

PROGRESS.

VOL. XI., NO. 540.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1898.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

JENNIE AT A WASH TUB.

THAT'S HOW THE MISSING MRS. MOWATT EARNS HER LIVING.

Found in Boston by Detective Ring—She is Called Mrs. Clark Now and Does not seem to Have Entered Her Condition at all by Her Sensational Move.

When Samuel Mowatt returned to his home on the Oak Bay road Friday night Sept. 10th, a little more than a year ago, he had \$25 in his pocket and a lot of bad whiskey in his system. He was drunk enough to abuse his wife, by words at any rate, and some of his neighbors say that he did more than that, but he was also drunk enough to lie down and go to sleep with the \$25 in his pocket. When he woke up he was without his bag, without his money, and without his wife. She had taken advantage of his condition and had picked his pocket, and, tired of her life, had left her home and her husband to try her fortune in the United States. That was the last that was heard of Jennie Mowatt until last Friday Sept. 9th, when Detective John Ring of this city, after a



MRS. JENNIE MOWATT.

brief but very clever search located her in Boston, trying to earn her own living. Mr. Ring is a provincial detective and as such the Attorney General instructed him to unravel the mystery that surrounded the disappearance of Mrs. Mowatt. The people who had been her neighbors declared that she had been murdered, all sorts of stories came from that section to the effect that cries of murder had been heard, that blood had been seen on the floor, and pointing to such suspicious circumstances as the filling up of an old well which was generally supposed to contain the body of the missing woman. In the meantime Mr. Mowatt had left the place and sold out all that he owned or all that he could sell and went to the United States. He left his wife's trunk at his father's and that proved a fortunate circumstance for Detective Ring when he found it and opened it secured much that assisted him in identifying Mrs. Mowatt, when he located her. In the trunk was her marriage certificate, the names of her parents, brothers and her Sunday-school teacher, her bible and testament, the minister who married her and the place where she was born, and all such particulars that were valuable indeed to an official. More than that all her clothing was there, her rings and her bracelets, in fact everything she owned except the dress she had on her back. This went to strengthen the idea that Mrs. Mowatt had not gone away of her own accord, but she had been foully dealt with.

Another important clue was her photograph from which many duplicates were taken but the one sent to the Boston police failed to assist them in any degree in their search. Gertie Russell was the one who gave the clue. She used to live in St. Stephen and the story of how she unwittingly revealed the whereabouts of the woman is told in one of the Boston papers in this way.

Mrs. Jennie Mowatt (who disappeared from St. Stephen, N. B. a year ago under such circumstances as to lead to the belief that she must have been murdered, has been found in this city.

The case was a celebrated one in the province, and the talk which resulted from the finding of blood on the floor of her former home, the going away of the husband and the stories which were circulated by ignorant persons who desired to appear knowing, compelled the attorney general to take action.

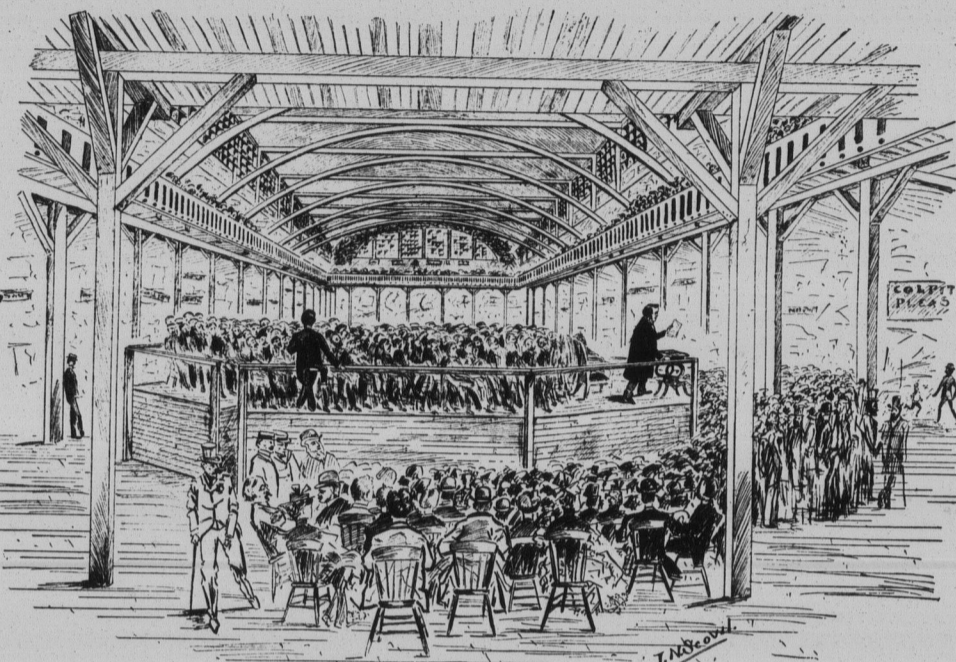
A. I. Mowatt, her husband, a man of 45, carried on a farm in the outskirts of St. Stephen and returned there about 5 p. m. Sept. 10, 1897, the worse for liquor.

He and his wife were heard to have an animated discussion, after which she went to a neighbor's to return some article of household use which she had borrowed. This neighbor a Mrs. Pierce, was the

WHERE TO SPEND YOUR QUARTERS.

There are not many serious features to an Exhibition opening, but what there were to the ceremony on Tuesday is referred to in another part of this paper.

Ladies and gentlemen sat about Sir Charles and President Pitfield on the platform, and men and women moved about the main hall in front of them enjoying themselves. They had a chance to look at and admire the fish show—one of the most interesting exhibits there—or to find out their proper weight in order to compare it with their avoirdupois after the worry and bustle of the show is over, or to taste the varieties of candy and fruit and comment upon their excellence, or do anything they chose.



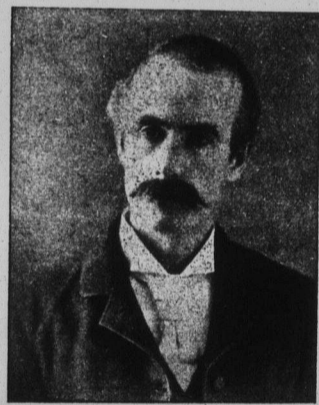
SIR CHARLES TUPPER OPENING THE EXHIBITION

The speeches weren't long but they were as good as exhibition speeches usually are and listened to with the same scant attention. The hammer and saw paid their tribute all the time as of old and the people did not seem to like it. There was music in plenty and good at that, but the crowd on that day was not as large as it should have been. The attendance since has been gratifying and the weather beautiful. The show is a good one, better than usual and well worth seeing.

last person who seems to have seen the woman in that region.

That was Friday evening and it was not until Sunday when Mowatt went after Mrs. Libby a married-sister of his, that any one seemed to have noticed that Mrs. Mowatt was not about.

The husband at first said that she was gone away for a couple of weeks, and later changed his story



LIQUOR-INSPECTOR JONES

claiming that his wife, who is about 25, and naturally fond of travelling and a good time, had gone to Minneapolis to visit her people.

A few weeks later he sold his cattle and many other belongings, carried much of his personal goods to the home of his father, near by, and left the place.

