

# PROGRESS.

VOL. VIII., NO. 377.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY JULY 27, 1895.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## DUNN GOT THE MONEY.

### CHAIRMAN WELDON WAS BOUND HE SHOULD HAVE IT.

One of the ways in which the Board of School Trustees does as it pleases—No matter what body objects to Reporters Being Present at Its Sessions.

The board of school trustees is a quiet, easy going sort of a body which does not court publicity. All it asks is to be let alone. It not only does not want reporters at its sessions, but surrounds its proceedings with an air of mystery quite incomprehensible to the citizens who foot the bills and indirectly appoint a majority of members of the board. When it comes to such matters as the building of a school, the trustees tell a reporter, the next day, that nothing of the kind was done, the public begin to get suspicious to know what all the secrecy is about. There has long been an impression that the meetings should be open, to the press, and this has been the contention of Progress from the start. The impression has at last reached the common council, and that body has requested its appointees on the board to use their influence to have reporters admitted to the meetings.

The school board consists of nine members. Five of these are appointed by the council. Their names are D. H. Nason, Michael Coll, W. D. Baskin, Dr. Geo. A. Hetherington and C. B. Lockhart. The minority of four, appointed by the local government consists of C. W. Weldon, W. E. Vroom, D. R. Jack and Thomas Gorman. Mr. Weldon is the chairman.

At the last meeting of this high and mighty body, Monday night, a communication was read from publishers of the Record, asking the privilege of having a reporter at meetings of the board. Mr. Lockhart seems to have been the only man who looked upon the idea with favor. The others were opposed to it, and their opposition was less on any broad principle than for the declared reason that the Record had been publishing editorials unfavorable to the board. Had it been any paper but the Record, they might have discussed the question. As it was, they decided the matter very quickly, much the same as a petulant child would say, "I don't want to play in your yard; I don't love you any more." The communication was filed.

At a special meeting of the common council, on Tuesday, Ald. Baxter moved a resolution to the effect already stated, that the appointees of the council use their influence to have the meetings open to the public. He complained that rumors were current in regard to contracts which might or might not have foundation, but even the members of the council, who appointed a majority of the members, were unable to learn anything about the proceedings of the trustees. The resolution was endorsed by the mayor and supported by Ald. Law, McLaughlan, McGoldrick and McRobbie and passed the council without a dissenting voice.

The childish sitting down on the Record was not the only topic discussed at the meeting of the trustees Monday night. It transpired that the sum of \$200 had been paid to R. C. John Dunn, architect of the Erin street school building, not only without any authority from the trustees, but against their expressed opinion. The gentleman who took the responsibility for this bold stroke of finance was the respected chairman, Mr. C. W. Weldon.

At a meeting of the trustees, on the previous Wednesday, Mr. Dunn made application for the \$200 in question. In the discussion that followed the prevailing sentiment was that Mr. Dunn was in a little too much of a hurry for his money. He had received a similar sum a short time before. There was a want of information as to whether the work had advanced sufficiently to warrant the additional expenditure. Several of the members thought it had not, and the opinion was that Mr. Dunn should wait until more was learned about the matter. This was the understanding when the meeting adjourned.

Mr. Dunn does not seem to have been disappointed, except this view of the board. He wanted the money, and set about to get it. Mr. Dunn is a pretty enterprising citizen and succeeded. His friend, Weldon, being chairman of the board, had only to sign a cheque, and the board would be quite willing to ratify the act of its chairman. No one would make any kick if Mr. Weldon said it was all right.

Mr. Weldon, however, does not sign cheques for the board without some kind of an authorization. This authorization has always been by the chairman of the finance committee. The latter official is trustee D. R. Jack. Mr. Jack, however, does not give a certificate on which a cheque can issue unless he knows the finance committee want him to do so. In this instance he knew nothing of the kind.

He was, therefore, not a little surprised on Saturday when one of the staff of the secretary's office, Mr. Chisholm, came to

## HOW THEY KEPT SUNDAY

### THE PEOPLE AND THE SOCIETY WITH LONG NAMES.

Very Pleasant Outings on the River Steamboats and Elsewhere—What Some People Think of Them and How Others Differ From Them.

Last Sunday was one of the finest days of the season. Hundreds took advantage of the glorious weather to enjoy a day of rest after a week of toil, but they preferred to go into the quiet of the country for this rest, rather than to remain in the heat and dust of the city. A large number went to church before they started on their outing, especially in such churches as had service at an early hour. Others went away without going to church, nor would they have gone had they remained in town. Quite a number made the objective point of their excursion, the camp meeting grounds, where they expected to enjoy some religious exercises, but were disappointed. Others went with the avowed purpose of having a pleasant day without any religious exercises, and were not disappointed. So far as appears, there was neither drunkenness nor disorder of any kind among the excursionists, though there was more or less to be found around the city among those who did not go. Nor did any signal calamity overtake the pleasure seekers, such as used to be visited, according to the traditions, on people who went swimming and boating on Sunday. On the contrary, those who returned expressed themselves well pleased with their experience, and most of them are likely to go again, should life and health be spared and the weather be fine on Sundays.

For it is quite possible for a man to go on a Sunday excursion, or even be a promoter of one, who is neither an atheist, a libertine, a scoffer, a wine-bibber, a dishonest man, a traducer or a defrauder of the widow and orphan. The chances, too, are that he may not be a canting hypocrite or a man who bottles up his piety for six days of the week, so as to reserve it for the seventh. The Sunday excursionist may, indeed, clearly understand the distinction between morality and religion, and may try to live in this world so as to be fitted for the world to come. He may differ from many other good men in his view of what may or may not be lawful on Sunday, but he does not attempt to compel them to think as he does, nor is he willing that they should attempt to compel him to think as they do. His views may be more advanced than theirs are, but he may argue, and very rightly, that their views are very much more in advance of those held by their fathers a generation or so ago.

For instance, it is not a matter of ancient history when the words, "My house shall be called a house of prayer" had a very rigid interpretation among some of the flourishing communities of this city. Churches were painfully barren of ornament and the singing was of the severely orthodox character. Divine worship could hardly be said to have the accompaniment of music, for even an organ designed only to play gong tunes was not permitted in the edifice. This is not the case today, for not only are there organs on which paid organists play all sorts of operatic airs as volunteers, but there are paid singers as well, and there are even times when a string orchestra is introduced as an inducement for outsiders to attend. Nor is it considered unusual or improper for this or that church to have an announcement that this or that vocalist will be an attraction at a next day's services. The inducement is held out for the public to attend for the enjoyment that will be afforded to their senses. In this respect certain churches are in line with the Sunday excursion steamers, only the latter do not throw in a sermon. In both cases it is a bidding for the patronage of people who do not want to hear sermons, but who do want to enjoy themselves.

There is in this city an organization with the somewhat formidable title of the Society for the Promotion of the Due Observance of the Lord's Day. The secretary is Rev. GEORGE BRUCE, a gentleman much esteemed by all who know him, and whose opinions are entitled to respectful consideration. Dr. BRUCE, on behalf of the society with the formidable title, addressed a letter to the Sun, last Saturday, protesting against Sunday excursions as Sabbath desecrations. The statement was made that such "attempts to disturb the quiet of the day and to deprive working men of their legitimate relief from labor" had been protested against in the past, and had been so discontinued by the public that they were abandoned. "The attention of the public is called to these excursions once more," says the letter, "in the confidence that the people of St. John will make their opinion felt, so effectually as they have done in the past, that it will not be

## HIS ZEAL IS REWARDED.

### ALONZO CHESLEY IS TO INSPECT NEWMAN'S BROOK BRIDGE.

Alderman Christie's Back Office Gets Its Ticker: Pay Their Debt of Gratitude to the Citizens' Expense.

Dr. Christie's back office has not been heard from directly since the civic elections until it came to the front this week in connection with the bridge over Newman's Brook.

The latter water course meanders through the North End without making a great deal of noise on ordinary occasions. In the course of its travels it crosses Adelaide street so that a bridge is required, less on account of the magnitude of the stream than because of the width and depth of the gulch. There is no water worth mentioning, and some people who have lived in the North End all their lives never heard of Newman's Brook until tenders for a bridge over it were called for a short time ago. They knew where the old bridge was, but did not know the place by any particular name.

The old bridge was a wooden structure, and a better affair has been a long felt want. The board of works considered the subject and finally decided on an iron bridge of 90 feet span, with piers of masonry. Tenders were accordingly called for, and three were received. They varied considerably in size. They were: Wm. Lewis & Son, \$1,885, and \$10 per cubic yard masonry; Jas. Fleming, \$3,170 and \$7.50 per yard masonry; John A. Jones & Co., \$3,099.80, \$7.50 per yard masonry. These were opened last Saturday and there was considerable surprise expressed at the different ideas of the cost of construction held by the parties tendering. The question was whether ex-alderman Lewis was sacrificing himself for the good of the city or the others wanted more than the job was worth. The official statement that the estimate of cost made by the city engineer was about \$2,000, seemed to settle the doubt, and there was no further fear that Mr. Lewis was anxious to pose in the roll of a martyr in the cause of civic expenditure.

There was, however, some doubt expressed as to whether Lewis & Son would do the work as it ought to be done. The question was asked whether highway bridges built by Lewis over the Inter-colonial track had not been badly constructed, but after more or less discussion of this point the board reached the conclusion that Lewis could do the work and that, as he was the lowest tenderer there was no question that his offer should be accepted. They decided to so report the council.

There is a place in the North End much better known than Newman's brook has ever been. It is the little back room in Ald. Christie's drug store. It is an historic spot. In the days of old Portland, when misrule was rampant, it was the executive chamber of the men who ran the machine. It has been a gathering place for the civic politicians ever since, and is so to this day. It is a private club room where the general doctor is glad to have his friends assemble in the evenings, swap experiences, spin yarns and discuss the good and welfare of the city in general and North End in particular. It is a great place on the eve of elections. It was here Portland aldermen vowed there should not be a union of the cities. Here the fat went forth that the amended city charter should not be accepted because the old system of ward elections made it possible for some men to get in the council who could not get there by the vote of the citizens. In both of these instances the prophets were mistaken, but since then they have been meeting with greater success.

In the last civic election, when the people came to the conclusion that the T. R. A. had outlived its usefulness and had become a clique, the back room received valuable accessions to its list of honored members. Men who had fought the Christie-Chesley wing in the council joined hands with it against the common enemy. The wise counsels of the back room were heard and heeded by all the candidates on the citizens ticket, and the triumphant return of that ticket was largely aided by the plans laid down in what had once been the repertorium toxicorum of civic politics. Good work was done, and among the most efficient workers was Alonzo Chesley formerly a member of the council.

It is conceded that Mr. Chesley did work which entitled him to the lasting gratitude of the successful candidates, and perhaps of the citizens in general. The T. R. A., had to go, and he was one of those who helped to make it go. Those who formerly opposed him became his friends, and they resolved that they would not forget him. They did not. Close upon the announcement that Lewis & Son were to build the Newman's Brook bridge came the rumor that Mr. Chesley was to be provided with an office as inspector of the work. It had

## THE DOCTOR GOT THERE.

### Adventures Remarkable Enough to Make a Heart Broken Coroner.

One day last week, two young men from the city were fishing at Brandy brook, seven miles or so from the city, when they were assailed by a most unpleasant odor. Going as near as the stench would permit, they found in the brook the remains of something which had been a long while dead, but not long enough to approach the cleanliness of a skeleton. The smell was so frightful that they made a very hasty examination from a distance and beat a hurried retreat.

A little later, after they got to a place where they could venture to take a long breath, they began to discuss their experience, and one of them suggested that the remains must be those of the missing man Horn. This was the view that others were disposed to take of the matter when the young men returned to the city.

Coroner Berryman has a keen scent for "subjects," and does not propose that Coroner Hetherington, his rival, shall get ahead of him, if he can help it. The story of the remains at Brandy Brook reached him, and he lost no time in starting for the scene, with one of the young men as a guide.

They went with the doctor's horse and carriage, but it was necessary to leave the team on the road, and take to the woods on foot. It was a weary walk, and the day was warm. Through brush and bog they toiled until the stream was reached, and the smell of the remains was painfully apparent. All the coroner had to do was to follow the scent.

He did so, wading down the stream with a handkerchief tied over his mouth and nose. The young man prudently kept far in the rear. When the coroner found the remains he saw they were those of a dog or a sheep or some other animal, but certainly not of a human being.

The doctor had been at the dinner of the medical society, the night before, and was both tired and sleepy, as there had been a late session. He and the boy rested in woods for a while, and when they started to return they were dismayed to find that they had lost the road.

They had to camp in the woods that night, and as they had brought no luncheon, were as hungry as they were tired. They had a very uncomfortable night, and felt pretty well used up when they started, early in the morning, to get somewhere by wading down stream until they came to the mouth, at the Meepeo river. From that point they reached the road they had left, and after tramping it for some time, met the horse, which had broken its fastening and was wandering around the highway in search of something to eat. The distance the coroner and his companion travelled on foot is estimated at about thirteen miles. Both were very tired, very dirty and it may be inferred that the coroner was the maddest man in town.

## NEVER OCCURRED TO ANYBODY THAT A SPECIAL INSPECTOR WAS NEEDED FOR AN IRON BRIDGE WHERE ALL THE DETAILS OF THE WORK WERE IN PLAIN VIEW, AND THE RUMOR WAS NOT BELIEVED.

### IT WAS TRUE HOWEVER, AND THE IDEA WAS APPARENT THAT AN INSPECTOR WAS LESS WANTED IN GENERAL PRINCIPLES THAN THAT MR. CHESLEY WAS TO GET A POSITION.

The city has two engineers, a director public works, a street inspector and other men who are paid salaries to look after work on the highways. Either of the engineers is competent to inspect an iron highway bridge and to see that it is built according to the specifications. Were it a big work like the Sand Point wharves, a stone building like the custom house, or even a stone wall like that at the Mount Pleasant boulevard, the necessity for an inspector might be recognized. In such structures much of the work is hidden, but in a common iron bridge it is in plain sight. If the holes are not properly drilled, or the rivets are defective the city engineer needs not to take a special post graduate course to discover the fact. Any man with a mechanical eye can discover it, even after a rivet is clinched. He does not need to stand by and see every bolt driven.

The council thought otherwise, and it is declared, only Ald. Wilson, McMulkin, McLaughlan and McRobbie opposing the idea. The amount involved was not large—say \$2 a day until the 1st of November at latest—but the principle was wrong, they maintained. If an inspector was needed in this instance, one would be needed in many future instances, and if this was to be the practice what was the use of having a city engineer?

The council first decided that an inspection was needed. Then it set about to appoint Mr. Chesley. Ald. Christie made a motion to that effect.

Then it was stated that Chesley and Lewis were not on friendly terms, and there was doubt if the contractor would be willing to do the work with such an inspector. This meant that the next tender would be accepted, at an additional cost to the city of \$1,500. Ald. McRobbie moved that John A. Jones be appointed, but the proposition did not meet with favor, because Mr. Jones had been a rival tenderer. Ald. Law professed to think that a better name than either might be suggested, and moved that the choice of an inspector be left to the board of works. This was done. Ald. Law would probably be much surprised if anybody but Mr. Chesley was appointed, but there is no danger of such a thing happening.

The board has not yet named Mr. Chesley, but it will do so. It is part of the programme.

There is just this much to be said. If an inspector is needed, Mr. Chesley is as good a man as they could get. He knows all about iron, and it is certain he will not allow the contractor to put in any faulty work. The only question is whether an inspector was needed for this bridge, any more than a fifth wheel is needed for a coach.

This is the view taken by the four aldermen who opposed the appointment! Some of them were sorry to do it, on Mr. Chesley's account. They felt that they owed him a debt of gratitude for the good work he did in helping to elect the citizens' ticket, but they also felt that they had no right to pay that debt by making unnecessary appointment at the expense of the citizens. The rest of the council thought otherwise.

Now that precedent has been established further instances of gratitude for favors received may be looked for by men who did good services at election time. Don't be afraid to press your claims, gentlemen. Barkis is willin' and the back office is open every evening of the week, Sunday included.

## NOT MUCH OF A STEAL.

It would seem that some verses entitled "A Fisher," which appeared in PROGRESS last week, were not written by "R. J. W." St. John, but were copied by that individual from Whitcomb's Riley. A knowledge of the complete works of Riley and most other dialect writers may be a source of enjoyment to some minds, but it is not a necessary part of a liberal education, even in these advanced days. The alleged poem in question needed not a colossal intellect to conceive and put it in shape, and might very easily be mistaken for the work of a local poet, and not an extra one at that.

## The Salvage Corps Outing.

The excursion of the Salvage Corps on Wednesday evening promises to be an event in the history of that organization and the friends of the members will have ample opportunity to show their appreciation of their efforts by patronizing it. The steamer David Weston has been chartered and an efficient committee has the affair in charge.

## Omitted This Week.

Owing to the pressure upon Progress columns this week society letters from several towns have been unavowedly omitted. Correspondents are reminded that Progress goes to press Friday morning and communications of a social nature must be received not later than Thursday noon.

ISH IN THE WORLD.  
NG SUN  
POLISH  
SALE OF 3,000 TONS.  
HORN & CO.,  
SALE AGENTS  
by Rev. Wm. Miller, Theo-  
Lias Stoddard.  
July 3, by Rev. M. F. Caldwell,  
son to Ed. J. Thompson  
by Rev. Clarence McKinnon,  
to Annie Johnson.  
July 3, by Rev. Wm. Miller,  
of Millis Wood.  
July 3, by Rev. A. Campbell, John  
Maggie J. Grant.  
July 3, by Rev. M. Graham,  
of Millis Wood.  
July 3, by Rev. J. M. Fisher, Duncan  
and L. Murphy.  
July 3, by Rev. R. Grant, William J.  
of Millis Wood.  
July 11, by Rev. A. Robertson,  
Magie McCut.  
July 11, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, Geo.  
of Rebecca McKee.  
July 11, by Rev. A. Y. Morash, George  
Mary J. McDonald.  
July 11, by Rev. G. A. Agnew, John Mc-  
Burriss, all of N. S.  
July 11, by Rev. G. W. Bell, Perci-  
and Emma Hyland.  
July 11, by Rev. Dr. Bruce, John  
and Annie May App.  
July 11, by Rev. J. W. Millidge,  
of Millis Wood.  
July 11, by Rev. A. H. Grazier, William  
to Alice Amelia Cameron.  
July 11, by Rev. G. McCallir, Wilmet  
of Millis Wood.  
July 11, by Rev. J. Johnson, assisted  
and R. W. M. Ryan,  
of Springfield N. S. to May  
of Rev. F. D. Davidson assist-  
ed, Simon V. Skilton to Annie  
of Rev. J. A. McLaughlan,  
to Catherine McLeod  
July 11, by Rev. F. W.  
A. Robertson to Mrs. Henry

ies Dubou, 75.  
McKeecham, 55.  
Oliver Blair, 80.  
George N. Nice, 63.  
James Cochran, 29.  
of A. Stevens, 17.  
Mrs. Isabel Dehn.  
Mirce McBeth, 71.  
L. and McEasters, 80.  
Thomas Croke, 50.  
Thomas Gumble, 70.  
James Archibald, D. D. 54.  
Catherine Johnson, 83.  
Mrs. William Miller.  
Miss R. Welock, 20.  
Horace L. Buck, 59.  
Charles E. Stevens, 17.  
of McCullough D. D. 54.  
Mrs. Angus Fraser, 33.  
Mrs. Mary McGregor, 91.  
Margaret A. Hyndman, 80.  
Mrs. Joanna McGilly, 80.  
Oliver of the West Indies.  
Sadie Quincey of St. John  
Bliss, daughter of Walter  
Bliss, Captain R. C. Churchill,  
nancy wife of Edward D.  
Hald, only child of John and  
Hannah, daughter of Dan-  
Florence Chisholm, wife of  
Henry, infant son of J. and  
Geoffrey G. son of Jabez  
Shewco, widow of the late  
June 30, Ann, wife of Cor-  
Crowe, widow of the late  
Mary C. McDonald wife  
of 29, Daniel, son of William  
George Allan son of Alfred F.  
of 29, Mary Wilson wife of the  
of 29, Nina, daughter of Capt.  
Henry Ellen, infant daughter of  
Donald, 1.  
of A. F. Thompson, wife of  
son and daughter of the late  
of C. B.  
of Stacia Galt, widow of the  
of Montreal, 33.  
of 14, Joseph Arthur infant son  
of Hemphill, 11 months.

TOBACCO  
GANY  
NESS.  
KEMPE,  
Southampton Buildings

CANADA'S POETS AT WAR.

THE BATTLE FOUGHT IN PAPERS AND MAGAZINES.

How the Contest Began and How it Has Ended—The Merits of Prof. Roberts—How He did a Friendly Act for Pauline Johnson—An Old Boys' Association.

The writer of the Munsey article on the Canadian poets can feel gratified in one particular, that he is getting plenty of advertising as a result of it, and advertising, no matter of what sort it is, seems to be the chief thing desired in this age.

First an anonymous article appeared in the Toronto World arraigning the writer for Munsey for favoritism and accusing Bliss Carman, one of those who received the most pleasing notice, of plagiarism.

To say the least it does not look well for a poet to be making such serious charges against brother poets, even if he could make them good, and there might be some doubt felt whether Mr. Campbell was justified in speaking as he did.

From my own knowledge of Messrs. Roberts and Carman I should say that Mr. Campbell has done them an injustice. Bliss Carman is of a retiring and unassuming disposition and my estimate of him would be that he would be the last man to seek after flattery.

Speaking of this characteristic of Roberts, that he is the friend of the struggling writer, Miss Johnson, the Indian poetess who was here recently, told me a little incident from her own lips that illustrated it.

Some time after, she continued, when she had become fully well known she went to Ottawa and some of the literary people there called on her, including Lampman, Scott and others.

Now that cycling enters so much into the thoughts of the world, the ethical side of the question is quite an important one. The chief point of morals that is discussed in connection with wheeling is Sunday riding.

A club that was recently organized had the question before it, and when their constitution and by-laws were being prepared there was some discussion as to whether they had better insert a provision discountenancing Sunday riding.

Recently the pastor of a city baptist church dealt with Sunday riding briefly in the course of a sermon. In no uncertain way he denounced the practice as not consonant with the spirit of the Lord's Day.

There is not the same amount of opposition to Sunday riding that there was last year. A leading merchant of the city who was opposed to his employees riding on Sunday is not now so decided on the matter, much, it may be said, to the satisfaction of the clerks.

Some talk is projected of forming an Old Boys society in connection with the grammar school. Principal Mac Lean has had it in mind and intends to call a meeting for the purpose at the opening of next term.

IMPORTANT IF TRUE.

Dudes Who Want to be English Wear Ribbons Instead of Cuff Buttons.

Not very long ago it was announced that dudedom was to wear ribbons instead of cuff buttons, but as yet this inflection has not fallen upon Chicago, says a paper of that city.

Some people are inclined to think that ribbons are but the forerunners of ruffles, as worn in the colonial times. If they are we may well open our hearts to them, for what man does not long for some distinguishing mark between the shirt masculine and the shirt waist feminine?

As is usual with men's fashions, this one is the outcome of a prince's whim. Prince George appeared in Rotten Row one day with his cuffs tied with an inch-wide black satin ribbon made into a bow and the ends hanging at least four inches below the wrists.

It Chicago has escaped inflection New York has not, and the World gives the following sketch of its first appearance: "New York's nice young men, the young men who expect to go to England when they die, have been a little slow in adopting this latest freak of fashion."

"The young men, who sauntered up Fifth avenue as far as the Savoy and back as far as the Waldorf, were, as a cockney would say, 'bloomin' well stared at,' but what cared they for the soers and derisive smiles of the majority?"

"Next day there was a mad rush upon the fashionable Broadway and Fifth avenue dealers in 'gent's furnishings' for the new cuff decorations, don't you know. It just so happened that no dealer in the city had imported any of the new cuff bows.

We all saw the new style on Vesta Tilley and laughed at it. But it seems that there is really a serious side to the fact, as being one of the most radical departures in fashion which the century has ever seen.

Mrs J. S. Armstrong formerly Miss L. J. Gregory of Fredericton, the principal, is well known to many throughout the province and elsewhere as a successful, conscientious, teacher who seldom fails to make her influence felt for good among her pupils.

Miss Binyay, the matron, has had a long experience as matron in the childrens hospital, Boston Mass. and will look after the general health of the pupils. She gains the love and confidence of all, while assisting materially in the good government of the school.

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come in rapidly a small addition will probably be made to the buildings before next term. Netherwood is beautifully situated within four minutes walk of Rothersey station and parents interested in finding a pleasant home school for their girls are invited to come and see it for themselves.

WAS A GREAT SUCCESS.

The Circus Proved to Be All That Ardent Fancy Had Fancied It.

It is hardly necessary to tell the city readers of PROGRESS that Sells Bros circus has been here and that it came saw and conquered. But some of the many readers of this paper throughout the province and in the towns and villages of Nova Scotia will be glad to know that the circus spoken of above is one that they can go and see and tell their friends about.

To attempt to describe the parade would be futile; to think of giving any adequate description of the show upon the grounds is too much of a task for the space PROGRESS can devote to it, but any reader who has the time and the money to see it all for himself will gain much information and such instruction and enjoyment as seldom falls to his lot.

The features of the performance are many, but perhaps those that struck the writer as the best were the performing seals and sea lions and the bicycle riding. These were wonderful and thrilling features while the funniest part of the show was the "Man with the Camera."

