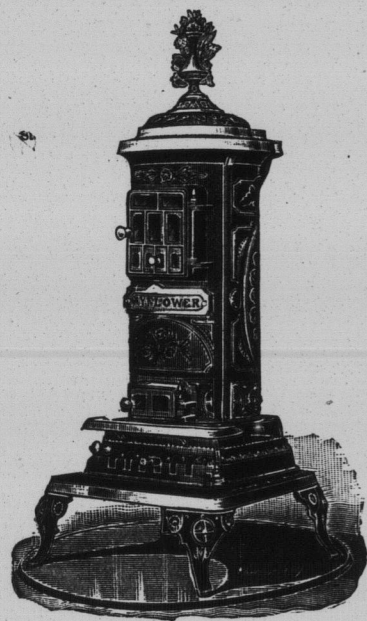


Social and Personal.

THE CELEBRATED
WELCOME
 THE ORIGINAL  **TRY IT.**
 TRADE MARK
SOAP
 FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

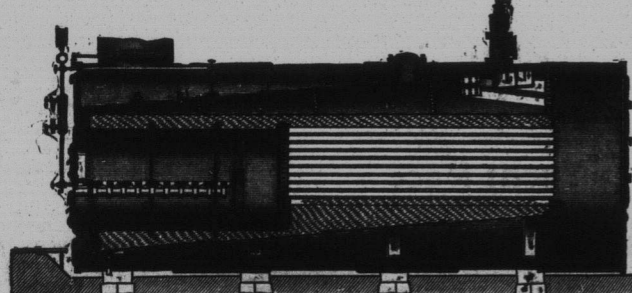


This is only one of our line of
Fall Heaters.
 We have over 20 different styles in twice as many different sizes. To those wishing to purchase or to any interested we invite an inspection.

SHERATON & WHITTAKER,
 38 King St.

"Cravenette"
 THE POPULAR WATERPROOF CLOTH FOR LADIES' GARMENTS
 why they insist upon Cravenette, which, while perfectly waterproof and dust proof, makes up in the most tasteful costumes, wraps and cloaks. And it is something to have a porous waterproof, for most of the so called waterproofs are damp and clammy. Cravenette is the costume par excellence for street or country.

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.
Sea Foam
 It Floats.
 5 CTS. (TOILET SIZE) A CAKE.



MONARCH ECONOMIC BOILERS
 Require No Brickwork,
 Give Highest Economy.
Robb Engineering Co., Ltd. Amherst, N.S.
 J. S. CURRIE, Agent, 57 Water Street, St. John, N. B.


What with one thing and another the present week has been very busy and brilliant one. Almost every one has been entertaining, the majority in a quiet way of course, for the entertainment of visitors. Although the exhibition has been open nearly a week it is almost too early to discuss the social side of it. Everybody will attend in due time; though it is a trifle amusing to find how many deferred their visit until Thursday evening in order that they might see the fireworks; in this they were disappointed however, for they did not materialize; all that is wanted now to make the exhibition a success is the smile of our folks friend the weather; though it was a trifle gloomy for a day or two last week it is presently bright and the hopes of the promoters may be realized in this respect.

The most brilliant social event of the week was the reception given by the Hon. A. G. and Mrs. Blair in honor of Governor and Mrs. Fraser on Wednesday evening from eight to twelve o'clock. The spacious rooms were bright with scarlet and white poppies, autumn flowers, cut and potted plants. The music furnished at intervals during the evening by five pieces of Harrison's orchestra, added greatly to the pleasure of the guests. It is needless to say that all were made to feel perfectly at home and that Mrs. Blair's reputation as a graceful hostess was fully sustained. She was assisted in receiving by the Misses Blair, the youngest of whom made her first appearance in St. John society on that evening, although she has appeared at social functions in Fredericton and elsewhere.

The supper served about half past ten was perfect in every detail and the table very effectively arranged, the flowers used being golden marigolds. Among those who enjoyed Mr. and Mrs. Blair's hospitality were, Lieut. Governor and Mrs. Fraser, Sir Leonard Tilley, Lady Tilley, Hon. James Mitchell, Mrs. Mitchell, Stephen, Mr. Justice Tuck, Mrs. Tuck, Miss Tuck, Mr. Justice Barker, Mrs. Barker, Hon. Mr. Palmer, Mrs. Palmer, Mr. Justice Landry, Mrs. Landry, Mayor Robertson, Mrs. Robertson, Sheriff Sturdee, M. A. Sturdee, Mr. de Wolfe Spurr, Mrs. Spurr, Mrs. W. A. Lockhart, Mrs. Lockhart, Mr. E. A. Smith, Mrs. A. Smith, Mrs. W. F. Harrison, Mrs. Harrison, Mr. J. McMillan, Mrs. McMillan, Miss McMillan, Miss Eaton, Mr. G. McLeod, Mrs. McLeod, Mr. H. D. Troop, Mrs. Troop, Mr. E. T. Sturdee, Mrs. Sturdee, Mr. C. E. L. Jarvis, Mrs. Jarvis, Mr. Jarvis, Miss Jarvis, Mr. B. Thomson, Mrs. Thomson, Mr. D. J. McLaughlin, Mrs. McLaughlin, Rev. Mr. De Soyres, Mrs. de Soyres, Mr. F. Warren, Mrs. Warren, Dr. Bayard, Miss Bayard, Dr. Travers, Mrs. Travers, Mr. Stanley Ritchey, Mrs. Ritchey, Mr. C. F. Harrison, Mrs. F. Harrison, Miss Fugate, Mrs. Fugate, Mr. H. Holden, Mrs. Holden, Mr. Walker, Mrs. Walker, Mr. Vroom, Mrs. Vroom, Mrs. Puddington, Miss Puddington, Mr. Scovill, Mrs. Scovill, Mr. C. Stockton, Mrs. Stockton, Mr. L. A. Currey, Mrs. Currey, Mr. George McEvoy, Mrs. McEvoy, Mr. W. W. Clark, Mrs. Clark, Mr. H. D. McLeod, Mrs. McLeod, Dr. Bruce, Mrs. Bruce, Judge Forbes, Mrs. Forbes, Mr. Teasdale, Mrs. Teasdale, Mr. A. O. Skinner, Mrs. Skinner, Mrs. Dodd, Charlottetown, Mr. Ellis, Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. Kullum, Yarmouth, Colonel Tucker, Mr. C. W. Weldon, Mrs. Weldon, Senator Dever, Mrs. Dever, Mr. W. E. Thorne, Mr. Truman, Mrs. Truman, Miss Parker, St. Andrews, Mr. Vassie, Mrs. Vassie.

Mrs. Blair received her guests in a beautiful black silk. Miss Blair was gowned in pale blue. Miss Amy Blair was lovely in a white dress, with pink roses. Mrs. Fraser looked particularly well in grey silk with black lace trimmings. Mrs. Mitchell was looking very stately in black satin trimmed with beautiful white lace. Lady Tilley wore a black silk, the bodice of which was handsomely trimmed with white and jet. Mrs. Weldon was in white satin with black lace trimmings. Mrs. Travers, black and white satin merveilleux, with cut jet trimmings. Mrs. Ritchie, crimson silk, black lace. Mrs. Warren, white and blue. Mrs. Dever, black silk and velvet. Mrs. Mitchell, wife of Hon. James Mitchell of St. Stephen is the guest of Hon. A. G. and Mrs. Blair for a week or two. On Friday last week a party chaperoned by Mrs. E. Sturdee attended the Grand drill; they spent a very pleasant evening and the following day had refreshments upstairs; the party included Mrs. Sturdee, Mrs. Ruel, Mr. Ruel, Miss Keator, Miss Furlong, Miss Dever, Miss McMillan, Mrs. Stratton, Mr. Gillis Keator, Mr. George Jones, Mr. Warner, Mr. Burpee, and many others. The Bangs Harney club met with Miss Furlong on Monday evening and had an excellent practice. The club has now sixteen members; they are Mrs. Ruel, Mrs. Stratton, Mrs. Lawson, Miss Furlong, Miss Smith, Miss Thompson, Miss Florrie McMillan, Mr. George Hart, Mr. F. H. J. Ruel, Mr. Burpee, Mr. A. W. Adams, Mr. George Ruel, Mr. Roy Smith, Mr. G. Bently Gerard and Mr. Arthur Boyd; they intend meeting on Monday evenings at the residence of the various members. An informal tea was given by Mrs. Kellie Jones on Saturday afternoon; the hostess was assisted in her duties by six particular young ladies but all assisted in making it one of the brightest little teas of the season; among the guests were, Miss Vroom, Miss Travers, Misses Ellis, Miss Hatheway, Boston, Miss Robertson, Miss McLaughlin, Miss George Sturdee, Miss Kellie Robinson, Miss Lillian Wade, Miss Sharp, Liverpool, Mrs. Skinner, Mrs. Wilson and a few others. On Tuesday Miss Mello Vroom gave a bright and enjoyable tea in honor of her guest Miss Mollie Robinson; she was assisted by the following young ladies who were all prettily gowned; Miss Mary MacMillan, Miss Lillian Wade, Miss Georgia Scamell, Miss Helen Seely, and the hostess' little niece Miss Violet Simonds; in addition to these young ladies there were present Misses Bayard, Miss Parker, Miss Travers, Miss Lillian Hazen, Miss Blair, Miss Tilley, Miss Florrie MacMillan, Misses Dunn, Misses Hanford, Miss Lizzie Gilbert, Misses Tuck, Mrs. Kellie Jones, Misses Pugsley, Misses Parke, Miss Annie Puddington, Miss Allison, Misses Warner, Miss Moody, Miss Lottie McKean and a few others. Miss Fellows and Mrs. Charles E. Harrison went to New York yesterday, where Mrs. Harrison will remain until after Miss Fellows sails. Miss Lollie Harrison will join them in eight or ten days. The Misses Bayard are entertaining Miss Parker on St. Andrews. Mrs. Moody is staying with Mrs. Alfred Mortimer for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. Della Torre and Mrs. Noonan of Halifax are the guests of Mrs. I. J. D. Landry of Leinster street. Mrs. (General) Donville is at Mrs. Gillip's and will remain there for the winter. Mr. Harry Donville of Woodstock spent a few days in the city this week. Mrs. Falls of New Glasgow spent Sunday in the city, having come on a visit to her mother, who has been spending some time in the upper provinces. Mrs. N. Raitly, King street, is home from Centreville, N. S., where she spent the summer. The funeral of Mrs. White took place on Monday. Umbrellas Made, Repaired, Replanned by Duval, 171 Waterloo St.

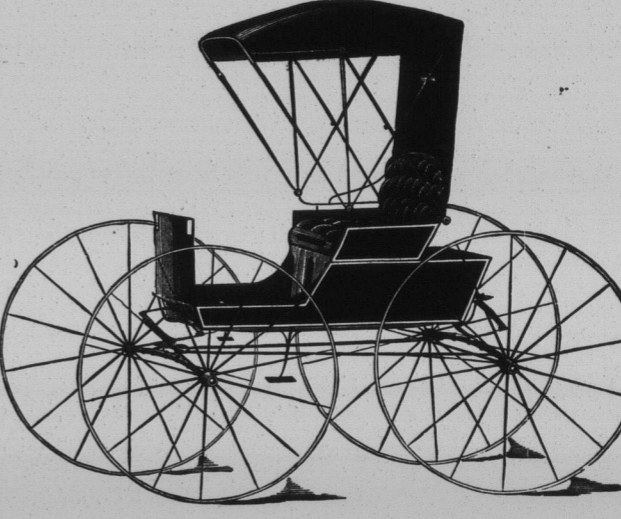
A Food
 that is eminently
The Great
Strength-Giver
 Should be sought after by those seeking to attain Physical Development and good powers of ENDURANCE.




NO == Musty Flavor.
 Absolutely Pure,
 A Delicious Beverage,
 — THEREFORE —
 Excellent for the Complexion
 As Supplied to Her Most Gracious Majesty
THE QUEEN.
 For sale by all reliable dealers.



A NOBBY TURN OUT
 One of the many styles made in the
Edgcombe Carriage Factory.
A CUT UNDER
English Dog Cart,
 Will hold Four Persons, back to back. Is easy to ride Nobby and stylish. Turns very easily and in small space Handsomely built by
JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS
 Fredericton, N. B.



PROGRESS ENGRAVING BUREAU
 DRAWN, DESIGNED & ENGRAVED.
 [CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.]



BARBOUR'S LINEN THREAD 13 BEIT. Needlework Series, No. 3. Needlework is contained in Needlework Series, No. 3. Needlework is contained in Needlework Series, No. 3.

Atlantic Ry. On Eastern Standard Time. Wednesday, September 27, 1895, trains as follows:

Express Co. Forwarders, Shipping and Custom House Brokers. Money and Packages of all kinds.

Express Co. Dominion Express Co. orders sold to points in Canada, United States and Mexico.

Express Co. Dominion Express Co. orders sold to points in Canada, United States and Mexico.



No Other Medicine SO THOROUGH AS AYER'S Sarsaparilla. Statement of a Well Known Doctor.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Admitted at the World's Fair. Ayer's Pills for liver and bowels.

PARROBORO. Progress is for sale at the Parroboro Book Store.

HARCOUR. Sept. 23.—Mr. and Mrs. Isaac B. Humphrey left on Saturday on a visit to Nova Scotia and the United States.

ANAGANOE. Mr. Edmund E. Stockton of the Auditor General's office, Ottawa, who has been visiting friends on "Apple Hill" and at the depot, left for his home in Ottawa on Monday morning.

A BAD BREATH INDICATES A BAD STOMACH WHICH MEANS INDIGESTION. K. D. C. CLEANS THE STOMACH AND SWEETENS THE BREATH, AND BRINGS SOLID COMFORT.

A TEST PROVES IT THE BEST. WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE. K. D. C. CO., LTD. NEW GLASGOW, N. S., CANADA AND 127 STATE ST., BOSTON, MASS.

RICHIBUCTO.

Progress is for sale in Richibucto by Teodro P. Graham. Sept. 23.—Mr. and Mrs. Henry O'Leary are spending a few weeks with friends in St. John.

GREENWICH. Sept. 24.—Mr. Albert McKel died at an early hour last Wednesday morning. Although he had been ill for ten days no immediate danger was feared.

ST. JOHN. Mr. and Mrs. B. H. A. Seely on behalf of the male post shooting club. Miss F. Welling of Hapton is visiting Mrs. James Whitehead.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIP. Progress is for sale in St. Stephen by Master Teodoro P. Graham. Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Wall and J. Vroom of Calais in the United States.

SUSSEX. Progress is for sale in Sussex, by G. D. Martin, R.D. Boal and S. A. White & Co. Sept. 23.—Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Deacon of Shediac spent part of last week here.

WOODSTOCK. Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. Loane & Co. Sept. 23.—The marriage of Mr. John Stewart and Miss Minnie G. Connell took place at the parish church on Wednesday afternoon.

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BE EASY! Use Sunlight Soap. Easiest Soap in the World. It does all the work; you don't have to Rub or Scrub. Saves your clothes wonderfully too, it's So Pure.

Books for Wrappers. For every 12 wrappers. Laver Bros. Ltd., 23 Scott St., Toronto, a medal paper-bound book will be sent.

