

PROGRESS.

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FEELING OVER A RACE

RACKERS OF HALIFAX OARSMEN DO NOT LOVE EACH OTHER.

How one of the Boats was Procured—Where Will the Race be Rowed—Sharp Words and Blows Over the Air—the Vail Challenge From St. John.

HALIFAX, July 28.—The sport loving public of this city are becoming very greatly interested in boat racing this season, and before it closes some good races probably be the outcome. [Aquatic sports hereabouts are very popular, and no matter how small the event is, great interest is always manifested in it. Like every other thing there is bound to be bad feeling over it, and there is no exception in the present mance up over boating matters. The way the affair now stands is not at all creditable to a few who are taking a very prominent part. Of course all of them are not to blame, one or two being the cause of all the trouble that has arisen. The principals who are behind the racing men are not on the best of terms, and from the present standpoint they are divided into two parties. The men who are being brought out and placed in racing shells are Michael Lynch and John Brennan. Both men have had considerable practice and it was thought about time to have them brought together and test their relative merits. The question of providing boats caused some of the trouble. The party who are behind Brennan provided him with a shell, and issued a challenge to Lynch. The men who are backing the latter ordered a shell from England some months ago, and it has been lying in bond at the custom house here for over six weeks. The boat was built by Clasper and is said to be a beauty. There were certain conditions on which the boat was to be obtained. Messrs. Fraser and Gowen the sporting representatives of the "Mail" and "Echo" respectively were to provide funds for the payment of half the cost of the boat, while Messrs. Quirk and Porrior were to make up the balance. The newspaper men came up all right with their share, but the other pair were somewhat slow in coming to time, and as a result the boat remained in bond till the last moment. The Brennan party were urging matters for all they were worth on the others and finally the backers of Lynch were forced to make a match for \$200 a side. Then the balance of the money for the scull was soon brought forth, and the boat taken out of bond. While the match was being made some unpleasantness occurred between two of Lynch's friends. One of them was a Brennan man up to a short time ago but he has since changed his coat and came over with the other party. He was the aggressor in the assault but his assailant after striking him promptly admitted that he was too hasty and apologized for what he had done. The parties are bitter against each other, and the outcome of the race will be the only thing that can settle their difficulties. Some of the match makers desired to have the race rowed on the Arm while others wanted it on the Basin. The Brennan party are in favour of the latter course as they stand in with John Gough who keeps the three mile house, and on a race day he sells lots of "refreshments" and helps them out with any expenses that are liable to occur. The men who are prominent behind Brennan are Jim Salterio, and the proprietor of the "Hub." The Lynch party will take pretty good care to have the course properly measured and there will be a strict proviso inserted in the articles of agreement "that Shorty will have nothing to do with the placing of the buoys," as his handling of them recently was not very satisfactory to many. Some two weeks ago a challenge came through the "Sun" from Harry Vail, formerly of St. John but now of Baltimore to row Lynch. The latter's backers wired the sporting representative of the "Sun" about making a match, but up to the present time no reply has been received from him and nothing further has been heard about Mr. Vail.

FOR A POPULAR POLICEMAN.

Thousands of Votes Cast for Sergeant Kline of Halifax.

HALIFAX, July 28.—There has just been brought to a close in this city a very successful bazaar under the auspices of the members of St. Patrick's parish. Among the many schemes that were introduced at the fair for making money was a voting contest for the most popular member of the

police force. In this contest the prize was a very handsome gold watch and chain and the officer who received the most votes got the prize. It cost the person who cast the vote 10 cents for that privilege. Of course all policemen are popular, that is unless they are off the force, with the majority of people. There were quite a number of the blue coats after the coveted prize at the opening of the contest, but suddenly something happened and all but three of the officers retired. The something that happened was just this. One of the officers Edw. Prince, who had a relative interested in the affair managed by some means or other to procure for him several books of tickets. He had them some six weeks in advance of his brother officers, and had disposed of a large number of them. He had a cinch on the others, and that is why so many of them dropped out of the contest. They felt highly indignant when they learned of the unfair way that they had been treated and considerable dissension soon sprang up amongst the men. Each were envious of the other, and bad feeling made its appearance in many quarters. The general opinion of those who were informed of what had taken place, was that the affair should not have been tolerated in the slightest degree by the heads of the department. The three remaining officers who fought the contest out to a finish, left no stone unturned to win. Day and night they canvassed every one in every place all over the whole city, and in many cases it was a relief to take a couple of votes and get clear of them. The general expression of opinion is that this is carrying the thing too far. One of the officers who put his whole soul into the contest, is said to have spent a month's salary for votes, and this he could ill afford to do. The interest was kept up in the affair till the finish by the publication daily of the standing of the poll. It was worked so systematically that one officer would lead one night and the other the next, and so on till it was ended. The contest closed Tuesday night, and the successful competitor was Sergeant Kline who received several thousand votes. If any more of those contests are to take place it would be as well to prevent the officers from taking any personal part in them, and then all the trouble and bad feeling that has arisen over the present one will be averted. Of course the winner received many congratulations from his friends and also from others, but the path he trod was not one of roses. Many are of the opinion that he should not have competed against the privates, but he was nominated outside, and the contest was well under way before he personally agreed to become a contestant. Kline is happy while the others are downcast and disheartened over the result.

SUNDAY OUTINGS ON THE RIVER.

How They are Enjoyed—Orderly and Quietly Conducted—A Pleasant Spot.

The pleasant Sunday trips of the Steamer Victoria are becoming more popular as the season advances. Conducted as quietly and carefully as they are they can afford no room for regret on the part of those who believe in the strictest of Sabbath observances. The boat does not leave the wharf at Indiantown until ten o'clock and returns between six and seven in the evening thus affording any one an opportunity of attending service at least once a day. Already Browns Flats, that growing and beautiful baptist centre, has been the destination of the steamer two or three times. Then Evandale where the splendid hotel and attractive grounds of John O. Vanwart are situated, captivated some three or four hundred people on another Sunday.

The excursionist who could not enjoy the four or five hours at his disposal in this lovely spot has no affection for the country. The air of neatness and plenty surrounding the place gives anyone a most favorable impression and the comfort that such regular visitors, as Hon Thomas R Jones, Dr. McAvenny, Judge Wilson and others seem to take as they sit upon the broad veranda with their wives and families makes one rather envious of their pleasant location. The conveniences of the hotel, its spaciousness, and coolness are somewhat surprising to one who has sought and failed to find such advantages in connection with country hotels. The situation of the house and the fact that there is a spring famous for the volume and quality of its water upon the high ground in the rear enabled Mr Vanwart to conduct water through his

building and summer visitors enjoy this privilege to the utmost.

Last Sunday the Victoria went to Hamptstead and Wickham and only a score or two disembarked at Evandale. But those who did enjoyed the best of dinners and attention. This Sunday, if fine, the Victoria goes to Gagetown and no doubt many will take advantage of the reasonable rate to see the beauties of the river and the country.

MOUNT ALLISON LADIES' COLLEGE

Something About the New Teachers Who Will be Here Soon.

The Mount Allison ladies college, the advertisement of which may be seen in another column, is the oldest Protestant institution in the maritime provinces devoted to the work of the higher education of young women. It was established 45 years ago, and has an interesting and inspiring history which shows that it has always been in the van of educational progress. During the past few years this institution has been advancing by leaps and bounds. Since the erection of the musical conservatory eight years ago hundreds of students have been attracted to its walls where they have enjoyed many of the highest musical advantages our country affords. The calendar for the current year announces the engagement of a splendid staff of conservatory teachers, every one of whom has had the advantage of residing and training in the great musical centres of the world.

Dr. Borden has just returned from New York where he has engaged some new talent to strengthen the conservatory staff. Notwithstanding the excellent musical attainments of those who are leaving it is confidently hoped that the new Director and the new vocalist will more than fill their places. Prof. Vincent who is a graduate of the Leipzig conservatory, is known as a superior teacher and practical organizer, while the Leipzig Tageblatt speaks of his playing as "graceful and finished, displaying admirable taste and technique." Miss Mand Golden B. A., who has been appointed to the head of the vocal department combines with her five years' musical training in Europe the exceptional advantage of a University education. The principal of the conservatory at Saratoga Springs, where she last taught speaks of her as "the most satisfactory teacher he had employed in an experience of thirty years."

WHO WAS THE WOMAN?

The Names of Many Persons Connected With the Raid a Short Time Ago.

How the tongue of slander does love to wag. As this paper suggested last week, in this city rumor springs from suggestion and in no time becomes a dread scandal travelling about, passing from mouth to mouth, repeated thoughtlessly, added to with zeal, and seized upon with that air of certainty that characterizes the people of this small community. No one is free from the scourge. People leading the most exemplary lives are oftentimes the most likely to be seized upon and made targets of, while those who are happy and easy in their way of living, pleasing themselves, not thinking of public opinion but rather of pleasant enjoyment and working as near the golden rule as possible, soon find themselves the subject of public criticism which becomes keener the more it is despised and finally so untruthful and virulent that even the most independent are forced to succumb.

How many people—men and women—have passed under the criticism of the gossips since that raid upon the assignation house spoken of in PROGRESS last week. Ladies known to be familiar with their friends who do not hesitate to pass along the street with their husband's friend, have passed under the glass of the gossiping critique and examined with more than the care a scientist would bestow upon a specimen.

There were only two women in the affair PROGRESS refers to one of them was single the other married. The single woman is known to many and cannot be included in any particular class, the married woman moves in some of the first circles. Yet half a dozen married women have been included in the list of those gossiped about in connection with the affair. This is a simple and illustration of the unfairness spoken of in PROGRESS last week when the question of suppressing names was dealt with. The innocent are confounded with the guilty and much more harm is done in the end than if the name of the guilty party had been made known at the outset.

WHAT ABOUT THAT FUND

SOME POLICEMEN INQUIRING ABOUT THE POLICE FUND.

How it was Raised in the First Place and What it was Intended For—There Should be Officers and Auditors as Other Organizations Have.

Every once in a while the common council has an application from some policeman for full or half pay on account of illness which has prevented him from doing his duty. If his illness is caused by his attention to his duty the council may in its discretion order that his pay be continued as usual—otherwise half pay is the rule.

A few years ago the policemen began to have a vision of good times in the future—freedom of anxiety during illness and an idea that when they were unable to walk around and attend to their duties they could never be entirely without cash because of their allowance from the police fund. That police fund!—where is it?

No doubt in the bank, but what bank? and who knows anything or all about it? The policemen? Not many of them at least. Since that fund was started some years ago the force has changed greatly. Perhaps half of the men who were on duty at that time and who worked as hard as the rest to increase the fund are not there at the present time. They have either got tired of protecting the public or the chief has got weary of them.

According to all the rules of such funds their portion will no doubt be the property of the whole force but so far as PROGRESS knows the bye laws upon that subject are not as visible as they might be. In the enthusiasm of the scheme when it first started the canvas for funds was vigorous and quite successful. The idea of looking after sick and old policemen was well received by the public and there were several substantial subscriptions from merchants. But the great bulk of the funds was provided by the policemen themselves. When they had a ball game they sold tickets like hot cakes. People who did not like to subscribe a small amount to the police fund bought tickets willingly for the ball game as it was in aid of it. Well, the ball game came off and the proceeds went into the "police fund." Then there were rink sports—everybody remembers the policemen's sports and what a crowd was there,—which, if PROGRESS mistakes not were repeated two or three seasons. The firemen and policemen had sports together on one occasion and the proceeds must have been considerable and they went into the "police fund."

Now some of the older officers say that there should be a meeting once in a while and an occasional report made to show the state of the funds. They would like their affairs to be managed as the affairs of similar organizations are—to have officers, auditors, and trustees. And this would be the more satisfactory way. No doubt the chief will make a move in the matter.

MORE BIRTHS THAN DEATHS.

There is a Difference of Three Hundred in Them—The Marriages.

Registrar J. B. Jones says there are about 1200 births in St. John each year while the deaths number but 900 and the marriages 300. According to those figures the natural rate of increase in the population would be 300 every year. But it may be more than that for while all of the deaths must be reported through the board of health, some of the births may not be. The fact that a baby arrives in a household is sometimes made known by the physician who attends but some of these are more obliging than others and sometimes they forget. Then there are families in poorer circumstances who cannot have doctors but some midwife of local repute. It may be taken for granted that many of these births are not reported and it would be a difficult matter for any registrar to collect them. Marriages are different. Clergymen report them and the issuer of marriage licenses has a pretty full list of those who enter the matrimonial state.

St. John however is about the only place in the province where these vital statistics are collected with any method. The registrar gets ten cents for each report and that means between two and three hundred dollars for him but there is a deal of clerical work and nothing soft about the job at all.

More Expensive Than Paying a License.

Sometimes it is more expensive to sell liquor without a license than with one. This has been the case of Joseph Rowley.

The year is not much more than half gone and yet Rowley has been fined three or four times to the amount of \$90. If he had not applied for a license but started out deliberately to break the law no fault could be found with the officials for enforcing the law. Perhaps no fault should be found anyway but one is apt to compare their weak day vigilance with their Sunday negligence. Rowley keeps what was known for years as the Allandale House. The old place was burned down a few years ago but since then he and Mrs. Rowley have managed to erect another but smaller structure which they are gradually finishing.

WHAT WILL PROF. HESSE GET.

The Question of his Damages Discussed—What Mr. Harding Saw.

The value of Professor Hesse's foot and ankle is one of the topics discussed around town at present. The unfortunate victim of the street railway accident went through the operation of amputation one day this week. All hopes that the foot would be saved had to be abandoned. Mrs. Hesse, his wife, is at present in the city and her husband is most anxious to return to Providence. In fact he is almost determined but his physicians think that such a move would be a mistake. Of course since the amputation the question of damages has been discussed on all sides. No one seems to doubt the liability of the street railway and there is an impression—whether correct or not—that the company would like to have the matter arranged as soon as possible. It is said that Prof. Hesse was in receipt of a large salary as organist in Providence and the loss of his foot will be a most serious matter for him in that profession. The foot of an organist is about as useful to him as his fingers. It is hard to say on what basis damages will be estimated and the amount perhaps has not been named. Public opinion has canvassed sums ranging from ten to fifty thousand dollars. At any rate the quick trip of that open car on the Sabbath may take all the profits of the Sunday business for some time and more than that serve as an argument for the Evangelical alliance that Sunday street cars do not pay either from a financial or a moral point of view.

Whether the seven or eight hundred dollars that M. A. Harding is said to receive for the damage done him includes the shock to his nerves is not stated. That street car hadn't any peculiar knock but went into his place quicker than a policeman would. It is said that Matt could not bear the sight of a Street car for a whole week afterward but went around the corner when he heard one coming. Perhaps he had reason for a man's nerves must be in a pretty good state of preservation when he finds his cash box flying in one direction and himself in another in the peaceful stillness of a Sunday afternoon. When Mr. Harding came to and felt himself to see if he was all there the first thing he saw was the motorman standing with one hand upon the brake the other on the lever staring straight ahead and rigid as the electric light pole just outside the door. "Are you hurt?" asked Matt. No reply. "Are you hurt?" he again demanded and still there was no answer. Then something fell and cut the motor man's cheek and as the blood began to flow he gasped and took in the situation. A snap shot of the car half way in the building taken by a local photographer has attracted a good deal of attention.

The Surplus of the Grocers Picnic.

The grocers picnic has come and gone. The morning was foggy and damp and prevented many from going who had been anticipating the affair for weeks. The evening was foggy too and prevented many from coming home who wanted to get there in the worst kind of a way. Two of the boats, the Victoria and Aberdeen crowded with the picnickers passed the night upon the river. How weary the already tired and sleepy excursionists must have been by morning can easily be left to the imagination. They arrived in time for breakfast and the labor of the next day. The management of the picnic do not know as yet what the surplus will be but think in the neighborhood of \$300. Part of this will go to the park fund—how much has not been determined upon yet but all of it might have been donated had some decided interest been shown by the park management in the efforts of the grocers to add to their funds. As it was it is stated that not one of the directors even attended.

WERE WOMEN GAMBLE.

PLACES IN LONDON WHERE MONEY IS LOST AND WON.

Some Swell Houses Where Gambling is Extensively Indulged In—Stakes for Which They Play—Incidents of Various Evening's Games.

Remembering the proverb that all women are born gamblers, the writer of this article applied to a lady whom he considered likely to be well informed, to know whether there were any ways short of Monte Carlo by which ladies might regularly gratify a passion for playing high.

'Oh, yes,' she said; there are regular houses and regular sets in London where high play is carried on. In one set that I know you can play poker every day of the week—yes, including Sundays—afternoon and evening at different houses, and meet very much the same people at all. As a rule, there are two tables, one for high and one for low play. I never play at the high table, but I always take from forty to fifty pounds with me in case of accidents.

'On one occasion I lost the whole at a sitting, and ran into debt another forty as well. But that's nothing to the high table. Lady Mary M—told me that on one day she lost five hundred pounds in a very short time; then won it all back, and was a thousand to the good; lost all that and some hundreds as well, and finally swept the entire board, and rose twelve hundred to the good. That was an exciting evening if you like.

'Then I know several ladies who have weekly 'at homes' at which you can play roulette. The play takes place in the dining room. There is a regular wheel, two, or even three, tables; the hostess takes the bank, certain of the male guests are asked to act as croupiers, and the gamblers are provided with rakes to push their stakes about with. It is Monte Carlo on a small scale. There may be a low limit to the stakes, or there may be a high one. Practically it depends in most cases on the number of the players and the wealth of the hostess.

'I have been in a room where the lowest stake was a sovereign and the limit fifty pounds—that is, it was not permissible to stake more than fifty pounds on one number or other chance, though the player could take as many chances as he liked at fifty pounds each on one turn of the wheel. If he staked fifty pounds on a number and it turned up, he received thirty-three times his stakes that is, £1,650.

'But, as a matter of fact, most players only arrived at the maximum by doubling—that is, began with a sovereign, or five sovereigns, lost that; doubled the next stake, lost that; doubled again and so went on, until they stood to win £1,650 or to lose fifty pounds in addition to their other losses. Of course, it seems a lot for the bank to pay, but then you must remember that there were some forty or fifty people playing, and perhaps the bank might rake in all the big stakes and only pay on a single sovereign.

'At other houses loo, banco, trente et quarante, baccarat, and Newmarket are the games, and where there is a bank it is often taken not by the hostess but by the person who will buy it by auction—that is, will put most in the pool for the privilege. You will observe that these afternoons are simply for gambling. There is no convivial excitement beforehand or during play. The ladies take afternoon tea. The men usually can get a whisky and soda in the back dining-room if they want one; but it is no case of drinking deep to drown losses, and gambling hard through intoxication. The guests come in from the light of day. There are just three hours for play. They go away to dress for dinner. In the evening, of course, there is more of the element of excitement, and the gambling may go on till three or four in the morning.

'So businesslike is the thing that I could tell you of a woman who owes her rise in society simply to her poker evenings. She gave excellent dinners beforehand, and afterwards card-tables were laid out for whist and poker. People of rank at first went to her house just as to a gambling hell. She was tactful, hospitable, impervious to snubs, took care not to win much, and lost with good temper. Well, now she is intimate with all the poker set, and though they laugh at her occasionally, and call her house 'the Casino,' her position is firmly established.

'Is there much plucking of pigeons going on?' I said.

'Well, there is no decoying, such as you read of—women deliberately luring young men to gamble, or men drugging them; but if a young man wishes to gamble, he will be invited all round, and no one will care if he is stripped of his last sixpence. If he can't afford it, he has no business to play. And I could mention several men—the merest nobodies

with money—who have got on and make a large acquaintance by getting known as poker players. These were very keen on the game, usually lost, and did not at all mind losing.'

'You will excuse the question, but is there ever any suspicion of cheating?'

'Oh, dear, yes. Certain ladies are known to cheat when they get the chance. I don't mean to say that they keep cards up their sleeve, but they pay short, or don't stake when they ought to, or increase or diminish their stake, when it is possible after the chances have been called. I have seen very odd things, I can assure you. On one occasion a lady leant across the table and boxed the ears of another so violently that her hair was knocked all on one side. The first said that the second was cheating, and there was a great fuss. The queerest part was that the first was a notorious cheat herself; but evidently she considered herself entitled to a monopoly. Both these ladies were of high rank.

'On another occasion one lady accused another of looking over her hand, saying that she could never have played as she did unless she knew what was in the hand. The other was furious, flung her cards on the table, and abused her accuser in unmeasured terms. Finally she turned on the unfortunate hostess, and abused her for knowing 'such a woman' as the first. When I add that the two belligerents were sisters-in-law, you will understand the lengths to which the gambling mania drives its votaries.'

REST IN MANILA.

Every Year Has 129 Holidays—Only Two Hours for Luncheon.

Outside of the Spanish colony in Manila there is little care for the fashions as they change from season to season in Europe and America. The same mantel and coat does in summer and in winter—or, more accurately, in the wet season and in the dry. There is never any frost and never occasion for furnaces or open fires. Except for cooking there is plenty of heat in the atmosphere the year around.

Men wear white duck suits, with thin flannel or silk underwear, no linen shirt or collar, white pith helmets, and white canvas shoes the year round. The Spaniards and the Spanish half-castes go in for style a little more. The Spaniards are haughty and fond of displaying their uniforms of blue and white and their gold trimmings. The half-castes, mestizas, are equally fond of display, but their attire is something of a compromise between European and Chinese modes.

Besides the one year out of seven that all foreign employees of the great mercantile houses represented in Manila have given to them as "home leave," there is a month's vacation each year, a regular holiday each month, and all the saints' days and Spanish, French, English, German and American holidays. Not to observe a saint's day in Manila is sinful, and every one holds such sinfulness in special detestation. Figuring on all the saints' days, Sundays, and general holidays, there are 129 days in each year when these people do not work.

Clerks earn from \$2,500 to \$5,000 a year, besides having lodgings found, a mess allowance, medical attendance, and travelling expenses. In many cases their rooms are over the offices. They work from daylight till noon, rest for two or three hours, and then till five o'clock, but they have much freedom in choosing their hours and are hurried only on mail days.

There are many excellent bands in Manila, and open-air concerts are given every evening in fair weather. Theatrical companies, both native and foreign, play through the season. The mestiza chorus girl is alluring. In the cathedral and the churches the music is always good though it is startling to the newcomer to hear, as he will in some services, a Gloria from 'Traviata,' the credo with music from 'Barbieri,' and the Elevation from 'Traviata.'

Pets of a Learned Man.

Sir Henry Rawlinson, the great authority on Persian inscriptions, wrote his "Memoir" in a summer house overhanging the Tigris, where the outside heat of 120° was reduced to 90° by the action of a water wheel which poured a continuous stream of water over the roof.

For recreation while writing his book, Rawlinson indulged in petting wild animals. He had a tame leopard named Fabad which he brought to England and presented to the Zoological Gardens at Clifton near Bristol. Whenever Rawlinson was in England he would visit Fabad. As soon as the beast heard his cry, "Fabad! Fabad!" it would rise from the floor of its cage, approach the bars, and then, rolling on the floor, extend its head to be scratched.

Once the keeper, who did not know Sir Henry, on seeing him patting the leopard, exclaimed:

'Take your hand out of the cage! The animal's very savage and will bite you.'

'Do you think so?' said Sir Henry. 'I don't think he'll bite me. Will you, Fabad?' and the beast answered by a purr, and would hardly let the hand be withdrawn.

He also had at Bagdad a pet lion, which had been found when a kitten on the bank of the Tigris—its mother having been shot—and brought to Sir Henry. He alone fed it, and the lion when grown would follow him about like a dog. One hot day the lion moped and rejected its food. It paced about the master's room, and he, being very busy, called two servants to take the lion away.

The lion would not go with them, but drew nearer its master, and at last sat down under his chair with its head between his knees.

'Oh,' said he, 'it he won't go let him hide.'

The servants were out, and Sir Henry wrote on. The lion sank from a sitting position into that of a 'lion couchant.' All was quiet for several hours save the scratching of a pen. When his work was over the master put down his hand to pat the pet. The lion was dead.

Serpent's Venom.

Prof. T. R. Fraser, of Edinburgh, who has made a study of serpent's venom, and suggested a means of rendering it inert by 'Antivenine,' has recently called attention to the circumstance that serpent's venom when introduced into the stomach of an animal will produce no injurious effect although the amount of poison swallowed would be sufficient, if introduced beneath the skin to kill 1,000 animals of the same species and weight. He attributes this immunity from harm to the action of the bile. He has further ascertained that the bile of serpents when mixed with venom will prevent it from producing death, even when it is present in very small quantity. The bile of some other animals also possesses this antidotal quality, but not to the same extent as the bile of snakes.

Modern Battleships.

The armament of some of our modern first-class battleships is capable of discharging in two minutes over 30,000lb of metal, not including the discharge from the small machine guns. This is at the rate of about seven tons a minute. The four big guns of new battleship Goliath are capable of firing 14,000lb. in two minutes, the aggregate muzzle energy being equal to lifting a battleship of 14,000 tons thirty-five feet, or lifting 628,320 tons one foot.

Old Regiments.

The oldest British regiments dates back to 1660. The oldest Austrian regiment is said to have been raised in 1618, the old Russian regiment in 1700. The old French Army boasted of regiments raised in 1556. These were disbanded at the time of the Revolution, but were again brought together by Napoleon, being finally dispersed on his downfall by the Bourbons.

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STAMPS COLLECTIONS and old stamps bought for cash. State size of collection or send list. For particulars address Box 308 St. John, N. B.

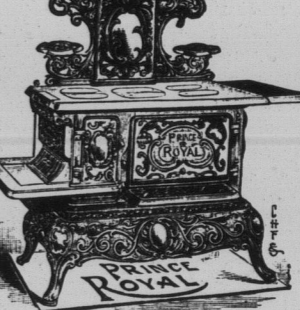
RESIDENCE at Rossmore for sale or to rent for the summer months. The property is situated on the Tigris property about one and a half miles from Rossmore Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec Hotel. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fessley, Barrister-at-Law, Fessley Building. 24-25

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**Music and
The Drama**

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The Misses Furlong's recital which took place at the Mechanics Institute on Thursday evening of last week amply fulfilled all anticipations regarding it. The audience was large, select and very appreciative. The programme was an interesting one and the different numbers thereon were executed in a way that left a most pleasing impression upon those present. The quartets by Messrs Lindy Kelly, Seely and Ritchie were rendered with a spirit and expression that brought flattering recalls. Mr. Dunn's solos and Miss Furlong's work on the barjo were features that helped to make up one of the most enjoyable and finished concerts that has been given here for a long time. Last year PROGRESS gave a criticism of Miss Helen Furlong's violin work. This charming young lady is a pupil of Charles Loeffler of Boston and one of whom the celebrated teacher may well be proud. Last Thursday evening she acquitted herself with a brilliancy that won the most flattering recognition from her auditors.

