



IS A CORRUPT OFFICIAL.

A HALIFAX MAN WHO GETS MORE THAN HIS SALARY.

Many men contribute to swell his income and a sensation is expected—some one spotted as a co-between the briber and the bribed—A serious charge.

HALIFAX May 21.—How many people believe there is hoodling among the aldermen of Halifax? There are some who vaguely talk of the possibility of aldermen making money out of their services to the city, but there are none whose suspicions are well founded. Not one such case in Halifax was ever proved, and it is safe to say that not one ever existed to any considerable extent.

What of the officials of the city in this respect? They are most of them fairly hard working, some of them hardworking, and they are honest, upright men. If common report and rumor is to be believed, however, there is one exception—one official whose hands are not clean; one who cannot say he does not know what a bribe is. This is a serious statement to make, and it is not given as an actual proven fact, but it is what 99 out of every 100 who speak of this man say. Everything seems to indicate that what common report holds to be the case is true enough.

The salary connected with the position is not large but it is comfortable. It is not large enough to enable a man who, when he assumed the office, was in impecunious circumstances, to have straightened up his finances so well, and to have laid by a considerable store for a rainy day as he is said to have done. Living in Halifax is too expensive to allow such a margin of profit as is shown in this case.

The story is that many men contribute to swell the income of this official, and that their united offering, aggregating a sum yearly in the thousands. One man speaking on this subject said the other day: "Why, Mr. So and So's little fee has to be paid as regularly as any other account." He alluded to the bonus given to this civic official.

This kind of thing must be a dangerous business, and if it is carried on at all it must be carried on with great precaution to secure immunity from discovery. One of these precautions is that there is a go-between to keep up the connection between the briber and the bribed. Here again, rumor steps in, and locates the "go-between" in the person of a down-town business man. It is through this citizen's hands that the "filthy lucre" is said to find its way from the pockets of men interested into those of the official benefited.

But with all the safeguards that have been taken there are threatenings of exposure. Men who have thus paid bribes, and others who perhaps have not, are said to be on the verge of making revelations. If they do speak, as they threaten to do, there will be the greatest sensation in this city that has been experienced for many a long day.

There is nothing more certain than the fact that, if this system of hoodling and bribery does really exist, it will soon be "declared on the housetop." It is a thing that cannot go on forever, and the denouement may come sooner than is expected.

It is the duty of the men who know of these things, if they are not personally implicated, to speak out and cause the abuse to cease. But interested or not, some one will soon let the public know what are the actual facts, and whether or not this official is the hoodler he is represented to be.

EVILS THAT NEED A REMEDY.

Members of the Halifax Fire Company Who Gamble.

HALIFAX, May 21.—Captain Connolly, of the Halifax fire department is getting his men ready to start work as paid firemen—that is, they are running the gauntlet of city medical officer Trenaman's searching eye. There are several returns of the new management will have to make sure of carrying out if they want to avoid trouble, and there are several evils which will have to be corrected. One of the latter is the evil of gambling over cards in the engine houses.

This vice is not by any means unknown in some of the engine houses.

It might not be so wrong were it the firemen alone who thus gamble, but outsiders come in and join in the games. Boys have been known to spend more than half the night in the engine houses over the card table, some of these places occasionally assuming the appearance of a miniature Monte Carlo. It is not in one of the engine houses that all night long is thus sometimes consumed in card playing for money, but in several of them. An instance is known where recently a north end mechanic lost \$8 in one night at an engine house of the fire department, as much as he would earn in a week almost, and he is a married man whose family needs every cent he can obtain. Some members of St. Mary's young men's total abstinence and benevolent society have thus gone wrong via engine house card playing.

It is all right, perhaps, for the men, when off duty or when they have plenty leisure on their hands, to spend an hour or two card playing in the engine houses. But when it comes to bringing in outsiders to play, especially boys, when comparatively large sums of money are lost and won, and when the whole night is spent

gambling, then it is time to "call a halt."

Captain Connolly will have to see to it that this practice ceases when he assumes control of his paid men, which will be in a few days now. Another matter which he should look into on the first opportunity at his disposal is the means of communication between the rear of some engine houses, or at least of one, and a neighboring liquor saloon. Suppliers of the ardent have thus been known to make an underhand passage as it were, between the bar-keeper and the thirsty fire-men. Taking a drink, like card playing, is all right enough in its place, but there should be no means of clandestinely conveying supplies of the ardent from a liquor saloon to a fire department engine house for the use of the men on duty. Keep your eyes open, Captain Connolly. You are the man now to stop abuses as well as to get your department in good shape and keep it thus.

"NEDDY" MAYBE THE NEXT MAYOR

Alderman O'Donnell Does Not Like His Committee Appointments.

HALIFAX, May 21.—Alderman Edward O'Donnell's spirits have not yet subsided from the pitch of elation to which they rose after his great victory over W. E. Bremner in ward 4. Referring to Mayor McPherson's civic committee the alderman is reported to have said:

"Mr. McPherson has put me on 'the dead committees,' but he has made me mayor of Halifax."

He alluded doubtless to the fancied fact that the action of the mayor in putting him upon unimportant committees had excited sympathy which would make a run by him for the mayoralty next year a success. It would be interesting to see Mr. O'Donnell a candidate for the chief magistracy next April, particularly if Mr. McPherson were to offer for a third term. Edward is a strong man.

He was particularly strong, on election day during the voting, so it is said, in the person of a brother of W. E. Bremner. This brother stood at the booth all day handing out ballots to voters. They naturally thought these were for W. E. Bremner but it seems their existed no fraternal feeling and that the brother was a quiet yet hard worker for O'Donnell against his own flesh and blood. The unsuspecting voters thought that of course, a brother's ballots would be for a brother but they were not and they voted the wrong ticket. Hence one reason for the result.

POLICEMAN MURPHY'S DEFENCE.

He Was Showing Tricks to the Other Cops and There Was no Poker Game.

Five patrolmen and a doorman were up before Commissioner Welles of the Brooklyn police lately charged with gambling in the First Precinct station house, on Adams street, near Myrtle avenue. Capt. Miles O'Reilly happening to walk into the place unexpectedly one evening recently found the six seated around a table on which were some cards and chips. From the amount of interest evinced in the proceedings the captain concluded that a game of draw poker was going on, so he raked in the chips, seized the cards, and departed, leaving a very uncomfited crowd to face the prospect of a formal trial.

No confession of poker could be obtained from the six yesterday when they were arraigned. All stuck to the story told by Doorman Frederick Bleigh, who declared that they had been merely watching a few innocuous tricks with the pasteboards.

"Who was doing these tricks?" asked Commissioner Welles.

"Patrolman Murphy," said the other five in chorus, "and he's a corker," added Bleigh, emphatically.

"I'd like to see a specimen of your skill, Murphy," remarked the Commissioner.

With ready acquiescence the policeman stepped forward, took the pack of cards there as evidence, and threw three-card monte until the Commissioner got strabismus trying to follow his movements. Then he did tricks with four knaves, and blew the ace through the pack, and formed inexplicable mathematical combinations, and finished up by requesting the Commissioner to select a card and replace it in the pack after looking at it. This was done, Murphy shuffled the cards, gave them to the Commissioner to shuffle, took them back, and in so doing dropped them on the table as it by accident. One of them flopped up and turned face upward. It was the four of spades.

"Is that the card?" asked Murphy.

"Well, if it isn't it's one just like it," replied Commissioner Welles, looking from the card to Murphy and from Murphy to the card. "Have you seen him do these things before?" he asked, turning to the others.

They replied unanimously in the affirmative.

"Then if you did play poker with a man that can do that sort of thing you ought to be in an asylum instead of on the force. I should say the presumptive evidence was in favor of your not having played. I reserve decision."

The others are preparing to set it up largely to Murphy if they get off free.

Colorado's Woman Farmer.

Mrs. Anna D. Clemmer, Dairy Commissioner of Colorado, is a remarkable woman. Born in a Connecticut town, she grew up with plenty of money and no hardships. Now she gives her personal attention to a hay ranch of 160 acres and 1000 chickens, and with her own hands makes 200 pounds of butter a month. Her unusual labor yields her a profit that makes it worth her while.

Eccentric.

Brown—Smith has peculiar ideas about the weather.

Jones—What are they?

Brown—He's satisfied if it's cold in winter and hot in summer.

DID THE CAT COME BACK.

It Gets an Awful Surprise When treated to A Bit of Meat.

If the charitably disposed people of St. John, or the members of the S. P. C. A. are anxious to find an outlet for their philanthropy, there is work ready to their hand in the ladies waiting room of the I. C. R. station, in this christian city of ours. In this apartment there either resides, or at least is frequently seen—something which nature evidently intended for a cat, but which, through the inhumanity of man is merely a frame work of tones held together by a covering of very grimy gray and white fur.

I strolled into the waiting-room the other morning to while away the few minutes before the train I had come to meet was due, and being fond of animals made friends with what I supposed was a very dirty little kitten lying asleep in the sun, on one of the window sills: The creature seemed perfectly at home, and proceeded with more courtesy than some of his near neighbors showed, to do the honors of his abode. He arose at once and rubbed his poor head against my hand and then I saw to my amazement that he was a full grown cat, but in such a state of emaciation that to call him a living skeleton would be flattering. He would have been a bonanza to any articulator of bones, since there would have been no trouble in setting up his skeleton; no boiling and scraping, nothing to do but remove his skin, once he had closed his eyes on the world which had been so unkind to him, and mount the dry bones at once.

Of course the first thing anyone possessed of gastric organs of their own would think of, was something for that cat to eat; so I hid me away to the railway lunch room in pursuit of food. I first thought of milk but reflecting that something more solid would probably last longer, I preferred a mild request to the smiling Juno who presided over the ambrosia at the lunch counter for a small piece of meat but met with the chilling reply "None cooked."

I explained that as the lunch was for a cat uncooked meat would be preferred, and that I would like a piece of raw meat. After a few minutes delay I received half an ounce of cold corned beef sprinkled over the surface of a plate, for which I paid three cents. Not a large sum certainly, but still sixteen ounces of beef at that price would cost 96 cents, and yet farmers complain that there is no money in raising cattle for the market! Why it takes one's breath away to think how much solid cash one ox would bring; hundreds and hundreds of dollars I should think!

I had left the skeleton choking himself in his efforts to swallow a piece of soda biscuit I found on one of the tables in the waiting room, and when I returned with his second course he had finished it, and was feebly washing his face. His amazement at sight of the corned beef caused him to stagger for a moment, but he soon recovered himself and devoured it as only a starved animal can devour food.

It was only a very light lunch for him, but I saw no prospect of getting anything else, so I left him reluctantly. Perhaps I did not save him a big slice of juicy beef from my dinner though, and perhaps the pretty, smiling girl at Washington's restaurant did not bring me a thick paper bag to wrap it up in, and a piece of string to tie it with, and seemed as much interested as I was myself, in the hungry cat it was going to! I hope she will always be as pretty if she lives for the next fifty years, and that her smile will be as bright.

Alas for the gory slice of meat I carried round all the afternoon! When I got back to the waiting room he was gone, so I could only tuck the meat behind a shutter near his window sill, in the hope that he would find it next day. Perhaps he died either of surprise or indigestion, the sudden introduction of food into a system unaccustomed to such experiments having proved too much for him. If so, he is beyond the reach of benevolence, but in any case, it seems to me a harsh comment on our christianity that any creature, even a cat, should be allowed to starve in the midst of plenty without anyone caring. I have seen cats in hardware shops, and shoe shops far removed from food but fat and sleek, and well-cared for, because someone was enough of a christian to feed them, but here, within a few yards of a restaurant where quantities of food must be thrown away every day, this poor creature was starving when a few scraps each day would have afforded him luxurious living.

I noticed that the ladies of the W. C. T. U. had not neglected to place their little box of tracts in a conspicuous position, but I don't imagine any of them had time to notice the cat, they were so anxious about the spread of temperance, and the gospel, and after all a cat has no soul to be saved, and if it should die because its stomach was empty, it is only an animal, so it does not count. Perhaps some of us may be a good deal surprised one of these days when we discover how much God's little beasts do count in one City which is noted for its surprisingly beautiful gates—but that is not St. John.

ASTRA.

On the Ragged Edge.

Attorney for Plaintiff—Madam, what is your age?

Fair Defendant (on the stand)—I decline to answer.

Attorney—On what grounds?

Fair Defendant—On the ground that it would tend to criminate myself.

His Honor—Explain yourself, madam, or you will have to answer the question.

Fair Defendant—I hold, your honor, that it would tend to damage my reputation for truth and veracity.

His Honor—The point is well taken. The witness need not answer.—Up-to-Date.

Theodore Tilton

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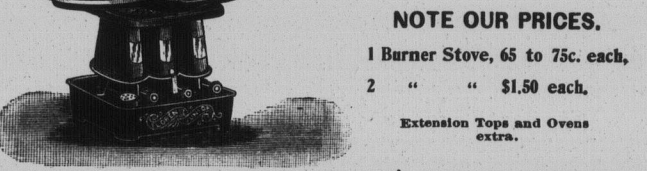
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MARCH BROS.

Bicycle Academy, Singer Rink.

# Musical and Dramatic

## IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Now that the summer days and nights are near at hand the time is not inopportune for making a suggestion in the interest of the public at large. That suggestion is that free band concerts be given at regular intervals during the summer evenings. It is not the idea of this remark that the expense attendant upon these concerts should be borne by any individual. That would be generous no doubt but it would be unfair to the one person. It appears to me and I doubt not there are many others who hold similar opinions, that among our merchants are many who would like to contribute towards an object of this nature and thus endeavor to procure recreation and instruction as well, for many who otherwise would be sad and deprived of many delights in their every day existence. All classes could find pleasure and profit, if concerts, as suggested, were supplied. The wealthy could participate in no more commendable work than providing such entertainment for that very large number who have so little to brighten their lives. To the working man and his family, who ordinarily are shut out from recreation; to all those in stores and offices during the day, these concerts would be a veritable treat. This suggestion is thrown out with the hope that some of our public spirited citizens to whom it has not yet occurred, may give it consideration, while the season is yet in its infancy.

The many friends of Prof. Fisher late organist of St. Andrew's church and conductor of the Oratorio society will be pleased to hear that he recently gave a very successful organ recital at Ipswich, Mass. It was given on the fine organ of the First church in that town. A notice of the concert says: "Prof. Fisher has been known to us only a few weeks, but he has won an enviable name as an accomplished organist." He played "O Sanctissima" (Lax) and "The Storm" (Lemmens) with other pieces. It was one of the most delightful occasions known to Ipswich lovers of music."

The concert and recital in St. Andrew's church on Friday evening by Prof. Athos, assisted by some of the talented vocalists of the city, which is too late for notice this week, will doubtless be a delightful affair.

The fact that in this concert opportunity will be given to hear Miss Forbes, will materially enhance the pleasure of the occasion.

I have heard that our former fellow townsman, A. M. Smith has been singing in a quartette with professionals in Philadelphia recently, and that his work was much commended. In writing to a friend here Fred says he has been hearing several church choirs in that city, and, so far, gives the preference to St. James church the choir of which is surpassed and numbers over 75 men and boys. The conductor of this choir is Lucy Baker, an Englishman, and the organist, whose name I have not heard, is a Canadian. His many friends here will doubtless be as glad to read this note about Fred as it gives me pleasure to make it.

### Tone and Under-tones.

Madame Nordica will pass the summer in Europe and will sail towards the end of this month.

The vested choir of men and boys in Grace Episcopal church at Newton, Mass., sang "The Creation" last week. They numbered fifty-five voices, and were assisted by George J. Parker, the well known tenor and Arthur B. Hitchcock as basso. The leading soprano on the occasion was a lad named William Dana Poole.

Madame Scalchi the world famous prima donna, has become infested with the bicycle fever or craze and has joined one of the leagues.

It is said the Bostonians are really considering a trip to London. A paper noting the fact says "Don't."

Lady minstrels gave a performance "for sweet charity's sake" in Brighton, Mass. last week, and it was a distinct success. A description of the stage at opening is given thus: "When the curtain rose it showed about thirty five dusky belles. The end women, in new women costumes of black and yellow, the rest of the circle in red white and blue, and the interlocutor in a handsome gown of white with a court wig of white."

The "Pops" concerts at Music Hall, Boston continue with their accustomed popularity. The following programme was given last Monday evening

Swedish Wedding March  
Overture, "Mignon"  
Waltz, "Fische Geister"  
Selection, "Gondoliers"  
Scherzo, Notturno, and Wedding March

Intermezzo from "Halka"  
Entrée Triomphale des Boyards  
(First Time)  
Masourka from "Halka"  
(First Time)  
Overture, "Le Brasseur de Preston"  
Waltz, "O Schoner Ma" from "Prince Methusalem"  
Jockey Galop  
(First Time)  
March, "Under the Double Eagle"  
(First Time)

Sodermann  
A. Thomas  
Strass  
Sullivan  
Mendelssohn  
Dahlbus  
Joh. Halvorsen  
Montusako  
Adam  
Strass  
Bayer  
Wagner

The Damrosch and Abbey and Grau differences have been settled. The hatched is buried.

The Castle Square theatre opera Company has returned to light opera. Grand opera is considered to heavy for warm weather. "The Beggar Student" was the bill for this week.

Miss Edith Mason (Mrs. Thomas Perree) who has been out of the cast of a number of recent productions at the Castle Square, has returned to active work in her profession. She sang the role of Michaels in "Carmen" at this house last week.

Miss Clara Lane sang the title role in "Carmen" at the Castle Square opera house, Boston, last week. "She could not be very wicked if she wished to, and the audience seemed just as pleased to have her with the wickedness left out" says a Boston paper.

The summer season at the Boston museum will be inaugurated on June 1st next, with the production of a new comic opera.

Miss Anna Lichter, is the name of a young girl, barely out of her teens, and whose operatic experience has been limited to a single season with the Tavary Opera Company, made a most favorable impression in Boston last week.

Gilmore's Band is playing at Washington Park, a short distance from Philadelphia, this summer.

