

# PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1896.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## IN FINANCIAL TROUBLE.

### THE TREASURER OF A COLLEGE BRIED IN HIS ACCOUNTS.

The Honorable Mr. Chipman was the subject of a report at the annual meeting last week—What the Delegates thought of the matter—the way in which the matter was adjusted.

Last week during the Baptist convention being held at Barwick N. B. the annual report of Acadia University was submitted by treasurer Rev. A. Coburn. As soon as the report was read over the convention adopted them with an occasional change, but when that part of the report in which the shortage of the late treasurer X. Z. Chipman was mentioned there arose a loud murmur of disapproval among the brethren. The charges presented were all fully aware of the deficiency most of them being determined not to let it pass without making known their extreme condemnation of the defaulting official, who was nearly \$4,000 behind in his accounts.

It was the general impression among the clergymen present that this serious matter should not be passed over for in such a case the financial standing of the Baptist people of the province would be entirely wrecked. Pleasant requests, are being almost constantly made for the support of their educational institutions, and if this matter of \$4,000 misappropriation was allowed to slip unnoticed the people would be quite justified in withholding their subscriptions on the grounds of lack of faith in the management of affairs. The Board of Governors of the college were held partly responsible for the shortage as Mr. Chipman had been engaged by them. Auditor Roscoe whose signature adorns the end of the report states he audited the books and found them to be correct in every particular. This statement which on the face of it was false, called forth considerable criticism of Mr. Roscoe. He however made a statement in which he claimed to be correct in signing the statement and washed his hands clear of all participation in the matter.

When the much abused clause of the report was under discussion Lawyer Smith of Moncton capped the climax of excitement by jumping to his feet and moving that the words "theft" should displace "shortage" also that "criminal," "convictions" etc. should be inserted instead of milder phrases. He thought it was a great shame to so abuse the good nature and christian attitude of the denomination towards Acadia, by being lenient and vacillating in such a serious and criminal matter. He therefore moved a resolution in which he suggested swift justice and conviction of the guilty party. The clerical portion of the convention were dumb founded by such a move, but it seemed in no small degree to place before them in its true light the enormity of the offence, and following lawyer Smith's remarks several prominent divines spoke very forcibly on the matter condemning in strong terms the utter carelessness and doubtful honesty of the erratic ex-treasurer.

Mr. Chipman was present during the discussion of his shortage and at a certain point in the debate asked to be allowed to speak. After apologizing for his appearance he said he was quite aware that he should not be present, but he found it very hard to have his alleged wrong doing discussed in his absence. He came to hear all that was to be said, for and against him and as far as was in his power he would give an explanation of affairs. The old gentleman was very nervous and looked considerably shaken in health. At times he appeared much affected, but managed in all to tell a plausible story.

He said ever since he had been holding the office of treasurer and before the college officials had met all obligations. Financing in the most stringent sense had to be resorted to, things moving along satisfactorily, to the accounts gradually lagging behind. Out of his own private funds he had loaned the institution at different times sums ranging from \$500 to \$1,000 and it was the ex-treasurer's impression (and some of those he lost sight of in the whirl of financial matters around him. For over fifteen years Mr. Chipman said he had received no remuneration whatever for his care of the college books, but the institution was now paying the sum of \$200 for that work. If fifteen years of service at the above rate were estimated it would amount to \$3,000. He felt quite sure that the books were all right as they had been audited by an expert, and, according to his own statement found correct. The ex-treasurer acknowledged his incompetency to keep a regular set of books, and said that mistakes and loans which he had made from the funds and which he afterwards found himself unable to pay through failure of private business, had caused the shortage named. He had mortgaged his property to help pay

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### HE PAID FOR THE DIAMOND.

After He Had Been Stud by the Jeweller—Several Other Chapters.

HALIFAX, Aug. 27.—K. Bezanon, a Moncton Jeweller figured successfully in the Halifax civil court and with the police of this city some days ago. William Spain a baggage man on the railway purchased a \$40 diamond ring from Bezanon (for which he did not pay at the time. He was sued for the money and judgment was obtained. Then came an order for examination before Commissioner Alexander McNeil. He did not appear as commanded and then, under the collection act of 1894, a warrant was issued and an order for his commitment to jail was made out and placed in the hands of Policeman Levitt, who, by the way, is a coarman whom Jerry Casey, of Boston, wants a chance to measure blades with. Levitt arrested his man safely enough, and could have trotted him off to jail. But he did not do that as summarily as he might; instead giving him a little time so that the needed \$40 was raised and Bezanon's claim settled. The costs had added about \$6 to the bill, an amount which might just as well not have been saved had the ring been paid for at the start.

In connection with capiases it is surprising how many people there are who will not pay anything till they are forced by the law. An instance of deferred payment is just furnished in the case of Professor Bernard Walter, who owed Collector Theakstan the sum of \$4.74 in city taxes. Walter was supposed to be on the verge of leaving the city, and as he had "not paid to Caesar's the things that were Caesar's" the city collector is not inclined to go to Cow Bay for a pleasant's weeks outing, and it costs something to stay at Cow Bay for a week or more.

That capias was all ready for service on the musician immediately on his return from the watering place, when the alternative was the amount of the taxes or a free lodging in jail. The taxes were chosen. The hackmen of Halifax charge \$1 for bringing a passenger in from North street depot to the hotels after midnight. The other night one T. E. (Stewart) engaged a cab under those circumstances and when asked for the dollar at the end of the journey refused to pay what he thought too big a sum. E. M. Power was the cabman and he is not the kind of man to surrender what he considers his right. So he went up to the city clerk Tremaine and without delay lay took out a capias, had it served out, and following lawyer Smith's remarks several prominent divines spoke very forcibly on the matter condemning in strong terms the utter carelessness and doubtful honesty of the erratic ex-treasurer.

### THEY ARE FOND OF DANCING.

But the People Object to Raising the Funds in That Way.

RICHMOND, Aug. 25.—Some of the residents of Kouchibouguac, which is situated twelve miles north of here, have been a little troubled within the past week over a matter affecting the moral standing of the village and surrounding country. The protestants there are mostly presbyterians, and they have religious services only six months in the year, the Miramichi presbytery supplying an incumbent. For some years past it has been customary to hold an annual picnic in aid of the preacher's salary and one item of the programme, namely dancing, has always disturbed the mind of a great number of the congregation. Every year was to be the last in which dancing would be made to supply funds for the church, but on Wednesday last the annual picnic was held and the dance materialized again; the wheel of fortune went around and the money came rolling in.

Not very many years ago an ordained minister presided over the Kouchibouguac congregation for a season, but he would not accept the dance funds under any consideration. W. R. Robinson, lecturer in this province for the I. O. G. T., has been exhorting the brethren of Kouchibouguac and looking after their spiritual condition for the past two summers. Mr. Robinson is not connected with any church, school or college and is not opposed to dancing. It is said that if he decides to go into the ministry it will be under the Methodist banner, so in that case he will have to modify his opinions on the dancing question. However some of the Kouchibouguac people who do not believe that the end justifies the means even for the church, will make an effort to have dancing and other modes now used in the interests of the Presbyterian church there stopped for all time.

Very little indeed is known of the misconduct which has caused the expulsion of Mr. Tippit from the Methodist ministry but if the reports which have reached the public are in any degree correct the action of the conference committee was not too prompt. Mr. Tippit was well known in the

## LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

### HIS BRIGHT SMILES WON THE LADY'S AFFECTIONS.

And the Poor Young Man Was in a very Awkward Predicament—The Timely Arrival of an Official Extra's Horse—He Won't go to Fairville any More.

This week the inmates of an institution near the city were treated to their annual picnic; and as they are not always responsible for their actions, the invited few who attended were eye witnesses of many a funny scene. For instance a young lawyer was invited and partly through curiosity. On the grounds he was like a stranger in a strange land; this was because he is naturally bashful and then again he was rather frightened. He thought his safest plan was to observe from a distance all that went on, and thereby satisfy his curiosity as to just how the inmates would act at a picnic. The youthful lawyer had just seen something that was funny enacted at the other side of the picnic grounds, so he smiled. That smile was fatal, as the disciple of Blackstone is only pretty when his face is lighted up by his sweet smile. An inmate saw the smile; the inmate was of the female sex and fell before it.

### HE PAID FOR THE DIAMOND.

After He Had Been Stud by the Jeweller—Several Other Chapters.

HALIFAX, Aug. 27

HOW THEY TREAT HORSES

MONCTON DELIVERY BOYS ARE A NUISANCE TO THE CITY.

Who Was Injured in the Accident, the Ladies or the Buggy—A Rather Indecent News Item—Pedestrians Have Not Much Show When Delivery Teams are Out.

The following item which appeared in one of the local papers last week, is so enigmatical that it reminds one irresistibly of the famous "item" which got Mark Twain into trouble on account of its extraordinary vagueness—

Thursday afternoon as Mrs. Wallace Parker, of Bridge street, accompanied by her little niece and Mrs. Chas. F. Spurr, were driving in a buggy near one of the wheels of the buggy ran into the ditch and the buggy to the ground, sustaining severe internal injuries. Dr. Chandler was called.

Now this is a most interesting item as far as it goes, but there is unfortunately a lack of detail about it which, like Mark Twain's paragraph again, fails to satisfy the curiosity of the reader. We are wound up to a certain pitch of interest and excitement and then left there, unsatisfied. There is not the least room for doubt that there was an accident of some kind, else there would have been no raison d'etre, for the insertion of the paragraph and it would seem equally certain that someone was hurt, else why should Dr. Chandler have been called? That genial M. D. is an excellent person to call in case of an accident but as there is not the slightest evidence that either of the ladies, or the little girl were injured in any way, why should he have been disturbed. It cannot have been the horse that received "severe internal injuries" for in that case Dr. McCuaig our skillful veterinary surgeon would have been sent for! Clearly then the injured party must have been in the buggy since one of the wheels seems to have left the parent frame and ran into the ditch on its own account, while the buggy—I begin to see it quite clearly now—ran to the ground and sustained severe internal injuries. I confess I am still in the dark as to the reason Dr. Chandler was sent for when, to most people it would have appeared better to send for Mr. Marks who makes a specialty of building and looking after carriages, but on occasions of this kind there is always a little confusion at the moment of the accident, and people scarcely know what they are doing. I have no doubt that things were eventually straightened out, and the proper steps taken, but it is a little trying to have so much left to the imagination. I am afraid we are all too fond of a vulgar wealth of detail, and love to gloat over "the particulars" of any accident; so perhaps it is as well that skilled journalists should try to educate the public taste up to the point of being satisfied with an artistic ambiguity which indicates delicately that something has happened and there pays the public the graceful compliment of leaving the imagination to fill in the rest of the picture.

In any case I am glad to know that the ladies were not hurt in any way; did I not feel satisfied on this point I could not treat the subject with anything approaching levity, and I sincerely trust that ere the injuries of the buggy may have yielded to the proper treatment, though I should fancy internal injuries would be hard to locate in a buggy—and that it is "able to be around again" as the newspapers say, in spite of its unpleasant experience.

Another paragraph which appeared in a later issue of the same paper, and about which there was no ambiguity whatever, but a large amount of common sense, was headed—"The Delivery Boy Nuisance" and contained some wholesome truths. It dealt with a public nuisance so fragrant that I wonder it has not received some attention from the citizens long ago. It would of course be expecting too much to ask the police to interest themselves in the matter, but perhaps that much abused body, the city council would give the market by laws a rest if the subject were placed before them properly, and devote a little attention to the delivery boy, as found in his wild state on the street of Moncton.

The item I have referred to, speaks of this young ruffian's habit of driving about town at a racing pace utterly regardless of the safety of pedestrians, and instances two out of many such cases when two delivery wagons driven by boys not over twelve years of age were racing up Botsford street last Saturday morning, with one of the horses on the run; and shortly afterwards another in charge of a child of ten trotted full speed up the same street. The writer very properly observed that these wagons dash around the city at full speed, tearing around corners and over crossings in a manner dangerous not only to the public but also to the reckless young drivers themselves, and he ended by suggesting that the public should take a little interest and exercise some supervision in this direction.

All this is too only true, and there is far more to be said on the subject. There was a great alarm raised about the danger of the unprotected crossings of the street railway, but the delivery wagon is much more real, and present danger, and one just as deserving of attention. These wagons are, with few exceptions, in charge of very small and irresponsible boys who usually manage to pick up from one to three of their youthful chums before starting out on a trip, and

then go in for a thoroughly enjoyable time, combining business with pleasure in a manner to make older people stand aside in wonder. Then they put their horses against those of some other delivery wagon and pass the golden hours in lashing the horses and indulging in all the pleasures of the race course. Like a royal train they have the right of way, and expect everyone to give them the whole street, and if it is not given to them they simply take it, for to dispute would mean to be driven down and probably killed. After nightfall it is the same, they invariably go at full speed and they always turn the corners so short that anyone at all near the curb must move quickly in order to avoid being knocked down; and they are in short a nuisance which should be abated at once.

So much for one aspect of the subject! Now for another, and this is one to which I have referred in strong terms before. Looking at it from the horses' point of view it is an outrage to which I have already directed the attention of the officers of the S. P. C. A. so far without result. The treatment the horses receive at the hands of those boys is simply scandalous! Up hill and down they are driven, always at top of their speed, and so far as possible without a moment of rest, panting and perspiring, their breath coming so fast that one wonders the laboring lungs do not burst, there lives are one long torture. I have watched a horse standing at our own door and seen the wheels of the wagon actually move backward and forward in union with his gasping breath, and the moment the young ruffian in charge had delivered his wares the whip was applied, and the horse raced down the street at his utmost speed. I don't know why the poor brutes do not drop dead between the shafts during the boiling summer days, and I often wish their owners knew one half what I do; if they did I think the common instinct of self interest would lead them to curtail the delivery boy's fun to a very appreciable extent.

I suppose horses are abused everywhere; it seems to be one of the canons of civilization that they shall be, but it seems to me that the people of Moncton are especially heartless in this respect; and I know that the ill treatment is by no means confined to the lower classes, those who should know better, showing quite as much cruelty and utter disregard for God's dumb creatures as their more humble brethren do. Why I know of one man who is I believe a prominent member of several benevolent societies, and a good, kind hearted man I always thought him too, but who thought nothing of driving a horse 60 miles on one of the hottest Sundays we had this summer, a day when the thermometer stood at 97 degrees during the hottest part of the day, and when it was scarcely below 90, at any time during the day. I don't know why the wretched creature did not die on the way. I wish it had I am sure, but it lived, notwithstanding that the entire journey including stops, has made between the hours of seven in the morning, and the same time in the evening, the very hottest part of the day. Picture it Christian brethren, you who say your prayers and go to church regularly 30 miles in the morning and then 30 miles more in the afternoon, under a burning July sun, and on a day when God Himself said "thou shalt do no manner of work, thou and thy cattle!" But then somehow so few people seem to have much religion as far as animals are concerned, they do not think it worth while to waste any christianity in their dealings with the brute creation, seeming to require all they have, for themselves and leaving the care of God's dumb creatures for the most part to those who are not "professors" but who sometimes try, in their humble way to do the small duty they may find close at hand, such as helping the helpless and protecting the weak when it lies in their power. Honestly though, I do not believe half the people who are so merciless to horses really mean to be cruel, they simply regard a horse as a powerful piece of machinery something like an electric car, and never stop to think that he has feelings of any kind; the idea that he is ever tired, ever cold, or even suffers from the heat never seems to occur to them and only when he drops dead in their service do they understand that after all he was subject to weakness like themselves, and then the knowledge comes too late to be of any benefit to the patient slave they have killed.

Geoffrey Cuthbert Strange. Big Fishing. They were telling fish stories. The usual yarns were spun and every one tried to outdo the others, except one old man, who took no part. "Didn't you ever fish?" asked one. "Was raised on the Kennebec river, up in Maine, and never did much but fish," was the quiet reply. "What was the most fish you ever caught in a day?" "Three." "Three? Oh you are joking." "No, I ain't. It was near the mouth of the Kennebec river. There was a storm at sea, and the fish were driven into the river. Then the water went down and they couldn't get back, and I got some log chains, hitched mules to them and dragged them out."

"What kind of fish were they?" "Whales." And the old man shifted his tobacco to the other cheek and looked truthful.—Washington Star.

HOTTEST SPOT ON EARTH.

The Bahrain Islands, off Persia's Southwest Coast.

All will be glad to know just where the hottest place on earth is. In times past there has been much dispute over the subject, but the authorities are now agreed on the spot. Curiously enough, this territory is not a desert, not even the Arizona plains, although a poet described them by declaring that the lost spirits, wandering from their infernal abodes, stood on the border of that region, with eyes blinded by the sun's reflected glare, then terror hurried back to their sulphurous lakes to avoid the heat! No, the hottest place in the world is, with all respect to ocean summer resorts—on the seashore!

The region of maximum temperature is an extensive area on the Persian Gulf, a part of the southwestern coast of Persia. This territory includes also the Bahrein, or Aval, islands. Throughout this belt the heat is something tremendous. June, July, and August are terrific, unendurable save to the natives. Day after day the mercury will mark more than 100° in the shade. By day here is meant the diurnal twenty-four hours. Think of it, you who look with fearful eyes on the thermometers that register 100° at noon time. Imagine the horror of striking a match at midnight and reading 100°. It hardly seems possible, yet it is declared that this frightful heat is not excessive in that country! Often 140° in the shade is attained in the afternoon.

The islands are a small group named after the largest, Bahrein. They lie between latitude 25° 30' and 26° 30' north and longitude 50° and 50° 30' east. Bahrein itself is about twenty-seven miles long and ten miles broad. The population is fairly abundant, numbering 75,000 in the group of islands. The natives are for the most part Arabs, governed by a sheik who pays tribute to the Sultan of Oman.

The island of Bahrein is the one peculiarly cursed. In the interior the ground is hilly, with a fertile soil that produces wheat, barley, dates, figs, and the like. There are abundant springs of good water. This is the interior. On the coast there is the awful heat that shrivels this part of the world, and there is no water save the undrinkable salt waves of the Persian Gulf. There are no springs. Those of the interior are practically unavailable in that land of rude conveyances and clumsy methods of transportation. The way in which the Arabs here acquire water is curious. They got it out of the sea. They have no mysterious process whereby the salt is removed from the sea water and brine is made a thirsty-assuaging beverage. Next the water they get comes from the sea, but it is not sea water.

A mile from the shore of Bahrein are the treasured springs of fresh water. The sparkling well bubble up through the sands—in the bottom of the harbor. There is a depth of hundreds of feet of salt over them, into which they merge and are forever lost at the moment they issue from their subterranean courses. But there they are there they have been for hundreds, even thousands, of years. Hidden in the ocean's abyss, they have, nevertheless, been discovered by man, and from their supply the city of Manamah, a thriving commercial centre and all the other towns, and every separate bit of the coast gain all the water that is used for drinking.

The means taken for securing the water before it mingles with the brine are at once simple and arduous. Divers are sent down from boats stationed over the springs. The divers invert their goatskin sacks over the gushing waters, so that the jets may enter the bags' mouths. Each bag when filled is closed water tight, and the thing is down. These divers are a numerous class, and one whose employment never ceases, since the demands of the thirty are constant. One thousand sacks are filled daily from the submarine wells.

The sources of these springs are unknown. They are, perhaps, to be found in the interior hills of Bahrein, or they may exist in the more distant ridges of the mainland. Anyhow, there are the springs, and they are the salvation of the coast. Without them the sea border would be uninhabitable, inasmuch as repeated efforts to secure water by artesian wells, even when the shafts were sunk to a depth of 500 feet, have failed.

The most extraordinary part of the whole matter is the fact that these springs were ever discovered. The manner of their finding, is a profound mystery. One savant has suggested that in primeval times the present bottom of the harbor, where the wells are, was above the surface of the water. According to this theory the springs were known when they were thus above the sea level, and, as the water mounted gradually, a knowledge of their location was preserved.

The Bahrein islands are famous for their pearl fisheries, know to the ancients as to the dealers of today. They export pearls worth from \$1,000,000 to \$1,500,000 annually.

It is not unreasonable to suppose that some time in the course of centuries one of the myriad divers came up from the fresh water springs and realized their nature and their worth.—Marvin Dana, F. R. G. S.

A Remedy for Hay Fever. The capriciousness of hay fever and the occasional relief found from an entirely empirical method of treatment warrant the publication of any means which has proved successful in the hope that it may be of use to some other person afflicted with this annoying and disabling disease. Feber, of Hamburg, reports his own case, which has been so severe as to necessitate his using a closed carriage all through the summer.

His relief was brought about by accidentally noticing that in the winter a coryza was usually accompanied with hot ears, which required their normal temperature when the discharge from the nose was established. He determined to try a reversed order of effect on the hay fever in the summer, and began accordingly to rub his ears until they became red and hot. It is now the third year that he has been able to lead an endurable existence during hay fever season. "As soon as the least sensation of fullness in the nose appears there is recognized a certain amount of pallor in the ears. A thorough rubbing of the ears, at times even to confusion, has always succeeded in freeing the nasal mucous membrane from its congestion. The rubbing, however, must be thorough, and repeated, often as the least symptoms of congestion return to the nose. Since using this means I have been able to take long sandy walks, sit and even sleep in my garden without distress. Several patients have had relief from this treatment, always in proportion to the thoroughness of the rubbing, and I hope by this means some other physician may be able to give his patients the same great relief."

Why Not Grow It? We spend large sums for cottonseed meal for cattle and linseed meal for poultry, yet we can grow a substitute that can be used in more ways than one and which is fully equal to, if not better than, the substances mentioned. Every farm can be made to produce a crop of sunflower seed. It is too late at this period of the year to grow a crop, but its advantages need not be overlooked. It is claimed that in any climate where corn will grow the sunflower can thrive. In Russia it is a staple crop, the oil from the seeds being a specialty. For poultry the seed may be fed whole or may be ground as meal. All classes of stock will accept the meal as readily as they will cottonseed meal or linseed meal. It is necessary to have the soil rich, but the yield is from twenty to forty bushels per acre, and as food the value is much more than that of grain. If one desires to grow a special crop for poultry next year, try a field of sunflowers, which can be grown and cultivated in the same manner as corn.—Mirror and Farmer.

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visit the nursing mother and her child; she takes

INDIAN WOMAN'S BALM

visit the nursing mother and her child; she takes

# Musical and Dramatic

## IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The Ball family of Jubilee singers, under local management, at the Mechanics Institute, were the only musical attraction offered during this week. The visits of Jubilee singers, as they are called, to this city on other occasions have to a large extent familiarized the citizens with this sort of music, and some of it possesses superior merit. This is the more observable when the performers confine their selections and their work within what might, not inaptly, be called its legitimate sphere—the singing of plantation melodies and kindred music peculiar to their race and its habits and customs. The Ball Jubilee singers were liberally patronized during their stay which was enlarged by a matinee concert on Wednesday afternoon.

Lovers of the classic in music in this city are anticipating a pleasure which was denied them last season but one which our Halifax friends then realized. I refer of course, to the announced visit of Madame Albani to this city during next November when it is asserted she will give an opera night. It is possible the majority of persons who have read or heard that expression in connection with Albani's appearance here understand it as indicating a performance of an opera. It may indeed be so but all the circumstances seem to me point out that her entertainment will rather be in the form of an operatic concert. The artists who will assist Madame Albani will all come from England where they have been personally selected by the prima donna, who intends visiting the principal cities of Canada en route to Australia. It is therefore somewhat improbable at least that the Madame will be accompanied by a chorus.

Some time ago a suggestion was made in this department that the Oratorio society take up the study of other than strictly Oratorio music without of course lessening devotion to the fundamental objects of the society. A knowledge of opera choruses by the society as such, might not be of disadvantage to the material interests of that body. Furthermore it might be the means of securing operatic productions more infrequently than we have them now. This is not intended to include comic opera Primas and other principal soloists may not frequently be secured when it is a matter of serious character to transport fifty or sixty persons for chorus purposes. It is being rumored that Sousa intends again bringing his band to the city for concert purposes next spring.

## Times and Underones.

Francis Wilson's role in his new Opera "Half a King" will be that of a Parisian mountebank of the 16th century, who while consorting with beggars and "Chevaliers de l'industrie" has a tender heart for his adopted daughter. Lulu Glasser will be the daughter.

The average income of Church organists in England is about \$260 a year.

The average pay of piano tuners in England is higher than that of organists. The tuner gets from \$520. to \$780 a year.

Cathedral organists in England get from \$1000 to \$1750 a year and sometimes, in addition, they have a house rent free. The organists have hard work but must eke out their living by teaching music. It is not so much a matter of wonder that English organists are not unwilling to come to this side of the ocean.

Miss Lillian Carlsmuth, the contralto whose splendid voice has been heard in this city, is singing at Manhattan beach, in connection with concerts by Sousa's band.

What is called a musical comedy by Goodwin and Moore, entitled "Lost, Strayed or Stolen" has been selected for the opening of the Fifth Avenue theatre, N. Y. next season.

The season at the Broadway theatre N. Y. will open on the 3rd September with an operetta "The Caliph" in which Jefferson De Angelis will star.

The death is announced at Vienna of Victor Freiberr Von Rokitsansky, the operatic base, at the age of sixty years. He was the son of a wealthy Hungarian physician, studied music in Italy and made his first appearance in a London Concert room forty years ago. His debut in opera was made at Prague in 1860. In 1864 he became a member of the Imperial opera company at Vienna and held his position there for nearly thirty years. When in his prime he possessed a basso profundo voice of richness, evenness and force. He was an Austrian baron and for ten years a professor at the Vienna conservatory where the younger Staudigl was one of his best pupils.

An advertisement for an organist and choir master in the cathedral of Varese, has recently appeared in the Italian news papers. The ad says "He must produce a certificate of birth, a recommendation for morality and a diploma for organ playing, composition and choir training. He must officiate at two or more services daily and devote his other hours to training

and rehearsals." There is evidently not very much wasted when the magnificent salary offered for all this—1400 lire or \$280—is considered. It is also stipulated "he must pay for his own keep too."