The great event of the evening, however, was the appearance of Miss Kathleen Furlong who for the past five months has been studying under Signor Toreani one of New York's most successful vocal instructors. Miss Furlong shows a wonderful improvement in voice and method, and though her selections were all tender little love songs they were well calculated to show to excellent advantage her rich mezzo-soprano voice. A little nervousness affected her work to a certain extent but under the circumstances this was quite natural, and only what might have been expected. Her enunciation was perfect, every word being clearly and distinctly heard in the most remote parts of the house, and this added in no small degree to the pleasure of the audience. Miss Furlong returns to New York in the autumn to continue her vocal studies. I believe I have not said anything of Mr. Kelly and a reference to the concert would hardly be complete without a mention of the delightful way in which he sang "I'll Sing thee Songs of Araby" and his encore, the name of which escapes me at present. He was in splendid voice, in fact the general opinion of the evening was that he was at his best. Miss Goddard was the accompanist of the evening, and Miss Marie Furlong also assisted in that capacity.

The St. John Vocal society whose highly successful concerts in the Opera house last March under the baton of Mr. W. E. Buck, left such an artistic impression, will reorganize early in the season. The St. John Yacht club will shortly give a grand concert under the direction of Mr. Buck.

Tones and Undertones.

"La Boheme" will be sung in English for the first time on any stage by one of Blair's companies next month. J. K. Murray and Clara Lane are in the company. Ida Mulle will be prima donna of Mr. Blair's New England Opera company.

Musical criticism is not without its dangers in Paris. One of the papers there accused a certain singer of cheating the public by producing her "top notes" not with the voice, but by means of a sort of popgun concealed in the bosom of her dress. The singer brought suit against the paper and got a verdict in her favor.

Rossini was one of the most indolent of men, and in his younger days used to do his composing in bed. Once he had almost completed a trio when the sheet fell out of his hand and under the bed. He could not reach it, and rather than get down he wrote another. Rossini, working against time, wrote "The Barber of Seville" in thirteen days. The overture to the "Gazza Ladra" was written under curious circumstances. On the very day of the first

performance of the opera not a note of the overture was written, and the manager getting hold of Rossini, confined him in the upper loft of La Scala, setting four scene-shifters on guard over him. These took the sheets as they were filled and threw them out of the window to a copyist beneath.—Dominant.

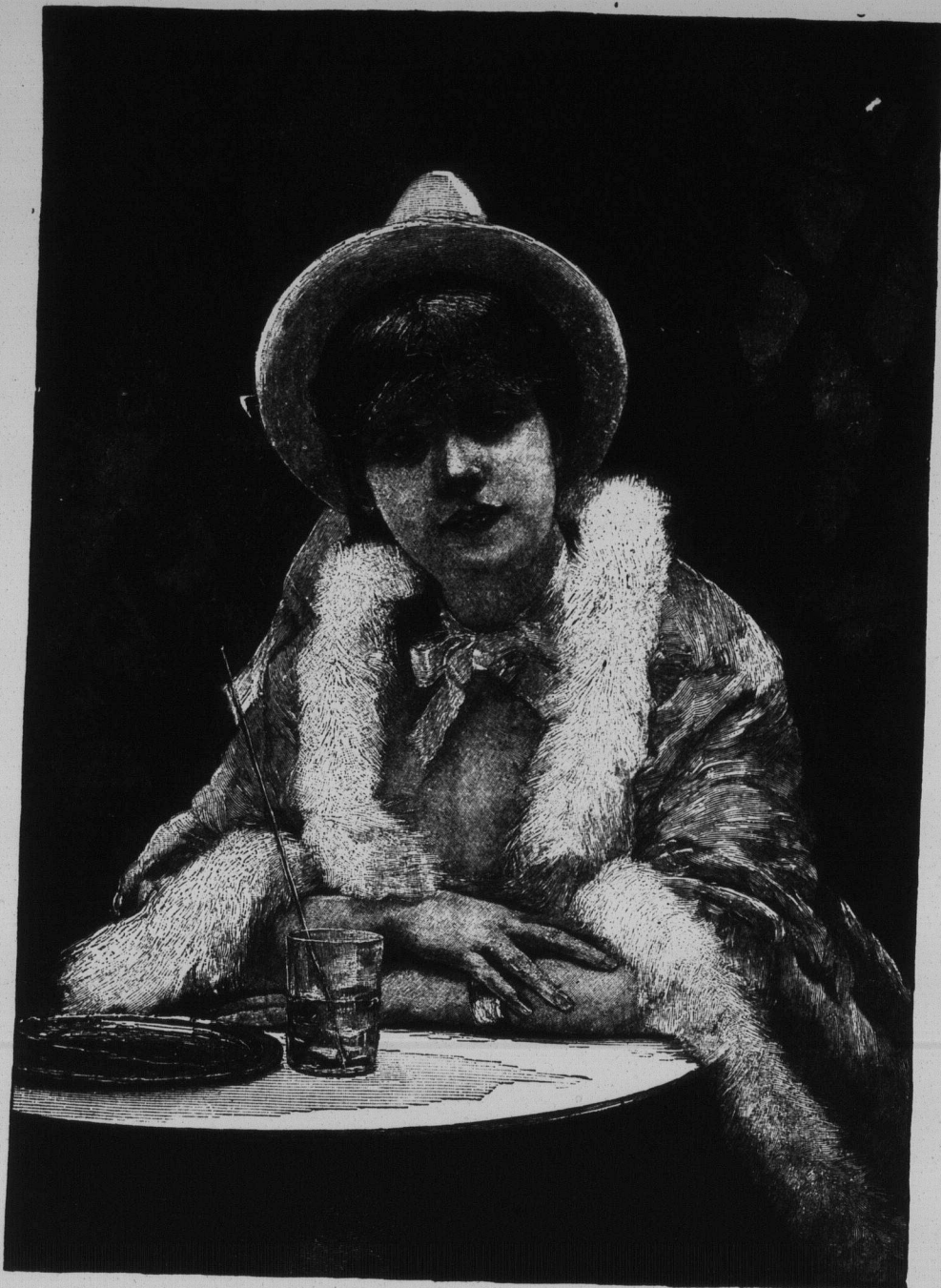
Victor Maurel has sung very little in opera lately, but has been giving conferences in Paris and London. Mr. Maurel says "The time has gone by for mere singing birds. We want songsters with brains that will inspire and guide aright every phrase, every note with due reference to considerations of the music itself."

Musicians have been in the habit of looking down on the so-called gypsy scale as a mere piquant curiosity in music. But now comes a German theorist named Werker, who proves in a short but erudite book, "Die Theorie der Tonalität," that that scale is the scientific basis of music. Liszt's music, obviously, is the music of the future.

The editor of the Italian musical weekly "Il Trovatore" has been investigating the statistics of performances given at the three leading opera houses in Europe. In Berlin the number of different operas sung last year was 54; of the composers represented 15 were German, 6 French, 6 Italian. At Vienna 53 operas were given, and of the composers 17 were German, 7 French and 4 Italian. At the Paris Opera only 19 different operas were given; of the composers 10 were French, 5 German, 4 Italian.

De Wolf Hopper and his company will begin their rehearsals in the knickerbocker Theatre on September 5 for a five weeks' engagement. The principal members of the cast will comprise Nella Bergen, Alice Judson, Katherine Carlisle, Miss Bouvier, Edmond Stanley, Alfred Klein, George Barnum, Mark Price and F. G. Cunningham. The scene is laid in Russia, and there are three acts.

Bandmaster Sousa has been tendered the position of captain in the United States army and is reported to have signified his readiness to accept. Sousa, in all probability, will be musical director of the Sixth Army Corps attached to Gen. Wheeler's staff. He has made the request that he shall give his services without remuneration



A PLEASANT RETREAT.

and be permitted to come back and fill his engagements in the fall.

It is predicted that before the year is finished we shall have an opera by Gilbert and Sullivan.

Among the documents to be seen at the Musical Exposition at Berlin, is the MS of a letter of Richard Wagner never before printed, dated Jan. 31, 1871. It is an answer to a letter from the opera singer, Johannes Schleich in Breslau, and reads: "In reply to your question I attest that a catarrh vouched for by a physician incapacitates a tenor from singing 'Lohengrin' and I add my opinion that a man who asks a tenor thus disqualified nevertheless to execute that task is not the right person to be a theatrical director, whereas under certain circumstances he might be the proper person to recommend for the place of prison warden."

The Scalchi operatic concert company begins its tour of twenty-five weeks about the middle of October, and will include nearly all the larger cities in the United States. In addition to Mme. Scalchi, the artists engaged are Mlle. Helene Noldi, soprano; Signor Codurri Canzio, tenor; Signor Achille Alberti, baritone, and Signor Marcello Lobardi, musical director:

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Of Miss Anglin and her performances at the Opera house this week, I have only room to say that I am very sorry she has not been better patronized, and that she must be credited with a laudable effort to make the best of her surroundings; she is clever, beautiful, a very good linguist, a fine dresser, and in everything she does an earnest, conscientious, capable actress. Nothing but words of well-earned praise is heard for her on every hand, and she will undoubtedly take a foremost place in the profession. Of the supporting company I have no wish to say anything, as the public can best judge of their merits or demerits.

The Jaxon Opera company had a great house on the occasion of their Sunday night concert, and the programme was rendered in the most delightful manner. Mr. Jaxon says he intends returning here the first week in November when he will give a short season of comic opera, includ-

ing the "Grand Duchess," "La Belle Helene," "Barbe Bleue," "Love's Vow," etc., and I think will do well. Mrs. Jaxon (Miss Diard) is deservedly popular here. The Ainsworth company will occupy the Opera house the first three days of next week.

The tenth season of "Ole Olson" opens August 15.

Jack Mason is reported to have joined Viola Allen's company.

Rumor has it that Melbourne McDowell is to star next season.

Ida Conquest will continue next season as William Gillette's leading lady.

Wilson Barrett is to give a London production of "The Christian" this fall.

John Hare is going to produce Sydney Rosenfeld's comedy "A Possible Case."

Mary Hampton has signed with Jacob Litt for the road of "Shenandoah."

Viola Allen is at Greeba Castle, Isle of Man, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Hall Caine.

J. W. Barrie's new play written for George Alexander is called "Two Kinds of Women."

Gus Williams says Christian Science cured the rheumatism which has crippled him for so long.

May Irwin is yachting on the St. Lawrence making her headquarters at the Thousand Isles.

Miss Ethel Marlowe, a protegee of Miss Viola Allen, will play Polly Love in "The Christian." She is a debutante of talent and promise and her success is predicted with great confidence. She is a daughter of the once famous Owen Marlowe, who died in Boston in May, 1876, after making a great hit as Talbot Chamney in "Our Boys."

Roland Reed has two new plays for next season. One of them, "A Distinguished Guest" an adaptation from the German by Sydney Rosenfeld, will have its first production when he opens at the Museum August 20. Later in the season he will present a new comedy by Madeline Lucette Ryley, who is now in London putting the finishing touches on the piece.

The announcement in a Philadelphia paper that Mr. Sothorn and Miss Harned

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would open the season of the Broad Street theatre August 15, in their new play "The Courtship of Morris Buckler" founded on A. E. W. Mason's novel of that name would infer that they are not to star separately this season as was stated a few months ago, —Miss Harned in "The Adventure of Lady Ureu'a" and Mr. Sothorn in a new play.

Mildred Holland, who made a great success in "Two Little Vagrants" last season, is going to star in that play this year opening her season at the Grand Opera House in this city the latter part of August.

James O'Neill will produce Joseph Hatton's drama, "When Greek Meets Greek," next season. The play was given a few times by Olga Nethersole, under the title, "A Daughter of the Revolution."

Anna Held is wearing an American flag of diamonds, sapphires and rubies in Paris and declares that the sentiment of the great French masses is distinctly cordial and friendly towards this country.

Anna Irish, who was William H. Crane's leading woman last season, has been engaged by Charles Frohman to succeed Blanche Walsh in "The Conquerors."

Robert Downing will resume his starring tour in the fall playing his regular repertoire. He also contemplates producing a new play "A True Knight," by A. D. Hall.

John A. Stevens will go to England next month to be present at the first production of "Nobody's Fool," his comedy drama in which he himself is to star this country next season.

Ada Rehan is at her bungalow on the coast of the Irish Sea. She will return to America in September, and will make a brief tour of the eastern cities before re-entering upon the New York stage.

Joseph Whiting has been engaged by the Keeloy-Shannon management to play W. J. Le Moynes part in "The Moth and the Flame" next season.

W. J. Ferguson, the eccentric comedian now inaptly described as the Coquelin of the American stage, will appear with Sadie Martinot in F. Ziegfeld Jr.'s coming production of "R. Tortue" (The Turtle) at the Manhattan theatre, New York in September.

Jacob Litt last week engaged by cable Maurice Barrymore, to assume the leading male role in "Shenandoah" on its road tour next season.

Anna Held's latest scheme to obtain notoriety is the riding about on the fashionable Paris drives in a horseless carriage.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keene, widow of the late tragedian, has leased the Robinson Opera house in Cincinnati and intends to run it.

Robert Mantell made his vaudeville debut at Keith's, Boston, last week.

Francis Wilson's new opera by Harry B. Smith and Ludwig Englander is called "The Little Corporal."

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ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, JULY 30th.

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

THE PROHIBITION QUESTION.

Dr. ALLISON of Mount Allison college Sackville, has expressed his opinion of the proposed plebiscite. After denying that it emanates in any way from the Methodist church he refused to advise the audience he was addressing to vote for prohibition. He seems to have done this on the ground that prohibition has not succeeded anywhere it has been tried, and as an illustration of this statement he recalls the passage of the old New Brunswick law which proved such a farce.

Dr. ALLISON might have gone much further and pointed out that the enforcement of any law suppressing or even restricting the sale of liquor is a most difficult task. How far from a success the Scott Act has proved we all know. There may be places in the province where this law is enforced but they are hard to find.

On the contrary although such important centres as Fredericton, St. Stephen, Woodstock, Sussex and Moncton are in Scott Act counties it is a well known fact that liquor is sold in those places almost, if not quite, as openly as it was under license law.

We have a licence law in St. John and few, if any, will deny that it is better enforced than any liquor law has been since St. John became a city. And yet from time to time the police magistrate of the city says the law is being violated. He protests against the sale of liquor on Sunday, which goes to show that even a vigilant inspector cannot do more than restrict. Even during those hours when it is unlawful to sell liquor, it seems to be impossible to prohibit the sale but restriction in this city, at least, has been carried to a point approaching prohibition.

Whatever the cause there is no doubt that it would be impossible to enforce prohibition. Even an army of officials would find the task much too great for them. If the people decide to put such a law upon the statute book and the government determines to give it a trial, the machinery for its enforcement must be provided. The cause of temperance would be weakened rather than strengthened by the passage of a law that it will be impossible to carry out. There is no doubt that temperance sentiment has increased very greatly in the last quarter of a century but it has not done so by legislation. Persuasion has done more and will do more than force. If men are persuaded that it is to their interests, financial and moral to leave rum alone they will do so in the end. It may take time to effect this persuasion or rather to separate them from the allurements of drinking but the great reforms have always moved slowly since the world began. Many men, when told that they shall not do a certain thing exert every effort to resist the command. So, in a sense, will it be with prohibition.

HOW MEN DEVELOP.

There is a very sound maxim, that a man never knows what he is capable of till he is put to the test. It is a corollary to the maxim that no man is indispensable. Great men like GLADSTONE flourish and leave their mark on the history of the world, and at their death were apt to say that their places cannot be re-filled. In a measure we speak truthfully, for the chances are that no immediate successor can be found with the same power of initiative and enterprise as the one who has gone. Yet it is seldom that nations or movements decay because of the loss of their leader. By sheer strength of will and indomitable energy a man has perhaps lifted the one or the other to a height it had never before attained; but when his place is vacated some other man will be found to step

into it and continue the work, it not to carry it forward. A man has certainly this much immortality in the world, that he leaves his influence and his spirit behind him to be a guide and help to the others. The mantle of ELIJAH falls on ELISHA and transforms him into a worthy successor. ELISHA would be less than he had he not been preceded by ELIJAH. So the great men and leaders of the world leave behind them their mantles, and others arise to wear them, if not as worthily as the former owners, still with credit to themselves and their surroundings.

For it must be remembered that great men do not work wonders of themselves. They have strong vision and penetrating thought, and they mould the raw material they find round about them into useful form. They fight the battle from a distance, by organization, and message, and signal. They cannot fight it without soldiers and good soldiers; but they know how to make good soldiers and how to dispose them. Yet they must have the requisite material before they can mould it. A WELLINGTON or BONAAPARTE cannot conquer nations with an army of cadets or brigades of puny sickly men. All that the great man possesses is the art of turning things to their best account; and, while he largely originates this art, it is not difficult for him to leave the secret of it behind him. We do not pretend that the art of moulding men is as easy to acquire as the art of moulding iron and brass. You must have some natural power as a leader before you can lead; but, even when you are possessed of the faculty, it will often lie dormant till circumstances conspire to bring it out. Thus it comes about that responsibility is the true touchstone of human beings. It searches the heart and finds out a man's capabilities. A good servant, it is said, makes a good master. Yet this is not invariably true for the qualities of servant and master differ widely. The one is executive and the other legislative; one must carry out in detail what the other originates and schemes.

It is however one of the surprises of life that those we have least suspected of being able to take command assume the reins of office easily when they are thrust into their hands. Many men whose general bearing is one of dependence, who seem unable to act or think alone, who need some one constantly at their head in order that their work may be turned to the best account, develop suddenly and wonderfully when they are unexpectedly called upon to walk alone. They are like men recovering from the effects of lameness who have not the boldness to dispense with their crutches while they are within reach. But let some one take away the crutches, and they will find that they are quite able to walk alone. It is an old story this, about responsibility bringing out a man's powers, but we often like to revive it—it is so soundly consoling, so optimistic, yet true! We must not, of course, "lay this flattering unction to our soul," that we are destined to be commanders because we do not like service. Too many of us have an indolent dislike of being set about our business by other people. We do not care to be told to do this and do that by those who, we feel, have no right beyond that of age—and not always that—to dictate to our duties. We object to having our lives, or the working part of them, mapped out for us by others, and we develop a kind of dissatisfied mood when we contemplate the fact that we are only servants, whereas in our own opinion we ought to be masters. So we regard our period of service apathetically, as a time merely to be lived through, and we look forward to the day when we shall be in command. Then, we think, there will at last be some scope for our powers, and we shall show the world of what stuff we are made.

The Test of Time.

It is important to know that there is as much difference in soaps as in other articles used in the home. Some are fairly good, other are not fit to use, one cannot always judge by appearances, adulterated goods often look like the genuine. There is not an impure thing in "Welcome" Soap, and it is made with the greatest of care. The true test is in use, and "Welcome" Soap has stood the severest of tests for more than twenty years. Save your wrappers and send for premium list.

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Since our new collar shaper has been put in, no possible chance for a collar to crack. Ungar's Laundry & Dye Works. Telephone 58.

Marie Stuart has been engaged to originate the part of a female tramp in Gaites' new farce comedy, 'The Air Ship.' Eddie Welch will originate the part of a Russian Jew detective in the same piece.

VERSE OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

In Dear Old Disco. In dear old Disco's laughing spray, And the moonlight on the sands; I come to linger another day Here with you dear ones again to stray In the fairest of summer lands.

I hear a voice in the resting sea, A song in the turning tide; Uprize me still with a tender plea, With the balmy wind from the fragrant sea; O poet with us abide.

And over the sea there comes a prayer, And a white winged spirit's smile; Tell me how the absent fare, In a beautiful home all free from care, And we'll meet in a little while.

Here there are storm hurled seas of grief, And many a billows height, And many we love whose stay so brief, Of all heart sorrows is here the chief, When they pass into higher light.

The floating robes afar I view, Folding some silent form; Still to me waving a fond adieu, Till watching the glory my eyes pursue, It's gone o'er the cloud and storm.

O Bay Chaleur! and Disco dear, With your waves and sky and stars, Peace be to those thy surges near Waiting the dawn of a morn so clear, That no shadow its beauty mar.

CYPRUS GOLDS. July 1898. The Primroses. Clover Bloom. O clover bloom, wild clover! From of the hills of Paradise— Run kissed from love's own guardian skies— No purer, sweeter breath shall come, Than this thou holdest in humble guise, Calling dead memories to arise, Dim on forgotten ways to roam— O clover bloom, sweet clover bloom.

No magic spell, alluring fair, No dream earth bound saint might share With more entrancing thrill could come Than this, of my once hallowed home— A waking dream of yesterday Through thy fragrance wafted me O clover bloom, rare clover bloom.

Again fond Nature's trusting child, I wander where she beckons me, And loiter in the lowlands will, By butterfly and daisy bed, Where fragrant winds breathe soft and free And bobolinks trill merrily Beneath thy fairy roof at home, O clover bloom, glad clover bloom.

Bright clover bloom, fresh clover bloom, Charmed vista to me childhood home; Thou mak'st all the way more fair, Wherein my wandering feet have come, With love's own never forgotten gleam, And bring'st ecstatic vision near, Uniting in memories here, borne on toward the unseen shore, My earthly with my heavenly home— My "evermore" with "evermore"— O clover bloom, sweet clover bloom.

The Summer Picnic. The pickles are in the pie, Though quite of different ilk; The salad sinks In the cooling drink— The mustard's in the milk.

The chicken is wet with wine; The bread is dry with heat; The oyster party Wooms for fairer natty— The sun has attacked the meat.

The sandwich of pate de foie Is wrapped in wandering curves; The whole affair Becomes despar, And acts upon the nerves.

But it always happens thus When people picnic out; I'm blown as I Can tell just how But of it there is no doubt.

If people ate out in the fields As a regular employment, We'd out our stores No doubt indeed, For just the mere enjoyment!

The Fate of a Rose. A snow-white rose, on a summer night, Down in a garden where flow'rs were fair, Opened her heart to a moonbeam bright.

Fickle and false was the silver light, Wooing the blossom's now here, now there. Alas for the rose on a summer night!

Pure was the flow'r in her spotless white, When she smiled in her beauty rare, Op'ning her heart to a moonbeam bright.

The morning found her in hapless plight; Faded, she bent in the dewy rain; The snow-white rose on a summer night.

Now flow'rs are withered and hoar-frost bite, And snow-lakes are mistily flur'ring where She opened her heart to the moonbeams bright.

The wind blows chill from the Northern height, The skies are clouded, the trees are bare— A snow white rose on a summer night Opened her heart to a moonbeam bright.

Any Lover to his Lady. O heart of my heart, for thee—for thee I have plucked the roses on Conington Lea— The wild hedge-roses, with petals of flame, That I kiss and kiss from the East as he (came)!

This morning at dawn, When the upland lawn Was shrouded in dew, thy window—dark dead— Made me shiver with dread!

O life of my life, for thee—for thee, Would I were the thrush in the apple-tree That sings so close to my window—all, When the world lies sleeping from valley to (hill)!

So close I could peep At my lady's asleep, And sing as the glad hours hurried along, That I died in my song!

O soul of my soul, for thee—for thee, I have watched the daws break over the sea! If I were the thrush, or the roes red red, That live one day and the next are dead, I could never kneel At thy feet, and feel That perchance some day, some glad summer-time, I shall call thee mine!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANXIOUS, FAIRVILLE.—You are mistaken, the song entitled, "I am a Fanny Man," was not written by Mr. Thomas Rogers.

W. H. MUSQUASH.—Blue Rock is in Carleton. The man who said otherwise probably never saw a plan of the city.

J. H. MONCTON.—You are right. The only legitimate punster in St. John is Mr. Joseph Knowles.

N. B. FREDERICTON.—The "Legend of Rocky Hill" was not written by Mr. Martin Butler.

J. W. CRY.—You made a slight error. The gentleman you refer to was not the Lord Chancellor of England, but Mr. James Anderson, of the Telegraph. The resemblance is striking.

QUEEN ST., CITY.—No, the Prince of Wales has not been in the city for 20 years. The gentleman you refer to was Hon. A. G. Blair.

TWO, ST. JOHN.—The song, "Where Sleeps the Brave," was written by Mr. Hugh Finlay, whose martial figure looks the Sagamore to the life.

MUSIC, FOKIUK.—The only violin virtuoso in St. John is Mr. L. Harrison.

INQUIRER, CITY.—Yes, it has been said that Mr. Buck did receive an offer to play the great organ in St. Paul's, London; but as the title of "Professor" went with it, he refused.

G. M. S., ST. JOHN.—You are correct. The music of the song, "The World is my Love" was written by H. P. Rice Webber.

IMPROVEMENT IN PREMISES.

Two Handsome Stores on Prince William Street Required by M. A. Finn. Improvements in business premises are always worth noting since they mean more business and more prosperity—at least for those who make the improvements. The store next to M. A. Finn has recently been leased by him and the manner in which it has been fitted up has called forth the praise of all his patrons and customers. A business which has 7,000 feet of floor space can find room for a great quantity of goods. The addition will be used wholly for the wholesale business, save the private office of Mr. Finn in front and two small rooms in the rear where those who want to drink beer or any thing else can do so quietly and in comfort. That is the English way of doing things and those places fitted up in this manner in this part of Canada have always been popular. Well conducted, however, as Mr. Finn's business is in both branches, it would not receive the custom it does save for the fact that the quality and variety of his stock is such that they commend it to the public. He caters for family trade and gets it. The wine vaults of the good old days are not so necessary now when a minutes talk at the telephone will bring anything from such a stock that a man wishes. His exclusive agencies for the best brand of several liquors—notably House of Commons whiskey—afford him a chance to give his customers unusual value in this high grade stock.

Plays Founded on Novels.

It is accepted as an axiom in the theatrical world that a play founded on a popular novel will be a success, by reason of the pre-entreated in the characters by the story, and the desire of readers to see the personages of the tale interpreted in the more realistic atmosphere of dramatic action. The fascination of the characters of a widely read novel dramatically presented has been practically demonstrated by the five phenomenal successes of the last three seasons—"Trilby," "A Lady of Quality," "The Little Minister," "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "Under the Red Robe." By these experiences, the Liebler company believe that Viola Allen will meet with great success in Hall Caine's "The Christian," irrespective, in a sense, of the talent of the star or the excellencies of the play. "The Christian," as a novel, has been one of the most extensively read books ever printed in English, and has provoked more discussion, probably, than most works of fiction. It was first printed in this country in a serial publication having a monthly circulation of 700,000 copies. Since this issue many editions of the story have been produced in book form, aggregating over 2,000,000 copies. At a very conservative estimate over 3,500,000 people have read "The Christian in America alone.

Stoutness Fashionable.

When Lottie Gilson returned from Europe a few weeks ago her friends noticed that she had grown very much stouter than she used to be. She explained that it was the fashion on the other side for serio-comics to look strong and healthy and that the will-o'-the-wisp style of sourette had become passe. When Bonnie Thornton heard this she made up her mind to get right into the swim. She used to pride herself on the fact that she was the ariest fairy of them all, but she decided that she might as well be dead as out of the fashion, so she began to put on flesh immediately. Just five weeks ago she weighed ninety pounds and now she tips the scales at one hundred and twenty. This she says is her bona fida Turkish bath weight, without counting her fashionable costume or her diamonds, which add several pounds to the total. Now that the two

Use in place of Cream of Tartar and Soda.



