

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1894.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

HOW MUCH IS YOUR TAX?

THE RATE THIS YEAR IS HIGHER THAN LAST.

Some of the reasons why this is so—Mr. Jones' absence makes some difference—More interest to pay—The rate is \$1.50 the same as last year before last.

Every citizen will soon get a reminder from the city building that he is expected to pay for the privilege of living in a good town like St. John. It will come in the shape of a tax bill; and the particular rate of taxation is bothering a good many people whose contributions to the revenue of the city runs up into the thousands.

The rate this year will be one and a half per cent. in other words \$1.50 on every \$100 worth of property a man is assessed upon. A man drawing a salary of \$1000 will pay \$15 to the city treasurer, in addition to the usual poll tax of \$2.

Last year the rate was four cents less on the \$100, being 1.46, and it was a genuine surprise to the city officials this year when they learned that the increase was only four cents. There are many reasons why the taxes should be higher since the interest account has grown to favorable figures. Elevators cannot be erected, and such other accommodations as the city has at St. John, without the expenditure of big money. Bonds bearing interest at four per cent. but selling at less than par were issued, and the interest on them has to be met besides a slight addition for a sinking fund. All this is apart from the expenditure, and it is well to keep them in mind when the increase in the rate is considered.

Perhaps there is one other phase of the assessment that should also be noted. The departure of Mr. Simeon Jones from the city means the loss of \$150,000 to the assessment. This means about \$2,250 in taxes and this sum alone would account for a portion of the increase. Then one or two large business concerns paying heavy taxes have been wound up. The amount they contributed must of course be made up. While such occurrences as these must be expected every year, perhaps they have been more noticeable in the last twelve months than usual. It is not possible yet to obtain much information about the assessment, the number of names, the amounts, &c., since the officials are very busy on the books.

PARRSBOBO'S EERING TEACHER.

Why Mr. Campbell Was Discharged, and Who Paid for the Discharge He Ate.

PARRSBOBO, N. S., July 11.—This moral little town is excited, as it has lately been discovered that the principal of Parrsboro Academy, Mr. R. S. Campbell, B. A., who has had many innocent children under his charge, has so far forgotten what is due to a man in his responsible position as to be guilty of conduct that has worked upon the minds of the school-board to such an extent as to leave no course open but dismissal. The school commissioners nobly bear the indignation of the friends of the indiscreet pedagogue, for they have the proud knowledge that they may have saved the youth of our quiet town, now growing up into what all but misguided persons hope will be true christian manhood and womanhood, from influences that might wreck their young and precious lives.

Nearly a year ago, a young man, belonging to one of the first families of the province (whose pride has received a severe blow from this shock); with outward appearance that showed not the demon that lurked behind that seemingly manly countenance, came to this town, which, being far removed from the Intercolonial and Canadian Pacific railways, had before that time been a place almost entirely free from any contaminating influences. The school commissioners congratulated themselves upon securing such an exemplary young man to guide the feet of the children of Parrsboro on the pleasant paths of knowledge and rectitude. But alas for that most trusting confidence in outward appearances!

The effrontery of this depraved young man is surprising to those who are not versed in the habits of people of his class. He does not deny the charges, as any man with a spark of shame in him would. On the contrary, he admits his guilt, and has actually been seen in daylight on the streets of Parrsboro since his disgrace.

The charges against Mr. Campbell are that he plays whist and euchre (using spot cards), and that he dances, and that he does not spend the most of his evenings in study and prayer. They have no fault to find with him as a teacher; but this only makes his offence the more glaring, as by all precedent a man who does not spend his evenings in his own room ought to be a poor teacher. They also seem to think that the deposed master should not be a thorough gentleman, as he undoubtedly is. His whist-playing and dancing and his failing to follow the pious and scholarly example of the school commissioners in regard to the manner of spending one's evenings, have, for this reason, all the more injurious effect.

The board treated the principal in re-

gard to this matter just as a corrupter of youthful morals should be treated. They waited until the thirteenth hour, allowing Mr. Campbell to put in his application for the principalship for the next year, and then bounced him, thus not allowing him the privilege of resigning, and putting him to deserved disgrace to the utmost extent to which they were capable of putting him. The principal feels his position very strongly; not because of remorse—oh no! he has not that virtue—but from a selfish feeling that his dismissal may prevent him from getting another as green a bay tree; and his gentlemanliness and scholarship, already mentioned, will doubtless win for him an even better position in which to practise his works of evil.

The majority of the people of Parrsboro, including the most of the young man's pupils, blinded by these qualities, thought that their admiration of these should find some suitable expression upon Mr. Campbell's leaving Parrsboro. So a collection was taken up, and the teacher was presented with a gold-headed cane.

An incident which occurred in connection with the collection will be of interest. A young lady collector went into a store here and asked the proprietor if he would donate to the fund. The proprietor declined. The young lady, thinking that he was joking, asked him again, whereupon the merchant said that the teacher had never put anything in his way, but had once sat down in his store, had taken some bits of crackers from a box, and had eaten them without paying for them. The collector left the place, but afterwards, finding that she had five cents left over on the cane money, called again at the store. The merchant saw her coming, and, thinking that he was going to be damned again, retreated to the cellar, whence he was called by another lady. When he emerged from his retreat, the young lady collector, handed over the five cents, explaining that it was to pay for the biscuit that Mr. Campbell had eaten.

It is said that only one of the school-board was unwise enough to run the risk of contamination by calling at the school during the whole of Mr. Campbell's incumbency; and that one was the black sheep of the flock anyway, for he was the only one who voted against the dismissal.

MR. RUSSELL WAS NOT IN IT.

Speaker White Claimed the Appointment He is Said to Have Declined.

The appointment of Mr. John Russell to the office of the members of this city and county and his friends are asking for him seems to be as far away as ever. Perhaps there has been no recommendation more persistently or vigorously pressed upon the government than this, and the inside history of the whole affair if ever written will give those who seek office but a faint idea of the value of promises and pledges of politicians.

PROGRESS understands that the most recent phase of this question is the statement of Mr. E. McLeod that Mr. Russell was offered the accountantship of the house of commons and refused to accept it. Perhaps this is more unjust to that gentleman than the city member imagines. Mr. Russell refused to talk about it, but said his friends knew all the circumstances.

For the information of those who have seen Mr. Russell's claims urged in the press and heard of them in public conversation it may be said that some time ago the members of the city and county recommended this gentleman for the position of deputy minister of the interior or its equivalent. This was forwarded to Hon. Mr. Foster, who, at that time, did not reply. Afterwards the three members with Mr. Geo. F. Baird sent a telegram to Premier Thompson to the effect that their constituents were demanding Mr. Russell's appointment. A prompt reply came from Sir John: "Mr. Russell I have ascertained to be a very capable man. Your wishes will be met."

Then when the party managers saw that something would have to be done the editor of the government organ in the city suggested to Mr. Russell that as the accountantship of the house of commons was vacant that he should withdraw from the other and ask for this. This he consented to do upon condition that he was appointed, and the editor and Mr. Hazen forthwith wired to obtain this effect.

Mr. Costigan, who was on the House of Commons Commission, was seen at the suggestion of the premier, and he promised to support Russell; but when the Commission met speaker White claimed the position as a part of his patronage and Mr. Russell was out of it.

But his friends are still pressing his claims, with what result it will be difficult to prophesy.

The Directory for 1894.

The directory of the city for this year has been published and as usual reflects credit on the Messrs. McAlpine who are at great pains to be correct and spend much time and money upon a publication that the city could ill afford to do without.

NOT SO VERY EXCLUSIVE.

WHAT COMPETITION IS DOING FOR HALIFAX CLUBS.

The City Club and the Halifax—The Former is Composed of Progressive Business Men and Became Very Popular—The Halifax Becoming More Social and Attentive to the People.

HALIFAX, July 12.—Competition is the life of trade. Competition promotes activity in other matters besides business. It has an effect on club life. This has been clearly shown in Halifax during the past couple of years. This city has two gentlemen's clubs—the Halifax club and the City club—both flourishing. The former was established away back in the early sixties, and has been the home of wealth and extreme exclusiveness. The City club is a comparatively modern institution, but it has a fine new building, fully as well adapted to its purposes as the more pretentious edifice on Hollis street. The Halifax club largely yet maintains its character of exclusiveness, whilst the City club membership is composed mainly of young business men and the more well-to-do clerks. The City club has become so favorite a resort, that the older club cannot afford to continue so very exclusive as once it was. Within the last couple of years there has been a lowering of the standard as it were, though in one sense it may be considered an elevating of the standard. Men can get into the Halifax club today who would have failed in the attempt not long since. An instance is well known of a man, prominent in the militia, who was blackballed in the Halifax club some years ago. He was accepted in the City club. Time rolled on, and he again applied for membership in the Halifax club; on this occasion he succeeded in his bid, and he was numbered with the men of his first love. He has not exactly cast off the club that befriended him in his days of social need, but it is the Halifax club which oftentimes is graced by his presence. This goes to prove that it is yet considered the more swell organization, or that this volunteer officer thinks so. But the social or financial standing of the members of the Halifax club is not just what once it was, as any one who glances over the list may readily see.

The "at home" given by the Halifax club last week was another indication that the institution will in future be more popular. The competition of the City club has made it necessary for the older organization to do what might properly be termed a little hustling for members. By the way, the "at home" was pronounced a decided success.

It costs \$80 to join the Halifax club besides \$30 a year as a membership fee. The City club will give all the privileges of its beautiful and well equipped building on Barrington street, for an entrance fee of \$50 and an annual subscription of \$20.

Who Will Be President?

HALIFAX, July 12.—Who is to succeed to the chair in Pine Hill Presbyterian College vacant by the death of principal MacKnight? Professor Pollok has been made principal, but the chair of systematic theology and apologetics is to be filled. The chances are that Rev. D. M. Gordon, pastor of St. Andrew's Church, Halifax, will be selected. He is not, however, anxious for the position, though he has not declined the nomination of the presbytery. It was said that Rev. Mr. Gordon himself favored the appointment of Rev. Dr. McKee of St. John. The professorship offers no inducement to Mr. Gordon financially. He now receives \$2,500 and a free manse, making his means equal to about \$2,900 a year. The professorship would bring in only \$2,000 a year. He was offered a chair in the Montreal Presbyterian College a year or more ago, at \$2,500, which was declined, and it is understood that principal Grant has his eye on Mr. Gordon for Queen's college, Kingston. Money seems to have but feeble charm, for Mr. Gordon; he left \$4,000 a year in Winnipeg to come east.

Should the pastorate of St. Andrew's become vacant, many of the people have their mind pretty well made up whom they would call. There is a strong probability that Rev. R. E. Knowles, of Ottawa, would be the man of St. Andrew's choice. He declined a call to Fort Massey in this city a year ago, but it is said he is now ready to come to St. Andrew's, an inclination which is believed to have prompted his recent visit to Halifax, and perhaps had something to do with his recent preaching at St. Matthew's church, the nearest to St. Andrew's, instead of going far north to Park street church.

Appraiser Beckwith's Statement.

In his letter to PROGRESS, referred to last week, Appraiser Beckwith had this paragraph about the facts of the article that did not meet his views:

It has fallen to my lot for the past eleven years to be an appraiser in H. M. Customs at the port of Halifax, M. F. O'Connor is an assistant appraiser at the same port. In the performance of my duty on the day referred to by your correspondent, I was engaged in the examination of goods on the Upper flat with two packers assisting me; this is a very usual occurrence which takes place almost every

day. Mr. O'Connor was on the first floor and desiring to have a case opened, requested one of the men to go to his assistance, to which I objected, as the men were at that time occupied under my direction, and the merchants whose goods I was examining were in a hurry to get them for the travellers. But it is not true that Mr. O'Connor and myself were engaged in a "physical struggle" near an open hatchway, or anywhere else, or that any victory was achieved by either party. As to whether I shall in the future be limited to "one porter or packer" remains to be determined by the department at Ottawa, whose province it is to decide this question.

This letter was forwarded to PROGRESS, Halifax correspondent, not because the matter was of any importance, but for further inquiry into the facts. This is what the correspondent says:

There is nothing to withdraw in Progress' story of the "Scrap in the Customs," in which R. N. Beckwith and Frank O'Connor figured so prominently at the appraiser's office. The facts were substantially correct, and despite all Mr. Beckwith's denials it is true that he took hold of O'Connor with both hands and roughly pushed him repeatedly. Eye-witnesses of the scene are prepared to substantiate this statement if necessary. Mr. O'Connor was violently assaulted, not only physically but with a torrent of abusive language almost as effective as muscular power.

The occurrences which led up to the assault are thus related by one who saw the whole affair and knows the facts. Frank O'Connor was called to examine goods belonging to Simpson Brothers and to Brown and Webb, but was delayed because he had no porter to assist him in opening the packages. Mr. Stavert, who had just arrived from Jamaica, where he had been agent of the bank of Nova Scotia, was in the appraiser's office endeavoring to have his goods bonded through to Fredericton, where he is in future to reside as agent of the same bank. Mr. Stavert had the day before applied to Beckwith for information how he should proceed to secure his object, but the official gruffly declined to attend to him in any way till it suited his convenience; and on the day of the row he had returned, this time applying to Appraiser O'Connor. He met with more success there, and O'Connor gave him his instructions and began to examine Stavert's effects. To finish the work he desired assistance from one of the porters. Beckwith had both upstairs. The circumstances were urgent, as the express company was waiting for the goods, nevertheless Beckwith refused him a porter. O'Connor retired empty handed, but he went upstairs again, and once more asked for assistance, addressing himself to the porters personally. This enraged Beckwith and he roared out an order forbidding either to go with O'Connor. Losing control of himself completely he finally laid hold of his fellow-official, who was not silent, and the two were engaged in the struggle previously described. The end of the melee was that O'Connor retreated without his porter.

O'Connor at once called on collector Harrington and stated the case. In a very short time the head of the customs was in the appraiser's office investigating the occurrence. Before he left he gave orders that O'Connor should have one of the porters and he expressed himself strongly on the conduct of the appraiser.

A Fuss Over the Paid Firemen.

HALIFAX, July 12.—The letter in last week's PROGRESS on the Halifax fire department set citizens and firemen talking, and one of the local newspapers working. On Monday, Captain Murphy, post haste, called a meeting of the officers of the U. E. C., to consider the letter, and a set of resolutions was adopted, setting forth that the company would not suddenly resign and leave the city without fire protection, no matter what action might be taken in regard to a paid department. This is not satisfactory, and shows that the talk of resignation was confined to some loud-mouthed members of the company, whose influence is by no means commensurate with their lung and tongue power. Citizens have begun to discuss the question in dead earnest, and it is quite possible that, if the decision were put to vote, a majority would decline in favor of a paid department even if they were sure, as they might well be, that the present cost of \$25,000 a year would be increased to more than \$50,000. An evening paper (the Recorder), taking its cue from PROGRESS, began this week with the publication of a series of interviews, most of them with insurance men, and all in favor of a paid fire department.

Stugging is Fashionable.

HALIFAX, July 12.—A spicy story is being quietly whispered about town of the way a group of merry-makers spent Sunday night and early Monday morning. The fun ended in one of the company showing another how hard he could hit. The experiment was made upon the face of the recipient of the blow. What lends interest to the little affair is that the striker was an alderman of the city and the struck a well-known commercial traveller. "The hitting and the being hit" took place in the room of a dentist who has his "place of torture" on Barrington Street. It was a bad way to end one week and begin another.

FINED THREE HUNDRED.

OFFICIALS HANINGTON AND REID CONTRIBUTE THAT AMOUNT

To the Government of Canada Because the Stamps Were Short—The Mistake Occurred at Ottawa but the Receipt Was Given Here and That Settled It.

Though official positions are much sought after they are not all a bed of roses. The thorns of discipline are sometimes felt. Mr. Hanington and Mr. Reid, heads of the money order department of the post office, will likely agree with these facts. It has cost them sleepless nights and much anxiety and three hundred dollars in cool cash to realize it properly.

It all came about on account of stamps. Mr. Hanington is responsible for the stamps that came into the office. Mr. Reid takes charge of them and is responsible to Mr. Hanington.

Some time ago it was discovered by eagle-eyed clerks in the inspector's office that there was a shortage of about three hundred dollars in the stamps under charge of the postmaster. The stamps came down in packages of one hundred sheets each. One of these packages is worth three hundred dollars and it seems that one of them or its equivalent had disappeared.

Mr. Hanington should have the stamps counted as they come into the post office from Ottawa, but he does not and thereby runs a risk in case there is a leak. He has proved this by hard experiences gained when the inspector's clerk found in the packages which the postmaster had not had counted a leakage of three hundred dollars' worth.

Inspector King reported the matter to Ottawa and then there was a series of reports and counter reports and investigations and decisions. Postmaster Hanington investigated and the chief inspector came down from Ottawa and investigated. After Inspector King had sent his report to Ottawa the postmaster had a communication from head-quarters and then he sent up his report of the matter, and at length there came down from Ottawa a final ultimatum. But after all from the first there is only one course to pursue, no matter where the leakage occurred, whether it was in Ottawa or in St. John, whether before or after the postmaster received them here, he had to pay for the lost stamps, and this is the reason, because he had not counted the stamps. When he received them he sent up a receipt for the amount which they were supposed to contain. If they did not contain that amount he must be responsible for the deficiency, for at head-quarters they had the receipt to show for the full amount.

Had he counted the stamps and found a deficiency before sending a receipt, the head office would have been blame, and it is stated that the clerks here believe that the head office is to blame.

Postmaster Hanington and Mr. Reid being held responsible, they had to make up the leakage and the report is that in the ultimatum from their superior offices was that the postmaster must come up with two hundred dollars and Mr. Reid with one hundred dollars.

And this is not all. Another man who has charge of the stamps—Mr. Wilson, a junior clerk of the money order office, has that responsibility and henceforth he will have to count the stamps as they come in from Ottawa.

And now the question remains—what became of the stamps? were they stolen or lost, and did the leakage occur in St. John or Ottawa?

It is difficult to believe that any one would steal a lot of stamps, for he could not get rid of them without exciting suspicion. It will be remembered that one time a lot of registered letters were stolen. In some of them were postage stamps, and a young man offered postage stamps as payment for drinks at a bar. The young man learned to see the foolishness of stealing stamps.

It is difficult to answer these questions. The officials have not answered them. It was sufficient for them to know that they had a receipt from Mr. Hanington for a certain amount of stamps. He would be equally responsible, no matter if he did not receive those stamps, or if the stamps disappeared after they reached him.

MRS. BEEMAN'S VACATIONS.

How She Spent Them, According to the Version of Mr. Beeman.

If but a small part of all the stories afloat are true, Mrs. Beeman, of Boston, will make a slight change in the programme of her summer vacation this year. Up to this time it has not been a varied one. She has lived in Boston with her devoted husband during those months of the year when the fields were not green, when the streams and rivulets of the country afforded no opportunities for the delightful canoeing pastime. But with the return of early summer she made all haste for her native home, to visit her lonely and secluded relatives upon the shores of fair Belleisle. At least this is what she told

her husband and what he in his innocence and confidence thought was the truth. Now he has changed his mind or in the language of the people he "has had his eyes opened" and for the past week has told all the world through his legal advisers and his affidavit what he imagines his wife has been doing.

A man is at the bottom of this story and he is known well throughout the province as Mr. J. Fraser Gregory. Mr. Beeman called upon that gentleman and it is said the interview was as interesting as it was remarkable. Of course there is only Mr. Beeman's account of the conversation, for Mr. Gregory, aside from admitting that he had a chat with Mr. Beeman in which he tried to find out just what that gentleman was after, is not especially communicative upon the matter.

He admits knowing Mrs. Beeman and further than that says that he has written to her, but denies that the "little affair" ever went further than a mild flirtation.

Mr. Beeman denies this and says that he has letters sent his wife by Mr. Gregory that are sufficient to prove his case. These letters are not in evidence yet, but when the case comes before the court as it will in a few weeks it is quite likely that they will play an important part.

At any rate Mr. Beeman has separated from Mrs. Beeman and he sues Mr. Gregory for alienating her affections and for other things that he will endeavor to prove. Both he and his wife are provincialists. They came from Kings County but have been living in Boston for years, where Beeman was doing well. It is said the husband discovered his wife's secret through a lady friend in whom she confided. He says she confessed all the facts to him.

IT WAS WORTH THE QUARTER.

The Good That An Old Man and His Friends Got at Camp Meeting.

At the camp meeting at Brown's Flats last week there appeared at the gate an old gentleman with seven or eight companions and a gripsack. He was met by the gatekeeper and a request for a fee of twenty-five cents in addition to the price of admission.

"What's the quarter for?" asked the old gentleman and his seven or eight companions.

"For your grip," answered the St. Peter of Brown's Flats.

"Then I won't take it in," said the gentleman. But his seven or eight companions, who were already within the gates, would not allow this, but worked upon the old gentleman's feelings to such an extent that he paid the quarter, and went in with the valise.

There were a good many people at Brown's Flats that day, and this good many received much good, but none left the grounds in a lighter frame of mind than the gentleman and his friends. And it was all on account of the gripsack.

That gripsack contained bottles. Those bottles contained—ask of the winds that far around with fragrance filled the air, but ask not of the gentleman and his companions, for they will give you an evasive answer.

Whether it was the invariable custom of the gatekeeper to charge extra for luggage or whether there were suspicions on his mind as to what the grip contained, and hence an unusual charge, is a question; but anyway, "Old Tom" had to pay a quarter.

This Should Mean Dividends.

When a company appears in the opera house in this city it must count upon a certain business in order to pay even the demands of the house itself—to say nothing of the hundred and one incidents that go to make a manager unhappy. For the benefit of those who hold opera house stock an idea of the revenue of the house, say from a two night rental, can be had from the following list of charges.

Rent of Opera House	\$ 80.00
Ushering	4.00
Plato	4.00
Selling tickets	6.00
Tickets	5.00
Police	2.00
Settling security	4.00
Advertising 3 inch space	21.00
	\$126.00

In other words this is an average of \$63 a night. Of course not all of this is profit. Perhaps the company does not make more than \$10 or \$12 on the advertising. They must pay a competent ticket seller a fair salary and it is fair to assume that policemen cost about what is charged for them but on the other items there should be a reasonable margin. It must be a gratification to the stockholder, to know that such prices can be had, though what the people who rent the house think is another matter.

