost, 10.
St. John, May 27, Mrs. Robert Bartley, 76.
St. John, May 4, Mrs. S. Macleod, 57.
St. John, May 4, Frank MacLennan, 42.
St. John, May 13, James MacDonald, 37.
St. John, May 12, Myrtle Madden, 6.
St. John, May 4, Catherine MacDonald, 33.
St. John, May 8, Mrs. James Bethel, 52.
St. John, May 10, Miss Mary Smith, 62.
St. John, May 15, Mrs. Mary Kelly, 43.
St. John, May 17, Nellie Prosper, 39.
St. John, May 20, Mrs. Phoebe Harris, 81.
St. John, May 14, Mrs. Chas. A. R. Farley, 71.
St. John, May 14, Mr. James W. Lawson, 71.
St. John, May 8, N. B. May 12, Fred McMaster, 40.
St. John, May 17, Mrs. John Arblast, 74.
St. John, May 11, Henry Mallory, 50.
St. John, May 7, Mrs. James Barr, 53.
St. John, May 12, Mrs. Samuel Robinson, 60.
St. John, May 4, James Watson, 60.
St. John, May 4, James Watson, 60.
St. John, May 4, James Watson, 60.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC
SUMMER TOURS
Commence June 1st.
Write for 1900 Tour Book.
The Famous Fast Train

"Imperial Limited"

To the Pacific Coast will be put in service commencing June 11th, 1900

NEW ROUTE TO QUEBEC

Commencing June 6th, there will be a combination first class and sleeping car leave St. John at 10 p. m., week days, and run through to Lewis, F. via Megantic.

A. J. HEATH,
D. P. A. C. P. R.,
St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Monday, Feb. 6th, 1900, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert.

ST. JOHN AND DIGBY.

St. John at 7.00 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday; ar Digby 10.00 a. m. Returning leaves Digby same days at 12.00 p. m. ar. at St. John, 3.35 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).

St. John at 6.30 a. m., ar in Digby 12.30 p. m.

St. John at 7.00 a. m., ar in Digby 1.30 p. m.

St. John at 7.30 a. m., ar in Digby 2.00 p. m.

St. John at 8.00 a. m., ar in Digby 2.30 p. m.

St. John at 8.30 a. m., ar in Digby 3.00 p. m.

St. John at 9.00 a. m., ar in Digby 3.30 p. m.

St. John at 9.30 a. m., ar in Digby 4.00 p. m.

St. John at 10.00 a. m., ar in Digby 4.30 p. m.

St. John at 10.30 a. m., ar in Digby 5.00 p. m.

St. John at 11.00 a. m., ar in Digby 5.30 p. m.

St. John at 11.30 a. m., ar in Digby 6.00 p. m.

St. John at 12.00 p. m., ar in Digby 6.30 p. m.

St. John at 12.30 p. m., ar in Digby 7.00 p. m.

St. John at 1.00 p. m., ar in Digby 7.30 p. m.

St. John at 1.30 p. m., ar in Digby 8.00 p. m.

St. John at 2.00 p. m., ar in Digby 8.30 p. m.

St. John at 2.30 p. m., ar in Digby 9.00 p. m.

St. John at 3.00 p. m., ar in Digby 9.30 p. m.

St. John at 3.30 p. m., ar in Digby 10.00 p. m.

St. John at 4.00 p. m., ar in Digby 10.30 p. m.

St. John at 4.30 p. m., ar in Digby 11.00 p. m.

St. John at 5.00 p. m., ar in Digby 11.30 p. m.

St. John at 5.30 p. m., ar in Digby 12.00 p. m.

St. John at 6.00 p. m., ar in Digby 12.30 p. m.

St. John at 6.30 p. m., ar in Digby 1.00 a. m.

St. John at 7.00 p. m., ar in Digby 1.30 a. m.

St. John at 7.30 p. m., ar in Digby 2.00 a. m.

St. John at 8.00 p. m., ar in Digby 2.30 a. m.

St. John at 8.30 p. m., ar in Digby 3.00 a. m.

Pretoria Day's Outburst.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)
Evening Celebration.

There was hardly a household in town but had a hurried supper, for as early as 6.30 o'clock the crowds commenced to stream toward King street (east) and other view-points from all corners of the city. To see the people lining the graveyard front on King street (east) and perch on all spots of vantage reminded one of the good old days of the band concerts on the Registry Office terrace, and parade assemblies on that broad and level street years ago. Chief Clark was on hand to marshal the fire forces and other contingents and did his duty well. He lost no time in getting the various detachments allotted to their positions and just as it grew dark enough to light the torches the belated North End firemen arrived after a "forced march," which was but a luxury behind the excellent music of the Carleton Cornet band. Everything was now ready and to the music of a half dozen bands and at a signal from Marshal Clark the blazing line of torches and fire apparatus started. Progress reproduces for its outside friends the exact make up of the procession after the militia joined it at the Queen Square and Charlotte street.

- Lt. Col. McLean, mounted.
- Lt. Col. Armstrong brigade major, mounted.
- Lt. Col. Jones, in command of 3rd R. C. A. 3rd R. C. A. with band.
- Major Sturdee, in command of 62nd battalion.
- 62nd Fusiliers, with bands.
- Chief of Police Clark, mounted.
- Squad of police—Capt. Jenkins Sergt. Capeles and Officers Anderson Collins, Napier, McEadden Greer, Smith, Hamm and Garnett.
- Several Jameson raiders, mounted.
- Chief Engineer Kerr of the fire department in his team.
- District Engineer Blake and Ald Seaton, the chairman of the safety department in Mr. Blake's team.
- Barouche containing Mayor Daniel, Deputy Mayor Maxwell, Sheriff Sturdee and Recorder Skinner.
- Barouche containing Aids. Christie, Tutts, Robinson and Macrae.
- Barouche containing Aids. McGoldrick, Millidge and Waring.
- Barouche containing Aids. Hilyard and Colwell.
- Barouche containing E. S. Carter, G. L. Purdy and W. C. Godsoe, jr.
- Barouche containing Geo. Boyd, Thos. Gilliland, P. Latsbvre and J. Jones.
- City Cornet band with Bandmaster Rosendale.
- No. 1 hose reel.
- Members of Wellington Hose Co, No. 1, with torches.
- No. 1 steam fire engine.
- No. 2 hose reel.
- Members of Union Hose Co, No. 3, with torches.
- No. 2 steam fire engine drawn by four horses.
- No. 3 hose reel.
- Members of Extinguisher Hose Co, No. 3, with torches.
- No. 3 steam fire engine.
- No. 4 hose reel.
- The members of the company with torches. Carleton Cornet Band.
- No. 2 company Salvage Corps and Fire-police wagon.
- Members of the company with torches. Fairville Band.
- Fairville firemen and hook and ladder company.
- No. 3 hook and ladder wagon.
- Members of No. 3 hook and ladder company with torches.
- No. 5 hose reel.
- Members of No. 4 hose company with torches.
- No. 4 steam fire engine.
- No. 1 hook and ladder truck.
- Members of No. 1 hook and ladder company with torches and accompanied by the members of No. 6 hose company of Carleton and those of No. 2 hook and ladder company of Carleton.
- No. 1 company Salvage Corps and Fire-police wagon.
- Members of No. 5 company with torches.
- No. 5 steam fire engine.
- Barouches with citizens.
- Victoria Rink's own band.
- Barouche with banners put in by the Victoria Skating club.

Oom Paul in effigy put in by the same club.

Members of that club with banners and inscriptions.

After the town had been traversed by the procession the militia drew up in two long lines on Market Square where with soulstirring formality and solemnity almost a royal salute of 21 guns was boomed out by the Artillery and a *te de joie* (fire of joy) was shot by the Fusiliers. Fifteen thousand people choked the Square and looked on the scene from buildings round about, while King street was a veritable river of humanity. In the glare of red fire the whole scene was inspiring. After all honor had been done the Queen, Bobs, our own boys in South Africa and the local militia officers in the way of cheering the populace sang "God Save the Queen," to the accompaniment of the combined bands, the soldiers coming to the general salute. Then the big demonstration was at an end, although until daylight Wednesday happy bands of celebrants clustered about the corners giving vent to their loyalty in song—but oh such singing!

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson.

The Critic says some true and pretty things of Mrs. Stevenson, the beloved wife of the novelist. She has had a varied life, such as might have tried the endurance of an ordinary woman. But if she ever faints under the primitive conditions of existence in the South Seas, no one knew it. She was equally at home upon a well-appointed yacht or a 'cockroach steamer,' beguiling the time with infinite resources when the ship lay becalmed, undismayed by tempests and sudden squalls, and whether upon a lonely atoll or under the palms in an island village, setting up her household gods, and making each spot a home. She has begun more than one voyage as an unwelcome passenger. The captain

and crew wanted 'no fine ladies.' In short they were afraid of having to wear their company manners every day. But invariably the end of the voyage found every man on board, from the captain to the Chinese cook, her devoted friend and servant.

Her courage in an emergency, her uncomplaining fortitude in the matter of rats and cockroaches, her calm acceptance of South Sea customs, called forth enthusiastic approval.

She could cook like a French chef, bind up a wound as well as a surgeon, devise sports and invent games, and had invaluable remedies stowed away in a little old medicine-chest. She looked after the health and comfort of the wild-mannered native sailors as kindly and unaffectedly as she taught Ah Foo to make bread, with cocoa nut toddy for yeast, or drew out the captain or mate to talk of his home and family.

A half-caste sailor once said: 'Mr. Stevenson is good to me like my father, and his wife is the same kind of man.'

King Tambinoko said of her: 'She good; look pretty; plenty chench' (sense).

Perhaps, says the Critic, they both meant what Edmund Gosse, the poet, so well expressed, when he wrote of her as 'dark and rich hearted, like some wonderful wine red jewel.'

But her husband caps all praise to her in some stanzas ending:

Teacher, tender comrade, wife,
A fellow-farer true through life,
Heart-wholes and soul-free,
The august Father
Gave to me.

'Do you believe in teaching the languages in the schools?' asked Mr. Clingstone of Miss Gildersleeve.

'Yes, indeed,' replied the young lady. 'Every one should be able to speak English and gold.'

Is a man influenced more by heredity or by environment?
'Humph! If heredity brings a man money, he can make his own environment.'

FURNISHED.

How a Sufferer From Rheumatism Was the Victim of His Wife's Knowledge.

Although Alexander Pope says that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," there is a wife in New York who is vexed that she didn't know the little difference between a druggist's and a painter's turpentine. The Mail and Express tells the story.

Peter H. George, of the upper West Side, has been troubled with rheumatism, and on damp days suffers severe pains in the muscles of his chest, back and arms. His wife rubs him vigorously with turpentine, and he usually gets relief. One of the muggy days recently brought on an attack, and Mrs. George was disappointed to find the turpentine bottle empty.

The servant was sent out to buy a quart, which she did at a neighboring paint shop. It cost ten cents less than at the druggist's. Mr. George was rubbed well, dozed with colchicum, and put to bed. Early next morning he called loudly for his wife.

"My dear," he said, "will you oblige me by getting the hammer out of the tool-chest?"

"The hammer?" echoed Mrs. George.

"Well what in the world—"

"The hammer, I said," repeated Mr. George, "and the cold-chisel!"

"The hammer and the cold chisel!" Mrs. George echoed again. Are you out of your head?

"No," replied Peter, "I am not out of my head, but I want to get out of my shell. I want to be broken open. I am the great human upper West Side oyster. Look here!" and Mr. George sat up in bed and exposed his arms from shoulder to wrist. They are both so highly glazed as a well-polished piano, and his back and chest were in the same condition.

"Well, of all things!" exclaimed Mrs. George. "I do declare, the painter has given us turpentine mixed with shellac, and I've been varnishing you just as if you were a sideboard."

Investigation proved the truth of Mrs. George's statement, and it took an hour to get the veneer off Mr. George's skin, during which process he made many emphatic remarks. The drug-store will hereafter supply the George family with turpentine.

LIBERAL COMPENSATION.

He Got His Clothes Torn (But Was Ample Rewarded).

The author of "Inside Our Gate" tells of an exciting encounter between the family dog and an unexpected caller, and of the various and unexpected results which followed it.

Don was a very mild dog, but one morning, as he lay at the kitchen door, a "vegetable man," suddenly turning the corner, startled him from his nap. He flew at the man, caught him by the trousers, and ripped one leg nearly up to the waist. The man shrieked, and that sent Hilda flying into the parlor.

My mother, taking it for granted that the man was bitten, and that he was very angry, ventured to the door to ask about it.

There stood the vegetable man, holding the cloth about his leg, and when he saw her he asked in a very mild tone if she would please lead him a thread and needle. "I really must apologize," he said, "for coming so suddenly upon the dog. He is quite excusable; but I regret this rent, because I have on my best pants. My wife insisted on my wearing them, as I was coming to a village; but it can't be helped now."

Hilda gave him a stout thread and needle and he sat on the back step and sewed himself up.

Meanwhile, my mother quite taken aback by his mild manner, sought out a pair of his oldest brothers, trousers brought them to the man, and gave him two dollars.

"I am under great obligations to you, ma'am," said he. "These pants I have on only cost three fifty, and the pair you have given me are worth fully that. I am afraid my wife will think I have overreached you. You must let me give you a basket of pears."

My mother insisted on buying the pears, and the man went off in high spirits, saying, "Don't blame the dog; he was entirely excusable, entirely."

Some weeks after this my brother couldn't find a certain pair of trousers that he wanted to wear. They were almost new, he said, and he was sure he left them in his closet when he went to the city. My mother opened her eyes at me.

"Were they expensive trousers?" she asked.

"No," said he, "only paid twelve dollars for them; but they were new and I liked them."

The fate of those trousers became a family mystery.

"Smoking Glass."

Pat was no astronomer, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer, but next to his pipe, he loved to be 'up to date.' A friend had been telling him about an approaching eclipse of the sun.

That night Pat sat on his door step, patiently puffing away at his old pipe. He would light a match, pull at the pipe, and then, as the match burned out, try another. This he did till the ground was littered with burnt matchwood.

"Come to supper, Pat!" called his wife from the kitchen.

"Faith, an' Oi will in a minute, Biddy," said he. "Moike has been a-tellin' me that if Oi smoked a bit av glass, sure I could see the spots on the sun. Oi don't know whether Moike's been a foolin' me, or whether Oi've got hold of the wrong kind o' glass."

Generous.

A very gracious speech is that recorded of a certain Scottish official, quoted by the London Outlook.

When the queen, during a stay in Scotland, visited the Tay Bridge, one feature of the attendant ceremony was the presentation of a beautiful basket of flowers.

The queen smiled as she took it, but Dundee was not yet satisfied that it had done all in its power. The provost stepped forward with a low bow.

"And, your majesty," said he, "you need not return the basket."

Rain.

There is nothing that sounds better,
When I lie in bed at night,
Than to hear the rain a pelting
When I know the farm is right;
Than to hear the lukewarm splashes
That would fairly sprout a stone,
And I get up in the morning
Just to see how things have grown.

I don't go much for thunderstorms,
They're apt to lodge the grain,
My tastes is for the steady,
Pouring, downright, all day rain
That spoils the small potatoes,
Because it makes them grow
Till they runge and say "Boil over"
And bulge out of the row.

I own I like to idle
When I do it for a shower
That earns more in a second
Than I do in an hour;
For it's good to sit and listen
To the poodle a pushing through
And besides, there's always choring
For the hired man to do.



A GRECIAN BRIDE.

Music and The Drama

TONES AND UNDERSTONES.

Miss Kathleen Furlong, a pupil of Signor Turiani one of New York's most prominent teachers, arrived last week to spend the summer at her home in this city. It is to be hoped that there will be an opportunity of hearing Miss Furlong publicly before she goes back to resume her studies.

Ethel Knight Mollison of this city is winning her way rapidly in her chosen profession. (Next season she will be with William Gillette in "Sherlock Holmes".

"The Belle of New York" is having a most successful run at the Columbia, Boston.

Kathryn Swan, the operatic singer has decided to call her new act "A Stage Struck Girl."

Blanche Carlyle who made a hit in "Why Smith Left Home" is going to devote herself to musical work after this season.

Lulu Glasier has just completed a successful season with Francis Wilson. Miss Wilson denies that she has been engaged for the "The Cadet Girl."

Paul Dressler, the well known song writer is very ill the result of a thirty-five days fast to reduce his weight. He lost sixty-six pounds in that space of time.

The French have given very spontaneous and generous approval of Sousa's Band. Every concert is densely packed and the applause is so overwhelming that Sousa's generosity is said to be taxed to the utmost in the matter of encores.

The title of the musical comedy in which Hope Booth is to star next season has been changed to "A Wife in Pawn." The authors are now putting the finishing touches to the book and the production will be made the last of August.

Mme. Nevada recently closed her concert tour at Cleveland and has sailed for Europe. The tour was one of remarkable success. Mme. Nevada may appear at the concerts to be arranged at the Paris Exposition, returning to America in January.

The death occurred last week of Giuseppe Del Puente who was, in his day, the most celebrated baritone of the Italian opera stage. In the seventies he was very popular in America and his repertoire included more than sixty roles. He had sung with the greatest artists of the operatic stage, but at the time of his death was engaged in teaching and concert work in Philadelphia.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

W. S. Harkins closed a two weeks engagement here last Saturday. Quo Vadis was the attraction for the last week and drew good houses, the excellent impression made by the company in the production deepening with each performance. Mr. Harkins is this week playing Amherst and Truro, opening in Halifax on Monday night. He will return to St. John the last of the month for a stay of two weeks.

Palmer Cox's Brownie's made things merry at the theatre for three nights this week, a hundred or so of little folks exploring the mysterious region of fairyland in the guise of Brownie's. Some of the children were wonderfully clever, and in fact all acquitted themselves in a manner that would have done credit to older folk.

"A Young Wife" company opened a three nights engagement at the opera house on Thursday evening. This play had a long run at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York, last season, and is one of the most amusing comedies I ever read was written by the late Jessie Wood, on this play. To quote her, the name of the play—"A Young Wife" is suggestive of the dear young things who write to the query department of a newspaper asking how to induce hubby to remain home nights

or for a receipt that will render baby's teething a little less painful. However the the company which will play it here have some very good people, and should give a superior performance of the piece.

The Richards Stock Company will open an engagement at the theatre on Monday the 11th. Mr. Richards was here two or three seasons ago with Ethel Tucker and since that time has been with some very good companies, the last of which was Morrisons No. 2 company in which he distinguished himself very signally in the role of Faust. The company will open in this play.

Mr. Edmund L. Breece, the Richelieu of James O'Neills "Three Musketeers" arrived last week on a visit to Mrs Breece's parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. J. D. Landry of Leinster street. Mr. Breece will be in the cast of "Monte Cristo" which is to be given an elaborate production next autumn.

Kate Davis is reported very seriously ill at Washington.

Sadie Martinot will again appear with Henry Miller during his summer season in San Francisco.

Minnie Palmer is representing Rose Pom pom at the Tivoli and Canterbury theatres, London.

William Bramwell for two seasons leading man with Eugenie Blair, is arranging to star next season.

Madeline Lucette Eyley's new comedy "My Lady Dainty" was produced at Terry's theatre, London, this week.

Hennessey Leroly's season will begin in August. He has just closed a successful tour of thirty five weeks.

Edward Harrigan will tour next season in a new version of "Old Lavender" under management of James H. Alliger.

Eleanor Duse appeared in London last week in Magda; later she played La Gioconda as written by d'Annunzio.

J. K. Emmett intends to star in a Transvaal play entitled "The Outpost" in which he will impersonate "A Boer Hero."

Daniel Frohman has cabled from Europe a denial of the rumor that he would import the Oberammergau Passion Play.

Margaret Anglin left New York on June 3rd with Harry Miller and his company for a summer season on the Pacific coast.

Sardon's Theodora is to be produced by Clarence M. Bruce next season. The play is now being translated from the original French.

Forbes Robertson has bought the English rights to "The Cloister," the drama by Emile Verhaeren and will produce it in London.

George Emerick has written a new sketch on wholly original lines, which Gertrude Mansfield and Caryl Wilbur are considering.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Mann, (Clara Lipman) are spending the summer in Europe. Leo Dietrichstein is going to write a play for their next season.

It is possible that before Sarah Bernhardt and M. Coquelin leave Paris they will appear in the repertoire they are to present in the United States.

Marguerite Merrington has written a pastoral play that John B. Doris means to produce in the autumn and which he has engaged Max Freeman to stage.

Elizabeth Robyns, who recently added to her laurels won as an actress in Ibsen Dramas, by writing a successful novel, will publish her second book this fall.

David Belasco is to make a play from "Miss Cherry Blossom of Tokio," a story by John Luther Long, author of "Madame Butterfly" that Belasco also dramatized.

Richard Carlle the American comedian is very ill in London the result of the accident referred to in these columns during the performance of "An American Beauty."

Julia Marlowe has accepted for production a new play entitled "The Awakening" written by Harriet Ford and Beatrice de-Mille authors of "The Greatest Thing in World."

T. B. Thalberg an English actor, who has been with the Olga Nethersole, has dramatized Robert Louis Stevenson's novel "Treasure Island" and produced the piece in Glasgow this week, himself playing the leading male role.

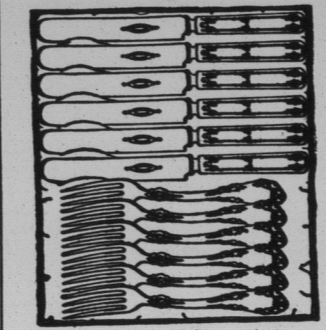
Thomas Wise is to come back to America to play in George H. Broadhurst's new piece "The House That Jack Built," which will be produced in New York early in the autumn. Annie Yeasman and Tom Wise will originate the chief roles.

Arthur Rehan, a brother of Ada Rehan, died last week of hemorrhage. He was an actor of some note and was but thirty eight years of age. His first appearance was made in Across the Continent, with his brother-in-law, Oliver Doud Byron. Subsequently he became Mr. Byron's business manager, and still later occupied a similar position for years with the late An-

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Justin Daly, and took out touring companies of his own in the successes of the Daly company. His latest venture was with the Great Ruby, in which he was interested after the death of Mr Daly. Funeral services were held in Brooklyn on May 25, and interment was made in Greenwood cemetery

Jeannie Fowler who has just resigned from the cast of the Runaway Girl has done nearly all her dramatic work on the Daly stage. She is an excellent character actress and is frequently compared with Elita Proctor Otis whom she resembles personally.

Gertrude Bennett has been engaged for the part of Amy Falconer in Liebler and company's production of "The Choir Invisible." Miss Bennett was very favorably noticed the past season for her performance of Constance in "The Musketeers," with James O'Neill.

Says the Mirror of this week, Eva Williams and Jack Tucker were agreeably surprised when they went on at Keith's Boston house to find that a special set had been built for Skippy's Finish. Williams and Tucker are second in the list of stars at Keith's Union Square this week.

Lotie Williams-Salter who was here with W. S. Harkins last season, recently met with a serious accident in Detroit where she and her husband are spending the summer. While she was cycling a runaway horse caused her to turn from the road and she was precipitated down a high embankment.

Mabel Eaton, known here, sustained severe injury recently while playing in "Women and Wine." During a dark change a heavy piece of scenery fell striking her on the shoulder. Though suffering intensely she played to the end. Later she was obliged to take a few days off as the result of the accident.

Mary Cholmondeley's novel "Red Potage" will be dramatized for Charles Frohman by F. Kinale Peile in collaboration with a woman whose identity is not disclosed. Mr. Peile wrote "An Interrupted Honeymoon" which was produced in New York last fall. He is also at work on a comedy for Fanny Ward.

In the suit instituted by Olga Nethersole against the Rev. Dr. Easton of Washington, D. C., to recover damages for alleged slander the defendant filed a demurrer to the declaration, contending that it is bad in substance. Among the matters of law to be argued in support of the demurrer are the following: 'The plaintiff's declaration states no cause of action, because the words sued upon as a slander complained

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of are not actionable per se; because the innuendo contained in the declaration is not justified by the words imputed to the defendant; because the words imputed to the defendant do not warrant the innuendo that the defendant meant that the plaintiff was leading an immoral life; because the innuendo is itself vague and uncertain.

The arrangement by which Mary Manning was to star under the management of F. C. Whitney has been dissolved by mutual consent, and this week Miss Manning signed contracts with Frank McKee to manage her for five years. Miss Manning's first stellar appearance will be as Janice Meredith in Edward E. Rose's dramatization of Paul Leicester Ford's novel of that name. Her tour will open early next season in a nearby city, after which she will open at a New York theatre for an indefinite period. Miss Manning's contract calls for her appearance in this city each season. She has secured options on the dramatization of Anthony Hope's "The Heart of the Princess Cora," and of the Wayward Lodge, by Mrs. Allan Arthur and Victor Mapes. Since Miss Manning has left Frohman's management she has received many offers from prominent managers. The part of Janice should give her great opportunities, and her talents and personal popularity would indicate that a most successful career awaits her.

The right to express disapproval in a theatre by a hiss has been passed upon by a Solon at Kansas city. A man in that town hissed his disappointment or disapproval of a performance and was taken before a police magistrate who discharged him with the declaration that if a person has a right to applaud in a theatre, he has certainly he has a right to dispraise a performance by hissing. In discussing the matter the Dramatic Mirror says: "This is a common sense decision, though pronounced in a Police Court. There is no reason why a person in a theatre should be debarred from unfavorable expression while permitted freely to applaud a performance. To a person of sensibility the pain inflicted in a theatre sometimes is as acute as the pleasure is pronounced and there should be no arbitrary rule against the expression of the actual feeling in either case. Thus if normal laughter and normal weeping are to be permitted hissing also should be permitted if it is pertinent. As to hissing, no one has ever been known to lose self control while indulging in this form of expression, because in the very nature of the thing one must discriminate in order to be able to hiss at the proper time. Yet hissing may be abused and become a nuisance, too. For if the hisser, not content with simple dispraise of the thing he dislikes, should continue to hiss when the occasion for hissing is past and thus should interfere with the pleasure of those about him that in new circumstances of the play see something to applaud, he unquestionably should be dealt with as a nuisance.

Narrow Streets. The seaport town of Great Yarmouth, on the eastern coast of England, contains a street that is perhaps the narrowest built up street in the world. It is known as "Kitty Witches Row," and measurement gives its greatest width as fifty-six inches. Its entrance is considerably narrower, and would seriously inconvenience a stout person trying to pass through it. Twenty-nine inches from wall to wall is all the room that can be spared in this part.

Yarmouth is a quaint old town, containing many streets like Kitty Witches Row. They are all called rows, and are more convenient to look at than for traffic. A hundred and forty-five of these narrow passages, making a length of over seven miles in all, are to be found within the town.

Describing Nova Scotia. The Dominion Atlantic Railway has sent out some beautiful pamphlets descriptive of the attractions Nova Scotia has for a tourist, dwelling particularly upon those places touched by the Dominion Atlantic. The illustrations are new and very attractive, while the letter press is such as to interest and instruct the stranger to the beauties of the country. The service of the Dominion Atlantic on sea and land is described freely and parties looking for an easy way to reach coolness and rest will no doubt appreciate the information that is given.

Pathetic Bravery. A strange bit of stoicism is found in the letter of an English private describing his experience in the battle at Modder river. I happened to find a piece of looking glass. It made a rare bit of fun. As it passed from comrade to comrade, they said:

"Have a last look at yourself, my boy, and bid yourself good-by!" The laugh went round. Then "Advance!" and we were at it again.

FLASHES OF FUN.

Askitt—What is the difference between a poet and a verse writer?

Tellit—The verse writer gets paid.

"How did that fight between the bridge tenders end?"

"It was fought to a draw—and they both fell in!"

"Senator," she asked, "did any rich corporation ever try to bribe you?"

"No," he replied, "but a despicable, meanly little company that couldn't afford to offer more than \$250 once tried it."

"Can you give a first-class polish to a pair of shoes?"

"Shud say so, boss. Why, when Ah polish a go'tman's shoes de ladies glance down at his feet to see if deh hats am on straight."

Jones—Don't you love to think of the dear little old trundle bed you slept in when a boy?"

Brown—No; my two elder brothers slept in a big bed, and they were always falling out on me."

"This new luminous paint is a splendid invention!" declared the fond young papa.

"How so?" asked Mrs. Newlywed.

"Why, you just paint the baby's face with it, and you can see to give him the paregoric without lighting the gas."

"What is your object in dwelling so persistently on abstruse philosophic topics?"

"Well," answered the man with a very gentle but unprosperous look, "I suppose it is because it's one of the few places where I can dwell without paying rent."

"People ought to be careful what names they call their children."

"Yes, indeed; many a boy who could have been a successful merchant has been ruined by having a name given him which made him think he ought to try to write poetry."

