

Colonial Railway.

Monday, the 4th Oct. 1897. The Railway will run as follows, excepted, as follows.

LEAVE ST. JOHN

Table with 2 columns: Destination and Time. Includes entries for Charlottetown, Pictou, and St. John for Quebec and Montreal.

ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Table with 2 columns: Origin and Time. Includes entries for Charlottetown, Pictou, and St. John for Quebec and Montreal.

Colonial Railway are heated locomotives, and those between St. John and Pictou, and between Pictou and Charlottetown, are lighted by run by Eastern Standard Time.

DIAN CIFIC RY.

Short Line to... al, Ottawa, into, etc.

leaves St. John, week days... Coast passengers leaving on... other particulars, apply at... A. H. NOTMAN, Dist. Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B.

Atlantic R'y.

Oct. 1897, the Steamship and Railway will be as follows:

S. Prince Rupert,

Thursday and Saturday... Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday.

S TRAINS

Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Time. Includes entries for Digby, Yarmouth, and Annapolis.

Parlor Cars run each way

Monday and Thursday... between Halifax and St. John.

ce Edward,

SERVICE... latest steamer plying out of... every Monday.

BOATS.

al S. S. Co.

PS A WEEK

BOSTON

COMMENCING SEPT. 20th the steamer of this... will leave St. John.

amers will not touch at... with steamer for... up to 8 p. m.

STEAMERS

dericton

ard Time.)

on and Olivette leave... day (except Sunday) at... leave Indian town every... Monday morning, arriving at Indian town... one fire. Return... afternoon boat on... less than 40c.

F. BAIRD, Manager.

PROGRESS

VOL. X., NO. 494.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THREW UP THEIR JOBS

MESSES KELLY AND SULLIVAN RESIGN THEIR POSITIONS.

And Accept Jobs in Other Lines—A Scramble is Taking Place for the Driver's Post—Was Chief Kerr the Power to Appoint His Man?

It is very seldom that an official leaves the safe tenure of a government or civic position for the vicissitudes of private life. The official chair may not be as rich a one as those in private offices, but there is no anxiety of having it knocked from under one as in the turmoil of outside commercial life and it is pretty sure to be comfortable and nicely padded chair.

And yet officials have been known to give up office to return to the lively competition of the thoroughfares. Just lately Mr. James Kelly almost established a precedent in this line and amazed the heads of the departments by considering a position in the customs of Canada as one of so little worth, as to be lightly thrown aside. A few years ago he went out of the tailoring business and took the position, but it proved not to his liking for he left it and girded on his armour for the lists where the strongest win, and the weakest go to the wall, viz., the insurance lists.

In a smaller way there is another illustration, this time in the civic official list. Wm. Sullivan, driver of No. 2 hose cart, has thrown up the security and the \$40 a month to be derived from his position as one of St. John's fire laddies to take a position with Mr. James F. Robertson, of Manchester, Robertson and Allison.

And now comes in the tale of which the above is but a side reflection. The announcement of his intention to resign of course started a number of applicants after the plum and there have been in the daily press various notes and rumors of the progress of the strife. It was announced at one time that one William Donahoe has been appointed, at another that Sullivan had decided not to resign and so the people have known nothing authentic. The statements were all incorrect, and now the correct story of the whole proceeding will be told.

Though only one of the minor positions is the gift of the city, there has been as much feeling over the appointment as if it was a \$3,000 job and PROGRESS has seen one of the aldermen get very hot over it though he knows none of the applicants for the vacancy nor anything about them.

And the reason is that a certain regrettable issue has come up that does not make for broad views or the best government and it is likely that the question will be fought out on these lines and it is certainly a pity that it should be.

It was expected that Sullivan would have resigned a week or two ago and Chief Kerr had in his mind for the position William Donahoe, who has been a driver before. He intended to appoint him but when certain of the aldermen heard about it they raised a hullabaloo and began to look up statistics about the persuasion of the members of the fire department, and especially of the drivers, as their religious opinions would help them to a fire any faster.

Now the question is will Chief Kerr be able to appoint his man, and here a question arises affecting official powers that gives the question a still greater flavor of spiciness. All along Chief Kerr has been the only civic official appointed by the city who has had the authority to appoint or remove his men without reference to the council. Chief Clark has the power but he is appointed by the province and got the right from them. In this respect Chief Kerr had privileges over the other head officials under civic appointment.

Recorder Jack never gave an out and opinion on the Union Act but he rather implied that Chief Kerr had these powers under the act but Recorder Skinner has different views. Last year he gave his opinion which was that he had not these powers.

Some of the aldermen think that Chief Kerr has acted with too high a hand in making appointments and in other ways and they have been glad to avail themselves of the recorder's opinion to clip his wings.

When they learned that the chief was going to appoint Donahoe they immediately took action and set forth that the appointment is vested in the city. Their candidate is William Taylor, who at one time drove the salvage corps wagon, and now it is to be a conflict between these two applicants.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS A MINISTER.

Reverend L. G. McNEILL, Completes a Quarter of a Century's Services To-morrow.



Rev. L. G. MacNeill the popular pastor of St. Andrews presbyterian church celebrates his silver jubilee as a clergyman to-morrow, and will preach a sermon in the evening appropriate to the occasion. Twenty-five years ago he was ordained to the christian ministry at Maitland, Hants county, Nova Scotia, where he had been laboring some years as a licentiate. It is an evidence of his popularity that his three pastorates have extended over periods of ten or twelve years in each case. He was called to St. John's, Newfoundland from Maitland in 1885 and was invited to the charge of St. Andrews in this city. The presbyterian faith believes in having none but scholarly men to reign over them and so none but men with degrees in the liberal arts are ordained. Rev. Mr. McNeill was admitted ad gradum Baccalaurei in artibus at Edinburgh University and got his theology at Princeton which is just now prominent on account of its famous Inn and its champion footballists.

Rev. Mr. MacNeill comes of the good old Scotch race, and of the group who founded the colony of Prince Edward Island. His grandfather was the Hon. Roderick MacNeill, for many years a member of the Legislative council of the Island province, and one of the leaders of the Tenant League, which successfully agitated against the domination of English landlords. He is a native of Cavendish where his father and mother now live.

The reverend gentleman is a plain and practical talker in the pulpit, and follows the methods of many American clergymen in taking up topics of the day and treating them from their moral and religious aspects. A dry theological bill of fare is rather wearisome and Mr. MacNeill believes in dealing with the subjects people are talking about, and endeavoring to teach his hearers something in relation to these subjects that will elevate and improve them morally and spiritually.

When Driver Sullivan hands in his resignation to-day Wm. Donahoe will likely be appointed by Chief Kerr temporarily. It is also likely that the Safety Board will meet on Monday to deal with the matter.

BOUND TO HAVE HIS BRIDE.

Mr. Harrison and Miss Merritt Daily Friends' Opposition and Sole Heaids.

There was a rather romantic incident this week that deals with the well worn but always interesting theme of the patient knight errant, the lovely maiden and the unbending parent. The hero is Mr. John S. Harrison who years ago was a postal clerk in this city. He is now a stenographer in the supreme court of the State of Georgia. He has been here several times in the last few years and has been an ardent suitor for the hand of Miss Merritt, daughter of Mrs. David Merritt of this city. But the young lady's mother frowned upon the young man and though the engagement lasted over a period it is said, of fifteen years, she would not reward his constancy with the prize he sought; a few days ago he again came here and this time it was as a modern young Lochinvar to carry away his bride. He left the city on Friday last and at the same time Miss Merritt also left. On Monday night they met at Lexington, New York, at the residence of a Mrs. Plummer and were happily married. They then went on to their future home in Savannah, Georgia. Though Mrs. Merritt was averse to the suit the other members of the family did not appear to object for the brides' sisters were down to the train to see her off.

WAITED FOR THE CASE.

As the Money was Gone she Said She'd Stay till she got Returns.

A Fredericton lady had invested a large amount of money through a certain broker's firm in Fredericton so the story goes. The firm although reputed to be wealthy suddenly collapsed. The lady became much concerned, but she was more than equal to the occasion, and bustling herself to the palatial residence of the broker, she was shown in and was given an interview during which she demanded her money. The broker informed her it would be utterly impossible to pay her at present, whereupon she

told him that under the circumstances there she would have to remain for the rest of her natural life, and taking off her shawl and bonnet seated herself comfortably with the request that she be informed when tea was ready. The broker made for his hat—and the door, and it was no very long before he returned with the cash; the lady went home rejoicing.

ONE MAN DECISIONS VOTED.

The Attorney General Spoke Strongly of the Mayor's Action.

HALIFAX, Nov. 4.—At a meeting of the exhibition commission the other day Attorney-General Longley related an incident that none of the reporters noted at the time. Hon. Mr. Longley was speaking of individual members of the commission, in charge of particular departments, having performed acts without consultation with their colleagues, a practice that had caused trouble, confusion and often loss. Then he went on to tell of one such an act that Mayor Stephen had committed. Mr. Longley told how the military authorities had asked for the privilege of free admission for the soldiers of the garrison. The commission has refused this. Then a request came for their admission at ten cents per head instead of twenty-five. The commission likewise refused to accede to this request, thinking that the red coats should pay their shot like all the other people. But, so the Attorney General said, Mayor Stephen wrote Colonel Leach that soldiers would be admitted on a certain day at ten cents, and though subsequently it was decided that everybody should be allowed in on that occasion at the same low figure, yet his worship's action created a wrong impression on the mind of Colonel Leach and put the Attorney General in an awkward position. This affair was made the basis of a reason by the president of the commission for urging that no one-man decisions be permitted in the future, and it afforded him a chance to get at the mayor. It is an open secret that no love was lost all through the exhibition preliminaries and arrangements, between the honorable Attorney-General Longley and his worship Mayor Stephen.

By the way, the deficit on the exhibition is considerably greater than was stated last week. The shortage on capital expenditure is over \$10,000 and on current account that figure is also exceeded.

CUSACK OWNS MONCTON.

HOW HE GAINED NEW LAURELS ON HALLOWE'N.

The Policeman is an Expensive Luxury and not Very Ornamental at Best He is Still All-Powerful—The Citizens Are Asking for a Close Season as a Protection.

MONCTON, Nov. 2.—The numerous and sincere enemies of Policeman Cuisack which class includes about all the respectable citizens of Moncton besides quite a number who are at least sincere in their feeling toward him, if not exactly respectable—say broadly speaking the entire population with the exception of the city council—heard with deepest regret last week that this choicest specimen in the menagerie comprising "the force," had decided not to reign.

Whether he ever had any intention of doing so, or whether the city council prevailed upon him to reconsider his decision, is a matter which has not been made public but the general impression is that policeman Cuisack knowing well how both the civic rulers would be to lose his services, was merely trying to enhance his own value a little. He is an expensive luxury, and not especially ornamental, but it appears that he cannot be dispensed with—except by the citizens. One of the chief objections which the tax-payers have to maintaining this performing animal is the fact that his numerous engagements to appear in court in answer to charges against him leave him so little leisure to attend to his duties. In fact his time is pretty evenly divided between committing what would be called in another person, breaches of the peace, and appearing in court in response to complaints laid against him for his conduct in what he considers the discharge of his duties. His conception of these duties is a singular one, as it appears to consist of showing the peaceable citizens just how much of an outlaw he can be, and how far one of the guardians of the peace can go in defying the ordinances which were designed for the preservation of law and order, without being punished.

This model policeman came up before Sitting Magistrate Atkinson on Friday morning to answer to the charge of assault preferred against him by W. D. Stewart, one of the party referred to a short time ago as being stopped on the street and insulted by Cuisack, when they were driving home one evening from a friend's house. The witnesses for the prosecution swore that a party of about eighteen young people were driving home from a tea party at the house of Mrs. Benjamin Charters, of Fox Creek, and when near Mechanic street they encountered Cuisack who accosted them, ran into the middle of the street and shook his baton at them in a threatening manner. They were not making any noise, and took no notice of him, but Cuisack persisted in his hostile demonstrations, threw off his coat and ran after the party finally throwing his baton at them. The defendant's attorney wished the case dismissed as there was no evidence that Cuisack did more than throw a stick at the party—truly a light offence indeed considering that the "stick" in question was a policeman's "billy." Mr. Thomas, for the prosecution contended that the act of throwing the baton at the party constituted an assault, and quoted from the criminal code to prove that there was no law authorizing a policeman to carry a baton at all.

Cuisack himself was put on the stand and was obliged to admit that he had thrown the baton at the party, but asserted that they were laughing and shouting. Mr. Thomas requested the witness to tell what he knew and received the answer—"I know you are a perfect blackguard." The prosecuting attorney indignantly demanded that Cuisack be committed for using such language, whereupon the model policeman apologized to the court, but refused to apologize to Mr. Thomas, and no further action was taken in the matter, the case being then adjourned.

The next case to be taken up was another assault brought by a citizen against a policeman: this time the accused was the celebrated policeman Belyea, of revolver fame, the complaint being C. B. McDougall, but as the magistrate did not consider the evidence sufficient for conviction, the case was dismissed.

Flushed with his success as a courtroom bully and exulting in his evident immunity from punishment, Cuisack started

ed out on Saturday evening with a revolver, desirous of winning fresh laurels, or perhaps of emulating his colleague Belyea. As Saturday night was observed as Halloween, Cuisack concluded that he would be justified in attaching any young men or boys he chanced to meet, and on approaching a group of young men who were standing talking on Main street outside the Y. M. C. A. building he put his conclusion to the test by discharging his invioler at them, and then proceeded to arrest one of the group on the charge of tearing down signs. The charge is most emphatically denied, and the case comes up on Friday.

Such is the conduct which is not only condoned but evidently approved of by the municipal authorities of Moncton, and which is making our city a byword amongst all decent communities. If the facts were not so easily verified it would be difficult to convince the outside public that they were not exaggerated, as the inhabitants of decently governed cities naturally find it almost impossible to believe that such a state of things would be tolerated in a civilized community.

The following pathetic appeal signed "A man with nerves" from one of the down trodden denizens of the railway town who are graciously permitted to support the police force, appeared in today's Daily Times and serves to show the drift of public opinion and the necessity the citizens are beginning to feel for appealing for legal protection against their own police force.

"Editor Times: In view of recent events and the apparent unanimous acquiescence of the aldermen in the attacks made on peaceable citizens by the police, I beg to suggest that a petition signed by the ordinary citizens be presented to the Legislature humbly praying that an act be passed giving the Moncton citizens a close season, say for four months in a year, during which time it will really be considered a crime for a policeman to shoot at or throw stones, clubs, bricks or anything of that kind, or attack in any way a peaceable citizen on the public street, or on private property. It has been considered wise to do this with other game, and we should have some show."

It would be interesting to observe what the result would be if some citizen presumed to discharge a revolver at a police man, even in self defence.

A PUPILS APPEAL.

Woodstock Has One of the Greatest Men in Canada.

A little anecdote is told in connection with the vice-regal parties went to Woodstock. The Governor General wanted to see the children in one of the schools who were assembled in their best clothes and best smiles. The Governor General requested Mr. Peter Fisher, one of the school trustees to give the children a holiday. The teacher thereupon as a compliment to the distinguished guests asked the pupils who was the leading man in Canada expecting of course but one reply. There was hesitation for a moment the blaze of vice royalty for a moment daunting them. Then one more bold than the rest put up his hand. "Well, who is the leading man in Canada?" said the teacher; "Peter Fisher," was the scholar's prompt reply to the amazement of all present. Perhaps the far seeing pupil saw more possibilities of holidays from Mr. Fisher than ever from the governor general and so indulged in a bit of blarney. But no one will doubt, however, that Mr. Fisher is one of the leading men in Canada.

Stole a March on Their Friends.

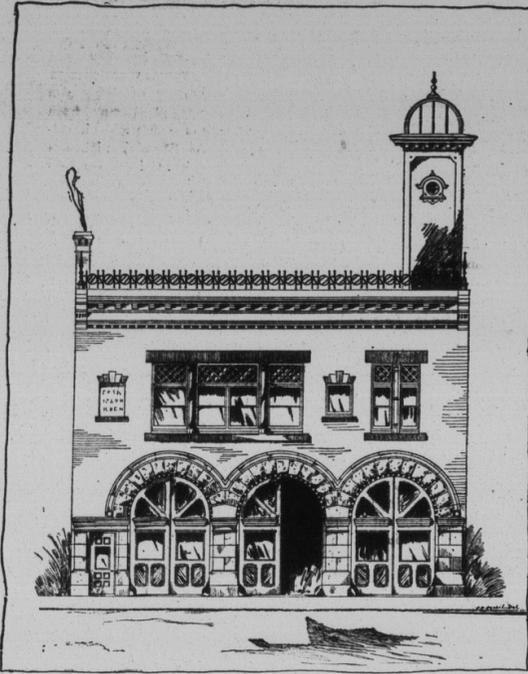
Friends of a young couple well-known here and in Hampton have been discussing their marriage which took place two or three weeks ago quite on the quiet, the young lady's immediate family being quite ignorant of the marriage until it was almost a week old. Just why so much mystery, is what is puzzling the friends of the contracting parties, unless the explanation may be found in the fact that the happy groom is still an apprentice, so it is said, in a city foundry and the parents of the lady may naturally have objected to his suit on that account.

Think the Has a Klondike.

One of the most interesting sights witnessed at the capital in many a day was the snap-shot taken in one of our public parks one afternoon of a fair lady and her baby popy. The scenes and posing were most interesting, and the pamera man claims he has a regular "Klondike" in the possession of the negatives.

THE NEW FIRE STATION.

The North End Firemen Will Have One of the Handsomest and Most Convenient Structures in All Canada.



The accompanying illustration will give a very good idea of fire station No. 5, now under construction on the site of the old building Main street, North End. The new structure will be a neat building of granite, freestone and brick. The front, as will be seen, is supported on five granite piers with moulded caps and bases all below caps to be hammered. The arches will be made up of alternate stones of red and gray granite, with a hammered hood mould. The window trimmings will be of red tint sandstone, the balance of front will be of face brick. The front will finish with a handsome cornice and neat cast iron cresting.

The building will have a frontage of 45 ft., on Main street, and the main building will extend back 63 ft., 6 in., with L in rear of this. The ground floor will accommodate No. 5 company's engine and hose cart on western side of building, with the North End Salvage Corps on eastern side. These departments will be entirely separate being divided by a brick partition which runs the full length of the building. The ground floor of building will have steel panelled ceilings, and walls will be panelled with steel similar to ceilings which will give a very rich effect. The stable in rear will have accommodation for four horses and will be fitted with all modern improvements.

The second floor on east, or Salvage Corps side, will have a large assembly room 25 ft. x 28 ft., a chamber for the driver of Salvage Corps wagon, a kitchen, bath-room and closet. The second floor on west or engine side will have a call room 21 ft. x 18 ft. for the use of the firemen, three chambers for engineer, and drivers of engine and hose cart, bath room and closet. The hose tower as seen on front elevation will rise to the height of 60 feet above street level and will be covered entirely with copper. The building will be heated throughout with hot water and piped for gas as well as being wired for electric lights should the same ever be required. The architect of the build-

ing is R. C. John Dunn, Walkers building, Canterbury St., masons, Messrs. Sproul and Corbet, carpenter, Andrew Myles, plumber, Thomas Campbell.

The new fire station is only one of the handsome and substantial buildings that Architect R. C. John Dunn has designed. There are many pretty residential, public



Architect, R. C. JOHN DUNN.

and other buildings about the city and province for which he made the plans, and his work has always given entire satisfaction. He keeps a busy staff of clerks at work all the time carrying out the details of the pretty ornamental and symmetrically strong designs of his architectural talents, which is the best evidence of the appreciation in which his work is held. Personally Mr. Dunn is a hail-fellow well met with all, and the duties of his profession do not debar him from joining in the social enjoyment of the day. His numerous friends will wish that he may long continue to create all around him the creatures of his artistic taste.

MILLIONS OF VOUCHERS.

Systematic Files in the Sub-Treasury in New York.

In the vaultlike attic of the United States Sub-Treasury Building in New York there are more than 20,000,000 cancelled pension checks and other vouchers so systematically filed that the Assistant Treasurer can within ten minutes put his hand on any particular one of these vouchers run back about thirty years, and the bits of paper are now accumulating at the rate of 2,000,000 a year. A large proportion of the Government disbursements are made in New York, and it has been the custom of every United States Assistant Treasurer to carefully file away the vouchers.

Experience has proven the wisdom of his precaution, for scarcely a week passes that a demand is not made on the New York Sub-Treasury for the payment of some old claim—usually a bounty or a pension—extending back from ten to twenty years. Some time ago a resident of one of the far Western States sent in what appeared to be a valid claim for war bounty, due more than thirty years

ago. By direction of Deputy Assistant United States Treasurer Muhlman search was made among the files in the Sub-Treasury attic, and within a few minutes evidence was found that the claim had been paid many years before. In most cases where claims are made for back payments the cancelled checks or other vouchers are found packed away in the file boxes.

In some instances old war claims appear which have not been paid, and after proper investigation they are liquidated. Such cases usually come from the rural districts, and frequently follow the death of a veteran of the war, whose long neglected or forgotten papers are overhauled by surviving relatives. "But in the matter of the great bulk of the old claims presented here," said Deputy Assistant Treasurer Muhlman "the Government is saved trouble and expense because of the preservation of the millions of vouchers."—New York Times.

Ask your grocer for



For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best

ABOUT BREATHING.

A Person can Train Themselves to Breathe in the Proper way.

A bad-tempered baby, and sometimes even older children, when in a passion will deliberately hold the breath so long as to excite alarm lest they should never breathe again. Death from deliberate holding of the breath, however, cannot occur, the demand of the system for air is so imperative that a time comes when the strongest will can no longer hold out against it, and a deep breath must be taken.

Respiration is the most indispensable of all the processes by which life is maintained. A person can eat irregularly, or even go without eating for a long time, with comparatively little damage to the system, but breathe he must. Yet few people know how to breathe as they should.

Most persons, especially those of sedentary life, are habitually shallow breathers and never fill their lungs as they ought to be filled. The consequence is that the blood does not get all the oxygen it needs in order to burn up the waste matters in the body. The lungs themselves suffer, for they are not expanded fully, especially in their upper portions, and so the air-cells are liable to fall together and the lungs easily become diseased.

A person cannot always be conscious of his breathing, but he can train himself to the habit of breathing deeply and properly.

It is when walking especially, that efforts should be made to breathe. The shoulders should be thrown back, the head held erect, and slow deep inspirations should be taken by expanding the chest to its full capacity, holding the breath for a moment and then expelling it—not simply letting it out—as far as can be done.

The sense of well-being that this practice gives is ample reward for the slight labor involved, but this is not all. The breathing capacity of the chest will be enlarged after a time, and so the supply will be permanently increased, the expansion of the lungs will be more complete, and they will thus be strengthened to resist the attacks of disease.

Above all let it be remembered that the nose and not the mouth is the breathing apparatus. There are many elaborate and valuable forms of breathing exercises which cannot be described in a short article. We have given only the simplest form—the C major scale, as it were, of breath practice.

A Fault Admitted.

All kinds of things happen in newspaper offices. Here is one, chronicled by the Atlanta Constitution.

A Georgia farmer has a son who writes verse, but is too modest to submit it for publication. One day, when the farmer was going to town, he took a bundle of poems along with him and handed them to an editor.

"They're pretty fair," said the editor. "His rhyme is all right, but there's something wrong with his feet."

"Well," said the farmer, "I won't deny it; he has got corns!"

Adopting Indian Tactics.

A French colonel is teaching his officers and men to crawl on their stomachs, and has invented a leather glove to help the process. The regiment can now travel 100 yards in this manner without fatigue.

Shorthand in 3 Months.

Any ordinary person of fair education can complete the shorthand and typewriting course in 3 months. Some do that in 2 months. Some need 4 months. I guarantee success. Learn at home, lessons free.

Snell's Business College, Truro, N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

WANTED Old established wholesale House each town to handle our water-drawers representatives for this section. Can pay a broker about \$12.00 a week to start with. DRAWER 20, Brantford, Ont.

WANTED Young men and women to help in the Armenian cause. Good pay. Will send copy of my little book, "Your Place in Life," free, to any who write. Rev. T. S. Linscott, Brantford, Ont.

WANTED RELIABLE MERCHANTS in each town to handle our water-drawers. Five million pounds sold in United States last year. VICTOR KOFOD, 40 Francis Xavier, Montreal.

RESIDENCE at Robesay for sale or to rent for the summer months. That pleasantly situated house known as the Titus property abounds and a half miles from Robesay Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec falls. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fenely, Barrister-at-Law, Fugatey Building.

THE BEST MUST WIN.

THREE TEACHERS of the Isaac Pitman shorthand have been officially appointed as instructors of that subject in the three new High Schools of New York City. This system is almost daily being introduced into some of the best and largest schools in the country.—Fennan's Art Journal, Oct.

Not bad, considering it is an English system, and has to win against the opposition of all the American systems.

This is the system we teach. Booklet showing the system mailed free. Send for it today.



Students can enter at any time. No better time than just now.

S. KERR & SON

SOLD IN LEAD PACKETS ONLY, TO PRESERVE THEIR FRAGRANCE...

IT'S A TREAT TO DRINK

Tetley's TEAS

A GREAT SAVING



Can be effected by using.....

The Rochester Radiator,

it increases the heating power very much.

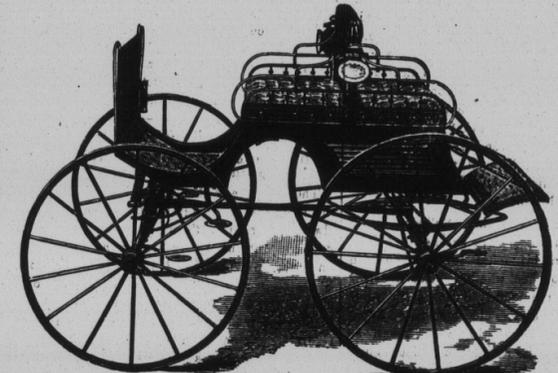
It can be applied as shown, or attached to the pipe in the upper hall. It does not leak Gas, Clog, or Injure the Draft. Three sizes in stock.

EMERSON & FISHER.

P. S. If you are interested in Heating Stoves, see our stock. We can supply everything needed in this line at bottom prices.

CARRIAGES! CARRIAGES!

Here Are Two Distinct Styles.