An Interesting and Valuable Pamphlet.

The publication of the by-laws and much other information respecting the Rural cemetery in pamphlet form is but one of many excellent moves made by the energetic directorate this year. The pamphlet is most interesting and contains a splendid map of the cemetery with the walks and paths outlined and designated. More than this it is a perfect guide book to the thousands of lots, each lot being designated and located. For this alone the publication has a distinct value. The engraving and printing were done by Progress printing department.

FTON

SATURDAY

Between Nova Scotia

Time 17 Hours.

EEK

Yarmouth

Yarmouth and Saturday

Halifax, Boston, every

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday

and Thursday, leaving Yarmouth

at 8.30 o'clock, and returning

at 8.30 o'clock, every Tuesday

and Friday.

For full particulars apply to

1894.

IN,

ON RIVER.

Places

JEAN, C. W., recently

entirely rebuilt, will, until

Wednesday, every

WEDNESDAY, at 8.30 o'clock,

and on MONDAY at 8.30 o'clock,

for \$1.25

for \$2.00

low as by any

can be char-

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unless when

it can be settled

being discharged

Friday.

notice we will

by leaving tickets

at St. John and

at one fare,

and

SABBATH,

Manager.

AMERS.

Woodstock

and Olivette,

except Sunday

at intermediate

fare (except

Yarmouth, where

fare is \$1.00)

and on

WEDNESDAY

at 8.30 o'clock,

and on

MONDAY at 8.30

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for \$1.25

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Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The vacation season in musical matters still continues. Some of those the more prominent in providing entertainment that might properly be noticed under the caption of this department, are rusticating, some are out of the country for a short time, revisiting scenes familiar to their earlier years, and some are abiding within our city walls yet, resting and regaining energy and strength for renewed effort in the direction of musical development later in the season.

There have been a few offerings in the way of Band Concerts, assisted by vocal talent of not lamentably inferior quality, and there have also been readings and recitations "interspersed with melodies" (as once heard a Provincial Mrs. Partington remark) but these are somewhat of the variety character. "There is a time for everything," it has been remarked and just now is the season for merry-making in other fields.

Tones and Undertones.

George Grossmith has returned to comic opera.

The Gilbert Opera Company is playing a summer engagement at Lakeview, Lowell, Mass.

Emma Eames Story, the prima donna, was born in China, although her parents are Americans.

There were 3,000 voices in the opening chorus at the Sengferst recently held in New York.

Miss Marcella Rieves is the understudy of Miss Agnes Delaporte in the Schiller Opera company.

The Seidl orchestra under the direction of Mr. Anton Seidl will tour the United States next season.

Patti admits a love for two instruments, viz., the mandolin and the violin. She does not care to hear singing.

"1492" closed its season in New York on the 7th inst. with its 394th performance. It will be revived August 25th.

Verdi is credited with saying that "mutton is the best food to eat to keep the voice strong and beautiful."

Alfred DeSeve, the well known violinist of Boston, with his wife, will pass the season in Canada until September.

When "Fatinitza" is revived by the Robin Hood Company the title role will be entrusted to Jessie Bartlett Davis.

Miss Lena Dykstra, who is playing with the Camille D'Arville Co., in the role of "The Grand Duchess," is a sister of the star.

The work of Mamie Gilroy in the comic opera "Davy Jones" at the Boston music hall is highly praised by the press of that city.

When the 1000th performance of "Mignon" was celebrated at the Opera Corinque in Paris recently the public were admitted free to all parts of the house.

Perugini, who is as distinguished as the latest husband of Lillian Russell, as he is as a tenor, will sing the principal roles in Louise Baudet's Opera Company next season.

Dan Emmett, the author of "Dixie" is nearly 80 years old. He recently appeared at an amateur minstrel show at Mt. Vernon, O., and played his composition on the violin.

The latest thing in promised novelties is the aerial ballet, which is danced in the air, the dancers being suspended by invisible wires, and flying from one side of the stage to the other.

The production in Boston and New York of Wagner's "Die Feen" as translated by A. Sinclair of New York has been arranged for. Madame Nevada will be in the leading role.

Preparations are being actively made for DeWolf Hopper's production of "Dr. Syntax" next September, Bertha Walsinger, late of the Bostonians will be prima donna, and there will be two sopranos, (viz., Edna Wallace Hopper and Jennie Goldthwaite.

The Bostonians will produce a new opera "Prince Ananias" next season. The music is by Victor Herbert and the libretto by Francis Neilson. They will also revive "Fatinitza." They are booked for a three days' engagement in this city about the end of August.

Last Monday evening in "La Belle Helene," Pauline Hall celebrated the 300th performance which she has given in Boston. The souvenir on the occasion was "in the shape of a stick pin constructed of old gold, upon the head of which is painted a portrait of Miss Hall."

A prominent musical critic writes that Paderewski's new Polish fantasy is the most difficult piece of music ever written for piano, "strikingly original and irresistibly effective," its style being "a combination of Liszt and Chopin in a most happy blending, with a lot of Paderewski thrown into the bargain."

The grave of the great singer Mme. Anna Bishop, who was one of the most charitable women ever on the stage, is in a neglected churchyard at Red Hook, N. Y. Almost the last act of her life was to

give her farewell appearance to the world in behalf of the poor of her profession. That appearance cost her her life.

A peculiar obituary notice appeared lately in an American paper. "The composer Bronson has the honor of announcing to his friends and patrons that the Lord has taken Miss Jay Bronson to himself. The Funeral March composed for the occasion by the grief-stricken father is published by B. & Co. at five dollars arranged for the orchestra, and two dollars for the piano; it will be performed for the first time at the funeral, which will take place to-morrow at eleven o'clock."

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

At the Opera house this week, the Sidney Drew company with Mrs. McKee Rankin are playing in repertoire. Their engagement opened with Tom Taylor's venerable yet popular play "Still Waters Run Deep." The character of John Milway was interpreted by Mr. Drew, who seemed to have an admirable conception of his role. This is the only play in which I have seen this company up to this moment of writing. As a whole the play was cleverly enough done—there are some excellent speeches in it—but at times there was a slowness about the action that was quite unsatisfactory. This I was and am disposed to deal with leniently for the reason that I have been reliably informed that Messrs. Whitecar and Blakemore had never seen the piece done and had only had their lines given them that day. Under the circumstances it is a tribute to the talent of the company that the performance was so very interesting and so smoothly played. By the way the Halifax Herald of recent date, literally scores the Drew company for their performance of "Nancy" in that city. It is about time Halifax got the benefit of dress rehearsals, Saint John has had them long enough.

Mme. Duse will not be in America next season.

McKee Rankin and Jeffrey Lewis will star jointly next season.

W. S. Hart will impersonate Shakespeare next season in Rhea's new play dealing with the poet.

Milton Nobles has disposed of the right of "From Sire to Son" to J. E. Comerford, who will star in the piece next season.

Fanny Davenport will play a short season at the Boston theatre next October. This will be preliminary to giving her new Sardou drama.

Four "Jane" companies will be on the road next fall. The first production of "Jane" in St. John, will take place on Monday evening next.

Tyrone Power has recently produced his play "The Texan" at the Princess theatre, London. Both play and author are well remembered here.

Henry Irving has decided to be his own manager when he comes to this country for another tour. His time is nearly all booked for the season after next.

The Stock Company of the Buffalo Lyceum recently performed a play written by Rev. Oliver Booth, a local clergyman. The play is called "The Dagger and the Rose."

Mr. and Mrs. Kendall found, on their return to England, their son had abandoned law for the stage. He is now trying to live on his salary of \$10 per week. He was "out off."

Jules Barbier has just read to Bernhardt a five act drama entitled "Lucille," the heroine being the Lucille of "Camille Desmoulins." Probably the piece will be played next winter.

W. S. Harkins company closed season here on 7th inst., closing with "The Planter's Wife" instead of "The Octoroon" as first announced. They played in Eastport Monday and Tuesday last.

John Drew, brother of Sidney Drew now playing in this city, who has had a good season with "The Butterflies" in New York, is now en route to the Pacific Coast. He played in Denver, Col., last week.

"Old Jed Prouty" with Richard Golden in the leading role, will begin season at Greenville, Me., on 13th August. The scheme of the company involves a general tour of the United States to cover about three years.

Louise Montague, the \$10,000 beauty in Forepaugh's show some years ago, is returning to the United States shortly, after a successful winter in London. She is still one of the prettiest women on the American stage.

Sarah Bernhardt has recently played "Ideyl" in London. The play is by Messrs. Silvestre and Morand, and is a four act drama in verse. It is said to be based on a Buddhist foundation or legend. Its period is about 600 B. C.

The most popular comedian in Vienna, Alexander Girardi, had just celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his debut on the stage. The city honored him by conferring on him the big Salvator medal and his benefit performance was made the occasion of a great popular demonstration. Ladies fought with each other and tore each other's clothes in the endeavor to be first at the

ticket office. One of Girardi's most popular roles is Rip Van Winkle.

Miss Florence Mae Eunking, the daughter of the well known artist J. J. Eunking, is going on the stage next season. She will play second lead in the new drama "Mosswood." The leading role will be played by Miss Lucy Crabtree, a cousin of "Lotta."

THE BEAUTY OF UGLINESS.

The Success Achieved by Actors Devoid of Physical Comeliness. Although "pure native ugliness" is a hindrance to success in every walk of life, many dramatic artists have been able to make for themselves a name, and even to attain the highest rank in their profession, notwithstanding natural infirmities that might seem to have shut the stage door in their faces. Rocius squinted horribly, and, consequently, always appeared on the stage with a mask, until the Romans obliged him to act his characters without it. In French theatrical annals will be found the longest list of artists who attained fame, if not fortune, in spite of personal disadvantages. Ugliness like that of Jodellet, Odry and Grassot—all three remarkable specimens—adds in some instance a new charm to comic roles; but it seems scarcely admissible in the heroes and heroines of tragedy and drama. Yet La Champmesle, La Desoelliers, Mlle-Dumesnil and the Sisters Sainval were ugly—some of them exceedingly so. La Noue had a nasty countenance, a low mien and gait; Lelain's face was repelling—Colle says he had a "gallows look"—his nose was half eaten by smallpox, and his chin scarred on both sides; but he could throw such expression into his features, and contrive to hide the imperfections of his figure so skillfully with his costumes that the grande dames of the court exclaimed more than once during his performance, "How handsome he is." Beaulorg was not much better favored, being ugly and bowlegged, like Constantin, who for all that played Don Juan at Nicolet's Mlle. Brilliant of the Comedie-Francaise squinted; so did Fonteuil, and an excellent soprano, who recently left the opera, is afflicted with the same infirmity. Granger had a glass eye. Enormously fat actors have been numerous in France, and the record mark among them was probably Gros, Guillaume, a low comedian, who was obliged to have himself hooped like a barrel by three belts, the uppermost under his armpits; his stomach was said to walk ten paces before him. Another fat actor was Lesessarts, for whom a table had been specially made to enable him to get under it in "Tartuffe." He invariably created roars of laughter when he declared in the role of Petit Jean that he was "beginning to grow thin since he had lost his sleep," as well as when, in the "Siege de Calais," he appeared at the head of his fellow-citizens, "wasted to skeletons by a long and terrible famine." Darincourt, in his "Memoires," mentions an actor named Prevot, an artist of great talent, who, having had his feet frozen in Russia, was obliged to have his toes amputated. In consequence of this operation his stage walk was so shambling that the poor fellow never ventured to appear in Paris; but he obtained a great reputation in the French provinces, where he was such a favorite that the public overlooked his infirmity.

A Musical Event.

The churchwarden of an English village had placed an organ in their little church, and in the delight of their hearts they told the archdeacon what they had done at his next visitation. He fell in with their enthusiasm, and advised them to have a grand opening, at which Dr. C.—a well-known musician—should be present. The advice was eagerly taken. Picards were posted, and the service was advertised in the local papers. The all-important day arrived, and with it Dr. C., who was at once shown up into the singing-loft, where stood the instrument in a case brilliant with gilded pipes, known to the profession as "dummies."

"But where is the keyboard?" enquired the great man, who had already been somewhat disconcerted at the size of the organ.

"Oh," said the churchwarden, "we turn round 'til that there," pointing to the handle.

"The amazement and indignation of Doctor C. were beyond words. He had been invited to open a hand-organ!"

AFTER THIRTY YEARS.

Allan Stewart, of Springton, suffers all this time—At Last Confined to Bed—Story of His Happy Release From Pain.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I. July 9—Allan Stewart of Springton, near here, says that Dodd's Kidney Pills saved his life, and he wants the fact to be known. For thirty years he has had kidney disease and gravel. Hundreds of dollars spent on doctors and medicine failed to do any good. On July 14 last, Mr. Stewart had to take to his bed, and everybody considered his case a hopeless one. He heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills and began using them. He says he noticed an improvement from the first, and ten boxes cured him. He is now free from all pain and enjoys excellent health.

Canada's Prima Donna.

An interesting story is told of Madame Albani, who, when a girl of twenty, made her debut on the stage in Messina in La Sonnambula, and at once made a brilliant success. At the first rehearsal, the young artist having sung a well-known air, the conductor stopped playing, and, seizing her hands, said: "My child! you will have a great success; you will make a fortune!" a prediction that was completely verified.

Trying Times Indeed.

First Stranded Thespian—"By the time we reach New York our shoes will be worn out."

Second Thespian—"Yes, hard times always try men's soles."

Respecting His Last Wishes.

Two cowboys once met on a Texas plain and rode along together. They were strangers to each other, and their notions as to the merits of the Decalogue were about as loose as possible. Suddenly one of the "boys" made a suspicious movement toward his hip-pocket, instantly the other drew his revolver and shot him dead.

The "live" boy then disappointed, gazed steadily at his victim, and said to himself: "Now, I wonder if he was really going

to shoot me. The evidence was agin him, but anyway, I'll see for myself."

Turning the body over, he discovered that the only murderous weapon the dead man bore was a flask of whiskey; and then in sorrowful tones he said: "There, I've killed an innocent man and a perfect gentleman. He wasn't going to shoot me; he merely intended to invite me to have a drink," and as he drew his sleeve across his mouth, he continued: "The last wishes of the dead shall be respected."

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EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 14.

A PHASE OF THE STRIKE.

One of the things that the Chicago strikers are striking about is the "social distinction" made by Mr. PULLMAN in refusing to allow brakemen on duty to luxuriate in the parlor cars, and in giving "PULLMAN car" passes to the higher officers of the railway and not to the lower ones. The brakemen of the United States who in spite of the Westinghouse automatic air-brake are fortunate enough to find braking to do, if they had the sense of Canadian brakemen would not want to spend much time, when in their working clothes, in the parlor car; and the more they thought of themselves the less they would care to be in the car when dressed in the habiliments of toil, however honorable that toil might be. As to the matter of "PULLMAN car" passes, surely the manager of a road has the right to do what he likes with his own property, provided that he does not interfere with the rights of his employees. And surely no employee can claim that, in this case, his rights are being tampered with. The fact that a higher official, by reason of his exalted station, is accorded more privileges than a lower one, should be one of the incentives for those on the lower rungs of the ladder to continue to rise, either by easy stepping, or, if necessary, "hand-over hand."

It surely is not seemly for the strikers to charge Mr. PULLMAN with undue "social distinction" in a matter which would seem to call for no complaint, when the American Railway Union itself, only a week before the strike, voted down a resolution to strike out of their constitution a clause restricting membership in that body to railway men born of white parents. Which is the most unchristian case of "social distinction," provided that the Union considers itself what it claims to be?

THE TWO HOURS' SLEEP THEORY.

EDISON is responsible for the saying that mankind can live, move and have their being with only two hours' sleep. Since evolving this theory he has been seriously ill, which is not to be wondered at, for the bare idea is enough to stagger the most robust constitution. Perhaps he put his theory into practice, and utilized the leisure thus afforded in thinking of the great possibilities opened up by his plan. Owing to the present great facilities for producing artificial light, we of the nineteenth century sleep far less than our ancestors, but not in any active people can do with less than five or six hours, and the majority require more. EDISON says that this comes merely from the sleep habit being handed down from one generation to another, and that two hours is quite sufficient for any one to sleep, if one only thought so.

What a way it would be if every one was of his way of thinking! The realization of EDISON'S sleep-theory would turn our whole lives topsy-turvy. In the first place it would protract working hours in spite of the strikers. Imagine a man settling down comfortably after dinner in the evening to enjoy his newspaper. The day's work is done, he thinks, and the house will be quiet. Not a bit of it. There are yet seven hours before bed time and his wife fills them with house cleaning and simultaneously her lord and master's bosom with wrath and dismay. Then consider the children. What chance would there be of reading the newspaper or doing the family mending if the youngsters, not having the "sleep habit," were always to remain up till two or three in the morning. Then, of course the baby would omit his daily nap and thus deprive the tired mother of her only oasis in the weary day's round. The delightful fly winks after dinner would be a foregone pleasure and however long or prosy a sermon we would be unable to snatch a few moments' oblivion. What awful scope it would give bores. Think of being till say 5 a. m. in the clutches of the man who tells fish stories, or how he intends building his house, or of the genealogical feud, or the inquisitive friend who fairly

perforates you with questions. Way, the only way one can endure such people is by knowing that half the time they must be asleep and therefore harmless.

Crime of all sorts would certainly be more abundant; there would be just that much longer for people to hatch mischief and carry it out. Good deeds would have equally long hours for accomplishment; but not an equal chance, for in spite of the searching electric light there would be always numberless dark holes and corners where the devil would help his own. Of course there would be some bright touches. At ten o'clock there could be no earthly reason why paternosters should roll up the hearth rug and kick the cat down cellar, preparative to sending his young daughter to bed just as she is in this most exciting part of her novel; and the happy lovers could exchange ardent vows till long past midnight, undisturbed by meterials coming ostentatiously into the room to win the clock. It would be a little hard on the coal bill though.

Indeed all expenses would be increased—more fuel, light, food and clothes would be required—so that the extra long day would not mean merely more time for amusements, but also more work to suit the heavier outlay.

People would grow old faster, for every one knows there is no such preserver of youthful looks as plenty of sleep. Probably at this rate of living men would be bald and wrinkled at thirty and women lose their bloom and be passe at twenty-five, an idea that is not to be entertained for a moment.

If sleeping becomes injurious or even unnecessary how many weary hours it would make for invalids, the sufferers who prize every moment of oblivion above rubies, and the shut ins who can never get away from their surroundings except when the merciful angel of sleep swings open for them "the ivory gates and golden."

We wish Mr. EDISON a speedy recovery from his indisposition—he is too valuable a man to be cut off so early in his career—but hope that he will be warned not to project any more such upheavals of society.

Perhaps there will always be students who will burn the midnight oil, and I money-grubbers who shade every moment of inaction; but, grades of Morpheus!—will the time ever come when we can take no pleasure in a nontide siesta or in the good turn (in bed) that deserves another?

DRUNKENNESS AT PICNICS.

One of the worst of the many nuisances of the glad summer time is the drunken man at a picnic.

If a man must get drunk, let him die to the seclusion of his own room, and, far from the madding crowd, dream delicious dreams. He will probably be more or less of a fool, but he will certainly run less risk of being known as such than if he went to an excursion. If he wants to drink deep, and prefers to enjoy the after effects beneath the cool vault of heaven, let him go (alone) to the woods and fields, where, according to the poet who loved Catawba wine, no tiam (not even such as ne'er-do-weels go on) dim the sweet look that nature wears.

It surely cannot make much difference in the "good time" a man is enjoying who is spiritually in the seventh heaven whether his body is at a picnic or somewhere else; but it certainly matters to sober picnicers. A man not only fishes from himself his good name by being drunk on a picnic, but he also mars the enjoyment of women and children by sickening and frightening them, and is not a source of unalloyed pleasure to whatever men may feel called upon to attend to him at certain stages of his glorious day.

If he is not in the condition known to physiologists as "dead drunk," but is only so far along in his wild career as the stage of being what is called by poets "half-seas-over," he may do some act of violence that he and others more worthy regret all his and their lives, or one that may force him to forsake the liquor habit as effectually as the BELLINGER remedy.

In any case, drunkenness at picnics is the meanest form of drunkenness.

That the plan of having part of one's paper edited and printed in the United States is for the most part convenient for a Canadian publisher, is true, as the same editing and type-setting will do for other ambitious Canadian and American periodicals, and hence can be had cheap. But when a paper published by Canadians in Canada has a Fourth of July number, containing a picture which insults our queen and motherland, it can scarcely be enjoyed, even by its Canadian editors. The proprietors of one of our Halifax contemporaries, who they say of the character of what was sent to them for last Saturday's issue from the land of the free-and-easy, would better have made a special effort and printed all of that paper at home.

One governor of North Carolina, by a few words of his to the governor of South Carolina, gained for himself considerable notoriety. The present governor of North Carolina, by a few words of his to Mr. DENS, has gained considerable notoriety of a far more unpleasant kind, which however, can scarcely humiliate him and his state more than the action which caused it. His message to Mr. DENS asked per-

mission to bring the state militia back by rail from the state encampment.

The July number of The Life, the organ of the Christian scientists of America, contains a child's photograph, with these words beneath it: "This is our boy Ralph. He is now 33 months old, weighs heavy, and is a wonderful boy. He is an example of what children will be when they are born right into the kingdom." The Christian scientists seem to have obtained some pointers in advertising from the proprietors of Nestle's Milk Food.

British Columbians are taking steps towards making their province more sensibly socialistic than the Chicago strikers. A resolution just adopted by the ministerial candidates of the province provides that the provincial government furnish instant relief for the unemployed by opening up and operating coal and other mines, by clearing and cultivating the provincial lands, and by producing therefrom many of the necessities of life now imported.

The lot of the Quebec tax collector is not a happy one. The recent whiskey revenue trouble is only one of that province's many discouragements in collecting her lawfulness. A whole community in the county of Ottawa pays no municipal taxes, and the entire township of Lowe has paid no taxes of any kind for years. An enterprising real estate agent should have no difficulty in booming the township of Lowe.

Because of the interest of those assembled at Chautauque last Sunday in the western strikers, Sunday newspapers, which have lately been denounced by the Chautauquans with as much vigor as by Mr. CHARLTON, were admitted to the assembly grounds. The day may not be far distant when Chautauque will add to her list of periodicals a Sunday paper of her own.

