

# PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY JUNE 15, 1901.

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## SENTENCES OF CRIMINALS.

Does the Punishment Fit the Crime—Some Lately Delivered Decisions.

St. John has been much interested lately over its crimes and criminals and the public have had several topics of more or less importance under discussion. As a rule the city has been quite free of serious crimes, but it was hardly to be expected that the good times would always last. It so happened that not long since, three young men have been asked to plead to charges of a very serious nature, these charges being no less than criminal assault on innocent young girls. There was a general feeling, and quite properly so, that if the accusations proved true the fullest justice should be meted out, for to the individual mind there is perhaps no crime more revolting and calls more for condemnation, than that of assault on young girls.

The three parties charged with the hideous offence bore the names of Musgrave, Rourke, and Manson. The two former pleaded not guilty and selected to be tried by twelve of their countrymen. These gentlemen came to the conclusion that they were guilty and the presiding judge sentenced the condemned men to two years in the Dorchester Penitentiary and also to a course of whipping. There was little fault to be found with the sentence, for to use a common expression nothing seems too severe in such a case. That Musgrave and Rourke were guilty must be taken for granted for though juries may sometimes make a mistake, it is part of British law and justice that they are the ones to decide on the facts and their finding is taken as final. Still there are always some who disagree with a jury's verdict in every case but it is right that their opinion should have no weight as it would injure the mode of trial by jury. If there are a few who yet believe Musgrave and Rourke innocent there certainly can be none as regards Manson, for he pleaded guilty of his own free will. Manson also received his sentence. It was not two years accompanied with whipping, but it took another form. He was given ten days in which to leave town, quite a difference in the mode of punishment and it is this difference in the two sentences that has given so much rise to talk. Judges presiding in criminal cases under the criminal code have a large latitude in most cases as to the severity or lightness of a sentence and that Judge Forbes, in coming to the conclusion that two individuals should work in the Penitentiary for two years and at the same time have their blood kept warm by putting them at the whipping post while the third should go free, must have good grounds for drawing such a distinction in the way of punishment, but still the punishment differs so much in degree that a criticizing public is apt to talk. It has been alleged that a doctor's certificate to the effect that Manson was not wholly responsible for his actions as his mind was affected through successive cigarette smoking had considerable to do with the smallness of his sentence. But such an allegation cannot be taken as having any force. There are not a few who think that instead of cigarette smoking being an excuse for crime, it should in itself be punished. Beside why should the cigarette be any more an excuse for a man's action than liquor. The latter, it is known is liable to make a man irresponsible for his acts, but if every man can go free who smokes the poisonous cigarette why the drunkard in held liable, is not justice. It could not have been this that induced the judge to arrive at his conclusions. It is not told how Manson received the Musgrave and Rourke sentences. His blood could not have frozen in his body with fear and trembling. In fact he must almost have had a gift of mind reading, as he came forward and plead guilty and the surprise at his sentence did not seem to strike one as being very great. It is not every prisoner who has such a logical turn of mind, that when he sees his fellow criminals severely sentenced turns around and pleads guilty.

If Manson's sentence at the time seemed light, it has not as yet proved fully satisfactory to him. The great republic to the south objected to Judge Forbes' sentence, and when Mr. Manson attempted to enter the domain of the United States, that

country objected to being made a dumping ground for criminals and Manson was returned to St. John, where he has been again rearrested on a charge similar to the one he was first taken up on, so the sentence so far has proved inoperative. It was British Justice to send Manson away, it might have gone a little further and provided a better means of helping him out. Manson has done all he could to carry out his sentence, but he has been interfered with. The land of the free draws a line at its freedom, and yet it is right that a line should be drawn sometimes.

### THE CENSUS RETURNS.

Reports are Numerous—Very Few Canadians are Said to live in Canada.

It is interesting to read the papers these days regarding the census return, or the reported returns are almost daily published, with the result that the chief census enumerator finds it necessary every few days to give it out that there has been nothing made known as yet. This is probably correct, but it does not keep the enterprise journal from thinking it knows or trying to make the public believe it knows. There have been so many reports published that people soon became sceptical that they will not know when official announcement is made.

From some things which are stated about the census it is likely to show that the matter of nationality Canada has patchwork population, with very few Canadians. At least such will be the result if the enumerators in all the Provinces have done as those in British Columbia. The Victoria Colonist tells what happened on the Pacific coast. A. B. was born in Canada, but his father was born in the United States. A. B. is entered in the census of United States origin. C. D. has a French name, but is English to the core. C. D. is reported as of French origin. E. F. is English, but does not know his ancestry. He is counted as English; but his brother has heard that his grandfather came from Austria. The brother goes on record as of Austrian origin. Another citizen who can trace himself back six generations, when an ancestor lived in Switzerland, is reported as Swiss. This is all nonsense. Why not put all these people in as Canadians. It would at least be pleasant to know that there are a few Canadians in the country.

### St. John May Be Honored.

The report has again gained currency that H. R. H. the Duke of Cornwall is to knight the mayors of the different Canadian cities he visits. His worship Sir John W. Daniel sounds very well. It will be Sir John. Perhaps the City Fathers may persuade His Highness to extend his favors and take in the City Council and some others. We have some fine names that would make quite a list. Sir John Bibbington Macaulay Baxter, Sir John McGoldrick, Sir John R. Armstrong, Sir Robert Maxwell and so on. The council meetings would be distinguished then. Sir George Robertson and Sir William Walker Clarke may be added. There is no telling what distinguished honors are yet in store for the city of the loyalists. There are some Counts but the number of Sirs in this community are quite scarce.

### Extending the Line.

The news that the Saint John Street Railway Company have under consideration the extension of the line to Rockwood Park and the Suspension Bridge, is very pleasant to hear. These extensions cannot be built a bit too soon. The park has become a great resort in spite of the distance one has to travel to reach it, but there are hundreds who have to deny themselves the pleasure often of spending many hours in this beautiful spot on account of the inconvenience and time spent in reaching it. During the summer months the railway to the park would be handsomely patronized, and not only stockholders but many others would be greatly delighted in having the line a reality. It is in the interest of the park that a railway be built and the park management should do all in their power to

bring about this end. The great traffic of Douglas avenue assures the railway of good patronage is the line is built to the bridge. As far as the company and the city coming to an understanding regarding certain rights, there should be no difficulty, for it is to all parties interest that the matter be settled. The St. John street railway will not be complete until these extensions are made and as the men at the head of the railway are of the right kind it is hoped that the public will not be kept long waiting in seeing the proposed extensions built.

### HELD ON A SERIOUS CHARGE.

Robert Nixon Arrested This Week For Alleged Attempt to Entice a Girl from Home.

Robert Nixon of Boston has been in the city for some days and during that time it is claimed made the acquaintance of a Miss Pike, a niece of Mr. George Pike. Miss Pike is a domestic and has been hired for five years with a well known family in this city.

How she made the acquaintance of Nixon is not known, but they seem to have been well enough known to each other for her to promise to become his wife in the fall. In the meantime, however, she was to go to Boston with him on Wednesday last.

How this was discovered is told by a friend of the family, who saw Nixon waiting with a team a few days ago, outside of the residence where she worked. Upon learning the nature of his errand it is said he advised him to go away.

Nixon did so and the young man informed the girl's employer that Nixon was a married man. Inquiry revealed the information that Miss Pike had promised to accompany him to Boston on Wednesday also that she expected to become his wife in the fall when he secured his divorce.

This roused the uncle of the girl and he swore out the serious charge that Nixon was enticing the girl away with the intention of placing her in a house of ill repute. He was arrested on that warrant and remanded until Friday. The result of his examination cannot be obtained in time for this issue.

It is only fair to say that Nixon and his friends vigorously deny the charge and are confident that he can clear himself.

### Speaking to the Point.

"A reader of PROGRESS" asks the question whether there has been a lady assistant policeman appointed for duty in the North end and bases the query upon the fact that one of the patrolmen is accompanied frequently on his rounds by a woman. The writer says he does not think it right for a guardian of the peace paid by the city to be running around the back streets with women while on duty.

### The Fever is Here.

The baseball fever is now in town and is becoming every day more contagious with the games on the Athletic and Shamrock grounds and the Barrack green, the young and old, rich and poor, male and female all alike have begun to find much enjoyment. How long the excitement will last depends on the people who play ball.

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## PROGRESS CONTENTS TODAY.

PAGE 1.—This page speaks for itself. Read it.

PAGE 2.—A Case of Scatterbrains—an interesting short story.

PAGE 3.—Musical & dramatic—matters of the week.

PAGE 4.—Editorial, poetry, news of the passing week and other topics.

PAGES 5, 6, 7, and 8.—Social happenings from all over the provinces.

PAGE 9.—Canada Writ Her People Back—Trying to induce the French to return.

Early Boating at Yale—An old o'man's account of rowing.

PAGES 10 and 15.—Final instalment of the serial "The Mystery of Muriel's Life."

PAGE 11.—Many matters of interest to Sunday readers.

PAGE 12.—Talk with a Bookmaker—How bets are placed on Races.

PAGE 13.—Facts and fancies from the realms of fashion.

PAGE 14.—The Poison of Insects—Bees and spiders can kill, but cases are rare.

PAGE 15.—Death on the Plains—Travelers who died from thirst.

Births, marriages and deaths of the week.

## POLICE AND THEIR PAY.

The Council Adopts the Unique Scheme of Providing for the City's Protection.

The long deferred special meeting of the city council to take into consideration the report of the safety board, submitted very early in the spring, was held on Wednesday and the whole matter thrashed out very probably to the satisfaction of a small majority of the council but not altogether to the satisfaction of the police force. However it is a well-known fact that the feelings of the patrolmen are not always taken into consideration by the aldermen who see in the force a splendid subject at times for fault finding and who do not hesitate to air their eloquence on this always timely topic.

The recommendation of the Safety Board rather changes the standing of the chief officials of the force. The head of it, Chief of police is not disturbed in his title, but where there were two captains now there is one deputy chief of police and four sergeants and the chief has power to appoint his deputy. So under this section one of the captains will be reduced to the rank of Sergeant while the other will probably be appointed deputy. The deputy is to receive \$2.00 per day while the sergeant is to get \$1.75. These will be first, second and third class policemen. An officer shall rank as a third class man until he has been three years on the force and get only \$1.40 per day for his services. The next three years he will get \$1.50 per day and be called a second class man while after he has served six years he becomes a first class man and receives 10 cents a day more. There are a good many sergeants on the force now and it is not intended evidently to change their rate of pay but only four of them can be called sergeant while the others will rank as supernumeraries. After a man becomes 60 years of age if he is a sergeant he goes into the supernumerary list and his pay is reduced from \$1.75 to the sum they are receiving at present namely \$1.65. While those who join the ranks after this, no matter whether they shall obtain the first class or rank as sergeant shall after they reach the age of sixty be reduced to \$1.40 a day. If they remain on the force five years longer they come down to a dollar a day.

This is a very wonderful report and it took a lot of the members of the council a considerable time to digest it, and to arrive at a suitable conclusion regarding it. But after several hours of discussion the sections were generally adopted.

### THEIR PROGRAMME.

The Duke and Duchess Have Their Way Mapped Out.

The places in Canada to be visited by the Duke and Duchess of York are announced. There is to be a grand state welcome at Quebec on September 16th. The Royal party will proceed to Montreal, where they are to be the guests of Lord Strathcona. On Friday, the 20th they will arrive in Ottawa, and remain until Tuesday, the 24th, on which day they will leave for the Pacific coast. The journey will have to be a rapid one, and the steps of the Royal party in the prairie section will be confined to Winnipeg, Brandon, Regina, and Calgary. The programme contemplates a two days' visit to Victoria, and one at Vancouver. The Royal party will travel in a magnificently equipped train. The Duke and Duchess will occupy a car which the government is having constructed specially for the Royal visit. The members of the household and staff will be accommodated in cars which the C. P. R. is having constructed, so that the Royal train will be new throughout. Returning from the coast one week will be spent in Ontario, the tour including a visit to the Niagara Falls, and probably a trip through the Thousand Islands. From Montreal the party will take the short line to St. John and Halifax. Halifax will say good-bye for Canada to the Royal visitors on October 15th. They will arrive at St. John's, Nfld., according to the schedule, on October 17th, and after a few hours spent there, the Ophir will start for England.

Summer Once Again.

Summer has come. It arrived last week, that is summer weather put in its first

real appearance, straw hats and white waists and muslin dresses have come out in force and the streets the last few days have worn a gayer and brighter appearance. It has not been too warm, just good regular St. John weather, and what more need be asked, all are satisfied.

### NOT IN THE BEST OF SHAPE.

The Trouble a Fire Makes in a Printing Office Shown in Progress Building.

It is not an easy matter to get a printing office in shape after a fire and this must be our excuse to the readers of PROGRESS for the delay in publication and any defect in this issue. It was almost impossible to publish last week but fortunately some of the type set up was not pied and the task of issuing half a paper was much easier than to print sixteen this Saturday.

With a somewhat delapidated building, and with windows out, floors torn up, with type strewn in all directions, one font mixed with another, publication for a considerable time seemed well nigh impossible. Engravings in use and in stock were so soaked with water that they were made useless by reason of warping. Presses were rusted almost beyond recognition. Stitchers and cutters shared the same fate, and the cleaning and repairing necessary will be a matter of weeks.

Mr. A. Dodge has the contract of repairing the building and will no doubt have it in suitable condition in a short time.

The appraisers on PROGRESS plant were Mr. Lawson, foreman of the Globe job printing office, acting for the insurance companies and Mr. James Barnes of Messrs. Barnes and Co., acting for PROGRESS. Their work was done in a painstaking way and they spent much time in making up the award.

Those customers who are inconvenienced by the delay incident to the present disordered condition of the office will kindly make such allowances for the company as are possible.

### Rothsay College Closing.

A neat little programme from the Rothsay college announces June 21st as the closing day and gives the programme for the day. The annual service will be held on College Sunday and the sermon will be preached by Rev. W. O. Raymond. The sports, military drill and the closing exercises including the presentation of prizes will occupy the rest of the afternoon and the old boys dinner will be held in the evening. Neat cards of invitation have been issued and the attendance will no doubt be as large as usual.

### A New Horse Shoe.

James Watterson, the well known and skillful shoer of horses, has invented a new shoe and he says it is giving splendid satisfaction. The shoe has a groove in it nearly the entire width, and this is filled with rubber which acts as a buffer and makes travelling much easier for the horse to say nothing of the absence of noise. If a driver had these shoes on his horse and a rubber tired wagon, he would need a gong after dark to warn others that he was on the road.

### The Press Relaxed.

The press will not agree with the action of the St. John School board in their refusal to open their meetings to the newspapers. This body is about the only organization in this enlightened age that has the spending of public money that feel it necessary to conduct their business in secret.

There can be really no satisfactory explanation for such a course and the trustees in time will have to give way to public sentiment. The people must rule though it takes some quite a time to find this out.

### To Meet at St Stephen.

The Grand Lodge of the Masonic Order meets at St Stephen this year on the 24th of the month. On the Sunday preceding, the order are to attend service at the Methodist church in that town when Rev. Mr. Marshall is to preach. These annual meetings are generally well attended and a large number will go from St John.

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## A CASE OF SCATTERBRAINS

The trouble with Billy is he's scatter-brained.'

As Mr. Lemmon said that he filled a dipper at the pump and approached the teakettle. The tin lid was upside down and very hot. He gave it a hasty fillup which landed it in the midst of the apple sauce sizzling close by, and poured in the water triumphantly.

'Like we got scolded that time,' he said, fishing out the teakettle lid. 'It won't hurt the sauce, will it?'

'I don't believe it will. The dipper'll melt, Nathan, if you leave it on the stove empty.'

'That's so.' Mr. Lemmon rescued the dipper and made a fresh onslaught on the pump.

'Billy means well, if he would only keep his mind on the main thing, he went on. 'He's anxious to help. I haven't told you what he did yesterday. There was plenty of 'em there, but he took a notion that it would be a good thing if he was to sort over the whole box, and emptied everything out on the ground. I come to see what he was doing to keep him so long, and that he was swimmin' in tacks. Much as ever I can get things straightened out again.'

Mrs. Lemmon laughed. She laughed easily. She was distinctly a genial person.

'I can't think where he gets it from,' added Mr. Lemmon.

'He gets it from his father,' answered Mrs. Lemmon unexpectedly.

'Why you don't say—' Mr. Lemmon turned around to see what she meant.

'Certain I do. You are filling the kettle too full, Nathan; it's spilling over. Yes, you're both absent-minded. He can't get over it all in a minute. We must guide him some. Now, if you'll bring the horse around, I'll be ready to go as soon as the apple sauce is off the stove.'

'Dear me, they are as helpless as kittens about some things,' she thought affectionately, tying the strings of her Sunday bonnet in firm, square bow. She looked out of the window at Billy, a freckle-faced boy of ten, who was tramping up and down beside the old horse. Mrs. Lemmon was Billy's step-mother and he had decided opinions about her:

'She takes my part,' Billy said. 'She takes Pa's part, too. I don't know whose side she is on—everybody's, I guess. She's great!'

'Ma, say, can I drive?' he asked, as she came out.

'Course I expect you to drive. When a young man takes me to town, he has to do the driving.'

Billy clambered into the wagon with an important air. Mrs. Lemmon stood waiting.

'There's another thing a young man's got to do that takes me to ride,' she said, after a minute.

'What?'

'Turn the wheel out so I can get in.'

'I forgot.' Billy turned out sharply.

'Take care—take care! You will be over on the other side of the road!' cautioned his father, coming up to the fence, anxiously. It was not the general custom to see one's wife off every time she went to the village. Mr. Lemmon did not why he did it. It was because she brought an element of fun into the business. He felt excited, like Billy.

'No, we're all right. Well, good by! Mr. Lemmon looked after his wife's erect comely figure. 'I guess they'll get where they say they will as long as she's in the wagon,' he thought. 'He was dreadful pleased to have the reins. She understood boys.'

The place looked lonely to Mr. Lemmon as he went back to the chicken-coop he was making. It was a good-sized coop, with a door in the front for the hens to go in and out. He had laid the floor and nailed on three sides the day before, and he regarded it with satisfaction. 'She'll say it's a good job,' he thought.

'Queer how she come to say what she did about Billy,' he continued. 'I've told him, I don't know how many times, to just put his mind right on it—nail it right in. That's what Billy needs—'

And then for a time there were no sounds about the place but the sharp tap! tap! of the hammer.

It was dark when Mrs. Lemmon and Billy drove into the yard. Mr. Lemmon did not come out to take the horse.

'Pa said he might have to go down to the meadow before we got back,' said Billy.

'You and I will have to unharness, then. Quick, now! I'm going to make you some waffles for supper.'

'Can I grate some maple-sugar to eat on 'em, ma?'

'Certainly. No, Billy, you don't want to undo all the straps, only just what's necessary.'

'I get mixed up, ma.'

'Well, get unmixed, then,' said his step mother, good-naturedly.

It was strange that Mr. Lemmon should leave the door wide open if he was going down to the meadow. She shut it, and laid her bundles on the table. Just then they heard a peculiar sound: Rat-a-tat!

'What was that?' she exclaimed. She and Billy looked at each other, startled.

Rat-a-tat! Rat-a-tat!

Mr. Lemmon flung open the cellar door.

'Nathan, are you there?' she called.

'Ma-a-' came a feeble voice from the distance.

'It's outside,' said Mrs. Lemmon. 'I'm afraid he's hurt. Take this candle, Billy, and run on ahead.'

Billy loped across the yard. She followed with the lamp. 'What's the matter?' she called, alarmed, for Billy was coming up and down beside some whitish object, the candle lighting up his round face like a hobgoblin's.

'Ma! Pa's in the chicken coop!'

There could be no manner of it. His hammer resounded on the walls, and his muffled voice called crossly: 'Let me out, let me out!'

Billy got on the ground and looked through the door. 'I see him!' he said, excited.

'Nathan Hale Lemmon, how come you there?' cried his wife.

'I should think you could see for yourself!'

She had seen in a flash, and leaning against the partition, she laughed till the tears came.

'You've been—you've been—oh, oh!—you been and nailed that front from the inside, and then—you couldn't get through this door unless you was a chicken, which you're not—oh, my! my, my, my!'

'He! he!' snickered Billy.

'Why didn't you knock in a board and get out?'

'Went the wrong way. Couldn't get any purchase,' said the muffled voice.

'O Nathan I shall give up!'

'Well, when you get through laughing maybe you'll do something. I've been Hollering here most all the afternoon.'

'You poor man, you! Really, I feel weak! There, Billy, you stop! Run and break out!'

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'Ma! Pa's in the chicken coop!'

There could be no manner of it. His hammer resounded on the walls, and his muffled voice called crossly: 'Let me out, let me out!'

Billy got on the ground and looked through the door. 'I see him!' he said, excited.

'Nathan Hale Lemmon, how come you there?' cried his wife.

'I should think you could see for yourself!'

She had seen in a flash, and leaning against the partition, she laughed till the tears came.

'You've been—you've been—oh, oh!—you been and nailed that front from the inside, and then—you couldn't get through this door unless you was a chicken, which you're not—oh, my! my, my, my!'

'He! he!' snickered Billy.

'Why didn't you knock in a board and get out?'

'Went the wrong way. Couldn't get any purchase,' said the muffled voice.

'O Nathan I shall give up!'

'Well, when you get through laughing maybe you'll do something. I've been Hollering here most all the afternoon.'

'You poor man, you! Really, I feel weak! There, Billy, you stop! Run and break out!'

'Turn the wheel out so I can get in.'

'I forgot.' Billy turned out sharply.

'Take care—take care! You will be over on the other side of the road!' cautioned his father, coming up to the fence, anxiously. It was not the general custom to see one's wife off every time she went to the village. Mr. Lemmon did not why he did it. It was because she brought an element of fun into the business. He felt excited, like Billy.

'No, we're all right

## Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The English comic opera success, *Floradora*, entered upon its thirtieth week last Monday at the Casino Theatre, New York. It is now the only musical play in the city, and will probably have a long and prosperous summer engagement.

Forty years ago Mme. Patti made her debut at Covent Garden Theatre, London in *La Sonnambula*. The cast was as follows: Amina, Mlle. Patti; Liza, Mme. Tagliafico; Count Rudolf, Signor Tagliafico; Elvino, Signor Tiberino; Teresa, Mme. Leva; Allesio, Signor Polonini. Apart from the subscription there was only \$250 in the house, but the next morning the box office was crowded with applicants.

The rehearsals for Camille Saint-Saens's latest opera, *Les Barbares*, have already begun at the opera in Paris. Victorian Sardou had a hand in the text of the work which is supposed at the town of Orange during the invasion of Gaul by the Cimbri. The work is in three acts and a prologue, and is divided into four scenes. Three of these have the antique Roman theatre at Orange as their view, MM Alvarez, Delmas, Rousseliere, Riddle, Doulle and Mmes. Hatto and Hagon are to have the leading roles.

The London "Daily News" says that Covent Garden Theatre contains two distinct audiences. The humbler folk, those who pay half crowns and half guineas, prefer short entr'acts, and would like to see the performance over at eleven o'clock. But the rich who are indispensable, prefer late performances. Many of them do not arrive till between nine and ten—that is to say, after the fashionable dinner hour. And although the opera is not over till past midnight, it is too early for them, and for this reason two of the fashionable

restaurants have secured extra licenses till 2 a.m. for opera suppers. It has sarcastically been suggested that in order to please everybody, opera will eventually have to take a leaf out of the book of the East End music halls, and be conducted on the "two houses a night" principle.

### TALK OF THE THEATRE.

May Irwin is touring in *Madge Smith*, attorney.

Blanche Walsh is touring Canadian cities in *More Than Queen*.

Mrs Leslie Carter in the title role of *Zaza* was seen in Detroit early in the month.

Katherine Rober, a favorite is playing a long and successful engagement at Providence, R. I.

Mary Manning has closed a successful season in *Janice Meredith*. She will rest for the summer months.

The Casino Girl began a summer run at the Illinois at Chicago recently. They anticipate a successful run.

Sousa's Band was present at the formal opening of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo on May 20th.

The musical comedy in which Anna Held will be seen in September has been named *The Little Duchess*.

Becky Sharp with Mrs. Friske in the leading part is now touring western cities and meeting with great success.

Trilby has been to a certain extent revived this season, many companies having added the favorite to their repertoire.

John Dickinson Morley and Ada Jackson were married in New York city on May 20. Both are stage celebrities.

Monte Cristo with Paul Cazeneuve in the title role is doing a big business at the Theatre National Francais at Montreal.

Miss Nora O'Brien who became very popular in St John while playing here last season with the Valentine Stock Company is meeting with undoubted success in The

Land of Hearts' *Desire* now touring the United States.

"Foxy Quiller" will be continued on the road next season with but two changes in the entire company.

Julia Marlowe is playing in *When Knightwood was in flower*, at the Criterion, New York city.

The season at the Manhattan Beach theatre will open June 22. The Geisha will be revived during the season.

Martha Morton has completed the scenario of the new play she is preparing for Ada Rehan's tour next season.

Maurice Barrymore is very ill at the Sanatorium at Long Island, where he has been confined for some months.

Jeanette, L. Gilder has made the dramatization of *Joan of the Sword Hand* that Blanche Walsh will produce next season.

The latest rumor concerning Sarah Bernhardt is that she is arranging to appear next season as Romeo to Maud Adams' Juliet.

