

PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

WANT BETTER TICKETS.

FERRY PATRONS NOT SATISFIED WITH THE SYSTEM.

There is too much Red Tape about it and an Actual Loss from Unused Tickets—A Petition that Monthly Tickets be Made Good Until They are Used.

The question of ferry tickets is again to the front, after a long rest, and will probably be considered at the next session of the common council. It was discussed at a meeting of the board of works on Thursday, and for a novelty the discussion was a moderate and amicable one, in which sectional feeling did not come aggressively into the questions and answers.

It will be remembered that the demand for a free ferry, or at least a one-cent fare, threatened to be a burning one a year or two ago. The Carleton members had twice as much to say about it then as they have now, because there were twice as many of them, to say nothing of at least one representative who spoke twice as often as anybody else. To meet the views of regular patrons of the ferry, the present system of monthly tickets was devised.

It never was a good one, and has not become more popular with age. Before it, there had been a system of buying single tickets at \$1. each, good for a month and entitling the holder to cross as often as he pleased during that time. The fare for a single trip at that time was three cents, instead of two as at present. When the two-cent rate was established, the demand was for some commuted rate for people who were obliged to cross daily, and after a good deal of brain power had been exhausted in the task, the present monthly book of tickets was put on its trial.

By this plan two sets of tickets are issued in packages of fifty each. The ordinary citizen pays fifty cents for his book, while children and employees at low rates of wages get their packages for twenty-five cents. The proportion of the number of those at the higher rate to those at the lower rate is three to one. Of the 5,803 books sold last year, there were 4,346 at 50 cents and 1,457 at 25 cents.

The issue of these books is attended with a good deal of needless trouble. First of all a new applicant must give notice not later than the 20th of the month that he will want a book issued to him for the next month. This regulation is necessary in order that a sufficient number may be printed. The tickets are given out during the last three days of the month. Each book is numbered, and the holder is supposed to have only that number on his books in future months. A list of the book holders is given to each of the collectors, so that only the holders can use the tickets. A man who is not sufficiently a prophet to know by the 20th of one month that he will have to cross the ferry two or three times a day during the next month, pays for his lack of foreknowledge at the rate of two cents a trip.

So does the man who expects to cross only twice a day, but finds some change in his circumstances which requires him to cross four times. This may frequently happen with the working class whom the commutation is designed to benefit. A man on the east side may get a month's work at some job on the west side, or the reverse may be the case. The books only meet the case of those who have had and will have fixed and regular times for coming and going. Even then they do not meet the whole case. A man who crosses in the morning and returns at night on week days, gets one book which allows him fifty trips. He will, however, make fifty-two trips in ordinary months to say nothing of extra passages, not to mention, made on Sundays or the evenings. For each of these, in excess of the fifty, he has to pay two cents a trip. The same condition attends a man who gets two books on the basis of four trips a day, or three on the basis of six trips. If he gets more books than he really needs, he has a lot of tickets on hand which are useless to him, as the books issued for any month are no good in any other month.

In the year 1894, no less than 21,926 tickets were sold and not used, and allowing for the proportions of the two kinds of books, the public paid about \$200 for tickets for which it got no value. It is true this was in the nature of direct gain to the city, but it was the getting of money for which no value was given, and was very far from realizing the idea of a one-cent ferry for regular patrons.

The city is at some loss, too, by the over-printing of tickets. Ever since the system was established, Admiral Glasgow has been figuring to hit the mark each month as near as possible, and he appears to have done this as well as any man could do. To make his calculations come out in any sort of shape each month, he has had to familiarize himself with the habits and idiosyncrasies of all classes of citizens who are residents of Carleton or have business there. Some men may say in advance that they need three books, and will actually take only one. Others may apply for only

one and will want another by the middle of the month. So the Admiral has had to make a special study of Carleton and its people as well as of human nature in general. With all his skill and experience, however, nearly 500 books were printed last year and not used. After the end of the month all unused tickets are so much waste paper to the city or the residents. The cost of printing the monthly tickets is something over \$200 a year.

The petition now before the council is simply that the tickets be made good until used, so that if a working man in the city gets a temporary job in Carleton he can have the advantage of the reduced rate, and so that they do not use all their tickets within a limited time will not find them valueless. It is a very simple thing for the city to do this, and it will be as much for the benefit of the east side, as those of the west side, so far as a large number of working men are concerned.

The great fear of some of the aldermen, in the past, has been that if tickets were good until used, many people would buy them who now pay two cents a trip. There is very little to apprehend on this ground, no man who does not have to cross pretty often is likely to lay out his money in the purchase of a book of tickets, and even if all classes of citizens did avail themselves of the commuted rate there would naturally be an increase of travel which would make the receipts nearly, if not fully equal to those at the present time. A mere pleasure seeker with a book of tickets would be tempted to travel in that direction twice as often as when it cost him two cents a trip. Without doubt, however, only a limited number of books would be bought. The average citizen would pay his two cents every time as in the past.

If it is not intended that the regular patrons of the ferry should have a one-cent fare, some method less cumbersome than the present will have to be adopted.

SOLVING AN OLD PROBLEM.

How Ladies May Take Their Big Hats to Places of Amusement.

So long as big hats are in style, ladies will wear them to places of amusement, in the face of all the sarcasm that has been levelled against them for years. Not long ago, however, a young lady found herself at the opera house with a hat of tolerably large proportions. She was quite conscious of the fact, but the hat was one which she wanted to wear and which suited her general style of dress. After she had been seated a few moments she began to reflect that it was certainly an obstruction to the view behind her, and she made up her mind to do an act which required considerable moral courage.

"I am going to take off my hat," she whispered to her escort. "Do you think it would look very odd of me to do so?" His reply was that he thought it would be a very sensible act, and she accordingly removed her headgear, for which she found a place in her lap.

This was some time ago, but the example then set has had excellent results. At the opera house, during the past week, quite a number of ladies have been seen with uncovered heads, and have thus earned both the thanks and admiration of the people in the seats behind them. When the practice becomes more general, the problem of the big hat at the theatre will have an easy and graceful solution.

No Claims for the Reward.

Possibly with a design to attract attention, the \$5 reward offered for evidence to convict persons guilty of the crime of throwing paper, etc. on the streets looks like \$500 when the hand bills are seen a little distance away. It might as well be the one amount as the other, so far as complaints and convictions are concerned. There is still plenty of loose paper around the streets, and at times fairly large quantities of it may be seen in front of the police office itself. The police do not put it there, nor do they know where it comes from. Some of them have a theory that the rubbish comes from one or the other of the public apartments of which there are several in the vicinity, including the common council chamber and the officers of the board of works. There is a good chance for somebody to earn \$5 by keeping an eye wide open.

An Heir Who Was Alive.

Several years ago, in closing up the estate of a former prominent merchant of this city, the heirs sold various properties in some of the principal streets and gave what were supposed to be sufficient titles to them. One member of the family, who was out of the country, had not been heard from for so long that he was supposed to be dead, and as he had no family to represent his share the deeds were given without his being a party to them. The other day he reappeared, after an absence of about a quarter of a century, and it is understood he proposes to find out where his rights are in the premises, and to establish them in such a way as to show that he is very much alive, despite of a general opinion to the contrary for some past years.

EXPERTS ON THE CYCLE.

PROMINENT CITIZENS WHO TAKE SPINS AROUND TOWN.

The Number of Wheels Owned Here Has Been Doubled Within the Last Year—The Fashion Has Extended to the Ladies—Some Who Are Well Known in Society.

If the papers divided up their space among subjects in proportion to the interest which is manifested in them, they would devote several columns daily to cycling notes. Everyone is talking about the wheel and its uses and pleasures and the number of devotees of the bike is all the time increasing. It looks almost as though the horse would be superseded by its silent rival as the medium for an afternoon's outing, for it is capturing whole families.

The number of wheels purchased in this city this year is marvellous, and there are now hundreds of cyclists in the community. On a fine evening they may be seen by the dozen skimming along the roads leading from the city or enjoying the beauties of nature by the roadside. The Rothesay road is the favorite resort, and men may be seen going out with their wives, young men with their best girls, the leisurely inclined taking it easy and the record breakers "scorching" along the level stretches.

There are a large number of prominent men in all the professions and occupations who have found cycling a delightful relaxation from the cares of business. Among the clergymen there are four who may be seen about the streets. Strange to say they are all baptists. Whether it is an indication that that denomination are more ready to accept things modern becomes an interesting problem. Revs. G. O. Gates and S. McCully Black are enthusiastic wheelmen and the record of their riding this spring shows that they have covered some hundreds of miles. Rev. J. A. J. Gordon and Rev. E. E. Daley are also numbered among wheelmen.

Doctors Morrison, Hetherington and Crawford represent the medical profession among the disciples, and Doctors Kenney, Gorham and Burns the profession of dentistry. Mr. Mont. Mac Donald and Major Mac Lean, two of the well known lawyers of the city, are graduates of the Bicycle Academy this year, and the former indulges in the pastime at his summer residence at Woodman's Point. Then there is a host of young lawyers, Messrs C. H. Ferguson, C. J. Milligan, G. G. Reel, the Messrs Skinner, H. Puddington, S. B. Bustin, R. Hanington and others.

In the fourth estate there are not many wheelmen as yet, though editors Scott and Hannay may in time be seen forgetting their differences politically while they trundle their bikes together over the road. It is also within the range of possibility that the former may be his walking tours from the elevation of a safety. So far there are only three proprietors of wheels among the newspaper fraternity.

One of most enthusiastic wheelmen in the city is Mr. H. P. Zimmerman, the general superintendent of the Atlantic division of the C. P. R., and he may frequently be seen enjoying a spin. Mr. John March, superintendent of schools for the city, has been a wheelman for some years, Police clerk Henderson is another prominent official who delights in a run out the road. Among bank men there are Andrew Blair, of Blair & Co., and T. B. Blair manager of the bank of Nova Scotia, Mr. Joshua Clawson, cashier of the bank of New Brunswick; and Mr. B. C. Barclay Boyd of the same institution. Then there are a large number of bank clerks who spend much of their leisure time in the most popular recreation of the present day.

Mr. Robt. Thomson, one of the leading men in shipping, is one of this year's converts and six members of his household are cyclists. Quite a number of the leading merchants of King and Charlotte streets are wheelmen. Among them are J. Pope Barnes, Fred Daniel, Hazen Dick, John White, J. A. Dykeman, Henry Page, E. L. Rising, Messrs. Holman and Duffell, F. S. Whittaker, and Walter Mitchell. Other prominent men who cycle are:

R. B. Emerson, T. S. Simms, R. S. Haley, R. Keltie Jones, S. L. T. Burnham, E. C. March, Frank Tippet, Fred Fisher, Chas. Fisher, G. Earnest Fairweather, H. C. Tilley, Jas. Kelly, Le B. Wilson, Geo. Salmon, L. L. Sharpe, Andrew Malcolm, Jas. Patterson, C. S. Harding, Geo. Moore, W. E. Earle, Wm. Starr, Chas. Harding, R. B. Humphrey.

There are probably four or five hundred bicycles in this city and half of these were purchased this year, of this number fifty or sixty belong to ladies. Miss Mabel Thomson, daughter of Mr. Robert Thomson, was one of the first young ladies to start the vogue, and now there are quite a number of society women who have followed her example. The summer residences at Rothesay are nearly all provided with a ladies bicycle or two. Among the lady cyclists are the following:

Miss Akers, Miss Blanche Beard, Miss

Christie, Mrs. Fred Dykeman, Mrs. W. E. Earle, Mrs. Gerard, Miss Grant, Mrs. Harding, Miss Hannah, Miss May, Miss McLeuchlan, Miss Mabel Olive, Miss Puddington, Miss Robertson, Miss Helen Robertson, Misses Ring, Mrs. Ritchie, Miss Sulis, Misses Hall, Mrs. Hegon, Mrs. Fred Harding, Miss Edna Jones, Miss Katie Jones, Mrs. Keltie Jones, Mrs. Fred A. Jones, Miss Jordan, Mrs. Horace King, Mrs. (Dr.) Kenney, Miss Long, Miss Mowat, Miss Moore, Misses McAvity, Miss Skinner, Miss Hattie Smith, Mrs. Robt. Thomson, Miss Pauline Tapley, Miss Mabel Thomson, Misses Ungar, Miss Josie Vassie, Miss Janis Vassie, Miss Wade, Misses Wilnot, Mrs. Fred Whittaker.

WITNESSES WERE ABSENT.

The Curious Way of Ending Some Cases in the Halifax Police Court.

HALIFAX, June 20.—This week has brought another ludicrous and successful attempt to "pull off" a prosecution in Stipendiary Fielding's court. There are over 300 hickmen and truckmen in this city. Over thirty of them failed to take out licenses this year. Chairman Stewart of the hicks and trucks committee, on the eve of his departure for a United States trip left orders with chief O'Sullivan to have the delinquents prosecuted. The chief proceeded to comply and issued summonses against the non-paying teamsters.

In the meantime alderman O'Donnell interested himself on their behalf, like the kind-hearted man that he is, and pressure was brought to bear on Mayor McPherson. The upshot of it was that his worship ordered chief O'Sullivan not to push the prosecutions.

Ten of the cases were set down for trial on Tuesday and they were called by the magistrate. The first two had not been notified that the prosecution had been "called off" by the authorities and they innocently pleaded "guilty" of course they were fined \$5 each. The others were up to date man, and knew that they were safe. Accordingly they pleaded "not guilty." The magistrate asked for the prosecutor to step to the front, but the policeman was not on hand. The chief explained his absence by informing the court that he had been ordered not to prosecute.

Then Stipendiary Fielding, metaphorically speaking, hit out with his right and over the chief's shoulders administered a severe drubbing to the people who had made a farce of the proceedings and characterized their conduct as "playing with justice." Efforts had been made to get the chief to withdraw the summonses but when the mayor was informed that could not be done he asked,

"Well, what can be done?" "I can keep the witnesses away," the chief replied.

"Then keep them away," said his worship. When this was explained to the stipendiary he ordered a statement of the facts to be entered on the books. Nevertheless there was nothing his honor could do but discharge the eight prisoners who pleaded "not guilty," two unfortunately who had not heard that the prosecution was called off, had the melancholy privilege of paying \$5 a piece into the city treasury.

GREEN GOODS DEFINED.

A Hitherto Unpublished Opinion of His Honor Judge Tuck.

When the Corey case was being argued before the supreme court at Fredericton, Mr. Curry took the ground that the spurious money in evidence was not counterfeit, because it was not an imitation of existing currency and was so roughly executed that nobody would be deceived by it. In support of this he adduced the evidence of D. C. Clinch, J. R. Stone and George Philips, all of whom had experience as private bankers, and each of whom declared that the notes in question would not deceive him.

"But mercy on us man," exclaimed Judge Tuck, "why do you bring such witnesses as Car. Clinch, Joe Stone and Geo. Philips? Any of them could tell a bad bill a mile off. The reason these notes have got the name of 'green goods' is that they are intended to deceive the green, ignorant and unsophisticated bushman."

"I had a bad \$5 bill passed on me during the last three months," observed Judge Hanington.

"There, what did I tell you," remarked Mr. Justice Tuck to Mr. Curry.

Should Read This Way.

The following words, in the opinion of Judge Palmer, published in PROGRESS last week meant the legislation had regarding the franchise of Saint Andrews Church should read:—

"Now as to that right, it is a canon for construction of Acts of Parliament as well as all other instruments that rights granted thereby cannot be taken away except by clear words or necessary implication."

DUGAN STILL AT LARGE.

NO ORGANIZED EFFORT TO TAKE A VICIOUS CRIMINAL.

His Crime Would Have Earned Him a Hemp Halter in the South—Here He Is Allowed to Run at Large for Weeks—No Reward Offered For His Capture.

It is now about six weeks since Dugan the Shepody Road outlaw committed a crime of a most aggravated nature, near St. Martins, and he is still running at large around the country. His offence was one for which, in the southern or western states he would have been pursued by an enraged crowd and hanged to the most convenient tree or telegraph pole. In this country we take matters more quietly, so quietly that, so far as relates to official action, we seem absolutely indifferent.

The crime of Dugan is one without excuse or palliation. He was a tough and troublesome character, well known around St. Martins and vicinity, and much like an Indian in his appearance. Calling at a house on the Shepody road, where a mother and her young daughter were, he attempted to assault the latter. The mother, regardless of danger to herself, went to the rescue of her child. Then the brute attacked the courageous woman, overpowered and assaulted her, after which he fled.

Since then there seems to have been no systematic attempt to capture the fellow, though he has been seen time and again, nor does the matter appear to have been brought to the attention of the local government, as no reward has been offered. It does not seem to be the business at anybody to look after Dugan in earnest, and from time to time he is reported in this or that part of the country where everybody gives him as wide a berth as possible. He is believed to be a visitor at some of the camps where stream-drivers are at work, and the other day he came out into a settlement and stole the luncheon of a child who was going to school. Rumor says Dugan is well armed and determined to resist arrest. Whether this is true or not is not likely to be known by the constabulary of King's county, for they do not allow themselves to get near enough to find out.

Dugan is anxious to get out of the country, but is afraid to venture in the trains, lest he might be arrested by somebody who was not afraid of him. He made an attempt to secure a passage on a schooner from St. Martins, but the captain refused to take him. No captain is likely to take any trouble to entrap him, so long as there is no reward offered.

It is not a part of the duty of the St. John police to go into the other parts of the province in search of offenders who are not wanted in this city. Nevertheless, the chief has voluntarily given a good deal of attention to the Dugan affair, and several of the force, having a knowledge of that part of the country, have made searches here and there in the hope of catching the offender. This seems to be purely a voluntary undertaking on their part, and as there is no provision even for expenses in such cases, such search has necessarily been intermittent and incomplete. Probably the chief would be re-couped for the outlay should Dugan be caught by his men, but there is no certainty that he would not be out of pocket by his zeal. Were a reward to be offered, it might lead to a more extended search.

It must be the duty of somebody to make an active pursuit of Dugan, and that somebody would seem to be the sheriff of Kings. If such is the case he ought to be owner of the fact.

Dugan has not only committed a great crime, for which he should be brought to justice but is a constant menace to the peace of society so long as he is running at large and defying the world to molest him. It is time that somebody woke up.

It Was a Willing Gift.

The testimonial to Bishop Sweeney, on his return from Rome this week, seems to have been a willing gift from all classes of his people. It included very many small contributions from men of moderate means and the total collected in so short a time, was very creditable indeed. It will be remembered that, on the occasion of his jubilee last year, His Lordship declined to permit any testimonial to be presented to him, as the conditions of the times did not warrant it. He might have refused it on this instance had he been aware of the project, but as it was done in his absence, he could do no less than accept it in the spirit in which it was given. All classes of citizens were glad to welcome the bishop on his return from his long journey.

Is His Speed too High?

Chief Kerr's wagon knocked down and injured a child when responding to an alarm of fire on Thursday. The child was not seriously injured, but the incident has caused a good deal of talk, on account of amazing possibilities of killing and maiming by any man with a horse who is in too much of a hurry to force his way through a

crowded street. In this particular instance, it is possible the accident would have happened even with a more slowly driven team for the child was in the street at the very time it ought to have been in the house. The whole question seems to be whether it is necessary to the safety of the citizen's property, at any time, that the chiefs team should go at a speed to imperil citizen's lives. It possibly would be necessary if the chief was the only man in the department who knew what to do in case of fire, but he is not. Apart from the fact that the average fireman has a fair degree of intelligence, the district engineers are supposed to know enough to give the necessary directions at the outset, so that even if the chief was delayed a few minutes on his way, no very serious result would follow. What happened Thursday may be no fault of the chief or his driver, but it has made a good deal of talk, in view of the fact that the chief does drive at a furious rate on other occasions.

BICYCLE RACES A FEATURE.

Dr. Pendleton Has Secured Three Events For Dominion Day At Moosepath.

Dr. Pendleton has succeeded in arranging an attractive programme of bicycle races in connection with his race meeting at Moosepath July 1st. The different events with the handsome prizes offered for each are announced elsewhere in PROGRESS. This will be something new at Moosepath and the management must be congratulated upon the venture. No doubt the races will be interesting and will attract very many people who are not specially taken with horse racing. It must be remembered that the grand stand is free to ladies and that as an additional inducement for their attendance the management has arranged with the railway to reserve a special car for their use, so that the usual crowd may not prevent them from attending. In many other cities the ladies turn out in force, take the train and go to the races. Why not in St. John? The prospects are that the events will be made very interesting. Frances P. is spoken of as a starter in the 2.35 class and Black Jack is also mentioned. Then of course there is Rocket and Thorndale Echo and others, the names of which have not been learned as yet. Then the 2.45 class will have Rocket, and a horse by Mr. Ebbett of Gagetown and Mr. McDiarmid's black mare with Westwind, Harry A. and others. Taken all in all the programme is a promising one.

TREAT ALL ALIKE, CHIEF.

If the Police are Short Sighted on one Street They should Be on Another.

Many people are outspoken in their opinion of the way the law is administered by the police in this city. The charge of favoritism seems to have too much foundation. The man who sells tobacco on Sunday and is reported for it says "why should I be singled out when my neighbor openly dispenses that which is much worse for the people, viz whiskey." Then the people have been amazed at the elasticity given to the law of late. Police officers stand about the doors of places and watch people come and go, wiping their lips, and they are seemingly blind to the fact that the time is during prohibited hours and that the owner is not licensed to sell liquor at all. Then as if in revenge for what they have been forced to witness their hurry off to some back street, search the premises of a woman, supposed to have liquor for sale; perchance find a bottle of strong stuff or a keg of ale and a report is made.

"Treat all alike" would be a good motto for the chief and his officers to adopt. If he has made up his mind that short sightedness is the best policy at times, he should not see any better on the back streets than on the front. If he would go to all of those whom he suspects of breaking the law and simply say "I propose to enforce it rigidly and to show no favor to any one," he would be surprised how hard it would be for the citizens to break it.

Treat all alike chief and enforce the laws of the city.

They Were Rather Mixed.

Two young men well known here, were discussing a certain book the other night the authorship of which they appeared to be in doubt. A third member of the party knew that Zola was the writer responsible for the infliction, but as the others appeared to know all about every writer known to fame he did not venture any remarks upon the matter. "The Heavenly Twins" was thrust upon Mark Twain, "Tribby" upon Gustave Dore and then both young men agreed that "Pot Bouille" was the work of the Duchess. It is doubtful if that graceful and strictly moral writer would regard the authorship of such a naughty book as any claim to distinction. It was an amusing little incident though one quite common among the people who know it all.

"Progress" to For Sale in Boston at King's Chapel News Stand.

NEWS FOR FAT PEOPLE

THE SYSTEM BY WHICH THEY CAN REDUCE THEIR WEIGHT.

Indolence is One of the Great Factors in the Production of Superfluous Flesh—Massage Recommended—How It can be Made Practical and Inexpensive.

It is all very well to laugh at the absurdity of sighing over growing old, but there are very few women who are sufficiently philosophical not to be a little chagrined at the advance of years showing itself plainly in face or figure.

Steady hunting always has the desired result in so far as the reducing of flesh is concerned, but there are other results far from satisfactory which are apt to accompany it, and very often ill health and irritable nerves are the outcome of trying to grow thin.

Indolence, one of the greatest factors in increasing weight, lies within the power of every woman to correct it. It is so much the fashion now to take exercise that there is no excuse for being lazy.

THE MIELSTRON'S SECRET.

A French Scientific Party to Investigate the Whirlpool.

The theory that the great whirlpool off the coast of Norway is subterraneously connected with the Gulf of Bothnia has found many believers, among them the celebrated Kirchner, who prepared the architectural plans of what the Tower of Babel was like.

All the poetry of Scandinavia centers around the terrible gulf which expresses the supreme horror of nature.

What will accrue to science from the result of the French commission is naturally impossible to predict.

But an outside observer might plausibly allege that a decent into a volcano to ascertain whence came the fiery scoria, as well as observations as to the effect of the

ejected molten lava upon the circumjacent air, would be quite as easy and of equal advantage to the world of science as the proposed effort to fathom the mysteries of the maelstrom.

NOVA SCOTIA PLUMS.

Some Facts About the Culture of Them in the Ernscliffe Gardens.

The plum industry in Nova Scotia has made rapid progress during the past few years in various parts of the province.



THE ERNSCLIFFE GARDENS.

with a continuous market in London. The Ernscliffe gardens, shown in the accompanying cut, is situated in Wolfville, N. S., and at present the most improved garden of its kind in the province; owned by Mr. W. C. Archibald, one of the leading horticulturists and large fruit growers of Nova Scotia.

The gardens referred to contain twelve acres of land, carefully laid out, with attention to landscape effect, consisting of groves of apples, pears, plums, cherries, peaches, etc., together with small fruits, illustrating the many excellent lessons to be found in extensive orcharding in which Mr. Archibald is a staunch believer, and which he has shown to be of great value from a paying standpoint.

It is to those plums I would call special attention, as certain valuable information may be taken from this part of the gardens as many other practical problems of worth from the whole.

Curious Old Time Defense for the Island of Malta. The most wonderful cannon on record are those which are described by Brydone, whose travels in Sicily and Malta won well-deserved renown toward the end of the last century.

A Hint to a King.

It seems that in the year 1707, when Philip V. was on his way to Madrid to take possession of his kingdom of Spain, the inhabitants of Mont de Marsan came out to meet him at his approach.

As we understand his description, the knights left a great block of stone where they hollowed out an embrasure in the cliff which afterwards they shaped and bored in the form of a gigantic mortar.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS. Printing and general finishing for amateurs. Develops, Toning and fixing solutions for \$4.00. LUNNIN PHOTO STUDIO, 28 Charlotte St., St. John N. B.

self called out, "Da capo!" The King laughed heartily and complied, and the mayor departed twice as well off as he would have been had he been less quick-witted.—Hirper's Round Table.

PIGS FEET WERE GOOD.

A Dish That Irving and Terry Relished and Sals Approved.

It chanced that in the winter of 1885 I was in Chicago, on my way to San Francisco and the Australian colonies.

To begin with, it appeared to me that 12 o'clock would never come. I had dined sparingly at 6, in view of the repast to be consumed at the witling hour of night.

With one exception I quite forget the components of the supper, although I know that it was a very good one. The exception was a dish of pigs' feet, for which my host and his guests seemed to have a passionate admiration.

After simmering for three hours the feet are drained, the large bones are drawn out, and the feet are pressed between two dishes till they are cold and stiff.

But why, you ask, should I have regarded these pigs' feet as a culinary dish? The only explanation is that I am able to affirm that I had never before eaten pigs' feet prepared in any manner whatever, an

WANTED. Seven Bright Men for two or three months, for a personal canvass on a local political issue.

ADVERTISING. The more forward business men are just beginning to learn how to advertise.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS. MISS HASTINGS. WANTED. PHOTOGRAPHIC. WE HAVE NOVELTIES.

WE HAVE NOVELTIES for agents in the profits. Sample outfit, 25c. Halifax Novelty Co., 11 Agricola St., Halifax, Nova Scotia.

PHOTO. Outfits and materials. For Hand Printing. ONE MILLION CUSTOMERS wanted for beautiful doll parcels.

RESIDENCE at Rosneath for sale or to rent for the summer months.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS. Printing and general finishing for amateurs.

WANTED. HELP.—Reliable men in every locality (local or travelling) to introduce new discoveries.

WANTED. GIRLS Coming to United States, cooks, laundresses, chambermaids, waitresses, etc.

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Effect of the French Treaty. Wines at Half Price.

The Bordeaux Claret Company, established at Montreal in view of the French treaty, are now offering the Canadian champagne beautiful wines, at \$3.00 and \$4.00 per case of 12 large quart bottles.

To begin with, it appeared to me that 12 o'clock would never come. I had dined sparingly at 6, in view of the repast to be consumed at the witling hour of night.

With one exception I quite forget the components of the supper, although I know that it was a very good one.