AN ELEGANT DOG CART

A very handsome and fashionable carriage for family purposes



AN ELEGANT EXTENSION TOP BUGGY.

Perhaps one of the most serviceable and comfortable carriages built. Commodious and handsome. For prices and all information apply to

JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS,

Fredericton, N. B.

Or at Warehouse, Corner Brussels and Union Sts.

Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CHIEFS.

The concert in Centenary church last week in which Madame Harrison was the central figure among the several attractions of the occasion was attended by an audience that about tested the capacity of the church. I regret I was unable to be present but I have no doubt it was an evening of special delight to all. Madame Harrison since then has been singing in Halifax, and, owing, as I am informed, to certain engagements she has made for concerts in London in the near future, it may be some time ere she is again heard in this city.

Amateur opera for next week is the present outlook and anticipation. The work selected is "The Pirates of Penzance." This work has been given here before and by amateurs, and the standard then set necessitates some arduous study and close rehearsal by the members of the present company in order to surpass the former production. Conductor Ford has been unsparring in his efforts to make the forthcoming productions musical successes and when the talent of the several amateurs is considered it may safely be assumed that the gentlemen's expectations will be abundantly realized. The following is the cast of characters for both nights.

Richard a Pirate chief.....Mr. E. Seely Samuel, his lieutenant.....Mr. J. Cochrane Frederick, a Pirate apprentice.....Mr. J. A. Kelly Major General Stanley of the British Army.....Mr. Chas. F. Harrison Edward, sergeant of police.....Mr. A. Chlp Ritchie Isabel, General Stanley's youngest daughter.....Mrs. Charles Taylor Kate.....Miss Jessie Gordon Forbes Miss Margaret Foster Edith.....Miss Grace Fairweather Isabel (daughters of the Major General) Ruth, a Piratical maid of all work.....Miss Grace Manning Pirates, Police, General Stanley's daughters.

The opera will be given on next Wednesday and Thursday evenings and when the merit of the individual members of the cast is considered and that supplemented by the worthiness of the object for which it is given, there ought to be a bumper house each evening.

Tones and Undertones.

"Rigoletto," "L'Africaine" "Lucia" and "Favorita" are the operas most in vogue in Naples where as everywhere in Italy a reaction has set in in favor of the standard old favorites.

Mme. Sembrich the prima donna was enthusiastically welcomed on her return to the Metropolitan opera house New York, last week. She will appear in concerts in Music Hall, Boston, about the end of this month.

DeWolf Hopper has accepted the book of a new opera to be called "The Charlatan." It is by Charles Klein. The music is by Sousa. It is said the next season of the Knickerbocker theatre will be opened with it.

Alice Neilson the prima donna of the Bostonians has quite recovered from the effects of the severe operation recently performed in Boston. She will rejoin the company which is in Washington this week.

A new three act musical extravaganza has recently been completed by Edward E. Kidder, this work has been given the odd title "The Ocean Greyhound."

Victor Maurel the celebrated French baritone intends producing at the Nouveau theatre in Paris, a new work, the name of the author being at present a profound secret. The conjecture is made that it will be Smstana's Bohemian opera "The Bartered Bride." In consequence of this purpose he has been compelled to decline an important engagement offered him.

The brothers De Reszke (Jean and Edward) have been made nobles by the Czar. The Banda Rossa (Red Band) of Italy will be heard in a series of concerts in Music Hall, Boston, next week. These engagements will open next Monday.

Madame Nordica's engagements for the tour of the United States she is about to make and which was inaugurated in Maine recently, calls for a money reward of \$100,000 for her services.

Herr Zoltan Doasne, not every musician knows is the name of Madame Nordica's

Do Ladies Like Small Feet?

Of course they do, who'd imagine anything else? Often in the hot weather, though the feet swell and ache and compel them to wear a size larger shoe. Those who use Foot Elm are not inconvenienced that way. It's a sensible foot remedy, keeps the feet cool and comfortable, prevents swelling and aching and makes shoe wearing a delight. Sold by all druggists and shoe dealers, or sent post paid on receipt of 25c., silver or stamps, STORR & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont.

husband. He was originally a baritone singer but is now said to be a fine operatic tenor.

Mr. Myron W. Whitney, the well known Boston basso has recently been singing in Sunday concert in Chicago.

A recent issue of a musical paper published in the United States says "it is no longer fashionable to have the word 'Program' at the head of the printed selections for chamber musicals. A four-decimals design is now regarded as the only proper heading."

It is said that Joseffy will fill the dates left open by Rosenthal, and that D'Albert will visit the United States next year and make a tour which will comprise fifty concerts.

When Madame Nordica was so critically ill at the Hotel Savoy, London, last year, the sum of \$400 was paid as the cost of "straw strewn on the street" to deaden the noise of the street traffic in front of the house.

The New York oratorio society will give a festival in commemoration of the 25th anniversary of the organization of the society in 1873 by Dr. Leopold Damrosch. The festival programme will include Mendelssohn's "Elijah," "The Damnation of Faust" by Berlioz and the "St. Cristoforo" a new work by H. W. Parker.

The symphony concerts are drawing large audiences as usual in Boston and for the week's concert and rehearsal the following has been the programme:

Symphony, Haydn; Overture, "Leonore No. 2," Beethoven; Four Movements from Serenade No 7 (Haffner), violin obligato by Mr. Franz Kneisel, Mozart; Overture, Scherzo and Finale, Schumann.

In speaking of Miss Alice Esty, who appeared as Eva in the "Meisteringers" in London Oct. 14, the London Times says: "Miss Alice Esty is an artist whose improvements as are her freshness of voice and stamina under the strain of constant hard work. She sang with remarkable charm and intelligence, and her tones rang through the house sweetly and powerfully as those of a bell, while, despite the surrounding obstacles, her acting was instinct with admirable comedy and just that touch of piquant archness in which the Eve of Madam Eames is acting."

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Pugilism, holds the boards at the Opera house this week in the shape of Veriscope pictures of the contest for the championship of the world at Carson city on 17 March last.

The leading role in Charles Frohman's production of Joseph Arthur's new play "The Salt of the Earth" will be originated by Annie Russell.

Henry E. Dixey (Adonis) is a very versatile man. He has recently been acting in Vaudeville in New York, and last week bade farewell to the business. It is said that he has signed a five years contract to star as a magician.

The great and once popular drama "Shenandoah" was on at the Castle Square theatre, Boston this week. It is by Bronson Howard and at one time was considered the best of all the war dramas. "Capt'n Swift" is the bill for next week.

Mr. P. A. Nennery of this city has been engaged by Charles Frohman to play an important role, in his forthcoming great production of "White Heather." The production will be given in December at the Academy of Music. The company is now in active rehearsal. Rose Coghlan is engaged as leading lady of the company while Olive May (Mrs. Henry Guy Carleton) will play the ingenue role.

Last week in Rochester, N. Y. the baggage of Marion Manola was seized by a deputy sheriff on a judgment of \$2000, secured years ago against the Manola-Mason Company.

On Monday next (8th, inst.) the company from the Empire theatre, New York, will play "Under the Red Robe" at the Hollis theatre, Boston. This play was one of the few successes of last season in New York. W. S. Harkins so well and favorably known in this city was in the cast of this play up to the time of his last St. John engagement and for a week after his company opened here.

Augustine Daly's dramatic company with Miss Ada Rehan will return to New York early in December.

Thomas E. Shea is at the Bowdoin square theatre, Boston, this week in the "Man-o-War man." This play has been seen in St. John. A Miss Gertrude Roosevelt who plays in the piece is a Boston girl.

It is said that Margaret Mather intends reviving "Miss" the play in which the late Annie Rixley made such a success. The play calls for work entirely different from anything Miss Mather has been doing.

American admirers of the great actress

ECZEMA

Most Torturing, Disfiguring, Humiliating

Of itching, burning, bleeding, scaly skin and scaly humors is instantly relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, a single application of CUTICURA OINTMENT, the great skin cure, and a full dose of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of blood purifiers and humor cures.

Cuticura

Remedies speedily, permanently, and economically cure, when all else fails.

POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Sole Props., Boston. How to Cure Every Skin and Blood Humor, free.

PIMPLY FACES

Miss Duse will have to surrender all hope of seeing her this year on the continent because it is said her health is such that it will compel her to spend the winter in Italy.

Miss MacKenzie who is to play the role of Jean in the London production of "The Little Mimi-ter" at the Haymarket theatre, is the daughter of Sir Alexander MacKenzie who composed the incidental music for the piece.

E. S. Willard's company of this season, is said to be the strongest he has yet had with him. Maud Hoffman is leading lady. Among the other members of the company is Verner Clarges who was with the Potter-Belle forces, and in this city with Tyrone Power in "The Texan" some few years ago. Miss Edith Crane, who has since become famous as "Tribby" it will be remembered was the leading lady of "The Texan" company.

Richard Mansfield is busy with rehearsal of "Frederick William the First" which he will shortly produce in New York.

BABY SAVED BY LIGHTNING.

Lion Killed Just as It was Ready to Spring Upon the Child.

Lightning and blackberries come to gather in the coast region of Texas. The people there, as a rule, are more partial to the latter than the former. One exception to the rule exists there to-day, however, in Mrs. Pennington, of Plum Creek, who says that one timely stroke of the lightning has done her more good than all the blackberries in creation could possibly accomplish. Just behind the Pennington home is a small clearing, in which the blackberries grow large and sweet and in abundance. One day Mrs. Pennington went there to pick some berries for supper, and took her little baby girl with her. The baby grew tired in a little while, and the mother arranged a bed of dry leaves for it under a sheltering sumach bush. In a few minutes the child was asleep, and the mother resumed her berry picking. It was an oppressively hot day, when the air was full of electricity and not a breath of wind stirring anywhere. A squall was coming up rapidly from the east, the lightning was showing dimly on its upper edge, but Mrs. Pennington was apparently oblivious of the approach of the storm, glad only that the baby slept so well and gave her so little trouble. But it was not the storm alone that threatened danger. At the very edge of the thicket, and only a few feet from the sleeping baby, its eyes gleaming, its head laid flat on the ground and its tail lashing its tawny sides, a huge Mexican lion was crouching ready to spring. For a moment it dug its hind paws nervously into the ground, and when it leaped into the air. It fell dead only a few inches from the sleeping baby, just as a loud peal of thunder caused Mrs. Pennington to look round for the safety of the child. The baby awoke, looked up and smiled.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A PECULIAR PEOPLE.

Some of the Ceremonials of Southern Alaska Indians.

Goldseekers going to the Klondyke are obliged to go through a country inhabited by some very queer aborigines who dwell along the coast of Southern Alaska. These natives do most of the freighting across the passes into the interior carrying loads on their backs; but their population during many centuries had been so shut away from other tribes by gigantic ranges of snow-clad mountains that they have developed a peculiar culture and customs unknown anywhere else. Hence the exceptional value of a monograph about them, prepared by M. Frank Boas, a distinguished ethnologist, which is to be published soon by the National Museum.

One of the most remarkable of the festivals celebrated by the Indians is a carnival of ghosts, which is held each winter. It seems to be derived from a tradition that tells of a journey made by an adventurous individual to a region beneath the earth, inhabited by phantoms. The celebration itself is a mimical representation of the visit to Hades aforesaid, and the performer who represents the submundane traveler wears a necklace and headdress set around with skulls.

This festival requires elaborate preparations. Speaking tubes of dried giant kelp are laid under the foot of the lodgehouse so as to terminate in the fireplace. When the ceremonial is in progress the performer disappears into a ditch previously dug behind the fireplace, and then many voices are heard coming out of the flames—really the voices of persons hidden in adjoining rooms, who speak through the tubes. Later on an image representing a ghost is seen to rise out of the ground, carrying the performer.

Cannibalism is very conspicuous in the myths current among these people, who have themselves been eaters of human flesh up to a recent period. Indeed, though the whites are supposed to have put a stop to such practices, it would seem that secret indulgence in them has not been wholly done away with.

Quite a number of strange demons are

12 STEARNS' BICYCLES

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Your Grocer will give you particulars, or drop a postcard to LEVER, BROS., Limited, Toronto.

A WIDOW'S STRUGGLE.

HARD WORK BROUGHT ON A SEVERE ILLNESS.

Nervous Prostration, Dizziness and Extreme Weakness—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Came to Her Rescue After Hospital Treatment Failed.

From the Fort William Journal.

In the town of Fort William lives a brave widow, who for years has by dint of constant labor kept the wolf from the door and her little family together. From morning till night she toiled to provide comforts for her loved ones until nature at last protested against such a constant drain on her strength, and so she began to lose health. Soon the slender frame became unable to bear its daily load of toil, and the poor mother was at last forced to give up the unequal contest, and become a burden where she had once been the chief support. Nervous prostration, heart disease, consumption, and other names were given her malady by local physicians, but months passed, during which she suffered untold agony, without finding any relief from her sufferings. Palpitation of the heart, dizziness, extreme pain in the chest, loss of appetite and nervousness were some of the symptoms of the disease, gatherings that caused excruciating pain formed at the knee joints and other parts of the body, and at last she became perfectly helpless and unable to walk or even sit up. At this stage she was advised to enter the hospital, that she might have the benefit of skilled nurses as well as best medical treatment; but after spending some time there without obtaining any relief the poor woman gave up all hope of recovery and asked to be taken home. So emaciated and weak had she become her friends were shocked at her appearance, and so utterly hopeless was her condition that it was like mockery to speak hopefully of her ultimate recovery. What then was the astonishment of all who had known of her dreary condition to hear that she had at last found a remedy whose magical power at once demonstrated the fact that where there is life there is hope.

The name of this remedy that worked such a wonderful change in such a short time was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking five boxes she was able to walk about and visit her friends. Her strength gradually but surely returned and in a few months from the time she began using the medicine she was able to resume her work. The subject of this article, Mrs. Jane Marceille, is well known, and her youthful and healthy appearance to day causes people to exclaim—wonders will never cease. She attributes her restoration to her family, solely to the virtues to be found in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and her experience she hopes, may put some other sufferer on the right road to health.

Every box of the genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills has the trade mark on the wrapper around the box, and the purchaser can protect himself from imposition by refusing all others. Sold by all dealers at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

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FASHIONABLE MILLINERY



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Including the latest novelties from Paris, London and New York. Also a choice stock of Austrian and Fancy Feathers, Birds Wines, Ostrich, Ornaments, Casselle Braids, Ribbons, Veils and Veilings, Black and Colored Hat and Bonnet Frames. Corsets a specialty. Prices moderate. Inspection invited.

Chas. K. CAMERON & Co. 77 King Street. Store open every evening.

worshiped as guardian spirits, among them a cannibal demon that lives on the mountains and always is engaged in the pursuit of human beings for his table. The smoke of his chimney is the color of blood, and he has a female slave who gets food for him by catching men and collecting corpses. In his house is a fabulous bird with an immensely long beak, which lives on the brains of persons whose skulls it fractured with its bill. Anybody who is so unfortunate as to encounter the cannibal spirit may be transformed into a grizzly bear. On the other hand, if he can please the demon he may obtain power to handle fire without being burned.

Another guardian spirit is a fearsome warrior, who lives in the far North. He travels constantly and never leaves his canoe. By obtaining his protection a man may become invulnerable, or he may acquire power to catch the invisible disease demon. This demon is at all times flying about in the air in the form of a worm. The fortunate protegee of the warrior spirit catching the worm can throw it into the body of an enemy, who will die at once.

These Indians wear wooden masks in their ceremonial. Some of them are of enormous size, astonishingly grotesque. The mask worn by a performer who represents the cannibal spirit, for example, is a huge crocodile-like head. Another, representing the bird servant of this spirit is like the head of a bird, with a bill four feet long. By means of strings, pulled by the wearer, the great bill is made to open and shut rapidly, producing a loud clapping.

Fully Appreciated.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed the enthusiastic tourist from Boston, as the steamer came in full sight of the fortress of Gibraltar.

It is great," asserted the equally enthusiastic tourist from Chicago, "I wonder what the British Government would take to let that rock be used for advertising purposes."

The St. Louis Republican suggests that the California physician who claims to cure drunkenness by the injection of horse blood into the veins of the patients could probably effect a speedier and more permanent cure if he could devise some means for injecting horse sense into their craniums.

She—"Would you love me more if I had a million dollars?" He—"Of course I would. I would have more time," Indianapolis Journal.

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"77" FOR GRIP

Neglect

of a common Cold leads to Grip, and takes longer to "break up."

It's better to "head off" the first chill or shiver with a dose of "77" and prevent the Cold "hanging on," or running into La Grippe or Pneumonia.

It will pay you to keep "77" handy; most persons do.

If the digestion is poor, alternate with No. 10 for Dyspepsia.

Indigestion, Weak Stomach.

Dr. Humphreys' Manual of Diseases at your Druggists or Mailed Free. Sold by Druggists, or sent on receipt of 50c. each, or \$1. Humphreys' Med. Co., Cor. William and John Sts., New York.

LADIES EVERYWHERE....

Admire the NEW COSTUME FABRICS for '97, made by the..... Oxford Mfg. Co., Oxford, N. S.

PROGRESS.

W. T. H. FREMONT, PUBLISHER.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 22 to 24 Cassebury street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

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Copies Can be Purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in very many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince-Edward Island every Saturday, for Five Cents each.

Advertisements should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, to W. T. H. FREMONT, publisher.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 19,640

ST JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOV. 6.

THE NEW PREMIER.

The Maritime Provinces have just acquired two new premiers, Hon. A. B. WARBURTON of Prince Edward Island, and Hon. H. R. EMMERSON of New Brunswick. People were not surprised when the Commissioner of Public Works was raised to the leadership, for it was expected. Mr. EMMERSON is not a man of transcendent ability, but he was the best man available to lead the composite government of this province. Personally he is well liked, politically he is not exceptionally strong. But then Mr. EMMERSON is only beginning his career. He is in the prime of life at 44 years of age with the probability of many years of activity before him.

The new premier should be broad-minded for he was educated under varied auspices, at the catholic, methodist and baptist schools at Memramcook, Sackville and Wolfville respectively, and also at the English High school in Boston. He got his law degree from Boston University, and began to practice his profession at Dorchester in this province twenty years ago. He acquired a good practice and at the age of 34 entered the lists of public life. He aimed high at first, contesting Westmorland and Albert counties against Senator WOOD and Dr. WELDON in the election of 1887 and 1891, and was defeated both times. He also had another dose of defeat for after representing Albert in the local house two years was sent into retirement in 1890. He emerged to assume the evanescent honor of being lord high executioner at the taking off of the legislative council in 1891. He performed the function so well that the county of Albert restored their trust in him and sent him back to the council halls as chief commissioner of public works.

Mr. EMMERSON is a ponderous speaker with a fierce looking eye, but develops a vein of humor at times. He is a champion of the woman's cause, good roads and various other movements; and if the women had votes, and the wheelmen voted as wheelmen, he would never be defeated. He also says that he has no sympathy for bootlers, and will have none of it; so that he should introduce a much needed era of reform in politics. He is baptist and one of the governors of Acadia college, and a member of the church.

NOVA SCOTIA ABROAD.

A dozen years ago or more a raw looking Cape Bretonian sat amid the clicking instruments in the Western Union Telegraph office here and rattled out "flimsy" for the newspapers and all the various tales of finance, war, love and activity that the telegraphic wires tell. He did not shine while he was here and was looked upon as somewhat erratic. But flightiness is a sign of genius sometimes and though it may not have proved so in this case it has at least shown considerable cleverness. His name was GEORGE PHILPOTS and he remained here but three or four years. Then he sought the wider sphere of the United States and soon eschewed tripping the light fantastic on the keyboards of the clicker to take up the pen. He has met with success and is one of Uncle Sam's typical journalists with all the versatility that distinguishes them. He writes for the Sunday papers, and dishes up humor and racy description for the omnivorous American public. But he has essayed higher flights than this for he is novelist and playwright as well and has turned out some clever novels and plays and some catchy operettas. He has acted in some of his own plays too. But he has not imbibed only of the froth from the cup that the gods of letters hold out. He has essayed the more serious work of journalism as editor and leader writer. The old time Western Union boy wears the name of GEORGE PHILPOTS no longer. By legis-

lative enactment he had it changed to GEORGE VANCE HOBART and under that euphonious title his weekly contributions to the Sunday papers may be found.

The city extended a good deal of courtesy to the tug boat owners when they informed them that if they protested against the use of the MARY J. FINN, the corporation would not accept the free use of her services. While there was a good deal of opposition to the proposition to bring in a foreign tug it is to the credit of some of the tug owners that when they saw how much of a saving it would be to the city they did not protest. But there is one thing to be guarded against and that is—the tug must not delay the dredge.

The Swedish government has decided to equip an expedition for the possible relief of ANDREE the daring Polar aeronaut. ANDREE is a Swede while NANSEN is a Norwegian. The floating balloon story may prove to be a hoax, like the pigeon messages; but some countenance must be lent to the credibility of the reported sighting of the derelict in view of the leakage of the Eagle—a fact which was severely commented upon before the start from Dase's Island.

Bishop COLEMAN in a recent address struck a note that will find a ready response in the minds of all sensible people. The divine denounced the deplorable custom of erecting heathenish monuments, such as obelisks, wrecked ships, broken shafts, faded flowers and urns over the graves of christians in cemeteries, which, he said were devoid of any expression of hope or faith in the resurrection.

November brings with it one solace. There is a falling off in the number of yellow fever cases and deaths in the infested districts of the gulf States. From this time forward with the approach of cooler frosty weather a rapid abatement of the scourge may be looked for.

A hotel has just been opened in New York, one of the rules of which is that no attendant shall accept a tip from a guest. The new hotel is bound to become popular with the travelling public, and other hotels should adopt the same rule.

Have you heard that Judge Robert VAN WYCK is mayor of Greater New York? Young Mr. GEORGE "also ran" for that position as did one or two others. The important question now is if they're not running yet where are they?

The residents of Moncton are asking for a "close season" as a protection against the onslaught of some of the officers on that city's police force. Let them have it by all means. It will be a protection to the reading public as well.

The Mayor of Greater New York is a single man. The motions and resolutions of the Woman's Rescue League do not seem to have affected his popularity to any appreciable extent.

From the attic of the Yantic on the St. Lawrence it would seem as though the contumacious Man-of-War should be bound ever to keep the peace.

If the professional florists continue to develop the chrysanthemum they will have all the beauty of the floral world concentrated in that graceful flower.

The Relief Fund for the Windsor sufferers closed yesterday. St. John has no reason to be ashamed of her contribution which reached nearly \$5000.

BLISS CARMAN has written a poem on HENRY GEORGE. Mr. GEORGE's tragic death was a great shock to the public mind—so is the 'poem.'

The rain in the early part of the week was greatly needed and was welcomed by every one—except those who were obliged to be out in it.

"Vote early and often" was the motto in New York last Tuesday.

What His Services Were Worth.

The "last sad rites" for a departed citizen were performed in one of the rural districts outside of the celestial city a short time ago, and as no clergyman was available the friends of the departed called upon a city clergyman to perform the ceremony. The reverend gentleman did his part to the satisfaction of all, and charged five dollars for the performance.

Positively all Done by Hand.

All open front shirts done by hand with the New York finish. It is picturesque—Try it. UNGER'S LAUNDRY and Dye Works. Phone 55.

VERSE OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

A Summer Dream. A crimson star in jewelled bloom, Sweet cherry trees in bloom; Chrysanthemums of brilliant hue, Love in a fragrant room. A dark-eyed rose of romance land, The world's best rose to me; Where gay Japan's tea gardens stand, Her loveliness to see.

I hear a plaintive dreamful air, A sassa played in tune; And hark so delicately fair, Wakes her poetic rune. I see her in the golden light, While taking daisy slips— O tea; and sweet to be polite, She placed between my lips.

We lingered where the temple trees, Watch o'er the flower of gr. rest— Of hallowed friends faith fondly sees, At rest beyond the waves. There Loka true I meet at will, And bless her and sweet face, Sabaana, her forehead still, In that enchanting place.

Now like a summer dream returns, The sweetness of our love; The scent of roses in the air, The soft blue skies above. Delicately as lost in sleep, The scene of some loved spot; In vernal memory we keep, A true forget-me-not.

Like lovely arms around us thrown, Sweet whispers of the voice Of one in all the world's alone, Who is our fondest choice. The fragrant flowers of Japan, In sacred love and truth, Invite the soul of mortal man, To flowery paths of youth.

A tea rose oiled breathing balm, Sweet incense yielding leaves; In some entrancing twilight calm, A spell around us weaves. A wondrous influence will steal, Upon us in the night; And to our longing souls reveal, A rapturous delight.

I saw sweet Loka till the last, But parted all too soon; When one dark night cloud over cast, The vast pearl poised moon. That parting song, that fond good bye, Sabaana, farewell; Will haunt my spirit till I die, Her soul in mine shall dwell.

Lok! Loka, twilight star, Come speedily my life; The love light of those years star, Now in the cold world's strife. The magic of that mystic clime, That paradise of bliss; Has roses for the wintry time, I ever find in this.

True Sabaana, like like chanted street, Played with exquisite skill; How often resting at her feet, Came love's responsive thrill. I was an invalid weary, Spending my riches in pain, O dark eyed Japanese lady, I'm most thankful now of man.

CYRUS GOLDB.

The Day's Advance. Where the wild Atlantic surges beat the cliffs of "Goody" head, O'er the main die and distant first appeared the rising day; Then the mist, dispersed and scattered by the breeze, fled along the morning ahead, Fled along the sounding headlands toward the isles of Casco Bay.

Over inland, hill and river, to the far Aroostook wild, Flashed the message of the morning, "Lo the day is born again!" Streamlets lunched, and lakes of silver in the face of heaven smiled, While the pine-tree and the hemlock whispered back the glad refrain.

Up the stretches of Penobscot, past the Indian's cabin lone, From the brows of old Katahdin gleamed the light of glorious day. And from Moosehead's mighty waters rose the mists on morning, down Towards the riotous Aroostookin thundering down his rocky way.

Westward still the hosts of morning, speeding on the wings of light, Enter not the shimmering forest where the shades are dark and deep. But they climb with noiseless footsteps o'er the mountain's dizzy height. Leap across the smiling valleys with a grand, majestic sweep.

O'er the lordly Hudson fishing, soon to leave it far behind, Then to span Niagara's chasm with a crescent many hued; Over inland sea and prairie, faster than the truant wind, Is the march of Day triumphant through the desert solitude.

