

THE BEST YET! Canada's International Exhibition Attractions Unsurpassed. FOR 1900

Is now an assured success and the people who do not see it will live to regret that fact.

STILL FOUR DAYS. Saturday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Every day will have its Great Special Features. The Warships CRESCENT, QUAIL and PSYCHE will be in the Harbor and open to visitors. A feature of the Exhibition will be the presence of Admiral Bedford and Staff, with his jolly Jock Tars. Hundreds of them in attendance every day.

Marsh, the Wonderful,
Dives 70 ft. from a Flying Bicycle.
He performs the greatest feat of the century and is sought after by all exhibitions. This will be his only appearance in the Maritime Provinces this season. He dives seventy feet from a flying bicycle into a shallow tank. This feat is in plain view of all on the grounds.

Baden Powell's Armored Train,
as it circled in the defence of Mafeking, will be another free-for-all.

Funniest Coach Ride,
ever seen is another out-door attraction.

Magnificent Fireworks.
IN AMUSEMENT HALL.

Powers Bros.
Recently returned from a European tour where they delighted the most critical audiences in the world.

Rossi Bros.
Knockabout Artists, perform one of the most laughable acts ever staged.

Kelly and Ashby.
Comedy Acrobats, have a magnificent billiard table and play a most extraordinary game upon it.

Auguste Dewell.
is the prince of equilibrist and is a scholar and a gentleman.

Novelty Trio.
Don't say what they will do till they appear. Then—Look out!!!

La Sartonia Sisters
Fencers and Boxers.

Moving War Pictures.
In Agricultural Building Hall.
The Eikon Warograph Moving Pictures will be the sensation of the Exhibition. Here will be thrown upon a canvas of 300 square feet, wonderfully life-like and life size scenes of the British Boer War.

Everyone Can Come.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.
From Sept. 8th to 18th, tickets will be sold at all stations in New Brunswick, good to return up to Sept. 22nd, at single first-class fare, with 25 cents admission to the Exhibition added.
Tickets will be sold at this rate in Nova Scotia on the 8th, 11th, and 13th and in Quebec from Quebec City, Levis and east, on the 8th and 13th.

SPECIAL EXCURSIONS.
From Sussex to Coldbrook and Stations inclusive, tickets will be sold from Sept. 10th to 19th at single second class fare, with 25 cents admission to the Exhibition added, good to return same day. From P. nobisqua to Moncton inclusive, same dates, same fare and good to return day following date of issue.
From points east of Moncton to Point du Chene and Amherst, same dates, same fare, and good to return two days from date of issue.
From points north of Moncton to Campbellton, at single second class fare, with 25 cents admission to the Exhibition added, on the 10th Sept., limit for return 13th; on 12th, limit 15th; on 13th, limit 17th; on 14th, limit 18th; on 15th, limit 19th; on 17th, limit 20th.

SPECIAL DAYS.
On Tuesday, 11th and Tuesday, 18th.
Amherst.....\$2.00
Belledune and PetiteRoche..... 2 85
Charlo, New Mills and Laughlins..... 3 10
Nash's Creek and Jacquet River..... 3 00
Bathurst to Red Pine..... 2 75
Bartibogue to Baraboy River..... 2 50
Rogersville and Kent Jct..... 2 25
Harcourt to Coal Branch..... 2 00
Canaan..... 1 75
Berry's Mills..... 1 60
Good to return two days from date of issue.

ON SEPTEMBER 11TH AND 17TH.
On September 12 and 17th. from farthest parts of P. E. Island..... 3 75
Summerside..... 2 75

DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY.
From Sept. 8th to 18th, good to return till 22nd, at single first-class fare from all stations to St. John. \$4.50 is the rate from Halifax.

SHORE LINE RAILWAY.
St. Stephen, from 10th to 18th, good to return 22nd, \$1.00 (without admission to Exhibition.)

All other Railways and Steamers leading into St. John and many connecting lines give return tickets at single first-class fare.

Read the Excursion Rates.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
will sell tickets at one fare for the round trip from Sept. 10th to 18th, good to return till Sept. 22nd, plus 25c. admission to Exhibition. There will be low rates for special days as follows—including admission to Exhibition:

MONDAY, SEPT. 17th.	Return rate.	MONDAY, SEPT. 17th.	Return rate.
Lowelltown.....	\$5 70	Freque Isle.....	3 25
Jackman.....	4 20	Caribou.....	3 25
Greenville Jc.....	4 40	Fort Fairfield.....	3 25
Brownville.....	3 75	Good to return Sept. 20th.	
Lake View.....	3 55		
Mattawamkeag.....	2 85		
Danforth.....	2 30		
Vancouver.....	1 75		
Good to return Sept. 19th.			

TUESDAY, SEPT. 18th.	Return rate.	MONDAY, Sept. 17th.	Return rate.
Fredericton.....	\$1 75	Houlton.....	\$2 25
Fredericton Jc.....	1 35	Good to return Sept. 19th.	
Hoyt.....	1 20		
Welsford.....	95		
Westfield Beach.....	.80		
Good to return Sept. 15th and 20th respectively.			

St. Andrews and St. Stephen from 10th to 18th, good to return 22nd, \$1.00 (without admission to Exhibition.)
Special Trains will leave Aroostook Jc. 7 a. m. Sept. 13th and one from Woodstock, 7.45 a. m., Sept. 14th.
A special train will leave St. John at 10 p. m., Tuesday, 13th, for Fredericton and intermediate points.

COME AND SEE WHO GET THE PRIZES

In the Live Stock Lists.

Shot and Earned His Pay.

Marshal Taylor Made a Record in the Days When to be a Sheriff Was a Mode of Suicide.

'Talkin' about Marshals of tough towns, I often think of Taylor, who was at Baxter Springs, Kan., in the early days,' said an old timer as he shifted his chair and began his story. 'In those days Baxter Springs was the jumpin'-off place. It lay close to the Indian territory line, beyond which was nothin' but cattle and cowboys and hell as far as the Rio Grande. Twice a year the cattle were driven from that vast region to the railroad at Baxter Springs for shipment to market. Twice a year this gave the cowboys an opportunity to touch civilization, drink up its whiskey, go against faro and monte, and shoot the town full of holes.
The class of citizens necessary for the entertainment of these visitors was no small part of the population of Baxter Springs, in spite of the fact that many of them in the course of a year were killed off, chewed up and used to decorate lone trees on the prairie. The push got so strong some times that it was necessary to do these things. I remember once a mass meetin' was called on matters of importance. Among a few it was known that a vigilance committee was to be organized. Seven prominent citizens had been marked. These men came to the meetin' and were

He drifted into town from somewhere out West. He was never known by any other name than just plain Taylor. He was a quiet, inoffensive looking chap, with light dusty-colored hair and a thin flaxen mustache that barely covered his lip. He was slenderly built, but nearly 6 feet tall. He had cold blue eyes, without a glint or sparkle to soften their expression. Taylor was so quiet and boyish in appearance that at first his request for the appointment was laughed at as a joke, as the place was one of more responsibility than that of mayor. The only recommendation he offered was that he had had some experience in Arizona. In some way which I never understood Taylor got the place.
'By the very nature of life at Baxter Springs Taylor was compelled to begin making a record the moment he put on his star. Every bully in town primed himself to take Taylor down the line. Taylor had only two trustworthy friends—his pistol and his physical strength. His strength was remarkable. He was not muscular, but his sinews were like steel. He could take a man by the collar and flounce him all over the street.
'The bully of bullies was a farmer named Dave Ramsey, a giant in both size and strength. Dave always wore a red flannel shirt, opened at the neck and showing his hairy chest; a big, slouching sombrero, and his trousers, without suspenders, stuffed into his high heeled boots. His face was covered with a thicket of black whiskers. Foscotel when sober, he was a Chéyenne with a scalping knife in each hand when tanked up with booze. It was

his custom to go on the warpath once a week. He had fought over every foot of ground in Baxter Springs. No martial had ever been able to take him single-handed or make him knock under with a bluff gun play.
'Dave showed up on schedule time a few days after Taylor went into the office, and came down the street spoutin' brimstone. Everybody was on hand to see the fun. Taylor walked up to Ramsey just as easy as buyin' chips in faro, and told him to stop his war dance and go home. Ramsey leered at Taylor a moment and then roared with laughter, wantin' to know, 'where that tow-headed kid blew in from.' Ramsey made a few side steps and bantered Taylor to fight. Taylor jumped him like a streak of lightning, and down they went, with Taylor on top. Baxter Springs has seen lots of fights, but nothin' like that one. Taylor just slugged Ramsey until Ramsey couldn't talk and then threw him into his wagon bodily and told him to sail for home and he went. His defeat and the guyin' of friends worried Ramsey. He decided to try it again, and came to town and began tankin'. Taylor didn't wait for any invitation this time, but just mauled the life out of him, dragged him down the street and threw him into the calaboose. Friends passed whiskey and wedges into the calaboose and Dave steamed up and broke open the door. Taylor heard of it, and as Dave stepped into the street, predictin' that he would destroy the world, Taylor walked up and said meekly as a lamb:
'See here, Ramsey, I'm tired of you,

now you've got just ten seconds to get back in there or I'll kill you.'
'Dave looked at Taylor's gun and then at his eyes, and began to wilt. He saw death starin' him in the face. Suddenly he turned and walked in. That was the last of the town bully of Baxter Springs. He out the worst of his map when he went spreein'.
'This gave Taylor standin' among the fighters and his reputation spread. Gentlemen handy with their guns began to show up for a whirl with the new marshal of Baxter Springs. Taylor killed 'em right and left and at the drop of the hat, coolly, calmly as if drivin' nails in a board, never betrayin' the least excitement and goin' about the streets and into dives as if he was the only man in town. He walked into saloons filled with drunken cowboys and always brought out his man. He seemed to bear a charmed life. He didn't talk about law and order of bein' respectable and all that; he simply said that he was drawin' his salary for keepin' the peace, and he intended to do it if every coyote on the trail from Baxter Springs to Texas came to town in a bunch.
'Did any of you cow punchers ever know Can Rector of Texas? You don't know much about the cow business if you didn't. Can Rector counted his money in piles them days. He used to drive a train load of steers into Baxter Springs, sell 'em and see how fast he could spend the money. Can was the meanest ones when drunk that ever lay in a dance-hall. He always

(CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE)

D. J. McLAUGHLIN, President. CHAS. A. EVERETT, Manager and Secretary.

Music and The Drama

TONES AND UNDERTONES.

Musical circles are very quiet just now the only thing of importance being the forth coming engagement of Black Patti...

It is often difficult to discover why one theatrical enterprise serves to draw the public and delight it, while still another, with a like merit, seemingly, will fail absolutely to attract public attention.

The colored man's voice has ever been a delight to all lovers of song and music, while his comic sense has never been gained. And yet, too, while "rag time" is all the rage, and the ever captivating cake walk an endless source of delight...

"Black Patti" has had, up to date, five years of unparalleled popularity. She has two managers who understand their business—the operatic, concert, and vaudeville Messrs Voelkel and Nolan had a long experience in concert and operatic management.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Where is Cobb? was the attraction in a theatrical way the latter part of last week but owing to counter attractions in the way of political gatherings etc., did not draw the amount of business it would probably have done otherwise.

The everpopular Devils Auction occupies the stage of the opera house this week and is performing a strong attraction. It comes well equipped this season with every thing that can please and attract the most refined audiences.

Mr. Richard T. Brown the gentleman who takes the part of Toby is a good comedian and during the week has won hosts of admirers by his good work. He knows when the audience have had enough and never goes over that narrow line, the crossing of which converts even the funniest worker in this line into a bore.

Mr. Gallagher the press agent of The Devil's Auction said Au revoir to his friends in this city on Monday evening and is at present in Halifax preparing for his company's appearance there next week.

glad to welcome him back, and give him a good big "hand" on his next appearance here.

The attractions in Amusement Hall at the exhibition are not of a particularly enjoyable nature this season and though the various performers do their particular line of work extremely well there is not enough variety. On Tuesday afternoon I visited the building drawn thither by business and pleasure combined.

After the enormous circulation of Richard Carvel it will be the biggest surprise if James K. Hackett does not make the biggest kind of a hit in the play of that name especially when one recalls this favorite's long run in "The Bride of Jeddico."

Margaret Auglin's name bids fair to be written well up on the list of those who have distinguished themselves in the dramatic art. Everywhere she goes her clever work calls forth great praise from the severest critics.

Viola Allen whose starring tour was so prosperously inaugurated in The Christian will appear this season in The Palace of The King. An interesting detail about this production is that arrangements were made with F. Marion Crawford to shape his novel so that a play suitable to Miss Allen might be drawn for it.

To be a star however, demands requirements much more rare as is evidenced by the failure of many well liked and accomplished supporting players. If it were not for this there would be nothing but stars in the profession. Mary Manning has the advantage of a good start in a play made from a widely sold novel, and in the support of a very promising leading man, Robert Drouet.

Mary Manning, who is Mrs. Hackett, will have a swash buckler play of her own. She begins her first starring tour in Jaurece Meredith. If the play does not prove profitable she has to follow it "The Heart of the Princess Orsa" by Anthony Hope.

The Bulletin of the Inland Revenue Department (No. 68) contains analysis of 156 samples of baking powders bought of dealers and manufacturers in the Dominion. The alarming statement is made that 85 per cent, of these are alum mixtures.

In view of this large proportion of alum powders, Chief Analyst Macfarlane recommends that legal proceedings be taken against parties selling them, on the ground that they are unhealthful articles of food.

Upon this recommendation the Commissioner of Inland Revenue has given public notice that persons selling alum powders will be prosecuted.

The analyses were made by the Assistant Analyst, Mr. A. McGill, who fully discusses the use of alum in baking powders, which, he is of the positive opinion, is dangerous to health.

Professor Ruttan, of McGill College, Montreal, who made a series of experiments on the digestibility of bread baked with alum powders, is quoted as follows: "The unanimous verdict of my experiments is that alum powders introduce into a form of food of universal use, agents which are detrimental to the functional activity of the digestive ferments. They must therefore

be prejudicial to health and the only course is to carefully avoid them."

Both consumers and grocers are interested in this matter. Housekeepers should be very careful in purchasing their baking powders. The alum powders can generally be distinguished by their low price. They cost but two or three cents a pound to make, and are sold from ten to thirty cents. A pure, cream of tartar powder, is quite expensive to make, and is sold from forty to fifty cents.

SHOT AND EARNED HIS PAY.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO.)

carried his shootin' irons and was known as a killer. He pulled into town with his outfit one day and was soon tryin' to stampee everything in sight. He got tangled up with a yap in a saloon and shootin' began. Can chased the yap down the street, firin' at every jump, but missin' all the time. The yap was scared till his teeth rattled. He dodged into a livery stable before Can could get a bead on him and the proprietor shut him up in a whip closet, so small that the fellow could hardly breathe.

"Where's the Piute that come in heah?" yelled Can; "I'm gwine to kill him."

"He just sailed through and went out the back way," said the proprietor, and Can kept grinin'.

"Somebody told Can that Taylor would nail him if he kept on cuttin' up, and Can took it to heart. He said publicly on the street: 'I've got just one job to do before I pull my freight out of this heah town—I'm gwine to kill that Marshal of yours.' Taylor heard of it. Can was in a saloon with his cowboys, tryin' to push the roof off Taylor was warned not to go in, as there were too many for him and there would be a killin' in which he would be the dead man."

"Don't you worry about that," said Taylor. "I always believed that Taylor suspected Can was a coward. Anyway he pushes open the door and walks in. Can was leavin' on the bar, drinkin' and cursin'."

"Hello, Can Reckor, I hear that you've been talkin' about killin' me before you left town," says Taylor.

"Can straightened up and seein' Taylor's eyes, stutered a moment and answered: 'The man that said that sub, is a damn liab, sub.'"

"Well I didn't know," replied Taylor, layin' his hand on his gun, "I just thought I'd call round and see about it." Can left town that day knowin' that he would get killed if he stayed.

"How did Taylor wind up? Just the same as any man that makes a business of carryin' a gun. Now, I'm not sayin' anything about the lady, but there was a woman in the case somewhere deep down. The affair got to the shootin' stage when Taylor passed a saloon one day and a feller hops out with a double barrel gun loaded with buckshot and bangs away at him close up. Kill him! Never touched a hair on his head. The feller started to run, but Taylor pulls his gun and bored a hole in him as big as an angor. Right there was the beginnin' of the end for Taylor.

"None of you fellows ever saw a pirate, of course, but there was a man living at Baxter Springs in them days that looked just like one. His name was Boyd. By the cards gettin' stacked in some way he had been elected Mayor. The man Boyd was a fright. He was six feet tall, straight as a cottonwood, with a face red as fire from drink. His hair and long droopin' mustache were always dyed blue black. Pushed down into this fiery face were two small blue eyes. He wore the finest broadcloth clothes, with a frock coat that struck his knees. Around his neck and reaching to his waistcoat pocket was a long gold chain as big as your thumb. All this riggin' was topped off with a tall black slouch hat. Nothin' was known about his antecedents, but he always acted mysterious. His reputation was that he had killed scads of men. Gambolin' and drinkin' and killin' was his occupation. He carried two or three guns and had a habit of keepin' his hands in his pockets. The woman's story was whispered around and there was battin' that there would be a funeral.

"Boyd nearly killed a man in a fight one day and a warrant was sworn out for his arrest. Taylor was to serve it. Some of us kept our eyes peeled toward where Boyd was sittin' in a chair on the sidewalk leanin' back against the front of a store. He had a pet gun, a big ivory handle six-shooter, which was generally in sight. Boyd had both hands in his pockets when Taylor walked up. He listened to the readin' of the warrant without makin' a kick, and said that he would go along. As Boyd got to his feet, Taylor said: 'Sorry, but I'll have to have that gun,' pointin' to the six-shooter.

"Certainly, with pleasure," answered Boyd, handin' over the weapon.

"Both men were watching each other like hawks. Quick as a flash Boyd jerk-

ed back his long coat, and a pistol went off. He had fired from his trousers pocket with a derringer. As Taylor fell he pulled his own gun, but death had him, and his finger was too weak to press the trigger. That was the end of the only marshal that ever put the brakes on Baxter Springs. What about the woman? Well, that's another story."

Sore Hands



ONE NIGHT CURE

Soak the hands thoroughly, on retiring, in a warm bath of CURTIS'S SOAP. Dry, and anoint freely with CURTIS'S OINTMENT, the great skin cure and purest of emollients. Wear old gloves during the night. For sore hands, itching, burning palms and painful finger ends, this one night cure is wonderful.

For sale by all Colonial Chemists, FORTNA DERRA & CO., CORN. SOLE PROP., BOSTON, U. S. A.

EQUITY SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction on Saturday the Seventeenth day of November next, at twelve of the clock noon, at Chubb's Corner (so called) in Prince William Street in the City of Saint John in the County of Saint John, pursuant to the direction of a Decreeal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity made on the thirty first day of August last past, in a cause therein pending wherein Margaret Ann Hassard is plaintiff and Eliza McKay, Thomas H. Somerville and Stephen F. Taylor are defendants, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee the mortgaged premises described in the Bill of Complaint in the said cause and in the said Decreeal Order as follows, that is to say:—

ALL that lot or half lot of land described in a certain Indenture of Lease dated the first day of May in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety one (91) owned by the Trustees of Saint Andrew's Church in the City of Saint John of the one part and the said Eliza McKay of the other part, and in the said Indenture of Mortgage as:

ALL that half lot or parcel of land situate lying and being in Duke's Ward in the said City being the North half of lot twenty one (21) owned by the Trustees of Saint Andrew's Church, fronting on Sydney Street formerly included in a lease to one Edwin N. S. Stewart and by him assigned to the said Eliza McKay who is now in possession of the same and which Northern part or half of lot number Twenty one is bounded and described as follows:— Beginning at the Northwesterly corner or angle of said lot twenty one, thence running Southerly along the Eastern line of Sydney Street twenty one feet, thence Easterly parallel to the Northerly side line of said lot twenty one to the Easterly boundary of the said lot, thence northerly along the Eastern boundary twenty one feet to the Northwesterly corner of the same lot and thence Westerly along the Northern boundary of the same lot to the place of beginning; together with all buildings, erections and improvements, easements, privileges and appurtenances thereunto belonging and the said Indenture of Lease and all benefit and advantage to be had or derived therefrom."

For terms of sale and further particulars apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitor, or the undersigned Referee. Dated the seventh day of September, A. D. 1900. E. H. McALPINE, REFEREE IN EQUITY.

G. C. COSTER, PLAINTIFF'S SOLICITOR.

Prescriptions

Are something that require the utmost care in dispensing. It has been my aim for the past nineteen years to procure the purest drugs and chemicals and then use the utmost care to dispense every prescription to the physician's entire satisfaction. When you feel ill do not run away with the idea that some quack nostrum would be best, but consult your family physician. Find the real cause of your trouble and have your prescriptions accurately dispensed from the purest drugs by the most competent dispensers of the reliable Pharmacy.

Allan's White Pharmacy

87 Charlotte Street. Phone 239.

Telephone 439 when the doctor calls, and I will send for your prescriptions and have them carefully dispensed and delivered at your residence with all possible despatch. Mail orders promptly filled.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder.

For Sale at all Druggists.



Pure and Fragrant The "Albert"

Baby's Own Soap

Is specially recommended by many family physicians, for nursery use. Beware of imitations, some of which are dangerous and may cause skin troubles. ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs. MONTREAL.

EQUITY SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction on SATURDAY the THIRTEENTH DAY OF OCTOBER A. D. 1900, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the City of Saint John, pursuant to the directions of a decreeal order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on the 19th day of June, A. D. 1900, in a certain cause or matter therein pending in the matter of the Estate of George L. Taylor, late of Kings, deceased, between Mary Jane Currie, plaintiff, and Allen O. Earle, Executor of the last Will and Testament of George L. Taylor, deceased, defendant; and by amendment between Mary Jane Currie, plaintiff, and Allen O. Earle, Executor of the last Will and Testament of George L. Taylor, deceased, Eliza A. Taylor, Louisa F. Oddy, Elizabeth L. Currie, A. Florence Currie and Wendell E. Currie, defendants, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity, the lands and premises in the said decreeal order, described as follows:—

ALL that lot of land situate, lying and being on the south side of King Street, in the said City of Saint John, and known and distinguished on the map or plan of the said City, on file in the office of the Common Clerk by the number four hundred and fourteen (14), having a breadth of forty feet on the said street and continuing back the same breadth one hundred feet together with all and singular the buildings, hereditaments, privileges and appurtenances to the said lands and premises belonging or in any wise appertaining which said lot of land and premises is subject to a certain Indenture of Mortgage dated on or about the first day of November A. D. 1888 and made between the Testator George L. Taylor of the one part, and Eliza Horn, Emma Eliza Murray and J. Morris Robinson, Executor and Executrices of the last will and testament of John Horn deceased for securing the payment to the said Executor and Executrices of the sum of eleven thousand dollars on the first days of November A. D. 1891 with interest thereon at five per centum per annum payable quarterly, all of which said interest has been paid up to the first day of May A. D. 1900 and subject also to the store and premises on the e. p. or eastern half or portion of the said lot having the street number 84 to a lease from year to year made by the said George L. Taylor to J. McMurray Reid and Robert Reid, doing business as Reid Brothers, at the annual rent of seven hundred dollars payable quarterly on the first days of February, May, August, and November; and as to the store or premises on the lower or western half or portion of the said lot having the street number 84 to a lease from year to year made by the said George L. Taylor to the Goidl Bicycle Company at the annual rent of six hundred dollars payable quarterly on the first days of February, May, August, and November.

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitor or the undersigned Referee. Dated this 30, day of July, A. D. 1900. E. H. McALPINE, REFEREE.

W. A. TRUEMAN, PLAINTIFF'S SOLICITOR.

News and Opinions OF National Importance

The Sun ALONE CONTAINS BOTH

Daily, by mail, \$6 a year Daily and Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year

The Sunday Sun

is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.

Price 5c. a copy. By mail, \$2 a year. At Green THE SUN, New York.

Competition

regret that fact.

Wednesday.

PSYCHE will be in the

Black Tars. Hundreds of

Competition Rates.

Sept. 10th to 18th, good to re-

There will be low rates for

FRIDAY, SEPT. 17th.

Return rate

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, at 29 to 31 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B.

Remittances.—Persons sending remittances to this office must do so either by P. O. or Express order, or by registered letter.

Discontinuance.—Remember that the publishers must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped.

All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply.

Letters should be addressed and drafts made payable to PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO., LTD., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Agents in the city can have extra copies sent them if they telephone the office before six p. m.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

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

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

KINGS COUNTY POLITICS.

There is not much doubt but that Colonel DOMVILLE will be the choice of Kings county again in the interests of the Liberal party. The convention meets at Hampton on Wednesday next and the people will decide the matter.

SHALL WOMEN PROPOSE?

The question has been raised it women ought to propose. The matter is of considerable importance in this part of the world where according to the census the ladies outnumber the men.

probably be the tips that will usually form the words hereafter, as heretofore. But anybody who has had any experience knows that the influence of the fair sex is so subtle and efficient, that she is often able to do the popping to her self vicariously, as it were.

COSMICAL FORCES.

Can you appreciate a splash of liquid fire 80,000 miles high? Not very well, perhaps. Yet that is what took place in the sun lately. This event is not to be confounded with what are called "solar protuberances," which are great jets of gleaming matter apparently, and measure some times a quarter of a million miles in height, or a greater distance than that from the earth to the moon.

Speaking of the phonograph recalls Prof. GARNER, and his expedition to Central Africa, with his steel case and his phonograph charged with the latest utterances of the Simian tribes of civilized lands with which he expects to entertain his native forests.

Whether brutes think or not there is one thing very certain some brutes have more sense of honor than some men. Many a horse would win a race if his driver would let him. He knows that it is his business to win. About the meanest thing in the world is the pulling of a victorious horse just as it is making the grandest effort to win.

Why won't a watched pot boil? Why does a potato get hard in a rheumatic pocket? Who struck Billy Patterson? Verily the field for investigation is boundless, and there is no reason why Boston magazines should ever lack for new themes.

The funny part of the whole business is the amazing seriousness with which the investigations are carried on. The notions that we used to smile at our grandmothers for entertaining are treated with a solemnity which must cause the ghosts of these good creatures, if they ever do revisit these glimpses of the moon, to feel like tickling themselves, provided always that tickling and being tickled is an attribute of the physical life.

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THE BOARD OF HEALTH JOB.

Will the Constable or the Citizen get it? Some Points in the Case.

Since the death of the late Daniel O'Neill there have been many applicants after the position of Inspector of the Board of Health held by the deceased. Among the foremost of the bunch is a city constable who is leaving no stone unturned to secure the plum.

It was given out to the applicants for the position that in case of securing the office that it would be affiliated with the position of milk inspector. That, however, seems to be a question which yet remains to be decided.

A quorum of the board was not present, and in the absence of that body Messrs John Kelly and James Ready heard their case and these gentlemen promised to lay the matter before the Board of Health.

and healthy, but evidently is not satisfied with his lot in life. He does not want to give anyone else a show. What we have, we'll hold, is a good motto, but "We'll hold what we've got and look for more," seems to be the new heraldic inscription.

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

Five Cents a Bunch Here. (Union Advocate.)

Amer-can women are importing cats. We've got a lot we'll sell cheap.