The Misses Hilda and Maud Hollins, who are with the Camille D'Arville Company will have an opéra written for them by their uncle Julian Edwards. Mr. Edwards, by the way, wrote the music of Camille D'Arville's opera "Madelaine".

Sousa's Band gave concerts in Philadelphia on Friday and Saturday evenings of last week.

ica. Such is the testimony of a St. John man whose musical taste is admitted. Mons. Guille is a Frenchman.

Lasalle, the baritone, has set up a cement manufactory at Chantemelle on the Seine. He has been maré mayor of the town.

### TALK OF THE THEATRE.

At the Opera house on Monday next (Queen's birthday) afternoon and evening, and until Friday evening next, W. S. Harkin's company will give productions of "In Old Kentucky" one of the greatest of dramatic successes since its first production some three or four years ago. The advanced notices give full assurance that the play will be mounted and produced here with every attention to detail. This assurance is strengthened by the fact that several members of the original company are with Harkin's this summer. At the head of these is Miss Lulu Tabor, who is the original "Madge" and Mr. George Deyo, who is the original "Joe." Tom Wise is here of course and in his great impersonation of "The Colonel;" and with him is his fair young English wife Miss Gertrude Whitty. The production will have the veritable horse race scene in which Miss Tabor will ride the winner.

As every theatre goer is rather glad when Harkin's company reaches St. John, there is no doubt this very strong play and company will be greeted with crowded houses. In this connection it would be fair to say that the play "In Old Kentucky" is not in any way identified with or similar to a play called "The Kentucky Home" which was put on by one Bubb some time ago, and as pointed out at the time that name was a fraud because the real name of the play was "Lynwood."

The Webber sisters under the management of the St. John A. A. club appeared at the opera house last Monday evening in one of their unique programmes. There are three of the sisters and their entertainment, is so unusual in its general character, so varied along lines remote from Vaudeville and yet not altogether quite out of the region of Vaudeville that the classification "unique" is about the best that can be bestowed upon it. The audience on the opening night was quite large and while disposed to be somewhat critical, it was a truly kind audience. The Webber sisters are English born, and in the selection from the Hanchback with which their part of the programme opened gave the audience an idea of "English as she is spoke." So far at least as the lines for Helen were rendered.

and Miss Peggy later on indulged in from "shoah to shoah" evidently intended for "shore to shore" words, which in this country, are pronounced as their orthography indicates. The work of these ladies generally pleased however and before the evening closed Miss Lucy was established as a prime favorite. She did a nice bit of pantomime as an encore to her song and in "An April Jest" was very happy.

The Opera house management does not appear to be receiving the "congratulations" of the theatre going public for their enterprise in bringing to this city that clever comedienne" Celie Ellis, in "Captain Kate" one of the most laughable pieces and one of the most successful of comedies." Miss Ellis was to open her engagement on last Wednesday. She did not. She will not appear in her "hazzar uniform" She will not appear at all. She, like Modjeska and other promised attractions, has cancelled her dates here.

Mamie Gilroy announces she will star next season. She is small in stature but she is bright and her ambition is large.

Madame Janauschek will star again next season. Those who saw her here in "Meg Merrilies" and in "Marie Stuart" will endorse the remark that she is great.

Hilary Bell the dramatic critic of the New York Home Journal has written a play. It will be produced shortly.

It has been estimated that nearly three million dollars has been taken out of the United States this season by foreign actors and actresses. The estimates are as follows: New Yorkers have paid \$400,000 to witness Irving's performances; \$240,000 to hear Paderewski; \$250,000 to study Duse; \$350,000 as a tribute to Bernhard's genius; probably a million dollars for Italian opera; about \$400,000 for German opera and for John Hare \$100,000. Nearly three million dollars have been carried abroad by foreign actors and singers.

Jessie Boustelle, a clever comedienne, has joined the Aubrey Boucault Company, succeeding Sadie Martinot.

The success that has attended the all star cast of "The Rivals" with Joe Jefferson in his great role of "Bob Acres," has induced the formation of another company to play the same piece. The new combination is as follows:

Mr. Willie Collier will be the Bob Acres; Mr. Dan Dalv, the Sir Anthony Absolute; Mr. Andrew Mack the Sir Lucius O'Trigger; Mr. John C. Rice the Capt. Absolute; Mr. Otis Harlan, the David; Mr. Mark Sullivan the Falkland;

Mr. Peter F. Daley, the Fag; and Mr. James Russell the Lucy, Miss Marie Dressler will in all likelihood be the Mrs. Malaprop, and Miss Maggie Cline the Lydia Languish. The comedy is not to be burlesqued.

Mary Hampton left the T. D. Frawley stock company in San Francisco because of the advent of the stately Maxine Elliott to the company. Miss Hampton was jealous or feared a rival near the throne. She returned to New York and later became good and wrote to Mr. Frawley asking him to take her back. It is said she is still waiting for an answer.

The late Edwin Booth had no sympathy it is said, with the naturalistic school of acting and believed that the future of the drama lay in its romantic school, where something is left to the imagination.

Henry Irving's engagement in the United States closed last Saturday night. One Stephen Brodie has written a play to which he has given the classic title "Strangled on Sunday." Possibly it has some connection with the Sunday closing movement in New York.

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## ECCOSAISE. (Scotch Dance.)

S. MYERS.

Moderato.  
ff

(2 pp.)—2

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Eccosaise.—3.



Gov't Report.

King Powder

QUIBUSTY.

has a curiosity in his Italian whose name is to voice. He is a man of acrobat, mimic and is doubled jointed and his powers are astounding. He is of medium height, with a tenor, and has a dexterity in singing in all four changes of costume and is to put to shame the "lightning change" hills. His wig and is ingenious. He is his composer.

Last night in a duet, in a man stood back to back. He sang a number of songs, with extraordinary proceeded to the business popularity, and is an engagement extremely amuse-merstein. music master and the two voices at once; the and; the foil; the anti-sonorous lower, now out now under the table. not less than fifteen including a benevolent who had a medal with a talent, a broken opera male vocalist, a queen dancer, and an orchestra character he conducted the band energy, transforming living embodiment Wagner, Verdi, and

Purest and Best.

THE SPRINGS.

Water For A Town in Persia. on the earth's surface coast of Persia, on Persian gulf, says Public consecutive days in the August the mercury to stand above 100 degrees night and day, and to 30 degrees in the afternoon, in the centre of the most torrid belt, as are's intention to make able as possible water thing unknown. Great to a depth of 100, 500 feet, but always the water.

back, notwithstanding merous population con- fers, that is to copious from the bottom of a mile from the shore. ese springs is obtained is novel manner. ) whose sole occupa- nishing the people of ic-rising fluid repair to gulf where the springs bring away with them full of the water forth is nearly 200 machadore manage to ack: by diving to the g the mouths of the bags -this, too, without alter- ce of the gulf to mix ce of these submarine to be in the hills of 0 miles away. Being ottom the gulf, it is a were ever discovered, as that they have been dawn of history.—New press.

Recovered, Reported by

able Dog Story.

dog story is reported y the Westminster Ga- man was in one of the ward—of the local in- and was talking to one when a terrier made its difficulty from near one of s, and appealingly held paws. She called the doctors to the animal, n found that the limb the bones were set and the canine sufferer in instruction being entered card as to his treatment. nimal progressed favor- a general favorite with officials, until a day it was claimed by its way. How the terrier the infirmity is not known institution unobserved, ough, was found in the

Case, Splint, Perforated

terroo Street.

Even Term.

always select a poor part-

in understand each other's

I window shades. You will

workmen—best quality—most

paper at McLaughlin's book

and

WELCOME SOAP FOR FAMILY USE. You Get Full Weight, Results, Purity, What You Buy. Soap. WELCOME SOAP CO., ST. JOHN, N. B.

English "Wakefield" Leather Skirt Binding

Illustration of a woman in a long dress and hat, standing next to a chair. Text: HAS been before the public long enough to establish its own success. It has been in extensive use for several years, and has demonstrated unequalled wearing qualities.

FRAGRANT AND CLEANSING. GET BABY'S OWN SOAP. IT'S AT THE TOP OF THE LADDER. THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO. MONTREAL.

Maritime Agent for THE O'KEEFE BREWERY CO. of Toronto, Limited. GEORGE P. McLAUGHLIN, WHOLESALE DEALER IN... Wines, Liquors and Cigars, 11 and 13 WATER STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Have You seen the New Model No. 2 IMPROVED AMERICAN TYPEWRITER \$10?

OUR Third Year and No Competition! Catalogue and letter written with it. Ira Cornwall, General Agent. Board of Trade Building, Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

Social and Personal.

A very large number of persons are spending the day out of town and one or two little jaunts have been planned which will no doubt prove very enjoyable. On Friday evening Mr. D. R. Jack had quite a party of ladies and gentlemen to the recital at St. Andrews church. Mrs. Ronald Grant was over to the city from Bridgetown, N. S., this week and enjoyed her brief visit very much. Misses Caverhill-Jones returned Tuesday from a delightful trip to Boston, New York and Philadelphia. Mr. Grace Skinner has gone on a three weeks visit to Boston. Mrs. W. W. White returned last Wednesday from a visit to New York. The young ladies of St. Judes church are hard at work preparing for an exhibition of Mrs. Jarley's wax works at the City Hall, West End next Thursday evening. The costumes of those who take part is entrusted to Mrs. Sewell, Miss Manning and Miss Thurmott, and the musical programme will be in charge of Miss Manning, Miss Connor, Mr. E. Manning and Mr. Murray. The wax works will be shown in four chambers as follows: Historical chamber—Miss J. Clark, Miss Bertha Cushing, Miss D. Cushing, Miss Mabel Thompson, Harold Climo, Wiley Titton, Howley Thomson, Guy Stewart. Chamber of statuary—Miss Annie Thurmott, Mrs. Harold Climo, Miss Jessie Connor, Miss Bertha Cushing, Leo Atchison. Chamber of horrors—Miss D. Manning, Miss M. P. Pardy, Miss F. Bayard, Geo. Dunham, S. M. Wetmore, W. Hardisty, H. Tibbitt, Clarence Cougle. Chamber of beauty—Miss May Piman, Miss Violet Sewell, Miss Elbe, Bayard, Miss L. Mayne, Miss Nichols, W. Titton, Leo Atchison, W. Montgomerie, G. G. Reed who will impersonate Mrs. Jarley, C. M. Manning and J. V. Ellis, Jr. Mr. Evan and Mrs. Burrell of Yarmouth are among the Nova Scotia people in the city. Mr. W. J. Shannon of Annapolis is spending a few days here. Rev. H. T. Crossley and Rev. Mr. Hunter and family were here the last of the week. Mr. E. Byro Winslow of Fredericton was here for a short time this week. Mr. B. J. Towshend of Toronto spent a day or two here lately. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Allison and Miss Allison left the city for Clifton Springs N. Y., for the benefit of Mrs. Allison's health. They only expect to be absent a few weeks. Mr. Morris Scovill of Gagetown spent a few days here lately. Mr. and Mrs. Louis Dukes of Moncton left part of this week in the city. Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Archibald of Moncton were here for a short time the first of the week. Mr. H. B. Short and Mrs. Short of Digby spent Tuesday here. Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Hammond were among the city's recent visitors. Miss Campbell of Moncton spent Saturday of last week in the city. Mr. D. J. Stockford of Fredericton was here for a day or two lately. Miss Bessie A. Stewart of Staten Island N. Y., arrived recently to spend the summer in St. John and is staying at Mrs. Seeds, Duke street. Mr. James B. Littlehale of Malden, Mass. is visiting the city. Rev. Nathan G. Allison was here for a day or two lately. Mr. W. L. Waring went to Richibucto the first of the week. Mr. R. M. Belyea of Fredericton spent part of his week in St. John. Dr. George Kelly of Charlottetown was here for a few days lately. Mr. and Mrs. John A. Morrison of Fredericton paid a brief visit to the city lately. Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Moorehead of New York and Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Nixon of Boston were a party of Americans, who visited the city lately on their way home from a stay in the provinces. Mrs. M. Hall, Miss Jennie and Miss Frances Hall of Boston were here the last of the week. Mrs. H. V. Moran is in St. Stephen visiting her mother, Mrs. McWan. Mr. Thomas Harrison of the U. N. B., Fredericton spent the first of the week in the city. Mrs. McNicol of King street east took a merry party of little people to the park for a day on Monday. Boating and games made the afternoon pass very pleasantly. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. McGrath of Philadelphia and Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Donald of New York were here for a short time this week. Mrs. A. D. Crossley and son sailed from here lately for Belfast, Ireland. Mr. George Cook and Miss Cook of Halifax were here for a short time this week. Hon. H. R. Emerson spent Tuesday in the city returning home in the evening. Sheriff Blanchard of Bathurst was here the middle of the week. Mr. F. L. Butler of Calais spent Tuesday in St. John. The marriage of Rev. A. G. H. Dickier of St. Pauls church, and Miss Dunn, daughter of Bishop Dunn of Quebec is announced to take place in a short time. Alderman McGoldrick went to Boston the first of the week. Mr. and Mrs. James Littlejohn and Miss Annie Littlejohn of Boston, spent a few days here lately. Mrs. Cornwall of Digby N. S., was in the city the first of the week. Mr. Fred Moore of Woodstock is staying in the city. Mr. H. B. Clark and Mr. H. M. Hamilton of Moncton spent several days in the city lately. Mr. John W. Stairs of Halifax was among the city's visitors this week. The Misses Webbing and Miss McDouell of London England, were in the city this week for former giving two entertainments the first of the week. On Monday quite a large and fashionable audience were present, but the entertainment was hardly up to the expectation of the patrons. On Tuesday evening the audience was very small. It is always pleasing to note the success of New Brunswick people abroad. Among the last to do honor to his native province is Dr. J. Clarence Webster of whom a late English paper speaks as follows: "Among the invited guests and speakers at a meeting of the London Obstetrical Society, held on May 8th, was Dr. J. Clarence Webster of Edinburgh University. Dr. Webster has had the good fortune on the eve of his return to Canada to obtain another high honor. At the last meeting of the Royal College of Physicians he received from the president a city-guinea prize for original research. This is the second time that Dr. Webster has won the same prize, and he is the only competitor who has won it twice. The prize goes to the graduate of the college who presents the best thesis based on original investigation. Dr. Webster's thesis was Human Embryology. The death of Mr. Andrew Boyd of this city occurred at Moncton on Tuesday evening. Mr. Boyd who was seventy-three years of age went to Moncton a few weeks ago to visit his daughter Mrs. Richard Gladfield. The remains were brought to St. John for interment and the funeral was largely attended. Judge Landry of Dorchester spent Tuesday in the city. Mr. George V. Cooks of Amherst was also here on Tuesday. Mr. Warren Winslow of Chatham spent a day or two in the city lately. Windsor Salt For Table and Dairy Purposes and Best. Burroughs a Wall Paper at McArthur's King St.

PURE TEA

Sold in lead packets to keep their fragrance. That is, Tea leaves, scientifically prepared, from early pickings, off well cultivated plants—is a wholesome, invigorating drink. Few people, however nervous, are otherwise than pleasantly affected by drinking properly prepared

Tetley's TEAS. FROM ANCIENT INDIA AND SWEET CEYLON.

We are Right In It...

Illustration of various gardening tools like a shovel, trowel, and fork. Text: When it comes to GARDENING TOOLS, and that's what your looking for now, isn't it? Sets from the Smallest and Cheapest to the Best, SEE OURS. J. E. WHITTAKER & CO., 38 King St., WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

NO MUSTY FLAVOR. Pure Lime Juice CHAMPAGNE PINTS and QUARTS. Lime Juice Cordial CHAMPAGNE PINTS and QUARTS. 2000 Physicians and Surgeons in Great Britain as the finest preparations of the kind. STOWER'S. For sale by all first-class Grocers, Chemists, etc.

Something New in Bicycles. Rigby Cloth. What we mean by "Rigby Cloth" is any cloth made waterproof by the Rigby Process. You can get it in an endless variety of tweeds and in Ladies' Dress Goods already Rigby proofed, or your tailor will take any piece you may select and get it proofed for you. Thousands of Rigby Bicycle Suits are being worn now, but the only way you can tell they are Rigby proofed is that they don't get wet; yet the cloth admits the air as freely as before. Rigby simply makes the material a repellent to water. All up-to-date Tailors and Ladies' Dress Goods Houses keep it. Rigby Rainproof Bicycle Suits. ELECTRIC BIKE.

Sea Foam. A Pure White Soap. Made from vegetable oils it possesses all the qualities of the finest white Castile Soap. The Best Soap for Toilet & Bath Purposes, it leaves the skin soft, smooth, and healthy. 5 CTS. (TOILET SIZE) A CAKE. USE ONLY. Pelee Island Wine Co's Wines. THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE. OUR BRANDS: DRY CATAWBA, SWEET CATAWBA, ISABELLA, RED ARCADE, (Registered), CLARET. E. G. SCOVILL, AGENT PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE, ST. JOHN, N. B. DEAN ST.—My family have received great benefits from the use of the PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE during the past four years. It is the best tonic and sedative for debility, nervousness and weak lungs you have ever tried. It is much cheaper and pleasanter than medicine. I would not be without it in the house. Yours, JAMES H. DAX, Day's Leading, Elgin Ct. E. G. SCOVILL. The and Wine Merchant, 61 Union Street, St. John Telephone 113. Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces.

PHOENIX is for sale in Halifax by the newsboy and at the following news stands and centres.

- C. S. DEFRAYAS, Brunswick street, Moynihan & Co., Barrington street, CHAPMAN & SONS, 111 Hollis street, OSWALDY'S BOOK STORE, George street, FOWLER'S MUSIC STORE, Opp. Victoria depot, CANADA NEWS CO., Railway depot, H. S. VEY, Dartmouth St., S. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth St.

Lightsomeness is beginning to awake from mid winter slumbers, and a great relief to the various news boats. Names have been found for the dainty beauties—some suitable and some not. The first race will be most exciting and may result in many surprises.

The best of the season in general thought to be the best of the season in general. Mrs. Kennedy-Campbell, with her clear Scotch voice, was sweeter than ever and she certainly enjoyed the entire hearts of the audience.