More convenient, Makes the food lighter and more healthful.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

leading lights of soubrettedom have set the example, there is no telling where the craze for embonpoint will stop. The flesh food market will have a big boom, and Amelia Summerville's obesity remedy will experience a sudden and severe slump.—Dramatic Mirror.

A Possible Tragedy.

An English magazine, the Woman at Home, told recently an incident in the life of the Princess of Wales, which shows how accuracy and thoroughness were the means of avoiding a possible catastrophe. The princess is, it appears, an enthusiastic amateur photographer, and with her daughter, the Princess Victoria, is in the habit of taking pictures of the scenery, people, and animals in and about Sandringham, herself developing and mounting them afterward. Several months ago while out in the park, she took a snapshot of the railroad bridge at Wolferton while a freight-train was crossing it. When the picture was printed the princess observed a slight curve in the bridge. She went to the place from which she had taken it, and carefully inspected the structure. There was no such curve in it perceptible. "I held the camera at a wrong angle, no doubt," she said and waiting until another train crossed, took another picture, developed and printed it. Again the depression appeared at the same point in the bridge. She carried the pictures anxious to the Prince of Wales, who sent for the superintendent of the railroad. On inquiry it was found that the engineers of the trains had perceived a vibrating motion when crossing the bridge. It was examined and found unsafe and condemned. The persistence of the princess in seeking to make perfect her little picture and the intelligence that noted a slight deflection in it was a possible danger, in all probability prevented a catastrophe and possibly a frightful loss of human life.

Timing Their Entrances.

"How do we arrange about our entrances," said a young actor recently, "and how do we contrive to know when we have to come on, seeing that the institution of the call-boy is now to a great extent extinct? Well, to tell you the truth, we practically have to hang about the wings right through the piece, so as to watch for our cues, but several actors hit upon other means. One well-known performer commissions his valet or 'dresser, to act as a sort of special call-boy. The dresser has a copy of the play and follows it from the wings, summoning his master whenever the latter is required by the exigencies of the scene. Other actors, again, draw up a little timetable for themselves, which they hang in a conspicuous place in their dressing rooms. The time-table will record, say, that the performer has to be on the stage at 8.15, 8.38, 9.15, 9.40, and so on. So perfectly does the play fall in with the time arrangements that this plan is thoroughly workable, but of course the time-tables in question cannot be compiled until the piece has settled down into the regular clockwork punctuality. It is not generally known that the late William Terriss invariably used such a time-table to regulate his entrances on the Adelphi and other boards."

What is Cashier's Cramp?

A cashier in a certain bank is suffering from a novel disability, which promises to keep him from work for several days at least and perhaps a couple of weeks. In brief, the first two fingers of his right hand are worn out with counting money. Every day for years the cashier in question has handled thousands of notes, but it was not until a few months since that he had any trouble with his fingers. Then the first finger, which, with the thumb, is used to raise the notes, became painful, and the skin grew so thin that he was forced to abandon its use and rely on the second finger. This went on fairly well for some time until the outside began to go in the same way. Then the cashier resorted to the third finger, and in time might have used up all the others had not the bank manager given him a holiday until the injured member should recover its natural form.



The weather of the past week has not been favorable for those guests who bring to summer alone, so that numerous picnics and excursions arranged with much pleasurable anticipation have had to be given up altogether, or postponed from one day to another and everybody knows that a postponed festivity loses interest and enjoyment.

Miss Anglin and company have been giving performances at the opera house this week and though the audience have been small they have been most select and fashionable, several very smart parties attending on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings.

Mr. Jerome McSorley formerly of Fairville but now residing in Providence Rhode Island is visiting his mother in Fairville.

Mr. Peter Wallace who left here about two years ago to accept a more lucrative position in Boston, arrived in the city last week in company with Mr. McSorley; he is at present the guest of his former employer Mr. Collins.

Mr. U. R. Palmer who spent a few days in the city the beginning of the week has returned to Moncton.

Mrs. W. F. MacDonald and son arrived from New York, Saturday are staying at Riverside with Mrs. MacDonald's parents Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Watson.

Miss Paddington who has been visiting Fredericton has returned to St. John.

Mrs. Thomas McCarthy of Boston, is the guest of Mrs. James McCarthy.

Mr. Charles Henderson and bride of London, England, are spending a part of their honeymoon in St. John.

Mr. R. W. W. Frink left Saturday for a trip to Quebec.

Mrs. J. DeWolfe Spurr met with an accident on the ferry boat Sunday afternoon which has since confined her to her residence.

Mr. W. J. Cunningham and Miss Tessie Cunningham arrived this week from Boston and will spend a few weeks in this city.

Miss Margaret Anglin who with her own company is playing a week's engagement at the Opera house, is staying with the Misses Furlong.

Madame W. E. Buck is arranging her French classes at her husband's studio, Princess and Sydney streets.

Mr. James P. Sheehan of the Boston Journal is in the city this week.

Mr. Louis Larsen of Boston is spending a two weeks vacation with his aunt Mrs. T. B. Foley, Mecklenburg street.

Mrs. F. H. Hale Miss Boyer and Miss Arnold of Woodstock spent the greater part of the week in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Currie and family who have been visiting relatives in Charlottetown and other parts of P. E. Island arrived home this week.

Miss M. Mullin of Bathurst is among the week's visitors to the city.

Miss Nora Boutillier of Halifax is the guest of West Side friends for a few weeks.

Miss May Blanchard of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., is making a stay with relatives in the North End. She leaves the first of August for a months visit to Halifax.

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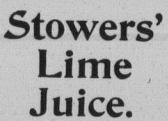
Where Welcome Soap is Used

there is no bitterness, "Blue Monday" is not known, wash-day is as pleasant as any other day, because Welcome Soap enables the Laundress to do the work easily, quickly and thoroughly. Welcome Soap has eliminated drudgery and therefore is the great sweetener of the lives of home-keeping people.

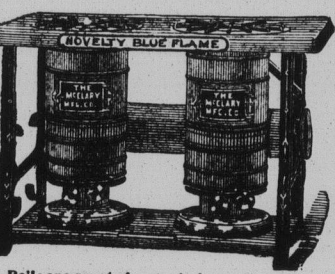
It drives dirt from every hiding-place. Where it is used there can be no Uncleanliness.

Overheated?

Unless you cool the blood you can't keep cool and you can't quench thirst. Stowers' Pure Concentrated Lime Juice acts naturally in allaying thirst by first cooling the blood. Too many so called "thirsty" beverages induce greater heat and hurt digestion.



Blue Flame Oil Stoves



SAFE AND DURABLE. 2 or 3 Burners. Burns with a clear blue flame, without smoke, and a heat of the greatest intensity. Burners are brass, and so made that wicks can be replaced in a few minutes as in an ordinary lamp.

THE McCLARY MFG. CO. LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER

HEAT YOUR HOUSE

with hot water. You will find it the most satisfactory method if you get a good heater.

The "Robb" Hot Water Heater

is adapted to the use of soft coal, as all heating surfaces are exposed directly to the flame and no soot can collect on them. This also ensures highest economy and quickest heating.

ROBB ENGINEERING CO., Ltd. Amherst, N. S.

PELEE ISLAND WINES

When You Order..... PELEE ISLAND WINES BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND.

Ask for Our Brand and See You Get It E. C. SCOVIL Commission Merchant 62 Union Street.

Saving the Pennies.

When you try to dye at home you want to save what you dye—old fashioned powder dyes require considerable experimenting.

Maypole Soap Dyes.

Grocers and Druggists sell them in all colors, 10 cents or 15 cents for black.

Mrs. Victor Howland, Miss Gussie Titus, Miss Rising and Miss Waterbury have taken rooms at Bay Shore for two or three weeks, and left last week to take up their abode there.

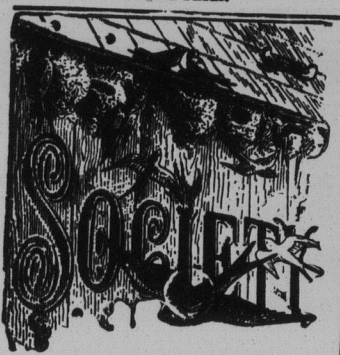
Mrs. Charles Drinkwater of Montreal is the guest of his daughter Mrs. H. P. Timmerman for a few days.

Dr. A. T. Clark of Calais was in the city for a day or two early in the week.

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FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Halifax by the newboys and at the following news stands and centres.

The Colonel and officers of the R. A. and E. E. gave a delightful dance at the officers Mess in the Artillery park last week.

There was a very pleasant lawn tennis party on Tuesday afternoon at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Main, Holme Cottage.

News has been received by the relatives in town of the dangerous illness with no hope of recovery of Mrs. Eliza Rathford at her sisters Miss Wheeler, St. John.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS. "Progress" is for sale in St. Stephen at the book stores of G. W. Wall, T. E. Atchison and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at G. Tremblay's.

Another charming function of the week was the ball given by Captain Mitchell and the officers of the Renown at which no expense or trouble was spared.

Several debutantes caught their first glimpse of society on this occasion. Miss Farrell and Miss Vizard and Miss Dowdell among the number; also Miss West.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Saunders gave a backboard ride and luncheon on Keene's Lake on Thursday in honor of their guest Miss Sargent of Portland Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert of St. John is a guest of Mrs. John Black at her summer home on the river bank near the Ledge.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard B. McAllister gave invitations this morning to a number of young people, to enjoy a lawn party, at her home on Elm street, this afternoon, from five until ten o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Graham made a brief visit to Campbell's hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Wilson and Mrs. L. R. Ross and Mrs. Robertson of St. John is a guest of Mrs. John Black at her summer home on the river bank near the Ledge.

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rector of Sackville N. B. was in town a few days visiting at the rectory Havelock street.

The friends in town of H. Genser Kerr [and they are many] were delighted to hear of his promotion in the Telephone Co in Montreal.

Dr. McNeil Parker and Mr. William Parker, of Halifax, attended the funeral of Mrs. Allison which took place from the church in Hampton on Sunday.

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family of St. John, are visiting their sister Mrs. George E. Sands.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Durill Grimmer was in town for a brief visit this week.

Mr. and Mrs. James Grant is in St. Andrews the guest of Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Grimmer.

Mr. and Mrs. Moore of Randalls Island, New York State, is the guest of Mrs. Harry Purinton.

Mr. and Mrs. Noel Clarke has arrived home after a visit of several months spent in Boston and vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Hayward of Quincy, Mass., who has been the guest of Mrs. John Prescott left today for her home.

Mr. Frank Paine and Miss Doris Paine have returned to Eastport after a visit of several weeks in Calais.

Mr. E. McConkey of Montreal has been the guest recently of Mrs. S. McConkey.

Mr. and Mrs. Waterbury arrived from Fredericton on Monday after spending a fortnight with her friend Mrs. F. S. Hilyard, Miss Ethel Waterbury is still a guest of Mrs. Hilyard.

Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield Robinson have returned from a pleasant outing in St. Andrews.

Mr. Percy Gillmor left on Monday for Montreal, Mrs. C. A. Lindow and her daughters are visiting friends in Woodstock.

Mr. and Mrs. Almon I. Teed, Miss Nellie Lingey and Mr. J. T. Whitlock spent Sunday at Deer Island, with Mrs. Catlin, Miss Carter and Miss Sison who are spending a fortnight on the Island.

Mr. John E. Algar has gone to St. Andrews to spend a few days with her daughter Mrs. Henry Gillespie who is occupying a cottage there this month.

Mr. J. M. Bright of Bangor is the guest of Mrs. E. W. Chapman this week.

Mr. Fred Sullivan left on Monday for Haverhill, Mass., where he will spend a fortnight.

Miss Mary Stewart who has been Mrs. M. A. Campbell guest in St. Andrews has returned home, Mr. Phineas Longfellow of Machias was a guest at the Border city hotel recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Isabel Bridges is visiting in Honiton her daughter Mrs. Frank Cooke.

Miss Kate Washburn is visiting Machias for two weeks.

Mr. A. H. Gillmor of St. George was the guest of Mrs. Percy Gillmor during the past week, and returned to St. George on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clement Soudy of Passaic, New Jersey, have spent the past week at "Birch Craig" with their friends Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Dexter.

Mr. Walker of the bank of Nova Scotia, Halifax has been spending his vacation in town.

but exhausting festivities there must be some enjoyment derived from them. A few energetic sports indulge in tennis as a distraction, and the tennis tea which is getting to be almost a weekly occurrence forms a very pleasant break in the monotony of the day.

Mr. J. M. Wallace left town last week for a month's trip through Manitoba and the Canadian North West generally.

Mr. B. A. Borden and Miss Sadie Borden left town on Thursday for Shedsiac Cape where they intend spending some weeks.

Dr. W. L. Botsford and Dr. G. Y. Smith returned last week from St. Stephen where they have been attending the meeting of the provincial medical convention.

Miss Hamilton departed last week for her home in Dorchester, where she will spend the next month or six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rogers left on Thursday for P. E. Island, to spend a few days with friends.

Mr. Green of Toronto is spending a few weeks in town the guest of her daughter Mrs. E. B. Chandler of Botsford street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Robertson of Steadman street, Miss Henniger left town last week to spend a few weeks with relatives in St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Clark returned on Friday from their wedding trip, which extended through Upper Canada, and parts of the United States.

Mr. Walter Mitchell of St. John is spending a few days in town visiting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Daniel returned last week from a delightful trip through some of the most picturesque parts of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

Mr. James Murray of Main street left town last week to spend a month with friends in Cape Breton.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Withrow of Woodstock, Ont., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Morrison of Archibald street.

Mr. R. W. Hewson and children are spending the "hated term," as we like to call it, in Dorchester, the guests of Mrs. Hewson's mother Mrs. George W. Chandler of "Maplehurst."

Mr. F. N. Blair left town on Monday to spend a few days with friends in Campbellton.

Miss Evelyn Smith of Shedsiac is spending a few days in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Clark.

Mr. David Stewart left town last week for Lunenburg, Nova Scotia to spend a few weeks with her friend Mrs. Hawkins, formerly Miss Entwistle of this city.

Mr. B. S. Ward formerly of Moncton but recently appointed chief train dispatcher at New Glasgow, spent a few days in town this week returning to New Glasgow today.

Mr. D. B. Lindsay of Riviere du Loup is spending a few days in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Phylbrick of Skowhegan Maine, is the guest of her sister Mrs. Frank T. Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. Cora Maxwell is visiting Lubec. The engagement of Miss Harriett M. Williams eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fredric Sullivan to Mr. J. Fredric Cooke of Calais is announced this week.

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

to his poor lame joints and cords. This Elixir locates lameness, when applied, by remaining moist on the part affected; the rest dries out. 8100 E. WARD ST. NOT OUBERED OF Callous of all kinds, Colic, Curb, Splints, Contracted and Knotted Cords, and Shoe Bolts. Used and endorsed by Adams Express Co.

PUDDINGTON & MERRITT, 55 Charlotte Street Agents For Canada.

IN STOCK,

- Ladies' Short Back Manila Sailors White Chiffon and Straw Hats, Black Chiffon and Straw Hats, Colored Chiffon and Straw Hats, Leghorn Hats, Flowers, Feathers and Millinery Novelties.

The Parisian CONSUMPTION CURED

In many cases this disease is arrested and in ALL the healing, soothing properties of

Putner's Emulsion give great relief and comfort to the sufferers.

Always get PUTNER'S. It is the original and best.

CROCKETT'S... CATARRH CURE!

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

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

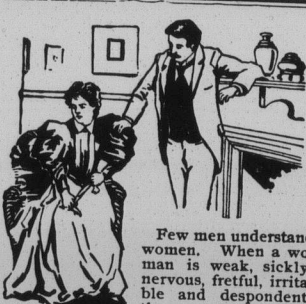
THE "Leuchetsky" Method; also "Synthes System," for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK

OYSTERS always on hand. FISH AND GAME in season! MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

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

CAFE ROYAL BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - St. John, N. B. WM. OLARE, Proprietor.

CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.



Few men understand a woman. When a woman is weak, sickly, nervous, fretful, irritable, and dependent on the average husband imagines that she is simply out of temper.

An average husband will probably simply go out and leave her alone for awhile, "to have it out with herself." A bad husband is liable to go off and get drunk. The fact is that the poor wife is suffering from illness of a description that breaks a woman down sooner than anything else.

Her back is weak and aches. Her "sides stitch." She has pains and a dragging sensation in the abdomen. Her appetite is touchy and she suffers from nausea. She has sick headaches, giddiness, dizziness, cold chills, flushings of heat, shortness of breath, palpitation, disturbed sleep, frightful dreams, irregularities and nervous and trembling sensations. Her pain-racked nerves are a continual torture.

A woman in this condition is suffering from weakness and disease of the delicate and important organs concerned in wifehood and motherhood. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes these organs strong and well. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration and soothes pain. It has transformed thousands of sickly, nervous, petulant, childless and unhappy women into happy, healthy, helpful, amiable wives and mothers. It banishes the discomforts of the period of prospective maternity and makes baby's vent easy and almost painless. Good medicine dealers sell it and honest druggist does not try to urge upon you an inferior substitute for a little extra profit.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, a 1008-page home doctor-book, paper-covered, sent for 31 one-cent stamps, to check custom and mailing only, or French cloth binding 50 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

AMHERST.

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

JULY 28. Miss Nellie Davidson, of Bridgewater Lunenburg, who has been spending the winter in Atlanta, Georgia, spent two weeks in town with her aunt Mrs. D. W. Douglas, Victoria St.

Mrs. B. Pateron, teacher of the Kindergarten system, in Truro, spent a day or two in town, on her return home from attendance at the Summer School of science Moncton.

Miss May Hanford, has gone to Digby, to spend several weeks.

Mrs. James Kerr, after a stay of six weeks in town, returned to Sussex on Wednesday.

Mr and Mrs D. W. Redd, returned from their trip to England of business and pleasure combined.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Fuller, gave a small and early on Friday evening, last at their pleasant home Chalmers House, Havelock St.

After a long and tedious illness, Mrs Allison, widow of Mr. C. Allison, late of Windsor, died at her son in law's Dr. P. Wansford, Hampton, N. B. on Friday last. Mrs Allison was well known here having resided here for a year or two, she was a sister-in-law of Mrs. W. F. Parker, Croft St. and a sister of Dr. McNeil Parker, and Mrs. Frank Parker, Halifax.

Miss Helen Pipes, entertained her young lady friends, to an afternoon tea on Saturday, at her charming home, "Whitethorne Cottage," Victoria St. Among the present were Miss Grace Fullerton, Halifax, Miss Nellie Davidson, Bridgewater, Miss Clarke, Miss Alice, and Freda MacKinnon, Miss Beatrice Fuller, the Misses Sloop, Miss Purdy, and the Misses Main.

Miss Moffat returned from a three weeks visit to Dorchester on Saturday. Little Miss Nora, daughter of Rev. C. Wiggins

YOUR BABY'S SKIN NEEDS

"BABY'S OWN SOAP"

NONE BETTER FOR DELICATE SKINS

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs. Montreal.

ing a few days in town the guest of his daughter, Mrs. E. W. Givan of King street.

Miss Stella Steeves returned to town on Monday after a month's visit to friends in Fredericton and St. John.

Miss Agnes Peters is visiting friends in Woodstock N. B. Miss McAvity of St. John is spending a few days in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Forbes of Steadman street.

Mr. F. W. B. Moore of the Bank of Montreal, Amherst, spent Sunday in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. T. V. Cooke of Steadman street.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Hall spent last Sunday at Buctouche. Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. Whitney of New York spent Sunday in town the guests of Rev. John and Mrs. Prince of Church street.

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Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Hall spent last Sunday at Buctouche. Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. Whitney of New York spent Sunday in town the guests of Rev. John and Mrs. Prince of Church street.

Mr. F. W. B. Moore of the Bank of Montreal, Amherst, spent Sunday in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. T. V. Cooke of Steadman street.

Currie and Daisy Winslow, Miss Peters of Moncton, the guest of the Misses Winslow, Miss Ethel East, Miss Metcalf of Port Hope, Ont., who is the guest of her sister Mrs. J. W. Bridges, Miss Annie Tibbitts, the gentleman are Mr. Geo. Allen, Mr. Chas. F. Randolph, Mr. Harry Chestnut, Mr. Harold Babbitt, Mr. Fraser Winslow, and Mr. Frank Phinney.

A large party of gentlemen are enjoying life at present at Camp Comfert.

Mr. C. Fred Chesnut and family are rusticating at Westfield Beach.

The birds are whispering of the latest engagement, between a society young lady and a young dentist lately from Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Allison of St. John and Mrs. and Miss Scammell of New York are among the visitors in the Celestial.

Mr. A. G. Blair Jr. spent Sunday with friends here.

The Fredericton gentleman who have been cruising in a schooner the past fortnight between St. Andrews and Bar Harbor Me., have returned home greatly pleased with their outing.

Mrs. W. B. Blair, goes to St. Andrews on Monday to visit Mrs. Medley, who is summering at that delightful resort.

Rev. Dr. Parker and family of Brooklyn, New York, are spending a few days in town.

A large party of Raymond excursionists arrived here from St. Andrews yesterday and were delighted with the beauty of our charming little town.

Mrs. Temple, wife of Senator Temple is visiting her old home in Falmouth, Nova Scotia.

Mrs. Wood, and her children arrived here from Brooklyn, New York and will spend a few weeks visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Burchell.

Mrs. Hoyt, nee Miss Bessie Mitchell, and son are here from Boston visiting at Mrs. Hoyt's old home.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Harrison of St. John are in the city.

Mrs. Southworth and family of Boston are visiting Mrs. James Gibson at Marysville.

Miss Minnie Yerxa and Mr. Phillip Manzer of Houlton are visiting Miss Annie Hagerman.

Mrs. Arthur Golding, Frank Roden and Jack Crockett who have been visiting friends in the city returned home today.

Mrs. Notman and daughters of New York are spending a few days in town.

Mr. J. Hastings, B. Hurd and Messrs. Cushing and Robertson of Montreal are among the strangers in town.

Miss Annie Cotter of Woodstock is visiting her aunt Mrs. J. J. Weddall.

Miss Mabel McKeen is visiting with friends at Hampton.

Mrs. Henry Bridges and daughters the Misses Bridges are still enjoying the salt sea breezes.

Miss Sadler is the guest of Mrs. Geo. F. Gregory at Elmshad.

His Honor the Lieut Governor and Messrs. Emmerson, Richard, Dunn and Ferris returned home this morning.

Provincial Secretary Tweedie went to Chatham this afternoon.

The Rev. Willard MacDonald and sister, Miss MacDonald are enjoying the cooling breezes of Nova Scotia. Mr. MacDonald will tour through Nova Scotia before joining his friends at Windsor, where Miss MacDonald is summering.

Miss Connor is here from Ohio visiting her uncle Mr. Henry Chesnut.

The many friends, of Mr. James Tibbitts, will regret to hear of his serious illness, at his home on York Street, Mrs. J. D. Hazen came up from St. John yesterday.

Mrs. James I. Fellows, received a cablegram yesterday, announcing the very serious illness of her daughter at Ems, Germany, Mrs. Fellows left for Germany on Saturday, Mrs. Fellows and little daughter are accompanied, as far as New York, by Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Harrison, and Miss Emma C. Cook-shank.

Mrs. Fellows many friends will sympathize most sincerely with her as it was only ten days ago Mrs. Fellows received the sad intelligence of the death of her mother Mrs. Crane in England.

Miss Hume, of Dartmouth, Nova Scotia Mrs. J. T. Currie and son Bayard, of Cambridge, Mass, and Miss Mary Earl of Millville, are all visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Spurden.

Mrs. Henry Esty, returned today from her pleasant stay at the sea shore.

Miss Isaac Simmons is visiting her daughter Mrs. Starr at Wolville N. S.

Mr. Martin Lemont has returned from a pleasant outing at Stanhope Beach where he has spent the past month.

Miss Nellie Simmons returned to Baltimore yesterday, after a pleasant vacation spent with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. E. Simmons, of Gibson.

Mr. W. A. Mott M. P. P. is in the city today.

The Horse Shoe Social club held their annual picnic yesterday when the club and a large number of invited friends enjoyed the outing very much. About 90 persons went down to Oromocto on the steamer Bismark while a number wheeled from the city. The picnicers had a delightful day but rather too long for a picnic, as the fog set in heavily the Capt. did not venture the return home until daylight this morning the tired party reaching the city about six o'clock.

Mr. Edward Moore of this city leaves on a business trip to Ireland tomorrow and will be accompanied by Mr. R. W. McLellan, who has been retained to attend to his legal business.

Mrs. Chas. Hall and little daughter has returned to St. John after a pleasant visit of two months at her old home here. Miss Margaret Johnston accompanied Mrs. Hall to St. John when she will spend several weeks the guest of her sister.

Mrs. Geo. Hodge and children are enjoying life at Campobell.

Mr. R. L. Black is also enjoying the salubrious breezes of that delightful resort.

Mrs. W. P. Flewelling is visiting her sister Miss Annie Lugin at St. John, while Miss Ida Lugin is enjoying the change of air at the Capital, and is guest of her brother-in-law Mr. W. P. Flewelling.

REHIBUTO.

JULY 27.—Rev. John Gee, who again on Sunday last occupied the pulpit of the Methodist church, accompanied by the Misses Gee returned to Springhill on Monday.

Rev. Wm. Lawson also returned home from Springhill on Monday afternoon.

Miss Jessie McFarlane gave a delightful water party on Saturday afternoon to her young friends.

Mr. Harry Bruce after a pleasant visit in town returned to Canoe, N. S., on Monday.

Miss Sylvia Black gave a sailing party on Monday evening to a few friends, in entertainment of her guest Miss Belle Cole of St. John.

Mr. W. R. Robinson of Kouchibouguac was in town on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Phinney gave a pleasant picnic on Saturday afternoon to their grove in honor of Mrs. Phinney's young brothers Master G. and H. Loggie of Chatham.

Mr. H. Pratt of St. John is in town today.

Mr. Wm. H. McLeod spent last week in St. John.

Mr. Geo. V. McIserey returned on Saturday from a trip to Moncton and Charlottetown.

Mrs. T. J. Bourque accompanied by her two children and her mother, Mrs. Mary Hannah, left on Saturday for a visit to Bathurst.

Mr. C. J. Sayre went to St. John on Monday.

HILLSBORO.

JULY 27.—Invitations are out for an "At Home" on Thursday at Mrs. G. D. Steeves.

Rev. J. A. Cresswell and Mrs. Cresswell of Springfield, who have been the guests of Mrs. C. J. Osman, drove to Riverside yesterday to visit Rev. Allan W. Smithers.

Mrs. Parker and daughter and Miss Steves visited Elgin on Saturday, returning Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Marr, Mrs. R. Bezanon, and Mrs. Crandall of Moncton, who are spending a few weeks at the Albert house, were the guests of Mrs. Geo. G. Edgett on Tuesday.

Mr. Alden Tomkins Mr. Allison Peck and Mr. Thos. Allen spent Sunday at Elgin.

Rev. Thos. Allen and Mrs. Allan are spending a few days in Digby N. S. visiting friends.

Miss Mabel Sherwood returned from Sussex last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson of Fenwick N. S. who have been visiting their daughter Mrs. Jas. Blight left for home to-day.