For two or three months for a personal canvass on a semi-political issue. From \$50 to \$150.00 per month, according to the volume and value of reports. Address for full information.

WANTED Young Women and Men or older ones, if still young in spirit, of undoubted character, good talkers, ambitious and industrious, who are engaged in a good cause, with \$50.00 per month, and upwards, according to ability.

WANTED TO PURCHASE Cancelled postage stamps of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, and Canada such as are in use before Confederation; also New Foundland and others. Address giving full description, etc. A. F. Hansmann, 19 Leader Lane, Toronto.

TWO FISHERMEN One boy went to a fine school where he learned how to pick out a rod, bait, boots, etc., in his mind. But another boy went with a fisherman and learned the ways and where to fish. Which would be most likely to be successful?

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS. MISS HASTINGS having moved to No. 27 Dufferin St., can accommodate a few more Boarders permanently or transient. Also a few table boarders.

WANTED HELP.—Reliable men in every locality (local or travelling) to locate and locate and keep our show cards tacked up on trees, fences and bridges throughout town and country. Steady employment. Commission or salary, \$50 per month and expenses, and money deposited in any bank when started. For particulars write The World, Electric Co., P. O. Box 221, London, Ont., Canada. 6-8-95

AN IDEAL CAMERA, for hunting fishing shooting, walking, touring, travelling, the Photo takes 4 x 5 Photos. We carry the largest Photo stock in the Maritime Provinces. Free instruction, 3 electric dark rooms. Write for prices, A. E. CLARKE, 22 King Street, St. John, N. B.

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track or station. Miss Pass would descend from her perch on the pile of coal, or, if the weather was inclement, from the seat of the engineer, where she would sit looking out on the track beyond, and go in hunt of mice; and if it was lunch hour would hunt up the kitchen door of the depot eating house. She was a great favorite, and always had the best of the house afforded. She was a beautiful cat. Her four was jet black, and when the engine was running down the steep grades of the mountains she would hold her place on the top of the tender with all the grace and dignity imaginable, and if the wind was blowing she would ruffle up her black coat of fur, as though entering a protest. Pass never missed a trip all the time I was on the road after she took the railroad fever.

When I left the Western pass had to choose between her owner and the big monster that had carried her so many miles. I remember the day I went out to bid the big inanimate object good-by. I was very much attached to it. Why not? We had gone through a wreck together, and I had received the benefit of a collision with a big rock. I looked at the engine, which was steamed up ready to start on its trip, and soon saw pass mount to her perch on the coal. I spoke tenderly to her, and she arched her back and purred knowingly. When I bid the boys good-by and called her she came part way, looked up at me in an undecided manner, and finally gave a pitiful meow and walked off toward the engine again. She kept up her habit for several years after that, and finally was crushed to death in a wreck. She was found curled up on the box by the side of the inanimate form of the engine. Both had died at the post of duty.

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Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Not a little disappointment was felt by the large congregation at St. Andrews church last Sunday evening in the fact that Mrs. Spencer did not sing. That she would have done so was fully expected, as it had been publicly announced in the press. Miss Shiree, a lady resident of Cambridge Mass., now visiting friends in this city, perhaps not inadequately filled the void created by the first mentioned lady. I have not heard Miss Shiree sing, but musical friends of good taste and good judgment, have spoken of her singing in the most favorable terms. I am informed this lady is a member of a church choir in Cambridge. By the way not Mr. Blair but Mr. W. A. Ewing presided at the organ in St. Andrews last Sunday evening and his work was most satisfactory.

Mr. Knowles, the baritone singer, who was referred to in this department last week, again sang a solo in Centenary last Sunday evening. His solo was "Christ is risen" and he gave it in a very clever manner. He has left the city after a very pleasant holiday, during which he was the recipient of the hospitality of many friends he made among the musical parties of our people. He expressed himself in the highest terms of St. John and its inhabitants, and will speak well of both wherever he may go.

Nothing definite as to the status of the choir of St. Andrews has yet been learned. Rumors in connection with the subject differ day by day. The very latest is one to the effect that a lady organist of another church will take the position in St. Andrews. It is said too that she will be joined by a leading lady member of the choir of the same church, who will be leading soprano in St. Andrews. This is, of course only a rumor and as such only it is given.

Tones and Under-tones.

"Fatinitza" is the opera given at the Castle Square theatre, Boston this week. Messrs. Woolf and Woolley are members of this company to which has recently been added Mr. Thomas Perree and Miss Edith Mason. These are all well known in this city, but it is not so generally known that Miss Mason is "a daughter of the late Lieut. Charles E. Moore of West Point and is a niece of Henry Waterson of the Louisville Courier Herald. Another thing in connection with the lady which is not so generally known either is the assertion, "She is only 19 years old." She certainly does not look it.

Helen Bertram has been engaged to sing leading parts with the Bostonians.

Josef Hofmann, now in his eighteenth year, has just published his opus 21, which is his first sonata. His two previous works included an Hungarian and a Polish impromptu, a minuet, an elogy and a berceuse.

A Handel festival was held at Mayence on July 21 and 22, under the auspices of the Mainz Liedertal and the Damengangsverein, the works to be given being "Deborah" and "Hercules," both of which are rarely heard in England. Dr. Chryander's edition, which is as nearly as possible in conformity with the practice of Handel's time was used. Among the vocalists was Mr. Edward Lloyd.

M. Saint Saens has returned to Paris from his Cochinchina trip, bringing with him the completed score of the late Ernest Guiraud's "Brunehild," which he had been commissioned to finish.

A writer in the "Morning" has unearthed a curious piece of musical criticism from the "Athenaeum" of 1861. The writer—was no doubt H. F. Chorley—says of Adelina Patti's debut that her voice was developed to the utmost, if not already fatigued, and that "a blind man might imagine himself to be listening to a singer past her prime."

Miss Leonora Von Stoseh, the famous violinist (now Mrs. Louis Howland) is still studying in Paris under Prof. Marsick. She declares however she has permanently renounced a public career.

Bertha Waltzing has decided to remain with De Wolf Hopper next season. She will have her salary increased.

It is announced that Jean Gerardy has a rival in the first prize taken at the Brussels Conservatoire this year. It is one Marie Loevensohn, 15 years old, whom the professors at the conservatoire pronounce a marvellous musician.

Hinrich's season of English grand opera next winter in Philadelphia will include forty nights and thirteen matinees of opera and twelve orchestral concerts. Emma Nevada and Sig. Vignes will probably head the company.

The original music to Tasso's play, "Aminta," written more than 300 years ago, has recently been found in Bologna. It will be performed at the Argentine in Rome this month on the occasion of the tercentenary of the poet's death.

The Herbert Johnson Quintet Club, of Boston, Mass. for the season of 1895-96 will consist of Bertha Estelle Mason, first soprano; Lillian B. Cooke, second soprano; Kathleen M. Russell, first alto; Grace

Campbell Cooke, second alto, and Herbert T. Johnson, tenor and director.

A valuable discovery has been made by Herr Guido Peters of Berlin, among the papers of his late father, of another of Beethoven's sketch books, probably dating from 1809. It is said to contain the sketches for the piano concerto in E. flat, as well as for the "Choral Fantasia," beside a sketch for a composition which Beethoven never finished, viz., a patriotic song on some verses by J. Collin. It has been suggested that Beethoven relinquished the idea of setting these lines to music when the patriotic song of Weigl to the same words was produced at Vienna on the declaration of war against France.

Werner Alberti, the tenor, is making a great success for himself in Italy. He has an engagement at the Lisbon Opera house from December this year until April, 1896, at a monthly salary of £15,000 in gold. He is considering an offer to go to Buenos Ayres to sing the role from August, 1896, until December, with a monthly salary of £40,000. Mr. Alberti sings during this and next month the part of Lohengrin in the cities of Padua and Venice.

St. Saens has finished an operatic work by his friend Ernest Guiraud, who died before he had accomplished the task. It will receive the title "Fredegone." It has four acts and five tableaux, and has been accepted by the Grand Opera in Paris, where it will be given in November.

Sir Augustus Harris now possesses the Cross of the Order of Knight Commander of Erneste, bestowed upon him by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha in recognition of his services to music and his hospitality to the Saxe-Coburg Court company at Drury Lane. He is acquiring distinctions rapidly.

M. Michel Carre and Paul Collin have read to the manager of the Comique, Paris an opera feric, entitled "La Belle au Bois Dormant" of which they are the authors. The piece has been set to music by M. Charles Silver, winner of the Grand Prix de Rome for 1891.

Belgium's fertility in musical talent is instanced by the fact that Jean Gerardy, the young violinist, is a fellow-townsmen of Ysaye, the great violinist. Gerardy's ability is, though scarcely unprecedented, yet truly astonishing in a boy who reached his sixteenth birthday only last December. No one who hears him can fail to be impressed by the beauty of his tone, the maturity and depth of his style, and his remarkable command over all the technical resources of his somewhat unwieldy instrument. Gerardy, who is a son of a professor at the Liege Conservatoire, began serious study when he was five years old. At eight, he won one of the Conservatoire prizes, and at eleven the first prize medal was voted to him by acclamation. He has enjoyed the signal honor of playing before Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle.

Musicians (ironically)—I am afraid my music is disturbing the people who are talking over there. Hostess—Dear me, I never thought of that. Don't play so loudly.

Miss Lizzie MacNichol, who sings the title role in "Kismet" at the Tremont theatre Boston, has made such a sensation by her beauty, that Chickering, the photographer has induced her to contract to pose for him for the next five years for the consideration of \$5,000.

Messrs. Abbey & Grau's arrangements for the opera season in New York, from January to the end of April, include the engagements of Mmes. Calve, Melba, Sembrich, Januschowsky and Brena and the MM. de Reszkes and MM. Maurel and Plancon. It is stated that Mme. Calve gets \$100,000 for 50 nights. Wiegand, the basso, now of the Munich opera, has also been engaged by Abbey & Grau.

Mary Hampton is in London. Of course she has had offers—they all have them—but it is said she has refused them and will continue in "Sowing the Wind."

William Redmond and his wife (Mrs. Thomas Barry) have been engaged by Augustin Daly for next season.

Madame Modjeska next season will begin Oct. 1 next.

At the Boston Museum on 2nd Sept. May Irwin will begin her tour in "The Widow Jones." On the list of her company appears the name of Geo. W. Barnum who was here with Harkins Company this summer and who was equally successful as an actor and a baseball "kicker."

"Vilow the Vagabond" is the title of the play in which Otis Skinner will appear next season.

Miss Stanton Heron has been engaged to play the role of the Princess de Lamballe in "Le Collier de la Reine" at Daly's theatre on the 2nd Sept. She was formerly in Palmer's stock company and later with Modjeska.

Clay M. Greene has written a new version of "Fanchon" with Miss Gladys Wallis will open her next season at Mc Vick's theatre in Chicago on 26th August.

"Nebraska" a new play by Franklin W.

Lee will be the bill for the week following that date.

Missie Doyle Howard, professionally known as Missie Doyle, died at her home in Chicago on June 23. The deceased began her stage career with Clara Morris under the management of Barney McCaskey in Cincinnati. In New York she was for a number of years a member of the Union Square Theatre company. For two seasons she was a member of Ben DeBar's stock company in New Orleans, and also of the stock company that played at Hookey's Theatre, Chicago, for several seasons. Her husband, Dr. Charles L. Howard, with one son, Lorin, survives.

James Neill, a former member of William H. Crane's company has been engaged as leading man for Missie Madden Fiske's company of next season.

"A Stag Party" is the name decided upon for the new play by Paul M. Potter and Bill Nye. Two acts of the play are already written.

Julia Arthur has won a success in London, say advices from that city.

"The Comedy of Errors" will be produced next December at Gray's Inn Hall, where it was first given about 300 years ago.

London took to Rejane in "Sans-Gene" with a better grace than it did to her other parts, Rejane and so forth, and explains the reason in the wholesomeness of the play, which the English public considers in better taste than any of her other roles.

Wilfred Clarke, the son of John S. Clarke, nephew of Edwin Booth and brother of Creston Clarke, has just made his appearance at the Strand, London. Young Clarke is a comedian, as his father was, and was at one time, when he was with Fred Ward, pronounced very promising. He was married a few years ago, for a brief time, to that striking blonde, Victor yBatemam.

Maria Villardell, who performed last season in Spanish comedies at the Berkeley Lyceum, has engaged with Augustin Daly for three years. Senorita Villardell was born in Paris in 1876, her father being a Spaniard and her mother a Belgian. She adds to many personal graces a thorough familiarity with the French, Spanish and English languages.

Julia Neilson and Fred Terry, who are coming to America next season to play with John Hare in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," are contemplating a starring tour of their own in this country the season after next. Miss Neilson is the daughter of a Scotch merchant who died when she was a child. Her performance at St. George's Hall, London, procured for her the lucky accident of an introduction to W. S. Gilbert, whose keen eye detected nascent genius. Thanks to his influence, she soon appeared before the public, and in March, 1889, at one of the most fashionable and memorable of special matinees, she played Cynecia to Mary Anderson's Galatea at the London Lyceum. Her success was instantaneous. Beerholm Tree secured her for his company, and she made a great hit as Druilla lives in "The Dancing Girl." It was shortly afterward she married Fred Terry.

The English actress Mrs. Bernard Beere, who came over to the United States and did not get further than New York, starts on a provincial tour in England Aug. 5, and will play, for the first time "Adrienne Lecouvreur," that is her first time in England. The play was in her repertoire when she visited Australia.

M. Hadov in the Spectators writing about Chopin, says that, although his inspiration was facile, he revised his manuscripts with a conscientiousness that amounted to positive self-torture, and then, directly his work was printed, adopted an attitude of indifference, with the result that no composer has allowed so many misprints to pass unnoticed. As Mr. Hadov puts it, "He took so long making up his mind that when he had once arrived at a decision he accepted it as the end of his responsibilities." It is curious also, as Mr. Hadov points out, that though fond of teaching, he never formed a famous pupil. But then his favorite pupils were mostly amateurs; and more than that, Chopin's playing, like his music, seems to have been something unique and incommunicable. He stood alone, "as the nightingale sings."

The following incident, told of Melba is quite interesting and I have never seen it in print before. One day Mme. Melba took the part of the Queen in "The Huguenots," at the Savoy Hotel, New York. At the same time there was a 2-year-old baby playing about in the corridor, near her door. In the midst of the trills the little one ran to her mother excitedly, and said: "Listen, mamma. Birdie, birdie." "And," said the great singer, relating the story, "that pleased me more than all the things I ever had said of me in my life."

Madame Sigrid Arnoldson has just made a triumph in "The Barber of Seville" at the Royal theatre of Budapest. She had no less than twenty-four recalls.

Thanks to the Quartet Society of Bologna, Robert Schumann's "Fame" composition has been heard for the first time in that city, and, in fact, in Italy. The performance took place on May 19, 23 and 25, with the following soloists: De Macchi, soprano; Berti, contralto; Kaschmann,

baritone; Tamburini, bass, and Bertini, tenor.

Shortly before the close of the season at the Breslau Stadt Theater, a novelty was produced, the opera in four acts, "Die Schwarze Kaschka" ("The Black Kaschka") words by Victor Bluthgen, music by Georg Jarno. The action of the opera is another reminder of the "Cavalleria Rusticana" plot, only more elaborate. Kaschka a pleasant girl, follows her betrayer to another country, and after marriage lives happily with her husband. This one is jealous of a countryman, Pater. The husband kills the cause of his jealousy and seeks safety in flight. Kaschka becomes a maniac.

"Emma Lione" is the title of the new opera which will be brought out by the Venice Theatre, Venice. The composer is Antonio Lozzi, a pupil of the Bologna Conservatory.

This operatic criticism, during the performance of a septet, comes from Dublin Voice from the "Gods": "Och, the divils! Look at the seven of them singing all at wanst, the way they'll get done sooner!"

Lady Jane Scott who gave "Annie Laurie" to the musical world still lives in England and is well known there for her devotion to the Crimean heroes" says the Cleveland Ledger.

A little girl does not understand encores, and so found fault with the audience at a recent children's concert, in which she helped to sing a chorus. "I know we didn't make one mistake," she exclaimed on her way home; "and yet they made us come out and sing it all over again!"

FASHION IN OLD JERUSALEM. The Jewesses of Ancient Times Were Grossly Arrayed Indeed.

As far back as seven centuries before the Christian era there were very gayly dressed women in Jerusalem. The prophet Ezekiel tells of them. They had garments of silk adorned with brocaded work; their bodies were swathed in fine linen; they had shoes of badger skin. They wore ornaments of gold and silver, rings in the ears, bracelets on the wrists, a chain around the neck, a jewel over the brow, and a crown upon the head.

The prophet speaks of the earrings which were worn by the women of Jerusalem; but these ornaments were worn by Jewesses ages before the time of Ezekiel, even in days of Moses, and earlier yet. There were earrings among the other gifts in the oblation given to Moses, as described in the Book of Numbers. The first Biblical reference to them is in the part of Genesis which tells how Rebekah obtained as a gift a "golden earring of half a shekel weight" from Abraham's servant, who "put it upon her face." At a latter period the patriarch Jacob procured all the earrings which belonged to his household and hid them under an oak tree. Subsequently to that time earrings are frequently spoken of in the Bible. Even Job, the patient man of Uz, must have owned a lot of them in the latter part of his life, for when all his brethren and all his sisters, for all his acquaintances were appalled and bewailed in the way described by Ezekiel, their garments and ornaments must have been nearly as expensive as those of the grand dames who now shine in society. The wearing of "divers colors," however, does not seem to have been a mark of honor.

MARK TWAIN'S MONEY. He Made Plenty but did not Understand the Art of Keeping it.

The misfortunes of Mr. Clemens have been emphasized by legal proceedings which indicate that the once successful author has lost the handsome fortune which he once possessed. Commodore Vanderbilt once said that it was a great deal harder to get a fortune than it was to make it. He meant by that that it was more difficult to invest money safely and profitably than it was to get the money for investment.

That has been Mark Twain's experience. He had at one time the record of having made the most money by his writings of any American author. Mr. Bronson Howard is reported to have accumulated some \$200,000 as royalties upon his plays. Miss Alcott made about \$100,000, much of it from her two books "Little Women" and "Little Men." Mrs. Burnt gained some \$60,000 in royalties upon her play "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and that was twice as much as she had received for all her other writings. Mr. Blaine received about \$200,000 for his "Twenty Years in Congress."

But Mark Twain's earnings went far beyond those gained by any other American writer. His royalties upon "The Innocents Abroad" reached \$100,000 in less than three years, as has been reported. His royalties upon "The Gilded Age" were about \$80,000, and Mr. Raymond once told me that he had paid Mark Twain \$80,000 in royalties for the play dramatized from that story. His profits from "Tom Sawyer" reached far up into the thousands and were very large for "Roughing It" and "Life upon the Mississippi." He did very well, too, with his "Prince and Pauper," and at one time he was estimated to have gained in all about \$500,000 from his writings, and from his investments so much more as to make him very nearly a millionaire.—Philadelphia Press.

Graceful Walking. It appears that Newport society girls have formulated a rule for graceful walking, which pedestrians will please copy if they wish to get on in this world. An intelligent writer thus describes this step: "One

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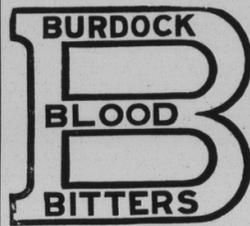
of the cardinal points," she says, "is that the advancing foot should be placed a long way ahead of the other, so as to make a very long step, almost a stride; and to keep the stride graceful the foot that is left behind lifts itself to the toe and takes a right angle swing. The toe must always be set down first, or the body will sink too heavily at each, like the step of a fat woman. The pointed foot shoe is preferred if long enough, as it cuts the air and lends elasticity to the foot." There! This is uncommon sense, but the Newport pedestrian always walks just that way; therefore, let every girl who can forsake her wheel long enough to walk at all try it. She will feel she is in the swim right off, for Miss Amy Bend and Miss Julia Grant, besides half a dozen other fair ones now doing this swan step act, are declared to be "beautiful walkers."

The Art of Pouring Tea.

Few hostesses understand the art of pouring tea and coffee, simple as it appears. As a rule the guest of honor is ordered the first cup, which is the weakest, and the children, if served at all, are given the last and strongest. When it is desirable to have all the cups of uniform strength one should pour a little into each, and then begin over again, reversing the order. In England this is so well understood that a pourer of tea or coffee does not begin to replenish the cups till all are before her.—Philadelphia Record.

Pike's Peak 1,100 Feet Higher.

It is believed that the work of the government surveying party at work will disclose an error in the reckoning made from the old Kansas Pacific survey, of the elevation of this locality, and that the altitude of Pike's Peak will be proven to be 15,647 1/2, a gain of over 1,100 feet.



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The undersigned, constituting a limited partnership under the laws of New Brunswick, under the name Herriot Brothers and Company, which will expire on the first day of July, A. D. 1896, contains the said partnership until the first day of February, A. D. 1896, (one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six). Dated this twenty-seventh day of June, A. D. 1895.

J. F. HERRIOT & W. W. TOWNSEND, W. W. TOWNSEND.



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T. JOHN, N. B.



Social and Personal.

While social life has not been especially gay during the week it has been quite cheerful. The very hot weather is no doubt responsible for the lassitude prevailing in social circles. Every one who can conveniently manage to go, is out of town for the best part, but those who through business, or other interests, are obliged to remain in the city, find life quite endurable after all; and what is of very great importance, are perhaps getting more used to it than those who are seeking change, i. e. pleasure, in other places. It is a well known fact that the majority who spend the summer at any of the fashionable resorts generally come home much more exhausted and weary, and that they were at the height of the season, or perhaps even a summer spent in the city is not without its advantages and considerations; though to be sure at this particular time inclination goes, strongly out towards the dancing wares, shilling wares, and the quiet of a day in the city, or the quiet of a day in the country. However, as I said before life in social circles is quite cheerful just at present, and tennis, tea, and picnics have been the principal form of gaiety since last Saturday.

Miss Steeves gave quite the largest, and certainly one of the most enjoyable, picnics of the season at Lancaster Heights, on Wednesday. Tea was served on the lawn and dancing in the hall was the amusement later in the evening. The music by an orchestra of four or five pieces, was excellent and it was quite late when the city guests returned home. Among the large number present were Mrs. Warrant, Mrs. Charles R. Harrison, Mrs. Steeves, Mrs. Hartley, Misses Furlow, Miss L. Harrison, Miss Burpee, Miss Albro, Misses Blair, Miss Wilson, Miss Troop, Miss Ostrum, Miss Paak, Miss Dever, Messrs. George W. Jones, Dr. H. Steeves, Chas. A. Bury, George Blair, B. Gordon, Wm. Wetmore, W. Harrison, Vroom, W. Robinson, Wilson, Dr. T. Steeves, Rev. Mr. Hartley and a large number of others.

Miss Alice Tuck is staying with the Lieut. Governor and Mrs. Fraser at "Farraline Place," Fredericton this week.

Mrs. George Robertson and family, Mrs. Fredrickson and family, Mrs. Horace King and family are at Clifton for a month or two.

Miss Florrie McMillan gave a tennis party to a number of her Bohemian friends on Thursday. It was a very pleasant affair.

Miss Helen Parsons returned to Boston last Monday to resume her studies, after a very pleasant vacation at her home here.

Miss Edith Tilley, of Toronto, and Miss George, of Fredericton, are guests of Mrs. G. R. Puzley, at Robb's.

A canoeing excursion is one of next week's gaieties. A party of young people, with Mrs. Charles E. Harrison as chaperon, will go to Grand Falls, and back. Among the party will be the Misses Elizabeth, Fredericton, Mrs. McMillan, Miss Thompson, Mrs. McDonald, Fredericton, and others.

Miss Burpee entertained a few friends, on Thursday evening. It was only a small and quiet evening but very enjoyable.

Miss Helen Parsons returned to Boston last Monday to resume her studies, after a very pleasant vacation at her home here.

Miss Maud Trites visited Moncton last week as the guest of Mrs. McKean.

Mr. Richard Seely has been confined to his residence through illness, during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Carleton Allen and Miss Ida Allen, of Fredericton, are at the Bay Shore.

Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Chisholm spent Sunday at the Cedars, returning to the city Monday.

Mrs. Hazen King, of Fredericton, gave quite a large party last week in honor of Mrs. J. Douglas Hazen, who is staying with her for a few weeks.

The Misses dandolph, of Fredericton, are visiting friends in the city and will be guests at a canoeing party on Wednesday. After a lovely day of gentlemen went down the bay, Thursday on Mr. Robb Thompson's yacht, Grayling. They will visit Grand Manan, Bar Harbor, Eastport, and other places; the party includes Major M. E. Edwards, Col. J. R. Armstrong, F. E. Sayre W. Malcolm Mackay and Robt. Thompson.

W. H. Barabny and family are spending a few days in Fredericton.

Mrs. H. H. McLean and family returned last week from Kingston, where they have been staying.

Mr. John A. Morrison and Mrs. Morrison, of Fredericton, were visitors here the first of the week.

Mr. J. S. Winslow and family who have been enjoying a holiday in Nova Scotia were in the city the first of the week, en route to their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hatheway returned from Europe on Monday; quite a number of intimate friends called. Miss Manning Skinner's, King street east, during the afternoon to bid them welcome home. Tea was served on the lawn in the evening and among those who enjoyed the hospitality dispensed, were Mrs. Fiske, Mrs. White, Mr. White, Mr. Fred Staines, Miss White, Mrs. Dr. Lawrence, Mrs. E. Merritt, Mr. Robinson, Mrs. Robinson, C. N. Skinner, Mrs. Skinner, Misses Skinner, Mr. and Mrs. Hatheway.