It is said that Madame Albani will give a night of opera in this city towards the end of November next, provided negotiations pending with that object are completed. Albani in that event, will bring to St. John a supporting company from England. She is en route to Australia and will first tour Canada.

Miss Nita Carrutte, a distinguished prima donna, well known in this city is singing in the Tivoli company in Chicago. Last week she sang the title role in "Girofo"—Girofo. Her musical record has been referred to and given in this department before.

It is said to be a fact that Madame Nordica will not be a member of the Metropolitan opera company next season. She is with her husband in Paris.

The author of "Kathleen Mavourneen"—Prof. Frederick William Crouch—died at Portland, Maine, on the 18th, inst. in the eighty ninth year of his age. He was born in Warren street, Fitzroy square, London July 31, 1808. His musical career began in the Royal Coburg theatre when he was nine years old, at a salary of \$6 a week. While leading violinist at Drury Lane he composed his first ballad "Zephyrs of Love" for the songstress Annie Tree. He played at the coronation of William IV and Adelaide in 1827 and was appointed a member of their majesties private orchestra. He was present also at the coronation of Queen Victoria. After meeting with dire financial disaster from a merchantile speculation he became a recluse and made his home in Great Tichfield, street London. It was at this time he composed "Kathleen Mavourneen." The words were sent to him by Mr. Crawford and the strain came to him he said while riding along the banks of the Thames. He let England for the United States in 1849—fought during the American war on the side of the Confederates and was the life of his comrades. He found his home broken up and books, manuscripts and almost everything else he possessed destroyed. He found employment as a gardener and being recognized by some federal officers became a music teacher. He was married four times and was the father of twenty-seven children. His last wife survives him. She was a Miss Martha Vaughan of Virginia.

A London, Eng., writer speaking of Joan DeRaske says, apart from his artistic position he possesses a remarkable personality. "In private life as well as in public, he is gifted in a special degree with that magnetism which exercises a potent spell over men and women alike."

## TALE OF THE THEATRE.

The leading dramatic features of the season have been Lewis Morrison's appearance this week in "Faust" and his new play "The Indian." Of Morrison's Mephisto in "Faust," presented as it is with all the electrical features, it is not necessary now to speak or write. It has been dealt with before. It is not unfamiliar to all theatre goers. On the occasion of the close of his short engagement here he gave a production of "The Indian." The play was written by Frederic Bryton in collaboration with DeLisser and after some prunings and other necessary alterations are made in it, may become popular. The prospect of its popularity depends largely upon improvements. That Mr. Morrison's idea of the Indian is good, must be admitted, and his impersonation of the role embodies and illustrates the tradition and dignities as well as the consciousness of outrage and grievance that is part of the very life of the more noble of the red man. Mr. Morrison as the Indian chief was the embodiment of all these qualities and he was a grand warrior to look upon. Observing the play as it proceeded, it occurred to me that the authors were not unfamiliar with the old time play called "Ingomar, the Barbarian" and that thought became especially forcible when the Indian asks the White Lily (carefully and sweetly played by Miss Roberts) "What is Love?" These words are addressed by Ingomar to Parthenia and Parthenia proceeds to tell Ingomar what love is, in pose and scene and manner, as the White Lily tells the Indian, but not in the same words. Mr. Whitesley was quite good as Col. Dudley, Mr. Gilbert as the half bred scout was also consistent while one of the best hits of character work was by Mrs. Nelson Kneass as Miss Winifred Sterling. There seemed on the part of some of the company a sense of insecurity in their lines but, as it was only the second production of the piece, the lack of confidence and ease that is so marked in "Faust" is perhaps not so much a matter of surprise.

Jules Claretis of the Comedie Francaise has acceded to the request of subscribers and habitues to revive "Le Chandelier," one of Alford de Musset's most characteristic pieces. The difficult role of Fortunio,

which was played by the now older Delamany will be confined to M. Le Bary while Delamany's promising son will play Clavaroche. Mlle. Marsy will be Jacqueline—a subtle and difficult creation for any actress, however good.

T. Daniel Frawley's stock company at present in San Francisco, it is said, will go to Honolulu, "the paradise of the Pacific" and open a new theatre there.

Augustin Daly's theatre will begin its next season on 7th September with the first production in America of a piece entitled "The Geisha." It is a Japanese comedy and made a great hit at Daly's theatre in London.

The leading parts in Charles Froham's new play "The Liar" will be in the hands of Frits Williams and Katherine Florence. The play has been Americanised by Clyde Fitch, and will be produced at Hoyts, N. Y. theatre, on 3rd September.

Maurice Barrymore will star next season in a piece called "Roaring Dick & Co." It will be produced at Palmer's theatre and will be managed by W. A. Brady. S.T.E.

It is said that E. H. Sothern is springing a new effort to make his new play "An Enemy

of the King" a complete success. To that end the scenic effects and stage settings in every detail, are in full accord with the order of things that prevailed during the period in which the play is laid, in the time of Henry of Navarre or the sixteenth century.

It is said that Madame Duse does not consider money as dross, but that she is a most level headed and keen accountant. She is cautious, unerring as a steel trap, is guilty of no useless expenditure and knows exactly where every penny goes.

Lewis Morrison who has just played "Faust" and "The Indian" in this city, has had some army life experience. He entered the U. S. army as a Lieutenant and after three years service came out as captain. This knowledge ought to be of advantage to him in his latest play.

Charles Warren, a New York actor, has been sent from that city to Australia, to play the role of the General in Hoyts "A Milk White Flag," which play will be presented at Sydney, Australia, on 17 October.

"My Artful Valet" is the name given to a play formerly seen on this side of the water, under the name "Gloriana." It will be pro-

duced at Terry's theatre, London, Eng., with a strong cast. It is a farce in three acts.

At the Adelphi, London, a melodrama entitled "Boys Together" stood for production on Wednesday last.

Miss Lottia Linthicum, a young American actress, is trying for a London success at the Lyric theatre. She will play Lady Dacia in "The Sign of the Cross" and is described as "a pretty girl, tall and graceful with a great love for her art and gifted with a melodious voice."

The marriage of Wilson Barret, lately announced, is denied by Mr. Barret.

## Coffee Drunkards.

Coffee drunkenness is one of the latest dangers which doctors abroad are raising their voices against. Dr. Mandel, of Berlin, has published a clinical study, which is the most thorough yet made, as he had a constant observation, the working women in and about Essex. He found many of these women consumed over a pound of coffee a week. The leading symptoms of the ill that afflicted them were profound depression of spirits and frequent headaches with insomnia. A strong dose of coffee would relieve them for a time, then the ailment would return. The muscles became weak and trembling, and the hands trembled when at rest. The victims suffered so seriously they dared not abandon the drinking of coffee for fear of death.

MADAME WARREN'S Dress form Corset.



THIS CORSET, in addition to its other merits, is provided with a long high bust, and so shaped as to produce a perfect "Dress Form" body, fitting up any hollow part of the chest, and giving all necessary support to the bust, and making the dress fit like a model. While the corset is of the greatest benefit to ladies of a slim figure, enabling them to fit and wear their dresses to the best advantage, it is by no means intended for those who will support the bust of ladies of a stout figure fit of the dress in every instance, no matter how good the natural figure. For sale by Chas. K. CAMERON & Co. 77 King St.

# LOVE'S COMING.

MARIE S. WREAN.

*Allegretto semplice.*

Love came to me with won - ry eyes, And

begged me let him stay, With in my heart a lit - tle space, To rest him on his way; His lit - tle wings were

droop - ing so, were droop - ing so, That out of pit - y sore, out of pit - y sore, For

them and his sleep - bur - dened lids I o - pened wide the door, That out of pit - y sore, I opened wide the

door. Ah, me! I would I had re - fused, Nor let him in my heart; For now my life is

racked with woe, For fear he will de - part: Ah, me! I would I had re - fused, Nor let him in my

heart; For now my heart is racked with fear, For fear he will de - part.

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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

Copies may be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in very many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince-Edward Island every Saturday, or five cents each.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUG. 29

And now comes NANSSEN'S reward in the shape of state banquet, receptions and general lionizing.

Lovers of the fragrant weed will derive considerable satisfaction from the knowledge that, whatever crops fail, the tobacco crop this year is the largest and best ever harvested.

If, as some prudish people insist, it is wrong for the sexes to bathe together it is quite in order to object to life savers meddling with drowning women. The summer resorts ought to provide athletic girls to rescue their sex.

Royal betrothals and marriages seem to be contagious. The engagement of WILHELMINA the girl queen of the Netherlands, to Prince BERNARD of Saxe-Weimer will be officially announced in a day or two. The next to be heard from is the little king of Spain.

In spite of everything it has leaked out that Mrs. BRYAN calls her husband "Willie"; that ought to settle the matter with our American neighbors. The spirit of GEORGE WASHINGTON would rise in horror at the thought of a "Willie" in the White House. The question of course arises will he get there.

The Czar and Czarina of Russia have started out on a series of visits. The Czar is a little like other men after all, for he tried to get out of taking his wife to Paris; his original intention was to leave the Czarina at Balmoral with Queen VICTORIA while he took in the sights of the gay French capital; but the French people have politely requested him to bring her along to look after him during his stay in that wicked city.

The partition of women in active politics does not seem to have had the effect of lessening the bitterness of political discussion in the present American campaign. Mrs. MARY ELIZABETH LEASE of Kansas pays the penalty of her advanced position and in the heat of battle is given all the privileges of the male politician; and her equal footing with them entitles her to all the choice epithets enjoyed by the bitterest political opponents in a particularly bitter fight.

The question of its water supply has assumed a serious aspect in Paris. It is claimed that the reservoirs which supply the French capital are entirely too small. They only, at any time, hold water enough for two weeks and it is considered dangerous to store up even that quantity during very warm weather. It is said that in order to obviate all danger of drought during the exposition in 1900 two new sources of supply must be found to complete the system; the expenditure of 100,000,000 francs will be necessary.

If there is anything in a name the tiny quips recently added to the WALTER L. MAIN circus, the other day in Canandaigua is not likely to live to a very old age. The diminutive creature weighed at birth eight and a half pounds, is eleven inches high and measures only eighteen inches from the tip of its dainty nose to the end of its tail. In honor of its birthplace it is trying to support the name given it, Canandaigua, in as dignified a manner as possible under the circumstances. It seems to be a clear case for the good offices of the S. P. C. A.

The Telegraph's personal reference to the city editor of the Sun in his capacity as correspondent of a newspaper in another city is one of the most regrettable features of a bitter election campaign. The old adage that "those who live in glass houses etc." is particularly true in this case. Newspaper men are not in a position at all times to write as they think on political matters, and this has been the experience of the present editor of the Telegraph so frequently, that he might reasonably accord the same privilege to an opponent in a less responsible position.

New York seems to be an exceptionally ignorant city. At a recent examination of candidates for the police force 210 men

presented themselves and only thirty-five per cent succeeded in passing; or to put it plainly nearly two thirds did not know enough to be policemen. However, New York seems to expect considerable from her guardians of the peace and though policemen, are not usually required to possess literary qualifications, they were in the examination referred to, requested to write a letter of 125 words on The Causes of Crime.

A few weeks ago, Lord CHARLES RUSSELL, sitting as Judge in the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice, gave a decision relating to the validity of search warrants in a case which was tried before him without jury in June and then taken under advisement. The suit was against an magistrate to recover damages for having issued a search warrant without authority of law. The individual whose effects were searched under the warrant was a butler who was about to leave his situation and having been accused of theft by his master a warrant was obtained. No proof of his guilt was forthcoming and he was acquitted. A few days later he sued the Justice who issued the warrant, on the ground that the instrument was defective because there was no proof that anything had been stolen and because neither the document nor the complaint specified the goods that he was under suspicion of having stolen. Lord Chief Justice RUSSELL in his judgment did not admit these objections and decided that the search warrant was valid and gave sufficient protection to the defendant. It is not necessary under English law by Lord Russell to specify the actual commission of a felony in order to empower the magistrate to issue a warrant. It is enough if the information gives reasonable grounds for the suspicion that goods are being feloniously dealt with by the defendant. As to the failure of the warrant in the instance referred to, to indicate just what property was to be searched for, the Lord Chief Justice says:—"I cannot find it anywhere laid down that a search warrant must specify the goods, and, indeed, it is easy to suggest many cases where it might be impossible for the person laying the information to do so. Probably in most cases there is no difficulty, and for that reason the usual forms for the information and the warrant drawn up in that way."

Is the railroad brakeman like the horse in danger of eventually becoming practically an extinct species through electrical mechanical contrivances. It would seem so indeed and it may not be many years before this interesting personage will be only a memory and a name. Everybody knows the brakeman of a few years ago whose brilliant specialty was announcing in a manner all his own, the names of the various stations. If he was wholly incompetent to the travelling public it was certainly not his fault; in fact it was considered an accomplishment among the brethren to be able to call out the names of the stopping places in such a way that none of the passengers could know just which one was referred to; and the brilliancy of this feat was enhanced considerably when the brakeman added an unknown number of minutes for refreshments. Not one in fifty ever knew precisely just what time was at their disposal, by the brakeman's announcement. But this institution is rapidly nearing extinction and this is due to the automatic air brake, an invention of Mr. WESTINGHOUSE which, with its many advanced improvements, does the work of a brakeman in a safer and more expeditious manner than the hand brakeman was able to do it. Out of 1,200,000 freight and coal cars in use in the United States 500,000 are equipped with automatic air brakes and all the passenger and mail cars, with a few isolated exceptions are equipped in the same manner, so that it really seems to be only a question of a few years when the extension of this system will be universal. As a result of the innovation not only has the brakeman been done away with but the interests of safety in railway travel have been promoted and recent railway statistics show a large falling off in the number of accidents since the introduction of the automatic brake, while as part compensation for the loss of the brakeman we have fewer accidents quicker time and vestibule trains.

Queer at Sunny-Land. I little Queen of sunny land, Rosy cheek and dimpled hand, Winking eyes of blue; With a crown of golden tresses, Like laughing love's caresses, Oh, what shall I do? If I kiss my lady fair And her cheek and her hair And her red lips, too, I will forget royal favor; Yet to hesitate or waver Will my love undo.

PHILOSOPHY AND FOLLY.

If there is "nothing new under the sun," what about the new baby, the bicycle girl, and all the up-to-date chappies?

When marriage is contracted for aught but true regard, hitches are sure to follow.

The female in all forms of animal life that exhibit the tenderest care and most devoted love. Could we look under the surface of many a smiling face, we would discern much of sadness, that surroundings hide.

Some people, "don't know their living" till they're dead; and then it takes their friends three days to wake them.

Cynics are such either through heredity, disapproval, or a rough and tumble encounter with the world, that turned sour, their "milk of human kindness."

As a sunshade acts the dual part of protection from sun and rain alike, as also does true repentance for wrong doing committed, inasmuch as it not only shields us from regret, but is a safeguard against repetition. You cannot "steer clear" of your besting sin, without the helm of determination.

Better to "mend your ways" than have to find "a way to mine" yourself.

It depends largely upon which predominates, as to exhibit the tenderest care and most devoted love. A contented man may be ambitious, but an ambitious one may not always be contented.

"A mother's love" is second only to "divine love." "Divine love" would be far more incomprehensible but for a "mother's love."

Time is eternally with it's wing clipped. Many a one buys "on time" who thinks he has "all eternity" to pay it.

When death says "time's up" eternally opens it's arms to receive a new candidate for futurity's woe or joy.

Time is swifter than aught else, as nothing can overtake it.

Pleasure and pain are equally indicative of "time's flight," one showing its swiftness, the other its tardiness.

Death rejoices at each new birth, knowing full well, 'tis but another victory.

Many court death, as a relief to a disappointed life.

Regarding the future, 'tis indeed "blue," if of a deeper hue than many have found the past, and are finding the present.

Death, regardless of our vastly different views of it, is at last a rest from this world's cares and worries.

There was nothing "shy" about Shylock, we should all fight shy of his descendants.

His is the credit, and suffering, the debit side of our ledger.

Some men are so grasping, that, could we not see their hands, we should imagine them to be possessed of claws.

Little loses many of its most enhancing charms through a little disappointment.

Cranks are the result of hobby riding, bicyclists beware!

The grave has had but one continuous cry of dissatisfaction, since man learned to die, More!

Socialism, or demagoguism is not a safeguard against sin, Christianity stands pre-eminently above such things in that direction.

One of the most ennobling features in a Christian, is his liberality of thought towards all others who may differ with him and cannot see, theologically, just as he can or does.

About the beginning of last week an

order was presented to the paymaster which read something after this style. "Please pay the sum of \$4.86 for church services." The Bible says 'judge not, etc.' and it therefore must be believed that this very popular officer is going to put this sum back again into the battalion funds as he is fond of doing when these little affairs are discovered. It is positively known that the half sovereign found its way into the plate on Bedford range and perhaps it would be well for the paymaster of the regiment to ask the colonel to get a voucher setting forth that a half sovereign had been received at the other church.

Canad'an Poetry.

To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—Thomas O'Hagan M. D. with the best intentions, may do much injury to Canadian poetry. He has set up an ostentatious of gods, Roberts, Frechette, Lampman, Carman, Campbell, the two Soots and Pauline Johnston and calls on the world to bow down and worship them. There is nothing objectionable in this, per se, excepting that when one is happy in whooping up eight pet saints it does not follow that adoration should be stopped towards all the other myriad members of the heavenly choir. Mr. O'Hagan always expands with adulation over the very creditable singers named, even to the extent of insisting that they as "at the head" of Canadian poetry should be given consular, secretaries' posts and university chairs, all the while he himself appearing unconsciously of the existence of any others, so much so that readers glancing over the columns of the Week and seeing his signature skip the article with the remark "another dose of the same old syrup." Probably the doctor's profession is so exciting as to leave him little leisure to become acquainted with the wider range of Canadian literature, for, besides a good many native rhyming works of which the writer of this does not possess a copy, there are on his bookshelf over twenty presentation volumes of verse by Canadian writers, of which at least twelve are deserving of admiration in no small degree. Most of the writers are young, some about the doctor's presumed age, and more than one who made a mark as poet before T. O'H. was born, and continue to attain the lyre with acceptance now. By ignoring this wider field the doctor as a critic of the issue is, without malice, mischievous by outwearing the idea to outsiders that the range of Canadian song is limited. Increased leisure to extend his studies in native rhyme may save him from the suspicion,—perhaps unfounded,—that he is the trumpeter of a coterie. Among the approved authors he is unacquainted with, or ignores, are certain notable poets of New Brunswick.

A READER OF PROGRESS.

PHILOSOPHY AND FOLLY.

Queer at Sunny-Land. I little Queen of sunny land, Rosy cheek and dimpled hand, Winking eyes of blue; With a crown of golden tresses, Like laughing love's caresses, Oh, what shall I do?

If I kiss my lady fair And her cheek and her hair And her red lips, too, I will forget royal favor; Yet to hesitate or waver Will my love undo.

Softer check or bluer eye, Sweeter lips for kisses, I 'ow I never knew; And my sweetheart's eye is four; Could I really love her more I should be twenty-two?

Little Queen of Sunny-land, Rosy cheek and dimpled hand, Tender eyes of blue; She once told me, just in fun, God has never made but one Queen as fair as you. Marion Franklin

A Giver. It brist against her outer gate, It clamored at her quietude; 'Tis the cordiness of human fate, The sorrow of the tempted poet.

She gave to all who called her name, From a plumed soldier's store, Uplifted words that left out shame, Of love bereft that loved the more.

And those who leaped upon her grew, From a plumed soldier's store, Faith and abounding peace they knew, Walking uprightly in her light.

Then, smiling, to her heart she said, "And now the world need never know How silently you lie, and dead; O piteous heart that suffered so."

"That from a depth of hopeless pain I drew the words of cheer," she said; And, lacking love and faith, I said, "To give, who need the most of all."

An August Festival. From underneath the maple shade, While 'er me breezy ripples run, I watch the dainty blossoms fade, Their wayward dance in the sun.

Beyond, where amber dunes extend, The air with flute like notes is stirred, Until transmitter, Pines hum, A shepherd piping to his herd:

A shepherd piping, and his strains Fill all the circumambient air, With such an ecstasy of pain, With such a rapturous despair,

That I, entranced, to dreamland glide; And all the strings of my dream should be Of lovers straying, and of sighs, Down the dale of Arcady.

—Clemens Rodland in the New Magazine.

Bohemian's Land. Oh! sing of a nation-scanted pipe That in a daisy dew the dust lies ripe, And the lily days when we died, With only a single flower left.

Let others shorten in their lives, Their hair and their liberty, And be contented at the word of their wives, Bohemia's land for me!

Oh! sing of the pretty girl we've kissed, And the lily days when we died, With only a single flower left, And the glass to our loves unkind;

With hands as light as our pocket's freight, We sweep all the dust of life's fate— Bohemia's land for me!

—Eve Bendig in the New Bohemian.

PHASES OF THURSDAY AND TODAY.

Moonlight on the Bay Chaleur. The moon ship's great beam sails white, Fills on her ocean blue; By Isles of beautiful stars of light, The shores seem mist through.

From east to west her course she takes, Her vast deep surge o'er; Her streaming search ray passing breaks, Over the Bay Chaleur.

One pilot still, an ancient man, The moon ship's helm guides; Since his long voyage first began, Over the ocean cloud slides.

Fall many a thousand, thousand years, That mariner's banner of yore— Has sailed where his glorious light appears, Over the Bay Chaleur.

When fall sail crowds his jeweled masts, What beautiful eyes behold; The splendor o'er the earth he casts, What secrets to him are told.

What songs are sung to celebrate, In the dip of the glistening arc; In the golden dreams of the summer's prime. On the musical Bay Chaleur.

O pilot from your ship last night, Your locks of silver gray; Swept across waves a lovely sight, To cheer our eyes a lovely sight.

If you could tell all things you knew, Of loving hearts a'lore; A tale of faithful friends and true, Would charm the Bay Chaleur.

O turn your search light's brightest glow, Old seaman of the skies; On us as surely you row, While last the night dream o'er.

O let your sweet ray o'er the sea, And down the happy shore; Fall ten-erly on all with me, And bless the Bay Chaleur.

The moon ship rising on the foam— Of a cream white cloud on high; Behold us slowly walking home, Under the thoughtful sky.

We looked our last we two alone, The glory comes no more; The tide went out with tearful tones, Farewell Sad Bay Chaleur.

—CYRUS GOLD.

The New Woman.

Who is this little new woman— This one of the century one? She is just as sweet and as human As the oldest one under the sun.

She does as she pleases so sweetly, And contains sable and seal, And she drives a span as well as a man, And distances him on a wheel.

She sits on the fly demurely To button her shoe in a lurch, And she waits as demurely As the last bell a ring for church.

She cooks her meals in perfection, For she takes to a cook and put to bed By a mechanical rule.

She slips into sanitation, And the wary plumber outwits, And there's nothing under creation She can't do in a twinkling.

Of rights and making of laws, And she thinks she has plenty of reason To vaunt of a woman's cause.

But her heart is not any colder, And her hand is not any drier, And she'll put her hand on your shoulder Any day for a genuine cry.

She is looking where she would go; But her tenderness of your kiss or caress Is as sweet as ever, I know.

And she loves the home nest better, Where she shelters and peace abide, For she'll not be the worry and tear Of the conflict left outside.

And she'd rather nestle into your arms And hear your praise to her way, Than that of the crowd and its plaudits loud, For she'll not be the worry and tear, Fear not for this little new woman, This tin do diele one.

It is just as sweet and as human As the oldest one under the sun.

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—Eve Bendig in the New Bohemian.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report. Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

PARIS ATHLETIC RESORT.

Fests of Strength—Famous Graduates of Noel's Tavern Gymnasium.

Some one said to me the other day, 'Do you want to see one of the most original curiosities of unknown Paris—I mean unknown to the Boulevardiers? Well, then go to the Place de la Nation, No. 23 Rue des Boulets, and enter a very modest looking tavern you will find there, kept by one Noel, called Le Gaulois. Put your thirty centimes on the counter and ask to be shown into the inner room. There you will meet as strange a group as is to be found anywhere in Paris.'

As I was in search of novelty and diversion in the big city, I followed the advice. I found the place without any trouble. The room I entered was long and narrow, the floor was covered with tan-bark, and the furnishings were entirely dissimilar to any I had ever seen in any other cafe. No billiard table stood in the middle of the floor, but here and there were upright bars, iron rings, parallel bars and a spring board. On the walls were hung weights, boxing gloves, masks and swords. If your visit should be made on an ordinary day you would see a group of customers, stripped to the waist, and occupied, to the exclusion of everything else, in lifting enormous weights, while discussing the merits of their vermouth. Just as ordinary cafe frequenters pass the time with a game of piquet or dominoes. But if your visit, as my first did, falls on a seance day, you must take your place on one end of the room, and there, in complete silence, from one of the interested spectators of the matches between these amateur victors.

It is certainly one of those rare places where admirers of physical vigor may feast themselves upon exhibitions of earnest and sincere athletics, and where you may be certain there is no trickery, as there is nine times out of ten in the professional arena.

In fact, the owner of this cafe presents the strange combination of a man who gives up the seductions of a stringed orchestra and savory trignames and relies upon the seductions of his weights, trapeze and foils to attract his customers. I felt a natural curiosity to find out how he first conceived the idea of his strange cafe, and questioned him closely. He was very polite, and gave me all the information I sought.

Noel, whose real name is Rouveirois, is a Creton, who came to Paris as an employe in the Bercy Caves. There he performed some feats of strength which astonished his comrades, who were themselves men of great muscle. One of his greatest exploits was to hammer a spigot into half a cask of wine, then take the barrel in his two hands, hold it up over his head and drain its contents as another man would have emptied a gourd. After saving a little money he opened a small wine shop on his own account. His manner of serving his customers was so far out of the common that his fame soon spread far and wide. He would pour out his wine with one hand while he held a bar of iron weighing twenty-five kilos extended in the other.

This feat soon won him a reputation in the Quarter, and he thought to enhance it by adding an athletic arena to his little cafe, in which only amateurs were eligible. Of course every one knows that in sporting vernacular a man is an amateur until he appears in public for money.