STEWART WAS PRESENTED with a handsome silver tray, by Mr. H. A. Seely on behalf of the male post shooting club.

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DR. FOWLER'S EXT. OF WILD STRAWBERRY. CURES COLIC, CRAMPS, DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, CHOLERA MORBUS, CHOLERA INFANTUM.

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CHARMING DANCE IN THE GRAND ARMY HALL, ON FRIDAY EVENING.

An excellent supper was served in the Columbus restaurant during the evening, and the affair was one of the pleasantest and jolliest given this season.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN H. ESTE have been visiting friends in town during the past week. Mrs. Este has returned from Grand Lake stream, and is the guest of her friend Miss Kate Grant.

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"To Remove Paint." "Sit down on it before it is dry." That's a good way—easy, too. And another way is to do your cleaning in the old-fashioned way with soap; the necessary rubbing takes off the paint along with the dirt, but this is very tiresome work.

PROGRESS ENGRAVING BUREAU. PORTRAITS, BUILDINGS, ADVERTISEMENTS, AND CATALOGUE WORK. DRAWN, DESIGNED & ENGRAVED. St. John, N.B.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. Co. Three Trips a Week. BOSTON. Commencing Sept. 11th the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Lunenburg, Portland and Boston, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at 8 o'clock.

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J. & J. D. HOWE. SHARPS BALSAM. CROFT'S WHOOPING COUGH, COLIC AND COLDS. OVER 40 YEARS IN USE. 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE. CHRISTOPHER & CO., PROPRIETORS, CANADA.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

spending the summer in Woodstock have returned home. Miss Beale Willis is visiting friends in Boston. Dr. W. A. Burns has returned from a visit to his parents in St. Catharines, Ont.

North End. Mrs. Stuart of Sackville and Miss Currie are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, Hillburn. Mrs. E. J. Hilliard of Kitchener has been spending the summer with her sister, Miss Tobin, of Millidgeville, and returned home on Saturday last.

MONCTON. [Programme is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Bookstore, at the Central Bookstore and by Jones Bookstore.] Sept. 25.—There was a quiet wedding in St. Paul's Reformed Episcopal church, last Tuesday evening, when Miss Marie Neal, youngest daughter of Mr. Alex. Neal, was married to Mr. William Watson.

DORCHESTER. [Programme is for sale in Dorchester by G. M. Fairweather.] Sept. 25.—Mr. Gillespie of Chatham and Mrs. Miss Mabel Rennie, Sackville, and her cousin, M. A. Rennie of St. John were the guests of M. S. Oulton for a day or two last week.

Sept. 26.—The members of St. Andrew's Presbyterian bible class entertained Rev. Mr. White of Metepedia to an supper on Thursday evening. Miss Hol and returned to Bathurst last week after a visit with her mother, Mr. Alexander.

How They Were Struck. A notice from the south was out on a moor in the West Highland the other day, and, having unsuccessfully fired twice at a covey of birds that rose less than twenty yards ahead, he exclaimed excitedly, "It's strange that none of them fell. I'm positive some of them must have been struck."

William's Guns.

are of reliable English manufacture and unequalled for shooting qualities, durability and finish. THEY HAVE BEEN TESTED FOR YEARS. in this country under the names of IXL and F. A. Loomis. Our stock is made with the maker's own name, which is an excellent guarantee that each is perfect.

The Griffiths Corporation, Ltd.,

81 Yonge St., Toronto.

Rev. E. Butram Hooper, rector of St. George's church returned yesterday morning from Montreal where he has been attending the meeting of the Provincial Synod. Mrs. W. W. Alexander of Shelburne spent a few days in town last week the guest of Dr. and Mrs. F. J. White of Bolton.

CAMPBELLTON. [Programme is for sale in Campbellton at the store of A. E. Alexander, who carries and sells dry goods, groceries, books and shoes, hardware, school books, stationery, furniture, carriages and machinery.] Sept. 25.—The members of St. Andrew's Presbyterian bible class entertained Rev. Mr. White of Metepedia to an supper on Thursday evening.

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Boots and Shoes.

During your visit to the Exhibition here you will probably make some purchases of You want to know where the best Grades are kept. You want to know where the Largest Assortment is: You specially would like to know where the lowest prices are to be found. Just think of 61 King and 212 Union St. and go direct there.

Waterbury & Rising.

strange that none of them fell. I'm positive some of them must have been struck. "I didn't do it," returned the keeper, with a sarcastic grin "that they were struck with astonishment at getting off so easy." WHAT THE PRESIDENT SAID. The Clear and Pointed Address Made by Mr. Pittsfield at the Exhibition. Ladies and Gentlemen.— I would feel ungrateful did I not here publicly acknowledge that during my twenty-three years residence in this grand old city of St. John I had at all times been treated with the greatest consideration and courtesy by my fellow citizens.

When the Exhibition Association of the city and county of St. John was first inaugurated in 1890 they made the serious blunder at the first exhibition of erecting the cattle and live stock sheds at Mossepath. It was only a short time before the mistake was apparent, and they concluded that the Agricultural, Industrial and Stock exhibits in order to make a success 'ful show must all be near to each other.

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KEEFE. LADIES' TAILOR. Jackets, Capes, Suits, Riding Habits. LADIES' Tailor-made Garments and Costumes of every description to order.

MERRITT D. KEEFE, 48 King St. above Hall's Bookstore, late with Everett, 5th Ave., N. Y.

A CHANCE IN TRURO, N. S. OFFICES TO LET in Black's Brick Block, suitable for doctor, lawyer, dentist, etc.

RAMSDELL'S CURE FOR DANDRUFF. For removing dandruff from the scalp and restoring gray or faded hair to its original color.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. Pacific Express

Pineal Syrup. BOTANICAL REMEDY A Certain Cure for Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhoea, Cholera Infantum, &c.

Weak and Nervous Whenever the body has been weakened by disease, it should be built up by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Read this: "About two years ago I suffered with a very severe attack of inflammation of the bowels."

ST. BERNARD PUPS. WANTED. At Exhibition. Everybody to see "Bernard" Single Babes as leather exhibit. They are warm, last longer, look better than most kinds.



Whenever the body has been weakened by disease, it should be built up by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Read this: "About two years ago I suffered with a very severe attack of inflammation of the bowels."

WANTED. At Exhibition. Everybody to see "Bernard" Single Babes as leather exhibit. They are warm, last longer, look better than most kinds.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier. Prominently in the public eye today. Hood's Pills easy to buy, easy to take, easy to effect.

Progress Print. FOR QUICK, NEAT AND REASONABLE WORK

PROGRESS, SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 28, 1895.

HAPPENED IN HALIFAX

A NEWFOUNDLAND MAN WHO HAD A LITTLE EXPERIENCE.

Lost His Money but Found It Again—A Case of Tampering With Justice—Another Good Man Gone Wrong—Spotting Dead Head Dogs—The Retort Courteous.

HALIFAX, Sept. 26.—Two weeks ago a Newfoundland man, who answered to the name of Bowen, was paid off after a season of work on the Dartmouth branch railway. He had \$70 in his pocket, and when he returned to Halifax had two days to await the arrival of a steamer to St. John's. He determined to see the sights of the upper streets and forthwith betook himself thither. It was not long until he fell in with three young men who subsequently came to believe, not only helped to spend his money, but took it from him, purse and all.

Such was the tale Bowen told Chief O'Sullivan and Detective Power. In two hours the police had the three young men in custody, the purse found in the pocket of one of them. There seemed to be not a shadow of doubt regarding the theft.

But a couple of the young men had strong and especially energetic friends. It was apparently sure conviction it Bowen persisted in his story and it occurred to the prisoner's friends that salvation lay in the disappearance of the Newfoundland. Accordingly he was "spirited away" and has never more been seen. It is understood that he left for parts unknown with his pockets holding another \$70 in lieu of that which had been abstracted on Albermarle street. The case came up before Stipendiary Fielding more than once for hearing, but Bowen was not in evidence, and there was no other prosecutor. The business was well managed.

The police say that the next time any man comes into the station with such a story as that of Bowen, and has arrests made in the fashion he had, they will know where to find the prosecutor when he is needed. One experience such as that Bowen gave them is enough to make them sure of their principal witness next time.

There is a serious aspect to the matter. Supposing Freeman, and his alleged confederates were guilty, which the police are sure they were, the young men who induced Bowen to disappear are liable for punishment not only less severe than that for which the prisoners were held—highway robbery. In putting money into Bowen's pockets, to make good his loss, and to secure his absence as a witness, they were compounding a felony. For that they would be liable to a term of three years in the penitentiary. It is a dangerous game and it would be the part of wisdom for others who may be tempted to do likewise sometimes to refrain, for they might not succeed so well as the Bowen compounders did, and besides they might be found out in a way that would bring unpleasant consequences to themselves.

Never before in the history of Halifax were there so many cases of dishonesty to chronicle in so short a time as during the past weeks. The list has become a long one now. The latest instance of financial wrong-doing is furnished in the Salvation army. The cashier in one of the departments of the army work here has been found to be short in his accounts \$50 or more. It is no wonder for a salaried man to steal than for any one else to do so, but then somehow it seems more shocking.

The police have been busy for the past week or two gathering in non-tax-paying dogs or their owners. Scores of suits have been brought against the owners of dead-beat canines. Many of these owners have got the better of the cops in the police court. This blue-coat often found it a difficult matter to prove ownership or the age of the curs or the thoroughbreds, and there was considerable tall swearing indulged in to make a point. Yet the police by their industry in making reports, and in spotting would be dead-head dogs, have added considerably to the revenues of the city. The income from dog taxes amounts to \$1,500, and it is safe to say that not half that amount would have been forthcoming had not the officers of the law kept their eyes about them with commendable diligence. It is right that they should do so. The dog nuisance in Halifax has during past years been a serious one. This strict enforcement of the law regarding the collection of the tax has already made a sensible improvement in our streets, and it brings in an honest penny to the city treasury. Chief O'Sullivan will keep at it.

It was but Saturday evening at the Halifax hotel. The handsome dining room was well filled with guests, at one table was seated together a member of the staff of the Halifax conservatory of music; a leader in one of our city schools; one of the most intelligent aldermen now in the city council; and the fourth man was the head of an entertainment combination that had appeared before the public the night before.

There was a flow of wit and wisdom which shamed much good fellowship.

The entertainment man suddenly arrested attention by looking the conservatory professor far in the eye and saying:

"My friend I have one fault to find with you; that is that you were ever born!"

That was a rather startling assertion to make, but it gave a new idea to the school teacher. After the sensation had partially subsided the wielder of the birch addressed his gaze to the amusement purveyor who had made the first statement, and remarked:

"My friend there is one virtue about you; that is that you will some day die!"

Honors were about even.

MAN'S MIGHTY WORKS.

Ten Wonders of the World, to be Found by the People of the Present Time.

The ten most remarkable works of human labor are enumerated:

1. The Pyramids of Egypt, the largest of which, near Cairo, known as the Great Pyramid, built by Cheops, King of Egypt, took 350,000 men twenty years to build.

2. The artificial reservoir—Lake Moeris—built by Amenemha of the twelfth dynasty, which served to store up the waters of the Nile during the season of floods, and distribute them by canal over the land during the dry season. Its circumference was 3,600 furlongs, and on its being allowed to fall into ruin, the fertility of the region became, to a serious extent, a thing of the past.

3. The Taj Mahal, a tomb erected at Agra, in Hindostan, by Shah Jahan, over his Queen, Noor Jehan. It is built of the purest white marble, and yet seems so airy that when seen from a distance, it is so like a fabric of mist and sunbeams, with its great domes soaring up, a silvery bubble about to burst in the sun, that even when you have touched it and climbed to its summit you almost doubt its reality. It cost over three million pounds.

4. The Temple of Brasel, in the erection of which stone 62 feet long, 20 feet broad, and 15 feet thick have been used—more prodigious masses than have ever elsewhere been moved by human power, and much exceeding in size the stores used in the Pyramids.

5. The Temple of Karnak, described by Ferguson as the noblest work of architectural magnificence ever produced by the hand of man. It covers twice the area of St. Peter's at Rome, and undoubtedly is one of the finest buildings in the world.

6. The Great Wall of China, 1,230 miles in length. It is 20 feet in height, and in thickness 25 feet at the base and 15 feet at the top.

7. The Eiffel Tower erected in the grounds of the 1889 Paris Exhibition, 984 feet high.

8. The Suez Canal, with 88 miles of waterway connecting the Mediterranean and Red Sea, and forming the principal route to India. It cost more than 17 millions sterling, and 172,602 out of the 399,677 shares were purchased by and belong to the British government.

9. The railway bridge (the largest cantilever bridge in the world) over the Forth, with two spans each of 1,700 feet, erected at a cost of nearly four millions.

10. The leaning Tower of Pisa, which deviates 15 feet from the perpendicular. The following works were by the ancients esteemed the seven wonders of the world: The Pyramids; the Tomb of Mausoleus; the Temple of Diana; the Hanging Gardens of Babylon; the Colossus of Rhodes; the Ivory and golden statues of Jupiter Olympus; and the Paars of Watch Tower of Egypt.

CHEW YOUR FOOD.

We have been reforming our bread for the last quarter of a century, and made considerable progress, but a majority of people still eat a poor article which is doughy and pasty, and the result is, its starch is not properly insalivated and so is not digested.

Another point is mastication. If one does not chew the food well, the same thing happens; the starch is not converted into a soluble form and indigestion results. One of the most necessary hygienic reforms of the time is the reform from our hasty eating to slow eating with plenty of chewing. Count Rumford more than a century ago said if the Bavarian soldiers would chew their food thoroughly they would not need more than two thirds as much to nourish them, and this would be a great saving of expense to the government. We might say that if every one would chew his food thoroughly, it would nearly if not quite put an end to indigestion.—Journal of Hygiene.

Was a Remarkable Dog.

"I have a dog," said a minister, "who is very sagacious. One Sunday he followed me to church and sat among the people and watched my movements in the pulpit. That afternoon I heard a terrible howling in my back yard, and of course went to see what it meant. I found my dog was in a woodshed, standing on his hind legs in a dry goods box. He held down a torn muslin with one paw and gesticulated with the other, while he gnawed his head and howled to an audience of four other dogs even more noisy than I had done in the morning."

TRIUMPHS OF SURGERY.

WONDERS WROUGHT BY THE KNIFE IN MODERN TIMES.

The Advance of Surgical Science Within a Brief Period has Been Marvellous—some of the Results of Recognition of the Antiseptic Theory of Treatment.

Not so many years ago, in a certain hospital in Germany, and in most of the hospitals of the world, sixty to eighty persons died out of every one hundred brought in with those cases of broken bones in which either the force that caused the break or the end of the broken bone itself had made a hole through the skin. But it is now not so, and nearly all the people with broken bones recovered. This difference between the effects of the two sorts of injury had existed since the world began.

It seems wonderful at first that for all these thousands of years no one saw that the difference must be due to something that got into the system through the break in the skin, but we must remember that for nearly all of that time our ancestors saw only what was visible to their naked eyes. They have never heard or dreamed that they were constantly surrounded by myriads of little bodies, living and growing and feeding on whatever they could find available, and often destroying the things they lived on just as we destroy the things we eat so that they may be useful to us as food.