Mrs. E. L. Perkins and Miss Perkins who have been at Sussex for a week, have gone to Halifax for a short stay.

By the death of Mr. Albert J. Monroe formerly of Carleton, has been received. Several years ago Mr. Monroe went west and settled in Kalamazoo where he was getting along very well. His death caused by apoplexy, was very sudden. At noon he was in his usual good health and went for a ride on his bicycle. He dismounted at the depot, sat down upon the platform, and expired in a few moments. The family have many friends in this province, who will hear of the sad occurrence with deep regret.

Mrs. George Smith and her two children who spent five or six weeks in Fort Fairfield with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Winter returned home last week.

Mrs. Vincent, Miss Hattie, and Miss Patterson spent a few days in Campbellton lately as guests of Mrs. A. J. Venser at "Beauregard."

Rumor says that one of the medical fraternity will shortly enter the ranks of the benedictines; it also insinuates that a Campbellton lady is the chosen one.

Miss Jennie Beardsley is spending a few weeks at the Grove, Woodstock.

Miss Josie Ritchie is out of the city visiting friends.

Mr. M. J. Hogan, of Montreal, who is very well known here, was in the city for a short time lately. Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Pitt and children, of Woodstock were here for a short time lately spending a part of their annual outing.

Quite a number of St. John people had Digby cool and attractive during the very hot weather. Among those who enjoyed an outing at this pleasant resort lately were Mrs. E. A. Hamer, Miss J. L. Elliot, Miss Marsh, Miss Smith, Miss Grace Glad's Stammers, Miss Godsoe. They returned to the city last Saturday.

Miss Miriam Mason who is visiting Miss Hattie Merritt at Houlton, spent a short time in Woodstock last week, in company with Miss Merritt.

Miss Nettie Osgood, of Lynn, Mass., is visiting relatives in the city and will stay a short time with friends in other parts of the province. Mrs. Osgood, who came down for a day or two, returned home on Monday.

Mrs. Campbell, of St. John, is visiting Piquash, Umbagog, Made, Roovers, Regarded by Dural, 17 Water-st. St.

Get Strong by taking Johnston's Fluid Beef. Keep Strong by taking it REGULARLY. Image of a man carrying a large barrel.

Brainard's Armstrong PATENT SKIN SILK HOLDER. INVALUABLE TO USERS OF FILO AND FLOSS SILKS FOR WASH SILKS. Image of a silk holder.

What leading Art Embroiderers say of our New Patent Holder. "I think the Holder a magnificent improvement. I use your Silks constantly for my work, and rejoice in this pleasant way to keep them." Miss JOSIE JONES, 752 North Ninth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A NOBBY TURN OUT. One of the many styles made in the Edgcombe Carriage Factory. Image of a horse-drawn carriage.

A CUT UNDER English Dog Cart. Will hold Four Persons, back to back. Is easy to ride in. Nobby and stylish. Turns very easily and in small space. Handsomely built by.

JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, Fredericton, N. B.

FOR actual value in Cigars and Cigarettes there is nothing on the market today equal to La Fayette Cigars and Cigarettes, 50. Creme de la Creme Cigars and Cigarettes, 100. La Sonadora Cigars and Cigarettes, 150. TAYLOR, DOCKRILL & CO., ST. JOHN, N. B. Sole Agents for New Brunswick.

THE CELEBRATED WELCOME SOAP. THE ORIGINAL TRY IT. TRADE MARK SOAP FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

Find it Warm. Image of a hand holding a glowing object.

B. and B. Oil Cooking Stove. Image of a cooking stove.

SHERATON & WHITTAKER, 38 KING STREET. The above price for first-class American Stove. 1 Burner, Only 65c. 2 " " 1.35. 3 " " 1.95.

Use Only Pelee Island Wine Co's Wine. OUR BRANDS: DEW CATAWA, SWEET CATAWA, ISABELLA, 100% AUGUSTINE (Registered), CLARET, MARCH 17/95. KEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE.

THE SCIENTIFIC HOME GARDEN CO., Wolfville, N. S. MOTTO—Theory with practice. Are laying out, under careful survey, SUBURBAN ORCHARD PARKS, with best attention to landscape effects and setting, with Fruit and Nut Bearing Trees, on the intensive system, with drives throughout arranged on pleasure park principles. Areas of unsurpassed natural beauty on the Cornwallis River has been secured, as well as the finest tracts in the town, on the Valley Plain, to contain 20000 trees. Supt. Power of the P. Gardens is locating the streets. We offer 2,000 acres on the D. A. R. now being divided into 20 farms of a 100 acres each; also, 4 orchards from 2 to 4 acres each, planted and bearing, on the above system. The management of Ernscliffe Gardens at present the most improved orchard of the kind in the province, is associated with the above co. Address W. C. ARCHIBALD, General Manager and Secretary WOLFVILLE, N. S.

NO = = Musty Flavor. Absolutely Pure, Non-Alcoholic. A Delicious Beverage, Purifying to the Blood. THEREFORE—Excellent for the Complexion As Supplied to Her Most Gracious Majesty THE QUEEN. For sale by all reliable dealers. Image of a bottle of Stower's Lime Juice Cordial.

John returned spending the next few days in the St. John. who has been visiting relatives at home, returned last week. Miss Maud Trites, formerly of St. John, were glad to see her, last week. During her short stay the guests of Mrs. McKean of St. John. Miss Ann, of Windsor, Nova Scotia, returned to her home in St. John, on Monday. Mr. and Mrs. G. W. of New Brunswick, in spending a month at the residence of Mrs. J. C. Milligan, in St. John, returned to their home in St. John, on Monday. Mrs. J. L. Harris, of Queen's, returned to her home in St. John, on Monday. Mrs. J. L. Harris, of Queen's, returned to her home in St. John, on Monday. Mrs. J. L. Harris, of Queen's, returned to her home in St. John, on Monday.

Smart of Brockville, Ont., who was the guest of Mr. W. W. and Mrs. J. home on Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Howe, left for a month visiting friends. Mr. Allen returned yesterday from his trip to the city. Mr. Allen returned yesterday from his trip to the city. Mr. Allen returned yesterday from his trip to the city. Mr. Allen returned yesterday from his trip to the city. Mr. Allen returned yesterday from his trip to the city.

On Soaps. Soap is generally, luckily for reputation, take a healthy up, the mother, who has to rearing of an infant's tender subject a really important other wants, and looks for nly than the damsel fair with keep soft and fresh, is a soap will cleanse her infant will, delicate skin and will leave it content. Castile soap answers its small is obnoxious to the Albert Toilet Soap Co., demand for a healthy soap, reform, one that would 's skin the fragrance of the softness which is the ex- ment of babyhood, suc- many trials, in producing file an article that combined ements, and having named 'n Soap' placed it on the was just what was wanted spread it got into more gen- eral use. It is so good that it is good enough for me, tried it and liked it, and find- ing it so good, I bought for my- self. It is so good, I bought for my- self. It is so good, I bought for my- self.

Stower's Lime Juice Cordial. DELICIOUS, HEALTHY & REFRESHING. Image of a bottle of Stower's Lime Juice Cordial.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS AND NOTES AND EVENTS.

HALLIFAX NOTES.

Programme for sale in Halifax at the following places:

- Shaw's Book Store, 24 George street; Messon & Co., Barrington street; Messon & Co., 111 Hollis street; Messon & Co., Morris street; Messon & Co., George street; Messon & Co., Spring Garden Road; Messon & Co., Opp. I. C. R. Depot; Messon & Co., 11 Jacob street; Messon & Co., Railway depot; Messon & Co., Granville street; Messon & Co., Spring Garden Road; Messon & Co., George Street; Messon & Co., Dartmouth, N.S.; Messon & Co., Dartmouth, N.S.

The ball given by Mrs. Keith at her residence... The ball given by Mrs. Keith at her residence was a most brilliant social event. The grounds around Keith Hall were brilliantly illuminated by colored electric lights.

Mrs. Cameron, black satin and jet ornaments. Mrs. Cameron, black satin and jet ornaments. Mrs. Cameron, black satin and jet ornaments.

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JOHN TAYLOR & CO., MANUFACTURERS.

Clean linen indexes a gentleman. You can only secure this by the use of a pure, sweet soap like Morse's Eclipse. All good grocers keep it. Try a bar.

Mrs. Cudlip and child are also stopping at Mrs. Robinson. Mrs. Cudlip and child are also stopping at Mrs. Robinson.

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She is the guest of her brother, Mr. James Knowles. She is the guest of her brother, Mr. James Knowles.

Mr. Howard Banks, of Boston, is the guest of his brother, Dr. Herbert Banks, in town. Mr. Howard Banks, of Boston, is the guest of his brother, Dr. Herbert Banks, in town.

Mr. Gardner, of Yarmouth, is at the Cottage. Mr. Gardner, of Yarmouth, is at the Cottage.

ANTIGONISH. [Programme for sale in Antigonish at I. R. McNeill & Co. book store.]

July 24.—Mrs. and Miss McCallan, Pictou, are visiting Mrs. Beck Main street. Mrs. and Miss McCallan, Pictou, are visiting Mrs. Beck Main street.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Gregory and children, New Glasgow, are spending a few weeks in town the guests of Mrs. John MacMillan.

Mrs. C. J. Lawson, Halifax, is visiting her mother Mrs. J. Y. Cunningham, Court street. Mrs. C. J. Lawson, Halifax, is visiting her mother Mrs. J. Y. Cunningham, Court street.

Mrs. Guss and two children, Amherst, are visiting Mrs. Theo Trotter. Mrs. Guss and two children, Amherst, are visiting Mrs. Theo Trotter.

Mrs. Gertrude Newcombe and Miss Clara Grant are spending their vacation at Stagnary. Mrs. Gertrude Newcombe and Miss Clara Grant are spending their vacation at Stagnary.

Miss Sarah Chisholm spent last week in Malgrave. Miss Sarah Chisholm spent last week in Malgrave.

Mr. McCarroll is spending his vacation at Morris town. Mr. McCarroll is spending his vacation at Morris town.

Mrs. and Mrs. C. E. Gregory and baby, and Miss MacKay, Truro have, taken rooms at Morris town for the summer. Mrs. and Mrs. C. E. Gregory and baby, and Miss MacKay, Truro have, taken rooms at Morris town for the summer.

Quite a number of town people have taken houses at the beach for the summer. Quite a number of town people have taken houses at the beach for the summer.

Mrs. C. E. Gregory and family moved to their new summer residence "Fair Banks" at town point the first of the month. Mrs. C. E. Gregory and family moved to their new summer residence "Fair Banks" at town point the first of the month.

Mrs. Doherty, New York, is visiting her aunt Mrs. C. C. Gregory at Farnwood. Mrs. Doherty, New York, is visiting her aunt Mrs. C. C. Gregory at Farnwood.

Mrs. L. G. Kings returned yesterday from Baytown. Mrs. L. G. Kings returned yesterday from Baytown.

Mrs. Annie Foster left last Saturday for Glouce Bay to be absent about a month. Mrs. Annie Foster left last Saturday for Glouce Bay to be absent about a month.

Mrs. and Mrs. J. M. Blanchard are spending a few weeks at Baddeck. Mrs. and Mrs. J. M. Blanchard are spending a few weeks at Baddeck.

NORTH SYDNEY. [Programme for sale at the store of Messrs Copeland & Co.]

July 23.—Mrs. Bowers Archibald entertained the following guests Thursday evening.—Mrs. C. H. R. High, Miss Mason, Miss Annie, Mabon, the Misses Berrington, Miss Brown, Miss Sutherland, Mrs. E. M. Archibald, Mrs. Lewis Johnston, the Misses Brown, Miss Purves, the Misses MacKay, Messrs. B. Campbell, T. Archibald, Book, H. E. Robertson, A. Purves, S. Purves, R. Purves, R. Brown, L. Robertson and E. M. Archibald.

Mrs. T. G. Keedman and her two children returned from England last week, and are staying with Mrs. Sailer. Mrs. T. G. Keedman and her two children returned from England last week, and are staying with Mrs. Sailer.

Mr. L. F. Christie went to New Glasgow on Saturday. Mr. L. F. Christie went to New Glasgow on Saturday.

Miss Minnie Rutherford returned Monday from a visit to Montreal. Miss Minnie Rutherford returned Monday from a visit to Montreal.

Mrs. Johnstone and Miss Johnston, of Sydney, were the guests of Mrs. Lewis Johnston last week. Mrs. Johnstone and Miss Johnston, of Sydney, were the guests of Mrs. Lewis Johnston last week.

Mrs. Charles Rigby and Miss Rigby were also visiting friends in town. Mrs. Charles Rigby and Miss Rigby were also visiting friends in town.

The Misses Brown entertained a number of friends with tennis and a dance on Friday afternoon and evening. The Misses Brown entertained a number of friends with tennis and a dance on Friday afternoon and evening.

Mr. Arthur Redden and little son of Halifax are the guests of Mrs. Redden's father Mr. Keith Redden who is in town on Sunday. Mr. Arthur Redden and little son of Halifax are the guests of Mrs. Redden's father Mr. Keith Redden who is in town on Sunday.

Mrs. Frances Woodworth is visiting friends in Horton. Mrs. Frances Woodworth is visiting friends in Horton.

Mr. C. De Wolfe Smith and Master Chester have returned from St. John, N. B. Mr. C. De Wolfe Smith and Master Chester have returned from St. John, N. B.

Dr. H. H. Taylor is the guest of Captain Morris King Street. Dr. H. H. Taylor is the guest of Captain Morris King Street.

Mrs. J. A. Russell, Fred Russell, Mr. O'Brien and Dr. H. H. Taylor are going to a driving tour round the West coast. Mrs. J. A. Russell, Fred Russell, Mr. O'Brien and Dr. H. H. Taylor are going to a driving tour round the West coast.

Rev. Thos. Bennett of Hamilton is visiting his son Miss Bennett. Rev. Thos. Bennett of Hamilton is visiting his son Miss Bennett.

Miss Beulah Chisholm is visiting friends in Campbellton. Miss Beulah Chisholm is visiting friends in Campbellton.

Miss Grace Chisholm is staying for a few weeks in Horton. Miss Grace Chisholm is staying for a few weeks in Horton.

Mr. G. T. Hay of New York is in town. Mr. G. T. Hay of New York is in town.

Mrs. F. M. Feilding and Burgoyne are visiting in Digby, N. S. Mrs. F. M. Feilding and Burgoyne are visiting in Digby, N. S.

Mr. Victor Jamieson of Truro is relieving in the office of the Halifax Banking Co. Mr. Victor Jamieson of Truro is relieving in the office of the Halifax Banking Co.

Miss Katharine Smith has returned from her visit to St. Stephen, N. B. Miss Katharine Smith has returned from her visit to St. Stephen, N. B.

Rev. D. Prescott Allison of Baltimore is visiting his father Mr. F. P. Allison. Rev. D. Prescott Allison of Baltimore is visiting his father Mr. F. P. Allison.

Mr. C. Henry Dumock is in Toronto. Mr. C. Henry Dumock is in Toronto.

Mr. D. H. H. Harve is spending the part of the summer with his father Mr. J. W. Harve. Mr. D. H. H. Harve is spending the part of the summer with his father Mr. J. W. Harve.

Rev. Mr. Amor of St. Margaret's bay is the guest of Rev. L. Harve. Rev. Mr. Amor of St. Margaret's bay is the guest of Rev. L. Harve.

BARRINGTON. July 23.—On Tuesday last a number of ladies and gentlemen enjoyed a delightful excursion on the Steamer Latour to Seal Island. The weather was fine and the sea smooth. They left home in the morning, took luncheon on the island and returned in the evening. A very enjoyable day was spent.

The band gave a very enjoyable open air concert Wednesday evening. The band gave a very enjoyable open air concert Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Watson gave a small whist party Wednesday evening. Mrs. Watson gave a small whist party Wednesday evening.

The ladies of Trinity church gave a garden party and fancy sale on the beautiful grounds of the Misses Jones at Brighton, Wednesday afternoon. A great many drew out in teams, and a huge sum was realized which goes to the benefit of the church.

Miss Alice Moore, of Truro, is the guest of Mrs. W. H. Brown. Miss Alice Moore, of Truro, is the guest of Mrs. W. H. Brown.

Mrs. Farrington, of Moncton, is the guest of Mrs. E. Yeomans. Mrs. Farrington, of Moncton, is the guest of Mrs. E. Yeomans.

Miss Alice Tuttle, of Boston, is home spending a few weeks with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Fleming Tuttle. Miss Alice Tuttle, of Boston, is home spending a few weeks with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Fleming Tuttle.

Mrs. Macintosh and Miss Lewis, of Oxford, spent Sunday in town. Mrs. Macintosh and Miss Lewis, of Oxford, spent Sunday in town.

Miss Crossdale, of Springfield, spent Sunday in town with her sister. Miss Crossdale, of Springfield, spent Sunday in town with her sister.

Mrs. Smith, of Oxford, is visiting friends in town. Mrs. Smith, of Oxford, is visiting friends in town.

Mrs. W. L. Glade, of Oxford, visited Miss Rachel Tuttle last Monday. Mrs. W. L. Glade, of Oxford, visited Miss Rachel Tuttle last Monday.

Mrs. John MacIntyre, of Dorchester, is visiting Mrs. S. F. Borden. Mrs. John MacIntyre, of Dorchester, is visiting Mrs. S. F. Borden.

Mrs. Campbell, of St. John, is visiting her sister Mrs. McKeade. Mrs. Campbell, of St. John, is visiting her sister Mrs. McKeade.

Mr. and Mrs. Black, of Falmouth, is visiting her mother Mrs. Cyrus B. B. Mr. and Mrs. Black, of Falmouth, is visiting her mother Mrs. Cyrus B. B.

July 22.—Mrs. Bennett of Seckville is visiting her sister, Mrs. N. W. White. July 22.—Mrs. Bennett of Seckville is visiting her sister, Mrs. N. W. White.

Miss Mary Cox has returned from Halifax. Miss Mary Cox has returned from Halifax.

Mrs. H. H. MacKay and Master Henry of Boston are spending the summer in town. Mrs. H. H. MacKay and Master Henry of Boston are spending the summer in town.

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CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Tourist Sleepers Seattle, Wash.

will leave from Windsor Street Station, Montreal at 8.30 a. m., every Tuesday. Holders of second class passage tickets to Pacific Coast points will be accommodated in these cars on payment of a small additional charge per berth.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT, DAILY SERVICE

ST. JOHN AND BOSTON. COMMENCING July 1st the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Boston, Lunenburg, and Portland, Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday mornings at 7.00 (Monday) Tuesday and Friday mornings at 7.00 (Tuesday) and 7.00 (Friday).

An Open Letter. ST. MARTIN'S, QUEBEC, MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

my child unfortunately stuck a nail into his knee, and for some time we thought he would lose the limb, I was advised to take him to Montreal and have the limb amputated to save his life.

But I got a bottle of your MINARD'S LINIMENT, and within three days my child was all right and I feel so grateful that I wish you to use this testimonial, so that others may learn the merits of your wonderful liniment.

Yours gratefully, LOUIS GAYNIER.

CANADIAN EXPRESS CO. General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers.

Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages of very description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, in all parts of the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe.

Special Messengers daily Sunday excepted, over the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe. Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and Sorel, Napanee, Toronto and Quebec, Central Ontario and Consolidated Mail and Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Champlain Branch Railway, Steamship Lines to Digby and Annapolis, and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 600 agents.

Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia.

Express weekly to and from Europe via Canadian Line of Mail Steamers. Agency in Liverpool in connection with the forwarding system of Great Britain and the continent.

Shipping Agents in Liverpool, Montreal, Quebec and Portland, Maine. Goods in bond promptly attended to and forwarded with dispatch.

Invoices required for goods from Canada, United States, and vice versa. H. C. OREIGHT Asst. Supt. J. R. SIOE.

GERARD G. RUEL, BARRISTER, & C. Walker's Building, Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

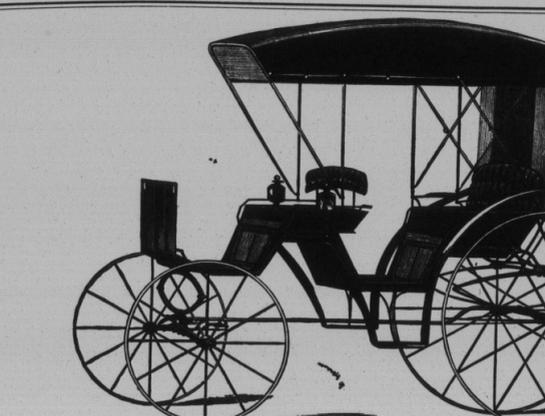
THE CEDARS. THE MOST POPULAR SUMMER RESORT in the Maritime Provinces opens the summer season on May 24th. Steamers leave for the Cedars every morning and evening.

DOMINION EXPRESS COMPANY, (Via C. P. R. Short Line) Forward Goods, Valuables and Money to all parts of Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, Northwest Territories, British Columbia, China and Japan.

Operating Canadian Pacific Ry and branches, Intercolonial Ry to Halifax, Joggins Ry, New Brunswick and P. E. I. Ry, Digby and St. John's, connecting with points on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, and the Halifax Ry.

Handling of Perishable Goods a Specialty. Connected with all reliable Express Companies in the United States. Eight hours ahead of all competing Expresses from Montreal and points in Ontario and Quebec.

Lowest Rates, quick Dispatch and Quality. E. H. ABBOTT, Agent, 98 Prince Wm. St., N. B.



Extension Top Cut Under. Easy riding springs. Deep spring back and cushion. Fenders over wheels keep dresses clean. Front wheels go up r, making it turn short and easy. Silver Mountings. Call and see them. Catalog mailed free.

PRICE & SHAW. 222 1/2, 228 Main St., St. John, N.B.

MOTT'S CHOCOLATES & COCOAS. COMFORTING TO OLD OR YOUNG ROBUSTLY FEELABLE.

We Ship Wedding CAKES ALL OVER THE DOMINION. We send them by Express Safe arrival guaranteed.

They are of the finest quality, covered with our celebrated almond icing and handsomely decorated with our Harry Webb Toronto.

STEAMER CLIFTON. Excursions. Commencing July 1st, the above steamer will make the following excursions every Tuesday and Thursday, leaving the city at 9 a. m.; returning about 6.30 p. m.

Commencing July 1st, the above steamer will make the following excursions every Tuesday and Thursday, leaving the city at 9 a. m.; returning about 6.30 p. m.

**CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.**  
**Tourist Sleepers**  
 ...  
**Little, Wash.**  
 ...  
**Pacific Coast**  
 ...  
**NATIONAL S. S. CO.**  
 ...  
**WHOLESALE AND RETAIL**  
 ...  
**COMMENCING July 1st**  
 ...  
**AN OPEN LETTER.**  
 ...  
**MARTIN'S, QUEBEC.**  
 ...  
**IAN EXPRESS CO.**  
 ...  
**WARD G. RUEL,**  
 ...  
**CE CEDARS.**  
 ...  
**ION EXPRESS COMPANY,**  
 ...  
**P. R. Short Line)**  
 ...  
**W. B. GARDNER, Manager.**

**AYER'S Hair Vigor**  
 Restores natural color to the hair, and also prevents its falling out. Mrs. H. W. Fenwick, of Digby, N. S., says: "A little more than two years ago my hair began to turn gray and fall out. After the use of one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair was restored to its original color and ceased falling out. An occasional application has since kept the hair in good condition."—Mrs. H. F. Fenwick, Digby, N. S.

**AYER'S Hair Vigor**  
 PREPARED BY  
**DR. J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS., U.S.A.**  
 Ayer's Pills cure Sick Headache.

**ROXBORO.**  
 [Progress is for sale in Roxboro by Theodore P. Graham.]  
 JULY 24.—Rev. J. DeSoyres preached in St. Mary's church of Roxboro, morning and afternoon of Sunday last. While here he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Stevenson. On Monday morning Mr. DeSoyres enjoyed a sail, in the steamer "Kra," down the harbor.  
 Miss Anne Palmer, of Fredericton, is visiting friends in town.  
 Miss Kate Beattie, of Boston, is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Robertson this week.  
 Judge and Mrs. James of Buctouche, were in town on Monday.  
 Mrs. Mary Wilson was in town last week, guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Brown.  
 Misses Mame Stevenson and A. Allen were in Buctouche for a few days last week.  
 Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Storey spent Saturday last in Moncton.  
 Mrs. D. Flett's former residence, but now of Boston, is visiting her old friends here.  
 Mr. Wm. McNair, of Doaktown, was in town last Thursday and went to his former home in Buctouche on Friday.  
 A young people's picnic in the contemplation for Thursday a coroner of this week. The chosen spot being in Lons' grove on the south side of the river.  
 E. F. Doherty D. S. of Moncton, is in town to day.  
 Amongst those who went to the picnic in Kouchibouctou from here were, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Welch, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. E. Forbes, Miss Sayre, Miss Edmond and Miss Wm. D. Brewer, R. Finlay, W. D. Carter and W. Jardine. AUBORA.