"No; I don't think much of that college," asserted the man in the Prince Albert.

"Don't think much of it!" exclaimed the one with the figured vest. "Why, great Scott! it turned out the best base ball pitcher in the country last year, and it has a man who broke the record putting the shot."

"I trust said the new member of the school committee, "that you do not hold out to your pupils the misleading hope that each one of them be the president?"

"No, indeed," replied the dominie, "but I do not think I err on the side of improbability when I teach them that each has a good chance of being a presidential possibility."

Not to be Discouraged. "Polite society" is often at its wit's end to devise means of getting rid of people who are not wanted as callers or visitors, but who will not take a hint; for polite society cannot say in so many words, "I do not want you to come again." A French paper repeats this dialogue between two ladies:

"And so you still receive that dreadful Comeagain?"

"Impossible to get her to take a hint! Do you know, the last time she called I never offered her a chair!"

"And what was the result?"

"Result?" Why, the next time she came she brought a folding camp-stool!"

Honest Polly. A matron was one day teaching a little colored girl on her plantation how to spell.

She used a pictorial primer, says the Memphis Scimitar, and each word was the accompanying illustration. Polly glibly spelled "o-x, ox," and "b-o-x, box", and the teacher thought she was making "right rapid progress," perhaps even too rapid.

So she put her hand over the picture, and then asked:

"Polly, what does o-x spell?"

"Ox," answered Polly, nimbly.

"How do you know that it spells ox?"

Polly was as honest as the day.

"Seed his tale!" she responded.

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Hair 55 Inches Long

Advertisement for hair oil featuring an illustration of a woman with long hair and text describing the product's benefits for hair growth and health.

Vertical text on the far left edge of the page, partially cut off, containing various small notices and advertisements.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 9

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

IS THIS THE REASON?

We, in the loyal city of St. John have been wondering not a little why our sister city, Halifax, has not taken advantage of the opportunities afforded by the good news from South Africa and celebrated in splendid style the victories won by Lord Roberts. People who are here when these events occur express their surprise and admiration at the celebrations made. It would almost seem as if Halifax had the means to outdo us in these efforts. With the imperial army and navy represented there besides the local militia, the city should be able at an hour's notice to make a splendid demonstration. Perhaps the explanation is given in a letter to PROGRESS from Halifax, which requests the publication of an article which was written by a resident of that city and appeared in an American publication. Our correspondent says:

I send it and that you give it publicity, as it shows what section has fomented in our midst, by one whose principals are socialistic. I know not what blood runs in his veins, but think it would be better for letting out, and this callow youth pilloried by public scorn and derision.

This is the article complained of: "Since the commencement of this business in the Transvaal, the Canadian press has distinguished itself in several directions. It has gone rabid with imperialism; it has persistently set up false standards before the people; it has deliberately closed its columns to the free exchange of thought, when the war would be discussed; it has dealt in bogus cablegrams announcing alleged British victories; it has set the pace in fury and fanaticism; it has prostituted and defiled itself and the people; it has thrown overboard all considerations of decency and of ethics and has made itself the synonym of shame. Without a single rag of honor to cover its hideousness, it has the effrontery to stalk through the land, waving a piece of scarlet, frothing at the awns, naked and unshamed.

"Time was when the Canadian press was noted for stolid, unenterprising stability. It was respectable and slow. Venality was not its chief characteristic. Today, it is a reeking sewer of opinions writ for hire, of abject toadyism, of yellow loyalty and frenetic fanaticism. The soul, as Carlyle would say, has quite gone out of it. It is the meanest that affronts God's universe, devoid of loyalty, while preaching loyalty. Ill fare the land that would rely on its jingo press, for it lacks every instinct that would be of service. It is a vendible thing, shamelessly selling itself. It can only crouch and cringe. It is a vendor of inflammatory untruths, a pander to the lowest passions of our race. But here is where the iron enters—that this vile thing is the lineal descendant of a press through which in days gone by, men fought and won the battle of liberty and progress. Let us lead no sanction to apostles of retrogression! Yet at times I would break up our web perfecting presses, relinquish our linotypes and go back to the Washington hand press and the case and the stick, could we, by so doing, escape from the mesh of hypocrisy and lies, and get back a little of the earnestness, a tinge of the manliness, some faint glimmer of the tender grace of that dead time.

"It is on account of newspaper influence that in all the cities of Canada, gangs of young men and boys frequently march through the streets, making purple jackasses of themselves before high Heaven and playing, whistling or singing some heathenish composition in which Kruger is killed, damned, blasted, annihilated by word or mouth. Students of the universities, too,

whom the example of learning has not made wise, perform similar antics. Royalty of mediæval form is rampant. So mean, so poor, so stunted is the spirit of the people that they will believe a lie—knowing it to be a lie—rather than face the facts and see themselves for one moment in error. The newspaper press has been, and is, the most potent factor in bringing about this state of national degradation. One pities the people; but one finds the whole vocabulary of invective ineffectual to express a tinge of one's wrath in regard to our prurient press.

"And they call this British patriotism! There have been men whose deathless names are given in imperishable characters in the Pantheon of the universe, men who cared only for doing right and who scouted our English language by using it in their advocacy of truth. These, I would take it, have made the Anglo-Saxon race a great people. Let us not name them while there strut upon the stage the pretty generals and commanders of this decadent time, idolized by a foolish public, applauded by the daily journals and eulogized by a pulpit that is a hissing and a dispraise.

"The influence of the press on the morals of the people for good is great; it can blast and stultify and degrade. At its inception it was good, a strong force making for enlightenment. Now, 'Like sweet bells jangled out of time and wild,' it shames its ancestry and grates harshly, hatefully on the ear. It is a worm worried mass of corruption that smells to Heaven in its rank offence."

A. M. MUIRHEAD.

Much regret is expressed at the inability of the St. John and Halifax exhibition people failing to come to some agreement so as not to clash with the dates of their shows. Our association seems to have done its part in making advances and propositions to the Nova Scotia people. Their lack of success is somewhat surprising. Perhaps the impression prevails in Halifax that few New Brunswickers attend the show there and that it will make but little difference to them if our exhibition goes on at the same time. We are not so independent: we like to see our exhibition as successful as possible and for that reason want all the people who can attend, Nova Scotians included. But then they know where the best show can be seen and they will come anyway.

Congratulations to the young ladies and gentlemen who gave such a splendid entertainment this week. Their efforts will be appreciated by the families of the men in South Africa.

The auditors are critical. The report of the auditors of the city accounts bring to light many things that are unpleasant. The lack of system in the police office calls for a somewhat critical paragraph in their report. They say that the fine in that famous tailor case, when the English solicitor for trade was fined a hundred, has not been accounted for. If PROGRESS is not mistaken Mr. Ruel was the lawyer for the Englishman and he gave his check for the amount of the fine. The magistrate received it and the check was paid but has not passed to the credit of the city yet. The auditors comment upon the looseness of the system of discharging prisoners. A man may be fined \$20 on Monday and be discharged on Tuesday and no payment noted. From their point of view this is just right but they lose sight of the fact that the discretion of the magistrate is to be considered. If the man has a family depending upon him and the circumstances of his offense are considered the judge may let him go without any payment whatever. Still the suggestion that there should be some proper form of discharge is a good one and will no doubt be acted upon.

Beloved St. Embarrassment. (Annapolis Spectator.) Sir Henry Irving is known to be a very generous man, and would be robbed right and left, it is said, if it were not for the protection afforded by his business manager, Mr. Bram Stoker. For instance, says a London correspondent of the St. Louis Globe Democrat, Irving recently received a letter from a man in Paris who told of his marked likeness to the great actor.

At first the stranger wrote, it was a pleasure to be taken for so distinguished a man, but in time the novelty wore off, and he had been both annoyed and embarrassed by the continual necessity of explaining that he was, he and not Sir Henry. The letter concluded by mentioning that five pounds or ten pounds would be of considerable service to him. Would Sir Henry remit by return of post, and thus in a measure atone for the annoyance to which the likeness had subjected him?

Irving happened to read the letter to Bram Stoker, and then said that he thought he must send the man something, not ten pounds perhaps, but— "If ye'll let me, I'll answer the letter for

you," said Mr. Stoker, who has an Irish accent to match his Irish wit. A few days later Irving said:

"You answered that letter, Mr. Stoker?" "I did, then, and I wrote him advice of a friendly nature, besides the money I sent to him."

"You sent him money, ha! I hope it was enough—"

"'Twas then," murmured Stoker, beaming, "and the letter to boot. Shall I tell you what was in it? Well, then, it was half a crown I sent to him,—half a crown is sixty-two cents,—and I just wrote him that since it was his likeness to you was vexin' him, well, then, to take it and go and have his hair cut."

Reflections of a Spinster. Happiness is a matter of temperament rather than of circumstance.

A man who is impervious to tears and pleading, will melt like wax at the touch of indifference.

A bohemian is a person to whom the luxuries of life are necessities and the necessities luxuries.

JOYS AND WAYS OF OTHER PLACES

Must Be a Hokey Pokey Cart. (Springshill Advertiser.) Simpson's wagon is certainly the creme de la creme of the town.

When it Rides, What Then? (Island Reporter, Sydney.) The utter stranger fancy that money can be picked up in the streets of Sydney. We are certainly blessed with lots of "dust."

Stamp in Sausages Expected. (Annapolis Spectator.) To-day is the last day for paying in dog taxes. If the tax is not paid in by to-day, the Chief of Police is authorized by the by-law to destroy the dog.

Chief Clerk is Needed There. (Apr. Breton Advocate.) The fire cracker celebration of Empire Day was by far the most elaborate ever known here. It was in every respect equal to a Fourth of July noise in the American cities.

Another Church Scrap in Montreal. (Exchange.) Rev. G. Osborne (Presb. Rector of St. Martin's Montreal, has issued a circular stating that the pews in the church must be free. The finance say they must not be free. Mr. Troop will resign if the church upholds the committee.

Worse Than Lynch Law. (St. Andrews Beacon.) Some of the Southern railroads are planning to plant a lot of hours in the southern states. The colored population of the South have enough troubles of their own now without adding these negro-laters to them.

Boer Delegates are Conquerors. (Boston Herald.) The Boer envoys are to be congratulated upon one great achievement. They have succeeded in extracting some politeness and courtesy from New York's little Dutch mayor. It is the first sample on record.

"Obscene Language" all round. (Newcastle Advocate.) Is it not about time a curfew bell ordinance was introduced in this town? We think that Newcastle surpasses any other town in the province for noisy boys. Darkness has no terrors for them. They are out on the streets at all hours and indulge in all sorts of mischief and devilment, not to say a liberal amount of "obscene language" for which they "take the cake."

A Sweet-Toothed Desperado. (Chatham World.) Two men, after eating all the ice cream and cake they could swallow at Miss Stapp's, one evening last week, slipped out of the shop when the attendant was in the back room and scooted. A third man, who had been in their company, was subsequently interviewed, and said one of the ice cream sneaks was the captain of the schooner Florence May. The owners of the schooner had better look out for him. The man who will rob an ice cream saloon will steal anything.

Mrs. Smith Starts an Avalanche. (Restigouche Telephone.) Mrs. E. A. Smith, St. John, who so pleasantly entertained our citizens with her lectures last week struck the core of public opinion when she addressed a town like Campbellton, and such a large and influential audience as that which filled the building on the evenings mentioned, were deserving of a more spacious and improved public hall. Why do not some of our money men invest in the erection of a building that will be a credit to the town and at the same time a financial remuneration to the proprietors.

Astonishing Solar Discovery. (Annapolis Spectator.) W. H. Moody took considerable trouble to secure a snap shot of the sun's eclipse on Monday, and on developing the plate was more than surprised at the result. While astronomers and others have been spending years in trying to locate the nature of the inhabitants of Mars, by a lucky chance Mr. Moody has been the first to secure the necessary information. The plate developed a handsomely furnished sitting-room and old Sol, as if ashamed, is seen hiding his face in the folds of a sofa cushion. Unknown to the operator, an exposed plate had been left in the camera.

A Popular Idea Exploded. (Euro Times—Guardian.) The publisher of a newspaper has one thing to sell and one thing to rent. He has the newspaper to sell, and the space in the columns to rent. Can he give away either one or the other? He can do so if he chooses, and he does, as a matter of practical fact, furnish a great deal of space free. But it does not follow that he ought to be expected to do it. It ought to be recognized as a contribution to the groceryman. But the publisher to say it is not by the groceryman, but that light at all, yet everybody knows that the existence of a newspaper depends as much on the rent of its space and the sale of the paper as the merchant's success depends on selling his goods instead of giving them away.

KAL BAKING POWDER. ABSOLUTELY PURE. Makes the food more delicious and wholesome. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

VERBS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Moor Leeb, Among the lonely hills it lies, Deep, dark and still; And in the back the angelic skies, The sun, moon, stars, the bird that flies, The broad brown-shouldered hill.

The world's wide voice is silent here; The cries of men, The sob, the laugh, the hope, the tear, The thrill which makes earth and sea and air, Lie all beneath its ken.

And only he who comes from far, Seeking the deep Common weal with man and star, Knows of the calm and joys that are In its vast stillness sleep.

For here the eternal soul holds speech, Yet makes no sound; With aught but clouds which may light reach The black fad, the untrodden beach, And harken't space around.

Time and the things of Time are not; The path we tread Ends with the world's end here and thought Can neither see nor dream of aught Save man's own heart and God.

The Smilla's Gal. Over yon grass the mountain, Kinder raised up in a hollow, Stan's the babble whar my heart is, An' my feet they catch to follow, For I know the gal an' I know the stan's waddin' An' the place all around that with story she fills; The rahbra', the lahbra', the sweeter, An' the smilla's gal in the hills.

All the gals air sort o' purty, For there's a different kind o' sweetness; But this gal she's got all kips, An' she's got 'em to comp' sheenness! The fallers all in her, for how can they help it? When the heart that comes nigh her, hit shudders An' thrills!

The sweetest, the neatest, the brightest, An' the smilla's gal in the hills. She's a chile-o' her fella's, An' I reckon that I know 'em; An' whar'er he tries hit, Bout some settin' 'em I show him; For I know she's leavin' an' true as she's purty, An' so good that the thoughts of her banishes ill; An' the smilla's gal, the smartest, An' the smilla's gal in the hills.

The Bookman. For many a year he grubbed among The stalls where antique tomes lie piled, And then alone when for a song, He bought some prize, he ever smiled; Starting at times to rise and wane, He snatched a look with eager looks, As if he stood in Paradise, 'Neath trees of knowledge hung with books.

So long the reflex dull of call, Morocco, vellum, in his nose, And 'till his fingers now by hair, And 'till his deep cooling we can trace, Vintages of wisdom in his case, While he their form and semblance took, Till a word on the shelving there And in the armchair loled a book.

But books and men will fray and fade, As Care's rude finger turns the page, Or in some sunless chamber laid, They warp and mildew into shade; The living leaves grow sore and wan, The back knows many an ache and crook, Till into Limbo's flog the man, And to the grave he boras the book.

Who knows—yon pile of ragged leaves May when some critic finds it there, Be gathered up like golden sheaves, And garbed in beauty past compare. 'E'en so, if aught of worth he find, Between its margins broad and white, Some heavenly Grotto yet may bind The bookman's soul in covers bright.

The Bride of June. There's a flutter of excitement in her breast, There's a timid sparkle in her pretty eyes; She's in like the little birdling in the nest, She's in like the little birdling in the nest, She can see a rosy turtur in her dream, With the sound of love her heart is all aflame; All the world a land of fairy beauty seems To the maiden who will be a bride in June.

How the passing days are lagged in their flight; Seem to move along on listless, lazy wing; Some conspiring to delay the glad delight Of the morning when the wedding bells will ring. 'Round her couch at night the Cupid angles hum, In her dreaming ears a tender song they croon, And the most delightful visions ever come To the maiden who will be a bride in June.

There's a glint of joyous triumph in her eyes As her girly chums gaze at her wondrous sight; Her hair becomes almost clogged with envious sighs, Wishing they were playing in such luck as this; And they tell her how the rosy god of love Has conferred upon her head a special boon— And she coos her sweet responses like a dove— Does the maiden who will be a bride in June.

Chawley comes to see her nearly every night, Comes to tell the time-worn story o'er and o'er, And her heart is ever dancing with delight, As they rapurously near the golden shore, Of their walk together slowly arm and arm, 'Neath the silvery glories of the sweet May moon And existence seems to be a mystic charm.

Never comes a vision of domestic strife, Never comes the dark shadow of a fear That they yet may quarrel like Kilkenny cats, Ere they've worked in double harness for a year. Never comes reflection that there'll be an end To the dreamy pleasures of the honeymoon— Future cares and present raptures never blend With the maiden who will be a bride in June.

From Kipling's "Recessional" Before Examination. Spirit of memory—during exam, Memory of elusive dates, Beneath whose weight we cram and cram— (Up hold us all ye gracious Fates!) Ensure memory! Hide with us yet— Let us forget—let us forget.

During Examination. The tangle and shouting dies— The tumult of room—I mean— Still in our brains those ringing cries Sound loud as ever on the green. Let us forget—let us forget.

And now the questions stand on the board, Dread searchers of our knowledge's store; Ah! by that fourth one says he's bored, That fourth one need to more— Swiftly scribble away, Roger yet For we forget—let us forget.

After Examination. For called, the minutes sweep away, Deep sunk as Hope in misery's mire; Gone all the joys of yesterday— The glad fourth—no need to more— Ye know, ye know, what our hard lot, For we forget—let us forget.

AUTOMOBILE AND COWBOYS.

The Former did not Prove a Success When Used in Roping Steers.

Is that the picturesque figure of the Western Plains, the cowboy and rough-and-ready rider, to be replaced by an inanimate contrivance of iron, rubber and gasoline? We trust not, in spite of a story which the New York Sun tells of the more or less successful introduction of an automobile on the Texas range of Mr. John G. Kennedy, in Nueces County.

A "ranabout" vehicle of extra strong build was tried by the proprietor and his foreman, and was voted a complete success. No more horses on that ranch! In a comfortable seat, with the speed of a thousand cattle at command by the turning of a lever, henceforth the cowboy would prod the weary steers homeward.

This exhibition was checked, however, by the furious stampeding of the first herd of cattle that caught sight of the new machine.

Across the broad ranch, rocking not of barbed-wire fences, went the herd. A number of properly mounted cowboys succeeded in overtaking the cattle several miles away, and after a long chase finally turned them towards home. After that horses were driven in front of the machine until the cattle ceased to fear it.

Then came the supreme test. It was necessary to round up certain steers, and some of the cowboys wanted to try the experiment of roping them from the seat of the automobile.

The animals were driven into the walled enclosure. John Fisher and Harry Towles two of the best ropers on the ranch, were chosen to ride. Towles was to do the roping, his mate to act as motorman. When the steer was roped, the machine was to be brought to a quick stop.

Fisher put the machine to its best "road ing gait" as it entered the corral. The steers made for the other end, the machine close upon them. The wild creatures, cornered, flew back by their strange looking pursuer.

Instantly the lariat was flung out, and settled over the horns of the animal aimed at. The "horse end" was attached to the front axle of the vehicle.

Fisher failed to stop the machine. He tugged in vain at the lever. Something was wrong. At the last moment, the rope being secure, Towles seized the steering gear and managed to avoid a collision with the opposite fence.

The wild procession, led by the runaway automobile, sped rapidly across the corral again.

By a desperate trick of steering the machine was run out into the open, the steer dragging behind, the involuntary tail to a comical comet which was certainly out of its orbit.

Away across the pasture sailed the runaway, until some cowboys riding up saw the difficulty and to the steer loose.

Even then the men in "charge" showed their grit by sticking to the fractious vehicle until after a breakneck ride of about fifteen miles they managed to work the shut-off lever and became once more plain American cowboys willing to rope steers in the good old way from a bucking bronco.

Setting Heres! Right.

"It's a libel to say that the summer girl flirts with 'Tom,' 'Dick' and 'Harry,' remarked Mand.

"Of course, it is," answered Mamie. "The idea of even being introduced to people with such ordinary names! I should not think of flirting with any one except Rigmald, 'Claude' or 'Algernon!'"

An Annual Job.

Young Wife—"I wish you would take a day off and help me bring up all those jars of fruit I put up last summer, and find some way to get rid of the stuff. It's all spoiled as usual."

Husband—"What's the hurry?" Young Wife—"I want the jars to put up more fruit."

Shirts, Collars and Cuffs.

Pliable, finest, cannot be excelled. One shirt and collar for a trial now. Ungars Laundry, Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning Works. Telephone 68.

Nevada Dailies.

In the December issue of the American Newspaper Directory for 1899 not a single newspaper in Nevada gets credit for an issue of as many as 1,000 copies. There are nine dailies in the State.

BAKING POWDER

and wholesome

WOMEN AND COWBOYS.

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hat the picturesque figure of the woman on horseback, the cowboy and rough-and-ready rider, to be replaced by an incongruous figure of iron, rubber and gas.

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What month in all the twelve is more delightful than June. Truly it is the most inspiring of them all. It is in June that summer steps graciously ...

St. John's reception of the news of Frederick's fall and King's collapse was intensely demonstrative but it is rather an old story now with us all, and as the whole affair beggared description I refrain from ...

Wednesday morning in Queen Square Methodist church at seven o'clock Miss Jennie H. Hanson, daughter of the late Mr. R. T. Hanson, of Nashua, and Mr. E. Bliss McLeod, of the railway ...

Another happy event in which two of St. John's popular young people entered the marriage state took place at the residence of Mr. C. J. Worden, 14 Cliff street, when his daughter, Miss Kate Worden, the well known vocalist, was married to Mr. Bert Huestis. The ceremony was performed by Rev. R. W. Weddall in the parlor of the house, which had been tastefully decorated for the occasion. Miss Worden, who was attended in a gray travelling suit, was attended by her sister, Miss Bessie Worden. Mr. Huestis was supported by his brother, Mr. Ralph Huestis. After the wedding breakfast was served, many friends and relatives of the bride and groom being invited. Mr. and Mrs. Huestis left by the early boat for the Amherst Valley, where they will spend a fortnight. They will reside on St. James street. Mrs. Huestis received a handsome present from the Lutheran street church choir, of which she has for some time been leader. Many other costly and handsome presents were received.

The cathedral of the Immaculate Conception was crowded to the doors on Wednesday afternoon the occasion being the marriage of Dr. J. D. Maher, the prominent north end dentist, to Mary Evelyn McCullough, daughter of Mrs. Henry McCullough of Dorchester street, a charming young lady and one of St. John's most beautiful daughters. Rev. F. J. McMurray performed the marriage ceremony. There were no invited guests, only the most intimate friends of the bride and groom being present. Miss McCullough was charmingly gowned in a travelling suit of blue broadcloth. She was attended by her sister, Miss Kathleen McCullough. The groom was Dr. Merrill. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. Henry McCullough. After the wedding Dr. and Mrs. Maher returned to the residence of the bride's mother and thence drove to the station, where they took the I. C. E. train for Quebec and other Canadian and United States cities. They will reside on Douglas avenue. The bride received a great many beautiful and costly presents, including a diamond pendant and ring from the groom. Dr. and Mrs. Maher's new home has been furnished in the most lavish style, and nothing is being spared to make it homelike, rich and comfortable.

At Trinity church early Wednesday morning Miss Blanche Beard, youngest daughter of Mrs. J. W. Beard, was united in marriage to Mr. William J. Rennie. It was a quiet wedding, the guests including only the relatives. The bride, who was unattended, wore a most becoming lavender tulle dress, with a hat tastefully trimmed with turquoise blue. The marriage was solemnized by the pastor of Trinity, Rev. J. A. Richardson. At the conclusion of the service Miss Bessie Everett, organist of St. Andrew's church, played the wedding march. Mr. and Mrs. Rennie left by the morning express for Boston, and will also visit New York. They received many beautiful presents, among which was a silver service from Mr. Rennie's associates in Messrs. W. H. Thorne & Co.'s establishment, and a complete set of pearl-handled fruit knives and forks from the firm.

At the church of the Good Shepherd, Fairville, Wednesday afternoon, the pastor, Rev. L. B. McKiel united in marriage his sister, Mrs. Nae, the well-known Westfield postmistress, and Mr. Charles Hoban, of the railway mail service. The wedding was a quiet one and the happy couple boarded the C. F. R. train at Fairville on a honeymoon trip to Boston.

A very pretty June wedding took place at the church of the Good Shepherd, Fairville, at 4 o'clock on the morning of the 5th, when Robert H. Merryweather, of St. John, West, led to the marriage altar Miss Annie J. Duff, of Fairville. The happy couple were attended by Shubert Carroll of St. John, West, and Miss Susan Duff, sister of the bride. The bride's brother gave her away. Miss Duff is a member of the choir of the Church of the Good Shepherd and the choir at the opening of the service sang "The Voice that Breathed 'O'er Eden." The newly married couple left at once by the C. F. R. for Fredericton on a honeymoon trip to Boston.

Millidgeville was the scene of a quiet but pretty wedding Wednesday afternoon when Miss Ruth Ann daughter of Mrs. John Kearns, was united in marriage to Mr. William Lilley, Jr., of Woodstock. The bride attired in a blue cloth travelling suit, trimmed with cream silk and hat to match, entered the parlor which was decorated with flowers on the arm of her father where she was met by the groom. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. B. P. McKim, of St. Luke's church. The bride and groom were unattended. The guests included only the immediate relatives and friends of the contracting parties. After the wedding repast the bride and groom took the Canadian Pacific train for their future home in Woodstock. Miss Cooke was quite a favorite at Millidgeville and received many handsome presents.

An interesting event took place Tuesday evening at the residence of Mrs. John Kearns, 181 Britain street, when her youngest daughter, Alice Mand, was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Mr. Geo. S. Macdonald of Mr. F. S. Rogers's jewelry establishment. It was a very quiet affair, only the immediate relatives and friends of the contracting parties being present. The presents were numerous and very pretty, among them being a set of 10 silver chocolate spoons from St. James church choir of which the young lady was a member. Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald will reside at 92 St. James street and will be at home to their friends on Tuesday and Thursday of next week. The Rev. A. D. Dewdney officiated.

Wednesday evening a pretty wedding was solemnized at the Catholic church, Silver Falls, by Rev. Father Cormier. The contracting parties were Mr. Frank Bowers and Miss Frances McTravis of Coldbrook. The ceremony was at 7 o'clock and was witnessed by many friends. The bride wore a grey dress and white hat. She was attended by Miss Flora McDonald. The groom was supported by his brother, Mr. Martin Bowers. After the wedding a reception was held at the residence of the bride's mother, Coldbrook. Many handsome presents were received and hearty congratulations were extended Mr. and Mrs. Bowers.

At Trinity church at 10:30 o'clock Thursday morning, Mr. Robert N. Frith, teller with Messrs. Blair & Company, bankers, was married quietly to Miss Maud Sutherland, daughter of Mr. J. N. Sutherland, of the C. F. R. Rev. J. A. Richardson, rector of Trinity, solemnized the marriage. Although there were no guests outside of members of the families of the bride and groom, the church was filled with a throng of young friends anxious to see the ceremony. The bride wore a most becoming tailor-made suit of brown. She was attended by her two sisters, Miss Beatrice Sutherland and Miss Marjory Sutherland. Miss Beatrice looked perfectly charming in blue organdie over blue and white. Mr. Rowland Frith performed the duties of groomsmen. The bride was given away by her father. While the bride party retired to the vestry to sign the marriage certificate, Mr. R. F. Strand played the bridal chorus from Lohengrin, and Rubenstein's melody in F. As the bridal party left the church he played the wedding march and just as the bride and groom reached the door a salute of company of artillery, in which Mr. Frith holds a commission as lieutenant. Mr. and Mrs. Frith left by the Atlantic express for Cape Breton to spend their honeymoon. They received many handsome presents.

On Thursday and Friday evenings of this week the young ladies of the city, more particularly of the society class, participated in a very pleasing military tournament in Queen's rink the proceeds of which entertainment to go to the Contingent Fund. Capt. Danning and Lieut. B. S. Smith of the 6th Fusiliers were the leading spirits in bringing about the very pleasing exhibition of fair soldiers, and are deserving of congratulation at the high state of drill efficiency the young ladies attained in the comparatively short drilling period. On both nights the rink was well filled, and a regular social event was made of the martial array. The young ladies and girls looked very comely indeed in their khaki uniforms and as for steadiness in marching, correctness of drill, smartness and promptness in answering the word of command they excelled in many ways women of our real millennium.