Francis J O'Neill who has been Henrietta Crossman's business manager is now dramatic editor of the Philadelphian North American.

The Criterion Stock Company headed by Eleanore Browning has been playing East Lynne and *A Wife's Peril*, at New- port News.

A splendid performance of *In a Balcony* with Ois Skinner and Mrs Le Moyne was given in Chicago last week at the Grand Opera house.

Margaret Anglin is playing in *Diplomacy* at the Hollis street theatre at Boston. She has just completed a long engagement in New York.

Edmond Rostand has declared his intention to visit this country in the autumn. M. Rostand was elected a member of the French academy May 30.

Miss Leslie Carter at the close of her season in Zaza, will rest until November, when she will star in the new play just

written for her by David Belasco, the title of which is *La Du Barry*.

James K. Hackett has gone to San Francisco where he will meet his wife and together they will journey to Europe for a long vacation.

Ignace Paderewski's opera, *Manru*, was produced at Dresden, May 28. Next spring it will be sung in London and Paris and later it may be heard here.

Richard Mansfield gave a most successful production of *Henry V* at the metropolitan opera house at St. Paul recently. He is now playing in Omaha.

Julie Marlowe, during her engagement at the Criterion theatre in February, intends to revive *Romeo and Juliet* and to produce several modern plays.

Paul Reid's Christian play, *The Prince of the World*, received its first New York production at the Murray Hill theatre this week. The company included the author.

The W. S. Hawkins company with Jessie Bonstelle as leading lady is playing a profitable engagement at Halifax. They will appear at St. John later in the season.

Rose Coghlan's starring tour, under the management of Lederer and Leavitt, has been planned to last three years and to cover the United States, England and Australia.

Frank A. Green has written a sequel to *In Nonsense Land* the title of which is *The Shirt Waist Man*. It was produced in Louisville recently and met with unanimous approval.

Mr and Mrs Ralph Delmore, both members of William Gillette's company, will sail shortly for Europe, to spend a few weeks on the Continent before Mr Gillette's London engagement begins.

Frank L Perley has returned from London whither he went some weeks ago to superintend the opening of the Alice Neilson company at the Shaftesbury theatre. He has also made arrangements for next season's tour. During his visit abroad he secured the American rights to a melo-

drama entitled "For a woman's sake." It will be produced in New York early next season.

N. C. Goodwin and Maxine Elliott have closed their special tour in "The Merchant of Venice," at the Hollin Street Theatre, Boston, and have sailed for Europe. The production was a financial success.

The full score of Henry Purcell's *The Fairy Queen*, an opera founded on *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and composed in 1601, has been discovered, after being lost for 200 years, in the Royal Academy in 1887.

William A. Brady's revival of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was put on in Chicago recently. They will play an indefinite engagement for there are many who never lose interest in Harriet Beecher Stowe's pathetic tale.

The Wooing of Priscilla, with Lillian Lawrence in the name part has been the attraction at the Castle Square theatre, Boston for the past couple of weeks. Several houses, have closed this week and will not open until early fall.

The two runs made by "San Toy," at Daly's Theatre, New York, the past season, represent the most successful engagements played at this house by a musical comedy. This statement does not except Mr. Daly's big production of "The Runaway Girl."

Augustus Thomas has completed the new comedy in which Frank McKee will star Peter F. Dailey again next season. Mr. Dailey will play the part of a young society man, a sort of Harry Lehr, who becomes the promoter of a new brand of wine.

Mrs Irene Leslie-Myer, widow of Harry W. Ennet, has been seriously ill since October with gastritis and heart disease. She is slowly convalescing at her residence 465 Lenox Avenue, this city, and is to be taken soon to her country home in Connecticut.

Viola Allan who made such a success as Glory Quayle in Hall Cain's drama, *The Christian*, has been touring with her own company, the chief play produced being, *In the Palace of the King*. Maria Van Dresser and Edgar Davenport have also been in the support.

George Marion has been re-engaged by F. Ziegfeld, Jr., for the Anna Held company, to play an important part and occupy the position of stage-manager for Mr. Ziegfeld's attractions. Mr. Marion soon will sail for Europe with Mr. Ziegfeld to look over all foreign material.

"Ben-Hur" will begin its third season at the Illinois Theatre in Chicago, Monday, September 2. William Farnum will continue to play Ben-Hur; Mary Shaw, Amarah, and Mabel Bert, the mother of Hur. The only new member of the cast will be Henry Jewett as Simonides; Ceceyele May as Tirzah, and Silvia Lyndon as Ira.

The Ormonde Stock company at the Bataille Theatre, Syracuse, closed its season on Saturday, after a season of three weeks. Eugene Ormonde having been engaged as leading man for Blanche Bates. The last bill was Jim the Penman, in which successes were scored by Mr. Ormonde. W. C. Masson, Olive Oliver, George Scoule Spencer, and Leola Maye.

Mr. Paley, the inventor of the kalatechscope, is in Montreal for the purpose of taking a number of new pictures of Montreal scenes for use at the Proctor houses. The kalatechscope has become a part of Mr. Proctor's performance that would be greatly missed, and the constant necessity for new pictures keeps Mr. Paley busy. The ones which are now being taken will be seen at the Montreal house in two weeks.

Ois Skinner, the well known actor, announces that he will play next season in an original play, the author being Mr. Ernest F. Boddington, formerly of Montreal. He dramatized *Miss Johnson's To Have and to Hold*, which was produced in New York and upon the road in the early part of the season. Mr. Boddington is spending the summer at St. Faustin, in the Laurentian Mountains, where he is pursuing his literary work.

Minnie Maddern Fiske will open her new theatre in New York in September with a play by Anne Crawford Flexner, entitled *Miranda of the Balcony*, founded upon A. E. Mason's novel of that name, the dramatic rights to which were secured by Mrs. Fiske several months ago. The dramatization, it is said, consists of a strong, wholesome story of modern life, strikingly original in characters and events interweaving the modernity of English

Continued on Page Sixth.

E. W. Green

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets

the remedy that cures a cold in one dose.



GATHERING WILD FLOWERS.

## PROGRESS.

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## SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N.B., SATURDAY, JUNE 15

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

## THE GRADUATE.

It is the season of commencement, and "the graduating class" again takes an attitude of proud and self-conscious prominence before a sympathetic public.

Young men and young women full of enthusiasm and the joy of life are pleasant figures anywhere, and the older members of the community who gather to witness the annual ceremony are commonly the better for it. With a cordial good-will and a hearty Godspeed, the public greets the members of each successive class as they step out into the world.

Do the young people ever consider what the occasion means to their parents? How often it marks, not a threshold to new scenes, but a break in the family circle? They see the son or daughter go out from the home with a clear sense of what it means. They have none of the excitement of unaccustomed work or the formation of new friendships to sustain them. They understand the commencement is not an end but truly, as its name indicates, a beginning; and they watch with love and anxiety for the tests to which they know the character of their dear ones must be subjected.

It is easy to forget these things, and to lose sight of the years of care and work and self denial by which alone "commencement" may have been made a possibility. It is easy to forget, but it is a poor youth who allows himself to forget for long. If his education has been worthy the name, his thoughts will turn more and more to those who sit alone back there in the place he has called home; and the frequent letter, full of little personal matters so trivial to him but so welcome to father and mother, the loving message, the home turning thought will be among his most sacred duties.

The news comes from London that in the next theatrical season a French actress is to "star" this country in the character of Hamlet, she reciting her lines in French while an American actress interprets her own part in English, somewhat after the polyglot performances given by BOOTH and SALVINI in an earlier decade. If this venture is successful it will not be long before other and similar performances are billed by rival managers. It may not be long before M. COQUELIN will be playing the title role in the Lady of Lyons, with possibly Mr. GOODWIN as an impassioned hero. Perhaps some German actress may be found to take the part of Othello to the Desdemona of Miss IRWIN. Indeed, the possibilities of this new departure fairly stagger the imagination. It may not be "art"; but the only question which will deter the managers from making the experiment has to do with the receipts at the box office.

At a recent woman's meeting where parliamentary points were getting tangled and feelings embittered, Mrs. WILLIAM TOD HELMUTH begged that the ladies heed the rules of the Pilgrims: "Touch no state matters; pick no quarrels; reveal no secrets; maintain no ill opinions; make no comparisons; lay no wagers." These maxims have since been known in that circle as "Fauny's" recipe for club elections. Old enough King EDWARD recently discovered an old black letter manuscript bearing the same rules, which he has caused to be framed and posted in Windsor Castle. They may be recommended to persons who are not habitues of clubs or castles.

The remark is being widely made just

now that "strikes are a sign of prosperity". This is a half truth. There were plenty of strikes in 1892. At that time they were also described as signs of "Prosperity". The history of the labor movement from 1893 to 1901 hardly answers to such a description. While wages were advanced largely in 1892, the advance was not permanent through the following five years. On the contrary, as prices of goods were felt to be unduly high, the consumption of those goods decreased. The manufacturer insisted that with wages at such a high point, they could not afford to reduce prices. Eventually they did reduce prices. But they cut down wages at the same time.

Mr. Andrew CARNEGIE has given \$10,000,000 to the four Scotch universities of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen and St. Andri w's to provide free university education for every boy and girl in Scotland who can pass entrance examinations. The money not given in the form of scholarships, but is placed with trustees, who will pay the fees of all students from rich and poor alike. Mr. CARNEGIE's proposal is criticized on the ground that it is pampering and disconcerting, and that free university education implies free secondary education, for which Scotland is not ready.

A Chicago newspaper is sending a school boy around the world, in the expectation that he will make the trip in 38 days. Envied contemporaries are smirking at this as obviously a scheme suggested by JULES VERNE'S "Round the World in Eighty Days." The imputation is unfair, since there is no proof that the school boy is expected to imitate PHILIP FOGG by delivering a young and beautiful Hindoo widow from the funeral pyre and afterward marrying her.

**About Stitching.**  
Stitching is to be very elaborate. You remember how carefully all stitching was once made to follow the seams. One row of stitching each side of a seam was the acceptable tailor-made finish. Then there came three or four rows. Now there is stitching, but rarely is it put on in rows. In place of the plain row stitching there is a trimming made out of the machine stitch. Machines that will sew a chain stitch are sought and the stitching is done with the chain upon the right side. A very coarse silk Corticelli stitching silk, is chosen and the stitching is done with a big needle and a long stitch. It is put on to follow a pattern, and the most elaborate designs are carried out in the machine stitch. Great scrolls are used for bordering seams. Up the skirt they go in such a way as to form a panel, and, around the foot, they are carried, making a deep trimming.

**"Cedars" Opens.**

Today the "Cedars" opens for the summer season. Mr. Ganong the well known proprietor of this now popular summer resort has made preparations to make his place as attractive as ever to the summer tourist. That his endeavors will meet with success may be taken for granted for Mr. Ganong knows how to run a first class hotel and there is no more pleasant resort on the St. John river than the Cedars.

**New Brunswick Won.**

The New Brunswick riflemen for the first time in eight years, succeeded in winning the inter-provincial match on Thursday. The New Brunswick boys not only won, but they made the best record yet gained in these contests. All the men shot well and deserve credit for their fine shooting. May the good shooting keep up throughout the summer.

**P. K. and Duck Works.**  
All ladies wearing apparel handled by expert ironers. Our shirt collar and cuff, with our flexible, pliable finish cannot be equalled. No saw edge collars, if we do them up. Try us and be convinced of our superior workmanship. Unger's Laundry, dyeing and carpet cleaning works. Telephone 58.

**'Drinking champagne, eh? You used to be satisfied with claret.'**  
"I know; but my rich aunt, who died recently, left me."

"O! I see! Let you a lot of money!"

"Not only that, but made me promise not to look upon the wine when it is red."

"Whom do you consider the greatest of all poets?" asked the literary young woman.

"Shakespeare," answered Mr. Cumrox without hesitation. "I understand that he made a lot of money."

"I feel like the moon," he said as he paid the dinner bill and they were preparing to leave.

"Full?" inquired the gay souurette.

"No; not that," he said; "I'm down my last quarter."

The remark is being widely made just

now that "strikes are a sign of prosperity".

This is a half truth. There were plenty

of strikes in 1892. At that time they were

also described as signs of "Prosperity".

The history of the labor movement from

1893 to 1901 hardly answers to such a de-

## VERSE OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Boy who keeps the Bats.

Just see him stride from bench to plate.

The boy who keeps the bats,

With his white mitts at bat.

The boy who keeps the bats.

His clothes are old, his feet are bare,

His face unshaved, uncombed his hair,

His hat is pride, a million dollars.

The boy who keeps the bats.

A most important man is he,

The boy who keeps the bats.

Possessed of great activity,

The boy who keeps the bats.

He knows each player by his name

His age, his weight, from whence he came

And just how long he'd played the game—

The boy who keeps the bats.

Batting, or running, laughing with glee,

The boy who keeps the bats.

"Dang" regards with jealousy

The boy who keeps the bats.

Although he's not the best pay

The boy who keeps the bats.

Which beats his former knot hole way—

The boy who keeps the bats.

He knows each players stick, you bet,

The boy who keeps the bats.

The boy who keeps the bats.

Who's the one he would he forget?

The boy who keeps the bats.

Where'er a ball is knocked away

He throws them out with a play—

The boy who keeps the bats.

He yells when wo thy work is done,

The boy who keeps the bats.

He "boilers" after ev'ry run,

The boy who keeps the bats.

He's a joker, a jester,

And tells the other kids that "we

Won out as easy as could be—

The boy who keeps the bats.

RIDE DUDLEY

Greatest of Them All.

You talk about your aldermen an' emperors an'

Your big an' bloated billionaires an' comic op'ra

You shake and shiver when you think of mighty Gen'ral Miles

Invadins' For' Rico at their other Spanish islands;

You tremble at the Kaiser when he agitates the air;

The nigger who covets you with his cold and

Kingsstar!

But when it come to doing things in large and

I know a chink t'ks 'em all an' make 'em look like jazz!

The man who mads the sun stand still would own

When the Copper on the Corner cleas a wayacross the street.

Why if McKinley's carriage should come down

there on a trot

He'd only have to lit his hand to make the horses

squat;

An' if he sees a cable train come roaring round the corner

He simply winks an awl eye an' piles the cars on

end;

His scimitar may be wooden an' his buttons be brass,

But you'll notice he ain't taking any great amount

of sass;

He's always teaching fellers with a tendency to

It's wise not to monkey with the majesty of law!

If you're looking for a monarch of the good, old

The copper on the corner is the only one that's left.

An eye for female beauty has my friend there in the street;

He knows a graceful ankle an' waist that trim an' neat;

An' what a pretty maiden stands an' trembles with alarm.

He's always quick to off'r her a strong perfec'nt arm.

As Moses made a ballyard where foaming waters were,

The Copper on the Corner makes a pleasant path

for a walk;

He pulls the roaring traffic up in walls on either hand.

An' keeps the crowd open 'till she strikes the

groomed land.

The dints who lead the german for their fancy

figures blus'.

When the Copper on the Corner leads a lady through the crush.

Who is it heads the column when a big procession

Who is it breaks with equal ease men's heads and women's hearts?

Who is it atop the highest to the throbbing of the drum?

Who is it welcome when the boys yell "Here they come?"

Who is it stops the horses when they try to run

Who is it swells his mighty chest and towers above the crowds?

Like an island in the ocean or a mountain in the clouds,

To go and get your laurel wreaths and all that sort of stuff.

The Copper on the Corner has been waiting long enough!

Neighbors.

Jack and Janie lived side by side;

Their neighbors close in a cosy way,

And oh, what pleasure they have indoors.

Or outside, when the sun is bright.

Ah, deary me! If they'd always agree,

What fun they have in their play!

For Jackie and J. nie keep "house" and "school,"

And sometimes they set up a store and trade;

# BAKING POWDER

wholesome

we were remanded back to  
application for bail was

has been elected as moderator  
annual meeting of the Canadian  
Assembly.

Board of school trustees  
refuse press representatives  
her meetings.

has been appointed to succeed  
as assistant adjutant general  
at headquarters.

Brunswick Telephone Co. has  
Hon. A. G. Blair as its presi-  
Hon. F. P. Thompson as its  
the ensuing year.

all games between the Roses  
St. John teams are proving

ing. On Wednesday the lat-  
the former 10 to 4. The  
in this afternoon.

ove for his young wife, whom  
had driven from his home in  
bert Fulford, a prosperous  
tractor Saturday night killed  
law, Mrs. Jennie McCord,  
out his brains. The tragedy  
the McCord farm at Alderton,  
Ont. The victims were first

department, Washington, has  
telegram announcing that Ad-

aboard the Brooklyn, who  
the New Zealand authori-

his stay in Australian waters

de a visit to their island, left

Sunday for Sydney, N.S.W.

will shortly sail for Cavite

the Asiatic station.

Catholic church at LaPointe,

and, near Bayfield, Wis., was

fire Monday morning. The

an ancient landmark.

It con-

which Indian tradition says

the LaPointe mission in 1669

arquette. It is the opinion of

the picture was stolen and the

to cover up the loss.

et no clue to the identity of

whose headless body was found

near Chelmsford, near Lowell,

nor is there anything that

ublish by whom she was mur-

investigations indicate that it is

that any of the wood choppers

the vicinity are guilty of the

state police have offered a

5 to the person who finds the

department, Whistler, has

ed the departure of the New

in the Che Foo Chemulpo. The

has arrived at San Francisco.

at Conduit left Yokohama

Unsasaka where she is to

orcing the laws in that section

take up the duties formerly

the gunboat Wheeling which

put out of commission.

art Curter, a woman who

police of Jersey city to look for

, she said had she thought

told a Jersey City justice

husband was greatly a woman.

was married on May 25. She

known the person to whom

arrived only a few days. She

he gave her supposed husband

purpose of obtaining patents

and she had not seen him

since.

ational Machinists' association

in Toronto, Ont., Monday

decided to extend financial aid to

men who went out with mem-

association. Pres. O'Connell

officials were not restricted as

non-union men should re-

added that in any event it

sufficient to induce them to re-

ight to the end. Since May 20

0 has been distributed among

as yet no regular system of

gone into force.

Chester, Jr., is under arrest in

a charge of forgery. Twenty-

are said to have been made.

He is said to have com-

forges in the last six months.

is eagerly sought after by the

Memphis, Tenn., Boston, Mass.,

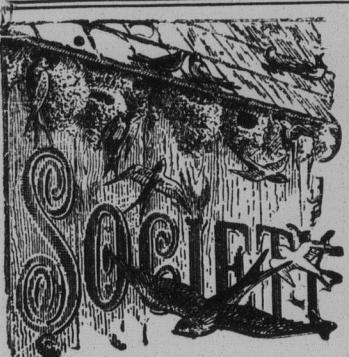
Cincinnati, Louisville, Pitts-

York, Galveston, and Liberty,

he is said to have assaulted the

that city while the latter was

continued on Page Eight.



taking place on Tuesday morning.  
The bride is a daughter of the late Mr. Gilbert Purdy of the North End.

A large number of young ladies and gentlemen gathered at the depot on Wednesday afternoon; see Miss Bert Hogan start on her journey to Chicago where she intends spending the summer with relatives and friends.

The recital given the pupils of the conservatory of music at the Mechanics Institute on Tuesday evening was an event of much interest to the friends of the pupils and of the institution. The execution of the pupils was splendid, while many of the numbers were rendered with much expression and brilliancy really remarkable in male children.

Mrs. Beverly Macaulay is entertaining her sister Miss Russell who has just returned from a trip to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Flood are home from a visit to New York, Buffalo and Boston.

Miss Jennie Burpee who has been studying nursing at the McLean hospital, Waverly, Mass., has arrived home to spend the summer vacation with relatives.

Miss Helen Furong who has been studying and teaching the violin in Boston is spending her vacation at her home here. Miss Marion who has been with the Christian company for the past year is also home and will rest for several months before resuming her work.

Miss Frances Stead is visiting friends in Fredonia and Woodstock.

Gilbert & Sullivan's Comic opera will be sung at the opera house on the evenings of the 24th and 25th is occasioning a lively interest among the girls.

The principal parts will be sung by Miss Muriel Barnaby as Josephine; Miss Daisy Sears, Cousin Hebe; Miss Geraldine Hogan, Buttercup; Master Jack Matthew, as Ralph; Jack Sears, Sir Joseph Porter; Harry Titus, Captain; Herzen Thompson, Esquimalt; George Clark, Mrs.; Eric Titus, Dick Dead-Eye.

A pleasant musical and literary entertainment will be given in aid of the Father Matthew Association on Monday.

The members of that body prom's those who attend an excellent performance, as the program includes some excellent talent. Among those taking part are Rev. W. C. Gaynor, Miss J. Lawlor, soprano soloist of the cathedral choir, Misses Josephine and Nellie Lynch, Miss Nellie Kierwin, Miss Alice McNulty and Miss Edith McCafferty. Dick Stead.

The young couple left on a wedding trip to Quebec, Toronto, and Buffalo, followed by the good wishes of hosts of friends.

MONOTON.

JUNE 12.—The marriage of Miss B. McGarigle only daughter of Mr. E. McGarigle with Capt. P. Burns of the steamer Dunmore Head, occasioned much interest in the West End on Saturday last the day on which the ceremony was performed at the church of the Assumption by the Rev. J. J. O'Donnovan.

The very pretty bride was becomingly and stylishly attired in dark blue broadcloth with hat to match and carried a bouquet of cream roses. She was attended by her friend Miss Lena O'Reilly, while Mr. Charles Tilley ably supported the groom.

The guests included only the immediate relatives of the bride and at the conclusion of the ceremony the marriage party drove to the bride's home, where a dainty luncheon was served.

Capt. and Mrs. Burns were driven to the Union depot where amid showers of rice and good wishes they bade the evening train en route to Quebec. They sailed this week from that city in the captain's steamer direct to Ireland where his relatives live and where the young couple intend taking up their residence.

Miss McMillan entertained a number of young friends at her tea last week.

A couple of hours were spent with pleasant conversation and in otherwise enjoying the entertainments provided by the charming young hostess.

Misses Mona and Mabel Thompson are expected to arrive here next week from steamship from England where they have been spending several months, relatives in different parts of England.

Mr. James McArdle and family have taken up their residence at their summer cottage at Lakeside.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stair were among the exodians from the city this week. They will summer in the country.

Mrs. Monty McDonald and family have moved to their handsome summer residence at Woodman's Point.

Lady Tilley and her nieces are at present in St. Andrews, whether they had been called by the death of Lady Tilley's mother, Mrs. Chapman.

They purpose spending the summer at a popular resort.

Mr. and Mrs. Perkins left here on Wednesday en route to the Pan American Exposition at Buffalo.

A quiet, but pretty and interesting event took place at St. Paul's (Valley) church on Wednesday morning when Miss Annie Ethel Beer, daughter of Mr. W. H. Beer of Wright street, was united in marriage to the Rev. J. J. O'Donnovan.

Both were pleasant affairs. The Misses McLeod were assisted by Miss Faulkenberry in sewing the wedding dress.

Mr. and Mrs. Rodenbough who so ably supervised the recent production of "Evangeline" were here on Wednesday, returning from Moncton en route to their home in Boston.

The bride wore a handsome travelling suit of white cloth with hat to match and carried a bouquet of cream bride roses. She was attended by her sister, Miss Louise Beer and by her little niece Miss Lou Robinson. The former looked dainty and girlish in white organdy with black chiffon hat and bouquet of pink roses. Little Miss Robinson elicited many favorable comments in her pretty cream organdy with pink slip and pink hat.

The groom was supported by his brother Mr. Will Bowman.

The nuptial knot was tied by the bride's cousin the Rev. Charles D. Schofield assisted by the Rev. A. G. Dicker and was witnessed by many friends of the contracting couple, who are both very popular in the social circles of the city.

The bridal gifts included many exquisite and costly pieces of cut glass and silver from friends all over the province and several coming from Boston, where Miss Beer for some time resided.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowman are now enjoying a honeymoon trip to the principal town of Nova Scotia. Returning they will reside at Westfield for the summer months, taking up their residence in the city in the late fall.

Many St. John people both in the city and in the north were interested to hear of the marriage of Miss Julia Purdy, a lady well known as a professional nurse and for some time the matron of the General Public hospital here.

The groom is Mr. Elford S. Bassett, a wealthy barrister of Minneapolis.

Miss Purdy has been connected with St. Barnabas hospital in that city and it was in that hospital that the ceremony was performed, the event

Dye  
and  
Save.

When you use Maypole Soap for fast, clear, brilliant Home Dyeing, you save time, patience, money—no mess or trouble because Maypole Soap washes and dyes at one operation you see.

And you needn't be afraid that you'll spoil the article your dyeing, no matter if it is cotton, wool, silk, satin or anything else—they all dye equally as well. The color doesn't "streak." All colors—10¢, (15¢ for black).

**Maypole Soap.**

Free Book about successful Home Dyeing by addressing the Wholesale Depot, 8 Place Royale, Montreal.

his acquaintance. Dr. Jost's practice at Advocate has been taken by Dr. Murdoch McKenzie.

Miss Alice Howard is visiting friends at Debec, N.B.

Mrs. Sullivan and Miss Maud Gillespie have returned from a visit at Amherst.

Rev. A. M. Hill of Halifax filled St. James' pulpit on Sunday last.

Mrs. Claude Drilloo and two little girls are on a visit to Mrs. Drilloo's sister at Turo.

Mrs. Corey Jenks is in St. John at present.