After simmering for three hours the feet are drained, the large bones are drawn out, and the feet are pressed between two dishes till they are cold and stiff.

But why, you ask, should I have regarded these pigs' feet as a culinary dish? The only explanation is that I am able to affirm that I had never before eaten pigs' feet prepared in any manner whatever, an

WANTED. Seven Bright Men for two or three months, for a personal canvass on a local political issue.

ADVERTISING. The more forward business men are just beginning to learn how to advertise.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS. MISS HASTINGS. WANTED. PHOTOGRAPHIC. WE HAVE NOVELTIES.

WE HAVE NOVELTIES for agents in the profits. Sample outfit, 25c. Halifax Novelty Co., 11 Agricola St., Halifax, Nova Scotia.

PHOTO. Outfits and materials. For Hand Printing. ONE MILLION CUSTOMERS wanted for beautiful doll parcels.

RESIDENCE at Rosneath for sale or to rent for the summer months.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS. Printing and general finishing for amateurs.

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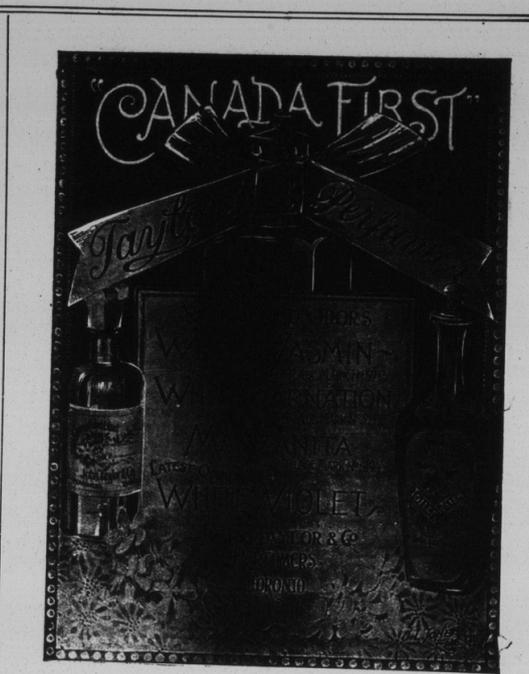
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WEDDINGS

Thousands of useful and inexpensive articles and very attractive for WEDDING PRESENTS.

SOLID SILVER, SILVER PLATED, LAMPS, DESSERT SETS, KNIVES, CARVERS, WATER PITCHERS, CAKE BASKETS, CRUET STANDS, GRANITE WARE, ICE CREAM FREEZERS.

Bear in mind we keep the largest stock and variety to be found in the Lower Provinces.

W. H. THORNE & Co., LIMITED, Market Square, St. John.

"GOING FAST."

A Good Refrigerator is an absolute necessity during the Warm Weather and will pay for itself in a single season, to say nothing of the comfort derived from having your food kept sweet and fresh.

We have only a few left now, and these are going fast and will be closed out at prices to suit all.

EMERSON & FISHER.

P. S.—A full line of Ice Cream Freezers, Window Screens and other reasonable goods.

Mail Your Own Hose.

With HUDSON'S GARDEN HOSE MENDER. Put up in boxes for family use. Each box contains 1 pair of Pliers, 6 Tubes, 20 B. A. Hose can be mended with compound fastened on cheaper quicker and more securely than with any other device. Screw members tear the rubber lining from the Hose. Free will not.

Price 75c. per box.

T. M'AVITY & SONS, - ST. JOHN, N. B.

CELEBRATED

Monarch ECONOMIC BOILERS,

Robb-Armstrong Engines.

Full equipment for saw mills. Complete stock of

General Mill Supplies:

J. S. CURRIE,

Agent for Robb Engineering Co,

67 WATER STREET - SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

In a general public sense, musical matters have been noticeably quiet during the past week. Outside of the churches, which may be considered semi-public in this regard, there has been practically nothing to cause a ripple on the surface of musical circles. I must refer however in connection with church music, to the services in German Street Baptist church last Sunday evening which I am informed was exceptionally fine in respect to the work of the choir, and in a particular manner to the very happy rendition of the duet "O love divine" by Miss Olive and Mr. G. W. Park. Mr. Parker, I have always considered a very nice tenor, and think he is heard all too seldom. His voice is easily superior in quality to that of many others who have little or no hesitation about appearing in concert as soloists. But Mr. Parker is musically modest in the extreme, a characteristic possibly superinduced by the business he is engaged in.

There was special music supplied by the Cathedral choir last Monday evening, the occasion being the welcome given his Lordship Bishop Sweeney on his return from Rome. Miss Lawlor the leading soprano, sang Rossini's "O Salutaris" with admirable effect, during the service of the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and Tantum Ergo, was a chorus by Nicola. Zingarelli's Lullaby was also sung as well as the Te Deum (Gregorian) this latter is so eminently adapted to the Latin words that it is a work of positive grandeur when properly interpreted and rendered.

Tones and Underlines.

Smotona's three act opera "Dalibor" has met with unusual success at the Frankfort opera house.

Scarano, the creator of several comic operas in Italy has composed music to Molieres' "Tartuff."

The wife of John Sims Reeves, the tenor, who recently died in Norwood England, was formerly Miss Emma Lucombe, a soprano singer.

It is remarked that there is no really great permanent orchestra in London, Eng.

The young French violinist, Henri Marteau is reported recently as being obliged by French law to serve in the army for a year. His art must be abandoned for a great extent for that period.

Mascagni's next opera may be founded on Zola's "Nana" as an Italian novelist has furnished him with a libretto from that work.

Richie Ling, the tenor of the Castle Square theatre opera company will resume his former connection with Lillian Russell's opera company next fall.

Miss Mena Cleary who has been with the Bostonians for the past two years, will soon sail for England where she is to become a leading member of a comic opera organization which will sail for South Africa and India early in August.

The new comic opera "Kismet, or Two Tangled Turks" will follow "The Sphinx" at the Tremont theatre Boston a month hence. It is by Messrs Carroll and Kerker.

Madame Melba sang recently in London at a concert given by Mr. Arthur Nikisch. It was her only appearance in concert there this year.

A young man, named Kingsley, belonging to Cambridge, Mass. and scarcely out of his teens, has recently made a great success as an operatic tenor. He has been singing the role of Erastosthenes in "The Sphinx" at the Tremont theatre, Boston. He has only been on the stage about three years. He is cast for the more important role of Neferteka in the same opera this week.

Richard Harlow will return to the cast of "1892" next season, it is said, and will play his original part of "Isabella, the daisy Queen."

Lillian Russell's season closed last Saturday night at Abbey's theatre, and she is evidently indisposed to accept the views of the critics on her latest opera "Tzigane." She now purposes to begin her next season on August 12th at the same theatre with a revival of this opera, which she will continue for four weeks from that date. "The Tzigane" and "La Perichole" will be her repertoire for her next season. She does not intend going to Europe this summer it is said.

Yaaya, the violinist sailed for Europe on Thursday last and will not return for two years. He gave 104 concerts in this country during his stay although he only came to give 40 concerts. He has been offered the directorship of a new national conservatory of music to be founded in Oakland, Cal. It is his opinion that America will never produce great musicians until it has a conservatory under governmental control. Then the poor boy, who is often the greater genius, will have the same opportunity for instruction, as the rich. He says that the musical union is an obstacle to the progress of art in the United States.

Mrs. Jessie Bartlett Davis, the contralto

of the Bostonians, it is pleasant to read, is recovering from her recent severe attack of pneumonia.

An opera company to be called the William Wolff Opera company will be organized at the Castle Square theatre, Boston, during the latter part of next August and in September will open a season of four weeks at Halifax, N. S.

Last week Madame Patti appeared in "La Traviata" at the Convent Garden and with great success.

The following was the programme for the "Pop" concert at Music Hall, Boston, last Monday evening.

- Overture, Marriage of Figaro. Mozart
Waltz, Promenades. Strauss
Selection, Don Carlos. Verdi
Overture Riazzi. Wagner
Ballad music, Fernand. Rabenstein
Ballet music, Fernand. Meyer-Hellmann
Selection, Boccaccio. Suppe
Overture Festschatz. Weber
Waltz, Path of flowers. Waldteufel
Polka, The beautiful Bostonian. Ablescher
March, Titicaca. Lacomme

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Quite as I had anticipated, the Opera house was crowded last Monday evening when the curtain rang up on the first act of "The Lost Paradise" put on by W. S. Harkins' company and then produced for the first time in this city. The large audience accorded a warm greeting to each member of the company who had been here before viz: Messrs Brennan, Whitecar and Wise and Miss Madern, who is always so reliable, but when Mr. Harkins himself appeared, he received a veritable ovation, such as must have abundantly certified to that gentleman in the high esteem in which he is held in this city.

Miss Rudiffie, the leading lady, was also cordially welcomed and before the play was finished had established herself in the good opinion of all.

The other members of the company new to St. John, as it may be said, all proved themselves capable, an exceptionally fine bit of character work being done by Mr. Geo. W. Barnum in the role of "Old Benzel."

The Juvenile parts in the play were happily entrusted to Mr. William Courtleigh and Miss Gertrude Whitty and with the exception that, whether due to rapid enunciation or failure to appreciate the acoustics of the house, several of the lady's sentences were quite undistinguishable their acting was all that could be desired. Mr. Courtleigh has a good stage presence and a clear well cut delivery that makes it a pleasure to hear him. The audience know what he is saying.

The Comedy element of the piece was successfully managed by Mr. E. J. Heron and Miss Margaret May, both of whom made such favorable impressions that I am inclined to think they will continue to add to their popularity. Just now however I would suggest that if a topical song, can be secured, that is really new and tuneful of course, it would be the best kind of give.

"The Lost Paradise" as a play is very strong especially in the second and third acts, in all the scenes of which Mr Harkins as Keuben Warner, acquitted himself in the easy, natural manner so well known here, and so peculiarly his own, and that so satisfies his patrons when he occupies the stage. They want to see him taking a part in every production, quite indifferent whether or no there are others in the company who might fill the role as well.

There is excitement and realism in the second and third acts—there are the great machines at work—the engine in motion—the connecting belts—the governors twirling—the immense trip hammer in operation—the clatter of other machinery, giving for a brief glance a scene that was applauded to the echo. Then there were the discontented employees—the men who would be faithful—the sick, working, although all too feeble to work—some of them almost starving—and the growls of the strikers. It is all great and interesting certainly. But the first act to my mind, is what theatrical people is known as being too "talky." The speeches are too long and there is a consequent possibility of impatience at the delay. Apropos of this first act and probably for the causes given above, not a little of the work done in it partook of the properties of pantomime, for the specific reason, that some of the speeches were not heard distinctly and in some instances the words were not heard at all. In the second and third acts, as though the players knew the house better, this did not appear.

The oft-repeated assertion that Mr. Harkins has surrounded himself with an excellent company, has been demonstrated to be literally true and, as in his repertoire are other new and powerful plays there is little room for doubt that the public will appreciate his efforts to give them pleasure. This can be readily made practical by such a continued liberal patronage as will render the season memorable in the satisfaction enjoyed, and profitable to him who expends so much genuine endeavour to cater to the entertainment of the St. John public.

In the forthcoming production of "Henry

IV" by the Marlowe Tabor company. Miss Marlowe will play the role of Prince Hal and Mr. Tabor will play Hotspur. They are spending the summer at their Vermont farm.

Augustin' Daly's theatre company sailed for England on Thursday last.

Courtenay Thorpe is coming to America next fall to "star." He is now at Hampton court for the summer.

It is said that the Hungarian dramatist Csiky Gergely, was once a priest.

Wilton Lackaye who has been doing Svengali in one of Palmer's companies this season will star next season in a play written by Charles Klein.

During his next American tour Sir Henry Irving will not go west of St. Louis and will only play in four or five cities.

Nanette Comstock, who is considered one of the pretty girls of the theatrical profession, is now in London playing the light comedy part in "The girl I left behind me."

The Actors Fund expenditures for the year amounted to \$38,000 or about \$5,000 in excess of receipts.

An Adelphia, London, success entitled "The land of the living" said to be a clever melodrama will be produced in the United States next season for the first time in America. A comment on the play says "In strength and realism it fairly rivals "The silver king."

Miss Minnie Radcliffe, the interesting young leading lady of W. S. Harkins' company of the present summer and now playing at the Opera house, will be remembered as "Dearest" in the play "Little Lord Fauntleroy" produced here a few years ago.

Miss Annie Caverly of Boston will become a member of Augustine Daly's company next fall.

"Trilby," the play, is being translated into German by one Emanuel Ledever who is said to have acquired the rights of the play from A. M. Palmer.

Mme. Ponisi has retired permanently from the stage and is living quietly with her stepdaughters in Washington. She has presented her entire theatrical wardrobe, the accumulation of 45 years, to her old friend—namt' Louisa Eldridge.

Miss Anna Eva Fay will be at the opera house this Saturday evening and give answers to many questions that were asked her last week. For an opportunity to again see this wonderful lady, the citizens are directly indebted to Mr. W. S. Harkins who has consented that the lady's performance shall occupy part of the evening. There is no doubt the house will be crowded.

How to Temper a Damascus Blade.

A singular discovery has recently been made in an ancient ruin in Syria. In the remains of an armorer's smithy was found a parchment written in Syriac characters, giving directions for tempering the famous "Damascus blades." The recipe reads as follows: "Let the workman be furnished with a slave of fair frame, and let the Ethiopian be bound, shoulders upward, upon the block, with his arms fastened underneath, and over and beyond the edge of the block. Then let the master workman cold-hammer the blade to a thin, smooth edge. Next let it be thrust into a fire of cedarwood coals until the color of the blade be red like the rising sun. Then, with a quick motion, let him pass the blade six times from the hilt to the point through the most fleshy portions of the slave's back and thighs, or a sufficient number of times to cool it until the color is purple. Then with one stroke it will sever the neck of the slave and not receive a nick, whereas it may be cooled in the blood flowing from his body."

A Strange Pair of Cats.

There is a young lady in this city whose father is a wealthy hotel-keeper, and from whom she inherits a love for cats, and dog, from her West Philadelphia, there are forty or fifty cats, and just as great a variety of dogs. One of the strangest sights in West Philadelphia on a pleasant afternoon is to see the young lady in question take her favorite pets out for an airing. This pair consists of a thoroughbred bulldog and a genuine Maltese cat. They are usually chained together, and it is a beautiful sight to see the tender solicitude with which the big dog watches over the safety of its little companion. If a strange dog should happen along and make a dash at the puss, she doesn't seem to have the least fear. She runs beneath the big bulldog, and, instead of arching her back after the fashion of the feline race, pugs softly and contentedly. The strange dog never cares to come too near.—Philadelphia Record.

Frightened of the Company.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe tells two new anecdotes of the shyness of literary men—one of Nathaniel Hawthorne, of whom such anecdotes are common, the other of Washington Irving. Irving, she says, attempted to make a speech at a dinner given to Charles Dickens, but after mumbling a few words indistinctly he remarked, "I can't go on," and sat down. O Hawthorne's timidity she had a glimpse while calling with her husband on Mrs. Hawthorne in Concord. While they were in the parlor they saw a tall, slim man come down the stairs, and Mrs. Hawthorne called out: "Husband, husband, Dr. Howe and Mrs. Howe are here!" Hawthorne bolted across the hall and out through the door without even looking into the parlor.

Boston Favors the White Felt Hat.

Governor Greenhalge has changed the uniform of the Commander in Chief as far as the headgear is concerned. Except Governor Butler, who always reviewed the troops in his full uniform of a major general, all the Governors have dressed in black frock coat and tall silk

hat for such occasion. At the Framingham camp Friday Governor Greenhalge appeared on horseback with a soft white hat, and no doubt felt more secure in it than he would have done in a silk tulle as he galloped down the line of the Second Brigade.

SHE HAS NO REPOSE.

Women Want one Thing one Day and Another the Next.

Everything is new now, writes Linkman in London Truth, and nothing lasts! There is no repose in the modern woman. She is utterly unable to remain at home in dignified obscurity, but must needs scamper to where people most do congregate. Display, excitement, movement and novelty are the things which she craves for the rage or skating at the real ice rink continued for about three months, and then Fashion suddenly switched May Fair on to the bicycle. This in its turn is already commencing to lose the charm of novelty, and these whose vanity forces them to be the first to do whatever is peculiar are beginning to turn their attention to trundling hoops. Being an essentially solemn people, however, whenever we lapse into frivolity we justly our folly by serious argument. It appears that trundling a hoop and spinning a top are altogether better forms of exercise than are either skating or bicycling. The first strengthens the supinator longus, the triceps and the latissimus dorsi, while the latter gives play to the deltoid and the extensor carpi radialis longior. That being the case, no reasonable objection can be raised to our women running along the streets trundling their hoops, or spinning tops in the Park.

Found The Missing Word.

A hotel clerk told this story: "Three men from the country came into the hotel and registered for lodging, and a few minutes later two of them when out to see the town. 'I will stay here,' said the third, 'and look at things,' and he took a seat near the door. At 10 o'clock, a half hour later, the man who was left went up to the clerk. 'I want to remain,' said he. 'All right, sir,' answered the clerk. The man stood and looked at the clerk and finally went back to his chain near the door. He sat still another hour and returned to the desk. 'If you please, I'll remain,' he said. 'That's all right, sir,' was the response. 'We hope you'll be with us some time.' The man hesitated and went back to his chair. It was away after midnight when he went up to the clerk for the third time. 'I think I'll remain, sir,' he said. 'We have no objections,' answered the man behind the desk.

The guest did not go back to his chair, however, but stood still. Shortly afterward another guest came up and asked the clerk for his key, 'and I left—' 'Rise! Rise! That's the word I've been trying to think of for three hours. For heaven's sake let me retire,' interrupted the man who had so desired to remain, and he was at last happy.

A Busted City.

Fishermen off the coast of the Italian Peninsula of Istria have frequently discovered that their nets are torn by what seem to be fragments of submarine masonry. Accordingly, the city authorities of Robi recently sent down a diver to investigate. At a depth of ninety feet he found himself in a submerged city, with streets and squares laid out. The doors and windows of the halfruined houses were almost hidden by seaweed. Archaeologists identify this lost city of Cissa, which Pliny described, but of which no traces has been found since the days of the Casars.

William the Silent.

The evil effects of a too close study of the great hero's of history is evidenced in a new life of William the Silent by Ruth Putnam. The author has discovered that the great Dutch patriot married his third wife without getting a formal divorce from the second, and the leading clergymen of the Netherlands formally declared the third marriage legal.

Galapagos Tortoises.

The London Zoo has four great tortoises from the Galapagos Islands. They are the big gest things in their line that exist at the present day. So large are they that Darwin rode up on them, though he found it a little difficult to keep his balance; and so heavy are they that they make heated rails running to and from their drinking places.

The Visitor from Kentucky.

"Come on, old fellow, do you want a drink?" "Do I say see here. All my life I've been hearing about the sharp and business-like you New Yorkers are, and how you never waste words, and stuff like that. But I'm dinged if you tellers don't ask more unnecessary questions than'd run a wind mill."

Where the Cost Comes.

Philosopher. The only thing that can make any man, rich or poor, perfectly happy, is love, and love costs not a penny. Practical Man. True, but keeping the loved one in clothes costs something considerable.

Bloomers Newly Defined.

A Rochester boy spoke of bloomers. His mother said in surprise, "Bloomers? What do you know about bloomers?" "Oh, I know what they are," said the boy. "They're puff-sleeves worn on the legs."

She Had Studied French.

"Have you any Bon-vivant this morning?" "Boned what mum?" "Bon-vivant, why, that's French for 'good liver!'"

Taking the Sea's Temperature.

Thermometers made for taking the temperature in moderately deep waters have the tube enclosed in a copper cylinder, to protect it from inquisitive fishes and from contract with rocks; there is a ring at the bottom to which sufficient weights may be attached to sink it readily. The cylinder has a long, narrow door in front of the scale which may be opened for the reading; and this door closes with joints so tight that the cylinder brings up the water from the bottom with its temperature practically un-

"I Am Permanently Cured."

The Joyful Exclamation of Mr. Alexander Moffat, of Millbrook, Ont.

Paine's Celery Compound Vicorious After the Doctors Failed.

Mr. Moffat is of opinion that all his sufferings and troubles and their origin in liver complaint, a very dangerous malady that is daily making many a man and woman to the grave. This disease may be acute or chronic. In the acute form, there are violent burning pains conveyed to the shoulder and right arm, short cough, fever, irregular bowels and constipation. In the chronic form of liver complaint, there are many morbid conditions, such as enlargement, softening, abscesses and degeneration. The symptoms are, weight in stomach, flatulence, nausea, bilious vomiting, loss of appetite, thirst, white and dry tongue, bitter taste and a host of other miserable conditions. Long experience has fully proved, that Paine's Celery Compound is the only medicine that can successfully grapple with the dread disease of liver complaint. Honest and able doctors are advising their patients to make use of Paine's Celery Compound, for the great reason,

that they know of no other medicine that gives such prompt and effective results. The cure of Mr. Moffat amply proves every statement made in favor of Paine's Celery Compound, and clearly demonstrates the fact that, when physicians fail to cure, nature's medicine is sure to do the good work. Mr. Moffat writes thus— "Having been a sufferer for years from severe pain in the side, back and breast caused, I firmly believe, by a sluggish liver, I received the treatment of eminent physicians, and was compelled to wear a fur coat in summer and winter. I was also advised to wear a chamois vest but nothing seemed to do me any good. At last I was advised by kind friends to try Paine's Celery Compound; and after using six bottles, I find that I am permanently cured. Paine's Celery Compound has indeed done wonders for me. You may publish this for the benefit of suffering humanity."

changed by the waters through which it passes.

His Hygienic Shoes.

Irate Customer—Those shoes I bought for my boy last week at this shop are half worn out already, and I found a thick piece of pasteboard in the soles. What have you to say to that?

Dealer—My dear sir, the pasteboard is put in to keep the feet from the ground when the leather wears out. You don't want your little boy to catch cold and die of consumption, do you?

A Keen Bargain.

There was a vicious smile on her face, which was most winsome. "Oh, dear me," she murmured happily, "I've just got such a bargain!" "How, dear?" inquired her friend. "I sent a telegram, only twenty-five cents for 10 words, and at least six of them were words of more than three syllables."

His Business.

Affable Stranger—Ah, sir; I see you're stopping at this hotel. Do you play poker, sir? Deacon Wayback (gruffly)—That's my business, sir! Affable Stranger—And mice, too, par. Put it there. You've got the best "make-up" for a profane that I ever saw.

A Perplexing Dilemma.

The Caller—I'm all mixed up as to what to do. Hostess—What about? Caller—I've got tea and a butter-dish, and I don't know whether to get it where they give away butter-dishes or the butter-dish where they give away tea.

War Against Hipping.

The Prince of Wales has begun a determined warfare against the practice of "hipping." This practice has reached such extremes in England and in continental Europe that it is a nuisance of very large dimensions. It is not so bad in America, but is constantly getting worse.

By Any Other Name.

Fair devotee—I don't see any way to raise our church debt, except to have a lottery. Minister (shocked)—That will never have my sanction, madam, never, unless you call it by some other name.

Hair on Dolls' Heads.

The hair on the heads of hundreds of thousands of dolls is made from the hair of the Angora goat. This product is controlled by an English syndicate and is valued at \$400,000 a year. After the hair is prepared it is sent to Munich and made into wigs by girls.

Where Strife Enters Not.

Malwatin, on the borders of Russia and China, is the only city in the world peopled by men only. The Chinese women are not only forbidden to live in this territory, but even to pass the great wall of Kalkan and enter into Mongolia. All the Chinese of this border are exclusively traders.

A Sawdust Mountain.

The largest pile of sawdust in the world is at Cheboygan, Mich., in the centre of the city. It is nearly 800 feet long, about 600 in width, from 20 to 60 feet in height, and contains about 30,000,000 cubic feet.

It Was Immaterial.

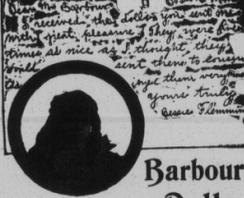
A country bridegroom, when the bride hesitating to pronounce the word obey, remarked to the officiating clergyman. "Go on, minister; it don't matter. I can make her."

Where She Is Going.

Slowing and painfully, with her hand grasping the stair rail, the New Woman is ascending to the attic to join the roller skate the pigs in the clover puzzle, and "Trilby."

A fishing schooner with a freezing plant as part outfit is building at Gloucester, Mass. It is to engage in the herring fishery, and will freeze the fish as fast as caught until a full cargo is secured, when the boat will sail for New York or Philadelphia to dispose of the catch. The projectors expect to make money by the saving of time and money now lost returning to port with small catches.

(One of the Numerous Letters received.)



BESSIE FLEMING.

Barbours' Dolls.

The complete set of 12 Barbours' Dolls will be sent to any address on receipt of 3 two-cent stamps.

AMUSE THE CHILDREN.

They are Lithographed in beautiful colors on heavy, strong paper—each representing a different character—each 5 inches high.

Every Child Delighted

See that all your LINEN THREAD carries this Trade-Mark.

THOS. SAMUEL & SON, 8 St. Helen Street, Montreal



THE YARMOUTH Steamship Co., (LIMITED).

The shortest and most direct route between Nova Scotia and the United States.

The Quickest Time!

Sea Voyage from 15 to 17 Hours

FOUR TRIPS A WEEK

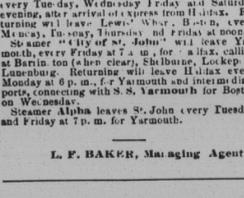
from Yarmouth to Boston. Steamers Yarmouth and Boston in regular service.

One of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth every Tuesday, Wednesday Friday and Saturday evening, after arrival of express from Halifax. Returning will leave Lower Water, B. N. S., every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at noon.

Steamer "City of St. John" will leave Yarmouth every Friday at 7 a. m. for a fax, calling at Barrington (4 hrs clear), Shelburne, Lockport, Lunenburg. Returning will leave Halifax every Monday at 8 p. m., for Yarmouth and intermediate ports, commencing with St. Yarmouth for Boston on Wednesday.

Steamer Alpha leaves St. John every Tuesday and Friday at 7 p. m. for Yarmouth.

L. F. BAKER, Managing Agent.



HATS TOQUES and BONNETS

TRIMMED and UNTRIMMED

A magnificent stock to choose from. Embracing all the latest styles from Paris, London and New York

AP-A-K to see Madame Warner's Dress Form Corner.

CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO. 77 King St

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from a 16 in. x 24 in. quarter, 20 to 25 cents per copy.

Advertisements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 25 words) cost 25 cents each line per week.

Special rates for long term contracts and for advertising in special sections.

Advertisements in the "Progress" are published in the same section.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640.

ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY JUNE 22.

THE BICYCLE WILL STAY.

In another portion of PROGRESS today is given some account of the evolution of the bicycle in St. John. It would appear from it that, in this city alone, enough money is invested in this species of locomotors to make a very comfortable fortune for an ordinary man, and which if divided among the population would amount to more than a dollar a head for every man woman and child in the city limits.

It is quite another thing from the roller skate, which came so freely, made so brief a stay and utterly disappeared. The skate had little in its favor as compared with the wheel. It was a mere amusement, with grave objections to it on physical grounds, and was in some cases a factor in lowering the moral tone of a community.

Whether Mrs. STARBUCK takes contracts for moving and getting things to rights in a hurry is not stated. She probably will do so, for this is an even more trying job for families than is housecleaning. It would be a great thing for those who wish to move to be able to do so without worry or fatigue.

A GOOD MAN'S OFFENCE. If the Mon real Witness and other reliable authorities are to be believed, a gentleman high in authority in the Sackville custom house has been guilty of what it is to be hoped is almost an indiscretion.

It will be understood that it is primarily in the interest of good government and public morality that PROGRESS feels constrained to call attention to the matter and point out the offender, reluctant as it is to so on personal grounds. The offending official is WILLIAM C. MILNER, esquire, Sc. B., collector of customs at the port of Sackville, and formerly editor of our esteemed contemporary the Chignecto Post.