THINGS OF VALUE.

There never was and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for all the ills to which the flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germs of other and indefinitely seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient what would relieve one ill, in turn, would aggravate the other. We have, however, a cure for the ills which being situated in the system, would aggravate the other. We have, however, a cure for the ills which being situated in the system, would aggravate the other.

Speed of Electricity—The speed of electricity is so great that its passage from point to point along a conducting wire may be regarded as practically instantaneous. Various attempts have been made to measure the rate at which it travels and observers with delicate instruments, have affirmed that it was not less than 114,000 miles per second, and in one or two places its speed was as high as 240,000 miles.

It may be only a trifling cold, but neglect it and it will settle in your lungs, and you will soon be carried to an untimely grave. In this country we have sudden changes and must expect to have colds and coughs. We cannot avoid them, but we can effect a cure by using Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that has never been known to fail curing coughs, colds, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest.

Scott's Manuscripts.—Scott put no great value on his manuscripts, which were probably the most perfect and least erased and altered that any author of high rank can show. The copy of "Old Mortality" was sold the first time for £35; last year it fetched £600. "The Lady of the Lake" has brought £1,200. Lockhart gave the manuscript of "Rob Roy" to Castelli and it sold for £200.

They Never Fail.—Mr. E. M. Boushner, Lurgan, writes: "For about two years I was troubled with Inward Piles, but by using Parlee's Pills, I am completely cured, and although four years have elapsed since then they have not returned." Parlee's Pills are anti-bilious and a specific for the cure of Liver and Kidney Complaints, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Headaches, Etc., etc., and regulate the secretions and remove all bilious matter.

A lemon bath.—In the West Indies a lemon bath is almost a daily luxury. Three or four lemons are sliced into the water and allowed to lie for half an hour. In order that the cleanliness and freshness is given to the skin.

How to Cure Headache.—Some people suffer up to a misery day after day with Headache. There is rest neither day or night until the nerves are all aching. The cause is generally a disordered stomach, and a cure can be effected by using Parlee's Vegetable Pills, containing Mandarake and Dandelion. Mr. Emory W. Kirk, Lyndauer, E. C. writes: "I had Parlee's Pills a first class article for Biliousness and such."

During the siege of Paris no fewer than 22,000,000 letters sailed out of the city in the fifty-four balloons dispatched between the 19th of September, 1870, and the 28 of January, 1871.

In ten years the descendants of two rabbits will number 70,000,000.

The proprietors of Parlee's Pills are constantly receiving orders similar to the following, which explains itself. Mr. John A. Beam, Waterloo, Ont., writes: "I never used any medicine that can equal Parlee's Pills for Dyspepsia or Liver and Kidney Complaints. The relief experienced after using them was wonderful." It is a safe family medicine. Parlee's Vegetable Pills can be given in all cases requiring a cathartic.

The total area of the coal fields in the world is estimated at 471,800 square miles.

Barcelona is now the most populous city of Spain the result of census just taken showing 521,000 inhabitants to Madrid's 607,000.

There is not a more dangerous class of disorders than those which afflict the breathing organs. A bulging of the chest with its protruding ribs, known as a pulmonary or acknowledged efficacy. It cures lameness and soreness when applied externally, as well as a wrenched neck and crick in the back; and, as an inward specific, possesses most substantial claims to public confidence.

Married couples in Norway are privileged to travel on railways at a fare and a half.

Damp Spell.

"I suppose you are very glad that your husband is entirely cured of his rheumatism," said a doctor recently to a fashionable lady of Germantown. "Yes, I suppose I ought to be," answered the lady, "but from now on we will have to guess at the weather or buy a barometer if his bones quit aching before a damp spell."

ARE YOU CONFRONTED By your grocer constantly telling you that this is as good etc. ? If so don't trust him the name of "MONSOON" on the packet is your guarantee of quality. Lead packets only, 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60 cts. per pound. MONSOON INDO-CYLON TEA

You Want a Piano But you scarcely see your way clear to pay for it . . . Well! There are many who feel that way, but if you will take the time to consult us, we will convince you of the possibility of securing a piano on such easy terms of payment that you will scarcely feel it as an addition to your regular expenditure. The years slip around quickly and before you know it you will absolutely own a first-class piano free of any encumbrance if you purchase on our system. Come and see us, or if you live at a distance write us and we will mail you a beautifully illustrated catalogue free. W. H. JOHNSON CO., Limited PIANOS & ORGANS, Granville and Buckingham Sts. Halifax.

MOUNT ALLISON LADIES' COLLEGE, OWENS' ART INSTITUTION AND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC. The Fall term of the 45th Year Begins Sept. 1st, 1898. Courses of study are provided, extending from the primary branches through the whole University curriculum to the degree of B. A. The staff consists of 18 teachers in addition to the University Professoriate. Physical Culture, Shorthand, Typewriting, Bookkeeping and Commercial courses are all taught after the latest and most improved methods. The Owens' Art Institution with its magnificent gallery is in charge of Prof. Hammond, R. C. A. The Conservatory of music employs an able staff of instructors all of whom have received their musical education in Europe. For Calendar apply to REV. B. C. BORDEN, D. D. Sackville, N. B., July 30th.

HOTELS. THE DUFFERIN. This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the House, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men. It is within a short distance of all parts of the city. Has every accommodation. Electric cars, from all parts of the town, pass the house every three minutes. E. BAROJ WILLIS, Proprietor. QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

We are making a specialty of BADGES for Picnics, Clubs, etc. Call and see Samples. Progress Office.

LAGER BEER. On Hand 100 Doz. 2 Doz to the case Geo. Sleeman's Celebrated Lager For Sale Low. THOS. L. BOURKE

DO YOU KNOW THE ADVANTAGES To be Gained in Our Metallic Ceilings and Walls They're exceedingly handsome—economical in price—durable, can't crack, don't need renewing—and fire proof and hygienic. Think it over—and if you'd like an estimate mail us an outline giving the shape and measurements of the walls and ceilings to be covered. Metallic Roofing Co., Limited. 1189 King St. West, Toronto.

A COMPLETE LINE OF Roger & Gallet's Perfumes, Toilet Waters and Fine Soaps Just Received. See My Show Case Display. W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, Chemist and Druggist. 35 King Street. Telephone 239 Mail and Telephone orders promptly filled. Chickens, Turkeys and Sweet Peas. THOMAS DEAN, City Market.



(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.) Mrs. Christie entertained a number of her lady friends at afternoon tea on Wednesday. Miss Wiggins left on Tuesday for a trip to Cape Breton. Miss Amy Hobart is the guest of her grandfather Hon. M. H. Goudie. Mrs. T. Howland White of Sheburne returned home on Friday.

ST. GEORGE. JULY 27.—Among the visitors in town are Mrs. Wetmore, Truro; Miss Mand Sprague, St. John; Mr. and Mrs. A. Laffan, St. Stephen; Miss Bessie Clinch with her two nephews, St. John. Mrs. Parks and the Misses Parks entertained a party of friends on Wednesday evening including Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. McKay, Mrs. Sutton, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Wallace, Miss Smith, Miss Chadburn, Miss Carlyle, Rev. R. H. Smith and Mr. Hazen McCre.

Members of the Baptist choir enjoyed the hospitality of Rev. and Mrs. Lavers at the parsonage on Thursday evening at the close of the weekly practice, ice and cake were served. Miss Isabel Seelye returned from Colorado on Friday. Mrs. Henry Gilmore and family of St. Martins are the guests of Mrs. Daniel Gilmore at the beach. Mrs. Harry Chesley and children and Miss Annie Macgowan are visiting friends on Indian Island. Mrs. Lord of Lowell, Mass., is visiting her daughter Mrs. Chapman McAdam, and Mrs. Cook of Red Beach is visiting Mrs. George McAdam. Mr. T. B. Lavers, St. John, spent Sunday in town a guest at the parsonage. Miss Bessie O'Brien left on Wednesday to visit Miss Kate Phillips, Woodstock. Mr. Daniel Gilmore left on Monday via St. Stephen for Montreal. Miss Dick leaves this week to visit Miss Nan Russell, Dartmouth. The Ellis party, St. John, are at the club house, Lake Utopia. Mr. Kaimie Lawrence and Mr. Bert Gilmore are camping out at Lake Utopia.

MAX. SACKVILLE. JULY 27.—A very fashionable wedding took place in the Methodist church at Upper Sackville, on Thursday, July 14th. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers for the occasion. The contracting parties were Charles E. Hannah of Springhill, and Miss Agnes L. Hicks of Upper Sackville. The Rev. Samuel Howard of the above place officiated and the choir sang a beautiful anthem as the bride and groom walked up the aisle. The bride looked charming in a beautiful travelling dress of steel gray and carried a handsome bouquet of white roses and carnations. Miss Alberta E. Hicks, sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid. She also carried a handsome bouquet of pink roses. There were two little maids of honor who carried a basket of flowers each. Mr. Andrew Wylie of Springhill acted as groomsmen. After the ceremony the happy couple with about seventy-five of their friends partook of a lunch at the home of the bride's parents, after which they took the C. P. R. for Halifax and intend visiting Yarmouth. Mr. and Mrs. Hannah were the recipients of many beautiful and costly presents. They will return in about two weeks and will reside in Springhill. Their many friends will wish them every prosperity and happiness.

The Till was Untouched. A poor woman who kept a small shop in North Lancashire, was troubled with a husband who could scarcely be considered a credit to the family. One day she found herself a widow, he having died suddenly. A lady, who frequently made small purchases at the shop, called to offer her sympathy, though well knowing that the man's death must, in a certain sense, have come as a relief, as the wife had often suffered from his violence. She was not however quite prepared for the stoical way in which the widow took her bereavement. 'I am sure, Mrs. G.,' said the lady, 'you must miss your husband.' 'Well, mum, it do seem queer to go into the shop and find something in the till!' The visitor had no suitable reply to make.

Closing Out.

Every pair of Spectacles and Eye Glasses must go at once.

Here are the Prices as long as the Goods Last!

- Solid Gold Frames, Warranted, - - \$2.15
- Gold Filled Frames, Warranted 10 Years, - - - - - .90
- Gold Filled Frames, Warranted 5 Years, - - - - - .65
- Best Lenses, Per Pair, Warranted, - .85
- Aluminum Frames, Gold Filled Nose-Piece, - - - - .20
- Alloy Frames, Note - - - - .20
- Steel or Nickel Frames, - - - - .05

We have taken the sole Agency for the celebrated Mexican Medicine Co.'s Remedies and are closing our optical goods to make room for the same. Come at once. Don't delay. Respectfully yours,

Boston Optical Co.,
25 King St. St. John, N. B.

Next to Manchester, Robertson & Allison's.

The People's Faith

Firmly Grounded Upon Real Merit—They Know Hood's Sarsaparilla Absolutely and Permanently Cures When All Others Fail.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is not merely a simple preparation of Sarsaparilla, Dock, Stillingia and a little Iodide of Potassium. Besides these excellent alteratives, it also contains those great anti-bilious and liver remedies, Mandrake and Dandelion. It also contains those great kidney remedies, Uva Ursi, Juniper Berries, and Pipsissewa.

Nor are these all. Other very valuable curative agents are harmoniously combined in Hood's Sarsaparilla and it is carefully prepared under the personal supervision of a regularly educated pharmacist.

Knowing these facts, is the abiding faith the people have in Hood's Sarsaparilla a matter of surprise? You can see why Hood's Sarsaparilla cures, when other medicines totally, absolutely fail.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills
are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion. 25c

A DOUBTFUL AGENCY.

How Burglars Sometimes Keep up a Show of Respectability.

Though the majority of registry offices are undoubtedly conducted respectably, some are not; and there is one species of such establishment that is nothing less than a fraud. This class of office is kept up by retaining on the books the names of a dozen or more so called domestic servants, who, equipped with characters by the owners of the concern herself, take "places" stop as long as their unfortunate mistresses will put up with them, and then continue the process elsewhere, probably carrying off from each situation some little memento of their visit. As will be readily seen, the oftener they change the better for the registry-office keeper, as each fitting means a fresh foe.

Bad as this is, there is worse to be told. Quite by accident the writer, not long since, came into contact with an individual who, a wrong-doer with a long record against him, had turned over a new leaf, possibly for the reason that, having been severely injured in attempting to escape from justice, he was no longer such a slippery customer as of yore. A man with a keen eye to the main chance, he was extremely willing to barter accounts of his experiences in exchanged for cash, and stipulating that nothing should be mentioned that could in any way connect him with the confession, he gleefully entered upon a description of a "registry office," happily unique, with which he was once connected. His statement was in effect as follows.

'There were about seven or eight of us, working more or less together, and sharing what we got. The idea of our little 'registry office' first occurred to us when a man, whom I'll call A., joined us. He was a clever fellow, but ill-health handicapped him, and so, to aid him in his housebreaking efforts, he employed his wife.

'It was done in this way. She went as servant to some likely family. As soon as she had found out the ways of the house, and where the most valuable things were kept, she just left a door or window open one night, and her husband came in helped himself. When she could she also fixed wires across the staircases and the lawns so that possible pursuers should come to grief and in a dozen other ways generally. Sometimes she disappeared at the same time as the plate and other valuables. Sometimes she stayed on after the burglary in which, of course, she was careful to lose something.

'Well A. was so successful that we all envied him, and only wished we had wives who could act similarly for us. You see the woman took nearly all the risk, even going so far as to make 'jimmy' marks in the woodwork of the door or window left open. Not that, mind you A's wife liked being so employed. I'm sure she only did it because he made her and she had to live somehow.

'Anyway the thing looked so tempting that we often talked it over, and, knowing a good number of female thieves and pickpockets, we even consulted them as to how more extensive operations in the same line could be managed. But we got no further forward till one of our gang became acquainted with an ex-clerk who had just come out of prison, where he had been sent for embezzlement, and who was now a bookmaker's tout.

'One evening, when we were all together, this man came in and started that he'd got something to propose. He said:—'You find half-a-dozen women and girls who've been in domestic service, and are willing to do the job if paid well, and we can all work on the same lines as A. does. Stick to me, and I'll engineer it. I'll start a

'registry office,' and supply 'servants' to all who want em.' The prospect seemed promising so we at once started looking out for our 'domestic'

'We providing the money, the bookmaker's clerk took a little office over a small boot shop, had 'Registry Office for Servants: No Charge to Domestic'—the usual announcement at such places—painted up, and the scheme was launched. Promising them adequate reward, two female pickpockets and a shoplifter were soon 'on our books,' and we now waited for unsuspecting clients. A lady soon came, but her address at once proved that her house held out little hope of affording rich plunder. She was, however, speedily followed by the wife of a retired builder, whose own servant had left her in the middle of spring-cleaning. She was ready to take a girl of almost any sort, and we 'obliged' her with one of the pickpockets.

'The girl' was there six days. About two o'clock in the morning of the sixth day little B., one of the cleverest of our gang, arrived on the scene with a sack, soft shoes and a box of silent matches. Strange to say, he found the scullery window wide open, and in half an hour at the outside, thanks to what he had previously learned of the place, his potato sack was crammed full, and S. left as calmly as he had arrived, and by five o'clock we'd got the proceeds scattered in half-a-dozen places.

'A thing that aided us greatly was that, seeing the notice 'Registry Office,' many real domestics applied to us. That made the affair look genuine, and prevented the awkward conclusion being soon arrived at that most houses for which we provided servants were very soon broken into.

'Then one of our men made a find. He saw an account in the paper of a servant who had left her place, taking a number of articles with her. He made inquiries, and when she came out of prison he offered her an engagement with us. She took it, and she was indeed smart.

'Directly she got into a house she began to note where the light valuables were then she would draw a little plan of the room. Here is one of them showing what was to be taken and where it stood, the doors, and tables and windows. This enabled the man who had the job in hand to work with greater ease, rapidity and certainty. But she wasn't long with us, for, aiming at bigger profits, she went abroad as a make-believe grand lady, though, as you can see from her handwriting she didn't know how to spell.

'Our 'registry office' was running some months, and then things got too uncomfortable. Two of us got taken, and there were so many complaints to the police that we had to give up the scheme. Maybe there's other offices of the same sort running at the present time; and it only shows how careful people ought to be in taking strange servants into their houses, doesn't it?

ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD.



We want to enlighten our little world about us in regard to wall paper buying. We want you to know that right here you will find the choicest and cheapest and cheeriest patterns. Buy nowhere till you have looked about you enough to see what we are showing. We don't want you to buy from any other stocker and know for we want you to see other stocks and stock the superiority of ours. E.H.S.

DOUGLAS McARTHUR
90 King Street.
SHOW ROOMS UPSTAIRS.

SKILL OF DOCTORS TESTED.

Fifteen Years of Suffering.

"I thought I should surely die."

When the stomach begins to fall in its duties, other organs speedily become affected in sympathy, and life is simply a burden almost unbearable. Indigestion and dyspepsia are so common that only the possibilities of misery that inheres in them. A typical example of the sufferings of the victim of indigestion is furnished in the case of John C. Pritchard. He went on for fifteen years, from bad to worse, and heart became affected, and I thought I would surely die. I tried Dr. J. C. Ayer's Pills and they helped me right away. I continued their use and am now entirely well. I don't know of anything that will so quickly relieve and cure the terrible sufferings of dyspepsia as Dr. Ayer's Pills.—JOHN C. PRITCHARD, Brodie, Warren Co., N. C.

This case is not extraordinary, either in its severity of the disease or the prompt and perfect cure performed by Dr. Ayer's Pills. Similar results occur in every case where Dr. Ayer's Pills are used. "They helped me right away" is the common expression of those who have used them. Here is another testimony to the truth of this statement:

"I formerly suffered from indigestion and weakness of the stomach, but since I began the use of Dr. J. C. Ayer's Pills, I have the appetite of the farmer's boy. I am 46 years of age, and recommend all take one of Dr. Ayer's Pills after dinner, till their digestive organs are in good order."—Wm. STRANGE, Grant, N.C.

Dr. Ayer's Pills offer the surest and swiftest relief from constipation and all its attendant ills. They cure dizziness, nausea, heartburn, palpitation, bad breath, coated tongue, nervousness, sleeplessness, biliousness, and a score of other affections that are, after all, only the signs of a more or less deep seated disease. You can find more information about Dr. Ayer's Pills, and the diseases they have cured, in Ayer's Cure-This book of 100 pages is sent free on request, by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

in from the street and rushed as usual to the drawing-room. But at the door he stopped with a blank look, and retreated to wipe his boots. The suggestion had operated.

AUTOMOBILES IN PARIS.

Women Like Them but They Object to Being Known as Chauffeuses. The automobile has hit the fancy of the Parisians who are always eager for novelty. Coronetted carriages and fine horses are reposing in the stables while their titled owners go bowling along the Champs Elysees, in automobiles of all shapes and kinds. The women are even more enthusiastic about the innovation than the men; but they have a grievance, in connection with the new fad, and are bitterly resenting the name with which the public has saddled them. In Paris, the woman who manages an automobile is called a 'chauffeuse,' which translated literally, means a 'female stoker.' Now there is nothing disreputable about the term, but the delicate susceptibilities of the leaders of Parisian society are wounded by so harsh a name. "Chauffeuse indeed," says Mme. L. Comtesse. "One might as well be blanchisseuse and have done with it." Possibly one may not see the logic in this feminine deduction; but the women do; and that degrading chauffeuse is the only drawback to a fad which is daily growing more popular. The Duchesse d'Uzes, who is one of the most enthusiastic devotees of the automobile, has even appealed to the press to use its influence against the word chauffeuse and substitute the English "motor woman." The Duchess is prepared to suffer for her faith. She has arrested several times and heavily fined for running an automobile faster than the law allows. That she will endure; but chauffeuse she cannot stand. She prophesies that, within a few months, every woman of distinction in Paris will have yielded to the prevailing craze, and it will be impossible that they should all be classified as female stokers.

There is a contingent in Paris that does not share the enthusiasm over the new machine. The fair chauffeuses, and even the chauffeurs, had an inconvenient way of running amuck through a crowd that grates upon the nerves of sober and conservative citizens. Accidents have been many, and there are a good many persons who share the sentiments of M. Hugues le Roux who, with his wife and children, was almost run over the other day in the Bois. He has notified the Perfect of Police that he intends to carry a loaded revolver in his pocket and will shoot any motorman or woman who goes to fast with as little compunction as he would feel in shooting a mad dog.

Armed for Emergencies.

When Dr. Nansen was a young student he attended a ball and danced with many partners. Returning long after midnight through the streets to his lodgings, he heard loud outcries from a woman, who was struggling with two ruffians. In another moment the woman broke away from them and ran towards the spot where Nansen was standing. The two men were close behind her in hot pursuit. Nansen was an athletic full of courage and vigor, and put himself on guard as the men approached. He allowed the woman to pass, but called upon the infuriated pursuers to halt, standing directly in their way, and hitting out first at one and then the other. The ruffians, angered by this unexpected attack, turned resentfully upon the rescuer, and would have overpowered him, (and possibly have murdered him, if he had not shown presence of mind. Drawing himself up to his full height and throwing back his coat collar so as to expose the brightly-coloured cotton favour which he had worn during the ball, Nansen sternly asked them if they knew who he was. The two assailants, awed by his manner and supposing him to be a royal officer, were at once cowed. They apolo-

gised roughly for not recognising him, and sneaked off in the opposite direction to that which the woman had taken.

WAYS IN LEATSE WAITING.

Mr. Glimmerton Considers People who Never Answer Questions. "It makes me—um—um—not exactly angry, but kind o' mad, too," said Mr. Glimmerton, "when folks that I write to don't answer the questions in my letters. There are some people that never pay any attention to questions whatever—just forget 'em as soon as they've read 'em, and when they write, about what they're thinking about and let the questions go. And they don't mean to be thoughtless or irritating, either.

'Now, when I get a letter and the time comes to answer it, the first thing I do after putting down the date and the salutation and the 'Yours of such a date came duly to hand,' is to begin at the top of the letter that I am answering and read it through again for questions. I don't trust my memory for that, but I read the letter, and when I come to a question I answer it. Having answered that, I go back to the letter and read on till I come to another question and answer that. When I have thus answered every question in the letter, then I go on with what I have to say.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1898.

BLOCKADE RUNNERS.

EXCITING DAYS RECALLED BY A CALIFORNIAN.

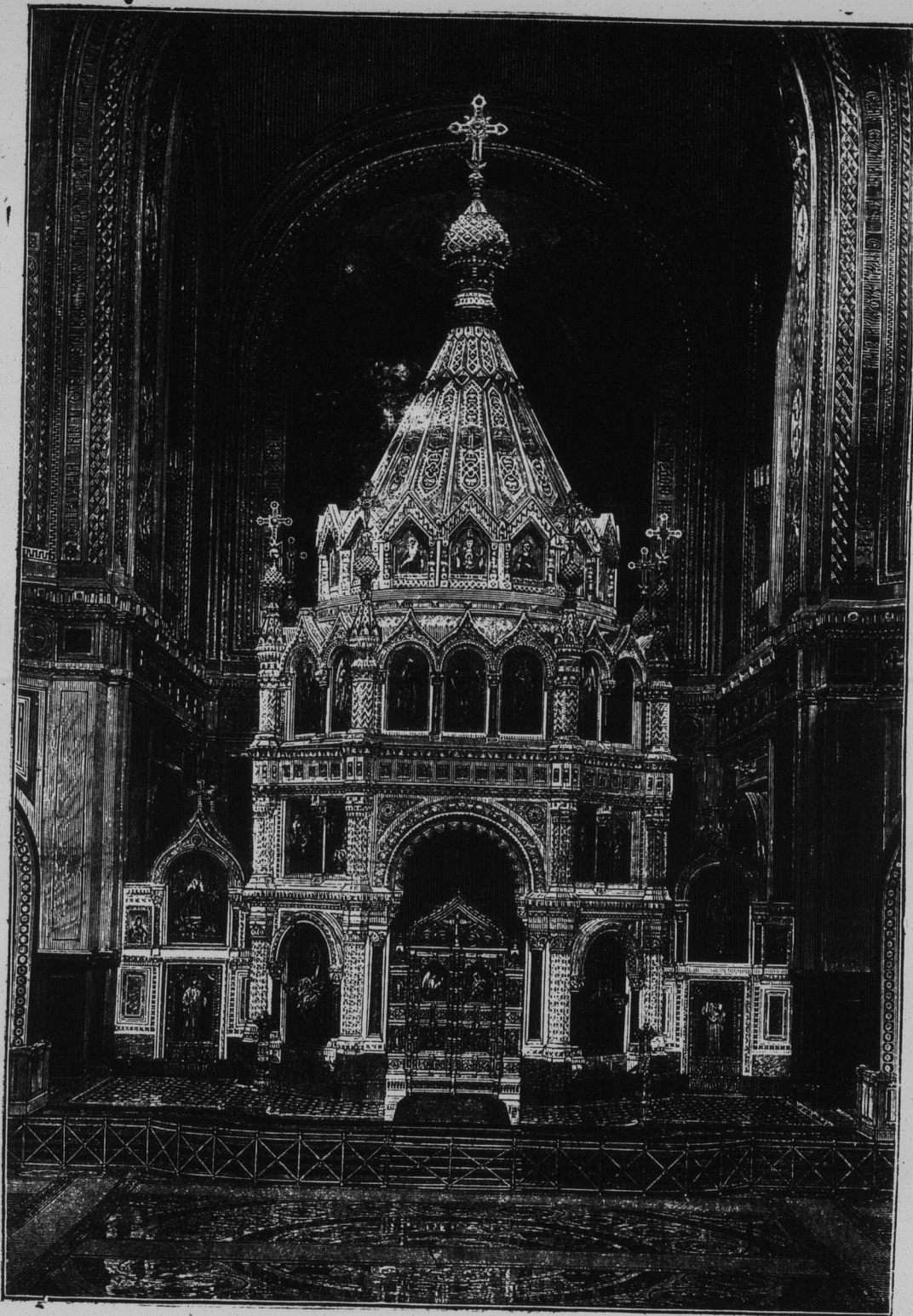
Profits Made During the Civil War by Carrying Supplies to the Confederates and Taking Away Cotton—An Admiral Footed.

The Cuban blockade has had a good deal of interest for a wealthy sheep ranchman in California. He is Frank A. Gillett. During the civil war he was one of the successful blockade runners, and earned a fortune in the business. He was about 60 years old at the time and, having been a sailor for ten years before the war, he got a place as mate on a craft which ran the blockade of Mobile Bay three times. Then he got command of a vessel built expressly in England for running the blockade. He was a blockade runner in 1862 and 1863.

There never was so great a naval blockade as that of the Southern ports by Federals during the civil war," said Capt. Gillett the other day. "When the war broke out in April, 1861, Uncle Sam's few ships were shattered all over the world. During the first two years of the war the naval resources of the North were taxed to the utmost to maintain a blockade along about 3,000 miles of sea coast. Such a naval patrol has never been duplicated. Uncle Sam had to use craft of all kinds and conditions to do the work. The two largest squadrons were those about the mouth of Chesapeake Bay and in the Gulf of Mexico. At one time there were about 100 boats engaged exclusively in running the Union blockades on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts. First and last there were 250 boats engaged in blockade running. I have seen twenty craft in the harbor at Nassau at one time loading up with English goods for the Southern ports. By 1864 the Federal navy had been so largely increased and the cordon had been so strengthened that the blockade running became extra hazardous. Several of the best boats had been sunk by Federal guns, and a dozen of the most skilful blockade runners had been captured.