In course of time the microscope showed us little micro-organisms, or "bacteria," all about us in inconceivable numbers; most numerous in the presence of dirt of most kinds, or in such close, ill-ventilated, crowded rooms as hospital wards used to be, fewest in the fresh, pure air of the sea or the mountain-top, but never absent. Then we got on the track of the discovery that has made possible the effective surgery of to-day.

But even after the discovery of micro-organisms, many years went by, during which hundreds of thousands of persons died from various injuries before it was understood that these little bodies, getting in through wounds in the skin, made the difference between living and dying to so many people.

About thirty years ago, or so howsoever, Sir Joseph Lister of Edinburgh, Scotland, made a discovery which revolutionized modern surgery. This was the great "antiseptic theory," which has saved a vast number of lives since its discovery and its application to surgery by Lister.

This discovery was that the fatal diseases following wounds, whether made by broken bones, by rifle bullets, or by the knife of the surgeon, were due to the entrance of little micro-organisms, which at once begin to grow and multiply and spoil the tissues round about them, as preserves are corrupted in the bottle which has a defective cork.

By the action of the micro-organisms new substances are formed in the wound, some of them gases which often have a disagreeable odor, but are in themselves comparatively harmless; others, much more poisonous, that are taken into the blood, and are often as deadly as an overdose of strychnine or prussic acid.

The microscopic bodies that work so much evil are found not only in the air, but on the hands, especially about the finger nails—on the clothes, in the dust of rooms, on the instruments of the surgeon, and on everything about us. They are killed if brought in contact with certain chemicals in solution, or if they are put in boiling water.

So now the surgeon who treats a wound made accidentally, washes it out with some of these chemicals, like carbolic acid; or, if he is about to make a wound himself, washes his hands and the skin of the patient in the same solution, boils his instruments, and in some way, either by heat or chemicals, destroys the "bacteria" or micro-organisms that are in the dressings with which he is going to cover the wound.

If simply stopped here, I should have told already the most important part of the history of modern surgery. In the hospital in Germany already spoken of the same surgeon who, in spite of his undoubted skill, had lost such an enormous percentage of his cases, learned, in 1870, the facts about bacteria. He applied them in practice, and treated, without a single death, three hundred and forty patients with precisely the same kind of injuries that had previously led to the death of eighty patients in every hundred.

In a hospital near by, one of his friends, also a distinguished surgeon, had been obliged in a few years to amputate about five hundred limbs injured by machinery and railroad accidents, and two hundred and fifty of his patients had died. He joyfully resorted to Lister's great discovery, and saved all but six of his next three hundred and ten patients whose limbs had to come off.

A like change, took place all over the world, and in the hands not only of great surgeons, but of men in every rank of the

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profession. The Listerian method is little known to the general public, but it is very astonishing in its saving results to surgeons bred in the old practice.

When we think of the hundreds of thousands of human lives unnecessarily sacrificed to diseases easily avoided,—blood-poisoning in all its forms, pyæmia, septicæmia, erysipelas, hospital gangrene, etc.; when we recall not merely the deathlists of the Crimea, the Franco-Prussian War and the American Civil War, but the infinitely larger lists of the victims of accident and injury during the last fifty years of rapid transportation and machinery; when we reflect that a great proportion of these lives might have been saved by the simple method now in vogue, we are conscious of a profound regret that surgeons should have been blind so long. Perhaps the healers of the future will stand similarly aghast at the havoc wrought by our ignorance of some other simple facts that we do not perceive, though they may be in full view all the time.

With the antiseptic theory as a basis, let us look at a few examples of what the surgeon of to-day can do to save life and lessen suffering. I shall try to tell the stories truthfully and in plain words.

Once upon a time a young lady fell down an elevator shaft, and broke her right arm, cut below the shoulder. The limb was put up in splints, but the bone failed to grow together. Various attempts were made to get it to do so, but all were unsuccessful, and at the end of a year the arm was like a flail, helpless and useless.

A surgeon made a cut through the skin and flesh down to the broken bone, sawed off the ends squarely, brought them together, placed across them a steel plate three inches long and a half an inch broad, and fixed it there by four screws carried into the bone above and below the break. Then he brought the flesh together above the plate and left it there for six weeks.

The young lady was then etherized again. He cut open the wound, unscrewed the plate, took it out and found the bone grown together into one piece. The wound soon healed, and now that right arm is as good as the other.

She was only nineteen. Had she been born twenty-five years earlier she would be a lifelong cripple. But she had the good fortune to follow Sir Joseph Lister's discovery, and she has perfect use of that arm.

In another case a pistol-ball entered the skull on one side, went through the brain to the opposite side of the head, bounded back from the inner side of the skull in another direction, and was buried in the brain.

A surgeon cut the skull away at the place where the ball went in; the wound it made was followed to the opposite side by a probe, and a little mathematical calculation showed in which direction it must have gone. It was traced up, found and taken out. The patient got entirely well.

Sometimes now the bullet, in such a case when it is far out of sight, is found by gently putting a metal probe with a telephone attachment. When the probe touches the ball and the two metals come together the telephone bell rings, and the surgeon knows that his search has been successful.

A man who has been lying motionless in bed for nearly a year, paralyzed from his waist down, unable to move a leg or a toe, unconscious of the pain, even when pins were thrust into his legs or a burning match was applied to them, was asked if he was willing to run some risk for the sake of walking once more. He agreed gladly.

He was etherized turned on his face, and a portion of the vertebral column, the back-bone, was cut out. Inside of it, and pressing on the spinal cord—the great nerve trunk which conveys the power to move the muscles and the power to feel to the skin—was a little tumor the size of a walnut, which was taken away by the knife. Then the wound was closed.

The next day the patient could feel a little when his feet were touched; the following day he could move his toes; within a month he was out walking, and in a short time he began to make his living again as a laboring man.

I could continue with such anecdotes indefinitely. They are taken from particular cases, but represent simply the experience of every surgeon in active practice at the present day. It is not many years since these patients would either have died or have been at best miserable lifelong invalids.

I have said nothing of the blessings of ether and chloroform, though they are as yet so new that they might fairly be called recent. Nor have I even mentioned the methods now used to save blood by rendering parts bloodless before operating and by tying blood-vessels afterwards. These are modern but not recent.

Great as have been the recent triumphs of surgery, there are, I believe, greater still in store for us. The science of prevention is rapidly advancing, and I look forward to the time when, instead of curing existing diseases, we shall be able practically to wipe them out of existence.

Since anaesthesia was introduced in 1840, the advance of medical and surgical knowledge has prevented an amount of human suffering in comparison with which the tortures of a thousand inquisitions would be as nothing. The sum of human life more than enough years to outweigh the deaths in all the wars that blot the pages of history.

I firmly believe that the next half-century will witness an equal or greater advance, and that the surgeon of 1950 who tries to instruct those of that period as to the "wonders of recent surgery," will look back upon many of our methods as we do upon those of the Eastern Magi or the medieval astrologers.—Youths Companion.

GHOST AT THE TELEPHONE.

A Stock Broker's Queer Narrative which is Important if True.

For years I was the junior member of the firm of ——— & Co., my brother being the senior member, says a New York stock broker. We did a general brokerage business, seldom entering the field of speculation on our own account. Between my brother and myself there existed an affection stronger and deeper than brothers generally have for each other. In fact, we seemed bound together in some strange manner, and it was at all times possible for him to impress his thoughts upon my mind. We understood each other instinctively. Of this we often spoke, and we wondered if the bond would be broken by death. It was agreed that the one first to die should, if possible, communicate in some manner with the other.

"Four years ago my brother died. I determined to continue the firm without changing its name, and for a time business continued in the old routine.

"One afternoon, about an hour before the closing of the Exchange, I sat here all alone at my desk. My thoughts were vague, if I had any—my mind was in a thoroughly receptive condition. Then I was aroused from my lethargy by the ringing of the telephone bell at my side. The office boy should have come to answer it, but, as he did not do so, I turned to it with the demand, 'What's wanted?'"

"The answer came: 'Buy 1,000 'Mop' for the firm's account and hold for a six-point rise.'"

"The voice was my brother's. Had he been alive I should not have hesitated a moment. But as it was I thought I was the victim of a cruel hoax and angrily demanded the name of the person who was talking.

"Upon receiving no answer I vigorously rang up 'central' and asked for the number of the 'phone that had just called me up. I was assured that my number had not been called within the preceding thirty minutes, and that if my bell rang it must have been the result of crossed wires.

"I concluded that my own imagination

had deceived me, but I could not dismiss the matter from my mind. Missouri Pacific had shown no sign of strength for a month, and I had what I thought were good reasons for expecting a drop in the market. Had I wished to speculate I certainly should have gone short of the stock.

"Well, to shorten the story, 'Mop' the next morning became quite steady, and in the afternoon advanced a point by fractions. Still I had no thought of buying. Within a week the stock had advanced six and one-half points and there it hung for nearly two months.

"Two weeks after my first experiment with the telephone I was again called up at a time when I sat alone here in my office. Before I picked up the receiver I knew who it was that would speak to me, but I had creepy feelings up and down my back when that mysterious voice directed me to sell Chicago Gas and to wait for a profit of ten points. I tried to ask for further information but my voice failed me; I was as helpless as one paralyzed.

"When I had recovered I rang up central and asked if any one had called my 'phone. I knew what the answer would be, and hung up the receiver almost before the young lady was through talking.

"The firm went short of Chicago Gas to the extent of 1,000 shares before the Exchange closed for the day. I decided that I would be willing to lose a few thousand; for the sake of demonstrating to myself that I was the victim of an overwrought imagination. The market was bullish and most of the boys predicted a general rise in prices. The rise came, too, but Gas was an exception, and within a month I had taken the profit of ten points.

"As I told you before, our firm had long had a reputation for conservative, careful methods, and we had never been looked upon as speculators. I had no desire to speculate, and yet before a year had passed I was regarded as one of the most reckless men on the Exchange. My speculations were made in the face of the market, but were without exception successful. Still the boys predicted an early disaster. As for myself, I was in what many would call a hypnotic state. Of my own volition I made not a single move on the Exchange. I was guided by that mysterious voice, which I feared worse than I feared death itself, but which I could not escape.

"It is not necessary to say how much our profits amounted to—they added considerably more than a million dollars to our bank account. The day previous to the first anniversary of my brother's death I was last called to the telephone. The deal I was instructed to make was as successful as had been those which had preceded it. When I closed it I decided to pay no more attention to the Voice; I knew if I did I would lose my reason. However, I had no opportunity to test myself. For three years it has been silent, and for three years the firm of ——— & Co., has not speculated.

PERHAPS YOU'RE THINKING

of Autumn clothes. Your Spring ones if cleaned or dyed will be just the thing. Of course they must be done up well, and that's the reason you should send them to UNGARS. Nothing is alighted there, but everything receives the care and attention necessary to satisfying the public.

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HER IDEAL.

Ether Lindsay was nineteen when first her story was published. It was not the first one she had written by any means.

She works steadily for more than three months on her "Story of the Steamer Kendrick." One night she finished rewriting it for the twenty-first time, and the next day she sent it to Jesse Arnold, editor of the Ironton Inland Weekly.

He read it carefully, and even if he could not use it to let her know what he thought of it. Her "Story of the Steamer Kendrick" was not a work of genius, but there were passages of the plot that were strong and passages that were unusually well conceived and executed.

After reading it three times Jesse Arnold, who was a conscientious editor, decided to keep it. He accepted it with that feeling of uncertainty with which an insurance man issues a policy on an extra hazardous risk.

He liked the story, and several critics who condensed to review the Inland Weekly praised it. Perhaps Editor Arnold himself was more fully aware of the glaring absurdities in the piece he had brought out than were any of its readers, and each favorable comment that came to his notice only made them the more apparent.

At last he concluded to write to his unknown literary protégé and warn her against certain errors which might be pardoned in a young author's first story, but which, if often repeated, would be a serious drawback to her advancement in her art.

"You are in danger of being spoiled," he said in part. "You need advice and I feel that I have the right to address you in the capacity of censor. Remember you are in an up-to-date world. Visionary, idealistic, sketches such as yours may make very good reading, but they are not the true stuff. You have unquestioned ability, but if you wish to succeed you must turn it to the portrayal of living men and women, and not imaginary puppets that you have manipulated for this most part in your 'Story of the Steamer Kendrick.' Take you here, for instance. It may be quite comforting for a time to come in contact through the medium of printers' ink and paper with an Apollo, a mental Hercules, a spiritual god and a financial Croesus, all combined in one American man, and a New Yorker at that, but I doubt if any of us would relish a closer acquaintance with him; he would be an excrescence on the human race, and after your second or third story the public would have none of him. So take warning. Make your hero a real man—full of imperfections if need be—and let the gods take care of themselves."

Ether Lindsay read and reread the editor's letter. He had not intended to make it unnecessarily pointed or critical, but of all the characters she had ever conjured up her last hero had been the object of her most sincere admiration, and the admonition to shun him and his ilk touched her in the most vulnerable spot.

"I want that man to understand me," she said to her mother, after having dreamed over the contents of the letter for a couple of nights, "and in order to bring that about I am going down to Ironton to see him, for it would be utterly useless for me to attempt to explain in writing just what stand I have taken on this subject."

Her family knew her too well to remonstrate against the proposed visit, and the next morning she took the early train for Ironton. It was late in the afternoon when she reached the office of the Ironton Inland Weekly. Jesse Arnold was closing his office and she met him just outside the door. She inquired for him and he stepped back into his paper bestrewn den and motioned her to follow.

"I am Jesse Arnold," he said, in that still way which habitually adopted when addressing strangers. "What is it you wish to see me about?"

At his best the editor was not a good looking man, and that day, when he stood between her and the window, where the full beams of the evening sun poured in and seemed to exaggerate every defect in his person, from the most upright end of his short black hair to his disproportionately large feet, he was painfully conscious that his loosely knit body and swarthy complexion never appeared to worse advantage.

She took in the details of the room and the general make-up of its occupant with the comprehensive sweep of her clear blue eyes, and then said simply: "I am Esther Lindsay. If it does not inconvenience you I should like to talk to you a little while about the last letter you wrote me."

There was but a trace of his former reserve left, and he took her hand impulsively. "I am glad to see you," he said, with a smile—the best part of Jesse Arnold was his smile—"are you willing to let me be your doctor and to take my prescriptions faithfully?"

of her theory. She waited a moment for him to speak, then exclaimed, impatiently: "Well, why don't you say something?"

"Because," he answered, leaning far back in his creaking chair and clasping his hands behind his head, "I see quite plainly that whatever argument I may present will only antagonize you. You may know much more as you depict; I do not, and my experience has been infinitely more varied than yours. I know you will not heed me, but I repeat that it will not pay you to live in a world peopled only by ideals. You must associate with the real. Take some man of your acquaintance, study him; take human nature for your model, and you will be on the right track."

"You have only one view, and, though it may be right, I feel as though I should be giving up the best part of myself to sacrifice my opinion to yours," she said, with that touch of wisdom she had lately assumed. "But I suppose," she continued, "that if my stories are up to the standard you will not decline them on account of that one technicality."

He smiled again. "No," he said, "not on that account."