Dr. and Mrs. Howard Stamer have arrived from Chicago and will spend the summer with Dr. Howard's father. They came from Chicago in a private car put at their disposal by the president of one of the large railroads running out of Chicago.

Mrs. and Miss Daley will leave England early in June, but will stay at Montreal on the way home. Mrs. Wallace Graham and family leave this week to spend the summer at Wolfville.

The Hospitaller club, with its ever fresh mother, had excellent houses on both nights. The extravaganzas improve with age, at least it seems to do so, or perhaps one appreciates it more.

The engagements will be announced between Miss Lucas and Mr. Bradford, head master of the Windsor school. Mr. Bradford has many friends in Halifax.

Colonel and Mrs. Stewart left on the Halifax City, intending to return in a few days more than a year. The affair was a success in many respects.

Mr. W. at Cheshire was at home to a number of married and single guests of Thursday evening at his rooms on Victoria street. I understand the affair was in honor of his friend Mr. W. S. Simpson prior to his departure for Shediac.

A very large and enthusiastic meeting was held in the Music Hall Monday evening in the interest of the liberal party. The speakers were Mr. W. S. Fielding, Mr. E. J. Pipers, Mr. H. J. Logan.

The members of the Mission circle of the Methodist church will give a social at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Lusk on Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Kelly are paying a visit to her brother Mr. J. H. Croker secretary of the Y. M. C. A.

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Miss Clara Price entertained a number of her friends on Friday evening. The evening was a grand success, financially and otherwise.

"Strongest and Best."—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., Editor of "The Sun." PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA. 100 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM.

THE FINE WEATHER will soon be with us, and to enjoy driving you want a nice CARRIAGE such as we can sell you. We don't have the lowest priced, but give better value than any other's.

Price & Shaw, Spring Painting. That well-known Painter and Decorator, Cornelius Gallagher is prepared to take orders for Painting and Decorating.

Fergus, Ontario BEEF, Mutton, Veal, Spring Lamb, Turkey, Chickens and Dew's. Ham, Bacon, Lard and Dew's Sausages, Radish, Lettuce, Kidney and Snowflake Potatoes. THOMAS DEAN, 13 and 14 City Market.

Millinery, Dress Making. Mrs. J. J. McDonald's ESTABLISHMENT, MONCTON, N. B.

STAINED GLASS Memorials Interior Decorations. CASTLE & SON, 20 University St., Montreal.

WOVEN WIRE FENCING BEST STEEL WIRE. THE McMillen Fencings and Poultry Nettings. Are the BEST ever made or sold in Canada.

Mr. Stewart of Halifax was in town over Sunday. Dr. Harry Lawrence has been away for a few days attending the funeral of his mother.

Mr. Bradshaw's friend are sorry for that he is quite seriously ill. Miss Rita Wilson returned on Friday from a lengthened visit to Boston.

Mr. Grant who has been filling very acceptably the post office here for a short time is leaving town this week. Mr. John M. Lindsay of Parrsboro is in Windsor this week.

Principal and Mrs. Smith are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a little son. The Amateur Bicycle Club which has grown so large that it is expected to number will soon reach one hundred has opened an institute in Empire block.

A number of ladies and gentlemen are busy practicing for a party to be given at the house of Mr. F. W. Dimock on Thursday, the entertainment to consist of musical vocal and instrumental readings etc.

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Stunning Effects AT Startling Prices. That's what we're offering in Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Suits. Here's the style of the newest effect in a Linen Suit. We have all the best designs in suits for warm weather—in Linen at \$3.50 to \$7.00, and Duck Suits from \$2.25 to \$3.50. DUNLAP, COOKE & CO., AMHERST, N.S.

Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York. Richard A. McCurdy, PRESIDENT. For the year ending December 31, 1895. Assets \$22,713,271.55; Liabilities \$1,247,117.46; Total Income \$2,902,562.75.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION Pale, Weak and Emaciated CHILDREN. As a Flesh Restorer, Puttner's Emulsion has no Equal, giving substance to the wasted muscles. Very Satisfactory Seeds.

W.C. Rudman & Allan, Druggist and Seedman, 25 King St. The Best of Everything is what we want. This is why we discuss two other systems of shorthand for the Isaac Pitman system.

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, likely bleed-through from the reverse side, containing names and addresses.

ST. STEPHEN AND GALLIS.

[Programs are for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph...

May 20.—The ball given by the members of the Carling club...

Mr. C. H. Smith's numerous friends here gave him a pleasant welcome...

Mr. George H. Dickson of Bridgetown N. S. is in town this week...

During his stay in town Archdeacon Brigstocke was the guest of Mrs. John Black...

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Newton who spent the winter months at Red Beach...

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Beard are expected here the first of June...

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Rose who were recently married in Boston...

Miss Nellie Webber is the guest of her friend Miss Ella Veszie...

The coming election is the chief topic, and daily the interests and energy of the Liberal Conservative party grow stronger...

A Sunday school conference is in session this week in Christ church parish...

Rev. R. L. Sloggett and Mrs. Sloggett are guests of Mrs. Bolton...

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Clarke Mrs. V. A. Waterbury and Master Willie Waterbury have returned from Pleasant Hill...

Mr. Howard Crocker secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Amherst has been visiting relatives in town during the past week...

Mr. Albert Thompson of St. Andrews has been making a short visit here and returned to the Shroton on Monday...

Mr. C. H. McKenney of Rimford Falls, Maine arrived here on Friday last for a brief visit...

Mr. Howard Crocker secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Amherst has been visiting relatives in town during the past week...

IS THIS STONE WORTH A MILLION.

That's about the value of Nelly's Find According to some Assays.

SPOKANE, May 23.—One morning lately Martin Nelly was returning to Roseland, B. C. after an unsuccessful prospecting trip into the Salmon River district...

When he was through with his report he shouldered his pick and sauntered over toward the huge boulder...

The next morning one assayer's report showed that the ore contained \$53 in gold to the ton, besides being rich in copper...

From the position of the boulder, lying as it does on the dry bed of the river all by itself and at the foot of Lookout Mountain...

The boulder, as near as can be estimated, contains in the neighborhood of 20,000 tons of rock. As yet Nelly is undecided what he will do with his boulder...

Very Much Cut. The rising young politician had prepared an elaborate speech for the occasion. He rose in response to loud calls for him...

Truro. [Programs are for sale in Truro by G. O. Fulton & D. H. Smith & Co.]

May 20.—Mrs. J. C. Malton, was in town last week a guest of Mrs. G. Summers at "Lawson." Mrs. Malton left on Wednesday for her new home at Petticoat N. B.

Miss Mary Ryan is here from Canoe, visiting Mrs. Frank McCafferty.

Mrs. Bishop's class in physical culture which meets twice a week in the opera house, the commodious stage of which affords every facility for practice...

A late settler in a thinly populated place in the west had just returned from the general office of a meat and dairy relative...

Good Rev. Dr. Fyffthly beamed upon the boyish faces upturned intelligently before him.

"Now," he said, pressing the ends of his fingers together, "what little boy can tell me who the Psalmist is?"

Little Johnnie Woodie's arm went up. "I know," he shouted, boldly, "please inform us."

Upward-sizable. He—What caused the coldness between Mrs. Newman and her companion-in-malriage?

DEATH OF NIGRA.

Slowly, year by year, one sees the character wearing back and suggesting the time when the river will be turned into a series of rapids...

When he was through with his report he shouldered his pick and sauntered over toward the huge boulder...

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Upward-sizable. He—What caused the coldness between Mrs. Newman and her companion-in-malriage?

THE NIGHT TO ASK ME SUCH A QUESTION AS THAT?

"I want to know—that's why." "Well, then, confound you, I am rich. Now I hope your curiosity is satisfied and you let me go to sleep."

When he was through with his report he shouldered his pick and sauntered over toward the huge boulder...

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It Will Not Spot... WATERWATCH SERGE. From rain or sea water—is perfectly shower proof. Saves money when travelling—saves your appearance, as it fits well and hangs well—saves money for it is durable, not easily ruined...

Drink Montserrat Lime Fruit Juice In Hot Weather. See that you get "Montserrat," which is a Pure Lime Fruit Juice, and can be sweetened to taste. If a Cordial is required ask for Montserrat Limetta Cordial.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT. I KNOW MINARD'S LINIMENT WILL CURE diphtheria. French Village. JOHN D. FORTILLIERE. I KNOW MINARD'S LINIMENT WILL CURE Croup. J. F. CUNNINGHAM. I KNOW MINARD'S LINIMENT IS THE BEST remedy on earth. JOSEPH A. SNOW.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1896. The Exhibition Association of the City and County of St. John, N. B., will hold its Exhibition for 1896 on their Fair Grounds ST. JOHN, N. B. Opening—Tuesday, September 22. Closing—Friday, October 2.

HOTEL ABERDEEN. ST. JOHN, N. B. New Office, Prince William Street. Passenger Elevator and all modern improvements, including ordinary and therapeutic baths. Rooms all large and airy. Cuisine and service unsurpassed. Jersey dairy supplies, term proof water filters. Convenient sample room for commercial travelers. Terms, \$2.50 and \$3.00 per day. G. R. PUGSLEY, Proprietor.

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

Judge Wilkes. Judge Wilkes, No. 15,780, Vol. 11, A. T. R. Race Record, 2.20%. SIRE, Bourbon Wilkes, 2345 (56 in the list) by George Wilkes; dam, Leona Patchen, (standard and reg. Vol. 11) by Hambrico Patchen, 55; dam Bourbon Wilkes, by Abdallah, Jr. By arrangement with the owners, this Standard bred Stallion will stand during the season in Fredricks and St. John, alternately, remaining two weeks at each place, until the 20th of July. (Will be in St. John, Friday 15th May.) While in St. John, Judge Wilkes will be found at the stables of the Barragans Bros., Haymarket Square. In Fredricks, Judge Wilkes will stand at the Government stables, on the Park Association Grounds. Of unquestionable conformation, and with his undoubted breeding and race record, 2.20%, makes him undoubtedly the best stallion ever offered to the New Brunswick breeders. The services for the season are a handsome chestnut, 2000, makes him a valuable sire. He will be entitled to a figure of \$50, to be paid at the time of service. Mare's breeding and race record, 2.20%, makes him a valuable sire. He will be entitled to a figure of \$50, to be paid at the time of service. Mare's breeding and race record, 2.20%, makes him a valuable sire. He will be entitled to a figure of \$50, to be paid at the time of service.

Fibre Chamois will give a lasting, stylish grace to your costumes and wraps which will defy crushing, tight packing, or even a wetting. The Stiffness Outlasts Everything. But find the Red Star Label on each yd. Fibre Chamois is patented and always gives satisfaction—imitations are useless.

GOOD HANDS and Cold Feet indicate Poor Circulation and Thin Blood, which are caused by INDIGESTION. K. D. Cures the stomach to healthy action, and good food, well digested makes GOOD BLOOD and imparts vigor to the whole system.

Man Allan, 85 King St. We offer other systems of a System. This is the author's honor of. The only system in the Encyclopedia and just in existence, people that all other herbaria the English students, clerk, and all classes of intellect.

Good Rev. Dr. Fyffthly beamed upon the boyish faces upturned intelligently before him. "Now," he said, pressing the ends of his fingers together, "what little boy can tell me who the Psalmist is?" Little Johnnie Woodie's arm went up. "I know," he shouted, boldly, "please inform us."

Upward-sizable. He—What caused the coldness between Mrs. Newman and her companion-in-malriage? She—He said he was more of a man than she was.

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Pro Nobis, Piccolomini, Mr. Horace Cole; Organ solo, Offertoire C. in G, Baltha (by request), Mr. Athos.

On Thursday evening Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Seymour received a great surprise from a number of their friends.

ACTORS DRESSING ROOMS. Mealy Small but Every Lady Wants the Star Theatre Room.

One of the ever ending causes of dissension in theatrical companies is the question of the "star's dressing room."

The "star's" dressing room is, of course larger than any of the others. If there is any convenience to be found in the theatre it will be in this room.

"Stars" who play permanently in one theatre, or have any influence in its control, guard their dressing rooms very jealously.

That Tired Feeling

Means danger. It is a serious condition and will lead to disastrous results if it is not overcome at once.

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla

Which makes rich, red blood, and thus gives strength and elasticity to the muscles, vigor to the brain and health and vitality to every part of the body.

Makes the Weak Strong

"I have used six bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a general tonic and have enjoyed the best of health."

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Only True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye.

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25c. per box.

Dampness.....



Is one of the great enemies to plants. Instruments have to be fortified against it. And wood, however dry, if kept in a room without fire will absorb .08 or 10 moisture in six months; and will swell in proportion.

Platte Planole

1676 Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL.

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

The Flour Folks Know

The quality of OBELISK flour, its even grade, its white bread, its nourishment, is known all over Canada—it is a seller demanded everywhere by everybody.

The Tilson Company, Ltd., Tilsonburg, Ont.

WHEELWOMEN OF EUROPE.

How They Dress in Copenhagen, Paris and Vienna.

The bicycling woman is raising a storm of argument in the German and Austrian papers some speaking for and some against the innovation.

The introduction of the bicycle was as difficult as was the introduction of the umbrella in the eighteenth century.

The most difficult question in cycling for women is the question of dress. It is true enough that women might use their ordinary street dresses when riding a wheel.

WARNER'S SAFE CURE. KIDNEY AND LIVER. BRIGHT'S DISEASE. URINARY DISORDERS. FEMALE COMPLAINTS. GENERAL DEBILITY. MALARIA. SAFE. WARNER'S SAFE CURE CO. Miniature fac-simile.

SHAKE IN HIS TROUSERS LEG.

A Story Vouched for by Sergeant Rooney, and He Ought to Know.

Just opposite the new station in Parkville is a shaded grass-grown thoroughfare to which tradition has assigned the name of "Lovers' lane."

It happened that as the Sergeant was walking through Lovers' lane on Monday afternoon his shoe became unloosed.

The resonant sound of the club attracted the attention of a roundsman, who rushed to the place, thinking it a call to aid in an arrest.

OPERA HOUSE.

FIVE NIGHTS ONLY

Monday Matinee, May 25

W. S. HARKINS' CO., Under direction of FRED. A. HODGSON, presenting

The All-encompassing Dramatic Triumph of the Century,

In Old Kentucky

A Symposium of Scenic Surprises

PRICES: Night, 15c. to 50c. Matinee, 25c. to 35c.

It isn't HIRES' Rootbeer. Illustration of a man drinking from a bottle.

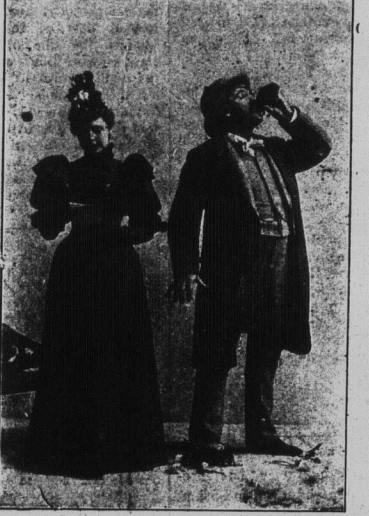
Her Expression Alone Tells That.....

A GOOD CUSTOMER IS LOST. Imitations and cheap artificial preparations are not "just as good" as the famous HIRES'.

Ask your Grocer or Druggist for it.

Illustration of a spool of thread with text: The Manufacturers of the Victoria Crochet Thread, fully appreciating the fact that a large amount of their thread is being used in Canada...

SCENES FROM "IN OLD KENTUCKY."



to the dressing room assigned to her that she succeeded in getting into Miss Reban's room, which is on the level of the stage.

The popular idea of actors' dressing rooms is that they are artistically decorated apartments like some other popular ideas, quite erroneous.

He—"You should not worry so much about dress. Set your mind on higher things."

"It's terrible," he said, "to see the way one member of congress after another gets unseated."

"It serves them right for giving in to the bicycle craze."

"Have you found any trace of my boy? He's been away all day, and I can't find out anything as to his whereabouts."

Police captain—"Best easy, madam. Describe the boy and we'll send a man down to the continuous performance theater at once and get him for you."

fering in nothing from those of the peddler in getting into Miss Reban's room, which is on the level of the stage.

The most extreme bicycle costumes are, of course, seen in Paris. The illustration furnished of one of the fair bicyclists of Paris will satisfy the reader that the limit of similarity of dress has about been reached.

This is about the keynote of the Vienna Mode, a rather conservative fashion paper which has been advocating the bifurcated skirt, and even bloomers, for wheelwomen.

EXCURSION!

STEAMER CLIFTON

On May 25th

TO HAMPTON

STAR LINE STEAMERS

Fredericton AND Woodstock.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

Our I's and Other Eyes. Our I's are just as strong as they were fifty years ago, when we have cause to use them. But we have less and less cause to praise ourselves, since others do the praising, and we are more than willing for you to see us through other eyes.



ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1896.

HOW HE MADE MILLIONS.

THE CAREER OF PHILIP D'ARMOUR, THE MILLIONAIRE.

The Value of Possessing a Long head and Plenty of Flocks—How he Escaped a Wheat Squam—Made a Million in the Pacific Year—A King of Financiers.

The world is his field, and the United States is his workshop. His employees number thousands. His army of workmen is greater than that of Xenophon, and it is an army never in retreat. He pays out in wages alone half a million dollars every month. His business directly gives support to more than fifty thousand people, and it amounts to one hundred million dollars every year. Four thousand rail-way cars are speeding over the iron tracks loaded down with his merchandise. He has his establishments in every city of the United States, and his agents are at work for him in every part of the globe. The cable and telegraph wires, which come into his office are daily loaded with private news for him as to the wants and supplies of the nations of the world, and by telegraph he sends forth the orders which are to make or lose millions. From the wheat field of Russia, from the grain-bearing plains of North India and from the markets of Australia and Europe come the reports of the men, and every morning he has, as it were, a map of the actual condition of the world before him, and can tell from whence his products will be in demand.

