

PROGRESS.

VOL. XIII., NO. 674

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY JULY 27, 1901.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE COMING VISITORS.

St John Will Extend a Hearty Welcome to the Duke of York and Lord Minto.

There is no doubt but that the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall will receive the right kind of welcome on their coming visit to this city. The citizens who are taking an interest in preparing a programme for their reception, have gone about the matter in a thoroughly business manner and as St. John has the very best of records in knowing how to entertain distinguished visitors, it will do its part well during the coming visit. It is almost an assured fact that no address will be presented. It is hoped that such will be the case. People can show their welcome in a far better way than writing it out on paper. It is a pity that the same programme in this respect will not be carried out on Monday when Lord Minto comes.

Ald. White is quite right in his opinion that a levee should be held for the Duke and Duchess. At the same time the council and citizens should make a strong endeavor to have a display of fireworks or something of the kind for their very many people who are unable to attend the latter who would be unwilling to be present at a levee. The government seems quite prepared to do their part in the coming festivities and the interest they have shown thus far may be taken as a guarantee that everything will be well carried out.

Lord and Lady Minto come on Monday. Their reception will not be on such an elaborate scale, but their visit will be none the less welcome. As the representatives of King Edward, the people will receive them with all honor. Lord Minto has shown himself to be one who takes a great interest in Canada and its advancement, and his wife, since her stay in this country has endeared herself to the people. Progress has not been favored with a copy of the address that the Council has felt called upon to present, but it is safe to predict that it will cover many pages, repeating the same old words only perhaps dressed up in another form. It is something that nobody takes much interest in and something that everybody including the governor general himself would be pleased to see omitted.

How much more suitable and pleasant it would be instead of an address, for the governor, simply to meet their Excellencies and say: Lord and Lady Minto, on behalf of the Province of New Brunswick, I heartily bid you welcome and trust you may enjoy your sojourn with us." Such an act would be more pleasing and say as much as all the ponderous addresses. But no, some darkness still surrounds the land and some think that it old customs are omitted, it is a blow at the British Empire. There's lot to be read and learned yet and red Tape and formality still has a large space in the civilized world.

PROGRESS joins with its numerous readers in extending to their Excellencies a welcome to St John and the Province of New Brunswick. All will have but the one feeling. The distinguished visitors will feel that they are enjoying themselves and the citizens will feel that they are enjoying having them here.

A HALIFAX MAN.

Writes interestingly of a Visit to England's Capital.

Dr. C. F. Fraser, Superintendent of the School for the Blind, Halifax, who is now travelling in England, writes interestingly of his sojourn in London. Dr Fraser is very much struck with the activity and bustle of the metropolis. Among many remarks he says:

"If there is one thing more than another that impresses one in London, it is the enormous traffic which is to be seen on all the great thoroughfares, and withal, the wonderful order which prevails throughout. Imagine all the street traffic of Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, St. John and Halifax crowded into an area no greater than that of the city of Halifax. Imagine this traffic increased five fold, and you will gather some idea of the travel in London, and for a radius of five miles from the Mansion House, which is in the

centre of the city, proper. Another striking feature in London proper, is the few pedestrians one meets on the sidewalks of the main thoroughfares, as compared with the streets of Boston or New York. Almost everyone in London is being carried to his or her destination on wheels. It may be in a hansom, in a four-wheeler, or perched on the roof of a crowded omnibus.

The highways of London are policed in a marvellous manner, and so perfectly is the traffic systematized that the raising of a policeman's hand is sufficient in a second's time to stem the mighty current of travel and make it perfectly safe for ladies and children to cross the street under the very noses of the magnificent horses.

The writer goes on to speak of the sights to be seen in new and old London. The latter are most interesting in the way of hotels, shops and shop signs. Many of the signs are unique and the enterprise of some of them provoke a smile. Over the door of a well known restaurant appears the following:—

American soda water and British bakeries.

This is "John Bull's" way of intimating British solidarity and American efforts. The great Macedonian would roll his eye in astonishment, were he to read over a tail or shop the sign—Alexander, the Great-Tailor, and Ursula would view with interest the sign of another enterprising tailor which reads:—John Halifax, gentleman's tailor.

It would be an easy matter to write fully says Dr. Fraser upon the sights and sounds of London, of the great clock of St. Paul's, of the Westminster chimes, of the street cries of the vendors of small wares and upon the unintelligible announcements of the omnibus conductors, spoken in a language which appears quite foreign to a blue nose.

Alerts Victorious.

The Alerts played a good ball in Halifax and consequently gave the Standards a beating in both games. According to all accounts the first contest was of a rather exciting nature. Mr. Fitzgerald as umpire did not please the visitors and Mr. Britt and others became quite pugilistic. Some of the decisions were quite rank but in spite of all the alerts managed to come out far ahead. It is not the first time that a St. John team has been called upon to play both their opponents and umpire combined, but a team like the Alerts when they play ball generally manage to be equal to the occasion. It is to be regretted that these things happen. They make much bad feeling and should be avoidable. The Alerts are putting up gilt edge ball now. And it is hoped they will keep it up.

A Novel Honeymoon.

A young man and woman both very intoxicated caused considerable excitement on Waterloo street at an early hour on Wednesday evening. The young woman was scarcely able to stand. The man seemed to have enough sense left to understand the commotion they were making as he made desperate efforts to keep his companion upon her feet. Many were the surmises made by the witnesses of this sad sight as to the identity of the couple, but those who are supposed to know, say that the young man and woman are residents of a not far distant country town and were in the city celebrating their honeymoon. The appearance of the bride it such she was, helped out this theory as she was attired in a strikingly light costume, with an abundance of white trimming and wore a hat with a plentitude of roses and the sweeping white veil so dear to the heart of the rustic maiden. The spectacle was indeed most pathetic and we are happy to add most unusual.

Educational Association.

The Dominion Educational Association will hold its triennial session at Ottawa on August 14th, 15th and 19th. Among the eminent educationalists who are to participate in the programme are Prof

Britain, of the Fredericton Normal School who will speak upon Educational Problems in New Brunswick, Solved and Unsolved; Principal Mullin of the Normal School, who speaks upon the Normal School—Some of its functions; and Dr. H. S. Bridges, of St. John, who will discuss the subject, Attention—How can it be secured in the School Room. Inspector H. V. Bridges, of Fredericton will preside over the Inspection and Training section, and will deliver an address.

Common Sense.

Mr T J McPherson, delivered himself of some sound common sense at the big grocers meeting held on Thursday evening. Mr McPherson said: "The Clergy are complaining that the pews are not filled on Sunday mornings. If the hours were shortened it would be the means of bringing a large number to church where they would be glad to be. He favored the agitation of workmen being paid earlier in the week and thought it would be a step towards temperance as a number of the working men are more inclined to carouse on Saturday knowing that they had Sunday as a day free from work. He felt positive that the grocers' success was assured.

A Road's Troubles.

The Shore Line has been having its usual dose of troubles this season. Its record for one week is as follows—On Saturday last the West Musquash bridge was burned and on Sunday morning a special train was ditched. The public is informed, however, that everything has been repaired and trains are again running on schedule time. Nothing has been heard of Mr. Sage's visit since, perhaps he is to arrive on schedule time.

Feels Like Many Others.

The friends of Mr. John Haviland have heard from him since his return to Boston and he can hardly find words to express the pleasure that he had while on his trip here, of course barring the regrettable death of his sister. Mr. Haviland thinks that St. John is about the same as it used to be and "tell it out in gath." It is whispered that he wishes he was back again.

Fever Growing.

Everybody is getting the baseball fever. The newspaper men think they know something about the game and now the hotel clerks have joined the growing multitude. If this keeps up everybody will be playing ball by the time fall comes. The Alerts will have to look to their laurels. No telling what may transpire before a great while.

PROGRESS

CONTENTS

TODAY.

- PAGE 1.—This page speaks for itself. Read it.
- PAGE 2.—Good stories by some clever writers—Brief articles worth reading.
- PAGE 3.—In the Theatrical and Musical world—Stage favorites and their doings the past week.
- PAGE 4.—Editorial, poetry, a brief summary of news gathered from all quarters of the world.
- PAGES 5, 6, 7, and 8.—Society correspondents tell of the whereabouts of many people.
- PAGE 9.—The man she would marry—A story young ladies will delight in reading.
- PAGE 10.—Brother, or Lover—Conclusion of PROGRESS serial story.
- PAGE 11.—Fashions—Dresses that are the rage the present season.
- PAGE 12.—Man's Wrongs—A woman describes them at length—Births, deaths and marriages.

Exhibition.

Fredericton's exhibition is going ahead at a lively rate. The frame work of the new building is up and it is said that the edifice when completed will be a good one. The gentlemen who have the exhibition in charge are enthusiastic over their work and say they will have a show worthy of the name of an exhibition.

BRIGHT LOCAL TOPICS.

An Enjoyable River Trip—Interest in the City Market—If the Duke Should Visit the Park.

At the invitation of councillor Gilliland a considerable number of friends boarded the Steamer Flushing on Thursday afternoon for a trip up the river. Mr. Gilliland is not only a councillor but he is a contractor and this year he has been repairing and bettering the wharves along the St. John under the instruction of the chief engineer of the department. A great deal of the work being about completed he asked a number of those associated with him as his guests on the Flushing Thursday. The day was fine, the company pleasant and those who attended the function agree that nothing could have been pleasanter or more timely than the trip afforded them by the gentleman who represents Rothesay parish in the municipality of Kings. It is not necessary to state who were there. The daily papers have said that, but there was one gentleman on the boat who was a host as well as a guest. The reference is made to Mr. Secretary Vincent, who could not see the party go by his own door without inviting them to partake of his hospitality. Mr. Vincent has an ideal country place and as it would appear enjoys summer life to the utmost on his domain.

Several of the wharves were inspected and passed (it might be said) before the Flushing had arrived at Jones' Creek. The trip from there to the Cedars was a very short one but Mr. and Mrs. Ganong were awaiting the guests. The Cedars as usual is in splendid form, the menu was excellent and the whole appearance of the place indicated that one who chose to spend a day or a week or a month there could not only find the best of accommodations but the best of resorts. Contractor Gilliland has built a new wharf just opposite the house and it may be said very truly to be not only a credit to himself as a workman and a contractor but also a credit to the members of the county whose influence placed it there. The wharf is not what might be called a large one but it is large enough for the necessities of the people and that is all that is required. Everybody who attended the excursion aged that the councillor for Rothesay had done not only a good job but one that reflected credit upon the county that he belongs to and the parish he represents.

CLERK OF THE MARKET.

Considerable Talk Over the Position and Much Interest Manifested.

There is much interest being manifested in the market over the position of clerk. Mr. McGonagie who has filled the office for some years is in very poor health and it is said that he will be unable to any longer attend to his duties. In fact for the past few months, Mr. Potts the collector of market tolls has been attending to Mr. McGonagie's job and though the latter has done his work diligently and faithfully, the feeling is general in the market that since it is almost assured that the present clerk will no longer be able to act a new clerk should be appointed. Several gentlemen's names are mentioned in connection with the position, none of whom it is said would be unwilling to undertake the duties. Among those most prominently named for the job are Thos. Seeds, J. N. Wetmore, Harry McFarlane, R. J. Cotter and W. C. Dunham.

The appointment lies with the council and there is little doubt but that this body will soon take action. Anyone of the above named would make a good official and the friends of each are strongly advocating their friends, claims. The salary is \$650 per annum. The duties if properly performed, are by no means light, and they involve the clerk's attendance at the market from 6 a m to 6 p m daily, with the exception of Saturday and Sunday; the Saturday hours are more lengthy, being from 6 a m, to 11 p m. Sunday, of course there is no attendance. Not a few inside as well as many persons about town will watch with interest the course of events.

Rules at the Park.

Ex-Mayor Sears expressed the hope the other day, at the meeting called to prepare

the programme for the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall's visit, that if any function is held at the Park that the directors resign for the time being and hand their property over to the city so that the antiquated rules preventing people from buying beer and soda water and using boats could be done away with. This hope is more than that of Mr. Sears. St. John doesn't want to give their Highnesses a chance to smile at us, but one can imagine the broad grin that would pass over the Duke's countenance if he should ask for a glass of soda and be told that it was against the Park's rules to get it there. It would be a joke too good for royal blood. He would indeed think he had struck an enlightened town, a little in advance of even great London. Then if his Highness were to stay in the city over Sunday, he would be able to add to his little joke if he attempted to get a drink from one of the drug stores on the Sabbath. He would not come to the conclusion that people do not drink, he would see too many saloons for that, but he might come to the conclusion why so many people patronize the saloons.

THOSE DOG LICENSES.

A Little More Than a Third Have Paid Up—Summonses are Many.

The six hundred a fifty dog licenses do not seem to have been issued with the promptness that the chamberlain likes so far as those who own canines are concerned and Mr. McDonald who holds down a very important desk in the police building was busy Saturday afternoon issuing summonses for those who had failed to put up the necessary deposit as a permit to keep such an animal about the place. One of those who happened to see the summonses of those served found his name very prominent and learning that if he was served with a summons it would cost him 50 cents he took out a license at once for the curly animal who managed to keep him awake at night. That same evening a policeman accosted him and served him with a summons to appear in the police court before Judge Ritchie, and show why he would have a dog and not take one's license. Perhaps the satisfaction of showing the officer the license was really worth more than 50 cents but at any rate one document was an answer to the other.

Considering that 750 licenses have been taken out and there are six hundred and some odd summonses issued for those who have not licenses and taking into consideration the fact that a few dogs are lost when the policemen make their rounds it might fairly be gathered that St. John has in the vicinity of two thousand dogs as part of its city equipment.

Cool Reception.

Lord and Lady Minto received a cool reception at Louisburg. His Excellency had accepted the invitation of the rector of the place to be his guest, and the town got mad. Nobody cheered the distinguished party, but the latter are reported to have had a good time. Of course no slight was meant but the people could not see it that way. Lord Minto will probably survive the shock and the town will hardly receive much sympathy from outsiders. Perhaps the next governor-general will give Louisburg the cold shoulder. The mayor and citizens had a right to do as they pleased, but their action seemed a little on the small side.

Band Concert.

The City Cornet band gives a concert this afternoon at the new pavilion on Prospect Point. Ample conveyances will be provided. The spot is a very pretty one and the view grand. No doubt many will take advantage of having an enjoyable time.

Heavy Travel.

The hotels have been doing a rushing business this week. The tourist travel has been very large, the American boats every day bringing hundreds to the city. St. John has been giving all a fine example of its beautiful climate.

GOOD STORIES BY CLEVER WRITERS.

A Young Protector During the Franco-Prussian War Sir Edward Malet was one of the secretaries of the British Embassy at Paris.

During the dreadful days of the Commune, came to him for help. One day a little boy appeared. He seemed to be about eight years old, and had large black eyes and rather a wistful, worn, expression.

'If you please, sir,' said he, 'my mother and I are in great trouble. The shells have struck many of the houses in our neighborhood and I am very anxious to move my mother farther in town, but we have no money, and we cannot leave without paying our rent.'

I mentally began to button my trousers pocket.

'Has your mother no friends in Paris?' I asked.

'No sir. We live by ourselves. I do not think she has any friends she could ask to help her.'

'How much do you want?'

'Five hundred francs, if you please, sir.' I fastened another button but he continued quietly:

'Of course sir, I feel that I am asking a very great kindness of you, but I will pay you back as soon as the post comes.'

It was true that numerous persons were stranded because remittances could not be sent. Banks were closed and those who had no ready money by them when the trouble began were in great straits. Still I had no mind to risk five hundred francs on the word of a child.

'Why didn't your mother come herself?' I asked, helplessly.

'I don't think she thought of it, sir,' he said. 'She doesn't know that I have come.'

The buttons all unfastened themselves. I gave him the money.

'Thank you, sir,' said he, quietly, and left the room. I knew I had seen the last of those five hundred francs.

About a week after the Commune was over my little boy suddenly appeared before me.

'I am glad to see you,' said I. 'How is your mother?'

'It has been a most anxious time for us,' he answered. 'I brought my mother down to an apartment in the Champs Elysees, but when the fighting began it was worse than where we were before.'

'Well,' said I, 'it's all over now.'

'Yes, sir; but my mother's nerves have been greatly shattered. We start for Wiesbaden I have made all the necessary arrangements, and we shall go tomorrow evening. I should have come to you directly, but our first letters only reached us yesterday, and then I had to go to the bank to get change.'

With that he pulled out a little pocket-book, and took from it five hundred franc notes.

'My mother and I are very much obliged to you,' he said. 'Good by, sir! Thank you very much!'

And he was gone.

Mind, Matter and Weather.

The effect that mind has over matter was shown one day this week when a man and his wife sat together on a shady veranda reading. The man read an African story which dwelt much upon the suffering entailed upon the inhabitants of this land by the heat. Hot sands and the blazing sun were often mentioned, and the scant costume of the natives was given due mention.

The woman by a strange chance was reading of an Arctic expedition. She had not picked out this literature purposely because of the contrast to present conditions it offered. She had just come across it in the bookcase at the summer resort, and opening it at random was soon among icebergs and almost lost in snow.

'Isn't it warm?' asked the explorer in Africa presently, tugging at his collar.

'Why, no,' replied the lady from an ice floe: 'it seems to me very pleasant—even cool.'

The man granted disbelief and then he took off his coat. Later he retired to his own room and removed his collar and necktie and panted still for breath, and finally flung away his tale of the tropics and was soon in the leafy Adirondacks with 'The Aristocrats.'

And the feminine member of this duo insists still that Monday was a cool day and not at all oppressive.

How Joe Lost \$50.

Mrs. Blanks' favourite bellboy (his bell-boy is innocuous; he is colored and married) attended her orders with a long face

yesterday. Presently he confessed that he had lost \$50 on the races.

'Joe you ought to be ashamed of yourself; the idea of wasting your money that way.'

'Yes, Mis' Blank, I shore oughter be ashamed, and I is, too.'

'And you with a wife and family to support! I shouldn't have thought it of you, Joe.'

'Yes, Mis' Blank, I reckon I hadn't oughter play the races.'

'Well, I was going to give you a quarter, but I'll make it half a dollar since you are in such hard luck.'

'Thank you, ma'am; thank you. Yes, ma'am I lost \$50. You see of I'd laid \$5 on Terminus I was bound to win \$50. He was posted at 10 to 1. I had \$3.60 and Peter he'd have loaned me the \$1.40. And then I got scared of losing and I let it go. Yes, ma'am I could have made \$50 as easy as turning over my hand and I let it slip. I lost my chance, and I am \$50 worse off today than I oughter be. Yes, ma'am.'

Joe went off shaking his melancholy head with 50 cts. in his pocket that came there under a false impression.

What It Meant.

'I have lately,' said Winkleton to his friend Plodderly, 'become very much interested in the subject of the education of children. I am a parent, as you are, and I think it is the duty of parents to provide suitable paths of knowledge for children's minds to travel in.'

Plodderly made no reply.

'My boy,' continued Winkleton, 'is just six years old. I started him in at the kindergarten at three, wishing to give him the full advantage of all the educational blessings that this country affords at as early an age as possible. He has now finished this three years' course, and while he looks p-r-aked, he has already shown promise of a wonderful mind.'

'I have no doubt of it,' said Plodderly. 'I have been looking up the matter,' went on Winkleton, 'and I shall push him right ahead through the primary with all possible speed. The spare time he is home he is occupied with some of the latest educational games, so that he is practically not losing a moment except for his meals. When he is a little older, and gotten through the elements, I shall begin to ground him in history, physics, Latin and Greek, higher mathematics, hydrostatics, biology, psychology, modern languages, Biblical lore, geology, statistics and dynamics, astronomy, conic sections, metaphysics, sociology, political economy and any other branch that in the meantime may have been discovered. What are you doing with your boy?'

'Nothing,' said Plodderly. 'He has never been to school. He just fools around.'

At present he is building a dog-house.

'And do you intend,' said Winkleton, 'with a sneer, 'always to keep him in such dense ignorance?'

'I hope to,' replied Plodderly. 'You see, I am in hopes that some day that boy may do something really worth while.'

THE EXILED BONES.

The British Have Scattered Them Widely in Different Parts of the World.

A small sketch map, occupying a corner of the Geographischer Anzeiger, shows the places in Portugal and India where hundreds of the Boers captured in South Africa are now kept in confinement. Having distributed the prisoners from India to Bermuda it will certainly not be easy for them to plot against the British Government.

Cronje's soldiers, the first large party to fall into the hands of the British, were landed on the island of St. Helena in April last year, and have been living ever since on Deadwood Plain, as the islanders call the plateau that rises about six hundred feet above the sea on one side the port of Jamestown.

Another part of the Boer Army, 700 in number, marched eastward over the Transvaal frontier into Portuguese territory. They were captured near Komati Poort, the gateway through the mountains by which the railroad from Lorenzo Marques ascends to the Transvaal plateau. They were sent to Portugal at the expense of the British Government which is now paying the cost of their maintenance. Four hundred of them are confined to the citadel at Pembeico, a small fortress on a peninsula jutting out into the sea a little north of Lisbon. It is a very secluded place, the few thousand inhabitants around the citadel being devoted almost exclusively to lace making. Four hundred men are all that the storage capacity of the citadel would accommodate and so the other 300, excepting the officers, were sent to Alcabaco, a few miles inland. Commandant Pienaar who was in charge of the party when it surrendered, is kept a prisoner at Thomar, about fifty miles northeast of Lisbon, where still stands the famous monastery of the

Knights of Chris' to whom was conceded 'conquering the New World,' whose deeds of prowess and rapacity both in Brazil and in the East Indies gave them an enduring and not very desirable reputation. The other officers are confined at Caldas da Rainha. Another transport from South Africa carried 600 Boers to Bombay, whence they were taken inland about one hundred miles to Ahmednagar. Their present situation does not appear to be particularly inviting if it is proper to call Ahmednagar 'a hot, waterless, pestilent hole,' in which terms a correspondent of the Manchester Guardian has given his opinion of it.

Another batch of prisoners has been sent to the Bermudas. It seldom happens in any war that defeated prisoners are so widely scattered.

His Hairpins.

M. Jean Carrere of the Paris matins, who returned recently from South Africa, has published a book upon what he saw there. He is a lively Frenchman, and tells lively anecdotes of the British Commanders, which, now they are being translated into English newspapers, are stirring up a lively commotion. Some are resented as undignified, others are declared to be untruthful and there are hints that the clever gentleman of Paris was occasionally misinformed by way of jest, and failed to perceive it.

However that may be, his little tales are rapidly making the round of the press. One of those which is most widely repeated and accepted as probably true and at least characteristically invented if it is not—relates an encounter of Lord Kitchener, grim, brusque and soldierly commander that he is, with a dandy officer who has an unfortunately effeminate taste in trifles.

The young man came to him one day bringing a handkerchief upon which in accordance with a recent fashionable fancy, he desired him to inscribe his autograph.

Lord Kitchener took the handkerchief, a dainty wisp of fine silk with lace at the edge, and gravely inspected it. He turned it over, and turned it around, and carefully unfolded it; finally, the examination concluded, he remarked:

'This is doubtless your sister's handkerchief?'

'No,' replied the dandy, smiling amiably, 'it is mine.'

'Ah!' said Lord Kitchener, meditatively. 'It is yours.'

He handed it back without writing on it, only inquiring as he did so, with an air of serious interest, 'and what sized hairpins do you wear?'

The Growth of a Name.

Chapter 1: 'What is your name, little boy?' asked the teacher.

'Jonny Lemon,' answered the boy. And it was so recorded on the roll.

Chapter 2: 'What is your name?' the high school teacher inquired.

'John Dennis Lemon,' replied the big boy. Which was duly entered.

Chapter 3: 'Your name sir,' said the college dignitary. 'J. Dennis Lemon,' responded the young man who was about to enroll himself as a student. Inscribed in accordance therewith.

Chapter 4: 'May I ask you your name?' queried the society editor of The Daily Bread.

'Jean D'Emmie Lemon,' replied the personage in the opera-box. And it was duly jotted down.

What is the remedy for poverty? demanded the lecturer in thundering tones. He paused for a reply and during the pause a man in the rear of the hall called out:

'You might try the gold cure.'

'Do you really think he is suffering insomnia?'

'Of course he is. Why he can't even go to sleep in church when the collection plate is being passed.'

'Who shouted the impassioned orator, 'who among us has any cause to be happier than his neighbor on this glorious day of the nation's birth?'

A man with his head bandaged and both arms in a sling arose in the rear of the hall and exclaimed:—

'The doctors!'

Judge—You say the defendant turned and whistled to the dog. What followed? Intelligent witness—The dog.

'Rivers, do you notice that the health authorities advise the people to eat meat sparingly during this hot weather?'

'But it's springing! I avoid it altogether. This is nothing but a ham sandwich.'

B. GINGER—What is the regulation golf ball?

Stannickson—The regulation golf ball is 'Fore!'

Piles

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. Be a box at all dealers or EDWARDS, BATES & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

Sunday Reading.

Words With and Without Meaning.

In 'Faust' Goethe makes the devil give some satirical advice to a student recently arrived at the university. Whatever else the young man was to learn, he must give heed to words. If they had no meaning so much the better. The main point was to possess plenty of words. Thomas Hobbes in the 'Leviathan,' mentions that the universities of his time needed to be amended in one particular, namely, 'the insignificant use of words.'

The world has not changed in this regard. 'Keep us from using words that have no meaning' is a form of prayer much to be desired. In religion, politics, philosophy, phrases live on when the soul has long since died of them. Most of the conflicts among men are about words; and nothing helps a popular cause so much as a happy catch word. An infelicitous epigram has too often been the undoing of a statesman as in the case of the late James G. Blaine, and the theological waters are perpetually troubled because some adventurous spirit, dares to take liberties with time honored phrases. If a word has done good service in the past, evidently it is an impertinence to look too closely into its present. It may have been better days but that is no reason why its decayed respectability should be lightly esteemed. Let it alone; it once had a meaning, and it is a good word to use.