Philadelphia's population has increased 30 per cent. in the last thirteen years, and the taxable value of its property 40 per cent., while the cost of running the town has increased 330 per cent. Philadelphia, and a few other United States cities would do well to ponder over the lesson in economics delivered on a certain embarrassing occasion by Mr. MICAWBER.

Mr. WILLIAM WALKER ASTOR, proprietor of the Pall Mall Magazine, should be proud of the literary exclusiveness displayed by his editors. An article with the signature of that gifted author, WILLIAM WALKER ASTOR, was recently sent to the editors of that magazine, who promptly returned it to Mr. ASTOR with the endorsement, "Declined with thanks."

Even in the discharge of their duty, United States government officials should not interfere with any of their country's sacred institutions. The town marshal of Iowa, Kansas, interrupted a poker game recently, and the man who was about to open a jack-pot on four aces is stung the municipality for heavy damages.

During the last few weeks Chicago has wished for that famous former mayor of hers that was elected time and time again because of his ability in quelling riots—Old Rough-and-Ready Long JOHN WENTWORTH.

The new London bridge costs \$5,000,000, and will prove a most durable structure. The people of England seem to be determined to delay as long as possible the fulfilment of MACAULAY'S famous prediction.

Some of the worst features of the strike at Chicago are due to the fact that many of the men who have been foremost in creating anarchy are not members of the Union, but the toughest toughs of a city of toudom.

"Britannia" rules the waves! (N. B. This is our own joke; we thought it out ourselves some days ago; but then there are always disadvantages in coming out only once a week.)

The aggregate loss entailed by the Chicago strike has been estimated at \$7,000,000. The loss to business, however, forms no part of the estimate.

The brothers GOULD were badly fooled; "Britannia" wouldn't stay; but though they're "done," they've had some fun, so neither is a JAY.

Let the fast line come, fast as it can. St. John is prepared for it, by Nature and disposition.

The Queen must have been delighted at her most promising son's winning one of her cups.

The Anglophobists of Venezuela swear by JIMENEZ.

An Adviser of Gladstone.

When Mr. Gladstone was in doubt or difficulty as to the probable popularity of a proposed move in politics he often used to consult Mr. S. Whitbread, the member for Bedford, who, after more than forty years of parliamentary service, is about to retire. The famous brewer is a great authority at Westminster on questions of procedure. He might have been speaker of the house of commons had he wished, and his fine commanding presence—four feet over six feet in height—would have made him a dignified occupant of the chair.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Off the Banks. I'm off for the banks, I say to Mand, An' the moon was a shiner's bright; An' two standin' there in the door, Just as it were last night.

Oh list on the main, oh list away, An' up with the topsail high; Over the harbor I see the door, An' she waves me a long good-bye.

I'm off for the banks, I say to her, I had on my sailor clothes; If I would be true so would thou, And what I'm a singer she knows.

I bought her a lover's ring, two hearts, An' some day she will wear a wreath. There came a banker in one day, With her flag half mast to town; "An' when I live on the bank" went round, That day as the sun went down.

His bride she span at her wheel no more, Nor made the old folks bread; She lingered alone till the autumn fell, An' sleeps where the leaves are dead.

But off on the banks I'll have my dreams, An' Mand in my heart I'll see; An' whether the winds blow high or low, It's nothing it she loves me.

An' a sailor's home our flag shall fly, For a token I still am true; The ring with the two hearts an' the word, Shall be made to one that's new.

Oh list on the main, oh list away, An' up with the topsail high; Over the harbor I see the door, An' she waves me a long good-bye. Sea Craic, June 1894. CYRUS GONDRE.

The Haunted Castle. Have you seen the haunted castle? The castle by the sea, Where shadows deep lengthen and creep; Lengthen you never see.

The shadows creep around it So shroulike, silent, cold, The shadows deepen, deepen, They deepen and grow old.

No light e'er touches that castle, Turning its grey to gold, But the mists so chill creep up the hill, And around it coil and fold.

The mosses are damp upon it; Its walls are stained and grey, And its turret look dark and cold In the light of the autumn day.

No light streams out from its windows, No light from its darkened door, But a silence deep, a deathlike sleep, And darkness evermore.

When night blots out its greyness, And the hour of twelve is o'er, A form so white glides out on the night; Glides out from the darkened door.

Glides out from the darkened door, Glides out to the moaning tide, A form so white glides out on the night, Then is lost in the waters wide.

A light flashes out from the window, A light from the hall below, A blood-red light flashes out on the night, Weird forms glide to and fro.

The light fades out from the window, Dark grows the blood-red door, The moaning tide, deep, dark and wide, Still moans to the farther shore.

Still stands the haunted castle, While the mists creep up the hill, And the shadows grey lengthen and play, Lengthen and play as will. New Glasgow. NATE MACLEOD.

The Sleep of the Sea. 'Tis night upon the ocean, And as I watch thy motion, O silent heavy deep, I see thee all asleep; How long will that sleep be, Thou deep and treacherous sea?

The stars their sentry keep; At the calm sea's edge, The moon, and quick behind, Dark clouds, now silver-lined, Doth disappear from sight. O Sea! How still to-night!

Away down in this silent deep, O'er the deeps and his mermaid sleep, Leisurely a lone sea-gull, Resting in this quiet hall, A bed now makes of thee, O calm and smiling sea! St. John. W. T. GUEST.

Sackcloth and Jesus. The Jester who grinned at the seamy fare they spread at the royal board, And tittered a grace more just than prayer, and who wrinkled his face with a wry grimace, while the people looked aghast At the sackcloth under the purple robes of their King, as he went past;

The Jester—whose merry gibes were heard in all that doleful while— Should he wear sackcloth and sing, why, Famine's self would smile; He—light and empty of heart and thought as a jingling bell he wore— He would laugh at the sackcloth and just at the neck of the man it covered o'er.

Well might the King wear sackcloth; his were a nation's woes, And every sob from a million lips was one of his own heart's throes; The tears of his people burned his cheeks, their hunger gnawed his breast, The pain that schooled in their hollow eyes drove peace from his sleepless rest.

But the Jester, who laughed in the palace, who mocked at the shrivelled lips Of gaunt-eyed Famine and turned aside her moan with his nimble quips, Who ripped a savage and reveller's song when the woman, with bitter cry, Shrieked "Help, oh King, for God will not!" his helpless lips passed by;

The Jester—Death laughed in his face one day and the smile on his lips was chilled; So strange it seemed for him to die, that all the court was With ripples of laughter, hushed and low, just tinged with pity and shame; But the smiles would come when they coupled Death with the frolicsome Jester's name.

So with playing smiles and hands they dressed the dead for the Court of Death. They stripped off his motley—the grotesque rags—and then, with startled breath They looked in amaze, for clanking his breast with its irksome rattle and staccato, Under his motley the Jester wore sackcloth—like the King.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE. Song. If we had never met, dear, Would we have loved as now? Or lived in vain regret, dear? Apart, we know not how?

I cannot understand, dear, The riddle of my life; Why she has won your heart, dear, And I am not your wife.

If hearts are wed by fate, dear, And ordered things befall, Why did we meet too late, dear? Why did we meet at all? B. H. STODOLSKY.

The Chime.

There is an old French air, A little song of loneliness and grief— Simple as nature, sweet beyond compare— And sad—past all belief.

Namesless is he that wrote The melody—but this much I opine; Whoever made the words was some remote French ancestor of mine.

I know the dungeon deep Where long he lay—and why he lay there; And all his anguish, that he could not sleep For conscience of a sin.

See his cold, hard bed, I hear the chimes that jingled in his ears As he pressed slightly, with wakeful head, A pillow wet with tears.

Oh, restless little chime! It never chimes but rang its roundelay For each dark hour of that unhappy time That sighed itself away.

And ever, more and more, Its burden grew of his lone self a part, And mingled with his memories, and wore Its way into his heart.

And there it wove the name Of many a love he loved, for one dear sake, Into its web of music; thus he came His little song to make.

Of all that e'er he heard And loved it for its sweetness, none but I Divined the clue that, like a hidden word, The notes doth underlie.

That wail from lips long dead Has found its echo in this breast alone; To me, by blood remembrance led, Is the will story known!

And though "it mine by right," Its burden grew of his lone self a part, A heritage of sorrow and delight The world would gladly share—

Yet must I not forbid Forevermore, nor whisper late or soon, The secret that a few slight bars thus hold Imprisoned in a tune.

For when that little song Goes ringing in my head, I ken that he, My luckless lone no-rotter, dust so long, Re-lives his life in me!

GEORGE DE MARBRIE. The Ballad of the "Eurydice." (Lost with her crew of three hundred boys on the last day of her voyage, March 23rd, 1876.)

Up with the royals that top the white spread of her, Press her, and dress her, and drive thr' the foam! The islands to port and the mainland ahead of her, Oh, for the Warner and Hayling and home!

"Bo'sun, oh Bo'sun, just look at the green of it! Look at the red cattle down by the hedge of it! Look at the tarantelling, all 'tis seen of it, One little cable-end over the edge of it."

"Lord, the tongue of them, clattering, clattering, All going wild at a peep of the White! Aye, sir, aye, it has set them all chattering, Thinking of home and their mothers tonight!"

Spread the top-sails, all, lay them out lustily! What though it darken o'er Netherby Combe! 'Tis but the valley-wind puffing so gustily, Oh for the Warner and Hayling and home!

"Bo'sun, oh Bo'sun, just see the long slope of it; Culver is there, with the cliff and the light; Tell us, oh, tell us, now is there a hope of it, Shall we have leave for our homes for to-night?"

"Tut! the clock of them! Steadily! Steadily! Aye, as you say, sir, they're little ones! One long reach should open it readily, Bound by St. Helen's and under the hill."

"The Spit and the Nab are the gates of the proudest Their mothers to them—and to us it's our wives, 'Tis sailed forty years and—by God, it's upon us! Heed ye! Heed ye! Heed ye! Heed ye! Heed ye!"

A grey swirl of snow with the squall at the back of it, A gleam of her beads in the thick of the wreck of it, A flutter of white in the eddies of brown!

It broke in one moment of blizzard and blindness, The next, like a foul bat, it flapped on its way, But our ship and our boys! Gracious Lord, in Your Give help to the mothers who need it to-day!

Give help to the women who wait by the water, Who stand on the Hard, with their eyes past the White, Ab, whisper it gently, your sister or daughter; "The boys are all gathered at home for to-night!"

A. CONAN DOYLE. BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

The July number of Demorest's Family Magazine is of interest to other members of the family besides husbands and those most intimately interested in them. Besides the opinions of great men on the "Best Husband" question, which are reviewed and quoted in another column of PROGRESS, there is an article which will enable any one to play the violin without a master. The most refreshing reading in the number for this weather is "A Day on the Ice-Field."

In the words of a popular song, "just take the name of Donahoe" if you are hunting for a good magazine. It is Roman catholic, but not aggressively so, and there is a great deal of excellent reading in it that has nothing to do with Roman catholicism. Not only the A. P. A. is treated in this July number, but also cremation, New England scenery, woman reporters, and "prophecy." Laziness finds a defender in Henry Litchford, who is anything but a slovenly writer.

What is beauty? "Question 'of a blind man!" replied Aristotle. Mrs. Sherwood, in her article which opens the fascinating pages of the July Cosmopolitan, gives what seems at first an even more evasive answer than that of Aristotle. She says it is "dynamic." Why it is dynamic, she explains in her most beautiful style. The July Cosmopolitan is a summer number, containing three short stories, including one of sport and adventure, two travel articles, and other light matter, making up one hundred and twenty-eight pages of summer reading. This number marks the close of the first year since the revolutionary announcement was made that the price of that magazine, already low, had been cut to one-half of three dollars a year. All sorts of predictions have come to be unfulfilled during the year—it would be impossible to maintain the rate—the quality would be lowered—the size would be decreased. But even severe critics admit that with each succeeding number there has been a betterment in the quality of articles and illustrations, and the size has remained unchanged, except the always growing advertising pages. The magazine printed, for six months embraced in Volume XV, one million four hundred and nineteen thousand copies, an entirely new approach record, and has doubled its already large plant of presses and binding machinery. The walls of the magazine's new home are rapidly rising at Irvington-on-the-Hudson.

Anything like a careful review of the Review of Reviews would be a heavy task for an experienced reviewer. The Cleveland Christian Endeavor convention is thoroughly treated in the July number, as is the once great Coxy. An interesting article is that on "The American Federation of Labor, Samuel Gompers, Presi-

dent." Mr. Gompers gave the Review of Reviews his ideas concerning strike, which will be of interest in the light of events that have transpired since the July number went to press. The copies of caricatures in the number show that even now the comic papers cannot get Mr. Gladstone a rest on his former tree-chopping proclivities.

WITH HEATHER ON HIS HEART.

The Funeral Service of the Late Thomas C. Latta Described by a Personal Friend.

The following interesting account of the obsequies of a Scottish poet, an account of whose death has already been given in PROGRESS, is hereby furnished by Mr. John D. Ross, the author and compiler of various Scottish books, and a resident of Brooklyn, N. Y.

To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—Doubtless some of your readers will be glad to hear more concerning the gifted Scottish song writer and poet, Thomas Carstairs Latta, whose death occurred at his home in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the 12th of June, creating profound sorrow among his numerous friends and admirers.

A kindly, genial, generous, honest soul, one of nature's noblemen, his memory shall always be cherished by those who were privileged to know him or even to come in contact with him.

As a man of letters his place at present may only be among the minor poets of his country, but he has left poems in MS. superior even to those acknowledged immortal effusions of his which have already been published, and these will ultimately secure for him a high position among the prominent Scottish poets of the 19th century. The Scottish nation may not yet fully appreciate the fact, but in the death of Thomas C. Latta, one of the best of their sweet singers has passed away.

It was with very solemn feelings that the writer of this brief tribute—if it can be called a tribute—and the distinguished Scottish poet, Mr. Duncan MacGregor Crerar, wended their way on the evening of the 15th to the house of the deceased, there to take part in the funeral service announced to take place and to look for the last time on the face of the beloved bard. To Mr. Crerar, indeed, the occasion was a particularly sad one, as between him and Mr. Latta a warm friendship had existed for upwards of 30 years. Passing over the brief stricken through, we were ushered into the death chamber, and for a moment or so gazed on the noble and refined features of him whose journey through life was terminated. It was a painful realization for us. The next moment my companion quietly took from his pocket a dainty little spray of Ambree heather, and with considerable emotion, placed it reverently in the poet's bosom, and never did heather look so conspicuously grand to me as it did then. Costly flowers of all kinds lay strewn around us in great profusion, filling the atmosphere with their rare and fragrant perfume; but none of them looked so beautiful as the modest little spray that nestled in the bosom of the dead poet. One of Mr. Latta's last poems was on a sprig of the national flower, and he had inscribed the piece to the friend who was now standing at his side, and in what an appropriate manner had this gentleman shown his appreciation of the honor paid to him. There was something truly sublime to me in the seemingly simple incident and I never longed so much to possess the genius of a poet as I did on that evening. But nature had not bestowed this priceless gift on me, and I could only regret that it was not within my power to set forth in glowing and undying language the thought which the incident had awakened in my heart. He placed a spray of heather on his heart! What an inspiring title and subject for a poet to handle! Possibly some member of the honored Bardic Clan in Auld Scotland, however, who may chance to read these lines, may be inspired to undertake and accomplish that which I did not even attempt.

Religious services were conducted at 8 o'clock and the Rev. Dr. S. Giffard Nelson delivered an address—oration if you will—in which he referred to the poet as one who more properly he termed—whom he listened to with breathless attention. When Dr. Nelson had finished all present arose and gazed for a few seconds on the face of the illustrious dead. Many tears were shed and many kind words were spoken. In little groups the company afterwards gradually dispersed but those who participated in the services of the evening will never forget it. And in the writer's memory, there will always be associated with the features of the company Latta in death, a bright little spray of Highland heather clinging affectionately to his bosom as if proud of the fact that it was destined to mingle its dust with that of the beloved poet.

JOHN D. ROSS.

About the Synod Report.

In a letter to a member of the synod printing committee in this city Rev. O. S. Newnham, the secretary, explains his statement regarding the printing of the report, to which PROGRESS referred in its last issue. "If all that I had said in connection with the printing of the synod journal of last year had been reported it would have sounded differently to the few words that appeared in the Sun," writes Mr. Newnham, who then goes on to state somewhat particularly his complaint. What PROGRESS objected to it more than anything else was that it should receive the first intimation of serious fault finding in such a way when, rather than have any cause for complaint, that portion complained of would have been reprinted, no matter what the loss was. Still, knowing Mr. Newnham's disposition we can well understand that any remarks he may have made before the synod were in a frankly or critical spirit and not with any intent to injure the printing department of PROGRESS, which, while not infallible by any means, claims accuracy and workmanship equal to that in similar establishments.

Advertisement for Boy's Pure Soap, featuring 'The Original' and 'The Ventile' brands, with prices and contact information for 65 Charlotte Street.

THE CELEBRATED

WELCOME



SOAP FOR FAMILY USE

FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

Boy's Pure Gum oats

\$1.90

WORTH \$2.50

Sent to any address on receipt of price.

PRESERVE JAR RINGS, 500 Gross Jar Rings, Quarts, 500 Pints.

Marvel Rubbers, made of pure rubber, any size, sent to any address on receipt of \$1.00.

American Rubber Store, 65 Charlotte St., St. John.

If You Don't Advertise You Die.

We are dyeing, but we still keep advertising. We only mention our name, you know the rest.

American Dye Works Co.

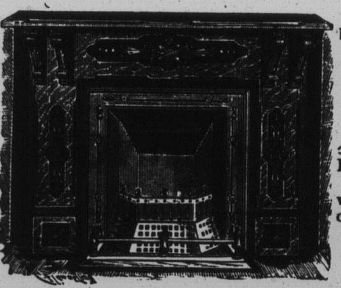
Works, Elm Street, North End. Office, South Side King Square, St. John, N.B.

Ventilated Human Hair Goods.

Latest Style in Frontpieces on hand and made to order, also half and full wigs. Specialty: Fine Ventilating for the trade.

MISS KATIE HENNESSY, 113 Charlotte Street, Opp. Dufferin Hotel.

SLATE AND WOODEN MANTELS



We are prepared to furnish SLATE AND WOODEN Mantels of any design. Persons wishing to purchase would do well to call at our store, 38 KING ST., before purchasing elsewhere.

SHERATON & WHITTAKER

Write for What You Want.

And we will make it our business to see that you get it promptly and cheaply. One important branch of our establishment is devoted entirely to filling orders received by mail. IT IS AN EASY WAY TO SHOP. Every letter answered the day received.

If you are thinking of buying a Cotton Dress or Blouse we will be pleased to send you samples of our 12 1/2c. PRINTED LAWNs AND CAMBRICs—Dainty hot weather stuffs and among the quickest favorites. The softness of the goods and the lightness of the price inspire the buying. No old patterns. Every yard of the Newest Printing.

These goods have been reduced from 15c. and 17c. a y'd to 12 1/2c.

S. C. PORTER,

St. John, N. B.

Social and Personal.

Mr. Thomas Millidge is very ill at his residence, Rockland Road, having been stricken with paralysis a few days ago. Mrs. Edwin Daniel and children, of Fort Hope, are visiting Mrs. Daniel's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Kincaid, Carleton street. Miss Nellie Wetmore came from Fredericton last week to visit her sister, Mrs. Chas. Holden, Charlotte street. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fritzi and child arrived from Florida this week and are visiting Mrs. Fritzi's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Houli De Veber, Dorchester street. Miss Emily Macdonald, Fredericton, is the guest of Miss Oella Armstrong, Wellington Row. Mr. A. P. Tippet (formerly of St. John), now of Montreal, spent a few days in the city this week. Mr. and Mrs. James Robertson of New York arrived in St. John this week. They will spend some weeks at Westford with their sister, Mrs. Heber Arnold. Mrs. J. W. Armstrong and Miss Avis Armstrong are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Robinson at Smithtown, N. C. Messrs. Lewis J. Almon and David Robertson returned this week from a trip to England. They were accompanied by Miss Robertson of London, Eng., who will spend the summer with her sister, Mrs. Almon, at Rothesay. Mrs. Wm. Murdoch, accompanied by Miss Smith, of Annapolis, New York, left last week for that city. Mrs. J. P. Thompson, Miss Thompson and Master Thompson, of Portland, Me., are the guests of Mrs. J. B. Stone, Germania street. Miss Carrington, daughter of the late Dr. Carrington, arrived from New York this week and is the guest of Mrs. C. A. Stockton, Mt. Pleasant. Miss Carrington is a well known vocalist, and has been for the last few months prima donna in Duff's opera company, New York. Miss Carrington will spend a week or ten days in St. John, and will then leave for Newport, N. I., where she will join a party on Mr. Roosevelt's yacht, the "Tempest." Mr. Laurence MacLaren accompanied by his sister Miss Beulah MacLaren left on Wednesday night for England, via New York. Mr. J. M. Ambrose has returned to his home, Herrington, Halifax. Mr. and Mrs. Flewellyn Powers accompanied by their son and daughter, of Hamilton, Me., are visiting St. John, and are registered at the Royal. Mrs. George F. Smith and children, accompanied by her sister Mrs. George McLeod, left on Thursday for Pictou to visit their mother, Mrs. Gordon. Mrs. J. M. Ambrose has returned to his home, Herrington, Halifax.