Bjorn's Danc'g Done. (Half x Echo.)

Mayor Hamilton has revoked the permit for the dancing bear exhibitions on the streets, at the request of the S. P. C. A. There is no clause in the criminal code under which the owner of the bear could be prosecuted.

Mr. G. Car-a-Bij Head. (Canadian Recorder.)

The report that the Bedford electric tramway would not be built is incorrect. One of the promoters stated that if the road were not built by the first of June next year, he would allow his head to be used as a football by the Wanderers and Marlborough teams.

From Them That Have Not Ect. (Restigouche Telephone.)

Labor Day was not generally observed in this town, fully half of the stores being open and doing business as usual. This is not what it should be, and will surely result in all the stores being kept open on the legal holidays, and fear is already expressed that the early closing three nights in the week, may be done away with.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Hope Crushed to Earth Will Rise Again.

I let him take my hand because I wasn't using it just now. The hand which now so deftly guides this sometimes heaven inspired pen.

He came again while yet I wept, and with his lips he brushed away the tears that leaped from out their ducts and kept the coming ones at bay.

And said he'd gone to "take a spin around the block till he could think."

About the nature of a speech to make to his sweet little girl.

And then he'd bid the sweetest "be a raptured maiden." The honeyed words he sang love adhesion to every precious word.

He cut me by sending me right underneath the "beating of."

The deed is done, we've set the day and swapped the deed for love.

And soon we'll swim in "rolling seas of unadulterated bliss."

Soos shall I ever hold communion with angel muses up above, And drop the pen and never do another thing but eat and love.

The Rocky Mountain Sheep.

The red deer loves the chaparral, The hawk the wine rickled pine;

The owl hounds the rills that race The croon's steep incline;

But the wild sheep roam the battered rocks, Stern foot and fleet of limb, Gets up to see the stars go by.

Aloft the mountain's rim.

For him the sky built battlements, For him the cliff and rock,

For him the deep walled cañons Where the roaring rivers are;

The gentian flowers meadow lands The juniper rack slope and crest, Above the eagles streaming brood, Above the wild wolf's quest.

When in the riot of the storm, The snow flowers blossom free,

The cattle get them to the plain, The howler to the lair,

The shepherds tend his foolish flocks About the mountains here,

But free and far the wild sheep are, And God doth shepherd them.

The Sunrise Serenade.

'Ah walk out when de east'am red Among de timbers tall;

Ah hark a muckler oberhead, Be de sweetest frost of all.

'Why do yo' sing? Ah stop en ask, En den Ah head her say: 'Dis an ash dally sunup task, A shanade to day.'

'Songs ob sunrise joy when de darkness fades away, Be meeked in de treetop sing a welcome song today

'Ah brush among de meadow lan's When y'all jab-jab de hum;

Ah look up when dat doxwood spans En head de solemn drum;

'Oh, Mistah Gop! Wine, why yo' drum Up yander in de tree? 'Is how he answer me.

Drum! drum! drum! Yo' see his movin' head, De pecked drum a welcome when de east'am shan red.

Ah thrash among de bramble vines, A brushin' off de dew;

De cat's feet on de pine, A catbird chime in, too.

'Whan' all dis racket fun yo' two? En den Ah hark dem say: 'We callin' kase de sun an new, En de night hab gone away.

De jaybird an de castird, dey call em welcome say De' happy when de sun cum up en bathe with summer spray.

En all arou' de timber lan', Dey watch job cummin' day;

En den she shake as 'Mawain's' haa', En den she fade away.

De sherry anner eb break de bush, De hummin' bird be hum;

Mis' Qasil she whistle in de brush, De go' wing pecked drum.

En all bus' out in midday set echo fro' de hase When de sun be smile in crimson en de dew-drops tuh a bliss.

'You are mistaken about young Clifford I tell you his heart was very much in his work when I last saw him.

'Indeed! What was he doing?'

'Falling in love with a pretty girl.'

BIG CROWDS ON FINE DAYS.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

to while away a few pleasant hours in the land of faker-dom.

The man from the country, he of the grayer stamp wandered around the little Cairo, oftimes coming across a little Egypt, and again could be seen emerging from the land of bondage, safe in the arms of his spouse who would gently lead him over to the Agricultural hall and cattle sheds to inspect the stock and ascertain if they had anything like it "at hum."

CARS CAN RUN SUNDAY.

Magistrate Ritchie Takes a Common Sense View of the Sunday Law and Gives a Decision.

The fiat has gone forth that it is not a crime, not even a little venial sin, to run the street cars on Sunday. His Honor Magistrate Ritchie so decided at the police court on Tuesday of this week, when Robert G. Drey, a motorman was reported for operating a trolley line on the Sabbath.

A "Sabbath Day's Journey" was defined during the course of the argument. After much court diversion some antediluvian or ancient law moth-eaten books were found by Clerk Henderson who discovered to the court's and spectators intense satisfaction that a trip or journey on the day set apart for church, and not desecration was defined as one of about 2,000 paces or three quarters of a mile.

The passing of judgment by His Honor in this matter was the cause of much censure from the bench as to the manner in which the Sunday law was enforced. In some cases it was a mere burlesque or a travesty on justice.

There has been a few weeks cessation of "open business" on the part of some of the beer shops, but then if you knew the ropes you could always gain admittance by the back door. The folly of the whole matter has been apparent from the outset. The time has indeed passed when a man, cannot find some little pleasure in a Sunday rest.

The magistrate's "roast" or censure as given by him on Tuesday was a well timed one. It placed the 20th century Puritans in a bad light. They wish to run this poor old world in a style to suit themselves. No one else is to receive a show. They can ride to church on Sunday or sail the river on a steamboat, but they would wish to deprive the poor man of a trolley ride, to deprive him if they could of inhaling the pure, free air of Heaven.

Presented With a Pipe.

It is only once in a while that the friends of Captain Farris get a chance to get even with him and return in part some of those favors that he is ever ready to extend to them. That is one of the reasons why he is smoking a handsome new pipe now, the presentation of a number of friends who went for a two hours sail with him a few days ago.

The presentation was a surprise to the captain still anyone who sees him quietly puffing away at his new treasure must conclude that the donors in selecting a pipe, hit upon a happy method of making the captain at peace with all mankind.

CROWDS ON FINE DAYS.

away a few pleasant hours in the... man from the country, he of the stamp wandered round the little... times coming across a little Egypt...



In St. John we have come to think that when schools have opened, and so many families have returned from their summer sojourns...

There are many beautiful days in September and even in October, when a trip on the river or to some place out of town, could be made very enjoyable...

CRIES CAN RUN SUNDAY.

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real, is now the guest of her sister Mrs. E. M. ... Coburg street.

Miss G. J. Elton of Bathurst is in the city visiting the exhibition.

Miss Lillian McKean of Fredericton, is in the city to attend the exhibition, and is the guest of Mrs. J. A. Smith, Waterloo street.

Mr. J. Forbes of Montreal returned home on Tuesday after a week's visit in our city, taking with him his wife and three daughters.

Dr. Colwell of New Brunswick is visiting during the exhibition week at the home of Professor C. H. Williams, Union street.

Messrs Percy and Dick Haster returned home last week after spending a fortnight's vacation in Montreal.

Miss D. J. Jones of Union street who has been spending the summer at Deer Island, returned home last week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Clinton Brown, spent last week in St. Mary's, from fishing.

Will McMillan left on Monday to spend his vacation in the "Hub."

Mr. Stephen of Digby and Mrs. T. Irvine of Annapolis are in the city, the guests of Miss Louise Grey, Main street.

Lieutenant Chas. S. Ross of the military school, Fredericton, was in town Tuesday on his way to the Sussex camp.

Rev. E. N. Nobles who is at present pastor of the Baptist church in Kentville, N. S., has accepted a unanimous call to the Carleton Baptist parsonage. Mr. Nobles will take up his duties here before the 15th inst.

Mayor Murphy of Woodstock is visiting the exhibition this week, having an interest in some of the live stock.

Mr. James V. Russell and child on who have been summering at Greenboro, New Brunswick, have returned home.

Mrs. J. E. Greenwell is visiting Mrs. J. A. Barber, St. James street.

Miss Ina Moray of North End who has been spending the summer in the country has returned home.

Mrs. Pelletier daughter of Edmundston and Miss Hallett daughter of Grand Falls are a grand party and are visiting friends on Paradise Row.

The Misses Willett of Haverhill, Mass. are guests of Mrs. J. H. McRobbie, Queen Square.

Miss Mildred H. L. Lett of Union street, left today for the St. Croix for Boston to spend a few weeks vacation.

Miss Edith McGinnis has returned from Grand Lake where she has spent the summer.

Miss Pauline Winslow of Montreal who has been spending the summer with her uncle, Mr. C. M. Bostwick, left for home on Wednesday.

Mrs. Ann Vanwart and children of Boynton are in the city on their way home, after spending the summer on the River at Mrs. Vanwart's old home.

Mr. Malcolm Ross of Fredericton is visiting the exhibition. Mr. Ross will also visit Sussex before his return.

Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft Vanwart of Wickham were in the city this week attending our annual attraction.

Miss Martin who has charge of the distribution of books in the Public Library has just returned from a trip through England and Scotland. While in England Miss Martin visited in Liverpool, London, Bedford, and Birmingham, also Edinburgh, Perth, and Carlisle in Scotland. Miss Martin enjoyed a good passage to and from Liverpool and delightfully warm weather all through her trip.

With the advent of exhibition comes the influx of visitors and among them many ruralites. It being a convenient season "haydn done," and "some coppers in," not a few newly-wedded ones take this opportunity of spending their honeymoon in St. John. With the regulation light coat, silk hat, hand-me-down trousers and tan gloves, and that unmistakably country sulphur-brown dress, white hat with pink flowers and small downy plumes, they parade the streets, beaming on all whom they meet entirely oblivious of the attention they are attracting by their many strange manners. One couple after doing the town arm-in-arm brought up at the country market where they serenely weighed themselves on the huge produce scales.

A quartette of village belles bedecked with every fancy article their dressing cases afforded and accompanied by an elderly woman, seemingly the chaperon, perambulated the principal streets held their many strange manners. One couple after doing the town arm-in-arm brought up at the country market where they serenely weighed themselves on the huge produce scales.

The art room in the exhibition this year is not perhaps as well filled as in some other years but what it lacks in the quantity of pretty things, it surely makes up in quality, many very delicate and elaborate pieces of fancy needlework and painting being on exhibition. A few of the most attractive pieces may be mentioned. Among the sofa covers were two beautifully painted ones, rural designs on velvet by Miss Martha Corker of Fredericton, Miss Corker also exhibits a Khaki felt table cover painted in flags and Tommy Atkins. Beautifully embroidered pillow, Miss Maggie Thomson, and Mrs. E. J. New, city.

The majority of the centrepieces and doilies were exquisitely worked. The following however attracted particular attention. Four large centrepieces by Miss Flora McDonald, two of which, sweet peas and orange, deserve special credit. Dainty doilies and centrepieces, Miss Hetherington Waterloo street.

Set of strawberry table doilies, Miss C. Fraser City Road.

Centrepiece in rose, shamrock and thistles also an embroidered mantel drape, Miss Villah Stanley Street.

Drawn work centrepieces, Mrs Green and Miss Kettle Orelington.

Pretty centre piece and cherry design doilies—Miss Mary Cosman.

Delicate centrepiece and tea cosy—Mrs Barbour, city.

Mrs Murphy of Goldbrook displayed some very dainty croquet work, and the British coat of arms crocheted in white by Mrs. Bask, city, was exceptionally well done.

Mrs. (Dr.) Orpser is exhibiting some work of her mother, Mrs. Wilson, which an avid receiver more than eight years has placed a large table cover of which many a younger woman might be proud. There is also a picture frame, neatly embroidered in Union Jacks of the old lady's work.

Two vases of artificial flowers made of muslin hair by Mrs. J. Campbell are novel pieces of flower work.

A pair of chambray gloves hand made by Miss Masters is certainly a very dainty piece of work.

Pretty hand painted plaques were displayed by Misses Vanwart and Davis, also a pair painted in blues by Miss Della Vanwart.

Miss Acute Bache exhibits a very dainty piece of needlework in a child's dress. The dress is on white lawn with tiny tucks and insertion. The whole thing is hand work.

Very little Battenburg is displayed this year, a five o'clock tea cover beautifully worked by Miss Gertrude Sealey and some collar trimmings by Mrs. Hetherington being the only pieces.

Miss Tapley of Douglas avenue exhibits a very delicate pillow sham in drawn work.

The paintings displayed were very few. Two paintings of roses by Miss Gertrude Foster and two water scenes by Miss Deane and a few others completing the list.

Latest styles of Writing invitations an announcement printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address.

Progress Job Print.

LEPREAU.

Last week the young bachelors of Musquash and Lepreau gave a night home in the Lepreau hotel which was well attended by all the young people in the vicinity. A merry time they had and tripped the light fantastic until the wee small hours.

Mr. Carter the school inspector, was here and visited our school last week. Miss McLeod orthographer, is much liked by her pupils.

L. K. Moody returned home Tuesday in poor health.

Mrs. D. A. Kennedy left Saturday for a trip by the S. L. R. to the upper provinces.

Thomas J. Stoddard visited his home here after a absence of seven months.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Leonard spent Monday with Mr. and Mrs. Stafford.

Mrs. Cora Balcome of Musquash spent a few days at Lepreau last week.

GRAND MANAN.

Mrs. Frank Worth from Seattle, Wash., has been the guest of Mrs. James McFarland for two months.

Miss Abbie Young, Minneapolis, is visiting relatives here, the guest of Mrs. Wm. Watt.

Rev. J. B. Duggett and wife, with their little son, C. Rhodes Duggett, left for their home in Hartland this week, having spent several weeks here.

Mrs. Hunter is a rain out after a short illness from diphtheria, contracted while assisting in the nursing at Mrs. Naves'.

SPRINGFIELD.

Sept. 14.—Mr. Honniger Allen of Boston is the guest of his mother, Mrs. Charles Allen.

We are glad to report that Master Fernando Grimm, who had been badly poisoned with ivy in improving.

Dr. and Mrs. Freeman and baby of New Germany were in town on the 10th.

Mrs. Richards Grimm and baby Blake are visiting at Mrs. S. F. Grimm's.

Miss Laura Morrison and Rev. E. Ramsay spent Sunday at Riversdale.

Mrs. Alvin Mason and son of U. S. are visiting at Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Mason's.

Kenneth Zwickler and sister Ida, spent Sunday in this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Kinney of Gasperan, are visiting her vacation, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Crouse.

Miss Mary Young and Mr. Balcom of Lawrenceville, spent Sunday with friends in this place.

Miss Emma Webb of Kingston Village is the guest of Mrs. J. C. Grimm.

On Thursday evening last, Miss Clara Sarratt and Mr. Emerson Wagner were united in the holy bonds of matrimony, by the Rev. E. Locke, assisted by Rev. J. Blackney of Malden, Mass.

BLACKNEYTOWN.

Sept. 14.—Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Walker of Boston, have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Judson Balcom the past few weeks.

Mrs. Tyler and son have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Whitman for a few days.

Two weddings today, the four happy people being Rev. Lew. Wallace and Miss Rosamond Morse and Mr. Louis Hinde and Miss Maggie Foster. Mr. Wallace and Miss Morse will be married in the Baptist church, while the other will be a home wedding. We wish both couples all the happiness that matrimony gives, and trust that their futures will be paths of pleasantness.

JOHN NOBLE COSTUMES



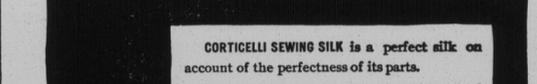
Model 1499. An attractive well made Young Lady's Costume. Carefully finished. Coat, accented back and well finished. Lengths are from 30 to 36 inches. Carriage, 60c. Lengths are from 30 to 36 inches. Carriage, 60c.

Model 1500. Fashionable Costume. A stylish design. The skirt well fitted, with one box pocket, perfectly trimmed. Lengths are from 30 to 36 inches. Carriage, 60c.

Model 200. A stylish design. The skirt well fitted, with one box pocket, perfectly trimmed. Lengths are from 30 to 36 inches. Carriage, 60c.

John Noble, Ld., Mills Manchester, Eng.

WHITES For Sale by all First-Class Dealers in Confectionery.



Don't take inferior goods; the best do not cost any more than inferior goods.

CORTICELLI SEWING SILK advertisement featuring an illustration of a woman sewing and text describing the quality of the silk.

When You Want a Real Tonic ask for ST. AGUSTINE'S

(Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine. GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899.

E. G. SCOVIL—Having used both we think the St. Augustine preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic. JOHN C. CLOWES

E. G. SCOVIL, 62 Union Street.

Pulp Wood Wanted BRANDIES! Landing ex "Corran." Quarts or Pints

WANTED—Underlaid saw logs, such as Baiting or Spilling. Parties having such for sale can correspond with the St. John Sulphite Company, Ltd., stating the quantity, price per thousand superficial feet, and the time of delivery. M. F. MOONEY.

FRY'S Pure Concentrated COCOA advertisement with logo and text.

GRAND SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Progressive for sale in Halifax by the newsboys and at the following news stands and centres.

- MORROW & Co. ... Barrington street
CLIFFORD SMITH ... George & Grandville Sts
CANADA NEWS CO. ... Railway Depot
J. R. FIDLEY ... Brunswick street
J. W. ALLEN ... Dartmouth N. St
Queen Bookstore ... 109 Hollis St
Mrs. DeFreitas ... 151 Brunswick St.

SEPT. 12.—One of the most enjoyable social events of the week was the "At Home" at the residence of Mrs. J. E. Roy, Bedford on Wednesday afternoon.

Some conspicuously pretty gowns were noted. Among them being two costumes of pearl grey worn by Mrs. Frank Rhine and Miss Jessie Book.

A dance given by Mrs. Peters at North West Arm was among the many successful functions of the week. A large number of invitations were issued and a good time was enjoyed by those fortunate enough to be present.

On Friday evening Mrs. Forest entertained a number of young people at her home, Spring Road. Dancing was the principal feature of the evening and the affair passed off very pleasantly.

The residence of Prof. Currie, Pine Hill, was the scene of an interesting event on Thursday when his daughter was married to Mr. Frank Robertson of Sherbrook. The young couple have the good wishes of their numerous friends in Halifax.

Miss Hilda Tufts, daughter of Professor Tufts of Wolfville is visiting her aunt, Mrs. A. L. Wood.

Mrs. Charles Butler, Miss Muriel and Master Percy are spending a short time with Mrs. Lucius L. Hamilton, Upper Sackville, Halifax Co.

Mr. C. L. Power the popular dry goods dealer of Grandville St. was quietly married on Monday to Miss Annie Barnard of the North End.

Mr. Arthur Lovett of the Customs House and Miss Sclaire also of Halifax, were united in marriage on Wednesday. The happy couple left on a short trip and on their return will reside at 443 Brunswick St.

Another wedding, which was particularly interesting to North end people was that of Miss Eva Balcom, daughter of B. Balcom, cashier of Savings Bank. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. J. Armistead at St. Paul's church on Tuesday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Kirwood, of Annapolis, who have been visiting in Halifax, left on Monday for their home. They were accompanied by Miss Bertie Schwarz of Dartmouth, who will spend a short time with them in Montreal.

Mr. Thomas Donnelly, his wife and daughter of Portland, Me., are in the city, the guests of Mr. James Donnelly, Poplar Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. McCully, of Moncton, were in the city this week. They are returning from a trip to the Paris exhibition.

Mr. J. F. Buckley and child left yesterday to spend a few weeks with friends in the Upper Provinces.

Mrs. Geo. Bowser of Chestnut St. is entertaining her sister, Mrs. Harry Turnock of Farmingham, Mass.

Mrs. Wm. Ashburn and Mrs. Johnston of this city are visiting their sister, Mrs. J. Bowes at Cow Bay. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lovett of Halifax were in Montreal last week.

Mr. C. Halliday, accompanied by Mrs. Halliday, left yesterday to spend a short vacation at St. John's, N.B.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Bauld have the sympathy of their many friends in the death of their only son, which took place yesterday.

A number of Halifax people left for Boston during the past week among them being, A. R. Beck and wife, Miss A. Fletcher, Miss A. Spry, Mrs. Doe, Miss Piro, Mrs. Davey, W. P. Willett, Mrs. Mc Masters, George O. Wood, Wm. Glimmer, and Mrs. Jewell.

YARMOUTH.

SEPT. 12.—Jonathan Horton, Esq., and Mrs. Horton are on a brief visit to their daughter, Mrs. Hunter at Bridgewater.

Miss Emma Gilman returned to Boston on Friday per Prince George.

Mr. William Burrill is now improving.

Miss Eva Bent left last week for a month's visit to Halifax. At Wolfville, she was joined by Miss Janie England. At the close of the former's visit in Halifax she will go to New Glasgow to spend a few weeks with Miss England's parents, Rev. and Mrs. E. E. England.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Ridgway and son Joseph, and Mrs. Jas. J. Houston of Springfield, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. James Wallis, Clements street.

WOLFVILLE.

SEPT. 12.—Acadia summary and Horton academy opened this week, after a long summer vacation. Educations are that this will be a very successful year for both institutions. Some changes have been made in the teaching staff of Acadia. Two men teachers will take the places of Miss Hall and Miss Asterson in the elocution and vocal departments.

Ms. George Biggins of New York, formerly of Wolfville, is spending his vacation here. Mr. Biggins is a graduate of the Acadia seminary of '92.

Mr. Clarence J. Hemen, Acadia '98 son of the Rev. J. B. Hemen of Wolfville, returns this week to his duties as assistant master of the Collegiate school at Windsor.

Rev. Elmer Steeves, an old Acadia student has arrived at Kentville, Mr. Steeves is pastor of a large Baptist church at Deland, Florida, he is being welcomed by his many old friends and acquaintances.

Miss Hilda Tufts, daughter of Prof. Tufts is visiting friends in Halifax.

Mrs. Frank Rounsell of Vancouver, who has been visiting her old home at Wolfville, left this week for Philadelphia, to spend a short time with her sister, Mrs. Selden Cummings.

Mr. M. Lee of Belling, England, is at present in Wolfville, Mr. Lee's son, Kenneth is taking a course at the Horticultural school here.

Miss Annie McLean, Philadelphia, and her sister, Miss Mildred McLean, who have been spending the summer in Wolfville have returned to their home in Chicago. Miss Annie leaves shortly for Florida to commence her work at the university of Deland.

Rev. Isaiah Wallace and Mrs. Wallace have just returned from an extended visit to their daughter, Mrs. M. Lick at Essequon.

Prof. Marley Hemen of the Truro Seminary, is spending a few days here with his father, Rev. J. B. Hemen.

WINDSOR.

SEPT. 12.—Miss McKinlay, Mt. Denson, is visiting at Amherst.

Miss Barkhouse, Canning, was in town last week. Miss Avery, Grand Pre, is the guest of Mrs. J. A. Woodworth.

Miss A. M. Crowe, Truro, has returned from her European trip.

The Misses Gillespie of Parrabro, were guests of Mrs. J. J. Cox for a day last week.

Miss Dorris Moody has returned home after several weeks delightful outing in Digby and Yarmouth.

Mrs. McGuire and Mrs. Leasby of Parrabro spent a day in town last week, the guests of Mrs. John Lyons.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred O. Sharp and little son, left this week to visit Mr. Isaac Sharp, who is residing in Holyok, Mass.

Miss Flo Mosher and Miss Jennie Masters, left on Monday for Sackville, where they will attend the Ladies' college.

Mrs. Lewis Rice, Truro, arrived in town on Saturday, to be present at the marriage of her sister, Miss Kathleen Black.

Mrs. Robie McLatchy went to Halifax on Monday to spend a couple of weeks with her sister, Mrs. Augusta Allison.

Mrs. J. R. Haystack left on the Elnesson Tuesday morning to visit relatives and friends in Woodstock and St. John.

Mrs. C. M. Tyler of Acadia, Yarmouth, Co., is a guest at the homes of her two brothers, Mr. R. R. and Mr. Fred Curry.

Mrs. Z. J. Fowler left on Monday for Ottawa, after a brief but pleasant sojourn here. Her little son Walter was with her.

Miss Louisa MacCallum returned home on Saturday's Elnesson from a lengthy visit with her sister, Mrs. J. E. White, Shelburne.

Mrs. E. D. Lockhart and family of Avondale, have moved to town and occupying the house lately vacated by Mr. Robert Butcher.

Mrs. Youid of Kentville, who has been spending the week in town with her daughter Mrs. George Wilson, returned to her home last Saturday.

Miss Lillian May Brown of Boston, formerly of N. Sydney, visited Miss Annie Bigney at Hantsport, last week, and left for N. Sydney on Monday.

Mrs. H. Cutler after a few weeks visit at Gays River, returned to her home in Massachusetts on the 3rd inst. Miss Jean Blaine, Gays River accompanied her.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Smith who have been visiting relatives in Hants Co., returned on Saturday and left for their home in Brooklyn on Monday.

Mrs. Cove and three children, having spent the summer with Mrs. Cove's sister, Mrs. Arthur Sweet, Martock.

Mrs. C. P. Shaw and daughter, Miss Ethel, who have been spending some time with relatives at various points in Massachusetts are expected to return home here in about a fortnight.

Mr. Alex. Millen and wife, who were in Windsor Saturday, and are the guests of Mr. Millen's father, Mr. Wm. Millen. All the friends are pleased to see them and they will remain in town until the first of October.

Mrs. George Starr of St. J. Poin, Kings Co., is in town at the home of her sister, Mrs. E. H. Dinan. Mrs. Starr is just recovering from a severe attack of la grippe, and we hope that she will be benefited by her trip to Windsor.

Mr. Bert F. Parsons who has been spending his vacation in Windsor, left Saturday for Yarmouth. His two sisters, Miss May and Lilly Parsons, join him next Wednesday, when they will proceed to Connecticut and New York.

BRIDGETOWN.

SEPT. 12.—Miss Edith Balcom of Paradise is visiting friends in town.

Dr. Arch Dennison of Lynn, Mass., is visiting his mother here.

Mr. F. M. Young is the guest of Mrs. W. H. McKensie, Granville.

Mrs. H. W. Cann returned yesterday from a few days visit in Yarmouth.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Bent returned home yesterday from a month's trip to the States.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. T. Thibet of Freeport are guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Williams.

Miss Annie Young of Paradise is visiting at the home of Major and Mrs. R. H. Griffiths, Lunenburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Sprout and daughter of Boston spent Sunday at the homes of Wm. and Everett Sprout at Clarence Centre, en route to St. John, N. B.

Mr. F. O. Felber of Everett, Mass., who has been the guest of Mrs. Cummings for the past week has returned home. Mrs. Felber will remain here for some time longer owing to ill health.

Latest styles of Wedding invitations and announcements prepared in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address. Progress Job Print.

ANNAPOIS.

Sept. 12.—Many readers have asked a resume of society that since quiet has so long reigned but to enter upon this relation in detail would require more space than can be allowed. Within the last few weeks, however, my summing up is as follows with first of all the engaging topic of the hour. The marriage of Miss Katherine L. Boyle and Mr. Roy Evelyn Smith which takes place tonight at the hour of eight at the home of the bride's parents of which more anon.