The time appears to be ripe for a more extended official recognition of the bicycle. It is true that Colonel TUCKER and other authorities on the tactics of modern warfare have experimented with it as an auxiliary in a corps of infantry, but they have not

set the example by adopting it for their personal use in place of the trotting charger. They should do so. The horse is bulky, expensive and liable to get shot, to be spavined or to take a colic at a critical moment in the history of nations.

The various uses to which the bicycle may be put in the arts of war and peace are beyond limit. It merits official sanction as well as the horse, so far as it will serve official purposes. In our own city of St. John a very good beginning might be made, for instance supplying one Chief KEER, so that he could go to fires at the rate of fifteen miles an hour with less racket and clatter than he now makes when he rushes his horse at the rate of twelve miles an hour, more or less.

As a contrast to a lot of nonsense with which the New Woman seems likely to employ her time, the latest bright idea of a Chicago lady, Mrs. STARBUCK, may be quoted. She has invented an occupation, and there is no reason why ladies in every large city cannot follow it. She is a professional house cleaner.

That is to say, she does not go out washing, scrubbing and doing the work of a charwoman in the ordinary way. She is a lady of refinement and culture, who sought an agreeable occupation, which she seems to have found. She hires a staff of able bodied men, with an intelligent foreman, and these do the work while she stands by and superintends everything, from the cleaning of walls and carpets to the artistic arrangement of drawing rooms and boudoirs.

It is a pity that science has not devised a way by which samples of climate can be put up in convenient receptacles and sent abroad for inspection. A few such samples of the cool and bracing summer weather St. John has enjoyed this month would make a wonderful boom in travel, if judiciously sent for inspection to the hot and uncomfortable cities of the United States.

Now has the season returned when the days are warmer and longer, and the old familiar chestnuts appear in the daily papers. Men go after fish and catch speckled beauties, the bicycle becomes the silent steed, while approaching weddings create a ripple of excitement and each of them becomes one of the most interesting events of the season.

When the Globe editorially refers to BISHOP SWENEY as a native of St. John, it must be assumed that the wish is father to the thought. Citizens of all classes and creeds, consider His Lordship a St. John man to all intents and purposes, but as a matter of strict accuracy he was born in Ireland, as the Globe has no doubt learned by this time.

The passenger department of the Inter-colonial railway has issued a circular entitled "A Ramble and a Rest" for 1895, in book form. It is not a guide book, as some of the papers assume, but is made up of extracts, here and there from the official guide. The only new matter is a little relating to portions of the Gaspé peninsula, a most complete account of which will appear in the next guide book, together, doubtless, with some much sought additional information about the trout fishing of Cape Breton. The present circulation is nicely illustrated and very neatly printed at Ottawa.

Sergeant Hipwell is the veteran of the St. John police and seems good for active service for a long time to come. He joined the force in 1851, forty-four years ago, and in all that long term of service has never had a complaint against him recorded on the books. Sergeant Wilson, of the mayor's office, has been about forty-one years on the force and Sergeant Watson has done duty for about the same length of time.

A Detroit youngster recently ate two cakes of compressed yeast, and his parents are at loss to know whether he is destined to be a rising man or a doughhead.

"How long should a widow wear mourning?" "That depends. A woman who looks best in black should wear it until she is engaged again."

PERSONS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

In Rose Wreathed June. Full moonlight in a crystal sky, Sleeps on the tranquil sea.

A singer in the thoroughfare, A face upturned within the square, A voice of power amid the throng.

The Dead March. Play me a march low-toned and slow, a march for a silent tread, Fit for the underling feet of one who dreams of the silent dead.

Time Juice Cordial as a Beverage. The vast majority of people regard Time Juice as a medicine (and a particularly unpleasant one), and connect it merely with the Arctic regions and scurvy.

Why do we mourn the days that go—for the same sun shines each day? Ever a spring her primrose head, and ever a May Street as the rose that died last year is the rose that is born today.

Fate. Two shall be born the whole wide world apart And speak in different tongues and have no Each of the other's being, and no heed.

A Menagerie Man's Satire. Some time ago the proprietor of a traveling wild-beast menagerie well known in Italy quarrelled with his wife, and the pair separated.

Hair Cutting by Electricity. To have your hair singed off by electricity is the latest development of the tonorial art. The apparatus to perform this operation consists of a platinum wire stretched over a comb.

Why Not a Back Door. One of the matters about the Police Office which should be remedied. Not long ago, some prisoners who were being taken from the police court into the jail made a sudden break for liberty and succeeded in getting away from the policemen who had them in charge.

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white heat. The comb is passed through the hair, and as the wire comes in contact with the hair it is burned off, the end of each hair being cauterized as it is cut, which process prevents the loss of the oily substance with which the hair is filled.

WHY NOT A BACK DOOR.

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Not long ago, some prisoners who were being taken from the police court into the jail made a sudden break for liberty and succeeded in getting away from the policemen who had them in charge.

No harm is done, as a rule, when such kind of prisoners escape. They are men who have been arrested for drunkenness, perhaps by some squirrel in uniform who wanted to swell his record, and having been locked up all night and dragged before the court in the morning they have been punished as much as their crime merits.

The law, however, insists that they shall pay a fine or go to jail, and they are taken to the latter place by way of the street, instead of by a rear entrance, as they should be.

There is neither rhyme nor reason in this public exposure of unfortunates. The police office adjoins the yard of the jail, and a door between the two is all that is needed.

The cost of a door from the police station to the jail yard would be small. There is no need of expensive iron work. Some day a sa matter of course, this change must be made.

Time Juice Cordial as a Beverage.

The vast majority of people regard Time Juice as a medicine (and a particularly unpleasant one), and connect it merely with the Arctic regions and scurvy.

When thirst is more pronounced. It is, moreover, eminently suitable for general consumption at all seasons of the year. All medical testimony points to the fact that purity of the blood is the chief element of health.

It is in this particular that Time Juice Cordial is so valuable, as there is nothing which works so well or naturally in this direction as this article. It logically follows, that a steady and continuous use of it as a beverage has a wonderfully beneficial effect on the complexion.

In hot, thirsty weather, a glass of Time Juice and water or aerated water, not only satisfies the thirst, but is delicious, healthy, cooling, and recuperative never producing flatulence, griping or fullness as it acts as a gentle tonic to the stomach.

The first consideration in the manufacture is absolute purity and freedom from mineral acids, and the second, palatability. It is most essential that the only freshly squeezed juice of the finest selected fruit should be used, and even then all albumen substances and vegetable mucus must first be carefully removed before further process is commenced.

Only the best and most refined sugar can be used, as starch or other impurities would effectually nullify the benefits of the Time Juice. All contact with metal must be absolutely avoided. It must be scientifically preserved without the use of any alcohol or foreign acids whatever, and finally bottled in glass, which is entirely free from lead or other poisonous ingredients.

A Whale's Spouting.

The whale does not discharge water, but only its breath. This, however, in rushing up into the air hot from the animal's body, has the moisture condensed to form a sort of rain, and the colder the air, just as in the case of our own breath, the more marked the result.

When the spout is made with the blowhole clear above the surface of the water it appears like a sudden jet of steam from a boiler. When effected, as it sometimes is, before the blowhole reaches the surface, a low fountain as from a street fire plug is formed, and when the hole is close to the surface at the moment a little water is sent up with the tall jet of steam. The cloud blown up does not disappear at once, but hangs a little while, and is often seen to drift a short distance with the wind.

Vultures and a Dead Tiger.

The vulture is seen at its best when a dead tiger, brought into camp to be skinned, is exposed in the open. Heavens, a cloudless sky, and not a bird to be seen in that great void by the human eye. The tiger's body is thrown from the pad to the ground, and before the skin has been removed, there, above one, and always pointing like things of air; now a dozen of them, in a few minutes a score or two, and then a hundred strong. Then, when the flayed carcass of the tiger is left by those who skinned it, the vultures descend; down they come like feathered thunder out

of the sky, and from east and west and north and south. The very embodiment of power, while they whirled aloft and in their quick descent to earth; and now, as they waddle around that carrion beast, mishapen ghouls, whose only apparent strength is that of the ravens jaws which tear and gorge the tiger's flesh; until within the hour naught of that splendid brute remains but a clean-picked skeleton—Sir Edward Brander's "Thirty Years of Shikar."

ENTIRELY TOO DIFFIDENT.

Mr. Munn Was Quite as Diffident as He Was Full of Generosity.

Four or five ladies hustled into Mr. Munn's private office the other day. "What can I do for you, ladies?" he asked, pleasantly.

"Why, Mr. Munn," began one of the visitors, "we are taking up a subscription, and we know you wouldn't like it if we didn't give you an opportunity to subscribe."

Mr. Munn bowed graciously, and asked: "And the object? Of course it is a worthy one, or you would not be interested in it."

"Yes sir," replied the spokeswoman, "we think it is a very worthy object. It is to build a home for aged and indigent widows."

"Excellent! excellent! I shall take pleasure in making you out a check." "Oh, how lovely of you, Mr. Munn," exclaimed the spokeswoman when she received the bit of paper and read the amount—\$1,000. "Oh, we didn't expect to get that much from you. We are ever so much obliged."

"So good of him," and similar exclamations were heard as the check was passed around for the admiration of the party.

"But, Mr. Munn," said the lady who handled the check last, "you haven't signed it."

"That is because I do not wish my benefactions know to the world," said Mr. Munn modestly. And he bowed the ladies out with great dignity.—Harper's Magazine.

His Whiskers for His Job.

A good story is told at the expense of a prominent Chestnut street hotel keeper. Employed as a porter about the hotel was an elderly man named Mike, who had been an attaché of the hotel for eight years.

His most prominent feature, and one of which he was very proud, was a beard of luxuriant growth. One day last week the proprietor of the hotel was pacing the lobby when Mike happened to pass. The proprietor was in a very disagreeable frame of mind, and he stopped and looked at Mike with an evil light in his eye.

"Come here you!" he yelled at the porter. "How long have you been here?" "Nigh onto eight years, sir."

"Well, you've been here long enough. You needn't come back tomorrow. I'm tired of seeing you about."

The poor porter was thunderstruck. He went to his friend, the day clerk, and told him all about it.

"What'll I do?" said he; "O've a wolf an' family fur t' support, an' I can't git another job."

The clerk thought for a moment and then said, sullenly: "I've had it! You go home and shave off your beard, and then go to the boss and tell him you heard he needed a porter."

Mike followed this advice the next day and secured the situation, becoming his own successor. The proprietor has never suspected the trick.

Gentle it's hou Fifteen Just at But n cleaned cleaning Easy who hav No h and com no hom Every and eas Send it B THE O TH HO Are best ate on the in pies. A cured, as trees, on the chards f The of the ki W. C. Use E. G. BO De during have E. C. R SH

Where Is He Going?

Gentle reader, he is hurrying home. And it's house-cleaning time, too—think of that! Fifteen years ago, he wouldn't have done it. Just at this time, he'd be "taking to the woods."



But now, things are different. His house is cleaned with Pearline. That makes house-cleaning easy. Easy for those who do it—easy for those who have it done.

No hard work, no wear and tear, no turmoil and confusion, no time wasted, no tired women, no homeless men. Everything's done smoothly, quickly, quietly, and easily. Try it and see.

Send Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, do the honest thing—send it back.

Advertisement for 'THE CELEBRATED WELCOME SOAP' featuring an illustration of hands shaking and the text 'THE ORIGINAL TRY IT.' 'FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.'

Advertisement for 'THE SCIENTIFIC HOME GARDEN CO.' with the address 'Wolfville, N. S.' and 'MOTTO—Theory with practice.'

Are laying out, under careful survey, SUBURBAN ORCHARD PARKS, with best attention to landscape effects and setting with Fruit and Nut Bearing Trees, on the intensive system, with drives throughout arranged on pleasure park principles.

Use Only Pelee Island Wine Co's. Wine THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE. MARCH 15th, 1893.

Advertisement for 'Stower's Lime Juice Cordial' with the text 'ORIGINAL' and 'FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING DEALERS.'

Advertisement for 'REFRIGERATORS' and 'Ice Cream Freezer' with the text 'THE LIGHTNING' and 'The most popular Freezer. All sizes.'

Advertisement for 'SHERATON & WHITTAKER' located at '38 KING STREET'.

Social and Personal.

St. John—South End. Mrs. James F. Robertson died at an early hour yesterday morning, at his residence at Robesay. This sad news will be learned with the keenest regret by her large circle of friends, who through the kindness of Mrs. Robertson, were not in the enjoyment of good health, did not suppose that her illness would have such a termination. The sympathy for Mr. Robertson and for the family will be genuine and wide spread while the feeling in the community which knew the deceased lady so well, cannot be all too ready to lose one who has been ready at all times to lend a helping hand to the deserving, foremost in deeds of charity, and always succeeding in the face of much suffering, in making it pleasant for her numerous friends and acquaintances.

Mr. Machum of St. John is visiting friends in Fredericton. Miss A. M. Prince and her cousin, Miss Jessie A. Faler, of Middleton, N. S., have returned from a very pleasant trip to Boston and Nashua, N. H. Mrs. W. K. Reynolds left yesterday on a visit to friends in Maltington, and will take place in Fredericton next week in which a St. John medical man will be a prominent figure.

Mr. Douglas Hazen has been visiting Mrs. Gardner Taylor at Wolford for a short time lately. Miss Carrie Stealy was the guest of Mrs. O. H. Sharpe, Fredericton, recently. Mrs. Percy Donville, of Hamilton, Ont., is visiting in the city. Mr. W. D. Dyer, of Prince street, and a large number of other friends are calling upon her.

A very large number of persons were present at St. John's (Stone) church, at 8 o'clock, last Wednesday evening, to witness the marriage of Miss E. Anderson, daughter of George M. Anderson and Mr. H. Brougham Peck, of H. M. mail service.

On Thursday morning Mr. and Mrs. Peck left on a short wedding trip after which they will return to St. John. The bride's traveling dress was brown with lawn trimmings and brown hat with brown ribbon and feathers.

After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of Dr. Robinson and Mrs. Peck received the congratulations of a very large number of invited guests. On Thursday morning Mr. and Mrs. Peck left on a short wedding trip after which they will return to St. John.

Mr. J. M. Johnson, of St. John, is in Fredericton visiting his son, James Johnson. Mr. J. M. Johnson, of St. John, is in Fredericton visiting his son, James Johnson.

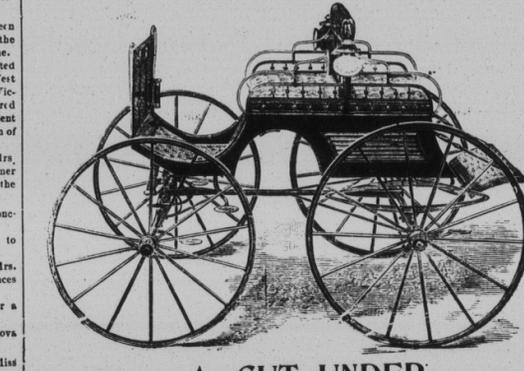
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Advertisement for 'JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF' with the text 'FOR ATHLETES when Training.' 'FOR INVALIDS and Convalescents.' 'Indispensable in Sickness and Health.' 'FOR SOLID COMFORT as a Beverage.' 'FOR STRENGTH to ALL.'

Advertisement for 'VARNISHED BOARD' with the text 'TRADE MARK' and 'ON WHICH THE GOODS ARE WRAPPED.'

Advertisement for 'J. & J. D. HOWE, Cabinet Furniture' with the text 'Side Boards, Bookcases, Wardrobes, Office Desks, etc., made to order.' 'Wood Mantles and Over-Mantles in Oak, Cherry, Mahogany and Walnut.'

Advertisement for 'A NOBBY TURN OUT.' with the text 'One of the many styles made in the Edgcombe Carriage Factory.'



Advertisement for 'English Dog Cart' with the text 'A CUT UNDER' and 'Will hold Four Persons, back to back. Is easy to ride. Nobby and stylish. Turns very easily and in small space. Handsomely built by'

Advertisement for 'JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, Fredericton, N. B.'

Advertisement for 'All-a-Samee Cheroots 4 FOR 10c' with the text 'All Imported Tobacco. 10c' and 'Better than most 5 Cent Cigars.'

Advertisement for 'TAYLOR, DOCKRILL & CO., ST. JOHN, N. B.' with the text 'Sole Agents for New Brunswick.'

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

NO ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS FOR FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.

HALIFAX NOTES.

FOOTBALLS for sale in Halifax at the following places:

- KNOWLES' BOOK STORE, 24 George street
LAWSON & CO., 24 George street
HARRIS & VYLLIE, 111 Morris street
CHERRILL'S BOOK STORE, 111 Morris street
BOULEY'S DRUG STORE, Spring Garden Road
DUNN'S DRUG STORE, Opp. I. C. R. Depot
THE GROCER, 111 Morris street
CANADA NEWS CO., 111 Morris street
J. J. HARRIS, 111 Morris street
W. E. HARRIS, 111 Morris street
H. S. HARRIS, 111 Morris street
J. W. ALLEN, 111 Morris street

Everything is particularly quiet here just now and it is a very fertile pen that can find anything to chronicle this week. People are going away for the summer or settling quietly down for the season.

There is to be a large tennis party at Wellington barracks, this afternoon, and I am told that it is only the first of several "abominations" to be given by Colonel Stone and the officers of the King's.

There have been several small tennis parties lately and one or two very pleasant ones on board the flag ship, where there will probably be an afternoon dance in the near future.

There has been a very pleasant tennis club not quite so warm as the weather was the order of the day, consequently I have not much to say regarding the dress.

Guest day at the South end tennis club was not quite so warm as the weather was the order of the day, consequently I have not much to say regarding the dress.

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as to some people, but intelligent folk all know in Canada that

Soap is far and away the purest and best laundry soap ever offered. Try a bar from your grocer

JOHN TAYLOR & Co., Manufacturers.

be given the 27th of this month on the beautiful grounds occupied by Mrs. W. E. Wright.

The New Glasgow boating club have arranged for an outing on Friday evening. The young folk are anticipating a delightful time.

Miss Goding, (St. John), white silk with heliotrope velvet sleeves.

Miss Graham, (St. John), white silk with velvet puffed sleeves.

Eclipse

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ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.

JUNE 18.—Miss Jennie Mills who has been attending Acadia Seminary, Wolfville, returned home for the summer vacation on Tuesday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller, of Middleton, were in town Tuesday.

Mr. John Brittain who has been paying a lengthy visit to friends in St. John arrived home last Wednesday.

On Friday evening last Miss Cunningham entertained the whole club, a very pleasant evening was spent.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McKeen, of Truro, is the guest of her son, Mr. J. A. Langille.

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ST. ANDREWS.

[PROGRAMS for sale in St. Andrews by T. B. Webb.]

JUNE 18.—Miss Helen Mowatt is visiting her friend Mrs. A. D. Wetmore, of Truro, N. S., and will make a visit to Halifax, before her return to St. Andrews.

Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Campbell are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son.

Mrs. McKee (nee Stikne) is at home for her first visit since her marriage.

Rev. Canon Sills, of Portland, Me., is the guest of Rev. Dr. Ketchum.

Mr. Harry Cole is receiving a warm welcome from many friends, who will remain with her mother Mrs. Louzier, at Rosebank, for a week or two.

A large party of bicyclists came down from St. Stephen on Sunday to get a breath of sea air.

The Misses Barlow have returned to spend another summer with us, and are located in Miss Morrison's cottage.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Tourist Sleepers Seattle, Wash. and points on the Pacific Coast

will be made from Windsor Street Station, Montreal at 5.50 p.m., every Thursday.

Holders of second class passage tickets to Pacific Coast points will be accommodated in these cars on payment of a small additional charge per berth.

Further information, ticket rates, etc., on application to Ticket Agents.

DELICATE FEMALES. WHO ARE SUFFERING FROM General Debility, Anemia, And all Diseases of their Sex, Will derive great benefit from

PUTTNER'S EMULSION

It improves the DIGESTION, purifies the BLOOD, and repairs the waste that is constantly going on, and completely removes that

Weary Languid and Worn out Feeling that women complain of particularly at this season of the year.



one bottle of Ayer's Hair Restorer will restore color and condition to the hair in 100 days.

It improves the DIGESTION, purifies the BLOOD, and repairs the waste that is constantly going on, and completely removes that

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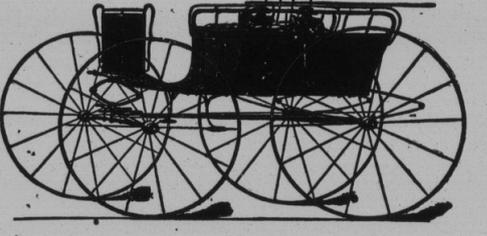
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Advertisement for CARRIAGE OF ABOVE STYLE, PRICE & SHAW, 223 1/2 Main St., St. John, N. B.

Advertisement for MOTT'S CHOCOLATES & COCOAS, CANADIAN EXPRESS CO., HAVE YOUR FISH Re-Iced AT ST. JOHN BY JONES BROS. STICKS, A BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT Just Opened. W.C. RUDMAN ALLAN, CHEMIST and DRUGGIST, 35 King Street, St. John.



We have the Lightest, Strongest, Easiest Running, most stylish and comfortable... CARRIAGE OF ABOVE STYLE. PRICE & SHAW.

223 1/2 Main St., St. John, N. B.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(Continued from First Page.)

Prof. A. W. Duff at one time of the University of New Brunswick, but now of Lafayette, Ind., is in the city accompanied by Mrs. Duff; they will spend some weeks at the Bay Shore.

Mrs. McKenna and Mrs. Campbell and child returned home Friday after a pleasant visit to St. Stephen.

Mr. v. Mr. Gollmer spent part of last week in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dearborn are home again; they spent the past winter in the south.

Miss Minnie McLeod, of Amherst, is visiting her friend, Miss Hawker, Charlotte street.

Mrs. Scott, of Boston, and her child, are visiting Mrs. Scott's mother, Mrs. Cronin, of Carmarthen street.

Miss Lizzie Hawker entertained a number of her friends at a picnic in honor of her guest, Miss McLeod, at the Bay Shore on Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Dowling are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a daughter.

Mr. John Morrison, brother of Dr. J. H. Morrison, of this city, has accepted a position in Mr. Slinn's hospital, New York. He lately graduated from the New York college of physicians and surgeons.

Mr. and Mrs. D. McManis and family have gone to St. Andrews to spend the summer.

Alderman Waring went to Halifax this week where he will take the Taymouth Castle for St. Kitts.

Miss Florence Young who arrived from Bermuda on the Taymouth Castle last Monday, is the guest of her friend, Miss Daisy Outram, Goodrich street.

Mr. and Mrs. Henderson spent a short time in Fredericton lately visiting old friends.

Mrs. Edward Sears removed this week to her summer residence at Westfield.

The garden party given by the Kings' Daughters on Wm. Kerr's grounds at Mount Pleasant, on Thursday evening was without doubt one of the very nicest events that has taken place yet this season.

The grounds are very attractive and interesting and the surrounding scenery is most beautiful.

A large number of persons were present and both from a social and financial standpoint the affair was most successful.

Miss Dearborn and Mr. Dearborn, are in Shediac for a short time.

Miss Downing of Marysville, is in the city to spend Sunday with friends.

One of the prettiest weddings of the season was that of Miss Grace Kenney (formerly of St. John N. B.) and Mr. Frank K. Kane, which took place at the church of the Holy Sepulchre New York June 12th.

The church was beautifully decorated, palms and lilies were massed in profusion around the altar, and the pews were filled with bunches of lilies and ferns.

A full choral service, beautifully rendered, made the event one long to be remembered by all who attended.

The bride wore a magnificent gown of white satin and pointed lace; Miss Edna Margeson, a little fairy in white attended the bride as flower girl; Miss Hattie Kenney, a sister of the bride, as maid of honor, was beautifully gowned in pink faille, with white leopards trimmings with pink roses and chiffon.

Mr. Harry Crandall, former of Moncton, N. B., was best man. The ushers were Messrs. Frank H. and George Thompson (formerly of St. John N. B.) and Messrs. Edwin Hewitt and Hewitt, of New York City.

After an elaborate wedding lunch served at the home of the bride, the happy couple sailed for Old Point Comfort, Va., where they will spend the honeymoon; from there they intend going to Halifax to spend a few weeks with Mr. W. L. Kane, brother of the bridegroom.

Among the 43... were: Mrs. Margaret Kenney, Mr. and Mrs. Prof. E. Kenney, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Allen and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. James Price and Miss Nellie Price, Mr. and Mrs. William Price, Mr. and Mrs. Margeson, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Nevins, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Montfort, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Dawson Parry, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Burby, Mr. and Mrs. John B. Stock, Capt. and Mrs. N. B. Thurston, Hon. and Mrs. C. F. Brown, Dr. and Mrs. Richardson, Judge Brandt, Misses Bran-Rev. R. I. McNeill, D. D. Prof. C. W. D. Coffin, Prof. Wm. J. and Mrs. Kitchin, Mrs. Hewitt and daughter, Mrs. Thompson, Miss Nellie Thompson, Miss Carrie Price, Miss Kate Price.

Mr. Kane, formerly a Truro boy, is the junior member of the firm of "The 14th St. Publishing House," and is also president of the N. Y. Church Pub. Co., a firm interested in the publication of some 7000 church monthlies in the cities of New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia and Chicago.

Mr. James Scriber is the guest of Mrs. O. Emery, of King street (East).

Mrs. Gardiner Taylor expects her niece, Miss Dinkwater, of Montreal, to pay her a lengthy visit this summer.

Miss Hazel Smith has been spending a few days with Miss Lena Rivers at Pleasant Point.

The Rev. Wm. Debonson and family, of Bermuda, are the guests of Miss Henderson. On Sunday Mr. Debonson's many old friends had again the pleasure of listening to his preaching.

Miss Gertrude Forbes who has returned from Fredericton has her friend, Miss DeWolfe, of St. Stephen, visiting her.

Mr. A. U. Shaw spent a few days in Fredericton, last week.

Dr. and Mrs. March have issued invitations to their friends to spend Friday at their guests at the Island.

Mrs. Wm. McLean is visiting friends at Fredericton.

FRIDAY.

[Programs for Friday in Fredericton by W. T. H. Finlay and J. H. Hawthorne.]

The sleigh with the merry jingle of wedding bells. Scarcely a day has passed since the rosy month of June began but there has been some pleasant event of this kind to chronicle.

On Thursday morning last at St. Ann's church at an early hour, was solemnized the marriage of Mr. Arthur M. Gibson to Miss Kathleen G. second daughter of ex-mayor Harry Beckwith, the bride who is a bright charming girl and a great favorite among all her associates was gowned in a costume of cream with trimmings of cream lace and carried a bouquet of white roses. She was attended by her sister, Miss Ethel Beckwith and her cousin, Miss Minnie Godkin, who wore pink with cream lace and large flower hats. The gift of the groom to his bride was a handsome gold watch and to the bridesmaid pretty stick pins. The bride's going away gown was of navy blue with hat to match. Mrs. Gibson will be at home to her friends on the 24th and 25th June at the residence of ex-mayor Beckwith.

Another pleasant party will take place in St. Paul's church on Wednesday next at high noon, when one of St. John's medical fraternity will lead to hymen's altar one of our sweetest girls.

Col. and Mrs. Mansell have returned from a two weeks visit to the Bay shore, the Col. is much improved in health.

Miss Donald Fraser is here from Maine, visiting her sister Mrs. Fred Robinson at Nashwaakias.

Miss Inch is here from Boston, and is the guest of her mother, Dr. J. B. Inch.

Mr. Macdonald of St. John, has been spending a few days with friends here.

Prof. and Mrs. Duff, are here from Lafayette Ind. and are the guests of Mrs. Duff's mother, Mrs. McIntosh at Kingscote.