The young lady Campers at Purdy's Point, gave a most interesting and amusing minstrel performance on Wednesday evening, July 11th. The jokes were all local, very crisp and well worthy of a professional troupe. The feature of the performance was the song and dance by Topsy, otherwise known as "The Detective." The affair was voted a decided success by all present. The night following another entertainment took place, although quieter, still just as interesting. Mr. Scamnell arrived at Fernando, California, on the ninth instant, being eleven days en route from St. John. Miss Daisy Forsythe, of Hamilton, Ontario, passed through St. John on Wednesday, and left the same day for Dorchester where she will reside with her aunt, Mrs. Joshua Chandler. Mrs. Collier and Miss Collier, who are the guests of Dr. A. F. McAviney, will remain in this country until the fall. Miss Collier will then visit her friends in Ottawa. Miss Katie Bruce, daughter of Dr. M. F. Bruce, has returned from the Ricker Institute at Houlton, Maine, to spend the vacation. Miss Edna Lawton and Miss Gussie Cruikshank left last week to visit Miss Gussie's mother, Mrs. George A. Henderson in visiting friends in Ottawa. Mr. Frank Skinner, of Skianer, Le Blanc & Co., has gone to England on a business trip. The Misses Goodwin are visiting Mrs. D. L. Hamilton at Dorchester. Miss Katie Turner left this week to visit friends in St. George. Miss Carrie Seely who has been studying nursing at Newport, is home on vacation. Miss Edith S. Stewart has returned home from Truro, where she has been attending the Truro Kindergarten school and successfully passed the examination and received a diploma. Mr. Robert Jardine spent Sunday last with his family at Shediac. Miss Pearl Edge, of London, Ont., and Miss Allan, of Hamilton, are visiting at the Cedars. Miss Edna McFarlane is visiting her sister Mrs. Barber, at Fredericton. Mr. George Collinson has returned from Montreal, where he has been visiting his mother, Mrs. Collinson. Master Jack Parks, son of Mr. J. H. Parks, who has been attending the Kingston Military school, has returned home for his vacation. Mr. H. H. McAviney, who was recently thrown from a horse and painfully injured, is able to be out again. Mr. and Mrs. James Driscoll are being congratulated upon a new arrival—a son. Mrs. George Robertson and Miss Bessie Robertson, are spending a few weeks at the Cedars. Mr. and Mrs. William Hegarty, (once) Miss Grace King, are expected home in a few weeks. Mrs. Owen B. Campbell has returned from a visit to Peticodiac. Miss Laura and Miss Ada Coleman, are the guests of Mrs. Gilchrist, Bloomfield. Mr. John J. Macrae, son of Rev. Dr. Macrae, arrived from Montreal this week on a vacation. Mrs. Edward Daniel and children, are the guests of Mrs. C. F. Kincaid, Carleton Street. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. J. Francis have returned from their wedding tour. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. J. Francis have returned from their wedding tour. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. J. Francis have returned from their wedding tour.

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Write for Samples. Macaulay Bros. & Co., Wash Cotton Fabrics in Great Variety. 65 TO 69 KING STREET.

Black Moire Silk, Black Watered Silks, BROWN, TAN, FAWN, NAVY, RESEDA, STONE BLUE, etc. IN MOIRE SILKS. NEW VEILINGS, in Black and all Colors.

Wave Braids, all widths. Upwards of 180 designed in Narrow to Wide Jet Trimmings. BLACK LACES as just now used for Capes, Dress Trimmings, etc.; hundreds of designs to select from. Shot and Shaded Parasols, Frilled Parasols. Dress Trimming Laces in Cream, Brown, Butter, two toned, etc. Black Insertion Braid, now much used for Cape Trimming. Onyx Fast Black Cotton Hose for Boys, Girls, Men and Women; they are the best produced and at lowest prices for quantities.

MACAULAY BROS. & Co.

TOILET WATERS. HAIR GOODS. PERFUMES. Hand Mirrors. Brushes and Combs. Hair Pin Boxes, Solid Silver and Shell Hair Pins. Cut Glass and Fancy Bottles. VARIOUS OTHER ARTICLES SUITABLE FOR THE HOLIDAY TRADE. AMERICAN HAIR STORE, 87 CHARLOTTE ST., ST. JOHN, N. B. 22 PRINCE ST., HALIFAX, N. S.

McAviney PHOTOGRAPHER, 75 CHARLOTTE ST. IS OFFERING A DISCOUNT of 20 Per Cent on Orders of \$6.00 AND OVER. F. W. SANFORD

Will give Special Bargains in BOOTS AND SHOES for the next week. Just received a fine assortment of LADIES' DONOLA KID OXFORDS and BUTTON BOOTS. Also, another lot of those cheap Canvas Shoes for men and boys.

We Lead in Prices. OTHERS TRY TO FOLLOW. We give the very best value in Parlor Suites in the City. OUR \$60.00 Wilton Rug Suites cannot be equalled. Handsome Rolling Front Oak Desks, with or without bookcase. Some Very Cheap Boys' and Girls' Desks.

A. L. RAWLINS & SON, 54 KING STREET.

FABRIC and KID GLOVES.

We have just added to our Glove dept. a repeat order of Kid, Silk and Taffeta Gloves in Ladies' Misses' and Child's Sizes, Black and leading sizes.

Also: Chamois Washing Gloves, Pigskin Driving and Shopping Gloves. DANIEL & ROBERTSON, 100 Cox, Charlotte and Union Sts.

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Procession is for sale in St. Stephen by Master...

JULY 11.—There are quite a number of visitors...

One of the most delightful and congenial enter-

tainments that society has enjoyed for some time...

where they took on board Mr. Harry Pettit; then...

This short visit was a very pleasing part of the very...

delightful outing, as it was most unexpected. After...

rapidly up river to De Monts, where a sumptuous...

dinner was served. As dancing was to be the...

social feature while at De Monts, the guests hired...

themselves to the pavilion, and dancing at intervals...

and merry until twelve o'clock, when the sharp...

whistle of the Arboretum announced that "time and...

side wait for no man," and a short space of time...

all were ready for home. The sail up river was...

made merry with singing, and "He's jolly good...

follow" was sung in the most hearty manner, in...

compliment to the boat. There were about seventy...

guests present who greatly enjoyed the trip. The...

party was made for the amusement of General...

Warner and the Misses Warner, of St. John, and...

the Misses Melick, of Cambridge, Mass., who are...

Mr. Clarke's guests.

Miss Margaret Todd gave a back-board ride and...

danced at De Monts on Friday evening. This was...

a most charming and delightful affair. The guests...

left here at eight o'clock, on arriving at the hotel...

refreshments were served. This party was given in...

honor of Dr. George Pope McNeil, and his bride...

who are spending their honeymoon in Calais.

Miss Josie Ham and Miss May Simpson entertained...

most prettily a party of young people at...

Fairbanks last evening. Their guests included...

Mr. Seth Whitney is entertaining a number of...

friends at a picnic at Marches Basin this afternoon.

Miss Julia Kelley has returned home after an...

extended visit in Washington and other cities.

Mr. and Mrs. George Marchie have returned to...

St. John.

Miss May Gardner, of Meriden, Conn., is the...

guest of Miss Grace Young.

Miss Louise Melick, of Cambridge, Mass., who has...

been visiting her aunt, Mrs. C. H. Clarke, left...

today for St. John where she will spend a few days...

before returning to Cambridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sullivan have gone to Boston...

to visit friends for a week.

Miss Ella B. has returned from a pleasant visit...

in Pembroke.

Mr. W. H. Scovil is spending a few days with his...

parents in Shediac.

Miss Clara Bridges who has been Mrs. C. H. Smith's...

guest left this morning for her home in...

Fredericton.

Miss Helen Lane, of Winchester, Mass., who is the...

guest of Captain and Mrs. Howard McAllister.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gardner of Boston are visiting...

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Eaton.

Miss May Short has been visiting friends in St. John...

during this week.

WINDSOCK.

[Procession is for sale in Woodstock by M. L...

JULY 10.—The flag floated gallantly from the Wilbur...

last week in honor of his guest Lieutenant Governor...

Fraser attending the church of England synod. An...

address was presented to Governor Fraser on...

Friday afternoon at the Wilbur, Mayor Hanson pre-

sented the address, he was attended by the civic...

committee. The officers and members of the Wood-

stock field battery rode down from camp and halted...

in line before the Wilbur. The Woodstock brass...

band was presented and played some choice selections...

The Lieutenant Governor in reply made a...

delightful address. Governor and Mrs. Fraser held...

a reception on Friday afternoon from three till six...

which was attended by a large number of local...

citizens.

The Woodstock field battery which is at present...

encamped on De Monts' field some little distance...

above town presents a very attractive picture. The...

field dotted with tents, with the dense groves of...

trees in the rear and the ever varying detachments...

of men and horses make a lively scene. Major...

Drury, of Kingsburg, is reviewing the company.

Lieutenant Colonel Dibblee is in command.

Hon. Grenville James, U. S. Consul, entertained...

Lieutenant Dibblee and the officers of Woodstock...

Field Battery at dinner at the Wilbur on Sunday.

His Lordship Bishop Kingston was the guest of...

Rev. Canon Neales at the rectory last week.

The church of England services were the guest of...

Mrs. Charles Connell during the week.

Mrs. Charles Connell and her party were the...

guests of Mrs. Charles Connell during the week.

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CAMPBELLTON.

[Procession is for sale in Campbellton at the store...

of A. E. Alexander, wholesale and retail dealer in...

dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, hardware...

and school books, stationery, furniture, carriages and...

machinery.]

JULY 10.—Rev. J. L. McDonald spent a couple of...

days in Chatham last week.

Mrs. B. Alexander of St. Paul's church school,

Concord, N. H., came home on Thursday, and will...

spend her holidays with her mother, Mrs. Thomas...

Combs.

Mr. J. A. McDonald, of Moncton, was in Camp-

bellton last week.

Rev. D. L. and Mrs. Dewar, of Ainslie Craig, Ont.,

are spending some time at Point La Gardie. Mr.

Dewar preached in St. Andrew's church on Sunday,

both morning and evening.

Mrs. William Watson, of Richibucto, will spend...

a month or two at "Beauregard" the guest of Mr.

and Mrs. A. J. Yenner.

Mrs. William Babin and family, of St. John, ar-

rived on Wednesday last, and will remain dur-

ing the summer months.

Mr. A. H. McLatchy registered at the Victoria,

St. John, on Friday.

Miss Lizzie Stewart of Dalhousie, visited Mrs.

Jewett for a week.

The Misses Josephine and Anna Marie Purlois of...

Quebec were the guests of Mrs. Henry McIntyre...

for a few days on their way to Maria and New Car-

leton, P. Q.

Miss Florrie Murray leaves tomorrow for Yar-

mouthe, N. S., to be present at a very interesting...

event which will take place next week.

Mrs. Gordon Mott and Miss Alice Mott have...

been spending a week at Millerton with Mrs. James...

Robinson.

Mrs. William Crockett of Fredericton was the...

guest of the Misses Kerr on Friday.

Miss Sophie Milligan of St. John intends spending...

several weeks with Miss Maude Johnson.

Mr. R. D. Hanson, Principal of the High School,

and Mrs. Hanson are visiting Mrs. J. H. Bray.

Mr. Henry Devereaux of Dalhousie was a wel-

come visitor in our town on Saturday.

Mr. Edward Hickson and Mrs. Jardine spent...

last week in the guest of Mrs. Charles Macleod.

A number of prominent prebendaries were in...

town for a few days on their way to Woodstock last...

week.

Mr. Arthur O'Leary and her baby Lancelot, of...

Richibucto, are staying at the "Commercial" the...

guests of Mrs. Henry Murray.

Mr. Jameson of Gagetown, was the guest of...

Mrs. Wendell Jones.

Mrs. M. C. Atkinson, of Bristol, spent last week...

with Mrs. F. H. Jones.

Mrs. F. H. Jones spent a few days here.

Mr. Kenneth MacKay, daughter of Houlton,

was the guest of Mrs. W. W. Hay.

HAFFRON.

JULY 11.—Mrs. Fred Ryan, of Rockville, who was...

visiting Mrs. S. Hayward at the village, returned...

home on Saturday.

Mr. B. D. Scott, editor of the Sun, spent Sunday...

in town, the guest of Prof. W. Morley Tweedie.

Mrs. A. McN. Travis who has been in Boston for...

a few weeks is expected home this evening accom-

panied by her daughter Miss Minnie Travis.

Mr. and Mrs. James M. Scovell, of St. John, have...

taken rooms with Mrs. Campbell and will spend the...

summer months here.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Evans, and Mr. and Mrs. J.

Earnest Whitaker, went to Annapolis, N. S., on...

Saturday where they spent Sunday and the holiday.

Mr. J. W. Barnes, and Miss Mary Barnes, are...

entertaining a large party at their lovely residence,

Notonville, this evening; dancing is the feature of...

the evening's entertainment.

Mrs. Wm. Tweedie and Mrs. Tweedie leave for...

Charlottetown in a few days, to visit their daughter...

Mrs. W. W. Bear.

Miss Jessie Arnold, who has been making a pro-

longed visit with Mrs. Noah M. Barnes, returned...

to her home at Quispesic last week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. McLeod have arrived, and...

will spend the remainder of the summer at...

their residence at "Achelon."

Miss Annie Beaman, of St. John, is spending a...

vacation with Mrs. C. A. Palmer.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Wm. Barnes, (see above) are...

expected home from their trip to the States.

Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Blizard and Mr. and Mrs.

Andrew Dodds, spent Sunday and the last night...

of the week at the residence of Mrs. Dodds.

Mr. William Watson, of Richibucto, will spend...

a month or two at "Beauregard" the guest of Mr.

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Mr. R. D. Hanson, Principal of the High School,

and Mrs. Hanson are visiting Mrs. J. H. Bray.

MAGNET SOAP.

This SOAP contains no adultera-

tion or excesses of alkali to irritate the...

most delicate of skins.

For this reason it is also best for...

Clothes, Linens, Fine Lawns, Cambrics,

Laces and Embroideries.

For sale by grocers everywhere.

J. T. LOGAN,

MANUFACTURER;

20 Germain Street, St. John, N. B.

THE IDEAL HOLIDAY PLAY-GROUND...

THE LAND OF EVANGELINE,

THE LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE...

WINDSOR & ANNAPOLIS RAILWAY,

KENTVILLE, NOVA SCOTIA.

THE NEW BRUNSWICK ROYAL ART UNION,

LIMITED.

OF THE PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

CAPITAL STOCK: \$150,000.

Incorporated to Promote Art.

The Company will distribute among its subscrib-

ers on the 31st Day of July, 1894,

3438 Works of Art, aggregating in value...

\$88,115. Every subscriber has an equal chance...

to win a work of art valued at \$10,000. Subscribers...

for sale at the New Brunswick Royal Art Union...

Gallery in St. John, N. B. Price \$1.00 each. In...

addition to the monthly chance of winning a...

valuable prize, the holder of 12 consecutive monthly...

subscription tickets will receive an original Work...

of art, by such artists as Theo. Moran, N. A. W.

Send money for subscriptions by registered letter,

money order, bank cheque or draft to...

THE NEW BRUNSWICK ROYAL ART UNION,

ROYAL ART UNION, Ltd.,

St. John, N. B.

Circulars and

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

REDEBITORS

[Progress is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Pusey and J. H. Hawthorne.]

July 11.—The concert given under the direction of the Misses Baird in the opera house on Monday evening last was a decided success and the young ladies are certainly to be congratulated upon their patient and painstaking efforts to make everything pass off well. The audience was not as large as it should have been, as the concert was a benefit for the Misses Baird and their last appearance before a Moncton audience for some time, and as they have been most kind in assisting at all entertainments given here I thought the Moncton people should have turned out better; still it was a most appreciative audience and extended hearty applause to all those taking part.

The second part consisted of "The Haymakers" An Operatic Cantata by George F. Root, which was very prettily staged and the parts well taken.

Last evening the choir of the Central Methodist church drove to Hillsboro and gave a concert in the hall for the benefit of the Methodist church there.

On Sunday evening Rev. John Reid preached his farewell sermon as pastor of the Central Methodist church, and although his congregation is sorry to lose him I am glad to say Mr. Reid is not leaving the city but will take charge of the Wesley Memorial church and society in the morning and evening by the large congregations.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Butler spent Sunday in Shediac. Miss LeFevre, of Summerside, P. E. I., is in town, visiting her sister, Mrs. George McCreary.

Mr. C. R. Palmer left Saturday afternoon for Shediac to spend the week with his friends. Mr. Harrington, of Shediac, was in town on Saturday.

James E. Price and family of Truro, passed through Moncton on Tuesday evening en route for Campbellton where they will spend the summer months.

Mr. P. W. Snider, of St. John, is in town visiting his sister, Mrs. S. Marie, Alma street.

Mr. C. T. Nevis accompanied by his little daughter, spent Sunday in St. John, visiting her friends. Misses H. and K. Willis left on Friday evening for Chicago, to visit their sister, Mrs. J. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Ryan spent Sunday in the city with friends. Mr. C. E. Knapp, of Dorchester, was in town on Saturday.

Mr. E. B. Boggs, of the I. C. R. office, went to Amherst Saturday evening.

Three of our young lady teachers, Misses Condon, McKay and Hamilton have gone to Charlottetown to attend the summer school of science.

Misses M. and S. MacNeil, of St. John, are in town spending a few days with their friends. Mr. Frank Holstead of St. John is in town.

Rev. John Prince and Mrs. Prince have returned from Shediac where they have been visiting friends. Mr. T. A. Kinney, barrister of Shediac, was in town last Friday.

Miss Dora O. W. Coleman of New Glasgow, N. S. is visiting relatives in the city. Misses Dora Wood and Lena Powell of Shediac were in town, the guests of Mrs. John Prince, Church street.

Rev. Father Gaynor of Sussex was in the city Thursday last. Hon. Peter Mitchell passed through Moncton Sunday morning en route to Halifax, where he will spend a few days.

Messrs. A. J. Gorham and Alie McCreary left last week for P. E. Island, to spend a short holiday.

Mr. N. J. Norfolk, Miss Norfolk, Mrs. Demier and Misses M. and S. Demier, of Shediac, are in town last week.

Mr. J. L. Trites, of Salisbury, is in town visiting friends. Mr. P. S. Archibald left last Thursday for Bangor to spend a few weeks visiting relatives.

Mr. J. S. F. Fleming left last evening for New Castle where she will remain a few weeks visiting her son, Mr. J. S. Fleming.

Messrs. Wm. and John McBean, of Weston, are in town spending a few days with their friends. Mr. N. C. Pittfield, of St. John, is in the city.

Mr. R. A. Borden has gone to Sussex to spend a few weeks with his mother, Mrs. S. M. Borden, and Mrs. George M. Ryan, of St. John are the city visitors. Mr. Ryan's mother, Mrs. Weston, Main street.

Mr. A. Sherwood, manager of the Salisbury and Harvey railroad was in town last week. Mr. R. F. Doherty and bride returned last week from a three weeks trip north. They appeared out on Sunday in the first Baptist church. Mrs. Doherty is receiving her mother, Mrs. James Boyle and family, who have been attending the Boston Conservatory of music.

Miss George McCarthy accompanied by his sister last Thursday on a driving tour through Albert county. Mr. J. D. Ross left on Monday to visit friends in Lunenburg, N. S.

Mr. George H. Trueman, of St. John, was in town Monday on business. Rev. J. D. Murray, of Red Bank, G. W. P., of the Sons of Temperance of New Brunswick, Rev. W. J. Kirby G. W. P., of P. E. Island, passed through Moncton Monday afternoon on their way to attend the annual session of Sons of Temperance which is held at Waterville, Me. CLORIO.

WESTFIELD. July 10.—Mrs. H. F. C. Hewson has returned home from Oregon where she has been for several months. Mr. Byron Lingard, of St. John, is spending his holidays at Mr. William Watters'. Mrs. Agnes Robertson arrived home from New York on Wednesday.

Mrs. Emma Greer has gone to New Hampshire, on account of the death of her daughter. Miss Lillie Simpson of St. John spent a few days last week with her friend, Miss Emma Crawford. Rev. H. T. and Mrs. Paries are visiting relatives in Lunenburg, N. S.

Miss Edith Abrams, of St. John, is paying a visit to her friend, Miss Jessie Lyon. Mrs. N. E. Lister, of St. John, is here from Boston, visiting her sister, Mrs. A. A. Lyon. ROSEBUD.

Miss Gertrude Evans, of Shediac, was in town on Wednesday. Miss Crane and Miss Hackett left for Cape Tormentine on Wednesday.

MONCTON.

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SUSSEX.

[Progress is for sale in Sussex by G. D. Martin, R. D. Bond and S. B. White & Co.]

July 11.—Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Humphrey, of St. John, spent Sunday here the guest of Mrs. H. M. Arnold, Mrs. Humphrey's sister.

Mr. R. A. Borden, of Moncton, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Chas. Fickard, at St. John. Miss Titus left on Saturday for a month's visit in St. John.

Miss Betts of St. John is sojourning at the Knoll. Mrs. F. W. Arnold has been visiting relatives in St. John.

Mrs. Pearson of Boston, Mass., who has been visiting at her brother-in-law, Dr. Pearson, left for her home Saturday.

Mr. Ward O. Pittfield and family of your city are sojourning at Mrs. Geo. McInlyre's.

Mr. Ryan and family will leave in a short time for Pasadena, California, to reside. Mrs. Ryan has spent the past winter there with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hayden.

Mrs. G. Edwin Arnold returned on Saturday from her visit to St. John, West end.

Mrs. G. R. Jones returned to her home in Moncton Saturday evening.

Mrs. J. R. DeWolfe Cowie left today to visit friends at Moncton for a short time.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Fickard, of Sackville, are visiting Mrs. Fickard's mother in this village.

Mrs. S. A. McLeod will visit to St. John on Tuesday to spend a few days.

Dr. Ryan and his mother spent Saturday in St. John.

Miss Nellie Ryan has gone to Woodstock to attend her vacation at the P. C. B. church and those of the R. E. church, Sussex corner, have held grand social on Sunday evening.

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HALIFAX NOTES.

Miss Fowler has gone to England on a visit. Mr. R. C. Cook, who has been visiting friends here, has returned to Chicago.

Mr. F. P. Plant and Mrs. Plant, have returned from their Cape Breton trip. Mr. Plant has just left for Boston.

The at home given last Thursday afternoon by the members of the Halifax clubs was a most pleasing social event, being altogether a new departure for Halifax society.

The decorations were beautiful; the staircase was lined with palms and flowers in pots. Mrs. Guitche and Mrs. J. F. Kenney assisted in receiving the guests. For once the men turned out to the five o'clock tea in full force as the ladies. There were a large number of strangers present at the at home, which was one of the most pleasant social events in the history of Halifax society.

A dainty wedding took place at Dr. Dodge's house on Tuesday last, when his daughter, Miss Clara Dodge, was united to Mr. A. E. Inge, a Charlottetown barrister. Rev. Mr. Goddard performed the ceremony. The bride looked charming in a white silk dress with lace to match. She was attended by Miss Beatrice Blanchard, of Truro, who wore a most beautiful dress with pale green trimmings. Mr. Harold Oxley was best man.

Miss Irene Howe, of Highlandville, Mass., is the guest of Mrs. A. G. Grant, of Victoria road. The remains of Sister Mary Eugene Melancon were interred Monday in the Holy Cross Cemetery.