Mrs. George H. Davidson is home now after spending several weeks with relatives and friends throughout the provinces while Mrs. Davidson was the guest of her father, Rev. Isaac N. Parker, at Stagetown, a picnic party was arranged whereby a steam yacht, able to carry over twenty souls was chartered, and the excursionists enjoyed a few days' delightful cruise on the St. John river between Brown's Falls and Osmo and up the Grand Lake to Salmon River, Chipman Mrs. Davidson after visiting her aunt Mrs. Mackay in Fredericton went north to Campbellton then to New Brunswick the Chatham where she enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. Miramichi the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Miller.

Miss Wm. E. Smith, trained nurse of Boston, spent last week with her friend Mrs. Davidson at the depot. Among the sources of amusement Mrs. Davidson resorted to for the enjoyment of her guest was a fishing party to Sussex Fortage and a whirling party to Petticoat.

The diff rent religious organizations throughout the Province have picnics annually and of course, the most perplexing question which confronts the promoters of the same is where shall we spend the holiday? Now father Laro on the priest in charge of St. Joe, North End parish, and made the St. J. Salsbury, Cardwell and Bigg, and the adherents of the Roman Catholic church over which the reverend Father Laro has coincided with him for they all appreciate a good thing when they see it. For a picnic which he desires to enjoy and benefit from the Father Laro from the usual artificialities and formalities of most summer resorts can be found. Six spots than this way of railroad it is easy of access every part of the parishes which are under Father Carson's priesthood besides many others of various denominations who came to cast their lot with the picnic and to make it a making inn and dances. The picnic was a grand success from every point of view and the Father Carson and his two sisters, Bart Duffy, the Father O'Connell, Misses Florence, Lena Keith, Agnes Morton, Messrs. W. A. Simpson, Ned Simpson, H. Morton, Howard McCully, Cliff Price, Raleigh Trille, Hugh Keith and Humphrey and Al. Davidson. The base-ball match which was called on at 1 p. m., between the Bon-tons of Moncton and the Wanderers of St. John, resulted in a victory for the former although I could not ascertain the score as confusion held sway for some little time and the game was called off.

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Miss Julia McLaughlin went to Dorchester on Monday's C. P. R. to spend three months with her uncle, Mr. Jas. McLaughlin.

Mr. Edmund E. Stockton who came down from Ottawa with her husband some two months ago on their annual vacation is still visiting with her mother Mrs. Emma Davidson on Apple Hill. Mr. Stockton returned two or three weeks ago to resume his duties as clerk in the auditor general's office, but prior to his leaving here both Mr. and Mrs. Stockton enjoyed a few days visit in Halifax and Amherst with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Dunstid have moved in their new home a cottage by the station which they purchased from Mr. George G. Davidson recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard McCulloch and family of three, spent the Sabbath with Mr. and Mrs. Duncan McLaughlin the parents of Mrs. McCulloch.

Masters Clarence, Harold and Jack Price, Miss Margaret Price and Master Welford Parker spent some time of their vacation with their aunt and sister Mrs. Davidson and before leaving for home a Mrs. Davidson gave a large tea party inviting some twenty old children in the neighborhood. The dainty viands provided for this affair were heartily relished and the amusements gotten up were gone into with great zest.

Miss Smith has had a pleasant visit of some time with relatives in Apple River, N. B.

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What Makes the Home?

Not the house, however fine it may be; not its furniture, pictures and appointments. The wife and mother makes the home, and to speak of going home means to go back into the shelter of the mother's love and care.

And when womanly ill spurs the mother's strength, the home-life suffers. The food is not cooked as she cooks it. Everywhere the lack of wifely supervision and motherly thoughtfulness is apparent.

What a change, then, when this wife and mother comes back to take her old place in the family. Thousands of women who, because of womanly ill, had been shut out of home life and home happiness, have been enabled to once more take their place in the family after being cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. It makes weak women strong, sick women well.

I commenced taking your 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery' about the 10th of last December. One year ago I was written denominated who came to cast their lot with the picnic and to make it a making inn and dances. The picnic was a grand success from every point of view and the Father Carson and his two sisters, Bart Duffy, the Father O'Connell, Misses Florence, Lena Keith, Agnes Morton, Messrs. W. A. Simpson, Ned Simpson, H. Morton, Howard McCully, Cliff Price, Raleigh Trille, Hugh Keith and Humphrey and Al. Davidson. The base-ball match which was called on at 1 p. m., between the Bon-tons of Moncton and the Wanderers of St. John, resulted in a victory for the former although I could not ascertain the score as confusion held sway for some little time and the game was called off.

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ST. JOHN, N. B.
SEPT. 10th.
CLOSES SEPT. 19th.

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inducements are offered to ex-
working machinery.
ow excursion rates to St. John on
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CHAS. A. EVERETT,
Manager and Secretary.
CLAUGHLIN, St. John, N. B.
President.

Cure For Men.
which quickly cures sexual weakness,
night emissions, premature discharge, etc.,
as the organs to strength and vigor. Dr. L.
500 Hill Building, Detroit, Mich. Study
the receipt of this wonderful remedy in
every weak man may cure himself at home.

che Bar Oysters.
received this day, 10 Barrels
o. I Butoche Bar Oysters,
the first of the Spring catch,
19 and 23 King Square.

D. TURNER.

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FOR 1900
INCLUDES
M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and
al" (serial).
THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S
ver Cromwell" (serial).

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S
on and special articles.
HENRY NORMAN'S The Russia
to-day.

articles by WALTER A. WY-
FF, author of "The Workers".

ORT STORIES by
Thomas Nelson Page,
Henry James,
Henry van Dyke,
Ernest Seton-Thompson,
Edith Wharton,
Octave Thanet,
William Allen White.

PECIAL ARTICLES
The Paris Exposition.
FREDERICK IRLAND'S article s
sport and exploration.

"HARVARD FIFTY
YEARS AGO," by Sena-
or Hoar.

NOTABLE ART FEATURES
THE CROMWELL ILLUSTRATIONS,
by celebrated American
and foreign artists.

uvivis de Chavannes,
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trations in color.

Special illustrative schemes (in
color and in black and white) by
WALTER APPLETON CLARK,
E. C. PELLETTO, HENRY MO-
CARTER, DWIGHT L. BLUMEN-
DOORF and others.

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sent free to any address.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS,
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At the TOP of the TREE.
Fry's
PURE CONCENTRATED
Cocoa
"Strongest and Best." HEALTH.
200 Gold Medals
and Diplomas.

FREDERICTON.
[Passages is for sale in Fredericton by W. H. T.
Fenety and J. H. Hawthorne.]
The picnic at the Hermitage on Saturday after-
noon given as a farewell to the young ladies who
were leaving for Backville College, was a great suc-
cess and much enjoyed by all the young participants.
Mrs R. W. L. Tibbet kindly chaperoned the party.
Miss Fanny Palmer, Miss Thomas and Miss Gibson
left on Monday for Backville, Miss Gibson going for
a special course in music.
Miss Winifred Johnston, returned home last
week much pleased with her trip across "The
Rockies."

Miss Noe Clark of St. Stephen and Miss Browne
of Houlton are the guests of Mrs W. T. Whitehead.
Mrs J. J. Fraser, of "Farraline Place," is spend-
ing a few weeks with her sister, Miss Fisher, at
"Summersville."
Dr J. Z. Currie of Cambridge Mass., with Mrs.
Currie and son, Bayard, who have been here visit-
ing Mrs Currie's sister, Mrs John Spurdun, left yester-
day for home accompanied by Miss Edith Spurdun.
Mrs James Tibbitt returned on Wednesday evening
from a pleasant visit to St. John.
Dr Fletcher of New York left on Monday after a
pleasant visit with his mother and sister, Mrs L. C.
MacNutt.

The many friends of Conductor Crookshank, will
be pleased to know he has so far recovered from his
recent serious accident as to be able to visit Hamp-
ton, Kings Co., accompanied by Mrs Crookshank
and his sister, Mrs Walter Fenety.
Miss Aggie Nell returned on Tuesday from her
trip to the Pacific coast.
Mr W. H. Burns manager of the Bank of Nova
Scotia, with Mrs Burns left on Friday for a two
weeks visit to Moncton and Halifax.
Mr W. Frank Beverly of New Bedford, Mass.,
left on Monday after a short visit with the Misses
Evelevy, Grape cottage.

Mrs C. E. Boyce and children of St. John have re-
turned home after a pleasant visit with Mrs Boyce
sister, Mrs Armstrong.
Miss Agnes Stanger B. A. left for Boston Satur-
day to take a course in vocal and instrumental
music and elocution at the New England Conserv-
atory of music. She was accompanied by her
mother who will remain a few weeks with her.
Miss Blanch Fraser went to St. John on Monday
to visit the exhibition.
Miss Clara Clark is at home again after a long
visit with friends in St. John.
Mrs Roberts is spending a few days with Mrs
Farker Glastier.
Mrs Robia Cropley is visiting her old home at
St. John.

Mr Samuel Cooper with his two daughters Misses
Floride and Hattie Cooper of Iona, Michigan, who
have been visiting relatives here left for home Mon-
day evening.
Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McCredy returned last week
from a pleasant visit to Kansas City.
Miss Fannie Richards is visiting the Misses Baird
in St. John.
Dr Frank Phinney, Philadelphia is in the city the
guest of his parents Mr and Mrs Phinney.
Mr and Mrs Gilmore of Ottawa are visiting Mrs
Alex McCauland.

Mrs N. S. Hooper, her sister, Mrs Baxter and
daughter of Nashua, N. H. went to St. John yesterday
to visit friends.
Mrs Geo J. Clarke of St. Stephen is visiting her
sister Mrs G. M. Campbell.
Miss Alice Nell of Gibson, left on Monday to vis-
it friends in Michigan.
Mr L. H. Parsons of H. M. S. Crescent is visit-
ing his cousin Mr Wm Cooper.
Invitations are out for a ball, to be given by His
Honour Governor McClellan at St. John next week.
Miss Col. Loggie returned last week from his
continental trip, Mrs Loggie who accompanied her
husband to Europe is now in Picton visiting her
mother.
Miss Blanche White arrived home from Boston
on Monday on a vacation trip.
Mr Chas E. Nell, manager of the Merchant's Bank
at Vancouver left for his home in the far west on
Monday.
Mr and Mrs M. A. Markwood of New York are
among the visitors to the city the past week. Mr
Markwood is a brother of Mrs A. G. Beckwith.
Miss Lillian McMann went to St. John on Mon-
day to visit friends.
CANTON.

ST. ANDREWS.
Sept. 12.—Rev A. T. Bower and family have
closed "Cedar Croft" for the season and have re-
turned to Wilmington, Del. They had a very pleas-
ant visit this year—but they were not the only per-
sons who extracted pleasure from their visit.
Miss Bred, returned to Boston on Monday, after
several very pleasant weeks spent in St. Andrews.
Lady Tilley closed her summer cottage in St.
Andrews last Friday and departed for St. John via
St. Stephen.
Sir Mackenzie Bower and Senator O'Brien regis-
tered at Kennedy's hotel on Friday last.
Among Miss Rose's recent guests have been Miss
Boother, Mrs Fisco, of Toronto; Mr and Mrs Per-
cival, Montreal; Mr. and Mrs Todd, New York;
Mrs Gates, Mrs D. Gates, Mrs. J. W. Clarke, Phil-
adelphia; Mrs Moody, and Miss Moody, Boston.
Mr and Mrs Donald McMaster have gone back
to Montreal after a delightful summer spent at St.
Andrews.
Mr and Mrs Moore and Miss Ogilvie, of Toronto,
who summered at Kennedy's hotel, have gone back
to their home.
Miss Marguerite Parker returned to the Church
School, Windsor, on Tuesday accompanied by Dr.
Farker.
Mrs Medley and Mrs Robinson were passengers
to Fredericton on Tuesday.
Mrs Rose is visiting St. John friends.
Mrs Onadiah Clark celebrated her 81 birthday on
Monday last. She is still a remarkably active wo-
man.

TO OBEY A GOLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All
druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. Sec.
E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

man and takes great interest in all that is going on
in the outside world, particularly in Africa, where
one of her grandsons, Samuel Withers is fighting
for the Queen.
Miss Beattie Grimmer returned to the Girl's
School, Robesay, on Tuesday.
Mrs Lang, whose home is in the North West
Territories, is in St. Andrews visiting her sister,
Mrs Thebaud.
Mrs D. A. Smith and her daughter, Miss Beale
Smith, have returned to Dorchester, Mass.
Mrs Angus Kennedy is visiting relatives in
Upper Canada.
Mrs Wm Grant, of Calais, came down to St.
Andrews on Tuesday and spent a few hours here.

ST. GEORGE.
Sept. 12.—A quiet ceremony was performed Monday
morning by Rev Mr Fraser at the residence of Mr
and Mrs Alex Mills uniting in marriage their only
daughter Miss Lizze Mills and Mr William Mes-
serera. The bride looked very handsome in a
travelling suit of light brown with cream satin vest
and trimmings of all over lace and hat of brown
velvet and carried a bouquet of white chrysanthem-
ums. She was attended by Miss Lizze Dewar in a
very becoming dress of white organdie over pink silk
bouquet of sweet peas. The groom was attended
by Mr C. H. McGoos. After the ceremony an elab-
orate wedding breakfast was served. Mr and Mrs
Messerera left on the St. Stephen train for Eastport.
A large number of friends assembled at the depot
to wish the happy couple bon voyage. The young
couple were very popular and many handsome gifts
testified to this. The groom's present to the bride
was a gold chain with sapphire and pearl and opals
to the bridesmaid he gave a gold bracelet.
Our summer visitors are bidding their friends
adieu.
On Monday morning Mr Daniel Gillmour and
family and Mrs Dick left for Montreal and Miss Mc
Lean for her home in Ottawa.

Tuesday Mr. and Mrs. M. Mann who have been
spending two months in town left for their home in
Winifred, Kans.
The members of the Baptist church and congrega-
tion have placed a fine new bell in the belfry of
their church.
Mrs Edward O'Brien entertained between twenty
and thirty friends on Friday evening. Max.
Latest styles in wedding invitations and
announcements printed in any quantity
and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any
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Progress Job Print.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.
[Passages is for sale in St. Stephen at the book
store of G. S. Wall and T. E. Acheson.]
Sept. 15.—Mrs. Mehemiah Marks continues quite
poorly at her residence on Prince William street.
Miss Manor Rockwood left on Thursday to re-
sume her duties as teacher at Ricker Classical
institute.
Miss Brodie returned to Robesay on Tuesday to
resume her studies.
Mrs Samuel King is visiting his parents, Mr. and
Mrs. James King, Union street.
Some of the intimate friends of Dr. and Mrs. J.
D. Lawson, visited them at their home on Water
street, on Saturday evening it being the twentieth
anniversary of their wedding day. Many pieces of
cut glass and other articles which are appropriate
gifts for a crystal wedding were presented to the
host and hostess. A very pleasant evening was
spent by the guests.
Mrs. Charles Grimmer was taken quite suddenly
ill Sunday evening. She is improving now, how-
ever, much to the delight of her many friends.
Miss Annie Brown, who has been the guest of the
Misses Stevens, has returned to her home in Wood-
stock.
Mrs S. Bonnell left this week for her home in Fer-
rie, B. C.

A most unique and pleasant birthday party was
given at the home of Capt and Mrs Frank Hodgins
on Friday afternoon in honor of their little daugh-
ter Laura Pearl Hodgins.
Miss Kittie Commis returned on Tuesday from a
pleasant visit in St. Andrews.
Miss Magdie Grey entertained a party of her
young friends very pleasantly at her home on Wat-
son street on Tuesday evening.
Miss Minnie Dinmore returned home from Aug-
ustus on Thursday.
Mrs Isabella Goucher of Grand Falls was in
town for a brief visit the first of the week.
Mrs Ida Marks has been spending this week
with Miss Maudie Marks.
The marriage of Miss Annie Webber to Mr Rich-
mond Dooe of St. John is to take place in Christ
church on Wednesday, Sept. 19.

Mrs William Talcott and Mrs Collie M. Brown
are guests this week of Mrs C. N. Troom during
the absence of Mr. Talcott in St. John.
Mrs C. J. Lyford and Mrs F. S. Hartford have
gone for a visit in the state of New Hampshire.
Mrs Greene, who has been Mrs G. S. Wall's guest
has returned to Boston.
Mrs Smalley and Mrs Chesley have returned to
St. John. They were accompanied by Miss Beale
McVay who will make a visit in the city.
Mrs Edgar M. Robinson, who is visiting in
Moore's Mills was in town on Tuesday.
Ass Smith and his son who have been visiting
his family here have returned to Boston on Tues-
day.
Mr and Mrs Arthur Edgewell left on Tuesday
morning for Pleasant Rock, Tobique river, where
they intend to make their future home.
Mrs Crockett of Boston is the guest of Mrs
Howard B. McAllister this week.
Mrs William Porter has gone to St. John this
week to visit the exhibition.
Mrs Joseph W. Moore is in Calais the guest of
Mrs Harry Partridge having arrived from Bos-
ton on Monday evening.
Mrs W. F. Todd and her daughter Winifred and
Mildred went to St. John yesterday or a brief visit.
Miss Short, who has been Mrs Frank I. Blair's

companion during the summer, left yesterday for
St. John where she will visit several weeks before
leaving for Jamaica where she will spend the win-
ter.
Mrs Charles Grimmer was taken suddenly ill on
Sunday night and is still under her physician's care.
Miss Annie Webber spent Sunday in Eastport
with Mrs Chaplain Green.
Mr and Mrs Frank Stoop have returned from St.
Andrews.
Miss Harry Craig of Boston is the guest of Mrs
James McBride.
Miss Vere Young expected to leave next week
for Wolliston, Mass, where she will attend school
during this year.
Miss Marietta McBride of Philadelphia is visit-
ing Mrs Archibald McBride.
Miss May Clarke accompanied her brother Dean,
to Robesay.
Mrs Mehemiah Marks is reported slowly im-
proving from her illness.

Mrs John Black and Miss Margaret Black have
gone to Charlottetown, P. E. I., to visit friends.
Owing to the severity of the illness of his wife and
several other of his patients, Dr Blair was unable
to attend camp at Sussex.
NEWCASTLE.
Sept. 15.—Mr. James Sullivan and little daugh-
ter, Maggie, left last Wednesday to visit her friends
at Ballardvale, Mass.
Miss Alice Robins Col, one of Boston's leading
singers is the guest of Mrs. James Robinson, Mill-
erton.
Mrs. Henry White and Miss White, Bathurst,
were the guests of Mrs. Quinn on Saturday.
Miss Magdie Reid arrived home from Boston last
week.
Miss Anslow went to St. John today to visit
friends.
Miss Sarah Miller has returned from a visit to St.
John.
Miss Aggie Falconer returned last week from
Boston.

The many friends on the North Shore, of the Rev.
John Prisco will regret to learn that he is seriously
ill at his residence in Moncton.
Mr. James Murray of Redbank is visiting her
sister, Mrs. W. A. Porter, Yarmouth.
Miss M. Craig of Newcastle, and Miss E. Sullivan
of Nelson are visiting Mrs John Quinn, Campbell-
ton.
Mrs C. D. Manny and Miss Manny were in St.
John last week.
Mrs Ellsworth Brown has returned to Seabrook,
N. H. after a visit to her parents in Newcastle.
The many friends here of Chief Justice Tuck were
pleased to see him in town this week.
Mr George Allen, Fredericton, was here attend-
ing the County Court this week.
ONATHAN.
Sept. 12.—Rev J. M. Maclean has returned from
Cape Breton.
Mrs James Shaw of Toronto is visiting the Misses
Johnston of the Canada House.
Captain Robins and Mrs Robins, daughter of Mrs
John Ellis, are visiting friends here.
Mrs D. G. Mott and Mrs H. A. Muirhead of Camp-
bellton are visiting Mrs F. E. Neale.
Mrs Marion Dickson of Central Farm and Miss
Beattie Dickson are visiting friends in Kingston.
Mrs Robert Anderson went to Montreal last
week.
Miss Jennie Russell of the Brooklyn Eagle, who
has been visiting her relatives and friends here for
the last three weeks, left Friday for Brooklyn. She
was accompanied by Miss Hattie Cheaman who will
visit relatives in New York.

THINGS OF VALUE.
An End to Bilious Headache—Biliousness, which
is caused by excessive bile in the stomach, has a
marked effect upon the nerves, and often manifests
itself by severe headache. This is the most dis-
treating headache one can have. There are head-
aches from cold, from fever and from other causes,
but the most excruciating of all is the bilious head-
ache. Parmentier's Vegetable Pills will cure it—
cure it almost immediately. It will disappear as
soon as the Pills operate. There is nothing surer
in the treatment of bilious headache.
If folks would let each other alone,
Pay their debts and enjoy their dinners,
This world would not be crowded with
Such a lot of consummate sinners.
They are not Violent in Action—Some persons
when they wish to cleanse the stomach, resort to
opium and other purgative salts, these are speedy
in their action but serve no permanent good. Their
use produces indigestion, chills, and if persisted in
they injure the stomach. Nor do they act upon
the intestines in a beneficial way. Parmentier's
Vegetable Pills answer all purposes in this respect,
and have no superior.

"That new editor is an awfully absent-minded
fellow."
"Was that he?"
"I showed him a little something I had written on
September and he absent-mindedly drew a blank
pencil through every line of it."
Do not delay in getting relief for the little folk.
Mother Graves' Worm Expeller is a pleasant
and sure cure. If you love your child why do you
let it suffer when a remedy is so near at hand?
A mother recently had occasion to leave her little
four-year-old son alone at home while she made a
brief call in the neighborhood.
"Did you get lonesome dear?" she asked upon her
return.
"Yes, mamma," replied the little fellow, "I felt
just like a widower without you."
There are a number of varieties of croup. Hollo-
way's Corn cure will remove any of them. Call on
your druggist and get a bottle at once.
"Was a wonderful case of the golden crane Miss
Barnfield's has!"
"Yes, I understand that she has made up her
mind never to be the wife of anyone but an Odd
Fellow, who is entitled to wear the three links as a
badge."
Money saved and pain relieved by the leading
household remedy, Dr. Thomas' Eucalypti Oil—
a small quantity of which usually suffices to cure
a cough, head's sore, cold, bronchitis, relieve
lumbago, rheumatism, neuralgia, excoriated
nipples or inflamed breast.

"He took a drop too much."
"Dear me! And it killed him!"
"Yes. It was from a parachute!"
Free and easy expectoration immediately relieves
and frees the throat and lungs from tickling phlegm,
the absence of which promotes this is the best
medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of
the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest.
This is precisely what Stickle's Anti-consumptive
Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has
given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it be-
cause it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves
and cures the disease.
"Men are too matter of fact." "What
makes you think so?" "I told Mr. Jukes
that I had changed my mind about marry-
ing him, and he went away again without
coaxing me to change it back again."

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.
Announcements under this heading not ex-
ceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each
insertion. Free contracts for every additional
line.
HUSTLING YOUNG MAN can make \$100.00
per month and expenses, learn
secret postage, experience necessary. Write
quick for prospectus, Clark & Co., 414 & 420
Street, Falla, Pa.

The Mutual Life
Insurance Company

OF NEW YORK.
RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.

STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR ENDING AUGUST 11, 1900.
Income, \$ 58,890,077 21
Disbursements, 38,597,480 68
Assets, 304,844,637 62
Policy Reserves, 261,711,988 61
Guarantee Fund or Surplus, 60,132,648 91
Insurance and Annuities in Force, 1,052,666,211 64
Loans on Policies During the Year, 4,374,636 86

J. A. JOHNSON, General Agent for the Maritime
Provinces and Newfoundland.
ROBERT MARSHALL, Cashier and Agent, St. John, N. B.
M. McDADE, Agent, St. John, N. B.
C. E. SCAMMELL, Agent, St. John, N. B.
JOHN ADAMS DIXON, Agent, St. John, N. B.

Job ...
Printing.
Are your Letter Heads, Bill Heads, State-
ments, or Envelopes running short? Do you
consider that you could effect a saving in this part
of your business? Why not secure quotations
your work before placing an order?
Consult
Us for
Prices.
And you will find that you can get Printing of all
kinds done in a manner and style that is bound
to please you. We have lately added new type
to our already well-equipped plant, and are pre-
pared to furnish estimates on all classes of work
at short notice.
Job Printing
Department.
29 to 31 Canterbury Street.

HOTELS.
CAFE ROYAL
BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING,
56 Prince Wm. St. - - St. John, N. B.
WM. CLARK, Proprietor
Retail dealer in.....
CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.
OYSTERS
always on hand.
FISH and GAME
in season.
MEALS AT ALL HOURS.
DINNER A SPECIALTY.

THE DUFFERIN
This popular Hotel is now open for the
reception of guests. The situation of the
Hotel, facing as it does on the beautiful
King Square, makes it a most desirable
place for Visitors and Business Men. It is
within a short distance of all parts of the
city. Has every accommodation. Electric
cars, from all parts of the town, pass the
house every three minutes.
S. ZABOI WILLIS, Proprietor.

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

FLASHES OF FUN.

'The politician that preses as the man with the bar,' said the Corned Philosopher, 'is apt to be really the man with the ax to grind.'

'A true poet writes poetry because he can't help it.'

'Oh, no; a true poet writes poetry because nobody can stop him.'

Miss Johnson—Oh, yes; he fell in love with me at sight. It was at the market ball you know.

Miss Jackson—Um! Now I undabst and How was yo' disguised?

Old plow horse—How do you like these automobiles?

Thrashing machine—Pooh; they make as much fuss as I do, and hain't got a bushel of wheat to show for it yet.

Mrs. Popley (excitedly)—Ran I run! ran for the doctor, Joh; baby has swallowed that quarter you gave him to play with.

Mr. Popley—O! never mind. It was only a plugged quarter, anyway.

Nell—She was very popular at the shore this summer, I understand. At least, the men seemed to like her.

Belle—Yes—the designing thing! She went around boasting that she didn't care for ice cream or soda water.

Mr. Knowsitt—A thunderstorm is a valuable sanitary agent. It purifies things generally.

Mr. Seesit That's so. When we had the last one the lightning struck a glue factory and three Chinese restaurants.

'Remember,' said Sen. Sorghum, impressively, 'that a high official is merely a servant of the public.'

'Yes,' answered Miss Cayenne; 'but some of them are of the kind of servants who go home every night and carry a big market basket with them.'

'Yes, sir, my father was one of the very ablest members of the community.'

'And your great grandfather?'

'He was a noble man, too.'

'Then, of course, you must be a firm believer in the theory that inherited talents are dead certain to skip every other generation.'

The guest at the expensive hotel had been overcome by the heat and the sight of the bill combined, and was lying on the marble floor of the office.

'Stand back,' exclaimed someone, 'and give him air!'

'No!' gasped the guest, temporarily reviving. 'Put it in the bill. I'm willing to pay for it!'

In the paraisis ward a venerable old man accosted us.

'What a dreary world this would be,' he fervently exclaimed, 'if miss did not rhyme, with kisses and kisses with Mrs.!'

Then he waving our hand and turned away.

Upon inquiry we learned that the man had been a humorous poet, whom the luxurious living incidental to his calling had driven mad.

Sure Enough.

A busy merchant, who had not taken a vacation for four years, in which time every other member of his family had enjoyed an annual outing, concluded to give himself a rest of a week or two, and started for the mountains.

When about a day's journey from home he received a telegram from his wife to this effect:

Dear Frank: Our house was entirely destroyed by fire last night. The children and I escaped unharmed. Come home at once.

