

Intercolonial Railway

and after Monday, the 10th, June 1899...

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Table listing train routes to various destinations like Halifax, Moncton, and Boston.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Table listing train arrivals from various destinations.

STEAMERS

1899. 1899.

YARMOUTH S. S. CO., LIMITED.

Boston and Halifax via Yarmouth.

Best and Most Direct Route.

15 to 17 hours from Yarmouth to Boston.

Trips a Week from Yarmouth to Boston.

STEAMER BOSTON WILL leave Yarmouth WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.

STEAMER HALIFAX WILL leave Yarmouth WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.

STEAMER MONCTON WILL leave Yarmouth WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.

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PROGRESS.

VOL. XII., NO. 582.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 8 1899.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Who Stole The Tea.

Who stole the tea? That is the question that is agitating...

When the Indian tea fire was raging some parties took advantage of the confusion...

There were some prosecutions for stealing during the fire but the tea was not mentioned among the articles.

Soon after this the chief went on a fishing trip and the fact of the tea being in his office did not seem to disturb anybody.

The astonishment of these officers was very great when they saw that part of the tea had been taken and one of them at last, Capt. Jenkins, must have felt that it was necessary to have the matter cleared up.

In the meantime a paragraph got into the papers about the disappearance of the tea and the Chief was aware of what had taken place during his absence.

It must have occurred to the chief that this would be a good way to get rid of the tea and so just as soon as he returned from his trip he hurried to Judge McLeod and requested a written order authorizing him to distribute the balance of the stuff recovered by his officers.

At any rate furnished with this authority the chief chartered an express team and during the evening had the tea taken to the North End.

Next morning when the magistrate inquired for the tea he was informed how...

Respectable houses should not countenance women of this stripe, for in comparison the denizens of Grafton street are far preferable.

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Members of the Safety board when interviewed by PROGRESS Thursday thought the action of the chief ill advised and hasty.

The end of the whole affair is not yet.

UNDER FALSE PRETEXTS. A Busy Checked Woman in Halifax Who is not What She Seems.

HALIFAX, July 3.—Maidens who have no visible means of support; who appear in public clothed even as the lilies of the field; who toil not, neither do they spin.

Of late there has appeared in this quiet and peaceful city, a young woman of rosy complexion, great wealth of hair and passable features.

In her costumes she is quite pleasing and her wardrobe is numerous and well filled with good-looking gowns.

Respectable houses should not countenance women of this stripe, for in comparison the denizens of Grafton street are far preferable.

The gentleman and the dog followed for a short distance, then turning, peacefully and religiously pursued their way home.

Yarmouth's S. S. Co's Programme. Four trips per week is the programme of the Yarmouth S. S. Co., from Boston to that enterprising Nova Scotia town.

Next morning when the magistrate inquired for the tea he was informed how...

go in out, They're goin' out." Somewhat surprised the merchant asked why he thought so.

A SUNDAY PARK ISOLATION. Barry Robertson and His Dog Exchange Compliments With Manager Hastings.

Last Sunday afternoon a gentleman accompanied by his intelligent setter dog was quietly wending his way toward The People's Park.

Not many minutes however was he allowed to breathe even the sweet air of Heaven in peace, for presently along came the great Controller, Law Maker Extraordinary, and General Boss of the Show.

The peaceful and complacent expression vanished as if by magic, dark as midnight grew the expansive brow, and fire darted from his eyes.

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Backed Out At The Altar.

If all the marriages which were scheduled for June had taken place there would have been at least one more to swell the happy crowd, and two hearts that had hitherto beaten as two would have amalgamated their forces and sailed through life as one.

As a child she had seen the evils of drink in her own home and though the person who had thus clouded her early girlhood had long ago reformed she didn't care to take any risks of that kind in a husband.

The night of the wedding arrived, the guests and a well known Methodist clergyman assembled and at the home of the brides father, and impatiently awaited the coming of the bride and groom.

Some of the friends of the general secretary of the Log Cabin Fishing Club heard a report that he was seriously injured while on a trip to that pleasant place a few days ago.

The investigation into the purchase of hose will be on Monday afternoon and PROGRESS understands that the committee who did the buying propose to take a hand in the business and to make the inquiry as searching as possible.

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to go by unchallenged, and Friday evening there will no doubt be "a hot time in the old town." The mayor, however, must have good grounds for the charge, for he is too level-headed to hazard his reputation and make enemies without cause.

"A public office is a public trust," and not a private treasure house. If I mistake not, the mayor in the present conflict, will come out considerably ahead, and the aldermen who have had their hands in the public chest will do so no more while the present occupant of the chair wields the gavel.

THE BIG FIGHT ON CANVAS.

The report that the pictures of the Jeffries-Fitzsimmons fight were a failure no doubt kept many people from the Opera house Thursday night but those who went enjoyed the best canvas show of its kind that has ever been seen in this city.

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A LONESOME WHITE CHIP

NO. 18'S LUCK WITH A CHUBBY-FACED MAN AT FARGO.

An Oversight That Involves Two Careers and Nearly Breaks a Gambling-House Keeper—Struggles Effects of Thrill and Gaining to Combination.

'The gambling bug,' remarked No 18 of the Harmon Club of Former Alcoholic Degenerates, 'is a bizzler proposition than either rum or dope. It develops wheels within wheels under the hat. It's a hard bug to shake off. It belongs to the clinch variety, and its a stayer from No Man's Land. It generates the fever and then the cold sweat. Pretty often it seizes a man's nerve and breaks his heart. Take the horse bug, for example. A man who lets the horse bug get into his lid isn't fit for work. Eh eats drinks and dreams horse. I had such a big horse bug once that I dreamed every night of some skate or other that was inevitably beaten a lap for third money. The way I worked in my dreams to get those plugs I was riding over the plate among the first three is a bother to think of now. I was going to say, in mentioning work, that a man with the rum bug alone can make a bluff at holding down his job. It comes hard work, after a swit night; yet the precisest rumrunner goes at it and gets through with it somehow. But the man with a mature, healthy horse bug can't work at all. He wants to know how they are running, it his picks are going through. He hankers to see 'em chasing to get away from the pump and the 'They're off 'P about is the sweetest music he knows. There are plenty of pinheads in this town to day who, long ago smashed and put out of business through the instrumentality of the horse bug, hung around the poolrooms just to hear the races called off by the operators. When their picks go through they snap their fingers and root as if they stood to win it all back, although they haven't even got a bet down in a ten cent handbook. The horse bug is a lulu as a long distance goer, all right. None of the gambling bugs, in fact, is a mere sprinter. They all last a route.

'Well, when you get the gambling bug in combination with the rum bug, you're in trouble and plenty of it. They play one against the other, and they've got possession. You're never it. You make a winning and rum bug hauls down the pot. You decide to eradicate the gambling bug and let the rum bug play solitaire. When the rum bug gets you going you immediately set out to cultivate another gambling bug. And you're never one, two, three.

'Of the different species of the gambling bug the faro clincher'll take you about as far as any o'em. It got me out to Spokane about twelve years ago. I landed there with the last suit and a straw hat, and it pretty chilly at that, I'd been trying to create a booze famine in Denver and put all the Denver banks out of business, and when I fell down on both jobs I turned my face toward the land of the setting sun on a tourist sleeper and pulled up in Spokane, because that was as far as my ticket read. I put the temporary squinch on the rum bug when I got there and picked along at a ten-cent table with the last \$2 had. I ran it up to about \$75 policed myself up and fell into a good job as boss dealer for one of the biggest limit banks in the burg. I worked along there for about three months, sloughing off, as usual, the \$10 a night that I earned dealing, by trying to whop other banks during the afternoon when the shoestringers come along who nailed me for more than half the bank's roll and got me fired.

'He was a seedy, chubby-faced duck from somewhere back this way, as I judgd from his spiel. I had noticed him standing behind the chairs of players for about a week of nights before he got into the game. The way he got in was by plunking a white chip—the whites were \$1—on the king to win. He stood up waiting for the turn without much of a show of interest. The king won and he let it stand. It won four straight times and he let it stand each time. Then he pulled down the bunch and called the turn right. My lookout nodded him to take the seat of a busted player who got up when the box ran out, and the chubby-faced, chubby chap sat down, pulled out an inch of pencil to keep cases and started in to play faro with the pick up he had made off one white. He knew the game and his luck was along with him. Inside of an hour he had traded his five or six tall stacks of whites for \$6 blues out of my rack and he still went on and won. He cashed in, when he was about \$400 to the good and went out for a while. When he returned and he had three other fellows along with him, all of them just about as seedy and down-at-heel looking as himself. He bought a twenty stack of blues for himself and staked each of his three

friends to a bunch of the same bright, which took all of his \$400. They all got seats, and from the moment they sat down they began to wallop me. They were scientific men at bank and all four of them won from the jump. They never copped each other, so that the bank did not benefit any from their differences of opinion on the turns. When they got about \$8,000 of the bank's money inside of two hours play I looked around for the old man intending to ask him to put in another dealer to break the bank's hoodoo. The old man wasn't around, however, and so I went on dealing. When they had taken \$8,000 out of the safe—it was then along toward 2 o'clock in the morning—I had a chin with a lookout and we decided to turn the box on them for the night not knowing how the old man would feel over the melting of half his roll.

'It's all off for the night,' said I to the chubby face chap, addressing him as the stake of the four. 'Come around to-morrow night, and pass it in again.'

'Want to give each of us a \$1,000 turn on separate cards in a fresh box for a wind up?' he asked me. A dealer never turns down a coupling chance like that, and I nodded. I rifled the boxful, and they put markers down to indicate their respective \$1,000 bets. All four of them won, which put the bank a bit over \$12,000 to the bid.

'Then they cashed in. The chubby faced chap gave each of his three pairs \$2,000, and they passed out, as shabby a looking lot of geezers to have broken the spine of one of the good banks of the boom town as ever I saw.

'The old man didn't turn up that night, but when I and the lookout told him the next morning of the coal mauling we had got the night before he looked black.

'You're both all right,' said he, 'but you're fired. I don't ask men working for me to deal brace or phony, but I can't stand for the worst pair of Jonahs this side of the Big Divide. I pass you both up. Get what's a coming to you from the money devil, and consider yourselves dished.'

'The way the old man took it made me rather hot. I told him so.

'You're a game sport,' said I to him, with the copper on. I don't mind being fired particularly, but to get an unresurable roast from a man who talks like a sure thinger inflates my chest.

'There was only \$50 or \$60 coming to

me, and when I got hold of it the rum bug came to life and smug me as a snail of woe. I pulled out of Spokane that same night with two rear pocket bottles and a ticket for Tacoma, and when I got there I found there was nothing doing. I chubbed off what I had left of my Spokane earnings at a 55-per cent. bank, and then I went to work in a tannery shop as bookkeeper for \$12 a week. This wore me out in less than three weeks, and I lost a listening ear again to the sonatas of the rum insect. This landed me at Seattle, and I made a couple of trips from Seattle to Alaska as purser of a boat. I had \$100 when I got back from the last trip and went over to Portland. I took a few there to keep out the Oregon wet, and when I emerged from the two weeks of it I was still being rained upon, and no place to get out of it.

'One night I was walking by one of the garish ginmills of Portland, wondering if I couldn't work the reliever game and get a bum suit, with about \$2 change, for the one I had on, when a fellow walked out of the rum emporium and happened to get his lamps on me. He was more than the limit in toggery and general grooming, and the shiny ones in his necktie and on his finger hurt my eyes. I knew him as soon as I saw him, and he knew me.

'Hello, there, 'Spokane,' said he, walking up to me and holding out his mitt. 'You look kind o' beaten out. When did you quit dishing 'em out in Spokane, and why?'

'He was the chubby-faced chap, no longer seedy, who had been the occasion of my losing my job as a dealer in Spokane.

'The old man couldn't stand for your win that time,' I told him, 'and he ditched me next morning.'

'He did, hey?' said the chubby-cheeked duck. 'Well, I'll tell you something. That was like squealing, for he didn't know that he had any cause for dumping you. But he did. Do you remember how I started that night?'

'With a lonesome white chip,' said I, 'I've got blooming good cause to remember it.'

'How 'e you suppose I got that chip?' he asked me.

'Bummed it off some piker, I suppose,' I said to him.

'Not any,' said he. 'I didn't know a man in Spokane, for I didn't have any front there until after I pinned you to the stick. I was just watching the game that



When a Boy Enters

This school he is not given a text-book with a lot of definitions to learn, as in the old way, but he is put at once to doing business as it is done in the outside world. Send for Catalogue.

The Currie Business University

Cor. Charlotte and Prince Streets, St. John, N. B. Telephone 991. P. O. Box 50.

night, like I had been doing for a week or so, when I noticed that you forget to pick off a white chip that had been lost on the four. The lookout said something to you when the four came out, and you didn't take the chip down. I asked one of the fellows at the table to pass me that chin on the four, and he did. That's the way I got started on the king play, and the chip that put me in business was the house's.

'I'm now engaged in the business, exclusively, of cracking banks with the top-price chips, and I'm making it stick, at that.'

'I told him that he looked the part. And as long as you lost your job on my account' he went on. 'It's up to me to make good. Let up first repair within tomorrow I'll stake you.'

'That lasted two weeks, but the chubby-faced chap was unbreakable. He was too much to the good. At the end of the two weeks in Portland can be made as warm as a similiar period in any old place on the slope—he emerged with an idea.

'It would be poetic retribution,' he said, 'if he could run down to Spokane and beat the bank of the man who fired you for losing to me. Want to try it?'

'We went down to Spokane that same night and the next night we both turned up in the bank where I had done the deal. The old man knew me instantly, and smiled sturnly when I passed him my \$100 for twenty blues. He didn't know the chubby-faced chap, though, for he hadn't been around when the latter had socked it to his bank through me. The best I could do in three nights' play was to cash in for \$1,600, but my friend with the bundle roped the old man's new dealer for four times that much before the box was turned on him by order of the old man, who had got cold feet.

'Then I went down to San Francisco and came around to New York by way of the Panama steamers. I was so derved grateful to land back here, not only with a whole skin, but with a front trimmed with cow bells all over, that I extracted the gambling

HIS \$1,000 WOULD BUY NOTHING.

So the Hobo Stumped up the Tramp Owner and Was Celebrated.

'I've slept under a shed with the thermometer 'way below zero,' said the tramp, 'and I've gone two long days with nothing to eat, but I'm telling you straight that when I once had \$1,000 in my pocket I was worse off than at any other time I can remember. I had just been let out of the Bridewell in Chicago, and was begging on the streets and being turned down on every hand, when I picked up a \$1,000 bill on the sidewalk. I thought it was a dollar, and you bet I made a hustle to get down a side street. When I dodged into a doorway and made out that I was a thousand dollars ahead of the game the sweat started from every pore and my knees knocked together. I was regularly seasick for ten minutes, and my heart thumped away until I thought it would break out.

'That \$1,000 meant a heap for me, you understand, but I was so excited that it was two hours before I could do any planning. The first thing was to buy a new suit of clothes and I entered a store and picked them out. When I exhibited that 1,000 bill the clothier ran to the door to call a policeman. I got away by a close squeeze, and then I realized the situation. Tramp that I was, I couldn't get it changed at a bank nor use it to make me more comfortable. If it had been a ten I could have had lodgings and a bed, but I'm telling you that I walked the streets as hungry as a shark, and slept at police stations and in lumber yards.

'Under the circumstances the bill might as well have been a piece of brown paper. I tried all sorts of dodges to get it busthd, but it was no go. Every time I showed it I ran the risk of an arrest. I offered a butcher \$1000 to get it changed, but he refused to have anything to do with it. I'd have sold it for half price and been glad to, but there was no such thing as making a deal. Finally in despair, I went to one of the newspaper offices and looked up the advertisements for tee week past. The loser had advertised, and I went to his office in a big building and gave up the bill. The reward was \$50, but he counted out \$10 on top of that and said:

'I wouldn't have believed there was such honesty in the world. You could have kept the bill as well as not.' He took down my name and all that and gave the affair away to the reporters. They wrote me up as the 'Honest Tramp' and had my picture in the papers, but you may guess I didn't enjoy it over much. I had \$60 in place of \$1,000 and as for my honesty, it was all bush. I returned the bill because I had to, and though I'm hungry and dead broke and don't know where to turn in for the night I'm not looking for any more big fines. Something with a figure "2" on the corner will just fit my vest pocket.'

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

RESIDENCE at Bethesda for sale or to rent for the Summer months. That property situated on the main road, known as the Times property, about one and a half miles from Bethesda Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebunkensis Boat reasonable. Apply to E. S. Vandy, Barrister-at-Law, Fagley Building. 24-25

No Summer Vacation.

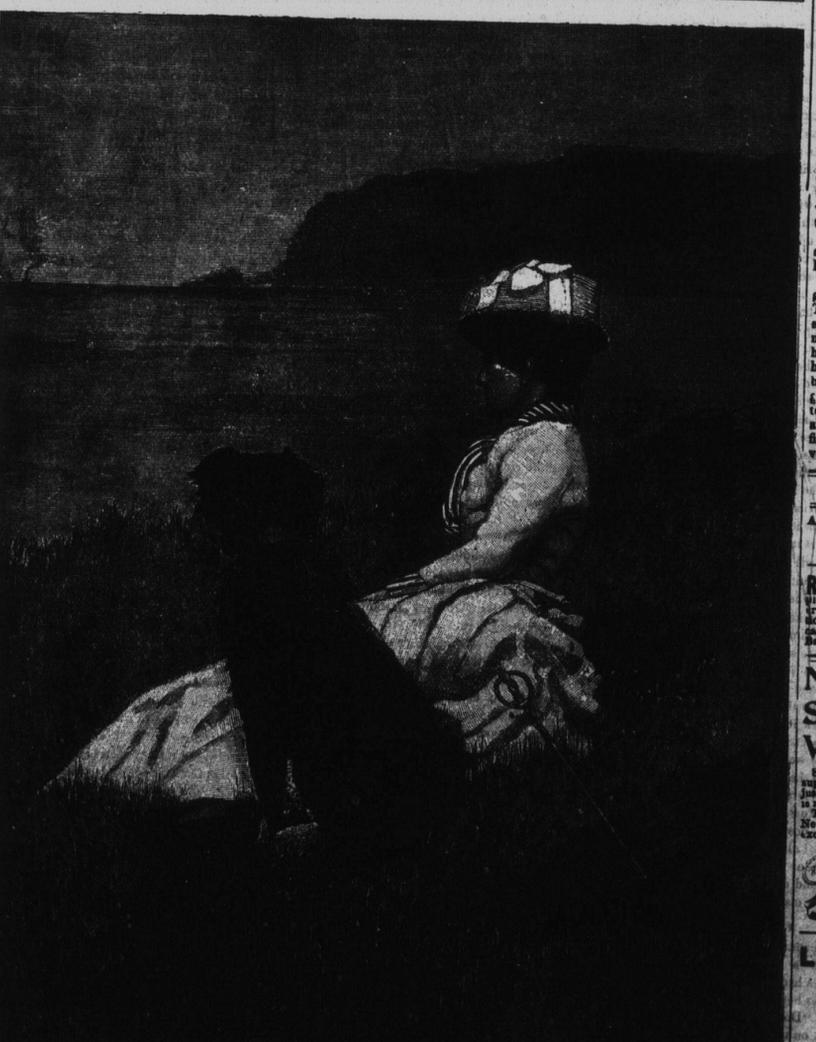
St. John's delicious summer weather, and our superior ventilating facilities, make summer study just as pleasant as at any other time. In fact, there is no better time for entering than just now.

THE BRAC RYMAN SHORTHAND and the New Business Franchise (for use of which we hold exclusive right) are great attendance promoters.

Catalogues to any address. S. KERR & SON.

Lamb, Cauliflower and Carrots.

THOS. DEAN, City Market



Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including names like 'Allan', 'P', '87 C', 'Barker', 'Nall', 'Price's', 'Gouraud's', 'Silk', 'Bath', 'Ivory', 'Rememb', 'Charlotte', 'the delicio', 'phate and'

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ADVERTISED ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Summer Catalogue.

At the moment I had to get it changed, but he had to have anything to do with it. I went to one of the newspapers and looked up the advertisements week past.

Remember the store, 87 Charlotte St., where you get the delicious Orange Phosphate and Cream Soda.

DEAN, City Market

Music and The Drama

TOURS AND UNDERSTOOD.

Visiting Herbert has about completed the music of the Amser for Frank Daniels.

Louise Freer, in a London journal, has some unpleasant things to say of her treatment in New York. Miss Freer is not likely to come back after such remarks.

Lillian Russell says she will vigorously fight George W. Lederer's suit against her for \$15,000 for breach of contract.

The DeWolf Hopper Opera company sailed last Wednesday for London. Over sixty people took passage.

John Miller has gone to Europe to secure a new ballet for the New York Theatre.

Kirke LaSelle denies that Frank Daniels is to produce his new opera at Manhattan Beach this summer.

Ignace Paderewski has postponed his arrival in America until December so that he may give his personal direction to the rehearsals of his first opera, which will be sung at Dresden in November.

The management of the Opera house has secured one of the very strongest attractions imaginable for the week of July 17th.

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A Delicious Tubbing

and then refreshing sleep—there is nothing better for any baby. Always use the "Albert."

BABY'S OWN SOAP

and your child will have a fine complexion and never be troubled with skin diseases.

The National Council of Women of Canada have recommended it as very suitable for nursery use.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., MONTREAL.

Makers of the celebrated Albert Toilet Soap.

playing with much apparent success in Europe will also be heard at one of these concerts first.

The Bostonians will produce next season a new opera, entitled "The Smuggler's Bride."

Edna Wallace Hopper will be starred jointly with Jerome Sykes in "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp" next season.

Henry Miller will establish a stock company in San Francisco if the present season of six weeks justifies the experiment.

William Courleigh will remain with the Castle square company, Boston only during the summer.

The Tremont theatre, Boston will open Aug. 28, with "Way Down East" for a run of two months.

Lilli Lehmann are to give in London a recital of German and French songs similar to the concert they gave in New York.

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a good deal of genius, and their advance paper speaks of them as the "greatest" combination that has ever visited the province.

Moving pictures of the Jeffries-Fitzsimmons fight being exhibited at the opera house this week and proving a powerful attraction.

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appearances were remarkably successful for a newcomer. New York and London audiences are alike in taking time to learn their favorites.

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Gris was more than 80 when she died on her farm in Switzerland the other day. Tagliani, who danced last, was the oldest in the group.

Melbourne McDowell has reached New York after an extended trip in the Northwest which was successful in every way.

Blanche Bates secured over \$300 for a special benefit in Milwaukee for the cyclone sufferers last week.

Edna Wallace Hopper will spend most of the summer near New York in order to study her part in "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp."

David Belasco writes to the dramatic papers from London of his enjoyable trip and his cordial reception in the British metropolis.