Tarry not, O bright Evangel, let whose deserts lone and bare, Bring the message to thy children on the far Pacific's shore; We behold thy signs appearing through the night of our despair, And we catch thy glorious coming as we never could before.

We are brothers—we are brothers of the stalwart sons of Maine; We would clasp our hands in concord o'er the nation of our dreams, With no lord upon her highway and no serf upon her plain; When the golden gate is closing o'er the day's departing beam.

O T. Fellows.

A Release. I saw a prisoner go by, last night, With pallid, haggard face and ruffled air, Dragged on by Hunger, driven by Despair; Mad as a hatter and wild as a cat, And thus she passed my door and out of sight, I looked about my home, so free, so fair; And, lo, that haggard face seemed every where! Then out into the storm my feet gave flight.

I overlooked the prisoner, at last, And threw my arm around her tenderly; I walked beside her till the night was past, And said, "My bread and wine I share with thee." At dawn her letters, which had trembled so fast, Were gone—gone with her captors! She was free! —Emma C. Dowd.

Indian Summer. I said farewell to June long, long ago, Yet now, what time the summer days are fled, And I am watching for the autumn snow, I see her come again with silent tread.

What miracle is this! the brown, sad earth, Is wakened in the midst of autumn's grief, Touched with the presence of a mirthless birth, And summer's sun shines on each withered leaf. Ah, thus when old age creeps upon the heart The memory of a by-gone joy may rise, To lead us back through perfumed paths apart Where June and roses were the paradise. —Charles Hanson Towns.

HALIFAX SECURED MEMBERSHIP.

The Appointment of School Commissioners in Halifax.

HALIFAX, Nov. 4.—The appointment of members of the board of school commissioners by the local government and the city council is always a matter of considerable interest especially to the candidates for the position and their immediate friends. Now is the season for this ordeal and four men have within the week secured the coveted prize of membership on the board. It may be worth while to take a glance at these new educationists, and see what their qualities are.

The first appointed is A. M. Bell, a well-known hardware merchant and almost equally well-known temperance worker. Had the local government sought far and wide they could hardly have found a better man for the position than A. M. Bell. He is a pillar in the Methodist church; a Sunday school worker where he has gained knowledge that will now prove useful to him; and he is a good business man. Premier Murray is to be congratulated on this appointment.

The government's warmest supporter, on the other hand, can hardly be in a position to express any congratulations on account of Premier Murray's other appointment—that of William Levis, a book-keeper with the Robert Taylor company. There is one thing to be said in extension of this appointment, that an effort was made to obtain a man of different qualifications, but he could not be prevailed on to accept. Had it been possible to prevail on Mr. John M. Murphy, the gentleman referred to, to accept a place on the board—and an unsuccessful effort, it is understood, was made in this direction—the two commissioners representing the government would have been everything that could be desired.

At Tuesday evening's meeting of the city council the aldermen appointed their representatives on the board—D. H. Campbell and Saul Mosher—both good men. Alderman Mosher is a well-to-do citizen with considerable leisure. He is well off in the things of this world, and takes a great deal of interest in municipal affairs. Such being the case it is reasonable that he should be willing to sit on the school board, a body that spends \$100,000 of the taxes of citizens of Halifax. He will make a good commissioner. Ald. Campbell is a man comparatively new to the council, but he has made his mark there for good. He was thoroughly acquainted with procedure in deliberate bodies before his election, and he fell into the meshes of business in the city council with little trouble. His apprenticeship was served in the masonic body and the U. R. C. where he held responsible positions. Then he graduated with ease into the council and now he will divide his attention with the school board.

The board of school commissioners has had some delicate questions to deal with during the past year, notably that of the school of cookery, and with the new blood that has been injected, it is confidently hoped that the coming year will witness yet greater advances in the march of progress.

VIOLATED HIS OWN RULES.

In Giving an Outsider a Preference Over the Soldiers.

HALIFAX, Nov. 4.—General Montgomery Moore has taken some interest in an employment society started in Halifax, to obtain work for men who have served their term in the army and are discharged at Halifax. Citizens have been appealed to to give such men employment, all things being equal, in preference to others. Now a number of tongues are busily engaged telling how the general has violated this good rule himself in an appointment he recently made to the position of barrack messenger. Scores of army reserve men, with breasts decorated with war medals applied for the position but they obtained it not. The job went to an employee of the electric tramway company, who had served only five years in the Army, and who was making a living while veterans, out of work many of them, were given the cold shoulder by the general officer commanding. Surely this is not as it should be, but it may go to show how much easier it is to preach than to practice.

Assisting the Memory.

A new system of mnemonics is described by the San Francisco Post. Like all other system, it fails of absolute perfection.

John B. Clark, the warehouse man, received a letter the other day addressed in a round business hand, and bearing the Oakland postmark. He glanced at it, rubbed his forehead reflectively a moment, and then, without opening the envelope, tore it into bits.

"Why did you do that?" asked his partner. "That might have contained something of importance."

"No, it didn't. I wrote it myself."

"Are you in the habit of writing letters to yourself?"

"Yes, I have to. Now if I hadn't writ-



ten that yesterday and mailed it, I should have forgotten that bunch of bread, two dozen pearl buttons and five yards of hair-cloth that I've got to go up-town and buy right now. Once, though, I wrote a letter to myself about something I wanted to remember, and forgot to mail it for two weeks.

A SERVANT'S DELENKA.

The servant was Carefully Coached but Made a Bad Break.

What critics call the 'motive' of the following story is pretty old, but the story itself is new and moderately amusing, not to say instructive. We borrow it from the Cleveland Plain Dealer, which says it is told of a certain Cleveland family of high social aspirations.

Some time last summer they let it be generally understood that they were going to the seaside. At the last moment something prevented them from going on the day fixed upon, but they had advertised their departure so thoroughly that they concluded they must make it appear that they were actually gone. They dismissed their help, all save a Swedish girl, sent away the horses, bolted and barred the front of the house, and of course pulled down all the shades.

Then they retired to the rear apartments until such times as they could start—after dark, of course—on their journey.

Twenty-four hours passed, and they were still there. Of course they imagined that the appearance of the house would warn away callers, but, strange to say, they had one. She was a lady of somewhat absent-minded ways and rang the bell so long that at last the girl carefully coached, was sent to the door.

"Is Mrs. Blank at home?" inquired the caller.

"Mrs. Blank told me to say she was by seaside," said the honest girl.

"Oh, gone away?" said the visitor.

"No, not gone away—just by seaside."

"Well, she had to go away to get to the seaside didn't she?"

"The girl looked puzzled."

"I don't know. I go ask."

She was gone some little time, and when she came back her face was very red.

"It's all right," she said. "She was here by seaside yet."

"But I don't understand."

"Well, if you don't understand, I lose my job."

"Oh, then, I guess I do understand," said the friend of the family, and she went down the steps.

Dangers to Hypnotism.

Everett Wreast—"Dis thing of hypnotism 'is gittin' algodder too common. Did ye hear about de accident dat happened ter Weary?"

Saunter A. Long—"No; what was it?"

Everett Wreast—"Why, he went ter a farm house ter git a piece of berry pie. De farmer was ter home, an' I'll be dog-bit if he didn't make Weary put in a hull day, buskin' corn."

Saunter A. Long—"Great blisters How 'd do it?"

Everett Wreast—"Why, yer see, he hypnotized Weary, and made him believe he was in de sunny south peelin' bananas."

—Up to Date.

Finalities.

Mothers can do much toward promoting the happiness of their sex by instilling a belief in their beloved ones that no woman is good enough for them.

Man was created to serve and worship his Maker; but woman invented ruffia, and a balance of power was forever established.

Robbed of its frills, its ruffia, powder, bangles and lace, femininity chiefly consists of assisting a man up the stairs in so gracious a manner that he will not complain of being thrown from the roof afterward.—Puck.

A Bedside Bon Mot.

Nurse—"I am glad you came, Doctor. There has been a change in the condition of the patient; he has just kicked the covers off."

Doctor—"I am glad to hear it; it is a very good sign."

Nurse—"Why a good sign, Doctor?"

Doctor—"It insures his recovering." —Boston Courier.

In 1835 landlords throughout Massachusetts colony were licensed by the Legislature for a year sometimes, and sometimes 'at the pleasure of the court.' The charges were regulated by law, and not by the landlords. For instance, the usual price of beer for a penny a quart. Many of the innholders were constantly in trouble and were fined for charging two pence a quart for beer. The price of a meal of victuals was not to exceed six pence (eight cents.)

If you are troubled with falling hair, dandruff, eczema of the scalp, or inclined to grayness, use the best preparation made to correct and cure—Hale's Hair Remover.



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then that bunch of braid, two
buttons and five yards of hair-
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RYAN'S DELIBERATE.
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ce of a meal of victuals
six pence (eight cents).



There is very little to record in the way of social
news this week, the entire time and attention of the
younger portion of society having been given to the
flower show and to rehearsals and preparations for the
"Princess of Penance" which will be sung next Wednesday and Thursday. The
former event was held on Thursday and Friday of
this week and proved just as successful as proceed-
ing chrysanthemum shows have done. In point
of richness and variety of display it may be said,
to have surpassed other years the color and beauty
of specimens being really wonderful. Much taste
was exhibited in the grouping, and the most
charming effects were obtained. Society was well
represented, and while everybody worked energeti-
cally for the success of the show, there was still
time for social enjoyment of an informal nature.
The chrysanthemum exhibition has become an
established institution and it is pleasing to note the
general interest of the citizens.
The ladies who were assisting in various capacities
were Mesdames A. H. Hamilton, C. P. Clarke,
Beverly Macaulay, W. C. Whitaker, G. U. Hay,
Katie Jones, J. D. Hagan, Geo. McAvity, James
Harding, Miss Ethel Reynolds, Miss Florence
Schoffield, Miss Gertrude Skinner, Miss Marjorie
Holden, Miss Pauline Tapley, Miss Mattie Mc-
Lain, Miss Helen Jones, Miss Mona Thompson,
Miss Jennie Vane, Miss Lena Dunn, Miss
Ella Macaulay, Miss Louise Estlin, Miss Babie
McAvity, Miss Bessie Sadler, Miss Helen Seely,
Miss Helen R. Heston, Miss Carrie Fairweather,
Miss Travers, Miss Teck, Miss Winna Howland,
Miss Lily Adams, Miss Maud Binaide, Miss
Florence Smith, Miss Isabel Reynolds, Miss E. Ith
Schlager.
The "Princess of Penance" had a full rehearsal
on Wednesday evening to which several outsiders,
including members of the press were invited. The
opera promises to be one of the musical events of
the year, and the various members of the cast are
diverting every energy to the work of making it a
success.
Mrs. George McLeod and child left this week for
New York.
Mrs. Margaret Graham of the Halifax Herald
staff paid a short visit to the city this week.
Mrs. Ferris wife of the Hon. L. F. Ferris spent
today here.
Dr. and Mrs. Inches returned Thursday from
Fredericton.
St. Rose's church Fairville held an autumn festi-
val on Thursday and Friday of the week, the pa-
tronage on both evenings being large. The young
people at the church have worked energetically,
and their labors have been crowned with success,
as the financial results were excellent.
Miss Annie M. Smith of Fredericton is spending
a short time with Mrs. Owen R. Campbell of
Coburg street.
A happy little gathering was held this week at
the residence of Mr. Thomas Murphy the oc-
casion being the birthday of his little granddaugh-
ter Miss Mamie Murphy. The little hostess of the
evening entertained her guests in the most charming
manner, and the hours were pleasantly spent in
dancing and games until it was time for the good
night, which by the way, were reluctantly said.
Among the young folks present were: Misses
Maggie and Ethel Magee, Miss Gertrude Finn, Miss
Gertie and Florie O'Leary, Misses Frankie and
Ella Elmore, Misses Nellie and Maggie Daley,
Misses Gertrude and Florie Kilien, Misses Nellie,
Minnie and Eveline Murphy, Misses Ethel and
Fanny Murphy, Miss Maggie DeForest, Masters
Willie Fred and Robert Murphy and a number of
others.
A very genuine surprise was given Mr. and Mrs.
Andrew Foster of Acadia street, North End by a
number of their friends last Tuesday evening the
fifteenth anniversary of their marriage. The earlier
part of the evening was pleasantly spent in conver-
sation, the most interesting part of the evening
coming just before supper when Mr. Robert Foster
presented the host and hostess with a handsome oak
side board on behalf of those assembled. Among
whom were: Mr. and Mrs. W. Kennedy, Mr. and
Mrs. C. Colwell, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent, Mr. and
Mrs. M. Morris, Mr. and Mrs. R. O'Shaughnessy,
Mr. and Mrs. T. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. R. Foster,
Mr. and Mrs. Lyons, Mrs. O'Connor, Mrs. McJur-
kin, Misses Colwell, Misses McCarty, Miss M.
Foster, Boston; Mr. J. Riddick, Boston; Mr. W.
McCarty, Mrs. Kyle, Mr. Kirk, Mr. E. Malley,
Mr. J. Kyle, Mr. Fortin's Mr. Wiley and others.
Mr. Charles W. Ballie spent a day or two in
Campbell this week.
Mrs. George G. Drake of this city and Mrs.
William Slack of Boston are visiting Mrs. Allan
Gorham of Peterborough, Queens Co.
Mr. J. D. Wilkinson of London Ontario spent
a day or two here the first of the week.
Mr. J. Gresham Atkman of Farnborough was
in the city for a short time this week.
Dr. Donald Darrack, and Dr. R. Macneil re-
mained over a day at the "Dufferin" this week, to
confer with masonic friends regarding the complete
organization of the Scotch Rite at Charlottetown
P. E. Island. These brethren of the thirty-third
degree are enthusiastic over the kind of reception
they received at the hands of the members of
supreme Council, whom they met at the annual
session held at Montreal on the 27th ult. Dr. Mac-
neil is Deputy for Prince Edward Island, and
under his able guardianship abundant success will
crown the efforts of the masters of the garden
Province of Canada. The Supreme Council, were
delighted with their Island friends. Dr. Macneil's
Masonic core is not surpassed by any mason in
Canada, with perhaps the single exception of
I. W. Munton High Sheriff of Hamilton Ontario.
Mrs. E. F. Doherty of Charlotte street is enter-
taining Miss Mabel McCoy of Sydney this week.
Mrs. Fred Powers and Miss May Powers of Prince-
cess street returned last week from a six weeks
visit to Boston friends.
Miss Jennie Nesbitt left last Saturday on a visit
to Victoria.
Mrs. T. G. Barnes and Miss Bly Fowler of Hamp-
ton left this week for Oakland, Cal., where they
will remain the next six months.
Mrs. H. D. Cortell and Miss Clara Bibber came
up from Eastport for a short time this week.
Dr. Arthur Lincoln and Mrs. Lincoln of Dunsmuir,
Me., spent Tuesday here.
Mr. J. V. Ellis, M. P. and Mrs. Ellis returned
last Saturday from a trip to Montreal. Mr. W. H.

These also came home from a visit to that city the
same day.
Mr. Bertam Fairweather left last Saturday for
California where he will in future reside.
Capt. Charles Babbitt is confined to his residence,
the result of a painful accident while on a shooting
expedition at New River a few days ago.
Miss Mitchell of the General Public Hospital re-
turned last week from a visit to New York.
Mr. W. L. Waring went on a trip to Chatham the
first of the week.
Lieut. Governor McClellan spent Monday in the
city.
Mrs. James Hamsy returned last Saturday from
a two months stay with friends in Montreal.
Mr. B. Laurence of Toronto spent a day in the
city this week.
Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Harrison returned re-
cently from a visit of several weeks in Fredericton.
Miss Florrie Fyne entertained a party of friends
very pleasantly last Friday evening at her home on
Broad street. The chief amusement of the evening
was dancing, which was indulged in before and
after the dainty little supper that was served at
midnight. Those present were: Miss Minnie
Mooney, Miss Tease McManus, Miss Lena
Sprou, Miss Alice Leahy, Miss Bessie McLaughlin,
Miss Lillie Leahy, Miss Jennie McLaughlin,
Miss May Wall, Miss Chisholm, Mr. B. Wall, Mr. A.
Biddington, Mr. J. J. Dwyer, Mr. Geo. L. Kelly,
Mr. E. Glasko, Mr. W. Fyne, Mr. F. Gellin, Mr.
E. Donahue, Mr. W. Caples, Mr. W. L. Fyne, Mr.
F. Sharkey.
Mr. J. W. Hoyt of McAdam spent a day or two
here this week.
Mrs. (Rev.) Borden of Seckville was here last
Saturday on her way home from Toronto, where
she has been attending the W. C. T. U. convention.
Mr. Kenneth Wade who recently returned from
South America left Saturday afternoon for Los
Angeles, California.
Mr. J. C. Kelly and Ed. Moore Kelly of Roseland,
B. C. were here the first of the week.
Mr. J. W. Richards of Biddford P. E. I. was a
visitor to the city for a short time this week.
Mr. E. G. Russel who has been visiting his
parents in St. George spent a day here before re-
turning to New York and was warmly greeted by
many friends.
Hon. A. B. Warburton, premier of P. E. Island
was entertained by Dr. T. Walker during his brief
stay in the city this week.
Rev. J. W. Manning returned from Halifax the
first of the week.
Miss Julia Magee has returned from a visit to
her brother Mr. T. Walter Magee of Salsburie.
Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Bruce of Moncton were here
this week.
Mrs. J. Vermer McLellan one of the latest brides
received callers on Thursday at 100 Coburg street.
Mr. John Birwin of Bridgetown paid a short visit
to the city this week.
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Nichols of Medford Mass
were among the visitors of the past week.
Mrs. G. Prescott has returned from a pleasant
visit to Boston.
Miss M. Russell is in the city visiting Mrs. L. B.
Knight of Elliot row. Miss Russell is a grand-
daughter of the late Senator McEwen of Chatham.
Rev. L. G. MacNeill and Judge Forbes were in
Halifax this week attending a meeting of a com-
mittee of the presbyterian maritime synod.
Mr. F. E. Fage of Amherst is spending a day or
two in the city.
Mrs. William Prince returned last week from a
pleasant visit to friends in Greenfield.
Cian McKenna O. B. C. celebrated its sixth
anniversary last Tuesday evening in the hearty
manner characteristic of the members. An excel-
lent programme was followed by refreshments, after
which came dancing. A large number were pre-
sent and enjoyed themselves thoroughly.
The programme was as follows: song, Mrs. Mannel;
reading, Alex. Malcolm; song, Dr. Kellier; banjo
solo, Jack Gibson; song, Miss Crawford; readings,
Robert Gibson; Scottish selections, piano, Miss
Goddard; song, Thomas White, and reading, Rev.
W. W. Ralston.
The Wednesday evening Skating Club will be
known by another name this winter. Recently the
general committee decided to change the night of
meeting to Monday and as a consequence the club
will be called the Monday night Skating Club.
The Singer rink will be re-engaged for the winter
and the club membership considerably extended.
The ladies and gentlemen on the general com-
mittee are Mr. and Mrs. George West Jones, Mr.
and Mrs. F. H. J. Ruel, Miss McMillan, Miss
Dever, Miss Grace Shiner, Mr. A. McMillan,
Mr. J. G. Knapp, and Mr. Gerard Ruel.
Mrs. W. T. Musgrove wife of Dr. Musgrove of
Washington left this week for home, having spent
the last five months in Carleton with her mother
Mrs. I. Olive.
Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Blankinship who have been
spending their honeymoon in the United States
were here this week on their way home to Truro.
Mr. William Grant of Halifax spent a little while
in the city during the week.
Mr. J. D. Hagan went to Fredericton the first
of the week.
Curiosity drew many to the "Mysterious ten" in
Lindsay street church Tuesday evening, though
doubtless the attendance would have been larger
had the weather been more favorable. The mys-
tery explained itself once the men were explained,
the different dishes appearing thereon being de-
signated by some name descriptive of or associated
in some way with the original article. For in-
stance, "Boston's Overthrow," meant an excellent
cup of tea; and so on through the entire menu.
The young ladies who looked after the patrons
were, Miss Barbour, Miss Stevens, Miss Allen
Mrs. D. E. Loomer, Misses Hensitt, Miss A.
Allen, Miss Knott, Miss Brundage, Miss Riving,
Misses Weldon, Miss Clark, Miss Curtis, Miss
Sully, Mrs. Fred Jones, Miss Wetmore, Miss Al-
ward, Miss Erb and Miss Smalley.
After supper the following programme was ren-
dered in a very interesting manner. Piano solo,
Miss Erb; recitation, Miss Wetmore; solo, Miss
Knott; piano duet, Misses Elcederman; solo, Miss
Hising; piano solo, Fred Tapley; solo, Miss Gladys
Dick; reading, Miss Wetmore; solo, Miss Knott;
vocal duet, Mrs. Jones and Miss Brundage; trio,
Misses Riving, Currie and Mr. Barbour; banjo and
piano duet, Messrs Davidson.
Mr. John Porter returned the first of the week
from a successful fishing trip up the St. John river.
Mr. Donald Carmichael left Thursday for Boston
where he will spend the winter.
Miss Berryman returned this week from a visit
of several weeks in Boston.
Mr. T. B. Blair left Wednesday afternoon for
Halifax.
Mr. C. N. Vroom of St. Stephen spent a day in
the city this week.
Mr. and Mrs. William Lee of the West end were
pleasantly surprised last Tuesday evening by the
anniversary of their marriage, when a number of
their friends called upon them to offer their con-
gratulations and to present a token of their esteem,
a handsome hat tree. After a delicious supper
dancing was enjoyed by the party and a delightful
time was spent.
Mr. A. W. Ramsey of Bathurst was here for a
day or two this week.

Miss Conant spent last Sunday in Hampstead, the
guest of Mrs. J. G. Slipp.
Mr. D. W. McCord spent a day in Calah
late, the guest of Mr. John Johnson.
Mr. G. L. Slipp is in Hampstead, the guest of his
brother Mr. Ann Slipp.
Miss Nora Chastey is visiting friends in the North
end for a month or two.
His Lordship Bishop Kingdon spent a day in the
city this week.
Mrs. Herbert Schofield who was to have received
callers earlier has been obliged to change the date
to the 11th. of November, when she will be at home
to friends.
The marriage took place this week of Miss Helen
E. Burns daughter of Mr. John A. Burns and
Captain Mrs. Byrd of Granville, N. S. The
ceremony which was performed by Rev. A. D.
Dewdney, took place in St. James' church. A
large number of friends witnessed the ceremony
though only the immediate relatives were invited
guests. The bride was attired in a travelling dress
of navy blue cloth, the becoming costume being
brightened by her lovely bouquet of white roses,
mosses and ferns and similar. Her attendant Miss
Zoebe Murray, who was prettily and suitably
gowned, carried a bouquet of chrysanthemums and
smilax. Mr. Andrew A. Burns supported the
groom.
After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was
served at the home of the bride's parents and later
Mrs. Burns left for a trip to Boston, New
York and other American cities. Both have many
friends here who will wish them every happiness in
their wedded life.
Mr. Kellie Jones spent a day or two this week
with Fredericton friends.
Mr. A. E. Hamilton of this city was in Fredericton
for a day lately.
Mrs. Noble has returned from a long visit to
Woodstock, accompanied by her sister Mrs. New-
combe who will spend several weeks here.
Miss Annie Ervin who has been the guest of Miss
Kate Watson of Andover for the past two weeks,
returned to the city yesterday.
Miss Edna Bonnell of Greenwich is visiting re-
sults in the North End.
Miss Annie Jones of St. Stephen and Miss Bessie
White of Milltown, were here for a day or two this
week.
Mr. E. Percy Olive a former St. John resident, is
here from Boston on a visit to his mother.
Capt. William Harding arrived this week from
the United States on a visit to friends.
Messrs. Cliff Price and Robert Colwell spent
Sunday in Amherst.
Mr. and Mrs. Gabriel De Veber arrived this
week from an extended Western trip, which in-
cluded San Francisco and other points. They spent
a short time in the city before going to their home
in Sagetown.
Mrs. McKenna and two children, who have been
visiting Mrs. McKenna's father Mr. James C.
Robertson of Elliot Row, went to their home in
Sagetown, this week.
Mrs. Charles Hall has returned from a visit to her
former home in the Celestial.
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cooper spent a few days
here this week.
Mr. Tremaise Gardes spent Sunday in Fredericton
with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mitchell.
Mrs. Julia Inches and Dr. Peter Inches were
summoned to Fredericton this week by the death
of their brother Mr. Andrew Inches.
Mr. Howard D. Troop left this week for a short
visit to New York.
Mrs. Harry Dunlavy and her children left this
week for Chicago to join Mr. Dunlavy, and from
there will go to Denver to reside.
Mr. and Mrs. Kaboo arrived from Boston Wed-
nesday on route to Charlottetown, called there by
the sudden death of Mrs. Kaboo's mother.
The willing workers of Frisky church held their
annual sale this week, the first opening on Wed-
nesday afternoon, the gaily decorated rooms
and prettily attired attendants forming a very
bright contrast to the wet disagreeable weather out-
side. The tastefully arranged booths represented the
four seasons and the original idea was carried out
in the decorations, and the dresses of those who
presided. Each booth was well supplied with use-
ful and fancy articles that found ready purchasers,
so that the affair may be said to have been most
successful. The ladies in charge were Mrs. Ruel,
Misses Bayard, Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. Hagan and the
various tables and booths were arranged as follows.
The apron table was presided over by Mrs. Chas.
E. Scammell, Mrs. Ellis, and Mrs. McAvity.
The art table by Mrs. Ritchie, Mrs. Flood, Miss
A. Jones, Miss McNeil.
Flowers and ferns—Mrs. J. M. Taylor, Mrs.
Morrin Robinson, and Mrs. F. Tins.
Doll table—Mrs. J. McAvity, Mrs. Hay, Mrs.
Howard, and Mrs. C. Johnston.
The afternoon tea was in charge of Mrs. Holden,
Mrs. W. F. Harrison and Mrs. Wm. Estouch.
The jubilee cake—Miss Cassidy.
Tree—Mrs. Humphrey, Mrs. Best and the Misses
Robertson.
Book table—Mrs. R. Smith, Mrs. Pickett, Miss Mar-
jorie Holden.
Candy table—Misses Patton, Miss Langan.
Ice cream—Miss Desbrow, Miss Grace McMillan
Miss Maggie Smith.
Provision table—Mrs. Carlisle, Mrs. Stevenson.
The booths representing the four seasons were
attended by the following young ladies:
Spring—Misses Georgie Scammell, Florie Prince,
Florence Ingey, and Miss Lou Langan. At this
booth children's toys and clothing were sold.
Summer—Misses Mary Patton, Florie Schfield,
D. Patton, R. McAvity and Langan.
Autumn—Booth arranged to look homelike.
Misses Annie Scammell, Nellie Vroom, Miss Allan
and Ethel Jarvis.
Winter—Misses Lou Howard, Gillis, Grant and
Tins.
Mrs. Fraser widow of Lieut. Governor Fraser
who has been staying with Mrs. Weldon, Chipman's
Hill, returned this week to Fredericton.
A St. Stephen correspondent sends the following to
Progress: In formal in Moncton at the Moncton,
bookstore, by W. G. Stanfield and at M. B. Jones's
Bookstore.
Nov 3.—The leading event of last week, was
the performance given in the Opera house on Fri-
day evening by Miss Ethel Tucker and Mr. William
Richards of the Ethel Tucker company, assisted by
a number of Moncton's best known amateurs. The
performance was for the benefit of the Citizen's
band, and possessed special interest from the fact
it was Miss Tucker's farewell to Moncton for some
time to come. Miss Tucker and her talented
company have won for themselves a very warm
place in the esteem of the Moncton people, and
they will always be sure of a hearty welcome, when-
ever they return to our city. The play put on was

WELCOME SOAP Monthly Missing Word Contest.
THE Correct missing word for October was "WISE" and the winners were
Miss Christy A. Murdoch, New Glasgow, N. S. 1st Prize \$15.00 Cash.
W. H. Rolston, Yarmouth, N. S. 2nd " \$ 7 00 "
Miss Cora Reil, Marysville, N. B. 3rd " \$ 3 00 "

Fry's Concentrated Cocoa is pure cocoa in delicious perfection. It is recommended by the highest medical authorities for purity, solubility and general excellence. Over 200 medals and awards attest its superiority. Best grocers sell it everywhere.