To have one article printed, even though it be in the Ironton Inland Weekly, does not give unquestioned entree into the columns of every other periodical in the country, and for many months after the appearance of her first story Esther Lindsay plodded wearily over her literary way, which was an uphill, sinuous path. A score of unfortunate tales were added to the unpublished library in the bureau drawer before she found an outlet for her ideas this second time. Then followed five years of ups and downs. No literary aspirant ever had a more jealous guardian than she had in Jesse Arnold. He exulted in every victory she achieved and deplored every defeat he met as keenly as though it had been his own, and then one day when some unexpected turn of ill-luck made her despair of trying to push on further in the course she had mapped out for herself he capped the climax of his sympathy and interest by asking her to marry him.

It was a surprise to her, and she promptly refused. "I never expected this from you," she said, trying to temper his dismissal with a kind of an apology, "you, who know me so well. You may call me a dreamer, an idiot if you like, but I have my ideal still, and unless I find him in real life I shall never marry."

"I'm afraid you will always stay single then," he rejoined sharply. "I thought, judging by your late writing, that you had commenced to hold common sense views on some things, but I suppose I am mistaken. You may change your mind yet."

"You shall never know it if I do," she flared out, angrily, and that ended the first chapter of their own romance.

She never sent any of her work to the Inland Weekly for publication after that one unhappy incident which left the friendship that had existed between her and its editor partially wrecked, and he only knew her progress through the magazines, to which she had at last become a frequent contributor.

He watched with a particular interest the evolution of the character of her heroes. The June issue of a well known monthly contained a story that made his pulses throb and quiver with hope and joy. He left the Inland Weekly in charge of a subordinate for a few days and went down to see Esther Lindsay.

"When you wrote your 'Story of the Steamer Kendrick' your hero was your ideal of mankind; was he not? He asked as soon as he could speak to her alone.

"Yes," she said softly.

"And you were determined that if you failed to find such a creation in real life you would never marry?"

"Yes," again.

"When you wrote this last story you had evidently experienced a change of heart and mind?"

Again the monosyllabic reply.

"Would you mind telling me where you got your idea of a man therein described?"

Primer," he presumes that the martyr "and his fellows who suffered under the rule of Queen Mary were, like Hooker, victims of a certain cholera and obstinate will."

This phrase he quotes from a letter of Father Parsons, writing in 1698, which ascribes "the sufferings of the martyrs and confessors in England not so much to virtue and love of God's cause as to a certain cholera and obstinate will to contradict the magistrate." In Wallingford "there was a hand-to-hand fight in the foundation trenches of a new-meeting house the result of a quarrel on the doctrine of probation. This was a 'spite meeting-house,'" a "name given to many others that were built in New England."

Next to quarrels the devil got into some of his most effective work in rum and mixed drinks, which, according to this writer, had strong affinities with the religion of colonial times. And next to rum comes the addiction of the New Englanders to slavery and the slave trade. "It was rum that forced the growth of slavery in New England. . . . The commerce in rum and slaves furnished nearly all the money that was annually remitted to pay for merchandise brought from England."

"Boston and Newport were slave markets. Peter Faneuil was deep in the business, and so were other solid men of Boston. The distillers at times could not keep up with the slave trade. In 1752 Isaac Freeman's correspondent at Newport replied to an order for a cargo of rum and molasses: 'There are so many vessels loading for Guinea we can't get on; boys head of rum for the fish. We have been to New London and all along the seaport town to purchase molasses, but can't get one hoghead.'"

To put the New Englanders in a still worse light, our writer impugns their business rectitude. Simon Porter instructs his captain sailing for Africa in 1768: "Make your chief trade with the blacks, and little or none with the white people, if possible to be avoided. Water the rum as much as possible and sell as much by short measure as you can."

Says Mr. Bliss: "This man represented the commercial morality of that times. John Hancock was a smuggler of tea; Peter Faneuil was a smuggler of brandies; it was a common event to find bundles of shingles short in number, quintals of fish short in weight, casks of rum and hogheads of molasses short in gallons."

In the chapter on "The Composite Puritan" the New Englander is described as a sadly repulsive mixture of the doctrinal and political Puritan, both in one indeed, as duplicating John Calvin, who "stood behind them and shaped the form and policy of their government."

Calvin is described as the quintessence of whatever is bigoted, intolerant, and cruel. Mr. Bliss quotes Palfrey's saying that the Puritan represented "the manliness of England," but differs from Mr. Altop's: "It is true to say that he represents the obstinate will of the English race."

At the same time he credits him with the last possible of a true devotional spirit.

"The religious Puritan to whom the cross was an offense was a darkened being. The doctrinal Puritans were sent at the outset by educated ministers who were to convert the Indians. But the later immigrants were mainly of a different sort. They were not religionists. . . . No representatives of science, art, or literature came; no statesman, no poet, nor any great leader of social life. But there did come a class of shrewd merchants and lawyers shiploads of common people, yeomen, tradesmen, mechanics, servants, and idlers. These all put together made the composite New England Puritan. Into this mass must be mixed Huguenots, Germans, Scotch slaves imported from Ireland to be sold, who became the forerunners of a part of the population; and to complete the contents of the caldron I must add the abundant offspring of miscegenation between the Indian and the white race."

Menzie, Turner & Co.'s Exhibit is situated in the northwest corner of the first gallery of the main building, and without exaggeration is one of the naggiest and most representative to be found anywhere upon the grounds. The lines of their manufacture consists of shaded cloths of all description and kinds known to the trade, and they are displaying a number of decidedly new things, among which are what they term Elite. The name, we must say, is quite in keeping with the goods shown, which should be seen by dealers before their orders for spring. Their street car and railway coach curtain materials are also of interest to those who require such goods. Their Hercules waterproof for open excursions and street cars can be seen upon the Toronto Railway cars and many other railways, as well as at their exhibit and is without doubt a great improvement upon anything of the kind yet seen, and should meet with a growing demand, while their Elite cloths for closed cars and railway coaches are up to date in every particular. Their fixture for holding car curtains in position is the acme of simplicity and durability. Their exhibit comprises a great many lines of imported goods, such as English, German, French and Swiss laces, tringes, curtains, poles, pole trimmings, tassels, pulls, upholstery, hardware and every variety of article in any way connected with the window shade and car curtain trade. Their display is unique, exhaustive and a credit to the Industrial Exhibition Association, and must be seen to be appreciated.—From Toronto Globe, Sept. 6th, 1895.

California Vines. California vintage has now begun, and trustworthy estimates as to the production are now available. In every district the outlook is more favorable than last year. The production of dry wine in the States will be about 20 to 25 per cent greater than last year, and will be from 119,000,000 to

13,000,000 gallons. About 4,600,000 gallons of sweet wine will be produced, making a total wine production in California this year of about 17,000,000 gallons. This is far short of the consumption, and much less than the production of 1893, so winemakers look for good prices and prosperous times. The average price for dry wine grapes will be about \$15 a ton.—Ex.

REUBEN E. TRAU, M. P. P., SPEAKS. Troubled, With Indigestion and Dyspepsia for 16 Years. Treated by Physicians and Obtained No Benefit. Three Bottles of South American Nerve Produced a Complete Cure.

An Important Utterance From This Liberal Member of the Local Legislature. The most common experience has plainly demonstrated that when the digestive organs are deranged the whole system is deranged. Life is hardly worth living to the man who is a downright victim of indigestion, and neglect of stomach troubles soon create chronic indigestion.

In the country of Bruce few men are better known than Mr. Reuben E. Trau, M. P. P., who for years has most ably represented that constituency in the Local Legislature. It would be a hard matter for him, however, to perform his duties with anything like zest and success if he were today a sufferer as he was rather more than a decade ago. Indigestion was the trouble, and it was trouble enough. He says: "I was for about ten years very much troubled with indigestion and dyspepsia. I tried a great many different kinds of patent medicines, and was treated by a number of physicians, but found no benefit in any case. I was recommended to try South American Nerve. I obtained a bottle and I must say I found very great relief. I followed this with two more bottles, which proved sufficient to effect a permanent cure. I am now entirely free from indigestion, and would strongly recommend all my fellow-sufferers from the disease to give South American Nerve an immediate trial. It will cure you."

Rabbits in Australia. In Australia the rabbits climb walls—built at enormous expense under the delusion that they are "rabbit proof"—and run up and hide in the numerous hollow trees as if they were opossums. Tens of wet feet here, in Australia they have overcome the prejudice, and take to the water, and swim across rivers like water rats.

No Danger of an Alarm. First thief (in hotel bedroom)—"Go quiet, Jim. There's a woman asleep in that bed." Second thief—"It don't matter if she wakes up."

"It don't?" One scream would bring half the folks in the house to the door." "She won't scream. If she wakes up she'll throw the covers over her head and keep still."

"Why will she?" "Her bit is all up in curl-papers."

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Advertisement for Menzie, Turner & Co.'s Exhibit, featuring a circular logo and text: "Advertisement in Progress" repeated around the perimeter.

Sunday Reading.

AFRICAN FUNERAL RITES.

The Need of Spiritual Truth to Rescue the Heathen in their Blindness. One pleasant evening after tea, my husband suggested that we walk to the village about a quarter of a mile from our home, as he had a letter to send by a man who had been engaged to take it to a neighboring station the next day.

After a few questions are put to the corpse the procession is ready to leave. The corpse goes first followed by relatives and friends and the near relatives have a strip of cloth tied around the neck as a sign or mark of mourning. As they leave the village there is a great firing of guns and shouting and wailing. Several times en route to the burial ground they stop to drum and dance and sing.

On entering the village, a man came running to meet us asking us to come quickly as a woman was dying. He, as well as others, seemed to look to us instinctively for help, seeing their own efforts were in vain. We hastened to the house, a little but not ten feet square without any opening but the door, entered, and as it was dusk we could but dimly see the dying woman on the bare ground floor, held in a sitting posture by another woman sitting at her back. There were some six or eight other persons in the house. In the centre there was a smouldering, smoky fire which made it still more difficult to discern the true state of affairs.

The husband of the woman, who was the very man we had come to see, begged us to give her medicine. I hastened home to get a lamp and restoratives, while my husband had the woman placed in a better position and cleared the house of all persons not needed. One old woman thought it quiet necessary to keep clapping her hands near the face of the dying woman calling her by name and muttering something which I did not understand. The poor woman was mercifully unconscious of all that was going on about her. Our efforts were of no avail. Our efforts were of no avail. She passed away in a short time. This is one of the many cases of death among these people from hemorrhage.

As there was nothing more for us to do that evening we set down awhile outside to watch the proceedings. The women first cleared the house of everything, pots, gourd, and even the old hen with her brood that was roosting in a corner. It was by this time quite dark in the house, but by burning wisps of dry grass (until we gave them the use of our tallow candle) they attended the body. When all was done I saw the body wrapped in cloth lying on the floor close up to the wall on one side of the room. This was done to give room. This was to give room for the relatives and friends who remained in the house day and night as long as the corpse remained. The husband, according to the custom, must stay close to the corpse without eating or drinking, unless the burial is delayed to long. In this case some days elapsed as relatives in Bibe had to be sent for. Friends arrived and the funeral took place on the sixth day after death.

I felt very sorry for the husband as he seemed really fond of his wife. This was his only wife, which is rather an exception for men of his standing. "What will my poor children do? Who will feed them now?" was his constant lament. The old grandmother, whom I visited a few days afterwards and found caring for the babe, spoke of her trouble. She said, "Does not my heart hurt? Have I not had trouble and affliction? My son was killed by lightning only a short time ago and his wife has gone home to her people and I have had their field and mine to cultivate and now my other son's wife is dead. Can I take another field and feed these five children?" I tried to tell her of the life to come free from all sorrow and care for all who will accept God's word and become His people. It was decided later on that the children were to be cared for by the other grandmother and aunts from Bibe.

Usually when a death occurs there follows a great wailing by those present, which is continued for a long time. And when at a subsequent time a friend or relative comes in it is renewed. Every evening a drumming and dancing is kept up until very late at night. I cannot here describe the dance except to say that it is nothing at all like the dance which you know. It is a spirit worship, and night after night we are obliged to go to sleep, if we can, with that din sounding in our ears. There is also a firing of guns mornings and evenings and a great deal more of it at the funeral. A funeral here is generally an all-day affair. We did not attend until about eleven o'clock. When we arrived there they were just bringing the corpse out of the house. The body is wrapped in cloth and then tied to a stick or palm pole. A top is made over this and a curtain to hang all around the edge of the top to within a foot or two of the ground. The corpse thus entirely hid from view is carried on the shoulders of two men. We notice several baskets of corn, beans and potatoes that had been gathered from the woman's field, also a pig and a goat tied and all placed near the door of the house. Some of this is an offering to her spirit, but most of it is eaten by the people. Following the corpse came the husband. His hands were placed on the shoulders of an old woman and his head rested on her back between the shoulders. A blanket was thrown over him, covering his head and reaching down to his feet. Another woman

followed behind steadying him. They went once around the corpse and then the man was taken off to another house which he does not leave, except at night, until his month of mourning is finished. Sometimes, if a man loves his wife very much, he may mourn for her two or even three months. He never goes back to the house where the woman died.

When the questions are put to the corpse the procession is ready to leave. The corpse goes first followed by relatives and friends and the near relatives have a strip of cloth tied around the neck as a sign or mark of mourning. As they leave the village there is a great firing of guns and shouting and wailing. Several times en route to the burial ground they stop to drum and dance and sing.

On arriving at the burial ground they again drum and dance for a considerable time. Leaving the dance place they wander about more or less and finally come to the spot where the questioning of the corpse as to who killed her takes place. An old woman took her place in front of the corpse and in a coaxing way asked the following questions: "Come my child, don't you know where you are? Who do you know that you left little children? Come, here is something you like (holding out something in her hand). Now, was it you who killed your wife? Was it this one or that one?" mentioning over names of acquaintances in her life and besought her to tell who "ate" her. If the answer was in the affirmative a lunge forward was made; if in the negative the tip of the tail backward a few steps. This performance was continued several hours.

In the mean time a shower of rain came on. The people huddled together in groups, some under blankets held over their heads and some under umbrellas, of which there were a few. Others not so fortunate sought the shelter of a tree. The rain doctors were on hand and were busy driving out the rain. They would wave the "amandia" (charm), which consisted of the tail of some wild animal fitted to a handle, in which was a white which they would blow, and also mutter something. The shower soon passed and they joined the crowd triumphantly. The question again went on but, first one and then another taking the place of questioner. It seemed very difficult to get a satisfactory answer from the corpse.

It grew late and the threatening clouds portended a heavy shower, so they decided upon a precipitate burial, and appointed another time to divine the cause of her death with the aid of the witch doctor. I have not yet learned the result of their divinations. The charge is liable to fall on her poor old mother, on the husband, or some other member of the family, if it may be upon some woman who is suspiciously jealous or for some other cause unfriendly, or it may be another cause entirely. It may be that she has died and has come back for the spirit of his woman.

