

# PROGRESS.

VOL. XIII., NO. 668

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

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## 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 quit 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 Mushrall, 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 Mushrall 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 Mushrall 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 is 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 Mushrall 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 pleaded 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. If 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 returns 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 enterprising 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 so 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 the 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 great-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 Sires 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 interests 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 girls employees 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 anger 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.

### Speaks 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.

## 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 and 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 Wants Her People Back—Trying to induce the French to return.
- PAGE 10.—Early Boating at Yalo—An old oarsman's account of rowing.
- PAGES 10 and 15.—Final installment of the serial "The Mystery of Maribel'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 \$200 per day while the sergeant is to get \$175. 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 \$140 per day for his services. The next three years he will get \$150 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 \$175 to the sum they are receiving at present namely \$165.

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 \$140 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 Uphir 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 gay 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 pried 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, former 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.

### Robtsey College Closing.

A neat little programme from the Robtsey 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 Watters, 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 Rejoiced.

The press will not agree with the action of the St. John School board in their refusal to open their meetings to the news papers. 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's.

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.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repair & Duvel 17 Waterloo.



**SURPRISE SOAP**  
The best friend  
in wash day  
and every other day is  
**SURPRISE SOAP**  
It gives the best service in  
uniform in quality, always  
reliable.  
No soap do better than have  
**SURPRISE SOAP** always in your home.  
**SURPRISE** is a pure hard Soap.

See's measures make the  
Titan, the largest of Saturn's  
moons. It has previously  
been estimated as high as 3,500 miles.

If you attempt to squeeze a  
pencil it will invariably resist the pressure.  
When you would not consider a  
body, eh, professor?

**Coffee**

Strength  
natural attributes.

**SANBORN,**  
REAL AND BOSTON.

**the Air**

experienced when riding a CLEVE-  
LAND FRAME BICYCLE.  
The ease of power applied to the pedals,  
and the ease of sense of power, be-  
cause of the water.

Cleveland Frame leaves the rider free to en-  
joy the most pleasures and benefits to be de-  
rived from riding, as there is no jar or vibration,  
and that one can ride fifty miles on a  
Cleveland Frame with less fatigue than in  
five miles on a rigid frame bicycle.

**Co's., Ltd.,**

**the Looks.**



**SON,**  
of Germain.  
Left.

Generons at \$85. Better Gen-  
erons a little higher.

**cents, Orients.**

ing a Specialty.

**Charlotte Street.**

**ringing Nail**



**TOR CO., Ltd.,**  
No. 44 King Street,  
Telephone 704.

### 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 simmering close by, and poured in the water triumphantly.

'Like to get scalded 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 Ma, they are as helpless as kittens about some things,' she thought affectionately, tying the strings of her Sunday bonnet in a 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 likes 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! Rat-a-tat!

'What was that,' she exclaimed. She and Billy looked at each other, startled. Rat-a-tat! Rat-a-tat!

Mrs. 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 the 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

bring the hatchet to loose a couple of boards. Through the narrow opening Mr. Lemmon squeezed out. He was one of the mildest of men, but when you have been shut up all afternoon in a hen-coup of your own making, you may be forgiven for being a little provoked.

It was a grand supper that Mrs. Lemmon gave them half an hour later, a supper fit for the minister, and no allusions made to late unpleasant experiences. Right in the midst of it all three happened to look up at once; and then there was a fresh explosion. Mr. Lemmon helped himself to the last waffle. 'Well it was rather funny funny when you come to think of it,' he assented with a laugh.

And that was all; only nowadays when he worries over Billy's scatter-brains, his wife says scoldingly:

'Now, Pa, you remember that chicken-coop.'

#### The Lion and the Mirror.

Possibly a lion's wife would appreciate a looking-glass, but a small mirror in the hand of a small boy so frightened and excited Big Ben, the largest lion in the Zoo, that, says the Press, the keepers feared he would do violence to himself.

Ben had been in angry mood all day. The presence of the small boy was particularly distasteful to him, and the lion raged and stormed as only a big lion can. The lion waited until the tirade was over, and then drew a hand mirror from under his coat and held it directly in front of B. N.

The lion looked. Then he jumped for the intruder that dared face him in such a fashion, but brought up against the bars with force enough to throw him to the floor. Surprised at the appearance of the lion in the glass, he filled the house with his roars.

The keeper ran to the cage and endeavored to quiet him, but he continued the uproar until exhausted.

In the meantime the adventurous youth had disappeared, and was discovered in front of the wolves' cage trying to excite them. He was led from the garden and warned to keep away.

About a year ago a serious disturbance at the zoo was due to the flashing of a mirror in front of the lions' den. At that time the lions, with the exception of one or two of the wildest, were kept in one cage.

A visitor held a mirror in front of them one afternoon, and the beasts were thrown

## It's Not Like Dr. Chase To Disappoint People.

### His Great Receipt Book Did Not Disappoint, and Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills Have Astonished Physicians Like by Their Wonderful Cures.

It is the mothers who especially appreciate the unusual virtues of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. They keep it in the house as the most prompt and certain cure obtainable for croup, bronchitis and severe coughs and colds to which children are subject. It has never failed them. Scores of thousands of mothers say: 'Twas Dr. Chase who saved our baby.'

Mrs. F. W. Bond, 20 Macdonald street, Barrie, Ont., says: 'Having tried your medicine, my faith is very high in its powers of curing coughs and croup. My little girl has been subject to the croup for a long time, and I found nothing to cure it until I gave Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. I cannot speak too highly of it.'

Mr. W. A. Wylie, 57 Seaton street, Toronto, states: 'My little grandchild had suffered with a nasty, hacking cough for about eight weeks, when we procured a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. After the first dose she called it "honey" and was eager for medicine time to come around. I can simply state that

part of one bottle cured her, and now she is well and as bright as a cricket.'

Mrs. F. Dwyer of Chesterville, says: 'My little girl of three years had an attack of bronchial pneumonia. My husband and I thought she was going to leave the world as her case resisted the doctor's treatment. I bought a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, from our popular druggist, W. G. Bolster. After the first two or three doses the child began to get better, and we are thankful to say that it is all right today after seven weeks' sickness.'

Mr. E. Hill, fireman, Berkley St. Fire Hall, Toronto, says: 'I desire to say in favor of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine that one of my children was promptly relieved of whooping cough, and as long as obtainable will not be without it in the house, nor use any other medicine.'

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is sold everywhere and is used in more houses than any other treatment for diseases of the throat and lungs. 20 cents a bottle. Edmansee, Bates & Co., Toronto.

into panic. They fought and dashed at the bars with such violence that it was feared several would die as a result of their frantic struggles. It required the efforts of all the keepers for several hours before they could be quieted.

#### Should be Rewritten

In a recent article on piano education Mr. W. S. B. Mathews voices the opinion that most of the elementary studies ought to be rewritten. 'We are the victims,' he says, 'of a superstition that it is easier to play in the key of C than any other, and that it is very unsafe to move the hands about until what is called the correct position of the hands has been acquired. In one sense, the correct position of the hands is as much a misnomer as the correct position of a gentleman. Of course there is a sense of which you can speak of the correct position of a gentleman. He ought to be right end up, but beyond this there is very little definition you can apply without having to modify it the first time he moves about. It is the same thing with

the hands. They should be free upon the piano. What we call the graceful position of the hand—the curved, well rounded hand—is merely the natural position which a strong hand takes in repose, and just as soon as the weak side of the hand is developed to its proper powers in comparison with the strong side, the hand will assume this position with very little further attention. Therefore, I consider it a mistake to confine the playing to five finger forms; but, on the contrary, the hand should be freely moved from one part of the piano and the melody be allowed to skip about according to the demands of the musical idea.'

WANTED—Brainy people to sell to brainy people Dr. White's Electric Comb. It will make hair grow and preserve growth. Dandruff is unknown where it is used, and agents make fortunes selling it. Costs the same as an ordinary comb, yet it cures all forms of scalp ailments. Sample 60¢. D. N. Rose, Gen. Mgr., Decatur, Ill.

Orthodox—How ever can you refer to Adam as a yachtman? Drydox—Well, wasn't Eve his first mate?



AMONG THE ROSES

**Music and  
The Drama**  
*IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.*

The English comic opera success, *Florodora*, 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; Lizzi, Mme. Tagliafico; Count Rudolf, Signor Tagliafico; Elvino, Signor Tiberino; Teresa, Mme. Leva; Alessio, 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' latest opera, *Les Berberes*, 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 the 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, Ridez, Doulier and Mmes. Hatto and Hegion 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 Duchesse*.

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

Tribby 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 Sanitarium at Long Island, where he has been confined for some months.

Janette, 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* at the Criterion.

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

The Criterion Stock Company headed by Eleanor Browning has been playing *East Lynne* and *A Wife's Peril*, at Newport News.

A splendid performance of *In a Balcony* with Otis 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*.

Julia 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. Harkins 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 Cogblan'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 Hollis 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 1837.

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 Emmet, has been seriously ill since October with gastritis and heart disease. She is slowly convalescing at her residence 456 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, Amrah, and Mabel Bert, the mother of Hur. The only new members of the cast will be Henry Jewett, as Simonides; Cecoyelle Mayer as Tirzah, and Silvia Lyndon as Iras.

The Ormonde Stock company at the Bastable 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 Soule Spencer, and Leola Mays.

Mr. Paley, the inventor of the kalatechnoscope, is in Montreal for the purpose of taking a number of new pictures of Montreal scenes for use at the Proctor houses. The kalatechnoscope 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.

Otis 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. Faustine, 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.



GATHERING WILD FLOWERS.

*E. H. Green*  
This signature is on every box of the genuine  
**Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets**  
the remedy that cures a cold in one day



BAKING POWDER

wholesome

...were remanded back to ... application for bail was

...has been elected as moder- ... meeting of the Canadian ... assembly.

...Board of school trustees ... refuse press representatives ... their meetings.

...has been appointed to suc- ... as assistant adjutant gen- ... 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 Ross ... St. John teams are proving ... interesting. On Wednesday the lat- ... the former 10 to 4. The ... this afternoon.

...love for his young wife, whom ... had driven from his home in ... Albert Falls, a prosperous ... tractor Saturday night killed ... law, Mrs. Jennie McCord, ... out his brains. The tragedy ... the McCord farm at Elderton, ... 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, ... land, near Bay St. Wis., was ... fire Monday morning. The ... an ancient landmark. 'It con- ... sistent painting. The tradition ... says the Indian descent of ... the LaPointe mission in 1669 ... arquette. It is the opinion of ... the picture was stolen and the ... te to cover up the loss.