R. E. Graham, Albert Mahr, George Mack and Henry Gunson are to appear in Davy Jones to be produced at the Philadelphia Park Theatre in September.

Says a writer in the Dramatic News: "Here is something that's been whispered, but upon which you can place your own value."

It seems that Charles Frohman has concluded all arrangements for Sir Henry Irving's American tour.

Such is the story. If it be true, then Mr. Miner should be respected for living up to the new standard he has chosen.

Looked back at from a distance, says Outcliffe Hyne in "Through Arctic Lapland," the rye cakes of Lapland do not carry pleasant memories.

The grain is sown and suffered to come up as the weather and the weeds permit. When it is so near ripe as it chooses to get, it is reaped.

The dough is pawed out into disks a foot in diameter and from five-eighths to three-quarters of an inch thick.

There are two varieties of these delectable cakes. One sort is like india-rubber, and on this we could make no impression.

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SPECIALTIES

Ladies' and Gentleman.

We can supply any specialties and novelties in Rubber & Metal Goods at lowest cash prices.

The Universal Specialty Co., P. O. Box 1248, Montreal.

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 8

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

A DISTRUST OF TRUSTS.

Public distrust of trusts and indignation at their grasping proclivities have come to be a political factor of no small moment, and it is popular feeling on the subject that threatens to make an anti-trust plank prominent in every party platform of the next national campaign.

The disappointment in the imperial family of Russia at the birth of a third daughter is said to retard the coalescence of the young mother, who is a ware of the acute feeling against her in political circles.

A number of European governments have for some years prohibited the importation of American cattle, on the ground that they were infected with contagious pleuro-pneumonia.

Broadly speaking, a business education is one that educates for business. Few people realize the amount of special training that is requisite to equip a young man or woman for entrance into business life.

Few finer instances of moral heroism have been recorded than in the case of Lieutenant-Colonel PLOQUART, who has just been released from the military prison at Paris.

How She Encouraged Him. Dick—I told May I would have a kiss if I swung her it. Jack—What did you do? Dick—Swung the hammock, and I carried my point.

criminating documents. When he told his superiors his discovery, he was bidden to keep silence lest he discredit the general staff of the army. When he persisted, his chief, General Gosses, said to him: "After all, it is not you who are on the Ile de Diabol," but he answered that he could not go down to his grave with this secret.

Among the means of protecting fruit trees against frost, practised in California is the production of fog by a generator in the form of a wagon, invented by Mr. George F. Ditzler.

What is to be gained by a wheelman being able to pace with any railroad locomotive running on its fastest time? We will take it for granted that it can be done.

Colorado is waxing exceedingly worth over what it denounces as the fake gold statue that is typify that state at the Paris exposition. They claim to have discovered that the statue is to be made in New York, by a New York sculptor, and modelled after the figure of MAUDE ADAMS, who is not a Colorado girl, who never saw Colorado, and who doesn't stand seven feet tall in her footwear.

Some uneasiness has been caused in Europe by the appearance of the bubonic plague at Alexandria, Egypt. There have been only a few cases but they have occurred among Europeans as well as natives. Strict quarantine is enforced.

There was a funny incident in the police court this week when the magistrate called upon a prisoner to stand up. He did so but even then his stature was such that by looking straight over his desk the magistrate was unable to know that he was on his feet.

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PHENIX OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Buried Love. How calmly before me she slept, The summer was surely in bloom; And over her slumber I wept.

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER. ABSOLUTELY PURE. Makes the food more delicious and wholesome.

ROYAL ATTIRE.

Empress, Queen and Princess and Their Ideas and Dress. Some years ago Queen Victoria caught the dress reform fever and joined an association. Although the Queen never astonished her Court by appearing in a reformed dress, she thought the idea of some not too radical reforms in dress a capital one—at least for the other women.

During the last fifteen years the Princess of Wales has scarcely varied the fashion of her costume at all. Through the age of big, puffed sleeves she clung to small ones. For the sake of her gowns, the style known as the Princess has always been adhered to, and no one has ever seen a picture hat on her head.

The German Empress has well defined ideas about dress, and once organized a dress reform order. The Empress, however, is too fond of fine dressing to carry reforms very far.

The Empress of Russia spends more on her wardrobe than any other lady in Europe. Until and for a short time after her marriage, she dressed with almost severe simplicity, but the ladies of the Russian court took no pains to conceal their disapproval of the Empress' indifference to splendor of attire and the result is that her Majesty is gorgeous now.

Queen Margherita has a passion for dainty handkerchiefs, and the costliest lace handkerchief in the world belongs to her. It is valued at \$30,000, a not exorbitant sum when one considers that three artists worked at it for twenty years.

The favorite dress of Queen Olga of Greece is of blue and white striped or checked domestic silk, these being the national colors, and besides the makers of silk in her realm have not learned to dye it any other colors.

The cast-off demi-toilettes of royalty and carriage and house dresses are the perquisites of the head woman of the bedchamber, who, after making a selection for her own use, sells them. They are not allowed to be resold as they are received, but in all cases they must be remodelled so as to obliterate their special features.

Many stories have been told about 'poor Jack,' both afloat and ashore, some of them perhaps true, but most of them imaginary. The latest to hand refers to a portion of a ship's crew who, upon landing at their port of discharge, resolved on having a holiday in the country, and decided that a trip on horseback would be the most enjoyable.

Having inspected the stud carefully for some time with a critical eye, he shook his head gravely. "None of 'em 'ere 'll do," he remarked gruffly. "We want a dose of a long backed un, for there's ten of us gins' aboard."

The brightest page in the history of any war is perhaps, that which records the thoughtfulness of the officer and the faithfulness of their men—qualities which, when conjoined, make a regiment an almost irresistible force.

"You'd better get out of this," said McClintock. "It's too hot." "Don't worry, captain," the man replied. "I'm between you and the firing-line."

"Where?" asked McClintock. "Oh, it's only a scratch." They lay there in silence for a long time. The firing began to come from the left. The soldier worked his painful way around until he was again between McClintock and the line of fire.

Sometimes advertisements are funny enough to deserve gratuitous circulation. The following are from England, but they will be appreciated by readers in this country: Two menageries recently arrived in a border town, one of which was under the management of Signor...

A remark made by a six-year-old boy on a certain occasion was the natural result of confusion in his small mind, but it caused amusement to the bystanders. The house in which he had first seen the light of day had been torn down to make room for a wider street, and the little boy, holding fast to his father's hand, viewed the ruins with grief and amazement.

"If you won't stand up and fight," yelled the American soldier, "throw down your arms and surrender!" "You make me tired!" panted the Filipino. And he kept on running.—Chicago Tribune.

Beggar—Won't you please give a poor woman an old pair of shoes? Housewife—But you have a new pair on your feet now! Beggar—That's just it. These shoes are ruining my business!

When we say that our laundry work cannot be excelled. Ladies' and children's wear done perfectly. Neck bands replaced. Hosiery mended. Repairs made all free. Ungar's Laundry, Dyeing & Carpet Cleaning works, 28 to 34 Waterloo street. Phone 68.

AL BAKING POWDER PURE MORE DELICIOUS AND WHOLESOME

Having inspected the stoves carefully for some time with a critical eye, he shook his head gravely.

One of our heroes. The brightest page in the history of any war is perhaps that which records the thoughtfulness of the officer and the faithfulness of his men—qualities which, when conjoined, make a regiment an almost irresistible force.

'You'd better get out of this,' said McClintock. 'It's too hot.'

'Don't worry, captain,' the man replied. 'I'm between you and the firing-line.'

'I'm your captain and I order you to go. You are on your feet doing no good to any one but me. This is no place for a well man. I order you.'

'I ain't no well man,' he slowly admitted. 'I'm shot.'

'Where?' asked McClintock. 'Oh, it's only a scratch!'

They lay there in silence for a long time. The firing began to come from the left. The soldier worked his painful way around until he was again between McClintock and the line of fire.

'Take him, too,' McClintock managed to articulate. 'No use,' said the hospital man. 'He's dead.'

Business Announcements. Sometimes advertisements are funny enough to deserve gratuitous circulation.

Two menageries recently arrived in a border town, one of which was under the management of Signor—, and the other under that of his wife, travelling respectively on their own account.

Owing to the arrival of my wife, my collection of ferocious wild animals is considerably augmented.

This was the work of a foreigner. It is thought to have been fairly outdone by a native who bungled out the following from a travelling exhibition of war work:

'The public is invited to see Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria in wax-work, as large as life, and other curiosities.'

No Birthplace. A remark made by a six-year-old boy on a certain occasion was the natural result of confusion in his small mind, but it caused amusement to the bystanders.

The house in which he had first seen the light of day had been torn down to make room for a wider street, and the little boy, holding fast to his father's hand, viewed the ruins with grief and amazement.



The sale and 5 o'clock tea in Robeson's Presbyterian hall Tuesday afternoon and evening was a decided success, and reflected great credit on the ladies in charge, as follows: Fancy table, Mrs. Grant.

Mrs. L. W. Thompson and Miss May Andrews; fancy table, Miss Greta and Helene Fowler and Miss Emma Andrews; doll table, Mrs. E. T. Leavitt.

Mrs. J. A. Wilson and Miss Whiting of Montclair, N. J., are guests of Mrs. J. H. Murray. Mr. J. C. Hillard of Boston spent a day or two in the city this week.

Miss Ethel J. Fuller is spending this week with friends in Hampton. Mrs. Arthur Foster of St. Martin's, is the guest of city friends for a week.

Mr. Herbert White spent last week with friends in Montreal. Mr. E. B. Marshall of Windsor, N. S., was in the city for a day or two this week.

Col. Donville M. P. who was called here by the death of his mother, returned to Ottawa on Tuesday. Mr. Peter Clitch returned the middle of the week from a pleasant trip to Boston.

Mrs. A. A. Watson is home from New York where she was visiting friends for a little while. Alderman Waring returned the first of the week from a visit to Montreal.

Miss Jennie Boardley has been spending a few weeks at the Grove, Woodstock. The Misses Mabee, Florence Mabee and Miss Mabel Fawcett of Hampton are at the capital.

Rev. W. H. Street of Campbellton was in the city for a day or two lately. Rev. E. C. Booth of New York was in the city for a week while the beginning of the week.

Mrs. McAvity of the Misses McAvity and Mr. Harry McAvity spent last week in Windsor, N. S. Miss Lizzie Robertson is spending a few weeks in Sussex.

Mr. John M. Smith who spent part of last week in town returned to Windsor on Thursday. Miss Jennie Dougherty of Waltham, Mass., and Miss Ethel Collins, of Waverly, Mass., are guests of Mrs. J. H. Murray.

Among the St. John people registered at Kennedy's hotel, St. Andrews, during the week were: E. R. Machum and wife, E. G. Nelligan, A. A. McInnes, L. A. Keith, W. W. Clarke, A. Hunt, and A. Isaacs.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Pitts of Fredericton are guests of Dr. and Mrs. McIntosh lately. Mr. Clifford Creed is spending his summer holidays with city friends.

The Misses Katie and Frances Hixon have returned to the city after a pleasant visit to the capital. A very pretty, though quiet wedding took place last Wednesday at the residence of Urish Healdfield.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Egan of Woodstock were here for a short time during the early part of the week. Miss Helen Clarke of Calais visited St. John for a few days this week.

Miss Orlin daughter of B. S. Orlin went to Sussex this week to spend the summer. Mrs. F. W. Borden of Ottawa was in the city for a short time during the week and met many acquaintances and friends during her stay.

Archbishop O'Brien of Halifax and Bishop Cameron and McDonald were guests of Bishop Sweeney for a day or two this week. Mr. John E. McConnell of Marysville had rented the George cottage at Bay Shore and with his family will occupy this summer.

Mrs. McCormick and Miss Fannie McCormick returned, this week from a visit to St. Stephen. Mrs. Gaudet is visiting Estabrook the guest of Mrs. N. H. Upham.

Mr. Walter E. Milligan of the Record staff visited Calais this week to witness the fourth of July celebration. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. F. Dively returned Wednesday from a visit to Calais.

Mrs. Willis McCormick and Mrs. Geo. F. Baird spent Thursday of last week the guests of friends. Miss Alice Simpson of Truro was the guest of friends here for a day or two this week.

July 6—Miss Maud Taylor of Moncton is the guest of Mrs. A. H. Robinson this week. Dr. Otto Price of Moncton was in town on Saturday. Messrs. Ross Mills and G. Sufren and others drove over from Sussex on the first of July to attend the races.

Miss Mary Keith is visiting at her home in Canada. Dr. L. N. Price spent Sunday with his parents. Mrs. Milburne Keith of Harcourt is the guest of Mrs. Owen Keith.

Miss Palmer of Sackville is visiting her sister Mrs. E. Sharp. Miss Snowden of Moncton spent Sunday with friends here. Miss Blanche Alward has returned home for the holidays.

Dr. Harry Keith and Mr. Wetmore of Kingston spent Sunday at Mrs. G. A. Keith's. Mr. B. McKnight has returned home from Sackville. Max.

The Bullfrogs. I've live out in the suburbs. You will always know when spring has assumed control of weather. By the way the bullfrogs sing there is something weirdly mournful in the music from the bog.

The low drumming and shrill whistling of the varadillo is going on! If the nightingale's warbling haunts the bullfrogs, as they say, there's no wonder that the froggie pipes a sorrow-ade-ade-ade!

But to any one that's homesick, or is feeling rather blue, or will wish the whole swamp chorus had at once been stricken dumb! There are frogs that are quiet harmless, such as rail and toad, and those whose hind legs we see before we find and cry, mistle toad!

But you often hear "or think so. And it strikes your cold blood creep! When the legs are sacred, still twitching, a most lamentable "peep!" When you're coming from the clubroom, or the dance, gets late at night, there are amphibious young croakers, in a jolly take delight, in the forest's solitude!

There's the hum of the mosquito and the whistle of the toad. But suburbanites hear oftenest! The green bullfrog's wail! —Arthur E. Locke.

Welcome Soap Co. Announcement.

COMPLETE CAMERA.

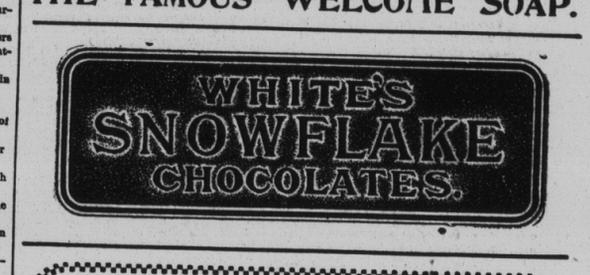
A FIRST CLASS CAMERA, (standard and of the largest American manufacture), taking pictures 3 1/4 x 3 3/4 inches, either exposure or snap shot, for

\$1.85 Cash 35 Welcome Soap Wrappers

Number is limited; apply quickly.

THE WELCOME SOAP CO., ST. JOHN, N. B.

MANUFACTURERS OF THE FAMOUS WELCOME SOAP.



THE BEST READING

—AT A BARGAIN—

The Offer of Progress

To Send New Subscribers to it

—THE—

Cosmopolitan, Munsey

and McClure's Magazines,

All for Four Dollars.

It is being taken advantage of by hundreds.

McCALL'S MAGAZINE

(The Queen of Fashion)

For 1899.

Will contain over 20 FULL-PAGE BEAUTIFUL COLORED PLATES—more than 800 exquisite, artistic and strictly up-to-date fashion designs—a large number of short stories and handsome illustrations—fancy work, hints on dressmaking and suggestions for the home.

ONLY 50c. A YEAR.

And each subscriber receives a Free Pattern of her own selection—a pattern sold by most houses at 25c. or 30c.

No magazine in the world gives such big value for so little money.

When You Order.....

Pelee Island Wines

BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND.

Four Crown Scotch Whiskey

will soon be the leading brand on the market. As it is 15 Years Old and has won every prize.

E. G. SOOVIK

62 Union Street.

Advertisement for Maypole Soap Dyes, featuring an illustration of a woman in a dress and text describing the product's benefits for coloring fabrics.

Vertical text advertisement on the right side of the Maypole Soap Dye ad, containing various short notices and snippets.

FOR ANNUAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.



Known poem. Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night. A light in which a young woman by hanging to the curfew bell saves the life of her lover condemned to be executed at the ringing of the curfew, is only one of a thousand striking instances of how a woman will dare everything for love.

Women are readier to make heroic sacrifices than they are to take the common place everyday precautions which insure their great happiness. Most women are careless about their health. They forget that physical weakness and disease will rob them of their life and shut them out completely from happy womanhood and wifehood.

Women, dyspeptic women are robbed of their natural attractiveness and capacity. They lose healthy color and energy and ambition. The blood becomes poor and thin and laden with disease germs.

The true antidote for this condition is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It acts directly upon the digestive powers and the liver, creating pure, red, healthy blood free from bilious impurities. It renounces every organ and tissue of the body, building up hard, elastic flesh and muscular strength.

At the residence of her mother, 50 Malind street the death took place yesterday of Florence N. Hills youngest daughter of the late Jas. Hills. The deceased was a sister of John N. Hills and had many friends who will learn with sorrow of her death.

The dance given at Bellevue on Tuesday evening by Lady Seymour was, of course, the leading social event of the week. It was a charming night for dancing, the air cool and clear. When all the guests were assembled, the ball-room presented a brilliant appearance; many of the ladies' costumes were very beautiful, while the brilliant uniforms of the naval and military officers contrasted well with the softer textures of silk and lace, chiffon and tulle.

Our latest bride, Mrs. Madar, so soon at an end. The young bride looked very charming in a gown of cream dotted muslin and chiffon trimmed with ivory silk. Miss Lillian Grant, her bridesmaid, who received with Mrs. Madar, looked very sweet in pale blue.

The Wanders sports, the first of the season were fixed for Wednesday, and just as everything was all ready down came the rain. It was a distinct disappointment, not only to the gallant Wanders but to the large number who had gone thither expecting a pleasant afternoon. More than one crisp summer costume was none the better for its outing. There was as soon as the rain took every body it had come to stay, a general stampede.

Already there have been a large number of callers at Admiralty House, and all who have met Lady Bedford speak in glowing terms of her charming personality. The flagship just now comes only to say 'how do you do' for on next Thursday she leaves us for Sydney and Newfoundland.

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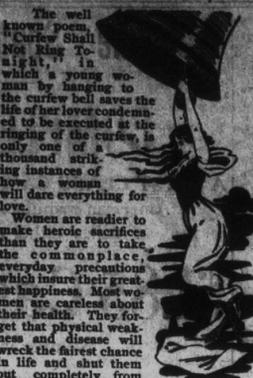
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Miss Clark, Boston, is staying at the hotel for the summer. Mrs. Robert Adams has returned from a long visit in Montreal. Miss Scullion left on Saturday for Boston where she is to receive a nurse's training in St. Margaret's Children's Hospital. Mr. Fenwick Cotton, Truro is at the Grand Central. Mrs. H. DeWolfe, of Exeter, Mass., with her two children is visiting her sister Mrs. C. T. Muir. Mr. Muir has in course of creation a handsome house at the west end of Main street. Mrs. Burgess accompanied her daughter Mrs. Johnson and baby back from Chatham. Dr. Johnson has returned from River Heriot. Miss Met of Foppley went home to Amherst on Monday. Misses Beata Kirkpatrick and Jennie McCall are taking the Grade A examination at Amherst. Miss May Pugsley is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Howler Pugsley. Mrs. Maxwell and Mrs. Lower of Northport are visiting Mrs. Elias Thompson. Rev. Jas. Sharp of North Sydney was the guest last week of Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson. Mr. F. L. Jenks who has been very ill is able to be out again. Mrs. Goddard and Miss Godard, St. John, are guests of Mrs. N. H. Upham. Mr. J. B. Cowan is at his summer residence on Partridge Island.

SP. STEPHEN AND CALAIS. [Prognosis is for sale in St. Stephen at the book-store of G. B. Wall, T. E. Atkinson and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at O. F. Treva's.] JULY 6.—Miss May Carter left yesterday for her home in Kingston, Kings county to spend the summer vacation. Mrs. Foyth and Miss Black who have been Mr. John Black's guests left on Friday for New York. They will also visit Montreal, Niagara and other points of interest in Canada before they return to England. Miss Ethel Teed left yesterday for St. John to visit Mrs. W. F. Jarvis. Miss Jessie D. Henry who has had charge of the Lynde school for the past three terms arrived home on Friday. After the holidays she will assume charge of the advanced department of the Marks street schools. Prof. Herbert Grant left on Friday to accept a position as pianist with an orchestra at a summer resort near Montreal. Miss Emma Watson has come to St. John to receive medical treatment. Mrs. Harriett T. Todd was the guest of Mrs. John B. Robinson on Friday. John R. Alger, who has been on a business trip to Madawaska and Carleton counties, is at home again. Mr. and Mrs. Sumner B. Hurd of Lowell, Mass., are guests of S. R. Gilmore. Miss Agnes McDiarmid of Boston is visiting relatives at Old Ridge. Miss Ethel Teed and Bordie Todd visited Deer Is. and last week were guests of Mrs. Daniel Richardson. Miss Edith Gibson of Maryville arrived on Tuesday and is visiting Mrs. Almon I. Teed. Miss Sarah Farrington has gone to Fredericton to spend a fortnight with friends. Miss Kate Washburn will spend the summer with friends in Rhode Island. Miss Edith McKean is making her home with Mrs. Ernest T. Lee. Miss Kate and Miss Gale of the Milltown schools leave this week for their respective homes in St. John and Richibouctou. Miss Anne Holmes arrived home on Saturday evening after a pleasant visit in Bangor. Dr. Stevens of St. John was recently the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Gilmore. Mr. Borden of Lubec is the guest of Mrs. A. T. Clarke, Church avenue, Calais. Misses Beata and Louie Taylor arrived from Pittsburg, Penn., to spend the summer with Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Taylor and are most cordially welcomed by their friends. Ferry steamer Harvey Smith of St. John, was in town this week. Stephen Payne of St. John was the guest of Mrs. Waterbury for a few days this week. Rev. O. S. Newham and C. N. Vroom are attending the church of England synod which meets this week at Chatham. Rev. E. L. Sloggett will preach in Trinity church on the day, and Rev. F. W. Robertson will take the services in Rev. Mr. Sloggett's church in Honiton, Me., on that day. Miss Emma McCallough left on Monday for Hampton to visit Mrs. Arthur Dixon. Mr. and Mrs. Scott Morrill of St. John and Samuel McKay and Miss Sadie McKay of Fannell have been spending a week at the Hanson cottage at DeMott's. Miss Lane, who has been Mrs. G. W. Vinal's guest has returned to her home in Vinal Haven. A party of young people enjoyed a delightful evening at DeMott's hotel on Thursday of last week. Miss Mary Abbot left on Monday for Rumford Falls and will visit Mrs. D. W. Brown for two weeks. Mrs. Annie Melick who has been visiting Mrs. C. H. Clark left on Monday for Elliot Maine, where she will spend the summer accompanied by her daughter Miss Katherine Melick. Mr. and Mrs. Hallock of Brookline, Mass., were guests of G. A. Boardman during the past week. Mrs. E. C. Copeland has arrived from Cambridge Mass. she was accompanied by Mrs. W. H. Dunbar who will visit here for some time. Miss Winifred Todd left on Monday for Honiton.