The greater part of the blockade running was done by craft from England. Some of the boats were manned by English crews but officered by Southerners. As the war progressed fast steamers were built in England purposely for running the blockade. The Southerners had proved the best men for going through the Federal blockade, and they were employed by the English ship owners as far as possible. These English steamers were the fastest in their day. They were painted an ashen color and nothing in the way of spars or deck houses were permitted. The idea was to have the vessel inconspicuous. To this end the sailors dressed in dull colored garb, and white or black suits were never worn. When the blockade runner neared the Confederate coast no one was allowed to smoke on deck, and a thousand and one tricks were employed to make steam and at the same time not send sparks from the smoke stack. The funnels could be lowered close to the deck, and the boats were hung from the davits square with the gunwales. The steam, in case of a sudden stop, could be blown off under water. I never allowed any towels on board my boats because their crowing might attract attention. The steamer Richmond from Jamaica was captured in the fall of 1863 and about \$400,000 worth of goods confiscated because one of her men foolishly used pine wood in the fuel. Of course the blockade-running craft had to change their names often, and many strange names for the craft were adopted. There were no end of Yankee Jims, Yankee Bens and Brave Yankees among English boats. Among the blockade runners was a line of three boats belonging to a London firm. These boats were christened Letter B, Letter G, and Letter Rip. The finest vessel in the business only made one voyage; she was christened Col. Lamb, and was built to carry 15,000 bales of cotton. The war ended soon after she was built and put an end to her career as a blockade runner.

The principal objective points of the



HIGH ALTAR OF THE CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER, MOSCOW.

blockade runners were Charleston and Georgetown, S. C.; Wilmington and Smithville, N. C.; Savannah, Ga., and Galveston, Tex. Occasional runs were made into Mobile, Ala., Ferdinandina, Fla. and Beaufort, N. C., but as the blockade by the Federal warships was tightened, and as the service became more and more hazardous, the blockade runners gradually confined their operations to runs to Charleston and Wilmington, and during the last of the war Wilmington alone was accessible. Charleston was entered by the Siren on the very day of its evacuation, the blockade runner being captured; but for all that blockade runners had practically given up Charleston as an objective point ever since the beginning of the year 1865.

The enormous profits of successful blockade running incited men to take the risks. The excitement was like nothing else I have ever known on the sea. We used to take chances that I shudder now to relate. A shot fired from the blockade runner in self-defence was, according to the maritime laws, cause for treating the blockade runner as a pirate. Several men were hanged in the Gulf in 1861 because they had acted like pirates while trying to run the blockade to Galveston and Mobile. For a run from Nassau to Wilmington or Charleston and back, a total distance of about 1,100 miles, a Captain usually got £1,000, or \$5,000; the pilot £700, and the crew and firemen about £50. There was always abundant material from which to select a crew, and the English men-of-war in the Bahamas

and Bermudas had difficulty in restraining their sailors for deserting and joining in blockade running. So much money was made in the contraband business that some blockade-running vessels paid for themselves in one round trip. That is, a big profit was made on the calicoes, woollens, hardware, leather and general merchandise carried into the Confederacy, but a still greater profit was made on the cotton and sugar molasses that was taken out. Calicoes that cost about ten cents a yard then in England brought fifty and more cents a pound in gold and sold like hot cakes at \$1.60 a pound. I once carried a cargo of cotton that cost \$7,000 at Wilmington and sold for \$20,000 at Nassau. Here is a copy of a bill of purchases at Charleston by a company engaged in running Uncle Sam's blockades in 1863. It shows the prices of merchandise we carried in those days:

Oct. 15—For 1 box (K) containing 400 doz. Coster's spool cotton at \$12 1/2 per doz. \$5,000 00
For 17 rolls sole leather, H. E. W. No. 3, 204 lbs. at \$9 1/4 per lb. 29,637 00
For 5 rolls sole leather, H. (W) C, W. No. 375 1/2 lb. at \$9 1/4 per lb. 5,223 37
For 4 cases foolscap paper H. (W) C, 50 reams each—200 reams at \$74. 14,400 00
For 1 case yellow envelopes (H. P.) No. 46, 100 M envelopes at \$40. 4,000 00
For 3 cases steel pens H. (W) C, No. 405-407, 860 gross each—1,600 gross, at \$8 50 12,750 00
For 6 gross, in case, 18 handles, at \$35. 630 00
For 40 doz. sp. lites (W) at \$180 per doz. 7,200 00
Total..... \$78,940.37

Occasionally there was some humor in running the blockade. In 1863, when the Confederates were hard up for salt, Capt.

McMillan of Charleston purchased at Nassau a large centreboard schooner and loaded her with salt, clearing her from Nassau to Baltimore. He kept two logs—a false log and a true log; his false log showed that he was between Cape Hatteras and Henry, when he was really off Charleston. He dropped both his anchors overboard, damaged his sails, and appeared very much surprised when he sighted the Federal fleet off Charleston. He appealed to the Federal Admiral for assistance. The Admiral, being a kind-hearted man, supplied him with anchors and sent a sailmaker and crew aboard to repair his sails. Capt. McMillan spent two days with the Federal fleet. When he went aboard the flagship he bade the Admiral good-by and thanked him for his kindness. The Admiral offered him a tow-boat to tow him to the windward. This was what the Captain didn't want, but he couldn't refuse it, so he was towed a short distance. When he got rid of the tug, he hoisted his centre-board and began drifting back into the fleet. As soon as he drifted as far as he thought safe, he dropped his centreboard and ran the blockade. After loading up with cotton he attempted to run the blockade out, but was captured. The Admiral said:

"I have got you now, my boy. You played me a sharp trick, but I will treat you well. I will send you to New York." And he did.

"I believe I am correct in saying that the blockade at Wilmington, N. C. was run

in the daytime only three times during the four years of warfare. The Gibraltar got through one morning in the summer of 1862. The fact is memorable because she had aboard munitions. The vessel had a narrow escape. Her smokestack was shot away, her pilot was killed, and if she had been on the water ten minutes longer she would have sunk, with several holes in her hull. She fooled the Federal for a short while by hoisting the United States flag. The Federals thought she was a new transport from the Chesapeake. The Will o' the Wisp, Capt. Caper owner and commander, succeeded on another occasion in running the blockade in the daytime. The Captain was a Scotchman, and one day some of the blockade runners on the Board of Trade were guying him on the insignificant appearance of his vessel, which was small, but one of the best for speed in the port. She could make eighteen knots. They offered to bet him £100,000 against £50,000 that he could not run the blockade in the daytime. He took them up. It was customary for blockade runners to load and run down and anchor off Smithville, at the mouth of Cape Fear River, under protection of our forts, and then make the blockade at night. The Federal fleet saw the Will o' the Wisp coming down the river and supposed, of course, that she would anchor, but instead she shaped her course right through the fleet. They had nothing that could catch her. They fired two shots at her, one passing through her cabin above the water line and the other carrying away her flagstaff. Capt. Caper won his £100,000.

"Oh, yes, I've had some lively times in blockade running myself! I was once in command of the Jonathan—a neat little schooner—formerly the Belle. I ran her through the cordon at Charleston on a very dark, rainy, April 1862. The stringent blockading was just beginning. We went over to Jamaica and unloaded. Then we sailed with a general cargo. It was a warm, lazy day in spring. We were somewhere off Ferdinandina. As we were lying there with hardly a breath of wind blowing black smoke showed up on the horizon, and it was not very long before I saw the familiar spars of the United States revenue steamer. Harriet Lane came out in bold relief. I said nothing but looked as if the game with me was up. Down the Lane came, and out flew from her gaff the British colors. I smiled to myself as I heard some of the crew declare she was a British gunboat. My supercargo was a Spaniard, Francisco Silas by name, and as the Harriet Lane run up to within easy speaking distance, I hoisted Spanish colors and told Francisco to reply in Spanish as I directed him. As for myself, I stretched myself out as unconcernedly as I could, leaving Francisco to stalk about and play Captain.

"What schooner is that?" was called out from the Lane in Spanish. Fortunately we had no name painted on the stern, so that Francisco supplied a fictitious one in Spanish. To the question where we were from and where we were bound, Francisco replied, at my prompting, that we were from Havana, bound to St. John, N. B. As the Lane was coming up my supercargo remarked to me that he was sure the stranger was British. "Don't fool yourself, Francisco," I said. "Look up at her gaff end. Do you see that snug little roll there all ready for breaking out? Just wait a few minutes." And, sure enough, the roll broke and out fluttered the Stars and Stripes. As they fluttered in the air the British colors slowly descended. "There, Francisco," I said in an undertone, "is your British gunboat. Now don't make a botch of your replies."

"The captain asked several questions, and we thought he was satisfied with our Spanish character. He rang to go ahead when I observed an officer go and speak to him. In a moment he and the officer levelled their glasses at us. I knew something was up, but what could we do with a schooner against a steamer in that calm? Presently a boat was let down from the davits and the steamer stopped. The cannon were trained on us, and we knew the jig was up. When the boat reached our side a young Lieutenant whom I had known in my ante-bellum sailor days came climbing up the sides of the schooner, followed by several sailors.

"Well, Capt. Gillett," he said as he came toward me, "I'm glad to see you."

"I recognized him and replied: 'I'm not so glad to see you.' He told me that he had recognized me through his glass, and that he had informed the Captain of his recognition. While myself and crew were taken as prisoners on board the Harriet Lane, the schooner was taken possession of by the Lieutenant."

Many a man who has nerve enough, hasn't money enough.

A TANGLED WEB.

(CONTINUED.)

But Audrey had run off with Sylvia and did not appear to have heard the question. Sylvia looked round the dainty rooms, which, although the notice of their coming had been so short, seemed to have been prepared for them for weeks, and appeared to contain every conceivable luxury the most exacting young woman could desire looked round with a sigh of admiration, which grew into an exclamation of delight as she ran to the window.

"Oh! how can you ever leave this paradise for that awful London?" she exclaimed. "This makes me long for our little cottage in the country more keenly than ever—doesn't it you, Mercy?"

Mercy smiled sadly as she bent over the portmanteau which a maid was helping her to unpack. "Audrey, you must show me everything, mind—all the places you used to play in when you were a girl, all the things and the animals you love. I shall want to see them all, that I may persuade myself that I have known you for years instead of a few weeks. Dinner? What a shame it is that one must spend time in eating and drinking when there is so much to do and only four days to do it in!"

Audrey's dressing-room adjoined that given to Sylvia, and the two girls talked through the open door as they changed their clothes; and as they had insisted upon Mercy going to her own room to rest Audrey was constantly coming in to Sylvia with offers of help—offers which Sylvia refused laughingly.

"My dear Audrey, I have not been the mistress of a moated grange and accustomed to ladies' maids and dames of honor. I can dress myself. Why, at one time I had scarcely anything to dress in!" she added brightly.

The dinner-gong sounded, and the voice of the viscount came up the great stairs, shouting blithely but warningly:

"Now, you girls!" and they went down. As they passed along the corridor, Sylvia, who wanted to look everywhere at once, glanced through an open door into a large room, in which she caught sight of a huge rocking horse, a doll's house, and similar toys.

"That was my play-room," said Audrey. "Oh, how happy I was then!"

"I must have a ride on that horse!" said Sylvia, determinedly. Audrey smiled.

"I have gone many a hunt on him, and have been thrown off scores of times when Neville rocked him too fast by accident—on purpose. We used to play together in that room. There is scarcely a place I shall show you in which he and I have not spent, oh, such happy hours! Poor Neville!" and she sighed.

But Sylvia would not permit any sighing for that night at any rate, and the dinner with these two lovely girls was, so the viscount declared often afterward, one of the happiest he had ever eaten. He was so happy that he did not even regret the absence of the Right Honorable Jordan, and Audrey herself did not seem to miss her lover.

After dinner the girls went into the great drawing-room, the splendor of which would have struck Sylvia with amazement if she had not been accustomed to splendor on the stage, and the viscount joined them after a very short interval.

"Is there any clause in your agreement signora, forbidding you to play the night-ingle for your friends' delight?" he said.

"If there were I should break it and pay forfeit," responded Sylvia; and she drew Audrey to the piano, and in a moment or two the exquisite voice was filling the room and floating through the open window.

"What a lovely creature, and what a voice!" exclaimed the viscount to himself. He did not see that Audrey's eyes were full of tears.

A little while before this, Trale rushed into Mrs. Parsons, nearly startling that good lady out of her life, and causing Neville to spring out of his chair with an exclamation.

"He had placed himself in Trale's hands, and, following his advice, was still at the cottage, though consumed by an almost intolerable desire to be doing something."

"What is it now?" he demanded eagerly. "Have you got that scoundrel?"

"No; but it's all right," said Trale, drawing Neville outside. "And Sir Jordan's gone now."

"Gone?" echoed Neville, fiercely. "It's all right, I say. He's only gone to London, and a man I can trust is in the same train with him and won't lose sight of him. It's not that I've come to tell though. Miss Audrey's here."

"Miss Audrey here?" and his face flushed.

"Yes, at the Grange. She came down with Lord Marlow, and a lady friend."

"Audrey here?" murmured Neville, "and engaged to that villain; and she knows nothing. I must go to her; she must be told," and he took a step or two in the direction of the Grange.

Trale caught him by the arm. "Don't do anything rash, Mr. Neville," he said. "It isn't time yet. You leave it to me."

"But I must see her, man, I must see her!" he broke out, passionately. "I won't speak to her she shall not see me, but I must see her. Little Audrey, my dear little Audrey!"

Trale saw that it was no use to argue with him.

"All right, sir," he said. "I can understand, and it's only natural. Come along, then; we'll manage to get a sight of her. But, Mr. Neville, you won't spoil the

whole of my plans by doing anything rash?"

But Mr. Neville had got his hat and was already striding off to the Grange.

The two men reached the house and in the dusk made their way to the ornamental gardens, and cautiously crept up to the terrace.

Here, however, Trale seized Neville's arm.

"No further, please, sir!" he said. "The windows are open; some one might come out at any moment; you'd be seen and all my plans would be spoiled."

Neville shook him off, but stopped irresolutely.

"Perhaps—perhaps she may come out on the terrace," he said, and he stood and gazed longingly at the lighted windows.

At that moment there rose a woman's voice singing the "Ah che la morte" with a power and sweetness that startled and thrilled even the practical Trale.

"Phew! but that's fine, Mr. Neville!" he whispered.

He got no further, for suddenly Neville uttered a terrible cry of intense amazement.

"My God!" he gasped, clutching Trale and shaking in every limb, "whose voice is that?"

CHAPTER XXII.

Well might Trale stare at Neville with surprise and alarm. The great strong man was trembling like a leaf; the perspiration stood in big drops upon his forehead.

"Good Lord! Mr. Neville, what is it?" demanded Trale.

Neville looked at him vacantly.

"That voice—Don't you hear?" he said.

"Yes; beautiful, isn't it?" said Trale. "That's the great opera singer all London's mad about."

"What! No, that's Sylvia's voice. I should know it among a thousand. It is here! Let me go!" for Trale had got hold of him, half fearful that he had taken leave of his senses.

"No, no, Mr. Neville; you're mistaken—indeed you are," he said. "The lady who is singing is the great opera-singer that all London's mad about. The name's Signora Stella."

"It is not!" said poor Neville, fiercely. "It is—it is a lady—Oh!" and he put his hand to his head. "Am I dreaming? Sylvia here, so near! Hold on, Trale; I'm not as mad as you think. I tell you that the lady you hear is an old friend. We've been parted, and—"

He could not go on, for the voice still floating out to them confused them with a commingling of exquisite pain and joy.

"Steady, Mr. Neville, I'm sure that you're mistaken," said Trale soothingly. "I had the whole particulars of the party from one of the servants. It is the opera-singer, indeed—indeed it is. If you know her—"

"I know nothing of her!" broke in Neville, with agitation. "I only know the lady who is singing in there, and he pointed to the drawing-room. 'I've heard her voice too often not to know it. It's the dearest, sweetest voice in all the world to me. Let me go, Trale!'"

Then he stopped of his own accord. Trale could not of have held him.

"My God, I forgot!" he cried. "I can't go yet. She thinks I'm dead. The shock would kill her!"

"Thinks your dead, Mr. Neville!" he said, soothingly.

"Yes," cried Neville, sinking on to a seat, and resting his head in his hands. "I can't tell you all, Trale, but I can tell you this much—that I love her, have loved her dearly—with all my heart—and that we were parted out there in Australia. She thought me dead—saw me killed, as she thought, poor girl!—and I thought it best for her to think so. But it's not too late!" and he halted rose, to sink down again irresolutely. "Some one must break the news to her—the news that I am alive. You must do it, Trale."

Trale looked anything but comfortable. "I go in there, sir?" he said. "Lord, I couldn't! The viscount would be wild."

"You must do it gently, Trale," Neville went on, as if he had not heard him. "She has the tenderest heart, and—and the shock! Listen—there! Oa, I little thought I should hear her so soon—that I should be so near her!" and he looked wistfully, longingly towards the windows.

Trale stood beside him, sympathetic but terribly perplexed.

"Won't you wait until to-morrow—or write to her, Mr. Neville," he suggested feebly.

Neville laughed gently.

"Wait till to-morrow? No, not another hour! What! after all these months of miserable and wretched longing for her? Ha! ha!"

Trale got frightened.

"They'll hear you, sir,—pon my word they'll hear you, and there'll be a fine how-dye-do. I wish I'd got a drop of brandy or something just to pull you together. You look—well, you look—"

"Out of my mind," said Neville. "So I am; but it's with joy, Trale—joy! What is to be done?"

"Come home with me and—and have a pipe, Mr. Neville," suggested Trale, as one speaks to a child or a man in delirium. "You won't do any good here. If—if it's the lady you think you can go to the Grange in the morning, and—Oh, for goodness sake, come home, sir!"

"No," said Neville; "I'll stay here. I couldn't go if I wanted to, and I don't. I must see her somehow or other. There, I beg your pardon, Trale. I know you think I'm mad, and that the whole thing's a delusion. But it's not, and it's all true. I

tell you that lady is the woman I love, and from whom I've been parted, and whom I must and will see within an hour."

"Hush, hush! for goodness sake, Mr. Neville!" pleaded Trale. "We shall be heard directly, and there'll be a deuce of a row. There are servants all about, and—he stopped and ducked his head. "There! Just what I expected! Here's one coming now. Come into the shrubbery, sir—come on!" and he dragged at him.

Neville allowed him to half lead, half pull him into the shrubbery; but it was too late.

Footsteps were heard coming nearer, and presently a tall figure strode up to them and a voice sternly demanded:

"Who's there?"

Trale pressed Neville's arm to keep him silent. The new-comer repeated the question, and advanced upon their hiding-place.

"It's all up," said Trale, with a groan. "We must face the music;" and he stepped out. "It's all right," he said, still thinking the man was one of the Grange servants. "It's me—Trale—Inspector Trale, and—"

"Trale?" said the voice; "what are you doing here? Don't you know me?"

Trale peered at him.

"God bless my soul it isn't Lord Lorrimore, is it?" he exclaimed.

"Yes," said Lorrimore, coloring a little. "I was going to call at the Grange. I'm—I'm just starting for Africa, and wanted to say good-bye to Miss Hope; and—But what are you doing here? Is there anything wrong?"

"No, no," said Trale; "nothing wrong, my lord."

"Who's that with you—one of your men?" asked Lorrimore nodding toward Neville, who stood still looking at the Grange and listening to the voice, and utterly and completely regardless of his companions.

"That?" stammered Trale. "Oh—oh, no, not one of my men; that is—Oh, Lord, what's the use of trying to keep it dark. No, my lord; that gentleman is Mr. Neville Lynne."

If Trale had said the Great Mogul, Lord Lorrimore could not have seemed more startled.

"Mr.—who?" he exclaimed.

"Mr. Neville Lynne," repeated Trale. "Here, Mr. Neville, here is Lord Lorrimore—a friend of Miss Hope;" and he pulled at Neville.

Neville woke up, and advanced and nodded impatiently; then he started and stared for Lord Lorrimore, as if some exquisite joke had been perpetrated flung himself down on the bench and laughed grimly.

"Neville Lynne?" he exclaimed, looking up at him.

"That is my name," said Neville, staring at him. "I have not the pleasure of knowing—"

"By heaven that's not my fault!" exclaimed Lorrimore, with sardonic irony, "seeing that I've spent months and tramped thousands of miles in trying to make your acquaintance, Mr. Lynne."

Neville put his hand to his head.

"I—I don't understand," he stammered. "There is some mistake—delusion—"

"There is no delusion in the fact that I have been scouring the greater portion of the habitable globe in search of you," retorted Lorrimore, grimly. "How do you do?" and he held out his hand.

Neville took it mechanically, and sunk on to the seat beside him.

"Perhaps you'll explain, my lord?" he said in a bewildered fashion.

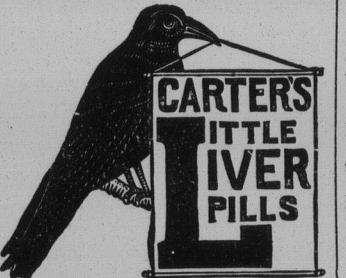
"Nothing easier," said Lorrimore. "I only wish it had been as easy to find you. I—I am a friend of Miss Hope—his handsome face clouded darkly as he spoke her name—and—and at her request I left England three years ago to find another friend of hers—yourself."

"She—Audrey—sent you to find me? God bless her!" said Neville, his voice shaking.

"Amen!" said Lorrimore, fervently. "She thought of her old playfellow. Yes, that was like her, God bless her!"

"Amen again," said Lorrimore. "But—why did she send you? How came you to go?" asked Neville, not naturally.

Lorrimore glanced at Trale, who had discreetly withdrawn out of hearing.



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"Because—because I have the misfortune to love Miss Hope," said Lorrimore, grimly.

"You loved—Ah! and she—Jordan?"

"Exactly," said Lorrimore, sardonically. "When I came back I found her engaged to marry your brother, Mr. Lynne. Mind, I make no complaint. She was not engaged to me—had given me no distinct promise; but as I have the misfortune to love her still, it is not altogether to be wondered at that I should be anxious to get away from your brother's happiness. I am going to Africa. It is a charming country, and presents all kinds of novelty to the jaded traveler, and—but I think it would be more interesting if we talked of yourself Mr. Lynne; and—well, if you will not deem me impudently inquisitive, I should like to ask where the devil you have been these last three years—down in a coal mine, up in a balloon, or at the bottom of the sea in a diving bell?"

Neville looked at him.

"I have been for the greater part of the time gold-digging in Australia," he said in a place called Lorn Hope."

Lorrimore swung round upon him.

"I—I beg your pardon. Where?"

"In a place called Lorn Hope," repeated Neville.

Lorrimore stared at him.

"You didn't bear your own name?" he said. "Lorn Hope! Why, I was there, or near it! There was no Neville Lynne living there then?"

"I didn't use my own name," said Neville. "I was called the Young 'Un or sometimes Jack," he said in a still voice.

"Why—why, you're dead!"

"I know—I know," said Neville, putting his hand to his brow. Excuse me, Lord Lorrimore but this talk brings back an unhappy miserable time to me; but—but that's all passed now, I hope, and—"

"One moment, Mr. Lynne," said Lorrimore; "you speak of an unhappy time; you are, you say, the Young 'Un of Lorn Hope Camp; then you must know that a young lady, the Signora Stella—I mean Sylvia Bond—thinks you dead—actually thinks it at this moment!"

Neville stared at him.

"You know her! Can it be possible that—that you are the gentleman who rescued her from Lavarick?"

"That was his name, I believe—the bushranger. Yes," said Lorrimore.

Neville held out his hand and grasped Lorrimore's, his face flushing, his eyes glowing.

"I should like to try and thank you," he said.

"The young lady was so dear to you," said Lorrimore.

"Dear to me?" echoed Neville; then he laughed a strange laugh. "She is and always has been dearer than life to me."

"And yet you allowed her to think you were dead?" said Lorrimore, gravely.

Neville looked rather startled and uncertain.

"It was best," he said; "I did it for the best. When those scoundrels seized her and left me for dead they robbed me of every penny I possessed; luck was dead against me; I heard she had fallen into the hands of a kind-hearted lady and a nobleman, who would take every care of her—better care than I had taken; and I—I'm a proud man, and I would not stand in her way or be a burden on her, and he hung his head.

"Yes," said Lorrimore. "You are proud I see; but didn't it occur to you that the young lady might suffer somewhat at the loss of her brother, as she called you?"

Neville started.

"No," he said. "Poor Sylvia! Did—did she grieve much?"

Lorrimore laughed grimly.

"Great Heaven! he asks that!" he exclaimed ironically. "Did she grieve? Why, my good friend, she nearly died. We had to fight Death inch by inch, hour by hour, for days; and as to grieving—But I think I'd better stop; a proud man's bad enough, but a conceited one is worse, and I should make you that."

Neville hid his face in his hands.

"My dear, dear darling!" he murmured, inaudibly. "And she's in there!" he exclaimed, dropping his hand on Lorrimore's arm. "In there! Think of it, my lord! And I shall see her directly."

"Yes," said Lorrimore, hanging his head. "You are a happy man. So is the woman I love in there, and I shall probably see her directly; but it will be for the last time—the last time."

Neville, biting his lips, looked at him.

"I—I wouldn't give up all hope, Lord Lorrimore," he said.

Lorrimore faced round and gazed at him, then shook his head.

"There can be no hope for me, Mr. Lynne," he said. "Miss Hope is engaged to your brother."

Neville groaned.

"Look here," he said in his abrupt backwoods fashion; "don't you go off to Africa yet. You can't tell what may turn up. Look at my case. Here am I, sneaking in the garden to get a glimpse of an old friend, Audrey, and I hear the voice—his own broke—"of the girl I love, of the girl I've been parted from forever, as I thought. Take courage by my luck."

"Yes; but your girl is not engaged to another man—at least I don't think so; I don't know—"

"What?" gasped Neville, at the mere idea of a doubt, "Sylvia engaged—"

"You see," said Lorrimore, with a sad smile—"you can understand how I feel—hopeless!"

"No, I can't!" said Neville, his hand clinched at his side, his broad chest heaving. "If I found Sylvia—my little Sylvia engaged, I'd—"

Neville shook his head and groaned. "Would to God I could forget it, too!" he said.

Before Lorrimore could ask for an explanation of this singular unfaternal sentiment, Trale came up.

"There's Miss Audrey come out on the terrace, Mr. Neville," he said. "Now—I was thinking, it is his lordship wouldn't mind going and breaking your being here to her, you might go and see her. But you won't say anything about—about you know what?" he implored.

Lorrimore assented at once.

"Wait here, Mr. Lynne, until I call," he said, and he went toward the terrace.

Sylvia had sung twice, and then run up to see Mercy.