Excursion and outings parties seem to be the order of the day during this warm weather or rather of the evenings, for most of the outing parties are held in the evening.

The Misses Powys are this evening entertaining a picnic party at the Hermitage.

Miss Nan Ross, of the U. N. B. who has been spending a few days the guest of Miss Annie Tibbits, left to day for her home in Woodstock.

Mrs. Frazier, of Halifax, is the guest of her sister Mrs. Frazier Beckwith.

Thursday last a large party of picnicers chaperoned by Mrs. T. C. Allen, Mrs. T. Loggie and Mrs. McLean, canoed up the Nashwaakias, where after a pleasant time in games and supper gipsy fashion on the green, they decided to home in the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Henderson of St. John have been spending a few days here.

Mrs. Boone of Boston is visiting at Mrs. Walter McFarlane Nashwaakias.

Miss Downing of Marysville will spend Sunday in St. John with friends.

The Misses Bourne, McDermott, Whitlock and Murray have returned to their homes for the vacation.

Miss Carrie Seely of St. John, graduate of the Newport Hospital, is the guest of her friend, Mrs. Oliver Sharpe.

Miss Winter McAllister is the guest of Mrs. Ned Murchie.

Mrs. F. B. Edgewood and Mrs. Edwarus are holding a small picnic to-day at Sewell's farm.

Captain Hugh McKenzie, who has been taking a special course at the military school, returned to his home at Bedick to-day.

The Misses Taylor gave a small picnic party on Thursday last in honor of their guests, Mrs. Chas. Harrison and Miss Amy Fellows.

Dr. Fred Gantar returned to Boston, he having been called here on account of his sister's serious illness.

Mrs. Wilson of St. John is visiting her son Mr. M. Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. City and daughter Miss Fannie of Hamilton are visiting friends here.

Pleasant rumors are afloat regarding a wedding to take place very soon; the bride elect resides on York street and will make her home in Halifax.

Mrs. James Thompson, of St. Louis is here visiting at Mrs. Wm. Coopers.

Mr. Roy Wheeler of St. John is also a guest at Mrs. Coopers.

Mr. Geo. F. Beverly paid a short visit here this week and was a guest with relatives at Grape Cottage.

Miss Barber of St. John is the guest of Mrs. Wm. Wilson, Waterloo row.

Miss Annie Lynch and Miss Eva Wright of Lowell Mass. are here visiting friends.

Mrs. Arthur Edgewood of St. John is visiting her old home here.

Rumors are afloat of a marriage soon to be solemnized in which the groom is a prominent member of the presbyterian church.

CRICKET.

SHEDAC.

[Programs for Friday in Shediac by Fred Ingles SHEDAC, June 19.—Mr. O. L. Melanson and Dr. Belliveau drove to Memramcook and spent a day there.]

Miss Laura McFadden is spending a few weeks at her brother's home in the Annapolis Valley.

Miss Lottie Deacon, who has been in Moncton during the spring months, has returned home, and is the guest of her cousin, Mrs. George Kinear, at Shediac Cape.

Mr. Arthur Rodgers, of Montreal, was in town the guest of D. S. Harper, this week.

Mr. Harry Sprague, who has been in New York for the past year, returned on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Hamilton, accompanied by Mrs. Baxter, of Moncton, left Monday, on a driving tour, through Nova Scotia.

Miss Thea, accompanied by her sister Mrs. T. Hicks, of Charlottetown, arrived home Tuesday.

Mr. W. A. Russell spent Tuesday in Backville.

Mrs. Dinmock, of Halifax, is the guest of Mrs. James Webster, Riverside.

Rev. Mr. Borden, of Halifax, is the guest of his brother, Mr. Borden, of the Halifax banking company of this place.

Miss F. J. White who for some time has so ably filled the position as organist of Knox church, was presented by the choir with a very handsome and useful souvenir in silver, on the eve of her departure to Moncton where she will reside in future.

The address accompanying the presentation, gave expression to the good wishes of the choir, and their desire that she should continue to make a successful career. Mrs. White carries with her many sincere wishes for her happiness, in her new home.

Miss Dearborn and her brother, Dr. St. John are spending a few days at the Weldon house.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving's parents, are in town the guests of Mrs. Irving's parents.

The death of Miss Cassie Steadman which occurred last week, was a great loss to her family and many friends. Deceased was a resident of Shediac.

Miss Nellie Ross, a young and beautiful girl, who was nursed and carefully cared for by her cousin, Mrs. Tibbits, left to day for her home in Woodstock.

Mrs. Frazier, of Halifax, is the guest of her sister Mrs. Frazier Beckwith.

CORNWALL'S BICYCLE AGENCY.

Controlling the largest line of wheels represented in Canada, including English, American and Canadian Wheels.

The following are prices of some of our leading lines of Wheels,—

Table with 2 columns: Wheel Model and Price. Models include Junior (\$35.00), Empire (Royal Mail) 50.00, Prince and Princess 50.00 each, Crescents 55.00 to \$80., Spartan 70.00, Duke and Duchess 75.00, Fleet, Ladies and Gentlemen's 90.00, Road King 90.00, Davies "Updatet" 100.00, Keating, Ladies' and Gentlemen's 110.00, Hyslops 110.00, Whitworths' 110.00, Beeston Humber 120.00 to \$125.

We can meet all demands both in quality and price. REPAIRS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

We have Second Hand Wheels for Sale.

Also full assortment of Cycle Accessories. I. E. CORNWALL, General Agent, Board of Trade Building, ST. JOHN, N. B. I. E. CORNWALL, Special Agent.

BICYCLE RACES

Monday, Dominion Day.

In Connection with the programme of Horse Races arranged to take place at Moosepath, Monday afternoon, July 1st, under the management of Dr. Penfold, the following Bicycle Events will be the day.

1 Mile Open (1st Prize: 1 Gold Watch, 2nd " " Bicycle, 3rd " " Cyclometer.)

1-2 Mile Novice (1st Prize: Gold Watch, 2nd " " Bicycle, 3rd " " Bicycle bell.)

2 Mile Open (1st Prize: Gold Watch, 2nd " " Bicycle, 3rd " " Bicycle bell.)

Entries to be made to P. B. Holman, captain St. John Bicycle Club. No entrance fee to races, but usual admission to the grounds.

NOTICE THE UNION Assurance Society, A. L. OF LONDON.

(Capital and Accumulated) Funds Over \$15,000,000. Has re-insured all existing policies of the Eastern Assurance Company.

Moosepath Driving Park Monday, July 1st, 1895.

2.45 Class : : : Purse \$200 2.35 Class : : : Purse \$200

Open to Trotting Horses, 5 to Enter, 3 to Start. Entrance Fee 10 per cent. of purse.

Purses divided 10, 25, 15 and 10 per cent. A horse distancing the field, or any part thereof entitled to one money only.

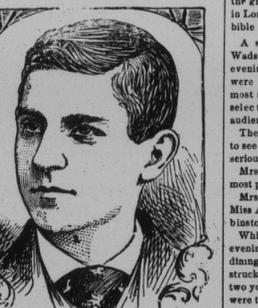
Races to harness, best three in five heats. Entries close Saturday, June 22nd, at Bond's Barber Shop, Mill street, St. John, N. B.

OPERA HOUSE, TONIGHT, W. S. HARKINS' Company of Players in Frank Hart's: Melo. Dramatic Masterpiece.

The Wages of Sin [A Scenic Production of Rare Magnificence. HEAR Mr. Harkins, his latest success, all new and suited up to date. SEE MISS MAY in her Butterfly Dance, a Marvel of Tarsipichon Art. Prices to suit the times. ENTIRE LOWER FLOOR, 50 CENTS. Balcony, 35 CENTS. Gallery, 15 CENTS. First Row in Balcony, 75c.]

Free Crayon. I WILL GIVE AWAY A 16x20 "CRAYON PORTRAIT," Absolutely free of charge, with every doz. CABINET PHOTOS, best Aristo finish at \$4.00 per doz. All work guaranteed first-class at Isaac Erb's, 13 Charlotte Street.

Progress Print FOR QUICK, NEAT AND REASONABLE WORK.



FRANK LEAKE Oshawa, Ont.

Pains in the Joints Caused by Inflammatory Swelling

A Perfect Cure by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"It affords me much pleasure to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla. My son was afflicted with great pain in the joints, accompanied with swelling so bad that he could not get up stairs to bed without crawling on hands and knees. I was very anxious about him, and having read Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures...

Hood's Pills are a standard, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1895.

GARRISON-WANDERERS.

THEY ARE TO HAVE NO CRICKET MATCHES THIS YEAR.

The Schedule was Arranged and the Series was Cancelled—Reasons Given for the Attitude of the Halifax Civilians Towards the Officers.

HALIFAX, June 20—There are to be no cricket matches between the Wanderers and the Garrison eleven this year. This is too bad, for the play between Garrison and W. A. C. has always been the most interesting cricket of the season. The Wanderers are trying to boycott the Garrison, but that the effort will have very little effect is no reason to doubt. They tried it once before and found the experiment a failure. Two years ago the Garrison refused to play cricket with the Wanderers. This action did not ruin the game, for next year the W. A. C. were able to play together with the St. John man, to put a team in the field at Toronto, which showed the upper Canadians that we do have some good deal about cricket.

The peculiar thing about the Garrison, Wanderers cricket series this season was that a schedule of matches had been arranged, the secretary of the military agreeing to the dates and that thereafter the series was arbitrarily cancelled. The Garrison never arranged for the time-honored series before with better hopes of success, for they had this year in Mr. Austin a player who was said to be a phenomenon. On the other hand the Wanderers are without W. A. Henry, a grand bat and good all-around cricketer, and without J. J. Mackintosh, a splendid bat and wicket-keeper.

Nevertheless, just before the date of the opening match, the Garrison notified the Wanderers they would not play. It was a rather self-denying boycott, but it seems it had to be done.

The bye-laws of the W. A. C. prohibit officers from becoming members of the club, and the reason they will not play cricket is that the military find they cannot over-ride the rule. Efforts have been made to secure the repeal of the anti-military law, but the sentiment and the votes of the club have always been against such a change. The Wanderers do not want the officers as members and they will not have them. The club was organized for the benefit of the young men of Halifax, and the framers of the bylaws, years ago, came to the conclusion that there would not be room in the club for both officers and civilians. The grounds are owned by the city and leased to the club at a rental of \$100 per year. The city fathers might not feel like renewing the lease, six years hence, if they found that the grounds were being used as much by the military as by the sons of Halifax tax-payers and possibly to the exclusion of the latter.

The officer is largely a man of leisure, and it is quite possible that in this Garrison of 1200 soldiers and as many sailors during part of the season, the grounds might be monopolized by the officers to the exclusion of the civilian membership. As it is, there is grumbling that bank clerks, for instance, with lots of time use the grounds so constantly that less favored members have not the chance they would like. If fifty officers were let loose upon the grounds these complaints would be yet louder and more emphatic. There are other reasons why, in a club of this kind, the officers of the Garrison are not desirable members. So the W. A. C. founders, thinking that prevention was better than cure, avoided possible trouble by seeing that it was not allowed to occur.

A positive advantage in keeping military and civilians in separate athletic organizations is that rivalry is rendered more interesting if the officers are to join the Wanderers, what would then become of the Wanderers-Garrison cricket matches, even if they have disappeared temporarily for another reason.

Because they cannot become members, therefore, the officers have now refused to play cricket with the Wanderers, even though a series had been arranged by the secretary of the military team. Before the time for the first match arrived, some of the officers must have obtained new light, for it is a fact that although the Garrison as a team refused to play cricket with the Wanderers they are by no means unanimous, the question. No one yet knows what finally caused the sudden kick which ended in a declaration of war, but it will soon come out. Colonel Anstruther, of the royal artillery, is one who sees no harm in a few cricket matches even if in addition to the honored letters "M. C. C." he is not allowed to pin to his coat "W. A. C." The antagonism largely comes from the officers of the King's Liverpool regiment rather than from the artillery or engineers. It is said the vote in the Garrison stood 7 to 3 against cricket with the Wanderers.

The cricket boycott may be followed on the part of the Garrison by a football boycott as well. The Garrison may

carry this argument to its logical conclusion and refuse to enter the city championship series. If they do, as in the cricket matter, they will doubtless find themselves the greater losers. Good cricket matches can be arranged by the Wanderers with the non-commissioned officers and men, with the band, etc., and with others not bound to the "Garrison" decision, and the boycott will not be general, while as for football, it is the Dalhousians and the Wanderers who are the real competitors for the trophy.

Captain Cahalan and his eleven will have enough cricket this season anyhow, and the Garrison may be able, also, to arrange some matches.

SUGGESTING A SAVING.

What Some Halifax People Say About the Inspection of Licenses.

HALIFAX, June 20—The inspector of liquor licenses has not been in evidence very much of late. Perhaps this is because there are no violations of the law, or because every place in the city which sells without license has been stamped out. It is not the general opinion that either of these is the reason why the license inspector is comparatively so seldom heard from these days. More potent reasons are said to be an occasional aldermanic "pull," so that when the inspector would arise in his might he is drawn back by the coat-tails. Besides this, it is the new broom that sweeps cleanest, and a license inspector, after more than a year in office, cannot be said to be a "new broom."

In this connection, one of the most intelligent aldermen in the city council remarked the other day that he thought the city's best plan would be not again to appoint an inspector of licenses at all, but to impose all the duties of the office upon the chief of police. He held that while Chief O'Sullivan is one of the hardest officials in the civic service, yet that he could transact the business of inspector Bank's office without interfering with the efficient management of the police, and that the enforcement of the liquor law would not suffer in the slightest degree. Deputy-Chief Nickerson could be called in to assist in this work, he could do a good share of it in fact and not by any means overworked. During Mackossey's last days all the enforcement of the law that took place was directly the work of Chief O'Sullivan. Why could it not be done, commencing next year by the chief, in name, as well as in fact at that time?

It is not hard to find proof that the chief not only could look after the liquor law as well as the inspector does, but it is easy to substantiate the statement that he could do it better. In the first place, the chief is more independent of the city council than is the inspector. He cannot be removed from office except for cause, and a two-third vote of the aldermen, and he therefore need not be afraid of an irate city father. The inspector on the other hand, has to run the gauntlet of a majority election every year. It is a matter of supreme importance to the inspector that he stand well with the aldermen, or he may find some bright day that a rival has been elected to fill his place, and all because, perhaps, ten out of the eighteen aldermen or a majority of them present at the meeting, had a real or fancied grievance against him and voted for the other man. Another reason why the chief could do the work more effectively than the inspector is that he has absolute control of a police force of forty men who could become active agents of the chief as inspector, night and day, in every part of the city. It is not difficult, then, to show that the chief could do the inspector's work, without impairing the efficiency of his present department, equally if not more effectively than by an inspector nominally devoting all his time to the business.

One practical and economical benefit from the proposed change would be a saving to the city of \$1,200 per year, which is now spent on the inspector's salary. That is an item worth looking after. The committee of the council, which is now engaged in preparing a report to the city council and civic officials, and their salaries, might hospitably take this point into consideration. They might see it is not practicable to have the liquor law just as well, or better, enforced by the chief of police and his men, as it now is by Inspector Banks, and the change either leave the \$1,200 spent on the inspector's salary in the pockets of the tax-payers, or devote it to keeping the streets in better condition or put the money to some other good use.

A Cool Suggestion.

"Montserrat" Lime Juice is, without a single exception, the king of summer drinks. Cooling, fragrant and delightfully pleasant. It should be on every table during the hot weather, and is always to be had where summer drinks are sold. No other drink is so wholesome and refreshing. Grocers and druggists.

THE APPRECIATED CATS.

BISHOP MEDLEY'S KINDNESS TO OUTCAST ANIMALS.

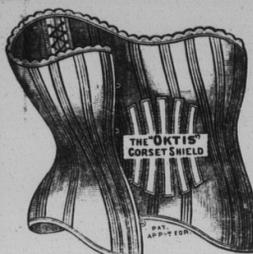
His Gentle Nature Exemplified by an Incident—The Impression he Left on a Caller who Must Ever Remember Him as he then Appeared to Her.

The fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the episcopal See of Fredericton, and the various anniversary sermons preached in the different churches, all consisting more or less of sketches of the life, and work of the late metropolitan, first bishop of the diocese, have had the effect of calling forth many anecdotes, and reminiscences of that father of the church, who was so personally dear to his people. Many are the tales told of Bishop Medley's kindness his warmth of heart, his self sacrifice, and his devotion to the church. These qualities were too well known by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, to require further dwelling upon, but the small reminiscence I have to contribute to the general fund, shows a side to the bishop's character which has not, so far as I know been touched upon by any of his chroniclers. Bishop Medley's intimate friends will remember that his warm heart held a particularly tender spot in its depths, for all animals; no four footed creature was too wretched, or too tormented for him to notice and speak a kind word to it, and this affection was most warmly reciprocated by all the animal kingdom, except on one occasion, when the Bishop was severely bitten in the face by a vicious dog he had stooped to pat. Some years before his death—five or six I think, I was visiting at Moncton, and chanced to call one afternoon at the rectory of St. George's church. The rector at that time was the Rev. Arthur Hooley one of the gentlest, most tender hearted souls ever lived, a man who seemed naturally to attract everyone, and everything that was in trouble or need towards him, and none ever found his large heart, or his slender purse closed against them. He sacrificed his life for his Master's work at last, and he and his pretty wife lie buried in the churchyard of the South African mission, which was the scene of their last work on earth and the climate of which proved too much for their endurance.

Every stray and suffering animal was sure of food and shelter at the rectory and no humbug of a tramp ever told to impossible a tale to be believed and helped on his way with food and money, consequently the family themselves did not exactly live in the lap of luxury, and Mrs. Hooley would often tell, as an excellent joke how they had had bread and dripping for supper last night and enjoyed it immensely. On the present occasion, as I entered the drawing room in the dim twilight of an Autumn day, the first thing my eyes rested upon was the venerable figure of the metropolitan seated in a deep arm chair by the fire, and on his knee, reposing peacefully upon his rich silk apron, was the most delapidated specimen of the genus cat that could well be imagined. One ear gone, part of the fur was missing from his head, and his tail had been abbreviated much more than nature had intended it should; but that the poor fellow was happy as one could doubt; he was purring hoarsely, and spasmodically, like a cat to whom the chance of having anything to purr for, came so seldom, that the apparatus had grown rusty, and every now and then he would rub his rough head against the delicate white hand that stroked him so gently, and look up with an expression of confidence and affection touching to see, into the kind old face bent over him.

The metropolitan was the soul of old fashioned courtesy, and he excused himself formally for not rising, when I shook hands with him. "I do not like to disturb my poor friend here" he said. And then of course being lovers of animals in general, and cats in particular, we exchanged ideas, and grew very friendly indeed as we found how perfectly we agreed. "I am fond of all animals," the bishop said "but I have always had an especial weakness for cats; I have found them just as faithful and just as affectionate as dogs, and I think the only reason they are so unjustly estimated, is the fact that they are so seldom well treated; I believe the cat is the most ill-treated animal in the world. This poor fellow is the latest pensioner on the rector's bounty, I hear, and he seems to have taken such a fancy to me, that I cannot help meeting him half way."

The metropolitan was looking very frail and delicate, as he had recently recovered from a very severe illness, and it was a picture long to be remembered; the fragile, slender figure the exquisite daintiness of the dress, the noble old face framed in soft silver hair, and the thin white hand caressing the wretched outcast cat on his knee. Whenever I think of the Metropolitan, strange to say it is not the bishop in his



Excellent to prevent new Corsets from being broken. Makes old or broken Corsets as good as new. State size of Corset in ordering.

Manchesters Robertson & Allison, St. John

gorgeous robes, administering the rites of the church, that rises up before my imagination, or even the feeble invalid laboriously taking part in the service of his own beloved cathedral as I last saw him. But it is rather the memory of that afternoon at the rectory, which always comes back to me.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S CROWN.

Thousands of Diamonds and Gems Are in It, and It is Comfortable.

In the Tower of London is kept the Queen's crown, the diadem used at her coronation in 1838. It is composed of very ancient relics, but is a modern composition, having been made by the firm of Rundell & Bridge, and completed in the year 1838.

The crown is constructed of jewels taken from old crowns, and other stones provided by her Majesty. It consists of emeralds, rubies, sapphires, pearls, and diamonds. The stones which are set in gold and silver, encase a crimson velvet cap with a border of ermine, the whole of the interior being lined with the finest white silk.

Above the crimson border on the lower edge of the band is a row of 129 pearls. Round the upper part of the band is a border of 112 pearls. In the front, stationed between the two borders of pearls, is a huge sapphire, purchased by George IV., set in the centre of valuable pearls. At the back, in the same position, is another but smaller sapphire.

The sides are adorned with three sapphires, and between these are eight emeralds. Above and below the sapphires extending all round the crown, are placed at intervals fourteen large diamonds, the eight emeralds being encircled by clusters of diamonds, 128 in number. Between the emeralds and sapphires are sixteen ornate ornaments, each consisting of eight diamonds. Above a circular band are eight sapphires, set separately, encircled by eight diamonds. Between each of these eight sapphires are eight festoons of eighteen diamonds each. In front of the crown is a diamond Maltese cross, in the centre of which is the famous ruby given to Edward by Don Pedro the Cruel. This is the stone which adorned the helmet of Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt. The centre of the ruby is followed out, and the space filled, in accordance with the Eastern custom, with a smaller ruby. The Maltese cross is formed of seventy-five splendid diamonds. At each of the sides and at the back is a Maltese cross with emerald centres, containing respectively 132, 121, and 130 sparkling diamonds.

Level with the four Maltese crosses, and stationed between them, are four ornate ornaments shaped like the fleur-de-lis, with four rubies in the centre, and surrounded by diamonds, containing 85, 86, and 87 diamonds. From the Maltese crosses spring four imperial arches, composed of oak leaves and diamonds. The leaves are formed of 728 diamonds; 32 pearls represent the acorns and 54 diamonds the cups.

From the upper part of the imperial arches hang suspended four large pendant-shaped pearls set in diamond cups, each cup being formed of twelve diamonds, the stems from each of the four hanging pearls being incrusting with twenty-four diamonds. Above the arch is the mount, which is made of 438 diamonds. The zone and arc are represented by thirty-three diamonds. On the summit of the throne is a cross, which has for its centre a rose-cut sapphire set in the centre of fourteen large diamonds.

Although the crown comprises one large ruby, one large sapphire, twenty-six smaller sapphires, eleven emeralds, four rubies, 1,363 brilliants, 1,273 rose diamonds, four pendant shaped pearls, and 273 smaller pearls.

It is the heaviest and most uncomfortable diadem of any crowned head in Europe.

Luring Trout With Lights.

The use of a light at night to lure game or fishes within the reach of the hunter or fisherman is probably a very ancient device. To take trout with the fly under cover of this device is essentially an outcome of nineteenth century enterprise. Mr. Cheney, in a late issue of Forest and Stream, calls attention to angling under these conditions at Pharaoh Lake, in the Adirondacks. He affirms that the most beautiful of all brook or speckled trout are found there. Their claim to superior beauty resides in their superb coloring, inasmuch as they are enveloped in a sheen of the richest purple. In most specimens red spots are rare, while in others they are entirely absent. The method of taking them with a fly at night, is to start a bonfire on a rock which slopes into the water. This attracts the trout, evidently of the

most unsophisticated kind and indifferent to the presence of the angler, who cannot be otherwise than most conspicuous. The publicity given to this new method of taking trout at night will probably lead to extensive nocturnal fishing during the present season. It can hardly be supposed that the trout on Lake Pharaoh are any less astute than those found in other waters; consequently one may expect to see after dark, from now until the close of the season, the edges of ponds and streams brilliantly illuminated with the bonfires of enthusiastic anglers. Heretofore trout have enjoyed immunity from pursuit, at least during a few hours of the night, but henceforth they may expect no respite whatsoever.

DONE BY THE MADSTONE.

Singular Instances of the Absorption of Poison by a Mineral.

"When I tell you that we have had a madstone in our family for over three quarters of a century, and that I myself have positive knowledge of hundreds of cures of bona fide cases of hydrophobia by the stone, you will understand why I am such a thorough believer in it," says Mr. Pointer of Memphis, Tenn. "My grandfather, Tom Pointer of Halifax county, Va., first came into possession of the stone I have in my younger days often heard all about how he got it, but have forgotten most of the details. I know that a friend of my grandfather's travelled in the East, India or China, and came back with a great many of these stones. I do not know how he got them. He sold many to different people. He did not sell this one to my grandfather, but left it with him, saying my grandfather could have it unless he returned and claimed it. He was a great traveller. He made another trip after this and was never heard of again. Hence, my grandfather retained the stone. Later in its history it was broken. One part is now in the possession of Joe Pointer and Green Williams of Person county, N. C., and I and my sister, Mrs. Stith of Dallas, Tex., keep the other. At one time, when it was necessary to sell this stone at auction, my grandfather retained it, and it brought \$750.

"The stone we have is quite ordinary in appearance. It is black, and might be mistaken for a chunk of coal. One side is smooth, but the other, the porous side, that is applied to the bite, is rough. When the stone is used it is laid on the spot where the bite has scratched the skin. If poison has been deposited there the madstone will stick and absorb the poisonous substance.

"I recollect on one occasion when a member of our household had been bitten, the doctor gave up the patient and said he could not live till morning. The bite was on the arm, and the swelling was immense. The patient could not open his eyes. There was no doubt about this being a case of rabies, for the doctor so pronounced it. The doctor having given up the case and declared that death would ensue before morning, I asked him if I could not try the efficacy of the madstone. He had no objection, stating that it would do no good, but to appease my insistence he said it could do no harm. So I applied the stone. It adhered. Presently it had absorbed all it could contain of the poisonous substance and fell off. By that time the patient had become sufficiently to be able to open his eyes. I placed the stone in a bucket of lukewarm water, the usual way of treating it, and the poison at once exuded and rose to the top of the water, forming a green scum. When the stone had emptied itself it was again applied to the sore, and before it had filled up again it fell off, all the poison having been absorbed. The patient recovered, though the doctor, a disbeliever in the madstone, had given him less than twelve hours to live.

"There are many people in this city and in Mississippi who can vouch for the efficacy of this stone. I remember of a cure before the war in which Phelan Lucas, who now lives at Holly Springs, was deeply interested. Mr. Lucas had a valuable negro bitten by a rattle-snake while working in the field. The bite was on the thumb. The negro came in from the field with his hand and arm fearfully swollen and suffering great pain. There was no chance for him to live long. Mr. Lucas said afterward that anybody could have bought that negro for \$10 then. But the madstone was got from my father's and the negro was cured.

Edmund Yeigil.

264 Sherbourne Street, Toronto.

hundred dollars, was brought out and emptied into the gutter, and a bonfire was made of its barrels and fixtures. Mr. Geil preached from the top of an empty whiskey barrel to the crowd that assembled.

He saw Her stockings.

He must have been a brute, for this is what he did: A pretty, modest-looking girl entered the elevated train at Fourteenth street. She had evidently been shopping, for her arms were full of packages. He noticed at once that one of them had broken open, and a pair of light blue silk stockings were exposed. The young woman sat down directly opposite him; and he smiled broadly. Just as the train reached Eighteenth street he caught her eye and said in a perfectly respectful but terribly distinct voice:

"Excuse me for mentioning it, madam, but don't you think you'd better cover up your stockings? You're showing a good deal of them now."

"Sir!" she exclaimed in the most horrified tone, blushing furiously and nervously trying to pull down her dress, which already touched the floor.

"I meant the one on your lap," he said quietly, but with a wicked smile, and bowing politely stepped off the train.

On the Safe Side.

"We need no ring to plight our troth," he suggested as he kissed her impetuously. "Oh, yes, we do," retorted the maiden. "None of your slight of hand tricks with me."

BABY'S BURNING SKIN.