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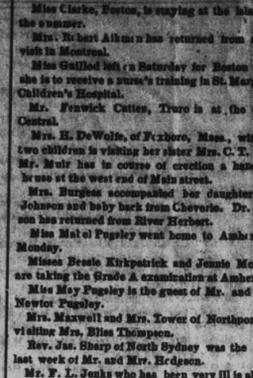
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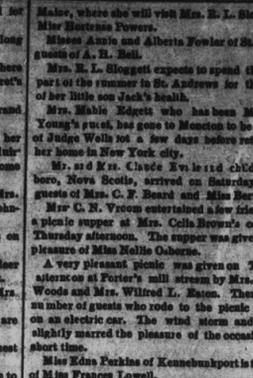
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JULY 4.—The school concert which came off on Friday evening in Cony's hall was a brilliant success and quite the prettiest event that has been given for some time. The programme was a fine one and introduced many novelties. The Scar and Fan drills were exceedingly well put on. A song, Buttercup, by Estella Parks a dainty little maiden was sweetly sung. A recitation by Miss Phoebe O'Brien, "Courtin'" was a amusing and well done. A Motion Drill by six little girls who look daintily sweet was one of the attractions. There were three choruses and they were well sung. The Shadow Fantomine where thirty-nine old maids were after one man caused roars of laughter. Miss Hibbard of St. Andrews, sang very acceptably "The Day is Done." Miss Beata O'Brien was the accompanist of the evening and was quite at home. Ice cream and cake was sold at the close of the programme. Fifty-seven dollars were realized from the entertainment which will be used for a school library. Miss Wilson one of our teachers left for her home in St. Stephen on Saturday. Miss Faulkner of Moncton is a guest at Mrs. A. H. Gilmore's. Mrs. (Dr.) Dick and Mr. D. Gilmore arrived from Montreal on Friday. Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Clark, St. John, are spending their vacation at L'Etang, guests at Mr. and Mrs. Jackson's. Miss Ella MacVicar who has been teaching at Chatham Ridge, returned home on Saturday and left on Monday afternoon to spend a week in St. John. Dominion Day was very quiet around town. A number of strangers from different points came to spend the day. Among them I noticed Rev. Father Davenport of St. John, who was a guest at the Lee farm. The band went to Black's Harbor and a number drove down in the afternoon. The bicycle club held a picnic at Dunham's Mountain and the B. B. Club went to Douham river to play a game. Mr. Vessey left for his home in St. Stephen on Monday. Miss Irene O'Brien, Miss Fannie Murphy and Master Callahan, went to St. Stephen on Monday morning to take the examination for entrance to the Normal School. The band went to Eastport on the 4th of July to take part in the celebration. Mrs. Alice Greenwood from Massachusetts is visiting relatives in town. Drink Only Good Tea. There's a reason for it! Cheap teas are not only flavorless, and require more tea to the cup to produce any taste, but moreover, are often artificially colored and flavored, and are sometimes most dangerous. A branded tea like Topley's Mistletoe Brand is safe, as its producer's business reputation is staked on its purity.



The well known poem. Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night. A light in which a young woman by hanging to the curfew bell saves the life of her lover condemned to be executed at the ringing of the curfew, is only one of a thousand striking instances of how a woman will dare everything for love.

Women are readier to make heroic sacrifices than they are to take the common place everyday precautions which insure their great happiness. Most women are careless about their health. They forget that physical weakness and disease will rob them of their life and shut them out completely from happy womanhood and wifehood.

Women, dyspeptic women are robbed of their natural attractiveness and capacity. They lose healthy color and energy and ambition. The blood becomes poor and thin and laden with disease germs.

The true antidote for this condition is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It acts directly upon the digestive powers and the liver, creating pure, red, healthy blood free from bilious impurities. It renounces every organ and tissue of the body, building up hard, elastic flesh and muscular strength.

At the residence of her mother, 50 Malind street the death took place yesterday of Florence N. Hills youngest daughter of the late Jas. Hills. The deceased was a sister of John N. Hills and had many friends who will learn with sorrow of her death.

The dance given at Bellevue on Tuesday evening by Lady Seymour was, of course, the leading social event of the week. It was a charming night for dancing, the air cool and clear. When all the guests were assembled, the ball-room presented a brilliant appearance; many of the ladies' costumes were very beautiful, while the brilliant uniforms of the naval and military officers contrasted well with the softer textures of silk and lace, chiffon and tulle.

Our latest bride, Mrs. Madar, so soon at an end. The young bride looked very charming in a gown of cream dotted muslin and chiffon trimmed with ivory silk. Miss Lillian Grant, her bridesmaid, who received with Mrs. Madar, looked very sweet in pale blue.

The Wanders sports, the first of the season were fixed for Wednesday, and just as everything was all ready down came the rain. It was a distinct disappointment, not only to the gallant Wanders but to the large number who had gone thither expecting a pleasant afternoon. More than one crisp summer costume was none the better for its outing. There was as soon as the rain took every body it had come to stay, a general stampede.

Already there have been a large number of callers at Admiralty House, and all who have met Lady Bedford speak in glowing terms of her charming personality. The flagship just now comes only to say 'how do you do' for on next Thursday she leaves us for Sydney and Newfoundland.

Mr. and Mrs. Sumner B. Hurd of Lowell, Mass., are guests of S. R. Gilmore. Miss Agnes McDiarmid of Boston is visiting relatives at Old Ridge.

Miss Ethel Teed and Bordie Todd visited Deer Is. and last week were guests of Mrs. Daniel Richardson. Miss Edith Gibson of Maryville arrived on Tuesday and is visiting Mrs. Almon I. Teed. Miss Sarah Farrington has gone to Fredericton to spend a fortnight with friends.

Miss Kate Washburn will spend the summer with friends in Rhode Island. Miss Edith McKean is making her home with Mrs. Ernest T. Lee. Miss Kate and Miss Gale of the Milltown schools leave this week for their respective homes in St. John and Richibouctou.

Miss Anne Holmes arrived home on Saturday evening after a pleasant visit in Bangor. Dr. Stevens of St. John was recently the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Gilmore. Mr. Borden of Lubec is the guest of Mrs. A. T. Clarke, Church avenue, Calais. Misses Beata and Louie Taylor arrived from Pittsburg, Penn., to spend the summer with Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Taylor and are most cordially welcomed by their friends.

Ferry steamer Harvey Smith of St. John, was in town this week. Stephen Payne of St. John was the guest of Mrs. Waterbury for a few days this week. Rev. O. S. Newham and C. N. Vroom are attending the church of England synod which meets this week at Chatham. Rev. E. L. Sloggett will preach in Trinity church on the day, and Rev. F. W. Robertson will take the services in Rev. Mr. Sloggett's church in Honiton, Me., on that day.

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- Governor Roosevelt's Letters... Robert Lewis Stephenson's Letters... Richard Harding Davis... Rudyard Kipling-Henry Van Dyke-William Allen White... George W. Cable's New Serial... Senator Hoar's Reminiscences... Mrs. John Drew's Stage Reminiscences... Joel Chandler Harris's new collection of stories... Q's Short Serial... Robert Grant's Search-Light Letters... Sidney Lanier's Musical Impressions... C. D. Gibson's The Seven Ages of American Women...

At the TOP of the TREE. Fry's PURE CHOCOLATE COCOA. Strongest and Best. 200 Gold Medals and Diplomas.

FEDERATION.

Proceedings for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Pease and J. H. Hawthorne. Mrs. E. H. Hildyard has invitations on for a garden party at her home for Thursday afternoon. Miss Hildyard, granddaughter of Senator Temple, burned the first sod for the erection of the Temple Fountain on Saturday.

SUBSIDY.

July 5.—Our lively little town was quite deserted on Dominion day, a large number of our young men went to Havelock some to take part in the sports held there. Miss Lando Robertson of St. John is visiting friends here. Mrs. Gilbert White is at the Depot house for the summer, her many friends will regret to hear that she is in poor health.

Miss Deacon of Shediac is visiting Miss Alice White. Miss Henderson is the guest of Mrs. Dr. Ferguson. Miss Alice Byrne is home from the Sacred Heart Convent, Montreal.

Mrs. B. A. Tyrice and son Mr. Raleigh Tyrice are visiting the former's brother Dr. J. E. Ryan. W. A. Alward M. A. has resigned his position as principal of the Grammar school, he has made many friends during the past two years he will be much missed here.

Mrs. James McLean and Miss Nina have returned from a very enjoyable visit to Boston. Dr. Burnett and family accompanied by Miss Carrie Mills are spending this week at Seabrook. Mr. Joe. Mills has returned from Kewport where he has been very popular as principal of the school there.

Mrs. Jos. Moore of Shediac who has been visiting Mrs. W. E. Colbert has returned home. Mrs. W. O. Sander is the guest of Mrs. J. Lamb G. Sydney Moore manager of the bank of N. S. has taken his family to St. Martins for the summer. Mr. Wm. Fenwick of Bathurst for the summer. Spear of this place were married last evening as they left by the Quebec express for their future home.

Mrs. O. R. Arnold of the Keel entertained a number of friends Tuesday evening, dancing and whist were indulged in. Mrs. Aldrich of Boston is visiting her sister Mrs. Mrs. Dr. Barrett. Much sympathy is expressed for her by her many friends at the loss of her husband. L. Ryan.

ROXBORO.

July 5.—Mr. William Brown is visiting friends in the vicinity after an absence of twelve years, spent in Aspen, Colorado. Miss Annie Finney is visiting friends in Chatham. Messrs. Allan Ferguson and Sidney Morrison of Newcastle spent Sunday in town the guests of Miss Ferguson. Mr. S. Ross of Shediac was in town on Monday. Misses Frances McLaughlin and Katie Flanagan are spending this week in Moncton.

The ladies of the R. C. congregation are making extensive preparations for a garden party at the presbytery grounds, arrangements of every description will be provided, some good music by local talent will be given throughout the evening, a good time generally may be expected. Mrs. Wm. Lawson and Miss Mary Lawson are spending a few days in Moncton this week. Miss Nina Frecher last week for Sydney, Cape Breton. Mr. Andrew Loggie of Dalhousie was in town on Friday last. Mrs. David Stathart and Miss Annie McMurray who spent some days in town the guests of the Misses Ferguson, returned to their home in Chatham on Tuesday. Mrs. Fred Ferguson went to D'Archer on Monday.

Misses Lewis and Henry O'Leary arrived home from Montreal Thursday last and will spend their vacation here. Judge Wells of Moncton is in town to-day. Miss Emma Hudson went to St. John last week to spend a few weeks with her brother Messrs. David and Will Hudson. Annona.

More About the Ways of a Peculiar Wasp Found in Texas. The Texas man who told the Sun about the tarantula hawk recently said another Texas man, 'didn't tell half enough about that peculiar insect. You'll find it wherever there are tarantulas, for it seems to owe the perpetuation of its kind to the presence of that king of spiders. In fact, it is known by the name of tarantula killer in Texas and other parts where the big spider has its habits. The most passionate bits of the air give the tarantula a wide berth, and the fiercest bees are content to leave it unmolested. In fact, the tarantula seems to defy the entire animal kingdom, with the exception of this giant wasp. The appearance of a hawk sailing over a barnyard will not cause more sudden or frantic scattering of a brood of chickens on a place of safety than will the approach of a tarantula to a colony of these spiders.

It flies up leisurely, the hind legs, for it seems to owe the perpetuation of its kind to the presence of that king of spiders. In fact, it is known by the name of tarantula killer in Texas and other parts where the big spider has its habits. The most passionate bits of the air give the tarantula a wide berth, and the fiercest bees are content to leave it unmolested. In fact, the tarantula seems to defy the entire animal kingdom, with the exception of this giant wasp. The appearance of a hawk sailing over a barnyard will not cause more sudden or frantic scattering of a brood of chickens on a place of safety than will the approach of a tarantula to a colony of these spiders.

When James is happens to suit the tarantula killer to dispose of him on the spot where the knocking about occurred, and leave him there to carry out the rest of the programme, but usually it carries the tarantula to some other part of the country, frequently a miles distance although the spider is many times the wasp bulk and weight. When the big wasp has got the spider to the spot it has selected, it penetrates its victim's body and lays an egg deep in the opening. The wasp then digs a hole in the ground and buries the tarantula. Sometimes it hides the spider in a cleft in the rock and plasters the opening over with mud. When the egg is hatched inside the spider the result is a most voracious grub, which at once begins to eat its way out of its cocoon. It is as if the spider had been kept on ice, since and fresh in all its life and instincts. The wasp's greedy larva devours everything to the right and left of it, and all that is ahead of it, and when it emerges from the tarantula's head there is nothing left of the spider but its hideous, hairy shell. The grub digs itself out of the spider's grave, and in time becomes itself a tarantula killer, and does the same sort for a future supply of insects.

Once in a great while the wasp's egg will not hatch, but it doesn't change the condition of the tarantula. Some years ago a friend of mine found a tarantula in a mud-plastered crack in a rock. A wasp had deposited its egg in the spider's body but the egg was abortive. It is not known how long the tarantula has lain in its trance when it was discovered, but to this day there is no mark of death or decay about it, and there is about a sleeping dog or cat. It is full and plump, its legs limber and flexible and its eyes bright. All the elements of life are present, apparently, and yet the spider is practically as dead as the proverbial chicken.

If it is the nature of this tarantula killer with the paralyzing sting to be pronounced, there would be no living where it abounds. Fortunately the wasp's temper is good and it never shows any inclination to resent the presence of a man except when it has an embalm tarantula in tow. Then it will show its displeasure if it is approached too closely. There is a tradition of a Mexican who was stung by one of these wasps on an occasion of that kind. He was stung in the neck. Paralysis of one side ensued and he finally died.

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Just received—Dunn's Ham, Bacon, Canned Ham, Canned Bacon, Devilled Ham, Pickled Pigs Feet and Spare Ribs. Fresh every day, Sausage, Bologna and Hominy Eggs. Lard in casks and Tins.

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THOS. L. BOURKE Buctouche Bar Oysters. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Buctouche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square.

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The Scott Medicine Co., KINGSTON ONT.

TIGER'S DOSE OF KNOCKOUT.

Put to Sleep by a Dinner on a Poppy-fed Bear.

There was a queer tiger kill in the Ghorbasa district some weeks ago, writes A. M. Siddhalm of Lahore, India, in a letter received by a friend in New York last week. The brute was a fine one, ten feet long, with a perfect skin, and there seemed every reason to think that he would give any number of hunters an ugly tussle. But he fell like a ripe apple into a basket, to the single gun of the hunter who blundered upon him in the jungle. It was a very odd chain of circumstances that brought the result of a dead tiger, instead of the mask of a hunter who might reasonably have been expected to issue from such an encounter.

The thing came about in this way: A civilian named Martin from Calcutta who was shooting at Ghorbasa was watching in a poppy field for a bear that was in the habit of coming there by night. Ghorbasa is at the westerly edge of the opium district, and the bears there in the ripening season of the poppies have a trick of eating the seeds in the pods. On this night, which was dark, Martin heard the bear among the poppies, but could not get a shot at him. After much waiting, in trying to get nearer the bear, he alarmed him, and the bear made off in the darkness into the jungle. The hunter was tempted to send a random shot after him, but refrained, luckily as it proved. The sounds of the animal's moving through the undergrowth had scarcely died away when there came to the hunter's ears the loud scream which the Indian bear gives when in great pain or peril, and with it the sound of a tiger's grunting roar. For a few minutes there were heard voices of the two beasts in conflict, and when these sounds ended the hunter, not caring to investigate further at the time, for the tiger was evidently the victor, returned to the fieldkeeper's hut where he was staying during the hunt.

That the tiger should have attacked the bear even without provocation was not to be wondered at, for there is always ill will between these two animals, and whenever they meet, unless the bear sees the tiger in time to take to a tree, a fight to the death is to be assumed. The tiger is usually the winner, and for the most part is content with killing the bear and leaving his remains to the ants and the jackals, but if hungry he sometimes makes his dinner off him. Going out next morning to the scene of the battle of the [night] before the bear's trail led plainly to it—Martin found about an eighth of a mile beyond the field, in the jungle, the bear's body partly devoured by the tiger. The condition of the ground about showed that there had been a lively fight while it lasted, and the tiger's tracks marked the direction he had taken after his dinner. The condition of the carcass and the tracks showed that the tiger had left the bear at least six hours before, and Martin had no idea that the animal could be anywhere in the vicinity. He sent one of the three natives with him back to a tank for water, and, waiting his return, smoked his pipe (to) the windward of the bear, taking no precautions whatever as to watching or keeping silence.

When the native came back with the water-chatty the hunter drank from it and then started to follow the tiger's trail, smoking his pipe as he went forward. He had not gone fifty paces before he came directly upon the tiger lying asleep in a little open space beneath an acacia tree. The brute was lying tumbled as if he had lurked in walking and dropped in his tracks, and was sleeping the slumber of the Seven Sleepers rolled into one. So close was Martin upon the beast when he first saw him that, with two more steps he could have touched him with his rifle, but the tiger did not rouse or move in the least from his place, and all the noises made by the party while about the bear and in their advance had failed to disturb him. Indeed but for his heavy breathing, the brute had all the appearance of a dead tiger.

At sight of the tiger the natives scattered and took to trees, and Martin, a thorough sportsman and as plucky as they make them, made some active steps to the rear before stopping to investigate further. Then from behind a bunch of jungle grass he fired at the brute and missed a shot as easy as could be offered. At the report of the rifle the tiger jumped to his feet, started wildly around and then bolted in the direction in which he happened to be pointed at the moment which was toward the acacia tree, and brought up, head on, with a bump against the trunk. This gave Martin a fair shot at his side, and he placed a bullet behind the shoulder. Though the wound would have proved mortal the tiger was still active enough to have made trouble for a dozen hunters; but instead of charging at the smoke, as was to be expected under the circumstances,

"A Fair Outside Is a Poor Substitute for Inward Worth."

Good health, inwardly, of the kidneys, liver and bowels, is sure to come if Hood's Sarsaparilla is promptly used.

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Loss of Appetite—"I was in poor health, troubled with dizziness, tired feeling and loss of appetite. I was completely run down. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and after while I felt much better. Hood's Sarsaparilla built me up." LIZZIE A. RUSSELL, Old Chelsea, near Ottawa, Que.

Blindness—"I have been troubled with headache and biliousness and was much run down. Tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and it gave me relief and built me up." A. MONROSE, 89 Deane Street, Toronto, Ont.



Hood's Pills cure liver ill; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

he whirled about and roared and tore at the tree, which gave Martin a chance to finish him with a third shot in the ear.

"Martin at first could scarcely realize his good fortune in bagging a splendid tiger so easily. By threatening them with his rifle he got the natives, from the trees and with their help he skinned the beast came back with the hide to the bungalow. His explanation of the strange behavior of the tiger was that the beast was 'dopey' from feeding on the blood and tissue of the poppy-fed bear. This theory seems quite reasonable, and it is corroborated by the testimony both of European hunters and and shikaries—native tiger hunters who say that the fish of bears frequenting the poppy fields has a narcotic property which strongly affects any creature that feeds upon it. This is particularly the case with those dissipated bears which are believed to have contracted the habit of opium drunkenness, which they satisfy in some manner in the poppy fields. Several planters have told me of seeing kites and jackals made stupidly drunk from feeding on the carcass of a bear killed in a poppy district. Others have observed bears in a state of glorious exhilaration or profound 'dopiness' corresponding to the effects of opium eating by human beings, and no doubt attributable to the same cause.

It is from poppy honey that the bear most frequently, perhaps wholly, gets his dose of knockout. This medicinal substance, one of the most subtle agents employed by thugs and gypsies in reducing the stranger to the somnolent condition in which he may unsuspectingly be robbed or murdered, plays strange pranks in the animal kingdom. The bees that collect it from the flowers often get to be confirmed

opium smokers, and pursue zigzag fights and fall by the wayside on their return homeward from the poppy fields. The honey gathering bees are subject to like mishaps, and birds and beasts that feed upon ants and bees get from these victims dropped in their way a dose of knockout which sometimes leaves them helplessly drunk—a reproach to their species and a prey to their enemies.

SHARKS FROM THE AMAZON. A Cargo of Them Valued at \$250,000 Destroyed for the Paris Exposition.

The Portuguese bark that in April left Para, the big rubber cargo boat, with a cargo consisting entirely of sharks has landed them safely in Europe. The collection was gathered along the Amazon River, is valued at \$10,000, and the purpose is to exhibit the whole lot at the Paris Exposition next year. The sharks are owned by some French snake chasers, and it took several years to get them together. They include two constrictors of the largest size.

The Amazon region is an ideal place for snake hunting, for the reptiles are very abundant. A great deal of work is required, however, to make a representative collection of this genus of the Amazon fauna, for different species often live far apart, and it is necessary to secure the finest specimens without injury, either alive or for museum purposes. Some of the largest snakes are found very near the Atlantic. In the west coast reports are very common in the neighborhood of Para. When the famous naturalist Bates made his visit to the Amazon a lamp lighter woke him up early one morning in Para to show him a boa constrictor he had just killed in the street just from Bates's door. He had not the reptile nearly in two with a large knife as it was making its way down the sandy street. Native hunters sometimes capture boa constrictors alive in the forests near Para.

A little later Bates was near coming into collision with a boa constrictor. He had just entered a rushing noise and thought a squall was coming. It proved, however, to be one of those enormous snakes coming down a slope and making the dry twigs crack with its weight as it moved over them. Bates said he knew there was no danger, and so he kept his ground. When the reptile saw him it suddenly turned and glided at a faster rate down the path. Bates was not cut short to note its size and coloring, as to get cut short it was the reptile moved so fast he was unable to get near enough for his purpose. There was little of the serpentine motion. The rapidly moving and shining body looked like a stream of brown liquid flowing over the thick bed of fallen leaves rather than like a serpent of varied colors.

In the wilderness, where the Brazilian plant case, the collecting of the fruit is often dangerous from the number of poisonous snakes that frequent these places. The snake is by far the most dangerous one of Amazon reptiles. It does not hesitate sometimes to attack human beings, and it often haunts the neighborhood of the settlements in order to get to the water, of which it is very fond. A naturalist wrote a while ago of one of these snakes that had been despoiling the hen coops along the river. Two parties of young men started in canoe to find the creature. They searched all the little holes on both sides of the Amazon, and at last discovered the object of their search snuggled itself on a log at the mouth of a muddy stream. They killed it with harpoons. It was not a very large specimen measuring only eighteen feet in length and sixteen inches in circumference at the widest part of its body.