A few of the current popular phrases make an interesting study. Take, for example, that slogan of the new time, 'The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.' Possibly no phrase has served its generation more faithfully. It is a good word. There is about it a flavor of philanthropy and religiousness combined that cannot be ignored by the pious. It is easy to pronounce, and in moments of exaltation it repays the orator many fold. Then it makes an admirable platform for either attack or defence. It is like the disappearing gun carriage of the modern fort, now present with large discharge, and anon absent, silent and intangible. It may mean much or little or nothing, according to the occasion of its use—a telescopic word, capable of infinite adjustments, and very valuable for instructing the masses.

'The Fatherhood of God.' What does this mean? It is a new revelation of the nature of Deity? Does it throw new light upon His relations with men? If God is Father does He cease to be God? Does this new definition change or diminish His moral rulership? Because He is Father will He look upon sin with the least degree of allowance? There is great truth here. This is the contribution of Jesus, who taught us when we pray to say 'Our Father But His idea is far removed from the haze of sentimentality which surrounds the phrase in popular usage. Jesus never lost His vision of truth under the influence of feeling. If we accept the Fatherhood of God in Jesus' sense we must face the whole fact. 'I have always the Father with me because I do always the things which are pleasing unto Him. I and the Father are one'—one in moral, ideal and action, as well as in nature. This is not a phrase to roll glibly from the tongue of ignorant of the language of moral integrity. It has law in it; it implies a soul-experience that is far other than sentimental heat. No man can call God 'Father' who lacks the spirit of filial love and obedience. This is not a phrase for others, but for the man who uses it. God is indeed 'Father,' but He rules His family according to law; He rewards righteousness and punishes sin. The hand of His love bears the sceptre of Kingship, and so far from softening the authority of moral law, the fact of His Fatherhood adds an eternal sanction to that law.

'The Brotherhood of Man.' What does this mean? Are we now in the region of speculation? Are men brothers in the abstract or in the concrete? Does the phrase add or lessen obligation to one's fellows? Can this brotherhood be expressed in warm phrase-making, or does it demand daily action? Brotherhood is another Christian contribution. The good Samaritan is the Christian exemplification of the idea. Jesus is the First-born among many brethren, but not in the abstract. He bore our sins in his body on the tree. He suffered with and for men. This also is a phrase for the user of it and not for the general invisible multitude. It involves law, duties rather than rights. We need to take our words

down from the clouds. Brotherhood is individual living and serving, not oratory.

That these phrases are combined is not without meaning. They go together as cause and effect. Since God is Father, men are brothers. The first is religion, the second morals. They cannot be separated. Sonship towards God gives energy for brotherhood towards men. To be born again is to become a son of God, a citizen of His Kingdom. Then as Jesus, for love of men, became the suffering First born, so the younger sons of the Kingdom, under the same divine impulse of love, become servants and brothers of all. It is encouraging to hear such phrases on the lips of all sorts of men. The heaven of the Kingdom is working, and slowly we shall get back of the form to the substance, until once more we shall understand that 'the Word became flesh and dwelt among us.'

Corticelli Home Needlework.

Very unique, very dainty and most useful is the Corticelli Home Needlework for the third quarter of 1901, which is now being delivered to subscribers. It contains seven full page handsome colored plates, in addition to an almost unlimited number of letter press illustrations, showing new and attractive designs in embroidery, Mexican and Virginian drawn work, centre pieces, and ornamental and sofa pillow patterns. Besides this a length of prettily illustrated paper is devoted to domestic lace making, an accomplishment which society ladies in England and the United States are devoting much attention to just now. The instructions are so clear that any lady can acquire the art. The Corticelli Home Needlework should find a place in every lady's boudoir. It is only 10 cents per copy, or 35 cents a year. Liberal premiums offered. Corticelli Silk Co., Ltd., St. Johns, P. Q., publishers.

You never hear of a Georgia plowman being prostrated by the heat. But we'll say right here that personally we have never had any talent for plowing.—Atlanta Constitution.

Another appearance of an Hungarian from his native Budapest, popular tanager of three fostered at Budapest, and Gobly, was offered an appointment with his great natural Four opatunn at D. Crescenzo E already been by Richard besahl, by D. and Der P. er, Karl W given at the

The Alice New York

Shipman B. of Zenda at Tuesday and attendance first class in

A late issue contains a picture of Rudolf and

'Above is King Rudolf winning steeplechase' product of others' production that will lose Mr. Buffham's anger two ed Bassanio, other roles of his part, Sh. him to play tion of Fudd's

The W. B. stalle opened Tuesday evening. On Quality was Little Minister Wife's Rema

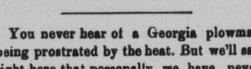
Soak the hands on retiring in a strong, hot, creamy lather of CUTICURA SOAP. Dry, and anoint freely with Cuticura Ointment, the great skin cure and purifier of emollients. Wear, during the night, old loose kid gloves, with the finger ends cut off and air holes cut in the palms. For red, rough, chapped hands, dry, fissured, itching, feverish palms, with shapeless nails, and painful finger ends, this treatment is simply wonderful.

MILLIONS OF PEOPLE USE CUTICURA SOAP assisted by CUTICURA Ointment for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes, itching and irritations, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Millions of Women use CUTICURA SOAP in the form of baths for annoying inflammations, chafings, and excoriations, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and for many sensitive antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, and which mothers. No other medicated soap is to be compared with it for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands. No other foreign or domestic soap, however expensive, is so to be compared with it for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. This soap is combined in CUTICURA SOAP with the most toilet and baby soap in the world.

Complete Treatment for Every Humors.— CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales, and soften the thickened cuticle, and CUTICURA Ointment, to instantly relieve itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal. A Sore Throat is often sufficient to cure the most severe skin, scalp, and blood humors, with loss of hair, when all else fails.

Sold by all druggists. British Depot: 17-19, Chancery Lane, London. Foreign: 17-19, Chancery Lane, London.

TREATMENT.



Soak the hands on retiring in a strong, hot, creamy lather of CUTICURA SOAP. Dry, and anoint freely with Cuticura Ointment, the great skin cure and purifier of emollients. Wear, during the night, old loose kid gloves, with the finger ends cut off and air holes cut in the palms. For red, rough, chapped hands, dry, fissured, itching, feverish palms, with shapeless nails, and painful finger ends, this treatment is simply wonderful.

Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Joseph Joachim celebrated his seventieth birthday two weeks ago, but the German people are said still to delight in his playing which is not so enjoyable nowadays as it was in his younger days.

Sigfried Wagner has just denied with emphasis that he has sold the overture to a new opera called 'The Countess,' to an American manager, and says there is no opera of that name. In any case the outcome is fortunate. The second of young Sigfried's operas, 'Duke Wildcap,' has fallen stillborn. No theatre has attempted to make it successful. Jules Lieban a famous if not the original Bayreuth Mime is to retire from the Berlin Opera at the close of the present season.

Pedro Galliard went to Dresden at the invitation of Ernst Von Schuch to hear 'Siegfried' and afterward met Jean de Reszke in Munich, when the tenor repeated his promise to create the title role in French next winter and also assist the French manager in the preparation of a version of the opera for the Paris Opera.

Recent dispatches state that Jules Devoyard, the most famous French Rigoletto, who had made a name for himself in the role in Europe, died the other day in Moscow under distressing circumstances. He was singing in the opera of Verdi's in a summer theatre, and after the duet with Gilda in the second act he fell to the stage and died almost immediately.

The Lafayette Stock Company closed their Philadelphia engagement last week, when Young Mrs. Winthrop was presented. Brimsley Shaw has been engaged for the Ben Hur Company.

Adelaide Keim has rejoined the Proctor Stock Company. Madge Otis is spending her vacation at Syracuse. Nancy Poole has signed for A Secret Service company.

Virginia Earle, who has been quite ill has sufficiently recovered to be able to resume her work in The Girl from Up There, now having a successful running in London. Delia Clark has gone to Cold Spring, L. I., for the balance of the hot spell.

Charlotte Deane is at the Bowlingbrook Hotel, Bath Beach, until rehearsals begin with E. H. Sothorn's company. Jane Kennard will divide her Summer vacation between Far Rockaway, Cape Cod and the Pan-American Exposition.

Edward R. Mawson and Stock Company closed their engagement at Halifax on July 6th. The Valentine Stock Company opened an indefinite run at Cleveland, on the 22. William C. Andrews has returned from the Pan-American and will spend the rest of the Summer at Asbury Park. Jennie Wetmore and Connie Campbell, who have been spending the Summer at Oatka Beach, Wis., will leave July 15 for Buffalo for a month's visit at the exposition.

The Prentice Trio are taking a short rest at their home, at Dies Plains, Ill. Next season they will be with the Mabel Paige company. Teresa Maxwell is spending this month with Miss Knapp, at Liberty, N. Y. William Morris and family are at Long Branch for the Summer. May Vokes, Rose Tapley, Myron B. Rice and W. M. Wilkinson were the guests of Thomas Broadhurst on a yachting party on the Sound last Thursday.

The Owen A. Smiley Concert Co. will appear at Trinity school room on Tuesday Wednesday and Thursday evenings of next week. Pleasant evenings are anticipated.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Terry (Julia Nailson) are to assume control of the Globe Theatre in London next spring, and will begin operation there with The Heel of Achilles, the new play written for them by Louis N. Parker and Boyle Lawrence. The piece, in spite of its title, is on an entirely modern and serious subject.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell's next new production will be a piece from the pen of W. Downing, a London Stock Exchange man. At present the play is called A Sheet Anchor. It deals with a story of domestic unhappiness, which, however, comes to a happy ending, a divorced husband and wife being eventually reconciled by their mutual love for their child.

The New York Sun speaking of the production of Clyde Fitch's Lover's Lane says: One of the features of Clyde Fitch's Lover's Lane is the introduction of school children at their recess games and recreations. The real root of the objection often urged against the employment of children upon the stage is the fact that they are overtaxed. There is nothing of that in Lover's Lane. The children simply have to be children, doing only what children do spontaneously in real life, and enjoying it immensely.

James K. Hackett and Mary Manning have selected The Taming of the Shrew as the play in which they will make a joint starting tour next season. Koester and Bial's Music Hall, better known as the Manhattan Theatre, will no longer be used for theatrical purposes, the building having been sold to a prominent New York business man who will open up a mammoth department store.

Sousa's Band still delights the patrons of Manhattan Beach with tri-weekly concerts.

Edna Floyd who made such a hit in The Rounder and the Cadet Girl has been engaged for the main part in The Telephone Girl.

The Lafayette Stock Company closed their Philadelphia engagement last week, when Young Mrs. Winthrop was presented.

Brimsley Shaw has been engaged for the Ben Hur Company.

Adelaide Keim has rejoined the Proctor Stock Company.

Madge Otis is spending her vacation at Syracuse.

Nancy Poole has signed for A Secret Service company.

Virginia Earle, who has been quite ill has sufficiently recovered to be able to resume her work in The Girl from Up There, now having a successful running in London.

Delia Clark has gone to Cold Spring, L. I., for the balance of the hot spell.

Charlotte Deane is at the Bowlingbrook Hotel, Bath Beach, until rehearsals begin with E. H. Sothorn's company.

Jane Kennard will divide her Summer vacation between Far Rockaway, Cape Cod and the Pan-American Exposition.

Edward R. Mawson and Stock Company closed their engagement at Halifax on July 6th.

The Valentine Stock Company opened an indefinite run at Cleveland, on the 22. William C. Andrews has returned from the Pan-American and will spend the rest of the Summer at Asbury Park.

Jennie Wetmore and Connie Campbell, who have been spending the Summer at Oatka Beach, Wis., will leave July 15 for Buffalo for a month's visit at the exposition.

The Prentice Trio are taking a short rest at their home, at Dies Plains, Ill. Next season they will be with the Mabel Paige company.

Teresa Maxwell is spending this month with Miss Knapp, at Liberty, N. Y.

William Morris and family are at Long Branch for the Summer.

May Vokes, Rose Tapley, Myron B. Rice and W. M. Wilkinson were the guests of Thomas Broadhurst on a yachting party on the Sound last Thursday.

Sarah Bernhard and M. Coquelin are this week playing Cyrano de Bergerac at the Coronet, London.

Emperor William of Germany has given three thousand marks to the Allgemeine Richard Wagner Verein.

Lorna Doone is having a successful run at the Grand Opera house, Chicago.

Marcia Von Dresser leaves Paris for America on Aug. 1.

Yvette Guilbert has just finished her engagement at the Olympia in Paris.

Eugenie Fougere, well known in America, is still delighting Parisian theatre goers with her new songs and pretty dances.

Jean de Reszke has returned from Dresden where he attended the performance of Wagner's Siegfried.

Fantine Fletcher will play Mrs Lane in Lovers Lane, now running at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago.

Jean Coquelin is busy making preparations for a production in French of Uncle Tom's Cabin.

At the close of her successful season at the Opera Comique, Sybil Sanderson presented the employees of the house with the sum of seven hundred francs.

The Casino Girl, with Ella Snyder and James E Sullivan in the leading roles is the attraction at the Manhattan Beach theatre.

'All the comforts of home' one of last season's successes has been revised this summer. It is now the bill at Proctor's Fifth Avenue, New York.

'A Case out of Court' is the attraction at Keith's theatre. The sketch is a humorous one and is from the pen of A. H. Hummel.

Ellen Mortimer is playing the leading part in Lorna Doone at the Grand Opera House, Chicago. She will soon begin rehearsals for Ben Hur in which she will personate the role of Esther.

Albert Ellis and Inez Dale were married at New York on July 11.

Lottie Gilson will star next season in The Outpost under the direction of Seaman.

Clara Lipman who is now in Paris will visit Italy, Switzerland and Germany.

Edna Wallace Hopper well known here is appearing at New York in Florida.

Nellie Melba has been suffering from laryngitis.

Henry E. Dixey has been engaged for the role of Sir Joseph Porter with the Castle Square Opera Company's production of Pinaturo at Manhattan Beach Aug. 12. Directly after closing this engagement Mr. Dixey will sail for London, where he is to read the manuscript of a new play in which he expects to star.

Sadie Mortimer will star in The Marriage Game, to be presented next season under the management of Clyde Fitch.

The Dramatic Mirror is the author for the following:— Among the Shakespearean revivals announced for next season are those of Madame Modjeska, who will play Constance and Katherine; Julia Marlowe, who is to appear as Juliet; Mr. Sothorn, who will play Hamlet occasionally, and Mr. Hackett and Miss Manning in The Taming of the Shrew.

The romantic productions will include Forest Lovers, with Bertha Galland; Kyrie Bellew in A Gentleman of France; E. J. Morgan in The Master of Ballantrae; Mr. Hackett and Mr. Faversham in plays having Don Caesar de Raza as the central character; while others are on the tapis.

Romantic plays give a certain charm to a season, provided they are works of good quality; but their vogue will be short, probably, because they are likely to be overdone.

Viewing the preparations and announcements for the coming campaign broadly, it may be said generally that there are some signs of promise, but not many. The blight of commercialism is so owing its effect clearly in the slow, but steady, depreciation of the character and grade of theatrical entertainments.

Can we learn to love an automobile? The question is opportune, not to say important. A very entertaining writer has lately in one of our leading magazines, argued at much length that the automobile can never take the place of the horse, because the one cannot be loved, while the other can. But is he right in saying so?

Henry Ward Beecher, in one of the most dramatic passages in a sermon reported in "Plymouth Pulpit," described the affection shown by fireman for their engine. He told in his own imitable way how proud they are of it, how careful, how they brood over it, like a mother over her child, how they clean it and make it shine in every polished part, how they come to feel that it knows them and is sensitive to their attention, how they feel any harm which befalls it as if their own flesh and blood were the sufferer!

Something of this sort has often been noted by close observers of human nature. It has no small place in poetry and romance in art and song. We all remember how popular the song of "Grandfather's Clock" was a few years ago. Oliver Wendell Holmes leaves us in no doubt that the good deacon loved "The Wonderful One Horse Shay"; but we get no hint whether or not he had any affection for the beast that drew it. One of the most famous of Turner's paintings owes its hold on the heart-strings of all who look at it to the natural sentiment of affection which stirs within them toward an old ship which is coming

Weak, Nervous School Children:

The severe and ever increasing strain of competitive examinations, coming at a time when every boy and girl is undergoing trying physiological changes, does much toward masking mental and physical wrecks of school children. A glance at the pale, weak and puny children which come from our public and high schools will make any thoughtful person consider seriously the advisability of sacrificing health and vigor for the trivial honor of standing high at examination time.

Hosts of boys and girls, young men and young women are suffering from ills and irregularities resulting from exhausted nerve force. There is no treatment known to science that will so naturally and thoroughly restore strength and vitality to nervous system and health to the whole body as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. It makes parents happy by bringing back the color to the faces and the buoyancy and elasticity to the bodies of their pale, puny children,

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD.

50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50; at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Agents wanted for Dr. Chase's Last and Complete Receipt Book and Household Physician.

home to die. In short, the assumption that only consciously animate things can be loved is not founded on fact.

Why do we create?

A strange reluctance comes over many when they try to talk about the soul and its relation to God. It is felt by the converted and the unconverted: Very often the gay young girl, whose heart is running over with mirth and fun, and whose speech sparkles with wit and humor, has deep in her consciousness the feeling that she is unsatisfied—that she wants something better, purer and higher. She wishes that the Christian women who are talking with her would ask her a question, would give her a hint, would lead the conversation to the subject of personal religion. The other has no thought of the kind. She even has a faint, undefinable dread that any effort on her part would be received coldly or be the subject of ridicule.

So the opportunity passes. The souls have been within speaking distance but have failed to communicate with each other.

Each goes on its way. The friend of Christ, who might have won a soul to him, has been silent, ashamed, afraid. What wonder it is that the faithless friend there comes the sad experience that the Beloved has withdrawn himself and is gone that, seeking the Spirit, it finds him not, and calling, there comes no answer. Can there be perfect serenity and the full sense of communion with God to one who refuses or neglects so important a duty?—Margaret E. Sangster.

The Retired Burglar.

"In muggy weather like this that we've been having lately," said the retired burglar, "I always used to stop work; not because work was unpleasant, then but on account of everything sticking so. You couldn't tell what might happen; anything and everything is liable to stick and to make more or less noise when you finally got it open. A window might stick at first and then go up with a bang. I've had a door open on me that way, fly open all of a sudden after I'd been pushing on it a long time and let me through the doorway onto the floor. There's always danger that sticks, or pulling it clean out and letting it drop. There's constant danger of something of this sort happening, and it don't pay to take the chances. And it's easy enough to know when to stay home—my rule was never to try to do any work in weather that would rust a jimmy."

Caught a Fresh Lobster.

Daniel Carpenter of the South Ferry recently caught in one of his lobster pots a freak lobster. While this crustacean is of ordinary size and perfectly developed one-half of the shell, running down the back, from the centre of its head to its tail, is of a brilliant crimson and the other half of a green, while according to the learned ones of Brown University who are making a study of this species of marine animals, similar specimens have been found. A lobster thus coloured was never before seen by old fishermen in these waters.

Too Much.

The regular contributor to the 'Post's' Corner' in the Berrytown News was summoned before the new editor. 'I shall be obliged to request you to discontinue your contributions, unless there

is a marked improvement in your times,' said the editor.

'What!' cried the poet, indignantly. 'When I am willing to publish for the love of my art without financial recompense?'

'That makes no difference—or very little,' said the editor, firmly. 'I have borne with you while you rined 'love' with 'move,' and 'sour' with 'pour and 'come' with 'home.' But when in your last poem, entitled 'The Death of August,' you tried to inflict 'peaches' and 'she ashes' on a long suffering public, I felt it was my time to speak and say that unless you buy a riming dictionary, I can publish no more poems from your pen.'

An All-around Hit.

A certain government officer was noted for being a hard taskmaster to those who were under him, his servants in his own establishment being no exception. His valet was expected to be on duty three hundred and sixty five full days in the year.

Being detailed to accompany a scientific expedition of an extended cruise, the officer went a little in communicating the news to his personal attendant.

'Well, James,' he said, 'how would you like to go with me around the world?'

'Do we go from east to west,' asked the valet.

'Yes.'

'We lose day in going that way don't we?'

'We do.'

'Well, sir, I'd like it first rate. It would give me a day off.'

His master was so pleased with the aptness of the retort that he gave him a week off to prepare for the trip.

CANADIAN PACIFIC PASSENGER TRAIN SERVICE. From St. John. Effective Monday, June 10th, 1901. (Eastern Standard Time.) All trains daily except Sunday. DEPARTURES. 6.15 a. m. Express-Flying Yankee, for Bangor, Portland and Boston, connecting for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Halifax, Woodstock and points North. PARLOE CAR ST. JOHN TO BOSTON. 9.10 a. m. Suburban Express, to Woodford. 1.00 p. m. Suburban Express, Wednesdays and Saturdays only, to Woodford. 4.30 p. m. Suburban Express to Woodford. 8.15 p. m. Montreal's Hot Line Express, connecting at Montreal for Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton, Buffalo and Chicago, and with the "Imperial Limited" for Winnipeg and Vancouver. Connects to Fredericton. Palace Sleeper and first and second class coaches to Montreal. Palace Sleeper St. John to Lewis (opposite Quebec), via Megantic. Pullman Sleeper for Boston, St. John to McAdam Jet. 8.30 p. m. Boston Express, First and second class coach passengers for Bangor, Portland and Boston. Train stops at Grand Bay, Riverbank, Ballantyne, Westfield Beach, Langley and Woodford. Connects for St. Stephen, Dothan, Woodstock (St. Andrews after July 1st) Boston Pullman Sleeper of Montreal Express attached to this train at McAdam Jet. 8.30 p. m. Fredericton Express, Saturdays only. Accommodation, making all stops as far as Woodford. ARRIVALS. 7.30 a. m. Suburban, from Langley. 8.30 a. m. Fredericton Express. 11.30 a. m. Boston Express. 11.45 a. m. Montreal Express. 12.35 p. m. Suburban from Woodford. 8.10 p. m. Suburban Express, Wednesday and Saturday only from Woodford. 7.00 p. m. Suburban from Woodford. 10.30 p. m. Boston Express. C. E. E. DUBRE, S. F. A. Montreal. D. J. BRATH, D. F. A. C. E. E. St. John N. B.

ding.

in the clouds. Brotherhood is... these phrases are combined in not... They go together as... effect. Since God is Father, brothers. The first is religion, the... They cannot be separated... towards God gives energy for... towards men. To be born... to become a son of God, a citizen... kingdom. Then as Jesus, for love... became the suffering First born,... of the Kingdom, un-... divine impulse of love, be-... and brothers of all. It is... to hear such phrases on the... of men. The heaven of the... is working, and slowly we shall... of the form to the substance, un-... we shall understand that... became flesh and dwelt among

Corticelli Home Needlework. Corticelli Home Needlework for quarter of 1901, which is now... to subscribers. It contains... colored plates... unlimited number... designs in embroidery, Mex-... drawn work, centre... and sets pillo patterns... length profusely illustrated... domestic lace making, ... which society ladies in... and the United States are devo-... to just now. The in-... that any lady can... Corticelli Home... place in every... It is only 10 cents per copy, ... Liberal premiums... Ltd., St. Q., publishers.

Sore Hands Night Cure for Red, Itching Hands, Itching Palms and Painful Finger Ends



CUTICURA SOAP. The hands on retiring in a strong, hot... CUTICURA SOAP. Dry... Cuticura Ointment... skin cure and purser of eczema... the night, old loose kid gloves, finger ends cut off and air holes cut... For red, rough, chapped hands, itched, itching, feverish palms, with... and painful finger ends, this... it is simply wonderful. SHIPMAN BROTHERS presented The Prisoner of Zenda at the Opera House on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. The attendance was excellent and the company first class in every particular. A late issue of the Dramatic Mirror contains a picture of Elmer Buffham as King Rudolph and also the following: 'Above is a picture of Elmer Buffham as King Rudolph, in which role he is now winning stellar honors in Shipman Brothers' production of The Prisoner of Zenda, that will close at St John, N. B., July 28. Mr Buffham was especially valuable to his managers two seasons ago, when he played Bassanio, Iago, Laertes, Mephisto, and other roles in their Lyceum company. On account of his peculiar adaptabilities for the part, Shipman Brothers have engaged him to play Tom Driscoll in their production of Pudd'nhead Wilson next season.' The W. S. Harkins Co., with Jessie Bonstella, opened a short engagement here on Friday evening when Latocosa was presented. On Friday evening, A Lady of Quality was the bill. This afternoon The Little Minister, and this evening, My Wife's Romance.

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, at 29 to 31 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B. by the Progress Printing and Publishing Company (Limited.)

Discontinuance.—Persons sending remittances to this office must do so either by P. O. or Express order, or by registered letter.

All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply.

Letters should be addressed and drafts made payable to Progress Printing and Publishing Co., Ltd., St. John, N. B.

Agents in the city can have extra copies sent them if they telephone the office before six p. m.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 27

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

ENGLISH POLITICS.

When the British Liberals went out of power six years ago they were demoralized by differences over the Irish question and by feuds between party leaders.

Later events have put the Irish question into the background and the personal feuds might have yielded in time, had not the war in South Africa introduced new divisions.

Before the war began most Liberals deprecated hostilities, and would have made any reasonable concessions to avoid the war. As it has gone on, the party has split into 'pro-Boers,' who believe the war unjust and would restore practical independence to the Dutch States; and the 'Liberal Imperialists,' who, with more or less reluctance have accepted annexation as the only course open to England.