Mr. Stanley Smith and Mr. F. Brown went last week to Newfoundland for a stay of several weeks.

H. J. Logan, M. P., was in town for a brief visit last week.

Rev. A. Hoop preached in the Baptist church on Sunday morning and evening.

Mrs. Taylor, Miss Vaughan and Miss Elsie Taylor, arrived from St. John on Tuesday to spend a few days with Mr. Upham.

NEWCASTLE.

JUNE 12.—At the closing of Acadia Seminary last week Miss Maud Lansbury, of this town made the presentation address in the presenting of a hand some chain for the reception room. "Miss Maud Lansbury, daughter of Ald. Lansbury of Newcastle, a graduate in music, made the presentation in a graceful speech," say the press reports, which was appropriately responded to by principal McDonald.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Lansbury, Miss Lansbury and Master Holly have returned from Wolfville.

"The Willowes, Caraquet, was the scene of a very pretty house wedding on Tuesday evening, June 4, when Miss Ethel M. Yorke, second daughter of the Rev. Mr. Robert Young, was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Rev. Frank Fraser, pastor of the Presbyterian church of Laverne, Minnesota.

The bride looked charming in a dress of white organza, with yell and orange blossoms, and she carried a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley. She entered the room on the arm of her father and was preceded, by her bridesmaids, her sister, Miss Sibyl Young, and Miss Winifred Johnson. The bridesmaids' gowns were of grey with pink trimmings, and they carried bouquets of apple blossoms. The groom was the son of James Young, and the nuptial knot was tied by the Rev. Adams Archibald of Halifax. After the ceremony a recherche was served in the dining-room. The house was tastefully decorated with flowers.

The young couple left on a wedding trip to Quebec, Toronto, and Buffalo, followed by the good wishes of hosts of friends.

MONOTON.

JUNE 12.—Miss Annie Henderson daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Henderson of the I.C.R. was quietly married on Tuesday evening last to Mr. Frank Fraser of Everett, Mass. The ceremony was performed at the bride's home in the presence of a few guests. Supper was served at its conclusion and the happy couple left on the late train en route to upper Canada and American cities, visiting the Pan-American before returning.

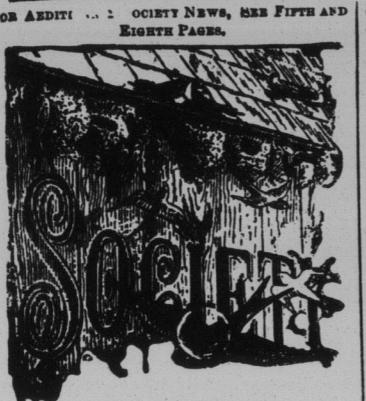
Mrs. C. W. Robinson, Mrs. F. W. Sumner, and Miss Leatrice returned Thursday evening from a few days absence at Wolfville, where they attended the closing exercises at Acadia college.

On Saturday, Mr. and Mrs. Brown returned from an extended trip to the principal American cities. They visited the Pan-American exposition during their absence.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Bolton returned this morning from a trip to the Buffalo exposition. They also visited Quebec, Montreal, Toronto and Perth, Ont. and will report a very pleasant trip.

Miss Florence Russell of Albert County is visiting friends in town.

&lt;



HALIFAX NOTES.

PROGRESS is for sale in Halifax by the swabbers at the following news stands and cent.

MONTON & CO., 155 George Street, Bank Street

WILLIAMS & CO., Cor. George & Granville Street

CANADA NEWS CO., 155 George Street, Railway Depot

J. R. FINDLAY, Brunswick Street

J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth Street

100 Hollis Street

Mrs. DE FREYAT, 151 Brunswick Street

JUNE 13.—The arrival of H. M. S. Crescent and her attendant ships the Proserpine and Quail has occasioned quite a furor in the social circle of the city and the devotees of society are eagerly anticipating a pleasant summer.

Lady Bedford gave her first "At Home" of the season at Admiralty House on Thursday evening of last week. There was a gay assemblage of ladies present and the affair, of course, proved most delightful.

Mr. A. G. and Mrs. Jones are now occupying their beautiful summer residence at the Arm. During their absence from Government House, the building is being entirely renovated and will be refurbished and fitted up for the reception of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York.

Mrs. Fitz Mahon and Mrs. Fitz Mahon of London arrived here last week on the steamer Comonwealth. They will make a somewhat lengthy stay with relatives here.

Mr. T. E. and Mrs. Kenney are home from a very pleasant visit to different parts of England.

Prof. C. T. Fraser, Mrs. Fraser accompanied by Miss Frame of this city and Miss Coulthard of Fredericton were passengers of steamer Evangeline on her last trip enroute to England, where they will visit for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. O'Connor returned from a pleasant two weeks' trip to Buffalo, Montreal and Ottawa.

Miss Besse Cruse, niece of Mr. J. H. Emmett, Gottingen street was united in the bonds of matrimony with Mr. John Dingle on Thursday evening last.

The ceremony was performed at St. John's church the Rev. Mr. Cunningham officiating.

The bride was daintily attired in white silk gauze over white satin, with bridal veil and bouquet of roses. The bridesmaid Miss Kaelle Smith wore a costume of cream cloths and carried pink roses. The little maid of honor Misses Gertrude Cruse and Emma Tupper were attired in white with picture hats and baskets of pink roses.

At the conclusion of the service the reception was held at the home of the bride's uncle and the happy couple left on a short wedding trip, which will be spent in the Annapolis Valley.

Miss Flanders of Boston arrived here this week and will spend some time with friends at Bedford.

Miss Blanche Finlayson of Charlottetown who has been visiting friends in the city has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Morris are home from a short trip to Port Williams.

## KENTVILLE.

June 13.—Misses primrose of Picton are visiting relatives here and enjoying Kentville's balmy breezes.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Grierson of Weymouth were here last week spending a few days with Mrs. Wm. Grierson, Belcher street.

Mr. W. Cox is visiting his daughters in Massachusetts.

Miss Annie Dunlop of Granville Ferry, was the guest last week of Mrs. Coleman at the Chestnut.

Mr. E. Kirkpatrick of Halifax is in town this week.

Miss Lena MacNamara spent Sunday at Elmwood, the guest of Mrs. A. M. O'Keefe.

Miss Trixie Martin is recovering from her recent illness.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Wade of Halifax arrived in town on Monday and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Starr, Leverett avenue.

## YARMOUTH.

June 12.—Miss Symonds arrived here from Boston last week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Arnold of Ottawa are visiting here.

Mr. E. Hayes is spending a vacation with friends here.

Miss Eva Tobin, daughter of Mr. Fowler Tobin of Yarmouth, was married at Charlottetown, Mass. on Wednesday last, to Mr. James Jenkins, only son of Mr. Adelbert Jenkins. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. George Forbush, formerly pastor of the Tabernacle church, Yarmouth. Miss Clara Horton acted as maid-of-honor. Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins left immediately on their honeymoon trip to New York, after which they will return to Yarmouth, where they will reside.

Irvings Hall and wife arrived from Boston on Saturday morning per steamer Yarmouth.

Among the passengers for Boston per steamer Yarmouth were Mrs. A. P. Cann, Mrs. Chas Brown, Miss F. Guest and Miss Luislin McGill.

Miss Hood of Shelburne, went to Boston Saturday per steamer Yarmouth.

Miss Annie D. Kehoe accompanied by her brother left on June 4th, for St. John to be united in marriage to Walter Nixon of that city.

Miss Parrish and little daughter Anna, left this morning to attend the closing exercises at St. Ann.

## TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

draw school, Annapolis Royal, which, with sports etc., takes place on Wednesday 12th.

The date has at last arrived for the production of the long talked of Zephira. Indications are that it will be a grand success. There are fully two hundred young society ladies and gentlemen taking part and this fact alone would occasion much interest. There will be three performances, commencing this (Wednesday) evening. Of the results we will be able to tell better in our next writing.

Among the passengers to port on Saturday evening last were; Mrs. G. E. Lavers, Mr. Hardy and wife, Jas. E. Cushing (Caldon), A. L. Smith, J. C. Redding, Miss Bennett, Miss Hood (Shelburne), Mrs. Hines, Mr. and Mrs. Conroy, A. Nickerson, G. Shand, Mr. Le Blanc, C. H. Bryant. The latter will attend the convention of the Y. M. C. A. at Boston.

Mr. J. A. Floyd, of Dewey Square, Boston, was in Yarmouth on Saturday, coming over to meet Mrs. Floyd, who has been on a visit in Annapolis Valley.

## BRIDGETOWN.

JUNE 12.—Mrs. Sydney Abbott has been visiting her old home for a few days.

Miss Annie Strong, who has been in Halifax for the past year or two, has returned home.

Rev. Henry Dickie and family expect to leave for England in about three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Ester, of Stewiacke, have recently been guests of their daughter, Miss Ester, matron of the Asylum here.

Mrs. Nelson Barnes who has been visiting friends in Annapolis and vicinity returned home Saturday.

Mr. J. Reed and daughter, of Wolfville, spent a few days last week at the home of her neice, Mrs. Sidney Foster, Hawthorne Farm.

Miss Winifred Morse left on Monday to take charge of the school at Upperville, Miss Morse was among the number who graduated from Acadia Seminary this year.

Mrs. Wm. Langille and son Carman, of Grand Pre, Miss Josie and Mr. Harry Johnson, of Boston, Mrs. Ester, and son Mr. E. Dodge, last week.

Miss Mabel Lee, of Aylesford, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Harry Abbott. At the recent closing exercises of Acadia Seminary, she was the winner of the St. Clair Paint scholarship prize of twenty dollars.

The marriage of Miss Winnie De Wolfe Bent and Mr. Willoughby Anthony, of Fort Lorne, took place in the Baptist church here this morning at half past eleven o'clock, Rev. E. E. Daley officiating.

The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion with hawthorn, ferns and potted plants, and the ceremony was witnessed by a large number of relatives and friends of the bride and groom.

The bride, who was given away by her uncle, Mr. R. O. Ruffo, was becomingly attired in gray lace with cloth with trimmings of old rose silk and hat to match, and carried a bouquet of bridal roses carnations and maiden hair fern.

After the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony were driven to the station, where they took the noon express for St. John. Mrs. Anthony will be at home to her friends on the 15th, 16th and 17th inst.

The bride received many beautiful presents from a large circle of friends.

On Tuesday, June 4th, at the residence of her sister Mrs. Disraeli, Abbie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Young of Parry's N. S., was united in marriage to Mr. John H. Furtado, of Boston, by the Rev. J. H. Bridgeman, of Parry's N. S. The bride was attended by Miss Leahis Page, while Mr. Samuel Turbill, brother of the groom, was best man. The bride was dressed in crepe-de-chine, with chiffon trimmings, bridal veil and orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of bride roses. Among the presents, which were numerous, was a hand-painted plaque of her childhood home, from Miss Gardner, of Bevane.

## TEUBRO.

JUNE 12.—Mr. F. P. Little and his bride (Miss Wyman, Yarmouth), are guests at the Learmont, for a few days, en route to Buffalo and other points of interest in Canada and the United States.

Mr. Arch McDaniel and Miss Milligan of St. John, are visiting the latter's sister, Mrs. F. L. Fuller.

Mr. A. G. Mooney, Halifax, was in Truro, for a day or two, this week.

Mr. J. Walker and Miss Whittier, left on Monday for St. Andrews, New Brunswick, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Putman have taken possession of Mrs. Walker's house for the summer.

Mr. Walter Laurence who was making a short visit with his relatives, here, left for her home in Cape Breton, yesterday.

The Arch-Dauphin and Mrs. Kaulbach, leave on Monday morning for Windsor, to attend the King's College closing.

The W. S. Hawkins' Company played to small but appreciative audience Miss Bonstelle and her support increased their popularity here, at every appearance.

Mr. Albert Johnson, Halifax, is the guest of friend Miss Margaret Fitch.

## AMHERST.

JUNE 12.—Mrs. Thomas H. Cochran who has been quite seriously ill is now considered out of danger.

Mrs. Lugden of Simcoe, Ont. is here to spend the summer with her mother Mrs. Sleep of Victoria street.

Miss Emmaine Robb is home from Halifax, where she has been attending the Ladies College Mr. E. R. Eiderkin is taking in the Pan-American at Buffalo.

Miss Laura Logan who has been studying at Wolfe's Lake is home on the summer vacation.

Mrs. McCabe has returned from a delightful visit to their former home in Hants county.

Miss C. J. Silker returned last week from a visit to relatives in Boston.

Mrs. C. B. Bliss has returned from a trip to Waltham Mass.

Miss Turnill of St. John has been visiting Mr. Niel Campbell of Church street.

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

Progress Job Print.

ANNAPOLIS.

JUNE 12.—Mrs. Irwinne of Halifax is here paying a visit to her sister Mrs. F. C. Whitman.

Rev. R. A. and Mrs. Smith have gone to Fugwash where the will, for the future reside.

The closing exercise of St. Andrew's school took place to day. The exercises were as usual, interesting and well attended.

Dr. Hunt and Mrs. Hunt of Sheffield Eng., arrived here this week and are the guests of Mrs. Hunt's sister Mrs. Savary.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnston of Lynn, Mass., are spending a few weeks, taking in the beauties of the valley.

Mrs. Jessie Mills is home from a pleasant visit to relatives in the country.

## The Truth

told by most people. If it were not, the whole commercial and social fabric would fall to pieces. There are thousands upon thousands of people who testify to the cures effected by Dr. Pierce's Golden

Medical Discovery. They are representative people in their communities. You would believe their word on any question of knowledge. They speak the simple truth when they testify that Doctor Pierce's Golden

Medical Discovery cures dyspepsia, "weak" stomach and other diseases of the stomach and its allied organs of digestion and nutrition. It cures when all other remedies have failed. It cures perfectly and permanently.

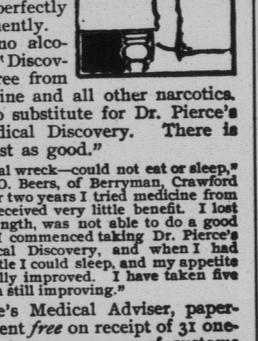
There is no elixir in the "Discovery" it is free from opium, cocaine and all other narcotics.

Accept no substitute for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. There is nothing "just as good."

"It was a total wreck—could not eat or sleep," writes Mr. J. O. Beer of Berryman, Crawford Co., Mo. "For two years I tried medicine from various sources, but with no benefit. My flesh and strength, was not able to do a good day's work. I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and when I did take it, I found my appetite was wonderfully improved. I have taken five

drugs and am still improving."

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser, paper-covered, is sent free on receipt of 31 cent stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.



place horse. Joy! Yet it occurs to memory that the Casino was closed upon a similar occasion last year and that the "Closed" sign hung out on Saturday looked strangely like one seen before.

But that is not all. During the week, moreover, a Floradora girl was widely advertised as having been seized with nervous prostration in its most dreaded form, just because she had been up to Sing Sing and had been strapped in the death chair. A very terrible thing.

And then, of a Friday night, the lights went out at the Casino, they say, just after 9 o'clock and declined to come back for half an hour. Can one blame them?

## The Major's Predictions.

"I hear that the major has predicted a frost for the Fourth of July."

"Who's the major?"

"Why, he's the man who predicted an earthquake last June!"

"Did the earthquake come?"

"No—but the entire settlement had the chills, an' went to shaking so that some o' the buildings fell down, an' you couldn't tell whether it wuz an earthquake or not!"

Entering the kitchen, thereupon I found a policeman hugging the cook."

"A nice cuisine thin," exclaimed I with all the irony I could summon.

"Ab, a nice squeeze scene, indeed!" faltered the cook, blushing violently.

At this the officer laughed a buoyant laugh and admonished me to chase myself.

The crab may not be as good eating as the lobster, but he'll do in a pinch."

"What was the cause of the trouble in the woman's club?"

"The majority adopted a resolution limiting the time of each woman for speaking on any question to three hours."



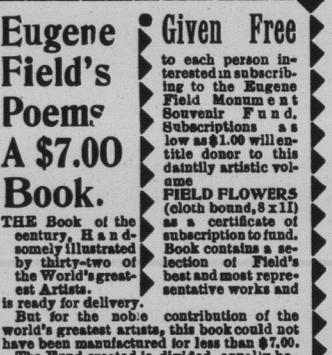
The "Albert" Toilet Soap Co.'s Baby's Own Soap makes young stars, clean, sweet, and fresh.

It keeps their delicate skins in good order.

Made entirely from vegetable fats, it is an emollient as well as a cleanser, and is useful on a lady's toilet as in the nursery.

Faintly but exquisitely aromatic.

Sure of imitation.



EUGENE FIELD'S POEMS A \$7.00 Book.

THE Book of the century. It is a poem concurredly illustrated by thirty-two of the world's greatest artists.



"Albert" Toilet Soap Co's  
Own Soap makes young  
man, sweet, and fresh.

keeps their delicate skins  
in order.  
made entirely from vege-  
tals, it is an emollient as  
a cleanser, and is as  
economical as a lady's toilet, as in  
luxury.

but exquisitely ap-

plicable.

to the limits.

**Given Free**  
to each person in-  
scribing to the Eugene  
Field Memorial Fund.  
Subscriptions at a  
low as \$1.00 will entitle  
donor to this  
dainty artistic vol-  
ume.  
**FIELD FLOWERS**  
(cloth bound, \$1.00)  
as a contribution of  
subscription to fund.  
Book contains a selec-  
tion of Field's best and most repre-  
sentative works and  
poetry.  
The noble contribution of the  
people, this year, to the  
manufacture for less than \$7.00,  
is created is divided equally be-  
tween the family of the late Eugene Field  
and for the benefit of an  
institution in memory of the beloved poet of  
Address  
THE FIELD MONUMENT  
SOUVENIR FUND,  
Book Store,) 180 Monroe St.,  
Chicago.  
Those who wish to send postage, enclose

## NOTICE.

The efforts of Mr. W. A. Hick-  
ing, Commissioner, who has  
land for some months past, it  
is in the coming spring a  
number of farmers with capi-  
tal in the province, with a view  
of buying farms. All persons having  
titles to dispose of will please  
communicate with the undersigned, when  
they will be sent, to be filled in  
with necessary particulars as to loca-  
tion, terms of sale, etc. Quite a  
number of agricultural laborers are also  
desirous of finding work and  
farmers desiring help will  
communicate with the under-  
signed.

John, N. B., Feb. 9th, A. D.  
ROBERT MARSHALL.

## Opinions

OF

importance.

## Sun

ALONE

CONTAINS BOTH:

mail, - - \$6 a year  
Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year

## Sunday Sun

Latest Sunday Newspaper in  
the world

copy. By mail, \$2 a year.

THE SUN, New York

### WINDSOR.

June 13.—Miss Corbin of Bedford, spent Sunday in town with friends. Mrs Phillips wife of Rev Wm Phillips is laid up with a badly sprained ankle.

Mrs Charles Ross of Yarmouth is in town visiting her sister, Miss Janie Curry.

Mrs James Burry of Newville, Kings Co., is in town the guest of Mrs Levi Curry.

Mr and Mrs Burns, Moncton spent Sunday in town with Mr and Mrs Blawell.

Miss Lina Burgess, Wellington was in town Monday, the guest of Dr and Mrs J. Black.

Mrs Nora Black who has been visiting her sister Mrs Lewis Rice, Truro, has returned home.

Miss Bow man who has been in Boston for the past month, arrived home on Saturday evening.

Miss Jean Forrest and Mrs Oscar Kirkpatrick are spending a vacation with friends in Boston.

Mr Bret Black and infant son, returned home on Saturday from Bridgetown where they have been visiting friends.

Miss Elsie Brown who recently returned from Hong Kong with her father, Capt. Brown, is in town visiting friends.

Mrs Chas Franklin and little son of Erie, Pennsylvania, are the guests of Mrs Franklin's parents, Mrs Levi Dimock.

Mrs Macdonald, widow of Captain Mortimer Macdonald, H M 7th Regiment left for London on the Evangeline on Thursday.

Miss R. Archibald, Messrs. George Morse and Arthur Nalder returned home from Wolfeville to spend their summer vacation.

Mr. Creighton and his son of Sydney, who have been visiting in Dartmouth came to Windsor on Saturday to be present at the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Ouseley.

Mrs W Major and Miss Lordly of Halifax came to Windsor on Monday to remain a couple of days with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dimock.

Mr and Mrs James L. Simson drove to town on Monday from Grand Pre, to be present at the wedding of their nephew, Mr P H Smith Tuesday morning.

Miss Edith Ferguson of Dartmouth came to Windsor on Saturday to be present at the wedding of Miss Ethel Shaw, and is the guest of Mr C P Shaw.

Miss W Rounseell of California came to town the latter part of May, and will remain in Providence for the summer. She is at present the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Smith.

Miss Kate Hill of Halifax still continues coming to Windsor to look after the art department at Edgehill, Miss Shaver, not having sufficiently recovered to be able to resume her duties.

### DIGBY.

June 12—Miss Mary Short returned to Digby this week.

Mrs H B Short is visiting her mother at Hantsport.

Miss Fanny Smith has gone to Halifax.

Miss Fanny Smith has returned from St John and will spend the summer at Digby.

Miss Kate Tobin of Boston, is the guest of her parents, Councillor and Mrs Joseph Tobin.

Mrs Maud Bruce, of Shelburne, is the guest of Mr and Mrs Gilbert Dunn at the Racquet Club.

Mr Armstrong has returned from Massachusetts and will spend the summer at Bloomsfield.

Mr Theo Water, who has spent the winter at Augusta, Me., has returned to Digby for the summer.

Mr Lyman H. Gathouse one of Tiverton's leading merchants, made us a kindly call Tuesday morning.

Mr S B Townsend and family arrived here yesterday and will occupy their summer residence Green Point.

Miss Eva G Cornwall, of Rossway, was in town on Wednesday, Miss Corwall expects to go away for two or three months vacation.

Mr. Fred VanBramton, of Brighton, who has been employed in D. A. H. service for some time, has gone to Syney in search of employment.

Mr. Ernest Sprout, of the firm of J W Sprout & Co, Canico, arrived here Tuesday and is the guest of his parents, Mr and Mrs Orbin Sprout.

Mr Harold Page, of Melrose, Mass., who for a number of years has summered at Digby, is in town. His father has rented a cottage at Bazzard's Bay.

Mr George Russell and daughter Blanche, of Boston, who have been visiting Mr. Russell's father, Mr. John G. Rice for the last month, have returned home.

Mr O G Byrnes, of Brooklyn, N. Y., arrived here Monday and is residing at Lou Lodge. Mr. Byrnes is one of our regular summer visitors and has made many friends at Digby.

At the anniversary exercises of the Ladies' College, Sackville, held on Monday afternoon, Miss G. Evans, of Digby, won the J Wesley Smith prize, \$50.00, for the highest general average for the year, open to students taking three or more literary studies. We congratulate Miss Evans in securing first prize.

### WOLVERVILLE.

June 12.—Wolverville has now settled down to her usual summer quiet. The academies have closed for a long vacation and the students, with a few exceptions, have departed for their homes.

The closing exercises were witnessed by the friends and relatives of the pupils, some coming from quite a distance to be present at the interesting ceremonies. Many former graduates were noted among the spectators.

Mrs (Dr) McKelvie of Vancouver, B. C. a graduate of Acadia, is here to spend the summer with her sister, Mrs W T Stockhouse.

### THINGS OF VALUE.

Mr Cilly—I should think you would raise much money if you were to advertise.

Mr. Ira C. (of Longville, mournfully)—Every-

thing is expensive by the time I have raised it.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, but in remedy for all ills which flesh is heir to—the very nature of many curatives being such as to affect the other organs, and thereby increase the disease in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill, in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine which is a valuable medicine in many states of remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the irritable systems are led into convalescence and strength by the influence which it exerts upon the nerves. Nature's own antiseptics. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease. It tones up the failing nerves, dispels sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses throughout the veins, strengthening every making activity a necessary result, strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demands increased exercise. The Quinine Wine of Dr. J. W. Lyman of Toronto have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and gauged by the opinion of scientists this wine appears to be the best selection of ray in the market. All druggists sell it.

When the Union troops were passing through Missouri in pursuit of Gen. Price, a crowd of

men, - - \$6 a year

Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year

copy. By mail, \$2 a year.

THE SUN, New York

# FARMERS MAKE MONEY

Do not sell your poultry, turkeys, geese or ducks till you investigate this great Company, its object and the high prices to be obtained by dealing only with it—cash is better than trading—who last year made money out of your poultry—Did you?—No,—JOIN this co-operative company for the protection of farmers—get high prices as well as your share of the profits of selling in England. Join at once.

## The Canadian Dressed Poultry Company, Limited

Capital Stock, \$450,000

HEAD OFFICE: HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

PRESIDENT—MR. GIBSON ARNOLDI, Barrister-at-Law, Toronto, Ontario.

MANAGER—MR. WILLIAM S. GILMORE, Merchant, Hamilton, Ontario.

Three Firms Alone Intimated Their Ability and Willingness to Handle About Two Thousand Cases Per Week at Good Prices.

### APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

GIBSON ARNOLDI, ESQ., PRESIDENT, THE CANADIAN DRESSED POULTRY COMPANY, LIMITED, 9 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO :

DEAR SIR—I enclose you herewith \$..... in full payment for ..... shares of fully paid and non-assessable stock in the Canadian Dressed Poultry Company, Limited, which I wish allotted to me, as I wish to become a fully qualified shareholder and entitled to all the advantages of the Company, as described in the published Prospectus.

YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, .....

grosses came out of some cabins to look at the soldiers, one of whom asked:—"Boys, are you all for the union?" "Yes, massas; when we are about we is,"

"And when Price comes you're all secess, aren't you?" "Lor', yes, massas; we all good secess then."

"Well, yes, massas; we all good secess then." "And when the white folks to get ahead on niggers in dat day, massas."

It is a Liver Pill.—Many of the ailments that man has to contend with have their origin in a disordered liver, which is a delicate organ, peculiarly susceptible to the disturbances that come from irregularities of diet, of carelessness, from smoking, from drinking. This accounts for the great many liver regulators now pressed on the attention of sufferers. Of these, the best known is Dr. White's Electric Comb.

Simultaneously the minister received a note from her majesty's secretary, saying that Victoria recognized the young girl's embarrassment and sent her an invitation to a state dinner. Of course this not only satisfied all adverse criticism, but opened at once to the young woman every door of fashionable London.

Towne—Heppeck tells me that his wife actually kills his hair when she gets mad.

Br. wne—Why doesn't he keep his hair cut short?

Towne—I asked him that and he says his wife won't let him.

In the Play. In the play Mrs. Nation is represented as being exceedingly apt with bon mots. For example:

'Why, your hatchet is only tin!' exclaims a character adroitly introduced for the purpose.

'Yes, it's what some people might call a ho-ho!' retorted the great reformer, with an explosive laugh.

And with epigrams only less brilliant than this, the dialogue fairly bristles.

WANTED—Men and women who look young to sell Dr. White's Electric Comb to men and women who want to look young. It never fails to interest and never fails to cure dandruff and hair falling out. That is why our agents grow rich. Sample 60c. D. N. Rose, Gen. Mgr., Decatur, Ill.

'Lucy, where's that other tall beau you used to have?' "Laws, Miss Nancy, don't went back on dat man; he didn't have no taste at all—dat man wo' silver shirt-studs when he had a gold front too!"

Mrs Browne—I've just been to see Mrs Swellman's new place. She has stained glass all through the house.

Mrs Parvurd—The idea—Her servants are too lazy to remove the stains, oh?

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 28 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

HUSTLING YOUNG MAN can make \$60.00 per month and expenses, permanent position, experience unnecessary. Write quick for particulars, Clark & Co., 4th & Locust streets, Phila., Pa.

The Rabbit Fired the Gun.

"Br'er" Rabbit has been outdone in real life, and a West Virginia rabbit has a hero. The incident occurred in this wise, according to the Chicago Tribune :

Peter Freed and his son Louis went out rabbit-hunting in the woods near Parkersburg, West Virginia. Their dog soon chased a cottontail into a pile of brush, and Louis rushed up to get him out. He put his gun on the ground, and taking up a long pole, began to thrash the rabbit to dislodge the rabbit.

Finally bunny ran out in an unexpected place, straight over the gun, which was cocked. His hind foot struck the trigger, sending the charge of shot into Louis' leg, and some of it into the dog. The boy yelled, the dog howled, and in the midst of the excitement bunny got away.

Forget and Kissed the Queen.

Courtly old Richard Vaux of Philadelphia, could boast that he had danced with Queen Victoria, but there was a young American girl who went even further, for she kissed the queen. And it was not much of a day for kissing queens, at that, as the Anglo American tells the incident.

She was an American debutante, young and pretty, and in her confusion in making the courtesy, she committed the frightful solecism of kissing her majesty. Instantly recognizing the enormity of her offence, the poor girl nearly fainted.

BRANDIES! Landing ex "Corean."

Quarts or Pints

For sale low in bond or duty paid.

THOS. L. BOURKE

25 WATER STREET.

## Job... Printing.

Are your Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, or Envelopes running short? Do you consider that you could effect a saving in this part of your business? Why not secure quotations your work before placing an order?

### Consult Us for Prices.

And you will find that you can get Printing of all kinds done in a manner and style that is bound to please you. We have lately added new type to our already well-equipped plant, and are prepared to furnish estimates on all classes of work at short notice.

## Progress Job Printing Department.

29 to 31 Canterbury Street.

### CAFE ROYAL

BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING,

56 Prince Wm. St., - - St

## SOCIAL and PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

sisters, Miss Nettie C King of Portland and Mrs J P Mitchell of Eastport.

Miss Sarah Todd has sailed for England and will also visit cities on the continent before returning to America.

Miss Mabel Murchie leaves at an early date for New York City to meet her sister Miss Louise Murchie, who is returning from Paris, France.

Miss Francis Todd has arrived home from school and spend her summer holidays.

Mrs W B Watmore has decided to spend the summer in Halifax with relatives.

Miss Ethel Lovc has gone to Fredericton to spend several weeks with Mrs J W Lister.

Mrs Howland and Mrs Toller, who were called here on account of the illness of Madam Chipman, will remain during the summer and keep the Cedars open.

## ST. ANDREWS.

JUNE 13.—Mrs E L Andrews and Miss Beatrice Andrews have gone to Nelson, B.C., where Mr Jack Andrews is so ill.

Mrs John Black of St Stephen was the guest of Mrs W D Forster last week.

Mrs McLean of St John, was the guest last week of Mr. and Mrs R A Stewert.

Lady Van Horne and the Misses Van Horne leave Montreal on the 17th to take up their residence here.

Mr and Mrs Edward Maxwell will arrive to-morrow from Montreal.

Mrs James Taft and A J H Bartch of St John, are visiting St Andrews friends.

Miss Martin of Grand Manan, visited her aunt, Mrs Nelson Clarke recently.

Miss Goldie Gordon has returned home from Boston.

Miss N D Hooper, of St John, who was visiting here has returned home.

Sheriff Stuart was in St George on Sunday.

Miss Hart of Fredericton Junction, is visiting her sister, Mrs G K Greenlaw.

Mrs Albert Thompson and family are visiting St. Stephen friends.

Mrs Thomas Black who has been in a critical condition for some time past, is slightly improved.

Owen R. Campbell has been appointed accountant of the Moncton branch of the bank of Montreal.

Mrs Chas M Gove returned from Boston on Tuesday.

Mr C J M Shine and family are on their way here from Florida.

## Summer Boarders.

"Oh, mamma, mamma," bawled the child,

"What's that coming through the yard?"

"It's a child; you'll make me laugh That's Mrs. Bealeward."

"And does she bite?" "Hush, little cow,

"The dog next door should fear

Of course she does—or else, I vow,

She wouldn't now be here."

"Oh, mamma, mamma," neighed the colt,

"Do tell me, if you can—

What's that? My dear, don't be a dol-

"I'm not a city girl."

"And is he a biter?" "Perhaps not yet,

"I will doubtless take some days.

But you can rest assured my pet,

He'll be a good boy."

"Oh, mamma, mamma!" peeped the chick.

"What sort of creature is it?"

He acts so jolly! With a stick

He tries to hit his egg."

He's a good boy!"

The anxious hen replied.

"His hose is turned this way—slack!

We'd better run and hide!"

## WHAT MAKES YOU COUGH.

Did you ever wonder just what it is that makes you cough? In a general way it is understood to be an involuntary effort of nature to eject something from the breath-pipe. As a matter of fact, merely a slight throat inflammation caused by a cold will cause a cough to start, and the more you cough the more you want to cough. If you a'way the inflammation in the throat your cough will stop.

Don't tell the sensitiveness of the throat with medicine containing a narcotic, but give it sooth-ing and healing treatment. This is difficult, because the inflamed parts are in the way of the passage of food and drink. The true cough remedy is something that will protect the throat from the ill effect of catarrhal discharges and also from the irritation of swallowing food. Such a remedy is Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam, which for many years has been curing the most obstinate coughs. It is a soothing compound prepared from bark and gum. Its beneficial effect is quickly felt and the work of healing promptly begun. If you once take Adamson's Balsam for cough, you will never be satisfied with some of it at hand for any new cough. A trial size of the Balsam can be secured of any druggist for 10 cents. The regular size is 25c. In asking for the Balsam, be sure you get the genuine, which has "F. W. Kinsman & Co." printed on the bottle.

## The Waiter Was No Linguist.

He pulled himself up at the hotel table tucked this napkin under his chin, picked up the bill of fare, and began to study it intently. Everything was in restaurant French, and he didn't like it.

"Here, waiter," he said sternly, "there's nothing on this I want."

"Ain't there nothing you would like for dinner, sir?" inquired the waiter, politely.

"Have you got any fine quis non?"

The waiter gasped.

"No, sir," he replied.

"Got any bon fide?"

"N—no, sir."

"Got any semper idem?"

"No, sir, we haven't."

"Got any jue d'esprits?"

"No, sir, not one."

"Got any tempus fugit?"

"I reckon not, sir."

"Got any soirees dansant?"

"No, sir."

The waiter was edging off.

"Got any nine die?"

"We ain't, sir."

"Got any pluribus unum?"

The waiter's face showed signs of intelligence.

"Seems to me I heard of that sir," and he rushed out to the kitchen, only to return empty handed.

"Maybe you've got some beef and cabbage and gooseberry tart?"

"Sure we have, sir," exclimed the waiter, in a tone of the utmost relief; and he fairly flew out to the kitchen.

## NEWS OF THE PASSING WEEK.

(Continued from Page Four.)

attempting to arrest him and making his escape. He is also wanted in Blooming-ton, Ill., Normal, Ill., Gertrude, Okla., and Kansas City.

An imperial Chinese edict issued June sixth announces that owing to the hot weather and the advanced age of the dowager empress, the return of the court to Peking has been postponed until Sept first which the astrologers pronounce to be a lucky day on which to commence a journey.

The first death from small pox since the epidemic broke out in Providence, R.I., occurred Saturday morning when Maria Di Luglio succumbed to the disease. The patient had a severe case which she was not able to withstand because of her weak condition. Strange as it may seem her child of six days, born while the woman was very ill, has not contracted the disease.

Two prominent physicians have reported that Miss Mabel L Burt of Bridgetown, N.J., a former Smith college student who is under arrest in the county jail at Northampton, Mass., on the charge of larceny of money, watches and jewelry to the value of \$2000 from the rooms of students of Smith college, is suffering from mental derangement and should receive treatment.

A correspondent who arrived in Wichita, Kan., Saturday night from the scene of devastation in Kay, Co., Oklahoma, says that the storm of Friday night ruined the wheat crop of 400 farm west and north-west of Blackwell. The farmers who had purchased twine and harvest machinery are asking the local dealers to take them back and the dealers have referred the matter to the factories.

Some time Sunday afternoon two U.S. army prisoners who were serving sentences on Governor's island, New York, for desertion, escaped. They embarked upon an improvised raft and drifted away from the island on the strong flood tide. The prisoners were Harry McGuire who was serving a term of 18 months for desertion and John Winship who was serving a term of two years for the same offense.

Two men gathering wood along the power canal at Ansonia, Conn., early Sunday morning discovered the dead body of Wm H. Moore, a prominent New Haven real estate man, and a two ounce bottle near by which had contained carbolic acid indicating suicide. The spot where the body was found is but a stone's throw from the home of Moore's father, who is a member of the Farrell Foundry and Machine Co. Moore leaves a widow and one child.

Three men and three girls, while sailing on the Delaware river at Philadelphia Sunday afternoon, a few miles below the city, were thrown into the water by the swamping of their skiff and the three girls were drowned. The names are: Rosie Koons, aged 17 years; Mary Koons, 19; Mamie Trainer, 22. The party were guests of the Federal Boat club. The three men were quickly hauled into other boats but the girls sank before they could be reached.

Thirteen thousand dollars more of the gold coin stolen from the First National bank of Mineral Point, Wis., on May 24, has been recovered. It was found in the vault of an outhouse of the City hotel about a block from the looted bank, at which the prisoner, Steward Jolloff, boarded. His find and the \$8,000 previously recovered comprises all the gold missing from the bank. The balance, \$5,800, is in currency and the detectives hope to recover it later.

Rep. Mercer of Nebraska, called at the White House in Washington, Saturday to ascertain the policy of the President in the matter of the reappointment of postmasters and other federal officers whose terms expire during the recess of Congress. He learned, that generally speaking, where it was the intention of the president to reappoint the present incumbents the appointments would be held over until after congress convened. In this way the necessity of filling bonds will be avoided.

Ernest Smith, the confidential man of Gen Traffic Manager T E Eger of the Clyde, S S line, died in an up-town hospital in New York Sunday morning from a fractured skull, received in a head on collision with a negro on a bicycle at 86th street and Central Park west, on Thursday last. Mr Smith has been unconscious from the time he was taken to the hospital. For nearly 24 hours his identity was unknown and his family did not know what had become of him. The police are looking for the nego.

The Rev. H. V. Von Brockhuizen of Pretoria, South Africa, the minister who closed the Voortrekker with prayer after Pres. Kruger's ultimatum had been read to

"Put Money  
In Thy Purse."

[Continued from Page Four.]

Nobody suffering from brain-fag, lack of energy, or "that tired feeling" ever puts money in his purse. *Lassitude and listlessness come from impure, sluggish blood that simply oozes through the veins. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the blood pure and gives it life, vigor and vim.*

Pimples—"My face was covered with pimples and blackheads but after taking Hood's Sarsaparilla a short time, I was entirely cured, and my skin was smooth and clear." May Ryan, North St., Chatham, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla  
Never Disappoints

that body, is in New York. He says: "our women and children, who are at present concentrated in camps established by the British, are in a horrible condition. It was bad enough when I left South Africa, but I know from letters that I have received—one only the other day from my sister—that it is a hundred times worse."

In the Grand Central station, New York, Sunday morning, a tall, well dressed man of foreign appearance, accompanied by a woman, was arrested by detectives who said they wanted him for the alleged larceny of \$2500 in England, taken from the Deutsche bank of London. The man protested that it was all a mistake. The woman, weeping, got into a cab and drove away. The prisoner was taken to Ludlow street jail. According to officers he is Dr Franz Von Berger, an alleged swindler of international notoriety. Von Berger arrived in the city from England on the Oceanic on April 16 and registered at the Waldorf Astoria. Later he moved to the Grand Union and a few days ago he left town. All of the time the detectives have been shadowing him.

## W. H. NEWMAN'S RISE.

New York Central's President Started as a Hotel Clerk at \$10 a Week.

From the post of clerk in the United States Hotel here thirty-one years ago at \$10 a week to the presidency of the New York Central Railroad with a salary of \$50,000 a year,—that is the career of W. H. Newman. If he had had visiting cards when he was a tow-headed youth in knickerbockers they probably would have read, "Bill Newman, Chicken Bristle, Metcalfe county, Ky." It is a long call from Chick-en Bristle to New York. Louisville was one of the short breaths.

Mr. Newman came to Louisville in the year he became of age, which was 1869, and secured employment as clerk in the United States Hotel through Theodore Harris, who was tavern keeper in those days but who is now president of the Louisville National Banking Company. John S. Long and Col. R. B. Hall were associated with him in the management of the hotel. The three took a fancy to Newman immediately and they liked him the more when they observed that the guests at the hotel liked him too. Newman possessed independent, a careless, but attractive freedom of manner, generous frankness and a warm hospitality, united with politeness to men and deference to women.

His capacity as clerk it is not recorded that he wore the traditional diamonds, but it is remembered that he displayed a commendable tendency to save his money. He was liberal without being extravagant and was a good fellow without running into debt.

If luck had anything to do with Mr. Newman's success it came in evidence only in connection with his departure from the United States hotel to become freight agent of the Southern Pacific road at Shreveport, La. The road had been purchased several years before by Col. R. B. Hall, John S. Long, Thomas Coleman and several other Louisville capitalists. Hall was elected President of the road. He was proud of the honor, but disliked to leave his friends in Louisville and take up his home in Shreveport among strangers.

"Come on down with me," he said to Mr. Long before he left for his new home. "I must have some one from Kentucky with me or I'll die from loneliness."

"What in the world could I do down there?" replied Mr. Long. "Why don't you take young Newman with you?"

"That's a good idea," remarked Col. Hall, "and that reminded me that he told me last night he would like to go. He's a bright fellow and I believe I'll take him."

That's how Mr. Newman got his start in the railroad business.

Only a few years previous to Mr. Newman's arrival in Shreveport, the war had been concluded and business was conducted in an indolent manner. Goods consigned to merchants passing through Mr.

Newman's hands as freight agent were taken away in wheelbarrows, handcarts and ox teams and in every other primitive way possible. The transfer system of the city had its inception in a mule and a wagon which Newman put into commission as a public dray. Instant popularity attended the enterprise and pretty soon Mr. Newman bought another mule and dray. Progressive stages of business brought three more mules and three more drays and soon Mr. Newman was more than doubling his \$75 a month salary.

He made his next important step by securing the place of general freight agent of the Southern Pacific when it was extended to Longview, named after the President of the road. When the line was merged into the Texas Pacific system in 1872, Mr. Newman retained his place under the new management at the head of which was Thomas A. Scott, as President Edgar Thomas, once President of the Pennsylvania road; John McManus, W. T. Waters and other men prominent in the early schemes of the Pennsylvania road combined with Messrs Hall, Scott and Long and other Louisville stockholders of the old Southern Pacific to build the road from Fort Worth to Dallas but the panic of 1873 retarded the work. When the road began to grow again, Mr. Newman was there and grew with it. In the quarter of a century since then, Mr. Newman has held various places of trust with the Missouri Pacific, the Chicago and Northwestern the Lake shore and other roads.

Two years ago, Mr. Long met Mr. Newman at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York.

"Well, how are you getting along," said he to Mr. Newman.

"Pretty well," answered Mr. Newman.

Which may have meant that he was thinking of the New York Central.

## A Slight Mistake.

As everyone knows, the wealthiest people are not always the most careless in small expenditures. The New York correspondent of the Pittsburg "News" tells a little story from life that illustrates the point.

The other morning, going down town on a Sixth Avenue "L" train, in New York, a woman, shabbily dressed, reached over to another seat and picked up a paper that had been left by a man who had just got off. The woman with the shabby dress had her nose buried in the paper. A philanthropist and a business man were riding in the seat back of her.

"You see," said the philanthropist, "how eager the poor working people of this country are to acquire knowledge. Now, that good woman ahead of us cannot afford to buy a paper, but she is ready, nevertheless, to gain information, and picks up a paper whether she can. Commandable, isn't it?"

Pages 9 to 16.

# PROGRESS.

Pages 9 to 16.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1901.

## Canada Wants Her French.

A very excited controversy upon the status of French Canadians in the United States and the efforts being made for their repatriation is at present being waged between the French newspapers of Montreal and Quebec on the one side and those of the French Canadian centre of the New England States on the other. Leo Richard editor of *L'Ami du Foyer* of Manchester, N. H., who is taking an active part in the discussion, vigorously replies to the Canadian pretension, that while repatriation in the past has been little more than a dream the present is a favorable opportunity for it. Mr. Richard expresses his firm belief that the contrary is the fact.

Repatriation, he says, might have been attended with a certain success during the first years of the migratory movement from Canada to the United States, and before the expatriated Canadians had acquired any special attachment to their new homes, provided that the Canadian Government of that time had closed the door to further emigration by establishing those commercial conditions within the Dominion which so many of its people went in search of on the other side of the International boundary, and if it had then sent properly accredited agents to assure their fellow countrymen in the neighboring Republic that plenty and prosperity awaited those of them who returned to their former homes.

But the opportunity so lost can never again, he says, be taken advantage of. Higher salaries than those paid to the north of the frontier have, he says, attracted thousands upon thousands of French-Canadians to the States, and these have gradually adapted themselves to the conditions of life existing there, have in time acquired the air of progress, which is breathed in every New England village and have learned to love their new home and their new country with an affection as great as that which they entertained in years gone by for the land which they left. Mr. Richard also points out that numbers of French-Canadians in the United States, out of their savings in the land of their adoption, have acquired farm lands of their own, purchased from American farmers, and with the attainment of the political rights which followed upon their naturalization, have come to take a deep interest in the public affairs of the nation and of their particular State. These are the things, says Mr. Richard and those who support his views, which bind the French Canadian population of the United States to their new country, which had no existence three-quarters of a century ago.

Various are the arguments on the other side. Sentiment is made to play a large part in them, and the home of youth and the parish church and cemetery and the alleged happiness of life among those who almost universally speak the same language and practice the same religion are among the special attractions set before the French-Canadians of the New England States in the Quebec and Montreal newspaper articles which are being distributed at present by thousands among them by the colonization agents of the Canadian Government. Mr. Richard ridicules the idea that the simple sound of the word "patriotism" and the prospect of the upbuilding of a great French-speaking and Catholic power in the northern part of North America by the union in Canada of all those of French-Canadian origin upon the continent are going to entice the bulk of the French-Canadians in the United States back to Canada. Touching the sentiment of the case, he says:

"The French-Canadians of New England have not expended all their earnings for their material and personal needs. Out of their savings they have erected magnificent churches, colleges, chapels, convents schools etc. These are their property. They have grown in dimensions with them for more than half a century. Is this not enough to retain them here? Then turn to the cemeteries where rest the bones of our parents and cousins and friends, which it would pain us almost as much to leave as it did to lay them there. This tie is another which did not exist fifty years ago."

Then, too, the high American clergy (the Bishops), composed of a different race from ours, continue to make trouble tried to entertain him by the smart baby does, too.

we live. How many of those do you think would go to Canada to live? These conditions could not be invoked some years ago. Is this not enough? Nor is it all. Two generations of Canadians have already lived in the United States since the period of French Canadian immigration commenced. Their marriages have produced immense numbers of children. These children were born in the United States. For those men of heart among them who respect the land of their fathers, as you respect yours, the United States is their country. Does any one think that these so called French Canadians are ready to go to Canada? For them it would be no repatriation, but emigration. And their number today constitutes four fifths of the French population of the United States. Take them if you are able."

La Soleil, Sir Wilfrid Laurier's personal and political organ, of which he was for some time the editor, is publishing a series of articles in opposition to Mr. Richard's stand on the subject, one of which urges that the Federal Ministers should go on a pilgrimage to the New England States and preach the doctrine of repatriation. It is alleged among other things that the present condition of the Canadian operatives in the American factory towns is little better than that of serfs, while Canada is taking such rapid strides both industrial and agricultural prosperity that higher wages could now be secured here than in New England.

But the most serious allegations concerning the status of French-Canadians in the United States have just been published here by a physician who has resided for some years among them. Dr. Alphonse Lessard, the person in question, declares that the majority of these people are treated by those among whom they live as belonging to an inferior race, that as soon as they arrive in the United States they find themselves in an atmosphere that is vicious from every point of view, vice triumphing, evil examples taking root, debauchery and drunkenness flourishing in the streets in broad daylight and everything else that tends to the destruction of the soul as well as the body. Little by little, he says, this condition of affairs insinuates itself into the hearts of the new arrivals, until, generally speaking, two years suffice to bring them all to the same level. He continues his diatribe against the alleged immorality of life in the New England manufacturing centres in this vein:

"Look on the street and tell me if it is not atrocious to see children of 8 or 9 years of age and of both sexes using the most horrible blasphemies. Their parents who work in the factories, cannot take the children with them, and so they are thrown together, children of all ages and of both sexes, in big buildings erected near the factories and almost without any surveillance. When all the debts of the week are paid these poor people are quite satisfied if there is a fifty cent piece left, to buy a gallon of beer, which the whole family will unite in drinking on Sunday."

"And it is quite easy to find a drug store, which, under the pretence of selling soda water, is neither more nor less than a dirty bar, where all kinds of poisons are sold under the name of brandy and whiskey. Deprivations of all kinds follow, vice reigns supreme and the unclean plague makes innumerable victims."

"You young doctors who have established yourselves in American centres know how true this is. Is it not true that as a condition of success the attempt has very often been made to impose upon you the practice of guilty manoeuvres, which honor as well as religion, I require you to refuse? I hope that I am properly understood. Let anyone contradict me who dare. \*\*\*"

The father of the family gradually abandoned church, because it costs him 10 or 15 cents a Sunday to go to mass, which would diminish so much the beer that he would have to drink that day, and he neglected to have his children baptised because of the cost.

Bilkins—Why are you so excited over the prospect of an international yacht race? You don't know a catboat from a cutter?

Wilkins—No; but I have a nautical friend who always tells me which way to bet.

Such are some of the means adopted to aid the colonization agents of the Canadian Government in their attempts to repatriate the French-Canadians living in the United States, and to prevent the exodus from Canada of more of them.

**BATTLES DRIVEN TO THE WALL.**

Birds and King Snakes Killing Them On

Fast in Arizona.

In a country where a quarter of a century ago a rattlesnake was to be found under every rock and in every hillock, the reptile is rapidly becoming a rarity. With his human relative, the Apache, the rattler is disappearing from Arizona, and is now found only in the most isolated districts.

To the advance of civilization and the unremitting warfare of the road runner and the king snake may be attributed the extermination of the rattler. Wherever irrigation has found its way, the rattlesnake has been driven to higher ground, and there the prospector and miner have slain him whenever and wherever found. The road runner, that long-legged, feathered warrior, the fighting cock of the desert, has done his part and done it well.

Much resembling, but more lightly constructed than the fighting cock, the road runner is one of the most dreaded enemies of the rattler. In fact, so great are his snake-killing propensities that heavy penalties are provided by the Territorial statute as a protection to him from the gun of a hunter. Apparently immune to the venom in the poison sac of the rattler, the broad runner attacks the largest snake with impunity, and was never known to loose a fight. Frequently, indeed, the road runner has been known to battle with and kill a pair of large diamond rattlers, whose total weight was five times that of his own.