Mr. Victor Fraze has returned from Harvard. Rev. L. Dawson preached his farewell sermon at Charles street Methodist church last Sunday night. Mr. Dawson is closing a successful six years' pastorate and now goes to Windsor. Mrs. Dawson has been presented with a crayon portrait of her husband and a handsome case; and Mr. Dawson was given a very arm chair.

Miss Lillian, formerly of Halifax, now of St. John's, N.S., is on a visit to Halifax friends. On Thursday Mayor Keele received a telegram from the governor's private secretary saying that Lord Aberdeen could not be here earlier than the 20th inst, and that as soon as possible, more definite information would be given.

Another wedding took place in St. John's village church early on Thursday morning, when Mr. Charles A. Baker was married to Miss Jessie Deal. They will reside on Le Marchant st.

ANNAPOLIS. [Progress is for sale in Annapolis by Geo. K. Thompson & Co. and by A. E. Atlee, at the Royal Drug Store.]

July 11.—Mrs. De Blois went to Halifax last week where she will make a visit of some time, she was accompanied by Miss Eleanor Whitman.

The Misses Robinson spent a few days with friends in the country last week.

A number of young ladies enjoyed themselves at a boat ride and picnic given by Miss Edith Corbin, on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Delancy Harris have returned to their home in the United States.

Mrs. Mowat and her little girls are the guests of Mrs. Arnold.

Miss Harrington is spending a few days in Halifax with her mother, Mrs. W. H. Jones and children, St. John, are the guests of her brother Mr. G. H. Thoms.

Mrs. McMillan, of St. John, (West), is visiting her brother, Mr. G. K. H. B. on.

Mrs. Tom Dean, St. John, is staying here for a few weeks.

Miss Daisy Hanson is visiting her mother, Mrs. Oscar Hanson.

Mr. and Mrs. Reed, of Musquash, and Mrs. Butt, of St. John, were here on Monday. BIRDS.

MUNQUASH. July 6.—Mrs. Hazen spent a few days here last week, the guest of her brothers, Mr. David and Mr. George Anderson.

Master Fred Bedel is home for the holidays. Master Jack and Stanley Bilyard, of Ogdonton, Maine, are visiting their grandmother, Mrs. J. C. Knight.

Mr. and Mrs. Butt and Mr. and Mrs. Bastin, were the guests this week of Mrs. Reade, Musquash Hotel.

Miss Charlotte Spike is visiting at LePreaux.

Rev. H. M. Spike left this week for Woodstock to attend the synod. He will be absent on Sunday when the pulpit will be filled by Mr. George Smith, warden of St. Ann's church here.

The many friends of Miss Maudie Parkin will be glad to hear that she has been very poorly for some months and is now visiting at Jemseg, hoping to improve in health.

Mrs. Harding and Mrs. James Davidson drove to the city this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Woodford spent a few days here this week.

Mrs. Henderson and Miss Nellie Davidson of Menzie manor have gone to Digby on account of the ill health of the former.

Mr. Harry Knight spent last Sunday at Point LePreaux. VIOLIN.

NEW FLAVORINGS.

THE great success of fine cookery of all kinds consists in the delicate and careful use of seasonings—in the mingling of tastes well joined. A generation ago almost the only flavorings known in sweet cookery were Vanilla, Lemon, Almond, Nutmeg and Cinnamon. Today there are many dainty new flavorings, and the coarser spices are little used in delicate cookery, but are reserved for rich puddings and for savory dishes of meats and other places where they more properly belong.

The juices of various fruits, such as Apricot, Banana, Cherry, Limes, Orange, Pineapple, Pear, Peach, Raspberry, Strawberry, also Coffee and Rose have been added to the list of flavors in the last few years. Vanilla remains in use, as it has been for over a century. Lemon flavoring is not so much used as formerly, although there is always something of a popular fancy in this matter, and it will always remain a delicate and refreshing flavor for ice creams and cold desserts, but is not so well adapted for hot desserts as some of the above flavors. Coffee is one of the most delicious of the new flavorings; it may be used in custards, ice cream and charlotte russe. Essence of Limes makes a delicious flavoring for the icing of cake, as does also our Water-White Vanilla, for which it is especially adapted on account of its being perfectly pure and colorless.

Below we give a list of our Flavoring Extracts, all of which possess in a remarkable degree the true flavor of the fruits and spices from which they are compounded and are so highly concentrated that a very small quantity need only be used, and housekeepers will consult their own interest by insisting that their grocers furnish them with

Dearborn's Pure FLAVORING Extracts AND SEE THAT OUR NAME IS ON THE LABEL.

If you are unable to procure them where you are dealing, we will forward to any address a 2 oz. bottle of any of our Extracts on receipt of price, 55 cents.

Apricot, Almond, Blood Orange, Banana, Coffee, Cherry, Cloves, Cinnamon, Jamaica Ginger, Lemon, Nutmeg, Orange, Strawberry, Watermelon, Vanilla, White Vanilla, Rose, Waterberry, Peppermint, Vanilla.

The above Extracts have become very popular with Ladies in flavoring home-made candies, etc., and we have received many of the most flattering testimonials from parties using our Extracts, every one a fine and unalloyed.

DEARBORN & Co., 95 Prince Wm. St., ST. JOHN, N. B.

LEPREAUX.

July 11.—Mr. Wilbert Starrett, who has been spending a week with relatives here, leaves today for his home in Boston.

Miss Carrie Reynolds spent last week with friends in St. John.

Messrs. Sutcliffe and Bickford, of Boston, are enjoying their vacation at Camp Cross.

Miss Alice Rowin returned on Monday from a pleasant visit with friends in St. John and Westfield.

Mrs. L. N. Cameron visited St. George on Saturday, the guest of Mrs. Magee.

The engagement has been announced of a rising young merchant and one of our most popular young ladies. The wedding will probably take place in the autumn.

Miss Margaret Irvine, of Boston, is spending the summer here with her parents.

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FOUND OUT AT LAST. OUTFITTING.

THE Proper Kind of an... LADIES' and CHILDREN'S OUTFITTING ESTABLISHMENT. Night Dresses, Corset Covers, Hosiery, Etc., Children's Tires in all sizes; Ladies' Wrappers. Skirts and Blazars made to order in all the leading styles. First class tailors making on the premises by first-class hands. Please note address: 91 CHARLOTTE ST. Mrs. R. D. Lewis.

Like a Miracle Consumption—Low Condition

Wonderful Results From Taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

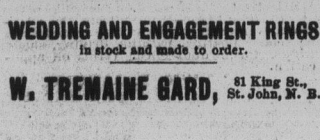
Miss Hannah Wyatt Toronto, Ont.

"Four years ago while in the old country (England), my daughter Hannah was sent away from the hospital, in a very low condition with consumption of the lungs and bowels, and weak action of the heart. The trip across the water to this country seemed to make her feel better for a while. Then she began to get worse, and for 14 weeks she was unable to get the use of her limbs and lower part of body, and she sat up in bed but to be propped up with pillows. Physicians

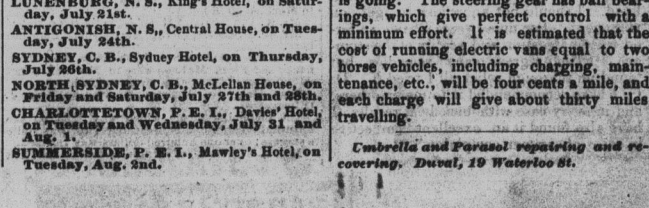
Said She Was Past All Help and wanted me to send her the 'Home for Invalids.' But I said as long as I could hold my hand up she should go. We then began Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

to give her Hood's Sarsaparilla. She is getting strong, walks around in out doors every day, has no trouble with her throat and no cough, and her heart seems to be all right again. She has a first class Parkade. We regard her cure as nothing short of a miracle. W. Y. Y. Y. Marion Street, Parkade, Toronto, Ontario.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. Sold by all druggists. 20c.



WEDDING AND ENGAGEMENT RINGS in stock and made to order. W. TREMAINE GARD, 81 King St., St. John, N. B.



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PROGRESS, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1894.

ON THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES.

By HUNTER DUVAR.

Mr. Darwin's theory of the Origin of Species, with the further light let in upon it by Professor Huxley, is widely accepted.

Possessing himself a humble Huxleyan the writer of the present paper has carefully crystallised a few facts that have fallen under his immediate observation, and respectfully brings them forward in support of the theory of Darwin.

In pursuing his investigations the first object of the writer's researches was, of course, to slip the beads on the rosary of evolution back to an initial point. And, as nearly as he can make it out, this was

columns and are therefore declined with thanks.



The basketwork (so to speak) or asseous cage to contain within it the motive and instructive power, and outside of it, as a matter of minor importance, the fish-covering that classifies the species into one of many genera, being constructed, the Scheme of Nature was complete.

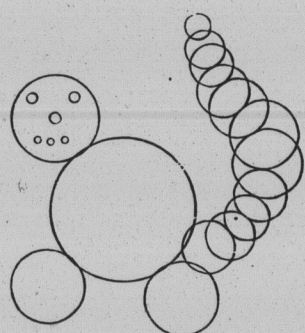
The rough draft on which the traits of the higher apes, including man, are founded, is easily recognizable. Beneath all lines of modification it will be detected by a casual search. Below is this primordial



Humano Simian Visage

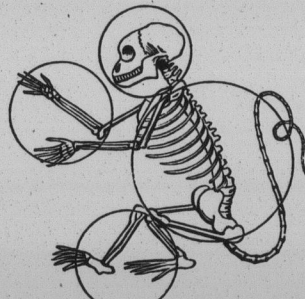
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The very heart of Mr. Darwin's view is that Instinct does not change synchronously with structure. All the instigations of the animal in its lower stage remain in action in its higher, with a more complicated field to work in.



Nature's First Rough Idea.

In the august simplicity of Design the next progressive (or first constructive) step necessary was to establish one general framework that would suit every one of the superstructures that might be imposed upon it.



The Idea Worked Out.

Printers' space will not permit to ascend the stairway of logical steps that leads life up from a germ to a Huxley. Nor is it necessary. Sufficient for our purpose to take our start from the "simiada" or ape family, including equally tailed and detailed members of that house, and assume that advancement by the Darwinian process has been proved up to the simian time and that it still continues in action.



In Presence of the Female of the Species.

Space is too valuable to overload our canvas. A very few examples may suffice. Passing without observation the simian "polli" in whom the electric volts are weak and aspect stolid, let us glance at an evolved "simiang" or Gibbon. The leading marks of this species are burlesque, loudness, and overbearingness towards the weaker, which qualities combined we know as "bumptiousness."



60 or 20 Days.

The genealogy of a uncommon species may be readily traced back to the wadderoo or Barbary ape, of which an average human specimen usually retains the lead-

HAMMOCKS.

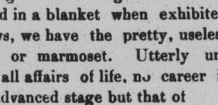


Hammocks with Pillows, Hammocks with Valances, Hammocks without Pillows, Hammocks without Valances.

Prices from 90 cents to \$3.25 each. Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John.

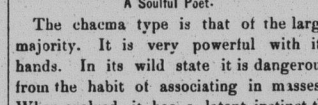
physical and other features, at least until middle age be reached, after which it is apt to grow stout and be mistaken for an elderly one of the "cynocephali."

Originating in some languorous clime, and wrapped in a blanket when exhibited in side shows, we have the pretty, useless "Oulatti," or marmoset. Utterly unpractical in all affairs of life, no career is left for its advanced stage but that of



Y. M. C. A. President.

The chacma type is that of the large majority. It is very powerful with its hands. In its wild state it is dangerous from the habit of associating in masses. When evolved it has a latent instinct to combine, yet rarely effects anything but disaster to itself by its combinations.



A Soulful Poet.

Intensifying the features of the species named is that of the "Syndactylus," or hired man. [See fig.] His characteristics are thus given in a letter from Mr. Duvarcelle, the traveller, to Cuvier. "Servitude, however long, seems to have no effect in modifying the characteristics of this type. Even his submission appears to be rather the effect of extreme apathy than of any degree of confidence or affection. He is almost equally insensible to good or bad treatment. Gratitude is a sentiment strange to him."



The Hired Man.

Thus through the beautiful daisy chain of life can we trace the intertwined city of design. From an inchoate rudimentary germ, the elucidation, step by step, of a higher degree of excellence goes on, until, through myriad gradations of advancement, is achieved nature's optimistic chet d'œuvre, the

SUPERSTITIOUS TRAVELLERS.

A Veteran Passenger Conductor Talks of Tourists' Whims.

No one but the experienced passenger conductor knows just how whimsical and cranky the travelling public really is. A traveller may have some peculiar fad or notion when he is on the road, but he never dreams that there are thousands of others just like him, or perhaps worse. In years of experience the conductor rubs elbows with all sorts of people, and in spite of himself becomes a mind and face reader, who takes a back seat for no one except the professional.

"Yes, travellers are superstitious and cranky," said a veteran knight of the punch, in response to a query by a reporter. "I think the average passenger conductor deals with more oddities daily than the curious collector of a freak show. As to superstition, I think there is more of it crops out on trains than anywhere else. Last week just as the train was ready to pull out for Chicago, a well-dressed man came out of the coach on the platform, and in an agitated manner asked me what day it was."

"I told him it was Friday, and without another word he reentered the coach and in a moment returned with his luggage, and by way of explanation stated that he never began a journey on Friday, and would wait until the next morning. That is only a sample. The much-mooted unlucky thirteen is perhaps the cause of more worry and inconvenience to tourists than any other sign which they deem of ill omen. I have known passengers to begin at the head of the train to see if they could find number thirteen anywhere."

"If the engine happens to be thirteen they will resignedly wait for the next train, and if they succeeded in finding number thirteen on any of the coaches they would hold up their hands in holy horror. I have seen passengers refuse to ride in a coach which held thirteen passengers, and if you will ask any ticket man he will tell you that of all sections in a sleeper thirteen is the most difficult to dispose of."

"Then aside from the superstition which prevails among the travelling public, there are countless passengers who are cranky, and if they lose a chance to kick are in a bad humor for a week afterwards. They kick for a seat in the centre of the coach; kick because the train goes too slow or too fast; kick because they are in a draught, or because it is too hot. And the worst of it all is that when they kick I am the individual who is called up to hear them, as if I were responsible for the whole business."

"About the only time when some fellows don't kick is when they are on their homy moons. Everything goes on as smoothly as if it had been ordered so, but let the same man ride on the same train five years later and the chances are they'll kick themselves into exhaustion."

One On Joe Bailey.

Senator Perry J. Lewis tells a story on Congressman Joe Bailey, for which, however, he quotes Senator A. M. Carter of Fort Worth as authority.

"One day," said Lewis, "Carter and Joe Bailey were standing on the street when they saw approaching them a darky mounted on a frisky and spirited horse, whose fine appearance caught the fancy of Carter, who is a lover of fine horseflesh. Carter hailed the darky and remarked:

"That's a pretty spirited animal you are riding, old man. Is he a good runner?" "Well, no sah, he ain't much of a runnin' hoss," replied the rider.

"Ob, then he is a good trotter, I suppose," remarked Carter.

"No, sah, he ain't no trotter neither," said Scipio Africanus.

"Oh, I see," ejaculated Carter; "he is a No. 1 pacer."

"No, sah, dis hoss ain't no trotter, nor he ain't no pacer neither."

"Well, what is he fit for, anyhow?" asked Carter.

"Just ter dance aroun an look fine, bo," replied the darky, "an dat's why I has outen a compliment named him arter Marsa Joe Bailey, dar."

Willing to Wait.

MOTHERS.

The Great WORM Remedy

The Great WORM Remedy

The Great WORM Remedy

The Great WORM Remedy

The Great WORM Remedy

The Great WORM Remedy

The Great WORM Remedy

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THAT HUSBAND OF MINE.

IS HE REALLY THE BEST KIND OF HUSBAND?

Famous Men on Good Husbands—Dr. Parkhurst, Palmer Cox, George Francis Train, Bill Nye—They Give Their Characters, saying, "There's the Best Kind of Husband."

"Who make the best husbands?" was the question that the editor of Demorest's Family Magazine asked. And he (or she) didn't ask it of the women, either, because he (or she) knew enough of women to know that they would exemplify the characters of their respective husbands as being those of ideal husbands. So the editors asked the question of the men. But our contemporary evidently overlooked the fact that the men would put in evidence their own characters, or what they consider their own characters, so that its editor might just as well have asked the women, after all!

The answers of various great men are given in the July Demorest's, the first opinion cited being that of Rev. Dr. Parkhurst.

"In my opinion," says the worthy husband and minister, "no man can be the best husband until he is the minister of his family. As the home is the first church, so the husband is the first minister: he is the high priest of that home; his wife, the high priestess."

"If religion means an abiding faith in an Almighty power above us, and a true love of God, who is love, together with love in the best sense of all mankind, then I say religion should have its place, a large place, in every home, and the husband should be the one to encourage, by example and sensible teaching, its continued presence there. If he would have the happiest family about him, he will teach—preach, understand—the doctrines of religion and morality. The father who would have his child, when that child becomes a man, continued in his career in the fullness of Christian faith must bring up that child amid Christian surroundings. As a rule, those men who are most sincere in their religious belief were imbued with the spirit of religion in childhood."

"I cannot bring myself to believe that there is enough of religion in our houses today—not enough, particularly in this great, seething, crowding, rushing city. Amid the rush, the pace that kills, religion is forgotten. The husband and father has no time for it; he can't even find room for it. As only one man here and there will tolerate religion in his office or place of business, where, then, do the great mass of men keep their religion? Some few keep it within the walls of a church, pay a handsome pew-rent for keeping it there, and go take a look at it once every Sunday from eleven to twelve."

"I fear that especially among well-to-do families, in the homes of prosperity, religion is almost entirely neglected; at least the subject is seldom spoken of as an expression of real feeling, except in hushed tones. And yet I do not wish to paint the situation in darker colors than it really is. I do not say all husbands and fathers neglect religion. If there are great numbers of homes in the city in which religion has no place, there are still many households in which the family lives together in the spirit of Christ's teachings; and when such is the case it is usually because the husband and the wife agree in their religion, and agreeing in that, agree in all matters, and are the happier. In these homes husband and wife love God and pray and worship together, just as they work, hope, sorrow, and joy together."

Palmer Cox, the Canadian artist, originator of the famous "Brownies," starts his sermon by saying that "he is a good husband who makes himself his children's playmate." It is this and newspaper reports concerning the artist he true, Mr. Cox would make a good husband, were he to be a husband of any kind, which he is not. "He is a better husband," continued Mr. Cox, "who makes his wife his confidante, every time,—tells her the truth, the whole truth, always. He is the best husband when he has a wife who works with him shoulder to shoulder,—when, hand locked in hand, husband and wife travel down life's path toward one destination. He is the ideal husband who looks upon marriage as a duty, the merging of two individualities into perfect harmony."

"But I am in no sense an authority on this subject. I am an unmarried man, and yet that very fact, I'm told, is why I am singled out to answer this question. Be it remembered, then, that I speak about husbands simply as an onlooker."

"I have said that a good husband makes himself his children's playmate. I specify this qualification because so few men are good in this respect. Of course, the mother is naturally the children's playmate; for, except in the case of fashionable society women—who, by the way, are often misrepresented, the mothers are with their children constantly. But in the case of the father, especially if he is a business man, it is different. Anxious to rush to his office early in the morning, he leaves the house before the children come down for breakfast. Rushing home after the day's work, absorbed in his multitudinous affairs, he is either too weary or too worried to play with the children, or he rushes off to the theatre to enjoy, at a rush, an hour or two of amusement. Home again,

of course the children are in bed. So the little ones, and, for that matter, the big ones, too, whom he really dotes upon, he sees only on Sundays. The children, on their part, when papa enters the room immediately smother their happy laugh and prattle in a whisper.

"But behold the home where the children are accustomed to welcome papa as a great big fellow-playmate. They spring to him joyously, climb upon his knee, ramble round his shoulders and over his head, go to bed in rollicking glee, while papa has drowned dull care in the romp.

"The best husband makes the wife his confidante. Even though one withhold or misrepresent matters to his wife, so she won't worry, it is generally a mistake. It leads to jealousy, suspicion, and cruel disappointment for her, and to error and trouble, and often to crime, for him. Men are most prone to do this in time of financial straits. The wife, quite unaware, spends money as freely as usual, making things all the worse in the end. If a man be not rich his wife must find it out in time; why not tell her at once? To deceive one's wife is the first step to unhappiness. To accept her counsel, place a value upon her intuition, are sure steps toward happiness. To work with her, side by side, is happiness."

George Francis Train answers in numbers. Mr. Train has a style of poetry as thoroughly original as that of John Callahan McCarthy. Mr. Train's verse is thought condensed with a 40-horse power condenser. Here is some of it:

"What kind of men best husbands make?" Is question you should ask the wives With whom "best husbands" pass their lives; I should say those who "give and take." Diamonds, Worth gowns, horses, carriages, And brown-stone fronts make welcome guests. Love does not count in the marriages Where bank accounts make the husbands best. 'Tis difficult to diagnose What "best husband" really means, Outside of fashionable clothes, When honeymoon collapses dreams Of love and truth "under the rose." Best husband would appear to me The one who squarely puns divines; And kinship of affinity Makes husbands happy as the brides. But women oft (so strange their ways) Love best the biggest scamps alive. The wonder is to love survive When women give way to this craze. The latest fad in New York now Is woman suffrage. That will tell, When women break the heavy spell Of bondage, 't is all men alike."

Bill Nye, the epitome of modesty, is no less modest than Dr. Parkhurst in his views upon the momentous question. "The best husband?" repeats William. "Why! the one who is devoted first to his wife and children, second to his work and everything else. There you are. I could preach a sermon on this text, but I'd rather give an example. I've been lecturing for ten years. Once I was just stepping on the stage to greet a big house and be funny, when I got a telegram saying my wife was ill, and my four children, over at New Brighton, Staten Island, were all taken with scarlet fever. I was bound for California. Well! A lecturer must always be joyful, always gay and cheerful to his audience. I never knew how I got over that programme; but in the morning I broke contracts to the extent of \$5000, and took the first swift train for home. That man, in my opinion, was the best sort of husband."

Bicycle Repairer. A bicycle had collided with a coal peddler's cart and a tangled mass of ruins upon the pavement. The various parts of the machine soon began an animated discussion as to what particular part was to blame for the disaster.