...at no clue to the identity of ... whose headless body was found ... near Chelmsford, near Lowell, ... ay, nor is there anything that ... blish by whom she was mur- ... dered. Investigations indicate that it is ... hat any of the wood choppers ... the vicinity are guilty of the ... state police have offered a ... 25 to the person who finds the

...department, Whashington, has ... of the departure of the New ... the Chefoo Chemulpo. The ... has arrived at San Francisco. ... at Concord left Yokohama ... Unalaska where she is to ... forcing the laws in that section ... she takes up the duties formerly ... by the gunboat Wheeling which ... put out of commission.

...Courtier, a woman who ... of Jersey city to look for ... who, she said had she thought ... told a Jersey City justice ... and was greatly a woman. ... was married on May 25. She ... known the person to whom ... married only a few days. She ... he gave her supposed husband ... purpose of obtaining patents ... and she had not seen him

...national Machinists' association ... in Toronto, Ont., Monday ... decided to extend financial aid ... man 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 ... efficient to induce them to re- ... fight to the end. Since May 20 ... 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 commit- ... forgeries in the last six months. ... he eagerly sought after by the ... cop, Tenn., Boston, Mass., ... Ohio, Cincinnati, Louisville, Pitts- ... York, Galveston and Liberty, ... he is said to have assaulted the ... that city while the latter was ... continued on Page Eight.



Many picnic parties and country outings have been arranged and carried out to the perfect enjoyment of all concerned during the week.

The weather was delightful and the usual number of games, tea, coffee and refreshments were served in the cozy little tea house.

There was quite an attendance of those interested in golf, at the Links on Thursday afternoon.

Miss Dunbar of Quebec has been visiting Mrs. Malcolm MacKay.

Mrs. Turnbull has returned from a visit to friends at Amherst.

Col and Mrs. George West Jones are home from a three months trip to Europe.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

They purpose spending the summer at it in popular resort.

Mr. and Mrs. R. 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 A. E. Ebel Beer, daughter of Mrs. W. H. Beer of Wichita street, was united in the bonds of wedlock with Mr. Arthur S. Bowman of the firm of Bowman & Angeline.

The bride wore a handsome travelling suit of violet cloth with hat to match and carried a bouquet of cream bride roses. She was accompanied by her sister, Miss Louise Beer and by her little niece Miss Lou Robinson.

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 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 end 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 the hospital chapel that the ceremony was performed, the event

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 to see Miss Bert Hegon 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 more child ren.

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

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 Farrago who has been studying and teaching the violin in Boston is spending her vacation at her home here. Miss Marie 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 Fredrickton and Woodstock.

Gilbert & Sullivan's Comic opera which will be sung at the opera house on the evenings of the 24th and 25th is occasioning a lively interest among the grown up folks as well as the little ones.

The principal parts will be sung by Miss Marjorie Barnaby as Josephine; Miss Daisy Sears, Constance Ebel; Miss Geraldine Hogan, Buttercup; Master Jack Matthew, as Ralph; Jack Sears, Sir Joseph Porter; Harry Titus, Captain; Erzen Thompson, Eostwald; St. George Clark, M. J.; 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 promise those who attend an excellent performance, as the programme 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 Kiernan, Miss Alice McNulty and Miss Edith McCafferty. O her local talent will also assist.

The marriage of Miss B. McGarrigle only daughter of Mr. E. McGarrigle with Capt. P. Burns of the steamer Danmore 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. O'Donovan.

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 wedding 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 boarded the evening train en route to Quebec. They called 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.

Rev. P. J. and Mrs. Presser of Yarmouth are spending the week in the city the guests of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Burgess of Montreal were here for a few days, enjoying the beauties of our city.

Miss Bishop of Boston arrived in the city this week and will spend some time with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Rodenburg who so ably superintended the recent production of Evaneline was here on Wednesday, returning from Moncton en route to their home in Boston.

PARROBORO.

PROGRESS is for sale at Parroboro bookstore. Mrs. A. E. McLeod gave an at home on Tuesday afternoon and again on Wednesday afternoon. Both were pleasant affairs. The Misses McLeod were assisted by Miss Fanella Price in serving refreshments. All of these young ladies and the Misses Cooke are home from Acadia Seminary for the vacation.

Rev. D. McQuarrie, Mrs. McQuarrie, Mrs. O. P. Price, Mrs. Bigelow, Mrs. Cooke, Miss Mabel Kearney, Mr. Roderick McLeod and others went to Wolfville to attend Acadia anniversary.

A little daughter has been added to Dr. and Mrs. F. A. Raul's family.

Mr. Aubrey Fullerton is at home from Victoria College Toronto, and Mr. Varley Fullerton from Mt. Allison for the holidays Mrs. Clarence Fullerton met her son at Amherst.

Mr. and Mrs. Mulvey Townshend drove from Amherst on Saturday returning on Monday. They were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Townshend.

The very sudden death of Mrs. Cummings at Port Greenville was a shock to every one and sincerest sympathy is felt for the bereaved husband and relatives.

Miss Florence Corbett has gone to study nursing at a hospital in Boston. Mrs. Corbett has returned home from accompanying her daughter there.

Dr. Arthur Jost left on Monday to return to Gresham much to the regret of all who have made

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 Mand Gillespie have returned from a visit at Amherst.

Rev. H. McLean is away for a short vacation. Rev. A. M. Hill of Halifax filled St. James' pulpit on Sunday last.

Mrs. Claude Drillo and two little girls are on a visit to Mrs. Drillo'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. Mr. 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 weeks with Mr. Upham.

NEWCASTLE.

JUNE 12.—At the closing of Acadia Seminary last week Miss Mand Lonsbury, of this town made the presentation address in the presenting of a hand some chair for the reception room. "Miss Mand Lonsbury, daughter of Ald. Lonsbury 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. Lonsbury, Miss Lonsbury and Master Holly have returned from Wolfville.

"The Willow, Carquet," was the name of a very pretty house wedding on Tuesday evening, June 4, when Miss Ethel M. Young, second daughter of the Hon. Robert Young, was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Rev. Frank L. Fisher, pastor of the Presbyterian church of Laverne, Minnesota.

The bride looked charming in a dress of white organdy, with veil 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 Ethel Young, and Miss Winifred Johnson. The bridesmaids' gowns were of grey with pink trimmings, and they carried bunches of apple blossoms.

The groom had the support of James Young, and the nuptial knot was tied by the Rev. Adams Archibald of Halifax. After the ceremony a reception 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.

MONCTON.

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

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

Con. A. E. and Mrs. Brown returned on Saturday 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 report a very pleasant trip.

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

Mrs. Fred Jones is entertaining Miss Homes daughter of Mayor Homes of Boston.

Miss Ella Scott is spending a few weeks with relatives in Boston.

Mrs. A. Sherwood of Hillsboro was in town last week.

Miss Mayme Galle of Miryville is in the city visiting her cousin Mrs. L. Berryman.

The grand summer carnival in aid of the proposed new hospital was opened in the Victoria rink on Tuesday evening. Fully one thousand were in attendance and enjoyed the numerous entertainments provided for them. The ladies of Moncton have been zealously working for many weeks to make the carnival a success and judging from present appearance they will not be disappointed. To name those interested in the affair would require too much space but suffice to say that the list includes the names of ladies always identified philanthropy. Fully two hundred young ladies are assisting in various ways.

Mr. G. V. Forbes is recovering from a long and serious illness.

Mrs. Derrier and Miss Derrier have gone for a short visit to Grandstone Island.

Miss Evelyn Spencer, daughter of Mr. Charles Spencer, left this morning for Roxbury, Mass. to take a course in professional nursing at the hospital there.

Miss Hickman of Sussex is visiting friends in Moncton.

Miss Irene Bishop of Boston is visiting friends in the city.

Mr. Henry Belliveau and wife, of Boston, are in the city on a visit.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the bookstore of O. S. Wall, T. E. Acheson and J. Vroom and in Calais at O. F. Tremaine's.]

JUNE 13.—Invitations were issued this week for a reception and ball on Friday evening by the graduating class of the Calais High school. The affair will take place in St. Croix Hall.

Miss Bertha Smith left for Annapolis, Ont. on Monday, to visit Mrs. H. S. Pettick. Mr. Pettick will return with Miss Smith about July first and will be the guest of her parents Mr. and Mrs. Graham, during July.

Miss Lottie Miller, daughter of C. B. Miller and a former scholar of the St. Stephen school, is to deliver the valedictory at the graduation exercises of the Calais high school.

Miss Alice Marshall returned from Lowell on Tuesday and will spend the summer at home.

D. & A. Straight Front No. 297. The picture shows you the effect. Our reputation assures you that the workmanship, and durability cannot be excelled. D. & A. Genuine Straight Front From \$1.00 to \$2.00 a pair. Dominion Corset Mfg. Co. Quebec Montreal Toronto

Leave Your Orders Early for Spring Painting, etc. At ST. JOHN PAINT STORE, 153 PRINCE ST. TEL. 697. H. L. & J. T. McGowan. We sell Paint in Small Tins, Glass, Oil, Turpentine, Whiting, Putty, etc. WHITE'S For Sale by all First-Class Dealers in Confectionery. Caramel Snowflakes Don't take inferior goods; the best do not cost any more than inferior goods.

Issued Quarterly. Corticelli 35 cents per year. Home Needlework Magazine. Should be on every Lady's Work Table. Excel in Embroidery. FROM BEGINNER TO EXPERT. "Corticelli Home Needlework Magazine,"—the inimitable manual which all others vainly trying to imitate—will teach you, at the modest rate of 35 cents a year, besides furnishing free of charge Flowers and other Needlework designs in beautiful colors, which cost thousands and thousands of dollars. Artists and experts of eminence in Embroidery, Crochet, Knitting, Drawn Work and Lace Making, engaged at princely salaries, will help you to establish AN EMDROIDERY GRADUATE CLASS through CORTICELLI HOME NEEDLEWORK MAGAZINE for the brightening and beautifying of your home, the elevation of spirits always accompanying high-class needlework, and to place a pleasant pin-money provider in my lady's hands. Corticelli Silk Co., Limited, P. O. Box 340, ST. JOHNS, P. Q.

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

FOR ARTISTS. WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS, WATER COLORS, CANVAS, etc., etc., etc. Manufacturing Artists, Colormen to Her Majesty the Queen and Royal Family. FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES. A. RAMSAY & SON, - MONTREAL, Wholesale Agents for Canada.

Bucouche Bar Oysters. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Bucouche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square. J. D. TURNER. Pulp Wood Wanted. WANTED—Under-sized saw logs, such as Batting or Spilling. Parties having such for sale can correspond with the St. John Sulphite Company, Ltd., stating the quantity, price per thousand superficial feet, and the time of delivery. M. F. MOONEY,

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 you 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—10s., (15 for black). Maypole Soap. Free Book about successful Home Dyeing by addressing the Wholesale Depot, 8 Place Royale, Montreal.