One day a native killed an anaconda without any harm just as the creature was about to make a meal of his 10-year-old son. As the lad was playing in the water the creature crept upon him, and had involved him in its coils before it was perceived. The boy screamed for help, and as the

Advertisement for 'Quick Easy Washing' soap. Includes an illustration of a woman washing clothes and the text: 'No other soap on earth can do your washing so quickly so easily so satisfactorily as SURPRISE Soap. It's a pure, hard, harmless soap, too. It will lengthen the life of your choicest linen. Only 5 cents for a big cake. Remember the name "Surprise." SURPRISE LIGHTENS LABOR'"/>

animal was drawing the coils tighter the frantic father rushed to the spot, seized the anaconda boldly by the head and tore its jaws asunder. This formidable serpent grows to an enormous size and lives to a great age. Specimens have been killed measuring forty-two feet in length.

Conductor Laughed Last. Some bright young men are employed on the street railways of Massachusetts. It was with the hope of 'April-fooling' one of them says the Brockton enterprise, that his 'girl friends' borrowed a dressmaker's dummy. They clothed it becomingly, and at the proper moment stood behind a pole, with one of its hands outstretched as if to stop the car. The motorman unsuspectingly stopped, and the conductor waited for the passenger to get aboard. As there was no apparent movement the conductor swung his head round the corner and inquired: if the lady wanted to take that car. At this point there was a scream of delight from a near-by house, and a chorus of female voices rang forth cheerily in 'April fool'!

The conductor never changed expression. He stepped from the car, carefully lifted the dummy aboard, and off they went. Upon his return trip he found some young ladies with serious faces waiting for him. 'You must return that dummy!' declared one of them, in a tearful voice. 'We borrowed it, and have got to return it.' 'That's nothing to do with me,' replied the conductor, cheerfully. 'I've taken the lady to Bridgewater and back, and if you want her, there is twenty cents in fares to be paid.' Appeals were vain, and at last, in desperation, the fares were left, and the dummy returned. Even the young ladies acknowledged there is a question as to who was fooled.

Brain Work. Doczenbury—Really, now, Livingston, there isn't any brain work in golf, is there? Livingston—No, unless you go around trying to make chumps understand why you like it.—Tit-Bits.

Proved. Jimmy—Aw, I don't believe this nonsense about gettin a lickin before night if you spin a chair around! Tommy—I do. I tried it on grandpa's office chair while he was in it takin a nap.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of mortgage bearing date the twenty-third day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-four, and registered in the files of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the City and County of St. John as number 85887, in Book 59 of Records pages 30, 31, 32 and 33, on the seventh day of February A. D. 1894, and made between William Thomsen of the City of Saint John in the City and County of St. John and Province of New Brunswick and Mary Knox of the same place, widow of the late James Knox of the one part, and George E. Fenney of the City of Fredericton in the County of York and Province of New Brunswick of the other part, there will for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured and made payable by and by the said Indenture of mortgage herein having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at public auction at Chubb's Corner, so called, in the said City of St. John, on SATURDAY, THE TWENTY-SECOND DAY OF JULY NEXT, at the hour of twelve of the clock noon of that day, the lands and premises in the said Indenture of mortgage described as follows: That is to say:—

"A LITTLE CERTAIN LOT, PIECE OR parcel of land situate lying and being in the city of Saint John aforesaid and bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at the South West Corner of Duke and Westworth Streets, thence running along the Southern side of Duke Street forty feet in a Westerly direction thence Southerly and five feet thence Easterly parallel to Westworth Street one hundred and five feet thence Southerly parallel to Duke Street thirty feet to Westworth Street thence Northerly along Westworth Street to the place of beginning."

ALSO: "All that certain other piece or parcel of land situate fronting on said Westworth Street described as follows:—Beginning at a point on the Westerly side of Westworth Street Southerly one hundred and five feet from Duke Street thence Southerly twenty-one feet on Westworth Street thence Westerly at right angles to Westworth Street eighty feet thence Northerly parallel to Westworth Street twenty-one feet thence Easterly eighty feet to the place of beginning."

Together with all buildings erections and improvements thereon. Dated the tenth day of May A. D. 1899. GEORGE E. FENNEY, Mortgagee to Mortgagees.

Advertisement for 'Four 4 Dollars' magazine. Text: 'FOUR 4 DOLLARS - YOU CAN HAVE - Progress, - and those popular magazines - Munsey McClureAND..... Cosmopolitan sent to your address for one year. DON'T MISS IT! You can't AFFORD to miss it, if you have time to read, and want CHEAP and GOOD reading matter. P. S. Old subscribers can secure the magazines upon renewing, for 50c. extra or \$4.50 in all.'

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1899.

Quick Easy Washing.

No other soap on earth can do your washing so quickly so easily so satisfactorily as SURPRISE Soap.

It's a pure, hard, harmless soap, too. It will lengthen the life of your choicest linen. Only 5 cents for a big cake. Remember the name "Surprise."

LIFE PRISONERS HAPPY.

THEY ARE BUOYED UP WITH THE HOPE OF PARDON.

Model prisoners, and not subject to the movements of men who will get out of jail some day—some life men at Sing Sing and their hopes.

The complexion of the life prisoner is one of the many mysteries of prison life. It is difficult to understand how such men can go through the routine of life smiling and happy, and apparently at peace with the world. Nothing seems more horrible to the observant visitor to a large prison than the life of its inmates. For the first time he realizes not only how long a year is, but how long a day is, especially a day unbroken by anything unusual. Yet a more placid apparently contented lot of men than the life prisoners in large prisons it would be difficult to find.

The effect of prison life on the life man is in such contrast to that on the convict with whom the law has dealt more mercifully that one becomes more and more amazed as he observes it. Sing Sing prison furnishes as many, if not more illustrations of these peculiarities as any prison in the country. The man who comes there with a five, ten or fifteen year sentence to serve, he has a man experienced in prison life or new to it, enters on his enforced stay within four walls in a ferment of nervousness. It takes many weeks, sometimes months, to whip him into shape, and then his agitation is only suppressed, and he is a man who must be constantly watched, not because he is likely to make trouble—for long term men rarely take a chance of losing their commutation—but because he is likely to make a mental or physical wreck of himself.

From the day that a limited sentence man does his suit of stripes he begins to look forward to the day of his release. It may be twelve, it may be fifteen years away, but he knows the very day of the week on which it will come, and knows almost to the minute when he will be summoned to the warden's office to receive his civilian's clothing and the few dollars his years of toil have earned for him, and to be told that he is free. He doesn't have a happy moment until the day rolls around.

The way the convict figures out his time is one of the interesting things about a prison. Few of them have calendars on which to mark off the days; they carry it in their heads, and there isn't a case known at Sing Sing prison where a man lost track of his account. A keeper at Sing Sing prison recently explained this peculiarity of the prisoners to a distinguished visitor. The visitor was incredulous.

"Ask any man in this room how long he has got to serve," said the keeper. The visitor was in the shoe shop. He put the question to a convict. "Three years and thirteen days," said the prisoner without looking up. "Seven years and twenty-seven days," said another.

A dozen other convicts answered with equal promptness. They knew to the very day when they would be released. It is the last year of a man's term that is the hardest for him to bear. Toward the end he becomes unusually nervous. He fears that he may involuntarily commit some infraction that will lose him the three or four years he has shaved off of his term by exemplary conduct. Then again, the end so near, but yet a year off, makes that year almost unbearable. There is to-day in Sing Sing prison a young man who has served all but one year of a ten years' sentence for arson. He is a handsome chap, and in the Beau Brummel of the prison. He keeps his striped coat and trousers neatly pressed, wears silk shirts and calf shoes, which his family—said to be well to do—send to him, and does his daily work in the principal keeper's office. He went through all the drudgery of the common convict's life up to a short time ago, when a man was needed who could attend to books. Now that his long sentence is nearing an end his condition is pitiful. Every evening as the sun goes down he goes out of the principal keeper's office into the courtyard and stands watching the day disappear. As the sun goes out of sight over the horizon he goes back to the principal keeper's room, puts on his hat, selects a book from the small library and with a pleasant good night goes to his cell, where he reads until 10 o'clock, when lights go out. There is little danger of this young man ever

losing his way into prison again, once he regains his freedom.

With the life men all is different. Whether it's because most of them have just managed to escape death or from some other reason, they are a remarkably philosophical lot. They came to the jail despondent over the future, as is natural, but they become more and more resigned to their fates as the days roll by. In Sing Sing prison, where to-day some twenty men are serving life sentences they are the best prisoners in the place. They have no commutation to earn by good behavior, yet they give little or no trouble. They rarely get downcast and cry out against their fate. On the contrary, they are good natured about it. The only explanation of their failure to pine away from the very hopelessness of their condition is that they all hope to be pardoned sooner or later. According to Principal Keeper Connaughton, whose twenty-five years of service at Sing Sing has given him a rare knowledge of criminals and their peculiarities, the belief that he will ultimately be pardoned is deep rooted in the mind of every life prisoner. There is a man in Sing Sing prison today who began his term of life imprisonment there on Oct. 18 1867. During all this time there hasn't been an incident on which this man could reasonably base the hope of a pardon. Yet there hasn't been a minute in all these thirty-two years when this man has lost hope. He believes to day that he will be freed some day, and it is this belief that has buoyed him up all these years and made a model prisoner of him. If you told this man that there was no hope for him that he would die in the prison—as he probably will—and succeeded in convincing him that you spoke the truth, it would probably kill him. If it didn't, it would make him insane.

All the other life men are like that man firm in the belief that one day they will walk out of the prison free men. The chances of the majority of them ever realizing their hopes are small. It isn't because it would mean society to turn them loose, for most of them are man broken in spirit and more likely to be come charges on society than enemies of it, if freed; and it isn't because they haven't been punished sufficiently for their crimes for there is no such thing as punishment if twenty or thirty years in prison doesn't constitute it. It is because they have been forgotten in all these years and the very people who threw up their hands in horror at the time of their crimes would be unable to remember anything about them now.

It is to these long term and life men that the invention of the mysterious system of communication between prisoners in large prisons is credited. No one has ever been able to penetrate this mystery. Even men like Connaughton, whose experience and knowledge of prisons and prisoners is greater than that of any living man, have never been able to understand it. A piece of news can travel from one end of Sing Sing prison to the other, in from fifteen minutes to half an hour, and that two at night when the men are locked in their cells and cannot even see one another. With watchful keepers all around them, on the alert for the slightest signs of communication, a piece of news, can go the rounds. How it is done no body knows but the prisoners themselves, and they'd cut out their tongues before they'd tell.

Newspapers do not reach the prisoners, visitors can only speak to them in the presence of keepers and by special permission and the keepers themselves give them no news. Yet the morning after the last Presidential election in 1896 every prisoner in Sing Sing prison knew that William McKinley had been elected. Every prisoner knew almost as soon as the outside world when Fitzsimmons whipped Co-bett, and even the result of so recent an event as the Jeffries-Fitzsimmons fight was known all over the prison the day following the fight. There are many ways of course, in which the news might get into the prison, but the means employed by the convicts who first hear it in transmitting it to his companions is the things that has never been explained. That the system was devised by a long-term or life man, and has been steadily improved by others, is the general belief of the keepers.

Vincent Cody, a life prisoner, has been in Sing Sing longer than any other convict now there. He was a good-looking, athletic young man of 28 years when he first

donned stripes; he is 60 now, pale, gray, and rather thin, but withal a healthy, happy, contented man. He has marched out to breakfast and work, to the lockstep, every morning for thirty-two years, and in again, to supper and bed at night. When one gets permission to talk to him he is found to be a courteous, mild-mannered man. He has worked at every thing in the prison in his time, incidentally learning half a dozen trades. He is a bellman now, which means that he patrols the prison corridors by day, keeping them clean, and doing such odd jobs as the keepers direct. It is almost impossible to look at Cody to-day and imagine such an inoffensive old man as the central figure in one of the most brutal and unprovoked murders that ever took place in this city. Yet it was for such a crime that Cody was sent to Sing Sing Prison for life.

In 1867 he was one of the wildest young men in the lower east side of the city. He led a crowd of young roughs who frequented a saloon at 17 Jefferson street, and weren't particular how they treated strangers who dropped in. Sober, Cody was a pretty decent man of his grade, although inclined to believe that the world owed him a living. Drunk, he was dangerous and even his associates were careful not to cross him. It was in a drunken fight that he killed his man.

A young man named John R. Livingston, known as 'Prof.' Livingston had a slight acquaintance with Cody and his crowd. He went into the Jefferson street saloon with Cody and some others on the night of April 18, 1867. After several rounds of drinks Cody suggested that they throw dice to see who should pay for the next. Livingston won but Cody was ugly and accused Livingston of cheating. Livingston, wishing to avoid trouble, left the table and walked over to the bar. Cody repeated his assertion, whereupon Livingston turned round and called him a liar. He started to leave the saloon, but Allen and Cody headed him off. Cody struck him and Allen grabbed him by the throat and backed him into a corner between a wall and an icebox where he was powerless to move. One of Cody's friends called out:

'Lock out, Vin, he's got a gun.' 'Oh, he, has he?' said Cody; 'well here's another,' and whipping out his revolver he put it against Livingston's head and pulled the trigger, sending a ball through Livingston's brain, killing him instantly. The murder was one of the most cowardly that ever took place in this city, for not only was the victim wedged in where he couldn't move, but Allen had him by the throat when the fatal shot was fired.

It hard to look at Cody now and believe that this mild mannered old man is the same man who committed such a brutal murder. He has no friends anxious to try to get a pardon for him.

Out in the Sing Sing bucket house going quietly about his duties day by day, one may find a life prisoner who is even older than Cody, although he didn't get into prison until Cody had been there for four years. William Kelly was sent to Sing Sing on May 10, 1871, for a crime inspired by a desire for revenge, as well as by hope of profit. Kelly is a contented man of pardon to-day as he ever was, and often talks with his keepers about the day when he will be free.

Kelly is the murderer of the wealthy Long Island farmer, Garret Wort Nostrand, who was killed one night in April, 1871. A man named Levine was involved in the crime with him, but got off with a lighter sentence. Nostrand lived at Syosset, L. I., and Kelly, who was a track-walker on the Long Island Railroad, had a home near the Nostrand farm. Kelly lost his job through complaints made about him by Nostrand, and, although he never had any words with the farmer over the matter, he had a scheme of revenge.

Nostrand was in a Syosset saloon on the night of the murder when Kelly and Levine came in. Kelly and the farmer shook hands and Kelly and his friend sat down at the same table with Nostrand and some of his friends. The party had several drinks and in paying for some of them Nostrand took out a well-filled wallet, the prosperous appearance of which did not escape Kelly's eye. At 8 o'clock Nostrand started for home taking a lonely path through some woods. Three minutes after he left Kelly slipped out of a rear door and five later Levine left the saloon the same way. At midnight Mrs. Nostrand came to the hotel to inquire for her hus-

band. She was told that he had left three hours before. The next morning, Sunday, Nostrand's body was found beside the road. He had been struck from behind with an axe and his head had been split in two. The man who struck that blow is the same old man who works in the Sing Sing bucket shop, who seems so tender hearted that he wouldn't kill a fly and whose reputation in the jail is that of a model prisoner.

Kelly, like Cody sometimes talks of his crime. His memory is a little hazy as to the details of it, but he recalls a bitter hatred of Nostrand which he cherished in his heart for many days and a keen delight in his revenge when he struck the fatal blow. Twenty-seven years in prison have eliminated all the bitterness which incited him to the murder of Nostrand from his heart and, like Cody, he scarcely knows now how he came to commit murder. Both he and Cody attribute their crimes to the influence of liquor. Both men are repentant, and take a good deal of comfort out of their talks with the prison chaplain. In their old age the only explanation they can offer of their crimes is that they don't understand why they committed them.

Working as an orderly in the hospital at Sing Sing is a prisoner who has already served twenty five years of a life sentence for one of the most inexcusable murders ever committed in New York. This is Martin Gill, who deliberately killed his friend Mortimer Sullivan, in a saloon in 1874 because Sullivan laughed at him. Gill is a model prisoner and one of the most popular men in the prison. From a dissipated young tough he has been converted into a tender hearted old man who delights in ministering to the wants of the prison hospital. Freed to day and with any kind of a chance Gill would make an excellent citizen, but his chances of freedom are small, for he is one of the forgotten ones. Like the others, though he is constantly looking forward to the day of his pardon.

It was on the night of June 19, 1874, that Gill and Sullivan got drunk in a saloon at 258 Greenwich street. They wrestled with each other in a drunken frolic, and Gill was thrown to the floor with more violence than he thought necessary. Securing a cheese knife from the free lunch counter, he made several slashes at Sullivan's which the latter easily warded off. The proprietor ejected both men, and they then went to a saloon at 269 Greenwich street, apparently the best of friends again.

Gill wanted to make a bet on a race and Sullivan laughed at him. Gill struck Sullivan and Sullivan called him a baby and said he couldn't hurt anybody. In a spirit of drunken bravado, Gill got a pistol and fired and shot into the floor at Sullivan's feet. Sullivan laughed again, folded his arms and said:

'I don't believe you'd shoot anybody. Here's your chance; I won't move.'

Without a second's hesitation Gill put a bullet through Sullivan's heart, killing him instantly. The result of Gill's trial was one of the most remarkable on record. With a clean case of murder made out the jury disagreed. Recorder Hackett was so disgusted that he discharged the jury, and judged Gill guilty himself, and sent him to Sing Sing for life on a plea of guilty of murder in the second degree.

Two other life men at Sing Sing who have already spent over twenty years inside those gloomy walls are J. H. G. Baldwin, who was sent there on March 7, 1878, and John S. Downing, who donned his stripes on Jan. 16, 1880. Downing was a shoemaker at 454 West Nineteenth street and came back from the civil war with a rare record for bravery in action. He was an excellent citizen until poor business set him drinking. Then he began abusing his wife, and one night in September, 1879, he kicked her to death. Baldwin killed a man in Orange county, and was sentenced to be hanged, but his sentence was afterward commuted to life imprisonment. Baldwin is now 61 years old and works in the prison wash house. Downing is 66 and works in the bucket shop. The men are model prisoners and neither one has a black mark against him.

The only life man in the prison who are in really bad health as a result of their confinement are Patrick Casey, who entered the prison on June 21 1884, and Samuel B. Goode, who entered on December 8 1885. Casey is the expoliceman who shot sergt. Coniskey in a Long Island station house, on March 11, 1888. An effort was made to show that he was insane, and he got three trials, but was finally sent away for life. He is a general utility man around a prison, but he is so weak that he is unable

to do much work. He cannot live long unless he is pardoned. Goode, who is colored, was the janitor of a downtown office building, when in April, 1885, he shot and killed Policeman James North, with whom he had quarreled at Broadway and Wall street. Goode is so doubled up with rheumatism and other ailments that he has to use crutches.

One of Sing Sing's star cooks is an extremely affable man, who is doing a life term for cutting his wife into small pieces, placing the parts in a bag and then starting for the river to throw them in the water. A policeman held him up while he was on his way to the river. This man is Louis Francier, and has been in the jail since October, 1885. He is a good cook and a well behaved prisoner.

Of the other life prisoners at Sing Sing all but two or three, who are in for arson, are homicides. All of these men are good prisoners and enjoy more privileges than the ordinary convicts. Despite the fact that they all hope for ultimate pardon there is only one man of them who stands much chance of getting it. That one is the man Downing, who killed his wife. He was convicted of manslaughter in the first degree. That was a life offence in the 70's but at present the limit of punishment is twenty years. As Downing has already 'done' over twenty he feels as though he is entitled to a pardon.

ENGLISH PLUCK.

It is Known and Acknowledged all Over the World.

Prof. Moses Coit Tyler, in his readable book, 'Glimpses of England,' comments upon the fact that 'English pluck' is renowned in all the four quarters of the earth. 'The English are brave,' he says, 'but so are many other peoples,—the French, the Spanish, the Austrians, for example,—yet who ever learns of French pluck or Spanish pluck, or Austrian pluck? There is no Englishman, he suggests, a predominance of physical fortitude, which justifies the celebrity attained by the phrase all over the world.

The boys' schools in England manifest every day this cardinal English virtue. Every boy does homage to pluck, and turns sneaks and cowards. 'Not long ago,' writes Professor Tyler, under date of 1864, 'I happened to be as a boy's school near London during the play-hour. A little fellow was brought in with a severe contusion of the forehead, from a stone. The blood was running freely down his face, but not one tear. He disdained even to appear personally concerned in the affair.

The boys in the schools 'put into Coventry' the boy who, while hitting the bat, finches at the approach of the cricket-ball. He is ignored: no one speaks to him walks with him, sits with him—he is sent into exile. Few boys get 'into Coventry' a second time; they prefer a broken limb to dodging. If the Duke of Wellington ever did say, 'Waterloo was won on the Eton cricket-field,' that 'Coventry' business explains it.

In a school near Bath a boy got a deep gash in his arm from the spike of an iron fence; he fainted away and had to be carried into the house. Presently the surgeon began to operate on the boy, who neither winced nor groaned.

'I never saw such a stoic,' whispered the doctor; 'I'm hurting him awfully! The master replied in a whisper, 'It's owing to the other boys being here.' As soon as the other boys went out, the little patient began to roar with pain. 'I'll stop this,' said the master, and he called back some of the boys to hold the wounded arm while the operation continued. The moment they appeared the sufferer brushed off his tears with his other arm, and was grimly silent. The taunt of cowardice from the lips of the other boys—for that he cared more than for the hurt of the surgeon's knife.

It is a Spartan training; but it begets the grimness which, having done all, stands, endures, and flinches not, even under intense bodily pain.

One of the Napiers, that fighting family, while directing the troops in a Peninsular battle, had his jaw smashed. He went to the rear, to the surgeon, had it bandaged, and returned to the fighting line. 'A shot made his right arm useless; a surgeon in the field hospital bound it up, and Napier was soon in front, giving orders as if nothing had happened.

This is the quality of physical fortitude which has emphasized 'English pluck' in every civilized language, and is not a few barbarous tongues. 'Blood will tell.' Two thousand years ago the Germanic stock from which the English grew was noted, as Tacitus says, for cherishing physical hardiness as one of the cardinal virtues. English boys in the nineteenth century unconsciously obey the racial, hereditary impulse.

NOTICE.

is hereby given that under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage bearing date the twenty-first day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-four, registered in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the City and County of St. John, as number 6887, in Book 59 of Records 80, 81, 82 and 83, on the seventh day of January A. D. 1894, and made between William A. D. Thompson of the City of Saint John in the County of St. John and Province of Brunswick and Mary Knox of the same County of St. John, and George H. Fenety of the County of York and Province of New Brunswick, Queen's Printer of the above-mentioned mortgage, the said mortgage being well for the purpose of satisfying the same secured and made payable to and said indenture of mortgage default having been made in the payment thereof, by sold the said mortgage to the said George H. Fenety, said City of St. John, on SATURDAY, TWENTY-SECOND DAY OF JULY, 1899, at the hour of twelve of the clock noon, day, the lands and premises in the said mortgage described as following:—

THAT CERTAIN LOT, PIECE OR PARCEL of land situate lying and being in the Parish of St. John's and bounded and as follows:—Beginning at the South corner of Duke and Westworth Streets, along the Southern side of Duke Street, and Westworth Street, thence North and parallel to Westworth Street, and five feet back to Westworth Street, thence North and parallel to Westworth Street, along Westworth Street, to the place of beginning.