This strange cafe bears little outward mark of its athletic character. Noel will hasten to inform you that his cafe is the resort of athletes and not wrestlers; that athletics is a gift of nature, susceptible of flourishing by reasonable and methodical exercises, while wrestling is a trade to be learned by any one who takes the trouble to master it. He contends that a man may become a famous wrestler without being in any way remarkable for strength.

To become eligible for Noel's arena one must be able to lift 180 pound. An ordinary man can lift 100 pounds without any great skill. As soon as one masters the feat of holding a bar of iron weighing 100 pounds at arms' length the extra weight is soon accomplished.

Noel can hold out 270 pounds and has gone as far as 280. During the Franco-Russian fets he achieved great notoriety by holding out an iron bar having a basket at either end, from which at a given signal two sailors—one French and one Russian—emerged, and to the strains of the national hymns, waved the French and Russian flags.

The majority of these amateur athletes are recruited from the bourgeoisie rather than from the people. The lately elected Deputy of the Arrondissement, M. Vuillord, was one of the most wonderful athletes of this select colony. M. Morel, a telegraph operator, is master of the marvellous feat of lifting 100 kilos. Maurice Maingnet, a designer has raised 170 pounds twice consecutively in one hand. The most famous graduate of all, though, is Sandow, the German, who has achieved a world wide reputation. When a young

man and an artisan he was in the habit of frequenting Noel's cafe, and the fame of his wonderful prowess attracted the attention of some managers. An offer to exhibit was made him, and from that moment he has stood before the world as the type of perfect man. Another graduate of Noel's cafe is Jackson, the American. Noel claims that there are no women athletes. Those claiming this title, he said, were 'fakes,' unless you except Miss Athlete, who performs at the winter circus and accomplishes the wonderful feat of walking around with five men suspended about her person, or supports two little ponies balanced on a beam on her chest and stomach.—N. Y. Herald.

THE LEATHER-JACKET.

A Handsome Fish That is Not Commonly Found in These Waters.

The leatherjacket or skipjack, as it is sometimes called, is a fish common in the Gulf of Mexico and the waters of the West Indies, and as far south as Brazil. On the Pacific coast it is found along Mexico and Central America. On our own coast the leatherjacket is found in summer as far north as Cape Cod; but it is not common in these waters. The specimen mentioned was taken recently in Gravesend Bay and brought to the New York Aquarium. The leatherjacket is a very active swimmer and not adapted to confinement; this one did not long survive its capture.

The leather jacket is not a good fish to eat, as its flesh is rather hard and dry, but in its skin is found about ten inches in length. Its skin had somewhat the appearance of grain leather, caused by the form and arrangement of the scales, which were small, extremely narrow, and deeply embedded in the skin, and irregularly placed, making very fine, irregular, lateral wrinkles all over the leather jacket's body. The body of the leather jacket is very thin, and spindle-shaped. It has a slender tail, and a small, pointed snout. A short shiny fin on the back is followed by a longer dorsal fin, which is broken up into many finlets. The anal fin also is long and partly composed of finlets behind. There are two very strong sharp spines in front of it. The leatherjacket has a small head, large eyes and a moderately large mouth. It is of a purplish gray on the upper part of its body, but the lower and greater part of its body is silvery. The breast fins and the caudal fins are tinged with yellow. The leatherjacket is formed for speed and it is a quick swimmer. Its nearest relations among the well-known fishes are the pompano, the moonfishes, the threadfish, the yellow mackerel, and the amberfishes.

A Talk With a Pawnbroker.

There are two points of view to be taken of everything—even a pawnbroker's dealings. A woman went into a well-kept establishment the other day and asked for a loan of \$50 on a marquise ring of diamonds and emeralds. 'That amount was given me at Blank's,' she said, 'the other day.' 'I will give you \$3,' said the pawnbroker. 'That would not do. From a little bag concealed in the folds of her dress the woman brought out another ring—circle of diamonds, with half a dozen stones. Twenty-five dollars,' said the pawnbroker, and she took it. 'I wonder if they could have changed the stones,' she said, referring to the marquise ring.

'It would not be worth while for anyone to change such small stones,' said the pawnbroker to the interested visitor. 'There is a possibility that someone might have given her the sum she mentioned for that ring, but I doubt it. She was probably telling an untruth. You can but such a ring as that for \$10 or \$12 at a pawn shop. If a man should make a practice of giving out so much money as she says on such a ring he would be loaded with them. Every other pawnbroker in town would pass off their rings on him. The ring I took is worth perhaps \$60—not more.'—New York Times.

Will Speak in St. John.

Arrangements have been made for a series of four addresses on Romanism and the School Question by the noted Evangelist Leyden of Boston. The meetings will be at the Mechanics' Institute, St. John, commencing Monday afternoon Aug. 30, at 3.30, also evening and Monday afternoon and evening. Rev. Mr. Leyden has spoken in all the cities and towns of Manicoba and the far Canadian Northwest, and rendered good services in aiding to settle the school question and abolish separate schools. He is said to be an eloquent and candid speaker and no doubt will be heard by large audiences. Arrangements are being made for lectures in Fredericton, Moncton, Halifax, etc.

Harvest Excursions To Canadian North West.

Have been arranged to leave from points in the Maritime Provinces on September 1st and 15th only, and tickets will be good for return within sixty days. The territory to which they will





ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Mrs. Fred Hall and Mrs. James Hall are visiting... Mrs. Grace Walsh has returned to Wintrop... Mrs. Frank Foster Wood contained most delightfully last evening at her home...

WOODSTOCK.

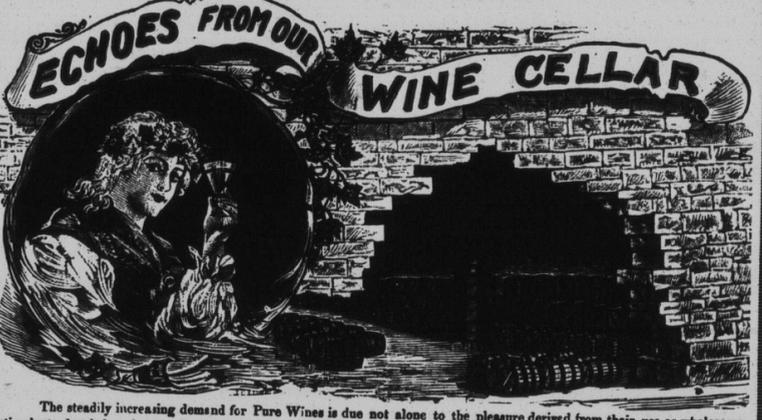
[Prognosis is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. L. A. Co.]... Mrs. L. A. Co. is visiting her home in Woodstock... Mrs. L. A. Co. is visiting her home in Woodstock...

KENTVILLE.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Rockwell are visiting Mrs. Charles Rockwell... Mrs. Appley of New York is visiting her sister Mrs. E. H. Calkin... Mrs. John Redden and daughter, Mrs. Archibald...

A Pleasant Pointer for Particular People who want to Pay Popular Prices for Pure Wines.

THE BORDEAUX CLARET CO., established in Montreal since the ratification of the FRENCH TREATY, is now selling PURE FRENCH WINE AT \$3.00 AND \$4.00 PER CASE of 12 large quart bottles—equal to any of the \$6.00 or \$8.00 Wines which are selling on their label and not on purity, quality or merit.



OUR MOST POPULAR BRANDS ARE: Bon Bourgeois Claret, good table wine - \$3.00; St. Julien Claret, light and supple - 3.25; Montferriand Claret, old and soft - 4.00; Graves' Sauternes, light dry - 3.50; Barsac Sauternes, fine oyster wine - 4.50; Macon Burgundy, good table wine - 4.00.

SPEND 35 CENTS FOR THE POCKET SIZE OF K. D. C. DISTRESS AFTER EATING, ACIDITY, HEARTBURN and all other forms of INDIGESTION

MINARD'S LINIMENT 'KING OF PAIN'

MINARD'S LINIMENT 'KING OF PAIN'

Montreal School of Elocution (NEW TERM BEGINS IN SEPTEMBER)... MOUNT ALLISON Ladies' College, OWEN'S ART INSTITUTION, Conservatory of Music

MINARD'S LINIMENT 'KING OF PAIN'

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(Continued from Fifth Page.)

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Elkin who have been spending the summer in the suburbs have returned to the city.

Miss Jennie Hall acted as bridesmaid last week at the marriage of Miss Carr and Mr. Holyoke.

Colonel and Mrs. Robinson of Fredericton spent a short time in the city lately.

Mr. and Mrs. James E. Whitaker are in Hampton visiting their son Mr. J. Ernest Whitaker.

Miss Nellie McQuinn is visiting Hampton as a guest of Mrs. James Humphrey.

Mr. A. L. Slipp and Mr. Walter Slipp who have been visiting Toronto as guests of Mrs. James M. Page have returned home.

The marriage of Mr. Henry B. Lordy C. E. of this city and Miss Edith Lordy of Halifax took place at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. E. J. Lordy, in that city last Wednesday afternoon.

Rev. N. J. Perry officiating in the presence of a number of immediate friends. Mr. Lordy's residence was elegantly decorated with cut flowers and spotted plants and the beautiful gown of the bride made the event a particularly bright one.

The bride was elegantly attired in travelling costume and carried a shower bouquet of pink roses. After a wedding repast, Mr. and Mrs. Lordy left upon a wedding trip to touch the province after which they will live in St. John. A large number of beautiful remembrances were sent by the friends of both parties.

Mr. and Mrs. Lordy will have the best wishes of many friends here and in Halifax.

Mr. John S. Frost of Boston is here visiting his brother Mr. Geo. D. Frost.

Mr. and George Crompton of Worcester are visiting St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Jacques of Woodbury N. J. were here for a short time this week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Bailey, Miss Bailey and Mrs. H. B. Emery of Sucook N. H., visited St. John this week.

Miss Mankham who has been visiting in the family of Mr. George McIntyre at Sussex, has returned home.

Judge Percell and Miss Percell of Montreal are on a short visit to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Baldwin and Miss E. A. De Wils of Westport, Conn., spent a few days here this week.

Dr. and Mrs. De F. Williams of Philadelphia, were here for a short time lately.

Mrs. H. Montgomery Campbell of Apohaqui is in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sallis and family of Linds street, are spending a few weeks at Mrs. Coy's; Gagetown.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Fletcher of North Chatham, Mass., were among the city visitors this week.

Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Holyoke who were married in Woodstock on Wednesday afternoon, spent Thursday in St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hoyt and Mr. W. E. Hoyt of Lynn are spending a few days in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wade and Mrs. Congle of St. John have been recent visitors to St. Andrews.

Mr. Wm. Brodie returned Tuesday to St. Andrews from a pleasant vacation spent here and in Fredericton.

Mr. John Coady of Houlton Me., is visiting his mother Mrs. Wm. Coady St. James Street.

Rev. Fr. Fitzgerald of Antigonish, who has been visiting friends in this city returned home last week.

Miss J. Lee Logan who has been spending her vacation with friends in St. George has returned home.

Mr. Watt and family of St. George are visiting Mrs. L. Logan, Paradise road.

Miss Lily Spears is visiting friends at Bar Harbor.

The friends of Mr. Wm. Carleton will be glad to hear he has recovered from his recent illness is able to be out again.

Mrs. Charles Walters at Mrs. Walters were in Hampton lately as guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. Hayward.

Miss Henrietta Marley of Woodstock is visiting city friends.

Mr. W. J. Brown who has been enjoying a little camping out expedition at Greenwick has returned to the city.

Rev. Dr. Kelly of Montreal spent a part of this week in the city.

Mr. John W. Stairs of Halifax was in the city this week.

Mr. W. Howard Archer of Boston is spending a few days in the city.

Dr. and Mrs. Parker of Boston who spent several weeks here returned home on Tuesday of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Hope of New York are visiting St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Smith of Boston are spending their honeymoon in the city.

Miss Helen Perrin of Boston is here visiting Miss Helen Peters.

Mr. and Mrs. A. St. Jones have returned from Acadia Grove, Westfield, where they have been spending the summer.

MONCTON.

Progress is for sale in Moncton. The Moncton Bookstore, by W. G. Standfield, S. T. Hall and M. B. Jones Bookstore.

At 23. A very sad accident occurred last Thursday evening just across the river, by which Mrs. Sanford Ryan of Coverdale, a well known and estimable young lady lost her life.

Mrs. Ryan had driven home a relative who had been spending the day with her, taking her own perfectly gentle and quiet family horse in her two wheeled village cart, and was returning home when the accident occurred.

She had taken her little three year old daughter with her, and it was through the child that the sad occurrence was first discovered. Shortly after seven o'clock, Mrs. Goodall, a neighbor of Mrs. Ryan's hearing a child crying at her door, and on opening it was surprised to find the child whom she recognized at once, to far from home, and fearing something had happened, at once went out into the road where Mrs. Ryan was found lying unconscious in the ditch, with the horse beneath the overturned cart, a few yards away.

Dr. Smith and Mr. Cully were at once sent for but their united efforts were unavailing, and though they remained with the injured woman all night they failed to restore her to consciousness and after lingering all next day in a comatose state she died on Friday night. It is of course impossible to conjecture how the accident occurred, unless the horse stumbled and fell going down hill, but strange to say neither the child nor the horse were hurt in any way, and but for a slight bruise on the forehead Mrs. Ryan's body showed no sign of injury. The funeral took place on Sunday afternoon from the family residence to the Methodist cemetery at Upper Coverdale, and was one of the largest ever seen in Coverdale. Numerous friends of the family, not only from Moncton but from distant parts of the country hastening to pay a last tribute of respect to one so suddenly and sadly cut off in her youth.

Mrs. Horace E. Dibble, of Mangerville is visiting her sister Mrs. E. Bestram Hooper at St. George's rectory.

Mr. Beverly White, and wife, of Medicine Hat Manitoba, who have been spending the summer months at Spring Hill, N. S. spent a few days in town last week, leaving on Saturday night, for their distant home.

Mrs. Samuel Waters left town on Saturday for St. John, to spend a few weeks visiting friends.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Alton Cushing now of St. John but formerly of this city, were glad to see them in town again last week.

Mrs. W. E. Talbot and Miss Talbot of Bermuda are visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Bell, of Church street.

Captain Cooks of Kingston, Ont., who has been spending a few weeks at his home in Moncton, returned to Kingston on Saturday last.

Miss Bourke and Miss McDonald of Boston who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Williams of Highfield street, returned home on Thursday morning.

Mrs. Peters, who has been visiting friends in Dorchester for the past two weeks, returned on Friday.

Mrs. Logan of Jamaica is spending some weeks in town the guest of her niece Mrs. C. D. Thomson of Botsford street.

The many friends of Mrs. Joseph A. Harris of Boston, who formerly resided in Moncton, were glad to welcome her back to town again during her recent visit. Mr. Harris was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Humphrey of Sunny Brae, during her stay.

Mrs. McCauland of Boston and Mrs. Sayerza and Mrs. Adams of Washington D. C., who are making a tour through the Maritime provinces, spent a few days in town last week visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Benedict of King street.

Mrs. Green of Toronto who has been visiting her daughter Mrs. E. B. Chandler of Botsford street, returned home on Thursday.

Mrs. H. W. Derner and Miss Jennie Derner who have been spending the winter and spring at Springdale Mass., returned to Moncton last week, and will in future make their home here, residing in their handsome cottage on Botsford street.

Mrs. Henry Fleming returned last week from Boston where she has been visiting friends.

Miss Beattie Myers of St. John is visiting Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Cripp at the Wesley Memorial parsonage.

Mrs. George L. Allen and little daughter are spending a few weeks in Fredericton visiting friends.

We have a distinguished visitor in town just at present, in the form of Mr. George E. Payne, the well known author, and litterateur, who is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Read of Highfield street.

Mr. Parkin was formerly the Canadian representative of the London Times, and is now principle of Upper Canada College.

Mrs. Charles Spencer and little daughters left town last week to spend a month in Boston visiting friends.

Dr. and Mrs. L. N. Bourque left town on Saturday night for a trip to Montreal and Ottawa, where Mrs. Bourque intends spending a month or so visiting friends.

ST. ANDREWS.

At 26. Rev. Canon Ketchum has been away on a short season of rest and recreation with his brother at Woodstock N. B.

Dr. Sweetland of Ottawa has gone home but the Misses Sweetland will remain a few weeks longer at the seaside.

Judge Gray saw his wife of Washington have been at St. John with this week.

Mrs. and Miss Hard of Misses-ells, Mr. and Mrs. Oiler of Toronto, and N. M. Allen of Montreal, have been visiting St. John and Lady Van Home.

Mr. I. C. Darling of Somerville made a short sojourn here last week.

Miss Helen Briggs of Carleton, and Miss Hattie Pearey of Fort Fairfield have joined the party at Pearey's cottage.

On Tuesday evening Mrs. Welr of Montreal entertained the younger members of the Hotel party with a five handed euchre, and a delicious little supper. Mrs. Welr's brother, Mr. Leslie was the honored guest of the occasion.

Miss Tilley is the guest of her sister Mrs. Chipman.

Mrs. M. E. Collins has returned to her home.

Mrs. B. Van Horne is shortly expected at Coven Haven.

On Monday last, an exceedingly pleasant euchre party was held at the Algonquin; old fashioned euchre was the game. Fifteen tables were filled, and the prizes, eight in number were levied.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Sutherland of Milltown N. B. wheeled down to St. Andrews on Wednesday last, returning Thursday morning. Mrs. Sutherland is famous as a long distance rider, and is a graceful one as well.

Miss Craie of Somerville Mass has been the guest of Miss Louise Clark.

Among the visitors from St. Stephen on Wednesday were Mrs. J. A. Alear, Miss Curran and Miss MacBride.

Dr. Robert Ross visited St. Andrews friends on Thursday.

Miss Hitchens of Malden Mass., is the guest of Mrs. L. B. Knight.

Mr. Knight took a run down to his summer house and spent Sunday with his family.

Rev. Father O'Neill is visiting his parents Mr. and Mrs. Henry O'Neill.

Mrs. Burnham of Houlton Me., and her children are staying at Kennedy's hotel.

Miss Rice and Miss Caswell of Milltown were among last week's visitors.

Mrs. Alex. Maloney is at present visiting friends in St. Andrews.

Sir Wm. Van Horne is at present entertaining a Japanese lady and gentleman.

SHEDIAK.

At 26. During this past week quite a number of our summer visitors left Shediak for their various homes, leaving some sad hearts anxiously awaiting their return at another season.

Among those who have already left are Mrs. Stephenson, Miss Christie, Miss Christie, Mr. Butcher, Mrs. Merritt, Miss Butcher, St. John, and Mr. Hannington and family of Montreal.

Dr. Belliveau left on Saturday for Ottawa to attend the C. M. J. A. convention.

Mrs. C. A. D'Almeida, J. D. Weidon Dr. Smith F. Schaefer Webster, attended the race at Amherst last week.

Miss Palmer of Dorchester spent a few days at Riverside the guest of Mrs. Jos. Webster.

I am pleased to hear that Mr. Jardine of St. John who has been seriously ill at his father's home is greatly improved.

Dr. J. C. Webster left on Tuesday for Montreal. Miss Fawcett of Sackville is the guest of Miss Descaut's "Spruce Villa."

Miss Stockton who has been spending a few days at Riverside returned home on Friday last week.

There was a most delightful dance at Spruceville on Monday evening among those who enjoyed Mrs. Deacon's hospitality were, Mrs. Miller Miss Bourgeois, Miss Fawcett, Miss Stockton, Miss D'Almeida, Mrs. Evans, Miss Maggie Evans, Miss Webster, Mrs. McLean, Miss B. Harper, Messrs. Webster, Borden, Schaefer, Harper, Jones, White, Murray, Wilbur.

Some of the young men of the town gave a delightful sailing party last week, after sailing for a few hours the party landed at Point de Chenere where a most enjoyable dance was indulged in previous to their return to Shediak.

Everyone expressed themselves as perfectly delighted with the trip. Everything passed off very pleasantly excepting that Mr. Blair who had the party in charge became so much taken up entertaining some of the stragglers in the party that the yacht was allowed to run on a sand bar detaching the party for a short time.

Some of the party seeing they had missed the mark, immediately began with the assistance of the crew to get the yacht off, and by working so well together, it was but a short time before they were once more afloat. Special attention, however, should be made of the pursuer who devoted himself with a grace never before witnessed in Shediak. Think.

SUSSEX.

At 26. Mrs. Pearson spent Sunday with relatives in Moncton.

Miss Annie Thompson spent Sunday in Penobscia.

Mrs. (Dr.) Wilson and daughter, Montreal, are sojourning at the "Knoll."

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. White are spending a week in Berwick N. B.

Miss Beattie McLeod leaves today for Clinton, Mass. where she has, excepted a situation as nurse in Clinton hospital.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Fenwick Arnold on the arrival of a son at their home.

Mrs. John Masson and family spent Sunday with friends in Pettodidoc.

On Thursday Miss Alice Byrne entertained about fifty of her young friends in honor of her guest, Misses Driscoll and Murphy of St. John. Needless to say all enjoyed themselves. Dancing, cards and other amusements were indulged in until late in the evening, after which ice cream and cake were served, and the pleasant gathering broke up, after spending a most delightful evening. Among those present

Umbrillas Made; Re-covered, Repaired Dressed, 17 Waterloo.

Pedals...

Hinges, etc., are little things comparatively, but it is by the little things that the genuineness of our endeavor can be seen. Little things all count, and we mean that the Pratte Piano shall be as near right as men can make it.

We put no poor material even in small parts like trimmings. Pedals are made of best, solid, polished brass, and never lose their color as ordinary cast iron ones, with a thin brass or nickel coating do, from the wear of the feet.

If we are so careful with little things that the purchaser is likely to overlook, you can only decide that the whole make-up of the Pratte Piano is just right. The details of the Pratte Piano merit investigation.

You are invited to our ware-rooms, where you can see every part exhibited and explained.

Represented in Halifax by THE W. H. JOHNSON CO., Corner Granville and Buckingham Streets.

The cool evenings are here and I fancy that now on there will be a greater number of departures than arrivals.

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Clafin left for home on Monday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Wade and Mr. and Mrs. W. Cougle of St. John have been among recent visitors to the shire-town.

Mr. Wm. Brodie returned on Tuesday from a pleasant vacation spent in Fredericton and St. John.

Mrs. Robinson is the guest of Mrs. Metley at the Howard cottage.

Mrs. F. C. Todd of Baltimore is spending a few weeks with her mother, Mrs. Gardner at her pretty Hillside Home.

Mr. James Gilroy of New Westminster B. C. is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. McCurdy.

Mr. Lester J. Rindge has returned to his home at Grand Rapids Michigan.

At the hotel hop on Saturday night Mr. Roy Thompson of St. John made a very pleasing addition to the musical part of the programme.

Mr. Thompson is a cornetist of no mean ability. Dr. Williams and Dr. H. B. Garrison of Houlton Maine paid a visit to St. Andrews on Sunday. I believe Dr. Garrison's visit was of a strictly personal character.

Capt George Wilson of the barque Violet is at present with his foster mother Mrs. Eliza Wilson.

This evening Wednesday St. Andrews Division will be visited by members and friends from St. Stephen, and a good programme of an interesting and amusing character will be furnished.

There will also be held in Memorial hall an entertainment in aid of the parish library of which Miss Ketchum is the honored librarian. Dirro.

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were: The Misses Talbot, Mable Murray, Fannie Wilson, The Misses Moore, Della White, A. Chapman, Edna McLeod, The Misses McKay, Ida DeBoo, Blanche Fairweather, Celia Driscoll, St. John; Mrs. Arnold, The Misses Culbert, May Hornbrook, St. John; M. Bradley, The Misses Howard; Maud Pitcheil, Mary McQuinn, Jennie Murphy, St. John; Stella Doherty; Susie Thompson, Nellie Scott, Joan White, Pearl Price, The Misses Worden, N. Cogger Daisy Brown, Mary Sweeney, a J others. Messrs. Howe, A. Thompson, W. McLeod, M. Klineear Chapman, Fairweather, J. McQuinn, J. Howard, T. Howard, E. Chisman, M. Chisman, R. Slipp and D. Macaulay.

Mrs. Chas. Fairweather and children have returned from a very pleasant visit to Mrs. Fairweather's mother in Somerville, Mass.

Mrs. Emma of Moncton is the guest of her friend Mrs. W. B. McKay.

GREENWICK.

At 26. Mr. Joe. Whelpley and Mr. Tremaine Whelpley of Boston are visiting relatives here.

Mrs. Wm. Prince of St. John and Mrs. Chas. Whelpley of Fredericton were here last week celebrating their mothers birthday.

Miss Ida Cole and Miss Ethel Dalton of St. John and Miss Fannie Andrews of New York visited friends here last week.

Rev. Mr. DeSoyres of St. John preached an eloquent sermon in St. James church on Monday evening.

A family party went to Westfield on Monday. There were present Mr. and Mrs. James Richards, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Whelpley Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Whelpley, Mr. William Whyte, Miss Nellie Whelpley, Harry Joseph and The maine Whelpley; all enjoyed the pleasant outing.

The Misses Kindred of St. John visited friends here last week.

Miss Maggie Smith leaves this week for Sackville academy.

Mrs. Geo. Fowler has quite recovered from her recent illness.

Miss Fannie Andrews who was visiting friends here and in St. John left on Tuesday for her home on Sussex Island, N. Y.

Mrs. Henrietta Marley who was visiting friends here has gone to St. John for a few days before returning to her home in Woodstock.

Mr. Fred Pickett of St. John spent Sunday with parents.

Miss King went to St. John last week.

Mr. Will Brown who was camping out for several days has returned to St. John.

Miss Daisy Hanson has returned home to her friend here.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Whelpley were in St. John last week.

SACKVILLE.

[Progress is for sale in Sackville at Wm. I. Goodwin's Bookstore. In Middle Sackville by E. Merritt.]

At 26. On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. W. C. Miller and Mrs. J. F. Allison gave a delightful treat at Woodstock to a number of their friends.