**ST. GEORGE.**  
 [Progress is for sale in St. George at the store of T. O'Brien.]  
 JULY 23.—The Presbyterian Society enjoyed a picnic at Scott's Farm on Tuesday.  
 Capt. Mrs. and Master Frait spent a part of last week in town.  
 Mrs. O. H. Gilmore arrived home on Wednesday from a visit of several months in Montreal, Ottawa and Calais.  
 Mrs. (Dr.) Dick and wife, Miss Blanche Gilmore, have returned from their summer trip to St. Martin's Bay. F. M. Young and family, of Bridgetown, N. S., are spending their vacation with Mr. and Mrs. A. Young.  
 Miss S. Blakeley, St. John, is the guest of Mrs. Thomas Barry.  
 Miss Jessie O'Brien is spending a short time at her home.  
 Miss Ethel O'Brien is visiting friends at the Ridge. Miss Dania O'Brien is the guest of the Misses Hibbard, St. Andrew.  
 Miss Ella Ludgate, Boston, is at home for a few weeks.  
 Mr. Alfred Gilmore, Upper Falls, is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Kinnes Milliner.  
 Miss Evangelina K. Linnah has returned from a three weeks visit to St. Stephen.  
 Mr. Harry Lawrence returned on Tuesday to his home in Winchester, Mass., accompanied by his sister, Miss Maud Davis.  
 Mr. Richard Knox, St. John, spent Sunday with his family at the Dick farm. MAX.

**HARCOURT.**  
 July 24.—Miss Minnie Gifford, of Boston Mass is visiting Mrs. E. B. Buckenfield.  
 Mr. Clarence Wry, has removed his family to his summer residence.  
 Mr. Herbert M. Buckley, station agent at Belle dune, is spending his vacation among his friends hereabouts.  
 Mr. P. McAnn, of St. John, was here part of last week and left for the east on Monday.  
 Mr. Edward B. Buck returned from England on Thursday evening in City off St. John Mass Beck, of Elgin, Albert Co., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Ezra Kenwick, at Montmorency.  
 Mr. and Mrs. James Miller, and their daughter Jessie, reached here on Saturday from Jeanette, Penn. U. S. en route to Chatham. At Harcourt station Mr. Miller was presented with a handsome fishing rod and outfit by his old employers and friends of the Miller Tanning Extract Company.

**HELP WANTED!!**  
 IS THE CRY FROM THE DYSPYPTIC  
**KDC**  
 ANSWERS THE CALL. IT BRINGS PROMPT RELIEF AND POSITIVELY CURES INDIGESTION. A TEST PROVES IT THE BEST.  
 WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE.  
**K. D. C. CO., LTD.**  
 NEW GLASGOW, N. S., AND 127 STATE ST., BOSTON, MASS.

The presentation was made by Mr. Councilor Alfred in a neat and appropriate speech.  
 Mr. James Buckley, jr. went to Red Pine yesterday to remain for some time.  
 Mr. Duncan McLean, who has been in the United States for the past three years returned home yesterday.  
 Mrs. W. J. Lockhart, of Moncton, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Humphrey has returned home. Her daughter, Jessie, is still visiting the Misses Humphrey.  
 Messrs. William and Herbert Buckley left for Sydney, N. S. this morning on a pleasure trip.  
 Mr. C. B. McLean is on a business trip to Kingston this week.  
 Miss Carrie McConnell and Master Albert McConnell are visiting their brother, Rev. J. McConnell, at the Western parsonage.  
 Mrs. J. J. McLean and Mrs. J. J. McLean are visiting relatives at Lakeside.  
 Mrs. Vradenburg, of Boston, U. S., is visiting her sister Mrs. John Simpson, at Bass.

**ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.**  
 [Progress is for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph Trainor, and at the bookstore of R. S. Dagobert, G. S. Wall and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at the "Treat"]  
 July 24.—Pleasant outings of all kinds are in full swing here, and every one seems bent upon enjoying the beautiful weather of this week after the wet and dullness of last.  
 On Monday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Clarke invited a party of young people to enjoy a sail in the steamer "Arctus" to St. Andrew and to dine at the Alcazova. There were some sixty guests and the party was a merry one. After dinner dancing occupied the evening until the whistle of the Arctus warned them it was time to return up river, and it was not until 10 o'clock on Tuesday morning that they arrived in St. Stephen. This outing was given for the pleasure of Miss Mabel Clarke, and her guests the Misses Richardson of Yabera, New Hampshire, Miss Warner, of St. John.  
 Collector and Mrs. Graham, on Friday evening entertained a party of friends at tea, at their residence on Marks street.  
 Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Young's friends enjoy the pleasure of their steam yacht, as much as they do themselves. It is seen on the river every day, has every modern convenience and is in every respect a miniature ship.  
 The fine old residence of the late Dr. Todd, is to be rented for a term of years, and Mr. Todd has been in the city for some time making these arrangements.  
 Miss Louie Taylor, of Philadelphia, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Frank Parke.  
 Mrs. John Thompson and family are visiting relatives in Calais, N. S.  
 Miss Alice White is visiting her friend, Miss Mat. there in Calais, P. E. I.  
 The ladies of the Methodist church are to hold a garden party on Sherbrooke's pretty grounds. The citizens are to furnish music during the evening and a pleasant time is expected.

**CAMPBELLTON.**  
 [Progress is for sale in Campbellton at the store of A. E. Alexander, wholesale and retail dealer in dry goods, groceries, hardware, stationery, school books, stationery, furniture, carriages and machinery]  
 JULY 23.—Mrs. T. M. Vincent little Miss Vincent and Miss Patterson, St. John, were guests of Mrs. A. J. Verner last week.  
 The Misses Fenwick, Master Geo. Miller, of Montreal, are visiting their uncle Mr. Evan Price.  
 Miss Hannah, St. John, is spending her vacation with Miss Mary McEwen.  
 Rev. F. M. McIntyre, Fabon N. C. who is visiting friends in Dalhousie occupied the pulpit in St. Andrew's church last Sunday.  
 Mr. J. Harry Wilson, Harcourt, who spent a few days in town renewing old acquaintances has returned home.  
 Rev. C. K. Harrington and wife have left town for Sydney C. B. They were accompanied by Miss Alice Mowat who goes on an extended visit to friends.  
 Miss Daisy Harbert, Dalhousie, is visiting Miss Ruth Chandler.  
 Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Mott and Mrs. S. H. Lingley were in Dalhousie last Sunday.  
 Miss Bertha Hewitt has returned from a visit to friends in Bathurst and Dalhousie.  
 Miss Amy Price entertained a few friends last evening.  
 Mr. W. A. Mott, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Brown, Miss Fenwick went to Dalhousie Monday, and returned to Mr. Mott's yacht "Polestar".  
 Mr. J. McAllister, M. P. returned from Ottawa Friday, but left again on Sunday morning's express for the steamer "London King," at a departure to I. O. F. meeting there.  
 Mr. L. N. Bourne, of Moncton who made a short visit to her parents here, left for Quebec Friday.  
 Misses Winnie Barberie and Gerrie Loasby, are visiting in Jacques Bay.  
 Mrs. C. Upham, Sussex, is visiting Mr. W. J. Myers. INANNA.

**ESQUIMAUX.**  
 JULY 22.—Esquimaux can boast of some very nice boarding houses, the principal of which is Mr. H. Allan, (See side) this cottage is beautifully situated about one hundred yards from a beach that offers every facility for sun bathing. A party from Chatham consisting of Mrs. E. J. Fayson, Miss Maggie Griffin, Miss Aggie Johnson, Miss Kathleen Connors and Mrs. W. T. Connors are staying at Mr. Allan's and are evidently enjoying themselves to the utmost, the genial landlord and his amiable wife doing everything in their power to make their holidays delightful. The party also visited Esquimaux Point, and were warmly welcomed by Mr. McLennan.  
 Miss Allan has returned from Chatham.  
 Miss Keefe and Miss Parks, of Bell Bank are here enjoying the sea breeze.  
 Mrs. Yeston and son are at Wilsons.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Tait, of Chatham, are at Mrs. Phillips.  
 Mr. A. McKeeran, is at Sea-Side cottage.  
 Mr. Edwin Allan has returned from Machelier fishing.  
 Rev. Father Parleand, B. C. pastor is building a new house when completed will present a fine appearance.  
 Tomorrow the party from Chatham leaves Sea Side cottage, having enjoyed a very pleasant stay.

**HAMPTON.**  
 JULY 24.—Miss Maimie Frost has returned from her visit to Boston.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McAvity and family, of St. John, arrived on Friday and will spend the remainder of the summer at Lakeside.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bell and Miss Moore, are spending a month here the guests of Mrs. Wm. Langstroth.  
 Mrs. R. LeB. Tweedie and Mrs. T. G. Barnes returned on Friday from Shediac, Mrs. Tweedie has been quite ill since.  
 Dr. Jack Ryan and Mrs. Ryan, of Paris, are guests of Dr. Ryan's sister, Mrs. Samuel Hayward.  
 Mr. Moses Lawrence, is seriously ill at his home in the village.  
 Judge Palmer and Mrs. Palmer are spending the summer months at Mrs. Campbell's.  
 Miss Maimie Smith spent Sunday and Monday with friends in the city.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Geo. F. Calkin of St. John are summering at Lakeside.  
 Miss Frances Frichard is visiting relatives at Moncton.  
 Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Crookshank are spending a few weeks at the village the guests of Mr. Wm. O. Taylor.  
 Miss Hattie Frichard is visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Whitaker who are spending the summer at Ravenswood.  
 Miss Mabel Peters of St. John spent Sunday in town the guest of Mr. T. A. Peters.  
 Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Blair who were at Linden heights have gone to the cedars for a month.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Samuel L. Smith and Miss Blackman of St. John are located in Dr. March's house for the summer.  
 Miss Blanche Fowles of Sussex and Miss Keith of Havelsok are visiting their grandmother Mrs. J. Bradshaw.  
 Miss Lillie Gardner spent Saturday with friends here.  
 Mr. and Mrs. William McAvity spent Sunday at Lakeside.  
 Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Elkin, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram

F. Finlay, and Mrs. Wm. Logan and the guests of Mrs. Campbell, for the summer months.  
 Mrs. John V. Calkin of St. John, is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. G. Gillette at Lakeside.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Chas. T. Gillette are guests at Lakeside.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Fraser are visiting Judge and Mrs. Wood-Thomas at the village.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Fraser are again occupying their cottage for the summer.  
 Mr. F. J. G. Knowlton and family are spending the summer at Lakeside.  
 Mr. and Mrs. J. Pope Barnes, of St. John are at Lakeside.  
 Prof. W. Marley Tweedie is spending the holidays with his parents here.  
 Mr. and Mrs. M. Young and Mrs. Warshawford went to the city on Tuesday.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Cecil S. March were the guests of Mr. H. J. Foster last week.

**NEW GLASGOW.**  
 [Progress is for sale in New Glasgow by A. O. Clark and H. H. Henderson.]  
 JULY 24.—Mrs. G. M. Henderson is the guest of her sister, Mrs. James F. McLean.  
 Misses Mabel and Margaret Robertson of Fall River, Mass., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. James C. McLean.  
 Mrs. Fenton Connor and family are at the "Seaside hotel" King's Head.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Fraser left one day last week for Newfoundland.  
 Mrs. Wm. Watt, who has returned from a three months' visit to Bedford.  
 Miss Watt, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James D. McLean, returned to St. John on Friday, after spending a few months with her sister Mrs. D. McLean.  
 Mr. Victor Fraser, of Halifax was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. McCall for a few days last week.  
 Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Dea Jardine entertained their young friends on Tuesday evening with progressive whist, the games was exceedingly exciting from the sound of the going until the last hand was played, both the honor and booty prize being enthusiastic won by the ladies.  
 Mrs. S. A. Fraser, while Mr. Fraser carried off the trophy for the Fraser and McLean family and Mr. Fitzpatrick being consoling by dolls. After the game and refreshments, music was provided for the other supper dance by a number of guests.  
 The following were those favored with invitations: Mrs. S. A. Fraser, Mrs. J. Underwood, Mrs. S. A. Fraser, Miss Jessie Fraser, Miss Margaret Smith, Miss McColl, Mrs. J. McCall, Mrs. M. M. (Halifax), Miss Frances Balley, Miss Ester Eastwood, (North Bay), Dr. Hector McKay, Mr. C. W. Howard, Mr. S. J. Howe, Mr. Sydney Smith, Mr. Wm. T. R. Fraser, Mr. G. S. Jackson, Mr. Fitzpatrick and Mr. H. M. Musgrave.  
 Miss Jessie Mitchell has returned from Windsor.  
 Miss Annie McDonald of Truro is the guest of Mrs. McDonald, Westside. W. LEE.

**THINGS OF VALUE.**  
 EFFECTUAL.—Charles J. Booth, Oldswold, Cal.: "I have used Ayer's Pills in my family for several years, and have always found them most effective in the relief of ailments of a kind from a disordered stomach, torpid liver and constipated bowels."  
 A good deed is in the morning strews the days path, with roses.  
 Hall's Hair Renewer contains the natural food and color-matter for the hair, and medicinal herbs for the scalp, curing itching, baldness, dandruff and scald scalp.  
 "I have tried others, but like Ayer's best," is the statement made over and over again by those who testify to the benefit derived from the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Disease never had a greater enemy than the powerful blood-purifier. It makes the weak strong.

There are few people more often in the wrong than those who cannot endure to be thought so.  
 Nearly all infants are more or less subject to diarrhoea and such complaints while nursing, and as the period of their lives is the most critical, mothers should not be without a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Diarrhoea Cure. This medicine is a specific for such complaints and is highly spoken of by those who have used it. The proprietors claim to cure any case of cholera or summer complaint.  
 Not a day passes over the earth but men and women of high great deeds, speak great words and suffer noble sorrows.  
 Out of Sorbs.—Symptoms, Headache, loss of appetite, burning tongue, and general indisposition. These symptoms, if neglected, result in the acute disease. It is a true saying that a "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and a little attention at this point may save months of sickness and large doctor's bills. For this complaint take two or three doses of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Diarrhoea Cure, and you will find it a most efficacious remedy for the relief of the body, giving tone and vigor.  
 Trust for the overdoing of a difficulty, not to be long continued, and after you are become bewildered, but to repeated trials at intervals.  
 Street Car Accident.—Mr. Thomas Sablin, says: "My eleven year old boy had his foot badly injured by being run over by a car on the Street Railway. We at once commenced bathing the foot with Dr. Carson's Cough Drops, and in five days the swelling was removed, and in nine days he could use his foot. We always keep a bottle in the house ready for any emergency."

You Don't Have to Suffer.  
 says the St. Louis Journal of Agriculture in an editorial on No-To-Bac, the new tobacco habit cure. "We know of many cases cured by No-To-Bac, a prominent St. Louis architect smoked and chewed for twenty years; two boxes cured him so that even the smell of tobacco made him sick. No-To-Bac sold and guaranteed; no cure no pay. Book free. Sterling Remedial Co., 374 St. Paul St., Montreal."  
 Dr. Carson's Cough Drops.  
 Mrs. Henderson, 32 Cameron St., Toronto, writes: "I was suffering from pleurisy and bad cough. I was wasted and very weak, having had to be propped up in bed. I was told to try Dr. Carson's Cough Drops. Six bottles restored me to perfect health. For sale by druggists everywhere. Price 50 cents. Allan & Co., proprietors, 83 Front St. East, Toronto."

**The Rothesay School for Girls.**  
 (Formerly the Rothesay Church School for Girls), will reopen in September under NEW MANAGEMENT, with a large staff of the very best instructors.  
 Beautiful, Healthy Location, Pure Water, Home Influences.  
 The Faculty of the Academy is composed of Graduates in Arts who have been chosen from those having had experience and success as Teachers. The Commercial College is in charge of a Graduate of the Ontario Business College who is assisted by other members of the Academic staff. The Principal of one of the best known Commercial Colleges says: "Better training can be done in Commercial Work and a broader and sounder Business Education imparted, in connection with Literary Departments than in a purely Business School."  
 Boys desiring to secure, at a moderate cost, a sound Classical, Business or General Education should apply for a Calendar to  
 BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL GIRLS.  
 ST. JOHN  
 AND EDUCATION  
 15 Prince William Street, Through instruction given in French, English, Violin, Blaciano, Italian and Piano.  
 M. S. WHITMAN, Director

Miss Georgie Meredith, by visiting friends in Kings County.  
 Mrs. Lombar, of St. Andrew, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. G. M. Henderson.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Kirby, and family of Windsor, Mass., who are summering at North Lake, have been spending a few days in town with their father Mr. Walter Bradshaw.  
 Mr. and Mrs. J. J. McLean, left on Thursday last for Puttville, Penn., to resume his parental duties in that city.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Philbrick, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank T. Ross.  
 Mrs. Charles McKessie, of Ramford, Pa., is here on a short visit.  
 Mrs. Hamilton and Miss Hamilton, of Shediac, who have been visiting friends here, have returned to their home.  
 Mrs. T. C. Stevenson, of St. John is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Sherwin, of New York City, who have been visiting relatives here, until Friday for a trip to St. John and Fredericton before returning to New York.  
 Miss Louie Taylor, who has been the guest of Mrs. O. S. Newham during the past month has returned to her home in Hampton, she was accompanied by Miss Kate Newman, who has spent several weeks in Hampton.

**EDUCATIONAL.**  
**Rothesay College FOR BOYS.**  
 STAFF:  
 REV. GEORGE E. LLOYD, M. A., Principal  
 CARL LEHMANN, Esq., B. A., Modern Science  
 H. J. GESSON, Esq., B. A., Classics, History  
 I. E. MOORE, Esq., B. A., Mathematics  
 English  
 ERNEST LANGMUTH, Esq., Juniors  
 GEORGE COLLINGS, Esq., Music  
 GEORGE WILLIAMS, Esq., Band Instructor  
 Application for admission should be made at once to the  
 REV. GEORGE E. LLOYD, M. A.

**Rothesay College FOR GIRLS.**  
 The Rothesay Church School for girls will reopen at "Kingshurst" on Saturday, Sept. 7th under an able staff of Univerity Graduates, assisted by Specialist Masters from the College for Boys.  
 The Rev. A. W. and Mrs. Daniel will take up their residence in the building. George Collings, Esq., will be in charge of the musical department. Further announcements will be made as they come.  
 Applications for admission should be made to the  
 REV. GEORGE E. LLOYD, M. A., Rector of Pothesay.

**Church School for Girls,**  
 EDGEHILL,  
 Windsor, Nova Scotia.  
 PATRONS—The Synods of the Dioceses of Nova Scotia and Fredericton.  
 CHAIRMAN BOARD OF TRUSTEES—The Bishop of Nova Scotia.  
 New Brunswick Members of Board of Trustees.  
 The Bishop of Fredericton,  
 The Very Rev. Dean Partridge, D. D.,  
 Hon. Mr. Justice Hearnington, D. C. I.,  
 LADY PRINCIPAL—Miss Machin, with staff of thirteen Governesses and Instructors.  
 Capacious New Buildings, with capacity for 100 inmates. Electric Light and Hot Water Heating. Extensive grounds, covering eight acres. Board and Tuition in all English branches and the French language, \$15.00 per school year. Music, Violin, Calisthenics, Drawing, Painting, Calligraphy, etc., extra.  
 Michaelmas Term begins Sept. 10th, 1895.  
 Forms of application for admission, with Calendar containing full information, can be obtained from Dr. Hux, Windsor, N. S.

**Collegiate School FOR BOYS.**  
 Windsor, Nova Scotia,  
 107th Year.  
 H M Bradford, M. A., of St. John's College, Cambridge, Eng. (21st Wrangler)... Head Master; with Two Resident Assistant Masters, both English University Graduates, and five non-resident Instructors.  
 SCHOOL COMMITTEE—Dr. Hild; Clarence Dimock; Rev. Dyson Hague; Hon. Mr. Justice Hearnington; R. E. Harris, C. C., and H. M. Bradford.  
 The Michaelmas Term begins Sept. 10th, 1895. For Calendar apply to Clarence Dimock, Esq., or to Dr. Hild, Windsor, N. S.

**Mt. Allison Ladies' College,**  
 Owen's Art Institution and Conservatory of Music.  
 COURSES OF STUDY are provided, extending from the primary branches through the whole University course to the degree B. A. The staff consists of 17 teachers in addition to the University Professoriate. Piano, Pipe Organ, Violin, Vocal Culture, Solfeggio, Typewriting, Bookkeeping and commercial courses are all taught after the latest and most improved methods.  
 The Owens Art Institution with its magnificent gallery is still in charge of Prof. Hammond, B. C. A., an exhibitor in the Paris Salon, the Royal Academy, London, etc.  
 The Conservatory of Music employs eight instructors at the head of whom is an experienced teacher from the staff of the N. Y. College of Music, who has studied in Berlin under Von Bülow and Joseffy.  
 Mrs. C. E. Gibbison, who has studied successfully for four years, under some of the greatest masters in Germany, has charge of the Violin department.  
 "Voice Culture is taught by an accomplished Swedish vocalist, who is a graduate of the Munich Conservatory."  
 Every care is taken to give the school a refined Christian home where lady-like manners and nobility of character shall be cultivated.  
 All departments re-open Aug. 29th, 1895. For Calendar apply to  
 REV. B. C. BORDEN, D. D.  
 Sackville, N. B., July 13.

**Mt. Allison Academy**  
 —AND—  
**COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.**  
 The Fall Term of the 53rd Year will begin August 29th, 1895.  
 The Faculty of the Academy is composed of Graduates in Arts who have been chosen from those having had experience and success as Teachers. The Commercial College is in charge of a Graduate of the Ontario Business College who is assisted by other members of the Academic staff. The Principal of one of the best known Commercial Colleges says: "Better training can be done in Commercial Work and a broader and sounder Business Education imparted, in connection with Literary Departments than in a purely Business School."  
 Boys desiring to secure, at a moderate cost, a sound Classical, Business or General Education should apply for a Calendar to  
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 The Fall Term of the 53rd Year will begin August 29th, 1895.  
 The Faculty of the Academy is composed of Graduates in Arts who have been chosen from those having had experience and success as Teachers. The Commercial College is in charge of a Graduate of the Ontario Business College who is assisted by other members of the Academic staff. The Principal of one of the best known Commercial Colleges says: "Better training can be done in Commercial Work and a broader and sounder Business Education imparted, in connection with Literary Departments than in a purely Business School."  
 Boys desiring to secure, at a moderate cost, a sound Classical, Business or General Education should apply for a Calendar to  
 BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL GIRLS.  
 ST. JOHN  
 AND EDUCATION  
 15 Prince William Street, Through instruction given in French, English, Violin, Blaciano, Italian and Piano.  
 M. S. WHITMAN, Director

**REV. B. C. BORDEN, D. D.**  
 Sackville, N. B., July 13.



ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1895.

LY MADE delicately perfumed. BABY'S SOAP

BARBOUR'S LINEN THREAD IS BEST.

FLOSS Threads Button Threads Needlework

Atlantic R'y The Complete Arrangements Found in Two Institutions at Windsor.

D. HOWE, Manufacturers of Furniture.

Progress Print QUICK, NEAT REASONABLE WORK

GIDDY HALIFAX YOUTHS.

THEY ARE TOO ATTENTIVE TO THE LIGGERS OF THE STAGE.

Instances During the Recent Engagement of the Semon Extravaganza Company.

HALIFAX, July 25.—There is a set of young men in Halifax, as there is probably in St. John and in every other city, who are especially susceptible to the charms of opera girls or the dance girls of variety shows.

No fault could be found perhaps, while the young men satisfied themselves with a quiet walk home if they went home, but when it came to entering the hotel with their fair ones, and not confining themselves to the parlor, the good honest host drew the line.

EDUCATION IN NOVA SCOTIA.

The Complete Arrangements Found in Two Institutions at Windsor.

There are two advertisements in this number of PROGRESS which have an interest apart from the business to which they relate. The Collegiate School for Boys at Windsor, N. S. is the oldest Protestant educational institution in the Dominion of Canada.

The Collegiate School for Boys, begins the year 1895-96 on the 10th September with Mr. H. Bradford as head master, two English resident assistants, and five other assistants for music, deportment, calisthenics etc.

The Collegiate School for Girls, begins the year 1895-96 on the 10th September with Mr. H. Bradford as head master, two English resident assistants, and five other assistants for music, deportment, calisthenics etc.

The supplementary calendar of the Boys School discloses a new arrangement for the management of the school, which is highly commendable. Hitherto, this old established institution has been either under the sole control of the head master, or of a committee consisting practically of the governors of King's College resident in Windsor.

The Ven. Archdeacon Kaulback, of Truro, in conjunction with Mr. Bradford, has formulated the plan of religious instruction, thus giving security that no extremes will be tolerated.

BICYCLE FACE A FACT.

ITS PRINCIPLE IS EXPLAINED BY A PHILOSOPHER.

Three Kinds of Such Faces Are Found With Three Styles of Expression—There are Emotions of the Mind Which Change the Looks of People.

The "bicycle face" is being seriously considered by the United States press, and a New York Journal proceeds to analyze it in the following fashion. Very few people have disputed the existence of this face, it says, and these few are mainly the unobservant non-wheelmen.

Although only lately has any one sought to analyze it, the so-called bicycle face has nevertheless existed from the time the first bicycle was mounted, and it prevails among women as well as among men.

The varying intensity of this distracted facial expression is easily accounted for, if we apply the rules of phrenology to the peculiar mental and physical make-up of individual wheelmen. Those who learn to ride soonest and who look most pleasant while practising often have wide heads just behind the ears, showing large combativeness.