MANIA.

To this, after reflecting a moment, he replied as follows:

Dear Mrs. W: What is the use of coming home when there is no home to come to? Take the children to mother's, stay there with them till I join you, and don't worry.

Affectionately, FRANK.

The Wisdom of Par.

'Who was the wisest man?' asked the Sunday school teacher of Little Willie.

'Paul,' answered Willie in a tone that indicated familiarity with the subject.

'No,' said the teacher. 'Solomon was the wisest man.'

'Well,' replied the youthful student, 'my pa says Paul was the wisest cause he never got married.'

Sorry He Got Out Again.

Beebohm Tree, the playwright, is accredited with the following rather smart take-down on a brother actor:

'I see you are getting on fairly well,' Tree remarked.

'I have not read them,' replied Tree quietly; 'but I was there.'

'Oh you were? Well, you noticed how awfully everything went off. Of course I made a bungle of one part by falling into Ophelia's grave; but I think the audience even appreciated that.'

'I know they did,' said Tree with a slight smile. 'But they were frightfully sorry when you got out again.'

Tragedy of the Typo.

He had not the look of a poet, and as a matter of fact he had never mistrusted before that he was one. But he loured a girl, and love makes poets of us all.

'Here,' he said, offering a folded sheet of paper to the editor, 'is a little thing I have written, and I thought perhaps you would like to print it. I don't care for any pay. Let me read it to you:—

LINES TO LAURA.

'Ah, heartless still I you were like Your kindy mother, is it not—

'Never mind,' the editor interrupted. 'I will look it over at my leisure, and if I can use it I will do so.'

There was a "wild hunted" look in his eyes when he rushed into the office the next morning and dropped down on the chair that the editor pushed forward. After he had panted for a moment he said:—

'I am—here is my card!'

'Oh, yes,' the editor said, 'I remember you. You're the young man who brought a poem, I think it was the man in the paper this morning, wasn't it?'

'Yes—it was—it! The poet said between his gasps, 'You remember that it was headed, 'Lines to Laura,' don't you?'

'Now that you call the matter to my mind, I do.'

'Well, Laura is not a fictitious name, Laura is really the name of the lady the lines were written for. I told Laura I was writing the poem; also I permitted Laura's mother to know about it. I love Laura. But let me read—no, don't be frightened—only two lines—as it appears in the paper:—

LINES TO LAURA.

'Ah, heartless still I you were like Your kindy mother, is it not—

After the editor had thought about it for a moment he asked:—

'What do you propose to do?'

'Run!' said the poet and he started at once.

Low Rate on the C. P. R.

There will be low rate round trip excursions from Medicine Province points to Montreal only, as follows:—

St. John and Moncton	\$10.00
Bathurst [C. P. R. or D. A. R.]	12.00
Trois	12.00
New Glasgow and Picton	12.00
Milerave	14.00
Sney and North Sydney	16.00
Summerside	11.50
Charlottetown	13.50

Going date, Sept. 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, and Oct. 1st. Return limit, October 18th, 1900.

Points and Mount Points.

We are here to be educated and incidentally to be educators as well, if we possess the instinct of common gratitude.

Education presupposes mind, a supposition contrary to fact in some cases. 'I have shaken the napkin and find nothing in it,' said a distinguished educator to the parent of a youth who was represented as buying his talent in a napkin.

'What I spent, I had; what I gave, I have; what I lent, I lost.' This is the sum of our spiritual ledger and cashbook, what ever forced balances we are tempted to make in the interests of self love and self deception.

Suburban Nerve.

Subbubs (sternly)—Bidget, didn't I tell you that if anyone came to borrow my lawnmower to say you didn't know where it was?

Bridget—'Shure, 'hat's jist phwat Oi towld th' gintlemin.'

Subbubs—'And what did he say?'

Bridget—'He said he knew, an' wint down in the cellar an' got it!'

Very Like Him.

The Photographer—'Here, sir, are the cabinets that your son ordered of me.'

The Father (regarding one)—'The picture is certainly very like him; and has he paid you?'

The Photographer—'No, Sir.'

The Father—'That is still more like him.'

Their Standing Assured.

She—Yes; I'm going to call on the new neighbors.

He—Why? Have you heard that they are good people?

She—'I haven't heard anything about them, but three delivery wagons from the dry good stores stop in front of their house for every one that stops here.'

Why, the Ideal!

At a "stage" dinner given the other evening an old bachelor gave the following toast:

'Women, the morning star of infancy, the daystar of manhood, and the evening star of old age. Bless our stars—and may they always be kept at a telescopic distance.'

"Brevity is the Soul of Wit."

Wit is wisdom. Blood is life. Impure blood is living death. Health depends on good blood. Disease is due to bad blood. The blood can be purified. Legions say Hood's Sarsaparilla, America's Greatest Blood Medicine, purifies it. A brief story but it tells the tale.

Nervous Weakness—'I suffered from nervous weakness and loss of appetite. My blood was impure, my stomach disordered and I could not sleep. Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured me entirely.' Mrs. E. Lockwood, Belleville, Ont.



Our American Alps.

There are many Americans who know the Alpine scenery of Europe better than that of their own country, simply because they never have the trouble to find out whether there is anything worth seeing in the way of mountain scenery on this side of the Atlantic. As a matter of fact, we have mountain ranges in this country which in height frequently excel the Alps, and in grandeur of scenery occasionally surpass them.

The height of certain nameless mountain ranges on the disputed border-land between Alaska and British Columbia is hypothetically given as nineteen thousand five hundred feet. Mt. St. Elias is more than eighteen thousand feet in height; and there are many peaks in the southern part of British Columbia which attain an altitude nearly equal to that of Mont Blanc. Mt. Whitney in California is higher than the Matterhorn; Blanca Peak in Colorado, Cerro Blanco in New Mexico, and Mt. Rainier in Washington, are very nearly as high.

Recent explorers from the Atlantic seaboard, which is distant but four days' travel from the heart of the alpine region, declare that when the remarkable beauty of the mountain scenery of British Columbia becomes more widely known, it will attract many visitors from among those who now habitually seek recreation in the "play-ground of Europe."

The scenery of these American mountains satisfies the aesthetic sense like that of the mountains of Switzerland and Italy; and the practical mountaineer finds that the greater stability of weather conditions makes climbing among the American mountains far safer than excursions undertaken among the Alps of the Old World.

Genuine Characteristics.

There is a man in Detroit who prides himself on looking like Napoleon, the chief point of resemblance being a lock of hair trained over his wrinkled brow "à la Marguerite."

The two jokers pretended not to see him as they passed into the club and sat with their backs to him.

'Oh, I don't know,' said one of them, as though continuing a conversation; 'I can't see anything grand, gloomy and peculiar about him.'

'None so blind—you know the rest of it, Grand diamond he wears. Heirloom, I believe. Nobody gloomier when he's stuck more than once in succession at a game, and nothing under the canopy of heaven so peculiar as his waddle when he's in hot pursuit of a street car.'

'But as to genius, mastery of men, soaring ambition, and all that?'

'Blank has them—has them in an innumerable form. But they have restricted fields of operation because of his environment. Did you ever see a brighter genius for working in, a more tyrannical mastery of the men who wait on him without tips, or a more soaring ambition to be regarded as something better than a cheap imitation of the mighty man of destiny?'

'Look out!' yelled a waiter. One joker ran under a flying book and the other dodged a chair by falling backwards off his own.

'Napoleon' was on the war-path for fair, and he wasn't waiting for Blucher or anyone else. But when he next appeared the Marguerite was gone, and he tried to be cheerful even unto playfulness.

Flash of Inspiration.

When the representatives of American professional baseball made the tour of the world, several years ago, they met various kinds of receptions, the interest in the game being in most instances hardly what they expected. Europe and Asia are not yet thoroughly alive to the beauties of our national game.

At one place in England, however, where they had been warmly welcomed and their playing witnessed by large crowds, a banquet was arranged for the visitors, a young scion of nobility being master of ceremonies.

At the close of the feast one of the

American players a man high up in the baseball world, was called upon to say something. He was not accustomed to speaking in public, but he rose red-faced and embarrassed to do his best.

'Well,' he said, 'all I've got to say is that we've been treated white—that's what! We've been treated white. You all know I'm not a speech-maker, but I want to propose three cheers for—for—his—'

Here he paused. He could not think of the conventional term or title for the nobleman who was presiding. A sudden inspiration however came to his aid.

'Three rousing cheers, Americans,' he said, for his dukes! Hip! Hip! Hurrah!

The cheers were given with a will and 'his dukes' made a gracious response.

The Bright Side.

'Every time,' said practical old aunt Fatfoot, 'I contemplate my niece Lavinia's shuckles, no-count husband, who is too dattered lazy to get out of his own way and always puts off till the next day after never what ought to be done today, I feel that, after all, Mormonism, depraved as it is generally considered to be, and universally reprobated as it is, ain't as bad as it might be—'tennyrate, it don't throw all the burden of supportin' a worthless husband on one woman.'

Men and Women.

Many a man thinks he is waiting for a leading of Providence when he is really too lazy to do any hustling for himself.

Many a woman stands on a pedestal because she doesn't know how to get down.

There is always some regret after a platonic affair; usually that it was platonic.

A woman loves a man who is absurd for her sake; but the man loathes the woman who makes herself ridiculous to serve him.

Realism.

Scene: Children's party. (Punch and Judy show going. Tom discovered by his hostess's papa in tears.)

Hostess's papa—'A' said, Tom? Cheer up, old man, they're only dolls.'

Poor frightened Tommy—'They won't be dolls when I dream about them tonight.'

A Discerning Woman.

'Oh, yes,' said young Mr. Blackstone, 'I have been admitted to the bar, but I am not practicing regularly at it.'

'Indeed,' murmured Miss Gooph, 'I thought you practiced very often.'

And the young man wished that he had not placed so much reliance in those clothes.

Shabby Silver

makes a bad impression. When you can buy silver-plated knives, forks and spoons bearing the stamp of

W. W. ROGERS

at the present low prices, you should make an effort to renew your family silver.

It's the kind that lasts.

Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co.
Wallingford, Conn., and Montreal, Canada.

To the Electors of the County of Kings, New Brunswick.

Notice is hereby given that a convention of the Liberal party of the county is called for THURSDAY, 20th SEPTEMBER, at 3 o'clock, at the Court House, shiretown, Hampton.

BUSINESS.

1. Meeting of delegates from parish associations to nominate a candidate for the coming election for the Parliament of Canada.
2. Presenting to the meeting the report of non-nation for ratification or otherwise.
3. General business.

Hon. A. G. Blair, M. P., will be present and address the meeting. A mass meeting will be held at Sussex at 7.30 in the evening when Messrs. Blair, Davies, Fielding, Domville and others will be present.

JAMES DOMVILLE,
Chairman of the Liberal Association, Rothersey, Kings Co., N.B., 8th Sept., 1900.



Keep your Hands White

SURPRISE won't hurt them. It has remarkable qualities for easy and quick washing of clothes, but is harmless to the hands, and to the most delicate fabrics.

SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap.

ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO.
St. Stephen, N.B.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC SOAPS

ARE SUPPLIED IN VARIOUS QUALITIES FOR ALL PURPOSES.

Pure, Antiseptic, Emollient.

Ask your dealer to obtain full particulars for you.

F. C. CALVERT & Co., Manchester.

FARM HELP.

ANYONE IN NEED OF FARM HELP should apply to Hon. A. T. Dunn at St. John, as a number of young men who have lately arrived from Great Britain are seeking employment. Applicants should give class of help wanted and any particulars with regard to kind of work, wages given, period of employment to right man, etc.

"God Bless Our Home"

Some days you're disappointed in your laundry unless you send it here? We don't do the rough edge kind. If your collars are worn on the edges we smooth them up for you.

We help you in your troubles by careful attention to your laundry work. No saw-tooth collars—no scorched bosoms or cuffs—everything done right or done over. Can we help you?

AMERICAN LAUNDRY,
98, 100, 102 Charlotte St.

JODSOE BROS., Proprietors.
Agents B. A. Dyeing Co., "Gold Medal Dyeing Works," Montreal.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Tourist Sleepers!

Montreal to Seattle, Wash., without change.

Leave Montreal every Thursday at 9.30 A. M. Arrive Seattle following Monday at 6.10 P. M. Cost of double berth \$3.00

For Passage Rates

To all points in the Canadian Northwest, British Columbia, Washington, Oregon, California, Japan, China, Around the World, etc., write to

A. J. Heat,
D. P. A., C. P. R.,
St. John, N. B.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1900.

TOWN TALES.

The Girl and the Apple Stand.

It seems a shame that in this enlightened age any man or parent should be mean enough to allow his child, a girl scarcely ten years old, to stand all day and a greater part of the night exposed to the weather on the comments of passers-by, selling apples for a livelihood. This is what a certain Lower Cove father is guilty of. There the child stands at the entrance to the exhibition grounds soliciting the visitors to buy apples for a penny. Her father, who is a big able-bodied man, if he can be called such, forces this little creature to do this kind of work. It may be that after the result of a day's sales the little one may be made to disgorge her earnings to the father who, perhaps, separates the money from himself by procuring an equivalent in alcoholic stimulants. This is really a case for the S. P. C. A.

An Exceptional Summer.

The summer that has past has been a very fine one; and we should look forward to a couple of weeks of pleasant weather yet, not so enervating as in July and August, perhaps our seasons in this port beside the sea have become increasingly late apparently, for years they are fully a month at least behind what used to be assumed to be their appearance; and then the "fall" takes us well into the end of the year. So equable has our climate become that the majority of our people wear the same consistency of clothing the whole year through, with the exception of an overcoat, mostly light, on occasions when Old Sol is getting around in December or January. There is not much to complain of in the sample of weather we have had this summer, which in the estimation of tourists, has been of the celestial flavor.

Liberty on the "Instalment Plan."

It may not be a generally known fact that some of the many prisoners sentenced to jail from the police court cannot find the wherewithal to obtain their liberty, some serve out their full sentence. There are others who don't have to, they gain their liberty by a simple modus operandi. The process is as follows: You employ a medium or a go-between, this medium acts as a sort of arbitrator in securing the convicted one his liberty. Supposing a fine of \$20 were inflicted on one, the first thing the uninitiated would do would be to pay that fine and say no more about it. Not so with the old stager, he knows the ropes. This one who knows the value of a friend at court stays in his earthly purgatory, say two or three days, then, like the turtle he emerges again to the world to breathe the pure and free air to which he had erstwhile been a stranger. Of course

the original fine was \$20, but the release has been secured on the payment of perhaps \$10 and, in some cases, on a conditional promise to do better in the future. Such is the story of "Liberty on the Instalment Plan." Its like everything else, if you have a friend at court it's all right,

to secure tidings of their lost one. It seems passing strange that in a city the size of St. John, trace cannot be had of a lost person. What with Police Captains, Sergeants, Day Detectives, Night Detectives, Patrolmen, etc., these and all their hundred and one chances to gather information

duty-bound, divinely appointed to guard the morals of their brethren. For a few Sundays St. John was very, very dry, then all of a sudden the bottom seemed to drop out of the basket and indications are that the said basket is now leaking like a sieve. Soda water was set down on the

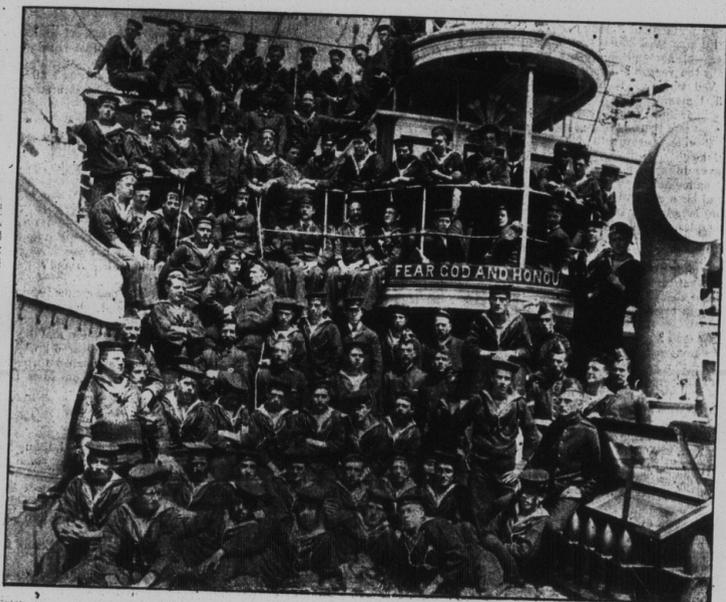
not solved yet by any means and it is sometimes said,—but tell it not in Gath—that liquid food can be obtained in our pure and moral city on other days than the one set apart for Sunday observance. If you don't believe it ask the chief. The question from a 20th century point of view seems "To bear or not to bear."

Where is the Hermit's Money?

Every one in St. John knew the old hermit who, prior to his demise, occupied the old hut on Queen street, near Prince William street. It was generally supposed that the old man was a provident sort of a body, and much speculation was indulged in at the time of his death as to the number of dollars which his "stocking" contained. But this was another case of the public being wrong in their surmises. It was given out at his death that the old hermit departed from this vale of tears without leaving any of the filthy lucre behind him. Circumstances have since arisen which go to prove that the public was pretty near right in that which they at first suspected. It has been learned from pretty good sources that a relative of the deceased went through the hut a short time after the funeral, ransacking every hole and corner; his search was rewarded. Under the mattress he discovered, so the story goes, some two hundred dollars in coin of the realm. The other relatives have not been apprised of the fact, and they, like the public are wondering where the hermit's money went to.

He's a Regular "Cop" Now.

By the death of that popular police officer, John McFadden, a vacancy has been caused on the "regular force." Chief Clark, for reasons best known to himself, has appointed Special Policeman Crawford to fill the vacancy. The appointment might be all right from the Chief's point of view but it does not do justice to other members of the force. In all matters of promotion, it is generally the case to advance the person longest in service, viz if said person shows that he is capable of fulfilling the duties assigned to him. It is to be presumed that every member of the police force is capable of active police duty, otherwise Chief Clark would not retain him. Officer Napier has been longer in the service than Officer Crawford, and has conducted himself in a manner that has met with the approval of the public, but perhaps not up to the standard demanded by Chief Clark. That family up in King street, east, is not a very happy one. Everyone knows their secrets, and oh, how they do hate publicity. "Would you like me to be a shirt waist man?" he asked tenderly. "I think so," she replied. "Costs are made of such rough cloth, you know."



Marines and Bluejackets on Board H. M. S. Crescent.

if not the unlucky one must linger on in the corridors of the fetid, frigid jail. Progress gives this advice free, it ever any of its readers should, by accident make the acquaintance of the domicile on King street east, just ring up Jimmy So and so or Ned Thingumbob. They may fix it all right.

That Missing Boy.

Some weeks ago an advertisement appeared in the local papers to the effect that a boy named Harrington had been missing from his North End home. The lad has not yet been found, though his relatives have done everything in their power

on different sources, still no clue as to the whereabouts of young Harrington. There is something "rotten in Denmark" about modern Sherlock; some of them have indeed missed their vocations, and would be more at home taking care of horses and shovelling snow than vainly endeavoring to ferret out lost children or chasing a phantom prisoner.

This is the moral age. For the past few Sundays it has been the custom to watch Lubricant, the continuous performance given in this city by an organized body of ladies and gentlemen, constituted, who considered themselves in

prescribed list of lubricants, beer in any shape could not be obtained. One could not buy a cigar. How moral a point would have been reached can never be explained.

The romps of a Sunday bought cigar would not be tolerated, and a ride in the street cars, "the poor man's coach," was on the black list. The fallacy of these and several other matters of "Sunday degeneration" was discussed pro and con in the daily press. The result has been a reaction, a permanent one, perhaps. However, the fact remains that St. John has made itself look ludicrous in the eyes of other metropolitan cities. The question is

"OWNED BY HIS SERVANTS."

The Way Some of the Negroes Lived in the South.

"Well, mass," answered a negro, on being reproved for having stolen and eaten a turkey, "you see you got less turkey, but you got dat much more niggab!" A similar sentiment was held by the slaves of a Virginia plantation described by Miss Burwell in her "Girl's Life in Virginia." An old gentleman, a widower, over whose house no lady presided, said to his negroes: "You supply my table with plenty of good bread, meat, cream and butter, and I don't care what becomes of the rest."

The negroes ran the plantation, and managed the house. The master's table was furnished with the choicest meats, vegetables, cakes and pastries, and in their own cabins were spread sumptuous wedding-feasts and party suppers. The master had an ample fortune and a generous heart. He was good natured, very easy in his ways, and cared not that the well-filled barns, the stores of bacon, lard and flour practically belonged to his negroes, who kindly allowed him a generous share.

He once planned a dairy, and when it was built, put on the door a lock, the key of which he determined to keep in his pocket. There were no keys in his old, rambling house—even the front door had no lock upon it. But he soon forgot to keep the key of the dairy although he had ordered that the fresh Southdown mutton should be hung therein.

One day Miss Burwell, while visiting the old gentleman, listened to a description of his new dairy, and was invited to visit

it. "Boy, bring me the key," said he to a small African, and they went down to look at the dairy.

"I'll show you a fine piece of mutton," said the old gentleman, turning the key in the lock. There was no mutton to be seen, but instead buckets of custard, cream and blanc mange were visible.

"Florida!" he called to a negro woman, "where is the mutton I put in here this morning?"

"Nancy, sah," answered the woman, "took it out, an' put it in de ole spring-house. She say dat was cool enough place for mutton, an' she gwine have a big party to night, an' want her jelly an' custards to keep cool!"

Miss Burwell's hearty laugh at Nancy's cool assumption that her jellies and custards should have the "right of way" in preference to her master's mutton, calmed the old gentleman's irritation.

This was one of the cases, not unusual on Virginia plantations, where the master was "owned by his servants."

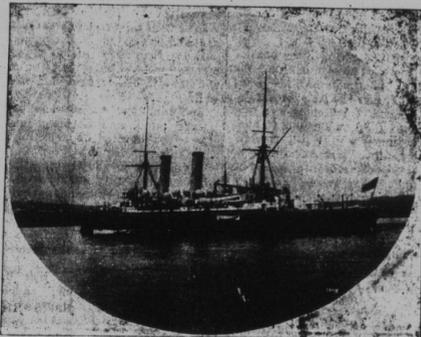
A phase of plantation life not often seen by Northern visitors was exhibited to the present writer, three years before the war. He had travelled from Boston to North Carolina to visit a college friend. The night of his arrival he and his friend sat up talking over "Princeton" incidents, and among them the fact the writer, although the only pronounced anti-slavery man in a college controlled by Southern students, had been elected to every office that the undergraduates could give him.

During the talk the servants passed in and out of the room.

The next morning, at the breakfast table the host as he sat down exclaimed to his guest, "Sam, stay here for six months. I haven't had such a break 'art for ten years. Every nigger on the plantation knows you are an abolitionist, and we'll live like fig-

o Oak Lodge, Indian River, Florida, discovered that there was not much danger in meeting a wild black bear, provided an open umbrella was interposed. St. Nicholas reports the meeting.

There is a cleared trail leading from the lodge to the beach, half a mile away. It runs through a jungle of cabbage palmetto,



H. M. S. CRESCENT

ing cocks as long as you're here. But take my advice—don't go into the cook's quarter. You'll be shot if you do. I haven't been in there for ten years!"

Bear and Umbrella. Mrs. Latham, the wife of the landlord

live-cak and saw palmetto. Mrs. Latham was returning from the beach alone one day, armed only with an umbrella.

When a quarter of a mile from the house, she heard the rustling of some animal coming towards her through the saw palmettos.

Thinking it must be a raccoon, she quickly picked up a chunk of palmetto wood, and held it ready to whack the animal over the head the instant he emerged.

All at once, and with a mighty rustling, out stepped a big black bear within six feet of her! The surprise was mutual and profound. Naturally Mrs. Latham was scared, but she stood her ground and said nothing.

The bear rose on his hind legs to get a better look at her, making two or three feints in her direction with his paws. Feeling that she must do something Mrs. Latham pointed her umbrella at the bear, and quickly opened and closed it two or three times.

"Wool!" said the bear. Turning about, he plunged into the palmettos and went crashing away, while the lady ran homeward as fast as she could.

Trotting.

The brakeman's functions, although manifestly monotonous, are occasionally diversified by a little fun.

An inquiring old lady, according to the Sacred Heart Review, enlivened a railway journey 'downeast' by asking an obliging brakeman a good many questions.

"How long does the train stop here?" she asked, as the train drew in at a certain station.

"Stop here? Four minutes. From two to two to two two," replied the brakeman.

And he smiled as he passed along, remembering the expression of the old lady's face as she vainly tried to repeat "two to two to two two" without whistling.

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ANYONE IN NEED OF FARM HELP should apply to Hon. A. T. Dunn at St. John, as a number of young men who have lately arrived from Great Britain are seeking employment. Applicants should give class of help wanted and any particulars with regard to kind of work, wages given, period of employment to right man, etc.

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From the Hands of Her Enemy.

IN TWO INSTALMENTS.

CHAPTER V.

As Vere Tempest passed the door of his cousin's private sitting room, on his way to fetch his skates, he heard voices.

'Lady Emma he knew was not there, and no one was allowed in her sanctum without her special permission.

He involuntarily stopped.

Magda's voice!

He caught the words—

'I will do your bidding, I will tell him, but not yet. Oh! not yet.'

The anguish in the beloved voice cut the listener to the soul.

To whom was she speaking?

Alas! the answering tones were those of the man, who, in his heart of hearts, he likened to Satan.

'That is all I wish.'

He heard no more.

The door, which had stood ajar, was shut.

Something forbade him to enter, and he went down to the abandoned library, and waited for Magda.

At last he heard her light step in the hall.

He appeared in the doorway, and drew her in.

She was dressed in her skating costume, and her silver mounted skates hung over her arm—a pinched, frightened look was upon her face.

She hastily turned her face aside, as though avoiding her lover's earnest gaze.

'What is there between you and Crawford?

He held her from him, and looked into her face.

She shrank from him as though he had dealt her a blow.

Had it, indeed, come to this?

'Oh, tell me all, beloved! I went on in tones hoarse with suppressed emotion.

'You have met this man before; he has some hold over you. He knows some little girl's secret, and, villain that he is, trades upon it. That is all, is it not? Speak, darling, tell me the truth! Good heavens, you surely do not fear me! I will shield you—I, your own lover. Speak, speak! My God, Magda! You don't love him, do you? Don't say it! Oh, Magda, Magda!

The anguish with which these last words were uttered cut as a knife into the heart of the unhappy girl.

You are right, Vere, I love him—no, no, I hate him! What am I saying? Don't notice me. I don't mean anything I say. I am unnerved—unnerved.'

A great impulse of pity mingled with Vere's love as he saw her thus, and he would have taken her in his arms, but she pushed him from her, and her beautiful eyes had in them the look one sees in a hunted animal.

'No no!' she cried. 'Don't touch me. I—I am not worthy—not in one single way. You do not know me, Vere. I am not the Magda you think I am; but I want to tell you one thing—one thing you must believe. I cannot marry you. Tell them here—in the house—what you will. I must go away. Oh, Vere, don't look at me like that! I cannot bear it, and burying her face in her hands, she burst into bitter weeping.

'Where did you meet him?'

Vere Tempest's voice was very stern.

'I have never met him—never—never,' came from the pale lips brokenly, slowly.