Hot Air Furnaces With Hot Water Combination if desired. Famous Florida for Coal. The distance the heat has to travel comes its utmost radiation, and consequently insures great heating power with economy of fuel. Exceptionally heavy fire pot fitted with either flat or duplex grate. Large ash pit. DAMPERS CAN BE REGULATED FROM ROOMS ABOVE. We hold highest testimonials from users. THE MCGILLY MFG. CO. LONDON, MONTREAL, TORONTO, VANCOUVER.

Robb-Armstrong Automatic Engines Interchangeable Parts. Large Bearings. Simplest and Best Governor. ROBB ENGINEERING CO., LTD., - - AMHERST.

When You Order..... PELEE ISLAND WINESBE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND. GASTROUX, July 30, 1897. E. G. SCOVILL, Agent Pelee Wine Co. DEAR SIR—My wife had been afflicted with nervous prostration for several years, using every kind of medicine recommended, but obtaining no relief until I procured some of your PELEE WINE, which I am obliged to say has had the desired effect. It is the greatest tonic of the age. I think to much cannot be said in its praise, and no human should be without it. We have recommended it to several suffering from La Grippe and Debility with like good results. I am yours gratefully, JOHN C. CLOWES. Ask for Our Brand and See You Get It. E. G. SCOVILL (Maritime Agent) Tea and Wine, 62 Union Street.



They All Come Back

There are fads in medicine as well as in other things...

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the standard—the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate...

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS

Programs in for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph Trainor...

Nov. 5.—Mrs. W. T. Rose is the guest this week of Mrs. J. D. Chipman.

Mr. Walter Stevens has returned from Woodstock.

Among the recent residents of Calais are Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Vinal of Bangor...

A large and fashionable audience enjoyed the excellent Shakespearean Recital...

A small, but appreciative audience greeted Prof. Car. in Y. M. C. A. Hall...

Mrs. Henrietta Blair will spend the winter in Ottawa with her son Mr. W. L. Blair.

Mr. A. J. Fraser has returned from Waterville where she has been visiting relatives.

Mr. George Morris of Montreal is in town and is receiving a cordial welcome...

Mrs. Gertrude Henry has been enjoying a visit with friends in Behring.

Miss Mame Vose is the guest of Mrs. Howard Black of Calais.

Mr. Thomas Maine of Boston is making a short stay with his mother Mrs. David Maine.

Miss Corning Dayal Allen the accomplished violinist and Miss Burdette St. John are also visiting Mrs. Main.

Mrs. Arthur Moran gave a very enjoyable little party last week for the entertainment of a number of the playmates of her little daughter Helen...

Among the guests were Misses Eva Fraser, Lili Luffin, Winnifred Smith, Celia Clarke, Elsie Lawson, Edna Casey, Daisy Lindow, Winnifred Lindow, Kate McLellan, Amy Sullivan, Alice Sullivan, Eva McCully, Hazel Inches, Muriel Kierstead, Willfred Love, Lena Robinson, Mary Fitzmaurice, Gertrude Henry, Fernie Grimmer, Mattie Grimmer, Dolly McKean and Helen Snyder.

Beulah McMonagle, Louise McMonagle, Mr. Henry Barrett have been enjoying a week's party shooting with friends.

Miss Blanche Bell entertained a number of her young friends very pleasantly last week.

Miss Ethel Kerr has recovered from her recent illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Miles Foster are at present residing in Woodstock.

Captain Chipman is in Ottawa.

The Misses Whitlock returned from St. Andrews on Thursday.

The Misses McNicol returned last week from Boston and New York.

A very quiet, but interesting marriage was solemnized at the residence of Mr. Samuel Key...

The engagement of Miss Elizabeth Burrell MacNicol to Mr. Alfred Forbes Conant of Boston has been announced.

The wedding will take place at St. Thomas Episcopal Church, New York, on the tenth of the present month.

This morning Miss Alice Olive, third daughter of Mr. William Olive was married at her father's residence to Mr. Alfred A. Lively of Boston...

Mr. Charles Hazen McGee of St. George is among the guests at the Windsor.

Mrs. Will Porter is visiting friends in St. Andrews.

Mr. Charles F. Eaton of Princeton is in town.

Mr. James Murray left this morning for a business trip to Boston and New York accompanied by Mrs. Murray.

Mr. W. W. Inches left town yesterday for Fredrickton to attend the funeral of the late M. Andrew Inches.

Mr. W. L. Blair and Master Donald Blair who have been the guests of Dr. F. I. Blair left for Ottawa the first of the week.

Coleman's Salt advertisement with logo and text.

FARRSBORO

Programs in for sale at Farrsboro Book Store...

A large number of women met in St. George's hall on Thursday afternoon...

Miss Beale Upham's friends were more than glad to hear from St. John that the croquet hook which had been in her foot for three months had been located by means of the X rays and successfully removed.

Miss Janet Fraser who has been for some time the guest of Capt. and Mrs. Nordby returned home to St. John yesterday.

Dr. Atkinson of Truro was here for a brief visit lately.

Mrs. G. Corbett is visiting her daughter Mrs. H. H. Archibald at Bridgewater.

Mr. F. H. Riddarhan has returned from Boston.

The first meeting of the Literary Club for the winter season takes place this evening at Mrs. MacKenzie's.

Dr. and Mrs. Hand and Master Fred returned on Friday from a visit across the bay.

Mr. Harry Woodworth has an engagement on the Backville Post.

An entertainment by local talent at which Mr. Aloah Howe will recite Enoch Arden is to be held in St. George's hall this evening.

Mrs. Creelman and little son of Stewiacke who have been visiting Mrs. Dickinson have returned home.

Miss Alice Howard is in Halifax.

Mr. J. R. Cameron has accepted a position with Messrs. Coates Bros., Amherst.

Miss Bertie Pierce leaves tomorrow to spend the winter with friends in Gardner Maine.

UBSREX

Programs in for sale in Ubsrex by G. D. Martin...

Nov. 3.—Hon. C. H. LaBillets spent Sunday the guest of Hon. A. S. White 'The Knoll'...

Mr. E. H. McAlpine, St. John, was in town on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Hayward, St. John, spent today in town.

Conductor and Mrs. Sprout are visiting their daughter Mrs. McNicol in Bathurst.

Mrs. Geo. Warren who has been visiting her relatives in Lynn, Mass. has returned home.

Miss Fairweather, Norton, is the guest of Mr. C. H. Fairweather.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram White spent Sunday with relatives.

Rev. Mr. Corey Penobscot spent Friday in town.

Rev. J. B. Champion and family have returned from a visit to P. E. I.

Miss Mittie Boal is in St. John.

Mrs. Warren Price, Petticoat, is visiting her daughter Mrs. J. J. Daly.

THE SEASON'S FLOWER

The graceful (Bright Hue) Chrysanthemum holds high carnival.

Summer's balmy days with sunshine and bloom are over, and with increasing strength is winter's chilly breath being blown upon us...

Among the guests were Misses Eva Fraser, Lili Luffin, Winnifred Smith, Celia Clarke, Elsie Lawson, Edna Casey, Daisy Lindow, Winnifred Lindow, Kate McLellan, Amy Sullivan, Alice Sullivan, Eva McCully, Hazel Inches, Muriel Kierstead, Willfred Love, Lena Robinson, Mary Fitzmaurice, Gertrude Henry, Fernie Grimmer, Mattie Grimmer, Dolly McKean and Helen Snyder.

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The Ins and Outs of It.

If you get best wear out of a coat, best work must have gone into it. You can't get good bread out of poor flour.

Moral: You can't get the best out of anything, unless the best is in it; and the best has to be put in before it can be taken out. Now, we have a rule to test those sarsaparillas with a big "best" on the bottle.

Any doubt left? Get the "Curebook." It kills doubts but cures doubters. Address: J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

forming a high, round and firm bloom.

Thanksgiving—delicate shade of pink, cordicated at both New York and Philadelphia.

New white variety "Invincible," with magnificent heavy foliage close up to the bloom. Blooms ten to twelve inches in diameter, six to seven in depth and 15 to 18 across.

Some fine exhibition varieties, among which are flowers known as Mrs. Geo. A. Magee, New York, Louise and Yanoma.

One exceptionally pretty royal purple bloom, entirely new is called L'Amithiste.

Ostrich plume chrysanthemums are a product of the last twelve months. Some of these are the White Swan, grandest of the plume varieties, the Mrs. Higinbotham (pink), Mrs. Geo. Carpenter, (a beautiful, reflexing pink variety).

Plume d'or—new, of a rich golden yellow.

Marula—a large, light pink flower of the incurved species.

Glory of the Pacific—pink in color, very large and with reflex petals.

Lady Byron—an English product, which is nowadays only occasional, white with incurved petals. This blossom is very rich and snowy.

The Mrs. Martin A. Ryerson is a large snowball chrysanthemum with a mixture of outcurved and incurved petals or what is now known as "interlaced"

Sunstone—a yellow bloom resembling the Queen chrysanthemum which is in reality a parent of the Sunstone.

The Chito is an immense bronze flower and a decided novelty.

Western King—large and incurved with yellow centre.

Midge—very dwarf-like, pure white and inclined to be interlaced.

The above are only the most notable of this seasons novelties but there are other "standard bred" varieties which would take considerable space to fully describe; however, below is a list of the most prominent members of the fast increasing chrysanthemum family and from which the material for these newer varieties is selected by those skilled in floriculture, especially in this line:

Mrs. E. D. Adams, of the large variety, white with purple tinge. Golden wedding, ball shaped and incurved. Dandelion, straight petalled, yellow and small. One of the richest blooms among the favorite flowers is the Vivian Morrell which is in color a gorgeous pink, very large with graceful drooping petals.

The Marion Abbott is almost white in color with hairy petals. The Silver Cloud with its long slender petals is very beautiful. Marie Louise, a rich full blossom white in color and very popular. Mrs. E. G. Hill is a pink drooping blossom, long leaved and large.

Eugens D. Lidouze, yellow, large and beautiful.

The Mabel Simpkins and Louis Boehmer are in a smaller class of chrysanthemums with fine, stringy petals. They are favorite button hole bouquets.

Here are some other very popular varieties.

Sarah Hill, yellow; Joey Hill, white; Good Gracious, pink; Fisher's Torch, bright red; Mrs. Twombly, white; Rondondo, terra cotta; Mrs. Hurley, terra cotta; Ivory, pure white; Queen, white; World, very large and white; Golden Palace, bright yellow; Robt. M. Gray, terra cotta; L'Enfant des Modes, a luscious pink and a "sport" or graft of the Louis Boehmer; The Latest Fad, yellow; Buff Globe; John Shrimpton, Marion Henderson, Standards, Miss F. Fullman and Cullingforde, an English flower.

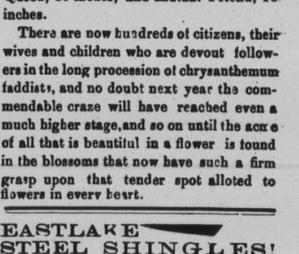
A list of chrysanthemums would not be complete if these well-known varieties were left out.

Philadelphia, 16 inches across with faint primrose tint; Ada Spaulding, faint pink and white; Emerald, pink; Etouille de Lyon, white, shaded lilac; Glorioso, a very pretty yellow; Mrs. J. H. White, Lottie Alter; Sunrise, red; Dean Hole, Nemesis, Olympus, Trilby, Geo. W. Childs and Inter Ocean.

Some "six-footers" of the chrysanthemum race are the Ivory, ten inches across, Mutual, 15 inches, Nivans, 12 inches, Queen, 16 inches, and Mutual Friend, 16 inches.

There are now hundreds of citizens, their wives and children who are devout followers in the long procession of chrysanthemum faddists, and no doubt next year the commendable craze will have reached even a much higher stage, and so on until the score of all that is beautiful in a flower is found in the blossoms that now have such a firm grasp upon that tender spot allotted to flowers in every heart.

EASTLAKE STEEL SHINGLES!



SHOWS ONE SHINGLE. These Shingles have been on the Canadian Market twelve years, and have never failed to give satisfaction.

They are absolutely FIRE, LIGHTNING and STORM PROOF, besides being very ornamental and easily applied.

Write for Catalogue to W. A. McLachlan 51 Dork St., St. John, N. B., or the METALLIC ROOFING CO. (Limited) Sole Makers, 1371 King St., W. Toronto. Have you seen our steel brick.

NY-AS-SAN CURE FOR Salt Rheum

From W. S. Fraleigh, M. D., Toronto:—"This is to certify that Miss Barbara Clemmo of 258 Bellwoods Ave., Toronto, was treated by me for several years for Her Doctor Salt Rheum; and that believing her case incurable I sent your agent to her. Your Nya-san has permanently cured her."

WRITE TO The Nyassan Medicine Co. Truro, N. S. "Mention this paper when you write."

Good Spices

Cost more than those that are adulterated. Everybody knows that. Few people, however, attach a sufficient importance to the difference in quality when making their purchases, notwithstanding the fact that physicians deprecate the use of impure food.

MOTT'S

Spices, put up in packages, are always pure. Fifty years' test of their merit has proved that fact beyond the shadow of a doubt.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1897.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt.

THE FOUNDATION OF HEALTH.

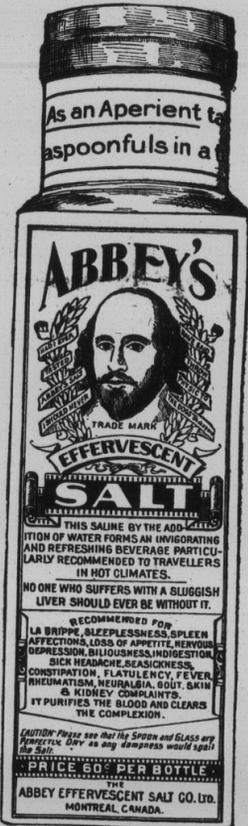
Just a Few of Numerous Canadian Indorsations.

Dr. G. P. Sylvester, Toronto, Says:

"It gives me pleasure to testify to the merits of your preparation. I have been using it in my practice for some time, and find it one of the most pleasant and efficient laxatives I have ever used. To the weak and irritable stomach it is soothing and overcomes any acidity that may exist. I have no doubt it will be very useful in many forms of Rheumatism and Gout, assisting to neutralize the uric acid and also help to eliminate it. I will continue to prescribe it on all occasions where it appears suitable."

The Canadian Pharmaceutical Journal Says:

"We have tried Abbey's Effervescent Salt, and find it an excellent compound. It was most favorably commented upon by the medical profession at the recent meeting in Montreal of the British Medical Association. The Company was not afraid of submitting it to the criticism of medical men. All were invited to sample and pass judgment on it. This was invariably favorable, some expressing the opinion that it was superior in points to any other on the market. A morning draught of this stimulating preparation will send a man to his daily occupation invigorated and ready for any task."



The Canada Lancet ;

"This preparation deserves every good word which is being said of it. A sample is offered to each physician, and most favorably is it commented upon. There is no doubt but that the daily use of Abbey's Effervescent Salt will be a great preventive and aid in warding off attacks of disease."

The Dominion Medical Monthly ;

"This is a well known English preparation, the rights for which has been purchased by a Canadian Company, and it is now being produced here. There is no doubt that it is one of the best forms of effervescent saline we have met."

J. A. S. Brunelle, M. D., C. M., Montreal, Professor of Surgery, Laval University Medical Faculty, Surgeon to the Hotel Dieu, etc., says:

"I have found it particularly beneficial in the treatment of derangement of the liver and of the digestive organs, and consider that the regular use of a preparation of this nature has a decided tendency to prolong life. I am using it in my hospital practice."

A teaspoonful of Abbey's Effervescent Salt, taken every morning before breakfast, will keep you in the best of health and spirits for the day. Prominent persons endorse---eminent Physicians prescribe---and all druggists sell this excellent English preparation.

...PRICE **60** A Bottle!

Trial Size 25 Cents....

We will send you a Sample on request.

THE ABBEY EFFERVESCENT SALT CO., LIMITED, Montreal, Can.

Sunday Reading.

TOUCHING OTHERS.

God never puts his children in a place where it is impossible for them to help others, and often their silent influence is effective far beyond their dreams.

A young man called not long ago upon the pastor of a thriving church in a Western city, and expressed the determination he had reached to follow Christ and acknowledge him before the world.

A slight flush rose to the young man's face.

'No, sir,' he answered. 'It's been over two years since I heard a sermon, and I haven't been into Sunday-school or attended a prayer-meeting since I was a little boy.'

'You have been reading some helpful book perhaps?' suggested the minister. 'They are often the best preachers, for they have a chance to speak to us when we are most in a mood to listen.'

'No, sir. It wasn't a book that helped me,' replied the young man. He hesitated a moment and then continued, 'I'll tell you what decided me to be a Christian. You see I deliver goods for a grocery near here, and I see the inside of a good many people's homes, and their character too, for that matter. There's one piece I go to every day where there's a young woman who has a pretty hard time to all appearances. Her mother's sick, and there's no one to help the girl with the work, and she doesn't look strong either.'

'Well the first thing I noticed was that she never seemed fretful or out of patience. She would have nothing but gentle words for the children even when they were fussing around in the way that would put most folks in a temper directly. I saw her some days when the stove wouldn't draw, and then again when the water-pipes were frozen, and I began to wonder what made her different from other people I noticed that she always wore a little silver cross at her neck and someone told me what that meant. Then she had a calendar hung out in the kitchen with a scripture verse for every day in the year, and sometimes when things went wrong I saw her turn toward that as if she was looking for help. She kept her Bible, a well-worn one it was too, on the mantel beside the clock—to have it handy. I judged, to pick up in a leisure moment. Often when I came up the steps I heard her singing hymns in a low, earnest sort of voice that made them sound like prayers.'

'No, sir, she never said anything to me about being a Christian, but it wasn't necessary. A man can't see that sort of religion every day and not want it for himself.'

THE BOY WITH THE LIONS' CUBS.

There are Lions More Dangerous Than the Story Ones.

There is an interesting picture before me. An African boy with a good-natured face is holding in his arms two pets pronounced lion's cubs. They look like kittens, and yet peculiar kittens, while the face of one is distorted by an angry snarl. I wonder how long that little fellow safely kept those savage pets, supposing it were a scene from actual life. Savage pets, I say, for of course the old wild-woods, blood-loving, murderous nature is there, and if not stoutly boxed up, those growing beasts would without mercy box up the boy in a fashion not to be desired. How many lion-cubs, though, young people may play with! The worst thing about the matter is that they are inside the human breast. Let me mention three lion-cubs each beginning with 'a.' Take that lion-cub appetite. 'What are you up to?' boy is asked. 'Nothing,' says the boy 'only a little fun I am getting out of this cigarette.' And he puffs and puffs and puffs. By and by a doctor with a very stern countenance bends over a handler of lion-cubs and says the smoker has been hurt. 'Only a little fun am I having,' says a young man sipping beer and then wine and finally his glass of whisky stiff and straight. He too finds he has been toying with the lion-cub appetite, and the cub has grown, the baby has become a big beast, and it has sprung upon him, and its victim is shrieking in a fit of delirium tremens. Another lion-cub is ambition. Appetite

troubles this poor, tempted, beast-beast nature, earlier and oftener than ambition, but this second cub will be heard from. It is nesting in our arms. Everybody knows something of its power, while there are lives in which the full-grown beast ravages among many things fair and hopeful. Ambition; let us see how the dictionary describes this lion cub. 'Ambition, an eager and sometimes an inordinate desire of preferment, honor, superiority or power.' There it is, teeth, claws, and cruel spring! And yet you may not see the lion-face in the desire that a boy or girl may have in some way to outstrip for honor's sake every other boy or girl in an honor-race. Tooth and claw may not seem to be in that desire to fill a young people's society-office that will give a certain power over other young people and for power's sake. Beware! That cub will grow and spring and bite.

Another lion-cub is avarice. And how does the dictionary describe this young beast? 'An excessive or inordinate desire of gain; greediness after wealth; covetousness; cupidity.' Ah, the lion is there! And yet how harmless seems the desire of possessions manifested in a boy's or girl's gettings. So small! just a cub! Look out though. The desire grows. If you notice the Bible's words, nothing is more abhorrent to God than the selfish grasp after the things of this earth, the clutching and hugging. He despises it. He denounces it. And then with the greed of money may go such other sins. A young man wanted money. Looking from his window across the street, he could see into another window, and a man there was counting money. How the first man longed as he looked! It all started in a look. Just a cub! The cub grew. One day, a man was found weltering in his blood, and money was missing. What did it mean! That the cub had become a lion with merciless, deadly spring, and the covetous man had become a robber and a murderer.

Look out for the three lion-cubs whose names begin with a—appetite, ambition, avarice. Ask God to look out for you. Put yourself in His hands. Make Christ your example and Savior. Given to him, governed by him, pure and unselfish will be your life.

AN ATMOSPHERE OF DISCOMFORT.

Everybody has the Power to Create Discomfort for Others.

No one ever felt better, either mentally or physically, for dwelling on his discomforts, and few of us can hear others complaining constantly over trifles without wanting to struggle to keep our own cheerfulness at high-water mark. It may be that some of our girls need the following warning, since, without really being aware of it, they may be radiating discomfort instead of happiness.

Clara is a pretty, pleasant-mannered girl of sixteen, amiable, obliging, and with all the qualities to make her attractive except one. That one is not easily explained in a word, but a wise friend of hers came very near expressing it when he said, 'She radiates discomfort as a stove does heat.'

If Clara is too warm or too cold every one near her knows it, and is made to share her sensations as far as possible. 'Oh, dear! how hot it is!' she will cry. 'You don't know how uncomfortable I am. It doesn't seem as if I could live if I didn't get cooler.' But the change of season brings no relief to Clara's family and friends, for on the first frosty morning she is certain to declare herself 'half-frozen, and her complaint lasts as long as the cold weather.

One of Clara's headaches is a household affliction. It is not enough that her mother bathes her head with camphor, and her sister brings the smelling-salts, and father and brothers move softly and speak in hushed voices. She is not content unless she is telling someone how she feels, and just where the pain is located. 'You can't imagine how it hurts,' she assures one sympathetic auditor after another, for it is one of Clara's peculiarities to assume that no one but herself has any way of estimating bodily suffering.

When something goes wrong at school, Clara makes haste to share her woes with each of her young friends, and then with the family, from her father down to the

cook who is supporting a consumptive daughter in a Western state, but who nevertheless finds sympathy to spare for Clara's grievances. The sight of her pretty girlish face, with the flush of health and the brightness of youth upon it, should suggest the pleasantest associations, but instead one waits to hear her say, 'Oh, dear!' or, 'Isn't it a shame!'

Clara evidently feels that no one suffers from heat or cold or some slight physical ailment as she does. In a sense this is true, for such discomforts gather strength a proportion to the thought that is given them. But still more serious is the fact that this young girl has created about herself an atmosphere of discomfort affecting all who come in contact with her, and making life a little harder and drearier for those she loves most dearly.

TRANSFORMED FAULTS.

How Even Glaring Blemishes may be Made into Virtues.

In one of the famous collections of rare curios to be found in the museums of New York city there is a very fine specimen of Chinese carving in jade—a tiger crouched ready to spring, with glaring eyeballs of wonderfully natural appearance, that look as though cut from a different material and cunningly set in the animal's head. Yet such is not the case. The unknown artist found in his piece of jade two white spots surrounded by reddish circles—flaws that a less inventive workman might have thought unfitted the material for use.

But he, instead of casting the stone aside as worthless, saw in those blemishes the possibility of two fierce eyes, and straightway set about transforming them into something unique and valuable. A similar instance is found in the story of an Italian worker in precious stones to whom a gentleman took an onyx to be carved. The stone was a remarkably fine one, perfect in all but one place where it had a peculiar, brownish, mottled appearance. The owner was fearful that this flaw would interfere with the carving of the stone, but the old lapidary smiled and said, 'Leave that to me.' When at last the cutting of the stone was completed, the gentleman was delighted to see upon it the beautiful figure of the goddess Diana standing upon a leopard skin. The blemish of the stone had become its crowning beauty.

These instances bring to us the thought that in some such way as this the faults of our human natures shall, under the direction of the Great Artist, be transformed into graces, traits of character which give to the individual his greatest worth. The hot, hasty temper which is always getting its owner into trouble, once surrendered to the ruling hand of the Master, becomes a powerful force to move things in the right way. The idle disposition is roused from its indolence and becomes genuinely eager for service. The suspicious nature learns to think no evil. The uneasy, exacting character becomes one zealous to accomplish much for others. The impatient one is transformed into gentleness and the proud spirit no longer 'glorieth in the things of itself.'