"I'll smoke my cigar on the terrace," said the viscount, "if you'll come, Audrey. The signora will join us when she comes down, I hope—that is, it is not afraid of the night air."

"I am afraid of nothing!" responded Sylvia, with a laugh, as she left the room.

"Lovely night, isn't it?" said the viscount, as he lighted his cigar.

Audrey did not reply, but leaned her head on her hand and gazed dreamily into vacancy.

"How strange it is that your young friend does not get married! If I were—"

It is very fortunate for you that her ladyship isn't here to hear you," said Audrey, with a smile. Then she sighed.

"Sylvia is very young—much younger than she looks; and why should she get married?" she added, with barely concealed bitterness and irritation.

"Please ask me another," remarked the viscount. "Must you then think it the great aim and end of their life to ensnare some wretched, unhappy man for his, and—Hullo! who's this coming across the lawn? By Jove, it's Lorrimore! Now look out for squalls, young lady!" and he whistled softly.

"Lord Lorrimore!" cried Audrey; and she blushed and looked over her shoulder as if she meant to beat a retreat.

"No, you don't!" said the viscount. "No running away, Miss Audrey! Hallo, Lorrimore! where did you come from? How are you?"

Lorrimore came up the steps and shook hands with them, his eyes just glancing at the viscount and fixing themselves sadly and wistfully on Audrey's downcast face.

"I came down here this afternoon," he said rather lamely. "The fact is, I'm off to Africa—"

"To where?" exclaimed the viscount.

"To Africa; and I thought I should like to say good-bye to Miss Hope before I went, as I shall be away some time."

Poor Audrey's heart beat wildly and her bosom heaved.

"Good heavens! what a man you are for rushing about!" said the viscount. "You don't seem as if you could stop more than a few months in one place. Africa, too! What's the use of spending your time among savages? Besides, if you're so fond of 'em, you might as well stay at home; we've got plenty of them here. Have a cigar? Have some wine? Hope you've dined?"

Lorrimore said, falsely, that he had dined, and accepted a cigar.

"We've got your friend, the famous Signora Stella, in the house," said the viscount. "She'll be delighted to see you I dare say, and I'll set her on to disuading you from this absurd Africa idea. Eh, Audrey?"

"Sylvia will be very sorry," he said, almost inaudibly.

"I'll go and see about some wine," said Lord Marlow.

The two, left alone, were silent for a moment or two, Audrey's heart beating too fast to allow of her speaking at first, and Lorrimore wondering how on earth he should break the news of Neville's proximity. At last he said:

"I'm afraid I have made my visit at an inconveniently late hour, Miss Hope; but I meant starting to-morrow."

"You mean?" she said, keeping her voice steady by an effort.

"Yes, I may be a day or two later now. The fact is—then, like most men engaged in 'breaking' news, he blurted it out: 'Audrey, I have heard of Neville Lynne.'

She started, but did not look overcome with joy. She was too much agitated thinking of another man—the Earl of Lorrimore to write—to be very much moved even by the return of her old friend.

"Neville?"

"Yes; he—well, the fact is that he is here."

"Here! Where? Oh!" and she looked around.

"Yes," said Lorrimore. "I met him tonight by the most singular chance, and I have only just left him."

"Left him—where? Oh, why did you not bring him with you?" said Audrey.

"Well," replied Lorrimore, "I should if Sylvia had not been here."

"Sylvia? What has Sylvia to do with him or him with her?" demanded Audrey.

Lorrimore was a bad hand at telling a story, and he looked round helplessly.

"The long and short of it is," he said, "that they know each other—that they are old friends."

"Sylvia and Neville Lynne?"

"Yes." And in a few words as possible he told her the story, or as much as he knew of it. Audrey's eyes growing larger and larger as she listened and gazed at him.

Sunday Reading.

My Bad Little Boy.

Did you ever see him, my bad little boy, Down on the sands by the sea? This is his picture—my boy's own self— With his big eyes smiling at me!

Margerie's Surprise.

The sun wondered why Margerie slept so late. It was such a beautiful morning, and her birthday, too. The birds in the old apple-tree under her window had been singing and chirping for hours.

Scott's Emulsion is not a "baby food," but is a most excellent food for babies who are not well nourished.

A part of a teaspoonful mixed in milk and given every three or four hours, will give the most happy results.

The cod-liver oil with the hypophosphites added, as in this palatable emulsion, not only feeds the child, but also regulates its digestive functions.

Ask your doctor about this.

50c and \$1.00; all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

Cousins, Lucille and May, to spend the day with her. They were as excited as Margerie over the new dolls.

"Hurrah for Ching-Chang-Ching!" called May holding up the little Chinaman in gay flowered gown and pigtail.

"Yes, but just see the dear little milk-maid I found in the umbrella stand," said Lucille. Sure enough, there she was ready to go a-milking, with a little stool tucked in her belt.

"It's my turn to find one now," said Margerie. "I wonder what kind of a doll it will be."

"I am going to hunt in the library," said May. "We haven't been in there yet."

But Lucille and Margerie were sure there were more dolls in the parlor. Presently they heard May calling excitedly, "Come, see what a pretty one I got out of the waste basket."

Running to the library, they beheld a demure doll in short-waisted gown, mitts and bag.

"Miss Priscilla Prue, how do you do?" said Margerie, making her a bow.

The little girls then looked in every nook and corner, but no more dolls were forthcoming, so they sat down to rest and play with those they had found.

"Oh! I know where we can look," exclaimed Margerie, suddenly; "in the packing-room." And they all flew up-stairs as fast as their feet could carry them.

"I told you so; see Gretchen," said Margerie as she pulled a little Dutch doll with velvet cap and bodice and fat, flaxen braids under a pile of quilts.

"I wish we could find the other doll. Where, oh where, are you hiding? I don't believe she is up here at all," said May, when they had spent some time hunting around.

"Well let's put everything as we found it and look somewhere else," answered Margerie.

Such a long search as that dollie gave them. Down stairs, up stairs, and down stairs again, but no doll appeared. At last tired out, the little girls went into the pantry for a drink of water.

"Did you ever?" cried Lucille as she climbed up to get a glass. "It's time you were found, you bad, bad doll."

By the side of the bread-box sat Miss Dollie, smiling and looking as cool and unconcerned as though three little girls had not been hunting for her over an hour.

The children had their supper in the nursery. There was a big bunch of pink roses in the middle of the table in honor of the birthday. After they had eaten their bread and milk, Molly, the waitress, brought in a sponge cake, which she put in front of Margerie to cut, and three little dolls made

CONSTIPATION.

In the summer especially should the bowels be kept free, so that no poisonous material shall remain in the system to ferment and decay and infect the whole body. No remedy has yet been found equal to B.B.B. for curing Constipation, even the most chronic and stubborn cases yield to its influence.

"I cannot say too much in favor of Burdock Blood Bitters, as there is no remedy equal to it for the Cure of Constipation. We always keep it in the house as a general family medicine, and would not be without it." MRS. JACOB MOSHER, Pictou Landing, N.S.

B.B.B. not only cures Constipation, but is the best remedy known for Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Jaundice, Liver Complaint, Kidney Disease and Blood Humors.

Burdock Blood Bitters.

of ice cream. They had chocolate feet and vanilla faces and strawberry gowns. I think Margerie must have been satisfied. Don't you?

A War Funeral.

Two generations have learned by heart the fine poem on 'The Burial of Sir John Moore.' Its truth as a war funeral sketch is emphasized by the scene at the burial of Surgeon Gibbs and his three comrades at Guantanamo, Cuba, last June. At the point where

But half of our heavy task was done When we heard the distant and random gun That the foe was suddenly firing,

the repetition of history is striking, though the situation in the Cuban incident is far more critical and thrilling than in Chaplain Wolfe's poem. It was the same national 'foe' whose 'sullen firing' had slain four brave American marines, and threatened again the lives of the men who buried them.

By the new graves on the hillside, near the camp of the marines, a troop of several hundred stood with uncovered heads while Chaplain Jones of the war-ship Texas began the service for the dead.

He had scarcely pronounced the words, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life,' when a volley from a party of concealed Spaniards on a neighboring ridge startled them with a hail of scattering bullets. Most of the marines retired to their trenches, but a few remained with the intrepid chaplain.

Falling flat in the grass, they sighted their rifles at the ridge, and gave the hidden enemy shot for shot, while the clergyman, partly sheltered by a little mound of earth, went on with the funeral service, uttering every word with a calm, strong voice, and apparently as undisturbed as if he had been in his own pulpit.

The more excited marines watched and fought the foe, but did not for a moment forget the solemn ceremony. In the face of all perils they resolved to suitably honor the remains of their uncoffined comrades. Their guns strangely accented the reverent responses they gave to the chaplain's recital, and the closing 'Our Father' mingled with the dropping of Spanish bullets all around them. When before was the Lord's Prayer ever chanted to the accompaniment of a battle? It was the Old Testament and the New in tragic symphony—a duet of death and life.

Chaplain and men kept to their sacred duty, omitting nothing till all was done. They covered the graves and went away. A religious rite under such circumstances was one to be remembered; and later some one of those present at the scene may tell its story more adequately than we have told it here.

NEARLY DISCOURAGED.

The Experience of Mr. Ralph Giberson. Who Suffered Greatly From General Debility.

Ralph Giberson, postmaster Monquast, Carleton Co. N. B., is also known as a prosperous agriculturist and an enthusiast in his line. Now stalwart and rugged, weighing 250 pounds, he scarce would be recognized as the man who six months ago was the picture of one suffering the terrible symptoms of general debility. He was run down in health, suffered much from dizziness, almost blindness, general dullness and depression of spirits. He had a poor appetite and such food as he ate gave him great distress. He was incapacitated for the work that fell upon him and was well nigh utterly discouraged. The symptoms bordered on those by which hypochondria is manifested. Through reading the Advertiser he learned of the particular benefit that several of his friends in this vicinity had received by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and by the hope held out by their testimonials he secured a supply and took them according to directions. The result was almost magical; immediately his symptoms began to become less disagreeable and he steadily gained until now he is perfectly free from his old troubles. He gladly and freely gives this testimonial, that all who may read it may know the remedy if ever they are troubled with general debility.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. The genuine can only be had in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark, 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.'

Little Glenn was dining with a friend of his father, and had picked his second drumstick when he was offered a third. The little fellow looked from the leg poised on the carving-fork to the two bones on his plate and exclaimed, "Why, our chickens don't have hind legs!"

Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine has been found of great service in croup and whooping cough. No house where there are children should be without a bottle.

AN ISOLATED RACE.

Ainos of Japan, who had Never Seen a Foreigner.

Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd writes for the Century, from personal observation, an article entitled 'In Aino Land.' Mrs. Todd says: In the summer of 1896, as a lay member of the Amherst College expedition which visited northern Japan to view the total eclipse of the sun, I had the rare opportunity of seeing the absolutely primitive 'hairy Aino' of that region. In the southern portion of the island, near Hakodate and Sapporo, and about Volcano Bay, travelers have visited these shy and silent people. But several hundred miles north are many Ainos who, until the summer of 1896, were strangers to the members of any race but their own or the few Japanese who are establishing small fishing villages along the coast. The dwellers in the province of Kitami [are too distant to be sought by visitors; and a foreign woman, the Japanese official] informed me, had never before reached Kitami.

Skirting the rough western coast by steamer, and rounding Cape Soya, the eclipse party located at Esashi, which must not be confused with another town of the same name near Hadodate. The news of the arrival of strange white foreigners spread quickly among the neighboring villages. Walking with stately tread, bushy-haired and bearded groups of Ainos often passed the expedition headquarters, apparently, looking for nothing unusual, and giving no evidence of curiosity, yet never failing to see every foreign figure within their range. Humbly accompanying their lords, women and children frequently followed, far less imposing than the men. Somewhat larger, and apparently stronger than the Japanese, although not taller, the older men are actually patriarchal, with long beards, and masses of thick hair parted in the middle. Many faces have a benign and lofty expression.

Driven gradually through ages from the south to Hokkaido, the Ainos are among the few races yet remaining in this over-civilized world of ours, an utterly unspoiled simplicity. Their origin has never been satisfactorily traced, but they were certainly in Japan long before the present race of Japanese had arrived, and names clearly originating in the Aino tongue are still retained all over the empire. Gentle and suppliant to the conquering race, it is evident that they formerly held more egotistic views than now, even fancying themselves the centre of the universe, as is shown perhaps by an old national song:

Gods of the sea, open your eyes divine, Wherever your eyes turn, there echoes the sound of the Aino speech.

Going to bed Hungry.

It is a mistake to suppose that it is never good to eat before sleeping. Many an hour of sleeplessness may be avoided by nibbling a biscuit at bed time. On this subject the New York 'Ledger' says: 'All animals, except man, eat before sleeping, and there is no reason why man should form an exception to the rule. Fasting during the long interval between supper and breakfast, and especially the complete emptiness of the stomach during sleep add greatly to the amount of emaciation sleeplessness and general weakness; so often met with it it well known that in the body there is a perpetual disintegration of tissue—sleeping or waking: it is therefore, natural to believe that the supply of nourishment should be somewhat continuous, especially in those in whom the vitality is lowered. As bodily exercise is suspended during sleep, with wear and tear correspondingly diminished, while diminished, while digestion, assimilation and nutritive activity continue as usual, the food furnished during this period add more than is destroyed, and increased weight and improved general vigor is the result. If the weakly, the emaciated and the sleepless were to take nightly a light meal of simple, nutritious food before going to bed for a prolonged period, they would be raised a better standard of health. It has been our experience that after digesting a bowl of bread and milk or a saucer of oatmeal, before going to bed, for a few months a surprising increase in weight, strength and general tone has resulted.'

How To Select A Boy.

A Gentleman advertised for a boy, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves to him. Out of the whole number he selected one and dismissed the rest.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy, who had not a single recommendation?"

"You are mistaken" said the gentleman; "he has a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him showing that he was careful. He gave his seat instantly to the lame old man, showing that he was thoughtful. He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly, showing that he was gentlemanly."

He picked up the book which I had purposely laid on the floor and replaced it

upon the table, and he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing and crowding showing that he was honorable and orderly. When I talked to him I noticed that his clothes were brushed, his hair in order; when he wrote his name I noticed that his finger-nails were clean.

"Don't you call those things letters of recommendation? I do; and I would give more for what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes than all the letters he can bring me."

ANCIENT REMEDIES.

Alchemy and Superstition Proposed Some Ridiculous Compounds.

It is strange to notice the great belief which the ancients appeared to have in the restorative properties of human blood. So, for epilepsy, diseases of the brain, and even for spleen, human blood was much recommended. In the month of May take a considerable quantity of healthy young men's blood. The blood was distilled twice and dried in the sun. One wonders what the 'healthy young men' had to say on this subject of blood-letting, especially as 'a considerable quantity' was taken. In olden times no one need remain wrinkled. All that was necessary was to 'smear the face with a mixture of water and the ponded root of wild cucumber.' If any one was afflicted with freckles it was his own fault; the remedy was simple if scarcely pleasant; he must 'rub a bull's gall on the face.' To us who are apt to be irritated by dust or smoke in the eye while on the railway the following prescription should be valuable: "Chant the psalm 'Qui habitat' thrice over water, with which then douche the eye." A certain remedy for curing an inebriate was to give him as many eggs of the screech owl boiled hard as he could possibly eat, when he would ever after be a total abstainer. This is surely worthy the attention of the societies. The search for 'the philosopher's stone' seems to have been no mere craze of the unlettered. Men of unimpeachable ability and great learning wasted the greater part of their lives on this quest. Some supposed mercury to be the chief transmuting force; others thought that by sulphur the bodies of metals could be turned into 'the most fine pure gold and silver.' Though Bacon was a firm believer in the elixir vitae, Paracelsus was the most diligent inquirer after this wondrous liquid. He prepared a remedy called 'Primum Ens Melius,' which was made of pure carbonate of potash and the fresh leaves of the mistle plant, on which was poured pure alcohol. Generally, however, the idea seems to have been that the elixir of life was composed of the four elements blended together—London Spectator.

Tallest of Trees.

In New South Wales, Victoria and Tasmania grows a species of gum tree—Eucalyptus amygdalina is its scientific name—which, Sir F. von Mueller says, probably represents 'the tallest of all trees of the globe.' The loftiest specimen of this tree yet measured towers to the height of 471 feet. A prostrate tree, measured in Victoria, was 420 feet long, and the distance from the roots to the lowest branch was 295 feet. At that point the trunk was four feet in diameter, and 360 feet from the butt the diameter was still three feet. The wood of the tree is hard and of good quality of volatile oil from its leaves, which are very abundant.

Ill Temper.

Is more rapidly improved by relief from physical suffering than in any other way. Step on your friend's corn, and the impulse to strike is strongest. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, by quickly and painlessly removing them, insures good nature. Fifty imitations prove its value. Beware of substitutes. 'Putnam's' sure, safe, painless.

The Language of Notepaper.

Said a young lady to a 'female' friend: 'Why do you use two kinds of paper in writing your love letters?' 'When I write to Jim I use red paper, because that means love, and when I write to Tom I use blue, for that means faithfulness.'

Tapped his Cheek.

A school-inspector, finding a class hesitating over answering the question, 'With what weapon did Samson slay the Philistines?' and wishing to prompt them, significantly tapped his cheek and asked: 'What is this?' The Wholes Class: 'The jawbone of an ass.'

A Fairy Story.

Willy: 'Grandpa tell me a story.' Grandpa: 'Once upon a time, before people thought of marrying for money—' Willy: 'Oh, I don't mean a fairy story.'

STAINED-GLASS Memorials, Interior Decorations. CASTLE & SON, 20 University St., Montreal. Write for catalogue K.

Notches on The Stick

Cy. Warman, the Engineer Poet, has a poem to which the railway supplies the imagery which is in its way, as unique as "The night Express" of Carman, or Lumpman's fine sonnet. It is briefer and simpler than Carman, and more evidently the birth of emotion and vital experience. A writer in the Montreal Herald contrasts it with Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," and asserts—"The thought, the motif, the very treatment is precisely the same as Tennyson's. The only difference is the figure—in the one case the ship, in the other the locomotive. If Mr. Warman's lines lack the studiously assonant melody of the Tennysonian verse, they have their own characteristic homeliness and simplicity which brings their sentiment home to hearts of thousands who would not appreciate the more delicate atmosphere of "Crossing the Bar." They are lines the American people are not likely to let die." So much in praise of the author of "Sweet Marie."

Will the Lights be White?

Oh when I feel my engine swerve,
As o'er strange rails we fare,
I strain my eyes around the curve
For what awaits us there.

When swift and free she carries me
Through yards unknown, at night,
I look along the line to see
That all the lamps are white.

A blue light (rep track) crippled car;
The green light signals "slow,"
The red light is a danger light,
The white light "Let her go."

Across the open fields we roam,
And when the night is fair,
I gaze up in the starry dome,
And wonder what is there.

For who can speak for those who dwell
Behind the curving sky?
No man has ever lived to tell
Just what it means to die.

Swift towards life's terminal I tread,
The run seems short tonight,
So I only know what's at the end;
I hope the lamps are white.

A poem appears in "The Lakeside Magazine," the organ of the Ontario Chautauque, at Catawba, on Lake Erie, to which the following letter is an explanation:

Toronto, March 8, 1898.

Rev. J. J. N. Braithwaite:
Dear Sir:—In the March number of the Lakeside Magazine, Rev. C. A. Vincent mentions an incident illustrating Gladstone's magnanimity, namely, the old statesman's generous words about the maiden speech of the son of Chamberlain, who had been for a considerable time the most bitter and vindictive political enemy of Gladstone. I enclose you some lines I wrote on the incident, shortly after it was reported in the press. With kind regards,
Yours truly,
J. W. Bengough.

The poem appeared in the author's book, "Matley Grave and Gay," published at Toronto in 1895, with illustrations by the author:

Gladstone's Revenge.

The greatest moment in a great career!
A crowded chamber anxious and intent,
The focus of an anxious listening world,
Awaited Gladstone's speech.

The Old Man rose, but seemed no longer old;
Upon that mountain top, on a good cause,
He stood transfused: like a cloak
His years dropped from his shoulders,
And his form erect, alert, in glorious second youth,
Astounded all who looked; and youthful power
Shone in his eyes, and sounded in his voice,
As deep and rich as here the rapid words
From his full soul—his matchless plea
For Justice, Union, Peace!

Not many hearts were proof against that plea,
But there was one, reflected in a face
Of cynic aspect, surly, grim and hard,
That no word touched,—the heart of Chamberlain.

This man, once Gladstone's friend and follower,
Had now become the champion of his foes,
Outstripping every natural enemy
In fierce, malignant hate.

And now, indifferent to the orator,
He sat conversing with his stripling son,
Whose maiden speech as member of the House
Had just been made. And as the Grand Old Man
Poured forth his heart, no word seemed like to pierce,
That grim indifference.

Then suddenly he raised his head and glared
Upon the speaker, from whose lips there fell
The young man's name. What would this critic say?

What scorching phrase was coming? What keen thrust?
Would this past-master of invective deal
To wound the father's feelings through the son?
All's fair in war and politics, and he
Who never spared the old grey head his scorn
New braced himself to bear retaliation.

Hark! In an earnest, deep-toned voice,
With gracious bow, the speaker simply said,—
"The young man's speech was one that must have been
Dear and refreshing to a father's heart."

The listener was crushed!
He stared and instant in confused amazement,
Then flushed and bowed, and covered up his face
To hide remorseful tears!

All's fair in war and politics; but ah!
The bitterest taunt, the keenest stroke of wit,
Could not have broken an opponent's heart
As did that Christ-like blow!

The lines strike a medium between verse

Easy to Take Easy to Operate

Are features peculiar to Hood's Pills. Small in size, tasteless, efficient, thorough. As one man

Hood's Pills

said: "You never know you have taken a pill till it is all over." 25c. C. I. Hood & Co., Proprietors, Lowell, Mass. The only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla

and prose, but they render the incident effectively.

Frederic Harrison speaks excellently on "Melody in Style," in his address before the Bodly Society, of Oxford, England: "Of melody in style I have said nothing; nor indeed can anything practical be said. It is a thing infinitely subtle, inexplicable, and rare. If your ear does not hear the false note, the tautophony or the cacophony in the written sentence, as you read it or frame it silently to yourself, and hear it thus insidiously long before your eye can pick it fourth out of the written words, may, even when the eye fails to localize it by analysis at all—then you have, an no in-born sense of the melody of words, and be quite sure that you can never acquire it. One living Englishman has it in the highest form; for the melody of Ruskin's prose may be matched with that of Milton and Shelley. I hardly know any other English prose which retains the ring of that ethereal music—echoes of which are more often heard in our poetry than in our prose, Nay, since it is beyond our reach, wholly incommunicable, defiant of analysis and rule, it may be more wise to say no more.

"Read Swift, Defoe, Goldsmith, if you care to know what is pure English. I need hardly tell you to read another and a greater Book. The Book which begot English prose still remains its supreme type. The English Bible is the true school of English literature. It possesses every quality of our language in its highest form—except for scientific precision, practical affairs, and philosophic analysis. It would be ridiculous to write an essay on metaphysics, a political article, or a novel in the language of the Bible. Indeed, it would be ridiculous to write anything at all in the language of the Bible. But if you care to know the best that our literature can give in simple, not prose, mark learn and inwardly digest the Holy Scriptures in the English tongue."

Keen as the public appetite may be for war-news and war literature,—and the demand for the latter the magazines are now bent upon supplying,—fiction, at least of exciting order, is not neglected. Among the youth, according to the report of the Bangor librarians, authors as Optic, Henty, and Alger are in steady and good demand. "Gilbert Parker's stories are widely read; the 'Seats of the Mighty,' although published several years ago, is still popular. His other stories are likewise read a great deal." Chesper editions of "Quo Vadis" lessens the demand for that work upon the public libraries.

A writer in the Youth's Companion, for July 21st describing the scene at the burial of Surgeon Gibbs, and his three comrades at Guantanamo, Cuba, misquotes a passage from that familiar poem, "The Burial of St. John Moore," which he declares, "two generations have learned by heart." In his subsequent remarks he gives emphasis to the misquoted, or rather supplied word as follows: "It was the same national 'foe' whose 'sullen' firing had slain four brave American marines, and threat-

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ened again the lives of the men who buried them." The proper rendering of the passage is—

"But half of our heavy task was done. When the clock struck the hour for retiring; And we heard the distant and random gun That the foe was sullenly firing."

The superiority in poetic truth and effectiveness of the word "sullenly," as descriptive of that desultory, distant firing, at the dead hour of the night, expressive of the resentment of the foe, may be readily seen. Wolfe's poem may be applied in some general way to the modern incident, but not so as the worker supposes, who evidently quoted from an important recollection.

We are taken to task by our English friend and critic, Thomas Hutchinson, and, as we acknowledge, with justice. Referring to some of our sketches, he says: "I do not know whether these are a new feature or not in your literary work, but at any rate. . . . I am carefully preserving them. There is only one paragraph in your 'Autumnal Notes' that I don't care about—that containing the remark of 'bold sixteen.' I don't set up to be an omniscient critic, still I do think that in such essays as you write, slang—even quoted slang—should be conspicuously absent. The descent from the sublime to the ridiculous is so easy. John Bright once held the House of Commons breathless with a peroration in which he spoke of the Angel of Death beating his wings above them: as he was afterwards told, had he said flapping (as many of the members unconsciously expected him to do) the effect would have been a perfect roar of ridiculing laughter. But John Bright was an orator, and could play upon the heartstrings of his audience—you. . . . Never, never, never, in your essays countenance slangy expressions. . . . Don't think me pedantic, for I am rather given to slang, myself; but I don't like to see it in wrong places. You bet I don't!"

. . . . He sends an Acrostic Sonnet, with this comment: "I am glad you have taken up with Browning—to my mind the poet of faith (Tennyson despite the melodiousness of his numbers, that of uncertainty) in a glorious hereafter."

Robert Browning, Dec. 1889.

Robbed in the beauty of a blameless life,
Our Poet sleeps whose name Time will revere;
Blest in the love of all he held most dear
Ere he was called to join his poet-wife.

Remembering eye God's will with good is rite,
The thought of death to him gave doubt nor fear,
But faith unswerving; wherefore sob or tear?
Removed is he from earthly care and strife,
Of human hearts the workings well he knew,
Was conversant with their most secret throes,
Nor cared to sing his songs in minor mood;
In human hearts his message echoes true:—
Not dissolution comes at life's close;
Great though the change, greater the after-good.

Philip Bourke Marston has a poem on "The Old Churchyard of Bonchurch," in which he describes it as leaning "to the sea with its dead," and questions,—

Do they think there are none left to love them,
They have laid for so long there together?
Do they hear the note of the cuckoo,
The cry of gulls on the wing,
The laughter of winds and waters,
The feet of the dancing spring.

A poet lies in that old churchyard, of which a poet writes. It is John Sterling, the friend of Tennyson, and of Carlyle, who wrote his biography. He died at the Hillside Boarding House, at Ventnor, Isle of Wight, and was laid at rest in that picturesque old churchyard, "now almost a suburb of Ventnor." An inscription to be placed on the building where his beautiful life was ended; and, it is said, "his simple grave is always sought by the literary pilgrims."