Not so common an enemy to the rattlesnake, but no less deadly, is the king snake a large species of the bull snake family. Rarely seen in the lower countries, but often found in the northern forests and higher mountains, the king snake wages constant warfare on the rattler, and when his great lith form coils around the body of the rattlesnake, the life of the latter is a matter of only a few seconds.

Herbert Housland, a prospector, had an experience with a rattler, a king snake and a road runner a few days ago which he will not soon forget. He was with a party in the Bradshaw mountains, south of Prescott, and was guarding camp for the day. He had lain down to sleep when he was suddenly aroused, to find and a great rattlesnake coiled upon his breast.

"I almost suffocated from fearing to breath lest I should be bitten," he said. "The snake was greatly excited and in a minute I saw the cause. A king snake was trying to excite the rattler to combat, and my person was the chosen battle ground. The king snake had probably forced the rattler to refuge upon my body, and following up his aggressive tactics was running in a circle around the rattler very rapidly. He crossed my breast from left to right and my thigh from right to left, and within less than a foot of the rattler's body.

"The velocity of the snake was most wonderful. It seemed to be one continuous ring, and part of the time I could seemingly see three or four rings at once. I made a slight movement with my right foot which attracted the rattler's attention for an instant, and that was fatal to him. At that one false movement of his eyes, the king snake darted in and seized the rattler by the throat, close up to his head, and began instantly to coil round his victim.

"They rolled off me in their death struggle and became one tangled mass for ten minutes, when the rattler's sounds died away gradually. While I lay exhausted from my fight a road runner darted out of a bush and, grabbing the two snakes in his beak, began to drag them away. The weight was too great, but he killed the king snake by a blow from his long bill, and ran away as I rose. I threw the two reptiles into the bushes and there the bird and his mate devoured them.

Bilkins—Why are you so excited over the prospect of an international yacht race?

Wilkins—No; but I have a nautical friend who always tells me which way to bet.

## Early Boating at Yale.

"It takes me back to the old days with startling force," said the old Yale oarsman, "when I ran up to New Haven in the spring and drop in the crew at practice."

The strongest part of it is the difference between the way the college boys go at the sport nowadays and the way we did in the early 60s. The thing that strikes an old man most is the great and minute organization of all branches of athletics, the splendid drill of the athletes, the diet, training table and coaches. Forty years ago went at it in an impulsive sort of way, every man taking care of himself, and we had no training table or coaches.

"Nowadays there are class crews, and all of these eights are selected apparently after the hardest kind of competition, the end and aim of the season being, of course,

the great Varsity and Freshman races with Harvard on the Thames. When I was in college the great intercollegiate races were just starting, and the chief interest was centred in home talent. There was as much talk in my time of whether Varuna or Glyuna boat club would win the annual regatta on the Quinipiac as there is today regarding Yale and Harvard on the Thames.

"Previous to my time there had been some fifteen boats used by the student oarsmen, mostly six eared without coxswains, but some eight eared or four oared. In '58 I think it was, the various boat clubs were organized under one general college flag and about forty boats entered the races each year, until '69, when the English University plan was adopted, changing the class clubs for general university clubs.

This plan was in force when I was at Yale, and the club to which I belonged was made up of men from all classes. In the early 60s there were fifteen boats in commission ranging from 45 to 46-foot Spanish cedar shells and 45 foot lap streaked gigs to 33

foot barges built for four oars.

"In my day, when the English university plan was at its height, the total enrollment of the navy was 330 men. The Varuna club had 153 men and five boats, three shells, a gig and a barge; Glyuna had 108 men and five boats, two shells, a gig and two barges; Nixie had 28 men and three boats, a shell, a barge and a gig; while Undine, which was a club made up of scientific school men, or engineers, as we called them, had 23 men and two boats, a shell and a barge. The aggregation of clubs was called the Yale navy, at the head of which was a commodore. There was an intense rivalry among the clubs.

"Our boats were mere shells, and were often marvels of the boatmaker's art.

When the boats were moored in open water at Riker's before we had a boathouse, it was not uncommon for our barges or shells to release themselves and float across to Long Island shores, where they were chopped up by some lonely fisherman for firewood or towed back in waterlogged condition to New Haven and returned to their owners on payment of heavy salvage. One famous boat was called the Centipede and was owned by sixteen sophomores. It won the only race it ever entered, its competitor, the Nautilus, having been secretly handicapped the night before the race by a large rock securely and feloniously fastened to its keel.

"One early barge that I remember was called the Shawmut, and had been originally built for an infantry company in Boston. It was an eight eared 30 foot boat, and there were stern seats for passengers, and a raised platform where the captain stood and directed his crew. This barge broke from its moorings in a storm one night and was later beached on Long Island, and, where it went to pieces. The Osceola

Continued on Page Sixteen.

## Still in the Lead!

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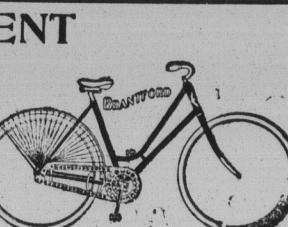
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## The Mystery of Muriel's Life.

IN TWO INSTALMENTS—PART II.

'You are very lenient,' answered Ramona. 'I heartily reciprocate your good opinion and trust I may not do ought to forfeit it. Now, listen, comrade! Our laws are wise. Iniquity is at the root of them, and bribery and corruption form the stem. I would alter this if I could. I would risk fortune and life to do so. Come amigo amio, and see if I have cause for my indignation. My countrymen shrug their shoulders and smile at the inquiry. You will do neither. No man with feeling could.'

The reached the gaol, a gloomy, stone building, and Hugh shuddered as he entered the place.

A warder showed them over it, and, descending to the vaults they passed many a dungeon, where helpless men were immured perhaps for life.

At last they stopped at one of the cells and the warden opened the door, motioning them to enter.

A man was stretched on some straw, and as the warden flashed his lamp upon him, the wretched prisoner lay so still that Hugh imagined he must be dead.

'This one, senor,' exclaimed the gaoler 'is a prisoner awaiting his trial; but, between you and me, he will never be tried.'

'Of what is he accused?' demanded Hugh.

'Treason! His guilt is fully known; but I believe there is not sufficient evidence to convict him. Thus he will wait; but I think he will not wait long. Get up!'

The warder kicked the sleeper, who sat up and revealed a face so full of misery and so wasted with suffering that Hugh felt a thrill of horror.

The prisoner rose to his feet, and his dark eyes stared so fiercely at the brutal warden that the latter half-drew his sword. Suddenly the prisoner sprang forward and dealt the Mexican a blow in the face, that sent him senseless to the floor.

'Perhaps they will take my life now,' he said defiantly. 'I am prepared. Death would be mercy. Why don't you call the guard?'

'Not I,' answered Hugh, in the best Spanish he could command. 'Nor do I think my friend will. Why not make a bold dash for freedom? You may meet death, but it is your only chance of escape from the dungeon with my life.'

'My friend speaks truly!' exclaimed Ramona. 'Go! Lock the dungeon door so that we may have an excuse for not following you. Turn to the left, ascend the steps, then trust to chance for the rest.'

'May Heaven bless you for this noble deed,' exclaimed the wretched man fervently, then he sprang to the door, and they heard the key grate in the lock.

Several minutes elapsed ere the warden regained consciousness; then, sitting up, he gazed wildly round the dungeon.

'The rascal had escaped and locked us in,' said Ramona calmly.

'Heavens! Then I am lost,' gasped the terrified man.

'Not at all,' replied Ramona; 'the governor is a friend of mine. I will bear you out that it was thought no fault of yours.'

'I ought to have locked the door, but I thought he was too weak to attempt an escape.'

'They may catch him.'

'True, senor. But, then also may escape. There will be no soldiers about at this time, and the warders are at supper.'

'It does not signify. We can easily prove you were not to blame. I suppose we shall soon be released.'

'I hope so, unless that villain has taken the keys with him. It is useless to call for help. No one can hear us here.'

Nearly an hour elapsed, however, before they were released, and when they went before the governor, Hugh was simply astounded at the cool manner in which he treated the prisoner's escape, while he smoked one of Ramona's cigars.

'It's unfortunate,' he remarked, 'but I think the poor wretch was innocent. However, it can't be helped. You had better put another prisoner in that cell, warden.'

'Should search be made for the escaped one, senor?'

'No, I think not. It would cause a lot of trouble. As it is, no one will miss him. Well good-night, gentlemen.'

### CHAPTER IV.

A few nights later La Estrella was being driven to her home, accompanied by her mother.

As they drew up at the house a man staggered from the doorway, where he had been crouching.

There was something so utterly dejected and feeble in his gait that the beautiful girl's heart was filled with pity.

'My poor fellow!' she said. 'Do you need aid?'

He turned and revealed the features of the escaped prisoner; then he started back with a cry of dismay.

Inez stepped forward, and, with dilated eyes, gazed at his haggard face.

'Am I dreaming?' she cried. 'Oh, speak! My darling, speak!'

'Inez! Dame I hope love me even as I am now?'

'Jack, they told me you were dead,' sobbed Inez.

'Quick! Come this way,' cried her mother, leading them into the house.

Then, as she left them, Inez was clasped to her loved one's breast.

'Did that man speak falsely in saying

that you had fought a duel? she inquired, when the first transports of joy at this strange meeting were past.

'No, my Inez,' he answered. 'We fought, and he believed that he had killed me.'

My seconds bore me to a little hut, and even they believed at first that I was dead. For many weeks I lay hovering between life and death. Then, when that miscreant Stanton learned that I was recovering, he had me arrested on some false charge.'

'What it really was I never know, but ever since then I have been kept in a vile dungeon, and treated worse than some wild beast. Were it not for two brave men, who aided my escape, I should have ended my days in that place. I would have fled, but was penniless. Thank Heaven I did not do so, or we should not have met.'

While the lovers were talking over their future plans, Hugh Allingham's vessel had sailed.

To his surprise he met Stanton on board.

Hugh had taken his passage on a sailor, partly for the sake of economy and partly because there was little of object to him.

Hour after hour he would sit on deck, trying to gain in fathom the mystery which separated him from the woman he loved so dearly.

Something told him that Stanton could have revealed it, but they never spoke to each other, and Hugh knew it would be worse than useless to attempt to question him.

One night a storm arose. Wild waves burst upon the vessel, and the fierce wind swept the spray over her.

Through the black heavens the forked lightning darted, and the crashing thunder drowned the tempest's roar.

Hugh stood upon the deck watching the raging storm.

It had no terrors for him, and he dreaded the loneliness of his cabin.

The sailor marvelled, as they hurried to and fro to fulfil their arduous duties, how a man could be so mad as to remain on deck in such a storm when he might be in his berth.

Fiercer and fiercer grew the tempest; then a blinding flash of light filled Hugh's eyes, and a mighty explosion, more awful than anything he had ever heard, burst upon him, while he was hurled to the vessel's deck.

Presently he struggled to his feet.

He could hear the crashes of thunder, but he saw nothing new.

From side to side he turned, and stretch forth his arms hopelessly.

He was blind.

They got him below, and the ship's doctor did what he could.

'Well, doctor, how is your patient progressing?' inquired the captain the following morning; when the storm had somewhat abated.

'Badly. He is blinded.'

'Blinded, eh?' exclaimed the captain.

'That's bad! He's an artist too. I'm sorry for him.'

The captain would have spoken much the same had a man been washed overboard. He was not a bad-hearted man; but a life at sea makes one somewhat callous.

And Hugh sat in the cabin, helpless and hopeless.

Through storm and sunshine the vessel ploughed her way, and she reached port in safety.

Hugh was desperate.

Blindness was the most awful fate that could have befallen him.

While he had sight he could always earn a good living with his talent; now starvation stared him in the face.

When he landed at the docks he possessed only ten pounds.

He was alone in the great city, with that awful veil of blackness upon him.

A sailor found him a home, and refused to take the money Hugh offered him for his kindness.

The home was but a garret; but what did it signify to the artist in his blindness?

He heard the church clock strike six; then he listened for it to chime the quarter, and it seemed that an hour had passed before it did so.

To know that he must spend days, weeks, months, in that misery distracted him.

He felt the blood flush to his brain at the very thought, in a manner that made him believe he was going mad.

At last the landlady knocked at his door.

'Will you have some tea, sir?' she inquired.

'No, thank you.'

'Shall I bring a lit—I mean, shall I draw yer blind?'

'I'll choose.'

'He seems a surly sort,' she said to her husband, when she returned to that inescapable individual.

'I suppose he'll pay all right?' he answered.

'If he don't he'll soon go!' snapped his wife.

'He's given me a week in advance, and his box will pay for another week or more.'

'How do you know? It may be empty.'

'Do you think I'm as blind as he is?'

'Inez! Dame I hope love me even as I am now?'

'Jack, they told me you were dead,' sobbed Inez.

'Quick! Come this way,' cried her mother, leading them into the house.

Then, as she left them, Inez was clasped to her loved one's breast.

'Did that man speak falsely in saying

that he was all the commotion the wretched Hugh received.

Hour after hour passed by.

The chiming of that clock was driving him nearly mad.

The footsteps in the street died away, until only the moaning of the wind disturbed the silence of the night.

At last he groped his way to the bed, and threw himself upon it without undressing, and sleep came presently to his relief.

He dreamt that he was once more roaming amongst the Surrey hills with Muriel.

Again he could see her golden-brown hair as the light of the setting sun fell upon it, and the sweet sound of chiming bell floated from the old church tower.

He awoke with a start.

He could still hear the chiming bells for it was Sunday morning; but he could not see the fields and trees, nor Muriel.

Now the thought occurred to him to communicate with his uncle, and he got the landlady to write the letter at his dictation.

In due course an answer came, but it was from a firm of lawyers, and Hugh learnt that the old clergyman had gone to the rest he deserved so well.

He had left only a few hundred pounds, and this was willed to Hugh.

The weary time passed on, and so terrible was the monotony, that the young artist longed for death.

CHAPTER V.

From the night that Hugh had left Hazlemere Muriel never mentioned his name to her aunt.

The summer passed and the winter storms showed round the old mansion, but neither of the ladies ever complained of its loneliness.

One night as Miss Neal was sitting by herself, she was startled by a tapping at the casement window.

Stepping towards it, she drew the blind aside, then started back, for a man's face was pressed against the glass.

An exclamation of dismay escaped her.

She knew that face well, and had good cause to loathe and dread the man.

He was James Stanton.

For some moments the old lady hesitated, then, opening the window, she motioned him to enter the room.

'How dare you come here, James Stanton?' she demanded sternly.

'How dare I?' he sneered. 'Well, that's cool! I have come to see Muriel.'

'Then you shall not,' she answered, fixing her eyes upon him.

'If my information is correct, that is not your house,' said Stanton.

'It is hers,' retorted Miss Neal. 'Yet I order you to leave it.'

'What right have you to interfere?'

'I have the right to shield my dear niece from trouble. You promised never to annoy her. Is this how you keep your promise?'

I have a message for her that will—'

'Give the message to me and I will deliver it, if it is such that she should receive.'

'Not now!' exclaimed Stanton. 'But I give you my word of honor that—'

'Your word of honor?' exclaimed Miss Neal.

'Your word is not to be relied on. You have no sense of shame or honor about you. You think that you can terrorize helpless women, coward that you are!'

'By heaven! never man spoke to me like that!'

'A man!' cried the old lady, tremulous with indignation. 'If I were a man, you would not dare to venture here, because you would horsewhip you.'

'You will make me forget that you are a woman!' cried Stanton furiously.

Since you have forgotten that you are a man, it would not be very surprising,' retorted the old lady.

'I do not wish to bandy words with you,' said Stanton. 'I came here to see Muriel—and see her I will, even if I cause a scandal in the place. Send her down to me. I will not leave this room until she comes.'

'You say you will not go?' cried Miss Neal.

'I swear I will not,' answered Stanton firmly.

'We shall see!' retorted the old lady, leaving the room.

'I wish against me that you will not do this,' said Stanton.

'I wish against me that you will not do this,' retorted Stanton.

'I wish against me that you will not do this,' said Stanton.

'I wish against me that you will not do this,' said Stanton.

'I wish against me that you will not do this,' said Stanton.

## Sunday Reading.

A True Story.

The official report of the Board of Health of Louisiana, a few years ago, contained a story as inspiring and as tragic as any in fiction.

An old woman named Ours, an Acadian, living in a village in St. Mary's parish, when sixty years of age developed leprosy. She had two sons and a daughter, but one after another they fled, leaving their mother alone.

There was in the village a young woman "a cheerful, healthy person," says the report, "upon whom no one was dependent." Finding that Madame Ours was deserted by her family, this girl made ready to go for the evening fire.

The leper's house stood in a lonely place surrounded by an acre of ground. The sick woman was not permitted to leave this enclosure. When Mary—her last name is not given—made known her intention, the villagers held her back, almost by force, declaring that if she went she, too, must be imprisoned with the leper; and that Madame Ours was a stranger, with no claim upon her. To this the girl replied that her religion told her that she must go.

At first they had a goat whose milk, together with bread, was their only food, and the old mother had strength enough to take the goat out to browse along the roads, while she herself gathered deadwood for the evening fire.

Suppose she were to get lost,' they would say, 'or fall into the ditch. How could we go to find her when we have no eyes?'

But now they are freed from his anxiety,

for the mother is bedridden and has gone blind. And the two sisters are twice as tender to her whom they have never seen, and who can never see them. They work twice as hard to procure what may soften her decline.

They rack their brains to amuse her, they strive to keep her neat, and what seems to me an adorable touch, when they change her linen they always piously wash the poor, coarse garments in front of the fire made by a few dead branches, for which they have groped in the woods.

Never have they asked an alms, never

has murmur or lament been known to pass their lips. Sunk in this night that never ends, groping and feeling about with their hands to aid this mother, who also spreads her hands in equal darkness, they show only sweetness of temper, one may even say an invincible contentment.

### A GREAT CANADIAN MISSIONARY.

Dr. Mackay of Formosa, Famous Throughout East and West. Dead There.

A missionary famous throughout the world has just died in Formosa, where for thirty years he had labored to complete one of the most successful missionary enterprises in modern times. The dead missionary is the Rev. Dr. N. G. L. Mackay of the Canadian Presbyterian Church, one of the best missionary authorities on the Chinese and their language.

According to a brief cable despatch received in Toronto he died of cancer of the throat, from which, as his intimate friends had known, he had been suffering for several months.

For nearly thirty years the name of Dr. Mackay has been linked with that of Formosa. Since 1891, except while on two brief furloughs, he had lived on the island. He has founded there between sixty and seventy churches, a hospital, schools and a college, which he called Oxford, for the training of a native ministry and for the higher education of the girls of the island.

He landed there, the first missionary, thirty years ago. There are now at least thirty-five women missionaries besides those on the island and there are eight day schools for the education of the children of Christian homes. All this is directly the result of Dr. Mackay's work.

"He was a whole college in himself," was the comment of the head of his society on hearing of his death.

Dr. Mackay wielded great influence in Formosa, both under Chinese and Japanese rule. He himself married a Formosan woman in 1878 and by her had a son and two daughters. Both of the daughters married Chinamen and are engaged in mission work. To Formosa and his work there, in fact, Dr. Mackay's whole life and interest were pledged.

In 1894 he went home to Canada for a year. The general assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Canada elected him Moderator and everywhere where the fame of his work had reached he was received with honor, but he could not be persuaded to remain. In a year he was back at his work in his beloved Formosa.

When the land was ceded by China to Japan at the close of the war between the countries Dr. Mackay exerted a powerful influence for good in reconciling the Chinese population to their new rulers. He was constantly consulted about the affairs of the island.

He was the author of two works—"From Far Formosa; the Island, Its People and Missions," and a "Chinese Romanized Diction-

ary of the Formosan Vernacular," as well as several lectures on the flora and fauna of Formosa, delivered before the Canadian Institute.

This tribute to him was paid by the secretary of his church's foreign missions when news of his death received:

"When Dr. Mackay landed in Formosa in 1871 there was none before him, none to welcome him. He found his home in a stable and immediately acquainting himself with those around him began to learn the language. He has shown a limitless amount of courage; nothing could daunt him. He was a man of intense fervor of spirit, which has never been quenched by any adverse circumstances he has met. I consider his missionary work the most successful of modern times."

### PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

The Problem of Caring for those Who Visit Buffalo Next Summer Being Solved By

### DR. PIERCE'S FREE BUREAU OF INFORMATION.

With a liberality which characterizes all enterprises undertaken by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, the founder of the World's Dispensary, he has established a free bureau of information and assistance, free to visitors and householders.

The purpose of this Bureau is to provide a headquarters for visitors to the Exposition, where mail may be addressed and delivered. To furnish conveniences for correspondence, such as writing desks, stationary, etc. To provide a list of desirable accommodations for guests which will obviate the tiresome search for lodgings in a strange city. To give information concerning Buffalo and the adjacent points of interest, in order that the visitors may do their sight seeing with economy of time and money. To help visiting friends in any way consistent with the proposed scope of the Bureau.

### ITS CENTRAL LOCATION.

This Bureau is located in a beautiful old mansion of Buffalo, at 652 Main St., just opposite the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of which Dr. R. V. Pierce is chief medical director. The Free Bureau is fitted up with reception rooms, wash-rooms, dressing-rooms, parlors, and all conveniences for out-of-town visitors.

Dr. Pierce's Free Bureau had its origin in the desire of the Doctor to be of some aid and assistance to the sixty odd thousand druggists and dealers, who are mostly his customers, as well as his old patients; but when the plan was formulated it was found that it would take little more effort and expense to care for everybody who might need the Bureau's assistance.

When visitors arrive in Buffalo, they go straight to the Bureau, at 652 Main Street, and ask for the needed accommodation.

### NOT FOR PROFIT.

No bureau organized for profit can afford to do what Dr. Pierce is doing, and no other bureau could attempt it by reason of lack of facilities and the great expense involved.

Dr. Pierce has arranged to make your visit inexpensive, free from annoyance and anxiety, and give you every minute of time to enjoy the wonderful Exposition and its manifold features of charming interest.

Dr. Pierce believes that a great medical institution like his "World's Dispensary," that is in constant touch with thousands of people, has other obligations besides those of a commercial nature.

It may contribute to the pleasure and comfort of humanity, even in cases where the profit is not immediately apparent.

Impelled by these principles, he has organized a Bureau to furnish Pan-American visitors with accommodations and such information, guidance and direction, when they arrive in Buffalo, as will help them to spend their vacation in the most agreeable manner.

The question of where are you going to lodge is of prime importance and should be settled first of all. Have all mail, telegrams and parcels sent in care of the Bureau, if you wish. Use their waiting rooms and parlors. Ask them about special rates and excursions to Niagara, the Whirlpool Rapids, Toronto, Chautauqua, up the Great Lakes, down the St. Lawrence. Reliable information on any and every point of interest to tourist will be cheerfully granted. Remember, there is no charge or fee for any service rendered by Dr. Pierce's Bureau.

"My wife didn't stay but a week down at her mother's."

"Homesick?"

"No; but her younger sisters admired our baby so much they nearly washed it to pieces."

"Paw," said little Willie Gettit, "give me 10 cents to buy a story book with."

"Ten cents!" shrieked the old gentleman. "Do you think I am Andy Carnegie?"

**MEN'S FASHIONS.**

Solomon in all his Glory Could Not Equal the Men of to day.

Verily, we sit down and make much talk concerning the garb of woman.

And about with a large voice that she is bent in the brains when it comes to garments.

And that she would attire herself in a carpet sack cut on the bias if it were the fashion to do so.

We point the finger of scorn at her if she is in style.

And we pass her up if she is not.

Woman has a hard time of it, truly.

She must endure the sarcastic remarks of proud men concerning the dresses she wears.

And those she wisheth to wear.

And about as hard a time as she hath is getting the money from her husband to buy what she getteth.

But let us think a few times at the mark which is known as man.

Verily, he maketh of himself a sight to drive some folks to strong drink.

He changeth the manner of his garb each season, even as woman.

But he doth not make over last season's raiment to meet this season's plans and specifications.

Not any.

Nay, nay, my son; he bieth unto the tailor and sayeth unto him:

"What is the latest wrinkle in trousers?"

And the tailor sheweth him that the waist is half an inch looser and the knee one inch tighter and the foot just about the same.

And these the two feet longer.

And the coat, as the tailor sheweth him, is cut swaybacked, and hath a bustle effect around the tails thereof, and the button holes must be so far apart or the man will be out of style.

And necessarily dead to the world.

And man putteth in himself the garments when they are done.

And he putteth upon the top of his head a hat which hath a rim like unto the flange of an opened oyster can, and the crown thereof hath the appearance of a discouraging pancake.

For a man's shoes that are cut low in the ankle and wide in the toe and high in the heel.

And he gargeth his feet also with socks that can be heard a mile off on a still morning.

Which also have open work and drop stiches and other millinery effects.

Also he weareth a shirt which hath the complexion of a fire alarm and the beauty of a pied rainbow.

Yes, and he carryeth a cane which looketh like an overgrown lead pencil.

Now, when he hath inserted himself into this collection of glad garments, he sayeth unto himself:

"Surely I am the warmest proposition that ever ambled down the macadamized highway."

"Verely, there are no other charters in the human race except yours truly."

"And I am glad in my heart that I am not foolish about clothing like the women are."

Verily, my son, man is a large and un-called bluff as to garb.