Only under the Master's hand are these transformations possible. Then shall we not hasten to place ourselves where the blemishes of our nature shall be changed into beauty? Shall we not gladly surrender the worthless that it may be made exceedingly precious?

Between the Loads.

The boy who is bound to succeed will do so in spite of unfavorable surroundings. The story of successful men is usually the story of a fight with obstacles. When we find a boy who will do well in the place where he is and will improve every chance to learn, we know that he will rise sooner or later.

George was a farmer's boy; he was obliged to work hard all the summer and could go to school only ten weeks in the year. But he was the best scholar in town at twelve years of age, and was ambitious to go to college. I had an errand with his father one day and found George with him at work filling a cart. When the load was ready the father drove it into the field to unload, and each time George had ten



minutes' rest till the cart returned. No sooner did his father start than George was out of sight. I followed him to a rude shed that he had built of boards beside the barn, and found he had a stand there with his books ready; and for ten minutes he studied with all his mind on the pages before him; then he was back to work like a man till the cart was full again. He was the happiest boy I knew and the best boy to work also. I had no doubt then, that he would get to college somehow.

WON AT LAST.

The Spirit of Love is Bound to win Many Souls to Christ.

The spirit of love, which through all the ages has been associated and identified with our thought of Christ, is a mighty power for winning souls to him. Even the hardest of hearts and the most stubborn of wills have been won over by this gentle influence. A striking instance was related by Rev. E. C. Smyth, medical missionary from Chouping, North China, at the annual meeting of the Missionary Society in London.

Among our members, he says is a woman who was formerly very bad. She had a son, a Christian, with whom she lived alone. She was blind and somewhat infirm, but in one of her fits of temper able and strong enough for anything. The son often prayed to God that his mother might be converted. One night he removed from her room the idol gods, that she might not worship them. She found it out, picked up an axe and struck him over the head, making an ugly wound. What was he to do? We told him he must forgive her and still pray for her. Things went on in the same way for some time, till at last, won by the power of the Spirit, she gave her heart to Christ. She came to us, and after eighteen months' probation was received. At that time, although seventy years old, she was able to repeat twenty hymns, and nearly the whole of the Gospel of St. John. She had never been out of her own village, and had very small feet, yet she traveled fifteen miles to the place of baptism.

Bad Weather.

Children, as well as older people are apt to complain of the weather to count those skies best which smile on their plays and pleasures, and to scowl at the clouds and storms that interfere with them. As we have nothing to do with arranging the weather and cannot have, it is plainly the best way to be satisfied with it, and to be sure that the clouds which trouble us are equally pleasing to somebody else. Do not fret about bad weather! Tom was on the ball team and counted on winning glory for the school in the coming match game. It was to be on Tuesday, or, if Tuesday was rainy, on the next day. There had been a week of fine weather, Tom thought very sunny and warm; and Monday was fair. But during the night it began to rain, and all Tuesday was spoiled for ball playing. Wednesday was like Tuesday, and the match game was not played. Tom could not get over his disappointment. He growled about the rain, was disagreeable in the house and tormented his brothers and sisters till his mother sent him off on an errand to his grandfather's farm.

Tom found his grandfather in [his barn looking out on his corn opposite with great pleasure.

'Hallo, Tom!' he said. 'Look at that field! Two days ago the stalks were all curled up; the ground was parched and cracked, and if the dry weather had lasted much longer, the whole crop would have spoiled. Bless God for the rain!'

The Convenient Season.

It is quite customary when the work of the winter is crowding upon us, and some neglected duty pushes itself upon our attention, to say to ourselves, 'I really haven't time for this now. Next summer when I am at leisure I will attend to it.' Yet the summer is nearly over, and how few of those deferred tasks have been performed!

'When I have a convenient season,' is one of the most dangerous phrases to have on the tip of one's tongue. It is, like 'by and by,' almost a synonym for 'never.' The leisure hour that has no claim upon it never arrives. You may wait till you are white-haired, and not come to the point where inclination will fail to urge the postponement of many a duty. The convenient season, after all, is the present. The only time of which you are

sure is now. Begin to-day to do the neglected task instead of putting it off till another season shall bring claims of its own.

Twenty Years of Tooth-ache.

Speaking of peculiar people, I know a woman who has had the tooth-ache for twenty years; right straight along, you see, day and night, week-days, holidays, and Sundays. The total amount of pain she has suffered, if you could condense in into one pang, would kill an elephant in five minutes. The original tooth that the ache started in has rotted out long ago, yet the pain in the jaw stays there just the same. She puts things in her mouth all the while, and so keeps the pain dulled down a bit, but it is never rid of it. And it may sound like an odd thing to say, but upon my soul I don't believe she would know what to do with herself without that old familiar tooth ache. And all because she hadn't the courage to have that tooth out, away back when it first began to trouble her. What I say is literally true; I can give you chapter and verse for it. Tooth-ache or some other sort of ache. Goodness gracious! What a lot of people are pulled and hauled about by needless pain. They may manage to bear it, and do, but it is very, very bad for them.

Here, for example, is a lady who says, 'Although I was able to go about I was constantly in pain.' She didn't lack the courage to take remedies for it; she did everything, until at last— But wait. 'In the early part of 1889,' she explains, 'I began to feel weak and ailing, and wasn't able to make out what ailed me. Without having worked any harder than usual I nevertheless felt weary, tired and languid. Then I felt dull, too, and heavy in mind; I could not rouse myself to take my former interest in things. It was, in a sense, like being under the influence of a narcotic drug. My appetite grew less and less until I ate scarcely anything, and even that seemed to do me no good. There was pain and weight in the chest after it, and a curious feeling of tightness around my sides.

'My nerves were so upset and I got very little natural rest at night. Instead of arising refreshed and bright, as a person properly does after a good sound sleep, I was even more weary and tired in the morning than on going to bed. All this time there was a foul taste in my mouth, and a general sense of illness and disorder, as you may say, over my whole body. Although I was able to go about I was in constant pain.

'As you will suppose, I did not undergo all this weakness and suffering without making an effort to obtain relief from it. I tried one thing after another, but received no benefit from any. After having been in this distressing condition for about three years, and nothing to anticipate but a continuance of it, my uncle told me one day of what he had heard of the success of Mother Seigel's Syrup in curing cases of the same kind. In hopes that what the Syrup had done for others it might do for me, I procured a bottle from Mr. Herbert, Chemist, Great James Street, Lisson Grove, and after taking it I felt much better; and when I had taken four bottles I was free once more from disease and pain. Since then I have enjoyed good health, which—as I have assured my friends—I owe to Mother Seigel's Syrup. (Signed) (Miss) L. Smith, 35, Hall Place, Paddington, London, W., January 22nd, 1895.'

The ailment which dragged this intelligent woman through three wretched and painful years was the same that afflicts the vast majority of her sex—indigestion or dyspepsia. Why so many of them have it I will try to show on another occasion. Enough now to say that no malady is capable of producing a greater aggregate of misery, bodily and mental. It is death in life. Very little work, and no real enjoyment at all, that is the verdict people give after an experience of it. It is worse than prolonged tooth-ache, or any mere local pain. And if Mother Seigel's Syrup cures it—as there is plenty of proof to show—why shouldn't we announce the fact everywhere by tongue and pen?

No man likes to be told that he is looking old, but it is a popular joke.

Advertisement for Dr. Fowler's Ext-of-Wild Strawberry, featuring an illustration of the fruit and text describing its medicinal benefits for various ailments like cholera and dysentery.

Advertisement for Walter Baker & Co., Limited, featuring an illustration of a woman and text describing their pure, high grade cocoas and chocolates.

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Notches on The Stick

Autumnal poetry is now in order, and some of the best we have seen this year has come from poets within the Canadian border, or of Canadian origin. We quote the following by Ethelwyn Wetherald, from a leading New York journal;

Autumn Fire.

The fires of the autumn are burning high; Bright the trees in the wood are blazing— A wall of flame from the brilliant sky. Down to the fields where the cattle are grazing, O the warm, warm end of the year!

Even the shrubs their red hearts render; All the bushes are bright with cheer, And the tamest vine has a touch of splendor. The fires of autumn are burning low! Blow, ye winds, and cease not blowing! Blow the flames to a ruddier show. Heap the coals to a hotter glowing. Ah, the chill, chill end of the year!

But the most exquisite word spoken of autumn in recent days may be found in Carman's sprightly lyric:

October.

There is something in the autumn that is native to my blood— Touch of manner, hint of mood; And my heart is like a rhyme, With the yellow and the purple and the crimson keeping time.

The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry Of bugles going by, And my lonely spirit thrills To see the frosty asters like smoke upon the hills. There is something in October sets the gypsy blood astir; We must rise and follow her, When from every hill of flame She calls and calls each rhapsod by name.

The jubilant tone of this lyric is noticeable, as well as its musical and descriptive excellence. It has quite a vernal note of exultation, as if the frost and flying leaf might have a mission of benevolence and be prophetic of hope, as much as the arriving bird and the opening flower. The "Melancholy days" to Carman seem not essentially melancholy; and he would seem bent on reversing the old poetic tradition, just as Coleridge did when he wrote his poem on the Nightingale. Milton's "most muncial, most melancholy," was emphasized by Keats; but Coleridge puts in all his emphasis:

"And hark; the nightingale begins its song, Most musical, most melancholy bird; A melancholy bird, O idle thought; In nature there is nothing melancholy."

Then, it follows, there is nothing melancholy in Autumn. But is there any mood in nature till it is invested with the color of our thought? That has been and may be a question. It seems certain that we read joy or sorrow in our great mother's face, as it may suit the habitude of our spirit.

I have this morning read an Autumnal Ode, by Francis Sherman of Fredericton, published in The Independent, which takes rather a mournful tone in view of the growing sombre season. The poet begins with the question:—

"How shall I greet thee Autumn? with loud praise And joyous song and wild, tumultuous laughter? Or unrestrained tears? Shall I behold only the scarlet haze Of these thy days? That come to crown this best of all thy years? Or shall I hear, even now, those sad hours chime— The shedding of thy last relinquished leaf— Till I, too, learn the strength and change of time Who am made one with grief?"

He inclines, in the end, rather to tears, and adopts the note partly of sorrowful reminiscence, and partly of subdued prophecy. He cannot be exultant, for the idea of waning and decay thrusts itself incessantly upon him. There was a time when Autumn brought him gladness, but then he had not learned that.

"All things must die"

Under the sky,— That everywhere (a flaw in the design)— Decay crept in, unquieting the muse,— Creed, empire, man-as-arms, or stone or flower, In my wisdom then I had not read The message writ across Earth's face, alas, But scanned the sun instead."

What is wisdom, then? To descend from poetry (if it be a descent) to doctrine and philosophy, we suggest the inquiry. I, too, have longed for the permanence of earthly things, and rested my mind, if not my heart, on the forms most like types of the permanent. Groves that cannot fade, streams that never dry or congeal, suns that never go down—these are conceptions that never lose their charm to the mind. But reason and religion, with advancing knowledge, ask for a temper in which we shall do more than to acknowledge that change is best—as it is certainly the order here of all existing forms. Spenser looked on "Mutability" as the curse of time; and the poets have lifted their voices in a minor concert bewailing the common fate. Shakespeare mourned at seeing "The hungry ocean gain advantage on the kingdom of the shore," as typifying our gradual loss of all that we here most desire to

hold; while Herrick tempers his liveliness over the daffodils, and weeps inwardly at least, to see them "haste away so soon." Yet only by mutation, by death, by decay, come plagues, evolution, ascension. A new conception of the old law is gradually dawning upon us,—the blessedness, the hopefulness of this perpetual order of mutability, which advances us to some better thing than the present or the past. "As the essence of music lies in change," writes Vida Souder, in her suggestive book on the Spiritual Life in the Poets, "and the chord indefinitely prolonged, would be no music at all, so it seems to us with the deeper harmony of the world. It is curious to see how this love for transition as distinguished from permanence, pervades nearly every allusion to nature in our modern poetry. The power delicately to seize fleeting effects, elusive phases of beauty,—is not this what lends interest for us to a poet's work? Not the moments when the beauty is fixed, but when it is fugitive, are the favorites of our poets." She then quotes a lovely passage from Shelley, descriptive of the quickly vanishing phases of a sunset, and the transition of day to evening. If, then, the law of change is best, should we not survey it with cheerfulness, or, at least, without heaviness or sorrow? "Consider this," said Marcus Aurelius in his Meditations, "and suffer as the Universal Nature shall appoint you. O man, you have been a citizen of this great State, the Universe! What does the exact time matter? . . . Why complain, then, if you are sent away from the State. . . by the same Nature who brought you there, as the manager dismisses from the stage an actor he has employed. . . Depart, then, well-pleased; for He who sends you away is well pleased too." Keats struck most notably the chord which thrills through Mr. Sherman's poem. Emerson in his noble Thoreau on his child struck the chord most in harmony with the dawning reason,—the note to be prolonged in future poetry:

"What is excellent," As God lives is permanent."

There are some fine descriptive passages in Mr. Sherman's poem:

"For now thou comest not as thou of old Wast wont to come; and now mine old desire Is asked not at all With sunset-vision of thy splendid gold Or fold on fold Of the stained clouds thou hast for coronal. Still all those ways and things are thine, and still Before thy altar burneth the ancient fire; The blackness of the pines is still the same, And the same peace broodeth behind the hill Where the old maples flame."

"I counting these, behold no change; and yet, To-day, I deem, they know me not for lover, Nor live because of me. And yesterday, was it not thou I met, Thy warm lips wet, And purpled with wild grapes crushed wantonly, And yellow wind-swept, wheat bound round thy hair, Thy brown breast half set-free, and half draped over With long green leaves of corn? Was it not thou, Thy feet unshodded, and thy shoulders bare As the gleams of fields are now?"

Referring to Marcus Aurelius—that was a marvellous man who grows upon us the more, with further consideration of his life and character. A wonderful, typical man; a spirit reacting from the spirit, and being of his dreadful time; not a christian at least in the outward form, yet sublime as any martyr; all the more appealing in his virtuous humanity, as seen against the dark background of his time, where he stands as the sculptured image of an angel. When according to the hollow rite of his age, they defied him after death, the people could not but take the matter seriously. He was in their memory like any loftiest canonized saint of Rome. His words have fallen upon the ears of every age, and the loftiest intellects have been most aided and cheered by him. To us he seems nobler than Zeno, than Epictetus, than Plato, than any of the sages. Emperor, truly august! thou too, hadst a gospel for the sons of men, and hadst thou known Jesus of Nazareth, truly, thou hadst not persecuted his followers. Thine is an appeal to our higher reason, and thine own life enforces it! What is it thou didst say? "If any one shall convince me of an error: I shall be glad to change my opinion; for truth is my business, and nobody was ever yet hurt by it." Wherefore then, are the sons of men so fearful of that which never hurt them?

But one thing in the consideration of him fills us with misgiving and awe. Not the loneliness of his life, nor the crucifixions of his spirit, from the crown of thorny gold he wore, and the nessian purple that wrapped him round; nay, but the sight of the son who succeeded him, and to whom he resigned all his authority. It gives new force to the words of Ecclesiastes: "He begetteth a son, and there is nothing in his hand,— what is the wise man more than the fool? . . . I hated all my labor which I had taken under the sun; because I should leave it unto the man that shall be after me. And who knoweth whether he shall be a wise

man or a fool?" This strange history is repeated, over and over, through the ages. The misgiving comes from a consideration of the mysterious laws that govern general inheritance, the qualities and organization that come to us through birth, and these set over against all subsequent precept and example. It seems not so strange to us that "Cain was Eve's," as that Commodus came from Aurelius. The well-nigh perfect organization seems, at the next stage—its reappearance in his successor—nearly disorganized. It is dross, to begin with. Out of the godlike man the brute-demon.

"Lord, what is man, whose thought betimes Up to thy seven fold glory climbs?" not only because his own soul sometimes grovels, but because he can bring a being to the world to make it shudder,—and that being the child of his love and trust, for whose instruction the treatise that has inspired the noblest minds was vainly written. This staggers and appals. It should make us humble, at the least.

PASTOR FELIX.

RUSSIA'S GREAT RAILROAD.

Will Extend Over Acres of the Vast Siberian Plains.

It is now announced that the Russian government has made provision for keeping the harbor of Vladivostok, the Pacific terminus of the trans-Siberian railroad, free from ice throughout the winter. It has begun the construction of two enormous steamers for ice-breaking, and it is believed that, though accompanied by considerable expense, the undertaking will succeed. These measures for rendering Vladivostok accessible by sea during all seasons of the year, if that is possible, are in line with the policy which is now collecting at that point a powerful army and navy, and do not indicate in the least that Russia will content herself with frozen Vladivostok as her winter seaport on the Pacific and the permanent terminus of the trans-Siberian railroad. From latest accounts this mighty engineering project is over half completed and work on all the unfinished sections of the line is being pushed as fast as possible. There seems to be no limit to the expense which the Czar, who officially inaugurated the enterprise when Czarovitch, and who takes the greatest personal interest in it, is willing to incur in the consummation of this plan of joining Russia's centre of strength with the eastern coast of Asia. Many engineering difficulties have been encountered on the way. The western part of the line, now in operation, was comparatively simple, though from the nature of the country, which is somewhat low and in places swampy, rivers are so frequent that scores of costly bridges have had to be built. The work in the eastern half of Siberia has presented more trouble because of the rugged surface of the country. At Irkutsk, on the shores of Lake Baikal, a ferry has had to be substituted for the short detour around the south of the lake because of the very precipitous shores. When the headwaters of the river Amoor are reached, east of Irkutsk, still another problem presents itself. This river is an usually overflowed, and it is feared that unless Russia does not relish the postponement of the completion of the road while the banks of the Amoor are being dyked, and has entered into an agreement with the projectors of the Manchurian railroad, which is to run from Nertschinsk, in the foot-hills of the Yablonoi, or Slavonoi mountains, to Vladivostok, a much shorter route. It is estimated that trains will be running over the entire route from Zlatoust to Vladivostok before the end of the century. This event will mark the beginning of the era of Russia's domination over Asia. It will enable the Czar to place a large and effective army on the shores of the Pacific or at any point in the northern half of the continent, with promptness. Co-operating with this land force will be Russia's powerful navy. Incidentally, the railroad will develop the vast expanse of the Siberian plains, most of the area of which is capable of profitable cultivation. Already

You may get over that slight cold all right, but it has left its mark on the membranes lining your throat. You are liable to take another cold and the second one will hang on longer than the first. Scott's Emulsion is not an ordinary cough specific, but it is "the ounce of prevention." It builds up the system, checks inflammation and heals inflamed membranes. "Slight" colds never bring serious results when it is promptly taken. Book on the subject free.

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this region is dotted with large cities, but the lack of communication has isolated them and kept them from being of use to the Empire. Siberia is more than a convict colony, as the world will doubtless learn when its apparently limitless mineral and agricultural resources have been opened up by the railroad. Thus the project of communication, which was begun with a definite military object in view, to further the boundless ambitions of Russia's rulers; has a distinct bearing upon the world's commercial relations.

KLONDIKE'S SCHOOL HOUSE.

Shipped in the Mold of a Steamer All Ready to be Nailed Together.

The first schoolhouse in the Klondike was made in sections ready to be fitted and nailed together at once upon reaching its destination, and was shipped in the hold of the steamer Humboldt. Its teacher will be Mrs. L. C. Howland.

"The idea of teaching school in the Klondike is not entirely my own," said Mrs. Howland. "You see, my husband is going up there and when we were discussing things somebody mentioned that it would be a good idea for me to start a school. This interested me, as I had heard how hard it was to do nothing in that land, and I began to discuss it among the company that was going up on the Humboldt. The result was that we decided to carry out the idea and at once began to get pointers from people who knew all about the country. The school building may look a little peculiar, but it is built according to directions. There is a flat, sloping roof, so that the snow can be easily shoveled off. The windows are high above the ground. That is to prevent the snow from drifting over them. Everything has been considered that will be conducive to comfort. We have a big wood stove that will be placed in a corner and ought to keep things warm. There will be only one door, and that will open into a small room through which a door will open into the schoolroom. This part of the building will be arranged so that one door must be closed before the other can be opened. This will avoid all draughts."

"Do you think you can get any pupils?" was asked. "Oh, yes. People who have been up there tell me there are a number of children only too anxious for instruction. And besides this, I am sure there will be a number of grown people who would be glad to put in a few months studying when they cannot work in the mines. I am very sanguine of success."

TOOMBS'S AWFUL THREAT.

In This Case a Soft Answer Turned Aside an Officers Wrath.

A good story is told in the Chicago Times-Herald of how a soft answer turned a self-confident, aggressive young man into an exemplary, obedient soldier. The young man was Robert Toombs of Georgia then in his twenties. He had raised a volunteer company and joined General Scott, who was conducting a campaign against the Indians in Florida. Toombs was without military training, and had never submitted to rules and discipline, at college or anywhere else. Naturally when he met General Scott it was a case of oil and water—they would not mix. Private James White, who served in a Georgia company during that war, laughs to this day over a tilt between Captain Toombs and General Scott.

The general knew the character of his enemies and was in no hurry to attack them in the positions which they had chosen. He waited, day after day, determined not to move until the right moment. The delay did not suit the Georgia captain, and he made no effort to conceal his contempt for the slow methods of his commander.

One night Toombs felt that he could stand it no longer. He paid a visit to the general's tent, where he found Scott engaged in a pleasant conversation with a dozen officers of high rank. The Georgian was a man of superb physique, the finest looking American of his generation, and when he marched into the

tent with flashing eyes and a defiant look everybody gazed expectantly in his direction. General Scott greeted him pleasantly and invited him to join the circle.

"General Scott," said Toombs, in a stern tone. "I desire to know, sir, whether the army will march against the enemy within the next few days?"

"I am not ready yet to answer that question," replied the general, with a smile.

"Then, sir," continued the youthful captain, "I will notify you that unless the army marches tomorrow I propose to go forward with my company into the very heart of the Indian territory."

When this astounding declaration was made, the officers almost fainted, and they expected the general to administer a withering rebuke. To their astonishment Scott never changed his genial expression. His eye twinkled with good humor, and he turned a serene and benignant face upon his audacious visitor.

"Very well, captain," was his quiet answer. "Very well, captain, use your own pleasure, by all means. Take your company tomorrow and march into the Indian country. We may follow you a few weeks later. But don't wait for us. Take your company and go ahead. Good night, captain!"

Private White says that when Toombs heard this look of bewilderment, disappointment and anger came over his face, but not a word fell from his lips. He saluted the commander and bowed himself out.

"Did he march, his company against the enemy the next day?" was my natural question.

"No," replied White "he said nothing more about it. He remained at his post and was an exemplary officer during the remainder of the war. And he was not chafed about the affair, either. He was not the man to stand such treatment."

I asked White why Scott overlooked the captain's breach of military discipline.

"Well," said the old man, reflectively, the general was a good judge of human nature. He knew that young Toombs was a gallant fellow, who would some day be an honor to his country, and he doubtless thought that it would be sufficient punishment to answer him as he did. He could not have done a better thing. The captain had lots of sense, and he never again placed himself in such an embarrassing position."

A Little Mixed.

A tall man who had been speaking with another man, and who wondered why the other man acted so queerly, says the Cleveland Leader, saw a boy near his side trying to keep from laughing.

"What are you laughing at?" asked the tall man of the boy.

"I'm laughing at what you said to that man who just shook hands with you," answered the boy.

"I don't remember that I said anything funny to him."

"Well, when he asked you if you didn't know him, you said, 'Your name is familiar, but really I can't recall your face!'"

And So It Goes.

"This article, 'How to Keep Well,' is not completed," said the editor-in-chief. "No, sir; the editor of the Health Column took some lobster last night, and he hasn't been able to work to-day," replied his assistant.

Answered.

"What are the 'Powers' of Europe?" inquired the young woman. The veteran diplomat looked at her thoughtfully and then replied: "For a long time past they have been chiefly conversational Powers."



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ashing eyes and a defiant look gazed expectantly in his direction Scott greeted him pleasantly invited him to join the circle.

al Scott," said Toombs, in a stern desire to know, sir, whether the march against the enemy within was ready yet to answer that question the general, with a smile.

ir," continued the youthful captain, "notify you that unless the army tomorrow I propose to go for my company into the very heat of a territory."

is astounding declaration his officers almost fainted, and they general to administer a whitewash. To their astonishment Scott returned his genial expression. His face was lit with good humor, and he one and benignant face upon his visitor.

ll, captain," was his quiet answer well captain, use your own all means. Take your company and march into the Indian country, and I will follow you a few weeks later. Don't wait for us. Take your gun and go ahead. Good night,

ite says that when Toombs' look of bewilderment, despair and anger came over his face, the word fall from his lips. He commander and bowed himself

arch, his company against the next day?" was my natural question. White "he said nothing at all. He remained at his post as an exemplary officer during the war. And he was not the affair, either. He was to stand such treatment."

ite why Scott overlooked the old man, reflectively, as a good judge of human nature, who would some day be a country, and he doubtless would be sufficient punishment for him as he did. He could a better thing. The captain, sense, and he never again in such an embarrassing

A Little Mixed. who had been speaking with and who wondered why the old man, reflectively, as a good judge of human nature, who would some day be a country, and he doubtless would be sufficient punishment for him as he did. He could a better thing. The captain, sense, and he never again in such an embarrassing

at that you said to that shook hands with you," by. I remember that I said anything

he asked you if you didn't said, "Your name is familiar. Can't recall your face?"

id so it goes. "How to Keep Well," is said the editor in-chief. editor of the Health Column last night, and he le to work to-day," replied

answered. "The Powers" of Europe?" ng woman. diplomat looked at her then replied: "Time past they have been onal Powers.

ORKS AND SPONGES STAMPED ROGERS BROS. ARE GUARANTEED THE BRITANNIA CO. THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.

Woman and Her Work

Of course every woman likes to have a small waist! It is all very well to direct her attention to the magnificent proportions of the Venus de Milo, or advise her to admire the thick waist and disproportionately large feet of the chunky little Medici Venus. She has sufficient sense of the fitness of things to know that either of these celebrated ladies, would be simply 'guys, if dressed in modern garments, just as we ourselves should be worse than guys if dressed in—ahem—Well, in the Milo and the Medici lack of costume.