CARELESSNESS IN BOATING.

Some of the Things That All Wise People Will be Apt to Avoid.

Accidents on the water, as is to be expected, are more common now than at other seasons of the year, but the record this summer has thus far been unusually large. The temptation to the inexperienced to get into a small sail or rowboat on a bright day and venture out upon the smooth bosom of the waters is very great, but it is the most dangerous form of amusement in which an inexperienced person can indulge.

When parties go on the water in a small boat they should always have with them someone who thoroughly understands the management of the boat.

When they have a good boatman, they should entrust themselves unreservedly to his care so long as they are in the boat. They should do precisely as he directs and wait for land to make an exhibition of their fearlessness, which is always more attractive and convincing if revealed without any effort on the part of its possessor.

The bicycle face, therefore, is but an evidence of mental or physical strain, governed and induced by the mental and physical make-up of the person. If everybody was to walk at three or four times the usual pace, making the liability of collision with each other that number of times greater than at present, there would soon develop that might be called the pavement face.

Mr. Wheeler:—I suppose the great and mysterious Robert has many admirers in Boston, Miss Emerson?

Tramp—Madame, yer don't happen to have a porous plaster in the house, do yer? Mrs. Henshaw (sympathetically)—P'raps I have. Is it for a headache?

Tramp—No, ma'am. I just want yer patch dis hole in me pants.

Summer Sundries for Ladies' Wear.

Gauze Coisets. Light Weight and Cool. Two Prices, 75c. and \$1.40.

French Woven Coisets. White and Grey. Medium Length Waist at \$1.25. Long Waist " \$1.60.

Manchesters, Ribbed Lisle Thread Vests, Ribbed Maco Cotton Vests, Ribbed Silk Vests, Children's Ribbed Cotton, Silk and Lisle Vests.

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LOVE IS BEST.

It was growing dusk in the drawing room but the lamps were not yet lighted, and the young women in the picturesque hats clustered around the little tea table as closely as their huge sleeves and blimmable skirts allowed, and sipped their Asam-shirki between the bursts of confidence proper to the half-hour. They had discussed the reigning tenor, touched delicately on the latest scandal, and were now busy with Jack Rodney's name and money. Alas! had given his great inheritance to another heir, and then he had gone into Wall street and been caught on the wrong side of the market.

"I can't picture it," said Silly Littlejohn balancing her little gold spoon. "What will become of him? The spoiled darling. Why, he will have to go to work!" "Work!" said Julia Montresor. "With those aristocratic hands! What sort of work?" "Poor Jack!" said Arabella. "He wouldn't know himself out of his habits. How is he to go without his horses, his club, his opera, his London tailor?" "I don't believe he will try to," said Felicia.

"Why, what will he do?" "The only thing he can do—stop living." "Oh, Bab! How horrid of you! Jack Rodney, the splendid fellow! Has any one seen him? I wonder what he is doing now?" said Silly. "Walking on his uppers, don't they call it?" said Bab. "Such a shame! And he has lent and given away a fortune to other people. He never seemed to care about money."

"No, indeed; I suppose he has dropped a modest fortune in cards before this?" "Why, Bab, with the poor fellow in such a strait. He only does what all other men do." "And he does a great deal they don't do," said Arabella. "Every one else was letting Will de Luys reap what he sowed, but Jack made good all the misappropriation—instead of the new terms—and gave Will a fresh start. And it was Jack's yacht that was cruising up the Mediterranean and had princes on board for guests, it was his steamer that took those children from Seven Alleys down the harbor every afternoon all the hot summer."

"You always had a specific talent for turning a telescope on microscopic subjects," said Bab. "No, thanks; I can't drink another drop of your tea, Felicia, though I declare it does put the spirit in you," said Julia. "Well, just one cup—lemon—yes," as Felicia's jeweled hand suspended the sugar. "What a perfectly lovely cup! Did you know that one of Dolly Van Ven's engagement cups was a tiny thing of gold, crusted with peridots?"

"No!" "And who do you think gave it to her? Well, Jack Rodney, and she cut him dead last week." "She ought to," said Felicia, "for doing such an utterly silly thing." "I suppose he paid for it?" said Bab. "Well, deliver me from my friends?" said Arabella.

"And that reminds me," said Silly, "apropos of nothing. Do you know that no one can imagine what has become of Lena Vally's black pearls?" "Apropos of nothing. Lena hasn't any friends," said Bab. "You mean," said Julia, "that every one can imagine. Isn't it too bad?" "Well, Mrs. Harry said to her the other night at the opera—you know there is nothing Mrs. Harry doesn't dare—'Just see that string of pearls on Violetta's throat. Shouldn't you think they were yours if yours weren't locked up at home?'"

"And what did Lena do?" "Oh, she didn't do anything just then. But a little while afterward she fainted or something." "The poor child!" "Well," said Bab, "he can give her another string now. Vally is one of the cousins that came into Jack Rodney's money. It's his blood, anyway." "How prejudiced you are, Bab! Where is Jack? Does any one know?" said Silly. "Going to Texas, ranching. He has cleared up everything and starts at once, some one said. He'd like it if they play the poor fellow!"

"Oh, it is really getting dark!" exclaimed Arabella, as the maid stole gently about the room, and the great lamps flared up like moons dressed in the fashion. And she pulled up her ermine capes. "We must be going. Why, Felicia, how white you are! I should think you were ready to faint yourself!" "The sudden light," murmured Felicia. And then she saw in the glass, and pressed her hand quickly over shining olive eyes that glittered there for half a moment like points of steel.

Years afterward Felicia had only to make that motion with her hand across her eyes to call up the whole scene—the lovely, lofty room, with its old Gobelins hangings, the great mirrors framed in alabaster, the moony lamps, the high vases heaped with red roses, the lounges heaped with silken cushions, Dresden and silver, the beautiful girls getting into their princely furs, talking scandal like dowagers, her sister Bab's face with the scarlet on both cheeks, and her own, white and angry, in the glass, as the marble Diana behind her.

It was while the last dinner guests that night were still saying tender nothings to Bab as she leaned against the mantel and the low freight played on the satin sheen of her white gown until she looked as if taking life from a flame-tinted jewel, that a slender shape slipped swiftly down the steps and passed along in the shadow of the houses like a shadow herself. The girl had never been in the street at night before without attendance; every sound affrighted her; she shrank even behind her veil from every passerby. As soon as she had turned the corner she brought into plainer sight the large parcel she carried, that she might pass the more readily as a maid. A half-hour's rapid walk and she ran up some steps to make sure of a number, rang the doorbell, said something explanatory to the man that answered it, passed in and followed him to the door of a room up one flight of the broad, low stairway there.

The room was in confusion. A leather box and a portmanteau lay packed and strapped by the door. There were empty and discolored spaces on the walls where pictures had hung, brackets had held their busts and great cases and cabinets had stood. It was plain to see in its disman-

ned state that it had lately been a place of luxury.

A man sat there, with his head bowed upon his arms as they lay along the table, in an attitude of utter despondency. He did not look up when the door opened and closed. But the girl crossed the room quickly and, standing behind him, stooped with her arm laid across his shoulder. He lifted his head, looking straight before him.

"I suppose it is a dream," he said half to himself. "I am not a dream," she said, bending lower, her soft, cool cheek touching his. "I am Felicia!"

There was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour. For one moment there was silence and rapture here. And then the transfer man came for the luggage. "And this parcel, too," said Felicia. "Felicia!" he exclaimed. "This parcel," she repeated. "You know I cannot go back after coming here. I said, when they were alone again. 'I have burned my ships behind me.'"

"Do you mean it?" he exclaimed, joyously. And then his tone fell. "I thought, oh, yes; certainly, I must take you home before my train leaves." "You will take me home? My home is with you, Jack."

"You don't know what you say!" he answered her. "Oh, no; I cannot accept the sacrifice!" the eager gleam of his eyes believing his words.

"Jack," she murmured, "the sacrifice was in my coming here unasked." "You knew I loved you, you knew I loved you! And then this crash came—and there was nothing for me to say—to you, who have lain in the lilies and fed on the roses of life. I, whose part was the husk!"

"Yes, I know it, or could not not have come," he replied, and she moved away from him, going about the room, and pausing in the curtainless window place, where the moonlight lay upon her, pale and impassioned.

"Don't make it so hard for me!" he exclaimed. "An hour ago it was the blackness of despair. I was going to bury myself in that ranch with its bunch of cattle, the one thing left me, as if it were a grave. Now I shall go out into that new life radiant with this happy knowledge and my hope. And even if I should never prosper enough to come for you," he said, after a moment, taking a step toward her, "if you should weary in the long waiting and give some other fellow the love I have won—well, I could bear it, perhaps, remembering and living again in this night's joy."

"Some other man!" she exclaimed, uncapping his arms and looking for the hat and jacket that had been thrown aside. "I am going with you, Jack. If you can live summer and winter in a tent in Texas, I can, too. I have the fit clothes in that parcel. I have my jewels here. They were my mother's, and are mine, and I have the right to take them, and their price will hinder my being a burden."

"A burden! Oh, Felicia, if I might, if I dared—"

"You will have to," said Felicia, calmly. "The Church of Blessing is around the corner, and the rector is my friend. Jack, you made me propose to you. I shouldn't think you would make me ask you to marry me!"

Standing there in the moonlight, adjusting her disordered hair, she was too beautiful, too sweet and tender for mortal man to resist. "The train leaves at midnight," he said, controlling his voice as he could. "There is scant time—Oh, my darling, if you should regret—I should regret it!"

"Never," said Felicia. And then, lip to lip, and heart to heart, they lingered one moment before they went out together. It was a year afterward that Felicia sat on a night in the reticent moonlight of a high prairie, after a day of heat, "scattered by the great gull breeze blowing over three hundred miles of flowers."

"Are you sorry I came?" she said. "Are you?" "Do you know, it seems to me precisely as if we were living on an outskirts of the Holy Land, and with figs and herbs, and the fig and the pomegranate and the tender grape giving a good smell!" she said.

Purifying Water. Water containing vegetable or animal impurities, even in small quantities, may be purified by putting into it about two grains of alum to each gallon. The alum acts as a sort of coagulum on this matter, causes it to curdle and settle to the bottom of the vessel. No taste or unpleasant effect is

produced, as the alum goes with the suspended matter. It requires about ten or twelve hours to effect the clearing. The purified water may be decanted and kept in bottles in an ice chest until wanted.

COLLIE COULD TALK.

The Remarkable Story of a Dog Owned by a New Brunswick Farmer.

When engaged in surveying a railway in New Brunswick, James Camden, a civil engineer, was compelled one night by a very severe snowstorm to take refuge in a small farmhouse. The farmer owned two dogs, one an old Newfoundland and the other a collie. In due time the farmer and his family went to bed, the Newfoundland stretched himself out by the chimney corner, and Mr. Camden and his man were left on the floor in front of the fire.

The door of the house was closed by a wooden latch and fastened by a bar placed across it, Mr. Camden and his man were just falling asleep when they heard the latch of the door raised. They did not get up immediately, and in a short time the minutes, and then Mr. Camden rose, unfastened the door and looked out. Seeing nothing, he returned to his blankets, but did not replace the bar across the door.

Two or three minutes later the latch was tried the third time. This time the door opened and the collie walked in. He turned the door back, walked straight to the old Newfoundland and appeared to make some kind of a whispered communication to him. Mr. Camden lay still and watched. The old dog rose and followed the other out of the house. Both presently returned, driving before them a valuable sam belonging to the farmer which had become separated from the rest of the flock and was in danger of perishing in the storm. Now, how did the collie impart to the other dog a knowledge of the situation unless through some supernatural unknown to us?—Forest and Stream.

GORDON THE GENEROUS.

He Had No Use for Money Except to Bestow It on Those Who Needed It.

When General Gordon left London for the Sudan, for the last time, he started from the house of Lord Wolsley, who has given a graphic description of their parting. Shaking hands with him, as he stood there in his tall silk hat and frock coat, Wolsley offered to send him anything he wanted.

"Don't want anything," was the reply. "But," it was suggested, "you've got no clothes." "I'll go as I am," replied Gordon. He never had any money, we are told, for he always gave it away. Lord Wolsley asked him if he had any cash.

"No," was the reply. "When I left Brussels I had to borrow £25 from the King to pay my hotel bill with." "Very well," said his friend, "I'll try and get you some, and meet you at the railway station with it." Lord Wolsley went round to the various clubs and got £300 in gold. He gave the money to Colonel Stewart, who went with Gordon; the latter was not to be trusted with it. A week or so passed by when Lord Wolsley had a letter from Stewart.

"You remember the £300 you gave me? When we arrived at Port Said a great crowd came out to cheer Gordon. Amongst them was an old Slesick to whom Gordon was much attached, and who had become poor and needy. Gordon got the money, and gave the whole of it to him!"

The Value of Advertising. One of the largest advertisers in London says: "We once hit upon a novel expedient for ascertaining over what area our advertisements were read. We published a couple of half-column 'ads.' in which we purposely mistated a half-dozen historical facts. In less than a week we received between 300 and 400 letters from all parts of the country, from people wishing to know why on earth we kept such a consummate idiot, who knew so little about English history. The letters kept pouring in until we had to stop. It was one of the best paying 'ads.' we ever printed; but we did not repeat our experiment, because the one I refer to served the purpose. Our letters came from schoolboys, girls, professors, clergymen, school teachers, and, in two instances, from eminent men who have a world-wide reputation. I was more impressed with the value of advertisements than I should have been by volumes of theories."

His First Ride in an Elevator. A rather surprising experience of an Irishman upon riding in an elevator for the first time is told in The Dublin Journal. Here is the victim's version of it: "I went to the hotel, and says I, 'Is Mr. Smith in?' Says the man with a sojer cap, 'Will yer step in?' So I steps into the office, and all of a sudden he pulls the rope, and the walls of the building began runnin' down to the cellar.

"Och, murther!" says I, "what'll become of Bridget and the caudier which was left below there?" Says he, 'yez come down.' "Come down, is it?" says I, "and it's no office, but a haythenish balloon, that yez got me in."

And wid that the walls stood stock still, and he opened the door, and there I was with the roof just over my head; and be gorra, that's what saved me from going up to the hives entirely."

Matrimonial Advertising in Spain. Even in Spain the advantages of advertising are recognized. The following appeared in a recent issue of a Spanish newspaper: "A widow, and of an enviable position and a bright disposition, and possessed of the complete wardrobe of her late husband (five feet four inches in height), a splendid suite of furniture, and 900 marks in cash, desires to form the acquaintance of a gentleman with a view to matrimony. Address," etc.

A WINTER IN PARIS.

MR. G. T. FULFORD'S RETURN FROM THE WORLD'S GAYEST CITY.

A Reporter Interviewing Interview With Him on the Statistics and Information of General Value.

From the Recorder, Brooklyn, Oct. Mr. G. T. Fulford, who is understood to have been doing big things in Paris during the past winter and spring, introducing Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, has reached home with his family, and on the evening of his arrival was interviewed by a Recorder reporter, and asked to give an account of himself.

"Well," he said, in reply to a question on the status of the Pink Pill business in France, "of course it isn't altogether an easy matter to introduce a foreign article into a strange market, but I don't think we can complain of the progress made, and it is gratifying to report that, as, at the Paris doctors are open to recognize a medicine of which the intrinsic merits can be demonstrated to them. One of the Sisters of Charity, who have also made an extensive use of Pink Pills in their charitable work, and given strong testimonials as to their good effects."

"How do you find business all around?" "Pretty good. We have sold in the past twelve months a little over two million boxes of Pink Pills." "That is a pretty large order isn't it?" "It is the best twelve months business yet. Look for a minute at what the figures mean. It all the pills were turned out into a heap, and a person seen to count them, working ten hours a day and six days a week, the job would take—I have reckoned it—4 years, 21 days, 6 hours and 40 minutes, counting at the rate of 100 a minute. Or, if you would prefer statistics, it is somewhere about two pills a head for the combined adult population of Canada, Great Britain, Ireland, and the United States. I don't give these figures to glorify the business, you will understand, but to enable you to make the facts tangible to an ordinary reader."

"Does Great Britain do its share in the business?" asked the reporter. "Yes, I think we have had a record there. The head of a leading advertising agency in London to whom I showed my figures, told me that no business of that kind had ever reached the same dimensions in England in as short a time; for though we have only been working in England two years, there are but two medicines there that have as large a sale as Pink Pills, and one of these is over thirty years old, while the other has been at work at least half that time."

"How do you account for the way Pink Pills have 'jumped' the English market?" "I cannot attribute it to reasonable logic to anything but the merits of the pills. 'As everything lovely, asked the reporter, or were there any crumpled rose-leaves in the couch?" "Can't grumble, except in one way. There's a certain amount of substitution in some retail stores, and there is a man in Manchester, England, that I have had to prosecute on the criminal charge for it."

"But what do the substitutes do—do they duplicate your formula under some other name?" "No not a bit of it; that is the worst feature of the fraud. No dealer can afford to know what is in Pink Pills; and if he did, he couldn't prepare them in small quantities to sell at a profit. They are not common drugs, and by no means cheap to make. I suppose I have spent from ten to twelve thousand dollars, since I took over the trade mark, in trying if the formula could be improved, and spent a share of it for nothing."

"What do you mean by 'for nothing?'" "After I acquired the trade mark I saw that if the thing was to be made a success it was imperative that I should have the best tonic pill that could be gotten up. Consequently I obtained the advice and opinion of some of the most noted men in medicine in Montreal and New York—and expert advice of that sort comes high. I made the change in my formula suggested by these medical scientists, and the favor with which the public has received the medicine, demonstrates that it is the most perfect blood builder and nerve tonic known. However, I was anxious to still further improve the formula, if that could be done, and have since spent a great deal of money with that end in view. On going to London, two years ago, to place Pink Pills, I went into it again, with the best medical expert in not too friendly to proprietary medicines; and least of all to a good one; and I don't blame the doctors either. It isn't good for their business if a man can get for fifty cents medicine that will do him more good than \$50 in doctoring. Consequently advice came high, but I obtained the best there is, not only on this continent but in London and Paris."

When I went to Paris last winter I placed my formula and a supply of Pink Pills in the hands of one of the most noted doctors in that city for a three months trial in his practice, with a view to getting suggestions for improvement; at the end of that time his answer was 'L save it alone, it cannot be bettered. You now have a perfect blood and nerve medicine.' This opinion cost me 10,000 francs, but I consider it money well spent, as it determines the fact that the formula for Pink Pills is now as perfect as medical science can make it. And coming back to the question of substitution and imitations; what I have just told you will show what a poor thing it is for a man who goes to a store for Pink Pills to let something else be pushed on to him in place of them—more especially if it is a worn out thing like Bland's pills—a formula in the French pharmacopoeia that has been a back number for years until a few storekeepers tried to push it on the strength of Pink Pill advertising. You can take it from me that a storekeeper who tells anyone that Bland's pills (which is not a proprietary at all; any one can make it that wants to) is in any way a substitute for Pink Pills is an ignorant and never good man, and that he certainly isn't fit to put up a prescription, and will poison someone some day."

JUST TAKE THE CAKE

of SURPRISE SOAP and use it, or have it used on wash day without boiling or scalding the clothes. Mark how white and clean it makes them. How little hard work there is about the wash. How white and smooth it leaves the hands.

YOU'LL ALWAYS HAVE A CAKE. For Sale by Street & Co.

The Shoes You Wear. The Weight They Bear.



Your hat's on top and can take care of itself. Your shoes are under you and must take care of your feet. What kind of caretakers are they? Pinched and painful, perhaps. Buy the Slater Shoes. Fit you the first time you wear them! Six shapes—many widths—all sizes—black or tan. Best imported calfskin—Goodyear Welt. Look for PRICE STAMPED ON SOLE \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00 . . .

Advertisement for D.G.L. Scotch & Irish Whiskies and London Gin. Includes text: 'ALWAYS ASK FOR D.G.L. SCOTCH & IRISH WHISKIES AND LONDON GIN. PROPRIETORS: THE DISTILLERS, CO. LTD. EDINBURGH, LONDON & DUBLIN.'



# Sunday Reading.

## HISTORY OF THE BIBLE.

The Books of the Old Testament and How They Were Written.

The clay tablets at Babylon and Assyria were deposited in the libraries, which were established in the temples of the country. The papyrus of Egypt were preserved in much the same fashion. Some of the libraries were very old, and were continually being added to as time went on. The American Expedition to Babylon has recently been excavating a library at Niffer, which was formed 3000 B. C., while there are books or tablets in it which come down to the age of the Persian Empire. The oldest Babylonian library of which we know was created by Sargon who reigned as far back as 2300 B. C. The standard Babylonian work on astronomy and astrology had been originally compiled for this king, and edition after edition of it was made down to the last days of the Babylonian monarchy. Every library was provided with a large staff of scribes, who were constantly at work copying, or, as we should say, re-editing the older literature. The copies were made with scrupulous care; we are told when there was a fracture in the original, rendering the characters illegible, and also whether the fracture was recent or not; when again the scribe was uncertain as to the characters which he was to copy, he either gave all the characters he thought it might represent, or frankly confessed that he could not read it.

In Palestine also there were libraries and scribes like those of Babylon and Assyria. For the pre-Israelitish period we have the testimony of the Tel-el-Amarna tablets, and such Old Testament hints as the name of the city Kanath-Sopher, or "Book-town," called Beth-Sopher, "the Scribe's house," in an Egyptian papyrus. For the age of the Jewish kingdom there is an incidental allusion in the book of Proverbs of Solomon which the men of Hezekiah, King of Judah, copied out. It is evident the example of Babylon was followed at Jerusalem, and that there too there was a library with a body of scribes employed in re-editing the older literature of the country. In this way the ancient writings of Israel were preserved and handed down. And it is not probable that they were edited with less care than the clay books of Assyria and Babylon.

The prophetic books are full of references and quotations which indicate an acquaintance with the works of earlier authors. Thus the prophecy against Moab in the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of Isaiah is quoted from an older prophet, and adapted by Isaiah to the circumstances of his own time, as we learn from the correct translation of the concluding verses. This should be "This is the word that the Lord spoke concerning Moab long ago. But now the Lord hath spoken" again by his servant Isaiah, who declares that the glory of Moab should perish within three years. Another passage in the book of Isaiah (ii. 2-4) is found also in his younger contemporary, Micah (v. 1-5). This passage must have been quoted from elsewhere by Isaiah, as it begins with the conjunction "and," and is incomplete at the end. Its sources, however, could not have been the prophecies of Micah, as this is forbidden by chronology, and it follows therefore that it must have been quoted by both from a common original.

The books of Kings and Chronicles, again, allude to various works which have now been lost. Among them were the annals of the kingdoms of Judah and Samaria, compiled year by year, as well as historical books like those of the prophets Gad and Nathan, who recorded the events of their own time. The date of the compilation of the books of Kings is remarkable. The books end abruptly with the reign of Evil-Merodach, who succeeded his father, Nebuchadnezzar, as king of Babylon. His reign lasted only two years, when he was cut short by murder. As his death is not mentioned, the books of Kings must have been finished before it took place, that is to say, in B. C. 561. The Jews at that time were exiles in Babylon, and the city and temple of Jerusalem had been destroyed. Nevertheless it is evident that the exiles still had access to their old literature; even the annals of the northern kingdom had been preserved and could be referred to by a writer who lived in Babylon.

The Assyrian monuments have explained how this could have been the case. The kings of Assyria and Babylon made war against men, not against books. The most precious spoil which could be carried off to Assyria from a captured Babylonian city was some old text which the library of Nineveh did not possess. Nebuchadnezzar, as his inscriptions show, was himself a patron of literature, and it is therefore more than probable that when he took Jerusalem he would have carefully removed the library he found there to one of the numerous libraries of his own country. The Babylonians took a good deal of interest in the nations round about them, and some of the tablets they have bequeathed to us contain the names of foreign deities, as well as lists of foreign words with their Babylonian equivalents. As for the literary works of the northern kingdom of Israel, the "men of Hezekiah," who copied out the prophecies of Solomon, would have been glad to secure as many of them as possible. The writings of the northern prophets, Amos and Hosea, must have been preserved in this way; indeed, the prophecies of Hosea contain clear evidence that they have been edited by a Jew.

After the return from the exile there were no longer any difficulties in the transmission of the sacred books. The life

age of Greece had already begun, and the Western world was beginning to learn from the Eastern how to write and read, to establish libraries and preserve books. The Jewish community had become a sort of theocracy under the government of the high priest, and its members were interested in handing down intact the Scriptures which they had received. Before long the Hebrew books were translated into Greek for the benefit of the Greek-speaking Jews of Egypt, and the Old Testament was thus transmitted through two separate channels, the Hebrew text of Palestine and the Greek text of the Septuagint. Papyrus made way for the parchment scroll, and eventually in the sixth century of our era the Massorettes commenced their work of counting every letter of the sacred volume, and by means of the vowel points and accents, of stereotyping its traditional pronunciation. Meanwhile the Canon of the New Testament had been formed, and the books of which it was composed added to those of the Hebrew Bible. Under the successors of Alexander the Great book-sellers had multiplied in the great cities of the civilized world and large bodies of trained slaves were employed to copy the books that were in demand. It was no longer difficult to obtain a copy of a book, provided the purchaser was willing to pay its price. The preservation and multiplication of the Scriptures had become almost as easy as it is in our own time.

## THOUGHTS FOR SUNDAY.

Helpful Words Spoken by Some of the Men and Women of the Time.