HALIFAX NOTES.



PROGRESSIVE SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.

Progressive society for sale in Halifax by the embryo... at the following news stands and creases...

June 13.—The arrival of H. M. S. Crescent and her attendant ships the Proserpine and Quail has occasioned quite a furore in the social circle...

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.

Hon. 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 Eog. arrived here last week on the Steamer Commonwealth. They will make a somewhat lengthy stay with relatives here.

Mrs. T. E. and Miss 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 Conlath of Fredericton were passengers of steamer Evangelina on her last trip enroute to England, where they will visit for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. O'Connor have returned from a pleasant two week's trip to Buffalo, Montreal and Ottawa. Miss Bessie Cruise, niece of Mr. J. H. Emmett, Göttingen street was united in the bonds of matrimony with Mr. John D'Agale 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 gossamer over white satin, with bridal veil and bouquet of roses. The bridesmaid Miss Kate Smith wore a costume of cream cloth and carried pink roses. The little maids of honor Misses Gertrude Cruise and Emma Tupper were attired in white with picture hats and baskets of pink roses.

At the conclusion of the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's uncle and the happy couple left for 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.

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 Barns who has been visiting friends in Annapolis and vicinity returned home Saturday. Mrs. J. Head and daughter, of Wolfville, spent a few days last week at the home of her niece, Mrs. Sidney Foster, Hawthorne Farm.

Miss Winnifred Morse left on Monday to take charge of the school at Tapperville, Miss Morse was among the number who graduated from Acadia Seminary this year. Mrs. Wm. Langle and son Carman, of Grand Pre Miss Josie and Mr. Harry Johnston, of Boston, were guests of Mrs. Enoch 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 DeWolfe Bent and Mr. Willoughby Anthony, of Port 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. O. F. Ruffice, was becomingly attired in gray ladies' 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 18th, 19th and 20th insts. The bride received many beautiful presents from a large circle of friends.

On Tuesday, June 11th, at the residence of her sister Mrs. Diamond Abbie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Young, of Paradise, N. S., was united in marriage to Mr. J. A. Furbish, of Boston, by the Rev. J. H. Brigham, of Dorchester. The bride was attended by Miss Leahtha Page, while Mr. Samuel Turbish, brother of the groom, was best man. The bride was dressed in crepe-de-chine, with children's 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 Revere.

After the arduous work and constant travel of twenty seasons in one play and part, Lewis Morrison retired from the role of Mephisto in Faust after playing it five thousand times. The temporary retirement lengthened into two years. His Californian home and pleasant social surroundings proved strong inducements to retire permanently, for Lewis Morrison is one of the few actors who possesses a competency. He has evidently caught the old fever again, however, for he is to represent Nuremberg in a new scenic production of Faust.

Richard Mansfield and his fine company gave Kansas city two nights of He ry V on May 13, 14. Mr. Mansfield occupied the stage of the Auditorium Theatre, the Woodward Stock company, resigning the house to him on those days. The business done by Henry V was very good. Mr. Mansfield came near having his tour out short, however, by quarantine against smallpox, and had the health officers been a little more sure of their diagnosis even the August Mansfield person would not have been spared. It came about through one of the local supers who was discovered to have smallpox after playing two nights on the same stage as Mansfield. The super was sent to the hospital for contagious disease, and the Mansfield train pulled out a few minutes ahead of the health officers, who hastened to the station.

Edna Wallace Hopper is making a great sensation in New York and has received a full advertisement from a little event, speaking of which the Dramatic Mirror says: "There was no matinee at the Casino on Saturday. It was given out that this extraordinary hiatus in Florodora's long run was due to the fact that Edna Wallace Hopper, of the cast, desiring to attend a horse race, yclept the Brooklyn handicap, at Gravesend track, Saturday afternoon, had bought out the house, paying \$1,700 or so for same, never dreaming of course, that she might have an understudy. The Casino press agent even exhibited photographic facsimiles of Mrs. Hopper's cheque, and so who could doubt the truth? Then Sunday's papers told how Mrs. Hopper went to the race, lost ever so much on the winner but—ah, happy chance!—made up nearly all of it on the

The Truth

Is 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.



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 means have failed. It cures perfectly and permanently. There is no alcohol 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."

"I was a total wreck—could not eat or sleep," writes Mr. J. O. Beers, of Berryman, Crawford Co., Mo. "For two years I tried medicine from doctors, but received very little benefit. I lost 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 had taken one bottle I could sleep, and my appetite was wonderfully improved. I have taken five bottles and am still improving."

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

Music and the Drama. Continued from page three. life with the somewhat archaic sociality of a remote Spanish town and the medieval conditions of Morocco, as they are but superficially affected by European contact, the scenes being laid in those three countries.

Roy N. Hair, musical director of the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, was seriously injured while boarding a car in Brooklyn last Monday evening. The car started before Mr. Hair was firmly on, throwing him violently upon his head, and cutting a gash which required eight stitches to close. His left arm was also badly sprained. Concussion of the brain was for a time feared, and although that danger is thought past, it will doubtless be some time before his friends will see him in his accustomed place.

After the arduous work and constant travel of twenty seasons in one play and part, Lewis Morrison retired from the role of Mephisto in Faust after playing it five thousand times. The temporary retirement lengthened into two years. His Californian home and pleasant social surroundings proved strong inducements to retire permanently, for Lewis Morrison is one of the few actors who possesses a competency. He has evidently caught the old fever again, however, for he is to represent Nuremberg in a new scenic production of Faust.

Richard Mansfield and his fine company gave Kansas city two nights of He ry V on May 13, 14. Mr. Mansfield occupied the stage of the Auditorium Theatre, the Woodward Stock company, resigning the house to him on those days. The business done by Henry V was very good. Mr. Mansfield came near having his tour out short, however, by quarantine against smallpox, and had the health officers been a little more sure of their diagnosis even the August Mansfield person would not have been spared. It came about through one of the local supers who was discovered to have smallpox after playing two nights on the same stage as Mansfield. The super was sent to the hospital for contagious disease, and the Mansfield train pulled out a few minutes ahead of the health officers, who hastened to the station.

Edna Wallace Hopper is making a great sensation in New York and has received a full advertisement from a little event, speaking of which the Dramatic Mirror says: "There was no matinee at the Casino on Saturday. It was given out that this extraordinary hiatus in Florodora's long run was due to the fact that Edna Wallace Hopper, of the cast, desiring to attend a horse race, yclept the Brooklyn handicap, at Gravesend track, Saturday afternoon, had bought out the house, paying \$1,700 or so for same, never dreaming of course, that she might have an understudy. The Casino press agent even exhibited photographic facsimiles of Mrs. Hopper's cheque, and so who could doubt the truth? Then Sunday's papers told how Mrs. Hopper went to the race, lost ever so much on the winner but—ah, happy chance!—made up nearly all of it on the

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, forsooth, a Florodora 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, and went to shaking so that some of the buildings fell down, and you couldn't tell whether it was an earthquake or not!

Entering the kitchen, thereupon I found a policeman hugging the cook. 'A nice cuisine this,' exclaimed I with all the irony I could summon. 'Ah, a nice squeeze scene, indeed!' faltered the cook, blushing violently. At this the officer laughed a buoyant laugh and admonished me to chase my self. 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.'

Why? Why is Fry's Cocoa pure and rich and delicate in flavor, and most economical to use? Why does it go farther than others? Why is it called the household Cocoa? Because it is concentrated and nothing but absolutely pure Cocoa. "Best" because no other is quite so good. There is "much in little" in Fry's Cocoa.

Sold everywhere. A. P. TIPPER & Co., Agts. Montreal.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists.

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

APOL & STEEL PILLS A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superseding Bitter Apple, Fil Cochis, Peppermint, &c. Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from EVANS & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B. C., or Martin Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton, Eng.



The "Albert" Toilet Soap Co's Baby's Own Soap makes young-sters, 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 most useful on a lady's toilet as in the nursery. Pearly, but exquisitely aromatic. Beware of imitations.

Eugene Field's Poems A \$7.00 Book. THE Book of the century, is a dromically illustrated by thirty-two of the World's greatest Artists. FIELD FLOWERS (cloth bound, \$2.11) as a certificate of subscription to fund. Book contains a selection of Field's best and most representative works and is ready for delivery. The Fund created is divided equally between the family of the late Eugene Field and the Fund for the building of a monument to the memory of the beloved poet of childhood. Address EUGENE FIELD MONUMENT SOUVENIR FUND, (Also at Book Stores.) 180 Monroe St., Chicago.

NOTICE. Through the efforts of Mr. W. A. Hickman, Immigration Commissioner, who has been in England for some months past, it is expected that in the coming spring a considerable number of farmers with capital will arrive in the province, with a view to purchasing farms. All persons having desirable farms to dispose of will please communicate with the undersigned, when blank forms will be sent, to be filled in with the necessary particulars as to location, price, terms of sale, etc. Quite a number of agricultural laborers are also expected and farmers desiring help will also please communicate with the undersigned. Dated St. John, N. B., Feb. 9th, A. D. 1901. 2-14 1m ROBERT MARSHALL.

News and Opinions OF National Importance. The Sun ALONE CONTAINS BOTH. Daily, by mail, \$6 a year. Daily and Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year.

The Sunday Sun is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world. Price 5c. a copy. By mail, \$2 a year. Address THE SUN, New York.

Mr. C. H. ... thing is exp... There nev... in his-... the v... that was... disease r... would rel... other... obtainable... for many... judicious... valence... Quinte... relieves... chronic... in the... -imparts... being stim... strength... system, the... sustenance... Lyman of... superior... Preaches... All drugs... When the... glescent in



Albert Toilet Soap Co's Own Soap makes young- an, sweet, and fresh.

Given Free to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Monument...

NOTICE. The efforts of Mr. W. A. Hickerson, Commissioner, who has had for some months past, it that in the coming spring a number of farmers with capital in the province, with a view to disposing of will please...

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

ALONE. The Sun. The latest Sunday Newspaper in the world. By mail, \$2 a year.

WINDSOR.

June 13.—Miss Corbin of Edwford, spent Sunday in town with friends. Mrs Phillips wife of Rev Wm Phillips laid up with a badly sprained ankle. Mrs Charles Ross of Yarmouth is in town visiting her sister, Miss Janie Curry.

June 12.—Miss Mary Short returned to Digby this week. Mrs H B Shott is visiting her mother at Hampton.

DIGBY.

June 12.—Miss Mary Short returned to Digby this week. Mrs H B Shott is visiting her mother at Hampton. Miss Fanny Smith has gone to Halifax. Mrs Forsythe has returned from St John and will spend the summer at Digby.