The pro-Boers or 'little Englanders,' as their opponents call them, are represented by Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, Mr MORLEY and Mr BRYCE; LORD ROSEBERY and Mr ASQUITH represent the other group. Recent votes in Parliament and speeches outside of it have shown how wide the breach between the two sections is.

Meanwhile the unexpected prolongation of the war and its enormous cost have dispirited and divided the Conservatives. Some of them call for a more resolute foreign policy; others a reorganization of the army more thorough than is attempted in Mr. BRODERICK'S bill; others a higher efficiency in the navy; others educational reform.

There is a restlessness and a freedom of criticism among the supporters of the government which might suggest a revolt and a realignment of parties if the opposition had a real leader or a definite program. But it has neither, and the existing confusion seems likely to last until some new issue or some new leader arises to make the Liberals again a strong fighting force.

We now know that all the theses which the first class in Harvard College defended in 1642 are false, says EDWARD EVERETT HALE; their astronomy was all wrong, their logic was all wrong, their metaphysics were all wrong, and their theology was all wrong. While we were priding ourselves upon the intellectual successes with which this century opens, it will be wholesome to reflect that the men of light and leading in 1642 were as sure that they had the right of things as we are today of our own science.

At a recent matriculation examination of the University of Breslau, a young German peasant with his mother and sister passed with honors. The mother came first on the entire list. In order to encourage the young man in his work, his mother and sister had since his childhood studied his lessons with him. A less spectacular version of family cooperation goes on daily in one of the most beautiful homes at a fashionable resort. Directly after breakfast the father and mother, two college daughters, one grown and one young son, join in a half hour "spelling down."

Thanks to this little ruse, the boy, who several teachers had declared could never be taught to spell, is overcoming an ignorance which would have seriously crippled his collegiate course, and been a source of mortification all his life.

The university of New Brunswick loses a good man in Prof DIXON. During the time that he has been connected with the college, Mr. DIXON proved himself an

undefatigable worker and an enthusiastic friend of the institution. While New Brunswick regrets his removal it cannot but feel gratified at the honor conferred in selecting Prof Dixon to such an important chair at Dalhousie.

Lord MINTO and party who have been enjoying a pleasant trip through the Maritime Provinces will arrive in St. John on Monday. Their excellencies will be heartily welcomed. Their visit will be a brief one, but they have ample time to see the City and enjoy the reception of the people.

It is to be regretted that the DUKE and DUCHESS OF YORK in their tour will not be able to travel the St. John river. They will miss enjoying what would have been one of the most pleasant trips in their long journey.

The band concert given by the 62nd Fusilier band last Saturday at Bay Shore was enjoyed by hundreds and shows that in the selection of this beautiful spot for such a concert no mistake was made.

The Tourist travel is on the increase and the boats and trains are now well filled with travellers seeking a cooler climate. The season has started out well and points to being a record breaker.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPH IN AFRICA

The French are now trying to introduce it into their colonies and the Sahara.

The French Government has been encouraged by the helplessness that the British derived from the wireless telegraph in the Boer war and by the results of the experiments made by the Prince of Monaco, to take steps, in a tentative way, to introduce the system into the African colonies. Arrangements have been made to carry out the experiments simultaneously both in the moist tropical regions and in the dry Sahara. The work is to be advanced only so far as its success seems to be assured between the stations where the apparatus is placed.

The experiments in the moist, tropical regions will begin in Senegambia and Gabon, on the west of Africa. They will be under the charge of M. Magne, director of the postal and telegraphic service in the French west coast colonies. He has recently left France with apparatus sufficient to equip several stations.

His first endeavor will be to establish wireless communications between Rufisque and Goree. The latter town is a mile and a half from Dakar, the excellent port of Senegal, where large ocean vessels ride safely in deep smooth water and where the Atlantic cable from Europe first reaches the mainland. About twenty miles to the east is Rufisque, separated from Goree only by a water surface. Magne's second experiment will be further south in the still more humid climate of Gaboon where he will test the practicability of the wireless system between Liderville and Denis. These towns, about twenty-five miles apart are also separated only by a water surface, the purpose, being in both these experiments to have the most favourable conditions as to surface and thus be able to study under the best of circumstances the meteorological influences that may determine the practicability of the system in tropical Africa. If wireless telegraphy proves to be a success at these stations the next step will be to extend it inland.

Meanwhile the project of establishing wireless communication across the desert of Sahara is under way. Two missions, equipped with modified Marconi apparatus, are to start, one from Timbuctoo and the other from Taut, the termini of the proposed line across the desert. They are to follow the usual caravan route along a line of wells, between these two points. The advantages of this route are that it affords a considerable amount of grazing for camels, is far to the west of the hostile Tuaregs, and is inhabited, here and there, by friendly natives a part of whom will be employed to protect the line if it is put into operation.

The two parties are to establish stations along the route, it being, of course, a necessary condition that each station is able to communicate successively with the one established behind it. The parties will advance only as fast as this end may be attained. If they are successful they will meet in the middle of the desert and wireless telegraphy will have been established across the greatest waste in the world.

'Count Gabriel Kapsesay, a first lieutenant in one of the Handed Hussar regiments,' says a despatch to the Daily Mail from Buda Pest, 'has been formally celebrated in Szegedin before the whole regiment. He made his dining bet that he would cut off the right ear of one of his best friends, Casper Kanyo, with his sabre. He then approached the unsuspecting Kanyo and slashed off the ear.

News of the Passing Week.

The Charlotte Co. Election petition has been postponed until October.

In U.N.B matriculation examination 3 passed in the first division 28 in the second and 19 in the third.

Two prominent New Brunswickers F.B. Coleman, Fredericton and Jas. E. Simons, Gibson, died last week.

The Orange Grand Lodge of British America opened at Toronto on Tuesday.

Mrs. Potter wife of the Bishop of New York has left her entire fortune \$30,000 to her husband.

Carrie Nation has been sent to jail for thirty days for breach of the peace.

Mrs. Kruger, wife of former President Kruger of the South African republic, who died Saturday last of pneumonia, after an illness of three days, was buried in Pretoria, Sunday afternoon.

In Chicago Sunday the government thermometer registered 103 degrees. Down on the street it was three to five degrees higher. There were many prostrations.

At a grade crossing near Labalon station, New Hampshire, on the B. & M railway Sunday four men in a carriage were struck by the express train and instantly killed.

The Prince Edward of York diamond found in South Africa in 1894 and weighing 60 1/2 carats, a white perfect stone, has been purchased according to the London Daily Express of the diamond syndicate, its holders since it was discovered by the agent of a New York firm for the sum of \$100,000. It will be forwarded to the United States next Wednesday.

The champion Argonauts, together with the victorious Dons and Winnipeggers were royally received when they arrived in Toronto, Ont., Monday evening from Philadelphia. A huge demonstration was formed and crowds lined the streets, cheering the victors as they drove to City Hall, where Mayor Howland welcomed them on behalf of the city. Capt. Barker of the Argonauts said they would row at Henly next year.

During a quarrel in a barroom on Hanover street, Boston, Friday afternoon, Olof Elson was knocked down and rendered unconscious. He was taken to police station one but died just as the ambulance arrived at the station. Stephen Eastbeuder, a bartender, later gave himself up and is held on the charge of manslaughter. Eastbeuder says he struck Olsen because he was in danger of being hit by him. He says Olsen fell and that his head struck the brass bar rail.

The town of Baudette Minn; across from Beaver Mills, Ont., on the line of the new Canadian Northern, is in a state of lawlessness. Sheriff Biley and Marshal Styles of Bemidji, Minn; have left Winnipeg for the scene of the trouble. Eleven saloons have been running and there is no municipal organization. Many citizens have been forced to take shelter on the Canadian side.

One hundred degrees temperature were common throughout the great corn belt Monday, according to the weather bureau in Washington. In various places in Illinois, Iowa and other states, all previous heat records were smashed. There appears to be no prospect of decided relief for the next two days at least. Absolutely no rain fell in the corn belt; according to the official reports.

A hot blast scorched the southwest Monday, breaking all heat records. The bureau thermometer, at the highest point in Kansas City, Mo; showed 106 degrees, while thermometers on the street showed as high as 128. The suffering was intense. Seven deaths from prostration were reported. Monday was the 32nd in succession in which the temperature has averaged above 90 degrees and the 15th in that time that the thermometer has gone above 100.

Canadian Pacific Railway employees, members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, Locomotive Firemen, Railway Trainmen and Conductors met in Orange Hall Fairville, N. B., Sunday morning and discussed the strike of the C. P. R. trackmen. It was said that after the meeting that the road bed was discussed and opinions expressed that the strike should be in some way settled. Nothing definite was done.

The elections for the French councils general took place Sunday throughout the provinces there being 1453 members of these departmental legislatures to be chosen in many cantons. The returns as yet are very incomplete; but such as have been received indicate that the ministerialists

ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

have gained a number of seats—principally at the expense of the Radicals and Conservatives. M. Paul Deschanel, president of the chamber of deputies, is among the re-elected councillors.

Capt. C. A. Muntz of the British army is in Boston in the interest of his government with a view to purchasing 600 horses for the South African troops.

Maj Pine Coffin surprised a Boer commando at Honingsbruit July 19 capturing Primelee and 24 others and killing and wounding 17.

'We hear rumors,' says the London official bulletin issued in Naples Tuesday night is still in a critical condition, but there are some indications of improving symptoms.

Basing calculations upon last year's crop the state labor bureau at St. Louis' Mo; estimate that the crops in Missouri have been damaged \$100,000,000 by the drought.

The Spanish senate, Madrid, rejected a motion which had been proposed by the premier, Senor Sagasta, to determine by inquiry who was responsible for the disasters to Spain in the war with the United States.

'The rise of the North Sea coast or the sinking of the sea level has been confirmed,' says the Berlin correspondent of the London Standard, 'by observations at the mouth of the Kaiser Wilhelm canal. There has been a decrease in the depth of the water at the mouth of the Elbe of from 16 to 18 feet since 1895.'

U. S. Senator W. A. Clarke, according to the Novoe Vremya St. Petersburg, has joined with Kieff capitalists in establishing a copper company having a capital of 15,000,000 roubles. Mr. Clarke supplying 12,000,000 roubles. With M. Mtgelio, one of the directors, Mr. Clarke is going to the government of Semipalatinsk to examine the mines there.

YERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TO DAY

Rue. They leaned above the cradle, though none their presence knew; Rose had one, one lavender, and one held bitter rue. And she who held the roses looked steadily at Rue who held the lavender and rue, as if they were her foes.

It was the pale rue bearer who answered to that 'rue'; 'Ah, sister, sweet are roses, and sunny, rose lined ways. But the scent and sunshine the weak heart falls asleep. And never learns the lesson, to weep with them that weep. The little lad shall have them, (thy roses for his own, But we are here to teach them that they are not good alone.'

And then the three in silence, bent o'er the little bed. And she who held the roses laid them softly at the head; And she who held the lavender, the pledge of service sweet, Strewed it in misty patterns about the little bed. But she, the pale rue bearer, knelt as at some command, And clasped her girl securely in the tiny sleeping hand.

Character is How You Smoke.

A man may possess a most secretive nature, he may have a face as destitute of meaning as a stone wall and a manner of speech absolutely non-committal; but watch him over his cigarette; note his manner of holding it between his lips or his fingers; see how he puffs the smoke out of his mouth, what he does with the ash, if he consumes the cigar ette to a mere stump or throws it away half-finished, and, sure as fate, you will read his character like a book. Cigarette, I said, for a cigarette, and a cigar in a lesser degree, are much better character revealers than a pipe. A man sticks a pipe into the side of his mouth and puffs away, and there's an end of it. You discover next to nothing, unless, indeed, he happens to puff very violently, which is a certain indication of a nervous irritable temper.

From the filling of the pipe, to be sure, many luminous little hints may be gathered. You see a man stuff his bowl quickly and lavishly letting loose threads of tobacco dangle over the brim while he applies the match; if he be not good-natured, generous to a fault, careless, indolent, quick to make friends, quick to forgive, you will be much astonished. One notices men very often taking their cigars from an upper waistcoat pocket into which they have been stuffed. Too poor to buy themselves a cigar-case? Not a bit of it; but too untidy to keep one or too lazy to range their cigars into one. And the same men almost invariably bite the tips off

their cigars, instead of using a penknife or a cigar-clipper—a shocking habit that merely fills the mouth with tobacco grit, but disarranges the outer leaf, often spoiling an otherwise excellent smoke.

The cigar once happily prepared for smoking, observe how your man holds it between his teeth. But stay! The operation of lighting has also its interest. The tobacco epicure grips his cigar not merely with his teeth when applying the match, but with the finger and thumb of his left hand also, and between every third puff draws the weed from his mouth and examines the glowing end, in order to make sure that it has been ignited equally all round.

The majority of men hold their cigars with the front teeth and puff the smoke out on either side of it. A large minority hold them in the corner of the mouth, so that if you happen to be walking behind them on a dark night you catch sight of the glowing end protruding just below the ear. Others again—and these, as a rule are persons of vivacious temperament—seldom keep their cigars for two consecutive moments between their lips. The take a few puffs, and then the cigar is given a rest between finger and thumb.

A man of determined character, energetic, pugnacious, impatient often betrays himself by giving his cigar an upwards tilt while consuming it—a favorite method with the Yankee, to whom the above epithets are distinctly applicable. The contemplative, dreamy individual will let it droop towards his chin; while level headed persons—and fortunately they form the vast majority hold their horizontally. Naturally insolent people frequently omit to remove the cigar from their mouths when speaking to you, while others of a sullen, brooding disposition chew the end into horrible pulp. As is there anything more eloquent of stinkiness than the habit, largely indulged in by Germans, of sticking the stump of a cigar on the small blade of a penknife and consuming it until the glow almost touches the lips!

Penn—Where is he now? Gothamite—I wouldn't care to say. He's dead.—Catholic Standard

Briggs—Henry was rebuking me for being envious of people who are better than myself. He says that is one sin that cannot be laid at his door.

Griggs—No, Henry doesn't believe there is anybody better than he is or that anybody possibly could be.—Boston Transcript.

Tuner—Mrs. Wilkins left word that I should call and repair your piano. Mr. Wilkins—What's the matter with it?

Tuner—She says three strings are broken. Mr. Wilkins (confidentially)—Look, here's half a sovereign. Break the rest of 'em.

Johnny (robbingly)—Do, las t'ing I saw of Jimmy he was still hangin' on ter der stick of a big skyrocket.—Judge.

With horseless taxis and wireless things This nation is a hummer; But what the country'd hail with joy Would be a heatless summer.

'Christian Scientists believe in ignoring physical distress!' 'Pshaw, Christian Science girls race up to the ice cream soda counters just like all other girls.'

A CENT is a little thing compared with a BED SPREAD, but we wash the bed spread for the cent, iron and fold it, too in air. 50 pieces for 60 cts., plain. We do the following six sort of linen. Bed spread, sheets, table cloth, pillow slips, napkins and towels. 50 mixed or all of one sort fixable pliable finish on shirt collars and cuffs. Ugar's Laundry, Dyeing & Carpet Cleaning Works. Telephone 68.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound Is successfully used monthly by over 10,000 Ladies. Safe, effective. Ladies ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Take no other, as all mixtures, pills and imitations are dangerous. Price, No. 1, 21 per box. No. 2, 25 degrees stronger, 25 per box. No. 1 or 2, mailed on receipt of price and two-cent stamp. The Cook Stereotype Windsor, Ont. No. 1 and 2 sold and recommended by all responsible Druggists in Canada.

No. 1—and—No. 2 are sold in St. John by all responsible Druggists.

BAKING POWDER

and wholesome

instead of using a penknife or... a shocking habit that...

once happily prepared for... observe how your man holds it...

majority of men hold their... the front teeth and puff the...

of determined character, ener... gious, impatient often betrays...

Where is he now? He wouldn't care to say. He's... Catholic Standard

—Hendry was rebuking me... envious of people who are better...

—No, Hendry doesn't believe... nybody better than he is or that...

—Mrs. Wilkins left word that I... l and repair your piano.

—She says three strings are brok... Wilkins (confidentially)—Look...

(sobbingly)—Da, las 'ting I saw... he was still hangin' on ter der...

—without things and wireless things... ation isa hummer;

—Christian Science girls race up... e cream soda counters just like...

—It is a little thing compared with... READ, but we wash the bed...

—The Cook Company Window, Ont... and 3 sold and recommended by...

—and—No. 2 are sold in St. John... sponsible Druggists.



The R.K.Y.C. cruise was brought to a close... this week with many expressions of regret...

Mr. Averill of Zephra fame has been in the city... for the past week. Mr. Averill is contemplating...

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Thomson and their guests... left on Monday morning for the south branch of the...

The party included Miss Almira Smith, Misses... Winnie and Nub Barnaby, Miss Gladys Mac-

Miss Mabel Puseley of Amherst is the guest of... Mrs. G. R. Pugsley at Lakeside. Miss Bessie...

Mrs. George F. Smith the Misses Smith and several... young friends enjoyed a pleasant outing on...

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Streeter, Miss Eleanor Robin-... son, Miss Mabel L. Fairweather were among the...

Mrs. E. J. Broderick, one of the many June brides... received her friends on Wednesday and Thursday...

Quite a number of city people attended the garden... party held on St. Rose church grounds at Fairville...

Many persons were deeply grieved to hear of the... death of Miss Ada M. Sturman, daughter of Mrs....

Mrs. E. Sinclair and Miss Sinclair of New York... are enjoying a few weeks in the province.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Carey of Charlotteville are in... the city guests at the Dufrin.

Miss May Murray is visiting friends in P. E. I... Misses Conchell of Moncton were in the city for...

Miss Minnie Smith and Miss Annie Hea are in... Hampton, guests of the Rev. Dr. Evans and fam-

Miss T. Flood has returned from a visit to her... friend Miss Tweed at Hampton.

Mr. D. J. Waterbury of New York arrived home... on Saturday to spend a vacation with his parents.

Miss May Van Buren of Carleton, Maine, who has... been visiting in the city is spending the week...

Miss Moran and Miss Alice Moran left on Wed-... nesday for a two weeks visit to Model Farm.

Miss Zina Sewell of Fredericton is visiting Mrs... J. P. Quins of Main street.

Misses Minnie and Margaret McDade of Boston... are visiting their grandmother, Mrs. H. McCarthy,

Mrs. John Connor of Ottawa who is summering... with relatives here, spent the week with Mrs. J. A.

Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Stevens of London, England... arrived in the city this week and are guests of Mrs.

Mr. Wilson and children of Boston who have... been visiting relatives in the north end last...

On Wednesday evening at Holy Trinity church... the marriage was solemnized of Mr. Matthew J.

The bride who entered the church leaning on the... arm of her father, was accompanied by a...

At the conclusion of the ceremony the bridal... party drove to the residence of the bride's parents...

The wedding gifts included many costly and... handsome articles. The groom's present to the...

Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby Hatch and Master... Vernon have returned from the Knoll, Sussex.

Mr. Fred Roderick of Portland Maine is visiting... his sister Mrs. David Adams of the North End.

Capt. Wm. Henderson spent the week with his... family on Adelaide street.

Miss Gladys Saewal left this week to pay a visit... to her friend Miss Wood at Sackville.

Misses Annie and Katie Gagners left this week... on a vacation trip to the North shore.

Miss Ella Stanton of the North end is spending... her vacation in Amherst.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Wade are visiting St Andrew... friends.

Miss Louise Skinner spent the week at St And-... rews, the guest of her friend Miss Roberts Smith.

Miss Louie Croly is visiting relatives at Yar-... mouth and Hebron.

On Wednesday afternoon a party of young people... on invitation of Miss Olive Crandall assembled at...

Mrs. James Dever is home from a visit to her... daughter, Mrs. Norman Leslie at Kingston, Ont.

Miss Nannary of the west end is spending her... vacation at Bay Water.

Mrs. E. S. Carter and children who have been... visiting at Sussex returned to the city on Tuesday.

Mrs. George Catlin of Brooklyn is visiting her... mother, Mrs. W. A. Carter, of Kingston. Mrs.

Mr. E. Stuart Solomon, Mrs. and Miss S. Mon-... roe who have been in the city for a short time guests of...

Mr. Fred Stone of New York is visiting his par-... ents here.

Miss George Cochrane is visiting St John friends... Mrs. E. S. Gross is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles...

Miss Jessie Ross of Stellarton, N. S., is visit-... ing Miss Daisy Rand at the residence of Mr. N. L. Rand,

Miss Irvine Smith is visiting friends at Titusville... King Co.

Little Kathrine Shivers Reid, the six year old... daughter of ex-Ad F Reid died on Saturday morn-

The engagement is announced of Mr. Claude... Peters and Miss Jane Harris daughter of Mr. C. P.

Mrs. W. H. Bartlett, who has been spending some... weeks in Boston, has returned to Moncton and...

Dr. G. T. Smith and Mrs. Smith and Mr. S. S... Knight, returned on Saturday afternoon via the...

The marriage of Annie, daughter of the late Wm... Harrison of Sackville, and Dwight Pickard, brother...

Miss Fannie Brown returned yesterday from a... pleasant three weeks' visit to friends on P. E. Island.

Mr. Edward Egan, wife and daughter of Boston... are in town, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Marr.

Miss Florence Bower of Amherst, is visiting her... friend Miss Sadie Hemsworth, Robinson street.

Miss Ruth Chandler, of Campbellton is in the... city the guest of Miss Crossland, Bedford street.

Mrs. W. E. Wood, of Miss Marie Stevens of Boston... is visiting her parents on Waterloo St.

Mrs. J. T. Trites and Mrs. R. A. Borden of this city... are visiting friends in Sussex.

Dr. White leaves this week for his home in... Newfoundland. He will be absent two weeks.

Miss Annie Craig, of Newcastle, is visiting her... sister Mrs. H. H. Barker at Gibson.

Miss Nellie Foran is spending her summer vaca-... tion at Littleton N. B. for the good of her health, her...

Mrs. Mary Anslow has returned home from Zion... ville, York county.

Mrs. Mary H. Ryan has returned from a visit to... Richibucto.

Miss Clara Dalton of Chelsea, Mass., is visit-... ing her home here.

Miss Maude P. many of Sackville is visiting... friends here.

Mrs. John Brooks is visiting her former home at... Point La Nim, Restigouche Co., N. B.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Rogers, of Haverhill, Mass., are... the guests of other brothers, Rev. W. S. Martin.

Rev. and Mrs. W. S. Martin and their guests, Mr... and Mrs. Rogers, from Haverhill, Mass., and Miss...

Mrs. Griffin of Boston is the guest of Mrs. Geo. L... Holbrook.

Mrs. Silson of Boston is visiting her mother Mrs... G. W. Vanwart.

Mrs. Wendell F. Jones has returned from a visit... to Fredericton.

Mrs. E. V. Dimock has gone to visit friends at... Ficton, N. S.

Miss Estelle Warner St. John, is visiting her sister... Mrs. J. J. Troy.

Mrs. McLaughlin St. John, is the guest of her... sister Mrs. J. T. Garden.

Miss B. McCartin is visiting Johnville, this week... the guest of John Boyd.

Case and effect: Raynor—How did you ever... get such a snappy job as yours?

There never was, and never will be, a universal... panacea, in one remedy for all ills to which flesh is...

Victor is Boston—He seems to be a distinguish-... ed foreigner. Is he a Japanese or a Chinaman?

Have you ever been perfectly happy? Yes but I never knew it at the time.

D. & A. Corsets. Feel Fine. Fit Fine. Straight front and are recommended by discriminating users. Ladies' tailors are particularly pleased with the results obtained by the use of these Corsets. Price \$1.00 to \$2.00 pair.

Leave Your Orders Early for Spring Painting, etc. At ST. JOHN PAINT STORE, 158 PRINCEPS ST. H. L. & J. T. McGowan. For Sale by all First-Class Dealers in Confectionery. Caramel, Snowflakes. Don't take inferior goods; the best do not cost any more than inferior goods.

WHERE THE WEAR IS. The edge of a skirt is the focal point of most skirt worry. What is your experience with "bindings," "edgings," etc.? You can remember many a skirt that got frayed at the edge and shabby before the drapery showed even a sign of wear. "Cortelli Protector Brand," sewed on flat, not turned over, will wear as long as any skirt, always be-clean, always save the skirt, will not chafe the shoes. Sold everywhere in all shades. Genuine only with this brand. Cortelli SKIRT PROTECTOR.

When You Want a Real Tonic 'ST. AGUSTINE' ask for (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine. GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899. E. G. SCOVIL, "Having used both we think the St. Agustine preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic. JOHN C. CLOWES. E. G. SCOVIL, 62 Union Street.

FOR ARTISTS. Winsor & Newton's Oil Colors, Water Colors, Canvases, etc., etc. Manufacturing Artists, Colormen to Her Majesties the Queen and Royal Family. FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES. A. RAMSAY & SON, - MONTREAL, Wholesale Agents for Canada.

Buctouche Bar Oysters. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Buctouche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square. J. D. TURNER. Pulp Wood Wanted. WANTED—Under the name of Buctouche or Buctouche, for sale can correspond to the Buctouche Company, Ltd., stating the quantity, price per thousand superficial feet, and the time of delivery. M. F. MOONEY.

Fry's Pure Cocoa. Cocoa is healthful, nourishing, and does not over stimulate like tea or coffee. Fry's concentrated cocoa is absolutely pure cocoa hence the most economical to use. It has taken over 200 medals and awards for its superiority over all others.