The stories did not grow any smaller or less sensational after that, and finally a man named Tuttle stated that he knew that the body had been thrown down a well on Mowatt's premises and covered with gravel, with a heavy stone on top of it.

Permission was secured to have the well searched and it was soon seen that there was nothing whatever of a suspicious nature in it. Still the stories went on and Hon. A. S. White the attorney general took the matter up in Ass. of this year, and provincial detective John Ring of St. John was put to work on the case.

He found by investigating the deserted house formerly occupied by the Mowatts that there was blood on the floor of two of the four rooms in the house. He likewise found that all the winter clothing of the missing woman was in one of the trunks which her husband had taken to his father's house.

This certainly looked suspicious but at about that time detective Ring heard that John Richard, son of a railroad man living in Norcross, Me., had heard of the woman.

He learned by communicating with him that Miss Gertie Russell, who now lives in this city with her mother, but who had come from St. Stephen, had met a woman in Boston whom she felt sure was the missing Mrs. Mowatt.

She had met her under the name of Jennie King, and the detective began to feel that the mystery was going to be untangled, for King was Mrs. Mowatt's maiden name.

He came to the city, arriving Thursday. On the way he stopped at Eastport Me., and found that somebody by the name of Mowatt had been registered there Sept. 11 and 12 last year. However, she had not been registered herself, so it was not absolutely established that it was the Mrs. Mowatt.

When the detective got here he was given the

assistance of Inspector Kelly and yesterday the woman was located on Pine st. She is a young woman of very good appearance, being a brunette with dark eyes and dark hair inclined to be wavy.

She readily consented to tell the detective why she came away after a quarrel which she had with her husband. It seems that her husband was in the habit of going into the New Hampshire woods in the fall and remaining there all winter.

Meanwhile she was left to care for the cattle and generally look after the place, was lonesome and had some too much food, clothing and fuel. This had gone on, she said, for five years, and she concluded to try a change.

She could not account for the blood on the floor, but said it was not hers. She is willing to go back to convince those interested that she is not dead, but does not care to live in St. Stephen again.

When Detective Ring arrived in Boston Thursday the 8th of September he went to see Inspector Watts of the Boston police force and when he told his mission was shown every possible attention. At his request Detective Kelly was detailed to assist him on the case and on Friday morning they started out for Pine Street where Mrs. Russell lived. They found the place and found the room where the supposed Mrs. Mowatt was said to lodge. Detective Ring knocked at the door which was partially opened and the face of a woman appeared. She did not appear to be anxious to let the detective in but they pushed forward and the first salutation she received was, "How do you do Jennie" from Detective Ring. It did not take him long to find out that this was Mrs. Mowatt because she knew all about the people on the Oak Bay road and she answered all the questions Ring asked her about her people just as he had found the information in her trunk.

The room she lived in and was paying \$2.50 a week for was small and poor and she was unkempt and ragged—almost without clothes—washing for a living and known to the people she met as "Mrs. Clark."

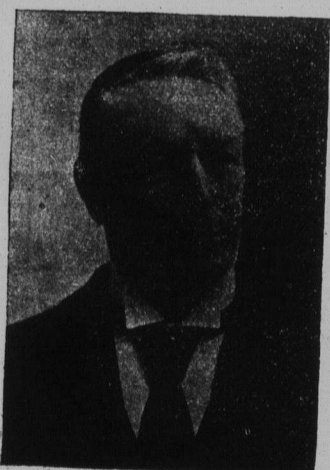
She promised Ring she would write to Mrs. Eastman, a former friend of hers, and had, in fact, written and torn up four letters since she went away. She was willing to come and show the people that she was Mrs. Mowatt but Ring thought that unnecessary.

This solves a mystery that was a curious one in many respects. Mrs. Mowatt's disappearance was so perfect that she was not found for a year and then only by the astuteness of an officer who had but little ground to work upon. The credit for the solution of the mystery belongs to him. He was assisted as every detective is assisted by all the information he could get but the conclusions he drew were his own. Mowatt should be thankful for the circumstantial evidence against him was so strong that had he been arrested and tried

the verdict would almost surely have been against him.

He Has Had Enough of War.

Those who saw Sergeant Vanwart when he returned from the Cuban War found it hard to recognize in the slight and almost emaciated young man, the robust soldier who left for the scene of conflict with 180 pounds of flesh to his credit. He weighed 118 when he returned and anyone can judge from that that he did not have an easy time of it. Five days of quarantine when he arrived near Boston and a fortnight's attack of malaria fever after he reached the home of his relatives there, did not tend to improve his physical condition. He was at his parents, Mr and Mrs. J. O. Vanwart's, Evandale, last Sunday, and many of those who enjoyed the excursion on the steamer Victoria found it interesting to listen to the modest description that this young soldier gave of his experiences in battle. Fortunately he was not wounded except a shoulder grazed, but he saw enough of his comrades sicken and die from wounds and yellow fever.



J. WILLIAM ROOP.

er to make him heartily weary of warfare in such a climate. The sergeant was in the regular army and as his period of service was up is now discharged. He intends to return to the States but not to the army.

The Birth of Venus at the Fair.

Lovers of the beautiful in art can spend a pleasant hour in the art exhibition of Sam Richey at the Fair. The Birth of Venus and other celebrated pictures are shown there and their artistic merit cannot be denied.

WENT IN THE WINDOW.

INSPECTOR JONES HAD A SEARCH WARRANT FOR ROOP'S HOUSE.

The Officers got in Through the Window and Raided the Place While the Crowd Cheered Mr. Roop's Remarks about Prosecution and Unfair Dealing.

Truly "there was a hot time in this old town" last Saturday night, when in the early hours of the evening liquor Inspector John B. Jones, re-enforced by Chief of Police Walter W. Clark and a squad of the "finest" called upon J. W. Roop, proprietor of the Central Hotel and an unlicensed bar and demanded admittance.

Mr. Roop wasn't in, or, at least he wasn't to be seen. Somebody said he was upstairs, some other person said he was in the bar clearing out the stuff. Anyway he was not present to answer to his name and to let the inspector and his companions enter. They did not come unprepared for such a contingency, and the necessary authority in the shape of a search-warrant was in the inside pocket of the Inspector's coat. That is a little document which it is pretty hard to resist. With it any officer can break down a door and do a good deal of damage in his endeavor to enter a place. The inspector didn't want to do this, so he looked around him for some other handy means of entrance, but the only possible way he saw to enter was through an open window in the front of the building. Ladders however were required for that purpose and the only ones available apparently belonged to the fire department. That didn't seem to make very much difference for on this occasion, at least, the fire department was willing to help out the police department and a ladder was quickly forthcoming, the obliging driver of the fire chief himself having loaned the means by which an entrance was made to the premises of Mr. Roop. Officer Campbell was the first man on the rung. He is not a small man—in size—still he got through the window without much difficulty, not with the ease of a freeman, still with sufficient quickness to keep clear of Officer Killen who also went in through the window. A good large crowd assembled at this time, and when "Pat" mounted the ladder he created a good deal more fun than a clown in a circus. The 500 or 1000 people who gathered at the front of the hotel evidently had not much sympathy with the raid, but they had a good deal of kindly feeling for the big officer who attempted to put himself through the narrow space. Nobody has discovered since whether he got any assistance from those who went ahead of him but they know that there was no possibility of any aid being extended to him from the rear.