All that certain other piece or parcel of land situate in said Westworth Street, as follows:—Beginning at a point on the side of Westworth Street, South of Duke Street, and five feet from Duke Street, thence North and parallel to Westworth Street, along Westworth Street, to the place of beginning.

with all buildings erected and to be erected thereon, on the day of May A. D. 1899. GEORGE H. FENETY, Mortgagee to Mortgagee.

HIS "COMRADE."

CHAPTER I.

'Sydney congratulated me; you are always so sweet, that anything which affects my happiness is sure to elicit your sympathy.'

The person addressed looked up from her seat, with a glance from her great blue grey eyes, half-questioning, half-examining.

The man who spoke the words leaned against the mantelpiece, from which position he could command a full view of the artist's form and face, and the painting on which she was engaged.

He was in his four-and-thirty, the girl probably about twenty-four or five; most people would say she was 'very pretty'; a few said Sydney Desmond was 'very lovely.'

Among the few was Rex Dare and Rex Dare was always counted an excellent judge of beauty, whether in a human being or a picture.

He himself was handsome, with fine, clear-cut features, and dark eyes, at once brilliant and soft.

Just now they looked very soft and tender, as he claimed the congratulation of his 'comrade' Sydney.

'So you are engaged?' the girl said, archly, noting the look.

Perhaps in her heart was a swift pang. The camaraderie between the artist and the studio-patron would inevitably suffer, if not altogether cease, and it had been sweet to the lonely girl—she knew not how sweet nor, indeed, did Rex, probably.

He laughed and nodded.

'How did you know?' he said.

'Am I blind?'

Sydney took up her brush, and added, idly, a few touches.

She had swiftly scolded herself for the pang, which she deemed selfish.

'Tell me, Rex.'

'But you don't congratulate me,' said he.

'Before I know who the lady is and what she is like?' rejoined the girl, with again, that pretty touch of archness: 'that would be as rash as you are!'

'Am I rash?'

'Well, impulsive, at any rate. Do I know the chosen one?'

'No; I met her a few weeks ago at a country house—the Warwick's,' you know. Your artist soul would be pleased with her, I am sure. Sydney, the man said, with glowing eyes: 'She is as beautiful as a dream; but—he caught himself up, half laughing—'lovers' rhapsodies are not very trustworthy, you will say. See for yourself, as far as a photograph can do justice to her.'

He drew forth and placed in Sydney's hand a cabinet photograph, an exquisite specimen of the photograph's art, as Sydney at once saw, and the artist eye of the girl was caught and fix in a kind of breathless admiration.

The picture represented a girl, some where probably, about Sydney's own age, with exquisite, almost infantile, softness of outline, large long-lashed eyes, that looked out with a kind of innocent wonderment on the world, a Cupid's bow, and masses of fluffy light hair.

And yet it was with a curious pain somewhere that Sydney looked so long at the picture—looked with a kind of searching for something that the artist-soul demanded.

She began to feel that Rex might misapprehend her long, silent scrutiny, and that made the colour flush her own soft cheek.

'She is very lovely,' she said, looking up, with a half-sigh, but a smile, too. 'Rex, I don't wonder!'

'It was love at first sight, literally,' Rex said, half laughing. 'Sydney, don't be surprised—don't know what a volcano I am—I always told you how it would be. It was all settled in three weeks!'

For a second or two Sydney made no answer.

Then she shook her curly head, with an arch smile.

'Oh, Rex,' she said 'what can you get to know of a girl in three weeks?'

'Enough to be sure I shall be supremely happy,' returned Rex. 'She is one of Nature's children, Sydney—inocent transparent; she doesn't take much studying—and yet,' he added, rather quickly, 'there's a great deal in her really. What I said might give the impression that she is shallow, but there's a lot in her, Sydney. She's not so intellectual and clever as you, for instance, nor so mentally developed as you—but, then, what does that matter?'

'Delightful task—for you to develop intellect, etcetera,' said Sydney, with a touch of dryness. 'Well, Rex, tell me all about her, if I may know.'

'If you may know, comrade!' said Rex, with a half-tender intonation. 'Why, aren't you the first person to know of anything that gives me either joy or pain? I shall bring her to see you as soon as she comes to town. Sydney—she'll be delighted with you.'

Sydney might have had a doubt on that point.

'I'm not going to do anything in the way of business for you.'

There was a little break in her voice that she hastily covered by laughing.

'You'd better get some big swell to paint Miss Brereton,' she said.

'I'd rather you did. I'll back you against any of the 'big swells,' as you call them,' returned Rex, serenely. 'There isn't one of them that has got your Italian coloring. Be a good girl, and fix the first sitting, and please leave the 'business' part to me.'

Sydney was silent a few moments, then she said looking up brightly—

'Very well, Rex; I'll do as you wish. When does Miss Brereton come to town?'

'Next week; can you begin at once?'

'Oh, yes—what do you think of Thursday. Shall we say the afternoon at three? and then you can have some tea, said Sydney, and Rex thought that would do very well, and looked at his watch.

I must be off,' he said; 'I really ought not to have come in this morning, disturbing you; but I always must rush to you with the first news of anything good, or the reverse.'

'There haven't been many reverses,' have there?' said the girl, with a smile that was a little wistful, as he held out her hand.

'Perhaps all my troubles are to come,' answered Rex, jestingly, and somehow, the jibe made Sydney inwardly wince. 'I'll bring Gertrude next Thursday, then; an revoir.'

Sydney turned back into the studio with a half-sigh, when she had seen Rex to the door, and sat down with a kind of feeling as if everything was flat and uninteresting.

Of course Rex's engagement must, in the natural course of things, interrupt her happy camaraderie to which the girl had been accustomed; but Sydney's generous nature could have, though with regret for personal loss, spared him to the woman he loved, if she knew that woman to be worthy of him, and that in her love he could be entirely happy.

But this girl to whom he had so quickly, so impulsively plighted his troth.

Was she in very truth a woman who could eventually satisfy all the needs of a man of Rex's temperament.

Was this sudden love of his more than the fascination exercised by great personal charms, and the kind of unspoken appeal to his strength and his chivalry which lay in the girl's nature, and in her dependent position in the world?

Sydney was by nature a good physiognomist, and her profession had rendered keener this gift of insight; her heart misgave her about Gertrude Brereton. Rex had said her artist soul would be satisfied with the lovely picture he presented of his betrothed; yet it was not so; her artist-eye was satisfied, but Gertrude spoke nothing to the soul. And in three months after marriage, if not before, Rex Dare would find out, too, that the woman he had married spoke nothing to his soul.

But she may improve an acquaintance,' Sydney said, striving to comfort herself with the thought; 'or marriage may develop her. I shall be able to form a better opinion when I talk with her.'

CHAPTER II.

It was not without some anxiety that Sydney awaited the arrival of Rex and the bride-elect—anxiety not on her own behalf, but on his.

She so wanted the reality to give the lie to her fears, and yet, she dared not hope that this would be the case.

She was looking eminently picturesque this afternoon, in a charming tea-gown of artistic make and hue and had decorated her studio with a profusion of fresh flowers, so that nothing should be wanting on her part to make Rex see that Miss Brereton was welcome.

'Oh, yes, ever since we were boy and girl,' he answered, with a laugh. 'A pair of us enthusiasts!'

'Ah! and fired sadly, I'll warrant,' said Gertrude, archly.

'No, I don't think that ever fired,' rejoined Rex; 'Sydney isn't that kind of girl at all.'

'Nor you that kind of man?' still archly.

'Nonsense, dear! not with regard to serious friendship; you don't understand art friendship at present,' said Rex, a trifle vexed with the tone of his fiancée, yet unable to find out what it was that vexed him.

'Perhaps not,' rejoined Gertrude, sweetly.

She gave a little start just then, and a swift side glance at Rex, as a man brushed somewhat rudely passed her.

'That odd didn't bow to you, did he?'

Rex asked, with a frown.

'I don't think so,' she answered, smiling. 'Perhaps he may have done so in apology for his rudeness.'

'He bowed, I thought,' before he almost ran against you.'

'Oh, no, Rex. What a fire eater you are!' said the girl, laughing. 'Do you want to threaten him?'

Whereat the 'fire eater' laughed, too, and dismissed the little incident from his mind.

The sittings went on prosperously.

Glancing at the clock, Sydney smiled; it was already half-past three.

'Unpleasant,' she said to herself. 'That is not Rex! I suppose the young lady has kept him waiting.'

But she had not long to wait after this, and turned from an easel at which she had been trying to sketch, as the door opened and the servant announced visitors.

Sydney's first impression as she went forward with outstretched hands, was of a beauty dazzling enough to take away one's breath.

The girl was brilliant; her photograph did not do her justice, since it could not reproduce the exquisite tints of coloring; and in her heart Sydney hardly wondered that a man—and a competitive man—should be so dazzled by it as to forget to look for more than the outward graces that certainly Gertrude Brereton possessed in abundance.

The artist's greeting was warm and affectionate, Gertrude's a little constrained.

Probably she was somewhat shy. But no one long remained reserved with either Rex or Sydney, and the girl was soon chattering away with the brightness and with something of the insolence of a child, fluttering from easel to easel, from this to that, asking all manner of questions, and declaring that it was the greatest fun to come to an artist's studio.

'I've never been to one in my life,' said she, 'and it's too delightful for words. It will be splendid having my portrait painted. How are you going to do me, Miss Desmond? I've got a lovely ball-dress, all yellow and that, you know.'

Sydney looked critically at the girl.

Rex laughed, too.

'Don't you know, Gertrude,' he said, 'that Miss Desmond wags on eternal war against the conventional ball-dress, from an artistic point of view?'

'And yellow isn't just the color for you, either,' added Sydney, with a smile. 'If you will put yourself into my hands with regard to your costume, I'll engage to turn you out perfect.'

Gertrude laughed, stared a little, and looked whimsical.

'Are you very autocratic, Miss Desmond?' said she.

'In my own department—very,' responded the artist, gravely. 'Now come and have tea before, before we discuss position and frocks.'

Gertrude came, hovering about in the prettiest manner, and subsided into the armchair which Sydney brought forward for her, Rex taking a low chair beside his fiancée.

Sydney, with seeming to do so, addressed herself to 'drawing out' her guest.

She had the two-fold motive of the artist and the friend.

As an artist about to paint a portrait, she must get to know something about her subject.

As a friend of Rex's, she wanted to sound the depths of the woman who was to be his companion through life.

Alas! it did not take the keen intuition of Sydney long to discover that the 'depths' were but shallows; that, when the conversation began to leave the channels of the common-place—the mere chit-chat of the drawing-room—Rex's fiancée was silent, and that, even in light interchange of chaff and fun, she was 'out of it.'

Sydney tried to persuade herself that the girl was shy, or that she was unused to society, and so did not 'come out' on a first interview; but there was no symptom of shyness about her, and she 'came out' sufficiently in trivialities.

Sydney was glad when the visit came to an end; she felt pained, and disappointed, and dulled; she had looked for some one so different to be Rex's wife.

The sittings were arranged, and Gertrude was very delighted at the prospect of wearing a beautiful frock—though its proposed style did not quite sit in with her ideas of beauty—and seeing her lovely countenance on canvas.

Sydney felt strangely lonely when her visitors had gone.

You've known Miss Desmond a long time, I suppose,' Gertrude said, on the way back to her friends, where Rex was to dine.

'Oh, yes, ever since we were boy and girl,' he answered, with a laugh. 'A pair of us enthusiasts!'

'Ah! and fired sadly, I'll warrant,' said Gertrude, archly.

'No, I don't think that ever fired,' rejoined Rex; 'Sydney isn't that kind of girl at all.'

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the pleasure of one consultation, and to show her power.

One day she drove up to the studio alone and Sydney got to work and painted away busily, Gertrude chattering like a jay about dinners, balls, &c., and what she was going to wear, and her approaching marriage.

Sydney listened and smiled, and put in a word or a question now and then, and wondered, with a vague pain at her heart, how Rex would get on with this sort of thing since the honeymoon.

'Rex hasn't turned up today!' she remarked, by way of saying something, when Gertrude had for a moment relapsed into silence. Miss Brereton laughed, and there was the slightest possible toss of the golden head.

'He won't come!' she said, airily; 'he's in a rage with poor little me!'

'In a rage, Gertrude? What have you been doing to put him in a rage?' asked Sydney, half smiling.

'Oh, it's good for men to get in tiffs sometimes, they enjoy the making of them up so, you know! It isn't good for them to be all honey!'

'What, then or you—do you mean?'

'Oh—there you are, Miss Frolic!' cried Gertrude, who was in the habit of jumbling up her phrases unmercifully. 'I mean it isn't good for a girl to be all honey to a man. There I is that clear!'

'Oh, yes—that's clear,' said Sydney, dryly.

'But you don't approve,' said Gertrude tartly.

'I don't think it's wise to have quarrels for the sake of making them up again, and the man generally tires of the fun after the girl's his wife.'

'Oh, you've got notions!' was all the rejoinder she got. And Sydney made no answer, which did not please Miss Brereton.

'It's no business of mine,' returned Sydney.

'Not your friend's quarrels? And you are such comrades; that was why we quarrelled,' said Gertrude, complacently smoothing down her satin robe. 'At least—I don't mean that exactly—but I was very naughty, you must know, and cross because, last time, Rex would keep on talking with you about some 'problem play' as you called it. Now, I don't know even what a 'problem play' is. I felt shamefully neglected, and told him so, and he said I was silly, and ought to listen to 'improving conversation,' and try and take an interest in things he liked.'

'So like a man! I wasn't going to be spoken to like that, so I pouted, and gave him the cold shoulder. My lord said I was 'a child,' and so on, and he shouldn't come to the studio if I didn't behave myself; so I said he might keep away—I didn't want him, though I didn't know about other people.'

'He marched himself out of the room—I'm not sure that he didn't bang the door—and he hasn't come, you see. To-morrow he'll be wretched. That's the way to keep men up to time,' said Gertrude, stopping to take breath, and looking like an angel who has made a joke.

And it was said with a droilery at which Sydney wanted to laugh, only that she couldn't be sure there were not little pen-knife pricks under it all.

She looked grave. Gertrude's tactics savoured to her of vulgarity.

'Well, why don't you say something?' said Gertrude, impatiently. 'Of course, I was only in fun about your talking. You mustn't be offended—you aren't are you?'

'Not in the least, you silly child,' answered Sydney, laughing. 'She concluded that Gertrude was an 'irresponsible,' and not to be taken seriously. 'But,' she added, more gravely, 'that sort of thing doesn't pay with all men—not with Rex, it carried too far.'

'Oh, he's all right, bless you!' Gertrude said, with wide eyes. 'He'll be giving me some lovely presents—just to show he's not angry any more.'

'An one gives sweets to a baby—I understand.'

'You sarcastic thing!' cried Gertrude. 'I think it's nice.'

'I don't fancy I should like to be treated as a baby,' returned Sydney; 'isn't it a little—humiliating?'

'Oh! if you get a diamond bracelet along with it, I can swallow the humiliation, as you call it. Only, I think it's the other way about!'

'Then, I shouldn't like to humiliate the man I was to marry,' said Sydney, dryly.

'You've got notions,' rejoined the young lady, by way of settling the matter. 'Talking of bracelets, Sydney, do you know—'

And she went into a description of jewels and clothes that lasted till the sitting was over.

How glad Sydney was when the time came! How heart-tick she was!

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When Rex was married, she would have been tried—that she could force, and she had nobody but Rex—the familiar comrade of years; no teacher, no such a part of her life, that it never entered her head that he could be anything but a 'comrade.'

And if he had married a nice girl, they could have gone on just the same; but Gertrude would be jealous—that she could see—and it would be impossible.

'Don't forget next Sunday,' said Sydney, when Gertrude was ready at last. 'Your picture will be finished, and it's my show Sunday; a few friends and art critics are coming.'

'I'll come—and bring Rex,' answered Gertrude, coquettishly. 'I'll wear my new—whatever it is he makes up with.'

CHAPTER III.

Sydney Desmond looked the embodiment of artistic grace as she stood at the door of her studio receiving her guests, and full as the room was of lovely pictures, she was the most lovely the most picturesque. The last painting, the portrait of Gertrude Brereton, stood on a tall easel, in a good light, and challenged attention, as much by the exquisite finish of its execution, its rich coloring and poetic 'atmosphere,' as by the loveliness of the subject.

Certainly, the young painter had done justice to the original.

There was a buzz of admiration as everyone crowded round this picture, and the art critics present complimented the girl, and the ladies went into raptures over the beautiful costume.

'You designed it, of course?' remarked an art critic.

'Yes,' Sydney answered. She did not enlarge.

She was, naturally, pleased with her success, but she was free from the restless vanity that can talk eternally of self.

'I brought a man with me,' the art critic pursued. 'I knew I might—a rich American, or, at any rate, he has been in the States, and passes for rich. I want him to see this picture.'

'It's very good of you, Sydney,' but you know this portrait's not for sale.'

'No? Oh, I suppose not—of course, Dare has bought it. Well, never mind, there are other pictures here.'

Mr. Merton looked about the room as he spoke, and lifted his hand to someone in the crowd near the door.

'There he is, Miss Desmond. Here, Tyrrell, I want you.'

A tall man, at whom Sydney looked somewhat critically—though this could not be observed—shouldered his way through the groups to where she stood near Gertrude's portrait; though just at present there were too many round it to allow of its being seen by him to advantage.

'Let me present you to Miss Desmond, Mr. Tyrrell,' said Merton, and Sydney bowed and gave her slim hand to the art critic's friend, the while scanning him with the inward eye, the outward roving on his face without seeming to 'take stock' of him.

He was a loose-limbed man, of perhaps thirty five, with a good looking countenance, the mouth half concealed by a thick moustache; and dark, almost black, eyes which were lustreless and set too close together.

Altogether, Sydney thought she did not like Mr. Tyrrell's face, though she could not have said exactly why.

'Delighted to meet so distinguished an artist,' said he; he shook hands with some effusion, which was not particularly well-bred. 'Now, Merton, where's this wonderful picture?'

'There's an opening; let's get in here,' said Merton, and, the group before the portrait falling back to allow the critic and Sydney way, the lovely face and form of Gertrude Brereton—living, breathing, it seemed, on the canvas—was in full view.

'By Jove!' uttered the man beside Sydney.

She heard the exclamation under his breath, and glanced, with a swift sort of inquiry, into his face.

Was it a flush of recognition she saw there?

'Do you know the face?' she asked him; and the American flushed, and, just for a second, she would have said he seemed confused.

'I? Know the face? Oh, no; of course not. How should I? He half stammered; then, with a little awkward laugh; 'But, you know, Miss Desmond, the face is one to impress you, and as to your work—well, it takes one's breath away!'

Sydney smiled. Rex would have understood the smile.

Truth to say, she did not think the man was any judge of her work.

But she only said—

'Yes, it is a face to strike one. The original will be here presently, and you will have an opportunity of seeing whether the portrait is a true one.'

'Indeed! Who is the lady, if I may ask?'

'Miss Brereton.'

'Oh! not married?'

'Engaged, though,' said Merton, before Sydney could make any answer. 'You might know such a beauty wouldn't be long an "unappropriated blessing." Is Rex coming, Miss Desmond?'

'Probably he will bring Miss Brereton,' answered the girl; and then she moved away to speak to someone else.



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution the fraud of the day.

Sunday Reading

Dying and Living for Christ. It is a glorious thing for Christ to die. To hold all things as nothing to have but him. To give him all, nor even his duty.

The Mountains are Round About.

'As the mountains are round about Jerusalem so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even forever.'

On the 16th of January, 1856, David Livingstone had reached the confluence of the Loagas and Zambezi Rivers. He was in the midst of the profoundest danger, but his mind was deeply exercised in realizing the promises of divine protection and blessing.

'O Jesus grant me resignation to thy will, and entire reliance on thy powerful hand: on thy Word alone I lean. But wilt thou permit me to plead for Africa? The cause is thine. What an impulse will be given to the idea that Africa is not open if I perish now! See, O Lord, how the heathen rage against me as they did against thy Son. I commit my way unto thee. I trust also in thee, that thou wilt direct my steps. Thus give wisdom liberally to all that ask thee—give it to me, my Father. My family is thine, they are in the best hands. Oh, be gracious; and all our sins do thou blot out.'

In point of fact, the children and women of the native tribes had been sent away, as if a fight were imminent, and canoes were refused for crossing the river. In the evening, Livingstone confesses that he was in much turmoil of spirit. Little wonder! If the natives carried out their intention of fighting, he and his handful of unarmed followers must all inevitably perish. He was not much concerned personally, but it was most trying to have all his plans 'for the welfare of the great region and teeming population knocked on the head by savages to-morrow. But I read that Jesus came and said, 'All power is given unto me in heaven and on earth. Go ye therefore and teach all nations, and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.' It is the word of a gentleman of the most sacred and strictest honor, and there is an end on't: I will cross bravely by night as I intended. It would appear as flight, and should such an one as I flee? Nay, verily, I shall take observations for latitude and longitude to-night, though they may be the last. I feel quite calm now, thank God.'

And in the morning the natives were quite peaceable. 'Only one canoe was lent, though we saw two tied to the bank. And the part of the river we crossed at is a good mile broad. We passed all our goods first on an Island in the middle; then the cattle and men; I, occupying the post of honor, being the last to enter the canoe. They stood around at my back for some time. I then showed them my watch, burning glass, etc., and kept them amused till all were over except those who could go into the canoe with me. I thanked them for their kindness and wished them peace.'

'When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him.'

But may all God's servants rely on physical protection while they are engaged in his service? Why, in that case there would be no martyrs, and the church would lose that glorious stimulus to self-denying service which the lives and deaths of martyrs furnish. What a number of missionaries have perished on the Congo and in Livingstonia and other parts of Africa during the last twenty years! What missionary had a purer spirit or higher spirit or higher aim than Bishop Hannington? yet was he not slain by the cruel Mwanga, as

John Williams had been long before in the South Sea Islands, and as many missionaries in China have been in these last days? What are we to think of Pauline like the ninety-first and the one hundred and twenty first in the light of such tragedies?

It must be that these Paulines are to be taken in a symbolical, not a literal, sense. God's children cannot expect immunity from physical dangers and physical diseases. They have no chapter of literal security from the pestilence that walketh in darkness, or the destruction that waiteth at noonday. What they may be sure of is protection from inward evil—security against inward destruction. It is their souls that God is pledged to watch over, and to deal with so that, at the end of their lives, they shall see that all has been ordered for their own good.—'All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purposes.'