Mrs. Fred Ryan and children have returned from Shediak.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Pickard have returned from a pleasant visit to friends in Sussex.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Pettit of Fredericton visited Woodstock on Tuesday.

Mrs. Senator Wood gave a very pleasant garden party on Saturday eve, in honor of her guests the Misses Johnston of Ottawa. Mrs. Wood looked charming in a gown of white and was assisted in receiving her guests by Miss Wood, Miss Dora Wood and the Misses Johnston, those present were Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ralaine, the Misses Fawcett, Black, Smith, Campbell, Ralaine, and Messrs. Harrison, McCurdy, Black, Fawcett and others. The band was in attendance and rendered some very choice selections.

Mrs. Keith has returned to her home in Wellesley Mass.

Mrs. Hunton leaves to day for Fredericton to visit her parents Dr. and Mrs. Inch.

Dr. Fred Emerson of Pettitodoc spent a few days in town this week the guest of Mrs. Henry R. H. Bridge street.

Mr. Leon Keith of St. John spent Tuesday in town. Our latest bride Mrs. J. M. Palmer is receiving this week and looks pretty in a dress of lavender and white lace trimmings, she is assisted by Miss Palmer.

HARCOURT.

Dr. W. W. Doherty of Campbellton passed through here Monday to Moncton where he met Mrs. Doherty. From Moncton they return home in the private conveyance by the post road.

Hon. Peter Mitchell was here for a short time Saturday on route to Newcastle.

Mr. Charles D. McLean and bride who spent their honeymoon in Harcourt left on Monday for their home in Berlin Falls, U. S.

Mrs. M. J. Wilson returned on Monday from a pleasant trip to Campbellton.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1896.

DEEDS OF GREAT VALOR.

SOME THAT HAVE COME UNDER THE NOTICE OF FOREIGNERS.

The Famous English War Correspondent's Stories of Bravery in many Lands—The Bravest Deed He Ever Saw Was a Heroic Rescue in Africa.

There are many kinds of courage that to enumerate the variety in detail would fill a number of the Youth's Companion. Personally I do not rank particularly high, ready valor in the battle or the forlorn hope. Then the blood is hot and the ardor of the fray is throbbing in every fibre. Unless a man is an utter coward at heart, it seems to me that before he must in the nature of things be brave in the turmoil of battle. Of course, there, as elsewhere, degrees of conduct present themselves, and the true man will stem a sudden panic or greatly dare to save the life of a comrade. But it is in cold blood that the higher courage exhibits itself, and the comparative rarity of that virtue proves its exceptional and more elevated stamp.

Rarest of all kinds of courage is perhaps that variety which the Duke of Wellington used to call "two o'clock-in-the-morning courage."

There was the spirit of the finest courage in the conduct of Capt. George Napier, who, being struck in the breast at Ciudad Rodrigo, at the head of the storming party, his arm shattered by a cannon ball, cheering and directing his men as he lay bleeding and helpless, trodden on, buffeted by the charging soldiers. He would not have himself removed until he heard the place was won, and then, with his ash binding his arm, he walked quietly to the amputating place, waited his turn, and had to listen to the discussion of a point of etiquette between two surgeons as to which of them was entitled to perform on him.

That was cool daring on the part of a rough Irish private in the Peninsular war who, when a thirteen-inch shell fell in the crowded work, knocked out the burning fuse with a blow of his spade, picked up the shell and carried it to his officer, with the quiet remark: "There she is now, your honor. She'll do nobody any harm now, for it's meself has knocked the life out of the creature!"

Who does not remember the noble stoic courage and discipline of those recruits who stood in their ranks on the deck of the Birkenhead troop ship, waiting for the inevitable death that was imminent, while the woman and children were being saved.

A Briton myself, I have ties with the great republic, and for that reason I cherish the knowledge of some acts of courage of the stamp I specially admire, performed by Americans—acts which probably are widely known among the countrymen of those brave men.

It was in the late Admiral John Rodgers' first action in the Galena that a shell crashed into the turret in which he was with the gunners, and half smothered him with the blood and brains of an adjacent sailor. Others were struck down by the explosion, and panic was setting in. Its progress Rodgers stayed, not, however, by angry voice and loud abjurations, but by the quiet, ruminative, half-complaining remark, as he wiped his bespattered face, "And they told me these things were shell-proof!" The utterance and the manner thereof appealed to the ever-wert American sense of humor. The gunners rallied and renewed the fight.

On another occasion, I think when his ship, the Weehawken, was in action with the Confederate ironclad Atlanta, Rodgers, having gone below for a moment, found a man of the turret crew wandering about between decks. When challenged to answer for cowardice in deserting his post, the man made no reply, and was put in irons by Captain Rodgers' orders.

The fight over and the Atlanta a prisoner of his officers entering his cabin, represented to him that the man was no skulker, but, on the contrary, one of the best men on the ship, who had been dazed and stunned by the impact of a hostile missile on the turret, against the inside of which he had been leaning; that he had been ordered below and that when challenged by the commanding officer he had not yet recovered from the shock.

Rodgers ordered that the man should be immediately unironed, and at quarters next day, when officers and ship's company were mustered, he thus curtly but pointedly addressed the sailor:

"My man, I called you a coward yesterday. I find I was mistaken, and, diffusing his cap, 'I beg your pardon.'

Surely than this no commanding officer ever did a nobler and more gallant act, and one can well believe that for a chief so royal in his manhood to his fellow citizens, so generous and whole-souled in owning his error, the Weehawken's crew would have died to a man.

It is remarkable with what different sentiments commanders regard the efforts of their subordinates to gain renown.

Lord Wolseley, for example, would have every officer burn to seize every opportunity

to obtain personal distinction. Steady old Lord Clyde, on the other hand, held that an objection to the Victoria Cross was its incentive to 'aides-de-camp and staff officers to place themselves in prominent positions for the purpose of attracting attention.' And he continues, 'To such, life is of little value as compared with the gain of public honor, but their conduct is a cruel injustice to other gallant officers, who in all the excitement of action, have important responsible, and self-abnegatory duties to perform.'

I have seen Skobelief dash into the turbulent heart of half a dozen actions, conspicuous above all men by the white coat he wore and the white charger he bestrode, and I have seen him stand on the parapet of our earthwork for an hour at a time, the target for a heavy fire. These things seem to savor of sheer recklessness, but they were done in the intensity of devotion to a purpose, that purpose being to gain prestige, to inspire his men with confidence to follow whither he led, to simulate them to daring by the force of example.

He worked for results; and his mostly attained them; when he failed it was for no want of endeavor to succeed. How he strove is vividly described in MacGahan's powerful etching of him returning from an effort which failed for want of support. Your gitted and lamented countryman wrote:

"He was in a tearful state of excitement and fury; his uniform was covered with blood and mud; his sword broken; his cross of St. George twisted roundover his shoulder; his face black with powder and smoke; his eyes haggard and bloodshot and his voice quite gone. He spoke in a hoarse whisper. I never saw such a picture of battle as he presented."

Skobelief was striving for victory, for glory, for promotion; for dispelling the cloud under which he unjustly lay. His motives were partly patriotic, partly personal.

But much as I admired that singularly brave man, there was in my heart a warmer glow on that summer afternoon on the plain of Ulundi, when I saw Lord William Bereford wheel his pony and gallop back to the succor of a fallen trooper around whom the Zulus were already piling their assegais; saw him alight, hustle the wounded man up into his saddle, fending off the Zulus with the revolver grasped in his spare hand, clamber up behind his man, and with a dig of the spurs set the game little beast a-going after the other horsemen.

That was pure, unselfish, devoted, gallant chivalry, concerning which, as behoved a self-respecting soldier, he kept silence. It was because I went and told the story to Sir Evelyn Wood that Bereford got the Victoria Cross; and, indeed, he declined the honor were it not accorded also to the soldier who had aided him in keeping the wounded man in the saddle during the retreat.

This piece of work of Bereford's I account "the bravest deed I ever saw;" and I should have made it the topic of this contribution, but that I have already described it fully in print.

Of a very different type of courage was the conduct of Wigram Batty, a distinguished Indian officer who was my companion with the little garrison of Saarbrücken, at the beginning of the Franco-German war.

On the 2nd of August the day of the poor Prince imperial's "baptism of fire," came pouring down on the little town Frossard's divisions from the Spichersberg. The German battalion slowly quit it. As the last detachment cleared out from the earthwork it had been holding, a man was shot down.

Batty, who had been chafing at the withdrawal, "got mad," caught up the fallen man's rifle and pouch, ran out, dropped on one knee, and started a lively fusillade against Fouquet's French brigade. Fouquet's brigade responded with cheerful promptness, and Batty presently was bowled over.

His reckless freak would have cost him his life without benefit of clergy had he, a neutral citizen in arms, been caught by the French, and it gave to a German professor and myself the trouble of going out and fetching him in, mending him, and sending him off to hospital.

Batty fell fighting bravely in Afghanistan, a country in which it matters nothing whether you are neutral or belligerent. But for the excellent advice, Nil nisi bonum de mortuis, I should style his conduct at Saarbrücken reckless beyond measure.

Some instances of servicable exposure to danger in cold blood, undertaken without any incentive beyond the impulse to avert calamity, are in my memory, and one of them I may relate. The scene was Gen. Tobernaieff's headquarters camp at Deligrad, in Upper Serbia, in the summer of 1876.

The huts of the camp surrounded a square area, through one corner of which passed a small stream. It was near dusk, and the staff, having finished dinner in the school-room which served as mess room,

were sitting smoking on the rear veranda. Suddenly there came a loud cry of "fire!" and men were seen running away in all directions.

We all hurried through to the front, the rush led by a couple of Englishmen. In the centre of the open space stood a walled hut, roofed in with a flat covering of wadded hurdles. Would it be believed that this structure was the powder magazine of the Deligrad force?

Yes; during the day I had seen men of work filling the powder bags to be used as charges for the cannon—filling them from open powder barrels, which, when the work was done, were simply covered loosely with canvas.

Besides the powder in the barrels and in the charge bag, there was a quantity of Remington cartridges, partly in cases, partly in loose heaps. There was not even a sentry on the hut. I remembered thinking it the most dangerous place I had ever seen.

And now sparks, carried by the wind from some cooking fire, or swept from one of the innumerable cigarettes constantly being smoked, reached the roof, and set about beating out and throwing down, as far away as possible, the blazing bundles. His comrade had filled a bucket and was swiftly carrying it to the man on the roof of the hut.

The two Englishmen were running toward the hut at top speed. Then they diverged. One headed for the water, the other held straight for the hut, clambered up its walled side, reached the roof, and set about beating out and throwing down, as far away as possible, the blazing bundles. His comrade had filled a bucket and was swiftly carrying it to the man on the roof of the hut.

The Russian officers of Tcherniaieff's headquarters caught up the idea, ran toward the stream, and formed a chain, the long link next to the hut was allowed to be constituted by the comrade of the man on the roof. His danger, spite of the bucketful of water which reached him from time to time, seemed imminent.

With every hurdle thrown down, his footing became the more precarious. Sparks dropping from the wadding had ignited the cartridges, which were popping off with the noise and smoke of a respectable skirmish. It seemed impossible but that the bags and barrels should catch a spark, and then—well, there could be but one ending.

The trouser legs of the man on the roof were smouldering, but still he worked on. A few moments more and half of him disappeared; his nether limbs had gone to the top of the walled wall, and he lay down below, a dead man.

At length he succeeded in quenching the fire and stopping the explosion of the cartridges. The door was opened and more water poured in. Then the man on the roof came down, arm, bareheaded, and with a good deal of soot on his face, and a powder mark on his forehead.

The comrades declined the Takova cross tendered by Tcherniaieff, and asked me not to write about the episode. I am sure they would not like that I should now mention their names.—Youth's Companion.

EFFECT OF HEAT.

The Human System can become Used to a High Temperature.

No one can tell how high a temperature man can endure until he is subjected to the trial. The effect of an intensely heated atmosphere in causing death has been but little studied. "Some years since," says Dr. Taylor, the eminent jurist, "I was consulted in one case in which the captain of a steam vessel was charged with manslaughter for causing a man to be lashed within a short distance of the stove-hole of the furnace. The man died in a few hours, apparently from the effects of his exposure. Yet the engine rooms of steamers have a temperature as high as 148, and engineers after a time become habituated to this excessive heat, without appearing to suffer materially in health. In certain manufacturing the body appears to acquire a power, by habit, of resisting these high temperatures; still it has been proved that many suffer severely. In a report on the employment of children (London) it is stated that in a glass manufactory a thermometer held close to a boy's head stood at 130 degrees, and as the inspector stood near to observe the instrument his hat actually melted out of shape. Another boy had his hair singed by the heat, and said that his clothes were sometimes singed, too, while a third worked in a temperature no less than 160 degrees. Amid this tremendous heat they carry on work which requires their constant attention. They are incessantly in motion."

In the Turkish baths higher temperatures than this have been noted, but there is reason to believe that serious symptoms have been occasionally produced in persons unaccustomed to them, and that is one or two cases death has resulted. All sudden changes from a low to a high temperature are liable to cause death in aged persons or in those who are suffering from organic diseases. In attempting to breathe air heated to temperatures varying from 180 to 200 degrees, there is a sense of suffocation, with a feeling of dizziness and other symptoms indicative of an effect on the brain, and the circulation is enormously quickened. An inquest was held on the body of a stoker of an ocean steamship. He had been by trade a grocer, and was not accustomed to excessive heat. While occupied before the engine furnace he was observed to fall suddenly on the floor in a state of insensibility. When carried on deck it was found he was dead. All that was discovered on a post-mortem examina-

Advertisement for FERRIS' GOOD SENSE CORSET WAISTS. Includes illustrations of women in corsets and text: 'BEST For HEALTH, COMFORT, and BEAUTY. PERFECT IN FIT FOR LADIES, MISSES, AND CHILDREN. FERRIS' GOOD SENSE CORSET WAISTS PATENT.'

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John.

AMERICA'S DEEPEST LAKE.

Curious Facts About the Crater Lake in Oregon.

Crater Lake, in Oregon, is the deepest body of fresh water in America. Only one lake in the world is deeper, namely, Baikal, which exceeds it in depth by about 400 feet. Until recently it was asserted that Crater Lake was bottomless, but soundings have proved that its greatest depth is 2,000 feet. It is five miles in diameter, nearly circular, and occupies the crater of an extinct volcano.

No fish have ever been known to exist in Crater Lake. Not long ago a request that it be stocked with trout was sent to Washington by the Mazamas, who are a club of mountain climbers, having headquarters at Portland. Mazama is the Indian name for mountain goat. The climbers are anxious to angle in the extinct crater, and the government experts are going to find out whether or not such a thing is practicable. It is easy enough to put trout into the water, but that would be of no use unless there is food for them there. Trials will be made by an expedition, for the purpose of ascertaining how much food there is and whether or not it is of a kind suitable for speckled beauties to browse upon.

This will be accomplished by towing small nets of gauze along the surface of the water. The water will flow through the gauze, which will catch all the animalculae that come in its way. The quantity of the latter secured in a given number of minutes or hours will be an accurate measure of the amount of fish food present. They will be bottled and preserved in formalin for subsequent examination by a specialist who will determine the species represented. Chiefly they will be little shrimps and other small crustaceans, and there will be some insects also. It will be necessary to make the tows at different hours of the day, because some crustaceans swim near the surface only in the morning, others at midday, and others yet in the evening. Shady areas as well as sunny ones must be sought for various species.

A most interesting series of experiments will be made for the purpose of ascertaining the temperature of the water at various depths. No temperature observations have ever been taken in fresh water nearly so far down. With this end in view, an equipment of self-registering thermometers and supplementary apparatus will be taken and will be let down by means of sounding lines. There are very few places in the entire lake where the depth is less than 1600 feet, though it shoals off somewhat in the southwest part. One line of soundings registered over 1900 feet for a distance of two miles. These depths are unapproached by any other lake in the western hemisphere.

No wonder then that Crater Lake was supposed to be bottomless. However, the truth is that all lakes over 150 feet deep possess a similar reputation. Any body of the longest feeling line is sure to lack a bottom in the popular belief. A first-rate example of this sort of delusion is afforded by Payette Lake in Idaho. It was formerly imagined to be bottomless, and later its depth was officially stated to be 2600 feet. Recent investigation proves that its greatest depth is 305 feet. There are no data on which to base a guess as to the bottom temperature of Crater Lake, but the supposition is that it will be very little above freezing. The temperature of the ocean depths remains at about forty degrees Fahrenheit all the year round, even in the tropics. Nevertheless, some volcanic heat may yet remain to warm the waters of Crater Lake.—Louis Globe-Democrat.

It was good sport—fine luck in fact—for two days, and on the third day I chose a very wild spot and started myself on a large rock overhanging the creek. I fished with a line and rod, using the same old-fashioned sort of worm I did as a boy. There was no need to use the more scientific fish when fish were so easily caught.

The Easterner was down stream a little way, and everything was intensely solemn and quiet. When I felt a fierce pull on the line I roused up at once, and, pulling up, what should I see come bobbing to the surface but a human skull, which, to all appearances, had swallowed the bait through its eyes. Naturally my otherwise steady nerves were considerably shaken, and with a sort of howl I started madly, which motion swung the growsome thing rather sharply against a rock, whereat it cracked and split into the several pieces to my relief slid off into the stream, leaving dangling to my line a most peculiar looking fish, almost white, and forming an almost perfect ring.

I quickly jerked the hook out of its gills and let it drop into the clear water, where it went through the strangest motions, still keeping its circular shape. It was unable to swim, but twisted around in the water, or moved with a wheel-like motion. My friend who had been attracted by my howl, arrived just in time to see some of the eccentric gyrations, and I really believe if he hadn't actually seen it he would always have said it was a California yarn.

We afterward came to the conclusion that the fish, when small, had strayed into the skull, and probably through some motion of his own had turned the ruin over, and so closed its mode of egress though it could easily survive and grow on the ice which came floating by, and there it continued to exist, only in a ring, till the worm falling through one of the eye sockets, provided a mode of relief from its cramped quarters.

We quit fishing for that day, and it was some time before I could get fish without a thought of this strangely imprisoned curio.—San Francisco Call.

Thankful to B. B. H. DEAR SIRS,—I am thankful to Burdock Blood Bitters that I am strong and healthy today. I suffered from Biliousness and bilious fever so much that I was out of my mind night after night, but I am now entirely cured by the use of two bottles of B. B. B.

NELLIE I. HENDERSON, Kirby P. O., Ont.

THE SKULL BIT.

A Catch That was Lucky for the Fish, if not for the Fisherman.

"The strange fish story I ever heard was an experience I had myself," said Judge Scudder of Alutauas, as he settled himself back in his big armchair, while a reflective look passed over his open countenance.

"It was in the summer of '82, I think, that an Easterner and myself started out on the war path for fish. Salmon Creek afforded fine fishing for salmon, trout and salmon, and many were the stories of mammoth fishes caught there which were waited to our ears when our friends learned of our destination, to all of which my friend from the East listened incredulously.

"This stream, as you know, flows through a narrow defile, with precipitous sides, and winding around considerably after leaving Freestone, finally empties into the Pacific, and right near there we had our headquarters, at the Ocean View House, tramping up the narrow canon each morning with bait in ourselves as well as the fishes.

"We had good sport—fine luck in fact—for two days, and on the third day I chose a very wild spot and started myself on a large rock overhanging the creek. I fished with a line and rod, using the same old-fashioned sort of worm I did as a boy. There was no need to use the more scientific fish when fish were so easily caught.

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HE HELD DOWN THE PENCE.

One of the best judges Indiana ever had was Silas Ramsey of Corydon, said J. K. Helton, a prominent lawyer of Indianapolis.

"And yet his election was a joke. A very able but unpopular lawyer received the judicial nomination, and in order to humiliate him Ramsey was induced to run against him. Ramsey was a blacksmith and had probably never opened a law book in his life. He was a hail fellow well met and had an extensive acquaintance, but, of course, had no idea of being elected. When the votes were counted he had a majority and it was feared that the joke would prove a serious one, but he at once took a course of a law school, and during the first two or three years on the bench conferred with able lawyers, reserving decisions in close cases until he could fully study them and be advised upon them, and by the close of his term had acquired an enviable reputation. The blacksmith's decisions were very rarely reversed by the Supreme Court."—Washington Star.

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N. B., Oct. 2, 1896.

BEST FAIR.

Mechanical and Agricultural Exhibitions. The products of the various industries and other lands. Abundance of room for the display of the various products of the various industries and other lands.

FORBES.—Varieties un-... The grounds each alternate... BUILDING—will be... ES A. EVERETT, Manager and Secretary.

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Money makes the mare go. It's all for money. It takes lots of money to buy new clothing, and it takes but little money to make the old clothing as good as new. Send them to UNGAR to be cleaned and dyed at a small cost.

UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS, 25 to 29 Waterloo Street. We pay attention, one way.

SWEET GIRL GRADUATE.

CHAPTER I.

"A trifle different, this, to the Rockies—eh, old fellow?"

"Just a trifle," responded the other, with a careless shrug of the broad shoulders. "That was a grand shoot, Cole; but it couldn't last forever, and when all's told, I must confess to a sneaking fondness for our much-maligned capital."

"There are worse places, certainly," admitted the younger man, breaking the ash of his cigar with tender care. "On a day like this the veriest misanthrope must allow that London has its points."

"Look at that now," said Enderby, drawing his chair nearer the window and looking down upon the busy Strand.

"That rush of struggling life depresses some men; they can't stand the wear and tear of it. Now it has just the opposite effect on me, and that's why I've stuck to these diggings so long. When I'm in the middle of the fight, for very shame I must be up and doing."

"That's the secret of your getting through so much, is it?" observed Cole, regarding the rugged face curiously. "I've often wondered how you do it. I wish I had some outside impulse to urge me on."

"Amn't to that," rejoined his companion heartily. "You are pursuing the primrose path of dalliance, my friend, and your best gift in life will be wasted unless you lose your money or fall in love. A good honest, hopeless love would be the making of you."

"Why hopeless? queried the artist, with a laugh. Why introduce the tragic element into my peaceful existence?"

"Do you think I should recommend you, even in the service of art, to immolate yourself on the altar of Hygeia?" was the horrified reply. "Far be it from me to do you to such certain misery. But blighted affection would act as your outside impulse. For a time at any rate you would throw your whole soul into your work."

"Thanks; but if the choice is left me, I'd rather pursue the primrose path, he returned lightly. "Fame's all very well, and so is good work, but the necessary grind is not so alluring."

"Your governor did a bad day's work when he left his little pile to you," groaned Enderby. "I'd like to make a law that every man with an ounce of brain should start life as a pauper."

"The women, too, I suppose? I only ask for the sake of information."

"So few of 'em possess any to speak of that they needn't be considered," was the prompt reply.

"My dear fellow, that sort of cheap talk won't do in these days of women's colleges and the higher education. Scorn the sex as much as you like, but do them the justice to admit they possess brains. Just look at my cousin Marcia, for instance. She was a great gun up in Newham, I believe, and now it's her ambition to distinguish herself in the fields of journalism, like you. She's an awfully clever girl."

"What's her outside impulse?" inquired Enderby coolly. "Poverty or ugliness? They're mostly ugly, I've noticed, these women with brains."

"Well, for a narrow-minded, cross-grained bigot commend me to Gilbert Enderby, apostrophized his companion, as he rose lazily from his seat. "I only hope you'll come across Marcia one of these days. She'd be a revelation to you. She'd reduce your theories to fine powder in the twinkling of an eye. Good-bye, old fellow, I'm off."

Edward Colet was of a sociable disposition, and nothing gave him greater satisfaction than to fill his handsome studio with as many kindred spirits as he could gather together. He was by no means hypercritical in his choice when left to himself, but for his sister's sake he exercised some little discrimination when he issued his invitations.

much latitude, she observed in a tone of surprise. "How did you get on the staff, Miss Colet?"

"Through my old coach, Mr. Oxenham," she said gratefully. "He has been so good. He knew of my plans for the future, and he used all his influence on my behalf. His brother is sub-editor of the Piccadilly Gazette, you know."

"They must think a good deal of you," said Enderby, "to give you so free a hand. I might put you up to a thing or two, perhaps—I'll do all I can; but if you have originality, that'll pay you best in the long run. That is Oxenham's idea, evidently, in leaving you free to choose your own subjects."

"But suppose I haven't?" she asked anxiously. "I am so afraid all my ideas will get used up. And what should I do then?"

"Oh, we all feel like that at first," he laughed reassuringly. "Take a leaf out of my book, Miss Colet. Let the idea of today satisfy you until tomorrow comes."

"I will try," she said earnestly, her eyes looking with complete unconsciousness straight into his.

"As if any difficulty should arise—if you should want any help, any advice," he went on in the same fatherly manner, "just let me know. I have been over the ground before you, and I may perhaps be able to give you a helping hand along the rough places."

"You are very good," she responded gratefully. "It will comfort me to feel that I may bring all my troubles to you, thank you so much, Mr. Enderby."

"Colet had hoped to change his friends' view by this introduction to his clever cousin, he must have been disappointed, for Enderby denied that she proved anything. She had plenty of brain-power, he admitted that; and she was perfectly charming, he allowed that, too; but he maintained that she could not, in any sense, be regarded as a type—she was a delightful freak of nature."

It must be confessed that his estimate of women was by no means a lofty one. His experience had been unfortunate, and it was, perhaps, pardonable that he had generalized from those specimens brought more directly under his notice. But if Marcia did not cause him to modify his opinion of her sex it was not because he failed to appreciate her; her sweet simplicity, her utter unconsciousness roused all the latent divinity in his nature.

He met her pretty often at Colet's studio as the weeks went by, and was pleased on two or three occasions to be of some small service to her. He had a vague impression that she lived at home under the care of fit and proper guardians, and it was with a feeling akin to anxiety that he learned that this was not the case.

He had been working one afternoon in the reference library of the British Museum and in the wide hall, on his way out, he came across Marcia.

"You here?" he said, greeting her with a smile of genuine pleasure.