To make a long story short the officers found their way down stairs and opened up the front entrance; then armed with the search-warrant and the necessary instruments of force, calculated to open doors, they got into the bar. Mr. Roop would not give them any satisfaction. Somebody said that he was in bed when they entered, but if he was it did not take him long to get out, and the crowd in front of his premises were soon regaled with a speech from him that would do credit to Hansard.

Mr. Roop has a very lively sense of his own wrongs. He has been a citizen here for a long time and has kept a hotel and has sold liquor with and without a license, has in fact done pretty much as he pleased in that direction, until the new and stringent license law came into force. Before that and before Inspector Jones was appointed to carry out this law, Mr. Roop thought the police were down on him and if the extent of their dislike could be measured by the fines they had imposed on him there is no doubt that he was not a favorite with them. Mr. Jones, on the contrary, has given Mr. Roop considerable latitude and stated that under certain circumstances he was quite willing to recommend him for a license. He wanted Mr. Roop to change the location of his bar, to bring it forward so that he could have a glance at it once in a while; but Mr. Roop did not agree with the inspector, because he said the bars of the other hotels were in the rear and why should not his be there also? In his speech to the appreciative audience last Saturday, Mr. Roop hinted quite strongly that much fairer treatment was being extended to his neighbors than to himself; but while he was making his remarks, the officer had taken out all the liquor they could find and had it carted to the police station.

Talking to Progress the inspector

Continued on Fourth Page.



One of the most charming functions of the season as well as one of the largest was the tea given by Mrs. W. H. Scovill of Meeklenburg street on Thursday afternoon.

The young ladies who assisted the hostess in looking after her guests were delightfully pretty gowns and were as follows: Miss Grace Burpee, Miss Marie deBury, Miss Laura Bates, Miss Blanche Jones, Miss Emma Robertson, Miss Lena Waters, Malden, Mass., Miss Helen Parks, Miss Nellie Jarvis.

The drawing rooms were tastefully arranged with tall palms, rubber plants, Norway pines, white oak and a quantity of cut flowers in which green and pink were the prevailing colors, and when the guests had assembled the scene was bright and interesting.

The decorations in the dining room were on a particularly elaborate scale and here as elsewhere the color scheme was in pink and green—pink sweet peas, mignonette and smilax being used.

- The guests included the following ladies: Mrs. Parks, Misses Parks, Mrs. John Burpee, Miss Burpee, Mrs. L. Burpee, Miss Barker, Mrs. Barker, Mrs. S. Alward, Mrs. W. Lee, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. H. B. Robinson, Mrs. Barclay Robinson, Mrs. L. Sturdee, Mrs. Wm. Hazen, Mrs. A. Wright, Misses Jack, Mrs. C. Lee, Mrs. H. Schofield, Miss Murray, Miss Wright, Mrs. W. Starr, Mrs. Hunter White, Mrs. A. Jack, Mrs. D. Hazen, Mrs. O. Campbell, Mrs. M. McLaren, Mrs. Caritte, Mrs. Dunlop, Mrs. W. Smith, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Raymond, Mrs. Gilchrist, Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Kinnear, Mrs. Kinnear, Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. Allison, Mrs. E. G. Scovill, Mrs. G. B. Pugsley, Mrs. W. Pugsley, Mrs. A. Schofield, Misses Dunn, Mrs. MacIntyre, Mrs. James Magee, Miss DeVeber, Mrs. Prescott, Mrs. F. Sayre, Mrs. E. T. Sturdee, Mrs. Melick, Mrs. T. E. Jones, Mrs. R. J. Ritchie, Mrs. T. McAvery, Mrs. Gardner Taylor, Mrs. Estough, Miss Smith, Mrs. J. Allison, Mrs. J. V. Ellis, Miss Jarvis, Mrs. Keator, Mrs. C. Hall, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Berryman, Mrs. Travers, Mrs. C. Robertson, Mrs. T. H. Hall, Mrs. Troop, Misses Sturdee, Mrs. Binning, Miss Eaton, Mrs. J. Magee, Mrs. Leigh Harrison, Mrs. Dillston, Mrs. Childs, Mrs. J. Montgomery, Mrs. B. Cushing, Mrs. McNutt, Mrs. Morris Robinson, Mrs. H. Ruel, Miss Adams, Mrs. O. Robertson, Mrs. Kellie Jones, Mrs. A. Markham, Countess deBury, Mrs. T. Cushing, Miss King, Mrs. A. Cushing, Mrs. W. J. Clarke, Mrs. E. Taylor, Mrs. Coy, Mrs. Johnsons, Mrs. R. Cruikshank, Misses Parkes, Miss Burpee, Miss Barker, Mrs. W. Lee, Mrs. H. B. Robinson, Mrs. L. Sturdee, Mrs. A. Wright, Mrs. C. Schofield, Miss Schofield, Miss Peters, Mrs. Dickson, Mrs. White, Mrs. G. R. Ellis, Mrs. H. deForest, Mrs. V. McLellan, Miss Nicholson, Miss Dunlop, Misses Symonds, Mrs. Clarke, Miss Fairweather, Mrs. H. Scammell, Mrs. R. Sturdee, Mrs. Lord, Salem, Mass., Mrs. C. Kinnear, Mrs. J. F. Robertson, Mrs. Kaye, Miss Scovill, Misses Pugsley, Mrs. F. Harding, Mrs. Dunn, Misses Bellow, Mrs. Johnstone, Mrs. B. DeVeber, Mrs. B. Lee, Mrs. Berryman, Mrs. R. Grant, Mrs. Henderson, Misses Melick, Miss Jones, Mrs. D. P. Chisholm, Mrs. McAvery, Mrs. H. McLeod, Mrs. C. Smith, Mrs. C. Coster, Miss Allison, Mrs. W. H. Trueman, Miss Keator, Mrs. C. Grant, Mrs. W. White, Misses Walker, Misses Massie, Mrs. C. Travers, Mrs. C. Robertson, Mrs. T. H. Hall, Mrs. G. McAvery, Mrs. R. A. Payne, Mrs. Marce, Mrs. C. Clitch, Miss Thorne, Mrs. L. A. Currie, Mrs. Austin, Mrs. G. Cushing, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. E. Jewett, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. C. Harrison, Mrs. Timmerman, Mrs. G. Jones, Mrs. Morrison, Mrs. C. deForest, Misses deBury, Mrs. Chae, King, Mrs. Manchester, Mrs. Cushing, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. W. Harding, Mrs. Bartlett, Miss Scovill, Mrs. Domylla.

- Mrs. T. Bell, Mrs. H. Puddington, Mrs. Miles, Mrs. J. Chipman, Mrs. M. Dixon, Miss Stephenson, Mrs. H. Gilbert, Mr. Seely, Mrs. B. Carr, Mrs. Puddington, Mrs. Perley Barnhill, Mrs. J. Scammell, Mrs. M. Robinson, Mrs. Fielding, Mrs. W. G. Scovill, Misses Warner, Mrs. Reed, Mrs. H. Tilley, Miss Waters, Mrs. Wm. Johnston, Fredericton.