This was the conviction that animated the white robed saints in the vision of the Apocalypse. They had come out of great tribulation—more literally, out of the great tribulation; out of the awful tortures and agonies during the Roman persecution, of which Eusebius gives so graphic an account in his Church history, and which have been pictured again and again by modern writers. Yet when they reached their home they had no feeling but thanksgiving. All was well. 'They cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb.'

The right view to be taken of such Paulines as the ninety-first and the hundred and twenty-first seems to be this: Under the material symbol of a charmed life against which all the forces of physical evil dash in vain, the security of the inner life of God's children is delineated. God watches the real soul interests of his people, and protects them from harm as constantly and as really as he would be seen to do if he literally shielded them from every outward danger, and warded off every physical disease.

'The hairs of your head are all numbered. Ye are of more value than many sparrows.'

It does not follow that if they expose themselves uncalculated to spiritual danger they will be protected from that. God does not promise to alter the law of cause and effect. But even in such a case, repentance and confession in the name of Christ will bring back the blessing.

The Good Shepherd 'restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.' 'The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants; and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.'

A Few Words on Talking. Life isn't all work. Happily, it has its diversions. Among these may be counted conversation. Perhaps this is the chief diversion from the responsibilities of life; at any rate it is capable of being made a source of the most refined pleasure. Talking is useful in a commercial sense. As the poet remarks, 'Silence is golden' may do very well. For folks who have secrets they'd rather not tell; but if you have goods you desire to sell, you'll find it more 'golden' to stand up and tell. Allowing for a little exaggeration due to poetic fervor, this is true enough: an experienced talker is worth money in many lines of business.

But as to social conversation, that is a means of education as well as recreation. To be a clever talker is no mean attainment. What, then, is it to be a good talker? Certainly not to be merely a glib speaker, quick and voluble. Such a talker may utter a great many good thoughts; but his haste, and perhaps even want of careful arrangement, will generally mar the effect of what he says. Then, again, too much deliberation may spoil the efforts of one whose words are in themselves both

sensible and entertaining. To be a good talker, then, we must not only have something to say that is appropriate to the time and the occasion, but our words may be so delivered as to neither confuse by their haste nor tire by their slowness and over-deliberation.

A sympathy with the world is a necessary element in good conversation. One whose heart is mean and sordid, or so engrossed with his own affairs that he has no time for kindly thought concerning his fellow creatures, is rarely a good talker.

A knowledge of good literature, and especially of that great treasury of felicitous speech, the Bible, is another element which can help most powerful in this direction; for good literature not only teaches us to think high thoughts, but it brings us into touch with the sufferings of humanity and draws us out of ourselves; and that is always a benefit to us, both morally and intellectually.

To converse well we must have thoughts of our own, which have been formed and fashioned in the crucible of our own minds and not rely chiefly upon quotations from those who have committed their ideas to paper.

Patience in listening and calmness under criticism are also helps; for they train us in self-control. Mr. Emerson once delivered a lecture at Middlebury College, Vermont, and following his discourse the minister who made the closing prayer uttered this petition: 'We beseech thee, O Lord, to deliver us from hearing any more such transcendental nonsense as we have just listened to from this sacred desk.' Emerson's only remark was that the clergyman seemed a very conscientious, plain-spoken man. Is this not an admirable spirit in which to receive criticism?

Then, too, it is a good plan to be sure of your statements, or else to carefully qualify them. Lord Curzon, recently appointed Viceroy of India, once made himself ridiculous by using a phrase of which he knew not the meaning. He was making a long and elaborate speech in Parliament against a measure urged against India. It was certain to result in a loss to the Government of many lac of rupees. He repeated with emphasis: 'Consider; not pounds or guineas, but lac of rupees!' A quiet voice on the opposition benches asked: 'Exactly how much is a lac of rupees?' Mr. Curzon opened his mouth, stammered, grew red, and then said, 'I really don't know!' The house laughed, and in that laugh he lost his cause.

To be an artist or an author, one must possess not only the genius to conceive, but also the power to execute; for without a knowledge of technique, execution, the most brilliant ideas may remain unexpressed in the mind of their creator. So in striving after the acquisition of the art of talking well, one must study expression, the forms and modes of speech by which ideas are intelligibly and entertainingly set forth. But there is danger here of making too much of the mere vehicle of thought to the detriment of thought itself; the light is more important than the light-house.

Last year, when General Kitchener was engaged in the Sudanese campaign, I heard a man ask his companion what the war was about, and where it was being waged. 'Oh,' said the man addressed, 'it's some Englishman fighting Indians in Russia!' The ubiquitous newspaper ought to dispel such ignorance as this. We can scarcely form a reasonable excuse for unacquaintance with the more important news of the day, so necessary in conversation and as a part of our education. Emerson, in a letter to a college boy, once said: 'Newspapers have done much to abbreviate expression and so to improve style. They are to occupy during your generation a large share of attention, and the most studious and engaged man can neglect them only at his cost. But have I tie to do with them. Learn how to get their best, too, without their getting yours. Do not read them thoroughly, column by column. Remember, they are made for everybody, and don't try to get what isn't meant for you. There is a great secret in knowing what to keep out of the mind as well as what to put in.'

Finally, the cultivation of a pure heart, which will lead us to abhor any other than pure speech, will not only help us to be good talkers, but will make our words go forth as winged heralds of righteousness, encouraging and uplifting, and bringing light and strength to others. May our speech be such as this! The following whimsical lines, explaining the origin of language, were written, I think, by Samuel Lover, and will form a not inappropriate 'duologue' to this article:

Mr. G. O. ARCHIBALD'S CASE.

Didn't Walk for 5 Months. Doctors said Locomotor Ataxia.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills Cure a Disease hitherto regarded as incurable.

The case of Mr. G. O. Archibald, of Hopewell Cape, N.B., (a cut of whom appears below), is one of the severest and most intractable that has ever been



reported from the eastern provinces, and his cure by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills the more remarkable from the fact that he was arthritic by nature, and a worthy and respected physician. The disease, Locomotor Ataxia, with which Mr. Archibald was afflicted is considered the most obstinate and incurable disease of the nervous system known. When once it starts it gradually but surely progresses, paralyzing the lower extremities and rendering its victim helpless and hopeless, enduring the indescribable agony of seeing himself die by inches.

Messrs. T. MILBURN & Co.—'I can assure you that my case was a very severe one, and had it not been for the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I do not believe I would be alive to-day. I do not know, exactly, what was the cause of the disease, but it gradually affected my legs, until I was unable to walk hardly any for five months.'

'I was under the care of Dr. Morse, of Melrose, who said I had Locomotor Ataxia, and gave me up as incurable. Dr. Solomon, a well-known physician of Boston, told me that nothing could be done for me. Every one who came to visit me thought I never could get better. I saw Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills advertised and thought I would try them anyway, as they gave more promise of helping me than anything I knew of. 'If you had seen me when I started taking those wonderful pills—not able to get out of my room, and saw me now, working hard every day, you wouldn't know me. 'I am agent for P. O. Vickey, of Augusta Maine, and have sold 500 subscribers in 80 days and won a fifty dollar prize. 'Nothing else in the world saved me but those pills, and I do not think they have an equal anywhere. 'The seven boxes I took have restored me the full use of my legs and given me strength and energy and better health than I have enjoyed in a long time.' G. O. ARCHIBALD. Hopewell Cape, N. B.

In addition to the statement by Mr. Archibald, we have the endorsement of two well-known merchants of Hopewell Cape, N. B., viz.: Messrs. J. E. Dickson and F. J. Brewster, who certify to the genuineness and accuracy of the facts as given above. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are a box, or 3 for \$1.25, at all drug-gists, or sent by mail, T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont.

Our father-land—and wouldst thou know Why we should call it father-land? It is that Adam, here, below, Who was led like a bird all day. And he, our father, made of earth, Hath people earth on every hand; And we, in memory of his birth, Do call our country father-land. At first, in Eden's bowers, they say, No sound of speech had Adam caught, But was led like a bird all day. And maybe 'twas for want of thought; But Nature, with restless laws, Made Adam soon surpass the birds; She gave him lovely Eva, because If he'd a wife, they must 'have words.' And so the native land I hold By main decree is proudly mine; The language, as the tale hath told, Was given in the female line; And thus we see, on either hand, We nam: our blessings whence they spring; We call our country father-land, We call our language mother-tongue.

A Hymn at a Banquet. Under the relaxed discipline just before the return of the troops who fought in the Civil War, there was no lack of merry-making among comrades of the hard campaigns. Squads of them at the different posts met in military quarters, and trioliced half the night away. It was at one of these assemblies of the officers of an army corps dominion in a Southern capital that the following incident occurred: They had come together for 'a grand old reunion here,' to celebrate their victories, 'swap stories,' and drink each others' health before separating to go back to 'God's country'—as they called the North. The supply of liquors was plentiful, the supper-room was blue with the smoke of burning cigars; the stories kept the laughter loud, and the songs called out every voice in enthusiastic chorus.

The best vocalist in the company, a fine young tenor, had been repeatedly appealed to for a solo, but although he seemed quite as jovial as the rest, it was far along in the festivities before he could be induced to sing. 'Come, Harry, pipe up, old fellow; give us one of your best; and the impertunity became too strong to resist. That an undertide of different emotion had been gathering power within him, and that 'Harry' was not the only person in the room who had been hiding a sober thought was very soon evident. 'Well, boys, I'll sing for you,' he said at last.

The noise ceased at once, for most of those present had many times enjoyed his charming voice. He began the tender melody of 'Frans Abt, 'When the Swallows Homeward Fly,' but instead of the expected lines his astonished listeners caught the words of Charles Wesley—the immortal hymn-prayer which has been so effectively set to that favorite tune. He sang with touching pathos. His comrades did not attempt to overcome the contagion of his feeling. Jesus lover of my soul Let me to Thy bosom fly, What a scene, and what surroundings for such a song! Cigars were dropped, and tilted glasses were quietly set down. Surprised faces became convulsed with unexplained sympathy. The men thought of

the dear old homes they were soon to see, and every moving memory came back. Before the singer ended there were tears on many weather-beaten cheeks.

One rough cavalryman silently gathered up an armful of bottles, crept on tiptoe to the window, and threw them out. Another, and another, till willing hands had helped clear the tables of every sign of liquor. Voices that had a tremor in them said, 'Sing us another, Harry,' and the comrades finished their feast with choruses of Gospel Hymns.

We gather these facts from the story, 'A Song in the Night,' by Mr. William O. Stoddard in the Christian Endeavor World. 'It was pretty dark spiritually in the army at the end of the Civil War,' says Mr. Stoddard; but the above incident tells how surely a swift touch of the magic of real religious power will bring men's holier feelings to light, and turn trivoly into reverent and serious joy.

Your souls are a picture gallery. Let their walls be hung with all things sweet and perfect,—the thought of God, the image of Christ, the lives of God's saints, the aspirations of good and great men.—[Canon Farrar.]

A SUDDEN INTRODUCTION.

His Seal for his Neighbor got him Into Serious Trouble. A Philadelphia paper tells a funny story of the blizzard days of last winter in that city. A certain Mr. K had over his dining room a skylight which was burdened with a great weight of snow, and early one evening he took a snow-shovel and went up to remove it. He shoved it off, and then it occurred to him that he would perform the same service for his next-door neighbor, whose dining-room lay side by side with his own, the construction of the two houses being alike.

The inmate of the next house was a worthy widow, whom Mr. K had never met, but with whom his wife was on calling terms. Mr. K proceeded to a position from which he could, as he supposed, safely shove off the snow, but in doing so he made a false step and got on the skylight. Crash! went the glass, and down through the aperture went Mr. K.

It chanced that his next-door neighbor was just at this time eating her dinner. Mr. K landed in a sitting posture in the middle of her table, surrounded by snow, broken glass and china, and capsize dishes of food, and still manfully brandishing his snow-shovel.

The above told the story to the widow. Although somewhat disconcerted, she quickly regained her composure, recognized the neighbor whom she had seen pass her door, and exclaimed, pathetically, 'O Mr. K, I am very glad you've called! I've often heard Mrs. K speak of you! You cannot dye a dark color light, but should dye light ones dark—for home use Magnetic Dye gives excellent results.'

For Home, Evening or Athletic Use. The only corset which is designed to meet the varied needs of so diverse occupation is the Dyed "Crest" Corset. In constructing this corset, we have successfully overcome, point by point, each objectionable feature as it arose. In variety of lengths, styles and shapes for every occupation, they are unsurpassed. PRICE \$1.00 to \$3.00 per Pair.

When Rex was married, she would lose her friend—that she could foresee, and she had nobody but Rex—the familiar comrade of years; so familiar, so much a part of her life, that it never entered her head that he could be anything but a 'comrade. And if he had married a nice girl, they could have gone on just the same; but Gertrude would be jealous—that she could see—and it would be impossible. 'Don't forget next Sunday,' said Sydney, when Gertrude was reading at last. 'Your picture will be finished, and it's my Show Sunday; a new friends and art critics are coming. 'I'll come—and bring Rex,' answered Gertrude, coquettishly. 'I'd wear my new—whatever it is he makes up with.'

CHAPTER III. Sydney Desmond looked the embodiment of artistic grace as she stood at the door of her studio receiving her guests, and full as the room was of lovely pictures, she was the most lovely the most picturesque. The last painting, the portrait of Gertrude Breton, stood on a tall easel, in a good light, and challenged attention, as much by the exquisite finish of its execution, its rich colouring and poetic atmosphere, as by the loveliness of the subject.

Certainly, the young painter had done justice to the original. There was a buzz of admiration as every one crowded round this picture, and the art critics present complimented the girl, and the ladies went into raptures over the beautiful costume. 'You designed it, of course?' remarked an art critic. 'Yes,' Sydney answered. She did not deny it. She was, naturally, pleased with her success, but she was free from the restless vanity that can talk eternally of self. 'I brought a man with me,' the art critic pursued. 'I knew I might—a rich American, or, at any rate, he has been in the States, and passes for rich. I want him to see this picture.' 'It's very good of you,' said Sydney, 'but you know, this portrait's not for sale.' 'No? Oh, I suppose not—at course, Dave has bought it. Well, never mind, there are other pictures here.' Mr. Merton looked about the room as he spoke, and lifted his hand to someone in the crowd near the door. 'There he is, Miss Desmond. Here, Tyrell, I want you.' A tall man, at whom Sydney looked somewhat critically—though this could not be observed—shouldered his way through the groups to where she stood near Gertrude's portrait; though just at present here were too many round it to allow of a being seen by him to advantage. 'Let me present you to Miss Desmond, Mr. Tyrell,' said Merton, and Sydney bowed and gave her slim hand to the art critic's friend, the while scanning him with his inward eye, the outward resting on his nose without seeming to 'take stock' of him. He was a loose-limbed man, of perhaps thirty five, with a good looking countenance as mouth half concealed by a thick moustache; and dark, almost black, eyes which were lustreless and set too close together. Altogether, Sydney thought she did not like Mr. Tyrell's face, though she could not have said exactly why. 'Delighted to meet so distinguished an artist,' said he; he shook hands with some fusion, which was not particularly well-received. 'Now, Merton, where's this wonderful picture?' 'There's an opening; let's get in here,' said Merton, and the group before the portrait falling back to allow the critic and Sydney way, the lovely face and form of Gertrude Breton—living, breathing, it seemed, on the canvas—was in full view. 'By Jove!' uttered the man beside Sydney. She heard the exclamation under his breath, and glanced, with a swift sort of squint, into his face. Was it a flush of recognition she saw there? 'Do you know the face?' she asked him; and the American flushed, and, just for a second, she would have said he seemed pleased. 'I know the face? Oh, no; of course not. How should I? he half stammered; then, with a little awkward laugh, 'But you know, Miss Desmond, the face is one impress you, and as to your work—well, takes one's breath away!' Sydney smiled. Rex would have understood the smile. Truth to say, she did not think the man as any judge of her 'work.' But she only said— 'Yes, it is a face to strike one. The original will be here presently, and you will have an opportunity of seeing whether the portrait is a true one.' 'Indeed! Who is the lady, if I may ask?' 'Miss Bretonod.' 'Oh! not married?' 'Engaged, though,' said Merton, before Sydney could make any answer. 'You might know such a beauty wouldn't be engaged as an inappropriate blessing.' Is Rex coming, Miss Desmond?' 'Probably he will bring Miss Bretonod,' answered the girl; and then she moved away to speak to someone else. 'Is that her fiance, this Rex?' asked Tyrell, of his friend. 'Yes. He's a young swell whose maid on a real comessieur—none of your middle-hamters, who don't know a Millais from a Botticelli. A fully nice fellow, and she too.'

'The young lady has made a good thing of it,' observed the American—it such he was—with a scarcely perceptible sneer. 'I could think, though, she could have married a duke or a prince with that face.'

Merton laughed, and shook his head. 'Not that I should have chosen her,' he said, lowering his voice, 'when the artist this was by! But each man to his taste and here comes the beauty—and that's Rex Dave with her!'

The stranger turned and looked to where Gertrude stood, and looked to where

THE LAND OF BARMAIDS

FACTS ABOUT A TYPE OF ENGLISH TOU'G WOMEN.

The barmaids (Always Young and Good Looking—Where They Come From—Their Tact With Customers and Admirers—What Becomes of Them.)

Among the thousands of tourists who are rushing over to England this season it is probable that by far the largest proportion are going there for the first time and are full of eager curiosity to see whether or not the country is anything like what they have always imagined it to be. Men and women usually go to Europe with very different anticipations. The women go to see picture galleries and churches and to prize articles of personal adornment. The men go to see life, and to learn the foreign methods of painting towns red. The women have visions of Westminster Abbey and Parisian bonnets, while the men dream of the Moulin Rouge and Monte Carlo.

The observant man who visits England for the first time cannot fail to be impressed by two great English institutions which are absolutely unknown in this country. The first of these, and the one that will force itself upon his attention almost as soon as he lands, is the English chimney pot. A short slender terra-cotta, which surmounts every chimney throughout the whole length and breadth of the land. If you ask any builder why these pots are placed on the chimneys, he will tell you that without them the flue would not draw. Tell him that you have no such thing in America, and yet the chimneys draw well enough, and ask him if he ever tried a chimney without a pot on it, and he will reply: "O! course not. If I built a house without pots on the chimneys no one would rent it." The next great institution, and the one that particularly impresses an American, is the English barmaid. Like the chimney pots, they seem to be preferred to the American style because they are supposed to draw better, although the alleged reason for employing them is that they are more honest. Any one who has had anything to do with the British workman knows that he makes a lifelong study of cheating his employer, either by "scoring" in time at the bench or by abstracting small sums from the money drawer. Keepers of public houses think that barmaids are more honest, and they know that a pretty girl draws a certain amount of custom and tends to keep the customers that she has.

These barmaids are to be found in every grade of saloon, from the lowest 'pub' in Whitechapel, where an American would suppose that a retired prize-fighter and professional bouncer would be more appropriate, to the most exclusive private hotels in the West End. It is the same all over England, and a pretty barmaid has often a good deal to do with attracting her patrons of what are known as commercial hotels—that is, hotels frequented by drummers. It is an old saying that the hand who pulls the beer engine goes with the face that brings the trade. As a class barmaids have two characteristics; they are always good looking and always young. If you find a woman over thirty five in attendance at an English bar, you may rest assured that she is the housekeeper and that it is the barmaid's evening out. The typical English barmaid has a round face, strong eyebrows, a firmly cut mouth, and very good teeth—signs of good sense, self-control, judgement of human nature and a cheerful disposition. She is always plainly but neatly dressed, speaks in a low bred voice, and has the happy faculty of being all things to all men.

Where do all these young and pretty girls come from and how do you happen to select such a business as tending bar? All rank of life have their outlets of the restless spirits. In all classes there are to be found a certain percentage of girls who are fond of life and amusement and for whom home comforts have no attraction. They are bored to death with the monotony of sewing and dishwashing. Just as some boys have a craving to go to sea instead of to business, so some girls long for a freer and wider life than nursing their little brothers and sisters. Girls of the middle classes who have the advantage of a good education usually go upon the stage if they are good looking enough; otherwise they go into business as clerks or typewriters, or even as saleswomen in the big stores. Girls of the lower classes, who have little or no education and have no capital but their good looks and jolly disposition, nat-

Tonight

If your liver is out of order, causing Biliousness, Sick Headache, Heartburn, or Constipation, take a dose of

Hood's Pills

On retiring, and tomorrow your digestive organs will be regulated and you will be bright, active and ready for any kind of work. This has been the experience of others; it will be yours. HOOD'S PILLS are sold by all medicine dealers. 25 cts.

usually turn to the bar. Sometimes they are recommended by a friend already in the business; sometimes they know some man who keeps a 'pub' or a hotel, and is willing to give them a chance. Failing any of these opportunities, they advertise, the usual form being something after this fashion:

Young Girl would like position in hotel to learn the business; willing to go for a time for nothing.

There is no necessity to say that it is in the bar that she wants employment. Any person reading the advertisement knows that. If she is good looking and bright, she will have no difficulty in getting a chance to try her hand at the beer engine; but there may be a good deal of luck in the kind of place in which she gets a start. After a talk with the proprietor, who tells her what her duties will be and what he is willing to pay her if she turns out well, she is probably told to be on hand at a certain time and take her first lesson, and after quite a little fixing up and many careful finishing touches to her toilet she finds herself for the first time behind the bar of a public house.

A student of human nature could find a large supply of material in analyzing a girl's emotions during her first day behind a bar. It is always better if she can make her first attempt away from home, so that the customers will be strange to her. Even then she feels that every one is looking at her, and she cannot help knowing that the men are making remarks to one another about her, some of which she hears enough to make her ready to sink through the floor with shame. If she begins in her own town she is sometimes shocked to see men whom she has known and respected reveal the lowest side of their natures during their visits to the public house, and she can hardly believe the stories the other girls tell her about men who she thought were model husbands. During the first day or two she makes no attempt to wait on customers, but simply watches the other girls and their manner toward patrons of the house and learns to manage the beer engines. These beer engines are a set of lever handles, the pull being connected with the barrel in the cellar. The new girl is carefully instructed as to the different pulls; which is for 'bitter,' which for porter, &c. There is quite a knack in knowing how long and how hard to pull and also in judging how much froth a customer will stand.

Having learned the engines, the next thing is to learn how much to draw according to what is asked for, and the various mixtures and their proper proportions. If a customer asks for a 'glass,' that means two pennorth of bitter ale. If he asks for beer he does not mean lager, but porter. If he asks for 'all and 'all,' he wants half bitter and half stout. If wines are asked for, they are poured out by the barmaid in a glass which holds the exact quantity used for such drinks as whisky, the amount asked for, usually three pennorth, being poured from the measure into a small tumbler instead of putting the bottle on the bar and allowing the customer to help himself, as in America. There is no such thing as giving two 15 cent drinks for a quarter, as here, and drinks are the same size in all bars.