Skin Peeling Off, Skin Literally Afire, Cooled and Soothed by Chase's

The Great Feature of Chase's Ointment—Almost Instantly It Touches Itching, Burning, Eczematous skin, Relieving the Pain—Is a boon to Mothers whose Children are suffering—There is Nothing Uncertain About it or this way of speaking About It.

"My six-year-old daughter, Bella, was afflicted with eczema for 24 months, the principal seat of eruption being behind the ears. I tried almost every remedy I saw advertised, bought innumerable medicines and soaps and took the child to medical specialists in skin disease, but without result. Finally, a week ago, I purchased a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and the first application showed the curative effect of the remedy. We have used only one-sixth of the box, but the change is very marked, the eruption has all disappeared, and I can confidently say my child is cured." (Signed.) MAX WELLS JOHNSON, 112 Ann Street Toronto.

A Face that was a Scab from Forehead to chin cured in 10 days.

"On behalf of the Fred Victor Mission Bible Class I wish to express our gratitude to you for the box of Chase's Ointment which you supplied in aid of our charitable work to the infant child of Mrs. Brownie, 162 River street. Ten days ago the child was awfully afflicted with scab head, the face being literally one scab from forehead to chin, and in that brief time a complete cure has been effected. Surely your gift was worth more than its weight in gold." EDMUND YEIGIL, 264 Sherbourne Street, Toronto.

EDMUND YEIGIL, 264 Sherbourne Street, Toronto.

THERE'S NOTHING LOOKS NEATER.

Cooler or more comfortable on the average woman than a Jacket or Shirt Waist. Of course to look well it must be well laundered. UNGAR will give you satisfaction and guarantee the most delicate shades not to fade.

UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS

25-34 Waterloo St., St. John, N. B. 65-70 Burlington St., Halifax, N. S.

Consumption.

Valuable treatise and two bottles of medicine sent free to any sufferer from Consumption and Post Office address: "THE BRONCHITIS CHEMICAL CO. Ltd., Toronto, Ont."

Deafness.

... and Head-Noises Cured. By our new Improved Ear Drum, have known and used for many years. Safe, comfortable, tripartite, and can be removed or inserted without causing any pain. For further particulars, please apply to: "THE BRONCHITIS CHEMICAL CO. Ltd., Toronto, Ont. Mention this Paper."

Ed of the Whiskey.

A great bonfire was built at Fultonville, N. Y., recently, as a result of the evangelistic services held there by Evangelist Geil of Doyleston, Pa. One of the converts at the meeting was a saloon-keeper named Firth, whose place was one of the most notorious in the town of Fultonville. He determined after his conversion to quit the business. By his invitation the meeting adjourned to his saloon, and the entire stock, worth six

NO COMMON BURGLAR.

"Minnie, you cannot mean that! You are not in earnest?" "Indeed I am, Raymond. I cannot marry you while my poor father needs me so much. You know I promised my mother when she was dying that I would never leave him. And you know how helpless he is."

"But he might— a pause. "He might live with us, you know, Minnie." "The girl, who was very pale, shook her head without lifting her eyes from her work. "It would not answer, Raymond. We could not live in comfort, he and ourselves, without a second sitting-room. We should all three be wretched."

Minnie could not trust herself to speak. A big tear dropped from her cheek to the work in her hands, but her companion did not see it. For some minutes he too sat silent. There was no more to say, and yet he could not rise and go. He could not bring himself to acknowledge that there was no hope of his winning the girl he had loved for the last three years.

The two were sitting in the front parlour of a very shabby little house in Brixton. The folding-doors which divided the apartment from the yet smaller sitting-room at the back were open, and the lovers had spoken almost in a whisper, for they did not wish to be overheard, and there were two people in the back-room. These were Minnie's father, Leonard Milburn, and his friend Mr. Lupton. They were both bending over a table which nearly filled the small apartment, and which was covered with models of typewriting machines, pieces of mechanism, and drawings.

"Apparently they were too intent upon the wheels and levers before them to attend to what was passing within a few feet of them in the front parlour. Mr. Milburn, a nervous, eager man with iron-gray hair, and eyes that shone like stars, was busily explaining a model on the table, his thin fingers moving here and there, while the other listened with a languid, half-suspicious air. From time to time Mr. Milburn rose to fetch a drawing or a piece of apparatus, talking all the time.

"It will be the greatest invention of the day," he said. "Think of it! You sit down to your type-writer, and you produce, with the same key-action, not one, but a score or a hundred perfectly inked impressions. It is literally printing by hand, without the cost of printing."

"Printing! My good sir, you forget—only one set of type—limited to a hundred copies, too. Why, as a toy it seems interesting and ingenious, certainly; but looked at from a practical, business point of view, I fear there's not much in it. I may be wrong, but that's my impression."

The inventor listened, and his face became white. He had great faith in Mr. Lupton's practical sagacity and knowledge of business. Alfred Lupton was a financial agent, company promoter, and general speculator. As compared with Milburn he was a wealthy man; but his capital largely consisted of shares in various concerns, good, bad, and indifferent.

Milburn had asked him to call and look at his new type-writer, which was to print a hundred copies at once, in the hope that if he thought well of it he would find the money to bring the invention to a practical test. The failure of the financier to appreciate the machine struck the inventor with dismay, but he went on trying to explain his ideas by the help of the drawings and models.

Raymond had been silent for a few minutes, when Minnie glanced up at him as he sat beside her in front of the fire. He was gazing fixedly at the cracked mirror over the fireplace. Minnie felt surprised and hurt that he should be so occupied at such a time, when she observed that her lover was not contemplating the reflection of his own face, but the figure of her father and his friend as mirrored in the glass.

Shortly after this Mr. Lupton took his leave, and Raymond approached Mr. Milburn, who was sitting dejectedly in a corner of the back sitting-room, and asked what progress his invention was making. More than once Milburn had button-holed the young man, and compelled him to listen to an account of his achievements, his difficulties, and his hopes. But tonight he was despondent and irritable.

"Progress? None at all, it seems!" he answered. "Those capitalists demand what is impossible. But I will do it yet; I will introduce the improvements Mr. Lupton suggested. He was quite right. The machine is not exactly perfect. It ought to be perfect. It shall be perfect before I had done with it."

And with nervous, bustling hands he proceeded to stow away the drawings and specifications, and the incomplete model, in one of the drawers of the table.

"Are you going to take out a patent, father?" asked Minnie. "No," answered her father roughly. "When I take out a patent it shall be for a complete, a perfect machine, as I hope this will be in a few months' time."

Raymond seemed as if about to speak but he changed his mind and held his peace. Minnie felt relieved by her father's answer; for in truth she did not know where the money for the patent-office fees was to come from; yet she sighed to think that the prospect of her father's returning to useful and remunerative work seemed as distant as ever. He was still under the spell of his great invention.

About three o'clock that morning, Robin, Minnie's little terrier, barked loudly in the front garden, and then suddenly held his peace. An hour later, a policeman pulled the door-bell of the house occupied by Mr. Milburn, and informed him that he had been chasing, and had just missed catching, a burglar, whom he had seen coming stealthily from the back of the house.

On going over the lower rooms, however, it did not appear that anything had been stolen. The French window opening into the back parlour was ajar; but Minnie acknowledged that she sometimes forgot to fasten it.

The policeman picked up a glove, which Mr. Milburn recognised as being one of a pair which Mr. Lupton had worn the night before; but that, of course, might have been accidentally dropped. It seemed certain that the burglar—supposing that there had been one—had been scared away by the policeman; and Mr. Milburn and his daughter went back to bed.

It was not till late in the day that Milburn discovered that the table drawer in which he had locked up his half-finished

model, with his drawings and papers, had been forced open, and was now empty! The unhappy inventor was half mad with grief and indignation. In his race he rushed off to the police, and accused Mr. Lupton of having robbed him; but as he had no better evidence to offer than the lost glove, the police declined to arrest that gentleman. They confined themselves to making careful entries in big, ledger-like volumes.

That same evening Mr. Lupton's office-boy called with a note from his master, asking Mr. Milburn to be good enough to hand to the bearer a glove which he thought he must have left behind on the preceding evening. Their demand staggered Mr. Milburn's belief in his friend's guilt, although it was just the sort of thing which a clever rogue might be supposed likely to do.

The next three days were spent by Mr. Milburn in an effort, which only half succeeded, to reconstruct the stolen model. On the evening of the fourth day, as he and Minnie were sitting at supper, a ring came to the door, and the postman delivered a bulky parcel, which to Minnie's bitter disappointment and her father's delight, was found to contain the whole of the stolen drawings and papers, together with the model.

Mr. Milburn did not trouble himself in trying to solve the mystery of their disappearance. He had recovered his treasures that was enough for him; and he set to work with renewed ardour to perfect the machine that had already cost him so many hours of labour.

III. Six months went by, and the machine was still unfinished. The improvements which the inventor was aiming at, and which his friend had told him were an essential condition of success, seemed impracticable.

One morning Mr. Milburn was sitting at breakfast, hurrying over his meal that he might get to his workshop, and glancing meanwhile over a newspaper. Suddenly he gave a cry and put his hand to his side, and fell back motionless in his chair as if he had received his death blow. Minnie sprang to him with a scream of terror; but it was not as she had feared. Her father had only fainted.

When he was restored to consciousness, his first thought was the newspaper. There was no dream—no mistake. There was a long advertisement about the formation of a company which was to bring out a type-writer that would produce a hundred copies at once—his own idea—the scheme he had brooded over for five years, and all but perfected.

The poor man's despair was dreadful to witness; but his grief changed to indignation when he discovered that his friend Alfred Lupton was the promoter of the company. He could not doubt that Lupton had entered the house in the night and possessed himself of the drawings and model, for the purpose of stealing his ideas and afterwards taking out a patent for them in his own name. The rascality was evident; but proof of the burglary was impossible; and Mr. Milburn knew very well that the law does not recognise any right of property in ideas till they are patented.

The inventor was crushed and hopeless. He was pacing up and down his bedroom that evening, a prey to the bitterest thoughts that ever tormented the mind of living man, when he was told that Mr. Raymond Vine and another gentleman had called, and wished to see him. With some persuasion from Minnie he went down to them; and what they told him astonished him considerably.

"It was I, my dear sir," said Raymond, who stole your drawings. While I was sitting in the front parlour the evening that rascal Lupton was here, I saw in the mirror that he was secretly making notes in his pocket-book when you were not observing him; and I once caught a look on his face which told me that he meant to play you false.

"After he had gone you told us that he had persuaded you to add certain improvements, and that meantime you would not take out a patent. That decided me to act, for I knew I could never persuade you that your friend was a traitor. I put your drawings and model into the hands of a patent-agent, and obtained what they call 'provisional protection' for your invention the very day after I committed the burglary. The patents which Lupton is trying to sell to the new company are simply copies of yours; and this gentleman tells me they are absolutely worthless."

"Yes," added the lawyer, "I only want your signature, Mr. Milburn, to some papers I have here; and I think I can promise you that Mr. Lupton and his company will trouble you no more. If I am not mistaken, you will be a rich man in a very few years."

This prophecy was amply fulfilled. A new company was formed, with Raymond Vine as managing director, under other auspices than those of Mr. Alfred Lupton. It proved a great success. Minnie has no reason to complain that the house she lives in is not large enough to be a home for her father, as well as for her husband, her children, and her own small self.

Dancing of Pet Wasps. A young lady living near Monroe, La., has a pair of pet wasps that she has trained to do various tricks requiring remarkable intelligence. Among other things she has taught them to drink water from a thimble to perform the "skirt dance," as she calls it, by fluttering their wings as they rest in the palm of her hand. They will sing in the palm of her hand. They will sing in the palm of her hand. They will sing in the palm of her hand.

The wasps seem to have a good deal of vanity and nothing delights them more than to be allowed to walk about and inspect themselves on a little hand mirror, which is kept for their exclusive use. Strange to relate, the wasps have never been known to attempt to sting anybody, although they have free access to all parts of the house and are seldom confined, even at night.

Set Up Straight on Your Bicycle. There is absolutely no reason for stooping over the handles in either of the two ways so commonly seen—at least there is no excuse for so doing—in ordinary road riding. It may be necessary for the "scorchers," when engaged in "scorching" to assume the one or the other of these attitudes to sprawl with the body straight but almost

horizontal, and the head close to the handle bar, or to bend the upper part of the back as if trying to break it in the middle, and throw the shoulders forward as if desiring to make them meet across his breast. Even so—one who is not "scorching" does not need to make himself a hideous object to look at, and also to reduce the benefits of wheeling to a minimum, so far as its effect on the chest capacity is concerned.—Scribner.

WENT TO FIGHT A DUEL.

Extraordinary Conditions Under Which Two Men Met Each Other.

On the Island of Jamaica there was once a meeting between a Scotch captain and a noted Creole duellist, named Henri d'Evigville. The captain had gone ashore and was dining at a hotel in Kingston, where, as not infrequently happened the company indulged rather more freely in drinks than was wise in those quarrelsome days. All went well until Captain Stewart was requested by d'Evigville to sing a song in Gaelic. Now, although a Scotchman, Stewart claimed that he knew no Gaelic, but the Creole being present rather than give offense the captain sang "Auld Lang Syne," and supposed that the compromise was satisfactory. The company broke up and Captain Stewart returned to the ship accompanied by a friend. On their way back the friend mentioned d'Evigville's reputation as a bully and expressed his opinion that he deliberately sought a quarrel for the purpose of engaging the captain in a duel. Captain Stewart then said: "There is no more horrible practice of our time. Once and only once have I fought a duel. That was when I was a young man, and for the sake of a lady for whose hand my dearest friend and I were suitors. I killed him. Since I saw him lying dead at my feet I have never known a happy day. I thought to-night that fate had overtaken me and I should be challenged to give up my life for an offense more trivial than that for which I took the life of my friend."

Arrived at the ship the captain stood leaning against the bulwarks watching the lights fade out as dawn came over the town, when he saw a small boat coming toward his vessel, which was lying at anchor. As it drew near, he recognized an officer in the Columbian service, a friend of d'Evigville. He boarded the vessel and going up to Captain Stewart said he had come from d'Evigville with a challenge for the insult of substituting an English song for Gaelic and thus attempting to make him a laughing stock for those of the company who knew better. Stewart turned to his friend and said, "My forebodings were right after all." He tried, to explain to d'Evigville's messenger that no offense had been intended and to point out the absurdity of a duel for such a cause and at last fitly refused to accept the challenge.

A few days afterward Captain Stewart met d'Evigville and as might have been foreseen was instantly assailed as "coward" and what was worse, was struck across the face with a horse-whip. This was more than the Scotchman could stand so he sent the message d'Evigville so much desired and at the time appointed took two of his sailors with him to the rendezvous. The men carried a pickaxe and a spade.

Stewart ordered them to dig a grave sufficiently deep to receive two bodies; and to d'Evigville's astonishment insisted that they should both stand in this grave, holding a pistol in one hand and in the other the dug-up corners of a handkerchief, which stretched taut would regulate the distance. The Creole, thus cornered, had no choice but to accept the conditions. The two men stepped down into the grave and Captain Stewart firmly grasped the handkerchief, saying, "The world is well rid of you scoundrel, and also of a miserable man." The seconds drew lots for the word of command. Meanwhile d'Evigville fumbled with his corner of the handkerchief, dropped it and picked it up again. His face was as white as the piece of linen, and before the word "Fire" had passed the lips of the man whose duty it was to give it, he fell forward in a dead faint.

Captain Stewart looked down on him for a moment, then, with a look of disgust, kicked him, scrambled out of the grave and made his way back to the ship.

SURPRISE SOAP The best For Washing Clothes. SAVES Boiling or scalding the Clothes. does away with hard rubbing. Follow the directions on the wrapper. The WHITEST Sweetest, cleanest clothes is the result. Harmless to hands and fabrics. Lasts longest—goes farthest.

are very savage. They steal out about twilight, pounce upon their victims, and carry them away to the hills.

Chin-Chew is a city of about four hundred thousand people, and all about are suburbs having each a population of from eighty to a hundred thousand. The tigers are not alarmed by the people, because they have never been hunted, and having long been accustomed to human food, they commit great depredations. Because of this Miss Graham and myself learned not to venture out after night-fall.

When travelling in the suburbs we are carried on chairs, usually by the natives we have converted, as we consider them ester than the heathen, who might desert us were a tiger to appear.

The Chinese sexton of my church in Chin-Chew, who was a backslider, was one of the victims of the tigers. He was picked up one evening almost at the church door and carried away, and the natives who were not christians said it was a "visitation," because he had gone back on his faith.

One evening a woman sat at her door with her little child playing around her. She went away for a moment, and when she returned a big tiger was walking away with the infant.

Another case that I remember was very sad. The husband of a native woman who belonged to our mission, but who was not himself a christian, came one afternoon to bid his wife good-bye. He was going to set out for Amoy, sixty miles away, to carry a letter for a mandarin. Time passed and he did not return. Finally they set out to search for him and all they found was a piece of one arm, some fragments of his clothes, and a part of the letter. He had been eaten by a tiger. The tigers are not as large as Bengal tigers, nor as big as a St. Bernard dog, but they are very powerful.

In use by thousands of wheelmen throughout Canada and the United States. The Rigby process, which is the invention of Sir John S. Rigby, F. C. S., does not change the appearance or texture of the cloth, and cannot be distinguished from an ordinary tweed, except by its waterproof properties.

CAMPBELL'S WINE OF BEECH TREE CREOSOTE CURES OBSTINATE COUGHS. DOCTORS RECOMMEND IT HIGHLY. ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT.

Rigby Waterproof Bicycle Suits. Every Wheelman wants one. Perfectly Porous. Delightfully Cool. Entirely Waterproof. Indispensable for a long country ride. In use by thousands of wheelmen throughout Canada and the United States. The Rigby process, which is the invention of Sir John S. Rigby, F. C. S., does not change the appearance or texture of the cloth, and cannot be distinguished from an ordinary tweed, except by its waterproof properties.

AN ILLINOIS SENSATION.

A Lady of Union County recovers her Health in a Marvellous Manner.

ANKA, Illinois, June 17.—A very interesting case of recovery from a complicated form of kidney trouble has taken place here and the details are gradually being made public. The sufferer was Miss M. T. Krimley, who for a long time has been a victim to severe pains in all parts of the body. She consulted a number of doctors and was treated for a great variety of complaints, the diagnosis all proving faulty. At length she determined to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, having read and heard much of their efficacy and found her expectations justified in a complete cure.

FOND OF THE CHINESE.

Tigers Relish a Native Served up Now and Then as a Cold Bite.

Miss L. E. Ramsey, of Dublin, Ireland, a missionary of the English presbyterian church for five years among the densely populated and ignorant natives of Chin-chew, China, has been giving some facts to the San Francisco Examiner. Miss Ramsey and her friend, Miss Graham, of London, also representing the English presbyterian church, are the only white missionaries in that part of China.

The dangers they endured were from both the prejudiced natives and the wild Chinese tigers, which roam all through the country. Tigers even come in from the mountains and infest the towns. In this way one winter, so Miss Ramsey says, over a hundred persons were killed.

The Chinese esteem the tigers as sacred animals," said Miss Ramsey, "and for this reason have never made any attempt to kill them. The practical tiger killers down about Amoy, moreover, have never penetrated that region, so they have increased and are now there in large numbers and

Took Him at His Word.

A well-known American clergyman, according to Harper's Round Table, went into a barber-shop one morning, and being somewhat of a joker, said to the barber, "My friend, you may cut my hair as short as you would like my sermons to be."

The barber immediately got out his razor and proceeded to shave the doctor's head. "Hold on!" cried the doctor. "Are you going to take it all off?" "You told me to, doctor," said the barber. "I don't want any of your sermons."

Just as He Expected.

"Are you having any more trouble with your corns, Emily?" meekly enquired Mr. Winterbottom. "No, they haven't hurt me for the last day or so," replied his good wife. "With a patient sigh Mr. Winterbottom put his best razor back in its case, and tried another. It was as he had suspected."

Can't Wash Them Out!



No other method of home dyeing gives colors one-half so fast and beautiful as DIAMOND DYES.

All the colors marked "FAST" give full, bright, and handsome colors that sunlight will not fade nor soap wash out, two things that are not true of the inferior imitations of Diamond Dyes.

Do your Dyeing at Home with the Original and Reliable Diamond Dyes. Sold everywhere. See Direction Book and forty samples of colored cloth free. WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., Montreal, P. Q.

ALWAYS ASK FOR D.C.L. SCOTCH & IRISH WHISKIES AND LONDON GIN. PROPRIETORS: THE DISTILLERS' CO. LTD. EDINBURGH, LONDON & DUBLIN. For Sale by Street & Co.

Sunday Reading.

BIBLE STUDY IN CHINA.

The Emperor is one of the Students of the Volume of Holy Writ.

Isaac T. Headland professor in Pekin university, writes as follows in the N. Y. Independent:

It was gratifying to all Christians in China to know that the bible, recently presented to the Empress Dowager by the Christian women of China, reached her without delay.

It was, it is possible, still more gratifying to know that the Emperor at the same time sent to the American Bible Society to purchase copies of the Old and New Testaments exactly like those sold to his people.

Still more gratifying was it to me to hear yesterday that the Emperor daily studies the New Testament. The copies he purchased were very cheap ones, with not very large print, but with the largest print they had of the style sold to the people. His Majesty has this copy in large characters, and reads it daily. He is reading the Gospel according to St. Luke in addition to the New Testament, he has come into possession of a copy of a little tract published by the North China Tract Society, called 'The Two Friends,' which he has also been reading.

The above information comes directly from the palace. One of our Christians, who is a horticulturist, constantly furnishes flowers to the eunuchs for the decoration of the palace, or for their own use. He is familiarly known by very many of them, and is often invited to dine with them. The pastor of the church to which he belongs has been repeatedly invited with him, but whether because of his youth or modesty has always refused, until two days ago. He accepted an invitation, and with the dinner received the information we have given above.

When asked to drink at dinner he refused, on which his host remarked: 'Oh, yes; I have heard that you Christians do not drink wine,' and, like a polite host, the wine was put aside and none was drunk at that dinner.

We take it that the above information about His Majesty's studying the bible is true, for this eunuch is one of the Emperor's personal servants, and claims to stand in the room while he reads. The servant, at least, has obtained not a little information about the scriptures himself.

After dinner he took our friends to visit some of the buildings which outsiders very seldom see, lent the sum of three hundred and fifty taels to the horticulturist, and gave various presents to the pastor.

Since the Peace Commission, under Li Hung Chang, started in Japan, the Christians all over the north of China have been praying for its success, for the peace of the two countries, for the people of the two countries, and especially for the Emperors of the two countries. Only two days before our brethren visited the palace we held a prayer-meeting in our little chapel especially to pray for the Emperor and for the Peace Commission. May His Majesty learn that he has no more faithful subjects than the Christians; may he learn not only what his bible contains, but that it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.

It has appeared to the writer during the past twelve months, especially, that the people of the United States for the most part take a very superficial view of the two nations that are now at war.

There is, probably, not a Christian minister or intelligent layman in the Christian church who has carefully studied the history of the Jews, who has not praised them more or less for the persistency with which they held to their laws, customs and teachings, during all their wars, persecutions, captivities and dispersions, saying that this is the kind of a people God would naturally select as a people to whom to intrust his teachings and his gospel. Such a people is a people with character.

Those who have studied Paul's intercourse with the Galatians will find a very different class of people, indeed; a people who, as soon as they heard Paul preach, received him as an angel of God, of whom he says, 'ye would have plucked out your own eyes, and have given them to me.' A people who, as soon as Paul had left them and Jews of a different belief came, turned away from Paul to the next new thing that was presented to them, and embraced it with as much fervor as they had embraced Paul's gospel. They were chameleons which took their color from whatever objects happened to be nearest to them.

Now the ancient Jews were a fair representation of the modern Chinese, and the ancient Galatians—But I wish to speak only of the Chinese.

In the thirteenth century the Mongol nomads overran all Eastern Asia, and his war-engendered popularity became 'one of the five races of men.' The greatest of all their conquests was China by whom in the short space of two centuries they were completely absorbed and then driven out never again to appear among the nations of the world.

There are few more thrilling stories than the beginning of the conquest of China by the Manchus in the seventeenth century, when a young man, in the spirit of revenge, with about one hundred followers, conquered one tribe after another until his army grew to such proportions that he was able to attack China, which eventually was conquered. But the Manchus have been so completely absorbed by the Chinese that but little of the civilized world has ever heard even their names mentioned; yet it was they who initiated the queue upon China, which, more than any other thing, has been her shame among other nations. The Chinese have been Chinese, as the Jews have been Jews as far back as history extends.

The Chinese have been accused of not

being patriotic, but those who made such accusations do not know the Chinese. What is it that makes so many of them want to be brought back home to be buried? What makes them refuse to be absorbed by the countries to which they go? What makes them refuse to adopt anything that is foreign? It is the same feeling that prompted the Jew to hold to the Law and the Prophets. Only those who take a superficial view of the Chinese, their philosophy, and history, can attribute it to ignorance, and it is conceit only if too much patriotism is conceded.

But the Chinese are not a military people—the Chinese are not a warlike people. Because of this they have been called a 'lot of women.' As well say that the Christians who insisted on the principle of non-resistance were 'a lot of old women,' and that the Mohammedans, who established their faith with their swords were 'a lot of ideal men.' The principle of non-resistance is the principle of Christianity, and—notice, I say it not hastily—the Chinese are a better representation of the principle of non-resistance than any other nation in the world.

If anyone says that this is 'because they are not prepared to resist' I answer 'No; they are not prepared to resist because of this principle.' When the armies of Japan landed in Corea, China had never thought of war. She was not prepared for war, and she called the nations of the world to witness that she flew to the poor old arms she had, parts of many of which were in neighboring pawnshops, only because she was forced to do so.

The Chinese are a peaceful people, China has lived for so many centuries as the great controlling power of the East, that it never occurred to her that any of the little powers about her, which had fed for so many centuries on her literature—been nourished, so to speak, at her breast—could be prompted to resistance by her maternal slap. Some had often chastised the little powers about her, but she had done it, as she believed, for their own good; and they gladly brought their tribute to her for the same reason that to a man who has a loaf, you can afford to give a piece of cake, because they knew they would carry away much more than they brought; for China has ever been a Santa Claus who always made her children happy with rich presents on their annual tribute day.

TOLD OF DEAN STANLEY.

How His Manner Wrought Upon Men Who Did Not Understand His Words.

Two soldiers with a day off duty reached the great Abbey of Westminster just as the doors were closing. Great was their disappointment. While they were blaming themselves for having spent so much time elsewhere, a gentleman approached and said:

"Can't you come tomorrow?"

When he learned that they could not see the abbey at any other time, he turned to the headle, and, taking the keys, invited them to go into the abbey with him.

"After pointing out many things worth seeing," said one of the soldiers afterwards "he came to a marble monument erected to one of the soldiers. Seeing that we looked at it with interest, he said, 'You wear the uniform of Her Majesty, and I dare say would like to do some heroic deed worthy of a monument like this.'"

"We both said we should. When we said this he put his hands on each of us and said, 'My friends, you may both have a more enduring monument than this, for this will molder into dust and be forgotten; but you, if your names are written in the Lamb's Book of Life, will abide forever.'"

"We neither of us understood what he meant, but we looked into his earnest face with queer feelings in our hearts, and moved on."

"Just as we were leaving the Abbey our guide told us that he was the dean, and, more than that, that he invited us to the deanery to breakfast the next morning. We did not forget to go. After the breakfast the dean came to say good-by, and again earnestly told us to be sure that our names were written in the Lamb's Book of Life, and then, if we never met again on earth, we shall meet in heaven."

"And so we parted with the dean; and as we traveled home we talked about our visit to the Abbey, and puzzled much as to the meaning of the Lamb's Book of Life."

This is the simple story of the conversion of two English soldiers, and their wonder on the way home recalls the wonder of the disciples of Christ when they could not understand all that their Lord was saying to them. But the soldiers did not understand enough to make the dean's kindly feeling and earnest word the turning-point of their lives.