The fate of the witch is sometimes very dreadful. A hut is built with plenty of dry grass and branches, the victim is securely tied and thrust into this hut and is then set on fire. In another case she is tied and thrown into the river or is carried to a cannibal tribe and there sold. Sometimes the hands or legs are cut off. Again, ostracism or frequent heavy fine is all that is demanded. Occasionally the person escapes if some friend releases him, secretly, and he flies to another tribe or country. He may become a slave by it, but what is that compared to such a horrible death? I wonder how many of the sisters of our favored home land, who are tenderly cared for, ever try to realize the condition of their heathen sisters? My heart is often sad when I think how slowly the light comes. Only the first streaks of dawn are visible after ages of spiritual and mental darkness.—Emma D. Woodside, in the Housekeeper.

ALASKAN MISSIONARIES.

The Dangers and Hardships they are Called on to Endure in their Work. Many volumes could be written about the dangers, sufferings hardships of Christian missionaries. Sometimes the hardships are more difficult to bear than the dangers. It is thrilling and inspiring to be always ready for martyrdom; but to suffer steadily from bitter hardships, without the prospect of danger from human enemies, is harder and quite as deserving of the crown of reward.

The missionary in the remotest parts of Alaska knows that these hardships are certain. Mr. Prevost, a missionary to the Tanana Indians, has perhaps the largest missionary 'parish' in the world. It covers more than one hundred thousand square miles; and Mr. Prevost has travelled, with dogs and sledges, fifteen hundred miles on one trip to preach the gospel.

With dogs and sledges we say; but this does not mean that the missionary rode. He ran behind the sledges, for the dogs had enough to do to draw the food, clothing and blankets without an additional load of human beings.

"Of course," said Mr. Prevost, in giving an account of his work during a visit to the State of Washington, "there is a handle on the rear of the sled, and we can take hold of that in order to keep up with the dogs, which make about twenty-five miles a day." Like the apostle, this missionary might truly say that he had not run in vain for the Indians give proof of having heard him attentively. On one occasion a party of Tanana Indians travelled more than three hundred miles, with sleds and dogs, in order to bring to the mission station at Fort Adams the dead bodies of a woman and child, that they might receive Christian burial. Other Indians have journeyed four hundred miles in order to receive religious instruction from Mr. Prevost.

This missionary has induced these boreal Indians to build houses and adopt some of the ways of civilized life. He has a printing press, sets his own type, and issues a newspaper twice a year. It is true that he does not receive any news from the outside world. Although the missionary comes hard-

ships, he is not averse to using the resources of civilization in the propagation of the gospel. There are two thousand miles of navigable water, in summer, on the Yukon river, in this 'parish,' and he has hopes of obtaining an electric line which will enable him to make more rapid journeys in his work.—Youth's Companion.

NEED OF ONE ANOTHER.

The Use of Great Gifts, Not the Possession of Them is Honorable. "If the foot shall say, 'Because I am not of the body,' is it therefore not of the body? And if the ear shall say, 'Because I am not of the eye I am not of the body,' is it not therefore of the body? If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearings?"—1. Cor. xiii, 15-17.

In this part of the letter to the saints at Corinth the apostle is in no mood to feed the vanity, even of gifted men. We are all touched more or less with this weakness of vanity. We never say the thing in downright earnest, but we do act very frequently as if we thought it would be very hard for God to get along without us. Even this very apostle needed 'a thorn in the flesh' to keep him humble. The vanity that almost always accompanies great gifts does double harm, it spoils and mars the gifted man, and makes him so unhandy to his less gifted brethren. A man deserves no credit for the possession of great gifts, only for the use of them. He has lived to little purpose who, living long, has not learned that for real practical usefulness very gifted men have often proved sad disappointments. The man with a thousand talents has often done less for his fellows and his age than he who has only had five talents to use, but who has used them diligently and well, and that was a lesson of our dependence one upon another. The lordly brain can not get along without the aid of the lowly foot.

The strong right arm needs the tender sensitive eye. The boy who depends on all our life, far and wide and in all directions, the strongest of our day, the newspaper to our door is needed as truly as the skillful editor. Unless the little thing on the door be all right the door will not swing. The latchet on the shoe is as essential as the shoe, for the comfortable walking, the wonderful economy of our daily life would need one another of these things. The little thing worth the living but for this helplessness that comes from the right and the left, and from all sources far and near. We are needed by each other and we need each other. The mother needs the child, and the child needs the mother. The rich need the poor and the poor need the rich. The singer needs the listener and the listener needs the singer. Steadfast foot or ever-watchful eye, busy brain and busier hand—they all have need of one another. So we need each other for mutual help. We may well follow the apostle's exhortation, let us covet earnestly 'the best gifts,' but only that we may use them well.

How the Moon Can Smile.

The recent eclipse of the moon calls to mind an interesting bit of description given by the author of 'Linnings for Teachers.' Referring to the Scriptural verse, "The sun shall not smite thee by day nor the moon by night," the writer says: "The moon by night was full moon at this equator. With the sun standing directly overhead in December this means, not night, but a silver day of exceeding brightness, a blue sky, snow-white clouds, scarcely any stars visible. Upon such a night a stranger would wonder to see native people carrying an open umbrella. The fact is, such a radiant moon possesses the smiting power which the composer of the Psalm refers to. One walk out bareheaded, soon an unpleasant sensation of fulness will be felt above the temples, and the next day (or there may be a fever and symptoms occur of those of sunstroke. Many cases occur of people who have lain out in the open air being smitten by moonlight with local paralysis. Any of the features may become violently and permanently contorted. The mouth especially, sometimes, distinctly as to give the appearance of a hunched neck. This is the moon's David knew, and after beholding its beautiful yet dangerous brilliancy, the Psalm acquires a new force and sweetness.

'Died From This Shoe.'

Tigers are sometimes caught in the following manner: A bait is put in a certain position, leaves with birdlime upon them are scattered about here and there. The tiger treads on one—it sticks to his paw. Being a great cat, he tries to lick it off; it gets on his eyelids and closes them. He treads on another leaf, and gets his lips glued up, and so on, until after floundering about in a rage, he sinks down exhausted and is killed. And many an one strong, so far as natural strength is concerned, is slain in body, but prematurely in soul, by very small means. A microbe will infect a giant with a deadly disease, and destroy his life. A temptation very small also and will blind the eyes—one small lead on to another, and ruin ends the scene. We suspect danger in great temptations, but often our worst perils lies in small ones. 'Died from this shoe,' is the inscription on a young lady's tombstone—the cause seemed small, but it could produce death.—P. B. Power.

Singing With the Spirit.

Preaching on a recent Thursday at Litchfield Cathedral on the occasion of the triennial festival of the Litchfield Diocesan Choral Association, Dr. Forster, the Dean of Worcester, told the following anecdote. He said: "Do try to sing with the spirit and with the understanding also; and make melody in your hearts to the Lord. Long years ago I passed since, in conversation with one of the greatest, is not the very greatest, incidentally to mention that a young man in his very last hours told me that his first religious impressions, his first thoughts of his Saviour, were derived from hearing that person to whom I was speaking sing. I knew that my Redeemer liveth," from Handel's 'Messiah.' She looked at me

with that searching expression that belonged characteristically to herself, and then slowly there gathered two large tears in her eyes, and with trembling lips she said, 'I don't remember ever to have sung that song without prayer beforehand, and this is by no means the first time that I have had a similar answer to my prayers.'

Salaries of English Clergy.

English clergymen's salaries are not as high as is commonly believed. In Crocker's clerical directory for this year statements of the actual value of 8,636 benefices out of 13,243 in England are given. Of these 638 are worth \$500 a year or less, 2,748 more \$1,000 or less, 4,219 less than \$2,000, 792 less than \$3,000, 173 less than \$4,000, 43 only \$5,000 or less, and 23 more than \$5,000, 6 being above \$7,500 and but 1 of these above \$10,000. The nominal value in the case of the other 4,807 benefices is for nearly 3,000 less than \$1,500, and for a thousand more less than \$2,500. In addition to his income, however, the incumbent has the use of a house, and in the country at least of a garden.

Bibles in the House of Commons.

It is not known outside the House of Commons that several different versions of the Bible are in use for the swearing in of members. The revised version is used for Protestants the Duval version for Catholics, and a copy of the Bible in Hebrew for Jews. As they are all bound alike, it looks as if they are all identical. A whisper to the Clerk at the table, and the desired version is obtained.

A Book for the Needy.

The Bible is a book for the needy. If we go to it with a well defined want, we will have little difficulty in getting at its treasure. If we go to it for nothing in particular, we will get what we go for.

A Message From God.

'Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.' P.alm 27: 14.

FAVORS THE SHIRT WAIST.

It is Neat, Inexpensive and a Great Balm to the Working Woman. So long as woman's costume continues to be the tight-fitting, easily disarranged complexity that is to-day, anything which makes for simplicity and neatness in its construction is to be welcomed, in behalf not only of the very poor, but of all others also who have little leisure or money to spare in keeping their clothing tidy and clean. Anything which reduces the cost and care of every-day apparel is a boon alike to wearer and observer. This wholesome mission does the shirt-waist fulfill; but, as stated before, it, despite its merits, fashionable woman should wholly discard it, the poor will give it up also, since to continue its use would be to proclaim oneself unfashionable and poor—a species of self-advertisement not common to the people in this country. Deprived of this neat and serviceable article, thousands of women would be thrown back upon the tight-fitting stuff bodice for summer use, since the wearing of lawn, cambric, gingham, or duck costumes is beyond the means of all but a comparatively small number of the women who live in industrial and commercial centres. The uncertain summer climate, of which the sudden downpour is a conspicuous feature—the heat and the dust quickly reduce wash costumes to coil and limpness, so that, to be always fresh and clean in her attire, the working woman must, on average, change her costume two or three times a week. This onerous necessity places the daily lawn and kindred fabrics outside of daily possibilities for the operative and clerk. The uncleanness and discomfort of the nonwashable bodice in hot summer weather can hardly be exaggerated.

To this class the inexpensive, easily laundered, tidy shirt-waist has been a blessing. The very severity of its cut has been a lesson in good form to them. Obedient to fashion's dictates, the women wear, flaunted tawdry bits of lace and ribbon on their shabby bodices have discarded all ornamentation save the severest neat tie—another lesson in fitness. There is no reason why so sensible, clean, and comfortable a mode should not rival the popularity of the equally neat, if universally unbecoming sailor hat; and the grand dame who by example encourages the fancy for shirt-waists is doing the working woman a most kindly service. It is a species of missionary work (by which is much more important than by proxy) inducing contented savages into the mystery of conventional costumes.—Vogue.

Doubtful Arrangements.

In his desire to use fine language the darkey sometimes allows his ideas and statements to become a trifle confused, as well as confusing. Some years ago a handbill announcing a 'colored picnic,' to be held in a grove near a Southern city was freely circulated. After various highly enticing announcements relative to the delights in store for the partakers in this entertainment, the bill concluded with the following puzzling notice, printed in Italics: 'Good behavior will be strictly and reservedly enjoined upon all present, and nothing will be left undone which will tend to mar the pleasure of the company.'—Youth's Companion.

The Reason For It.

It took place in a little overgrown town in the far West. The man from the East had waited for two hours and seventeen minutes for an electric car. When it arrived at last, and he had climbed aboard, he asked the conductor,

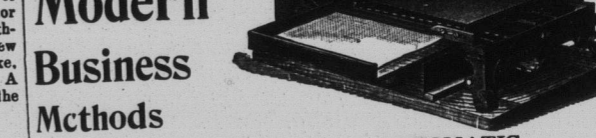
If You Wish to be

HAPPY

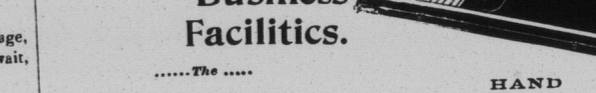
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SAVED MUCH SUFFERING.

REV. FATHER BUTLER'S INTERESTING EXPERIENCE. Suffered From an Abscess in the Side Which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured After Other Medicines Failed. (Caledonia, N. S., Gold Hunter). Faith leads many to believe, yet when one has experienced anything and has reason to rejoice, it is far stronger proof than faith without reasonable proof. About four miles from Caledonia, along a pleasant road, passing by numerous farms, lives Rev. T. J. Butler, the parish priest of this district. Reports having come to the ears of our reporter about a wonderful cure effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, he called on Mr. Butler to seek information about the subject. Mr. Butler spoke in very high terms of the Pink Pills, and said they had saved him untold suffering, and perhaps saved his life. The reverend gentleman felt a little hesitancy at giving a public testimonial at first, but after our reporter remarked that if one was really grateful for a remarkable cure, he thought

It was his duty to give it publicly for humanity's sake, he cheerfully consented. His story in his own words is as follows:— "I was led to take Pink Pills through reading the testimonials in the papers. I was troubled with an abscess in my side and had tried many different medicines without avail. I took medical advice on the subject, and was told I would have to undergo an operation to cure it which would cost me about \$100. At last I determined to try Pink Pills but without a great feeling of faith of their curing me. One box helped me and I resolved to take a three months course and give them a fair trial. I did so, and today I am completely cured of the abscess in my side through using Pink Pills, and I always recommend friends of mine to use Pink Pills for diseases of the blood. As Father Butler is well known throughout this county his statement is a clincher to the many wonderful testimonials that have appeared in the Gold Hunter from time to time. On enquiring at the store of J. E. Cushing and N. F. Douglas, it was found that Pink Pills have a sale second to none. Mr. Cushing on being asked if he knew of any Pink Pills had helped them wonderfully. If given a fair and thorough trial Pink Pills are a certain cure for all diseases of the blood and nerves, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling; therefrom, the after effects of a gripe, diseases depending on humors in the blood such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry overwork, or excess of any nature. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, postpaid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, or by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont. or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

WOMAN and HER WORK.

Once more the subject of the reckless and heartless slaughter of birds is being brought to your attention! The vice president of the English society for the protection of birds has written to the "London Meek" calling attention to the fact that the demand for the mixed plumes, was so fashionable in millinery that it has renewed the persecution of birds of Paradise, and certain species of the Heron tribe, known in the trade as ospreys or egrets, the dorsal feathers of these birds being only obtainable in the breeding season. The parent birds being ruthlessly slain at this time, in order to rifle them of the beautiful plumage which nature provides them with, during the nesting season the young ones are left to perish; and in this way extensive heronries in Florida and elsewhere have been entirely destroyed. Exact statistics of the damage done has been recorded by American and European naturalists, and indorsed by so high an authority as Professor Newton who expresses the wish that wearers of ornaments obtained at such a cost could be "tarred as well as feathered."

"More recently some arch enemy of bird life has discovered that the matchless plumage of the Bird of Paradise included forty tufts of long and delicate plumes, occasionally two feet in length, of intense golden yellow, and pale brown, which divided, bleached, or died, would sell for about twelve cents apiece, mix well with ospreys, and furnish a large profit to dealers therein, both wholesale and retail. The idea has been carried out with remarkable energy and success. The honorable secretary for the prosecution of crusty to birds, gives an instance of one London warehouse having sold 60,000 dozen of these mixed ospreys, during the recent season; in fact the use, or cruel abuse, has been so great, that Mrs. Lemon states that the prevailing impression in the trade is that the supply is failing—that these comparatively rare tropical birds are being rapidly used up. M. Jules Forestier writes in his "Oiseau dans la mode" that it is already difficult to procure perfect specimens, since none of them are allowed to live long enough to attain their full plumage, which in case of the male bird takes several years to develop. Is not the wholesale slaughter of herons and birds of paradise rather a heavy price to pay for any headgear? And might not some bird lover gain the ear and touch the heart of the lead of fashion, of the Princess of Wales and other royal princesses, and win from them as from Madame Carnot in the brief days of her power as Mme. la President of France, a strong and public protest against what Lord Gilford has termed the destruction of birds for the disfigurement of women's heads.