Mr. Walter Emerson son of Mr. E. B. Emerson is home from Guelph, Ont., for his holidays. Mrs. Alexander Rankin is visiting her daughter Mrs. Stephen McAvity, 23 Duke street. Mrs. J. Ernest Deekhill received her friend at 60 Waterloo street, Wednesday and Thursday of this week. Senator Dever returned to Ottawa on Tuesday. Rev. Stanley M. Hunter has returned from the Unitarian conference in Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Allison and Master Willie Allison, who have been on a trip through the west, and southern states returned home Saturday. Walter Allison also returned from Denver. Miss Binger of St. Louis accompanied them and will visit Mrs. Allison for the summer. Miss Mowbray of Halifax, who has been visiting Miss Mabel Thompson of the west and, left Monday for St. George on a visit before returning home.

One of the pleasant entertainments promised for next week is that to be held in the Mission Hall Paradise Row, Thursday evening. Besides musical numbers by Rev. Father Devport and Mr. Ernest Williams, Miss Alberta Fowler and Mr. Geo. W. Price will put on the quarell scene from "A School for Scandal," Sheridan's famous old English play. Mr. Price will characterize Sir Peter and Miss Fenton, Lady Teazle. The evening will conclude with a laughable piece "Id on Paris Franciscan"—French spoken here-by the Empire Dramatic club. Miss Fowler will bid adieu to St. John an honoree with that evening's entertainment as she is soon to leave the city. This will be greeted by a large number as she has of late years been very active in promoting the art of acting among our young people, and in presenting scenes from famous plays.

Youthful St. John occupied the Opera House stage the first half of the week in "The Brownies in Fairyland," a happy childish production full of mirth and song and particularly delighting to the fond parents; and admitting relatives of the happy bride the footlights. The extravaganza was beautifully costumed and directed by Mr. Douglas of New York, who has promised to devote ten percent of the proceeds of three nights to the Contingent Fund. The little boys and girls who took part in the "Brownies" were: Gordon Brown, Jack Sears, Kenneth Schofield, Hanna Thompson, Kenneth Cameron, Eric Tinas, Harry Tinas, Roy Smith, Stanley Bridges, Malcolm McAvity, Willie Watson, Morris Thompson, Kenneth Brown, Kenneth Creighton, Harry Finn, St. George Clarke, Colton Martin, Edith Johnson, Percival Russell, Vera Nevins, Graham Clarke, Dorothy Brown, Frank Todd, Harold Todd, Herbert Everett, Kenneth Russell, Roy McKendrick, B. Betts, H. Belyea, Lillian McGowan, Frances Symonds, Lillian Thorne, Edna Dixon, Maud Watson, Jessa Trueman, Nettie Bridges, Bessie Kishib, Lena Peck, Edith Rogers, Elsie Taylor, Marial Trueman, Nora Knight, Ethel Green, Lillian Smith, Katie Bates, Gladys Tinas, Beattie Day, Frances Rogers, Jess Leavitt, Dorothy Creighton, Carmen Harrison and others.

After Drill on Monday evening Co. "G" formerly of the St. John Rifles, were informed that one of their comrades, Mr. Robt. I. McKinnon was being married and that he had sent retrenchments to the army for the benefit of his fellow soldiers. When the retrenchments had been made way with the Co. proceeded in marching order to the former home of Mr. McKinnon and on not finding him there went to his future home, Cor. Westworth and Union streets, but were falled again. Determined to find the bride and groom the Co. formed four under command of Sergeant Dolg and marched to the scene of the marriage ceremonies on Kennedy street, Indiantown. The company was marched into the yard adjoining the house and after giving three cheers for the bride and groom and singing, "For they are jolly good fellows," marched back to Cor. Union and Westworth streets. En route the coach containing the wedding party was held up by the boys and after a promise from the driver that he would not drive so fast, was allowed to proceed. At the home of the happy couple the company were welcomed when they arrived and after a shake hands all around the company repaired to Washington where they were entertained by Private Harry Belyea and Sergeant Dolg.

Miss Harlan Charlotte town, P. E. I., is visiting Mrs. J. R. Copp Orange street. Miss Bessie Jardine of Richibucto, was in town on Tuesday enroute to Boston. Mr. E. Sprouts of Digby arrived here on Monday and will spend the summer. Miss Whitehead of St. Catharines is the guest of Mrs. Simonds, Charlotte street. Mrs. Florence Jardine of Kingston, Kent Co. who has been attending Kerr's Business college, returned home on Friday. While in St. John Miss Jardine made many friends. The Misses McLeod of Sussex were in town on Wednesday. Mrs. E. Foster of Chicago is the guest of Mrs. Barnes, Coburg street. Mr. A. B. W. Moore and family have taken rooms at Riverside for the summer.

Mrs. J. G. Sheehan left by the C. F. R. Thursday afternoon to spend a few weeks with her relatives in Westmont, Montreal. Miss Ellis M. Sheehan who has been visiting her brother, Mr. J. G. Sheehan of 70 Summer street left for her home in Westmont, Montreal, by the C. F. R. on the evening of the 21st, Mr. Frank McCleary son of A. A. McCleary of the candy firm will wed Miss Bertha Courtney, daughter of Mr. Robert Courtney of Douglas Avenue N. E. Both young people are exceedingly popular. The bride and groom to be will not take a honeymoon tour, but will at once enter their cozy new home. One of M. E. A.'s main store clerks is to wed a young lady living on Main street during the week. Mrs. Forbes of Montreal is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Sinclair, 175 Leinster street. Mrs. Forbes many friends who have not seen her for a long time are glad to welcome her back home. There have been two removals of late from the Daily Telegraph staff, Mr. John Scott who surrendered the proof-readers' desk to resume his old position on the Gazette and to give more attention to the baseball management, and Mr. Walter Millican who has recently been appointed an assistant to ticket seller Carvill of the I. C. R. Mrs. A. J. Heath and family will leave on Thursday for Boston to spend the summer. Mr. Walter Emerson son of Mr. E. B. Emerson is home from Guelph, Ont., for his holidays. Mrs. Alexander Rankin is visiting her daughter Mrs. Stephen McAvity, 23 Duke street. Mrs. J. Ernest Deekhill received her friend at 60 Waterloo street, Wednesday and Thursday of this week. Senator Dever returned to Ottawa on Tuesday. Rev. Stanley M. Hunter has returned from the Unitarian conference in Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Allison and Master Willie Allison, who have been on a trip through the west, and southern states returned home Saturday. Walter Allison also returned from Denver. Miss Binger of St. Louis accompanied them and will visit Mrs. Allison for the summer. Miss Mowbray of Halifax, who has been visiting Miss Mabel Thompson of the west and, left Monday for St. George on a visit before returning home.

June 8.—Miss Helen Fickett has returned home after spending several months in Andover. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Waesley made a visit to Fredericton last week. Mrs. Joseph Starr of Cornwallis, N. S. made a CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVEN.

Cherish Recreational Game, Spirit, Performance, Durable, 17 Waterloo.

Snap Shots. A Good Camera—\$1.75 cash and 35 Welcome Soap wrappers. Opera Glasses—\$1.00 cash and 50 Welcome Soap wrappers. Ladies' and Gents' Watches, \$2.00 to \$10.00 cash and 50 Welcome Soap wrappers (according to quality). Dozens of useful and valuable articles for 25 Welcome Soap wrappers without any cash. Buy the famous WELCOME SOAP AND SAVE THE WRAPPERS.

White's Snowflake Chocolates. Have the Letter S on Top. Imitations are out. Look out for them.

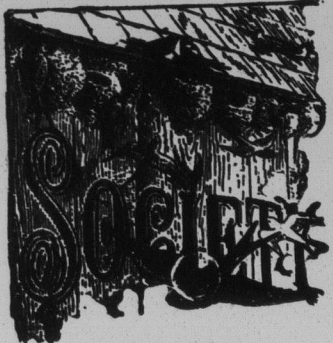
The colors in Brainerd & Armstrong wash embroidery silk are "standard." That is, Violet is true tone; Geranium Lake is exactly that shade and all the other 374 are true to name or number. When you need an exact shade you can depend upon getting it just as surely as you get notes in music by striking the proper keys. Thus you can get true tints of nature in your embroidery work. Put up in a patent holder which prevents knots or tangles. Send a one cent stamp or three holders tags for "Blue Book" which tells exactly how to embroider fifty different leave and flowers. CORTICELLI SILK CO., ST. JOHNS, P. Q.

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

News and Opinions OF National Importance. The Sun ALONE CONTAINS BOTH. Daily, by mail, \$6 a year. Daily and Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year. This polish is made from the receipt used by Chickerling in polishing his celebrated pianos and is superior to all others. It is clean and easily used, does not require as much rubbing as ordinary polishes, and leaves the furniture perfectly free from tackiness, so common in other polishes. Give this a trial and you will use no other. PREPARED ONLY BY W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, Druggist and Seedsman, 87 Charlotte Street. Phone 239. Telephone 239 and have a bottle sent to the house.

FRY'S pure concentrated COCOA. 200 GOLD MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS. STRONGEST AND BEST. Young Wife—"I wish you would take a job off and help me bring up all those jars of fruit I put up last summer, and find some way to get rid of the stuff. It's all spoiled usual." Husband—"What's the hurry?" Young Wife—"I want the jars to put up more fruit." Shirts, Collars and Cuffs. Pliable, finest, cannot be excelled. One shirt and collar for a trial now. Sunders Laundry, Dyeing and Carpet cleaning Works. Telephone 58. Nevada Dallas. In the December issue of the American newspaper Directory for 1899 not a single newspaper in Nevada gets credit for an issue of as many as 1,000 copies. There are nine dailies in the State.

FOR ADDRESS ON SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SEVENTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Halifax by the newsboys and at the following news stands and counters...

June 7.—The glorious news of Thursday worked its way into Halifax into a perfect furor, and the demonstration which resulted...

Mayor Hamilton stated early in the morning that he would take in the celebration. The educational authorities were on the qui vive...

Rev. James A. Simmonds, for the past five years vicar of St. Mark's Episcopal church, preached his farewell sermon there on Sunday evening last...

Rev. Fred Winton accompanies Mr. Simmonds to England, and will visit Paris, returning to Halifax in about two months.

Rev. W. J. Armitage received a letter this morning from Mr. J. A. Winfield. He has a good position in East London.

Colonel Alex. Sebastian Leth Hay, C. B., G. B., died on the 14th inst, at his seat, Leth Hall, Keneshmont, Aberdeenshire, in his 83rd year.

The following Nova Scotians have registered their names at the office of the High Commissioner for Canada, London, for week ending May 31: J. Beverley Webster, Kentville; T. F. Ritchie, R. H. and Mr. Duncan, Halifax.

Mr. H. V. Wier has been appointed to a clerkship in the Mines and Works Department, Province Building. Mr. George G. Hall is now accountant, and Mr. A. J. Finlay senior clerk.

Miss Nettie A. McCurdy, daughter of M. J. McCurdy, formerly of H. M. Customs this city, and Dr. P. Towns of Toronto University, are to be married on June 18.

Dr. H. H. H. Medical Superintendent of the Hospital for the Insane, and Mrs. Hattie, returned last evening in the S. S. Halifax on a brief holiday to the United States.

Peter Smith, jr., wife and family, leave shortly for British Columbia to reside.

The marriage of Leighton McCarthy, M. P. for North Simcoe, and Miss Muriel, daughter of Archibald Campbell, of "Carbrook," Queen's Park, was celebrated at St. James' Cathedral, Montreal, on Saturday.

Misses Keefe, daughters of ex-Mayor Keefe, returned Saturday from a several weeks visit to Montreal.

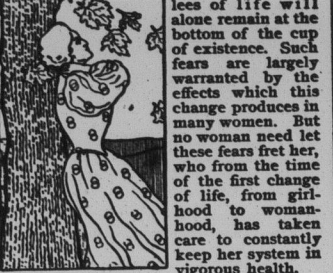
Mrs. C. C. Blackader, owing to ill-health, will be absent from the city for some weeks.

Mrs. E. F. Smith, 59 English street, has returned from her visit to Cincinnati.

Rev. Thomas Davies, B. A., graduate from Kings with honors, son of the rector of Seaford, Halifax Co., and who has lately been preaching at Joggins Mines, has been appointed curate under Archdeacon Kaulbach at Truro, and commences his ministerial work there about July 1st.

H. L. Colpman returned from Boston on the Hall fax last night.

When life's autumn comes, women, worn out by the burdens and obligations of motherhood, yet shrink from the second "change" which will banish these burdens forever.



Those who have used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription do not suffer from the change of life either in face, form or feeling as do other women.

There is no alcohol, whisky or other intoxicant in "Favorite Prescription," neither does it contain opium or other narcotics.

Indies shortly. H. B. Clarke and A. W. Redden, who have been on a visit to Sydney, are expected back this evening.

Latest styles of Wedding invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices.

Progress Job Print. AMHERST. Progress is for sale in Amherst by W. P. Smith & Co.

June 8.—Miss Grace Fullerton of Halifax spent a week in town a guest of Mrs. MacKinnon, Havlock street.

Mrs. Archie McColl and children are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. McNeil, Hotel Victoria, here from Providence, R. I.

Dr. and Mrs. Howson and Mr. and Mrs. Dunlop arrived home on Saturday from their pleasant trip through California and British Columbia.

Mrs. James Tweedie left on Thursday last for Sydney, C. B., where she will spend a few weeks with her daughter-in-law Mrs. Willis Armstrong, LaPlance street, left on Friday for Antigonish to be present at the marriage of her niece Miss Randall to Rev. E. P. Harley, rector of "All Saints" Springfield, which happy event took place last week.

Miss Powell of Bedford is a guest of Mrs. Luby, Park street.

On Saturday last in the Parish hall Miss McLeod chief lady superintendent of the Victorian Order of Nurses, gave an interesting talk on the good work being done by this organization, and strongly advocating a branch of the same in this place on the cottage hospital plan.

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June 8.—Mrs. (Dr.) Morse is visiting friends in Bridgewater.

Miss Agatha Stewart has returned home from Providence, R. I.

Mrs. G. A. Vye has returned home from her trip to Providence, R. I.

Dr. F. S. Kinsman has returned to Digby from New York city.

Rev. B. H. Thomas spent Sunday last at Nictaux, returning home on Monday.

Rev. W. C. G.ucher of St. Stephen, N. B. is in town the guest of Rev. J. E. Goucher.

Miss Woodman, proprietress of the Waverly, was a passenger to Boston on Wednesday.

Mr. Claude Vroom returned on Saturday from Sackville where he has been attending school.

George, on Wednesday, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Sadie F. Durkee, M. A., of Jackson College, Jackson, Miss.

Mr. Alexander, of the High Court of the Canadian Order of Foresters was in town this week. He met with Sea View court on Wednesday evening.

June 8.—Miss Blanch Satter is on a visit to her sister in Halifax.

Mrs. Howat is visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arnsd.

Mr. J. M. Owen is visiting friends in Yarmouth. Mrs. F. C. Whitman and children are in town again.

Mrs. Judge Savary left yesterday on a visit to friends in the Cornwallis Valley, after a few days spent with them, they will proceed to Halifax for a two weeks visit.

Will Ralph and Percy Edwards arrived home from New York last Saturday to attend the funeral of their sister, Mrs. Watson Hardwick.

Rev. C. Goodspeed, D. D. of McMaster University, and subeditor of the Canadian Baptist, accompanied by Mrs. Goodspeed and family left yesterday for Paradise, N. S. where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Lockett spent a few days last week in St. John.

Rev. A. H. C. Moore, of Rochester, N. Y., and Mrs. Louis Moore of Digby, are guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Fowler.

Mrs. D. E. Fairweather, of Sussex, N. B., is visiting her father, Mr. E. G. Langley.

Miss Davidson of Bridgewater, are guests of Miss Lyle McCormick.

Mr. A. S. Curry arrived on Saturday, and he and Mrs. Curry and Master Lawrence leave today for Sydney, where they will make their home.

June 7.—Miss Lizzie Moore is at present in charge of the telegraph office in Annapolis, relieving Miss Harris who has been obliged to leave on account of her health.

Miss Carrie Mills of Granville Ferry is on a visit to her aunt Mrs. John Troop.

Miss Carrie Mills of Granville has returned home accompanied by Mrs. John Troop.

June 7.—Mr. O. S. Macgowan lies dangerously ill at his home with a Grippe, this being the third attack since February.

Mrs. W. S. Stewart has returned to Charlottetown from Moncton where she has been visiting her sister Mrs. F. C. Jones.

Says the Vancouver World of May 28th: "Rev. W. B. Hanson will say farewell to the congregation of the Free Baptist church to morrow evening. Much regret is expressed at the reversed gentleman's departure."

Among those completing the musical course this year at the Acadia Seminary is Miss Eva Doyle, of Moncton. A despatch from Wolfville says: A very efficient programme of music was rendered in a faultless brilliant manner, by Miss Eva Doyle, of Moncton, N. B. and Miss Mary Davidson, of Hantsport, N. S.

Mrs. Dennis O'Neill and little son, who have been visiting Miss Katie Fitzpatrick, St. John street, for the past month, returned to St. John Tuesday afternoon.

The infant class of the Central Methodist Sunday school on Sunday presented Miss Mary McCarty with a very pretty gold brooch, set with diamonds and also a pair of gold in recognition of her services and upon her retirement as a teacher of the class. The presentation was accompanied by an address.

Mr. Fred Davidson, of the I. C. E. returned recently from Boston where he underwent treatment in the Massachusetts General Hospital.

Mr. Fred Wilbur and Miss Hattie Wilbur have returned from a visit to Sackville.

Miss Eliza Finerman, who has been here since her father's death, has returned to Halifax.

Mrs. Doyle has gone to Wolfville, N. S. to visit her daughter, Miss Eva Doyle.

Mr. Clifford Main formerly of the C. P. R. Telegraph Co. here, now of Danbury, Conn., is home on a visit with his wife and child.

Miss Marion Wilton of Harcourt, N. B., graduate of Dartmouth Kindergarten Training school has been appointed director of the Charlottetown Kindergarten, the best equipped kindergarten in the maritime provinces if not in Canada.

Ald. Winter intends leaving about the middle of this month for British Columbia to explore an extensive mica mining property, situated in the Pacific coast province, in which he is interested. He will probably be accompanied by Dr. Weldon.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Fuller, Miss Fuller Amherst, and ex-Warden Wilson of Fugwash, leave today for Montreal, from which city they will sail on Saturday for Liverpool by the steamer Corinthian.

Mr. Wilson will visit his friends in Scotland, and Mrs. Fuller will spend some time in England before going to the exposition.

June 4.—Mrs. J. A. Daggett was called home last week to attend the funeral of her father, Mr. E. S. Merrifield of Keswick. He died on Wednesday and was buried on Friday of last week.

General regret is expressed that A. W. Rideout, for so many years principal of the school, has decided to give up his position. He will go to Moncton to supply the pulpit of the Free Baptist church there until the next session of the general conference of that body in October. A new principal has not yet been chosen. The board is proceeding slowly and will choose a successor from the standpoint of merit as a teacher and no other influence will be permitted. In this position the board will have the support of the better class of the community.

Mr. Rideout has been an efficient teacher and principal and it is hoped as worthy a successor may be found.

J. T. G. Carr has begun work upon the building to be occupied by the People's Bank of Halifax; L. E. McFarlane has charge of the work.

Rev. John Perry occupied the pulpit of the Free Baptist church here last Sabbath morning.

Cataract of the Stomach—Could often be prevented had the patient with a stomach and digestive organs predisposed to weakness, been stimulated by some such pure, wholesome power as contained in the vegetable pepsin out of which Dr. Von Star's Pineapple Tablets are prepared. But the world is finding it out—medical science is making rapid strides—and the sufferers are not having their pockets "bled" for a cure. 60 tablets 25 cents. Sold by E. C. Brown.

When a man buys a poor umbrella he gets doubly soaked.

SPECIALTIES FOR Ladies' and Gentleman.

EVERY WEAK MAN SHOULD send for a Descriptive Treatise on the Modern and Successful Treatment of Nervous Disease and Physical Weakness in Men, including Premature Extinction and Loss of Vital Energy, with other allied affections by local absorption (i.e., without stomach medicine). Revised and in progress with the most advanced researches in the subject, together with numerous recent testimonials showing successful cures. Write at once and grasp this opportunity of being quickly restored to perfect health. Sent in a plain sealed envelope to: THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, 21, F. O. Box 1142, Montreal.

PRESERVE YOUR TEETH and teach the children to do so by using CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER 6d., 1s. 1s-6d. and 1s 5s. Tins, or CARBOLIC TOOTH PASTE 6d., 1s. and 1s-6d. Pots.

They Have the Largest sale of Dentifrices.

FOR ARTISTS. WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS, WATER COLORS, CANVAS, etc., etc., etc.

Manufacturing Artists, Colormen to Her Majesty the Queen and Royal Family.

FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES. A. RAMSAY & SON, - MONTREAL. Wholesale Agents for Canada.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder.

For Sale at all Druggists.

HOME DYEING made easy by using the great English Home Dye Maypole Soap DYES any Material, any colour. Send for FREE book on Home Dyeing to A. P. TIPPET & CO., Montreal.



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.

Free Cure For Men. A new remedy which quickly cures sexual weakness, varicose night emissions, premature discharges, etc., and restores the organs to strength and vigor.

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

J. D. TURNER. Scribner's FOR 1900 (INCLUDES) J. M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and Grisel" (serial).

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

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S fiction and special articles.

HENRY NORMAN'S The Russia of To-day.

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

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

SPECIAL ARTICLES The Paris Exposition.

FREDERI IRLAND'S article on sport and exploration.

"HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO," by Senator Hoar.

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

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

Special illustrative schemes (in color and in black and white) by WALTER APPLETON CLARK, E. C. PRIKETTO, HENRY McCARTER, DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF and others.

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



A WISE WOMAN. Should learn all about these ailments peculiar to her sex...

is babyship. will be wonderfully freshened up and his whole little fat body will shine with health and cleanliness...

Cure For Men. Every man who suffers from any of the ailments mentioned in this advertisement...

cribner's FOR 1900. Includes M. BARRIE'S 'Tommy and Al' (serial), THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S 'Over Cromwell' (serial), RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S 'On and special articles', HENRY NORMAN'S 'The Russia' to-day, articles by WALTER A. WYFF, author of 'The Workers', SPORT STORIES by Thomas Nelson Page, Henry James, Henry van Dyke, Ernest Seton-Thompson, Edith Wharton, Octave Thanet, William Allen White.

PECIAL ARTICLES. 'FREDERICK IRLAND'S' articles of sport and exploration. 'HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO,' by Senator Hoar.

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were would be an impossibility, white was the prevailing gown among the younger members of society and many beautiful white gowns were seen for the first time. Mrs. E. Carleton Allen, looked regal in a gown of black striped grenadine over white silk, and diamond ornaments.

WOODSTOCK. June 7.—Alex W. Baird and wife, of St John are at the Callie. Rev. Dr. Ketchum, St Andrews, is visiting friends here. Mrs. W. T. Drysdale and her son E. Allan, are visiting at Fredericton.

WHAT IS DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD. Is the question on the lips of many who are hearing of the wonderful cures brought about by this great restorative.

For a comprehensive answer to this question you must ask the scores of thousands of cured ones in Canada and the United States who have tested and proven the merits of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food—the famous blood-builder and nerve restorer.

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That Hang-on Cough. Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam. 25 Cents AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

Job... Printing. Consult us for Prices. And you will find that you can get Printing of all kinds done in a manner and style that is bound to please you.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS. CAPABLE WOMAN WANTED for a permanent position. WANTED. Bicycle salesmen wanted in every village and town in Canada.

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

THE DUFFERIN. CAFE ROYAL. BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. WM. OLARK, Proprietor.

SOCIAL and PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

visit to friends here last week and went to Kingston on Saturday accompanied by her sister, Mrs. John Smith, where they will visit their sister, Mrs. John Lyons.

Miss Laura Belyea returned from a visit to St. John last week accompanied by her little niece Miss Florence Cameron.

Miss Edith Belyea and the Misses Lee spent Sunday at the home of Miss Belyea's parents.

Mrs. Ford Watson made a visit to St. John last week.

Miss Ella Belyea spent Sunday at home.

Miss Smith of Fairville is the guest of the Misses Belyea.

Mr. Handford Belyea and wife of Bat Portage are visiting their friends here, en route to Fredericton and other points, which they will visit before their return.

Mrs. Festman is visiting friends in Fredericton this week.

RICHIBUCTO.

JUNE 6.—Mr. Harry Stevenson entertained about thirty of his friends last Thursday evening. Dance and cards were much enjoyed by the guests and the party was voted a decided social success.

Messrs J. C. Brown and Thomas Murray left on a Thursday last for Sydney, C. B.

Messrs Ferris of Halifax, and Rupert Pratt of St. John spent Sunday in town with friends.

Mr. J. N. Vincent of St. John is in town to day.

Miss Juchin left yesterday for Boston and was accompanied to the junction by a party of her young friends.

Mrs. M. F. Keth after spending the past fortnight the guest of her parents Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Black left for her home in Harcourt yesterday.

Miss Sylvia Black entertained a few of her friends on Monday evening.

Miss Emma Haines went to Moncton on Tuesday for a short visit.

Mrs. G. H. Atkinson of Kingston spent a few days in town last week.

Miss Alice Vantour spent Sunday in Rogersville.

Rev. Mr. Vans of Beauceche occupied the pulpit of Chatham church on Sunday evening.

Miss Nan McFarlane is confined to her house through illness.

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

Progress Job Print.

HILLSBORO, N. B.

JUNE.—When the news reached Hillsboro that Johannesburg had fallen and Pretoria surrendered the church bells were rung and in a short time flags were seen all over the town.

There was a ladies bicycle parade, quite a large number of ladies wearing red white and blue sashes and with their wheels beautifully decorated.

The band played in the square and there was quite a display of fireworks. Much disappointment was felt when it was announced later that the good news was only partially true.

June appears to be the favorite month for weddings, quite a large number are announced for this month and dressmakers and tailors are rushing the works through their fingers in great style.

Miss Edna James and Miss Mabel Sherwood have returned from Backville where they have been attending Mount Allison.

Mr. Lambert C. Steves spent Sunday in Moncton.

Dr. W. J. Lewis, who was here spending a few days with his family returned to Ottawa last week.

Mrs. J. C. Beatty and daughter have returned home from St. John.

W. E. Dryden met with an accident last week. A block and tackle that was hanging up in his horse fell, striking him on the head and inflicting quite a serious cut.

E. F. Gibson was in town a few days last week.

Quite a number rode to the Albert Mines on Monday evening to attend the lecture and basket social, held in aid of the new church.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Promises is for sale in St. Stephen at the book stores of G. S. Wall and T. E. Atcheson.]

JUNE 7.—Capt. J. D. Chipman returned from Fredericton on Friday, after a two weeks' course at the military school there. He will be gassed "Major" in a short time and is now receiving the congratulations of his friends.

Mr. F. W. Andrews returned Saturday from Newfoundland. During his absence he made arrangements and located the position on his oil property for the sinking of deep wells. It is expected that a large body of the oil will be struck this summer.

Mr. Fred Morrison returned from Fredericton on Friday, where he has been in attendance at the U. N. B. Centennial as a delegate of Dalhousie University.



Putting Away the Clothes.

Clothes that come from our Laundry are a pleasure to wear, to handle, or to put away.

You have never known real pleasure in wearing beautifully and properly laundered summer linen unless you have tried our fine work.

AMERICAN LAUNDRY, 98, 100, 102 Charlotte St. GODSOE BROS., Proprietors. Agents B. A. Dyeing Co., "Gold Medal Dyers," Montreal.

"Wifful Waste"

Makes Woeful Want."

It is as wasteful not to secure what you need and might have as it is to squander what you already possess. Health is a priceless possession. You can secure it and keep it by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla which purifies the blood, cures disease, and invigorates the whole system.

Boils—"I was greatly troubled with boils and bad blood and was advised to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I followed this advice and the benefit I received was so great that I took a second bottle and was cured." M. L. Pett, Lyons, Ont.



A very pretty house wedding was solemnized at the home of Mrs. Weston McAllister yesterday, when her daughter Sadie was married to Mr. Paul Sargent, of Machias. Only the relatives and intimate friends of the young couple were present.

The funeral of the late James Murchie took place on Thursday last from his residence in Milltown. It was the largest funeral assemblage seen in Milltown for many a day. Many business men from the four towns and from the neighboring cities were present to witness and take part in the last rites of burial.

Clais is not to have a Fourth of July celebration this year. The St. Croix club is usually the mover in these celebrations and this year they have decided to go down river for the day.

Bert Campbell of Fines Ridge has been visiting his brother, Marshall Campbell, for a few days.

Mrs. Robert Clark, one of St. Stephen's most estimable ladies, died here on Sunday. She had been in quite good health and expired unexpectedly Sunday about noon.