WOLFVILLE.

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

THINGS OF VALUE.

Mr Utley—I should think you would raise mushrooms; they are very expensive. Mr Lohate (of Lunenburg, naturally)—Every thing is expensive by the time I have raised it.

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,

negroes came out of some cabins to look at the soldiers, one of whom asked:—'Boys, are you all for the union?' 'Oh, yes, massa; when you uns is about we is.'

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 irregular habits or lack of care in eating and drinking.

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that the patient is unable to take any food, and the only chance of recovery is by the use of a powerful expectorant.

Finally bunny run 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.

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.

state of mind. The American minister was immediately summoned, and was asked by her parents to present her abject apologies through the proper channels.

Guest—Why do you print your bill of fare in French? Fashionable Restaurant—Because my patrons like to think that I think they can read it.

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that the patient is unable to take any food, and the only chance of recovery is by the use of a powerful expectorant.

Finally bunny run 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.

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.

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. WANTED—Men and women who look young to sell Dr. White's Electric Comb to men and women who want to look young.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS. Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 45 words) cost 15 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

Progress Job Printing Department. 29 to 31 Canterbury Street.

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

BRANDIES! Landing ex "Corean." THOS. L. BOURKE. 25 WATER STREET.

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

THE DUFFERIN. This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the House, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men.

Victoria Hotel. 81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B. Electric Passenger Elevator! and all Modern Improvements. D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

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

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.

Summer Boarders.

"Oh, mamma, mamma," bawled the calf, "What's coming through the yard?"

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 throat.

The Waiter Was No Linguist.

He pulled himself up at the hotel table tucked his napkin under his chin, picked up the bill of fare, and began to study it intently.

NEWS OF THE PASSING WEEK.

(Continued from Page Four.)

attempting to arrest him and making his escape. He is also wanted in Bloomington, 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.

The first death from small pox since the epidemic broke out in Providence, R. I., occurred Saturday morning when Maria Di Luggio succumbed to 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, Kans., Saturday night from the scene of devastation in Kay, Co., Oklahoma, says that the storm of Friday night ruined the wheat crop of 400 farms west and northwest of Blackwell.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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

"Put Money In Thy Purse."

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 clogs through the veins.

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."



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 'om 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.

W. H. NEWMAN'S RESUME.

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, in brief is the career of W. H. Newman.

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.

In 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.

It 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.

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.

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.

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.

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 the other, modestly. "I just had a conversation with Vandebilt and he offered me the Presidency of the Lake Shore."

"Well, that's about as high as you can get in the railroad world, is it not?" laughingly asked Mr. Long.

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' tell a little story from his 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.

"Do you know who that woman is?" asked the business man.

"No," said the philanthropist. "Who is it?"

"Hettie Green, the richest woman in the United States."

"The mother-in-law joke is obsolete," "Yes," answered the young duke, "but this father-in-law joke is getting mighty tiresome."

"But your amateur farming doesn't pay expense, does it?" "I hope so. I'm going to write a book about it."

"She comes of a grand old family, I believe?" "Yes, very! An ancestor of hers was beheaded in the tower during the reign of the fourth Edward."

The Photographer—But this picture does not look like her. Astute Assistant—Of course not; but it looks like she thinks she looks.

Before. After. Wood's Phosphodine. The Great English Remedy. Sold and recommended by all druggists in Canada.

Wood's Phosphodine is sold in St. John by all responsible Druggists.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Is successfully used monthly by over 10,000 Ladies. Safe, effective. Ladies ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

No. 1—end—No. 2 are sold in St. John by all responsible Druggists.



Makes Child's Play of Wash Day. SURPRISE SOAP. is a pure hard soap which has remarkable qualities for easy and quick washing. SURPRISE really makes Child's Play of wash day. Try it yourself.

Time and Energy ARE WORTH SOMETHING.

Chickering's Furniture Polish. Saves both, and makes the furniture look like new. Thoroughly clean the furniture and apply a small quantity on a cotton cloth, then rub the surface lightly with a soft cloth, when a most brilliant polish will be produced.

PREPARED ONLY BY W. Rudman Allan,

Chemist and Druggist, 87 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B. Telephone 239 and have a bottle sent to the house. Mail orders promptly filled.

CANADIAN PACIFIC PASSENGER TRAIN SERVICE.

From St. John. Effective Monday, June 10th, 1901.

DEPARTURES. 6:16 a. m. Express—Flying Yankee, for Bangor, Portland and Boston, connecting for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Holliston, Woodstock and points North.

ARRIVALS. 7:20 a. m. Suburban, from Lunenburg. 8:21 a. m. Fredericton Express. 11:20 a. m. Boston Express. 11:35 a. m. Montreal Express.

ARRIVALS. 7:20 a. m. Suburban, from Lunenburg. 8:21 a. m. Fredericton Express. 11:20 a. m. Boston Express. 11:35 a. m. Montreal Express.

ARRIVALS. 7:20 a. m. Suburban, from Lunenburg. 8:21 a. m. Fredericton Express. 11:20 a. m. Boston Express. 11:35 a. m. Montreal Express.

ARRIVALS. 7:20 a. m. Suburban, from Lunenburg. 8:21 a. m. Fredericton Express. 11:20 a. m. Boston Express. 11:35 a. m. Montreal Express.

ARRIVALS. 7:20 a. m. Suburban, from Lunenburg. 8:21 a. m. Fredericton Express. 11:20 a. m. Boston Express. 11:35 a. m. Montreal Express.

ARRIVALS. 7:20 a. m. Suburban, from Lunenburg. 8:21 a. m. Fredericton Express. 11:20 a. m. Boston Express. 11:35 a. m. Montreal Express.

ARRIVALS. 7:20 a. m. Suburban, from Lunenburg. 8:21 a. m. Fredericton Express. 11:20 a. m. Boston Express. 11:35 a. m. Montreal Express.

ARRIVALS. 7:20 a. m. Suburban, from Lunenburg. 8:21 a. m. Fredericton Express. 11:20 a. m. Boston Express. 11:35 a. m. Montreal Express.

ARRIVALS. 7:20 a. m. Suburban, from Lunenburg. 8:21 a. m. Fredericton Express. 11:20 a. m. Boston Express. 11:35 a. m. Montreal Express.

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 centres of the New England States on the other.

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.

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.

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.

'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, convent 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.

La Sol-eil, 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 in 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 tripping, 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.

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 plagues 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 required you to refuse? I hope that I am properly understood. Let anyone contradict me who dares. . . .

The father of the family gradually abandons 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 neglects to have his children baptized because of the cost.

for our Canadian priests, and to such an extent that even in the Canadian parishes the parish priests are prohibited from preaching in our beautiful French language. Look at Massachusetts and say if this is not true.

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.

RATTLESNAKES DRIVEN TO THE WALL.

In a country where a quarter of a century ago a rattlesnake was to be found under every rock and in every billock, 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 proclivities that heavy penalties are provided by the Territorial statutes 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 lose 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 light 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 a great rattlesnake coiled upon his breast.

'I almost suffocated from fearing to breathe 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 thighs 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 fright 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? 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.

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 60's. The thing that strikes an old grad 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 tables or coaches.

'Nowadays there are class crews, and all of these eight 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 eared. In '53 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 60's there were fifteen boats in commission ranging from 45 to 46-foot Spanish cedar shells and 45 foot lap streaked gigs to 33

oot 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 boat-house, 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 water logged 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 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, where it went to pieces. The Osceola shells and 45 foot lap streaked gigs to 33

Continued on Page sixteen.

Child's Play of Wash Day. SURPRISE SOAP. The hard soap which has remarkable qualities for easy and quick washing. SURPRISE really makes Child's wash day. Try it yourself. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO. St. Stephen, N.B.

Power and Energy. WORTH SOMETHING. King's Furniture Polish. Both, and makes the furniture new. Thoroughly clean the wood and apply a small quantity on a cloth, then rub the surface lightly with a most brilliant effect.

PREPARED ONLY BY Rudman Allan, Chemist and Druggist, 107-109 Lotte Street, St. John, N. B. One 25c and have a bottle sent free. Mail orders promptly filled.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY. PASSENGER TRAIN SERVICE. From St. John.

DEPARTURES. Express-Flying Yankee, for Bangor, Portland and Boston, connecting for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock and points North. CAB ST. JOHN TO BOSTON. Suburban Express, to Wolford. Suburban Express, Wednesdays and Saturdays only, to Wolford. Suburban Express to Wolford. Montreal Short Line Express, connecting at Montreal for Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton, Buffalo and Chicago, and with the 'Imperial Limited' for Winnipeg and Vancouver. Connects for Fredericton. First and second class coaches to Montreal. Sleeper St. John to Lewis (opposite) via Megantic. Sleeper for Boston, St. John to Lam Jct. Boston Express, First and second class coach passengers for Bangor, Portland and Boston. Train stops at Grand Bay, Riverbank, Bellefleur, Westfield Beach, Linley and Wolford, connects for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock (St. Andrews after July 1st), Boston. Pullman sleeper off Montreal Express attached to this train at McAdam Jct. Fredericton Express, Saturdays only. Accommodation, making all stops as far as Wolford. ARRIVALS. Suburban, from Lunenburg. Fredericton Express. Boston Express. Montreal Express. Suburban from Wolford. Suburban Express, Wednesday and Saturday only from Wolford. Suburban from Wolford. Boston Express. F. A. USHER, F. A. Montreal.

'You really?' replied his rival. 'You really?' he said threateningly, 'to my eye from Miss Bilton. I've been over to her myself.' 'You really?' replied his rival. 'You really?' he said threateningly, 'to my eye from Miss Bilton. I've been over to her myself.'

Still in the Lead! CLEVELAND BICYCLES. DUNLOP TIRES. OPTIONS TO SUIT EVERYBODY. PARTS ALWAYS IN STOCK. LOCAL REPAIR AGENTS. W. H. Thorne & Co's., Ltd., MARKET SQUARE.

Wheelbarrows. Are neither elegant nor easy. They don't become you. When you set out to get a bicycle don't get the wheelbarrow kind—the hard to push sort. Why not select a Gendron, Orient or Crescent? REPAIRING. SUNDRIES.

R. D. COLES, 191 Charlotte Street.

Just Think of It. Dominion Bicycles. —Danlop Tires—fully guaranteed. For \$35.00 Cash. Parts always in stock. PERFECTS AND DOMINION. J. CLARK & SON, King Street, Near Germain.