Greek figures were doubtless eminently suited to Greek costumes, but they are not adapted to the useful and convenient tailor made form of to-day, and consequently the girl who is blessed with a thin waist will continue to enjoy a decided advantage over her more clumsily built sister, in spite of all that corsetless and shapeless disciples can say to the contrary.

I love a neat figure myself, and I have always thought that this corsetless woman was not only an unsightly, but a scarcely modest object, especially if she happens to be of generous proportions, shaking a like a mould of jelly when she moves, and resembling nothing so much as a feather bed which has been belted in the middle and "blouses over," on each side of the girdle.

To return to the small waist however, though we are not all so fortunate as to possess one, it is an attraction which may be cultivated with a little trouble, and a reasonable amount of exercise. People who sit at a great deal, like the lady of elegant leisure, the type-writer, and the literary worker, are in danger of accumulating a layer of fat in the very place they don't want it—around the waist and hips, and exercise is the only weapon that will rout the enemy once he begins to advance. I have always taken an innocent pride in my own twenty-two inch waist measure, because the dressmakers told me it was rather unusual for a woman who weighed nearly a hundred and forty pounds, and was about the average height. But when my last pair of "Thompson's Glove Fitting" utterly refused to fasten, and I had to send to Boston for a size larger, I felt decidedly crestfallen, and realized bitterly that I was face to face with a crisis, and henceforth it was to be exercise, or, horrid thought—flesh. Consequently I have been making researches, and here is the result, which I am generously willing to share with my readers.

A Small Waist and how to Obtain it.
Athletics which reduce the size of the waist and secondarily affect the digestive organs are of the utmost importance, at least as far as the latter are concerned.

Five movements, which should be practiced at least thrice weekly, are as follows:—
Movement No. 1—Lie flat on the floor, face up, then, with extended insteps and straight knees, rise and lower the legs very slowly. At first the elevation must be slight, a few days later this angle must be 90 degrees, and still many days after 45 degrees; the amount of elevation must be indicated by "lightest elevation" "all the way up" and "half way". In doing this exercise there is apt to be a tendency to move the arms up, which must be overcome.
Movement No. 2—Kneel upon the floor, the balls of the feet resting upon the floor, so that the standing portion can be resumed by merely moving the centre of gravity backward and then extending the legs.
Movement No. 3—With the trunk erect and the arms extended vertically above the head, the hands touching, away backward and forward, as far as possible, without losing the balance. For a variation, raise alternately the right and left feet, holding the knee bent at a small angle.
Movement No. 4—Place the feet firmly and well apart, hold the arms out straight, then bend the body so that one hand touches the floor while the other is pointing straight up in the air. Now turn the body so as to face the other foot, and put the other hand down to the floor; so alternate many times.
Movement No. 5—Stand perfectly erect and then bend over, touching the fingers to the floor without bending the knees.

While performing athletic exercises of any description, it is important not to check the respiration. The head must be held well back, and the chest well expanded. Bear in mind that these movements just described must be taken very, very slowly. The toes will want to come off the floor—the effort to keep them there, develops all the waist muscles.

These movements are very simple, but they partly solve the problem of how to obtain exercise without too much expenditure of time and energy.

As these movements have a direct, and

beneficial effect on the digestive organs and as a defective digestion is frequently the cause of a too large deposit of fat, it will be very readily seen that they cannot possibly do any harm, and are likely to be very beneficial provided that due moderation is observed, and they are gone through slowly.

Speaking of aids to beauty, brings me to the fact that the friend of our sex Mr. H. B. Fould, of Arsenic Complexion Wafer, and Arsenic Soap fame, has again been busy in the interest of lovely woman, and invented still another means by which her charms may be increased, and those cruel finger marks that old Father Time will set upon her face obliterated. None of Mr. Fould's preparations are in any sense cosmetics; Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers, of which Mr. Fould has sole control, are beautifiers it is true, but they create beauty by first purifying the blood then making it so healthy that increased nutrition is the result, and the face and form round out into those curves without which beauty is impossible. Naturally enough the new rich blood colors the faded cheek, the sallow skin becomes soft and rosy and the wrinkles and crow's feet disappear by magic while the general health improves wonderfully, and the whole system is invigorated, and toned up.

What the Wafers do for the interior nourishment of the skin Fould's Arsenic Soap does for the exterior in protecting it from the weather, preventing it from chapping, and preserving it from the injury so often done to delicate skins by the use of impure soaps. It is really healing to the skin, instead of irritating; but although it helps to preserve the beauty of the complexion, it can scarcely be described as a skin food; and where that delicate lining of fat, which I have already described as lying beneath the skin, and serving as a cushion for it, has shrunk, or been consumed either from ill health or the passing of youth, some preparation which nourishes the skin, and tends to restore its elasticity is almost a necessity. Realizing this need Mr. Fould has met it with his latest invention, Fould's Arsenic Cream which is especially designed to feed from without the above mentioned tissue. It may be used not only on the face, but also on neck, arms, and bust, and when rubbed in thoroughly its effect is surprising so rapidly does it restore the youthful appearance of the flesh.

I can warmly recommend, from personal use all of these preparations, any of which are excellent when used separately, but of course if used in conjunction with each other, the result is much more rapid, and satisfactory. We should all be grateful to Mr. Fould, from our hearts, for while he lives and flourishes none of us need be ugly, as long as bright eyes, rounded cheek and a good complexion go such a long way toward making a woman beautiful.

The oracles who fix the fashions have decreed that the silk petticoat is no longer a luxury but a necessity to all well-dressed women, and that to be without at least two of these "necessities" is to be out of fashion indeed. I know lots of women who are considered very well dressed, and yet who have never owned even one silk petticoat in their lives. The great drawback to these luxurious garments is their ephemeral quality; no matter how good the material of which they are made, or how expensive they may be, they will not last. Just a few wearings and they are all frayed, and ragged around the hem; while to be caught in a shower of rain, and walk home over the sloppy sidewalks, is to ruin the dainty silk garment hopelessly. However this is a matter of little moment to the woman of wealth who can afford so many changes in silk skirts, as the rest of us have in white cotton ones, so it is not in their fashions that I am interested but that of the girl who would like to possess a nice silk petticoat for very best, and to wear when she goes away on a visit, but who cannot afford such an extravagance. If this girl can sew, and possess a little ingenuity she can provide herself with the coveted luxury at very little expense. Almost every girl who has gone out at all, has an old silk evening dress lying about somewhere, which is too soiled ever to be worn again, but perfectly whole, and good. If this is carefully ripped up, and sent to the dyer it will come home rejuvenated for a very trifling cost, and the silk petticoat will be almost an accomplished fact, as the putting together is not much of a task. The most fashionable silk skirts are made with a Spanish flounce reaching fully to the knee, and this flounce is trimmed with numerous little ruffles, which serve the purpose of making the skirt stand out. But in the case of a mad over garment where one must cut the coat according to the cloth, the breadths may be put together in the original form, and the trimming set on directly. Almost every style of trimming is used, and if the skirt was not trim-

88 Pairs

of Misses Dongola Kid Slippers, bought as a bargain and will be sold as such (sizes 11 to 1). Regular price \$1.25, but this lot we will sell at 50cts. per pair

WATERBURY & RISING,
KING and UNION STREETS.

med originally, a couple of yards of taffeta either in black, or some fashionable color, can be purchased, and cut up into narrow ruffles. Charge the dyeing at a dollar, and two yards and a half of taffeta for ruffles at two dollars—one should get very respectable taffeta at eighty cents a yard—and the skirt costs three dollars at the outside, while seven dollars is the average price of a fair quality silk skirt.

This is the time of year when one must give some thought to the evening dresses which will be needed during the coming winter, and most of us try to make some little festive addition to our wardrobe, even if it is only a silk blouse, and the new blouses are pretty enough this year to tempt the most economical into extravagance. Transparent materials made up over bright colors are the most popular, and a charming example is of black accordion pleated chiffon over corais silk, and trimmed with jet bands and lace edged frills. Another charming bodice is of rose silk tacked in groups, and strapped with black gimpure insertion.

The bodice with the full blouse front is quite as conspicuous amongst evening gowns, as amongst the plainer everyday dresses. These bodices are cut either low and round, or else square in the neck, where they are finished with a narrow tuck heading, or ruffles of some thin material. Narrow yokes with bands of beaded, spangled net and chiffon, little vests, epaulettes, and a dozen other pretty little accessories decorate many of the evening dresses, especially those made of broadened silk.

There are three lengths seen in evening sleeves, the long transparent sleeve, the three-quarter length finished with a frill of lace at the elbow, and a very short double puff of chiffon or tulle which falls well off the shoulder. These falling sleeves which make the bodice look as if it might be in imminent danger of slipping off altogether, are frequently held in place by three bands of velvet less than an inch wide, which form straps over the shoulders, and are separated a little, so as to show a bit of the neck between. They are very pretty, and really necessary for that style of bodice, they sometimes end with little bows where they fasten. The short puffed sleeve also has a band and small bow of velvet dividing the puffs, while the elbow sleeves are shirred close to the arm with a very small puff, or little frills at the top. The dignified and majestic train is seen on some of the new evening dresses, and it is said that the train is really coming in again, but it will take as long to establish it in full favor, as it did to get rid of it. The fashion is too inconvenient to be readily adopted, but once one has become accustomed to it, and the grace and stateliness it seems to impart to the short insignificant figure, it is equally difficult to get rid of it. It gives an appearance of height to short women and a very imposing air to a dowager, but on dancing gowns it is always a mistake. On some of the Paris evening gowns trains of a contrasting color appear.

Black net dresses are very much in favor they are trimmed in an elaborate manner

THE LIQUOR HABIT—ALCOHOLISM.

I guarantee to every victim of the liquor habit, no matter how bad the case, that when my new vegetable medicine is taken as directed, all desire for liquor is removed within three days, and a permanent cure effected in three weeks, failing which I will make no charge. The medicine is taken privately, and without interfering with business duties. Immediate results—normal appetite, sleep and clear brain, and health improved in every way. Indisputable testimony sent sealed: I invite strict investigation.

A. Hutton Dixon,
No. 40 Park Avenue, Montreal, Que.

with black lace insertion, and made up over black, or pearl white silk. If in black the net should have an interlining of black chiffon made loose from the bottom, just like another skirt. This adds an additional thickness it is true, but it softens the effect over a black lining, and improves, rather than detracts from, the transparent appearance. Entire gowns are made of alternating bands of black moire ribbon and insertion of black chantilly lace. They are very effective, especially over a white lining.

An Unfortunate Illustration.
"An unusually good joke has leaked out at the expense of one of 'St. Joseph Missouri's able orators, who accepted an invitation to speak at a Fourth of July celebration in a neighboring town. The celebration was all that was desired, and the orator saw his opportunity and made the best of it. He was in the midst of his oration when a point was reached where the growth of these great United States was described. To make the effect more forcible, the speaker pointed to a woman who held a baby in her arms. In a flight of impassioned oratory he exclaimed: 'Look at that innocent babe as it nestles in its mother's arms; just as it draws nourishment from its mother's breast to sustain life, so has the country drawn aid and support from the people who are upholding its integrity and honor.'

The orator observed that the woman with the infant in her arms turned red, white and blue in the face, but he took it to be an outburst of genuine patriotism. A second glance, however, indicated that something was wrong. At the conclusion of the address the orator was advised by well-meaning friends to keep out of the way of the woman to whom he had directed his remarks. Inquiry brought out the fact that she was a confirmed old maid who had not spoken to a man for at least seven years. She was merely holding the baby for one of her neighbors.'

ASTRA THE WOMAN'S RECKONING.

The Bridge was all Right but the Tree Went Down.

A railway train was running at the rate of forty miles an hour says the Chicago News, and was approaching Big Creek, when the air-brakes were applied, and the train came to a stop so suddenly that all passengers were startled. Many of the passengers jumped off, and with the conductor ran ahead of the engine to see what was the matter. An old man with a lantern was coming up the track.
"Hello! Did you signal the train?" asked the conductor.
"Yes, it was me," replied the old man.
"Well, what's the row?"
"Reckon the bridge over the creek has gone down."
"It has, eh? Well, it that's the case, you've done a thing which the company won't soon forget. When did the bridge go down?"
"Dunno 'zactly."
"When did you find it gone?"
"I didn't done find it gone at all, sah, but I reckon it aint thar no mo." "Yo' see, sah, I was sittin' in the cabin with the ole woman 'bout an hour ago, and it was rainin' and blowin' when we heard a crash, and she calls out:
"O Lord, Jim, but what was that?"
"Reckon it was that big seymore-tree," says I.
"Couldn't be. Must be the railroad bridge."
"Reckon it wasn't."
"Reckon it was."
"But what about the bridge?" asked the impatient conductor.
"Reckon it's gone, sah."
"But why do you reckon?"
"Why, at first I didn't reckon. Then the ole woman she reckoned, and I had to reckon with her or her a row. When I reckoned as she reckoned, she reckoned I'd better come out and swing a lantern

A CLEAR COMPLEXION

The Outward Sign of Inward Health. Lovely Faces, Beautiful Necks, White Arms and Hands

DR. CAMPBELL'S

Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers

FOULD'S.....

MEDICATED ARSENIC COMPLEXION SOAP

Will give You All These:

If you are annoyed with Pimples, Blackheads, Freckles, Blisters, Moth, Fleah Worms, Itching, or any blemish on the skin, get a box of DR. CAMPBELL'S WAVERS and a cake of FOULD'S MEDICATED ARSENIC SOAP, the only genuine beautifiers in the world.

Wafers by mail 50c, and 1 per box. Six large boxes 25. Fould's Arsenic Soap, 50c. Address all mail orders to

H. B. FOULD, Sole Proprietor, 144, Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

Sold by all druggists in St. Johns.

The Canadian Drug Co., Wholesale Agents, Mechanical Hamular.

and stop a train, and that's what I did."

"You haven't been down to the creek?"

"No, sah."

"And you don't know that the bridge is gone?"

"No, sah. Yo' see, the ole woman she reckoned 'twas, and I had to reckon—"

"Get out of the way, you old idiot!" interrupted the conductor, as he gave the signal to go ahead.

"But the ole woman reckoned—"

"And she's another!"

"Both of us idiots, eh?" shouted the old man, as the train began to move. "Wal, I reckon we are. That is, if she reckons so, I'll reckon so, too; but if she reckons we aint, then I'm goin' to reckon 'long with her, and keep out of a fuss."

We found the bridge all right, and 'reckoned' it must have been the seymore-tree that went down with a crash.

DIZZY AND WEAK.

Sinking Sensations. Strong Evidence from Belleville that there is a Cure.

Mrs. Jas. A. Rose, Geddes St., Belleville, Ont., says, "To my life has been made a misery for the last six or seven years because of heart trouble and nervousness, from which I have suffered all this time.

"My heart throbbled, and seemed to rise into my throat, causing a sensation of suffocation. At times I had to walk the floor, and often then would have a sensation of falling down from a high place such as falling down stairs.

"This would be followed by dizziness, my eyesight would become blurred and dim, so that many a time I knew not what to do. Gradually I grew weak, my blood became poor, and my entire system run down. My nerves were so unstrung that I could not sleep.

"All the medicine I used and all the doctoring I did was without effect, when providentially I heard of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and started using them. The results were so wonderful that I cannot refrain from speaking about them.

"I got stronger from the first dose, and am now like another person. The action of my heart is all right, my blood is enriched, and my whole system toned up to its normal condition of strength and vigor.

"To my mind there is no medicine in the world so good as Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for all who suffer as I did." 219



AN INCURABLE FEVER.

IF ONCE CONTRACTED THE GOLD FEVER CAN'T BE CURED.

Tales of Men Who Have Sacrificed Home, Health and Happiness in the Search for Gold—The Fever can Never be Shaken Off—The Klondike's Victims.

Two men familiar with the history of the mining regions of the Rockies, this Alaska madness is no new thing, and of this the "White Cement Mine of Arizona" is a pertinent illustration.

In 1866 a tall old man, nearly naked and evidently mad, wandered into a mining camp at Nephi, in Utah, and was recognized as 'Old Tom White,' supposed long ago to have perished among the canyons of the Colorado. His wants were relieved, and then he produced a lump of what looked like white clay, flecked with gold, but it was hard as porphyry. A portion of it was crushed, and gave the startling assay of \$6000 per ton, and the entire camp took on a fit of lunacy. White was very feeble, but, kindly nursed, got strength enough to tell this story:

Six days' journey south he was prospecting on Virgin river. He camped for the night at the mouth of a small canyon, which he explored next morning and found that one side had fallen in disclosing a vast mass of this white cement. He had loaded himself with it, but lost his way, provisions gave out, and he could only pack this one lump into camp.

And now there came to his hearers, like a fever, a devouring greed for gold. White had been a successful adventurer in his time, and was well acquainted with the southern gold diggings; and this inspired confidence, and inside of five days 3000 men, led by a madman, struck out for the deserts of Arizona. Some had outfits, others carried nothing but the shovel and pan which were to secure the bonanza. The way led across a tireless, waterless desert under the fiery rays of an August sun. The most fortunate dropped out first. On the fifth day the survivors found themselves in a canyon, whose walls must have been shattered in some vast convulsion of primeval time. Huge blocks of stone lay heaped in wild confusion, and over these, crazed with thirst, they climbed until night. White seemed impervious to fatigue, but the others sunk to the ground to sleep, only to be awakened at daybreak by the crack of rifles. The deadly Apache had cut their trail, their guide had disappeared, never to be seen again among men, and a wild panic came to the others, and none could ever tell how they escaped. One Philadelphian, Thomas Caywood, made his way out. He died a few years ago, a watchman at Bromley's mills in Kensington, and he always asserted that for three days he was out of his mind, and wandered to safety by blind chance only.

Next came the 'Coeur d'Alene' boom in 1886, and this was the precursor of the opening of the northern diggings. In this year there came into a mining camp west of Bannock City, Montana, three men nearly exhausted. Three days before their food had given out, and they told a tale of frightful toil and suffering. Of course the resources of the camp were taxed to relieve them. They were reticent as to the region they came from, but when the leader McPherson, opened a deerskin bag that he had packed on his shoulders and displayed 40 pounds of shot gold, the camp went crazy, especially when it was found that the other two had 60 pounds between them.

McPherson said: 'Men, you have been good to us, and I'll tell all I know, but we went through hell to get this, and I would not go through it again for all the gold between this and Quebec. We three came from the Fraser river, south, and wintered in the Bitter Root mountains last year. The country is terrible. Narrow ravines with no outlet make travel almost impossible, for there are sometimes 40 in a mile, and you must go down one side and up the other. In winter the snow falls 50 feet, and so light and fleecy that one goes over head in it, and the least wind makes a blizzard, and this often lasts for weeks. We were 41 days getting out. But there is gold in the bottoms of the ravines to be shoveled up. It is \$500 a pan, and you don't need water, for there are more nuggets than gravel. We left 400 pounds behind that we could not pack.'

Mining had been poor for two years, the smelter making all the money, but here was an El Dorado to be won by strong arms and brave hearts, and every one went wild. The storekeepers lost their heads and sold outfits on credit and any reputable miner could get a 'grab stake' partner but it was significant that no inducement could tempt McPherson or his companions to get back in the winter. 'Wait till spring,' but there was no reason in the crowd, and soon there were thousands of men tramping through Helena bound for the Coeur d'Alene. Fenny white-faced clerks, broad shouldered hardy '49ers' all frenzied by the thought of millions to be won.

When the summer came and the snow melted, the Bitter Root trail was a Gold-60ths graded with the bones of the gold

seekers. Those who survived came back broken down in health, but all won gold. But so rugged was the way that they could bring home only what they could carry. Orvil Finney of Denver sent six parties of three each, men chosen for their hardihood and knowledge. Not one of these came back, nor was their fate ever known. It was estimated that not less than 4500 men perished on the Coeur d'Alene trail in the winter of 1887.

A year hence we shall have the record of the Klondike gold-seekers "to point a moral or adorn a tale."—Philadelphia Times.

The World's Favorites For Dyeing Light, Medium and Heavy Goods.

Diamond Dyes do a range of work far beyond the possibilities of soap grease and crude package dyes. The common dyes on the market are deceptive in character and give guaranteed satisfaction. The majority of the colors of soap grease and crude package dyes are so weak that they will hardly stain the hands. Diamond Dyes give colors to light, medium and heavy materials that are as fast as a rock, and last as long as the goods hold together. The heaviest tweeds and cloths can be dyed with Diamond Dyes. Soap grease and imitation package dyes dare not attempt such work, because the colors are not sufficiently penetrating and powerful.

If you desire success in the dyeing operation and wish to save money, use Diamond Dyes for home dyeing. All up-to-date dealers sell Diamond Dyes and strongly recommend them.

Germs Batten.

Germs have diseases, just as men and women have, with this difference, that the infirmities of precious stones can rarely be cured. Some gems deteriorate—grow old, in other words—and gradually become lifeless. Pearls are most subject to this fate, and no means have been to restore them to life. Among the infirmities to which precious stones are liable is one common to all colored stones that of fading or losing color when long exposed to light. The emerald, the sapphire, and the ruby suffer the least, their colors being as nearly permanent as colors can be, yet experiments made a few years ago in Paris and Berlin to determine the deterioration of colored gems through exposure showed that even these suffered, a ruby that had lain for two years in a shop window being perceptibly lighter in tint than its original mate, which had been kept in the darkness.

A HELPLESS WOMAN.

For Years a Rheumatic Cripple—Under the Healing Balm of South American Rheumatic Cure Suffering Vanishes—Through Faith in the Testimony of Others She is Today a Well Woman.

"My daughter, Mrs. Gregory, had rheumatism so badly in her right hand and arm that they were rendered almost helpless for over a year. Noticing the testimony of persons who had been cured by South American Rheumatic Cure, I procured a bottle. She received almost instant relief, and when the bottle was used the trouble had completely left her. It is a great remedy, and we take pleasure in recommending it."—Neil Morrison, St. John, N. B.

A Tragedy of the Lightning.

It has been an extraordinary year for thunderstorms in England as well as here, and a most unusual number of fatalities have resulted.

One of the most pathetic of them happened in Birkenhead, where a young man and his sweetheart, taking shelter under a great lime tree in a violent shower, were killed by a thunderbolt. The tree was curiously marked with a white, spear-like stroke pointing straight down to the spot where the young people stood. So great was the popular interest in the sad tragedy that it was found necessary, after the news got abroad, to station a policeman at the foot of the tree. Otherwise it would have been totally stripped of its bark—in spite of its great size—by the morbidly curious relic hunters.

The Grim Reaper

Swoops down on young and old alike. The promising buds are nipped off almost as certainly as the fading blossom. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart has stayed death's hand more times than you will count. Relieves in 30 minutes. Over 40 cases of sudden deaths, from heart disease were noted in the daily papers in Canada during the past ten days. It seems incredible and proves the uncertainty of life where there is a tendency to heart weakness. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is a never failing remedy for heart disease. It acts like magic. Never fails to give relief in seemingly hopeless attacks in 30 minutes, and to cure permanently.

Blue Blood.

The origin of the term 'blue blood' is most suggestive. After the black Moors were driven out of Spain, the aristocracy of Spain was held to consist of those who traced their lineage back to the time before the Moorish conquest. These people were whiter than those who had been mixed with Moorish blood. The veins upon their hands were blue, while the blood of the masses, contaminated by the Moorish infusion, showed black upon their hands and faces. So the white Spaniards of the old race came to declare that their blood was 'blue,' while that of the common people was black. The phrase passed to France,

where it had no such significance, and was, in fact, quite arbitrary, and thence it came to England and America.

Josh Billing Said

Next to a clear conscience for solid comfort give me an old shoe. Putman's Painless Corn Extractor removes the worst corns in twenty-four hours. Putman's is the only sure, safe and painless corn extractor.

His Guess.

'I see,' said the fortune teller, 'that you are to be twice married, and that—' 'Oh,' exclaimed Bizby, clapping his hands to the sides of his head, 'this is terrible! Terrible!'

'What is terrible?' his friend asked. 'Insanity has always run in our family,' the distressed man replied, 'and now I am given to understand that I, too, am to be one of its victims!'—Cleveland Leader.

Uncle George—"I am astonished that you should keep company with Privell. You can hardly regard him as a man of intelligence." Henry—"Not a man of intelligence! Why, uncle George, you are greatly mistaken. There are mighty few things going on that Privell doesn't hear of."—Boston Transcript.

Miss Prym—"That disreputable Jack Buggby invited me to go to the theatre with him last night! Miss Cutting—"How did you enjoy the play?"—Puck.



BABY'S OWN SOAP is made particularly for little folks. It is the purest soap in the world. Really and truly the purest. It looks good; smells good; IS good; and does good to the pink and tender skin of infants.

Thousands of men and women use BABY'S OWN SOAP—because they like it—but for Babies it is indispensable. 76 THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL. Unprincipled makers are offering an inferior soap the same in color and shape as BABY'S OWN.

BEWARE!

Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum. For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore throat, etc. KERRY, WATSON & CO., PROPRIETORS, MONTREAL.

STEM SET, WATCH, STEM WIND FREE. To introduce Dr. Weston's Improved Pink Iron Tonic Pills for making blood, for pale people, female weakness, liver and kidney disease, nervousness, general debility, etc., we give away a 144 gold-plated watch, Ladies or Gents, nicely engraved, reliable time-keeper, warranted 5 years. The Pills are 6c. per box, \$2.00 for 6 boxes. Send this amount and you receive 6 boxes and the watch, or write for particulars. This is a genuine offer. THE DR. WESTON PILL CO., 20 King St., Toronto, Ont.

Buy Dominion Express Co's Money Orders FOR SMALL REMITTANCES. Cheaper than Post Office Money Orders, and much more convenient, as they will be Cashed on Presentation

DUCKS THAT NEVER SWAM.

Nor Have Any of These Unique Youngsters Known a Mother.

On the green patch of the corner of Cottage Grove avenue and Seventy-ninth street there are 10,000 ducks and ducklings none of whom has ever seen a drop of water save that which is doled out to them daily as drink.

What is more, not one of these ducks, young or old, ever had a mother, provided the old question as to which is the mother, provided the old question as to which is the mother, the duck which lays the egg or the duck which hatches it, be answered in favor of the latter. These ducks were all raised in boxes by the aid of kerosene oil and a lighted lamp wick. When they felt cold after being taken from their hatching place they were taught to turn beneath coils of steam pipe which sputtered a welcome to the ducklings as they huddled up under the iron pipes. 'even as a hen cackles under her wings.'