Mr. C. H. Clarke left for Boston Monday night, having received word that the result of the examination of Mrs. Clarke by a specialist, showed that she had two tumors and that an operation was necessary at once.

Mrs. Bishop, sister of Mr. James W. Clarke, is expected shortly to visit her brother. She will remain during the summer.

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

Progress Job Print.

ST. ANDREWS.

JUNE 7.—Messrs Hanson and Smith wheeled over to St. George on Sunday morning returning in the evening.

Capt. Wm. Clark returned on Sunday from a trip to New York.

Ernest Shirley, student at the N. B. University; and Vern Lamb, McGill college student are home on their vacations.

Miss Elizabeth and Mr. Charlton Berrie, students at the Mount Allison institutions, Sackville, returned to their homes last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Hartt and their daughter, Mrs. Patton arrived from Tallahassee, Florida, on Friday, and are now occupying their summer residence.

Miss Laura Holmes, of Esport, is visiting relatives at the Lansdowne.

J. B. Fletcher, Cambridge, Mass., was in town on Friday seeking a summer abode for his family.

Mrs. Alfred H. Ellis, of St. John, is at Kennedy's hotel, where she will spend a few weeks.

Invitations have been issued for the marriage of Mr. Vernon Whitman, of Calais, and Miss Mary Wren Maloney, at the bride's residence, St. Andrews, June 21.

Prof. Knight, of Queens College, Kingston, has arrived to resume his researches for the season at the biological station. He is accompanied by his wife and two daughters. They are quartered at Kennedy's hotel.

Dr. Ross, of St. Stephen, will occupy the Street cottage this summer.

Mr. Levi Handy, sr., returned on Tuesday from a very pleasant visit among members of his family in the United States.

Mr. and Mrs. Leighton McCarthy, of Toronto, are at Kennedy's hotel.

Miss Lizzie Gregory of St. Stephen, came to town on Monday for the purpose of attending "the garment cutting school."

Hugh P. O'Neill of St. Andrews, has just completed his second year at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York. He is now home on his vacation.

FARRSBORO.

Promises is for sale at the Farsboro Bookstore] June 7.—Mr. C. N. B. Hillcoat spent the Queen's birthday with his mother at Amherst.

Mr. O. R. Smith, Q. C., and family are settled in their summer cottage.

Broderick's beach hotel will be open for visitors on June 10th. It is expected that the hotel will be well-filled this season.

Rev. Mr. Higgins and Dr. Corbett attended the closing exercises at Mt. Allison.

Miss Florence Corbett and Miss Maude Dickinson are at home from Mt. Allison for the holidays. The latter brought with her a friend Miss Sperry as did also Miss Florence Corbett, Miss Murchie of Bridgetown who has been the guest of the Misses Corbett and Miss Alice Howard.

Mrs. Beverly and Miss Gusie Holmes have been visiting friends in St. John.

Dr. Magee and Miss Mabel Magee spent the

Queen's birthday at Dr. Magee's home in Cornwallis.

Miss George Barahill lately spent a few days with Miss Stella Cannabell.

Mrs. Arthur Gilmour, with her two children are guests of her parents Mr. and Mrs. Jenks.

Miss Arees Alkman and Mr. Edward Alkman are at home on a visit to their mother, brother and sisters.

Mrs. N. H. Upham has gone to visit her son in St. Stephen.

Rev. Mr. Cummings of Port Greville conducted the services in St. George's church on Sunday evening he also officiated at a marriage in the church on Wednesday evening the contracting parties being Miss Emma Setek and Mr. Jules Choquet. The bride was groomed in light tawny trimmed with fringe and satin and wore a hat of fawn and hellebore and a box of cream children. The bridesmaid Miss Maude McNam in wore a bluish gray gown with hat to match. Both carried beautiful bouquets. The groom was supported by his brother Mr. Achilles Choquet. The church had been prettily decorated with moss, ferns and blossoms by members of the choir and others. Mr. Hillcoat presided at the organ. After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride. The bridal gifts were pretty and useful.

The news of Dr. T. B. Rand's death was received

quality to cope with the vagaries of a disordered brain.

Moliere, the great French dramatist, was ill, and had retired to his villa at Auteuil for rest and quiet. One day Boileau, Lull and another friend came to visit him. Monsieur La Chappelle did the honors for Moliere. By the time supper was over, the guests were in so exalted a state that they resolved to set an example to France by dying philosophically together, to prove their contempt of the world. They determined to drown themselves in the Seine, but first went to bid their host an eternal farewell.

Moliere cast a hasty glance at the flushed faces around his bed. 'But you have forgotten me?' he cried. 'I, too, must share in this glorious act.'

'True, true?' they shouted. 'He is our brother! He shall die with us. Come on!'



The Dainty White Things

that are washed with SURPRISE Soap—a little Surprise Soap and still less labor—are not only clean but un-injured.

You want the maximum wear out of your clothes. Don't have them ruined by poor soap—use pure soap.

SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap.

TENDERS FOR STREET LIGHTING.

SEALED TENDERS will be received at the office of the Director of the Department of Public Safety of the City of Saint John, N. B., up to 12 o'clock noon of FRIDAY, the 29th day of June next, for lighting the streets of said city according to specification to be obtained at said office.

St. John, N. B., May 18th, 1900. ROBERT WISELY, Director of the Department of Public Safety.

BRANDIES!

Landing ex "Corean."

100 Cts. Vriland XXX Quarts or Pints
100 " Tobitt & Co.
100 " Mont. Frens.
10 Octaves "

For sale low in bond or duty paid. THOS. L. BOURKE, 25 WATER STREET.

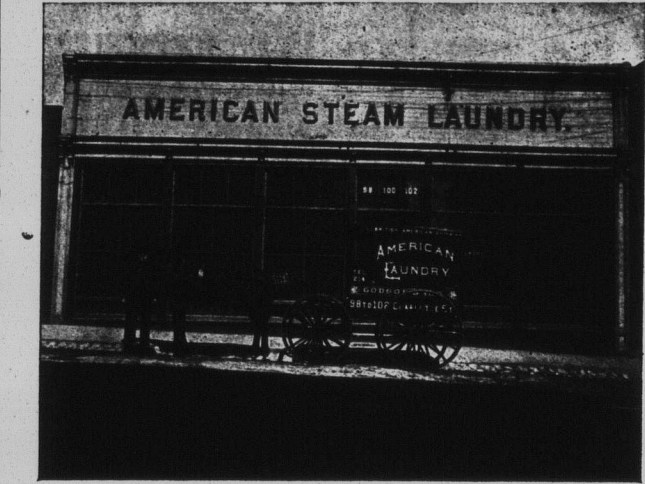
coming very friendly, trying to meet. The others were just the reverse, not on speaking terms at all. My poor nose was so white that it looked like a piece of dough or putty put on to suit the occasion.

Did I stay in the front row? Well, hardly. As soon as he discovered me, the stage-manager ordered 'that ugly person' to go into the back row, and back I went. One of the girls consoled me by saying I was not so ugly as I looked, and she afterwards assisted me to do better.

Thereafter, by study and application, I was enabled to secure engagements in such good companies as Daly's, Rice's and Frohman's and to advance from the chorus to good speaking parts, with bright prospects ahead.

'Well, this is great, I must say!'

'What?' Our French teacher sends a note to ask that it we meet any of her friends in Paris we will kindly not mention that we studied with her.'



A HANDSOME LAUNDRY WAGON.

One of the new wagons of the American Steam Laundry of which Messrs. Godsoe Brothers are the enterprising proprietors. This is No. 1. wagon and Charles McKee is the obliging driver.

with much sorrow. He and Mrs. Rand were on their way from Toronto to spend the summer here as they have done for several years. Some of Dr. Rand's finest poems were written at Parridge Island where he "watched nature at work." He will be greatly missed and will ever hold an honored place in the memory of those who had the pleasure of knowing him.

Called to Order.

'I asked that school teacher if she wouldn't take my life and mold it in her wise and gentle hands.'

'What did she say?'

'She said if I was proposing to her to say so and not undermine my intellect trying to talk shop.'

Presence of Mind.

Doctor Siddale, the well known London physician, during his vacation a few years ago was fishing one evening in a Scotch loch when a man approached, caught him by the shoulders, and shook him violently. A glance told the doctor that the man was insane. He was a huge fellow; the doctor was small and possessed of little physical strength. No one was in sight.

'What are you going to do?' asked the doctor, calmly.

'Throw you into that water!' shouted the man.

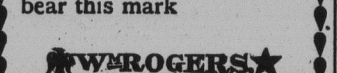
'Certainly,' said the doctor; 'but I'll have to go home and put on a dress suit. Dead men always wear evening dress.'

The madman stopped, looked at him doubtfully, and said: 'So they do. Make haste. I'll wait.'

Doctor Siddale walked slowly up the bank, and then ran for his life. It requires calmness and courage of a rare

Family Silver.

You don't buy silverware every day; when you do get it good. The best silver-plated knives, forks and spoons bear this mark



They are the kind that lasts.

Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co.

Wellington, Conn., and Montreal, Canada.

Advertisement for bicycles featuring the text: Cleveland, Massey-Harris Brantford, Welland Vale AND Gendron BICYCLES. Are made in Canada by Canadian mechanics, backed by Canadian capital, for Canadians or the world. We are the largest manufacturers of Bicycles under the British flag and our modern and well equipped factories are turning out wheels unsurpassed in quality and finish. Agents everywhere. Canada Cycle and Motor Co., Ltd. TORONTO. ST. JOHN REPRESENTATIVES: Cleveland, W. H. THORNE & CO. Welland Vale, H. HORTON & SON. Gendron, R. D. COLES. Brantford and Massey-Harris, OUR OWN STORE, 54 King St.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1900.

TOWN TALES.

How a Dude Was "Gooseberried."

There's a dude in town who is somewhat of a masher, in fact his eye for the beautiful among the female sex is decidedly keen, and in consequence in his not by any means short stay on this earth he has met many young ladies and many young ladies have of course met him.

her husband vows he's "not going to the mill" that day. This householder further confesses he has all his valuable papers secure, and when the 18th arrives he is just going to lock up the house, "go to town, and let her burn!"

Electric Bell Footed the Japs.

A half dozen Japanese sailors were at a loss to know how to gain entrance to Richard's boarding house on Prince William street last Saturday afternoon. They had their baggage with them and looked as if they were tired out.

St. John Painters Tackle a Big Job.

The C. P. R. grain elevator and conveyors at Sand Point are being painted to protect them from the influences of the weather, and it's a mighty big job you bet.

cast, will be used and 100 gallons of white paint. This amounts to 1000 gallons of paint. It is expected the work will consume the best part of three months. It is being done by the C. P. R.

Painting on the exterior of so monstrous a structure with its sheer dizzy height, and hot sun rays beating off its iron sides, is a new experience to the St. John men at work, but when PROGRESS chatted with them from the fourteenth story window of the elevator on Monday, they seemed quite used to their limited territory on the suspended platform and looked about and below them as if they were on terra firma.

That Queer Little Shunting Engine.

The queer-looking little locomotive that shunts about the I. C. R. yard, and which seldom pokes her nose outside the Mill street limit except when helping the Pacific Express up the heavy grade to the bridges, is a regular old stager at railroading, and has some time since passed her twenty-fifth anniversary in the service of the Canadian Government.

"Nero" Sees Fire.

Among the first persons at the fire on St. John's street last Saturday morning about 2:30 o'clock, was Manager W. S. Harkins, the popular theatrical man, and Mr. Joseph Brennan, the Nero in "Quo Vadis."

to that effect. The regret of the Roman Emperor in "Quo Vadis" at not being privileged to see a "goodly fire" in order that he might write a poem much superior to his Troiad on the burning of Troy came back to the bystanders amusingly as they watched Mr. Brennan ogling the flames. By the time the Harkins people got back here from Halifax we may expect Nero to recite a local red epic to his enraptured retinue. Perhaps these verses if rendered will be made to "blaze enough."

Special Postal Delivery a Failure.

About forty letters a month pass through the post office for special delivery, that pet scheme of Postmaster General Mulock. This is in clear-out figures about one letter a day. Twelve cents is the postage, two cents for the regular stamp and ten cents for the special delivery. The catch-baskets in the post office are scrutinized every half hour and when a "special" is discovered it is at once hustled to its destination by a messenger for that purpose, who does other work in the mail centre. Electric cars are made use of in the delivery of these special missives, which as yet have very few senders.

Furious Fire Cart Driving.

Some day there's going to be a serious accident to some of our local fire department wagons en route to a blaze, for the way they tear and dash to a fire is something fearful at times. Only last Saturday night when a second fire was discovered in the Clarke factory on St. Patrick street, the Salvage Corps wagon, No. 8. Hose cart and No. 2 Hose cart came very nearly mixing matters up at the Golden Ball corner. The Salvage wagon and No. 3's, both from the same station, plunged down Union Street at race-horse speed, taking both sides of the car track. At the corner of Sydney No. 2's double hose cart swung furiously into Union and I tell you there were some pretty scared looking faces on the driver's seats and sidewalks. No mishap occurred, thank goodness, but it was only by charioteer driving a catastrophe was averted. And the old twenty-year old hook and ladder truck, some day it will throw up the sponge and come down in a heap. To see this creaking, grinding mass of heavy ladders etc., being dragged along at express speed fills the bystander with fear for the safety of those aboard it. Especially when at Dingee Scribner's corner on King

Square, does the heart of the onlooker stop beating, when "Larry", high up on the truck guides the big horses dashing around. The long heavy vehicle almost bends with the strain of the slow, and considering its age and the rough service it has seen it would not be surprising if some day the whole shabang would collapse. Then perhaps St. John could get some modern fire appliances, including a Hayes Truck (extension ladder), and progressive merchants could add to the premises at the sanction of the underwriters.

The Joke Was on The Reporters.

Not many weeks ago the C. P. R. Telegraph Co. engaged on their messenger staff a little bit of a fellow, in fact the smallest despatch carrier St. John has ever possessed. On one of his first telegram errands, which happened to be to an evening newspaper office, a lady paragrapher dubbed him "Little Bobe," which is today the only name he is known by among the pencil pushing fraternity. "Little Bobe" bounced at once into the favor on Newspaper Row by his manly bearing, his tendencies toward being seen, not heard, which used to be a lost art with the messenger brotherhood not many months ago, and for his all round "cuteness," as the newspaper women termed it. One day a few members of a morning paper staff concocted a plan whereby they might so rattle the silent nature of the diminutive Sphinx, that his almost unknown voice would be heard in one of its high keys. So when "Little Bobe" hustled in to the city editor's desk with a war dispatch, the plotters called him aside and asked if it was true that he attended a Catholic church. "Bobe" nodded yes. "Well then," said the reporters, "we're sorry but you'll have to stop coming here with despatches." There was no answer. No sooner had the little fellow closed the door when the C. P. R. Telegraph Co. was rung up on the phone, the joke explained, and asked if it couldn't be kept up at that end of the wire. When "Bobe" returned to his headquarters the question of religion was again put to him, and gathering himself together for another attack upon his religious belief, he looked his boss full in the eyes. When given his choice between his job and his religion, the manly little chap tossed his thumb over his shoulder and in a calm and decided manner said to the head clerk, "you can keep your job," and prepared to depart, but he didn't. The joke was on the newspaper people and the telegram clerk for "Bobe" was as silent as ever. Now he's almost as popular in the paper offices as his namesake out in South Africa.

Stern Judge—Madam, did you go away and leave your baby in the lurch? Hardless Mother—No, sir, I left him in a basket.



The Dainty White Things... SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap.

TENDERS FOR STREET LIGHTING.

LED TENDERS will be received of the Director of the Department of Public Safety of the City of Saint John, N. B., up to 12 o'clock noon of June 9, the 29th day of June next, for the streets of said city according to specification to be obtained at said office.

BRANDIES!

Landing ex "Corean." Quarts or Pints... OS. L. BURKE, 25 WATER STREET.

very friendly, trying to meet. There were just the reverse, not on terms at all. My poor nose was that it looked like a piece of dough put on to suit the occasion.

all, this is great, I must say? "Our French teacher sends a ask that it we meet any her in Paris we will kindly not mention studied with her."

Advertisement for bicycles with illustrations of various models and text: 'Canadian mechanic, Canadians or the facturers of Bicycles modern and well out wheels unscrupulous everywhere. ... Co., Ltd. ... & CO. ... & SON. ... RE, 54 King St.'

A DOCTOR'S VISIT.

How a Country Physician was Taken to the Woods. Many remarkable stories are told of extemporaneous doctoring and denistry in a winter logging camp. It is fortunate that the average lumberman is tough, both inside and outside, for "logger's fare" cannot be of the best, and the work is as severe as the weather often is. Moreover it must be a pretty serious case to warrant getting a doctor from the nearest settlement, a feat in itself almost as remarkable as some of the camp remedies.

The Lewistop Journal gives an account of a doctor's recent visit to a camp in the far Brassus region, in the great Maine woods. He was a country doctor of course so that the lack of street-cars or cabs did not discommodate him seriously. And an automobile would only have been in the way.

The call was such that he could not ignore it. Dressing in a big coat, with leggings and snow packs (low moccasins), after the fashion of lumbermen, he went to West Cove on Moosehead Lake. There a lumberman from the camp met him, and with a hand-car the two men set out over the rails of the Canadian Pacific for West Outlet.

Once they had to stop and unload the car on their backs, in a gully, to let a freight train pass. From West Outlet across the lake a part of the surface was free of snow. Over this the two men went on skates. Here there was danger of falling into the great 'wrinkles' made by the crushing together of masses of ice—spots which are dangerous and treacherous.

When they reached the mouth of Moose River the doctor, although by no means a 'tenderfoot,' had to admit that he was fagged out. Not so his wiry companion, who had found a hand sled he had left there on his downward trip, and unceremoniously packed doctor and bag thereon.

Then they started over the 'tole' road, the doctor walking when he could and riding when he must. His companion did not seem unusually tired when they reached the camp. One of the 'bosses' had met with a bad accident, which needed prompt surgical treatment.

Before the doctor was done there, the men at a camp ten miles above heard of his presence. A messenger came for him with as much haste at the condition of the trail would allow. Ten men were down with grip, and two had pneumonia. The doctor went. As he expressed it, he had to go. He believed the men would have loaded him upon a sled and carried him, willy nilly. He reached home after six days in the woods.

Intemperance in Eating.

Volumes have been written and millions of words have been spoken against overindulgence, or any indulgence, indeed, in alcoholic beverages; and whatever differences of opinion there may be as to the harmfulness of a temperate use of wine or beer, there is none whatever as to the dangers of intemperance in that direction. But how many persons ever stop to think of the fatal effects of intemperance in eating? Even insurance companies, which would refuse to insure an habitual drunkard, make no inquiries, as a rule, concerning

the applicant's habits about eating; yet as regards the shortening of life, many physiologists assert that overeating is more destructive than overdrinking.

The organs of body are able to assimilate only a certain amount of nutriment, which is proportioned to a nicety to the daily loss of substance in the different tissues.

If more food is taken than can be utilized, the liver and the kidneys are called upon to get rid of the extra amount. This they are perfectly able to do once in a while, especially in the young, and a Thanksgiving dinner, and even a Christmas dinner a month later, can be disposed of with ease if the organs are not habitually overworked. But if they have to dispose of a Thanksgiving dinner and two other heavy meals every day of the year they will rebel and finally give up, exhausted, long before the proper time.

No adult leading the average life needs three full meals a day; indeed, three solid meals a day are, it is safe to say, absolutely hurtful to nine-tenths of us. It is of course impossible to lay down any hard and fast rule, as to the taking of food, which will apply to everybody under the circumstances, but it is pretty safe to advise almost everybody to eat less.

The Roman catholic church prescribes certain rules as to fasting during Lent, which all its members are commanded to observe. According to these directions, only one full meal can be eaten in the day—either at noon or in the evening. In the morning nothing is allowed but a piece of bread with coffee, tea or chocolate; for dinner, they there may be served a full

meal; then, for luncheon or tea, what is called a 'collation,' that is to say, a light repast, is permissible.

The hygienic excellence of these rules is beyond dispute, and the only quarrel the physician has with them is that they are binding upon the members of that church, and upon them for only six weeks out of the fifty-two.

LOCAL PREPARATION.

Some of the Difficulties Attending the Sweating of the Body. Although the sweat glands are distributed very generally over the body, local excess of preparation is not uncommon. Some people perspire freely about the angle of the jaw while eating; in others, beads of perspiration may be seen standing in and near the eyebrows while the rest of the face is quite dry; and attacks of neuralgia are frequently accompanied by increased moisture over the painful area.

The part most frequently and most unpleasantly affected with local sweating are the hands and feet. The condition may vary from simple moisture to a state in which the hands or feet are constantly wet or even actually dripping.

In one well known case, quoted by medical writers, of excessive sweating of the palms, about two tablespoons of fluid were exuded from one hand every five minutes. The poor woman had to wrap her hands in towels at night, and during the day was obliged to carry a handkerchief constantly in each hand.

The greatest distress is caused by profuse sweating of the feet, for this may really incapacitate the sufferer. In extreme cases,

the skin of the feet is sodden and the epidermis peels off, leaving the soles raw and tender. In addition, there is often a disagreeable odor, which is not due to want of cleanliness, but which is sometimes thought to be, and so mental distress is added to physical.

The treatment of perspiring feet is difficult, but by no means hopeless; for while the condition is not often cured, it can usually be ameliorated.

Too much warm local bathing is not advisable, and when the odor is not marked, once a day is often enough to wash the feet. Sometimes salt baths help. The feet should be patted—not rubbed—with a damp cloth, and then with a dry one several times a day, the stockings being changed at the same time and the skin dusted with fuller's earth, oxide of zinc and magnesia, boric acid and bismuth, Venetian talc, or some other smooth powder.

The stockings may be dipped in a solution of boric acid after being washed, so that they are constantly impregnated with this antiseptic. Sometimes better results are reached by using zinc, bismuth, or boric acid in the form of an ointment. Sometimes lotions of tannin in solution or brandy, or some other astringent will give relief.

If these simple measures do not suffice, more severe ones must be tried, but these should be undertaken only under the physician's care.

The frog—I feel like I had just been to a brewery. The lizard—Why so? The frog—I am so full of hops.

Old Scattergood's Money.

IN TWO INSTALMENTS.

CHAPTER III.—CONCLUSION.

She had given her uncle his tea, cleared it away, and now was free to call an hour her own.

She only asked for a little spare time twice a week, when all her work was done, and this was spent in the one poor little pleasure of Joan's life—her music lessons.

It must not be supposed that her uncle paid for anything so extravagant as those lessons; far from it.

His niece earned every penny of the money by her own deft fingers in the long evenings, stitching away at the endless seams and hems of the house linen, one of the farmer's wives, who had but poor sight, but was particular over her plain sewing, had commissioned Joan to do for her.

Joan disliked the work as much as most healthy, active girls of her age dislike sitting still for hours in patient plodding; but she liked the reward—the hour she could spend at Miss Gower's little cottage piano once a week, to practice, and her weekly lesson.

She stopped at the little ivied porch of a tiny house in the village street, and was let in by the music mistress herself.

Lilias Gower was very fair—very blue eyed and flaxen haired, small and rather languid looking.

Her hair was most elaborately puffed and frizzed, and her cotton dress was new and smartly made.

"Gracious, Joan—early again! I never saw such an example of punctuality as you in all my life. You should see the little Jacksons, and Nan and Kitty Gresham, come crawling down the road on their lesson afternoons!"

A slow smile crept into Joan's hazel eyes, as she followed Miss Gower into the tiny parlor that was much too crowded with knickknacks and ornaments of every description.

There was too much tissue paper in various forms: too many bunches of dried grass, too many eccentricities in the shape of tidies and useless things upon the walls, too many colours everywhere; and Joan accustomed to the cool, large rooms of the farm house, and the subdued tones of the faded furniture, always felt stifled in this little room, and fearful lest she should do some dreadful damage every time she moved.

But Lilias Gower was perfectly happy amid her gay and crowded surroundings. She was just twenty and she was ambitious.

Her grandmother had been 'Susan the cook' up at the Hall years ago. Her mother had been raised a step in life; had been called Amelia, and had served in a fancy shop in the nearest town.

And now Lilias, who had managed to impress upon her family while still very young that she was a child of exceeding cleverness, earned a very fair livelihood by teaching music.

Joan's smile died away into an envious expression as she watched Lilias' white smooth, fingers sweep along the keys with a clever little motion that showed off a new pearl ring and some silver bangles to perfection, and then sat down to try a feeble imitation of her mistress' touch and brilliancy.

But her fingers were stiff with much sewing, and her arms tired with the work she had done all the morning.

The waltz that had sounded so gay and rippling when Lilias played, was but a sad and halting performance from her own fingers, and the envious look deepened in her dark eyes.

"I can't play it!" she said, at last, regretfully; "I shall never be able to do anything like other girls. I had better just practise scales again until my hour is up."

The scales left Joan rather more depressed than before, and she turned slowly round on the stool when they were over, and rolled up her music.

A new cabinet-photo on the mantelshelf caught her eye, and she glanced again.

"It's very good, don't you think?" asked Lilias, with a smile. "He takes well full face; but I don't know but that I like this one better," and she took down another photograph from a corner bracket—a profile of Saxon March, and held the two together for Joan to compare.

"Yes; they're very good," murmured Joan, and for the life of her she could think of nothing else to say but a repetition of Lilias' own words.

Something was stirring within her that made speech difficult just then.

Every day she had looked forward, dreadingly, to hear of the crash at the Red Farm, that Saxon had said was imminent; but no word of anything unusual had reached her ears.

She had seen him only twice since that interview, and he had not spoken—only raised his hat and passed with a look, the meaning of which she had not yet learned to fathom.

A faint color crept up into her cheeks now, and her eyes darkened.

she would have owned that the interest centred itself mostly upon Saxon, the eldest of the three; and it was galling to her pride to think that he had got himself out of a very ugly scrape—perhaps even a very serious danger—by playing upon her childish credulity.

Lilias looked down upon the portraits with a wistful smile; then she sighed, and replaced them, with a lingering touch, in their former positions.

"It's very hard that one's—one's friends should go away and leave them," she said, as she sat down by Joan's side. "I don't know what Ayleswood will be like without him. It was always full enough before; but the March boys put a little life into it; and now when Saxon goes it will be just awful!"

"So Saxon is going away?"

"Yes; didn't you know?" and Lilias raised her eyebrows in surprise. "I thought everyone knew that."

"I have no one to talk to," said Joan, quietly. "It is very rarely I hear any news you know."

Although she was ready to go, she made an effort to start, and glanced up at Miss Gower's face interrogatively.

"He's off on Thursday," Lilias went on, with an air of being very much at home in all Saxon's movements and arrangements. "Of course it has been a terrible time for them all lately; you won't breathe a word to a living soul, my dear, will you? No, of course not, because it is a secret you know; but unless Mr. March's cousin had come forward at the very last hour and paid off that mortgage money, they would have lost the farm, and been turned off penniless. Mr. March himself was nearly demented, and Saxon was almost as bad; but it is all settled now, I'm glad to say, and they will make a fresh start; only, Saxon vows he won't stay on at home after all this upset. He says Ralph is quite old enough to take his place now, and he is off to strike out a new line for himself."

"Yes?" said Joan, rather vaguely, as her companion paused for breath, and she wondered if there were any connection between that new pearl ring Lilias's finger and Saxon's coming departure.

"And Africa too, of all places! He might just as well have gone to some civilized place a bit nearer home. I know only know in an injured tone. "Goodness only knows when we may expect him back again; but it won't be for some years in any case, so he says."

"And does Mr. March agree to his going?" asked Joan, finding she was expected to make some remark, and thinking secretly how pleasant it must be to have people of near kith and kin, to whom one's going away or staying was of vital importance.

"I like, Joan, were to leave Ayleswood suddenly, was there one single soul in all the village who would miss her, or give her one regretful thought?"

Not one, said Joan's own heart, and she sighed a little.

"He is not very pleased about it, but what can he do? Saxon is over age now, and he is so set upon going that nothing will move him, and so his father has given in, and has paid his passage out to the Cape. More than that Saxon won't accept, and he's bent on making his own way in the world. After all he's young and strong and I don't see why he shouldn't do it."

And Miss Gower heaved a small, but philosophic sigh, and looked out of the window with a far reaching gaze, presumably into Saxon March's future.

On Thursday morning Joan had her chair near the kitchen window and found her eyes often travelling towards the lane as she stitched away at the hem of a sheet. The short cut to the station was down that lane, and she fancied Farmer March would drive his son to meet the train; but no one passed except a farm laborer or two, and the old peddler who would never

take Joan's emphatic 'No!' for answer, and plagued her sadly to buy his wares.