The sail on river to Day's landing last Friday for the entertainment of some of the officers of the warship was extremely pleasant and greatly enjoyed by the guests, among whom were: Mr. George Jones, Mr. Chas. Coster, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Coster, Mrs. Burpee, Mrs. G. McLeod, Miss Warner, Misses DeBury, Mrs. Sturges, Miss Keator, Mrs. Stratton, Mrs. Adams, Mr. Peter Clitch, Mr. Gerard Ruel, Mr. Bover Smith, Mr. Teddy Jones.

Miss Burpee's whist party on Saturday evening was a delightful affair and enjoyed by quite a large number of guests including several of the officers for whose entertainment I believe it was given.

Among Tuesday's social gaieties were two five o'clock teas, one given by Mrs. and the Misses Vassie at Rotheray and the other by the Misses Parks. I believe both attracted quite a number of guests who were charmingly entertained by the respective hostesses.

A hostess of Wednesday was Miss Tillson who entertained a party at "The Glebe," Manchester's beach on that afternoon.

The warship was besieged with visitors during its stay here and several little dinner parties took place on board on different evenings. Capt. and Mrs. Frimrose, who was formerly Miss Kenny of Halifax, had as their guests at a recherche little luncheon one afternoon Mrs. George Carvell, Miss Fenell, and Miss Marie Furlong.

Miss Maud Fleming who has been visiting here for several weeks returns next week to New York. Mr. and Mrs. H. deForest and two children, the Misses Furlong, and Mr. Dixon spent a day or two lately at Ball's lake, and enjoyed the little outing in that delightful spot immensely.

On Thursday evening the Misses Parks gave an extremely enjoyable whist party for the entertainment of Miss Margaret Parks. There were eight tables and the prizes were very pretty. The ladies first prize, a very beautiful cup and saucer, was won by Miss Elisabeth Furlong and the gentlemen's prize, a silver paper cutter by Mr. Purdy. The consolation prize was furnished for a programme of six dances and a dainty supper was served.

engagement at the Opera house this evening with performance of the beautiful Irish drama Kathleen Mavourneen which will also be played at the matinee. During their stay here the company have been accorded excellent patronage and though the exhibition has somewhat interfered with the attendance this week the houses have been very good everything taken into consideration.

The exhibition is of course all absorbing this week and other attractions are completely overshadowed by the big show which has its social side as well as any other.

Tuesday evening the reception to Sir Charles Tupper was well attended though it was not nearly so brilliant as the one accorded Sir Wilfrid Laurier a year ago. On Tuesday the following persons were presented to the veteran consulting leader Colonel Markham and W. H. Thorne assisting in the presentation.

- T. F. Thompson, Mrs. Emerson, J. K. Storey, Mrs. Davis, The Misses Tapley, J. B. Hamu, Mrs. George McLeod, Mrs. George F. Smith, Lt. Col. J. R. Armstrong, R. D. Akerley, J. W. Belyes, Wm. C. Dunham, The Misses Robertson, W. C. Milner, W. W. Hubbard, Thos. A. Peters, Miss A. Vallis Sandall, Miss Duffell, Thos. B. Lyson, C. W. Stockton, Sussex, Scott E. Morrill, J. D. Hazen, Miss Jones, Henry Wilton, Mrs. J. R. Armstrong, John A. Chesley, Geo. F. Baird, Mrs. J. F. Bullock, J. Hunter White, Mrs. Geo. F. Baird, C. F. Olive, Mr. Reasor, S. L. Peters, Miss Mabel Smith, Bruce Scovill, G. Sidney Smith, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Moore, Baltimore, P. W. McNaughton, Joggins, N. S., Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Tapley.

Mr. C. A. Stockton who was confined to his residence through illness is improving rapidly. Dr. and Mrs. Walker of this city were among Sunday's registeries at the Queen Hotel Toronto.

Miss Belle McKay of Springfield N. S. is spending a week in the city and is staying at Mrs. Sweeney's, Union street.

Miss Maud McMann left yesterday for Boston to reside permanently. Her many friends will wish her good luck in her new home.

Mr. Stanley Douglass and the Misses Douglass of Stanley, N. B., made a short stay in the city this week. The Misses Dawson of Charlottetown, who are very well known in this city where they have a large circle of friends, are again visiting here.

The Test of Time. It is important to know that there is as much difference in Soaps as in other articles used in the home, some are fairly good, others are not fit to use, one cannot always judge by appearance, adulterated goods often look like the genuine. There is not an impure thing in Welcome Soap, it is made with the greatest of care. The true test is in use and Welcome Soap has stood this severest test for more than 20 years.

One Girl's Way. One girl economizes by dyeing her clothes, feathers, boas and ribbons at home—another girl buys them new for fall. The economical girl doesn't experiment but goes straight to her druggist or grocer and pays to cents for any color (15 for black.) in those brilliant, fadeless, clean, quick, sure English Home Dyes of highest quality—Maypole Soap Dyes.

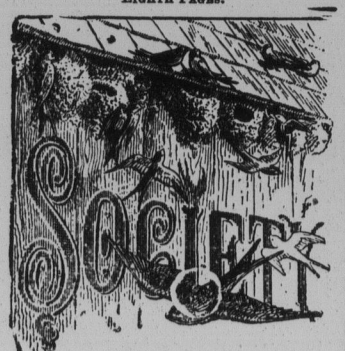
Confidence. Every business man who expects to make a permanent success of his vocation in life, must have the confidence of the people who trade with him. This is sound natural law that is applicable to every legitimate trade that we know of, and no matter what the disposition of the individual may be, if he has ordinary common sense he must realize that IT PAYS TO BE HONEST with his customers. We have built up a very large business in various kinds of musical instruments throughout the Maritime Provinces during the past twenty-five years, and we are not to the fact that we are more energetic than our competitors, nor that we have a monopoly of the best PIANOS and ORGANS made in the world, but simply by doing the very best we could for our clients under all circumstances. This is an absolute fact and one that we can furnish you ample proof of, if you ask us.

HEAVY STEEL PLATE Range.. Coal or Wood. For... More than 100 styles and sizes for FAMILY, HOTEL and Restaurant use. ARE STRICTLY UP TO DATE IN EVERY PARTICULAR. YOU CAN BUY Equal in Weight, Durability and Efficiency to any in Canada or U. S. \$50.00 The McClary Mfg. Co., LONDON, MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG and VANCOUVER.

When You Order..... PELEE ISLAND WINESBE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND. "Wine as a restorative, as a means of refreshment in Debility and Sickness is surpassed by no Product of nature or art."—PROFESSOR LIEBIG. "Pure Wine is incomparably superior to every other stimulating beverage for diet or medicine."—DR. DUCROT. Ask for Our Brand and See You Get It E. G. SCOVIL, Commission Merchant, 62 Union Street.