"You lost your bearing," grumbled the handle bar to the wheel. "And you are not fit to be pedaled," retorted the wheel. "I'm sorry I spoke," was the courteous reply. "You two tire me to death," put in the chain. "Well the handle bar was trying to saddle the affair onto me," remarked the wheel with a trifle of resentment in its tone. "Be quiet, you rubberneck," chirped in the handle bar. "Was your headlight?" responded the wheel, viciously. "I may have been, but there are no wheels in it." "May I axle little question?" meekly inquired the chain. "I'll cogitate upon the matter," replied the handle bar, and the stillness of the night was broken only by the wind as it whistled through the pneumatic tube.

Alexander the Great did not weep for other worlds to conquer. There is reason to suspect that his army met with a serious reverse in India, a fact that induced him to retrace his steps. The crew of Le Vengeur, the famous French ship sunk by an English man-of-war, did not cry "Vive la Republique!" They braved for help, and the English boats were sent to their assistance. The immense burning glasses with which Archimedes burned the ships of the besiegers of Syracuse at ten miles' distance were never manufactured. Vinegar will not split rocks. So Hannibal could not thus have made his way through the Alps. Nor will it dissolve pearls. So that the story of Cleopatra drinking pearls melted in vinegar must have been a fiction. Worshippers are not crushed by hundreds under the wheels of the car of Jugernaut. The car has not been taken out of the temple for many years, and such deaths as formerly occurred were exceptional or accidental.

Untraveled. Of all mean men upon this earth, The champion has been found. 'Tis he who puts the barbed wire fence Next to the picnic ground.

BIRDS THAT ARE EXTINCT.

The Dodo, the Hermit Bird, the Giant and the Great Auk.

Man has not been a kind ruler, but a cruel tyrant. Oftentimes he has driven from the face of the earth inoffensive creatures that were unable to combine against the oppressor. Birds have suffered in this way, more than any other division of the animal kingdom. This is especially true of those varieties having heavy bodies or small wings, thus confining them to limited districts on account of their inability in long-continued flight.

The great auk, now believed to have been exterminated, was no stranger to our northern shores in the days of our grandparents. No longer ago than 1830 one was captured near Newfoundland, and two were killed in Iceland in 1844.

This bird was rare at the beginning of this century, but less than two hundred years ago, they existed in great numbers. One hundred years ago every school and museum in the land might have secured a specimen of the great auk, but even scientists so little realized the danger of extermination that only four specimens of this bird are in the United States.

The Philadelphia Academy of Natural Science, Cambridge Museum, Vassar College and Smithsonian Institute count his stuffed aukship among their choicest curiosities. The eggs are also very rare, and are valued at about \$1,000 each.

When nesting, the female auk laid only one egg, about five inches long and covered with markings like curious Chinese characters. The great auk was about thirty inches high, as he stood upright, resting on his short legs and tail. He must have been quite a society bird, judging from his dress, which suggests a dress-coat with a broad spread of white shirt-front.

The history of the strange bird called the dodo furnishes the "most remarkable and clearly proved instance of the extinction of an animal by human agency." Its home was on the island of Mauritius, where, during the fifteen and sixteen centuries, it existed in large numbers. It was not uncommon a century later, although the sailors used to land and kill many of them for food.

When the Dutch settled in Mauritius, the poor bird soon found that there was not room enough on the island for both man and the dodo. Dogs and pigs, that the settlers brought with them, ate up the eggs, while the people destroyed the birds until not one was left.

For two hundred years no living dodo has been seen, but travellers, who saw it, wrote about it and drew its picture, and thus we know how it looked. The wise men of to-day, after examining the bones, head and beak—specimens preserved until our time—agree that the travellers have given a fair likeness of this singular bird.

The massive body of the dodo weighed about forty pounds, and was evidently not very shapely, as one writer says that he could construct as graceful a bird from the skin of a bird drawn over a cubical block of wood. The head was round. The big, clumsy bill was set off by a ruff of feathers brought down over the face like a cap. A white ring surrounded each large black eye. The little useless wings seemed to have been worn as decoration only, and this was even true of the tail, from which arose a tuft of curly feathers of grayish yellow. With the slight exception of a little yellow on the wings and tail, the dodo of Mauritius was gray, but there was a special color also extending from the tail to the head, that was pure white. Ornithologists are now eager to obtain even the bones of the dodo from the swamps of Mauritius.

In mid-ocean, on the islands of Bourbon, Rodriguez and Mauritius, magnificent and unusual birds were once found in great numbers. Many of these have not been seen for more than a century, but we learn of them from the writings of travellers, and also from their remains. Among these the hermit and the giant deserve special mention.

The hermit bird could not fly, but ran like the turkey. It was somewhat larger than our bird of Thanksgiving Day, some male birds weighing forty-five pounds. The females were "admirably beautiful," and there were blondes and brunettes among them.

One writer says: "They walk with such a mingling of pride and gracefulness that one cannot avoid admiring them, so that their good looks often save their lives." But, alas! they were also excellent eating, and there were many who loved them too well, like the husband who, when first married, loved his wife so much he could "eat her up." There was a marked difference in the outcome, for, later in his unhappy life, the changeable husband wished that he had eaten his wife up; while now ornithologists

grieve most sincerely wish that the hermit bird had not been so completely devoured.

These birds were called hermits because they were seldom seen in larger flocks than the family group of three. The male and female birds select a clear spot, and, with palm-leaves, build a nest a foot and a half high and as large around as a bushel basket. In this nest a lonely egg was laid, and the parents alternately sat upon it for seven weeks. The young chick was so helpless that it needed to be cared for by the parent birds for several months. The bird called the giant was a water hen, but the legs were so much like stilts that the head of the bird was fully six feet from the ground. It was very slow in taking wing, hence was easily surprised and killed, in the marshy places where it fed. The slender body, no larger than a goose, was white with the exception of a pink spot under each wing. The bill was more pointed, but otherwise shaped like the bill of a partially webbed. But these "giants" of Mauritius were as dwarfs, compared with strange birds that, doubtless, were living in far-off New Zealand when the dodo, hermits and giants were enjoying life in the Marseilles Islands.

The natives of New Zealand tell of a gigantic bird that their ancestors used to hunt and destroy, but no white man ever saw these birds. However, we know that the natives have told the truth, for gigantic skeletons have been found so well preserved that the ornithologists hoped to find a living specimen, but thus far they have been disappointed. The natives call these birds moas. The wise men have named them dinornis, meaning terrible bird. There are several varieties, varying in height from five to sixteen feet. Just think of a bird as tall as a giraffe!

In the marvelous tale of the Arabian Nights, the bird called the roc played an important part. What labors Aladdin undertook to secure the egg of a roc to hang from the dome of his enchanted palace! We know all this is false, but when Alfred Abadie, captain of a merchant vessel, brought eggs from Madagascar that were six times as large as an ostrich's egg, and equal in size to one hundred and forty-eight hen's eggs, the people were almost as much astonished as they would have been had he found a roc's egg. Explorers have looked in vain for the birds that laid these eggs, each one of which held nearly two gallons. The bones of a huge bird have been found in the marshes of Madagascar, and it is supposed that the eggs were laid by these extinct birds.

Ornithologists have named this reconstructed bird the Aepyornis Maximus, which is the biggest name they could give it. Aepy means high and ornis bird, while Maximus means largest or greatest. Now if any one should find the remains of the roc, or any other bird larger than this Maximus, the wise men would be puzzled to know what to name it, as they have used up all their large and terrible names.

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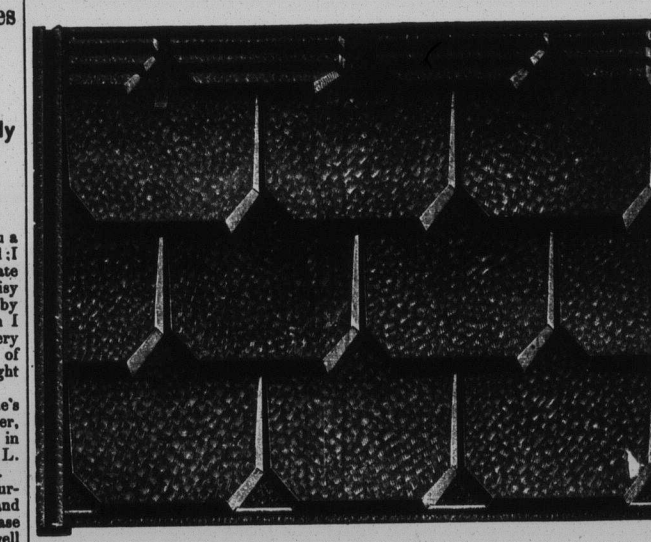
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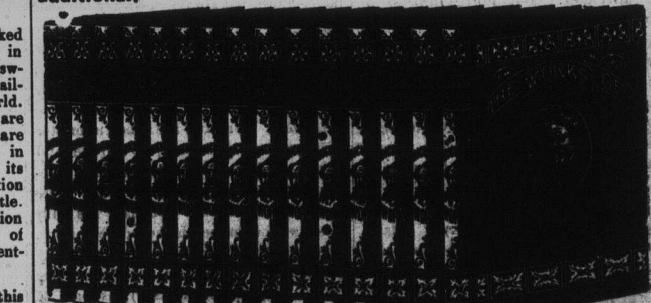
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Sunday Reading.

A LITTLE SERMON.
Containing a Few Short Stories and Lessons Drawn Therefrom.

"Seek ye the Lord while he may be found." Delay is dangerous. The time for finding the Lord and obtaining the mercy and pardon he waits to bestow is now. "Now is the day of salvation." Now is the accepted day. To-morrow it may be overlastingly too late.

A king of Scotland, after subduing a rebellion, offered a general amnesty to all who on or before the 31st of December of that year would ground the weapons of warfare and take the oath of allegiance. The offer was gladly accepted, but one chieftain, Malcolm by name, vowed that he would defer the act that would ensure his pardon until the very last moment. So he delayed the time for his departure until the latter part of the last week of the year. But while journeying, a great storm arose. Streams usually placid and fordable, suddenly became swollen and turbulent and much time was consumed and such danger incurred in crossing them. Snow and ice hindered the traveler and when finally he did reach the city that might have been to him "a city of refuge," the final day set had passed. He was at once apprehended, cast into prison and promptly executed as a stubborn rebel.

"Let the wicked forsake his way." Sin must be renounced and renounced forever. Do not delude yourself that by giving up the grosser sins and clinging to the lesser ones you are fully obedient to God's command. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," is too plain to admit of misinterpretation or misconception. Unless sin is entirely put away, sooner or later it will germinate, grow and blossom and bear the fruits of unrighteousness and breed everlasting destruction of the soul. Little and secret sins are more frequent sources of danger than the more glaring ones.

There sailed from the city of New Orleans a large and noble steamer, laden with cotton and having a great number of passengers on board. While they were taking in the cargo, a portion of it became slightly moistened by a shower of rain that fell. This circumstance, however, was not noticed, the cotton was stowed away in the hold and the hatches fastened down. During the first part of the voyage all went well, but far out toward the middle of the Atlantic ocean, all on board were one day alarmed by the fearful cry of "fire!" and in a few moments the noble ship was completely enveloped in flames. The damp and closely-packed cotton had become heated. It smoldered away and got in a more dangerous state every day until at last it burst out into a broad sheet of flame and nothing could be done to stop it. The passengers and crew were compelled to take to the boats, but a number were suffocated and consumed in the fire and many more were drowned in the sea. Now the heated cotton smoldering in the hull of that vessel is like sin in the heart of man. "For ye shall go out with joy." Oh! the joy and happiness that fill the heart of every child of the Great King! What but conscious salvation can supply it? Man may strive for it, and scheme and plan and plot to obtain it, but all in vain, until from the very depths of his heart he can sing:

Oh, the joy of full salvation!
How it thrills my inmost soul.
Spread the wings of every angel,
Jesus' blood has made me whole.

A famous king, who had great riches and honors, found, as many others had done before, that these things do not make people happy. He heard of an old man famous for his wisdom and piety, who could tell what we must do in order to be happy. So the king went to see him. He found him living in a very humble way in a cottage on the border of a wilderness. "Sir," said the king, "I have come to you to learn the great secret how I may be happy." The old man received the king kindly and asked him to join him in a walk. He led him along a rough path till they came directly in front of a very high rock on the side of a mountain. On the top of that rock an eagle had built its nest. Pointing to that rock the old man said: "Tell me, royal sir, why has the eagle built its nest on yonder high rock?" "No doubt," said the king, "because it wants to be out of the reach of danger." "True," exclaimed the wise man. "Follow then, the example of the eagle. Build your nest on the Rock of Ages and make your home in heaven. There you will be safe and beyond the reach of danger and enjoy peace and happiness all your days."

MARTIN'S VISITOR.
An Extract from Tolstoy's Story, "Life in Work Living."

Martin again took up his work and began to stitch. After working some little time, he saw that it was growing dark and he could no longer see to sew. Looking through the window, he saw a lamplighter pass by. "Well," he thought to himself, "it is time for me to have a light." He arose, and after trimming his lamp and lighting it, he hung it up and again prepared to work.

Presently he put his tools away and brushed up the scraps, after which he placed the lamp on the table. He next took down the holy book from the shelf. He intended opening it at a place which he had marked with a piece of leather, but on placing the book on the table, it opened at an entirely different place, and as he did so he remembered yesterday's dream. At the same time he heard a noise in the room, as if some one was moving behind him. He turned suddenly around and found he saw a number of people standing in the corner, but he was unable to recognize them. Presently a voice whispered: "Martin, oh, Martin, did you not know me?"

"Whom?" muttered Martin.
"He," repeated the voice. "It is I," said Stepanovich (whom he had fed), smiling pleasantly as he advanced from the dark corner; and then like a cloud he vanished. "And this is I," said another voice, when the woman with her child (whom he had supported) stepped forth. The woman also smiled, while the infant laughed gleefully; and they, too, quickly disappeared.
"And here am I," said the third voice;

when the boy, with an apple in his hand, came forward. He also smiled, and instantly faded away.

Martin was now almost overcome with a feeling of joy, more sweet than he had ever before experienced. He began to read the following passage, at which the Bible had accidentally opened:

"For I was hungry, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in."
And Martin understood that his dream had been realized, and that the Saviour had in very truth visited him that day, and that he had received him in the proper spirit.

INTERVALE LAND.
How Dr. Talmage Got a Text From a Shell on The St. John.

I was sailing down the St. John River, Canada, which is the Rhine and the Hudson commingled in one scene of beauty and grandeur, and while I was on the deck of the steamer a gentleman pointed out to me the places of interest, and he said: "All this is intervale land, and it is the richest land in all the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia." "What," said I, "do you mean by intervale land?" "Well," he said, "this land is submerged for a part of the year; spring freshets come down and all these plains are overflowed with the water, and the water leaves a rich deposit, and when the waters are gone the harvest springs up and there is the grandest harvest that was ever reaped." And I instantly thought, "It is not the heights of this world, that is the scene of the greatest prosperity, but the soil over which the floods of sorrow have gone, the soil over which the freshets of tribulations have torn their way, that yields the greatest fruits of righteousness, and the largest harvest for time, and the richest harvest for eternity." Bless God if your soul is "intervale land."

Washington's Mother.

In a recent biography of Washington some of the charming incidents of his life—not hitherto related by biographers—are brought out, which show his domestic character and beautiful nature. One of his strongest traits was the love he bore his mother. When the news reached her that the General had won the day at Yorktown, this patriotic lady exclaimed: "Thank God! the war is ended, and we shall be blessed with peace, happiness and independence, for at last our country is free." Shortly after Cornwallis surrendered, Washington started out for Philadelphia, and on the way he stopped at Frederickburg to see his mother. Seven years had elapsed since he had last seen her; he had left her a young, ardent patriot, his honors yet to be won on the field; he returned a hero, admired and almost worshipped by his countrymen. But it was not of the hero that the soldier thought, but of her dear boy. He sent her ahead to notify her of his arrival and, with that fine old courtesy that prevailed in those days, to inquire when it would be "her pleasure to receive him." When he did come, it was not with pomp and surrounded by brilliantly-decorated companions in arms, but alone, and on foot. The mother's eyes kindled with love as she greeted him and after a fond embrace she said: "You are growing, old George; care and toil have been making marks in your face since I saw it last." Her voice is said to have been singularly sweet, and he loved her cadence and cadence called him by name. She inquired as to his health, and she spoke much of old times and old friends, but of his glory not a word.

Thought He Meant Them.

To a friend with whom he was speaking on the unexpected application of sermons, the late Pastor C. H. Spurgeon once related a remarkable experience. "Two weeks ago," he said, "in my Sunday evening sermon I supposed the case of a young man who had got into fast company, and meaning to have his fling unfettered, was on the eve of starting to India, in order to escape the restraint of a godly, widowed mother's influence. I spoke as if I knew such a young man was present and pleaded with him to retrace his steps ere yet he had broken his praying mother's heart. At the close of the Monday evening prayer-meeting a young man was shown into my room. As soon as he was alone with me he wished to know who had informed me as to his movements. He could scarcely believe me when I told him I had received no information concerning him, and did not even know his name. The same week after the Thursday evening service, another young man wished to see me alone; he wanted to know who had been telling me about his fast life, and his intention to leave the country, and escape his praying mother's influence. He had been very distressed ever since. He said I appealed to him on Sunday; he wished to see about it, but could not come on Monday evening as he had intended. "But," said he, "there is one mistake you made, Mr. Spurgeon; you told the people I was going to India, and it is China I am booked for."

A Dream of Judgment.

I am in the burnished Judgment Hall of the Last Day. A great white throne is lifted, but the Judge has not yet taken it. While we are waiting for his arrival I hear immortal spirits in conversation. "What are you waiting here for?" says a soul that went up from Madagascar to a soul that ascended from America. The latter says: "I came from America, where forty years I heard the Gospel preached and the Bible read, and from the prayer I learned in infancy at my mother's knee until my last hour I had Gospel advantage, but for some reason I did not make the Christian choice, and I am here waiting for the Judge to give me a new trial and another chance."
"Strange," says the other; "I had but one Gospel call in Madagascar, and I accepted it, and I do not need another chance."
"Why are you here?" says one who on earth had fastened intellect to one who had great brain, and silver tongue, and marvelous influence. The latter responds: "Oh, I knew more than my fellows. I mastered libraries, and had learned titles

from colleges, and my name was a synonym for eloquence and power. And yet I neglected my soul, and I am here waiting for a new trial." "Strange," says the one of the feeble earthly capacity; "I knew but little of worldly knowledge, but I knew Christ, and made him my partner, and I have no need of another chance."

THE CURSE OF SOCIETY.
The Scandal-Monger Who Flitches from Me My Good Name.

We often sit with amazement and hear people tear to pieces reputations that have been a quarter of a century forming. Men, and women too, seize with avidity evil reports, and like maggots run in and out the carcasses of fallen character. Society becomes a great slaughter-house in which honorable names are strangled and butchered. When a man begins to totter a little in his integrity or Christian principle, instead of gathering around to steady him, and keep him from complete prostration, we come out from our homes and our associations to push him flat down. Tale-bearers almost always deal in superlatives. If a man shows a little impatience, they say he was livid with rage. If he has been seen taking a glass, they call him a besotted inebriate. They put the blow-pipe of their exaggeration in the slightest inconsistency and blow till the cheeks are distended, and the bubble swells, and the story is rounded into a great orb in which swim all the rainbows of conceit, and you can see almost anything you want to see. They are hounds, good for nothing but a chase. When you hear evil of any one, suspend judgement. Do not decide till you have heard the man's defence. Be lenient with the fallen. You see a brother fall and say, "I never could have done that!" Perhaps you could not, because your temptation does not happen to be in that direction; but you have done things in the course of your life that these fallen men would never have done, because their temptation was not in that direction. Perhaps the devil that inhabits you is avarice, a more respectable vice. You grind the faces of the poor. You have an infernal clutch for the throat of the unfortunate. There is no more mercy in your heart than there is grace in a boy's paw or a rattlesnake's tooth; and though your sin does not bring upon you so much of social opprobrium as the conduct of the man you condemn, I do not know but that your sin in the sight of God is as loathsome and damnable as his. He surrendered to one temptation; you surrendered to another. Do not say in boasting, "I never could have done such a thing as that!" You don't know what you would do if sufficiently tempted. You have an infinite soul-force. If grace directed it, a force for the right; if evil influences seize upon it, a terrific force for the wrong. There are passions within your soul that have never been unchained. Look out if once they slip their cables!

In our criticisms of others, let us remember that we have faults which our friends have to excuse. How much would be left of us if all those who see inconsistencies in us should clip away from us the character and reputation? It is an invariable rule that those who make the roughest work with the names of others are those who have themselves the most imperfections. The larger the beam in your own eye, the more anxious are you about the mote in somebody else's eye. Do not say to another, "Do not say in boasting, 'I never could have done such a thing as that!' You don't know what you would do if sufficiently tempted. You have an infinite soul-force. If grace directed it, a force for the right; if evil influences seize upon it, a terrific force for the wrong. There are passions within your soul that have never been unchained. Look out if once they slip their cables!"

Why the Hand Came Down.
The force of parental example was probably never better seen than in the following incident, related in The Christian Standard: A lady, in addressing a children's meeting, asked all the children who had pious mothers to hold up their hands. Little Bertha, the pastor's daughter, put up her hand partly, but quickly drew it down again. The lady asked, "Bertha, why do you not put your hand up?" "Well," said Bertha, "I was just thinking." "Well, Bertha, what were you thinking?" Bertha replied, "Well, mother prays, and she goes to prayer-meeting, and she goes to the sacrament, and I guess she must be a Christian." "Well, Bertha, put up your hand." "Hem! she prays, and she goes, and she goes to prayer-meeting, and she goes to the sacrament, and I guess she must be a Christian. I guess mother is a Christian, but she scolds awfully when she has to wash the dishes."

Saved Her Life.
Mrs. C. J. WOODBRIDGE, of Wortham, Texas, saved the life of her child by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. "One of my children had Croup, and was supposed to be well under control. One night I was started by the child's hard breathing, and on going to it found it struggling. It had nearly ceased to breathe, realizing that the child's alarming condition had become possible in spite of the medicines given, I ran to my room, where I found a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I gave the child three doses, at short intervals, and anxiously waited results. From the moment the Pectoral was given, the child's breathing grew easier, and in a short time, she was sleeping quietly and breathing naturally. The child is alive and well today, and I do not hesitate to say that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved her life."