The curious thing about this incident is that probably Dean Stanley never suspected that the soldiers did not know what he meant by 'the Lamb's Book of Life.'"

for, while God could not be injured, we might love men less. A Greek poet says: "All good men weep." He does not say for what they weep most, but it may well be feared that if they should quit weeping in the temple of the Creator they might move with cold, dry eyes within the temple of man. But atheism has never lived out its nature by means of a state or an age, and thus we are not warranted to state what havoc it would be able to create of those affections which can make one-tenth of all property sacred to humanity. It is a fair problem of inquiry whether the heart which is willing to make offerings to the Deity is not the heart most liable to make offerings to society. Prof.—David Swing.

THE INTEGRITY OF THE BIBLE.

Sound Words on This Subject by a Leading American Educationalist.

Chancellor James R. Day preached the recent baccalaureate sermon at Syracuse, N. Y. University, taking the integrity of the bible as the subject. After examining the bible in the light of science, literature, and history, and directing attention to its vindication as a book always modern, a book dating with the progress of all centuries, he said:

Understand that the integrity of the Bible does not depend upon the question as to whether Moses wrote an account of his own funeral, or Job lived before or after the captivity. Its roots are deeper, and run out wider than all of that. We should not therefore become panic stricken if Christian scholars concede errancy upon some of these minor matters. Such a spirit is more becoming the excitable heathen, who guards his sacred books with the sword, than the Christians in the calm confidence of their Holy Scriptures. We are not to defend our Bible by hiding it away from the eye of the scholar. We guard it by light, not by darkness; by knowledge, not by ignorance; by faith, not by fear. If anything could harm the Scriptures it would be the fears and clamor of its mistaken friends.

At this day while there is much in the so-called higher criticism and new theology that is infantile and will die teething, nevertheless it is not Briggism that is embarrassing the authority of the word of God but rather the anathema, the boycott, the Briggism is far more in affinity with protestantism than is odious heresy hunting. The anathema and theological boycott do not come to the age of the rack and the stake.

"Do not fall into the error of using the Scriptures dogmatically. They do not come to us in forms of systematic theology, though it has its place in the world. Systematic theology is rather the human guide post than the road. Men are not so anxious to know what theological beliefs you bring out of the Scriptures, as they are to apply them in their simple plain teachings as a help to the world and to humanity. Let them shine in their sweet precepts and promises upon paths of weary and discouraged mankind. You young men who are to become preachers should not preach much theology. Preach repentance from sin, forgiveness, and pure hearts, and show it in unnumberable examples. Let them see that you are men of heroic fortitude. While you keep the furthest removed from bigotry and fanatical zeal, for the Bible, cherish it as your only chart of life's dangerous sea."

Religion and Business.

"Man of business! the atmosphere that you breathe may not be very inspiring of godliness, but surely your warehouse, your shop, your counting room cannot be so unfavorable to christian living as was Nero's abominable court. Your business, I take it, is an honorable one, if honestly pursued. If it is unnumberable examples, if it be a lawful calling, then enable it by serving God in it every hour. A counting house, a workshop or a broker's office is as good a place to preach Jesus Christ in as any pulpit in the land. It there are tricks in any trade, it there is an increasing tendency to gambling in business, the man who is called to minister to you should provide things honest in the sight of all men and so conduct your business that Jesus Christ might audit your books and stamp every page with His approval. It will be of no avail for any man or woman to plead at the judgement seat, that they were in a favorable circumstance, or an irreligious atmosphere. No one ever needed Christ more, or honored Christ more, or enjoyed Christ more than the old prisoner, Paul, and his brave associates under the shadow of Nero's brutal and bloody despotism."

Recognition of Parkhurst.

The testimonial fund raised in recognition of the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst's efforts for municipal reform in New York, amounts to \$28,359.57. It has been placed in Dr. Parkhurst's hands, and will be by him devoted to the furtherance of the aims of the City Vigilance League of New York. Dr. Parkhurst has charge of this money as trustee, he having declined to receive the testimonial for himself personally. In his will he is to designate those who shall control the fund after his death.

Confucianism in Japan.

The treatment of Confucianism in Japan affords a rare insight into the mainsprings of the everyday life of the Japanese; for the, to us, exceedingly strange mutual toleration and even reciprocity of the three Japanese religions assigned secular morality to the charge of Confucianism, while the future world was provided for by Buddhism, and the past world cosmologically explained by Shinto.

Pupil of Father Matthew.

Dr. Cuyler says that he made his maiden speech in the temple in 1842 at Glasgow. It was one of Father Matthew's great meetings, where he was called out as the only American present. 'Father Matthew,' says Dr. Cuyler, 'gave me his benediction and kissed me, which I have looked back upon as my ordination to the service of the temperance cause.'

Popular Ignorance of the Bible.

Aside from the standpoint of inspiration and considered merely as literature, the ignorance shown in connection with the Bible is deplorable. Poetry borrows many figures from Scriptures. Cross makes commonplaces to holy writ. Yet how few there are who can explain these extracts, and references. For instance, the Presi-

dent of a Western college repeated the knowledge of his freshman class regarding the Bible. He placed upon the black-board more than twenty extracts from Tennyson, each containing some reference to a familiar Bible scene or truth. Out of a class of thirty-four, most of them sons of professional men and merchants, a ridiculous small proportion knew anything of 'Joshua's sword,' or 'Joshua's moon' or 'Jacob wrestling with the angel.' This goes to show that there is a very meagre Biblical knowledge in some parts of America.

God and Daily Life.

"He who never connects God with his daily life knows nothing of the spiritual meaning and use of life—nothing of the calm, strong patience with which ill may be endured; of the gentle tender comforts which the father's love can minister; of the blessed rest to be realized in His forgiving love. His tender Fatherhood, of the deep, peaceful sense of the Infinite One ever near a refuge and a strength."—Archdeacon Farrar.

Messages From God.

"He shall deliver the needy when he crieth; the poor also, and him that hath no helper." Psalm 72: 12.

ONLY FOUR TO MAN THE PUMPS.

Dear, dear! When you come to think of it how closely related things are; how one thing brings up another. Ideas are like a lot of beads on a string, aren't they?

A letter I have just been reading makes me remember what happened to me one winter about twenty years ago. The story is two long to tell here, so I'll merely give you the tail end of it. I was supercargo on the bark *Hour* from London to Rio. A tremendous gale, lasting five days, wrecked us. Forty-eight hours after it ceased there were four men, no more, left on the vessel. The captain had been killed by a falling spar, three of the crew washed overboard, and the rest of the ship's company (save us four) went away in the long boat with the first and second mates. We were taking in water through a leak at the rate of six inches an hour. Working, with all our might the four of us could pump that out in forty minutes, but we must do it every hour. It was awful work. For two days we kept it up, without sleep. Then we stopped, took to the quarter boat and shoved off. The sea was quiet—no wind. While we lay within a mile of her the ship threw up her nose and went down stern first. We were picked up the next day by a big Danish brig.

Now the odd thing is that the letter which reminded me of that experience has nothing whatever to say about ships. Please help me to find out the association.

The lady who writes the letter says that in July, 1881, she got a bad fright. Exactly what it was she doesn't tell. I wish she did. Anyway it so upset her that she did not get over the effects of it for nine years. After that her appetite fell off; she lost all real relish for food, and what she did eat only made trouble instead of nourishing her. It gave her pain in the pit of the stomach and (curiously enough) between the shoulders. She says her eyes and skin presently turned yellow as a buttercup. Her face and abdomen swelled, and her feet the same. The latter so much so that she was obliged to have her shoes made larger.

"I got little sleep at night," she says, "and was so much pained in my back that I propped up with pillows. For weeks together I could not lie down in bed. I had a dry, hollow cough, and bad night sweats. Then diarrhea set in, and my bowels became ulcerated. I was often in dreadful agony for forty-eight hours at a time. It is a long story, but I will not tell you a bucket of cold water were poured down my back. I got so low I could no longer sew, knit or do any household work or look after my children. My sister had to come and help me in the house."

"Everybody said I was in a decline and must die. What I should do for eight years tongue cannot tell. The doctors could do nothing for me. He said my complaint was complicated and bad to deal with. In 1886 I went as an outdoor patient to the Shrewsbury Infirmary, but only got transient relief."

"I writes in a good health now, but why did her face remind me of the shipwreck? Let's settle that first. The association is an easy aural. Just see. The ship sank because we four men had not the strength to pump out the water as fast as it came in. Twenty men might have got her into port. It is the last straw that breaks the camel's back; the last unsupplied need that makes poverty abject and desperate.

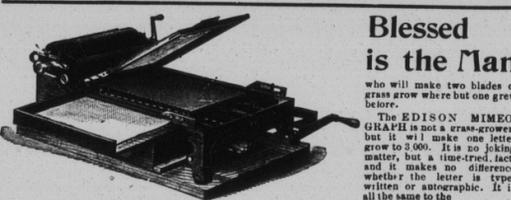
These bodies of ours carry the seeds of disease with them all the time—chiefly the poison created by imperfect digestion, many worn by careless habits, but as long as nothing extraordinary happens we manage to scrape along in a half-and-half sort of fashion. Yet we're in our blood the stuff that of a dozen diseases are made of, only waiting for something to set it afire. While the liver, kidneys, lungs and skin keep us fairly free—that is, don't let the load get too heavy—we say, 'Oh, yes, I'm tolerable well, thank you.' Little pains and unpleasant symptoms bother us now and then, but we don't fancy they mean anything.

By-and-by something happens. A cold, too hearty a meal, a night of dissipation, an affliction through death or loss of property, a fright, as in Mrs. Bunce's case, &c. Over we go. The last straw has crushed us. One loose spark has blown up the barrel of powder. The crew is too small to save the ship. The kidneys, liver, skin, and stomach strike work, and we must have help right away or perish. All of which means the explosion of latent indigestion and dyspepsia poisons in the blood.

There! isn't it plain why I thought of the ship? Now for the conclusion of the lady's story. She says: "In 1889 I first heard of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. Half a bottle made me feel better, and by keeping on taking it I was soon strong and well as ever. (Signed) Mrs. Bunce, The park, Werthen, near Shrewsbury, February 22nd, 1893."

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It Reaches the Homes.

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TALES TOLD BY A MINER
ADVENTURE WITH THE APACHES
IN THE GAVELIN CANYON.

An Interesting Sketch of Real Life in the Southwest Related by a New Brunswick Writer—A Well Told Story of the Way the Indians Pursue Warfare.

It was in 1881 and I was a member of the Lake Valley mining camp in the Cañillo Negro mountains of New Mexico. We were a large camp, well fortified—too well fortified and too strong for Geronimo and his band of blood-thirsty Apaches to attack us. In fact we had men enough on hand to take the offensive against that wily chief. The ninth regiment of United States cavalry was indeed supposed to be in search of him, but it was surprising that they never could catch up with him. Geronimo was ubiquitous, but the colored cavalry were decidedly local in their operations. They offered at the time but little protection to the mines and settlements of New Mexico. Their general preferred junketing on the Rio Grande to chasing hostiles over sandy plains and rough mountains. Big money there must have been for somebody in the Apache campaign, or such reckless indifference to the safety of lives dependent on their courage and watchfulness would not have been shown the troops.

Geronimo with two-hundred hostiles, was in our neighborhood, word had just come in that the Apaches had wiped out a small settlement of Texas ranchers not many miles away. A meeting was at once called, and it was decided to organize and go in search of the bloody red man. Fiery Daley, the millionaire miner of Comstock and Leadville notoriety, was at our head and we all knew that that meant fight. After a lively speed in which he denounced the incapacity of the troops and stigmatized their general as a lazy coward, he called for volunteers. Every man present responded with alacrity. A certain number were detailed to guard the camp, while the rest of us should be absent.

It was at this juncture that a company of the 9th cavalry, under Lieutenant Smith, came into the camp, a reinforcement for us but as it turned out we came near fighting the soldiers first before starting after the hostiles. Daley in his sarcastic voice inquired of the lieutenant where under heavens he was going. Did he want to get lost? Smith answered that he was looking for the Apaches, and Daley irreverently replied that the lieutenant and his men were looking for Apaches but were praying heaven not to find them. Hot words passed between them, and as we sided with our leader it looked as if there would be blood shed between us.

Cooler councils prevailed, however, and the dispute was compromised by Daley, and the lieutenant taking the post of honor in front as we fled out of camp. The niggers went first with the two white men at their head and we followed.

The lake, alongside of which the mining camp was built and from which it took its name, lay placid and shimmering in the morning sun. Around us the mountains rose in air, the beautiful Sacatogras at their feet losing itself in the green of the oaks higher up, and these in turn giving way to the darker green of the pine forests on the summits. All nature was at peace, and contrasted sadly with our warlike equipage and the desire for vengeance that boomed in our hearts. Elsewhere not far distant there were ruined nooses, were black specks in the mountain sides, with dead faces looking up to heaven as if to demand vengeance on their reckless slayers.

The trial led us over the foothills into the Gavelin canon. This canon was the pass through which the Indians would have had to come to attack a camp, and we hoped to be able to take their trail after we should get well out of it. It was deep and narrow, and lined with a thick growth of oak. A small stream wound through it and emptied into the lake.

Daley and the lieutenant were still leading when we entered the canon with the colored cavalry men, two abreast, following closely behind them. Owing to the length of the cavalry line the miners were far in the rear of the leader. No one dreamed of danger, and so no scouts or skirmishers had been sent ahead. Suddenly when the soldiers were well into the canon that terrible apache yell rose in the air followed by a quick fusillade of rifle shots. The soldiers were caught in a trap. The pitiless bullets rained on them from all sides. At the first fire Daley and Smith fell, and the bugler had only time to sound the dismount when he too was shot. The trail led down hill, and the soldiers behind could not at first restrain their beasts. The result was a pressure and crowding of men and horses that gave the Apaches a golden chance to do terrific havoc. In a moment however, every man was off his horse and seeking shelter behind trees and rocks. The niggers fought well, but they were outnumbered and taken at a disadvantage. As for us miners we could scarcely get within hearing distance of the fight. Backward foot by foot the dismounted cavalymen were driven until as the Apaches gained on them, they broke into a run. They left sixty of their troop behind them in that fatal canon.

The Apaches held the pass, and the position was too strong for us to dispossess them. Happily a second troop of the same 9th Cavalry about this time, and while we could not take the pass we kept the Indians effectually at bay.

As was their habit the hostiles suddenly decamped and we were at liberty to enter the canon. The sight that greeted us was horrible in the extreme. On all sides lay dead and dying negroes bearing upon their bodies the marks of inhuman desecration. While the Indians in front had been standing us off the others together with the squaws and children rifled and abused the bodies of the dead and wounded soldiery. Daley and the lieutenant above were scalped upon their bodies, as being those of white men, the greatest indignities were perpetrated. From all appearances it was afterwards judged that neither of them was killed by the first fire, but that they were found wounded by the squaws and were barbarously tortured. Stakes were driven through their breasts pinning them each to the ground and then fires were built over their hearts. Lieutenant Smith's body in particular showed signs of the awful agony he must have suffered. His heart had been taken out and apparently eaten, and his fingers had been cut off in order to secure some rings he wore.

That night we put up at the overland stage station, a fortified port on the Membré river, known as John Brockman's ranch. We had carried the dead with us, and a strange sight it was that night to see dead niggers in almost every position lying or standing in the yard of the ranch.

There was, however, a comical side to the situation. That morning before leaving Fort Cummings, the colored troopers had received their three-months pay. This the most of them carried in their saddle pouches, so that when their horses stampeded at the first attack the animals carried away with them a considerable amount of coin. The Indians of course were the gainers by this, and the niggers—those of them who escaped—were left hopelessly "broke" and, as one of them pathetically said that night, were "prived of chance to play poker for the next three months."

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One colored trooper presented a laughable appearance. His face and the breast and shoulders of his uniform were a mottled grey caused by the sputtering of an explosive bullet in the bark of the tree behind which he had taken refuge during the fight. Daley had carried with him a rifle that threw explosive shells, and when he fell some adventurous Apache had managed to possess himself of the rifle and ammunition. The excited nigger, who it would seem had been the especial target of the lucky hostile, believed that every bullet from that wonderful rifle, as it ploughed its way round and round in the bark of the tree, hissed out, "Where is ye? Where is ye? as if inviting him to step up and be shot.

WM. C. GAYNOR.

TOMATOES AND LONG LIFE.

One of the Introducers of this Fruit Lived to a Great Age.

Fifty years ago tomatoes were sold under the name of "love apples," as a vegetable curiosity. They were used for ornamenting mantelpieces, and occasionally one was given to a child to play with, on condition that he would not bite into it, as it was thought to be poisonous. The first person in Newport to eat the tomato was an Italian painter, named Corne.

"There," he used to say to those who expressed their surprise at his eating the suspected vegetable, "is the potato! He grew in de dark, or in de damp cellar, with his pale, lank roots. He has no flavor; he live under ground. But de tomato, he grew in de sunshine; he has de fine rosy color and exquisite flavor; he is wholesome, and when he is put in de soup, you relish him, and leave nothing in de plate."

The author of "Reminiscences of Newport," has preserved several anecdotes of this Italian, who introduced the tomato to Newport tables. One of them illustrates the fact that "life tables" are based on the average duration of life, sir Moses Montefiore, apparently set the ordinary laws of longevity at defiance.

In his 73d year Corne was persuaded to buy an annuity. The Massachusetts Hospital Life Insurance Company, on his payment of \$1570 agreed to pay him \$100 every six months of his life. The old man lived 15 years to enjoy his annuity. He received in all \$2000, much to the surprise and loss of the company. As the cashier was called upon, year after year, to make payments to this persistent annuitant, it seemed as if the company had caught a Methuselah.

With a laugh that almost choked him the old Italian used to say, as he received his semi-annual check:

"De Prezzident he say he very glad I so well, but I know he lie all de time. He no know how much macaroni, how much oil, how much tomato I eat. My grand-father he die when he 100, my father when he 102, and I—I live forever!"

Patti's Favourite Amusement.

Among devotees of the game of billiards no one is more enthusiastic than the famous cantatrice, and she is said to have spent more money in furnishing her billiard room at Craig-y-Nos, Wales, than upon any other apartment. The room is palatial in its proportions, and, as is quite proper for a room of the sort, there is very little furniture although it is superbly upholstered in crimson damask, with soft Persian rugs on the floor.

When Madame Patti travels, one of the first orders she sends out is a notice concerning a billiard table. After she has sung in opera and has returned to her room no matter how late the hour, she has a game of billiards with her husband, M.

A GRATEFUL MOTHER.

RELATES HOW HER DAUGHTER'S LIFE WAS SAVED.

Anemia and General Debility Had Brought Her to the Verge of the Grave—Physicians Held Out No Hopes of Recovery—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Again Prove a Life Saver.

(From the Ottawa Free Press.)
A personal paragraph in the Free Press some time ago simply stating that Miss Sophie Belanger, 428 Cooper street, Ottawa, had recovered from a serious illness caused by anemia and general debility, has apparently awakened more than usual interest and pleasure among her relatives and acquaintances. So much so, indeed, that a reporter of the paper found it extremely interesting to visit the family and enjoy a chat with Mrs. Belanger on the recovery of her daughter after she had for two years been considered irrecoverably a victim of this terribly enervating and dangerous disease.

Mrs. Belanger is a very intelligent French-Canadian, the wife of Mr. Joseph Belanger, whose wall paper and paint and glass establishment is at 146 Bank street. Miss Sophie Belanger, the whom invalid vacillating between death and life, is a promising young lady of seventeen years. She is a student under the nuns in St. Jean Baptiste school on Primrose Hill. Over two years ago she fell sick and rapidly wasted away. The nature of her disease appeared to be a profound mystery to the physicians as they were called in one after the other. Despair seized the family as they looked upon the once beautiful, spirited girl, laying day in and day out, weeks and months on her couch, simply slowly wasting away and they powerlessly vainly raised a smile to her wan lips. Each succeeding medical man gave up the parents to prepare for the worst. However, Mrs. Belanger is not one of those women who give up in despair while there is still hope, as her own words will denote.

"It was a terrible time," she said, "We had been told again and again that nothing could be done to save Sophie, and had almost been forced by appearances to believe it. I have now to say that but for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills she would have been long dead. She began to look at it in a very serious light. We had almost every French doctor in the city called in, but with no result. Sophie got worse and worse. Her face was small and yellow while her lips were as white as your collar. She was listless and apathetic and so weak she could not raise her hand to her head. A leading doctor forced her to take a certain kind of powders, which seemed to be taking the flesh from her bones. Her skin became hot and parched, her eyes sank into her head and she lay on whatever in things going on around her, and so weak at that time she was unable to give them a trial, and now I thank God I did. I sent for some and began giving them to her one at a time. Before long we saw an improvement, and gradually increased the dose from one to two and then to three at regular intervals. It was incredible to note the change. Her color came back, a different look in her eyes, her general health and appearance gave us all new interest in her. Before the fourth box was gone Sophie was able to be up and around again, and a further use of them fully restored her health, or rather snatched her from the brink of the grave. To Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is due all the credit for we had stopped the doctor's medicine, and simply gave her these, following the directions around the box. My daughter's life was saved by Pink Pills and no one knows better than her mother. I wish to tell

everyone of the cure, as it is almost impossible to believe that the poor thing that lay there, and the happy r-sy-checked girl who goes regularly to her classes are one and the same person in such a marvellously short space of time, and you may be sure I am advising ailing neighbors to use this wonderful medicine."

Just as the reporter was leaving, Miss Belanger returned from school. She was the picture of grace, health and beauty, her little physique denoting health in every movement, while her face showed the warm, ruddy glow of health. She corroborated all her mother had said besides adding some new testimony. Happiness now abideth in that home where misery held sway too long, and Mrs. Belanger rests her faith in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which will do for other weak and ailing girls what they did for her daughter.

She Got Her Wish.
Frances was a bright little girl told about in The Christian Register. At dinner one day chicken was served and Frances partook with great freedom.

"I want some more," she said.
"I think you have had as much as is good for you dear," replied Frances' mama.
"I want more." And Frances pouted.
"You can't have more now; but there is a wishbone that you and mama can pull. That will be fun. You pull one side, and I'll pull the other; and whoever gets the longer end can have her wish come true. Why, baby, you've got it! What was your wish, Frances?"
"I wish for some more chicken," said Frances promptly.
She got it this time.

He Is A Gold Stick.
Field Marshal Lord Wolseley, by accepting the Colonelcy of the Royal Horse Guards, becomes a gold stick in waiting. The office was created by King Charles II., who gave to the Captain of the Life Guards on duty an ebony staff with a gold head, making him responsible for the safety of the King, while the second in command received a staff with a silver head.

Old-Time Shoe-Blacking.
Shoes were blacked as early as the tenth century. The substance used seems to have been lampblack mixed with rancid oil; for in an old romance a man is ejected from a company of polite persons because he had just blacked his shoes, and they could not stand the smell.

Navigation Made Easy.
"I don't see," said Mr. Maguire, as he sat in the stern of the vessel, "how the captain can find his way across the ocean. If he were going the other way all he'd have to do would be to follow that white streak behind there, but in front there's nothing to point the way."

It Was the Cat's Fault.
Father—Tommy, stop pulling that cat's tail.
Tommy—I'm only holding the tail, the cat's pulling it—Lile.

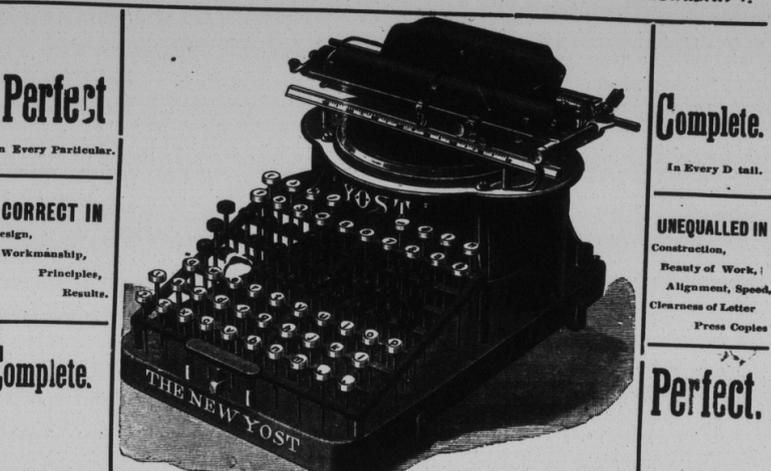


A SHORT STORY—(Taken from "Life")

By A. Sieve.

Moral—Use Fibre Chamois!

THE NUMBER 4 YOST



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WOMAN and HER WORK.

I am not going to talk to the summer girl about the latest fashions, today, she ought to have all her summer clothes made by this time, and be "taking the good of them" in these lovely June days!

When I look at some housekeepers and see the way they are shortening their lives with unnecessary work, I often think that the time has come for forming a society for the promotion of common sense as applied to their methods of working amongst women.

I don't quite know why I should have selected those two articles, as the symbols of old-fashioned rule in the kitchen, but somehow they are always associated together in my mind.

The clothes stick, is a still more significant indicator, it is the very sceptre which proclaims the reign of antiquated methods! It proves that the mistress of the house scorns cold-water, electric, and all the other labor saving soaps which were invented for the especial purpose of making washing day less of a terror, to the housekeeper, and prefers the old fashioned method of boiling her clothes, and then fishing for them with a stick, and dropping each garment, as it comes to the surface, into a tub of rinse water, from which they are transferred in process of time to the blue water tub, and thence to the clothes-line.

Half a century ago the sturdy farmer trudged laboriously after the plough which was as often as not drawn by a pair of slow moving oxen. He cut his hay with a scythe, and his grain with a sickle, and he raked with a hand rake, and turned it with a pitch fork.

But how is it in the kitchen, the laundry, and the pantry; has woman been taking a little advantage of the opportunities afforded her? I think not. And yet nothing arouses her indignation more than the suggestion that she is not as intelligent, or as original as man.

The farmer's wife is often powerless to help herself, and must bear her hard lot as best she can. But the other woman, the woman who lives in a city, or a small town where life is not so hard for her sex as it is in the country, does she husband her energy, and save herself intelligently? I am afraid not: On the contrary she has deliberately gone to work to multiply her labors, and get ahead of the labor

saving inventions if possible. For instance the sewing machine is such a comfort, and it is so easy to work it that she puts twice as much trimming on her garments as she used to when it was all done by hand. "Oh, I just put on the tucker," she says, "and it is nothing to tuck half a dozen flounces for a white skirt, and the tucks take the starch so beautifully, and makes ones skirts stand out so well" and the frills and flounces run riot on white skirts and night-dresses, just because they are so easy to make on the machine.

It would almost seem as if women delighted in making martyrs of themselves, so fond they seem of doing unnecessary work. Why I know women who have their hands full enough without looking around for extra work, and yet who actually of their own free will and free choice, make hard and soft soap regularly, and who deliberately manufacture the lye for the same, from hard wood ashes.

These thrifty housewives will stew over the kitchen stove boiling-hops, and brewing hops, and brewing yeast when they can buy half a dozen varieties of excellent prepared yeast for a few cents at the nearest grocer's and they will raise their bread four times, where it would be just as light and just as sweet with but the two raisings. They will burn their faces in the heat of summer broiling steak for dinner, and cooking a variety of hot vegetables, when a fillet of veal, or a quarter of lamb, could easily have been cooked with the same fire used to heat the irons, or bake the bread, and put away in the refrigerator for future use, and with the addition of a dainty salad, made a dinner fit for a king.

She will wear herself out in baking pastry and making pies, when fruit is cheap and plentiful, and half the price of the butter used for that pastry would have bought a pint of cream to eat with the strawberries which should take the place of pie, and which would have been a thousand times better and healthier for the whole family.