He is just as much to the gabble when it cometh to a new suit as is the woman who wanted two new roses and 10 cents worth of lace on last year's bonnet.

Solomon in all his glory was not arapped as man now is, for he was a wise man.

Also he had to buy cloths for several hundred wives.

### VENEERED DIAMONDS.

How the Most Deceptive of Artificial Gems are Made.

The demand for jewelry has of late years increased to such an extent that it has been found necessary to cope with it by artificial means.

Quite recently, M. Moisson, a French scientist, has discovered how to make real diamonds out of sugar with the aid of electricity, and other savants have been equally successful with carbon, but the stones are small, and do not meet the requirements of the million, which prefers large jewels at a low price.

It is at Clerkenwell that the artificial gem fraternity gather, and more "diamonds" emanate from that prosaic neighborhood in the course of the year than from Kimberley, although their respective values cannot be compared. Every precious stone is now successfully imitated, and sold from sixpence to as much as £5, according to size and quality.

Artificial diamonds have been made for more than a hundred years, the process being first discovered by a German named Strass, and the peculiar kind of glass that bears his name exactly resembles the diamond when cut. Strass is nothing more than rock crystal, to which borax, arsenic, potash and other chemicals have been added. The ingredients when thoroughly pulverized and sifted are placed in a crucible.

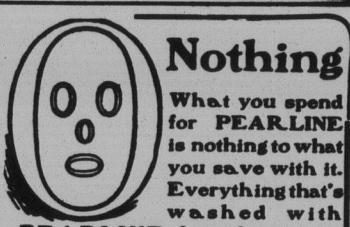
"My wife didn't stay but a week down at her mother's."

"Homesick?"

"No; but her younger sisters admired our baby so much they nearly washed it to pieces."

"Paw," said little Willie Gettit, "give me 10 cents to buy a story book with."

"Ten cents!" shrieked the old gentleman. "Do you think I am Andy Carnegie?"



## Nothing

What you spend for PEARLINE

is nothing to what you save with it.

Everything that's

washed with

PEARLINE lasts longer.

It saves clothes from wear and

tear—keeps them and you look-

ing fresh and new. PEARLINE

economy is known to millions

of women. Ask about it. They

will say—better than soap or

ordinary washing powders. cost

ible and subjected to enormous heat in a furnace. The melting occupies from twenty to thirty five hours, and skill is needed to see that the proper temperature is maintained or the strass comes out cloudy and useless.

At the expiration of that kind the crucible is removed and placed in another chamber where the heated atmosphere is permitted to gradually cool and solidify the mass, which is then ready to be cut as required.

Exactly the same process is followed in making emeralds, except that large proportions of fine white sand and green oxide of chrome are melted into the strass.

Opals are by far the most difficult stones to imitate; indeed, it is only within the last decade that they have been successfully copied with the aid of electricity and solution of silicates.

So far the work has been practically easy but it now becomes difficult in the extreme and only the most skilful workmen are engaged in the department through which the strass next passes. The 'diamonds' that are sold for a few pence each are merely pieces of white strass cut by machinery, and a yellow tint can be detected in them. But the more costly gems though made of the same material, are subjected to a delicate process known as 'facing-up.'

Each one is aware that when real diamonds are cut a quantity of fine dust is given off which is apparently valueless.

But lapidaries collect the sweepings from the tables and sell them to the makers of artificial gems at £4 per pound, who purify them with acid that destroys everything but the pure diamond dust. This is mixed with another acid and placed under enormous pressure, which results in sheets of diamond dust as thin as paper being given off.

The facets of the sham stone are then covered with transparent cement and a layer of diamond paper laid upon them. When dry, the false jewels, veneered with the real dust, are so similar to the genuine stones that they are often set in pure gold, for no one but an expert can detect the difference and then only with the aid of a powerful magnifying glass. This is, of course, the most expensive artificial gem made inasmuch as one that has been properly veneered cannot be purchased for less than 10s.

Thus it will be seen that no small amount of skill is required to make imitation stones, and the workmen in the cutting, polishing and facing-up departments can command high wages. In the first named, £3 10s to £5 per week is the average salary, while those who undertake the delicate task of veneering and by no means too highly remunerated at the rate of from £3 to £6 per week. No metal work is done at the factories where these stones are made, the setting being left to other firms, who receive the gems in cases holding from 100 to 500 each. Large quantities are used for theatrical purposes the best are set in gold rings and brooches, but the majority find their way into the collections of 'jewels

## Talk With a Bookmaker.

Ike Thompson, one of the most widely-known bookmakers in the United States, was in a discursive humor during the ride out to the track the other afternoon. He is a man of fifty three. He has been watching the running horses for about forty years. For about thirty years of that time he has been connected with the speculative end of the thoroughbred game.

The game is easier for the public and harder for the bookmakers than it used to be,' he said. 'I should say that about three fourths of the money taken in by the bookmakers nowadays is educated money. That is to say, it is money shovled along by men who know, or think they know, what they are doing; money that's invested on the strength of information, good or bad, or on the public or private form of the horses.

This did not use to be the case. The great majority of the racetrack bettors of ten or fifteen years ago were chance players who didn't know or pretend to know much about the animals they bet on. There were regulars, from players, then, of course, but the regulars are numbered by the thousands.

Most of the 8,000 or 10,000 men who will subject themselves to the discomfort and actual misery of visiting a racetrack on such cold, rainy days as we had in April and May belong to the class of regulars. They know, or imagine they know, the bad track form of the horses as well as the good track form, and they can't bear to miss a chance to bet on their ideas, no matter what the state of the weather. Now, many of these regulars are men who engage in some other business aside from betting on the racetracks; yet there is an astonishing number of chaps who don't do anything else the year round but bet on the horses.

The dope charts have served to educate racegoers almost to a point where it is pretty near an even break nowadays between the layers and the talent. You won't find one racetrack visitor out of a hundred putting his money down on a horse at this stage of the game without having previously doped his horse out on the charts. That's what makes the path of the bookmaker of this day a good deal more rocky and uncertain than it used to be.

'Public form is a pretty good thing. After all, it is far and away the best line on the horses. It beats private trials and so-called cinch information and the bunch system of playing them all to smithereens in the long run. The majority of the bettors are fully aware of this fact, too. That they are aware of it is shown by the fact that touting is all but a dead game around the metropolitan tracks.

'The player's go to the form of the horses, and the conservative, level-headed ones among them get the money. If all the racetrack bettors were just one-half as conservative as a select clique of bettors with whom I am acquainted, the bookmakers wouldn't last long. They'd be put out of business.

'For example, George Smith (Pittsburg) is one of the most conservative racetrack gamblers in the game despite the very general public impression to the contrary. He is a plunger it is true, but he is conservative in his plunges; that is to say, he doesn't plunge indiscriminately and wildly but only when he thinks he has found the spot. Then he goes to the limit. He falls down at times, but when he does he rarely has to reproach himself with having done any foolish betting. He plays the races that he likes, and only those. I don't suppose Smith ever bet on all the races on a day's card in his life.

'That's where the average bettor at a racetrack makes his mistake. He goes in to skin the card. Now, there have been instances in which lucky men have beat all the races on a day's card, but such instances are powerfully few and far between. Nine-tenths of the men who visit the racetrack occasionally bet on every race on the bill of fare. It doesn't make any difference to them whether the race is a maiden two-year-old affair with eighteen starters, or a match race between two horses of virtually the same ability, they'll string their money along for the sake of getting action one way or the other. I hope they'll always continue to do this. The occasional's practice of playing the entire menu, no matter whether the races are hard or easy, is one of the best factors in our percentage.'

'There is rarely or never a day at the tracks in this neighborhood when there is not at least one race that stands out above the others for safety. I mean a race in

which one of the horses entered clearly outclasses all of the others booked to compete with him. Now, if the occasional visitors to the tracks, instead of shoving their money off in a vain attempt to pick the winners of all six races, would pick out this one race, the main contender in which towers above the others on public form and invest all of the money they've brought along with them, and that they would otherwise slice up into six different bets, on the chances of the good horse in a soft spot, they'd be handling the boys on the stools some bumps that would drive many of them out of the game. But, no, they won't or they can't do this, and they probably never will do it.

'They want to have a financial interest in one of every flock that traipses to the post. I know two cool headed chaps who've been playing but one race on the day's card for about five years. They single out the race in which the good horse is entered with a lot of musts, and they play that horse. They've been way to the good ever since they began that kind of play. Before they began it, they, like most of the rest, were in the habit of going against the whole card, with the result that they had to do some tall digging for money to keep in the game.

'They win perhaps four bets out of five by picking out the good race on the day's card and playing it for their limit. I long ago learned not to take their money. Their self possessed system made them too good for the well being of my sheets.

'Wise to the horse game as George Smith is—and I consider him the most remarkable horse player in this or any other country, a man of almost phenomenal sagacity in his line—there's not a doubt in life that he'd go broke in less than one season if he ran amuck and attempted to play all the races every day, or even half of them.

'Smith has been known to sit up in the stand for days at a time, chewing gum, and making nary a bet. To look at him at such times you'd imagine that he had no interest in the game whatever, and that he was only waiting for somebody. The reason why he wasn't betting at those times was because he didn't like the programmes. The spot wasn't there for him to find. He learned how to wait at the very outset of his racing career, and that's the secret of his success.

'But when, after one of these prolonged periods of inactivity, the money that we recognized as Smith money would begin to sail our way, we long ago learned to rub. None of the other noted plunger, past or present, ever had Smith's capacity for just looking at races. That's the reason why he's about the only big one of his class left. Unless he changes his tactics I don't think they'll ever get Smith.

'There are other kinds of conservativeness that cause men of cool temperaments to win out on the race track. For instance, I've got in mind a man who was driving a horse car not many years back. He had a habit of stopping his car in front of a certain poolroom along his route and of rushing in and putting down small bets on the horses.

'His superintendent got next to this, and to give a decent sort of man, willing enough to give the employees warning before firing them, he told the driver that he'd have to do either one thing or the other—drive a horse car or play the ponies.

'The driver reckoned that he'd take the ponies. He is worth a million easily today. Now young fellows who hear of this needn't get the hectic flush and resign their jobs on account of it. There's probably not one man in ten thousand with the natural caution of this ex driver of a car that I'm talking about.

'He has owned a number of fair horses for several years past. He shoves one of these horses into a race in which the horse figures to win by a block. But he has never been known to bet on one of his horses so placed to win. The horse is made the favorite at 2 to 1, say 4 to 5 for the place. The owner goes to one of the lines with which he does business and asks the layer what price he'll make for the horse that figures to win to show. If the layer makes a third price of 1 to 4 or 1 to 5, the owner will bet enough to win out a couple of thousand dollars on the horse to run third. Nine times out of ten the horse belonging under his own shed that he has only played out to win, and that he has only played to run third, has actually won. Yet he has never been known to express a grumble with himself for not having played the horse to win.

'That's a kind of conservativeness that fetches in the money. This man has invested every dollar of the million that he has made on the racetracks—outside of his occasional expenditures of a few thousand to keep his small stable of platers recruited up to the mark—in gilt edge securities, and for the past five years he hasn't made a bet on any man's horse except his own, and then only, as I say, on his own horse to butt into the money by running third.

'I don't suppose there's any other game

on the list with reference to which there are so many erroneous ideas as the running of thoroughbreds. Most of the stories of crooked racing are the purest moonshine, spread about by disgruntled bettors and small bettors at that, who don't know what they're talking about, and care less.

'For instance, when what is known as a good thing is pulled off, and some plunger is known to have made a hog killing on it, you'll always hear these malicious soreheads declaiming against the honesty of the race in which the killing has been made. Every time George Smith cracks a watermelon these wise persons go about talking about how they've found out that the thing was fixed, that all of the horses in the race were dead to the good thing, and that's a pretty good interest on the money at that. But the great majority of the system players go to pieces in the stretch.

'They either jump from their system by playing horses that they're convinced are good things or their nerve deserts them. No man who doesn't possess an iron nerve and absolute self control has any business monkeying with a system; he has not any business on a race track at all, for the matter of that. Take for instance the system player who plays the favorites to win \$5 a day with a capital of \$1,000. His little game runs along on greased thicks for months at a stretch, until he has forgotten all about such a thing as working for a living, and he begins to believe that the sun is bound to shine on both sides of the street for him twenty-four hours a day.

'Then comes the almost infallible streak when the favorites are popped over nine or ten times in succession, so that to win out the favorite player he has got to shove in the bulk of his remaining capital to get his money back. Nineteen out of twenty of twenty of the players of the favorite system go all to pieces when they stack up against a nerve-testing ordeal like this, and, abandoning their system, which is bound to come out right as a trivet according to all experience and figures, they hop in wildly to recoup their losses by general outside play, on long shots as like as not, and thus they go broke.

'To stick to a system and beat it, a man must possess the dogged resolution of that chap who walked nine miles through snow knee-deep to bite his grandmother. If even a fair percentage of racegoers possessed the nerve and determination to stick to any one of the systems elaborated at intervals, in the Sun, for instance, we handlers of the stakes would be all to the bad by the wind-up of a racing season. Those systems read well on paper and they are, as a simple matter of fact, just as good in practice as they read, but the human material to take advantage of their wisdom is not available among race followers.

'Most race followers remind me of a little nephew of mine that once took for a sail in a catboat. We were about half a mile from the shore when the kid saw a billy-goat browsing on the shore.

'I want a billy-goat,' he said to me.

system. Their greed gets the better of them. They want the whole works.

'Any man of average intelligence, who knows something about racehorses, can win \$5 a day, year in and year out, on a capital say of \$1,000, by playing any one of the known systems, or even by playing his own selections—supposing him to have a good line on 'em—if he'll only stick to his little system. And that's a pretty good interest on the money at that. But the great majority of the system players go to pieces in the stretch.

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Continued on Page Thirteen.



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## Chat of the Boudoir.

Fashions in general are fully established from the summer, so far as the needs of the season are concerned, but there are unlimited possibilities in combinations and modes of trimming, which are being multiplied again and again with some little variation at each turn of the wheel.

The tendency in fashion is toward the picturesque, which reproduces in a greater or less degree, as the case may be, the Louis Seize effects. Many evidences of this are seen among the latest evening gowns of chiffon, net and Chantilly lace, the distinguishing feature of which is the under dress of silk or satin prettily covered with cretonne embroidery in festoons and other designs.

The edges of the cretonne flowers are simply finished with a buttonhole stitch or silk, which applies them to the surface, and the veiling of the transparent fabric gives an undescribable sort of effect which, without careful inspection, leaves you in doubt as to what produces it. Any number of changes can be rung on this idea by using tinted chiffons for the veiling over an embroidered white satin slip.

This sort of gown is really simple in effect, but it is that high bred sort of simplicity which is elaborate enough in the amount of labor it entails. However, one needs to look sharp for the details in all the new summer gowns in order fully to appreciate their value from an artistic as well as a financial point of view.

Some of the cretonne embroideries are hand painted a bit just around the edges, usually in gold water color only, and the whole design is covered with white mouseline, which is sometimes also embroidered, and which softens the effect of the bright coloring underneath. The craze for veiling one fabric with another is seen again in the silk muslin gowns so popular this season, where two or even three different tints of the same material are used one over the other with such charming results.

All lace, however little may be used in a gown, unless it is insertion, has chiffon underneath to soften the effect and bring out the pattern as no other treatment can. A delicate fine lace over a tinted chiffon is a lovely combination, especially when palest green is the tint employed. One gown of this sort is made especially striking by a flounce of black Chantilly lace directly at the hem, the white lace falling over this.

The chiffon is plaited, of course, and shows in a narrower panel down the front; the lace lapping over it at either side. The lace is arranged on the bodice in the form of a bolero, showing a little of the chiffon at the neck and above the belt.

Green is one of the most popular tints brought out in the very latest gowns, and we see it combined very attractively with blue in one costume of mouseline voile. The foundation dress is of blue silk veiled with white chiffon, and a green mouseline is inset with black Chantilly lace and black Cluny in combination.

White veiling gowns are extremely popular this season, and new variation in trimming them is the use of cretonne flowers applied on white taffeta, arranged in revers or bands as a finish for the bodice. Again you see the cretonne flowers on white pique in various designs, but especially effective as a finish for circular flounces of which there may be three. A bolero with triple edges further exemplifies this idea, and dull pink mouseline draped around the waist and fastened with a gold buckle forms the belt.

The sleeves are open or rather somewhat flowing in shape with an under sleeve of fine white lawn. The flowing effect, by the way, is the latest feature of the much developed sleeve, which in addition to the width shows in many instances a fall of lace or a ruff; of some sort falling over the hand. The flowing sleeve is shown in its most exaggerated width among the fancy silk wraps or coats, as they are more properly called.

But the variety in dress sleeves is legion and new ideas are continually finding expression. In the dressy blouses of fine lawn and batiste one model has a sleeve tucked from the shoulders to the elbow, below which the fulness spreads into a large puff gathered into a band at the wrist with a ruff of lace falling over the hand. Another pretty sleeve is tucked crosswise a few inches down from the shoulder, giving the effect of a cap, below which the sleeve is tucked in vertical lines to just above the elbow, where the fulness forms a puff. More vertical tucks confine it to the waist.

The sleeve which is a puff from the shoulder to the elbow, below which it is close fitting, is very popular with young girls in Paris, if the foreign fashion bud-

gets are correct, but it is not a mode which is very much in evidence here just at present. A very simple sleeve seen in some of the thin blouses is a loose, almost straight model gathered in at the shoulder and again at the wrist, where there is a band. Another band confines the fulness just above the elbow. This is especially pretty for young girls.

For organdies and dressy thin gowns the elbow sleeve with frills for a finish is the thing to have. Transparent sleeves for demi-dress occasions are as much the mode as ever, and quite as long, extending well over the hands. In net, so much used in combination with lace for dressy gowns this season, there is a sleeve tucked in vertically above the elbow and fitting the arm closely. Below this is a full bishop gathered closely at the wrist with a ruff of lace falling over the hand, nearly covering it. Ultra-fashionable Parisians wear the flowing sleeves with a full of lace inside.

As to the waists of summer gowns they are, deosy enough, but simple to a degree compared with some of the skirts, which are elaborate beyond the power of description, covered as they are with tucks, insertions of lace, stitched bands, plaitings and flounces of varying kinds. A skirt set forth as the latest thing to wear with fancy waist is made of taffeta muslin which is something thinner than taffeta and yet not a gauze.

These skirts are trimmed with wide plaitings from the knees down each one edged with black velvet ribbon. Plaitings, in fact, are one of the latest modes of trimming but do not always appear in flounces. One black taffeta skirt shows a hip yoke of plaited outlined with black velvet ribbon.

The plait begins at either side of a narrow front breadth, also outlined down either side with velvet ribbon. A plaited flounce narrower at the side of the front than at the back is headed with velvet ribbon, and a little bolero is all in plaited edged with ribbon. Another element in the skirt decorations is the lacing of various widths. Some times velvet ribbon is used, but silk may be utilized very prettily. One form is a wide lacing, threaded through embroidered eyelets around the skirt at the knee, below which it flares out very full. The ends are tied in a knot at the back and finished with tassels or pendants, or the lacing may begin at either side of the front with a rosette bow.

A very graceful skirt model for thin material is trimmed with stitched bands in vertical lines from the waist to the knee, where they end in points over a group of plait so there is the effect of a deep flounce plaited at intervals without any seam to break the line. A pretty mode of trimming nun's veiling skirt, which is a pretty relief from the stitched bands is made by using the silk as it were insertion. It is cut out in various designs or in straight bands the edges turned over once and joined to the skirt material with a fancy open stitch. The veiling is cut out underneath of course, so the effect is like an insert insertion. Taffeta is used for this purpose and matches the material exactly in color, the silk used for the open stitch being also of the same shade.

Another nun's veiling model, in dark blue, has a shaped flounce with a band of black taffeta at the head formed of fine side plait and crossed in vertical lines of black galloon with spaces between. Other veilings have a shaped ruffles entirely striped around with taffeta bands of the same color. The little bolero worn with this skirt is also covered with bands, and, like all the latest jackets of this sort, has no collar or revers.

While the subject of bands as a trimming is in question, it is well to mention again the very fashionable use of cloth bands on foulard gowns. The cloth always matches the predominating color in the foulard, but it is used very generously, sometimes forming a waistcoat, or a wide corslet belt fastened with steel buttons. Foulard boleros are covered with bands of cloth which is often cut in fancy designs rather than straight lines, thus varying the effect in many ways. Panne velvet is also used as a trimming for foulard, white with black spots being especially effective on pale blue patterned with white.

A band of the panne heading each one of two shaped flounces is shown on one gown, the seams of the skirt above joined by an open stitch of black silk. A narrow band of panne edges the bodice, which is in blouse form with a yoke and vest of lace over chiffon. A novel effect is produced in some of the blouse waists by tucking the material to within a few inches of the belt and arranging the fulness to fall in a puff over the belt.

One thing in fashion which holds well in favor is the lace waist, but it has assumed the right to decorate itself with cretonne embroidery, which changes its appearance very materially. Guipure lace is the favored kind and cretonne flowers

are applied very generously to this, being finished around the edge with gold thread. It is pretty to arrange the cretonne in some design over the lace, in bolero form, for instance, and is something very easily done by the home dressmaker.

Crettonne flowers are arranged, too, in little bunches or bouquets here and there and in bands as well made, to have the appearance of joining some special designs in the lace. The craze for applications of all sorts seems to have reached the limit so great is the variety of materials employed. The idea has developed wonderful possibilities, yet it is not a new one, and can be traced back to the time of Louis XIV.

One of the most attractive combinations in applique is that of fine cloth on the dainty silk beruges. Both materials are in the same color, of course, and the cloth design is stitched on. In pale gray beruge with gray cloth and a belt of blue taffeta for a note of color, there is a very charming model. Pale blue, by the way, is a very popular color for the chic touch on black and white gowns, and any of the neutral colors as well.

A very dainty mode of expression in applique is the velvet pastille on lace, Cluny being especially desirable for this decoration. The pastille is a lozenge shaped piece of velvet either sewn or pasted on the lace at regular intervals, or arranged in clusters as you may fancy. If the lace is close and fine the pasting is sufficient; if heavy like guipure, the pastille must be sewn on.

Some of the most charming summer gowns are made of flowered mul in white tinted grounds. Tucks, shirrings and lace insertions figure largely in their decoration, but the special feature to be chronicled is the use of Russian lace embroidery in color. This adds an air of style which quite eclipses any thing else. Some of these gowns have black ribbons for sash, belt and bow at one side of the bust, while other models show a white taffeta sash inset with lace at the ends.

A pretty way to make the skirt is in groups of tucks pointing down in the centre around the upper half below a lace hip yoke which extends down between the groups in bands to a fitted flounce, trimmed around with lace insertion.

One of the most useful of the dressy summer gowns is made of Tussore silk and trimmed with Machin lace. The tendency in materials seems to be more and more toward the use of silk which was a feature of dress during the Trianon period. Louise is greatly favored for the picture-like revival of fashion because of its pliable texture and shiny surface, but it is elaborately decorated with lace. Shot silks, too, are said to be coming in again. In fact, there is a greater variety in silk than ever before, especially among the thicker kinds, such as foulards and taffetas. The iridescent silks are lovely trimmed with cloth bands covered with rows of stitching.

Bands of stitched white taffeta trim some of the foulard gowns very prettily in the rather severe tailor-made style which is so good for morning wear. A model in Foulence blue and white satin foulard is a good example. There are three bands of the white silk about the hem crossing in front, where the ends turn down and finish in points. The bodice is in the form of an Eton coat with a little postilion back strapped up around the edge with the white taffeta bands. A low cut vest of white silk fastened with gold buttons below a chemise vest of tucked white mul trim forms the front.

Something both dainty and useful, labelled as a tailor gown, is made of gray New Louise and trimmed with insertions of white Valenciennes. The bolero bodice is inset with satin and finished with a black satin belt.

A summer gown which is almost a necessity this season is of linen, and the height of elegance is an embroidered one. The favorite colors are blue in navy and corn flower shades, gray and a dull soft pink, but white rather has the lead. Pale blue has a plain, close-fitting skirt with two circular flounces, one of white embroidered with blue, and one of blue embroidered with white, the white one uppermost. A double collar on the blouse bodice repeats this idea, falling in sailor shape over the shoulders. Above this is another collar of guipure lace, fitting up closely around the frontless neck, extending down the front in square stock ends to the belt, and fastened with black velvet bows.

### FILES OF FASHION.

For the woman who wants to wear a wrap of some sort in the summer whether she needs one or not, there is the transparent bolero, of tucked mouseline, outlined all around the edge with an applique of lace. Another of tucked cream taffeta is charming to wear with light gowns.

Boas of every conceivable kind are

worn this season. They are made of feathers, and dower petals, mouseline, net and lace, it hardly matters which, so long as they are full and fluffy enough to give quite the pretty contour of the neck and shoulders.

The plan of hooking dresses up the back seems to be one of the French fads this season, most of the French gowns being fastened in this way. It does away with many of the difficulties which the dressmaker encounters in trying to arrange the complicated fronts, but in nine cases out of ten it ruins the effect of the back, which is perhaps the most noticeable line in the gown.

Dark blue is still a favored color for yachting suits and cloths, serges, linens and duck are the correct materials. The prettiest, if not most useful gowns known are made of white in any of the above-mentioned materials.