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faith in the grand old doctrines of grace, and in the ever-living and unchanging God can bring back to the Church again a full tide of prosperity, and make her to be the deliverer of the nations for Christ; nothing but faith in the Lord Jesus can save you or me. The Lord give you, my brothers, to believe to the utmost degree, for His name's sake! Amen."

Messages of Help for the Weak.

"God is greatly to be feared in the assembly of the saints, and to be had in reverence of all them that are about him. Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound: they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance." Psalm 89: 7, 15.
"A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger." Prov. 15: 1.
"He whom God raises again saw no corruption. Be it known unto you therefore that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses." Acts 13: 37-39.
"I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ: it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Romans: 1: 16.
"The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Romans: 6: 23.
"Though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might become rich." 2 Cor. 8: 9.
"Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you." 2 Cor. 13: 11.

Taine on Christianity.

Although Taine was a deeply learned man, he was very meek in spirit and often read the Bible in his family circle. According to his wish Rev. Mr. Holland officiated at his funeral. In all his writings Taine professed the highest respect for Christianity. In our days many think it shows a great and free mind, when a person speaks contemptuously of God and his word. It will therefore not be superfluous to hear what Taine said of the worth of Christianity. His observations are based on history.

"To-day, after eighteen hundred years," he says in an article, "the Gospel has the same effect in both continents of the globe as it had in Palestine. In the place of self-love it puts love for our fellow-men. Neither in substance nor in practice has it changed; in its Greek, Catholic or Protestant shape it is still for more than four hundred millions of people, the great wings with which man lifts himself above the world. Through patience and hope man becomes content with his lot. Wherever these great wings have been injured during the last eighteen hundred years the morals of public and private life have disappeared. No philosophy, no art, no government, no law, effect what Christianity has done for the world. The old Gospel is to-day the best means of culture for all classes."

"He Lives in Our Alley."

"Where," said a teacher to his class of little ones, gathered from the crowded courts of the great city, "where is Jesus Christ?"
Quickly the answer came from a bright-eyed little fellow, in a tone of the utmost confidence, as though there were no manner of doubt about it:
"Oh, he lives in our alley now!"
"What a revelation of faith and hope and love embodied in the daily life and work, was wrapped up in that answer. The alley had been the abode of poverty, dirt and misery. The women quarrelled, the men drank, the children were neglected. But a lady came to reside in the neighborhood, and she called her services as a district visitor to the pastor of the parish.

She was a woman of great faith and hope, and she was wrapped up in that answer. The alley had been the abode of poverty, dirt and misery. The women quarrelled, the men drank, the children were neglected. But a lady came to reside in the neighborhood, and she called her services as a district visitor to the pastor of the parish.

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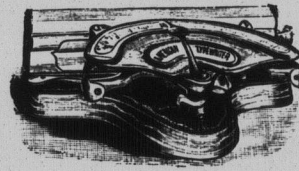
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Writes capitals, small letters, figures and marks—71 in all.
Writes just like a \$100 machine.
No shift keys. No Ribbon.
Prints from the type direct.
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WOMAN and HER WORK.

"I cannot imagine how things said in the seclusion of one's own family get out and are repeated until they reach the ears of the very people who say them!" remarked a friend to me, not long ago. I am most particular about talking before

made as it was, without my adding my mite to the fund, but I remembered instantly that Fanny's cousin was nurse girl to Mrs. Johnson, and what could be more natural than that Fanny should repeat her employer's remark?



AN OUTFIT FOR TRAVELING.

The traveling dress on the left is of snuff brown cloth, triple skirt, tailor finished. The waist is of striped silk. The cape is of the cloth. The central figure is of slate cheviot with stitching. The waist is of the same and the pretty blazer coat is lined with tan silk. The little girl's dress is of diagonal wool in two shades. The waist is of red and white plaid flannel.

the children, and in addition to that, I have always been careful to teach them not to repeat things they hear said by older people, either in their own or anyone else's house, and I do not think they do: yet Mabel Johnson heard that I said if our baby was as backward as hers, I should really be so afraid he had not all his senses, and that I would get a specialist's opinion about him. I did say it. I know, and it is true, but I am perfectly positive that none of the children were in the room at the time, and unless the walls have ears I don't understand who could have repeated it to her!"

"Who did you say it to?" I asked. "Why only to mother, and she assured me she not only never mentioned it to a soul, but had completely forgotten that the remark was ever made."

"Are you sure there was no one else present?" I asked doubtfully.

"Not a soul!—Oh that is, not a soul who would repeat it, or take any notice of what I was saying. Fanny was clearing the

I think I have tried to demonstrate before, that after all a servant girl does not belong to a different order of creation from ourselves, but is a human being like the rest of us, and this one probably found it just as impossible to resist the temptation of repeating such a choice bit of gossip, as her cousin found it to refrain from telling the criticized baby's mother. And so all this trouble had arisen out of my friend's sincere but mistaken conviction that her own "don't count," and never pay any attention to the conversation which takes place before them, and in which they may be far more interested than any one suspects.

I have noticed it so often, and wondered how sensible people could persist in treating servants as if they were sticks, or graven images; how they could discuss matters before servants, which they would scarcely have spoken of outside their own family circle, and take it calmly for granted that the quiet girl who was moving briskly about the room putting away the silver, or the respectful man who was driving, had neither eyes nor ears for anything which was not supposed to concern them, when the

they would be more careful when those domestic critics were present.

I have heard two gushing young girl friends indulge in a private conversation liberally interlarded with such expressions as—"Of course I know you will not mention what I am going to tell you to a living soul!" and "I would not tell this to anyone in the world but you, because I know I can trust you," while they were out for a drive and being driven by a very ordinary man servant about whom they knew absolutely nothing, and who might have been in the employ of whichever one he was serving, for only a few days. And then when some of their most confidential remarks came back to their ears, they were utterly at a loss to account for the phenomenon, and each was secretly inclined to suspect the other of having repeated it, since it never crossed their minds to suspect their driver of sufficient intelligence to save them the trouble.

Once I was spending the day with them, and when the housemaid came in to set the table for tea we were all gathered around the fire in the dining room. Mr. and Mrs. Brown—the young couple aforesaid—were lavishing their usual amount of affection on each other with the happiest disregard of their surroundings imaginable. Mr. Brown had tilted a large rocking chair back against the dining table, propped his feet on a footstool and taken his better half on his knee: she was clasped in his arms with one of her own entwined around his neck, and her head on his shoulder. Sarah brought the tray in and stood for a moment in doubt what to do with it. I expected to see the bride and bridegroom assume a different position instantly, and being younger and more sensitive than I am now, I fairly sizzled in my own blushes, from pure sympathy; but they never even looked up; and the bride's mother placidly remarked, "Set the tray at the other end of the table, Sarah, so as not to disturb Mr. and Mrs. Brown."

I went out to the kitchen for a glass of water, a few minutes later, and was just in time to hear Sarah remark to the idol of her young heart's first love dream—"Jude, if I thought you and I'd be as silly after we were married, as Mr. and Mrs. Brown are, I'd bounce you right now!" And I came back to the dining room with my respect for Sarah's judgment largely increased.

Now I don't mean to assert that all ser-

ants are gossips and mischief makers, because I don't think they are, and I am sure I would far sooner trust some true and tried servants I have known with a secret, than their giddy young mistresses, but in the present state of domestic service true and tried servants are the exception, not the rule, and where a girl is here today and away tomorrow, a member of your household one day, and an inmate of your dearest enemy's the next, it is best to be careful. A girl may not mean to do any harm, but if she lack the sense, or the tact, to keep her neighbor's concerns to herself, that will not prevent her from doing a great deal of mischief, and it is an excellent rule to remember, that those who don't hear anything cannot repeat much. If most housekeepers would lay this rule to heart, and be as careful how they speak before their servants, as they would be with perfect strangers, I think we should hear fewer complaints about "walls having ears," and it being "unsafe to speak, even in one's own house."

Cherries will be coming in almost before this page is printed again, and as a kind friend has sent me a few dainty recipes for preparing "Cherries ripe," I am giving my readers the benefit of them today.

Cherry Pie with Marzipan.

Seed the cherries and seal in their own juice. Sweeten and put in a deep pie plate lined with a rich paste. After it is done make a marzipan as follows. Beat the whites of 3 or 4 eggs to a stiff froth, add pulverized sugar—1 tablespoonful to

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an egg. Beat again just enough to mix well. Spread over the top of the pie and put back on the top shelf of the oven just long enough to brown lightly. Serve cold.

Cherry Roll. This may be made of the ripe fruit, stewed down with sugar to a rich syrup, and spread thick over a paste made thin and rolled up in an envelope form. It is

Goes to Europe for Treatment

Suffering For Years from Insomnia and Nervous Debility—Prostrated, Exhausted—No Vitality—No Rest Until "Nature's Sweet Restorer," South American Nervine Tonic, Built up the Nervous Organism, and Gave Back to the Worn and Exhausted Nerve-Centres their Wonted Vigor.



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For four generations the remarkable family of LaBodie have been prominently identified with the legal and professional life of Montreal. A long line of active, intellectual men, whose ambition to rise to prominence meant a constant drain upon the nerve forces and a tremendous demand for brain power. Mr. Adolphe LaBodie, B.C.L., J.P., etc., has for seventeen years been actively engaged in the legal profession, living, as the duties of intellectual men of this fast age demand, beyond the reserve limit of natural nerve force, requiring more of the nerve centres at the base of the brain than they can possibly fulfil, which always results in nervous prostration, dyspepsia, hot flashes, insomnia, constipation, and attendant evils.

Mr. Adolphe LaBodie, under date of April 27th, writes from Montreal:—"I was suffering from insomnia and nervous debility; prostration and exhaustion, rather than rest, followed a night's experience. I took five bottles of South American Nervine, and am wholly recovered, and now enjoy restful nights. I have tried many remedies, have been treated in Europe, and can say with truthful emphasis that the South American nervine has cured me."

There is reason in all things: business reasons in business, truthful reasons in truth. Mr. LaBodie's statement herewith is the truthful reason why, if South American Nervine Tonic cured him, it will cure you. It is the nerve builder for brain workers. Brain and stomach cannot both work at the same time with healthful and happy issues. One must suffer. Intense intellectual activity produces indigestion because the brain is consuming all the nerve power. South American Nervine Tonic holds nature to a happy poise, and life and its duties swing to fruitful success.

For sale by Chas. McGregor, 37 Charlotte St.; Chas. P. Clarke, 100 King St.; R. E. Coupe, 878 Main St.; E. J. Mahoney, 38 Main St.; A. C. Smith & Co.; 41 Charlotte St.



DRESSES FOR SUMMER GIRLS.

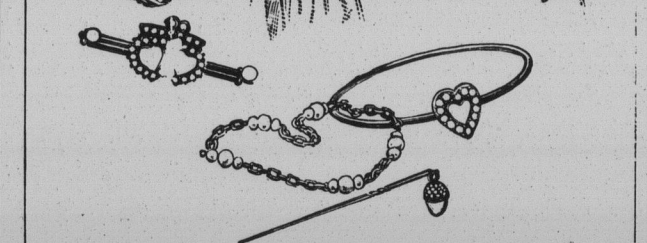
The dainty costume on the right is of white Swiss muslin with a Marie Antoinette collar of china silk or dimity. The hat is of dimity, shirred and trimmed with self tissue. The two other figures represent back and front of the same dress, of thick ribbed rayon. The waist is draped with heavy Russian point lace. The front of the skirt is lifted over moire. The colors are dark blue and cream.

table at the time, but of course I do not count her!"

I opened my lips to speak, but experience has taught me a little wisdom—just lately—and I shut them again just in time. There had been enough mischief

real fact was that nothing was too trivial to escape either of them, or to be considered worthy of being repeated.

"The proper study of mankind is man," and I think if people realized how their servants studied them, and very often weighed them in a very critical balance,



NEW COIFFURES AND JEWELS.

In the center is a neat and stylish coiffure. The feature of it is the fetching velvet tea cap that surmounts the pretty girl's head. Two other examples of prevailing modes in hairdressing are also shown. Among the new shapes in jewelry the preference seems to be for oval centers with pearls. The necklace has pearls set in threes. Amber and tourmaline are seen often with pearls.

better baked than boiled, and should be served with rich sauce which will need no flavoring, as the fruit itself supplies that. A cherry roll was a favorite winter dessert in Virginia households, the cherries having been dried in sugar and in their own juice on large platters put in the sun. I have vivid childish recollections of the warm, golden sunshine, the fragrant fruity smell, and the humming of bees attracted by the sweetness. Our cherry rolls were sometimes served after the royal fashion in Mother Goose.

Wash and stone the cherries, using only the perfect ones. Sprinkle thoroughly with white sugar while wet and put in a freezer. Cover the freezer and let it stand packed in salt and ice for two hours. This makes a charming dish for lunch on a warm day.

Postal Citations.

People are cautioned against posting circulars, on the cover of which there appears a request for the return of the envelope to the writer. A departmental order has been issued by the post-office authorities forbidding the practice for the future and requiring circulars so addressed to be sent to the Dead Letter office.

MEMOIRS OF DEQUINCY.

There are some slight but interesting notes on DeQuincy in a volume of memoirs by James Bertram, who was once an apprentice of the proprietor of the famous "Tait's Edinburgh Magazine."

THE EARLY RISING HABIT.

The praises of early rising have been sung from time immemorial; and mankind, in that indolent unquestioning spirit which is so ready and willing to accept almost any theory of dictum without troubling itself to ascertain if the encomiums bestowed upon it are merited, has taken it for granted that it is a cardinal virtue to leave one's bed at daybreak.

Now, it has been observed that the first impulse of a man, woman or child who is addicted to the early rising habit upon quitting his couch is to awaken and keep awake as many other people as possible.

In a word, be it among man or the lower animals, it is always the same. The early riser is a pestilential nuisance, and instead of being praised for his virtues, which he has not, he deserves the disapprobation and execration of all with consciences sufficiently tranquil to be able to sleep in the presence of the early riser.

The poet Bryant, while editor of the New York Evening Post, insisted that young poets should be sympathetically noticed in the book column of the paper.

Mr. Bryant looked through the book and said: "You might say that it is prettily bound and clearly printed."

"The editor of whom this story is told also had a soft side for young men who would write poetry."

"Give me your candid judgment on these lines," says the young man of literary aspirations. "Do they convey the idea of poetry at all?"

"Yes, sir," replied the editor, looking them over: "they do. There is something in every line that conveys the idea. Every line" continued the kind-hearted man, letting him down as gently as he could, "begins with a capital letter."

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A Good Move and a Fine Store JAMES S. MAY & SON, Tailors, Have removed from the Dominion Building to 68 PRINCE WM. STREET, store lately occupied by Estey & Co. Telephone No. 748.

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THE FARMER'S WIFE.

I can see her, a faded, haggard, sorrow worn, tired from the weary rising in the dark winter mornings, to the crawling from the unfinished pile of mending to the room upstairs, at night. Her husband is kind to her; but he has his own work; and her back aches, she is dizzy and faint and every day she grows a heavier load on her shoulders.

Ludwig I., Duke of Bavaria, was completely captivated by the irresistible charms of the lovely Countess Ludmilla von Fogen (the daughter of a Bohemian king), whose husband had been slain in war not long after their marriage.

"My lord, you assure me of your love and wish me to reciprocate it; if you will promise on your sacred word of honour, in the presence of these three knights, that you will take me to be your wife, I will not reject your suit."

"We have heard the declaration of the Prince," was the united response. Started at this unexpected development, the Duke soon quitted the castle, and did not return until Ludmilla had had time to drink it up, when he came to conduct her to the hymeneal altar.

At Monteverde, in France, Hannibal's war chest turned up full of Tarantula coins, still worth par after two thousand years of burial, the metal of which they are composed remaining uncorroded and the Punic devices stamped upon them retaining their primal legibility.

One of the legends of Seaport, Me., has for its hero a man named Harrison who was much bothered by bears that invaded his planted fields. Meeting a neighbor, one day, he applied to him for advice as to what could be done to keep them out.

Mr. De Broker—"Well, my son, how did the boys come out on your peasant speculation?" Small Son—"When we got through, I owed the other boy fifty cents."

I was cured of Bronchitis and Asthma by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Lot 6, P. E. I. Mrs. A. LIVINGSTONE.

I was cured of a severe attack of rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Mahone Bay. JOHN MADDER.

I was cured of a severely sprained leg by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Bridgewater. JOSEPH WYNACHT.

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TURKEYS, CHICKENS, GESE AND DUCKS. Annapolis Co., N. S. Beef. Kings Co., N. B., Lamb, Mutton and Veal.

DEAN'S SAUSAGES. Ham, Bacon, Clear Pork and Lard. Celery, Squash and all Vegetables.

THOS. DEAN, J.D. TURNER. Dealer in Oysters, Clams, Fish, Lamb, Tongues, German Sausages, and Fruit.

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QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

RETURNED TO "LOVING TOM."

"Do you know," said Mr. Man to his friend the other evening, "that the boys at the club have a merry and most distressing 'find' on me. I suppose it's one of the inevitable consequences of renouncing already."

"To make a short story a little longer, I sat down by the window to direct the envelope. I got to gazing out on the scenery close floating across the blue depths of the sky, and thinking about her, as a man does, you know. Well, I suppose I directed the letter wrong. It never reached her. Instead of that, a month later, came a nasty-looking official envelope addressed to 'Loving Tom'."

"Well, nobody at the club could fancy who 'Loving Tom' was, so the House Committee opened the envelope. The first thing they saw was 'Dearest Alice,' and the first sentence was absolute inanity. Then they recognized my writing and forbore to read further."

Something unique in the history of book criticism is Mark Twain's opening article in the "North American." It must be said that the quaint and homely language suits the subject which has aroused more or less indignation among Professor Dowden's readers.

"The ordinary forms of speech are absent from it. All the pages, all the paragraphs, walk by sedately, elegantly, not to say meekly, in their Sunday best, shiny and sleek, perfumed, and with boutonnières in their buttonholes; it is rare to find even a chance sentence that has forgotten to dress."

The Sydney, New South Wales, Bulletin is responsible for the following ambler story: Two years ago one of Macgregor's (Tasmania) whaling captains, having cut the blubber from a whale was about to start the rest of it adrift, when there came alongside two Hobart fishermen—"Portuguese Joe" and his mate, an African negro. The Portuguese begged to be given the carcass, so that they might tow it ashore and make what they could out of it.

This is the way in which Mr. Gladstone passes the greater part of his day. He will not be allowed to read or use his eyes for another month, and he has to sit all day with his eyes closed and with dark spectacles. Meanwhile he is read to by relays of friends who take each other's places and give Mr. Gladstone some remarkable varied samples of reading.

Reading to the Blind Gladstone. This is the way in which Mr. Gladstone passes the greater part of his day. He will not be allowed to read or use his eyes for another month, and he has to sit all day with his eyes closed and with dark spectacles.

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CABLING

"Remember, it is post, and then will call our furniture home to England, carry you."

So spoke Roger English language, one day before his short leave of absence. English relative he had been several years; and he also chance there might academy in England was soon to fall.

"Oh, how I have claimed impetuous ing her hands as sick of Japan. Basking in her place him at the thought of the 'It's more pro he replied. 'An lesson I've been 'stability' mean?"

"And what do 'Coromandel' 'Stay where you But don't let it Roger Bonall, frowned as much into Japan as the waves of European flooded the count, and now he But his wife must English posts were."

"It was rather a wife had never been a voyage half ro laughing matter. wife's spirits as they were actually, and it was time bride on the poor little Mrs. B. amid her sobbing 'Oh, Roger, d wire—just one wo in England, to— there safely. From He promised, b not every word nothing of address England to Japan would be rather b wife in her last re 'What shall I w 'I am I and so is Dick' 'and we hope to and—"

"Stop, stop. C mean all that, who He thought he h hysterically, and who had also been clinging around h being her. The steamer's bridge, ready quay. 'Problem' he 'that will be the wings.' And with and daughter to be 'I hope to good himself an hour late ber the word, and others."

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CABLING BY CODES.

"Remember, that if I telegraph the word 'stability' it means that I have got this post, and then what you have to do is to sell our furniture, pack up, and follow me home to England as quick as steamers will carry you."

So spoke Roger Boxall, Professor of English language and literature at the Japanese University of Nakamouri, to his wife one day before he started home on a short leave of absence. He wanted to see English relatives and friends, from whom he had been separated for more than ten years; and he also wished to discover what chance there might be of his obtaining a capital berth as vice-principal in a military academy in England, which he had heard was soon to fall vacant.

"Oh, how I hope you will get it!" exclaimed impetuous little Mrs. Boxall, clasping her hands excitedly. She was utterly sick of Japan. Besides, was not Mr. Boxall taking home her only boy, aged ten, to place him at a good English school. And the thought of the separation was horrible. "It's more probable I shall not get it," he replied. "Anyhow, say over again the lesson I've been teaching you. What does 'stability' mean?"

"Come—come at once." "And what does 'Coromandel' mean?" "Coromandel? Oh, let me think. 'Stay where you are; I am coming back.' But don't let it be 'Coromandel,' dear." Roger Boxall, a calm, masterful person, frowned at such trifling. He had floated into Japan on the crest of the great tidal wave of European enlightenment that had flooded the country some thirteen years before, and now he wanted to float out again. But his wife must not suppose that good English posts were to be had for the asking.

That same evening he gave her a final lesson in the telegraphic signals on which they had to depend. He preferred to make her learn the words by heart rather than trust to writing them down on paper. Knowing his wife's flightiness, he felt that it was extremely probable that she would lose any piece of paper—especially one that she was bound to take particular care of—before he had been gone a fortnight. Whereas if he engraved the signals on her brain she could not avoid remembering them.

It was rather a sad parting; husband and wife had never been sundered before, and a voyage half round the globe was no laughing matter. But Roger kept up his wife's spirits as well as he could, until they were actually on the landing quay, and it was time for him to cross the bridge on to the steamer's deck. Then poor little Mrs. Boxall broke down, and amid her sobbing whispered:

"Oh, Roger, dear, you must send me a wire—just one word—directly you arrive in England, to say you've really got there safely. Promise—promise me this." He promised; he felt it was weak—did not every word cost nearly a pound, to say nothing of addresses, in telegraphing from England to Japan? but he felt that it would be rather brutal not to humor his wife in her last request.