"You look surprised," said she. "But that is better than the reproachful air with which the librarian regards me. I am afraid I give him a great deal of trouble, hunting up out-of-the-way manuscripts day after day."

"You are often here, then?" he inquired as they crossed the gravelled courtyard, side by side.

"Oh, yes; nearly every afternoon," she answered, her eyes following the tame pigeons as they wheeled around her. "Do you know, believe these pretty things begin to know me? I always put a handful of Indian corn in my pocket when I leave home—it is so pretty to watch them flutter down after it."

"They certainly seem to recognize you," he agreed. "But a didn't know you lived in this part of the world?"

"No?" she responded, her bright face smiling to him. "I share a flat in the Gray Inn Road with an old Newham friend."

"I hope she is an 'old' friend," he said, a shade of anxiety in his shrewd brown eyes. "You are so young, it seems to me, to be living away from home in this great London of ours."

"Won't you try its soft depths, Mr. Enderby, and look over these magazines? I will order tea and see if Miss Richardson is still in the land of the living."

CHAPTER II.

It was many years now since Enderby had joined the ranks of journalists, and for him the hardest part of the fight was over. That he had won so high a place was due in great measure to the fact that he had never failed to profit by the smallest chance that presented itself. Nothing had come amiss to Enderby; no work was too poorly paid; no opening too insignificant for him to accept it. He had not made the fatal mistake of specializing too early; but had cast his nets in many waters, and had landed fish of one kind or another from almost all.

Those struggling, impetuous days were over now, and he could well afford to drop all work that was neither lucrative nor congenial. But for old times' sake he still retained some of his early engagements, and among others, that as dramatic critic to one of the minor dailies.

Sincere as his admiration for the drama undoubtedly was, nothing less than a star of duty would have led him to the Haymarket on a certain grilling afternoon in July. Much was expected of the new play and a strong cast had been drawn together for this trial performance; nevertheless, it was with an unmistakably resigned air that he sank into his seat in the stalls. His eye brightened vivaciously when his glance fell upon his neighbor, and a smile softened his rugged face as he took the offered hand.

"This is an altogether unexpected pleasure, Miss Colet," he said, warmly. "Is your enthusiasm strong enough to duty rather like this? Or are you, like myself, a martyr to duty?"

"I am a martyr, decidedly," she answered, with a short laugh. "Our dramatic critic is taking his holidays, and every other available person has succumbed to the heat. At a moment's notice, Mr. Oxenham called upon me. And here I am, but with the very vaguest idea as to what is required of me."

"Suppose you give me another invitation to tea?" he suggested, composedly. "We might then discuss the play at our leisure; and on the principle that two heads are better than one, we should each reap the benefit."

"Thank you," she whispered, gratefully, in the hush which preceded the rise of the curtain. "You always help me out of my difficulties. I shall quite enjoy they play now."

But Marcia was reckoning without the thermometer when, in the gladness of relieved responsibility, she turned her radiant face upon the stage. The house was crowded, and in a very short time it became unbearably hot. Fans were fluttering in every direction; windows were freely passed from hand to hand, and still, with every minute, the heat grew more and more overpowering.

In the semi-darkness of the auditorium, Marcia's increasing faintness passed unnoticed; but when the lights were turned on at the end of the act, Enderby was shocked at the dead-white of the girl's set face.

"We must get you out of this," he said, rising abruptly. "Take my arm, Miss Colet, and lean on me. The fresh air will soon put you right."

It seemed to Marcia that the next moment she was breathing the pure air of her own chamber; windows were freely opened with an empty wineglass in his hand.

"You are very good," she said, a little tremulously. "I feel so much better now. Don't let me keep you, Mr. Enderby."

"Do you think I am going to leave you?" he rejoined, quietly, handing the glass to the waiting attendant. "I ought to have noticed before how it was with you."

"I should have been all right," she said, with a wan smile, "if I had not been tried to start with. But the rush to get here in time, and missing my lunch—"

"What!—but you will not be so wastfully. What—will you not be so wastfully in talking. Do you think you could walk to the restaurant just up the street?"

"Don't be angry with me, Mr. Enderby," she pleaded, meekly, as he hurried her across the road. "I could not help it, really. When I got home to lunch, I found Mr. Oxenham's note awaiting me, and I had to take a hansom and hurry off at once, or I should have been late."

"I am not angry with you," he said, with quick gentleness. "But I certainly think Miss Richardson might have cut you a sandwich. Cutting is so much in her line, you know."

"She wasn't back from her lecture when I left," returned the girl, seating herself at the little table the waiter pointed out to them. "And it never occurred to me to ask Missy."

nervous, but your gray-white face in the theatre just now gave me an unpleasant shock," he said, with a look of anxiety. "I had quite forgotten the theatre. We are missing all the play. Hadn't we better go back at once?"

"Not till you have finished your soup," he answered, firmly. "Don't worry, Miss Colet; the waiters are always rather long at meals. I don't fancy we shall miss very much, and if we do I can get Powell of the Crescent to supply me with all the details we shall want."

"I don't know what I should have done if you hadn't been there this afternoon," she said, her gray eyes beautiful in their unspoken gratitude. "I should have fainted ignominiously, I am afraid, and then Mr. Oxenham would have gone without his dramatic column altogether. As it is, he will owe it to you, for I have only a very hazy recollection of the first act."

"I should think so," he returned, an unwonted tenderness in his deep voice. "You must have had about as much as you could manage in fighting against that faintness."

"Yes, but it is vanquished now," she cried, gaily, picking up her gloves. "and I want to redeem my character before we see Patricia. She will be all anxiety to doctor me if she hears about it, and I have no longings for a course of beef tea and invalid port."

"I will not betray you," he laughed, as they crossed the road. "But in return, I want to exact a promise from you. If you find the heat is the smallest degree too much for you, will you let me know at once?"

"I will," she said, gently. "It is very good of you to be so thoughtful for me. But I hope I shall not give you any more trouble this afternoon."

"Don't say that," he rejoined, quickly, "and don't think it. Nothing that I could ever do for you would be a trouble to me, Miss Colet."

If Enderby had been of an introspective turn of mind he might have wondered why Marcia's white face had caused him such keen anxiety. As it was, her illness had alarmed without enlightening him, and it was left to Ted Colet to perform that kindly office.

The young artist had lately become the proud possessor of a yacht, and in the kindness of his heart he was eager that his friends should share the benefit of it. His sole purpose on calling on Enderby this evening was to invite him on his first long cruise, and Gilbert's refusal to join the party gave him considerable annoyance.

"My dear fellow," returned Gilbert impatiently. "I was not referring to the coin, but to the time at my disposal. I've got a pile of work on hand."

"I shan't care a hang for the trip if you don't come," said the other, puffing at his cigar moodily. "Look here, I always think ladies in the way on board a yacht, but to meet you, I'll get my sister to come and she shall invite Marcia. You won't be so testy that I know."

Enderby's imperturbability vanished in a moment. His friend's careless hand had torn the veil from his eyes, and in one blinding flash he read his own heart clearly. It was so sudden, so unlooked for, that he was completely overwhelmed. As yet he had not looked beyond the fact of his love for Marcia; still, he felt vaguely that life held now a meaning and a sweetness which he had never dreamed before.

"I beg your pardon, old fellow, I didn't know you'd take it like this," said Colet, apologetically. "It's been pretty evident to everyone, you know; but I suppose I've put my foot in it as usual."

"There are some things one doesn't care to talk about with even one's closest friend," rejoined Gilbert, pulling himself together with an effort.

"Quite so," was the meek response; "I will not offend again. My only excuse is that I have been through the experience. I must be going now, old chap, but I wish you would leave the Norway question open for a day or two. If you could see your way to joining us, you would be doing a real act of charity."

Enderby had by this time regained some degree of composure, and was now able to view the question of the comparatively calm light of reason. It was not to be supposed that his mind would dwell for long on his love for Marcia without a thought of her feelings towards him; and this consideration filled him with anxiety and doubt.

He knew her well enough to be aware that he had never thought of love and marriage except as an abstract question, far removed from all personal interest, and now to bring it home to her was a problem which bristled with difficulties. Her complete unconsciousness had always been her chief charm in Gilbert's eyes, but it now became his greatest obstacle in the path to a better understanding. What steps could he take to awaken her love? How could he woo her, when she would be as blind to his meaning as the simplest child?

The problem was still unsolved when he called on her next day, and her frankly cordial welcome did not do much to remove his solicitation. It was with a quickened and tenderer interest that he regarded her this afternoon, and he could study the



"It made me Hands that Sor"

I couldn't sleep; an' if it was that harrd on me hands, how harrd it must be on the durrt! This is the way a good old Irish woman praises some washing-powder or other which she prefers to Pearlina. As it was proved she had never tried Pearlina, the compliment would appear to be in favor of Pearlina.

Whoever heard of any one claiming that Pearlina hurt the hands? But there's the trouble—Pearlina is the original washing compound; its popularity has drawn out thousands of imitations—so popular that to many it indicates any powdered washing material. If you are using Pearlina, you are satisfied; if you are dissatisfied, try Pearlina. If you are using something with which you are satisfied and it is not Pearlina, try Pearlina—you will wonder you were satisfied before. Pearlina is economical and absolutely harmless. Every grocer sells it. JAMES FYLE, N. Y.

WHEN OTHERS FAIL.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS RESTORE WEAKENED STRENGTH.

A Well Known Young Lady in Napanee gives her Experience—So Weak that She Could Not Go Up Stairs Without Resting—Her Friends Thought She Was in Consumption—Now the Picture of Health and Strength.

From the Beaver, Napanee, Ont. Among the young ladies of Napanee there is none better known or more highly esteemed than Miss Mary L. Byrnes. Indeed her acquaintance and popularity covered a more extended field, as she is a travelling saleslady for the Robinson Corset Co., and has many customers on her route which extends from Ottawa to Ottawa. How this young lady happens to be the subject of this article is due to the fact that she has recently undergone a most remarkable change through the use of those wonderful little messengers of health, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When the reporter of the Beaver called to make enquiry into her cure, he was met at the door by the young lady herself, whose rosy cheeks and healthy appearance gave no indication that she had undergone a prolonged illness.

Her face was pale and troubled when he ended, but she did not withdraw her hands. "I have never dreamed of this," she said at last, quite simply. "I do not know how to answer you. But if I ever do learn the lesson, I think it will be you who will teach it to me."

"Do you know what you words mean?" he asked, tremulously, holding her hands in a closer clasp. "Do you know you are bidding me hope?"

"Yes," she answered, softly, her tender eyes fixed on his. "I seem to see more clearly into my heart now. I think—yes, I am sure that you may hope."

"My darling!" he cried, passionately, pressing her hands to his lips. "My own darling!" —Selected

Not Sometimes, But Always

The Great South American Remedies Are Specifics that Cure Always—A Meretricious Luncheonman, Prostrated With Nervous Debility, Regained His Health by the Use of South American Remedy—Mrs. J. Hallam, of Berlin, Ont., Cured of Kidney Disease in Eighteen Months' Standing by South American Kidney Cure—Bedridden for Five Months, South American Rheumatic Cure Effects a Complete Cure.

With the great South American Remedies it is not the case of occasionally hitting the mark. These remedies are specific for indigestion and nervous prostration, kidney trouble and rheumatism, and taken by those suffering in this manner are sure to cure.

NERVOUS DEBILITY—Mr. E. Merritt, lumber merchant and mill owner of Merrickville, Ont., became completely prostrated by nervous debility. "I tried," said he, "several doctors, and everything in the shape of proprietary medicines, and got little if any relief from them. Having seen South American Nervine advertised I decided to give it a trial and I can truthfully say I had not taken half a bottle before I found beneficial effects. Before taking it I had not only to give up business but I could not sign my own name, either with a pen or pencil, my nervous system was so badly out of kilter. To-day, after taking two bottles, I am as strong and healthy as ever."

KIDNEY DISEASE—Few worse cases of kidney disease are on record than that of Mrs. J. Hallam, wife of a well-known flour and feed merchant of Berlin, Ont. At times the pain suffered was so intense as to produce fainting spells, and it was dangerous to have her left alone in the house. She says: "I doctored, and in fact tried everything, but nothing seemed to relieve me for any length of time. I saw South American Kidney Cure advertised, and purchased a bottle. Relief came in a few days, and the second bottle cured me of all kidney trouble."

RHEUMATISM—At 120 Church-street Toronto, there resides Mr. W. J. Tracie, who was a great sufferer from rheumatism for many years, and was entirely bedridden for five months. Nothing did him any good until South American Rheumatic Cure was taken. His words are these: "You do not know how thankful I am for having tried South American Rheumatic Cure. For years I had suffered, suffered intensely and could get no relief, until I was influenced to use this remedy. How great a sufferer I was is known to hundreds of citizens in Toronto. You are at liberty to use my name in any way you like."

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Advertisement for Surprise Soap. Text: NO ONE KNOWS how easy it is to wash clothes—all kinds of things on wash day with SURPRISE SOAP, until they try. It's the easiest quickest best Soap to use. See for yourself.

Sunday Reading.

WHISKEY NOT TO BLAME.

The Saloon the Avenue Which Leads to Vice, Destruction and Death.

Upon my desk there lies a private letter from one who is a stranger to me; but the heart-breaking sorrow of which it tells fills my soul with inexpressible sadness, and I shudderingly ask myself: 'Could I have borne it?' And because I know that other hearts as loving as mine, do bear just this and still live on, I can make no answer only to thank God that he has never allowed me to be tried so cruelly. The letter, never intended for publication, is eloquent with its burden of woe. He writes:

'The demon a sorrow worse than death. The demon drink has invaded our once happy home; found the jewel of our flock, and work his ruin. A black darkness enshrouds us. Could you but know the extent of the agony of an old father and mother you would not wonder at our despair. And all is caused by the accused whisky traffic that is legalized by our law to destroy, like angry wolves, the tender lambs as well as the stronger ones to whom we look for solace and support in our helpless old age.'

'My God, how can I pen the words! Hundreds of miles from here our poor boy, with his hands all red with blood, fills a prison cell, from which he sends us his piteous wail of remorse; crying, 'Father, mother, whisky did it!'

My heart aches with a sympathy which I can find no language to express, as I vainly try to picture the agony of these two aged, loving hearts.

Could I have borne it to have seen my sweet boys blasted; my whole life wrecked; my home in heaven made sad forever? Full keenly I feel that all of this would have been my portion if my boy had lost his way or fallen in the onward march. Ah, me! The bare possibility of such grief as this turns all my glad sunshine into blackest night. I dare not think of what my life would be, with its poor dead heart, if I were forced to drink from such a poisoned cup as this. And again, I cannot help remembering that while so many wrecks are lying all about us, many a mother's heart, as tender as mine could ever be, must bear this weight of woe.

'Whisky did it, writes the now sobered and penitent boy. 'Father, mother, whisky did it!'

But, no! The boy is mistaken. Whisky did not do it. It was the vote of this poor boy's friends and neighbors that dyed his hands in blood and thrust him behind the prison bars.

Our patience would have been worn out long ago, but the other contractor who knew his acts, told us what we might expect, and he told us, moreover, that he would help us to bar the door so that he could not get in. I wonder why he comes, for he must know, by this time, that we do not intend even to buy of him. Why! buildings made of his material are so faulty that they are tumbling down all around us, under the pressure of the common storms of life, and besides they were built upon the sand, instead of upon the Rock of Ages.

Our life that others see is the expression of our thoughts that cannot be seen by any but God. Good thoughts go to make up a solid Christian character that is a guiding light to others as we pass through this world, and though we take it with us, this we must do, it is our passport over the line. Yet the blessed influence of such a life flows on in ever increasing volume until the end of time, and then on and forever.

—Mary E. Hammond.

But whiskey did not do it, and we have no right to blame it. The law, made strong and respectable by your vote, my Christian brother, has filled our prison cells with victims, robbed homes of their light and joy, and broken loving hearts.

We have all heard of the man who was stung to death by the very serpent he had fondly warmed in his bosom to life. Who knows? It might even prove that you voters are not so safe as you dream you are. This venomous serpent you are so graciously caring may yet turn upon you and crush or sting you to cruel death. Your dearest and best may fall in the pit you dig for others. Your home may be turned into a holocaust that no ray of light can enter. Your own heart may yet be broken. A respite time will surely come, and when that night shall come I wonder if you will dare to cry "Twas whisky did it."—Anna Bradley, in the "Templar."

CHARACTER BUILDING.

None but the Best Material Should be Used in it.

While talking with Jesus this morning before leaving my room I was asking that none but good thoughts that would help one build up a Christian character might find their way into my mind today.

I want none but the best building material, for my house is to stand forever. If I should put any bad timber in the framework my building would be weak just there, and as we are told that there is a terrible storm coming that will try the strength of all our houses, we ought to build carefully, as none but the strongest will stand the storm.

Each one of us is all the time selecting his materials and putting up his house, for it takes a life time to build it.

There are two contractors who keep building material on hand, and they are both recommending it so strongly that we would be quite at a loss were it not that we have seen some samples of their work and have compared them. One is a man of choice, and for many years we have been supplied with the best of material. Some complain of the price, but we have always found it reasonable.

The other character has called upon us every day all these years, and we have told him no, so often that one would think he would get discouraged and cease to come; but he still comes and raps at our door; but we have come to know him by his rap, and as we have no business with him, we keep him out.

Our patience would have been worn out long ago, but the other contractor who knew his acts, told us what we might expect, and he told us, moreover, that he would help us to bar the door so that he could not get in. I wonder why he comes, for he must know, by this time, that we do not intend even to buy of him. Why! buildings made of his material are so faulty that they are tumbling down all around us, under the pressure of the common storms of life, and besides they were built upon the sand, instead of upon the Rock of Ages.

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OUR RESPONSIBILITY.

We Cannot Escape the Various Cares That Rest Upon Us.

After all we are our brother's keepers, though a Cainite society has been denying it ever since the first murder. We are put into one another's custody in this world; here, where so many things are in doubt, this is unquestionable. Up to the present time our notion of a custodian has been some sort of jailer. Society really provides no other for the weaker brethren. We imprison people whom we find wandering about without a home; we imprison utter poverty; we imprison hopeless misfortunes. We may net all of us think that a very fine thing; but we have to draw a line somewhere, and if we are brought to book about it, we shrug and ask, what are we to do? Are we to give tramps a decent lodging? Are we to secure to poverty the means of livelihood? Are we to succor misfortune without shutting it up and putting it to shame?

These questions, which are of our own asking, must be of our own answering. It is not that misery is growing, but it is growing intolerable, if not to the sufferer, then to the witness. We have come a certain way toward humanity, and it seems to be the parting of the ways. One path will lead us onward to the light; the other will lead us roundabout and back to the darkness we came out of. In this age man denies the claim of humanity with much greater risk to himself than formerly. He is in danger of truly becoming a devil; not the sort with horns and hoofs and forked

ARMENIA CENTURIES AGO.

Marco Polo's Description of the Country and its People.

This great country. It begins at a city called Arzinga, at which they weave the best buckrams in the world. It possesses also the best baths from natural springs that are anywhere to be found. The people of the country are Armenians, and are subject to the Tartar.

The country is indeed a passing great one, and in the summer it is frequented by the whole host of the Tartars of the Levant, because it then furnishes them with such excellent pasture for their cattle. But in winter the cold is past all bounds, and so that season they quit this country, and go to a warmer region where they find other good pastures. At a castle called Paipurth, that you pass in going from Trebizonde to Tauris, there is a very good silver mine.

And you must know that it is in this country of Armenia that the ark of Noah exists on the top of a certain great mountain, on the summit of which snow is so constant that no one can ascend, for the snow never melts, and is constantly added to by new falls. Below, however, the snow does melt, and runs down, producing such rich and abundant herbage that in summer cattle are sent to pasture from a long way round about, and it never fails them. The mud on the mountain.

The country is bounded on the south by a kingdom called Mosul, the people of which are Jacobite and Nestorian Christians, of whom I shall have more to tell you presently. On the north it is bounded by the land of the Georgians, of whom also I shall speak. On the confines from Georgia there is a fountain from which oil springs in great abundance, inasmuch that a hundred shiplads might be taken from it at one time. This oil is no good use with food, but it is good to burn, and it is also used to anoint camels that have the mange. People come from vast distances to fetch it, for in all the countries round about they have no other oil.—Noah Brooks, in the July St. Nicholas.

WOMEN AND CARD-PLAYING.

The Gambling Feature and Other Harmful Influences Discussed.

In the June Ladies' Home Journal Edward W. Bok enters editorial protest against progressive card-parties, as they are at present conducted, and against card-playing in the daytime. Progressive card-playing, Mr. Bok contends, has passed from its primary mission—a pleasant form of diversion—and taken a place as a social function, creating rivalries in the magnificence of the hospitality, and in the value of the prizes bestowed by the hostesses. In fact, the writer asserts that "the progressive card-playing of to-day is nothing more nor less than a system of gambling. It may be a proper and eminently respectable form of gambling, but the element of chance has come into the game, and that most distinctly. It is simply a question of how respectable gambling can be made. That is all."

With reference to the impropriety of card-playing in the daytime Mr. Bok asserts that it is worse and more serious than a waste of time. "It has a bad moral influence, it engenders a spirit that is fatal to woman's happiest way of living. I make no distinction here," he says, "between women who have homes and women who have not; the wrong of the thing is simply a question of degree. The one has no right to play cards during the daytime; the other woman cannot afford to."

It is not my pleasure but my misfortune, to know some women who are addicted to the card habit, and the study of them is both interesting and pitiable. Evidently their thoughts rarely rise above the card table. Talk to them about books, art, music, the theatre, the tropics of the day—anything, I care not what, and their answers are as monosyllabic as their interest is languid. But mention 'cards,' and in a moment a sparkle of interest comes to their eyes, and they are ready for business! What a subject, after all, to arouse interest, when one thinks of it! What an ambition, what a distinction, to be adjudged a good card-player! "Do not adjudge me severe or uncharitable until your next appearance at a 'progressive card-party,' and then take a few moments and look calmly around you. Study the women who are there. They may be your friends. But look at them away from that standpoint. Judge them impartially and quietly. Stop and think a little of what they represent. And then, if you have eyes and will see, I think you will agree with me in the kindly-mentioned statement that the best type of our American woman is not to be found at the card-table during daylight hours."

The Danger of the Theatre.

While I might go to see Booth or Irving and not be harmed, says the Rev. F. N. Upham, and, further, not be subjected to the impure things in other plays—yet I have been to the theatre, and one who is seeking an excuse or hoping to point a slur would never discriminate. Those whom you hope to reach and save 'for Jesus sake' are surprised to see you there. On the side of influence only one course is open. For worldliness, as it consists in display, pride, rank, and classes, the highest theaters cannot be surpassed. In vice of lowest depth the cheapest play-houses abound, though they have not the monopoly. From high to low the theater is branded not with the marks of the Lord Jesus—it is no school of virtue—but with the marks of the beast!

A New Combination.

As their name signifies, Laxa-Liver Pills are a combination of laxative principles with the best liver medicine obtainable. They cure Sick Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, and all deranged conditions of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Growing Old in a Day.

A woman can grow old in a day, says a writer in the Philadelphia Times, and this marvelous transformation is speedily produced if she comes face to face with deceit in one whom she has regarded as a true friend. A white-faced, heart-broken wife told us, the other day, a story that, while it is not new save for the scenario, was so pathetic in its details that we can do naught but write it up for the benefit of those who think they have trials but who do not know of what they speak. The husband and wife were young, but had been mar-

TRY SATINS.

The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land.

GANONG BROS., L'td., St. Stephen, N. B.

ried since they were boy and girl. The wife loved her husband devotedly, but having always been used to admiration she thought nothing of going out with others, always telling her husband of whatever she did, he apparently being pleased that she should be so admired. He did not miss them, however, being unfamiliar with the ways of great bodies of water. He simply seated himself on the shore and waited patiently for the river to flow by, that he might walk over dry ground.

FLOWING ON FOR EVER.

There is said to have been a man once who for the first time in his life set out to see the world. He came at length to the banks of a wide river. To continue his journey he must cross it. There was no boat, no bridge. He did not miss them, however, being unfamiliar with the ways of great bodies of water. He simply seated himself on the shore and waited patiently for the river to flow by, that he might walk over dry ground.

Its Ravages are Stayed.

The Mortality from Heart Disease Decreases Wherever Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is Known—Mrs. Margaret Smith's Miraculous Recovery by the Use of This Remedy—Leading Physicians Recommend Dr. Agnew's Cathartic Powder—Great Popularity for Dr. Agnew's Ointment for Piles and Liver Pills for Liver Ills.

Just as vaccination has proven the means of reducing mortality from that dreaded disease, smallpox, and recent scientific discoveries are having a like effect on diphtheria, so the discovery of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is giving new life to thousands who have suffered from heart disease and have feared that death would come to them any day.

The case of Mrs. Margaret Smith of Brattle, Ont., is only one of hundreds in Canada. She says: "I was troubled with an affection of the heart for over two years, and at times the distress was such as to confine me to my bed for days, during which times my suffering was very severe, and I would have welcomed death with joy. No physician's help did me any good, and until I procured a bottle of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart I had no hope of recovery. I have now taken four bottles and I must confess I have never felt better in my life and am my old self again."

Not only has Dr. Agnew's Cathartic Powder received the warm personal recommendation of the leading clergymen of all denominations, prominent members of Parliament, and well-known citizens in all parts of the Dominion, but the medical profession have been quick to speak of its excellent qualities. Dr. Godbout of Beauce, Que., is one of many physicians who is found recommending this remedy. Taken in the incipient stages of the disease it quickly banishes catarrh, but it has been proven just as efficacious where the disease has assumed a chronic state, and given rise to as well of hearing and other troubles. It is an exceedingly pleasant medicine to use, as well as being a sure cure.

There is no doubt whatever of the immediate relief that Dr. Agnew's Ointment brings in case of piles. One application brings comfort, and this disease is cured in from three to six nights. It is an excellent remedy for all skin diseases.

For a disordered stomach, sick headache, and biliousness there is no remedy so simple, easy to take and certain in its cure as Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills. They have been placed at 10 cents a vial—40 doses.