'That is a lie!' replied Tempest coldly.

He had braced up his manhood to meet the blow.

'Good-bye, Magda. You have deceived me bitterly. May God help you if you are indeed in the toils of this man.'

Turning, he left her standing as one turned to marble.

The party from Trelawney Court were evidently having a good time of it.

The ice was in perfect condition; the ladies were looking their best in the most captivating skating dresses, displaying perfectly shod feet, gliding hither and thither over the carefully swept surface of the lake.

Pretty Mrs. Norton was in her element; she was, far and away, the best skater there—except Adrian Crawford, who ran her very close indeed.

The two were the observed of all observers.

This suited the fair Edith well.

She was in the habit of being noticed and admired wherever she went, and flirtation, with her, was as the breath of life; so she embarked in one with the graceful, distinguished foreign looking man who today seemed nothing loth to play up to her.

'There, that's what I call the perfection of skating!' exclaimed Emma Trelawney to her cousin, as they stood together by the bank, watching the couple wheeling in and out, cutting figures, waltzing together—in fact, performing every possible feat upon skates.

Vere turned sharply away, and a muttered imprecatio escaped his lips.

'Why, Vere, is anything the matter? I inquired Lady Emma in surprise. 'What is wrong?'

Looking in the handsome face, she was suddenly struck with the expression upon it.

'What a different face it was since the morning!

All the life and happiness seemed to have died out, leaving in their place nothing but sternness and misery.

'Tell me, dear Vere,' she continued, laying her hand upon his arm affectionately. They were like brother and sister, these two. 'Can I help you in any way? Have you and Magda quarrelled?'

He broke into a short, bitter laugh.

'She will not give me the chance of a quarrel,' he said. 'Our engagement is at an end.'

'At an end?' repeated Emma in dismay; 'but—but it only took place on—'

'Saturday. Exactly,' interposed Vere; 'and this is Tuesday. Time enough and to spare for a woman to change her mind—'

'But I don't understand!' pursued the bewildered Emma, who could have cried with vexation—all her well laid plans upset! 'What is the reason? There must be a reason. And when did it happen—the breaking off, I mean?'

'About an hour ago,' was the curt reply; 'and the reason it is there.'

He made a wide sweep with his arm around the lake.

Emma's eyes followed it.

What did he mean?

What could he mean?

She saw nothing but the skaters gliding about in couples, or singly, as fancy dictated; and then—her glance fell on Crawford.

He was standing, smiling into the little widow's face; but his eyes were directed slightly towards them.

A sudden light broke in upon her.

Was it possible that Vere could be jealous of that man?

What utter nonsense!

A man Magda had never seen in her life!

'You are no', surely, jealous—of him—of Crawford?' she asked, with quick impulse.

'Jealous! Oh, no; it is something more than that. You, at any rate, had better know the truth at once. She—Magda—has thrown me over for him. You were right, Emmie; they are affinities! with a wild laugh.

Emma uttered an exclamation of thorough surprise not unmixed with horror.

'You must be mistaken. Why, she hardly knows him,' she said.

'Then she has deceived you, too. I thought as much. I did not think you would have done me such a bad turn as to ask him here, knowing—'

'Yes; oh, no! Vere, dear boy, I am glad you don't think that. The match I had so set my heart upon! Oh, dear me! what on earth am I to tell people?'

'Nothing at present; let things develop themselves. I shall go away—telegram—urgent business—you know the style of the thing—'

'Oh, dear, dear!' sighed Emma. 'And you both seemed so happy. I can't understand it. You say Magda has met him—Crawford—before? She never told me. Ah! I do think it means of her. I shall speak to her, I shall—'

Vere interrupted.

'Say nothing, do nothing. Henceforth, Magda and I are as far asunder as the North pole from the South.'

He set his lips together with determination, and Emma knew that he had been very hard hit.

'You—you love her still in spite of all! she cried with conviction.

'Yes; I love her still, and would save her if I could.'

'Can you? Oh! do you think you can? It is all my fault, Vere, although you are too generous to tell me so to my face. If only I had never asked him to the Court!'

Emma wailed conscience stricken.

'It was a mistake, certainly,' admitted Captain Tempest. 'You see, you knew nothing whatever about the man; such rashness is always a mistake. But there it ends—so far as you are concerned, at least—'

'You forget Mag—Miss Durer was already his friend!'

'She is deceitful! I can never forgive her, never! She has ruined your life, Vere,' cried Emma with rising wrath.

Vere Tempest smiled.

'Don't take it to heart so, little cousin, and don't be too hard on—on her yet. We don't know all. That man has her in his power. It is not love she feels for him.'

'No,' said Emma, brightening up; 'she seemed to have almost an aversion to him. Hush! here he comes with Edith Norton. I shall be very stiff to him, and I hope he shall have the good sense to leave the Court at once.'

'I don't see why he should,' replied Tempest. 'He has only cut me out with the lady—legitimately.'

'Ah! it is legitimately?' queried Emma, with a shake of her blonde head.

'I don't like your lake one bit,' said Mrs. Norton vivaciously, skating up to her hostess, and executing an intricate pas de seal in front of her. 'It's gloomy and weird. Fancy it on a wet, windy day! Ugh! it gives me the shivers!' with an affected little shrug of the shoulders.

'You haven't seemed to think so up till now,' remarked Jack Leslie, who hovered near them. 'You appeared to be having a good time with that—with Crawford,' jealously.

'So I have,' retorted the fair widow brightly. 'A splendid time. He's far and away the best skater here. Why—where is he?' looking round in some surprise.

'At the other end of the lake with Miss

Durer. It's no good, Mrs. Norton, you may as well take a turn with me; you don't know how improved I am this year. Do try me,' Leslie added persuasively.

'Well, I will,' replied Edith Norton, 'if—it you are very good.'

CHAPTER VI.

Vere Tempest kept his word, and at breakfast next morning his seat was empty.

He had had a telegram, Lady Emma explained from the head of the table, and was sorry to leave without bidding them all 'Good-bye.'

As she said this, she fixed her eyes on the colorless face of Magdalen Durer, whose eyes were intent upon her empty plate.

Adrian Crawford was suave and smiling as usual.

'Good-byes' must be in the air, I think,' he remarked. 'I also am obliged to tear myself away today. Letters of importance. Lady Emma, I am so sorry; I had so hoped to have remained another two days, at any rate.'

Lady Emma muttered something. She was not an adept at deceit, and she was dreadfully angry with this fascinating foreigner.

'Well, you won't lose much,' exclaimed Mrs. Norton. 'No skating! Look at the weather—with a glance at the leafless trees, which were blown hither and thither as though by a hurricane.'

'I must say, you are not very complimentary. Edith,' pouted her ladyship. 'I had such a capital plan for passing the day. Now I shan't tell you. A! I can't skate like you.'

Edith jumped up, kissed the pretty hostess, and made her peace.

'You dear!' she said. 'The weather doesn't matter a bit where you are. Now, Mr. Crawford, you must wait and hear what this plan is. You needn't go till evening, need you?'

She looked up archly into the dark, handsome face.

Crawford shook his head.

'I'm afraid—' he began.

'There is no need to decide now,' said her ladyship, rising abruptly. 'Mr. Crawford can have a carriage to take him to the station at any time he wishes.'

Everybody remarked on the want of cordiality in her tones, and Sir George, who was the soul of hospitality, looked annoyed; besides, it was so unlike Emmie.

'My dear,' he whispered to her as they crossed the hall, 'you were not very cordial—hardly polite.'

'And I don't feel either cordial or polite,' his pretty wife snapped. 'He has upset all my party, and I shall be glad when he's gone—yes, glad!'

Sir George said no more.

He knew he should hear all about it in good time.

It was a miserable day; a quick thaw had set in, the previous evening, and the lake was nothing but an expanse of teeming water and lumps of slushy ice.

The gaunt trees rattled their leafless branches, and the reeds rustled and shook as though with an ague.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon, and already growing dark.

The clouds were scudding across the leaden sky, and wild gusts of wind swept and tore at everything.

Crawford had declined the offer of a carriage to convey him to the railway station, saying that he should enjoy the walk.

'Tastes differ,' said his hostess with a shrug of the shoulders, and thought no more about the matter.

At four o'clock exactly he reached the lake on his way to the station.

Under the bare trees Magdalen Durer was waiting for him.

He went up to her; he had expected to see her there.

'You understand? You will leave by the eleven-fifteen train to-morrow. Tell no one. I will meet you, and then—'

He kissed her cold lips, and repeated—

'You understand?'

She bowed her head silently.

She drew her sealskins round her, and turned her face to the Court.

As she passed round the lake, she remembered the old legend concerning it, which she had often heard—that when one was to rest beneath its treacherous bosom the calm waters were stirred by a sudden dark shadow, which took the form of the Angel of death.

She stood gazing, fascinated.

As she looked, the surface of the lake became troubled, and from east to west the solem wings unfolded themselves and swept towards her.

The night closed in rapidly, black and tempestuous.

Inside the Court all was warmth, brightness and gaiety.

Lady Emma had unfolded her little schemes for the entertainment of her guests and her idea had 'caught on' wonderfully well.

She would have nothing less than a masquerade; and to day, being so stormy, was to be devoted to selecting suitable characters, dresses &c.

A big chest in one of the galleries running round the hall was pillaged, and was found to contain all manner of suitable and unsuitable apparel, and the delighted party were in deep discussion as to the best ways and means of utilizing the rich old brocades and velvets so as to adapt them to their purpose.

'It is a thousand pities that handsome Mr. Crawford has gone,' sighed Edith Norton, holding at length a turquoise blue embroidered velvet against her pretty face.

'He was such a picturesque being himself that he was bound to be an artist at heart.'

Marian Lester, to whom this was addressed, laughed.

She was a wholesome minded, healthy English girl, and one of the few of her sex who did not admire Crawford.

'That is as like you, dear Mrs. Norton,' she said. 'Appearances go for everything with you. I fancy, if you could lather Mr. Crawford's art, you would be considerably astonished, perhaps shocked.'

'What do you mean, Marian? I don't believe you like Mr. Crawford,' replied Edith, with wide open eyes.

'No; I do not. Candidly, I dislike him. I have no sympathy with adventurers and charlatans,' said the outspoken girl.

'That is what Captain Tempest calls him; but then we know the reason of his animosity. Magda! Why, where is Magda? I haven't seen her all the afternoon. Emmie! Emmie, dear! where is Magda?'

The little widow turned to her hostess, who answered quickly, a shade passing over her smiling face—

'Magda is in her room, lying down with a nervous headache. She has been there all the afternoon, and begged me not to have her disturbed till she rang.'

'Strange!' put in the Rev. Arthur Herbert, who, at the moment, was looking very unocular indeed in a cavalier hat and plumes. 'I am certain I saw Miss Durer cross the park about half past three o'clock.'

'Impossible!' interrupted Emma. 'She has never left her room; but it is time she came down—ow. I will go up myself with a cup of tea, and insist on her choosing her character at once.'

'She would look lovely as Mary, Queen of Scots,' said Sir Wilfrid Stone, who had not given up hopes in spite of all.

'Yes,' returned Mr. Herbert; 'here is a tragic face. There is tragedy in every line of it.'

'Oh, do stop such morbid talk! You give me the horrors. Just listen to the wind! What a gale!'

And Mrs. Norton shivered affectedly, and was quite ready to be assured by Captain Leslie.

Emma Trelawney was already relenting towards her friend.

She had deemed it only right and just to Vere to show her marked displeasure at Magda's capricious conduct, and had been so she told herself, too angry to have it out with her as yet.

Magdalen's duplicity respecting Adrian Crawford rankled in her mind, so she had acquiesced coldly in her friend's desire to be alone.

'But I will go to her now,' she said to herself, as, tea in hand, she made her way towards the culprit's bedroom. 'She will tell me all, I have no doubt, and this abominable mystery will be cleared up.'

As these thoughts floated through her mind she knocked softly on Miss Durer's door.

No answer.

She knocked again, loudly.

Still no answer.

'She must be dead asleep! thought Emma, opening the door; the room was in utter darkness.

She switched on the electric light, and found that the chamber was unoccupied.

The bed was neat and smooth, and all was in perfect order.

With a sudden inspiration Emma flew to the wardrobe.

Magda's sealskins and plain felt hat were missing!

Then Mr. Herbert had been right; he had indeed seen Magda.

Such a night! such a tempest!

What new and horrible mystery was about to be developed.

Emma turned pale, and, with trembling limbs, hurried downstairs.

'George!' she cried, seizing her husband by the arm, regardless of the astonished looks of visitors and servants. 'Magda has gone! She is not in her room!'

So saying she burst into tears.

'Gone!' was repeated on all sides, in different tones of astonishment and horror.

Arthur Herbert seemed to be the only one, save Sir George, who kept his head; besides, had he not seen her last?

'She was hurrying across the park to—'

he paused.

'Not—towards the lake?'

Sir Wilfrid's eyes spoke his terrible suspicion.

Mr. Herbert bowed his head, and a silence, strained and shocked, fell upon all.

A search party was immediately organized, and sent into the wind and rain they went to seek Magdalen.

Needless to follow them; suffice it to say that in two hours' time they returned, bearing with them a small sealskin muff, inside of which was a tiny handkerchief, with the name 'Magda' embroidered upon it, also a plain felt hat.

Gloom, silence, and sorrow fell upon Trelawney Court, for all felt that the solemn lake held Magdalen Durer and her secret.

CHAPTER VII.

Two years had passed away, and still the mystery of the lake remained unsolved. It hid its dark secret well.

The body of Magdalen Durer was never recovered. There were various theories advanced to account for this, the prevailing one, and really the most feasible, being the extraordinary depth of the water and the strong current, which prevented to a great extent, the dragging of the lake.

Trelawney Court was shut up, Lady Emma declaring that she could never bear the place again—at least, not till years had obliterated the memory of that awful tragedy.

Captain Tempest had rejoined his regiment, and had spent most of the time in India.

Now, however, he was home again on long leave, and had but to-day landed at Southampton.

He did not know how glad he was to be in England again until his foot touched his native shore, and, as he sat in the train en route for London, he felt, in spite of the rain, that it was good to be once more amongst his own kind and kin.

It was a very grave saddened face that looked out on the flying landscape—bare and still wintry with the bleakness of an early March.

Vere had never got over the loss of Magda.

It had added years to his appearance, traced lines about the handsome, deep-set eyes and sprinkled the glossy brown hair with grey.

It was the uncertainty of her fate that so troubled him.

Sometimes he could not bring himself to believe that those cold cruel waters held all that had once been so dear, so sweet to him—and yet what room was there for doubt?

The muff, the little handkerchief, which even now lay above his heart, given to him by his cousin Emma as a last relic of the woman he had adored; the hat!

No, it was all only too true!

Still he wished he could banish the idea that for her perhaps, had been reserved a fate worse than death.

When these thoughts came he would take himself sternly to task.

Had he not done so, the idea would have become a monomania with him.

He never mentioned it to any one.

They would only have called him a fool. Magdalen, to save herself from a hideous fate, to rid herself of a power more terrible than death, had preferred the latter, and flung herself into the lake to which was attached so gruesome a legend.

This was what they all thought, and should be the one to doubt?

In two hours' time he was sitting beside a glorious fire in Sir George Trelawney's comfortable substantial town house.

His cousin Emma, prettier than ever—so he told her—if a shade stouter and more matronly—a fact which was fully accounted for by the presence on the hearth-rug of a fine chubby boy, aged eighteen months—was seated opposite to him, one eye on him the other on Master George, the son and heir of the house of Trelawney.

'It is good to see you again, dear Vere,' she was saying, 'and to show you Georgie—is he not a beauty?' and she caught the child to her.

Sunday Reading.

Dr. Talmage in Russia's Capital.

(Copyright, 1900, the Christian Herald, N. Y.)

Within a short time we saw in the capital of Russia a baptism, a wedding and a church service. The babe to be baptized was three days of age. The godfather and godmother stood in the cathedral, in the hand of each a candle, not to give light, for it was daytime, but in solemn ceremony. Two priests officiated, the one reading from a book and intoning the words, the other responding in what I suppose to be a Russian "amen." The priests were quite richly robed, and conspicuous on their ecclesiastical attire was the cross. How wonderfully strange that the rough wood of that instrument of torture that was planted centuries ago on the hill outside Jerusalem, horizontal piece against perpendicular piece should have become the chief emblem of these three great religions of the world—the Greek, the Roman catholic and the Protestant! Nothing like the cross to impress an audience, or solemnize a marriage, or inflame a host in battle!

After quite a prolonged making of prayers and reading from the Scriptures, one of the priests opened a small vial of oil and dipped it into a brush and put a drop upon the forehead and the chin and the eyelids and the hands and the toes of the child. I took the meaning of this to be that the infant was to be wholly consecrated. Then more prayers and more readings and crossings of the forehead and breasts by priests and god-father and god-mother and audience. Then the priest unrolled the child from the blanket in which it was wrapped, and the little one, without any swaddling clothes, was put clear under a vase of tepid water, and the second time and the third time completely buried in baptism. Then the infant was lifted and wrapped again in the blanket, while the god mother hushed as well as she could the afrighted child's crying. Then, three times, those who had administered and those who had been administered unto walked around the sacred vessel in which the child had been immersed. More prayers and more readings, and then all the participants in the ceremony kissed the book from which the ceremony had been read. Then the lights were extinguished and the scene ended. No doubt that everything done that day had a symbolic meaning, and whether one liked or disliked the ceremony, he must be impressed with the desire of all good parents the world over to have children start life with a blessing.

But we turn to another occasion. We saw a great flutter of excitement and delight at the door of a cathedral. We knew right away it was a wedding, and not many seconds of time passed before we stood near the altar to see something we had never witnessed—a Russian wedding. The bride was fair and looked happy and excited our admiration for the manner in which she endured the marriage service of more than half an hour in length. She did not look different from an American bride. The same bouquet in her hand, the same white veil, the same satin dress with long train. But everything else was different as possible. Two priests officiated. The deep bass voice of the one and the soft vocalization of the other were something memorable. There seemed to be but one word of promise on the part of those about to be united. They took the sacrament standing, the priest holding the wine to their lips. There was a going to and fro from a room behind the altar which seemed a "holy of holies." A priest, with his back to the couple, read again [and again from an ornamental book. A lighted candle in the hand of the bride and one in the hand of the bride groom.

After awhile, from a room in the rear of the altar, a man advanced with two crowns and two rings upon a platter. The crowns seemed of silver adorned with precious stones. These crowns were then waved by the priest over the heads of those to be wedded and waved three times and the waving followed, the sheps of a cross. Then two attendants held the crowns above the heads of the candidates for marriage, and at no time did the crowns touch the heads. The priest put a ring upon the hand of the bride and a ring upon the hand of the bridegroom. Then the priest exchanged the rings, and the one that had been put upon the hand of the bride he put upon the hand of the bridegroom, and that which he had put upon the hand of the bridegroom he put upon the hand of the bride. Then the priest took hold of the joined hands of bride and bridegroom and led them three times around the altar, the lady attendant of the bride, by considerable skill keeping

the long trail of dress moving aright in the procession. Then the priest advanced to the happy pair and blew out the lights, and the crowns were put back upon the platter. The bride and groom then ascended the steps near the picture of Christ and kissed it. I testify that they were thoroughly married. The priest disappeared and the wedded couple turned around to receive the congratulations of friends, and the groom was kissed by the men as well as by women. It was only by suppression of ourselves that we did not join the congratulating group and express our good wishes that the yoke might set easy on both their necks while the twain pull the load of life up the steep hill. Blessed marriage! Inaugurated in the Garden of Eden, and a perfect relation until sin entered. But do not put all the blame on Eve. She never would have tempted Adam with the apple if he had not coaxed for a bite of it.

And now we hear the sound of singing, the mighty bass overpowering the other parts, for we are entering the cathedral of St. Isaac. It is Sabbath morning in St. Petersburg. There is no roll of organs. The Greek church has no instruments of music, but makes up, by special drill of great choirs, for absence of key and pedal. We move into the building under the hoisted inscriptions in letters of bronze. "To the King of kings," and between two great pillars of Finland granite, there being 112 of them, soaring into Corinthian capitals, and along by columns of richest malachite, and by pedestals of porphyry, and under arches that seem like hovering eternities, and join a vast assemblage in a building so large that no human voice can fill it. There are sunrises and sunsets in marble, and a very carnage of color that seems deluged with blood of battlefields. Though I could not hear a distinct word, I was impressed and overpowered with the solemnities. There are no seats, and all stand except as they kneel. Side by side the affluent and the beggared, the richly robed and the ragged, those hard in crime and innocent childhood. Many thousands, all bowing, all making the sign of the cross, many of them not only kneeling, but reverently putting their forehead down against the cold stone floor.

In the midst of the service there comes down upon the assemblage an awful hush, and the multitudes are as silent as the dead, when the "royal door" of embellished panels back of the altar slowly opens, and the chief of the ecclesiastics enters, carrying the "holy eucharist," and to offer prayers for the imperial household. We lean against a pillar of lapis lazuli and inhale the redolence of the incense swung from the censors, and gaze with enchantment now at the figures in bronze representing "The Adoration of the Magi," and now at a group showing us the "Angel at the Tomb," and then looking at very dark blocks of stone illumined with flashes of light, so that the granite seems to have been cut out of some midnight irradiated with aurora borealis. A building worth kingdoms in cost of money, yet the sanctuary of many who have not where to lay their heads. All up and down this immensity of architecture and a kissing of the pictures of Christ, and a lighting of candles by worshippers who have purchased them at the door-ways, and then these candles devoutly placed in sockets provided for them. Oh, what music! It sounds as if it rained from heaven. It seems made up of the sublimest parts of great oratorios. Even the echoes seemed charged with solemnities. The reverberations of that service will linger in our ears until they are closed forever. What a procession of grand marches! What an enthronement of hallelujah! What doxologies in stone! That cathedral is the frozen prayer of a great nation.

It is worth a journey across the continents and seas to attend the ten o'clock Sabbath morning service in St. Isaac's church in St. Petersburg. How many superstitions mingled in the service I do not conjecture. I cannot be critical. It is the best way of feeling their way up to God and heaven that they know of. That they are earnest no one who has been present at such a service can doubt for a moment. They do the best they can in the way of worship. I have no doubt there will be millions of people in heaven who never thought as we do. The thirty or forty genial Christians with whom we sat at the Lord's Supper in Holy Communion an hour afterward in the British and American chapel are not all the people who will get to heaven from St. Petersburg.—T. De Witt Talmage.

Screens to Aid Vision.
When astronomers are making heroic attempts by planting observatories on lofty mountains and on desert plateaus to overcome the effects of dense, impure and unsteady air in obscuring telescopic vision, it strikes one as odd that the interposition of a light-absorbing screen in the eyepiece of the telescope should be found to improve the vision. Such, however, accord-

ing to Professor See and Mr. Peters of the United States Naval Observatory, is the fact. By interposing a cell, filled with a solution of picric acid and copper in alcohol, between the eye and the lenses of the eyepiece, they find that the definition with a telescope, in viewing stars and planets, is materially improved.

ANIMALS AS SWIMMERS.

Camels, Monkeys, Giraffes and Llamas are Not up to Natation.

It has often been said that among all the bipeds and quadrupeds man alone is unable to swim naturally, but this like many other sweeping statements is not usually true. Many men have been known to swim on their first entry into deep water, while, on the other hand, there are several mammals whose natatory power is even inferior to that of man. Take, for instance, camels, monkeys, giraffes and llamas. Camels, it is true, may be taught to swim with artificial aids, and now and then apes manage to scramble over narrow sheets of water without being drowned; but it may be confidently asserted that neither giraffes nor llamas can ever accomplish the art.

The vast majority swim well on their first immersion in the water; and, whether as a means of passage or to escape danger, most of them take to the element with the utmost confidence, even on their first attempt.

Strange to say, certain members of the seal family, which eventually take their place among the best swimmers in creation are, at the outset of their career, the most helpless.

Sea lions, although they do not spend so long a time in the water as the true seals, move even more gracefully and rapidly when in search of food. The latter are so much at home in the water that they will go fast to sleep among the waves, and even lie for half an hour or more at the bottom of the water without betraying any sign of uneasiness.

The rodents are perhaps the most interesting family of swimmers. All the good swimmers among the rodents are also expert divers, and are able, moreover, to raise or depress the body in the water at will. When swimming at ease and unobscured by danger, the water line passes across the mouth, the middle of the cheek, and the shoulder, disclosing on the surface rather more than one-third of the whole body; and, though the root of the tail is seen, the tail itself is generally under the water excepting when the animal is quite stationary.

The paws of hares and rabbits in swimming are like an ill-balanced ship, down by the head. Like the squirrels, these two animals show great timidity in the water; and naturally so, for their heads are so low and sterns so high that the slightest ripple on the surface would send their noses under water and so drown them, unless they at once returned to land. In perfect still water, however, they can both swim considerable distances.

A friend of mine, who is a constant fisherman, says Mr. Millais, told me that he has three times seen hares try to swim the Tweed, and each time, after going half way, the timid creatures had to return, doubtless owing to water getting into their nostrils. As far as I have been able to ascertain rabbits and hares are the only animals that expose the whole of the hind leg, except the foot, above the water when taking a stroke; the effect of this is very curious giving them the appearance of a slow, stern-wheeled paddle steamer. When once fairly started the legs are moved slowly, although the animals proceed at a fair rate of speed.

Ros, although good swimmers, move so slowly in water that a dog can outstrip them. As to the hippopotamus, all visitors to the "Zoo" are familiar with his aquatic powers, but it is not so generally known that the elephant, too, is a splendid swimmer, and will often remain in the water thirty six hours at a stretch, swimming all the time.

Major General Keatinge, V. C. some time resident at Mandlaeswhur, on the Nerubudda, told Mr. Millais that during the rainy season wild elephants occasionally came swimming down the river past his house, the nearest jungle from which they could have come being 200 miles upstream. On these occasions the natives, though provided with bugs fist bottomed puns, and well knowing the value of the animals, could not be persuaded to go near them, fearing to be seized.

As a general rule they swim very deep in the water, only the top of the head and the trunk being visible; but occasionally—perhaps for their own satisfaction, or at the instigation of the mahout—they will swim high, even when they have a burden on their backs.

Of pigs it is commonly reported, that so queerly fashioned are they that if they attempt to swim they cut their throats with their forefeet; but this is only an old wife's fable. Whether wild or tame, they are al-



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to the directions, the more Pearline will do for you—especially so in washing clothes. Even the hit or miss way in which many use Pearline is better than soap-using. But soaking, boiling, and rinsing the clothes—according to directions—is best of all—better for clothes; better for you. Use no soap with it.



good swimmers, though, owing to the shortness of their legs, they just touch their throats with their forefeet and beat the water very high. Many of the islands of the Southern seas are now inhabited by wild pigs which are the descendants of those which have swum ashore, sometimes great distances from wrecked vessels.

Camels cannot swim. They are very buoyant, but ill-balanced and their heads go under water. They can, however, be taught to swim rivers with the aid of goat-skins or jars fastened under their necks. During the Beluchistan expedition of 1898 the camels were lowered into the sea from the ships and their drivers plunging overboard, clambered on to the frumps of their charges, causing the animals' heads to come up and thus assisted they were successfully piloted ashore.

Several animals, such as hedgehogs and bats, who would, at first glance, be considered incapable of natation, are in reality quite respectable performers.

DOWN THEY GO WITHOUT A SOUND.