It was nearly dinner-time and she had gone down to the gate to listen the latch when she saw little Teddie Wade, the odd boy at the Red Farm House, driving the gig around the turn of the lane.

"Been to the station," he cried, with a grin, for this was an unwonted event to Ted, and savored of a holiday. "Drove old Jess there all by myself."

"By yourself?" asked Joan, lingering for news, and yet loath to ask for it. "I wonder they trusted you!" Was it a very important errand?"

"I took Master Saxon's portmanteau to the train for him," said Teddie. "The master an' him rode over themselves on horse-back, after all."

So Saxon was gone, without one word of gratitude or farewell; presumably without even a thought of either Joan or the Manor Farm.

CHAPTER IV.

"But, my dear child, three refusals in one year! This is really becoming serious! I can't quite see why poor Sir Donald was sent to share his predecessor's fate. You must admit there is no fault to find with either personally or as a good match in a worldly sense—he is a man of a very different stamp from Major Chatteris, or Mr. de Lisle. I really feel it my duty to call you to account my dear, if only for poor Sir Donald's sake. It was your yourself he cared for not your money."

"I know," said a girl, who sat in a low chair by the drawing room window, her hands clasped on her knees, and her dark eyes fixed on the marqueterie and lobelias in the balcony outside.

It was a pleasant little house in Baywater, with a side glimpse of Hyde Park from its windows, and it had been Joan's home for the last three years.

When, some months after Saxon's departure, old John Scattergood was found dead one evening in his arm chair by the kitchen hearth, it was discovered that he had willed all his hoarded treasure, and the fortune that had been accumulating all during his long life-time, to his sole surviving relative, Joan Armitage.

When all his investments were put together, it was found there would be a clear income of over a thousand a year for the girl who had been a veritable Cinderella in the old lonely farmhouse, and who saw before her, a future richer in possibilities than she had ever pictured, even in her wildest dreams.

All she had longed for was now within her grasp, and Joan lost no time in consulting with the vicar at Ayleswood—a sharp little lady, who suddenly began to find Miss Armitage, the heiress, a much more interesting person than little Joan, the miser's niece; and after some advertising and enquiries, a home was found for her in London, where she could be near at hand for the lessons and classes she wished to attend.

The first year did not pass without adventures of a mild kind.

She had been placed in the house of an astute matron, who had a spendthrift dissolute son, and Joan's money proved a very tempting bait for them both, and would have patched up the fortunes that were at a very low ebb.

But Joan had too much common sense not to see through the plot laid to entrap her, and soon sought another home.

Her next experience proved but little better, and it seemed to her at times as though the touch of her gold brought nothing but the worst qualities in those who handled it to the surface, and though all men and women were greedy and avaricious.

But chance threw in her way a happier experience when she finally settled down with a middle aged little widow in Baywater, and quickly found in her a friend, almost a mother.

Mrs. Nelson, a soldier's widow, had lost her husband in an Indian skirmish, and had no children of her own.

She liked Joan for her own sake, and found a new interest in her somewhat lonely life, in forming the girl's mind, and helping her in the studies she plunged into with such ardour and delight.

Joan Armitage was twenty one now, and absolutely her own mistress, for the slight guardianship which the old family solicitor had exercised over her fortune was at an end now and done with, and she had altered a good deal from the Joan of the old Ayleswood days.

She laughed sometimes now, as she thought of those stolen hours at the piano in Miss Gower's little cottage—now, when she had an 'Eard' to play on as much as she liked, and a tiny studio upon the top floor whenever she chose to spend a long day among her beloved paints and canvases.

Joan had worked hard at music, for she loved it; but she found there would always be something hard and mechanical in her playing, and wisely gave it up, to cultivate her voice instead.

There was no disappointment for her there; the soft, vibrant voice was full of richness and feeling, and in singing Joan gave way to a depth of expression that rarely betrayed her otherwise, and the quiet, serious Miss Armitage was often transformed into a brilliant or pathetically winning personage, when her beautiful notes rang through a large room full of eager listeners.

"Please say no more about it—about Sir Donald, I mean," she said, gently, as she rose from her chair. "I like him—even admire him—in many ways; and for that reason I cannot marry him. He is too good for any woman to marry who cannot give him the love he deserves."

"The same old story. No one has found your heart yet, Joan."

"Surely it will be none the worst for keeping a little," said Joan, with a smile; and, for some unattractable reason, her face flushed a little.

Perhaps it was because she had a rooted objection to discussing the subject of probable suitors, even with her dearest friend,

JUST LOOK AT YOUR SHOES



HAD YOU USED

PACKARD'S SPECIAL COMBINATION LEATHER DRESSING

THEY WOULD HAVE BEEN WELL AND STRONG TO-DAY. L. H. PACKARD & CO. MONTREAL

Large Size, 25c. Pony Size, 15c. at all Shoe Stores.

and would allow no mention of it if she could possibly avoid it.

Perhaps some memory from the past had been newly aroused by her companion's chance words.

"I shall be back in time for tea, and mind you get a nice rest this afternoon. Here is Maudie's new book, dear; and 'now, good-bye.'"

As Joan went slowly down the street, and into a florist's at the corners a tall man followed her, hesitated for a moment, then stood quietly outside, awaiting her coming.

In a few moments, he was rewarded. Joan, in a dress of silver-gray cloth, with soft touches of snowy chiffon about the bodice, and a picture hat, with many ostrich feathers furling softly round its brim, came out, her hand full of lilies and white lilies.

She had been out to lunch with Mrs. Nelson at a rising artist's house, or she would hardly have chosen so smart a dress for the visit she was about to pay.

As she came out of the florist's, the man awaiting drew near.

"Forgive me, Joan—Miss Armitage! I was just venturing to call when I saw you come out, and I thought perhaps I had better speak to you here, and find out first if a call would be welcome."

Joan had stopped short.

She did not start or lose her flowers. But a subtle change had passed over her face; her great dark eyes had a dawning light in their hazel depths; a curious softness was stealing into the curves of her lips, and a faint glow had crept into her cheeks.

"Welcome home," she said, simply, and the faint hesitation in the man's manner, and the half fearful look in his bronzed face, gave way at once to one of evident pleasure, and he looked searchingly into the beautiful face that was now so nearly on a level with his own.

There was a moment's pause, while Joan's eyes had fallen upon the lilies in her hands, and her proud head bent a little.

"I wonder you recognized me, after so long," she said, as she moved slowly beside him along the deserted street.

"Oh, I knew you at once by your—"

Saxon was about to say 'by your eyes,' but he checked himself, and said, 'I could not mistake you, Miss Armitage; you are not so very changed, after all, in these five years.'

"Nor are you," said Joan; but she, who was ever the soul of truth had made an equivocation then, perhaps because she wanted an excuse for having so readily recognized the stranger.

Saxon March was very much altered from the fresh faced lad who had gone from the farm five years ago to seek his fortune in another land.

Instead of his six and twenty, he looked near thirty six.

His fair face had bronzed, and his features were sharpened and refined; he carried himself like a man who was accustomed to command, and to be obeyed. There was an open, fearless look in his blue eyes, a frankness in his address that won most men and women to be his friends.

Just where the hair curled over his tanned forehead was a deep, clean cut scar, and Joan's eyes sought it presently then he was not looking at her. She knew most of his doings for the last two years; indeed, many who had never heard of Saxon March in England were interested in watching from afar the brilliant career of the young adventurer who, after years of hard toil and continued bad luck, had suddenly leapt into fortune at the diamond fields of South Africa.

For a time, everything he touched seemed to turn to gold, every bold stroke he made for fortune succeeded, and though he spent his money lavishly where he thought it needed to help on the district that soon became almost his own, in two years he was amply rich enough to think of coming home and settling down in England in almost any manner he might choose.

Among all the feverish rush for wealth, and the very doubtful methods adopted by many to enrich themselves, Saxon March had always kept his hands clean and his name unspotted.

During the last year a war had broken out among the native tribes in East Africa where Saxon was exploring for a few months before his return home; and, seeing the danger that threatened the scattered white settlers, he had quickly enrolled a small regiment of horse at his own expense and led them in some brilliant skirmishes, and not a few fierce fights when they came to close quarters with the savage foe.

Joan had read many a report in the newspapers of 'March's Horse' and their gallant doings during the months the war dragged on.

She read of his wound in the face from a native's lance, and his quick recovery, and of the devotion of his men for their gallant leader; and, during all those years no one had ever heard his name upon Joan Armitage's lips.

Unexpecting, they had passed Mrs. Nelson's door.

"You will come in?" asked Joan, when she discovered it, and he answered by another question—

"Will you allow me?"

And something in his eyes, as they met hers, reminded her of the lad who had stood before her, in the old farm kitchen, years ago—shamed and conscience stricken.

She met them frankly with a grave look in her own.

"Mrs. Nelson and I will be pleased to see you whenever you care to come, Mr. March. I was not so very happy in my youthful days at Ayleswood, but I am glad to meet old friends from there, all the same."

"You are walking towards the park—may I not come with you, instead of going in?"

"If you like, I am going across to Saint George's—the hospital, you know. Oh, no, nothing is the matter with anyone I know; but one must do something with their time and—'money,' she would have said, but checked herself quickly, and—

one can easily spare a few hours a week to those who are not so fortunate as we are."

"Yes," he assented, slowly, glad to find she had not developed into a young lady of fashion, pure and simple. "You spoke of Ayleswood just now; I have just spent a month home with father and the boys—such jolly fellows they have grown, too!—and a smile came over Saxon's face as he mentioned his brethren. 'But, of course, you have seen them? I heard you had been down to the Manor farm, and spent Christmas there the last two years. That was how I was able to get your address—your old pensioner there gave it to me.'"

"Yes," she said, slowly. "They were in the park now, walking beneath the creamy spires of chestnut flowers that were out on the long lines of trees in their freshest spring glory; and beds of flaming tulips—great cups of deepest ruby and brightest gold—studded the green turf on either hand."

It was a soft may afternoon, with a gentle breeze wafted over the Serpentine, and the scent of spring flowers sweet upon the air.

"Yes, I like to go down there for a little while, especially at Christmas, and to make it a change from those dismal times of yore—any home would be lively and gay where Mrs. Nelson is. I only missed one winter, and then we were abroad in Italy."

"So you have travelled, too?"

"Oh! nothing like you, of course, my friend; I spent a year on the continent, while I studied several subjects I was interested in."

Saxon wondered what they were, but hardly dared to ask; only, he thought there was a very clever look about the handsome face—an intellectual expression in the dark eyes that made him wish to delve below the surface for the treasures he felt assured were hidden there.

There was so much for Saxon to tell, and for Joan to ask, that they were on the hospital steps before either quite realized it.

"And now I must say 'Good-bye,' said Joan.

Saxon hesitated over her extended hand.

"Are you going to walk back?" he asked.

"If so, may I come in and look round until you are ready? or should I bore you too much if I took you back? Please send me away if you think I should."

"If you care to spend an hour here, you may return with me, and Mrs. Nelson shall give you some tea. Then you can finish about that last campaign," said Joan. "I should like to hear the end."

In the quiet, shaded little drawing-room sweet-scented with pot-pourri that Joan had discovered in an old punch bowl at the farm, and with fresh spring flowers in every available place, she took off her hat, and poured out tea.

There were no other callers and Mrs. Nelson made Joan's new friend—or old one, so she chose to call him—very welcome to her home; so Saxon spent a pleasant hour watching his young hostess as she sat beside the low table with his fine china cups, and his heavy old silver service, that shone in the sunlight now, instead of lying in the dark cupboard in the old farmhouse.

He lingered a few moments on the landing as Joan wished him 'Good-bye.'

"You spoke of 'idle hours' this afternoon and said you had many; so also have I while I stay in town, and that will probably be all the season. You find something to do it seems. Cannot I help you? Can you give me anything—any trifle even—in which I can be of use?"

Joan looked into his face, a little flush upon her own.

It seemed to her that he must be laughing.

(CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.)

The Hand that Rocks the Cradle Rules the World.

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At any season of the year it cures cramps, colic, grippe, diarrhoea, cholera morbus, biliousness, neuralgia, rheumatism, sprains, bruises, burns, stings, shingles, in fall and winter it cures colds, coughs, croup, influenza, bronchitis, is grippé, lameness, muscle soreness and neuralgia, inflammation in any part of the body. It cures two also bottle, 25c. and 50c.

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CANCER

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Sunday Reading.

King David. 'King David'—a boy, by the Grace of God, Is an English boy from top to toe; You may count his years by the psalms—rod. Tick-tack I eye times swung to and fro. He can run and side, and swim and row. And he talks the talk of the sailors,—oh, Not wicked, of course, but—rather odd! A rollicking boy—by the Grace of God.

King David's hair, by the Grace of God (There are plenty of books will tell you so) Of a man who stumbled and kissed the sod, One time, set a thousand years ago— And, being humble and meek and low, Blood up and swore by his great crossbow He was lord of that country—every rod! So he ruled as a king, by the Grace of God;

King David is small, by the Grace of God: He thinks at his forefathers, row on row; And over his locks you may see him nod:— It is hard that long white mane to see, Just three steps down from a throne, you know And little he likes to be made to go. Why, even an elephant hates the prod! And a boy has a will! by the Grace of God.

King David some day, by the Grace of God (Swing long, O tides I swing long and slow!) May leap from his vessel and kiss the sod,— His knights by the sea-shore an' a-clog low, Then mightily heard his good crossbow And swear as a true king must, I trow, To keep his heritage—every rod, And rule it well, by the Grace of God,

'King David' will grow, by the Grace of God, And a Yankee-Diaw lad will grow, Through difficult ways they both must plod: O boys and girls I stand up in a row, A way from a throne three steps or so! All over the world sweet breezes blow, And a rose may flourish in any green sod: You shall rule—yourself, by the Grace of God

Serving His Country Still. The fact that suffering often tries the cross out of a human life is a novelty. But we seldom hear of a human being whose affliction actually blots out of his memory all the evil of his past and leaves the good. Something like this appears to have been true in a case lately reported to us by a lady correspondent. A one-legged old soldier, on crutches, stopped at her house for a drink of water, and while enjoying the glass of milk she gave him, expressed his thanks with such a flow of Scripture language that she remarked:

'You must be a great Bible reader.' 'Bless your kind heart,' said the cripple, 'I can't read a word! I don't even know my letters.' Of course explanations followed. The old soldier was the only child of a Christian minister now long dead. The obligations of his youth, the anxieties of his parents his education received at school, his enlistment and life in the army during the Civil War, the injuries that kept him for months in the hospital, 'not much better than a dead man'—were all others' testimony. 'I came to myself,' he said, 'with mind and body badly twisted, and pretty much everything gone.'

The loss was never made up, for he was too weak to study. The only thing restored to him was a gleam of the innocent life of his childhood. 'Day after day,' he said, 'it kept coming back to me,—what I'd learned when I was a little fellow,—till I could repeat all my Bible lessons and hymns.' With this simple equipment, and a patriotic instinct that never left him, the broken-down veteran was unwilling to sit still. He felt like serving his country. This he did in the only way he knew of, by limping from place to place and preaching his child-religion, a religion that the war-torn man, though a fool, could understand. His pension kept the old man from actual want, but everywhere on his slow journeys he was more or less dependent, and his idea of his own value was very humbly phrased. To the lady who gave him more than the 'disciple's cup,' he said: 'All I can give you back is my story and my texts. It's all I can do for my country now. I gave her my youth, and I want to give her what's left of me. I go about and repeat my Scripture verses, and tell everybody to be good and learn the Bible and never-say bad words. I'm just one of God's birds. I hop to folks' doors and pick up crumbs, and pay for 'em with my song.'

The lame pensioner was a patriot-enthusiast, although he did not know it; he told of two whom he often went to see, and whom he called his 'helpers'—one a nurse among the sick, and the other a blind old woman sitting in the sun. Both, like himself, had filled their minds in childhood with sacred texts, and the treasure made them ministers of benediction. It gave the worn-out veteran—a physical wreck of a man—the power to sow germs of peace, good-will and religious fruit and the same God who matured to fruit and shade the scatterings of humble 'Johnny Appleseed' by the waysides, will bring good harvest out of the poor soldier's last work 'for his country.'

Losing Flesh

indicates insufficient nourishment. It leads to nervousness, sleeplessness, general debility, and predisposes to Consumption and other prevailing diseases. To guard against these take

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Scott & Bowne, Chemists, Toronto.

SPREAD OF MORMONISM.

A Great Missionary Campaign is Now Going on.

'The Mormon church is enjoying a most marvellous period of growth, said Bishop Joseph Bunker, the foremost Mormon in southern Utah. It is engaged in the greatest missionary labor ever undertaken by any religious body. On Feb. 1, we had 1,623 young men employed exclusively in parts of Europe and America in Mormon missionary work. Some 280 more young men were almost ready to start out for two years as missionaries for the church, and the books show that by July there will be still 340 more who will go to Canada, Mexico, and the southern states on eighteen months' terms of service. By next January we believe that we shall have altogether between 2,400 and 2,500 missionaries busy in the church's cause. The world never saw another missionary campaign like it. President Snow of our church believes that by 1910 we shall be able to send out between 3,000 and 3,500 missionaries every alternate year.'

'The Mormon missionaries must follow the methods of the apostles of the first Christian church so far as possible, and some of our youths make pathetic sacrifices to follow what they honestly believe is the will of Heaven. They leave their ranches, their herds, mines, stores, professions, and go out from their homes, leaving wife and family, to any part of the world the bishops may direct. They accept no pay, ask no alms, take up no collections, and maintain themselves at their own expense. They get nothing from the church at Salt Lake, and they must pay all their expenses from their own pockets. To do this they must either have parents behind them, or work a year and preach a year. Many of them have to borrow money from Utah before they get home. They are, in a sense, martyrs to their religion.'

'There are probably no other missionaries so hostily received as the Mormons. Our missionaries come back to Utah with tales of the way they have been mobbed, rotten-egged, spat upon, hooted, and drenched with boiling water in respectable God-fearing towns, where they tried to preach the faith of the Latter-Day Saints. The missionary elders are as a general thing from 20 to 35 years of age, have had good educations and have had careful religious training in the Temple at Salt Lake City. They have been educated in the common schools of Utah, which we believe stand fourth in the United States. Our missionaries thrive on persecution, even if it is sometimes hard to bear, and the growth of the church speaks for the zeal and power of our men.'

'The most successful missionaries we have sent out during the last few years were trained particularly for their work from the time they were 12 years old until they were 23. Not a day in all that time went past without a reminder that it meant preparation for the work of going forth to preach Mormonism to the church. Their feasts of memory concerning chapter and verse in the Bible and the Book of Mormon are extraordinary. They have been required to memorize rules and doctrines of the church, until each young man is a walking encyclopedia of church history and the revelations of their prophet. In their regular services at home every man is required to take part in public worship until he becomes a speaker able to stand and talk without embarrassment. In their Sunday schools the children are required to give recitations, commit to memory certain writings of church authorities, and read and re-read from the books of the church until they are thoroughly grounded in the faith and are able to expound it to the gentile world.'

Three of our finest missionaries were students at Yale, Cornell and Williams. Elder Riswick, a wonderfully clear and very scholarly expounder of Mormonism, took a prize for literary excellence at

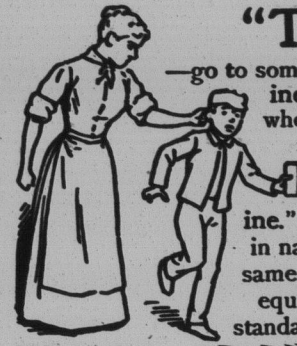
Harvard a few years ago. His father is a rich cattle man, and he gave all his eleven children superior educations in Eastern colleges. Elder Riswick is a foremost opponent of polygamy in the church, and his words and influence have powerful effect. He has been preaching and laboring in Maine and Nova Scotia for two years, and the number of converts he makes is something astonishing.

'Elder Forrest, who became prominent in 1898 by his opposition to the nomination of Roberts to Congress because he was a confessed polygamist, is said to be one of the first religious orators in the country. He has the same oratorical simplicity of speech and homely directness of illustration that made Lincoln the forcible speaker he was. He was born in England, and went to school at Rugby. He happened to pick up and read a Mormon tract one day when he was in Liverpool, and he went and called upon several Mormon missionaries there. He was convinced that ours was the true religion, and joined us. He spent several years at Salt Lake preparing for his missionary labors, and at his own expense and amid insults, adversity and tribulations he has supported himself and preached our religion since 1892. Once in Philadelphia he was struck down by a woman with a brick, and he nearly died with concussion of the brain, but he was spared to become a stronger, more zealous and devout worker in the Lord's vineyard. I only mention this now to show that we are not all so illiterate and superstitious as our innocent traducers in the gentile world often say.'

'We believe that our faith is the most reasonable of any, and if our bright missionaries can only get the ear of serious people they can make converts. We believe also that our faith has been blessed more than any other religion. For an evidence of this see how we have prospered, wonderfully, marvelously and beyond all precedent. There were fewer than 5,000 Christians at the end of the first century after Christ, and only about 20,000 at the close of the second century. We have now at the close of the seventeenth century after the Divine revelations to Joseph Smith at Palmyra, N. Y., more than 280,000 Mormons in America alone, in full fellowship with the church, and there are 122,000 Mormons in other parts of North America, Europe and Australia. Last year the church added about 22,000 names to its rolls, and it was the best year we ever had. Brigham Young said in 1850: 'We shall number more than a quarter of a million souls before this century is out, and we shall, under God's guidance have half a million members in the United States alone before the true Church is a century old. Then our children will control all the West, and the Latter Day Saints shall be exalted of the earth.'

This is one of the extraordinarily correct prophecies of our holy leader that make us believe he was truly inspired by God. We believe the Mormon membership will be increased about 80,000 during the present year. 'Where are we having our greatest successes in garnering new members? That question was discussed for several days at the recent seventieth annual conference at Salt Lake. Reports from missionaries in every part of Europe, except Turkey and Italy, from forty four States in the Union, from the South Seas, Australia, Alaska, Mexico, Brazil and South Africa, were read, and then the discussion began. Opinions were pretty evenly divided between Canada and Scandinavia as the most fruitful regions for Mormon missionary activity. We have had a thousands of converts in Scandinavia, but I believe that we gained most in Canada of any region in the world. There are about 800 Mormon missionaries—not 3,000, as was recently printed in the newspapers—now at work in Canada. We have 7,000 members in the Province of Ontario, and have done almost as well in the extreme northern towns of the Province of Quebec. In the Northwest Territory we have a flourishing and beautiful Mormon colony known as Alberta. We believe it will be a second Salt Lake. It is the central colony of the State of Zion in Canada. Dozens of other little colonies have been and will be located around about Alberta, just as Brigham Young so wisely located colonies throughout Utah within easy access of Salt Lake. We propose to make Alberta and its environs garden and beauty spots in the bleak and arid and dreary Northwest.'

'The Mormons have done wonders in irrigation in Utah, Idaho and southern Colorado and we'll exceed those wonders in the Alberta country. A great canal thirty-two miles long is being dug by the Mormons to carry water to 87,000 acres about Alberta, and the building operation there in 1899 aggregated over \$300,000. Many Canadian newspapers have waxed eloquent in their denunciations of our colony away off at Alberta, because it



'Take it back

—go to some grocer who will give you Pearlina. That's the only way to do when they send you an imitation. The popularity of Pearlina begets the habit of calling anything that's washing-powder, 'Pearlina.' Those who notice the difference in name, think perhaps 'it's about the same thing.' It isn't. Nothing else equals Pearlina, the original and standard washing compound.

Pearline

is alleged we propose to force by political power polygamy on the law books of the province. But nothing could be more absurd. We have positively dropped polygamy as a Mormon institution, and we have no more care about the politics of Canada or any of her provinces than we heed the tides of the ocean.

'In past years we have had thousands of men and women come to us in Utah from Norway and Sweden. The government there is the most liberal of any in Europe toward missionary effort for our religion. Sweden was the first country in Europe that responded to our missionary labors, and so many Swedes and Norwegians have made great wealth and led happy lives in Utah that they have gone back to the old country to be personal exhibits of what the new church has done for them spiritually and materially. This has brought others, who have in turn gone back to Scandinavia and made new converts.'

'Our missionaries generally have their greatest success in large cities, and we have lately returned many of our elders laboring in rural communities to large cities, where the missionaries say they have more than they can attend to. There is good reason for this difference between city and country successes. The faith of the latter day assists appeal to the miserable, the poor, the oppressed and down-trodden more than any other belief since the early christian church. The gentile faith is all spiritual and has its only reward in the other life. We believe all that, and we believe that Joseph Smith and Brigham Young were told by Heaven how man's condition here on earth might be cheered and made preparatory for the joys hereafter. We believe that religion and a means to support one's family go hand in hand, and that a man's piety is not complete unless he takes care of his wife and children. So Brigham Young and the early Mormon leaders taught us how to use God's gifts to the support of the human race, and how to make poor shiftless men and women financially better while we taught the way to Heaven. So when our missionaries come across poor, hungry drunken men and women in the tenements of the cities they plan for their physical betterment as well as their spiritual welfare.'

A prosperous man almost always carps at our religion and has his jokes about plural wives. A hungry, poverty stricken man in a slum will listen to a missionary who has a scheme for his welfare here on earth as well as in the great beyond. 'Speaking of how Mormonism inculcates thrift and industry reminds me to say the Mormon religious services are often spent in discussing the profit there may be in growing a new variety of grain, or growing fruits or vegetables. Irrigation and schemes for the betterment of the Church are frequently talked over in the Sunday services I used to hear Brigham Young speak, in lieu of a sermon, upon the proper fodder for Mormons to grow in Utah, the sort of bulls and heifers to buy and where and how to get the all-essential irrigating water from the mountains to the thirty acres in the valley. Brigham Young used to say that thrift was practical piety.'

'I have spoken of our surpassing new Mormon colony at Alberta, in Canada. We have another and younger colony in Sonora, Mexico, close to the Rio Grande and twenty miles from the United States boundary line. Juarez is the nearest Mexican Post Office. The Church has a concession for some 55,000 acres of land there in payment of a mammoth irrigating canal the Mormons are to furnish to the lands from the Rio Grande. There are many converts to our faith who cannot endure the cold climate of Alberta or the altitudes of Utah, and who want to live in a Mormon cooperative colony. That helps the Sonora colony. There are some 6,000 Mormons in Sonora now and we shall have many more there before the year is over.'

'There are no plural marriages sanctioned in any way by the Mormon Church now days. The young people in the Church will not tolerate polygamy. I have twenty seven children and not one of them favors the plural marriage idea. It is the same way in many families I know. The manifesto of the Church when the Edmunds law

passed Congress forbidding polygamy was an honest law of Christian God fearing men.

'I was a polygamist. I had three wives. One is dead and I support my two surviving wives with equal care amid equal environments. I married my first wife in 1858, and in 1860, after weeks of thought over the doctrines of our church, I came to the conclusion that I should marry my wife's cousin, a forlorn maiden lady who had no one to provide for her. My wife and I prayed over it, and it took the occasion as my second wife. Three years later I married a widow with two children, at the request of my two wives. I was a cattle ranchman and we lived at St. George, Utah, then. I had three cottage homes each the exact counterpart of the others. The houses were about a third of a mile apart. I lived a month in each home and was always careful to give to no wife more attention than to another. The wives went back and forth, visited with one another, did family sewing together and did church work in harmony. On Sunday my three wives and I were together in church. So careful was I not to show favor to one wife and thereby hurt the feelings of my other wives, that I never let any wife ride on the front seat with me on those drives to and from meeting. My children called their own mother 'Mother,' but the other wives in the family 'Aunt.' There were family jars once in a while, but they were no more numerous than in monogamist families.'

'Very few children who have grown up in a polygamist's home ever want a similar home. The Scandinavian Mormon women seemed to be better satisfied with plural wives than any other women in Utah did. The American women, especially those from England, revolted most at the law of the Church, but they gradually yielded to the doctrine.'

'I have heard that there are about fifteen hundred men in Utah who still have plural wives. I know of several hundred who have two and three wives. One man in St. George has four wives and over thirty children. I am proud to say that we who have plural wives are supporting our wives and little children as in former days. I would rot in jail before I would cast off or desert either of my surviving wives. I married each in good faith forty years ago, long as I lived. Each wife has been a help and a cheer to me and a Christian mother to my children. It would be dishonor and shame to desert either now, and I won't do it. While I am glad we have stricken polygamy from our church books, and I hope it will never even be proposed again, I will stand by my promises to my devoted aged wives. That's the way Mr. Roberts' and all the Utah polygamists, except a few radical old fool Mormons, look at polygamy. The Eastern editor who says that the Edmunds law is secretly and commonly violated in Utah tells an untruth.'

'Do you believe that the world will eventually all become Mormon?'