I refer to Philip D. Armour, the Napoleon of the Chicago capitalists, the bison of the butcher, and the king of the pork-packing and grain-shipping products of the United States, writes Frank G. Carpenter in the New York Dispatch. I have heard much of him during my stay here in Chicago, and I had an interesting chat with him in his cage-like room, where he manages his immense business.

But first let me tell you something of the man. He is, you know, self-made. Born in New York State about sixty years ago, he started West to make his fortune. He was, I think, still in his teens when the gold fever caught him, and he worked his way across the plains and over the mountains to California. His journeys were full of hardships, and he tells many interesting stories concerning it. At one time his shoes had worn out. The sage bush and the cacti cut into his feet, and he was almost wild to obtain some kind of conveyance to carry him onward. At last, upon nearing a town in the Rockies, he met a man riding a very fine mule. He stopped him and asked him if he would sell the animal. The man replied that he did not care to sell, but if Armour really wanted it he could have it for \$200. This, however, was more than young Armour could spare, and a trade was finally made, by which Mr. Armour got the mule for \$160, which was just about all the money he had. In telling the story Phil Armour describes the delights of riding the mule, and how light his heart was as he trotted onward. He rode gayly into the town and was passing through the main street when he was met by a man, who, in fierce tones, asked him where he had gotten mule. Mr. Armour told him. The man then said:

Why, man, that mule belongs to Dennis Hanks. It has been stolen, and I advise you to give it up at once and get out of town, or you will be in the hands of the vigilance committee.

The man succeeded in thoroughly frightening Armour, who gave up his mule, and, sick at heart, hurried on his way. A day or two later he came to a miners' camp in the mountains, and there spent the night. He was asked how he had come, and he told of his adventures, including the swindle of the mule. As he did so, the miners burst out laughing and one of them said:

Why, man, I bought that d—d mule myself. It has been sold over and over again. It is fully one hundred men have been taken by it. The man in the town is a confederate of the seller of the mule and they are making their living by taking in the tenderfeet.

It did not take long, however, for Phil Armour to get his eye teeth out. He finally got to California and there made the little money which formed the foundation of his fortune.

Mr. Armour is a far-sighted man. He looks ahead and is not afraid to trust his own judgment. He is broad-gauged in his ideas. There is nothing of the pessimist about him. He is always a bull in the market and never a bear. His great fortune has been made largely through his faith in the United States and its prospects. His first strike was, in fact, a bold bet on the successful outcome of the war. He had made his little pile in California and had gone into the pork-packing business with old John Plankington, of Milwaukee. One day he came into the office and said:

Mr. Plankington, I am going to New York at once. The war is over, Grant has practically beaten the rebels and we will have peace in a few weeks. I am going to New York to buy all the pork I can get.

Mr. Plankington at first questioned the plan, but he finally consented and Armour went East. He bought right and left. The New Yorkers were despondent. They had lost faith in the Union and prices were everywhere down. The news from the field, however, soon changed matters. It soon became apparent that the war was really over, and the result came as Armour had predicted. Prices went away up, and out of that deal Mr. Armour cleared something like a million dollars. There are several stories of a like nature which I have heard

concerning Mr. Armour. He thinks quickly and acts on his own judgment.

Armour is not afraid of big things, and he is ready to fight to the bitter end. An instance of this occurred not long ago. For some time the grain brokers here had hoped to be able to down Armour. They had tried it a number of times and failed. At last they discovered that he had bought three million bushels of wheat to be delivered in May. The market was in such a state that he had to take it. The Chicago elevators were full, and the brokers laughed in their sleeves when they thought of Armour's having all that wheat dumped down upon him and no place to put it. They expected that he would have to sell, that they could buy it at their own prices, and that he would lose a fortune by it. This was the situation about the 1st of April. On that day Armour called in his architect and builder. Said he: 'I must have within thirty days elevators built large enough to store three million bushels of wheat.'

'It can't be done,' said the architect. 'It must be done,' replied Mr. Armour. 'It is a physical impossibility,' was the reply. 'We might do it in a year. We can't do it in a month.'

'I tell you it must be done,' was Armour's reply. 'Call in some of the other men.'

At this, others of the employees connected with building matters were admitted. They all inquired with the architect, and pronounced the putting up of the structure at that time a impossibility.

Mr. Armour listened to them, but his iron jaw at the close came together more firmly than ever, and he said: 'I tell you it must be done, and it will be done.' He then gave his orders. He bought a little island, known as Goose-neck Island, in the mouth of the Chicago River, on which to build the elevators. He had advertisements posted over Chicago that any man who could handle a pick or drive a nail could find work by calling at P. D. Armour's stockyards. He put up an electric lighting system and worked three gangs of men eight hours on a stretch, putting so many men on the work that they covered it like ants. He went out every day and took a look at the work himself, and the result was he had his elevators three days before the wheat began to come. This work had been done quietly, and few of the brokers knew of it. He took care of his 3,000,000 bushels and made a big thing out of his sale.

This was like Armour. He is Napoleonic in his strokes. He is Napoleonic in his make-up. He is one of the few men who can do more than one thing at a time. While he was talking with me, messenger boys would bring him telegrams showing the condition of the stocks. He would answer them, giving his orders to buy or sell. At such times it seemed to me that he was not listening to my questions and to what I was saying, but I soon discovered that he was carrying both our conversation and the markets in his mind at the same time. I have been told he has this ability in a marked degree. Dr. Frank Gunsaulus, the head of the Armour Technical Institute, says he does not doubt that Mr. Armour could dictate letters on different subjects to three or four different secretaries at the same time, holding the thought in his mind separately and carrying on the three or four threads of thought without confusion.

Another instance of Mr. Armour's Napoleonic character was seen here in the Pacific in 1893. He was one of the few men prepared for the panic. He saw it coming months before it was a possibility in the minds of other great capitalists of the United States. He began to prepare for it in 1892. He had not been feeling well, and he went to Europe for his health. While loading about Caribbea he came into contact with scores of the moneyed men of Europe, and from the way they talked he learned that a storm was brewing. All at once he decided to come home. The day he landed at New York he telegraphed the leading managers of his different departments to come there to meet him. They came. They told him that business had never been better; that all of his enterprises were paying, and that they were making money hand over fist. Mr. Armour heard their reports, and then threw a thunderbolt in their midst by telling them that he wanted them to cut down the business to the closest margin.

'There is a storm brewing, and we must draw in. We must have money to prepare for it, and I want you to get all the cash you can, and put it away in the vaults. I want you to get out in the street and stretch the name of P. D. Armour to its utmost tension. Borrow every dollar you can, and let me know the result.'

Some of the men rather thought that the "old man," as they sometimes call him, was crazy, but they did as he directed. At last they came to him and told him that they had about \$2,000,000 cash.

'Oh,' said he, that's not half enough! Go out and borrow more. Don't be afraid. Get all you can, and get it as quick as you can.'

This was done, and they finally told him that they had secured \$4,000,000 in cash. In addition to this he also had in hand about \$1,000,000 in negotiable securities. With a capital of what was practically about \$5,000,000 on hand, Mr. Armour then set back in his chair and said to himself:

'Well, if the crash must come, I, at any rate, am ready for it.'

It is a physical impossibility, was the reply. 'We might do it in a year. We can't do it in a month.'

'I tell you it must be done,' was Armour's reply. 'Call in some of the other men.'

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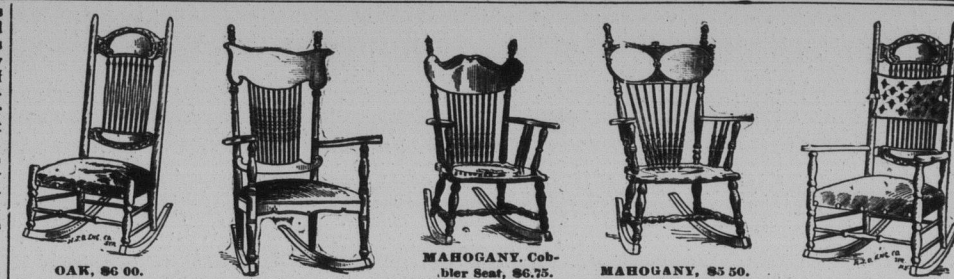
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ROCKERS

We have a great Variety of Rockers from \$3.50 to \$30.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John.

SMART SUMMER TRAPS.

NEW AND STYLISH VEHICLES FOR WOMEN OF WEALTH.

The Basket Phaeton is Once More the Fashion and is Driven by Mrs. Vanderbilt—The "Going to Cover" Wagons Preferred by Sportive Maidens.

Next after bicycling there seems to be no outdoor sport in which women are showing such a growing enthusiasm as for driving. Never before have the carriage builders put forth so elaborate an array of '96 models in vehicles as this spring, and never before has so serious attention been given to designing traps to meet special feminine requirements.

Smartest and newest among these vehicles are those made of rattan and willow, varnished in any color of tan or brown, dark green or blue, to suit the purchaser's taste, and upholstered in Bedford cord to match. These basket carriages have, even from Newport's great driveway, ousted their stately varnished wood rivals, and their chief charm lies in the fact that the owners drive themselves about in them.

If one is not a person of great wealth and yet wishes to be in the swim and set up one's own little turnout, one can do the modest and picturesque thing and blossom forth with a donkey cart.

little wheels and pulled about by a stout gray donkey—or a shaggy pony. The donkey is, however, the less expensive animal and rather more modish, and he lends himself more gracefully to decoration for the donkey cart owner uses an elaborate harness. It is always bought to match the color of the cart, which is usually dark tan. It is brightened with many silver buckles, the housings are finished in scarlet or clear blue and the bridle gay with tasseled resettes or parti-colored halters and a silver brow band. Occasionally the donkey wears a tiny tinkling silver bell between his big ears and these dainty equipages turn out at the country house settlements when the housekeepers go to market, for morning shopping in the village and when one wishes to drop around informally for afternoon tea and to the casino. Up at Newport the donkey cart is given to young people and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who noticed them everywhere in the English villages, imported one last year for her own use and popularized them on this side.

This spring after her designs Mrs. Vanderbilt ordered built the first of the new wicker rambler phaetons that the carriage makers can hardly supply the demand for. It was Mrs. Vanderbilt's wish to have a trap light enough for a sleek brown colt, without any groom's seat, and set on light brown wheels with a canopy top. Her requisites were quite fulfilled. The entire

body of the trap is woven in rattan, the high-backed seat covered in brown faced cloth and the flat canopy, finished with fringe, springs out from a steel rod [running up from the back. By touching a knob in the rod the canopy folds up against it like a parasol and the harness used with this show simulate white glove leather; the white reins are a new wrinkle, introduced in behalf of the fair driver's white gloved hands, that are hopelessly discolored by the rubbing of any dark ribbons. Down in the stables there may be considerable grumbling over this feature of luxury, for every day the white reins must be cleaned with naphtha to keep them immaculate, and folded away in a lined box when not in use.

The very most interesting bit of splendor in the way of equipage has, however, been ordered by a young heiress, for her use at Bar Harbor. This is a Princess Victoria made like all the new summer victorias, entirely of basket work, willow withes woven with exquisite fineness, a groom's seat at the back and a flat canopy top, as on the rambler phaeton.

The majority of these victorias are done in brown, but this special chariot is carried out to the last detail in white. All the basket work, Bedford cord cushions and canopies are tinted a pure cream white, the running gear in a rich tone of deeper cream, almost bordering on brown and the harness

and who has as well an altered position in the smart new Tilburys. These lofty, elegant carts are painted for feminine patrons in dark green, picked out in apple green, or pale yellow, the seats cushioned in cotton corduroy and the lap robe of the finest suede leather.

Unlike the dog carts (in traps are set on four wheels, for the women like them better that way and every carriage and cart has a strap attached to the floor just between the driver's feet. This is a dog strap, for the special tethering of the Boston bull terriers the companionship of which no modish young woman now considers her life complete. Under the seats of these '96 runabouts the space has been cleverly utilized to hold, in a drawerlike box, a full set of pretty scarlet lined water-proofs, the heavy driving gloves and a set of toilet articles. The side lamps are square boxes of solid plate glass and snapped over the corner of the dashboard is a varnished leather case holding a carriage clock. On the pattern of the countess's trap many equally perfect have been made for American girls who drive pairs of plump, chestnut ponies in the black harness garnished with brass.

carried a satchel, a bunch of wild flowers she had evidently gathered that morning, her pocketbook, and as there was only one seat for the trio she took the other baby in her arms and held both during the ride. But the piece-de-resistance was her door-key, which she held like some faithful Bruno, between her teeth. Nor did she relinquish it through the entire trip but carried it with the air of one who had a place for everything and everything in its place.

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DONKEY CART AND PRINCESS VICTORIA.

has been ordered to match the trap, with elaborate silver trimmings. As the heiress comes from the West, and is a very up-to-date young person, her victoria's lamps will be furnished with electric wires communicating with a battery under the seat. The electric bulbs of the oblong lamps are set in front of powerful reflectors, so that at night this carriage will be provided with two small searchlights and in addition to the little watch, slipped into a leather socket on the gracefully curving broad dashboard, a strip of mirror no bigger than the palm of one's hand, is adjusted below it. The uses of the mirror are ostensible and with the watch are now fitted on the dashboards of all the new vehicles.

But fashionable women who drive are divided into two very distinct classes: Those who prefer luxurious reclining in graceful low swung phaetons and the large following who adopt whatever is most masculine in the stables. Going to cover, a four-wheeled high set smart little wagon is the last approved trap in the string of vehicles owned by the Countess of Castellane, who proposes to edify Paris by her talents as a whip and has all of her carriages made in America. The young Duchesses of Marlborough follows the same custom for no foreign builders can turn out such perfect examples of carriage building as firms in the states. Going to cover is a trap with a seat behind the groom, who does not sit with his back to his mistress.

You Cant Lose

You can't make money more rapidly and safely than by patronizing UNGAR'S Laundry and Dye Works.

Write to us today if you have any cleaning or dyeing to be done. You will be interested in the facts that we will prove to you. Old garments made as good as new by UNGAR, 28 to 34 Waterloo St.

PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT.

HER PROMISE TRUE

BY DORA RUSSELL.

Author of "Footprints in the Snow," "A Country Sweetheart," "A Man's Privilege," etc.

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CHAPTER I. HUGH GILBERT AND BELLE WAYLAND are bidding each other good-bye at Brighton. Belle promises to be true and to meet him that evening for a final farewell.

CHAPTER II. Lady Stanmore comes to Brighton and has an important interview with Mrs. Wayland in which they decide Belle's future.

CHAPTER III. Lady Stanmore becomes jealous of Sir Dick. Belle tells Lady Stanmore of her engagement and the lady ridicules the idea.

CHAPTER IV. Belle's diary continued. She tells Lady Stanmore of her dream about Hugh. The lady decides to write Mr. Balfour.

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CHAPTER VIII. Belle's diary continues. She tells Lady Stanmore of her dream about Hugh. The lady decides to write Mr. Balfour.

CHAPTER IX. Mrs. Wayland's illness. Mrs. Wayland, as a rule was the most discharging old woman in the world, but at this time she did exactly what her sister, Lady Stanmore, wished her to do.

CHAPTER X. Sir Dick's letter. Mrs. Wayland lay ill for weeks and weeks at Redvers Court after this momentous conversation between Stanmore and his sister-in-law.

CHAPTER XI. Mrs. Balfour's letter. Belle did not tell her Aunt Lucy of Sir Dick's letter, nor her mother. She thought it was better to keep both things secret.

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CHAPTER XVI. Mrs. Balfour's letter. Belle did not tell her Aunt Lucy of Sir Dick's letter, nor her mother. She thought it was better to keep both things secret.

or your wealth will not influence Belle. You must try to make her care for you for your own sake.

"I like her all the better for that. But suppose in the meantime someone else cuts me out? That young Dick Probyn, for instance."

"I don't think Belle is a girl to care for so young a man as Dick Probyn."

"That is different; and, looking another way, don't think I am flattering you, Jack—but you are a much better looking man than Dick Probyn; besides that, you are not a stammerer."

"I decidedly wait. If Belle thought I wanted her to marry me because you are what is called a good match, she would not have you. But if she learned to care for you she would."

"And you will stand my friend?"

"Certainly I will, Jack. I like Belle, and I've always liked you. And naturally I shall be pleased to be doubly connected with you."

"The old woman is the worst of it."

"She has proved a most convenient old woman at the present time," answered Lady Stanmore, with a little laugh.

"Her being laid up gives you an opportunity of seeing Belle intimately which you could not have had otherwise else."

"And you think I had better wait?"

"I don't know, a little anxiously."

"Most certainly I do; wait until I give you a hint that it is time to speak, and then you will speak to some purpose."

"Lucy is a wise woman," he thought as he walked slowly up and down the long avenue. "I'm glad I've told her."

CHAPTER X.—SIR DICK'S LETTER. Mrs. Wayland lay ill for weeks and weeks at Redvers Court after this momentous conversation between Stanmore and his sister-in-law.

CHAPTER XI.—MRS. BALFOUR'S LETTER. Belle did not tell her Aunt Lucy of Sir Dick's letter, nor her mother. She thought it was better to keep both things secret.

together; until I kiss the words that you have written."

"There was more in this strain; it was a letter from a man to one of whose love he was sure; a letter written from heart to heart, but it did not turn Lady Stanmore from her purpose."

"One part of it she did read twice over, in which Gilbert alluded to his travelling companions, Mrs. Balfour and Miss Vane. 'They are both nice women,' she read, and 'hope I have been of some little use to them; that was all. But Lady Stanmore pondered on it so, words, smiled, and then the letter met the same fate as poor Belle's."

"The letter from Aden arrived on the very day when Sir Dick had ridden to Redvers Court, determined to ask Belle to be his wife, and when Stanmore had scorned him because he saw him approach. Gilbert's letter had, however, by this time disappeared in the flames, and Lady Stanmore's smooth and smiling face kept her secrets well."

"I have just come—mother sent me—that is, stammered poor Sir Dick, nervous with his hidden intentions regarding Belle, to ask Lady Stanmore to ask Belle."

"I hope she is a little better failed; not in such great pain. Belle is with her, but I shall send her down to talk to you presently."