FOR ADVERTISERS: COURT NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Halifax by the cowboys and at the following news stands and out-lets.
McGowan & Co. Barrington street
CLIFFORD SMITH, Cor. George & Grayville Sts
LANSANA NEWS CO. Railway Depot
J. B. FREDLATER, Brunswick street
W. A. LEE, Queen's Hotel
Queen Bookstore, 106 Hollis St
Mrs. DeFreitas, 181 Brunswick St
July 25—Mrs C M Mumford and little daughter Nina are visiting her sister, Mrs B Davidson, Pictou.
Miss A King of this city is visiting friends in North Sydney.
Miss Mabel Wortman of Wolfville is the guest of Rev W E Hall.
Miss Messervy of Dartmouth, is the guest of Mr and Mrs Stephen Curll, Lunenburg.
Miss May McNeil of Halifax, is visiting her friend Miss Beale, a husband, High street, New Glasgow.
Mr and Mrs Edwin Todd, who have been guests of B Oakes have returned to their home in Calais, Maine.
Mrs Fred White and daughter of St Pierre, Minn. are visiting Rev and Mrs J W Cunningham at St George's rectory.
Rev A and Mrs Grandier are spending a short vacation in the city.
Mrs Kennell is visiting Antigonish friends.
Sir M B and Lady Daley have gone to Chester for the summer.
Mr and Mrs M Moroney were at home to their friends on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week.
Mrs F U Mahon and Miss Mahon of London are spending the summer here.
Mrs W Monaghan and children of North Sydney are visiting here.
Miss Jennie Kennedy is staying with Amherst friends.
Miss Donald Ross of New Zealand and their daughters are spending the summer with relatives here.
Miss Emma Brown has returned to Boston after a pleasant visit with friends at Dartmouth.
Miss Marion LeWolfe and Master Gerald De Wolfe are spending the vacation at Grand Falls.
Miss Lillian Dockrill of Halifax is spending the summer with Mrs Sanford, Millford.
Mrs Harry Foster of Halifax is visiting her sister, Mrs H Miss Murphree, Wainor.
Miss Maggie Emmerson, St John is visiting Mrs Rooney of Halifax.
Misses Elizabeth and Forest of Halifax are guests of Mrs McKay New Glasgow.
Miss Lillian Coombs of Dartmouth, is visiting Mrs R A Payne, St John.
Mrs (Rev) Wallace of Halifax, is visiting New Glasgow, the guest of her friends, Misses Ross.
Mrs Chas E Chapman of Millford, Mass is stopping with Mrs W L Kane, 71 Queen street.
Miss Mand Lovett is visiting Mrs Edie at Lunenburg, C B.
Dr S Fitch and family have gone to Prince's Lodge for the summer.
The engagement of Miss Mabel Boak, of Halifax and Capt D A Dodge, of the Royal Canadian Regiment, is announced.
Rev L D More, returned Missionary from India, is spending a few days in the city. He is at the Carlton.
Mrs A M Jack of Halifax, has arrived at Wolfville from a trip to Chester and will be the guest of her mother, Mrs Charles Fitch, Wolfville.
Miss Jane Fayon of Central House, was visiting friends at Lunenburg this week.
Mrs Wm Monaghan and children, Vicky and Jack, of North Kingston, N S, are spending a few days in Halifax.
Mrs J L Batty of Halifax, is the guest of her sister, Mrs J A Sponagle, Middleton, N S. Mr Betty is attending the Epworth League of San Francisco.
Mrs Fraser of Halifax, is the guest of Mrs Wm Small, Greenwood, Annapolis.
Miss Mand Nickerson of Halifax, is visiting Miss Jeffrey at Lunenburg.
Miss Ellen Laura Connor, of Evergreen Avenue, Waterhill, Mass, will spend six weeks at her old home in East Dover, Halifax Co.
Miss Shute of Halifax, is the guest of Mrs H C Williams in St John.
Mrs J P Foley and little daughter are visiting Rev Mr Foley at Gusked Wedge.
Mrs W McWilliam, Quebec, is visiting her daughter, Mrs W Webster.
Mrs A and Mrs Gandler of Toronto, and Miss Gandler are the guests while in the city of Dr and Mrs Falconer, Pine Hill. The cool sea breeze of the North West Arm have already proven refreshing after the intense heat experienced in the interior.
Miss Bertha D Allen of South Melville, is visiting this city, the guest of Miss Putnam, 40 Park street.
Mr and Mrs J Kerr of Wainipeg, and Miss Kerr of Montreal, are guests of their sister, Mrs Thos Douglas, 1 Inglis street.
Mrs C J Burchell of Sydney, is visiting her parents, Dr and Mrs Currie, Pine Hill.
Mrs James Crossley, (sister of the late H. D. Blackadar) Manchester, New Hampshire, arrived in the city last night.
Mr and Mrs G A Knodell, of St John, N B, were at the Queen today.
Wm Leitch, of the I C R mechanical department, and Miss E E Soles, daughter of George C Soles, were married on Monday afternoon at the home of the bride, Veth street, by the Rev N Lemoule, groomsmen and Miss Emma Leitch, sister of the groom, was bridesmaid. The happy couple left on the 5.30 train last evening for Sydney. They will be at home to their friends at Water street, Dartmouth, on Aug 5th and 6th.

BRIDGETOWN.

July 24—Miss Estelle Walsh is at Hampton.
Mrs F J Reed is visiting at her home in Halifax.
Mrs L R Miller and Master Warren, are visiting friends at Clementsport.
Mrs Hatch left yesterday for a visit of several weeks in New Brunswick.
Miss Edith Crosshill is visiting her parents, Mr and Mrs F C Crosshill.

Mrs M U Higgins of Wolfville, is the guest of her mother, Mrs J E Healy.
Miss Jennie, Phillips of Halifax, is the guest of Miss Kinney.

Miss Emma McMillan of Pictou, Ill, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs F L Miller.
Miss Taylor and Miss Clark, Halifax, were guests of Mrs H Ruggles last Sunday.

Miss Farrar of Boston, is visiting Mrs F H Johnson at 'The Poplars' Charlton's Corner.
Miss Minnie Clark of Woodville, Kings county, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs J W Brown.

Mrs G F A Anderson and daughter, Lillian of St John, are the guests of Mrs G N Wear.
Mrs Jas Primrose, and Master Clarence and Miss Lee Lloyd, returned yesterday from a trip to Fort Lorne.

Mr and Mrs A A Taylor left last week for South Dakota to visit Mr Taylor's brother who is Sheriff of De Smet.

WOLFVILLE.

JULY 27—Rev Lewis Donaldson was in Wolfville on his return from accompanying his mother to Co. walls, where she will stay with her daughter, Mrs Emma Starr.

The Rev Methodist minister Rev George Johnson entered upon his work here last Sunday. He made a very favorable impression.

Rev W A Smallman, Mrs Smallman and Mr B F Smallman are staying at Evangeline Beach.

Mrs F L La Fleming, daughter of Mr George Fitch has gone to Canada to visit friends.

Miss Elizabeth Chipman, Miss Rano, formerly of Cornwallis, and a Miss Thompson have recently arrived from Providence and are visiting at Mrs Huntington's.

Mr East Augustus, who was here to attend his sister's wedding returned to New York Wednesday.

Mrs C M Vaughan has gone to Boston to visit friends for a few weeks.

Miss Queenie Estabrooks of St. John is visiting her uncle Prof Wortman.

Mr W L Bates of Halifax has been spending his vacation with his relatives here.

Dr and Mrs Kiers had entertained a number of friends last week. The evening was a most enjoyable one.

Rev H DeWolfe the new principal of the Acadia Seminary has arrived from Foxboro. He is accompanied by Mrs DeWolfe.

Miss Annie Fitch has gone to Truro where she will be the guest of her aunt Mrs G Gates.

Miss Durfee of Shelburne is visiting her sister Mrs (Dr) Bowles.

Miss Mable Wor-man daughter of Prof Wortman, has gone to Halifax where she will be the guest of her friend Miss Mable Hall, for a few weeks.

Miss Gertrude Roscoe daughter of Inspector Roscoe, has returned from St John where she has been staying with friends.

Miss Mary Archibald of Yarmouth is visiting at E L Archibald's.

Mr and Mrs Edwin Todd, who have been visiting Mr and Mrs J S Oates, return to their home in Calais this week.

Mrs W Fowler of Wainipeg is visiting friends in Wolfville. Mrs Fowler will be remembered as Mr. Joseph Nelley, who was for some time connected with Acadia Seminary.

Mrs Charles Elder and Miss Elder are visiting friends in Wolfville. Mrs Elder will be remembered as Miss Eva Strong, of Canada.

KENTVILLE.

JULY 24—Mr and Mrs W Harrington celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage last week. A large number of guests were present and the evening passed in a most pleasant manner.

The girls were numerous and appropriate.
Miss Nellie Galvin who has been for some weeks the guest of her brother, Dr Barry Galvin, in Boston has returned home.

Miss Jennie Ross, principal of the Academy, left on Monday for her home in Prince Edward Island. Her sister, Miss Lettie, who has been attending school here, left for home on Saturday.

Miss Roberta Blanchard is visiting for the summer months in Shelburne and Liverpool.

Mr. J. R. Spinney and her sister, Miss Charlie McNamara are spending a few weeks enjoying the cool breezes at Kings Point.

Miss Fio McCarthy is spending a fortnight at Evangeline Beach.

Mrs Rose Chipman gave a pleasant afternoon tea on Wednesday of last week at Chapman's Corner.

Mr and Mrs J C Starr left on Wednesday for a visit in Bridgewater.

Mr and Mrs H G Harris returned on Monday from their trip to Buffalo and Upper Canada.

Miss Mand Reagh, of Middleton, was in town this week, the guest of Miss McNamara.

Mrs Hawkeworth, accompanied by her mother, Mrs Green, left on Tuesday for an outing at St Margaret's Bay.

Mrs George C McDougall and children who have been spending a few weeks in Halifax, returned home on Thursday.

Mrs Charles Elder and Miss Eva are the guests this week of Dr and Mrs W B Woodworth, Main street.

YARMOUTH.

JULY 24—Miss Gertrude Wallis of Spencer, Mass, and Frances Dane son of G Murray Dane, were married in Worcester on Wednesday evening.

Mrs W O Gray arrived from Boston per Prince Arthur on Wednesday and is the guest of Mr and Mrs Frank H Wilson, Milton.

Mr and Mrs S W Crabble of Charlottetown, P E I, who are on their wedding tour, are registered at the Grand.

Dr and Mrs Richards left by train this morning for Upper Clements to spend a few weeks at Mrs Perrin's summer home. Mrs Richards is much better in health and her friends hope the change will completely restore her.

Mr Robt S Crawford is home spending his vacation with his parents, Mr and Mrs Robt Crawford, Prince St.



When a man is drowning his rescue is a question of timely help. It is the same thing in disease. Many a time the doctor says of a man whose condition is hopeless, "You'd begun in time you might have been cured."
This is especially true when the disease affects the lungs. Delay is dangerous. The timely use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will result in a quick cure of deep-seated coughs, bronchitis, and weak lungs. Even when hemorrhages have been frequent and profuse "Golden Medical Discovery" has been used time and again with the result of a perfect and permanent cure.

Mr McCauley, of Leechburg, Armstrong Co., Pa., had eighty-one hemorrhages, and after other medical aid had failed he was completely cured by the use of "Golden Medical Discovery."
Accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery." There is no other medicine so good for "weak" lungs.

"I was in poor health when I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's medicine," writes Mr. Hines, Lawyer of Volga, Jefferson Co., Ind. "I had stomach, kidney, and liver troubles. Was not able to do any work. I had a severe cough and hemorrhage of the lungs, but after using your medicine a while I commenced to gain in strength and flesh, and stopped coughing right away. Took about six bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' then, and last spring I had Grippe and it settled on my lungs, leaving me with a severe cough. I had the doctor, but he didn't seem to help me any; so I commenced your medicine again and took three or four bottles and I was completely cured. I am now a healthy and different person. I gladly recommend your medicine to all sufferers, for I know it cured me."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 37 one-cent stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

on Monday to visit her sister, Mrs Frost, Kirk street.

Mr George Crawford, accompanied by his friend Mr Drew, is spending his vacation with his parents, Mr and Mrs Robert Crawford.

Mrs A B Raymond and daughter, of Beverly Mass, are visiting Mr and Mrs W L Rogers, Prince street.

Miss Louie Crosby, daughter of L G Crosby, St John, is spending a few weeks in town.

Miss Phoeasant of Boston, is here on a visit to her parents, Captain and Mrs Phoeasant, Colling street.

Miss May Brown was a passenger from Boston on Sunday and returned the same afternoon.

Mrs Luman and daughter, of Dever, Colorado, and Miss Winnie Roach, of Danversport, visited Mrs Geo G Crosby last week.

WINDSOR.

July 24—Mr and Mrs H M Bradford of St Andrew's school, Annapolis Royal, are spending the summer vacation in Lockport.

Miss Estelle McLean of Mapleton entertained a number of young friends at her home on Monday afternoon and evening.

Mrs Lemuel Crossley spent Sunday in Summersville. Miss Madge Crossley of Wainipeg is visiting at the home of Mrs Crossley.

Misses Irene B Dill and Katie G Sweet, Sweet's Corner, have gone to Black Cape, Quebec, for a visit. They will also visit relatives in Moncton before returning.

Miss Lillian McNeil left for an extended visit to Windsor. While there she will be the guest of Miss Lisette Smith, daughter of ex Mayor Smith.

Rev James Symonds who is a Nova Scotian by birth and a graduate of King's but who has served for some time in the States has been elected to the parish of Aylesford.

Miss Florence Assanow of the Hants Journal's editorial staff, went to Newcastle N B on Thursday last, and after a few days visit will leave for the Miramichi will leave for Fredericton to visit in that city for a month.

Mr W M Christie was in Truro Sunday where his daughter, Miss Ethel, is at present a visitor. Miss Christie has been visiting points in New Brunswick and P E Island, and will return home shortly accompanied by her friends, Miss Weldon.

Mr and Mrs Geo D Geldert were at Grand over Sunday on a visit to Mrs Geldert's own home where her sister, Mrs Bath of New York is at present sojourning. Mrs Bath leaves Grand on Thursday or Friday returning home.

Mr and Mrs A Mosher arrived in Parrboro by the Evangeline on Tuesday and are spending the week at Council for Smith's. Mr Mosher's vacation ends on Monday and he and his bride will then take up their residence at Berwick.

The marriage took place on Tuesday morning of Miss Laura E Campbell and Mr George H Curry, son of the late Rev Curry, proprietor of the Book and Novelty store. The nuptials took place in St John's Presbyterian church at 10 a. m. and were witnessed by a large assemblage. The church was very prettily decorated with cut flowers and growing plants in great profusion, banked about the pulpit and platform with festooning in front of both bride and groom. The bride who was given away by her brother, Mr Harry C Campbell, wore a travelling dress of navy blue cloth trimmed with cream silk, and wore a hat to correspond. Luncheon was served at the conclusion of the ceremony.

At the railway station many friends gathered to give them a good send off in the Flying Business. They will visit Yarmouth, Boston and other points before returning home.

Mrs Edwin Shaw is a visitor to friends in Walton.

Mrs T A Mosher has been visiting relatives in Avondale.

Miss Lisette Smith went to Digby on Tuesday for a week's visit.

Miss Evelyn Kierstead of Wolfville is visiting the Misses Bennett.

Mrs Forster of Halifax is visiting her sister, Mr. H Bliss Murphy.

Miss A Seary of Wolfville, Mass is visiting her parents at Mapleton.

Mrs Troop of Boston is a visitor at the home of Dr and Mrs J B Black.

Miss Mary Murray, Millford, is enjoying a vacation among friends in Ficton, Co.

Miss Evelyn Dimock is spending a few weeks at Halifax and Sambro.

Miss George Keith was at Middleton last week a guest at the American House.

Miss M Partridge is spending her vacation with her friend Miss M Harnedy, Mapleton.

Miss Caldwell has returned from Halifax and is again visiting her aunt, Mrs Lawson.

Miss Annie Chisholm of Newtonville, Mass is visiting her sister, Mrs Anne Blarney.

Miss Covey of Halifax is in town the guest of Mr and Mrs Lewis Dimock, Albert street.

DIGBY.

July 24—Mrs H B Short has returned from a visit to Hampton.

Miss Maggie Beaman has returned home from Boston.

Miss Laura Jones has returned from a lengthy visit at Yarmouth.

Mr and Mrs Edward Rogers and Miss Jeffrey of N Y are guests at Leav Lodge.

Mr J. F Chase of South Boston is the guest of his parents Mr and Mrs Timothy King.

Mr and Mrs Fred K Tobin of Lynn Mass, are the guests of Mr Tobin's parents.

Dr Alsop and family, Brooklyn, N Y are occupying Rev L S Osborne's cottage.

Mrs Horace Craft and Mrs Joseph Martins are the guests of their mother Mrs Edw Beaman.

Mrs Allen of Dartmouth, is visiting her son Mr J E Allen.

Mr Boyd Hamilton of Lowell, Mass and Miss Mabel Saunders of Wolfville are the guests of Mr and Mrs H B Short.

Miss Ella Harper, of Moncton who has been visiting at Mr and Mrs G A Vye's returned home last week.

Mrs Carrie McIntosh and family of White Rock, Kings county is the guest of her parents, Mr and Mrs Geo M White.

Mrs Everett and Miss Everett of Cambridge are spending some time here.

Misses Hanford of New York are enjoying a vacation here.

Weak Back and Spinal Pains.

Pains in the back number their victims in thousands. Only very powerful and penetrating remedies will reach these distressing complaints, but Pease's Nerviline is as sure to cure them as anything in this world can be sure.

Pease's Nerviline over the sore parts night and morning and see how quickly it drives out the pain. Five times stronger than any other. Good for internal and external use. Large bottles 35c.

Pease's Nerviline is a powerful and penetrating remedy which reaches these distressing complaints, but Pease's Nerviline is as sure to cure them as anything in this world can be sure.

Pease's Nerviline over the sore parts night and morning and see how quickly it drives out the pain. Five times stronger than any other. Good for internal and external use. Large bottles 35c.

Pease's Nerviline is a powerful and penetrating remedy which reaches these distressing complaints, but Pease's Nerviline is as sure to cure them as anything in this world can be sure.

Pease's Nerviline over the sore parts night and morning and see how quickly it drives out the pain. Five times stronger than any other. Good for internal and external use. Large bottles 35c.

Pease's Nerviline is a powerful and penetrating remedy which reaches these distressing complaints, but Pease's Nerviline is as sure to cure them as anything in this world can be sure.

Pease's Nerviline over the sore parts night and morning and see how quickly it drives out the pain. Five times stronger than any other. Good for internal and external use. Large bottles 35c.

Pease's Nerviline is a powerful and penetrating remedy which reaches these distressing complaints, but Pease's Nerviline is as sure to cure them as anything in this world can be sure.

Pease's Nerviline over the sore parts night and morning and see how quickly it drives out the pain. Five times stronger than any other. Good for internal and external use. Large bottles 35c.

Pease's Nerviline is a powerful and penetrating remedy which reaches these distressing complaints, but Pease's Nerviline is as sure to cure them as anything in this world can be sure.

Pease's Nerviline over the sore parts night and morning and see how quickly it drives out the pain. Five times stronger than any other. Good for internal and external use. Large bottles 35c.

Pease's Nerviline is a powerful and penetrating remedy which reaches these distressing complaints, but Pease's Nerviline is as sure to cure them as anything in this world can be sure.

Pease's Nerviline over the sore parts night and morning and see how quickly it drives out the pain. Five times stronger than any other. Good for internal and external use. Large bottles 35c.

Pease's Nerviline is a powerful and penetrating remedy which reaches these distressing complaints, but Pease's Nerviline is as sure to cure them as anything in this world can be sure.

Pease's Nerviline over the sore parts night and morning and see how quickly it drives out the pain. Five times stronger than any other. Good for internal and external use. Large bottles 35c.

Pease's Nerviline is a powerful and penetrating remedy which reaches these distressing complaints, but Pease's Nerviline is as sure to cure them as anything in this world can be sure.

Pease's Nerviline over the sore parts night and morning and see how quickly it drives out the pain. Five times stronger than any other. Good for internal and external use. Large bottles 35c.

Pease's Nerviline is a powerful and penetrating remedy which reaches these distressing complaints, but Pease's Nerviline is as sure to cure them as anything in this world can be sure.

Pease's Nerviline over the sore parts night and morning and see how quickly it drives out the pain. Five times stronger than any other. Good for internal and external use. Large bottles 35c.

Pease's Nerviline is a powerful and penetrating remedy which reaches these distressing complaints, but Pease's Nerviline is as sure to cure them as anything in this world can be sure.

Pease's Nerviline over the sore parts night and morning and see how quickly it drives out the pain. Five times stronger than any other. Good for internal and external use. Large bottles 35c.

Pease's Nerviline is a powerful and penetrating remedy which reaches these distressing complaints, but Pease's Nerviline is as sure to cure them as anything in this world can be sure.

Pease's Nerviline over the sore parts night and morning and see how quickly it drives out the pain. Five times stronger than any other. Good for internal and external use. Large bottles 35c.

Pease's Nerviline is a powerful and penetrating remedy which reaches these distressing complaints, but Pease's Nerviline is as sure to cure them as anything in this world can be sure.

Pease's Nerviline over the sore parts night and morning and see how quickly it drives out the pain. Five times stronger than any other. Good for internal and external use. Large bottles 35c.



A Delicious Tubbing and their refreshing sleep—there is nothing better for any baby. Always use the "Albert."

BABY'S OWN SOAP

and your child will have a fine complexion and never be troubled with skin diseases.

The National Council of Women of Canada have recommended it as very suitable for nursery use.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co. MONTREAL.

Makers of the celebrated Albert Toilet Soap.

Eugene Field's Poems A \$7.00 Book.

THE Book of the century, H a d. s. only illustrated by thirty-two of the world's greatest artists.

is ready for delivery. But for the noble contribution of the world's greatest artists, this book could not have been manufactured for less than \$7.00.

The Fund created is divided equally between the family of the late Eugene Field and the Fund for the building of a monument to the memory of the beloved poet of childhood.

Address: EUGENE FIELD MONUMENT SOUVENIR FUND, (Also at Book Store.) 100 Monroe St., Chicago.

If you also wish to send postage, enclose 10 cents.

Given Free to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Monument Fund. Subscriptions at a low rate of \$1.00 will entitle donor to this distinctly artistic volume.

FIELD FLOWERS (cloth bound, \$2.11) as a certificate of subscription to the Fund. The book contains a selection of Field's best and most representative works and is ready for delivery.

But for the noble contribution of the world's greatest artists, this book could not have been manufactured for less than \$7.00.

The Fund created is divided equally between the family of the late Eugene Field and the Fund for the building of a monument to the memory of the beloved poet of childhood.

Address: EUGENE FIELD MONUMENT SOUVENIR FUND, (Also at Book Store.) 100 Monroe St., Chicago.

If you also wish to send postage, enclose 10 cents.

Given Free to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Monument Fund. Subscriptions at a low rate of \$1.00 will entitle donor to this distinctly artistic volume.

FIELD FLOWERS (cloth bound, \$2.11) as a certificate of subscription to the Fund. The book contains a selection of Field's best and most representative works and is ready for delivery.

But for the noble contribution of the world's greatest artists, this book could not have been manufactured for less than \$7.00.

The Fund created is divided equally between the family of the late Eugene Field and the Fund for the building of a monument to the memory of the beloved poet of childhood.

Address: EUGENE FIELD MONUMENT SOUVENIR FUND, (Also at Book Store.) 100 Monroe St., Chicago.

If you also wish to send postage, enclose 10 cents.

Given Free to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Monument Fund. Subscriptions at a low rate of \$1.00 will entitle donor to this distinctly artistic volume.

FIELD FLOWERS (cloth bound, \$2.11) as a certificate of subscription to the Fund. The book contains a selection of Field's best and most representative works and is ready for delivery.

But for the noble contribution of the world's greatest artists, this book could not have been manufactured for less than \$7.00.

The Fund created is divided equally between the family of the late Eugene Field and the Fund for the building of a monument to the memory of the beloved poet of childhood.

Address: EUGENE FIELD MONUMENT SOUVENIR FUND, (Also at Book Store.) 100 Monroe St., Chicago.

If you also wish to send postage, enclose 10 cents.

Given Free to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Monument Fund. Subscriptions at a low rate of \$1.00 will entitle donor to this distinctly artistic volume.

FIELD FLOWERS (cloth bound, \$2.11) as a certificate of subscription to the Fund. The book contains a selection of Field's best and most representative works and is ready for delivery.

But for the noble contribution of the world's greatest artists, this book could not have been manufactured for less than \$7.00.

The Fund created is divided equally between the family of the late Eugene Field and the Fund for the building of a monument to the memory of the beloved poet of childhood.

Address: EUGENE FIELD MONUMENT SOUVENIR FUND, (Also at Book Store.) 100 Monroe St., Chicago.

If you also wish to send postage, enclose 10 cents.

Given Free to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Monument Fund. Subscriptions at a low rate of \$1.00 will entitle donor to this distinctly artistic volume.

FIELD FLOWERS (cloth bound, \$2.11) as a certificate of subscription to the Fund. The book contains a selection of Field's best and most representative works and is ready for delivery.

But for the noble contribution of the world's greatest artists, this book could not have been manufactured for less than \$7.00.

The Fund created is divided equally between the family of the late Eugene Field and the Fund for the building of a monument to the memory of the beloved poet of childhood.

Address: EUGENE FIELD MONUMENT SOUVENIR FUND, (Also at Book Store.) 100 Monroe St., Chicago.

If you also wish to send postage, enclose 10 cents.

Given Free to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Monument Fund. Subscriptions at a low rate of \$1.00 will entitle donor to this distinctly artistic volume.