A LIVELY MOVEMENT. In Bicycles is noticeable around our store since the warm weather began. There are other reasons besides the weather, too, for no such chance was ever offered to get a Good Bicycle for so little money, and on such easy terms. You can get a high grade bicycle here, and get it at the right price. If you have not the ready cash, you can have time in which to pay for it. Prices, \$35.00 up. CANADA CYCLE & MOTOR CO., Ltd., WATCH THE ELECTRIC SIGN. No. 64 King Street, Telephone 764.



# Sunday Reading.

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 died, 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.

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.

She went, and for two years worked for the leper without reward, being to her both servant and nurse. At the end of that time Madame Ours died, and after waiting some time and undergoing careful disinfection, Mary returned to the village, and presently married a young man whom she had known from childhood.

When she had been a wife for three years symptoms of leprosy showed themselves, and eventually she died of that loathsome disease.

When one reads this story in the report, one's first thought is that such an ending is cruel. Why should this generous-hearted girl die of leprosy? Why was she not rewarded for her heroic deed by years of happy life with her husband and children?

Shall we forget that to the Great Shepherd death is not a punishment or a pain but rather the opening of the gate through which He calls His sheep home to the fold?

### Filial Devotion.

In November a most illustrious literary company meets in Paris to hear one of its members read a paper full of stories of humble people who, pained at the sight of suffering, have labored to relieve it. These yearly reports, which have been presented to the French academy regularly since the fall of Napoleon, form a mass of illustration to St. Paul's great burst of eloquence in praise of charity. The originator of the 'rewards of virtue' was Baron de Montyon, in 1788. Since the others have followed his example until, in 1899, the income for these prizes amounted to seventy-three thousand two hundred and fifty francs, and one hundred and thirty eight persons were 'crowned.' The rewards are given for instances of beautiful unselfishness and self-sacrifice on the part of the poor.

In 1899 the annual report was read by Pierre Loti, and one of the most touching instances was the following, as related in the outlook:

It is the story of the Michaud sisters. They have both been blind from birth. Under their old thatch roof, on a floor of beaten earth, they began from babyhood to work like two good little fairies. While their parents tilled the ground and tended the orchard that gave them a bare living, the two daughters managed, hard as it was, to keep the pans and dishes clean, and even to cook the meals.

When the neighbors were amazed at the beautiful order in the little house, the little blind girls would say: 'Why if we were not careful to put the things back in the same place, how could we find them again, because we cannot see?'

The family lived thus almost happily, until about ten years ago, the father died, leaving the orchard to take care of itself; for the mother was worn out with hard work and almost decrepit.

At this juncture the officials in the mayor's office in the neighboring village thought they were doing a kind turn when they offered to place the widow in an asylum; but the thought of parting with their mother threw the two blind sisters into despair. 'By and by,' they said, 'by and by, if it must be. Let us first try to live together; we will do all we can.'

And when I tell you what they did, you will think I am drawing on my imagination. They learned to spin wool, and by dint

of keeping up their practice until midnight they succeeded in learning to sew well enough to make money, for their kind-hearted neighbors gave them work. They learned to wash their own linen, sitting in front of the wash-tub by the side of an obliging neighbor, who told them when the things were clean enough or when a little more rubbing was needed.

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.

After a time the poor widow became childish, but had the desire to wander as before along the roads, to the great anxiety of her daughters, who no longer dared let go of her gown.

'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 this 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 warm the poor, coarse garments in front of the flame 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, is 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 men 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 name 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 Dic-

tionary 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 from 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, stationery, 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 a facilities and the great expense involved.

Dr. Pierce has arranged to make your visit inexpensive, free from annoyance and anxiety, and gave 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, Chautauque, 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 Gettin, 'give me 10 cents to buy a story book with.'

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

### WOMEN'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 hieth unto the tailor and sayeth unto him:

'What is the latest wrinkle in trousers?'

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

And the price two feet longer.

And the cost, as the tailor showeth him, is out swayed, 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 himself in 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 discouragement pancake.

For he saith unto himself as that are cut low in the ankle and wide in the toe and high in the heel.

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

Which also have open work and drop stitches 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 adown the macadamized highway.'

'Verily, 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 uncalculated 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 arraped as man now is, for he was a wise man.

Also he had to buy cloths for several hundred wives.

### VALUED 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 cruc-



**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 looking fresh and new. PEARLINE economy is known to millions of women. Ask about it. They will say—better than soap or ordinary washing powders. 637

ible and subjected to enormous heat in a furnace. The melting occupies from twenty to thirty five hours, and still is needed to see that the proper temperature is maintained or the strass comes out cloudy and utterly 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' owned by ladies among the poorer classes.

### Valuable Advice to Rheumatics.

Eat meat sparingly, and take very little sugar. Avoid damp feet, drink water abundantly, and always rely on Polson's Nerviline as an absolute reliever of rheumatic pains. Being five times stronger than other remedies, its power over pain is simply beyond belief. Buy a large 25 cent bottle to day, test it, and see if this is not so. Polson's Nerviline always cures rheumatism.

### Taking no Chances.

A canny Scotch farmer, who had been suffering from the aching of a troublesome tooth, went into Glasgow for treatment. The dentist, having examined the tooth, said kindly:

'It's a very bad tooth, and I should advise you to save yourself pain and take gas, which is only a shilling more.'

He showed the machine to the old man and explained its workings; how he would fall asleep for a minute or two, and awake with the tooth and the pain gone. The farmer at last consented, and took out his purse.

'Never mind paying now,' said the dentist, loftily.

'Hoots!' replied the Scot. 'A was na thinkin' o' that; but it A'm ga'en ta sleep. A thoct A wad like ta count ma siller fast.'

# 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 shovelled 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 hunch 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 fouling 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 Phil) 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 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 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 sloughing 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 want 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 these 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 plungers, 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 conservatism 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 being 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 hetic 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 line 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 figured out to win, and that he has only played to run third, has actually won. Yet he has never been known to express a grouch with himself for not having played the horse to win.'

'That's a kind of conservatism 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 thousands 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 all that sort of imbecile twaddle.'

'Now, if anybody has got a right to set up a wall over the pulling off of these good things by the plunger it ought to be the bookmaker, for he's the boy that is hardest hit; but you'll never hear a bookmaker, or at least a bookmaker of sense and experience, mouthing about crooked races for they understand how most of these things are pulled off.'

'For instance, an owner who hasn't been in luck, and who hasn't got much money, will go to George Smith, or any other big better, and say something like this:

'Look here, I've got a nag in my barn that worked a mile yesterday morning in 1:41.'

'Well,' says Smith, if Smith is the man tackled by the owner, 'if that's the case your horse is good enough to win a race, but I'm from Missouri, and I want to see him to do it.'

'Smith will then put his boy, Shaw, up on the horse the owner has tackled him about and try him out under his own eye. If the horse does as well as his owner has said the man with the reputation for plunging sees that the animal is slid into a race that is liable to suit him and bets on the horse, at the same time putting down a good bet for the owner. Now, that is a perfectly legitimate transaction. There is no room for even an imitation of a moan in connection with it. Yet every time a sleeper is successfully shoved through and the man with the money who has engineered it is known to have won a big pot of money on the outcome you'll hear the knocking chorus of the soreheads who've played the favorite off the boards to beat the good thing.'

'Systems? Systems are all right if you stick to them. But there's the rub—sticking to a system. There are some men who do it, but not many. Any old system of beating the horses is good—provided it founded upon common sense—so long as it is religiously adhered to. But only men of a certain breed are able to stick to a

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.'

'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 treads 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 slates 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 I 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.

Continued on Page Thirteen.



A PLEASANT OUTING!

## Chat

Fashions in from the summer the season are unlimited possibilities of modes of trimmings applied again and variation at each

The tendency picturesque, white or less degree, Louis Seize of this are seen gowns of chiffon the distinguishing under dress of with crocheted other designs.

The edges of simply finished silk, which appear the veiling of the an undergarment without careful doubt as to whether of changes can using tinted chiffon embroidered with

This sort of effect, but it is plicity which amount of lace one needs to look all the new sun to appreciate it as well a financial

Some of the hand painted a usually in gold whole design is ed, and which bright coloring for veiling one again in the silk this season, where ferent tints of blue one over the other

All lace, however, unless it underneath to show out the pattern. A delicate fine a lovely combination green is the of this sort is made a flounce of black at the hem, the

The chiffon shows in a narrow the lace lapping. The lace is arranged in a form of a bolero chiffon at the neck

Green is one brought out in it we see it combined blue in one color. The foundation with white chiffon is inset with black. Cluny in combination

White veiling ular this season, ming them is the applied on white or bands as they you see the creases in various designs as a finish for there may be the edges further dull pink mouse waist and fast forms the belt.

The sleeves of what flowing sleeve of fine effect, by the wide the much development to the wide a fall of lace or inq over the hand shown in its among the fans they are more p

But the varieties and new ideas a pression. In the lawn and batiste tucked from the below which the large puff gathered wrist with a frilled hand. Another crosswise a few shoulder, giving which the sleeves to just above the forms a puff. It it to the waist.

The sleeve shoulder to the close fitting, is girls in Paris, it

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 of silk, which applies them to the surface, and the veiling of the transparent fabric gives an indescribable 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 mousseline, 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 mousseline voile. The foundation dress is of blue silk veiled with white chiffon, and a green mousseline 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 taffets, 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 mousseline 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 widths 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 frill 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 vertical lines above the elbow and fitting the arm closely. Below this is a full bishop gathered closely at the wrist with a frill 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, dressy 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, platings and flounces of varying kinds. A skirt set forth as the latest thing to wear with fancy waists is made of taffeta muslin which is something thinner than taffeta and yet not a gauze.

These skirts are trimmed with side platings from the knees down each one edged with black velvet ribbon. Platings, 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 plaits outlined with black velvet ribbon. The plaits begin 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 plaits 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 plaits 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 skirts, which is a pretty relief from the stitched bands is made by using the silk as if it were insertion. It is cut out in various designs or in straight bands and 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 plaits and crossed in vertical lines of black galloon with spaces between. Other veilings have a shaped ruff 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 corselet 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. Panné 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 creton in some design over the lace, in bolero form, for instance, and is something very easily done by the home dressmaker.

Cretonne 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 berages. Both materials are in the same color, of course, and the cloth design is stitched on. In pale gray berage 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 mull in white or tinted grounds. Tucks, shirtings and lace insertions figure largely in their decoration, but the special feature to be chronicled is the use of Russian lace over 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 tucking 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 Tusore 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 picturesque revival of fashion because of its pliable texture and sheeny 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 silks than ever before, especially among the thinner kinds, such as foulards and tiffetas. 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 Folsome 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 mull forms the front.

Something both dainty and useful, labelled as a tailor gown, is made of gray Louisiana 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 to have 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 chokerless neck, extending down the front in square stock ends to the belt, and fastened with black velvet bows.