I am weary of the whole subject, disgusted and ashamed whenever I think about it, or hear of it! What is the use of a society for the protection of birds, if the powers of that body are so limited that they are unable to check the disgraceful trade? Of what avail that I, or any other writer, should use her pen, and what little influence she may command through the press in protesting against the senseless fashion of wearing the mummied corpses of birds which have been tortured to death, upon their heads, when one reads one week that Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales has pledged herself to discourage the slaughter of the birds in every way in her power, and utterly refuses to wear the plumage of any bird as a trimming or headpiece, and the next week the official account of some court function contains an elaborate description of the dress worn by the Princess of Wales, the court train of which was bordered with a trimming of bird's feathers? I forget now exactly what bird it was, but my impression is that Her Royal Highness was decorated with humming bird's breasts!

What does our wasted civilization amount to when we women, types as we should be of all that is gentle and merciful, can read the accounts which reliable journals publish of the horror which our fashion inflicts upon millions of the most beautiful and helpless of God's creatures and then placidly order a winter bonnet covered with wings, osprey plumes, or stuffed birds? We go to colleges, carry off half the honors from our male competitors take degrees, practice law and medicine, speak on platforms, clamor for woman suffrage and are even anxious to occupy the pulpit and preach, while assembled multitudes hold their breaths in awe and admiration. But we have not reached a sufficiently high state of culture, or sufficient strength of mind to keep from decorating our silly heads with the carcasses of God's wild creatures committed to a cruel death in order to gratify our wicked vanity.

Out upon you, my fellow women! I am named of you! I blush for you to such extent that I can scarcely see to write

this condemnation of you, and if ever I, one of the most loyal defenders of my own sex who ever gloried in the fact of her womanhood, and by wishing I had been born a man, it will be your fault! You, who luxuriate in your gaudy garments with the piteous cries of the slaughtered seals absolutely ringing in your ears, so graphically was their almost human agony at the "killing grounds" been described over and over again, the shrieks of the mother seal who sees her young one's brains beaten out before her eyes, and the pleading cries of the victims themselves should haunt you! You who clasp your cloak of soft glossy Persian lamb around your fair throat regardless of the well known fact that in order to obtain it, the Persian mother sheep is slaughtered before the birth of her young, because forsooth the skin of the unborn lamb is softer and finer than it will ever be should it be permitted to see the light! And yet you talk of feminine softness, gentleness; and you put on your Persian lamb cloak, and your wing trim and bonnet and bid you virtuously away to a meeting of some society for converting the heathen and making him see how entirely savage and unpleasant he is; you subscribe to the Foreign missions and contribute out of your pocket money towards sending helpless women, to christianize the heathen Chinese in his native, and—quite incidentally—to get butchered during the process. If the zealous missionary chooses to take her babies along and have them butchered also, of course that is her own affair, and nobody has any authority to interfere.

A man may be bold, and bad and altogether objectionable, but at least his hands are reasonably clean from the sacrifice of innocent blood for the gratification of his vanity. He wears an opposum coat sometimes, it is true, but he does it to keep warm, not to look pretty, and the opposum is usually either shot or trapped in decently fair war, not slaughtered in cold blood, with particularly resulting accessories. He wears an other cap, or a mink collar and cuffs on his coat when he can afford it, but I think if the fur trade depended on the masculine demand for the article, it would soon collapse, and the wild creatures roam the forests in security! Catch a man going about with stuffed birds wreathed about his manly brow! He has more sense.

Wear the bloomers, oh sister woman if you want to, and be a little man if you must! Button yourself up in a large frieze ulster, turn your collar up, and wear a yachting cap, a soft wide awake, or even a derby hat, anything, everything that is naughty and masculine, so long as it prevents you from displaying the cruelty which fashions feminine seem to demand from their votaries.

But I might as well spare myself the trouble of discussing the matter, for unless the slaughter of the birds is stopped by legislation, and rigid laws, made and enforced for their protection, it will go on with unabated energy, until some process of evolution has reduced the bump of sanity—if there is such an organ—in the head of the new woman, and elevated her reasoning, and benevolent faculties, into their proper prominence. The up to date dressmaker pays especial attention to the back lines of her customers, since all authorities agree that in a really good figure it is necessary for the lines of the back to be as perfect as those of the front, though this is far from common, and a perfect back is a very rare gift of nature. Therefore the dressmaker is compelled to carry out what nature left undone and call in her art, to aid concealing all defects. Of course if a woman won't stand properly no dressmaker can prevent the fatal fullness in front that destroys all beauty of contour, but she can build up a hollow in the lower part of the back to correspond with it, and make a series of curves that deceive the eye and cheat the beholder into the belief that nature is accountable for the satisfactory result. Perhaps the round shouldered woman is the hardest to deal with, but the blouse effect so popular now, is a boon to her, and a loose box plait falling from just where the unsightly curve begins at the shoulder gives a wonderful appearance of straightness to her while the closely fitted sides, and perhaps a strip of ribbon drawn from shoulder to waist at just the proper angle complete the illusion, and give the appearance of a perfectly symmetrical back.

ASTRA. Why a Dog Fainted. "Speaking of dogs," said superintendent John Horne of the Mt. Washington Railway, "did you ever see a dog faint away?" No one had. "Well, I have," said the veteran railroad official, and then he proceeded to tell of a very young pup which was taken from its mother and remained at the signal station on Mt. Washington all winter, several years ago. When taken down the mountain in the spring he met another dog, who undertook to make his acquaintance.

"You will observe," said Mr. Horne, "the young fellow didn't remember ever having seen a dog, and doubtless thought

the one before him was the only other dog in the world; so he keeled over in a faint.—Ex.

HAS A GARDEN OF GRASS.

Interesting Idea... Scientific Study of Nature's Useful Plant.

We were going to visit the grass garden, or, better, the turf garden, of J. B. Olcott in South Manchester, a few miles east from Hartford, Conn. Fancy a tract of grass land, over 400 feet wide, which is not like a pasture or a meadow, a medley of grasses and weeds, but a systematic arrangement of plots of distinct grasses, in rows extending the whole length of the garden. These plots are squares or oblongs, separated by lesser boundaries, save that two long homogeneous strips of chosen turf reach from end to end.

Says Mr. Olcott: "You are now in a purgatory. Grasses are tried here to see what they are good for. Those which stand the test will be promoted to paradise. As for the rest—well, they have their own places." His object is to discover the grasses which will produce turf—that close knit body of grass which fills all the ground, sustains all changes and fluctuations of temperature, all visitations or neglect of moisture, which endures droughts and is not drowned by floods, and which can never fail to furnish food for grazing animals.

In this pursuit Mr. Olcott has travelled over Europe and America, and has interested men in various other quarters of the globe. Six years ago he began this work, and started with native grasses from his own town, from neighboring towns, then from the States of the West and South, and finally went to Europe, and, carrying with him a great photograph of his turf garden, made that serve for introduction in lands where he could not otherwise be understood.

What, then is Mr. Olcott doing in this turf-garden? He is planting—not sowing—grasses; he is producing not hay, but turf. To this end it is that he has traversed our own country, north, south, east and west; has visited Europe and fetched sod from English commons and from Wyoming mountains; has plucked squares of grass from beneath tide waters in Welsh bays, and has brought them here and tried their dualities under identical conditions. When he first sets his bits of grass in his turf garden, they are separated into individual plants, and put several inches apart, into prepared ground, and in this, their first estate, he waters them assiduously, that they may have no excuse to fail of response, and these early beginnings are nursed with tenderest care. Sometimes they come to him as dry as dust itself, but it he gains of a turf a single living plant he makes it grow, and then as it develops and spreads he separates the growth into single plants and sets them out at regular intervals in a chosen plot as aforesaid, and out of these the squares of four feet each, or of greater dimensions, are carefully grown. When the plant is well established that grass plant gets no more watering than the heavens give it. All are sown alike, with the same fertilizer one manufactured for light lands, and all are constantly cropped, close by the lawn mower. Turf doesn't exist, it may be generally said, except by accident. Science has not reasoned it out what makes the close turf which one finds on English commons and on Highland hills. It is the survival of the fittest illustrated in emphatic evidence. The close gnawing and constant treading of grazing animals makes turf. But it can make it only where the proper grasses exist for such a project. Sometimes he finds patches of such grass in New England pastures, and sows upon them forthwith. His two chosen strips thus far are varieties of what the botanists call fescua. One is a grass which has been grown on the Connecticut meadows immemorially, and the other is one brought from England as a little square of turf which he has cultivated and replanted until it fills a strip as long as the other. The first stands well until the mercury mounts up to 80 degrees, and then it begins to wilt and droop, but it recovers in October, and is green when other grasses are faded. The English grass strip is unconquerably green in Spain, all the season long. His best examples of what turf may be come from English commons, trodden over for centuries by horses and cows, donkeys and sheep. There is nothing more wonderful in all this garden than a plot of fescua, the outcome of a little square of turf he cut out of Hatchets Green, near Salisbury, which is so closely matted that it seems as if scarcely the air can move between the blades. When he answered casually to an inquiring botanist that there were probably fifty blades to the square inch and was doubted, Mr. Wolcott took out a measured square inch and had the blades counted. There proved to be 232.

Mr. Olcott wants to see the hills of New England and all the Atlantic coast green with solid turf, and competent to the support of sheep and goats, for the sustenance of human beings. It is his thought that the people should come back to the soil from the cities, and there is no other way in which it can be accomplished except in a return to primitive conditions. The cultivator of a few acres must be able to gain his family's living out of his own bit of soil.—Springfield Republican.

Religious Restaurant. Probably the wealthiest restaurant proprietor in the United States is A. W. Dennett who owns coffee houses in Boston, Brooklyn, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and San Francisco. Twelve years ago Mr. Dennett was a railway con-

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TOLD OF AN ARMY SURGEON.

The Smart Far a Prospector and a Cowboy got the Drop on Him.

We were sitting about a camp fire while the troops were camped in Jackson's Hole after the Indian scare of not long ago—a number of the officers of the Ninth Cavalry and the writer—and one of the officers was telling about his experiences in the Apache country, though this story has nothing to do with the Apaches.

"Did you ever know Dr. Cockey of Cockeyville?" he asked of the others, and at that half a dozen of the group, laughed heartily. They had known the Doctor, who had served as a contract surgeon with several regiments.

"Well, did you ever see as good a horse trader as he was? No? Neither did I. One day an officer we all know very well came into camp on a fine animal that he wanted to sell. It was worth easily \$100 cash, but it had to go at what it would bring, because the owner had been ordered to Washington. The Doctor heard of it and looked the animal over. He said he didn't want it, but he liked to look at horses of all kinds. It seemed like a pretty fair horse, he said, the main fault being an incipient spavin, which ordinary observers would not easily detect. If it wasn't for that, &c., &c.—you know how candidly he can talk when slandering the other man's horse. The upshot of it was that he said if no better offer was made he would give \$60 for the animal, but he would like to take it out for a ride first, to see if there was anything else ailed it.

"The sale of horses was pretty slow about then, and the owner let the Doctor take it for a ride. Then the Doctor rode away on the trail, where his usual luck followed him. He met a prospector with two turcos and the usual outfit bound for the mountains, and stopped to talk. The Doctor was a most flatterer, you will remember, and as he talked he kept the horse showing to the best advantage. Pretty soon he saw the prospector eyeing the horse, and that was just what was wanted. A minute later the prospector said:

"That's a fine horse you're riding, sir." "Cockey agreed that it was in a very uncomplimentary manner, and went on talking about prospecting until the man once more complimented the horse and said it was just the animal for the Apache country. Still the Doctor was uncomplimentary and talked of other matters, but kept the horse on parade all the same. Finally the man could stand it no longer. He wanted the horse and he said:

"Of course a horse like yours is entirely out of reach of a man like me. I'd give everything I've got for him, but I know very well that wouldn't touch him. Still I'd like to know just what he is worth in this country."

"The Doctor was calmer and more uncomplimentary than ever. It was the best horse in New Mexico, of course, but it wasn't an expensive horse by any means."

"How much money have you got?" he asked.

"Only \$40 and this outfit," was the reply.

"Just unpack that burro," said the Doctor. There's a friend of mine has been sitting a burro."

"The burro was a first-class beast, but he was not exactly what the Doctor wanted, of course, and he asked the man for a look at the six-shooter in his belt. That was beyond criticism, and this Doctor said:

"I'll tell you what I'd do with you. I like your looks, and you are likely to need a first-class horse before you are done with your work. I'll tell you have the horse for the burro and \$90 if you'll throw in that revolver, but you must let me ride the horse back to camp first."

"The poor devil was overwhelmed with gratitude, and the trade was completed. Then the Doctor walked around to the offices, said he guessed he could get rid of the beast—any way, he'd take it to be accommodating—and paid over the \$90. I don't know just what he did with the burro, but he probably got a herd of cattle for it in time."

"That was just like Cockey," said another. "He has told me of a lot of such deals. He was really proud of every trade of that kind. Why, he had his shingle up for practice every place we camped, and he always made the patients pay cash in advance, too."

"That's what he did," said another—"every time but once. One day a cowboy came riding into camp with his horse in a team. One of the boys at the headquarters ranch had accidentally shot himself in such a way that prompt surgery would probably save his life.

"Will you come now?" asked the cowboy. "Certainly," said Cockey; "but I must have \$25 in advance for such a job."

"Oh, that's all right," said the cowboy, and he was away again without waiting an instant.

"So Cockey, although he was chagrined because he had not got the cash first, called out an ambulance and drove over to the ranch. The cowboy messenger was in front of the house as the ambulance horses stopped and he said:

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Simple Remedies for Many of the Little Ills That Flesh Is Heir To.

To relieve neuralgia, take powder composed of three grains of acetanilide and two grains of monobromate of camphor every three hours.

For hemorrhoids and piles apply twice a day compound gall and opium ointment. For red and inflamed eyes, bathe them several times a day with solution of 10 grains of pure borax and two ounces of camphor water.

For warts, soak with acetic acid and apply tannic acid.

For hoarseness, take one teaspoonful of compound tincture of benzoin to a pint of boiling water and inhale the vapor through an inverted paper tunnel.

For eczema, apply ointment composed of one drachm of oxide of zinc, one ounce of tar ointment and one ounce of cold cream. Take internally a spoonful of rhubarb and so la mixture after each meal.

For muscular rheumatism, massage with chloroform liniment, also mustard liniment. A Salol and phenacetin, five grains each once in three hours are recommended as internal remedies.

For boils, get sulphide of calcium in 0.15 fifth grain pills and take one every three hours; also take a good dose of rochelle salts in a glass of water before breakfast several times a week.

For tan and sunburn, apply lotion composed of ten grains of citric acid, one ounce of glycerine and one ounce of rose water.