FIELD FLOWERS (cloth

FARMERS MAKE MONEY

Do not sell your poultry, turkeys, geese or ducks till you investigate this great Company, its object and the high prices to be obtained by dealing only with it—cash is better than trading—who last year made money out of your poultry—Did you?—No.—JOIN this co-operative company for the protection of farmers—get high prices as well as your share of the profits of selling in England. Join at once.

The Canadian Dressed Poultry Company, Limited

Capital Stock, - - \$450,000

HEAD OFFICE: HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

PRESIDENT—MR. GIBSON ARNOLDI, Barrister-at-Law, Toronto, Ontario.
MANAGER—MR. WILLIAM S. GILMORE, Merchant, Hamilton, Ontario.

Three Firms Alone Intimated Their Ability and Willingness to Handle About Two Thousand Cases Per Week at Good Prices.

APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

GIBSON ARNOLDI, ESQ., PRESIDENT, THE CANADIAN DRESSED POULTRY COMPANY, LIMITED, 9 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO:

DEAR SIR,—I enclose you herewith \$..... in full payment for..... shares of fully paid and non-assessable stock in the Canadian Dressed Poultry Company, Limited, which I wish allotted to me, as I wish to become a fully qualified shareholder and entitled to all the advantages of the Company, as described in the published Prospectus.

YOUR NAME,..... ADDRESS,.....

ANNAPOLIS.

JULY 24—Mrs. F. C. Whittman returned from Halifax on Tuesday.
Miss Emma McLachlan is visiting her sister Mrs. H. deBlois.
Hon. J. W. Langley and Mrs. Langley who are on a driving tour, spent Tuesday night in town, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Owen.
Miss Muriel Arnaud entertained her friends on Saturday evening last, with a card party followed by a dance.
The Misses Corbett gave a small tennis party on Tuesday evening.
Mr. J. W. Edwards and wife of Boston are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Havelock Edwards.
Prof. Chas. Mohr of Boston is the guest of his cousin, Mrs. Potter.
Miss Gladys Hoop returned from Boston last week, after an absence of several months.
Mrs. D. E. Tremaine and little son returned from a visit to Halifax last week.
Little Miss Ruth and Master Jean Farrel, of Boston, are the guests of their grandmother, Mrs. Henry Farrel, Chapel Hill.
Mrs. Newcombe of Boston, is visiting at the home of Mr. E. B. Newcombe.
Mrs. Hugh Simpson, who has been visiting in Keewille for sometime, left on Wednesday, en route for her home in England.
Miss Evelyn Skinner of Berwick, is the guest of Mrs. J. W. Chase, Chapel Hill.
Dr. F. W. Kelly of Montreal is the guest of Mrs. E. G. Morton.
Mrs. C. F. Day and little Miss Marjorie returned on Monday last from a visit in Paradise.
Mrs. E. H. Ward and daughter, accompanied by Mrs. J. W. Redding, are spending a few weeks at "Houstons."
Miss Laura Harris, of Malden, Mass, was the guest last week of Mrs. C. F. Eaton.
Miss Claire Demmon is the guest of her grandmother, Mrs. E. A. Calkins at Oaklands.

AMHERST.

[FRODOSS is for sale in Amherst by W. F. Smith]
JULY 24—Mr. M. Curry, Mr. D. W. Robb, Mrs. Curry, Mrs. Robb, and several young gentlemen are enjoying a yachting trip to the "Bras d'Or" lakes.
Mrs. Trotter has returned to Columbia, B. C. after a pleasant visit with her parents, Hon. J. R. and Mrs. Black. She was accompanied by Miss Nellie Langley of Nanaimo, B. C. who has been making a pleasant stay with relatives here.
Mrs. (Dr.) Stewart and two children of New York and her sister, Miss Blanche Robb of California, who has spent the winter with her, are in town visiting friends.
Mrs. Green of Los Angeles, Cal. formerly Miss Amelia Cutes, daughter of the late Eliza Cutes of this town, is here renewing old associations, after an absence of upwards of seventeen years.
Mrs. Abraham Stevens, of Moncton, is visiting her son, Harold and Mrs. Stevens, Victoria street.
Mrs. Fred W. Bent, of Cincinnati, O., is spending the summer with her daughter, Mrs. Fred Christie Miss Jennie Kennedy of Halifax, is a guest of Miss Beaulieu Hickman.
Mrs. C. A. Weeks, of Minneapolis, is visiting her brother, Mr. E. C. Fuller and Mrs. Fuller, "Chilthren House", Havelock street.
Mrs. George of Hazelton House, Newton Centre, Mass, and daughters, the Misses Louise and Eleanor, are in town. Mrs. George is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Lowe, Church street, and the young ladies are the guests of Mrs. C. H. Bent, and Mrs. Jesse Harding, Victoria street.
Mrs. Green left on Tuesday to visit Mr. and Mrs. J. Parsons, Halifax.
C. B. Nicholson and children are in town from Boston.
The marriage of Miss Bertha M. youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Johnstone, Laplanche street, to Mr. C. McKee, took place on Wednesday morning last at the residence of the bride's parents, Rev. A. J. Crosswell, rector of Christ Church, officiating. Mr. and Mrs. McKee left immediately after the ceremony on the short trip to leading points of interest in Nova Scotia.

TRURO.

JULY 24—Mrs. A. C. Page and Miss Cunningham are enjoying an outing in Guysboro.
Mrs. J. E. Bigelow and Miss Eglewose entertained a large number of their lady friends, yesterday afternoon in honor of their visitors, Mrs. W. B. Bar-kins and the Misses Tibbels, in a very pleasant and novel way, to a buck tea, each guest wore a unique suggestion of some book, a charming Japa vase was the prize to the lady guessing the most books.
Miss Yonston and Mrs. E. Fulton were ties for the prize. The former lady very cleverly represented the Scottish chieftain, by wearing a small card decorated with a tiny bag of oat meal and a miniature bottle of whiskey. Mrs. Fulton's card was written over with the word "Athen", which divided was "Macha do about nothing. Mrs. Fulton and Miss Yonston agreed to draw for the prize and as a result, the latter lady became the possessor of the handsome vase.
The charming tea was dispensed out doors, where the guests remained during the afternoon, enjoying the lawn and the pleasant shade afforded by the trees. The function was an exceedingly pleasant and successful one, and elicited some but very flattering comments. Among those present besides the house party were—Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Will Yonston, Miss Christie, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Standfield, Miss Thomas, Mrs. Sinclair, Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Fulton, Mrs. J. H. McKay, Mrs. Gordon Crowe, Misses Schurman, Miss Snook, Miss Longworth, Miss Watson, Miss Wetmore, Miss Belch, Miss Flemming, Miss Fraser, Miss Black, Miss Hanson, Mrs. Feler, Mrs. G. H. Vernon.
Miss Ethel Blanchard is visiting friends in Economy.

Buy.

The importance of encounters for the championship was fully borne in upon the travelling man of business, who thus relates his experience to the Philadelphia Times.
When I arrived at Black Rock I inquired at the village tavern for the man of the name of Wharton, who had some land to sell. "Do you mean old Bill Wharton?"
"Yes."
"Got land down on Bass River?"
"Yes."
"Well, he lives about three miles out of town."
"Can I get a horse?"
"Yes, but it won't do you any good."
"Is he ill?"
"Not that I know of, but he wouldn't see the President of the United States before

next Wednesday. If you can wait seven or eight days, you can get to talk about that land with him."

"Then he has some special business on hand?"
"Special business? Well, I should say so and no mistake. Today him and old Pete Davis sat down to a game of checkers for the championship of the county."

Phraseologically Correct.
A young fellow who was looking for a clerkship was recently recommended to a city merchant by a Glasgow gentleman. When the two friends met some time after the Glasgow ventured to hope that his recommendation had been productive of good results.

"On the contrary," replied the merchant.
"You astonish me," said his friend. "I thought he would suit you exactly, he was so full of go."
"And so he was. He has gone off with a thousand pounds of my money."
"Is it possible? And I thought he was the very man you were looking for."
"You are right there. He is the very man I am looking for."

The Asthmatic's Agony.
Wakelint nights, suffocating sensations, difficult breathing. Who can describe it? This disease partly nervous, partly congestive, partly the result of mucous irritation is no longer treated by nauseous stomach destroying drugs, but by Catarrhones, that destroys the microbes, relieves congestion and relaxes the nervous irritability that renders breathing so difficult. The medication is carried by the air you breathe to the very seat of the disease, and removed as once the cause. The great discovery is known as Catarrhones. Its influence upon Asthma is simply marvellous. Catarrhones prevents as well as cures, and is the only remedy guaranteed to cure. Your money back if it fails. Two sizes at all dealers, 25c. and \$1.00.

Penn—Do you see anything of our old friend Growl? Last time I saw him he said he didn't like New York.
Gothmite—That's so, but I guess he'd rather be in New York than where he is now.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS have found Pain-Killer very useful. There is nothing equal to it in all cases of bowel troubles. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

Imagination Required.—Bilkins—Your friend Scribbler seems to be always short of funds. If his don't sell, why don't you try him at office work when you need a new man?
Boomer—No use. A man who can't succeed as a novelist has't imagination enough for the real estate business.

CALVERT'S
20 per cent.
CARBOLIC SOAP
Cures and prevents Insect and Mosquito bites.
The strongest Carbolic Toilet Soap.
P. C. CALVERT & Co., Manchester, Eng.

THINGS OF VALUE.

GROUPY COUGHS OF CHILDREN.
The tendency to croup is a foe that all parents have to fight. Croup comes in the night, when the help must be right at hand if it is to be help at all. Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam is a blessing to all families where there are children subject to attacks of croup or any mean cough. It has a wonderful reputation for its efficiency and fully deserve it.

You cannot tell what night your child may wake up choking to death with croup. In such a case what do you do? Send for a doctor and wait an hour, or perhaps two hours, while the child is gasping for breath? How much simpler where the true specific for croupy coughs and all throat troubles is right at hand. Indeed, no other way is safe with young children in the home.
Adamson's Cough Balsam is a most delicate medicine for children, relieving the little throats at once. Its action is soothing and certain. It clears out the phlegm, which produces the croupy condition, and is a safeguard which no mother who knows about it will dispense with. All coughs and inflammation of the throat or bronchial tubes are cured by the Balsam with promptness that surprises. All druggists sell it, 25c. The genuine has "F. W. Kinsman & Co." blown in the bottle.

SIGNALS OF DANGER.—Have you lost your appetite? Have you a coated tongue? Have you an "up-lesant" taste in your mouth? Does your head ache and have you dizziness? If so, your stomach is out of order and you need medicine. But you do not like medicine. He that prefers sickness to medicine must suffer, but under the circumstances, the wise man would procure a box of Farnelle's Vegetable Pills and speedily get himself in health and strive to keep so.
THE MOST POPULAR PILL.—The pill is the most popular of all forms of medicine, and of pills the most popular are Farnelle's Vegetable Pills, because they do what it is asserted they can do, and are not put forward on any fictitious claims to excellence. They are compact and portable they are easily taken they do not nauseate nor grip, and they give relief in the most stubborn cases.

Street Car Accident.—Mr. Thomas Sabis, says: "My eleven year old boy had his foot badly injured by being run over by a car on the Street Railway. We at once commenced bathing the foot with Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, when the discoloration and swelling was removed, and in nine cases he could use his foot. We always keep a bottle in the house ready for any emergency."

"Hooray," said the mamma mosquito, "here comes a Sunday school picnic."
"Oh, gee!" exclaimed the little boy mosquito, "that is just my luck. Here I've gone and filled myself up on an old tramp who was so full of nicotine that it nearly made me sick."

Orn Lighting.
That's Putnam's Corn Extractor. Gives corns tired feeling in about twenty-four hours. They consequently got out as they cannot keep up the pain any longer—makes them weary—it's Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor that does this. New don't forget. All druggists.

Bizzer—Come and go fishing.
Buzzer—How dare you ask me to go fishing on Sunday; besides, I have to play golf.

HUSTLING YOUNG MAN can make \$60.00 per month and expenses, permanent position, experience unnecessary. Write quick for particulars, Clark & Co., 4th & Locust streets, Philadelphia, Pa.
BRANDIES!
Landing ex "Corean."
00 Cts. V. V. Brand XXX
100 Cts. " " " " " " " "
100 Cts. " " " " " " " "
100 Cts. " " " " " " " "
For sale low in bond or duty paid.
THOS. L. BOURKE!
25 WATER STREET.

Job... Printing.
Are your Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, or Envelopes running short? Do you consider that you could effect a saving in this part of your business? Why not secure quotations your work before placing an order?
Consult Us for Prices.
And you will find that you can get Printing of all kinds done in a manner and style that is bound to please you. We have lately added new type to our already well-equipped plant, and are prepared to furnish estimates on all classes of work at short notice.
Progress Department.
29 to 31 Canterbury Street.

CAFE ROYAL
BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING,
56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B.
WM. CLARK, Proprietor
Retail dealer in...
CHOCOLATE, WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.
OYSTERS always on hand. FISH and GAME in season.
MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.
QUEEN HOTEL,
FREDERICTON, N. B.
A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.
Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

Victoria Hotel,
81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B.
Electric Passenger Elevator!
and all Modern Improvements.
D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor
THE DUFFERIN
This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the Hotel, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men. It is within a short distance of all parts of the city. Has every accommodation. Rooms clean, from all parts of the town, save the house every thing complete.
D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor.

A Delicious Tubbing
refreshing sleep—there is better for any baby than the Albert
BY'S OWN SOAP
child will have a fine and never troubled diseases.
National Council of Women have recommended—very suitable for nursery
Albert Toilet Soap Co.
MONTREAL,
celebrated Albert Toilet Soap

Given Free
to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Memorial Fund. Subscriptions as low as \$1.00 will entitle donor to this beautiful artistic volume.
FIELD FLOWERS (cloth bound, \$1.11) as a certificate of subscription to fund. Book contains a selection of Field's best and most representative works and a noble contribution of the artist. This book could not be purchased for less than \$7.00. It is divided equally between the late Eugene Field or the building of a monument to the memory of the beloved poet of dress.
FIELD MONUMENT FUND,
180 Monroe St., Chicago.
To send postage, enclose

NOTICE.
efforts of Mr. W. A. Hickman Commissioner, who has for some months past, been in the coming spring a number of farmers with capital the province, with a view to dispose of will please the underigned, when he sent, to be filled in by particular as to location of sale, etc. Quite a number of laborers are also desiring help will communicate with the under-

NOTICE.
N. B., Feb. 9th, A. D.
ROBERT MARSHALL.
and Opinions
OF
Importance.
Sun
ONE

INS BOTH:
\$6 a year
by mail, \$8 a year
Sunday Sun
Sunday Newspaper of the world.
By mail, \$2 a year.
SUN, New York

SOCIAL and PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM SEVENTH PAGE.)

JULY 25—Miss Louise Skinner is expected this week to visit Miss Robert Smith.

Miss Winifred Todd, who has been making a visit of several weeks with her old class mates, returned home on Thursday.

Mrs. McAdam, sister of Mr. A. Cameron, of the firm of Messrs. Cameron & McTavish, after an illness of only a week, died at the residence of her brother on Monday morning. The remains were conveyed to St. John for interment.

Mr. Arthur Chipman, Miss Constance Chipman, and her friend, Miss Julie Westbrook, left by C.P.R. on Saturday morning for St. John, on their way to the Orangetown, where they join a small camping party the guests of Mrs. John Thompson. The party will be in camp about ten days.

Miss Rose Brudenell and Mrs. Winter McAlister were guests of Mrs. W.F. Todd for a few days this week. Miss Brudenell who has been visiting Miss McAlister at her home in Toronto on Friday.

Mrs. Doris Ronalds entertained several friends at a picnic at her cottage on Friday afternoon. Mr. J. E. Garbutt took his launch Runaway down river in the evening and took the party for a cruise. Miss Laura Toller, who has been a guest at the Cedars went to St. Andrews on Saturday.

Dr. Frank J. Dair, accompanied by Mrs. and daughter Gladys, went to Campbellton on Saturday and returned a couple of weeks ago.

ST. ANDREWS.

JULY 25.—Mrs. George J. Clark, of St. Stephen assisted the Methodist church choir on Sunday last. Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Todd of Calais, who have been visiting Halifax friends have returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. F. Wade of St. John, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Wade. Miss Ramsey of Brooklyn, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Ockburn.

Charles Howard of St. Andrews, has succeeded Mr. Gilliland as station agent at McAdam Junction. Mr. R. Watson Gummer of St. Stephen, was in St. Andrews last week, having fully recovered from his recent accident.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Norcott of Dorchester, Mass. are at the Gurney cottage. Mrs. J. F. Dunstan and Miss Agnes Dunstan, of St. Stephen, were guests of Miss S. A. Algar last week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Bonaparte and Mrs. Haycock, of Bathurst, N.S., are registered at the Algonquin for another season. Clarence Hannigan, Oak Est, graduated with honors as an M.D. last week, at Bowdoin college, Brunswick, Maine, and is now at home on a short visit to his parents.

Mrs. Stuart Haines of Newton, Mass., is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Pescock. Mrs. C. K. Howard and children are visiting at Elm cottage.

Miss Pearl McKibbin of Woodstock is at Mrs. E. Howard's. Mr. Thos. Armstrong who was recently injured by an acetylene explosion, is able to be about the house.

James Miller of Boston, a guest at Mr. T. R. Wheeler's cottage, was taken to St. John on Tuesday for medical treatment, having succumbed to an attack of malaria fever contracted before his arrival here. Mr. Wheeler accompanied him.

ST. GEORGE.

The B. Y. P. U. Society held a very successful Strawberry and Ice Cream sale on Tuesday evening of last week.

Miss Sadie Epp, of Parsona, is having a very pleasant visit with relatives in town. Mr. Charles Taverner who has been spending a week with Mr. Taverner and family has returned to Boston.

Miss Bessie Holt, St. John, is visiting at her grandparents, Mrs. Hugh Tudger. The funeral of Mrs. B. McCarty took place from the R. C. Church on Sunday afternoon. High mass will be celebrated by the Rev. Father Lavery on Monday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Judson Seely are visiting Eastport relatives. Mrs. Chipman McAdam and daughter left on Monday morning for Deer Island for a short visit. Miss Finnie of Maine is a guest at Mrs. D. Milliken.

Rev. Hunter Boyd and Mrs. Boyd were guests of Mr. Wm. McIntire, on Sunday. Mr. Boyd filled the Presbyterian Pulpit.

GREENWICH.

Miss Ethel Fanjoy, St. John, the guest of Mrs. Fred Whippley. Miss Annie Belyea of Boston is the guest of her sister Mrs. H. B. Belyea.

The Misses Peters and the Misses Estey of St. John are guests at the Acadia. Mrs. Wm. Prince and children and Mrs. Chas. Welby and child are the guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. McLeod. Miss Edith Belyea is visiting friends in St. John. Rev. H. A. Cody made a visit to St. John last week. Miss Jennie Truman of St. John spent the last two weeks very pleasantly the guest of Miss Maggie Vincent.

The Canadian Pacific railway announce that twenty thousand farm laborers will be required to harvest the enormous wheat crop of Manitoba and Assiniboia this season; and in order that as many as possible in the maritime provinces may take advantage of this great demand for labor, it has been decided to run a low rate farm laborers excursion on August 10th to all points in Manitoba and Assiniboia, west, southwest and northwest of Winnipeg, as far as, and including, Moose Jaw, Estevan and Yorkton. Particulars will be announced later in Canadian Pacific advertisement in this paper.

A Family Crisis Averted. A new York man, whose business keeps him down town very late at night, and whose wife does not sit up for him, received a present of some very fine writing-paper, says the Times, and it occurred to him that, inasmuch as he would not have the opportunity of showing it to his wife until the next morning, it would be a good joke to write her a note. It was a good scheme and he took much pleasure in it. But the next morning his wife received the letter with conflicting emotions. She

turned it over. What could her husband—at that moment up-stairs, sleeping the sleep of the just—have to say that he could not say by word of mouth? It certainly was very mysterious.

Could it be?—Yes she remembered now they had had a little discussion the other day in which they were not of the same opinion. Poor, dear boy! It must be that that little matter had rankled in his mind all this time. Well, she would open the letter and see. And this is what she read:

“Liabé Ferru: What do you think of this for letter-paper b Yours.”

Her Fingers Came in Too Late.

Oliver Wendell Holmes enjoyed nothing so much as a clever retort, even if it happened to be at his own expense. One day at an entertainment, he was seated near the refreshment table, and observed a little girl looking with longing eyes at the good things. With his invariable fondness for children he said kindly:

‘Are you hungry, little girl?’

‘Yes, sir,’ was the reply.’

‘Then why don’t you take a sandwich?’

‘Because I haven’t any fork.’

‘Fingers were made before forks,’ said the doctor smilingly.

The little girl looked up at him and replied to his delight.

‘Not my fingers.’

New Steam Ferry.

Capt Pitt will have his new steamer ready about August 15th. She will be licensed to carry twenty teams and four hundred passengers. The boat will make four rounds trip a day between Robbsey and Reed’s point calling at Moss Glen and other points when necessary. This service will be appreciated by both country and city residents, as they can reach many points in a very short time that heretofore has been almost a day’s journey away.

Quality Folks.

Since bacteriologists have attributed the dissemination of yellow fever in Cuba, and of the deadly malaria in Italy, to the mosquito, that creature has emerged from the general host of insects into a place of individual importance.

For other reasons than these, however, an old Cornish woman lately pronounced upon the mosquito’s aristocracy. She had asked the parish priest to read to her a letter from her son in Brazil. The writer’s orthography was doubtful, but the vicar did his best to read phonetically.

‘I cannot tell you how the muskitties torment me. They pursue me everywhere—even down the chimney!’

The fond mother’s eyes grew large with mingled pride and amazement.

‘Ezekiel must be rare handsome,’ she said, ‘for the maidens to be so after him. And I reckon the Miss Kitties is quality folks, too!’

How to Tell the Time.

People who like to bother over juggling letters and figures will find something for the exercise of their ingenuity in three conundrums resurrected by the Cleveland Leader. One of them, at least, is so old that it may fairly be considered new.

If a father gave nineteen cents to one of his sons, and six cents to the other, what time would it be?

Why a quarter to two of course.

I a postmaster went to a menagerie and was eaten by one of the wild beasts, what would be the hour?

Nothing could be easier. Eight p. m.

If a guest at a restaurant ordered a lobster and ate it, and another guest did the same, what would be the second guest’s telephone number?

Absurdly simple. 8-1-2.

Advantageous Terms.

‘I hear that you have compromised your suit for damages against P. D. and Q. Railroad Co.’ ‘Yes.’ ‘Advantageously?’ ‘Very.’ ‘What were the terms?’ ‘They paid my lawyer’s bill.’

Just The Same.

Bobby—Mamma, if God is as good as you say he is, why doesn’t he always answer our prayers? ‘He does Bobby, when they deserve to be answered.’ ‘Well I prayed that I might not steal any more jam out of the butler’s pantry, but it didn’t make any difference.’

Crimes are Sensational.

Carlton is reported to have had a regular old time burglary. Crimes around here been sensational this summer, even if there was nothing in some of them.

“I have just received a fresh supply of Silk Elastic Stockings, Knee Caps, —AND— Anklets. Also, a Complete Line of Spring and Elastic Water Pad Trusses. Everything Marked at Lowest Prices.”

ALLAN'S WHITE PHARMACY, 87 Charlotte Street.

Have you tried my delicious Orange Phosphate and Cream Soda? Telephone 239.

CANADIAN PACIFIC PERSONALLY CONDUCTED Excursions

—TO— Pan-American EXPOSITION AND NIAGARA FALLS.

JULY 23rd, AUGUST 2nd, SEPTEMBER 17th AND OCTOBER 13th. Four days at the EXPOSITION CITY and NIAGARA FALLS and one day each at MONTREAL, TORONTO and OTTAWA. Tickets are good for fifteen days, and passengers can extend their trip to that time if desired.

Courier with Party will save you all worry and will show you everything that is to be seen. TRIP HAS BEEN MADE FOR \$65.00

from St. John or Moncton, covering each and every expense incidental to the journey. Send for certified, itemized estimate and itinerary.

A. J. HEATH, D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

“I have just received a fresh supply of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day.”

A. C. B. Watson, 17 Waterloo Street.

Dyspepsia

From foreign words meaning bad cook, has come rather to signify bad stomach; for the most common cause of the disease is a predisposing want of vigor and tone in that organ.

No disease makes life more miserable. Its sufferers certainly do not live to eat; they sometimes wonder if they should eat to live.

W. A. Nugent, Belleville, Ont., was greatly troubled with it for years; and Peter H. Gault, Eau Claire, Wis., who was so afflicted with it that he was nervous, sleepless, and actually sick most of the time, obtained no relief from medicines professionally prescribed.

They were completely cured, as others have been, by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

according to their own statement voluntarily made. This great medicine strengthens the stomach and the whole digestive system. Be sure to get Hood's.

He Wasn't Afraid, But—

‘I protest I wasn't frightened at all, said a suburban resident the other evening as he sat on his front porch with a few of the neighbors. ‘You may laugh all you want to, but you can't prove by any act I committed or any word I spoke that I was at all scared. This is how it happened:—

‘I was coming home from a—from the park about 11.30 p. m., and being in a hurry to get home, I made a short cut through the cemetery. I was going along at a pretty good pace, jumping over the mounds and tombstones. I was never more well, more normal or less nervous in my life.

But suddenly, down in the hollow at one corner of the cemetery where the trees didn't admit of the moonlight, I saw some thing white rise up out of a grave and then disappear in the earth; immediately after I heard a dreadful groan. It was a groan I was sure; the kind of groan that is wrung from a man by great physical pain.

‘I stopped stock still. I didn't move. Once more something white rose out of the grave under the tree shadows, and then sank back into the grave. Once more the groan was repeated.

‘I was not frightened—protested I wasn't.