There is not in this whole collection of quacking birds a single one which can claim a dark feather. Ten thousand strong they are, all as white as the driven snow, a remarkable circumstance considering the fact that not one of them ever had a bath. This duck farm at the south end of Chicago is not yet a single season old, and it bears the distinction of being the only rearing place for ducks in the United States which accomplishes its object without a pond filled with the birds' natural element. The ducks quack and grow fat and bring 25 cents a pound in the market, which is double the price at which water reared quackers are quoted. It is only fair to say, however, that no claim is made that absence of water increases the price of the bird. Their value is due to the fact that the ducks are of a peculiar strain and are sold when only ten weeks old.

There are at the farm several scores of old ducks which supply the eggs from which the young are raised. A few of the most likely of the offspring are set aside occasionally to be kept until maturity for egg-laying purposes. A corresponding number of the old ducks will be ducks whose ancestors for ten generations have not known what it is to take a swim. The youngsters will then be taken to the vicinity of a pond of water to see if years of dry land habitation have changed the nature of the bird. If they flop their wings, quack and dig for the water like ducks of the present day scientists will or will not be disappointed, in accordance with the theories which they hold.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Do it Heartily.

The attentive services and helpful errands which boys can always find a chance for can be made doubly pleasing by a kind and loving manner. There is a grudging way of performing a service which spoils its value; and there is a gracious way of doing the same thing which has the heart in it. Help heartily like the gentleman in the incident given here.

A well-known gentleman of Boston was also visited by agents of benevolent causes for the reason that he was always ready to give. The writer once had occasion to call on him for a contribution to a college at the West. He was feeling discouraged from previous disappointments and, when he learned that the rich man was sick in his room, he was ready to leave. But he was invited to the sick room immediately. He found the gentleman propped up by cushions with his pocket-book in his hand. He greeted the agent with a smile.

'I saw that you were here for your good object, by a notice in the papers, he said. I have been expecting you and have planned to give you a hundred dollars. When you come another time, if I am alive, call again.'

When the agent left that room he was another man. The graceful way in which the gift had been made gave him courage to meet other men all the day. Let us do kindness heartily, boys!

A Fortunate Question. If I had my life to live over' said the man who adopts a solemn tone, 'there are lots of mistakes that I wouldn't have made.'

'That's just like a man,' his wife rejoined 'Always discontented. Suppose you didn't make the same mistakes; have you any reason for supposing those you made in place of 'em would be a bit more satisfactory?'—Washington Star.

No Rubbing Needed. In cases of severe sprains or strains, ordinary liniments that require rubbing are very painful. A little "Quickcure" spread on linen or cotton, and placed over the sore part removes the pain more quickly and surely than any other known means. The 50c. and \$1.00 sizes contain three and nine times the quantity in trial size; only a little is required.

A very rich Frenchman called "Pere" Chapalier, made his fortune by utilizing the stale bread of Paris, not only that which came directly from households but also that found among the garbage of the city. Chapalier was a manufacturer of bread crumbs. He pulverized the stale bread collected by a multitude of agents, and either sold the crumbs to restaurants for kitchen use, or remoulded and baked them in the form of loaves for the poor.

CHASE AND SANBORN'S SEAL BRAND COFFEE. ONLY IN 1-LB AND 2-LB TIN CANS-FOLLOW DIRECTIONS.

50 Highest Awards OVER ALL AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN COMPETITORS

Benson's the best POROUS PLASTER. When juries of scientific experts and thousands of sufferers cured, so unanimously decide BENSON'S the best Porous Plaster, you have the surest guarantee they will quickly relieve Sciatica, Backache, Muscular Rheumatism, Pleurisy, Pneumonia, Other Lung and Chest Difficulties, Kidney Affections, etc.

TURKISH DYES EASY TO USE. They are Fast. They are Beautiful. They are Brilliant. SOAP WON'T FADE THEM. Have YOU used them; if not, try and be convinced. One Package equal to two of any other make.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS Strong Points ABOUT B. B. B. 1. Its Purity. 2. Its Thousands of Cures. 3. Its Economy. 1c. a dose. B. B. B. Regulates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and removes all the impurities from a common Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore, and CURES DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE, SALT RHEUM, SCROFULA, HEARTBURN, SOUR STOMACH, DIZZINESS, DRINK, RHEUMATISM, SKIN DISEASES.

IT RESTORES THE NATURAL WHITENESS OF THE CLEANSING-HARMLESS AT ALL DRUGGISTS-25 CENTS A BOX TEABERRY FOR THE TEETH. DR. PEPPER CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO

CANADIAN EXPRESS CO. General Express, Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers. Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe. Special Messengers daily, Sunday excepted, over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and Boreal, Nanaimo, Vancouver and Quebec, Central Ontario and Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Northern and Western Railway, Cumberland Railway, Chatham Branch Railway, Steamship Lines to Digby and Annapolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 600 sailings. 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. C. CREIGHTON, Asst. Supr. J. B. STONE

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50 Highest Awards
OVER ALL AMERICAN AND
EUROPEAN COMPETITORS

SON'S

POROUS PLASTER

Scientific experts and thousands of safe
unanimously decide BENSON'S the
plaster, you have the surest guarantee they
relieve Sciatica, Backache, Muscular
Flouring, Pneumonia, Other Lung and
Kidney Affections, etc.

efficiently medicated plaster
remedy worthy of confidence. Price 25 cts.
& Co., Montreal, Sole Agts. for Canada.

TURKISH DYES

EASY TO USE.
Fast.
They are Beautiful.
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They WON'T FADE THEM.

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be convinced.

Package equal to two of
any other make.

BLOOD BITTERS

Points

OUT B. B. B.

Thousands of Cures.
Economy. 1c. a dose.

B. B. B.

Stomach, Liver and Bowels,
Creations, Purifies the Blood and
the impurities from a common
word Scrofulous Sore, and
CURBS

BILIOUSNESS,
HEADACHE,
RHEUM, SCROFULA,
SOUR STOMACH,
SS, DROPSY,
MATISM, SKIN DISEASES.

B. B. B.

RESTORE THE
ORAL WHITERES
USING-HARMLESS
LL DRUGGISTS
ENTS A BOX

BERRY

TEETH

(CHEMICAL Co-TORONTO)

The Old Fashioned Tenor.

He wouldn't be classed with the tenors today,
For the old fashioned music has faded away,
And he is repeating "neath sunshine and snow,
And heaved as the ballads he sang long ago;
What ballads they were and how plaintive each
line!

His wonderful singing was thought was divine;
His garments were quaint and his heart it was
true,
And Jimmy, the Tenor, 'most every one knew.

He chanted at weddings, he sang at the bar,
A song for the happy, a hymn for the tear,
As straight as an arrow, as true as a maid,
He won ever heart by the grace he displayed;
The countryside listened, entranced by his strain,
The village would call for the ballad again;
And nobody whispered and nobody stir'd
So long as the voice of the singer was heard.

The critics who sit in the front of the show
Would laugh at the singing of Jimmy, I know;
They'd roast him today and they come to the fore
And give us a taste of his singing once more;
But critics were scarce when his triumphs were won
And in the whole district he rivals had none;

Whenever he warbled he captured the throng,
For Jimmy, the Tenor, was master of song.

There's silence today where he sang in his night,
And the old fashioned village seems robbed of its
light;
But over the hill where the shadows are dim,
The birds in their beauty are singing to him,
I listen in spite of the years that are gone
For the ballads I heard in life's mystical dawn;
They come from the past, where the dark waters
roll,
And Jimmy, the Tenor, sings still in my soul.

Tampering With A Signal.

We were on the platform at Kings Cross.
The evening train for Aberdeen was drawn
up, ready for its journey.

"A fine train, sir," I said to a guard of
another later train, whom I knew slightly.

"Aye, aye, sir, it's a fine train, this one.
But—though I say it as should be—it's not
the train it was a year ago, when we used
to run up against the London and North-
western every night."

"Oh," said I, interested at once, "so you
were one of the guards in that great race,
were you? It must have been tremendously
exciting."

"Nothing, sir! Why, I could tell you a
regular story about it, that night as we ran
from King's Cross here to Newcastle with-
out a stop. That was something like a run
wasn't it?"

"It was, indeed, and if it is not troubling
you too much, I'd like to hear your story,
just while we are waiting to see the train
off."

"I was the guard of this train on this par-
ticular night, sir. Our usual course was to
run to York, without a stop, then on to
Berwick, Edinburgh, Dundee and Aber-
deen. Three nights before, though we had
gone a large part of the distance at eighty
miles an hour, the other company had beat-
en us by just about five minutes.

"But this night all our officials not only
hoped, but had made all preparations both
for beating the London and Northwestern,
and also breaking the record.

"I was sitting at home the day before the
eventful run was to take place, smoking my
pipe and thinking deeply, when I was
aroused by a sharp knock at the door. On
opening it I found a tall, fair-haired gen-
tleman of about 30, who asked smilingly if
Mr. James—that's my name—was at home,
and if he could see him.

"I informed him of my identity and in-
vited him in.

"Well, I have learned—by what means I
need not say—what probably most of you
on the line think is quite a secret, that
there is to be a very determined attempt
by your train tomorrow night to beat the
record, as well as the other company's
train. I thought it as well to call and ask
your private opinion of the chances of suc-
cess, if you would not be adverse to giving
me it, on the Q. T. You have doubtless
heard of B. & Co.?"

"I nodded, and he smiled again.

"Exactly. Well, we have the offer of a
bet of £2,500 to £1,500 that your train
does not beat the London and North-
western to-morrow night. I am of course
inclined to accept the bet, but thought it
was just to drop in and ask your opinion
first (on the strict Q. T.) as to the chances
of your success. I reckon a 'pony' would
be very welcome, wouldn't it, for yourself,
and a 'pony' for each of the others?"

"You can depend on us to-morrow night,
sir," said I. "We have all in readiness,
and shall certainly do the trick. Why,
bless you—though it's strictly private—
we're going to run to Newcastle without a
stop."

"He had a drink of whiskey with me, and
then he rose to go. "O, by the by," said
he, before leaving, "there's no risk of your
having to stop on the way, I suppose? I
mean for foolish passengers who might get
nervous at the speed and pull the communi-
cation cord, or anything of that sort? And
there is no part of the rail likely to be
blocked, as there was a few nights ago at
Darlington, I suppose?"

"No, I think both contingencies are very
unlikely, the latter especially. The only
awkward piece of this line is that between
Arbroath and Montrose, where we have
only a single line to work on. That neces-
sarily is ticklish, but it'll be all right to-
morrow night."

"Amid a storm of cheers from the many
spectators on the platform we set out from
Kings Cross here for Aberdeen. Our train
consisted of the engine and tender—our
very best, I need scarcely say—with five
coaches and the guard's van.

"For the first time there was no stoppage
at York, through Darlington and Durham.
As you know, we always felt uncertain
about this piece of road between York and
Newcastle, the traffic is so heavy; but on
the occasion there was not the slightest
need for any diminution of speed, and as
we drew up at Newcastle platform for a
ten-minute stay we were actually five
minutes before any record time for this
journey."

"All went well to Edinburgh, over the
Tay bridge and through Dundee, until we
began to get within measurable distance of
Aberdeen. I found, on referring to my
watch, that now, just before entering on
the piece of single line, we were about
fifteen minutes before our expected time.

"We had gone about a couple of miles
when I fancied I felt a slight slackening of
our speed. Before another mile was
covered this was more plainly evident, and
when I heard those portentous whistles of
the engine I knew that the signals were
against us.

"The train gradually slackened speed un-
til it came to a dead stop at that wretched
signal. As no notice was taken to our
repeated whistling, I was about to go for-
ward myself to the signal box to see what
was the matter, when I saw the signalman

waving a white light. He protested, in
reply to my angry query, that he had
signaled the line as being clear for the
last half hour, but I assured him that the
signal was against us.

"But though we dashed into Aberdeen
with much puffa of the engine at least
four minutes before our appointed time,
we were too late. That miserable stop-
page on the single line had killed us, and
we found that the London and North-
western train had beaten us by three
minutes.

"There was, of course, an immediate in-
quiry into the cause of the delay, and it
was found on examination that the signal-
man was not to blame, as the signal wires
had been tampered with. Hence the
signal would not work when the lever was
pulled.

"The signalman recollected having seen
a gentlemanly looking fellow walking near
the line the day before and taking a stroll
that way later in the evening, but he was
not at all sure he could recognize him again.

"It was about a fortnight or so later that
I received a letter from New York. I
opened it, and read as follows:

"Dear Mr. James—Thanks for your in-
formation as to which was the most
ticklish portion of your line to Aberdeen,
and we were enabled to carry out our plan
successfully. You see, we had beat that
the London and Northwestern would win,
not the Great Northern; and so took steps
to win our wager. I am sorry you lost your
promise of reward—ah, ah, but there are
three £25 notes inclosed, as a solatium,
one for each of you, with my best thanks.
You will pardon my last piece of advice,
Mr. James—don't, another time, give too
much information to strangers."

"Ah, there is the whistle and off he goes
on her long journey to the north. The
next train is mine. Good-night, sir."—
London Tit-Bits.

THE OFFERING BOX.

Billy! Billy! Oh, Billy!

A pair of bare feet went flying along the
pavement, while the shrill voice of their
panning owner rang through the alley.

Billy turned at the repeated call and
stood waiting at the corner, with a bundle
of papers under his arm.

"What d'ye want, Tommy?"

"Want to tell ye somethin'!"

"What is it?"

"There's some new folks moved into
143."

"Is that all?" Billy cast a glance of deep
distrust upon his friend. "There's new
folks movin' in and out somehwere all the
time, but nobody goes racin' for a boy to
tell of it. A great feller you be, Tommy!

"I don't care!" said Tommy unabashed.
"These folks are different. I saw 'em come.
There was about a half a drayload of stuff,
and, right in the middle, on top of an old
mattress or somethin', was a boy as looked
pretty near my size. His mother—least-
wise, I s'pose 'twas his mother—was walkin'
alongside. She had on a black dress, an'
she looked awful tired like. 'Just as I was
a-thinkin' 'twas mighty queer for a boy to
be ridin' along an' lettin' his mother walk
that way, the dray stopped in front a' No.
142, and the driver, he just stretched out
his arms and lifted the boy down, an'—"
Billy, what d'ye s'pose?"

"Go ahead, Tommy! I don't s'pose
nothin'!"

"Well, he hadn't any legs at all—just
two stumps like, cut off above the knees!"

"'Whew! whistled Billy.

"I didn't want to act like I was watchin'
too close, so I just hung around in a
careless, whilst the man carried him in, an'
then unloaded the things. By-me-by the
woman opened the window, an' pulled a
chair in front of it. Then she sat at the
boy in the chair, an' there he is now, lookin'
out all by hisself."

"Let's take a stroll down that way,
Tommy."

"All right!" agreed Tommy, and the two
boys turned back together. They walked
leisurely, however, keeping an eye out to
business by the way. Billy by industriously
crying his papers, succeeded in making two
or three sales, and Tommy, whose
profession was easily to be guessed from
the blaking-box and brushes strapped on
his shoulders, had the good luck to come
upon a gentleman in urgent need of a
'shine."

They were a ragged little pair, with
frees and hands not over-clean, yet, as
they came within range of the open window
at 'No. 142, the pale features of the boy
who was sitting there suddenly brightened
and he leaned eagerly forward upon the
sill. The room was on the basement-floor
of the tenement house, and the boy's head
was but little above tea level of the pav-
ement, so that he was forced to look up,
instead of down, at those who passed by.

"Here he is!" whispered Tommy under
his breath, for "street arab" though some
people might have called him, he carried
too kindly a heart under his soiled jacket,
to be willing to stare openly at one so
sadly afflicted.

Bill gave a swift glance downward, and
met another pair of eyes, large and brown,
under long, curling lashes.

"Hello!" said the strange boy shyly, and
"Hello!" answered Billy and Tommy in a
dust of good-fellowship.

"I saw you when we first came," said the
boy, addressing Tommy, "and I was in
hopes you'd come back. Do you and he
live anywhere around here?"

"Just down the next block."

"Then I can see you often, can't I? I'm
so glad! You see, in Cedar Street, where
we're born living, I know all the children—
such a lot of them! I felt awfully lone-
some to have to move, only—lowering his
voice and glancing backward over his
shoulder—"I don't want mother to know.
She isn't very well, and the rent was too
much. And now I'm beginning to get
acquainted already. My name is Launce
Harvey. Will you tell me yours?"

"Tommy Rooney."

"And yours?"

"Billy Connor."

"Thank you—they're nice names. I used
to sell papers too," said the boy wistfully
eying Billy's package of 'Journals.' "That
was before I was hurt," and he glanced at
his stumps of legs.

"However did you lose 'em asked Billy.

"I fell under the cable car. It was a little
more than a year ago."

"Didn't it hurt—awful?" asked Tommy
with wide eyes.

"I don't remember much at first. When I
woke up, I was in the hospital. I had to
stay there a long time. Sometimes the
pain was very bad, and I used to fret for
my mother—especially in the night. There
was one of the nurses that I liked best,
only she couldn't stay with me all the time,
because she had to tend to the others. One
night, when I couldn't sleep, and she'd been
holding my hand a good while, I cried be-
cause she was going. "I can't be alone!" I
said. "But you can't be alone, Launce," says
she "not one minute. Jesus stays by you
all the time." "But I can't see him said I.
"Shut your eyes," says she. "Now you
can't see me." "But I can feel you," said I.
Then she took away her hand. "But I can
hear you talk," said I, "I just know you are
there!" "That's just it, Launce," said she.
"What difference does it make if you can't
see, or feel, or hear him if you know he is
here?" You see, I'd never thought about
it that way before, and after that, I never
felt so lonesome again."

The two street-boys looked at each other
wonderfully. "It must be mighty hard
lines never to run about any more," said
Tommy after a pause.

"It was at first. I'm gettin' more used
to it now. But the hardest part is that I
can't help my mother. You see, before
my father died, I promised him that I'd
take care of her, and now she has to take
care of me. But, when I get my chair, I'm
going to sell papers again."

"Your chair?"

"A rolling chair, like we had at the hos-
pital—you make it go with your hands.
It's just splendid—you can move it any-
where you want to. But it costs a lot of
money—as much as twenty-five dollars.
I've got a little iron bank, and we're sav-
ing up for the chair—my mother and I.
We had almost five dollars, and then mot-
her was sick, and we had to use it. But
we've begun over again now, and there are
a very good many pennies in the bank al-
ready. Only see how heavy it's growin'!"

The boy took the bank from a small
table which stood beside his chair, and
rattling it proudly, held it up for the in-
spection of his new friends, who had
stretched themselves at ease on the pav-
ement before his window.

"It is heavy—that's a fact!" said Tommy
weighing the bank upon his palm. Sudden-
ly he thrust his grimy hand into his
jacket-pocket. "There's somethin' to
make it heavier," said he, and he dropped
into the slot the shining dime which he
had received for blacking the boots of his
latest patron.

The blood rushed to Launce's face.

"Oh!" said he, "what made you do that?"

"I wanted to," answered Tommy simply.

"Give it here!" demanded Billy, and two
nickels followed the dime.

"You mustn't! Truly you mustn't!"
expostulated Launce, crying and laughing
at once. "I never thought—"

"In course you didn't!" said Billy. "But
don't fret! We've got more'n we know
what to do with!" and with an air of a
bondholder he shook his pocket, ringing
upon each other the two small and lonely
coins left at the bottom. "We'll have to
be goin' now," he added briskly.

"I didn't want to act like I was watchin'
too close, so I just hung around in a
careless, whilst the man carried him in, an'
then unloaded the things. By-me-by the
woman opened the window, an' pulled a
chair in front of it. Then she sat at the
boy in the chair, an' there he is now, lookin'
out all by hisself."

"Let's take a stroll down that way,
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or three sales, and Tommy, whose
profession was easily to be guessed from
the blaking-box and brushes strapped on
his shoulders, had the good luck to come
upon a gentleman in urgent need of a
'shine."



SEE THAT LINE

It's the wash,
out early, done
quickly, cleanly,
white.

Pure Soap did it
SURPRISE SOAP
with power to clean with-
out too hard rubbing, with-
out injury to fabrics.

SURPRISE
is the name, don't forget it.

fight under the sorrowful glance of the
great, loving brown eyes.

The little iron bank, with its precious
contents had been put out of sight. On
one point Launce was firm.

"I thank you ever so much," he would
say, "but I can't take your pennies. You
need them too much yourselves."

"And a boy can't blame him," said Billy
to Tommy in confidential deliberation one
day. "It's all well enough for that blind
feller as his dog leads around by a string,
to be a-holdin' out his tin cup. But Launce
—he ain't no beggar!"

"Billy!" cried Tommy.

"Well, if you ain't the bester for yellin'
out, Tommy Rooney! What you got now?"

"If we told the superintendent, down
there to the mission, he'd let us put up a
box—I know he would—and everybody
that wanted to help buy Launce's chair,
could put in somethin'." I tell ye, Billy,
we'd get a lot that way!"

"I believe ye're right! We'll do it!"

So began to be forged a golden chain of
kindness, for Tommy and Billy told the
superintendent of their plan, the superin-
tendent explained it to the mission-
school, the box was prepared and set upon
the desk where all could see it, and the
children, one and all, set heads and hands
at work to fill it. Never before had there
been such eager watching for "jobs," such
acts of self-denial, small to human eyes,
but great in the sight of the angels.

It was hard, indeed, to keep from Launce
himself the secret with which every small
broast was nigh to bursting, yet there was
not a child but would have bitten off his
tongue rather than play the traitor.

Week by week, the fund grew in the
box—mostly, to be sure, in pennies, but
with an occasional bit of nickel or silver.
But, when it was counted, on a Sunday
six months later, there were only five dol-
lars! One of the little girls sobbed aloud,
and even brave Tommy had a lump in his
throat. For they had been so sure of
twenty at least!

That was the Sunday when the beautiful
lady had come to visit the school. The
children had whispered to each other as
she entered, with her gown making a soft,
silken rustle as she walked, and the roses
in her hat matching the delicate pink of
her cheeks. The superintendent seemed
to know her quite well, and when he had
finished counting the money, she said some-
thing to him in a very low voice, to which
he answered with a nod and a smile.

Billy's eyes had not played him false,
only the "yellow collar" was worth twenty
silver ones, for it was a golden double-
eagle which the beautiful lady had put in
the box.

When the children knew, they set up a
shrill cheer, but the superintendent lifted
his hand.

"Let us thank God!" said he, and even
the wildest of the boys bowed their heads.

I wish I had time to tell you of the sur-
prise-party in the little basement-room
which would scarcely hold all the guests;
how the elegant rolling-chair was with
great pains smuggled inside, and produced
exactly at the right moment; how Launce
was seated in it, and by much crowding
backward into the hall and passage-way,
a little space was made in which
which the children could see him, by
grasping the lever, glide smoothly over the
floor, up and down, round about.

You may imagine all the joy and thank-
fulness, but you can never know which
were the happier, Launce and his mother
or Tommy and Billy with the other mission
children and the beautiful lady.

And, it some summer day, you should
hear the call of a bright-eyed newsboy
who neither walks nor runs, but wheels
himself skillfully along the pavement, be
sure to buy your paper of him, for that
will be Launce, taking care of his mother.

his call he received no response. Thinking
the marshal soundly asleep, he called again.
Startled at the continued silence, the man
shook him; the marshal did not stir.

As he lifted his hands from the form in
the bed, the frightened servant saw that
they were red. The marshal was lying in
a pool of blood! Drawing down the cover
the soldier saw a strange thing. An enor-
mous insect was fastened to the side of De
Saxe, and was sucking at a wound from
which the blood flowed freely.

The man sprang to the fireplace, grasp-
ed the tongs, and ran back to the bed.
Seizing the monster, he cast it into the
flames, where it was instantly consumed.

Help was called, and the marshal was
soon out of danger; but the great general,
who had escaped fire and steel for years,
had barely escaped dying of the bite of an
insect. He had found the ghost.

Pain Cannot Stay

Where Nervine—nerve pain cure—is
used. Composed of the most powerful
pain subduing remedies known, Nervine
never fails to give prompt relief in rheuma-
tism, neuralgia, cramps, pain in the back
and side, and the host of painful affections,
internal or external, arising from inflam-
matory action. Unequal for all nerve
pains.

Joy.

Joy is a prize unbought, and is froest,
purest in its flow when it comes unsought.
No getting into heaven as a place will
compass it. You must carry it with you,
else it is not there. You must have it in
you, as the music of a well-ordered soul,
the fire of a holy purpose, the welling up
of the central depths of eternal spirits,
that hide their waters there.—[H. Bush-
nell.

Bees' Night Work.

Bees work at night in the hive, building
their combs as perfectly as if an electric
light shone there all the time. The exis-
tence of the young depends on the liquidity
of the saccharine food presented to them,
and it light were allowed access to this
it would, in all probability, prove fatal to the
inmates of the hive.

Get Instant Relief From Piles

This most irritating disease relieved in
ten minutes by using Dr. Agnew's Oint-
ment, and a cure in from three to six
nights. Thousands testify of its goodness.
Good for Eczema, Salt Rheum, and all
skin diseases. If you are without faith, one
application will convince. 35 cents.

"There's a lot of shooting goin' on over
there at Alaska Dick's saloon. Are the
boys havin' fun with the tender-foot that
blowed in last night?" "Fun nothin'! The
boys is shootin' to kill. They're fightin'
like hungry tigers over a raw onion they
happened to see in that tender-foot's bag-
gage."

Penelope—"Jimmy is financially embar-
rased—he's jess found ten cents, and can't
make up his mind how ter spend it."
Rosalind (with a faint sigh)—"Wot a pity
he ain't married!"

A Word Picture.

A sudden rain, a road of clay,
A leak that's sure though slow;
A "pump" just twenty miles away—
How's that for wheel and woe!
—Rochester Union and Advertiser.

According as we look at things,
So good or ill we gain;
One sees God's anuses through the glass,
Wife sees a dusty pane.

THE MYSTERIOUS ASSASSIN.

It Was Worse Than a Ghost, as the Great
Marshal Found.