A Life Saver's Observations of Drowning Persons at Bathing Beaches.

"In all my experience, and I have had considerable at various watering resorts, I have never known of a single instance of a drowning person calling for help," said one of the life savers at the bathing beach.

"It is generally supposed that persons struggling in the water call for assistance, but such is not the case. For some reason, which can hardly be explained, they never signal help. They simply throw up one hand, not both, mind you, and under they go. I have noticed this particularly at the Washington beach. In not a single instance has there been a call for help. I have pulled persons from the water within a few feet of the raft who were struggling for life and yet who never uttered a single outcry.

"It was only that I happened to notice their peculiar actions in the water, and not the noise they made that impelled me to go after them. Time and again I have seen poor swimmers start from the shore and, after paddling a short distance, throw up one hand and go under. It is the most remarkable thing imaginable that they give no signal of distress when help is so near. I have often asked rescued persons why they did not call for help but they could give no explanation. They knew they were drowning, but the only sign of their peril was the involuntary raising of the arm. I have become so accustomed to this sort of thing—that peculiar manner in which a drowning person throws up his hand—that among a score of bathers diving ducking and splashing about I can tell the one in danger in an instant.

"When he goes down it is with the head thrown far back. As the water washes over the face up comes the hand. Then it slowly disappears, going under inch by inch.

"Then if anything is done it must be done quickly. I have heard many stories of a drowning person making a great racket to attract attention, but I do not believe them. When more than one person is in danger I have known of oars, but invariably they come from the one who could swim enough to save himself, but who could not bring the drowning one ashore. The one in immediate peril simply goes under without a sound. I have been with fairly good swimmers who became exhausted, and who, without a word of warning threw back the head as though about to float or swim on the back and go under. As they sank one arm came up.

"One would suppose that a person who could swim would be exempt from this clumsiness in the moment of danger, but it is not so. Of course, many persons who start from shore get out so far that they realize they cannot get back without assistance, and will call for help before their energy has been all spent. Possibly they may manage to keep afloat until assistance comes, so when they cry out they are not actually drowning. When it comes to giving up and going under they sink slowly without a sound.

"The more I think of this phase of the drowning question the more remarkable it seems, boys have been drowned here who would have been rescued had they but called once. They have gone under surrounded by companions and so close to the life guards that rescue would have been assured

had there been any signal whatsoever. "The impression that a drowning person comes to the surface three times is a mistake. In fact, in most cases he goes under once and stays there unless some one goes after him. Ordinarily, a person overboard takes enough water into the body on first sinking to weight it so that it will not rise to the surface, but there seems to be no rule of nature governing this.

"I suppose if one goes under with the lungs full of air the body will come to the surface, but usually the first sinking is the last.

"This is our experience at the beach. Cases have been quite numerous where good swimmers dived from the raft and failed to come to the surface, going under and staying there until one of the guards went down for them. Of course they were brought up unconscious and could not tell why they did not come up as usual. This is another of the mysteries of drowning. If there are more ways of killing a cat than one so there are more reasons than one why people drown. Good swimmers, bad swimmers, and those who can't swim at all go under and stay from time to time. If people will go in the water people will drown. We guard against accident to the best of our ability but occasionally some one goes down never to come up alive. We guards sit here and watch, go in and drag out all who appear in distress, but despite our vigilance some one will be missed, going down with out a word, surrounded by half a hundred persons, any one of whom would probably been able to extend a helping hand.

Metropolitan Depression.
Harriman Hattan—"Yes, things are rather dull in New York. Not putting up many sky-scrapers this season. How's things in Chicago?"
Winn D City—"Dull as dog-days. Haven't annexed anything this year."

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The same cell changes which hasten the progress of disease speed the work of repair when curative agencies are at work. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food stops the waste and restores vitality by the building-up process. Through the blood and nerves it rekindles the vital flame in the brain and nerves and restores health and strength to the pale, weak and nervous.

Mr. A. T. P. Lalame, railway agent at Clarenceville, Que., writes: "For twelve years I have been run down with nervous debility. I suffered much, and consulted doctors and used medicines in vain. Some months ago I heard of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, used two boxes, and my health improved so rapidly that I ordered twelve more."

"I can say frankly that this treatment has no equal in the medical world. While using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I could feel my system being built up until now I am strong and healthy. I cannot recommend it too highly for weak, nervous people."

Mrs. Chas. H. Jones, Pierceton, Que., writes: "For years I have been a great sufferer with my heart and nerves. I would take shaking spells and a dizzy swimming feeling would come over me. Night after night I would never close my eyes, and my head would ache as though it would burst. At last I had to keep to my bed, and though my doctor attended me from fall until spring his medicine did not help me."

"I have now taken five boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and it has done me more good than I ever believed a medicine could do. Words fail to express my gratitude for the wonderful cure brought about by this treatment."

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and had spent most of the time in...
now, however, he was home again on leave, and had but to-day landed at Hampton.
he did not know how glad he was to be on shore, and as he sat in the train en route for London, he felt, in spite of past, that it was good to be once more amongst his own kind and kin.
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and flung herself into the lake to which...
attached so gruesome a legend,
This was what they all thought, and...
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In two hours' time he was sitting beside...
lorious fire in Sir George Trevelney's...
dear substantial town house.
His cousin Emma, prettier than ever—...
he told her—if a shade stouter and...
re maternally—a fact which was fully...
accounted for by the presence on the...
of a fine chubby boy, aged eighteen...
uths—was seated opposite to him, one...
on him the other on Master George,
son and heir of the house of Trevelney.
It is good to see you again, dear Vere,"...
was saying, and to show you George...
be not a beauty?" and she caught the...
ill to her.
Vere's praise satisfied her.
It was genuine, for George was a sing-...
larly fine specimen of his kind; at the...
me time Vere sighed.
He had had dreams and hopes of a home...
of a wife and children—and Magda, al-...
vy Magda, as the household angel.
Emma noticed the shade upon the...
Emma's face, and with true womanly in-...
sight understood the cause.
Ringing the bell, she sent the child...
ay.
'Why did you do that?' asked Vere. 'I...
n't mind the little beggar, he is a jolly...
chop, and doesn't howl like a fiend as...
ast of 'em do.'
'George never cries,' said the proud...
ung mother, 'at least, only when—when...
doesn't like people; then the tears come...
to his eyes, bless him!'
Vere laughed; Emma was so delight-...
ly v-gue.
A long silence ensued.
Emma was mentally blaming herself for...
e cousin's broken life.
Vere was thinking of what might have...
en.
'Have you ever heard anything of—of...
at man?' he said, so abruptly that Em-...
mie started guiltily.
To tell the truth, she was at that very mo-...
t thinking of Crawford.
'No, nothing. He disappeared after—...
on know—' Vere nodded, and taking up...
fire screen, hid his face from her. 'As...
atirely as though the earth had opened...
and swallowed him up.'
'Couldn't the detectives find him?'
'No; they did their utmost. We spared...
o expense, and they no troubles. All in...
(CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.)

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Famous Mutiny Recalled.

The reprint of Lieut. Bligh's diary of the mutiny on board H. M. S. *Bounty*, which has just been issued by the Bantide Press of London, tells in direct sailor fashion the story of one of the most remarkable cruises ever made in a small boat. No mutiny in naval history had such far-reaching consequences as that which occurred on board the *Bounty* in the south seas more than a century ago. William Bligh was a skillful English navigator who was born in London in 1753. As a lieutenant he accompanied Capt. Cook on his Pacific voyages. He was commissioned by George III. to import breadfruit trees and other vegetables from the South Sea Islands to the West Indies and placed in command of the *Bounty*.

The *Bounty* reached Otaheite at the wrong season of the year and consequently had to remain there for six months to secure her cargo. Association with the native women corrupted the crew, and it is evident from Lieut. Bligh's diary that to this he attributes the mutiny. He says:

"The women at Otaheite are handsome, mild and cheerful in their manners and conversation, possessed of great sensibility and have sufficient delicacy to make them admired and beloved. The chiefs were so much attached to our people that they encouraged their stay among them than otherwise, and even made them promises of large possessions. Under these and many other attendant circumstances, equally desirable, it is now not so much to be wondered at, though scarcely possible to have been foreseen, that a set of sailors, most of them void of connections, should be led away; especially when, in addition to such powerful inducements, they imagined it in their power to fix themselves in the midst of plenty, on the finest island in the world, where they need not labor and where the allurements of dissipation are beyond anything that can be conceived."

Other writers who have dealt with this interesting story of the sea have alleged that Lieut. Bligh's exacting discipline was the chief cause for the trouble which broke out on board his ship. Bligh's subsequent career as Governor of New South Wales ended in his being arrested for tyrannical conduct, and that has been accepted as a partial justification of the mutiny. Lieut. Bligh's story of it gives no indication of unnecessarily severe discipline on his part. The *Bounty* sailed from Otaheite on April 28, and after setting Lieut. Bligh and his eighteen loyal men adrift in an open boat with only 150 pounds of bread, 32 pounds of pork, 6 quarts of rum, 6 bottles of wine and 28 gallons of water for provisions they bore away to Otaheite. Fourteen of the mutineers who remained there were arrested in 1791 by officers of the British ship *Pandora*. Four of these men were lost by shipwreck on the voyage home, the remainder were tried, three of them being executed and the others acquitted or pardoned.

Fletcher Christian, one of the mutineers of the *Bounty*, with eight of the mutineers, nine native women and nine native men, left Otaheite on the *Bounty* and sailed to Pitcairn Island, where the *Bounty* was wrecked, that all traces of her might be destroyed. Pitcairn Island is only about two and a half miles long and one mile broad, and had it not been for this mutiny it probably would have been unsettled today. All trace of Christian and his mutineers were lost until 1808, when Capt. Folger of Nantucket called at Pitcairn Island, thinking it uninhabited. To his surprise two men of light brown color came out in a canoe and greeted him in English. They were descendants of the original mutineers, the only survivor of the party at that time being Alexander Smith, who afterward assumed the name of John Adams. Smith prepared a code for the government of the island and acted as governor and teacher. He was apparently a man of unusual ability. In 1858 the Pitcairn Islanders were moved to Norfolk Island, because it was believed that they would be happier there. Two families of them, numbering seventeen persons, became homesick and returned to Pitcairn Island, where they and their descendants have lived since that time.

Lieut. Bligh's narrative of the mutiny on the *Bounty* is told in the simple manner of a log book. His description of the mutiny is told as follows:

"Just before sunrise, Mr. Christian, with the master of arms, gunner's mate, and Thomas Burket, seaman, came into my cabin while I was asleep, and seizing me, tied my hands with a cord behind my back and threatened me with instant death, if I spoke or made the least noise. I, however,

called to loud as to alarm every one; but they had already secured the officers who were not of their party, but placing sentinels at their doors. There were three men at my cabin door, besides the four within; Christian had only a cutlass in his hand, the others had muskets and bayonets. I was hauled out of bed, and forced on deck in my shirt, suffering great pain from the tightness with which they had tied my hands. I demanded the reason of such violence, but received no other answer than threats of instant death, if I did not hold my tongue. Mr. Elphinstone, the master's mate, was kept in his berth; Mr. Nelson, botanist, Mr. Peckover, gunner, Mr. Ledward, surgeon, and the master, were confined to their cabins; and also the clerk, Mr. Samuel, but he soon obtained leave to come on deck. The fore hatchway was guarded by sentinels; the boatwain and carpenter were, however, allowed to come on deck, where they saw me abait the mizzen-mast, with my hands tied behind my back, under a guard, with Christian at their head.

"The boatwain was now ordered to hoist the launch out, with a threat, if he did not do it instantly, to take care of himself."

Bligh attempted to stem the tide, but Christian, who was apparently the most determined man among the mutineers, threatened to kill him immediately if he would not be quiet. The men who had been loyal to Bligh were forced over the side into the small boat which had been equipped with hardly enough provisions, apparently to last them a week. It was apparent from remarks made by the mutineers that they feared to give Bligh much in the way of equipment for his boat, knowing him to be a man of resource and suspecting that if he had a ghost of a chance he would make his way back to civilization. As it was his boat was loaded with men so deeply that she sunk low in the water. Among the officers of the *Bounty* who were cast adrift were John Fryer, master; Thomas Ledward, acting surgeon; David Nelson, botanist; William Cole, boatswain; Hayward and Hallett, midshipmen, and William Parcell, carpenter. The most able men in the ship's company remained on board the *Bounty*. As the *Bounty*, under command of the mutineers pulled away, Bligh heard them yell: "Huzz! for Otaheite!"

In commenting on the mutiny, Lieut. Bligh says:

"The secrecy of this mutiny is beyond all conception. Thirteen of the party who were with me had all lived forward among the people, yet neither they nor the messmates, or stewards Henry or Young had ever observed any circumstance to give them suspicion of what was going on. The possibility of such a conspiracy was ever the farthest from my thoughts."

Bligh's first determination was to seek a supply of bread-fruit and water at Tofoa, where the *Bounty* had been bound after leaving Annamooxa, one of the Friendly Islands. The boat in which he found himself was the ship's launch, without shelter. It was provided with oars and a sail. On the night of the day following the mutiny Bligh reached Tofoa and kept his boat under the lee of the island until daylight. Tofoa is the northwesternmost of the Friendly Islands. Here he obtained a few quarts of water. On Thursday, April 30, a strong wind made it dangerous to go to sea and Bligh's men climbed the cliffs and secured about twenty coconuts. On the day following a few natives appeared with whom Bligh made friends and from them he secured a small addition to his stock of provisions. Two chiefs appeared on Sunday and to them Bligh gave an old shirt and a knife. They knew that he had been with Capt. Cook and they were curious to find out how he happened to be cruising in a small boat. Bligh's plain narrative of what followed reads:

"The beach was now lined with the natives, and we heard nothing but the knocking of stones together, which they had in each hand. I knew very well this was the sign of an attack. It being now noon, I served a coconut and a breadfruit to each person for dinner, and gave some to the chiefs, with whom I continued to appear intimate and friendly. They frequently importuned me to sit down, but I as constantly refused; for it occurred both to Mr. Nelson and myself that they intended to seize hold of me if I gave them such an opportunity.

The sun was setting as Bligh gave the word to his men who were ashore with him to pick up their goods and rush for the boats. The natives kept knocking stones

together. We had now all but two or three things in the boat when I took Nageete by the hand, and we walked down the beach, every one in a silent kind of horror. When I came to the boat, and was seeing the people embark, Nageete wanted me to stay to speak to Eslow; but finding I would not stay, Nageete loosed himself from my hold and went off and we all got into the boat except one man, who, while I was getting on board, quitted it, and ran up the beach to cast the stern fast off, notwithstanding the master and others called to him to return, while they were hauling me out of the water.

"I was no sooner in the boat than the attack began by about 200 men; the unfortunate poor man who had run up the beach was knocked down, and the stones flew like a shower of shot. Many Indians got hold of the stern rope, and were near hauling us on shore, and would certainly have done it if I had not had a knife in my pocket, with which I cut the rope. We then hauled off to the grapple, everyone being more or less hurt. At this time I saw five of the natives about the poor man they had killed, and two of them were beating him about the head with stones in their hands."

"We had no time to reflect, before, to my surprise, they filled their canoes with stones and twelve men came off after us to renew the attack, which they did so effectually as nearly to disable all of us. They paddled round us, so that we were obliged to sustain the attack without being able to return it, except with such stones as lodged in the boat, and in this I found we were inferior to them. At dark they gave over the attack and returned toward the shore, leaving us to reflect on our unhappy situation."

After this experience Bligh decided to look for assistance at the Island of Timor, where there was a Dutch settlement. This was a distance of 1,200 leagues. His boat was only twenty three feet long, he had no chart and only a general knowledge of the situation of places assisted by a book of latitudes and longitudes. The men agreed to live on an ounce of bread and a quart of a pint of water a day, and away they sailed. Lieut. Bligh's diary for the few following days confines itself to the details of sailing his small boat, which proved unexpectedly seaworthy, and his careful division of each day's provisions. He made toward the Feroe Islands and each bit of land which he passed, he charted as well as he was able. He landed at none of them for fear of hostile natives, having no arms for defence. Wednesday, May 6, was notable because one of the men hooked a fish and was miserably disappointed by being lost in pulling it into the boat. Bligh describes the conditions on his boat in this fashion:

"I now directed my course west by north for the night, and served to each person an ounce of the damaged bread and a quart of a pint of water for supper. It may readily be supposed that our lodgings were very miserable and confined, and I had only in my power to remedy the latter defect by putting ourselves at watch and watch: so that one-half always sat up while the other lay down on the boat's bottom, or upon a chest, with nothing to cover us but the heavens. Our limbs were dreadfully cramped, for we could not stretch them out, and the nights were so cold and we so constantly wet, that after a few hours sleep we could scarce move. At dawn of day we again discovered land from west to southwest to west northwest, and another island north northwest, the latter a high round lump of but little extent; and I could see the southern land that I had passed in the night. Being very wet and cold, I served a spoonful of rum and a morsel of bread for breakfast."

Occasionally canoes filled with natives chased his boat as long as it was in sight. Bligh says very little about the suffering of his men and himself. He entertained his men by describing the situation of New Guinea and New Holland so that in case any accident happened to him they might know how to direct their course. Day after day they sailed or rowed on, sometimes fiercely storm beaten. Bligh found that he had to reduce his allowance of bread to one twenty fifth of a pound for each man three times a day. After severe storms he served a spoonful of rum to each man. This is a sample of his diary during this part of the voyage:

"Saturday, May the 16th. Fresh gales from the S E and rainy weather. In addition to our miserable allowance of one twenty fifth of a pound of bread and a quart of a pint of water I issued for dinner about an ounce of salt pork to each person. I was often solicited for this pork, but I considered it better to give it in small quantities than to use all at once or twice, which would have been done if I had allowed it. At noon I observed, in 33 degrees 33 minutes S; longitude 159 degrees 19 minutes W; course N 82 degrees W; distance 401 miles. The sun gave us hopes of drying our wet

clothes. Sunday, May the 17th. The sunshine was but of short duration. We had strong breezes at S E by S and dark gloomy weather with storms of thunder, lightning and rain. The night was truly horrible and not a star to be seen. Our situation was extremely miserable; always wet and suffering extreme cold in the night without the least shelter from the weather. Being constantly obliged to bale, to keep the boat from filling, was perhaps not to be reckoned as an evil, and it gave us exercise.

By this time every man was suffering from extreme hunger, and Bligh says:

"Thursday, May the 21st. Fresh gales and heavy showers of rain. Wind E N E. Our distresses were now very great, and we were so covered with rain and salt water that we could scarcely see. Sleep, though we longed for it, afforded no comfort, for my own part, I almost lived with out it; we suffered extreme cold, and every one dreaded the approach of night. About 2 o'clock in the morning we were overwhelmed with a deluge of rain. It fell so heavy that we were afraid it would fill the boat, and we were obliged to bale with all our might. At dawn of day I served a large allowance of rum. Toward noon the rain abated and the sun shone, but we were miserably cold and wet, the sea breaking so constantly over us, that, notwithstanding the heavy rain, we had not been able to add to our stock of fresh water. The usual allowance of one 25th pound of bread and water was served at evening, morning, and noon."

On May 29 he cautiously landed on an island where he secured a few oysters and a fresh supply of water. He named it Restoration Island, and after two days left it just as the natives had discovered his presence. His course led him through island channels and whenever he landed it was with fear of the natives. On Thursday, June 4 he steered out into the open ocean for Timor. An occasional small fish or a bird was caught to add to their stores. Writing in his diary on June 11 Bligh says:

"I however, hope to fall in with Timor every hour, for I had great apprehensions that some of my people could not hold out. An extreme weakness, swelled legs, hollow and ghastly countenances, great propensity to sleep, with an apparent debility of understanding, seemed to me melancholy presages of their approaching dissolution. The surgeon and Leboque, in particular, were most miserable objects. I occasionally gave them a few teaspoonfuls of wine, out of the little I had saved for this dreadful stage, which no doubt greatly helped to support them."

"For my own part, a great share of spirits, with the hopes of being able to accomplish the voyage, seemed to be my principal support; but the boatswain very innocently told me that he really thought I looked worse than any one in the boat. The simplicity with which he uttered such an opinion diverted me, and I had good humor enough to return him a better compliment."

This indicates the kind of a man this English navigator was. He sighted the island of Timor on the following day and then began skirting the shore to find the Dutch settlement. On Sunday, June 14, he found a settlement of friendly natives and secured a guide and some dried turtle, and two days later he reached the Dutch settlement of Coumpang. The governor did everything possible for his crew and Bligh, now that his voyage was ended, indulges in a little descriptive writing, painting the condition of his men, who were ragged and nearly dead. The inhabitants nursed them back to life, with the exception of David Nelson who died.

"When I reflect," says Bligh "how providentially our lives were saved at Tofoa by the Indians delaying their attack, and that, with scarce anything to support life, we crossed a sea of more than 1,200 leagues, without shelter from the inclemency of the weather; when I reflect that in an open boat, with so much stormy weather we escaped foundering, that not any of us were taken off by disease, that we had the great good fortune to pass the unfriendly natives of other countries without accident, and at last happily to meet with the most friendly and best of people to relieve our distresses: I say, when I reflect on all these wonderful escapes, the remembrance of such great mercies enables me to bear with resignation and cheerfulness the failure of an expedition, the success of which I had so much at heart, and which was frustrated at a time when I was congratulating myself on the fairest prospects of being able to complete it in a manner that would fully have answered the intention of his Majesty, and the honorable promoters of so benevolent a plan."

Bligh died, in London, an admiral in 1817.

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Diamond Dyes

Will Color Anything
Any Color.

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Diamond Dyes make faded and dingy dresses, blouses, capes, jackets, stockings, scarfs, laces and draperies look like new. Beware of dyes that claim to color cotton and wool with the same dye. It is impossible to get satisfactory results from dyes of that character. In Diamond Dyes there are special dyes for coloring all cotton and mixed goods, and special dyes are made for all wool goods. Each of the Diamond Dye colors is guaranteed to give full satisfaction, when used according to directions.

HE GOT HIS START ANYHOW.

A Young Lawyer who Got Tired of Working for a Practice and won by a Duff.

There was a lull in the court proceedings and the lawyers were telling stories to while away the time one day in a court room at Detroit, Mich. This is the story that one of them told:

"When I look back at it now I am lost in admiration of my own nerve. But, after all, there is a good deal of bluff that goes to make up this struggle for existence that we call life. I am afraid that if we come down to a close analysis we will find that we are trying to create the impression that we are of more importance than we really are."

"My first case came to me after many days of weary waiting. One day when I had about given up all hope of ever getting a client I was sitting in my office gazing absently, out of the window and wondering if I had not made a mistake by not making a farmer of myself, as my father wanted me to do. From where I sat I could see the office of the only lawyer in the place, an old man who had a firm hold of all the law business in the town and evidently proposed to keep it."

"While I sat there thinking what a hard world this is I saw a well known citizen of the town leave the old man's office. It was very evident that he was charged across the street in the direction of my office my heart leaped into my mouth. Hastily throwing every legal looking paper I possessed on the desk before me, I buried my nose and the party had to speak to me three times before I heard them."

"I'm through with that old fool across the street," he roared, when I looked up at last "and I want you—"

"Excuse me," I broke in. "I am very busy—call tomorrow—no, I'll be busy then let's see, call a week from today at 3 o'clock. Good morning!"

"When he left I broke into a cold sweat at my own audacity and for the life of me I couldn't remember whether he had promised to call or not. But he did, and neither one of us had cause to regret it afterward. It was a cold bluff and it won out. But I wouldn't dare do it again, under the same conditions."

The Last of the Eltons.

In the forests around Great Slave Lake the wood bison still exists in the wild state, but its numbers are rapidly declining. According to a recent estimate, not more than 50 members of a herd which numbered several hundreds in 1894, were left alive in 1899. The wood bison resembles the buffalo of our Western plains; but is rather larger. The head of one of these animals was recently acquired by the American Museum of Natural History in New York, and is greatly prized.

A Famed Darkey.

It was during the war that a negro was discovered, by a squad of union cavalry, on his knees in the corner of the field. He was in the attitude for prayer; but he was not praying.

"What's the matter, old man?" inquired one of the men.

"Well, yo' see, boss, I's mighty puzzled. I swar toe goodness I dunno whether toe pray toe de Lawd or toe Gin'l Sherman."

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Chat of the Boudoir.

The autumn girl this year promises to be faddy in an intellectual way. A virulent wave of fads has spread over the summer resorts this season and not even the mountain farmhouse piazza has been exempt from conversation quite at variance with the usual fancy work, servants and health topics of the past. Even the summer girls talked of the various cults, occult sciences, and the wars. One reason for this spread of knowledge is that many readers and lecturers have found a profitable field in making tours of the hotels and summer places and giving talks and lectures in parlors on interesting topics. One woman who talks entertainingly on India and its mystic sciences of the mind has transformed one part of the Catskills into a settlement of summer theosophists, while physical culture has a vast army of followers who are taking up the exercises with wild enthusiasm.

The knowledge thus acquired while necessarily somewhat superficial has had a tendency to give an alarmingly intellectual tone to much of the chat that one hears at the ice cream soda counters, in the cars and at the matinees where home returning women congregate. Dress is no longer the main feminine subject; in fact it has become an unwritten law that the subject of clothes must be avoided in social gatherings. This excellent idea has emanated from the colleges where there has been a marked tendency for some time to abjure the eternal subject of chignons. When two women meet at their tailor's or milliner's the ban is removed and they may discourse to their heart's content on good fits, new skirt models and trimmings. But the dinner man of the coming winter will be amazed to find that the girl he takes in will be up on subjects the names of which he may be acquainted with only in a far-off way.

The summer fashion of going gloveless sent any number of women back to the city with brown hand, upon which the rings most modern women delight in show up with odd effect. Few of the younger women show a disposition to resume the glove of civilization, apparently delighting in unfettered finger and wrists as men generally do. The brown hands are not the sort that poets love to sing of, as nothing shows the effects of exposure or use of any sort more than the hand. The skin grows rough, the fingers thicken at the tips and the nails take months to get back to their normal faintness. Still, a white, delicate looking hand is not up to date this autumn and a manish distaste for covering the hand threatens to injure the sale of women's gloves until well on toward the winter.

While the home coming girl of autumn has thrown over her gloves she has added an extra veil to her equipment. The inventor of the two veil fad, or the reason for its prevalence, is not known, but it has become the custom to wear one closely drawn veil of dotted gauze over the face to the chin while an additional veil of chiffon usually of the brown variety flutters loosely from the hat brim. The two veils give the effect of mystery and strangeness enough even the very prettiest girls swathe their faces in the double covering and peer out from the gauze like Turkish women, piquing the curiosity of the beholder.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

Still another use for the dress suit case has been found. Tiny cases, often not more than eighteen inches square, are made for the small boy's benefit, and in them he carries his school books.

The large loose waves so essential to the low, fluffy, half-parted pompadour style of dressing can be made by wetting the hair and tying broad bands of tape around it.

One of the most stylish gloves for wear with light gowns is old-fashioned looking, and of soft thin kid, with no stitching on the back and only one pearl button.

Dealers say that women are buying only the thinnest silk and lisle hose and that even when cold weather comes, the heavier hose will go begging. Extravagant foot dressing has become a mania and no little thing like health or comfort can interfere with it. The stockings are more and more beautiful, and one house is showing an exclusive line of black gauze silk hose, with a web like tracing of gold thread above the slipper and caught in the gold meshes of the instep a small inserted butterfly of point lace.