"Perhaps you have a great mind, perhaps you have an eloquent tongue; it may be you have a large purse, and can glorify God and bless mankind with that; but perhaps you have nothing in the world but a kind sweet smile. Then let that fall upon some poor life that has no smiles upon it. Remember that dewdrops glistening in the sun are just as beautiful as a rainbow—Charles H. Parkhurst.

"I am thankful for the pulpit and for the chance to stand in it. What a great and gracious thing for a man it is to be always occupied with the noblest themes, to have it for his special mission to help his fellows in this sinful and dark world to tell of the radiant Christ. To do this in the least worthy is worth the intensest prayers and pains of any man."—Wayland Hoyt.

"God is teaching us that mysteriously, but very really, we are members one of another. Our interests are common interests, and to fight is not only wrong, but stupid. Capital and labor are respectively senior and junior members of the same firm, and until they recognize this the firm cannot possibly prosper."—Evanglist.

"It is as true today as ever that the Kingdom of God does not come with observation. The enrolment of a large membership is not an unquestionable proof of large spiritual forcefulness in a church. The attracting of large congregations is not always a sure sign of spiritual power in the preacher."—Herald and Presbyter.

"We cannot lay our hand on the diseased and heal them. . . . but we can cause men to feel that God is thinking of them. . . . It men can be induced to believe in the love of their fellow-men, they are well on the road to being in the love of God."—Marcus Doda.

"Buried alive! I did not so describe the bright, busy, intensely absorbing life my old schoolmate has led, and for so far fame, had she not earned something better and more rewarding—the consciousness that she had done her duty in that place where God had put her."—Margaret E. Sangster.

"Faith is trust. To believe in Christ is to trust in Him. There is nothing more simple in the world than the childlike Christian trusting in his loving Saviour. There is nothing mysterious about it. It is the child trusting his mother, the client trusting his lawyer, the patient trusting his physician."—The Midland.

## A Message From God.

"Heaven and earth shall pass away; but my words shall not pass away. But of that day and that hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father. Take ye heed, watch and pray: for ye know not when the time is. . . . Watch. . . . lest coming suddenly he find you sleeping, and what I say unto you I say unto all, watch." Mark 13: 31-37.

## The Better Hypnotism.

There has been much talk of late of an alleged power said to be possessed by certain strong-minded men over the weaker-minded, by which they are supposed to be able to throw these weaker ones into a state of semiconsciousness, and while in that state to be able to make them obey their will and do their commands in every detail. It may be that this new "hypnotism" is but the old "mesmerism" spelled with a new name. And just as the old mesmerism puzzled and amused the curious for a little while, and then passed away, so this new hypnotism will in all probability soon pass from the thoughts and talk of men. Christians may for a time make lame and fortune by their mystic performances, but hypnotism will never take its place among the great forces of the world. The weakest and shallowest minds will soon grow weary of being waded off to sleep, to become the property of some professional Svegali. And yet there is no form of egotistical error that does not seem at least to have at the very heart of it some central core of truth. Strong minds do affect weak minds. There are some men so mighty as leaders that they seem to command the most absolute and unquestioning obedience of their followers. In war such men as Wellington, or Napoleon, or Grant, only had to draw the sword and lead the way and thousands followed, even though death stared them fully in the face. In politics Cavour and Gambetta, Gladstone and Bismarck have had just such a following. Some men wield a mighty influence. How important it is that

our leaders should be of the highest order that there influence may be the best and the most salutary. But for all common men the same lesson waits for the learning. We all have more or less influence. It may be much more than we think. Looks, words, silence, action, all tell with more or less of power, especially on the young. This sacred gift should all be consecrated to the highest ends, to help upward and onward our fellow men.

## IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Gives Reasons for Her Belief in It.

A sweet old lady, the wife and mother of missionaries, a saint of the elder fashion, lay devoutly dying.

"I thought," she said, "I heard the angels sing.

"But I am not sure," she added, with a wise smile; "I shan't be sure it is the angels unless they sing a little louder."

I am asked to answer in a thousand words a question on which the scholars and the sufferers of two thousand years have expounded the heights and the depths of human thought and anguish: "What are the reasons for belief in personal immortality?"

It would be easier to give them in a volume than in a column, and one may try to compress the eternal into newspaper type with a sense of inadequacy too evident for waste of words.

The greatest difficulty with our views of immortality I take to be their lack of definiteness. Most of us believe something, we are not sure just what and are quite sure we do not know why. Few of us fear fewer, I think, than we suppose—honestly consider the pillows of our deathbeds, he last fight for breath, the last reaching out for the clasp of a dear hand, and the last melting of consciousness into mist and mystery as the end of ourselves.

Yet how many of us could intelligently and intelligibly give the precise reasons why we expect anything better?

Something is lacking to our usual means of expressing the greatest article of faith in the category of human beliefs. We are "not sure it is the angels." We wait for them to "sing a little louder."

There can always be at least two grounds for accepting any valuable belief—because we wish to or because we have to. Each is important in its own way, but to ordinary men and women, too busy and careworn to concern themselves with philosophy or theology, yet shrewdly afraid of being deluded by superstition, it seems to me that the best reason for believing in the immortality of the soul will always remain the oldest, the simplest, the most wholesome and the most human, the shortest and the easiest to understand—in a word, the inevitable reason—those that we cannot escape. It seems to me that they might be expressed, not philosophically but practically, somewhat in the following manner (let it be said just here that I assume belief in personal Deity as not the point now at issue, but as conceded to this discussion):

So far as we have means of knowing, all created things exist for a reason and to an end.

This world must have been made for a good reason or a bad one.

Despite numerous apparent arguments to the contrary, the general belief of the wise and better portions of mankind has concluded in the conviction that God is good.

Unless we have clearer light on the subject than we now command, it is wise to respect this general conviction, and to make it the basis of whatever views we may have upon the greatest questions raised by the phenomena of life.

If God is a being both intelligent and good, he is not likely to make an enormous mistake or to commit a cruel crime.

If this life be the end of experience to the inhabitants of this world, its creation would be a mistake, or would constitute such a crime.

I do not think that any thoughtful or devoted seeker after truth need hesitate at this proposition, or indeed need go very far beyond it, unless he choose.

No trained and delicate eye can escape the terrible disproportion between misery and happiness in this world, the enormous proportion of moral evil in it—in short, the overpowering presence of the forces known by the old-fashioned words sin and suffering.

If there is no sequel to this drama of woes, why not frankly say that we are the victims of an awful connivance of power with opportunity against helplessness, of which it is inconceivable that any but a malevolent or irresponsible Deity could be capable?

Life is an unfinished story. We stand in the thick and dark of the plot. Its Author is bound by the moral laws of His own being to carry on the tale to a just and intelligible ending. He is under eternal obligations to eternal creation and reason to justify His own scheme of creation; and it is more than presumable (since He is not a monster or a maniac) that He intends to do so.

If the Creator has made a planet full of suffering never to be relieved, of mourners never to be comforted, of love never to be satisfied, of grief never to be assuaged, of innocent hope never to be exercised, of aspiration never to be realized, evil never to be conquered, and doers of evil never to be either punished or purified—if, in a word, this whole scheme of things is the freak of a malevolent fancy of the accident of a blind force, then we are face to face with difficulties as much greater than the difficulty involved in the doctrine of immortality as madness is sadder than sanity, and despair blacker than blessedness.

There are many valuable reasons for a belief in everlasting life upon which this is not the place to enlarge. I suggest that the best of them is that we have not yet found any better way of accounting for the mystery of creation.

When we do, it may be time to drain from the veins of humanity the old and vigorous blood of eternal hope. Until then, why not give it all the volume and

nutrition that we can? We do as much for the circulation of the body. Is the heartbeat of the soul a minor matter.

## The Child Character.

The first character of right childhood is that it is modest. A well bred child does not think it can teach its parents, or that it knows every thing. It may think that its father and mother know every thing—perhaps that all grown-up people know every thing; very certainly it is sure that it does not. And it is always asking questions and wanting to know more. A second character of right childhood is to be faithful. Perceiving that its father knows best what is good for it, a noble child trusts him wholly gives him its hand, and will walk blindfolded with him if he bids it. A third character of right childhood is to be loving and generous. Give a little love to a child and you get a great deal back. It loves every thing near it when it is a right kind of a child; would always give the best it has away if you need it; does not lay plans for getting everything in the house for itself, and delights in helping people—you cannot please it so much as by giving it a chance of being useful in ever so little a way. And because of all these characters it is cheerful. Putting its trust in its father, it is careful for nothing; being full of love to every creature, it is always happy, whether in its play or its duty. So, then you have the child's character in these four things—humility, faith, charity, and cheerfulness.—Ruskin.

## Learning and Doing.

"We learn to do by doing." This is one of the accepted maxims of the modern educationist. But it is not merely the doing with hands or head that makes the whole duty of him who is seeking an education or the building of character. We must learn to love by loving. We must act toward, and do for, the unlovely one such things as we would do for those whom we account as lovely. Thinking love's thoughts, speaking love's words, doing love's deeds, is to make the unlovely lovable and to learn to love by loving.

## How To Be Miserable.

Think about yourself—about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, what people think of you, and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will make misery for yourself out of everything; you will be as wretched as you choose on earth, or in heaven either. In heaven either for the proud, greedy, selfish, self-seeking spirit would be heaven into hell. It did turn heaven into hell for the great devil himself. It was by pride, by seeking his own glory, that he fell from heaven to hell.—Kingsley.

## Sinful Nature De-fused.

Sinning is one thing and a sinful nature is another; and we see no evidence in Scripture that the latter is ever eradicated completely while we are in the body. If we could see ourselves with God's eye, we could doubtless discover sinfulness lying beneath our most joyous moments of unassuming conduct, and the stain of our old and fallen nature so discolored our whitest actions as to convince us that we are not faultless in His presence.—Dr. Gordon.

## What Words Can Do.

The effect of our words for good or for evil, for encouragement or discouragement, cannot be over-estimated. "Lord, keep Thou the door of our lips." Says a writer: "No man has a prosperity so high or firm but two or three words can dishearten him. There is no calamity which words will not begin to redress."—Presbyterian Journal.

## To Cure Indigestion.

Who can describe the sufferings of the victim of chronic indigestion. Words are power even. One thought fills the mind of the sufferer day and night. How shall I be cured? Unable to sleep, no pleasure in eating, the almost constant torture of pains in the stomach, like a burden.

To such a sufferer Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic comes as a priceless blessing. This great remedy will cure the most obstinate cases of chronic indigestion. Its wonderful power as a stomach tonic and aid to digestion is without parallel. It does the work thoroughly and effects a complete cure. It is also a blood and flesh builder, and a powerful brain invigorator. Its use restores health and strength.

It is sold by all druggists and dealers at 50 cts per bottle or six bottles for \$2.50 and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co. (Ld) St. John N. B. and New York city.

## Sophisticating of Sweet Oil.

After the olive oil has been roughly but honestly made, it is carried across the yard to another room, the walls of which are lined with huge red terra cotta vessels kept carefully closed. Into one of these the oil is poured and left to settle, sans being heaped well up around the vessel to maintain a high temperature within. When the oil is finally poured off it is of a lovely golden color, as clear and transparent as water. But it is not destined to reach the public in this arduous state. Scarcely has it left the hands of the peasants before it is manipulated and adulterated to such an extent that even in Florence pure olive oil is almost unobtainable.

Cotton oil, coize oil, etc., are mixed with it, rendering it absolutely hurtful to the consumer. The Italian government has offered prizes for the discovery of a method of exposing the adulteration. At present no more certain way has been found than that of Professor Bechi, a well-known Italian chemist. He treats the oil in question with nitrate of silver, and judges of adulteration by the resulting coloration.—Good Words.



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AIR AND LIGHT NEEDED. BOTH ARE ESSENTIAL TO ROOMS IN WHICH WE SLEEP.

Some Plain Words on the Vital Subject of Bed Chambers and Draperies—How Our Houses Should Be Kept to Ensure the Health of the Occupants.

People have what they call good houses, good furniture, good clothes, variety of food, amusement, anything, except clean air, clean water, and nourishing food, writes Shirley Dare.

"No air!" cries the lady who reads. "I always sleep with my window down at the top, and air my room an hour every morning." Yes, you have your window down a few inches, and possibly go the length of having the much-advised board under the lower sash, which allows another thread of air to percolate the dead mass which fills your chamber. The principle of ventilation is hardly understood, that the whole body of air in any room needs changing entirely at least once an hour, and it is impossible to approach this desirable condition without sufficient openings in opposite walls, and no air can pretend to be pure which has not this change constantly going on so that it is never stale. Why should we allow the air we breathe to become tainted a little, any more than we eat meat which is a little off!

The air is soiled in breathing minute; by minute, as the soil about a camp ground is defiled. Our senses are too stupefied for dull with the insensibility left from the prehistoric age of kitchen middens, when the original citizen squatted among his piles of dead fish and oysters unconscious of their offense as a middle class taxpayer, and his educated daughter are of the putrefying air of their expensive bedrooms. Hardly one person in a hundred has any appreciation of pure air or the horror of impure air, for we see educated people live contented in rooms, offices, and cars whose odor nauseates and overcomes the unhappy hundredth one who has no catarrh and whose senses give quick warning of danger. To such an one it is hard to exaggerate the horror of most houses in warm weather, hung with senseless draperies of wool with twelve months' bad breath clinging to their folds, the carpets giving up their odors of dust from the streets, in which one can trace the ammoniacal odor left by the horses; the smell of lanoline from the upholstery, basement and soil pipes, compounded in stairway and entries; the rooms mothered in all fashions of art hangings, the mantle covers in silk, jute, and plush, redolent of dye, dust and human presences; the shameless marble washbasins, contributing their reek of slime pipes night and day, with the final wretchedness of uncovered receptacles for slops, which charge the air with gases so deadly that they are enough to account for the gray hair and sallow faces without anything else. The ventilation of these houses on the unbearable July days is by windows on one side of a room, open perhaps a foot, which unless the wind sets that way is just as likely to admit air as a pipe to add water to a bottle already full. It is next to impossible to make people comprehend that air is a fluid, subject to the same conditions as other fluids; that you cannot pour it into a room unless you provide an outlet for that which already fills it to escape. Also it is easily contaminated, as the glass of water you drink, which you reject instantly if dust or a fly lights on it, but you swallow the dust of many dead flies and billious and sour breath of your own and other people's throwing off with entire composure, and all you are afraid of in the world is getting air that is thoroughly pure. One old maid of high pretensions used to say she held that pure air must be too stimulating, which appears to be the creed of most persons about the air they breathe.

The front door of the modern house opens into a dark hall, boxed in by heavy doors, with no admittance for air except by the momentary opening for comers and goers. Story after story presents the same blank walls and closed doors, where the stairway affords ready ascent for the delightful smells of the basement, the cook's closet, the frowny refrigerator, the laundry, and the gravelike scent of airless coal cellars and vaults below. There is a skylight at the top of the house sealed fast for fear a shower may wet the precious carpets and curtains, which the hostess values much, more highly than she does the life of every mortal on her premises. The sun heats the upper story, beating on the glass, and draws the basement smells upward to blend with the petpouri in my lady's chamber. Three-fourths of the population of cities live in boarding-houses, and, of course, everybody is afraid to leave doors open to let a draught through from back to front, so the only ventilation must be from the subcellar straight up, and well-to-do people breathe it, talk art, morality, poetry, and high-class politics in it; double-refined young women write love letters in it, sleep in it, and eat bonbons in this sewage-laden flood of air, and the babies have special chance at its lowest, heaviest layer, next the germladen carpet. Over-drawn, you say? I wish it were; but the reality of these crimes against breath and blood cannot be drawn in its immorality and baseness.

There might be a current of pure air from the open windows which would partially sweep the unwholesome fluid away, but those inlets are religiously guarded by

the jallery of window screens, which every woman thinks her house incomplete without. It will take a good ten years' crusade of all the doctors and hygienists of the country to teach people the folly and injuriousness of these window screens. The resistance of that threadlike mesh to the entrance of pure air cuts down the supply three-fourths, and cuts short the lives of all who live behind it in proportion. Whole-some, large-lunged people cannot breathe behind screens, but the narrow-chested, feeble woman who rules the house ordains them, and only one here and there is bold enough to order them down.

I suffocated one night in the handsomely furnished bedroom of a friend of mine behind close wire blinds and two pairs of lace curtains, and I never mean to undergo the slow torment again. I had rather live in an Indian wigwam summers than in what is called a good house, with close curtains, carpets, heavy portieres, and wire screens. Indians don't smell any worse than the deadly carpets and awful draperies, hideous in design and unsavory of odor. And people swelter and sicken in these airless houses, which smell like the pine days' death, and have neuralgia and acute gastric poisonings and run down generally. Their hair grows brittle and coarse as moss, their nails break, their sight dims, and with all these symptoms of organic poisoning they scrub their skins, do pivotal exercises mornings, and walk an hour on end, and come back to their twenty-two hours in dungeon air and wonder why their health is not good and why their youth takes wings.

It would be so perfectly easy to make houses in town or country comfortable that one rebels in spirit against the unhuman waste of life. Where there is a current of air it will always be cool and the air sweet. To secure this current begin at the ground level. That sarcophagus of brown stone steps to the front door shuts off air from the basement of the city house and leaves a crypt under it which is kept place as a resort for cats and dogs and greasy with the slops of the milk cans. The light iron stairs with wooden treads but no risers, allowing the air to visit that forsaken basement doorway, should be a picturesque feature of new buildings, and would probably make a serious difference in the difficulty of keeping servants. The discomforts those unconsidered creatures are expected to endure, the stifling kitchen, the torrid attic, or the dark holes of the kitchen they are to sleep in, are simply inhuman, and I cannot wonder that cooks drink and flourish carving knives, or that dragged-out maids are always changing places. A ventilator over the cooking range and a tin jacket for that fiery dragon in summer would rid the house of the fumes of fuel and send the heat toward the ice needles in the clouds. The chimney ventilator and close cans for offal down stairs are essential to the perfect purity of air in the drawing rooms, for air takes strange mixtures in its way upward through the house.

It is a wonder that in the craze for artistic surroundings no one sees the possibilities of ornament in the wrought iron grilles, which should furnish all outside doors so that the glass half might be opened safely night and day. Over each door should be a wide transom, also grated; the bathroom should have a swing window, with grille, and stand wide open when not in use, and the skylight have flanges to shed the rain and bars to prevent burglars and stray monkeys entering, and the glass should be screened by sailcloth shades a foot above the sash. A wide heavy pane of glass in the roof as the light, unshaded skylight on a hot day. Any one with a luxurious sense of comfort will contrive to have most windows swing open. London artists have these delightful impossibilities, and the opening of the side of a room the way gives a different climate. The matter presents no difficulties which cannot be overcome. Imagine wide windows with flower boxes below swung open on the north and east sides of a house, and one of those "rain curtains" of water drops falling from a finely perforated pipe across the top of the window to cool a room in mid-summer. But this is a luxury a working-man's tenement might supply. There might be arrangements between floors and ceilings which would allow a draught from one side of a house to the other without sacrifice of privacy in any rooms, air being admitted by string-course gratings from the outside, entering at the horizon of walls and ceilings in each chamber. If the supreme benefit of air were once afforded, I think we would soon find we could not have too much of it, and the possibility of living to the age of the patriarchs with the freshness of an affable archangel might break upon us.

But there is one factor in the question which feminine intallibility has been trembling with ever since I broached the theory of doing without window screens. "I can't have my door open if you are going to keep your screens out," murmured the next woman to me a week since. "I found two flies in your room today, and I went in and killed them." Flies are not desirable, but better two, or even three, flies than such a shutting off of vital fluid as wire blinds insure unless a gale is blowing straight through them. Flies and mosquitoes are kept out by aromatics more safely than shutting up the house in dog days. A rigid policy as to garbage, allowing no scraps or crumbs to remain a moment, keeping all food closely covered, as it ought to be, leaving flies out of the question; fresh currents of air kept blowing through the house, and a little spray with woody, aromatic disinfectants will keep insects off all kinds out of a house. Those blessed deodorizing sprays which bring the freshness of fir and eucalyptus and citron within four walls are not loved by winged vermin. I have sat on a veran' evenings with a fragrant mist in hand and laughed to hear the Jersey mosquitoes gnash their teeth in vanquished rage at not being able to come near me. After lunch the dining-room has every crumb brushed out, window opened on three sides and the blinds closed; a few puffs of the atomizer given in each room; and flies tumble over each other in haste to get out. Nights when mosquitoes and tree toads try ousting each other my windows are flung open to the dewy darkness, the pillows are sprayed with a favorite compound and one drops asleep dreaming of a missionary society to send atomizers and aromas to the Guinea coast. Presently the house atomizer will be as essential as the lawn sprinkler, and the banishment of carpets and upholstery in summer will remove the last reluctance to try the cooling strengthening effects of windowless spray of mist scented with flower of cedar, clove

and pine. If you ever spend one season on floors of shallicked pine, with lace, muslin, and reed furnishings in place of woolen stuffs, you will hardly want to put the heavy carpets and curtains back before midwinter. And when you visit your brother-in-law, who adheres to the old order of things, next year, it may dawn upon you that breathing stuff steeped in animal exhalations may have much to do with early decrepitude.

AT A PENNY A PIECE—£20,000.

If you had as many pennies as there are natural holes in your skin, how many pennies should you have? You would have enough to make £20,000. Now figure up the holes for yourself. Yet you could not afford to sell them for a penny each, even in hard times. They are worth more money. The holes, or sweat glands, pour out quarts of sweat every day—water, mixed with salt and poisonous humours. Stop these holes, partly or entirely, and the skin's work is at once thrown on the lungs and kidneys. Then you fall ill with some disease or other. With what disease depends on the nature and location of your weak spot.

A lady, whose name we are permitted to mention, will not soon forget the spring of 1890. It was then that for the first time in her life she was afraid to be left alone; not from fear of enemies, but from sheer nervous excitement. She was obliged to have elastic put into her slippers to let them out—her feet were swollen so; and her hands were in the same condition. In the morning her face would puff up and large lumps from under her eyes and over her cheeks. Then a rash made its appearance all over her body, vanishing again almost immediately, as a blush comes and goes on the face.

The suddenness of this she compares to the sting of a wasp or hornet. An intense itching accompanied it, so she could not lie in bed or be quiet in any position on account of it. She was in misery night and day, and scarcely knew what to do with herself. Her legs got so painful and felt so tired she was put to it to get about. For eighteen months (it must have seemed like as many years) she was tormented in this way.

Meanwhile she consulted two doctors, and attended successively at the Newcastle Infirmary and at the Dispensary. But nothing more than temporary ease came of the treatment they gave her. The doctors recommended a change of air, and in August, 1891, she went to North Sunderland. She found relief at that place, but not from the air.

Now we must get back to the spring of 1890, and inquire what, if anything, preceded this strange outbreak. At that time the lady was, as first felt languid, tired, and constantly sleepy. She was troubled with bad headaches and attacks of giddiness. Her appetite failed; she could eat but little, and after eating had a feeling of weight and fullness at the chest and sides. Her whole system was depressed, and the life in her appeared to sink, as the water does in a cistern where there exists a hidden leak somewhere. Then came what has already been described.

At North Sunderland, whither she went for a change of air, she met a gentleman named Carter, who expressed the most intelligent opinion of her case and advised the use of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. Convinced by his reasoning she procured a supply of this well-known remedy and began taking it.

Her letter concludes in these words: "After I had used the Syrup only a few days I felt a decided improvement in all respects. My appetite revived, my food digested better, and soon the rash and lumps entirely disappeared to return no more. I have since enjoyed the best of health. You are at liberty to make my statement public if you think it may be useful to others. (Signed) Mrs. Sarah Charlton, 27, John Street, Arthur's Hill, Newcastle, Esbuary 7th, 1893."

We congratulate this lady on her recovery and thank her for allowing us to publish the above details of her experience. The doctors called her ailment nettle rash, but it was more than that. Her blood was loaded with the poisonous acids generated by indigestion and dyspepsia—the same as the poisons of gonorrhoea and of acute inflammatory rheumatism. The irritated nerves of the skin produced the rash, as the clogged pores were unable to excrete the poison. The purifying power of Seigel's Syrup expelled this poison through the kidneys and bowels, and by stimulating insensible perspiration over the whole surface of the skin.

Of this disease an English physician says: "When it becomes chronic all treatments fail."

Yes, all treatment except the one which cured Mrs. Charlton.

A POINTER FOR THE CARELESS

How Unused Railway Tickets May Be Redeemed at Slight Cost.

Some men with valuable unused railway tickets on their hands sell them to scalpers while others go to the railway company that issued them and obtain their value in money. Most men, however, do neither and accept the loss when the ticket is worth less than a dollar. Indeed, many men do not realize that railway companies must be richer by many thousands of dollars per year by reason of this neglect or ignorance.

Every railway ticket bears the name of the general passenger agent of the road issuing the same. It is a simple matter to enclose the ticket with a letter directed to the general passenger agent asking him to refund the money paid, and explaining the

reason why the ticket hands of the purchaser enclose a stamped money may be returned.

When all these the company usually accept of the ticket and promises investigation of the matter. The investigation of the company to set rig in the purchase or return a check to the party, with a letter request on the part of the transaction, and t loss on either side.

Art of Flesh-Reducing.

It is much easier to acquire flesh than to lose it. There is no royal road to beauty for those inclined to plumpness, and many are the things they are obliged to do to scare off fat.