I feel so strongly on this subject that I could write for hours in the same strain, if space permitted: But it doesn't, and oh my dear overworked sisters who move all the furniture in your bedrooms, and sweep them thoroughly twice a week, who iron your cup towels and dish cloths, and would not use a mangle if anyone presented you with one, but who would consider it a waste of time to spend an hour or two reading the latest magazine! I do beg you one and all to think over that society I spoke of, and if you don't quite see your way to become a member, at least try to exercise a little more common sense in your work, and spare yourselves to the utmost, if not for your own sake, at least for the sake of your families! You know we have only one life to live, and I believe it is everyone's duty to make that life as easy and as happy as possible.

Queen Victoria's Soup. It may interest many to know that Queen Victoria is fond of a soup made as follows: "Take a half pound of Frankfurt pearl barley and set it in a stewpan with three pints of weak stock. Simmer very gently for an hour and a half. Remove a third to another soup-pot, rub the rest through a sieve, pour it to the whole barley, add half a pint of cream, season with a little salt, stir till hot, and serve." The recipe is given by one of the chefs of the royal kitchens.

Dainty Sandwiches. There are few things nicer or more appetizing than a well made sandwich, but the day has gone by when a sandwich meant nothing beyond two thin slices of this bread and butter, thinly spread with mustard, and then nicely lined with slices of ham. The sandwich of today is something quite different and much more elaborate, the meaning has broadened and though the bread and butter are still there, the lining has increased in variety, richness and flavor. In fact the sandwich now occupies so important a place on the menu, that I have considered it worthy of a sort of chapter to itself, and so I am giving my readers the benefit of half a column of

choicest sandwich recipes, together with full instructions for the composition of the same, and I confess that writing them out has made me hungry as I have a marked weakness for the luscious sandwich. Make the quantity of sandwiches required, stack them neatly on a plate and place on ice an hour before 5 o'clock tea.

Salad, and Cream Cheese. Between two thin slices of pale brown bread, that have been buttered with snowy cream cheese, place a sea-green leaf of crisp young lettuce, first dipping it in a bath of French dressing.

Chicken and Lettuce. Another, like, but more hearty, is two fragile pieces of white bread, delicately toasted, enclosing a few appetizing bits of breast of chicken and a curled leaf from the heart of the lettuce that has been immersed in mayonnaise dressing.

Plain Ham. There is no place in the world like Virginia for hams. They turn their hogs loose in the woods, in the Old Dominion, to feed on mast, acorns, chestnuts, beech-nuts, and etc., before killing. Besides, they smoke their hams, never eat them under a year old, and when ready to be cut they are dark in color, well seasoned and indescribably good. A sandwich fit for the gods, and eaten at an afternoon tea where there were about 200 "Columbia" students, this season, was made of white bread and Old Virginia ham chopped up fine, with mustard.

Ham and Eggs. A trio of ham minced very fine, an egg beaten light, and mustard; lay this combination aside. Shave off a thin leaf of bread from the three days' old loaf, after having buttered it lightly with melted butter. Now spread the trio over the bread leaf, cut into sections a finger long and a finger wide, roll it dextrously and pinch the ends artistically together. The only trouble about these is that you will be obliged to make them every day for afternoon tea.

For the Smoking Room. With a cigarette and a "night cap," a bite is relished after coming in from the theatre or concert at 11. Nothing is easier to prepare than two saltines glued together with deviled turkey unstintedly applied. A substitute for this is potted ham or meats of any variety, or chicken, but none is so good as the turkey.

A Genuine French Salad. One pint field salad. One dozen sprigs of cherville. Four or five tarragon leaves. Ten chives. One best, medium size. Four spoonfuls of oil. One small spoonful of vinegar.

French people are so fond of salad that their dinner is almost invariably accompanied by one. The mixture of chives (in French cerfeuil), tarragon and cherville is a great addition to all salads, a most delicious flavor. The chives and tarragon are well enough known, but not the cerfeuil, which is a small plant, very much like parsley, but having an entirely different flavor. The leaves are very fine, and they are of a more delicate shade of green. It can be found at all big markets. However, cherville can be raised easily in the back yard or even in a wooden box. It does not like too much sun.

Beets, require to be cooked a long time, five or six hours. The leaves should be cut off and the roots washed and put in boiling water, with enough to cover them. If it evaporates during the process of cooking, when cooled, take them out of the water, let them cool, peel them, and cut them in thin slices. Green salad needs a great deal of washing to get rid of sand in the leaves. Green salads should be well shaken, either in a cloth or in a wire basket woven expressly for this purpose.

Put the salt, pepper and vinegar in the salad spoon and mix well with a fork. When the salt and pepper are melted spread the vinegar over the salad and then the oil. With fork and spoon stir diligently for at least five minutes and serve.

Salade a la Carlton is a pretty way of serving cold chicken or white meat: Cut the latter into neat slices, and arrange them down a dish with alternate slices of cold ham or tongue; mask the whole with cold mayonnaise, and sprinkle with French capers. Arrange a border round this of lettuce salad mixed with beetroot and cucumber, or a massed one of cooked vegetables, according to the season. A beet salad is good this was, but add some well-washed and filleted anchovies to the salad; garnish, and a little essence of anchovy to the mayonnaise.

Put a small pint in a wooden bucket and surround it with salt and crushed ice. See that there is no salt in the pale. Put cold beef in the pale, and let it stand for about ten minutes. At the end of that time take the cover off the pale, and scrape the congealed beef tea from the sides. Beat well and then put back the cover. Do this two or three times, and the tea will be frozen smooth. This is excellent, for invalids who must have all their food cold.

Veal as in Vienna. Take a piece of the fillet, cut into small lumps the size of a walnut, and put them into a saucepan with some good stock, small onions, whole pepper and salt to taste; put on the cover and stew till tender. Remove the meat and keep it hot on the dish in which it is to be served. Melt a piece of butter in a small pan, add a little flour and the stock, etc., in which the meat was cooked and reduce it to a

Last Week... Waterbury & Rising, KING AND UNION STREETS. "Strongest and Best."—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F. R. S. E., Editor of "Health."

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R.I.P.A.N.S ONE GIVES RELIEF.

Wash and drain in a colander one pint of strawberries; put them in a dish with one-half cup of sugar and set them aside until the omelette is made. Ingredients for the omelette: Six eggs, one tablespoonful of cornstarch mixed with one-half teaspoonful of melted butter and one cup of milk. Stir the yolk, salt, powder and flour together; beat the whites to a stiff froth and add the above mixture to them, stirring constantly; put a frying pan or omelette pan, with one-half tablespoonful of butter, cover the fire; when hot pour in half of the omelette mixture; do not stir; when the under side is a light brown set the pan of omelette for a few minutes in the oven; then scatter half the strawberries over the surface; slip the broad blade knife under one side of the omelette and double it in two, enclosing the fruit; dust over the top with powdered sugar and let it remain in the oven until the next one is baked the same way; then serve at once. Sufficient for a family of six persons.

HEALTH FOR THE Mother Sex. This caption, "Health for the Mother Sex," is of such immense and pressing importance that it has of necessity become the banner cry of the age. Women who have been prostrated for long years with Pro-lapsus Uteri, and illnesses following in its train, need no longer stop in the ranks of the suffering. Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound does not perform a useless surgical operation, but it does a far more reasonable service. It strengthens the muscles of the Uterus, and thus lifts that organ into its proper and original position, and by relieving the strain cures the pain. Women who live in constant dread of PAIN, recurring at REGULAR PERIODS, may be enabled to pass that stage without a single unpleasant sensation. Four tablespoonfuls of Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound taken per day for (3) three days before the period will render the utmost ease and comfort.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after MONDAY, the 1st October 1894, the trains of this Railway will run daily, (Sunday excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN: Express for Campbellton, Pictou, Pictou and Halifax, 7.00. Express for Halifax, 15.40. Express for Quebec and Montreal, 16.50. Express for Sussex, 17.45. A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.30 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Montreal, at 10.30 o'clock. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Express from Sussex, 8.30. Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted) and Halifax, 10.30. Express from Montreal (daily), 10.30. Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton, 15.30. Accommodation from Montreal, 24.00. The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity. All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. POTTINGER, General Manager. Railway Office, Montreal, N. B., 27th Sept., 1894.

Muscat Water Ice. Why muscat nobody knows, since not one drop of the juice of that delicious grape enters into its composition. But it is a fashionable name and a most desirable addition to the list of ices. To make it will be required one pint of granulated sugar, the juice of four lemons and the grated rind of one, a tablespoonful of gelatine soaked for half an hour in a cup of cold water, two wineglasses of pale sherry and a few drops of spinach green. Add the lemon juice to the sugar, and then a pint and a half of cold water, beating them well together. Turn half a cup of boiling water on the gelatine, and stir till dissolved, adding to the rest. Last add the wine and the coloring till it is the pale green of the muscat grape. Freeze as with all water ices, and serve with orange ice cream, the contrast of colors being especially pretty. ASTRA. Good way to Cook Eggs. "How will you have your eggs cooked?" asked the waiter. "Make any difference in the cost of 'em?" inquired the cautious customer with the brimless hat and faded beard. "No." "Then cook 'em with a nice slice o' ham," said the customer, gratefully relieved.

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HIRES' Rootbeer. Rootbeer contains enough sarsaparilla alone to give it the highest place as a promoter of good health. To this, add the most delicious herbs, roots, barks and berries and you have the reason why millions of people drink and grow healthy on Hires' Rootbeer. A 50c. package makes 5 gallons. OHAD, E. HIRES CO., PHILA.

Dominion Atlantic R'y. LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE. THE POPULAR AND SHORTEST LINE BETWEEN ST. JOHN AND HALIFAX. (Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.) On and after WEDNESDAY, 1st May, 1894, trains will run (Sunday excepted) as follows: EXPRESS TRAINS, DAILY: Leave Yarmouth, 8.10 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 6.25 p. m. Leave Halifax, 6.40 a. m. Arrive Yarmouth, 4.50 p. m. Leave Kentville, 5.30 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 8.45 a. m. Leave Halifax, 3.10 p. m. Arrive Kentville, 6.15 p. m. ACCOMMODATION TRAINS: Leave Annapolis at 5.50 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 4.30 p. m. Leave Halifax, at 6.00 a. m. Arrive Annapolis, 4.55 p. m. Leave Yarmouth, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 12.45 p. m. Arrive Annapolis, 6.30 p. m. Leave Annapolis Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 5.50 a. m. Arrive Yarmouth, 11.10 a. m. Connections made at Digby with the Bay of Fundy Steamship Company; at Yarmouth, where close connection is made with the Yarmouth Steamship Company for Boston; at Middleton with the trains of the Nova Scotia Central Railway for the South Coast; at Kentville with trains of the Corn Walls Valley Branch for Canning and Kingsport; for all points in P. E. Island and Cape Breton, at W. Junction and Halifax with Intercolonial and Canadian Pacific trains for points West. For Tickets, Time Tables, etc., apply to St. John, Annapolis, 125 Hollis Street, Halifax, or to the C. I. Y. Office, 114 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B. 208 Washington Street, Boston. W. R. Campbell, General Manager. K. Rutherford, Superintendent.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. THREE TRIPS A WEEK For Boston. COMMENCING April 29th the steamer of this company will leave St. John for Boston and Boston every Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Returning will leave Boston every day at 8 a. m. and Portland at 5 p. m. On Wednesday trip steamers will touch at Portland. Connections made at Boston with steamers for Oshkosh and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 p. m. C. E. LAPOINTE, Agent.

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Many attributes the discovery of glass to some merchants travelling with nitre, who, stopping on the banks of a river to take a meal...

One night the party were busily engaged in their self imposed task. They had tested every substance which had been selected for experiment without anything approaching to a favorable issue...

By a chance circumstance was Galileo's attention directed to the equal duration of the oscillation of the pendulum. Being one day in the cathedral at Pisa...

The facts are correctly recorded, the reflecting apparatus for lighthouses arose out of a wager. Some time more than a century ago, among the members of a small scientific society in Liverpool...

The rollers which are used to spread the ink with which newspapers and books are printed are the outcome of an accident. In days gone by, felt balls were used for this purpose...

Lawley (short-hand reporter): I say, James, the boy from the newspaper office has called for the report of that lecture. Is it finished?

James: All but a short sentence in the middle of it, and I can't for the life of me make out from my notes what it is.

Lawley: Oh, just put in 'great applause' and let it go. James acts on the suggestion, and the lecture is sent for publication with the shortened part reading: 'Friends, I will detain you but a few moments longer. (Great applause.)'

Wet feet, cold in the chest, are reasonable complaints. Hawker's catarrh cure cures cold in the head. Hawker's balsam cures cold in the chest.

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MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. WILLIAM.

DONE BY A REPIDER.

The Smallest Gunner in the World Has Been Found in South Africa. Cape Town, South Africa, claims the honor of giving birth to the smallest creature ever known to become a gunner in the Royal Artillery...

Search was made, but not to throw any light on the extraordinary affair, although the greatest possible pains were taken to solve the mystery. They had practically given the search up, when suddenly the news came from the officials stating that the culprit had been caught and arrested.

MODERN ARMOR IN WAR.

It is used by English Officers when they go on Active Services. Setting aside at once all talk about protections that are perfectly bullet proof, says a London "service" accoutrement maker, an immense number of the officers of our army and navy who go on foreign service, provide themselves with certain easily recognized protections.

These are well-known articles of trade to the services. The commonest and most usual type of these protections consists of fine but beautifully tempered single chains, inclosed in soft leather, which run along the shoulders, down the outer side of the arms, and over certain parts of the body.

Only those who have been in actual conflict know how valuable all the chains mentioned are in minimizing the effects of wounds. As regards protection both from sword and bullet, the general belief of officers nowadays seems to be in thoroughly tanned leather, and great quantities of tight-fitting leather under-tunics are made for officers, the favorite pattern—said to be the invention of the late Sir Richard Burton—being that which forms a net too prominent to be in the centre of the chest.

A West-end gunsmith who sells a great many chain made body protectors, which fit almost like a large number of them to army men, and he not long ago sent a gross, as many as he could get made in the time, to Japan, where they were snapped up like wildfire, as he tells me. I have had made, on behalf of individual officers who have themselves drawn the design, a variety of different patterns of what you might call armour, but fine flexible chains and leather have entered into nearly all of them.

Origin of an Old Story. To be "haunted over the coals" is a saying which is generally understood to mean being brought to task for shortcomings. The phrase owes its origin to the fact that at one time, if the king or barons wanted money, the Jews were made to find it, and were put to torture if at all obstinate. One common form of torture was to haul them over a slow fire; in other words, to give them a partial roasting.

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ALL ABOUT A TEA POT. The Smashing of It Led to a Long and Bloody War Among the Chinese. The annals of China record at least one conflict which has always, in the popular Chinese mind, been identified as the "tea-pot war."

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PEOPLE WHO EAT ARSENIC.

The Habit in Vogue Among the Austrians for Many Years Past. For many years the habit of arsenic eating by the people of Styria, a duchy of Austria, has been known to the scientific world.

That this was so was denied by many, who said that the mineral taken was nothing more or less than chalk. There was much discussion over the matter, and the subject proved itself of such interest and importance that scientific societies took the question up and investigated it, and it was pretty well proven that such a usage did exist, but not so widespread as it was generally supposed.

It is probably from these arsenic workers that the custom spread to others, principally the lower classes, as hunters, wood cleavers, stable grooms and charcoal burners. All forms of arsenic are taken—the pure arsenic, the red sulphide and the yellow sulphide, or orpiment.

The reason for this custom is asserted by some to be for their personal appearance, but the fact that the habit exists principally among the male sex disproves this. It is said by the peasants themselves that it is done to make them strong and healthy, and they really are a strong and healthy people.

ALL ABOUT A TEA POT. The Smashing of It Led to a Long and Bloody War Among the Chinese. The annals of China record at least one conflict which has always, in the popular Chinese mind, been identified as the "tea-pot war."

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"I contracted a severe cold, which settled on my lungs, and I did what is often done in such cases, neglected it. I then consulted a doctor, who found, on examining me, that the upper part of the left lung was badly affected. The medicines he gave me did not seem to do any good, and I determined to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking a few doses my trouble was relieved, and before I had finished the bottle I was cured."

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fills a much higher place in the estimation of even his friends, than when thoughtlessly and indifferently clothed.

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PROFESSIONAL. A Scientific Cure without the knife, which is usually resorted to for its removal. Doctor Esmond. Houlton Me. CANCER TUMOR

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neglected it. I then consulted
found, on examining my chest,
of the lungs was badly
medicines he gave me did not
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THE MISSIONARY'S COMPANION.

Mr. Geo. Buskin, missionary for the International Mission to Algoma and North-West, attributes his escape from severe illness through summer complaints to the timely use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. He writes as follows: "I wish to say that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has been to me a wonderful, soothing, speedy and effectual remedy. It has been my companion for several years during the labors and exposures of my missionary work in Algoma. Well it is for old and young to have it in store against the time of need which so often comes without warning."
Yours truly,
GEO. BUSKIN, Missionary.



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CHOLERA,
DIARRHOEA,
DYSENTERY,
CHOLERA MORBUS,
CHOLERA INFANTUM
and all Summer Complaints and Fluxes of the
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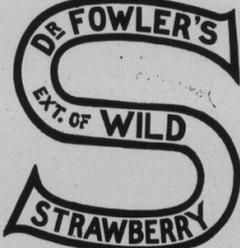


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Summer Complaints.

Many dangerous and distressing diseases prevail in summer and fall, and as they occur suddenly, often terminate fatally before aid can be had. Complaints such as Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic and bilious attacks are nearly always due primarily to an unhealthy condition of the bile and blood, the attack being excited by indiscretions in diet, bad air and water, colds, unripe fruit, fermenting food or anything which causes an excess of bile. Cholera is now said to be caused by a minute germ or bacillus, and the use of disinfectants indicated. Cholera Morbus and Canadian Cholera are modified forms of Asiatic Cholera, with many symptoms in common, such as purging, cramps and collapse. Never neglect a simple diarrhoea, but avoid opiates and powerful astringents, which sometimes produce inflammation, through too suddenly checking the discharge. The symptoms in these complaints vary from pain, nausea and vomiting, in other greatly; sometimes there is great pain in the abdomen, but in all cases the sovereign remedy is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which promptly arrests the diarrhoea, soothes the pain and corrects the unhealthy biliary symptoms.

Has Saved THE LIVES OF THOUSANDS -OF- CHILDREN.

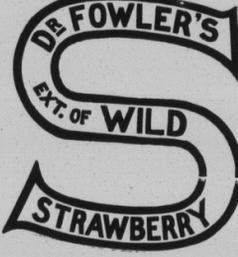


Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

CURES

Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Diarrhoea, Summer Complaint, Dysentery, Pain in the Stomach, Sea Sickness, Bilious Colic and all Bowel Complaints of children and adults. During over fifty years' trial it has always given complete satisfaction, and still remains the most popular standard remedy before the public, evidenced by its annually increasing sale and the constant receipt by the proprietors of words of the highest praise from the press and the public. It is a remedy that stands a positive guarantee of reliability. If attacked by any form of Summer Complaint, young or old will find it an untailing cure. It has justly earned the title of "nature's specific" for all Bowel Complaints. In either of the mouth—the nursing sore mouth of infants—as well as the ordinary sore mouth of adults, arising from a cankered condition of the mucous coating of the stomach, Wild Strawberry will afford immediate relief and speedily effect a cure.

PRICE 35 CENTS.



Reduced to a Shadow.

SAVED BY STRAWBERRY EXTRACT.

GENTLEMEN.—Feeling it my duty to give you an unsolicited testimony for the direct benefit I have received in my family from the use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, let me say that while we resided at Fenwick, Ont., my little daughter had an attack of Dysentery or Bloody Flux, by which she was reduced to a mere shadow and became quite helpless. Fortunately my family physician advised the use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, as he neither had nor knew of anything better for this dreadful disease, and therefore we gave it an impartial trial. I am happy to say that less than a quarter of a bottle caused the flow of blood and clots to cease, and the child promptly recovered. We always have had Extract of Strawberry in the household to be ready for emergencies common to children in summer from the effects of fruits, etc. I would just as soon think of losing my right eye as being deprived of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. This is a testimony of thanks for the untold benefit myself and family have received from the great remedy.
MRS. W. H. GARROLD,
St. David's, Ont., formerly of Hamilton, Ont.

BACK NUMBER HONORS.

HEREDITARY SURVIVALS OF OLD ENGLISH OFFICERS.

Ancient Pomp Which Has Defined the March of Time.—The Dymoke or Dymocks and the Selwyn Antics of the Queen's Champion on State Occasions.
A certain number of curious offices of feudal origin and pagan character have defied the tendency of modern history, which is to remove all relics of feudal pagantry from the constitution, says an English paper.

One of the most important of these is that of Lord High Treasurer and Knight Marischal of Scotland, which is held by the Earl of Erroll. This dignity is one time conferred great power on its possessor, and made him practically the greatest noble in the land. At this present day it is one of dignity merely; and, from that point of view, it is the highest hereditary honor in the United Kingdom, with the exception of those held by the Royal family.

The office of Earl Marshal of England, which is held by the Duke of Norfolk, is a direct survival from the Norman Conquest. It was conferred by Henry VII on the Howard family, as the heirs, by marriage, of the original holders of the title. The Earl Marshal is supposed to attend Court for State ceremonials like a Levee or a Drawing Room, but the only occasion when he has a positive right to be present is at a Royal Coronation. Then he is the Master of Ceremonies, and the entire arrangement of the pageantry, ceremonial and persons, falls to his charge. The present duke has never exercised his rights as Earl Marshal, owing to lack of opportunity, except by presenting himself at Court. It is also understood that the Earl Marshal has the right to claim an escort of cavalry on State occasions. This claim, however, is not likely to be urged except at a Coronation, and would probably not be granted if it were.

The office of Hereditary Great Chamberlain, which is also of Norman origin, has fallen to females, and is held by the Earl of Ancaster and Lord Carrington, as representatives of the two female lines. Lord Ancaster, as the representative of the elder line, is the Acting Hereditary Great Chamberlain. In Norman times the power of this office was so great that it was regarded as dangerous to the crown. At the present moment the rights of the Hereditary Great Chamberlain are limited to the duty of appearing at Court on State occasions, and the privilege of grand mastership at a Royal Coronation.

The titles of Grand Carver and Grand Lardener, which are held by the Earl of Denbigh and the Marquess of Abergavenny

are relics of the days when the nobles thought it a high honor to perform menial offices for the Sovereign. The duties of these offices are only exercised at a Royal Coronation. And here it may be added that the last occasion when the hereditary duties were performed was the Coronation of George IV., which was a very magnificent pageant. The Coronations of William IV. and Victoria were on a much less lavish scale, and the hereditary services were dispensed with.

Of a very similar character in the office of Hereditary Chief Butler of Ireland which is held by the Marquis of Ormondo. This dignity was conferred on Lord Ormondo's ancestor by King John. To it was attached the duty of personally serving the king at table when he visited Ireland. One of the treasures of Kilkenny Castle is the gold key which the Chief Butler wore on these occasions. At the present moment the office confers no power, and involves no duty except that of occasional appearance on great occasions at the Court of the Lord Lieutenant.

Of the same type is the office of Hereditary Grand Almoner, which is held by the Marquis of Exeter. Theoretically, this office is the head of the department known as the Royal Almonry which has offices in Craig's Court. Actually, however, the work of looking after the Royal alms is performed by the Lord High Almoner, the Sub-Almoner, and their assistants; and the duties of the Hereditary Grand Almoner are reduced to appearing on Grand State occasions such as Royal Weddings, Drawing Rooms and Levees.

A very interesting survival of early pagantry is that of Hereditary Royal Chamberlain, which is held by Mr. Frank Seaman Dymoke, of Scivelaby, Lincolnshire. The duty of this office is performed at a Royal Coronation, when the Chamberlain is bound to ride in full armour into Westminster Abbey, and to advance on his horse towards the Throne just after the actual placing on of the crown, when he shakes his sword to the four winds and challenges all the world to dispute the right of the crown and sceptre. After that he backs his horse out of the Abbey, an operation which requires to be practised beforehand, in order to avoid accidents to the rider or the spectators.

Of course, the champion's challenge is never taken up; but there is a legend that the young pretender was in disguise in the Abbey at the Coronation of George I., and might have replied to the challenge of Charles Dymoke, of Scivelaby, who was champion on that occasion, if he had thought it safe. The last occasion when the champion performed his office was at the coronation of George IV., when the Rev. John Dymoke, who was then champion of England, was represented by his son Henry. The office came with the estate of Scivelaby into the Dymoke family in the reign of Edward III., by marriage with the heiress of the De Ludlow family. There is no salary attached to this office, but the champion is entitled to receive a golden cup, with which he drinks the sovereign's health after the challenge, and which he takes away with him as his perquisite.

Of much less ancient date is the office of

Hereditary Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland which is held by the Duke of Argyll. This dignity, however, dates back to days when it implied the possession of the highest executive power in the kingdom next to the Sovereign, and headship of the judicial system. Now it merely means that if great State pageants were given to be revived in Scotland, the Duke would take a very leading part in them.

Very similar in appearance to these offices is that of Hereditary Grand Falconer, which is held by the Duke of St. Albans. There is this difference, however, that whereas the others are of medieval origin, this is of more recent date, and was created by Charles II. for his illegitimate son, the first Duke, as an excuse for conferring on him a large perpetual pension. The latter has been commuted for a large sum down. The office survives, but implies no rights or duties.

There are several other offices, such as those of Hereditary Constable of Inverness Fort, held by the Duke of Richmond; Hereditary Constable of Hillsborough Fort, held by the Marquess of Downshire; Hereditary Ranger of Whitleyburgh Forest, held by the Duke of Grafton; and Hereditary Constable of Rothsay Castle, held by the Marquess of Bute, which were created by the Stuart or Hanoverian kings for sons or favourites, simply with a view of annexing a pension. All these pensions have been commuted.

On the other hand, there are numerous hereditary sheriffdoms in Scotland, such as those of Bute and the Duke of Atholl, which at one time carried with them the government of the country named and rights of raising money and men. Now the Hereditary Sheriff is very often made Lord Lieutenant as well, but otherwise his former powers are practically divided between the Lord Lieutenant and the Sheriff.

In contradistinction to the constableness mentioned above is the Duke of Argyll's Hereditary Constableness of Dunrobin Castle, which dates from the days of King Robert Bruce, and was conferred by that monarch on the Duke's ancestor for brave service rendered against the English.

A Wonderful Sapphire.
The most magnificent sapphire in the world is the property of a noble Russian family. It is over two inches in length, and is one and a half inches wide, its color being a rich azure. It is perfect in form and in water. This peerless gem was in the keeping of a Paravian jeweller, some years ago, when the sum of 1,500,000 francs was offered for it by one of the Rothschilds, but the offer was refused. It is mounted as a brooch, and is surrounded by large diamonds. The Duke, similarly mounted, being suspended from it as a pendant.
Might have been Worse.
De Tanque (nervously). Well, I'm a fine fellow to go fishing. I've forgotten the most important thing.
Old Soak (equally nervous). W-what is it?
De Tanque. The bait.
Old Soak (greatly relieved). Oh, I thought it was the bottle.

SHIPPED IN A BARREL.

Some of The Devices of Stowaways on The Atlantic Steamships.

One of the cutest things done by a stowaway was a trick performed on a vessel I commanded, says a captain. Whilst loading in dock, one of the stewards was struck by the lightness of a barrel of flour which was put on board. Being busy, he forgot all about the matter, and the barrel was duly placed in his store-room. After a time, the staff was very much astonished at the way in which certain provisions mysteriously disappeared. Although there is a good deal of waste on board a passenger vessel, they felt that the disappearance of the food was not to be accounted for by waste. A watch was set. On the third day out the steward, who sat reading at the entrance to the galley, heard a curious rustling coming from a barrel close by. Looking around he saw a piece of the barrel end fall out and a head protrude. Then the game of the stowaway was up. He was taken before the officer on duty, who handed him over to me.