"What shall I write?" he asked. "Say, 'I am safe and—quite well, and so is Dick' (Dick was the boy), and 'and we hope to be in London very soon, and—'"

"Stop, stop. One word will have to mean all that, what is it to be?" He thought hard; and thinking was difficult just then, with his wife sobbing hysterically, and their little daughter, who had also been brought to see him off, clinging around her mother's neck to comfort her.

The steamer's warning bell sounded briskly. Men were already laying hold of the bridge, ready to drag it back on the quay. "Problem!" he exclaimed triumphantly; "that will be the word. Good-bye, darlings." And with a last embrace for wife and daughter he tore himself away.

"I hope to goodness," he was saying to himself an hour later, "that she will remember the word, and not confuse it with the others."

There was no need for anxiety on this point, for she recollecting it perfectly. So when a month and a half later, she received a telegram which contained the single word "Problem," she knew quite well that the husband and boy had arrived safely, and rejoiced accordingly.

Unfortunately the strain of recollection connected with the last telegram weakened the effect of the lesson which Mr. Boxall had so industriously imparted the day before he set out. It was a week or so afterwards when there was presented to her another telegraphic form, whereon was inscribed "Coromandel"—that and nothing more. A sudden tremor seized her lest the meaning of the shibboleth might have deserted her brain. But only for a moment. Then she felt almost—yes, quite certain of what "Coromandel" signified.

Still, just to confirm her own view and make assurance doubly sure she went off to consult a lady friend—wife of an English missionary resident at Nakamouri. "Oh, it's as clear as daylight," concluded this quick-witted matronly woman after half a minute of thought; "you are quite right. 'Coromandel' must mean 'Come,' and 'Stability' means 'Stay'—don't the initials prove it?"

"Your husband of course chose those words for that very reason." Mrs. Boxall had not noticed the initials before. Now she felt quite convinced, and began the work of packing and arranging for the sale of the furniture with the lightest of heart. It so happened that the missionary's wife was also going to England on private and domestic business, but not for two months' time; and as Mr. Boxall's little girl was finishing a course of lessons which her father had particularly insisted on her not missing, it was decided that she should stay in Japan for those two months and then come home to England with her mother's friends, who had kindly volunteered to look after her. Mrs. Boxall herself had already written to her husband, telling him of what she was doing, and when he might expect her; and so, within three weeks of receiving the fatal "Coromandel" message, she had embarked and was on her way to England, filled with delightful anticipations.

Somewhere on the Indian Ocean her steamer, homeward bound, must have crossed that bearing her husband back to Japan.

Just before he left London, on his last visit to his mother-in-law in Kensington, she said to him with an anxious sigh—

habitually looked at the gloomiest side of things, owing to an absurdly weak heart: "Mind and send Jane home soon for a change; I feel sure she needs it." Jane being Mrs. Boxall.

"Ah," she replied, willing to give Jane's mother the comfort of feeling that there was at all events a remote chance of welcoming her daughter again ere long, "I daresay that you will see her here sooner than you expect."

And she did arrive sooner than anybody expected. She had half-hoped that her husband would meet her at Paris. She had left the steamer in the Mediterranean in order to get the quicker to London, and when he failed to do so, she felt certain that at any rate he would be at Charing Cross, as she had telegraphed to him from Dover. But at Charing Cross there was no Mr. Boxall. Not a soul that she knew. And her fellow-travellers from the East were all being greeted on the platform by hosts of demonstrative relatives and friends, which made her feel still more desolate. What could be the explanation? In a fever and a four-wheeler she drove straight to Kensington, leaving her luggage at the station, and suddenly appeared in her mother's drawing-room, nearly precipitating one of that elderly lady's recurrent heart seizures.

"Where is Roger?" she burst out as once, without waiting to sit down or even offering a daughterly salute.

"After a few gasps of mingled astonishment, pleasure and dismay, Mr. Boxall's mother-in-law was able to explain that he had left for Japan precisely a month before."

"Coromandel!" screamed her daughter, and went off into hysterics. It was ten minutes before she even partially recovered. "I sent him a letter!" she at length was able to articulate. "It told him I was coming!"

"I know you did, my dear," replied the old lady. "I noticed your handwriting. It came some time after he had set off. I was quite sorry you had wasted the stamp. And of course I sent it back to you—the outlandish Japanese place you live in."

A little later, and Mrs. Boxall's mother was gloomily explaining to her daughter that in her opinion it was all a plot on Roger's part to decoy her home for some reason of his own, a theory which his wife indignantly repudiated.

"It's all very well your saying he didn't intend it, but why did he tell me just before he left, 'you may see her home sooner than you expect?' Those were his very words."

Mrs. Boxall was a little staggered. "Oh," she said after a minute's thought, "he did expect no doubt that we should both be in England before long, because he is tired of his work out there and means coming home soon anyhow. It is all my fault. I see it now. 'Coromandel' meant 'Stay where you are,' without a doubt."

"Coromandel!" repeated the old lady, mystified. "You have used that expression before, my dear. It is Japanese for something?"

"Yes, it is Japanese for making an idiot of one's self," Mrs. Boxall replied. "And 'Stability' meant 'Come at once!' What a horrible chapter of blunders!"

"Stability!" echoed her mother. "My dear, have a glass of your sherry. You must be wandering a little."

"I have wandered a great deal," groaned the daughter; "do you mean to say there is no letter—nothing for me?"

"Yes, yes, my dear. I was forgetting. A telegram came for you two days ago, and I opened it. I could not understand what it meant, or why it had been sent here."

She produced from her desk the despatch, which bore on it the mystic words "Belshazzar. Dixon's Code." It had come all the way from Japan.

In about an hour's time Mrs. Boxall had leaped out of a cab at Dixon's City Office, and demanded to see the Code.

"Belshazzar" meant—"I cannot understand your conduct. Wire explanation at once."

Mrs. Boxall accordingly purchased a rather expensive Code-book, sold at the office, and went back to her mother's with it. When there she hunted up the phrase which most nearly conveyed the meaning—"All a mistake. Expect me to return by next steamer. I will write full particulars."

And when she had sent it off she found that it had cost her nearly three guineas. What would her husband say to her when next she saw him? Then he had not noticed the coveted appointment after all!

And she had simply wasted the cost of her journey to Europe, and besides, had sold all the furniture of their Japanese home! She hardly dared to think of what she had done, and to drown thought, as well as from other and more motherly motives, she spent the afternoon in a hurried visit to her boy at the boarding-school where his father had just left him.

Some five or six days after she had really left Kensington on her melancholy return journey to the hateful East, another telegraphic message arrived at her mother's house. It was from Mr. Boxall to Mrs. Boxall, and contained the one word "Bucephalus." How Mrs. Boxall's heart fluttered at this new engine! If she were fated to be disturbed by constant telegrams from the antipodes, then she preferred to know what the messages were about. Her daughter, she meditated, must have got to Marseilles and beyond it by this time—she was going out by a cheap French line—so obviously, the best course seems to be to forward the telegram to Suez, there to await the arrival of the steamer. And in this way "Bucephalus" was sent prancing back along the wires.

Unfortunately, when Mrs. Boxall received him at Suez she could not fit him with any harness. In other words she had left Dixon's Code-book behind her in London, and there was no copy on board, neither had she time to land and try to obtain sight of one. She was compelled to voyage onward to Japan with the mystery unsolved.

Arrived at Nakamouri, it was delightful to behold on the quay a great friend of her husband's, another English professor at the University, a Mr. Wildman. Beyond a doubt he had been sent by her husband to welcome her on landing! In a few brief moments she would see Rogers himself again! She sprang lightly across the bridge, leaped on to the quay, and the next moment was shaking hands briskly with the professor, who looked both pleased and unfeignedly astonished to see her.

"How good of you to meet me! My husband—is he busy? Why has he not come?" A sudden unhappy thought had

occurred to her—her husband might be ill. Mr. Wildman saw the tears in her eyes, and began to be seriously disturbed at the situation.

"Your husband! My dear Mrs. Boxall, what do you mean? Is it possible you do not know 'you have not heard'?"

"Not dead?" she exclaimed hysterically. "Oh dear no! Nothing of the sort. He is quite well, I believe. At least he was when you started."

"Started!" she half screamed, "started! Where to?"

"Oh, really, my dear Mrs. Boxall, you must be calm. There must be some stupid mistake. It—"

"Where to—where to?" she screamed in his ear, so loudly that he began to wish that he had been anywhere else than on Nakamouri Landing Quay at that precise moment. In sheer desperation he blurted out:

"To England. He sent a telegram."

But poor Mrs. Boxall, exclaiming "Bucephalus!" had fainted on his arm.

An hour later she was sitting in the Quay Superintendent's little gimcrack bonnet-box that served as a house, sipping cold brandy and water, somewhat more composed. Mr. Wildman was at her side. He thought he might now complete his sentence.

"He sent a telegram to you in London. Did you not get it?"

"He sent me two. One was forwarded to Suez."

"The last one told you he was coming home again."

"Ah, 'Bucephalus!' I see it all now. 'Home again with your little girl.'"

"But why? He has not got that appointment. Then what induced him to leave?"

"He was tired of life here, I think. Then he was rather—shocked to find that you were not here yourself, and that he had—no home, and—er—in fact, no furniture. He felt sure he should get something to do in England. Of course he expected to find you there."

"It is too dreadful!" she sobbed. "And my girl—was she well?"

"Oh, quite; except her eyesight. It has gone a little wrong; and Boxall wanted to get the best London advice. That was another thing that took him home."

It was another blow to little Mrs. Boxall, too. She went to stow with the missionary's wife, who comforted her by telling her that all she had to do was to write a good long letter to her husband saying what she had done, and why, and telling him that she proposed returning at once to join him.

"And I should go back the other way—across America," advised her friend. "Then you will be able to say you have been right around the world."

"But I don't care about going around the world," she answered: "I wish there were no world to go around. I wish I could go straight through the middle and get to London in a week. Here am I in Japan and my family in England? I don't believe that I shall ever see them again."

"Oh, nonsense! You must try and see the humorous side of it. It's like a game of hide-and-seek all over the globe. Or that game of 'Post' we used to play in the nursery. When 'General Post' was called out, everybody changed places with everybody else. One corner of the room was Constantinople, and another was Calcutta, and you rubbed across."

"I wish it were only a room between us," sighed Mrs. Boxall.

She took her friend's advice, however, and wrote to her husband, explaining everything. She told him exactly by what steamer, on what day she would leave, and added—"Before you receive this, I hope to be well on my way home, for the last time. I am telegraphing to say I am coming."

She did telegraph, one word only, got from Dixon's Code, which she knew her husband would see. And leaving word with her friend that in case any telegram from England arrived for her, it was to be sent on to meet her at Aden, she started in not such a bad spirit on what she trusted would be her final tour across the Indian Ocean.

Mr. Boxall's state of mind, meanwhile, was not enviable. He had fully expected that his "Bucephalus" telegram would have kept his wife in England, and his disgust at finding her flown back to Japan may be imagined.

However, it was fortunate that he had arrived just then, because only two days after landing he heard of an excellent position as headmaster of a small but venerable grammar school in the north of England. In a week more he had sent in his resignation, and soon after heard that he had been appointed. He at once telegraphed out to his wife in Japan. The missionary's wife did as she had promised and—Mrs. Boxall having left a fortnight before—forwarded the despatch to Aden, to await the steamer homeward bound.

Now on that steamer Mrs. Boxall was enjoying herself mightily, and she had expected to do, owing to the presence on board of a delightful Australian judge and his wife, who were on their way to England and who proved most kind and sympathetic. The judge said that he had never heard of such an extraordinary game of cross purposes; his wife said that Mrs. Boxall must sit next to them at every meal, and consult them about everything, and not mope.

At Aden the telegram was duly handed to her. It had two words this time—"Eccentricity, Bohemia." The mere sight of the document filled her soul with trepidation, and she rushed off for advice to her good friends the Australian couple, who were fanning themselves vigorously under the awning, seated on deck chairs.

"Don't distress yourself at all," said the judge. "I'll see what the words mean for you. I have a Code-book in my portmanteau." And he marched off at once to unearth it. In a few minutes he came back.

"This is what it means," said the judge: "I'm afraid it's not exactly what you want: 'I am coming. Wait till I arrive.' I've copied it out of the book, so there can be no mistake."

"Coming where? Arrive where?" asked Mrs. Boxall, breathlessly.

"Well—um," stammered the judge. "It looks as if it must mean that your husband is coming out to where you were, that is Japan. I'm afraid it must mean that. Clara, catch her!"

But his wife was too late, for Mrs. Boxall had already subsided on the deck. If anything could have lessened the effect of this new shock, it would have been the sympathy lavished on her, first by the judge and his wife, and then by nearly everybody on board who heard the story.

"You must return instantly to Japan," said the judge. "It's the only course open to you. Your husband is going there and you'll probably arrive about the same time. It's lucky you haven't got further than Aden."

"But if he's going out, why should I not wait here for him?" pleaded poor distraught Mrs. Boxall.

"He may be going out the other way—through America."

Finally she decided to do as the judge advised. But first of all she wrote her mother a long letter, in which she declared she was certain that she would never see her husband again. The judge's wife had promised to visit Kensington and call upon that lady directly she arrived in London. With an inexpressibly heavy heart Mrs. Boxall left the steamer, stayed two days at a basking hotel at Aden, and then caught a P. and O. steamer to Hong-Kong, whence she could get a passage to Japan.

Behold her, therefore, about a month later, by an almost inconceivable series of misunderstandings, arrived once more at the port of Nakamouri—which she had twice already abandoned, as she thought for good.

No kindly professor loomed on the quay. The rain descended in sheets. She drove to the missionary's house only to find that his wife had left for Europe. She needed the face of a friend, and she drove on at once to Professor Wildman's abode, and asked to see him, though he was a bachelor. "Nonsense!" moves no proprieties.

Astonishment and consternation are poor words to express the feelings with which the professor beheld Mrs. Boxall once again.

"But—but," he said, without waiting to shake hands, "did you not get the telegram that was sent on to Aden? Mrs. Carter, old Carter's wife, you know, distinctly told me that she had forwarded it."

"Yes—and it meant that my husband was coming out to Japan."

"No—it meant that you were to join him in England."

"Oh—Bohemia!" was all that Mrs. Boxall could ejaculate before fainting dead away. Mr. Wildman's inexpressible disgust.

The first words she uttered when she came to were:

"But the judge looked it up in the Code himself."

"What judge?" asked Mr. Wildman. "Whoever he was he made a complete mistake."

An awful idea flashed upon her brain. Could the judge and his wife have been deceiving her?

The professor had recovered from his first astonishment; the reaction had set in, and he had now relapsed into gloom.

"I've heard from your husband—a letter—his lucky fellow. He has a first-rate English berth now. Wish I had."

This was the first that Mrs. Boxall had heard of the appointment, and she was too utterly depressed to care to ask what it was. She drove off to an hotel, and decided on the very best course she could possibly have adopted. She would not stir from where she was until she had a letter from her husband, giving her full directions what to do and where to go. She would trust to enigmatic telegrams no longer.

The professor when he heard of this resolution strongly approved.

"It's like a man losing a dog in the street," he remarked. "The best way to find it is not to go hunting for it, but to stay where he is. Sooner or later the dog comes back. And sooner or later you will have a letter from Boxall."

It was later rather than sooner, but it came at length, in response to one sent home by his distracted wife. When it came it cheered her wonderfully. She expected to be filled with reproaches for all the money she had spent. On the contrary it expressed greatest sorrow for her misfortunes; what blame there was he reserved for himself.

"Those friends you made on the ship," he wrote, "the Australian judge and his wife, they had seen and explained the whole thing. The words I telegraphed to you, 'Eccentricity, Bohemia,' mean in Dixon's Code 'I have got appointment; come at once.' Unfortunately the judge used Tweedie's Code instead, and forgot there was any other in existence; and if so happened in Tweedie's Code the same words mean 'I am coming; wait till I arrive.' That was how you were sent back from Aden to Japan, when I was expecting you every day in England. I must say that the judge was deeply out about his mistake. He says he shall never forgive himself, and insists that he must pay all the extra expenses you have been put to. He is a brick, and is sending his two boys to my school. Even your mother calls him a most polite man, outwardly adding, 'too polite to be quite genuine, I fear.' The heart has been rather troublesome of late. I long to show you my school; such a delightful house, in a picturesque moorland country."

Then he went to say that Mrs. Boxall might make herself quite easy about her boy and girl, who were perfectly well. He himself was not obliged to take up his appointment for four months longer. So he proposed, as some consolation after all their troubles, that they should meet her way, and enjoy a pleasant trip home together. She must do exactly as he told her, and then they would be sure to meet. He would start from Liverpool in a month's time from the despatch of his letter for Aden, and she must leave Japan for the same place as soon as she received it. He added, "Aden will be so new to both of us."

"Oh, I shall see him again!" she exclaimed, with happy tears in her eyes. "But his writing has not improved; and I did not know any steamer for the Mediterranean started from Liverpool; but he is sure to judge both. And that Aden being so new to us is evidently a joke. The hateful one! I know it by heart."

It was well that she had this transient gleam of happiness; that all the way back to Aden her heart was full of bliseful expectations. Because—just as it now becomes necessary to shift the scene to another steamer, ploughing the Atlantic waters between England and America, at a date three months after Mrs. Boxall's farewell to Japan.

Nobody who has followed that lady's strange adventure so far, will be surprised to hear that Mrs. Boxall was a passenger on the Atlantic steamship! It had come about thus. For three weary weeks she had waited for her husband at Aden. But he came not. In desperation she at length hurried on to England, again starting her mother almost into her grave by her sud-

den and violent appearance in the Kensington drawing room.

Then it had all come out. Mr. Boxall wrote what is called a "running hand." And what his wife had read as instructions to meet him at Aden was in reality a pressing invitation to her to share a homeward journey from Ogdun, U. S. A., the alternative route to England for visitors from Japan.

"He said it was so near Salt Lake City, you know," explained her mother. "And he wanted to go and see the Mormons."

"The Mormons!" exclaimed his wife. "Yes, my dear. It's very suspicious," replied her mother, whose heart did not admit of too favorable an estimate of anyone.

The only satisfaction that Mrs. Boxall did receive at Kensington, was in hearing from her mother something else that had been said by Mr. Boxall just before he started.

"If by chance I don't meet her at Ogdun, I shall simply stay there till she comes," he had announced.

"Very well, then," she thought. "My obvious duty is to go out to him there and bring him home. After all, it is only about half the distance to Japan. Only a quarter round the world this time," she said to herself with a deep sigh. And that was how she came to be on that Transatlantic steamer's deck in that month of October.

She longed for the ship to fly through the waves. If it deserved its name of greyhound, why did it mind head winds, which prevailed to an exasperating extent? To add to her legitimate grievances, when within one day's steam of New York a terrific gale was encountered.

It lasted the whole of one day, and blew itself out by nightfall. Then they followed two of the worst accompaniments of a sea voyage—a heavy swell and a thick fog.

The engines were reduced to half speed. Mrs. Boxall had only just gone to her cabin, late at night, when she was flung to the ground by what seemed an invisible hand stretched out to assail her.

A terrible crashing, rattling noise was heard; then the rushing about of hasty footsteps on the deck above her, with shouting. She raced on deck amid screaming lady passengers, to find that the boats were being lowered! The mist was lifting, and the black hull of another vessel could be seen close at hand, with its row of port-hole lights.

There has been a collision in mid-sea between two mighty liners, neither of which lived and floated for more than an hour after the shock. Fortunately there was no crowd of passengers, and before long every soul on the steamer that carried Mrs. Boxall had been got without accident into the boat.

On the other steamer all was hurry, for she was setting down fast. No more than four boat loads had been safely launched, when she gave a plunge forward, then reeled sideways, and with light still burning and funnels still smoking, disappeared hissing beneath the waves.

An awful momentary silence followed. Then shouts and screams were heard from the water on all sides. The boats already afloat rescued many a drowning sailor and passenger from death. That which carried Mrs. Boxall and her fortunes had already a dangerously large number on board, when a poor wretch was seen close by clinging to a spar, almost exhausted. The sailors looked at each other and shook their heads.

"Oh, save him!" cried poor little Mrs. Boxall, wringing her hands.

"It must be the last, then!" said the mate, and pulled the man in over the gunwale. Mrs. Boxall caught one glimpse of his face, screamed, then swooned helplessly away.

It was her husband! Stronghold, half unconscious, numbed, and dripping—but still Mr. Boxall. He would not have been there had he not repented of his resolution to stay at Ogdun for an indefinite time, and decided on hurrying home to England instead.

And to this day Mrs. Boxall can hardly be brought to look upon that collision as a disaster, although several persons perished in it, and it was a whole day before the boats were picked up; for without it, she solemnly believes that she would never have beheld her husband's countenance again.

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It lasted the whole of one day, and blew itself out by nightfall. Then they followed two of the worst accompaniments of a sea voyage—a heavy swell and a thick fog.

The engines were reduced to half speed. Mrs. Boxall had only just gone to her cabin, late at night, when she was flung to the ground by what seemed an invisible hand stretched out to assail her.

A terrible crashing, rattling noise was heard; then the rushing about of hasty footsteps on the deck above her, with shouting. She raced on deck amid screaming lady passengers, to find that the boats were being lowered! The mist was lifting, and the black hull of another vessel could be seen close at hand, with its row of port-hole lights.

There has been a collision in mid-sea between two mighty liners, neither of which lived and floated for more than an hour after the shock. Fortunately there was no crowd of passengers, and before long every soul on the steamer that carried Mrs. Boxall had been got without accident into the boat.

On the other steamer all was hurry, for she was setting down fast. No more than four boat loads had been safely launched, when she gave a plunge forward, then reeled sideways, and with light still burning and funnels still smoking, disappeared hissing beneath the waves.

An awful momentary silence followed. Then shouts and screams were heard from the water on all sides. The boats already afloat rescued many a drowning sailor and passenger from death. That which carried Mrs. Boxall and her fortunes had already a dangerously large number on board, when a poor wretch was seen close by clinging to a spar, almost exhausted. The sailors looked at each other and shook their heads.

CONSUMPTION.

Nothing pleases Baby better than NESTLE'S FOOD.

It is Wholesome,