It takes a girl about a week to learn the prices of the various drinks and the manner of working the beer engines, and it is always part of her duties to keep the bar clean and to see that the stock of liquors is full. The moment she finds the supply failing in one of the engines she calls to the cellarman, 'George, bitter's off,' and he immediately puts on a new barrel. After a girl has been about a week behind the bar she is usually ready to wait on customers after a fashion, but it takes a smart girl at least six months to learn the business—that is, the tricks of the trade.

While a girl is learning, and before she gets to waiting on customers, she will probably see enough to convince her that the mere selling of the drinks is not everything, and that the barmaid's attitude toward the men who patronize the place is a matter requiring careful study. The other girls will probably inform her as to what she may expect in the way of conversation from the men, and they will advise her to look pleasant and turn it off if anything unpleasant is said. Girls who have not been properly warned of the difference between a man at home and in front of a bar, have

been known to bring their careers as barmaids to a sudden end by slapping some customer's face, and then rushing off to the proprietor in tears. Barmaids must be of sterner stuff than that. The great secret of success is to judge her customers, and the principal thing is to study the regular ones and to learn their funny little ways. Almost all the regulars have some particular drink, such as gin and bitters and the barmaid must know just how much they like and how to mix it. Having been once told, she should never require a second lesson from the same customer. Some men are offended if they are asked what it will be to day, while others like to be waited on as if they had never been there before. Some have certain glasses they fancy, and some like the barmaid to make a pretense of helping them and their friends out of a certain private bottle.

It is quite an art to know how much to talk to the various men that come in and what to say. Some men the barmaid must not speak to unless they speak to her, no matter how long they have known her or how familiar they were on their last visit. Some must be treated very differently under different conditions. A man will come in by himself and be very jolly and familiar if he finds the barmaid alone in a hotel bar, and will perhaps even try to chuck her under the chin. The same afternoon he will come in with a friend and will set as if he had never seen her before and never spoke to such a creature in his life. Some men expect a girl to talk to them as if they were her brothers, others as if they were sweethearts, while a few, fortunately a very few, speak to barmaids as if they were no better than they should be.

An experienced girl can tell from a man's appearance about what he will expect or what he will stand in the way of familiarity. She takes no notice of his dress, because that is no guide in England, where the small-salaried clerks in the city dress as well as the biggest 'tiffs.' Most of the men are judged entirely from their conversation. When a man comes in for a drink especially if he is alone he feels himself obliged to make some remark to the barmaid, unless she has other customers on hand. The conversation usually starts by referring to some subject proper to the occasion. If it is a race day, for instance, he will ask her if she backed the winner, or something of that kind. From this the conversation almost invariably and rapidly drifts into flattering remarks personal to the barmaid herself. When a man begins to carry this kind of thing too far or gets too personal, the girl must have tact enough to manage him without offending him, perhaps by telling him he says that so nicely he must have told it to many girls before.

It is a great point with a good barmaid never to let her talk with one customer keep her from giving immediate attention to a new comer and never to betray the slightest preference for any one. The most disagreeable thing in the business is for a girl to be compelled to stand and talk to a man she positively dislikes, whose manner or conversation is repulsive or who has insulted her. A smart girl will stand almost anything sooner than offend a customer, but it sometimes requires great self control to do it. Married and elderly men are, as a rule well behaved and are the barmaid's best friends. They know how to treat a woman, and even if their remarks are sometimes a little broad, and they occasionally whisper things which they would not care to have their wives hear, it is always done pleasantly and the girl can turn it off as a joke.

The terror of the barmaid is the dufu, the young fellow who thinks every girl is in love with him. He has no respect for her, and says the most insulting things without the slightest encouragement. He will come in later with a friend, to whom he has probably been boasting in the meantime, and he will lean over the bar and say things that make the barmaid turn scarlet. It is to these fellows that barmaids as a class owe the unsavory reputation that they have among those who do not know them.

If a barmaid meets a customer outside she usually speaks to him, or at least bows, if he is alone, but she must use her judgment in such matters. A man who would be very much offended if a barmaid did not recognize him on the street when he was alone might be ten times more offended if she bowed to him when he was with a friend. No barmaid would recognize her best friend if he was with another woman, and the man who has been out under such circumstances usually takes an early opportunity to drop into the bar and tell the girl that he saw her and how nice she was looking, or something of that sort, just to show that he appreciated her tact.

Like chorus girls, ballet dancers and others who have left their homes to make their living in the glare of public life, barmaids have a very bad reputation, but careful observers agree that it is largely

unearned. The girl behind the foot lights has no one to account to for her time, and is free to spend her mornings and afternoon pretty much as she pleases and to stay out for late suppers after the play. The barmaid must be on duty before nine every morning, and must stay behind the bar until midnight. She is usually so tired after being on her feet all day that she does not need any housekeeper's rules to send her directly to bed. The only leisure she has is one evening a week and one day a month. The evening is a very short affair, for she cannot go out until 8 and must be back in the house before 10. The day she has to herself is usually a Sunday, and it does not begin until 10 o'clock, and she must be back at 10. She has no chance to go to any of the exhibitions that take place in the afternoons and seldom sees the sun except through the windows of the bar.

In spite of all this the barmaid has unusual opportunities for making acquaintances and friends. There are usually of two very different classes—those who belong to her own set, such as the tradesmen that bring stuff to the hotel where she is employed, and those whom she meets across the bar. Nothing is more natural for a man who has to strike up an acquaintance with the barmaid, especially if she is good-looking. If he finds her agreeable he may perhaps venture to ask her to spend her next evening out at the Earl's Court Exhibition, or her coming Sunday afternoon on a trip up the Thames, with a supper at Richmond. The girl has to use her own judgment in accepting such invitations, but if she goes and she has sense enough to behave herself and remember that with the only difference between the girl he is with and those that he may be accustomed to is that this one has to work for a living and that she is availing herself of one of the few opportunities she has for enjoyment, he may pass some of the pleasantest hours of his life with her. There is nothing about her of which he need be ashamed. She is always neatly dressed, quiet and well behaved. Barmaids have no ear marks by which they can be picked out in a crowd like actresses, and their knowledge of the world, and its ways make them the most agreeable companions, always jolly but never loud or conspicuous.

What becomes of all the pretty barmaids? They get about \$3 a week and their board and lodging in the house, about twice as much as house servants. They cannot save a competence out of this, and most of them leave the business before middle age. A surprising number become installed in some of those modest little cottages at Shepherd's Bush or Blackheath, what Englishmen call "second establishments," usually the outcome of some of the pleasant excursions already referred to. It is a matter of public knowledge that one of the best known men in England had an establishment presided over for thirty years by a barmaid that he met in Wales, and whose companionship he said he enjoyed more than that of all the great people he had ever met.

Quite a number marry small tradesmen, or men who keep bars of their own either in small public houses or hotels. On account of their business training and their tact in managing and keeping customers they make excellent wives for small tradesmen who need help in the shop. They usually get along and 'save a bit,' and before long you will find them driving a dog cart on Sunday afternoons and going to the theatre occasionally. After a while you will hear that they are living in a neat little cottage in the suburbs, instead of over the shop, and if you happen to pass that way some afternoon you will see that the hand that began life by pulling on the beer engines under the glare of the lights in a public house have found at last their true occupation in pushing a baby carriage under the shade of the chestnuts on Hampstead Heath.

THE FEDERATING COLONIES.

Something About the Federal System of Legislation in Australia.

H. de Walker, writing of Australia's government in a recent Atlantic Monthly says: 'The railways, almost with exception and all the telegraphs and telephones, are in the hands of the community. In the few cases in which we find the private ownership of railways, a particular line was demanded at a certain time, and the Government was not then in a position to the funds required for the construction. Western Australia has recently purchased the entire property of one of the two private undertakings in the colony. 'We find in most of the colonies a mass of sanitary and industrial legislation.

'Again South Australia, Victoria, Western Australia and New Zealand lend money to settlers at low rates of interest. South Australia sells its wines in London; Queensland facilitates the erection of sugar mills; Victoria and South Australia have given a bonus upon the exportation of dairy produce. These colonies and New Zealand receive the produce, grade and freeze it free of charge, or at a rate which barely covers the expenses. Victoria contributes toward the erection of butter factories; Victoria and New Zealand have subsidised the mining industry; and Western Australia has adopted a comprehensive scheme for the supply of water to the gold fields.

'The national system of primary education is in all the colonies compulsory and undenominational. In South Australia, Victoria, Queensland and New Zealand it

is also free. In the other colonies fees are charged, which may be remitted, wholly or partly in the case of the inability of parents to pay them.

New Zealand and South Australia have appointed public trustees. New Zealand has long had a department of its insurance.

'Finally, since my visit in 1897, New Zealand has adopted a system of old age pensions. A pension of seven shillings a week is to be given to every person above the age of 65 years, provided he or she has lived in the colony for 25 years, and is able to pass a certain test in regard to sobriety and good conduct.

'Such then, are the main lines of development in Australia and New Zealand; and it is noteworthy that the colonies which are the most advanced—Victoria, South Australia and New Zealand—escaped the terrible introduction of convicts which has undoubtedly been prejudicial to the others. In fact, South Australia and New Zealand were settled largely by immigrants selected by various associations in Great Britain.'

BLOOD POISONING.

TERRIBLE SUFFERING OF A PRINCE EDWARD COUNTY FARMER.

Hospital Treatment Failed to Benefit him and Dr. Lila was De-paired of Against Will and Strong.

From the Belleville Sun. A reporter of the Belleville Sun recently had an opportunity to investigate a case made through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People which is little short of miraculous. The subject of the cure is Mr. William H. Conklin, a well known farmer who lives in Ameliasburg township, Prince Edward county. When the reporter drove over to see Mr. Conklin he had heard of the case, that he would find a partial invalid, but to his surprise found a stalwart robust man of six feet, actively engaged unloading logs from a sleigh. On making known the object of his visit the reporter was invited into the house and Mr. Conklin gave his story as follows:—

You can see for yourself that my condition is now one of good health, and yet I have been near death's door. A year ago last summer I injured my hand, with the result that blood poisoning set in. A doctor was called in and the usual treatment given and the hand apparently got well and I started to work. I soon turned out, however, that the poison had not been entirely got rid of and it spread through my whole system. The doctor was again called in, but looking upon my case as critical, advised me to go to the hospital at Belleville. This I did and remained there throughout the month of October, 1897. My condition was desperate, and as I was not making any progress toward recovery, I may frankly say that I gave my case up as hopeless. Believing that I could not recover, I asked to be taken home. I then tried various treatments with no better results. I could not walk without help, and I was doubled up like a jack-knife. At this stage I was advised to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and sent for half a dozen boxes. After using the first half dozen my appetite returned and night sweats which had been the bane of my sleeping hours deserted me. Knowing that the pills were helping me I sent for a further supply. Meantime a swelling came in my hip, which finally broke, and from that on my progress was more rapid and I am again as sound as ever, and able to do a days work with any one. I can only add that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills brought me to my present state of good health and so long as I live I shall praise the remedy that brought me back from the verge of the grave.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Big Umbrella.

One of the novel attractions of the forthcoming Parisian World's Fair is to be a gigantic umbrella, which will shelter thirty thousand people. So many people have met with the unpleasantness incident to a sudden fall of rain when attending an exhibition, and have tried to crowd into the already crowded refuges from the storm, that the idea can hardly fail to meet with approval.

It is to a Frenchwoman, Madame Giverny, well known in the gay capital for her inventions in parasols and walking-sticks, that Paris is to owe this gigantic umbrella. It will be more than three hundred feet in height, and will be supported by a metal column, the base of which will be more than one hundred and twenty feet in diameter. The covering will be four hundred and fifty feet square and will be decorated with designs in colored glass, which will serve at night to illuminate the exterior and interior with electric light.

The inside of what may be termed the handle will be divided into four stories, three of which will be under cover, and the fourth above. In each of the coverings there is to be a cafe. Concerts and theatrical performances will also be given in these buildings. On the fourth floor a restaurant, sheltered by a movable cupola will be under the management of one of the principal firms of Paris. It has already been engaged by the firm. Comfortable elevators will convey visitors to the top.

APRIOL & STEEL'S PILLS For Ladies. A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superseding Bitter Apple, Pfl. Cocks, Quinoyrol, &c. Order of all Chemists, or best free for \$1.50 from F. YARD & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B.C. G. G. Martz, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton, Eng.

Frills of Fashion.

The little matter of belts has an importance in dress out of all proportion to the size of the article...

Gray kid shoes with stockings to match are worn with light gowns in place of the white ones so long popular.

The smart hand-made silk handkerchiefs arranged in a four-in-hand necktie stands at the head of the list, but a rising novelty is the automobile of black satin...

Petticoats, whether of silk or lawn, have to be very carefully fitted to wear with the close-fitting skirts. The prettiest to wear with the thin gowns are made of white tulle...

Mourning hats for young girls are of dead black chip, with wide brims, and trimmed with plain white tulle or white tulle dotted with black.

The special novelty in French millinery is the Directors shaped hat in biscuit-colored straw. Small roses and forget-me-nots or small daisies and juncos are the flowers used under the brim in front...

Another idea in combination for the dress-makers is an undershirt of white embroidered batiste over white tulle, with a skirt of white silk mousseline between...

Under-shirts of accordion-plaited mousseline de soie, with a narrow ruche on the edge, and skirts of point d'esprit in either black or white, trimmed with graduated rows of satin ribbon...

White chine silk partially covered with a shadowy design forms the undershirt of an ecru lace gown made with a long tunic.

It has four ruffles cut in forms and scalloped in broad deep scallops finished on the edge with white silk fringe. Chinese silk and embroidered muslin is another combination...

Foreign fashion notes remind us again of the revival of the fish, and many of the latest models attest this fact with a shoulder-drapery of chiffon or lace. Whether the gown is of cloth or transparent material has no weight with this fashion...

A rather odd feature of trimming on some of the blue muslin gowns in the beige-colored velvet baby ribbon, sewn on the edge of the ruffles and outlining it everywhere...

Pretty models in yachting gowns carried out in blue and white serge, and shown in the illustration, may be effectively made in pique. One of white serge has a sailor collar and revers of white corded silk braided with flat blue braid...

If there is a rumour that separate waists are going out of style, it certainly can have no foundation amid the sea of waists which meet your eyes at every turn, both in and out of the shops...

Colored lawn in pale tints, trimmed with fine tucks and Valenciennes insertion, make charming waists. A novelty in silk and lace run through with black satin baby ribbon...

Among the dressy gowns for afternoon wear shown in the sketches is a black mousseline de soie finely tucked all over and trimmed with black Chantilly lace.

Stylish gowns of mauve tulle silk, tucked all over, has an undershirt and revers of ecru guipure run through with black velvet. Two lace waists show some of the many uses of black velvet...

A very novel model in pastel rose nun's veiling is tucked around the tunic and finished with black silk fringe. Down the front is a half loose wide plait of lace, run through with black velvet ribbon...

Summer tea gowns have a tempting place in the summer fashions, and there are two pretty models. One is of white China silk, trimmed elaborately with lace insertion, and another of white crepe de chine and black lace.

A sportsman known to 'Forest and Stream' was once on the beach at the outlet of a creek in New York State, looking for shore birds, when he saw a colored boy who was fishing for perch...

Do you call John Lawson an honest man? demanded an irate individual who had listened in indignance to the praise of a successful ranchman from the lips of a time-serving friend.

Well, said the other in the tone of one who wisely temporizes, all I can say is that he's been in court three times, accused of stealing, and he's escaped every time. Don't know any man in the state that's had his honesty tested any oftener!

STOPPING A STAMPEDE. The Secret of the Cowboy's Coolness in the Face of What seemed Great Peril. 'One of the slickest things I ever saw in my life,' said a veteran army officer the other day 'was a cowboy stopping a cattle stampede...

Well, sir, when the leaders had got within about a quarter of a mile of him I saw them try to sneak up, though they could not do it very quickly. But the whole herd seemed to want to stop, and when the cows and steers in the rear got about where the cowboy had cut across their path...

Do you call John Lawson an honest man? demanded an irate individual who had listened in indignance to the praise of a successful ranchman from the lips of a time-serving friend.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER BELFAST, IRELAND. AND 164, 166 AND 170 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. IRISH LINEN & DAMASK MANUFACTURERS. Household Linens. From the Least Expensive to the FINEST in the WORLD.

Robinson & Cleaver, BELFAST, IRELAND. (Please mention this Paper.)

Wear shown in the sketches is a black mousseline de soie finely tucked all over and trimmed with black Chantilly lace. Still little bows of black velvet, with paste buckles in the centre, fasten it down the front.

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KNIVES FORKS AND SPOONS STAMPED 1847 ROGERS BROS. ARE GENUINE AND GUARANTEED BY THE MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO. THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.

is also free. In the other colonies fees are charged, which may be remitted wholly or partly in the case of the inability of parents to pay them.

BLOOD POISONING.

TERRIBLE SUFFERING OF A PRINCE EDWARD COUNTY FARMER.

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The heads of what may be termed the handle will be divided into four stories, three of which will be under cover, and the fourth above. In each of the covered stories there is to be a cafe. Concerts and theatrical performances will also be given in these buildings. On the fourth floor a restaurant, sheltered by a movable cupola will be under the management of one of the principal firms of Paris.

Some wise counsellor in the wisdom of choice at the sales has suggested that you can buy to some advantage if you have a scheme of color for your dress and keep this constantly in mind, buying nothing that will not promote this scheme.

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BOOK FOR WOMEN FREE. Women who wish to learn how to prevent and cure those diseases peculiar to their sex and who wish to learn how to become healthy, strong, and happy, instead of suffering, weak and miserable, should write for Mrs. Julia C. Richard's...

I did in all my two years' reading. If you only last two days longer I shall become quite an authority, I'm sure.

On the first indication of Diarrhoea or Dysentery a few doses of Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry will promptly check the advance of these dangerous diseases.

It has been over 40 years a cure and has no equal for the cure of bowel complaints of young or old. There are many dangerous imitations on the market, so it would be wise to see that the full name, Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry, is on every bottle you buy.

Advertisement for a bicycle. Includes an illustration of a bicycle and text: 'TO INTRODUCE \$1.00 our new 1900 model early...

Advertisement for 'OUR SYSTEM' by J. Palmer & Son. Includes an illustration of a person's head and text: 'Of measurement enables us to guarantee our hair work to fit perfectly...

Advertisement for 'STAINED GLASS Memorials, Interior Decorations.' by Castle & Son. Includes an illustration of a stained glass window.

Advertisement for 'PRESERVE YOUR TEETH' by Calvert's Carbolic Tooth Powder. Includes text: 'and teach the children to do so by using CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER...

Advertisement for 'PATENTS' by C. C. Calvert & Co. Includes text: 'When you want to procure or sell a patent you go to a trustworthy firm who understand the patent laws...

CHAPTER IV. 'I'm not going to his house,' said Gertrude Breton to herself, as she brushed out her golden hair that night...

By Jove! he muttered again, and watched her as it finished. 'It's a fit mate as far as looks go,' he thought; then 'I'll go over and look at some of those pictures in the next room...

And Mr. Hargrave Tyrell stroked his chin meditatively. He had seated himself on a lounge, and leaned back. 'Some of them will filter in here presently,' he said to himself, 'and others will go down to tea...

'Oh, yes!' said Gertrude, laughing, 'he can't be angry with me for long. But come and show me what's in that other room—no one's there.'

'How silly of me to be so nervous,' she said, with a half-hysterical little laugh. 'Really—how foolish! It was the unexpected, you see. I thought no one was here. I beg your pardon—as Mr. Tyrell began apologizing—it is my own fault for being so ridiculously nervous.'

'I will take care of Miss Breton to assure you,' said Tyrell, and Sydney nodded and went swiftly away. 'I'm sorry I startled you so,' said Tyrell, bending down to the girl while they were alone...

'I assure you I didn't come with the least idea of seeing you; didn't even know you would be here. Of course, I recognized the portrait. What are you up to? I hear you are engaged.'

'You'd best not interfere with me,' said Gertrude, fiercely. She spoke under her breath, but the tone was unmistakable. 'Oh, I mustn't, mustn't! That's rather a large order, you know! Of course, I shall want to know why and what—well, you understand me!'

'I can't do anything till I'm married!' returned Gertrude. 'You had better come and tell me all about it,' said Tyrell, cheerfully. 'I passed you one day in the street with your fiancé—quite a well I'm told he is extremely well off.'

Advertisement for 'CANCER' treatment. Includes text: 'And Tumors cured to stay cured at home! 25c per bottle. Write Dept. 21, Mason Machine Co., 27 St. Lawrence Street, Toronto, Ontario.'

CHAPTER IV. 'I must admit that it was a glorious sight to see, and one that did my heart good. The rows were filled with monkeys, each with her little cotton sack around her neck, picking quietly, without any rash or confusion.'

'When they got their socks full they would run to the end of the row, where a man was stationed to empty them into a cotton basket, when they would hurry back to their work. The monkeys seemed actually to enjoy picking.'

'The cost of picking cotton with the aid of monkeys is only about one third as much as with negro labor, and the cotton brings a higher price, being cleaner. As cotton picking machines have been a failure in the South, there is great interest in the Smedes experiment.'

ORINITHALS AMONG WOLVES. A Canadian who Knows Much About Wild Animals. Mr. E. Stetson Thompson, naturalist to the government of Manitoba, has, under the title of 'Wild Animals I have known,' given a series of observations on the cunning of beasts.

Mr. Thompson claims for certain animals, says the Scientific American, a share of the deference paid to depraved greatness. For example, there was the wolf which, in the fourteenth century, terrorized all Paris for ten years; a lame grizzly bear which in two years, ruined all the hog-raisers and drove half the farmers out of business...

MONKEYS PICKING COTTON. They are Experts and Accomplish Some Great Feats. The Cotton Planters' Journal gives an account of the training of monkeys to pick cotton, in the plantations of Mississippi an account which it would be hard to believe if it were not accompanied with names, dates, places and circumstances which put deception out of all probability.

The introducer of this novel kind of labor is Mr. W. W. Mangum, and the principal scene of its employment has been Mangum's plantation at Smedes, Sharkey county. The attempt was suggested first by Professor S. M. Tracey. He had seen the performances of some trained monkeys and assured Mr. Mangum that he thought they could be trained to pick cotton.

Mr. Mangum was so much impressed by the suggestion that in the summer of 1897 he hunted out the owner of the monkeys which Professor had seen at work, bought the whole lot, ten in number, and induced their trainer to come with them to the plantation. There, in September, 1897, their training as cotton pickers began, and was conducted to a successful issue.

Each monkey was provided with a bag which would hold about twenty-five pounds of seed cotton. This bag was hung over the monkey's shoulder. Baskets to hold the cotton were placed at the end of each row, and one man beside the trainer, was needed to take the cotton out of the sacks and put it into the baskets.