Six stowaways on a Cunarder once very much perplexed the captain of the liner. Two were women in men's clothing. They wanted a free passage to New York, where they hoped to meet their sweethearts. How they got aboard and escaped detection was beyond comprehension.

Stowaways are very common, too, on "tramp" steamers. But the boy or man who tries to get a free passage on a "tramp" boat must be pretty hard up, indeed. Some merchant captains are hard as nails, and both they and their crews delight to make the life of the stowaway an unhappy one.

The stowaway is sometimes one too many for the captain and crew of a boat. One man lived upon the scrapings of provision cases and a couple of bottles of fat beer all the way from Queenstown to New York. When he came on deck at Sandy Hook he looked like a corpse. A week's sojourn in Castle Garden, and then a return journey as a ship-hand to Liverpool, soon pulled him around. He had undergone all the privation for nothing the Custom authorities not allowing him to enter New York.

Your Wife Gets Mad.
When you stay out too late, when you make the usual pretence of business when she knows it was something else, when you approach her beautiful angel cake with a sigh of despair, but when you bring home in the spring a Rigby Porous Waterproof coat she will promptly vote you a sensible fellow, for it is she not wearing, with utmost satisfaction, a Rigby Waterproof herself! She bought the Rigby cloth and had it made to order. Rigby is unique. While others have experimented and failed, Rigby has achieved a signal triumph. It's

Rigby that's asked for in the dry goods stores. It's a Rigby that men and women talk about when the rain comes on. "Caught in a storm, and I forgot my Rigby," says the lady in distress. People say—"the best of Montreal for solidity; Canadian girls for beauty; Chicago for large feet; and—Rigby for comfort a perfect protector against the watery elements."

SARAH BERNHARDT METHODS.

The Secret of Her Success is in Making a Study of Human Life.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, in an interview in the Strand Magazine, gives the following:—
First of all, I study the intellectual composition of my role. I read every analysis and criticism of the character I am to get hold of. If the character is historical I read all the memoirs and biographies; every scrap of anecdote—all the legends of the poets. I saturate myself with the literature—the atmosphere of the epoch—until I feel that I am of it. I have a great gift of assimilation and intuition. If the artist cannot experience in actuality the sensations of the character she is portraying—be it sorrow, despair, or the pangs of anger or death—she can give out the effect that the study of any or all of these may have had on her intelligence and sensibility; and by the degrees of her sensibility is determined the greatness of her reputation. The Latin orator was right. "It is the heart and the vivacity or intelligence that render eloquent"; and from me (she goes on to say) extends an influence of sensibility which on the fiftieth—the hundredth night of one of my roles, communicates to the spectators an intense particular. Sometimes the situation may exalt me, or the stage, and I have found that what is best always has the best effect, whether looked at from a distance or near at hand. My freedom of movement, the lightness of my step, the suppleness and flexibility of my body, I attribute to having definitely abandoned the corset, for an actress should wear nothing that is calculated to hamper and impede her movements. . . . I select the design, and then give orders as to the form and general arrangements. The modelling and draping I do for myself, and then I take a great pair of scissors and rearrange the material. Sometimes I wear a new costume for a number of rehearsals with the material only pinned together, and will not allow a

stitch to be put in it until it falls softly and becomes quite moulded to the lines of my figure.

An Anecdote of Suvoroff.

Marshal Suvoroff, when receiving a despatch from the hands of a Russian agent who had greatly distinguished himself on the Danube, attempted to confuse the messenger by a series of whimsical questions but found him equal to the occasion. "How many fish are there in the sea?" asked Suvoroff. "All that are not caught yet," was the answer. "How far is it to the moon?" "Two of your Excellency's forced marches." "What would you do if you saw your men giving way in battle?" "I'd tell them that there was a wagon load of whiskey just behind the enemy's lines." Bull'd at all points, the marshal ended with, "What's the differ ence between your colonel and myself?" "My colonel cannot make a lieutenant, but your Excellency has only to say the word." "I say it now, then," answered Suvoroff, "and a right good officer you'll be."

Treatment of Roses.

Roses should be planted in a deep, rich, well-drained soil, so that the top roots are not less than two inches below the surface, and should be severely pruned every spring before the buds start. Cutting back the last growth to three or four buds, except Climbing Roses, which may first be allowed to partly cover the space desired. Old decayed branches should never remain. Every Autumn, compost should be placed around the stem of the plants, and spaded into the ground the following spring. After planting, the earth should be dug up around them so as to form a small channel all around the bush; pour into this some liquid manure, mixing the earth that has to be placed in with it. A small quantity of liquid manure given to the bushes in the manner described twice a month, will encourage growth and blossom. Can Horticulturist.

A Fly in the Beer.

If a fly drops in a beer glass, one who has made a study of national characteristics can easily tell the drinker's nationality by his action.
A Spaniard pays for the beer, leaves it on the table, and goes away without saying a word.
A Frenchman will do the same, except that he swears while he goes.
An Englishman spills the beer, and orders another glass.
A German carefully fishes out the fly and finishes drinking his beer as if nothing had happened.
A Russian drinks the beer with the fly.
A Chinaman fishes out the fly, swallows it, and then throws away the beer.

The Horse's Hope.

Nothing but work, work, work. I've a great mind to commit suicide.
Old Horse.—Have patience. When you are so old that you can't work, you'll be advertised as suitable for a lady to drive, and after that you'll live in ease and luxury.

THE BLIND WITNESS.

Yes, I have been in many remarkable criminal trials. Probably the most remarkable was the Gorton murder trial. The murder itself was, so far as motive and the mode in which it was perpetrated are concerned, of a character common enough, unhappily, in our criminal courts—a young girl shot by a rejected lover, mad with jealousy. But what gave to this particular case its exceptional character was the agency by which the murderer was brought to justice in a very curious and most unexpected manner.

We were in the chambers of my friend Mr. Grimshaw, Q. C.—the eminent criminal lawyer—in the temple; and over a cigar, after luncheon, my host was giving me some reminiscences of his long and brilliant career at the bar.

Gorton is a small village, about twenty miles from Barchester, the well-known manufacturing town in the Midlands. It contained Mr. Grimshaw. "One September evening, some fifteen years ago, the normal peace and quietude of the place was disturbed by the news that the dead body of a young lady had been found in Burton Grove, a short distance outside the village, under circumstances which left no doubt that she had been murdered. The police of the village had received information of the crime from a blind man—one of those wandering musicians who promenade the country, I on village to village, led by a dog.

His story was that he had walked from St. Olaves—a village about seven miles from Gorton—that afternoon; and as the evening was sultry, he desired to save the 61. he would be charged for a night's lodging in Gorton, by sleeping in Burton Grove. The grove is a thick plantation of trees and shrubs, midway between the mile of road connects the railway station with the village, and as it lay at an angle of the road, a footpath through it afforded a short cut from one point to the other.

The blind man further stated that, as he lay under the shelter of a bush, a few yards from the footpath, with his dog close beside him, tired after his tramp, and composing himself to sleep, he heard footsteps coming along the pathway, apparently going towards the village, and the voices of a man and woman as if they were having an angry altercation. A few minutes after, the parties passed where he lay concealed from view. He heard a shot, then a woman's shrill, agonizing scream, followed by another shot. He scrambled to his feet, terror-stricken, his dog barking loudly, and shouted: "What is that?" No answer was given to his outcry, but he heard the tramping of the undergrowth, as if someone were rushing wildly from the spot. The blind man immediately proceeded to Gorton and gave information of what he had heard to the police, who, when they arrived at the Grove, found the body of a young lady, named Emily Dicey, with two bullet wounds in her head, and close at hand a discharged revolver.

Miss Dicey was the only child of a shopkeeper, of considerable business, at Barchester. It appeared that a very ardent attachment existed between her and a young man named Griffiths Turner, a clerk in her father's employment; that her parents were opposed to a marriage, that they had done everything to try to break off the match, but were unsuccessful, and that, finally, they dispensed with the services of Turner, and sent their daughter to her aunt at Gorton.

On the body of the unfortunate young lady was found a brief note from Turner, written in Barchester, which stated that on the evening of the 6th September (the evening of the murder) he would run down to Gorton to see her. "Perhaps," he added mysteriously, "it will be the last time we shall see each other."

He paid his promised visit to Gorton that evening; and, indeed, had been seen by two or three of the villagers with Miss Dicey in the Grove. A warrant was issued for Turner's arrest; but when the police went to his lodgings at Barchester, next morning, to take him into custody, it was found that he had left for Liverpool, en route for Canada. A telegram to the authorities at Liverpool secured his apprehension that evening on board one of the outward-bound transatlantic steamers. He was brought back to Barchester, and after the usual magisterial investigation, was returned for trial at the ensuing winter assizes.

It was a deep voice, said the blind witness. "How my heart jumped at the answer! Here was the first important point for the defence!"

"Would you recognize that voice again?" I asked. The witness said "Yes," and everyone believed him, for the extraordinary keenness of hearing in the blind is a well-known fact. I began to entertain some hope for the prisoner.

"My lord," I said, turning to the judge, "I should like the prisoner to speak a few words. I am sure you realize how essential it is for the purpose of my cross-examination."

"Certainly, certainly," said the judge. "Prisoner at the bar, be pleased to address a few words to me."

"Well," said I, resuming my cross-examination of the blind witness, "is that like the man's voice you heard at the Grove, before the shots were fired?"

"No," said the witness, "not a bit like it."

"You are sure of that?" I asked.

"I could not be surer of anything," he again replied.

"I scrutinized the foreman of the jury again. He seemed to be laboring under the greatest agitation. When the judge had reviewed the evidence, the jury retired; and after an hour's absence returned into court. At last the foreman handed the issue paper to the Clerk of the Crown.

"Gentlemen of the jury, you agree to your verdict?" asked the Clerk of the Crown.

"Yes," responded the foreman, in a deep voice.

"The blind witness, who sat in the well of the court, just below me, now started up, laboring under the most intense excitement; and, fixing his sightless eyes on the jury-box, listened intently for the declaration of the verdict.

"You say the prisoner is guilty?" continued the Clerk of the Crown.

"Yes, my lord, guilty," responded the foreman, in his deepest and most solemn tones, and with a remarkable emphasis on the word "guilty."

"But it was not for the verdict that the return half of the ticket had been collected on the 8.30 train or the 9.30 train; but here, again, was discomfiture, for the halves of several return tickets issued that day between Barchester and Gorton, had been collected on both trains, and Turner's could not be identified.

"The revolver from which the shots were fired did not help the prisoner in any way. It had been bought some months previously at an establishment in Barchester by the shopman could not identify the purchaser. Was it possible that Miss Dicey had any other suitors for her hand, and did her parents urge any particular person on her acceptance? Of this I could learn nothing.

"These inquiries were made by me while I was making myself acquainted with the facts of the case before the assizes. The entire case against the prisoner had been laid by the Crown before the magistrates at the preliminary investigation. The same witnesses were examined at the trial before Baron Graham; and they repeated substantially the depositions they made in the court below. My cross-examination of the witness failed to make any material point in favor of the prisoner. All I could do was to keep well before the jury the defense of the prisoner, weak as it appeared to be.

"The last witness for the Crown, and, therefore, the last witness in the case, was the blind man. His evidence was followed with intense interest by the crowded court. He was asked by the counsel for the prosecution whether he had caught any of the words of the man and woman who passed along the footpath in the Grove close to where he lay just before the shots were fired, and when he said 'Yes,' every ear in court was strained to catch his evidence of the conversation."

"What was said between the parties?" asked my learned friend.

"As they passed me," replied the blind witness, "I heard the man say, 'But your father objects to the marriage;' and the lady said, 'Yes, and I do not mean to marry without his consent.' They continued to walk on, and a few moments after I heard the man, in a loud, angry voice, say: 'No one else will have you.' Then there was a shot, and the lady screamed; then another shot. My dog began to bark, and I cried out in terror, 'What is that?' The man then rushed away; I could hear the crunching of the brambles and undergrowth as he fled."

"I rose to cross-examine the old man with some trepidation," continued Mr. Grimshaw. "Before doing so I asked my solicitor, in a whisper, what was the quality of the prisoner's voice; and he replied that it was rather sharp or acute in tone. I had but one question of importance to put to the witness. I trembled to put it, for the answer to it might not, on the one hand, do the prisoner any service, while, on the other hand, it might seal his fate."

"Having asked a few questions on rather unimportant points, I put to him the fateful question of which I spoke, determined, of course, should the answer prove unsatisfactory, to drop that line of cross-examination."

"What sort of voice was the voice of the man in the grove that evening? I asked with all the unconcern which I could assume."

"But the judge and my learned brother on the other side of the jury—and more especially the foreman of the jury—grasped at once the importance of the question. I saw that fact visible; the strained look of attention on all their faces as they breathlessly awaited the answer. The die was cast. However the answer might be favorable or unfavorable to the prisoner, it was bound, and would be obliged to pursue the matter to the end. I had the occupants of the jury-box particularly under my gaze. I watched, as every counsel does, the effect of each statement on the jury, so far as that effect manifests itself on their faces. I noticed that the foreman of the jury—a rather young man, with a self-absorbed manner—listened for the answer of the blind witness to my question with the most intense and painful anxiety. The reply of the witness followed quickly on my question."

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blind witness had been listening. It was the voice of the foreman of the jury, which stirred him to the soul, and when it fell a second time on his ears, he loudly exclaimed: "My lord, my lord, that's the voice I heard in Burton Grove just before the murder. That's the man, and, extending his right hand, he pointed in the direction of the foreman of the jury."

"You can imagine the profound excitement which this sudden and most unexpected scene created amongst the crowded and over-wrought occupants of the court. It was the most thrilling moment of my experience as an advocate."

"All eyes were turned on the foreman of the jury. His face was livid; he nervously clutched the desk in front of him; and, as if physically unable to remain standing, dropped heavily into his seat."

"The prisoner, in reply to the Clerk of the Crown, protested that he was innocent, while the judge, in another moment, put on the black cap, and sentenced him to death."

"Turner was immediately removed from the dock. Baron Graham, with characteristic imperturbableness, declared the court adjourned. The foreman of the jury—pallid and broken—groined his way rather than walked out of the building, avoided by everyone with instinctive apprehension."

"But what was the end of the drama?" I asked Grimshaw, eagerly. "Was Turner hanged?"

"No," he was not hanged," replied Grimshaw. "The attention of the entire court was aroused in the case; and immediately a demand arose for a fresh investigation. It turned out that the foreman of the jury was James Clarke, another Barchester shopkeeper, and one of the rejected suitors of Miss Dicey. The Crown's theory with regard to Turner was actually true of Clarke. The continued attachment of the lady to Turner convinced Clarke that Miss Dicey would not be his, and, filled with mad jealousy, he decided to kill her. On the day of the murder he went on a fishing expedition to Gorton, which is reached by a different railway line. He then walked from Gorton to Burton Grove, an untraveled road, and concealed himself in Burton Grove in the hope of meeting Miss Dicey. Unhappily, he did succeed in meeting her, and she, as he frequently says, was already in the presence of the murderer, Clarke made his way back to Gorton, and there returned to Barchester the same evening. I may tell you that this is his own confession."

"But what became of poor Turner?" I asked.

"Turner," said Grimshaw, "received Her Majesty's gracious pardon—for a crime he never committed. He went out to Canada, and I believe succeeded in making a considerable fortune. He acted very generously towards the blind witness, and I am glad that he frequently sends money to relieve the necessities of the old man, whose evidence was the means of saving his life."

"GIRLS WHO ARE SUNBEAMS. With Very Little Work They Can Make Little Happier for Others."

Once when the sunshiny girl was visiting an old colonial place in Maryland she drifted to the family cemetery. Reading the names of the dead and gone, reading of their virtues, she came across a little old stone that had toppled over to one side, which recored the death of a maiden lady in 1634. "Oh her it was said only this, and it seems to me that it was the most charming epitaph possible for a woman. 'She was always so pleasant.'"

The sunshiny girl always tells the truth, and she knows exactly how lacking in refinement is the woman who bestows upon her acquaintances and friends false compliments, but she also knows that there are always pleasant things to be said and a pleasant way to say them. She reminds the ugly duckling who grieves over her lack of beauty of the clear and intelligent look in her eyes. For the tired mother of a household, she is the pleasant news that her home speaks of her industry, and her children tell of a kind mother's care. To some one who is disappointed there is given the hope of pleasure in the future, and to her who is enjoying herself there is a sympathetic word or two about the pleasure of the minute.

A long time ago St. Francis de Sales said: "If thou wishest to catch flies, set out that which is sour, for it is true sugar catches more flies than vinegar."

And so the sunshiny girl, realizing that life will give to us exactly what she gives to it, is generous with smiles, with pleasant words and with good actions.—New York Press.

Had a Unusual Parade. The vicissitudes of anglers are many and various. There is one, however, that is so rare as to be worthy of wide publicity. Two young men while fishing on a river in the Canadian wilds conceived the idea of taking a bath. They deposited their clothing, effects, and tackle in their canoe and drew it, as they supposed, a sufficient distance up the bank to insure its safety. In some way the boat floated off, was carried unperceived into the rapids of the river, and canoe and contents were hopelessly lost. The young men were, of course, totally nude. They were a great distance from any habitation, in a wilderness of the limits of which they were in ignorance. They were without food with the exception of a few wild berries, and, moreover, the black flies, which were in enormous numbers, took advantage of their condition to make their situation most deplorable. For two days the young men wandered aimlessly in every direction, when by chance they encountered a party of anglers who gave them succor.

Could Not Do It Twice. It isn't always safe for a small boy to take his father's jokes and games too seriously. This was shown very plainly at John's. "Yes, my lord, guilty," responded the man and his son upon the railway journey which they took together. While the little fellow was gazing out of the open window his father slipped the hat off the boy's head

in such a way as to make the boy believe it had fallen out of the window. The boy was very much upset by his supposed loss, when his father consoled him by saying that he would "whistle it back." A little later he whistled, and the hat reappeared. Not long after the little lad seized upon his father's hat, and flinging it out of the window, shouted, "Now papa, whistle your hat back again!"

GLYMERIN AND LAYMEN UNITE. In Their Praises of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Taking the Bishop of Toronto, Right Rev. A. Sweetman, D. D., D. C. L., three of the leading members of the Faculty of McMaster's Hall, and men like the Rev. H. W. Power, D. D., and others as presenting the Methodist Church, 71 of whom have spoken in high terms of the merits of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and unite with these warm endorsements of this medicine by the well-known Toronto journals, Mr. W. L. Smith, as representing the laymen, and it must be granted that clergymen and laymen are of one mind touching this truly meritorious medicine. The truth is that everyone who uses the medicine has a good word to say for it.

One short pull of the breath through the blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this powder over the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use. It relieves in ten minutes and permanently cures catarrh, hay fever, croup, headache, sore throat, tonsillitis and deafness. 60 cents. Sample bottle and blower sent on receipt of two three-cent stamps. S. G. Ditchon, 44 Church street, Toronto.

WHY WE STAND UPRIGHT. It is Because We Have a Special and Complex Mechanism for the Purpose.

We are so accustomed to standing upright as a natural attitude that few of us think what a special complex mechanism is required for this purpose. A moment's consideration will show that the ordinary explanation of the erect position (the centre of gravity to be directly above the feet) is insufficient. When a man is suddenly shot, whether from the front or behind, he drops on his face, for the truth is that there is much more weight in the front of the spinal column than behind it.

The fact is that when we are standing, a large number of powerful muscles (both front and back) are simultaneously at work, the effect of their action being to neutralize each other. Thus, the legs would fall forward were it not that they are kept vertical on the feet by the strong tendon (the "Achilles") at the back of the heel. At the same time the muscles of the thigh are tightened so as to prevent a sitting position, and the muscles of the back are pulled tense so that the trunk does not stoop forward. The head is prevented from dropping on the chest by the strong ligaments in the nape of the neck.

That the upright is not its normal position is easily shown by the fact that a man nods as he is falling asleep; for as soon as the controlling nervous force is deadened the head drops forward by its own weight, only to be pulled back into position again with a jerk when the brain becomes suddenly aware of an unusual attitude.

More Kind Words From Hamilton Regarding the Great Remedy Which Cures Rheumatism in One to Three Days.

Mrs. Phillips, of corner Hunter and Great Britain Hamilton, writes: "Several months ago I was afflicted with rheumatism, which completely crippled me. South American Rheumatic Cure being recommended to me, I procured a bottle and obtained perfect relief from the first few doses. It is without doubt the quickest relief for rheumatism I have ever seen, and I heartily recommend it to all sufferers from this disease."

He Renounced the Bottle. Sir Wilfrid Lawson says that he never received a knock-down till, espousing a labourer walking along with the old millstone, he entered into conversation with him, and pointed out the misery which had resulted from the bottle, and earnestly exhorted the man to flee from its contents.

The man was so overcome that he took out the receptacle and emptied the liquor into the road.

Sir Wilfrid's face beamed with pleasure, and, handing the man sixpence, he said: "Take that; it will buy you something better."

The man to the disgust of Sir Wilfrid, entered a public-house and spent the sixpence in beer.

The liquor he had thrown away, and which Sir Wilfrid had denounced, was cold tea.

IT DOES BOTH. South American Kidney Cure Not Only Relieves Kidney Disease Immediately, But It Also Heals and Removes the Trouble.

Those dragging pains in the loins that are a common symptom of kidney trouble are most distressing, but they are only the forerunner of more acute pain, and will develop rapidly if an effective remedy is not applied. No medicine acts on the kidneys with such speediness as South American Kidney Cure. It gives relief in the most distressing cases in a few hours. But it does not stop here. It is a great healer, and its continuous use for a short time completely banishes the disease. It is a cure for kidney trouble, and only it, but in never fails here.

One Woman Saw the Joke. A hall dozen young lawyers happened together at the court house a few days ago, and one of them remarked that he had told his wife a very funny story and she never cracked a smile; so he proposed that they ordered tell it to their wives and they would meet together and report the result. The story was this:

A widow desiring to hold communication with her late husband, wishing especially to find out whether he was happy in the other world, went to a spiritist and asked that the late husband be called up. In a little while it was announced that he was at hand. The weeping widow said: "Howdy, John?" He said: "Howdy, Sue?" She then with a voice full of mournfulness, asked if he was happy in his present state. The spirit yawned and answered: "Yaa,

out as happy as I was on earth. Don't see much change." Then she said: "Where are you at, John?" He said: "I'm in hell."

When the lawyers met again they all reported that their wives couldn't see anything funny in the story, except one, and they called on him for a report, after the laugh went around. "W-a-a!" he said, "I think I got the worst of it. I told her the story in a very significant way, just like it was and I sorters said it sarcastically and funny too, and then I was right full of laugh, and chuckled, and she turned round and said: 'If that had been your spirit, Jim, that said that to me, I would have said you were right where you ought to be.'"

HEART DISEASE OF 20 YEARS' STANDING BELIEVED IN A DAY. Mr. Aaron Nichols, Who Has Lived On One Farm For 70 Years, Tells What He Knows of Dr. Agnew's Cure For the Heart.

This is to certify that I have bought two bottles of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart for the past twenty years with heart disease. The first few doses gave relief, and she has had more benefit from it than from all the doctoring she ever did. The remedy acts like magic on a diseased heart. I am pleased to give this certificate.

AARON NICHOLS. Peterboro.

The Wonders of a Candle. Professor Crookes considers that had the electric light been universal at the present day the candle, if suddenly introduced, would be thought a wonderful invention. The arguments advanced would be that it enables any person readily to obtain light in its simplest and most portable form, and without the use of cumbersome machinery, or the necessity of attaching the lamp to any fixed point by means of wires before it could be lighted.

BORN. Halifax, June 10, to the wife of Geo. Hays, a son.

Moncton, June 12, to the wife of Alfred Magee, a son.

Shelburne, June 1, to the wife of Arthur Bower, a son.

Bible Hill, June 11, to the wife of H. C. Fulton, a son.

Par-boro, June 10, to the wife of Wm. Dickson, a son.

Tidnish, June 13, to the wife of Job Odgen, a daughter.

Par-boro, June 19, to the wife of John W. Yorke, a son.

Amherst Point, June 10, to the wife of Amos Logan, a son.

Halifax, June 11, to the wife of J. F. Kelly, a daughter.

Halifax, June 12, to the wife of E. T. Hammett, a daughter.

Moncton, June 13, to the wife of William Irving, a daughter.

Earle, May 28, to the wife of Wm. McEwan, a daughter.

Halifax, June 8, to the wife of W. H. Tomblin, a daughter.

Barrington, June 8, to the wife of George Eke, a daughter.

St. John, June 18, to the wife of A. J. Dowling, a daughter.

Fast River, June 10, to the wife of Robert Henry, a daughter.

New Tasker, June 1, to the wife of Elizabeth Green, a daughter.

Townshipp, N. S., June 2, to the wife John Lovitt, a daughter.

Ashland, Mass., 24, to the wife of David F. Corbett, a daughter.

Luscomb, June 5, to the wife of James R. Rudolph, a daughter.

Spunacade, June 8, to the wife of A. W. Archibald, a son.

New Glasgow, June 3, to the wife of Kempton Stewart, a son.

Bridgewater, June 7, to the wife of George R. Hunter, a daughter.

Roosie, June 12, to the wife of Isaac Whitman, a son and daughter.

Halifax, June 11, to the wife of Quartermaster, Ser. Robert W. Duncan, a daughter.

Annapolis, June 9, to the wife of Wm. Horstall, triplets, two daughters and a son.

MARRIED. Margerville June 11, by Rev. A. Freeman, Sanford to Annie Long.

Halifax June 11, by Rev. Father Moriarty, Thomas De to Jessie Butler.

E. J. June 5, by Rev. J. B. Young, John A. O'Dell to Bertha S. DeLone.

Macan, N. S. June 12, by Rev. Mr. Davidson Neil to Nellie Ripley.

Par-boro, June 12, by Rev. J. A. McKenzie, John Crab to Florie Moore.

Oak Hill, June 5, by Rev. A. C. Bell, Thomas E. Cottle to Zolba Russell.

Nappan, June 11, by Rev. W. H. Evans, Stanley W. Smith to Isabella McKay.

Campbell, by Rev. Wm. Thompson, George T. Cooper to Jane Kierstead.

Truro, June 12, by Rev. John Robbins, Thomas M. Johnson, to Jennie Latty.

Yarmouth, June 8, by Rev. H. H. Cosman, Chas. E. Whitaker to Cecelia Oakley.

H. Sollows to Alpha Cann.

Mt. Denison, June 12, by Rev. M. Phillips, John Featon to Mary Schurman.

Sable River, June 7, by Rev. D. E. Hatt, Walter Greene to Marie C. Danlop.

Barrington, June 8, by Rev. C. Jost, William Lewis Crowell to Elizabeth Smith.

Woodstock, June 5, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, Charles F. Miller to Bertha M. Scott.

Joggins, June 10, by Rev. J. M. Parker, E. S. Davis to Annie McCarthy.

St. George, June 6, by Rev. I. Wallace, John D. Williamson to Lillie B. Poole.

Stillman, June 5, by Rev. Alex. Houlston, Max McKenzie to Mary D. McKenzie.

Pennac, June 8, by Rev. Dr. McLeod, Clarence Goodspeed to Jennie S. Wade.

Truro June 12, by the Rev. A. L. Geggie Peter Sutherland to Maggie McKay.

St. Stephen, June 5, by Rev. J. T. Ryan, Thomas Davidson to Gertrude Johnson.

Truro June 12, by Rev. T. B. Layton, Thomas Odsey to Phoebe Weatherbe.

Greenwich, N. B. June 12, by Rev. S. C. Moore, Alfred Perry to Jennie Crabb.

Harrisfield, June 11, by Rev. W. A. Arnold, Thomas E. Whitaker to Cecelia Oakley.

Newport, June 3, by Rev. Jas. W. Falconer, Benjamin Whittier to Annie Miller.