The dark night of sorrow, suffering and terror has come to many a man and woman in our midst, and hope has almost fled from the troubled and anxious heart.

The shadows and small clouds, or in words, the symptoms of disease that were noticed and felt some time ago, disregarded, and the sufferers now find themselves completely overwhelmed, and are calling for succor and release.

To the disease burdened we would say, despair not. You may renew life and establish a condition of health that will cause your friends amazement and wonder. Paine's Celery Compound will do the good work for you. It restores lost vigor and vitality, gives new, fresh blood, braces up the nerves, and builds up flesh and muscle.

Paine's Celery Compound—the century's wonder—is no new and untried remedy. It has been tried and tested for years, and has proved triumphant in the most obstinate cases. It has saved life after all other medicines failed, and has the approval of the best medical men on this continent.

If the shadows of disease are hovering over you, if you are not as bright, energetic and strong as you were some weeks ago, a few doses of Paine's Celery Compound will tone up your whole system, cleanse the blood, correct indigestion, sharpen the appetite, and give you a vim and vigor that you will thoroughly appreciate.

B all means give Paine's Celery Compound a fair and honest trial at this season, and you will be compelled to sing its praises as thousands of others have done. Get the genuine "Paine's" as there are vile imitations.

Most of the railroad stations in Russia are about two miles from the towns which they respectively serve. This is a precaution against fire, as many of the Russian dwellings are thatched with straw.

Advertisement for SATINS, The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land, by GANONG BROS., L'td., St. Stephen, N. B.

His Crooked Canal. In connection with the canal which Mehmet Ali caused to be cut by unskilled Fellah labour, to connect the waters of the Nile with the sea of Alexandria, a characteristic of the Napoleon of Egypt has been tried. A French engineer, in conversation ventured to criticise the Viceroy's plan for the canal, while the work was in course of completion.

"Your Highness," he said, "will pardon me for suggesting that your canal will be very crooked."

"Do rivers in France always run in a straight line?" promptly asked the Pasha.

"Certainly not," responded the surprised Frenchman.

"Did not Allah make them?" "Assuredly, your Highness," replied the engineer, who thought the questioner's wits were wandering.

"Well, then," answered Mehmet Ali, triumphantly, "do you think you or I know better than Allah how water ought to run? I initiated him in my canal; oh, twice it would be a dry ditch; not a canal."

The Frenchman was silenced, if not convinced, and the canal was crookedly made very crooked, and so remains.

THE DARK NIGHT.

If You Would Avoid Its Terrors and Sufferings Be Wise and Use Paine's Celery Compound.

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While many co-operative efforts have been made among farmers, only a few have been successful owing to a want of unity of action and that stick-to-itiveness so essential for the accomplishment of a purpose. I am well aware that this is a broad and almost limitless field for operation and will require much time and patience to accomplish permanent results, but I believe that through the grange organization the seed is being sown that will ultimately produce a harvest that will be widespread and beneficial to the agricultural interests. In communities where the influence of this organization has been felt, the morals have been elevated, social refinement has been advanced, reckless habits and customs have been changed, systems improved and the general condition of the people made better.—Albert Deyo.

Mission of the Grange. While many co-operative efforts have been made among farmers, only a few have been successful owing to a want of unity of action and that stick-to-itiveness so essential for the accomplishment of a purpose. I am well aware that this is a broad and almost limitless field for operation and will require much time and patience to accomplish permanent results, but I believe that through the grange organization the seed is being sown that will ultimately produce a harvest that will be widespread and beneficial to the agricultural interests. In communities where the influence of this organization has been felt, the morals have been elevated, social refinement has been advanced, reckless habits and customs have been changed, systems improved and the general condition of the people made better.—Albert Deyo.

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any one claiming the hands? But Pearl-line is the original; its popularity so popular that to Pearl-line. If you are dissatisfied, try Pearl-line which you are—you will wonder at its economical and

OTHERS FAIL.

WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS RESTORE WEAK AND PALE BLOOD.

Young Lady in Napsawo

Young ladies of Napsawo

IN THE CITY OF THE DEAD

PATERFEX TELLS OF A VISIT TO OLD MOUNT AUBURN.

The Graves of Famous Men and Women—Where Longfellow, Holmes, and many others sleep—inscriptions from their tombstones—A Rigger's Eulogium.

It was Hobson's choice; therefore, on one of the most calorific afternoons of mid-August we revisited the most famous burial-ground of the Pilgrim state,—Mount Auburn,—described, by one now resting there, as—

That slightly grove, Once beautiful, but long defaced With granite permanence of cockney taste And all those grim disfigurements we love.

The general aspect of the place is the same as when twenty-four years ago we used to frequent it; but, of course, there is added interest in the accretion of illustrious graves,—dust that is as the dust of gold, shining amid our grey common ashes. We noted the excavation near the main entrance, where a larger and doubtless more pretentious chapel, than the one now standing on the hill, is to be built. The one on the hill is a sort of echo-chamber, poorly adapted to its necessary use in the solemnization of the burial service. The intention is to remedy this defect in the new structure.

Putting ourselves under the conduct of a guide,—a lad who offered himself on our entry to the grounds, and who was needful to a stranger in a cemetery so extensive, with walks too diverse and numerous to ensure the certainty of seeing what is most desirable in the briefest space and with least exertion,—we went attended, where often in other years we had wandered and meditated alone. Your cicero is not always a perfect convenience; but we must commend ours who dealt quietly the required information, and gave us silence and space for reflection. Sometimes your guide is so voluble in the utterance of his parrot-wisdom that you must patiently balance the impertinence of his professionalism, with your real need of him, and the use he actually subserves.

A few turns from that Egyptian solemnity, the main entrance, brought us to the grave of James Russell Lowell. This is one of the sombre spaces of this beautiful solitude. In the centre of this bit of sandy soil, sheltered by trees, but unvisited by the creeping infantile sunny grass, that universal covering, lies the poet with his kindred. Most of the graves are scudded smoothly down (mounds not being allowed,—at most an oblong of leaves or blossoms to mark the spot exactly); but here, where Lowell lies, in the same grave with his wives, there is a rudimentary mound. According to his directions, a plain greyish slab, moulded after the quaint old Colonial fashion, has been set to mark his resting-place. Here also are the ashes of Maria White, the poet's poet-wife, first and most tenderly loved; she who was so commented of her husband:

Not as all other women are, Is she that to my soul is dear; Her glorious fancy comes from far, Replete the silver evening-star, And yet her heart is ever near.

She doth little kindnesses, Which most leave undone, or despise; For ought that sets one heart at ease, And giveth happiness or peace, Is low re-acted in her eyes.

She died sometime toward 1856, and the same night a child was born to Longfellow. In the poem, "The Two Angels," in which these concurrent events are recorded, there is this word of consolation to his friend: 'Twas at thy door, O friend, and not at mine, The angel of the amaranthine wreath, Pausing, descended, and with voice divine Whispered a word that had a sound like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom— A shadow on those features fair and thin; And softly, from that hushed and darkened room, To no one's sight, where but one went in.

We had passed that ancestral house,—often noted before,—just before arriving at Mount Auburn, and now, covering our heads, we turned from the simple shrine of the poet, the essayist, the gentleman and the scholar. Here amid these beautiful monumental slopes he rests, who wrote "The Bigelow Papers," "The Vision of Sir Launfal," "The Cathedral," and many a noble page beside of verse and prose. Honor is his, where ever character and genius are revered, or the English language is spoken.

Not far away from Hosea Bigelow, on a slope of green ascent, surrounded by stately trees, yet not so closely as to exclude the sun, we came upon the last resting-place of the "Autocrat." The smooth, bright and looked almost cheery in the afternoon sunshine; and, midst of the lot, on a clean white slab of marble, we read the name—never, surely suggestive of gloom—of Oliver Wendell Holmes. The grim and ghastly hangs not on his merry ghost, that we seem to see, smiling before us. We are scarcely inclined to pensiveness, as we deem we must be beside the grave of that humorously pathetic friend of humanity, poor Tom Hood, in Kensal Green.

Sweltering onward, we traversed a ridge the back of which is bordered with shrubbery and low trees, and which otherwise commands a fine outlook. The scholar and literary lover, who would do reverence, can find interesting names here. Two lots in proximity, hold the dust of Motley and Parkman, with such members of their families as have entered the "silent land."

He who has hung upon Motley's rich pages, and the romance of Pontiac, need not grudge a few moments here, on the sultriest day. A step or two onward, and you will ask for longer delay. We came in front of a sarcophagus-shaped block of gray sandstone, bearing the single, significant name of Longfellow. Beside this a latin inscription heralds, "The Lord of Light and Master of Love," the inspiring source whence the minstrel of our household affections drew his quickening fires. Near by a flaglet dropped upon the greenward. It marks the spot where were deposited the cremated ashes of the poet's soldier son. Here, too, lies the idolized wife, who perished by the devouring flame, and whose passing left a shadow on the minstrel's spirit from which he never wholly emerged. We could but not reflect upon those widowed years when even his fame had seemed a weariness. Beside the tomb of no other could we feel so deeply the emotion of a friend. As Halleck said of Burns, so may we say of him:

Prize to the bard! his words are driven Like flower seeds by the far wind sown, Where'er beneath the sky of heaven The birds of fame have flown.

Prize to the man! a nation stood Beside his coffin with wet eyes,— Her brave, her beautiful, her good, As when a loved one dies.

And still, as on his funeral day, Men stand his cold earth-couch around, With the mute homage that we pay To consecrated ground.

And consecrated ground it is,— The last, the hallowed home of one Who lives upon all memories, Though with the buried gone.

Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines,— Shines to no code or creed confined— The Delphian vales, the Palestines, The Meccas of the mind.

Walking some distance we crept up a little by-path into an enclosure, well fenced with trees and shrubbery, but also rimmed with iron. Within this bound much scholarly eminence lies, and here we found one name sacred to universal science. One man lies here, with Titonic bulk—a man of soul majestic, and calmer than that of Luther; and another with a head and mind like that of an ancient Grecian, Lowell, imaging the first, writes:

Him most I see whom we most dearly miss: I see the firm benignity of face, Wide-smiling champion, without tameness sweet, The mass Titonic torso to Gallic grace, The eyes whose sunshine runs before the lips.

A rough granite boulder from his own Swiss mountains,—the pastures fair high-lying of vine Neuchâtel,—has not too deeply cut on its gray front the name of LOUIS RUDOLPH AGASSIZ. Near by, a weather-stained slab of marble marks the grave of a President of Harvard college, the brother-in-law of Agassiz, and the friend of Longfellow, as well as of all the illustrious group at Boston's Round Table.—Cornelius Felton.—

After the good centurion fifty named, Whom learning dulled not, nor convention tamed, Shaking with burly mirth his hyacinthine hair, Our heavy Grecian of Homeric ways.

Plucking a few tiny leaves growing at the side of the Agassiz boulder, and a pine tassel from the dwarf tree growing near his grave, we retraced the way and, crossing our pathway of approach, soon stood at the place where lies the eminent tragedian, Edwin Booth. Beside him lies his wife Mary, who died before him, and to whom he devoted two memorial stars, inscribed on her stone, which express his faith in a spiritual and eternal life beyond this. On one side of the tall arabesque slab that marks the actor's grave, are masks of the Comic and Tragic Muse, and these lines from the Master he delighted with such power to illustrate:

The idea of his life shall sweetly creep Into your study of imagination; And every lovely organ of his life Shall come appared in more precious habits More moving delicate, and full of life, Into the eye and prospect of your soul, Than when he liv'd indeed.

This may become truth to the visitor who can recall many an ambrosial night when Booth stared it before his eyes, in his favorite role of Hamlet, wherein verse seemed no longer to be airy thought, and sculpture to be dumb." On the side facing the grave we mark the actor's name, and a metallic medallion portrait set into the stone. On lower ground we pause by the shaft of Charlotte Cushman, and read her name upon the base, but could not see the appropriateness of such a dull gray monolith to mark her resting-place.

We found a large, highly polished mass of red Scotch granite where lies John Pierpont, the Federal-street preacher and Philanthropist, as well as the graceful poet. It is among all monuments one of the most substantial and enduring, and one of a pleasing appearance, as was the author of the poem we boys used to chant together at school:

The Pilgrim Fathers, where are they? The waves that brought them o'er Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day And break alone the shore.

We turn to our Guide and ask him if he had ever read Pierpont's touching lines concerning his son,—

I cannot make him dead, His fair sunshiny head Seems ever glancing round my study chair. It did not however, appear that he knew of them, and we did not bother him with further recitation.

One other grave touched us tenderly, and one with deepest reverence. In a corner of a large lot, the centre-piece of

\*Much Ado About Nothing Act IV.

which is a family monument stands a graceful cross of snowy marble, wreathed with those children of the forest, in delicate sculpture, who gave their name to Fanny Fern,—a name familiar to our youth. This is Robert Bonner's tribute to the sprightly, gifted sister of N. P. Willis, and the wife of James Parton, whose "Fern Leaves" were pressed for the herbarium of a generation back. Still they sparkle and hold the dew, and have much of the merit appertaining to "Rural Letters" and "Pencilings By The Way." But surely the Pilgrim who has been drawn by leading of the heart to the shrines of Thomas Arnold and Arthur Stanley, will not hasten without awe by that of Phillips Brooks. It is there the deepest chord that it is in us may vibrate. We read his name cut plainly on the chaste tablet which records his dates, with his pastoral offices and services. The turf out from the grave reveals a spare symbol of his amplitude whose mortal remains should occupy it, and give opportunity for the youth of flowers. This is a clerical family two other preacher-brothers lie here, beside the father and mother; one being the Rev. Arthur Brooks, who died on ship-board, while on his return voyage from Europe.

Her melancholy fate gives pathos to the names of Margaret Fuller; otherwise her romantic career and her heroic masculinity of spirit and intellect might inspire different feeling. Rang'd with others of her kindred, we found her grave, and stone with its prolix inscription. In this sylvan quietude rest also the ashes of her husband D'Ossoli, and their child, fatally wrecked, on foreign shore, but at the very gateway of her home. We read the lines in her honor but did not transcribe them; rather had we found the appropriate ones of Landor:

Over his millions Death, has lawful power, But over thee, brave D'Ossoli none, none. After a longer struggle, in a fight Worth of Italy, a youth restored, Thou, far from home, art sunk beneath the surge Of the Atlantic; on its shore; in reach Of help; in trust of refuge; sunk with all Precious on earth to thee . . . a child, a wife; Proud as thou wert of her, America!

And shortly none will hear my failing voice, But the same language with more full appeal Shall hail thee. Many are the tones of song Whom thou hast heard upon the native p'ns Worthy to sing of thee; the hour is come; Take up our seats and let the dirge begin.

The medallion cut in the marble slab over the inscription, shows the intellectual woman,—a severe high-born Cornelia, fit to be a Roman matron by adoption, and wife of an heroic Italian noble. Near by a similar stone bears record of an uncle of Margaret, who perished in a charge at Chancellorsville; whose medallion shows a face interestingly like his famous niece, in its characteristic of dignity and nobility. In these grounds lie celebrated statesmen. We came in our round to Charles Sumner's resting place, and his substantial monument. This champion of the slave, the austere beauty of whose spirit made him the companion and friend of the best and greatest of his contemporaries, compelled in spite of heat and weariness, to seek his grave. The words of Longfellow came to us:

Like Winkfield he took Into his manly breast The sheaf of battle spears, and broke A path for the oppressed.

Six small stones, ranged side by side near the monument, we underatold to mark graves of the statesman's young children. We paused, in passing, before the monument of Rufus Choate. It is shaped somewhat like Longfellow's, but it is smaller, and of brown sandstone. Other ghosts were beckoning, but exhaustion and heat deterred us," and the resting-places of Hon. Anson Burlingame, first U. S. Minister to China. Gaspar Spurzheim the physiologist, Winthrop the statesman, the late Ex-Governor Russell, and others, remained unvisited. We passed the statue of Hosea Ballou, the Universalist minister and the founder of Ballou's Magazine; and also the recumbent figure of Bowditch the geographer. The bronze statue surmounts a dark-hued monument, and is surrounded with instruments of his profession, books, globes, and a hematical implements. The old man's face shows sedate and kindly.

At length we returned by the way of the hill which slopes toward the gate at which we had entered, and by which we should

A friend, who surveyed our l'quescence, laughly assured us we were furnishing a stew instead of a dry roast, to the mosquitoes that accompanied us about the grounds, and took occasion to sup while we were musing.

retire,—the hill on whose summit stand the chapel and the tower. This to us is the most familiar portion of these grounds, where once we spent many solitary hours. We stood again to survey the scene, and objects easily visible,—

Upon the glorious sky And the green hills around,— the Franklin monument, and the Sphinx, that did not front the chapel and propound to every coming train of moppers its stony mystic problem, in the years when we frequented the hill. The eye can rest upon no roof of ground, amid all these diversified acres, that is unmet and unshorn. Nothing unlovely is to be seen, whether we look between the slopes for glimpses of the rising hills beyond the river, or down to yonder "cup-like hollow," known as "Alice's," where the fountain plays; from the summit of the round tower, whence you survey the land afar, down through "Consecration Dell," where Judge Story made his speech to the assembled city, on the day when the grounds were set apart for sacred use; and on to the wood-bordered marsh, mid which

The Charles his steel-blue stick crooks; everywhere the handwork of the gardener is seen; and, if taste does not everywhere predominate, attention and care do not fail to appear. We did not ascend the tower, feeling unequal to so great exertion; we entered the chapel, which was easier.

On my frame, At such transition from the fervid air, A grateful coolness fell, that seemed to strike The heart, in concert with that temperate awe And natural reverence which the place inspired.

We were seated, and rested while we gazed about us. Familiar looked the stone walls, and the white statues, and the channel with its window, and the potted palms, here perhaps, since the funeral day of the lamented Russell. These immaculate forms of Winthrop, of Story, of Otis and Adams, that had speech for our boyhood, now seemed to address the man; so that we arose refreshed, and, going down the slope, we dismissed our guide with the reflection, that with every convenience these hours in "Sweet Auburn" had been happily and profitably spent.

"Slowly, pensively," wrote Horace Greeley, upon visiting the shrine most esteemed by the patriotic American, "we turned our faces from the rest of the mighty dead to the turmoil of the restless living; from the sublime repose of Mount Vernon to the ceaseless intrigues, the petty strifes, the anti-bill bustle, of the Federal city. Each has its own atmosphere: London and Mecca are not so unlike as they. The silent, enshrouding woods, the gleaming magnetic river, the bright benignant sky;—it is fitting here amid the scenes he loved and beloved that the man whose life and character have redeemed patriotism and liberty from the reproach which centuries of designing knavery have cast upon them, now calmly awaits the tramp of the archangel . . . Thus may his ashes rest forever, that the heart of the patriot may be invigorated, the hopes of the philanthropist strengthened and his aims exalted, the pulse of the American quickened and his aspirations purified, by a visit to Mount Vernon." With such reflections, and in such mood we find ourself at evening, amid the lights and noises of Boston, the hurrying throngs, and the disruption of the subway. Verily, we mortals for a little season make much ado, with our airs and passions, and our trumpery paraded; but in a little while cometh the long silence, and the gathering of our nobler powers in that place of the too often slighted invisible, Where beyond those voices there is peace.

While foraging in a book-store on Tremont street the other day, we were approached by a seemingly intelligent and courteous man, who engaged with us in conversation. We pursued our quiet discourse for some minutes, passing from theme to theme, until we struck upon one which seemed like a powder-train leading to convulsion and catastrophe. Why should an Irishman or a catholic appear upon the mental tapis? He came, and could not be banished! Dilating upon triumphant Papal designs, and protesting indifference, at once idiotic and criminal, our interlocutor, lost his urbanity, his eyes became fierce, and his voice shrill, his demeanor challenging. Finally he stepped away from the bookshelves beside which we had been idling, occupied the floor, and addressed his single auditor, with an impetuous rhetoric worthy of an audience in Faneuil Hall. We were glad of the entrance of the friend, and his voice shrill, his demeanor challenging. 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# WOMAN and HER WORK.

The medical men of the good old-city of Dublin Ireland are just now in a high state of excitement on the subject of their "medical brethren" of the female sex! The question does not seem to be so much the legal qualification of woman for the profession of medicine, but that of how high she shall be permitted to rise in it, and over the settlement of the difficulty a small tempest is being raised.

The trouble originated in the appointment of Dr. Winnifred Dickson to the position of examiner in a certain branch of medical jurisprudence in the Royal college of surgeons, and the class of men whom it will now be her duty to examine on this subject declare that it is one on which they should not be asked questions by a woman. The dear things assert that their modesty is outraged by the mere suggestion of having to answer questions set by a woman on this most necessary study, and they declare they will not submit to such humiliation; in fact I believe they consider their morals in imminent danger of being corrupted if such a practice should be adhered to.

Now considering that Dr. Winnifred must be a remarkably clever young woman to have won such a distinction, and that in Ireland the medical school is a mixed one, the young men and women attending lectures together for the especial purpose of preparing them to meet in consultation in after days when they are out in the world practising, this objection seems in the highest degree absurd. I have always heard that Irishmen were proverbially modest but it is in such a high order I wonder they can bring themselves to study medicine at all, or having faced the many shocks their modesty is likely to sustain, they can contemplate practising amongst women at all.

They will probably find themselves quite capable during their future career, of asking all manner of startling question of women, and young girls on these subjects, but now they are to sensitive that the burning blush of outraged modesty rises to their cheeks at the mere thought of responding to the strictly professional and business like queries of a sister practitioner, on a certain branch of their studies. They have actually appealed to the council to remove the objectionable lady examiner and the council having no legal right to comply with their request are rather in a quandary. Meanwhile the sensitive students are forming an association to protect themselves against the outrage offered to their sensitive feelings, and the end of the trouble is not yet.

I often wonder why it is that we women will never blame a man for a thing when we can by any possibility saddle the responsibility on another woman? It would really be touching if it were not exasperating, to see the eagerness with which we hasten to defend the man, as if he were a creature too frail and feeble to be held responsible for his own misdoings, and hurl all the blame at the so called "weaker vessel." I suppose it is part of the "inconstancy of woman's nature" but she is certainly very consistent in it. Does her lover leave her for one who has a fairer face or a more winning tongue, whoever heard of her laying the blame where it was deserved? No one! She simply regards the man as a helpless victim and the woman who has won him from her is responsible for all the trouble! She is the siren, the sorceress who has brought all her black arts to bear upon and drawn him away from his first allegiance in spite of himself; but for her he would be all that was tender and true still.

Should the husband's love stray from its lawful possessor, and the naughty man find a happiness in the society of another that he once found in that of his wife why then it is the other woman upon whose head the vials of the injured wife's wrath are poured out. Her husband was the best of men until he was led astray by the designing woman who has attained such a hold upon him, and whose influence has been his ruin! But for her he would have continued to find happiness by the side of his rightful owner, and asked for nothing better until the end of his life. She has a lot to answer for, this other woman, and it really seems hard that she must carry another's sins on her shoulders in addition to all those she is credited with on her own account.

It is also just a little hard that anything so superior as the lords of creation ought to be should not be called to account for their own short comings, and be credited with enough force of character to act the part of martyr, instead of presenting the weak and pitiable spectacle of standing helplessly in the shadow waiting to be led astray by some bold bad woman. I suppose it is part of the lovely faithfulness and loyalty of our nature, that we cannot believe our own husbands and lovers capable of leaving us without a great deal of pressure being exerted by some woman, to bring about the catastrophe, but at the same time it shows a good deal of vanity and very little common sense, or knowledge of the world. I may not have a surplus of either of the latter myself, but I am very sure that if my husband ever forgot himself so far as to find the society of

some one else more attractive than my own, he, and he alone would have to answer for his defection; and if he did not repent of his folly in the proverbial sackcloth and ashes, it would not be my fault.

Verily it is written in the book of fashion 'By their sleeves you shall know them' for it is by his sleeves that the up-to-date dame is distinguished. These may be full bishop shape gathered into a rather plain and narrow cuff at the wrist, or they may be plain and tight up to and a good deal above the elbow, with quite a full puff arranged high up near the shoulder; this puff may be double or single or draped by being caught down in several places, but it must on no account be either in balloon shape or the enormous leg-o-mutton so popular last season. Nearly all the most stylish stuff, or silk gowns show the puff arranged quite high on the sleeve, or else a cluster of ruffles in graduated widths finishes the sleeve at the top.

The fashion of making up lawns and muslins over linings of silk, sounds very extravagant and quite beyond the reach of people whose purses are not very well filled, but it is really not nearly so expensive as it sounds. Of course there are taffetas just as there are embroidered white grass linens which cost a small fortune per yard, and lovely muslins for twelve and fifteen cents; and a muslin costing only a few cents a yard made up over a fifty cent taffeta, while far from being a costly gown will look almost as well as one costing twice the money. Often an inexpensive dress prettily made, is twice as effective as a more elaborate one, and thin dresses are a perfect rage this summer. The thin dress is not always cheap, I know, but then it is supposed to be trimmed a good deal, either with ruffles of itself or frills of lace and as much trimming is not at all expensive, very pretty effects can be obtained with very small outlay.

A new fancy in trimming is to add a touch of black to the lightest of dresses. It is supposed to be more effective than any other color, and to give a tone to the costume which nothing else could impart. For example, a blue or pink lawn dress has a plaiting of black satin ribbon as a ruff at the top of the collar band, and a similar plaiting finishes the wrists where we are accustomed to see white lace or chiffon. Plaid silk is another factor in muslin costumes, and a blue lawn will have collar, belt and cuffs of blue and green plaid. A soft gray etamine has belt, collar and cuffs of black and white silk plaid.

An odd dress is a blue muslin trimmed with pinked ruffles of black silk. A ruche starts at the belt line in front, runs down the centre of the front breast and around the neck. Over the blouse bodice is a short bolero jacket of black lace bordered all around with the same ruching, which also runs up the opening of the collar band in front and forms a full but narrow ruff around the neck. The long and rather close sleeve is also trimmed with the ruching which runs down the arm towards the wrist, which is finished as the neck is finished. Simple as this decoration is, it is wonderfully effective especially when the toilette is completed by a large hat of shirred black tulle bound with velvet, and just touched here and there with blue flowers. White pique is as popular as ever, and when it is tailor-made, with a blouse and coat it makes a pretty yachting dress.