Forgot the Dessert? "Our girl forgot to make a dessert for dinner tonight. I went down stairs at 4 o'clock and dropped one of Lazenby's Jelly Tablets into hot water and stirred it for a moment and put the liquid away in a mould to cool. "We had dinner at 6 o'clock and the jelly was nice and hard—orange jelly. The flavor was just as delicate as could be—the purity of the ingredients is unquestioned I am told in Lazenby's Jelly Tablets." Best grocers sell 12 varieties of them.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.



George Francis Train, the famous sage of Madison Square...

HALIFAX NOTES.

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

On Monday afternoon society was divided between the United Service vs. Wanderers' cricket match...

A unique party was held at McNab's Island lately where the amusement of the afternoon was kite flying.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Krabbe will be pleased to learn of the excellent appointment which has fallen to Mr. Krabbe...

A cousin of Mr. Thomas Tobin of Halifax, is at the front in Egypt in the 21st Lancers, and Captain Edward Duff, Horse Artillery, is also at Omdurman.

AMHERST.

[Progress is for sale at Amherst by W. P. Smith & Co.]

Sept. 13.—A trip to the Upper provinces seems to be the great attraction this autumn...

Mr. Fred Moore the popular teller of the Bank of Montreal has been appointed to the same position at the bank here in Montreal.

Mr. W. H. Rogers is in Boston attending the meeting of the board of directors of the bank.

The cornerstone of the new St. Luke's Church at Base Vert was laid on Wednesday last.

Mr. D. T. Chapman has gone to Montreal on his annual trip.

A marriage of interest comes off week after next. It will be a home wedding partners of which will be given.

Yesterday our natal day was observed as a public holiday the usual programme of sports being carried out on the athletic grounds most successfully.

Mr. DeWatts and his daughters have returned from their visit to the country.

DARTMOUTH.

Sept. 13.—Mr. F. F. Esagar returned from a trip to Newfoundland where he has been on business.

Miss Emma Crowe of Truro is a guest of Mrs. A. Robb, Victoria street.

Mrs. H. W. Chapman of Somerville, Mass., who has been spending the summer with her sister Mrs. C. A. Black, expects to return this week to her home.

PARRSBORO.

[Progress is for sale at Parrsboro Book Store.]

Sept. 13.—Dr. and Mrs. Dearborn left by the train for St. John on Saturday on their way to Boston where they will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Moffat and Mr. Barry Baker have returned from their trip to Toronto.

Several of our young ladies went to Truro this week to attend the tennis tournament on Wednesday.

Mrs. C. E. Day entertained a large party of young people at a dance on Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith of Nicaragua, who are staying at the Alpha leave for home to-morrow.

Mr. and Mrs. Mott, Liver Herbert have been spending a few days with friends here.

a delightful day's outing, returning to Town per C. P. R. in the evening.

Mrs. H. F. McKenzie who has been visiting Economy friends, is home again.

Mr. and Mrs. O'Day and the Misses O'Day left on Monday for St. John where they make a short visit with Mrs. O'Day's sister, Mrs. C. B. Posters.

Yesterday our natal day was observed as a public holiday the usual programme of sports being carried out on the athletic grounds most successfully.

Mr. Hugh McKenzie entertained a number of Master Kenneth's friends on Monday evening last.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the bookstore of G. W. F. McKeown.

Sept. 14.—A large number of St. Stephen citizens went to St. John this morning to enjoy the pleasure of the exhibition.

A party of ladies drove to Oak Bay and enjoyed a picnic supper on the grounds of Mrs. George Young.

Mrs. David Min gave a pleasant tea to her lady friends at her residence on Monday evening for the pleasure of her guest, Mrs. Robinson.

Mrs. M. J. Meredith, accompanied by her daughter Miss Carrie Meredith are spending this week in St. John with their friend Mrs. William Murray.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Young with a party of friends went to St. John to day in their steam yacht Nautilus and will remain there for several days to enjoy the sights at the exhibition.

Miss Abbie Todd is the guest of Mrs. Frank Todd this week.

A party comprising Mrs. T. E. Wharf, the Misses Wharf, Mrs. Ella Haycock, Miss Frances Lowell and Miss Mina McKusick are spending a week at DeMonts at the Hanson cottage.

Mrs. David Min gave a pleasant tea to her lady friends at her residence on Monday evening for the pleasure of her guest, Mrs. Robinson.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Forbes Constant nee Miss Elizabeth Ma-Nichol have arrived here and will spend the autumn on the St. Croix to enable Mr. Constant to enjoy the fine hunting in the vicinity of Calais.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Forbes Constant nee Miss Elizabeth Ma-Nichol have arrived here and will spend the autumn on the St. Croix to enable Mr. Constant to enjoy the fine hunting in the vicinity of Calais.

they stay they are guests of Mrs. Conant's mother Mrs. Archibald MacNicol. Miss Helen MacNicol is also at home.

Mrs. Daniel Gardner, is seriously ill and very grave doubts are entertained in regard to his recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Graham spent several days visiting Campobello and Grand Manan during this week.

Mr. and Mrs. George J. Clarke and children spent Sunday in St. Andrews the guest of Mrs. Nelson Clarke.

Miss Julia Tilley is the guest of her sister Mrs. John D. Chipman.

Mrs. J. D. McLaughlin, and Miss McLaughlin, have been spending a few days here with Mrs. George Babbitt, but returned to St. John on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ned Harmon Murchie of Carleton are visiting relatives in Calais.

Rev. Canon Vroom of Kings College Windsor Nova Scotia who has been visiting his mother and sisters Mrs. Frances Vroom and the Misses Vroom left here on Monday for Montreal.

Mrs. W. B. Ganong, arrived from the "Cobden" on Thursday last where with her little daughter Marguerite she has spent the summer.

Mr. Ernest Bab's left last week for Minneapolis where he has received a lucrative position.

Prof. and Mrs. Ganong leave this week for Northampton, Mass.

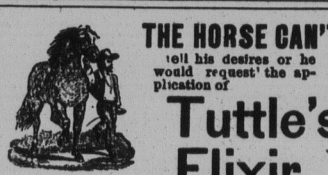
Mr. Ernest Graham invited a party of friends to a game supper at Moore's Mills one evening recently. I hear it was a most jolly affair.

Mr. Melborne Goggin, who has spent several weeks here has returned to his home in Chatham.

Miss Clara Curtis left this morning for Southern California where she will spend the fall and winter months.

Miss Clara Curtis left this morning for Southern California where she will spend the fall and winter months.

Miss Clara Curtis left this morning for Southern California where she will spend the fall and winter months.



THE HORSE CAN'T tell his desires or he would request the application of Tuttle's Elixir

to his poor lame joints and cords. This Elixir locates lameness, when applied, by remaining moist on the part affected; the rest cures out.

Remains yours respectfully, E. LE ROI WILLIS, Prop. Hotel Durbin.

PUDDINGTON & MERRITT, 55 Charlotte Street Agents For Canada.

Fall Millinery Pattern Hats and Bonnets

MILLINERY NOVELTIES.

London, Paris and New York

Parian 163 Union Street,

PUTTNER'S EMULSION.

Nothing is so good for THIN, WEAK, PALE PEOPLE—it gives them FLESH, STRENGTH and BLOOM.

Always get PUTTNER'S: It is the original and best.