"I'm glad I've told her."

"I'm glad I've told her."

"I'm glad I've told her."

"I'm glad I've told her."

"I'm glad I've told her."

"I'm glad I've told her."

"I'm glad I've told her."

"I'm glad I've told her."

"I'm glad I've told her."

"I'm glad I've told her."

he sat down to pen his letter. His words were simple and true, just like his heart, and Belle felt sorry when she read the next morning at breakfast, and he fancied as he did so he knew the handwriting. Belle opened it and her face flushed a little, but she made no comment, and presently returned it to its envelope.

"But when she went to her own room she once more read her letter. It was as follows:—"

"Dearest Miss Wayland,—Forgive me for thus addressing you, but I think it is impossible for anyone to see you without loving you. At least it is impossible to me."

"The first time I saw you I felt this, and I felt it more strongly now. I called to day, to ask you if you would honor me with your wife. But I got nervous and could not say the words, so now write them. I know I am quite unworthy of you; but I will spend all my life in trying to make you happy."

"I'm glad I've told her."

"I'm glad I've told her."

"I'm glad I've told her."

"I'm glad I've told her."

"I'm glad I've told her."

"I'm glad I've told her."

"I'm glad I've told her."

"I'm glad I've told her."

"I'm glad I've told her."

"I'm glad I've told her."

"I'm glad I've told her."

"I'm glad I've told her."

rang Lady Stanmore herself appeared. She rapped at Belle's door, and when she entered the room she was carrying Mrs. Balfour's letter in her hand.

"May I come in?" she said.

"Yes, of course," answered Belle, eagerly. "Aunt Lucy," she continued, almost breathlessly, with her eyes fixed on the letter, "is that from Mrs. Balfour? Does she say anything about—?"

"I have brought the letter to show you," said Lady Stanmore, a little slowly. "It contains some news that I am afraid will startle you, Belle."

"What news?" gasped Belle, and she grew pale to her very lips.

"You remember telling me of your engagement to a Mr. Gilbert, in the Royal Lancashire Regiment? This is Major Balfour's regiment also, and Mr. Gilbert—Hugh Gilbert, I think she calls him," continued Lady Stanmore, referring to Mrs. Balfour's letter, "went out to India with Mrs. Balfour, and a Miss Vane—"

"I know," said Belle, hoarsely.

"Well, she refers to him more than once in her letter—let me see—yes, here she writes, 'He is a nice fellow, and has been very useful and attentive to us, though of course, I place this more to Flora Vane's 'beaux yeux' than to my own attractions, and so on. But here is a postscript, Belle—"

"Belle could not speak; her dry lips parted, but she looked mutely in her aunt's face."

"Go to it, right," continued Lady Stanmore. "I wish to tell you that I have been very much pleased to read your letter, and I am sorry for you, Belle, but she must be quite unworthy of your regard."

"Belle gave a kind of cry, like some wounded animal in deadly pain."

"Must I tell you the gist of it, or shall I read it?" went on Lady Stanmore in not quite such assured accents as before.

"You must hear it, Belle; these are Mrs. Balfour's own words—her postscript."

"I open my letter, dearest Lady Stanmore," proceeded Lady Stanmore, reading from the open letter in her hand, "to tell you a most surprising piece of news. Young Gilbert, of our regiment, who came out with us, is actually married to Flora Vane. We landed on the 10th, and Colonel Vane and my husband were waiting to receive us. Then we went to dine at Colonel Vane's new bungalow on Marine Hill, which he has furnished so prettily in expectation of his daughter's arrival. At night we went to our own little place, and would you believe it, the very next day Flora Vane ran away with Hugh Gilbert! The affair has created a great sensation, and the Colonel is furious, as he was naturally looking forward to the part enjoyment of his daughter's large fortune—for a time at least. But she has patched it up between them; in fact, it was the only thing that could be done. It is a wonderful piece of good luck for young Gilbert, as I am told that at least Flora's fortune is seventy thousand pounds; and I believe, is only the son of a poor clergyman. But he is very good-looking and agreeable, and Flora had quite a right to choose her own husband. The money was left to her by an aunt, for the Colonel himself is comparatively poor. I hear he has some real estate, but she has better on the passage out, but Flora is good-looking and would you believe it, she is very rich."

"Thus far Lady Stanmore read, and then she raised her eyes, and stole a look at Belle's face, and the grey pallor of its tint startled her."

"You must not grieve, Belle—she began.

breakfast time, and he says you must drink this, and then come down and have some soup."

"Belle put out her hand, and drank the wine, and some little strength seemed to come back to her."

"Sit down for a moment or two," continued Lady Stanmore. "I know this has all been a great shock to you. Belle, but you must not give way or let anyone know what it does. For heaven's sake, let Jack think you a love-lorn damsel. He's in the man to laugh at any such folly."

"These words were not without some effect on Belle."

"It is unworthy," she began, with faltering tongue, "and I will never believe again."

"Nonsense, my dear! The poor fellow, no doubt, was worried about money, and this rich girl probably made love to him on the passage out. He has only succumbed to a very common temptation, and, say what you like, he has acted wisely. And as no one knows anything about it, what harm is there done?"

"I told Sir Richard Probyn about it," said Belle.

"Told Dick Probyn?" repeated Lady Stanmore. "Then that means, of course, that he offered to you? I thought as much."

"Belle did not speak."

"Well, I must say you can keep your own counsel," continued Lady Stanmore. "Most girls would have boasted of it if they had an offer of marriage from Dick Probyn. And so you refused him?"

"I could have married for money," too, Aunt Lucy, you see," answered Belle, bitterly. "But I told the truth—that I believed, at least, to be the truth."

"But which is the truth no longer. Mr. Gilbert is now a married man, and there's an end of it. And now, Belle, straighten your curls a little, and come down to lunch."

"Belle did as she was bid; she went down to lunch, though the food on her plate was untouched, and Stanmore could not understand the unnatural and forced gaiety of her manner. Lady Stanmore looked at her warningly once or twice, but Belle took no notice."

"I should like a ride this afternoon, I think," she said, looking at Stanmore.

"My dear girl, in this dreaching rain?"

"I feel so restless; I must do something."

"Come and play billiards with them, and that will pass the time," proposed Stanmore.

"And Belle went. They played till it was dark; Belle rickled, and daintily, and there was something about her looks Stanmore did not like."

"I believe that poor girl is going to have a fever," he told his sister-in-law privately during the evening. But it was not until everyone had retired to rest at night, that Belle completely broke down. She, too, went to bed, but only to toss from side to side in almost unendurable mental pain. At last she could bear it no longer. She rose and flung herself prone upon the floor, rousing herself to sit up, still dry-eyed and tearless."

"Why did he do it?" she asked herself. "Why did he break my heart?"

All through the long dark hours her face was a cold, deathly white, snowing fast, and Belle shuddered with the cold. Then presently a maid came in with an early cup of tea, and to light the fire. Belle eagerly drank the tea, for her mouth was parched, and then covered over the newly lit flames. But they seemed to bring no warmth to her chilled limbs. She wrapped herself in a dressing gown, and sat shivering, and Lady Stanmore found her thus when she went down to breakfast.

"Not dressed yet, Belle?" she said as she entered the room.

"No," answered Belle, without looking up; "I am not going down to breakfast."

"Surely you are not fretting still over that absurd affair," commented Lady Stanmore; but Belle started up, and with a gesture stopped her.

"Never speak of it again, Aunt Lucy," she said, excitedly. "Never breathe his name again to me."

"Very well, my dear. I will not," answered Lady Stanmore, quietly. "But what am I to say to Jack, to account for your non-appearance?"

"Say I've a headache, and to mother too. I will appear at luncheon time," and that hard and bitter laugh once more distorted her lips.

All right, said Lady Stanmore. "I will go down now, and send you some breakfast. What a stormy morning it is, isn't it?"

"What is anything to me," she thought; "in the world outside or in?"

A cold despair had crept over her; but by and by she old restlessness asserted itself.

"I will go out and walk in the snow," she decided, and she began dressing herself with feverish haste. She was soon ready, and presently found herself in the last whitening grounds, breathing against the driving storm of wind and hail. She scarcely knew where she went; the drifting snow half-blinded her, and the wind howled in her ears. But suddenly she saw lying before her the frozen waters of the lake. In a moment it passed through her excited brain that her Aunt Lucy had told her she had nearly been drowned here, in the early days of her wedded life.

"The ice can't be very thick," thought the unhappy girl; "perhaps it will break with me, and no one will ever know my misery."

Quick as thought she sprang on the frail frozen covering of the lake. But the ice bore her light weight, and she ran swiftly on. Then came a faint crack, another, and the water rose over her feet. Belle knew her danger, and for a moment the instinct of self-preservation made her try to turn. But it was too late; the ice split all round her, and she sank into the water, grasping frantically as she did so at the untied, half-frozen scarf which, in her despair, she had trusted herself. She tried to cry out, but the water rose to her lips, and then a deadly choking feeling of suffocation utterly overwhelmed her.

(To be continued.)



KELSO AND LASSWADE.

FATHERLY TALK OF THE RAUNTS OF SCOTTS BOYHOOD.

In Early Youth and How it Was Spent, Among Romantic Surroundings—His School Days at Their Wild Follies—How He First met His Wife.

"Eyes and limbs on brass ran blushing; Ladies chirped on like trees; Flashed the sun, and near setting, Flamed on Roala's tower so high. Rosalia's towers and brass ran blushing; Cranes and water, woods and glass; Rosalia's banks, appeared by day, Save the Muses' Hawthorned.

Melville's towers, so white and stately, Dim by glowing, glint to river; They Lasswade's dark woods seek sweetly skies and red and lift sea blue."

—Hector Macmillan.

"Blessings be with them—and eternal praise," who by the might of Virtue and of Genius endeavor to us the hills we never behold, and the valleys our feet have never trodden! Through them in the scenes that nourished us first, and gave food for fancy, are twin in our affections with the Tweed and the Wye. Somewhat the world becomes all as one, where brave men tread it, and it is illustrated by song, and down tickly both with deeds and dreams. They exercise a spell to draw our feet; and as pilgrims, we cross the ocean and climb the mountain, that we may kneel at their shrines; while hearts that have been thrilled by the prowess of the warrior transfused through the fire of the poet feel a new ecstasy in the presence of the shrines of Dandelin or of Alloway, the height of Stirling, or the field of Bannockburn. And what land draws the pilgrim and stranger with a cord stronger than Calceolonia binds about us? Truly was it said, and to the verse our heart is responsive,—

"'Tis on this earth there is a spot To which my soul admiringly turns, It is the land of Walter Scott, It is the land of Robert Burns! Oh for a glimpse of that proud Land Where Genius all triumphant shines! To stray a pilgrim, and in hand, And worship at her thousand shrines!"

This boy-life at Sandy-knowe (a queer misnomer!) meant more for Scott than all his school-days did for him. Nature and romance were to claim him; and the brain of the imaginative child was here to absorb the materials for his poems and his waverly stories as eagerly as the sepia does blood and as readily as the sponge does water. The old time was before him in character, as well as scenery, and their singularity and picturesqueness were photographed in memory as on the retina of that most living eye. The old worthies of the place doted on his childhood, as he did in after years on little M. J. Fleming, Wehrer of the quaint lecture, "Old MacDougal of Makerstown, in his little hooded coat, and embroidered scarlet waist-coat, light colored coat, and white hair tied military fashion, kneeling on the carpet before the child, and drawing his watch along to induce him to it. We hear of "Old Ormiston the herdsman telling him all sorts of stories, who used to bring him out into the moorlands, and blow his whistle, when the nurse was to fetch him home." Narrow was his escape from the mad nurse who, anxious to escape the solitude, confessed how she was tempted to carry the child out among the crags, cut his throat with the scissors, and bury him in the mass. Her maniac fancy was that she was under the devil's own impulse; perhaps the Dr. Todd's will think his majesty recanted upon reflection perceiving how instrumental his works would become. What effect such things might well have suggested to us by some similar child-experience, in an old house, with its own legends, and superstitions goes to make a weird night by the stories told all day. For in this wild, solitary place were poured into his ears "all sorts of border and other ballads: "Watt of Harden," "Wight Willie of Aikwood," "Jamie Teller," "The Fair Dodhead," "Hardyknute," and the like; and the stories of the cruelties practised on the rebels at Carlisle, and in the Highlands, after the battle of Culloden, related to him by a farmer of Yethyn who had witnessed them "tragic tales which," said Scott, "made so great an impression on me." And then the spot was as a mountain of vision, to one who carried eyes like the poet. There were visible, near and remote, the beauties of that now classic country which his pen has made of interest to all the world. As his biographer points them out,—nearly in front of Sandy-knowe, across the Tweed, Leisden, the comparatively small, but still venerable and stately abode of the lairds of Raeburn; and the hoary Abbey of Dryburgh, surrounded by yew-trees as ancient as itself, seem to lie almost at the feet of the spectator. Opposite him rise the purple peaks of Eildon, the traditional scene of Thomas the Rhymer's interview with the Queen of Faerie; behind are the blasted peel which the seer of Errol's own himself inhabited, "The Broom of the Cowdenknowes, the pastoral valley of the Leader, and the bleak wilderness of Lammermoor. To the eastward, the desolate grandeur of Hume castle breaks the horizon, as the eye travels toward the range of the Cheviot. A few miles westward, Melrose, "like some tall rock with lichens grey," appears clasped amid the windings of the Tweed; and the distance presents the serrated mountains of the Gala, the Ettrick, and the Yarrow, all famous in song. Such were the objects that had painted the ear-

liest images on the eye of the last and greatest of the Borden minstrels."

The picture of the child, seated at the feet of his grandfather at Sandy-knowe, listening to Miss Jenny as she read the Bible, or whatever good book, is supplemented by that of the boy,—lame still, but grown vigorous with abundant life, and fondness for sport,—rambling with Jamie Ballantyne (the future publisher) along the riverside at Kelso telling stories, singing songs, reciting scraps of poetry and ballads, and making echo ring generally with their laughter, or watching the salmon as they came flashing from the Tweed.

Kelso was, and is, a quaint, retired, old-fashioned country town, on the Tweed, and at its confluence with the Teviot; where it has broad sandy beaches, and is surrounded by a wealth of rural scenery that was the pride and joy of Scott's heart. He could never to his latest day forget the pleasant times of his boyhood in this old town, and along its sweet and sunny waters. Here the river treads, and runs between steep banks, "magnificently hung with splendid woods," by day the angler may wade in his tall boots, and cast his line; and at evening, the ruddy flare of the torch marks where the spear-men take the prey,— "like genii armed," as the poet describes them. What rare sport had Scott and his friends, along these banks! And yonder comes that other stream to join its "kindred river," embowered in the music of its verse:

Sweet Teviot! on thy silver tide The glaucous bays fire blaze no more; No longer steel-clad warriors ride Along thy wild and willow'd shore; Where'er thou wind'st by dale or hill, All is peaceful all is still, As if thy waves, since time was born, Had only heard the shepherd's reed, Nor started at the eagle-horn.

Adjoining the town is a fine park, and walls of an old castle rise from the midst of its trees; while within its limits are the noble ruins of an abbey about which the poet spent many a dreaming hour, amid his recreations. Scott's relatives dwelt here also, and it became a second home—the peculiar home of his heart. Eastward of the Kirkyard was the home of Miss Janet Scott, in a house surrounded by woody acres, strutting downward to the Tweed, with its mounds and winding walks, and in the midst a summer-banquet-house. "It was laid out in the old style with high pleached hornbeam hedges, and had a fine plane tree. In many parts of the garden were fine yews and other trees, and there was also a goodly old orchard. Here, as in a very paradise he used to devour heaps of poetry." While he went to the town grammar school, he had likewise a rare tuition out of Tasso's "Jerusalem delivered," Percy's "Reliques of Ancient Poetry," and the works of Fielding, Richardson, Smollett, Mackenzie and other novelists. "The features of this garden," we are told, remained deeply imprinted on his mind, and have been reproduced in different descriptions of his works. Like the garden of Eden itself, this charming old garden has now vanished. Indeed, he himself relates with what chagrin he found, on revisiting the place many years afterwards, the good old plane-tree gone, the hedges pulled up, and the bearing trees felled! Here, also, lived his Uncle Robert at "Rosebank" a little farther out of the town and on the same side of the stream, with its lofty trees embowering his home, and the smooth green lawn running clean down to the bank of Tweed.

We shall not be able to follow up Scott's school days very closely,—for it was in the schools he obtained the most important part of his education, even though he regretted in later years a want of thoroughness, and of that deep knowledge of literature which might have enabled him to form a compacter and more finished style. Yet in him we have so much that we are not disposed very deeply to regret this, in his case. We cannot have all in one; and perhaps if we cannot have butter, we may have cream. But when the Edinburgh high school is in session he is there—that is, after his eight year, in charge of that excellent man and ripe scholar, Luke Frazier, and after him the rector Dr. Adam. But Scott had rather scamper in the yards, than be chief of the form, and he had rather kick a football, than wrestle with a root, mathematical or classical. "Notwithstanding his idleness," he was among them all "the swiftest of the racers, the strongest of pugilists, the most persevering in snow-ball bickers, the most daring climber of the little rime steps (a pass of peril leading along the dark brow of the castle rock) and the most dextrous and strategic commander in the mimic battles fought in the cross causeway between the children of the mob and those of the better-to-do citizens." Yet,—if he took to himself the cognomen of "dunce," "blockhead," "incorrigibly idle imp," and the like,—it was known by the discerning that he had intellectual powers, if they were but awakened, and in particular an amazing memory, for all literary antiquarian, legendary, or historical lore. Nor may we here consider his collegiate period,

"What a charm of innocence and quietude was in the retired home-life,—how attractive the picture! "Old Mrs. Scott sitting with her spinning wheel on one side of the fire, in a clean, clean parlor; and the grandfather a good deal faded, in his elbow chair opposite; and the little boy lying on the carpet at the old man's feet, listening to the Bible," etc. This is not an interior school for one who was to give us some affecting pictures of domestic and social life.—F. F.

nor his pursuits of the law, wherein, like others of his kind he was apt to "penetrate when he should engross"; but will hasten on to love, to poetry, and to scenery again.