An Englishman reduced his weight in one year from 202 to 150 pounds, and kept it there. He lived on beef, mutton, fish, bacon, dry toast, poultry game, tea, coffee, claret and sherry.

Dr. Schweininger, the famous German physician, who has established his reputation as a flesh-reducer through his success in reducing Prince Bismarck of forty pounds in three months, without the aid of any dietetic or other means, restricts the consumption of liquids at all times, and deprives the patient entirely of fluids during or within an hour of meals, forbids starch and sugar, and advises most heroic physical exercise.

Physical exercise will, we all know, reduce flesh. The reason is that in unusual exercise, such as rapid walking, horseback riding, gymnastics or bicycling, the blood is more rapidly oxygenated and the result is the destruction or burning out of the fat; and you may have noticed that great walkers are never fat, and that people who live in high altitudes and mountainous countries, where they walk a great deal and consume quantities of oxygen, are always slim.

Beauty Undormed.

Beauty undormed may do in poetry, but the nicely fitting gown is the desire of every true woman. Priestley's dress fabrics have done much to realize a woman's ideal by offering, in their texture, appearance, fit and wear, a character and distinction, which no other dress goods, however excellent, have quite attained to. And now Priestley's have something new. The "Eudora" is all the rage. It is even better than the Henriettas so much admired. The "Eudora" has something which the Henriettas lack—to wit: greater width, greater weight, and a superior dust-shedding quality. And then it has an exquisite surface which gives it an almost regal presence. Wrapped on "The Varinised Board," and the name, Priestly, stamped on every five yards.

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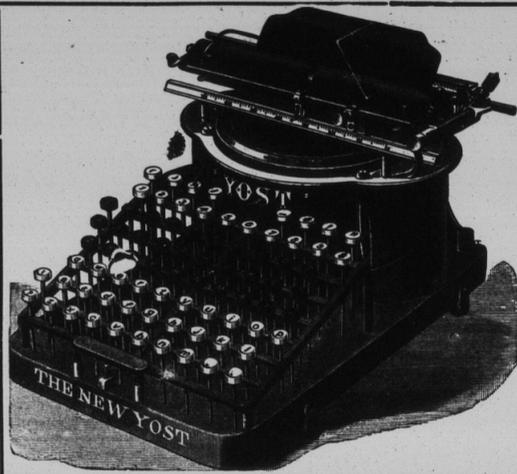
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Beauty Undormed.

Beauty undormed may do in poetry, but the nicely fitting gown is the desire of every true woman. Priestley's dress fabrics have done much to realize a woman's ideal by offering, in their texture, appearance, fit and wear, a character and distinction, which no other dress goods, however excellent, have quite attained to. And now Priestley's have something new. The "Eudora" is all the rage. It is even better than the Henriettas so much admired. The "Eudora" has something which the Henriettas lack—to wit: greater width, greater weight, and a superior dust-shedding quality. And then it has an exquisite surface which gives it an almost regal presence. Wrapped on "The Varinised Board," and the name, Priestly, stamped on every five yards.

No bad Language.

Or breaking of salt cellars if Window Table Salt is used, for it doesn't cake. Ask your grocer for it. Natural crystals. Purest and best.

Summer Showers

are hard on your cloth But if you use

Fibre Chamois



as an exhilarating you will find that once dry it is as stiff and unshrinkable as ever; so that the incidental wringing of a season can't injure the fibre and style of your favourite gowns. Find the red label with the name and number on every yard, as inferior imitations of the Genuine Fibre Chamois are plentiful. No. 10 is the light weight, No. 20 the medium, No. 30 the heavy.

In Black, Brown, Slate and Cream. All Fast Colors.

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# WOMAN and HER WORK.

I wonder if any woman ever yet understood the meaning of the word rest? That is whether any of us ever knew how to take rest when she was tired? Of course we all think we do, and nine out of ten weary women will throw themselves into a chair, lean back with their feet resting on the ground, and their whole attitude as unsuggestive of rest as possible. Take up the first piece of work within reach, and settle down for an hour of real hard "rest." Is it any wonder that the woman who "rests" after this manner should feel quite as tired after this method of recuperation as she did before?

I really begin to think that woman like the horse, is one of the animals condemned to unremitting toil so long as her life lasts. The healthy society matron wears her life out in attending to her social duties and keeping up her position, entertaining and being entertained, fulfilling, as she says "the duties she owes to society." The young girl whose lot is in the upper circles of society works quite as hard as her humbler sister of the shop or office though her labor is all in the pursuit of pleasure, and the pale cheeks, and hollow eyes that show her need of rest at the end of the season are the results of a constant round of gaiety instead of any useful work. The anxious mother of a family whose work is never done, wears her life out contentedly, and never thinks of rest other than the apology for repose I have already mentioned; while the working girl whose days are spent in the confinement of shop, or office takes her pleasure, and her so-called rest together, and the consequence is that she begins work on Monday morning feeling rather more tired than she was on Saturday night when she left off for her weekly rest.

I have come to the conclusion that resting is one of those things in which men can give us many valuable "pointers." It is, in fact something they understand thoroughly, and it we were only as well up in the art there would not be so many tired, faded women in the world. A man comes home tired from his daily work, and if he is a gentleman the first thing he does is to change his coat for his lounging jacket, remove his boots, and put on his easy slippers, take a long drink of ice water, lemonade, or ginger beer, if he is not naughtily enough to prefer brandy and soda—and throw himself full length on the sofa. Perhaps he smokes, and almost certainly he reads the paper, but of one thing you may be sure, you will never catch him exerting his muscles or doing any kind of work whatever, mental or otherwise, during the hour of rest. He has sense enough to know also, that the only way to rest a tired body is to let every muscle have complete repose, and this can be affected by lying at full length in that delightful inertia which is next to sleep in refreshment. He lays aside his business worries too, when he is engaged in the delightful occupation of resting, and he stops thinking as far as possible. Rest of mind and body is what he requires, and he sets about obtaining it in the only rational manner. Consequently he arises from that sofa a new man, refreshed in every fibre of his frame, and ready to take his evening's pleasure, or go back to the office, feeling almost as bright as when he first started out in the morning.

The laboring man is just as wise in his own slightly different way. He has no lounging jacket, and very likely no slippers so he simply kicks off his boots, takes off his coat, and sits around in his shirt sleeves and socks. After he has had his dinner or tea, he lies down on the sofa, if he owns one, and if not, on his bed, for a good rest, and in an hour's time he is rested and ready for his stroll down town, or the bit of work in his garden which is almost as much of a pleasure as the walk. I wonder how many women there are who make such an important business of taking a well earned rest? How many who would consider it worth while when thoroughly tired out to take off their neat shoes, or their high heeled slippers, put on a pair of bedroom slippers, remove her bodice and corsets, and donning a loose cool wrapper stretch out her weary body on the sofa, and rest, really rest both her mind and her body for an hour or two? I don't know one!

"But I have no time!" cries the society dame, "my engagements will not permit me to waste a moment, no one can afford to cancel important appointments just for the sake of resting, society would not hear of such a thing, we would soon be out of the swim and besides I always can rest when we go to the mountains or the seashore in the summer."

"I cannot spare a moment for idling" says the busy housewife, "Why in the world should I spend a precious hour lying down when I can rest just as well in a rocking chair and be darned the children's stockings at the same time? I have no time to waste." Neither have I, my friend, not a moment in the day, but still, in spite of that I very frequently find time without the least effort on my own part, to lie down days at a time, and not resting and enjoying myself either, but having a dismal teletete in a darkened room with the headache friend, who is taking it out of me for many

errors of omission, and showing me just how much time I can spare when he takes matters into his own hands.

I make a good many resolutions at such times, but like the rest of my sex I "trust to luck" as we are so fond of expressing it, and go on resting with the bit and bridle on, in true woman fashion, until the next time.

I wonder when bitter experience will teach us a little wisdom, and we shall learn the secret of resting so that we will really feel as much refreshed after our repose, as a man feels after his well spent "hour off?"

The woman with the sloping shoulders is "dead in it" now, to use a slang term! she has been entering "out of it" for so long poor thing, that no one should grudge her a brief season of popularity. I say brief, because she is entirely too scarce an article to enjoy any thing very long; the majority must always conquer in the end and as the proportion of women with drooping shoulders is about one in a hundred I am sure the other ninety and nine will never stand tamely by and submit to fashions which make caricatures of them. The athletic girl has been in fashion for so long that high square shoulders have become second nature and it will be very difficult to overcome a habit so firmly established.

The girl with the sloping shoulders has been having a bad time of it for a good many years, but her troubles are not to be mentioned in the same breath with what lies before her square shouldered contemporary in the near future. For the former there was at least the blessed expedient of cotton wool; she could pad herself until the "sired proportions were reached; but what I am will there remain in Gilead for the high shouldered maiden should the threaten. A fashion ever obtain a firm foothold? she can't use a plane and it she spent all her days from dawn till dark in carrying two heavy pails of water up and down a long corridor, as our grandmothers used to do, in order to obtain the coveted slope, she could never hope to bring down those tailor made shoulders of hers, that she was once so proud of.

It is said that the effort to reduce the size of sleeves, and lengthen the shoulder seams originated [with the princess of Wales, who, as everyone knows] has very beautiful sloping shoulders, and who is no doubt tired of fashions which persistently conceal them. Should this be the case, I fear the long shoulder seam may obtain some favor, but I sincerely hope, like all other square shouldered women, that its reign may be a short one.

Another innovation which is said to be rapidly approaching is the short skirt dear to the hearts of our ancestors, and that there is some color of possibility in the prediction is proved by the fact that the skirt of walking costumes are already quite perceptibly shortened. If it is true that skirts are to grow fuller, instead of narrower, as time goes on, this shortening will become a necessity because the average woman has about reached the limit of her endurance in carrying around the heavy burdens of material, especially in warm weather. It is predicted that with the increase of fullness in the skirt, stiffening will go out entirely. That would almost go without saying, as it would be impossible to imagine any ordinary woman moving about in a skirt as full as those which are predicted, if they were to be held out with hair-cloth. By the way some of the best dress-makers have recorded their vote against hair-cloth. It is said that in the largest dry-goods establishments the use of its substitute, fibre chamois, is discouraged, on the ground that it is exceedingly warm. But it must be remembered that hair-cloth is very expensive, and continually increasing in price, while fibre chamois is correspondingly cheap. It is not true that hair-cloth wears well, and that has been the one argument in extenuation of its high price, while it is a fact it is quite as warm and much heavier than the fibre chamois. The opinion of a leading New York dressmaker on the subject is worthy of attention. Said she

"I am sorry that I did not find out the virtues of chamois fibre, sooner. I think it is really as good as hair-cloth and I know it is much cheaper. I cannot imagine why my customers object to it unless they do believe that it is warmer than hair-cloth. Women are simply throwing away their money, and putting big profits in the pockets of the merchants, when they persist in using a material which will not stand heat or dampness." Which certainly looks as if the high priced luxury was waning in popularity, and people with moderate purses could at last indulge in the luxury of a dress which was thoroughly up to date in every essential, and the lining of which did not cost more than the original material, and the making but together."

Here is a happy suggestion for the ever popular sailor hat. To make the sailor hat of greater value to the summer wardrobe it is necessary to have several ribbon bands to match the various frocks. This is the clever idea of a young belle who is always well gowned, and who does this at a small ex-

pense. For instance, with a pure white toilet of duck a white sailor hat, with a white band is correct, and with a pale or dark blue it is the same rule of fashion which applies. This changing of the band makes it appear as though it were a new hat, whereas the cost of the band is a small expense. Make the band with a piece of elastic inside of it, so that it will slip over the crown of the hat easily. The narrow corded ribbon is now most in vogue.

The one rule with regard to bodices seems to be that they shall all be bloused! Blouses for the matron, the maid the stout and the thin, even velvet bodices, and silk velvet that are made to drop over the waist line almost concealing it, while in some of the newest blouses shown with imported dresses the belt is entirely concealed the material hanging quite below it. An example of the extreme of this fashion has the bodice fitting quite smoothly over the shoulders and bust, while from this level the material hangs away from the figure in a perfectly straight line all around, front, sides and back. At a level with the waist it is turned sharply under, and drawn within the belt. This has the effect of making the waist look very slender. Every effort seems to be concentrated upon making the blouse seem to hang fully as wide as the curve of the wearer's hips, the belt receding well into its shadow, as a swiss chalet hides under its overhanging eaves. There are of course many modifications of this model, and the box-plait effect is one of the most popular; when it is adopted, the fullness hangs from the collar, spreading over the entire front, the shoulders alone being closely fitted. Sometimes the fullness falls from the collar and shoulder seam by way of variety, but in any case it is caught in at the waist and bloused over well in front. Scarcely a plain bodice is to be seen anywhere, and when it is seen one may be pretty certain that the gown is not one of this season's making. When there is not a bloused bodice, there is sure to be a blazer and vest, and on these two themes the variations that are played are infinite.

The jaunty shirt waist necessitated something equally fetching in the shape of neckties to go with it, and the demand has created the supply as usual, so that there is an endless variety of lovely washable neckties, to choose from besides any number of plain Indian silk ties in light tints and also in striped and plain washing silks, and the greatest quantity of bows, and scarfs of ginghams, pique, and scotch madras. So the summer girl cannot complain of any lack of smart neckwear.

Amongst the newest belts are seen, the nickel and silver zones which were so fashionable a few years ago. Ribbons are run through the links and the effect is very pretty indeed. They are said to impart a look of roundness to the latest waist, and they are both handsome, and durable.

A new and most successful skirt for tennis, golfing walking or wheeling is made of accordion plaited tweed serge, or cashmere, and allows perfect liberty to the wearer, besides being both graceful and pretty.

Two new materials which are in reality very old are coming in again, and bid fair to enjoy all their old time popularity, they are grenadine and poplin. The former comes in irregular weaves dashed with contrasting color, and the latter are prettiest in black, cream white, and tartan plaid.

The latest outing jackets strongly resemble the etons but are much longer some of them have tabbed fronts, and some are edged with frills, which at the under arm seams and finish with sharp revers, and deep cape collars. These jackets are worn over blouses of china, India, and Japanese silks.

A new effect for the necks of summer gowns is to have several folds laid smoothly on the neck of the bodice, thus doing away with the stiff standing collars which have stifled and oppressed suffering woman kind through the long hot summer. Bodices which display these folds at the neck, are also finished at the bottom with folds to match.

The collar of the season is fish shaped when it does not ray out like the petals of a daisy, over the shoulders. This petal arrangement, in dark colors falling over light, and in heavy material over flimsy stuff, is a favorite London effect. Some collars are in imitation of the cut known as sailor, but which are so much wider than a real sailor would care to wear, and they also show a deep lapel in front.

Chicken Curry. Cut the meat from the remnants of cold roasted or boiled chicken into one inch sized pieces, place a saucepan with one gill of cut onions and one and a half ounces butter over the fire, cook five minutes. Add one teaspoonful of curry powder, one teaspoonful salt and one tablespoonful flour, stir and cook three minutes. Add one-half pint chicken broth, which can be made from the chicken bones and gravy, cook and stir a few minutes, then add one and a half gills of cream or milk, one-half pint grated coconut and one pint of chicken meat. Cook five minutes, serve in a border of boiled rice.

Cheese Fudding. Stir half cup of butter with four tablespoonfuls of sugar to a cream, and add by degrees the yolks of eight eggs and the grated rind and juice of one lemon. Cut

**Just Before**

The recent rise in Leather we purchased at a large discount from J. & T. Bell, Montreal, their entire manufactured stock of Boots, Shoes, Slippers, etc. Many of their lines we do not regularly carry in stock and we will close out these at largely reduced prices.

Today we offered a Ladies' Two Dollar Vici Kid Fan Oxford Shoe, in half sizes, C. and D. widths, at

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Purchasers should ask specially for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the Firm.

**R. I. P. A. N. S.**

ONE GIVES REL

the crust off a five cent loaf of bread, grate the white part and add it to the above mixture, with one and a half cups of milk, three-fourths of a cup of finely cut citron and the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. In the meantime pour over one-fourth pound of vanilla waters and one half pound of macaroons some Madeira or sherry wine, and sprinkle with finely sifted bread crumbs. Cut a layer of the bread mixture, one inch in thickness, in a form and cover it with a layer of macaroons and waters; then a layer of bread, and continue until all is used. Close the form tightly and boil two hours. Serve with wine sauce.

**Pineapple Pudding.**  
Pare and cut into small dice a ripe pineapple; put them into a dish and pour a pint of cold sugar syrup, let it stand four hours. Two hours before freezing put the fruit into a freezer until it begins to thicken. Then add one pint of whipped cream into a form and pack in ice for two hours.

**Alligator Pear, Salad.**  
Take two alligator pears, cut in slices and place in a salad dish. Break the yolks of four hard boiled eggs into small pieces and sprinkle over the fruit. Cut the whites into fine strips, lay them around the dish; pour over a fine mayonnaise and lay a border of tender lettuce leaves around the dish.

Wonders Seen by a Native Alaskan.  
"The Indians of the interior of Alaska," says a traveller, "are so unsophisticated and uncivilized as the natives of the interior of Africa. I saw an Indian lad in Juneau who had been brought from Forty Mile Camp, and it was amusing to watch his interest in the big ships, houses, cattle, electric lights, telephones, and phonographs that he saw there. The little incandescent electric lights interested him perhaps more than anything else and he would have 'gone broke' in buying them if his guardian had not prevented him. He thought that he could take them back to his tribe and make them glow by simply turning the thumb-screw, and he believed that he could sell them like hot cakes on the Yukon. The mysteries of the phonograph seemed to him something supernatural, and they were entirely beyond his powers of understanding."

**HIRES' Rootbeer**

GALLONS FOR 25¢

Not of the preparations of coloring matter and essential oils so often sold under the name of rootbeer, but of the purest, most delicious health-giving beverage possible to produce. One gallon of Hires' is worth ten of the counterfeit kind. Suppose an imitation extract costs five cents less than the genuine Hires; the same amount of sugar and trouble is required to you save one cent a gallon, and—get an unhealthful imitation in the end. Ask for HIRES and get it.

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**"HEALTH FOR THE Mother Sex."**

This caption, "Health for the Mother Sex," is of such immense and pressing importance that it has of necessity become the banner cry of the age.

Women who have been prostrated for long years with Pro-lapsus Uteri, and illnesses following in its train, need no longer stop in the ranks of the suffering. Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound does not perform a useless surgical operation, but it does a far more reasonable service.

It strengthens the muscles of the Uterus, and thus lifts that organ into its proper and original position, and by relieving the strain causes the pain. Women who live in constant dread of PAIN, recurring at REGULAR PERIODS, may be enabled to pass that stage without a single unpleasant sensation.

Four table-spoonfuls of Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound taken per day for (3) three days before the period will render the utmost ease and comfort.

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Letters from suffering women will be opened and answered by a confidential lady clerk if addressed as above and marked "Personal." Please mention this paper when writing. Sold by all druggists.

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AT ST. JOHN BY **JONES BROS.**

**Intercolonial Railway.**

On and after MONDAY, the 24th June, 1894, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

**TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:**

Express for Campbellton, Peggwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.0  
Accommodation for Pt. du Chene..... 10.1  
Express for Halifax and Montreal..... 10.1  
Express for Suseck..... 10.1  
Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 10.2

A Buffet Parlor Car runs each way on Express train leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.30 o'clock.  
Buffet Sleeping Cars for Montreal, Lewis, St. John and Halifax will be attached to trains leaving St. John at 11.30 and Halifax at 11.40 o'clock.

**TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN**

Accommodation from Sydney, Halifax and Montreal (Monday excepted)..... 5.30  
Through express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 8.05  
Express from Suseck..... 8.30  
Accommodation from Pt. du Chene..... 10.1  
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... 10.50  
Sleeping car passengers from Sydney and Halifax by train arriving at St. John at 5.00 o'clock will be allowed to remain in the sleeping car until 7.00 o'clock the morning of arrival.

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.  
All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

**D. FOTTINGER,** General Manager.  
Railway Office, Montreal, N. B., 20th June, 1895.

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One of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evening, after arrival of express from Halifax. Returning will leave Lewis' Wharf, Boston, every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at noon.

Steamer "City of St. John" will leave Yarmouth, every Friday at 7 p. m., for Halifax, calling at Barrington (when clear), Shelburne, Lockeport, Lunenburg. Returning will leave Halifax every Monday at 6 p. m., for Yarmouth and intermediate ports, connecting with S. S. Yarmouth at Boston on Wednesday.

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POINTS OF SWIMMING.

Anybody can learn to swim, even cripples and deformed persons. Self-confidence only is required. The boy who really desires to learn can do so either at a natatorium, or by watching a swimmer and picking it up for himself. After two or three attempts, either by crawling off a shelving shore, till his hands cannot reach the bottom, when he is bound to take a stroke or two, or possibly by placing under his chest a board or a plank, he will have made some headway, and proficiency then is only a matter of practice.

To become a speedy swimmer is, however more difficult. This, as well as long distance swimming, requires considerable muscular effort and good staying powers. One of the great mistakes made by persons when they first begin to practice for speed is in trusting to their arms for principal impetus. Any professional swimmer will tell you that this is wrong; that you should depend upon the muscles of your leg to shoot you forward. The muscles of the chest are bound to become wearied if they are depended on for all the work.

The question as to the movement of the legs is an important one in connection with fast swimming.

Captain Webb, who swam across the English Channel from Dover to Calais, a distance of thirty five miles, in 21:45:00, contended that the best speed was to be had by moving the legs scissor fashion, while others have trusted entirely to the resistance offered by the soles of the feet to the water for the propelling force. Fast swimmers nowadays combine these two methods into a powerful stroke, which consists in straightening out the leg with a peculiar flip, the scissor action being combined with the downward or opening stroke of the leg.

The fastest stroke for the arm is the "hand over hand." One hand is lifted out of the water, exposing the entire arm and shoulder, and swung through the air forward as far as the water edge, and the other arm thrown out in the same fashion. A knowledge of the stroke is valuable in swimming a short distance to reach a drowning person. It requires great muscular effort, and cannot be maintained long. Another fast stroke, which requires less exertion, consists in swimming on the side and taking but one arm out of the water. This may be relieved by turning over on the other side, or by using the common broad stroke.

Among the famous swimmers on record is that of Captain Webb, mentioned above, and his second one of four miles in the Thames river, was accomplished in 9:51. Gus Sandstrom, instructor at the New York Athletic Club, swam thirteen miles, from Macomb's dam to the Battery, New York, in August, 1895, in 3:37. The best record ever made by a woman is that of Agnes Beckwith, who swam twenty miles in the Thames river, in July, 1874.

Among the great bugbears in the sport is the cramp, which is likely to seize the best of swimmers. Every one should know, however, that there is positively not the slightest danger from an attack of cramp if the swimmer does not lose his head. It can frequently be relieved by change of position, by a vigorous stroke or two of the limbs affected, or by rubbing.

If the cramp occur in the calf of the leg, elongate the knee, and draw the toes up toward the body, regardless of pain. If relief does not come quietly or paddle toward the shore, without trying to use the limb affected.

Learn to swim in clothing and to undress in the water, and in swimming under water remember to keep the eyes open.

Any boy who takes a daily plunge will find no difficulty in developing a speed stroke, as well as acquiring some of the fancy strokes and tricks. Swimming on the back, floating, treading water in an upright position, and swimming under water are soon learned. Tricks should not be exhibited until they can be performed easily and gracefully. The "steam tug" act consists in lying on the back, with both legs in the air, the hands propelled and the body rotating. In "marching on the water" the performer lies on his back with arms crossed, and legs moving as they do when walking. The "torpedo" means swimming on the back, with feet and ankles only above the water, and moving feet first. In doing the "spinning top" the knees are brought up to the chin, and you turn over and over rapidly. In addition to these there are tricks such as swimming with hands and feet tied, swimming like a dog, sculling, porpoise, swimming, smoking under water, picking up coins with the mouth, revolving on the surface, hands over head and thumbs locked, and swimming on the breast, with feet first, all of which, if acquired, make neat little accomplishments of which any boy may be proud.

Cards at a Funeral.

Cards were played at a funeral in March last at the little village of Nonne-an-Vil, near Amiens, in the Department de la Somme, in France. The deceased was passionately fond of card-playing, piquet being his favorite game. By the terms of his will, a pack of cards was placed in his coffin, which was borne to the grave by the four best card players in the district. While on the road to the cemetery, a halt was made at a small tavern which the dead man had been in the habit of frequenting, and where, to quote his words, "he had spent so many agreeable evenings at cards and there the mourners, as directed by the will, played a game at cards and had a glass of wine apiece to drink to his memory. Everything being thus carried out as the deceased had wished, all those who took part in this strange proceeding were entitled to receive a certain sum of money out of the estate.

If you suffer with neuralgia, bath the part freely with hot water and then apply Dr. Manning's remedy, which is an infallible cure for this complaint.

Only a cold in the head neglected produces catarrh. Only twenty five cents invested in Hawker's catarrh cure will effect a speedy cure. Try it. A full sick headache in the morning with a feeling of nausea will be promptly relieved by a dose of Hawker's liver pills. Pills are speedily cured by Hawker's pills cure, a mild and always certain remedy.

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VAGARIES OF THE COMPASS.

When Two Needles Are on a Ship They Seldom Point in the Same Direction.