Simplicity seems to be the only road to distinction in the way of hats, and some of the later productions have two parrot wings for their only trimming. A hat which is nothing if it is not elegant is a green straw, round as a plate in shape, with flat brim and a plateau crown. A tuche of black velvet ribbon extends around the crown, or between that and the brim, and a single row of cherries with green leaves are sewn stiffly around the edge of the brim. Pineapples are very attractive for summer wear, and something very odd is the Lulu shape, round and flat, trimmed with a fringe of pink and white clover.

Lacings are a feature of millinery which produce some very pretty effects. The straws are so thin and pliable that it is possible to do almost anything with them, as the wide brims are crimped into flutes threaded through with ribbon, either velvet or satin, and fastened at either side of the front with a small gold buckle. There may be one, two or three lacings, according to the width.

Grown-up brides maids seem to be going out of fashion, and the up-to-date weddin either has none at all or else they are represented by small children.

**KING'S DAUGHTERS' FLOWERING**  
The Order Larger Than Ever, Through Less  
Heard of than Formerly

Very little is heard nowadays of the once much-talked-of King's Daughters. A certain periodical which for years maintained a department devoted to the order has recently discontinued it. Seven or eight years ago even the daily papers reported the doings of various tene. Now the general public seems to have forgotten the very name, and to have put the society down as a back number.

It may be somewhat of a surprise, therefore, to many persons to know that the organization is larger and more powerful than ever. The statistics for this year are not yet compiled, but those for 1900 show that there were then 700,000 King's Daughters enrolled. That was the fifteenth year of the existence of the order. This year the membership cards are coming in steadily and the movement seems to be enough and strong enough to last out the century.

Mrs. Margaret Bottome, at whose house the first ten King's Daughters was organized in 1886, is still the president of the order, which has grown until it has spread over North and South America, Great Britain, Germany, France, Italy, Greece, Switzerland, Denmark, Turkey, India, Ceylon, Japan, Australia, New Zealand, the Hawaiian Islands, the Bermudas and the Bahamas. There are also circles in Palestine and in Smyrna.

At first the bands were called tens, an expression borrowed from the Lend-a-hand movement. But the tens had such a way of bursting the bonds of a fixed number that the worn circle was substituted, and it was allowed to expand or shrink to suit individual cases.

These circles have each its own name; the Heartsease Circle, the Whatsoever Circle, the Lend-a-hand Circle, the Macedonia Circle, the Good Intentions Circle, and so on. They do all sorts of things.

A circle of poor working girls in Chicago, who had neither money nor time with which to accomplish much, finally decided that there was one thing they could do. They could look out for banana peels, orange skins, or any of the deadly slippery things which are a trap for the unwary. They could kick or throw these

### One Dose

Tells the story. When your headache, and you feel bilious, constipated, and out of tune, with your stomach sour and no appetite, just buy a package of

### Hood's Pills

And take a dose, from 1 to 4 pills. You will be surprised at how easily they will do their work, cure your headache and biliousness, rouse the liver and make you feel happy again. 25 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

dangerous bits of fruit into the gutter, where they would do no harm.

They figured that by strict attention to business they would save perhaps half a dozen persons from sprains or broken bones in the course of a month or two, which would be perhaps quite as good as leaving the feelings to cause accidents and then having the victims taken care of in a hospital.

Other circles undertake more pretentious work. Scattered all over the country are very substantial results in the shape of hospitals, homes, day nurseries and asylums, the Silver Cross, a monthly publication in the interest of the society, contains page after page of pictures of these institutions.

In the latest number alone are thirty of these pictures, including one of the Silver Cross Hospital, a large stone building at Joliet, Ill.; a Children's Home at Tampa; one at Mount Carmel, Conn.; a Rest Cottage at Louisville, a King's Daughters' House at Hempstead, L. I. and a hospital at Jamaica; rest cottages and hospitals in Massachusetts, St. Christopher's Home in Dodd's Ferry, where 150 children are cared for; a home for epileptics in Maryland, a summer camp for boys, a babies' camp at Plainfield, a drinking fountain at Leesburg, N. Y., the children's ward in St. John's Hospital, Brooklyn.

These are only a few of the examples of work done by the King's Daughters. In the summer temporary groups called picnic circles are formed at summer hotels. The members spend an hour or two each day sewing for some institution supported by the order or making maternity bags for poor women.

One reason why so little is heard about work of the King's Daughter's is found in a paragraph of one of their tracts.

The order urged to perform all these services silently, not to talk about them unless necessary in order to stimulate others to do likewise; to forget the good done as quickly as possible and move forward to the next opportunity.

### TALK WITH A BOOKMAKER.

Continued From Page Twelve.

'All right, son,' said I. 'I'll get you one when we get ashore.'

'But I want a Billygoat now,' whimpered the youngster.

'Take the game as it stands and it's not to be beat in the long run. You may stink along, doing well at it, for years, but it'll get almost every man in time. You see lots of prosperous chaps at the tracks who are beating them and getting the money. Well, these fellows are having their day. I don't see the chaps that I knew ten or fifteen or twenty years ago round the tracks now. They had their little run of luck and prosperity, and in the natural course of events they were let out, as all of these glad boys of to day will be let out when their hour arrives.'

'But,' concluded the bootmaker, 'what's the use of talking? I've been fooling around with the old thing ever since I was knee high to a potato bug, and I don't know enough yet to stick to the percentage of my book and not play 'em. What, then can you expect of Algie with the dope charts and the flaming desire to get rich in two hours?'

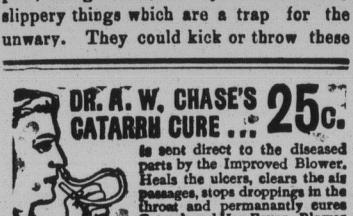
### Evenly Divided.

A lesson in arithmetic is no joke,—a painful reality, rather,—yet a Boston schoolboy is alleged to have been inspired to humor by the very worst of the problem in long division.

After he had failed on the sums the teacher set, he asked permission to give one of his own. The privilege was granted. 'My aunt has eight children,' he said, 'and she doesn't like to favor one above another. She was at the market the other day, and she bought eight apples for them one apiece; but when she got home she found she'd lost one apple. All the same she divided the apples so as to give each child the same number. How did she do it?'

The class hadn't got along to fractions, and the boy insisted that his aunt knew nothing about algebra. So the puzzled teacher finally asked: 'Well how did she divide the seven apples so as to give each of the eight children an equal number?'

'She made apple sauce.'



## Poisonous Insects.

The danger of insect poisons is very generally overestimated in the popular mind. Everywhere among civilized people, as well as among uncivilized races, there exist superstitions regarding perfectly harmless insects. For example, the common dragon flies, or devil's darning needles are feared very generally by English speaking races, and children in this country think that these harmless insects will sew up their ears. The common tomato worm, or tobacco worm, a perfectly harmless insect, is considered to be fatally poisonous by many people.

Much of the common superstition about spider bites is totally unfounded, while the stories about scorpions and centipedes are grossly exaggerated. The effects of intense nervous fear, following a physical injury of an insignificant nature, are well understood by the medical profession. Hence it is not difficult to understand cases of severe nervous prostration and even death following a sting or a bite from a comparatively harmless insect.

Nervous dreads are contagious, and psychologists will admit that the tarantism, or tarantula frenzy of South Europe, ascribed to the bite of the tarantula, which has been repeated at long intervals within the past few centuries, was largely a dread or panic epidemic. Entomologists know that there is nothing in the poison of the tarantula to produce the symptoms described such as the prolonged dances, ending in coma. The so-called kissing bug epidemic of two years ago was probably in a minimized form influenced by one of these psychological crazes.

The truly poisonous insects, that is insects which possess poison glands and secrete poison with the bites or stings, belong in the main to two classes. Either they sting for protection, as with the bees, certain ants and certain wasps, or they use the poison to assist in the capture of their prey, as with the digger wasps, certain predaceous bugs and all spiders.

The mosquito belongs to a third class and the purpose of the poison which it injects is not fully understood. It may render the blood of its victim more digestible and less liable to coagulation, or it may have some other unexplained use.

Insect poisons, as a rule, were undoubtedly developed for use against other insects. Therefore, they are small in quantity and, generally speaking, are serious in their effects only upon other insects. The exact nature of the poison is not well understood. In some instances it is a combination of an alkali and an acid which become effective only when they are combined. In ant, wasps and bees it consists of formic acid and a whitish, fatty, bitter residue in the secretion of the glands. The corroding, formic acid is the essential part of the poison.

Cases are on record of the death of human beings as a result of the injection of poison with the strings of bees and wasps, as well as with bites of spiders. Such cases, however, are rare. A number of cases are on record of death from a multitude of bee stings. I know of one case well authenticated, of the death of a middle-aged woman from a single bee sting. The physical condition of the patient undoubtedly had much to do with the fatal result, which was probably due partly to nervous shock and possibly to the fact that the poison was injected directly into a large vein and was thus carried immediately to the heart.

Another case of similar nature came under the observation of Dr. William Frew of England, in 1896. The patient, a young lady of 23, was stung on the neck, just behind the angle of the jaw, by a wasp, the sting of which was extracted by a servant. A solution of arnica was applied and, as the patient felt ill, she was assisted to bed. She complained immediately of a horrible feeling of choking and of pains in the abdomen. The neck swelled rapidly and the pains in the abdomen became agonizing. Two teaspoonsfuls of brandy were administered, but before anything could be done the patient became insensible and breathed her last, fifteen minutes after the sting.

Dr. Frew saw the body about two hours after death and found the neck and lower part of the body much swollen to such an extent that it filled the mouth. The young lady was of a nervous, excitable temperament, and had shown symptoms of weak action of the heart. From both father and mother she had inherited gouty tendencies and the mother was remarkably susceptible to the action of certain medicines.

The stings of bees and wasps have very

different effects on different people, and without doubt persons who habitually handle bees become immune to their poisons. That this immunity is produced by inoculation cannot be doubted, but there must be an almost continuous re-inoculation. A man may have kept bees for a series of years and have become in a measure immune to their sting. He may discontinue the industry for a year or so and upon resuming it he will find, he is affected by bee stings as at first. It is a curious fact that some portions of the body may become immune and others not.

Herbert H. Smith, who is a professional collector of insects, catches bees and wasps in his net and removes them with his thumb and forefinger. In this case, the forefinger is stung so often that it has become thoroughly inoculated, and stings upon this finger produce no effect, but if he is stung on the back of the neck or in some other part of the body the sensation is as painful as it is with another person.

Authentic cases of death from spider bites are rare, although cases reported in the newspapers are almost weekly occurrence. I have investigated more than a hundred such reports in the United States in the past ten years. In many cases the reported facts were entirely erroneous; in the majority of cases no spider was seen to inflict the bite; there were almost no cases in which the spider was seen to bite and was saved for examination.

Some years ago a baby sleeping in a cradle in a Connecticut town was bitten upon the lip by a spider known as Latrodectus mactans and died as a result of the bite. A laboring man in South Carolina in the early '90s died, either as a result from a bite of a spider of the same species, or as a result of the large doses of whiskey which were given to him as a remedy. The latter explanation is the more probable one.

This Latrodectus is not one of our large spiders. It is glistening black in color and a little larger than a large pea. It is usually marked on the underside with a red spot. It is the most dangerous spider which occurs in the United States, but its fangs are so weak that it cannot penetrate the skin in parts of the body that are ordinarily exposed. If by chance it bites a particularly sensitive, thin-skinned portion of the body which is especially well provided with blood vessels the results are likely to be painful and serious. This spider occurs under old logs and rubbish and is occasionally found in outhouses. It is rather common in the Southwest and extends in small numbers northeastward to New England.

I have been unable to authenticate a single instance of death from the bite of the large spiders known as tarantulas, although circumstantially reported cases are frequent in the newspapers. These stories usually tell how the tarantulas have been imported with bananas or other tropical fruit. A good example appeared in a daily paper published in a large Western city two years ago. The scare headlines read: 'In two weeks three men have died from the bites of tarantulas and another had to have his arm amputated.' All were Sicilians and received their death wounds in the steaming rooms of fruit houses. The exact localities are given. I had the matter examined with great care by a scientific friend resident in that city and he found after thorough examination that there was no truth whatever in the newspaper statement.

Many of the true bugs give severe punctures with their beaks. Some of them insert a slight amount of poison, but the inflammatory effects which occasionally follow the bite of most of them are due to the fact that their beaks have previously been inserted into some dead or decaying animal matter so that the germs of putrefaction are thus carried into the human blood. This is the explanation of the comparatively few authentic cases of severe swelling following the bite of the so-called kissing bugs.

The large aquatic bug which of recent years has become known as the electric light bug has a sharp beak and may inflict a severe wound when inadvertently handled. Serious results, however, are not known to follow. The large ungainly, predaceous bug known as the wheel bug may give a serious wound under similar conditions, and Glover, many years ago, reported a serious swelling of his hand and a subsequent sloughing off of the skin and superficial tissues of the ball of his thumb as a result from the bite of this insect.

There is a little group of caterpillars

armed with sharp hairs which will pierce the skin and produce sometimes an intense irritation much like that which is produced by the nettle. The commonest of these caterpillars and the caterpillar of the Io or corn emperor moth. The irritation produced by these creatures is sometimes as severe as the severest cases of poisoning from nettles.

I have seen the hand of a young woman swollen to twice its normal size, causing great pain, in consequence of being stung. The President of a Baptist college in the West wrote last year that one of these caterpillars accidentally touched his wrist and for eight hours the pain was excruciating and could not be allayed by any treatment. It could be felt for twenty-four hours.

The caterpillar of the so-called brown tailed moth, a recent importation from Europe which exists in numbers about Boston, has this peculiar quantity, and the laborers engaged by the Gypsy Moth Commission were frequently stung by these caterpillars during the summer of 1899 with painful effects. Then, again, the so-called blister beetles, of which there are many species in this country, are occasionally the cause of a blistering poison. When one of these insects alights on the back of one's neck, the first impulse is to brush it off and it frequently gets crushed in which case the blistering effect of its juices is very marked.

There is little danger from centipedes and scorpions in this country, even in the Southern States. Notwithstanding an almost universal belief to the contrary a scorpion's sting is no more dangerous than that of a honey bee and often the effect is no worse than that of a prick of a pin. Down in Mexico, however, and especially in the State of Durango there is a scorpion generally known as the Durango scorpion, which is much feared. The stories about even this creature, however, are generally exaggerated, and Dr. Edward Palmer, who has lived in this state, says that he knows but one death to result from the sting of this creature, and that was of a young woman who was in very bad health at the time.

In the same way stories about centipedes are also exaggerated. We have no dangerous species in the United States. The tropical centipedes bite with their maxillipeds and possess poison glands. The old stories that they exude poison from the tips of their sharp claws and leave a trail like fire when they walk over the skin of a human being are entirely false. Their bite is poisonous, but the result is not serious. In Central America, and among the Mexicans in Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and Southern California, many harmless insects are generally considered poisonous. This is due to a special cause. It arises from the fact that the blood of these people is so vitiated by unclean diseases that an insignificant bite or scratch is apt to bring on blood poisoning followed by serious results.

How a Fortune Disappeared.

The Tribune recently commented upon the manner in which the entire fortune of a New York millionaire, Samuel Wood, which was mostly bequeathed for the purpose of founding a college of music, has been dissipated. Of his bequest of \$1,000,000 for this college not one dollar is now available. Of the sum left to heirs little has been received. In 23 years this fortune has almost absolutely disappeared.

The story of the shrinkage is as interesting as that of the Stewart millions. Wood's will was admitted to probate in 1878. He left \$135,000 to relatives, the remainder of the estate, amounting to over \$1,000,000 for the founding of the Samuel Wood College of Music. From the day the will was admitted to probate litigation has never ceased. The first contestant of the will was a nephew, who finally obtained about one third of the property. The remaining two thirds went to the executors refused to establish the college, claiming the will was invalid and meanwhile were drawing sometimes as \$150,000 as salary and fees in the year. They were also in continuous litigation with the nephew. When they came to a final settlement with him, and were about to sell the property, another lawyer put in an appearance as the attorney for some of the poor heirs and stopped all proceedings. Then litigation began afresh.

It came out in the supreme court last week that \$135,000 now remains of the property in the custody of the court, obtained through a real estate deal. New suits are to be instituted to determine to whom this belongs. More than one half of it will go to the lawyers. It will be surprising if the heirs get a dollar of it in the end. Meanwhile the only remainder of the million dollar bequest is a little organ in a Long Island village church. Wood, it appears was fond of music in his last days, and was moved to buy this organ and give it to the church.

Its strains were so pleasant to him that he conceived the idea of a great college of music, and made the liberal bequest already mentioned. Every dollar of that million went into lawyer's pockets.

The moral of the story is sufficiently plain. The parishioners of the Long Island church have their organ because Samuel Wood gave it to them while living. If he had bequeathed an organ to them it would have gone where the college of music went. Mr. Wood enjoyed the organ while he lived and the church is enjoying it now he is gone. And this little organ eventually will be the only relic of the fortune which Samuel Wood accumulated after more than 70 yrs. of effort.

**Weak From Infancy.**

THE UNFORTUNATE CONDITION OF MISS ERNESTINE CLOUTIER.

AS SHE GREW OLDER HER TROUBLES BECAME MORE PRONOUNCED—DOCTORS SAY HER CASE WAS ONE OF GENERAL DISEASE, AND HE HELD OUT SMALL HOPE OF RECOVERY—SHE IS NOW WELL AND STRONG—A LESSON FOR PARENTS.

From the Telegraph, Quebec.

No discovery in medicine in modern times has done so much to bring back the rich glow of health and the natural activity of healthy young womanhood to weak and ailing girls as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Girls delicate from childhood have used these pills with remarkable beneficial effects, and the cherished daughter of many a household has been transformed from a pale and sickly girl into a happy and robust condition by their use.

Among the many who have regained health and strength through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is Miss Ernestine Cloutier, the fifteen year old daughter of Mr. G. A. Cloutier, residing at No. 8 Lallemand street, Quebec city. Mr. Cloutier in an interview with a representative of the Telegraph gave the following account of his daughter's illness and recovery: "Almost from infancy my daughter had not enjoyed good health, her constitution being of a frail character. We did not pay much attention to her weakness as we thought that she would outgrow it. Unfortunately this was not the case, and as she grew older she became so weak that I got alarmed at her condition. For days at a time she was unable to take out of doors exercise; she became listless, her appetite failed her, and as time went on she could not stand without supporting herself against something and at times she would fall in a faint. I called in a doctor, but his medicine did not help her and she was growing weaker than ever. Another physician was then consulted who pronounced her in case one of general debility, and gave me very little hope for her recovery. Some months ago while reading one of the daily papers I came across the case of a young woman cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I determined to give them a trial. After she had used about three boxes the color began to come back to her cheeks and she began to grow stronger. Greatly encouraged by this, she continued to use the pills for several months and now she is as well as any girl of her age. Her appetite is good and she has gained thirty-five pounds in weight. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have built up her system and have made her healthy and active after doctors failed to benefit her. I believe that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest medicine for growing girls and I would advise their use in all cases similar to that of my daughter's."

"The Queen, gentlemen. I beg your pardon, but I was talking about the CEO. However, as to the queen, somebody pointed her out to me at Perth station, and there she was, smart and tidy-like, and says to myself, 'Gin my auld woman at home slips awa' ye needna remain a widow another hour langer.' Now, gentlemen, 'The Queen!'

early in the morning, to the room in which I had left Brahms. He was awake, and looking at me with the familiar little twinkle in his eye, said to me with mock seriousness:

'O Honeschel, when I awoke and found your bed empty, I said to myself: 'There! He has gone and hanged himself!' But really, why didn't you throw a boot at me? The idea of me throwing a boot at Brahms!'

The two men had another interesting experience. A button on the composer's shirt flew off.

'As it was the one which held the collar in its place, Brahms was greatly embarrassed. I propose to help him out, and we went to my room, where I took out of my valise a little box of sewing materials, which I carried with me when travelling. The amusing situation—my sewing of the button on Brahms' shirt while he had the garment on—recalled memories of his youth.

'When I went on my first journey,' he said, 'my mother also put such a little box into my bag and showed me how to use its contents. But I remember quite well when I tore a hole in my trousers, I repaired it with sealing-wax. It didn't last long though.'

The Toast of "The Queen."

The Glasgow Weekly Mail publishes the following verbatim report of chairman's speech in giving the toast of "The Queen" at a recent agricultural show dinner in Scotland. It gives one canny Scotchman's opinion of the worth of Queen Victoria as a woman.

"Now, gentleman," said the chairman, "will ye a' fill your glasses, for I'm about to bring forrit the queen. Our Queen, gentle men, is really a wonderful woman if I may say it; she's ane o' the guid auld sort. Nae whigmalairies or falderals about her, but a douce decent lady.

"She's respectable beyond a' doot. She's brocht up a grand family o' weel faur'd ladys and lasses,—her auldest son being a credit to any maither,—and they're a' weel married. Anie daughter is nae less than married to the Duke o' Argyll's son and heir.

"Gentlemen, ye'll maybe not believe it, but I ance saw the queen. I did. It was when I took my auld broot ceo to Perth show. I remember her weel—such color, such hair—" (Interruption and cries of "Is it the coo or the queen ye're proposin'?"

"The queen, gentlemen. I beg your pardon, but I was talking about the CEO. However, as to the queen, somebody pointed her out to me at Perth station, and there she was, smart and tidy-like, and says to myself, 'Gin my auld woman at home slips awa' ye needna remain a widow another hour langer.' Now, gentlemen,

"The Queen!"

A Cat's Legal Value \$1.

Judge John A. Blair, in the Hudson Common Pleas Court, at Jersey City, yesterday, fixed the legal value of a cat at \$1, says a New York despatch. In December last Luigi Sanfrinri, of 407 Spring street, West Hoboken, shot and killed a feline that had invaded the yard at the back of his home in search of chickens as he alleged.

The cat belonged to Charles Stephani of 507 Highpoint avenue. Although it was only an ordinary cat, Stephani brought suit for \$100. In his complaint he alleged that the loss of the animal had caused him to suffer great fright and anguish of body and mind.

Justice Eichmann, who heard the case, decided that Stephani's cat and the anguish combined were worth 50 cents. Stephani, dissatisfied with the amount, appealed the case to Judge Blair's court. In passing judgment Judge Blair censured the litigants for consuming the time of the court with so trifling a matter, but he gave Stephani \$1 damages in order that the costs might be assessed against Sanfrinri, who was originally responsible for the trouble.

Buttons, Boots and Brahms.

Mr. George Honeschel, in his recent recollections of Johannes Brahms in the Century, tells one or two droll incidents of his intimacy with the great composer. Brahms was—let us put it as politely as possible—a truly majestic snorer, evoking from his vocal organs sounds which out-Wagnered Wagner. Therefore, during a little tour which he and Mr. Honeschel took together, sharing the same room, Mr. Honeschel always tried to get first to bed and to sleep. Being a sound sleeper, the concert would not then arouse him; but it began before he fell asleep, slumber became impossible.

One night at the inn in Frankfort, Mr. Honeschel was hopefully encouraging his own sleepiness while his companion yet appeared wakeful.

"My delight at seeing him take up a book and read in bed was only equalled by my horror when after a few minutes I saw him blow out the candle. In a few minutes more the room was ringing with the most unearthly noises.

"I was in despair, for I wanted sleep, and moreover, had to leave for Berlin early the next morning. Suddenly I remembered Room No. 42. I got up, went down to the lobby of the porter whom I roused from a sound sleep, and made him open Room No. 42 for me.

"After a good night's rest I returned, to the room in which the great master had slept.

Times Have Changed.

The Youth's Companion tells of some Americans who had long lived in England and spent last summer in Maine, and wishing to play golf, got permission from a farmer to use some pasture land, and there laid out links.

The farmer scratched his head. "Hiram, come his leisurely answer, 'times is changin' since we was young. Used to be the cows scared the girls!"

EVERY HOME NEEDS a remedy that is adapted for use in case of sudden accident or illness. Such a one is Pain-Killer. Avoid substitutes. There's but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

(CONTINUED)

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(CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.)

At that moment the girl entered the room with the tea-tray.

'Bring tea for two,' ordered Stanton.

'And I shall want my bill this evening, as I am running up to London.'

Then, as the two men sat over the meal, Stanton became communicative.

'I'm bound to warn you,' began the detective that...

'It's all right,' laughed Stanton. 'I have nothing to conceal. An innocent man need not fear the law.'

And he gave his version of the affair with such plausibility that the detective was completely taken off his guard, though for all that, he meant to keep a keen watch over his prisoner.

Now, I will just pack my portmanteau,' said Stanton, later. 'You had better come with me to make sure I don't bolt.'

'I'm afraid I'll have to do so, sir.'

'Afraid! Nonsense man. I understand your position.'

'And, leaving the room, he sprang up the stairs.

Entering his bedroom, he slammed the door, and turned the key.

As the detective banged at the door, Stanton stepped to the window, flung it up, and, climbing through, dropped to the ground; then, unbent by the fall, he fled into the darkness.

A fog had risen, so dense that, when Stanton had climbed the fence at the bottom of the garden, he could no longer see the lights of the inn.

He did not know what direction he was taking, but cared nothing for this, so long as he escaped arrest.

At last he stopped to listen.

He could hear the distant barking of a dog, then the sound of men's voices urged him on.

Several times he stumbled over the broken ground, but, quickly rising, he continued his flight until the voices had died away in the distance.

Now he stopped, and gazed around helplessly in the dense fog, but he could scarce see a foot before him, and could only wander on, trusting to chance.