It was during his apprenticeship to his father (in the second year, Scott says,) that by the bursting of a blood-vessel he was confined and restricted to a vegetable diet, and a regimen of books and dreams. He burst like the Ancient Mariner, into the "silent sea" into the wide wide sea of novels, poems; and it is said, after having been blind and blistered, drove the circulating "librarians to their wits end," or played unlimited chess for several months. Thus while he reclined, and "not suffered to speak above his breath," he was "preparing himself for the future exigencies of his literary life as effectually . . . as when rambling through the mountains of Perthshire with Inverhaye, or 'making himself' with shot-seed among the traditional wilds of Liddersdale." As Ferguson strung his bead-stars, so Scott on pillow or counterpane arranged his shell or seed armies, and pebble brigades, as he read of battles that got him in order to write Flodden, and many another well-contested field. Mirrors were combined to refresh his eyes with the world outdoors, and the troops marching. So he made capital of his illness; and when he arose to return to the office it was to bid "a long farewell to disease and medicine."

A tincture of wildness and excess in his blood, which broke out in wild frolics and escapades in his boyhood, was chastened in later years by the "meas of a pure and passionate attachment." His first attachment had been unreciprocated, and brought him sorrow; but his second was more successful, and so long as its object remained, filled all after his life with content. The poet had attained his perfect manhood but not his perfect fame, when at Spa of Gilsland, a pretty watering place in Cumberland, he first saw Charlotte Margaret Charpentier, and fell in love with her. This fair scion of a French family had been brought thither by her friend's to break up one attachment, not agreeable to Lord Downshire her guardian, and here she straightway fell into another not to be escaped from. "The meeting," we learn, "was like one of those in his own novels. He was riding with his friend Adam Ferguson—the joyous, genial friend of his whole life—one day at that neighborhood, when they met a young lady taking an airing on horseback, whom neither of them had before seen. They were so much struck with her appearance, as to keep her in view till they were sure that she was a visitor at The Wells. The same evening they met her at a ball, and much were they charmed with her that he soon made her a proposal, and she became his wife. All who knew her in her youth speak of her as a very charming person, though I confess that her portrait at "Abbotsford does not give me much idea of her personal charms," "but," says Mr. Lockhart who had the best opportunity of knowing, "without the features of a regular beauty, she was rich in personal attractions; a form that was fashioned as light as a fairy's; a complexion of the clearest and the brightest olive; eyes large deep-set and dazzling; of the finest Italian brown; and a profusion of silken tresses, black as the ravens wing; her address hovering between the reserve of a pretty Englishwoman who has not mingled largely in general society, and a certain archness and gaiety that suited well with the accompaniment of a French accent. A lovelier vision, as all who remember her in the bloom of her days have assured me, could hardly have been imagined."

With his charming bride Scott settled among his loved hills in a bit of the choicest scenery the neighborhood of Edinburgh affords. Some seven miles is the Lasswade cottage, a very bower of retirement where some of his happiest years were spent, and some of his best work done. His friends gathered here, and "blithe little wife" proved a most excellent hostess. Howitt, who visited it described it as "a lovely neighborhood. It is thrown up with lofty ridges all finely wooded. The country there is rich, and the noble woods, the fine views down in the fertile valleys, and the Kirk coming soundling along its channel from Rosslyn and Hawthorned make it very charming. It is in the immediate neighborhood not only of Rosslyn with its beautiful chapel, and the classic cliffs and woods of Hawthorned, but of Dalkeith; and Lord Melville's park is at Lasswade itself. The cottage of Scott is still called Lasswade cottage. Every one still knows the house as the one where he lived, (this is over forty years ago.) A miller near said, 'He minded him well. He was an advocate then, and his wife a little dark French woman?' The house Howitt found occupied by two Miss Mutters who kept a lady's school, and was "run down," but it still occupied "a very sweet secluded place." It stands about fifty yards from the roadside, as you approach the village from a hamlet called Loanhead; and as you descend the hill, you see it some

Scott's nickname among his own set was Duns Scotus. His dress at this time was neglected. Corduroy breeches was his common attire; and when reproached with their messiness his reply was, "They be good oysters for drinking in; some and let us have some oysters in the Covenant Close." These convivialities, however were after relinquished.

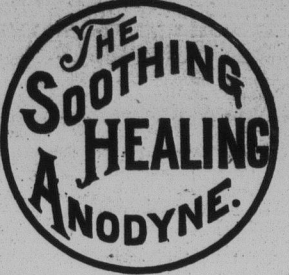
fifty yards from the roadside. "There are two roads leading from the highway up to the house; one being the carriage drive up to the front, and the other to the back, past some laborers' cottages. It is a somewhat singular looking house, having one end tall, and thatched in a remarkably steep manner, and then a long, low range, running away from the tall end, and covered with Ayrshire roses, evergreen plants, and masses of ivy. When you get round to the front, for it turns its back on the road, you find the lofty part projecting much beyond the low range, and having a circular front. A gravel walk or drive goes quite round to this side, and is divided from a paddock by laurels. There are three paddocks. One opposite to this tall end, and extending down to the road, one in front, and one behind, in which stands near the house, in a still smaller enclosure, a remarkably large sycamore tree. The paddocks are all surrounded by tall full-grown trees, and they shut in the place to perfect retirement. At the end of the low range lies a capital large kitchen garden, with plenty of fruit trees; and this extends to the back lane, proceeding toward the valley of the Esk. The neighborhood is full of the houses of people of wealth and taste. Here for many years lived Henry Mackenzie. . . . Here Scott was busy with his German translations of 'Lenore,' 'Götz von Berlichingen,' and his 'Borck Minstrelsy.' Here Mat Lewis, and Heber, the collector of rare books visited him; as well as the crabbed Kitson, whom the rough and impatient Leyden put to flight. Then came Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy, from a tour in the Highlands; and Scott set off on a ramble down to Melrose and Teviotdale. Here he had partly written the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' and edited and published 'Sir Tristram.' These facts are enough to give a lasting interest to the cottage of Lasswade."

From his cottage Scott could slip easily into Edinburgh, for business or social pleasure, and back again to books, and desk, and "wee wintike." Thence he made his romantic excursions into Liddesdale, to Ettrick forest, and all that now famous border region. With exquisite delight he fell in with the country-folk and their yet unchanged customs; looked on wildest at most beautiful scenes, and conversed with new-found poets, and spirits kindred with his own, among the peasantry,—such as Jamie Hogg, and Willie Laidlaw Leyden, he had met in Edinburgh, a rude and powerful border minstrel, with a giant's power, but "uncouth as a colt from the moors." Scott had found Scotland out, that he might introduce her and open her mountain-gates to the world. What the Eldorado's and Islands of Wonder were to the voyagers of Phillip and Elizabeth, these unfrequented wilds became to him who looked on them with new-creating eyes. He came and rejoiced in his combined mission of poet, romancer and historian of his native land. We hear in those crying lines,— "O Caledonia, stern and wild! There is nothing in biography, one has well said, that strikes me so full of the enjoyment of life, as these 'raids,' as Scott called them, into Liddesdale, and other border wildernesses. PASTOR FELIX.

THE BEST OPINIONS! Scientific Men Say Diamond Dyes Are the Best. The best analytical chemists in the world affirm without hesitation that Diamond Dyes are the purest and best dyestuffs for home dyeing. All the colors are fast to light and washing, and will color more goods, package for package, than any other dye in the world. As there are many imitations of the popular Diamond Dyes, ladies should beware of dealers who attempt to recommend the worthless goods. It should be remembered that the imitation dyes are made up of poisonous and dangerous adulterations, and the Diamonds are often ruined by their use. Diamond Dyes are so easy to use that even a child can work with them successfully. See that you get the "Diamond," and refuse all others. Insurance Against Twins. What worse domestic calamity can befall a poor man's home than the advent of twins, unless it be triplets. That, at least, is the idea upon which the projectors of the Provident Bounty Association, organized recently, propose to bank the prospects of the concern. As a financial document it is unique. It bears some respectable names, and subscriptions to the capital stock of \$10,000 are invited, with the most tempting inducements. "It is notorious," say these projectors, "that many people marry in the hope of improving their fortune; but frequently disappointment comes with the advent of an unexpectedly large family. This association provides to some extent for that contingency by at once giving a substantial sum in the case of the birth of twins." —From Pearson's Weekly.

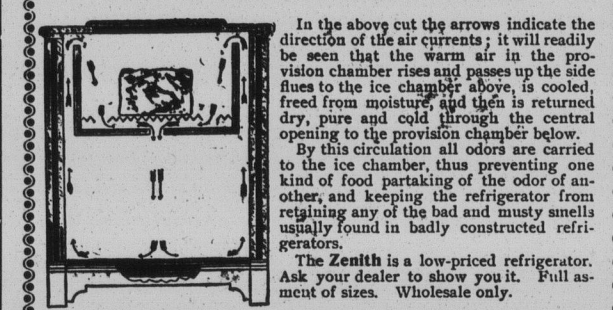
KNIVES FORKS AND SPOONS STAMPED 1847. ROGERS BROS. ARE GENUINE AND GUARANTEED BY THE MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO. THE LARGEST SILVER-PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.

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It is the original. It is the best in use. It is unlike any other. It is the oldest on earth. It is superior to all others. It is the great vital and muscle nerve. It is for internal as much as external use. It is used and endorsed by all athletes. It is a soothing, healing, penetrating Anodyne. It is what every mother should have in the house. It is used and recommended by many physicians everywhere. It is the Universal Household Remedy from infancy to old age. It is safe to trust that which has satisfied generation after generation. It is made from the favorite prescription of a good old family physician. It is marvellous how many ailments it will quickly relieve, heal and cure. Our Book "Treatment for Diseases and Care of Sick Room," Mailed Free. Sold by all Druggists. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 25 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass.

ZENITH Hardwood Refrigerator ZINC LINED, BEAUTIFULLY CARVED.



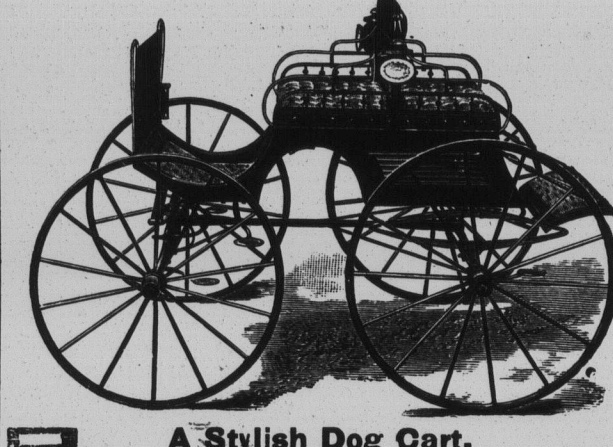
In the above cut the arrows indicate the direction of the air currents; it will readily be seen that the warm air in the provision chamber rises and passes up the side flues to the ice chamber above, is cooled, freed from moisture, and then is returned dry, pure and cold through the central opening to the provision chamber below. By this circulation all odors are carried to the ice chamber, thus preventing one kind of food partaking of the odor of another, and keeping the refrigerator from retaining any of the bad and musty smells usually found in badly constructed refrigerators. The Zenith is a low-priced refrigerator. Ask your dealer to show you it. Full assortment of sizes. Wholesale only.

McClary Manufacturing Co., LONDON. TORONTO. MONTREAL. WINNIPEG. VANCOUVER.

CARRIAGES! CARRIAGES!

Handsomely and Comfortably; Well Constructed and Elegantly Finished.

HERE ARE TWO DISTINCT STYLES.



A Stylish Dog Cart. Will carry Two or Four with comfort.



The Comfortable Bangor Buggy.

Perhaps one of the most serviceable and comfortable single Carriages built. Rides as easy as a cradle. Not too heavy and as light as you want it made.

For further Particulars and Prices inquire of

JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, Fredericton, N. B.

STEAMER CLIFTON.

On and after Saturday, April 15th, the steamer Clifton will commence her season's sailings; leaving Hampton every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday at 8.30 a. m. for Indiantown and intermediate points. Returning she will leave Indiantown same days at 4 p. m.

ST. JOHN Conservatory of Music AND ELOCUTION.

155 Prince William Street. Fall term opened Sept. 2nd 1895. Branches taught at 8.30 a. m. for Indiantown and intermediate points. Piano, Violin, Vocal Music and Elocution. Free classes in Harmony, Physical Culture and Singing.

# WOMAN and HER WORK.

Pokes, veritable Salvation lassie pokes bonnets are not only shown in the fashion plates, but actually worn by the most exclusive, and fashionable women in New York! I think the very exclusiveness of these wealthy dames must be the reason they have adopted such a singularly unbecoming style of headgear, as they need have no fear that anything so trying will become common. I believe these bonnets first made their appearance at the Horse Show, when three of the best known and handsomest women in New York society, appeared in regular sky scrapers, of the shape, and almost the size, worn by our grandmothers fifty years ago. Of course these dames made a sensation with their plainly dressed hair and the quaint bonnets tied under their chins in large bows, and as they possessed good looks enough to carry them off successfully, a great many people voted the very latest thing in bonnets charming; but they were not imitated to any extent, and their owners wore them in comfortable isolation. But this spring the same ladies appeared at a charity concert given in the Madison square gardens, accompanied by a number of other fashionable dames, all wearing poke bonnets of the most exaggerated dimensions. Of course all eyes were turned upon them, and everyone outside of the most exclusive circles wondered where the bonnets came from, since not a solitary poke had appeared in the millinery shops, or been exhibited at the spring openings; but the women who originate such a fashion are not those who buy in shops, they either have their bonnets designed for them at some of the very well importing houses on Fifth avenue, or have them imported direct from Paris. It is prophesied that pokes will really occupy a prominent place in the summer styles, but as it takes a very pretty face to look even passably well with straight hair and a close poke bonnet. I cannot believe that they will ever become very popular. Of course no one is bound to wear her hair in straight plain bands, because a few of New York's fashionables choose to do so, and either fluffy curls, or a Pompadour roll serve to modify the severity of the poke to a wonderful degree. One of the prettiest pokes shown, is made of shirred black tulle with a large bunch of black feathers covering half the brim, and masses of American beauty roses lying close to the hair at the back. The strings which are very long and broad, are of black tulle.

Another, which is supposed to be very fetching indeed is made of cream colored lace, and is really enormous, the rim being ten inches from the crown in front, and narrowing down over the ears so as not to shut off the wearer's hearing altogether. It is trimmed with violets, and the softest, fluffiest of white plumes. The flowers are arranged in a sort of fan, and bunches of these nestle against the hair at the back. The strings are of very soft broad ribbon. Perhaps the most old-fashioned, and pokiest of the pokes shown, was one of shirred, or "drawn" black satin which was made to order for a New York belle after the pattern of an actual bonnet belonging to her grandmother, whom she was supposed to resemble greatly. It was of the heaviest and plainest black satin, and lined with ivory satin, immense in size and trimmed with three ostrich tips, two falling over the brim, and one standing upright with a cream egret. Pink moss-rose buds are placed against the hair, and the strings are made of black satin ribbon.

I could describe a dozen more of these new bonnets, notable amongst which are those made of real point lace, and costing from one hundred, to a hundred and fifty dollars each, but I think I have said enough about pokes for the present.

Sailor hats seem to be more popular than ever, and the shapes are so varied that the device is practically endless, the very high small crown, and the low broad bell crown, are the two extremes, and between these the changes are rung to an almost unlimited extent. The bell crown has already become so common that the best dressed women avoid it scrupulously; when it is worn the best milliners fill up the concavity near the brim, with a thick ruffling which makes the crown of uniform breadth all the way down.

The most becoming sailor, has a slightly conical crown which is very high, and a brim at least four inches wide; it is trimmed either with a plain band, and bow, or else with upright loops and quills at the side, giving it a very stylish and dashing effect. Some sailors are trimmed with tulle ribbon and flowers almost as much as the large hats, but they always seem to lose their individuality when over-trimmed. The sailor hat par excellence, the very newest and oddest looking is of plain white straw with a three inch brim and a crown so high and narrow that it looks like nothing but an old fashioned white j m pot, set on a dinner plate. Put a band of black silk ribbon reaching nearly to the top of the crown around it, finish it with a flat bow and you have a hat which is not pretty and not by any means becoming, but which you may rest assured is "the thing" the very latest touch in style.

Everything Persian seems to be fashionable this summer, from the heavy Persian silks, to the simplest prints stamped in Persian designs. They are not nearly so pretty as the Dresden patterns but they are newer, and serve for variety. Of course shirt waists of every description are indispensable to the summer wardrobe and they are made in every style, and of all materials.

They are worn on all occasions and one cannot have too many of them, as they have never been worn so much as they will be this summer. Some are of the simplest description and deserve their title, while others are most elaborate and expensive, and about as unlike a shirt as it is possible to imagine. A pretty one for evening wear is of pink chiffon, with tucks of silk running across, to form a deep yoke, and the sleeves tucked from elbow to shoulder.

The newest sleeves shown on French gowns have flaring puffs or ruffles at the elbow with lace falling below, and are quite plain above. Another sleeve which promises to be very popular, and which is not quite such an abrupt change from the present mode, is close fitting, either wrinkled or plain from the wrist to fully six inches above the elbow, and is finished at the top with one or two short puffs.

The truly charming and mediæval sport of falconry is the coming diversion of society. One country club out on Long Island has ordered an installment of trained hawks from England. These who enter the fun of training their own birds will find it requires some time and patience, but there is a fascination about it that will repay all trouble. This summer the pastime of kings, princes and dukes of high degree will take rank as a sport, par excellence, of the smart set, with a gay company in picturesque dress; all mad over the prowess of the small bird poised on the hands of cavaliers and ladies.

The master of the fox hounds, who is a person of much importance, must give place now somewhat to the "master of the hawk," or the "grand falconer." In olden times, the master of the hawks had but three superiors in precedence at court. And to this day, the tradition is preserved in Great Britain, the Duke of St. Albans holding the office of Hereditary Grand Falconer to her majesty of Great Britain.