They laid all four together and scattered dirt over them. The wolves now took to stampeding and killing sheep. Half a dozen goats are usually kept with each flock, as leaders, and they are not easily stampeded at night so when wolves are about, the sheep crowd about these leaders and remain there while the shepherds drive the wolves away.

One night they ran over the backs of the huddled flock, and killed all the goats in a few minutes. The sheep were then available for prey. Traps to the number of a hundred and thirty were set in different parts of the big ranch. The trail of the pack was followed and it became apparent that the leader, warned by the scent, stopped all the rest, and advanced alone to the trap.

He scratched until he laid bare a dozen buried chains and pickets. Then he entered an H-shaped series of traps, realized his danger, and slowly backed out, putting down each paw backward until he was off the dangerous ground.

Afterward he sprung as many traps as possible, by scratching clouds and stones at them with his hind feet.

Writing of his varied experience in 'By Way of Cape Horn,' Mr. B. E. Stevenson tells of a time when, needing exercise, he volunteered to assist in pumping ship. A ship's pumps are worked by means of handle-bars attached to large, heavy fly-wheels, six feet in diameter; and the motion of pumping is similar to the old-fashioned way of lifting rock out of an excavation by man-power derricks.

I decanted to the main-deck after supper and was smilingly welcomed by boat-swain and men. I grasped the handle-bar with reckless assurance of a man who knows not what he does, having opposite me a raw-boned, powerful Englishman, Coleman by name.

'Shake her up,' came from the second mate in another moment; and urged by the strong arms of the sailors the great wheels began slowly to revolve. As moments passed with no indication of acceleration in the speed, I began to fear that I was not to find much exercise, when all at once there was an increase in the movement, and my breath came shorter and quicker.

Faster and yet faster flew the iron handles till we must have been doing sixty revolutions to the minute. I was nearly pitched off my seat at every turn, and my head began to swim. Usually at the end of fifteen minutes a halt is called for a breathing spell; but now we went on and on with no signs of stopping.

Advertisement for 'IN MEMORY of Paste Blacking' by Packard's 'SPECIAL' BOX CALF Shoe Dressing. Includes text: 'KILLED BY Packard's "/>

capitals can therefore be depended upon to maintain order, even at the risk of slaughtering citizens by hundreds or even thousands. The shield has another side. While militarism overruns street mobs and stands ready to destroy them, it is conscious of its own power and may be converted into an engine of revolution. The people of this republic should note this menacing fact and remember it in future legislation.

Professor Packard had gone to Virginia from New England, and naturally it had never been his fortune to see perissomys growing. One day, as he was walking along, he noticed some most tempting fruit, of a beautiful light orange color. Its appearance was so much in its favor that Professor Packard picked and took a liberal taste of what was in reality an unripe perissomys.

The poor perissomys instantly jumped at the idea that he was poisoned. While his face was contorted with anguish and fear he was overtaken by two of his colleagues, who anxiously inquired what was the matter. 'Don't talk to me,' groaned the victim, 'but let me go home and die in the bosom of my family!'

As may be supposed, the professor soon discovered that he had not taken a fatal mouthful, in spite of his feelings; but the memory of his piteous request gave the faculty, including himself many a good laugh in later days.

The peculiar simplicity of the French peasant is illustrated by two incidents. A peasant went to his post office and offered for the mail a letter which was over the weight specified for a single stamp. 'This is too heavy,' said the postmaster. 'You will have to put another stamp on it.'

'Wh-wh-why,' said the peasant, with wide-open eyes, 'w-w-will another stamp make it any lighter?' Another peasant, presiding over the municipal council of his village, gave the assembly a lecture on the lack of necessity for any more road-building. 'As for the roads which are now bad,' he said, 'it is of no use to repair them; and as for those which are good, why do anything to them until they get bad?'

'A Man's a Man for a That.' But he is a stronger, happier and wiser man if he uses Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor and gets rid of the unsightly corn, painlessly and at once.

Regulated the Symptoms. 'Life is a failure,' said the tired-looking passenger in a grave and far away voice. 'Man is a fraud, woman a bore, happiness a delusion, friendship a humbug; love is a disease, beauty a deception, marriage a mistake, a wife a trial, a child a nuisance; good is merely hypocrisy, evil is detection. The whole system of existence—like, morality, society, humanity, and all that—is a hollow sham. Our boasted wisdom is egotism; generosity is imbecility. There is nothing of any importance but money. Money is everything; and, after all, what is everything? Nothing. Arr-r-r-r.'

Advertisement for 'A CARD.' We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Willis' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Willis' English Pills are used.

A QUESTION OF LABELS.

Ronald Melton, one of Battersby's youngest practitioners, was making up his patients' medicines after his day's rounds. As he dotedly filled the bottles, he listened to the talk of his friend Dick Lyde, a tall weather-tanned, globe-trotter, who had just returned from South Africa. They had been old fellow students; but Lyde, at the completion of his hospital course, was left a small fortune, and indulged in his boyish desire for travelling; while Melton, having obtained his qualifications, settled down, after some assistantships in town and country, as a general practitioner at Battersby, and it varied in a modest way with an income that was increasing yearly.

Presently Doctor Philpason, an older man than Melton, arrived. The letter could not be found. He had been at the

Royal Arms' with a friend, Laura heard, with a pang at her heart. The other doctor shook his head. 'We'll try antiseptics,' he said; 'but—' And he set to work. But the patient rapidly grew worse; and after some time of intense suffering, Reary died, to the frantic grief of his wife and niece. Just after this Ronald Melton hurried in. He was equally startled and astonished. 'I don't understand it,' he said confusedly.

To say the truth, in variance with his constant habit, he had been, at Lyde's prodding, having some champagne while listening to his stories, and then the latter's roving propensities had induced the young doctor to accompany him for a walk under the moon, Ronald being pretty sure he had no pressing case that night. 'Well said the other doctor, 'it's pretty plain, my dear fellow, I'm afraid; for once you didn't think what you were doing and put the wrong labels on.' This was in a low tone, and with professional sympathy. 'Had you anything to distract your attention?'

'No—well—Lyde was talking to me at the time,' replied Ronald dolefully. 'Ah! that accounts for it. These things will occur sometimes. We must make the best of it all as the inquest,' said Philpason, who liked Melton. 'But I'm positive I made no mistake,' said Ronald gloomily. 'Ah, my dear fellow, all of us do sometimes. Will, I must go now, for I expect at the dead man with thoughts too bewildered for words. Mrs. Reary glanced at him through her tears. 'Oh, go away, do Doctor Melton! he said hysterically. 'I can't want to be kind—but how can I look at you after such a thing as this?'

'Laura,' said the young man in tremulous tones, touching the kneeling girl, 'I wish you would believe I'd rather have died myself than this should have happened. Won't you believe me?'

When he returned the next day, having been detained for hours, he called at the 'Royal Arms.' But Lyde had left for London by the first train, and had left a message that he would write. The inquest followed. The facts having been stated, and the medical evidence given by Doctor Philpason, the coroner asked the boy Jim if he delivered the bottles untouched at Mr. Reary's.

III. Ronald Melton soon found what the verdict meant. His patients left him. He was looked at askance, and his acquaintances became very short-sighted whenever they saw him. He thought against popular opinion, and having a very small private income, but sufficient for his needs, lived on in Battersby with one old servant. His horse and dog cart he sold. He had little need for either, and devoted himself to a scientific study.

you were a bit tainted over my years. However, why stay here? Come to London. I'll find the money for a practice. 'No,' said Ronald. 'A man's reputation damaged in our profession isn't easily repaired. Besides—though we shall never marry I sometimes see Laura—and he hid his face, while Lyde looked out of the window. But some days later the mystery was explained. Mrs. Reary met with a casting accident, being seriously injured. The horse had overturned the basket carriage, and though Laura Melton was unhurt, her aunt sustained external, as well as internal injuries. Philpason attended, but pronounced no opinion, his silence in itself eloquent. 'I am dying,' she said quietly to the horror-stricken Laura. 'Philpason knows it. But there's something I must say. Send for Ronald Melton.'

Laura was violently agitated with mingled emotions. 'For him?' she gasped. 'The other nodded silently. Presently Ronald, Laura, Philpason, and the hospital nurse were round the dying woman's bed. 'I owe you this,' she murmured, looking fixedly at Ronald. 'You were ruined. But my husband was poisoned by my fault. I changed the labels. He was a tyrant, and I had long—'

And here she stopped, and never spoke more. 'Oh, Ronald, can you forgive me?' said Laura. The reply was satisfactory, and Doctor Melton became a leading practitioner in the town, which did all it could to compensate for the past. Will Flack handled them. Patience—Did you ever get a lock of Will's hair? Patience—Oh, no. We're not married yet, you know!

BORN.

- Oxford, June 24 to the wife of W. Blad, a daughter.
Glenora, June 23, to the wife of James Lamey, a son.
Shelburne, June 2, to the wife of Howland White, a son.
Waltham, June 25, to the wife of James Chandler, a son.
Montreal, June 27, to the wife of J. M. McConnell, a son.
Shelburne, June 22, to the wife of Wm. Swansburg, a son.
Concord, June 18, to the wife of F. Rotue, a son.
Lunenburg, June 10, to the wife of Wm. Foul, a son.
Grand View, June 11, to the wife of Rev. Keirstead, a son.
Ken. Hill, June 25, to the wife of F. W. Steadman, a son.
Amherst, June 26, to the wife of G. J. McLean, a son.
Cumberland, June 25, to the wife of C. R. Hayward, a son.
Lunenburg, June 27, to the wife of Geo. Winter, a son.
Montreal, June 21, to the wife of D. McLaughan, a son.
Yarmouth, June 17, to the wife of Ira L. Porter, a son.
Smith's Cove, June 17, to the wife of R. Co sett, a son.
Westport, June 25, to the wife of Erna Frost, a son.
Shelburne, June 26, to the wife of Kisman Gobeck, a son.
Richmond, May 23, to the wife of Samuel Grant, a son.
Hall's, June 20, to the wife of Major J. O'Loon, a son.
Spring Hill, June 24, to the wife of James O'Brien, a son.
Middleton, June 27, to the wife of H. E. Reed, a son.
Coburn Road, June 24, to the wife of S. S. Shaford, a daughter.
North River, June 15, to the wife of Robert Nelson, a daughter.
Ehret Harbor, June 6, to the wife of R. V. McNaught, a daughter.
Lunenburg, June 21, to the wife of Gilbert Randall, a daughter.
La Fave, June 15, to the wife of Angus Ho ne, a daughter.
La Fave, June 26, to the wife of Wm. Clarence, a daughter.
Bridgewater, June 20, to the wife of Reuben Oik, a daughter.
Dunlop, June 19, to the wife of Freeman Oik, a daughter.
Westville, June 20, to the wife of R. H. McKay, a daughter.
Bourgeois, June 10, to the wife of R. McLeod, a daughter.
Sidney Mines, June 27, to the wife of George Cook, a daughter.
Amherst, June 23, to the wife of George Cook, a daughter.
Lunenburg, June 14, to the wife of A. Echnare, a daughter.
Tussock, June 25, to the wife of R. Jacquard, a daughter.
Halt, June 25, to the wife of John McInnis, a daughter.
Halt, June 25, to the wife of J. McVicar, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Yarmouth, June 14 by Rev. C. Wilson, Percy Bain to Leticia Poole.
Truro, June 28, by Rev. E. F. Waring, Mr. E. P. Elliot to Mrs. Ray.
Millport, June 29 by Rev. A. B. Dickie, R. Mitchell to Hattie Wardro.
Goldboro, June 29, by Rev. W. J. Ralledge, Lola Giffen to John G. Min.
Halt, June 22, by Rev. Wm. Ainsley, Clement Hills to Martha Spear.
West Caledonia, June 31, by Rev. F. Egan, Wm. Canling to Eunice Wis.
Port Morlan, June 29, by Rev. Wm. Grant, Mr. Jossett to Mrs. Chiswell.
Lunenburg, June 24, by Rev. McCreery, Howard C. Jones to Mrs. Wenzell.
Fairville, June 23, by Rev. A. S. Morton, Garry Beck to Jennie Campbell.
Gay's River, June 22, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, Hugh Malin to Alice McElroy.
Malin, June 22, by Rev. J. S. Durkee, Rev. F. S. Hartley, to Laura Folsom.
Lunenburg, June 7, by Rev. Jacob Mearner, Arthur F. Oakes to Beulah Cook.
St. John, June 17, by Rev. J. A. Gordon, W. L. Long to Miss S. I. Chover.
Windsor, June 21 by Rev. Wm. Phillips, John L. Somerville to Louise S. Roberts.
Somerville, June 17, by Rev. Wm. Murray, Harry Earl to Jennie Moore.
Caledonia, Q. C., June 17, by Rev. W. Outebridge, St. John, June 16, by Rev. J. W. Olaske, Robert S. Odoms to Lizzie Darrak.
Halt, June 27, by Rev. Dr. Keatts, John N. Adams to Mrs. M. Boushler.
Great Village, June 25, by Rev. Jas. McLean, Alex. D. Gunn to Jane M. Spence.

St. John, June 25, by Rev. A. T. D. Brown, Chas. Gagnier, to Jennie Hanison.
Gagnier, June 24, by Rev. W. Croft, Wm. D. Adams to Anne S. McDonald.
Lunenburg, June 20, by Rev. T. DeGwick, Miss Major to May Macneil.
Glenora, June 27, by Rev. E. Monte, Harry Spink, to Mrs. Sarah Spear.
Chatham, June 25, by Rev. D. Henderson, Wm. C. Murray to Miss Isobel Johnston.
New Brunswick, June 14, June 18, by Rev. E. S. Smith, Robert Smith to Flora B. Brown.
River Harlot, June 25, by Rev. J. M. Parker, Joseph Greer to Maria Collins.
Glenora, June 24, by Rev. W. Croft, John V. Williams to Miss Jennie Johnson.
Most ck, June 24, by Rev. W. Phillip, Otisiah Hawkins to Mrs. M. Beckman.
Windsor, June 17, June 17, by Rev. L. McCreey, Phillip Haines to Jennie Ho-mes.
Halt, June 25, by Rev. T. O. Johnston, Chas. Johnson to Mrs. M. H. Forth.
Pagwash, June 24, by Rev. C. H. Havenstock, Simpson L. Gail to Laura Ralph.
Halt, June 27, by Rev. Canon Maynard, Fred Alexander, F. E. Tisd., June 27, by Rev. J. C. Spurr, L. Charles T. Dupuy to Annie M. Wood.
St. John, June 23, by Revs. Boy and Palmer, Robert Palmer to Anne Hesse pecker.

DIED.

- Digby, Lg in Buley 3.
P. J. Wm. Murray 68.
Digby, June 15 L. Marie Dunn 27.
Windsor, June 19 Mary Milnes 47.
Halt, June 25, Alex. Cook 77.
Halt, June 19, Henry J. Fry 47.
Yarmouth, June 23, Jesse Gray 2.
F. Ross, June 27, John McDonald 61.
Moncton, June 27, Bertha G. Hays 2.
Halt, June 27, Mrs. C. H. G. 63.
Halt, June 25, Mary Ann Valois 82.
St. John, June 23, Oscar Marchand 57.
Wickham, Quebec Co., June 16, Rene L. St. John, June 27, William J. Farnam 55.
Boothby, Mass., E. Howard McGill 22.
Cambridge, Mass., June 25, A. S. Cory.
Moncton, June 25, Murray H. McLeod 6.
Fairbairn, June 21, Albert H. McLeod 62.
Woburn, Mass., June 21, Emma Chand 20.
Yarmouth, June 25, Thomas W. Curry 74.
Moncton, June 27, Mr. Alphonse Garvin 54.
Amnapolis, June 27, Alex. der D. Howat.
Canton, Mass., June 27 Roger P. Jones 30.
Halt, June 29, Conductor Rutherford 76.
North East Point, June 25, D. Ross Smith 56.
Mobile Alabama, June 4, John J. Walsh 54.
Summersville, June 21, Mrs. Mary X. 62.
B. Incont June 26, Mrs. Thomas Sarah 90.
Dartmouth, June 20, Bernard J. O'Hara 32.
New York, June 22, Mrs. Sarah A. Smith 84.
Tussock, June 24, James W. E. Driggs 60.
Lynn, Mass., June 24, Zach rie LeBlanc 77.
Spiritehill, June 25, Annie M. W. 47.
Boston Highlands, June 16 Susan Cameron 76.
Lower Woods Harbor, June 23, Esther Smith 20.
Coldbrook, June 27, Annie, wife of D. A. Foyle.
Upper Munquodoc, June 24, Alexander Parker.
Massachusetts, June 29, Emma, wife of W. J. Patterson 38.

RAILROAD.

CANADIAN PACIFIC SATURDAY SUBURBAN EXCURSION. Tickets now on sale at St. John, Saturdays, good for return valid Monday following date of sale, at following rates, viz: South Bay 25 Futton 30 Grand Bay 35 Uegleside 40 Riverbank 45 Westfield 40 Linney 40 Nerepis 40 Eagle Rock 70 Westport 60 H. Y. 1.40 Westport 1.40 2 red rickon 2.10 Hartley 2.30 Mead m. d. c. t. 2.70 S. Stephen 2.70 St. Andrews 2.70 W. d. stock 3.70 Tickets on sale at City Ticket Office, Chubb's Corner and at station.

DOMINION ATLANTIC R.Y.

On and after Monday, July 3rd, 1899, the Steamship at 4 Train service on this steamer will be as follows: Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert. ST. JOHN AND DIGBY DAILY SERVICE (Sunday excepted.) Lve. St. John at 7 00 a. m., arr. Digby 9 30 a. m. Lve. Digby at 9 30 p. m., arr. St. John, 4 30 p. m. Steamship "Prince Edward," St. John and Boston Direct Service. Lve. Mon. 5 30 p. m. Lve. Sat. 4 p. m. St. John Thurs 5 30 p. m. Boston Wed 11 a. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted.) Lve. Halt, 6. 30 a. m., arr. in Digby 12.30 p. m. Lve. Digby 12.30 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 5.20 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 5.45 a. m., arr. Digby 11.25 a. m. Lve. Digby 11.45 a. m., arr. Halt 6.30 a. m. Lve. Annapolis 7.15 a. m., arr. Halt 8.30 a. m. Lve. Digby 8.30 p. m., arr. Annapolis 4.40 p. m.

FLYING BLUEBIRD

Lve. Halt, 8.00 a. m., arr. at Yarmouth 4.00 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 8.00 a. m., arr. at Halt, 3.00 p. m.

S.S. PRINCE GEORGE.

S. S. PRINCE ARTHUR.

YARMOUPE AND BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and fastest steamers plying out of Boston. Leave Yarmouth, N. B., Daily (Sunday and Flying Bluebird excepted). Returns arrive in Boston early next morning. Returns leave Long Wharf, Boston, Daily (Sunday excepted) at 4.00 p. m. Unqualified agents on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Buses Car Pass Train. Passengers can be obtained on application to City Agent. These connections with trains at Digby, Lunenburg, and at City Office, 116 Prince William Street, at one wharf after, a 3 from the Ferry Street, from which time-tables and all information can be obtained.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after Monday, the 19th, June 1899, Trains will run daily, (Sunday excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Express for Hampton, Fredericton, Woodstock and Halifax, New Glasgow, St. John, and Digby. Express for Halifax, New Glasgow, and Digby. Express for Hampton, Fredericton, Woodstock and Halifax, New Glasgow, St. John, and Digby. A steamer car will be attached to the train leaving at 7.45 at 2.30 o'clock for Yarmouth, Yarmouth, Digby and Shiping cars of the Quebec and Montreal Express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Hampton, Fredericton, Woodstock and Halifax, New Glasgow, St. John, and Digby. Express from Halifax, New Glasgow, and Digby. Express from Hampton, Fredericton, Woodstock and Halifax, New Glasgow, St. John, and Digby. All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notice.

1899 1899.

THE YARMOUTH S. S. CO., LIMITED.

For Boston and Halifax VIA Yarmouth. Shortest and Most Direct Route. Only 15 to 17 hours from Yarmouth to Boston. Four Trips a Week from Yarmouth to Boston.

STEAMERS "BO TON" and "YARMOUPE"

One of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Sunday p. m. after a rival of Dominion Atlantic from Halifax. Returning leaves Friday night, Boston every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at 2 p. m. coast stage with Dominion Atlantic Coast Express. Regular mail carried on steamers.

THE FINEST STEAMER "CITY OF MONTECELLO"

Leave Yarmouth every Monday (10 p. m.) for Montreal, Yarmouth and St. John, N. B., coming back at Yarmouth, Wednesday, via steamer for Boston. Re turning leaves St. John every Friday 7 a. m.

For tickets, staterooms and other information

apply to Dominion Atlantic Railway, 25 Beillevue Street, North Street depot, Halifax, N. S., or to any agent on the Dominion Atlantic, Intercolonial, Central and Coast railways.

For tickets, staterooms, etc. apply to S. M. Robinson's wharf, Beads Point wharf.

L. E. BAKER, President and Director. Yarmouth N. S., June 29th, 1899.

SAILINGS

OF THE STMR. CLIFTON.

On and after Saturday 29th inst., and until further notice, the Steamer Clifton will leave her wharf at Hampton Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 8.00 (local). Returning will leave Indianville same days at 4 p. m. local. CAPT. R. G. EARLE, Manager.

Star Line Steamers

For Fredericton and Woodstock.

Steamers Victoria and David Weston will leave St. John every day at 8 o'clock (standard), for Fredericton and intermediate stops. Returning will leave Fredericton at 7.30 a. m. standard. On and after June 24th, the Steamer Aberdeen will leave St. John, every Saturday at 8.30 p. m. for Wickham and intermediate ports. Returning will leave Wickham Monday at 8 a. m. due at St. John at 8 o'clock a. m. Tickets good to return by Steamer David Weston, due at St. John at 1.30 p. m.

JAMES MANCHESTER, Manager, Freeport.

MANHATTAN STEAMSHIP CO.'Y

New York, Eastport, and St. John, N. B., Line. Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN (New York Wharf, Beads Point), November 14th, 26th, and December 2nd and weekly thereafter. Returning steamers leave NEW YORK, FINE L. NORTH RIVER (Battery Park), November 24th, 30th and Dec. 7th, 14th, 21st, 28th, and ST. JOHN will be WEDNESDAY as our own steamers will then be on the line. With our superior facilities for handling freight, FREIGHTS, together with our EASTERN arrangements (both by rail and water), we have our connections to the WEST AND SOUTH. We are in a position to handle all the business entrusted to us with the BEST AND MOST SATISFACTORY OF OUR PATRONS BOTH AS REGARDS SERVICE AND CHARGES. For all particulars, address, R. H. FLEHING, Agent, New York Wharf, St. John, N. B. N. L. NEWCOMB, General Manager, 4-11 Broadway, New York City.