Woods Phosphatine is sold in St. John by all responsible Druggists.

I have just received a fresh supply of Silk Elastic Stockings, Knee Caps, —AND— Anklets. Also, a Complete Line of Spring and Elastic Water Pad Trusses. Everything Marked at Lowest Prices.”

ALLAN'S WHITE PHARMACY, 87 Charlotte Street.

Have you tried my delicious Orange Phosphate and Cream Soda? Telephone 239.

CANADIAN PACIFIC PERSONALLY CONDUCTED Excursions

—TO— Pan-American EXPOSITION AND NIAGARA FALLS.

JULY 23rd, AUGUST 2nd, SEPTEMBER 17th AND OCTOBER 13th. Four days at the EXPOSITION CITY and NIAGARA FALLS and one day each at MONTREAL, TORONTO and OTTAWA. Tickets are good for fifteen days, and passengers can extend their trip to that time if desired.

Courier with Party will save you all worry and will show you everything that is to be seen. TRIP HAS BEEN MADE FOR \$65.00

from St. John or Moncton, covering each and every expense incidental to the journey. Send for certified, itemized estimate and itinerary.

A. J. HEATH, D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

But as I stood and looked and listened while the strange phenomenon was repeated, it seemed to me the best course was to retire as speedily as possible from that part of the cemetery.

‘Was it a ghost? I didn't believe it was at first. But I wasn't going to set myself up as a judge and decide the case and I wasn't going to investigate. It wasn't my business, anyhow I didn't own the graveyard and I did not have any relatives buried there. So I got out.’

‘And you ran, too,’ remarked the man who lived across the street. ‘I saw you.’

‘Yes, I suppose I must have run. You see, I was anxious to tell my wife about it: such a good story.’

‘Well, did you find out what it was?’

‘Oh, yes. It was perfectly natural, just as I expected. The sexton's white horse had fallen in a grave and broken its leg. It was trying to get out.’

CACTIP FOR LIONS.

They Got it Once in a While, at Some Women's Instance but they Don't Want it. ‘Well, lions and tigers are cats, and I think they ought to have cactip.’

Once in a while a woman interested in cats says something like this at the Park Zoo last Tuesday there was cactip all over the floors of the dens. Supt. Smith said it had been put there to convince one of those women interested in cats that lions didn't want cactip.

‘I discovered that eight years ago,’ Mr. Smith went on. ‘I don't remember how I got the idea, but I decided to try the experiment. I bought some bricks of dried cactip in the cages of all the animals, but none of them paid the least attention to it. The following spring when we were able to get some green cactip we tried it again, but with the same result.

‘Since then, from time to time, I have received letters from people, mostly women, who felt a sympathy with the poor caged beasts, and knowing the apparently delightful effect of a bunch of cactip on the ordinary family cat, suggested that the big cats might like it, too. Two years ago an elderly woman brought me a big bunch of it, and to convince her that the animals did not like the stuff I took her into the lion house and distributed her gift. The animals sniffed at it and one of the leopard's rubbed her head on it a few times, but none of them ate any of it.

‘I have been corresponding with another woman on the same subject recently, and in spite of what I wrote her she sent me about fifty pounds of the stuff. It came to me this morning. When it was given to the animals the two spotted leopards rubbed their heads on it a few times, and Alice, the blind lioness, sniffed at it, but none of them ate any. The big tiger and the other cats paid no attention to it whatever.’



YOUR BEST FRIEND

On wash day and every other day is SURPRISE SOAP

It will give the best service; is always uniform in quality, always satisfactory.

You cannot do better than have Surprise Soap always in your home.

SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap.

“Silver Plate that Wears.”

The Identifying Stamp

of the original and genuine “Rogers” Knives, Forks, Spoons, etc., is “1847,” the year the brand was first made. Full trade mark—

“1847 Rogers Bros.”

One of the latest designs in this brand is the “Berksire.” The Ice Cream set is only one of many combinations we sell in this popular design.

Minister (on July 4)—Remember Johnny always to aim upward. Where is your little brother Jimmy? Is he going in the right direction?

Chappie—I'd just like to know what you mean by being engaged to both Cholly and me at once?

Miss Pinkie—Why bless me there is no harm done; you can't either of you afford to marry me, you know.

Time is valuable or pickpockets would not bother to steal watches.

JOHN NOBLE LTD. BROOK ST., MANCHESTER, ENGLAND. Largest Costumiers & Mantemien in the World. From all parts of the Globe ladies do their 'shopping by post' with this huge dress and drapery enterprise, it being found that after payment of any postage or duties, the goods supplied could not be nearly equalled elsewhere, both as regards price and quality, and now that the firm is so firmly rooted in the public favour and its patrons so numerous, it can afford to give, and does give, even better value than ever.—Canadian Magazine. ORDERS EXECUTED BY RETURN OF POST. SATISFACTION GIVEN OR MONEY RETURNED. Model 256. Made in John Noble Cheviot Serge or Costume Coat, consisting of Velvet revers, ore- and White, Plain \$2.56. Thoroughly well made, in Strong Serge, with saddle top, long full sleeves, and pocket. Lengths in iron, and Prices: 42 c. 51 cents. 30 c. 33 inches. 75 c. 88 cents. Postage 22 cents. 36 c. 39 inches. 95 c. 110 c. 42 c. 45 inches. 81.22 81.34 Postage 45 cents. JOHN NOBLE KNOCKABOUT FROCKS FOR GIRLS. Readers will oblige by kindly naming this paper when ordering from or writing to— JOHN NOBLE, LTD. BROOK ST. MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1901.

The Man She Would Marry.

'All alone' said Dolly. 'Has that writer man gone?'

'He hasn't gone,' yawned Molly, because he doesn't come.'

'Already? What a case of rapid transit! It's only a month since he began coming. Why this unseemly haste in checking him off?'

'It was his own fault,' in an injured tone. 'He would ask me.'

'I see. You tried to keep him outside the skirmish line, but he insisted on advancing to the charge and was repulsed with heavy losses.'

'Not he!' exclaimed Molly, with resentment. 'He retired in good order and, if there were any casualties, he concealed the fact.'

'Humph?' 'Dolly mused over a most interesting palm leaf fan for a few moments, then—'

'Not to be personal, Molly,' she said, 'don't you intend ever to get married?'

'Perhaps if I find the kind of a man I like.'

Oh! Well, I think you must have refused about sixteen kinds of men. Do you happen to know what kind you wouldn't refuse?'

'I have my own ideas on the subject.'

'That's lucky. Other people's ideas are so apt to be misfits in such cases. Tell me what sort of man you have in mind when you think of marrying?'

'I don't think of it.'

'Of course not. No girl ever does. How thoughtless of me. But tell me the sort of man you would like. Or perhaps you wouldn't permit yourself even to think of liking a man?'

Molly maintained a lofty silence.

'Well,' said Dolly cheerfully, 'this is what it is to be accommodating. If you want to tell me, I'll have to tell you what kind of man you think you would like. I am sorry to make so trite a beginning, but that is the penalty of being truthful. You want him to be tall and straight and strong. That always goes without saying. So do the next few items. He must be careful about his dress but with the carefulness of an unconscious habit, not that of personal vanity.'

His neckties? Yes, neckties are a Waterloo for a good many men who are Napoleonic conquerors on other sartorial fields. But you know you could give him his neckties for birthday and Christmas presents if you married him. I wouldn't balk at neckties if I were you.'

Molly made an impatient movement.

'I'm coming to the essentials,' said Dolly calmly. 'Don't hurry me. This mind reading business is hard work. I make out however, that the man you would approve would be like this: In a crowd he would somehow keep you from being jostled, would find quiet corners for you, would always manage to be a feud between you and the world. If you were to get on an open street car he wouldn't put you in where there were already five on a seat and you would have to stand and look at the two persons spreading themselves all over the second seat in front of you.'

If you were in a crowd waiting for a closed car you would find somehow it stopped with the step right at your feet and you, first on, would have the only vacant seat. If you took a train you would never be on the sunny side. If you travelled by boat you would always be in a bow stateroom—if you wanted to be there. At the theatre your seat would never be behind a post. In the restaurant your table would never be the neglected one.'

'You know there are some men who think that all these little things are simply luck. They never size up a car and pick out a spot to attack. The trouble with them seems to be that they don't think. While they are reading a paper, or talking or watching a crowd, the train, or car, or boat, or whatever it is, is taken by storm and these slow witted men and their wives have to put up with the perches they are left. Am I right so far?'

'Yes-er.'

'Your man will have a healthy sense of humor but not an abnormal one. He won't make it his chief business in life to keep you laughing. He won't be a professionally funny man who loses his first wit and recovers only his second wind. A steady course of a man like that would be something like seasickness. At first you would die laughing and afterward you would wish you had.'

But he won't be prosy either. He won't occupy forty minutes telling you that he lost 40 cents. He will be original but not eccentric. Originality is the spice of life, but eccentricity is the tobacco sauce. A little of it goes a long way. It would be all right for a man to have the courage of his convictions if there could only be some way of regulating the convictions. There are men, for instance, who are convinced that politeness is an infirmity peculiar to women and effeminate men. They take a real delight in keeping their hats on when courtesy would recommend uncovering. A hat on the head is next thing to a ship on the shoulder with these men.'

'I'm not sure that you want your man to have the courage of all his convictions, even when you approve of the convictions. There is tipping the waiter, for example. You may both think that it is a nuisance and very often a robbery. But you wouldn't want your man to be one of those models of iron-clad consistency who would expose you to the withering treatment always given by untipped waiters.'

'I see that your mind is being led by these semi-financial considerations to the question whether or not your man will be rich. If you ever did consent to think of marrying you would find yourself halting between two opinions. You would want the man to be rich. That would be, your first thought, but it would be elbowed out of your mind by a great reluctance.'

You would find yourself thinking wistfully of the price you would have to pay for a rich husband. None of the fun of economizing together! 'None of the delight of accumulating your lares and penates little by little! None of the exhilaration and the purchase of a new chair marks an epoch! None of the exhilaration of saving up for a gigantic spree the same to consist of going to the theatre and having boiled oysters thereafter! There's fun in that sort of life. You're getting somewhere.'

'It might be only a treadmill,' suggested Molly, 'where you went through all the motions but never got anywhere.'

'Possibly,' retorted Dolly; 'but I'd rather do treadmill stunts that have to sit in an invalid's chair and eat sweetmeats all the time.'

'Is that your idea of what it would be to marry a rich man?'

Not exactly, but it has a family resemblance to my idea. I suppose you and most women—including myself would prefer that the man we married should be rich at the beginning of our matrimonial career rather than have him always poor. But on the whole, the ideal state would be to have him just beginning to win success and have the winning go right straight on.'

Molly nodded thoughtfully.

'Is that all?' she asked.

'All? My dear, your mind is an open book to me. You don't think I read more in it than I have told you.'

'I fancy it is a good deal of a primer on the subject,' with an assumption of indifference.

'Even so. Give a pencil and allow me to retire to the open room for five minutes and I will out-bishop Bishop in my mind,' reading.'

In little more than the time demanded, Dolly returned and handed over the following:

THIS IS THE MAN THAT MOLLY LIKES.

A is for Ardent in telling his love;

B is for Brave all others above;

C is for Chivalrous, a good deal like brave;

D for Devoted, but never a slave,

E Enterprising, success he is after;

F is for Fun a flavor of laughter;

G is for Generous in money and mind;

H is for Honest, the only safe kind;

I Independent, takes no ones behest;

J is for Jealous, enough to add zest;

K is for Kindly to every creature;

L is for Lovable, the very best feature;

M is for Manly, without that, just fancy;

N is for Neat, but not for Miss Nancy;

O for Original, of which we have spoken;

P for Persistent, his will can't be broken;

Q is Quick witted where'er he goes;

R for Reserved, won't tell all he knows;

S for Sincere, no posing or prating;

T is for Tender; A No. rating;

U for Unselfish—make this an equation. V is for Vehement when there's occasion;

W for Well Bred, no dandified graces;

And X all the good traits omitted embraces;

Z is for Z alone in loving as few are; &c., in order to make up good measure, I'll allow you to fill out to suit your own pleasure.

'There, Molly, that's what you call a tour de force.'

'Yes, it sounds like it; anybody would say it had been written by main force. It's what might be called muscular poetry. Isn't it?'

'Ungrateful creature! I toil like a slave to extract a few scattered ideas from the lonesome corners of your brain and this is the reward I get.'

'You never found all those notions in my brain?' objected Molly.

'You're right for once. I found them in the dictionary—not to speak of a better mind—I could write better poetry. But tell me, couldn't you love a man like that? pointing to the primer poem.'

'Yes,' said Molly. 'I could love him—or hate him. If he had the right pinch of all those things he would be adorable. If he got his proportions mixed he would be an insuperable prig.'

'Quite so!' sighed Dolly. 'And so few men have a sense of proportion.'

Good Hot Weather Reading.

Read this, then put away your palm leaf fan, take a hot drink and cover yourself up well with blankets!

'Once upon a time' there lived a man who always kicked when it was hot. He was using one day words that would have risen a thunder-storm at the North Pole, when an old sea captain overheard him.

'What would you give,' said the old sea captain, 'to be cool again?'

'Ten thousand dollars!' said the man on the spur of the moment.

'Done!' said the old sea captain. 'Go into the city and order a fur overcoat.'

The man laughed. But the sea captain said not a word, but fitted up his boat with hardback and plenty of sal pork. He also had a keg of hot stuff.

'Shiver my timbers, said he, 'if I haven't forgotten the way, I will take him where he will long for the bad place.' Only he didn't say 'bad place'; sea captains seldom do.

They sailed for a month. It grew cooler every day. By the beginning of the second month it was very cool indeed. It was 40 degrees below zero. It might have been more, but no one could tell because this was as far as the thermometer was built to go.

'Let us go home,' said the man.

'Aye, aye, my hearty,' said the sea captain.

But when they tried to go they discovered that they were frozen in.

As far as they could see there were only large chunks of ice.

The man shivered. His teeth chattered. His knees knocked together and his nose was very blue.

Whenever he took a long breath, it felt as though someone had rammed an icicle down his throat.

'Give me some of the hot stuff,' he said. But he had to eat it in junks and it only made him colder.

It grew so cold that they had to wrap the candle flame in blankets to keep it warm.

Then the wind blew. It was full of little pieces of ice that felt like mosquito bites when they struck.

'Odds bobs,' said the captain, 'I did not forget.'

The man shivered for two months and then he got so cold he couldn't shiver. All he could do was to lie on his back on the ice and look up at the icy roof, and try not to breathe.

A rescue party found the man and the captain and brought them home. But the man has not thawed out yet, and the sea captain has so much money that he keeps disgracefully full of 'hot stuff' all the time.

New Faces At Windsor.

Visitors at Windsor these days hear a good deal about the changes that are taking place in that venerable castle with the accession of its new occupants. Queen Victoria had a practice of retaining her attendants as long as they were useful, and as a natural consequence, being a very old woman, most of the people around her were of a similar age.

The new king is sending them all off with comfortable pensions and replacing them with younger, active and up-to-date men and women. Of course the old ones who have to go imagine that the kingdom is going to the bowwows, and that the changes will be the ruin of the royal establishment, and the new brooms, according to the proverb, are sweeping clean.

Capt. Fraser, who was a sort of general superintendent of Windsor, and was almost as much venerated as the queen herself, has been retired and a young military officer takes his place.

The gardeners, the ushers, and the ancient clerks who have been in the office of the household from a third to half a century have all disappeared and smart-looking young men are filling their places.

Even greater changes are taking place in the material affairs of the castle. The furniture and decorations are being thoroughly overhauled and brought up to date. Queen Victoria had a passion for closing up the rooms of her relatives and attendants when they died, and as a consequence considerable portions of Windsor Castle and other palaces were left unused, including some of the best apartments' much to the inconvenience and discomfort of those who lived there.

The apartments of Prince Aldert, the royal consort, at Windsor, have remained untouched since his death. No one but the queen and a few of the servants were allowed to enter them. The rooms once occupied by John Brown, her famous Scotch gillie, have been locked up in a similar manner for eighteen years and a brass plate recording the date of his death commemorating his loss and commending his virtues, was screwed upon the door.

King Edward has caused his father's rooms to be opened. The entire furnishings have been removed and new ones substituted. He will use them for his own study and private purposes.

John Brown's room has been cleared out, redecorated and converted into a billiard-room.

Bill Nye Scores.

A good story is told about a Maine newspaper man, now working in New York journalism. It was when he first begun his newspaper career in a Maine city that he was sent by his city editor to interview Bill Nye, who was lecturing in Maine. It was the first time that J. Otis Swift had interviewed a great light, and he was at a loss how to begin. He was ushered into the room of the funny man and received with a good deal of annoyance by Nye. The writer of personal funny incidents had not got up right that morning. His coffee and rolls had not agreed with him. He was annoyed by the noise of the falls in the river a little distance away, and rang for the proprietor to have it stopped. Then turning to Swift he said: 'Ask your questions, quick, young fellow, for I have got to go to a dentist soon's you are through.' After a few details about when he arrived, etc.; a brilliant idea struck the reporter. Bill Nye in his funny articles was always writing about his bald head. The reporter thought it would encourage the great artist to be funny if he spoke of it. 'How did you lose your hair?' asked Swift. There was a momentary pause during which Nye observed Swift severely through his glasses and then jumped up excitedly and threw open the door. 'I didn't come down here to be made fun of you, sir!' he exclaimed. 'Get out of here, sir-e! I'll have you thrown out by the hotel detective!' Swift tried to apologize but found himself outside the door. In this incident he learned that professional funny men do not relish funniness at their own expense when off duty.

Two Passengers Distinct.

A lady of a truly masculine spirit, accompanied by a small poodle, is said to have failed sadly the other day in an attempted reformatory movement. She entered the smoking car of a suburban train and sternly refused when approached by a conductor

to go into another car, observing that her presence would keep the other occupants from smoking.

One thick-skinned wretch, however, insensible to the claims of refinement and reform, began to enjoy his accustomed cigar, which was suddenly snatched from his lips with the remark in a high treble: 'If there is anything I do hate it is tobacco smoking!'

For a time the offender was motionless, then, gravely rising, amid the curiosity of the assembled smokers he took that little poodle out of the lady's lap and gently threw him through the window sighing: 'If there is anything I do hate it is a poodle.'

Three Londons.

He who has trodden surface London, and seen the modern city, has yet not known all there is, or was of London. It has been fairly well proved that Roman London lies buried about eighteen feet below the level of Chesapeake. Therefore he who would see what London was must dig. In nearly all parts of the city there have been discovered tessellated pavements Roman tombs, lamps, vases, sandals, keys, ornaments, weapons, coins and statues of the Roman gods.

Popular Science News recalls that when a little over a century ago, deep sections were made for the sewers in Lombard street, the lowest stratum was found to consist of tessellated pavements. Many colored dice were lying scattered about, and above this stratum was a thick layer of wood ashes, suggesting the debris of charred wooden buildings.

While building the Exchange the workmen came upon a gravel pit full of oyster shells, bones of cattle, old sandals and shattered pottery. Two pavements were dug up under the French church in Thread needle street, and other pavements have been cut through in several parts of the city. Authorities on the subject say that the soil seems to have risen over Roman London at the rate of nearly a foot in the century. Still further must the searcher dig to find the third London, the earlier London of the Britons. It is supposed to be buried under the London of Roman days.

To Save Them.

The Chicago News prints it, but his is the Hon Joseph H. Choate's story of the readiness of the late Wm. M. Everts in replying to an impossible toast.

At the Harvard dinner over which Mr. Choate presided, instead of asking the men who were down for speeches to respond to the regulation toasts, he read off to each a question from one of the college examination papers.

'Why is it that the stomach which continually digests foods, is never itself digested?'

Mr. Everts in response said: 'I have attended a good many Harvard dinners before this, and long ago as a result of my experience with them, before setting out from New York to attend one of these feasts I always divest myself of the coats of my stomach and hang them up in my wardrobe.'

'I understand that trading is rather quiet at present.'

'Yes,' answered the stock operator. 'There's no use of a man's trying to watch the figures in the market quotations and on the thermometer at once.'—Washington Star.

Mrs. DeVorse—I don't like people to call me a grass widow.

Mrs. Chumm—No, because of course, you're not really a widow.

Mrs. DeVorse—O! I don't mind the 'widow,' if they'd only 'keep off the grass.'—Philadelphia Press.

'Wait a minute,' she said to the young man. 'Now the young man being a wise party, immediately went to the telephone and told his friends he would possibly be with them in two hours.'

Elephant—What an elegant throat you have for a cool drink!

Giraffe—Yes, it is grand; but say I wish I had a skin with a nice, breezy fit like yours.

Premeditated Disability.—'I'm afraid of this half-ripe watermelon.'

'We've all eaten some of it.'

'Well, I'll eat some too; I don't propose to be left in a condition to nurse the rest of you.'

'Papa,' asked Dickey Tredway, 'what is a sun-bird?'

'I think,' replied Mr. Tredway, 'it was the kind that Adam and Eve were the summer before the fall.'

Advertisement for '47 Bros.' soap, featuring a 'SURPRISE' box and 'BEST FRIEND' slogan. Text includes '47 Bros.', 'Remember John...', and 'England, in the World.'

BROTHER, OR LOVER.

IN TWO INSTALMENTS—PART II.

She insisted on giving the policeman five pounds out of her hundred and he went away well content.

CHAPTER IV.

It was destined to be a day of pleasant surprises.

On his way to the fictitious office in the city where he had led Donna to suppose he was employed, Maxwell was able to render a service to a man, who in gratitude for the kindness shown him by a stranger, offered him the very occupation he desired.

This man—who introduced himself as George Lighton, editor and proprietor of the *Scrutiner*—was taken ill on the tram car and might have fallen off but for Maxwell's promptly offered assistance.

He was giddy and faint, but insisted on going into the city in preference to returning home.

Charlie went with him, saw him comfortably installed at the office of the *Scrutiner* and was about to leave him when he insisted on going.

On coming to himself, he repented that the dismayed clerks—summoned by Maxwell's shouts for assistance—had already told him, viz. that he had been suffering from a severe attack of influenza, and ought not have ventured out for some time to come.

"But there was no one here to take my place," explained the unfortunate journalist. "I had a note this morning to say my lead-writer is ill, and so I decided to buckle to myself, and see if I could knock off an article of some sort for this evening's issue."

"The article is much more likely to knock you off," said Maxwell, speaking on a sudden resolve. "Look here, Mr. Lighton, I am in want of work, and I can scribble a bit. Give me a subject, and you keep still while I see what I can make of it."

The editor smiled doubtfully, but was to weak to object.

He began to look over the pile of correspondence awaiting attention on his table, while Maxwell tackled a one-column article on the war.

He had friends of his careless boyhood who were now fighting in South Africa.

One cousin was locked up in Ladysmith, and another in Mafeking.

He had studied all the war news with an avidity which represented his sole interest in life.

He put heart, as well as brains, into the article, which, when finished, he handed to Mr. Lighton.

The experienced man of letters read it with equal appreciation of his talent for composition and his grip of his subject.

"Very good English, Mr. Maxwell, and very good sense and feeling. Could you keep on at this sort of thing, or have you written yourself out?"

"I don't think I have done that. I feel stirred up to give expression to my thoughts each time I see a newspaper."

"You have been in South Africa?"

"Yes; I know the Transvaal pretty well."

"And the Boer?"

"Yes."

"Well, write me another article, will you? Not necessarily for publication, but to give me an idea of the extent of your private knowledge—gained by experience—of the country and the men. Try to forget all you have read; state merely what you have seen. Let me have it by and by."

"I might as well do it at once, if you will allow me to stay here."

By the time the two men went to lunch together, Charlie Maxwell was engaged as temporary sub editor of the *Scrutiner*, with a promise of regular work if he continued to give satisfaction.

He went home to dinner that first evening with the satisfying consciousness that his old life was gone for ever.

An iron door had closed on it; a door he had no wish ever to see opened again, and he must look to it that his own weakness did not ruin his home prospects; from that quarter danger still threatened him, and might swamp his career at any moment, unless he kept strict guard over himself.

But he found it difficult to repress the words of admiration and delight which rushed to his lips when he found the little table in the backroom of the Brixton lodgings laid for dinner as tastefully as if an army of trained servants were at his landlady's command, while Donna awaited his return, looking a picture of happy content in one of the black dinner dresses with which she had provided herself, in spite of Edith's assurance that they would be useless to a girl living alone in London with her daily bread to earn.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," observed Maxwell, when, hurried into the dress suit he found ready on his bed, he rejoined Donna, and seated himself opposite her at the table arranged by her clever fingers. "I really must say I like the little refreshments of here."

"So do I. They help one to maintain one's self-respect. I am sorry there are only two courses, Charlie; Mrs. Duddon stuck at more. I had hard work to make her turn out decent table linen and a liberal supply of glasses. She is a strict utilitarian, and cannot see the sense of putting on the table anything that is not actually necessary. But now tell me what you have been doing all day."

He gave her a truthful, if not complete, account of his experiences, to which she listened with flattering interest, putting

several questions, to which he found some difficulty in replying.

When dinner was over, he announced that he was going to work.

This was in order to fortify himself against the temptation to repeat the dangerous programme he had indulged in on the previous evening.

Notwithstanding which virtuous resolve, he was certainly disappointed when Donna seemed not only content but pleased.

"Sh", too, worked diligently for a couple of hours, and then, having ascertained that music would not disturb him, she seated herself at the piano and gave him another unexpected pleasure, for she was a skilled musician.

He listened in sort of a trance, laying down his pen directly she began.

There was no real need for his tremendous industry; for the last half hour he had only been pretending to work.

When Donna was tired of playing, she made some coffee, which Maxwell pronounced to be delicious; and then bade him good night.