The diversity in ways and means of using lace, and every other kind of trimming which can be applied to dresses, is one of the wonders of the season; everything which has ever been in fashion before seems to have been brought out afresh, in addition to all the new varieties. Black and colored velvet ribbon in various widths especially the baby ribbon, is well to the front in dress trimmings, and tabs of velvet are used on the edges of basques for a finish, and sometimes edged around with narrow yellow lace. Colored silk muslin is one of the fashionable trimmings of the season for flowered silks, formal ruffles, ruches and plaitings.

One of the most useful accessories of summer dress, is a sort of harness of ribbon which is detachable, and can be worn with any dress, it is made of ribbon four inches wide and consists of bretelles gathered on the upper edge over the shoulder only, a cross piece of ribbon in the front and back just above the bust, and a belt collar, and bows for a finish. This is very effective addition to a lawn, or dimity dress. Very

pretty vest fronts to wear with open coats are made of two lengths of ribbon about five inches wide, with a jabot of lace or chiffon joining them together, and a belt of narrower ribbon fastened with a gold buckle. Loops of ribbon set either closely together or a slight distance apart, make the desired basque effect for many bodies. Such small variations are very useful in renovating dresses that while not new, are yet quite good enough for active service when they have been re-touched a little.

A very odd and striking French dress recently worn, was of red foulard with large white figures, the only trimming of which was a bolero jacket and a large sailor collar of ecru embroidery applied on plain red muslin, and made with a lining of plain red silk. A narrow puffing of white chiffon finished the edge of the jacket and the part of the bodice. Another unusual dress was of white muslin trimmed on the bodice and sleeves with black lace insertion formed into Louis XVI. bow knots. A ruff collar of muslin edged with black finished the neck and a corset belt of yellow satin the waist. An ecru batiste with a wide belt and a collar of yellow satin ribbon, crowned with a black tulle hat trimmed with black feathers was another effective French costume.

ASTRA.

### MY LADY'S BUTTONS.

For the Coming Season, They Will be More Beautiful Than Ever.

Buttons of to-day can scarcely be called buttons, as they much more resemble elaborate brooches, yet withal buttons they are called. Surely they were more suitable for articles of jewelry last season, yet they are still more beautiful for the coming season. In size they vary from the size and shape of single gems worn in the ears to elaborations of jewels and pearls, mosaic or filigree, the size of a silver dollar, but generally the size is that of a half dollar. In such sizes are seen large dome centers of pearl, set round with brilliant rubies, sapphires, emeralds, etc., or encircled with Oriental filigree. Again a large brilliant has the center, set round with eight pearls the size of a small pea and again outlined in fine filigree in points of gold, green, blue and various tints. The finest circle of filigree the width of the nail outlines a mosaic the size of a dime. Filigree resembling the spokes of a wheel is seen round a large diamond set, within six rubies and sapphires. Many of these new buttons are square in form with a centre stone and the square of filigree, or a centre stone and square of other stones, the four corners being sapphires or rubies and the others brilliant. Again, the center may be mosaic with a painting of some tiny flower, such as a rose, a heartsease, a violet, or a forget-me-not. Such center paintings also appear in large-sized round buttons. The flowers, although small, are charmingly realistic. Large metal buttons, frequently quite gigantic, sport jeweled centers, and celluloid has gold centers. The coloring of the celluloid is especially good and in great variety. Some of the painted centers are of the size of a quarter. Imitation pearl centers are among the features of the air. Small heart shapes of jewels are outlined with filigree and are charmingly effective, and finely wrought buttons are the size of a dime and are very pretty. Large jet and steel buttons are still to the fore. Although the buttons are round or square, there is immense variety in these shapes, some presenting almost flat surfaces, others raised at the center or at the edge, or in the intermediate. The sizes and shapes of the various gems also produce many pleasing varieties of tout ensemble. Jewel buttons, although presenting exact representations of those to be seen in the shops of vendors of real gems, are inexpensive in the extreme in comparison with the style and effect.—New York Evening Sun.

**WHEN ON THE TROLLEY.**  
Expert Advice for Those Who Travel on the Electric Cars.  
For the benefit of those who travel on electric cars the following is given as advice from experts in that wonderful power: There are four things that are sure to occur to the electrical equipment of a street railway with a certain degree of regularity: The melting of fuse metals; burning out of motors; burning of the insulation of wires, under the floors or on the roofs of cars, or breaking and melting of trolley wires. They have often caused a needless panic, resulting in serious injury to some of the passengers. The fuse metal would not perform its proper function if it did not melt at the proper time, and thus prevent a burning out of the motor. They often melt without any noticeable effect, but there are times when they vaporize with a vivid flash

**Driving Out Mosquitoes.**  
Chestertown, Md., has found kerosene effective in getting rid of mosquitoes. "Some citizens," says a resident, "had experimented with coal oil as a remedy and were surprised at the effectiveness of the liquid. The attention of the authorities was called to the matter, and after a series of tests the people were given official notice everybody should pour a little coal oil in rainbarrels, stagnant pools and wherever water had collected. No great quantity of oil is required. A teaspoonful is sufficient for a barrel of water. The diminution in the barrel of mosquitoes was easily noticeable, and now the pest has been almost gotten rid of."

**Failure or Success.**  
It is often all the little things that constitute the wide difference between success and failure. Some men, in great purpose, capable in many ways, seem unable to discern the import of minor, nevertheless important elements, and neglect in consequence to grasp the opportunities that if accepted would carry them on to victory. In the same way people are imposed upon by unnecessary druggists, who, to gain an additional profit, practise the dishonest method of substitution. Calling for Putman's Painless Corn Extractor, they accept some worthless flesh-eating substitute, only to be disappointed or suffer injury. Putman's Corn Cure is the only reliable one.

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# RIPANS

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

and loud report, but no injury can come to the passengers if they remain in their places.

As yet there is no means of effectually preventing the burning out of electric motors, which will occur at times on the best regulated street railroads. When this happens it will not cause the slightest injury to passengers who will remain quietly on the car until it stops. The effect produced may be somewhat startling at times to the great majority of people who ride on the cars, and prompt them to seek safety in precipitate flight from seeming danger. This has often resulted in personal injury to those who do so without stopping to think of the consequences.

All insulated covering used for electrical conductors is perishable, and its failure at times is to be expected, as the materials used for this purpose are inflammable. For various reasons not necessary to enumerate the covering on the electric wires in street cars takes fire and burns, but not rapidly, and as a rule, the other portions of the car are seldom damaged. Here again there is no danger to the people on the car if they wait until it stops and then leave it quietly.

The trolley wires will and do break, but in doing so they will not injure those persons who remain in their seats. If it is necessary to leave the car, do it leisurely and quietly; the broken trolley wire will not injure anyone who does not touch it.—Boston Transcript.

**Kissing on Tandem.**  
"One of the greatest problems in bicycling," said a giddy bicyclist, "is now to kiss a girl while riding a tandem without upsetting. The first time I tried it there was the blindest catastrophe on record. We were spinning along at a scorching rate and struck a shady place, where the electric light was obstructed by the dense foliage, and the shadows lay heavy and somber. I had made sufficient progress with the damsel whom I honored with the front seat to venture upon a delicate career, and as we struck the shadows I leaned forward, throwing my weight upon the handles and giving my neck the necessary curve. She was naturally somewhat startled and dodged, giving the wheel a wrench that was fatal. In a moment we were sprawling on the boulevard, and when I gathered up her remains and my battered self she was the picture of an intensely irate damsel. What she said to me was a plenty. Only a man who can ride a bucking broncho in a cyclone ought to tackle such a feat."—New York Telegram.

**Crabs Foretell Earthquakes.**  
For some time previous to the day upon which the great earthquake of August 1857, occurred, great swarms of crabs of an unknown variety were seen in the Bay of Puyto, Chili. They all appeared to be greatly excited, and were literally climbing over each other in their efforts to escape the impending calamity. How they knew that the earthquake was collecting its strength to desolate the coast is more than man can say; but that they knew something unusual was about to happen there is no doubt whatever. There were millions of them may be inferred from the report of Dr. Forbes, who says that "10 days after the earthquake the dead crabs were thrown upon the beach in the wall like lines three to four feet wide along the whole extent of the bay."

**The Way of Orators.**  
"I wonder why orators always have to drink so much water?" asked the innocent looking boarder.  
"On account of their burning language," said Asbury Peppers, promptly.  
"But the fellow I was thinking of," said the innocent looking boarder, "was dealing solely in figures."  
Then the innocent one looked triumphant until Mr. Peppers came back with the statement that they must have been dry statistics.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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### "HEALTH FOR THE MOTHER SEX."

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

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

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

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

For sale by all druggists. Prepared by the A. M. C. MEDICINE CO., 136 St. Lawrence Main St., Montreal, P. Q.



The Manufacturers of the Victoria Crochet Thread, fully appreciating the fact that a large amount of their thread is being used in Canada and hoping for an increase of same, offer One Hundred Dollars (\$100.00) in premiums (as follows): Lady returning the largest number of spools labels \$25.00, lady returning next largest number \$17.50, \$15.00, \$12.50, \$10.00, \$7.50, \$5.00, \$2.50, next eight ladies, each \$1.00. The spools must be used between May 1st, 1896 and Jan. 1st, 1897 and labels sent to H. Henderson & Co., Montreal, P. Q., not later than Jan. 1st, 1897. If your dealer does not keep this list of goods and visit cards in stamps to H. Henderson & Co., Montreal, P. Q., and they will provide you a sample spool.

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MANUFACTURED FROM  
CHOICE SELECTED PURE CORN.  
NO ADULTERATION  
THE BEST FOR CHILDREN.  
RECIPE FOR Infants' Food.  
To one dessertspoonful of Benson's Canada Prepared Corn, mixed with half a cup of cold water, add half a pint of boiling water; stir over the fire for five minutes; sweeten slightly for older babies mix with milk instead of water. SEE OTHER RECIPES ON PACKAGE.  
THE EDWARDSBURG STARCH CO.  
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Offices: Montreal, P. Q.

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**Crookshank and Treasurer.**



MR. RUMSEY'S PATIENT:

A VERY STRANGE STORY.

BY L. T. MEADE AND DR. HALIFAX,

Joint authors of "Stories from the Diary of a Doctor."

Copyrighted, 1896, by L. T. Meade and Dr. Halifax.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I & II.—Pretty Hetty Armitage, niece of Mr. and Mrs. Armitage, who were the village of Grandcourt, is admired by two young men...

and will; but don't let us talk of it any more. The one thing you and I have to do is to be true to the family. There's not a second thought to be given to the matter. Sit down, Hetty; don't keep hovering about like that. I think I had better send you away from home; only I forgot, you are sure to be called upon as witness. You must see that your face doesn't betray you when you're cross-examined.

"No, it won't," said the girl. "I've got you to help me now. I can talk about it sometimes, and it won't lie so heavily on my heart. Aunt Fanny, do you really think Mr. Armitage forgets?"

CHAPTER III & IV.—From, after this late view with Hetty, rushes out into the night, followed by a distance by Everett, who cannot understand the cause of his sudden departure. From, means Armitage, and a quarrel ensues between them. They fight and talk, and Hetty, who has eyes with a short stick which he carries, and which she afterwards buries when she finds that From is dead. He reaches home at a late hour, and is invited to a morning picnic on Salisbury Plain to join a young lady, Margaret Douglas, whom he much admires. He goes, and meets a morning awakes with his memory a blank with regard to his encounter with From—the cause of his race has come upon him. He is in the county, and wonders if his knowledge of From and Hetty, and his account of the murder, will be sustained. At the conclusion of the picnic he declares his love for Margaret, and is accepted.

CHAPTER V & VI.—A witness of the terrible deed was Hetty Armitage, who suggests the facts to her mother, but a mind perfectly sane, she returns nothing of the circumstances of the case, and has an idea that Everett and not himself is the murderer. Hetty, very afflicted, confides what she has seen to her aunt under a promise of secrecy.

CHAPTER VII.

"Sit down, Hetty, and keep yourself quiet," said Mrs. Armitage. Her manner had completely changed. A stealthy, fearful look crept into her face. She went on again to try to do so, but she then approached the window, and she fastened it and drew a heavy moreen curtain across it.

"When one has secrets," she said, "it is best to be certain there are no eaves-droppers anywhere."

She then lit a candle and placed it on the centre of the little table.

Having done this, she seated herself—she didn't care to look at Hetty. She felt as if in a sort of way she had committed the murder herself. The knowledge of the truth impressed her so deeply that she did not care to encounter any eyes for a few minutes.

"Aunt Fanny, why don't you speak to me?" asked the girl at last.

"You are quite sure, child, that you have told me the truth?" said Mrs. Armitage.

"Yes—it is the truth—is it likely that I could invent anything so fearful?"

"No, it ain't likely," replied the elder woman, "but I don't intend to trust just to the word of a slip of a giddy girl like you. You must swear it—is there a bible you can swear by?"

"Oh don't, Aunt! I wish you wouldn't."

"Stop that silly wish of yours, Hetty; what do you wish matters one way or the other? If you've told me the truth an awful thing has happened, but I won't stir in the matter until I know it's gospel truth. Yes, there's your Testament—the Testament in your hand, and you believe God in heaven that you saw Mr. Robert Armitage kill Mr. Hoare Frere. Kiss the book, and tell the truth if you don't want to lose your soul."

Hetty trembled from head to foot. Her nature was impassioned—the hour—the terrible excitement that had just lived through—the solemn, frightened expression of her aunt's face, irritated her nerves to the last extent. She hid the utmost difficulty in keeping herself from screaming aloud.

"What do you want me to do?" she said, holding the testament between her limp fingers.

"Say these words: 'I, Hetty Armitage, saw Mr. Robert Armitage kill Mr. Hoare Frere on Salisbury Plain last night. This is the truth, so help me God.'"

"I, Hetty Armitage, saw Mr. Robert Armitage kill Mr. Hoare Frere on Salisbury Plain last night. This is the truth, so help me God," repeated Hetty, in a mechanical voice.

"Kiss the book now, child," said the aunt. Hetty raised it to her lips.

"Give me the testament."

Mrs. Armitage took it in her hands. "Aunt Fanny, what in the world do you mean to do now?" said the girl.

"You are witness, Hetty, you are witness to what I mean to do. It is all for the sake of the family. What are poor folk, like us and our consciences, and our secrets compared to the family? This book has not done its work yet. Now we are going to take an oath on the testament. I, Frances Armitage, swear by the God above, and the bible He has given us, that I will never tell to mortal man the truth about this murder."

Mrs. Armitage finished her words by pressing the Testament to her lips.

"Now you swear," she said, giving the book back again to her niece.

Hetty did so. Her voice came out in broken sobs. Mrs. Armitage replaced the Testament on the top shelf of Hetty's little bookcase.

"There, she said, wiping her brow, 'that's done. You saw the murder committed, and you and I have sworn that we'll never tell what we know. We needn't talk of it any more. Another man will swing for it. Let him swing. He is a nice fellow, too. He showed me the photograph of his mother one day. She had white hair and eyes like his; she looked like a lady every inch of her. Mr. Everett said 'I am her only child. Mr. Armitage; I'm all she has got. He had a pleasant smile—wonderful, and a good face. Poor lad, if it wasn't the family I had to be true to I wouldn't let him swing. They say downstairs that the circumstantial evidence is black against him.'"

"Perhaps, after all, they cannot convict him, Aunt."

"What do you know about it? I say they

will; but don't let us talk of it any more. The one thing you and I have to do is to be true to the family. There's not a second thought to be given to the matter. Sit down, Hetty; don't keep hovering about like that. I think I had better send you away from home; only I forgot, you are sure to be called upon as witness. You must see that your face doesn't betray you when you're cross-examined.

"No, it won't," said the girl. "I've got you to help me now. I can talk about it sometimes, and it won't lie so heavily on my heart. Aunt Fanny, do you really think Mr. Armitage forgets?"

CHAPTER VIII.

The village never forgot the week when the young Squire came of age. During that week the most important things happened.

The usual festivities were arranged to take place on Monday, for on that day the Squire completed his twenty-first year. On the following Thursday, Robert Armitage was to marry Margaret Douglas, and between those two days, namely on Tuesday or Wednesday, the young Squire was to be tried for the murder of Hoare Frere in Salisbury. It will be easily believed, therefore, that the excitement of the good folks all over the country reached high water mark.

Quite apart from his position, the young Squire was much loved for himself. He was an interesting personality. Even if this had not been so, the fact of his coming of age, and the almost more interesting fact of his marriage, would fill all who knew him with a lively sense of pleasure.

The public gaze would be naturally turned to the young man. But great as was the interest in the young man, he took in Armitage, it was nothing to that which was felt with regard to a man who was a stranger in the county, but whose awful fate now filled all hearts and minds.

The strongest circumstantial evidence was against Frere, but beyond circumstantial evidence there was nothing but good to be known of this young man. He had lived in the past, as far as all could tell, an immaculate life. He was the only son of a widowed mother. Mrs. Everett had taken lodgings in Salisbury, and was which none could fault, and which Margaret Douglas shewed none of the happy expectancy of a bride. Her face began to assume a worn and anxious expression. She could hardly think of anything except the coming trial. A few days before the wedding she earnestly begged her lover to postpone the ceremony for a short time.

"I cannot account for my sensations, Robert," she said. "The shadow of this awful tragedy seems to shut away the sunshine from me. You cannot, of course, help being of age on Monday, but surely there is nothing to prevent my asking to have the wedding postponed for a week. I will wait if I am superstitious—I come of a superstitious race—my grandmother had the gift of second sight—perhaps I inherit it also, I cannot say. Do yield to me in the matter, Robert. Do postpone the wedding."

Armitage stood close to Margaret. She looked anxiously into his eyes; they met hers with a curious expression of irritation in them. The young Squire was pale; he told her that he was not at all affected with a strange and unaccountable apathy with regard to this terrible matter. I try with all my might to get up sympathy for that poor unfortunate, Everett. Try as I may, however, I utterly fail to feel even pity for him. Margaret, I would confess myself to be no one but yourself. Everett is nothing to me, you are everything. Why should I postpone my happiness on Everett's account?"

"You are not well, dearest," said Margaret, looking at him anxiously.

"Yes, I am, Maggie," he replied. "You must not make me fanciful. I never felt better in my life, except—Here he pressed his hand to his brow.

"Except?" she repeated.

"Nothing really—I have a curious sensation of numbness in the back of my head. I should think nothing at all about it but for the fact—"

Here he paused, and looked ahead of him steadily.

"But for what fact, Robert?"

"You must have heard—it must have been whispered to you—everyone all over the county knows that sometimes—sometimes, Maggie, queer things happen to men of our house."

"Of course, I have heard of what you allude to," she answered brightly. "Do you think I mind? Do you think I believe in the thing? Not I. I am not superstitious in that way. So you, dear old fellow, are imagining that you are to be one of the victims of that dreadful curse. Rest assured that you will be nothing of the kind. I have a cousin—he is in the medical profession—you shall know him when we go to London. I spoke to Dr. Rumsey once about this curious phase in your family history. He said it was caused by an extraordinary state of nerves, and that the resolute power of will was needed to overcome it. Dr. Rumsey is a very interesting man, Robert. He believed in heredity; who does not? but he also firmly believes that the power of will, rightly exercised, can be more powerful than heredity. Now, I don't mean you to be a victim to that old family falling, to please banish the thought from your mind once and ever."

Armitage smiled at her.

"You cheer me," he said. "I am a lucky man to have found such a woman as you to be my wife. You will help to bring forth all that is best in me. Margaret, I feel that through you I shall conquer the curse which lies in my blood."

"There is no curse, Robert. When your grandfather married a strong-minded Scotch wife, the curse was completely arrested—the spell removed."

"Yes," said Armitage, "of course you are perfectly right. My father has never

"How did you get out last night?" she asked.

"Through the window."

"Well, you're a nice one. This is not the time to scold you however, and you and I have got to go out the same way now. They'll think we are in our bed—let them think it. Come, be quick—show me the way out. It's a goodish step from here to the Plain, we've not a minute to lose, and not a soul must see us going or returning."

Mrs. Armitage was nearly as slender and active as her niece. She accomplished the descent from the window without the least difficulty, and soon she and Hetty were walking quickly in the direction of the Plain—they kept well in the shadow of the road, and did not meet a soul the entire way. During that walk neither woman spoke a word to the other. Presently they reached the Plain. Hetty trembled as she stood by the alder copse.

"Keep your courage up," whispered Mrs. Armitage, "we must bury that stick where no one can find it."

"Don't bury it, Aunt Fanny," whispered Hetty, "I have thought of something—the pond near the mill. Let us weigh the stick with stones and throw it into the pond."

"That's a good thought, child, we'll do it."



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suffered from a trace of the family malady, and as for me, I didn't know what nervousness meant until within the last month. I certainly have suffered from a stupid lapse of memory during the last month."

"We all forget things at times," said Margaret. "What is it that worries you?"

"Something so trifling that you will laugh when I tell you. You know my favourite stick?"

"Of course. By the way, you have not used it lately."

"I have not. It is lost. I have looked for it high and low, and racked my memory in vain to know where I could have put it. When I last remember using it, I was talking to that unfortunate young Frere in the underwood. I wish I could find the stick for the sake of the stick, but because, under my circumstances, I don't want to forget things."

"Well, everyone forgets things at times. I will remember where you have put the stick when you are not thinking of it."

"Quite true; I wish that poor Frere were here. You know that poor Frere's death in the most extraordinary manner. The man who killed him ran his walking stick into his eye. The doctors say that the ferrule of the stick entered the brain, and a happier stick if it could find the stick, but the ferrule was a little larger for the size of the wound made. Now my stick—"

"Really, Robert, I won't listen to you for another moment," exclaimed Margaret. "The next thing you do is to assure me that your stick was the weapon which caused the murder."

"No," he replied, with a spasmodic queer pain. "Of course, Maggie, there is nothing wrong, only with our peculiar idiosyncrasies, small lapses of memory make one anxious. I should be happy if I could find the stick, and a happier stick if it could find the stick, but the ferrule was a little larger for the size of the wound made. Now my stick—"

"I'm an ito," she replied, in her firm way.

"You will marry me, dearest, on the twenty-fourth?"

"Yes," she answered, "you are first, first of all. I will marry you on the twenty-fourth, the wedding shall not be postponed."

"Thank you a thousand times—how happy you make me."

Armitage went home in the highest spirits. The auspicious week dawned. The young Squire's coming of age went off without a hitch. All the tenants assembled at the house to welcome Armitage to his majority. His modest and graceful speech was applauded on all sides. He never looked better than when he stood on a raised platform and addressed the tenants who had known him from his boyhood. Some day he was to be their landlord. In Wilshire the ten between landlord and tenant is very strong. The spirit of the feudal times still in measure pervades this part of the country. The cheers which followed Armitage's speech rose high on the evening air. Immediately after his dinner was supper on the lawn, followed by a dance. Among those assembled, however, might have been seen two anxious faces—one of them belonged to Mrs. Armitage. She had been a young-looking woman for her years, until after the night of the murder—now she looked old. Her hair was sprinkled with gray, her face had deep lines in it, there was a touch of irritation also in her manner. She and Hetty kept close together. Sometimes her hand clutched hold of the hand of her niece and gave it a hard pressure. Hetty's little hand trembled, and her whole frame quivered with almost uncontrollable agony when Mrs. Armitage did this. All the gay scene was ghastly mockery to poor Hetty. Her distress, her wretched appearance, could not but draw general attention to her. The little girl, however, had never looked more beautiful nor lovelier. She was observed by many people; strangers pointed her out to one another.

"Do you see that little girl with the beautiful face?" they said. "It was on her account that the tragedy took place."

Presently the young Squire came down and asked Mrs. Armitage to open the ball with him.

"You do me great honor, sir," she said. She hesitated, then placed her hand on his arm.

"As he led her away, his eyes met those of Hetty.

"I'll give you a dance later on," he said, nodding carelessly to the young girl. She blushed and pressed her hand to her heart.

There wasn't a village lad in the entire assembly who would not have given a year of his life to dance even once with beautiful little Hetty, but she declined all the village boys' attentions that evening.

"She wasn't in the humour to dance,

she said. "Oh, yes, of course, she would dance with the Squire if he asked her, but she would not bestow her favors upon anyone else." She sat down presently in a secluded corner. Her eyes followed Armitage wherever he went. By and by Margaret Douglas noticed her. There was something about the childish and feeble which drew out the compassion of Margaret's large heart. She went quickly across the lawn to speak to her.

"Good evening, Hetty," she said. "I hope you are well?"

Hetty started up; she began to tremble.

"Yes, Miss Douglas, I am quite well," she answered.

"You don't look well," said Margaret. "Why are you not dancing?"

"I'm turning the heart to stone," said Hetty, turning suddenly away. Her eyes brimmed with sudden tears.

"Poor little girl! how could I be so thoughtless as to suppose she would care to dance," thought Margaret. "All her thoughts must be occupied with this terrible the principal witness, poor little thing!"

Margaret stretched out her hand impulsively and grasped Hetty's.

"I feel for you—I quite understand you," she said. Her voice trembled with deep and full sympathy. "I see that you are suffering a great deal, but you will be better afterwards—you will want to go away."

"I would rather stay at home, please, Miss Douglas."

"Well, I won't worry you. Here is Mr. Armitage. You have not danced once, Hetty. You am not a bit tired; you know I am always pale. Dorothy, has any news come yet from Salisbury?"

"Nothing special," replied Dorothy. "The groom has come back to tell us that we are not to wait dinner for either father or Robert. You will come into the house now, won't you Margaret?"

"No, I'd rather stay out here. I don't want any dinner."

"Nor do I. I will stay with you," said Dorothy.