In England, the sport has always had more or less devotees, both men and women. In this country, it is something thing quite novel—hawking parties riding

Falconry is bound to be popular with women, when once introduced, for it has just that amount of charm and romanticism about it, which at all times is dear to a woman's secret heart.

The young Duchess of Marlborough has already become initiated into the sport at Blenheim. Lenox is an ideal place for falconry in the autumn, with any number of pretty girls to take part in the pastime.

The first step in training a young hawk or "eas" is to accustom it to the hood, which is made of leather and constantly worn except when the bird is flown at its "quarry" or prey. The jesses, leather straps, fastened to the legs of the birds and the leash, a thin strap, with a silken cord attached, complete the outfit, and to familiarize the falcon with his regalia is part of the training; with petting and coaxing the bird finally consents to rest upon her mistress' wrist, and in calling a hawk the same cry or whistle must always be used; this part of the training is carried on with the hawk unhooded.

The next lesson is to teach her to come to the lure which is a bunch of feathers concealed a bit of meat; a short cord is attached and being held in the hand of an attendant—here is where the "page" proves his use and worth—is waved in the air; the bird soon learns to fly to it, being "cast off" by its fair mistress, the falconer.

The first flight at live quarry must be a pigeon, held by a long cord; by degrees the hawk is flown at wild game—quail, ducks, woodcock, snipe and blackbirds.

The next step in its training, is to teach the falconer to "wait on" that is to follow the falconer from field to field when on the wing and to circle round waiting for a quarry to be flushed.

If a bird has the misfortune to break a feather, the imping needle is brought into requisition and a perfect feather from an old skin is inserted—an absolutely painless operation to the hawk.

No other sport in the world makes use of more technical terms than falconry; and to be able to talk glibly of "hoods," "carries," "plumes," and "pitch," shows the practical falconer.

Hoods—when a hawk objects to having its hood put on; carry—a hawk is said to carry when she flies away with the quarry on the approach of the falconer plume; a hawk plumes a bird when she pulls off the feathers; and pitch has reference to the height to which a hawk rises in the air when waiting for game to be flushed.

High in the air mounts Katinka or White Lady—either one a good name for a falcon—wheeling round in long, graceful sweeps, higher and higher; the silvery echoes of her Indian bells sounding fainter and yet fainter as she circles heavenward. Presently a flock of black birds is up and away, swiftly Katinka swoops on her quarry; the chase is a short one, a bird lies on the ground, beneath her captors

## FASHIONABLE FALCONRY.

The New Sport that is Claiming the Attention of the Smart Set.

The truly charming and mediæval sport of falconry is the coming diversion of society. One country club out on Long Island has ordered an installment of trained hawks from England. These who enter the fun of training their own birds will find it requires some time and patience, but there is a fascination about it that will repay all trouble. This summer the pastime of kings, princes and dukes of high degree will take rank as a sport, par excellence, of the smart set, with a gay company in picturesque dress; all mad over the prowess of the small bird poised on the hands of cavaliers and ladies.

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may expect to see women who are starting out with their falcons as picturesquely attired as for an afternoon tea or a garden party.

Like many other sports, hawking is most successfully carried on by means of clubs and doubles it the sportsmen on Long Island who have ordered an installment of trained hawks succeed with the sport, all the country clubs will follow the



TEACHING THE BIRD TO GO FOR LURE WHEN THROWN.

gayly forth, with hooded birds on wrist, and when you visit your friends in the country—your very well friends—one of the first objects to greet your eyes will be perhaps a row of falcons sitting on blocks on the lawn, each block standing in a circular bed of sand; the birds have had their morning bath and are being "weathered." The lady of the manor will talk learnedly of "eas," "jesses," "rutter hood," "lure," and "imping needle" and much of her time will be spent in training her falcons that they may be ready for the autumn sport.

dead, and caps are thrown high in the air at the kill.

White Lady is released next, but missing her prey flies off towards the woods, the lure is thrown to her and with the cry "Hullup, hullover," she comes back like lightning and a few movements later is on the fat and hooded.

One of the chief charms of a falconry is that it is fair weather sport and a woman can go forth with a hawking party clad in silks, satins and flowing feathers—at least, in mediæval times fair falconers dressed as gaily as when at a ball; and now we



## ONE DOLLAR SAVED.

**Ladies' Fine Dongola Oxford Shoes**

In Medium and Common Senses  
Toes. Sizes 2 1/2, 3, and 3 1/2 only. Regular Price \$2.50.

We offer all the rest of these sizes at **\$1.50** per pair.

# WATERBURY & RISING,

61 King and 212 Union Street.

# RIPANS

## ONE GIVES RELIEF.

**A SUNDAY LAW SUICIDE.**

Rags Was Unable to Get His Morning Beer and so Drowned Himself.

R. V. Sheehan, a saloon keeper on Central avenue, Jersey City, had, until Sunday, a dog whose name was Rags. Everybody in that part of the city knew Rags and liked him. He was kind, gentle, and sociable, so sociable, in fact, that he would drink beer if anybody invited him. His owner's receipts were materially increased by Rags' propensity for beer, as many of the patrons of the saloon invited the dog to drink just for the sake of seeing him put away the beer. There was one commendable thing about Rags, however. Unlike some of his hosts, he knew when he had enough and quit.

It is believed that Rags committed suicide. As a result of the strict enforcement of the Sunday law Sheehan's saloon was closed tight last Sunday. Rags had acquired a habit of getting a drink or two of beer in the morning. He was shut out on Sunday and went about whining and showing his disappointment. He evidently could not understand why his morning beer was denied him. His condition became worse as the day passed, and in the afternoon he was very despondent. Fred Berger took Rags down to a pond near the reservoir to give him a bath, thinking that might liven him up somewhat. Berger says that as soon as Rags waded into the pond, where he had often been before he stuck his head under the water and kept it there until he was topped over. Berger whistled to him, but there was no response. Berger is convinced that Rags committed suicide, and that the strict enforcement of the Sunday law is responsible for his death.

French Bookbinders.

French craftsmen of today, as far as binding is concerned, fall naturally into two classes, those who still repeat and adopt old model, and those who are bent upon seeking some new thing. The first consider that the right traditions of ornament have been given once and for all and need only be followed with ever increasing skill and technical perfection. The second feel that new departures are necessary if the art is to respond to modern needs. The conservatives traditional. Admitting no further novelty than that which consists in fresh adaptations of the same "tools," the reformers will sooner get out of the lines hitherto recognized as legitimate than continue to work in the well worn grooves. It is the old opposition between "les classiques" and "les jeunes," often recurrent in the literary history of France, and permeating, as it would seem the whole artistic life of the country in a way that has no

**THE HAWK'S BELONGINGS.**

Lead and have a mew of hawks—perhaps forty or fifty in number. In such case, the expense for each member who cares to go in for the hawking will be trifling, and the birds will be trained by the falconer.

The hawks used in falconry are of two classes—first, the true falcon, or long-winged hawk, second, the short-winged or true hawk. Of these, the species most used are the peregrine, which is found in all quarters of the globe. The cost of starting a private "mew" of hawks would depend, of course, whether you wished to train one or several. Twenty-five dollars would be a fair estimate for two birds with jesses, bells and leash. If birds are imported the cost would be more nearly one hundred dollars.

If in England, one should visit to Old Hawking club and see some of their trained birds which have records, "Lady Jane Grey" for instance, or the "Empress" or "Vesta." There are more hawks in training in England at present, both by professionals and amateurs than ever before in the history of the sports.

DIANA CROSSWAYS.

**MOTHERS:**

You Whose Rest is Broken.

BY THE HAWKING OUGH THAT WAKES YOUR CHILD.

Hawker's Balsam of Tolu and Wild Cherry Is the Friend You Need.

What so sweet as the restful slumber of childhood? What so pitiful as to see that rest and slumber broken by a painful, racking cough?

Mothers know the misery of it, and suffer with every pang that pierces the little ones.

Fortunately, more and more of them are coming to a knowledge of the remedy, and by having Hawker's balsam of tolu and wild cherry always at hand are able to soothe and cure the children and secure their own much needed rest.

This greatest of remedies for coughs and colds and kindred troubles of throat and chest is sold by all druggists and dealers in 25 and 50c. bottles, and is manufactured only by the Hawker's medicine Co. Ltd. St. John, N. B.

**BLANC-MANGE**

MADE WITH

**BENSON'S**

CANADA

**PREPARED**

**CORN**

Is an exquisite dish for the table and invaluable for invalids.

**RECIPÉ.**

BLANC-MANGE.

Four or five tablespoonfuls of Prepared Corn to one quart of milk; dissolve the Prepared Corn in some of the milk; heat the remainder of the milk; mix the corn and milk together; boil fifteen minutes, flavor to taste, and allow it to cool in a mould. Serve with milk and jelly or milk and sugar.

The Edwardsburg Starch Co., Ltd.  
WORKS, CARDINAL, ONT.  
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**"HEALTH**

FOR THE

**Mother Sex."**

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

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

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

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

For sale by all druggists.

Prepared by the

A. M. C. MEDICINE CO.,

136 St. Lawrence Main St.,

Montreal.

Price 75 cents.

Letters from suffering women will be opened and answered by a confidential lady clerk if addressed as above and marked "Personal." Please mention this paper when writing. Sold by all druggists.

**HUMPHREY'S**

HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS HAVE BEEN STANDARD FOR 50 YEARS.

Fever, Cough, Inflammation, Heat, Pain and Restlessness are cured by No. 1.

If chilled or cold. Lame or Sore, it says take No. 1.

Dyspepsia; indigestion; Weak Stomach are cured by No. 10. It gives that feeling of buoyancy unknown to the dyspeptic.

Rheumatism; put to flight by the use of No. 15; Soreness, Stiffness, and Lumbago are known no more.

A Good Complexion rivals a beautiful face or figure. No. 14 gives a healthy smooth skin, cures all skin diseases.

**"77" FOR COLDS**

"77" Breaks up a Hard Cold. Manual of Use so mailed free.

Sold by druggists, or sent prepaid upon receipt of paper, 25 cents to \$1.00. Humphrey's Medicine Company, 111 William St., New York.

**HUMPHREY'S WITCH HAZEL OIL**

**"THE FILE OINTMENT."**

For Piles—External or Internal, Itching or Bleeding, Fissures in Anus; Itching or Bleeding of the Rectum. The relief is immediate—the cure certain.

PRICE, 60 CENTS. TRIAL SIZE, 25 CENTS.

Sold by Druggists, or sent prepaid upon receipt of price. HUMPHREY'S MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., NEW YORK.

**MOTHERS:**

You Whose Rest is Broken.

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SOME SNAKE STORIES.

How a Blacksnake Finds the Rattler's Fox Rescuing a Ship from a Python. "Sit down and sharpen your pencil, while I overhurl my mental theves," remarked Mr. Thompson, curator of the zoological collection in the park, in answer to a request for some snake stories. "Before giving you some of my experiences, I want to enter a protest against the indiscriminate slaughtering of our common harmless snakes, such as the blacksnake, garter-snake and the like. Every farmer should protect them, for they are beneficial, instead of being harmful, as is generally supposed by a large majority of humanity. Any naturalist will tell you that the food of the blacksnake consists largely of rats, mice, &c., while that of the garter-snake is principally insects, such as grasshoppers, caterpillars, &c.

Sunlight Soap for use in all her palace laundries. A Queen will buy only the best of everything. Queen Victoria buys Sunlight Soap. It is so cheap everybody can afford to use it. Washes clothes, washes everything with less labor, greater comfort.

Books for Wrappers For every 12 Wrappers sent to 15 King Street, Ltd., 29 Scott St., Toronto, a useful paper-bound book will be sent free of charge.

HERBINE BITTERS Cures Sick Headache Purifies the Blood Cures Indigestion The Ladies' Friend Cures Dyspepsia For Biliousness Large Bottles. Small Doses. Price only 25c. For sale all over Canada. Address all orders to

What's the time? If you have a Cough it is time you were taking GRAY'S RED SPRUCE GUM THE OLD STANDARD CURE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA and all LUNG AFFECTIONS.

BLUE FLAME OIL STOVES Heat, not Light. By a new process the oil is converted into gas, and is as easily regulated as a lamp. Sole agents for Canada, The Thos. Davidson Mfg. Co., Ltd. Montreal, (wholesale only).

Webster's International Dictionary THE ONE GREAT STANDARD AUTHORITY. The International is rapidly becoming recognized as the most reliable standard dictionary published.

CAFÉ ROYAL, Demville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets. MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. RINNER A SPECIAL WILLIAM OLARK.

The Faithful Sentry. An Irish member of the Sixth Regiment of South Carolina Infantry was stationed on the beach at Sullivan's Island, with orders to walk between two specified points and to let no one pass without giving the countersign. He was one of those soldiers who believe in obeying orders to the letter. Two hours after Hugh had thus been stationed, the corporal with the relief appeared in the moonlight, and was astonished to see Hugh walking and in his waist in water. The tide had come in. "Who goes there?" demanded the sentry.

How the Entire SEXUAL SYSTEM of the male may be brought to that condition essential to health of body and peace of mind. How to DEVELOP and EXPLAIN IN our new Treatise, "PERFECT MANHOOD," A simple, infallible, mechanical method, endorsed by physicians. Book is FREE, sealed. Address (in confidence), ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

"SANITAS" NATURE'S GREAT DISINFECTANT. Non-Poisonous. Does not Stain Linen. FLUID, OIL, POWDER, & C. HOW TO DISINFECT various parts of the house, including floors, walls, ceilings, and furniture.

Coughing Yet? BEWARE! Take heed before too late. CAMPBELL'S WINE OF BEECH TREE CREOSOTE has cured many. Why not try it? It is recommended by doctors as a modern scientific combination of several powerful curatives.

No tongue to speak but had the power of speech he would tell you plainly that BIRD LOVET is what he wants. It will keep Canaries in constant song all the year round, even when shedding feathers. Especially valuable for breeding birds, for each bird's nest is a gold mine. AT ALL DRUGGISTS. K. CAMPBELL & CO., Montreal.

DRUNKENNESS Or the Liquid State Cured by Dr. Hamilton's Golden Specific. It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure. IT NEVER FAILS. Mothers and Wives, you can save the victim. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., TORONTO, ONT.

3 DAYS SURE. SEND us your name and address and we will show you how to free your scalp of dandruff. We guarantee a clear scalp for every day of your cure. ABSOLUTELY SURE; WRITE AT ONCE. T. W. BOND & SON, 158 Notingham St., Montreal.

scrofula Any doctor will tell you that Professor Hare, of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, is one of the highest authorities in the world on the action of drugs. In his last work, speaking of the treatment of scrofula, he says: "It is hardly necessary to state that cod-liver oil is the best remedy of all. The oil should be given in emulsion, so prepared as to be palatable."

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MOVING TONS OF GOLD. How a Work of this Kind was Done lately. The transfer of the \$32,000,000 ingold from the vaults of the Mercantile Safe Deposit Company in the Equitable building to the new vaults of the Clearing House in New York, which was completed lately without a mishap or more incident than the ordinary moving of office fixtures. Few persons realize what such a sum as \$32,000,000 means when it is all in gold. The New York Sun. At a dollar a pennyweight, which is about its value, it means 1,600,000 ounces, 133,333 1/3 pounds, equal to 66 2/3 tons. Had the transfer been made in freight cars, the gold would have loaded six of the old-fashioned ones. It would load thirteen of the big double trucks, or make more than sixty wagons loads in the country. If the gold had been transferred by men as carriers, and divided into loads of 133 1/3 pounds for each man, it would have taken 1,000 men to move it, and the procession would have been long enough to reach from Cedar street to Thomas street, along Broadway, past the City Hall and three blocks beyond. Each of the 1,000 men would then have been supporting on his back a fortune of \$32,000. Still there wouldn't have been much more danger of his running away with it than there is of a man's running off with a ball and chain. The gold and the men in such a procession would be almost equal in weight.

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Sewing for the Poor is a double pleasure when you use thread that does not snarl nor break, and is perfectly even, such as Clapperton's Thread. You are bound to succeed in making HIRES Rootbeer if you follow the simple directions. Easy to make, delightful to take.

CLEAN TEETH. A pure breath obtained by using ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI. Take no imitations. AGENTS WANTED for the only complete CARPET STRETCHER and TACKLER. Draw your weight with the Carpet. No stooping, no pounding fingers, or getting down on the knees.

Pigs Feet and Lamb's Tongues. RECEIVED THIS DAY. 10 Kegs Pigs Feet, 5 " Lamb's Tongue. At 19 and 23 King Square.

J. D. TURNER. THE SAME MAN, Well Dressed. Suits a much higher place in the estimation of even his friends, than when they thoughtless and indifferent.

Newest Designs Latest Patterns. A. R. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor, 64 Germain Street. (at door south of King.)

GERARD G. RUEL, BARRISTER, &c. Walker's Building, Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

GORDON LIVINGSTON, GENERAL AGENT, CONVEYANCES, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC. Collections Made, Remittances Prompt, Harcourt, Kent Counties, N. B.

CANADIAN EXPRESS CO. General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers. Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages of every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Account and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe.

SOME SNAKE STORIES. How a Blacksnake Finds the Rattler's Fox Rescuing a Ship from a Python. "Sit down and sharpen your pencil, while I overhurl my mental theves," remarked Mr. Thompson, curator of the zoological collection in the park, in answer to a request for some snake stories. "Before giving you some of my experiences, I want to enter a protest against the indiscriminate slaughtering of our common harmless snakes, such as the blacksnake, garter-snake and the like. Every farmer should protect them, for they are beneficial, instead of being harmful, as is generally supposed by a large majority of humanity. Any naturalist will tell you that the food of the blacksnake consists largely of rats, mice, &c., while that of the garter-snake is principally insects, such as grasshoppers, caterpillars, &c.



THE TIN BOX.

Henry Dyson was alone in the little office at the back end of his shop. Mr. Dyson was a pleasant-looking man of about thirty-five or forty, and his fellow-townsmen frequently pointed to him with pride as a self-made business man.