Real laces are being used to a remarkable extent, Cluny, Arabian, point d'Alencon, Irish point, point de Flandres and Renaissance taking the lead. Batiste laces

are also much worn as trimming for cloth or silk, designs copied from rare old laces being embroidered on ecru batiste.

Silk applique on net, and velvet applique on net or silk, are trimmings as popular as lace, and stunning little coats are made of black velvet applique on coarse net and lined with white.

Another popular trimming is made by laying silk, with an irregular outline, upon cloth, and embroidering it to the goods in self shades.

A new gray which the French have poetically dubbed winter sky is the most hopeless of the new and fashionable shades. It hasn't even a hint of pink or lilac or cream in it, but is as uncompromisingly hard and dreary as the once popular zinc gray. No complexion can stand it; but it will doubtless be worn, since it is fashionable. Rouge, another of the new tints can relate all charges of dreariness. It is the most brilliant and beautiful of all the reds we have had, and will unquestionably win favor.

Apparently this is to be a season of buckles. They are growing larger and more popular and much more beautiful, from an artistic point of view, than ever before. Antique designs are first favorites particularly the Egyptian in dull metal and opaque stones. This fad for the odd and the antique extends through all the field of jewelry and the demand is bringing some work that is wonderfully beautiful and original.

Long chains are still popular, but they are hung with odd pendants and charms. Turquoise matrix is much used in this kind of jewelry, and an opaque stone of malachite green is also a favorite. Fresh water pearls in their irregular shapes lend themselves readily to odd and original designs and make particularly attractive pendants or drops on curiously wrought chains of gold.

Brocaded silks are less in demand here than buyers anticipated, probably because we have not accepted the Directorate and Louis XVI. fashions as readily as Paris has. Striped effects are the most popular things among the new silks and a phosphorized silk which has an odd quicksilver effect bids fair to be much used for waists.

Huge Directorate muffs are shown by the leading furriers and recall Mme. Le Brun's famous "Girl With the Muff." Coquettish little muffs of velvet chiffon and lace are to keep their vogue, however, and very elaborate ones are being made to match fall costumes. Gold lace appears in many of them, a note made to harmonize with the ubiquitous gold trimming of coats and frocks.

Plaid waists are popular in Paris and are made plainly, with a box pleat in the middle of the front, and stock, wristbands and girdle of black satin. The bishop sleeve is decidedly the most stylish for the separate waists, and the backs of the shirt waists are still devoid of yokes, but made plain, instead of being tucked and pleated as they were in the spring.

THE DUTIES OF A MODEL.

A Line of Woman's Work That is Very Trying.

The wholesale cloak houses are having their busiest season just at present and are taking orders for the winter garments for the retail dealers. This calls for the services of an army of models, as the young woman are called who show the various garments to the buyers from all over the country. These models are selected on the grounds of their appearance, refinement and good carriage. Their proportions must not vary an inch from the established standard as to height, length of waist and limb, size of bust waist and hips.

They are obliged to wear black skirts and jersey waists, the old-fashioned woven bodices that was popular many seasons ago but is now only manufactured for the use of the professional cloak model, who can more readily take on and off the various garments she shows when wearing one of these clinging waists. The model must be at her place at 9 and she works steadily until 6 with an hour sometimes only half an hour for luncheon. She is not allowed to sit down during business hours and besides, trying on dozens of gowns, wraps and coats she keeps stock in order and acquants herself with prices and materials, so that she may know something about the details of the business. At the same time she is not supposed to speak except in answer to a question, and is prized for her automaton like immobility of face. In the Fifth avenue tailoring shops to smile would be a grievous infraction of rule.

A model receives about \$10 a week to begin with, but often becomes an invaluable aid to her employers through some mysterious knack of bringing out the best points of the garment displayed. Natural grace, dignity of carriage and tact all go toward making a successful model. Some

of the high salaried saleswomen in the cloak department of the large dry goods stores began their work as models with the wholesale dealers. The cloak model, like the girl type writer, has been very much misrepresented by the tales of lurid writers, who tell of her subsistence on champagne and terrapin luncheons and her luxurious mode of life generally, but such stories are all imaginary. The cloak model works hard for little pay and she is not as a rule, particularly intelligent or interesting, except in her line of work. Her one idea is apt to be an overwhelming belief and conceit in her figure, which she guards carefully and locks tightly.

Another line of woman's work not so generally known of is that of shopper for the large retail dry goods houses. About every establishment has one, sometimes more than one, of these shoppers, who are really detectives in their way. The shopper is provided with handsome gowns and hats by the firm employing her, so that she may have the appearance of a customer who would be apt to buy largely. Her duties are to make a daily tour of rival establishments, ascertaining the novelties in stock and the prices, and especially to become cognizant of all bargain sales and reductions in the different departments. The danger in the work of the shopper lies in her probable detection. Once she becomes known clerks and floorwalkers are combined against her and her usefulness is done. She is treated with scant courtesy and the salespeople are instructed to deny her information and to refuse to show goods. She is frozen out and must seek other fields.

One of the cleverest and most successful of these shoppers is absolutely unsuspected. She travels in a brougham and purchases largely, being to all intents and purposes a legitimate and desirable customer. She keeps rigid watch on the different stores and enables her own house to undersell the firm's rivals at all times. Having ingratiated herself with some of the salespeople she even receives information a week ahead, sometimes, of contemplated sales, and on the same day her firm will make a similar reduction.

While the majority of people returning from the vacations tell the same story of depleted pocketbooks, debts and pecuniary conditions for weeks to come, many persons take advantage of the two summer months to reduce their living expenses so that they have more ample means to meet requirements of the winter in town.

Paris was once the Mecca of the economical American in the summer, but now the various farmhouses and boarding cottages of the Catskills offer a better field. At any number of these places good board can be obtained for \$7 or \$8 a week, at many places the prices are even lower and where whole families arrange for a long stay the rates that can be made are surprising to the person accustomed to the extravagance of the most ordinary town life.

These mountain places offer few inducements for the expenditure on money and the appetites that are bred in the beautiful air alone for the poor quality of the food and the tinned vegetables, &c., that are part of the life at these boarding cottages. Various are the inconveniences, but great are the economies, and at the end of the summer the boarder has become accustomed to the life and the simpler and more healthful mode of living without elevators, steam heat, electric lighting, porcelain paths and up-to-date cooking.

The question of cheap living in Paris is one often disputed. One can live cheaply in Paris as he can live cheaply in New York, but the change in his mode of life will be commented upon and deductions drawn here, while in Paris he quietly takes up the new standard of living on the plea of picturesque or some other of the excuses usually made for obesity and discomfort. The Parisian mode of life is undoubtedly more picturesque but the American laborer living in a tenement flat has more comfort and convenience than the camping-out American has in the French capital when he begins to live cheaply.

The Paris methods of purchasing food in small quantities sufficient for each meal has its advantage for the frugal buyer, but any one who wishes comfort in Paris must pay for it as elsewhere. An interesting experience was enjoyed by three American girls, two of them writers and the third an actress now in a London theatre, who was at the time of the experiment a reporter on a New York paper. These girls religiously saved up their money for a trip to Paris and return, and started with their travelling expenses and a small amount sufficient for a few weeks, stay in the city of their dreams. Within a week after arriving in Paris the woman reporter had changed her profession to that of a stage and obtained an engagement although she had not an idea

of such a proceeding when she left America. The two other girls emboldened by their friend's success, began to write for some of the London papers as well as for those of New York, and within a month the trio had a cosy apartment and were keeping house. They wrote home to the astonishment of relatives and friends that they found Paris full of business possibilities, and that they had concluded to remain there for the present. Their adventures would make an interesting book which some day, doubtless will be written.

One interesting chapter of the experience was a trip to London where they obtained veritable Dickens lodgings with a typical English landlady and a slavey who served them with shrimps and tea and other weird breakfasts. They rode on the tops of 'busses and enjoyed London far more than they had lived in more conventional style. The girl actress made her contract with a great London manager before she sailed for home. They were away from New York about eighteen months and returned in triumph to tell of the possibilities of Paris to an American girl.

"Nick O' Time."

Where hundreds of men are prospecting one of them is liable, of course, to stumble upon a ledge that 'pans out' in paying gold or silver. That 'lucky find' gives birth to a dozen stories about millionaires who have become rich 'beyond the dreams of avarice' by some fortunate accident. The following story, which the reader may believe or not, as it pleases him, of a miner's experience is original in that it permits a gunpowder to play the chief part in enriching the man.

A miner named John Quincy Adams was prospecting in the mountains. While trudging along, one hot day, through a gulch where the sun had a good chance at his back, he suddenly smelled smoke. He glanced quickly in every direction to ascertain the origin of the smoke; but seeing nothing, resumed his journey.

A moment later the smell returned, stronger than ever. A light wreath of vapor curled about his ears, and gave him to understand that his haversack was on fire. Like all miners, he carried a large lens for the purpose of examining the specimens and the sand in his pan, and the truth flashed upon him.

For want of room he had hung the glass on the outside, and the rays of the sun had been concentrated on his haversack, which was thus set on fire. As among its contents were twelve or fifteen pounds of powder, he lost no time in dropping the burden and getting as far away as possible.

The haversack fell between two huge stones, out of sight. Adams reached a safe distance, and watched the smoke rising from his worldly possessions. Suddenly there was a deafening report. The ground trembled, and Adams dodged behind a huge stone.

Rising, he went to the spot to gather up what he could find, when his eyes almost started out of his head at seeing the quartz that had been blown up fairly glittering with gold. His powder had done better on its own account than it had ever done on his, and had literally blown open a gold mine for his benefit. He was made a rich man, and named his mine the 'Nick o' Time.'

A Humorous Spirit.

The late Miss Mary Kingsley, one of the most intrepid of recent African explorers, and a writer whose books are not only vivid, but brightened by many touches of humor, has been described as "the very cut of an old maid." She used to be seen in a little black bonnet, of by no means the newest shape; and even in wading streams or pushing through the West African bush, she never abandoned skirts. Thus hampered, it is a mystery why she was not drowned in the capsize to which her West African river crews were continually treating her. One narrow escape, with unusually frightful accessories drawn from her wealth of adventurous experiences was given by Miss Kingsley to the Westminster Gazette.

On a certain voyage, circumstances over which she had no control placed her in a canoe with a white trader on a river in the south. The two travellers were talking about rubber—it seems that everybody talks rubber in that country—when they saw in the river ahead a herd of hippopotami, and Miss Kingsley, being nervous, said:

"Can you tell me if hippos are dangerous in this country?"

"Sometimes they are, ma'am, and sometimes they're not. You can't tell till you are past them," said the trader, and he discoursed again on rubber.

They went on, and just as Miss Kingsley thought, 'Saved! a hippo came under the boat, and they were in the water.'

Miss Kingsley always went conscientiously to the bottom when upset, and when she returned to the surface she saw their

Tonight

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

Hood's Pills

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

crew making for the bank, and heard a voice, with a rich Manchester accent, saying:

'Do you appear to survive, ma'am?'

'Temporarily,' said Miss Kingsley.

'Then hang on to the canoe.'

'I am hanging,' she said. 'Hang on yourself.'

And he hung. Miss Kingsley then suggested the bank.

'No,' said the trader. 'Wait till the canoe carries us past the land. If they can get a foothold they'll stamp you down. They can't do much in deep water.'

They floated along in silence for a while. Then the trader said:

'The worst of floating along like this is, the chances are a jockey [crocodile] will come along and sample your legs.'

As may be imagined, it was not all plain sailing for Miss Kingsley after that! No such direful thing happened, however, and in due course the voyagers proceeded on their way in a righted canoe.

Primitive Fire-Ket-plug.

In Madagascar, before the people had clocks and watches, the passing of the night and the day was marked by various observations of nature and of domestic duties.

Frog-croaking was the earliest intimation of coming day. This was at about two o'clock, and was followed in an hour by cock-crowing. Crow-croaking came at five o'clock and half an hour later the colors of cattle were to be made out. At that time diligent people would awake.

Within the topics, sunrise would vary little from six o'clock, and fifteen minutes later was the time for cattle to go to pasture. The drying of the dew marked another period at about half past six.

As the houses were built with their length running north and south, these furnished a sort of dial. The door was always on the west side. Day was said to be taking hold of the threshold at about half past twelve. At one o'clock was the peeping in of the day. An hour later the sun had reached the rice-pounding place. At three o'clock it was at the place of tying the calf.

In the course of another hour it had reached the poultry pen. At half past five the cattle came home, and at six the sun was dead. From seven to eight people were cooking and eating their rice, and at nine they went to sleep.

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noise in the Head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drum, has sent \$1,000 to a Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure a Ear Drum may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 750 Eighth Avenue, New York.

Mocking Birds in War.

During the siege of Ladysmith a mocking-bird in the British camp learned to imitate the warning whistle given by the sentries whenever the flash of a big Boer gun announced a coming shell. Not only that but, according to the account of a British correspondent in the besieged town, the bird also imitated the 'scream and buzzle' of the shell passing through the air.

Another Record.

Poppleton made a remarkable trip of seventeen and one half miles in his automobile yesterday.

Is that so? What was his time?

I don't know, but he told me he didn't run over anybody, and never hit so much even as a dog.

APIOL & STEEL PILLS

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



Thirst as Well as Famine.

The People of India Have Double Cause for Suffering Now—A Graphic Description of Awful Scenes

Ambassador Joseph H Choate has just communicated by cable the official thanks of Great Britain to the United States and the various Famine Committees including the Christian Herald Relief Work, for very generous aid in relieving the sufferings of the famine stricken population of India.

At the same time, however, comes the intelligence that India is by no means out of danger, that much more aid is still needed. Despite the fall of rain; despite the theory that the famine is on the wane, reports come out of the heart of the stricken land telling of a condition of distress as great as at any time during the last two months. It seems that the rains have not yet reached over 150 miles north and south of Bombay. Beyond these points, the stoutest hearts begin to quail at the prospect, knowing too well what another failure of rain means. What is to become of the people in these sections if the monsoon fails again? The prospect is appalling.

The authorities cannot take the necessary precautions against miscarriage too soon. Though the Government of India is straining every nerve to avert a catastrophe, worse than they have ever had to face, they still need the loyal co-operation of the other Governments and Administrations, and of the educated and well-to-do public. If the full extent and intensity of the present suffering in India were only realized by the public, the stream of sympathy would begin to flow afresh. The situation is more dismal than correspondents can describe. Money, condensed milk, blankets, medicine, any of these are sorely needed.

Unless there is a speedy change in the weather, of which the meteorological conditions hold out no promise, the kharif crop, which provides the people with their staple food, will be lost. The peasantry are beginning to despair and to wander, or else to leave their villages for the relief works, with the result that instead of diminishing the population of the famine camps and the poorhouse is again on the increase. The fodder famine is unabated, and many of the cattle imported to repair the terrible wastage caused by the drought are dying. To add to the trials of the unfortunate, the mill industry has now reached a critical phase, and there is the possibility of a general stoppage of the machinery, which will throw thousands of people out of employment for whom work will have to be found.

And now a new terror was added to the sufferings of the multitude. In all the relief camps they have thus far had water to drink; now many of the shallow wells, dug with spades and mattocks, have yielded up their last drop. As an illustration, let me quote the experience of the Bombay correspondent of the Cincinnati Inquirer, who says: "The camp I visited had no scientific apparatus for boring deep artesian wells. The heat was terrific—150 degrees in the sun. The sun was a ball of fire in the sky of copper. The thirsty multitude gazed upward with lolling tongues, but saw not a raincloud anywhere.

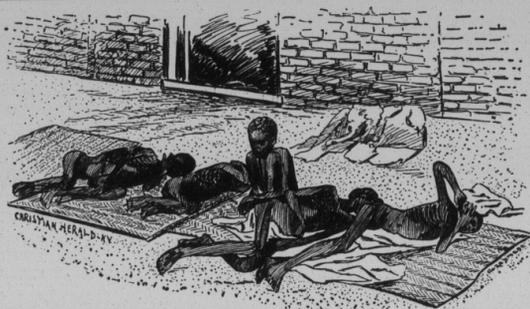
Maddened with unutterable pain they broke forth in search of water. In a body they deserted the camp. Hunger was bad; thirst a thousand times worse. Far across the fields they roamed in groups of tens and twenties. At last a cry of joy was heard; it came from a party making toward a clump of trees and low bushes. All within ear shot rushed that way.

"In the centre of the little jungle was a stagnant pool, the remains of last year's rains, protected from the fierce sun by the overhanging trees and tall bamboo reeds. But the water was a yellowish green, covered with a three fold layer of rotten leaves. It was all alive with living creeping things, and buzzing with blue winged flies. Into this multitudes cast themselves, and lapped up the water greedily with their tongues.

"That night cholera broke out in the camp, 'black cholera,' that tortures its victims with untold agonies before releasing them by death. Its only mercy is that it is so short; sometimes three hours, at most six. That night the multitude laid themselves down by the roadside. Most of them were in bare loin clothes; here and there one lay shrouded in a white sheet like a silent ghost. The thermometer registered 110 degrees, and thus at night the unwinking moon shone alike upon dead and dying. Darkness would have given a sense of coolness. Not a breath of wind stirred the dust motes that hung in the air like painted spots against the painted sky.

"After awhile the doctor came. H

felt a pulse here, examined a distended eye ball, shook his head in silence, and passed on. Only a few received a dose from the black bottles his assistant carried. The others awaited their turn—some lying still in callous apathy, some struggling up



Courtesy of The Christian Herald.

INDIA FAMINE.
Victims Dying of Starvation.

with feverish eyes to read their doom in the doctor's face.

"Suddenly a low moan was heard in the palpitating stillness—from some poor wretch who had read his death warrant. The effect was instantaneous. The cry passed from mouth to mouth. Eleven hundred moans shook the hot air, eleven hundred covering forms away from side to side in agonizing terror. It was black despair and panic now. A sudden pause, appalling in its intensity. The eleven hundred rose up, all but the dead, and fled into the night—some tottering and falling into the night in a vain effort, then cast prone upon the earth—some reeling like drunken men, helping each other with locked hands, like the blind leading the blind. But all fled into the jungle, the white, pitiless moon shining upon the huddled heaps that marked the fugitives' flight along the fields. And there was none to bury them or burn them. But from afar there arose an ominous sound—hoarse screeches and flapping wings. It was a flock of vultures, starv-

ing, fierce, fighting one another with claw and talon to get down first to do their horrid work."

One important phase that must not be overlooked, is that Indian famines claim their victims amongst the relievers as well as amongst the relieved, and already man-

are breaking down through the strain upon mind and body that never relents. Regarding the awful strain on missionaries and relief workers the Bishop of Calcutta writes: "The famine, the plague, the cholera, and the trying climate of the plains in the hot weather have laid a burden—greater than human strength can bear—upon the devoted men and women who have now for so many months been fighting the battle of the people of India against death. It is of the missionaries that I am best qualified to speak. One after another the missionary workers of my diocese have broken down in health and have been sent home,

hardship and a sense of suffering. But never in India has sympathy in its true sense of feeling not 'for' but 'with' the sorrow-stricken people, been more deeply needed or valued than it is now."

The great proportion of the survivors of the famine who most need care and attention today are children. In the Central Provinces alone, over three quarters of a million children, under ten years of age, are receiving relief. And yet, not only in these provinces, but throughout the whole vast blighted area, there are hundreds of thousands of children, left orphans by the death of parents by starvation, who need shelter and clothes as well as food, at once.

With the greater part of its efforts now concentrated upon saving these orphans to lives of usefulness, the Christian Herald Relief Work sends funds, as fast as received, to the missionaries who are gathering in the little hapless ones from the highway. Contributions averaging \$1500 a week, enough to support and educate 100 orphans for one year, are coming in; and there is every promise that, as publicity is given to the dire need of money for the continuance and expansion of this work, the amount of the weekly contributions will gradually increase.

The energetic indefatigable head of the relief work in America, Dr. Louis Klopfch is sending out day after day a most urgent and earnest appeal to all America to come to the relief of "even the least of these," the child-sufferers the orphans left destitute by the famine. Every contribution is promptly acknowledged in the pages of The Christian Herald to which paper, address the Bible House—all remittances for Famine Relief should be sent.

Regarding the generosity of America in aiding India, Dr. Louis Klopfch said, in an interview with your correspondent:

"The relief work for India carried on through The Christian Herald is distinctly democratic. The contributions are not those of generous capitalists, who cast a share of their wealth into the hat as we pass it around, but of the great masses—the common people—who are responding promptly, unstintedly, and nobly to the appeal of the hapless Hindoos.

Among the 247,000 contributions, aggregating over \$600,000, we have only one of \$1,000, while we have over 10,000 of a single cent each. Our average is \$2.40 for each giver.

Infancy and old age, the living and the dead, are represented in the long roll of honor. Among the contributors is a woman of eighty, who sent \$1.62 which she

The little bank of the lost darling of the household; the purse found in a dead mother's pocket; other touching memorial tributes, and many cheerful thank offerings for the recovery of loved ones and various benign happenings, have been laid upon the altar of India's need, along with the typical contribution which represents a proportion of the income or savings of the average American of moderate means who in order to be generous, must even deny himself.

In addition to what The Christian Herald has raised, possibly \$400,000 more has been contributed through the various foreign missionary societies and the Committee of One Hundred. Hence American generosity has subscribed more than \$1,000,000 towards this beneficent work, and basing our calculation on a population of 80,000,000, we find that one and a quarter cents for every man, woman and child in the Union has been sent ten thousand miles away to relieve the distress of a people whose habits, customs and language are strange to us, and whose grateful words of appreciation the contributors could not understand even could they hear them."

GILSON WILLETS.

The Best of Advice.

TO THOSE WHO FEEL SICK WEAK OR DEPRESSED,

Miss Belle Cohoon, of White Rock Mills, N. S., Tells How She Regained Health and Advises Others to Follow Her Example.

From the Acadian, Wolfville, N. S.

At White Rock Mill, within sound of the noisy swish of the Gaspean river, is a pretty little cottage.

In this cottage there dwells with her parents Miss Belle Cohoon, a very bright and attractive young lady who takes a lively interest in all the church and society work of the little village. A short time ago an Acadian representative called upon Miss Cohoon, for the purpose of ascertaining her opinion of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—which remedy he had been informed she had been using. He was very cordially received and found both Miss Cohoon and her mother most enthusiastic and ardent friends of this great Canadian remedy which is now so universally used throughout the world. We give below in essentially her own words Miss Cohoon's story:

"Three years ago this spring my health was very much run down. I had not been feeling well for some time and when spring opened up and the weather became warmer my condition became worse. The least exertion exhausted me and was followed by an awful feeling of weakness and a rapid palpitation of the heart. I seemed to lose my ambition, and a feeling of languor and sluggishness took its place. My appetite failed me and my sleep at night was disturbed and restless. In fact I was in a very sorry condition. I suffered in this way for some time. Then I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they soon began to work a change for the better. My strength and spirits improved wonderfully, and the old feeling of tiredness began to leave me. My appetite returned and my weight increased steadily. By the time I had used less than half a dozen boxes I felt stronger than I had done for years. Since that time whenever I feel the need of a medicine a prompt use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills has always brought me speedy relief, and in future when ailing I shall never use anything but these pills, and strongly advise others to follow my example."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines have failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box.

Stimulating Plants With Electricity. Some original experiments in the application of electricity to hasten the development of plants were recently tried in Russia. By covering a plot of barley with a net work of electric wires sustained by wooden posts, one experimenter accelerated the ripening of the grain by a period of twelve days. In soil electrified by buried wires, potatoes and other roots gave an enormously increased yield. Seeds subjected to electrification germinated sooner than those not thus treated.

What She Called Him. "Pardner, I was never so deeply insulted in my life," said Tired Thompson to Weary Willie, as he joined his companion in the road.

"Did she ask you to work for your dinner?"

"Naw."

"Did she invite you to take a bath?"

"Naw."

"How did she insult you?"

"She said I was an unimproved fraud."

New Hown's Hay Is sweet smelling and a source of honest profit, but pneumonia—is from a cough is neither pleasant nor profitable, so insure with 25c. with a bottle of Adamson's Botani; Cough Balsam. 25c. all Druggists.



JOSEPH H. CHOATE,
United States Ambassador to Great Britain.

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ages of the population, enervated, as it must be, by long continuance in a state little better than starvation. It may be that some persons will be led to offer their services in this dark hour to India. I do not wish to entice them by fair promises. All that can be promised them is pain and

'had saved up in a little home made purse; a man of ninety one, who collected nearly \$200 in small sums; a boy of eight, who contributed \$5 he had accumulated to invest in a bicycle; a wee maid who sent the money she had made by "picking huckleberries and doing errands."

The little bank of the lost darling of the school; the purse found in a dead miser's pocket; other touching memorials, and many cheerful thank offerings for the recovery of loved ones and various other happenings, have been laid upon the altar of India's need, along with the contribution which represents a portion of the income or savings of the average American of moderate means who is generous, but even deny self.

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New Mown Hay

Is sweet smelling and a source of honest profit, but pneumonia is from a cough is neither pleasant nor profitable. So insure with 25c. with a bottle of Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam. 25c. All Druggists.

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

vain; not a trace could they find. "What is your theory on the subject, Emmie?" enquired Vere, who rather believed in what he called 'women's intuition.' "I think," she replied, "that he made tracks for his own country, whichever that was—Italy, I suppose." "I always thought there was more of the Eastern than the Italian about him," said Vere. "Those cold, cruel eyes, that subtle look—"

"Don't talk of him!" cried Emma. "It has been a lesson to me I will never again so long as I live take up anyone without knowing all about everything about them." "Rather a large order, dear, isn't it? But a wise resolution, all the same." "I can never forgive myself for spoiling your life, Vere," said Emma remorsefully. "Well, I have forgiven you, if, indeed, there was anything to forgive," returned her cousin.

"How did old Mr. Durst take it?" Vere asked after a pause. "It killed him; it did indeed. We were all surprised, because none of us thought he cared so much about poor Magda. He died six months after." "And all this was the work of one scoundrel!"

"We are going to Lady Vivian's party tonight," said Emma presently. "You will come with us, won't you. I want to introduce my soldier cousin to her ladyship, and you will meet your old friends, Jack Leslie and his wife too." "Leslie's wife! The pretty little widow Mrs. Norton, I suppose." "Yes, they made a match of it after all, and are devoted to each other. She still flirts, of course."

"She would do that with the undertaker who came to measure her for her coffin. I verily believe," answered Vere, smiling. "Yes, Emmie, I will go with you." "By 10.30 that night Lady Vivian's rooms were crowded. Conversation, music, and light refreshment commenced the evening, and people began to ask each other what was the meaning of the announcement which took up one whole page of the dainty programme each guest was provided with."

"Signor Cararini and the wonderful clairvoyante, Signora Madelina." Lady Vivian flitted up to Lady Emma Trevelyan, who, with her cousin, had taken up a position near the door. "Am I not fortunate?" she said, "to have secured Signor Cararini for to night? Positively his first appearance in London." "Who is he, and what does he do?" enquired Vere Tempest languidly.

"What does he do?" (or, rather, the girl—the clairvoyante). She is marvellous, I am told. We are all going to adjourn to the picture gallery. Do get a good seat. So many—Ah! there is the Duchess of Sumpton—a ta, ta, and her ladyship floated towards a mountain of flash blinding with diamonds. "We may as well go, I suppose," said Tempest, yawning.