'No. I do not. Some Mormon apostles believe that sincerely. I believe there will always be different religions. I think all religions must have some good in them or they would not be believed. The Mormon is the best and truest religion.'

'How about the statement that the Mormons are trying to run U. S. politically?'

'That is not true. We do not pretend to tell people how to vote. We try to separate church and State. Brigham Young taught this, and all our teachings have been in this direction. We have Mormon Democrats and Mormon Republicans. Our principles provide that when a man is an officer of the Church he should seek the advice and accept the decision of his fellow officers of the Church as to whether he should engage in outside business or politics. If these things are to do his work we should know it. One of our twelve apostles, for instance, has lately been engaging in real estate speculation in Idaho. His business has kept him away six months at a time. He could not go where he was sent among the Church branches or States and subordinate organizations into which the Church is divided. There is much for our elders to do, and it is necessary that such action should not be interfered with by outside matters. Another apostle was paying attention to politics. He wanted to be a candidate for Governor. How could he perform his political and Church duties at the same time? Our principles are that such matters should be referred to the apostles in council, and that the action taken should be for the good of the Church. Another thing is as to the wards or districts in which the members live. We provide that no member can leave one ward or district to be received in another unless he has letters or can show he was in good standing in the ward he left. These things are spiritual, and not political. I have said that Mormonism demands constant self-sacrifice and heed for the general good of the Church and all who belong to it.'

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Cronje's Cottage Prison.

A correspondent who has visited the Boers in St. Helena reports their lot to be very comfortable. Cronje and his wife and three members of his staff are in Kent cottage, perched on top of a hill, just such a cottage as may be seen on the outskirts of many an English village. Imagine an unpretentious two-storied dwelling with slate roof and yellow-washed walls standing out clearly from a background of green hillside. The window frames and shutters are painted the same shade of green that you may see any day at a Dutch farmhouse in the Paarl district of the Cape Colony. In front runs a veranda, and there is a slightly raised 'stoep.' There is also some pretence at a flower garden, but it is sadly neglected. The garden is enclosed by a black wooden paling, and still further in front is a little more cultivated land with bananas and a few other trees. The scene is simplicity itself but for the bell tent in the right hand front corner of the garden, and the steady tramp of khaki clad sentries, east, west, north and south.

On the steep and beneath the veranda for the best part of the day sits Gen. Cronje, dark of visage, somewhat long bearded, and with hair turning gray. His eyes are deep set, dark and ferret-like, and his demeanor is one of extreme reserve. Piet Cronje can speak English almost as well as any Transvaaler of Dutch extraction, but you may ply him in vain with questions in English. He positively refuses to speak anything but his native taal, and even then his replies are little more than monosyllables. He has little to say about anything and is difficult to draw. Of course he feels his position. You may see that written large upon his face; but, contrary to what so many people think, he appears to be very grateful for any kindness that is shown him, and fully appreciates the efforts that are made to secure his comfort. Beyond this he is as the Sphinx.

It is a strange character, this Piet Cronje. Charges of terrible cruelty have been laid at his door, and somehow, when you carefully regard his face, you feel sure that the man is capable of violating the terms of an armistice or firing on the women and children's laager. Yet there are some redeeming features, as, for example, when the fire of patriotism lights his eye, and more particularly in the hour of age paid to his wife. All day long, Mrs. Cronje, in rusty black dress and black Boer 'kappie,' is the devoted general's close companion. Others who are blood relations may emerge from the house and remain for a brief while beneath the veranda, but there is about them the restlessness and impetuosity of the younger Boer when under restraint. When, for instance I was at Kent Cottage, there came within a hundred and fifty yards, just outside the cordon of sentries, two young subalterns with field glasses and snapshot cameras. Of course they were inquisitive. The general and his wife were screened by the closed end of the veranda, but a younger relative was extremely annoyed. He was a fine, tall young fellow in shirt sleeves and the inevitable slouch hat. As he caught sight of the officers he gesticulated violently, flung his arms about and muttered in Dutch. Then he hurriedly entered the house, but only to emerge a minute later, if anything more restless than ever. Cronje, however, and his wife have acquired the art of sitting still. His attachment to her is very great. Talk to him on any subject and he will immediately make reference to her views and acts. Cronje, the devoted husband, and Cronje of Potchefstroom, of Mafeking, and of Kimberly! You come away feeling that the conjunction is incongruous.

Quite a different man is Commandant Schiel. Here you have one who has received training in European military schools. There is much of the soldier of fortune about him; but there is much that is superficial and insincere. When I last saw Commandant Schiel he was a prisoner on board her Majesty's ship Penelope at Simon's Town. To-day he has recovered from his wound and occupies a tent standing alone and within sight of the house in which Napoleon lived and died. But it is the same Schiel. At Simon's Town the sight of ladies in a boat approaching the prison ship sent him into an ecstasy of delight, and he would chatter away with fervor about 'the dear ladies.' Almost as soon as I stepped ashore at St. Helena there was placed in my hands a photograph of Schiel being driven along the main street on his way to Deadwood camp. His eyes were raised, and you follow their direction to an open window on an upper floor at

which sat two girls. Yes, I thought, it is the same Schiel. Talk to him at Deadwood, and there is the same assumption—it is not real—the old devil-may-care spirit.

'Next time I fight,' he says, 'it shall be on the side of the British,' but you feel instinctively that if he ever fights again it will be on the side that pays him best.

'Oh the war will not last long,' he tells you; 'that is, if one thing happens. If you beat the Boers well at Kroonstad, it will be all over in three weeks.'

'Then he will change his tune. The assumed gaiety passes away, and almost pleadingly he will tell you that he is not as well treated, and that he has made application to be allowed to roam the island on parole. Yet all the time this insincere creature knows that he has been guilty of more attempts to escape than any other of the prisoners.

'The Boer prisoners are being well treated. This I know as a fact, and as the result of personal inquiries and observation on the spot. But, of course, there will be some objectors. Schiel, for example, declares that the British prisoners at Pretoria are permitted to go out picnicking and so forth; and then he will make comparisons. But of this statement we have no confirmation. Other prisoners, however, speak well of their treatment, and I do know as a fact that all of them are better fed and get more fresh meat than their guards.

'Unfortunately sickness had broken out among the Boer prisoners before they left the Cape. The sick, however, are extremely well cared for. As I write there are twenty in hospital out of the 600 on shore, and two have died. These are accorded military honors, and were buried over the hills just beyond Cronje's new home.

George Lynch, the correspondent who sallied out of Ladysmith during the siege, riding a white horse, which had been dyed khaki color all over one side, and taking under one arm a bottle of whiskey, and some copies of the siege paper, the Ladysmith Lyre, hoping to trade them for some Transvaal newspapers, has returned to England, and writes some rather realistic descriptions of things seen in action.

'Death from a Mauser bullet,' he writes, 'is less painful than the drawing of a tooth. Such at least appears to be the case, speaking generally from apparent evidence

with having the opportunity of collecting the opinions of those who have actually died. In books we have read of shrieks of expiring agony, but ask those who have been on many battlefields, and they will not tell you that they have heard them; as a rule, a sudden exclamation, 'I'm hit!' 'My God!' 'Damn it!' They look as if staggering from the blow of a fist rather than that from a tiny pencil of lead—then a sudden paleness, perhaps a grasping of the hands occasionally, as if to hold on to something when the bottom seems to be falling out of all things stable, but generally no sign of aught else than the dulling of death—dulling to sleep—a drunken sleep—drunken death it often seems—very commonplace as a rule. A smile as often as or oftener than any sign of pain, but generally no sign of either.

'In our first engagements there was rather too much anxiety on a part of a wounded man's comrades to carry him to the rear, but it did not continue for long. The actuating motive is not always kindness and humanity, but a desire to get out of danger. It was soon evident that it was only going from the frying-pan into the fire, as the danger of walking back carrying a wounded man was immensely greater than remaining or advancing more or less on one's stomach. Sometimes it was the unfortunate wounded man who was hit again. Men carrying off a wounded comrade of course render themselves strictly liable to be regarded as combatants.

'Two men being killed on one horse seems rather a tall order, yet it is perfectly true. It happened at the cavalry charge after Elandalage. Some of the Boers stood their ground with great stubbornness till our cavalry were only a few yards away. One middle aged, bearded fellow stayed just a little too long and had not time to get to his horse, which was a few yards away. He scrambled up behind a brother Boer who was just mounting, but almost immediately the Fifth Lancers were upon them. There was a harrier-corporal, an immensely big, powerful fellow, who singled them out. They were galloping down a slight incline as hard as they could get their horse to travel, but their pursuer was gaining on them at every stride. When he came within striking distance he jammed his spurs into his big horse, who sprang forward like a tiger. Weight of man and horse, impetus of gallop and hill focused in that bright lance point held as in a vice. It pierced the left side of the back of the man behind, and the point came out through the right side of the man in front, who with a convulsive movement, threw up his hands, flinging his rifle in the air. The lancer could not withdraw his lance as the men swayed and dropped from their horse, but galloped on into the gathering darkness punctured with rifle

flashes here and there and flitting forms that might be friend or foe. This poor fellow was killed a few days after at the battle of Rietfontein. How heartily the Boers hated these lancers. They would have liked so much to have had lances barred as against the rules of war; and it would certainly have made an immense difference if our side had succeeded in getting a few more chances, especially at the commencement of the war, of using the lance.

'Wounds or death by Mauser bullets or even by the thrust of a lance are not to be compared from the point of view of their pain-inflicting possibilities with what may be done in that way with the fragment of a shell. That's the thing that hurts. Shell fire, speaking generally, is the 'boggy of battle' to those not accustomed to it. The main purpose it accomplishes is to establish 'a funk.' When the actual damage done by shell fire after a battle is counted up and the number of shells fired the results are most surprising. Thus, on one occasion shells were fired by the Boers to kill or wound one man, while in the siege of Ladysmith the number was immensely greater. A poet in the Ladysmith Lyre wrote: 'One thing is certain in this town of lies: If Long Tom hits you on the head you die! You do—unquestionably; but perhaps it is worse still to get a piece of shell somewhere else. What trifling wounds they make sometimes! What mangled butchery in their track!

A boy who could not have been more than 17 or 18 was lying on the side of the hill with his head on a flat stone. He had been hit by a piece of shell and both his legs were broken and mangled above the knee. He was done for, and his life was only a matter of lasting some minutes. Another man, wounded somewhere internally, was lying beside him. There was no sign of pain on the boy's face; his eyes were closed. He just seemed very tired. Opening his eyes, he looked downward intently at his legs, which were lying at an oblique angle with his body from where they had been hit. It looked as if his trousers were the only attachment. As he gazed intently a troubled look came over his face, and his wounded comrade beside him was watching him and saw it. The tired eyes closed again wearily, and then the wounded man alongside him, cursing with variegated and rich vocabulary, bent or half rolled over and caught first one boot and then the other, and lifted each leg straight down, swearing under his breath the while. Then he lay back, swearing at the blankety blank young blunderer and still watching him. Soon the tired eyes opened again and instinctively looked down at his legs. They seemed to open wider as he looked; then he smiled faintly, thinking he had been mistaken about them before, and lay back and the eyes did not open any more. The

follow beside him chuckled and said to himself, 'Well, I'm damned! Put down a mark that may help to prevent it.'

Dyspepsia's Victims.

THE CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE AND HOW TO OVERCOME IT.

It Frequently Produces Headache, Heart-burn, Distress and Other Distressing Symptoms.—A Victim Tells of Her Release, From the Telegraph, Quebec.

The primary cause of indigestion or dyspepsia is lack of vitality; the absence of nerve force; the loss of the life-sustaining elements in the blood. No organ can properly perform its functions when the source of nutriment fails. When the stomach is robbed of the nutriment demanded by nature, assimilation ceases, and natural gases are generated and the entire system responds to the disorder.

A practical illustration of the symptoms and torture of dyspepsia is furnished by the case of Mrs. A. Labonte, who lives in the village of Stadacona, Que. When interviewed by a reporter of the Quebec Telegraph, Mrs. Labonte looked the picture of vigorous health, showing no traces of the malady that had made her life for the time mis-er-able. Speaking of her illness, Mrs. Labonte said: 'For about two years I suffered dreadfully. My digestive organs were impaired, and the food I ate did not assimilate, and left me with a feeling of fullness, pain and acidity of the stomach, and frequently heartburn. This condition of affairs soon told on my system in other ways, with the result that I had frequent headaches, dizziness, and at times dimness of vision with spots apparently dancing before my eyes. I became so much run down that it was with difficulty I could do my household work, and at all times I felt weak, depressed and nervous. While I was at my worst, one of my friends, seeing that the doctor was not helping me, urged that I try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My husband then got me half a dozen boxes and I began taking them. After I had used two boxes I began to enjoy my meals and the various symptoms of my trouble began to disappear. I continued the pills until I had used the half dozen boxes, when I again felt perfectly well. My stomach was as healthy as ever it had been. I could sleep well and my head was clear and free from the dizziness and aches that so long helped make me miserable. It is more than a year since I stopped taking the pills and health has continued better than it was for years before. Mrs. Labonte added that she will always feel grateful to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for the misery they have released her from, and she always advises friends who are ailing to use them.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$3.00, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. Brockville, Ont.



A PLEASANT EVENING.

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pepsia's Victims.

CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE HOW TO OVERCOME IT.

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Chat of the Boudoir.

Summer with its continuous round of fashionable sports and amusements is here once again, and all the accumulated ambitions for dozens of gowns, which loomed hazily but persistently in the perspective of every fashionably regulated feminine mind, early in the spring, have become flattering realities or disappointing uncertainties according to the size of one's income and one's dressmaking facilities. Whatever the result of early endeavors, however, there are no lingering illusive impressions as to the varying needs of dress now that the season has opened. The summer girl with her fetching togs and somewhat doubtful proficiency in outdoor sports is one of the ruling inspirations of summer life and she will be eloquently expressed this year if she lives up to all the season's privileges for variety and beauty in her costumes.

Special advantages are offered in the way of models, and there is every kind of gown for every kind of function, with hats and parasols to match. A pretty idea which has been suggested before in this column is to adopt some one color for the season and use it throughout your entire outfit in every possible way as through it were your exclusive right, eschewing all others, except the dark, and the neutral tints. It is one way of achieving distinction in dress at the fashionable watering places where everything in the way of fashion seems to belong to everyone else and nothing seems to stand out as especially distinguished. The possibilities for mastering the art of distinctive dressing are greater than ever before since the variety in dress increases with each succeeding season, so that it is merely a question of sufficient thought and taste, and a liberal amount of expenditure.

The new flowered muslins are charming for young girls, the effect in the coloring and pattern closely resemble hand painting. These are made up of quaint lace trimmed flounces and worn with a drooping, trimmed lace-like straw hat faced with folds of colored chiffon. The skirts are variously trimmed with lace insertion and made up over fine lawn and chiffon underskirts, one over the other, trimmed with narrow ruffles and robes of ribbon.

In the trimming of thin gowns fashion lends herself to all sorts of extravagance which is found quite as much in the labor as in the lace and ribbons. Tucking all around the hips in vertical lines extending to the knees forms one of the most popular skirts. The tucks are fine and at equal distances all around, or arranged in groups sufficient in number to form the needed flare around the hem. Two medium wide-shaped flounces finish some of the skirts trimmed with lace insertion in vertical lines above, and are usually finished with a lace edging.

One thing with which the summer girl will be supplied, if she is up to date, is the linen dress, not one, but several, besides some separate waists of linen. Butcher's linen, linen lawn, linen ducks, and corded linens which look like piques, are all on the fashionable list for gowns and waists. These come in a variety of colors, the ecru tint, blue and pure white being especially favored. They are made up in simple morning dresses with blouse waists or jackets, trimmed with stitched bands of linen in contrast, white on the color, and colored bands stitched with white on the white gown. But the latest and most elegant variety of linen dress is trimmed, and quite elaborately, too, with gold galon, black velvet ribbon and Arab lace.

The cloth of which suggests expensive silks and satins as a background is also used on the linen gowns underneath the lace, and sewn on in bands as well. It is especially good style on the white and ecru tints. Two bands of gold cloth trim the skirt of one white pique gown made with a box plaited blouse bodice stripped half way down from the shoulders with narrow gold bands finished with a gold button. A belt of gold (with a gold buckle is one of the swell girl's treasured possessions this season, and she wears it with shirtheists as

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well as muslin and linen gowns. Linen guipure over the cloth of gold makes a very pretty vest. Another form of using gold is in the little gold bullion tassels which tip the ends of small bows, and in ballion fringe, which finishes cash ends.

Pale blue linen duck makes some very charming yachting dresses, and again the cloth of gold is the finish for vest, collar and cuffs, covered with white linen guipure. Straw or stitched duck hats with a band of gold around the crown and a stunning rosette of black velvet or white panne spotted with black, are worn with these costumes. Something very stunning too, is the bolero of gold cloth partially covered with applique designs in white pique, finished around the edges with a fine cord, which may be in a color of your fancy.

FELLS OF FASHION.

Some of the latest French hats are very simple as to trimming, but elegant enough in shape and quality of the straw. Narrow black velvet ribbon is sometimes run through the meshes of lace straw around the edge of a Spanish toque and a soft crumpled knot of black piece velvet with a fancy pin is the only trimming.

Very small handkerchiefs, daintily embroidered and trimmed with lace, are the fashion.

A new silk, which is like quicksilver in appearance, has appeared. It is plain, not figured, and is used for waists instead of taffeta.

Cashmere in pretty light colors are embroidered in small rings of white silk, which give them a new style.

Gold and silver ribbons, which are silk and tinsel woven together, are a new fancy and a very pretty one for belts and collar bands. They are as soft and pliable as if they were of all silk.

The elegance of the white lawn petticoat has no limit this season. It is trimmed with very handsome embroidery and lace, is made to fit the hips in the approved fashion and costs anywhere from \$25 to \$65.

Low necked night gowns, made with a much trimmed bodice and a trimmed skirt attached are the modes for summer wear.

A plain pale blue parasol is one of the items of a fashionable outfit this season, and a detachable cover of fine white muslin tucked and trimmed with Valenciennes lace transforms it into a dressy one for afternoon.

Scarfs of Maltese and Brussels lace are very much worn with the soft, finely-tucked silk stocks. They are carried twice around the neck and tied sailor fashion, bow on the bust.

A pretty idea for the finish of a pale pink lawn gown is a 7-inch shaped ruffia, striped up and down with black velvet baby ribbon, set at intervals of one inch. Each little band is finished with a tiny loop and end. The flounce forms the finish at the hem of the skirt, and the ruffles on the white or pink lawn underserve serve to hold it out. A medium wide collar of the white lawn, striped with black velvet, and a black velvet belt are the special features of the bodice, when the white flounce of the skirt is striped vertically with lace insertion in wavy lines and a band of insertion heads the flounce.

One-button kid gloves are worn with the new sleeve, which has the dainty under-sleeve banded so closely at the wrist that a longer glove is clumsy.

GOLFING TOGS.

Pictureque Features Added by Fashion to Costumes for the Links.

While there is not much need of variation in the styles of golfing togs, the popularity of the game, leading as it does in out door sports for women, makes the attempt to originate new ideas inevitable. The changes may be so slight as to need a label to attract your attention at all, but some little difference serves to add interest to the game as well as to gratify women's ambition for new clothes.

The golf hat of the season is a sensible

improvement on those worn before, as it protects the face to some extent. It is in rough straw and of helmet shape, bound on the edge with velvet and trimmed with a soft scarf of silk twisted carefully around the crown. Then there are the hats of stitched pique to wear with the white golf suits. These are trimmed with the silk scarf and feather pompons. The bamboo hat is the lightest and consequently coolest variety, and very pretty in its light cream tint. One point of fashion in hats (which must be observed is the absence of the stiff long quill so prominent last season. This is said to be entirely out of fashion the silk scarf being quite sufficient, but whose other trimming is desired the pompons or a rosette of ribbon is the thing.

Fashion has some advantages even in golf suits, and the outfit at its best is not so becoming that any woman, however pretty, can afford to ignore them. Athletic women who love the sport for itself alone are inclined to be very careless in their dress, thinking no doubt that their skill offsets any deficiency in their appearance, which is a huge mistake. The short skirt of last season was the first cause of the lack of grace in this costume, but the new edict calls for a length which reaches to the top of the ankles, and is vastly more becoming than any skirt an inch shorter. Double-faced tweed which is plaid one side and plain on the other is the most popular material for the golf skirt, and is finished with stitching, and made with either a box plait or an inverted plait in the centre of the back. Gray, tan and brown are the leading colors, and jackets of bright red or green are worn.

Shirt waists in red and pink linen or mercerized pique are a necessary part of the golf outfit and are worn with white pique and ecru linen skirts. Some striking color seems to be necessary to a picturesque effect on the golf links, and while there is an attempt to introduce green, red and gold pique are the favorites, the green forming no contrast in the landscape picture.

A blue skirt with a red linen skirt waist made with a white collar and worn with a black tie and a red Tam o' shanter is a pretty costume for a young, slim girl, while an entire costume of red linen worn with a black hat is a striking bit of color against the green background.

These linen suits are usually made with a blouse bodice and a white linen collar finished with rows of stitching and fastened with white pearl buttons.

The ideal golfing suit for a hot day is a white shirt skirt and either a colored or a white shirt waist, worn with a necktie matching the color of the scarf around the stitched white duck hat and the stockings. As for shoes, a good shaped, well fitted boot of kid or calfskin with low heels is the thing. The bulldog toe is rather losing caste, as it gives the foot a very clumsy appearance. The reversible golf cap is another very necessary item in this special department of your wardrobe, and is at all times useful for travelling.

The golfing jacket or waistcoat is double breasted, fastened with gilt buttons, is made of wool and woven in a variety of designs which have the appearance of being knitted. There is a variety, too, in the colors, and some of the jackets have silk sleeves.

Managing a King.

The ministers of George IV found it hard to get along with him. He had to be managed like a spoiled child. He hated the Duke of Wellington, as did all the sons of George III, his greatness overshadowing theirs; yet the duke could make the king do what the interest of the nation demanded, no matter how loudly he protested.

The king bore Mr. Canning a personal grudge because that statesman resigned from the Liverpool cabinet, rather than take part with his colleagues in the proceedings against Caroline. A change in the ministry was made necessary by the suicide of Lord Castlereagh, and the duke proposed Canning to the king as minister of foreign affairs.

'Good heavens, Arthur!' exclaimed the king. 'You don't mean to propose that fellow to me as secretary for foreign affairs? I said, on my word as a gentleman, he should never again be one of my ministers.' 'Pardon me, sir,' answered the duke, 'I don't agree with you at all. Your majesty is not a gentleman.'

The king started. 'Your majesty, I say,' continued the duke, 'is not a gentleman, but the sovereign of England with duties to your people far above any to yourself; and these

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These Costumes are thoroughly well-made and finished in two very excellent wearing fabrics of good appearance (1) John Noble's Cheviot Serge, a stout weather-resisting fabric, and (2) The John Noble's Costume Coating, a cloth of lighter weight and smoother surface.

PATTERNS POST FREE. A Full Dress Length of either cloth (60s. 4s. 12s. wide) for \$1.80. Postage, 50c. When ordering, \$1.80 please state colour and stock size required. Colours are Black, Navy, Brown, Khaki, Myrtle, Grey, Fawn, and Royal Blue.

Sizes in Stock are 34, 36, 38ins. round bust (under arms); Waists, 24, 26, 28 ins.; Skirts being 38, 40, 42 ins. long in front. Any other size CAN BE MADE TO MEASURE, 40c. extra.

Model 1499. An attractive well made Young Lady's Costume. Carefully finished Coat, square back and well finished Tailor Skirt. Lengths and Prices— 30 25 28 32 36 40 inches. \$1.20 1.25 1.30 1.35 1.40 1.45 each. Carriage, 50c. Lengths are from top of collar to edge of skirt in front.

Model 1506. Fashionable Costume Skirt well made with one box plait at back. Perfect fitting round top. Made in the John Noble Cheviot Serge or Costume Coating. Price— 40c. Carriage, 50c.

Model 200. A stylish Design. The latest skirt with one box plait at back and well cut Eton Jacket, perfectly finished tailor stitching as sketch. Price only \$2.50, complete. Carriage, 50c. extra. Skirt alone, \$1.50. Carriage, 50c. Suits made in Boys' Suits, Waterproof, &c. sent in lined cloth, white cambric, embroidered front. Post Free to any reader of this paper. Carriage, 50c.

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duties make it imperative that you should at this time employ the abilities of Mr. Canning.'

'Well, replied the king, drawing a long breath, 'I must, I must!' The new minister set his heart on gaining the king's good will. He succeeded so thoroughly when someone asked the king how he liked his new foreign secretary he replied: 'Like him—that word is too weak. I love him!'

Heat and Cold. Are never-failing causes of disease. At this season of the year neuralgia, tooth-ache, and a host of similar diseases are rampant. The great question then, is to find the quickest, surest and most economical remedy. Colson's Nervine exactly fills these requirements. It is prompt, efficient and most economical, for it exceeds in power every known remedy, and is as cheap as inferior articles. A 10 cent sample bottle will give every person a chance to test it. Large bottles only 25 cents.

College Training for Business. President Thwing, of the Western Reserve University, thinks that business is absorbing a big percentage of the colleges. He says, in the June issue of 'Success':—

One-third of the graduates of our most conspicuous colleges are engaged in business. That they succeed, whenever success is in them, is due largely to their power to think. If a student has a well trained mind, he is prepared to learn any business with ease. This brings me to the reflection that no business man can be too well trained; and no business can have too well trained workers in its service. It is the disciplinary effect of a collegiate course that makes it indispensable for professional purposes earlier than the last year, or, at most, the last two years of the college course. The establishment of colleges of commerce has a peril of substituting knowledge for power, information for ability to think. Being professional schools, they should be coordinate with schools of law, medicine, and theology.

Every boy in the United States who really wants a college education can get one. Self help is encouraged everywhere. In Adelbert College of the Western Reserve University, we not only have provided many scholarships, but have secured work for scores of students.

He Exaggerated.

Exaggeration is commonly held to be the special vice of schoolgirls. Their brothers, however, are seldom wholly free from the habit, and in fact, few of us are really accurate in speech. Even in old times, when the line between fact and fancy was drawn with more severity than now, our good Puritan ancestors occasionally slipped across it to the wrong side.

An anecdote is related of one excellent divine whose essential truthfulness was un-questioned, but whose tongue ran into ex-

cesses disturbing to his congregation. In the fervor of discourse, his facts had a way of expanding and increasing almost beyond recognition, so that he was constantly saying things which, viewed in the after light of cold criticism, were not true. At last a deputation was sent to remonstrate with him.

He was greatly distressed, and readily promised to exercise more care in the future; but before long he erred again, carried away by his own eloquence, and a second deputation arrived. Again he promised amendment, but again after a little while he backslid, and a third committee was sent.

The good man was thoroughly shocked and repentant. He admitted everything. 'I know but too well,' he pleaded, 'that my besetting sin is exaggeration; but at least it is a failing with which I struggle. I have abed over it barrels upon barrels of tears!'

Then one deacon laughed and innocently groaned, and the minister looked unaccountably from one to the other to see what was amiss.

He was never remonstrated with again. The congregation had to admit that even a good man may have an incorrigible fault.

BICYCLISTS, young or old, should carry a bottle of Pain-Killer in their saddle bag. It cures cuts and wounds with wonderful quickness. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain Killer, Perry Davis' 25c. and 50c.

Too Bad!

Yesterday the man with 'a house to let,' and the woman who 'wanted a house,' fell on each other's necks, so to speak, and struck a bargain over the business office counter. The Gazette lost thirty cents on the transaction, as the ads were not inserted, but the house owner and his prospective tenant went away rejoicing.—Schenectady, (N. Y.) Gazette.

'Officer what is the charge against this man?'

'He shot off his mouth a little too free, your honor, when I ordered him to move on.'

'Prisoner, what is your name?'

'A. Gunn, your honor.'

'Gunn, if I let you off easy this time will you carry yourself straight hereafter?'

'Yes, your honor.'

'Discharged.'

Young Mr. Spoonmore (who has just been accepted) But what will your father say, darling? You know he doesn't like me any too well.

The Young Woman—Well, you can't expect me to use the exact language in which papa will express himself when he hears of it.

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noise in the Head by Dr. Nicholson Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 700 Ninth Avenue, New York.

USE THE GENUINE MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF TOILET & BATH. REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.

The Wives of Farmers.

Farm Slaves or Mistresses?—Partnership With Husbands Suggested to Aid Them.