A critic in the Montreal Herald cites William Wilfred Campbell's poem on Gladstone, published in the London Westminster Gazette, but thinks it not up to his best mark, and unequal to his subject. Many of the lines in the twelve carelessly written and incoherent stanzas descend dangerously near bathos. Never do they reach that artistic precision of expression, that loftiness, which the elegiac, of all verse, demands." Yet, Mr. Campbell's former successes warrant the attempt. Let him try it again, and succeed.

Dove cottage, at Grasmere, a former home of Wordsworth, and the depository of what is called "an unrivalled stock of Wordsworthian portraits, sketches, engravings, letters, manuscripts, and editions," has been made a gift to the nation. The donor is Professor knight, of St. Andrews University, the former owner.

"In Kedar's Tents" will have timely interest for readers who have an eye on the war with Spain, and the internal political movements of the Peninsula. Not only are the scenes of the story laid in Spain, but the hero himself is involved in the court intrigues and in the uprising of the Carlists which took place there some fifty years ago. Merriman is a hopeful rival of



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Crawford in the field of Cosmopolitan romance.

Rudyard Kipling's new English home is at Rottingdean, a quiet little Sussex village near the sea. It is called "The Elma," and is surrounded by beautiful elms and ilex trees. Here he leads an active life in more than one way, for he is said to ride three hours every morning and to walk from five to six miles later in the day. Mr. Kipling's uncle, the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones, had a permanent country home at Rottingdean, and at the school in that village the Duke of Wellington, Cardinal Manning, the first Lord Lytton (the novelist), and General Bouverie were pupils.

Lord Baconfield, whose tomb and statue in Westminster Abbey, are so near his great political rival, Gladstone, has till this day had no adequate biography. It is rumored that John Oliver Hobbes has been commissioned to write such a book. He will have the task of delineating a picturesque character and a brilliant career.

Public libraries have been established in many of the towns of Maine. Substantial and ornamental structures have been gifts by citizens to the towns of Calais, Eastport, Dover and Backport. The Pine Cone club of Eastport, recently raised the neat sum of \$56.00 to be expended in books for the library in that town. Every home also, should have a collection of good and favorite books. PASTOR FELIX.

\$110,000 for a Single Pearl

The largest price ever asked and paid for a single pearl was £110,000, which was the value of the great Tavernier pearl. It was originally in the possession of an Arabian merchant, and Monsieur Tavernier travelled from Paris to Catifa with the express intention of purchasing the pearl.

Although he went prepared to pay any sum between £1,000 and £100,000, he concluded that he would be able to obtain it for about £25,000. His first offer was £10,000, but after the deal had remained open for a few days this had risen to £75,000. Finally the transaction was closed with £110,000, and pearl experts state that it is a clear bargain at that price. It is the largest and most perfect gem of its kind known, and its lustre is said to be unrivalled. It is exactly two inches in length and oval-shaped.

Stories From India

Lord Roberts, in his book, tells a good story of a native Indian servant who had been told to prepare a bath at a certain hour. Meanwhile a fierce attack was delivered by the enemy, and in the thick of it the servant, who had made his way through the storm of bullets, suddenly appeared among the head-quarters staff. "Sahib," said he, "your bath is ready." An almost better story comes from the Mal-

akand, in Chitral, of a subaltern who was awakened one morning by a brother subaltern's servant pulling at his foot. "Sahib," whispered the servant, anticipating wrath—"sahib, what am I to do? My master told me to wake him at half-past six, and he has not gone to bed till seven!"

The Most Modest Man in London.

An English man of letters of Mr. James Payn's acquaintance was slightly Bohemian, and popular with his own sex, but modest and retiring in the presence of the other, whom nevertheless he greatly respected. He wrote for several periodicals, among them an American magazine. He had been connected with it for years, and though they had no personal acquaintance, with one another, the editor and he had become friends. Independently of his contributions, he often corresponded with him, telling the latest anecdotes of the club smoking-room all harmless enough, but some of them certainly not suitable for publication. On one occasion he sent him a very amusing story, which has since become a classic, but, it must be confessed, not a drawing-room classic. Then he got a letter from the publishers of the magazine which almost cost him his life—"Dear Mr. So-and-so—We think it right to inform you with respect to any private communications you may have in future to make to our editor, that she is a lady." This was all through indicating her christian name by an initial only. She been compelled to appeal to her proprietors for protection against the most modest man in London!

A Tart Inscription.

Great Barrington's free public library appears to be under obligations to one of her summer residents in the person of Justice Gaynor of Brooklyn. It has received a copy of the Bible with the following inscription on the fly-leaf, signed by Judge Gaynor: "I have visited many libraries which lacked many books, but only one library which lacked The Book and to that one I send this."

Italians and Military Service.

Out of every 100 young men called for military service in Italy in 1895, 52 were refused for physical unfitness or other reasons.

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Woman and Her Work

Boston may be a conceded city as far as its inhabitants go, but we must admit that the centre of culture has a good deal to feel elevated about. Not only does she hold the record for the icy exclusiveness and cold intellectuality of her daughters, but she has been known to show even haughty New York the way, on more than one occasion, and in other branches of commerce besides the bean industry. In short Boston may be smaller than either New York or Chicago but as far as originality and go-aheadiveness, as she herself would say, she has no need to take a low seat in the synagogue, or call any man her master. She has just added one more distinction to her record, by establishing the first school for nursemaids which has ever been started in America. New York has indeed a school connected with one of its hospitals in which nursemaids are trained, but the instruction is entirely devoted to sick children, while at the Boston school the care and management of children is taught as a regular profession.

The Boston school for nursery maids is connected with the well known West end day nursery, and was intended from its first inception for the training of young girls. Just as any of the training schools in connection with the numerous hospitals have the proper preparation of young girls for the profession of nursing, as their primary object, to this institution aims to send out a certain number of graduates each year, who shall be properly qualified to take the entire charge of young children; and to whose care the most conscientious and devoted mothers may confide their little ones without uneasiness.

The very first year of the school's existence proved how great had been the need for such an institution, and caused its patrons to wonder why it had not been established long ago. And since then it has never ceased to grow and flourish. Of course it was begun on rather a small scale, but now when it has I believe, only entered upon its second year, there are between twenty and thirty girls in the school. These pupils live in a pleasant home connected with the nursery, and their course of instruction includes not only practical training in the care of children but lessons which are learned just as systematically as if they were children at school. No girl is received under eighteen or over thirty years of age, and each applicant for admission must consent to give ten months to the course of study, before she is allowed to enter. She must have a good common school education, and bring first class recommendations as to her moral character. Each maid is required to have a supply of plain underclothing, two washing dresses ten white aprons, and such simple accessories as a laundry bag, a shoe bag, brush and comb, etc. During her ten months, course she is boarded and lodged at the expense of the school, and receives five dollars a month in return for her services.

It speaks more plainly than mere words could do, of the need of employment for women of the better class, that the majority of the girls in this school are of a very refined, and intelligent type many of them being well educated young women who have become convinced by experience that it is a far better and more ennobling occupation to call for children, in a comfortable and well-regulated home at five dollars a week with many little privileges and luxuries thrown in, than to stand behind the counter of some small establishment all day for three, or even six dollars a week—the latter being almost the highest pay for a shop girl—and pay nearly all of it for board.

There are at the present time six day nurseries in the city of Boston, all in a most flourishing condition, and they offer an excellent field for those girls in practical training. At each of them one of the pupils makes her permanent home, while the others live at the nursemaid's home. Those who live in the day nurseries go to the school every day for lectures, and other instruction, a director of nurses and a medical director presiding jointly over the school. If after one month's probation a girl is found to be unfit physically, mentally or morally to assume the care of children, she is of course dismissed.

The students are taught everything connected with the proper care of infants and young children, receiving a thorough training in bathing them properly, in dressing them correctly under every possible condition; how to put on and take off their clothing, and all about their diet both during health and in sickness. Plain laundry work, plain sewing and mending also form part of the course.

The training would be incomplete with-

out some knowledge of the care of sick children and although these nursery maids are not taught to be trained nurses in the sense that the term usually implies, they yet have ample opportunities for studying all the usual forms of infant disease, as their school is really very like an infant's hospital.

The instructors are most careful not to encourage their pupils in fancying themselves capable of caring for a really sick child without the aid both of its mother and a physician, but at the same time a girl is not considered sufficiently experienced to go into service unless she knows what to do for a child who is slightly ailing or to detect the approach of disease in time to apply the proper remedies before the doctor arrives. A summer hospital for children has been established on one of the islands in Boston harbor, and here the maids are sent to gain needed experience in this branch of their business.

The lectures delivered by the faculty of the school, and by the special lecturers include such subjects as the need of truthfulness on their part, the absolute crime of frightening children, how to play kindergarten games, what to read to children, how to tell them stories, and a great deal about kindergarten work.

Places are found for the pupils in private families about two months before the maids graduate, and during this time the pupil hands her wages over to the school, still continuing to receive five dollars per month as usual. During those two months the employers make frequent reports to the school of the maid's capacity and general conduct, and as not one unfavorable report has been received so far, since the school has first opened it would seem as if a new era had dawned for the worried mother of a family, and that the day of the elderly nurse who bullies both mother and children, as well as that of the pert and irresponsible girl who knows little and cares less about the management of children—was over.

Successful as it has been so far, the school is still regarded as an experiment by the people of Boston and is being watched with great interest.

The overskirt, in the form of a pointed apron which is sometimes real, and more often simulated, is one of the new features of fashion. The point varies in depth from about the knees, to within a few inches of the foot of the skirt, and the material may be quite different from that of the lower skirt, if desired. An apron of guipure lace is very effective on some forms, and on others it is made of mousseline de soie over silk which is in contrast to the skirt. In such a case as this the bodice is supposed to match the overskirt. A short round apron of lace fitting the hips perfectly all round is strikingly pretty with the blouse waist of lace which is so much worn now and practically covered with a short low-necked bolero.

Trimming the skirt down from the waist with rows of galloon braid or ribbon set together with an openwork cross stitch, and shaped in the form of an apron, is still another form of decoration which helps to produce the effect of an overskirt. The overskirt or apron has a much softer and prettier effect if chiffon is put between the silk lining and the lace. Irish, Mechlin, Cluny and Flanders laces are all in great demand for this purpose, and thousands of yards of Valenciennes adorn the summer gowns. Real Valenciennes with the lozenge pattern is an especial favorite.

A novel feature of the newest muslin gowns is a collar, belt, and in some instances a chemisette of tucked white taffeta silk; and the other extreme, much more comfortable for this warm weather is the collar band of lace insertion without any lining at all, and the transparent chemisette.

Travellers

Should always carry with them a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

The change of food and water to which those who travel are subject, often produces an attack of Diarrhoea, which is as unpleasant and discomforting as it may be dangerous. A bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in your grip is a guarantee of safety. On the first indication of Cramps, Colic, Diarrhoea or Dysentery, a few doses will promptly check further advance of these diseases.

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Of course it does not stand up very well, and has an annoying tendency to crease and wrinkle, but then it is so delightfully cool and comfortable, and that, after all is the main thing when the thermometer is in the nineties. A pretty touch of color for a gown of white crepe de chine is a collar band of turquoise blue, with a narrow collar of yellow turning over it.

The very latest thing in the foulards that have become so fashionable of late is the polka dot of large size evenly distributed all over, or else in graduated sizes the large dots on the edges giving the effect of shaded silks, which is very fashionable in Paris this season. Some of the new gowns have a bodice of chiffon with trimmings of heavy lace.

A very new skirt which appears amongst the foulard gowns has an accordion pleated flounce with a ruche of silk for a finish at the bottom, and another ruche where the flounce is sewn on. It is variously shaped, at the top in points or scallops, or is wider at the back than in front after the manner of the circular flounces. Grace rather than stiffness seems to be the keynote of the new fashions in skirts, and effect generally. However the skirt may be cut it fails to be a success unless it is graceful in outline defining the figure as much as possible with every movement, and entirely free from any stiffness whatever.

ASTRA.
JOE, HIS MOTHER AND THE BABY.
An Early Experience That a Crime Recalled to a Physician.

'It's a queer world,' said a physician as he laid the morning paper aside.

'What prompted that original remark?' asked a visitor.

'Well, I was just reading an account of a stabbing affair, and it suddenly occurred to me that I had known the man who did the killing.' The doctor settled back in his chair and drummed on the table with his fingers, and the visitor ate his omelette and waited for the story. After a few moments it came.

'When I first began to practice I did an immense amount of charity work. Every fellow does that at the start for experience, and later he keeps it up for humanity's sake. I had pretty good success with children and made quite a name down in the tenement districts—and incidentally spent most of my pocket money on my patients. That was before the day of free sterilized milk for sick babies and dozens of institutions for the relief of the poor.'

'One summer a woman began bringing a sick baby to me. A small boy, about 3 years old, always came with them, and seemed to be fairly strong and well, but the baby was a pitiful little thing with a thin, white face and big blue eyes with a look of pain in them. The women seemed an ignorant, honest soul, and generally wore a thick dark veil to hide a black eye or great blue bruises. It's easy enough to figure out a thing like that, you know, but she never spoke of her husband or complained, so I didn't ask any questions. She brought the baby often, and each time it looked more waxen and scrawny, but I couldn't find out the child had and disease and all the symptoms pointed to a lack of nourishment. At last, one morning I said to the mother that I believed the baby was starving, and I didn't intend to allow her to leave the office until she had told me the truth about the affair. She looked stubborn for a moment and wouldn't answer, but then the tears began to roll down her bruised, discolored cheeks, and she confessed that she didn't have enough food to give the baby. She worked hard, but her husband drank and took every cent she made, and beat her every day into the bargain. She was fond of the brute in spite of all that, and told me a long story about the heavenly nature the fellow had before he began to drink so hard. I told her she ought to go to court and complain of him; but she wouldn't listen to that and abused me roundly for advising a wife to turn against her man.'

'Finally I told her I would give her a quart of milk every day. I wouldn't give her the money because I didn't covet the privilege of buying bad whiskey for the husband; but I would pay the nearest milk depot to supply her with a quart a day. That would feed the baby and leave a little for little Joe, who didn't look quite so well as he did when the two first began calling on me. After that I didn't hear any more about the case for a week or two. Then my friends turned up again. The baby looked worse than ever, and the woman's face was a patchwork in blue and green; but little Joe was quite rosy. I didn't understand. The baby was in bad condition, and I did what I could for it. After I left my office I went down to the milk depot. The man said my woman had had her quart of milk every day.'

'I puzzled over the thing that night. The next morning the trio were a my office. The baby's blue eyelids were closed, and I thought at first that it was not breathing,

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but found a faint flutter. I couldn't see any reason for such a state of thing, so, once more, I led the woman into my private office and shut the door. Then I said: 'Now, look here! There's a mystery about this, and you've got to tell me what's the matter. That baby's starving to death, and I want to know what you have done with the milk.'

'The woman looked scared and turned pale between bruises. The she gave a sort of a wail and jumped up; still holding the baby.

'No, the baby didn't have the milk,' she said in a frantic sort of a way. 'I gave it to little Joe. There wasn't enough to feed them both and Joe began to get sick, and I loved him better than I did the baby. I ain't had a crust to eat myself, but I couldn't let Joe die. The baby's only a girl, and if she does live she'll be unhappy like me, and I don't love her like I do Joe. I thought both of them were going to die, and I couldn't live without Joe, so I gave him the milk, and just let the baby have a little. May be you think I ain't suffered watching the baby, but I couldn't spare Joe. I couldn't. Some day he'll be a man, and I'll be proud of him. A man can do anything, but a girl would just do what I've done. Joe sha'n't die.'

'She was screaming the words out and seemed almost crazy. The thing was awful; it made me feel heart sick.

'Why, you idiot,' I said. 'Why didn't you tell me? I'd have looked out for Joe, too.'

'Just then the baby opened its eyes—great, uncanny, weird eyes in the tiny face. It stared at me in a miserable way that made my heart come into my throat. Then all the light died out of the eyes, but they still stared.

'There was no use saying anything more to the mother. She sat down and looked at the baby in a quiet, stunned way. Then she reached out and put one arm around little Joe and held him tight. I told her I would keep on paying for the milk as long as she wanted it, and she and Joe and the baby went home.

'I never saw them again. When I went to the house they had moved, and no one seemed to know where they had gone. Joe's the fellow who just murdered a man in a Bowery saloon. I wonder what the girl would have been. It's a queer world.'

ENGLISH WHEELWOMEN.
The Sports in Which They Take Part and Decorations of Their Wheels.

Bicycle parties of one sort or another were popular last summer. At several of the resorts bicycle sports were arranged on an elaborate scale. Races, trick riding and polo were the chief features of the programmes, and the women took part merely as decorative spectators. In England the thing was managed differently, and the bicycle sports planned and carried out at the country houses were charming affairs in which women took active parts.

One of the most successful of this season's bicycle teas was given at a country seat near Henley, England. The guests all arrived upon bicycles artistically decorated with flowers. On the lawn large arches had been erected and twined with flowers. A company of young people who had rehearsed for the occasion and were dressed in fancy costumes mounted their wheels and, to their accompaniment of music, executed intricate manoeuvres, wheeling in and out among the arches and going through graceful dance figures. There was a May

pole dance by the same bicyclists, and, after that a Gretna Green race, in which the couple first covering the course, dismounting, exchanging rings and returning to the starting point received rings as prizes. Dozens of other tests skill followed among them a polo game, in which the girls played against the men and came within an ace of winning. The programme ended with procession of bicyclists and the awarding of prizes for the most beautiful wheel decorations, and then the guests attacked the refreshments, which they had fairly earned.

In England wheel decoration has become art, and an astonishing variety of effects is possible. It is usually advisable to carry out a design in one color or shades of one color, the result of such a scheme being more striking. If one is willing to go to considerable trouble, it is wise to first wind the spokes and frame of the wheel with cotton stuff of the color to be used. Of course it is a necessity that the flowers should be fresh; and so it is impossible to begin putting the flowers upon a wheel long before it is to be used. The background of cotton may be arranged and smilax or asparagus fern added; but the flowers must be kept in water until the last moment, although they should be wired and ready for hasty use. Great care should be taken in the choice of flowers for in the long run lasting qualities rather than beauty are what wins. The ways of trimming a wheel are legion. Some riders content them selves with covering the framework with flowers and fastening great sheaves of blossoms to the handle bars. A wire arch over the saddle trimmed with flowers and fluttering ribbons is pretty. An old umbrella stripped of its covering and covered with ribbon and flowers may be set in a socket at the back of the saddle so that it will cover the rider; and one of the most charming fancies is to fasten a pole with a crossbar in front of a flower trimmed bicycle. The pole and bar must be twined with flowers and two pretty flower crowned and garlanded children are harnessed to the pole and driven by reins of ribbons or flowers. This last device calls for some skill on the part of the rider, who must be able to wheel very slowly and steadily in order not to hurry or push the children.

Dogs in the German Army.
In the German army dogs are trained to attack foreign soldiers by the following method. Some German soldiers, dressed in the uniforms worn by foreign soldiers, maltreat and tease the dogs, whereas the soldiers dressed in the German uniforms caress and pet them, so that they speedily evince a very marked dislike to strange uniforms, and always treat the wearers as foes.

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A RECORD OF FOLLY.

How Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins Spent Their Millions.

The records of folly and extravagance contain no story more remarkable than that of Eli Hawkins, the Californian millionaire, whose grotesque ingenuity in dissipating his dollars is certainly without a parallel.

What was the origin of his fortune no one knew, and in his most abandoned moments Eli was never betrayed into divulging the secret. It is known, however, that when Eli accompanied by his wife, went to settle in Los Nietos Valley, they brought with them a portmanteau, packed with \$220,000 in cash, as an installment of their 'pile.'

Eli's first ambition was to "build him a lordly pleasure-house;" and buying 300 acres of land, he set his magic dollars to work on it. A handsome palace quickly rose, and hundreds of hands soon made his desert acres blossom like a rose. Enormous trees were transported bodily on specially-made waggons, to give him shady hills and valleys, and grottos appeared as if by witch-craft, and lakes and fountains sprang up in profusion.

Within four months Eli had accomplished as much as most men do in twenty years. He had acres of roses, grottos covered with vines, fig, orange, and magnolia trees, and his spreading lawns were sprinkled on all sides with \$7,000 worth of statuary.

Scarcely, however, were the statues in position, when Eli and his wife conceived the idea of "clothing them in paint." Mercury was endowed with green tights, Venus with blue sandals and red stockings; while Moses blossomed into a suit of grey, and a red nose.

This scheme of colour so charmed the Lord and Lady of Los Nietos that they proceeded to tint their cattle, sheep, dogs, and cats a rich violet, with disastrous results to many of them, for in licking their violet flanks many of the valuable cattle were poisoned.

Eli's next ambition was to have a private bar, which was built at a cost of £2,500. The windows were of stained glass, the floor was a miracle of mosaic work, rich tapestries and rugs were of ivory and silver. A wagon-load of the rarest wines and cigars came from Los Angeles; and here Eli and his wife spent several hours a day with a few chosen friends in liquid enjoyment.

Eli had already dissipated \$200,000 in the space of three months; but he was persuaded that a library was necessary to give an air of culture to the mansion, and forthwith the walls burst into a blaze of thousands of volumes clothed in white and gold, red, blue and purple.

A favorite indulgence of Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins was to drive about the country in a gorgeous equipage, preceded by a brass band, and distribute magnans of champagne to those who paid them homage. On such, and indeed on all occasions the eccentric pair were clothed literally in dirt and rags, and presented a ludicrous contrast to their brilliant environment.

One of Eli's maddest escapades was undertaken in the interests of sport. He engaged some of the swiftest runners in the country to display their prowess before him. The races were held at night, and the road for a mile on each side of the mansion was illuminated by 7,000 wax candles, placed at proper intervals. From a grand stand erected in front of the house Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins witnessed the races, and the winners were rewarded with gold watches, costly jewellery, and many thousands of dollars.

This life of grotesque extravagance lasted exactly three years. At the end of this time Eli was penniless, and a few months later died in extreme destitution, while the partner of his follies was glad to earn a living as a cook for ranch labourers in Ojai Valley.

Her Efforts not Appreciated. A young lady-teacher in a rural school tells an amusing story of the anxiety her conduct unwittingly caused the mother of one of her pupils. The pupil in question was a stupid and overgrown but well behaved boy of nineteen, named Tobias Hodge. He was older by several years and far bigger than any other pupil in the school, but he was not so well advanced in his studies as some of the younger ones. He seemed so anxious to learn that the teacher often induced him to remain after school for the purpose of assisting him in his studies. Their homeward way lay over the same road and they would walk home together after the hard places in the lessons had been made easy for Tobias. Often in the morning, when she left home to go to the school-house, the teacher would find the boy waiting for her; and she tactfully gave him several lessons in politeness, such as raising his hat to her and other ladies, and assisting her over bad places in the road. She was beginning to feel that she might

really make something out of Tobias, when her efforts on his behalf received a sudden check by the receipt of the following note from his widowed mother—"Mad-dum—I just want to say that I have heard how you are carryin' on with my son Tob; and all I've got to say is that do ain't of marryin' age, an' I am his garden! A word to the wise ought to be sufficient."

No Waste There. The actual amount of gold and silver, that is used in a large plating establishment is very great, and strict economy is practiced to prevent waste. The extreme thin-

SERIOUS DEFECTS



are to be found in the common laundry soaps on the market. Get

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ness of the gold on cheap plated jewellery, however, has long been a subject for jest by humorist. A party of London jewellers was being shown through one of the great plating factories by the proprietor, a man well known as a wag. As the visitors stood looking into one of the vats where different articles were being plated with gold a gentleman asked—

The Three Famed Blacks

Of the world are Diamond Dye Fast Black for Wool, Diamond Dye Fast Black for Cotton and Mixed Good, And Diamond Dye Fast Black for Silk and Feathers. The results that each of these Blacks produce are marvellous and pleasing. Your faded and dingy dresses, jackets, capes, coats, pants, vests, hose, etc., that are so useless and repulsive looking, can be made like new garments with the Diamond Dye Blacks. Your faded, rusty and dead looking silks and feathers are made new creations by using Diamond Dye Fast Black for silk and feathers.

Do not be deceived by bulky package dyes adulterated with grease and other foreign substances; insist upon your dealer giving you the Diamond Dyes, one packet of which will dye as much as three of any other make.

WOMEN AS MEN IN ARMY.

Disguised, Many Have Served for Months Without Discovery.

Military records contain quite a number of instances in which women, disguised as men, have entered the army and distinguished themselves on the battlefield, their sex not being discovered for many years afterward.

In 1872 a soldier who had enlisted under the name of Paul Daniel attracted the attention of a sergeant while drilling a body of recruits at Portsmouth. At the conclusion of the parade he sent for Daniel and stated his suspicions in regard to the recruit's sex. On seeing that the game was up, Daniel confessed that he was a female and burst into tears when informed that she could no longer continue with the regiment. It appeared that her husband, after getting through a large fortune, had fled to Germany, where he had enlisted, and his wife performed the deception in the hope that, as a soldier, she might be dispatched for service in that country and thus discover her unfaithful partner.

A most remarkable woman was found to be serving as an ordinary soldier in a certain German corps toward the end of the last century. Her sex was revealed owing to a false charge of theft being made against her, after she had been performing her military duties of the regiment for over six months. Before this she had served in a regiment of the cuirassiers for two years, in one regiment receiving a wound in the arm, and afterward joining the grenadiers. Being captured by the enemy, she managed to escape and promptly enlisted in a regiment of volunteers, and but for the unfortunate charge referred to, might have spent her life in military pursuits.

In 1769 a woman made a determined effort to enlist in the East India Company forces. Although she was disguised perfectly as a man, her voice and her manner gave her away. When the magistrate told her that her application was hopeless she burst into tears, saying that this was her only chance of seeing her husband again, who was then serving in India.

A woman who boasted that she had a unique career, died in 1782 at Poplar. For the greater part of her life she had served as an ordinary seaman on several men-of-war, where her true sex was not once suspected.

As opposed to these women, who have fought in the ranks, there are no less than eight women colonels in the German army today, several of whom draw their pay regularly. They are the Empress of Germany, the Dowager Empress, widow of the late Frederick Charles of Prussia, the Queen Regent Sophia, the Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duchess of Connaught and Queen Victoria.

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ness of the gold on cheap plated jewellery, however, has long been a subject for jest by humorist. A party of London jewellers was being shown through one of the great plating factories by the proprietor, a man well known as a wag. As the visitors stood looking into one of the vats where different articles were being plated with gold a gentleman asked—

"Now, Mr. M— just how much gold do you use here in your business?" The old gentleman looked up, and answered with a twinkle in his eye— "Well, gentleman, when I started in business fifteen years ago, I put a couple of sovereigns into the vat, and there's some gold left yet."

Perseverance is more prevailing than violence, and many things which can not be overcome when they are together, yield themselves up when taken little by little.—Plutarch.

A YOUNG GIRL'S ESCAPE.