CROCKETT'S... CATARRH CURE!

A positive cure for Catarrh, Colds in Head, etc., Prepared by THOMAS A. CROCKETT, 162 Princess St. Cor. Sydney

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock. TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. E.

BLACK RIVER DULSE. JUST RECEIVED 5 Bbls. Choice Dulse. At 19 and 23 King Square, J. D. TURNER.

BILLIARDS XXIX CENTURY ELECTRIC CUSHIONS

E. L. ETHIER & CO., BILLIARD MANUFACTURER, 88 St. Denis St Montreal.

IF YOU FEEL TIRED TRY A BOTTLE OF OUR

CELERY NERVE TONIC.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, Chemist and Druggist, 35 King Street. Telephone 239

THEY FEAR HIS POWER.

THE MOSLEM RULERS ABHOR THE MAHDI'S SWAY.

What General Kitchener's Victory Will Mean—The State of Affairs in Omdurman a Disgrace to Europe—Prisoners Will be Released from Confinement.

The destruction of the power of the Khalifa in the city of Omdurman is a great event in the Mohammedan world, for there is nothing which the Moslem rulers of the present day fear more than the establishment of the universal rule of the Mahdi.

According to Moslem theology, a ruler who shall be known as El-Mahdi, or "the rightly directed one, leader or guide," shall appear in the last days upon the earth. The people of Persia hold that this Mahdi has already appeared in the person of Abul Kasim, the twelfth Imam, who is believed to be concealed until the day of his manifestation before the end of the world.

The sayings of the Prophet on this subject are somewhat notable. For example, he is related to have said "The Mahdi will be descended from me. He will be a man with an open countenance and with a high nose. He will fill the earth with equity and justice, even as it has been filled with villainy and oppression, and he will reign over the earth seven years."

It was in accordance with this prophecy that Mohammed Ahmed, the Mahdi of the Sudan, asserted his right to the dignity of Mahdi. He was born in Dongolo of a poor and obscure family, but said he was descended in direct line from Fatima, the Prophet's daughter.

After the fall of Kartoum the Mahdi selected Omdurman as a temporary camp, but the Khalifa made it the sacred city of the Moslems and regarded the tomb of the Mahdi as equal in point of sanctity to the tomb of the Prophet at Medina.

The town of Omdurman is built for the most part on fairly level ground, but here and there are a few small hills. The population of the city is distributed entirely according to tribes. The Arabs live in the southern quarters and the Nile Valley people in the northern portion.

His character is a strange mixture of malice and cruelty. He delights to annoy and cause disappointment, and is never happier than when he is robbing families wholesale and executing all persons of influence and authority.

BUY Coleman's Salt THE BEST Every package guaranteed. The 5 lb Carton of Table Salt is the neatest package on the market. For sale by all first class grocers.

Constipation

Causes fully half the sickness in the world. It retains the digested food too long in the bowels and produces biliousness, torpid liver, indigestion, bad taste, coated tongue, sick headache, insomnia, etc.

Hood's Pills

Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

successful in an expedition. But in spite of his tyrannical nature he is said to be devoted to his eldest son, Osman, who is now a young man of 25 years of age.

The Khalifa's harem consists of 400 wives. In accordance with the law of Islam he has four legal wives, but according to this law, he is allowed to have any number of concubines, who as Slatin Pasha says, vary in color from light brown to deepest black and represent nearly every tribe in the Sudan.

Every Friday at midday prayer the Khalifa would preach a sermon in Arabic, beginning with the salutation, "Peace be upon you, O friends of the Mahdi."

The Khalifa is really a Wahhabi in his religious sentiments, and consequently he regards many current customs of Islam as idolatry. Smoking is forbidden, as well as the wearing of silken garments and gold ornaments.

The great mosque is a brick building about 500 yards long and 350 yards broad. The Mahdi's tomb is a domed building white-washed and by no means a structure of beauty.

The common city prison is that in which Charles Neufeld has spent so many years, subject to the greatest privations, and merely kept alive by the occasional supplies which reached him through the black servants he brought with him from Egypt.

The state of things in Omdurman for the last ten years or so has been a disgrace to Christian Europe. If the great powers of Europe could act as one man against the combining influence of the semi-savage armies of the Sudan such a condition of things as that which has existed in Omdurman would not be endured.

Firmly Resolved. A pathetic story is told of a brave soldier who was in the hospital, and who in spite of his sufferings, always took a cheerful view of the situation.

pose; and finally he sought out the man's sister to tell how foolishly the invalid had behaved. "Why," exclaimed she, "didn't you know? Both his feet have been shot off!"

A BULL AND HORNET DANCE.

The Live! Steps of Mrs. Dodge and Miss Fairchild in Winyah Wood.

The other day Mrs. Frank Dodge, the wife of the scene painter of the Herald Square Theatre, has for a guest at her home in North Pelham a Miss Fairchild of New York. Until the other day she professed to admire the country. To-day she doesn't.

The duties of Mr. Dodge call him to the city each day, and in fine weather it has been the custom of his wife and Miss Fairchild to go with him to the railway station. To-day, attired in bicycle costume, they went with him to the station as usual and waved farewell as the train disappeared.

Then Mrs. Dodge, too started running and crossed the path of the bull, who again showed his playful spirit by ceasing to chase Miss Fairchild and following Mrs. Dodge. The chase continued in this way both women dodging behind trees and making for the stone wall inclosing the park.

"I can't run another step," finally gasped Miss Fairchild. But no sooner had she spoken than she gave a scream and with much waving of the arms dashed on harder than ever.

Just then Farmer Walsh appeared on the scene, contemplatively chewing a wisp of hay. The terrified bull ran up to him and was petted. Mrs. Dodge and Miss Fairchild started to give him a piece of their minds, but he merely laughed indulgently.

Observations of a Soldier Who Fought in the Great Rebellion. "If you want to know how men die in battle, ask some of those who have been at Wilson's Creek, on one side or the other," said Judge De J. Murphy of the Criminal Court.

Wild Strawberry. I purchased a bottle and commenced taking it according to directions and was cured in a very short time. I cannot praise the remedy too highly for what it did for me.

Tired? Oh, No. This soap SURPRISE greatly lessens the work. It's pure soap, lathers freely, rubbing easy does the work. The clothes come out sweet and white without injury to the fabrics. SURPRISE is economical, it wears well.

IN LONDON THEATRES.

While I was firing my gun from Bloody Hill a youngster, not more than 20 years old, suddenly jerked his leg. He uttered a sharp, quick cry, then sat down and tore the trousers away from the place on his shin where a Minie ball had struck him.

Another Drury Lane item of interest is that Amelia Stone who came over with "A Stranger in New York" Co. and who is now singing at the Alhambra has been engaged for the important part of "Principal Girl" for this season's pantomime.

There is, by the way, a remarkable condition of affairs on the Board of Directors of Drury Lane, for, after paying a dividend of 20 per cent for the first year of the new company they cut down their own annual fees from £431 per head to £200.

The plot of "The Gypsy Earl," which is by Geo. R. Sims, runs through a prologue and four acts and has for its theme the struggle between the wandering Romany people and the upper classes.