"Go? Of course we'll go," replied Emma. "Give me your arm, you lazy boy." When they reached the gallery they found it already nearly filled, so were obliged to content themselves with seats some way down the room. "After all, we shall see better here," remarked contented Emma, who was looking her prettiest to night in pale blue satin and pearls.

A strange light broke over the beautiful face, like one awaking from a long sleep. She trembled violently. The mesmerist was quickly at her side. Taking her hand, he led her behind the curtains, returning almost immediately to the front of the stage. "There is some disturbing element present," he said. "The medium is troubled by it. She will be well presently. The trance is not yet deep enough."

"By Heaven!" exclaimed Vere, in Lady Emma's ear, "it shall be no deeper. Villain that he is, his day is over!" and, before she could check him, he had left her side. Outside the picture gallery Tempest came in contact with a young footman, who was doing his utmost to peer into the long room.

"Will you direct me to the back of the stage he said. "It's private-to-night, sir; I mustn't," replied the man. "See—and Vere produced a five-pound note—(this is yours if you will take me round. I will think I found my way myself." The note changed hands, and in another minute Captain Tempest found himself outside a door over which fell a heavy curtain.

"I'm afraid you'll find it locked, sir," whispered the man. "It was true. Vere turned the handle; it resisted his efforts. He could hear Signor Cararini's clear tones. He was going through some feats of Indian jugglery whilst his medium was resting. "Bring me a chisel, and you shall have another sovereign," said Vere to his ally. James flew to do his bidding.

The lock, which was a slight one, gave way beneath the wrench and twist of Tempest's powerful wrist. The door flew open. Vere found himself in a small room, one door of which opened on to the stage. It was closed. Quick as thought he turned the key. He was alone with Magda. She rose, like some priestess of old, in her white flowing draperies a wild new light in her beautiful eyes.

Fear and hope seemed to be struggling for the mastery. She was in no trance now. The material presence of her lover had broken the spell. Vere held out his arms. With a stifled cry she sprang towards him, and was clasped by his wildly throbbing heart. He bore her from the room, and five minutes later was driving rapidly through the lighted streets in Lady Emma Trevelyan's brougham, Magda still held tightly in his arms.

A scribbled note had been handed to Lady Emma by James. "I am taking Magda home in your brougham," it ran. "Follow as soon as you can. There need be no scandal." "We shall have to take a hansom," said her ladyship to Sir George, with comic look; "and the day sooner we are out of this the better. When that villain finds that he has been banished—well, then—"

An expressive shrug completed the sentence. They left the gallery quietly, no one noticing their departure, so taken up were they with the wonderful feats of the Signor. Beneath the fostering care of her old friend, Magdalen Durst rapidly recovered her mental powers, but for some weeks she was in no condition to be questioned. At times her abject terror was pitiable. Emma deemed it advisable that Vere should be banished.

"You do not know what has happened. She may be as lost to you as though you had never found her," she said meaningly. Vere groaned in spirit and waited. But the day came when, lying on a sofa in Emma's boudoir, she told her story to her sympathizing friend. "You owe your recovery to Vere," said Emma firmly. "He will care for me no longer when he hears my story," sighed the girl, the tears standing in her eyes. "Let him be a judge of that," replied her friend, who was nevertheless terribly shocked, but set herself to work to extract the history of the past two years.

"His wife!" echoed Magda. "Why, he has one. I do not think he expected her to turn up, though; he had left her for some years. Oh! Emmie! you cannot realize the relief it was to me to find he was married; that put my worst dread away, and Madame Cararini was not bad. She wouldn't let him out of her sight a moment. She was terribly jealous; but, strangely enough never of me. She used to pity me. 'You are but the instrument of Jules,' she would say. 'He does not care for a white-faced doll like you.' I made heaps of money for them—always abroad. They had some reason for keeping me out of England."

"A reason not far to seek," put in Emma. "Do you know that he is 'wanted' on a charge of forgery? That scene at Lady Vivian's—for which, by the way, she never will forgive me—put the police on his track. It seems there was a detective in the house looking after a diamond brooch Constance Vivian had lost, and he spotted his man; but Crawford, or Cararini, or whatever his name is, got clean away. The 'spooks' helped him, I suppose," ended Lady Emma, who was in high spirits at finding matters even as they were.

"Do not laugh at such matters, dear Emmie," besought Magda earnestly. "You don't know the strange things I have seen and heard." "And which I won't listen to!" cried her friend, laughing. "You shall tell them to Vere—it will hear you; but he will stop your mouth."

"No. Oh! no." "With kisses!" concluded unsympathizing Emma. Lady Emma Trevelyan evidently knew her man. Vere literally stopped Magda's mouth in the manner alluded to, but not till he had heard the whole strange story of the years when she had been dead to him.

"Thank Heaven that I am no longer under a spell!" exclaimed the girl, as, lying in her lover's arms, their lips met in a long passionate kiss of love. "Not under a spell, my dearest? Indeed you are; but it is the spell of love—the most wonderful of all spells." And Magdalen Durst was content to remain under that sweet spell for all time.

When women are afflicted with sleeplessness and the many ills arising therefrom, they should be aware of the fact that they can, by their own efforts, control and banish all troubles. By the use of Paine's Celery Compound the impure blood that undermines the stomach and the nervous system can be purified and enriched and the number of red corpuscles increased. Sleeplessness that causes much of the nervous prostration among women is a trouble that Paine's Celery Compound never fails to cure.

Paine's Celery Compound by its well known nourishing powers enables the nerves to get back their control over the circulation, so that the blood supply becomes greater where it is most needed, and in the stomach after eating, and least where its presence can only do harm, as in the brain when sleep is needed. If wearied, worried, weak and nervous women desire full health and a happy life, we urge them to give Paine's Celery Compound a fair and honest trial. Paine's Celery Compound has a marvellous record of rapid and permanent cures that embrace every city, town and village in our broad Dominion. No other medicine is so frequently prescribed by our best physicians; no other can so surely meet the ailments of afflicted women.

Raising Lions In Dublin. The Zoological Garden in Dublin has a remarkable specialty, namely, the raising of lions for the trade. More than 200 lions have been raised in the Irish capital city since the first experiments were made, more than 20 years ago. Singularly, the race to which these lions belong has disappeared from its original home in Natal, South Africa, while it has been perpetuated under artificial conditions in the atmosphere of Ireland. The Zoological Society of Ireland contemplates an extension of its business of lion raising, and recently it has added a male lion from Nubia to its stock, hitherto exclusively of Natal blood, and an attempt is being made to interbreed the two varieties.

Long Lived Birds. It used to be believed that ravens lived longer than any other species of birds, and it was said that their age frequently exceeded a century. Recent studies of the subject indicate that no authentic instance of a raven surpassing 70 years of age is on record. Bat parrots have been known to live 100 years. One lost its memory at 60 and its sight at 90. There is a record of a golden eagle which died at Schoenbrunn at the age of 118. Another golden eagle was kept in the tower of London for 90 years. A third died at Vienna aged 104 years. Geese and swans are tenacious of life, and extraordinary accounts exist of the great age that they have attained. Buffon and other authorities have credited them with 80 and 100 years of life.

Seal Brand Coffee (1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.) Because of its ABSOLUTE PURITY Dyspeptics drink it fearlessly. It tones and strengthens the stomach. Imported, Roasted and Packed by CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

Quarantine and people would not begin to be so much alarmed as they would be by one case of bubonic. As a matter of fact there is absolutely no possibility of either the bubonic or the typhus getting a foothold here. The conditions of cleanliness and the state of development in sanitary science do not permit it. Yet there is always the danger of commercial loss in the South from fear of yellow fever. And this last is a danger that will exist until Havana is cleansed.

HAVANA'S YELLOW FEVER NEWS

Cleanliness a Certain Preventive of All Diseases, Says Dr. Doty. "There is no reason in the world," said Dr. Doty, "why Havana should not be as free from yellow fever as New York. Let the streets be asphalted so that they can be flushed with water, and let the old sewers be swept away and a new system of outlet be put in. After this tear or burn down a few centres where the disease seems always to lurk, and we would hear no more of yellow fever in Havana."

"Havana causes us more troubles and requires more vigilant watching than any other port from which vessels come to New York. And it is all unnecessary. They talk about the yellow fever belt, or the fever zone. They might as well say fifth belt or fifth zone. Find me a place where yellow fever thrives and I'll find you a place full of filth. Exterminate the filth and you exterminate the yellow fever. And it is the same with bubonic plague and typhus as it is with yellow fever. All have their source and thrive in filth. I know from my own observation of several houses in Havana that should come down. Boarding houses of some sort they were. Every year the fever breeds in them and spreads from them. They should be wiped out of existence, and the places on which they stand should be cleaned and disinfected."

"Havana will always be a menace to the health of this country until it is swept clear of its filth and made clean and wholesome. There is not so much reason for their having yellow fever there by a good deal as there is in New Orleans. A great part of New Orleans is below the level of the river. They have problems of drainage there that are unknown in Havana."

"It is a serious thing to have a threat of a disease like yellow fever always hanging about the southern part of our country—such a threat as we constantly have with Havana still only partly cleaned. And it is not merely the illness and death that are serious. It is the great financial loss. Let one case of yellow fever be reported in the South and I venture to say it would mean \$1,000,000 lost. One place would quarantine against another and so on until with anything approaching a fairly scattered outbreak of the disease there would be something like a general paralysis of business, meaning incalculable loss. The loss, furthermore, would be wholly disproportionate to the actual danger and to the actual ravages of the disease. It is fear that actuates men in such cases—fear in many instances of the unknown. That is particularly the case with this matter of the bubonic plague."

The bubonic comes with an awful name. It comes with the record of its appalling ravages in Asia, where conditions exist for its development and spread that never could exist here. Then there are the awful stories of the ravages of the disease, the black plague, as it was called, in London in the time of Charles II., which Peppy and DeFoe have immortalized. People forget that the conditions that existed in London then are as different from what exist here and here at the present time as day is from night. They do not think of this or do not appreciate it in its full force. They only stop to consider that it is the same disease, the same awful bring out your dead plague and they become alarmed. The plague is not by a good deal so dangerous as the typhus, yet the typhus has not been painted in such black colors, and there might be a number of cases held up here on a ship at

Honest and True. This is eminently the case with Paine's Nervine, and great pain cure. It is an honest remedy, for it contains the most powerful, the purest, and most certain pain subduing remedies known to medical science. It is honest, for it does all it claims to do. It is honest, because it is the best in the world. It only cost 10 or 25 cents to try it, and you can buy a bottle at any drug store. Nervine cures toothache, neuralgia, pain in the back and side. All pains are promptly relieved by Paine's Nervine.

From Judge's Dictionary. Autobiographer—One who strives to make a hero of himself with becoming modesty. Annotator—A false friend; a person who outshines the text and who is not a believer in the proverb, Let bad enough alone. Memoirs—Reminiscences of great men written by little men to show on what familiar terms they were with the objects of their worship. Literary syndicate—An institution which employs young men to re-write the current encyclopedias. Critic—A literary pope gifted with infallibility; an individual who seems to take a negative enjoyment out of life by pulling down what others have built, and who seldom commits himself to the jeopardy of any positive performance. Also a sort of safety valve or withholding force preventing an over production of genius.

Mohawkite, a New Ore. In the copper district near Houghton, Michigan, a new ore of nickel, to which the name Mohawkite is given, has been discovered. It contains arsenide of copper and arsenide of nickel, and its composition is such that it is said to promise well as an alloy of copper and nickel, for which a demand already exists in the arts.

A Misunderstanding. Ting Tong—"Wantee check?" McGue (the contractor)—"Wantee check! Yez paynut eyed haythin! I yez tink O'd be aither drawin' me check fer th' price av wan abir-r?"

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills. Must Bear Signature of Brewster.

FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION. CURE SICK HEADACHE.

My Fight With Paintlegs.

I spent thirty years in the Southwest as cowboy and ranchman. My family were people of consequence in Kentucky, but they had lost everything in 1857 by the failure of the state banks and the ensuing panic.

I did not make friends quickly with the men, I did not gather a penny's worth of information in a week of time. I found it galling as well as mystifying to have any questions curiously answered in a borrowed and foreign vernacular.

So matters ran for a week or more, change, sharp, decisive and welcome. There was a gathering of men and horses and a hurry of preparation one morning.

I found myself with Carly Jack again, and we two swung off to the left of the scattering army to ride out the arroyos, or gullies, of a boggy bar or ridge which lay between Clam Creek and Z-pateo Springs.

Curly Jack and I had ridden over perhaps one half the route assigned to us, and had a small bunch of horses going in our front, when a band of fifty or more, led by a white pony with black stockings, burst from an arroyo and sped away in our front.

That's Paintlegs and his band, said Jack. 'I low he'll jump the manada in about an hour.'

Then my companion explained that Paintlegs was a fleet seven-year-old mustang, which had escaped the branding iron and that neither hand nor rope had ever been laid upon him.

No rodeo could learn Paintlegs in its coils, and he had tangled to leave his band to hang about the stone corral, keeping always at a safe distance, until his herd, or some portion of it, was again turned out to him.

By nightfall most of the horses within a radius of fifteen miles or so had been gathered and penned at the big, round stone corral, where coils were to be branded and fresh horses subdued by professional mustang-breakers.

With the work of branding and breaking in my time of trial had come. Like most Kentucky boys, I was fond of horses, and was accounted a good horseman, where the term means something.

The pony, a ratty buckskin, had been ridden once by a breaker, and was turned over to me for my use. Of course I was 'pitched' all time and again, and finally the breaker had to take my pony in hand again.

On the next morning, after the herders had penned the stock, a 'gentle' horse was given me to ride. The animal was pronounced 'not a pisher, but a plun runner from way back.'

I was thrown so violently that my bridle rein was wrenched, broken from my hold. I got to feet un hurt, but had the chagrin of seeing my pony scamper away to freedom with saddle and bridle attached.

The misery of it blurred my eyes with tears. I stood looking after my pony and dreading to go back to the rodeo. Then I was aroused by a shrill, angry snort upon my left.

This beast had been continuously circling the rodeo, showing himself a dozen times in the day as he trotted upon the mesa slopes calling to his hand.

feel that the mustang's fear of me was not great enough to save me from attack. The vicious brute, beating the ground with his hoofs, squealing with anger and clacking his jaws like a mad boar, was already advancing.

I had no weapon except my riata, which I had worn, for safety, about my hips and detached from my saddle. The coil lay at my feet and I caught it up and ran a noose, hoping to frighten the mustang by a throw.

Then I made a rapid dash down the mesa slope, wheeling as I again heard the clatter of his hoofs behind. This time he was going like the wind.

Quite by accident he had caught the poorly flung loop in his wide-open jaws, and not feeling its light strain in his mad excitement, he wheeled upon his hind legs as before. Catching the rope with both hands, I gave a mighty backward pull at the crucial instant while he was rearing high, and the valiant Paintlegs measured his full length upon the mesquite grass.

It is a favorite saying of the range that "some fellows are born to luck." Whether there be any truth in the adage or not, luck had done me an excellent service.

As he lay panting and helpless, the cheers of the cowmen came up to me from the corral. They had been watching my fight.

I resolved to redeem my claim to horse-manship. I had caught that fit mustang without help and now without help, I could ride him if indeed he were not too nearly dead.

I advanced boldly, for indeed I was no longer afraid, and placed myself astride the fallen mustang. I leaned over, uncoiled the rope from one foreleg and looped the coils upon the other.

I had gathered in my rope and now, by a hard, outward pull upon the mustang's jaws and swelling tongue, I not only kept a firm seat, but drew Paintlegs off a straight round in a wide ellipse.

All the mustang's energies were concentrated in that burst of crazy running. In an incredibly brief space of time, we had swung round the corral in a two mile circuit accompanied by cries of jubilant encouragement.

Each whirled a riata. I understood their purpose and leaned far back to give them room. I held to Paintleg's mane, and threw my own rope loosely across his neck.

Thus was Paintlegs captured and my standing fixed at Waugh's. Most generously the wild riders applauded the exploit, and Paintlegs was taken in hand by a 'professional,' to be thoroughly broken to my use.

Only enough, the mustang never was a 'pitcher,' but became a sober and honest cow pony whose extraordinary fleetness was a matter of pride at Waugh's until three years after his breaking, he was captured in an Apache night rush upon one of our camps.

A bright boy, four years old has an uncle who teaches him 'nonsense verses,' not unlike those with which the late Edward Lear used to amuse English children.

'Waldo can,' spoke up the little fellow. 'Well, Waldo, you may stand in front and tell us what you know.' And Waldo, rising proudly, steamed away with these lines:

How doth the little busy bee Deight to bark and bite, To gather honey all the day And eat it up at night.

Trying to suppress a smile the teacher asked: 'Did your mother teach that?' 'No, my Uncle Arthur did.'

A Witty Red Man. In 'Travels in New England and New York,' President Dwight, of Yale College, tells a good story of Indian wit and friendship.

In the early days of Litchfield, Conn., an Indian called at the tavern and asked the landlady for food, frankly stating that he had no money with which to pay for it.

The meal was furnished, and the Indian, his hunger satisfied, returned to the fire and told his benefactor a story. 'You know Bible?' said the redskin.

'Well,' said the Indian, 'the Bible say, God made world, and then he took him and look at him and say, 'He good, very good.' 'He made light and he took him and look at him and say, 'He good, very good.'

This last conclusion was uttered with a meaning glance at the landlady. Some years after this occurrence, the man who had paid for the Indian's supper was captured by redskins and carried to Canada, where he was made to work like a slave.

Among the curiosities of the law is the following, reported by the Rochester Post-Express: At a term of the circuit court in one of the upriver counties, not long ago, a horse case was on trial, and a well known 'horseman' was called as a witness.

'Well, sir, you saw this horse?' said the defendant's counsel. 'Yes, sir, I—' 'What did you do?' 'I just opened his mouth to find out how old he was, and I says to him, says I, 'Old teller, I guess you're purty good yet.'

The exceeding roughness of the country has been the best ally of the Boers in their struggle with Great Britain. The difficulties of invasion are graphically described in a story printed by London Answers.

In the course of the fearful march of the Irish Fusiliers from Dundee to Ladysmith, the men were much fatigued, owing to the rough journey.

'Sir,' said Michael, 'what country is this we're marching over?' 'The Natal table-land, my man,' was the reply.

'B-dad, sir,' said Michael, 'I think the table's turned upside down, and we're walking over the legs of it!'

'Can I get some fresh eggs at your house today?' asked a neighbor of small Harry. 'No, ma'am,' replied the little fellow. 'All our hens have gone dry.'

Halifax, to Mr and Mrs S J Penny, a son. Oxford, Sept 2, to Mr and Mrs A H Myatt, a son.

Halifax, Sept 2, to Mr and Mrs W H Card, a son. Amherst, to Mr and Mrs Joseph Kirkpatrick, a son.

Halifax, Sept 2, to Mr and Mrs Wm Farrow, a son. Amherst, Sept 1st, to Mr and Mrs Wm Farrow, a son.

Halifax, Sept 2, to the wife of E A Pollock, a son. Amherst, Sept 6, to Mr and Mrs James W Pipes, a son.

Halifax, Sept 7, to Mr and Mrs T W Stoneham, a son. Lunenburg, Aug 23, to Mr and Mrs Aaron Phinney, a son.

Halifax, Sept 8, to Mr and Mrs John Taylor, a daughter. Brookside, Aug 23, to the wife of Thomas Oliver, a daughter.

Halifax, Sept 6, to the wife of Major H S Peake, a daughter. Digby, Sept 1, to Mr and Mrs Sydney Dakin, a daughter.

Halifax, Sept 27, to the wife of Amos Yellin, a daughter. Salem, Aug 31, to Mr and Mrs. Duncan McDougall, a daughter.

Halifax, Sept 28, to Mr and Mrs Reginald Hackett, a daughter. Halifax, Sept 4, to Mr and Mrs Frank D MacLean, a daughter.

Woodville, Aug 30, to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Wood, a daughter. Remps Road, Aug 29, to Mr and Mrs John Mc-An, a son.

Melrose, Queens, Aug 28, to Mr and Mrs D McD Fraser, a son. Harmony Road, Aug 16, to the wife of Charles Colburn, a daughter.

Yarmouth, Aug 24, to Mr and Mrs Calvin Thompson, a daughter. Webbwood, Aug 27 to the wife of Rev Edward Colburn, a daughter.

Halifax Harbor, Aug 28, to Mr. and Mrs. James Wilson, a daughter. North Sydney, Aug 29, to Mr and Mrs Harold Deyle, a daughter.

Port Hastings, C B, Aug 23, to the wife of Frank Plummer, a daughter. Pleasant River, Aug 28, to Mr and Mrs Rufus Kosher, a daughter.

Middle Monquoddy, Aug 21, to Mr and Mrs Will Logan, twin daughters. Princeton, Mass, Aug 21, to Mr and Mrs A Stanley Halcy, a daughter.

Amherst, Aug 28, by Rev Fr. Mihan, Jas L. Martin to Ida M. Oleson. Halifax, Sept 4, by Rev Dr Gordon, R. P. Forbes to Annie S. Fraser.

Halifax, Sept 4, by Rev B H. Thomas, John E. Apt to Mrs Charlotte Muir. Charlottetown, Sept 4, by Rev S T Phelan, Ernest Doyle, to Mary E. M. L.

Halifax, Sept 4, by Rev J W. Aikens, Hugh Passey, to Alma Griffin. Digby, Sept 3, by Rev. W. H. Evans, George H Waring, to Lily Edna Breen.

St John, Sept 5, by Rev Dr. O G Galt, Ben Robertson, to Laura S. Lane. Digby, Sept 3, by Rev. W. Scherman, Charles L. Power, to Annie Barnard.

Springhill, Aug 27, by Rev Fr. Dochy, F. G. Reid and Florence Vincent. Newport, Hants, Aug 29, by Rev A L. Fraser, Andrew Pratt, to Annie Dill.

Halifax, Aug 10, by Rev Monaghan Murphy, F. Schmitt, to Louise Crocker. Cambridge, Mass, by Rev Mr Hutchinson, Fred E Sawyer, to Louisa Crocker.

Charlottetown, Sept 4, by Rev Fr. Gordon, John Campbell, to Emily J. Campbell. North Sydney, Sept 4, by Rev T C Ja k, Joseph H. Peach to Ethel L. Shupard.

Lower Sleswick, Sept 5, by Rev R L Coffey, G V Yarmouth, Sept 4, by Rev F H Mode, Howard A Sisman, to Emma Burrows.

Springhill, Aug 26, by Rev E. Hurley, Walter Mathers, to Elizabeth White. Millville, Pictou, Aug 23, by Rev J W Fraser, J. Ross to Lizzie A. Sutherland.

Yarmouth, Sept 4, by Rev M. G. Henry, Jessie Bowers to Mrs Anne F. Garrow. Digby, Aug 24, by Rev G. F. Johnson, Fred W. Schmidt, to Mary A. Milburn.

Port Hawkesbury, Aug 22, by Rev W F. Cann, P. Dancy, to Miss Mary Fike. Pictou, Sept 4, by Rev A H Denoon, Duncan McD Campbell, to Emily J. Campbell.

Boston, Aug 30, by Rev A. K. MacLennan, Edwin J. Shaw, to Katherine A. Collins. Chatham, Sept 4, by Rev D. Henderson, Fredrick Cool, to Miss Rachel Cameron.

St Stephen, Sept 5, by Rev Dr. McKenzie, James B. Brown, to Kate Aubrey Stevens. Port Hawkesbury, Aug 14, by Rev W F. Cann, George Millard, to Capt. Fred James.

St. August, Aug. 20, by Rev John C. Berrie, Christy Vincent, to Maggie May Miller. North Sydney, Sept 4, by Rev Dr. McKenzie, Arthur Robertson, to Josephine McVay.

North Sydney, C. F., Sept 5th, by Rev T. C. Jack, John D. Lawson, to Helen Craig Moffat. Yarmouth, Aug 22, by Rev J Stanley Durkee, Mr. W. Wagner, to Jennette M. Blauvelt.

Middle River, Aug 30, by Rev M. A. McKennie, Rev Francis McKee, to Kenia McRae. Noel, Hants, Sept 5, by Rev William Forbes, Andrew Denmore, to Margaret Denmore.

Cambridge, Mass, Sept 5, by Rev G. W. Bicknell, John Manderson, to E. Blanche McNeil. Boston, Sept 4, Johannes Dilson.

Halifax, Sept 7, Henry Clarence Ripper, 10. Boston, Aug 28, Edward N. Currie. Milltown, Aug 28, N N Kennedy, 18.

St John, Sept 6, John McFadden, 29. Digby, Sept 4, Miss Ada Oliver, 41. Milltown, Aug 28, John Buntley, 6.

Halifax, Sept 7, John H. Edwards, 70. Halifax, Sept 4, Mr Wm Coolahan, 88. St John, Sept 6, John Goldsack, 89.

Lisimore, Aug 24, John Macdonald, 76. Brookville, Sept 1, Isaac Cannlar, 68. Halifax, Sept 5, Mary A E Brush, 70.

Digby, Aug 31, Reuben Cossaboom, 39. Leguille, Sept 6, Augustus Hardwicke. Shimlican, Sept 3, Arthur Smith, 32.

Kentville, Sept 2, Harry Clyde Stead, 8. Sanary, Aug 24, Robert Gutherford, 90. Bridgewater, Aug 28, Alice Huxley, 23.

Delverne, Sept 3, Mrs William Jackson. New York, Aug 3, Lila wife of F W Jones. Canso, Sept 1, James Harvey Rodolph, 41.

St Stephen, Aug 24, Charlotte A Hogan, 69. Farnboro, Sept 5, Mrs Clarence Ripper, 2. North Sydney, Sept 2, Mrs Anna Clements, 85.

Yarmouth, Sept 6, Mr William James Reid, 79. Buxford, M s, Aug 26, James A Elliott, 64. Middleville Branch, Sept 1, Margery Wagner, 69.

Five Mile River, Aug 31, Edw. Thompson, 28. Minasville, Hants, Sept 3, Robert Henderson, 63. Windsor, Aug 31, Violet Gertrude Brothers, 2.

North Sydney, Sept 2, Vida V T Strang, 2 months. Galis, Aug 23, Ellen Veronica G-organ, 8 months. Rye Beach, N H Aug 31, Edward S Washburn, 57.

SUFFERING WOMEN. My treatment will cure promptly and permanently all diseases peculiar to women such as, displacements, inflammations, etc.

CANADIAN PACIFIC Short Line to Quebec VIA MEGANTIC. Lr. St. John 1.15 p. m. daily, except Sunday.

IMPERIAL LIMITED Ocean to Ocean in 116 Hours. Knights of Pythias Meeting, Detroit, Mich.

Dominion Atlantic R'y. On and after Wednesday, July 4th, 1900, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

EXPRESS TRAINS Daily (Sunday excepted). Lve. Halifax 6.35 a.m., arr in Digby 12.26 p.m.

S. S. PRINCE ARTHUR AND PRINCE GEORGE YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston.

Intercolonial Railway On and after June 18th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Suburban from Hampton, 5.30. Express for Campbellton, Fugawag, Pictou and Halifax, 7.10.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Sydney and Halifax, 6.00. Suburban from Hampton, 7.10. Express from Pictou and Montreal, 8.35.