For poisonous stings of insects, from the mosquito upward, keep on hand a liniment of equal parts of ammonia and sweet oil.

For keeping off malaria in the damp days of August and September, an 0.15 fire in the hearth beats drugs.

For hicough, take heaping teaspoonful of powdered sugar.

For paroxysm of coughing, take a spoonful of glycerine in hot milk.

For burn and removal of scar, apply immediately soda on damp cloth until first oint, then apply cosmoline.

For the bites, take five grains of salicylate of soda in water every three hours.

For itching apply a lotion composed of one part of water of ammonia, one part of water of ammonia, one part of spirit of camphor and two parts of alcohol as required.

For swelling and aching feet, bathe in hot water at night.

For corns, apply salve composed of 30 grains of salicylic acid, five grains of chlorhydrate and two drams of simple cerate. Apply at bedtime, cover with cloth or adhesive plaster and leave it on all night, scak the foot in hot water the next morning and the corn may be removed. If necessary repeat.

For headache caused by heat and overwork, take a teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia in a glass of iced water and lie down for rest in a cool dark room and the headache will be removed.

For excessive sweating of feet, bathe in hot water and dust with a powder composed of 30 grains of salicylic acid, one ounce of oxide of zinc and one ounce of lycopodium.

For itching of skin, apply lot in composed of 10 grains of menthol, 10 grains of camphor and one ounce of liquid alcoholene. For constancy, take teaspoonful of soda in glass of hot water on rising in morning. The Housekeeper.

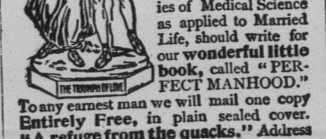
Cleaning Delicate Laces. Delicate white laces may be cleaned with calcined magnesia after a recipe of Madame Modjeska's. Spread the lace on a sheet of writing paper, sprinkle it on both sides with magnesia, place a second piece of paper over it, put away between the leaves of a book for three days, then shake off the powder, when the lace will be found perfectly clean. Laces are given a creamy hue by putting strained coffee or powdered saffron in the rinsing water until the right cream or color is procured. White silk laces are soaked in milk overnight, then souse in warm soapsuds, rinsed and finally pulled out and carefully pinned down while damp. Laces must be soaked, gently squeezed and clapped between the hands until dry or nearly so. They may be whitened by letting them stand covered with soapsuds in the sun, repeating the operation several times.—Ladies Home Journal.

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WHY FRUIT IS HEALTHFUL.

There is a philosophy in the Use of it as Part of Our Regular Food.

Ripe fruits contain a large amount of sugar in a very easily digestible form. This sugar forms a light nourishment, which, in conjunction with bread, rice, etc., form a food especially suitable for these warm colonies; and when eaten with, say, milk or milk and eggs, this whole forms the most perfect and easily digestible food imaginable. For stomachs capable of digesting it fruit eaten with pastry forms a very perfect nourishment, but I prefer my cooked fruit covered with rice and milk or custard.

I received a book lately written by a medical man advising people to live entirely on fruits and nuts. I am not prepared to go so far—by the way, he allowed no meat to be taken with it—for, although I look upon fruit as an excellent food, yet I look upon it more as a necessary adjunct than as a perfect food of itself. Why for ages have people eaten apple sauce with their roast goose and sucking pig? Simply because the acids and pectones in the fruit assist in digesting the fats in this kind of food. For the same reason at the end of a heavy dinner we eat our cooked fruits, and when we develop we take them after dinner in their natural, uncooked state as desert.

In the past ages instinct has taught men to do this; to-day science tells them why they did it, and this same science tells us that fruit should be eaten as an aid to digestion of other foods much more than it is now. Cultivated fruits such as apples, pears, cherries, strawberries, grapes, etc., contain on analysis very similar proportions of the same ingredients, which are about eight per cent. of grape sugar, three per cent. of pectones, one per cent. of malic and other acids, and one per cent. of flesh-forming albuminoids, with over eighty per cent. of water.

Digestion depends upon the action of pepsin in the stomach upon food, which is greatly aided by the acids of the stomach. Fats are digested by these acids and the bile from the liver. Now, the acids and pectones in fruit peculiarly assist the acids of the stomach. Only lately even royalty has been taking lemon juice in tea instead of sugar, and lemon juice has been prescribed largely by physicians to help weak digestion, simply because these acids exist very abundantly in the lemon—Popular Science Monthly.

How to Breathe. An old gentleman gave good advice to a young lady who complained of sleeplessness. He said: "Learn how to breathe, and darken your room completely and you won't need any doctoring."

"Learn how to breathe! I thought that was one thing we learned before coming into a world so terribly full of things to be learned," the insomnia said roughly.

"On the contrary, not one in ten adults knows how to breathe. To breathe properly is to draw the breathe in long, deep inhalations, slowly and regularly, so as to relieve the lower lungs of all noxious accumulations. Shallow breathing won't do this."

"I have overcome nausea, headache, sleeplessness, seasickness, and even more serious threatenings by simply going through a breathing exercise—pumping from my lower lungs, as it were, all the malarial inhalations of the day by long, slow ample breaths. Try it before going to bed, making sure of standing where you can inhale pure air, and then darken your sleeping-room completely. We live too much in an electric glow after this experiment is fairly tried, I shall be surprised."—Ran's Horn.

Historical Anecdotes. "Would to God that night or Blucher would come!" exclaimed the Duke of Wellington, as his anxious eye surveyed the dark masses of Napoleon's forces.

"Night will be here in three hours and eleven minutes, your Grace," said his chief of staff, consulting his watch.

"Oh, I ain't so particular about night," responded the Iron Duke.

"All is lost save honor," exclaimed Francis I., as he looked upon his defeated army.

"How about honor?" asked the sorrowing courtier.

"Oh! we didn't have any of that," "forty centuries look down on you from the pyramids!"

"Oh, they look down on us, do they?" asked Murat. "Well, I should think forty centuries on top of the pyramids would feel stuck up!"

"Stuck up?" said the little Corsican: "They are out of sight!"

"Gentlemen of the English Guards, fire first," shouted the French Guards at Fontenoy, as they encircled themselves behind a brick wall.—Boston Transcript.

Arabian Women in Mourning. Arabian women who have to go into mourning stain their hands and feet with indigo for eight days, and during that time they will drink no milk, on the ground that its white hue does not harmonize with their mental gloom.

If you only knew what was in the air; health? Yes! but also colds, coughs, influenza and bronchitis for these of weak throat and lungs at this season of the year. Have a bottle of Hawker's balsam of tolu and wild cherry always on hand; it is a sure cure for all forms of throat and lung troubles.

In bad cases of catarrh the nasal crassness becomes diseased, producing disagreeable discharges. Hawker's catarrh cure will positively cure the most aggravated cases. Only 5c. a bottle.

Don't take whiskey to warm you up and break a cold. A little of Dr. Manning's warm remedy diluted in hot water is much better and is not intoxicating.



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SERVANTS IN ENGLAND.

FEATURES IN THE LIFE OF GIRLS AT DOMESTIC SERVICE.

The Demand for Help is Large and Wages are on the Increase—Good Characters a Very Important Essential—Where the Hired Girl Has Advantages.

Many girls have to answer the question: "How shall I get a living?" Their parents may be poor, or they may have no living friends that they care to depend on and so this question forces its way to the front. On the other side of the Atlantic the question is particularly keen, as the number of children to each family is much greater. Many girls have the extraordinary idea that domestic service is menial and derogatory—and so they prefer what is called the independence of factory life with (in England) its small wages, great temptations and hard work. This is a foolish error. Any work is good if it is thoroughly honest and upright and it is quite un-American to look down upon any persons earning an honest living. Domestic service in England is really one of the best and easiest ways in which a capable girl may be independent. Nearly all well-off persons keep two or three girls in the house. In average families they are called cook and housemaid. The cook does kitchen work and the other girl the chamber work. This dividing the work makes it easier for both, and the English girl does not have to work nearly so hard as her American cousin. Extra work is nearly always called for in washing and also when large parties are given. It is very common to find from four to eight girls in wealthy families, while in aristocratic ones the number may range from twelve to fifty or more. Of course these are differently ranked and in large establishments are superintended by a housekeeper. As a general thing a girl is better off as regards accommodations, wages and leisure in a large establishment, but is more liable to dismissal—often owing to the family leaving for the "season" elsewhere.

In England, as a rule, they do not eat with the family. The kitchen is made bright and comfortable and they spend their evenings there. One or two evenings a week they take a holiday but not often. In good families their welfare physical and moral is well looked after. A doctor is called in for illness and books and other interesting works lent them. They are supposed to partake of the same dishes as the family except in very large establishments where a "servants hall" is provided and where they are waited upon by footmen.

Children are not supposed to take any liberties with the help and are not allowed in the kitchen to interfere with the girls in their work. Boot-blacking, cleaning knives and odd work of such kind is done by a boy hired for the purpose. The worst situations for domestic help in England are those in small families that require a "general" help but cannot afford to pay her properly and work her very hard. This is a thankless position, and I cannot understand a girl of ability putting up with it. There is always a great demand in England for good girls and the wages are rising every year.

One thing many English girls put up with is the wearing of a cap. Some families require their help to wear a cap not unlike what is worn by a hospital nurse. Many girls have objected to this and have even given up good places on account of it.

A girl's character is her first consideration. With a bad character she is helpless. Every lady requires a first class character from the former employer and sometimes searches farther for information. A girl that has been in trouble has no chance, unless, as there has often happened, a Christian woman, in the spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ has helped the fallen one to regain a standing in the world. Besides this there are homes of refuge and reformation open in all large cities, especially in London. With regard to the girls' education, it is much better than what it used to be and is often very superior. In the nursery especially the help is highly valued, often highly refined. The girls dress very well and are most particular about their appearance. In good families they are always smart and attractive. It is quite common, though not so frequent as formerly, for girls to live with a family from two to twenty years, and after a long time they are sometimes pensioned. When they are married they receive a handsome present, and, if old servants, are mentioned in their employer's will in sums from \$250 to sometimes \$5,000 and more, or an income of \$300 to \$750 a year. As I previously said, it is in families where only one girl is hired that she is worst off.

We come next to wages. There is a great variation in salary. For "general helps" it may vary from \$60 a year to \$90 a year—paid monthly. For housemaid when a cook is kept it will be from \$70 to \$90. Girls in large establishments get higher pay—from \$80 to \$150 and private rooms. Cooks get about \$75 in small houses, and \$125 in large ones. It must be remembered that when there are many visitors the girls get "tips" of \$1 or \$2 or more. It must also be borne in mind that the purchasing power of one dollar is much greater in England than in America and that a girl can save much of her wages, and in fact is very often "help" at once without giving her a month's wages; if she wishes to discharge

her she must give a month's notice or the money.

A curious feature in English life is the "beer" question. Many, in fact most, servants expect beer, and it is customary to allow \$10 to \$15 a year extra if beer is not given. Some women advertise for abstainers, others mention the allowance in place of beer in the advertisement. It is quite common to read the following: "Wanted, a good plain cook—25 to 30—active and well recommended, £2 in place of beer. Apply Mrs. —"

Servants who stay year in and out get vacation with wages in the summer. In fact many go with the family to the seaside. A good girl in a God-fearing family is so highly thought of that she is regarded more as a daughter than a servant. Nothing could exceed the kind way and pleasant life of girls in Christian families which are fairly wealthy, and the greatest personal attachment grows up on both sides. Years after they may have left their employer's service they correspond and are welcome to their house at any time. There has been a great change in England in domestic service the past ten years—wages higher, girls more independent and a servant's union has been formed. There is more changing places now than used to be the case. Girls want to seek a different situation constantly, and as good ones are in demand all over the country they easily get positions but, there are plenty of ignorant, inferior girls to be had. Many girls, very refined and well educated, have entered service as nurses, help and assistants in light housework. This, no doubt, is partly due to the curious fact that servants are paid higher than governesses. That a girl who can teach the children French, English, music and painting gets less salary than a cook in fact only very often half the salary.

Why girls are foolish enough to endure the miseries of factory life I don't know, except for the many companions they may have. There are few factories in England that offer any such inducements as are offered in a good household. Apart from advantages in salary the moral advantages are obvious. Very few girls can come out of factory life without being rougher and more unwomanly in every respect, while in good service the English girl has all the advantages that a comfortable home can offer, and the difference between an English servant and a factory girl is immediately seen. The one is smart, attractive and well spoken, the other is rude, coarse and uneducated. Of course American factory life is quite different to that of England and a good many well educated and cultivated girls work in "shops," while on the other hand few American girls care about housework. This may be due partly to the great amount of work that a girl is expected to do and the fact that few families can afford to keep more than one girl. I think that much of the success in English domestic life is due to the personal attachment of the girls to their employer's family—Spencer J. Phillips.

Rat-Catching Clams.

They tell big stories about the feats of Puget Sound clams, but the one told by Edward A. Chase, of the North Pacific Fish company, is but a trifle ahead of most of them.

Saturday morning, when Mr. Chase went into his warehouse he heard a rustling in a box of clams. On investigating he found that a rat had invaded the box, and just as he approached, the jaws of a monster clam shut down on the rodent's tail, holding it fast. The rat squealed, but the clam held it tight. Mr. Chase, anticipating the comment of friends who would cry clam story, when he would relate the circumstances, called witnesses, and then set about extricating the imprisoned rat. The result was that the rat was released, but got away minus an inch of tail.

An hour or so later Mr. Chase returned to the warehouse to find that another daring rat had ventured into the box, and in an attempt to pull some of the clams out of the shell with his forefoot had also been made a prisoner by the clam shutting down on the member. For several hours the firmly attached pair were exhibited, and then the rat was killed.—Weekly Sitings.

Could Afford It as Last.

Mrs. S. was much interested at one time in a poor widow whom she had employed, who found great difficulty in getting a living. After a while, however, the widow married a man with some money and in a fair business, and Mrs. S. rejoiced over her fortunate prospects. A few weeks later, however, she met the former widow dressed in the deepest of mourning. Shocked and sympathetic, Mrs. S. said, "Why, Mary, I hope you have not met with any loss."

"Sure, Mrs. S.," replied Mary, "when my poor Tom died I was that poor that I couldn't put on the bit of mourning for him, and I said that when I could I would, and so I have."

The new husband must have been a curmudgeon if he had objected to this.—Boston Transcript.

Why He Didn't Give Thanks.

The season had been an exceptionally bad one for farmers, but in a country church, not a hundred miles from Arbroath, the office-bearers had resolved, according to custom, to hold the annual harvest thanksgiving service. It was noticed that on that particular Sunday Mr. Johnstone, a regular attendant and a pillar of the church's (whose crops had turned out very poorly), was not in attendance. The minister in the course of the following week met Mr. Johnstone, and inquired of him the reason of his absence from church on such an important occasion. "Well, sir," replied Mr. Johnstone, "I dinna care about approachin' my Maker in a speerit o' sarcasm."—Scottish American.

IN AN ISLAND OF SLEEP.

CURIOSITY'S "NEUTRALIZING EFFECT" OF THE "NODD BREEZES."

Memories of Thomas Moore the Poet in the Beautiful Islands—The Land Where the Unexpected is met—Some Geological Curiosities—Massive Fortifications.