"Well, what is it?" asked Henry abruptly. "Brother, Tom broke out hurriedly and in a faltering voice, 'I must have some money, fifty pounds or so.' 'I wonder where you will get it,' Henry rejoined. 'You will not another penny from me—that is certain. Why should I toil here and economize in order to furnish you with funds to be lost at the gaming table?'

"I do not get this money," said Tom, turning very pale, "I shall have to leave the country. 'A good thing for the country, then,' snapped Henry. 'Don't let me interfere with your traveling plans.' Tom seemed to fall all to pieces at this reply. He made one more effort. 'If you hope you are not hard up yourself?' he said.

"I was never getting along better," responded the merchant, "but that has nothing to do with the case." He pulled open the door of the iron safe and pointed to a little tin box. "Do you see that?" he asked. "Well that box contains twenty crisp £100 banknotes. I drew the money from the bank today for an investment. No, Tom, I am prospering, but I am tired of your endless drain upon my purse. It must stop, and now is the time."

Henry rose from his chair, and went into a little closet for his overcoat. In an instant, before a man could count three seconds, Tom had drawn the flat tin box from the safe, and slipped it into the breast of his heavy overcoat. His brother slowly emerged from the closet and put on his overcoat. Then he closed the door of the safe with a click.

"I am ready to go," he said. "You have no further business with me, I presume?" "No, Sir," Tom responded, with a pale, determined face. "Neither now nor later; good-bye." "Good-bye, old fellow," said Henry with a yawn.

Tom walked out of the shop without another word, banging the door after him. "I know him," soliloquized the merchant. "He will not leave home. He will be here tomorrow, with a new proposition. Perhaps, after all, I had better look into his affairs, and give him another chance." He walked slowly out of the building and locked the door. A glance up and down the street showed him that Tom was not in sight, and then he quietly made his way to his home, and straightway went to bed.

After leaving the shop Tom hugged the tin box to his breast and walked at a rapid pace. "It was an awful thing to do," he muttered. "I had to have money, and I worked to make some." The young man sped onwards through the deserted streets until he reached the river. He crossed the bridge and started up the hill on the other side.



CHASE & SANBORN'S Seal Brand Coffee is the "finest grown." For perfect results follow directions in each can. Packed ground or unground in cans only. CHASE & SANBORN, BOSTON, MONTREAL, CHICAGO.

stick with each end resting on the seat of the chair and the other resting on the top of the back. For a hammer almost any stick will do to beat with. For quick tuns two sticks should be used. If the bottles are all of the same shape and size, they can be tuned to produce all the notes of the scale by pouring water into them. The more water the lower the note, or differently shaped bottles can be used to fill the places when the correct note cannot be produced. It is not possible to tell just how much water to use, for it varies with the thickness of the glass. You may have as many bottles as you like and there may be two players, one on each side.—Philadelphia Press.

POISONED FROM HEAD TO FOOT. We call particular attention to the subjoined statement. No incident of its kind, of equal interest and importance, has occurred in late years. A declaration so startling in its general scope, and so full of interesting details, certainly warrants the conclusion that a new epoch in the healing art has dawned upon us. Aside from the force of the legal forms which it assumes, the facts, as alleged, rest upon the results of a thorough and careful investigation.

I, George Lusk of Stamford Street, Waterloo Road, London, do solemnly and sincerely declare as follows:—"I was always a strong, healthy man up to April, 1876. At this time, whilst engaged at the Stamford Street Embroidery Works, cleaning out a tank which had been used for dyeing purposes, I slipped and fell into the tank which was covered with verdigris, cutting both my elbows. The parts soon became swollen, and in a week's time the flesh was putrid, as if gangrene had set in. My system seemed to be poisoned, and I began to lose strength rapidly. For my appetite let me and I could not bear the sight of food; what little I did eat lay on my chest like lead. I went to the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn Road, where I was under treatment for five weeks, but I got worse. After this I got an order and went into the Lambert Infirmary, where I was placed in No. 11 Ward. At this time my condition had become serious, for I felt so sick and faint that I could scarcely move, and, after a time, I got so bad that I could only get up for an hour or two each day. Later large abscesses formed on my shoulder, and gradually, extending from the top of my arm to the bottom of my leg. My face was completely covered with the abscesses, which, on healing, left deep marks, that I bear to this day. After this I had swelling around the joints, and large abscesses formed in the call of my leg, and all my arms and legs were covered with the top of my arm to the bottom of my leg. An offensive discharge of matter came from the parts, and it seemed as if the abscesses were drawing the life out of me. I was now in a hopeless, helpless state, and felt that I did not care how soon my end came. For days and days I never closed my eyes, and I never slept, but I but little sleep for eighteen days and nights together, the doctor's sleeping draughts having no effect upon me. When I did at length fall asleep I slept from Thursday to Sunday afternoon. From all the doctor's medicines and applications I only got temporary relief. On one occasion the doctor said that I could not live through the day. The nurses placed a screen round my bed, expecting that I would die during the day, and my brother was sent for. When the doctor called at night he was surprised to find me alive. However I took a turn for the better, but for months afterwards I was, as it were, on the brink of the grave. I had to be lifted in and out of bed, and was fed on slops and light food. Sometimes better, and at other times worse, I continued in this wretched state for over FIVE YEARS, during which time I remained in the hospital. In August, 1881, I became tired of being in the hospital, and was carried to my home. I was so weak and emaciated that I got a pair of crutches to help me to hobble about the house. My father and friends who saw me were shocked at my feeble and emaciated appearance, and thought I was not going for this world. I lingered on in the same wretched state for two more years, expecting and wishing that I should soon be out of my misery. In November, 1883, after suffering over seven years, my father bought me a bottle of medicine called Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and persuaded me to try it; saying that it had been a great benefit to him. After I had taken half the contents of a bottle, I felt brighter and in better spirits than I had been for years. My appetite improved, and by continuing with the medicine, my legs began to heal, and I got stronger and stronger. In

less than three months I was able to put aside my crutches and walk with the aid of a stick. After I had taken Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup six months I was back at my work, as strong as ever I was in my life, and have since kept in the best of health. I wish the particulars of my case known to other sufferers, and the Proprietors have my consent to make what use they like of this statement. And I make this solemn declaration, conscientiously believing the same to be true. By virtue of the provisions of the Statutory Declaration Act, 1835 (Will IV. c. 62). (Signed) "George Lusk." Declared at No. 16, Goddard Street, Doctor's Commons, in the City of London, this 13th day of April, 1893, before me, (Signed) George H. Brooks, commissionary of oaths.

There are two roads! One Leads to Misery and Death, the Other to New Life. PAIN'S CELERY COMPOUND THE SUFFERER'S HOPE AND LIFE-GIVER. It Always "Makes People Well."

There are two roads open to the old and young, rich and poor who are suffering from any of the diseases now so prevalent. One leads to misery and death, the other to new life and peace of mind. The sick and suffering are fervently praying to be led in the way that guarantees a new life—the joyous road that leads onward and upward to a wealth of health and happiness.

Let it be distinctly understood that there is but one well-made course open to all who seek the new life; it calls for the use of Paine's Celery Compound, a great physician's discovery, prescribed by the best living physicians, and always successful when honestly used. It is not a patent medicine; it is not a sarsaparilla; it is not a bitter or a purgative; it is as far beyond them all as health surpasses suffering.

To the thousands on the broad road of suffering from troubles such as rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, liver and kidney affections, nervousness, heart and blood diseases, we would say, use a few bottles of Paine's Celery Compound faithfully according to directions. It will surely cure you and restore you to your former good health.

Remember that delays are dangerous; the symptoms of today may tomorrow result in misery or death. To be well and strong, and able to battle successfully with life's duties, cares and troubles, you must use Paine's Celery Compound, the medicine that has done such marvellous things for thousands in the past.

When buying Paine's Celery Compound, be careful to avoid the dealer, who, for the sake of profit, would have you take a worthless medicine. Keep clear of such merchants and dealers who would deceive you and imperil your life.

Mr. A. Budd, of Shanty Bay, Ont., who was quickly and wonderfully cured by Paine's Celery Compound, writes as follows:—"For the benefit of sufferers I gladly give my experience with Paine's Celery Compound. After suffering from dyspepsia for thirty-five years, and meeting with many failures with other medicines, I decided to use Paine's Celery Compound, having heard of so many cures effected by it. The Compound, after I used it for a time, produced marvellous results and banished all my troubles."

"From a condition of helplessness—being unable to sleep or eat—I now feel well and strong. I am astonished at the results, as my trouble was an old and chronic one. I have recommended Paine's Celery Compound to some of my neighbors, and in every case I have given satisfaction. I will always strongly recommend its use when I have opportunity."

"The trees are leaving," remarked Mrs. Snaggs. "Nevertheless, they are not packing their trunk," replied Mr. Snaggs, who objected to her wife's coined verb.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD. RISING SUN STOVE POLISH. DO NOT BE DECEIVED. With Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moltened will make several boxes of Paste Polish.

DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS. Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock, TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

BORN. Windsor, May 8, to the wife of J. A. Smith, a son. Halifax, May 12, to the wife of Fred J. Lordy, a son. Amherst, May 12, to the wife of Noel B. Steele, a son. Tasset, April 24, to the wife of James Sheppee, a son. Farnborough, May 9, to the wife of Henry Pettie, a son. St. John, May 15, to the wife of C. B. Barbour, a son. Harwich, May 8, to the wife of Arthur Patton, a son. Kentville, May 8, to the wife of Wm. Calder, a daughter. Digby, May 11, to the wife of Edgar Warner, a daughter. Yarmouth, May 2, to the wife of Frank Dourden, a daughter. Farnborough, May 8, to the wife of Wm. Williger, a daughter. Yarmouth, May 10, to the wife of I. L. McNair, a daughter. Yarmouth, May 2, to the wife of Frank Dourden, a daughter. Milton, May 7, to the wife of Edward A. Horton, a daughter. Dartmouth, May 8, to the wife of Ronald McDonald, a son. Salmon River, May 3, to the wife of William Foley, a son. Springhaven, May 4, to the wife of Abesalom Hubert, a daughter. Brooklyn, N. S., May 8, to the wife of E. T. Neilly, a daughter. Shubenacadie, May 14, to the wife of Rev. R. M. Jones, a son. New Glasgow, May 9, to the wife of James F. McLean, a son. Comeston Hill, May 12, to the wife of George Fitzgerald, a son. Kentville, N. S., May 5, to the wife of George Barron, a son. Halifax, May 11, to the wife of Angus E. Chadock, a daughter. Acadia Mines, May 12, to the wife of Lewieja Rogers, twin daughters. Partridge Island, N. S., May 11, to the wife of J. J. McAloney, a daughter.

MARRIED. Hantsport, May 6, by Rev. D. E. Hart, Robie Kane to Verina Kelly. Amherst, May 6, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Samuel T. Cook to Neada Sears. Hantsport, May 4, by Rev. D. E. Hart, Root Graham to Everina Kelly. Dartmouth, May 15, by Rev. Thos. Stewart, Charles Ritchie to Ida Denley. Halifax, May 14, by Rev. J. E. Goucher, Henry J. Russell to Mary Hartland. Truro, May 7, by Rev. T. Cumming, Evon Morrison to Christina Campbell. Amherst, May 6, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Edmund H. Lester to Mary E. Emblenton. Barrington, May 6, by Rev. Dr. Jost, Nathan Cunningham to Anna Lamrock. Halifax, May 14, by Rev. F. H. Almon, Richard V. Harris to Hannah Alloway. Truro, May 7, by Rev. A. J. Giegge, Johnson Archibald to Mary McNeil. Gloucester, May 8, by Rev. J. A. Mills, John W. Lawrence to Alice Wilson. Hantsport, May 6, by Rev. Wm. Phillips, William B. Salter to Barbara Davidson. Victoria, B. C., April 22, by Rev. S. Cleaver, Charles Ross to Augusta Orville. North Sydney, May 1, by Rev. Dr. Murray, Norman Johnson to Dolores Colcord. Port La Tour, May 6, by Rev. J. Appleby, Josiah H. Swaine to Mianie L. Thomas. St. John, May 6, by Rev. J. A. McLean, Thomas H. Lester to Mary E. Emblenton. Kentville, May 7, by Rev. J. A. Cahill, Gordon F. Merrilow to Mrs. Lora J. Tibbets. Bath, Carleton Co., May 14, by Rev. A. E. Le Page, Edson Akery to Sadie F. Spicers. Woodstock, May 13, by Rev. J. H. McDonald, Frederick B. Hayden to Celia A. Moxen.

DIED. Halifax, May 11, John R. Dean, 33. Aylesford, May 2, Parker Spurr, 23. Peterborough, May 18, Charles Megan, 76. Lockport, May 11, Henry Colquhoun, 67. Digby, May 11, Capt. Henry Starratt, 61. Plympton, N. S., April 5, Capt. R. B. Kelly, 66. Kelly's Cove, May 18, Alvin Morton, 25. St. John, May 18, Catherine Merrick, 67. Rochford, May 16, Stephen L. Pearce, 49. Robesart, May 16, Stephen L. Pearce, 49. Northampton, May 15, Catherine Stevens. Westport, May 9, Charles J. Glenham, 70. Liverpool N. S., May 9, John W. Cobb, 76. Annapolis, May 5, Anthony Cummings, 38. Richmond, May 15, Alexander Haines, 66. Port La Tour, April 27, Nathan Sullivan, 61. Boston, April 30, Mrs. Annie Gleason of N. S. Weymouth, N. S., April 17, Frank Gilliland, 24. Blue Mountain, May 6, Alexander McIntosh, 47. Hebron, May 7, Jesse, widow of Zechariah Paton, 61. Halifax, May 18, Anne, widow of John Knapsman, 56. St. Stephen, April 23, Emma, wife of Frank Robinson, 27. St. Stephen, May 19, Margaret, widow of James Dever, 49. East Mountain N. S., May 7, Ellen, wife of Elijah Miller, 40. St. John, May 17, Margaret widow of William Young, 76. Grand Station, May 14, Mary wife of James Wilson, 43. Harve Fre, May 13, Mary Ann D., widow of Henry Bambrick, 70. Truro, May 8, Elizabeth, widow of W. C. Fleming of Moncton, 16. St. John, May 19, Celia, daughter of Michael Harrington, 34. Lawrence Station, May 9, Minnie E., wife of Alfred McLoughlin, 51. Washington, D. C., May 18, Charles A. Waterman of Queens, N. S. 66. Lower Granville, N. S., Eliza Ann Trench, widow of William Trench, 77. French Village, May 13, Jessie, daughter of James and the late Caroline Crocker. Taunton Mass., May 8, John W. C., son of James and Catherine Cousens of N. B. 30. Fredericton, May 14, Margaret Olive, second daughter of James F. A. Phillips, 67. Richmond, May 10, Charles L., second son of Thomas and Elizabeth Campbell, 31.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after MONDAY, the 9th September, 1895, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows. TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JO.

Express for Campbellton, Fargush, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00 Express for Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 12.00 Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 12.50 Express for Sussex..... 12.50

Trains will arrive at ST. JOHN: Express from Sussex..... 6.00 Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 12.00 Express from Montreal (daily)..... 12.50 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Camp..... 11.50 Accommodation from Moncton..... 12.50

ALASKA. To start on Thursday, June 25th, and Friday, July 24th. Returns to be about July 28th and August 27th respectively. Fare FOR THE Trip, \$375, including Sleeping and Dining Cars, Hotels, Drives, etc. For all further information apply to D. P. A., St. John, N. B.

DOMINION ATLANTIC RY. THE POPULAR AND SHORT LINE BETWEEN ST. JOHN, HALIFAX AND BOSTON. Trains run on Eastern Standard Time. On and after Monday, March 2nd, trains will run (Sunday excepted) as follows: STEAMSHIP PRINCE RUPERT. Daily Service. Live St. John 8.30 a.m.; arr. Digby 11.15 a.m. Digby 1.00 p.m.; arr. St. John 3.45 p.m. DAILY EXPRESS TRAINS.

INTERNATIONAL I. S. S. Co. 3 Trips per Week FOR BOSTON. UNTIL further notice the steamer company will leave St. John for Eastport, Lubec, Portland and Boston, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 7 a.m. standard time. Returning will leave Boston same days at 8 a.m. and Portland at 6 p.m. On Wednesday trip steamers will call at Portland same days as above. Connections made at Eastport with steamers for Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 p.m. J. E. LAUCKER, Agent.

DOMINION Express Co. Money orders sold to points in Canada, United States and Europe. REDUCTION IN EXPRESS RATES

To Wexford, Hampton and intermediate points, 10 lbs. and under..... 15 To Sussex, Annapolis, Digby, Eloy, Pictou, Acadia, Harve, Fredericton and intermediate points, 5 lbs. and under..... 15 Over 5 to 10 lbs..... 20 To St. Mary's, McAdam, Bristol, Moncton, Right, Havelock and intermediate points, 5 lbs. and under..... 15 Over 5 to 10 lbs..... 20 To Woodstock, Newburg, Jct. Meadows, Macoun, Fort Erie and intermediate points, 5 pounds and under..... 15 Over 5 to 10 lbs..... 20 To Lunenburg, River, Joggins, Beauséjour, Digby, Dartmouth and intermediate points, 2 lbs. and under..... 15 3 lbs. and under..... 20 Over 5 to 10 lbs..... 25 Over 10 to 15 lbs..... 30 Over 15 to 20 lbs..... 35 Over 20 to 25 lbs..... 40 Over 25 to 30 lbs..... 45 Over 30 to 40 lbs..... 50 Over 40 to 50 lbs..... 55 Over 50 to 60 lbs..... 60 Over 60 to 70 lbs..... 65 Over 70 to 80 lbs..... 70 Over 80 to 90 lbs..... 75 Over 90 to 100 lbs..... 80

AGENTS. The Intercolonial Railway Co. Montreal, N. B., 6th September, 1895. D. FORTINGER, General Manager. Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 6th September, 1895. D. McNICOLL, A. H. NOTMAN, District Pass' Agent. Montreal. St. John, N. B.