The position of the farmer's wife, her trials and the means by which her burdens may be lightened are receiving much of the attention which they deserve. They are discussed at farmers' meetings, and it is hoped that practical good may ultimately be accomplished. Recently two papers on the subject have been read by women. One was by Mrs. Lucy Cleaver McElroy of Ledano, Ky. She was talking to the men. She described the visions of the wedding day, with its glamour and brightness, and then said:

'After that day of all comes the home making, the nest building and oh! how it absorbs the farmer's busy young wife. Unlike her city sister under similar circumstances, she has no constant stream of guests, full of interest and suggestions for the new surroundings; her life is necessarily one of much loneliness, even her husband being absent from day to dark. But she is happy as she works. For the first few years there are gay little visits home and to girlhood friends, there are guests to entertain now and then. Sabbaths are always a pleasure—they give husband and wife so much of each other's society—and churchgoing seems quite a social disposition.

'Thus time rolls on till the children come and as the mother's cares increase the hopes for the future are mingled with fears interest in outside things are lost, pleasures are dropped one at a time, seeing which the husband becomes more and more absorbed in money making, until well nigh all else is forgotten.

'At the first gray streak of dawn the wife's pet rooster crows long and loud. He does it on purpose to awaken her from her beauty sleep and is always successful. She has obeyed the summons so often that it has become second nature, and before she realizes it she is out of the warm blankets, noiselessly trembling in her clothes, lest she awake the sleeping baby; half clad, her cold fingers still fidgeting with her brooch, she scampers to the kitchen. Once there a nervous fear that breakfast may be late seizes her, and she rushes about until it is on the table and the family seated, when she draws her first long breath while the blessing is being asked. The breakfast bolted in hot haste, and the men off to work, she resumes her hurry, scours through the dishwashing and kitchen work, hastens through bedmaking and house cleaning, skims over milk vessels, refrigerators and churning, hurries to the garden for vegetables, rushes through dinner, makes her fingers fly on the afternoon sewing and scouring, so she may worry through supper at the proper hour, to sink exhausted into a chair at bedtime, too weary to speak or think.

'She has not only done the thousand and one duties that fell to her lot that day, but she has done them well, has slighted nothing, and before falling asleep has thought in utter weariness. 'Oh, if tomorrow might never come!' But it does come, and it is always just the same tomorrow, the same unceasing routine of labor and rush. Day after day, year after year, nothing but toil, toil, hurry, worry, rush; that is the strange thing about it—the eternal rush. Amid the peace and quiet of the country, why not go on peacefully and quietly doing one's duty as it comes? There is but one solution to the problem, and that is, her work exceeds her time and she is constantly trying to establish some sort of equilibrium. What does the hard, barren existence yield in return for all her efforts? Not happiness; one look in the face of the farm woman of the dark side tells no. Not money; certainly not. Though she is the hardest worker on the place, this farmer's wife has no bank account of her own. I will tell you what she gets—her 'vittles and clothes' that is all, though in nearly every case her husband is well able to grant her reasonable wishes, and the poor creature never has unreasonable ones.

'But thank heaven, all farmers' wives do not live like this; there is a bright side to this, as to all pictures. Life on a farm ought to be to a woman the happiest, most care free of existence. What with poultry and bees, with flowers and vegetables, she gets outdoor exercise sufficient to keep her young a long time and her labors are all health giving and pleasant. Labor is a necessity and a part of every useful, happy life. Woman should share man's toil and hardships in the same proportion in which she shares his joy and ease, and she usually does cheerfully. On a farm it has been a woman's share of the duties to do the housework and rear the children ever since

Eve gathered fig leaves for clothes and raised Cain in the Garden of Eden. Certainly work must be done but let it be done cheerily and bravely; do not make life a drudgery.

'In contrast to the farm slave as we have just seen her, let us have the farm mistress the queen of the beautiful realm called home, one whom the Maker, God, may look upon as He did at the first and say, 'It is very good.' Let us learn to have our farmhouses homes, where comfort and good cheer abound, where labor is evenly distributed to all, and made a burden to none, where there are books and magazines, where time is had for reading, music prayer, and all proper effort for higher, better things of life, so that we may grow morally and intellectually as well as physically. These things attained, and the much vexed question of how to keep the boys on the farm will be answered once for all.

Another paper was by Mrs. Arthur Grabowak before the Richmond County Agricultural Society at Augusta, Ga., who said:

'The bride, wood with the ardor of youthful affection, too often becomes the household drudge, the higher servant, bearing most of the burdens of the domestic economy and sharing scantily in the results of the farm's business. A pathetic little incident illustrating this came lately to my notice through the medium of one of our city papers. The editor present at a bank on business, saw a farmer coming in, his hands full of the bills paid to him for part of the year's cotton crop just sold. He was accompanied by the patient wife, the result of whose faithful domestic labor was part of the money in the farmer's hand. Dressed in her best—and yet how shabbily—with a little one clinging to her much in need of proper clothing, the wife wistfully looked at the money being deposited, and finally touched the farmer's arm and pleaded for a small share of that deposit. The farmer's brow clouded at such unlooked for appeal, but being in good spirits after the successful sale of his crop he recognized the occasion as meriting generosity and reaching into his pocket for a well filled purse, he fished out from it the magnificent coin one half dollar, and giving it to his wife, told her go and buy what she wanted.

'By the natural fitness of things the work of the farm has divided itself into the outside larger operations and the work pertaining to the homestead and its immediate surroundings of the dairy, the poultry yard, the garden, &c. The former have fallen to the share of man, the latter to the share of woman. Is it not often a fact that nearly the whole proceeds of both divisions of the farm go into the field operations, attempting to make possible a five cent cotton crop, or an equally unremunerative crop, while the dairy, the poultry yard, the garden suffer the fate of every quantity that has to yield a periodical percentage of reduction and has no equivalent or greater percentage of increase? It is only a question of time when the exhausted dairy, empty poultry yard and neglected garden will be sad illustrations of farming done without a just proportioning of the farm's resources to the farm's productive industries. Is it the true position of the farmer's wife to be the head of a part of farm work that is to contribute to the farm's assets but is to receive no help, no working capital from the same?

Can there then, be a question that the true position of woman on a farm is yet among the problems of the future? When the farm progresses to the position of a well ordered business, having its debit and credit account with each of its field and industries, when its capital is fairly apportioned to the different branches of work, and its receipts are correspondingly divided when the farmer admits the wife as his business partner, entitled to her just share of the profits of the farm, and when he remembers that 'woman won' does not necessarily mean that neglect and indifference are as acceptable to the wife as ardor and attention were to the sweetheart—when the woman on the farm realizes that upon her depend not only the cooking, the care of the children and other domestic duties, but that everything that makes life on the farm pleasant as far as neatness, taste and embellishment can make it, are her special charge, and that she also must remember in the hard working aging of her husband, the lover of her youth, then, and only then, will woman's true position on the farm be reached, and the garden of Eden will find again a place on the earth,

a rural life will become the envy of those who lead and dwell in the confinements of city life.

STATEMENTS That Command Attention and Inspire Hope.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND.

THE NEVER-DISAPPOINTING BANNER OF SICKNESS AND DISEASE.

The statement that Paine's Celery Compound builds up sickly, weak and rundown people, is true in every particular. It is also true that Paine's Celery Compound is the only medicine in the world that can successfully grapple with obstinate and long standing cases of disease and give to the sufferer active limbs, pure blood, clear complexion, healthy appetite, and perfect digestion. Scores of able and reliable physicians, prominent druggists, legislators merchants and leaders in society can bear testimony to the wonderful cures wrought by Paine's Celery Compound during the past spring months.

Such facts and statements should be sufficient to convince all doubting and dependent sufferers, and inspire them with a determination to test the world's great health giver. Mr. Chas. W. Ross, Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, writes thus:

'For a long period of time I suffered from the pains and tortures of neuralgia, and the effects to my general system were so serious and alarming that my doctor ordered an ocean trip. I went to England at considerable expense, but had to return to Canada almost as bad as when I left it. After getting home I determined to commence the use of Paine's Celery Compound, as it was strongly recommended for such troubles. After using the medicine for a short time the results were most pleasing and gratifying. The attacks became less frequent and less severe, and soon the whole trouble was completely banished. I have not experienced a pain or ache for months. I take great pleasure in recommending such a marvellous medicine to all neuralgic sufferers. Paine's Celery Compound has astonishing virtues and powers, and will certainly overcome any form of neuralgia.

MAN HUNTER IN THE HILLS.

How it Feels to be for an Hour or so Under the Eye of a Chap With a Gun.

Once upon a time, said a Colorado mining expert, 'I went rummaging around my state looking for coal that was supposed to exist, and after a long trip in a wagon I was nearing the railroad station where I was to resume once more a faster mode of travel and one less disagreeable and dangerous. As I drove along the side of a wooded hill from which I could catch occasional glimpses of the rail-road three or four miles across the valley, and was thanking my good fortune for so soon delivering me, I was suddenly brought up with a round turn by a man stepping out of the bushes and sticking an ugly looking gun straight at me, I pulled up my horses with great promptitude and the man told me to throw up my hands. The only thing to do under such circumstances is to do as your are bid, and that is what I did. The man did not offer to go through my clothes for what I possessed, which would hardly have paid him for the effort, but he told me to stop. This I also did, his gun covering me all the time. Then he climbed into the wagon and sat on a box of mineral specimens I was taking back to Denver with me. He never said a word after he told me to drive on when he had seated himself, and I didn't say anything at first, but it wasn't long until I could stand it, with him sitting there so dead still behind me, so I ventured to speak.

'Excuse me, partner,' said I as pleasantly as I could, 'but I would like to say to you that I am getting mighty uncomfortable sitting here with that gun of yours pointing into my back and if it's all the same to you, I wish you would sit here on the seat with me. The d—gun may go off, and while I don't think you want to hurt me intentionally you know that wouldn't make it any pleasanter for me to get a bullet in the small of the back.'

'Huh!' he grunted, 'are you armed?' 'I told him I was not, and he moved up and sat down beside me, keeping his gun ready for business. We talked some after that, but he was not overly communicative and I felt under some restraint, and as the wagon topped the last rise in the road from which we could see the station about half a mile away he looked hard at me.

'I'm going down there with you young fellow,' he said, on a little business, and you say anything about me to anybody or speak of me at all and any disturbance comes up I'll shoot you first off. Do you understand?'

'I told him I did thoroughly, and I made up my mind positively that I meant to do what I promised. He was silent for the rest of the way, and when we stopped and he got out, he told me to remember, and I nodded. He strolled over onto the platform and I went to the stable with my horses and came back to the station. I knew the telegraph operator, and when I stepped up to the window he noticed that something was the matter with me, and asked me what it was. I lied straight by assuring him that I never felt better in my life. My late companion was standing just outside the door looking in every now and then, and the thought of what he might be thinking I meant by talking to the operator made me so nervous that I went out on the platform for air. He had moved down to the far end, and I concluded that I would move off in the other direction toward a water tank I noticed a couple of hundred yards up the track. It struck me if anything happened, though I hadn't the faintest idea what it was going to be. I would dodge in behind the timbers of the tank and possibly escape the bullet that was intended to settle the man's account with me. About the time I had my plans made a handcar came down with six section hands on it who had seen me drive up to the station with the man and his gun. They had seen him loafing about the platform, and right away wanted to know who my friend was. I told them I didn't know anything about him except that I had picked him up on the road and given him a lift. They informed me that to their notion he was a train robber and they proposed to run him in. They were entirely unarmed, however, and they knew what it meant to tackle a fellow with a gun, so they began to calculate among themselves how to get their man. As for myself, I got away from them as fast as I could and in such a way that the object of their suspicion could see that I was not in their mix-up.

'All this business made me more nervous than ever, and the report that the train was two hours late only made matters worse. I might be shot so full of holes in that length of time they could strain gravel through me, and I don't know what kind of trouble those section hands were negotiating for themselves and more especially for me who had had his notification of what would happen when the trouble began. And I was innocent as a lamb, too, and as faithful to my trust as if the fellow had been the best man on earth.

'The section hands moved down to the platform, and as it was about noon, they got out their dinner buckets and began looking around for a good place to spread their lunch. I had come back to the platform after them and the man they were after had moved off about a hundred yards to an old corral and was walking around there as if that was all he had to do. One of the section hands suggested that they might get him dead to rights by spreading their lunch over to his neighborhood, and perhaps, if he had been hiding in the hills very long he was hungry enough to ask to join them. The proposition was accepted at once, and the crowd went over and opened up their buckets. They asked me to go along, but I wasn't a bit hungry, though I was as hollow inside as an empty barrel. Under the circumstances I couldn't have eaten ambrosia out of a gold spoon. My friend, however, wasn't feeling that way, for as soon as he saw the food spread out temptingly before him he went right up and asked if he couldn't have a bite. With the traditional hospitality of the plains, the entire gangs of section hands insisted on his sharing their dinner, and he set to with a will. He ate like a man who hadn't eaten for a long time and he was soon so absorbed in it that he forgot his caution and let go of his gun. In a minute a section hand had it and in another minute they piled on top of him, and while some held him others tied him and they stood him on his feet and started him over to the platform to wait for the train which was reported at the next station below. I was a good deal easier in my mind when I saw the ugly cuss fixed so he couldn't train his gun on me, but it did not add to my comfort to have to listen to the fearful wail in which he cursed me for everything vile and shameful in having betrayed him. I told him I had not and all the others did the same, but he would not listen and kept it up, adding all kinds of frightful threats until the train came and they tied him in the baggage car and I got a seat as close to the far end of the train as I could. Who he was or what he was nobody knew then, and I never did find out, but I guess he was a train robber all right and got his dose, for I never saw or heard of him again and I was on the lookout for a good many years, because I knew if I ever met there was going to be shooting to kill.'

'You cannot dye a dark color light, but should dye light ones dark—for home use Magnetic Dyes give excellent results.

SHERMAN'S HOLD-THE-FORT FLAG

New Deposited Among War Relics After Inspiring the Famous Hymn.

The signal flag used to send the message of Gen. Sherman that inspired the famous hymn, 'Hold the Fort, for I Am Coming,' has been deposited in the flag room in the Executive building at Harrisburg with other relics of the Civil War. The original message was sent at Kennesaw Mountain on Oct. 4, 1864, to the commanding officer at Allatoona, who was besieged by a Confederate force, to who aid Gen. Sherman and Vandever were hastening.

The importance of the message resulted from the fact that all the rations and stores of Sherman's army were at Allatoona and if the Confederates had captured them the Union soldiers would have been cut off from their supplies and it would have been a long time before Sherman could have marched to the sea. The signal was waved by Private Allen D. Frankenberg, Company K, Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, better known as the Anderson Cavalry. At the close of the war he retained the flag and took it to his home at Point Marion, Fayette county. Capt. John H. Campbell, a draughtsman in the Internal Affairs Department, has frequently urged Frankenberg to deposit the flag in the flag room in this city and he has at last done so. The message in the original cipher code is on the flag and there has also been deposited with it a historical statement from the donor.

Mr. Frankenberg enlisted in Company K on Aug. 20, 1863, and was an orderly at the headquarters of the Department of the Cumberland in the field until Jan. 14, 1864, when he was transferred to the signal corps, where he served until discharged from the Army in June, 1865. He accompanied Sherman's army in its march from Chattanooga during the summer of 1864, reaching Atlanta, Ga., on Sept. 28. Three days later he was ordered to Kennesaw Mountain on signal duty, and remained there until Oct. 10. The Confederates captured Big Shanty on the railroad north of Kennesaw on Oct. 3, thus placing a large force between Sherman's army and Chattanooga and cutting off all means of communication with the North.

Several messages were signalled with this flag by Frankenberg from Gen. Vandever before the arrival of Gen. Sherman, who then sent his message: 'Hold fast. We are coming.' Gen. Corse reached Allatoona on the morning of Oct. 5, and soon after daybreak a Confederate division under Gen. French attacked him. A hard battle resulted in a victory for the Union army and the saving of the Allatoona stores.

Gen. Sherman, on Nov. 12, 1864, began his famous march to the sea, his army being supplied with these same stores. During the heat of the battle, when it appeared impossible for Gen. Corse to hold out, a message was received from the signal officer with the beleaguered Union soldiers stating that Gen. Corse had been wounded. Then in answer to an inquiry from Gen. Sherman as to the condition of the wounded commander, came this famous answer:

'I am short a cheek bone and one ear, but able to whip all hell yet. My losses are very heavy. * * * Tell me where Sherman is.'

'JOHN M. CORSE, Brig.-Gen.' The losses to which Gen. Corse refers were 142 killed, 352 wounded and 212 captured. He had 1,944 men all told, while the Confederate forces attacking Allatoona numbered 7,000. Their losses were estimated at 2,000 by Gen. Young, one of their commanders.

About this time England and France were both ready to recognize the Confederacy on the condition that the South should emancipate all slaves. Duncan F. Kenner, a wealthy slave holder and member of the Confederate Congress from Louisiana, was in Europe trying to induce these nations to take this action, assuring them that Sherman's army would never reach the sea. He went to Paris and had an interview with the Emperor, who said he would do whatever England did. Then he went from Paris to Lord Palmerston in London to report the position of France. News has just reached England of Sherman's successful march and Palmerston's answer to Kenner was: 'It is too late.' Had the Union forces lost the stores at Allatoona weeks would have been required to replace them, and in the meantime England and France might have recognized the Confederacy.

Mr. Frankenberg fixes the identity of his signal flag by stating in the communication which accompanies it that: 'All messages sent to Allatoona, Oct. 3, 4 and 5, 1864, were sent by this flag.' Early on the morning of Oct. 6, 1864, he took the flag from the staff and retained possession of it until a few days ago, when he turned it over to Adjutant-General Stewart for safe keeping in the flag room among the battle-torn flags borne by Pennsylvania's volunteers during the Civil War.

HERMANN'S HOLD-THE-FORT FLAG

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CONVERTED FROM THREE PAGES.

ing at her small efforts at benevolence. He could not know the many hours she gave to schemes by which to aid her less lucky brethren with some of her own wealth or how much she had her welfare at heart and for a moment she was hurt. Then the look on his face reassured her. She took out her case and held up a slip of paper, keeping back a similar one in her own hand. 'This will leave St. George's (tomorrow) convalescent but too weak to work; plumber; five children and delicate wife; poor home and unhealthy neighborhood.' She had been reading off from the slip; now she gave it into his hand. 'A nurse gave me that today; you can see into the case if you really wish,' she said, quietly. 'Thank you,' said Saxon. 'You are very good and you shall not have it back I promise you.' He was as good as his word. He took the case thoroughly in hand, and the unfortunate plumber and his family had good cause to bless the day that brought them under the notice of Saxon March. Nor was he satisfied with befriending them alone. He insisted upon sharing all the good work undertaken by Joan. She saw, too, that he was thoroughly in earnest about it. No doubt a desire to stand well in her estimation was one thing which influenced him in his active philanthropy, and Joan was by no means blind to the fact. But, apart from that, it was easy to see he took a genuine interest in this new phase of his life. It was not without its effect on Joan. She had always admired him, had always felt sure that there were grand possibilities in his nature, and now that he was proving the truth of her conviction, her heart warmed towards him more and more. He was not slow to see all this, and his own heart glowed with a warmth which was not that of satisfaction alone. He had not begun to dream day-dreams, and to picture a future of happiness in which this queenly woman held no unimportant place. But would the dreams be realized? Would the pictured happiness after all be his? Who should say?

CHAPTER V.

Joan stood looking into a book-shop in the Strand, while Mrs. Nelson was in a box-office securing tickets for a new opera about to be brought out, and the sound of her own name at her elbow made her turn round. 'You, Miss Gower?' she said, quickly. 'I heard down at Ayleswood that you were in London. I almost wonder we have not met before.' 'Still busy with the music, I suppose?' she added, as she shook hands with the girl, a little amused at the smartness of the hat Lillias was wearing, and her self-possessed air. 'Music? No, thank goodness! Don't you know that I am engaged at one of the theatres? Oh, yes; I have been at the Regina a year now. Don't you ever go? I wonder you have not seen me?' 'I go very often, but not so much to the Regina. I am glad you are so fortunate, and I hope you like the life—you do not find it too trying?' Lillias looked more fragile than in the old days, though she bore herself more proudly. There was a much deeper tint of gold, now, in her flaxen hair, of which Joan, glancing down from her own superb height, entertained suspicions, and her face was thinner and bore signs of hard work or late nights, or probably both. 'Oh, no, said Lillias. She did not tell her companion that she was only in the chorus of a musical comedy that had been running some months, and that she found the constant singing every night, and the two matinees every week—her rooms and hardly some tea before returning to the theatre to begin all over again for the evening's performance—harder work even than the trying lessons to her pupils at Ayleswood. She led her to believe she was on the highway to make a name upon the stage, and found the life an Elysium. 'And you play in your own name?' asked Joan. 'So may change it. I am sure I cannot see why.' 'Oh, yes, in my own. Gower is quite aristocratic enough, so I have kept it. Gower is quite a good old name, you know,' she said, seriously, and Joan checked an incipient smile, then, with another handshake, went off to rejoin Mrs. Nelson down the street.

'I met an old Ayleswood acquaintance by chance some days ago,' Joan said to Saxon March, when he called one day, as he did not infrequently in the pleasant May afternoons, or met Joan and her companion in the park during their morning walk. 'It was Lillias Gower.' 'I, too, have met her,' he said. 'I had heard in London three days before I—I ran against Miss Gower. Now, tell me if you really thought the new tenor as good as people try to make out? Weren't you the least bit disappointed in his singing?' And the conversation drifted suddenly away from Lillias, and settled upon the opera instead. As the summer wore on, it became plain to kindly little Mrs. Nelson where Saxon March was drifting to; and she wondered sometimes if her favourite, Joan, had not at last found her heart only to lose it as soon as found. There was certainly a glance of keen, if quiet, interest in Joan's expressive face while she talked to him—a little softening sometimes in her eyes when he entered unexpectedly, that Mrs. Nelson had never noticed before in her young friend; and

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of Dr. Wood. See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below. Very small and as easy to take as sugar. CARTER'S LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION. PURELY VEGETABLE. CURE SICK HEADACHE.

she was not so very surprised when, entering the drawing room quickly one hot day, she saw Saxon spring from a low seat by Joan's side, with evident traces of excitement of his face, and, truth to tell, a good deal of vexation, too, which he strove manfully to hide as he greeted her. Joan was strangely silent, and a little pale and distrustful, all the evening after his departure, and went off early to her room, where a note, that came by the last post that night, was brought to her. It was only a few words, in a man's firm clear writing. 'My dear Miss Armitage,—Much as I regret the interruption to our interview to day, and anxious as I am to know my fate from your lips, I cannot but think, in fairness to yourself, that I ought to allow you a little time for reflection before asking my question again. I know that I took you by surprise to day, therefore I shall say no word of my love until a week has passed; then I shall come again and seek your answer. Ever yours, Saxon March.'

Several days passed without his calling and Joan fancied he was keeping away that she might come to a decision, unbiased by his presence, and she thought it manly and honorable in him, and thanked him in her own mind for it. Mrs. Nelson's entrance had certainly come at a most inopportune moment, for she had just imprudently both her hands in her own nuptial ones, and was striving to learn from her eyes the answer her lips seemed loth or unable to give, when his hostess's voice aroused them both, and brought Saxon, at least, down to the level of earth once more. Joan had a great many engagements just then, and her time was well filled up. The week seemed slipping by rapidly to that eventful Monday, which would bring him back to ask his question anew. On the Saturday, Joan and Mrs. Nelson went to the Lyceum in the evening, and it was like entering a new world to come back to the crowded streets, being enthralled for three hours with the tragic fate of Marguerite in the quaint old-world German city. Crowds were pouring out of every theatre into the hot July night as Joan came out of the entrance. 'I don't see our hansom near; suppose we wait a little way down instead of waiting,' she said, giving her arm to her smiling friend, and pulling her lace scarf lightly over her dark hair. There was a little block of people opposite the Regina Theatre, crowding to the waiting carriages, and Joan drew back a step, just as a couple came down from the Regina stage door, and crossed the pavement in front of her and Mrs. Nelson.

A glance showed her they were Saxon and Lillias Gower—Lillias leaning upon his arm, with a cloak thrown lightly round her shoulders, and her face still rouged and powdered, as she had left the stage, and her blue eyes raised smilingly to his. 'Let us make haste home,' Joan heard her say; and then she saw Saxon give a commissionaire a shilling to secure a hansom, and put Lillias carefully in, spring in himself, and give an address which the listener could not catch. At the cab drove off, Joan turned quietly to her companion, who had noticed nothing of the incident, and who wondered a little at the chill that had settled down on the girl's face of a sudden. 'Let us bribe this man to get us a cab now! I quick,' Joan said, opening her purse. 'It is no unpleasant in this crush, and I want to get home.' The hours lagged all through the following day, although Joan had much to think about, and a very momentous decision to come to before to-morrow's interview. Until last night that decision seemed settled, and Joan had felt herself drifting gently on, on quiet waters, with no sign or hint of breakers and rocks ahead; now she was upon them, and she felt that one false step might wreck her happiness for ever and not hers alone, but Saxon's also. Perhaps it was a woman's natural jealousy that made her think far less in this crisis of Lillias Gower than of him. Whatever it was, she found it very hard to think quietly, and with unprejudiced

mind, of a possible union between them, and she studied self-composure she had been striving hard all the morning to attain, lest her very cold and formal air when she arose to greet Saxon March at last.

Mrs. Nelson, having some faint perception that something unusual was about to occur, directly went down to the dining room to arrange the vase on the table, and left Joan and the visitor undisturbed in the shady little drawing room. Joan, with a great white Persian cat upon her knee, and had been sitting on a cushion on the balcony, an unopened book beside her; but she came in and stood by the mantel shelf now, one hand toying with a carving on it. Saxon, a little nervous and his bronzed face perceptibly paler, tried some conventional conversation at first, then suddenly found it impossible, and plunged into his real subject all at once. He came beside her and touched her fingers lightly. 'Joan,' he said quickly; then, as she turned her pale face towards him, he drew nearer still. 'Joan, dearest, you know all I would say, and words are difficult to find when I love you, to express so much—you know that I love you, and however unworthy I am, have dared to hope. Joan will you marry me?' There was dead silence for a moment, and Joan's white fingers slipped from his, and she said, faintly: 'You must pardon me, I have an engagement I am obliged to keep, but it cannot be.' 'You do not love me?' There was keen disappointment in the tone, but she scarcely heard it. 'Perhaps I am too late for you. You will tell me if there is someone else more fortunate than I, will you not?' 'No,' said Joan, in a calm voice, and she stooped to caress the Persian's silky fur, as he stood rubbing against his mistress's white gown. 'No; there is no one else. And now, had we not better say "Good bye"? You must pardon me, but I have an engagement I am obliged to keep, and we shall always be friends, I trust, shall we not?' Saxon made no reply; what was stirring within him at that moment made words impossible, but it brought a hot flush into his face for a second or two, then left it very pale, or, at least, a little set.

'I will not detain you,' he said, in a low tone. 'I think I understand, and I will say "Good bye." There is only one thing more I wish to say—to thank you sincerely for all your kindness to me during these weeks of our friendship. I believe, I shall never, for one moment, forget your goodness, or cease to be grateful for it.' And so Saxon went out, and Joan, forgetting the important engagement, was left alone to her own reflections. December, and a deep snow without, but cheery voices and blazing wood fires in the big rooms of the Manor Farm; for Joan and Mrs. Nelson were once more installed there for Christmas. Saxon had not been seen in the village since the summer, when he had come down and carried off by his father suddenly, and together they had gone for a tour abroad. But during the last fortnight Joan had taken her courage in both hands, and, pocketing a good deal of prize, had sent off a letter to him through his London club. Something about the atmosphere of the old house when she had re-entered it—some subtle softening as old memories stole over her, and stirred at her heartstrings that first night of her return—had changed many things to Joan, and brought a revelation with them. Only then it occurred to her that Saxon might have misunderstood her refusal, and hence put it down to the wrong cause—a misconception that it pained and humiliated her to think of. 'It is possible, as I gave you no reason at all for my decision, that you may impute to me one I had not dreamed of,' she wrote. 'If you should wish to know the real one, in justice to yourself, I feel bound to give it, and will now do so freely.'