REELS 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 mousseline, outlined all around the edge with an applique of lace. Another of tucked cream taffeta is charming to wear with light gowns.

Boss of every conceivable kind are

worn this season. They are made of feathers, and flower petals, mousseline, net and lace; it hardly matters which, so long as they are full and fluffy enough to maintain 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 ducks 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 novel 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. Figue hats 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, so 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 wedding either has none at all or else they are represented by small children.

KING'S DAUGHTERS' FLOURISHING

The Order Larger Than Ever, Though 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 tents. 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, China, 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 tents, an expression borrowed from the Lend-a-Hand movement. But the tents 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 peel, orange skins, or any of the deadly slippery things which are a trap for the unwary. They could kick or throw these

One Dose Hood's Pills. Tells the story. When your head aches, 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 peelings 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 Lestershire, 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 piazza 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 Daughters is found in a paragraph of one of their tracts.

'The order is 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 Billygost now,' whimpered the youngster.

'Take the game as it stands and it's not to be beat in the long run. You may sting 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 know 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 the same 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.'

DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c CATARRH CURE. Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the sinusses, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blowers free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

# 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 superstitious and 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, 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 ants, 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 teaspoonfuls 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 bite are rare, although cases reported in the newspapers are of 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 exclamation 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 incautiously 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 quality, 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 has known but one death 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 centipede are also exaggerated. We have no dangerous species in the United States. The tropical centipedes bite with their mandibles 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 sums 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 gone. The executors refused to establish the college, claiming the will was invalid and meanwhile were drawing sometimes as \$150,000 as salary and less 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 reminder 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 parishoners 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 Frequent—Doctors said Her Case Was One of General Debility, and Held Out Small Hopes 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 has Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Girls delicate from childhood have used these pills with remarkable beneficial effects, and the cherished daughter of 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.

Miss Cloutier in an interview with a representative of the Telegraph gave the following account of her 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 exercises; 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 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, so 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 known medicine for growing girls and I would advise their use in all cases similar to that of my daughter's."

Miss Cloutier's story should bring hope to many thousands of other young girls who suffer as she did. Those who are pale, lack appetite, suffer from headaches and palpitation of the heart, dizziness, or a feeling of constant weariness, or a newed health and strength in the use of a few boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brookville, Ont.

Buttons, Boots and Brahms.

Mr. George Henschel, 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 respectfully 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. Henschel took together, sharing the same room, Mr. Henschel always tried to get first to bed and to sleep.

One night at the inn in Frankfurt, Mr. Henschel was hopefully encouraging his own sleepiness while his companion yet appeared waketul.

"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 lodge 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,

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 Henschel, 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 whole 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, gentlemen," said the chairman, "will ye a' fill your glasses, for I'm about to bring forth the queen. Our Queen, gentlemen, is really a wonderful woman if I may say it; she's ane o' the guid auld sort. Nae whigmalaries or faldars auld her, but a dour decent lady.

"She's respectable beyond a doot. She has brocht up a grand family o' weel tared lads and lasses,—her suldest son being a credit to any mither,—and they're a' weel married. Ane daughter is nae less than married to the Duke o' Argyll's son and heir.

"Gentlemen, ye'll maybe not believe it, but I ane saw the queen. I did. It was when I took my auld broon coat to Perth show. I remember her weel—such color, such hair—" (interruption and cries of "Is it the ooe or the queen ye're proposin?")

"The queen, gentlemen. I beg your pardon, but I was talking about the ooe. 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 hame slips awa' ye needna remind a widow another hour langer.' Noe, 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 Sanfrinini, 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 607 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 litigant 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 Sanfrinini, who was originally responsible for the trouble.

### 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's old servant, scandalized by the sight of tall, athletic clubs in scarlet coats, armed with iron-headed clubs, striding over the fields, one day reported to his master:

"Them girls in the pasture scare our cows!"

The farmer scratched his head. "Hiram," came his leisurely answer, "times is changed 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)

At that moment with the tea  
Bring tea for  
'And I shall  
as I am running  
Then, as the  
Stanton became  
'I'm bound to  
tective that—  
'It's all right,  
need not fear th  
And he gave  
with such pluck  
was completely  
for all that, he r  
over his prison  
Now, I will j  
said Stanton, la  
with me to mak  
'I'm afraid I  
'Ariad! No  
your position.  
'And, leaving  
the stairs.  
Entering his  
door, and turn  
As the detec  
Stanton stepped  
and, climbing  
ground; then,  
into the darkne  
A log had hit  
Stanton had cli  
tom of the gard  
the lights of th  
He did not r  
talking, but car  
as he escaped a  
At last he str  
He could be str  
dog, then the s  
Several time  
broken ground  
continued his  
died away in th  
Now he stop  
lessly in the de  
ly see a foot  
wander on, tru  
Hall-an-hour  
He heard a  
was the Loudo  
This gave hi  
The detectiv  
his own count  
this train to L  
So Stanton  
flight, though  
He was cross  
where the fog  
denly he step  
the river.  
He rose to  
for the help  
him, beat the  
The bank wa  
yet, being un  
reach it, and  
until it flung  
shore.  
Muriel sleep  
she entered th  
ing morning.  
They rang  
the servant er  
great excitem  
'If you pla  
horrible natur  
certainly whet  
the postman i  
They have ju  
river, and he  
by accident.'  
'Whatever  
claimed Miss  
'Oh! miss  
just brought  
'You are t  
Miss Neal et  
been drowne  
'Lor', miss  
the corpse  
stranger, but  
in his pocket  
and the polic  
Ain't it wond  
'Lor' Miss  
'Go and get  
Miss Neal.  
Then, when  
the old lady  
slender waist  
'There, the  
calm, Muriel  
look like the  
gib bring-  
go.'  
Half an hour  
the village, a  
body lay.  
'I think he  
miss,' said t  
foggy last ni  
I—  
'Show me  
Neal.  
The const  
old lady step  
For some  
the rigid fac  
Then, tur  
and placed a  
hand as she  
Muriel w  
room windo  
Hazlemere.  
The old la  
niece.  
'It is he,  
Hugh was  
It was da  
one to him;  
ly the tramp  
'If you pl  
called to see  
same time  
Muriel  
Hugh ros  
helplessly,  
actively new  
awkward.  
'I don't k  
said. 'I ar

room in which... I did. It was... Charles Stephani... I heard the case...

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH 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. '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. The detective banged at the door, Stanton stepped to the window, flung it up, and, climbing through, dropped to the ground; then, unburied by the fall, he fled into the darkness. A fog had risen, so dense that when Stanton had climbed the terrace 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 a space, to plunge into the river. He rose to the surface, and shrieking 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 come 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! Miss 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 Hazlemer. 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 of 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. 'I 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 recognize 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 quarrelled 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 this other man who now 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 forget 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 stepfather'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 how you saved her life, and also saying that she believes it was you who rescued Jack from that dreadful prison. 'I helped to 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 day that he met me at Hazlemer. Of course, by law, I was his wife, though I have never borne his name. But now death has released me from the fatal contract. '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 Muriel. I loved 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, Muriel. 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 and had her gentle pity calmed the agony of his 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 thrilling 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 Hazlemer, 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. Seating 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, dear 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 hapiness 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. Hay Fever is caused by germs that float about in the air and finally find lodgement in your throat and lungs. Medicine won't reach them there, but Catarrhose will. Catarrhose is sure death to germs. Start now to use Catarrhose. Inhale it into the throat, lungs, nasal passages, and bronchial tubes; it goes wherever the air you breathe goes and it will prevent and cure Hay Fever. Endorsed by not less than one thousand doctors in Canada and U. S. Sent to any address for \$1.00 forwarded to Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn. or Kingston, Ont. 'SIR!' Lieutenant. One day the officer commanding a Sussex 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 markers 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.' CORN! CORN! CORN! Discovered at last; a remedy that is sure safe and painless. Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor never fails, never causes pain, nor even the slightest discomfort. Buy Putnam's Corn Extractor, and beware of the many cheap, dangerous, and flesh eating substitutes in the market. 'There's one peculiar feature about the trust business.' 'What?' 'Those interested in it don't need it.' 'Don't need what?' 'Trust. They can pay cash.' Editor—Your narrative is too bald. Author—Very well. I will introduce some hair-raising incidents.