A poem has recently been printed in Scribner's Magazine, called "The Compass." It was written by Edith M. Thomas. The concluding line of each stanza is "North points the needle." From a poetic standpoint the poem is very effective, but when read by the severely practical eye of an old salt it has many flaws, for the compass is a thing as whimsical as the wind. Two of them on the same ship rarely agree and seamen are always looking out for some evidence of their eccentricity. The editor of the Marine Review thus handles the poem of Miss Thomas: "Miss Thomas might have learned by conversation with an 'old salt' that, on the contrary, many marine disasters have occurred from the fact that north not always points the needle, and if it could be depended upon to act fairly and squarely all the time, some of the greatest dangers to navigation would be avoided.

"It is unfortunate that the numberless vagaries of the compass have rarely been called to public attention, but so well known to every navigator are its freaks that one never thinks of trusting it implicitly without bringing a knowledge of both mathematics and astronomy to bear upon it in criticism of its actions. Many landmen who have read about new vessels have doubtless noted that a ship is sometimes reported to have gone outside to "swing ship for correction of compasses," yet few have any idea as to what the term means, although it is one of the prime necessities in order to get the slightest confidence in any compass. The necessities for this operation lie in the fact that the metal in a vessel's hull and rigging always more or less affects a compass, and there is also local deviation according to the land and the atmosphere; consequently a ship is "swung," that is headed to each point of the compass in turn and the needle's divergence from true north noted. The size, form, and position of a steamer's smokestacks often affect her compass, and do very many other things two compasses in actual use at any given moment seldom point in the same direction, and none of them would adhere to the one direction for more than a few hours at a time. A compass fairly reliable on one tack or the other becomes crazy and irresponsible if transferred to an iron ship, and if it may perchance point fairly well while the ship is on a level keel, it may suddenly change its mind and exhibit symptoms of dizziness when the vessel carries on one tack or the other, probably contradicting itself without a bluish when the vessel comes about. This is called the "heeling error," and besides this there are the regular customary errors of variation and deviation, and particularly the local attraction, all of which must be taken into consideration when the navigator wants to calculate as to how near the truth the compass is actually telling him a course.

Miss Thomas had crossed the Atlantic in company with a shipmaster who would explain to her the compass and comprehend them better, and much more so if she could make a trip around the world. In crossing the North Atlantic, for instance, the captain would inform her that the regular variation of the compass was from true north on the north side, about one-quarter point westerly, and gradually increased as the ship sailed eastward. Off Sable Island it would be about a point, increasing until on the Banks it would be a point and a half, in longitude 20 degrees east of two points, and off Cape Clear about two and a half points, while in making up the Irish channel it would amount to from two and a half to two and three-quarter points, this without taking into consideration the heeling error, influence of cargo, etc. If the compass were not affected by these things it would not appear to affect the binocular compass as the ship was heading north, but if the ship were headed to the east or west the compass would show the local attraction until the vessel's head was veered far enough to the north to let the N end of the needle revert to its natural magnetism when it would probably get to the general direction of the pole with a jump. The captain might also tell her that the only absolutely true calculations of the compass were either the pole star or the position of the sun at noon, observations of the moon and various fixed stars offering also methods for determining the true direction by means of mathematical computations.

"So deep a study have these peculiarities of the compass become that many intricate and interesting tables have been prepared for the use of mariners in regard to them, so that it is now fairly possible to guard against ordinary errors, by means of careful watching and the free use of a lead pencil, if a man knows how to do it. There are other errors, however—'errors' is the polite term that sailors use in referring to maddening freaks of this little exemplar of constancy—for which no excuse can be found and no computations at all applicable can be made. In approaching land sometimes a compass has been known to swing right around on its own pivot within an hour, or with an approach of a thunder cloud the needle has likewise sometimes been known to absolutely neglect its duty. When these things happen in a fog or dense darkness the state of mind of the mariner who has been led to put his trust in the compass may be imagined. In fact the madness of the compass at sea is so utterly without method that its simile to constancy is really sarcasm to those who know it best, while the typical habits of Jack ashore are virtuous in comparison. Indeed if there were no sun, nor moon, nor polar star nor other 'fixed' stars upon which the mariner actually could depend for the correction and verification of his course, running a ship by compass would be about as reliable as running her solely by dead reckoning. Of course the compass is useful, and when it is watched it answers a purpose, but it is liable to so many temptations that it actually hasn't any right to such fame as Miss Thomas' poem would ascribe to it. Hence this wall at its 'errors' and the fact that the delusion about its constancy is so popular."



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IT GREW IN A SEWER.

The Remarkable Story of a Broom that was Lost Down a Sink Hole.

Pickleville is the name given to a section of the Twenty-seventh ward of Brooklyn, lying between Flushing and De Kalb avenues, and extending from Broadway out to the city line, says the N. Y. Sun. Some strange things happen in Pickleville, and some remarkable stories have been told there. According to the story told in Pickleville, a sink broom that had been lost in a sewer many years ago sprouted there and grew, stopping up the sewer pipes and costing a Brooklyn property owner \$120 to have it removed.

The two-story-and-basement frame house at 1,249 De Kalb avenue is owned and occupied by Mrs. Cook. The house was erected about twenty years ago by Mrs. Mary McCormack. As the story goes, Mrs. McCormack one day, many years ago, was cleaning a trap beneath a sink in her kitchen with a sink broom. The broom slipped from her hands and disappeared down the waste pipe. A few days later the drained pipes became stopped. Mrs. McCormack sent for a plumber and told him the story of the lost broom. Search wires were pushed into the pipes and the plumber succeeded in forcing the obstruction twenty feet out toward the street. Then the water flowed freely, and the plumber went away. A year later the same trouble was experienced and another plumber was called in. He forced the obstruction along the pipes, beneath the sidewalk along the main sewer. This gave temporary relief, but in a short time Mrs. McCormack was again compelled to send for a plumber. The sewer pipes continued to prove troublesome, and one plumber finally advised the owner of the house to have new drain pipes laid in the street. Mrs. McCormack died and the house was sold to Mrs. Cook. The new owner experienced the same trouble with the drain pipes and spent considerable money with plumbers.

On Saturday Mrs. Cook sent for William Moore of the plumbing firm of Moore and Hammerly. Moore was familiar with the history of the troublesome sewer pipes. He had heard that the broom that Mrs. McCormack had lost was made of green bamboo; and, supposing that the roots were still attached to the bamboo, he suggested that the broom might have grown in the sewer. He said he had known of similar cases. Mrs. Cook ordered the plumber to get rid of the obstacle even if he had to have all the pipes in the block removed. She would pay all the expenses.

A permit to open the street was obtained, and ten men were put to work digging from the house line to the sewer main in the middle of the street.

Nearly every one in Pickleville had heard of the troublesome sewer, and a crowd gathered daily to see the men search for the cause of the trouble. Twenty-six lengths of pipe were taken up and found to be perfectly clear. Then Plumber Moore went down in the sewer near Evergreen avenue, and his partner went down another marble 200 feet away. Two sewer inspectors were there, with a crowd of more than fifty Pickleville residents. The plumbers searched with lanterns and found that the main sewer was clear as far as the branch pipe leading to the Cook residence. Then they decided to remove this branch pipe. They discovered the obstruction. The pipe was hoisted up with a derrick and placed on the street. An unsuccessful effort was made to get rid of the obstruction. Sledges were brought and the pipe was smashed into pieces.

A mass of material resembling the roots of a tree was discovered and the broom handle was found attached to this. The mass was four feet in length and had grown round in form swelling to the size of the interior of the sewer pipe, which was eight inches in diameter.

Franz Sichel, took the broom, as a curiosity and carried it into a stable yard near by. Sichel acted as a guide to those who called to see the broom that had grown in the sewer. The plumbers went to work and laid new pipes, while Herr Sichel and other neighbors told the history of the wonderful broom. On Tuesday it is estimated that fully 500 persons called to look at the curious broom, and as the news spread yesterday the visitors kept increasing in numbers.

Classification of Perfumes. Perfumes are of three distinct classes when derived from plants, and there is a fourth class which is of animal origin. The first class consists of the various odoriferous gums and resins, which exude naturally, or are produced by wounding the trees which yield them, such as camphor, myrrh, benzoin, etc. This is the simplest and most ancient class of perfumes, and often employed in incense. The second class includes those perfumes which are procured from distillation. This art was known to the ancient Greeks and Romans, and is still resorted to. An essential oil thus obtained (formerly called a quintessence) is soluble in water, though it is in alcohol, or oil, of rose. The third class of perfumes is obtained by maceration, or as it is termed by the flower-farmers of the Var, in the South of France, enfleurage. The fourth class of perfumes consists of those of animal origin, such as musk, ambergris, etc. Musk is taken from the musk deer, a native of India; it is highly prized as a perfume, and is much used to mix with vegetable perfumes.



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DANGER IN THE FILTER.

AN ENGLISH AUTHORITY POINTS WHERE IT LIES.

Some kinds are utterly useless to arrest germs of disease in the water-water from some filters is worse than if it had not been filtered at all.

Dr. Andrew Wilson, editor of the English Journal called Health, writes concerning a paragraph which recently appeared in Tit Bits, in regard to water filters. The paragraph in question, says the doctor, deals specially with a statement said to have been made by Professor Ray Lankester, to the effect that in nearly every instance in which a filter (of different make in each case, I presume) was examined, the water passed through it was found to be charged with bacteria—that is, with microbes, or "germs," as they are popularly called.

Now, I have not had an opportunity of reading Professor Lankester's speech or lecture in full, but I fancy he may be alluding in his remarks to recent investigations regarding the power of filters to remove germs from water, undertaken by Dr. Sims Woodhead and a colleague, and published lately in the columns of the British Medical Journal. Whether this is the case or not, what Professor Lankester says is no doubt perfectly correct, only there are certain saving clauses in the matter with which it may be well the public should be made acquainted.

First of all, what is it we desire a filter to do for us? A reasonable reply to this question would be to say that we expect it would rid the water of all noxious matters, and of all things or substances in it likely to be injurious to health. This is a very big proposition, and it may be as well to say plainly to start with, that, as things are, it is practically impossible of achievement.

Consider for a moment the exact state of affairs. Only of incomparatively late years has science been teaching us that air, earth, and water teem with myriads of microscopic germs or microbes. These are living things—probably plants of the lowest grade—which breed and multiply with great rapidity, for the most part, wherever they find suitable conditions. Now it is a great mistake to conclude that every germ is necessarily a producer of disease. This is not so. Many are quite harmless, and many play a useful part as Nature's scavengers in removing dead and putrefying matters from the face of the earth; while some are undoubtedly, when sown in our bodies by infection, are capable of afflicting us with fevers and other ailments.

It is a fact that certain grave diseases are water-borne; that is, that their germs which live and flourish in water, are conveyed to us by that medium. We may either drink this polluted water, or we may receive the germs from milk which has become impregnated through the milk vessels having been washed with water that is impure—I will say nothing of any nefarious practices whereby the milk is "doctored" by having water added to it. Typhoid fever is a notorious case of this kind. Cholera, which, however, we need not now fear in this country, has its germs conveyed by polluted water, and there are other serious ailments which may be water-carried.

The germs of which I am speaking I have called microscopic living particles. Let my readers try to realize what that expression really means. The notions some of us possess about the sizes of things are very misleading, for size is a relative matter, when all is said and done. When I say that many of the microbes do not measure more than the one-thousandth part of an inch in length, I am giving a general measurement, which in itself is sufficiently accurate for all practical purposes. What one means by that statement is that it would take 10,000 such germs, laid end to end in a line, to make up the length of an inch. How inconceivably minute they must be can, therefore, be realized to some extent at least from a consideration of the dimensions I have just given.

Naturally, the whole question of filters turns upon their power of removing from the water we drink, these noxious particles, as well as all other microbes, which, if they do not propagate disease directly, may perchance favor its attack. It is exactly this power which science denies in the ordinary filters. There is no doubt about the correctness of the denial.

Careful experiments, carried out with the view of testing whether known microbes, which have been added to water before it had been passed through filters, were removed from the water by the filters, have made it a matter of actual certainty, that the vast majority of filters—and certainly all of the ordinary make which we find in our houses, to start with—are practically useless, if our idea in using them is to free water of its microbes.

This is a strong statement, but it can be more than justified. If I put the matter very plainly, I should say that, supposing any water contained typhoid fever germs, and was passed through any ordinary filter, the microbes would not be removed from the water or destroyed by the process of filtering. There is abundant proof at hand that what applies here to typhoid germs applies to most other microbes.

There is "a way out" for us, even with this rather depressing statement staring us in the face; and I have some grains of comfort left in store for my readers. Meanwhile, it is as well to face the facts at once, and to dispel the delusions about filtering and its effects on water at the outset of our chat.

A water which appears perfectly pure,

clear, and sparkling may be a very dangerous fluid, loaded with disease-producing matter. Appearances are never more deceptive than in the case of water. Nothing short of a chemical analysis and the examination of the water, by a method which enables us to see what germs can be grown artificially from it, can determine whether any water is free from injurious microbes or not.

Some of the waters which have propagated cholera, for instance, were beautifully clear, and had what no pure drinking water should possess, a very pleasant taste to boot. A pure water should have no such taste, just as it should have no smell and no smell. When, therefore, anybody thinks that, because water, filtered or not, is nice and clear, and sparkling, it is necessarily perfectly pure, let him learn his error.

Filters are made of very varied materials I mean as regards the actual substance which is supposed to free the water from deleterious matters. There is charcoal for instance, which I may say is practically useless, because it actually serves as a growing ground for microbes. If anybody is in the habit of using a filter in which charcoal is the filtering medium, he should be certain at least to clear and cleanse it very frequently.

Every filter is really a kind of dust-bin which retains and keeps back certain matters from passing through with the water it strains. Therefore, water from a dirty filter, and, indeed, I should say from some filters which cannot be regarded as dirty in a common-place sense, is likely to be much worse than water that has not been filtered at all. Then there is spongy iron, which has a high reputation for filtering purposes; but spongy iron will not kill the microbes in water, if that is what we demand for our safety.

Experiments showed that after water originally containing 38,000 microbes in each cubic centimetre was passed through spongy iron filters, it contained only 18,000 to 24,000 germs in that quantity. It has been found that, as regards carbon filters, the germs of typhoid fever and cholera passed freely into the filtered water.

As for sand filters, they are utterly useless. The only filters which science at present declares can give water absolute freedom from bacteria are those constructed on the Pasteur-Chamberland principle, of which the Berkefeld filter is a modification. Here, a special and peculiar method is employed. The water is passed under pressure through a series of porous carbon-ware cylinders, and as a result of its passage through the apparatus, it comes forth perfectly free from all traces of microbes.

One of the best tests of the reality of this purification is that these filters are used in laboratories, where, of course, it is needful to procure water absolutely sterile as regards all germ-life. These filters are not likely to come into popular use, for they require to be properly fixed to the service pipes, and demand a certain amount of attention such as, I am afraid, the household filter rarely receives.

The action of such filters is entirely of a mechanical nature. They are simply powerful water-strainers, and they are, of course, easily enough cleansed by the removal of the porcelain cylinders, which are treated so as to remove and destroy all traces of the filtered matters.

If this is essentially the plain tale of the filters, we may see that all ordinary attempts to free water from microbes are utterly futile. But things may not be quite so hopeless with us, after all. Those of us who live in cities and towns provided with an ordinary water supply should stand in no great need of filters at all if we receive the water directly from the main, or, in event of our storing it in cisterns, we clean out our cisterns every quarter. A good deal of water impurity comes not from the water as delivered to us, but from dirty cisterns polluting it.

Then, again, we have seen that while all waters contain microbes, it is a mistake to suppose these are of necessity all disease-producing ones. We ourselves give shelter to many kinds of microbes which do not affect us injuriously. For example, I suppose in the healthy months it is possible to prove there live and flourish over twenty different kinds of germs. That they do us no harm is a self-evident fact, while I might add that part of our digestive-work probably depends on the action of certain bacteria.

So it is with water. An ordinary water ought to need no filtration: if the city or town does its duty to the consumers. It is different with well-waters and with allied sources of supply. These may require purification; if so then I grieve to say the ordinary filters will not confer any safety from disease attacks if the water contains the microbes of typhoid or other infectious ailments.

After all, are we not beginning at the wrong end altogether in attempting or requiring to filter water? Why should we ever be placed in danger from our water supply? Echo answers "Why?" Excluding cases of accidental pollution of water by disease-matter, all our drinking-water should be safe enough.

If it is our incessantly filthy habit of allowing our streams and lakes to become sewers and cess-pools respectively, by permitting drainage to flow into them, which is the chief cause of all our troubles in respect of water impurities. Until we are awakened as a nation to the enormity of this proceeding, we shall not find our typhoid epidemics and like calamities to disappear.

Latest for Sea Sickness. The very latest remedy for seasickness comes just in time for the approaching season of holiday travel. Like all its predecessors, it is, of course, infallible, and so simple that no one will hereafter have the least excuse for an attack of mal de mer. All you have to do is to pay careful attention to the rise and fall of the vessel, and to breathe inward as it goes down and exhale the breath every time it mounts a wave. Simple enough, no doubt; but fancy having to continue the process all through a long voyage, sleeping-hours and meal-times included? And then, what about conversation? Talking, in these circumstances, would be obviously impossible; and only imagine the delights of a silent yachting party.

Equal to the Occasion. "Mary, we have breakfast at 8 o'clock," said Mrs. Post to her new servant girl, who was already entertaining a number of friends who had dropped in to see how she liked her new place. "All right, mam," said Mary, "if I in't up don't wait for me."

WAYS OF THE BARBERS.

THEY HAVE SUPERSTITIONS AND CURIOUS FANCIES.

People Whom Shavers Like and Do Not Like as Customers—Lady Barbers are Not in Favor with the Craft but They Appear to Have Come to Stay.

No man ever sat in a chair to be shaved without undergoing a spasm of fear lest the barber should suddenly become murderously inclined, says the Chicago Inter-Ocean. Except in the rare cases of bald-headed babies the shrewd barber is held by his fellow-men from the time the latter first blinks upon a stupid world until in the rigor of death he is no longer able to object to a pulling razor or a heavy touch. The shrewd craftsman wheelies his victim into shaving often to shove the fungus down into a manly stubble, and then forces him to make a virtue of necessity and keep the mushroom growth subdued by frequent cutting. He out-Shylocks Shylock, and gets not only his pound of flesh but his ducats to boot. So skillful is he that the victim thinks he is getting fanned.

Communicative, loquacious, garrulous on every other subject in the heavens above the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth, it is only occasionally that one of the craft will become a Marie Bashkirtseff, and lay bare to the public the wiles and arts of the successful journeyman's heart.

There is a tradition that barbers are exceptionally talkative, while their customers are yearning for the quiet of the tomb. That yarn can be traced to the imp of darkness himself. All barbers know that it was after a session in the chair of a tonsorial artist that his satanic majesty became so vain as to venture to war against the heavenly hosts. That lie about the volubility of barbers was concocted in revenge.

There is no time where a man will open up so freely, so completely, and so reservedly as when in a barber's chair. The barber knows where the young man is going on Tuesday evening, what young lady he will call to see on Thursday, and what an ass he will make of himself on Saturday. Often he is used as a medium to patch up differences between father and son. The old gentleman knows the seductive potency of a barber's touch and the influence thereby attained, and he appeals to the barber to exert himself in curbing his son's mulishness. Now and then a family scold is laid bare, where a mother will pay a bill with a lavish hand which the father has refused to settle.

The first thing to do with a young man is to singe his mustache to encourage its growth and jolly him into shaving frequently so as to get a good growth of beard. After a time it will grow so fast that he will have to shave every day. It is to be up to snuff he must buy a razor, a mug, and brush, and a bottle of tonic for his own use, on all of which the barber gets a percentage.

It is, however, on the old and middle-aged men that the shrewd craftsman uses his sugar-coating to the best advantage. They are the most particular persons that enter a shop. Their six hairs must be utilized to the full in covering up a bare place on top, and if one hair goes wrong there is a fuss. The shrewd barber tells the old gentleman that he is looking better since he sat down in the chair—all of this in a don't-mind-telling you and I couldn't say-it-of-any-one-else voice. He scissors the hair out of his ears and nostrils and trims the shaggy brow of age. That usually means a tip and a pleased customer.

The successful journeyman barber goes into a shop to make all out of it he can. All the vanity that comes his way is fish for his net. In a regular shop he must do it in a legitimate way—jolly along the young fellows and tell them they are the salt of the earth; and make the old boys believe they have drunk from the fountain De Leon, sought heretofore in vain. They go shy on a man with a hard beard, who is known as a "box." They "sojor" over their customer and let some one else take the job. When a man comes into a shop wanting only a shave, and is followed by another wanting a hair cut, shampoo, and so on, the foxy barber will dally over his customer. He will shave his neck, curl and recur his mustache. No newspaper man ever dawdled over a bit of copy so that the city editor would not send him out on a late assignment the way the barber will scheme to have the "shava" go to some one else while he gets the hair cut, etc.

Woe to the man that beats a barber out of a good job? He is in a hurry for a shave and does not wait for his regular barber. The man that takes him thereby loses the next man in order, who wants everything known to the tonsorial art. The barber treats the man in a way he will remember. He scrapes his face the wrong way of the grain, and cuts the beard so close that the flesh grows over before the razor starts out again. Then there is a faster for each hair. The victim calls it the barber's itch, but the boss barber knows it is another case of scraping.

There used to be a time when a barber shaved dead people. He got \$5 for the job and was expected to throw the razor away, though he usually had it reground and used it again. The task is a very dangerous one, a particle of the ooze from a cut on a corpse touching a sore means blood poisoning and death. A certain Chicago barber, frequently got such jobs. One day he noticed a dead hair in his mustache. He knew what it meant. He had been poisoned by a corpse and was being helped. For two weeks he watched death run its structure from that slight foundation. For a fortnight he lived in

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momentary expectation of the inevitable. But he was game and met his end like a stoic. Undertakers now take charge of the shaving. They put one of their understrappers on the job. If the razor pulls the man cannot kick, and an artistic shave is not required. Deaths are frequent among these workmen, but it is usually attributed to a different cause.

If the first man a barber shaves of a morning puts up two fingers and leaves the shop without paying, the craft believe that their day is lost. That is their one great superstition, and it this happens on Monday morning they will throw up a good week's work, or great in their dread of the hoodoo. A barber will use any sort of ruse to keep from shaving the first in the morning a man who habitually goes shy. Such a man is sure to get a "scrapping."

A person who drinks a good deal of wine or whisky is a hard man to shave. Alcohol drives the blood to the surface of the body, and when a contusion is made the blood flows freely and is hard to stop. Alum is now never used, but an astringent especially prepared for the purpose of the barber's working over the man for sixteen hours, in which time the victim went through twenty-one metamorphoses, winding up in such a changed condition that the creditor no longer recognized him.

Credit was given a customer at a certain shop. He clung to the privilege so long that the barber's working over the man for sixteen hours, in which time the victim went through twenty-one metamorphoses, winding up in such a changed condition that the creditor no longer recognized him.

Le Chasseur Illustre, a French paper, publishes the following story received from a correspondent in the Far East: "There are found in Tongking the most varied species of frogs, among others the speckled frog, and a tree frog of a brilliant green hue, which will climb high trees and perch on the smooth green leaves, so that it can hardly be discerned from its place as a rest. But the most curious of these batrachians is the giant bullfrog, as big as two fists. They are used to drive away mosquitoes by a very original stratagem. Three or four of the frogs are taken and placed in the corner of a table, and given what is called an initiation article under the belief that they are getting the genuine article. Plaintiffs are represented by Messrs. Macmaster and Macleannan, and will apply for an interim injunction.

A Very Ancient Structure. There is a story going the rounds about two very distinguished British archeologists—Sir William Wilde and Dr. Donovan. It seems that these two gentlemen made an excursion to the Isles of Arran, Ireland, where interesting remains of the archeological nature have been found. They came across a little rough stone building, and both entered into a fierce argument as to the exact century of its erection. Finally, each claimed a date, one giving it the sixth century, and the other a later one.

A native who had listened with gaping mouth and ears to the lengthy and learned

terms used by the disputants, broke into the conversation with the remark, "Faix, you're both wrong so far as that little building is concerned: it was built just two years ago by Tim Doolan for his ickness."

Sunshine as a Disease Preventer. It is rather surprising to be told that sunshine is not always a promoter of health, and that London fog may be a blessing in disguise. In experiments by De Renzi, guinea pigs inoculated with tuberculosis, died after 21 to 80 days when kept in glass boxes in the sunshine, but survived only 20 to 41 days in opaque wooden boxes. This makes it evident that sunshine is a material aid in combating consumption. In a later investigation by Dr. Masella, however, guinea pigs were inoculated with cholera and typhoid bacilli respectively, when it was found that previous exposure to sunshine increased the susceptibility to both diseases, while exposure to sunshine after infection so accelerated the progress of the malady that death occurred in three to five hours instead of 15 to 24 hours. That this was not due to increase of temperature was proved by cooling the boxes in sunshine by a circulation of water.

Wanted a Starting Point. "Bridget, I want a pound of steak, a bag of salt, two ounces of pepper, a loaf of bread and a pound of butter. Do you think you can remember them all, or shall I write them down?" "Sure, mam, I kin remember one by the other. When I hev bread I know I want butter, and when I have a steak, I want pepper and salt."

"All right. Go and don't be long." Bridget was not long. She was back in a very short time, but with an empty basket. "Why, where is the dinner, Bridget?" "I couldn't remember mam or them, mam."

"Why, I thought you could remember each article by the one before it." "Faith, mam, I had nothing to remember the first one by."

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