He had been looking forward eagerly to that moment, though he hated the thought of parting from her.

"It is only half past ten, Donna."

"Early to bed, early to rise; you know the rest. I want to get you into better habits, Charlie. Brain workers need a lot of sleep."

"But, my dear child, what is the use of going to bed if one can't sleep? I should certainly not get a wink this side of midnight."

He had her in his arms now, so was ready to welcome a lengthy argument.

"Anybody with a will of their own ought to be able to make themselves sleep," Donna retorted. "You could if you tried. I sleep without trying at all. I have had a busy day and I feel I have earned a good night's rest. So let me go, sir, if you please and mind you are not late at breakfast."

She withdrew herself from his embrace and went to her room feeling very happy.

Certainly brothers were an excellent situation.

She would not have believed that the finding of a hitherto unknown one would have served to so thoroughly complete her life.

That first day was a fair sample of those that followed during the next four weeks. Maxwell kept himself well in hand, helped to this by having to send a quarterly remittance to the asylum which sheltered his wife.

The remainder of her existence, painful as it was, acted as a healthy check to his growing passion for Donna.

His greatest fear became not so much lest she should discover the deceit he was practising on her, as lest she should, on discovering it, bid him seek her no more.

He took kindly to work; he was a born journalist, and having found his niche in life, he fitted it to a nicety.

George Lighton began to think that the day he had met Maxwell was a red letter day for him.

His sub editor turned out to be simply invaluable when he grasped all that was required of him, and began to get used to his work.

And Charlie was a better man for having found a career, a better man, too, for loving a woman he could not hope to win.

He began to see the mistakes and the littleness of his old life of self-indulgence; and he started remodeling his character on a new and more solid basis.

Donna spoke occasionally of Curtis Lockhart, dwelling on the kindness he had shown her.

Maxwell had not the heart to undecieve her though he doubted his wisdom in keeping silent.

Had she really been his sister he would have told her the truth concerning the character of the man she had been disposed to trust; but as it was, he shrank from doing so, little thinking that the day was at hand when he would bitterly repent his reticence.

Instead of converting Charlie into keeping regular hours Donna herself began to deteriorate in that respect.

So she enjoyed the little concert to which she treated him night, when they had both had finished work for the day, that she was tempted to prolong it.

And then he got into the habit of discussing her performance, which she enjoyed vastly, his criticism being nearly all admiration.

So she lingered to listen, forgetting to notice how rapidly the hands of the clock were travelling towards midnight.

One night she fell asleep in her low chair opposite him.

She had been working hard at an order she had received for designing dresses for a coming fashionable wedding.

Maxwell, as it happened, was extra busy also that evening, and there had been no music and very little talking, for the first time since they started housekeeping together.

Wondering at her prolonged silence he glanced across at her when at length he laid down his pen.

Then he was content to sit and watch her, his eyes filling gradually with the love he so carefully kept out of them when hers were capable of reading their expression.

Pretty as Donna was when awake, she looked more to real advantage now, with

her thick, dark lashes resting on the somewhat pale cheeks.

Her lips were slightly parted, and she was smiling faintly as though she enjoyed pleasant dreams.

Maxwell watched until his heart was on fire with love and he felt he could not for many minutes longer repress the desire to take her in his arms and kiss her back to consciousness.

With a savage laugh at his mental forecast of the result of such madness, he seized the poker and let it fall with a crash into the fender.

Donna woke with a start.

He was immediately all apologies and regret for his clumsiness; but he was careful to avoid looking at her until she rose from her chair and coming close to him raised her lips for a good-night kiss.

"I am too tired to play tonight, Charlie; besides, it's too late. You also look tired; you are quite pale."

"I feel a bit tired," he replied, giving her a kiss, of which she highly disapproved, on account of its lack of quality.

"I am not going to be put off with such a miserable peck as that," she said. "I believe you are afraid of injuring your precious moustache. I will cast the evil eye on it, and stunt its growth, if you don't kiss me properly at once!"

For a second he lost his head, crushing her against him with a fierceness which must have alarmed her had she not thought it assumed.

Her laughing protest recalled him to his senses, and he laughed, too, in a queer, catchy sort of way as he released her and bade her begone.

That embrace dwelt vividly in the memory of both in the long dark days of separation which were so near at hand.

CHAPTER V.

Curtis Lockhart was not the kind of man to give up anything he had set his heart on possessing; neither was he a safe man to make an enemy of.

The suspicion—almost amounting to actual knowledge—that Maxwell had read his despicable intentions with regard to the girl whom he was pretending to serve, revenged in him a keen determination to be revenged on the man who had foiled him in putting those intentions into practice.

Inquiries in clubland elicited the fact that two Charles Maxwells were known in social circles.

One of these had for many years danced attendance on an elderly aunt, a Miss Grant, who had died early in last autumn, bequeathing to this dutiful nephew all her worldly possessions, on condition that he was known in future as Charles Maxwell Grant.

Apparently he did little credit to any bringing up he may have received, for according to Lockhart's informant, though he had 'people' somewhere in Devonshire, he left England without communicating with them, announcing that he felt like giving his cramped wings a prolonged stretch in other lands.

Later it became known to the acquaintances left behind in London—the man appeared to have made no friends—that he had volunteered for service in South Africa.

And this was the last that had been heard of him.

The other Charles Maxwell was the younger son of a baronet, and had inherited a handsome fortune from his mother.

He did well at college; but on leaving Oxford, settled down to the aimless life of a man about town, and ended by marrying a girl, of whom nobody knew much, except that she proved a charming hostess until the unhappy day when the terrible discovery was made that she was hopelessly insane.

She was sent to a private asylum, and her husband lingered on here, now there, within society's ken, until he suddenly disappeared, and it was more than suspected that he had made away with himself.

At which erroneous conclusion Mr. Lockhart smiled to himself, preparatory to taking a journey to the south-west of England.

During the next fortnight Edith Maxwell made frequent mention in her letters to Penreoch for sketching purposes.

In spite of the unreasonable weather this Mr. Curtis industriously sketched the vicarage from all points of view, succeeding not only in producing fairly successful pictures, but also in attaining the object of his visit to the quaint little village.

The vicar, glad of a stranger to talk to, entered into conversation with him, found they had mutual acquaintances, and asked him to lunch.

The vicar's wife made much of him, and Edith aroused herself from her growing languor to smile sweetly on him while she listened to his easy chatter of art life in Paris.

It was not long before he drew from her a mention of her sister and brother, who lived in rooms at Brixton.

He was shown Donna's photograph, and recognised it at once.

But Charlie's was not forthcoming.

Then he related the information he had received concerning two Charles Maxwells, who were known to him.

Could either of them be, by any chance, Miss Maxwell's brother?

At the mention of Aunt Grant, Edith pricked up her ears.

"That must be my brother!" she exclaimed excitedly.

"But I thought you said he was living in London?" observed Curtis.

"So I do. This fellow cannot be he, for he is in South Africa at the present moment."

"You must be mistaken, Mr. Curtis."

"I don't think I am. Of course I will make further inquiries before being positive, but I certainly understood that the nephew and heir of the late Miss Grant of Sandilands, volunteered for service at the outbreak of the war."

"He would hardly do that without letting us know."

"So one would think. But if he is the Maxwell I mean, he is not likely to consider other people when gratifying any whim he may have taken into his head. You must pardon me saying this of your brother, Miss Maxwell, but—"

"I am not going to allow that you are speaking of my brother, Mr. Curtis, because if you are who my sister living with?"

"Good heavens! I never thought of that!"

Edith fired her question at him so abruptly that it was easy for him to appear taken by surprise.

"My uncle must go to town at once and find out the truth. This is what comes of Donna's craziness for independence! I might have known—"

"But Miss Maxwell, you must remember that I am not at all sure I have not mixed up the two men. If you will take my advice you will not say anything to the vicar until I am more sure of my facts. You correspond with your sister, of course?"

"I heard from her this morning."

"Did she mention her brother?"

"Yes; she always says something about him. According to her he is a paragon of virtue."

"Then we may safely leave her in his care, I think for a day or two longer while I make inquiries about him. I will return to town at once, and communicate with you tomorrow."

"You are exceedingly kind, Mr. Curtis. I ought to feel more reluctant to accept of your service from you."

"I hope you will never feel reluctant to accept any service from me, Miss Maxwell. But I do not promise that I shall not ask for a reward some day—a reward far exceeding my deserts."

Edith blushed and her eyes fell slowly. Curtis took his hands, satisfied that he had adopted the surest means of moulding her to his will. He was very desirous that she should say nothing to anyone of the doubts he had instilled into her mind.

"Miss Maxwell—Edith, may I dare to hope?"

"I think—I don't know—wait until we know each other better," stammered Edith.

"So be it he murmured, 'Meanwhile, don't be angry, darling!'"

He bent and kissed her lips.

Then he left her without a word of farewell to mar the effect of that well-timed caress.

"A little more spirit—a little less caution—and she would be as worthy of attention as that charming little sister of hers, who, I think, will be far more delightful to make love to, if I am any judge of women. But I must not risk failure by being in too much of a hurry. I must count each step carefully!"

Delay of any sort, however, was rendered no. only unnecessary, but impolitic, by news announced in that evening's papers from the seat of war.

A disaster to the British had been reported the day before, and now amongst the list of killed was the name of Charles Maxwell-Grant.

It was possible that many Charles Maxwells were to be found in the Queen's army; but a Charles Maxwell-Grant was by no means so likely to have a duplicate.

At any rate this was sufficient for Lockhart to work on for the furtherance of his desires without waiting for verification or contradiction of the report.

His next move was to present himself at the Brixton lodgings, which he did on the following, when he had watched the subsidiary of the *Scrutiner* out of sight on his way to the City.

Donna was all eagerness when Mr. Lockhart was announced.

She welcomed him with a bright smile, which faded, however, at the sight of his grave face.

"What is the matter?" she asked involuntarily.

"He drew last evening's Globe from his pocket."

"Did you see last night's paper? It will be in today's also, of course."

His tone was full of meaning.

Donna was not the most patient young woman in the world.

"I hardly know how to tell you—how to explain. It will be a terrible shock—a don't be shocked. Your brother—"

"What of him? Edith! he has only just left me. Nothing could have happened."

"The man who has pretended to be your brother is safe enough for all I know to the contrary, Miss Maxwell. It is of him who was your brother in reality that I must now happily tell you—"

"Pretended to be my brother! Explain yourself please!"

She faced him now with scared eyes and parted lips.

He pointed to the name in the list of killed—the name of Charles Maxwell Grant—saying quietly—

"Miss Grant of Sandilands, begreathed all she possessed to her nephew on condition that he added her name to his own. Went immediately after her death he returned to South Africa and volunteered for service."

"Donna stared at the paper, and then at Lockhart, stammering miserably—

"But—but—my brother—"

"Your brother is dead," said the man with brutal plainness. "The Charles Maxwell with whom you have been living all these weeks is an impostor. He is no more your brother than I am."

The memory of last night's embrace sent the hot blood rushing into Donna's cheeks.

She stood for a moment or two unable to speak or move; then as pallor succeeded that swift blush, a crushing sense of misery smote in on her heart, and a merciful unconsciousness se—

He made no attempt to summon assistance.

There was no pity in his heart for the girl he was torturing.

He watched her until she recovered bearing to touch her face with lips lest her faintness should—

He must not show his hand too soon."

"What am I to do?" whispered Donna, as full knowledge of her wretchedness returned to her.

"Why not join your sister," he suggested. But she shook her head.

"I simply cannot go and bury myself in the country now that I have had a taste of city life. I shall wait here until he comes home to dinner. He will tell me what to do."

"That is not a course I should like my sister to take," said Lockhart gravely. "The fellow has deceived you in a base and cowardly manner. You ought—but I presume on our very slight acquaintance; you will of course please yourself. Perhaps it would be as well to make him explain his conduct. There may not be much to blame him for after all. If he has behaved to you in a purely brotherly manner, you will not find it difficult to forgive him; though speaking for myself, I must say I considered it not altogether honorable for married man to deliberately—"

"Married! Is he married?"

"Most certainly he is married. I know his history by heart. Shall I tell it to you?"

The sad little story lost nothing in the telling.

Lockhart magnified Maxwell's weakness into vice, and hinted at the young wife's madness being in a measure, the result of his ill-treatment.

"You cannot not altogether believe, but she listened; and as she could not doubt that Charlie was married, she somehow found it hard to forgive him."

And that was how it came about that, when Maxwell returned that evening, he found her flung, with all her belongings, the only explanation of her departure being contained in the briefest of notes, which lay on the dinner-table—

"Mr. Lockhart has told me of you deception."

"D."

CHAPTER VI.

Had he received a mortal wound, Maxwell could not have felt more helpless.

Lockhart had been there!

She must be with Lockhart at this moment!

What a fool he had been to withhold the knowledge of the man's true character from her!

He might have guessed that Curtis would not submit to be balked of the prey he had marked down for himself.

Donna with Lockhart! In his power! At his mercy!

The thought was torture; the more so that Maxwell was unable to move in the matter—powerless to effect her rescue, even if he knew where to find her.

He had placed himself in the wrong by his own mad folly.

Donna would not dare to trust him again.

She had retained from any word of accusation in her cruelly short note; but what she had written spoke eloquently of the indignation she felt at finding she had been deceived.

And yet, had he in reality, abused her trust in him?

His worse offence had been those heavenly-sweet caresses which he had not had strength to deny himself.

His pulses tingled even now at the remembrance of them, and her ready response—a response given in ignorance—that was not the brother she thought him, but a response none the less delightful for all that.

He knew in his heart that his thoughts had never wandered far for a moment.

His love was past denying.

But it was not a selfish love, and it did her no dishonor.

But would she believe this? Would her people believe it?

He told himself 'No,' as far as her friends were concerned.

They did not know him, and they would naturally suspect the worst.

But she knew him.

They had gone through those happy weeks of closest intimacy for nothing.

Just as he had learned her real character, her independent spirit and dislike of all control, her sweetness and unselfishness, womanly love of home and domestic ties, which had shown itself in spite of her determination to work for livelihood—so she, too, must have learned to know him in part, at least.

In this thought rested all his comfort, and precious little there were of it; for it would not help Donna in her present strait to reflect that the deceiver she had flown from was a better man than the one whose protection she had accepted.

But perhaps he was worrying himself unnecessarily.

Instead of being with Curtis Lockhart, Donna was in all probability with her sister.

Why had this thought not occurred to him before?

Leaving his untasted dinner, he rushed to the nearest telegraph office, and despatched a message to Edith Maxwell, at Penreoch Vicarage, asking if Donna was there.

He prepaid the reply, but none came.

It was too late in the evening for a telegram to be delivered in that remote country village.

Edith did not get it till next morning, and then her answer renewed Maxwell's anxiety.

"No. If still missing, hold yourself responsible. Truth is known."

"Edith Maxwell."

That sent him flying westward, after despatching a message to Mr. Lighton not to expect him at the office for an hour or two.

He ascertained where Lockhart lived, and inquired concerning him at the address given, only to be informed that Mr. Lockhart had left town on the previous day for an indefinite tour of observation not known.

Groaning in spirit, Maxwell at length had recourse to the *Scrutiner* office, in the hope of ascertaining the whereabouts of anything as the *Scrutiner* office was not a public

(CONTINUED FROM THESE PAGES.)

Before starting on his day's work, he scribbled a long letter to Edith, telling the truth from beginning to end, blaming himself freely, and imploring her to forgive him sufficiently to work with him for the recovery of her sister.

But not even news of this sort could rouse Edith Maxwell into independent action.

She took the letter to her uncle, who read with darkening face when he saw it threatened to disturb the pleasant tenor of his existence.

"You say this man telegraphed information of your sister's absence my dear?" he said. "What reply did you make?"

Edith repeated her carefully thought out message, and was told that it did her great credit.

"This letter may or may not state facts," the vicar pursued. "It may be a net to draw you also into the net of this wicked man. Possibly he and that artist, Curtis—whom I shrewdly suspect to be the Curtis Lockhart mentioned by this Maxwell—are boon companions, acting in collusion. Curtis admired you, I think? My dear niece the wickedness of the world is colossal. Your sister has been swallowed up in it through her own headstrong willfulness. You owe it to us, and to yourself, to cast her out of your mind."

"You cannot touch without being defiled. You acted modestly and rightly in making this deceiving Maxwell—I regret he should bear our name—responsible for your unfortunate sister's disappearance. Leave to him the task of finding her. I am sure your aunt agrees with me that this is the best advice I can give you."

Edith took the advice, because it was easier and pleasanter for her to do so than to disregard it.

Her hundred pounds was considerably diminished, a good part of it having been paid away to dressmakers and milliners whose work adorned Miss Maxwell's person and filled her wardrobe to overflowing.

If she offended Uncle John, she must in future, earn her own living; a possibility far worse to contemplate than any fate that might threaten Donna.

Besides Edith found it difficult to forgive Mr. Curtis for having fooled her, and for preferring Donna to herself.

She was inclined to think that her willful sister had met with nothing more than a just remark for her reprehensible show of independence.

And, it may be, they were all troubling themselves for nothing.

Curtis Lockhart had probably won Donna's heart, and she had accompanied him willingly enough.

They were very likely married by this time and beyond the reach of interference. In this way, following in her uncle's footsteps, Edith quieted her conscience, and continued to tread the "primrose path" which had already proved so much to her liking, and when news of Charles Maxwell Grant's path reached the quiet Cornhill village, and his lawyers communicated to Edith the delightful news that she and her sister inherited the fortune bequeathed to their brother by the late Miss Grant, it still made no difference in their attitude towards Donna, though advertisements were not inserted in all the London papers for information concerning the missing girl.

That was what Lockhart had been waiting for.

His behaviour to his prisoner had been marked by consideration for all her wishes, save in the one point of release.

Donna had quickly learned how foolish she had been to trust him.

Instead of taking her to the supposed residence of his mother at St. John's Wood, he had taken advantage of her ignorance of London to shut her up in a lonely house many miles from town, and to tell her that she must stay there until she consented to be his wife.

He told her plainly why he wished to marry her.

"You are being advertised for by Barry and Coleman, my own lawyers. You are to hear something to your advantage from them, which means, of course, that you inherit half of your brother's fortune. I am in rather hot water pecuniarily, so a rich wife will be very welcome."

She saw that pleading and abuse would prove equally futile with this man.

She must meet him on his own ground; and fight him with his own weapon—deceit; and this she did not hesitate to do.

Only, she must have time to think out her plans; and, to begin with, she must not appear to yield too easily, or his suspicions might be aroused.

"I shall get away, if I can!" she said, with a determined nod at the window.

"Better not try that way, unless you want to break your neck," he advised.

"I shall try where I like, and when I like."

Who lives in that big house over there?"

"Your friend Maxwell's wife, for one. It is a private lunatic asylum. In case you think of scaling the garden wall, I may as well tell you that you would only find yourself in the asylum grounds—from which escape of any sort is practically impossible. When they are particularly full of patients they overflow into this house, which, by the way, I will give to you for a wedding present. It is mine, you know."

"Thank you; you had better keep it. Suppose I consent—which I may think it wise to do if I cannot get away—how soon could we be married? This place is going to give me the horrors."

"I will get a special licence and marry you to-morrow!"

"That you will not! I tell you I don't mean to marry you if I can help it, Mr. Curtis Lockhart."

"You won't be able to help it," he said coolly. "Your people have cast you off already. Possibly they did not share your in recent credulity with regard to Maxwell."

An unwise retort sprang to Donna's lips but she did not utter it.

Going to the window she began to drum on the glass with her fingers, until she saw that it attracted the attention of some of the unfortunate inmates of the asylum who were taking a walk in the grounds, then

she turned away with a shudder, and, seating herself by the fire took up a book and appeared to read.

Lockhart anxious not to increase her already evident dislike of him, took the hint, relieved her of his presence.

CHAPTER VII.

Had he known that one of the women who had stared up at the window where Donna had momentarily shown herself was Mrs. Charles Maxwell, he might have been inclined to wish he had selected another cage for his captive bird.

Before she married Maxwell, Lockhart had gone through an ardent flirtation with Clara Lodge, in which she at least, had been in earnest, and she had found it hard to forgive him for having only played at being in love with her.

They had parted in a manner the reverse of friendly, and he had been careful to keep out of her way afterwards.

This partly accounted for his not having come across Maxwell until they met in the restaurant on that eventful day when Donna made the acquaintance of both.

Donna retired early during the time of her captivity.

The silence depressed her, country-bred though she was; and something else depressed her, too, and that was the mental picture she drew of Charlie Maxwell sitting alone in their cosy lodgings, thinking of her ungratified in having left him with nothing but a word of reproach for his kindness to her.

All her anger against him had faded. As in a flash she seemed to read his motives for having acted as he had done, and she longed now to thank him for trying to save her from Curtis Lockhart.

Lockhart felt the gloom and silence somewhat depressing also.

He drank heavily to drown reflection, and when one night at the end of the week he staggered upstairs to his room, he was in a condition which easily explained what followed.

There was no blind to his window; the moon shone brightly, and he did not trouble to light the candles, being desirous—with all the consciousness left to him—of getting into bed before he fell into the heavy sleep which already made his eyelids droop.

But as he took off his coat he saw something which roused him to partial sobriety.

Standing on the wall at the foot of the garden was a girl whom he mistook for Donna.

She was holding by the bough of a large tree in the asylum grounds into which she appeared about to spring.

Lockhart's first thought was to prevent her doing so.

He had a revolver at hand, and he was a good shot.

Surely he was sober enough to doable without killing her?

He did not pause to think that a fall from the high wall might injure her for life; he was not sober enough for common sense to control his actions.

A moment later his revolver spoke sharply, and the girl fell into the garden belonging to the cottage.

No one at the asylum appeared to hear the shot.

The old caretaker of the cottage was too deaf to be disturbed by it; and Donna, though roused out of a sound sleep, concluded the sound must have been part of a dream, and dozed off again, as Lockhart strolled downstairs and into the garden to recover his wounded prey.

The shock of the discovery which awaited him sobered him completely.

It was not Donna who lay there so ominously still in the bright moonlight, but Charlie Maxwell's unhappy wife!

She was quite dead.

Lockhart's shot had missed her by a good half-yard but, started by it, she had lost her footing, and had fallen almost on her head.

Blood trickled from a gash on the right temple, where it had struck a stone.

Thoroughly scared at his work, feeling himself to be a murderer, and not knowing how soon keepers from the Asylum would appear to ascertain the reason of the shot, which echoed and re-echoed in his ears, Lockhart fled into the night, and was seen no more, until the newspapers acquainted him with the fact that his fright and his flight had been both unnecessary.

When the old caretaker brought Donna her breakfast next morning, according to custom, the girl thought her mind must be unhinged; she mumbled a rambling story of a woman escaping from the asylum and being dead in the garden, and then went on to say that she could not find the master anywhere, and his bed had not been slept in.

To prove the truth of this joyful possibility, Donna herself inspected Lockhart's room, and then—scarcely daring to believe in her unlooked for freedom—ran downstairs and out of the house.

But where to go next.

Her gaiter might possibly have gone only to the asylum and would speedily return.

She dared not turn that way.

A farmer's cart came rattling down the road.

She asked the driver if he were going towards a railroad station, and when he said "Yes," she offered him half a sovereign to take her with him.

As in a delightful dream, she was joggled over the rutty roads and lanes, and deposited at a small railway station, just as a train came in sight and slowed down.

"For London?" she asked, rushing on the platform.

"Yes, miss."

"Get me a ticket please, third class."

She would not risk going first class for fear of being alone.

Loneliness was a thing to be avoided until she was sure she had escaped from Curtis Lockhart's clutches.

Still as in a dream, she got out of the train at Liverpool street and stepped into

an omnibus without troubling to find out where it was going.

But Fate was befriending her that morning.

She was taken along the Strand, and by chance caught sight of the street where Barry and Coleman's offices were to be found.

It was early. Neither of the partners had put in an appearance as yet but when they came identification was easy enough.

They had obtained Donna's signature from her sister, and the quickly satisfied themselves that she was the person for whom they had advertised.

But they looked askance at her, she felt, and matters were not improved when she told her story.

Very hesitatingly Mr. Barry informed her that Miss Edith Maxwell had authorized him to say it would be useless for her to think of holding communication with the occupants of Fenwick Vicarage.

"Do you mean to say my own sister has cast me off?" asked Donna, with flashing eyes and flaming cheeks.

Mr. Barry was regretfully compelled to state that such was indeed the fact.

Maxwell had left the office soon after noon that day in response to a telegram received from the doctor at the asylum, informing him of his wife's death.

He felt depressed and weary in mind and body, as he returned to his lonely lodgings for dinner.

He could not help the thought occurring to him that had this happened a month—aye, even a week ago—what a difference it might have made.

He sighed as he thought of his lost love and wondered how she was faring at the hands of her deceiver.

Wearily he entered the little garden and let himself in.

Wearily he divested himself of hat and overcoat before entering the room which had once seemed so home-like to him.

An then—on the threshold of that room—he stood and drew a long quivering breath of keenest joy, for Donna herself stood before him with outstretched hands.

"Charlie—oh Charlie! They have all cast me off and I have come to you!"

Without a word he caught her to him and led his hungry heart with long delicious kisses.

She nestled to him yielding herself gladly to his tender embrace until she began to remember things.

"Your wife!" she faltered.

"She is dead," he said simply, and he told her how it came about.

Then Donna told her story, being interrupted a dozen times by his exclamations, first of indignation against Lockhart, and then of relief and joy.

At her concluding words he took her in his arms again.

"I could not feel happy, Charlie, until I had asked your forgiveness for my ingratitude in leaving you as I did, and I mean to settle down here again as your sister without caring what anybody said or thought."