Writing from Bermuda, Fannie B. Ward says: In these summer Isles, which were the scene of Prospero, incantations and Ariel's tricky doings, there is a certain narcotic influence in the air, an element of poetic laziness, which makes one speedily forget that New York city, with all the bustle of the near-by-twentieth century, is distant only a few hours' journey. Old Caliban seems to have left behind him a numerous progeny, whose descendants do not relish working any more than he did for his master. On this point Anthony Trollope was not very complimentary to the modern Bermudians, when he wrote: "To say that they live for eating and drinking would be to wrong them; they lack the energy for full gratification of such vicious tastes. To live and die as their fathers and mothers did before them, in the same houses, using the same furniture, nurtured on the same food and enjoying the same immunity from the dangers of excitement."

A good deal of this universal sleepiness may be attributed to the climate. We had heard a great deal about the disagreeable effects of the south wind in Bermuda—how it generates so much moisture as to quickly cover everything with green mold.

So during the first fortnight here we were continually looking out for moldiness and running about the corner of the hotel to note the direction of the wind by the flag on the signal station; but day after day the wind remained in the north and everything was literally "dry as a bone"—dry as any other lump of coral rock exposed to uninterrupted sunshine would be. When we gave up expecting southerly winds and forgot that such a thing as dampness existed, I think it was a Frenchman who remarked that nothing happens but the unexpected. This is especially true when travelling in the tropics. If you are on the lookout for snakes, tarantulas, etc.; you rarely meet one of them; and everybody knows that the surest way to prevent rain is to go prepared for it, with gum shoes and umbrella. Just so with Bermuda weather. During our two months' stay the thermometer has never risen above 76 degrees; nearly every night a blanket has been needed, and on more evenings than one, a little fire to sit by would have been welcome.

But there came a day when we were overtaken by strange lassitude, when to walk the length of a block became extreme fatigue and desire to lie supine irresistible.

After a week of it, every day worse than the preceding, we concluded we were ill and called in a Bermudian doctor. But the man of pills merely laughed at us, and said, "It is always so when the south winds blow." And true enough—too true, in fact—the wind, which for weeks we had neglected to watch, was blowing straight from the south. Shades of "spring fever" and sassafras bitters! The weather was not hot, but so humid was the atmosphere, so clammy and sticky, that next to Rio Janeiro it was altogether the meanest I have ever experienced. Fortunately, however, the wind, which "bloweth where it listeth," comes Bermudeward almost always from the north, and the climate is all that could be desired.

As peculiar as the weather is the geological formation of these islands. Of white stone composed of minute shells, so soft that it seems as if you might cut up the whole archipelago with a pair of scissors; and yet more peculiar is their natural history. There are but four native animals in the Bermudas (three rats and a mouse—speaking of species, not individuals) and resident birds. But to the bird family are added 169 species of the migratory sort, which flock here with the tourists in "the fall of the year." There is only one reptile, the lizard, and no snakes at all. But insects abound, and great numbers of corals and sponges; and fish are so abundant that upwards of 120 kinds have been enumerated.

Perhaps the spot most frequented by tourists is the once "secluded glen" near the Walsingham caverns, where Tom Moore lived for a time and sang the charms of the Bermudian ladies. The ancient calabash tree, under which the lazy poet loved to recline, like Jonah beneath his gourd, still lives, in spite of the severe hacking it has received from generations of vandal tourists, whose carved names are rapidly blurring by saline moisture and the jack-knives of their successors.

Even the wooden bench beneath the tree is still as much an object of curiosity as it ever was the original one upon which the poet actually sat—and nobody knows how many times it has been replaced, each new bench being carried off, piecemeal, by travellers, as in the days before Garfield's inaugural, when patriotic Americans made a Mecca of the Mentor farm, and carried off not only the President's crops, but those of his neighbors, for the good-natured farmers of the vicinity dumped loads upon loads of apples into the Garfield orchard, and corn into the fields, to be taken away by the pilgrims and treas-

CORNWALL'S BICYCLE AGENCY.

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

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

Table with 2 columns: Wheel Model and Price. Models include Junior (\$35.00), Empi e (Royal Mail) (50.00), Prince and Princess (50.00 each), Crescents (55.00 to \$80), Spartan (70.00), Duke and Duchess (75.00), Fleet La lies an l Ge t l me i s (90.00), Road King (90.00), Davies Uptodate (100.00), Keating Ladies and Gentlemen's (110.00), Hyslops (110.00), Whitworth's (110.00), Beeston Humber (120.00 to \$125).

We can meet all demands both in quality and price.

REPAIRS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

We have Second Hand Wheels for Sale

Also full assortment of Cycle Accessories. See our samples and get our catalogue before purchasing and you will not make a mistake.

IRA CORNWALL General Agent, IRA CORNWALL Special Agent

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used as precious trophies of Garfield's own raising.

A gay deceiver was the Irish poet, for while writing love-lorn ditties to "Nea, the Rose of the Isles" (Miss Fanny Tucker), he was filling letters to his mother with such expressions as these:

"You must not be surprised, dear mother, if I fall in love with the first pretty face I see on my return home, for certainly the human face divine has degenerated wonderfully in these countries; and, if I were a painter, and wished to preserve my idea of beauty immaculate, I would not suffer the brightest belle of Bermuda to be my housemaid."

So, perhaps it was well that Miss Fanny, "the Rose of the Isles" heeded not the rather hysterical invitation of the smatery bard, who besought her to "fly to the region of snow" with him, but very sensibly preferred to stick to her native "silvery bowers." She wedded a cousin, whose name was also Tucker, and their descendants yet live upon the island, and never fail to tell you that their "beautiful ancestress was Tom Moore's sweetheart."

Another delightful drive is to Spanish Rock, on Knaptown Hill, and by the way, you must not confound Spanish Rock with Spanish Point, for one is on the north shore and the other on the south, at opposite ends of the island.

Going to Spanish Rock you drive to the foot of the hill, tether your horse to a convenient tree and walk up the steep slope through a cedar grove, intersected by winding paths that lead to nowhere. Birds are singing, wild flowers blooming; and being completely shut in from all sight and sound of the sea, you almost imagine yourself among the evergreen hills of our north-land. But presently you come out by a brackish pond, its sandy shores completely riddled with crab holes, as unlike as possible to our clear, sparkling mountain lakes. Beyond are ragged rocks and bustling crags over and around which you pick a difficult passage—to be repaid at last by the grandest sea-view in Bermuda. From the far horizon the impetuous waves come sweeping in—a mighty host, dashing madly against the rocky barrier and leaping heavenward in impotent rage. With just such fury did they storm and about centuries ago when a Spanish ship went down before them and Ferdinand Camilo, escaping by a miracle, carved his name and a rude cross, with the date, 1543, where you may yet see it, on a tall, smooth stone called "Spanish Rock."

But so many Smiths and Browns and Jones have since out their commonplace names all around it, with the reckless peculiarity of such people, that this interesting relic of antiquity is in danger of being quite destroyed. If you happen to reach here at flood-tide, the whole broad expanse will be under water; and the billows, dashed to fury rage so tremendously that the whole island seems to tremble with the shock; and again the water is so marvelously still and clear that from cliffs forty feet above the sea you can count shells and pebbles lying on the sandy bottom, twenty feet below. Then it is hard to believe that these tranquil waves, smiling in the enchanted air, can have lured so many of the sons of man to destruction.

Whatever you miss in Bermuda it must not be a visit to Ireland Island, which, next to Malta, is England's most important military position. The little island, not more than a mile long by a quarter wide, is connected with Waterford, Boaz, and Somerset islands, their wastes having been partially leveled by convert labor during the years when this small archipelago was

so heavily burdened with England's worst criminals. The importance of Bermuda as a naval station was recognized early in the present century, and preliminary operations for a dockyard on Ireland Island began. Slave labor was then in vogue here, and skilled artisans were sent from England to superintend them. In 1842 it was decided to substitute convict labor, and 300 felons were dispatched as a commencement. This number was soon augmented by fresh arrivals, until 2,000 criminals were crowded upon the little island. They were distributed in bulk, in the "chambers" of the dockyard and in prisons erected in the adjacent island of Boaz, which are now used as barracks. Naturally the condition of things was simply awful, and in 1851 it was decided to abolish the system altogether. Successive drafts were sent to England and Australia, and the convict period closed in Bermuda. From first to last, something over 10,000 felons have lived in this small colony. There is an old burial ground on Boaz Island, where many of them found a last resting place. Upward of 1,500 of them died during the yellow-fever epidemic of 1853.

From Hamilton's beautiful sunlit bay you glide in and out among the fairy islets of the Great Sound, that reminds you of the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence. Pressing the shore of Somerset and Boaz, you get a good view of the naval and military hospitals, with their broad verandas and shaded grounds. The arsenal on Ireland Island is a very important one; the "chambers," or open basins, improved by the erection of a breakwater, are comely enough to accommodate the whole English fleet along its wharves. Several men-of-war are swinging at anchor in Grassy Bay, with a multitude of smaller craft; and in her majesty's dockyard, bristling with forts and batteries and alive with soldiers, mariners, and busy workmen, the Admiral's ship is lying by for repair. A large number of war vessels, including the flagship of the North American fleet, always rendezvous here during the winter; and there are local officers, with their staff and naval employes, including 100 seamen, 150 mariners, and not less than 800 dockyard laborers. There is a steam factory of the first class and every facility for repairing ships of any size.

The fortifications are considered absolutely impregnable under existing conditions of attack, and the important position is completed by the famous floating dock, which was launched at Sheerness, England, in 1866, towed across the Atlantic, and brought into the present position after an exciting voyage of fifty-six days. This enormous structure is said to be the largest of its kind in the world. It is 381 feet long, 124 feet broad, and 74 feet deep, with forty-eight water-tight compartments. It weighs over 8,300 tons, draws eleven feet of water when light and fifty feet when sunk. It took two years to build it, and cost £230,000.

One of the main objects of these heavy-armed forts and batteries which bristle all over the islands is the defense of this valuable dock. In addition to the visible fortifications, which are arranged and equipped according to the elaborate English plan, there is a submarine mining establishment by which torpedoes and other subsidiary methods of defense can be put down at short notice, and movable road batteries are prepared to supplement the stationary defenses and to command points where landing might be attempted on the south side of the island. Therefore, Uncle Samuel with his poor little navy and all other powers may as well keep their hands off, for small and insignificant as these islands are, they can easily hold their own as long as England remains mistress of the sea.

Worth the Admission.

Farmer Makestraw—I say, Mariah, we must all drive in to Squashtown next week. A fellow named Professor Flyhigh is going up in a balloon, and then he'll jump off

with nothin' but an umbrella to hold him.

Mrs. Makestraw—Is it a free exhibition? Farmer Makestraw—No, it will cost us 25 cents apiece, but if that umbrella ain't no stronger than most that's sold nowadays we'll get the worth of our money.—New York Weekly.

Took him at his Word.

A Detroit drummer was made the victim of a cruel error recently, and he could scarcely be persuaded not to sue the telegraph company for irreparable, exemplary and punitive damages, besides going to the office with a club. It seems that while he was away on a trip a boy, the only one among several girls, had come to his house, and the glad tidings were wired him on the spot. In response this telegram was received:—"Halloo! I am experiencing the greatest joy of my life." The fact that he does "celebrate" occasionally was against him, and such an open confession as this was dreadful, and the entire family was almost thrown into hysterics. Two days later he came home, and was pained by the reception he received. Explanations were demanded and he showed a copy of the original telegram, which read:—"Halloo! I am experiencing the greatest joy of my life."—Detroit Free Press.

A Pointed Aphorism.

All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

That is because his nerve energy is exhausted faster than nature can renew it. Then Jack, whether he be boy or man, needs rest and a course of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic to renew his vitality and make him fit for work once more.

The country is filled with people who are overworked, or who over-work themselves. To these Hawker's tonic is a boon and a blessing. It's use, if accompanied with common sense precautions as to diet and habits, will give tone to the stomach and nerves and vigor to the mind and body. It renews health. Dyspepsia, general debility or nervous prostration is overcome and life becomes once more a pleasure to be enjoyed rather than a burden to be borne. This remedy is beyond question the one thing needful when a man or woman is suffering from any disease arising from nerve exhaustion, bad digestion, or impoverished blood. It is sold at 50 cents per bottle or \$2.50 for six bottles, and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co., (Ltd) St. John, N. B., and New York City.

Knew The Answer.

The teacher of the Sunday school class was telling the little boys about temptation and showing how it sometimes came in the most attractive attire. She used as an illustration the paw of a cat.

"Now," said she, "you have all seen the paw of a cat. It is as soft as velvet, isn't it?"

"Yesem," from the class. "And you have seen the paw of a dog?"

"Yesem."

"Well, although the cat's paw seems like velvet, there is, nevertheless, concealed in it something that hurts. What is it?"

No answer. "The dog bites," said the teacher, "when he is in anger; but what does the cat do?" "Scratches," replied the boy. "Correct," said the teacher, nodding her head approvingly. "Now what has the cat got that the dog hasn't?" "Whiskers!" said a boy on the back seat; and the timer that ran around the class brought the lesson to an end.—Boston Courier.

IN THE OTHER BERTH.

"This will be your berth, sir, No. 81," said the berth steward, ushering me into a cosy little cabin. "Your friend can have 83; the lower berths with not be occupied."

rest of your things on, please, and come along quietly." "But what's the meaning of all this?" I asked in bewilderment, as the handkerchiefs were tucked directly into my pockets.

THE TALKING WATCH.

Messrs. Spartan & Plowing prided themselves upon being the best jewellers in Cartwich. They were a very go-ahead firm, and in their windows the greatest novelties in watches and clocks could always be seen.

At five minutes to 1 Mr. Bunsner came in. He asked to see the new watch. Mr. Bunsner was a very rich manufacturer, and spent his money very freely.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.



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.

DIED.

Truro, Sept. 17, George Smith, 58. Truro, Sept. 15, Fraser M. MacKay. Kings, Sept. 13, Thomas Weldon, 67.

BORN.

Truro, Sept. 16, to the wife of Ed. Bruce, a son. Moncton, Sept. 15, to the wife of D. E. Shaw, a son.

MARRIED.

Truro, Sept. 15, by Rev. F. W. Parker, Fred Fowle to Laura Logan. Truro, Sept. 17, by Rev. W. F. Parker, John Oakes to Mary Johnston.

Advertisement for Smokey's Choice Tobacco, featuring a man smoking a pipe and the text 'MAHOGANY'.

DENTISTRY IN OREGON.

The Man who Did Not Advertise that He Had any Painful Method. "When I was travelling through southern Oregon last month," said Attorney W. W. McNair, "I found myself in a small village and with a large toothache."

From the Toronto Globe Sept. 5th.

Odorama is the name of the latest thing for the teeth, introduced into Canada by the Aroma Chemical Co. It seems to be of Toronto at any rate, owing, no doubt, to it having been endorsed by well-known professional experts as much as to recommendation from one to another.

An Educational Scrapbook.

One mother has introduced a new occupation to her children. This is the construction of a scrapbook of noted people of the day. Each has a page on which a newspaper picture is pasted at the top.