There are many people martyrs to bowel complaints who would find Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry a wonderful blessing to them. It not only checks the diarrhoea but soothes and heals the inflamed and irritated bowel, so that permanent relief is obtained.

A Martyr to Diarrhoea. Tells of relief from suffering by Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry. There are many people martyrs to bowel complaints who would find Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry a wonderful blessing to them. It not only checks the diarrhoea but soothes and heals the inflamed and irritated bowel, so that permanent relief is obtained.

Chat to . . . Boys and Girls.

Well, my boys and girls, we meet again in our snug corner, for another chat, or would you prefer a story for a change this week? I think perhaps, you would, even though it bears upon the same subject we took before, that is—"Home and Mother"—two of the sweetest words in the English language, you know. My little story is in a great measure strictly true, or, as writers often say, "founded upon fact," and if it is rather sad, you must forgive me this time, and some other day I will tell you a merrier tale. I shall call this one.

Papa's Story.

"Be kind to thy mother, for when thou wert young Who loved thee so fondly as she. Who caught the first accents, that fell from thy tongue And smiled on thine innocent glee!"

So sang happy little Alice Thorne, rocking her dolly back and forth before the bright coal fire in the cosy sitting room. Over and over again in low, gentle tones the verse was sung till dolly's blue eyes closed, and she lay on her little nurse's lap, perfectly still, and, very dainty looking, in her pretty frilled night-wrapper and lace cap of good Aunt Margie's handiwork.

Papa, sitting in his great arm-chair, was almost hidden behind the evening paper, and Alice, singing softly that she may not disturb him, had no idea he was listening intently to her simple song, or that his kind eyes were full of unshed tears, until Fred, her eight year old brother, who was busy harnessing his wooden horse in a corner of the room, suddenly exclaimed "Well, there Alice! I do hope you know that by heart—you've sung it often enough anyhow."

"I'm trying to learn it," replied Alice, with a bright blush, seeing her father had lowered his paper, and was now looking earnestly at her. "It's a new song, Miss Grey taught us at school today. I only know the first verse, and thought it so pretty, I didn't want to forget the air; but I'm sorry papa dear if I disturbed you reading."

"No dear," said Mr. Thorne, "I have listened with great pleasure, to your song, and wish you too Fred would learn it by heart" as you say—especially the first words "Be kind to thy mother" she is your best earthly friend; love and appreciate her while you have her. I learned to value my precious mother through blinding tears and bitter repentance."

Papa's voice trembled as he spoke, and Freddie leaving his toys, came quickly to his side, hoping for a story such as he loved best—namely some incident in his father's life.

"Tell her about it—do," he asked; while tender-hearted Alice, putting an arm around her father's neck whispered "not if it makes you feel badly papa dear."

"I will tell you, my children," said Mr. Thorne taking Alice upon his knee, and drawing Freddie more closely to his side; "though the memory of what I lost by the death of that dear mother, and the recollection of all that sorrowful time in my boyhood, must even make me sad, it may however, help you my gentle Alice to be more thoughtful for your good mother's comfort, and you dear Fred, more careful how you speak to her,—I sometimes hear a very impatient little voice, when mamma cannot grant every request. I was a wayward boy, scorning control, feeling myself very independent at your age Fred, and thinking it manly, to dispute, and even defy my good mother's wishes, though always expressed for my welfare. Conscience often whispered that I was wrong, but as I was unwilling to listen to her friendly voice, it became fainter and fainter, until at last she almost ceased to warn me.

My father's office being in the city, five miles from our pleasant home, he was necessarily absent nearly all day, and knew very little of the trouble and anxiety I caused, by my persistent efforts to have and to hold my own way. On his return at evening all vexations were as far as possible laid aside, but had he known how often I tried my gentle mother's love and patience, he would have taken me more completely under his own guidance or sent me away to school.

I knew this and took pains to appear at my best before him. I have called my mother gentle: she was so indeed—but firm also. Thus I gained nothing and only brought sorrow upon the being dearest to me on earth, for I did love her, only my proud will, and hatred of wise control made me for a time blind to my folly and deaf to her entreaties. One cold, March day I was starting off for school, when my mother called me saying:

"You are forgetting your overcoat my dear."

"Oh no," I answered, "I did not forget; I am not going to wear it to day."

"Why, John," she said smiling pleasantly "you do not think I could let my boy take such a long walk in this cold March wind without an overcoat, do you?"—at the same time taking it from the hook, and holding it towards me.

"Why it's spring now" I cried angrily "and warm enough. The other boys will go without theirs and I'm not going to wear mine. I hate it—so there!"

"John" said my mother with sad surprise in her voice, "I cannot tell how it grieves me to hear you speak in that way. I seek only your own comfort my son, and—"

"Oh yes" I interrupted "you want to make a girl of me, and a laughing stock among the boys! I wish I had no mother!" God forgive me! I knew not what I said in my temper.

She staggered as though I had struck her a blow and so I had, on her tender loving heart. Oh I can see yet the look of agony mingled with the most intense love and pity upon her pale sad face. Pressing her hand upon her heart which always troubled her in any excitement, she said very quietly,—"you may get your wish sooner than you think, poor wayward boy!" "Then I will do as I please, and be glad I have no one to lecture me" I answered hotly.

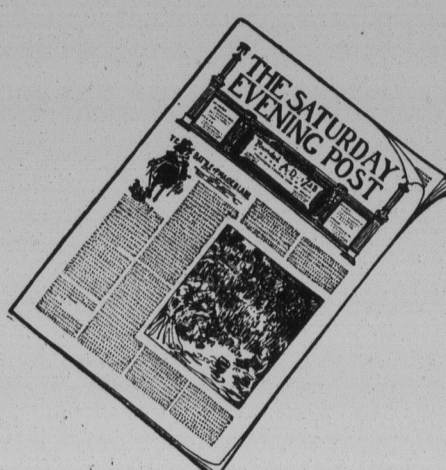
"But while you have a mother, you must obey her" she said firmly, and I was obliged to wear the coat after all.

I spent a most unhappy morning, I had gone to school at enmity with my own mother refusing to kiss me when leaving, and dreading yet longing to meet her again. Her pale face haunted me, and I ran all the way home—to find the house in confusion the servants running to wait upon the mistress they all loved, my sister Mary, weeping as if he heart would break, and my father in earnest conversation with the doctor, and both looking so grave! I heard them say that some excitement had brought on a spasm of the heart, and she was carried senseless to her room perhaps never to recover consciousness again.

"Oh my dear children" said Mr. Thorne kissing the upturned faces, wet with tears, "may you never, never know, any thing like my suffering of that day and night. When the doctor had gone, and the shadows of evening fell in one sitting-room—always so bright and pleasant at this time, when father was expected, but now so painfully silent, while she who made all the joy, and the light of home lay crushed and still upstairs, I felt as though I must cry out, and tell them all I had murdered her. I think I could not have borne it much longer, if my kind father had not come with me to look for my sorrow—never dreaming of the dreadful remorse in my heart, till I told him all, kneeling before him, while Mary hid her face upon his shoulder, and he covering his face with his hands groaned aloud. "Oh if I might only tell her how truly sorry I am, and ask her forgiveness!" I cried but that could not be. My father taking up her bible read and prayed with us till I grew quiet. But ah! the weary waiting for those loving eyes to unclose once more I was forbidden to enter her room for many days, but at last, I could look upon her, and lay my face to hers, though I dare not speak and God was so good to me! he did not let her die for some months—not till I had been freely forgiven, and had tried by every word and deed thereafter to show my dear mother, how truly I loved her and repented for the past. So, Fred, you will not wonder I join in Allie's new song and say "Be kind to thy mother" love to serve her while you may, never be ashamed to own that you are wrong, and beware of spurning her influence and control if you would not lay up sorrow, for all your coming years."