One night, shortly after the celebrated
Battle of Fontenoy, its hero, Marshal De
Saxe, arrived at a little village in which
was an inn with a peculiar reputation. It
was said that in this inn there were ghosts
who stabbed or strangled all who attempted
to pass the night in a certain room.

The conqueror of Fontenoy was far from
being susceptible to superstitious terrors,
and was ready to face an army of ghosts.
He dismounted, ate his supper, and went
up to the fatal room taking with him his
arms and his body servant.

His arrangements completed, the mar-
shal went to bed, and was soon in a pro-
found slumber, with his sentinel encoined
in an armchair by the fire. About one
o'clock in the morning the watcher by the
fire, wanting to get some sleep himself ap-
proached his master to awaken him, but to

Is Your Heart Strong?

Irregular palpitation, throbbing or
irregular beating, dizziness, short breath,
smothering or choking sensation, pain in
the breast or heart. If so, your heart is
affected and will in turn affect your
nerves, causing nervousness, sleepless-
ness, morbid anxious feeling, debility.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills

Cure all these complaints by regulating
the heart's action and building up the
nervous and muscular system to perfect
health and strength. Price 60c. per box
or 6 boxes for \$2.50. At all druggists.

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States, Europe, Australia, New
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Constipation

Causes fully half the sickness in the world. It
retains the digested food too long in the bowels
and produces biliousness, torpid liver, indigestion,
sick headache, in-
somnia, etc. Hood's Pills
cure constipation and all its
results, easily and thoroughly. 25c. All druggists.
Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.
The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills

The Grave, The Grave.
Bliss are the dormant
In death; they repose
From bonnets and ornaments,
From passions and woes,

Their turbulent wrath?
Are his labors requited by slander and rancor?
The grave, the grave is his sure bower-anchor!

Capt. Blake's Home-Coming.

'It's you that's cruel, Teddie Blake!'
'Crucel, Nellie, dear—Nellie, you little
demon! Why, I wouldn't touch a hair of
your head, barring the bit I want to cut
off to carry with me to India, and you're
teasing the life out of me with your con-
triteness and making it much harder for
me to go than even you dream of!'

'And what do you want to go for? leav-
ing your home and your regiment that you
were so proud of and the people that know
you and the girl—' here Miss Nellie breaks
down with a little sob, and it is all Teddie
can do to remember his promise to her
father and keep his two arms from goin',
round her.

'I'll tell you what it is, Nellie, 'the poor,
young soldier says, pulling himself together
and speaking much more severely than he
really feels, 'you must try to understand
my position, and then we'll say no more
about it if you please, once and for all.
My uncle's dead (heaven rest his soul),
and he's left the old place to me, but it's
up the chimney pots in debt, and unless I
let it to this English fellow I'll never be
able to clear it up my life. Then, if I
don't exchange for India, I can't keep my
place in the service at all, and besides,
Nellie, with the old regiment quartered at
Thomastown, it would be mighty hard for
me to see another man fishing my salmon
and shooting my birds and sitting in my
chimney corner every day of the week,
with his great ugly face looking over the
pew at you on Sundays! I couldn't do it.
Nellie, not even to remain near—near the
friends I've known ever since I was a
baby. So that's all about it, and you
mustn't make it harder for me than I can
bear—do you see?'

'It was a good thing that Aunt Ellen
called them in to supper at this moment.
Nellie had one of her teasing fits on her,
trying by this means to bring her heart-
break at Teddie's departure, and her per-
versity tried poor young Blake sorely.
He had promised her father, the rector,
that he would not, by word or act, reveal
his feelings toward her. They had been
children together, almost brother and
sister, for nearly 20 years, since Teddie
first came to Moyliscellan, and this state
of things must be maintained, Mr. O'Malley
decided, till Teddie's fortunes should bear
closer and more satisfactory inspection.
Perhaps a few years of Indian soldiering,
while the old castle was let to rich Eng-
lish tenant, might put the said fortunes
in their feet; meanwhile, lingering in the
old rectory garden was a dangerous occupa-
tion and Aunt Ellen did wisely to ring the
supper bell out of the window.

Presently the paring came. It was
Sunday evening, and the rector kept
early hours. Supper was over, and the
O'Malleys were making their farewells to
Teddie, the almost son of the house, for he
had to get back to Thomastown that night
and start for England next morning.
'There's something I want to take with
me,' he announced stoutly before them all,
'a lock of your hair, Aunt Ellen, and
another of Nellie's. You know you two
are the only womankind I have or ever
have had. Give me each a bit of a curl,
and I'll have them put into a locket to-
gether and wear it on my chain, and you
won't be sorry to think I've got it when I'm
away from you.'

He looked at the rector as he spoke. It
was all open and above board, and the old
gentleman nodded and reached down a
pair of scissors from the mantel-shelf, which
he handed to his sister. Aunt Ellen cut
her little lock carefully, as befits a lady of
five-and-forty, whose hair is still abundant
and ornamental, if not so bright as it has
been. Nellie whisked her bunch of curls
over her shoulders and snipped off a thick
brown ringlet. Teddie twisted them to-
gether in his pocket-book and said, with a
teebble attempt at a joke: 'They'll go with
me everywhere and bring me back to Moy-
liscellan. Don't let me find you've been,
either of you, flirting with Strageways
while I'm away, or putting him in my place.'

Then, he kissed the two ladies, as he had
always done on great occasions, at New
Year or on birthdays, ever since he was
three years old, 'book hands with the
rector twice over and hurried off to Thom-
astown and thence to India. And, oh dear!
it was dull at Moyliscellan without him.

arrange his own pillows, the next he could
read a few lines of a paper. A little later
he asked Mrs. Diamond if she could find
him paper and pencil, as he wanted to
write 'home.' Life was worth living
again with Moyliscellan drawing nearer
day by day. Mrs. Diamond was a little
widow lady, who, since her husband's
death, had been keeping house for a
brother in the civil service. 'The Judge,'
as she called him, had fallen a victim to
the charms of an 18-year-old schoolgirl,
fresh from England, and Mrs. Diamond's
services were required no longer. Com-
ing down country she had stumbled upon
Teddie Blake, fever-stricken and virtually
dead, and it was undoubtedly to her care
that he owed his recovery from the relapse
which had been worse than the original at-
tack. She had deferred her own plans to
the convenience of the patient, had super-
seded his nurse, and had nursed him with
the Bombay hotel, which she had hardly
dared to hope he would reach alive, and
was a witness of his convalescence on board
ship, as day by day his strength and spirits
returned. So it was not wonderful that
Teddie turned to her for paper and pencil
on the very first occasion that he could
scrawl a line, and imperiously de-
manded that he be allowed to write 'to his
people.'

'Are you sure you can do it?' Mrs. Dia-
mond asked, producing her writing board,
but not giving it over to him uncondition-
ally.

'Quite sure—that is, not a bit of it—but
I'll try.'

'I thought you said you had nobody be-
longing to you?'

'No more I have—no real relations—
but an adopted family that is the dearest
in the world—not a mere accident of birth
like other people's families—I must write
them just a few words to say I'm alive and
coming home, and I'll be ready when an
opportunity comes for posting it, though it
can't reach Moyliscellan more than an hour
or two before I do myself.'

'Moyliscellan,' repeated Mrs. Diamond,
'what do you know of Moyliscellan? I
only heard of the place for the first time a
month ago, and now it turns up again!'

'It's my home,' Blake said, painfully
scrawling the date at the top of his sheet
of paper. 'The castle belongs to me, only
I've never been able to live in it. My
people live in the rectory—it is to Mr.
O'Malley, the rector, I'm writing, and
what did you hear about Moyliscellan, the
sweetest place on earth?'

'Why,' cried Mrs. Diamond, excitedly
'this is the oddest thing! My cousin,
George Strageways, rented the castle from
some one some years ago—from you it
appears—and now he is engaged, married
probably by this time, to one of the rec-
tor's girls, Ellen O'Malley, a daughter I
suppose, of this very old gentleman you're
writing to. I had the letter just before I
met you at Rahmednuggar and had scarce-
ly given it a thought since.'

'One of the rector's girls!'

Teddie Blake had seen death glaring at
him from a wall of black Afghan faces; he
had looked fever in the eyes more than
once; but he had never known what des-
pair meant till Marcia Diamond told him
her little story of odd coincidences sitting
on the steamship deck, halfway through
their homeward voyage. For a moment he
repeated the words, 'Ellen O'Malley; and
there is only one daughter at the rectory,' and
Mrs. Diamond, whose eyes were on the
silk sock she was knitting, went on cheer-
fully: 'Oh, then, that's the girl. I did not
hear from George Strageways direct; the
news came through my brother, but, of
course, it is the same—the young lady at
the rectory. Fancy old George succumb-
ing to an Irish girl's fascinations after go-
ing all over the habitable world unscathed
till now!'

'Is he a good fellow?' Teddie asked.
Something in his voice made Mrs. Dia-
mond give a swift glance at her companion
and in that glance she understood every-
thing.

'He is a very good fellow,' she answered
a little more seriously than she had hith-
erto spoken; 'any girl will be happy and
tenderly treated by him, though he is an
elderly man—55, I should think—and a
little eccentric and old-fashioned in his
ways. You will find letters telling you all
about it when you reach England, you
may be sure. Don't you think you had
better let me take that writing board down-
stairs again? It will be time enough to
write when there is a chance of posting
your letter.'

He let her lift the writing things away,
only putting out a feeble hand to crumple
up the sheet on which he had begun his
letter. Then he lay back with his eyes
shut, and her tact took a little apart, for
the struggle which he had to go through
now must be fought out alone. By and
by his servant came and helped him down-
stairs, and Mrs. Diamond saw him again
no more that day.

Moyliscellan woods in September! How
often Teddie Blake had pictured his home-
coming through the green glades that
stretched between the castle and the rec-
tory. Those sylvan aisles were the rally
place of all his favorite dreams, for did not

Nellie cross them day by day, and would
it not be here that he would bring her to
tell her the secret which he thought she
must have guessed long ago. Rector O'-
Malley would let him speak at last, for the
long waiting had borne its fruit in recog-
nizing the Blake coffers, while Teddie knew
that the Burro Pass affair, of which he
himself thought and spoke so modestly, was
not likely to be forgotten when his name
came up at the Horse Guards. A thousand
times he had gone over all this in imagina-
tion, fingering, meanwhile, the little flat
locket that hung at his watch chain—and
now—and now, he was creeping back to
Moyliscellan like a thief, having given no
word of warning either to the rector or to
his agent at the castle—creeping home just
to see Nellie's face again once more and
then to go away anywhere and die. He
was still weak and wan from the fever.
Mrs. Diamond had tried hard to per-
suade him to remain a little time in
London for a consultation with a first-
rate doctor, but the determination to
write Nellie at Moyliscellan once more
was the only desire that remained to him
in life, and till it was accomplished his
shrewd little friend saw that he was not
good talking of anything else. So he hur-
ried over to Ireland and had reached Thom-
astown the evening before. Today he
had taken a car over to the village (in the
old days it was the shortest and pleasant-
est four miles ever known) and, leaving the
driver asleep in the sun at the cross roads,
had turned into the wood that is a short
cut to the two principal houses in the par-
ish. He had no very definite idea of the
plan to pursue. Now that he had reached
his journey's end, it seemed as if all pow-
er were left in Andrew's hands somewhere
among the trees, crossing from the castle
grounds to the rectory side, he should see
Nellie passing by, and his hand would slip
down upon her knees among the fern and look at
her—George Strageways' wife—and—oh,
this faintness! Merciful God! it is that
Nellie!

'Teddie, is it really you?'
Teddie was on the moss, stretched flat,
save that Nellie's arm was under his head;
Nellie's little, bare, sunburned hand un-
fastened his collar, and he could only look
on and smile. The green Moyliscellan leaves
overhead, dancing against the blue, Nellie's
face, as very close, and he thought he
must be in heaven.

'How could you come like this and take
us by surprise, and you so ill Teddie,' the
girl went on reproachfully; 'if I hadn't
been going across to the castle this morn-
ing early and come on you lying here in a
heap—'

'Coming across to the castle? Teddie
found time to utter, his eyes on Nellie's
left hand. Don't you live at castle altogeth-
er?'

'And what should I go and live at the cas-
tle for, when I've a good home of my own
intruding on newly married people, as if
I didn't know any better? Besides, Aunt
Ellen isn't home from her honeymoon yet
and unless George—what, are you able to
sit up? Take care or you'll be laid up!'

'She could not finish the sentence, for
Captain Blake was sitting up with ven-
erance and to steady himself he had got
his arm around her waist.

'So you never thought of Aunt Ellen?'
said Nellie, by the by; 'well you
wouldn't have been an Irishman if you
hadn't made a mistake somewhere! Only
if you'd ever seen Uncle George I don't
think you'd have doubted me, Teddie dear.
Oh, they have been so funny courting one
another these five years! and I hadn't been
so well amused I think I must have died,
for you kept me a long time waiting with
out a word!'—Boston (England) Guardian.

No Recommendation.
'Did you buy that horse Skeemer want-
ed to sell you?'
'No, sir—e! Afraid of him.'
'Didn't Skeemer say the ladies in his
family drove him regularly?'
'Well, he said he let his wife's mother
drive him every day.'

A Little Bird.
A little bird in a tree
Made one—a man and maiden three,
'Was not by chance that they had met?
'None see,' they said; 'one can forget.'
A little bird.

A Long, hot road, a strip of grass,
'Twould tempt the Fates to let it pass!
'To people linger in the walk;
There's only one to hear them talk!
A little bird.

Long shadows stretch across the sky,
Two people parted with a sigh,
But there was no one there to see?
How do I know? And who told me?
A little bird.

BORN.

- Springhill to the wife of Charles Weller a son.
Midgie, to the wife of Albert Weston a son.
No wood, Oct. 12, to the wife of Archie Cleland a son.
Shelburne, Oct. 16, to the wife of Robert Irwin a son.
Midgie, Oct. 16, to the wife of William Manahip a son.
Tiverton, Oct. 24, to the wife of Livingston Bollovs, a son.
Central Grove, Oct. 13, to the wife of Charles Powell a son.
Toney River, Oct. 22, to the wife of Daniel Turner a son.
Yarmouth, Oct. 19, to the wife of Thomas Long a daughter.
Bech Hill, Oct. 15, to the wife of Edgar Trow a daughter.
Lutz Mountain, Oct. 27, to the wife of Henry Benton a son.
Freeport, Oct. 26, to the wife of Albert Thompson a daughter.
Springhill, Oct. 20, to the wife of David Coon a daughter.
Springhill, Oct. 7, to the wife of Minda Murdock a daughter.
Pembroke, Oct. 11, to the wife of Robert H. Bain a daughter.
Truro, Oct. 24, to the wife of George C. Copp a daughter.
Roxbury, Sept. 16, to the wife of Anthony W. Slocock a son.
Cambridge, Kings, Oct. 17, to the wife of Wm. Bullock a son.
Cape Island, Sept. 20, to the wife of Thomas H. Nickerson a son.
New Germany, Oct. 18, to the wife of J. H. McClelland a daughter.
Annapolis Royal, Oct. 22, to the wife of Richard J. Giffins a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Houlton, Oct. 25, Andrew Ivey to Flora E. Clarke England, by the Rev. T. K. Dickson Robert Smith to Miss Ross.
Worcester, Mass. Oct. 25, J. Alden Goodwin to Ella M. Clarke.
Clyde, Oct. 23, by Rev. A. Williamson to Annie Isabella McDonald.
Lakeland, Oct. 20, by Rev. John Shaw, Walter C. Slade to Miss Fraser.
Milltown, N. B., Oct. 2, by Rev. S. E. Rice, John C. Gibbs to May Niles.
Farrboro, Oct. 21, by Rev. Rob. Johnson, Edward Trask to Sarah McDonald.
Houlton, Oct. 14, by Rev. Kenneth McKay, J. W. Forsythe to Maud Page.
Vernon, Sept. 10, by Rev. G. A. Wilson, Thos. A. Murray to Mary McKay.
Liverpool, Oct. 10, by Rev. Jas. Watkins, Matilda Street to William Wilson.
Malgrave, Oct. 20, by Rev. J. Calder, R. D. McKeen to Susan Morrison.
Woodstock, Oct. 19, by Rev. Thos. Todd, Sanford McLean to Irene Hamilton.
Maliland, Oct. 19, by Rev. G. R. Martell, Barton Franks to Fricilla Turpel.
Thorburn, Oct. 19, by Rev. D. McLeod, A. G. McNaughton to Minnie Guthrie.
Boston, Oct. 19, by Rev. A. D. McKinnon, Duncan MacKinnon to Sarah McDonald.
St. John, Oct. 17, by Rev. H. W. Stewart, Walter A. Kitchin to Annie S. Brown.
Miss Ferry, Oct. 20, by Rev. Father Kiley, Henry Duffin to Mary Ann McDonald.
Lakeland, Oct. 13, by Rev. Robert Johnson, Wm. Iam T. Weston to Laura Gibbet.
Grand Manan, Oct. 18, by Rev. W. H. Perry, Wm. A. Chaplin to Kathleen J. Wilcox.
Deep Brook, Oct. 20, by Rev. E. B. Moore, Byron R. Robbins to Margaret S. Carry.
Dorchester, Mass., Oct. 20, by Rev. Dr. Davis, Mr. Wm. F. Frost to Jessie Mills.
Rockville, Oct. 19, by Rev. A. D. McKinnon, Daniel McLean to Sarah McDonald.
Rockville, Oct. 23, by Rev. D. O. McKay, Norman Allan to Helen Smith to David Smith.
Brookfield, Oct. 14, by Rev. J. Armstrong, George L. Andrew to Edith Hamilton.
Annapolis Royal, Sept. 21, by Rev. G. J. White, Gaudford Harman to Mildred Huxley.
Truro, Oct. 20, by Rev. T. Cummings, Mr. Thomas W. Bankings to Miss S. Grace Smith.
Chebogue Point, Oct. 23, by Rev. C. F. Cooper, Norman B. Hady to Elizabeth Robbins.
Lockhartville, N. S., Oct. 21, by Rev. D. E. Hatt, Catherine Lockhart to Cass H. Hutchison.
North Kingston, Oct. 27, by Rev. J. N. Morgan, Rev. W. J. Rutledge to Jessie Blanche Eaton.
West Pubnico, Oct. 25, by Rev. Fr. Duchesneau, Louisant D'Estremont to Charlotte Amelia Black.

DIED.

- Hullifax, Oct. 27, B. G. Street.
Hullifax, Mrs. Mary Turner, 38.
Oak Bay, Oct. 15, John Wills 64.
Nerepis, Oct. 20, Isabel Bennell.
Baccaro, Oct. 23, Nellie F. Ross.
Hobron, Oct. 23, Henry Todd.
Boston, Oct. 16, Patrick Norris, 70.
California, Oct. 13, Fred W. Vieth.
Corwallis, Oct. 26, Zenas Chute, 50.
Moncton, Oct. 27, Maggie McLean, 7.
Buctouche, Oct. 21, Thomas Ward, 80.
Moncton, Oct. 26, Wm. Crookhurst 78.
Farrboro, Oct. 17, Ada J. Dixon, 41.
Truro, Oct. 27, Alexander S. Vance 71.
Yarmouth, Oct. 26, Elizabeth Evans 74.
Barrab, Oct. 21, Thomas Alvin Reid, 56.
Newcastle, Oct. 21, Mrs. John Gordon 82.
Lynn Mass., Oct. 10, Mary McCulloch 74.
Matiland, Sept. 24, Lathrop Freeman, 60.
Port M'grave, Oct. 22, Ronald McIsaac.
Boston, Oct. 27, Bartholomew Driscoll, 40.
Antigonish, Oct. 21, Anthony McIsaac 21.
Gavelton, Oct. 25, Mrs. Phebe Hatfield, 59.
Central Argyie, Oct. 16, Capt. B. Hines 70.
Bridgewater, Oct. 16, Mrs. Isobel Bennell, 42.
Dayspring, Oct. 16, Mrs. Sarah Faulkner, 43.
Hotel Dieu, Chatham, Rev. Sister Symont 27.
New Germany, Oct. 12, Mrs. Enos Vainot, 74.
Yarmouth, Oct. 21, Mrs. Emeline S. Darby 72.
Charleston, Queens, Oct. 24, Annie R. Welsh 26.
East Bay, C. B., Oct. 7, Mrs. John L. Curry, 35.
Chicago, Ill., Oct. 19, Mrs. Mary A. Masters, 51.
East Cambridge, Mass., Oct. 24, Michael Kilry, 37.
Colchester, Oct. 20, Jane wife of Samuel Nichols 62.
Hullifax, James Fraser widow of John McDougall.
Little River, Nfld., Sept. 19, Mary Jane McLeilan.
Providence, R. I., Oct. 18, Susan Noble Fisher, 19.
Aroostook Co., Maine, Oct. 11, Allen McQuarrie 65.
Boylston, Oct. 21, Mary, widow of Patrick Barry 24.
New Glasgow, Oct. 26, Rev. George Patterson, D. D. 74.
Amherst, Oct. 26, Harold H. child of Mr. and Mrs. E. Pope.
River John, Oct. 13, Blanche E. daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kitchin 21.
Sydney, Oct. 23, Edith Mary, child of Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Vassallo, 5 months.
Bridgewater, Oct. 21, William Ray, only child of Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Archibald, 50.
Corwallis, Sept. 27th, Jennie Chute, 72nd. Laura R. 50th, Serena, 13, children of Zena and Ella Chute.

RAILROADS.

Dominion Atlantic Ry.

On and after 4th Oct. 1897, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:
Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert,
Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.
Lvs. St. John at 7.15 a. m., ar. Digby 10.00 a. m.
Lvs. Digby at 1.00 p. m., ar. St. John, 3.45 p. m.
S. S. Evangeline runs daily (Sunday excepted) between Farrboro, making connection at Kingsport with express trains.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).
Lvs. Hullifax 6.30 a. m., ar. in Digby 12.50 p. m.
Lvs. Digby 1.02 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.35 p. m.
Lvs. Hullifax 7.05 a. m., ar. Yarmouth 12.30 p. m.
Lvs. Digby 12.42 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.00 p. m.
Lvs. Yarmouth 7.15 a. m., ar. Digby 11.10 a. m.
Lvs. Digby 11.25 a. m., ar. Hullifax 5.45 p. m.
Lvs. Yarmouth 8.00 a. m., ar. Digby 10.00 a. m.
Lvs. Digby 10.14 a. m., ar. Hullifax 8.30 p. m.
Lvs. Annapolis 7.30 a. m., ar. Digby 8.50 a. m.
Lvs. Digby 3.20 p. m., ar. Annapolis 4.40 p. m.

S. S. Prince Edward,

By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every Monday and Tuesday, immediately on arrival of the Express Train and Flying Business Express, arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning, leaving Long Wharf, Boston, every Sunday and Wednesday at 4.30 p. m. Unqualified courtesy on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains. Steerage can be obtained on application to City Agent.

Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, and from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained. W. E. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr. F. GIFFKINS, Superintendant.

STEAMBOATS.

The Yarmouth Steamship Co. (LIMITED),

For Boston and Halifax, Via Yarmouth.
The Shortest and Best Route between Nova Scotia and the United States. The Quick-est Time, 15 to 17 Hours between Yarmouth and Boston.

4—Trips a Week—4 THE STEEL STEAMERS BOSTON and YARMOUTH UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

COMMENCING June 30th, one of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth for Boston every TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY evening, after arrival of the Express train from Halifax. Returning, leave Boston every MONDAY, TUESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY at 11 o'clock, making close connections at Yarmouth with the Dominion Atlantic Railway to all points in Eastern Nova Scotia, and Davidson's Coach Lines, and steamers for South Shore Ports on Friday morning.

Stmr. City of St. John, Will leave Yarmouth every FRIDAY morning for Halifax, calling at Barrington, Shelburne, Locks, Port, Liverpool and Lunenburg. Returning leaves Yarmouth every MONDAY, TUESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY evening, for Yarmouth and intermediate ports, connecting with steamer for Boston on WEDNESDAY evening.

Steamer Alpha, Leaves St. John, for Yarmouth every TUESDAY and FRIDAY afternoon. Returning, leave Yarmouth every MONDAY and THURSDAY, at 5 o'clock p. m. for St. John. Tickets and all information can be obtained from President and Managing Director. W. A. CHASE, J. F. SPINNEY, Agent Secretary and Treasurer. Lewis Wharf, Boston. Yarmouth, N. S. June, 23rd 1897.

On and after Monday, Sept. 27th,

The Steamer Clifton

will leave her wharf at Hampton for Indiantown..... Mondays Wednesdays and Saturday at 5.30 a. m. Returning she will leave Indiantown same days at 3 p. m. instead of 4 p. m. as formerly. CAPT. R. G. EARLE, Manager.

STAR LINE STEAMERS For Fredericton

(Eastern Standard Time.) Mail steamer David Weston and Olivette leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m. for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 7.30 a. m. for St. John. A steamer of this line will leave Indiantown every Saturday night at 8.30 p. m. for Wickham and intermediate landings, returning Monday morning, leaving Wickham at 6 a. m., arriving at Indiantown at 8 a. m., until further notice; one fare. Return tickets, good for morning or afternoon boat Monday. No return tickets less than 40c. GEORGE F. BAIRD, Manager.

RAILROADS.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 4th Oct., 1897, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows.

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Peggwash, Pictou and Halifax.....7.00 Express for Halifax.....13.10 Express for Sussex.....16.35 Express for Quebec, Montreal.....17.10 Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Car at Moncton at 20.10 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex..... 8.30 Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 10.30 Express from Moncton (daily)..... 10.30 Express from Halifax..... 16.30 Express from Pictou..... 17.10 Express from Montreal..... 18.30 Accommodation from Moncton..... 24.20

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. POTTINGE, General Manager. Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 4th October, 1897.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

The Short Line

Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, etc.

Fast Express train, leaves St. John, week days at 4.10 p. m. for and arrives in Sherbrooke 6.30 a. m., Montreal 8.45 a. m., Montreal 9.00 a. m., making close connections with train for Toronto, Ottawa and all points West, and North West, and on the Pacific Coast. Second class Pacific Coast passenger leaving on Wednesday's train connect Thursday with Weekly Toronto & Quebec Montreal & Seattle. For rates of fare and other particulars, apply at ticket office, Chubb's Corner and at station. D. MCNICOLL, A. H. NOTMAN, Pass. Traffic Mgr., Dist. Pass. Agent, Montreal. St. John, N. B.