WILLING TO SETTLE CHEAPLY. Experience of a Sharp Lawyer With Victims of a Railroad Wreck. 'When I first put out my shingle,' said a New Orleans lawyer, putting his heels on the desk for a little chat, 'I made up my mind firmly that I would allow no opportunity to pass me by on account of diffidence, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. No matter where I saw a chance to improve I would nail it on the spot—or as near the spot as possible. Well, I was still full of this youthful and very admirable enthusiasm when something—it wasn't business—called me to Washington, and on the way up our train met with an accident. It happened just about dusk, and was not very extensive, confined in fact to the derailing and upsetting of one empty day coach; but as bad luck would have it, two men were crossing the platform at the time, and both were rather painfully hurt. One had his hip sprained and received several cuts and the other got some ugly contusions and a four-inch scalp wound. They were taken into the sleeper and made as comfortable as possible, while some of the train crew started off with the engine to get help. One could see at glance continued the lawyer reflectively, 'that the victims of the accident were men in well to do circumstances. The one with the sprained hip was middle aged and gray and the other was considerably younger, but they both had the air of business men or upper class employees. Sitting near by in the sleeper, it suddenly flashed into my mind that here was the chance of my life to get solid with a big corporation. I remembered, as by inspiration, a story I had once read of a young jetation agent who was one of the first people at a great railroad wreck and who had gone immediately among the injured and secured written agreements of compromise from all of them at cut rates. He acted solely on his own responsibility, but he saved the road so much money that he was made receiver or sixteenth vice president or something else equally good and fat, and lived happily ever after. Providence seemed to have chucked a similar opportunity on a small scale on my own head. Here was two well dressed men injured plenty for jury purposes! As soon as they reached town damage suit shysters would undoubtedly take them in hand and the road would have a couple of mighty dangerous actions to defend. Suppose I nipped the thing in the bud by securing a favorable agreement to compromise! 'I had to admit,' the lawyer went on, 'that it seemed pretty nerry to tackle the sufferers before their wounds were dressed, but I remember my resolution, I dashed off a brief agreement in blank in my notebook and walked over to where they were lying. 'Excuse me, sir,' I said to the elder man, I know you are in pain and I am going to waste no words but come straight to the point. 'Such mishaps as yours usually mean damage suits, with endless litigation, in which the lawyers get all the money, how would you like to avoid all that, that now by agreeing on a mutually satisfactory figure of compromise? As I made my little talk, both men stared at me in evident amazement, but that gave me no surprise, for my proposition was certainly unusual. 'Are you authorized to make us this offer?' said the middle-aged man, finally. 'Well—er—yes,' I replied, giving my conscience a severe wrench; 'any terms you may make with me will be ratified.' He reflected a few moments and then turned to his companion. 'What d'ye think about it?' he asked. 'I don't feel very vindictive, do you?' 'No,' replied the young man, 'I'm not especially hostile. I'd settle for considerably less than the bounded indebtedness.' 'Suppose you mention a figure?' said I, blandly. 'All right,' replied the old man, 'what do you think of \$15 and a new suit of clothes? I could hardly believe my ears, because I had expected him to demand \$500 at the very least, and, needless to say, I snapped at the proposition. 'I think I can assure, positively,' said I, 'that your offer will be accepted and carried out as soon as it reaches the general offices. Kindly sign this agreement and I'll forward it at once.' He put his signature at the foot of my penciled memoranda, and I turned to the younger man. 'Oh, well,' said he anticipating my question, 'I don't want to be hogged about this thing. If agreeable to you just put me down for the same—\$15 and a suit of clothes; nothing ready made, by the way, but a good ordinary business suit.' 'You shall have it!' I assured him, overjoyed at the extraordinary success of my play, and he also signed the agreement. Then I slipped away, so they wouldn't have a chance to make other conditions, and waited anxiously for the relief train. It arrived in a couple of hours, and with it was the division superintendent. I rushed up the track to meet him. 'I want to notify you to pay no attention to damage suit lawyers when we get to town,' I exclaimed excitedly, 'because I have already secured an agreement from both men to settle for \$15 and a suit of clothes!' 'The dickens you have!' he bellowed; 'why, you contumacious gibbering idiot, that's our new general manager and his secretary! Two Much Hair. for a man, is what Paderewski has, but you have too little and are worse off. You will soon have less if you do not use Dr. White's Electric Comb. Sold on a written guarantee to cure all scalp ailments, at the same price you pay for combs that break up. Send for one 60c. D. N. Rose, Gen. Mgr., Decatur, Ill. Brother Dickey's Idea. 'I hex heard tell dat some er de big mens made big money outen de Wall street mix-up lately,' said Brother Dickey, 'en furder mo' dat some er dem los' big money dar. I ain't gollin' 'bout dat—on way or t'er; le'm make all dey kin, en lose all dey kin'—hit makes no sturbance in my family. But I does want ter say one ting en dat ain't two; is it right ter let a man win en lose in de Wall street game en go free afterwards, en den tu'n roum 'en arres' me en five er my holiness deacons fer playin' seven-up on Saturday night fer one nickel a corner? Dat's a plain question, en all I wants is a plain answer ter it—dat's what! The Mermaid sat on the silvery sand combing her hair with a golden comb. If she had been wise, she would have used Dr. White's Electric Comb; it would have prevented her hair falling out and cured her dandruff. Unbreakable, always clean and ready for use. Sent upon receipt of price, 60c (stamps taken). D. N. Rose, Gen. Mgr., Decatur, Ill.

Seal Brand Coffee (1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.) is selected from the very highest grades grown. It is HIGH GRADE PURITY—its fragrance proclaims its excellence. ALL GOOD GROCERS. CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

WILLING TO SETTLE CHEAPLY. Experience of a Sharp Lawyer With Victims of a Railroad Wreck. 'When I first put out my shingle,' said a New Orleans lawyer, putting his heels on the desk for a little chat, 'I made up my mind firmly that I would allow no opportunity to pass me by on account of diffidence, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. No matter where I saw a chance to improve I would nail it on the spot—or as near the spot as possible. Well, I was still full of this youthful and very admirable enthusiasm when something—it wasn't business—called me to Washington, and on the way up our train met with an accident. It happened just about dusk, and was not very extensive, confined in fact to the derailing and upsetting of one empty day coach; but as bad luck would have it, two men were crossing the platform at the time, and both were rather painfully hurt. One had his hip sprained and received several cuts and the other got some ugly contusions and a four-inch scalp wound. They were taken into the sleeper and made as comfortable as possible, while some of the train crew started off with the engine to get help. One could see at glance continued the lawyer reflectively, 'that the victims of the accident were men in well to do circumstances. The one with the sprained hip was middle aged and gray and the other was considerably younger, but they both had the air of business men or upper class employees. Sitting near by in the sleeper, it suddenly flashed into my mind that here was the chance of my life to get solid with a big corporation. I remembered, as by inspiration, a story I had once read of a young jetation agent who was one of the first people at a great railroad wreck and who had gone immediately among the injured and secured written agreements of compromise from all of them at cut rates. He acted solely on his own responsibility, but he saved the road so much money that he was made receiver or sixteenth vice president or something else equally good and fat, and lived happily ever after. Providence seemed to have chucked a similar opportunity on a small scale on my own head. Here was two well dressed men injured plenty for jury purposes! As soon as they reached town damage suit shysters would undoubtedly take them in hand and the road would have a couple of mighty dangerous actions to defend. Suppose I nipped the thing in the bud by securing a favorable agreement to compromise! 'I had to admit,' the lawyer went on, 'that it seemed pretty nerry to tackle the sufferers before their wounds were dressed, but I remember my resolution, I dashed off a brief agreement in blank in my notebook and walked over to where they were lying. 'Excuse me, sir,' I said to the elder man, I know you are in pain and I am going to waste no words but come straight to the point. 'Such mishaps as yours usually mean damage suits, with endless litigation, in which the lawyers get all the money, how would you like to avoid all that, that now by agreeing on a mutually satisfactory figure of compromise? As I made my little talk, both men stared at me in evident amazement, but that gave me no surprise, for my proposition was certainly unusual. 'Are you authorized to make us this offer?' said the middle-aged man, finally. 'Well—er—yes,' I replied, giving my conscience a severe wrench; 'any terms you may make with me will be ratified.' He reflected a few moments and then turned to his companion. 'What d'ye think about it?' he asked. 'I don't feel very vindictive, do you?' 'No,' replied the young man, 'I'm not especially hostile. I'd settle for considerably less than the bounded indebtedness.' 'Suppose you mention a figure?' said I, blandly. 'All right,' replied the old man, 'what do you think of \$15 and a new suit of clothes? I could hardly believe my ears, because I had expected him to demand \$500 at the very least, and, needless to say, I snapped at the proposition. 'I think I can assure, positively,' said I, 'that your offer will be accepted and carried out as soon as it reaches the general offices. Kindly sign this agreement and I'll forward it at once.' He put his signature at the foot of my penciled memoranda, and I turned to the younger man. 'Oh, well,' said he anticipating my question, 'I don't want to be hogged about this thing. If agreeable to you just put me down for the same—\$15 and a suit of clothes; nothing ready made, by the way, but a good ordinary business suit.' 'You shall have it!' I assured him, overjoyed at the extraordinary success of my play, and he also signed the agreement. Then I slipped away, so they wouldn't have a chance to make other conditions, and waited anxiously for the relief train. It arrived in a couple of hours, and with it was the division superintendent. I rushed up the track to meet him. 'I want to notify you to pay no attention to damage suit lawyers when we get to town,' I exclaimed excitedly, 'because I have already secured an agreement from both men to settle for \$15 and a suit of clothes!' 'The dickens you have!' he bellowed; 'why, you contumacious gibbering idiot, that's our new general manager and his secretary! Two Much Hair. for a man, is what Paderewski has, but you have too little and are worse off. You will soon have less if you do not use Dr. White's Electric Comb. Sold on a written guarantee to cure all scalp ailments, at the same price you pay for combs that break up. Send for one 60c. D. N. Rose, Gen. Mgr., Decatur, Ill. Brother Dickey's Idea. 'I hex heard tell dat some er de big mens made big money outen de Wall street mix-up lately,' said Brother Dickey, 'en furder mo' dat some er dem los' big money dar. I ain't gollin' 'bout dat—on way or t'er; le'm make all dey kin, en lose all dey kin'—hit makes no sturbance in my family. But I does want ter say one ting en dat ain't two; is it right ter let a man win en lose in de Wall street game en go free afterwards, en den tu'n roum 'en arres' me en five er my holiness deacons fer playin' seven-up on Saturday night fer one nickel a corner? Dat's a plain question, en all I wants is a plain answer ter it—dat's what! The Mermaid sat on the silvery sand combing her hair with a golden comb. If she had been wise, she would have used Dr. White's Electric Comb; it would have prevented her hair falling out and cured her dandruff. Unbreakable, always clean and ready for use. Sent upon receipt of price, 60c (stamps taken). D. N. Rose, Gen. Mgr., Decatur, Ill.