"Instead of which you will settle down as my wife, dearest heart. We will go away from here to the other side of London, where no one will know your story or mine and as soon as it is practicable, we will be married. Can you trust me until then, Donna?"

"Can I trust you? What a question! Don't talk nonsense, Charlie! Only we will, if you please, stay here until our wedding day; and our landlady shall be my chaperon."

Comparatively Easy.

A benevolent old lady stopped on a street corner to wait for her car, and was attracted by the bright face of a young Italian, who was grinding his organ near by.

She found a ten-cent piece in her purse, and dropped it into his hand, well repaid by the brilliant smile which accompanied his "Thanks."

"It must be real hard to turn that crank as steady as you do, and keep such good time," she said, cordially.

"Not so difficult," said the Italian, showing his white teeth in another smile.

"You see, madam, I no have the monks. To turn the cranks so steady keeps the time, and watch the monks, madam, that take the arteest—the true arteest. It sees the monks that demands the genius, madam!"

"Tess—Miss Passy is going to Europe this summer."

"Jess—Ah, she's tried every resort in this country. I suppose she hopes to cure her trouble abroad."

"Tess—Her trouble? Why, what is it?"

"Jess—I suppose you might call it involuntary singularity."

The Ablest Sailor.

Lord Charles Bessford, who, it is said, is about to resign his post as commander of the Mediterranean station of the British navy in order that he may have a free hand to criticise the government's naval and military administration, is perhaps the ablest sailor in Great Britain without any exception. His record in that line is something remarkable for a born peer. Lord Charles, although the Marquis of Waterford, and the fourth possessor of that high title, has been in the navy since he was 18 and has worked his way up by sheer merit. He has received the gold medal of the Royal Humane Society and of the Liverpool Society and of the Humane Society for having on three occasions jumped overboard to save lives at sea.

We are in receipt of the magazine, What to Eat. We knew that before. The trouble with us is, where to get it.

Seal Brand Coffee
(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)
IS PICKED PURITY
Strong in Purity. Fragrant in Strength.
IMITATORS ARE MANIFOLD. CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

Chat of the Boudoir.

PHILES OF FASHION.

The embroidered mulls and batiste gowns are quite as chic as any of the thin gowns, and it is in this material that we see the three flounce skirt. The flounces are circular in shape and with the embroidered edges they are very effective, but not so popular as trimming which gives the longer effect.

Very chic are the mull gowns embroidered with tiny pink rosebuds, with here and there black silk dots. To be distinctly modish the embroidery is done to order and arranged according to the style of the gown. One elaborate model has three rows of lace insertion set in the skirt above a lace flounce and the embroidery in front of the bodice extends around the back in trailing vines, bolero in form, rounding up in the back.

One feature of the dressy, thin gown for evening wear at the casino hops is the little lace coat not unlike some of the silk ones in shape except that it is quite short in front, finished with draped revers of lace and no collar. It has the plaited tail just the same and is decorated at the waist line in the back with two handsome buttons, studded with real jewels if you can afford them.

The most charming thin gowns worn by the matron this season are the black flowered muslins made over white tulle and trimmed with the openwork, black mousseline embroidery which forms the flounce, and the sleeves lined only with white chiffon and finished with a black Chantilly frill over one of these lace. A pretty idea for the yoke in these black muslin gowns is all over black Chantilly decorated with narrow black satin bands, stitched on in some fancied design. Black and white is decidedly the thing this season, both for young women and matrons. Applique flounces of colored silk on black mousseline makes a very effective decoration embroidered around the edges and in the centres with black.

Embroidered linen forms the very smartest morning gown worn at the fashionable summer resort, and it may be pink, pale blue or green, yet white it the most popular. Embroidery around the hem extending up nearly to the waist in vertical lines is one form of skirt trimming, especially good style in white on white linen. The bodice is a blouse with an embroidered vest, or a bolero worn with a thin batiste waist.

One of the yellow brown shades of linen is very much liked because it is so becoming, and it is embroidered either in white or brown of a darker tint. Gray linens trimmed with white bands and white stitching are very good style, but lace is not too elegant to trim these morning gowns. Bruges and Irish lace are both being used effectively used.

A simple model for linen or mohair is shown in the illustration trimmed with tucks and stitched bands. An elaborate white lawn gown has a bolero with postillion back and fichu finish, of taffeta glace edged with a ruche made of ribbon loops. This trims the hem with two rows of insertion set in above, the skirt tucked in vertical lines all around.

A pretty dinner gown of cream chiffon shows diagonal tucks, the seams outlined with beading through which black velvet ribbon is run. Chiffon platings edged with a ruche are the finish at the hem; sleeves and neck are trimmed with Cluny lace.

Another smart model in flowered silk with a silk coat is trimmed with bands of silk in some dark color in the flowering. The bands are made double, stitched three times through the centre and sewn on the skirt.

Two rows of wide space between the two rows of bands are sufficient.

and they take the usual form of rounding down in the front and up at the back. This is a distinctly novel trimming, as the bands are attached to the skirt in the centre only leaving the edges free. The coat is of the same silk and the idea is entirely new in the way of muslin frocks.

This mode of using bands is at least a change from the miles of bands seen everywhere on every kind of a gown, stitched down flat on the edges. It is exemplified again on a pale blue silk muslin, striped between groups of tucks up and down, with a double band of white mousseline run through the centre with one row of narrow black velvet ribbon.

At first glance our gowns are not so materially different from those of last season, but if you confine your attention to details you will find no end of novelties. As for the frocks designed for special uses, chiffon, silk, mousseline and lace are the materials most in evidence in the casino ball rooms at the various fashionable watering places, while for the more formal entertainments given at private residences more dignified gowns of crepe de chine and soft satin are required.

A conspicuous feature of these ceremonious gowns is a scarf draped about the shoulders and falling in long ends either in front or at the back. Ends of some sort, falling from the bust or waist line, are a distinctive feature of the latest dressy gowns, so there are sashes of soft ribbon sashes of hemstitched chiffon and sashes of soft crepe and Louisiana silk.

Strands hanging from the bust line are especially effective on a white lace gown in princess form. It is made over silk in the pretty pale green so popular this season, and pale green chiffon draped around the shoulders in folds ends in long scarf ends caught at the bust with a jabot of lace.

Sash ends may fall from the waist line, at the back, in front, or at the side as you fancy, but you will have this little accessory in some guise if your dinner and ball gowns have the latest touch.

The prettiest gowns of all are worn at informal dinners and dances where the soft thin materials are in order. Taffeta mousseline in either black or white is one of the most popular fabrics, with everything desired in the way of lustre. It is made up in various ways with fine tucks, and lace insertions in vertical or horizontal lines, but the latest phase in its construction is a foundation dress of flowered white taffeta. This for a white mousseline of course, the colors having a very mysterious but pretty effect showing through the lace insertions. A chiffon sash is a pretty addition to this gown, but it must be white, and first draped around the figure to form the belt. One form of chiffon sash is tied at one side in rather short ends which are finished with loops of white satin ribbon in varying lengths.

The fashion for ends is seen again on a mousseline gown with a narrow black velvet belt fastened at one side with a rosette and many loops and ends. Two rosettes at the back each with its bunch of ends from another style of sash.

A feature of the summer gowns which becomes more conspicuous as the season advances is the collarless neck sometimes round in shape and again cut out in a V. The drapery on the front of the bodice being arranged in surplice or fichu form. The comfort of this sort of neck, in warm weather is obvious; but it has serious disadvantages in its unbecoming effect on most women.

Flowered muslin gowns are often supplemented by some sort of fancy silk coat either fitted or loose, like one shown in the illustration. This is made of a dull soft pink satin, decorated with ruches and bands of silk muslin of the same color; and black velvet rosettes; but the same model is very prettily carried out in crepe.

POOR COPY

MAN'S WRONGS.

I have had nearly sixty five years experience of living in other people's homes. In my eighteenth year I began the profession of teaching school, which was continued uninterruptedly for over twelve years, and during nearly all of this time I boarded in private families. When I was about 30 I became greatly interested in the temperance question, and soon afterward in that of anti-slavery, with the result that in a little while I resolved to abandon teaching and devote my efforts toward settling these problems.

After a two years' struggle with the former, I became convinced that women always would be helpless to effect any permanent temperance reform without the ballot, and I laid aside active work in that line in order to aid in securing their enfranchisement. I remained in the anti-slavery movement, however, until emancipation was secured in 1868; and I am still laboring to obtain the suffrage for women, as I have done without ceasing for half a century.

This much of an introduction has seemed necessary in order to show my authority for speaking on the subject of 'Man's Wrongs.' There never were two as unpopular reforms as the abolition of slavery and the enfranchisement of women, and therefore those who championed both of them were indeed social outcasts, with scarcely a place to lay their heads. There was no money in the advocacy of either.

Wendell Phillips, who, even in those days of comparatively small payments, could get \$100 for an address, was obliged to lecture on anti-slavery for nothing as long as such lectures were needed. All the speakers and workers in this cause were compelled practically to donate their services. In that of Woman suffrage the conditions were still more stringent, for, while in every neighborhood there were some families who were strong Abolitionists and would take care of those who went about the country to rouse public sentiment, there were many communities where woman suffrage had not a friend and where hardly one family would offer food or shelter to the very few courageous individuals who dared attempt to educate the public mind on this question.

As these speakers were without funds they were obliged to accept whatever hospitality could be secured, and never to go to a hotel except in case of dire necessity. I should not like to enter into the harrowing details of many of my own personal experiences in homes where conditions were far from favorable. On one occasion, when I fancied myself nicely situated to spend Sunday, I learned the husband was so violently opposed to my being under his roof that I hurriedly gathered up my belongings and departed late Saturday night. At other times I found the husband was so strongly in favor of the doctrines I espoused that he had invited me to the home in direct opposition to the wishes of the wife.

There were not many phases of human nature which I did not encounter in those early days. As the years rolled on, and the question of woman suffrage grew in public favor, some of its lecturers reached the dignity of being paid for their services, but when I was not financially able to go to a hotel I was permitted to do so, because there were so many friends who offered entertainment, and it was considered an advantage to the cause for me to accept private hospitality, and meet people in a social way. Travelling almost constantly for more than fifty years, I have sojourned for a short or long period with thousands of families, in all parts of the country, and have had such opportunities for the study of domestic conditions as, it may be said without exaggeration, have been accorded to few, if any other, women. The question has been often asked if this is the reason I never married. It may be one of them but while I have witnessed a great deal of sorrow in married life, I have also a vast amount of peace and happiness, especially in later years, since the position of women has been so much improved.

As my entire life for the past half century has been devoted to redressing the wrongs of women, it has been generally assumed that I did not believe men suffered any wrongs. Such is not the case, but, as man always has had things pretty much his own way, and has been in a position where it was very easy to take care of himself, I never have felt that, in his defence, he needed the help of myself or any other woman.

From the beginning it was he who made the laws which govern the marriage rela-

tion, and he made them all in his own favor. If they were not enforced he had only himself to blame, as the entire executive power was in his hands. He possessed, moreover, the absolute autocracy which lies in holding the pocketbook, for he held not only his own but also his wife's. He was not kept in subjection by the threat of being deprived of his children, for he had been very careful to vest their sole custody and control in himself. He furthermore had used his unlimited authority to frame such divorce laws as would hold the wife in check, secure almost unlimited freedom for himself, and leave her practically no redress.

As the crowning act of sovereignty he reserved for himself alone all opportunity for that most necessary adjunct of development, the higher education; and in addition, he appropriated the money-making occupations of the world. Under such circumstances it is quite natural that Man's Wrongs should not have consumed a very large part of my time or effort.

During the past forty years there has been a gradual evolution in the status of women, legal, educational, industrial, and social, and in exactly the same ratio her wrongs have decreased. Does this necessarily imply that man's wrongs have increased? Woman herself would not wish to purchase her rights at such a price. She does not enjoy a privilege today which man has not granted to her, and which he could not take away, if he so desired, for men still constitute the legislative, executive, and virtually the whole government power. Women simply have accepted the rights bestowed upon them, and it men are wronged thereby, they must hold themselves responsible.

The law which allows a wife to retain her own property does not deprive the husband of his, and he is still as the immense advantage of his owning all they accumulate together; so he suffers no wrong in this respect.

In all but nine of the states he continues to hold the sole guardianship of the children, and in those nine shares it equally with the mother. The divorce laws, framed by man alone, do not perpetrate a wrong against himself when they permit a woman only the same causes for separation which are allowed to a man. The opening of the great universities of the country to women has not deprived one man of the chance for an education which he possessed before this was done.

Thus far, it must be admitted, the rights which have been obtained for women have not resulted in wrongs for men; and in one direction only can there be any foundation for an opposite claim, viz: the entrance of women into industrial competition. This is a vast and many sided question.

If the advent of nearly 4,000,000 women into wage earning occupations had displaced arbitrarily that number of men and left them permanently out of work, this would indeed be a grievous wrong and without adequate compensation. Vast numbers of these toilers, however, are engaged in industries peculiarly adapted to women, which men would not care to follow; and the quarter of a century during which women have been entering this domain has developed hundreds of additional vocations for men through invention, exploration, utilization of electricity, opening of new territory and countless other avenues of employment.

It must also be borne in mind that every one of these 4,000,000 women is relieving some man of the burden of her support. She is also, as a general thing, maintaining others besides herself and all would become wholly dependent upon men if women were withdrawn from the wage-earning field and relegated to comparative idleness within the home. If women have inflicted wrongs upon men by accepting lower wages, it has been from necessity, not choice; and men, with their long experience, their powerful organizations and their great political influence, must seek the remedy not in attempting to drive out these new workers, but in finding a way to assimilate and utilize them. They must follow the methods adopted by the nation in dealing with the aliens who come to our shores—accept them, naturalize them, train them into citizenship and convert them into an element of strength.

In considering the general aspect of this question—'Man's Wrongs'—I am unable to see that in the State at large they suffer any except such as are the portion of all humanity in the

present complex processes of our development. In struggling against these, men have always an immense advantage because they have a voice in the government and can control those who make and execute the laws. Without this power they would be helpless indeed—as weak and defenceless as women, and because they are invested with the authority their wrongs do not command so keen a sympathy as those suffered by the feminine half of humanity.

Doubtless, in requesting my views on this subject, it was intended that they should apply to the domestic grievances of men, but my long experience in public life compels me involuntarily to take the broader outlook first. Is it not strange that when we speak of domestic wrongs we think only of those connected with husbands and wives—not with any other members of the household? All those cruel-laws which so long disgraced our statute books applied only to the married—never to single women. Why has it always been deemed necessary thus to hedge about, restrict and degrade marriage, which should be the highest, holiest, most reciprocal and respected of all the relations of life?

I cannot go so far as those who declare that the beginning of the new century sees the wrongs of the women entirely swept away, but when memory reverts to the early part of the one which has just passed into time I can note such a lessening of these wrongs as the world seldom has beheld with any other class of people in the same length of time. Has this been accompanied by an increase in the wrongs of men? I think not.

One might ask whether the emancipation of slaves did not wrong the masters. In a sense it did, but it only took away from them an authority which they never rightfully possessed, and only deprived them of property which they held in defiance of the moral law. It produced a chaos of conditions which are not yet fully adjusted but which at last will be settled to the immeasurable advantage of both. Man is not the domestic autocrat he used to be and it is probable that, in the revolt against his supreme authority, the woman of the household do not, in all cases, pay him the respect due to husband and father.

In some instances the man is looked upon very much as a machine for the manufacture of money, and women do not recognize any obligation even to take good care of the machine. My heart has ached many a time over the wretched housekeeping which many men are compelled to endure, and especially over the poor cooking. When by industry and frugality a man is able to secure a house and provide the food he is grievously wronged by the woman who can not properly administer the home affairs and transmit the raw materials into healthful and palatable dishes; and this is equally true in regard to the woman who is ignorant or indifferent to the principals of economy and thrift.

In this day of reaction against the narrow and isolated life of the past, it is possible that many women neglect home duties for the teas, the matinees, the reception, the clubs, the conventions, the endless recreations and activities which so suddenly have opened out before them; and that men do not always find the women of their families waiting to greet them with the regulation smile when they return from the cares of the day and the distractions of the night. One of the terrible tragedies of life is when the father discovers that the woman he selected to be the mother of his children is utterly unfitted for this great responsibility.

It must be a heart-breaking experience for the husband who has made a name and a place in the world to realize that the wife is wholly unappreciative of all except the social position which they may secure for her. To the man of scholarly and refined habits there must be the bitterness of death in the daily companionship of one who has no taste for intellectual pursuit or persons, and whose mind and heart are alike shallow.

The husband whose wife repudiates domestic duties and insists on living in hotel or boarding house, or is so restless that she is satisfied nowhere, has a right to feel that he has been cheated in marriage; nor is life any sweeter to him who must listen to a daily recital of gossip, fault-finding and the miserable small talk which form the entire repertoire of many women.

Yes, men have their wrongs in domestic life, and the list might be extended to cover many more than the above enumerations. Human nature is still very imperfect and we are a long way yet from the ideal marriage. The present is a period of readjustment in the relations of men and women, and this is especially true in regard to those of the family. The tendency in every direction toward the granting of more rights should be accompanied by an earnest effort to lessen all wrongs.



Complaining
about your Soap Powder?—Look at your package; you'll find it isn't PEARLINE. Women are correct thinkers as a rule, but some only think they use PEARLINE; they are using a cheap imitation. Others call all washing powders PEARLINE. This is because PEARLINE is the original, standard, best known and safest, and is the mark for all imitations. 641

The recognition by men of the wrongs of women has led to the innumerable changes for the better which have taken place during the past half century. Women should not allow themselves to be outdone in justice or generosity, but as far as lies in their power should mitigate or eradicate the wrongs of men, and be especially careful not to add to them.

It is no singular fact, however, that there is almost no complaint on the part of men themselves. Is it that, in so short a space of time, they have become intimidated? Or is it that they consider their case beyond relief and prefer to endure in silence? Or can it be that these alleged trials and tribulations are purely imaginary and that in reality, there is no such thing as 'Man's Wrongs'?

Susan B. Anthony.

BORN.

- Amherst, July 12, to Mr and Mrs Luson a son.
- Truro, July 10, to the wife of Joseph Stewart, a son.
- Halifax, July 10, to the wife of Ed. Johnson, Jr a son.
- At Centerville, July 7, to the wife of Wm Smith a daughter.
- At Centerville, June 29, to the wife of Harold McGraw a son.
- At West Pabuco, July 11, to the wife of Nicholas D'Eon a son.
- At Centerville, July 10, to the wife of Thos W Lovett a son.
- At Clark's Harbor on the 9th, to the wife of John T Duceau a son.
- At Clark's Harbor on 9th, to the wife of Gilbert Crowell a son.
- At Barrington Passage, July 1, to the wife of Robt Stevens a son.
- At Centerville, June 17, to the wife of Alfred Nickerson a daughter.
- Halifax, Wolfville, July 4, to the wife of Edward Haisle a daughter.
- Sheet Harbor, Halifax Co, July 14, to the wife of Geo F Dunn, a son.
- North River, Colechester, July 14, to the wife of Alex Robie, a son.
- Jewes, Quoddy, Halifax, June 15, to the wife of R. H. Jewers, a son.
- At Moser's River, July 7, to the wife of Capt. C. H. Anderson, a son.
- Morriston, Rockingham, July 15, to the wife of R. D. Morrison a daughter.
- At Summersfield, Carleton Co. June 29, to the wife of Fred Ford Smith a son.
- At Yarmouth on July 16, to the wife of Octave Papasant, of Boston, a daughter.
- Old Barnes, Colechester, July 19, to the wife of John J. Heunessey, a daughter.
- Morris, Harrington Cove, July 9, to the wife of William J. Morris, of Cambridge, Mass., a son.
- Glenbrook, Freshwater Bay, Isle of Wight, to the wife of Capt E W Sawyer, R. A. M. C., a son.
- At Montreal, July 8, to Mr and Mrs G M L Brown (formerly of Cambridge N. B.) a daughter.
- Victoria, B. C., July 8, to the wife of Company Sergeant J. W. Jones, No 19 company W. D. R. G. A. a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Yarmouth, July 3, Clifford L. Cann to Maud Allen.
- Hartland, July 10, Wallace Noble to Florence Dow.
- Dakota, June 19, John Madill to Mabel McIntyre.
- Amherst, July 17, Ira C. McKee to Bertha Johnson.
- River Hebert, July 18, William A. Copp to Laura May.
- Halifax, July 16, Fred C. Maters to Mammie Howell.
- Dawson, June 14, Franklin Steeves to Gertrude E. Smith.
- Frestown, July 16, Denis J. Hogan to Anastasia White.
- Misouche, July 16, Ambrose Farrell to Mary Woods.
- Shevassade, July 5, Frank Taylor to Alice Cusance.
- Amherst, June 26, John E. Orchard to Walburgina Churchill.
- Campbellton, July 11, Benjamin Robinson to May Thompson.
- Wolfville, July 10, J. Edgar Smallman to May E. Benjamin.
- Texas, July 10, Frank S. Taylor to Miss Georgina Robertson.
- Charlottetown, July 18, John P. Gordon to Amy Macgregor.
- Summersfield, July 10, Colman W. Lunn to Phoebe M. Fritchard.
- Albert County, July 10, John A. Chappel to Mrs Ruth Steeves.
- Gursey Cove July 18, Benjamin T. Jenkins to Hannah Gosbee.
- Forster Settlement, July 10, Wellington Kaulback to Jessie Jambie.
- Charlottetown, July 10, John C. Macdonald, to Florence Macphail.
- Whitehead, July 4, Alfred Theodore Munro to Melinda V. Felkiate.

DIED.

- Sussex, July 21, Ada Stephens.
- Moncton, July 19, Edith Baser.
- Moncton, July 19, Loyd Wall, 8.
- St. John, July 16, Maria Galland.
- Arlington, July 9, Ann Gills, 87.
- Rexton, July 18, William Graham.
- Moncton, July 16, Sarah Jane Hill.
- Tidnish, July 1, Mark Thompson, 60.
- Halifax, July 23, Blair Wortman, 2.
- Truro, July 16, Thomas Marshall, 71.
- Moncton, July 18, Dr. A. B. Gordon.
- Digby, July 14, Elizabeth Lewis, 87.
- Chatham, July 16, John Wallace, 65.
- Yarmouth, July 13, Ernest Purdy, 10.
- Halifax, July 22, Albert Sullivan, 18.
- Loak's Shore, July 16, Arch Burns, 78.
- Roseway, July 14, Elizabeth Lewis, 87.

- Western Road, Marie Rose, 16 months.
- Bedford, July 11, David Webster, 72.
- Canting, July 7, Mary A. Lockwood, 65.
- N. Ford, June 11, Caroline Woodman, 62.
- Doulistown, July 8, John McCeeb, 71.
- Washington, July 7, William Ballock, 74.
- Annapolis, July 9, Minnie Beardsley, 62.
- Victoria Vale, July 13, Mrs W. H. Pales 65.
- Brooklyne, N. Y., June 8, Mrs Eliza Bird, 90.
- Lukettler Road, July 9, James Harvey, 69.
- Milltown July 14, George W. Macarthur, 78.
- Sea View, July 15, Mrs John Suterli ad, 78.
- West Branch, Cumberland, Eda Colburn, 14.
- Stanley Bridge, July 23, George Woolner, 81.
- Halifax, July 23, Rev. Frederick H. Wright, 47.
- Barrington Passage, July 14, Lillian Wilson, 40.
- Charlottetown, July 16, Ernest Butler, 7 months.
- Highland Village, July 6, John W. Chisholm, 31.
- Charlottetown Royalty, July 24, Thomas Smith 87.
- Palesce Junction, July 12, Reibert Trites, months.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

Whether we love to live or live to love, we all get to the same jumping off place. Nobody ever made a fortune out of hope, but neither did anybody out of despair. Hot weather is like an insult; the more you think about it the more it makes a fool of you. God's patience endureth even the parents who tell of the wonderful things their children say. Nature never made the women who cannot love: sometimes she never makes the man she can love.

The Past—She—You were a long time in the Philippines, weren't you?
He—Oh yes. Ever since the first time the war ended.

A useless Adjutant—A rum—What's the idea in your new story?
Wright—Idea? Why it hasn't any. It is a society novel.

The Washington Post, from the depths of its philosophical consciousness remarks that a wilted collar is not always a sign of hard work. No, sometimes it is a sign of the home laundry.

His Inference. Staidhome (telling the village)—My nephew, Clarence Thumwater has become a finished electionist. Been away—That so? Kill him yourself.

To Prove It—Kind Gentleman—Ah, what a nice little dog you have sonny; I don't believe a nice little dog like him will bite.
Little Boy—Don't, don't you? Sic 'em, Bill!

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.
Genuine
Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of
Dr. Wood
See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.
Very small and as easy to take as sugar.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.
CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Intercolonial Railway
On and after MONDAY June 10th, 1901, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—
TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN
Suburban Express for Hampton.....1.00
Express for Halifax and Campbellton.....1.00
Express for Point de Chene, Halifax and Pictou.....1.50
Express for Sussex.....1.50
Suburban Express for Hampton.....1.45
Express for Quebec and Montreal.....1.35
Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney.....2.45
Accommodation for Moncton and Point de Chene.....1.00

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN
Express from Halifax and Sydney.....4.00
Suburban Express for Hampton.....7.15
Express from Sussex.....4.55
Express from Montreal and Quebec.....11.50
Express from Halifax and Pictou.....17.00
Express from Halifax.....18.35
Suburban Express from Hampton.....21.55
Accommodation from Point de Chene and Moncton.....14.15
Daily, except Monday.
All trains are run by Eastern Standard time Twenty-four hours notation.
D. POTTINGER, Gen. Manager
Moncton, N. B., June 8, 1901.
GEO. CARVILLE, C. T. A.
1401 St. John, N. B.