She carefully abstained from village gossip, but it got somehow, to her ears that the rich Mr. March was still abroad, and there were no signs of his settling down with a wife, and as his family so ungenerally advocated for him. But, on Christmas Eve, the village was surprised by his sudden return home to his father's house. It was dusk in the low-coiled room at the Manor Farm when he was announced, and Joan, with a throb of surprise, rose to meet him. 'I have come to thank you for your note, and to ask for what you offer me,' he said, as he released her hand. 'But I do not think I made any mistake—I think it was all clear enough to me.' 'And what was that?' asked Joan, gently. 'That you could not accept my love because of—of—what—what you saved me from so long ago. I do not blame you, dear, and I was too presumptuous. Heaven knows, I have tried hard to atone—'

'The tears blurred Joan's eyes as she held out one hand quickly. 'Hush! It was not that—indeed it was not! I will keep my promise and tell you now! I thought you and Lillias Gower had some understanding or engagement between you, and it was only since I came back here that I fancied you might think I had that other thing in my mind—and I could not bear that you should imagine that.' 'You are very generous, Joan—but you always were, dear. But Lillias? What would you think of her? I mean you there is nothing between us, except that we were playmates once at the old school here, and she asked me to look her up in London for the sake of old days.' I only saw her three or four times—the last was when I went to see the piece at the Regina, and she saw me in the stalls. She

was tired out and faint after singing, and begged me to see her home to her lodgings or she would have to go alone; since then I have not met her.' 'She had two of your photos years ago,' murmured Joan. 'Had she? Then Ralph gave her them, I've no doubt—they were always great chums; and I left lots of the photographs for him to distribute when I left more. But Joan, there was a reason why I could never give a second thought to Lillias. Can't you guess it? Try, dear one!' 'When I left you that night, so long ago, in a very agony of shame and remorse, I made a resolve, and I vowed that I would win back some, at least, of the esteem I had lost—that I would never come back and face you, Joan, unless I could say that one fall had been my only one, and that my life since then had been an atonement for that moment's madness. 'And I loved you even then, my darling—half-child half woman as you were, with your great sad eyes reproving me—I loved you, and vowed I would try and be worthy one day, even of you.' Joan was a tall girl almost as tall, even as Saxon March, but somehow her dark head found an easy resting place upon his shoulder, and he had to stoop his face over hers, when he found it pleasanter to whisper his next half dozen words very low and softly. 'Add there was no need for Joan even to whisper back her reply at this "second time of asking," for her eyes and her rose-flushed face had confessed it already. 'Do you know what came into my mind that night when you let me go, Joan? I was saying to myself these words, and they are very beautiful, I think—'

'I hold it true, with him who slays, To one clear harp, he divers tones. That man may rise on sterner tones Of their dead selves to higher things.'

THE JOKE WAS ON HERMANN. How Bill Nye Turned the Tables on the Great Magician. When Bill Nye, in collaboration with James Whitcomb Riley, was touring the country as a lecturer writes Perriton Maxwell in the June 'Success,' he stopped at a well known Chicago hostelry, one evening, and was escorted to a place in the big dining room directly across the table from a dark gentleman with a heavy, black mustachio, and a Mephistophelian goatee. Nye recognized his vis-a-vis as Hermann, the magician, but beyond a quizzical stare gave no sign that he knew the eminent prestidigitator. Hermann was very well aware that the bald man opposite him was Bill Nye, but did not indicate his recognition by word or manner. Hermann had, in fact, prepared a little surprise for the humorist, and several others seated at the table were in the secret. Nye was about to lance a leaf from his salad, when he espied, lying beneath it, a superb and scintillant diamond, set in a very fine gold ring. Without showing the least surprise, he lifted the ring from the salad bowl, slipped it on his finger, conscious all the while that every eye was upon him, and, turning to Riley, who sat next to him, remarked, with his dry inimical drawl:— 'Strange, how careless I am [getting to be in my old age] James. I am forever leaving my jewels in unlikely places.' Hermann was dumfounded at the sudden manner in which his trick had miscarried, but he was destined for a still greater shock; for, when the darky waiter who presided over the table brought on the next course, Nye turned to him and, sobberly handing him the gem-set ring, said:— 'You are a very good waiter, Joe?' 'Yes, sah. I guess I is, sah.' 'And you always will be a real good waiter, Joe?' 'Yes, sah. I'm bound ter do ma best, sah.' 'I believe you, Joe. I believe you; and as an evidence of my faith in you, I want you to accept this little trifle. Wear it, and always remember the man who most appreciated your services.'

The darky's eyes bulged. Hermann's fork rattled to the floor, and he tugged at his great mustachio, but was far too clever to out in with an explanation at such an inopportune moment. There were half suppressed titters all around the board during the rest of the meal, which the professor of occult art did not appear to enjoy. At a late hour that night, Her-

Seal Brand Coffee (1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)

is selected from the very highest grades grown. It is HIGH GRADE PURITY—its fragrance proclaims its excellence. ALL GOOD GROCERS. CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

mann was heard in loud argument with the dusky recipient of the diamond ring, trying, in two languages, to convince him that it was all a joke on the part of Mr. Nye. Finally after discharging a tip of more than customary liberality, Hermann got back his ring. He afterwards avowed the stone alone was worth two thousand dollars, and that Bill Nye's nonchalant presentation of it to a grinning manial had spoiled a whole evening's performance in legerdmain.

Reed would have quit Congress. 'How do you feel,' Theodore Dreiser asked Thomas B. Reed in the June 'Success,' 'when the entire Democratic press of the country had pounced upon you for what it called your tyrannical method of interpreting the rules of the house of representatives?' 'Oh,' replied the ex-speaker, promptly, 'you mean, whether I was; disturbed by the uproar? Well, I had no feeling, except one of entire serenity, and the reason was simple. I knew just what I was going to do if the house did not sustain me.' Then he raised his eyes, and, with a characteristic twist of the mouth [which those who have once seen do not soon forget, added: 'When a man has decided upon a plan of action for either contingency there is no objection for him to be disturbed, you know.'

'And may I ask what you had determined to do, if the house did not sustain you?' 'I should simply have left the chair, resigned the speakership, withdrawn from the house, and given up my seat in congress. There were things that could be done, you know, outside of political life. For my part, I had made up my mind that, if political life consisted in sitting helplessly in the speaker's chair, and seeing the majority powerless to pass legislation, I had had enough of it.'

Special Editions. A growing nuisance to advertisers is the special editions now becoming so common with certain newspapers. They employ a man to write up the business of the city, or some line of business. The advertiser must pay for the work and agree to take copies for distribution. These write-ups go as a separate section of the paper and, for that most part, directly to the waste basket. Very few indeed have the curiosity or the patience to read them through. It is a discouraging mass to tackle. No one would ever think of going here to look for a place to deal. A short, pertinent ad in the news or trades paper serves much better.—Milwaukee Journal.

A CARD. We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to return 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 Constipations and Headaches. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Willis' English Pills are used. A. Chipman Smith & Co., Druggist, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. W. Hawker & Son, Druggist, 104 Prince William St., St. John, N. B. Chas. McGregor, Druggist, 137 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. W. C. R. Allan, Druggist, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. E. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B. G. W. Hoben, Chemist, 357 Main St., St. John, N. B. R. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B. S. Watters, Druggist, St. John, West, N. B. Wm. C. Wilson, Druggist, Cor. Union & Rodney Sts., St. John, N. B. C. P. Clarke, Druggist, 100 King St., St. John, N. B. S. H. Hawker, Druggist, Mill St., St. John, N. B. N. B. Smith, Druggist, 24 Dock St., St. John, N. B. G. A. Moore, Chemist, 109 Brussels St., St. John, N. B. C. Fairweather, Druggist, 109 Union St., St. John, N. B. Hastings & Pines, Druggist, 65 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. It's a good thing to have an extensive vocabulary, but it is not good to use it all in one advertisement.—New England Greener.

The Blue-Topped Boots.

When I started working for Peter Nixon in Glendower's Land in Montana, on his ranch about twenty miles northeast of Glendive, I was a young man twenty years old, fresh from the east...

When he rode away toward Glendive and left me in charge of the ranch, I was standing on top of a haystack, forking down fodder to a small bunch of heifers...

The day was in early April. Things had been shut up tight by a hard frost following rain, and although a little fresh snow had fallen in the night, I could hear the clattering of their hooves before I gave any notice to them...

The first I saw of the men they were abreast of me in the road, about seventy yards away, and I don't suppose I should have turned to look especially at them, if they had not pulled up suddenly...

The moment I turned full front to them they yelled in a sort of confused chorus, as if of recognition, and I made out some cries that I had heard before...

They meant me! I looked down at my boots. They meant me! But I was not scared. I thought they intended to play some practical joke on me, because my boots were so beautiful and unusual and conspicuous...

While these easy reflections were in my mind, the tips of the wings of the cavalcade met on the other side of the haystack. The thirteen riders halted at about even distances apart, all facing inward, and so the man with gun held ready to lift for shooting...

I took a jocular expression of countenance, for it seemed the judicious thing to do, although the men looked anything but pleasant. Of course they wouldn't let on that they were in good humor, I reflected if hazing was their game...

'Come down out of that!' a big grey beard commanded. 'Not much I said I, grinning. 'Oh, what's the use?' cried a young, gaunt man, impatiently, and lifted his rifle...

'None of that, Jake!' cried the big man, grabbing the uplifted barrel. 'There's been shooting enough. Hanging is the thing. We've engaged to fetch him to the big oak, too!'

'By gracious, it's his internal fool-grin I can't stand!' shrieked the gaunt young man. 'Come down out of that or I'll plunk—oh—wow!'

I heard this last expression, which sounded like a great guffaw, while I was coming down, which was quite unmediated by me, for I had been brandishing my pitchfork at the gaunt young joker, as I thought him, when a riat came over my head and my peculiar forearm. In the next two seconds I was jerked down violently from the haystack, fell hard on the ground, and lay half stunned, with all the wind knocked out of me...

Before I could even try to spring up, three or four—I don't know exactly how many, strong men had grabbed me; my hands were tied together behind my back with what felt like wire and was white; and I was hoisted up on an old crow-bait of Nixon's that had been calmly witnessing the proceedings. The men halted, him with a riat and led him away, I being barely able to sit up on his razor back. Two of the 'jokers' rode ahead, two beside me, and the rest trailed behind. So far as I could see, all seemed very ready to shoot...

It seemed to me that I was hurt internally. It any rate, they had led me about half a mile before I was able to remonstrate, which I did as jocularly as I could, for I supposed I might earn a valuable reputation for 'sand' by taking the hazing pleasantly...

'You fellows are too smart with the rope!' I said. 'If you'd played fair, I'd have kept the crowd off with the pitchfork—but your life—'

The man on my right the gaunt young rider so quick to anger swung the back of

his left hand against my mouth before I could finish. This was too much. With my lips bleeding and smashed, I cried out, 'Say you needn't think I'm going to stand this sort of thing! Not much! You're going too far! Striking me like that! You're a brute! Just let my hands free and—'

Then he backhanded my nose, and the man on my left punched me in the ribs, and I stopped my challenge and fell at once into fear...

Not a laugh had come from any man in the cavalcade since I saw them first. What if they were not countering those savage looks? Were they in earnest? Did they then, mistake me for some horse thief? If so, I was in danger of being hung soon, I thought, for Nixon had told me that such had been the end of three horse-thieves in the region. I at once began expostulating in a new tone...

'What's the matter?' I asked what am I accused of? I've only been here two days I'm from Wisconsin, and I've been working for Nixon right along. There's some mistake.'

The gaunt, fierce young man on my right looked down at my boots with an evil grin. None of the others seemed to give my questions any attention.

In vain I varied my questions; no reply was made, unless looks of increasing anger and disgust could be called replies. Finally the big greybeard, who was one of the two riding ahead of me, turned savagely and said, 'You infernal murdering villain, I'll gag you if you don't shut up! Shut up!' And I did but not before the young man had again swung the back of his hand against my mouth. With that I ceased to speak and sobbed.

'Do you mind Jim's woman, how she cried over him last night?' said the young man, speaking to his comrade across my front with an air of intense loathing and contempt for me.

A murder had been committed yesterday, then! And I was supposed to be the slayer!

In horror I spoke out again: 'Great heavens, men, don't hang an innocent person! But before I had quite finished, the big man turned, and the fierce young man seized me by the back of the neck and held me while the greybeard jammed a quadrupled section of lariat into my mouth, after tying its ends together with rawhide thongs which he finally tied behind my head. It almost choked me, the taste was sickening and I thought I should faint with pain and terror. Now I could not even plead for my life.

They took me two miles farther, and then I saw the river and a much larger company of men under a solitary great oak tree. The big greybeard had already galloped forward, and I supposed he had told the others the murderer was captured, for a man was out on a long, low branch fixing a dangling rope.

As I came near it, I struggled to release my arms, and made some sound with my mouth, trying to shriek protestations of innocence and demands that Nixon be brought; but they gave me little attention, and I could effect nothing until they pulled me down from the horse. Then I took them by surprise, for I began a series of kicks and before they had knocked me down and bound my legs, the fierce young man, who had struck me three times, was doubled up holding his stomach with his two hands and gasping, while two others were little better off.

'Pretty good for a man with his hands tied!' said the greybeard, appreciatively. 'First time I ever see a regular murdering villain that was so game. I'd feel like giving him a square trial if it wasn't a clear waste of time; and with that he looked back at my blue topped boots.

'Aint he got 'em on?' said another. 'Let him die in 'em, seeing he killed Jim in 'em!'

Then I guessed the truth quite accurately. In fact, an unknown man in blue topped boots had killed Jim Sutherland, general favorite, near the door of Jim's own house on the river front, with no witnesses except the poor wife and two little children. Blue-topped boots were rare, and I corresponded in all respects to the description of a smooth-faced young man with blue topped boots, which the distracted widow had given to the collected avengers.

In ten minutes I should have been a dead bay, had not Nixon come galloping toward the tree. Somebody on his head had told him that the river-front was up looking for a smooth-faced young murderer in blue-topped boots, and he had instantly guessed what might happen to me. Even his testimony did not easily prevail. But when he had told them again and again that I had been with him all the previous day, and just how I had been tinkering at a plow when the murder occurred, the men freed me, and the greybeard voiced the general sentiment with, 'Young man, we're mighty glad we didn't hang ye, especially as the other feller in fool boots might have got off along of your hanging! We've got to fetch him!'

And then the fierce youth apologized for striking me, and offered to fight me in any convenient way I might choose, if the apology did not satisfy me, which it did. Now that's a true story, and a queer story, but there is queerer to come, and it is true, too.

About a week after that, I was sent by Nixon to square some logs out on the bluff at the big bend at McGilligan's Creek. Early in the morning, just after I got to work, a man sneaked up in the bushes and covered with a Winchester before I knew he was there. He made me hold up my hands, and then he came out of the undergrowth—a young, starved man, with a stubby young beard and blue topped boots. He took the cold snack I had brought with me for lunch, ate it ravenously, and then asked me the news of the neighborhood. I told him the story of my blue-topped boots.

'Well, sir, to see that fellow roar, laughing at it—he almost lay down! Then he looked seriously at his own blue tops. And finally, he told me to keep on at my

work mighty steady, for he would be in the bushes watching and would 'plunk' me if I neglected my duty to my employer, as that would be wrong.

When it was near noon, it suddenly struck me that the young man might not be in the bushes watching me. In fact, he was not. He had probably 'made tracks' as soon as he saw me back at work. I hurried to Nixon's as soon as I was sure of this, and the river-front men were hot after the fugitive early in the afternoon. But they found only the blue tops of his boots, which he had cut off and left in the bushes.

I am not entirely sure of the fate of the unknown murderer, but it is certain that the skeleton and clothing of a man who had probably starved to death were found about forty miles from us, in a secluded gully, the next winter. And the tops of his boots had been cut off. Nobody in our neighborhood knew of this until it was too late to try whether the blue tops, which Nixon keeps to this day, would fit the shortened uppers, but I have little doubt that the murderer had died in his cut-offs.

Such is the story that was told to me on the morning of August 16, 1899, by a Montana man, with whom I conversed on the journey from Montreal.

A FAITHFUL FRIEND.

Fatetic Incident Related by Wellman, the Arctic Explorer.

Haunted by peril, gloom and mystery, the Arctic regions seem the native home of tragedy. But among all the strange incidents of which they have been the scene few appeal more powerfully to the imagination than one recently related by Walter Wellman in his article, 'A Race for the North Pole.' It reads like some grim imagining of De Maupassant or Poe; but it was a simple fact.

Volunteers had been called for among Mr. Wellman's men to hold a little, lone outpost station during the Arctic winter. But two were desired to take charge of the sledges, dogs and other equipments it was his intention to leave there; and the men chosen were Bert Benzen, formerly with Nansen on the Fram, and Paul Bjorvig, his neighbor at home. They were warm friends, and delighted to remain together. Late in October the rest of the party left him.

On the 26th of the next February Mr. Wellman, hurrying on ahead, saw their little snow hut again, and a roughly clad man, his face blackened with seal oil smoke hastening from it to meet him.

'Bjorvig, how are you?'

'I am well, sir, but—poor Benzen is dead.'

They clasped hands for a moment in silence; then weeping, laughing and talking all at once, in the hysterical relief of companionship, the poor soul told his story—a noble story of a noble friendship it was, although to him it seemed, plainly as natural and simple as it was tragic. He had then been alone for two months; Benzen, after a long illness during which he was frequently delirious, had died in his arms the day after New Year's.

When Mr. Wellman asked where he had buried his friend's body, his reply was; 'I had not buried him, sir, pointing to the dark end of the hut. He lies in there.'

'Why did you not bury him, Paul?'

'Because sir, I promised him I wouldn't.'

This promise he had given to soothe Benzen's dread lest the bears and foxes should unearth his body, if it were interred only in the snow; and in the iron-hard soil no other grave was possible at that season.

'I shall never forget that moment,' says Mr. Wellman. 'At first the words did not appear to me to mean very much—only that a dead man had not been buried. Gradually the full proportions of the tragedy dawned on my consciousness. This man with the black face, who was cutting up walrus meat and feeding the fire, had been compelled to pass two months of the Arctic night in this cavern with no other companion than the body of his friend.

'I lit a little oil-lamp,—a bicycle lamp it was,—and made my way to the dark end of the hut. On the floor at my feet lay a one-man sleeping-bag, empty, with a blanket tumbled over it, and showing signs of occupancy the night before. Just beyond, within arm's reach lay a similar bag. This one was occupied. The flap at the top had been pulled carefully over the face of the sleeper within. Bag and contents were frozen as hard as a rock. There, side by side, the quick and the dead had slept for eight weeks!'

And the dead man had deserved his friend's fidelity.

'That was hardest of all for me,' said Bjorvig, 'when poor Benzen was out of his head, and I couldn't do anything for him. Once he caught me crying, though I tried not to let him see, and he brightened up and said, "Paul, what's the matter with you? I'm all right. I'll be well in a week or two. See what an appetite I have." And he got and boiled some coffee and ooked some bacon, and sat here eating and laughing, just to cheer me up, and then he fell over in a faint. I dragged him to his bag and—and he's there yet.'

Under the lee of a great rock the body of this brave man was at last buried, and a cairn of rocks built over it. The mercury fell that day to forty four below zero; and the task done, all had sought shelter in the hut, when they missed Bjorvig. They found him still at his friend's grave, toiling to pack the chinks tight and safe, and place at the head a cross, with name and date inscribed upon it; and although this work kept him several hours in that frightful cold, he would not leave it till it was done.

BAD FOR A COUGH.

Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam is bad for a cough. In fact it kills a cough almost instantly and restores good normal health almost instantly and in a very agreeable manner. No cough can withstand it. 25c. all Druggists.

'I see,' she said, 'they claim there is now a sure cure for baldness. Don't you think you'd better try it?'

'I'm sater as it is, don't you think?' Le answered insinuatingly.

However, this only bore out the assertion she had frequently made that he was too mean to be blessed with a wife.

In the rush at the bargain counter a woman faints. The other women regard her interestedly, but with noticeable aversion. 'How extremely mannish!' they exclaim, and shrug their shoulders, and proceed with their shopping. For after all it is the thoroughly womanly woman who commands the esteem of her own sex.

BORN.

- Wolville, May 27, to the wife of E. A. Brown, a son.
Sheburas, May 23, to the wife of Geo. Dehnstadt, a son.
Amherst, May 25, to the wife of Frank Purchase, a son.
Weymouth, May 23, to the wife of Daniel Toney, a son.
Kentville, May 25, to the wife of Peter Innes, a son.
Dalhousie, May 13, to the wife of Amos Hannam, a son.
Dalhousie, May 8, to the wife of Samuel Hannam, a son.
Kentville, May 23, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Herbert, a son.
Oxford, May 23, to the wife of J. Allison DeWolfe, a daughter.
Parrboro, May 24, to the wife of Osborne Forbes, a son.
Truro, May 21, to the wife of R. Beirnam Hill, a daughter.
Windsor, May 21, to the wife of H. P. Scott, a daughter.
Northfield, May 23, to the wife of Geo. Cashman, a daughter.
Digby, May 26, to the wife of M. H. VanTassel, a daughter.
Margaretville, May 16, to the wife of Hugh Murtagh, a daughter.
Halls, May 19, to the wife of Cornelius Riordan, a daughter.
Truro, May 23, to the wife of Wilbert A. Creelman, a daughter.
Margaretville, May 11, to Mr. and Mrs. Littlefield, a son.
Bridgetown, May 21, to the wife of Herbert Marston, a daughter.
Oronoco, May 27, to the wife of Rev. Horace X. Dible, a son.
Smryna, May 13, to the wife of H. Wilmer Robinson, a daughter.
Kentville, May 24, to Mr. and Mrs. Brenton Barnaby, a daughter.
St. Peter's, C. B., May 27, to the wife of A. D. Beale, a daughter.
Fort Hawkesburr, May 27, to the wife of F. H. Beale, a daughter.
Monticello, Me., May 18, to the wife of Norman M. Dyer, a daughter.
St. Ann's, C. B., May 17, to the wife of John B. Buchanan, a daughter.
Fort Lawrence, May 24, to the wife of Steven M. Dyer, a daughter.
Meagher's Grant, Halifax Co., May 23, to Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Dillman, a son.
Bedford, May 24, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sanford, triplets—two sons and a daughter.

MARRIED.

- St. Paul Miss., by Rev. H. Knox, Fred. D. Hall, to Sadie A. Fashley.
Matilda, by Rev. J. S. McArthur, Fred L. Woodworth, to Mary Dedeidell.
Truro, May 1, by Rev. John Wood, Fred J. Morrison, to Maggie E. Isenor.
Cornwallis, by Rev. J. M. Wade, James W. Hawksworth, to Florence Croso.
Truro, May 22, by Rev. F. Kinless, John McKinnon, to Florence Burke.
Amherst, May 23, by Rev. V. E. Harris, Emma Lamy, to Edgar Tremblay.
Yarmouth, May 29, by Rev. A. W. Mahon, D. L. Roberts, to Nellie G. Stuart.
Yarmouth, May 5, by Rev. E. D. Miller, Daniel L. Stewart, to Cassie L. Robson.
Springhill, May 24, by Rev. John Gee, Herbert I. Chambers, to Annie Cargoes.
St. Stephen, May 23, by Rev. Wm. D. Hard, T. I. Byrne, to Henrietta B. Ross.
Digby, May 26, by Rev. E. H. Thomas, Orrie Wm. Specht, to Ida Maude Height.
New Hampshire, May 28, by Rev. Geo. E. Street, John Knoll, to Agnes Miller.
Yarmouth, May 29, by Rev. H. W. Calder, Jacob Lasson, to Mary Sutherland.
St. Stephen, May 22, by Rev. F. W. Robertson, H. S. Felch, to Alice S. Graham.
Yarmouth, May 29, by Rev. H. W. Brown, John H. Huribut, to Elizabeth Raynard.
St. Stephen, May 16, by Rev. F. W. Robertson, R. Eugene Clark, to Bessie K. Wetmore.
Lockport, May 12, by Rev. D. Lucas Hammons, Venus E. Simmons, to Mary J. Burke.
Upper Miquodobelt, May 24, by Rev. J. W. Thompson, John Reid, to Lillian Farrell.
Brookline, Mass., May 17, by Rev. Mr. Storr, E. Earnest Wetmore, to Fannie M. Thompson.
Graham's Siding, Col. Co., May 24, by Rev. R. L. Coffe, Samuel Archibald, to Lois M. Brenton.

DIED.

- Windsor, May 24, John Baker, 76.
Halifax, May 29, John Adams, 62.
St. John, May 22, John Stewart, 70.
Morris, June 4, John McVish, 74.
Lakerville, May 30, Clark Forter, 61.
Dartmouth, May 29, John Cribby, 63.
Hopedale, May 24, Jane Macleod, 76.
Halifax, May 26, George Strachan, 27.
Bass River, May 26, Woodbury Falton.
Halifax, May 24, Lorenzo Matheson, 23.
Halifax, May 26, Hycinth H. Fuller, 72.
Callifornia, May 10, Miss Mary E. Black.
Halifax, May 23, William Davis, 9 days.
Boston, Mass., May 15, George Grant, 60.
Halifax, May 26, Winsfield Vaughan, 46.
Halifax, May 27, Mrs. Margaret Reid, 40.

- New Germany, May 23, Mrs. K. J. Davis.
Halifax, May 26, Philip O'Hara, 6 months.
Truro, May 29, Capt. Leader J. Yell, 57.
Newton Mills, May 23, Mrs. George Falton.
Halifax, May 27, Sarah J. Hudson, 3 months.
Yarmouth, May 20, Capt. Henry Webster, 60.
Barnstable, Mass., May 14, Frances Wilson, 2.
Seal Island, May 26, Mr. Robert R. Hogg, 67.
River John, May 14, Thos. Brimley Gould, 76.
Dorchester, Mass., May 21, James M. Bennett.
Salisbury, May 19, Mrs. Mary McMaisters, 66.
Halifax, May 26, Florence E. Wilson, 2 months.
Halifax, May 26, Sarah, wife of Willard Wilder.
Charleston, Mass., May 22, Charles Madden, 72.
Halifax, Elizabeth, wife of Joseph H. Purdy, 47.
Dorchester, Mass., May 15, Roderick Mackenzie.
Halifax, May 29, Ellen, wife of John McDonald.
Halifax, May 28, Margaret, wife of John MacKay, 27.
Duffryn, May 23, Laura I. wife of Frank I. Brown, 49.
Tanner Hill, May 21, Eleanor Louisa McDonald, 7 months.
North Sydney, May Agnes S. wife of John McLeod, 54.
Halifax, May 27, Ellen, wife of Douglas S'aughtenwhite, 20.
Ware, Mass., May 23, Sarah, wife of Thomas F. Kelly, 94.
Liverpool, May 19, Elizabeth, widow of Moses Abbott, 84.
Halifax, May 28, Caroline, widow of Capt. W. Linsgow, 73.
New Glasgow, May 24, George G. child of S. G. Tupper, 1 year.
Buxbury, Mass., May 18, Sarah, wife of Cathbert Bonchouse, 51.
Pictou, May 12, Elizabeth McKenzie, widow of Capt. John G. English.
Albion, May 19, Mary M. infant daughter of William and Mary Carroll.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC SUMMER TOURS

Commence June 1st. Write for 1900 Tour Book. The Famous Fast Train.

'Imperial Limited'

To the Pacific Coast will be put in service commencing June 11th, 1900.

NEW ROUTE TO QUEBEC

Commencing June 5th, there will be a combination first class and sleeping car leave St. John at 4:10 p. m. week days, and run through to Lewis, P. Q., via Megantic.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Monday, Feb. 6th, 1900, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert.

ST. JOHN AND DIGBY. Lvs. St. John at 7:00 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Sat. day; arr. Digby 10:00 a. m. Returning leaves Digby same days at 12:50 p. m., arr. at St. John, 2:35 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted). Lvs. Halifax 6:30 a. m., arr. in Digby 12:30 p. m. Lvs. Digby 12:45 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3:30 p. m. Lvs. Yarmouth 9:00 a. m., arr. Digby 11:45 a. m. Lvs. Digby 11:45 a. m., arr. Halifax 5:50 p. m. Lvs. Annapolis 1:00 p. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, arr. Digby 8:40 a. m. Lvs. Digby 8:30 p. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, arr. Annapolis 4:40 p. m.

S. S. Prince Arthur.

YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S. Wednesday, and Saturday immediately on arrival of the Express Train from Halifax arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, Tuesday, and Friday at 4:00 p. m. Unequalled comfort on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains. Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent. Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, 2 from the Furzer on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained. F. GIFFKINS, superintendent, Kentville, N. S.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after SUNDAY, January 14th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Suburban for Hampton.....8:30
Express for Campbellton, Fergusham, Pictou and Halifax.....7:35
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou.....12:05
Express for Sussex.....15:40
Express for Quebec, Montreal.....11:20
Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney.....22:10
A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11:30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22:10 o'clock for Truro and Halifax. Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Suburban from Hampton.....1:14
Express from Sussex.....8:30
Express from Quebec and Montreal.....12:20
Express from Halifax.....15:00
Express from Halifax.....19:16
Accommodation from Moncton.....24:45
All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hour notation.

D. POTTINGER, Gen. Manager. Moncton, N. B., Jan. 9, 1900. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street St. John, N. B.