Half-an-hour or more passed by.

He heard a distant roar, and guessed it was the London train.

This gave him hope.

The detective, who would certainly keep his own counsel, might think he had taken this train to London, and follow.

So Stanton once more continued his flight, though now at a walking pace.

He was crossing some low-lying ground where the fog was even denser, when suddenly he stepped into space, to plunge into the river.

He rose to the surface, and shrugging for the help which could never come to him, beat the black waters into foam.

The bank was but a few feet from him, yet being unable to swim, he could never reach it, and the swift tide swept him down until it flung his lifeless body on the muddy shore.

Muriel slept little that night, and when she entered the breakfast room the following morning, her aunt was already there.

They rang the bell for breakfast, and the servant entered the room in a state of great excitement.

'If you please, miss, there has been a horrible murder. At least, he ain't quite certain whether it's murder or suicide. But the postman heard it as he came along. They have just got his corpse out of the river, and he says as he might have fell in by accident.'

'Whatever do you mean, Mary?' exclaimed Miss Neal.

'Oh, miss, ain't it shocking? He has just brought this letter, and—'

'You are talking utter nonsense,' said Miss Neal sternly. 'If the postman has been drowned, how could he bring a letter? Lor', miss, I never said that. I said the corpse had been drowned. It's a stranger, but they have found some letters in his pocket addressed to James Stanton, and the policeman thinks as he will be able to discover who the man is from this clue. Ain't it wonderful how clever them police—'

'Lor' Muriel, what's—'

'Go and get a glass of water,' ordered Miss Neal.

Then, when the excited girl had gone, the old lady placed her arm round Muriel's slender waist, and murmured—

'There, there, my dear child! Pray, be calm, Muriel. For Heaven's sake do not look like that! Why does not that stupid girl bring—Oh, that you, Mary; you may go.'

Half an hour later, Miss Neal drove to the village, and entered the inn, where the body lay.

'I think he must have fell in the dark, miss,' said the constable. 'It was awful foggy last night, and I says to myself says I—'

'Show me into the room,' said Miss Neal.

The constable opened the door, and the old lady stepped towards the lifeless form. For some moments she stood gazing at the rigid face.

Then, turning, she left the apartment, and placed a sovereign in the constable's hand as she passed him.

Muriel was standing by the drawing-room window when her aunt returned to Hazlemere.

The old lady placed her arm round her niece.

'It is he, Muriel, and he is dead!'

#### CHAPTER VI.

Hugh was seated in his room. It was day, but day and night were as one to him; he could only tell the difference by the tramping feet outside.

'If you please, sir, there's two ladies called to see you,' said his landlady, at the same time ushering in Miss Neal and Muriel.

Hugh rose and stretched out his hands helplessly, for his blindness was comparatively new to him, and made him very awkward.

'We don't know who you are, ladies,' he said. 'I am blind.'

'Don't you know me?' murmured Muriel, placing her trembling hand upon his arm.

'Yes,' answered Hugh; 'I recognise that voice. It is Muriel's. You will always be Muriel to me. It is kind of you to come to me in my misery. I promised your aunt that I would never see you again. I shall not break that promise. Heaven help me!'

'I have come to tell you why I could not listen to you,' said Muriel. 'I wish to reveal the mystery of my life. It was by a strange chance that we heard of your terrible affliction which gives me courage enough to speak as I am about to do.'

'You must know that I was brought up by my step-father, who, although not actually unkind to me, was always very stern. My only brother quarreled with him, and left the country.'

'My own father had left a large fortune to be divided between us, so that my brother who was then of age, could please himself as to where he lived. I was only seventeen, and my mother having been dead some years I was under the guardianship of my step-father.'

'About this time he frequently brought a young friend named James Stanton to the house. This man showed me marked attention, and one day he asked me to become his wife.'

'I thought he truly loved me, and I gave my consent. My step-father who was very anxious for the marriage to take place, did all in his power to urge it on, and he induced me to name an early date. Then I wrote to my brother, telling him that I was to be married the following month.'

'No one could have been kinder to me than was James Stanton, and I tried to convince myself that I really loved him. The dreadful day arrived all too quickly, and one morning, the most miserable one in my life, I became James Stanton's wife.'

The ceremony was scarcely completed, when my brother hurriedly entered the church.

'I have travelled night and day to be in time to stop this marriage,' he said. 'Heaven grant that I am not too late.'

'But he was too late. By James Stanton's face I knew that he dreaded what my brother would reveal, and so I am sure my step-father did.'

'That man,' cried my brother, pointing to Stanton, 'is an adventurer and a common thief. He is a forger, too. He is a great villain, but not such a villain as is the other man who knows James Stanton's character, his object in marrying my sister to him, being doubtless, that between them they may rob her of her inheritance.'

'You must be made!' said Stanton, who was deadly white, and on whose face guilt was clearly stamped. Besides you forgot where you are.'

'Quite true,' answered my brother. 'I should like a word with you in private.'

'They left the church together, and until the other morning, I never saw the man, who in the eyes of the law was my husband again. I believe my brother struck him. At any rate they fought a duel, and the news was brought me that my dear brother was shot through the heart.'

'This was in Mexico, where dueling is thought little of and the law did not touch the murderer. I never returned to my step-father's house but went to live with my aunt. We left the country so that I might never see that fearful man. I never saw him again until the morning of the day on which he died. He then told me that you had given him my address.'

'That was not true,' said Hugh; 'but I was talking of you to Inez, the young girl to whom your poor brother was engaged, and I think that man Stanton overheard our conversation.'

'I did not believe his words,' continued Muriel. 'I have since received a letter from my brother, who was not killed, as all these years I had believed. He was placed in prison, and a brave man helped him to escape. Now Inez is his bride, and they are on their way to England. Inez has also written to me, telling you how she saved her life, and also saying that she believes it was you rescued Jack from that dreadful prison.'

'That was not true,' said Hugh; 'but I was talking of you to Inez, the young girl to whom your poor brother was engaged, and I think that man Stanton overheard our conversation.'

'I helped do so,' said Hugh, 'though I had no idea he was your brother.'

'It was an action worthy of you,' continued Muriel. 'Stanton met his death on the very day that he met me at Hazlemere. Of course, by law, I was his wife, though I have never borne his name. But now death has released me from the fatal contact.'

'Muriel!' exclaimed Hugh, taking her trembling hand, 'was this the only barrier between us? Can it be that you love me? I love you, Hugh,' she whispered.

'That knowledge will at least brighten the darkness of my life,' exclaimed Hugh. 'I told you that I loved you. That was true dear Hugh. I love you far too well to bring trouble to you, and though I believe you would make a great sacrifice for my sake, it shall never be. I will bear my burden alone, and the knowledge that I have your love will lighten it. My prayers will ever be that your future life may prove as bright and happy as in the past, it has been miserable. Heaven bless you, Hugh.'

'Then she left him, and for many hours he sat alone; but the old church clock seemed to chime faster now; the expression of anguish upon his face changed to a look of peace.

That he was loved by Muriel had had her gentle pity calmed the agony of mind.

He felt that he had acted rightly for her happiness, and, however much the sacrifice cost him, he determined not to blight her life with his calamity.

The day passed by, and the blackness of night settled over the great city.

The moaning wind grew louder, until it howled round the dreary garret.

For a long time Hugh sat listening to the rising gale; then, entering the adjoining room, he threw himself upon his bed, and his sightless eyes closed in sleep.

The storm grew fiercer, but he no longer heard it, and he lay so still that it seemed as though the shadow of Death was upon him.

Hour after hour the old clock chimed; then the storm died away.

Day dawned.

A stream of sunlight came through the little window, and as the clock tolled forth the hours, that stream of brightness stole onwards towards the sleeper's face.

At last it spread its golden light upon him, his eyes opened; then, with a thrill ing cry, he leapt from the bed.

For he saw that sunlight!

He sprang to the window, and gazed at the deep blue heavens. His sight had returned as suddenly as it had left him.

It appeared to him that he had never seen so clearly, and, in his heartfelt gratitude, he knelt in the golden light and prayed more fervently than he had ever prayed before.

Presently he went out, and walked on until he came to the park.

Here the sweet smell of the grass reminded him of Hazelmeare, and very soon he was journeying thither.

Tempted by the brightness of the day, Muriel wandered round the grounds of the old mansion.

Her heart was very sad by reason of the terrible affliction that had befallen the man whom she loved so dearly.

Sunting herself in the summer house, she looked out on the sunlit lawn, and her blue eyes filled with tears.

She hastily wiped them away, for a footstep sounded on the gravel path—a quick footstep, which she knew was not her aunt's.

A tall form darkened the entrance to the summer house.

Muriel looked up, then she uttered a cry of joy, for Hugh stood before her.

In that instant their eyes met, then Muriel was clasped in her lover's arms, and his lips were pressed to hers.

'My Muriel!' he cried. 'Will you be mine for all time?'

'Yes, dearest Hugh,' she murmured. 'You have won my heart.'

'This happiness is greater than I deserve little Muriel,' he said presently. 'I will try to make myself worthy to be your husband. I will gain fame and wealth. Your lovely face shall be my first picture. Do you know what perfect happiness is?'

'And Muriel answered—'

'Yes.'

The weeks of happiness passed by.

Jack returned with his beautiful bride, and Hugh and he became the closest friends, while Inez regarded the young artist as a hero.

Since those bright days Hugh Allingham had gained both fame and wealth.

The picture he painted of Muriel satisfied even his critical eye.

She was looking from a bower of roses, and he had caught the laughing light in her beautiful eyes exactly.

Hugh called his picture 'The Artist's Bride.'

Then one morning, when the earth was beautiful with the summer flowers, the bells in the old church tower pealed forth merrily as Hugh led his blushing bride from the altar.

Their happiness was complete.

**Hay Fever Can Be Prevented.**

Don't seek other cures at 'Hay Fever Season,' don't destroy your stomach and nerves by drugs—prevent the disease.

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Endorsed by not less than one thousand doctors in Canada and U. S. Sent to you on address for \$1.00 forward to Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn. or Kingston, Ont.

**A "Slim" Lieutenant.**

One day the officer commanding a Susansex volunteer regiment met one of his lieutenants on the rifle range. The lieutenant was shooting, and he 'called' each shot as he fired without waiting for the marksmen to signal the result.

'You're a pretty good guesser,' said the colonel. 'Why don't you admit you're guessing where those shots land?'

'I bet you a box of cigars,' said the junior, 'that I can call twenty shots correctly in succession.'

'Taken!' said the old warrior, who was nothing if not a sportsman.

'Miss,' he announced, and a red flag from the target told that this was correct. Another shot. 'Miss,' he declared. A third shot. 'Miss again,' he said. Fourth shot. 'Fourth miss,' answered the young officer. Another shot. Miss again, sang out the lieutenant.

'Hold on there!' put in the colonel. 'What are you trying to do? I thought you were going to fire at the target.'

'I am trying to win my box of cigars,' said the lieutenant.

'Don't fire any more,' said the colonel; 'they're yours.'

**Corns! Corns! Corns!**

## Death on the Plains.

How many people know that every year eight or ten men in the United States die of thirst? And who could imagine that this happens in southern California, to which thousands go every summer from the North and East to be cool and comfortable? Yet it does happen there, because the main chain of the mountains cuts the land into two parts as diverse in nature as are two parts of the world.

Cutting of the rainfall of the western slope, it makes of the great basins on the east two deserts of terrific heat and dryness, in which the air often contains less than three per cent of the moisture it could hold at that temperature. In the portions near the level of the sea the mercury often rises to over one hundred and twenty-five degrees in the best shade obtainable, and ten degrees more than that have been commonly recorded.

Deaths upon these deserts, the Mohave and the Colorado, have been so common ever since the settlement of the state that they long since ceased to excite comment. Yet no one seems to know whether there is much suffering connected with such death or what the nature of it may be. For no one who has seen another die of thirst has ever returned to tell of it. In most cases lost parties are not missed for so long a time that the light soil, shifting under the wind, has obliterated the last trace of their wanderings, and searching parties have rarely done more than find the remains, and have often failed even in that.

A whole half-century has given us but one trustworthy record of the sufferings of such a party. This is a story of the Breedloves, who were lost a few years ago on the Colorado desert some eighty miles west of Yuma. They had with them a young man of wealth from the east, whose friends quickly sent out a searching party that found their trail before any wind had blown across it. The whole story was written on the fine, dry, dusty soil as plainly as any printed diary could have given it.

I knew the Breedloves, father and son, and both were strong and hardy men. Young Fish their companion, was in the prime of life and strength, and nothing but thirst overcame any of them. The elder Breedlove knew that part of the desert so well, and was so confident of his ability to go straight to the watering places, that he took but one barrel of water. The outfit was all right in other respects, Breedlove even taking the precaution to have an extra mule besides the two fine, tough mules that drew the wagon.

The trail of the party was found near the Laguna some ten miles from the base of the Cocopah mountain. It was plain that they had expected to find water in the Laguna. It was equally plain that they had failed to find water enough the night before, for everything indicated trepidation and alarm. The harness had been slung helter-skelter, and the men had mounted the mule and started for the Cocopah mountain, at the base of which was a spring that induced Breedlove to go ahead that morning instead of returning to the last water they had left.

After about a mile the steps of the mules had begun to drag; their footprints lay closer together. A little farther on the men had dismounted and led the animals. Then after a while they had tried to drive them instead of leading, but the mules had wandered here and there to the sides, and had tried to turn back.

Suddenly the tracks of the three men went on without the mules, and it was plain they had abandoned the animals without even stopping to take off the saddles. This showed desperate suffering, for if the mules had had strength enough to be of any further use in taking the party out of the desert, they could never again have been captured; and it would have been impossible for the men to carry the water and provisions necessary if they were to get out on foot.

At about half a mile beyond this point the steps of one of the men had begun to drag, and in about three miles from the wagon Fish had evidently lain down to wait for the others to bring him water from the mountain. What must have been his condition when, without even a stone for a pillow or the smallest spear of grass or brush to interrupt the blinding sunshine, he lay down for relief on ground even hotter than the air! When the searching party came, there he still lay, on his back with hat over his eyes, but with no sign of past struggling, and dried almost to a mummy. And what must have been the condition of the other two! They had gone on without stopping even to look back, for the ground around young Fish showed no tracks but his own.

In some two miles more the tracks of

another began to show signs of weakening. The steps became shorter and shorter, with one foot hardly lifted clear of the ground as it dragged along little more than the usual distance. And about three miles from the body of Fish and younger Breedlove was found, where he, too, had lain down to await the return of his father from the spring. Imagine, if you can, the condition of the father, for the tracks showed that he had passed on without even turning to look back to see what was the matter with his only son.

Nearly four miles yet lay between the searching party and the rocky portals of the canon that contained the spring. Over half of this the tracks of the elder Breedlove led with steps comparatively steady although short. Was he nerved by the thought that on his reaching that water depended the lives of them all, that years might roll past before a living soul came that way, and there was now no mortal help within eighty miles?

Possibly so; but one who knew the desert so well must have known the little water he would be able to carry back in the canteen could do no more than revive the other two in case delirium had not overtaken them, and that if it had he never could take care of them alone, even if his own strength held out. And too well he must have known that all such care would be useless unless the mules were also taken care of, and two were gone he knew not where.

His steady step showed determination, but about a mile from the base of the mountain he had begun to stumble. There was no dragging of the feet as with the other two, but he seemed to stumble from his efforts to force his feet along.

About a quarter of a mile from the hill he had begun to fall, and the mark of the canteen on the ground showed that it had fallen from his hand. There he had risen without very much difficulty; but in less than a hundred yards had fallen again, and signs of his feet slipping began to appear, while the fine dust showed that he had fallen more than once in the effort to rise. Yet he had risen and gone on another hundred yards and fallen again, then again struggled on, until at last he was found, face downward, in the midst of the tracks of a long series of desperate efforts to get up.

Incredible as it may seem,—for this must read like melodrama to one who knows nothing of these vast, lonely plains blazing with terrific heat,—he was only two hundred yards from the water that he knew must be there. At the water lay the body of one of the mules, with the strong girth of the Mexican saddle burst by the swelling of the body. It must have died right there from overdrinking. Otherwise it would have wandered away in search of food after drinking. The other two mules were never found, and must have died far out upon the plain.

For if the night is passed without water, and the attempt made to make another day's journey without it, and the fiery sun strikes the party for a few hours, the chances are that the next camping-place will be like that of the Breedloves. A good rover of the desert will return and give up the trip rather than risk it.

Many a man has wandered away from a well-equipped party and been rescued before it was too late. From these it has been learned that delirium may set in within four hours after drinking a quart of water, swelling of the tongue beginning sooner than that. From this it is probable that there is little or no suffering after the victim lies down, although death may not occur for two or three days.

All this was the result of overconfidence, for a trip on the desert is perfectly safe for persons properly equipped, and it is even pleasant to a stranger, since it abounds in many and varied charms of landscape.

Another barrel of water would have made the Breedlove party safe. If traveling on the desert, you reach a place at night, expecting to find water and not find it, the only safety is in turning back that very night and returning to the last water, unless you have enough on hand to last two days.

From the fact that men trained to it, like the desert Indians, who drink very little water and are never lost, can go at least two days without danger, and one whole day without inconvenience, it is plain that there are two kinds of thirst—mouth thirst and blood thirst.

Mouth thirst is a mere habit that grows with indulgence. It represents no necessity, such as is indicated when the blood gets short of the water required to do its work for a long time, and unless one is working very hard, one need drink no more than at home in winter. But one used to drinking a great quantity is afflicted, on account of this mouth thirst, with horrible chills of alarm, when he finds himself far away from water and badly in need of it. His tongue soon begins to swell, and although death from blood thirst is

still far away, he will go crazy and be lost if not quickly rescued. Had the Breedlove party, from the hour they began to get ready, stopped drinking everything except a very little at meal-times, they would all have reached the spring and had strength enough to take the mules there, too.

### EARLY BOATING AT YALE.

Continued from Page Nine.

Augusta, Phantom, Atalanta, Nereid, Avon and Cymothoe were all famous boats in their day.

For a boathouse we contented ourselves until 1863 with a barn like structure which we had cajoled and threatened a citizen into building at the foot of Grand street, now Grand avenue. This structure was often separated from the water, owing to the receding of the tide, by a dozen or more feet of mud which had unmistakable relations with quicksand. We had often to drag our craft over sharp oyster beds and stones before launching her in the water.

The murmurings bore fruit in '63 when

by stupendous financial effort we managed to scrape enough money together to build a boathouse of our own, and in that year we opened the palatial structure near Tomlinson's Bridge, on the north side of the causeway. This boathouse was then considered a model of its kind.

There were huge trapdoors in the floor through which the boats were raised from or lowered to the water by an ingenious arrangement of ropes and pulleys, iron hooks and cradles, devised, we understood, in a moment of professional zeal by the engineers. But this plan was soon discarded for low water made it impractical, and high water dangerous, and the tackle in spite of lectures on its use by the engineers, was constantly getting out of order. We closed the trapdoors and built a floating platform with a gangway to the boathouse floor, which served our purpose very well, and is used today by the Yale boathouse.

It was then as now the unwritten law at college that the freshmen should be left whenever possible, and it was the privilege of the upper classmen to get out of the boat-house before the tide went out, or back to it before the place was left high and dry on the bank. There were a good many exciting times, because of this. In the old days of Riker's it was customary for each crew to take the best boat it could find, so that the crews left the wharf in a descending scale of luxury until the freshmen brought up the rear of the oldest and leakiest boats. Often, too, the freshmen had to wait till the upper classmen were out, and so had to wade through the mud to the water's edge.

We had a rough and ready sort of preparation in those days, quite unlike the careful and systematic training now of the Varsity crews. We were forbidden to use tobacco or intoxicating liquors during the months we were nominally in training, but we were allowed to use malt liquors in moderation. Generally after a long afternoon's row in warm weather we retired for a space to old Moriarity's on Wooster St., where we regaled ourselves on the cool beverages he provided. Mory's was, I believe discovered by these same oarsmen at about that time, and for years his old English ale was famous with Yale oarsmen until the general college public became aware of it and appropriated the establishment.

'Our physical training was on the whole crude. Instead of running in a boat at stated hours as the crew does now, we took our exercise individually, each man doing as he chose. Most of us were in the habit of rising early, eating a cracker or two for the stomach's sake, and then running two or three miles before breakfast. We took our practice spins between recitations and this diurnal rowing seasoned us thoroughly though it often caused flunks at noon recitations.

'We had no couch and the six—they call it the eight now—chose itself by a sort of survival of the fittest among its members. The way we had of deciding who should get the places was novel and often exciting. Any member of the club might challenge any other member who was on one of the crews. Before the assembled club the challenged and challenger stripped and got into the same barge, each taking an opposite oar. At the word of command both men jabbed their oars into the water and pulled, and the man who could pull the other around first won the seat. Frequently an aspirant would challenge the whole six, one after the other, till he found a man whom he could pull around, and then would take his seat.

'Our summer and fall races were the semi-annual events with aquatic Yale. All the clubs entered their shells, barges and gigs, manned with their best oarsmen. Early on Wednesday or Saturday afternoon, when these events came off, there was a rally at the Grand street boathouse,

and the various crews emerged in a procession and rowed up stream, coming out just above the present boathouse, and thence beneath the barn like Tomlinson bridge, past the steamboat dock, and arriving at the starting place opposite East Water street near the foot of Chestnut.

The Commodore's barge from which the races were started was placed a few rods off from the sea wall of Water street. Here the scene was gay enough. Racing shells slipped smoothly over the sparkling blue waters, and the drill crews in their heavy barges moved very deliberately to and fro.

Catboats of Brook's and Thatcher's, sharpies of the genuine Fair Haven type, little, cranky, round-bottomed rowboats with row locks, and plebeian skiffs with wooden whale pins were on hand with full complements of interested spectators. Most of the sightseers, of course, were on shore, and they strolled in clusters on Water street from Brook's and Thatcher's boat houses eastward to the low rambling structure called Seaview Cottage, and the big, white Pavilion, once a hospitable of re-

nown.

'On the waterfront just opposite the starting point, there was T-shaped enclosure, covered with fine turf and fenced in, which on race days was opened to the spectators of the races. It was then a rosebud garden of girls, who with their inevitable escorts, could thus watch the races from an admirable point of vantage.

'When the races finally began there was enough excitement for the most ardent devotee of the sport.

'The course was commonly reported to be three miles, but was probably from a fifth to a fourth of a mile short. It consisted of a row down the harbor, passing the end of Long Wharf closely, to the beach buoy and return. There was not much style about the rowing of these old time crews, but an abundance of determination and enthusiasm.

'The stroke was apt to be quite fast sometimes it ran sixty to the minute, and of the get there some how order. Sliding seats were unknown, and spoon oars were confined to the shell crews and were even then quite short. Splashing and crab catching were infrequent; sometimes when the water beyond the peer was lumpy a racing shell would be swamped, and the luckless oarsmen would await rescue patiently, clinging the while to the submerged craft.

'As in these days processions were often seen instead of races, but often also the contests were interestingly close. An attractive feature of the afternoon programme was the prize drill, the participants being bare crews from the various clubs.

'One by one the competing crews showed their skill at giving way, backing, peaking oars, letting fall, &c., at the word of command until the victor was decided upon.

'By the time the races were over, especially in the fall, it usually happened that it was late in the evening. Then occurred a helter skelter rush of the boats in an endeavor to reach the Grand street boat house before dark. As the tide had been ebbing for some time it required strong tugging at the oars, particularly in the case of a heavy barge to drive the boat under Tomlinson's bridge against the current. Then came the haps and mishaps of hazardous navigation up the winding creek while the dusk was increasing and the depth of water decreasing, to the Grand street resting place. List of all came the freshmen in their worn out and dilapidated tubs. They had a dismal time of it, stumbling over the mud to the boathouse with their belated craft, when with great muscular outlay they had lifted the waterlogged affairs from the fast falling stream.

'For several years the leading clubs of Yale, Glynn and Varuna contended strenuously for the champion flag. The latter scored more victories, but was occasionally compelled to resign the coveted rag to the former. A few years later a new organization of the navy came in and the old clubs passed away, but they will always linger in the aquatic annals of Yale as picturesque features of her history.'

### RAILROADS.

On land after MONDAY June 10th, 1901, train will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:-

### TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Halifax and Sydney..... 5.20  
Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Truro..... 7.00  
Express for Sussex..... 16.30  
Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 17.45  
Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney..... .24.45  
Accommodation for Moncton and Point du Chene..... 18.00

### TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Halifax and Sydney..... 5.20  
Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Truro..... 7.00  
Express for Sussex..... 16.30  
Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 17.45  
Express from Halifax..... .24.45  
Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton..... 18.00

\*Daily, except Monday.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

D. POTTERING,  
Gen. Manager

CITY TICKET OFFICE,  
7 King Street St. John, N.B.

### BORN.

Halifax, May 17, to Geo. W. Atkins, a son.  
Halifax, May 18, to the wife of John Little, a daughter.  
Halifax, May 19, to the wife of N. Little, a daughter.  
Halifax, May 31, to the wife of John Cochran, a son.  
Amherst, June 2, to the wife of Cassimer Burke, a son.  
Amherst, June 2, to the wife of William Morris, a son.  
Digby, May 31, to the wife of Capt. J. E. Hoop, a son.

Express from Halifax and Sydney..... 5.20  
Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Truro..... 7.00  
Express for Sussex..... 16.30  
Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 17.45  
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