WOMAN'S NEW NECK WEAR.

Silk Linen Collars Give Way to Light, Fluffy, Becoming Devices. The average woman looks her best under the influence of ribbons and laces and light airy, fluffy neckwear. No other women realize this so keenly as French women, and for that reason they have never taken to the shirt waist with its correct accompaniment, the high, stiff, tight linen collar. This collar has made sad havoc with pretty necks, and now their owners are turning



We will mail THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, beginning with the October number, to January 1, 1899, also THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, every week, from the time subscription is received to January 1, 1899, on receipt of only Twenty-five Cents.

In The Ladies' Home Journal

Mrs. Rorer, who writes exclusively for THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, will continue her cooking and domestic lessons. In the October number she tells what should, and what should not, be eaten by men following certain occupations. Twenty-five desserts are given for all sorts of stomachs.

SOME SPECIAL FEATURES include churches decorated for Christmas, Easter, Fairs and Weddings, photographed and described.

Interiors of tasteful and inexpensive homes pictured and described, showing pretty corners, tables set for dinners, luncheons and teas, etc.

Some Special Features of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Besides the General Departments—Serials, Short Stories and Sketches—

Men and Women of the Hour

Brief biographic sketches and characteristic stories of people prominently before the public, with portrait illustrations.

The Post's Series of Practical Sermons

Each week is given a strong sermon, simple, direct and unsectarian, on vital topics, by one of the best religious thinkers of the world.

The Best Poems of the World

Beautifully illustrated by the best American artists, are accompanied by a portrait of the poet, a biographic sketch and the interesting story of how each poem was written.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

eagerly to the exquisite trifles designed to set off their faces. Women will owe much to these fluffy tulle and net boss, soft chiffon stocks, lace cravats and endless lace eteteras.

Already the shirt-waist girl is leaving off her linen collar, using instead a soft stock of silk or satin or some diaphanous material. At last she is ready to give up the injurious linen choker, but alas! her neck has lines in it so deep and stains so dark from the constant pressure and lack of circulation that no amount of rubbing will get them out, unless she makes up her mind to use soft, airy neckwear in summer and winter as well as in the autumn.

The boa is the first article adopted for warmth when the crisp days come, and the death knell of the feather boa has been sounded, so those who know say. In the first place comes a long, fluffy boa of lace and chiffon, such as the one depicted, or a boa of dotted net or plain chiffon shirred all over in diamonds. Very full neck ruches of bright-colored silk with a piece coming down over the shoulders tippet fashion, and edged with very narrow black velvet ribbon, are considered smart for street wear.

The wash shirt waist will soon find itself on the retired list until summer comes again, but woman must have a substitute. She will find it in the vests of filmy stuff, which are to be much worn with short open coats and Eton suits. The swellest of these are made of silk muslin, net or chiffon. Those of net embellished with ruchings or bands of narrow satin ribbon, while the others are ornamented with bands of broad ecru insertion running across, up and down, or both ways, and sometimes arranged diamond fashion. Formerly these vests were straight pieces held in full at the neck and waist: now they are far more elaborate, frequently having reverse of silk, satin or velvet, handsomely trimmed and opening over a

Advertisement for Windsor Salt. Text: Ask your grocer for Windsor Salt. For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best.

vest of contrasting color. Corded or tucked fronts of taffeta in delicate shades in Bayadere or perpendicular effects are also in vogue.

Perhaps no trifle is so much in favor at the moment as the quaint fichus of net, lace, chiffon, or muslin, with their dainty fillings. One of these accessories is fully capable of redeeming an old bodice, giving it a fresh, up-to-date appearance.

There is infinite variety in the substitutes for collars. Pretty stocks are made of tucked satin or silk and have bows with flaring fan-like ends as a finish in front, then there are all sorts of chiffon and muslin stocks trimmed with black or white lace applique. Jabots of black and white chenille spotted net, edged with black lace and finished off at the neck by an irregular bow, are smart with a white silk shirt waist, and neckbands of cream or yellow lace, with a butterfly bow of the same, are becoming alike to old and young.

WOMEN HERB AND EVERYWHERE

Miss Alice Shaw of Chicago maintains a private hospital for animals in that city. She makes a special business of treating and caring for dogs and Angora cats combining the duties of physician and nurse in her work. She loves animals dearly and has made a great success of her work. Her maternal grandfather and his son were veterinary surgeons in London, and her mother was formerly a trained nurse in a London Hospital. The young woman's hospital is well equipped with porcelain baths, up-to-date operating tables, and and couches for patients too ill to run around. Miss Shaw thinks that women are admirably adapted to this work, as they are more tender by nature than men, and the animals appreciate their gentle care just as much as men do.

A Georgia woman, thrown upon her own resources, has hit on a novel plan for earning her daily bread. She takes care of graves, assuming the responsibility of keeping cemetery lots in order with well-trimmed grass and walks.

Truly the woman of the South are progressing. Elkton, Md., boasts the city woman bank President in the country. She is Mrs. Jacob Tome, and she has just

been elected President of the National Bank of Elkton, having been President of the Cecil National Bank of Port Deposit for some time.

BILLS OF FASHION.

Grace-loving French women declare that the fad for flounced skirts has gone too far and that they have never approved of the fashion.

There is infinite variety in the new veilings for autumn wear. All take the direction of close-set small spots. The most becoming have a groundwork of gray or white with black chenille dots, but the newest design is of black silk net with lace sprays in cream or white with a border to match. The veilings with Chenille dots, grouped in sets of three, five or seven have not met with favor, as they tend to give the wearer an uncanny appearance.

Short red jackets made of light cloth are being much worn with white duck suits by those who are fortunate enough to be in the mountains or by the sea. Crystal buttons trim the sweet little coats.

Parisian manufacturers are turning out epaulettes with fringes hanging to the waist and deep flounces of fringe are being woven to hang from the knees to the hem of the skirt.

The ordinary foulard nearly covered with a white design has been extremely fashionable this season, but for early autumn wear satin foulard in the most exquisite new tints, with small white or cream designs, is taking its place. The satin foulard is far richer looking than the other and wears twice as well.

Advertisement for St. Catharine's Hall, Augusta, Maine. Text: A FIRST CLASS SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. Will Re-open Sept. 21st, 1898. For particulars address REV. GEO. F. DEGEN, Augusta, Maine.

Advertisement for Knives, Forks and Spoons. Text: KNIVES, FORKS AND SPOONS STAMPED 1847. ROGERS BROS. ARE GENUINE AND GUARANTEED BY THE MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO. THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.