"Isn't there a lovely view from here? I will this part of the grounds better than any other spot. You can just get a prep of the Cathedral to the right, and the Plain to the left."

"I hate the Plain," said Margaret, with a shiver. "I wish Grandcourt didn't lie so near it."

Dorothy Armitage raised her delicate brows in surprise.

"Why, the Plain is the charm of Grandcourt," she exclaimed. "Surely, Margaret, you are not going to get nervous and fanciful, just because a murder was committed on the Plain?"

"Excuse me, Dorothy, I see Robert coming up the Avenue."

"So he is. Stay where you are, and I'll run and get the news."

"No, please let me go."

"Margaret, you are ill."

"I am all right," replied Margaret. She ran swiftly down the avenue.

Armitage saw her, and stopped until she came up to him.

"Well?" she asked breathlessly.

"He put both his hands on her shoulders, and looked steadily into her eyes.

"The verdict," she said. "Quick, the verdict!"

"Guilty, Maggie; but they have strongly recommended him to mercy. Maggie, Maggie, my darling, what is it?"

She flung her arms round his neck, and hid her trembling face against his breast.

"I can't help it," she said. "It is the eye of our wedding day. Oh, I feel sick with terror—sick with sorrow."

(To be continued.)

Hetty crept slowly away; she looked like a little grey shadow as she returned to the village, passing silently through the lovely gardens and all the sweet summer world. Beautiful as she was, she was out of keeping with the summer and the time of gaiety.

Against Armitage's wish Margaret insisted on being present during the first day of the trial. Everett's trial would in all probability occupy the whole of two days. Armitage was to appear in court as witness. His evidence and that of Hetty Armitage and the attorney who had seen Frere running across the Plain, would probably sum up the case against the prisoner.

Hetty's evidence, however was the most important of all. Some of the neighbors said that Hetty would never have strength to go through the trial. But when the little creature stepped into the witness box, there was no perceptible mark of energy about her—her cheeks were pink with the colour of excitement, her lively eyes shone brightly. She gave her testimony in a clear, penetrating, slightly defiant voice. That voice of hers never once faltered. Her eyes full of desperate courage were fixed firmly on the face of the solicitor who examined her. Even the terrible ordeal of cross-examination was borne without flinching; nor did Hetty once commit herself, or contradict her own evidence. At the end of the cross-examination, however, she fainted off. It was noticed afterwards by eye witnesses that Hetty's whole evidence had been given with her face slightly turned away from that of the accused man. It was after she had inadvertently met his eyes that she had fainted in the witness box. She was carried away immediately, and murmurs of sympathy followed her as she was taken out of the court. Hetty was undoubtedly the heroine of the occasion. Her remarkable beauty, her modesty, the ring of truth which seemed to pervade all her unwilling words, told fatally against poor Everett.

She was obliged to return to the court on the second day, but Margaret did not go to Salisbury on that occasion. After the first day of the trial Margaret spent a sleepless night. She was on the eve of her own wedding, but she could not think of anything but Everett and Everett's mother. Mrs. Everett was present at the trial. She wore a widow's dress and her veil was drawn but once or twice she raised it and looked at her son. Margaret had seen these glances, and they wrung her heart to its depths. She felt that she could not be in Court when the verdict was given. She was so excited with regard to the issue of the trial that she gave no attention to those minor matters which usually occupy the minds of young brides.

"It doesn't matter," she said to her maid; "pack anything you fancy into my travelling trunk. Oh, yes, 'at dress will do. What hats did you say? Any hats, I don't care. I'm going to Grandcourt now, there may be news from Salisbury."

"They say, Miss Douglas, that the Court won't rise until late tonight. The jury are sure to take a long time to consider the case."

"Well, I'm going to Grandcourt now. Mr. Armitage may have returned. I shall bear the latest news."

Margaret arrived at the Court just before dinner. Her future sister-in-law, Anne and Dorothy, ran out on the lawn to meet her.

"Oh, how white and tired you look!"

"I am not a bit tired; you know I am always pale. Dorothy, has any news come yet from Salisbury?"

"Nothing special," replied Dorothy. "The groom has come back to tell us that we are not to wait dinner for either father or Robert. You will come into the house now, won't you Margaret?"

"No, I'd rather stay out here. I don't want any dinner."

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(To be continued.)

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HARD LEARNED LESSONS

Mrs. Lewis was rolling out piecrust in the hot kitchen, and her husband, although it was the middle of the forenoon, was sitting alone, looking here and there rather aimlessly.

"Are you hunting for anything special, Stephen?"

"Well, yes; I'd like to find a buckle somewhere for a bit of harness; don't you see?"

"I should think not, in the button box on the wash-dish. Look around the barn."

"Perhaps I better. Deacon Baxter came along by a spell ago. He's in a kind of worry."

"What's the matter? Somebody sick?"

"No, oh no, aint anybody sick."

"Mrs. Lewis was putting her pies in the oven, and her husband watched her silently. Finally she rose up and wiping her heated face, looked at him standing in the door. How queer and uncertain he acted."

"Do tell what it is, then, if you're ready."

"Well, it seems they've got some misunderstanding about the boarders; about a letter being lost, an' 'thinkin' some wasn't comin' they took others, an' now they're all come, an' two extra ones; an' Deacon says what to do they don't know. He's goin' to build on a wing 'tween now an' next summer, but that don't help 'em out now, you see."

"Of course not. Why don't they go to Ferris's?"

"Ferris is crowded. They've been over to see."

"They can go away to some place else, can't they?"

"They don't want to. Fact is, Deacon comes over to see if we didn't want 'em. It's three young men, and they fish 'n' are out of the way 'bout all the time fishin' an' sketchin' an' they'll pay seven dollars a piece. Think of that, twenty-one dollars a week comin' in; an' most all clear profit, what with the quantities of garden stuff, an' the early apples for pies, an' berries an' milk an' eggs. Why, that's all city folks want."

"I know; but think of the work it is an' the time it takes, to pick the vegetables an' berries, an' the extra cookin' an' all."

"Yes, of course, farmer folks have to work more or less, anyhow, an' they might as well work to some purpose, seems to me. But you always was so set against summer boarders, Lucy."

"It's because I aint felt equal to doin' for 'em. Someway sence the children was took away I haven't had the ambition or strength to drive ahead as I used to; an' it aint no use, neither. I stood out on your buyin' that last land, for it seemed foolish to go on gettin' a big farm an' no one to take it after; it seemed we better take the money an' make the house more comfortable, an' not work so hard ourselves, an' now you want to take on more work still. I suppose you told Deacon Baxter we'd take 'em, didn't you?"

"Well, no; I told him I'd see what you said, an' if he didn't hear nothing to the contrary they might come on over this afternoon. If you won't take 'em at no rate, I'll just hook up an' go over after dinner an' tell 'em."

"Oh dear, I don't know what to do! I'd like the money, of course. I was thinkin' only this morning how I needed a new carpet, an' wishin' that another window was put into the kitchen an' the water brought in, an' some new steps by the back door. Can I have these things done if I take the boarders, Stephen?"

"Why, I s'pose so; but we don't want to be foolish an' fritter the money away. John Hinman told me he built that addition to his barn last fall with boarder money; they had six him two months, an' never hired a day's account of 'em; so it amounted to a nice sum, an' give 'em a big lift."

"Didn't John's wife have any of the money after workin' so hard all summer?"

"Oh, yes; he told me she had three dollars, an' got her a new print dress an' a pair of shoes. Spent it right away for clothes."

"She ought to have had half the money, at least."

"My goodness, Lucy! that would have been sheer waste. As it was put in the barn, it'll aint to their credit an' good a long time; an' she was agree to help him out, a real helpmeet, John's wife is a very worthy woman; only, of course, no judgment about spendin' money. Come, we must settle our own affair."

"I know, I can't spend time even to think it over; I ought, I s'pose I can try it an' if I can't possibly stand the work, they'll have to leave, or help be hired."

"Oh, we can't hire them waited on, only three of them; if we had a dozen we might keep a woman an' make it pay. Gracious! how good them pies do smell. You're a wonderful good cook, Lucy. I can't hardly wait for dinner. I'll bring a pail of water 'ere I go."

Left alone the little woman fairly flew about her work; she had to, for it was nearly eleven o'clock. There were vegetables to put over to cook, butter to work and moid, cold cottage cheese to make, and the young chickens who were crying piteously for a meal. And as the list of things to do lengthened in her mind, she could not see how with but one pair of hands she was ever to get through them all.

Beside the dinner for her husband and two hired men to get and clear away, there would be the two sleeping rooms to put in readiness for the boarders, curtains to pick for supper, another cake to make, and also biscuits, for the bread would not hold out till the morrow's baking. And the day was so hot.

About five o'clock Deacon Baxter drove up with the three young men with their trunks and wheels. After a pleasant survey of their rooms and a hastily settling of their belongings, they hurried down to enjoy the cooling breezes under the maples in the yard, and their hostess with nervous, tired hands, mixed the biscuits which an hour later they ate with so much relish. Really they enjoyed and praised the maples so much, that the poor little woman felt repaid for all her toil and forgot how tired she was.

The boarders were as little trouble as hostesses could possibly be, being off about the fields or under the maples where they had strung some hammocks, most of the time; and they were so full of fun and life that one could not help a feeling of exhilaration just to hear them, and with their banjo and gay songs they made the old farmhouse seem like a different place entirely.

If the work could have been done to

advantage, it would not have been so hard for the poor housewife, but the water had to be used; the wood sometimes sulked and wouldn't burn, and at other times made a raging furnace of the kitchen. How that longed-for window on the north was needed.

Then she had to set the boarders' table in the sitting-room, which made so many extra stoves, and she tried to keep the rooms cool and free from flies, and the bees and bees were a long way from the house and the berry bushes still further, so day after day went by with not a moment for absolute rest, and every hour brought new duties. But Stephen Lewis was beaming; they were at last keeping summer boarders, and it was scarcely any trouble.

At the end of the first week each one paid Mrs. Lewis the board money. Her husband was not present at the time, and she sat for a little, half dazed at the amount of money in her hand; but at his entrance she promptly handed him ten dollars and fifty cents.

"There's your half of the board money," said Mrs. Lewis to the board money. "Good land! you don't think I dividin' it up all the time like that, I hope?"

"Why, I thought it would be fair for you to have half. If you don't rely want it, I'll keep it of course. Shall I, Stephen?"

"No, no, indeed! I'd much better keep the whole of it till it comes into use. They ought to settle with me, I'm head of the house."

"Has their being here added to your work?"

"No, I don't know as it has, to speak of. And I've brought twenty. No, Stephen, I've made up my mind once for all, that I'll keep half the board money for my very own, or I don't work another day. Right is right, and here I've worked year in and year out, and never had a five dollar note as wage money, nor a pres. nt. I'm tired of toilin' for nothing."

"Dear me! Don't you have the same as I do?"

"No; I don't have any money either to spend or keep, no more than a paper."

"I hope you aint losin' your senses completely, Lucy. You aint never talked so before. I guess you'd better clear up the table an' git kind of calmed down in your mind."

The summer weeks went by, crowded to the brim with the usual round of work. Mrs. Lewis had kept going. The various things she did between five o'clock in the morning and ten at night would tire one even to death. She had adhered to her resolve to divide the income, and her husband took his share with the best grace he might, determined in his own mind to have a voice in the matter when the other part came to be spent. He did not seem to see how thin and pale his wife was looking, pale, only when flashed with the stove heat over which she stood so many hours a day. He could not even know how little she ate, or that she slept scarcely at all. He and his men were busy gathering the hay and grain; it was turning out well; all in all, it would sum up a very profitable year.

One morning the latter part of August, Mr. Lewis saw a man coming down to the field where he was at work.

"Well, you're busy, friend, I see; but I come to ask if you can't spare a few hours tomorrow to do a neighborly act. It's to be paid for, but I'll be glad to do the brick church and burial over for 'em."

"Why, I s'pose I can; but who's dead?"

"John Hinman's wife. Aint you heard?"

Dropped as she was just dishing the dinner; never knew a thing more; died at two o'clock. Stroke, the doctor said, brought on by overeating. He knew at that time worked night to death; but then she was that house full of boarders every summer, hired men, milk to care for, no help. Well, poor soul! She can rest now. Then we can depend on you tomorrow? All right; be at the house by one o'clock. Hinman's about crazy mourning for her. You folks don't feel much sorry for him. He ought to have thought how dear she was sooner, and saved her a little."

Left to himself, Mr. Lewis did some serious thinking. What if it had been Lucy who had dropped down by her seething stove, helpless forever. Why not her as well as that other? He knew at that time she was baking bread and pies, and the mercury stood at ninety outdoor; what must it be in the kitchen? His interest in his own work was gone, and he went up to the house though it was barely eleven o'clock. His wife paused with a smoking pipe in her hand to ask if he felt sick.

"No, not sick; just out of sorts; weak like an old shak; don't want to work."

"It's the heat, Stephen. You better lie down till dinner's ready. I'm hurrying it on."

"I know you be. I got worryin' about it down in the lot, for fear you'd give out. Need you do so much hot days like this?"

"Why, yes; there's the meals just the same, an' all the rest. I can't let up, for it would get ahead of me entirely, the work would."

"Can I help you? Want a pail of water now?"

"No, I just brought some. Things are done enough to take up this minute, I do believe."

He watched her going so deftly from one thing to another, and trying here and there, but he could not tell her just then of Mrs. Hinman's tragic death; and he did not enjoy the well-cooked, abundant dinner as much as usual. After it was over he still lingered about, doing some unaccounted bits of work, much to his wife's amazement, until he told her about Mrs. Hinman, and then she understood his unworried fear and anxiety.

The next day when he returned from the funeral, he brought with him a strong woman of middle age.

"She's to take the heat of the work off you, Lucy, an' never you see if you can have a little rest, an' recruit up some."

But the reprieve came too late to prevent disaster; and for many weeks thereafter the worn-out little woman lay in her bed in the grip of a slow fever. The doctor came twice a day, and then every day, and it was well on in October when his visits were no longer needed at the farmhouse.

When the bill came in Mrs. Lewis said she would pay it out of her share of the board money, but Mr. Lewis said it should be paid out of his share, which was speedily done. And Mrs. Lewis still has her hall to spend as she pleases. —Emma A. Lentz.

IT WAS THE WICKED "POLLY."

Patrick thought it was the Voice of His Nival and got Riled.

An amusing scene occurred in a quiet up-town street. A young Irishman who is courting a rosy-cheeked servant in one of the houses in the thoroughfare called about his usual time in the evening. Just as he opened the iron gate leading into the basement yard he heard a voice say,

"Hallo, Pat!"

"Hallo, yourself," replied Pat.

"Hallo, Pat!" said the strange voice again.

Pat gazed all around him, but could see nobody, and once again he heard the voice say, "Hallo, Pat!"

"Is that all you can say, 'Hallo, Pat!' Where the devil are you, anyhow?" answered Pat.

"Pat, you're a fool," said the voice.

"Begorra, you're a liar, whoever ye be," shouted Pat, as he looked blindly around for his insult.

"Pat, you fool," again uttered the voice. "I'm no fool, whoever ye are," called out Pat, with anger, "an' if ye will show yerself I'll prove it to ye."

"Foolish Pat" came the reply, accompanied by a horse chuckle.

Pat was furious, and thought of his rival, McCarthy, who had just been in his mind. "Show yerself, McCarthy, only show yerself, I will! I will!" he shouted as he danced up and down.

"Pat, you fool! Pat, you fool! ho, ho, ho!" he shouted Pat's tormenter.

By this time Pat's coat and waistcoat lay on the ground, and he had his sleeves rolled up to his elbows and was tearing around like a hen on a hot griddle. There's no telling what would have happened, as it was nearly the time for the policeman on the beat to pass that way, when the basement door opened and Pat's sweetheart came out. On seeing Pat she uttered a little scream and exclaimed: "Are you crazy, Pat? An' what has come into you the night? Put your clothes on, man."

"You spalpeen, Pat! Foolish Pat! Ho, ho, ho! Go home, Pat," said the mysterious voice out of the darkness.

"Do yez hear out of the darkness. That is can lay my hands on him," foamed Pat, as he continued his war dance.

"Ah, you mustn't mind that, Pat," said his sweetheart. "You're a donkey, surely, to be reminding the talk of that crazy bird, men's parrots which they brought home with them from over sea. It's an ill-mannered bird, and do swears. Mistress won't have it in the house, so they hang up the cage out of the window of their room upstairs."

"You've a great gawk, Pat, to be mindin' the likes of a poor, simple-minded bird like that."

Pat became slowly appeased, and as he put on his coat, he said: "I don't mind what a burid says, Molly, but begorra, I thought it was that sneak McCarthy hidin' furnist her stoop." —New York Tribune.

MRS. OFFEN'S JOURNEY.

The Poor Woman Had an Unpleasant Trip to Town.

Mrs. Offen started from her country home for a visit to the city. She was an excellent woman, belonging to all the best social societies of her home town, and a great temperance worker. It therefore struck her as very unpleasant to have the car in which she travelled so permeated with the odor of whisky that she was obliged to ask the conductor to open the windows.

"I should think you would like some fresh air," said that functionary in a tone that Mrs. Offen resented inwardly as impudent.

The ride came to an end and Mrs. Offen gladly left the steam car for an electric, which was to convey her to her friend's house in the city.

"Dear me!" said this good woman as she paid her fare, "your car smells dreadful strong of liquor."

"I agree with you ma'am," said the conductor with a wink; "if you'll sit nearer the door it will be pleasanter for the other passengers."

"The man is intoxicated. What a shame," said Mrs. Offen to her next neighbor in the car.

"Be careful you ain't run in," answered the man as he went outside.

"Now, what did he mean?" she soliloquized, and as she thought it over, and saw the curious looks directed at her, she concluded to get out and walk the rest of the way. Seizing her satchel in a firm grip, she rose, but as the car gave a lurch forward, she sat down again.

"You're not at S—— street yet," said the conductor.

"I know where I am; let me out," she persisted.

"Don't let her off here at the railroad crossing—she will certainly be hurt," said a kind woman.

But Mrs. Offen insisted, and left the car, and soon reached her friend's house, very red and tired with her bonnet askew. Her friend met her at the door and was going to be very glad to see her, when Mrs. Offen blurted out:

"I'm goin' right back home. Everybody's been drinking. All the people are intoxicated. I wouldn't live in such an ungodly place as this. You are as bad as the rest. 'How that vile whisky!'"

"Sarah Jane Offen," said her friend solemnly, "I was being drinking yourself!"

"Oh, oh, what a horrible slander! I never tasted a drop in my life, and that's why I told Uncle Silas, at first, that I wouldn't bring a bottle of whiskey for medicine to old Uncle Peter. But I did, for I thought a sick man as old as he is might need it. And there it is, and I wash my hands of the whole matter!"

She opened her satchel and gave a shriek. The bottle was broken, and everything in the satchel was saturated with the pungent fluid.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed, "no wonder they wouldn't sit next me," and she promptly went into a fit of hysterics.

And half the pleasure of her visit was spoiled by the knowledge that she had actually figured as an exponent of intemperance.

Tough Treatment.

"Woman," said he, in agonized tones, "you have broken my heart."

She held her head on his manly bosom.

"Oh," said she, after listening intently, "there is not the slightest evidence of organic lesion. There is a slight palpitation, due, perhaps to cigarettes. That is all, and now the young man swears that hereafter when he makes love to a girl at a summer resort, he will be sure she isn't a medical student." —Cincinnati Enquirer.

HUMPHREYS'

- No. 1 Cures Fever. No. 2 " Worms. No. 3 " Infants' Diseases. No. 4 " Diarrhea. No. 5 " Neuralgia. No. 6 Cures Headache. No. 7 " Dyspepsia. No. 8 " Delayed Periods. No. 9 " Leucorrhoea. No. 10 " Skin Diseases. No. 11 Cures Rheumatism. No. 12 " Malaria. No. 13 " Whooping Cough. No. 14 " Kidney Diseases. No. 15 " Urinary Diseases. No. 16 " Colds and Grip.

Sold by Druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price, 25c, or 5 for \$1.

DR. HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC MANUAL OF DISEASES MALTED EXTRACT HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 WILLIAM ST., N. Y.

BORN.

- Kempt, Aug. 12, to the wife of C. L. Morris, a son. Woodcock, Aug. 17, to the wife of G. A. Taylor, a son. Hallifax, Aug. 19, to the wife of John P. Curran, a son. Truro, Aug. 16, to the wife of Arch McCullough, a son. Truro, Aug. 16, to the wife of Mr. McCormack, a son. Stanley, Aug. 15, to the wife of Stewart Campbell, a son. Glenwood, Aug. 5, to the wife of James H. Roberts, a daughter. Amherst, Aug. 11, to the wife of James Rogers, a daughter. Sydney, Aug. 14, to the wife of A. D. Gillis, a daughter. Digby, Aug. 10, to the wife of L. R. McLaren, a daughter. Truro, Aug. 12, to the wife of H. H. Sutherland, a daughter. Glenwood, Aug. 5, to the wife of James J. Roberts, a daughter. North Sydney, Aug. 18, to the wife of W. T. Daley, a daughter. Kempt, Aug. 12, to the wife of Capt. C. I. Morris, a son.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

DO NOT BE DECEIVED. RISING SUN STOVE POLISH. HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000,000 TONS. DEARBORN & CO. WHOLESALE AGENTS.

Gore, Aug. 11, by Rev. J. Layton, Samuel Russell to Windsor, Aug. 11, to the wife of Rev. Mr. Thompson, a daughter.

Bathurst, Aug. 17, by Rev. A. F. Thomson, Judson Peters to Maggie G. Robinson.

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DIED.

- Truro, Aug. 16, Hugh Currie, 75. St. John, Aug. 19, Joel Jenkins, 79. Freeport, Aug. 19, Isiah Tannor, 82. East Jeddore, Aug. 19, Colin Mitchell, 56. Montserrat, Me., Aug. 18, James Good, 59. East Jeddore, Aug. 19, Colin Mitchell, 56. Charlottetown, Aug. 17, Wilson Hight, 76. Annapolis, Aug. 15, Isadora Hardwick, 66. Florenceville, Aug. 11, Samuel Taylor, 81. Charlottetown, Aug. 12, Andrew Turnbull, 49. Lynn, Mass., Aug. 9, George Warrington, 38. Yarmouth, Aug. 20, Mrs. P. A. Parker, 71. Milltown, N. B., Aug. 8, James A. Healey, 39. Earlton, N. S., July 12, John McKay, 76. Chimney Corner, C. B., June 21, Mary McKay, 46. Milltown, Aug. 19, Sarah D., widow of John Harris, 72. Digby, Aug. 14, Mand M., wife of Harry B. Church-son, 36. St. Stephen, July 29, Mary I., wife of J. H. Simpson, 36. Halifax, Aug. 18, Ernest, son of Susan and William Walker, 4. South Boston, Aug. 17, Margaret, wife of Hugh Morgan, 52. North Sydney, Aug. 16, Catherine, wife of Charles Jackson, 48. Truro, Aug. 17, James B., son of Rev. A. L. and Mrs. George. White Cove, C. B., July 2, Annie, wife of Kenneth McIntosh, 49. Margolis, Aug. 16, Jane, widow of Charles Robertson, 48. Halifax, Aug. 18, Lizzie, daughter of William and Mary Wood, 16. Salem, Mass., Aug. 12, Mittie E., wife of William Smith, N. B., 52. Moncton, Aug. 14, Lydia, daughter of Meizer and Ruth A. Steves, 21. Acadia Mines, Aug. 11, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Llewellyn Ross. Berwick, Aug. 11, Emma M., daughter of Raymond and Minnie Cobin, 1. St. John, Aug. 19, John H., son of Gustie M. and John F. Hill, 4 months. Tatamagouche, Aug. 8, Mary Christina, youngest of Robert Ferguson, 9. Annapolis, Aug. 7, Leola, M., daughter of Aaron and Matilda Hubble, 20. Brenton, Aug. 12, Ivan Eugene, child of Frank and Mary Wynn, 1 months. Halifax, Aug. 19, Mary E., child of James and Johanna Dugan, 19 months. Jersey Falls, Aug. 18, Florence M., child of Charles and Mrs. Bessie Dugan, 19 months. Jacksonville, Aug. 10, Clara M., only child of Fred and Emma Everett, 22 months. Edmonston, Aug. 14, Joseph H. R., son of Rev. J. E. and the late Mrs. Flewelling. Carleton, Aug. 11, Helen Gardner, child of Mr. and Mrs. C. Hubbard, 10 months. Elmira, N. B., Aug. 20, Edith Carolina, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. M. Duncan, 3. Grove House, Aug. 19, Roy F., infant son of Rev. and Mrs. Annie Dunning, 6 months. Bleachment, Mass., Aug. 7, Clarence A., child of Alfred and Annie Lister, 17 months. Cambridgeport, Aug. 17, Isabel H. Moore, daughter of Levi and Minnie DeKnight, 21. Elmira, N. B., Aug. 15, Harold C., July 10, Amy E., 14, children of Ezra and Abigail Gray. Halifax, Aug. 11, John W. Miller, only child of James and Florence Miller, 1 months. Arlington Heights, Mass., Aug. 8, Elizabeth, daughter of John and Adelaide Baines, 2 months.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 22nd June 1896, the trains of the Intercolonial Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN: Express for Campbellton, Peggville, Pictou and Halifax, 7.00. Express for Halifax, 7.30. Accommodation for Moncton and Pictou, 8.00. Express for Peggville, 8.30. Express for Pictou, 9.00. Express for Moncton, 9.30. Express for Pictou, 10.00. Express for Moncton, 10.30. Express for Pictou, 11.00. Express for Moncton, 11.30. Express for Pictou, 12.00.

Express for Campbellton, Peggville, Pictou and Halifax, 7.00. Express for Halifax, 7.30. Accommodation for Moncton and Pictou, 8.00. Express for Peggville, 8.30. Express for Pictou, 9.00. Express for Moncton, 9.30. Express for Pictou, 10.00. Express for Moncton, 10.30. Express for Pictou, 11.00. Express for Moncton, 11.30. Express for Pictou, 12.00.

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