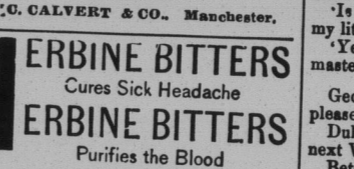
Saved from being a Nervous Wreck BY MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS.

For the benefit of Canadian mothers, who have daughters who are weak, pale, run down or nervous, Mrs. Belanger, 128 Rideau Street, Ottawa, Ontario, made the following statement, so that no one need suffer through ignorance of the right remedy to use: "My daughter suffered very much from heart troubles at times. Often she was so bad that she could not speak, but had to sit and gasp for breath. She was so extremely nervous that her limbs would fairly shake and tremble. Frequently she would have to leave school, and finally she grew so weak that we were much alarmed about her health. I gave her many remedies, but they did not seem to do her any good."

Then I heard of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and got a box of them, and they have indeed worked wonders with her. I can recommend them very highly as the best remedy I ever heard of for complaints similar to those from which my daughter suffered."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills never fail to do good. They cure palpitation, faintness, dizziness, smothering sensation, weakness, nervousness, sleeplessness, anemia, female troubles and general debility. Sold by all druggists at 50c. a box or three boxes for \$1.25. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ontario.

LAXA-LIVER PILLS act on the system in an easy and natural manner, removing all poisons and impurities. They cure Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Jaundice and Liver Complaint. Price 25c.



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FLASHES OF FUN.

Canny Scot: 'Yours is a poor country.' Paddy: 'Well, we can afford to wear breeches anyhow!'

A little girl says she knows what drawing is—'You just think something, and then run a line round your think.'

Miss Basseo (giving a dinner): 'This wine is over forty years old.' Idiot (thoughtlessly): 'Bottle it yourself!'

Manager: 'What qualifications have you or the position of night watchman?' Applicant: 'Why, I wake at the least noise.'

He (indignantly): 'I hope I know my own mind!'

'She (sweetly): 'Yes! You surely ought to know as much as that!'

'Brethern,' said a well known bishop the other day in the course of a sermon, 'I beg of you to take hold of your own heart and look it straight in the face.'

My daughter strikes B and is reaching for C. Friend—Oh but you can't really complain until she begins to strike you for V's and reach for X's.—Judge.

Teacher: 'What do we learn from the story of Samson?' Tommy (with unpleasant results still manifest): 'That it doesn't pay ter have women folks cut a feller's hair.'

'Pray Mr. Professor, what is a] periphrasis?'

'Madam, it is simply a circumlocutory and penansitic cycle or oratorical sonorosity circumscribing an atom of ideality, lost in verbal profundity.'

'Bogorra, an' it's har-rd to collect money these days.'

'Is it you bin tryin' to collect some, Mr. Murphy?'

'Sorry a cent; but there's plenty trying to collect some from me me.'

'What did Nowrich say when you told him you wanted to marry his daughter?'

'He didn't absolutely refuse, but he imposed a very serious condition.'

'What was it?'

'He said he would see me hanged first.'

She had sent off a telegram, and was waiting for an answer. Suddenly the peculiar heling click of the receiving machine sounded in the office, and she said to her companion:—

'That's from George I know; I can tell his stutter.'

Pa: 'Halloo, Ethel? What's wrong?'

Ethel: 'Why, Helen's got engaged to Tom Barry.'

Pa: 'That worthless young reprobate! No wonder you're sad.'

Ethel: 'Oh, it is not that. I wanted to marry him myself.'

Magistrate: 'What is the charge?'

Plaintiff: 'She ran me down with her bicycle, broke my arm, cut my head, sprained my ankle, and bruised—'

Defendant: 'Yes; and you broke six of my spokes, bent my sprocket-wheel, broke my chain, and punctured my tyre.'

'What a wonderful painter Rubens was!' remarked Mr. Gibbs, at the art gallery.

'Yes,' assented Mrs. Gibbs. 'It is said of him that he could change a laughing face into a sad one by a single stroke.'

'Why,' spoke up Johnny, in disgust, my schoolmaster can do that.'

Bylesby: 'I wish you joy, my dear sir. As an old friend of your father's, permit me to say that you will always look back on this day as the happiest in your life.'

Lamson: 'Thank you; but it is to-morrow I am to be married.'

Bylesby: 'I quite understand that.'

Doctor (to Gilbert, aged four): 'Put your tongue out, dear.'

Little Gilbert protruded the tip of his tongue.

Doctor: 'No, no, put it right out.'

The little fellow shook his head weakly, and the tears gathered in his eyes: 'I can't, doctor; it's fastened on to me.'

'What, want to leave today, Jane, and you only came yesterday?'

'Well, yes'm. You see, you're the thirteenth missus I've 'ad this year, and you're unlucky.'

'Why, then, did you come?'

'Cause I 'ad to 'ave a thirteenth, and I thought I'd get it over. I leaves ter-night, mum.'

A gentleman was one day having a walk down a lane with a gun in his hand to see what he could shoot. While he was going down he met a little schoolboy, and said to him:—

'Is there anything to shoot down here, my little boy?'

'Yes,' said the boy, 'there's the school-master coming over the hill.'

George (rapturously): 'Now, darling, please name the happy day.'

Dulcie (blushing): 'Three weeks from next Wednesday, George, dear.'

Betsy (through the keyhole): 'If you please, miss, that's my reg'lar day out. You'll have to git married in the early part of the week, not the middle, 'cos Thursday Friday, and Saturday are my cleaning days.'

A Russian peasant having gone to the town to buy himself a pair of new boots, fell asleep by the roadside on his way home, and was stripped of his cherished boots by a light-fingered tramp; but his sleep remained unbroken till a passing waggoner, seeing him lying half across the road, shouted to him to take his legs out of the way.

'My legs?' echoed the half-awakened sleeper, rubbing his eyes; 'those legs ain't mine—mine had boots on!'



is the kind that housekeepers who want only the best always buy. Packed in pound and two-pound tin cans, it comes into the home with all its natural aroma and strength. Protected by our Seal, the consumer knows that its purity and strength have been untampered with. Your grocer sells this kind, but be sure our seal and name is on the can you buy.



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(Co all," he said and now to bring out of her —dead, do "I see, though I had put to Sylvia was men's hon coolness a "Oh th "And to I am so gl And in friends ha the tears g ing so lov swam. "Yes I wish I'd fo Audrey's "But no to her," he did hand I'm afraid "Yes," it. Where me to call "No, no yet, in case and see hin here she is was heard "Here's Audrey, tr exclamation "Oh, I a palm clung pected, in "Yes," has come yours. "Of min gone wronp ager refuse men? WI grave? Y Lord Lorri my bad me —Audrey, say so—are it?" "It's—i" Lorrimore; silent. "Yes den around her, rimore has a wonderfu in as to see if you think y Her voice "Sometime great sorrow those u thought—a She stopp came into S one who bo "What's growing wh "Such w is stranger more, getti faint and people who on the field turned up s Sylvia str moment, ar for she sw Audrey's a "It is Ja you have h not dead! suspense!" hands and with an exp Lorrimore keep me—I I dreamed that she will tell Jack!" "My dea jacket we br but another sec—" "Call hi whose chee Lorrimore ed: "Neville a stalwa the lawn, a was lying i murmuring trembling h that she mi flesh and ghout!" Lorrimore "I wish t as those w At last S arms, and t other, and d oned. Her In that fir at each othe picturing to bered—the face and wa was the Syl pected to se him was a woman, sut and arm g this princis his little Sy Her beau awed him in he felt shy, tingled and She did n his manner, his hands, v soft clas, i

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

all," he said, simply, "but of poor Sylvia; and now the question is, how am I going to bring him to her without scaring her out of her senses? She thinks him dead—dead, don't you see?"

"I see," said Audrey, slowly and thoughtfully; "yes I see."

And indeed saw more than Lorrimore had put to her. She understood now why Sylvia was not married—why she received men's homage and admiration with such coolness and reserve.

"Oh the poor girl!" she murmured. "And to think it is Neville Lynne! Oh, I am so glad—so glad!"

And in her joy at the prospect of her friends' happiness, she turned to him with the tears glistening in her eyes, and looking so lovely that poor Lorrimore's head swam.

"Yes I'm glad he's turned up; and I wish I'd found him."

Audrey's eye fell.

"But now we've got to break the news to her," he said. "You see what a splendid hand I am at that kind of thing, and I'm afraid you will have to do it."

"Yes," said Audrey, softly; "I will do it. Where is he?"

"Out there in the shrubbery, waiting for me to call him. Shall I do so?"

"No, no; not yet. He must not come yet, in case she should come in suddenly and see him without being prepared—Ah! here she is she broke off, as Sylvia's voice was heard singing as she came."

"Hare's Lord Lorrimore, Sylvia," said Audrey, trembling a little, Sylvia uttered an exclamation of pleasure.

"Oh, I am so glad!" and her soft little palm clung around his. "And how unexpected, isn't it, Audrey?"

"Yes," said Audrey; "Lord Lorrimore has come on—on business—business of yours."

"Of mine?" said Sylvia. "Has anything gone wrong at the opera? Has the manager refused to give me another engagement? What is it? Why do you look so grave? You can't bring me very bad news, Lord Lorrimore, for—I for I have had all my bad news, you see; and all those I love—Audrey, and Mercy, and you, if I may say so—are hear near me and safe. What is it?"

"It's—its good news," stammered Lord Lorrimore; but Audrey motioned him to silent.

"Yes dear," she said, stealing her arm around her, "it is good news. Lord Lorrimore has come to-night with a strange wonderful story—so strange and wonderful as to seem unreal and impossible. Do you think you could bear to hear it, Sylvia?" Her voice grew lower and more tender.

"Sometimes great joy is as hard to bear as great sorrow. Sometimes we find that those we have loved—lost forever, as we thought—are still liv—"

She stopped, terrified by the look that came into Sylvia's face. It was a look as of one who hopes, yet dare not believe.

"What—what is it?" she panted her face growing white each moment.

"Such wonderful things happen—truth is stranger than fiction," stammered Lorrimore, getting near her, in case she should faint and fall. "We've read stories of people who've been supposed to be killed on the field of battle, you know, and—turned up again safe and sound, after all."

Sylvia started; her eyes closed for a moment, and they thought she would fall, for she swayed slightly; but she caught Audrey's arm.

"It is Jack!" she breathed. "You—you have heard that—that he is not dead—not dead! Oh, God! don't keep me in suspense!" she pleaded; and she wrung her hands and looked from one to the other with an expression in her eyes that made Lorrimore turn his head away. "Don't keep me—not a moment! I can bear it. I dreamed that he was alive. Ask Mercy; she will tell you that I did. Oh, Jack, Jack!"

"My dear," broke out Lorrimore, "that jacket we brought you was his, right enough; but another man wore it, and—and, you see—"

"Call him," whispered Audrey, down whose cheeks the tears were running.

Lorrimore sprang to the steps, and shouted:

"Neville!"

A stalwart figure came running across the lawn, and in another moment Sylvia was lying in his arms, weeping, laughing, murmuring his name brokenly, her small, trembling hands feeling his broad shoulders that she might convince herself that he was flesh and blood—her Jack, and not a ghost!

Lorrimore led Audrey away.

"I wish to Heaven I were half as happy as those two!" he murmured.

CHAPTER XLII.

At last Sylvia drew herself out of his arms, and the two stood and gazed at each other, and then Neville started and crimsoned. He had not actually seen her yet. In that first rush they had scarcely looked at each other; and now—well, he had been picturing to himself the Sylvia he remembered—the slim girl with girlish form and face and ways and tricks of speech—that was the Sylvia he had left and he had expected to see; and, instead, here before him was a lovely—an exquisitely lovely woman, superbly dressed, her shoulders and arms gleaming like marble. Could this princess be his "lass of the woods"—his little Syl?

Her beauty, grace, and air of distinction awed him into amazed silence. Man-like, he felt shy, frightened, even while he tingled and glowed with passionate love.

She did not notice the sudden change in his manner, and she drew him by both his hands, which she held in her warm, soft clasp, into the room.

"Come to the light and let me see you Jack!" she said; and her voice startled him almost as much as her altered appearance had done. It was fuller, softer, and yet, ah! as sweet as ever. "Come to the light and let me see you plainly Jack—let me see if I have forgotten what you were like. Oh! oh!" and she began to laugh and cry—that strange commingling by which a woman relieves a heart too full of joy.

"How came you to be so cruel? No, no; not a word of reproach, Jack—not now nor ever! But if you could know what I have suffered!" and she shuddered.

"I did it all for the best," he faltered.

"Yes, yes; you thought that I was in better hands. See how I read your thoughts, Jack! But how could I have been better cared for than you cared for me? Oh, how happy we were! Have you forgotten it? No—ah, no, you have not! I remember everything—everything, Jack—the slightest, weest talk we ever had in that wild, silent place. Let me look at you. How brown you are! And—yes, I think you are bigger—or is it that men here are smaller? Oh, Jack! to have you with me once more—once more!" and she covered her face with her hands. "Now, tell me everything that has happened. Did you stay long at the camp, and—she laughed—"did you find a lot of gold, Jack?"

He shook his head and smiled.

"No; my luck left with you Syl," he said.

"Syl!" she murmured. "No one has called me that but you, Jack, my dear, dear brother!"

Neville's face flushed; the title jarred upon him. He forgot that it was he who had first invented it.

"My luck left me, Syl," he said, "and I left Lorn Hope as poor as I entered it."

"Oh!" she said, with sweetest, most loving sympathy. "Tell me—go on, Jack!" and she drew him on to a sofa beside her.

He gave an account of his adventures since their parting, excepting those connected with the finding of the will, and Sylvia listened with eager interest.

"Poor Jack!" she murmured, smoothing his hand. "But who cares? You are here—here, actually sitting beside me! Oh! do you think I shall wake up presently and find it all a dream?" and she looked up at him piteously.

"I was just asking myself the same question," responded Neville. "It's—its difficult enough to believe that this gorgeous and queenly lady is—Syl!"

She got up and dropped him a courtesy.

"Wasn't I a—wild cat—a tom-boy, Jack?" and she laughed.

"You were the dearest—" He stopped.

"But is it true that you are—"

"The famous Signora Stella, sir," she said, laughing. "Do you remember how I used to sing to you sitting by the claim, Jack, and how you used to praise my voice? I've made some use of it since. You shall hear me sing some day, if you are very good, sir, and promise never to leave me, but always be a stay-at-home brother."

Again Neville's face fell.

"I'd promise anything to-night!" he said.

"But how did you happen to come down here?" she asked, after a moment. "Did you know that I was here? How did you discover me?"

As she asked the question the viscount came in, followed by a footman with some wine.

"Here you are, Lorri—Halloo! what the deuce—Who—No—yes! It is Neville Lynne!" he exclaimed, in amazement.

Neville rose. Sylvia looked round. She could only see Jack—the Young "Un"—her brother.

"Why, my dear boy," ejaculated the viscount, "this is a surprise. Where on earth did you spring from? By Jove, how you've changed! I shouldn't have known you but for your eyes. Tut, tut! Where's Audrey? Have you seen her yet? She will be glad enough to see you! I'll warrant! Well, I never! My dear fellow, we all thought you were—ahem!—dead! Neville Lynne back!" and he kept clapping Neville's broad back and laughing.

"Gad! I wish her ladyship were here. You were a favorite of hers, Neville, I was going to say 'my boy,' but you have grown into a giant and—Halloo!" he broke off suddenly, remembering that he had come upon Neville and the signora sitting close together on the sofa. "Do you know the Signora Stella, Neville? Do you know him, Signora? I suppose you do, though," and he looked from one to the other, perplexed and puzzled.

Sylvia rose. She was pale now—very pale.

"I—I thought I did—yes," she said in a low voice. "But you called him—what was it you called him—Neville Lynne?"

"I did. It's his name, my dear," said the viscount, staring.

"What else should I call him?"

Sylvia looked from him to Neville, her breath coming quickly. Jack—her Jack—Neville Lynne? How could it be?

Lorrimore and Audrey, entering the room, found them thus, and Audrey, going up to the viscount, quickly put her arm round his shoulders.

"Neville is an old friend of Sylvia, dear, don't you see?"

"No, hang me if I do!" he retorted, plumply. "She didn't know his name."

"A fellow doesn't always call himself by his right name out in the gold fields," remarked Neville.

"Eh? And you met out there? Well, bless my soul! You must tell me all about it, Neville. But the first thing to do is to drink your health, eh? Where's the wine? Audrey, my dear, there's more in this than I can fathom," he grunted.

Audrey laughed.

"We'll explain it directly, dear," she said. "At present we are all so happy in Sylvia's happiness that we aren't able to say anything connectedly."

She went to Sylvia and kissed her.

"Yes, dear," she murmured, "I am happy in your happiness. I think I know

how you feel. To have lost him, to think him dead, and to have him come back to you. Ah!" and she drew a long breath.

Sylvia allowed herself to be kissed, but seemed dazed, and gazed at Neville, who, though he was talking to the viscount and Lord Lorrimore, kept glancing her way as if he could not keep his eyes from her face.

"It's the strangest story," he said, "and I don't quite know whether I am awake or asleep and dreaming. To think that Lord Lorrimore here should have been hunting for me all these years, and that he once should have been within a few miles—"

"A few yards," said Lorrimore.

"Yes—yards; and not know it."

"I'll write to her ladyship," said the viscount. "I won't tell her that you have come back. We'll surprise her, eh? And—ah, by Jove! I was forgetting some one else—Jordan. Have you seen him yet?"

Neville's face clouded; Lorrimore's darkened.

"No," said Neville, grimly, "not yet."

"Not yet? By gad! he'll be surprised. He's been advertising—looking for you everywhere."

A footman opened the door.

"Sir Jordan Lynne," he announced.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Men and Women Repaired.

A machine that is constantly and incessantly working needs repairs at certain intervals.

The human frame, worn by mental and physical toil and subjected to the worries and cares of our modern life, has need of repairs and building up. In the hot summer weather nervous energy is at a low ebb, and as a consequence, nervous debility, terrible headaches, dyspepsia and a run-down condition make life a burden for thousands.

Faine's Celery Compound is the great repairer and builder when weakness and sickness prevail. The great medicine has the power of rapidly repairing the tissues and purifying the blood. It bestows the proper nutriment to all the weakened tissues, bringing strength and true vigor, thus averting breakdown and collapse.

Thousands of lives are now fast wearing out that can be prolonged and made happy by the present use of Faine's Celery Compound. Its use to-day will save months of sickness, misery and suffering. Take no substitute; get only "Faine's," the kind that cures.

One Thing They Couldn't Do.

The hour—midnight. Place—kitchen in millionaire's house. The weather—cloudy, probably rain.

"Tick! tick! tick!" This noise came from a 3s. 6d. alarm clock which the servant, as usual, had not taken to her room, for fear of getting alarmed.

"Saw! saw! saw!" This noise could never be laid to a 3s. 6d. clock; only robbers would break the silence thusly with saws.


"Drop! drop! drop!" This noise is the lock dropping to the floor. The door softly opens and two desperate villains peer through the darkness, and, after striking a match and lighting the gas, one of their softly hisses:—

"The job is did! Now for the gold!"

The other is evidently of the same mind, for he takes from beneath his coat a large bag and a murderous-looking stick, and beckoning to his pal, they steal softly up the back stairs to break the millionaire's head or his safe.

As it takes some time to creep up the millionaire's back stairs, we will leave the

CAN'T ENJOY LIFE



Because of nervousness, dyspepsia, heart trouble, etc. Lots of people just have to sit and look on while their healthy, vigorous friends have all the enjoyment of a strong and robust body. Dr. Ward's Pills will bring back health, strength, snap, vim and energy to even the weakest and weariest of suffering humankind.

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I have half a gross of empty bottles upon my shelves. Everything my neighbors and friends would tell me to try I would go straight away to the drug store and purchase. I was in a terrible condition from dyspepsia and liver troubles and was getting worse all the time. I was so discouraged buying one medicine and the other and receiving no benefit that I was about giving up all hope of ever getting better, when my husband brought me home a box of Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills, which he said had been highly recommended to him. I began using them at once, when, to my great surprise, I felt better in a very short time and continued them for about two weeks more which cured me entirely. I have not the least sign of dyspepsia or liver troubles now, and have also gained several pounds in weight.

Signed, ANNIE E. GAUNTLEY,
King Street, Berlin, Ont.

Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are sold at 50 cents per box, 5 boxes for \$2.00, at drug stores, or mailed on receipt of price by The Dr. Ward Co., 71 Victoria St., Toronto. Book of information free.

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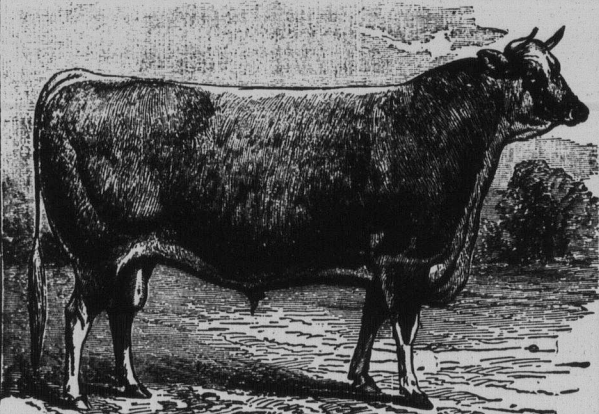
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villains creeping and see what is happening in the rich man's sleeping apartment, and why he doesn't awaken to toil the robbers at their game. Could you see into this room you would certainly bet a sovereign to a bad apple that the man was asleep, but his wife's eyes are wide open as she turns over, thumps him on the funny-bone, and says:—

"And so, Charles, you refuse to buy me a diamond necklace like Mrs. Jewel has?"

"For the millionth time, I do! Go to sleep!" answered the rich man, opening his eyes for a second to glare at a downtrodden woman.

"You wretch!" she gasped.

"You squanderer!" he growled.

"I'll get a divorce!"

"The quicker the better!"

In the meantime the robbers had finished their creeping business, had advanced to the door of the room, and as they paused on the threshold they overheard the words given above. Their faces blanched, their hands trembled, and with a bound they fled—fled from that house as if shot from a cannon, and never stopped a stop until a mile of streets lay between them and that unrobbed residence.

These men could stab, shoot, rob, murder, but when it came to getting mixed up in a family quarrel—excuse them!

Not Good Enough for Her.

"Did you hear about Samuels?" asked Mrs. Graymare's husband.

"No; I didn't hear about Samuels," the lady answered. "When you have anything to tell, why don't you tell it?"


"Yes, dear. Well, Samuels was going home the other night, when a footpad shot at him, and the ball hit a latch-key in Samuels's vest pocket, and his life was saved. So you see what good a latchkey is."

"Indeed! If Samuel had been going home at a reasonable hour he wouldn't have met any footpad. Secondly, he carries £2,000 insurance, payable to his wife, and if it had not been for that key she would be a rich

widow now. So, if you are hunting around for a latch-key, you will have to bring home some better story than that one. That's all. I'm going to bed now, and out goes the gas in two ticks. Latch-key, indeed!"

Signallers, transport men, pioneers, tailors, bootmakers, servants, waiters etc are known in the Army under title of "regimental loafers." These men are, as a rule, among the busiest men in the regiment, and therefore, the appellation is, to say the least, unmerited.

The Civil War of 1861—65 cost the United States over \$3,029,893,409. The Army swall up over \$2,718,669,422 and the Navy over \$316,223,686. The total amount of money already appropriated on account of the Hispano-American War is \$329,998,527.



Previous

to the introduction of Packard's Special Combination Leather Dressing (Russet, Tan, Brown—all colors), few suspected the mischief being wrought to boots and shoes by chemical preparations.

Now as associated with leather dressings the name PACKARD serves as a beacon.

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And Tumors cured to stay cured, at home; no knife, plaster or pain. For Canadian testimonials & 150-page book—free, write Dept. 11, Mason Mennons, Co., 577 Sherbourne Street, Toronto Ontario.

The Ring and The Glove.

I felt like Cortez upon a memorable occasion when the jeweller's glass door swung behind me, and, marching up to the counter, I asked for a ring. 'A ring, sir?' said the attendant, a Cockney to his finger tips. 'What sort of a ring?'

'How kind of you,' she said coming near. 'Oh, not at all,' I replied; 'but I hope you were not inconvenienced. I should have sent it, but I didn't.'

How New York Schoolboys Learn the art of war. There has always been activity among the students of the military schools connected with the New York Interscholastic A. A. and the benefit derived has been demonstrated by the showing made by the Seventy-first Regiment in the recent fights around Santiago.

Windsor Salt Purest and Best for Table and Dairy No adulteration. Never cakes.

while not a few are among the regiments awaiting orders. De La Salle Institute enjoys the advantage of having an officer of the United States Army as drill instructor. At present the work is conducted by Capt. Chas. Morton of the third United States Cavalry.

Rough on the "Referee." 'Goal' yelled half of the excited players, as their remains emerged from a desperate scrimmage on the goal-line. 'Offside! Foul! Never went through!' were the vigorous protests of the opposing team, and the poor referee was surrounded by twenty-two yelling footballers; but he refused to give his decision.

Next-door Neighbor. 'You are welcome to all the the turkey-dressing you want, Georgie, but aren't you afraid you'll eat too much and be sick?'

Trade Mark SUSPENDERS GUARANTEED BORN. Amherst, July 20, to the wife of Peter Nichol, a son.

MARRIED. Milton, July 7, by Rev. S. Rice, F. J. Nixon to Olivia Turner. Eureka, July 20, by Rev. A. Smith, James Fraser to Maggie Bell.

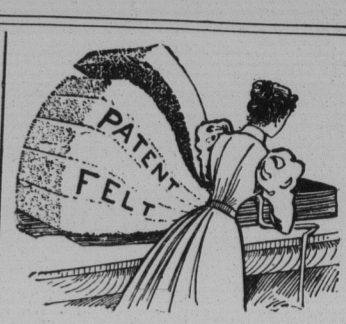
Pictou, July 13, by Rev. J. Coffin, Robert Gray to Nellie Maguire. Wallace, July 13, by Rev. D. Frame, Wm. Troon to Sophie Langille. Newport, July 13, by Rev. A. Daniel, Mac. Brannen to Alice Dimock.

DIED.

Halifax, July 19, Jane Ker, 70. Sambro, July 19, Gideon Smith, 67. Halifax, July 11, Simon Pottle, 32.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. Summer Tourist Tickets. To and Return. Alexandria Bay, \$24.00. Bar Harbor, \$11.00. Brockville, \$26.00.



Here's a Mattress

The PATENT FELT MATTRESS (FULL SIZE) \$15.00. It contains no animal fibre, but is composed entirely of light and buoyant layers of specially prepared Cotton Felt, mixed in fine satine ticking.

Star Line Steamers

FREDERICTON. (Eastern Standard Time.) Mail Steamers Victoria and David Weston. Leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m.

Steamer Clifton.

On and after July 7th. Leave Hampton for Indiantown. Monday at 5:30 a. m. Tuesday at 3:30 p. m.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Monday, July 4th, 1898, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows: Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert, DAILY SERVICE.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 20th June, 1898, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.