WILLING TO SETTLE CHEAPLY. Experience of a Sharp Lawyer With Victims of a Railroad Wreck. 'When I first put out my shingle,' said a New Orleans lawyer, putting his heels on the desk for a little chat, 'I made up my mind firmly that I would allow no opportunity to pass me by on account of diffidence, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. No matter where I saw a chance to improve I would nail it on the spot—or as near the spot as possible. Well, I was still full of this youthful and very admirable enthusiasm when something—it wasn't business—called me to Washington, and on the way up our train met with an accident. It happened just about dusk, and was not very extensive, confined in fact to the derailing and upsetting of one empty day coach; but as bad luck would have it, two men were crossing the platform at the time, and both were rather painfully hurt. One had his hip sprained and received several cuts and the other got some ugly contusions and a four-inch scalp wound. They were taken into the sleeper and made as comfortable as possible, while some of the train crew started off with the engine to get help. One could see at glance continued the lawyer reflectively, 'that the victims of the accident were men in well to do circumstances. The one with the sprained hip was middle aged and gray and the other was considerably younger, but they both had the air of business men or upper class employees. Sitting near by in the sleeper, it suddenly flashed into my mind that here was the chance of my life to get solid with a big corporation. I remembered, as by inspiration, a story I had once read of a young jetation agent who was one of the first people at a great railroad wreck and who had gone immediately among the injured and secured written agreements of compromise from all of them at cut rates. He acted solely on his own responsibility, but he saved the road so much money that he was made receiver or sixteenth vice president or something else equally good and fat, and lived happily ever after. Providence seemed to have chucked a similar opportunity on a small scale on my own head. Here was two well dressed men injured plenty for jury purposes! As soon as they reached town damage suit shysters would undoubtedly take them in hand and the road would have a couple of mighty dangerous actions to defend. Suppose I nipped the thing in the bud by securing a favorable agreement to compromise! 'I had to admit,' the lawyer went on, 'that it seemed pretty nerry to tackle the sufferers before their wounds were dressed, but I remember my resolution, I dashed off a brief agreement in blank in my notebook and walked over to where they were lying. 'Excuse me, sir,' I said to the elder man, I know you are in pain and I am going to waste no words but come straight to the point. 'Such mishaps as yours usually mean damage suits, with endless litigation, in which the lawyers get all the money, how would you like to avoid all that, that now by agreeing on a mutually satisfactory figure of compromise? As I made my little talk, both men stared at me in evident amazement, but that gave me no surprise, for my proposition was certainly unusual. 'Are you authorized to make us this offer?' said the middle-aged man, finally. 'Well—er—yes,' I replied, giving my conscience a severe wrench; 'any terms you may make with me will be ratified.' He reflected a few moments and then turned to his companion. 'What d'ye think about it?' he asked. 'I don't feel very vindictive, do you?' 'No,' replied the young man, 'I'm not especially hostile. I'd settle for considerably less than the bounded indebtedness.' 'Suppose you mention a figure?' said I, blandly. 'All right,' replied the old man, 'what do you think of \$15 and a new suit of clothes? I could hardly believe my ears, because I had expected him to demand \$500 at the very least, and, needless to say, I snapped at the proposition. 'I think I can assure, positively,' said I, 'that your offer will be accepted and carried out as soon as it reaches the general offices. Kindly sign this agreement and I'll forward it at once.' He put his signature at the foot of my penciled memoranda, and I turned to the younger man. 'Oh, well,' said he anticipating my question, 'I don't want to be hogged about this thing. If agreeable to you just put me down for the same—\$15 and a suit of clothes; nothing ready made, by the way, but a good ordinary business suit.' 'You shall have it!' I assured him, overjoyed at the extraordinary success of my play, and he also signed the agreement. Then I slipped away, so they wouldn't have a chance to make other conditions, and waited anxiously for the relief train. It arrived in a couple of hours, and with it was the division superintendent. I rushed up the track to meet him. 'I want to notify you to pay no attention to damage suit lawyers when we get to town,' I exclaimed excitedly, 'because I have already secured an agreement from both men to settle for \$15 and a suit of clothes!' 'The dickens you have!' he bellowed; 'why, you contumacious gibbering idiot, that's our new general manager and his secretary! Two Much Hair. for a man, is what Paderewski has, but you have too little and are worse off. You will soon have less if you do not use Dr. White's Electric Comb. Sold on a written guarantee to cure all scalp ailments, at the same price you pay for combs that break up. Send for one 60c. D. N. Rose, Gen. Mgr., Decatur, Ill. Brother Dickey's Idea. 'I hex heard tell dat some er de big mens made big money outen de Wall street mix-up lately,' said Brother Dickey, 'en furder mo' dat some er dem los' big money dar. I ain't gollin' 'bout dat—on way or t'er; le'm make all dey kin, en lose all dey kin'—hit makes no sturbance in my family. But I does want ter say one ting en dat ain't two; is it right ter let a man win en lose in de Wall street game en go free afterwards, en den tu'n roum 'en arres' me en five er my holiness deacons fer playin' seven-up on Saturday night fer one nickel a corner? Dat's a plain question, en all I wants is a plain answer ter it—dat's what! The Mermaid sat on the silvery sand combing her hair with a golden comb. If she had been wise, she would have used Dr. White's Electric Comb; it would have prevented her hair falling out and cured her dandruff. Unbreakable, always clean and ready for use. Sent upon receipt of price, 60c (stamps taken). D. N. Rose, Gen. Mgr., Decatur, Ill.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills. Must Bear Signature of Dr. Wood. See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below. Very small and as easy to take as sugar. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION. CURE SICK HEADACHE.

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 any two parts of the world.

Cutting off 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, Breedloves 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 blissing 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 early 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 struggles 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 do 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, Atlanta, Norcid, 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.

Our 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 books 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 Moriarty's on Wooster St. where we regaled ourselves on the cool beverages he provided. Moriarty 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 body 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 routine 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 thole 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 hostelry of renown.

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 or crab catching were infrequent; sometimes when the water beyond the pier 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 afternoons program was the prize drill, the participants being barge 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 baps 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 water logged 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.

Comb It Away.

That headache of yours; that dandruff of yours. Save your hair and be happy by using Dr. White's Electric Comb. The only Patented comb in the world. Agents wanted. Sells on sight. Ladies size, 60c, men's size 40c, fine 35c. (U. S. stamps accepted.) D. N. Rose, Gen. Mgr., Decatur, Ill.

BORN.

Halifax, May 17, to Gen. W. Atkins, a daughter. Halifax, May 16, to Edward Lowe, a daughter. Halifax, June 5, to the wife of N. Little, a daughter. Hunts, May 31, to the wife of John Cochran, a son. Cumberland, June 4, to the wife of Albert Page, 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 21, to the wife of Capt. J. E. Roper, a son.

Louisburg, May 14, to the wife of D. J. McInnis, a son. Springfield, May 28, to the wife of R. W. McInnis, a son. Digby, June 4, to the wife of William Titus, a daughter. Digby, June 4, to the wife of Charles Thompson, a daughter. Aberg, June 4, to the wife of John Pelloran, a daughter. Truemanville, May 27, to the wife of Howard Baxter, a son. Digby, June 5, to the wife of W. H. Horstall, a daughter. Moncton, June 9th, to the wife of J. G. Wran, a daughter. Guysboro, May 18, to the wife of John Brown, a daughter. Halifax, May 23, to the wife of George Parks, a daughter. Bristol, Queens, June 1, to the wife of John Dexter, a son. Halifax, May 23, to the wife of Frank C. Simson, a daughter. Halifax, Victoria Road, to the wife of C. M. Crowell, a son. North Sydney, April 25, to the wife of Alex. LeBlance, a son. Kensington, on the 31st ult, to the wife of H. R. Moore, a son. Halifax, June 8, to the wife of Robert, jr. and Annie Foley's son. Leitch's Creek, C. B. June 4, to the wife of Daniel Debon, a daughter. Halifax, June 5, to the wife of Capt. A. B. Garney, 3rd Batt. R. C. R., a daughter. Annapolis, Montserrat, May 24, to the wife of Charles D. McLeod, a daughter—North Sydney papers.

MARRIED.

Chicopee, May 27, John Talbot to Lura Kirby. New Glasgow, George Cox, to Isabelle Ross. Truro, June 4, Frank Stoddard to Sarah Thomas. Kings Co., June 5, John Long to Annie Jenkins. Yarmouth, June 5, Lenie Wymant to Frank Liddle. Nashvauk, June 5, James B. Manser to Doris Pond. Truro, June 4, John E. LeGrue, to Katie L. Barrett. Digby, June 5, Hartley McKnight, to Ida Sanister. Halifax, June 5, George Deat, to Margaret Lewis. Pictou, May 8, Fraser McTatt, to Sarah McCollum. Pictou, June 4, John David Swan, to Kate Johnson. York Co., June 5, Robbie Winters, to Margaret Hood. Hebron, June 5, Benjamin F. Frank to Nettie M. Brown. Charlottetown, June 5, Joseph Kennedy, to Annie Elgers. Windsor, June 5, Monson Pemberton, to Nita May Kelley. Newcasttle, June 5, Burton Somers, to Mrs. Effie J. Russell. Salisbury, June 4, Nelson E. Bleakney, to Minnie Thomas. Halifax, June 5, Thomas Blant, to Cecelia Graham. Salisbury, May 26, Fred E. Killam, to Ida C. Cochran. Charlottetown, Mass., June 5, James A. Jenkins, to Eva Tobin. Aburrdale, Mass., June 6, J. D. Spencer, to Mrs. E. J. Miller. Newcastle, N. B., June 3, R. T. D. Aitken, to Jean Thompson. Halifax, June 4, William Thompson to Lizzie Landersford. Fredericton, June 5, John P. DeLong to Jennie McDonald. Charlottetown, June 8, William Strickland, to Miss Francis Fiske. Point du Bute, N. B., June 5, Dr. McCready, to Agnes Carter. Windham, N. H., May 31, Richard Goodwin, to Bertha Douglas.

DIED.

Halifax, Ellen McGowan, 18. Dartmouth, Wm Brandis, 42. Truro, June 4, David C. Blair, 35. Goose River, June 1, Jas. Lee, 27. Colchester, May 28, Frank Hill, 2. Amherst, June 3, Mrs. Cummings. Yarmouth, June 3, Mrs. Allen, 60. Amherst, June 5, Sarah Gould, 20. Boston, June 4, Mrs. Ellen Lynch. Sand Beach, June 3, Mrs. Allen, 60. Springfield, June 1, Kate Follet, 8. Digby, May 31, Simon Cornwall, 85. Halifax, June 4, Jas. S. Jackson, 63. Lunenburg, May 7, Mrs. J. Foster, 25. Shelburne, May 20, Abial Hagar, 68. St. John, June 9, Marjorie Maher, 86. Yarmouth, June 5, George Lewis, 54. Liverpool, May 27, Perry Wynacht, 3. Halifax, June 10, Joseph Murridge, 70. Ross, June 27, Norman Mackenzie, 75. Hampton, June 14, Neil Macdonald, 59. Liverpool, May 27, Perry Wynacht, 3. Yarmouth, June 5, George C. Lewis, 34. St. John, June 12th, Mr. John Dunlop. Sydney, June 2, John E. Hamilton, 33. Halifax, June 9, Mrs. E. M. Warner, 57. North Sydney, June 3, Mabel Kelly, 14. Springfield, May 28, James A. Harvey, 1. Springfield, June 3, Agnes McLeod, 37. Cherry Valley, Francis J. Delahanty, 21. Grimshaw, Oct. 27, Mrs. Woolverton. Shelburne, May 11, William Goodwin, 72. Pictou, May 24, Mrs. Theodora H. Lee, 55. Charlottetown, June 4, Mrs. Mary Farmer, 80. Marshalltown, June 5, Charles Arker aged 93.

RAILROADS.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after MONDAY June 10th, 1901, trains will run daily (MONDAY excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Time. Suburban Express for Hampton, 8:30. Express for Halifax and Campbellton, 7:00. Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou, 11:00. Express for Sussex, 11:30. Suburban Express for Hampton, 17:45. Express for Quebec and Montreal, 19:35. Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney, 22:45. Accommodation for Moncton and Point du Chene, 23:00.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Time. Express from Halifax and Sydney, 8:00. Suburban Express for Hampton, 7:15. Express from Sussex, 8:35. Express from Montreal and Quebec, 11:40. Express from Halifax and Pictou, 17:00. Express from Halifax, 18:35. Suburban Express from Hampton, 21:45. Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton, 24:15. \*Daily, except Monday.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time Twenty-four hours notation. D. FOTTINGER, Gen. Manager. Moncton, N. B., June 6, 1901. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street St. John, N.S.